TRUE STORIES OF THE NEWS.

THE END OF A GAMBLER.

Once the Wealthiest Sporting Man in New York, Harvey Young, Dies in Poverty.

ONLY ONE OF HIS OLD ASSOCIATES AT HIS FUNERAL AT ST. LUKE'S YESTERDAY.

How the Tiger Flourished in the '50s, and How It Has Sought the Jungle Since—A Glimpse of the Career of an Old Sport, Who Had Not Touched a Chip for Ten Years Before His Death.

Five men and two women formed the little group of mourners who stood in St. Luke's Church, in Hudson street, yesterday morning as the pastor of the church pronounced the solemn words of the burial service over Peter H. Young, aged seventy-one years, ex-faro dealer and all-around gambler.

Nobody ever knew him as Peter H. Young. During his lifetime he was Harvey Young, gambler; Harvey Young, retired; Harvey Young, speculator, and poor old Harvey, broken-down sport, but Peter H. Young never.

He died very suddenly late Sunday night in the corridor of the Arlington Hotel, in East Thirteenth street. The Deputy Coroner found that the cause of death was heart disease. The fatal stroke came upon the old man without warning. He had been sitting quietly in a chair and had risen with the apparent intention of going to bed. Suddenly he straightened up, stood stock still for a moment, gave a loud cry and fell to the floor lifeless.

On Monday the body was removed to Benedict's undertaking establishment, in Carmine street. The relatives of the dead man were notified and the funeral took place at St. Luke's at 11 o'clock yesterday morning.

An old lady with a delicate face, which was wrinkled and seamed with care and sickness as well as with age, was the chief mourner. She was old Harvey's wife. With her was a younger woman and two young men, the children of the old couple.

There were three other men in the little group of mourners. Two of them were in the full vigor of manhood; one was old, gray-haired and wrinkled. Like old Harvey, they were sporting men; like him they had often faced the tiger in his lair, and like him had come out from the battles with varying fortunes. They had come to the church to pay the last tribute of affection and respect to a fellow-sport. The younger men's names were John Halleck and Frank Collard; the older one was Gus Fowler.

ONLY ONE OLD FRIEND.

Fowler was the only one who had known old Harvey for many years; the only one who had seen his companion when Harvey was a young sport and when he was a full-fledged and successful gambler; the only one who had known him intimately in the days when Harvey ranked as the peer of such Knights of the green cloth as John Morrissey, Bill Poole and Ben Wood; the only one who had seen Harvey both as the richest gambler in New York and as the poorest, and who had for fifty years remained a true and steadfast friend to him.

And when old Gus Fowler looked around the almost empty church and realized that only three men of the sporting world had taken the trouble to go to Harvey's funeral he felt hurt and indignant. When he had watched the coffin put into the hearse and noted the two carriages that followed it on the journey to Greenwood he came downtown and gave voice to his indignation.

He said it was a burning shame that such a true old sport as Harvey Young should have had to travel his last sad journey alone, while the boys were loafing around downtown, too lazy or too indifferent to do him the poor honor of seeing him off.

But later in the day a WORLD reporter found Mr. Fowler in a calmer mood and learned from his lips the story of Harvey Young's romantic life.

He had known the dead gambler, he said, for half a century, and in all that time Harvey Young had always been a square man, a man of his word, a true sport and a gentleman who would never stoop to anything mean or unworthy. He had lost everything in the world but his honor; his word had been as good as any man's bond to the last.

It was in the early '50's that Harvey Young first attracted much attention in New York sporting circles. He was a handsome man in those days, and was a hail fellow well met with his confreres. Warm in his friendships, a bold player, quick to take offense at an insult, but always ready to meet an acknowledged offender half way, he soon made a multitude of friends and not a few enemies.

WHEN GAMBLING FLOURISHED.

At that period faro banks, roulette wheels, sweat boards and hazard layouts were as thick in this city as billiard tables are now. A man didn't have to get the "entrée" dodge into half-open doors, stumble up dark stairways, give queer raps at other doors at the top of them, and be looked over from a peep-hole before bucking the tiger, as he does nowadays.

The tiger was easy to find and the jungle was anything but impenetrable. On holidays there were open games in tents in Washington Square, and there were always games going on in scores of places downtown into which any one might wander almost at will.

Harvey's first faro game was in the second story of a building in Duane street, not far from Church street. The building had been used as a school, but was vacated, and on the lower floor was a dance hall, run by Dick Donald. Harvey dealt and backed his game upstairs and made money. He must have done very well, indeed, for shortly afterwards he came to the front as one of the backers of the biggest game ever run in New York before or since.

THE BIG "SOUTHERN GAME."

It was known as the "Southern game" and was run at the southwest corner of Broadway and Walker street. Harvey's partners were George Chesterfield, known as "Gentleman George," William Schumac and John Frink, all Southerners. It was a big game, and John Morrissey, Bill Poole and Ben Wood played there often for very high stakes. One story which is told of the game will serve to illustrate what a great one it was.

