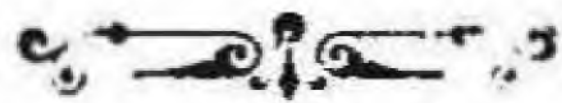




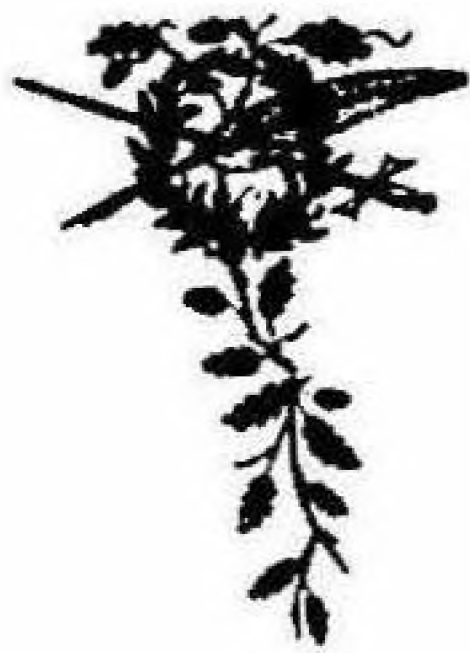
HAIMAN PHILIP SPITZ.



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



From my dear beloved  
father, April, 1886



## HAIMAN PHILIP SPITZ.

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ON THE 13th day of April, 1816—in the Hebrew calendar, the 9th day of Nesan—Ernestene, daughter of Philip Lichtenstine, gave to her husband, the merchant, Abraham Spitz, her first-born son; they named the child, Haiman Philip Spitz.

My father married my mother in 1809. At the time he was a partner, with his father, in the firm of Haiman Spitz & Son, commission merchants.

My mother gave birth to several daughters. Before I was born the war with France broke out, in 1814. My father was called into service as paymaster in the Prussian army, in Posen. The same year, Napoleon's army entered the city, and remained there nearly a year; it went from Posen to Poland and Russia. In 1815 my grandfather died. In 1861, my father was discharged, receiving several medals for his bravery as a soldier. My father was a good scholar, master of several languages; he often said to us, "A good education

in itself is a fortune." His greatest desire was for his children to study; which we did. In 1825, war broke out in Poland against Prussia. Prussia blockaded Posen against Poland, to cut off their supplies. Several hundred students of the university at Posen undertook to run the blockade, and go to the assistance of Poland; among them was a nephew of my father, their leader. They succeeded. My father was arrested for aiding the students, and placed under bail; but it was found afterward that he was innocent; not, however, until it had cost him considerable time and money.

My mother gave birth by my father to nine children; three died when I was young—too young to remember them; six are living—three sons and three daughters. In 1832, my sister, Hannah, married a gentleman named Bernard Prager. We boys grew up to manhood with good educations. I am the eldest. I left school at the age of 14 years and went into a wholesale cloth house in Posen. My brother, Peter, next in years to me, went to learn the fur trade. Julius, the youngest, studied medicine, which in after years he practiced.

In 1834, my second sister, Rosa, married a gen-

tleman named M. Levy. In that year I left Posen for Bromberg, in Prussia; took a place in a dry-goods store; remained one year, and then went home again. I arrived in Posen in the month of April, before Easter, to be with my parents and brothers and sisters during the holidays. In June, 1835, I left home for England; arrived in London in September; took a situation in a French bazaar, with a small salary, not knowing the English language, which was hard in the beginning. I tried to learn, to better my condition; in which I succeeded.

The next year my firm sent me out as a "Commercial Traveler"—so called in England. I worked hard and faithfully, and succeeded in getting good customers. My sales improving year after year, my salary was raised accordingly. After working several years with that house, and having saved some money, I concluded to go into business for myself, and established in Bath, England.

My brother, Peter, arrived in London; he came to work for me. I traveled, to solicit trade and gain customers; my brother remained at home to attend to the orders. Finding that my brother was not



the proper man for the place, we did not stay long together. I concluded to sell out my business to Mr. Joseph Samuel, of Bath. My brother having a desire to go to America, but not having the means necessary, I furnished him the passage money and \$250 besides; my brother was a furrier. Then he and a gentleman named M. Marks, who was a cap maker, and who was worth \$250, formed a partnership and left together for America in 1839, and I made preparation to go home, to Posen. I left Bath in August, 1839, and arrived in Posen on September 3d, at 11 o'clock P. M.; rode home to my father, mother, brother, and sisters; we embraced each other, after an absence of five years with tears of joy. That was the greatest happiness I have experienced in my life. I feel good whenever I think of it. In father and mother, both getting old, I found a great change; although they enjoyed good health, they looked to me very old and feeble—business reduced. My brother Julius was not at home. My three sisters—two with families and one single—I found them all happy and well-to-do. Only away five years, and yet I found so remarkable a change.

I assisted the old folks, to make them comfortable. I went in the grain and wool business with my father; remained a few years with them at home; left the business with my father and started for England, June, 1840; arrived in London from Hamburg in July; went to Bath, to settle up my business with Mr. Samuels; went from there to Birmingham; then to Liverpool; where I took the sailing ship "North Carolina" for New York; arrived in New York on August 3d, 1840. Not being pleased with the new country, and my limited amount of money getting less every day, and not having enough to go into business with, I felt blue. My brother and his partner were at the wharf when I arrived. We rode to his boarding-house; we were pleased to see each other. I told him all the news from home—of parents, brother, and sisters and their children—of our entire family—which pleased all of us; told of the good time I had at home. As stated before, I had no liking for New York, and made up my mind to go to New Orleans.

