

Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Newsboy



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Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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NEWSBOY EXCULSIVE

AFTER 120 YEARS—DETAILS OF ALGER'S FIRST EUROPEAN TOUR

In this issue Jack Bales and Gary Scharnhorst verify the existence of the heretofore only suspected Alger pseudonym, Carl Cantab, plus print the texts of twelve previously unknown Alger essays. See page 7 for full information.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 — June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

Lettering on page 1 of this issue was drawn by Peggy Shireley, a professional calligrapher residing in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

* * *

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* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-HON Frank Schott
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Frank is an honorary member, proposed by Bob Sawyer. He collects first editions of western, mystery and adventure stories, plus old pulp magazines. A retired cabinet maker, he now binds books, and Bob recommends him to all HAS members. Following is part of a letter from Frank to Carl Hartmann:

"I have been a book collector most of my life. At the present time, I am on my second collection. In my first, I had about 1200 dime novels, among them were the Brave and Bold Weekly. In these, I did have some of the Alger tales. When we left Milwaukee to come up here, I sold just about my complete collection of books, pulps, dime novels, circus material and other things.

"When we lived in Milwaukee, I built custom made furniture. Most of my work was done for doctors, lawyers, etc. I had a fine business. Most of my customers were actually doctors. I made things like special examining tables, cabinets for medical things, many different kinds of desks and Formica counter tops for labs, etc. I was doing really well when along came Mr. Diabetes. I guess I was quite fortunate that it was discovered by one of my doctors (a customer). I was beginning to lose my eyesight, and at that time, very little could be done about that. It got so bad that I had to give up the furniture business. I had all my machinery paid for, a good business, the best kind of customers, and bingo, there went the eyesight. We decided to move away from Milwaukee. Then my right eye, thanks to a massive

hemorrhage, went totally blind. I had the eye operated upon some eight years ago. The operation was a failure and the eyeball collapsed, and in the meantime the left eye was getting worse.

"Since that first operation, the Eye Institute in Milwaukee was established, and one of the finest eye doctors in the United States told me that it would be possible to save some of the left eye, so in October, 1979, the operation was made, and thanks to this fine doctor he did save what was left of that eye. The eye is and was badly damaged but at least I am not totally blind.

"While all this was going on, the Council for the Blind came for visits with me. They asked if I would like to be in any kind of job. While I was going through the stages of blindness I discovered that I could do book repairs and binding with just about no eyesight. My wife helped through some of the book repairs, such as sewing, and I did the rest. I proved to the blind that I could do the work, so the State of Wisconsin gave me a lettering machine and some different sizes of type. I learned some of the finer points about this kind of work from a man at the Franciscan Publishing Company in Pulaski, Wisconsin, about 35 miles from my place. This man was Brother Otto and we have become good friends since. This is a good sized publishing company, and Otto runs the bindery. If I need supplies, they let me have them at their cost. I also received a lot of help from our local newspaper. They let me use their type if I need it. At the present time I have several different sizes that they let me take home.

"Our local libraries have been giving me all their work in binding and repair, and I have been doing work for book collectors, so thanks to many wonderful people, I am doing something besides waiting for the undertaker to show up. I like the work very much. I use as many as six kinds of glasses to see through when I do some of this work, but I let nothing bother me mentally.

Take it as it comes, I say. I am thankful that I still have enough eyesight so that I can read. I always liked reading, as far back as the eighth grade. Well, my friend, that is it for now, so, with many thanks to you and to Bob Sawyer, I extend my best to you."

Frank Schott

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B O O K M A R T

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Thus, it is assumed that all books can be returned if the buyer is not satisfied with them. See September, 1980 "Book Mart" for criteria in determining condition of book. Please list title, publisher, condition and price.

Offered by Laurence R. Hipp, R. R. 1, Grover Hill, Ohio 45849.

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Cousin's Conspiracy	Hurst	F	2.50
Cousin's Conspiracy (loose binding)	NYB	P	1.50
Andy Grant's Pluck	Hurst	F	2.50
Ben's Nugget (loose binding)	JCW	P	1.50
Bob Burton (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50
Bob Burton (loose binding)	NYB	P	1.50
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Do and Dare (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50
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(Continued on page 5)

