



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION **NEWSBOY**



Horatio Alger, Jr.

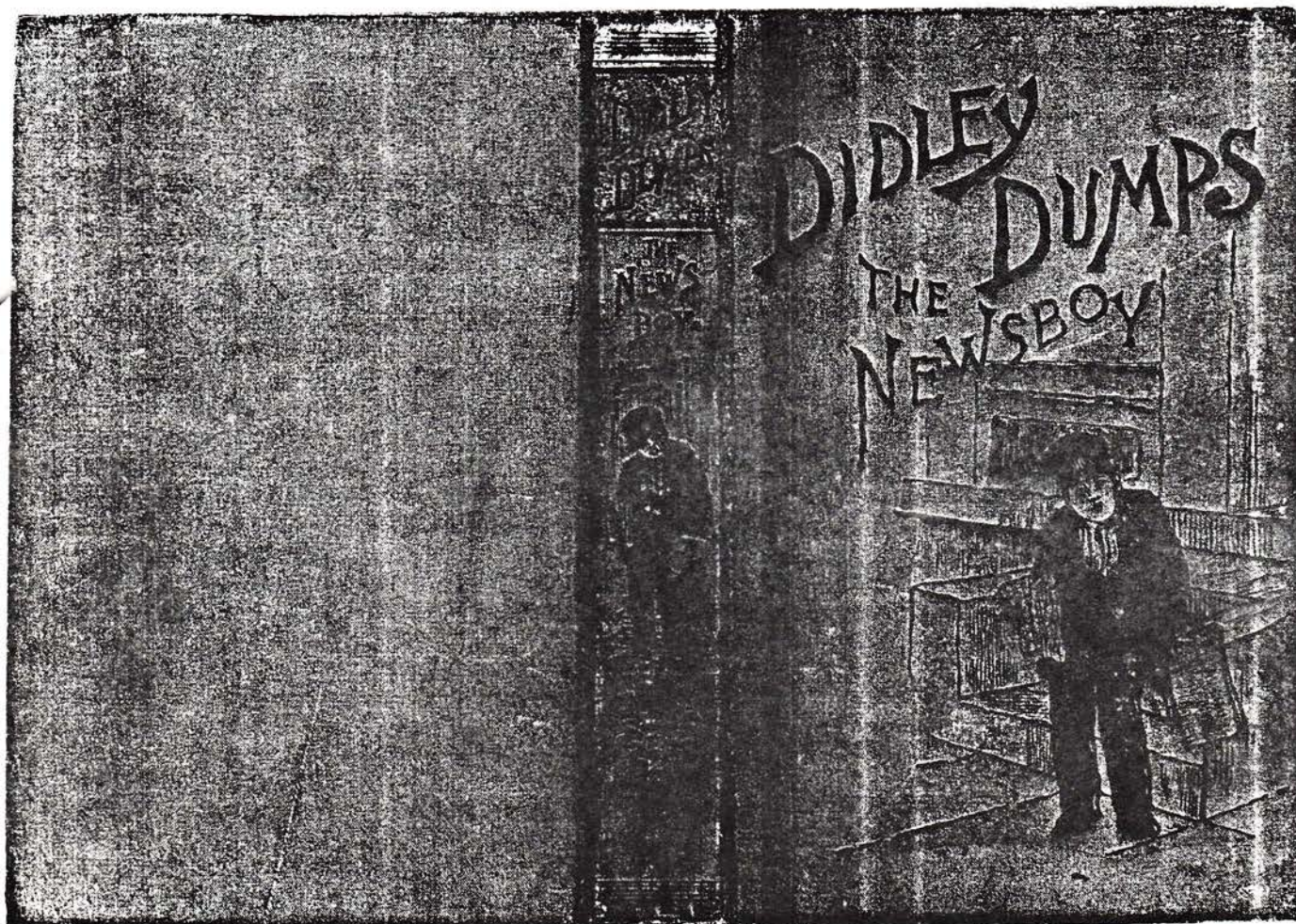
1832 - 1899

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

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The complete book appears in this issue of *NEWSBOY*.

Bill Russell, PF-549, recently sent me a nice copy of *DIDLEY DUMPS, THE NEWSBOY*, one of the few biographies of an actual member of the paper-selling fraternity.

After reading it I decided to share it with our members, and do so in the hope that it will make an interesting comparison with Alger's epics.

To save space it has been reduced in size, and formed into columns. The original size of the volume is 5 x 7½ x 11/16 and is bound in tan cloth with black and green stamping.

* * *

ALGER IN PROSE AND POETRY

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

Whenever I read a book that has its setting in the Alger era I do so with the often unfulfilled hope that a mention of Alger might be found. Recently I found a choice paragraph in *THE BALLAD OF TYPHOID MARY*, J. F. Federspiel, Dutton, NY, 1983.

These were the years when people still read Horatio Alger, Jr. His books outsold Mark Twain and sometimes even the Bible. His heroes—but only the heroes—were magnanimous and decent to a degree that was almost indecent. One truism applied to all his characters: the girls became women but the boys remained boys. As a one-time Sunday-school teacher of little boys, Horatio Alger, Jr., had occasionally guided some of his flock off the straight and narrow and into the bushes, and for this he was very nearly hanged from a branch by a mob of decent people from whom he escaped with a last-minute leap onto the last running board of a railroad train. He settled down in New York and there plied the writer's trade, continuing to minister to the needs of boys—their moral needs, this time. He wrote countless books in which boys could find foolproof recipes for

success, all nicely wrapped up in a gripping adventure story. He remained otherwise helpful, too, but that he is so ignored today (his books withdrawn from libraries for lack of interest) proves, I believe, that virtue is only one of the many spices of art.

Another novel that mentions Horatio is *TIME AND AGAIN*, by Jack Finney. Its hero, Si Morley, travels back to the New York of 1882. Seeing various working boys, Si muses:

These were the boys, it suddenly occurred to me, that Horatio Alger wrote about; he was alive now, I recalled, maybe writing *Tom, the Bootblack* at this moment. But the bright, eager, cheerful faces he wrote about weren't down here. These faces, even the six-year-olds', were intent and knowing, shrewd and alert, as they had to be—I thought I could see this in their faces—if they were to eat tonight.

TIME AND AGAIN is a book you'll want to read if you wonder about what it was like to live in the Alger era. It was published by Simon & Schuster, NY, in 1970, and was also a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

As a subject of poetry, other than in limericks concerning his problems during the time when he was a minister in the town of Brewster, Massachusetts, Alger usually appears as a nostalgic memory of a long-vanished childhood.

Six years ago I wrote a poem combining the theme of the limericks with the fond look back at Alger's career in the period following his departure from Brewster.

It has been revised several times, particularly in the opening lines. Since I contemplate no further changes, it now appears in *Newsboy* for the first time.

Choosing a title was not an easy task, but since it opens at his lowest moment and goes upward from there, I call it, "The Apotheosis of Horatio Alger, Jr."

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

Come, listen, good reader, and you shall hear
Of Horatio Alger, an author held dear.
On the nineteenth of March, back in sixty-six,
Came public exposure of his own private tricks,
When young John N. Clark, a lad of fifteen,
And Thomas S. Crocker, who was only thirteen,
Told of deeds folks found "too revolting to relate,"
Which on them had been done at a recent date.
This, by and large,
Was the gist of the charge.
Allegations were made, and the testimony heard,
But our good Reverend Alger said not a word,
Except to say he'd "been imprudent."
That's just how he thereafter viewed it.
They said, "He reacted like an old offender,"
This highly personable clerical rule-bender.
He considered his connections in Brewster "disolved,"
And thus the matter was finally resolved.
He got out of town on the very next train,
And returned not to Brewster ever again.
For one brief moment there entered his head
The notion that he'd be better off dead.
This was his time of sore distress,
His realization of wretchedness.
He knew that his clerical life was now through,
And thus he was forced to find something to do.
At first he thought perhaps he might teach,
But who would put young sons in *his* reach?
Then came the solution to his present condition,
He'd try to fulfill a long-time ambition.
The writing of books was one of his greatest joys,
And now he could do it, and do it for *boys*!
To New York he headed without delay,
And for near thirty years there he would stay.
The tales of boys in an uphill fight,
These were the epics he knew he could write.
The hard-working bootblack, the struggling newsboy,
Their trials and their triumphs, their sadness and joy.
The smasher of baggage, and the seller of matches,
Their haps and mishaps, their scrapes and their scratches.
RAGGED DICK came out to begin the next year,
And won many readers from both far and near,
First as a serial, then a book bound in boards,
One that the boys would add to their treasured hoards.
Soon Alger's name came to mean the best of boys' reading,
And in sales, o'er the years, his volumes were leading.
From owner to owner they were swapped and were traded,
As before eager readers each hero paraded.
Six score, and more, of volumes he wrote.
On each dulcet title his fans they would dote.
Had he stayed in Brewster, he'd be almost unknown,
And the tales of Tom, Dick, and Joe, we'd never have known.
From what was seen as a certain disgrace,
He arose, phoenix-like, to find his right place.
In the hearts of the boys all over the land,
He was their favorite author, and his stories just grand!

Ivan McClymont, PF-722, writes: *Sorry for the long delay in writing. It's one of those things that is so easy to put off until another day, and so it goes on and on.*

As I promised on the phone, I have enclosed a couple of articles.

I am afraid the Alger Convention is just too far away for us this year, but we are looking forward to next year.

I shared a booth at the Toronto Book Fair last October, and hope to be at the one on April 24, same place. We did very well last time, though both myself and my friend are too heavy in Henty and need more variety. However, it was a lot of fun. This was the third time for us. I took a few cheap Algers, but there seemed little interest.

I found a nice copy of The Backwoods Boy, published by David McKay, with dust jacket, in mint condition at a nearby booth, but nothing else.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF A COUPLE OF CANADIANS AT THEIR FIRST ALGER CONVENTION

by

Ivan and Margaret McClymont

Attending the Alger Convention in Charlottesville, hosted by George and Alice Owens, was the highlight of 1987 for both of us. Not only had we the pleasure of meeting all the Alger enthusiasts at the Convention, but also visited that part of the United States for the first time.

We had joined the Society in December, 1983, after reading an article in the Henty Society Bulletin on the Alger Society. While my main interest was and remains collecting G. A. Henty, we did have about 75 Alger titles. That has since grown to 109 titles, but we have no plans at present to collect by edition such as I do with Henty.

We considered attending the 1984 Convention in New Hampshire, but having just joined we decided to wait another year. 1985 and 1986 were in Florida and Texas, too far for the time we had available. Virginia, in 1987, was just far enough to make an interesting trip and still return home within a week.

We left Varna, near the shore of Lake

Huron, 40 miles northwest of London, Ontario, on Tuesday the week of the convention. We crossed the border at Fort Erie-Buffalo, and stayed with Henty friends at Avoca, New York, near Corning, that night. The following day when we headed south into Pennsylvania it was all new country to us. As we travelled south, it was interesting to see the season advance. When we left home only a few plum trees were in blossom, but in Virginia all the apple trees were in full bloom.

We stopped at so many used book shops along the way that it was well after dark before we arrived at the convention motel in Charlottesville. After checking in, we spotted a large character down by the pool and wondered if he was a Society member, but were too shy to ask. We met Jerry the next day and were sorry that we had not made ourselves known earlier.

We met our genial host, George, the next morning along with a number of other "early birds," and received a warm welcome from all. Bob Sawyer kindly gave Marg a fistfull of Alger material, and before the convention was over we had acquired a dozen new titles as well as several bibliographies.

We enjoyed the buffet and program on Friday night as well as the banquet and auction on Saturday. The book sale Saturday morning was of great interest, but in the excitement of seeing all those books, including a few by Henty, I forgot to mention that the prices on my books were all in Canadian funds, making them one third higher than they should have been.

Carl Hartmann dropped by our room on Friday night while we were watching the playoff game between the Leafs and Wings and stayed long enough to let us know who he was rooting for. Unfortunately, the Leafs lost both the game and the series, and then in October, the Tigers did a number on the Blue Jays. I may not want to talk sports to Carl the next time we meet.

Like everyone else we toured the book shops around Charlottesville. We came a day early to try to get ahead of the rest, but of course almost everyone else did, too. I did find a first edition Henty, THE BOY KNIGHT, a variant edition

of WINNING HIS SPURS, that I was delighted to add to my collection.

On Sunday morning we got packed up and left for home with many warm memories of new friends from all over the United States. We will be unable to attend the 1988 Convention, in Ada, Oklahoma, but are already planning to be in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1989. In fact, we stayed at a motel in Chillicothe on Sunday night as we drove home through West Virginia, Ohio, and Michigan.

* * *

THE ONTARIO HENTY GATHERING

by

Ivan McClymont

For the past five years, a gathering of G. A. Henty collectors has been held at our farm home near Varna, Ontario, which is situated five miles inland from Lake Huron, about 40 miles northwest of London, Ontario, or 100 miles west of Toronto. Over the years, Henty Society members and other collectors have come from such distant points as British Columbia, Florida, and England, as well as from Ontario and nearby States.

The Gathering got its start in 1983 with the help of two dedicated collectors, Tom Greenlees, from London, and Ian Thompson, from Guelph, and has become an annual event with an attendance of from ten to fifteen.

The Gathering usually takes place on a Saturday in August, with the early afternoon spent trading books, looking over the McClymont collection, or interesting books brought by those attending. During the late afternoon, a discussion takes place on Henty's works, the man himself, publishers, or collecting in general.

While the discussion is informal, members often speak on special projects, research, etc., that they have been involved in. At the first Gathering, in 1983, University of Toronto Professor of History, Archie Thornton, spoke to the group on Henty and British Imperialism. In 1984, we had the pleasure of Fran and Ellie Willey, from Connecticut. Fran is involved in the Henty Society research, and writing, of a bibliography of the U. S. pirated editions, and has a large collection. In 1985 we had Harland East-

man, a noted collector and dealer from Maine. In 1986 we had our first visitor from overseas as well as the late Mrs. Arline King, Librarian from South Florida University at Tampa, who spoke on the large collection there and her work with it.

While the Henty enthusiasts met in the library, friends and spouses took a side trip to the old fishing village of Bayfield that has become a tourist center with many antique shops, restaurants, boutiques and the largest small boat harbor on the east side of Lake Huron.

The supper has become a tradition of Ontario baked beans, scalloped potatoes, ham, and Marg's fresh apple pie. During and after supper, friends and spouses join in the socializing and try to get the subject off Henty.

The 1988 Gathering will be held at Varna on Saturday, August 20th.

* * *

JERRY FRIEDLAND'S DISCOVERY

Some time ago your Editor was informed by Jerry Friedland, PF-376, that he had recently seen an illustration by Norman Rockwell that depicted Alger's PHIL THE FIDDLER.

A request to the late artist's son, Mr. Thomas Rockwell, of Poughkeepsie, New York, to grant *Newsboy* permission to reproduce this picture elicited a favorable response.

It appears on the following page.

* * *

MABEL PARKER; or, THE HIDDEN TREASURE

A Tale of The Frontier Settlements

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

With a Preface by Gary Scharnhorst

Only \$16.50 Postpaid

Some time ago the Society purchased 100 copies of the First Edition of this rare Alger story. In order for us to simply break even we need to sell fourteen more copies to our members.

If you don't already have a copy in your collection, order one today.

Send your order to:

Carl T. Hartmann
4907 Allison Drive
Lansing, MI 48910



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PHIL THE FIDDLER. *An unpublished illustration for an Horatio Alger story.*

DIDLEY DUMPS

OR

JOHN ELLARD

THE NEWSBOY.

BY

F. RATCHFORD STARR, M.A.

FIFTH EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

PHILADELPHIA:

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
No. 1122 CHESTNUT STREET.
1884.

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THE ROYALTY

DERIVED FROM THE SALE OF THIS BOOK

IS DONATED BY

THE AUTHOR

TO

THE NEWSBOYS' AID SOCIETY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

TO THE

PHILADELPHIA NEWSBOYS

OF 1884.

MY DEAR BOYS:

While on a brief visit to Philadelphia, where I formerly resided, I was told of the existence of another "Newsboys' Aid Society" in that city.

I regret I did not know of this in time to see you, while you were assembled at your Home in the evening, as I should have liked to make your personal acquaintance, and to see if you looked and acted as did the members of the first Newsboys' Aid Society of Philadelphia.

I called at your Home on the morning of the day I left Philadelphia, and was much pleased with what I saw there. I hope you are laying by lots of money in that splendid savings bank safe of yours.

You certainly ought to be a happy set of boys in having such a comfortable Home, and so many kind friends interested in your welfare.

What a grand school-room you have! With such comfortable desks and seats, it is just the place for

improving your minds; and you will make a great mistake—one that you will regret more and more, as long as you live—if you do not make good use of that room to gain knowledge.

Too many people act as though the mere "going to church" made them religious. They might just as well attempt to swallow the church building, steeple, bell and all, as to expect to become pious merely by being seen in a place of worship, though it is the duty of all regularly and devoutly to attend such places. So it is with you boys. Remember that your desks, though so comfortable, are only so much wood and iron, without any more power or charm to force knowledge into your young and active brains, than to feed your bodies and keep you from starvation.

Be as earnest in striving to learn during your school-hours, as you are in selling your newspapers when on the street.

If you are content to shout "Extree," and to live a rough-and-tumble life all through boyhood and manhood, you can do so without advancing in general

knowledge; but if you want to climb the intellectual ladder, as many newsboys have done, you must take fast hold of the first round, and then *make for the next round* with all your might; then for the next, and the next, until you get to the top of whatever ladder your ambition may have chosen.

As I entered your school-room, I saw a picture I often look upon in my own home, and one that I always like to see—that of a hump-backed newsboy.

There was a little fellow in your room reading, and I asked him if he knew who that boy in the picture was. I regret to say that he could not tell me. I hoped he would reply, "Oh! that is Didley Dumps; we know all about him."

Didley Dumps was a "first-class" newsboy years ago, and the leader and pride of all the newsboys of his day. He was a determined little fellow, and succeeded in much that he undertook. With a like spirit, and a correct aim, you may confidently expect success in life.

It gives me very great pleasure to introduce to you Didley Dumps and his companions, referred to in this



ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL SARTAIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. L. GERMON.

JOHN ELLARD.

(DIDLEY DUMPS.)

book; and I sincerely hope that the record of their failures and successes may prove both profitable and interesting to you.

Your friend,

F. RATCHFORD STARR.

ECHO FARM, LITCHFIELD, CONN.,
April 17, 1884.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION, 1884.

THE fourth edition explained why the name of

"THE NEWSBOYS' AID SOCIETY"

was changed to that of

"THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME."

The development and elevation of the young men rendered advisable a change also in the management of the Home.

It became so apparent that the care of the Home was essentially the province of the Young Men's Christian Association—that the "young men" of the Association would be more companionable to the "young men" of the Home, and much more likely to leave their impress upon them than were the more aged Managers of the Home—that arrangements were consummated whereby the Home was placed under the charge of the Association, and became an important part of its legitimate and responsible work.

The reader will please bear in mind that this volume brings before him, not the newsboys of the present day, but those of the period at which master Didley Dumps, the then leader of his class of boys in Philadelphia, flourished so conspicuously; and whose memory is dear to every companion of his yet living, as it is to the surviving Managers and excellent Superintendent of the Newsboys' Home of a quarter of a century ago.

The spontaneous and hearty greetings of such of those old-time newsboys as are now occasionally met by their former Managers or Superintendent, prove conclusively that the intervening years have not erased the kindly feelings and the confidence then won, and cause us to feel, more forcibly than ever, that we have been bountifully rewarded for what at that time, in many instances, was discouraging, and would have been hopeless, were it not for the occasional glimpses of light which brightened our path, and led us to persevere in the work we had commenced in prayer. One smile of recognition from the Master, in whose service we were engaged, counterbalanced a host of grievances inseparably connected with such an undertaking, and stimulated to continued and increased energy in the work.

There is no class of youth, in any community, more worthy of the sympathy and helping hand of those who can aid them than are newsboys. They are essentially a peculiar class; and one of their peculiarities is their shrewdness—doubtless a natural result of their calling. Another of their peculiarities is their quick and keen appreciation of any kindness shown them, and which—because so seldom met with in battling against the hardships of their lives—is the more gratefully acknowledged.

These juvenile merchants trade in an article of merchandise so perishable in its nature as in a few hours to become valueless beyond the price of old paper; so that they are forced to make quick sales or else suffer

loss. This begets a quickness and expertness which, if guided into right channels, will transform a larger proportion of newsboys than of any other class of youth, into spheres of usefulness. Their capabilities exceed those of any other class, and therefore offer the greatest encouragement to those who have it in their power to benefit them.

Those who desire to do good to their fellow beings will find in the newsboys of every city, a material to work with, which promises the best results. Such work is full of interest to all who engage in it in a right spirit.

No professed, though unemployed, follower of Christ, conscious that there is such a glorious field of usefulness open to him, and who yet neglects to occupy it, need offer up the prayer—

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN order to continue the protection of the Home to those of the boarders who, having changed their avocation, had ceased to be newsboys, as also to provide for a large class of homeless youth of other callings, the Managers of the Newsboys' Aid Society applied in 1861 for a change in the charter, when the title of the Society became

THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME OF PHILADELPHIA.

Many an honest lad has looked with pain and surprise upon the institutions of REFORMATION for which this city is famed, and sighed for a Home, where he could escape the numerous and fearful evils which consign their victims to such enclosures.

