



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

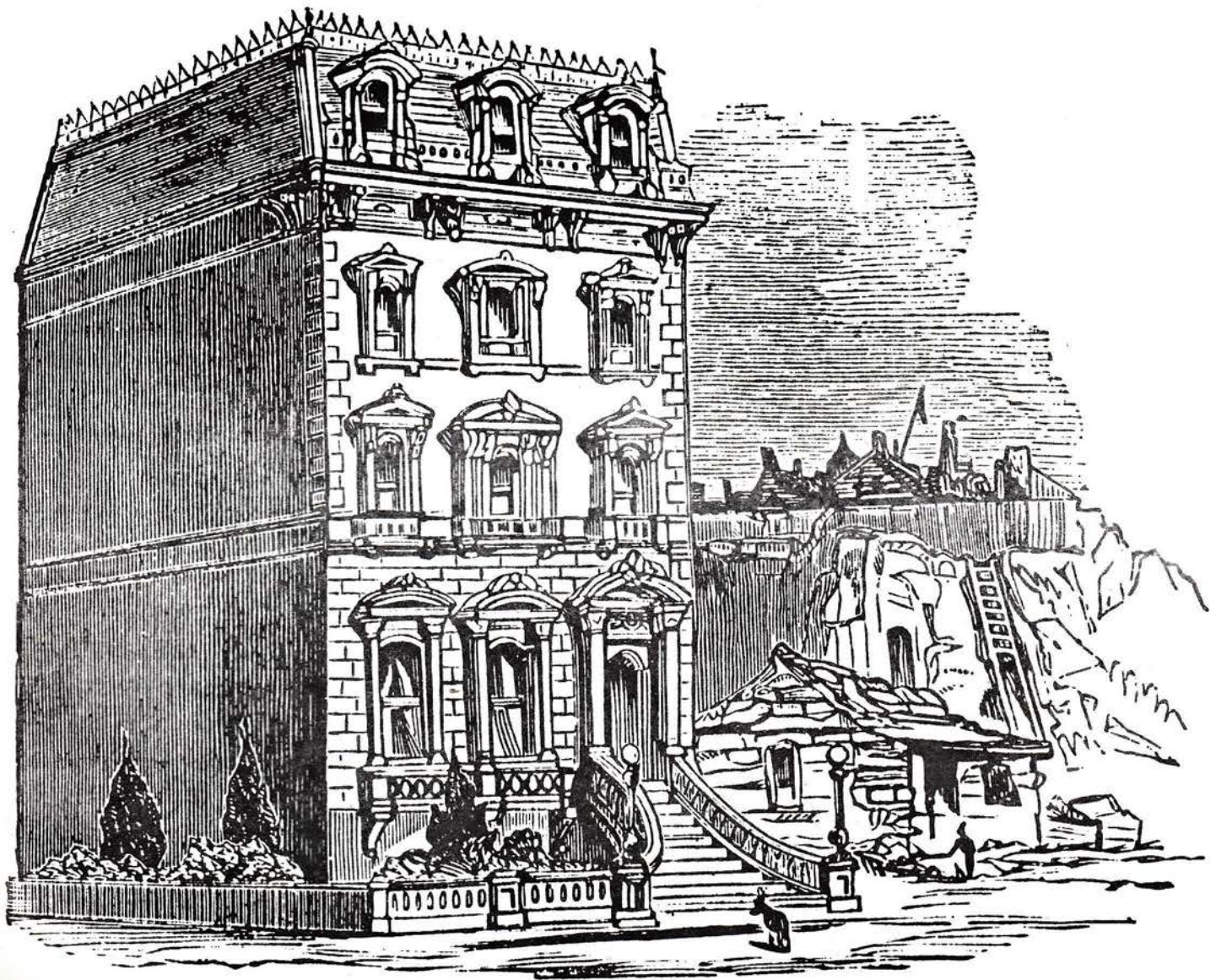
1832 - 1899

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

Volume XXVII

July-August, 1988

Number 1



ARCHITECTURAL CONTRAST.



Those of you who missed "Alger in Ada" missed a very good time. Our hosts, Frank and Nan Jaques, are to be commended for a superb convention. My thanks to them for giving all of us a warm Oklahoma welcome at their home, with a poolside reception Thursday evening and a delicious bar-b-cue dinner on Friday.

Although I missed the cattle ranch tour (I went to Gene Autry, OK, which is near Ada), everyone I talked to thoroughly enjoyed the trip and came back to the motel sporting big red bandannas, a gift from the ranch foreman.

Will Wright, PF-639, will be hosting next year's get-together in Chillicothe, Ohio, so plan to attend if at all possible and start thinking about donations for the auction even if you are unable to make the trip. Our yearly dues are not enough to offset the cost of printing and mailing *Newsboy*, so we depend heavily on the auction proceeds for our operating revenue.

My wish as your President for the next two years would be for each of us to enroll new members. If each of us could add just one person per year think of the possibilities!

See you in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1989.

Best Regards,

George W. Owens
108 Jefferson Drive West
Palmyra, VA 22963

"Alger in Ada" will long be remembered by your Editor as "Ambushed in Ada." In less than the first fifteen minutes of the business meeting of the Society, a time usually taken up by reports, several resolutions were presented by a pair of "Partic'lar Friends" that would have made *Newsboy* a publication of no more than 16 pages, and limited "filler" material to three pages. (I do not consider anything printed in *Newsboy* to be "filler," and am of the opinion that anyone who does is either displaying their abounding ignorance, or demonstrating their lack of interest in learning more about Alger and the background of his stories.)

Because of a late breakfast I missed the opening of the meeting. As I entered the room one of the above pair of "Partic'lar Friends" rushed up to me and said, "Gil, we've made some changes in *Newsboy*, but we've saved your salary!" What an insulting remark! Did you, "Partic'lar Friend," actually feel that any amount of money would replace what you had shamelessly ravaged in your resolutions? Did you think money could mean so much to *me*?

These resolutions were presented because our treasury is in an alarming state of decline, but approaching this problem with a meat-axe is not the way to resolve it. Other methods must be found.

For the next year your Editor will return to the treasury any compensation due for preparing *Newsboy*, and will apply a portion of this to purchasing from the Society the typewriter that has been used for the last year. Also, the compensation for the final number of the previous volume is likewise being returned to our treasury. A less expensive printer has been found, and a cheaper envelope is being used. These savings are being put back into *Newsboy* to maintain its level of excellence for the coming year, but a more permanent solution is what is needed if *Newsboy* is to survive any longer.

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, George Owens; Vice-president, Frank Jaques; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, Owen Cobb, Ed LeBlanc, Bob Sawyer, Bill McCord, Will Wright, Paul Miller, Tracy Catledge, Evelyn Grebel, John Juvinal, Jim Ryberg; 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.

Several ideas have been brought forward to help meet the needs of the Society:

Every member get a new member. As our new President, George Owens, has said, "Think of the possibilities!" With 400 members we could meet expenses, and meet some new people with other collecting interests. If you have a friend or relative who is interested in Alger, or just the era in which Horatio lived, a gift membership in the Society would be ideal. Or, consider a subscription to *Newsboy* for your college library.