Offered by Judd Perkins
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<u>TITLE</u>	<u>PUB.</u>	<u>Ext.-Int. CONDITION</u>	<u>PRICE</u>
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Adrift in New York	Donohue	F-G	\$3.00
Adrift in New York	Hurst	P-F	\$2.50
Andy Gordon	Donohue	P-F	\$2.50
Bound to Rise	Donohue	G-P	\$2.50
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Do & Dare	N.Y.B.	G-G+	\$3.50
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Driven From Home	Hurst	F-G	\$3.00
Driven From Home	Hurst	VG-F	\$3.50
Facing The World	Donohue	G-G	\$3.00
Facing The World	Saalfeld	VP-P	\$1.50
Five Hundred Dollars	Don.	F-F	\$2.50
Five Hundred Dollars	Hurst	G+-G	\$3.50
Helping Himself	N.Y.B.	G-F	\$2.50
Helping Himself	J.C.W.	VG-VG	\$4.00
Helping Himself	Donohue	P-F	\$2.50
Herbert Carter's Leq.	Don.	VG-G	\$4.00
In A New World	Donohue	VG-G	\$4.00
Only An Irish Boy	Donohue	G-F	\$2.50
Paul The Peddler	N.Y.B.	VG-VG	\$4.00
Ralph Raymond's Heir	Donohue	P-P	\$1.50
Sam's Chance	J.C.W.	G-G	\$3.50
Shifting For Himself	Donohue	F-P	\$1.50
Shifting For Himself	Hurst	G-F	\$2.50
Slow And Sure	Fed. Book	G+-G	\$3.00
Slow And Sure	Hurst	F-G	\$4.00
Slow And Sure	Burt	VG-VG	\$4.50
The Telegraph Boy	Burt	P-P	\$1.50
Tom The Bootblack	Burt	P-P	\$1.50
Tom The Bootblack	Donohue	G-F	\$2.50
Tony The Tramp	N.Y.B.	F-F	\$2.50
Try And Trust	N.Y.B.	F-P	\$2.50
Try And Trust	J.C.W.	P-F	\$2.50
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The Young Acrobat	Hurst	F-P	\$1.50
The Young Adventurer	Hurst	P-F	\$1.50
The Young Explorer	Hurst	F-G	\$2.50
The Young Miner	Donohue	P-P	\$1.50
The Young Miner	N.Y.B.	F-P	\$2.00
The Young Outlaw	J.C.W.	F-G	\$2.50
The Young Salesman	N.Y.B.	P-P	\$1.00

(Continued from page 3)

Hector's Inheritance	Hurst	G	\$4.00	The Store Boy	Dono.	P	\$1.50
Hector's Inheritance (loose binding)	Hurst	F	2.50	(loose binding)			
Herbert Carter's Leg. (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50	The Store Boy (loose binding, pencil marks)	Dono.	F	2.50
Herbert Carter's Leg. (pencil marks)	Dono.	F	2.50	Strive and Succeed	NYB	F	2.50
In a New World (thin edition)	Dono.	G	4.00	Strive and Succeed (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50
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Jack's Ward (loose binding)	NYB	P	1.50	Tom Temple's Career	Burt	G	4.00
Jack's Ward (loose binding)	Dono.	P	1.50	The Young Acrobat	Dono.	F	2.50
Jed, Poorhouse Boy (loose binding)	Hurst	F	2.50	The Young Outlaw	Hurst	P	1.50
Joe's Luck (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50	(loose binding)			
Joe's Luck	NYB	P	1.50	The Young Salesman	NYB	F	2.50
Julius, Street Boy	Dono.	F	2.50	(loose binding)			
Making His Way	NYB	P	1.50				
Only an Irish Boy (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50				
Paul the Peddler (torn pages)	NYB	F	2.50				
Paul the Peddler (loose binding)	Dono.	F	2.50				
P. Prescott's Charge (loose binding)	Dono.	P	1.50				
P. Prescott's Charge (loose binding)	Dono.	F	2.50				
Phil the Fiddler	NYB	F	2.50				
R. Raymond's Heir	Hurst	G	4.00				
R. Raymond's Heir (loose binding)	Dono.	P	1.50				
Risen from the Ranks (loose binding)	NYB	P	1.50				
Sam's Chance (loose binding)	Hurst	G	4.00				
Sam's Chance (loose binding)	NYB	F	2.50				
Shifting for Himself (loose binding)	Hurst	F	2.50				
Shifting for Himself	NYB	F	2.50				
Shifting for Himself (loose binding)	NYB	P	1.50				
Sink or Swim (loose binding)	Hurst	P	1.50				
Slow and Sure	Hurst	G	4.00				
Slow and Sure	Dono.	F	2.50				
Slow and Sure (loose binding)	Hurst	F	2.50				
The Store Boy (loose binding)	Hurst	F	2.50				

Please add 50¢ per book for postage and shipping charges.

Abbreviations used in this month's "BOOK MART": P = Poor, F = Fair, G = Good, NYB = New York Book, Dono. = Donohue, JCW = John C. Winston.

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase
President, HAS

How many ways are there to collect Algers? I suppose the most obvious answer is there are as many ways as there are people to do the collecting. This implies that collecting is an individual and personal thing, which I believe it is. Most of us started out collecting different Alger titles and probably have a fairly complete title collection — all except the real hard ones like Dan, the Detective or Wait and Win. As time has passed, however, I suspect that each of us has struggled to collect Alger in various other ways in order to keep our interest in Alger vibrant and alive.

