

# CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

## A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE ENDED.

THE RENOWNED COMMODORE DIES AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' ILLNESS—HIS REMARKABLE CAREER AS A MAN OF THE WORLD—HIS WEALTH ESTIMATED AT \$100,000,000—PARTICULARS OF HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Commodore Vanderbilt died at his residence, No. 10 Washington place, yesterday morning, after having been confined to his rooms for about eight months. The immediate cause of his death was exhaustion, brought on by long suffering from a complication of chronic disorders. He was surrounded by his family and friends and his attendant physicians, and received religious consolation until the last moment from his friend and Pastor, Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers. Although the family had been convinced for months that the Commodore could not long withstand the attacks of the maladies with which he was afflicted, his death yesterday took them by surprise. Only the evening before he had been moved from his bed-chamber to his sitting-room, and there reclining in his large wheeled chair, he had passed the time until 10 o'clock in chatting pleasantly with his family and one or two intimate friends. His son, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who spent part of the evening with him, apprehended no immediate danger, and returned to his home shortly before his father's bed-time. Even his physicians had no apprehensions of any sudden change, although they had noted that their patient had been rapidly growing weaker during the past few days. About 2 o'clock A. M. a change for the worse took place, and at 4 o'clock he was decidedly weaker and failing rapidly. Shortly after daylight his family were summoned to his bedside to bid him farewell. He was too weak to say much, but expressed much gratification at having them around him, and after they had been with him a short time requested them to join in singing his favorite hymns. Prayer was then offered, in which he tried to join, and shortly afterward, gradually becoming weaker and weaker, he quietly passed away without a struggle. His death, which had been long expected in financial circles, had little or no effect on the stock market, although the announcement of it created a decided impression throughout the City. It is estimated that Commodore Vanderbilt left property to the amount of \$100,000,000, principally in shares of the New-York Central and Hudson River Road and other railway corporations, but, although it is known that he left a will, it is not known how he has disposed of his wealth. The funeral services will take place at the Church of the Strangers on Sunday at 10 30 A. M., and the remains will then be carried to Staten Island and deposited in the family vault in the Moravian churchyard, near New-Dorp.

## THE SCENE IN THE SICK ROOM.

THE COMMODORE DIES SURROUNDED BY HIS

FAMILY AND FRIENDS—HE RECEIVES

RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION FROM HIS PASTOR—HIS LAST WORDS, "THAT WAS A

GOOD PRAYER."

On Wednesday afternoon Commodore Vanderbilt seemed to be rather better than usual, and in the evening was placed in his rolling chair and taken to his sitting-room. There he conversed pleasantly with his family and his friend Mr. William Turnbull, and also with his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who called later in the evening. At 10 o'clock he retired for the night, but at 2 A. M. he became suddenly worse, and died of exhaustion at a few minutes before 11 o'clock yesterday morning. A gentleman who was present when he died, and who has spent much time with him during his illness, gave a *Times* reporter the following account of the Commodore's last hours. He said that on Thursday last it seemed to him that he was entering upon death as he had never done before. He had been in a constant state of weakness for the last month, with one or two periods of rallying. On Wednesday evening he saw one or two of his friends, with whom he talked cheerfully until nearly 10 o'clock, and it was thought by those who were with him that he was brighter than he was in the morning. After the company went away he conversed with Mrs. Vanderbilt upon religious subjects very earnestly. His faith seemed very great, and he expressed himself deliberately and decidedly. Among other things he said: "No, I shall never cease to trust Jesus. How could I ever let that go?" He spoke also of his consciousness of his ignorance in regard to spiritual things—for instance, the existence and operations of the Holy Ghost—but he said that his ignorance did not stand in the way of his faith. He said he read the Bible, and tried to understand it as well as he could, and whatever it said he firmly believed. About 2 A. M. a change came again and at 4 he had grown much weaker. Later in the morning his children and Pastor were sent for. Dr. Deems arrived about 9 o'clock and his family arrived a little after. Among those who came, and who were all in the room when the final scene occurred, were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and their son W. K. Vanderbilt; Mrs. D. B. Allen, Mrs. George A. Osgood, Mrs. N. B. Labau, daughters of the Commodore; Mr. and Mrs. Cross, and Mr. and Mrs. Parrance, sons-in-law and daughters; Mr. Elliot F. Shepherd, son-in-law of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt; Mr. C. V. DeForest; Mr. Samuel Barton, nephews, and Mr. E. D. Worcester, of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Vanderbilt's mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford were also present. The Commodore found great difficulty in speaking, and could make but few utterances during the last hours of his life. He took interest in passages of Scripture repeated from time to time, and upon one of the ladies making a suggestion in regard to singing, he misunderstood her, and made no sign of assent. A little later he turned to his wife and said: "I thought you would sing." A few of his favorite hymns were then sung, with pauses between. The first hymn sung was "Show pity Lord, oh Lord forgive;" and the next "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He showed great interest in the singing, and even attempted, with his hoarse voice, to join in a hymn which always interested him. It was the one beginning with the words "Come ye sinners, poor and needy." Before he was so low, whenever that hymn was sung he invariably tried to join in it, generally adding at the close: "I am poor, I am needy, weak and wounded, sick and sore." Dr. Deems proposed prayer, to which he seemed gladly to accede. At that time it looked as though his strength was falling so rapidly that very soon he would not be able to expectorate, so that the friends about him anticipated a struggle at the last. Among other things the Pastor prayed that God would be pleased in His mercy to vouchsafe unto the sufferer an easy departure, out of his great pain, into everlasting life. The Commodore evidently followed the whole prayer, and when it was closed with the benediction, he repeated with the minister the words: "The blessing of God Almighty—the Father—Son, and the Holy Ghost," and his voice then failed him. He afterward attempted to speak several times, but could not articulate with sufficient clearness to



the shape of a young, beloved wife had spurred him to increased boldness. He obtained from the Government, in the Spring of 1814, a contract for the transportation of provisions to all the forts in the bay for three months, and this entailed upon him the most extraordinary labors. For he was determined not to give up his ferrisage, which was exceedingly profitable, so he carried the provisions in the night time. There were six forts, each of which received its provisions once a week, so that during these three months his only night of unbroken rest was on Sunday. But the profits of those nights were large and enabled him to build a beautiful little schooner for the coasting trade, which he called the Dorad, because he saw in it the El Dorado of future fortune. He was, however, not given to long tailed words, so he shortened it down to Dorad. Out of this he coined money, and in the following year, in 1815, he built a very large schooner, called the Charlotte, which plied between New York and the Carolinas, under the command of himself or his wife's sister's husband, a Mr De Forrest. He was now above the reach of want and the necessity of incessant toil with his own hands, and this extraordinary boy, for such he still was, being only twenty one years of age began to think out in his great brain how the building of ships might be improved. He devoted his whole attention to the broad facts underlying construction, and very soon introduced such modifications as attracted the intelligence of the ship building profession and confirmed the impressions of many that the young Cornelius Vanderbilt possessed other qualities besides dauntless nerve great endurance, thrift, modesty and moderation. The reasoner began to peep on, and nautical men began to talk of the Vanderbilt model, and of Vanderbilt's views. What, between ship building and ship owning, when he balanced his books on the 31st December, 1817, being then twenty three years and six months old, he found himself the master of \$9 000 in hard cash, besides his proprietary interests in various vessels.

Had Cornelius Vanderbilt been an ordinary thinker he would have gone on in this path. He would have sailed and built and chartered vessels. Would have worked away at the coasting trade and have made a great fortune. But he was an extraordinary thinker and even in the midst of his young flush of triumph in naval construction there was one thing that troubled him. This was steam. Fulton was beginning to sail his first regular boat up the Hudson, and some applauded and some derided the invention. The shipping men, as a class, pooh poohed the whole thing, and very plausibly showed that in consequence of the cumbersome machinery and bulk of fuel the new invention could not possibly be utilized for carrying freight, which was perfectly true at that time. Young Vanderbilt not only belonged to this class but he was in spite of his youth, a leader among the builders of ships and had he been an ordinary thinker he would have been pushed into opposition to steam boating by his interests by the applause of his fellows and by the mere fact of his leadership. But all those influences which are so overpowering with the generality were not even felt by him. He simply reasoned the thing out in his own mind, and came to the conclusion that the future belonged to the steam boats. So he renounced the coasting business sold his interest in different vessels and introduced himself to the steam boat men of the time, who received the recruit gladly unconscious that they were welcoming the man who was destined to give it the fullest development it has received in this or any other land. Fulton and Livingston had an unconstitutional monopoly of steam navigation in the waters of the State and Thomas Gibbons was fighting them. He was running a transportation line between New York and Philadelphia by steamer from New York to New Brunswick through the bay and up the Raritan River to that city thence by stage to Trenton, and thence by steamer to Philadelphia, down the Delaware. Vanderbilt whose fable was his love of opposition joined the Gibbons party, and was given charge of the New Brunswick steamer which indeed was the back bone of the line. The Bellona (warlike name) was the title of the steamer, and under the management of Capt. Vanderbilt the line began to pay expenses. The stage-house at New Brunswick was the property of Mr Gibbons but it was managed so very badly that it hurt the prosperity of the line, and the new power in its affairs soon recognized the fact. He offered to take charge of it, and this being accepted installed his wife and family in the house, which like magic, became as popular as it had been unpopular and everything moved satisfactorily. The steam boats were well managed, the house was well kept, the stage-coaches were clean, fast and comfortable, and the excellence of the route was in everybody's mouth. It was universally praised and moreover earned that sweet reward which wise men consider so much better than empty praise for it now cleared \$40 000 a year.

In this employment Capt. Vanderbilt remained twelve years, during which time he accumulated the very small sum of \$30 000. Nobody who knew the man can doubt that had he remained in his former position he would, at the end of the twelve years, have been much richer. But there was an indefinite possibility of expansion in the one and the scope of the other was bounded. It is certain that he accepted the subordinate capacity to study out the capabilities of steam boat transportation. He remained in Mr Gibbons service so long for a multiplicity of reasons. The first and the strongest was that in the outset he had to fight the minions of the New York monopoly. The steamer Bellona violated the patent of Livingston and Fulton from the time she left the mouth of the Raritan until she reached her dock in New York, and vice versa; and until the supreme resort of the law had declared the patent unconstitutional, he was subject to repeated arrests. He fought the monopolists with the most determined courage and perseverance, and, in the language of the fable, made the tail of the fox poke out the skin of the lion. For to avoid the unpleasantness of continued arrests and bailings, he taught a lady to steer, and, when the hushings of the law approached, dived down into the recesses of the boat, so that he could not be found and the writ had to be endorsed, "non est inventus." Then his loving partner had become attached to New Brunswick, where she was now surrounded by a very numerous family, and finally Mr. Vanderbilt's affectionate nature was greatly influenced by the strong regard and esteem felt for him by Thomas Gibbons. It was hard to break away from ties which appealed to his big heart, but his reason told him that the Philadelphia business was but a small matter, and that the great City of New York would develop an enormous steam boat commerce. His eager eyes were fixed upon the traffic of the Hudson and the Sound. His strong sense and acute reasoning showed him how these could be developed and expanded, and he longed to put into practice those principles of construction and management which he had forged in his brain, and which only awaited the fulfillment of practical operation. So in 1829 he resigned his position, to the great grief of Thomas Gibbons, who offered to sell him his line, and told him to pay for it out of the profits, and who in plain terms told him that he could not carry on the business without him. But the larger theatre of operations was what he wanted, not the mere accumulation of money, so he went away.

In the Spring of 1830 he appeared as a rival to the great capitalists who controlled the Sound and Hudson steam navigation. The fight was bitter, for though the new-comer had all the advantages of superior knowledge and perfect management, he came into competition with long purses that were willing to make great sacrifices to ruin him. His wonderful grasp of details and perfection of economic principles enabled him to make so strong a fight with his little band that his chief antagonist, Stevens, of Hoboken, believed he was being backed by Gibbons, and surrendered the fight. Vanderbilt now had the current with him, and began to build magnificent boats for the Hudson in opposition to Daniel Draw, who, after a short contest surrendered to the vanishing creek.



make himself understood. After the lapse of some time, he turned to his wife, who was sitting beside him, and his mind seemed to recur to the prayer that had been offered, and he said: "That was a good prayer." These were the last words he uttered. Mrs. Vanderbilt replied: "Yes, because it expressed just your sentiments now." He could not speak, but nodded assent. Then the obstruction in his throat apparently ceased to be so painful, and he closed his mouth for a few minutes, as he had been seen to do by his friends when thinking closely. His eyes brightened, and then his mouth opened, after which, closing his eyes, he breathed quickly a few times and expired at 10 51 A. M.

