



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

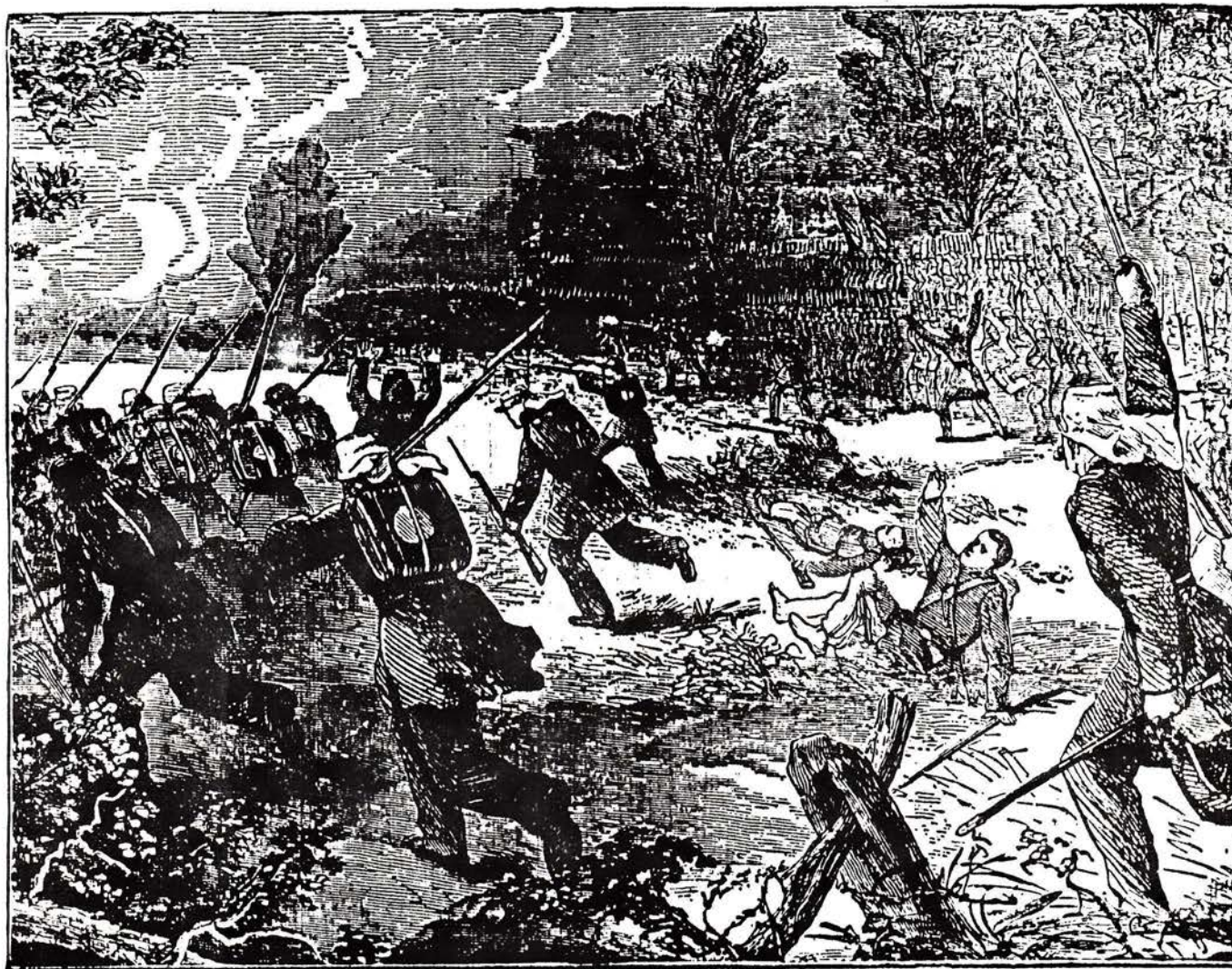
1832 - 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXVI

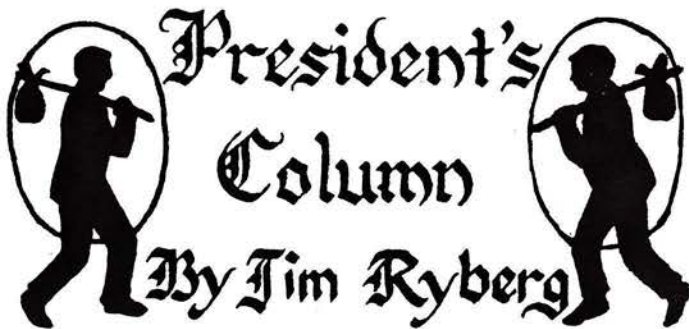
September-October, 1987

Number 2



BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN.

Read the original story from which Alger obtained the facts he used in writing the short story, "The Boy Guide of Rich Mountain; A Story of West Virginia," one of six appearing in the latest Westgard Gold Signature miniature, THE YOUNG PATRIOTS: Six Brave Boys in The Civil War. See pages 44 to 46.



President's Column

By Jim Ryberg

In the summertime when temperatures hover around 100°, I spend much more time inside with my books than during the rest of the year. It's about this time each year that I look sadly at those volumes which are yellowing and falling apart despite the delicate care and air-conditioning bestowed upon them. Unfortunately, there's not too much that can be done to preserve them without taking drastic steps.

The problem is the high acid content found in the paper of these books. Beginning in the mid 19th century, paper was made more cheaply by increasing the acid content. However, that higher acid content found in many of our beloved Alger books is causing them to literally crumble apart. The solutions are few. One method of preserving the high-acid paper is to lay sheets of conservation paper between the pages of the book. A firm called University Products, Inc., Box 101, South Canal St., Holyoke, MA 01041, sells this product and many other items a serious book collector may need. Acid free folders, mylar protector bags, newspaper envelopes, ephemera display binders, and a treasure of other items are listed in their current catalog. The company has a 100% money-back guarantee, and a toll-free number: 800 628-1912.

A second method of preservation is to deacidify the book by placing it in a chamber which enables the conservator to surround the book with a gas which neu-

tralizes the acid. This process was developed by the Library of Congress, and in 1988 they will begin preserving disintegrating books in a plant being built in Maryland for their own exclusive use.

Mike Saavedra, PF-788, writes that he is interested in buying copies of *Student and Schoolmate*, 1867-1875. He adds that he "finally got to read all six of the Ragged Dick Series in order."

Jerry Friedland (now Grandpa Jerry) reports the birth of his granddaughter, Courtney. He is also pleased to note that he has obtained a copy of POPPY OTT AND THE MONKEY'S PAW.

Louis Bodnar, Jr., PF-490, an avid reader of *Newsboy*, writes that he is "glad to know that everyone had a nice time at the 1987 Horatio Alger Society Convention." Louis is now 74, and although confined to a wheelchair in a nursing home, still has time to write encouraging letters to The Horatio Alger Society President.

Executive Secretary Carl T. Hartmann sent me a note which I'd like to share with you. "The cost of *Newsboy* per member per year is \$21.30 without postage, and that adds an additional \$5.40 per year." Therefore, the total cost per member is \$26.70 for a year of *Newsboy*, which is only partially paid by our very modest membership dues.

Now you can understand why everyone's donation to our Annual Auction is so very important. We just couldn't produce a high quality magazine such as *Newsboy* without supplementary funds generated by the sale of items in the auction, and the monetary donations from other generous members. Start now to look for items to donate to the 1988 auction, and send them to next year's host, Frank Jaques, Box 130, Ada, OK 74820.

Thanks for your kind words and support.

Best wishes, Jim

930 Bayland, Houston, TX 77009-6505
713 864-0452

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY — 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. Founded by Forrest Campbell and Kenneth B. Butler. OFFICERS: President, Jim Ryberg; Vice-president, George Owens; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, John Juvinall, Glenn Corcoran, Edward T. LeBlanc, Bob Sawyer, Owen Cobb, Bill McCord, Frank Jaques, Will Wright, Paul Miller; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett, Max Goldberg. NEWSBOY, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership Applications, Renewals, Changes of Address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page, \$9.00; column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 4473 Janice Marie Blvd., Enchanted Acres, Columbus, OH 43207. THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current definitive authority on Alger's works. Send articles for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S.W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33426.

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBERS

PF-788 E. Michael Sanchez-Saavedra
3517 Moss Side Ave.
Richmond, VA 23222

Michael is a computer programmer, age 40, who is interested in dime novels, ancient and medieval numismatics, military history, photography, and everything about Horatio Alger. He has 53 Alger titles, and has been collecting since the age of 10, when he found his first one in a Greenwich Village secondhand bookshop. He also has taken advantage of the chance to obtain all available back issues of *Newsboy*, and has a lot to catch up on in the Society. Welcome aboard!

PF-789 Elmer N. Olson
2615 Park Ave., 503
Minneapolis, MN 55407

Elmer is a retired merchant, age 88, and has been reading Alger books since 1909. He thoroughly enjoys reading them, having done so three or four times. He has 120 titles in his collection, and is also interested in postcards and memorial badges. 612 872-2319. He learned about the Society from an article appearing in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

PF-790 Eugene P. Bartlett
90366 Shadows Dr.
Springfield, OR 97478

Eugene owns a bookstore, is 54, and has 100 titles. He wants to eventually have a complete set, and hopes to upgrade his collection to first editions and copies in better condition. His other interests include; Stratemeyer, Pease, classic movies, old radio programs, music of the 30s and 40s, any good clean comedy recordings, and spectator sports. His phone is 503 746-5084. He knew of the Society for years, but didn't know how to contact us. When he joined he also got a set of back issues of *Newsboy*.

PF-791 Todd Postol
22 Davis Ave.
Point Jefferson Station, NY 11776

Todd is a graduate student, working on

his Ph.D. in American Social History, and has undertaken a study of newsboys and newscarriers for the period of 1890 to 1950. He learned of the Society through Louise Kent-Boyd, and is another member who recognized a good bargain when he ordered a set of available back issues of *Newsboy* at the same time as he sent in his membership. Phone: 516 473-5281. He attended the Monticello Meeting, and was able to add to his knowledge of newsboys by obtaining several needed volumes.

PF-792 Lydia Cushman Schurman
3215 N. 22nd St.
Arlington, VA 22201

Lydia is a professor of composition and American literature, 58, and is writing a book on the dime novel publishing world of 1860 to 1915. Phone: 703 524-9338. She learned of the Society from Gil O'Gara.

PF-793 James Morrison

PF-794 Richard P. Williams

Your Editor has no information on the two new members shown above, and hopes they will send information about themselves to the address shown at the bottom of page 42.

PF-795 Edwin P. Geauque (jay-oak)
138 Baxter Ave. (June thru Sept.)
Hyannis, MA 02601
2609 NE 29th Ct. (Oct. thru May)
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33306

Edwin, 86, is a publisher of both regular and miniature books, which he has produced since 1946. Among his many available titles is *THE REALIST*, by Joseph C. Lincoln, the Cape Cod author who was born in Brewster just four years after Horatio left that town and the Unitarian ministry behind. Edwin's edition of this story measures just 2-3/4" x 2", is hardbound and slipcased. He learned of the Society from Gilbert K. Westgard II.