As many of you know from your visit to our home during the last HAS convention here in Connecticut, I collect Algers in series by publisher and have concentrated on A. L. Burt Company. I just love the sight of all those Burt spines in my bookcase set in the various series. One non-Burt series that I'm very proud of is the Porter and Coates "brown apples" series with

the gold on the spine. I have 22 of them, all set in a row which extends about three feet on the top shelf of my bookcase. One whole shelf, about ten feet long, is devoted to my title series —books of all different sizes and colors, different spines and of course, different titles.

But that is the way I collect Alger. I know of few other collectors who have similar interest in getting into this series business, although I would recommend it if your financial resources are limited and your supply of reprints is ample. The kick in collecting is to make a "find." I've had many kicks collecting this way and continue to do so.

Of course, the frosting of Alger collecting is the first edition collector. His goal is to obtain all first edition Algers. In this regard the image that comes readily to mind is Dale Thomas's beautiful collection of firsts that we viewed as part of his Alger library at the Cleveland convention a year or so ago. What an impressive sight and exhilarating experience to see all those rare treasures that for me up to that point were just descriptions in Ralph Gardner's book. Of interest also was Dale's collection of The Young Outlaw which is his attempt to obtain that title by as many different publishers as possible. He told me that he started concentrating on collecting one title by different publishers in order to continue his interest in Alger now that he has most of the firsts. This is an excellent example of someone's interest in Alger expanding and growing as his collection matures.

There are those who concentrate on collecting Alger serials in magazines such as appeared in Argosy and Student and Schoolmate. Bound volumes of these stories are most impressive and offer interesting slices of latter nineteenth century America as well. Another specialty in collecting Alger is in obtaining his short stories a la Gil Westgard who also, of course, accumulated Alger's poetry in Alger Street.

I've also heard that several Alger collectors have gone big for the Hurst miniatures and have substantial sets; another collector I know of has specialized in collecting the pretty Winston Library editions. And of course, many of us save the Winston series that have the nice color plates. As yet I haven't heard of anyone who has specialized in saving pulp and paperback Algers but I'll wager someone does.

Most of us I would imagine have a little of this and some of that as we work to round out our collections. The important thing I think is that we all collect at our own pace and in a way that meets our individual needs and resources. The key point is that we should do those things in our collecting that keep our interest in Alger alive and healthy, essentially so we can better share our experiences with others. To me that is what collecting Alger is all about.

* * *
MORE ON ALGER STAMP

Both Bob Williman and Brad Chase report that they are getting feedback on the proposed stamp honoring Horatio Alger's 150th birthday this 1982. The December 1, 1980 issue of Linn's Stamp News devoted three paragraphs to the proposed stamp in an article titled, "Variety Abounds in New Stamp Proposals," and Bob is quoted at length regarding Alger's influence.

Helen Gray of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee in New York is also working to bring about the Alger stamp. President Ronald Reagan won the Horatio Alger Award in 1969 and she has written him, asking for his support. As Helen said, "If ever there was a man who set the foundation for the philosophy of the true meaning of the free enterprise system it was Horatio Alger . . ."

Again, the officers of HAS urge all members to write their senators and representatives. 1982 is almost here!

ALGER'S EUROPEAN TOUR 1860-61
A SHEAF OF TRAVEL ESSAYS

by Jack Bales and Gary Scharnhorst

In the endpages of the Class Book of 1852, Horatio Alger, Jr. described in broad outline the Wanderjahr tradition—among young patricians which he had taken soon after graduating from Cambridge Divinity School in 1860. He wrote:

1860—Sept. 5. embarked for Europe on board Steamer Arabia, in company with [Charles] Vinal & a cousin. Reached Liverpool on the 15th. Took a hurried trip through Wales, Scotland, Ireland and England. Spent five or six months on the continent, visiting France, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Southern Germany, Switzerland, and various parts of Italy. Had the high honor of bearing dispatches from Rome to Naples in the service of the U.S.A. Contributed a series of European letters to the N. Y. Daily Sun, and occasional letters to the Post, Transcript & other publications. Returned towards the close of April [1861].

Until now, little else has been known about Alger's first European tour. In a letter to Irving Blake dated July 10, 1896, he mentions his first trip again only briefly. ". . . in 1860-61 and again in 1873 I went to Europe, visiting the principal continental countries as well as Great Britain. . . . I acted as foreign correspondent of [the New York Sun] during my first European trip." As he recalled in a memoir of "A Visit to the Home of Walter Scott" published in the Golden Argosy in 1883, Alger toured Scott's home in Edinburgh during that first trip. The only known literary product of the trip was an essay about the funeral and burial of the playwright Eugene Scribe, witnessed by Alger in Paris on February 22, 1861, subsequently published in the October, 1863 issue of the North American Review.