When it was known that he had ceased to exist deep sobs were heard throughout the room. Mrs. Vanderbilt was very deeply affected, as were many of those around her. The grief of the family and friends was shared by the two faithful female nurses who had been in attendance on the Commodore for many days and nights during his illness, and the old servants of the family were also much affected. Miss Phebe Vanderbilt, the Commodore's sister, and Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, were not in the house when he died. They were detained on Staten Island by the illness of Mrs. Egbert, a widowed sister of the Commodore, 84 years of age, and now lying at the point of death.

### COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S LIFE.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born on the 27th day of May, in the year 1794, on a farm on Staten Island. His father was a well-to-do agriculturist, not possessed of any considerable fortune, indeed, but owing no debts and owning his land. The produce of the farm was sent to the New York markets in a periaqua daily and the young Cornelius took especial delight in navigating this craft, which has now disappeared from our waters. He very much preferred sailing the periaqua to going to school, and it cannot be doubted that among the Knickerbockers of those days this was a subject of commendation rather than of dispraise. He worked also on the farm, and studied in the Winter days, but never showed much love of literature, nor did he gain more knowledge than is furnished by the three Rs of the New York Alderman. He was a faithful worker on the farm, however, and could plow and plant corn with the best. But his delight was on the sea, and while he was a mere boy he was acknowledged to be the most fearless sailor and the steadiest helmsman on the bay. All his thoughts and instincts were bent in that direction, and that he was a good farm hand was due not to any liking for the work, but to his love for his mother and his obedience as a son. His one dream was of having a periaqua of his own and sailing it as a ferry boat between Staten Island and New York. In those times there was no up town region, for the business part of the City was in Hanover square and Pearl street, the Battery was a delightful park, and the strand was just being turned into State street, then the most fashionable locality of the City. When Cornelius Vanderbilt became sixteen years of age he bargained with his mother that he would plow eight acres of the farm and plant it with corn if she would give him \$100 for the purchase of a boat. It is unnecessary to say that only a mother would have given such a sum for the work, but perhaps her object in the arrangement was to teach him not to neglect the occupation of husbandry which in those days afforded a sure reward of rude comfort and domestic plenty. But from the time that he owned this periaqua it may be doubted if he ever again took hold of the plow. His hand had closed firmly upon the tiller which for the next half century was to be to him a veritable sceptre.

From the 27th of May 1810, it may be considered that Cornelius Vanderbilt put away childish things and became a man earning his own livelihood and able to take his own part in the affairs of the world. He was but sixteen, but he had no difficulty in obtaining passengers for his ferry-boat, especially if it may be presumed, among the fairer portion of the Staten Islanders. For the young man was tall, vigorous, broad of shoulder, bright of eye, possessed of a complexion that any belle might envy, and having a very sweet and engaging smile, which all the cares of a very extraordinary and busy life never effaced from his countenance. There was plenty of occupation for him, for the times favored his business. Staten Island was divided into large estates, farmed by aristocratic families, whose actions repaired to the Battery just as naturally as the denizens of the avenues crowd to Central Park now, or the drivers of fast horses haunt the boulevards and St. Nicholas avenue. There were also continual interchangings of courtesies and visitings between the high-toned inhabitants of State street and of Broadway, which, as a street, hardly reached then to Trinity Church, although there were magnificent villas along its line up to the creek that ran through Madison square. The life and soul of the place was the Battery, and those who were not afraid of angry skies and swelling waves among the islanders used invariably to take the periaqua of young Vanderbilt for their daily trip to New-York, for he was known far and near as the bravest and boldest pilot that ever handled a boat. And besides the genteel business, he had other sources of revenue, for England, plunged in the Napoleonic war, was furious with the services which America, as a neutral State, was able to perform for the French Emperor, and it was obvious that a war must sooner or later settle the power of a neutral flag to protect a cargo. The Government of the United States was in the hands of resolute men, who were resolved to maintain so important a commercial principle, nor were they terrified by the vauntings of the conquerors of Trafalgar, though it was evident that the war would be entirely a naval affair. Forts were being built on different parts of the bay and on Staten Island, and in the transportation of material Cornelius Vanderbilt was so fair and moderate in his pretensions as to obtain the greater share of the business. Not only did his periaqua find constant occupation but he purchased interests in other boats and chartered more, so that when the war broke out, in 1812, he was quite a thriving man, and even then a personage in his own peculiar line. Young Cornele, as everybody called him, was the first person thought of when anything very dangerous or very disagreeable had to be done. When the winds were high, and the sight was blinded with driving sleet and snow, and the waves raged like angry wolves, if an important message had to be sent from the forts to the head-quarters in the City young Cornele was sent for. When the British fleet tried to force their way past Sandy Hook to lay New-York in ashes, as the Admiral kindly promised, the forts on Sandy Hook beat them off. A fearful storm was raging, but it was absolutely necessary to notify the commanding officer in the City of the attempt and its repulse, and to obtain reinforcements and fresh supplies in case of a renewal. A messenger was sent for the only man who could take a boat through the raging waters to the Battery slip. When Cornele Vanderbilt made his appearance the staff officer asked anxiously if a boat could live in such a sea. "Yes," said Cornelius, laconically, but "firmly," "if properly handled." "Will you take us to the Battery?" was the next question. "I will," replied the young man, "but you will be under water half the time." He landed them in safety at the stairs, but they were like drowned rats, and such had been the fury of the winds and waters and the incessant movements of the boat, that one of them declared he had not had time to draw one full breath.

In this carrying business he was so successful and made so much money that he thought of starting a home for himself. Regularly from the hour he commenced ferrying with his periaqua-boat, he handed over his earnings to his mother, whose love for him and pride in him he repaid with the most perfect devotion. He married, in December, 1813, Miss Sophia Johnson, of Port Richmond, Staten Island, being then nineteen years and six months old, and expanded his transactions, as if the consciousness that he had given hostages to fortune in



the walk, and transferred his boats to the Sound. But when, as the days went by, the traffic increased, Drew united Vanderbilt with himself in the Sound traffic, which then began to assume very great proportions. Without acknowledged rivals, and with warm support from capitalists engaged in developing inland-steam navigation, Vanderbilt built so many magnificent steamers that the public christened him by acclamation the Commodore, just as the soldiers of the First Napoleon had nicknamed him the Little Corporal. His boats were faster and better, they were more comfortable for passengers, and more commodious for freight than any which had hitherto been seen. Moreover he ran them at the lowest paying fares, being satisfied that by so doing he invited travel, while an opposite course would repel it. These things will seem trifles to the present generation, who, accustomed to see steam-boats built upon the Vanderbilt model and run in accordance with his idea, have no conception of the state of things which existed before his time. To understand how potent was the impulse which he gave, it is necessary to travel in other lands, on Rhine steamers and English river boats, where the influence of Commodore Vanderbilt was never felt, and which have never left the grooves of ordinary construction. Here, where the influence was early given, it still survives, and the men who build in accordance with his principles obtain credit for enterprise and sound sense which by right should be shared with him. His one foible of opposition was an immense boon to the public, for wherever his keen eyes detected a monopoly he pounced down upon the offenders and literally drove them from the rivers. Nor did he, when he had vanquished them, establish a monopoly of his own. His principle of low rates, founded upon sound reasoning, was never violated, so that in every way the public were the gainers. And he was now confessedly a power in the carrying business, and men quoted the opinion of the Commodore as something that stifled argument and carried conviction.

It was impossible that such a man should remain inactive during the California gold fever, which gave such a stimulus to every form of industry. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company began to run its steamers in 1848, and in the following year the Panama Railroad was surveyed and commenced. Commodore Vanderbilt, having reasoned out the matter in that quiet way which says less than it knows, convinced himself that the Nicaraguan Isthmus was the true route to California. He the same year obtained a charter from the Nicaraguan Government for a ship-canal and transit company. The former grant fell into abeyance, but the latter was immediately utilized. He built a fine steamer, the *Prometheus*, and sailed down to Nicaragua, exploring the channel of the San Juan del Norte, and the lake beyond, and finally fixing upon San Juan del Sur as the port on the Pacific side. Part of the route was by staging, and in fact the arrangement which he established was curiously similar to the old Gibbons route between New-York and Philadelphia. In July, 1851, the new line was formally opened, and such were its intrinsic advantages and so great the reputation of the Commodore, that it at once leaped into public favor and became a formidable rival of the Panama route. It was, indeed, the shortest, the cheapest, and by far the healthiest way to the golden lands; nor can it be doubted that in the future it will be the route as soon as a man of enterprise comes to the front, or opportunities of enterprise return to the country. But during the time that Commodore Vanderbilt was connected with it it was exceedingly successful, and he reaped from it very great profits. He was now, however, so very wealthy that he determined to take a long rest. So he sold to the Nicaragua Transit Company, which he had formed, all his vessels and interest in the route, and building himself a palatial yacht of 2,000 tons, called the *North Star*, he started on a long cruise in the European seas with all his family.

This consisted at that time, May, 1853, of fourteen persons—himself, his wife, and twelve children. The eldest was a girl, Phoebe Jane, now Mrs. Cross, whose husband was a Captain on one of the Commodore's Pacific steamers, the second was another girl Ethelinda, now Mrs. D. B. Allen, whose husband is a very wealthy retired merchant; the third was William H. Vanderbilt, to whom his father had given a superb education at an agricultural college, and had settled on a large farm on Staten Island; the fourth was also a girl, Emily, the wife of Mr. W. K. Thorne, a gentleman of great wealth; the fifth was another daughter, Eliza, wife of Mr. Osgood, the broker; the sixth was still another daughter, Sophia, wife of Daniel Terrance, a wealthy merchant of a leading Montreal family; the seventh was another daughter, Maria Louisa, who married Horace H. Clark; the eighth was a son, Francis, who died at the age of forty; the ninth was another son, Cornelius, still living, and who has not imitated the civic virtues of his father or his brother; the tenth was a daughter, Maria Elecia, who married Nicholas La Bru; the eleventh was another daughter, who married Capt. Barker, became a widow, and in second espousals married M. Lafitte, of Paris; and the twelfth was George, who graduated with distinction at West Point, and served most creditably in the Army of the Union during the slaveholders' rebellion, where he contracted the seeds of disease of the lungs, of which he died at Nice.

The magnificent steam-ship which he modestly called his yacht excited admiration at every port where he touched, but the man himself excited more. The discovery of gold in America had turned the attention of the world more strongly toward that peculiar land in the West where a republican form of government had succeeded in maintaining itself in spite of the predictions of political prophets and the reasoning of philosophers. Here was a specimen of American production in the steamer *North Star*, and in its Captain, planner, builder, and owner was a still more interesting specimen of what republican institutions could develop. The English people who met him were delighted with him, and showered attentions upon him and his family. He was banqueted and complimented in every place that he visited, and as John Bull and the Russian bear were eyeing each other in a most menacing way prior to the declaration of hostilities in 1854, it is almost unnecessary to say that every attention which had been shown him in England was doubled and trebled in the Russian ports. There was a difference, however, and an extreme one. In England it was the people alone that honored the great American in every way that suggested itself to their ardent admiration. But in Russia it was the people and the Government. The Grand Duke Constantine, second son of the Emperor Nicholas, accompanied by the Admiral in Chief of the Russian Navy, visited the *North Star* repeatedly, and the latter obtained drawings of the walking beam engine, which very much surprised him. In Constantinople the Pashas of Sultan Abdul Medjid were still more profuse in their expressions of esteem and regard, for they were well aware that the Russians were going to attack them, and they looked upon this country as a neutral land that might be exceedingly useful in case of prolonged naval hostilities. But what surprised all the people of Europe was that this man represented nothing in the way of official dignity. He was simply a great ship-owner sailing in his yacht for his own pleasure, accompanied by his family. It was difficult to make this believed anywhere, but utterly impossible in the Italian ports of Austria. They could not believe it. They took the vessel to be the forerunner of some dreadful attack in the name of liberty. When the Vanderbilts took their walks abroad in Leghorn, they had the honor of being escorted by a military officer, for fear of accidents, and a crowd of ununiformed *shierri* hovered about them. It was a wonder that they were not arrested, but the fear of American indignation was greater then than now, and no such incident took place. The *North Star* was, however, placed under the most rigorous surveillance, and armed launches with loaded howitzers, patrolled ceaselessly around her. This rather detracted from their enjoyment of sunny Italy, which was then, however, under a black cloud, and they were delighted to exchange the Austrian ports for the English ones of Malta and Gibraltar, where they were most flatteringly received. In fact, the English people were delighted to see a man like Vanderbilt, possessed of an ample fortune, taking his pleasure on the high seas and steering his great ship into port just as an English gentleman would do his yachting schooner.