PF-796 Wayne Jurgensen
107 E. Orin St. P.O. Box 123
Gays Mills, WI 54631

Wayne, 48, is a science and computer teacher with 62 different Alger titles (110 total) in his collection. Other interests include; photography, travel, computer programming, and model trains. He is interested in owning every title, and admires the covers of A. L. Burt. As a small child he found a copy of THE YOUNG SALESMAN in the attic, read it, and has loved Alger since that encounter. He learned of the Society from the Wise Old Owl Bookstore, Lake Delton, WI. His phone is 608 735-4414.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-067 Ed Mattson
302 E, Joppa Rd. — 1112
Towson, MD 21204

PF-455 Robert E. Sawyer
4473 Janice Marie Blvd.
Enchanted Acres
Columbus, OH 43207
614 491-5569

PF-598 J. Randolph Cox
10331 Decker Ave., Rt. 5, Box 10
Northfield, MN 55057

* * *

IN MEMORIAM — PAUL HOUSE

Word was received of the death of Paul House, PF-099, just a few days prior to the Monticello Meeting. He was born in October, 1912, and was 74½ years of age, attended Carbondale Teachers College, and Brown Business College. For 32 years he worked as an employee of the Government, and served first as vice-president, and later as president of his union. In 1965 he attended our first convention, the Mendota Affair, and was the host of the 9th Annual Convention, held in Indianapolis, in 1973. He was present at 11 of our conventions.

HORATIO'S O.K. - APRIL 28 - MAY 1
FRANK JAQUES — HOST
Box 130
Ada, OK 74820

Viola James, PF-165, writes: *I am very active for my age — 90 on July 11 — and enjoy reading Newsboy. However, you can see why I do not attend the yearly conventions. I can read about them tho! Best wishes for a successful year.*

* * *

ALGER'S SOURCE FOR
"THE BOY GUIDE OF RICH MOUNTAIN;
A Story of West Virginia,"
HAS BEEN FOUND
by Gilbert K. Westgard II

Of the six stories which form THE YOUNG PATRIOTS: Six Brave Boys in The Civil War, Alger only identified his source for "The Boy Guide of Rich Mountain." He said, "The reader may be assured that this story is strictly true. The writer is indebted for the facts, and, in part, for the words used by the characters to Frank Moore's ANECDOTES, POETRY AND INCIDENTS OF THE WAR." This work, a large volume of 560 pages, which includes Alger's poem, "Song of The Croaker," was a subscription book, "Printed For The Subscribers" just a year after Lee's surrender. It was later reissued as THE CIVIL WAR IN SONG AND STORY, by the publishing firm of P. F. Collier in 1889. You are invited to compare the following with the story as retold by Horatio Alger, Jr., on pages 76 to 100 of THE YOUNG PATRIOTS.

YOUNG HART THE GUIDE

Rich Mountain is famous as the scene where the first decisive battle was fought in West Virginia, between Gen. McClellan and Gen. Garnett.

Rich Mountain range, as it is sometimes called, is in Randolph County, sixty miles from Glenville, one hundred miles from Parkersburg, and twelve miles from Beverly, the county seat of Randolph County. It is long, narrow, and high; and except the summit, whereon is Mr. Hart's farm, it is covered with timber densely, save a narrow strip on one side, which is thickly covered with laurel. The Parkersburg and Staunton Pike winds round the mountain, and passes, by the heads of ravines, directly over its top. The soil is black and rich, differing from that of all adjacent mountains, and it is from this circumstance that its

name is derived.

The topographical formation of the mountain top is admirably adapted for the erection of strong military defences; and on this account Gen. Garnett had selected it as a stronghold for his army. He had erected formidable fortifications, rendering an attack fatal to the assailing party, on the *road* leading up the mountain, which was deemed the only route by which the enemy could possibly reach his position. Gen. McClellan was advancing with an army of five thousand men from Clarksburg, on the Parkersburg and Staunton Turnpike, intending to attack Garnett early in the morning where his works crossed the road, not deeming any *other* route up the mountain practicable. Had he carried his plan into execution, subsequent examination showed that no earthly power could have saved him and his army from certain defeat. The mountain was steep in front of the fortifications; reconnoissance, except in force, was impossible; and McClellan had determined to risk a battle directly on the road, where Garnett, without McClellan's knowledge, had rendered his defences impervious to any power that man could bring against him.

Mr. Hart, whose farm is on the mountain, was a Union man, knew the ground occupied by Garnett, and had carefully examined his fortifications on the road coming up the mountain. Hearing that McClellan was advancing, and fearing that he might attempt to scale the works at the road, he sent his little son, Joseph Hart, in the night, to meet McClellan and inform him of the situation of affairs on the mountain. Joseph, being but a boy, got through the rebel lines without difficulty, and travelling the rest of the night and part of the following day, reached the advanced guard of the Union army, informed them of the object of his coming, and was taken, under guard, to the General's quarters. Young as he was, the Federal commander looked upon him with suspicion. He questioned him closely. Joseph related in simple language all his father had told him of Garnett's position, the number of his force, the character of his works, and the impossibility of successfully attacking him on the mountain in the direction he pro-

posed. The General listened attentively to his simple story, occasionally interrupting him with: "Tell the truth, my boy." At each interruption Joseph earnestly but quietly would reply: "I *am* telling you the truth, General." "But," says the latter, "do you know, if you are not, you will be shot as a spy?" "I *am willing* to be shot if all I say is not true," gently responded Joseph. "Well," says the General, after being satisfied of the entire honesty of his little visitor, "if I cannot go up the mountain by the road, in what way am I to go up?" Joseph, who now saw that he was believed, from the manner of his interrogator, said there was a way up the *other* side, leaving the turnpike just at the foot, and going round the base to where the laurel was. There was no road there, and the mountain was very steep; but *he* had been up there: there were but few trees standing, and none fallen down to be in the way. The laurel was very thick up the side of the mountain, and the top matted together so closely that a man could walk on the tops. The last statement of Joseph once more awakened a slight suspicion of Gen. McClellan, who said sharply, "Do you say men can walk on the *tops* of the laurel?" "Yes sir," said Joseph. "Do you think my army can go up the mountain, over the tops of the laurel?" "No, sir," promptly answered Joseph; "but *I* have done so, and a man *might*, if he would walk slowly and had nothing to carry." "But, my boy, don't you see, I have a great many men, and horses, and cannon to take up, and how do you think we could get up over that laurel?" "The trees are small; they are so small you can cut them down, without making any noise, with knives and hatchets; and they will not know on the top of the mountain what you are doing or when you are coming," promptly and respectfully answered Joseph, who was now really to be the leader of the little army that was to decide the political destiny of West Virginia.

The Federal commander was satisfied with this; and although he had marched all day, and intended that night to take the easy way up the mountain by the road, he immediately changed his plan of attack, and suddenly the army of the Union were

moving away in the direction pointed out by Joseph Hart. When they came to the foot of the mountain, they left the smooth and easy track of the turnpike, and with difficulty wound round the broad base of the mountain, through ravines and ugly gorges, to the point indicated by the little guide. Here the army halted. McClellan and some of his staff, with Joseph, proceeded to examine the nature of the ground, and the superincumbent laurel covering the mountain from its base to its summit. All was precisely as Joseph had described it in the chief's tent on the Staunton Pike; and the quick eye of the hero of Rich Mountain saw at a glance the feasibility of the attack. It was past midnight when the army reached the foot of the mountain. Though floating clouds hid the stars, the night was not entirely dark, and more than a thousand knives and hatchets were soon busy clearing away the marvelous laurel. Silence reigned throughout the lines, save the sharp click of the small blades and the rustle of the falling laurel. Before daybreak the narrow and precipitous way was cleared, and the work of ascending commenced. The horses were tied at the foot of the mountain. The artillery horses were taken from the carriages. One by one the cannon were taken up the rough and steep side of the mountain by hand, and left within a short distance of the top, in such a situation as to be readily moved forward when the moment of attack should arrive. The main army then commenced the march up by companies, many falling down, but suddenly recovering their places. The ascent was a slow and tedious one. The way was winding and a full mile. But before daybreak all was ready, and the Yankee cannon were booming upon and over the enemy's works, nearly in his rear, at an unexpected moment, and from an entirely unexpected quarter. They were *thunder* struck, as well as struck by shell and canister. They did the best they could by a feeble resistance, and fled precipitately down the mountain, pursued by the Federals to Cheat River, where the brave Garnett was killed. Two hundred fell on the mountain, and are buried by the side of the turnpike, with no other sign of the field of interment than a long indentation made

by the sinking down of the earth in the line where the bodies lie.



THE YOUNG PATRIOTS:
Six Brave Boys in The Civil War
by
Horatio Alger, Jr.
Illustrated by Felix O. C. Darley
Published by
Gilbert K. Westgard II
1001 S. W. 5th Court
Boynton Beach, FL 33426
154 pages — \$24.00
(Available in October)

This volume contains all six of Alger's Civil War tales written for the *New York Weekly*, from February 6 to March 13, 1882: The Boy Scout; A Brave Irish Boy; The Boy Substitute; The Boy Guide of Rich Mountain; Johnny Wilson; and A Street Arab at the Seat of War in 1861. Each story tells of a boy's heroism in helping to save the Union. Done in the best Alger tradition!

* * *

Compare the following with ROBERT LAWSON, and THE NEW SCHOOLMA'AM.

OUR MINISTER'S DONATION PARTY

by

Olive Augusta Alger Cheney

Three months ago, our minister called a meeting of the church, and told 'em they must raise his salary if they wanted to keep him, for as for supportin' a wife and six children on five hundred dollars a year when flour was fourteen dollars a barrel, and other things in proportion, was more'n he could do. Of course it made a great talk in the parish. Mrs. Squire Jones, whose husband is wuth thirty thousand dollars, and spends fifteen hundred a year on a family of four, thought the minister's wife must be dreadful extravagant. "Why," says she, "five hundred dollars a year is a little more'n a dollar'n a half a day the year round, taking out Sundays, of course."

"Why do you take out Sundays?" says I. "Don't the minister's family want something to eat Sundays as well as other days?"

"O, well," says she, "people in ginerall don't earn anything Sundays, so I count that out."

"Wal," says I, "the minister don't get anything for any other day. What did you pay the carpenter when he was workin' for you, last spring?"

"Three dollars a day," says she.

"But you think half of that is enough for the minister."

"I don't know about that," says she, "but it's my mind that the minister's wife is dreadful shiftless."

Wal, the long and the short of it was that the parish wouldn't raise the minister's salary, but they voted to give him a donation party.

Poor Mr. Bates, that's our minister's name, looked rather blue, when he heard how the meetin' had turned out, but the people all felt that he orter be thankful that they were goin' to do so much for him.

Nothing was heard of for a fortnight but the donation party, and finally it come off. I am goin' to tell you all about it.

I told Mr. Brigham, that's my husband, that I'd go over early and see if I couldn't help the minister's wife a little. It was to be early in the evening, you

know. People expected to get their suppers at the parson's, so the provisions that was brought in was laid on a table in the dinin' room.

The donations didn't come in very valuable at first. There was Mrs. Fletcher come in with a fat, shapeless pincushion covered with calico, and with a sweet smile offers it to the minister's wife—and says she—

"It isn't much, my dear Mrs. Bates, but it's the widder's mite."

Mrs. Bates tried to look pleased, but it was hard work when she considered that Mrs. Fletcher had a larger income to support herself than Mr. Bates for his whole family.

Next come Mrs. Cutter with three stout hearty boys. I heard afterwards that she wouldn't let 'em get any supper at home because she wanted 'em to have a good appetite for eating at the minister's. Wal they did—I never saw boys eat so as if they was on the verge of starvation, afore. And what do you think Mrs. Cutter brought? She brought a thin pumpkin pie, and a pound of coarse damp brown sugar done up in a paper. No there wasn't a pound either, for William Cutter who brung it was pickin' out the lumps through a hole in the paper, all the way. When them boys was eatin' the minister whispered to me, and says he, "a few more donations like Mrs. Cutter's would ruin me," and I railly believe he was right.

Wal the next donation was a little better. It was twelve yards of calico for a dress pattern for Mrs. Bates. And who do you think it came from? From one of the poorest families in the parish. For generosity and means don't go together, not by no manner of means.

Mrs. Squire Jones came next—wuth thirty thousand dollars, as I told you afore. She brought a couple of pies and a dollar for the minister to buy books with.