At last, Alger's first European tour can be described in detail,

for the travel letters he submitted to the Sun and Transcript have now been identified. In all, we found twelve essays—ten in the Sun and two in the Transcript—and verified a long-suspected Alger nom de plume in the process! All of Alger's essays in the Sun appeared over the name "Carl Cantab," which Ralph Adimari, in the issue of Dime Novel Round-Up for September 15, 1959, claimed was one of Alger's pseudonyms. Dick Seddon, writing in Newsboy in December, 1977, noted that "Cantab" is short for "Cantabrigian," a kind of nickname for Harvard men during the 19th century, but allowed that there is no proof that "Cantab" was Alger. Moreover, he contributed a story, "Mrs. Brown Stout; or, The Victimized Bachelor/A Story for Gentlemen," which "Carl Cantab" wrote for the American Union magazine for July 1, 1854. As a result of the discovery of the travel essays in the Sun, in short, this story and other stories which appeared under the Cantab by-line now may definitely be attributed to Alger. (Parenthetically, the National Union Catalog of works indexed by the Library of Congress, perhaps following Adimari's lead, also cites "Carl Cantab" as an Alger pseudonym). We are pleased to offer Newsboy readers this exclusive piece of news. We are indebted to Roger Mohovich, Newspaper Librarian at the New-York Historical Society, for his kind assistance in this project. With as little editorial interruption as possible, in the order of original publication, we here reprint the letters Alger wrote for the Sun as he traveled through Europe before the Civil War:

#1 "A Letter from London," New York Sun, 7 Nov 1860, p. 1, col. 3.

Reprinted in New York Weekly Sun, 17 Nov 1860, p. 4, col. 3.

The English Railway System—Absence of False Pride—An Aristocratic Barber—The Tax upon the Nobility—English News of the Prince's Visit—Sympathy for Garibaldi.

LONDON, October, 1860.

To the Editor of the New York Sun:—

The gradations of English Society are not inaptly represented by the three classes of cars upon their railways. The first class are quite sumptuously furnished in a style quite beyond those upon our railways. Here a nobleman is quite as luxuriously provided for and nearly as private as his own carriage. But between the first and second class there is a wide difference. The second class is as much inferior to our ordinary cars, as they in turn are inferior to the English. There is in general a very hard apology for a cushion, only one degree softer than the bare board which awaits you in the third class. There is really little or no difference in point of comfort between the second and third class cars, while there is oftentimes a considerable difference in price. From the experience I have had I should say that the average rates for the railroads in Great Britain are for the three classes respectively five, four and three cents per mile. It may be remarked, however, that once in the day each railway is required to convey travellers at the rate of a penny a mile. These trains, though run at inconvenient hours, are generally well patronized. Of course this rate secures only third class accommodations.

I have observed, however, an utter lack of that species of pride which would prevent an American at home, as it often does abroad, from traveling otherwise than by first class, even when his circumstances imperatively require it. In the second class cars in England you will meet handsomely dressed ladies, prosperous tradesmen, and gentlemen, who do not look at all as if they feared discovery. It may surprise some of my aristocratic republican readers to be informed, as I have been, that the sight of a nobleman in a second class car is not so rare as to excite surprise. I am told that they have been seen in

the third class. I had occasion to mention one day to a comely Welsh-woman, that nearly everybody travelled by first class in America—that except on long routes we had but one class—"That is a great shame," said she, "to make the poor people pay as much as the rich." There may be something in this view; but, at all events the railroad corporations might at little expense provide better accommodations for the second and third classes. I am told, however, by those who ought to know, that the English railways are far from proving as profitable as ours. An annual dividend of five per cent. is held to indicate an extraordinary degree of prosperity.

The disparity of prices for railway transportation is found elsewhere. To take a familiar illustration, if you wish to be shaved in a large city like London, you can find shops where the prices vary from a halfpenny to a shilling. I have myself paid at least half-a-dozen different rates. I strayed into a shop on the Strand a few mornings since, quite a neat, respectable place. While in the hands of the operator, a mechanic entered. "This is a two-penny shop, sir," said the barber, with a grand air. "Well, I can pay it," said the man, a little nettled. On a subsequent occasion, the barber explained to me that mechanics frequented penny shops, and would not unfrequently grumble at his prices, unless he apprised them of it beforehand. He told me, in a complacent tone that he didn't have many of that class; that his shop was frequented by barristers. He further informed me that there were fashionable shops at the West End, frequented only by the nobility, where extravagant prices were paid—for example, 5 shillings, or \$1 25 for cutting the hair. "But, Lord bless you, sir," he proceeded, the "nobility always have to pay double price for everything. Tradesmen are ever ready to give them credit to the amount of hundreds of pounds, but they take care to charge enough to

pay for the waiting and the risk. I knew a man only two months since, who bought at one of these West End shops a coat which he could have got any where in the city for three pound ten.—Well, sir, when the bill was sent in, he had to pay six guineas". This, by the way, is a much more extravagant price in England than in America, since clothing of all kinds, (for gentlemen's wear) is at least forty per cent. lower than with us.