When the Commodore returned he was met with the intelligence that the British Government had withdrawn the Japanese steamers from the Anglo-



American mail service. There were in those days four steamers only per month, which sailed every Saturday. Two of these were English, belonging to the Cunard line, and two were American, belonging to the Collins line. The English paid their steamers \$16,000 for carrying the mail each voyage, and Congress paid the Collins Company \$33,000 for the same service. The Cunard steamers were withdrawn by England to be used as transports for troops, that country having resolved on the invasion of the Crimea. Commodore Vanderbilt immediately made an offer to Congress to fill up the vacancy left by the retirement of the Cunarders, and carry the mail for the same sum which the British Government had given. The Collins Line and its backers rose up in arms. It was not denied that one steamer per fortnight was entirely insufficient, but the proposal to save the Government so much money naturally roused the ire of those who were receiving so much more for the same service. Collins called upon the Commodore, and offered to back his proposal with all his Congressional influence if he would ask for the same remuneration from the Postmaster General that he himself was receiving. "For," said Collins, "you cannot possibly do it for less. Why, I'm not making any money by my steamers, as all the world knows." "No," said Vanderbilt. "I'm patriotic in the matter. If an Englishman can do it for \$16,000 I'm sure I can, and I won't admit that a Britisher can beat us in anything." "That is not business, Vanderbilt," remonstrated the subsidy man. "I can't make it pay as it is." "Then," retorted Vanderbilt coldly, "you've got into a business that you don't understand. Let me have the opportunity, and I'll make it pay." The interview was at an end, and the subsidy party resolved to show the Commodore that if they were not a match for him in conducting a steamer line, they were in Congressional tactics. The session of 1854 dragged out, and nothing was accomplished. At the commencement of the next session the Commodore laid another proposal before Congress, which was to establish a line of steamers between New York and England, to carry the mails for \$12,750 the round trip, and to beat the Collins boats twenty-four hours every trip or forfeit payment. He could not secure the contracts, however, in spite of this offer, but by his letters or subsidies he convinced Gen. Pierce, then President, that they were wrong in theory and rotten in practice, whereupon the President vetoed the Collins subsidy. Then arose a cry to heaven, and many papers gravely asserted that the arrogant Vanderbilt had bribed the President with a sum of \$50,000 to do this thing. The Commodore wrote in answer an open letter to the President, which was published in pamphlet form and distributed by myriads, in which he conclusively disposed of the lie, and added a few more hard hits at the subsidy system.

Occupation always comes to a man that loves it, and while his contract was hanging fire in the Congressional committee room he found himself engaged in trouble with the Nicaragua Transit Company. The gentlemen who had the controlling interest having, like Jashurun, waxed fat, like that nation also began to kick and refused to fulfill their engagements. The Commodore wrote them a note of tremendous brevity, which ran: "Gentlemen, you have undertaken to cheat me. I won't sue you, for law is too slow. I'll ruin you. Yours truly, Cornelius Vanderbilt." In a few months he had organized another fleet and commenced an opposition line on the same road, and was fast redeeming his word when Walker burst upon the place, and, having established himself as ruler, annulled all contracts and stopped all traffic. This he did to be avenged on Vanderbilt, who had very curtly refused to help his enterprise in any way, or to allow any of his men or stores to be conveyed on his steamers. When the gray-eyed man of Destiny had been removed from the scene by shooting, and the agents of Vanderbilt resumed operations, it was found that the harbor on the Pacific side, San Juan del Sur, had become choked either by intention or accident, and the route was now impracticable, and was therefore transferred to Chagres. But the original transit line was irretrievably bankrupted and annihilated. In the California shipping business the Commodore remained for nine years more, making plenty of money, but not satisfied. He used to say that things were all right on the Atlantic side, but very unsatisfactory on the California half. "For," said he, "the swindling in the business of supplying steamers is outrageous. If my Captain is a smart man he cheats me, and if he is a dull man the dealers cheat him, so that in any event there is a swindling drawback." But in spite of this he continued in the traffic until 1864.

Long before that time, however, he had turned his attention to the subject of Atlantic steamers. The Government did not give him the mails, but he avenged himself by creating a New-York and Havre Line, which was fitted with the fastest steamers that had ever been seen. In this line were the Ariel, the Harvest Queen, and the never-to-be-forgotten Vanderbilt. This last was built in 1850 at a cost of \$900,000 in gold, and it had a tonnage of 5,000 register. It was the pride of his heart, the idolized result of his matured knowledge of ship-building, and it answered all the expectations that he had formed of it. For there was intense emulation excited among the rival lines, the Cunard and the Collins, but the Vanderbilt beat them all, and made incredibly short passages. The war of the slaveholders' rebellion broke out shortly afterward, and instead of ruining everybody, as was supposed, it gave an intensely febrile activity to every form of production and every effort of enterprise. But the unerring brain of the Commodore saw that it would end in taking from the reluctant hand of Columbia the sceptre of the ocean, and would give to Great Britain the carrying trade of the world. Yet the decline of American shipping was invisible to all but him, for just as the setting sun is larger in appearance and more splendid in color than the same orb at its meridian height, so did our carrying business seem more prosperous and destined to greater triumphs for the last few years before it disappeared. And his tireless brain was now taxed to consider these things, and to discover what form of enterprise was the most capable of development. But while he slowly matured his views for leaving the shipping business and accepting new tolls and new responsibilities, the exigencies of war sought him out and brought him as a chosen counselor to the President of the nation. The Merrimac iron ram of the Confederates, coming out of its shelter at Richmond, had sunk the Cumberland and wrought such havoc with the Union fleet as filled loyal men's hearts with gloom. The triumphant career of the ram had been stayed by the Monitor, but naval men were of opinion that this had been a lucky hit and might not occur a second time. The President had consulted with Secretary Stanton, and they both had talked with naval men. The latter were unanimous upon the point that if the ram could be fought and smashed there was but one man that could do it, and his name was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

To this man came a telegram asking for his presence in Washington. He came to the house of the Secretary of War, and was greeted with enthusiasm. "Will you," said Stanton, "see the President?" "Certainly," was the reply, and to the President's presence the pair went. "Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "can you stop that rebel ram, and for how much money will you do it?" He answered, "I think I can, Mr. President, but I won't do it for money. I do not want the people of this country to look upon me as one who would trade upon her necessities and make blood money out of her wounds." Mr. Lincoln shook his head, and evidently thought that the Commodore was a Confederate sympathizer, for he said, "What's the use of further talking? You won't do anything for us, I see." Vanderbilt said: "I don't know about that, Mr. President. I place myself and all my resources at your disposition without pay, and I believe I can protect the fleet and prevent the Merrimac from passing Old Point Comfort. I have a ship which I give to you for this purpose. You will place a crew on it, and fit it up for sailing at your expense, and I will take charge of it. Only let me be free from the control of your Navy Department, and I'll answer for it that the Merrimac won't pass Old Point Comfort." Joyfully the patriotic proposal was accepted, and in thirty-six hours the Vanderbilt, with the Commodore in command, was at its station in Hampton Roads. The officer in charge of the fleet sent a boat asking to see the veteran, who was at that time more than sixty-eight years of age, and Commodore Vanderbilt went on board the flag-ship. His reputation as a skillful pilot was known to every one, and when he said that he would run down the Merrimac as a hound runs down a wolf, and, striking her amidships, would send her to the bottom, that



all believed that he would do it, and looked admiringly at his huge steamer, the shadow of whose black hull loomed upon the water like the reflection of a great cloud. "How can we help you?" said the chief officer. "Only by keeping severely out of my way when I am hunting the critter," was the amusing response, at which every one laughed. But the courasing match never came off, for the spies who swarmed about the Federal council carried the story to Richmond, and when the Merrimac had repaired damages from her brush with the Monitor, her Captain, who had been in Vanderbilt's employ, and knew his antagonist, declined to come out from his hiding-place. Nor did the Confederates ever dare again to send her up the Roads. But the idea of the Commodore bore fruit, and when the gallant Farragut stormed the forts and rebel fleet at Mobile the frigates put the ram Tennessee *au combat* in the manner that he had proposed. Everybody knows the story, and how the wooden frigates butted against the mail-clad ram so fiercely that the seamen could not keep their feet and had to surrender, being knocked senseless by the incessant concussion.

Although the brave old gentleman could not remain long at the station, he left behind him a Captain possessed with his ideas and trained in his school. When the pirate Alabama commenced her ravages the Vanderbilt steamer was dispatched in quest of her, and hunted her for more than a twelvemonth. Then the magnificent engines and boilers, by such a strain, were rendered momentarily unserviceable, and they were taken out and the vessel sold to a firm in the grain business, who called it the Three Brothers. (It is in active use to the present hour.) The reward of the Commodore for his patriotism was the Congressional vote of a large gold medal and a series of complimentary resolutions. This was well enough for what he had personally done—for the services he had rendered and the counsel he had given. But it must strike the impartial mind that it was rather an inadequate return for his magnificent steamer, which had only been given for a purpose, and when that purpose had been accomplished ought certainly to have been returned to him. When the medal was voted, which was in January, 1864, some months before the destruction of the pirate by the Kearsarge, the value of the Vanderbilt must have been more than one million and a half in currency. Mr. Vanderbilt had his medal, and could say when he looked upon it, "This is all I received in exchange for the finest steamer that was ever launched."

This transaction certainly did not place any restraint upon his previously-arranged determination to withdraw from the steamer business altogether. He arranged with Messrs. Allen, C. K. Garrison, and Wheeler, that they should buy his steamers for three millions, one million down, the remainder in amounts as the ships earned them. In eighteen months they had wiped out the indebtedness, the Commodore had his three millions and the firm the steamers. While this business was being carried to a successful close the Commodore took a little turn in Wall street. It was his seventieth year, and his long, useful, and patriotic life had been passed among ships and steamers, but the reasoning of his brain had shown him that the day was done for the carrying trade and that the night was at hand. He began to acquire stock in Harlem, and quietly bought up all the shorts which the bears, Drew, and others, were selling freely. The shares were ranging from eight to sixteen at that time, and as the amount of the total stock was not large, the great operators sold very much more than existed. When settling day came there was a dreadful yell from the gentlemen who wanted to cover their shorts, for all the stock in the market was in the hands of the old Commodore, to whom they had sold it. Drew was squeezed to the amount of a round million, and the rest in proportion. The Wall street men said, "Another king has come to reign over us," but the overwise ones shook their heads. They muttered about his being loaded up with unprofitable stock, and said he could never get rid of it. But he did not want to get rid of it. He had bought the stock to keep. Assuming the management he dismissed incapable and dishonest officers, introduced reforms, checked expenditures, and in an incredibly short time made the road a paying institution a sound investment security. Then he went in for Hudson River, which was going for about 25. It had never paid, and was a foot-ball for the street. Everybody sneered at it, and John Tobin, a heavy dealer, sold him an enormous amount of the stock in one transaction. There was no secrecy about his dealings in Hudson River shares. He bought everything in the open market, and acquired a majority of the shares without the least concealment. Nobody understood the man. He was seventy-one years of age, but hale and hearty as a youngster of twenty. The world accepted him as the greatest steam-boatman that ever lived, but they did not comprehend that he was great at everything. And yet no one can reproach their blindness, for it was according to the dictates of common sense to believe that a man who was so superlatively superior in one line would not be able, when past the ordinary extent of life, to acquire all the details of a totally different calling. But the man was an extraordinary man, not to be judged by ordinary rules or average mental measuring rods, and those who applied them were woefully mistaken in their reckoning.