"How many books do you expect I can get for a dollar, Mrs. Brigham?" says the minister in a low voice to me.

"Well," said I in a whisper, "I expect you might get a Primer and a Mother Goose's Melodies, which would be a great help to you in your studies."

This made the minister laugh. I was glad to see it, for he didn't feel much

like laughin' the rest of the time.

Mrs. Marigold come next with two tall girls. She brought a peck of Indian meal and a string of sausages.

"They ain't ornamental, my dear Mrs. Bates," she whispered with a very self-satisfied expression, "but I guess they'll be useful. My husband perfectly dotes on sausages. We've just had a pig killed, and he says to me, 'you can't make your good minister's wife a more acceptable present than a string of sausages.' And the meal, in the present high price of flour, will come in play. It was some we had left over after the pig was killed."

Next come Ezekiel Tiffany with his present. He's a mason with a large family to support, and ain't over rich, but he gave the minister a five dollar bill, sayin' he knew money was more acceptable than anything else in these hard times. The minister shook his hand warmly, and looked a little cheered up.

Next came the Widder Simmons with a needle-book for Mrs. Bates.

The widder is well off and saved up two hundred dollars last year off her income.

"That needle-book will be a great help to me in supportin' my family, Mrs. Brigham," says the minister to me slyly.

"How dy do, Mr. Bates?" said Abijah Atwood, a well-off farmer. It's your benefit night ain't it? Expect you'll feel quite rich when you get through. I've brought you three or four pumpkins and a peck of potatoes to help ye along. Guess it's a pretty good thing to be a minister."

"Yes, very," said Mr. Bates, drily. "At this rate I shall be able to retire soon."

Next come Mrs. Sweetser with a pair of stockings for the minister. I guess yarn was scarce when them stockings was knit. They was about big enough for the minister's second boy.

Next come Mrs. Lafayette Talbot with a loaf of gingerbread that was so tough and sour, I couldn't eat it for one, and an old shop-worn copy of the Pilgrim's Progress that she bought in Cornhill for twenty-five cents.

"Don't you wish you was a minister's wife?" said Mrs. Bates in a whisper.

"I think it's a plaguey shame," says I, "that people are so stingy. They'd better have staid away and not pretend to give

anything."

"I wish they had," said Mrs. Bates.

Here come up Mr. Newcome, the tailor's wife, (they didn't belong to the society), and gave the minister ten dollars worth of cloth to make up for the boys.

"It's gist those that you don't expect to give, that give the most," says I.

"So it is," said the minister. "But here comes Mrs. Onthank. What has she got, I wonder?"

Mrs. Onthank is the wife of one of our richest men.

"Mr. Bates," says she with a smile, "I've been netting you a purse. I hope you'll like it."

"Mrs. Onthank," says I, as she handed him a green silk purse, "no doubt you have made it more acceptable by puttin' a five or ten dollar bill in it."

"Lor, Mrs. Brigham," said she coloring a little, "how witty you are."

"Thank you," says I, "my wit is only equalled by your generosity."

With that she got mad and went off.

Wal, about nine o'clock the table was spread and the people went to eatin'. They was all gifted with an amazin' good appetite, I can tell ye, and ate up everything that was brought in. In the midst of it all, one of Mrs. Cutter's big boys let fall an oil lamp on the parlor carpet, and spiled it. The carpet was the best they had, and Mrs. Bates looked pretty blue when she saw the lamp fall.

That wasn't all the accidents. One of the other boys was throwin' a nut at one of his brothers, and hit the parlor look-in'-glass—a present from Mrs. Bates' mother when they was married—and broke it.

Says I to Mrs. Cutter, "You'd orter pay for the damage done to the carpet by your Joshua."

"O lor," says she, "that would be bright. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. We must expect 'em."

Says I, "Do you call your family one of the best regulated?"

Says she, "I didn't come here to be insulted."

Well I waited till they was all gone, and helped the minister to take account of stock.

1. There was the eatables. They was all gone.

2. There was pincushions and needle-books enough to supply the whole family.

3. There was a few books of no great account.

4. There was miscellaneous articles wuth about fifteen dollars.

5. There was about twenty-five dollars in money, which was about half the cost of the ruined carpet and broken glass.

"I'm a little worse off than I was before the donation party," said the minister sadly.

"I hain't given you my present yet," says I. "Mr. Brigham and I ain't rich, but I guess we kin afford this," and I give him a fifty dollar bill.

"O," said he, "Mrs. Brigham, if all was as considerate as you, I should get along well. Perhaps the people would have done better if they had known that this very day I got an offer to take a high school at Bentonville with a salary of a thousand dollars a year."

"You have!" said I. "Wal I'm glad of it. Of course you'll go."

"I shall have to," said he. "As long as people are willing their ministers should starve they must expect to lose 'em."

When the people heard that Mr. Bates was goin', they thought it very strange just after he'd received such a lift in the shape of a donation party. They semed to think he was mercenary, and said it was sinful that ministers should han-ker so arter the riches of this world.

There's some curus folks in the world.

* * *

CORRECTIONS

Evelyn Grebel, PF-318, Abilene, TX, has attended nine conventions: 72-73-74-75-76-77-78-83-86. She was accidentally left out of the statistics on page 10 of our July-August issue.

Bill Gowen, PF-706, Mundelein, IL, has been to three conventions: 83-84-87. He was listed as attending two conventions under the name Bill, and one as William.

* * *

Our Annual Auction helps to defray the expenses of the Society that would otherwise have to be financed by higher dues. What can you contribute for next year?

SONG OF THE CROAKER

by

Horatio Alger, Jr.

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp.

In a dismal kind of way;

And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.

Croak, croak, croak,

When darkness filled the air,

And croak, croak, croak,

When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foeman's power is broke."

But he only turned a greener hue,

And answered with a croak.

Croak, croak, croak,

When the clouds are dark and dun,

And croak, croak, croak,

In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of right
Are driving the hosts of wrong."

But he gave his head an ominous shake,

And croaked out, "*Nous verrons!*"

Croak, croak, croak,

Till the heart is full of gloom,

And croak, croak, croak,

Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life,

By always dreading the worst,

Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp,

And the happiest life accursed.

Croak, croak, croak,

When the noontide sun rides high,

And croak, croak, croak,

Lest the night come by and by.

Farewell to the dismal frog;

Let him croak as loud as he may,

He cannot blot the sun from heaven,

Nor hinder the march of day,

Though he croak, croak, croak,

Till the heart is full of gloom,

And croak, croak, croak,

Till the world seems but a tomb.

* * *

The following material was sent to the Editor by Jack Bales, PF-258.

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Reprinted from:

the LEDGER

economic education newsletter

A Horatio Alger Story

Economic education has become quite sophisticated. States mandate it, organizations facilitate it, and large corporations underwrite it. We use multi-media packages, slide-tape presentations, video-cassettes, audiocassettes, and a host of other innovations to teach students how the American economic system functions.

But from 1870 to 1920 (give or take a few years), economic education could be summed up in two words — Horatio Alger. Alger gained tremendous popularity as the author of books and stories that purported to teach American boys how to attain prosperity and respectability. The following article takes a brief look at the Horatio Alger phenomenon.

(Please note that the use of the word "boys" in this article is not intended as a slight against girls or women. Alger wrote primarily for schoolboys, and he wrote during a period in history when women were pretty much excluded from public life. That's something to keep in mind the next time you get nostalgic for "the good old days.")

You don't hear very much about Horatio Alger anymore. Today's journalists seldom invoke his name, and literary critics scorn his work. Present-day readers rarely, if ever, spend money for his books; adventurous souls who try to read his stories usually give up after a few pages. Yet Horatio Alger (1832-1899) was once one of America's most popular and influential writers.

Born the son of a Massachusetts Unitarian minister, Alger followed in his father's footsteps, earned a degree from Harvard Divinity School, and accepted a pulpit in Brewster, Massachusetts. He soon abandoned the ministry, however, to pursue a literary career in New York, and before long he won considerable fame as a writer of boys'



Ragged Dick

fiction. His books sold millions of copies, and his philosophy profoundly influenced popular American thought during the fifty-year period following the Civil War.

One reason for Alger's tremendous popularity is that he wrote what Americans of the late 19th century wanted to read. His stories stated and restated the widely-held belief that poverty was no barrier to success in America's fluid society. His words reinforced the popular notion that any American boy, no matter how poor, could rise in the world and achieve success. In short, Horatio Alger wrote rags-to-riches fables with a distinctly American twist.

His stories were a mixture of fable, how-to-do-it book, and economic education, and each story generally followed the same formula. Almost invariably, a poor boy eager for financial success had to: 1) overcome a particular weakness or form of temptation, and 2) triumph over a villainous rich man and/or the villainous rich man's malign son. There was never any doubt, however, that the hero would prevail through hard work, courage, strength of character, and good fortune. (Good fortune usually came in the form of a helpful businessman.)

Alger's first major triumph, *Ragged Dick*, chronicles the transformation of a New York street waif from "Ragged Dick" to "Richard Hunter, esq.," and it typifies the author's message and style. At the story's outset, Dick Hunter works as a bootblack, frequents gambling establishments, lives by his wits, and sleeps on the street in "a wooden box half full of straw." As the story progresses, he encounters a series of characters who, for better or worse, have a major impact on his life. One such character is Mr. Whitney, a benevolent businessman who gives Dick a piece of advice that expresses a basic tenet of Horatio Alger's philosophy. "I hope my lad," Mr. Whitney said, "you will prosper and rise in the world. You know in this free country poverty is no bar to a man's advancement." By the time the story closes, Dick Hunter is well on his way to respectability and financial success.

Subsequent stories followed the same basic formula, but Alger's readers never seemed to mind. Many seemed to believe that his stories offered a prescription for success, and they eagerly awaited each new release. Schoolboys, in particu-

lar, felt that success would be theirs if they lived according to the philosophy set forth in such stories as *Ragged Dick*.

Adding to Alger's popularity was the simplicity of his message. Material prosperity was the clearest measure of success. His heroes aspired to own property and enjoy "the finer things," and most of his readers had similar aspirations.

Wealth, however, was never the sole measure of success. Character and compassion usually differentiated a successful hero from a wealthy villain. This earned Alger the wholehearted approval of clergymen, educators, and other adults eager to instill the "proper values" in America's young people.

Few American writers have been more influential than Horatio Alger, but by the 1920s his influence and popularity had begun to wain. The public seemed to tire of his message and his writing style. In the words of Alger biographer Edwin Hoyt:

The Alger books are strong medicine; they cannot be taken too often or too many at a time. The reader who can get through three of them without stopping has his head awl with wicked squires; wicked squires' sons; evil poorhouse managers; street boys; sweet and ineffectual mothers; dying fathers; strong, manly, robust heroes; delicate flowers of girls; evil roisterers and other bad companions; friendly, firm, helpful businessmen; and the rich, rich, rich.

Nowadays, it's pretty easy to belittle Alger's style and dismiss him as a minor writer. The clichés and the melodrama seem so unsophisticated and so old-fashioned. But changes in literary style and taste don't completely explain Horatio Alger's fall from favor.

Perhaps a more compelling explanation is that Alger's message seems particularly ill-suited to modern times. He wrote about "self-made men" who "pulled themselves up by their bootstraps" and "struggled their way up from the streets."

Over the years, however, the emergence of big government, big business, big labor, and big universities has made the "self-made man" something of an anachronism. A "safety net" of government programs now aids the poor, researchers in university laborato-

ries have all but replaced independent inventors, big government and big business provide safe havens for bureaucrats and managers, and labor unions offer their members a certain degree of job security. With all the changes that have taken place and with all the options now open to people, being a "self-made man" just isn't as appealing as it used to be.

