



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.

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Number 4



"You ought to go to some Sunday School. Would you be willing?"  
"Yes," said Dick, promptly. "I want to grow up 'spectable. But I don't know where to go."  
"Then I'll tell you. The church I attend is at the corner of Fifth Avenue and West Twenty-First Street."

"I've seen it," said Dick.  
"I have a class in the Sunday School there. If you'll come next Sunday, I'll take you into my class, and do what I can to help you."

RAGGED DICK, 163: 1-5

## INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBERS

PF-799 Glen E. True  
25 Lincoln Ave.  
Dundee, IL 60118

Glen, at age 68, is retired from New York Life Insurance Company. His other interests include making doll houses, collecting Reader's Digest Condensed Books, and gardening. He, and his wife, Dorothy, can be reached at 312 428-2288. Vern Eldridge, of Janesville, WI told him of the Society.

PF-800 William H. Palmer  
2854 Burlingame Rd.  
Topeka, KS 66611

William comes to us through the generosity of Wally Palmer, who says, "Mr. Wm. H. Palmer began his own most distinguished career as a newsboy, and it is altogether fitting and proper that he should become 'one of us.'"

PF-801 Paul C. Nugent  
Floor 9  
207 W. 25th St.  
New York, NY 10001

Paul joined the Society after Jack Barker, Dunwoody, GA, told him about our organization.

PF-802 Jonathan Lee Driver  
1816 N. 8th St.  
Sheboygan, WI 53081

Jonathan, age 9, came into the Society as a gift from his father, Jerrell L. Driver, or as he states it, "Dad enrolled me — I had no choice." Among his other interests are learning to play guitar, coin collecting, swimming, boating and riding horses. He is a student, and his phone is 414 459-8442.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-200 Daniel M. Petersen  
9426 Marsh Creek  
San Antonio, TX 78250

PF-490 Louis Bodnar, Jr.  
c/o Mrs. Margaret B. Gates  
3125 Hungarian Rd.  
Virginia Beach, VA 23457

PF-608 Donald Choate  
Box 107  
Sudbury, MA 01776

PF-661 Dean C. Steele  
606 Dry Valley Rd.  
Lewiston, PA 17044

PF-774 Jerrell L. Driver  
Box 366  
Smithville, MO 64089

PF-785 Floyd M. Hunt  
220 Welcome Way, Apt. 110D  
Indianapolis, IN 46214

\* \* \*

## IN MEMORIAM

Kent W. Leach, PF-613

Frank Schott, who has done restoration work on the volumes of several members of our Society, is discontinuing this activity. For those who are in need of a good source for skilled restoration it has been suggested they try Sam Sacco, 2238 Gilman Drive, West, Seattle, WA 98119. Call 206 285-2483 for more information.

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

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 Juvinal, 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.

# The New York Times

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1987

## Herbert Mayes, 87, A Former Top Editor Of Magazines, Dies

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Herbert R. Mayes, who built a reputation as one of the country's most respected magazine editors at Good Housekeeping and McCall's, died of pneumonia Friday evening at his home on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. He was 87 years old.

Having headed Good Housekeeping, a Hearst publication, for 20 years, Mr. Mayes took over at McCall's, one of its main rivals, in 1958. He retired as president and chief executive of the McCall Corporation in 1965.

Reared in a Harlem tenement, Mr.

Mayes' formal education ended when his father's death forced him to take a job at the age of 15, with only one semester of high school to his credit.

At 20, after working as a messenger and stenographer, he answered a help-wanted advertisement for a trade-book editor. Despite his minimal qualifications, he won the job and in short order found himself editor, reporter and sole staff member of a trade publication for small-town retailers called The Inland Merchant, with a circulation of 4,000.

### Switch Was a Surprise

In 1927, he joined the Hearst Corporation as managing editor of The American Druggist and became editor of Pictorial Review, a now-defunct woman's magazine, from 1934 to 1937. He became managing editor of Good Housekeeping in 1937 and editor the next year.

Mr. Mayes surprised people in the industry when he switched to McCall's. Less surprising to them was the fact that under his stewardship the magazine overtook Good Housekeeping and

Ladies' Home Journal in circulation and advertising revenues.

To do so, Mr. Mayes ordered some sweeping changes in McCall's format, providing more and bolder color pages as well as more fiction.

Mr. Mayes was elected president and chief executive of the McCall Corporation in 1962. This put him in charge of a \$100 million-a-year organization whose various divisions then printed 53 national magazines and produced pattern books.

As an author, Mr. Mayes caused a stir in 1928 with the publication of "Alger, A Biography Without a Hero," an essay on the real, pathetic life of Horatio Alger Jr. Other books, including "The Magazine Maze: A Prejudiced Perspective," published in 1980, recounted Mr. Mayes' own experiences.

Mr. Mayes is survived by his wife, the former Grace Taub; two daughters, Victoria Sopkin and Alexandra Birnbaum, both of Manhattan, and a grandson.

HERBERT R. MAYES — PF-469

Author of

ALGER, A BIOGRAPHY WITHOUT A HERO

In a November telephone conversation with Ralph D. Gardner I learned of the recent death of Herbert R. Mayes. A few days later I located the above copy of his obituary. An examination of the "Author" portion of BOOKS IN PRINT showed my reprint of his fanciful Alger biography to be his only work still in print.

Of all the many Alger volumes I've had the privilege of publishing, only the one by Mr. Mayes caused an adverse reaction among fellow members of the Society. It may be that some have put Alger on too high a pedestal, and are overly sensitive to anyone whom they feel may have thrown a bit of mud, or tarnished their idealized image of Alger. Or, might they belong to that group of collectors who have spent time and money searching for the fourteen ghost titles Mayes dreamed up after hearing so many say, "When I was a boy I read every book Alger ever wrote!"?

It was at the 1977 Horatio Alger Society Convention, "Booked in Boston," that I met Mr. Mayes, and suggested that a new edition of his Alger biography ought to be published the following year, the 50th anniversary of its appearance. It was my feeling that only by reading it could one

understand just how believable was this hoax that deceived the critics, readers, and even the various encyclopedias, who faithfully recited as facts the fancies spun by Mayes. It took further urging by an exchange of letters before approval was finally obtained.

On February 4, 1978, Mayes wrote:

"I have thought again about your suggestion for a reissue of my *Alger*. The fact is, I don't know what could stop you from proceeding without any agreement on my part. I believe the copyright was turned over to me a number of years ago, but am not sure. In any case, if it's mine, then it's yours. If it isn't mine, I'll get it for you — undoubtedly without any difficulty — from Vanguard.

"About the Introduction. I think I'd rather write it myself."

When I'd suggested a new introduction be written, I had envisioned something of about four paragraphs in length. When it was set in type, it came to 35 pages! To say I was pleased is an understatement.

Jack Bales contributed four pages as an Afterword, and by the end of the year both Jack and Herb had autographed all of the copies, making it truly a collectors' edition.

Regular price \$33, but reduced to \$25 until March. Gilbert K. Westgard II, 1001 S.W. 5th Ct., Boynton Beach, FL 33426.

Bill Russell, PF-549, who hosted the memorable 1982 Horatio Alger Society Convention, "Philed in Philadelphia," sent the following item which he discovered glued to the endpaper of his copy of NOTHING TO WEAR, by William Allen Butler, who began the "nothing" items in 1857.

### NOTHING TO READ

#### THE BALLAD OF A BOSTON MAID

MISS PARTHENIA BROWNING, of Boston, they say,  
 Has accounts at three separate bookshops;  
 And yet she remarked to a caller one day,  
 In a very despairing, resigned sort of way,  
 That one might as well go to the cookshops.  
 For nothing worth reading appeared any more;  
 She'd looked over the volumes at every bookstore,  
 And they all were so trashy. For her part, indeed,  
 She was free to confess she had nothing to read.  
 "Nothing to read?" said her friend, in surprise,  
 Toward Parthenia's bookcases casting her eyes—  
 "Why, how can you say so when all of those books  
 Have never been opened, to judge from their looks?  
 And they're very attractive—a well-chosen lot;  
 I should think you'd enjoy that fine set of Scott."  
 Miss Parthenia blushed, as if caught in a crime,  
 But she answered: "I'm saving Scott till I've more time."  
 The friend ventured again, "Read Dickens, my dear!"  
 "Oh, his tales are so sad, and his people so queer!"  
 "Try Pope!" "He's too heavy." "Then Hope!" "He's too light."  
 "Read Howells's novels!" "His plots are so slight."  
 "Then Henry James's stories!" "His words are so long!"  
 "Thomas Hardy!" "Oh, goodness, he's really *too* strong."  
 "Then Weyman!" "Too gory!" "Miss Wilkins!" "Too tame!"

"Sara Grand!" "I hate women who boast of their aim."  
 "Well, Marie Corelli!" "Oh, don't mention her."  
 "Hall Caine!" "No, indeed; something gay I prefer."  
 "Rudyard Kipling!" "I would, but our family physician  
 Only yesterday borrowed my whole new edition."  
 "Jerome!" "He's too silly." "Zangwill!" "He's too smart."  
 "Then Richard Le Gallienne!" "He has no art."  
 "Mrs. Hodgson Burnett!" "I detest her profanity."  
 "Miss Rosa N. Cary!" "Can't stand her insanity."  
 "Try Cooper!" "I've read 'The Spy' and 'The Rover.'"  
 "Then 'Trilby!'" "I've read that a dozen times over."  
 "Read something of Frank Marion Crawford's. They say  
 His latest new book is the talk of the day."  
 "I daresay it is, but the man writes so fast  
 I couldn't keep up with him. I think the last  
 Of his books that I read was 'The Ralston,' and so  
 I'm sorry; but I'll never catch him, I know."  
 "Read Ian Maclaren." "He's only a botch."  
 "Or Barrie!" "He's good, but I don't care for Scotch."  
 "Mrs. Oliphant, then, or Mrs. H. Ward!"  
 "By both of these women I'm awfully bored."  
 "The Duchess!" "How dare you!" "Then Stockton or Doyle,  
 Or Tolstoi's tales of the sons of the soil!  
 Read Emerson's Essays, Macaulay or Lamb,  
 Or read 'The Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám.  
 Read tales of adventure by Irving or Poe,  
 Or mild-mannered novels by Edward P. Roe.  
 Du Chaillu, du Maurier, De Quincy, Defoe,  
 Or Byron, or Homer, or Jean Ingelow;  
 Or Shakespeare or Swinburne, Villon or Verlaine,  
 Or Sienkiewicz, Merriman, Crockett or Crane;  
 Or read Victor Hugo's wild murders and crimes,

Or Oliver Herford's ridiculous rhymes.  
 Lewis Carroll, or Riley, or Gilbert or  
 Lear—  
 Surely some of these authors must please  
 you, my dear!"  
 But to each of the names in this motley  
 collection  
 Miss Parthenia Browning opposed an objec-  
 tion.  
 And later, when bidding her caller good-  
 bye,  
 She said, with a sad little smile and a  
 sigh,  
 "I'm so much alone, you'd be awfully kind  
 If you'd help to divert my too studious  
 mind.  
 And do lend me some books, for you must  
 have agreed  
 That really and truly I've nothing to read."

*The Librarian.*

Internal evidence indicates "Nothing to Read" was written around the turn of the century. Several of the authors and works mentioned in it did not achieve prominence until in the 1890s. *The Librarian* was published in London, beginning in 1910.

Additional information concerning the "nothing" items, of which Horatio Alger, Jr., authored NOTHING TO DO, may be found in the June-July, 1982, *Newsboy*, and in HORATIO ALGER, OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, by Ralph D. Gardner.

Copies of NOTHING TO DO, in a Westgard Limited-Edition, numbered and signed by the publisher, may be obtained from Gilbert K. Westgard II, 1001 S.W. 5th Ct., Boynton Beach, FL 33426. \$18.00 a copy.

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HORATIO ALGER  
 SHEPHERD OF THE FRIENDLESS

by  
 Katherine Dunlap Cather

From: YOUNGER DAYS OF FAMOUS WRITERS  
 The Century Co., New York & London, 1925

Anybody could see that the boy was hungry. His eyes were fixed so intently upon the pies and bread-loaves in the bakery window that they seemed to be rivited there. The wind, icy with the breath of the Atlantic, sent blinding sheets of snow along the street, and people hurried homeward as if determined not to stay out a

second longer than was necessary on such a bitter night. Many of them carried packages tied with bright red string or ribbon. Here and there was a box or bag gayer than the others in its covering of flower-garlanded paper. Between the pies and bread-rows in the window were sprigs of holly, standing upright like dwarfed, red-fluted trees. Festoons of scarlet paper swung behind, and from these depended shining cardboard bells; for it was Christmas eve, and New York had wreathed its windows in keeping with the holiday spirit.

The boy shivered as he stood there. His coat was worn and thin; though on such a night a covering of fur would have been none too warm. Once he started, moving toward the door as if about to enter the warm, food-filled shop. Then he stopped, thrust his hand into his pocket, took out something, and looked at it. Horatio Alger, in the shadows behind him, saw it was a few small silver pieces.