I was told the other day, an anecdote of the Queen, which illustrates her good sense and real desire to promote the welfare of her subjects. She had agreed to have her photograph taken for the gratification of such of her subjects as might desire to possess the counterfeit presentment of their ruler. She presented herself in a plain black silk without a particle of ornament. The photographer ventured to suggest that she should send for some jewels. "No," said the queen, "this photograph is to go among my subjects, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage extravagance." It is such little anecdotes as these that have secured the queen a high place in the regard of the people. I have everywhere heard her spoken of with affectionate respect.

The accounts of the reception of the Prince in the United States are read with great interest. It is thought that his visit will draw the two countries into closer relations of sympathy. I think indeed that the English generally—at all events the more intelligent among them—have a high appreciation of their transatlantic cousins, higher perhaps than they are quite ready to acknowledge. There are some indeed—I have met with one or two specimens—who are disposed to disparage everything which differs at all from what they have at home. But these are only exceptions. Great interest is felt here in Garibaldi and his movements. So far indeed as sympathy goes, the English appear to be quite as republican at heart as our own citizens.

CARL CANTAB.

Thoughtful readers may wish to compare some of the details in this and other of these essays with parts of Alger's juvenile novels, such as Frank Hunter's Peril (cf. chapters XII-XXXIV) and especially Bernard Brooks' Adventures. For example, whereas Alger recounts in the essay how he strayed into a barber shop on the Strand in London, in chapter XXI of his juvenile novel, entitled "A Day in London," his hero one afternoon "walked through the Strand and Fleet Street. He found plenty to attract his attention."

#2 "A Letter from Ireland," New York Weekly Sun, 10 Nov 1860, p. 4, col. 1.

DUBLIN, September, 1860.

To the Editor of the New York Sun:

Dublin is a fine looking city. It would be difficult to find a handsomer street than Sackville street. I should judge that it was not far from one hundred and fifty feet wide, including the ample sidewalks. The shops make a fine show of rich goods, and the appearances of poverty are no greater than in most cities of the size. One of the prominent tradesmen, a dealer in Irish poplins, however, told me that at this season the bulk of his business consisted in answering private orders from America. On my complimenting the appearance of his shop, he said, "Ah, but you must have much finer in New York. I have heard a great deal of STEWART'S." I observed that a paragraph respecting Mr. STEWART'S wealth and early beginnings has been quite extensively copied in the Irish papers, and has attracted considerable attention among his countrymen.

It is my custom, on arriving in a new city, to make a tour among the shops. This gives an opportunity of talking with the people, and learning something of their characteristics. I found the shopmen in Dublin exceedingly civil and obliging, and invariably exhibiting strong interest on learning that I was from America—"America is



As mentioned on page 3 of the last Newsboy, George Owens spent two days in Boston visiting Morris Olsen and Dr. Max Goldberg. Above are Morris (left) and Max in front of the Alger tombstone in Natick, Massachusetts.

the place to make money," they would say. "You must be very rich in America."

While standing in a book store, I was accosted by a stout man, poorly dressed, who had just entered, and who, with a profusion of apologies requested "my honor," to write him a letter. Not being in haste, I complied with his request. Having finished the letter, which, by the way, was a request for assistance, and addressed to Hon. Mr.——, (he insisted on my putting in the Mr.), I asked further directions.

"Your honor may put down, "Excuse the spellin'," was the reply.

Regardless of the imputation upon my orthography, I meekly complied with the request. I hope there is no occasion for a similar addition to the present epistle.

On the evening of my arrival in Dublin, I learned that MARIO and

GRISI would appear in *Il Trovatore* at the Theatre Royal. The theatre is quite capacious, having an ample stage and three tiers of galleries. It will hold not far from four thousand persons, probably. It may be a matter of curiosity to mention the prices to the various parts of the house. The private boxes vary from three to five guineas. Admission to the dress circle, eight shillings; to the first gallery, five; pit, three; second gallery, two; and the upper gallery a shilling only. Up to the commencement of the opera, the denizens of this elevated locality exhibited the highest degree of hilarity, and their manners were eminently free and easy. Jests, banter,

and personal remarks were freely interchanged across the house in tones which were readily heard below. Occasionally a witty sally or a bright saying would excite a tumult of applause. This however, was taken quite as a matter of course by the entire audience, many of whom were very fashionably dressed, and were evidently the elite of Dublin. Among the [sic] present was the Lord Lieutenant, who, however, did not entirely escape the attention of "the gods." "Order in the Royal Box!" exclaimed one of the unwashed in an imperative voice, and his sally was greeted with applause.