Nevertheless, some observers claim the "self-made man" is making a comeback in the guise of that 1980s hero, the entrepreneur. And to a certain extent they are right. Today's entrepreneurs possess quite a few of the qualities exhibited by Horatio Alger's heroes. Many display independence, courage, dedication to hard work, and strength of character. Some even owe their success to being in the right place at the right time. (Remember! Good fortune always figured prominently in a Horatio Alger story.) But make no mistake about it, a 1980s entrepreneur is not the same as an 1880s self-made man. Whereas most of Alger's self-made men struggled their way up from streets of poverty-stricken neighborhoods, many entrepreneurs have "struggled" their way up from the streets of middle-class suburbs. More than a few have even gone to college. You'd have to look long and hard to find an Alger hero who had done that!

Then, too, the world is a less innocent place than it was when Horatio Alger wrote his stories. (Not that it was all that innocent back then.) It's difficult to imagine today's pre-adolescent boys and girls believing in heroes who succeed through "luck, pluck, and courage." One even wonders how many young people still believe that "in this free country poverty is no bar to a man's advancement." (If you're a teacher, ask your students what they think.)

Yet for all the changes that have taken place, there's still no escaping Horatio Alger's influence. Think about it for a minute. Maybe you are a student about to begin your first summer job, or perhaps you are about to embark on your chosen career. In either case, you may be thinking to yourself, "If I work hard, if I meet the right people, if I'm lucky" That's Horatio Alger's influence still at work. The world may have changed, but the dream hasn't died.

SEARCHING FOR "RICH AS CRÆSUS" AND PROBLEMS WITH PENN

by
Gilbert K. Westgard II

The use of cheap reprint editions as sources for Alger quotations by those who are engaged in serious research is a practice that should be avoided. It tends to bring into question the reliability and scholarship of those who engage in this practice.

A year ago I was checking the sources of footnotes that for the most part used cheap reprints as sources, and changing them to show where the material could be found in a first edition or any reprint made from stereotypes of the original, when I found mention of the phrase, "rich as Cræsus" as an example of Alger's large vocabulary. It was cited as appearing in *MAKING HIS WAY*. This story appeared under this title when serialized, but when it came out as a book from Penn, in 1902, it bore the changed title *THE WORLD BEFORE HIM*. A hasty search failed to find the phrase, as did a cover-to-cover reading of the Penn volume. Thinking it might be found in one of the dozen or so other books listed in the bibliography, I read all of them, but failed to find the phrase. Finally, I read *MAKING HIS WAY*, and found the phrase, but the story seemed somehow different from what I remembered from the Penn edition. A side-by-side comparison revealed major differences, and comparison with the serial showed Penn to be changed, as the following will show:

MAKING HIS WAY, A. L. Burt, no date.

About the middle of the next week, as Frank was taking a walk after school hours, he was considerably surprised to see Mark come out of a well-known liquor saloon frequented by men and boys of intemperate habits. 86:5

The students of Bridgeville Academy were strictly forbidden this or any other saloon, and I am sure that my boy readers will agree with me that this rule was a very proper one. 86:6

Mark Manning appeared to have been drinking. His face was flushed, and his breath, if one came near enough to him, was redolent of the fumes of alcohol. With him was James Carson, one of the poorest scholars and most unprincipled boys in the academy. It was rather surprising that he had managed for so long to retain his position in the institution, but he was crafty and took good care not to be caught. 87:1

To go back a little, it was chiefly owing to James Carson's influence that Mark had entered the saloon. 87:2

...by this time they were in front of the saloon, which, besides a bar, contained a billiard and pool table—"suppose now we go in and have a game of billiards." 88:10

Mark did not make very strong opposition, and the two boys, first looking cautiously in different directions, entered the saloon. 89:8

Toward the entrance was a bar, and in the rear of the saloon were two tables. 89:9

"Won't you have a drink, Mark?" asked James. 89:10

Mark hesitated. 89:11

"Oh, come now, it won't hurt. Two glasses of whisky, John." 89:12

"All right, Mr. Carson," said the bar-keeper, to whom James was well known. 89:13

THE WORLD BEFORE HIM, Penn, 1902.

About the middle of the next week, as Frank was taking a walk after school hours, he was considerably surprised to see Mark come out of a well-known billiard room, frequented by men and boys of idle habits. 112:5

The students of the Bridgeville Academy were strictly forbidden this or any other such resort, and I am sure that my boy-readers will agree with me that this rule was a very proper one. 113:1

Mark Manning appeared to be excited. His face was flushed, and his breathing rapid.

With him was James Carson, one of the poorest scholars and most unprincipled boys in the academy. It was rather surprising that he had managed for so long to retain his position in the institution, but he was crafty and took good care not to be caught. 113:2

To go back a little, it was chiefly owing to James Carson's influence that Mark had entered the rooms. 113:3

...by this time they were in front of a long low building which contained a billiard and pool table—"suppose now we go in and have a game of billiards." 115:5

Mark did not make very strong opposition, and the two boys, first looking cautiously in different directions, entered the building. 116:4

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

James tossed off his glass with the air of an old drinker, but Mark drank his more slowly. 89:14

(no equivalent)

"There, I know you feel better, Mark." 90:1

(no equivalent)

"Now, John, give me the balls. We'll play a game of billiards." 90:2

"John, give me the balls. We are going to play a game of billiards." 116:5

"Now shall we play for the drinks?" 90:6

"Very well. Now shall we play with the understanding that whichever one loses is to pay for the use of the balls?"

"We have just had a drink." 90:7

"We'll have another." 90:8

(no equivalent)

"Won't that be too much? I don't want to get drunk." 90:9

(no equivalent)

"Two drinks won't do you any harm. Very well. Now let us string for the lead." 90:10

Now let us string for the lead." 117:1

"I think I shall become a good player in time," said Mark, complacently. 91:7

"I think I shall become a good player in time," said Mark, complacently. 118:3

"Yes, and in a very short time. Now," said James, "I have a proposal to make to you." 91:8

"Yes, and in a very short time. Now," went on James, "shall we have another." 118:4

"What is it?" 91:9

(no equivalent)

"We'll bet twenty-five cents on the next game, to give a little interest to it." 91:10

(no equivalent)

Mark had no special scruples against betting, which is only one form of gambling, but he decidedly objected to losing money, so he answered, cautiously: 91:11

(no equivalent)

"What are twenty-five cents, anyway? I expect to lose it, but it will increase the interest of the game." 92:2

"I expect to lose this game, but that will only increase the interest of the game." 118:8

"You beat me, after all," said James, pretending to be much disappointed, "and by five points. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you the same odds, and bet a dollar on the next game. I suppose it's foolish, but I'll risk it!" 92:5

"You beat me, after all," grumbled James, pretending to be much disappointed, "and by five points. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you the same odds, and we will play just one more game. I suppose it's foolish, but I'll risk it." 118:11

His cupidity was excited, and he felt sure of winning the dollar, as he had the twenty-five cents. But James had no idea

His cupidity was excited, and he felt sure of winning this, as he had the previous games. But James had no idea

of playing off now, and he played a better game, as he was well able to do. The result was that Mark was beaten by three points. 92:7

He had four games to pay for and two dollars in bets, and it made rather an expensive afternoon. 92:13

"Have another drink? I'll treat," said James, who could afford to be liberal. 93:1

Mark accepted, and then, flushed and excited, he left the saloon, just as Frank came up, as described in the first part of the chapter. On the whole, he was sorry to meet his stepbrother just at this time. 93:2

As Mark left the saloon, he had half decided not to enter it again. He was three dollars out of pocket, and this did not suit him at all. 95:1

The next day James called for Mark, as agreed upon, and again the two boys went to the billiard saloon. The performance of the day before was repeated. 97:3

James Carson, while flattering Mark's poor play, managed to beat in every game but one on which money was staked, and came out the richer by a dollar and a half. 97:4

"Young gentlemen," said the doctor, gravely, "I am informed that you have violated one of the rules of the academy by frequenting a billiard saloon where liquor is sold." 102:3

"Exactly how many times have you been to the saloon?" 103:2

"Did you order anything at the bar?" 103:6

"Yes, sir," said Mark, reluctantly. 103:7

"And I suppose you also played billiards and drank?" 103:10

"In point of fact, I cannot believe that either of you is ignorant of the rule forbidding students to frequent

of playing off now, and he played a better game, as he was well able to do. The result was that Mark was beaten by three points. 119:2

He had four games to pay for, which amounted to two dollars, and this made rather an expensive afternoon. 119:8

(no equivalent)

Mark was flushed and excited as he left the billiard-room just as Frank came up, as described in the first part of the chapter. On the whole, he was sorry to meet his stepbrother just at this time. 119:9

As Mark turned away he had half decided not to enter it again. He was two dollars out of pocket, and this did not suit him at all. 122:2

The next day James called for Mark, as agreed upon, and again the two boys went to the billiard room. The performance of the day before was repeated. 124:8

James Carson, while flattering Mark's poor play, managed to beat in every game but one. 125:1

"Young gentlemen," said the doctor, gravely, "I am informed that you have violated one of the rules of the academy by frequenting a billiard-room." 130:3

"Exactly how many times have you been there?" 131:3

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

"And I suppose you also played billiards?" 131:9

"In point of fact, I cannot believe that either of you is ignorant of the rule forbidding students to frequent

places where liquor is sold. It is hardly necessary for me to defend the propriety of this rule. Intemperance is a fruitful source of vice and crime, and I cannot allow the youth under my charge to form habits of indulgence which may blast all their prospects, and lead to the most ruinous consequences." 103:15

"We didn't drink much," said Mark. 104:1

"I shall not inquire how much you drank. In drinking a single glass, you violated the rule of the school, and I cannot pass over it." 104:2

I should like to call the attention of my young readers to the fact that Frank was now reaping the advantage of the time he had devoted to study and the cultivation of his mind. 225:2

A boy who starts in life with a fair education always stands a better chance than one who is poorly provided in that respect. 225:3

It is true that many of our prominent public men have started with a very scanty supply of book learning, but in most cases it has only transferred the labor of study to their maturer years. 225:4

President Andrew Johnson did not learn to read and write until after he had attained his majority, but he made up his early deficiencies later. 225:5

Abraham Lincoln, when nearly thirty, devoted his leisure hours to mastering the problems in Euclid, and thus trained and strengthened his mental faculties so that he was enabled to grapple with the difficult problems of statesmanship in after years. 226:1

Henry Wilson commenced attending an academy after he had reached the age of twenty-one. 226:2

The fact is, no boy or man can be too well equipped for his life-work. 226:3

I hope my boy readers will not skip the paragraphs above, for they can learn from

places where such games are played. It is hardly necessary for me to defend the propriety of this rule. Extravagance is a fruitful source of vice and crime, and I cannot allow the youth under my charge to form habits of indulgence which may blast all their prospects, and lead to the most ruinous consequences." 132:2

"We didn't play much," said Mark. 132:3

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(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

(no equivalent)

them a useful lesson.