Increase our dues. This is not a popular subject. When this was mentioned at the convention several expressed their feelings that up to a third of our members could not afford it, and would drop out. Yet, when those who were present were asked to raise their hands if they would drop out if dues were raised, not a single hand was shown. One member of our Board of Directors has said we ought to double our dues. If we were to do this, would you drop your membership?

Remember The Horatio Alger Society in your will. We hope our members may each

live to 120, but if this is not to be, remember us with a bequest.

Every member should contribute items to our annual auction. This year we raised about a thousand dollars, when three or four thousand could have been raised if more items had come in from members who were unable to attend. For many years this has been the only source of needed revenue, other than our very modest dues. And, most of the items donated have come from those who attended the conventions. Since they were the only ones bidding, it has placed the burden of extra support for the Society on those who attend our conventions.

Sponsor an issue of *Newsboy*, or underwrite the expense of mailing an issue. Contact your Editor for further information at (407) 736-2340.

Various classes of membership could be offered. A report on this will be made when we convene in Chillicothe.

Purchase items offered by the Society. After more than a year we have not even sold enough copies of Alger's MABEL PARKER to simply break even, and all we had to

LAWYER TWEEDLEDUM AND ATTORNEY TWEEDLEDEE

(A FABLE IN RHYME)

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

"Let's frighten the passengers and stir up the crew,
And then we'll get them to do what we want them to do,"
Said Lawyer Tweedledum to Attorney Tweedledee.

"They'll listen to us, and heed our plea,
For it's free advice, and well worth the fee,"
Said Lawyer Tweedledum to Attorney Tweedledee.

"The ship is leaking, and going down fast!
Chop out the mainstay! Cut down the mast!"
Cried Lawyer Tweedledum and Attorney Tweedledee.

"Let's fetter the pilot, and put him in chains.
Turn from his course, and abandon his gains,"
Cried Lawyer Tweedledum and Attorney Tweedledee.

The passengers and crew heard the plotted plea,
And then like lemmings jumped into the sea.
All on advice of Lawyer Tweedledum and Attorney Tweedledee.

But what of the pilot, and what of the ship?
He stayed at the wheel, and completed the trip,
Despite the schemes of Lawyer Tweedledum and Attorney Tweedledee.

offer were 100 copies. Does this mean we can't even sell a first edition of this important book to half our members at a discounted price? A poor showing!

Extend the opportunity for the Society to auction collections, or selected Alger volumes, of our living members, and not limit this service to the departed. The Society could perhaps charge 25% for the auctioning of an entire collection, and 33-1/3% for just a few surplus volumes.

The current membership dues of \$15.00 a year do not come anywhere near covering the \$42.00+ of expenses incurred during the last year. The time has come for us to face this challenge...and overcome it!

If you have any further suggestions on our subject, please send them along.

* * *



William T. Adams

THE WILLIAM T. ADAMS ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY
Part 1: "The Star Spangled Banner," by
Peter C. Walther, is now ready and orders
may be placed.

This first part, in a projected series
of the author's complete published works,
identifies and catalogs 192 known items
(editorials, articles, serials, poems,
stories, etc.) which Adams contributed to

this rare Boston literary weekly. The
research is largely based on primary
source material only recently discovered.
Included is a listing of heretofore un-
known pseudonyms ("Oliver Optic" was just
one of many) and a general publishing
history of the periodical, as well as
specific geographical citations (library/
city) for each surviving issue and expla-
nations for all entries and sources.

Indispensable for book collectors and
researchers, centers for popular studies,
specialized collections, libraries and
areas strong in 19th century periodicals.
Professionally printed and similar in
format to the *Bibliographic Listings*
issued by the *Dime Novel Roundup*. Cover
portrait and one photographic reproduc-
tion, bibliography, footnotes, intro-
duction by the author's great-great-grand-
daughter, explanatory matter, and catalog
with annotations. In durable paper
covers, \$12 postpaid, only a limited
quantity available.

Order from: Peter C. Walther, PF-548,
Box 81, Clinton, NY 13323.

* * *

Twelve pages of this issue are privately
financed by your Editor.

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

PF-258 Jack Bales
119 Lakeshore Drive
Fredericksburg, VA 22405

* * *

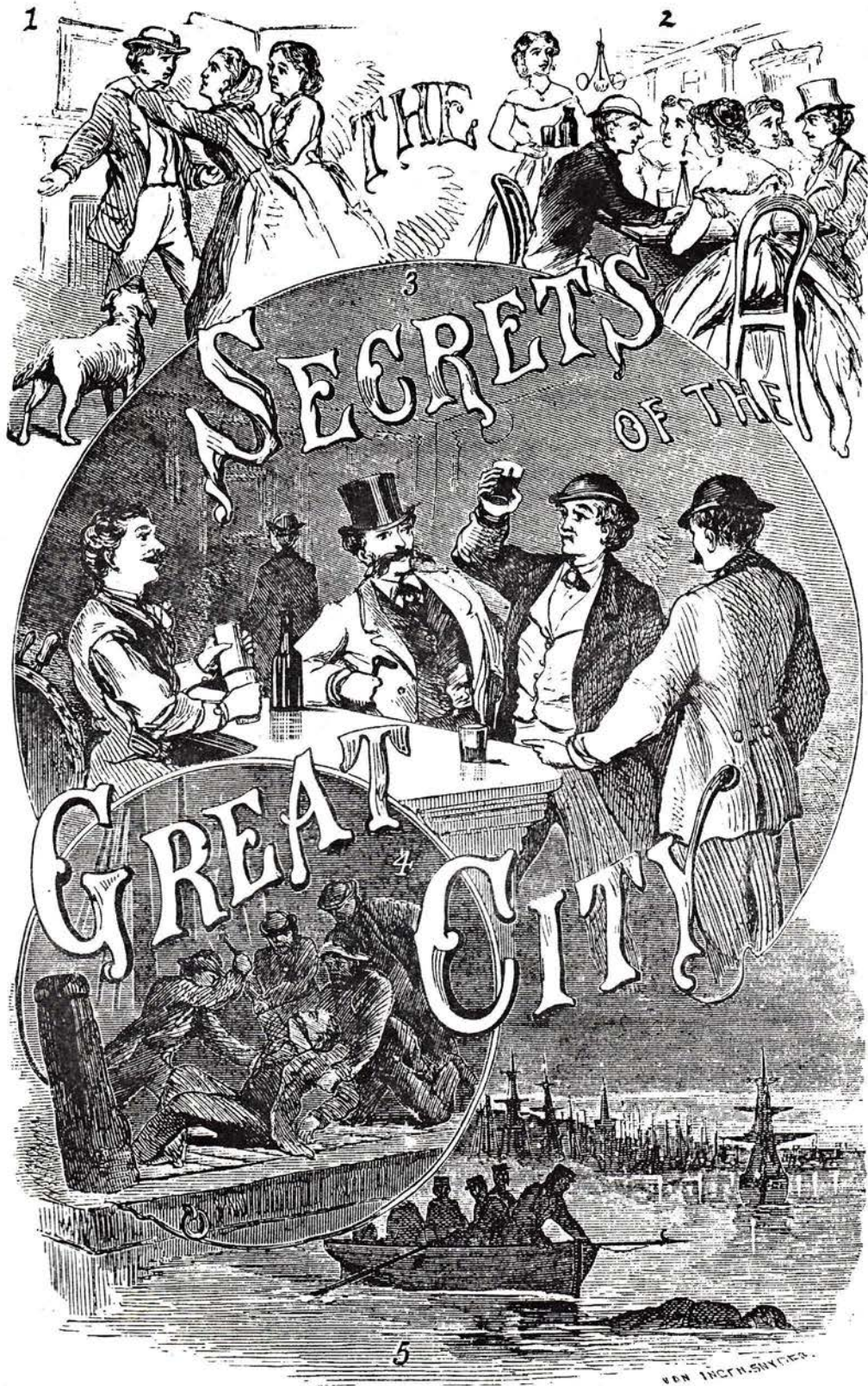
Four awards were presented at our re-
cent convention.