When he had Hudson River within his grasp he applied the same remedies to it as to Harlem, and very quickly the road was all right, and earning a dividend. It would have earned more, but the New-York Central, running from Albany to Buffalo, fought against it, and threw all its weight in favor of the Albany boats, owned by Daniel Drew. The fact is, that though Henry Keep, of New-York, was the President, the line was in the hands of an Albany clique, of whom Dean Richmond was the chief. Commodore Vanderbilt wanted to know whether there was to be peace or war between the two roads. Mr. Keep said peace, and there was peace during the Winter time, when the boats could not run; but as soon as the river was open Dean Richmond said war, and the freight of the New-York Central went to the boats as usual. Once only this trick was played, for the next Winter the stern mandate went from the lips of the Commodore, "Take no freight from the New-York Central." He was inexorable as fate itself, and as immovable as he had been when, at the helm of the Vanderbilt, he had vainly waited for the appearance of the Merrimac at Point Comfort. The stock of New-York Central went down at a blow fifteen per cent., and the American public at last realized that this was a man of the real heroic grain, to whose leadership all could trust implicitly. Hudson stock kept rising, and the holders of Central murmured loudly. Finally Mr. Keep resigned, Mr. Baxter taking his place until the election, which was not until the 12th of November, in the year of grace 1867, and upon that morning Mr. Vanderbilt received the following letter:

NEW-YORK, Nov. 12, 1867.

O. Vanderbilt, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned stockholders of the New-York Central Railroad Company are satisfied that a change in the administration of the company and a thorough reformation in the management of its affairs, would result in larger dividends to the stockholders, and greatly promote the interests of the public. They therefore request that you will receive their proxies for the coming election, and select such a Board of Directors as shall seem to you to be entitled to their confidence.

They hope that such an organization will be elected as shall secure to the company the aid of your great and acknowledged abilities. Yours respectfully,

EDWARD CUNARD,  
JOHN J. ASTOR, JR.,  
BERNARD V. HUTTON,  
JOHN STEWARD,

and others representing over thirteen millions of the stock.

The election was held in due course, but there was no opposition to the Vanderbilt ticket, which represented moreover six millions of his own besides the above.

And now began a series of improvements in the railroad system of the City of New-York which fairly transformed it. Commencing with the consolidation of the Hudson River and Central, and the leasing of the long line of the Harlem, (extending to Chatham Four Corners,) Mr. Vanderbilt next projected the building of the Forty-second Street Depot, and in due order followed the introduction of steel rails, the laying of a quadruple track from one end of the line to the other, and the wonderful engineering feat of sinking the City part of the track and arching it over for the prevention of accidents, and the improvement of that fine district along Fourth avenue. The speed of the trains was so greatly increased that to go from New-York to Albany in four hours became a common



occurrence, yet the distance is fully 150 miles. The price paid, too, was and is smaller than on any other line in the country, for all the year round fares are two cents per mile, which is the average rate of the cheap Summer excursions on other lines. The system of the four tracks, two exclusively for passenger traffic and two for freight, is so superior as to have given indefinitely expansive powers to the carrying of western productions. By this plan the freight trains can be run continuously like an endless chain, and can carry grain enough to load 200 vessels per day. By it also the safety of passenger travel has been brought to a maximum, and whenever an accident has taken place it has been by a combination of untoward circumstances impossible to foresee or to prevent. The depot at Forty-second street was in a great measure constructed according to the Commodore's own ideas, and the observant traveler will notice with surprise that the immense roof is supported upon trussed arches of iron, the one pregnant fact in the development of the use of iron in buildings. It is hard to realize that a man who had already lived far beyond the time allotted to mortals should still preserve such activity of brain as to be constantly accessible to new ideas. Here was a man who had made a life-long study of ship-building and the management of ships. At seventy years of age he saw clearly that America has lost the carrying trade of the world. He looked around him for something that may be improved and developed. He took the railroad system of his native State, put together the isolated pieces, rescued them from poverty and debt, and then created a scheme of improvements which places these railroads at the head of locomotive traffic in the universe. And these things he evolved out of a brain covered with the white hairs of more than eighty years. Nor was he in his eighty-third year less active. Little by little, and everything in its turn, the great plans of improvements were carried out, until the people who have been for a few years out of town can hardly recognize the old familiar things. Commodore Vanderbilt never stopped improving, but went on developing, maturing, and ripening his system, until death called him away from the scene where he had so long reigned without an equal.

In his private life the Commodore was always distinguished by three things—overwhelming affection for his family and his friends, hatred of ostentation, and love of solid comfort. He had lived for many years past in a great double brick house on Washington place, handsomely furnished, but without the least pretension. There are more gold and silver models of famous steam-boats in it than famous pictures, and indeed the fine arts are represented only by portraits. In the place of honor is a likeness of his mother, whom he cherished all his life with the fondest love. Opposite is a very fine portrait of his second wife, a very handsome and accomplished Southern lady, from Mobile, Ala., formerly a Miss Crawford. His first wife died in the early part of 1833, which left the Commodore alone in his big house, for all his children were married, and some of them had grandchildren even. So in the Fall of 1863 the house in Washington place received a new mistress, who has done its honors with much sweetness and grace. The master of the house was all his life surrounded by friends who repaid his affection by a love "this side idolatry," as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare. Every day they called upon him, or drove with him along Eighth avenue and across Macomb's Dam to Silber's Club-house, on Jerome avenue. For Mr. Vanderbilt was a great admirer of trotting horses, and his team, Flow Boy and Post Boy, have been considered the fastest in the country. Iron in opposition, he was in private life entirely governed by his affections, nor did age take from him the sweet-smiling look of his boyhood. Before his second marriage he used to play whist and Boston every night at the Manhattan Club, but latterly his friends have dropped in of evenings and played with him.

The eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, will perhaps take his father's place as a railroad man, though to compare him with his father would be idle. But had his father never been known the son would certainly have been among the foremost men, for if he has not a creative and original genius, he has an immense power of absorbing details. He is as much master of the facts of every department as the chief of it, and he is a model of hard-working industry. No man possesses the technique of railroad management in in as full a measure as he, and he is training up his sons in the same path. The older son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is Treasurer of the Harlem Road, and the second, William K. Vanderbilt, assists his father in his office. So the Vanderbilt lines will probably be managed by Vanderbilt sons for generations to come, to the great content of all interested. It is a fair prophecy that the line will not lose one cent by the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, for the system which he created, and which his son William is now carrying out so thoroughly, will live long after him. And herein was displayed another proof of the transcendent powers of his genius, since he so vitalized the Vanderbilt lines and infused such energy into them that they will retain the effects for fifty years to come. That he did this in steam boats is notorious, for though he left the business long ago, the impetus of his energy survives, and the stamp of his building genius is on every boat that leaves the slips.

## THE MAN AS HIS PASTOR KNEW HIM GRIEF OF REV. DR. DEEMS AT THE DEATH OF HIS OLD FRIEND—HE HAD NEVER KNOWN A GRANDER MAN.

Rev. Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, was called upon by a Times reporter at his residence in Twenty-second street last evening. He was evidently deeply grieved at the death of his old friend. He said that after all, notwithstanding the long illness of the Commodore, his death had seemed to come upon him like a surprise. He had looked for it so often, and it had so often been postponed, that he could hardly realize that his dear old friend had gone. He had seen him every day, but eight, since April 26, and had seen more to admire in him in his sickness than he had ever seen when he was well. "He must have been a great man," said Dr. Deems, "for like all things that are truly great, he grew and grew upon your regard." He had never known a grander man, he said; he could take in so much so quickly. He had such immense caring, and yet he had the best kind of womanly tenderness, and in matters of faith he had the simplicity of a little child. He had never been able to find that he had complained once during all his sickness. In the beginning he was nervous, irritable—sometimes as he would say—ugly. He had gone into his room just after a paroxysm of pain, and he had taken his hand and buried it in tears, saying: "Doctor, will God forgive me? I have been so bad and ugly toward these people who have nursed me so faithfully." But that passed away, and even then he never prayed that the pain might be taken away, but would often say, "Dear God, don't take it away if it be necessary for me." He had never met Dr. Deems, even in the ranks of the clergy, a man who had more thorough belief in the divine authenticity of the Bible than Mr. Vanderbilt. The public, of course, knew of the gift of the Church of the Strangers made to him by the Commodore, and would not believe that he was ungrateful, but they never could know of the personal affection he had for the man, founded on his knowledge of his character. It was his desire that he should be buried from the Church of the Strangers.

## THE NEWS ON THE STREET.

The news of the Commodore's death had been so long expected that it made but little stir on Wall street. It had been anticipated that the intelligence of his death would produce at least a slight fall in what are known as the Vanderbilt stocks, and accordingly large quantities of those securities, as well as of other stocks, had been sold short, in expectation of such a movement. It is said that the amount sold in this manner aggregates 100,000 shares of Western Union, 100,000 shares of Lake Shore, besides large blocks of other stocks. Jay Gould is said to be short 73,000 shares of Western Union, and "the Twenty-third street clique" are said to be "short" 27,000 shares of Michigan Central. During the day the office of Davis & Freeman, Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers, was crowded with inquirers concerning Mr. Vanderbilt's death, and for a time it was supposed by many that the report was one of the manufactured ones to which the public has of late been so frequently treated. Later in the day the details of the event became generally known in the street, and formed a frequent topic of conversation. Personal anecdotes, reminiscences, &c., of the deceased were freely exchanged, and the various episodes in the Commodore's long and eventful career were canvassed with more than ordinary interest. To the younger generation he was little known except by reputation; but few were to be found even in the theatre of his most famous exploits who were personally intimate with him. The disposition of his immense railway property was a topic of frequent discussion. It is rumored that the interest of his second wife, *the* Miss Crawford, in the estate, will be confined to a certain annuity, stipulated in her marriage bond, and that the greater part of the



\$70,000,000 invested in railway shares, has been willed to the eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt.

## THE COMMODORE'S SICKNESS.

**AN ILLNESS LASTING NEARLY EIGHT MONTHS—HIS PERSISTENT STRUGGLE AGAINST DEATH—HIS DENUNCIATION OF WALL STREET SPECULATORS WHO SOUGHT TO MAKE MONEY BY SPREADING FALSE RUMORS.**