My brother paid me the money which I loaned him in Liverpool, England. I purchased goods in



New York—caps from the firm of Spitz & Marks; sent the goods by a sailing vessel to New Orleans. At that time we had no steamers on that road. A few days afterward I went on board of the ship, accompanied by my brother and Mr. Marks. I looked around the ship, and found a very rough crowd, cursing and swearing. I felt I must go, having paid my money; but I felt I ought to stay when my brother bid me good-bye. I went with them as far as the shore. My brother said, "Rush back; the ship will go in ten minutes." "Let it go," I said. He said again, "Go." I turned around to go on board. "Good-bye!" my brother called. I turned again from the ship toward my brother, and said, "By the help of God, I will not go with that ship," and went home with him, losing my passage money. A week after I left New York for New Orleans. I arrived at that place, after a passage of thirty-two days, on September 25th, 1840. I found the place deserted, and the yellow fever raging and a good many people dying; black crape on so many doors, which I had never seen before, that really I got frightened. It looked very discouraging. A week after my

arrival I asked about that ship—when it would arrive. To my horror I read in the paper that the ship was lost, and with it the captain, the crew, and over one hundred passengers. It was a total wreck. I was very sorry for them, and thanked the Almighty for saving me.

A few weeks after my arrival the yellow fever checked, and a great many people commenced to arrive in the city from the East and the West. Everything began to look lively, and business was good. I took a stand in the market with those goods I brought from New York. I did a good business. Expenses of living were very high—\$5.00 a day in a sailors' boarding-house, and other houses, which were not fit to live in. Hotels rated high, and in private houses you were not safe. Such was the state of things in New Orleans at that time. No doubt there were many good people there, but they kept back from those who came from the East or West.

Things began to look satisfactory with me; I had good health and plenty of business. A man who came with me from New York (the father of five children) was taken sick in his boarding-house,

and was sent to the hospital. The next day I went to the hospital to inquire after his health, and, to my great surprise, was told that he died that morning of yellow fever. I felt very sorry for him. I was also told that if I wanted his body, to do me a favor it would be given to me if I pay expenses ; if not, it would be given to the doctors. I went to several of my countrymen, got the sum together, handed it to the man at the hospital, got the body, and had it buried in a Jewish burying-ground. A few days after this his wife, with two children, arrived, looking for her husband, but could not find him. She was told to go and see me. She came to my place of business, asked me what had become of her husband ; whether he was dead or among the living. Seeing the situation of the poor woman, who was half crazy, I told her that he had gone into the country to peddle, and would be back in a few weeks. I asked her, "Where are your children?" "On the ship," she said. "What made you come out so quickly?" She answered, "I cannot live without him." I went with her to the ship, got the children and her baggage, and took them to a boarding house. A week after I



told her that I had received a letter from her husband at Mobile, Ala.; that he would go from there to New York. The poor woman believed all that! I showed her a bogus letter. I believed she would be better off in New York, and my object was to induce her to go there. She was anxious to go back. I engaged berths, paid for them, and gave her some money, which I told her I would charge to her husband. They arrived in New York. When there she found out her husband had died of yellow fever at the hospital. She wrote to me to let her know all the particulars; which I answered, and sent her the death certificate; also, in what Jewish burying-ground he was buried, and the name of the congregation. It was no encouragement for me to like New Orleans—such a sickly place. I attended to my market business, in company with a man of my age, born in the same place, in Posen; his name was J. Spiro. He was in the grocery business; I with Yankee notions. We had a small room rented, where we slept. Our market business commenced at 5 o'clock A. M., and closed at 1 P. M. The balance of the day I went peddling, making a little money. Thinking

I could not make enough money to go East and back again (I had to go East for my goods, but my partner bought his groceries in New Orleans), I concluded to go to the country and peddle, to make more money; besides, I did not like city life in the style in which it was conducted at that time—too much fun and devilment for me. So we parted. My partner left New Orleans for Rio de Janeiro, and I went by steamer with my goods to Natchez, Miss., bought a horse, and traveled the country—through Mississippi and Louisiana—and sold a good many goods. I have never heard of my partner to the present day.

The hardships in that country at that time were many, the country roads were bad, and we had to stand a good deal; the sales were small, but the profits were large; the people were economical, and there was not as much money in 1841 in this country as there is at the present day.

In April, 1841, I left New Orleans for New York; took with me \$2,000; bought goods at auction and in several other houses, mostly for cash, a few on credit—some ready-made clothing, and caps of the firm of Spitz & Marks.



September, 1841, I left New York and returned to New Orleans, and sold my goods at good profit. In that year my brother Peter married in New York, dissolved partnership, and moved to Boston.

May, 1842, I left New Orleans again for New York. My capital having increased, I bought more goods; went to Boston to see my brother and his wife. He had established himself in the cap business. I gave up my fancy business, went to New York and commenced making up clothing for the Southern market. I bought some tailors' trimmings for tailors, and left for New Orleans, where I sold my goods. I continued in this business, going every year to New York to make up clothing for the South.

In 1845, business was remarkably good, and I had to order goods to be sent to me. At that time war broke out with Mexico, through the influence of a certain gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and what we called the "Filibusters." I was a member of that society. Its aim was to bring on a war with Mexico. It was a secret society, composed of Americans. I went to see Adjutant Gans and General Gates, and received an order for 1500

summer suits for the soldiers; sent to New York for them; received and delivered them; for which I received \$9,000 in United States bonds, payable at the United States Treasury, Washington, but which I sold in New Orleans. I belonged to a military company called the "Harrison Grays."

One day the steamer "Galveston" arrived from Texas with the news that American blood had been spilt on American soil by Mexicans this side of Fort Brown, and that our country was in danger. They commenced drafting. All the city military companies were called out—our company among them—by General Smith. Speeches were made by several soldiers, and the question asked if all the companies present would volunteer to start with the steamer "Galveston" to Galveston, Texas, to the seat of war. To which we all said, "Yes," except two Spanish companies; they refused to fight against Mexico. Their swords were taken from them and they were disbanded, by order of General Smith. All the rest of the companies were sworn in and equipped. We put ribbons on our caps as volunteers, and with a band of music, marched through the streets to get more

volunteers, in which we succeeded. We certainly were the cream of the city—merchants, doctors, lawyers, judges, mechanics. We marched down to the wharf to go on the steamer, greeted by the people all the way. We arrived in Galveston, and were put under General Taylor's command. Our company was sent out to watch bridges and reconnoiter.