NEWSBOY AWARD to Scott, Foresman & Co.
For introducing Alger's works to a new
generation in *LAND OF PROMISE*, vol. 2, by
Carol Birkin and Leonard Wood.

LUCK & PLUCK AWARD to William J. McCord
"I consider his warm and generous heart,
his personal integrity, and his manly
character to be his most valuable inheri-
tance." —LUCK AND PLUCK, 343.

RICHARD R. SEDDON AWARD to Ralph D.
Gardner, in recognition of his comradeship
and friendship by his Partic'lar Friends.

PRESIDENTIAL AWARD to Jerry B. Friedland
The tie that binds — The caring that
preserves.



THE FATE OF HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN.

1. LEAVING HOME FOR NEW YORK. 2. IN A FASHIONABLE SALOON AMONGST THE WAITER GIRLS—THE ROAD TO RUIN. 3. DRINKING WITH "THE FANCY"—IN THE HANDS OF GAMBLERS. 4. MURDERED AND ROBBED BY HIS "FANCY" COMPANIONS. 5. HIS BODY FOUND BY THE HARBOR POLICE

STRIVE and SUCCEED
Is it Still Really Possible?

by
Ray Boas, PF-673

I found the address on Tenth Street near University Place and rang the bell. The landlady, dressed in a long calico dress, answered the bell. She led me up the long and elegantly carved stairway to the second floor and motioned to a distant doorway. I stopped at the doorway and knocked. My host soon answered and showed me into his spacious second-story front room. His hair was balding and he stood only slightly over five feet tall.

The room was sparsely furnished, but his writing table caught my eye. It was centered before two floor-to-ceiling windows to get the most benefit from the daylight. A neat pile of paper was on the right with ink and a dozen pens centered in front of the chair. So this is the home and workplace of a best selling author whose influence on the nation's maturing youth is inestimable.

I'm glad you could come at this time, I have about an hour before I must leave for a tutoring engagement.

I'll be brief then. My readers are interested in the success you've had in developing your heroes' successes. Would you comment on your books' appeal for young people, and how you have developed it?

Oh, in retrospect I guess my writing is didactic and contains moral lessons. Did you know my father was a Unitarian Minister? I also spent some time as a Unitarian Minister after I graduated from Harvard Divinity School. Today, I would prefer to write adult fiction, but because of the sales my publishers insist I continue with books for young people. The publishers say that I understand my young readers' needs and delights. All I do is simply give them heroes they can identify with, bullies they can lick, and goals they really believe they can reach.

Some critics say you have only written one book — 100 times.

My tales have chronicled life as I have observed it, and the boys I know have experienced it. I also have a point to make. My heroes are hard working boys striving in the face of adversity for

success to improve their lot. You could say I have developed a formula of sorts. Typically, my young hero is in his early teens and orphaned. He's ambitious and doesn't hesitate to take up some menial work to survive. Conflict confronts him from the outset. Either an onerous step-father, young snob, or street tough will try to cheat and take advantage of him. My hero gets into many jams, but with pluck always gets out of every scrape. Eventually he performs a brave deed and is appropriately rewarded, usually with a good position. Ultimately his good fortune enables him to attain middle-class respectability and wealth.

It also appears that your hero's fate is always determined by a stroke of good luck.

I believe former President Gerald Ford commented recently on the benefits of hard work, honesty and perseverance. He stated that, "The harder you work, the luckier you are." Need I say more?

Estimates on the number of copies printed of your books have ranged from 120 million to half a billion. Is that possible?

I don't really bother with the figures. More than sixty publishers have put out editions of my books. The records of many of these firms are incomplete or have been lost. Considering the plethora of some of the inexpensive paper editions, I guess there could have been 120 million or more copies printed. I'm really pleased that one of my books was included in the Grolier Club's list of "One Hundred Influential American Books ...". In 1956 Jacob Blanck also included two of my books in his respected Peter Parley to Penrod in which he listed the best-loved American juvenile books.

Are you aware of the influence and impact you have made on so many lives?

Oh, I've heard the stories concerning the prominent figures who credit my books for providing the incentive to try harder. Remember, I am not a philosopher, I'm simply writing what I think kids want to read. If you are honest, dedicated, truthful and work hard you will succeed.

Do you think that society's perception of success changes?

Society's definition of success has changed many times this century, and we

are now swinging back to an appreciation and respect of the traditional work ethic. Reading my books shows hard work as the avenue to success no matter how success is defined and evaluated. Today the evaluation of success is in the setting of free enterprise and the opportunities to be found.

Your name when applied to someone's life story gives instantaneous legendary meaning. Do you feel your life exemplifies that image?

That is an unfair question. I have never considered myself legendary — that is a label that really took hold in the late 1940s when they started giving annual awards in my name to individuals who through their own efforts and often in the face of adversity have achieved success and made contributions to society. It is rewarding to know that many have indicated my books influenced their lives. People say that it is harder to get ahead today, but as the award committee's book states: Only in America — Opportunity Still Knocks.

I'm afraid that I must be getting on to my engarement now. I couldn't help but notice you have a copy of one of my books with you. Would you like me to autograph it?

Once back on the street I paused and opened to the front flyleaf of my worn copy of RAGGED DICK. The inscription read:

*"Strive and Succeed! The World's temptations flee;
Be Brave and Bold! And Strong and Steady be!
Shift for yourself, and prosper then you must;
Win Fame and Fortune, while you Try and Trust!"*

Horatio Alger, Jr.
July 31, 1884

* * *

Milton R. Salls, PF-020, Little Falls, NY, writes: I noted with interest your editorial about Alger's name appearing in unrelated books.

Jack London in "John Barleycorn" was residing in Oakland. He describes his reading habits at the age of 9. "I read mornings, afternoon and nights, etc."

He says of his bouts with alcohol, "I, who had pored and thrilled over "The Young Rail Splitter" and "From Canal Boy to President."

Robert Service also mentioned Alger in "Plowman of the Moon," which is an autobiography.

Our old friend Frank Gruber of course had more incentive to mention Alger. In his autobiography, on page VIII of the Foreward, he states, "Before I discovered Zane Grey, I had already read more than 100 Alger books, and the reading of these books instilled in me the desire to become a writer."

Incidentally, I once asked Walter D. Edmunds if Alger had influenced his numerous juvenile books. (I first met him over 50 years ago when I surveyed his farm.) He denied having ever read an Alger.

Keep up the good work.