Public sympathy and public charity stood ready to care for him when he became an outcast, but extended no friendly hand to help him on in the path of rectitude. In the midst of this great Christian community, he was unprotected for, unless, through a course of vice, he made himself amenable to the penalty of its violated laws.

The former excellent custom of apprentices living with their employers has long since been abandoned, and few, if any, restraints are now thrown around the thousands of youth in our city, after the toil of the day is over. They have performed the amount of labor required of them, and are left, till the hour for resuming their occupation in the morning, to the designing and unprincipled ones who prey upon them, and who, for the miserable pittance they can make, are willing to hasten these unprotected and uncared for youth onward in the road to ruin. In this respect the apprentice is, in many cases, worse off than the stabled cattle of his employer—the dumb beast is carefully housed and provided for, but not so the immortal human being.

There are some noble exceptions, but this is a true picture in most cases. Doubtless many philanthropic and excellent employers are ignorant of the sad condition of their apprentices, and would be amazed could they see them after business hours. Such as do not realize the responsibility devolving upon them in this respect, would do well to read a little book entitled "Bosses and their Boys."

Many of the cheap habitations (they cannot be called homes) where the scanty means of young men compel them to live, are fraught with much evil. Desirous of

having them about the premises as little as possible, the proprietors render everything as unattractive as can be, and the young men are forced into the streets, or into drinking or dancing saloons, for shelter and company.

For want of suitable accommodation, and owing to the deranged state of affairs consequent upon the civil war, the building occupied by "The Young Men's Home" was closed in May, 1864, but it is confidently hoped that funds may soon be obtained to enable the Managers of the Home to erect one adapted to the requirements of the Society.

This city of BROTHERLY LOVE abounds in monuments of philanthropy, telling of the benevolent care of the blind, the dumb, the orphan, the infirm, and others in distress. May it soon be adorned with a Home to cheer and encourage the youth who support themselves by their industry, but who, as strangers, or through providential bereavement, are HOMELESS in our midst.

DIDLEY DUMPS.

CHAPTER I.

NEWSBOYS.

WHO and what is a Newsboy? All familiar with our large cities know him to be, as the name suggests, a seller of newspapers. With but few exceptions, his scanty apparel and pallid face tell of his acquaintance with great want and suffering. Whatever the state of the weather, he goes his round, with his stock of merchandise under his arm, vociferously crying, "*Second E-deshun*," "*Estree*," "*Arrival of the Amer-ikee*,"* "*Latest News*," etc. He invests his money in the papers of the day, and hastens to the railway depots, steamboat landings, hotels, or some thoroughfare of the city, to sell them at once, or else suffer a loss. The morning issue must give place to that of the afternoon, which has no market value the next morning. Despite his efforts to sell, he is not unfrequently left with a supply on hand, and the temptation to pass them off for those of the following day is greater than some can resist. For quickness and shrewdness newsboys as a class excel all others. A lad of mere ordinary capacity would starve at the business. The spirit of rivalry which exists among them calls forth every energy, and exposes them to much evil. On one occasion, when reading to a number of them, I pointed to a picture of a boy, and asked if he looked like a newsboy, when I was answered, "No! he's not a newsboy—that fellow! he's too innocent."

Every calamity is so much capital to them,

* This was prior to the laying of the Atlantic cable.

and the more awful or startling it may be, the better for their business. This they well understand, and no efforts are spared to magnify the comparatively unimportant events of the day into affairs of great consequence. A dearth of news is often supplied by their ingenuity. They can bring a "steamer from Europe" at any time—accidents happen whenever they feel it necessary that they should, and while the House of Representatives is contesting for a Speaker, "Speaker elected!" is shouted in all directions.

"How is business now?" I once inquired of one of the lads.

"Very dull, sir; so few accidents."

It is no uncommon thing for a lower grade called "grubbers" to gamble away their last penny, and then apply to those to whom they had been in the habit of selling, for money to "set them up in business, as they were *busted*." Many of our citizens conscientiously refused to purchase their papers, and would, sometimes at considerable personal inconvenience, go to the office or newspaper store, rather than encourage an occupation which seemed to promise only evil to those engaged in it.

Let us follow these boys, when the business and excitement of the day are over, and learn where their homes are—if homes they have. The more favored ones return to their parents—in some cases to a widowed mother, for whom the little fellow, patiently toiling from early morning, brings home at the close of the day the few pennies he has earned for their joint support. This is the best phase of the newsboy's life, and were it oftener found, there would be less cause for commiseration. One lad—the support of his mother—has been a communicant in one of our city churches for eight years, and is actively engaged in distributing tracts when not selling papers. In some instances, parents wait the return of their children merely for the sake of the little money they are expected to bring with them, to be taken from them with abuse because it was not more, and spent in drunkenness and riot. It is not to be wondered at that the poor lads shun such unnatural homes, and seek more attractive associations at the low gambling and drinking saloons. The evenings spent in these places, or at the theatre, or other haunts with which all large cities abound, leaving them penniless, fitly close with a chance lodging for the night upon the pavement, doorstep, or in the station-house.

This is no fancy sketch, but a true picture of

the newsboy's life. And upon whom does the accountability rest for the neglect which abandoned these lads to the certain consequences of such a life? Some have entered the army and navy, and were in the Mexican war;* a letter has been received from one, dated Utah, where his regiment was stationed; but many have found their way to the House of Refuge or Penitentiary, and others were on their way there, without a friend to warn them of their danger, or to speak to them one kind word of advice. Surely the plea of ignorance cannot be urged, for the very appearance of the lads told their sad story; and their shrill, piercing cry, proclaiming the papers they had for sale, arrested the attention of many who might otherwise have passed them unnoticed. Efforts had been made in isolated cases, but there had been no concert of action on their behalf as a class.

"What can be done for these poor newsboys?" I often asked myself, when my sympathy was first awakened by their neglected appearance, and the hopelessness with which all seemed to regard their present condition and their future prospects. What can be done? Some answer, "They are past recovery; and the sooner they get into the House of Refuge or Penitentiary, the better for themselves and for the community." But no. If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, then surely it is infinitely better to take them by the hand and affectionately lead them off in the opposite direction. However rough may be their exterior, an honest and true heart beats in many a breast, and if let alone by the evil and designing ones who prey upon them, their condition would be entirely different from what it now is.

They do the poor newsboy gross injustice who pronounce his case hopeless. However it may be in other cities, there are in Philadelphia men who have worked their way up in this honorable and legitimate business, and who are now in comfortable circumstances, deservedly possessing the respect of the community. Many a youth has his eye fixed upon those who have passed successively through the several grades of the profession,

* It will be interesting to the reader to know that over forty of the newsboys, who had been at the "Home," entered the service of their country at the breaking out of the civil war in 1861. This embraced nearly every one of sufficient age and health. Many interesting letters were received from these young soldiers, not a few of whom had their first instruction in military affairs as members of a company formed at the "Home" before the war commenced.

and, struggling to overcome the many difficulties which beset his path, sighs for a helping hand and sympathetic heart, which must not be withheld.

CHAPTER II.

THE LODGING-ROOM IN PEAR STREET.

IN 1856 I was led to a serious consideration of my duty in reference to the newsboys; and the desire to know more of them, and to cheer and encourage them, increased as I became better acquainted with their circumstances and wants, but other engagements, and absence from the city, prevented a consummation of my long cherished plans till 1858.

A meeting was held at Jayne's Hall, on Sunday, January 31, 1858, which was attended by fifty-three newsboys. Several gentlemen were present, some of whom took part in the exercises. As one of them, a member of the press, made his appearance, he was greeted with hearty cheers and clapping of hands, so delighted were the boys to see him.

It is a matter of interest, worthy of record in the history of this first meeting, that great doubts were expressed by one of the gentlemen as to the propriety of opening the meeting with prayer, fearing interruption on the part of the boys. He, however, complied with my request to do so, but first referred the matter to the boys for an expression of their wishes. All manifested their approval by holding up their hands, and, although told by him that they might retain their seats, they immediately arose and remained in respectful silence. Their behavior was excellent during the two hours the meeting lasted.

A second meeting was held at the same place on the following Sunday, when I endeavored to instruct the boys from the word of God, the only true and safe guide in the path of life. They conducted themselves admirably, except in the use of tobacco to an alarming extent, during the early part of the meeting. The smallest lads had not only adopted the vile habit of chewing, but some of them actually *ate tobacco*! A little friendly advice had the desired effect, and there was not only no further trouble of this kind during the remainder of the meeting, but their promise to abstain from the use of the nauseous weed during our Sunday services was ever after faithfully kept, as I felt assured it would be.

One of the gentlemen present at the first meeting, and who was well acquainted with most of the boys, having informed me that some of them

had on that occasion heard the first kind words ever spoken to them, I was led to ask if this was really the case, when several of these poor, ill-used youth, touchingly answered in the affirmative.

A third meeting was held on Sunday the 14th of February, but indisposition prevented my assembling the boys for several succeeding Sundays, after which few could be gathered, and it soon became evident that some other plan must be adopted to secure the desired object. Their great and pressing need was a home, and this I had at our first interview encouraged them to expect, being fully convinced that it was indispensable. The boys never lost sight of this prospect, but pressed the subject upon me whenever I met them in the street, with an earnestness that showed how keenly they felt the want of such a shelter. So eager was their expectation, that they watched with interest every furniture wagon, in the hope that it was going to their longed for quarters. Some of them made tours to the west end or most fashionable part of the city, to aid me in my efforts to procure a suitable building, and brought back favorable reports of several of the costly mansions there, which exactly met their lofty ideas.

Arrangements were at last completed, and "The Newsboys' Aid Society," formed for the purpose of "providing lodging and education for homeless and indigent boys, engaged in the occupation of vending newspapers and periodicals in the city of Philadelphia, and to encourage in them, by suitable means, habits of morality and economy," opened their plain, yet comfortable, lodging rooms in Pear Street, on the 29th of May, 1858.



"Come and see me eat boned-turkey, with a darkey to wait on me."

The boys were in high spirits on this occasion, and did ample justice to the "good things" provided for them, and which had been tastefully arranged upon the tables by an experienced public caterer. One of the lads, after watching the movements of this caterer, and gazing upon the banquet he had prepared for them, hastened to a gentleman, and invited him to be present at the appointed hour, and "see me eat boned turkey, with a darkey to wait on me." The first entertainment was quite a grand affair, and all seemed to enjoy themselves most heartily. The Rev. Dr. Richard Newton formally opened the Home with prayer, and reading of the Scriptures. In addressing the boys, he related an interesting anecdote of a lad, who, in his endeavors to untie a knot, was met by a gentleman, who offered to cut it with a knife, when the little fellow exclaimed, "No, sir! I belong to the try company." The application of the story was excellent, and the boys were affectionately urged to form a "Newsboys' Try Company," and to try to be good, and avoid evil of every kind.

The Rev. John Chambers was also present, and took part in the opening service. In rising to address the boys, he pointed to the well provided tables, and said, "Boys! I expect you would rather be eating those refreshments, than listening to any more speeches." Immediately a loud and emphatic "Yes, sir," was uttered by the boys, to the great amusement of all in the room, not one of whom enjoyed the joke more than the good man who caused it. His address was listened to with an attention which proved how completely he had drawn their thoughts from the direction to which he at first called them. All passed off pleasantly, and boys and visitors seemed equally delighted.

The lodging rooms were provided with twenty-five new iron bedsteads, with new bedding, arranged in a large and airy room. Each bedstead was labelled with the name of its occupant, the boys making their own selection. At nine o'clock that night, I read the twenty-third Psalm at family worship at the Home, and committed to the care of the *Good Shepherd* the wandering ones He had graciously gathered into our fold, praying Him to lead them "in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

CHAPTER III.

JOHN ELLARD, ALIAS DIDLEY DUMPS.

Most of the boys had nicknames, some of which were very odd. Among the most prominent of these were "Didley Dumps," "Oliver Twist," "Dick Turpin," "Splasher," "Butter bowls and hot cakes," "Butcher," "Soldier," "Poodle," "Canes," etc. On one occasion, while waiting for some of the boys, I asked where they were, and was answered, "Butcher ain't came—Piggie ain't came—Splasher's awful hard up, and goin' to enlist."

As new boys presented themselves at the Home, they most generally were introduced to us by some nickname. The last was "Harper's Ferry," so called because he sold papers on the railroad train passing through Harper's Ferry, and was present at the capture of John Brown.

I soon found that these nicknames had a degrading tendency, and interfered not a little with the efforts made to elevate the boys. To lift them up, their *low* names must be abandoned, and I am happy to say that very few of them remained. One was, however, too highly prized to be dropped, and the little fellow who bore it was better known as "Didley Dumps," than as "John Ellard."

John Ellard was born in New York, on the 22d of February, 1843. When three years of age he fell from a woodshed, in Albany, where his parents then lived, and received an injury which resulted in a lump on his breast and back, and rendered him deformed for life.

It is said he had a decided aversion to school, and that while there was more fond of play than of study. A favorite amusement of his was to get under the benches, unknown to the teacher, and "play tricks on the boys." He was whipped one day for being late at school, and finding it was not "better late than never," resolved not to venture there again. As a child, he had a fondness for peddling, and sold songs and matches when only eight years of age.

In 1856 he came to Philadelphia, and commenced business as a newsboy at the time of the fearful Burdell tragedy, which created quite a demand for newspapers, and proved a harvest to the boys engaged in selling them.

His malformation so affected his breathing as to render it impossible for him to walk any great distance without resting. He paid the boys a cent a ride for carrying him to and from the Home upon their backs. It was grand sport to them to have "Didley" on their back, to say nothing of the *pay*. A ride on some vehicle

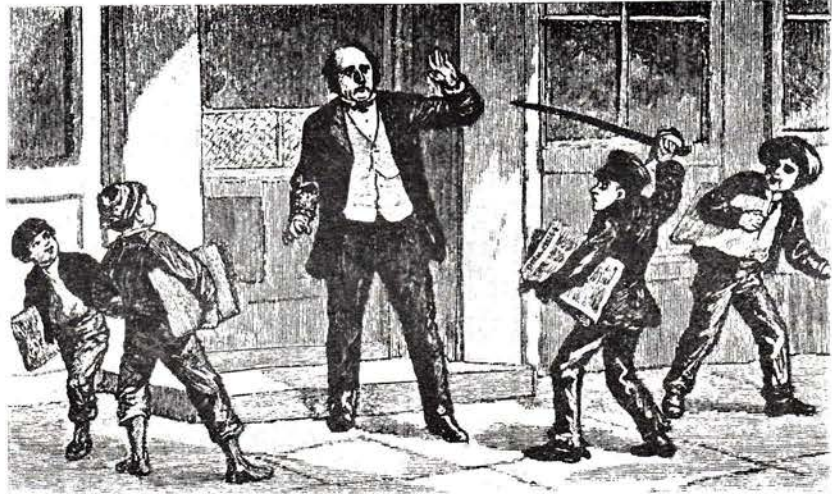


was stolen as chances occurred, and the passing of an omnibus afforded too good an opportunity to be lost. In jumping from one, opposite the Girard House, he was run over by a carriage, and taken into the hotel, where he was attended by a medical gentleman, who pronounced him not seriously injured. A quarter of a dollar was given him, and off he started to sell his papers.

Previous to the appearance of Master Ellard in Philadelphia, there had been a hump-backed newsboy, known as "Didley Dumps," and the boys thought that Ellard, being similarly shaped, should bear the same name as "Old Did," but he thought otherwise, and indignantly refused to answer to it. At last some ten or twelve of his companions accompanied him to the theatre one night, and there obtained his consent to the sobriquet by which he became so generally and favorably known.

Sometimes his bed for the night was a doorstep, at other times a box on the pavement, or some vacated cellar or garret. Once he secreted himself under a basket in the Post-office, and spent the night there. A newspaper bag would afford him shelter at other times. It was rare sport to him to get into one of these bags at a printing office, and roll himself about. On winter nights he would find his way between the iron bars of a window leading to the boiler room of a printing office, and there seek shelter from the cold and storm. One of these bars was bent, so that when the curve was downwards he could manage to crawl through, but unhappily the bar once turned as he was half way in, and held him fast, till rescued by some of his comrades, who heard his cries for relief.

Ellard was a great lover of fencing. A sword was presented to him by one of his customers, and he made free use of it among the boys. One day while thus engaged in front of an office on



Third Street, an elderly gentleman, disturbed by their noise, attempted to drive them away, but Ellard thought himself too well armed to beat a retreat, and commenced flourishing his sword in a manner that soon convinced the gentleman of the propriety of committing him to the care of the city authorities. Master Dumps was arrested, and marched off *a la militaire* to the police station. One of his companions sought him out, soon after he was taken prisoner, and carried him a cent's worth of tobacco to comfort him. After a hearing before an alderman, he was released the same evening.

As might be expected in a boy deprived of the benefits of any proper moral training, Ellard, when incensed, would frequently give way to such violent passion as rendered him dangerous to those who had offended him; and at other times, under a sense of real or fancied injuries, he would indulge in sullen obstinacy, from which it was not easy to arouse him. Experience proved that it was best to leave him to his own reflections, which soon brought him to his senses.

He was a great favorite with the boys, though he sometimes handled them rather more roughly than they liked, and beyond what any other than a cripple would have dared to do. They were often entertained by him with remarkable stories of fairies, kings, etc. How many of these tales originated in his imaginative brain I know not, but he used to get well "posted up" in conversation with some old huckster women, who would tell wonderful things of great men, beginning, very properly, with George Washington, and descending the scale to lesser lights—as a matter of course dealing extensively in the marvellous.

One of his favorite amusements was to stand on the table, wrapped in a sheet, and repeat portions of Macbeth and other plays. Thus clad, he would also repeat the following favorite passage:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a spau,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."



Though not a member of the Numismatic Society, he had quite a passion for old coins, of which he was said to be a good judge, and turned many a penny in this lucrative trade.

The most prominent trait in his character was his generosity. He had a sympathizing heart, and would give liberally to those in need, though he valued his money too highly to spend it foolishly. Many of the boys received pecuniary assistance from him. Seeing one of the boarders,

who was dismissed from the Home because he was too lazy to work for a living, lounging about the door one day, he said to the Superintendent: "I pity poor —. If you will take him in again, I will go security for his board." In speaking to this lad about his sad want of energy, and of the noble and generous offer of Ellard, I urged him to prove his appreciation of the kindness, and not to allow his benefactor to suffer for it. His reply was, "That is not all that Ellard has done for me; many a three and five cent piece he has given me to buy bread with."

Ellard had a number of regular customers to whom he carried papers. A poor blind man was sure to be at the door of one of these customers every day, in time to receive a penny. Sometimes he would ask the little girl that led him, who gave the money, and, upon being told that it was "the little newsboy," he would say, "God bless you, my son, and may you sell all the papers you have;" "and," added Ellard, in telling this, "it comes true, for I sell double the papers that any other boy does."

A poor lame man also received a daily allowance of a penny from him; and if Ellard missed him on his way home in the evening, he gave two cents the next evening.

It was his custom to buy a box of matches of a poor blind man whom he passed every morning on his way to business. After lighting his cigar with one, he returned the box, as a present to the man, who was so blind to his own interest as to quarrel with his little customer, and accused him of stealing his matches. Ellard was exceedingly indignant at this unjust accusation, and pronounced him an impostor, declaring that he "could see, and was only pretending to be blind."

While selling papers at the Girard House one day, a beggar entered the hall, and solicited alms of one of the boarders, who asked Ellard if he would give the man anything. "Whatever you give, I will give double," was the reply. The gentleman gave a cent, and Ellard handed the beggar a quarter of a dollar. Feeling this silent but severe rebuke of a poor deformed lad, the gentleman tendered Ellard half a dollar, saying, "You are an honorable little fellow." The offer was refused by Ellard, who, turning away with an air of independence, replied: "I make my money by selling papers."

This generous lad not only took pleasure in

doing for others, but was grateful for every act of kindness extended to him. Several times I have heard my name called in the street, and, upon looking around, found him running after me, to give me a paper. I was obliged to avoid passing his stand, as he was sure to press upon me the most expensive paper he had. When he first offered me a paper I tendered him some money in payment of it, but his feelings were so deeply wounded that I did not dare to so offend him a second time.

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEL SCENES.

I WAS naturally desirous to know the result of the first night at the Home, opened May 29, 1858, and on making inquiry there the next morning, was not a little amused to find that the eleven boys who lodged there had occupied the whole twenty-five beds. Unused to such a luxury, they thought they would make the most of it by going from bed to bed. To the great discomfort of the Superintendent, who occupied a room below, a portion of the night was spent in testing the rolling qualities of the bedsteads, which were mounted on casters. There was, as a matter of course, a battle with the pillows, but they were new, and of good material, and stood the storm well. Ellard had the first choice of a bed, and retained it all the time he was with us. The man in charge wanted a pistol for self-protection, and said that he would not sleep there again for a thousand dollars a night without one. He was not, however, allowed to have any such weapon.

Sunday services were commenced at the Home on the day after it was opened, and continued till the Home was closed. In the midst of a prayer, on the first Sunday, I had to separate two boys who were fighting under one of the tables.

Bath tubs had been provided for the boys, who made good use of them. On going to the Home one Sunday afternoon, I found a new comer who had enjoyed this luxury for the first time, and who had become so fond of the tubs that he had been "in four times," and would, doubtless, have doubled the number before the close of the day, had I not prevented it. The water was dripping from him while he pleaded for permission to take another "to get clean." Unable to frolic longer in the water, he tendered six cents for a bed, to which he then wanted to

retire, but the regulations forbade the use of beds at such an hour, except in case of sickness. He waited impatiently till permitted to "turn in."