We were not in any battles, except at Cerro Gordo and Resaca de la Palma, where Major Ringgold, from Baltimore, was killed. After that we were again sent to watch bridges. We had hard times. Several of our company were wounded by the Mexicans. We stole from the farmers all we could find, and left them nothing. We had good times; plenty to eat, and we wasted the rest. Such is war!

During that time they were drafting in New Orleans and bounties given. Men were coming in large numbers from all parts of the United States. We were discharged and sent back to New Orleans. When we arrived the governor, mayor, city officials, and the citizens showed us great honor, for we were the first when our country was



in danger. The city was in holiday attire. The military escorted us through the city. I feel good when I think of it sometimes.

A few weeks after that I left New Orleans for New York. I went to Boston to see my brother, and while there looked around the city to find some business to settle in. I concluded to go in business with my brother Peter, the firm to be Spitz & Brother, wholesale and retail clothiers. We located on Hanover street, with a branch house at New Orleans, which I was to attend to. The manufactory was in Boston, under the management of my brother. He was married, while I was still single at that time, although four years older than he. He was active, and paid strict attention to business; I, also, to my branch, and everything went on satisfactory for a year or so. Here a mistake was made by my brother which nearly ruined our business.

A man came to my brother with the sheriff and asked him to go bail for him or else he would be ruined, at the time crying bitterly. Brother knew the man, and believed what he said to be true; that his partner ran away and took all the

money with him, and that he was arrested. My brother being young, honest, and inexperienced, gave bail for him. He did not let me know, for I certainly would have refused; a mistake which he afterward found out to his sorrow. We owed the merchants with whom we were dealing, and they believed we were swindlers also, on account of our bailing that man; so they attached the store in Boston, and also my business in New Orleans. I released my part of the indebtedness for one-half cash and notes for the balance, with my brother's endorsement, and continued business. Our credit then was not as good as it had hitherto been.

In 1846, we gave up our southern trade, and I returned to Boston. I settled our affairs with our creditors, continued the retail trade in Boston, and everything went on well again under my management. We had a good city and country trade.

On February 3d, 1847, I married in Boston, and ten months after my wife gave birth to a son. We named him Samuel. He died when eleven months old, and was buried in Boston, in 1848. After the death of my boy, which I took very hard, I became discouraged, and not seeing a good



prospect for business, we dissolved partnership. I left Boston and went to Bangor, Maine, took a store on the Kenduskeag bridge, and again commenced the clothing business. In the beginning it was dull. The people there did not encourage new-comers until they became acquainted. It was an English custom. They generally asked to what church you belonged; they would patronize church members. It was a poor chance for me, being an Israelite. I found out I would have to become acquainted in order to make a living. I liked the place and the style of the people; so I tried to make friends. Being a Mason, I visited lodges; joined the Odd Fellows and other societies, and became a citizen of the United States; I became acquainted with their style. My wife having been raised in this country, she made many friends; we were respected by those with whom we had dealings, my business improved, and we were perfectly satisfied with our surroundings. There were six Jewish families in Bangor; one kept a clothing store, two kept dry-goods stores, and the others peddled. We visited our neighbors and places of amusement; we visited American families, and

they visited us, and we were much liked. It was our spring of life, which we spent to our satisfaction.

In Bangor, we found the people with whom we associated to be of a fine order. Myself and wife were happy and prosperous. I bought a fine house, formerly owned by a Mr. Jordan; it contained all the modern improvements, with a stable in the rear.

On September 7th, 1849, my wife gave birth to a daughter; we named her Annie. At that time the cholera was prevailing in the city to an alarming extent, and a great many people had left. Nobody came to town, things were high, there was no business, and from twenty to thirty people dying every day; I became frightened, was not well, and wanted to leave, but my wife was confined, so I had to wait until she could be removed. The people were dying all around us, and we were anxiously waiting, as the doctor advised my wife to be removed to a house on the hill, in the healthiest part of the city, which had been offered to us by General Strickland. The house was placed in readiness, with all the comforts necessary, when

my family physician and two ladies came with a carriage, all arranged, to take my wife away. But my wife, thanking them for their kindness, refused to go out of her house in that condition. The doctor said, "You had better get away from your house ; you are in danger ; this is the worst part of the city." "Doctor," she said, "I am sorry. I know you understand the danger I am in, but I will not move an inch from the house. I trust in God ; He can find me anywhere—up or down the hill." My wife asked the nurse—she was an American—"Will you stay with me in this house ?" She also asked the Irish girl. They both said they would stay with her. The doctor and the ladies left. Of course, I did not like to yield to my wife my duty as husband, but it killed the fear I had to live in that house.

The cholera continued to increase, but my wife did not fear. I kept her and the servants ignorant of the danger. I did not let them know how many died daily. I would not let them see the papers. I went to the store every day for two months. After that we left that part of the city. Several cases broke out on the hill ; she read it



in the paper; then, and only then, she began to find out what danger she was in. "But," said she, "my confidence in the One above is so much stronger." A neighbor of mine, Mr. Harris, lost two boys by the cholera. They moved to the country, and all the neighbors left the city, except the Sumer and Kurtz families. Mrs. Sumer paid a good deal of attention to my wife. She had a boy by the name of Adolph, a son by her first husband. When my wife went out, fearing to trust her child with the nurse, she always went to Mrs. Sumer and asked her if her son might come over and remain with the nurse during her absence, which she willingly granted, and which the boy was always glad to do. That same boy became the husband of the baby he rocked when she grew to womanhood. On December 25th, 1850, my wife gave birth to another daughter; we named her Fannie.