He reached for the door-knob, but instead of going into the shop he suddenly shook his head and pushed the money down into his pocket again. Once again he looked yearningly at the window. Then with quick decision, as if he feared delay might shake him from his resolve, he turned and started up the street.

Alger was much puzzled. There was no mistaking the fact that the boy was hungry. He had the money to buy some of the food spread temptingly before him, yet he did not buy it. There was something appealing about him, something likable, a frankness about his face and eyes that invited friendship; but along with the frankness was a pinched, worn look that showed life had not dealt pleasantly with him.

Not only was Alger's curiosity keyed to a high pitch concerning his curious actions. His sympathy was aroused. He was only a boy himself, come to New York on a vacation from Harvard, to spend part of the holidays with friends, and, being the son of fairly prosperous people, knew nothing about hardship himself. But the thought that here was a lad who wanted, needed food and had the money to pay for it, yet for some reason dared not buy, touched him deeply. He wanted to find out what lay behind the holding back. He de-

cided to follow and see if he could.

The boy moved north along Broadway, turned east on Fifteenth Street and into Union Square. There he headed toward another window gay with Christmas wreaths and swaying bells, but it was not the window of a food-shop. Books were on display there, some gaudily attractive with trees, mountains, animals, or people embossed upon their covers, some somber and plain, but all looking invitingly at passers-by. Even more than they had shone at sight of the food, the boy's eyes now kindled as they glimpsed the volumes. This time he did not hesitate. Opening the door, he went inside. Horatio, more curious than before, followed him.

An old man came from the shadows in the rear of the store to see what the prospective buyers wanted. At sight of the youth his face brightened with a glance of recognition.

"You've come for the book?" he asked.

"Yes," the lad returned. "You don't need to wrap it. I live close by here. I'll just slip it under my coat."

"You'll not be sorry to own it, I'm sure," the old man remarked, going over to a table and picking up a volume bound in paper.

Once it had been a light tan color. Now, however, through much use it was stained to a muddy brown. As the boy turned the pages before tucking it under his coat Horatio Alger saw it was a copy of "The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper, which had appeared about thirty years before, and about which all America was still talking. The boy paid for it with the coins from his pocket, and when the bookseller gave him the change Horatio saw there was five cents left. This he slipped back to the place where the silver pieces had been and went into the street.

"You, sir?" the man asked, turning toward young Alger.

"Just some writing-paper," Horatio answered; "ten cents' worth of that over in the case."

He laid the money for it on the counter, but did not wait to receive the purchase. The boy had quickened his pace. Already he had disappeared beyond the window and before many minutes would be lost in darkness, the crowds, and the whirling snow.

Alger hurried after him.

"Very likely I'll never know any more about him than I know now if I just go on following him," he thought as he went. "He said he lives near here. Any minute now he may turn in at a door, and then I'll lose him for good. I'm going to speak to him."

He swung almost into a run in order to overtake the fast-moving figure, and then he called in a friendly way, "Terribly blustery this evening, isn't it?"

The lad turned in surprise, wondering who it was that had suddenly spoken to him.

"Yes," he answered pleasantly. "It's an awful night. I'm going to get inside the minute I can."

"I must say something that will draw him out," Horatio thought, wondering how he could get at his story immediately. A youth who gazed hungrily at food in a window, yet turned from it and bought a book, was sure to have a story.

"I saw you get Cooper's 'Spy' at the bookstore," he said, hoping the remark might be a key to unlock the door of the boy's confidence. "It's a splendid book, isn't it? I've read it twice."

"I haven't read it at all yet; just looked through it enough to know I want to. So I bought it for my Christmas present."

Alger laughed. "Folks don't usually buy their own Christmas presents," he replied. "They let other people do that for them."

"Some do," came the quick retort, "or they don't get any. I'm one of the some. I have nobody but myself, so I have to buy my own presents."

"No folks at all?" the older boy questioned.

A shake of the head answered him. Then, as if disposed to be friendly, the boy said: "My name's Dick Richards. I live in the next house. Want to come in out of the cold? I like people who like books."

He led the way to a door opening into a dingy house in Madison Avenue. To get away from the wind and the snow-flurries into the protection of the hall was a relief, even for Horatio, who was warmly clad.

"It must seem like being in paradise for Dick," he thought.

Yet the long, narrow passage, unlighted

except for a smoky, dimly flickering lantern, was anything but a paradise.

They started upstairs. Narrow stairs they were, like the passage, and steep, the kind the Dutch built when they erected the first houses on Manhattan. Two flights the boys climbed. At the top of the second they came to a large, unfinished garret.

"Here's where I live," Dick said, leading the way and lighting a candle. "Two other fellows live with me, but they're not here now."

Horatio looked around. It seemed to him nothing could want to live there, except possibly a rat. The floor was bare. The panes in the windows that looked down upon the street were cracked and broken. Several of the holes were pasted over with paper to keep out the cold. Three beds stood at intervals along the wall, not beds deserving the name, but rough boxes set on legs, covered with straw pallets and several shabby quilts. A small, neglected-looking stove provided warmth for the place, but there was no warmth now, for the fire had gone out. Dick hurriedly set about rekindling it, and as he did Horatio noticed beyond the stove an unpainted table on which was a cup, a plate, and a saucer containing some brownish-looking stuff he knew was the remains of a bread-crust soaked in coffee. Two tumble-down chairs, and on the other side of the table a box that probably served as a cupboard, completed the furniture.

"In this miserable, hovel-like place Dick lives; exists, rather," Horatio thought. "Yet he spends almost the last money in his pocket to buy something to read."

As the fire blazed and the cold began to leave the garret, Dick talked freely, and Horatio soon had the story. Dick was born in Vermont and lived there with his parents until he was thirteen. Then, in 1849, his father started for California to join the gold-seekers, shipping out of Nantucket around the Horn, leaving his wife and son to live alone until the fortune was made and he returned east or sent for them. The boat on which he sailed, a clipper bound for Chinese ports to take on a cargo of tea, was wrecked off Patagonia, and John Richards' voyage

ended in the bottom of the Atlantic. Dick's mother died the following autumn, and he started out to shift for himself, drifting to New York, where he had heard there were many opportunities for a boy to get ahead. He managed to earn his way there by helping a drover take a herd of cattle gathered up in New England to the city market, for in the forties cattle were moved on the hoof.

That had been more than a year ago. Since then he had lived by devious ways, doing whatever he could find to do, selling papers, sweeping sidewalks, making fires for housewives, cleaning out cellars and burning refuse, and helping load and unload boats in the harbor. He was not strong enough to do this latter work constantly. About two days a week of it was as much as he could stand. The rest of the time he had to fall back on smaller, lighter jobs. But by keeping his eyes open and being always ready with his hands, and joining with two other boys who were alone in the world like himself, so as to reduce the cost of a roof over his head, he had managed to keep soul and body together.

"I did intend to buy a pie this evening and a German apple cake," he said, not dreaming that Horatio had seen him look hungrily at them, "and have a Christmas feast. But I wanted the book, and could not have both. So I took the book. It won't be a bad Christmas, though, having 'The Spy' to read," he added.

"Why don't you and the other boys go in together and have the feast anyway?" Horatio asked.

"They've gone for a week, maybe longer," the ragged lad answered. "They do carpenter work sometimes. A man they helped last summer has a cabin in the Hudson Valley this side of Tarrytown. He asked them to stay with him until after New Year's, so that leaves me alone. But I don't mind," he added bravely. "There'll be snow to shovel, so I'm sure of something each day, and owning 'The Spy' all by myself seems splendid. I've always liked to read. At home we had a whole shelf of books, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Irving's 'Life of Washington,' 'Arabian Nights,' and one or two others. But when everything was sold after mother died to pay the money she owed, they had

to go. I haven't had a book of my own since being in New York," he went on wistfully. "But I'm going to have this one, if I must be a little hungry in order to do it."

Horatio was filled with admiration for the courage of the lad. Fourteen years old! He himself was almost nineteen, and he doubted if he would have the pluck to face life alone with empty pockets and only his hands to aid him. He wanted to give Dick the Christmas feast he had hoped to provide for himself, but in the short time they had talked together he knew Dick was too proud to accept anything offered in what might seem a spirit of charity. A call to Christmas eve service sounded from a church steeple across Broadway. Horatio had not realized it was so late and started up with a bound.

"I must be going," he exclaimed. "Haven't had a bite to eat since before noon, when I took the train from Cambridge, and am hungry as a bear."

Then, hesitating a moment, he added: "Come on and have supper with me. You're alone, and I'm alone. I hate eating all by myself."

Dick's body suddenly stiffened, and a look of suspicion came into his eyes.

"You can eat at your friends' house, can't you?" he asked, making it very clear that even though he was almost penniless he would not accept charity as long as he could shift for himself.

"It's too late to get anything to eat there," Horatio answered truthfully. "They dine at five." Then, in genuine cordiality, for he liked this waif and wanted him to go, he added, "I wish you'd come along."

His manner seemed to convince Dick that the invitation was given out of friendliness, and his frank winsomeness returned as quickly as it had left him.

"All right, I'll go," he exclaimed. Then, impulsively, he added, "It's awfully nice of you to want me."

They went together down the narrow stairway and through the night to a little restaurant. Horatio ordered stew with bread and butter for two; and as they ate the steaming, fragrant concoction that a stocky German waiter set before them Dick talked more and more of his experiences, and of the many ways in which a fellow can make his way in the world if he has a mind

to do so. He was so hungry he fairly gulped the food down, but he was so intent on what he was saying that he did not notice how nearly empty his plate had become. So Horatio quietly motioned the German to bring another helping. He knew he would have to go without something himself because of spending the money, for he had only funds enough to get him to New York and back to Cambridge and a very little to spend while in the city. But he felt he had rather miss almost any pleasure than not give this brave lad at least one nourishing meal. He wished he might have the entire evening with him, and part of the next day; but that was out of the question. The friends he was to visit would not want him to go wandering away with strangers. Also, they would think it strange if he did not reach the house until nine o'clock or after, as he had written he would be in on the train that arrived at five. So he said good-bye to Dick, expressing pleasure over having met him.

"I'm certainly glad you spoke to me and that we got to know each other," the ragged boy returned whole-heartedly as they parted. "It's been a very nice Christmas eve. Come and see me the next time you're in New York. Guess I'll be in that same loft for a good while yet. Of course, when I get to earning big money," he exclaimed, as if not for a minute did he doubt that he would be prosperous some day, "I'll move to a better place. When I do I'll write and tell you so. Good-bye, and a Merry Christmas."

He set off through the snow for his cheerless garret, but as he went it seemed to him a very inviting place. He would curl up beside the stove and read the book that was now his very own, Cooper's "Spy" for which he had been longing for many months.

Horatio Alger never saw Dick again. After his visit to New York he returned to Harvard and, graduating there, settled down in his Massachusetts home to write. Once when he went back to the city he tried to find Dick, but the ragged urchin and his companions were gone from the garret, and nobody living there knew what had become of them. Horatio hoped it meant that Dick had got the fine job he so confidently talked of getting, and that he was no

longer having to choose between hunger and a book. But whether that was the case or not he never knew.

Meeting the waif, however, quickened his sympathies for all homeless, unfortunate boys. He found that there were many struggling to keep alive and to go on to something better, and that those who were making the fight in great cities had to fight hardest, because, although they found many opportunities there, there were more and bigger obstacles for them to surmount. He had a father to stand back of him and to send him to college, yet even he felt sometimes that life was not wholly rosy. Dick and others of his kind had nobody; only their hands, their heads, and their pluck. It began to seem that those who make their own way and succeed are worth ten times more than those who go to success aided upon every side. Horatio felt a desire to help all waifs, to encourage them, and before he realized such a thing was possible a way opened for him to do it.

New York offered more opportunities to a writer than any other place in America. The publishers were there. It was the market to which to take one's wares. So Horatio Alger settled in New York, and while writing there his chief recreation was to go about the streets and follow up the lives of boys. He found many a ragged Dick and tattered Tom and Harry, and whenever he did he made friends with them, trying to help them stand on their own feet and go on. His home came to be their headquarters. He lent them books, taught those who wanted to study, for there were no night-schools in those days, and helped them to find jobs and to get into better places than the ones they had already. And the boys gave back as much as he gave to them. While he was getting their confidence and coming to know their hardships and their hopes, they furnished him with something to write about; and he wrote freely, eloquently sometimes, because he was very full of his subject. In stories that he called "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," and the like, in keeping with their characters, he pictured the lives of struggling boys he knew. He always brought his books to a happy ending, had the wrong punished and virtue rewarded, because that was what he hoped would be in store for each of his young friends. He

knew, also, that to read books in which boys struggling against heavy odds succeeded at last would help them to go on. He became a shepherd of the friendless, a bringer of hope and happiness into lives that held little brightness. And perhaps but for seeing Dick Richards look hungrily into a bakery window one bitter Christmas eve it would not have turned out that way at all.