226:4

"There is a tavern, but it's a low place," answered the farmer. "A good deal of liquor is sold there, and Mr. Fairfield, our agent, is one of the most constant patrons of the bar." 263:4

"There's Mr. Fairfield now," said Mr. Hamlin, suddenly, pointing with his whip to a rather tall, stout man, with a red nose and inflamed countenance, who was walking unsteadily along the sidewalk. 266:6

It was still early in the evening when Frank and Mr. Hamlin reached the house of the agent. Had they come five minutes later they would have found him absent. Usually, soon after supper, he made his way to the tavern, where he spent his time and money in a very unprofitable way. 286:1

"Shure, sir, I was scrubbing the paint, when, all at once, there was a little door opened in the wall, and, inside a cupboard like, I saw this paper. I thought it might be something you ought to see, and so I brought it to you, sir." 294:6

"And you did quite right, too, my good woman," I replied. "You must allow me to give you this," and I placed a five-dollar bill in her hand. 294:7

"I was immediately showered with blessings by the grateful woman, who felt at that moment, I dare say, as rich as Croesus, though I doubt whether she ever heard of that gentleman. 295:1

Mark, in Europe, had proved uncontrollable. He had given way to his natural love of drink, and kept late hours and had seriously injured his constitution. In consequence of these excesses, he had contracted a fever, which alarmed his father and induced him to take the first steamer home. 302:2

...he will not cease to remember with pleasure the year in which he was "Making His Way." 307:7

"There is a small one, but it's an untidy place," answered the farmer. "And besides is used as a lounging place for many of the men of the neighborhood, and Mr. Fairfield, our agent, is one of the most constant patrons." 228:4

"There's Mr. Fairfield now!" said Mr. Hamlin, pointing with his whip to a rather tall, stout man, with a red nose and inflamed countenance, who was sauntering along the sidewalk. 332:7

It was still early in the evening when Frank and Mr. Hamlin reached the house of the agent. Had they come five minutes later, they would have found him absent. Usually, soon after supper, he made his way to the hotel, where he spent his time and money in a very unprofitable way. 356:1

"Sure, sir, I was washing the paint, when, all at once, there was a little door opened in the wall, and, inside a cupboard like, I saw this paper. I thought it might be something you ought to see, and so I brought it to you, sir." 366:6

"And you did quite right, too, my good woman—quite right," I replied. 367:1

(no equivalent)

Mark, in Europe, had proved uncontrollable. He had given way to his natural love of extravagance, had kept late hours, and had seriously injured his constitution. In consequence, he had contracted a fever, which alarmed his father and induced him to take the first steamer home. 376:2

...he will not cease to remember with pleasure the year in which he had his own way to make in the world. 383:3

Reprinted from:

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I.—APRIL 1853.—NO. IV.

NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

BUSINESS-STREETS, MERCANTILE BLOCKS, STORES, AND BANKS.

Continued from page 40.

OUR Custom-House in New-York, like that in Philadelphia, is a plain, large, solidly-constructed, and costly building, of white marble, which some people of delicate, æsthetic morals make complaints about, because it resembles a Greek temple. But the resemblance is not so exact that any body need be distressed by it. The Parthenon was only the expanded idea of a log cabin, and we have quite as good a right to an expanded log cabin in New-York as ever they had in Athens, for we have had a good many more of the primitive types of the Greek temple in our country than there ever were in Greece. Our meridian is very nearly the same as that of Athens, and the climatic requirements of both cities are similar. We think it is quite probable that our architects would have planned just such buildings as our so-called Greek Custom-House, if a copy of Stuart and Revett had never crossed the Atlantic, or Athens never existed. Our Custom-House is not so objectionable for being like the Parthenon, as for being unlike it. We do not imagine that Ictinus, the architect of that temple, would complain of his New World descendant for imitating his work, but, for not doing it more accurately. Our Custom-House displays the Greek triglyphs in all their stiffness; but, in place of the ornamental metopes it should have, it has utilitarian panes of plate glass, to let in light upon the "attic cells," where custom-house clerks sit at their mahogany desks. There is a pediment with heavy cornices, guttæ and all, at either end, supported on ponderous fluted pillars; but the tympanums are destitute of sculptures, so

that they look like picture frames hung up without pictures. Perhaps, some of these days, when custom-houses shall be abolished, and this marble building shall be appropriated to a better purpose, the statuary, the metopes, and the polychromatic tints which once beautified the Parthenon, will be supplied. There is room for improvement all round us; and, when the "good time" comes, we dare say our Custom-House will receive its share of attention. In the mean time, we would advise all discontented amateurs of architecture to be tolerant towards our Greek temples, and remember that, if they are not very becoming to the uses for which they were designed, that they are very solid, have cost a good deal of the public money, and are likely to last a long time; and that, if they might have been better, they might also have been worse. Our Custom-House was built under the presidency of General Jackson, who was certainly no Pericles, and could hardly have been expected to build public edifices like him. Besides, Pericles had a Phidias and an Ictinus, as General Jackson had not, to embody and improve his magnificent projects. But the site occupied by our Custom-House has been sanctified by a presence greater than that of Pericles, or any other Greek; it was in the balcony of the old Federal Hall, which stood on this spot, where Washington took his inaugural oath, as first President of the United States, and the pediment of the Custom-House, which now looks like a blank canvas, with a splendid frame, should be filled with sculptures representing this great event in our national history, and



Custom-House.

commemorating the spot which was consecrated by its enactment. The Custom-House stands in a splendid position for the display of a sculptured picture; its portico rears itself boldly up in its snowy magnificence, in front of Broad-street, and is elevated from the surface of Wall-street, on a platform to which you ascend by eighteen marble steps. The two ends on Wall and Pine streets are precisely alike, but the difference of position gives a look of grandeur to the Wall-street end, which the other hardly suggests. The building is entirely isolated, fronting on Wall, Nassau and Pine streets, and having an alley of ten feet on the south side, which separates it from the neighboring buildings. As a piece of masonry, it is doubtless equal to any structure in the world; and, if let alone, will probably endure as long as the Pyramids. It is built entirely of white marble, which was brought from the Berkshire quarries in Massachusetts; and the only wood-work employed in the whole structure is in

the doors. The form of the building is a parallelogram, two hundred feet long, and ninety feet wide; its height is about eighty feet. The pediment at each end is supported by eight fluted columns of white marble, five feet eight inches in diameter, and thirty-two feet high. On each side there are thirteen square pilasters, with windows in the embayed intervals. The interior is divided into a grand rotunda, and numerous offices for the different departments of the Custom-House. The rotunda is sixty feet in diameter; the dome is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, thirty feet high, with capitals of white Italian marble. Under the dome are the desks of the four deputy collectors, and around the sides of the hall are the desks of the entrance and clearance clerks. All the business transacted with the Custom-House must first be begun here, and, in the little room adjoining, where the cashier keeps his desk, nearly two-thirds of the entire revenue of the country is received, and

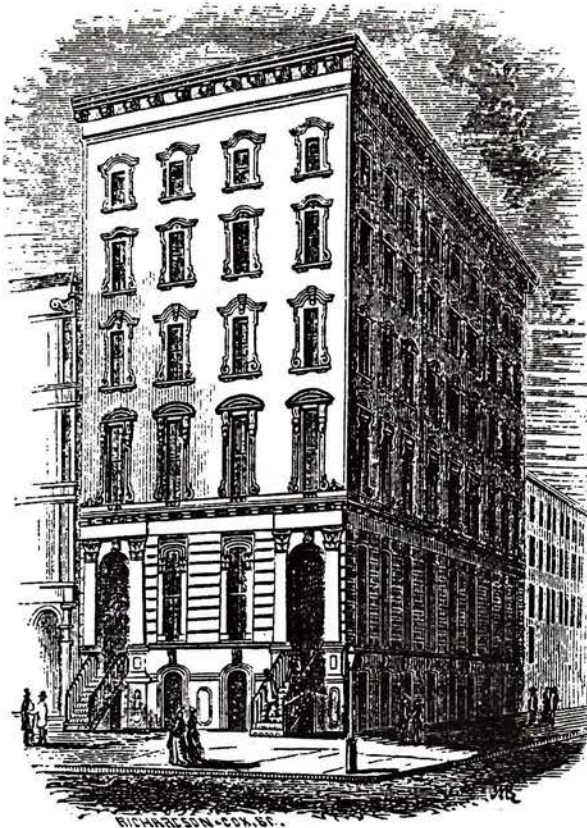
paid over to the Sub-treasurer, whose vaults are in the north-eastern corner of the building. In the crypt are the offices of some of the important subordinate officers; and it is only by a visit to this part of the structure that its solidity and massiveness can be felt. Some of the marble blocks weigh over thirty tons. The roof is of marble: the slabs weigh three hundred pounds each, and overlap each other eight inches. The building was commenced in May, 1834, and completed in the same month in 1841. The cost, including the lot, was \$1,195,000; the building alone cost \$950,000.

Emerson says in one of his poems—

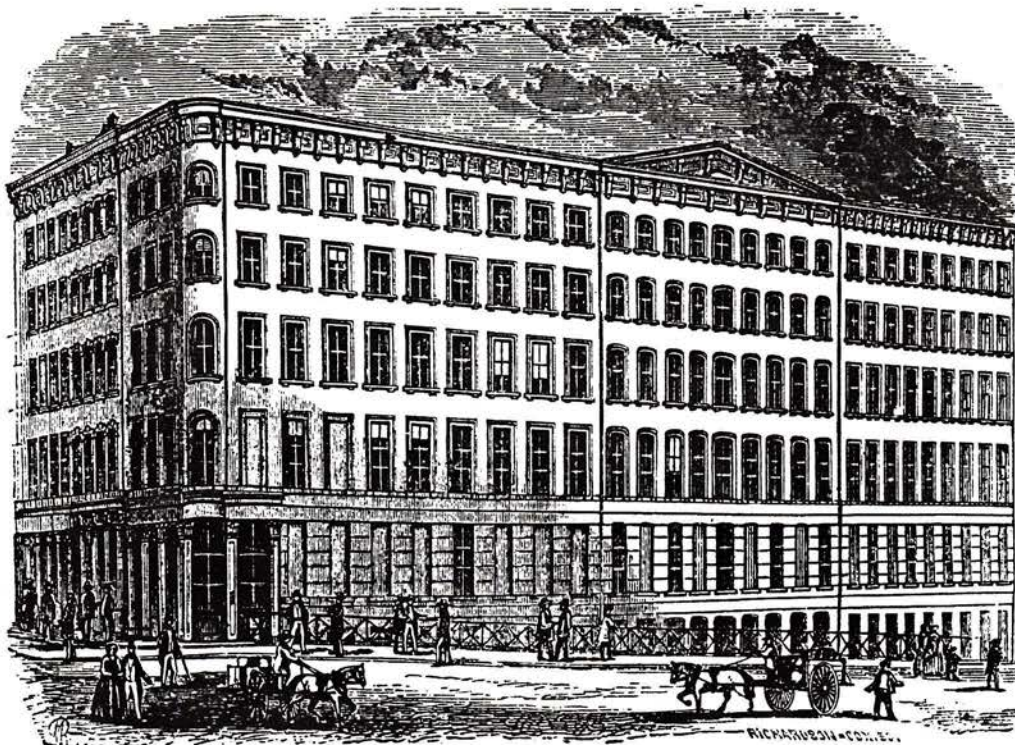
"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone."

But we Yankees have too many other good things to boast of, to feel any pride in the Parthenons which we rear for all sorts of purposes, and the Custom-House in Wall-street, solid, beautiful, and costly as it is, we are by no means proud of. Perhaps our pos-

terity may be; but our High Bridge is a much finer architectural object than could be found in all Athens, and we are not proud of even that. The late



Metropolitan Bank.



Stores corner of Broadway and Rector Street.

John Frazee, the sculptor, had the superintendence of the building of the Custom House, but cannot be called its architect, as he has sometimes had the credit of being.