One of the managers visited the Home on the evening of the 27th of September, 1858, and saw a little fellow who had just made his appearance for the first time, and who was in a most filthy condition. To allow him to get into bed in that state was quite out of the question. The youngster had evidently not been trained in the art of washing, and as no one seemed willing to undertake so arduous a task, my brother manager, though one of the most fastidious and stylish gentlemen in Philadelphia, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and scrubbed him from head to foot. The supply of soap was exhausted before the work was fully accomplished. Ellard, and some of the other boys, looked on in perfect amazement, and contributed two cents each for the boy's breakfast the following morning. The poor child had given all his earnings to his mother, who would get what she could from him, and spend it in liquor.

In more than one instance intemperate mothers have followed their children to the Home, where they had sought shelter, and given them much trouble and sorrow. The honest and tender-hearted lads have wept at the mortification thus brought upon them. One of them was forced away from the Home by his unnatural mother, in the hope that she would thereby secure more of his earnings, but he ran away from her, and slept in the street, rather than under her roof. The Superintendent was one night obliged to awake a child, nine years of age, at the demand of his mother, who took all his money, and then allowed him to return to his bed, and to get his breakfast the following morning as he best could. Measures were taken to prevent a recurrence of these sad abuses, and no little difficulty was experienced in making the poor lads feel that they were secure under our protection.

Swearing was at first very common among the boys, but later an oath was scarcely ever heard. Soon after the Home was opened, the Superintendent heard a disturbance in the sleeping-room one night, and hastened to see what was the matter. One of the boys had been chastised by Ellard, whose excuse was, "He swore three times, and I was giving him his nine punches." The boys had agreed among themselves that three punches should be given for every oath, but I very much doubt whether Master Ellard,

in imposing this penalty, paid proper attention to the multiplication table. It is much more than likely that three times three made fifteen or twenty in that instance.

On the 20th of October, 1858, the Rev. Mr. Bringham exhibited his Magic Lantern at the Home. Eighty boys were present, and enjoyed it exceedingly. Several exclamations, such as "That's delatious!" were heard during the evening, and at the close, "three cheers for Bringham" were shouted for the reverend gentleman, much to his amusement. Afterward there were two similar exhibitions, and no boys, in any class of society, could have behaved better. There was, of course, many a hearty laugh at the pictures calculated to amuse, while, at other times, "That's serious," would be heard in a faint whisper, expressive of reverence.

Much of the good accomplished at the lodging rooms in Pear Street was counterbalanced by the evil influences under which the boys were brought at some of the places frequented by them during the day for their meals, and it was found indispensably necessary that a building should be provided where they could have their meals as well as lodging, and thus be more under our care. All seemed highly pleased at the prospect of having a residence of their own, and for this purpose a building was engaged in Spruce Street. A day or two after, I met Ellard, and, supposing he knew which house had been selected, I asked him how he liked the idea of moving, when he replied, "I like the *idea*, but don't like the *house*," meaning the magnificent and extensive structure in Chestnut Street, erected by the Pennsylvania Bank, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, at that time for sale, and which some of the boys had chosen for their home.*

A bright and handsome youth came up to me the evening on which the removal from Pear Street to Spruce Street took place, and said, "It is no longer Rue de Pear, but Rue de Spruce." All the furniture, including book-case, and other heavy articles, was carried by the boys, who marched in procession, bearing their respective burdens. It was grand sport to them, and a saving of expense to the Society.

* Since purchased by the Philadelphia National Bank.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOME IN SPRUCE STREET.

On the evening of the 16th of November, 1858, I had the pleasure of uniting with the boys in their first meal at the Home. The Superintendent had, as he supposed, provided enough both for tea and for breakfast the next morning; but his calculations were sadly at fault, as many articles, and in considerable quantities, had to be obtained from neighboring stores to satisfy the demands of the tea-table. It did one good to see with what perfect enjoyment they ate; their hearty appetites were a decided benefit to the provision men who furnished the supplies. The Superintendent's record of this meal is as follows: "The boys pitched into it right and left, and soon put everything like eatables out of sight."

The comforts of such a Home were before unknown to many of the boys, and their expressions of gratitude and delight were very touching. A moderate price was charged for board, the payment of which gave them a feeling of self-respect.

They now began to pay some attention to their personal appearance, which many had never done before, and not a few provided themselves with new and comfortable clothing at their own expense. It was almost impossible to recognize some of them, especially on Sundays. Their clean faces, and new apparel, presented a strange contrast to their former slovenly habits.

One youth, doubtless prompted by a consciousness of his improved condition, cast a prophetic glance into the future, and built himself, not exactly a castle in the air, but a residence in Camden, New Jersey. A copy of this future



M.B. 2. FARM. IN CAMDEN N.J.
IN 1863. Philadelphia April 6th 1859

home of a Philadelphia newsboy, to be erected on the opposite side of the Delaware river, in 1863, is given, that the reader may see to what a height his ambition carried him. It may be well to state that the object to the right of the house is a pump, and I am glad to say that the expect-

ant possessor of the premises was a cold water boy—a strict teetotaler.

A lad named Scott made a spasmodic effort to turn over a new leaf, and having arrayed himself in an unusually clean shirt and an entire new suit of clothing, stood before the looking-glass, and, leisurely surveying himself, exclaimed, in a tone of great exultation, "Can this be Scott?"

Ellard likewise made his appearance in an entire new suit of clothes, and seemed quite proud of them. He also made a desperate effort to learn to read, and thus make up for his folly in running away from school; but the task was too severe, and after studying an hour or so for a few evenings, during which he studied so loud that he could be heard in almost every part of the house, he gave up in despair.

About this time a gentleman, when purchasing a paper of one of the boys, told him not to cheat in making the change. "I belong to the Newsboys' Home," was the reply, deeming that a sufficient guaranty for his honesty; but the gentleman had not heard of any such establishment, and asked for an explanation, which the boy was delighted to give. This was followed by an invitation to visit the Home, which was accepted, and the lad had the satisfaction of escorting the gentleman to the Home, and introducing him to the Superintendent.

The Sunday services were now attended with much greater regularity than before. The *Lord's day* had been appropriated by them to amusement and dissipation, and was *their day* for gambling and other kindred vices. It had long been their custom to repair early every pleasant Sunday morning during the summer to their favorite resorts on the banks of the river, and spend the day in card-playing, drinking, etc. When prevented from visiting these places, many oyster cellars and other similar places were open to them in different parts of the city.

To relinquish this sad and sinful life for instruction in the word of God, was a change too great to be wrought at once, and it is not surprising that while many were persuaded to refrain from thus desecrating the Sabbath, few were willing to listen to the teachings of the Scriptures, a book looked upon by them, in common with very many others, as dull and gloomy, suited only for old age or the death-bed—"the book," not to guide them through life, but rather to be shunned. How sad it is to think of the vast multitudes who are thus neglecting this pre-

cious "Lamp to our feet." May they be led to behold wondrous things out of God's law, and to walk in the same unto their life's end.

At first some of the boys who were present at our Sunday afternoon gatherings would come well supplied with candy and fruit. These were generously handed from one to the other, and disappeared rapidly, causing, of course, more or less interruption to the services. This was soon corrected, unless introduced by a new-comer, who readily yielded to the influences exerted by the others, and became an attentive and respectful listener.

Poor Ellard found it more difficult to be still on Sunday than on any other day. I well remember his restlessness at the third meeting he attended, February 14, 1858. It was late when he entered the room, and soon after his arrival he stretched himself at full length, face downwards, and poising upon the hump on his breast, used it as a pivot on which to whirl himself around, in a most mysterious manner. The sight was quite a novel one to me, but did not appear to be so to the boys. Finding it did not draw their attention from the subject before us, I took no notice of it beyond an occasional curious glance. I believe these revolutions were not made through mischief only. Poor deformed lad! he looked pale and wearied, and remaining long in a sitting posture was painful to him. I subsequently discovered that, although to a careless observer he might appear to be heedless of what was said, he was an attentive listener. There was an occasional expression of interest in the glance of his quick eye, which could not be mistaken as indicative of strong inward feeling, which, however, with characteristic affectation of indifference, he endeavored to conceal. Upon one occasion, a gentleman in closing an excellent Sunday address to the boys upon "conscience," as the voice of God speaking in the soul, expressed his hope that they would remember what had been said, and be able to repeat it at some future time. "I have forgotten it already," said Ellard, throwing himself upon the bench. The gentleman was completely dumfounded by this sudden and unexpected outburst. Though unable to continue his remarks, his look of dismay spoke volumes. Whatever Ellard's memory, the gentleman certainly never forgot his part in that service. The mischievous lad had been an attentive listener, as I proved by questioning him some weeks after, when he repeated much that

he had then heard.

One of my fellow-managers of the Newsboys' Aid Society—also a member of the Society of Friends—regularly attended our Sunday afternoon services, and was always at my side, devoutly interested in the singing, Scripture reading and other exercises.

As I approached the Home one Sunday afternoon, I met this beloved friend at the front door, very much excited. I was the more astonished at this, as he was noted for his calmness and amiability, and certainly no man ever more richly deserved such a reputation. His was an expressive countenance, and told, in unmistakable terms, his benevolence and mild Christian character. Recovering from my surprise, I asked what troubled him. "The boys are behaving very badly, and Mr. Sloan cannot get them down stairs," was his grave reply.

Entering the large room in which our services were held, accompanied by my agitated friend, I asked the Superintendent (the only occupant of the room) why the boys were not assembled. Upon learning from him that they had all got together in the largest bedroom in the house, and had put down the window curtains so as not to be seen, and had locked the door so that he could not get into the room, I asked him to go up and tell the boys to hurry down as it was nearly time to commence our service. With a decidedly grave face, he informed me that he had done all in his power to get them down, but in vain. "They pretend to be asleep, and won't answer me."

"Please say to them that I am waiting for them."

Off he started, somewhat reluctantly I fear, and after a few minutes absence, returned more solemn than before, and reported that he had called and knocked at the door without getting any reply.

"Boys will be boys," I said, as I started for the bedroom in question. Ascending the stairs, I noticed that my esteemed Quaker friend was following closely behind me. The door was locked, and the key so placed that I could not see into the room. The ominous silence was broken by my giving a moderately loud knock on the door, which however brought no response.

Taking out my watch, I said, "Boys, I have my watch in my hand, and will give you one minute—sixty seconds—to open this door. If not then opened, I will force it open, and you

will have to make good the expense of repairing it." When a quarter of the minute had passed, I announced, "Fifteen seconds have gone!" As I was proclaiming "Thirty seconds have gone," I heard the key gently turn in the lock. Not wishing to detect the one who was courageous enough to perform that task, I waited till he had time to get back to his overcrowded bed.

Upon opening the door I found every bed filled to its utmost capacity,—boys piled two tiers high in some of them, and all apparently sound asleep. Amused at such an absurd sight, I walked round the room pulling off the covering from the beds as I passed them, not pausing to speak to any particular bedload, but saying in a cheerful tone, "Now, boys, you have had your fun, come down to service." I knew perfectly well that all would comply with this request, and all were quietly in their places by the time I was ready to begin the service, which had thus been delayed but a few minutes.

On my return to the hall from the bedroom, I met my Quaker friend at the door, wearing an anxious look. His salutation, "I was determined to stand by thee, if they had struck thee," was so unexpected, and in such marked contrast with his mild and forbearing disposition, and with his well-kept broad-brimmed hat,—which for the moment looked broader than it had ever looked before,—that I was intensely amused. True, there were many full-grown, powerful fellows among the "boys," but no life was ever safer than was mine at that time. The boys and I understood each other perfectly. Woe to the one who, in their presence, had dared to assault me. They would have rushed upon him as so many tigers. Had there, however, been an encounter, such as was dreaded by my friend, I am quite sure he would have done his part bravely, and I am equally certain that confessions, hearty and penitential, would have been made by him at his "meeting-house" the next "first day." That "friend in need was a friend indeed."

The boys had their own summary way of settling disputes, which they were loath to give up. One, however, mindful of the advice given by a friend, strove to act the more noble part, and set his comrades a good example. He was struck by another boy in a printing-office, and, instead of returning the blow as had been his custom, he appealed to the gentleman in the office, whom he knew to be interested in the society, and received the assurance that he should not be

abused. The assault being repeated, and finding his new-born patience beginning to fail, he exclaimed, "Mr. —, if you don't interfere at once, I shall have to take the matter into my own hands."

Some of the boys made such strenuous efforts to do right, that it seemed as though they had formed a "Newsboys' Try Company," as had been suggested to them. I happened to think of this suggestion one Sunday while urging them to persevere in their endeavors to be good, and asked if they remembered what had been told them by the Rev. Richard Newton at the opening of the Home in Pear Street in May, 1858. "Yes!" exclaimed Ellard, "and that fellow nearly cost me my life." Supposing that he referred to something else, I explained myself more fully, but he persisted in his charge, and added, "Didn't he tell us to *try*, and I nearly broke my neck the other day by *trying* as he said."

"How was that?"

"Some of the boys were seeing who could jump down the most steps of the Custom House, and I nearly broke my neck trying"—an application which greatly amused the reverend gentleman, on hearing of this novel mode of testing the soundness of his teachings.

It would have been well had this poor lad attempted to practice other instructive lessons which had been given him, as his waywardness at times caused great trouble. He was the admitted leader of the boys, and upon one occasion exerted this influence in an organized effort to break up the Home. Having taken offence at an imaginary grievance, he left the Home, and proceeded to draw the rest of the boarders into an agreement to leave in a body. His plans being matured he went to the Home on the stipulated evening, and upon the arrival of the hour fixed upon, triumphantly called out, "NOW, boys!" and arose, as he supposed, to head the procession; but his comrades had reflected upon their folly, and would not accompany him, though for some time he continued to upbraid them for their cowardice. He at length went off alone, greatly mortified at his failure, and passionately exclaiming, "I will get you away, if I have to buy you off!" A day or two afterwards he confessed that he had done wrong, and asked to be forgiven, promising to behave well if allowed to return. It is needless to add that he was heartily welcomed back.

It was a merciful Providence that thus frus-

trated the purpose of this poor lad, and preserved for him a home in which we humbly trust he was, by the grace of God, prepared for a home in heaven.

The results of our efforts were such as to encourage us to persevere, notwithstanding the many and serious objections urged by some at the outset of the undertaking. Great as was the advance in changing from the lodging-rooms in Pear street to the dwelling in Spruce street, it was felt that yet another step could be taken. A room for lectures and other meetings was necessary, and arrangements were accordingly made to secure a house affording such accommodation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOME IN THIRD STREET.

ON the 24th of August, 1859, the boys removed to their new quarters, 273 South Third Street, where the duties of the Home were entered upon with increased faith and hope. The regulations adopted at the Home in Spruce Street were continued, except that the Superintendent and his wife now took their meals with the boys at the same table, forming one family.

A blessing was asked at each meal, and the boys waited for the Superintendent, should he happen to be engaged when they sat down. One evening he was with me in the Managers' room when the tea bell rang, and asked to be excused for a few moments. On his return he informed me he had left to ask a blessing, and found the boys seated at the table waiting for him.

Family worship was held every evening at half-past nine o'clock, and the boys encouraged to assemble at the Throne of grace, that

"Place of all on earth most sweet,
The blood-bought mercy-seat."

The doors of the Home were closed at ten, our regulations requiring the boys to be in punctually at that hour.

In order to render the Home attractive, a small library was furnished through the kindness of friends; some of the boys read every book in it.

A reed organ afforded no little pleasure to those learning to play upon it, and aided in singing, in which instruction was given by one of the Managers of the Society. The boys were fond of singing hymns. The following was their greatest favorite, and was sung frequently, with much spirit:

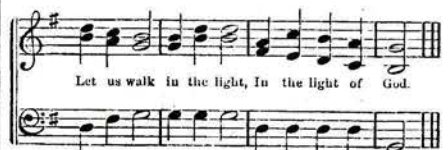
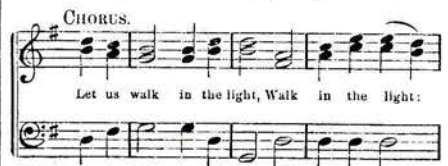
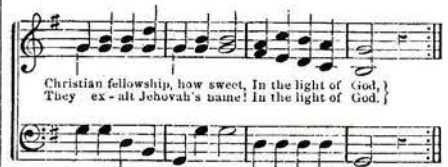
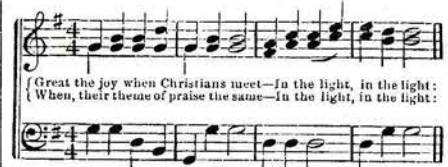
"Great the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name!"

"Sing we, then, eternal love;
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone;
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

"Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How He left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

"Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove;
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

"Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name."



The following was the first ever sung by the boys, and was always Ellard's favorite:

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As newsboys ought to be.

"I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.

"And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

"But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be,
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me."

Various innocent amusements were provided, that the boys need not go elsewhere for pleasure, but games of chance were not allowed. In these sports Ellard took a prominent part, providing himself with a banjo and tambourine to help out their concerts, at a time when several became musically inclined.

The boys were anxious to form a "Band" among themselves. It was a source of great pleasure to all, as the performers, while amusing themselves, entertained the others. The funds contributed for the support of the Home could not of course be applied in this way, but it was hoped that the necessary amount might soon be furnished.

One of the Managers of our Society entertained the boys with a lecture upon the manufacture of paper, and they were astonished to find how old rags were converted into the article in which they traded.

An exhibition of a skeleton, put together with springs, and an instructive lecture upon the human frame, were kindly given by a gentleman. Some of the boys, somewhat startled at the sight of an object so calculated to affect the feelings, "did not like to look at themselves;" another, of a more reckless character, wanted to know "who that chap was before he became a skeleton." I was absent from the city on the evening of the exhibition, but received the following account of it from one of the boys:

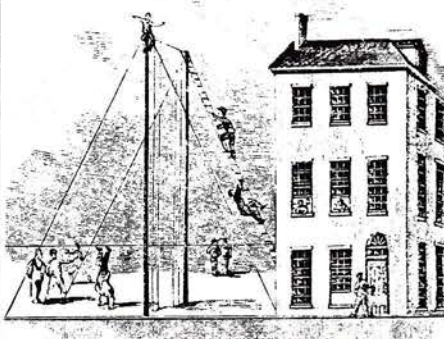
"The skeleton exhibition was very successful; there was from forty to fifty boys present; and there was Mr. ———, and several other gentlemen which I do not know; and there was perfect good order, just as if you were there. All was well pleased, and Mr. Sloan made a few remarks of thanks to the exhibitor. The bones of the skeleton fell down, and there was a general rush made by the boys for the door. The gentleman showed something very useful to us about our physical system, and told us about the skeleton's history. As for Mr. Bones, it looked very frightful."

Through the kindness of the Camden and

Amboy Ferry Company, in granting free passage to and from Camden one summer, the boys had grand sport in games of ball, and in running races. They prepared a patent leather belt as a prize, for which they frequently ran. On it was inscribed the following:

PHILADELPHIA NEWSBOYS'
CHAMPION RACER.

This was one of the few amusements in which Ellard could not take part. He was, however, quite expert in certain gymnastic feats, and if he could not get up the ropes or ladder in the gymnasium as fast as the other boys, none could beat him in *racing down*, or in standing upon the head, a favorite exploit of his. Many merry hours have been spent in the gymnasium, in the yard attached to the Home.



Instruction was given in writing, reading, grammar, and arithmetic, and one lad expressed a desire to learn book-keeping.

The greatest difficulty to contend against was that fearfully increasing vice, intemperance. Some of the poor creatures addicted to it made repeated efforts to reform, but were led off by "friends," falsely so called.

It is a fearful accountability which those must meet, who, for the sake of gain, thus tempt a poor lad—perhaps an orphan—to sin and ruin. Were it not for these allurements the reformation of the boys would be comparatively an easy task. To counteract these influences is more than half the battle. It was distressing to see how sadly disheartened the poor fellows were, when, after having for some time striven to do right, they fell under the temptations of those who were ever ready to prey upon them.

Poor Ellard kept the *Fourth of July* in a manner too many "keep" it, who have not the "*independence*" to refrain from evil, and a se-

rious accident nearly happened in consequence. Under the influence of liquor, he pointed a pistol at the face of one of his comrades, playfully exclaiming, "I will shoot you!" Suiting the action to the word, he fired, and severely burnt the lad's face. Upon realizing what he had done, he was exceedingly alarmed, and deeply penitent.

My total abstinence book, for newsboys and their many friends, of whom I claim to be one, was headed thus:

"Relying on the help of God to enable us to keep our obligation, we hereby pledge ourselves to abstain hereafter from all intoxicating drinks."

This was read to each one before signing, after which he was welcomed by a hearty shake of the hand.

The Home not only accommodated the boarders, but was the rendezvous of the other newsboys of the city who were living with their relatives or friends. A beneficial society, the "Newsboys' Union," was formed among themselves. Their meetings were held at the Home on Friday evenings. Their weekly dues formed a fund from which they aided their members in distress.

After the business of the meeting was over, they sometimes had debates upon various subjects. Ellard was a member of the "Union," and, as a matter of course, took part in these debates. On one occasion the subject was, "Which is the most powerful, the sword or the pen?" An animated discussion followed, during which one lad labored to prove the sword the more powerful of the two.

"If a fellow comes up to you in the dark with a revolver, what good would a pen do? but if you had a sword, and he couldn't aim in the dark, you could cut him down." Ellard jumped up, and exclaimed, "Yes! but suppose a robber comes up to you with a sword, and is going to kill you, and you take your pen and write out a check for money for him—don't you think you'd stop him? Now! which is the most powerful?"