\* \* \*

### EVISCERATED EDITIONS

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

The first Alger book I read was a copy of *ADRIFT IN NEW YORK*, published by World Syndicate Publishing House, Cleveland and New York. The cover was bright red, and stamped in silver, while the pages had no numbers and had turned brown and brittle with age. The solitary illustration was singularly crude and ugly. The book had come home with me after I spent two months in a summer camp, and remained in my footlocker for several years, until I read four of Alger's books in a single volume, with an introduction by Russel Crouse. The final page of Crouse's introduction cited *ADRIFT IN NEW YORK* as one of Alger's last books, and told how Horatio read it aloud to dying Charles O'Connor. The title mentioned reminded of the book from camp, and soon I had it out, and was reading it, but not with as much enjoyment as the four I had just finished. Somehow it lacked the charm of the other stories.

More than twenty-five years passed before I discovered the cause: more than half of the story had been removed!

Four publishers, Goldsmith, Saalfield, World, and World Syndicate, all coming from Ohio, issued these cheap editions from the same plates, and their most noticeable feature is the lack of page numbers. An examination of the title lists for these publishers in Bennett's bibliography shows their assortments to be nearly identical.

The next four pages show how the first three chapters in a Merston edition were edited to make up Chapter I in the books issued by this infamous "gang of four," in the last years of the Alger era.

## ADRIFT IN NEW YORK

## CHAPTER I

## THE MISSING HEIR

"Uncle, you are not looking well to-night."

"I am not well, Florence. ~~I sometimes doubt if I shall ever be any better.~~"

~~"Surely, uncle, you cannot mean—"~~

"Yes, my child, I have reason to believe that I am nearing the end."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak so, uncle," said Florence Linden, in irrepressible agitation. "You are not an old man. You are but fifty-four."

"True, Florence, but it is not years only that make a man old. Two great sorrows have embittered my life. First, the death of my dearly loved wife, and next, the loss of my boy, Harvey."

~~"It is long since I have heard you refer to my cousin's loss. I thought you had become reconciled; no, I do not mean that, I thought your regret might be less poignant."~~

~~"I have not permitted myself to speak of it, but I have never ceased to think of it day and night."~~

~~John Linden paused sadly, then resumed:~~

"If he had died, I might, as you say, have become reconciled; but he was abducted at the age of four by a revengeful servant whom I had discharged from my employment. Heaven knows whether he is living or dead, but it is impressed upon my mind that he still lives, it may be in misery, it may be as a criminal, while I, his unhappy father, live on in luxury which I cannot enjoy, with no one to care for me—"

~~Florence Linden sank impulsively on her knees beside her uncle's chair.~~

"Don't say that, uncle," she pleaded. "You know that I love you, Uncle John."

"And I, too, uncle."

There was a shade of jealousy in the voice of Curtis Waring as he entered the library through the open door, and, approaching his uncle, pressed his hand.

He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, of perhaps thirty-five, with shifty, black eyes and thin lips, shaded by a dark mustache. It was not a face to trust.

~~Even when he smiled the expression of his face did not soften. Yet he could moderate his voice so as to express tenderness and sympathy.~~

He was the son of an elder sister of Mr. Linden, while Florence was the daughter of a younger brother.

Both were orphans, and both formed a part of Mr. Linden's household, and owed everything to his bounty.

~~Curtis was supposed to be in some business downtown, but he received a liberal allowance from his uncle, and often drew upon him for outside assistance.~~

~~As he stood with his uncle's hand in his, he was necessarily brought near Florence, who instinctively drew a little away, with a slight shudder indicating repugnance.~~

~~Slight as it was, Curtis detected it, and his face~~

~~darkened.~~

~~John Linden looked from one to the other.~~

"Yes," he said, "I must not forget that I have a nephew and a niece. You are both dear to me, but no one can take the place of the boy I have lost."

"But it is so long ago, uncle," said Curtis. "It must be fourteen years."

"It is fourteen years."

"And the boy is long since dead!"

"No, no!" said John Linden, vehemently. "I do not, I will not, believe it. He still lives, and I live only in the hope of one day clasping him in my arms."

~~"That is very improbable, uncle," said Curtis, in a tone of annoyance. "There isn't one chance in a hundred that my cousin still lives. The grave has closed over him long since. The sooner you make up your mind to accept the inevitable the better."~~

~~The drawn features of the old man showed that the words had a depressing effect upon his mind, but Florence interrupted her cousin indignantly.~~

~~"How can you speak so, Curtis?" she exclaimed. "Leave Uncle John the hope that he has so long cherished. I have a presentiment that Harvey still lives."~~

~~John Linden's face brightened up.~~

~~"You, too, believe it possible, Florence?" he said, eagerly.~~

~~"Yes, uncle, I not only believe it possible, but probable. How old would Harvey be if he still lived?" (asked Florence.)~~

~~"Eighteen—nearly a year older than yourself."~~

~~"How strange! I always think of him as a little boy."~~

~~"And I, too, Florence. He rises before me in his little velvet suit, as he was when I last saw him, with his sweet, boyish face, in which his mother's looks were reflected."~~

~~"Yet, if still living," interrupted Curtis, harshly, "he is a rough street boy, perchance serving his time at Blackwell's Island, and a hardened young ruffian, whom it would be a bitter mortification to recognize as your son."~~

~~"That's the sorrowful part of it," said his uncle, in a voice of anguish. "That is what I most dread."~~

~~"Then, since even if he were living you would not care to recognize him, why not cease to think of him, or else regard him as dead?"~~

~~"Curtis Waring, have you no heart?" demanded Florence, indignantly.~~

~~"Indeed, Florence, you ought to know," said Curtis, sinking his voice into softly modulated accents.~~

~~"I know nothing of it," said Florence, coldly, rising from her recumbent position, and drawing aloof from Curtis.~~

~~"You know that the dearest wish of my heart is to find favor in your eyes. Uncle, you know my wish, and approve of it, do you not?"~~

~~"Yes, Curtis; you and Florence are equally dear to me, and it is my hope that you may be united. In that case, there will be no division of my fortune. It will be left to you jointly."~~

~~"Believe me, sir," said Curtis, with faltering voice, feigning an emotion which he did not feel, "believe~~

me, that I fully appreciate your goodness. I am sure Florence joins with me."

"Florence can speak for herself," said his cousin, coldly. "My uncle needs no assurances from me. He is always kind, and I am always grateful."

John Linden seemed absorbed in thought.

"I do not doubt your affection," he said; "and I have shown it by making you my joint heirs in the event of your marriage; but it is only fair to say that my property goes to my boy, if he still lives."

"But, sir," protested Curtis, "is not that likely to create unnecessary trouble? It can never be known, and meanwhile—"

"You and Florence will hold the property in trust."

"Have you so specified in your will?" asked Curtis.

"I have made two wills. Both are in yonder secretary. By the first the property is bequeathed to you and Florence. By the second and later, it goes to my lost boy in the event of his recovery. Of course, you and Florence are not forgotten, but the bulk of the property goes to Harvey."

"I sincerely wish the boy might be restored to you," said Curtis; but his tone belied his words. "Believe me, the loss of the property would affect me little, if you could be made happy by realizing your warmest desire; but, uncle, I think it only the part of a friend to point out to you, as I have already done, the baselessness of any such expectation."

"It may be as you say, Curtis," said his uncle, with a sigh. "If I were thoroughly convinced of it, I (latter) would destroy the later will, and leave my property absolutely to you and Florence."

"No, uncle," said Florence, impulsively, "make no change; let the will stand."

Curtis, screened from his uncle's view, darted a glance of bitter indignation at Florence.

"Is the girl mad?" he muttered to himself. "Must she forever balk me?"

"Let it be so for the present, then," said Mr. Linden, wearily. "Curtis, will you ring the bell? I am tired, and shall retire to my couch early."

"Let me help you, Uncle John," said Florence, eagerly.

"It is too much for your strength, my child. I am growing more and more helpless."

"I, too, can help," said Curtis.

John Linden, supported on either side by his nephew and niece, left the room, and was assisted to his chamber.

Curtis and Florence returned to the library.

"Florence," said her cousin, "my uncle's intentions, as expressed to-night, make it desirable that there should be an understanding between us. Take a seat beside me" leading her to a sofa "and let us talk this matter over."

With a gesture of repulsion Florence declined the proffered seat, and remained standing.

"As you please," she answered, coldly.

"Will you be seated?" (asked Curtis.)

"No; our interview will be brief."

"Then I will come to the point. Uncle John wishes

to see us united."

"It can never be!" said Florence, decidedly.

Curtis bit his lip in mortification, for her tone was cold and scornful.

Mingled with his mortification was genuine regret, for, as he was capable of loving anyone, he loved his fair young cousin.

"You profess to love Uncle John, and yet you would disappoint his cherished hope!" he returned.

"Is it his cherished hope?"

"There is no doubt of it. He has spoken to me more than once on the subject. Feeling that his end is near, he wishes to leave you in charge of a protector."

(replied) (rather)

"I can protect myself," said Florence, proudly.

"You think so. You do not consider the hapless lot of a penniless girl in a cold and selfish world."

"Penniless?" repeated Florence, in an accent of surprise.

"Yes, penniless. Our uncle's bequest to you is conditional upon your acceptance of my hand."

"Has he said this?" asked Florence, sinking into an armchair, with a helpless look.

"He has told me so more than once," returned Curtis, smoothly. "You don't know how near to his heart this marriage is. I know what you would say. If the property comes to me, I could come to your assistance, but I am expressly prohibited from doing so. I have pleaded with my uncle in your behalf, but in vain."

Florence was too clear-sighted not to penetrate his falsehood.

"If my uncle's heart is hardened against me," she said. "I shall be too wise to turn to you. I am to understand, then, that my choice lies between poverty and a union with you?"

"You have stated it correctly, Florence."

"Then," said Florence, arising, "I will not hesitate. I shrink from poverty, for I have been reared in luxury, but I will sooner live in a hovel—"

"Or a tenement house," interjected Curtis, with a sneer.

"Yes, or a tenement house, than become the wife of one I loathe."

"Girl, you shall bitterly repent that word!" said Curtis, stung to fury.

She did not reply, but, pale and sorrowful, glided from the room to weep bitter tears in the seclusion of her chamber.

## CHAPTER II

### A STRANGE VISITOR

Curtis Waring followed the retreating form of his cousin with a sardonic smile.

"She is in the toils! She cannot escape me!" he muttered. "But I"—and here his brow darkened—"it vexes me to see how she repels my advances, as if I were some loathsome thing! If only she would return my love—for I do love her, cold as she is—I should be happy. Can there be a rival? But no! we

live so quietly that she has met no one who could win her affections. Why can she not turn to me? Surely, I am not so ill favored, and, though twice her age, I am still a young man. Nay, it is only a young girl's caprice. She shall yet come to my arms, a willing captive."

His thoughts took a turn, as he arose from his seat, and walked over to the secretary.

"So it is here that the two wills are deposited!" he said to himself; "one making me a rich man, the other a beggar! While the last is in existence I am not safe. The boy may be alive, and liable to turn up at any moment. If he only were dead—or the will destroyed——" Here he made a suggestive pause.

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and tried one after another, but without success. He was so absorbed in his work that he did not notice the entrance of a dark-browed, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a shabby corduroy suit, till the intruder indulged in a short cough, intended to draw attention.

Starting with guilty consciousness, Curtis turned sharply around, and his startled glance fell on the intruder.

"Who are you?" he demanded, angrily. "And how dare you enter a gentleman's house unbidden?"

"Are you the gentleman?" asked the intruder, with intentional insolence.

"Yes."

(Do)

"You own this house?"

"Not at present. It is my uncle's."

"And that secretary—pardon my curiosity—is his?"

"Yes; but what business is it of yours?"

"Not much. Only it makes me laugh to see a gentleman picking a lock. You should leave such business to men like me."

"You are an insolent fellow!" said Curtis, more embarrassed than he liked to confess, for this rough-looking man had become possessed of a dangerous secret. "I am my uncle's confidential agent, and it was on business of his that I wished to open the desk?"

"Why not go to him for the key?"

"Because he is sick. But, phew! why should I apologize or give any explanations to you? What can you know of him or me?"

"More, perhaps, than you suspect," said the intruder, quietly.

"Then you know, perhaps, that I am my uncle's heir?"

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Look here, fellow," said Curtis, thoroughly provoked, "I don't know who you are nor what you mean, but let me inform you that your presence here is an intrusion, and the sooner you leave the house the better!"

"I will leave it when I get ready."

Curtis started to his feet, and advanced toward his visitor with an air of menace:

(Curtis,)

"Go at once," he exclaimed angrily, "or I will kick

you out of the door!"

"What's the matter with the window?" returned the stranger, with an insolent leer.

"That's as you prefer; but if you don't leave at once I will eject you."

By the way of reply, the rough visitor coolly seated himself in a luxurious easy-chair, and, looking up into the angry face of Waring, said:

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"And why not?" asked Curtis, with a feeling of uneasiness for which he could not account.

"Why not? Because, in that case, I should seek an interview with your uncle, and tell him——"

"What?"

"That his son still lives; and that I can restore him to his——"

The face of Curtis Waring blanched; he staggered as if he had been struck; and he cried out, hoarsely:

"It is a lie!"

"It is the truth, begging your pardon. Do you mind my smoking?" and he coolly produced a common clay pipe, filled and lighted it.

"Who are you?" asked Curtis, scanning the man's features with painful anxiety.

"Have you forgotten Tim Bolton?"