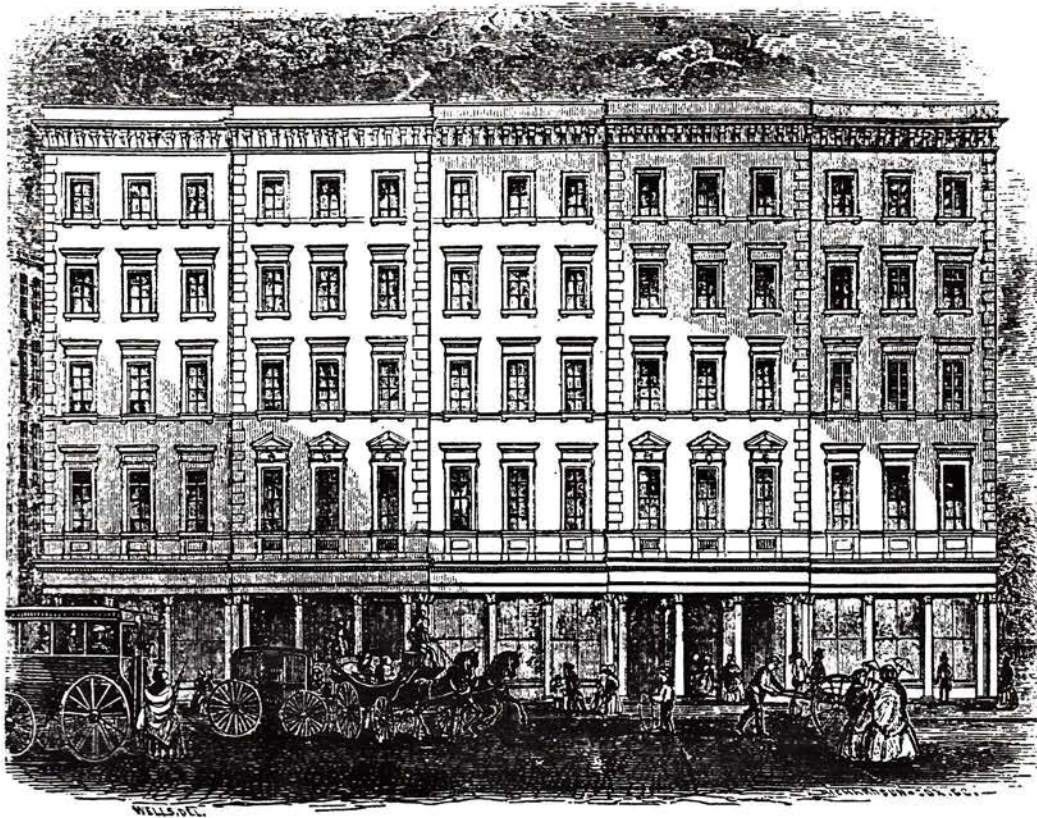
Wall-street contains many fine buildings besides those that we have given views of, and among them is the new banking house of the Seamen's Saving's Bank, on the corner of Wall and Pearl streets. One of the oldest commercial buildings in the city is the old Tontine Coffee House, between Water and Pearl streets, the large room of which was used as a Merchants' Exchange for a great number of years, until about the year 1828, when the first Exchange, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1835, was finished. One of the peculiarities of our new banking institutions is to settle down upon the corners of streets. The very finest of all the new banking houses is that of the Metropolitan Bank, on the corner of Pine-street and Broadway. This superb building is but just finished; it is faced with brown free-stone, and displays a greater quantity of ornamental sculpture upon its two fronts than the whole of Broadway could have exhibited ten years ago. It is, in fact, to our banking institutions and the drygoods business, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever of architectural excellence or beauty our city can boast of. The Metropolitan Bank is, too, a drygoods bank, which was established chiefly by drygoods merchants, for the special convenience of their own department of trade.

The great leading business of New-York, that which gives employment to the vast fleets of sailing ships and steam vessels that continually crowd its magnificent harbor; which builds the superb hotels that ornament its streets; that creates banks, erects warehouses, extends its docks, attracts thousands of traders from all corners of the continent, and makes it the great, wealthy, elegant and



View of Dey st. from Greenwich st., looking towards Broadway.

busy metropolis it is—is Drygoods. Under this comprehensive head is included every thing that is used for covering the human body, excepting shoes. New-York is, in truth, what some of our ambitious tailors call their establishments, the great clothing emporium of the world. A very considerable part of all the various articles used in clothing the limbs and backs of this entire continent, the calicoes of Manchester, the cloths of Yorkshire, the laces and hosiery of Germany, the millinery of France, the silks of India, and the cottons of Lowell, pass through the warehouses of New-York, and pay their percentage to our merchants, who constitute a calico aristocracy. During the last year there was imported into the port of New-York, foreign merchandise to the amount of one hundred and eighteen millions, seven hundred and seventy-five thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three dollars; and of this amount, sixty-two millions, six hundred and eighteen thousand, four hundred and twenty-one dollars came under the head of drygoods. More than one half of the commerce of New-York is in drygoods. We get a better idea of the immensity of this great branch of trade, by looking at that part of the city

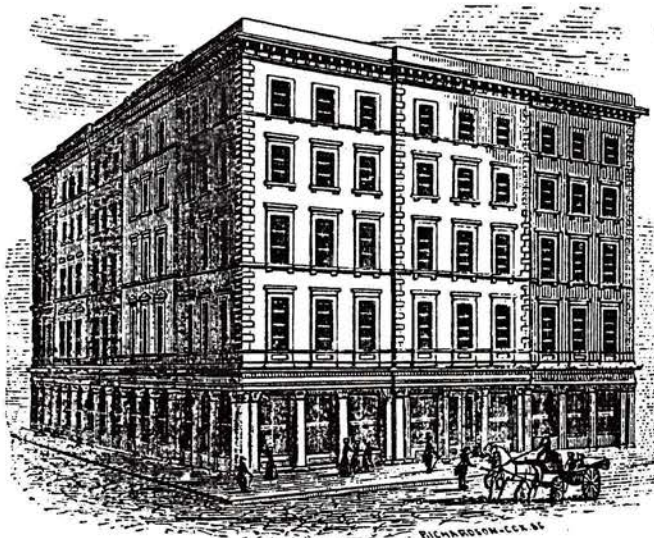


Stewart's Store, Broadway Front.

which the business almost entirely monopolizes. The U. S. Bonded Warehouse, fronting on Broadway, is used mainly for storing drygoods; and there were recently stored in this one building, goods to the amount of three millions of dollars. The drygoods dealers were once confined almost exclusively to Pearl-street; the business extending from Coenties Slip to Franklin Square. But now Pearl-street has been nearly abandoned by the business, and

the drygoods men occupy almost entirely Broad-street, Beaver-street, Exchange Place, Pine-street, William-street, Liberty-street, Cedar-street, Courtlandt-street, Dey-street, Maiden Lane, and about a mile of Broadway. These are the streets that are almost wholly monopolized by importers and jobbers of drygoods; while, in addition to them, are numerous large drygoods stores in Nassau-street, Fulton-street, Park Place, Park Row, and even

Murray and Warren streets. These are all wholesale streets. The retailers of drygoods are nearly as numerous, and are found principally in Canal-street, Grand-street, Broadway, the Bowery, Greenwich-street, and the Avenues. It is startling to enumerate the number of churches which have been pulled down and displaced to make room for the great business which spreads with such astounding rapidity over the whole lower part of the city, prostrating and utterly obliterating every thing that is old and venerable, and leaving



Stewart's Store, Chambers-street front.

not a single land-mark, in token of the former position of the dwelling-places of our ancestors. These demolished temples are the Dutch Reformed Church in Garden-street, now Exchange Place, the Presbyterian Church in Wall-street, the French Protestant Episcopal Church du St. Esprit in Pine-street, Grace Church on Broadway, the Presbyterian Church in Cedar-street, and the Quaker Meeting House in Liberty-street. Within the past twenty years all these stately houses of worship and their parsonages have been torn down, the contents of their grave-yards and family vaults ruthlessly scattered, and the sacred ground covered with long blocks of brick and free-stone warehouses for the storage of drygoods. Hotels, theatres, and private mansions have shared the same fate.

Calico is omnipotent, and whole streets melt away at her approach. On the sites of the time-honored and venerated Mansion House and the City Hotel, on Broadway, are now blocks of brown-stone drygoods warehouses. Where the National Hotel once stood is a white marble building, of Elizabethan architecture, devoted exclusively to the sale of silks and ribbons; Stewart's "Marble Palace" is on the site of the Washington Hotel, and where the old Park Theatre once stood, there are now spacious brown-stone stores, occupied by drygoods jobbers and clothiers. Dey-street, which, but a short time since, was exclusively occupied by private dwellings and boarding-houses, has been entirely torn down and rebuilt for the accommodation of drygoods dealers. The first of the great brown-stone warehouses erected on Broadway, is the block on the corner of Rector-street and Broadway, which covers the entire site of Grace Church and its rectory. This superb store is fifty feet front on Broadway, and two hundred and twenty feet on Rector-street. It is built of brick, and faced with brown free stone. The finest of the Broadway drygoods stores, and, we believe, the most extensive and elegant building occupied by one firm, in the world, is Stewart's store on Broadway. This immense drygoods-ery occupies the entire block between Reade and Chambers streets, with a frontage on Broadway of one hundred and fifty-two feet; the front on Chambers-street is one hundred feet, and about the same on Reade-street; it is eighty-three feet high, from the sidewalk, and is divided into five stories. The Broadway and Chambers-street fronts are of a delicate light cream-colored marble of remarkable uniformity of tint. It was brought from the Westchester Quarries, which are part of a vein nearly as delicate in tint

and texture as the best Italian, which strikes in a northerly direction through Massachusetts and Vermont, and terminates in Canada. The architectural details of Stewart's store are open to technical objections, but, as a whole, it is an imposing structure, and an ornament to the city. A warehouse built for the sale of merchandise is not the kind of building to which we should look for architectural perfection, but the only public building we can boast of that is superior to Stewart's store is our City Hall. The interior of this great establishment is divided into departments for the sale of distinct varieties of goods; in the centre of the building there is a superb hall, one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and eighty high, lighted from an elegant lantern in the dome. The walls and ceiling of this splendid apartment are very elegantly and chastely decorated with paintings, and the merchandise, to the sale of which it is appropriated, is of the most costly description of silk stuffs and brocades. The first floor is appropriated to retail customers, while the basement, with spacious subterranean galleries beneath the side walk, is set apart for all kinds of carpetings and floor-cloths. The upper lofts are appropriated to the wholesale departments. There are three hundred salesmen and clerks constantly employed. When lighted up at night, there are upwards of four hundred gas burners in use. The number of panes of French plate glass, used in the building, is about two thousand. The sheets of plate glass in the windows on each side of the principal doors are one hundred and thirty-four by eight-four inches—the doors have but one plate each, one hundred and thirty by forty-one. The other windows are divided into four lights, sixty-seven by forty-two; there are sixty of these. All the sashes are made of metal. The windows and doors have revolving iron shutters. The business of Stewart's store, we are informed, amounts to over seven millions a year. Stewart's is the only retail drygoods store on the east side of Broadway; the tide of fashion sets on the sunny side of our great thoroughfare, but the scarcity of stores will compel some of the great establishments further up to cross over, before long, and we hope to see more white marble fronts on the shady side of the street, where they are more needed than on the other side.