It must be conceded, however, that during the opera the "gods" were perfectly quiet and decorous, and appeared heartily to enjoy the magnificent strains of Mario and the still fine voice of Grisi. During the intervals between the acts, however, they again broke out. Between the second and third sets a quartette in the upper gallery favored the

audience with "Annie Laurie," which was very fairly executed and sounded well. I could not help thinking, however, what would be thought of such a voluntary in our Academy of Music.

Your readers are aware that the "jaunting car" is one of the institutions of Ireland. They take in great part the place of the cab, and to some extent of the omnibus. Of course our party decided to make trial of one. Imagine a vehicle with two side seats placed back to back, each capable of holding two persons, whose legs dangle on either side. Of course a person so riding has a view of but one side of the street. They can scarcely be called comfortable. At all events we decided that they might with greater propriety be called a jolting car. The charge for a ride of four miles out of Dublin was fourpence each way, which we readily paid.

CARL CANTAB.

#3 "The Prince of Wales and His Residence at Oxford," New York Sun, 12 Nov 1860, p. 1, col. 2.

OXFORD, Oct. 1860.

Oxford is a small city overshadowed by a great University. It is a dingy place with very little of natural beauty to divert the attention of its students from their scholastic pursuits. In this respect it compares very unfavorably with our own Cambridge or New Haven. The University comprises, I think, nineteen colleges, with one of which, Christchurch, the Prince of Wales is connected as a student. The University term has already commenced, but the Prince has had his vacation specially extended.

I had some curiosity to learn how His Royal Highness lived at Oxford, and what was thought of him by the residents. On inquiry, I learned that, unlike the great majority of the students who have rooms in the college buildings, the Prince hires a house, which he occupies with his attendants.

Asking to be directed to it, I was told to go to the Corn Market (the principal street) and turn into a narrow alley leading from it, on the left of the Star Hotel. Following this direction, I brought up in front of a stout gate, which luckily happening to be open, I passed through into the court or yard in front of the house. It is a stone cottage of two stories, flanked by immense chimneys, and in parts covered with ivy. It has the appearance of being two or three centuries old, and, hemmed in as it is on every side, appears rather a sombre, not to say humble residence for a gay young prince. It being morning, the servants were putting the house in order for the day. Through the front door, which was open, I obtained a glimpse of the hall, which was very moderately furnished. I could not help thinking that the Prince must find his Oxford residence rather dull, after his season of lionizing in America. I found, by the way, that he had excited some dissatisfaction among Oxford people, by making his purchases of furniture and clothing entirely in London. They think that while he is among them he ought to do something to encourage the trade of the city, which at best, I suppose, is meagre enough.

In support of the remark with which I commenced, that the University overshadows the city, I have been informed that when a mayor is inducted into office, he is obliged to kneel before the Chancellor of the University, and make oath that in the exercise of his official power he will do nothing to its detriment. It is hard, indeed, to conceive of such a scene in our country.

CARL CANTAB.

#4 "The English Hotels," New York Sun, 30 Nov 1860, p. 1, col. 3. Reprinted in New York Weekly Sun, 8 Dec 1860, p. 3, col. 4-5.