"Are you Tim Bolton?" faltered Curtis.

"Yes; but you don't seem glad to see me?"

"I thought you were——"

"In Australia. So I was, three years since. Then I got homesick, and came back to New York."

"You have been here three years?"

"Yes," chuckled Bolton. "You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"Where?" asked Curtis, in a hollow voice.

"I keep a saloon on the Bowery. There's my card. Call around when convenient."

Curtis was about to throw the card into the grate, but on second thought dropped it into his pocket.

(Curtis)

"And the boy?" he asked, slowly.

"Is alive and well. He hasn't been starved. Though I dare say you wouldn't have grieved if he had."

"And he is actually in this city?"

"Just so."

"Does he know anything of—you know what I mean."

"He doesn't know that he is the son of a rich man, and heir to the property which you look upon as yours. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Yes. What is he doing? Is he at work?"

"He helps me some in the saloon, sells papers in the evenings, and makes himself generally useful."

"Has he any education?"

"Well, I haven't sent him to boarding school or college," answered Tim. "He don't know no Greek, or Latin, or mathematics—phew, that's a hard word! You didn't tell me you wanted him made a scholar of."

"I didn't. I wanted never to see or hear from him again. What made you bring him back to New York?"

"Couldn't keep away, governor. I got homesick, I did. There ain't but one Bowery in the world, and I hankered after that—"

"Didn't I pay you money to keep away, Tim Bolton?"

"I don't deny it; but what's three thousand dollars? Why, the kid's cost me more than that. I've had the care of him for fourteen years, and it's only about two hundred a year."

"You have broken your promise to me!" said Curtis, sternly.

"There's worse things than breaking your promise," retorted Bolton.

Scarcely had he spoken than a change came over his face, and he stared open-mouthed behind and beyond Curtis.

Startled himself, Curtis turned, and saw, with a feeling akin to dismay, the tall figure of his uncle standing on the threshold of the left portal, clad in a morning gown, with his eyes fixed inquiringly upon Bolton and himself.

### CHAPTER III

#### AN UNHOLY COMPACT

"Who is that man, Curtis?" asked John Linden, pointing his thin finger at Tim Bolton, who looked strangely out of place, as, with clay pipe, he sat in the luxurious library on a sumptuous chair.

"That man?" stammered Curtis, quite at a loss what to say.

"Yes."

"He is a poor man, out of luck, who has applied to me for assistance," answered Curtis, recovering his wits.

"That's it, governor," said Bolton, thinking it necessary to confirm the statement. "I've got five small children at home almost starvin', your honor."

"That is sad. What is your business, my man?"

It was Bolton's turn to be embarrassed.

"My business?" he repeated.

"That is what I said."

"I'm a—blacksmith, but I'm willing to do any honest work."

"That is commendable; but don't you know that it is very ill bred to smoke a pipe in a gentleman's house?"

"Excuse me, governor!"

And Bolton extinguished his pipe, and put it away in a pocket of his corduroy coat.

"I was just telling him the same thing," said Curtis.

"Don't trouble yourself any further, uncle. I will inquire into the man's circumstances, and help him if I can."

"Very well, Curtis. I came down because I thought I heard voices."

John Linden slowly returned to his chamber, and left the two alone.

"The governor's gettin' old," said Bolton. "When I was butler here, fifteen years ago, he looked like a young man. He didn't suspect that he had ever seen me before."

"Nor that it was you who carried away his son,

Bolton."

"Who hired me to do it? Who put me up to the job, as far as that goes?"

"Hush! Walls have ears. Let us return to business."

"That suits me."

"Look here, Tim Bolton," said Curtis, drawing up a chair, and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch, "you say you want money?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I don't give money for nothing."

"I know that. What's wanted now?"

"You say the boy is alive?"

"He's very much alive."

"Is there any necessity for his living?" asked Curtis, in a sharp, hissing tone, fixing his eyes searchingly on Bolton, to see how his hint would be taken.

"You mean that you want me to murder him?" said Bolton, quickly.

"Why not? You don't look overscrupulous."

"I am a bad man, I admit it," said Bolton, with a gesture of repugnance, "a thief, a low blackguard, perhaps, but, thank heaven! I am no murderer! And if I was, I wouldn't spill a drop of that boy's blood for the fortune that is his by right."

"I didn't give you credit for so much sentiment, Bolton," said Curtis, with a sneer. "You don't look like it, but appearances are deceitful. We'll drop the subject. You can serve me in another way. Can you open this secretary?"

"Yes; that's in my line."

"There is a paper in it that I want. It is my uncle's will. I have a curiosity to read it."

"I understand. Well, I'm agreeable."

"If you find any money or valuables, you are welcome to them. I only want the paper. When will you make the attempt?"

"To-morrow night. When will it be safe?"

"At eleven o'clock. We all retire early in this house. Can you force an entrance?"

"Yes; but it will be better for you to leave the outer door unlocked."

"I have a better plan. Here is my latchkey."

"Good! I may not do the job myself, but I will see that it is done. How shall I know the will?"

"It is in a big envelope, tied with a narrow tape. Probably it is inscribed: 'My will.'"

"Suppose I succeed, when shall I see you?"

"I will come around to your place on the Bowery. Good-night!"

Curtis Waring saw Bolton to the door, and let him out. Returning, he flung himself on a sofa.

"I can make that man useful!" he reflected. "There is an element of danger in the boy's presence in New York; but it will go hard if I can't get rid of him! Tim Bolton is unexpectedly squeamish, but there are others to whom I can apply. With gold everything is possible. It's time matters came to a finish. My uncle's health is rapidly failing—the doctor hints that he has heart disease—and the fortune for which I have been waiting so long will soon be mine, if I work my cards right. I can't afford to make any mistakes now."

WHENCE CAME THE NAME ROVER?  
SPECULATIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
GILBERT K. WESTGARD II & WALLACE PALMER

Did you ever wonder how Edward Stratemeyer may have named his popular boy heroes Rover? In the last years of the 19th century there was a brand of bicycle called the Rover. It was the kind that most boys wanted, and may have been the inspiration for naming the Rover Boys. I believe I told Harriet Stratemeyer Adams about this, but I never got a confirmation or denial from her.

As to how Lord Stratemeyer happened to name his favorite heroes, the Rover Boys, in one of my wonderful audiences with him at the Syndicate in '26, he showed me a big thick book he had on those sacred shelves behind his desk. I can't remember the name of it now, but it had been published in Britain, away back in the 19th century before the Rover Boys Series was born, and the hero was a boy named Rover. The book was a rather shabbily published imprint, with thick blue cloth covers, and on that smelly English stock of pulp paper which they continued to use over there for a lot of popular books, as far up as the 1930s and 1940s. And Lord Stratemeyer winked one of his beautiful bushy eyebrows as he extended the volume across the desk for me to look at it, on that happy day. But I much doubt that was actually the origin of his baptizing the boys as the Rovers. I think he just wanted to show me a coincidental literary curiosity related to the name of "Rover" in literature. The story of whoever that Rover boy was, was very rambling and unimpressive, without any of the wonderfully magic mood and atmosphere of our Lord's own Rover Boys Series, just like Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys never could measure up to the magic mood and atmosphere of any of Lord Edward's own works; but now that you speculate on how the Rover Boys received their christening, I do recall the day our Lord showed me that very cheaply imprinted book about a young fellow named Rover, in England.

Can any of our readers identify this book shown to young Wally Palmer more than 60 years ago? If so, please send information to your Editor at the address shown at the bottom of page 106.

WHERE RAGGED DICK WENT TO CHURCH  
YOUR EDITOR'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY  
TODD POSTOL

The quotation on the cover of this issue of *Newsboy*, together with the engraving, originally appeared in *Student and Schoolmate*, September, 1867. In a slightly revised form, and without the illustration, it appeared the following year when RAGGED DICK was published as a book by A. K. Loring in Boston.

This led to a series of questions and answers that our readers may find to be of some interest.

Does the church still stand at Fifth Avenue and West Twenty-First Street?

No.

What has replaced it?

Mixed commercial and office buildings, in the 15 to 30 story range.

What was the name of the church?

The South Dutch Reformed Church.

When was the congregation organized, and when was the building built? Does the congregation still exist?

The congregation was organized in 1812, and was located at Murray and Garden Streets. It moved to Fifth and West Twenty-First in 1849, where it remained until 1890. It was at Madison and 38th to 1910, when it moved to Park and 85th. Four years later the congregation disbanded. I was not able to discover when the church was built, but the engraving resembles both Trinity and Grace, [see illustrations on pages 123 and 129] which were built in 1846. It seems reasonable, then, that the congregation moved to a new building in 1849. Trinity was designed by Richard Upjohn, and Grace by James Renwick, Jr. An examination of the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY for these two men might reveal that one of them designed the church at 5th Avenue and West Twenty-First Street.

Who was the minister at the time Alger wrote RAGGED DICK? He may have been one of Alger's friends, or have been active in the Children's Aid Society, which operated the Newsboys' Lodging House.

Ebenezer Platt Rogers, born December 18, 1817; died October 22, 1881, in Montclair, New Jersey. He graduated Yale College in 1837; Princeton Theological Seminary in 1840; doctorate, Oglethorpe

University in 1853; licensed and ordained after graduating from Princeton in 1840; Pastor in Congregational Church, Chicopee Falls, Maine, from 1840 to 1843; Pastor in Congregational Church, Northampton, Maine, 1843-47; moved to become Pastor in Presbyterian Church, Augusta, Georgia, 1847 to 1853; Pastor at Seventh Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, 1853-56; went to Albany where for the first time he was Minister of a Dutch Reform Church in 1856, remaining until 1862; came to South Dutch Reformed Church in 1862, and stayed until his death in 1881. Author of: DOCTRINE OF ELECTION (1850), EARNEST WORDS TO YOUNG MEN (1851), THE CLASSMATES; OR, THE COLLEGE REVIVAL (1856), EVERYTHING IN CHRIST and HISTORICAL DISCOURSE ON THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF ALBANY (both 1858), and PRECIOUS THINGS OF ST. PETER (1874).

Other ministers for the South Dutch Reformed Church included Pastor James Matthews (1813-37), Rev. M. S. Hutton (1834-37), one Rev. Macauley (1838-62), and following the death of Ebenezer Rogers, Rev. Roderick Terry (1881 to 1904).

When was the building torn down?

I was not able to learn when it was demolished. At the New York City Municipal Archives, at the northwest corner of Center and Chambers Streets, in the Old Surrogate Court House, there is the City Buildings Department. If you go there you can examine their "Docket Books," which record properties by block and lot number.

\* \* \*

Over the next several months Todd is going to be doing research in Washington, DC, Boston, Albany, Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Toledo, Sacramento, Pomona, and New York City. He is going to need (relatively) inexpensive places to stay in or near these cities. He is doing a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago on the history of American newsboy. Any members who might be willing to provide temporary lodgings should contact Todd to work out the details. Phone him at 516 473-5281, or address correspondence to 22 Davis Ave., Point Jefferson Station, NY 11776.

This is a good way to get to know one of our most enthusiastic members.

## NEW DISCOVERIES IN REVERE

by  
Gilbert K. Westgard II

In September I spent a day in Revere, Massachusetts, birthplace of Horatio Alger, Jr., hoping to find out what had happened to the building which housed the congregation over which Horatio, Sr., presided as minister from 1829 to 1844, at which time it was a part of Chelsea. Much to my surprise, having thought it might have been torn down when it ceased to be a church in 1919, I found it still stands, though in a somewhat changed form. Built in 1710, it is the oldest building still standing north of Boston that was originally constructed as a house of worship. It now serves as the Revere Community Counseling Center, and is located at 265 Beach Street.

In the office of the City Clerk, John J. Henry, a previously unknown letter of resignation from Horatio Alger, Sr., was brought to my attention. It reads:

Chelsea Nov. 19, 1838.

To Capt. J. Pierce & others, committee of the first parish in Chelsea.

Gentlemen,

I have attentively considered the communication which you lately made to me, in behalf of the parish, relating to the continuance of my connexion with them. I feel deeply grateful for the kind regard towards me, manifested by your seeking for my continuance in the ministry in this place. But the more I consider the subject, the more satisfied do I become that it is better that I should leave you. I cannot remain consistently with my views of propriety & duty.

To find that so many here regret my separation from you, will increase my regret at parting. But it is a comfort to feel that in ceasing to be minister & people, we need not cease to be *friends*. Be assured you will ever have my best wishes & prayers both as individuals & as a Parish for your temporal & spiritual welfare.

I am affectionately  
Your Christian friend & pastor,  
Horatio Alger

Note: Capt. John Peirce's daughter, Lydia Maria, married Joseph Fenno, brother of Olive Augusta Fenno, wife of Horatio, Sr.