The first anniversary of the "Union" was held on 21st January, 1860. The entertainment was gotten up by the boys themselves, and was highly creditable to them. It was exceedingly pleasant to see these young men and lads thus socially and rationally commemorating the formation of their society. They long since learned that intemperance, so generally indulged in at such times, is not necessary to social enjoyment.

PROGRAMME OF THE NEWSBOYS' UNION
ANNIVERSARY.

1. Opening speech by the President.
2. Ice cream.
3. Speech by —.
4. Song by —.
5. Pound-cake and lemonade.
6. Speech by —.
7. Candies.
8. Speeches.

Several persons spoke in answer to the call of the President. One of the Vice-Presidents declared he "had nothing to say," and could not be persuaded to rise. A committee of two was appointed to wait upon him, lead him to the centre of the room, and convey ideas to him, which he was to express. It was a novel and amusing sight. The committee did their duty faithfully; one on either side, alternately whispering to their Vice-President, who would utter whatever was told him, the two advisers taking very good care that their "ideas" should not be upon the same subject, though conveyed to us through the same channel.

Newsboys, like all other sensible boys, are remarkably fond of good things, and enjoy "anniversaries." Those kept in connection with our Society were:

Formation of the Newsboys' Union, 21st January. Opening of the Home, 29th May.

Christmas.

A dinner, to as many as our room would accommodate, was given on the latter occasion.

The boys were very kind to each other, and, in cases of sickness, nursed their invalid companions with tender care; but I cannot vouch for their experience as nurses, unless the system practiced by the medical faculty is seriously at fault. An inmate of the Home was so dangerously ill, that the doctor had serious doubts of his recovery, and ordered him to be carefully nursed. At the most critical period of his disease, he asked, in his delirium, for oysters, and the boys who were sitting up with him sent at two o'clock in the morning, without consulting the Superintendent, and procured a liberal supply of fried oysters and feasted him upon them. Strange to say, he began to recover from that hour, and was soon as well as ever.

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHILE I was in Baltimore, in February, 1859, I received the two following letters:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21st, 1859.
Newsboys' Home.

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure in writing to you to let you know how we have spent our time since your departure to the "Monumental City."

To be as brief as possible, Patrick S— came home Sunday evening, and brought with him a new boarder, named Peter B—. I know you will be glad to know that there is another added to our Home since the time you were here last. P— promises to be better for the future. John Ellard and Thomas McD— were at the House of Refuge to-day, and saw the Italian and Ellard's brother. They were both highly pleased with their visit. Ellard thinks that if his brother was only home with us, it would add greatly to his reformation. All the boys are well, and send their best respects to you. All at present.

I remain

Your obedient servant.

PHILADELPHIA, February 21st, 1859.
Newsboys' Home.

Dear Sir,—Another day has gone, and, as the evening shades close in upon us, we all sit down to ponder over the events of the day. We can't help thinking of the kind friends that have interested themselves in our behalf. I hope the day is not far distant when we can show our gratitude to you and other kind friends. And when we go abroad, as some day we must, we will try to make others as happy as you have made us. To-day Thomas W—, a most worthy young man, is amongst the missing. He has gone abroad to try and better his fortune. He has got a good will, and "where there is a will, there is a way," just as I thought to-day when I faced a regular northeaster, selling my books and papers on the "Pennsylvania Bank," I tried to brave it as best I could.

I cannot think of anything more at present, and I must close with these few words:

"How few like thee inquire the wretched out!"

No more. I remain

Your humble servant.

There is so little demand for newspapers in the summer, owing to the large number of citizens absent from home, that many of the newsboys were forced to seek other employment. Several of them went to Cape May, and were engaged to set up the pins in the bowling alleys.

The following are some of the letters received from them:

CAPE ISLAND, New Jersey,
June 30, 1859.

To Mr. Alexander Sloan, and all the family.

I send you these few lines informing you that we are in good health, hoping that you and Mrs. Sloan, and all the boys, is the same. It is very dull times down here. There are not over sixty people on the Island, and of course we have not much to do. We have got nothing to do except to sweep up in the morning, then we run around the beach, digging and eating clams till night. We have Tom W— down here, with nothing to do, without money, and starving to death. Yesterday he was tossing up what he would do, drown himself, or sneak home on the boat. I have not seen him since, and I do not know which he has done. We have got Pat C— here, too, as large as life, and as lazy as ever. B— is giving him his grub and lodging to the first of July, when he will take him on to work. All he does every morning when he eats his breakfast, he sneaks down to the beach, and gets on top of a bath-house, where the sun is shining, and lies there all day.

Tell Mr. Concklin I received them papers, and I am much obliged to him. Send the same every week, and I will make it all right when I come up. I heard that Pat B— is champion runner of the "Newsboys' Trotting Club." I am glad of it, but if he comes down here I think I can take it from him. I have also heard that the License Bill has passed the Councils, if so, it is the best thing that ever happened for the boys around the corner. I hope *Dumps* is making out good on his stand. Please send us down word how the boys are making out, and how times are around the corner. Write soon. My best respects to all the boys and family. No more at present, but remain yours.

Is S— making out any better since I left the corner? If he likes his whisky, tell him he cannot get it here. I do not drink nothing stronger than salt water, and wont till I get back.

CAPE ISLAND, July 7, 1859.

Mr. Alexander Sloan:

Dear Sir,—I received your letter on the 6th, and we are glad to hear that you and Mrs. Sloan and all the family were well. I am glad to hear that all the boys are well, and I hope they will all make out first-rate. I am happy to inform

you that Thomas W—— is making out first-rate. He has got a situation digging wells, and he is making from \$1.50 to \$2 a day, every day he works, but he looks rather bad from hard work. David C—— says he is very sorry he had not time to bid you good-by. He says he was down at the boat selling his papers, and he took a notion to come down, so he got on. Patrick M—— is well, and as fat as usual. I am glad to hear that Sam —— and McC—— are doing so well. I hope that *Dumps* will continue to make out well, but I don't think that he wishes the same for me. I am much obliged to Dick for them papers. I hope to have the chance to return the favor to him some time. I am sorry for B——, but he deserves to get arrested, for he made a promise not to drink for six months the day that I left, and I done the same; but I have kept mine, and I mean to keep it still, for I have never felt better in my life than since I came down here. I am sorry for H—— getting his head cut, but I will bet a half-dollar to a clam-shell, that he was drunk at the time it happened. He could not expect better anyhow going down in ——, he wanted to let the boys know that he was a brave man; it would be enough for P—— to do that. I am glad James B—— did not get drowned. A man came down here and told me he saw him going down, but he could not save him. We were all glad to hear that you passed such a pleasant "Fourth." It was the hardest "Fourth" that we ever passed. It rained like cats and dogs all day, and we had not as much as a chew of tobacco to keep us comfortable, and no money to buy any. They had a grand celebration of the "Fourth" down here; the Mayor set off three shooting crackers, and the Common Council one chaser. About four half-starved dogs, three billygoats, and two pigs, assembled to witness the grand spectacle. The people were nowhere.

Please tell Poodle that he had better not come down here, for he cannot get anything to do yet, nor the other boys either for a week yet. Pat M—— went out catching crabs last Sunday, and he fell into a ditch, and the crabs came near eating the big toe off him. He is getting well. We seen a stranger down here last night, in the shape of B——. He has got nothing to do yet. He says he will be for ever obliged to you, if you will send him down a shirt, pair of pants, a cap, and his bob-tail coat. Put them in a bundle, and put them on the steamboat "Balloon."

Direct them to M. B., care of T. B., Cape Island.

My best respect to Mrs. Sloan and all the family, and all the boys.

Yours,

Respectfully and truly.

During a few days absence from the city, I received the following letter:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15, 1859.

My Dear Friend—It is with great pleasure I write you these few lines, hoping to find you in good health, as this leaves me at present, and all the boys at the Home, and their Superintendent and family, and they will be all glad to find you in the same. I am getting along nicely at the Home, and I hope I will keep so. Mr. Sloan tells us that we will soon remove to a new Rudy,* as we call it; a fine time is expected, as there is a debate room in it.

My father got a letter from my sisters, but he won't let me smell at it, because I went to Cape May without telling him.

When I first went down, I was determined never to return to you again; but at night when I laid in bed my heart told me I was wrong, and something told me I was going to come back next week; and I would have given anything to be back, because I thought how kind you was to me, and how I was used down there like a slave. Every night after the first three, when all my anger was gone, I most humbly asked God to forgive me, and that you and Mr. Sloan would do the same, and to get back; but I never let the other boys see me, because they would make fun and laugh at me; and I soon felt that God had heard my prayer. Mr. C—— came down, and when I seen him it made me cry. I tried to get from him, but he followed me and shook hands, and told me if I would come up you would take me back. . . . I pray every day that I will become a useful man to you, and that I will repay you in good behavior. I pray you will return in safety. No more at present, from

Your youthful friend and servant.

* I was puzzled to know the meaning of this word, and, upon inquiry, was informed that "the other houses were called 'Rudy (Rue de) Pear' and 'Rudy (Rue de) Spruce,' and so the new house is 'Rudy (Rue de) Third.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES.

ON the evening of the 2d September, 1859,

while in conversation with the boys at the Home, I was informed by one of them of his intended departure for Memphis the following evening. I expressed surprise, as I knew he had a good situation as a carrier of one of the evening papers, and I had seen him only the day before, contentedly and faithfully serving his papers. Upon questioning him as to the cost of such a long and expensive journey, he told me it would not cost him anything, as he had found a ticket in the street. All my remonstrances against using a ticket that did not belong to him were in vain; so he started at the time he had proposed. On his arrival at Memphis he obtained work in a printing-office, and was soon in receipt of good wages. Several letters were written by him, in which he manifested an attachment to the Home and its inmates, and gave spicy accounts of his doings in the West. Unhappily he soon returned to his former dissolute habits, and lost his situation in consequence.

MEMPHIS, Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1859.

Mr. Sloan—The last letter that I wrote I had no time to write; but I write to you in good health at present, and I am doing well, and have a good place at folding papers at the B—— office, and I get about six dollars a week. Mr. Sloan, please to send me word when they got the first letter. Mr. Sloan, please to give my best respects to Mrs. Sloan, and Lizzie the fat cook. Give all the boys my best respects; tell them that I hope they may live to see me again; tell them that I hope that I may be in the city at President election. Write as soon as possible to the Memphis post office. I haven't received any letter up to this time since last Tuesday.

Yours truly.

MEMPHIS, Thursday, Sept. 29, 1859.

Dear Mr. Sloan—I have received your letter this day, and I am glad that you are in good health, and your family, and Mr. —— . I am in three paper offices in Memphis, and I get three dollars in the B—— office every Monday, and I have a job at the A—— office, at a dollar and a half, for four hours on Tuesday. I have a job of folding the A——, three thousand papers; it takes me six hours, and I get \$2.30; and on Wednesday I have a job Ca——, a dollar. And that's not all: I have the theatre bills to serve round the town, and I get a dollar and a half.

In one week I made \$9.30. Memphis is one of the best towns on the Mississippi river; it is one of the money-making places. Any boy can get a place in Memphis at any time.

Give my best respects to Conklin, Ellard, Howe, Bush, Morris, Conlin, and Mr. Thompson; and tell them I will write to them as soon as I can, as I have no time at present. Give my best respects to Mrs. Sloan. And, Mr. Sloan, I will pray as you have told me, because I think God is near me. Mr. Sloan, I have to pay three dollars a week for board, and I have to sleep in the — cellar, as I have to get up at three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Sloan, give my best respects to Mr. — and all the Managers of the Newsboys' Home at Philadelphia. Mr. Sloan, write to me as soon as you can, for I am anxious to hear from the newsboys of Philadelphia. That is all I have to say at present.

Yours truly.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 6, 1859.

Dear Sir—I have received your letter on the 6th inst., and am in good health at present, and doing well, and earning twelve dollars a week. I am very sorry that C— is very sick in the hospital; and he is very sick with the dropsy, and the doctor said that he will be well in a few days; and as soon as he gets well he has a place, too, in the I— office as fireman. And where he works there is an old press that I use to take the papers off in Lodge Alley, back of the old Pennsylvania Bank; and it is the old press that the — use to have. I am very glad to hear that the boys are getting on well in the Home, and I am very glad to hear that M— is well, and John Ellard; and since C— has been sick it has taken all my money to keep us both; and the night that he took sick it took all my money to pay the doctor, and now I am very glad that he is getting well, and I hope when he gets well he will try and make money, and him and me will do well. . . . I am very glad to hear Mc— is doing well, and that all the boys are well; and give my best respects to all the boys, and Mr. —, and to the officers of the Union; and give my best respects to Mrs. Sloan and the cook. That is all I have to say at present.

Yours truly.

St. Louis, Feb. 6, 1860.

Mr. Sloan—I write to you in good health at present, but I am sorry for not writing before.

I have left Memphis, because I was a losing money; and when I left Memphis, I gave C— my place. And I used to spend too much money in drinking, and I started to New Orleans; and when I got there, I tried to get a place to fold papers, but they were all full of folders, and I could not get a place, and I was the second best folder in the city. But then I did not know what to do, but my mind thought of getting a place on a boat, and I did get a job on a St. Louis packet; and when I got to St. Louis, I went to the M— office. And that was on Wednesday, and they told me to come around to-morrow, and I would see the foreman of the folding-room; and I came there on Thursday, and he tried me, and he told me that he would give me a job on Saturday, that one of the boys was a going to leave, and he would give me five dollars a week. But board there is only two dollars and fifty cents a week, and I have two dollars and a half left every week. And I have stopped drinking, and I am a going to save my money, for I expect to come home in May, and have some money with me, and at this present time I have only a dollar to keep me on; but after the week is over I will have plenty. That is all about this, Mr. Sloan. Give my best respects to all the boys, and tell them where I am, and tell them to write to me; and give my best respects to Mr. — and Mrs. Sloan, and tell Henry Y— to write to me. That is all I have to say at present—and your best respects.

Yours truly.

St. Louis, February 17, 1860.

Mr. Sloan—I have received your letter on the 15th inst., and I am glad to find you in good health; and I am glad to hear that the boys are a getting along very well, and I am very sorry to hear that C— is getting worse. I thought that when C— would get work he would keep sober, but I found it not so, and I am glad to hear that Dickey is getting along very well with the stand; and I am glad to hear that John Howe and M. Bush is in their own places yet, and doing well; and D— in the mill—and I am glad of it. Mr. Sloan, you wrote to me that you wanted me to tell you more of my adventure. Well Mr. Sloan, I will tell you. Well Mr. Sloan, when I was a leaving Memphis, I had just four dollars to draw from the A— office, and C— had just two dollars, and he gave it to me, and then I gave him the job to fold the A—, and the

A—, and the B—, and then I went down to the boat. Her name was the "Ingomar," and I got down on her for two dollars to New Orleans; and I saw wood for my grub all the way down—and I had plenty to eat; and when I got down to New Orleans, I went to the paper office to try to get a place to fold. They told me that they were full of folders. When I found I could not get a job to fold, I went to the river, to see if I could get a job to work on the boats, and I could not get a job; and I staid in New Orleans four days, when I went down to the boats again and tried all them, but they were full. Well, I thought to myself, What would I do? My money was nearly all gone, and at last I thought I would go and try work my way on a boat, and I got a job in the cook-house to work my way up to St. Louis—that is fourteen hundred miles from New Orleans. The boat's name was the "War Eagle," and then I got a job in the R— office. That is my journey; and I like to work there well; and I get four dollars and fifty cents a week, and I pay two dollars a week for board—and I have good eating. I wrote to C— about a week ago, and I have not got no answer from him yet. Mr. Sloan, I think I will get a job to go to Pike's Peak in March, and if I should get the job, I will get forty-five dollars a month and board; and after staying there a while, I will go to California—it is only thirteen hundred miles from there—and there I will stay for three months, if God will spare me to live that long; then I will come home—if I get the job to go out there—I will. I am now doing well at present, and in good health. Mr. Sloan, next letter that you receive from me, I will send on my dues to the Union, and Mr. Sloan, if you please, to ask the Union how much I owe. Mr. Sloan, I will never come home without I have some money. Mr. Sloan, give my best respects to Mrs. Sloan, and all the boys in the Home, and the Union; and Mr. Sloan, if you please, to ask the Union to give me a constitution book and a certificate, for mine was left in Memphis. Do me that favor, if you please, and ask D— if he ever received that letter that I sent to him. If he did tell him to write to me.

That is all I have to say; give my best respects to Mr. —. Write to me as soon as possible.

Yours truly.

The writer of these letters appeared to turn over a new leaf. He returned to the Home, very greatly improved, and striving to be a good boy.

The glowing accounts sent by this boy in his first letters from Memphis, inspired some of his comrades with a desire to seek their fortunes in the West. Two of them started on foot, and began their journey in high spirits. It was not long before they concluded it would be more pleasant to ride, and seeing a train of cars approaching, they managed to get upon it, and, by eluding the vigilance of the conductors, contrived to steal a ride the greater portion of the way to Pittsburg. Here they spent several days in search of work, sleeping one night in an empty freight car, another night over the boiler of a coal barge, and a third, in front of the furnace of a rolling mill. After wandering about the city for some time, they started for a railroad station, where they became separated, and then lost each other. One of them worked his way to Memphis, the other started on his return to Philadelphia on a Wednesday afternoon. After riding about thirty miles on a freight car he was put off, after which he walked along the railroad track till nine o'clock the next morning, when he again succeeded in obtaining a short ride on another train of cars. A third train carried him as far as Altoona, where he arrived early on Friday morning. After walking a few miles further, he came to a place where the road was undergoing repairs; this he knew would compel the next train to travel at a slow pace, and afford him an opportunity of getting upon one of the cars. He took advantage of this opportunity, but was again driven from his hiding-place. Walking on, he reached a point where some freight cars were about to start. Getting into one of them, he stowed himself away among the freight, where he fell asleep, wearied and hungry. He did not know how long he slept, but on awaking, the cars were motionless, and he could hear no noise. He attempted to open the door, but it was locked. He then knocked and called to be released, but no one answered. How long he remained at this place he could not tell, but thought it must have been more than a day, and that it must have been at a "turn out," as he could hear other trains passing continually.

At last his car was again in motion, but in what direction he did not know—he *hoped* it

was bound for Philadelphia. On Tuesday afternoon the train again stopped, and after knocking and calling for a long time he was released, and found himself at West Philadelphia. The poor fellow managed to reach the Home, where he was quite sick for several days.

The writer of the following letters sought protection at the Home. He had formerly been a newsboy, but got into trouble through his misconduct. He seemed heartily tired of a life of sin, and strove to amend, but the many and sore temptations to which he was subjected were too much for him. Again and again he took a fresh start, and I should have been encouraged though he fell "seventy times seven," *had he only continued to strive.*

While conversing with him one Sunday about another boy, who was also endeavoring to do well, he said to me, "He gets low spirited, sir, and says it's no use to try to do right, *but I tell him that's the devil tempting him.* But, Mr. Starr, when a chap gets so low, it's very hard work to get up; you can't tell, sir, how difficult I find it."

BALTIMORE, February 22, 1860.

Mr. —:

I send you this to let you know that I am in good health, and doing right so far, and by the grace of God, I hope I always will do what is right. Do not think hard of me for leaving and not letting you know it. I have been going in every store in Baltimore, I thought I could get work. I haven't got none yet, but I don't feel discouraged. Tell Mr. Sloan I thank him and you with my whole heart and soul for your kindness towards me—indeed I can't thank you for your kindness towards me. If I don't get no work soon, I will go to Washington, and if I don't get no work there, I will go in the country. W— and O. B— came with me; you mustn't think I fetched them, for I didn't. I haven't no more to say now but to Mrs. —, that is, I thank her with my whole heart for her good kindness toward me. Tell me if you receive this. Write Baltimore post office.

From Yours, etc.

CINCINNATI, March 7, 1860.

Mr. Sloan:

Dear Sir—I write you these few lines to let you know that I am in good health. I hope you are the same. Me and W— and O. B— is in this city together, and me and W—

got a job soon as we landed in the city, to work in a restaurant for \$30 a month and board, and we are now working there, but how long we will stay here we don't know. There is a man in this city who wants me and W— right badly to go to Kansas for to drive a stage; he says he will give us \$25 a month and board, and will take us any time we will go, and we have a notion to go in a couple of weeks. The times out here is very good, I think anybody could get work if he try for it. Me and W— is determined not to go back for two years, and we are bound to have plenty of money when we come. We are trying to make honest and good men out of selfs. Give our best respects to all the boys, and write us an answer.

From Yours, truly.

Ellard, though not a traveller, had *his* adventure—a short but exciting trip by water—which is thus related by one of his companions:

"As long as I have been a newsboy, I never knew a more creditable one than John Ellard. He was honest, upright and industrious, and whenever his assistance was required he gave it with a good heart, for he would always lend any of the boys whatever sum of money they wanted, if he had it with him; he always had, for he never spent his money foolishly. For one like he, so small and deformed a boy, he would go with the rest of the boys, and play with them, and cut up and run around with them to sell his papers in all sorts of weather and at all times.