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 10, of last year, a rumor was spread in Wall street that Commodore Vanderbilt was so sick that his death might occur at any moment. The reporters, of course, went immediately to the residence of the Commodore to learn the truth. One of them, while conversing with Mrs. Vanderbilt, who told him that her husband was by no means dangerously sick, was startled by the vigorous voice of the Commodore, rolling from up-stairs, and conveying the injunction: "Tell the gentleman that even my slight local disorder is now almost entirely removed; that my doctor says I shall be rid of it in a very few days; that even if I were dying I could knock all the truth that there is in the wretched who start these reports out of them; and that, vigorous as I am at present, I would, were they within easy reach, knock all the lies forever hereafter out of them, thereby causing the biggest job for the undertakers that both Wall and Broad streets have afforded for a very great number of years." Yet the Commodore, though he was so fierce and vigorous in mood, was sicker than he knew. "The slight local disorder," of which he spoke to the reporter, did not disappear as he thought it would. It lingered with him, and from day to day sapped his strength. It rendered movement painful to him, and, about the 13th of May, compelled him to remain in his bed altogether. He was not seriously ill, the doctors said, and he was expected to be rid of his troublesome complaint within a few days. The most startling rumors as to the aged financier's bodily condition were daily circulated on Wall street. There it was thought that the demise of the Commodore would affect Central and Hudson River, and also Lake Shore stock. So, to produce temporarily the anticipated excitement in the market, reports of the Commodore's death were spread daily. Yet none of these caucards produced the desired result. It soon became known that Mr. Vanderbilt had so placed his affairs that his death would have no appreciable effect upon the securities of the great railway enterprises with which he was connected. Then the press undertook to stop the cry of "wolf" in the money market by publishing bulletins of the Commodore's condition, and, when the cry had ceased, continued to print them. This practice was begun on May 18. His condition was not materially changed until about noon on Thursday, Aug. 3, when he experienced a relapse, which was so severe that his physicians, Drs. Linsley and Elliot, feared that he could not recover. Their fears were at once communicated to his family and friends, and his son, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Vice President of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad, who was on his way to Saratoga, was telegraphed for. During the day and evening his condition gradually became worse, until at midnight his recovery was despaired of. About 3 o'clock the next morning a slight improvement took place, and he continued to rally slowly, and on Saturday he was much easier and was able to converse with his friends. The illness with which Commodore Vanderbilt was afflicted was not of an acute character by any means, but was the culmination of a complication of disorders, from which he had been suffering for many years. During his long life he took excellent care of himself and lived abstemiously, always taking an abundance of exercise in the open air and invariably keeping regular hours. Gifted with an iron constitution and a strong and robust frame, with an admirable muscular development, it is not surprising that he should have been able to withstand the inroads of disease as well as he did. The attack which resulted in his death came on about the middle of April last. When first taken ill he called his family physician, Dr. Jared Linsley, to his assistance, but this gentleman was thrown from his carriage on the next day, and injured so severely that he was compelled to keep his room for four weeks. During that time Dr. William Hedenhamer took charge of the case. As soon as Dr. Linsley was able to attend to the duties of his profession, the Commodore sent for him again, saying that as he had been with him for 19 days and nights on one occasion in New-Jersey, and had saved his life, he wanted him to be with him during his present trouble. At first it was supposed that the attack, like many others that he had experienced, would readily yield to treatment, and that the old gentleman would be about again in a few weeks. Unfavorable symptoms continued to make their appearance, however, and notwithstanding the efforts of Dr. Linsley, assisted by the counsels of a number of eminent physicians of this City and other places, who were called in consultation, the desired improvement did not take place. Among the medical gentlemen who were invited to take part in these consultations were Dr. William H. Van Buron, Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., and Dr. Ellsworth Elliot, of this City, and Dr. Goschidt, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson. The attack was peculiar in its character, and was marked by many abrupt changes, the patient sinking rapidly at times, and rallying with almost the same quickness. During the whole time, except when unconscious from the effects of the severe chills, or rigors, which made their appearance from time to time, Mr. Vanderbilt not only retained his mental powers, but was able to give his attention to business matters, and to engage in long and pleasant conversations with his family and friends. At one time he seemed to take special pleasure in recalling incidents of his early life, and many times surprised those around him by the accuracy with which he recounted scenes witnessed by him many years before. From the time the Commodore was first taken ill, down to the day of his death, Mrs. Vanderbilt was most devoted in her attentions to her husband, and seldom or never left his room, except to take the repose absolutely necessary for the preservation of her health. His son, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, was also very constant in his attendance at his father's bedside, always visiting him once, and often twice, every day, notwithstanding the multitudinous engagements forced upon him by his position as Vice President of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the entire management of which was in his hands. Messrs. O. V. De Forest and J. P. Barton, nephews of the Commodore, were with him almost constantly during his illness, one or the other of them sitting up with him every night. His sister, Miss Phoebe Vanderbilt, visited him almost daily, often remaining with him for hours. His brother, Mr. Jacob Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, was also a constant visitor. Among the gentlemen who frequently called on him were his old friend, Mr. Minthorn Tompkins, son of Gov. Tompkins, Hon. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Edwin D. Worcester, Secretary of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, Capt. Albert Degroot, and Mr. John Nowell, of Chicago. He also occasionally received others of his friends who called to inquire after his health.

Rev. Dr. Dooms, of the Church of the Strangers, his friend and Pastor, was always a welcome visitor. This gentleman spent hours at his bedside, and on occasions when aggravated symptoms made their appearance, frequently spent the night in the house. The Bible had long been the Commodore's favorite book, and during his last attack the religious side of his character was more fully displayed than ever before. About August last he manifested a desire to have hymns sung at his bedside, and frequently called his family around him, requesting them to join in singing religious songs. His life, during the last eight months immediately preceding his death, was exceedingly quiet and peaceful. All his vast interests in the several railroads, in the affairs of which he had been the ruling spirit for so many years, were disposed of to his satisfaction, and as he repeatedly said that he was prepared to die, there were no disturbing influences surrounding him. He knew that the reporters of the morning papers were in the habit of calling at his house in the late hours of the night to inquire about his condition, and he often sent kindly messages to them, telling them how he felt, and asking that they would, in their turn, tell him what was going on in the City. After the severe attack of Aug. 2 the Commodore rallied, considerably, and



throughout the months of August, September, and October, although confined to his rooms, was comparatively free from pain: There was no marked change in November, but since the 1st of December he grew weaker every day.

## **THE COMMODORE'S EVERYDAY LIFE, HOW HE EMPLOYED HIS TIME—HIS ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.**

Of late years Commodore Vanderbilt gave himself up almost exclusively to home life, and did not take an active part in the management of the great business which he controlled. His son William H. was well acquainted with his father's wishes, and under his direction the vast business was carried on. Occasionally great questions arose, and they were submitted to Mr. Vanderbilt. He decided them quickly, and, once decided, he dismissed them from his mind. He lived in the large, comfortable mansion on Washington place, his wife and his wife's mother being his only constant companions. Mr. Vanderbilt generally rose at about 8 o'clock, and after a leisurely toilet breakfasted with his wife. His breakfast was very light—it hardly deserved the name of breakfast. He prolonged the stay at the table that he might glance over the morning papers. From breakfast he proceeded to his private office on Fourth street, where he got the important contents of the morning's mail, and received his friends and business acquaintances. His office was always thronged. The hour of 11 o'clock coming round, the Commodore would leave his office and pay a visit of inspection to his horses in the adjacent stable. He was very fond of his horses, and nothing but an extraordinary press of business would persuade him to give up his morning visit. It was the greatest courtesy he could extend to a friend to invite him to join him in the inspection of the stable. After having visited the stable, the Commodore returned to the house to dress for dinner and to chat with his wife and his grand-children, or perhaps to receive such persons as arrived too late for the office hours. Dinner was served at 1 o'clock, and it was generally a good dinner. The Commodore ate sparingly, and rarely took wine, but insisted that the little he did eat should be good and well prepared. After dinner, driving was in order. Mr. Vanderbilt was a fine driver, and drove none but fine horses. His turn-out was one of the most striking on the road. It was worth an afternoon just to catch sight of the stalwart old man, in the height of his pride and dignity, guiding his spirited horses along the Boulevard. Supper was served at about 6 o'clock, and it was a rare thing for Mr. Vanderbilt to leave the house in the evening. He seldom visited the theatres or other places of amusement. He retired early, scarcely ever remaining up later than 10 o'clock. Always when at home Mr. Vanderbilt was besieged by visitors. He used to say that he was never alone except in his afternoon drive. Hundreds of people called upon him every day, on every conceivable business. He was sometimes inwardly impatient at the unceasing train of callers, but he never refused to see anybody who might call. Persons calling on business were counseled, however, to speak quickly and be off. The Commodore never allowed himself to be talked to after he had heard enough. A lady who knew him intimately tells the following story of him. It was at the beginning of the panic of 1873 that a reporter of a City journal waited upon the Commodore to get his views of the situation. The inexperienced journalist plunged in *medias res* as soon as he was shown into the Commodore's presence.

"Good morning, Commodore," said he. "What do you think of the panic?"

"I don't think about it at all."

"What do you intend to do about it, then?"

"I don't intend to do anything."

"Well, haven't you got anything to say about it?"

"No, Sir, not a word."

The poor reporter was on his beam-ends. He was just leaving the room in despair when the Commodore turned full upon him and said, "Look-a-here, sonny, let me give you a little advice. Pay ready money for everything you buy, and never sell anything which you do not own. Good morning, sonny."

Mr. Vanderbilt was eminently a jolly man when surrounded by his friends. He was a young man to the last. He was fond of stories, and caught a good point with marvelous quickness and zest. He was a good-story teller himself, but he told stories like a business man. His stories were noted for their sharp, pithy sentences, and they were as pointed as needles. He was given to the inculcating of sound business principles in all persons whom he cared for. He used frequently to say, "Never take more than eight per cent. interest for your money. You have a right to eight per cent., but if you take more you are a robber." His interest in the welfare of the passengers of his railroads and his steamboats was always cropping out. On the occasion of an accident to one of his steam boats, when others were saying, "It will cost a lot to repair the damage," Mr. Vanderbilt thought only of the passengers. "What will become of the poor passengers?" he said. "It is a great misfortune to them."

## **THE COMMODORE'S MUNIFICENCE.**

**HIS MANY PRIVATE CHARITIES NEVER TO  
BE KNOWN TO THE WORLD—HIS GIFT  
OF A CHURCH TO REV. DR. DEEMS—  
THE FOUNDATION OF VANDERBILT UNI-  
VERSITY—NEARLY \$700,000 GIVEN TO  
THAT INSTITUTION.**

Commodore Vanderbilt was of a charitable disposition, but he had a habit of dispensing his munificence in a very quiet way, so that no one ever heard of it except those benefited or those told by himself. It is said of him that while sitting in his office he would often be called upon by persons seeking assistance, and that at times numbers of them would be in the room at the same time. When one of them would advance and state his needs, the Commodore would scold him severely, telling him that if he had been more industrious and careful in his youthful days he would not then be poor. During his life he made many charitable bequests, which will never be known to the world, and the only ones of importance that any information can be obtained about, are those to the Church of the Strangers, in Mercer street, and the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn. In 1870 he became acquainted with Rev. Charles F. Deems, the present Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, who was then preaching to an obscure congregation. The Commodore conceived a great liking for Dr. Deems, and became his warm, personal friend. In that year he purchased the church property in Mercer street for \$50,000, and gave it to Dr. Deems. He was also very kind to the Sisters of the Strangers, and they have good reason to remember his generosity. Commodore Vanderbilt placed a great deal of confidence in the ladies attached to this order, and his gifts to them, to help their good work, have been numerous. Probably the only other public institution in which the Commodore took any great interest was the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tenn., the founding of which was mainly due to his liberality. In 1871 several of the annual conferences of the Methodists in the South perceived the acknowledged want of such an institution, and appointed delegates to a convention to consider the subject of a university such as would meet the wants of the Church and country. This convention, which was composed of delegates from Middle Tennessee, Western Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, met in Memphis on Jan. 24, 1872, and after a four days' session adopted a plan for a university, under which a Board of Trust was nominated and authorized to obtain a charter under the title of the Central University of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The members of the convention understood the vastness of the undertaking and stated in a resolution that \$1,000,000 was necessary to carry out the proposed plan. They also foresaw the dangers that might result if they were unsuccessful, and refused to authorize the taking of steps toward the selection of a site for the university until the public had expressed its sympathy by subscribing \$500,000. But the South was at this time in an almost exhausted condition, and the first efforts to raise funds clearly demonstrated that unless some one came forward this laudable enterprise must fail. At this juncture Commodore Vanderbilt, in his sympathy for a people struggling to revive their fallen fortunes, gave to the enterprise the handsome sum of \$500,000. The following letter explains itself:

New-York, March 14, 1873.

To Bishop H. N. McTear, of Nashville:

I make the following offer, through you, to the corporation known as the Central University of the Methodist Episcopal Church South:

First—I authorize you to procure suitable grounds, not less than from twenty to fifty acres,



properly located, for the erection of the following work.

*Second*—To erect thereon suitable buildings for the use of the university.

*Third*—You to procure plans and specifications for such buildings, and submit them to me, and when approved, the money for the foregoing objects to be furnished by me as it is needed.

*Fourth*—The sum included in the foregoing items, together with the "Endowment Fund" and the "Library Fund," shall not be less in the aggregate than five hundred thousand dollars, (\$500,000,) and these last two funds shall be furnished to the corporation as soon as the buildings for the university are completed and ready to be used.

The foregoing being subject to the following conditions.

*First*—That you accept the Presidency of the Board of Trust, receiving therefor a salary of \$3,000 per annum, and the use of a dwelling-house, free of rent, on or near the university grounds.

*Second*—Upon your death or resignation the Board of Trust shall elect a President.

*Third*—To check hasty or injudicious appropriations or measures, the President shall have authority, whenever he objects to any act of the board, to signify his objections in writing, within ten days after its enactment, and no such act is to be valid unless upon reconsideration to be passed by a three-fourths vote of the board.

*Fourth*—The amount set apart by me as an "Endowment Fund" shall be forever inviolable, and shall be kept safely invested, and the interest and revenue only used in carrying on the university. The form of investment which I prefer, and in which I reserve the privilege to give the money for the said fund, is in seven per cent. first mortgage bonds of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, to be "registered" in the name of the corporation, and to be transferrable only upon a special vote of the Board of Trust.

*Fifth*—The university is to be located in or near Nashville, Tenn.