* * *

BOOK MART

Offered by Ray Boas, PF-673, 5 Roberts Avenue, Haddonfield, NJ 08033. Phone: (609) 429-9240.

Hoyt, Edwin P., HORATIO'S BOYS, fine with good DJ	\$9.00
Mayes, Herbert, ALGER: A BIOGRAPHY WITHOUT A HERO, very good+, with faded DJ, has a few small pencil notes	\$45.00
Tebbel, John, FROM RAGS TO RICHES, good with good DJ	\$12.00
Alger, SILAS SNOBDEN'S OFFICE BOY, fine with very good DJ, 1st ed., 1973	\$10.00
Alger, CAST UPON THE BREAKERS, fine with very good DJ, 1st ed., 1974	\$10.00
Alger, STRIVE AND SUCCEED, includes JULIUS and THE STORE BOY, introduction by S. N. Behrman, 1st ed., Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1967, fine with very good DJ	\$10.00
Alger, STRUGGLING UPWARD AND OTHER WORKS, introduction by Russel Crouse, Bonanza, fine with very good DJ	\$15.00

Prices include shipping. Books are returnable if not satisfied.

* * *

Back issues of *Newsboy*, copies of all available issues back to 1968, may be had for just \$50.00 Plenty of good reading! Order from: Carl T. Hartmann, Secretary, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, MI 48910.



DEACON BAXTER'S COW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK'S CAMPAIGN."

FRED NEWELL was just coming out from the barn, when he espied John Clark walking along, with a gun over his shoulder. "Where are you going, Johnny?" asked Fred, with some curiosity. "I'm going out gunning," said John. "Won't you go with me, Fred?"

"Where are you going?"

"O, just across the fields, up by Deacon Baxter's. You'd better come."

"If I will, will you let me fire the gun part of the time?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll come."

By way of displaying his agility, Fred ran and attempted to vault over the fence, but his foot caught in the pickets and he rolled over on the side-walk.

"It won't do for a fat fellow like you to try jumping," said John, laughingly.

"I hurt my knee, plaguily," said Fred, making up a face.

"Better have it amputated," suggested John, flourishing a large jack-knife. "Say the word and I'll perform the operation."

"Not this time, Johnny. Let me carry the gun."

"Wait till we get into the fields."

The boys went down a green lane, and getting over a rail fence,

sauntered across the fields in the direction of Deacon Baxter's. The Deacon lived about two miles out from the village, in an old fashioned farm-house, with sloping roof, surrounded by broad acres of tillage and mowing. About a mile beyond was a long stretch of woods, thick with underbrush.

Fred was now carrying the gun, which he did in rather an awkward way, never before having one in his hand.

"See that robin," exclaimed John, in great excitement.

"Where?" asked Fred.

"Up there in that apple-tree. Don't you see him? Give me the gun quick."

"No, let me shoot him."

"Be quick then, or he'll be off."

Fred attempted to aim the gun at the robin, but by some accident it went off too soon, and the contents were lodged in old white-face, Deacon Baxter's favorite cow, who straightway began to bellow in an excited manner.

"By gracious, Fred, you've gone and done it now," exclaimed John in dismay.

Fred had "done it" in two senses of the term; the unlucky gun having "kicked" and laid him sprawling.

"What have I done, Johnny?" asked Fred, getting up, rubbing his shoulder meanwhile rather ruefully.

"You've shot the Deacon's best cow," exclaimed John excitedly. "One that he refused a hundred dollars for last week. If she dies, you'll have a lot of money to pay."

"I guess she won't die," said Fred uneasily, "she's running round."

"So do hens after their heads are cut off. Most likely she'll drop in a minute or two. The best we can do is to put for the woods before the Deacon gets hold of us."

Fred needed no second hint. He jumped over a stone wall, and ran like "Jehu," as he expressed it, John following with the gun. Their pace was accelerated by hearing the Deacon call out, "Who fired that gun?"

"Does he see us, Johnny?" asked Fred, in a whisper.

"I guess not. He's looking in the wrong direction. Let's lie down in the grass a minute or two."

The boys lay down till they fancied they were secure, and then started once more for the woods.

"Well, Fred, you've got yourself into a pretty scrape," said John. "I would n't be in your shoes, if the Deacon finds you out."

"It's the fault of your old blunderbus," said Fred, feeling rather uncomfortable.

"I think it's a pretty good one," said John, slyly. "It brought you down as well as the cow — two birds at one shot — one may prove to be rather an expensive bird — I say, Fred, don't you know a cow from a robin?"

"It was your gun," said Fred, "so you're to blame as well as I. What shall we do?"

It was late in the afternoon. The shadows were already beginning to lengthen.

"I don't know," said John, meditatively. "We must hide in the woods till dark; the only way home is by the Deacon's, and it won't do for him to see us, especially with a gun, or he will know at once who killed his cow."

"Mother won't know what has become of me," said Fred.

"They don't know at home where I am either," said John. "To tell the truth, father don't trust me with the gun; but I stole off this afternoon — I wish I had n't, now. But how could I tell you was going to kill the Deacon's cow?"

"Hush," said Fred, uncomfortably, "somebody may hear you."

They had now reached the woods, there were plenty of birds flying about, but neither of the boys seemed to have any disposition to fire again.

"Were you ever in these woods before?" asked Fred.

"No," said John. "Suppose we look round a little; we have n't anything else to do."

"There's a nut tree, I wish it were a month later, so that we might pick some nuts."

"So do I. I'm getting hungry."

"I've been hungry ever since we started," said Fred, "I did n't eat much dinner, and now I suppose I must do without my supper."

"We might have cut a slice off the Deacon's cow," said John, who could n't resist the temptation to plague Fred a little, "and roasted it in the woods. You've got a new knife, you know. It would be just the thing to cut with. I suppose it is sharp."

"I don't want to hear anything more about the cow," said Fred. "I don't want to be hung for it before my time comes. But I say, Johnny, here are some blackberries. That'll keep us from starving just yet."

"So there are," said John, his face lighting up with pleasure. "That'll partly make up for the loss of your supper."

For the next few minutes the boys were busily engaged in picking

and eating the berries, which luckily for them, were growing in considerable profusion. After their meal was over, they started once more on their tour of exploration. The woods, as already mentioned, were thick with underbrush, and it was n't easy to make their way through, or to remember the path afterwards. This difficulty was increased by the gathering darkness, which was deeper in the woods than outside.

"Fred," said John, at length, "I don't exactly know where we are. Which way is Deacon Baxter's?"

"I think it's that way," said Fred, pointing in one direction.

"I think it's just the opposite," said John. "It'll be a great joke if we're lost."

John's words seemed likely to be verified, as at this identical moment he stepped into a mud hole half full of water.

"Where are you going to, Johnny?" asked Fred, half laughing.

"To China, through the centre of the earth, I guess," returned John, with some difficulty extricating himself.

"Have you *struck ile*, Johnny?" continued Fred, comically.

"I've struck mud and plenty of it," said John. "Look at my stockings put on clean this morning."

"Well, there's one comfort; you can't get them any dirtier."

"That's so. But I'm beginning to feel a little anxious. Let's make for the Deacon's. I don't want to stay out here all night."

"Nor I. But where shall we go?"

"Follow me, and I guess we'll come out."

"I don't think we're going right."