"I will relate to you a little incident which I seen last fall, in the year 1859. Late in the afternoon it commenced to rain, for all the day large clouds were swimming over the earth, so at last it broke, and commenced to rain faster and faster, it came down in torrents, and the streets looked like running rivulets. I was standing in Third Street, under an awning, when little Didley Dumps came up to me, and stayed there with me for a little while, and joked about the rain, and he threw a couple of wet papers he had in the gutter, and laughed at them a floating down with the current. There stood a gentleman on the other side of the street delighted at the act. He was a customer of John's. He started to sell a paper to the gentleman, and with one bound he crossed the gutter, but the rest of the way was up over his knee. He sold the paper, and started back for



where I was, but when he was half-way over, the last gutter was too deep, and as he made a jump he came short of reaching the curbstone, and fell headlong in the gutter, and the current took him down, the same as it took his papers. I looked on in astonishment that the water could carry him down. I first thought that he was cutting up or fooling me; so when I seen he had no control of himself, I ran and pulled him out, all drenching wet, as if he fell overboard. He shook himself, took his papers and threw them in the street, then run down in the press-room, and there before a big fire he dried himself. He seemed to care no more about it, than if it was nothing."

One of our lads was asked by a gentleman whom he met on the wharf, if he would like to go to the South with him, as he wanted two or three boys for his drug store on the Mississippi. The reply was that he could not go, but that he knew some who would like such a situation. This conversation was mentioned to three boys at the Home, and they hastened at once to the hotel to see "the Doctor." The interview was pronounced satisfactory;—"other boys had gone from this city, and were in receipt of large incomes." These youngsters returned to the Home, unable to talk of anything but the "medical profession," and "drugs and medicines." The pulses of the other boys were examined, and prescriptions given, and the next day I found one of these lads writing his cards thus:

"DR. M—B—,

MISSISSIPPI."

He inquired the meaning of "M.D.," saying,



"I shall have to study all these things now." A form of account was prepared at his request that he "might learn to make out bills." Vigorous preparations were made for several days, when the return of one of our boys from the South, whose report that it was "hot enough in that part of the world to cook a beefsteak in the sun," convinced the "Doctors" that whatever "M.D." might mean, they had better let medicines and drugs alone.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 15, 1860.

Mr. ———:

Dear Sir—Me and W—— is in good health at present. I received your letter in Cincinnati, and it done my heart good to read it; and me and W—— is trying to go up that hill you named in your letter, and we hope, by the grace of God, we will gain it.

Mr. ———, we would have wrote to you before now, but we hadn't time. I tell you why we had not time. W—— and me got a job to go down the river on a flat boat—me as a deck hand, and W—— as a cook. We were to get fifteen dollars a month; and we went the day we received your letter—that is the reason we could not write. We were twenty-nine days going down the river, and we left at this city. We are going to New Orleans; so write your letter to that city the same way as you did to Cincinnati. I would write you a great deal more, but for the place I am writing at. I have to write quick. You shall hear from us as soon as we can get a place to write. This is to let you know where we are at. We are going in half an hour to New Orleans; farewell for a while. We like your kind and good

advice.

THOMAS W. and CHARLES W.

CHAPTER IX.

WEDNESDAY EVENING READINGS.

ON Wednesday evenings I read to the boys, taking care to select such books as would interest and instruct them; sometimes the book was one chosen by the boys themselves. On one occasion, "The Pilgrim's Progress" was asked for, and it was listened to with more than ordinary attention. Many of them had seen it dramatized at the theatre, and from this acquaintance with it were able to recognize many of the characters portrayed by good John Bunyan.

At these readings the most attentive listener was Didley Dumps, who frequently acted as master of ceremonies, by arranging a chair for me, (taking good care to reserve the one next to me for himself,) and in keeping the boys in order. He was always impatient for the exercises to begin, and if the clock happened to mark the appointed time (half past seven) before I entered the room, which it seldom did, Didley was sure to be in the dumps, and would exclaim, "There! I knew he wouldn't come!" And if, after commencing to read, I paused a moment to explain a passage, or to answer any question about the subject before us, he would instantly call out, "There's five minutes gone already!" I had limited the reading to an hour, but was frequently obliged to continue for an hour and a half. Sometimes even two hours were thus consumed. So much interested did they become in this exercise that various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of extending the time, such as placing a cap before the face of the clock, so that I could not see the hands.

The explanation given by the boys when I finished reading, proved how closely their attention had been given to the subject. One of them said he had listened so hard that it had "driven all he heard out of his head."

One evening, after reading for about half an hour, I requested a friend who had accompanied me, and whose engagements rendered it necessary for him to leave at an early hour, to make a few remarks. True to his colors, he took up the Bible, and spoke of it as the book that most interested him, and, he hoped, was also valued by those present. This interruption was entirely too much for poor Ellard, who became exceedingly indignant at what he deemed an unwar-

rantable interference with his rights. Turning his back upon the speaker, which, unfortunately, caused him to face me, he commenced spitting in such a furious manner, that I found myself in a most unenviable position. To move at such a critical moment was quite out of the question. Happily for me my friend's comments upon 2 Kings ii. 23, 24, were so suited to the audience, and so exceedingly interesting, as to win the attention of even *Didley Dumps*, despite his very determined opposition, and thus I escaped without harm.

The book which perhaps most interested the boys, was one entitled, "Dick and his Friend Fidas." Upon closing this book one evening, a strapping young man came up to me, and, shaking himself, said, "That book makes a fellow feel all over." It should be read by every one, young or old.

"Dick" was the admiration of all the boys. The account of his courageously withstanding the ridicule of his fellow-boarders was received with applause; and as I took up the Bible to conduct family worship, on the night the book was finished, one boy asked me to read the chapter that Dick read to his companions at the boarding-house. This was the first Psalm, every word of which was applicable to the occasion, and was listened to with the deepest attention. May those dear boys experience the *blessedness* of the man "that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but whose *delight is in the law of the Lord.*"

"Fidas" was acknowledged to be a faithful friend, whose voice they had often heard, and to him was attributed all of Dick's success in life. He was often spoken of, and may, I trust, be heeded.

The following review of the book is the production of one of the boys:

"I have read the book which bears the title of *Dick and his Friend Fidas*: my idea is, that it is a true story about conscience, and illustrates it in a most striking manner. It is really one of the most interesting for truthfulness I ever read. It shows us the bad boy's beginning and his ending; it shows us the good boy's beginning and his ending; it shows us that the boy who is willing to obey his mother, ends his days in happiness, while the boy who is too big to call his father by his right name, ends in a most miserable manner. We follow him up to where he meets Dick in the store where he is employed, but he finds Dick is not so easy to be made

ashamed as when he was a school-boy; we here see that it was the fear of God that saved Dick, for if he had went with Mark, I dare say he would soon have been as bad as him; and we see what would have been the consequences, he would not have gained the friendship of Charles Wiley, or he would not have got in Mr. Bartlett's store, but might have been in prison, or been a very bad character. It shows us how easy we are tempted to do wrong, (that is, where he goes in the boat,) no matter how much we are determined to do right. It shows us how easy it is to go down, and how easy it is to go up, (that is, where he is assailed by his boarders;) it seems he had not strength to do what conscience bade him, (that is, about reading the book,) and if he had not went to his room, I dare say he never would, for it was God gave him strength, and we see how nobly he defeated his ridiculers. This bold stand, I dare say, done him all the good he was in need of, for it raised him friends, and good ones. It shows us how kind and gentle a Christian woman is, and how hard-hearted the negative is, (that is, I mean Aunt Fanny and Mrs. Walker.) It shows us that truth is always the best to follow, for if Dick had not told about the broken glass, I dare say, Mr. Russell would not have kept him. It shows us how little it takes to make one happy, (that is, where Dick gave his sister the book,) and we see that it was a good reason for Mr. Russell keeping him, for he gave it to his sister with a good heart. It shows us how kind we ought to be to our fellow-men, (that is, where Dick showed the man out of the woods); we see that because of this very good act Mr. Russell was induced to take him; and we see that by Dick obeying Fidas, or Conscience, he leads a happy life, and if every boy does what Conscience tells him, he will always do right. I see that all the happiness Dick gained was by following Fidas's advice; it all comes around, first the bonfire, if he had not heeded his advice, Mr. Benton would not have recommended him to Mr. Whilton, and so every good act deserves another."

Sometimes, after reading, I questioned the boys in mental arithmetic. Their answers were given in much less time than it took me to work out the sum, so that I was obliged to prepare myself for these exercises. A remarkably fine looking, though roughly clad youth unknown to me, presented himself one Wednesday even-

ing, and was the first to answer five of the ten questions that had been propounded. At the close of the exercise I spoke to him of his knowledge of figures, and asked where he had obtained it. A lad who was standing by remarked,

"Me and this chap used to sit together, didn't we?"

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh! he has been in the House of Refuge here and in New York three times, and I have been there twice."

While preparing sums one evening, I told the boys they might amuse themselves by asking each other questions, when one inquired,

"Why is **Harper's Ferry's* nose like the second story of the Girard House?"

"Because it's over an *eating saloon.*"

Two clergymen visited the Home during one of our Wednesday evening exercises. My book was laid aside sooner than usual, that they might be entertained by our customary arithmetical drill. The Reverend gentlemen were asked if they would like to give the boys any sums. Unhappily for them, their first question was not wisely chosen. They had trespassed upon the professional calling of the boys, and none could do this without suffering for it.

With great dignity of manner, and in measured accents, one asked, "Boys! If I purchase twenty newspapers at three cents each, and sell twelve of them at five cents each, do I make or lose by the transaction?"

Several voices at once responded "Why! you make."

"Oh! no, boys, listen to me. If I purchase twenty papers at three cents each, and sell twelve at five cents each, do I make or lose by the transaction?"

"You make," was again shouted by the boys.

"Ah! boys, I see you do not understand me. Now listen attentively, and think before you answer. If I purchase twenty papers—mark you *twenty* papers—at three cents each, and sell twelve—mark you *twelve* papers—at five cents each, do I make or lose by the transaction?"

It was not necessary for the young scamps to "think," as they had been admonished to do. Their *thinking* had all been done while the question was being put to them the first time, and the answer "You make" was fairly yelled, to

* The nickname of one of the boys who had a good sized mouth, and an appetite proportionately large.

the great delight of all the boys, who clearly saw that they had "cornered" the perplexed visitors.

"How do you make that out?" was asked in astonishment.

"Sell the other eight for old paper," was the triumphant reply, and the "parsons" beat a graceful, though somewhat hasty retreat, taking the newsboys' multiplication table with them as something decidedly novel, if not interesting to them.

The boys were in high glee, and like the sailor who found his way into a Sunday-school room while the scholars were being catechised, wanted another question put to them. The sailor had indulged too freely, and after hearing several questions asked and answered, said in a maudlin tone, "Mister, please ask me a question, I used to know all about that when I was a boy." "Ah! my good man," was the reply of the Rector, "do you think that you are in a fit condition to answer such questions?" "No—sir! now please ask me another."

The boys had a great deal to say upon the subject of John Brown's trial and execution, and their excitement increased as the time of his death approached. They were discussing warmly the question of his release as I entered the Home one Wednesday evening, and I remarked that there was not the slightest prospect of his escaping, as there were too many soldiers guarding him.

"Now! which is the most powerful, the sword or the pen?" exclaimed Ellard. "The sword can't do anything for him, but all Governor Wise has to do is to take his pen and write out his pardon."

In addressing such lads as these—indeed all lads—it is much too common a mistake to tell them that they "may be Presidents of the United States at some future day." I was not sorry at Ellard's reply on one of these occasions: "*Who ever heard of a hump-backed President?*" It is far better to point them to situations within the reach of all, and encourage them to persevere in their efforts to become industrious and useful members of society.

CHAPTER X.

SABBATH GATHERINGS.

AT our Sunday afternoon services the boys were allowed the privilege of freely expressing

their views whenever they differed from me. Ellard frequently availed himself of this permission. His remarks were generally very much to the point, but not always as reverent or as delicately expressed as they might have been.

He quite agreed with me that Naaman was right in heeding the advice given by his servants, and in going into the river, as directed by the Prophet; but he was not willing to admit (though I am sure he felt it) that Gehazi did wrong in taking the money and raiment from the Syrian general.

In answer to my inquiry as to what they supposed became of Gehazi, Ellard replied in a voice unnecessarily loud, and in measured accents, "Went to the devil!" The manner in which this was spoken, no less than the reply itself, called forth a hearty laugh from the other boys, while he remained perfectly calm and sedate. I was thankful for the opportunity it gave me to dwell upon the fact, that "all who tell lies and steal, as did Gehazi, are sure to go to the devil, if they do not repent." All except Ellard agreed with me that Gehazi was in no way benefited by the property he had stolen. My argument that he was immediately smitten with leprosy was in vain, and Ellard would insist upon it that Gehazi "got good out of it somehow or other."

After repeated efforts to convince him to the contrary I was obliged to make a personal application, and asked,

"What good would your money do you, if you were sick?"

"I'd enjoy it."

"But suppose you were very ill, and suffering, you could not enjoy it then."

"I'd have sport out of it somehow or other."

"But suppose, my dear boy, you were dying?"

"Why! I'd have a grand funeral."

A picture was drawn of a "grand funeral" as too often seen, and ended the discussion.

It was difficult for the boys to remember some of the Scripture names, especially that of "Goliath;" but when they became familiar with it, poor Goliath was for a time brought up on almost every occasion. He was the oldest man, the meekest man, and was kept busy leading the children of Israel through the Red Sea, or doing other things equally new to me. Ellard greatly admired the courage of David in going forth to meet the "champion" of the Philistines, and rejoiced in the rescue of the three

Hebrew youth, and in Daniel's safety in the den of lions.

I once asked, "Who was Moses?"

"The fellow found in the bulrushes," was the reply.

One of the most touching incidents in connection with poor Ellard, was his reply to my remark, that "God had never done an unkind act, but that everything he made was good."

"He makes bad things too."

"Tell me one bad thing God has made?"

"Why! He made me a cripple!"

There was a sadness and earnestness of expression in the poor lad's face that plainly told the depth of feeling with which this was spoken, and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in convincing him that he had much to be thankful for, and that, however great his affliction, it was far exceeded by the very many mercies he enjoyed. For some wise and kind purpose God permitted the accident which resulted in maiming the poor boy for life; but this does not prove that the necessary means were employed to guard against it. God is not responsible for what occurs through our neglect.

The subject of my address one Sunday afternoon, was taken from the fifty-first Psalm, and, among other questions, I asked the meaning of the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart." Ellard replied, "Like a fellow having a dirty shirt, asking for a clean one." However repulsive this answer may at first appear, it cannot be doubted that "our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." The lady whose child asked, "Mamma, is it wicked to say '*you be bothered*'?" and who replied, "It is worse than wicked, my dear, it is vulgar," would probably have fainted had she been present on this occasion.

Persons not familiar with such gatherings of half-civilized, quick-witted boys, would naturally consider such supposed interruptions on the part of those who are generally expected to be only listeners at Sunday services, as very much out of place, and detrimental to the religious character of the meetings. So far from such being the case, they greatly aid the one conducting the services—if controlled by him as they may easily be—and rivet the attention of his hearers, as no eloquence on his part can possibly do.

Authorized and encouraged to challenge the opinion of the leader of the meeting, whenever they differed with him upon the subject under

consideration, every newsboy was kept on the alert—eyes, ears and mouths wide open, eager for a chance to “trip the parson.” No drowsiness or inattention pervades any such meeting. Every word of Scripture truth carries weight with it, and is long remembered. Many of the supposed objections argued by the boys but sank the truth more deeply into the minds, if not the hearts, of those present. Surely this is the chief object, or should be, of all such Sunday gatherings. There need be no levity on such occasions, and the fault, as a general rule, is with the teacher when there is any.

Mistakes are too often made by those who address Sunday-schools. To amuse and startle the children is too frequently the aim of the speaker, and he richly deserves the rebuke he sometimes gets, as did the one who thus commenced a Sunday-school address, “Children! I am going to tell you two stories. One is true, the other is not.” The shout “None of your lies here” completely silenced him, and it is to be hoped that he profited by the lesson he had been taught. Lies enough are told on weekdays, and out of Sunday-schools. If this good, but mistaken man was familiar with his Bible, he doubtless had impressed upon him the closing passage of the sixty-third Psalm, “The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.”

So injured was poor Ellard to the hardening influences to which he had been subjected, before he found shelter at the Home, that it was difficult for him to realize there was such a thing as disinterested kindness, and it was some time before the Society fully won his confidence.

When we first became acquainted with him he was saving his money “to fee a lawyer to get his brother out of the House of Refuge,” and had twenty dollars deposited in a savings institution, the safety of which he very much doubted. “I dare say it will bust like all the rest of them. If it does, I’ll cut the heart out of the man,” was an oft-repeated threat of his.

He was advised to keep his money, which he happily did, and it accumulated to nearly four times the amount stated. I went to the House of Refuge in the hope of making some arrangement for transferring the brother to our Home, but his conduct had been such as to render his release unadvisable.

One Sunday, not long after the Home was

opened, I was speaking of honesty, when Ellard interrupted me:

“They say honesty is the best policy, but I don’t believe it.”

“Do you not?”

“No! it’s all nonsense.”

“How do you make that out?”

“Because I proved it.”

“Tell me how you proved that honesty is not the best policy.”

“Why, one day some of us were in Chestnut Street, when I saw a lady drop her portemonnaie. I picked it up and ran after her, and handed it to her. She was very cross to me, and said it was *not* hers; but after feeling her pocket she said it *was*, and snatched it from me, and walked off without saying ‘thank you.’”

“Well, my boy, however improperly the *lady* may have acted, you felt conscious of having done right, and you must forgive her for not acknowledging your honesty and kindness.”

“The boys laughed at me, and called me a fool for my pains, and so I was.”

“Indeed you were not. It was your duty to restore the lost property to its owner, and you would do so again, should an opportunity offer, would you not?”

“No; I wouldn’t.”

It is not difficult to conceive of the injurious effect of such a return for the kindness and honesty of this poor boy. This was sadly evinced by the feeling with which he dwelt upon the circumstance. He had sought no pecuniary reward, and would have been abundantly compensated by a mere expression of thanks; but even this was wanting, and a sense of injury and disappointment long rankled in his breast.

CHAPTER XI.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

At the commencement of our efforts in behalf of the newsboys, we were met by various objections. One went so far as to say, that “all attempts at the reformation of society were hopeless, and that the only way was to let it get so bad that it would right itself.” It is sufficient to say, that this doctrine is at variance with the teachings of Scripture, and the results of our labors abundantly prove how wise and kind these teachings are.

In one respect the hopes of the Managers of the Society were fulfilled in a manner different from their expectations. A number of the boys

who first sought shelter under our roof were so far reclaimed as to return to their parents or friends, whom they had deserted; and, in some instances, gave promise of useful lives. While this lessened the number of our boarders, it strengthened our faith, and encouraged us to persevere in the work we had undertaken. New boys occasionally presented themselves, and the Home was ever open to those who unhappily yielded to temptation, and again sought shelter under our roof. Some of the boys had no other home than the one furnished them by the Society. The following letter is from one of the inmates:

PHILADELPHIA, December 21, 1859.

Mr. —:

I can remember the first night I stopped at the Home. I think I was drunk. I know I always liked to drink, for every night I could be found in the theatre or in a drinking saloon. I kept on in this way, spending what money I could earn, until I got under the good advice of the Managers and Mr. Sloan: this checked my wild way of living. The first time the Managers came to read, it gave me great pleasure to find myself in the Home, instead of being in the theatre, and so through the Managers and Superintendent, especially Mr. — and —, me and several others were led from a life of wickedness and sin. I am sure I owe everything I got to the Home, for I can see now what it would have led me to; for the boys who were then my companions are now, I must say with regret, notorious drunkards, and I know if I had kept with them, I would be the same as them. I know that I learnt one thing, and that is more precious to me than all the rum in the world, and that is about God, which I know he has been watching over me ever since I was first taught to love him at the Newsboys’ Home. I could not express half what it has done for me.

Yours very truly.

Not long since a nicely-dressed young man seated himself next to me in a city passenger car, and entered into an intelligent conversation. He was one of those who had returned to live with his relatives, and who had borne one of the objectionable names mentioned in Chapter III. He informed me, with evident satisfaction, of the improvement in his writing, and the pleasure he took in striving to advance himself.

Another lad named in Chapter III., who likewise returned to his relatives, showed me a pair of spectacles, the first he had made for the manufacturer whose establishment he had entered. The workmanship was excellent, and evinced great mechanical skill.

A few of the boys left the newspaper business, and entered stores and offices; others became proprietors of "stands," which is regarded as a decided advance in the profession. Ellard was the first of our boys to reach this promotion, and his success in the business was perhaps not less owing to his being deformed, than to his civility to his customers. An incident which he related as having occurred the first day he opened his stand, greatly encouraged him.

"I made up my mind to say 'thank you' to everybody that bought of me, and they all looked surprised and pleased. One gentleman bought a penny 'Ledger,' and as I folded it up, and gave it to him, I said, 'Thank you, sir,' and he soon came back, and bought twelve cents worth of papers."

There was a manifest improvement in the behavior of the boys at the Home, and in the character of their conversation. I was struck with this upon entering the room one evening, as they were seated around the tea-table, looking bright and happy, and discussing with great interest that passage of Scripture, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." One asked my opinion of its meaning, which was given after learning what they had to say on the subject. Some thought it shut out all rich men, because a camel could not get through the eye of a needle; others thought that rich men have so much to do, looking after their property, that it was difficult for them to give their attention to religion.

The softening influences of the Home—I should rather say, of the gospel of Christ, under whose benign teachings the inmates were daily brought—were in no case more distinctly marked than in John Ellard. It was evident that a change had come over his rough and stubborn nature, and that a gentleness which we were fain to ascribe to the strivings of the Holy Spirit, was manifesting itself in the heart of this poor boy. This change was noticed by several, who spoke of it as something remarkable.