My father died in 1852, at the age of 71 years. Six weeks later my wife gave birth to a son; we named him after my father—Abraham Spitz, born October 25th, 1852; my son Theodore P., born May 3d, 1854; my daughter Hannah, born July 10th, 1857; my son Jacob, born March 14th,

1858—six children ; all born in Bangor, Maine. My business and social life was a happy one ; blessed with good, healthy children, well trained, and beloved by those who knew them.

In 1852 a congregation was established in Bangor. Mr. Silber was president ; H. P. Spitz, vice-president. In 1856 and 1857 business became very dull ; a panic prevailed all over the United States. Maine was a great sufferer, as nearly the whole trade was lumbering, which was entirely stopped. I kept a wholesale and retail clothing store, and furnished the lumbermen with their outfit when going to and returning from the woods. As this trade was lost to me, and having a large family to support, I contented myself with the retail trade ; but business getting worse and worse, and no prospect of it getting better, I concluded to break up business and leave Bangor, with my family, and go to Boston. We arrived there in 1858. I took a house on Shawmut Avenue, and a loft on Milk street, and sold liquors and cigars, at wholesale and retail. My trade was good ; but Massachusetts passed a liquor law, making liquors contraband, and all such debts could not be col-



lected by law. I had money out in the city and country, which was hard to collect, only at a sacrifice. I collected all I could and left for the West. I took my eldest daughter on a visit to my sister, in Hartford, Connecticut. The child did not want to stay ; took her with me to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore ; left her with some relatives in Baltimore, and went to Cincinnati and several other places, to find a place to settle in. I could not be suited, so I went back to Baltimore, and after looking around for a week, found a house and store on Lexington Market ; a four-story brick building with a store, a fine cellar, and a splendid yard ; a suitable place for the business which I intended carrying on—a cellar large enough to hold one hundred barrels of whisky. I went to the landlord, took a lease of the house and store for one year, with the privilege of three years more ; took the keys, and was happy to think it would be a good place for business. I left my daughter in Baltimore and went to Boston, to bring my family. On arriving in Boston, I found my wife sick in bed, but my five children in good health.

Imagine, dear children, how I felt—ready to

start, but having a sick wife on hand. My wife and children were all to me, and for their sakes I worked—looked out for their comfort and education. Although a merchant with limited capital, I managed just as well as any rich merchant. Thank God, I always had enough to be comfortable, and lived in style according to my income. I spent a good deal of money to have my daughters accomplished and my sons educated, so that they would be able to go into any branch of trade in which I had succeeded that might be offered to them. I always was in moderate circumstances; could always make as much as we needed, and even something more. Although I had chances to become rich, luck was always against me.

I was waiting until my wife got better to go to Baltimore. I wrote to the landlord to be excused for not coming, giving my reason, and stated that we would come as soon as she was better. In answer to this he said he would rent the house if I did not send him three months' rent in advance. I sent him the money, and he sent me a receipt. My wife getting better, I was a happy man again. We made arrangements to leave. We had the fur-

niture, pictures, and all the household goods packed, and with my liquors and cigars, they were shipped by steamer to Baltimore. Mother, five children and myself went also by steamer. Our passage by rail would have been much cheaper, but thinking it would be much better for our health, it being in July, to take a sea voyage, as they would become more acclimated upon arriving at Baltimore. When we reached there we all took some medicine, which proved to be good for the children and ourselves.

It was very hard for us to break up home and business in Boston, and part from brothers and sisters and friends; but such is life. We cannot have what we wish; only that which is ordained for us. When in Bangor, I had a photograph taken of the birthplace of our six children and of ourselves, of which they were very fond, and which we took along.

On July 22d, 1859, we arrived in Baltimore, with six children; our eldest daughter, seven years old, and our youngest son, Jacob, fifteen months. I opened a wholesale liquor and cigar store. When our piano, furniture, and household



goods arrived, which were many, we moved into our house. For our passage, stock, and furniture I paid \$658.40. We had a nice yard for the children to play in, and we were again comfortably situated. In the beginning my business was not as good as it should have been. I could not make a living or cover my expenses. I did not want to lose what little I had, so I concluded to try to get a situation which would enable me to attend to my own business at the same time I attended to another's. Such a situation I would have accepted. I visited the Mason's lodge, got acquainted with several brothers, told them my situation, and gave them references in Bangor; told them I was able to be a bookkeeper, or an assistant, or a salesman; would like to have a situation from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; and that I was willing to work. Two weeks after that a gentleman got me a situation to my wishes; it was to be assistant bookkeeper in a commission house, with a salary of \$75 per month, and time from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; the balance of the day I could attend to my own business. During my absence my clerk received orders, and when at home I attended to it myself. The first year, with my

salary and hard work--attending two places of business--I made my expenses. The second year my trade improved, and I was obliged to give up my situation. My employers were glad that my business was improving. They sent me to a tailor to have a fine suit of clothes and an overcoat made for myself, as a present for faithful services, for which I thanked them. I left them in January, 1860. The war broke out. One partner was a rebel; the other a Union man. They broke up business and retired. The Union man left the books and business under my charge to close. For salary I was to receive a percentage of all the money I collected. It came very handy to me; for business was very dull. War had been declared; soldiers were gathering in all parts of the United States to go to the seat of war (Washington), then to Virginia. The first regiment (the 6th Massachusetts) arrived in the city of Baltimore. The citizens tried to prevent their landing, and in doing so killed several soldiers. The people became terribly excited, and rushed to the armories and took possession of all the arms. The bridges in the city were burned down by orders of Mayor



**Brown and Marshal Kane. The city was in a horrible condition; nothing could get in or out; business was entirely stopped; no work for mechanics or laborers; the poor were in great distress. Many enlisted to get the bounties, to prevent their families from starving. Such was the situation at that time. The Union people had to keep still; all had to pretend to be rebels. In order to be treated right in school our children were obliged to carry rebel emblems. Afterwhile things began to look a little better, although hurrabing for Jeff Davis was heard everywhere. Our city was very hard to get through; but after a good many reinforcements had been sent to Washington by water, it became better regulated, and the bridges were rebuilt. The mayor, the marshal, and a great many rebel citizens were arrested; martial law was declared; people began to breathe more freely; soldiers in great numbers were arriving day and night, and business began to improve. I put up a place at the Washington depot, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and opened a liquor and cigar store, to supply passengers and soldiers, which proved to be a success. I still continued my other store, which**