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NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

NEW-YORK CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

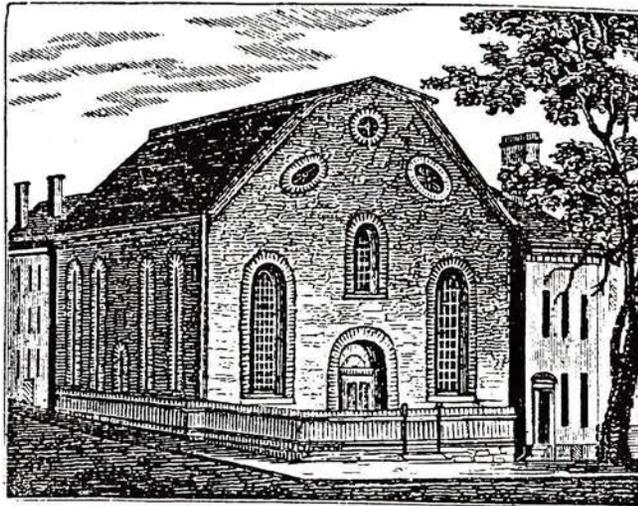
Continued from page 104.



Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue.

**N**EW-YORK City is proud of her Churches, and she well may be, as the forest of spires seen above the roofs of the level lines of houses, indicate as plainly as the forest of masts at her wharves, her thrift and greatness. The renaissance, progress, and culmination of Gothic architecture in the New World, may be here seen in the course of a morning's walk. Passing through a few streets, or, in fact,

through one only, we may see the objects which future archæologists will make the subjects of ponderous essays; but the crowd that sees these majestic structures rising up day by day scarcely bestows a passing thought upon them, or stops to moralize on the mystery of these resuscitations of dead centuries in the midst of our busy metropolis. The moral influence of the revival of the so-called Gothic style of church architecture, would form a most profitable subject for a sermon, and we imagine that there would be no great difficulty in tracing the tendency to purple chasubles in many of our Protestant clergy, to the mediævalisms in church edifices which have been introduced among us during the past twenty years. Sir Anthony Absolute shrewdly remarks of novel-reading, that those who are so fond of handling the leaves, will, in time, have a longing for the fruit. It is a natural result, if not inevitable, that those who rebuild the churches of the fourteenth century, will also desire to revive the worship to which they were consecrated. But we will not infringe on the province of the preacher; our present business is with the



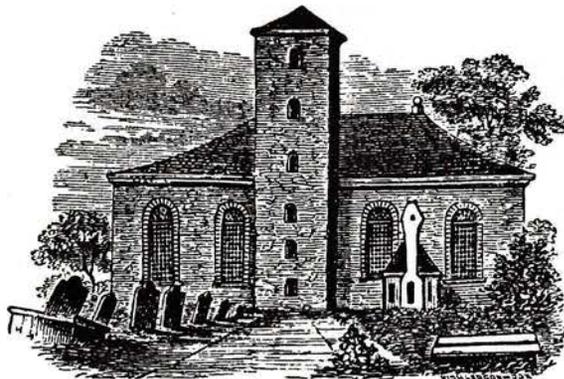
German Lutheran Church.—1767.

miration, the claim is sufficiently large—we shall examine its validity. There are two causes for the incorrect and unimposing architecture of the greater number of churches in New-York; the one is the incapacity of the architects who design them—the other is the ignorance of the people who pay for them.

Now, for the ignorance of the latter, there is every excuse which the most charitably disposed person in the world could desire to find.

We don't wish to be sweeping and unjust this morning; on the contrary, every thing disposes us to mildness and amiability. We shall not say we think things are good when we know they are bad, and could prove it, if we had a mind. Intending, therefore, to do every thing that is right, we shall admit that we, as a people, are making great strides towards excellence in the various departments of art; and that there are a great many men among us who cannot be caught by mediocrity, and who demand from every man the best he can give.

The great evil is, that while there is plenty of *private* criticism in circles whose judgment in these matters is final, the *public* criticism is for the most part short-sighted, illogical, narrow, and dictated by whim and pique. We know fifty cases, and men who are more intimate with these matters than we, know many more, in which works of art and literature have been either mercilessly hacked, or stoutly



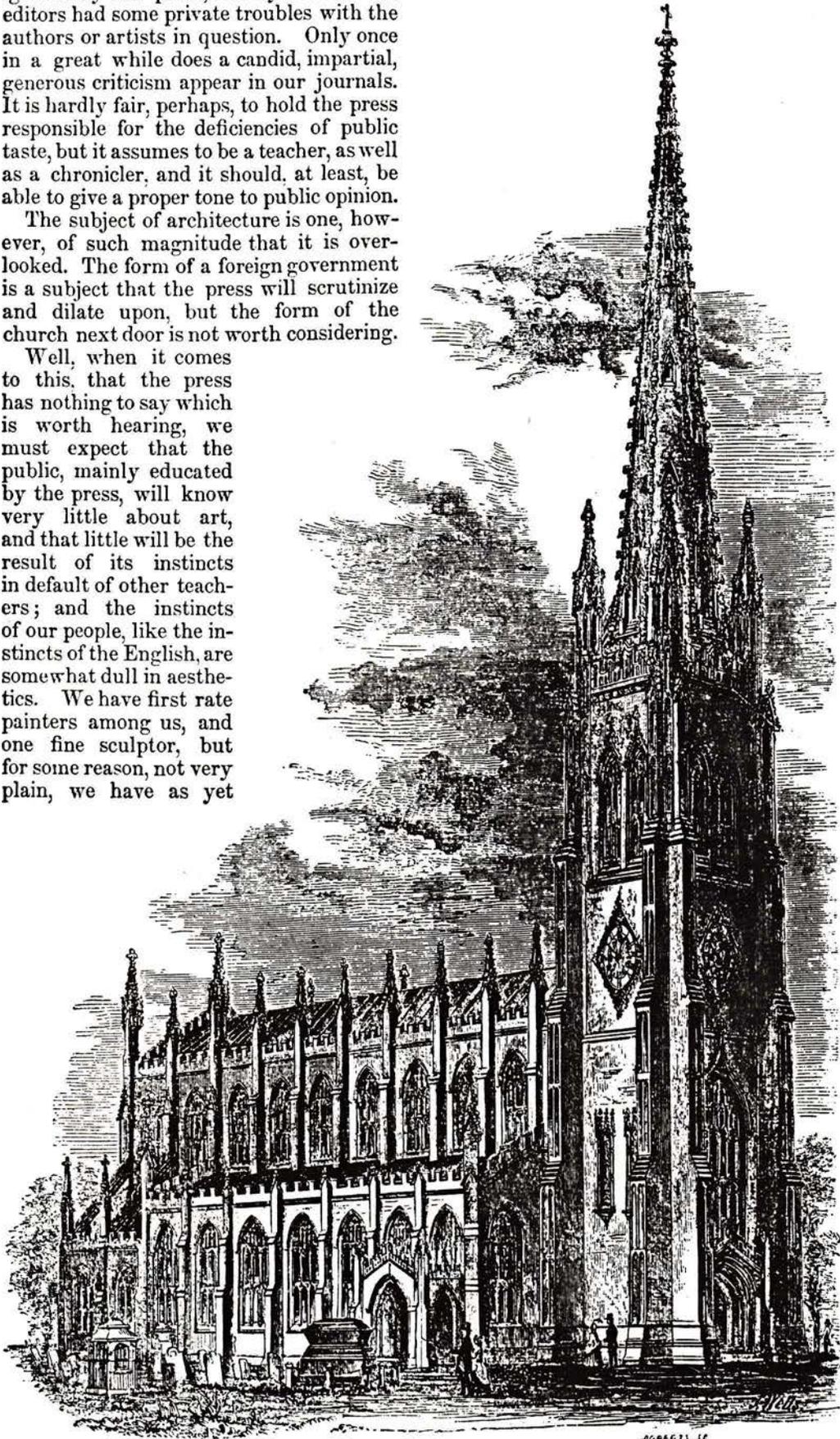
Old French Church.—1704.

minster and not the ministers. If the rapidity with which these ecclesiastical structures have sprung up in every street, and the general respectability of their appearance, constitute any claim on our ad-

ignored by the press, merely because the editors had some private troubles with the authors or artists in question. Only once in a great while does a candid, impartial, generous criticism appear in our journals. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to hold the press responsible for the deficiencies of public taste, but it assumes to be a teacher, as well as a chronicler, and it should, at least, be able to give a proper tone to public opinion.

The subject of architecture is one, however, of such magnitude that it is overlooked. The form of a foreign government is a subject that the press will scrutinize and dilate upon, but the form of the church next door is not worth considering.

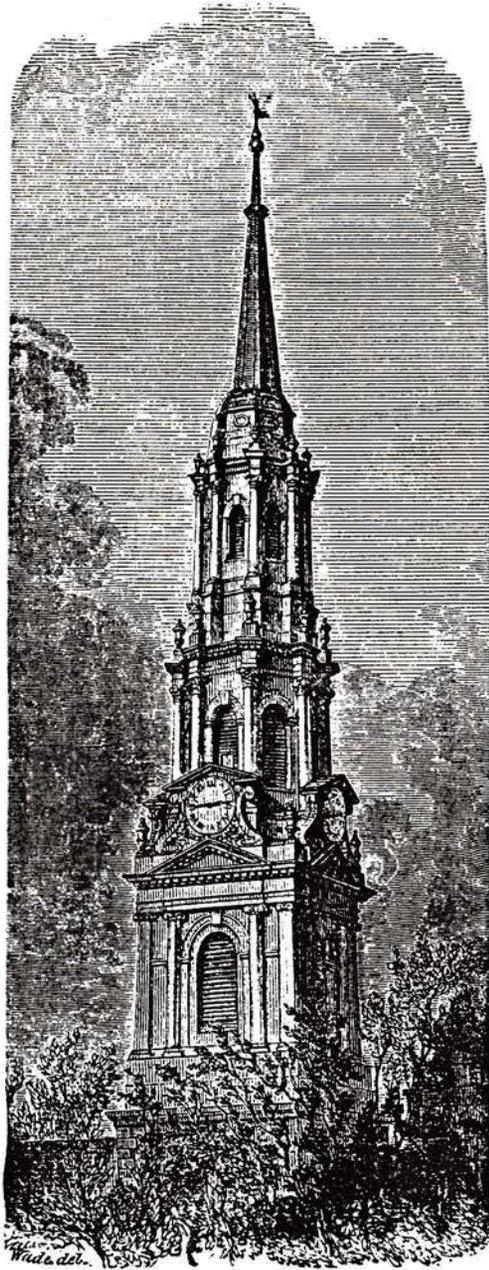
Well, when it comes to this, that the press has nothing to say which is worth hearing, we must expect that the public, mainly educated by the press, will know very little about art, and that little will be the result of its instincts in default of other teachers; and the instincts of our people, like the instincts of the English, are somewhat dull in aesthetics. We have first rate painters among us, and one fine sculptor, but for some reason, not very plain, we have as yet



Trinity Church, Broadway.

utterly failed to make any mark in the domain of art, and the prospect of our doing so is very slight for many years to come.

One thing is plain as daylight to every body. Until some one of our artists



St. Paul's Spire.

shall do something that will stand in spite of all the flattery of friends, and all the abuse of enemies, which shall say for itself, without waiting for any one to say it—"I am excellent, come and admire me;"—which shall abide through all changes of fashion, and all the whims of

dilettanteism; which shall fear no criticism, and shrink before no knowledge; in short, until a *leader* come, we have no right to blame the public for want of taste, and say that "to paint good pictures, and make good statues, is to throw pearls before swine," because the experiment has never fully been tried. There are many splendid examples of liberality and good construction in our church edifices, and, if they do not display the same degree of inventive genius which we can point to in our bridges, aqueducts, and other great public works designed for the general good, it will be wrong to infer that we are, therefore, deficient in architectural ability. The fault lies not, we are persuaded, either in national, or individual disability, but in the narrowness of sectarian judgment. Our architects have not been left free to exercise their genius, or they could have accomplished things in church-building equal to our national achievements in ship-building. Our churches have been designed to conform to a superstitious reverence for symbolism, and our architects have been cramped by the foregone opinions of their employers, that the science of ecclesiology was incapable of improvement or advancement; so there was no other course but to imitate some existing edifice, in the old world, as nearly as the changed order of society, and the improvements in art and science would permit. Some of these imitations have been very successful, as imitations, and there may be seen church edifices in our finest streets, placed between houses of great elegance and beauty, that display almost as much Gothic ignorance and bad taste, as any of the mouldy remnants of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. But it is quite impossible, with our improved tastes, and refined habits, to wholly imitate the barbarisms of our ancestors, even in church architecture, and the most Gothic of our ecclesiastical structures display elegances and conveniences which the best of them were strangers to. Houses are built to dwell in, as Bacon says, in his essay on building, and churches were designed to worship in; but the prevalent opinion seems to be, that churches are intended for some other purpose, to symbolize a religious idea, or to perpetuate a sectarian dogma.