At one time I was informed of the illness of a lad who had been a companion of some of the

newsboys, and had occasionally sold papers, but who was not acknowledged as properly belonging to the profession. The Superintendent and I went immediately to see him, and offered to receive him into the Home, and do what we could for him; but the lady who had kindly taken him into her house, and though a stranger, nursed him with a mother's care, had made him too comfortable to wish to leave. He was the child of respectable parents, whose loss of property and subsequent death left their children unprovided for; and this poor lad, thrown upon the world, rapidly sank into vice, which brought him to a premature grave.

At first he refused to see us, and declared that we should not speak to him upon the subject of religion; but I was informed that he was the child of a pious mother, who had often prayed with him and for him; and I *could not doubt that the promise*, made to her and to all who pray in faith, "*ask, and ye SHALL receive,*" *was now to be fulfilled.* For several weeks before his death he manifested an earnest desire for religious instruction, and for prayer; and often spoke touchingly of his requests to God "to take away his wicked heart, and give him a good heart."

Two of our boys were in the habit of visiting him, and I shall long remember with what feelings I listened to one of them reading the ninth Psalm to him. Verily "the Lord is a refuge in times of trouble," and "the needy shall not always be forgotten," nor "the expectation of the poor perish forever."

The following letter is from one of these boys:

To Mr. —:

Dear Sir—After leaving your house last evening, rejoicing over our good fortune of having an apple and an orange to eat, we hastened on our errand with the jelly to where poor P— is living—knocked at the door—lady came—told her Mr. — sent this to the sick boy. She asked us if we would like to see him; we answered, "Yes, ma'am." She told us to sit in the parlor; she called him from below, and the three of us were left alone in the parlor. We conversed for a long time about old times; he said he was getting weaker every day, and wouldn't live long. He talked about Ellard, and was very anxious to know if he died religious. We told him yes, and told him how he spent his last hours. He told us how he got

acquainted with the lady he was living with, and how kind she was to him. After a long pause, for he was out of breath, H— asked him if he ever prayed; he said he never did until Mr. — came to see him; he said he couldn't get his mind steady on one thing: he thinks of the Saviour one moment, and of something else another; and it troubles him greatly, for he wants to be saved. He said he tried to say a long prayer the other night, and he thought of the devil before he was done, instead of God; so he says a short one now, so he can't think of nothing but God. We told him all about his soul we could, to make him happy. We were about to retire, when he requested us to sing a hymn for him, which we were very glad to do, but we could not find any hymn-books. There was a large Bible on the table, and some tracts. I would have read the Bible if I knew what chapter; so I read two tracts—I don't think of their names; one was about faith in God. He said he would like to be listening to Mr. — all the time. The tracts gave him a great deal of pleasure, and we bade him good-night, promising him to return in a few evenings, and went on our way home.

Your most humble servant.

The day after the death of this poor lad, the soul of one of the inmates of our Home entered its eternal rest. The deceased was one of the oldest newspaper-carriers in the city, and had passed through a checkered life, but it is unnecessary to say more than that his character had been undergoing a marked change for several months before he was taken ill. His dissipation and infidelity were no sooner abandoned, than he commenced to spend his Sunday afternoons in lecturing upon temperance, in the market-houses, and upon the wharves; but he relinquished this for "instruction in righteousness" at our Sabbath gatherings, at which he became a most regular attendant.

In the early stage of his disease, he was strongly advised to enter the hospital, to which he reluctantly consented, but, after remaining there a short time, he longed so for the companionship of the boys, that he returned, and was most faithfully attended by a medical gentleman, for whose unremitting care the Managers were under deep obligations.

In one of our conversations he alluded with much feeling to the account given of our blessed Saviour, in Isaiah liii., and frequently spoke of

Christ as his *only* hope.

Two days before his death, as I was about to engage in prayer, I asked him what he would most like me to pray for—*what*, above everything else, he most desired. "*Pray that I may have a fuller assurance in Christ*," was his reply. At our last prayer, his request was, that *God would take him to Himself*.

After taking leave of him, I turned when near the door for a parting look at my dying friend. As I stood sorrowing over his sufferings, his eye caught mine, and I raised my arm and pointed *upwards*, but said nothing. Immediately his face was radiant with a heavenly smile, and in a full, clear voice, he exclaimed, "I'M BEFORE YOU!"

This once poor, now rich, man left a letter addressed to the Managers of the Society, expressive of his gratitude, and we were more than ever encouraged to labor on in our Master's work, praying that "it may please Him to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived."

CHAPTER XII.

ELLARD'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

On Sunday, the 6th of November, 1859, I noticed that Ellard was suffering from a severe cold. On Tuesday, the 8th, he complained of a pain in his breast, and sore throat. A medical gentleman, one of the Managers of the Society, called to see him, and kindly and faithfully attended him. On the 10th he was better, and on the 12th obtained the physician's consent to leave his bed, and return to his stand. Towards the close of the month, he was attacked with coughing spells morning and night, which continued to increase.

On the evening of 7th December he entered the Home while I was there, and finding him so much worse, I took him to the physician, who prescribed for him. His cough was very troublesome the next day, and he complained of pains in his body. On the 9th, the physician having informed me of his dangerous state, I felt it my duty to acquaint him with it at once. The poor lad revolted at the thought of death, and irritably denounced the physician and declared he would go out the next day. But this was not to be. The hand that now held him was the relentless hand of the angel of death. I felt most sensibly that much was to be done for his soul, and that there was but a brief and uncertain period in which to do it. When I first proposed to pray

at his bedside, he assented in a manner that told of a severe struggle of mind. It was my blessed privilege to kneel at his side morning and evening, and he manifested an increased interest each time. On the 10th and 11th he seemed better, but was very ill on the 13th. I taught him a prayer, which he committed to memory, and repeated after me, as I presented it on his behalf at the throne of grace.

The Superintendent was kneeling at the other side of the bed, and when I had closed my prayer, he threw himself on it and implored the dying lad to give his heart to the Saviour. Poor Ellard looked upon Mr. Sloan as his father, and was loved by him as an own child. The tears fell from the man of God as he pleaded, "O! John, will you not look to the Saviour? He loves you, and will forgive you all your sins, if you will only give your heart to Him. Say, John! will you not look to Him? Do, do! give yourself to Him." This is a most imperfect record of words; the emotions and the sacredness of that hallowed scene cannot be described.

At six o'clock Wednesday morning, Ellard was very low. Throughout the day he complained of inward pain, and had increased difficulty in breathing. The Superintendent, who spent the greater part of the time with him, carried him about the room in his arms. When not thus holding him, he was seated at his bedside, with the eyes of the poor sufferer fixed upon him. The dear boy thought that he was dying, and calling one of his companions present, to whom he had loaned money, he said, "I forgive you all you owe me, and tell — and — that I forgive them all they owe me." Shortly after, he said to Mr. Sloan, "Oh! how I would like to see all the boys; but if I cannot, just give them my respects." He also said, "I forgive all who owe me anything."

A Christian gentleman, who had manifested great interest in him, called at noon and spoke of the Saviour's love. Addressing a lad who was present, the gentleman expressed a hope that he prayed, and asked him to remember his dying companion in his prayers. Ellard looked up and said, "That boy says his prayers every night and morning."

In the evening he repeated the prayer I had taught him.

ELLARD'S PRAYER.

O GOD, please pardon my sins; give me a new heart, and fit me for Heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

One of his companions had a dispute with him shortly before he was taken ill, and I was anxious that it should be settled, and friendship restored, before it was too late, as I well knew it would cast a gloom over the subsequent life of the survivor, and perhaps prove his ruin, were there not a reconciliation. After leaving Ellard, I waited some time for this lad's return to the Home, and calling him aside, explained my anxiety on his behalf. The sympathetic chord was touched, and he wept aloud. When sufficiently composed, he went to Ellard's room, and falling upon his knees at the bedside, the tears flowing down his cheeks, he asked Ellard to forgive him. "Oh," said Ellard, "I forgave you long ago." This was too much for the penitent youth. Claspings his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven, he prayed for his suffering companion. The scene was an exceedingly touching one, and the Superintendent and the boys present were affected to tears; indeed, the former was so much overcome as to be obliged to retire for a few moments. Twice during the night Ellard requested the boys who were sitting up with him, to hold him in the posture of prayer on his bed, as he was too weak to leave it; and thus sustained, he prayed audibly. Who can doubt that that prayer was heard and answered by him who inspired it? If not recorded before, surely the name of John Ellard was then written in the Book of Life. "*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*" John vi. 37.

Ellard was evidently much weaker on Thursday, and early in the morning suffered severe pain. He was more than ever anxious that Mr. Sloan should remain with him, and repeatedly asked him not to leave the room. Faithful to his charge, this Christian Superintendent was not absent from him five minutes during the day, but spent much of it on the bed, with the dying lad's arm around his neck, or resting his head upon his lap.

Awaking from a doze, he again said, "I would like to see all the boys; but if I cannot, just give them my respects." When I saw him at nine o'clock in the morning, he was free from

pain, and evinced more interest in prayer than he had done before.

About eleven o'clock the pain returned, and rendered him very restless. He said, "I am going—I am dying. Oh that I could see my father, and sister, and brother! but it is too late—too late—I am dying!"

Mr. Sloan asked if there was anything he would like to say before his death, when he replied, "Nothing, but send my best respects to —." Shortly after, he cried, and said, "Oh, I am dying—Mr. Sloan, what time is it?" Upon being informed that it wanted twenty-five minutes of twelve o'clock, he said, "Well, if any one wishes to see me, they must see me soon, for I will die by twelve." A Christian lady spoke to him of the Saviour, and not being able to converse, he nodded assent to what she said. Through her kindness, a softer bed was provided for him, for which he felt grateful. Quite a number of his companions visited him frequently, and he spoke to them when able to do so.

Having expressed a wish for an orange, one was at once obtained. He urged those present to share it with him, and was not satisfied till he induced a child of the Superintendent to take part of it. In the afternoon the pain left him, but he continued to grow weaker. A little after midnight he told Mr. Sloan that he was dying; and when asked if he was going to heaven, he answered, "Yes." "Do you feel that Jesus loves you?" "Yes." "Can I see Mr. Starr?" he then asked. The Superintendent replied in the affirmative, and said he would send for me. "Do, for I am dying." Two of the boys were sent for me. They hastened to my residence, but did not succeed in awakening me by ringing the front door bell. Recollections of their former misdeeds, and a wholesome dread of the police, leading them to fear that they might be arrested if they knocked or remained longer at the door at such an hour of the night, they returned to the Home. Soon after Ellard sent for me, and before I could have got to him, his glazed eye fixed in death, he said, "That ain't Mr. Starr." These were the last words spoken by him. At a quarter before three o'clock his spirit returned to God who gave it. It gently passed away, while Mr. Sloan and three of the boys were praying at his bedside.

It was the opinion of the three medical gentlemen who visited him in his illness that he might linger longer than he did, otherwise I

should have been present at the departure of one in whom I had become so deeply interested.

"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." The advantages and opportunities of each of us will be the weight by which we shall be tested when "weighed in the balances." Let us then charitably reflect upon the case of the forgiving, and I believe forgiven, John Ellard, the newsboy, whose advantages were small indeed, compared with those we have enjoyed.

However reckless his life had been, "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, *though we have rebelled against Him.*" He died at the "*mercy-seat,*" and "*none can perish there.*"

Soon after it pleased God in his infinite mercy and goodness to bring me to a saving knowledge of Himself, I was informed of the sudden death of one whom I knew to be of very intemperate habits, and I was greatly surprised to learn that he died a happy death, exclaiming, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!*" The more

I reflected upon it, the greater difficulty I had in comprehending how such an one, hurried into eternity, could enter the door over which is written,

"WITHOUT HOLINESS NO MAN SHALL SEE
THE LORD."

Upon inquiry of those present at his death, I found that the poor creature had died of delirium tremens, and that the words quoted had been uttered in his ravings. Since then I have ever looked with distrust upon what is commonly called a "*death-bed repentance,*" and, although in the case of poor Ellard there was indicated the clearest evidence of undisturbed reason, and an appreciation, not only of his danger, but of the momentous issues of the great change about to take place, yet I should have felt far less confidence in his safety had there been no evidence of the previous work of the Holy Spirit in his soul. In the language of one of the boys, Ellard had for some time been "*growing more sorry.*"

Notwithstanding my dread of putting off repentance till the eleventh hour, I know that God "of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to ALL those who, with hearty repentance and true faith, turn unto Him," whether at the first, or at the eleventh hour.

"I BELIEVE IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

"E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
REDEEMING LOVE has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

The decease of this poor lad was noticed with much feeling by the newspapers of the city; the following are extracts from two of them, the latter of which gives an account of the funeral:

"DEATH OF A NEWSBOY."

"But a few weeks have elapsed since we gave a notice of a visit to the Newsboys' Aid Society, at No. 273 South Third Street. At the time we visited the Institution, little John Ellard opened the door and welcomed us into the building. He seemed to be in a very happy mood that evening, and talked and joked with us about the weather, the Home for the Newsboys, and other subjects. In writing the article we did, we were feelingly impressed with the beneficial results that had already been attained by the opening of this building, for it provided a comfortable shelter and home for little Ellard, the deformed newsboy.

"In passing Sixth and Chestnut Streets yesterday morning, we were shocked at seeing crape drawn around the paper stand that rests against the county building. A few pieces of white ribbon were attached to the crape, indicating that the testimonial was for one of tender years. The profuse decorations that we have seen attached to many a wealthy man's palace never made so deep an impression on us as did this signal of woe about the newsboy's stand. Anxiously seeking some one who could enlighten us, our worst fears were realized, when we learned that Master Ellard, the proprietor of the stand, had deceased.

"Poor little Ellard! how we shall miss his cheerful face in our walks, and what a blank he will leave in the Newsboys' Home. Where shall another boy be found, who was the pet of those rough, but kind-hearted newsboys? But a few evenings ago we saw one of the boys carrying him home on his shoulder, and this was not an unusual occurrence, for there was a strong competition for the privilege of carrying the little fellow home after his daily labors had ceased. In short, nothing was considered a hardship by the boys, if it tended to please their generous little friend.

"Master Ellard had many warm friends among the business community, and some of the most respectable of them patronized his stand every morning. It is a consolation to the friends of humanity to know that woman's hand ministered to the wants of the little merchant during his illness, and all that kind hearts could desire was done to alleviate his condition. His funeral will be attended by his late companions and others, and many will drop a tear on that occasion, to the memory of poor Ellard.

"The clergy will perform the last sad rites over our little friend, and if they succeed in getting their hearers to emulate his example, they will have accomplished much.

"Thank God, we have a Newsboys' Home, where in life every want and comfort is supplied; in sickness woman's soothing attention is ever present; and in death a Christian burial is vouchsafed."

"THE NEWSBOYS' HOME."

"We mentioned, a few days since, the death of a well-known newsboy. On Monday morning his funeral was attended by fifty-six newsboys, six of whom carried the body from the Home to the church, and thence to the grave in St. Joseph's church-yard. Others would gladly have attended, but were prevented by their morning engagements. From their rough exteriors, society has always thought that these lads were only fit for a career of wickedness and an end of shame; and so the poor fellows have, till very recently, been treated as Pariahs and moral lepers. The case of John Ellard shows that the few true-hearted Christian gentlemen were right, who believed that they could be saved in spite of their surroundings, and so transformed that their lives should be useful and honorable, and their deaths not without hope.

"All the good impulses of this boy were carefully encouraged by the kind friends who had taken him up, and he had become noted for his economy, industry and generosity. He was always ready to help his comrades who were in want, and a short time before his death he sent word to those who had borrowed of him that he 'forgave them all they owed him.' His last request was to see one of the Managers who had frequently prayed with him during his illness, and throughout all his sickness he manifested a gentle, forgiving, and patient disposition, and his whole deportment was such as those interested in his future could have wished.

"Now that this one boy should have been furnished with a cheerful Christian home, and cared for, when in pain and suffering, by skillful physicians and kind and watchful attendants, is enough to reward all who have labored for this neglected class, and we commend the fact to the benevolent, and ask them to give a little attention to a charity which is doing so much good."

Copy of a letter received from one of the aldermen of the city:

"Mr. Sloan, Superintendent of the Newsboys' Home:

"Dear Sir—I am indebted seventy-five cents to 'Didley Dumps' for papers, please inform me to whom I can pay the money.

"Poor Didley Dumps! may we, when the cold hand of death beckons us away, leave behind us as many friends, and as few enemies."

Extract from a letter dated Memphis, Tennessee, from a newsboy, formerly an inmate of the Home:

"I have heard from — about the death of John Ellard, and it made the tears come out, and I could not stop for half an hour. I have received a paper, it was the —, and in it was the death of Ellard, and it was — that sent it to me. Mr. Sloan, I have got a Baltimore paper, and it had the death of John Ellard, and I gave it to a Philadelphia boy, and he knew John, and this boy used to stand at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut."

There are, in all large cities, hundreds of persons who have no place they can call their own, and who would be truly thankful for a bright, happy home, conducted on Christian principles, where, for a moderate sum, which they would cheerfully pay, and which would amply support such an establishment, they could have the protection and comfort they so much need.

A home of this kind, for each sex, is very much wanted in our cities, and would be attended with blessed results.

Several applications were made to our Society for the admission of persons not engaged in vending newspapers or books, and some were at first received; but the boys felt that *their* Home should be for their exclusive benefit, and it was found necessary to make it so, although there was room for many more boarders.

Clean and attractive tea and coffee saloons, to take the place of the many vile "pauper-making

dens" which disgrace our cities, and which are increasing with fearful rapidity, are also much needed, and many honest and generous-hearted men would gladly avail themselves of them, were they established.

Were half the zeal expended in denunciation of intemperance and other vices, exerted in well-directed efforts to provide such places of resort for those whose sad condition calls so loudly for sympathy, their reformation would no longer wear an aspect so hopeless.

Are there none in our cities, noted for their Christian liberality, who will act upon these suggestions? The undertaking is full of promise, and its faithful performance will insure a rich reward.

"HE THAT CONVERTETH A SINNER FROM THE ERROR OF HIS WAY SHALL SAVE A SOUL FROM DEATH, AND SHALL HIDE A MULTITUDE OF SINS."

Just when he was ready for mid-life crisis,
something unexpected came up.

Puberty.



viceVersa

The comedy about not acting your age.

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

CC DOLBY STEREO
POLYTRAC THEATRE

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The book on which the above movie is based was one that Horatio Alger described as "ingenious." See: *NEWSBOY*, November-December, 1985, for a condensation of the story.

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NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

THEATRES AND CONCERT ROOMS.

IF labor for labor's sake is against nature, as Locke says, amusement for amusement's sake is equally unnatural. Amusement that has to be sought becomes labor, while labor becomes an amusement when properly directed. A Down East captain said to his crew, "Come, men, knock off work and go to piling staves." We seek amusement in a similar manner, by change of occupation, and, in dancing all night for pleasure, we work much harder than we have done during the day at our regular business. Amusements are as often called recreations, which is, perhaps, a better term; and the great point to be determined is what kind of amusement will yield the greatest amount of enjoyment, or recreation, affording the overtaxed mind and body opportunity to recover their elasticity after having been subjected to too tight a strain. A moment's thought bestowed upon this subject will at once tend to the conclusion that amusements must be as varied as the employments of the people to be amused. Our friend Snip, the tailor, whose employment confines him six days out of seven to his shop-board, as well as Cocker, the book-keeper, can conceive of no more delightful recreation than a target excursion or a party to the Fishing Banks; while Sam.

Jones, the fisherman, and Bob Brown, the omnibus driver, imagine that the highest heaven of enjoyment might be found in the gallery of a theatre, where the air would be hot, and the shifting scenes as unlike as possible to any thing they had ever seen from a smack's deck or the top of an omnibus. The amusements of a people, therefore, while they must be congenial to their habits, must also be antagonistical to their employments; farmers' boys would never go into the fields for recreation, nor students to a lecture room; and hence the impossibility of transplanting national pastimes, or even of reviving them when they have fallen into disuse. If people are let alone, they will find amusements best adapted to their necessities, and therefore any legal restraints placed upon the natural tendency of a people in seeking for recreations must be productive of mischief.

Bull-baitings, and cock-fightings, and the sports of the turf, are revolting to certain classes of people, but they are essential means of recreation to certain other classes, who, when deprived of such legitimate amusements will seek the gratification of their instincts in a more objectionable manner. Instead of boisterous enjoyments in the fields, they will create riots, mobs,

and rows in the streets. On board of men of war it is the custom to pipe all hands to mischief, occasionally, when the crew have been a long time on shipboard, that the necessity for abandonment and fun may be spent in harmless excitement. But for such safety valves, the irritation of constant restraint would lead to insubordination and mutiny. Commanders of fleets and armies make timely arrangements for the recreation of the men under them, and it would be wise in our municipal governors if they would do the same.

In most of the despotic countries of Europe, the monarch finds it to his interest to provide means of recreation to the people free of cost, and these are generally on a scale of inverse liberality to the illiberality of the government. In no other part of the world are the amusements of the people more generously attended to than in France, while in no other does the individual enjoy so little of his individuality.