I attended myself, while I employed a man to take charge of the one at the depot. But the government passed a law, forbidding the soldiers to buy liquor, and the merchants to sell it, as it was reported that it had been poisoned. After taking the liquors out, so that I would be free from the law, I sold the place to a Mr. Morris, from Virginia; he had lost all he had except \$6,000. He sold groceries. I gave him the lease of the house and store; his wife and son kept it, did a good business, and made money. Two years after he got sick and died, leaving a wife and eight children. The son who had charge of the business left it and went South, taking the money with him, which he spent in helping the rebel cause. The woman sold her business. She lost nearly all she had, and had seven children to take care of. Myself and several gentlemen with whom she dealt helped to support her. She had property in Richmond, and after that place had been taken by the Union army she went back with her family, and they are in good circumstances again.

My business then was good, although many restrictions were placed upon merchants in selling

goods. I had lost some money before the war commenced. One day a Southern man came into my store and handed me \$250, which had been sent to me by a gentleman living in South Carolina; he had been a school friend of mine in Europe. I sold him goods in Baltimore. He could not send the money at that time by mail or express.

A society was formed, called "The Minute Men," to protect the city when in danger, of which I was a member. Several patriotic gentlemen of wealth sent me to army headquarters, near Richmond, with some goods for our officers and soldiers. Then I received a commission from the Government and went to Norfolk, and from there to the White House; where I received some papers to go further. I went to Camp Lincoln, four miles from Richmond; arriving there, I delivered my papers to the provost marshal, General Porter; I was introduced to General McClellan and officers; disposed of the goods, and sent for more. This was on the Chickahominy river. The goods which I had were Kossuth hats, military caps, boots, underwear, and blue sacks, with U. S. buttons; also, shoulder-straps, for generals, colonels, majors, cap-



ains, and lieutenants. The first battle was fought at Fair Oaks, where we gained a great victory. Our headquarters then was at Camp Lincoln, on the Chickahominy. We remained there for some time. This was in 1862. McClellan was then preparing to go into Richmond. Several battles had been fought around us. Finally we were attacked by the whole rebel army; we fought bravely in the seven-days' battles at Malvern Hill, Tunnel Station, and several other places. Through the management of that great general, George B. McClellan, who was great in my estimation, we arrived at Turkey Bend, on the James river, where we received provisions. We lost heavily in men, and if it had not been for the great generalship of McClellan, with the assistance of General Burnside, the whole Union army would have been lost. The retreat of the army was wisely done; it had the protection of the gunboats on one side, while on the other the country was unobstructed. McClellan saved our country. Our army, which was scattered, concentrated on the James river, had a battle, and defeated the enemy, which saved us. Here I got on the sick list, and was sent to Ports-

mouth. We had a good many prisoners on board the ship, on their way to Michigan. I got a furlough from General Wool. Having been in the seven-days' battles, I gave General Wool valuable information several days ahead.

I left Norfolk for Baltimore, where I arrived July 5th, 1862, still sick; it was nearly a year before I got well. I had contracted a Chickahominy river fever. I was not able to get back to the seat of war again, so remained at home and attended to my business, and managed to get along very well. Business commenced to be good all over the Union. I speculated in whisky, and had bought a large stock, when the Government raised the tax on all liquors. My health improved, and I enjoyed myself with my family. In 1863, my health was restored; my two daughters were in the high school, and my sons were advancing in their studies. I felt proud to know that my boys would be able to fill any situation that might be offered to them. Things went on very well in my domestic and business relations; my children were growing up to my heart's desire, and we were all blessed with good health. Our children had great desire to study, which pleased us.

In 1863, my mother died, in her eighty-fourth year. In 1866, I put my eldest boy in business in a wholesale liquor house, and in 1867, my son Tade in a dry-goods house.

In 1868 a gentleman by the name of A. A. Son arrived in Baltimore, and came to see us. He knew us when he was a boy ; we were glad to see him, and inquired about California. He was in business in San Francisco ; he left for Europe. In 1870, he visited us again, and engaged himself to my daughter Annie, and was married to her in the Assembly Room, July 13th, 1870, by Rev. Dr. Szold, the Rev. Mr. Kyser leading the choir, who sang, "Almighty, Bless the Couple." The hall in which the marriage ceremony took place and the table, which was gotten up in style, were beautifully decorated,. Seventy-five people sat at the table, and everything went on lovely, with toasts by the Harmony members ; a large number of presents were received ; some from New York and Europe ; also several telegrams. Then came music and dancing. The table was a great affair, and all enjoyed themselves. The couple left for Saratoga Springs. A few weeks later they came home



again, remained with us a week, and then went to San Francisco. I must not omit to mention that when they returned from the Springs my daughter Fannie was engaged to Mr. Henry Lyons, a merchant from St. Louis. The young couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Son, partook of the festival on that occasion—December 25th, 1870. They were also married by Rev. Dr. Szold, in the parlors at our home. Many fine presents were received. The same year my sister Lisette died in Boston, aged 50 years.

In 1870, my son Abe went with Mr. Eliel to New York to meet Mr. Son, with whom he was to go to San Francisco. They left New York on February 7th. The same night they met with a terrible accident on the road, that will be remembered by them all their lives, by which a great many of the passengers were killed; some of them burnt to death. Mr. Son and my son Abe escaped that horrible death; they lost all their baggage, but it was partly insured; they returned to New York, where they remained several days, and then left for San Francisco, and arrived there February 22d. My son took a situation with Son & Briggs as

bookkeeper. In 1873, my son Tade left New York for San Francisco, and took a situation with the same firm as a traveling salesman.