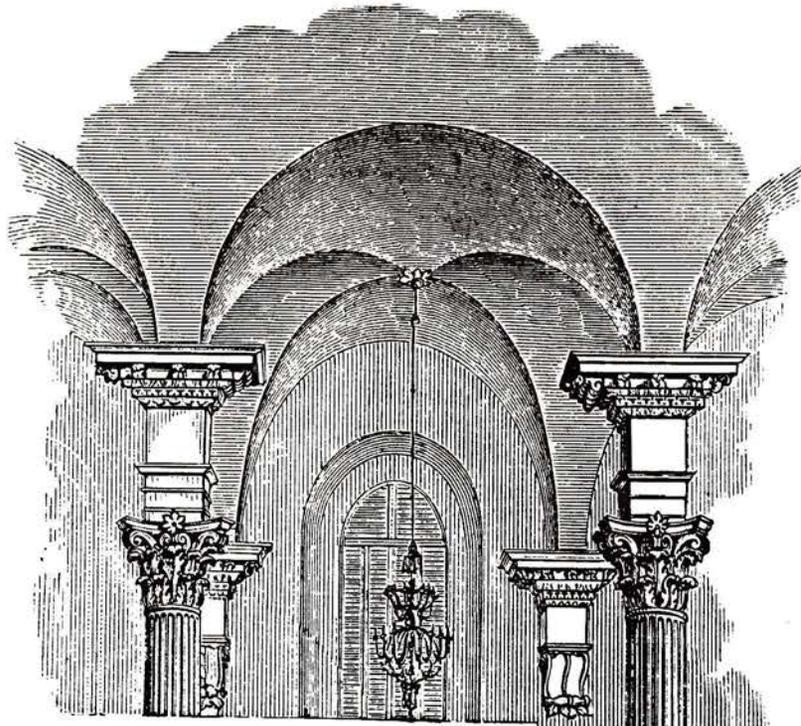
We may call our progress in architecture a leap rather than a progress—because within five years, more has been done than in the thirty preceding the five. America has never produced a great—nay, a respectable architect. No set of men have done so much to bring the profession into disgrace, as the so-called New-York architects. There is hardly in the whole city a

single correct building, and but few of the modern churches which are sincerely and faithfully built. This is not the place to preach from this text. We shall take speedy opportunity to utter our convictions on this point, however; and content ourselves at present with merely hinting at our sentiments. The architects of New-York must in each and every case shoulder the blame of the incongruities,

the weakness, the want of impressiveness, which mar our public and private buildings. When a man is spending half a million of dollars on a building, is it possible to believe that he would not rejoice to find an architect capable of making a grand design, and carrying it out grandly? A man who knows, always controls the man who does not know, and an intelligent architect always can rule the will, the taste, and the purse of his client.

There are, in the city of New-York, about two hundred and thirty churches, or houses of worship, the majority of which are merely convenient houses for public assemblages, respectable enough in appearance, and answering all the purposes for which they were designed; but making no pretensions to architectural splendor, or ecclesiastical symbolism. There are some, however, which would command attention in any city of the old world, by their size, solidity of construction, impressiveness of aspect, and elegance of finish. The greater number of them are of the various styles of Gothic, and belong generally to the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, the two wealthiest, if not the most numerous of the different religious sects of New-York.

The Episcopalians made the first attempt at reviving, or rather transplanting, the Gothic style of architecture on this side of the Atlantic. St. Thomas' Church, on the corner of Broadway and Prince-



Interior of St. Paul's.

street, which was erected nearly thirty years ago, was the first attempt of the kind, and, though it has since been so entirely overshadowed by Trinity, yet, considering the state of art among us at that time, it must be regarded as a great success.

The early churches of New-York, like all the Dutch buildings, were very ugly. The German Lutheran Church was built in the years 1766-7, in the swamp, at the corner of Frankfort-street. Six years before, a few houses had begun to be built in that part of the high-road to Boston which led toward "Fresh Water," extending from Broadway to the place where the negroes were burnt in 1741, and to which the gallows had lately been removed; this road then began to be regulated as a street. The place near which this church was built was what its name implies, a swamp. The French Church, "Du St. Esprit," was erected in

W. Wood, Del. J. H. B. & Co., Sc.

1704, by the Protestant Huguenots escaped from France, and settled at Brooklyn, New Rochelle, &c. Both these churches are now destroyed to make room for other buildings. We regret their loss, because, though they were informed by no spirit of beauty, they were built in a sincere desire to do the best that lay in the builders' power, and, at all events, were marred by no pretence, and told no falsehoods.

The visitor to our city, who comes from over the water, sees the spire of Trinity Church rising far above the mass of houses and the clustered masts. It is a graceful and beautiful spire—the crotchets, perhaps, are a little too thickly placed, and not of sufficiently marked character; and we could have wished that the windows had been omitted from it, since, unless these features are kept very small—too small in such a spire to be of any use—they invariably interfere with the upward tendency of the lines. To have omitted the windows, however, would have been to have lost a good opportunity for making money, an opportunity which American and English committees, whe-



Church of the Divine Unity, Broadway.

ther ecclesiastical or viaductile, never lose sight of. Accordingly, we find that

“a fee is expected” by the Sacristan for allowing the little tower-staircase door to remain open from sunset to sunrise, and we may add, that the expectations of this enterprising gentleman are very seldom disappointed. We are sorry for him, but truth demands of us to state that the Latting Observatory offers much better accommodation to visitors, and a more extensive view, at no advance in price. The present “Trinity Church” is every way a more beautiful building than the dingy old stone



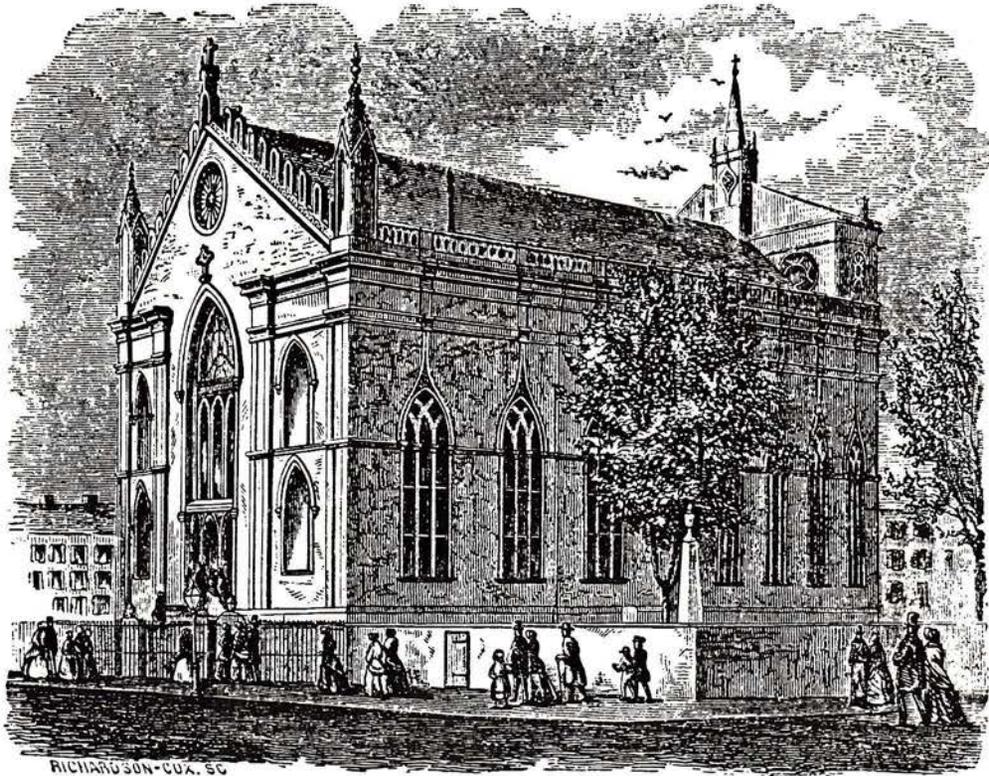
First Baptist Church, Broome-street.



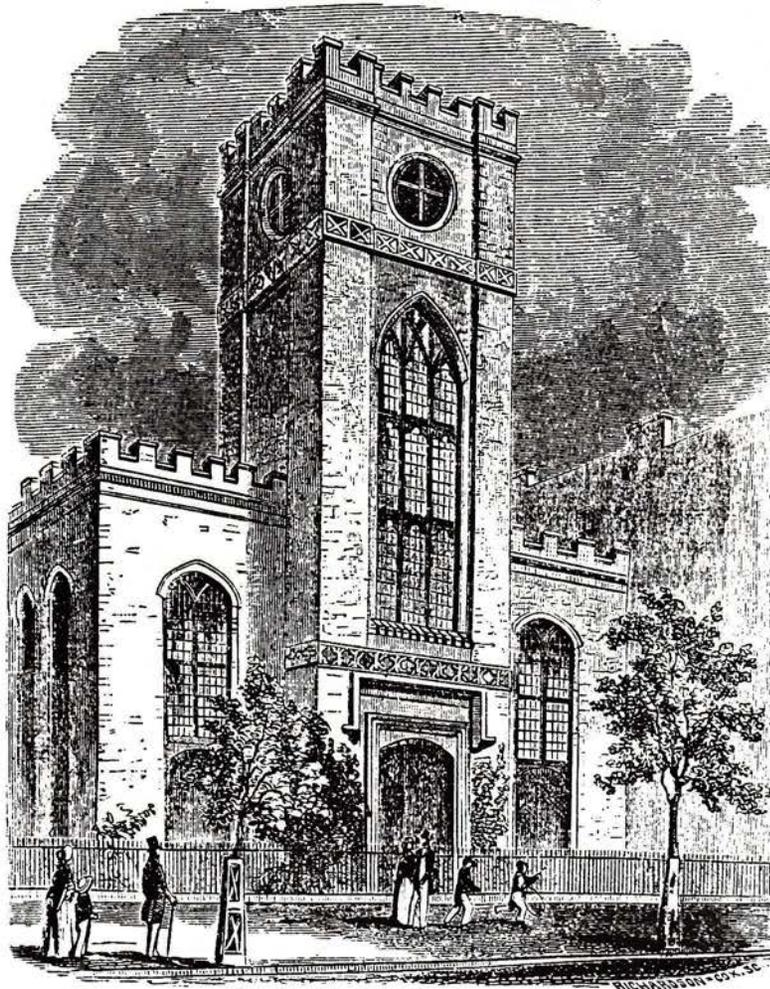
Church of the Holy Redeemer, (Catholic) Third-street.

edifice, with a wooden spire, which it has displaced. That was a very plain, matter of fact structure, with an incongruous semi-circular porch jutting out in front. A model of the old church was preserved till lately in the vestry room of the modern building, and afforded a very edifying contrast. The new church belongs to the Perpendicular Period of Pointed Architecture, and was erected between the years 1838 and 1845, after the design of Richard Upjohn, an English architect, if we mistake not, settled in New-York. The material is the light brown freestone, from the Little Falls quarries, in New Jersey, and is, throughout, finely cut. The church, which, unlike all the other Protestant churches in

the city, is open every day in the year, from sunrise to sunset, is entered by two side porches, and on Sundays by the large door in the Tower. The tower is, with the spire, 280 feet high and is provided with a clock, which strikes the hours, and chimes the halves and quarters, and a full chime of bells—the only one in the city, and a gift, for which the writer of this article desires to make his best bow to the Corporation for all the pleasure it has given him to hear. Over the principle door there is a large window filled with elaborate tracery, which lights nothing and is of no use. It is put there like the niches in the tower sides, for show, and we wish that the architect had been willing to leave those spaces bare,



St. Patrick's Cathedral.



Church of the Messiah, Broadway.

and put the money and labor which they represent into *real stone* groining for the three porches, which, as we have said before, yawns, at present, disgracefully in wood. It has been the fashion for some time past to say patronizingly that "Trinity is a fine building"—yes, very fine—but it's all spire. Now all that we imagine the architect of the church attempted to do when he designed it was, to *imitate*, good existing examples. We take it for granted he did not design executing an *original*

work. If he did, he does not know what original means—because every thing in Trinity is copied from old examples from first to last, and the only question for the critic in testing its merits is, whether it be a correct copy or not. Now, working on this principle, Mr. Upjohn is quite right in making his tower and spire the dominant feature in the church, because it was the great principle on which the old churches, or the best of them, were designed. The tower and spire, or the tower when there was no spire, was the great exterior feature of the building. It was the life and soul of the structure. It represented the character of the building—it strove to embody its spirit—it was the portion which first caught the eye—to him who came over the sea or over the hill, that beckoning finger first gave welcome sign of home—

the cheering voice, hid within, first gladdened his eager ear. All the best art of the builder went into the tower, or the principal door, or the spire which crowned the whole. To make all beautiful was his aim, but invariably the spire drew into itself all the harmony and genius of the whole.