"Then we can try another way afterwards."

For two hours the boys tried to find their way out of the wood, but without success. Finally they sat down under a tree, and being quite tired, fell asleep. When they woke the sun had already risen.

"Johnny," said Fred in dismay, "the sun has risen. We'll have to stay here all day."

"What for?"

"Because the Deacon will see us if we go home."

"I can't help it, I aint going to stay here all day with nothing to eat. Besides the whole village will be out after us."

"Perhaps they will," said Fred slowly. "Suppose we go out. If we see the Deacon, I'll own up."

"Well, let's go."

In the day time they had comparatively little difficulty in finding their way to the edge of the woods. As they trudged along they suddenly came upon the Deacon, mowing. Fred began to tremble.

"Where do you come from, boys?" asked Deacon Baxter.

"From the woods," said John.

"How long have you been there?"

"Since yesterday afternoon."

"Were you the one who fired a gun near my house yesterday?"

"It was I," said Fred, looking decidedly uncomfortable, "I hope you 'll forgive me for killing your cow."

"Killing my cow!"

"Yes, old Whiteface."

"When did you kill her?" demanded the Deacon hastily, an ominous frown contracting his features.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Are you sure it was Whiteface?"

"Yes."

The Deacon laughed, much to Fred's astonishment. "All I can say is, that if you killed her she has come to life again, as I milked her this morning."

"Then she is n't dead!" exclaimed both boys in equal surprise and delight.

"No, you may have peppered her a little, but a cow is n't killed as easily as a robin."

A great load of trouble was rolled off from Fred's mind.

"Come, Johnny, let's go home," he said, "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I don't know," said the Deacon gravely, "whether I shall allow you to go."

"Why, sir?"

"By your own confession you made an attempt on the life of my cow. How do I know but you will shoot some other cow on the way home?"

The boys looked troubled, till the Deacon's laugh reassured them. They returned home in time for breakfast, to which it need hardly be said that they did ample justice. Neither of them has been gunning since, the first expedition having cured them of all desire to repeat it.

THE DIFFERENCE. — "After staying eighteen years in this country," said Prof. Agassiz, "I have repeatedly asked myself what was the difference between the institutions of the old world and those of America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe everything is done to preserve and maintain the rights of the few; in America, *everything is done to make a man of him who has any of the elements of manhood in him.*"

Reprinted from:

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.—MARCH 1854.—NO. XV.

NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

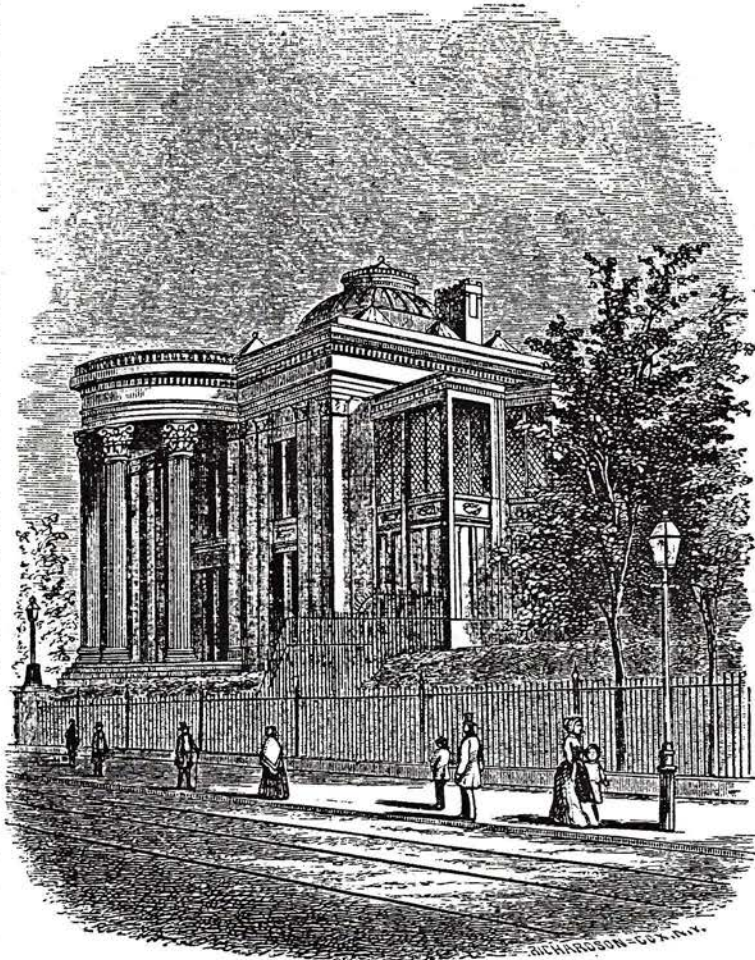
PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

PPRIVATE dwellings in a country like the United States, where every man labors for his own individual comfort, and not for the glory of the state, or the ambition of a monarch, offer the best evidences of the prosperity, the intelligence, and the general taste of the people. It is in the private mansions which are built, ornamented, and furnished to conform to the tastes, the incomes, and the exigencies of their occupants, and not in the public edifices that we must look for the true developement of the national taste. The case is different in other countries; even in England, the residences of the most noble and wealthy are of secondary importance when compared with the palaces of the monarch, and the edifices appropriated to state uses. But, a traveller from the old world sees at a glance, in landing in our city, that here every man is a monarch in his own right, and that palaces are built by the people for their own enjoyment and not for the comfort of a prince. Hence we have an immense number of very fine houses; which, in the aggregate, form streets of greater beauty than any city of the old world can boast of, but no single building to be compared with the splendid triumphs of architecture which constitute the glory and attraction of Paris. Splendors of architecture are not to be looked for here, excepting in the shape of bridges and aqueducts, until we shall have been educated to the point of discovering the superior advantages of a combination of interests in our private dwellings, to the present independent and isolated style of construction; when it shall be found that twenty or thirty families may live in a palace by combining their means, in the construction of one capacious dwelling, while they would be

compelled to live in an inconvenient and plain house, if each one built separately. Our hotels are an indication of what might be done by the plan we have hinted at; but, in the mean while we are living and learning at a very fast rate, and building, like bees, better than we know. The exigencies of our rapid growth, the sudden accumulations of large fortunes, and the instincts of our building architects, are daily manifesting themselves in some remarkable examples of architectural ingenuity and external ornamentation, which put all precedent at defiance, and set at naught established rules. New-York is continually rising like a phoenix from the ashes, and, at each revival with increased elegance and splendor. The old economical style of buildings, without a shadow of ornament, which succeeded the more imposing structures of ante-revolutionary times have nearly all disappeared, and scarcely a vestige of old New-York remains. Stores and warehouses occupy the sites of the houses in which the last generation lived, and the new city has risen up like enchantment telling of new times, a new people, new tastes, and new habits. The old houses in Broadway were all of brick, and plain in their exteriors beyond belief; and the cheapest "colony houses" of the present day, built for the accommodation of poor emigrant families, are elegant structures, externally, compared with the city residences of our wealthiest families but few years since. Plain brick fronts have been succeeded by dressed freestone and sculptured marble; plate glass has become universal, and lace window drapery has displaced the old chintz curtains which once flaunted their bright colors through small window panes.