On April 1st, 1868, in Baltimore, my son Isidore was born. His birthday was on the anniversary of my birthday. I was 52 years of age. In 1875 my daughter Hannah and myself left Baltimore for Boston, to attend my brother Julius' daughter's wedding. I left my daughter in Boston several months; I wrote to my sons in San Francisco if they advised me to come there, or to send Hannah with Adolph A. Son, who was then in Europe, when he returned on his way home. In 1876, Mr. Son and his sister, Mrs. Lauterbach, came to Baltimore; then went to San Francisco, taking Hannah with them on a visit.

In 1877, my son Jacob left Baltimore for San Francisco. It was the wish of our children that we should come to San Francisco, but we could not make up our minds to do so. The same year our son Tade came home to persuade us to come; but we told him we would never leave unless Abraham came home and I could have a talk with him about it; he had lived in San Francisco

a number of years, was well acquainted, and I had confidence in his judgment; that if I then thought favorably of it, mother and I would go. Tade left the East for San Francisco again. We were happy and contented, and enjoyed our home in Baltimore; we heard of our son Jacob, that he was industrious and economical. They were all prosperous. We enjoyed good health, and never had any thoughts (especially my wife) of leaving home. I made up my mind to quit business in May, 1878, rent our store, and retire. The same year my son Abe, who had been away ten years, with my daughter Hannah, came home on a visit; we were very glad to see them. A week after their arrival my wife and son left for New York; and from there they went to Boston, to visit their brothers, sisters, and cousins. They were two weeks in Boston, when they returned to Baltimore; my son remained a few weeks with us, and then he and his sister Hannah went to St. Louis, where he left her with her sister, Mrs. Lyons, and returned to San Francisco.

We promised our son Abraham that if we could



sell our property we would come to San Francisco, to our children, for a future home. In 1878, my eldest sister, Hanchen, died, in the 71st year of her age. After my children left, my wife and myself came to the conclusion to sell our stock and property and live private, and make arrangements to visit our children, and if we liked it we would stay; if not, we would come back to Baltimore. If we could not sell, then we would rent them and go, and leave the property in the hands of an agent. We had five children in San Francisco, and one boy with us, and we expected that when he grew up we would not be able to stop him from going to his brothers and sisters. I gave up business, sold out to a liquor merchant; also sold my house furniture, and at a much better price than I expected, and then went to a boarding house, where we remained for a time. It was the first of May, 1880, when I shipped my piano, pictures, bedding, and several other articles, to San Francisco. Previous to our going a good many of our friends came to see us, and it was rather hard to leave our old friends and acquaintances, which we had been gathering for nearly a quarter of a century—

to part from them and go to a country where all was strange except our children. We left Baltimore for St. Louis, to see our daughter, Mrs. Lyons. We let them know when we would leave, so when we arrived there Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and our grandchild were at the depot, and they escorted us—namely, myself and wife, our daughter Hannah, and Isidore—to their house. We remained with them six weeks, but the weather being so hot in the city, we thought the best way to do was to leave for San Francisco, and be relieved of that great punishment; the weather was too hot to stand. I had written previously to my son Abe, telling him to look out for a house for us, so he had taken a house at 820 O'Farrell street, in the same block where my daughter, Mrs. Son, lived. The boys, Abe, Tade, and Jake, furnished the house completely—parlor, bed-rooms, kitchen, and dining-room—in fine style. Our daughter, her husband, and child left for the White Mountains, in New Hampshire; and we—Hannah, Isidore, wife and myself—started for San Francisco, all well and in fine spirits. At Ogden we met our son Tade; he was awaiting our arrival; and at Sacra-

mento was our son Jacob; they went with us to San Francisco. Abe, Annie, Adolph, and the children went across the bay at San Francisco to meet us. We saw several of our and our childrens' friends, who had come to meet us, and we were glad we came, to see those new faces. We were very happy. We drove to the house at 820 O'Farrell street, and going into the house found dinner already prepared, the table set, two servants in the house to wait on us, and kind neighbors helping, that everything should be complete when we arrived. It was splendidly arranged, plenty of good things to eat and to drink, which were relished by us after so long a journey. Our entire family, with our grandchildren, sat down at the table. We had a so-called family dinner; it was such a time as you read of—a happy, joyful time on all sides—parents, children, grandchildren, the mother-in-law and two sons-in-law. It was on Sunday when we arrived, which made it nice. After dinner we went up into the parlor. There were beautiful stands of flowers, which had been sent in honor of our arrival by the Hecht families, by Mr. and Mrs. Wiel, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and



**Mrs. Brown, senior, Anton Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Fecheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Shredener, Mr. and Mrs. Ehrman, and many others. In the evening we were visited by several of the friends who sent us the flowers, and it was a very pleasant, sociable evening. The topic was the journey and Baltimore. We were very glad to see the Baltimore friends residing here, and the many friends of our children. We already felt our new home would be, like the old, a happy and contented one, we were happy from the day of our arrival in California, the golden land, which I had read so much about, with its delightful climate, its wines, its flowers, etc., etc.**

**A few days after our arrival our three sons, Abe, Tade, and Jake, said to us: "Father and mother, whatever there is in the house belongs to you both; we three boys paid for all that is in it, except your piano, pictures, bedding, etc., and we make you a present of them; we hope you will enjoy the same, with good health, long life, and plenty of happiness, and we will rejoice to see you both happy and contented;" for which we thanked them, and I said: "Dear children, you**

well recollect when you were at home, when you and I were younger, that I always said that when mother and myself would be getting old, that wherever the most of our children lived, in that city our future home would be ; so this must be the place—five children of ours are living here ; one boy I brought along with us ; that makes six. We are living with you in one city, and hope that our daughter and her husband and children in St. Louis will also come here to live. There is no telling what will come forward ; everything is possible. I congratulate you, children, on your success. We and you are home again. God bless you all. I wish you all success in your future undertakings, and I hope our future life will be as good and happy as it has been heretofore, and that you boys will find suitable partners for life, and be happy. Married life, with all its inconveniences, is the most happy life in this world. You are young ; that is the best time to get married ; don't wait too long. Remember, we have only one life to live, and that a short one ; so make the best of it ; don't waste time, it is too valuable. A man should marry if he is able to support a wife ; it need not be

in luxury. All that can come after that, need not keep a man from matrimony."