Murray-street, which, but a short time ago, was wholly occupied by private dwellings of most intense respectability, has felt the influence of the great change that has overcome the lower part of our city; the following view is from the

corner of Church-street, looking towards the City Hall, which is seen in the distance. The square building on the corner is a church edifice which has undergone very great changes within a very short time. It was erected by a Dutch Reformed Congregation, now worshipping in a Gothic brown-stone church in the Fifth Avenue. It was sold by the original proprietors to the Universalists, under the pastoral charge of Rev. E. H. Chapin, who, in turn, purchased the Church of the Divine Unity, in Broadway, and sold their own church to be converted into the inevitable drygoods stores. There are

already several large, and well-built stores in Murray-street, which, before long, will become wholly a business street. Just below the church, of which we have a view in the engraving, stood the venerable Presbyterian Church, which was ta-



View in Murray-street looking towards Broadway.

ken to pieces and reconstructed in Eighth-street, opposite the Opera House, precisely as it looked on its original site. Since its transportation it has been occupied by a great variety of sects, but is now in the possession of the Roman Catholics.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

A bare enumeration of the hotels of New-York would tell the whole story of her commercial greatness, and the prosperity of the country of which she is the metropolis. Our hotel-keepers bear as little resemblance to the Will Bonifaces of the past century, whom we read of in English novels, as Baron Rothschild bears to Isaac of York. Hotel-keeping has become a great business, requiring a large capital, a knowledge of the world, intelligence, liberality, and an enterprising spirit.—There are, in Broadway alone, fifteen large first-class hotels, and innumerable restaurants, cafés, and boarding-houses, some of them large enough, and splendid enough, to be included in the list of hotels. The oldest hotel in the city is the United States, formerly Holt's, an immense, and well-constructed marble building, fronting on Pearl, Fulton, and Water-streets. It has more than four hundred windows, and, though a perfectly plain building, without the slightest pretension

to architectural beauty, it makes a very imposing appearance from its magnitude. It has never been ranked among our first-class hotels. The next in age, and the first in reputation, is the Astor House, which is probably more widely known than any other hotel in the world. The position of this great hotel is one of the finest in the city, and it will probably retain its attractiveness during the next half century, let the city change as it may. The Astor House was first opened in May, 1836, by the Boydens of Boston; the next year it passed into the hands of Boyden, Coleman and Stetson; and, in the year following, it came under the sole administration of its present proprietors, Coleman and Stetson, who have given it a reputation such as no other hotel has ever enjoyed. It is a massive structure of Quincy granite, spacious and well arranged, having a frontage on three streets, with the Park fountain in front, and the south end overlooking the green inclosure of

St. Paul's churchyard, a position that secures a free circulation of pure air. It contains three hundred and forty rooms, and has often entertained six hundred guests. It is built round a quadrangular court, which, until lately, had a fountain in the centre; but the proprietors have recently erected a spacious saloon, framed of iron, and richly decorated, in this open space, to be used as a kind of exchange and bar-room, on the plan of the New-Orleans hotels. The proprietors are wide awake to the changes going on around them, and contrive to keep their hotel always supplied with the latest inventions and discoveries in the great art of living well. Until

within the last year or two all great dinners, of a public character, were given in the Astor House, and its dining rooms have witnessed more sumptuous feasts than any other house on the continent.

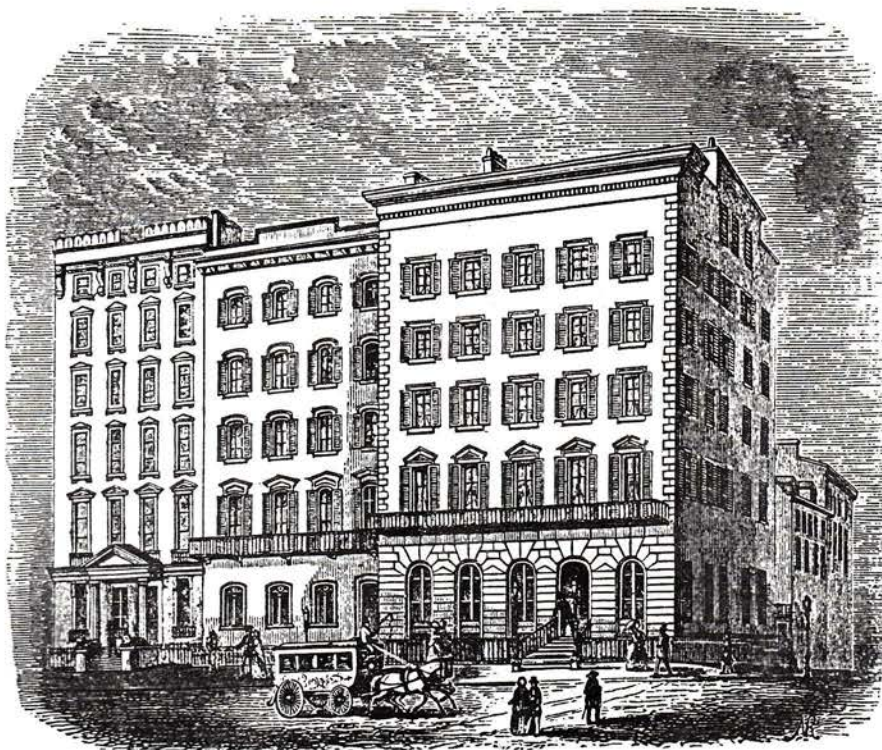
The first house in Broadway, and the only ante-revolutionary building left in this great artery of our city is the WASHINGTON, a hotel and restaurant; a few doors above on the same side of the street, on the corner of Morris-street, and opposite that little oval spot of verdure, with its white marble fountain in the centre, called the Bowling Green, and which was once decorated with a leaden statue of George the Third, is Delmonico's Hotel and re-



Astor House.

restaurant, kept on what is called the "European plan." The other restaurant of the Delmonicos is on the corner of South William-street and Beaver-street; it has been the most renowned "eating house" in New-York during the past twenty years, and the principal resort of the French and German merchants who do business in the lower part of the city. The first Delmonico's was in William-street, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1835, after which the two brothers opened their restaurant in Broad-street, while their present house was building. The busi-

ness was established by the father and uncle of the present proprietor, who emigrated to this country from Switzerland some thirty years ago. Delmonico's in Broadway includes but two of the buildings given in the engraving. It is a favorite hotel with foreigners, and keeps up its reputation for excellent cookery. Above Delmonico's, and just below Wall-street, is Judson's Hotel, which is also kept on the European plan, and has a public restaurant, which is a favorite dining place for "down town" merchants. There is no hotel in Broadway between Jud-



Delmonico's Hotel.

son's and the large hotel known as Howard's, on the corner of Maiden Lane, but there are great numbers of respectable restaurants, both in Broadway and the neighboring streets, for almost the entire male population of New-York dine "down town," and they require a great many feeding places. In Maiden Lane, near Pearl-street, is the Franklin Coffee House kept by Clark and Brown, which deserves a passing notice, as a remarkable instance of stability in this constantly changing metropolis. It was one of the first dining houses established in New-York, and it has been kept by the same proprietors in the same spot thirty years. It has always been a favorite resort of English merchants, and is the only place of the kind in the city where the traditions of the English kitchen are preserved in all their old-fashioned purity. It is one of the few respectable restaurants in New-York where they ignore napkins and eat with steel forks. The atmosphere of Clark and Brown's is thoroughly English, and when you enter its dining-room, with its John Bullish little exclusive mahogany boxes, that resemble church pews, you might fancy yourself in an eating house in the neighborhood of Threadneedle-street, without any great effort of the imagination; and the bluff-looking landlord in his white apron and long carving-knife standing behind a sirloin of beef, with his back to a plum-pudding, will not destroy

the illusion. It is frightful to think of the rounds of beef and legs of mutton that Mr. Brown must have cut up during the thirty years he has been head carver at the Franklin Coffee House. The city East of Broadway has never been favorable to hotels, but, on the West side there are a good many large and flourishing ones; there are three in Courtlandt-street, one in Dey-street, three in Murray-street, two in Park Place, and three in Chambers-street; on the East side of the Park there are the Clinton, Lovejoy's, Earl's, French's and Tammany Hall, all large and well-conducted houses, but not ranking with the great hotels in Broadway. The next hotel on Broadway after the Astor is the American, on the corner of Barclay-street; then comes the "Irving," which is a congeries of houses, rather than one house, and includes the entire block between Chambers and Reade streets. These houses were not originally intended for hotel purposes, but were converted to their present use, and amalgamated under the name of the Irving House, by their original proprietor, about five years ago.

The Irving, which is named in honor of the author of the Sketch Book, is an immense pile of dark granite, irregular in outline, and entirely free from architectural embellishment. It is one of the largest hotels in the city.

The external aspect of a hotel should be light and cheerful, and even a bizarre

and fantastical character would be much preferable to a coldly correct, and classical style. Formality and heaviness should be avoided beyond all other things, and therefore granite should never be used in the façade of a hotel, as its dark color renders it a most unsuitable material for a building intended for festive purposes. The external appearance of the Irving House is as gloomy as a fortress, and the Astor House looks more like a penitentiary than a hotel. In the new hotels which have been built on Broadway, and, in other parts of the city, a much better taste has been displayed than in the two great houses in question. White marble is becoming a very common building material, and when it is tastefully employed, as in the front of the St. Nicholas and the Lafarge Hotels, the effect is in the highest degree cheerful and pleasing. We cannot but think that a lively and cheerful aspect to a hotel must impart a flavor to the dinner, and be an essential aid to digestion. Brown free-stone is preferable to granite, but there is no material for a hotel to be compared with marble. And, for the same reason that white is desirable for the exterior of a hotel, it should be avoided in the interior. For white is only cheerful when it presents a broken surface, and is

subject to the play of light and shade. The interior of a house being always in shadow, the walls and ceilings should be vari-colored. Cold white walls and ceiling, in a dining-room, are enough to destroy a keen appetite and impair digestion. Pictures, unless of fruits and flowers, are very objectionable in a dining-room, if they are of a sufficiently positive character to call off the attention of the convives from the table, which should be the most attractive object in it. The æsthetics of the table are now more cultivated by our hotel-keepers than was the case a few years ago. The dining-room of the St. Nicholas is an exquisitely beautiful example of a banqueting room, and shows to what a high condition the fine art of dining well has already been carried in this city. The ladies dining room of the Astor House is also a fine example of the same kind; the proportions of the room are perfect, and on the walls are hung some paintings of a pleasing character, and of a high order of art.

A short distance above the Irving, on the opposite side of Broadway, on the corner of Leonard-street, is the Carlton House, and not far above that, a smaller hotel, at the dépôt of the New Haven Rail Road, called the New Haven House. On the corner of Franklin-street and Broadway is "Taylor's Saloon," the



The St. Nicholas.

largest and most elegant restaurant in the world. The building is a stately edifice seven stories high, fifty feet front on Broadway, and one hundred and fifty feet on Franklin-street. The Broadway front is brown free-stone, richly and profusely ornamented with sculptures. The Franklin-street front is of pressed brick, with brown-stone window dressings. Taylor's is both a restaurant and a hotel. The saloon on the first floor contains an area of seven thousand five hundred square feet; the ceiling is eighteen feet high. There are two grand entrances; the floor is laid with marble tiles of a novel and beautiful design; the counters are of pure statuary marble, and ornamented with bronze and gilt figures, and supported at the corners by kneeling figures of marble. The saloon includes two floors, and the walls are covered with mirrors in rich gilt frames; the chairs and sofas are covered with rich cloth of crimson and gold; and the ceilings are ornamented with gildings and scroll work of great beauty. This extensive restaurant is intended for ladies, and, like Thompson's, the other great dining-room for ladies in Broadway, has gradually grown up with the population of the city from an humble ice-creamery and confectionary to its present magnificent dimensions. Among the novelties of Taylor's saloon are two conservatories of great beauty, and a cut glass fountain seventeen feet high.

Further up on the opposite side is the Collamore House, a plain building, with a brown-stone front, on the corner of Spring-street. On the opposite side of Broadway, between Broome and Spring streets is the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the last finished, and most splendid of all our public houses. The engraving of the St. Nicholas presents its front as it will appear when it is finished according to the original plan, but it should include the new brown-stone edifice which has been built since it was completed, and which extends to the corner of Spring-street, as it has been leased by the proprietor, and



Taylor's Restaurant.
[The new building, to be opened in May.]

will form part of this magnificent establishment. The actual extent of the house now occupied, is but 100 feet front and 200 feet deep, but, when completed, it will have a frontage on Broadway of 200 feet. The front of the St. Nicholas is the finest architectural feature of the noble thoroughfare on which it stands; it is constructed of a very fine marble, and is richly ornamented with bold sculptures of beautiful designs. The main entrance is in the centre of the building, through a portico supported by four Corinthian columns. The interior of this superb hotel is a brilliant surprise even after gazing on its elegant façade. The resources of the Upholsterer have been exhausted in furnishing its apartments, and all that carving and gilding can do to give gorgeousness to its appointments has been done. The finest of porcelain, the richest of cut glass, and the most brilliant of Sheffield ware decorate its tables. Its "bridal chamber," one of the newly invented institutions of hotel life, is scandalously splendid, and timid brides are said to shrink aghast at its marvels of white satin and silver brocade. It was supposed when the St. Nicholas was first thrown open to the wondering admiration of the select multitude of ladies and gentlemen who were invited to inspect its sparkling apartments, that luxury could



Prescott House.

no farther go, that there was no beyond, in the progress of refinement, to this latest offspring of the arts. But the next hotel will, doubtless, go a step beyond, and dazzle us with splendors of furniture before unheard of.