The introduction of pure Greek models into England and this country, produced some slight improvement on this plain brick style, and in houses of the best class exhibited designs similar in character to those in Bond and Great Jones streets. But the most elegant Grecian mansion in New-York is, without doubt, that in College Place, at the corner of Murray-street. The Grecian style, however, is not easily adapted to modern uses, though more so than the Egyptian, which has been less successfully adopted by Mr. R. L. Stevens in his house in Barclay-street. The semi-circular Corinthian portico of the house in College Place has a bold and graceful appearance, being ascended by a handsome flight of steps in front, to the old level of the College ground, on which it is built. Although two stories of architraved windows are not in strict accordance with a single Grecian order of columns, we should have preferred them to the mere slits between pilasters which are made to serve for windows in this building. The conservatory to the right, and the dome upon the roof extend and raise the composition to a good proportion. The opposite view from Murray-street, in which the portico appears backed by the trees, is even more picturesque than the one here given.

Twenty years ago, the houses in Waverley Place, forming the north side of Washington Square were among the finest private dwellings in New-York. These somewhat resemble the Philadelphia style of building, being of the smoothest red brick, with white marble porches, steps, and lintels;—too violent a contrast of color, and made worse by the addition of green blinds, instead of the Philadelphia white or brown shades. But Waverley Place is still the most uniform and imposing side of a



College Place and Murray-street.

square that New-York can boast of, and presents a solid, respectable, and cheerful aspect; while the interiors of some of the houses, for spaciousness and decoration, are not excelled by many in the Fifth Avenue.

About fifteen years ago, the white marble colonnade row in Lafayette Place was pointed out as the most ornamental block of that part of the city. In itself, this Corinthian colonnade is undoubtedly of great beauty; but it darkens the rooms, is of expensive and not solid construction, and assumes too much the character of a single public building. The balcony railings ought not to have concealed the bases of the columns, but to have been placed between them, or else omitted.

The Grecian taste, in which the above buildings are erected, has within the last few years been succeeded and almost entirely superseded, both here and in England, by the revival of the Italian style, of which the mansion in University Place, at the corner of Tenth-street, is one of our best-proportioned and most correct imita-

tions; more particularly of that modification of it which prevails at Florence, which is visible in the circular-headed windows, and grooved stones of the principal story, and the carved *torus* string-course above them. The balcony, supported by brackets, over the door, is the best specimen of that kind of Italian portal that has been yet introduced: they are sometimes made so heavy, as to seem as if they would fall on our heads. The basement, principal story, dressings, and cornice of this building are of brown stone, while the plain wall above is of red brick. In this case, as in many others, we prefer this mixture of brick and stone to an entire stone front: the brown stone harmonizes well in color, and appears more brilliant by the contrast. We do not approve of the outside window-blinds, especially to circular-headed windows, as they form a disagreeable shape when thrown open. The dormer windows are not in accordance with the Italian style, but are small and unobtrusive. The area railings are very elegantly formed of small twisted pillars, and colored bronze.

At the corner of Tenth-street and Fifth Avenue stands a large, quaint, old-fashioned single house of red brick and brown stone,

with a steep slated roof, and conspicuously ornamented dormer windows; which, when time shall have destroyed its freshness, and mellowed its tone, may appear to some stranger, from his native south or west, a relic of ante-revolutionary times. This is the residence of a French gentleman; which may account for the owner's adoption of a style of building which would remind him of the courtly formality, and solid gentility of the olden time in his native country. The style of this building is a mixture of French and Italian, with a remnant of the Gothic principle traceable in the kneed architraves over the third story windows. Its general good effect will be found to arise from the windows not being too close together, and from the string-courses at every floor, which seem to bind it together, and form agreeable subdivisions of the whole mass. The railings and entrance steps are very rich and effective. A conservatory may be seen in the rear: there is also an entrance into the coach-yard beyond, not delineated in our cut.

"Every man's house is his castle," says the law-maxim; but in these days of peace-societies, we cannot think the *castellated* Gothic the best style to build it

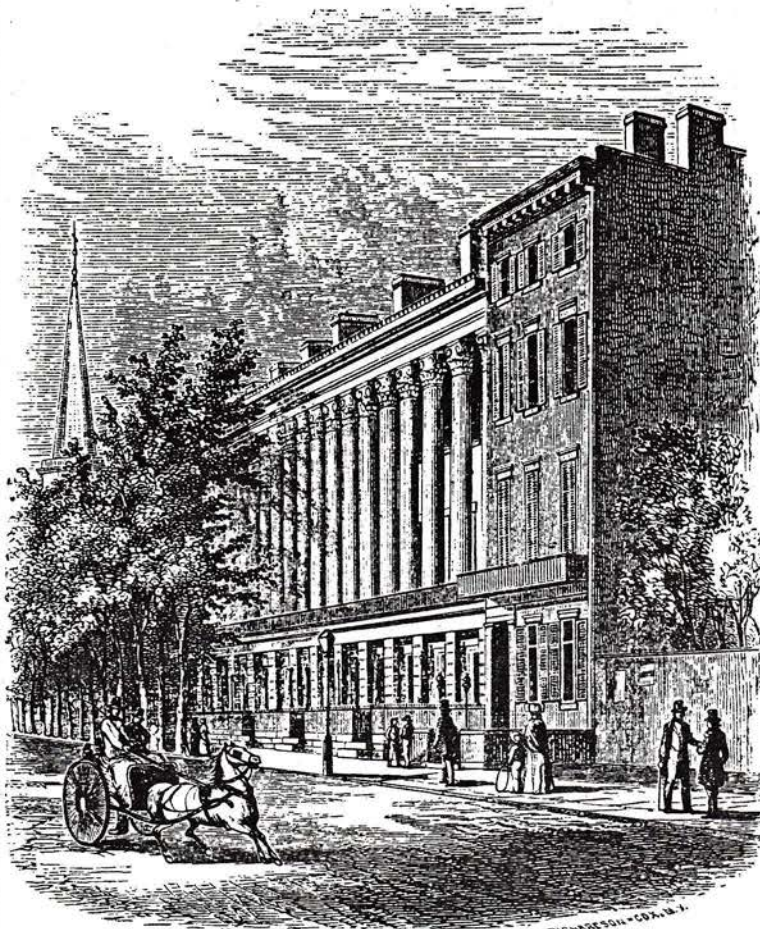


Waverley Place.

in! This observation applies to the two houses at the corner of Twelfth-street and Fifth Avenue; in which, even if we excused the choice of style, to which we have several objections to offer, we are obliged to notice several faults that might easily have been avoided. The attic windows are too wide; and all are without stone mullions, which are essentials in Gothic construction; while the external blinds, —inappropriate for Gothic windows, when closed, destroy all depth and shadow. The balconies and porches have no connection with the general design. In point of solid execution the buildings deserve praise, being entirely of brown stone, and the doors of real oak.

Our view of West Fourteenth-street from Fifth Avenue, exhibits one of the handsomest ranges of buildings of this size in the neighborhood. The doors and windows of this, as of many of our examples, are more enriched by carving than the small scale of our engravings can show. If the apertures of houses of this class were a little reduced in width and height, the construction and effect would be greatly improved, and the cost of the building diminished. The brackets to the cornice of the nearest houses are too far apart, and placed at unequal distances, which is against all rule. The balustrades to the area and steps are of iron, but solid and effective.