Respectfully submitted. C. VANDERBILT.

A meeting of the Board of Trust was held on March 26, 1873, at which the above letter was presented and the following resolutions adopted.

*Resolved*, That we accept with profound gratitude this donation, with all the terms and conditions specified in said proposition.

*Resolved*, That as an expression of our appreciation of this liberality, we instruct the Committee hereinafter mentioned to ask the honorable Chancery Court to change the name and style of our corporation from The Central University of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the Vanderbilt University; and that the institution thus endowed and chartered shall be from henceforth known and called by this name.

In a letter to Bishop McTear, dated New-York, March 24, 1874, the Commodore said:

"Referring to your letter of the 17th inst., I beg to say that the plans you have shown me, as therein stated, are approved. As you express some doubts whether the 'Endowment Fund' of \$300,000 can be preserved, if these plans are carried out, and as you consider such a fund of vital importance to the success of the institution, I have decided to add one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) to the whole fund."

The payment of all the debts incurred in the building of the university were much larger than had been anticipated, and left only a trifle over two hundred thousand dollars for the Endowment Fund instead of \$300,000, and this fact having been represented to Commodore Vanderbilt, he sent another letter to Bishop McTear on Dec 2 1875, in which the following paragraph was contained:

"Upon a careful review of all the circumstances and consideration of the objects sought to be accomplished by the institution and feeling that its beneficial operations should not be restricted, now that its material structures are so well adapted to success, I have decided to make an additional contribution sufficient to bring the Endowment Fund up to the full amount of \$400,000, as originally contemplated, thus making an aggregate contribution of \$692,831.46."

## MR. VANDERBILT'S PROPERTY.

### THE BULK OF IT IN RAILROAD SECURITIES.

—THE WHOLE ESTIMATED AT \$100,000,000.

Unlike Mr. Astor and Mr. Stewart, Mr. Vanderbilt invested a comparatively small amount in real estate, the following being the only property of this kind on which he paid taxes in this city.

| Location                                     | Assessed Value. |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| No. 5 Bowling Green .....                    | \$27,000.       |
| No. 4 Cortlandt street.....                  | 32,000.         |
| No. 10 East Washington Place (residence).... | 45,000.         |
| No. 23 West Fourth street.....               | 21,000.         |
| No. 25 West Fourth street .....              | 10,000.         |
| No. 27 West Fourth street .....              | 10,000.         |
| No. 29 West Fourth street .....              | 10,000.         |
| No. 57 West Twenty-second street.....        | 14,000.         |

Total.....\$160,000.

Mr. Vanderbilt's personal property was assessed at \$3,000,000, but this does not include his railroad stocks and bonds which form the bulk of his estate. Securities of this kind are not taxed in the hands of individual owners the tax reaching them through the corporations by which they are issued, so that, except from the books of these companies, it would be impossible to tell, in detail, what stocks or bonds he has held or in what amounts. The assessed valuation of Mr. Vanderbilt's taxed personal property and real estate was about sixty per cent of its real value which is therefore \$5,293,333. The assessed valuation of the Hudson River Railroad Company's depots on Thirtieth street and Tenth avenue, and the car-shops and other property adjoining, is \$800,000, making its real value \$1,433,706.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt De Forest, Purchasing Agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and an intimate friend of the Commodore's, said recently: "The estate of Mr. Vanderbilt, including real estate which he has conveyed, and stocks and bonds which he has transferred, is undoubtedly of the value, as nearly as can be given in round numbers, of about one hundred million dollars. Some years ago he conveyed valuable real estate on Nassau, Beekman, Dey, and other streets in that vicinity to his son William H. Vanderbilt, and he transferred to the same son large amounts of bonds and stocks. The principal securities owned by him were those of the New York Central and Hudson River, Harlem, Lake Shore, and Canada Southern Railroads. He was very reticent about his business investments, and as to some of them no one knew anything about them excepting himself. His will was made some years ago, and the bulk of his estate will go to one who will not waste it but will make the best possible use of it."

Mr. Edwin D. Worcester, Mr. Vanderbilt's Secretary, and who is the Secretary of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Treasurer of the Lake Shore Railroad, said in reference to Mr. Vanderbilt's property: "About \$100,000,000 is as near to a fair valuation as can be put upon the estate of Mr. Vanderbilt. The will of Mr. Vanderbilt was made many years ago, and has been amended several times. He had diverse lawyers at different times, including such men as Hon. Charles O'Connor, ex-Judge John K. Porter, ex-Judge Charles A. Rapallo, and John E. Burrill whom he employed in particular kinds of legal work, according to his notion of their special fitness for or experience in it. The provisions of the will are a secret between Mr. Vanderbilt, the lawyer who drew it, and the necessary witnesses. The instrument will enumerate various bequests to this, that and the other one, and leave the residue of the property, without describing it in detail or giving its value, to some one else. Its reading will therefore give no idea of the value of the estate. Mr. Vanderbilt conveyed a large quantity of real estate some time ago to his son William H. Vanderbilt. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to give in any more than a general way a description of the securities held by Mr. Vanderbilt. He did business through several parties each only having a small share in the same transaction, for the purpose of preventing knowledge being obtained of the nature or result of his dealings. He said, such matters were his own business and he would not satisfy a morbid curiosity as to the condition of his affairs. He had undeveloped plans for the benefit of working men, but they are not sufficiently matured to give to the public at present. Mr. Vanderbilt has seldom or never during the last six or eight years, speculated in stocks in the sense in which such transactions are generally understood, and the numerous reports from time to time attributing such speculations to him during that period, are false. He almost invariably bought stocks either as an investment or to aid him in obtaining control of railroad property. He owns a controlling number of shares of the stock of the Canada Southern Railroad, is largely interested in Western Union Telegraph stock, owns stock giving him the control of the New York Central and Hudson River, Harlem, and Lake Shore Railroads, and also owns bonds and stocks of many other railroads. Mr. Vanderbilt never bought anything he could not pay cash for, and so all of his investments are solid. The operations of his mind were slow. He was never in a hurry. He did one thing at a time, took full time to do it, and did it thoroughly. His railroad interests will be conducted by his son on the principles observed by the deceased."

Messrs. Davis & Freeman, bankers and brokers, at No. 53 Exchange place, were Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers, & Mr. James M. Davis, the senior member



of the firm," said yesterday that Mr. Vanderbilt's estate, as held by him previous to his making conveyances to his son William H., amounted to about \$100,000,000, consisting mostly of stocks, comprising mainly those of New-York Central and Hudson River, Harlem, Lake Shore, Canada Southern, New-York and New-Haven, and the Western Union Telegraph Company. Some years ago he conveyed all his real estate on Staten Island to his son William H., for the nominal sum of \$1. The question of whether he had entailed property in his securities for two lives could only be definitely ascertained from the provisions of his will. The exact amount of each kind of the principal securities held by Mr. Vanderbilt or conveyed by him was not definitely known except by very few persons, but it was sufficient to give him control of the leading lines in which he was interested.

### **HIS PROPERTY ON STATEN ISLAND. THE OLD HOMESTEAD OF THE VANDERBILT**

#### **FAMILY—VARIOUS TRACTS OF LAND.**

Commodore Vanderbilt's property on Staten Island, the place of his nativity—he having been born at Port Richmond, May 27, 1794—and the early scenes of many of his business triumphs, is in no way proportionate with the colossal fortune he accumulated in this City. At the time of his death he owned in fee the old homestead residence, a small frame house and garden at Union place and Bay street, originally the property of his mother, which is of but small intrinsic value, but which the Commodore would not sell for any price. The cottage is of primitive appearance, and bears no signs of having been an object of solicitude to its owner, as certain needed repairs, apparent to the passer-by, seem to be neglected or overlooked. Commodore Vanderbilt was also the owner of eight lots on Union place and Bay street, and a square of eight more lots fronting the cottage, which he originally bought from the estate owned by his mother for \$13,000. The property at the present time is worth \$25,000. Besides the property above mentioned he held other valuable tracts of land, which he deeded to his eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, five years ago, such as fourteen acres of land, called "The Lawn," on Vanderbilt avenue, between Bay and Cross streets, valued at \$100,000; also 100 acres of farm land in New-Dorp, the estimated value of which is \$50,000; and a tract of ground on the Richmond road known as Mount Hope, comprising about fifty acres, worth \$12,000; also the Simonson estate, between Townsend and Simonson avenues, which he inherited from his first wife, a small farm, worth at least \$25,000, together with twenty lots on Amos street, valued at \$10,000. Commodore Vanderbilt also gave in charity fifty acres of land on the Richmond road to the Moravian Church of Staten Island, for a cemetery, and at his own expense built a stone wall inclosing the cemetery, all of which could not be purchased for \$20,000. This is the family burying-place, and in the cemetery is erected a handsome shaft pointing out the family vault. His brother, Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt, has been until recently the President of the Staten Island Railroad Company at a large salary, and owns the controlling shares of the company. It is a noticeable fact that the property owned by the Commodore, and now held by his son, has never been leased or sublet, nor any sort of improvements made, or buildings erected thereon. It remains a barren and unprofitable waste, without bringing recompense or emolument to its owner.

#### **THE FAMILY VAULT.**

On the outskirts of the village of New-Dorp, Staten Island, in a north-easterly direction, is an old Moravian Church and cemetery. The figures on some of the moss-covered and crumbling tombstones would indicate that the grave-yard has been used as such for at least a century and a half, the oldest legible date being 1740. Near the middle of this burying ground, and on a knoll overlooking the Lower Bay, is the family vault of the dead millionaire. It occupies a rectangular plot forty-two feet long by thirty-six wide, and is inclosed by a plain iron railing painted black. Fronting the middle of the eastern side of the lot is a granite monument, which was erected about twenty years ago. It was designed by Mr. C. F. Anderson, and was built by Messrs. Bais & Jaynes. The monument is constructed of granite, and is almost perfectly plain. The base is twelve feet square and fourteen feet high, and is surmounted by a column of the same material twenty feet in height, making a total from the ground of about thirty-five feet. Over the centre of the pediment is a life-sized marble statue of a female, heavily draped. About midway up the column, on its four sides, are wreaths carved from the granite. The only inscription on the structure is the simple name, "Vanderbilt," which is made of raised letters, on a triangular piece of polished granite, near the top of the eastern side of the pediment. A door, also on this side of the pediment, leads down to the vault, which is lined with brick, and is so ventilated that there is no collection of foul air. The vault has a capacity for about one hundred coffins, and already contains the remains of the Commodore's father, his first wife, who died in 1868, his son George, and several other relatives.

#### **THE VANDERBILT MANSION.**

#### **DESCRIPTION OF THE COMMODORE'S LATE**

#### **RESIDENCE AT WASHINGTON PLACE.**

The house in which Commodore Vanderbilt resided during the last twenty years of his life, No. 10 Washington place, was built by himself, and under his own direction. It was commenced in May, 1845, and finished in November, 1846, Benjamin F. Camp being the mason employed. It is a large double house, with a frontage of 40 feet on Washington place, and a depth of 65 feet. The stables are built in the rear, with an entrance on Fourth street, the lot occupied by the buildings extending through the block from one street to the other. Between the house and the stable is a small paved court-yard. The house proper is built of red brick, with brown stone trimmings. It is four stories high, with a basement. The edifice cost about fifty-five thousand dollars when completed, and the ground on which it stands cost \$9,500. It is reckoned to be one of the strongest and best constructed buildings in the City. During the time in which it was being built the Commodore resided on Staten Island, and moved into his new house some time in December, 1846. The parlors, which are very large and commodious, are on the first floor. They are two in number, situated on the right of the entrance, opening into each other and connecting with a small extension in the rear, from which a door leads into the dining-room. On the left of the main entrance to the house is a small reception room, the door of which is at the foot of the staircase in the main hall. The dining-room is in the rear of the reception-room and staircase, and extends across the building as far as the back parlor. The parlors are elegantly furnished, but contain very few works of art. The most valuable of these is a bust of the Commodore, in white marble, by Powers. In a niche in the lower great hall is a statuette in Italian marble, a copy of the statue, in heroic size, cast in bronze, by Capt. Albert De Groot, for the Vanderbilt memorial in front of St. John's Park Depot. In the dining-room is a picture of the Commodore in a road wagon, wearing a white hat and driving a favorite span of horses. Immediately upon reaching the landing of the upper hall the right-hand door leads into the library, a room about twenty feet square, frescoed, and surrounded by bookcases five and a half feet high. These contain rather a miscellaneous collection. The Commodore never selected a library, but his favorite books were historical and devotional. The book he valued next to the Bible is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work he frequently carried with him on his travels. The library opens into a large sitting-room, twenty by twenty-five feet. These two rooms face on Washington place. The sitting-room is plainly, but elegantly furnished, with an obvious air of domestic comfort. This was the Commodore's favorite place, and here he mainly received his friends. The walls are ornamented with three oil portraits, one of himself and two of his present wife. There are also two magnificent photographs, one of the former Mrs. Vanderbilt, and one of himself taken in the costume he wore when he visited Russia. There is also a medallion portrait of his friend and Pastor, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deama. But the picture he most valued is one of his mother in oil colors, hanging over the mantel-piece. Out of the sitting-room, in the rear, is a dressing-room which lets into Mrs. Vanderbilt's boudoir, which is on the south side of the building. The suite with the boudoir is a larger room, which



was the Commodore's own chamber. Connecting with this is a room which he always used as his home office. In this room he probably elaborated the great schemes which he accomplished during the last quarter of a century. The third floor is divided into four large bed-chambers, used by the family. On the fourth floor are the rooms for the domestics. In the basement there used to be a billiard-room, but the table was taken down some years ago, and in this portion of the house are now the kitchen, laundry, servants' sitting-room, &c.