One night, when Harvey was dealing, three men began to play. They had seemingly endless funds, and the playing limit was anything they chose to make it. The money they turned in for chips was all in bank bills of the State Bank, of Ypsilanti, Mich. The men had brought \$100,000 of the bank's money to the East to invest in securities. Instead of doing so they used it to play faro at the Southern game.

THE BANK LOST \$60,000.

For a time they lost heavily, but at last fortune smiled on them and they drew out winners to the tune of \$20,000. But that was not all the bank lost. The Ypsilanti bills to the amount of \$40,000 had been taken in from the men, but other money had been paid out to them. The next day the bank in Michigan failed and the Southern game had the \$40,000 of worthless money in the bank roll.

Harvey Young drew out of the game shortly after this episode and started what was known as the "Bull Run" game on Broadway, just above Howard street. Charlie Blaikie, a well-known sport of the period, was Harvey's partner. The patrons of this game were not of the best class and it fell into bad order. It didn't run very long.

Harvey soon started another game on the southwest corner of Broadway and Amity street. He made lots of money there, and came to be known as the richest gambler in New York. He was not only a backer of faro, but of trotting horses as well, and was well known on the turf. He owned several trotters of note.

HE BACKED FLORA TEMPLE.

He and old Joe Jewell, who is long since dead, took the famous trotting mare Flora Temple to New Orleans and backed her heavily—so heavily, in fact, that Harvey came North \$50,000 poorer than he had been when he went away.

Harvey was a good loser and could drop \$10,000 with as calm a face and easy a manner as any one of his contemporaries. He was not lavish in his expenditures, however, and was never a spendthrift. Some men called him close-fisted and mean; but his old-time friend, Gus Fowler, said yesterday that Harvey had done many a kind act of charity to broken-down gamblers and was not a mean man.

TWICE IN TROUBLE.

A story that he was concerned in the plot to kill Bill Poole in 1853 was never satisfactorily settled, but certain it is that he was arrested with a number of others at the time. Poole was a wealthy butcher, sporting man and fighter. He had a fight once with John Morrissey at the foot of Amos street.

A colored man seated on a packing-case and playing a banjo was shot at the corner of West Broadway and Thomas street. Harvey was in a carriage from which a shot was fired that killed the colored man. It was an unprovoked murder, and all in the carriage were arrested. Paddy Duffy was one of them, and he was afterwards convicted of the murder. The others were discharged. Duffy subsequently was granted a new trial, but the second trial never came off and he escaped punishment.

A QUARREL WITH MORRISSEY.

It was in 1863 or 1864 that Harvey's quarrel with John Morrissey took place, and they were enemies ever after, and bitter ones at that. This came about through another murder.

One night Dad Cunningham, a prize-fighter, shot and killed Pangene, another fighter, in Jake Romme's dance hall, in Howard street. Cunningham fired the shot across a counter, and Pangene died almost instantly. Harvey was in the dance hall and saw the shooting. He testified at the trial against Cunningham, and this angered Morrissey, who was a friend of Cunningham. The next time Harvey and Morrissey met high words passed, and a fight seemed imminent. Friends interfered and prevented an encounter, but the two great gamblers never spoke to each other again. They had been very intimate friends before that.

IN WALL STREET.

Harvey continued to deal and back faro for years and was always in the front rank of the sporting world. In 1870 he went out of the business and for awhile lived quietly on his means. The gambling spirit was too strong, however, to be quietly set aside, and in an evil moment Harvey bought on the game of stocks fascinated him and he plunged heavily. Gradually his fortune grew less and less, and finally, on Black Friday, he lost every dollar he had in the world.

He was too old to recoup and for the last twenty years of his life he was "dead broke." For a while he dealt faro on a salary and "kept cases" for the big games, but he had lost all heart for the business and for ten years before his death he never touched a card or handled a chip.

ONE OF THE "HAS BEENS."

Old and worn and gray, his bent form clad in shabby, rusty clothes which did not fit him, he was often pointed out by young latter-day sports as one of the "has beens." Occasionally they gave him a few dollars for old times' sake, and one of his sons helped as well as he could to support him in comfort.

But the old man became morose and would sit and brood for hours on his fallen fortunes. His death was not altogether unexpected, for he had been feeble for a long time.

His wife is aged and has been ill, too, lately. She, who had once rolled along the avenues in her own carriage behind blooded horses, has recently had to live out at service. The lot of the wife of a broken-down gambler is not a happy one, and she has suffered greatly.

There is some talk among the gamblers of getting up a fund to support her in her declining years, and steps to that end may be taken shortly.

Peter Harvey Young was almost the last of the fast-departing class of gamblers who flourished and were famous in this city in the old days when fortunes were nightly won and lost here. The attendance at his funeral yesterday [illegible]