Now we cannot say very eulogistic things

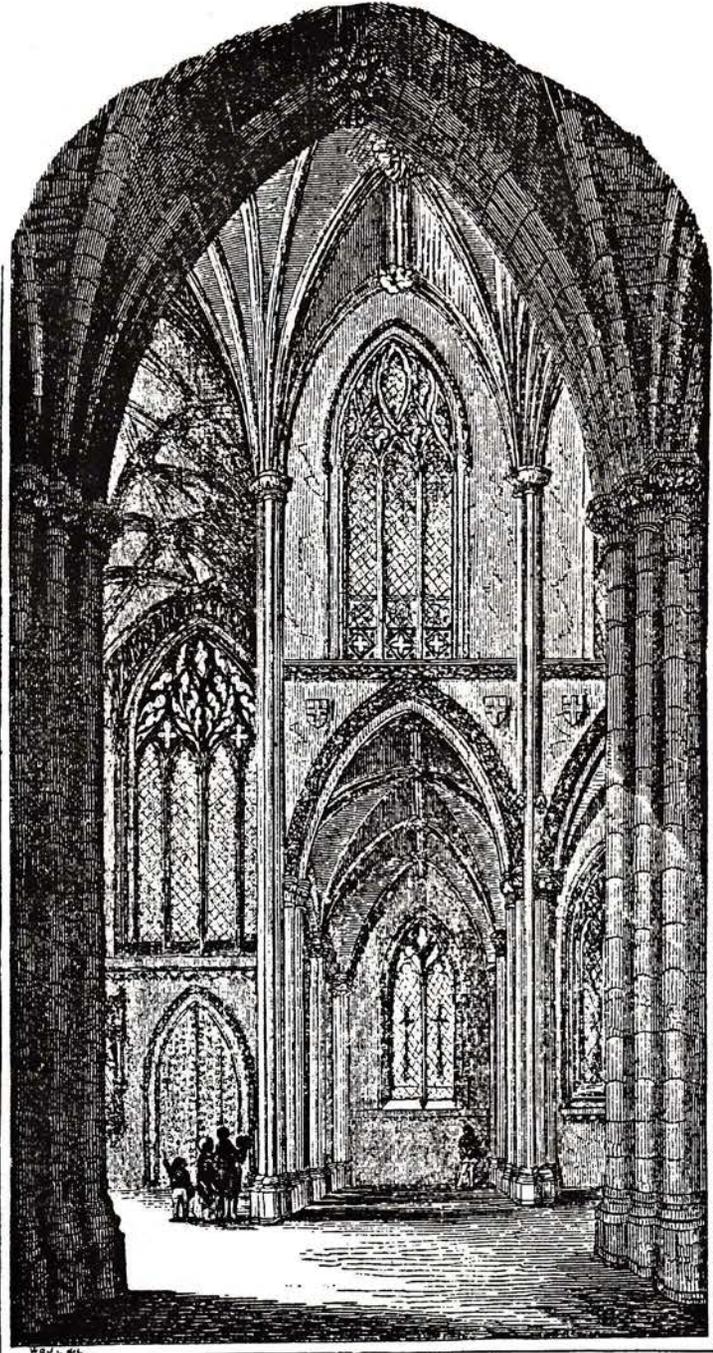


Grace Church.

of the imposing spire of Trinity. We think it clumsy, and wanting in lightness of line, and in the whole quality of aspiration which is the first element demanded in a spire. But we insist that its size shall not be brought up against it, because it is undoubtedly according to law that it should be larger than the body of the church would seem to demand. Beside, when we remember that the tower is the best part of the church, we shall find it unreasonable to complain that this is the very part of which they have given us the most. The body of the church is poor, and decidedly wanting in character—a crowd of buttresses which support nothing, a foolish battlemented sky line, a double range of very ordinary windows, one serving as a copy for all the rest—this is all that the body of the church has to offer us.

The interior of the church is, at first glance, very fine. It would continue to be considered fine by any criticism which chose to overlook the evident insincerity of the whole affair.

The side-walls, the whole roof, and the chancel are of *plaster, colored to imitate stone*. The columns of the interior are stone as far up as we can see—we are unable to vouch for more. As we have already said, Nature is asserting herself nobly in damp and mould, and making all the architect's deceptions plain in the light of truth. The woodwork throughout the church is of oak; the screen in the chancel, the reading desks and chairs, the pulpit, the organ and organ gallery, are all elaborately carved. The church would be an object of which our city might well be proud, if it were not for the deceptions



Interior of Grace Church.

which stare us in the face; and, after they are once found out, destroy much of our pleasure in visiting it.

Higher up Broadway we have St. Paul's—respectable, old-fashioned St. Paul's, of which Willis sang in his flippant way:

"On, or by St. Paul's and the Astor,  
Religion seems very ill planned;  
For one day we list to the pastor,  
For six days we list to the band."

That band of Barnum's whose bray wakes the discordant echoes all about, is the one he alludes to—playing its two-and-six-penny discords, to the unspeakable delight of all the pie-women in the neigh-

borhood. In spite of the fresh coats of paint bestowed upon St. Paul's, and the excellent repair in which it is kept, it has a very venerable appearance, and we believe it is the oldest building in Broadway with one exception. The grand old trees in the churchyard, which are probably coeval with it, are very fitting companions for it. The building of St. Paul's chapel was commenced in 1763, and finished in 1766. It was opened on the 30th of October, 1766; and his excellency Sir Henry Moore expressed a desire of introducing in it a band of music, which request was granted, on the condition that the band should only join in such part of the service as was usual and customary in such cases, and that no other pieces of music

should be allowed but such only as were adapted to the service of the church on such solemn occasions. The inauguration of Washington, as President of the United States, took place, as is well known, at the City Hall. After the ceremonial was over, the general retired, with the civil and military officers in attendance, to St. Paul's Chapel, in order to unite with them in such religious services as were appropriate to the occasion. And here also he frequently received the holy communion."\*

The spire of St. Paul's, a partial copy from one of Wren's, is a great ornament to our city; and, together with the spire of St. John's, which we have been unable to have engraved in season, deserves a prominent place in any critical notice of New-York church edifices. The tower is placed at the west end of the church, the entrance being at the east. It is built of wood, and painted brown to imitate stone, the same old story, which a man gets so heartily sick of in examining the architecture of New-York, that he can hardly find words strong enough to express his vexation. The body of the



Church of the Pilgrims, Union Square.

church is of stone or brick stuccoed, on the exterior colored brown, and marked off in lines, to give it the appearance of being built of small blocks of rough stone. The principal porch on Broadway, and the rear porch in the west, with the pediments, together with the cornice and its mouldings are of wood, with stone columns, painted, and sanded. The principal porch, we may add, is very clumsy, and violates all rules of architectural propriety. Thus we have a church dedicated to the worship of a God of Truth, whose ministers declare that he will cast into Hell every thing that loveth or maketh a lie, in which not one of its outward parts is what it pretends to be, but purposes to be something better, more solid, and more costly than it is.

The interior of this chapel is highly interesting, not for its architectural beauty, of which it has little, but for its old-fashioned appearance, and the hints it gives us of the simple tastes and moderate ideas of splendor which belonged to our ancestors. The white pillars—we rejoice that no modern hands have framed

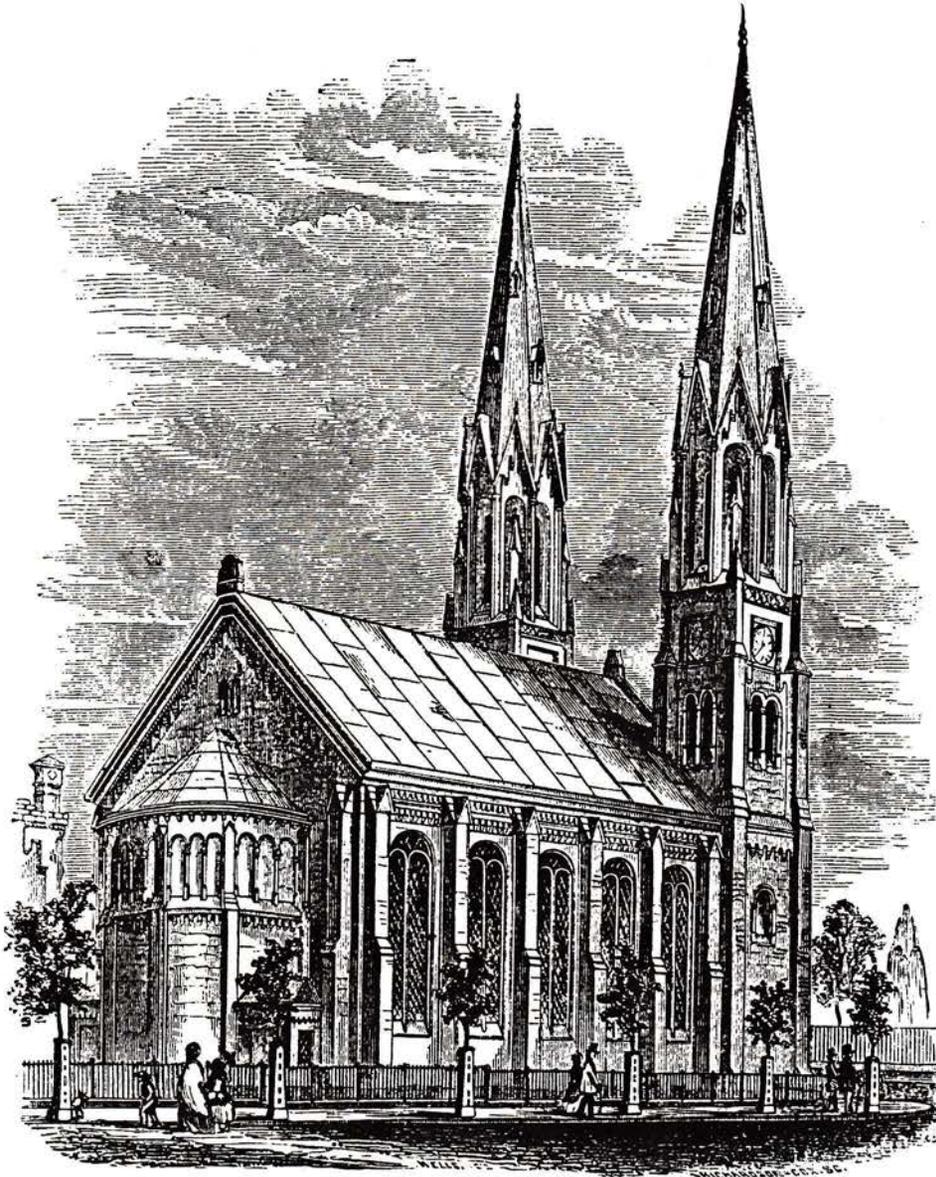
\* Berrian's Historical Sketch of Trinity Church. 1847.



Church of the Annunciation. Fourteenth-street.

them—and thus made the inside as false as the outside—the odd and ugly bits of broken entablature which spoil them, the queer chandeliers of glass, the pulpit with its Damoclean sounding-board, the exceedingly accurate representation of the thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai accompanying the giving of the Law,—all these things will suffice to make a visit to the church very interesting, and we hope no Vandal will presume to alter the church in any particular, until time shall with his destroying finger first have given the sign. Farther up Broadway “the church of the Divine Unity,” formerly Unita-

rian, now Universalist, astonishes and amuses us. As seen from Broadway, it is in truth nothing but the front door to a very long and gloomy entry which runs back to the real church—a very large building, full of pretence and cheap expedients, whose rear is on Crosby-street. Exteriorly, the true church building is nothing. A very blank series of unpainted brick walls, innocent of all deception, hardly prepare the beholder's mind for the painted splendors of plaster and pencil, and the black walnut wainscoting, and beautifully carved pulpit he will find within.



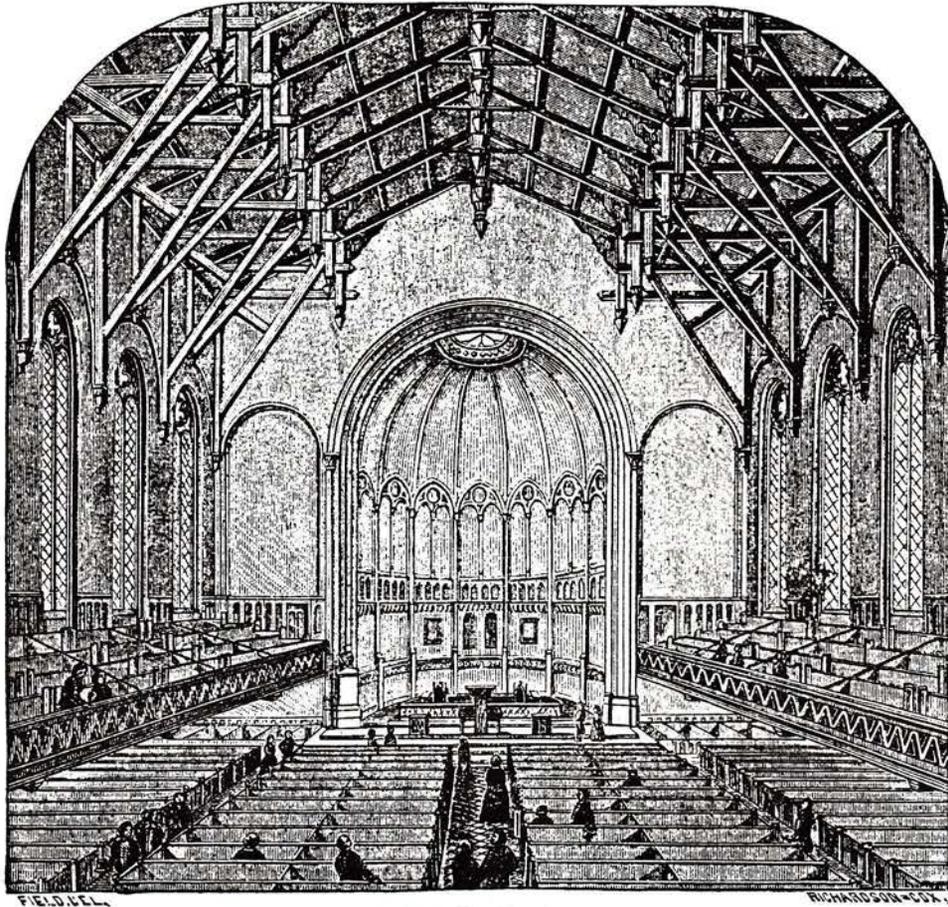
St. George's.