### THE COMMODORE'S HORSES.

A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT UPON THEM—NAMES OF THOSE NOW IN THE STABLES.

Commodore Vanderbilt was always celebrated for his love of fine trotting horses, and never spared expense in procuring the very best in the country. His favorite mode of driving was in a road-wagon with a team. He was a bold and skillful driver, always kept his horses under perfect control, and never lost his presence of mind under any circumstances. There is hardly a citizen of New-York who does not remember seeing him either driving through the streets or Central Park and the roads beyond. Even those who did not know him were attracted by the erect figure and handsome clear-cut face of the old gentleman, and seldom failed to ask who he was. His favorite horse, and the one which he esteemed, perhaps, more highly than any other he ever owned, was one he called Mountain Boy, a bay Hambletonian, fifteen hands high, that could make a half mile in 1:08. During the epizootic which prevailed a few years ago this horse died. He was then in his prime, being only eleven years old. The Commodore felt this loss severely, and was never able to replace the horse with one which he considered his equal. In fact, fine horses were the objects on which the Commodore was always willing to spend any amount of money, provided they came up to his standard of excellence. The horses now in his stable, the entrance to which is on Fourth street, immediately in the rear of his dwelling, are as follows: Mountain Maid and Arthur Boy, a bright bay Hambletonian team, the first twelve years old, and the second ten. They stand fifteen hands high, and can make their mile together in 2:24 to a road wagon. Small Hopes, another Hambletonian, is a brown gelding, fifteen hands and one inch high, eight years old, who can trot a mile in 2:19 in harness. This horse was raised in Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Vanderbilt's coach horses, a handsome brown team, seventeen hands high, Hambletonians, can make their mile together in three minutes. Commodore Vanderbilt had at one time another fine team in his stable, Prince and Rob Roy, bay Hambletonians, a little over fifteen hands, who could cover a mile in 2:20. These he gave as a present to his brother, Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, in the early part of last year. The last time the Commodore drove out was on the Saturday preceding the day on which he was taken ill. He held the reins himself in a road wagon, with Small Hopes between the shafts. Competent judges estimate the value of the horses now in the stable at about one hundred thousand dollars, and the team he gave his brother is considered to be worth \$20,000. The stable is large and well ventilated, and in a large open space in the centre, under the same roof, there is an oval dirt track on which the horses may be exercised when the weather is too inclement for them to be taken out. In the way of equipages there are three family coaches, six road wagons, and two sleighs in the coach-house attached to the stable.

### VANDERBILT'S STOCK OPERATIONS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COMMODORE'S SPECULATION IN RAILROAD SECURITIES—ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED HARLEM POOL.

Mr. Vanderbilt's gigantic operations in Wall street began with the famous "Harlem Pool" of 1864. Previous to that he had been a large dealer in Erie, Harlem, and New-York and New-Haven stocks, but the "Harlem Pool" was the first affair of the kind in which his name was brought prominently before the public as a speculator in stocks. In the Winter of 1863-4 Vanderbilt and a few friends quietly bought Harlem with a view to realize from the rise in its price, which it was anticipated would be brought about by the passage by the Legislature of a bill allowing them to run a street railroad through Broadway to the lower part of the City. The stock was purchased at prices ranging from 75 to 150, the stock rising rapidly with the prospect of the bill's success. Certain members of the Legislature, however, banded together to kill the bill, and sold large quantities of the stock "short" with the object of realizing largely from the fall which would take place on its defeat. The measure was effectually killed in the Legislature, and Harlem fell from 150 to 100, inflicting more or less loss on Vanderbilt and his party. The great "Harlem Pool" was then formed by the latter, its chief member being Vanderbilt himself, the late Oliver Charlick, and John Tobin, a Wall-street speculator, who from the position of a gate-keeper on Vanderbilt's Staten Island Ferry, had risen through lucky speculations on the street to be the possessor of a fortune of \$3,000,000. Shortly after the fall in Harlem, Vanderbilt, who was smarting under his losses, present and prospective, from the defeat of the bill, sent for Tobin, and asked him if he too had not been badly hurt by the fall in the stock. Tobin replied that he had not lost much, and that all the stock he had bought had been paid for and was locked up in his safe, and that a temporary fall in it would not damage him to any great extent. Then the Commodore asked him whether he did not think "those fellows," &c., the members of the Legislature in question, ought to get a dressing out for the way they had "gone back on them." Tobin answered in the affirmative, and the two set to work to arrange the preliminaries of the campaign. Tobin agreed to put in \$1,000,000. Vanderbilt wanted him to give more, but the former said that it was all he cared to put up, and the Commodore told him that he would send him word in half an hour when to commence work. This conversation took place at Vanderbilt's office, No. 5 Bowling Green. Half an hour later Tobin received orders to buy, and the work of pushing Harlem upward commenced. The object of the pool was twofold; first to realize a splendid profit for themselves, and second, to punish the perfidious legislators, who in the Commodore's vigorous vernacular, "had gone back on them," in such a manner that future law-makers would be careful how they trifle with them. In both aims they were successful beyond their expectations. Tobin bought immense "blocks" of Harlem at constantly increasing prices, and before the outside world knew the nature of the plot Harlem was once more above 150 and rising rapidly. Still the pool kept on buying until they had contracted in the aggregate for more than one and a half times the entire capital stock of the road, (110,000 shares at a par value of \$50 a share,) and carried up the stock to the extraordinary price of 265. Vast profits were reaped by Vanderbilt, Charlick, and Tobin, while the prudent legislators who had gone "short" of the stock in the expectation of its further fall, were left in a most deplorable condition. In the language of one of the successful operators: "We broke the entire Legislature, and scores of them were forced to go home leaving unpaid board bills behind them." In the sudden flurry of April, 1864, otherwise known as the Chase panic, in which Rock Island fell from 140 to 100 in two hours, and Fort Wayne tumbled from 150 to 75 in the same time, Mr. Vanderbilt became quite anxious for the safety of his Harlem pool venture. He called a meeting of the principal members, and told them that he was afraid they could not pull through in safety. Tobin, however, thought that by standing firm they could come out all right, and the end justified his prediction, Harlem standing firm at 160, while other stocks were sinking on all sides. Among the operators who were fighting the Harlem pool at that time, to their loss, was the venerable Daniel Drew, who in the end "laid down," as the phrase goes; in other words, refused to meet his contracts, and finally compromised at sixty cents on the dollar. A "Uncle Dan's" losses in this affair amounted to \$138,000, of which his creditors ultimately got \$75,000.

The Commodore's first venture in Hudson River was brought about through the agency of Tobin, who was then a Director on that road. Vanderbilt had already got deep in Harlem, and appeared to have found it a profitable investment, but he shrank at first from investing in Hudson River, on the ground that it was too expensive a stock and was selling above its real value. Its price was then



(1864) in the neighborhood of 150, and Tobin assured him that even at this figure it was the cheapest and most valuable stock in the market. Vanderbilt could not be brought to believe it, however, until Tobin had purchased 35,000 shares on his own account, and the stock had gone up to 150. Then the Commodore, convinced that "there was money in it," went in too, but timidly at the start, his first purchase being only 2,500 shares. He then got Tobin to put five of the Harlem Directors into the Hudson River Board, and at the ensuing election, Tobin having control of the majority of the stock, was elected President of the Company. This was in June 1864. After the election some of the old Hudson River directors, dissatisfied at the growing influence of the Harlem clique and the Hudson River Board, resigned their positions, which were filled with Vanderbilt men, thus giving the Commodore the ascendancy over Tobin. Vanderbilt himself was chosen a director to fill one of the vacancies. Things ran along smoothly until the year following when Tobin resigned and Vanderbilt succeeded him in the Presidency. The Commodore now had two of the most valuable and profitable roads in the country under his control, but he still longed for further conquests. His eyes were then turned to the New-York Central as the richest and most important thoroughfare between the East and the West, and which under proper management might be made a mine of wealth to its possessor. The Central was then controlled by Dean Richmond and Peter Caggar, the remnants of the old Albany Regency, who were disposed to hang on to their property, but who were hardly able to cope with the all-conquering Commodore. Vanderbilt, however, began his purchases of stock, and in a short time succeeded in getting four of his Harlem Directors into the Central board, and was in a fair way, if let alone, to acquire possession of the road, when the controlling interest in it was purchased by Henry Keep, Legrand Lockwood, and others, who were bent on keeping it out of his hands. This last change occurred in December, 1866, and great was the Commodore's wrath when he discovered that the Keep-Lockwood "crowd," as he called them, had got the start of him. At the annual election in December, 1866, Keep was elected President, and then the war between Vanderbilt and the new owners was begun in earnest. The Winter of 1866-67 was filled with quarrels and bickerings between Vanderbilt and the Keep management, the former using the Hudson River and the Harlem Roads to cripple the Central in every way possible. The Hudson River and Harlem would not take the Central's freight and passengers, and the Central retaliated by threatening to shut out the Hudson River freight from passage over their road. At one time the Commodore went so far as to land his passengers at East Albany, and refused to send his freight over the bridge to Albany unless the managers of the Central would agree to his terms. Finally, after several conferences between the two Presidents, the matter was temporarily settled by Keep agreeing to give Vanderbilt the same amount of south-bound freight as the latter furnished west-bound freight, and for a time there was peace between the two roads. In the end, however, Keep was forced to resign, and during the panic which followed in the Fall of 1867, Vanderbilt and his friends purchased the controlling interest in Hudson River. At the election in December following, the Keep party were voted out and Vanderbilt installed as President.

The great rival of the Central at this time was the Erie, then controlled by Fisk, Gould, and Drew, and the Commodore soon found that fighting that wily trio was likely to prove a harassing as well as an expensive occupation. So he determined to "absorb" Erie after the fashion in which he had "absorbed" Hudson River and New-York Central, thus giving himself complete control of the two great northern outlets from the Metropolis to the Great West. The scheme would have been feasible enough had he been dealing with ordinary men, but in this instance it came to naught, in a manner totally unexpected by the attacking party. Work was commenced in the usual manner, the Vanderbilt brokers buying in large amounts of Erie stock, and sending the price gradually upward in the neighborhood of 80, and even higher. When the stock reached \$4 the Vanderbilt clique had nearly two hundred thousand shares in their possession, and the stock was virtually "cornered." The danger to Fisk and Gould was imminent, but they had a resource in store which was destined to surprise and confound their adversary at the moment of his seeming triumph. When the decisive moment came, three large books of certificates of stock, signed in blank, were taken from the Erie office by Fisk, who conveyed them in a carriage to an office in Broad street, where they were filled out and sold broadcast for cash. This was the famous "share mill" which became so noted in future railroad wars. Its effect on the Erie Central war was immediate, the price of Erie dropping to 70 within an hour, and Vanderbilt and his friends gave up all hope of gaining control of the road. Fourteen millions worth of the "manufactured" stock was thrown on the market, and many of the purchasers were ruined. Tobin, the ex-President of the Central, lost \$1,500,000. Vanderbilt's own losses were over \$3,000,000, but he succeeded in instituting negotiations with Fisk & Co., whereby his purchased stock was taken off his hands at the original figures, so that he lost nothing in the end. Augustus Schell, Richard Schell, Frank Work, and others, who had also purchased largely of the products of the share mill, succeeded in effecting compromise by which they recovered the greater portion of their losses.