The American correspondent of the London Times, who has so faithfully

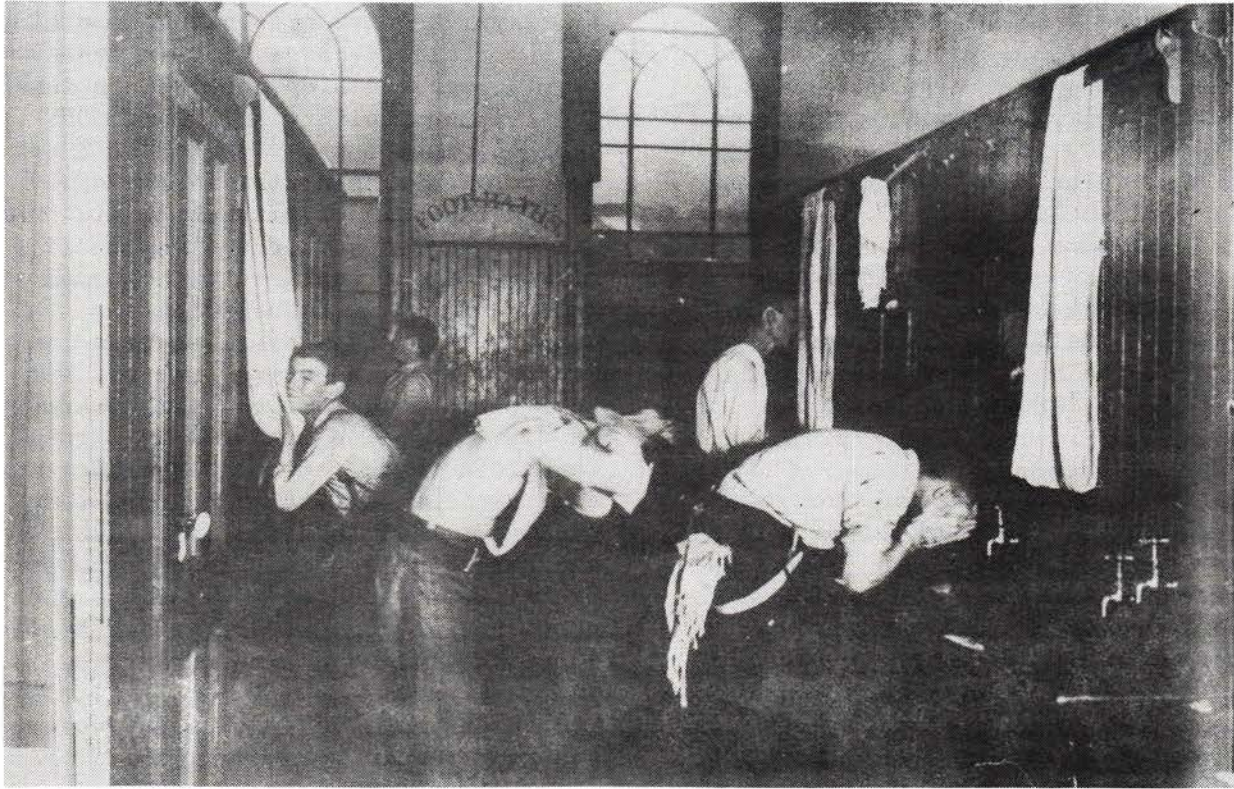
and successfully chronicled the details of the Prince's tour, remarks that "American hotels are as much the admiration of travellers as English hotels are their terror." The contrast is certainly very great; nor is the remark too severe. The European system on which these hotels are conducted is probably familiar to most of your readers. Instead of a fixed per diem charge which covers everything, the traveller will find his bill consisting of a variety of separate items—so much for bed, so much for service, with separate charges for every meal which he may have taken. These charges so vary at different hotels, that unless a stipulation has been previously entered into, it is quite impossible to conjecture what the entire bill will amount to. Indeed, if the circumstances of our traveler are limited, it is quite essential that he should institute inquiries previously, however repugnant it may be to his American self-respect. This, however, is not regarded as at all strange by English landlords. Some Americans indeed, who, from false delicacy and shame-facedness, have declined to adopt this course and so placed themselves at the mercy of a rapacious landlord, have had occasion to repent it. Let me give two instances. A gentleman reached Liverpool late at night, and was driven to a first class hotel.—He took a light supper, lodged in an ordinary room, and took breakfast. On calling for his bill the next morning, he was called upon to pay a guinea and a half, or not far from eight dollars. Here is another case: A gentleman arrived at a hotel in Bangor, North Wales, and being pleased with the neighborhood, decided to remain a week. At the end of that time he was called upon to pay eighty dollars, for accommodations quite inferior to those offered by a second class American hotel.

At a large number of hotels not only does a charge for service find a place in the bill, but the traveller is expected to fee the servants besides.

If he refuses, he must expect to be followed by sour looks. The servants are not so much in fault, since they are generally paid a mere trifle—sometimes nothing at all—the residue, or the entire sum, being dependent upon the fees which custom extorts from travelers. I overheard an Englishman one day inveigh against the feeing system, and declare that he had oftentimes resolved not to give another fee, but he had not the moral courage to carry his determination into effect.

At the hotels in small towns, and at many in the cities, there is no tab e d'hote dinner, nor will the limited amount of travel permit a restaurant. The traveler must therefore order what he requires, and wait for it to be cooked especially for himself. Unless therefore he wishes his bill swelled out to an immoderate extent, it is quite out of the question for him to expect the variety which an American hotel would supply in one of our smallest cities. At a certain hotel in London a gentleman whose appetite overcame his prudence, ordered a varied dinner. His orders were followed, and after a very satisfactory repast he called for his bill. It was fifteen dollars!

While I am on the subject of hotels and hotelfare, I may remark that some of our best known and most highly prized vegetables are unknown to the generality of people here. Both in England and Scotland I have inquired vainly for squashes. "What does it look like? Is it anything like a turnip?" asked an English fellow-traveler. So far as my observation extends, next to the potatoe, cauliflower is the most important vegetable in the English cuisine; carrots also rank much higher than with us. A vegetarian in England is compelled to make a much greater sacrifice than with us, and I am inclined to think that the system meets with little favor. An Englishman would find it hard indeed to give up his beef and porter for little or nothing besides.