The Church of the Divine Unity was built by the first Congregationalist society in New-York, which formerly worshipped in Chambers-street, in the small church which stood in the spot now occupied by the Savings' Bank.

The meeting-house of the First Baptist Church in Broome-street, was erected in the year 1841, from the designs of Mr. Lafever. It is built of rough, gray stone, having two large octagonal towers at the angles of the south front, and two small turrets on the same front, running up the sides of a very elaborate perpendicular window. The windows in the sides are square-headed, and very simple; the towers, the gables, and the sides of the building are battlemented; but, notwithstanding the embattlements, every thing about, and within the holy edifice

wears an aspect of peace and good will. It is not among our best specimens of Gothic, but it is a well built and commodious edifice, and one of the finest of the Baptist meeting-houses.

The Church of the Holy Redeemer, (R. Catholic,) is a novelty amid the universal display of pseudo-Gothic architecture, which meets our eye in every portion of the city. We have understood that it is the first work of a young architect, Mr. Walsh, who certainly shows some feeling for picturesque effect. The tower looks well from a distance, and, we are told, has a peculiarly striking appearance from Brooklyn and the East River. Built of shabby materials, and, we suppose, intended to be stuccoed, it is a wretched affair when closely inspected. We think the interior the very ugliest, most trashy piece of tinsel and



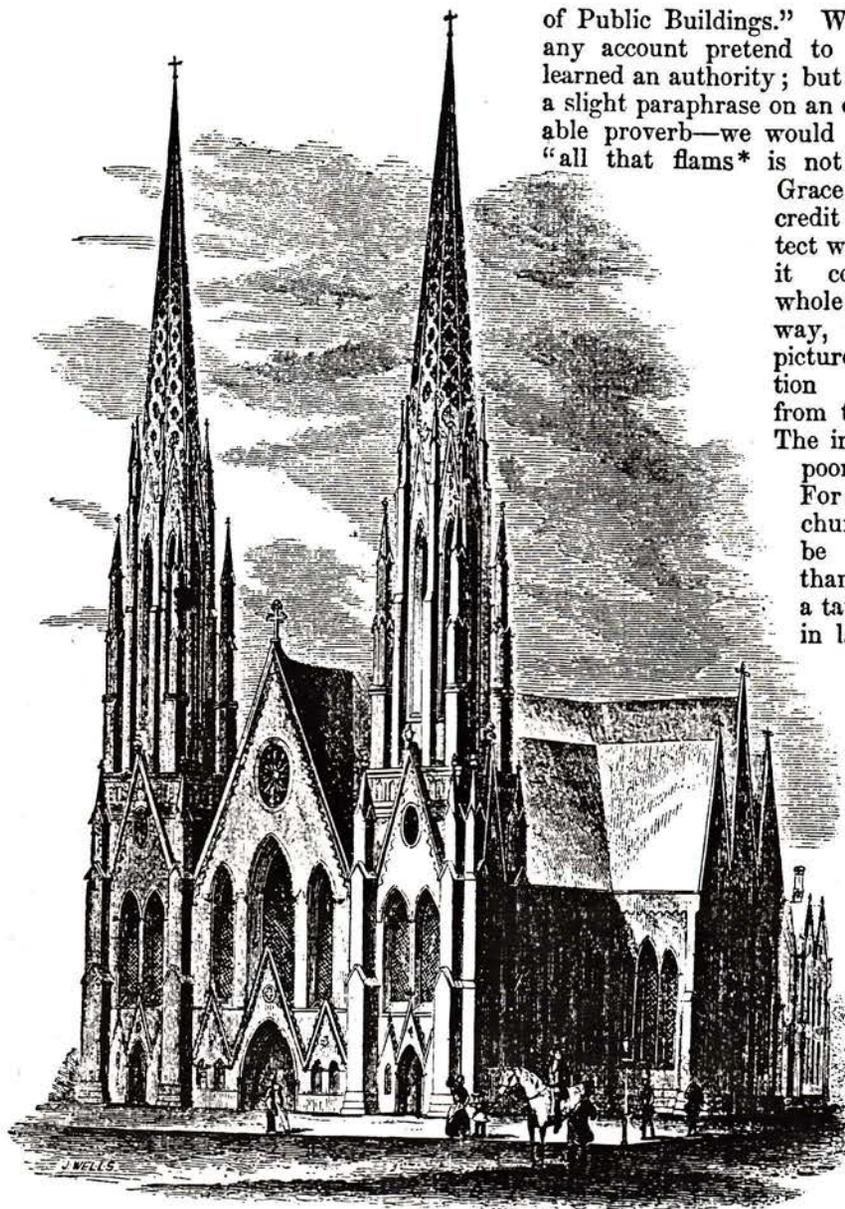
St. George's.—Interior.

bad taste we ever saw. Every thing is of the most impoverished description; we should hardly be justified in making a jeer at poverty; but when it is coupled with extravagant pretension, what else remains? Here we have an immense church which must have cost a great sum of money, its blue roof blazing with tarnished brass stars, the rest of the interior a mass of dull white plaster, the high altar a heap of wretched gew-gaws. But the tower, as we have said, has quite a pleasant effect when seen from a distance, where the detail escapes the eye, and indeed the rear of the building forms a very agreeable mass, although, judging from the exterior ornaments and the whole interior, we should imagine this excellence an accident.

We are informed that Archbishop Hughes intends erecting a very large and costly cathedral in the coming spring. That in Mott-street was begun in 1809, but was not consecrated till 1815. The original building was of solid stone stuccoed. It was 120 feet long, but in 1842, an addition of 35 feet was made in order to afford a new Sanctuary and proper sacristies. The cost of the whole was \$150,000. The name of the original architect is un-

known, but the addition mentioned above was designed by Mr. Rodrigue. The cathedral is a very ugly building, as the cut will show. The pediment of the east front has never been approached in the world in desperate deformity.

The Church of the Messiah was among the earliest endeavors made in this city to attain unto the sublimity of the Gothic Cathedral of Europe. Who designed it we do not know—we trust that he has repented of his deed—but we well remember the praise that the fearful object drew forth when it was first built. We remember the astonishment of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and the contemplative stare of “we children” at the masterly frescoes, “fac-similes, sir, from Westminster Abbey!” which adorn the east end and the ceiling. We remember the dumb astonishment with which we gazed at the mahogany miracles yclept severally a pulpit and organ, which set the carpenters into an envious frenzy. We remember all these things, and we sigh as we find that an intelligent audience still holds the church, and gazes year after year at these poor attempts, without the slightest qualms of conscience, or the slightest apparent symptoms of an outraged taste.



Calvary.

The exterior with its staring, useless tower, its very ugly and unmeaning window over the principal entrance, and its side entrance, half door and half window, are merely accessory pieces of ill taste, which entirely correspond with the remainder of the building.

"Grace Church, on Broadway, New-York, is a sparkling specimen, on a small scale, of a cathedral with transept in the style of Gothic prevailing on the European continent about the commencement of the fifteenth century, the early Flamboyant." We quote from Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Hints on the Architecture

of Public Buildings." We would not on any account pretend to differ from so learned an authority; but if we may offer a slight paraphrase on an old and respectable proverb—we would beg to propose "all that flams\* is not Flamboyant."

Grace Church is no credit to the architect who built it, but it commands the wholesweep of Broadway, and makes a picturesque termination of the view from the lower part. The interior is like a poor kaleidoscope. For a Protestant church what could be more absurd than this interior; a tawdry imitation in lath and plaster of bits of genuine work in stone and marble.

The Church of the Puritans is a white marble edifice, "an example," to quote again from Mr. Owen, "without much embellishing ornament of the later Norman or Lombard."

It is of marble, *one side, and the rear of the church being of brick plastered.* The architect is the same who designed Grace—Mr. James Renwick, Jr.

The Church of the Annunciation, in Fourteenth-street, is built of gray free-stone with a slated spire. It is noticeable for nothing unless it be the entire absence of elegance which characterizes it, a want however, in which it is fully equalled by many other ecclesiastical structures in the city.

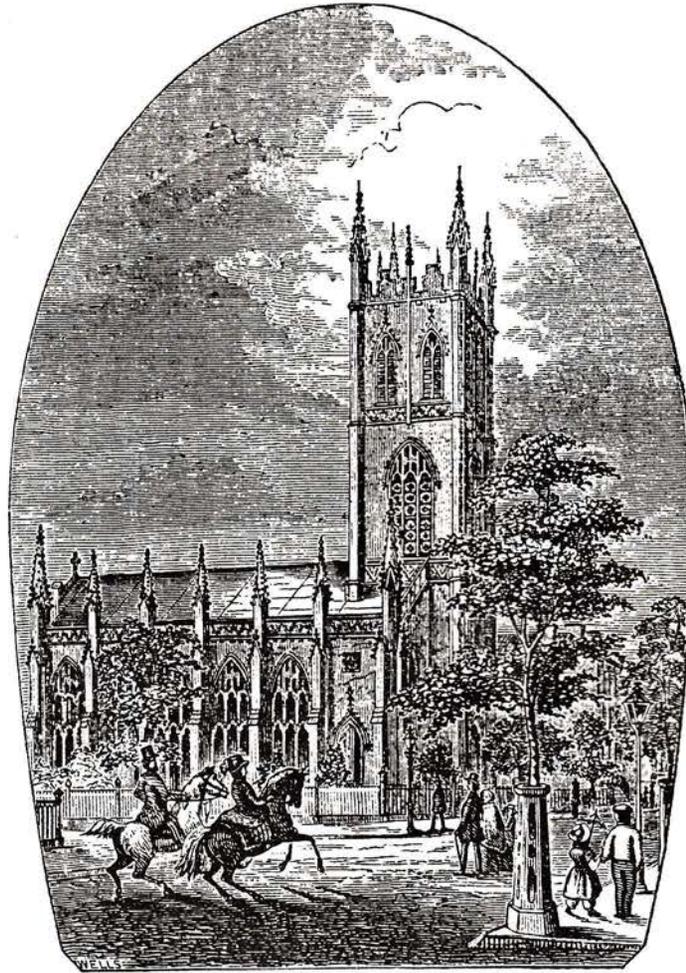
Our cuts of St. George's Church and its interior do not do that admirable building justice. It is the most chastely designed

\* 'To Flam' is a good word, and is used by Dr. South.

and the most sincerely built church in New York City—we are not afraid to say in the United States. It is in the Byzantine style, built of brown freestone, and finished in a style worthy of imitation. The edifice is not completed according to the designs of the architect; the two spires are yet wanting, but we are not certain that the general effect will be improved by them as the appearance of too great height, which the church now has, will be greatly increased by the addition of the slender spires, which are seen in the engraving. St. George's Church stands in a noble position, fronting Stuyvesant Square, and is the finest architectural feature which the eastern section of the city can boast of. The interior of this noble church is the grandest and most imposing of any of our city churches. The finish is extremely simple, and the absence of pillars, the need of which has been obviated by a hanging gallery, gives it a very roomy and majestic appearance.

Calvary Church was erected in the year 1846-7, after the designs of James Renwick, Jr., at an expense of \$80,000. The most that can be said for this edifice is that it has a picturesque exterior when it is not seen too closely. It is constructed of brown free-stone of a very sombre tint, and has two skeleton wooden spires which are painted to correspond with the body of the building. Each spire is surmounted by a wooden cross. There are many incongruities in Calvary Church which must be too obvious to every one who looks at it with a critical eye, to require pointing out. In the rear of the church is the rectory, which corresponds in style with the main building.

The First Presbyterian Church, on the Fifth Avenue, is a very pleasing edifice, much lighter and more delicate than its neighbor the Church of the Ascension, although the latter seems a more solid piece of work. We wish that other societies would follow the example of this church corporation, and give their buildings such



First Presbyterian Church.

admirable settings of turf and trees. The church is placed in the centre of one side of a square, the grounds belonging to it extend to the streets on the north and south of the lot. It is refreshing to see these little bits of verdure and leafiness in the midst of our city, but "position" is a grace which our architects and church corporations have not sufficiently studied.

Our Frontispiece—the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue, corner of Tenth-street, is erected from drawings by Mr. Upjohn, the architect who designed Trinity Church and Chapel. It is solidly and sincerely built of brown stone, and the walls are clustered with a beautiful garment of our American ivy (*ampelopsis*) which, although a mass of dry sticks in winter, is a treasure of verdant loveliness in the light and shade of spring and summer, and glows in gorgeous scarlet and richest browns and purples through the autumn days. Will not the architect of Calvary and Grace take this hint of a natural veil, and persuade the several corporations of these buildings of its efficacy in such desperate cases as these?

(To be continued.)