This was my advice. You can read in this book that, with all the hardships I went through, I was a happy and contented man. My love for my family made me so.

I was perfectly satisfied with my new home, the climate, and the surroundings, with our children, grandchildren, and our neighbors. I visited my children and their friends at their places of business, and noticed the fine structure of the warehouses of the young city, and the merchants, how they conducted their business, and brought it to such an extent, and I came to the conclusion that, at the time when these people came here, although there were great disadvantages at the beginning, and brought this city so forward, those merchants, mechanics, and even the workmen, had their heads level and they were the right stock, and took hold of it and faced the storm bravely; and they have their reward, for it is everything I say. I found out better and better every day how far they advanced in so short a time. I also enjoyed myself among my own, in seeing a bright



future for my children, and believed that in time it will be the great country on the Pacific coast—the best in the United States, in having the facilities—the climate, the minerals, and the water suitable for factories. I tried to get acquainted with the modes and customs of the people, with which I was very well satisfied; people with good brains, active minds and energies. They do very well here, while others with less of these qualities have not the chance; they have better chances in the East. I found most of the merchants good business men and go-ahead fellows, liberal in their ways; more so than in the East. I enjoyed their ways of doing business. I inquired for myself, wishing to go into business here. It was a hard job for me to go about and see business and not engage in it. Although when I arrived here I was 66 years of age, yet I felt active, and would have liked to be occupied in some kind of business, but my children advised me not to burden myself with it at my age. Finally I thought it rather too late for me to go into business, so I gave up the thought, and passed my time away pleasantly and agreeably in the occupation of seeking pleasure and

amusement with my wife. Two years after my arrival here it came natural for me to kill time. I always found something to do, or went to see something—I read a great deal, and went to the park and places of amusement with my wife.

On January 1st, 1883, Henry Lyons, my son-in-law, sold out his business in St. Louis, and he wrote to us that he and his wife would come to San Francisco to visit us, which they did the same year—Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Miss Ida Lyons, and the boy, Lewis Lyons, arrived in San Francisco. We met them at the depot, and took them to our home. We were happy to have them in our house again. They were all in good health and fine spirits. We embraced them all in the old-fashioned way, kissing and hugging. Some of our and their friends came to see them. The night of their arrival we had twenty couples—gentlemen with their wives—in our parlors to spend the evening. A great many flowers had been sent to them from friends. Most of the visitors were Baltimoreans. We enjoyed that evening very much, as it was the first time in thirteen years that our entire family had been together—father, mother, seven children,

six grandchildren, and two sons-in-law—and many of our friends from Baltimore. The greatest pleasures of my life I experienced in my new home. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons felt that they would like to remain in San Francisco if he could find a suitable business to go into.

Our Easter holidays commenced in April. On the Sedar night we had the same pleasures at the table; our two sons-in-law and their children and our children were there. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and their children remained with us nine months, and were very agreeable and happy. We were still in hopes that he would settle here, but he could not get into business, so they concluded to leave us. They left San Francisco for St. Louis on October 5th, 1883, in good health, perfectly satisfied with the place, people, and their new acquaintances. After staying there a short time they went to Baltimore, to remain and go into business if he could find any that would pay; if not, he would live retired till something would present itself. We received letters from them every week.

March 3d, 1884, my youngest son, Isidore, went to work for the first time after leaving school in



the wholesale fancy store of M. Levy & Co. On April 1st—the birthday of my son Isidore and myself—we received a dispatch from Mr. Lyons, congratulating us that our daughter, Mrs. Lyons, was confined with an April baby boy, of nine pounds. It was of rare occurrence—father, son, and grandson to be born in the same month and on the same day, and even nearly the same hour; in the Jewish calendar it was the 9th day of Nisan, which remain forever. There is no telling which of us three will be the fool. By the looks of things it will make no difference; we all will act foolish sometimes, until better experience makes perfect.

On June 26th, 1884, I received a letter from Mr. Lyons, saying that they would start on Saturday for San Francisco, and that I should procure a summer residence for the family in Alameda or Oakland. I procured a cottage of several rooms at the Kelsy House, Oakland. On July 4th, they all arrived, in good health and in fine spirits, and with additional stock—a healthy-looking boy, a Marylander by birth. They put up at the Kelsy House. We all received them with a hearty welcome a second time to California. In September

the Lyons family moved to San Francisco. On October 1st, 1884, Henry Lyons went into business with Mr. Grenzwig, formerly of the firm of Nast & Grenzwig. Mr. Lyons bought Nast's interest. The firm was Grenzwig & Lyons, in wholesale jewelry, watches, and diamonds. It was always our wish to have all our children around us in our old age, and, thank God, our wish has been granted by the One above, who has regulated all our desires to our hearts' content. It was pleasant to think of the past, of the pleasures we had when our children were young at home; but that is past; we are home with them now, surrounded by them and their children; therefore we old people are looking with pleasure to the future, wherein we hope to see our offspring happy, prosperous, and contented. As for myself, I will try to be happy and contented also. This world was not made perfect for man and woman; we have disappointments. Thank God, we were blessed in being brought thus far. I have had my share of disappointments; but under all these circumstances, I am agreeable, mild, amiable and contented; and I am sure that in my young days I was just, gen-

erous, and forbearing. To think of my past makes me feel good ; I do not lament it, nor do I dread the future. It is with me in my old age like an evening of a fine day. Almighty Father, I thank you for the kind blessing you saw fit to bestow upon me in giving me a good, true wife of my choice when young, and permitting us to live together and enjoy the welfare and happiness of our children and grandchildren, and seeing them trying to go in the right road, of virtue and duty to God and man, and in being industrious and economical, and building up for themselves foundations on which to work in the future. God bless my entire family ! Give them health, strength, long life and prosperity, and help them to go in the right path, to honor Thy name. Give me and my dear wife long life and health, that we may rejoice with our children in their happiness, and that we may have them around us, and then we will always be happy.