The fine residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and West Fifteenth-street is a massive and dignified structure in the Italian style, of brown stone. The windows are simple, and uniform on every story, and are better proportioned, that is, narrower compared with the piers, than they are shown in our engraving. The principal decoration of the building is concentrated upon the entrance doorway,



Lafayette-place.

which consists of an arched recess between half-columns or pedestals, projecting from pilasters, of the Corinthian order. Two circular flights of steps with balustrades and pedestals, lead the eye in a graceful manner to this handsome entrance, and add apparent breadth to the base of the building. The only alteration we could desire to this house, would be, to have omitted some of the supernumerary blank windows on the side.

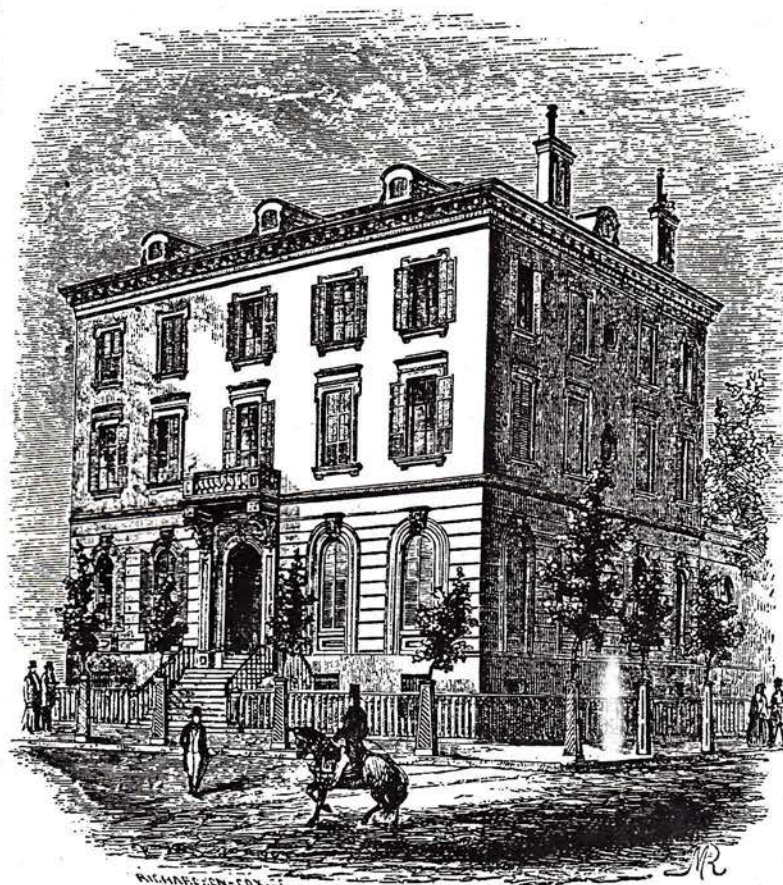
The Palladian residence of Mr. Haight, at the south corner of East Fifteenth-street and Fifth Avenue, erected some five years ago, was among the first mansions in the Italian style built in this city; and though it may have been since exceeded in richness of decoration, we doubt if it has been in good proportion, and purity of design. The ample space afforded between the windows countenances, if not demands the slight projection of the wall in the centre of each side, which is also made available in assisting the effect of the central door, wide windows and chimneys of the entrance front; and in grouping together the centre windows and

balconies of the other front, upon the Avenue. The arched entrance between two Tuscan half-columns is in the true Italian taste, and far preferable to a projecting portico in this situation: pilasters of the same order on the other front preserve a due correspondence. A lower range of offices, and a stable-yard entrance is seen down the street; while there is also another arched entrance for carriages between two projecting columns, on the right, not included in our view. The wide semi-circular basement windows are judiciously introduced.

The building is of brown stone.

The brown stone mansion of Colonel Thorne, in West Sixteenth-street, near Fifth Avenue, shares the merit of Mr. Haight's in being one of the first erected in the Italian style; and, though its situation is more retired, and it only presents a single ornamented front to the street, yet in chasteness and elegance of design it is fully equal if not superior. It has the advantage of standing back in an inclosed fore-court, with double gates and a carriage-drive sweeping under a portico, of the Tuscan order; the shaded recess behind is an open vestibule, with the same order continued round the inside, supporting a panelled ceiling. On each side of the entrance door is a niche, with a bronzed figure of a Mercury, holding a lamp: there are also two recumbent figures of dogs on the landing before the door. A pretty white marble basin and fountain stand in front of the portico, which are omitted in our engraving.

East Sixteenth-street, opposite St. George's Church. This is a well-proportioned row of houses, and the uniformity of such an extent of wall is pleasing and effective. The iron balconies appear solid,



Corner of University Place and Twelfth-street.

and form a horizontal bond to the composition, in the place nearest above the eye, where it is most required. But the cast-iron window heads, and the brackets to the cornice of the houses are very offensive to good taste, being of a nondescript upholsterer's style, and seeming as if stuck on, as, indeed, they are, and they are only allowable on the score of economy.

St. George's Rectory, the residence of Dr. Tyng, opposite the houses just mentioned, is a plain brown-stone building, not remarkably pleasing in itself, nor successful in the vain attempt to harmonize a modern five-story house with the Italian Gothic style of the church adjoining. This imitation has only been made in the porch, the architraves of the windows, and the cornices to the gables. But we have no authority in antiquity, nor reason in common sense to apply church ornaments to domestic dwellings. What the domestic architecture of the so-called *Byzantine* period really was, would puzzle the enthusiastic but paradoxical author of "The Stones of Venice" to inform us. But judging by analogy from the old English, French, and Netherlands remains, it probably re-

sembled any thing rather than their church architecture.

For a similar reason, we cannot commend the attempt at Gothic street-architecture, at the corner of Twentieth-street and Sixth Avenue, opposite the church of the Holy Communion; although its novelty and prettiness may be taking to an inexperienced eye. In placing the gables towards the street, it is far more true to principle than the Gothic row in Fifth Avenue. But this mode of roofing is very objectionable, as tending to accumulate snow and rains in the intermediate hollows. The details of these buildings, however, are incorrect, and flimsily executed; being only of stuccoed brick, and sanded wood. We know of no successful efforts in Gothic street-architecture, in England or in this county: we have no models in antiquity of this kind except collegiate buildings; and for churches and colleges we are of opinion that the Gothic style, if used at all in cities, should be kept sacred.