By an act of the Legislature passed in 1869, Vanderbilt effected a consolidation of the New-York Central and Hudson River Roads, and then proceeded to water their stock by enormous dividends of new shares. Eighty per cent. was added in one lump to the value of Hudson River, and 107 to the value of New-York Central. Altogether the capital stock of the two roads was increased from \$12,000,000, their original capital, to \$80,000,000, thus putting enormous profits in the pockets of the Commodore and his friends. Among the latter were currently reported to be a considerable portion of the State Legislature, who had amounts of stock "carried" for them in such a way that they realized the amounts of the several dividends in full.

Mr. Vanderbilt's connection with the capture of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern was not so direct as his share in the absorption of the Hudson River and Central, being principally carried on through the agency of his son-in-law, Horace E. Clark, together with Augustus Schell and others. About 1863 Clark, Schell, and others purchased largely of Michigan Southern, and succeeded in getting into a collision with Legrand Lockwood, then the Treasurer of the Lake Shore Road. Lockwood was a friend of Keep, and Vanderbilt made war on him in the old-fashioned style, bringing everything to bear to harass Keep as much as possible, and make his position an uncomfortable one. In the Black Friday panic of 1869 Lockwood & Co., to save themselves, used the securities of the Lake Shore Road, but even with this assistance they failed, and had to give way to Vanderbilt, who placed his son-in-law, Clark, in control of the road. In August, 1873, Clark died, and the Commodore was chosen in his place.

## INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.

HIS CLOSENESS AND OTHER PECULIARITIES—  
CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

Like Astor, Stewart, and other great money-getters of his day, Vanderbilt was what was termed a "close" man at a bargain. He looked after the cents as well as the dollars, and believed thoroughly that "a penny saved was a penny earned." Many anecdotes are told illustrating this feature of his character. In making out certificates of stock he would always lump as many shares together as possible in order to save the twenty-five cents tax on each certificate. Whatever came in his way in the shape of profit he was always on the alert to grasp, and small amounts as well as large were accumulated whenever the opportunity presented itself. Much of this apparent "closeness" was, doubtless, attributable to the comparatively straitened circumstances of his youth, and the economy he was obliged to practice in the early years of his career. He was solicitous, too, about the way in which his money was spent, and never allowed other men to subscribe or pay out money for him, although he was not unwilling to transact that office for others, even without their knowledge or consent. Once when an application was made to him for a contribution for political expenses on the part of some politician who was running for the Assembly in one of the river counties, he gave \$100 for himself and another



\$100 for a wealthy friend who was then connected with him in the management of New-York Central. A few days later the Commodore met the friend in question and told him that he [the friend] owed him \$100, which the latter duly paid. Shortly afterward the friend had a similar call made on him, and remembering Vanderbilt's action in the former case and that the Commodore was equally interested in the second contribution, subscribed \$100 for himself and another \$100 for Vanderbilt—an obligation which the latter refused to honor on the ground that "when he gave anything, he gave it himself." As a speculator he was in his early operations cautious to a fault, and often betrayed great anxiety as to the result of a venture. In the "Chase panic" of 1854, when he thought his Harlem pool endangered, he would rise at 5 A. M. and come down to business with an anxious face and troubled in spirit. On such occasions he was usually cross, and the man who disturbed him was very apt to get a rough reception. He was not over particular about the class of men from whom he reaped profits in his financial operations. Friends or foes were pretty much on the same level in his estimation, and if a friend undertook to get in his way, he was obliged to look out for himself. Among the men whom he found around him in his later years was one who had once been very wealthy, and who had been the means of putting him in the way of very profitable operations. In a generous moment, he told the friend that he would carry 1,000 shares of Central stock for him, and give him the profit on it whenever he wished to "realize." The friend agreed, and the stock, after rising to 115 dropped again to 109, with the prospect, however, of rising to a much higher rate within a few months. The friend had no wish to sell, but Vanderbilt told him one day that he had better let him have that stock now; there wasn't much prospect of its rising, and as he [Vanderbilt] happened to have an order for 1,000 shares, it would save the expense of brokerage to sell it to him. The friend was somewhat taken aback at this, and consented only with reluctance. Shortly afterward an eighty per cent. dividend was declared on the stock, and he found himself minus the \$39,000 which would have fallen to him had he kept it.

In his career as a railroad and steam-boat proprietor, Mr. Vanderbilt discovered at an early day that the most effectual way to succeed was to crush out opposition. This policy, which he pursued throughout with all his native shrewdness and industry, was not always successful. In one instance at least, he found that even the weaker opponent was sometimes more than a match for the stronger. In the early part of his career as a steam boat owner and manager, there was a little town on the Hudson River whose entire trade with the Metropolis was carried on by one man—an honest, kind-hearted, and hard-working river Captain, whose sole property consisted of two small sloops which plied between New-York and the town in question. He was an enterprising man, and when he found that the people wanted more rapid transit, he sold his sloops and put every dollar he was worth into a smart little river steamer. Vanderbilt, seeing that the place was a growing one, and likely to develop a good trade, determined to crush his weak opponent by having one of his large steamers call at the town and take passengers and freight at rates which would infallibly ruin his poorer rival. He did so; but to his astonishment, found that he could get no traffic, while the native owner's boat got even more than her full share. The secret was soon discovered. The inhabitants were a kind-hearted and sympathetic people, and they did not propose to let their enterprising fellow-townsmen, who had gone to such an expense to benefit them, be "killed off" by a rich stranger, and so the Vanderbilt boats were obliged to give up their trips and leave the field clear for the poorer competitor.

#### HOW THE COMMODORE WHIPPED "YANKEE"

SULLIVAN.

Among the stories told about Commodore Vanderbilt is the following, related by an old and well known resident of Staten Island.

"During the warm and closely contested Presidential campaign of 1844, when James K. Polk and Henry Clay were running as the respective candidates of the Democratic and Whig Parties, there was great enthusiasm and intense excitement on Staten Island relative to the issue. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was then in his prime, took a great interest in the fight, and was an ardent supporter of Henry Clay, for whose success he exerted himself with all the vigor for which he was so well noted. He was among the foremost in getting up meetings and processions, and organized and commanded a magnificent troop of horsemen composed of about 500 of the finest men in the Whig Party on the Island. When the grand Clay and Frelinghuysen procession took place in New-York Commodore Vanderbilt and his troop of horsemen occupied a very conspicuous position in it, drew encomiums from all who saw them, and were greatly cheered. The Commodore, especially, presented an imposing appearance on account of his magnificent physique. At that time the notorious prize fighter, "Yankee" Sullivan, who was a "Tammany worker," and frequently boasted that he could "whip any Yankee Whig on sight," kept a notorious bar-room in Chatham street, just opposite City Hall Park. He was in his bar-room with a gang of roughs as Commodore Vanderbilt's troop passed by, and hearing the applause and noting the fine appearance of the Commodore, he thought it a fine opportunity of exhibiting to his friends how he could "take the Commodore down," and rushing out he seized the reins of his horse and tried to compel him to alight. The horse reared, the Commodore cut "Yankee" Sullivan across the back with his whip, and then, leaping to the ground, so badly beat him that his friends took him away in a nearly senseless condition. Commodore Vanderbilt remounted and proceeded, and was not molested again that day. As every one knows, Clay was defeated. The result was, so far as Commodore Vanderbilt was concerned, that he went out of politics, and kept entirely clear of party strife ever since.

#### THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

##### THE COMMODORE'S SIXTY-THREE CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT-GRAND-

##### CHILDREN.

The family of Commodore Vanderbilt is a very numerous one, and, including his own children, together with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, number sixty-three persons. The children of the Commodore are ten in number, and are all by his first wife. They are as follows, given in the order of their birth: Mrs. James M. Cross, Mrs. D. B. Allen, Mrs. George A. Osgood, William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. William K. Thorne, Mrs. Daniel Torrance, Mrs. Horace F. Clark, Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, Mrs. N. B. La Bau, and Mrs. Lafitte. All the children are married and all have families, with the exception of Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, who is a widower, and Mrs. George A. Osgood. The families are as follows:

Mrs. James M. Cross has two sons and two daughters, as follows: C. Vanderbilt Cross, Norman H. Cross, Sophia Vanderbilt Cross, and Ethelinda Cross.

Mrs. D. B. Allen's family consists of William, Franklin, Harry, Vanderbilt, Dexter, and Annie. They are all married excepting Dexter.

The family of William H. Vanderbilt consists of four sons and four daughters, who are all married save the first and third son. They are Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., Mrs. Shepherd, W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sloane, Florence Vanderbilt, Frederick William Vanderbilt, Lila Vanderbilt, and George W. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Thorne has one son, William K., and two daughters, Emma (now Mrs. King) and Helena.

Mrs. Torrance also has one son, Alfred, and two daughters, Marie and Adelaide, now Mrs. Howland.

Mrs. Clark has one daughter, Maria Louise, whose married name is Mrs. Collins.

Mrs. N. B. La Bau has one son and two daughters. The son's name is Walter, and that of one of her daughters is Edith, of the other Lillian.

Mrs. Lafitte has a family of four, two sons and two daughters, Oakley Barker, Clarence, Adele, and Virginia.

#### HONORS TO THE DEAD.

##### MOORNING AT VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 4.—On the news of the Commodore's death the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University sent information to all the

the Professors, who were at the time in the midst of their lectures. The classes were immediately dismissed and the hall called as the



students slowly defiled from the building. The Faculty were called together and resolutions were passed in honor of the founder's memory. The University exercises are suspended for the remainder of the week. The chapel is draped with mourning. Bishop McTycho has been requested to deliver the funeral discourse in the University next Sunday, and suitable arrangements are being made for the impressive service.

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#### HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED AT THE CLUBS.

The death of Commodore Vanderbilt excited but little comment in the various clubs of the City last night. For several years the Commodore had known but little of club life. When he married for the second time, several years ago, he resigned from the Manhattan and Union Clubs, and ever afterward found all his enjoyments in the home circle. Some time ago, however, the Commodore resumed membership in the Union Club, but he rarely visited the club-house. When he did go there he stayed but a very short time. He was a regular habitué of the Manhattan Club-house for years, and there spent many hours with congenial companions previous to his second marriage. The flags of the Union and Manhattan Clubs were at half-mast yesterday. It is not thought that any other special marks of respect for the deceased Commodore will be evinced by the clubs, but as to this no decision has yet been reached.

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#### THE FUNERAL.

THE SERVICES TO BE PERFORMED IN THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS—THE COMMODORE'S WISH THAT THERE SHALL BE NO POMP TO BE OBSERVED.

All the preparations for the funeral have not been made, but it will certainly take place from the house, whence the body will be carried to the Church of the Strangers, in Mercer street, near Waverly place. Some time before his death the Commodore requested Dr. Deems to avoid all pomp and abstain from all eulogy at his funeral. Many years ago he also named a number of gentlemen whom he wished to act as his pall-bearers, but so many of them have since died that it has been determined by the family to have none. The immediate family only will meet at the house on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and will accompany the body, which will be carried to the church on a bier, on foot. In order to avoid all inconvenience from snow, a force of laborers will be at once set to work to clean the streets between the house and the church. Besides the family, only their personal friends and the employees of the New-York Central and Hudson River Railroad will be admitted to the church edifice. It is said that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt has desired that the railroad officials and employees will refrain from sending flowers to the house or church, as his father had always been of the opinion that such expenditures on the part of the rich made the poor feel poorer. Next Sunday will be the anniversary of the Church of the Strangers, and it has been usual to celebrate the anniversary and administer the Holy Communion on this day. These ceremonies will be postponed, however, and the entire morning will be devoted to the funeral services. After the performance of the last rites in the church, the remains will be placed in a hearse and taken to the Staten Island Ferry, where boats will be in waiting to carry the hearse and carriages to Staten Island. Upon arriving at Staten Island the procession will be formed and proceed to the old Moravian Cemetery, near Newdors, where the body will be placed in the family vault and the last rites of the church performed.

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