On September 9th, 1885, my brother Peter died, in the city of Boston, at the age of 65 years and 5 months ; he was buried Sept. 11th, at East Boston.



Dear children, in domestic life it was always sunshine with us. Since we have been married everything has gone on to our hearts' content. In raising our children, very little; hardly any, sickness was shown; it was the same with mother and myself. We were a healthy family. In business, sometimes it was good, and sometimes it was the other way. I always had enough made to raise my children and give them a good education, in all branches of study, and we always lived in good style. I always made an honest, good living, and made a little beside. I was not so lucky as to make plenty of money, as many other merchants. It seemed to me I had a limit marked out; I could make so much, and no more; but I am a happy man, and I have been well paid for the trouble I went through when I was young. I am blessed with a good old age, good children, and a loving companion, my dear wife. We have all the comforts of life; I retired from business over four years ago, and all our children are with us, and we hope the Almighty will be with us in the future as He has been with us in the past.

To be lucky and to accumulate a good deal of

money depends entirely what sort of cards are dealt out to you from the One above. You have to play the hand ; if it is good, you win. The credit is not so much in winning, as in playing a poor hand well. That was my case. I played a poor hand well. Everything is lovely with us yet. Although I am 70 years of age, I feel as good, if not better, in health than when I was in the fifties. My dear wife is also blessed with good health ; we enjoy ourselves in every which way, as in our young days. Age, thank God, don't trouble us any, and we hope it will not for many years to come.

My dear Wife and dear Children—This is a Biographical sketch of my life. I had intended to write in it every year whatever would come forward until the last day of my existence, to be given to you all after my death ; but thinking it may benefit you, children, before, I came to the conclusion to finish it now, and give it to you while I am yet living. I went through the great battle of life, and gathered some experience, which may benefit every one of you in the battles you will have to go through. It may be easier with you

than with me. No matter how easy it is, after all, a battle of life never goes as we wish and work for. Heavy disappointments sometimes; nay, very often. Not always; if so, there would be no use to work in that direction. In this battle we have sunshine, clouds, rain, thunder, and lightning, and so many roads to travel, we don't know what road to take; but we must take a road, and work on it; if neglected, by bad habits, and we don't look out for ourselves, we are lost; we cannot prosper. We have to work from boyhood to manhood, in different stages, and observe with patience, then lay out a future life of comfort and happiness, commencing, first, with matrimony. This is an expense; but it affords fun, happiness of heart, the greatest on earth; trouble, too; for let it be ever so good, it never runs smooth, as we want it. The best way is to observe rules in order to be happy. To conquer in the battle of life is to face it; and don't fear it; with fear the battle is half lost. Don't neglect your valuable young years. Time will tell wonders, providing you make good use of it. Shakspeare said, there are certain periods in a man's life which he calls the ebb and flood. Now,



don't take care of the ebb ; go with the flood. All these stages of life must be ridden carefully. The first is to secure good health ; don't live fast ; the faster you live, the sooner you will be worn out ; be shrewd, economical, industrious in your doings, so that you can save, to lay a foundation for your future. Don't wait too long in getting married. If you find your choice, hitch on. Remember, the longer you wait the older you get. You must get married to go through this world smoothly—to know that you are among the living. A bachelor-life is not worth living. There is no fear ; the devil is not as black as some people make him. You must not please the people ; please yourself. A true, good wife will live up to her husband ; so will a good man to his wife. Life is sweet, lovely ; love must be nourished. How can you, if you have not the one that you should have to sail with through life ? The cry is, it takes a fortune to support a wife and raise children ! It is true, if you were to put the money down twenty-five or fifty years in advance, married life and the expenses of raising the children, would certainly cost a fortune. As long as you can get it cheaper, it is

best to get married. You make your expenses and pay as you go along, and you enjoy life. It is strange that, although married life is so expensive, you will find more wealth among married men than among single men. In all undertakings, it requires courage. If things are taken reasonably, they generally work well. We all, married or single, have our ups and downs ; rich or poor, we have our storms ; some less than others. After all, we all get along—rich or poor, married or single—in the battle of life. I prefer the married ones ; their happiness is certainly the greatest on earth ; even if they are troubled, it pays them. The other is not worth living for. All this is not a lecture ; it is what I have experienced in my life. Matrimony must be entered upon carefully ; choose from a respectable family ; should be of kind, good behaviour, whether man or women ; must consider what kind of person. You must not go blindly, thinking any one good enough, so that it is somebody ; it may turn out to be nobody. You must judge, and select the one agreeable to you by her actions, and who possesses a good moral character. Such an one will bring love and happiness that

will remain in the household—a domestic happiness that will last forever. Men or women are generally good if you take them out of good society, well trained by good parents and teachers. We all have our faults. Intelligent ones will try to mend them, while others won't. They don't care for society; they have no ambition. They only try to suit themselves. Such life partnership don't generally work satisfactory or very pleasantly. Love those who are lovely. A wife is the crown of her husband. The entrance of the house requires windows. The husband imitates this, to bring light on the subject. Then the house is a complete and happy home; without any of them the house is a dark and lonely one. Therefore wise men and women should marry if they have a chance, and not waste their young years, and become bachelors or old maids, or commence to build when they are getting old. They will build, and some one else will finish.

This is my advice to you, my children, who are not married: Marry at the proper time, and do not wait too long.

I pray to the One above, the Father of us all,



that He will guide you all in the path of virtue ; to give you faith, peace, and charity, love to God and mankind ; and that He will bless you and keep away troubles from you all, my dear wife, children, and grandchildren.

I finished this Biography on my seventieth birthday, this 1st day of April, 1886, and am in hopes to live many years longer, and enjoy good health, with my beloved wife, children, and grandchildren.

From your Father,

H. P. SPITZ.