In this happy country of ours, where all the natural instincts are allowed their utmost expansion, it is very remarkable that the amusements of the people are the only affairs that are hampered by statutory restrictions. One may follow any business he likes, embrace any religion, join any party, or engage in any enterprise; but the law fixes the boundary of his amusements and forbids his recreating himself in certain ways. In the State of Connecticut, the law prohibits all amusements and recreations of a theatrical or dramatic nature; Shakespeare may be read in the parlor, or from the pulpit; but to present Shakespeare's plays in the way they were intended by their author to be represented, is unlawful and would subject those guilty of so wrong an act to fine and imprisonment. Horse jockeying is an indigenous trade in Connecticut, but riding horses for the amusement of others is there an interdicted employment. In the State of Massachusetts, the laws are less rigorous, and Shakespeare's plays may be represented according to their author's intentions, by the payment of a fee and under a special license, on any night of the week but Saturday and Sunday. On those two evenings Shakespeare is interdicted as an amusement in the good Old Bay State. In this city, a man may establish a dozen whisky distilleries, or manufacture fire-arms, or quack medicines with perfect freedom, without fee or license; but no one can establish a place for theatrical amusements without a special license and paying for the privilege. Every theatre, and opera house, and circus in New-York

has to pay a yearly fee which is appropriated to the use of some public charity.

The theatre is one of the greatest anomalies of modern civilization. It has been an established institution in all civilized countries, in the face of an opposition lasting through 500 years, and it still stands. Next to the sports of the chase it is the oldest of all human recreations, and claims for its votaries the loftiest geniuses that have blessed mankind. The instincts of the people demand its pleasures, and it will find a footing wherever it is not excluded by law. The taste for the stage is not merely a love of tinsel and inexplicable dumb show—it is the universal desire to see the bright side of the world, and to travel out of ourselves into the airy regions of poetry and romance.

The persecution it has met, has been deserved, where it fell upon the immoralities unhappily united with it: but the indiscriminating hostility to all dramatic representations of human life, as something iniquitous *per se*, is a mere folly, inexcusable were it not for something worthy in the feeling from which it sprung. Had the stage been rescued to the purposes of virtue, instead of having suffered outlawry among the good, a powerful instrument would have been saved to the better side. Not only for the purposes of amusement, but of mental culture, dramatic show is a natural and efficient means. Regardless or thoughtless of this, good men have let it decline to base uses and then blamed the evil which in some measure at least, they might have prevented. Were every delicious taste or art abandoned on the same ground as the drama, our life would be bereft of the benefit and solace of the whole of them. There are great difficulties, no doubt, in giving to the stage a high and pure character—but are they insuperable? Is there any reason why this as well as any other natural taste may not be purged and made a "minister of grace?" If there be, still let us discriminate between the thing itself and our own weakness.

It is a strange circumstance that while music, painting, poetry, elocution, and dancing, are not only considered as harmless, but as elevating and beneficial arts, in themselves, yet, when they are all combined in the production of a drama they are regarded as fit only to be anathematized. The church, too, combines in its ceremonials all these arts but the last, and, in all Catholic countries eclipses the feeble attempts of the stage, in their combination to dazzle the senses and thrill the imagination. Of course there can be no comparison between the theatre and the

Church, because it is the province of the one to amuse, and the other to instruct the believer in the solemn mysteries of eternal salvation. The stage, too, professes to be moral, and the punishment of vice is the inevitable end of all dramas. There is no such *lusus* as an immoral drama. It is the delight of the coarsest natures to see poetical justice dealt out to the wicked, and the sufferings of the virtuous form the great staple of all tragedies. There is nothing that so certainly commands the tears of an audience, as the undeserved calamities of the innocent. One of our theatres has been reaping a harvest of nightly benefits by exhibiting the untimely death of a little girl, and the hardships of a virtuous slave. The public go to the National Theatre, in one of the dirtiest streets of the city, where they sit in not over-clean boxes, amid faded finery, and tarnished gilding, to weep over Little Eva and Uncle Tom. It takes us back to the days Æschylus, and convinces us that the love of the drama is as strong as it ever was, and that it must remain for ever while men have hearts capable of being moved by human suffering. The descent from Prometheus to Uncle Tom, dramatically considered, is not a very violent one, nor so long as some may imagine.

It is the fashion with a certain class to speak of the theatre as having outlived its time, and being no longer necessary to the people; but a reference to the history of the stage, and an investigation into the condition of our theatres would prove that the theatre, as we observed just now, was never before in so thriving a condition as at present. Players are no longer vagabonds by act of parliament, nor are they exposed to any legal indignities here on the ground of their profession. An actor may now be buried in consecrated ground in France, but this privilege was denied his poor corpse in the days of Molière. Some of our actors are men of large fortune, and our actresses make themselves independent and retire to private life while they are yet young; and our managers become millionaires, and men of social standing. It is said that the stage pays well as a profession to those who are tolerably well qualified for it, and men of capital are not averse to investing their money in theatrical property. There are many pains-taking, well-intentioned men who have gone upon the stage, as coolly and deliberately as other men have gone to the bar or the pulpit, as a business pursuit, and have maintained themselves and families respectably by enacting the parts of "heavy fathers," and filling the posts of "utility

men." It must be a sorry business, to be sure, but hardly worse than being a drudge in any other profession. The vagabondage of the theatrical profession, which is generally supposed to be the necessary condition of all its members, is rather imaginary than real. Actors are, generally, when off the stage, the most matter of fact and serious people to be seen; many of them have other callings, they engage in trade, or manufacturing, and perform the parts of good citizens with as much success as those of the stage villains and heroes whom they personate for a living. It was lately revealed to the public that Salvi, the fascinating tenor of the Italian Opera, when not employed before the footlights in fancy costume, was superintending his large soap-boiling and tallow candle establishment on Staten Island—a revelation, that may hereafter mar the effect of his *spirto gentil* in the ears of the listeners who have so often been charmed by his tender voice. But it is not every actor who has the good fortune to be connected with so substantial a business as that of Salvi's; the actual life of too many presents a melancholy contrast to the stage splendors with which they are associated in the minds of the public, who imagine it is all fun and hilarity behind the scenes.

Mrs. Mowatt, in her autobiography, gives some instructive glimpses of the private life of the heroes of the stage, and bears her testimony to the general good character of the greater part of the members of the profession which she joined as a means of honorable independence. Even in the profession of the ballet dancer, which is looked upon as the lowest and most degraded of the whole class of industrials who draw their support from the theatre, she says "there is nothing necessarily demoralizing and degrading," and she gives a slight sketch, but perfect as far as it goes, of a poor ballet girl, who displayed such a heroic spirit in the discharge of her humble duties, that her history should be sufficient to ennoble her despised occupation. Mrs. Mowatt states that she knew this real heroine of the stage, and had the opportunity of watching her conduct for several years.

"She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life; had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to define their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bedridden. The father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a

pittance by copying law papers. Georgina, the ballet girl, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family. And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what I know to be a reality. Georgina's parents kept no servant; she discharged the entire duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, every thing. From daylight to midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal of her parents to prepare, her marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her washing; if in the middle of the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing; for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

"Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter. But watch her in the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she is not on the stage, you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner—knitting lace, cutting grate aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she added to her narrow means. From rehearsal she hastened home to prepare the midday meal of her parents and attend to her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night. Her long walk to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was not on the stage, there she sat again, in her snug corner of the greenroom, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honor, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hands, only laying down the needle, which her fingers actually made fly, when she was summoned by the call boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play. Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not until half-past eleven, and then there was the long

walk home before her. Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgina was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties were to be performed. Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet girl laid upon her couch earned their sweet repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved—whose rising up and lying down are rounded by a circle so holy?

"No one ever heard her murmur. Her fragile form spoke of strength overtaken; it was more careworn than her face. That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly-animated expression when occupied before the audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed—a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet master or despotic stage manager. Many a time I have seen the tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing. Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician, belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face, though he could scarcely have found a *sweeter*, had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. The breath of slander had never shadowed her name. Younger and gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the 'old maid,' but this was the hardest word that any one ever applied to Georgina. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barrett Browning has described as

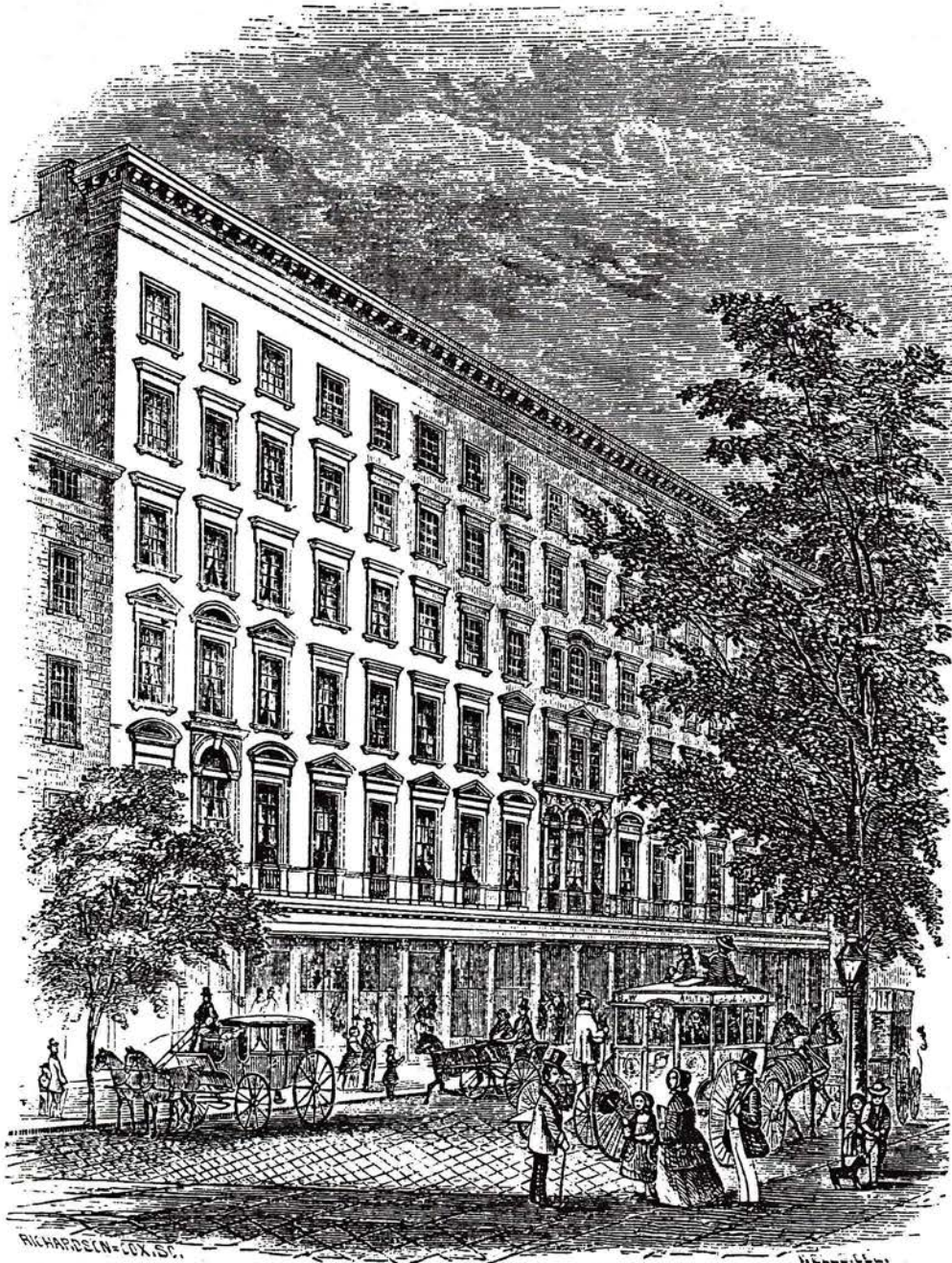
'A fair, still house, well kept,
Which humble thoughts had swept,
And holy prayers made clean?'

"Her answer to a sympathizing 'How weary you must be at night!' was, 'Yes; but I am so thankful that I have health to get through so much. What would become of my poor mother or of my father, if I fell ill?'

"How many are there who can render up such an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may give in the hereafter? How many can say with her that life has been

'One perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise?'

"And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre—was the indigenous growth of that theatre—a *wallflower*, if you like—but still sending up the rich



Lafarge Hotel—Front of Metropolitan Hall.

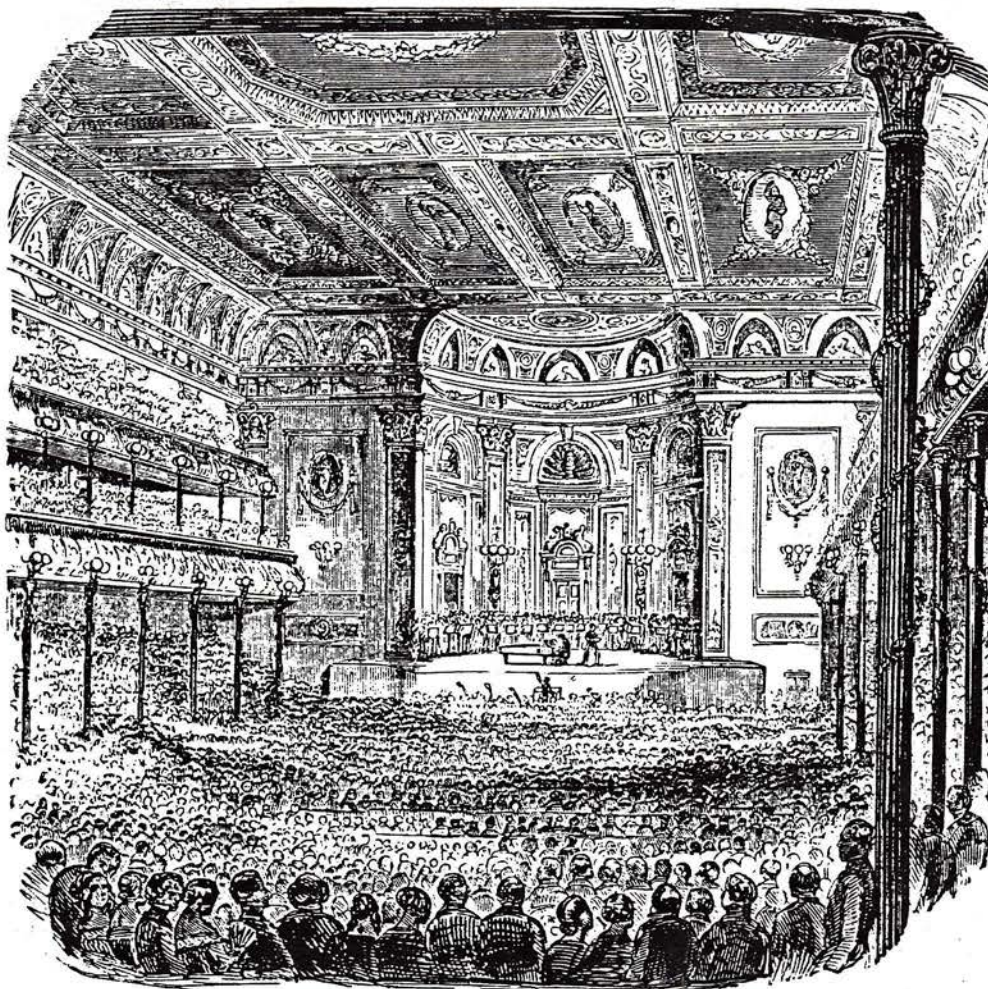
fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was fashioned. To the eyes of the Pharisee, who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy, this 'ballet girl,' like the poor publican, stood 'afar off.' To the eyes of the great judge, which stood the nearer?"

The theatrical business in New-York has, until within a short time, been almost entirely in the hands of Englishmen, and even the majority of the players are still foreigners, and it is doubtless owing in a

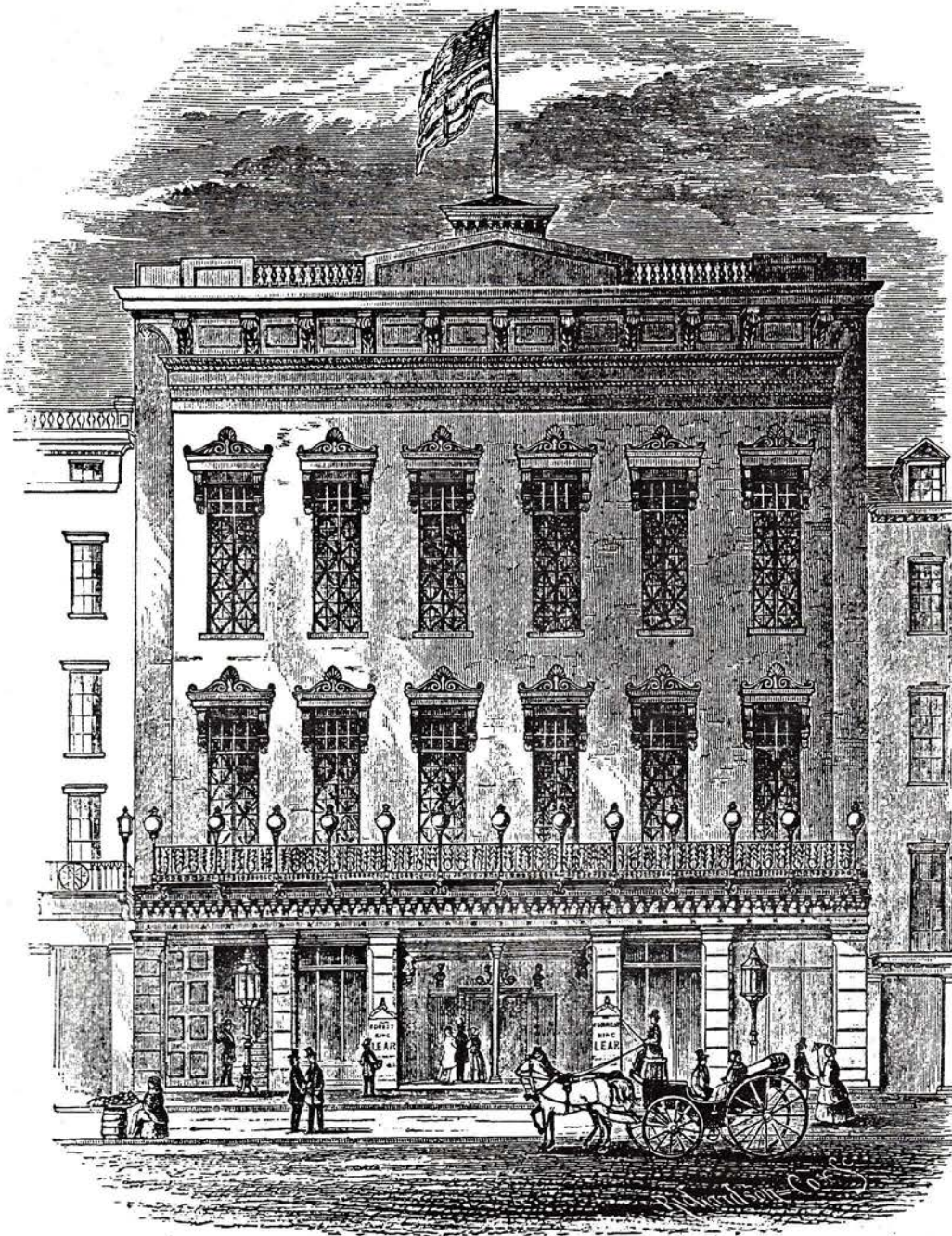
great degree to this fact, that the stage has continued to lag in the rear of all other institutions on this side of the Atlantic; it has not appealed to the sympathies and tastes of the people; the actors have been aliens, and the pieces they performed have all been foreign; to go inside of our theatres was like stepping out of New-York into London, where the scene of nearly all the comedies presented is laid. English lords and ladies, English squires, clodhoppers, and Cockneys; English rogues, English heroes, and English humors form the staple of nearly all the

plays put upon our stage. The actors and actresses speak with a foreign accent, and all their allusions and asides are foreign. The only places of amusement where the entertainments are indigenous are the African Opera Houses, where native American vocalists, with blackened faces, sing national songs, and utter none but native witticisms. These native theatricals, which resemble the national plays of Italy and Spain, more than the performances of the regular theatres, are among the best frequented and most profitable places of amusement in New-York. While every attempt to establish an Italian Opera here, though originating with the wealthiest and best educated classes, has resulted in bankruptcy, the Ethiopian Opera has flourished like a green bay tree, and some of the conductors of these establishments have become millionaires. It was recently proved that one of the "Bone soloists" attached to a company of Ethiopian minstrels, had spent twenty-seven thousand dollars of his income within

two years. It is surprising that the managers of our theatres do not take a hint from the success of the Ethiopian Opera, and adapt their performances to the public tastes and sympathies. The manager of the National Theatre, one of the least attractive of all the places of public amusement, has made a fortune by putting Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom* upon his stage. *Uncle Tom*, as a drama, has hardly any merit, it is rudely constructed, without any splendors of scenery and costume, or the fascinations of music; the dialogue is religious, and the Bible furnishes its chief illustrations; but it is American in tone, all the allusions have a local significance, and the sympathies of the people are directly appealed to. The result is an unheard-of success, such as has never before been accorded to any theatrical performance in the New World. The manager of the National Theatre is himself an American, and nearly all his corps of actors are also natives, and though he only aims at the tastes of the lowest



Interior of Metropolitan Hall.