New York street boys washing up in the Duane Street Newsboys' Lodging House. From the collection of Jack Bales.

In the ordinary London restaurants the usual waiter's fee is one penny, a small sum, but if the place is well patronized it may amount to considerable in a day. At all events the employer not only pays no wages, but I was told by a waiter that he was obliged to pay quite a sum to obtain his place.

In attending a place of amusement, it strikes an American oddly to see a class of persons hawking the bills of the plays, usually at a penny a piece. None are distributed gratuitously. Some times, if the bills are sold in the house, a larger sum is exacted. I suppose this ingenious creation of new trades is in a manner the growth of a superabundant population.

If the tenor of my letter thus far may be regarded as derogatory to our English brethren, let me, as an offset, acknowledge that London is much better governed than New York. The

police are much more efficient, and are invariably courteous and obliging to strangers who may have occasion to question them. Considering the amount of poverty and vice which so large a city must contain, violent disturbances of the peace are comparatively unfrequent. The police are felt to be the agents of the government, and are respected accordingly. It would be well if our own civil authorities would take a hint from the English. New York ought to be as well governed as London.

CARL CANTAB.

Again, readers may compare Alger's description of English hotels in this essay with references in his fiction. In chapter XX of Bernard Brooks' Adventures, for example, his character Mr. Sturgis offers young readers a bit of travel advice: "There is a comfortable family hotel in Arundel Street, Strand. The charges, including room and board, are only about six shillings per day,

or a dollar and a half in American money. At the Charing Cross they are higher."

#5 Letter from England," New York Sun, 24 Dec 1860, p. 1, col. 2. Reprinted in New York Sun, 5 Jan 1861, p. 8, col. 3. [Labeled "No. VI"]

Lord Palmerston and the Chimney-sweeps—Declining consequence of the Nobility—Eton Hall and the Marquis of Westminster—The Lost Button—Warwick Castle—Modern Comfort and Feudal Luxury.

In a former letter, I had occasion to speak of the different classes of railway carriages in England, and of the absence of false shame, which allows any one to consult his circumstances or inclination in the choice, without any fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say. Apropos of this, I have heard a good anecdote of Lord PALMERSTON, which, I think is well worth recording. It chanced that the noble lord saw fit to purchase a second-class ticket on a certain railway in England. The railway authorities were quite disturbed on learning this, fearing that the example of the minister of state would be imitated too extensively by those who were accustomed to purchase first-class tickets. They engaged the services of two chimney sweeps as travelling companions to Lord PALMERSTON, and furnishing them with tickets, ushered them into the same carriage. The Viscount suddenly found himself vis-a-vis with the two sooty chevaliers, and was not long in guessing what brought them there. But he was by no means disposed to yield the matter here. He who had directed the foreign policy of England was not to be outwitted in diplomaey [sic] by a railway corporation. At the next station he left the train, purchased first class tickets for his sooty companions, and ushered them begrimed as they were into the elegant car to which they were now entitled, and himself resumed his former seat.

The hereditary nobility of England, it is very clear, are losing something of their old prestige. It is necessary to be something more than a duke to fill the public mind. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the present Premier of Great Britain, only holds the fourth or fifth grade of nobility while his influence and consequence exceed that of any duke or earl in the kingdom. A large part of the hereditary nobility content themselves with the care of their extensive estates, and are little more than gentleman farmers on a large scale. Indeed the magnificence in which their wealth enables them to live might well tempt them to forego the laborious path to a separate distinction. I had an opportunity to visit Eton Hall, the country residence of the Marquis of Westminster, reputed to be the finest seat in the kingdom, as its owner is the wealthiest nobleman. A palace seven hundred feet in length stands in the midst of a beautiful park, over whose green sward, beneath the shadow of ancestral trees, wander at will herds of deer and sheep. The beautiful river Dee winds through the grounds, spanned here and there by bridges, one of great cost. Eton Hall is furnished with an elegance corresponding to its exterior decorations. Some of the chairs cost a hundred guineas each. The park is said to be ten miles in length and nearly all the villages bordering upon it are the property of the Marquis. It will perhaps be with difficulty believed that Lord Westminster, whose income is some three million of dollars a year, is yet very penurious in his habits. This, however, is generally known all over England—and many instances are given by those dwelling in his immediate neighborhood. On one occasion, while riding in the park, he suddenly missed a button from his coat. He instantly dismounted, and retraced his course for some distance; till at length he was able to announce with expressions of the liveliest [sic] satisfaction his discovery of the missing article which might have been worth a penny or two. Such a trait might rather have been