On the corner of Spring-street above the St. Nicholas, is the new hotel called, in compliment to our great historian, the Prescott House. The Prescott House is built of brick, with cast-iron ornamental heads to the windows. It is not so extensive as some of its neighbors, being but 100 feet on Spring-street, by fifty feet on Broadway. On the opposite side, on the corner of Prince-street, is the Metropolitan Hotel, which presents a frontage on Broadway of 300 feet and six stories; this front is of brown free-stone, while that on Prince-street is of brick with stone dressings. The dining-room of the Metropolitan is on the Prince-st. side, and is one hundred and fifty feet long by forty feet in breadth. It is said there are more than twelve miles of water and gas pipe

in this immense hotel, and two hundred and fifty servants. It has accommodations for one thousand guests. In the quadrangular court of the hotel is Niblo's theatre, the entrance to which is through a passage way in the centre of the Broadway front. The whole interior arrangements of the hotel are on a scale of magnificence corresponding with its grandeur of proportions.

Above the Metropolitan, on the opposite side of Broadway, and opposite Bond-street, is the Bond-street House, a small family hotel, with a plain white marble front; and, above that, is the New York Hotel, an immense brick structure, which occupies nearly the entire block, bounded by Washington and Waverley Places, and Broadway and Mercer-street. It is a hotel of the first class, both in extent and character, and has been built about ten years.

The Lafarge Hotel is now in course of erection, in front of Metropolitan, late Tripler's Hall; it has a façade of white

marble, of a highly ornamental character, designed by James Renwick, 125 feet in extent. This hotel will contain two hundred and twenty-eight separate apartments, and will cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

The Astor Place Hotel, directly opposite Astor Place, in Broadway, has been formed by the union of two granite houses.

The St. Denis is a rather *outré* and dreamy-looking building, six stories high, on the corner of 11-th street and Broadway, directly opposite Grace Church. Its external character, though bizarre and fantastical in the extreme, is very far from being unpleasing. The profuse ornamentations are not of a costly character, being castings of cement. The defect of the building, architecturally speaking, is the want of a door, there being nothing to distinguish the main entrance from the windows on the same floor.

On the corner of Broadway and Union Place, and fronting Union Square, is the Union Place Hotel, another first-class house. Further up Broadway, on the corner of 20th-street, is the Gramercy Hotel, the terminus of Broadway Hoteldom at the present time; but it is not likely to remain so much longer, for our god Terminus does not stay long in one place, in these progressive times, but keeps jogging on with his carpet-bag in hand.

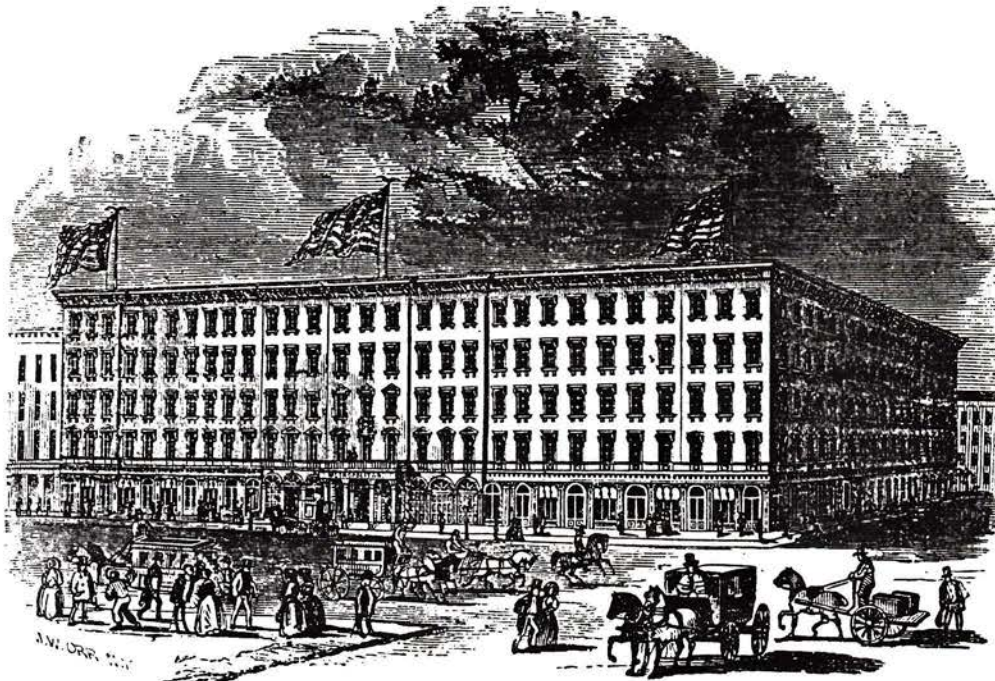
The Clarendon is a fine large brick building in the Elizabethan style, on the corner of 17th-street and Fourth Avenue, just above Union Square. and, though

neither the largest nor most pretending of our new hotels, it is probably one of the most comfortable and elegant of the whole brood.

Hotel life in New-York is as varied as the character of the population; visitors from any part of Europe may here find a home where they will hear their own language spoken, imbibe the potations of their father-land and inhale the flavor of their native dishes. But French is the predominant style of our public cuisine, and the language of diplomacy is also that of the bills of fare on all our hotel tables, except the Astor House, where they give English names to all dishes that are capable of translation. There is a Spanish hotel in Fulton-street, a *Café de Paris*, a *Tortoni*, and a *Rocher de Cancale* in Broadway, an Italian restaurant, strongly flavored with Bologna sausages, in William-street; a *Pension Française* in almost every street, while all the different tribes of Scandinavia and Germany have their distinct houses of refreshment kept by their own countrymen. The hotel population of New-York would alone form a city of no mean size; it probably does not fall much short of ten thousand.

Hotels *garni* are very numerous, and some of them are on a large and splendid scale, like Julien's hotel in Washington Place; but these do not properly come under the head of hotels and restaurants.

Much fault has been found, by a certain class of people who regard every deviation



The Metropolitan.

from old customs with alarm, with the splendors of our new hotels, and the habits of luxury and extravagance which they indicate. But it may be some consolation to these timid people, who are more terrified at sunshine than they would be by darkness, to know that all the splendor of which they complain is only the evidence of our prosperous condition, and that gas-lights and brocatelle are much cheaper than the tallow candles and chintz to which they have been accustomed. The

marble fronts, painted ceilings, satin counterpanes, and unlimited baths, which are now matters of course in our hotels, have not in the least advanced the price of hotel board, while the proprietors make more rapid fortunes than they ever did in the days of the old Bonifaces, when "mine inn" was as cheerless and uncomfortable as it is now brilliant and enjoyable. But the bridal chambers? Well, bridal chambers being very commendable things in themselves, which no right-minded man



The St. Denis

or woman can make any objections to, we do not think they should be cried down, or put down, on the score of their splendor.

One of the most marked characteristics of New-York are the eating-houses, or dining-saloons. No other city in the world, it is probable, has half so many of these establishments, in proportion to its population, as New-York. They are terribly destructive to social enjoyment, beyond a question, but they are, unquestionably, a very great convenience, are economical, and the inevitable result of our geographical position. The natural concentration of business in the lower part of the city

has driven all the families miles up town, and across the East and North Rivers, and down the bay to Staten Island. As the fathers, brothers, and sons do not go home to dinner, the mothers, wives, and daughters, have no inducements to eat their meals in solitude; so, while the male members of the family are eating their little dinners at Delmonico's, Frederick's or Sweeney's, as the case may be; the female members are solacing themselves with fricandeaus, meringues and ices at Thompson's, Taylor's, or Weller's; so that it may be said that nearly half the people of New-York dine out every day



The Clarendon.

in the week but Sunday. The lares and penates of many a household must be neglected, in consequence of this custom. The worst effects of the eating-house system are upon the rising generation. The little people are taken out, to save trouble, and fed on dainties at the brilliant restaurants, where their appetites are awfully vitiated, and they eat most alarming quantities of ice-creams and oysters. Eating in public may beget a certain freedom of manner and *nonchalance* in little ladies and gentlemen, but we fear the practice is not calculated to promote the health either of the mind or the body. Home must seem cheerless and unattractive in comparison with the gilding, and bustle, and gorgeous luxuries of our great restaurants. The family dinner must be a tame and insipid meal to too many of those who form the great body of the patrons of these fashionable resorts. The company at these places is often of a questionable character, and children are too apt to witness practices which are not likely to benefit their morals.

The ladies' saloons of Broadway are establishments of very recent growth, but they have already attained to a most astounding degree of magnitude and splendor. It is only within a very few years that any thing more could be obtained at these luxurious places than ice-creams, pastry and oysters. But now they serve up dinners at the briefest notice that would do credit to any *café* in Paris. On the counters of these temples of confectionery, may always be seen the choicest and earliest fruits of the season, the rarest productions of the hot-house, and the most delicate bouquets that the conservatory can offer; while the Titians and Raffaelles of candy, daily produce some novelty of sweetness, to tempt the youthful lover of bonbons.

Society is rapidly tending towards hotel life, and the advantages of a cluster of families living together under one roof, are every day becoming more and more apparent. The dearness of rents, the scarcity of servants, and the thousand nameless inconveniences and expenses of

single households, which every house-keeper can enumerate, are strong inducements to take rooms at a hotel, where all the cares of house-keeping are avoided, and a thousand luxuries may be enjoyed that families of moderate incomes must deny themselves, in what the Fourierites call, the "isolated household." But, families can be just as isolated in a hotel as in a separate house, and generally be not half so exposed to impertinent observation. We ride in public carriages, travel in public steamboats, ships, and railroad cars, and there is no reason why we should not live in public houses. The chief difficulty now is, that our hotels are all of one grade, and there is no choice but to live in luxury and splendor, if you live in them at all, whether it be agreeable to your tastes and income, or not. We hope that the next move in hotel-keeping will not be an ambitious attempt to outshine the splendors of all other hotels, but to open a house with all their conveniences and comfort, but without the splendor, for the accommodation of those who have simple tastes and limited means. Let there be a few such houses opened on the same scale, as regards size and convenience, as the Astor, the St. Nicholas, and

the Metropolitan, and public houses would soon bear the same proportion to private ones, that omnibuses now do to private carriages. None but the very wealthy would ever think of living in their separate houses, if the same principle of accommodations for the masses were applied to hotels, that is done in the case of travelling equipages.

The first hotel that was built in New-York, was in the year 1642, and is thus alluded to in Brodhead's history:

"The constant intercourse at this time between New-England and Virginia brought many transient visitors to Manhattan. On their way to and from Long Island Sound and Sandy Hook, the coasting vessels always stopped at Fort Amsterdam; and the increasing number of his guests occasioned great inconvenience to the director, who frequently could afford them but "slender entertainment." Kieft, therefore, built "a fine hotel of stone" at the Company's expense, where travellers "might now go and lodge." This hotel, or, "Harberg" was conveniently situated on the river side, a little East of Fort Amsterdam, near what is at present known as 'Coenties Slip.'"

To be Continued.



Laying the Russ Pavement in Broadway, corner of Reade-street.