Broadway Theatre.

classes of the people, yet his theatre has been daily and nightly filled with the élite of our society, who are willing to endure all the inconveniences which a visit to the place imposes for the sake of enjoying an emotion, such as neither the preaching of their clergy, nor the singing of Italian artists could create. A slight reaction of popular favor towards the theatre has been caused by the presence of Mr. Bourcicault among us, the author of

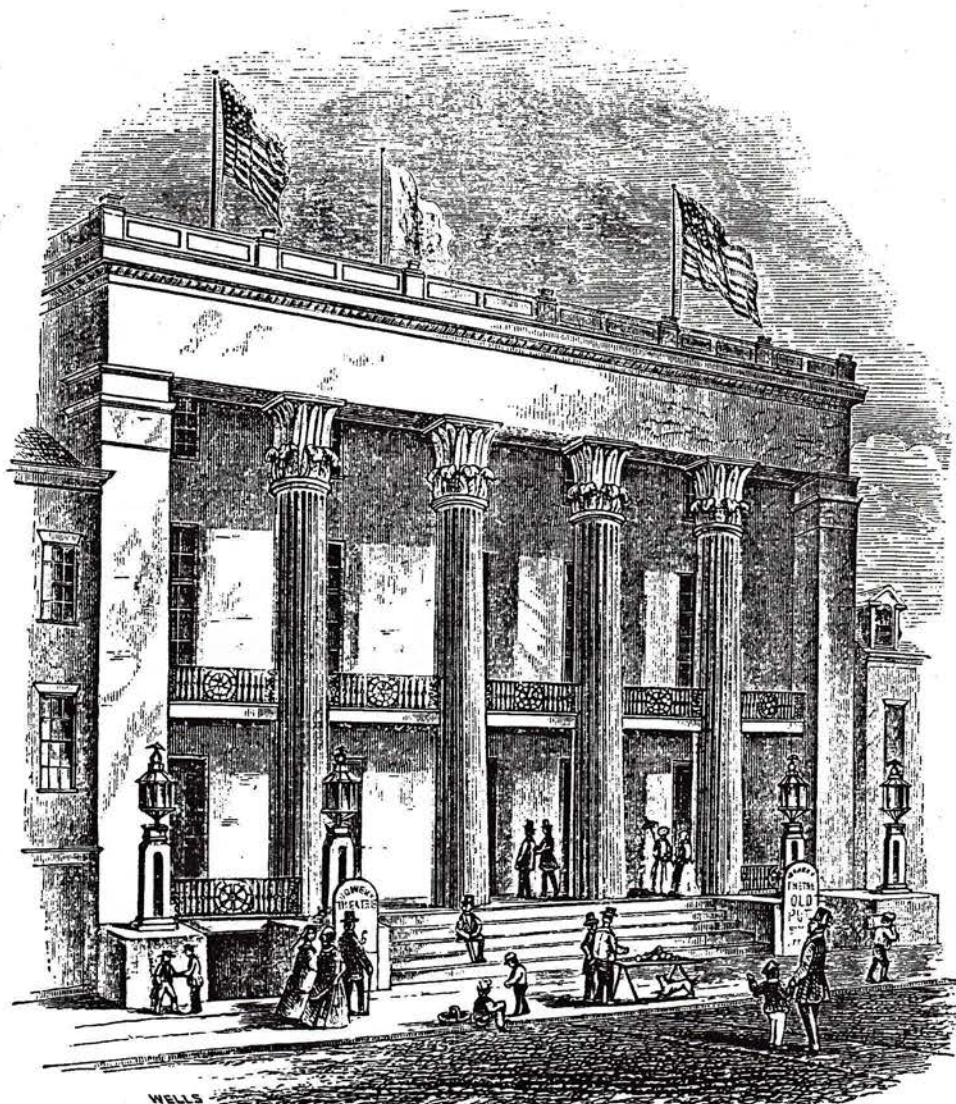
London Assurance. To witness the first representation of a new comedy by a popular English dramatist has attracted a class of people to the theatre who have not been in the habit of frequenting it.

But Mr. Bourcicault's comedies are not calculated to revive an interest in the stage; they are artificial in their construction, their characters are mere conventionalities of the stage, the dialogue lacks sincerity and wit, and the entire tone and

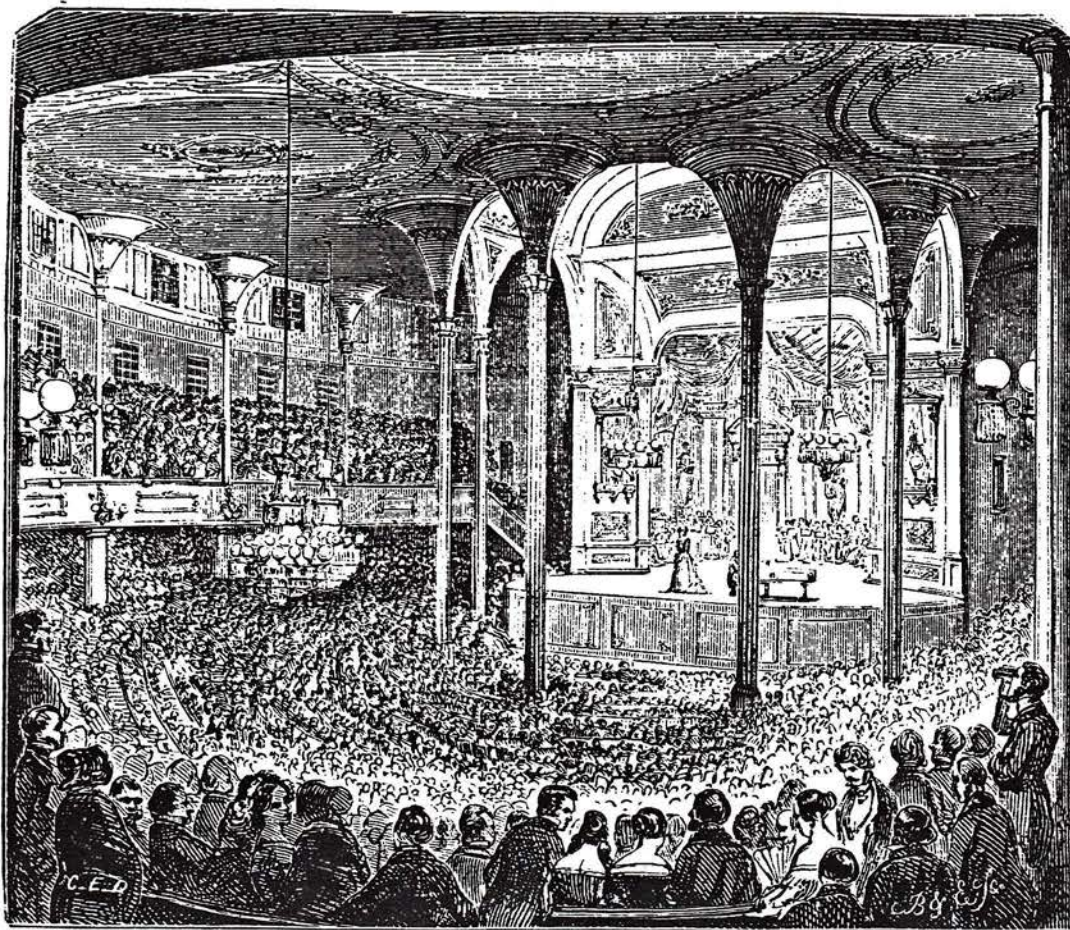
sentiment of his plays are foreign to us. He nowhere gives that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, but compels us all the while to feel that we are assisting at an alien performance. There is one point, however, he may claim the credit of having established; he has greatly improved the upholstery of the stage, and, by the introduction of "real furniture" transformed the before bare-looking scenes of interiors into something which bears a recognizable resemblance to a modern drawing-room. Mr. Bourcicault is the most successful of the present class of English dramatists; but, the regular drama died with Sheridan; since the *School for Scandal* was produced, there has been no play written in England which stands the remotest chance of being known by name half a century hence. The regular drama is as foreign now to the wants

of the theatre, as the Greek tragedy, or the mediaeval mysteries. The theatre survives for other purposes than the representation of the drama; its presentations are merely sensuous, and not intellectual; Shakespeare is only endured for the sake of the star actor who impersonates the one character suited to his physical powers. The pieces which attract audiences and fill the treasury are as un-Shakespearian as possible. Tableaux, burlesques, thrilling melo-dramas, ballets, spectacles, horses, dwarfs, giants, rope-dancers, any thing that is monstrous and wonderful, form now the great attractions of the theatres, and any thing is considered as "legitimate" by the public, which affords amusement, and as proper, by the manager, which fills his house.

The lecture-room has now become a kind of compromise between the theatre



Bowery Theatre.



Interior of Castle Garden.

and the Church, it is a neutral ground, upon which all parties and conditions may, and do meet, and the peripatetic star lecturer occupies nearly the same position which Roscius did in the early days of the stage. The greatest achievements in poetry are the plays which were never intended for print; and, doubtless, the best additions to our literature will be the lectures which were only written to amuse an audience, and not intended for publication in another form.

There are innumerable places of recreation in such cities as New-York, which are not properly entitled to be classed under the head of places of public amusement, which we are considering now. The theatre has always been, and still is, the principal place of public amusement, and, though its character has greatly changed, and its frequenters are no longer of the class who once gave it its chief support, it occupies too prominent a place in the social organization of our great towns to be overlooked by professed moralists and religious teachers. Its existence, and the fact of its being frequented

by immense numbers of people whose morals need looking after, should be sufficiently strong reasons for the clergy, and all others who are by virtue of their office public teachers, to exert themselves to render it as little harmful as possible. To stand outside and denounce the theatre without knowing any thing of its interior, is not the true way to improve it. The representation of moral, and even religious plays has been found not only very effective upon the audiences who attend upon them, but profitable to the manager who brings them out.

As religious novels form a very considerable part of the popular books of the day, we see no reason why religious dramas should not also form an important part of theatrical entertainments. The fact that such a drama as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* can be represented two hundred nights in succession, at one of the lowest theatres in New-York, converting the place into a kind of conventicle, and banishing from it the degraded class, whose presence has been one of the strongest objections to the theatre which has been made by moralists,

is sufficient to show that religious plays, like religious novels, may be pressed into the service of education with powerful effect. It is stated by Mrs. Mowatt, in her autobiography, from which we have already quoted, that in the catalogue of English dramatic authors there are the names of two hundred clergymen. But we imagine that none of these have written any religious plays. There are six regular theatres in New-York, which are open nearly every night in the year, excepting Sundays, for dramatic representations, and the public that sit night after night with a fortitude and good nature to us incredible, to see the *School for Scandal* and the *Lady of Lyons* would be but too happy to vary their amusements by a religious drama, if it were only new and intelligible. The chief of our city theatres, which claims to be the Metropolitan, since the destruction of the Old Park, is the Broadway. It is a very large house, capable of seating some 4300 persons. It was built by Col. Alvah Mann, a great circus proprietor, who ruined himself by the speculation, and is now the property of Mr. Raymond, another millionaire of the ring. Broadway is a "star house," and depends more upon the attraction of a single eminent performer than upon the general character of its performances, or its stock company; and it is at one time a ballet, another a tragedian, again an opera, then a spectacle, that forms its attractions. Forrest has here appeared one hundred nights in succession; here too Lola Montez made her debut in America, and any wandering monstrosity is seized upon by the manager to secure an audience. The regular drama, excepting with the attraction of a star, is found to be a regular bore to the public, and a regular loss to the house. The manager of the Broadway, E. A. Marshall, Esq., is neither an actor nor a dramatist, but simply a man of business; and, besides the Broadway Theatre, he is also proprietor of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and of the theatres in Baltimore and Washington. Neither the exterior nor interior of this house is at all creditable to the city; it has a shabby and temporary look externally, and the ornamentation of the auditorium is both mean and tawdry. No class of people seem to frequent it for recreation but only to gratify an excited curiosity.

The "Bowery," which is the oldest of all the theatres in New-York, is about the same dimensions as the Broadway, but has a stage of much greater depth, and better adapted to spectacle. It is

frequented chiefly by the residents of the eastern side of the city, and its pit is generally filled with boisterous representatives of the first families in the city—that is, the first in the ascending scale. The performances at the Bowery are, of course, adapted to the tastes of its audiences, who have a keen relish for patriotic devotion, terrific combats, and thrilling effects, and are never so jubilant as when suffering virtue triumphs over the machinations of persecuting villainy. It was for such audiences as these, with a slight infusion of better natures, that Shakspeare wrote his dramas, and for whose amusement he was willing to personate the humblest of his creations. The present edifice is the fourth that has been erected on the same ground, since the first one was erected in the year 1826, the others having been destroyed by fire. The late proprietor of the Bowery Theatre amassed a fortune here, and left the establishment to his heirs, to whom it now belongs. It is understood to be a very profitable concern, as it has been from its first erection. It was in the Bowery Theatre where Madame Hutin, the first opera dancer seen on this side of the Atlantic made her *debut*, and where the first ballet was performed, one of the troupe being the then unknown Celeste. It was here, too, that Malibran made her first appearance on the stage after her unfortunate marriage, and filled the house with the beauty, fashion, and intellect of the city. Such audiences have never since graced its pit and galleries. It was on the stage of the Bowery that Forrest achieved his greatest triumphs, and laid the foundation of his fame. But it is long since stars of such magnitude have shed their sweet influences on Bowery audiences.

Niblo's is not, strictly, a theatre, but a show house, open to any body that may choose to hire it. It is one night a circus, another an Italian Opera House; then a dramatic temple, and then a lecture room. It is called a "garden," but it is one of the roomiest, best constructed, and most convenient of all the places of amusement in the city, and is unexceptionable in its character. Its interior decorations are very inferior to the other theatres, but it has the great advantage of being clean and well ventilated. The entrance to it, through the Metropolitan Hotel, is extremely elegant and capacious. Under the same roof, within the walls of the same hotel is Niblo's Saloon, a splendid room used for concerts and balls. The whole ground now covered by the Metropolitan Hotel was once Niblo's Garden, and the theatre was merely an appendage

to it to draw custom to the refreshment tables.

There are two theatres in New-York, and but two which are devoted exclusively to the performance of the regular drama; these are Burton's in Chambers-street, and Wallack's in Broadway. Burton's Theatre was, originally, a bath-house, and was afterwards turned into an Italian Opera House, in the management of which a good deal of money was lost, and Palmo, the proprietor ruined. Burton then took possession of it, and made a fortune. It was the first instance in which a theatre in this city had fallen into the hands of a manager of scholarly attainments and artistic instincts, and the result of his management shows what may be effected by talent turned in the right direction. Mr. Burton has not only enriched himself, but has done the public a service by affording them a place of harmless and elevating amusement. One of the first pieces that he put upon his stage was Milton's *Comus*, which gave the public assurance that the new manager was a person of education and refinement; and the uniform good judgment shown by him in the pieces he has selected, and the superior manner in which they have been costumed, have made his theatre a superior place of intellectual entertainment for people of educated tastes. Mr. Burton is one of the best low comedians on the stage, and is, himself, one of the strongest attractions of his theatre. But, like a true artist, he never hesitates to take a subordinate part, when it is necessary to give completeness and effect to a performance. He has a devoted attachment to his art, and goes through with his nightly performances, sometimes appearing in three different pieces, with a degree of vigor, and careful attention to all the minute accessories of his part, which we could only look for in an enthusiastic acolyte in the temple of art. Mr. Burton is an Englishman; but, unlike most of his countrymen, he left his native country behind him, when he crossed the Atlantic, and became thoroughly American in his feelings. He was bred to the profession of a printer, and, after his arrival in this country engaged in several literary enterprises. He established the *Gentleman's Magazine*, now called "*Graham's*."

Wallack's Lyceum, in Broadway, is an exceedingly elegant little house, the style of the interior decoration is in excellent taste, and the effect of a full house is light, cheerful, exhilarating, and brilliant. James Wallack, the manager and proprietor, is the head of a large family remark-

able for the possession of theatrical talent. He was a celebrated actor in London more than thirty years ago, and is still one of the best players in his line,—the genteel heroes of melo-drama,—on the stage. But he rarely makes his appearance before the foot lights. Wallack's Lyceum is Burton's without Burton. Great attention is always paid to the production of pieces at this brilliant little house, and the costumes and scenery form an important part of the attraction. English comedy and domestic dramas form the chief attractions at Wallack's, and the house is generally full. The utmost order and decorum are maintained, both at this house and Burton's, and every thing offensive to the most delicate taste carefully excluded from the stage.

The National Theatre in Chatham-street has long been the resort of newsboys and apprentices, and the style of performances has been very similar to those of the "*Bowery*;" but, in a happy moment, the manager, a good natured native whom they call Captain Purdy, put *Uncle Tom's Cabin* upon his stage and at once raised his fortune and changed the character of his house. As it has played this piece twice a day for nearly six months, and is now the family resort of serious family parties, it would be rather hazardous to predict what its future course may be; the old Chatham Theatre was converted into a chapel, and Captain Purdy's is half way towards the same destiny.

Attached to Barnum's Museum there is a large, well arranged, and showily decorated theatre for dramatic representations, where domestic dramas of a moral character are performed, and a version of *Uncle Tom* adapted to Southern tastes has been a long time running. The "*St. Charles*," is a small theatre in the Bowery which was built for an actor named Chanfrau, who was the creator of the universally recognized character of Mose, the type of the New-York *gamin*.

The Italian Opera House in Astor Place has been adapted to the uses of the Mercantile Library Association; and the new opera house in Irving-place, which bids fair to be one of the most magnificent structures devoted to music in the world, is not yet sufficiently built to be described; but we shall describe it hereafter.

Since we commenced writing this article the most beautiful and spacious place of popular recreation in New-York has been swept out of existence by one of those sudden and disastrous conflagrations which have earned for New-York the appellation of the City of Fires. Metropolitan Hall,

which was unrivalled for its extent and splendor by any concert room in the world, together with the superb marble-fronted hotel in which it was inclosed, with all their wealth of embellishment and taste, the embodied forms of labor, genius, and skill were suddenly whiffed out of existence on the morning of the 8th of January. The engravings which we have the good fortune to possess of these superb structures are all that now remain, but the memories of those ornaments of our city.

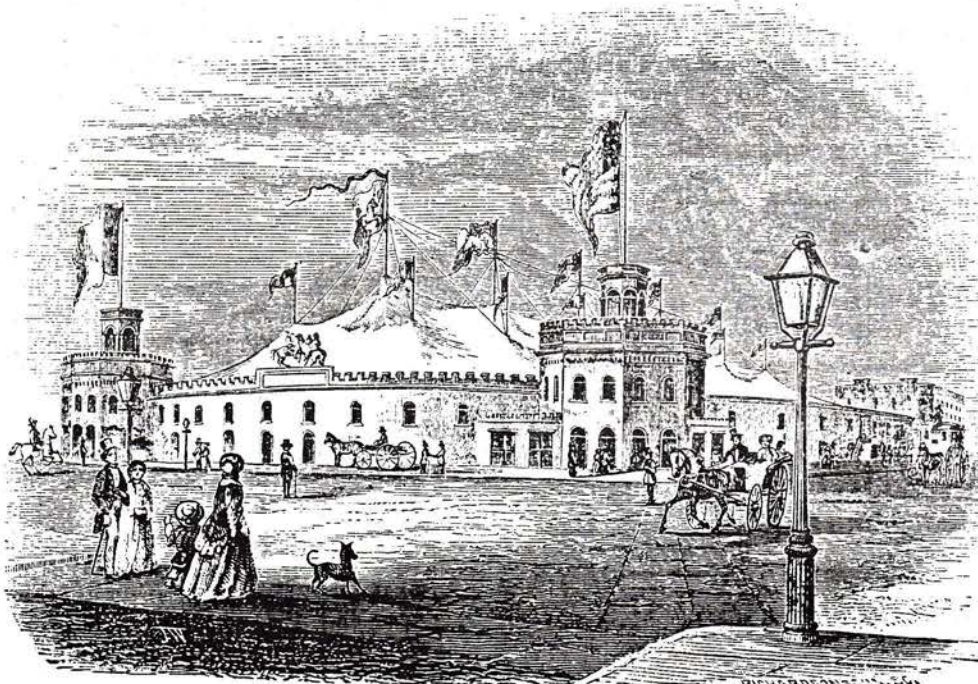
Castle Garden, the unique, remains, where opera, music, and the drama are presented by turns. It is a hall of unequalled advantages for public exhibitions, which was originally a fort, but has long been appropriated to the refining arts of peace.

The Ethiopian minstrels have become established entertainments of the public, and among them are three permanent companies in Broadway; the Buckleys, Christy's, and Wood's, where the banjo is the first fiddle, and the loves of Dinah and Sambo form the burthen of the performances.

The Italian Opera, too, is now an established institution in the New World, but it leads a vagabondish kind of a life at present, and has no permanent house of its own, although one is erecting for it.

We are neither wealthy enough nor sufficiently educated in music to monopolize an Italian troupe at present, but are compelled to share this luxury in common with our neighbors of Boston, Philadelphia, Havana, Mexico, Valparaiso, and Lima. The Italian Opera is the highest order of theatrical entertainment, and demands a class of educated and wealthy people for its proper support more numerous than we have yet been able to boast of. There are never more than half a dozen good singers before the public at a time, and in competing for their services, we have to contend with, not the people of other cities, but with their monarchs, the Emperor Nicholases and Emperor Napoleons, who never hesitate to spend the money of their subjects to purchase pleasures for themselves.

The circus is still the most popular of public amusements, and it is conducted on a magnificent scale as a regular business speculation by enterprising citizens. The most famous riders now in Europe are graduates of the American ring. The Hippodrome, in the Fifth Avenue, was an attempt to transplant Franconi's from Paris. But the Hippodrome was too exotic to thrive in our climate, and, after a season of doubtful success, it has closed probably for ever.



Hippodrome.