The view of West Twenty-first-street from Fifth Avenue affords an averaged specimen of domicils in this neighborhood, but we regret that the scale of our engraving is too small adequately to represent the variety of styles and decorations that are here found within a small compass: some of the fronts being of the purer Italian, others of the French style

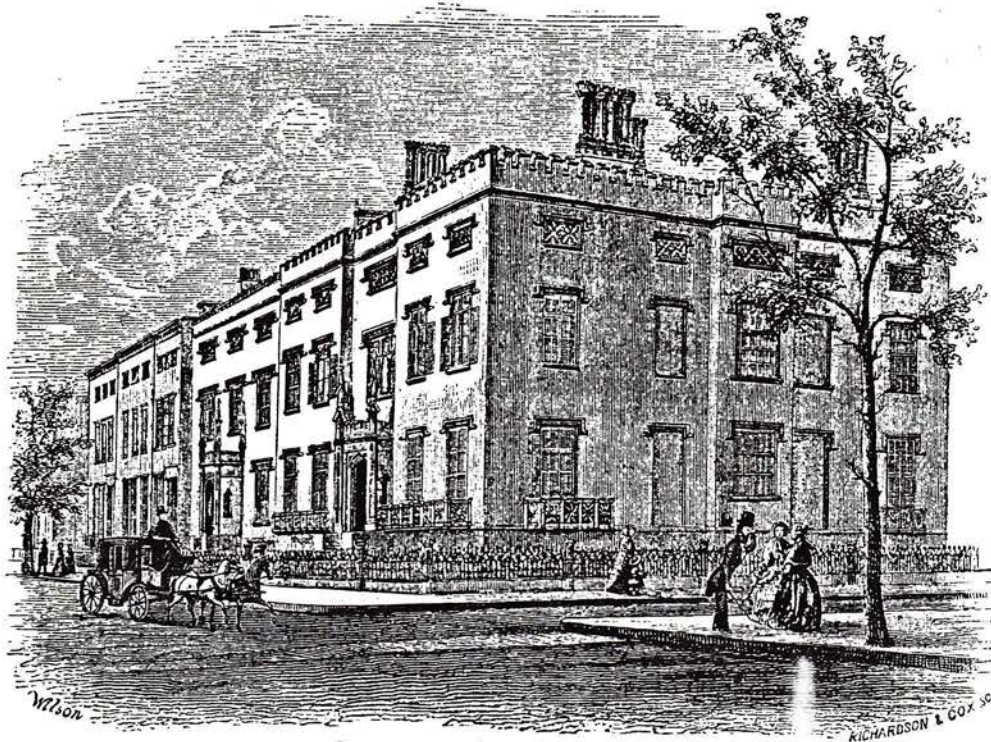
of Louis XIV. or XV., and others with spurious *Gothic* labels over the windows, supported by *Grecian* brackets! But, in spite of these incongruities, the quiet tone of color of these buildings, the inviting elegance of the doorways and flights of steps, the absence of noise, the verdure of the shade trees against the brilliant sky, and some spire or tower picturesquely terminating the vista—all combine to produce an agreeable frame of mind in the passer-by; who, while mentally penetrating *within* these handsome exteriors, and reflecting upon all the "appliances and means" of happiness contained there, may well be reconciled to any incongruities of style in the dwellings in remembering the fortunate condition of those who inhabit them.

Adjoining the right-hand houses in this street there is now in process of erection, but not sufficiently forward for illustration when these engravings were made, a work, which in point of grandeur of scale, and magnificence of design, will surpass any former effort of the kind that we possess. We allude to the New Club House at the corner of West Twenty-first-street and Fifth Avenue; of which, to convey some general idea, we subjoin a brief description. The building is of three stories in height above the basement; but the two principal stories are nearly equal in height to four of the adjoining dwelling-

houses. The longest front is towards Twenty-first-street, of five windows in width, the two external ones being wider Venetian windows of three compartments, and placed in the centre of two slight projections from the main wall. The front to the Avenue has three windows in width, and no break in the line of wall. The entrance doorway is in the centre of the long front, with an arched head and two three-quarter Corinthian columns, projecting from pilasters, a pediment above, and the entablature continued round the two fronts. There



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth-street.



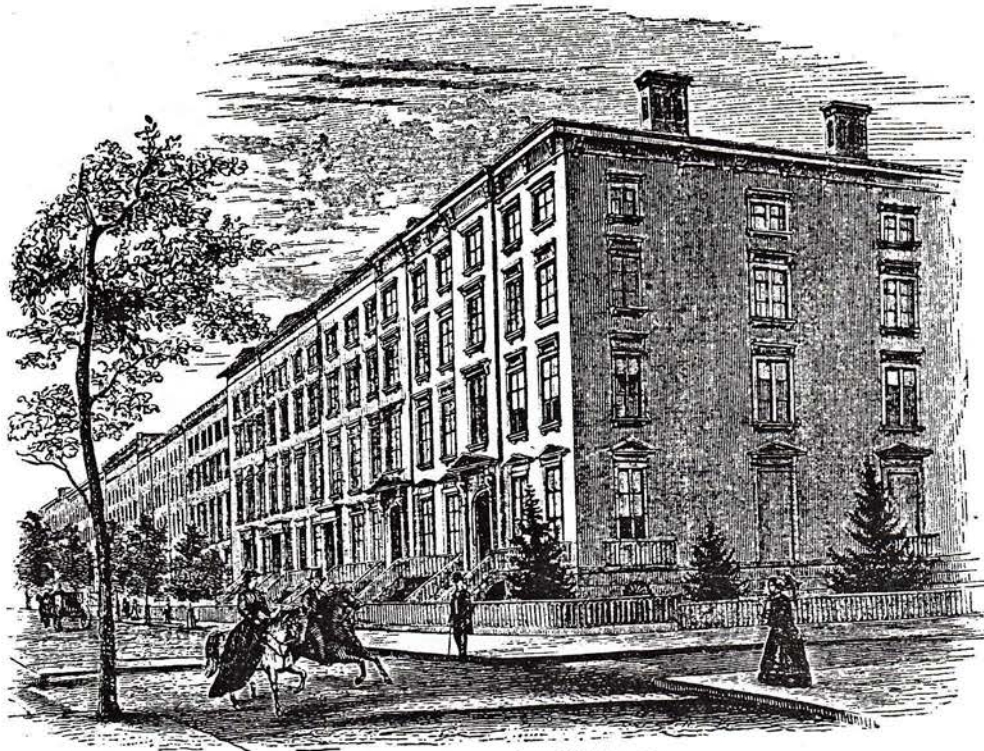
Fifth Avenue, corner Twelfth-street.

are coupled Corinthian pilasters at all the angles of the building, ranging with the columns at the door; and two isolated columns, with their entablature, projecting out from the centre of the narrowest front; between these columns is a very rich arched Venetian window, supported by smaller Ionic columns. The windows of the second story have circular pediment heads, those of the upper story angular pediments; all of them supported by very rich brackets and architraves. Grooved corner-stones are continued up the angles of the building over the coupled pilasters, till they reach a grand Corinthian entablature and cornice, which crowns the whole edifice. The general effect is that of a Venetian *palazzo*: we only wish it had been of white marble, instead of brown stone. This superb building has been erected for the Union Club.

The extensive row of dwellings in West Twenty-third-street, called London Terrace, was erected by Mr. Horseley Palmer, of the Bank of England. It has a more imposing effect in the engraving than the reality warrants, the houses being of but moderate dimensions. The centre of the row is indicated by a raised parapet (over the carriage in our cut), the farthest extremity having a hexagonal bow similar to that of the nearest corner house; with three unmeaning and ineffective projec-

tions from the general line of the front on each side of the centre. The design consists of Grecian pilasters and entablature of the height of three stories; but the pilasters are too tall and too close together, and the windows have the appearance of the stage-boxes of a theatre, and the whole front the flat character of joiner's work. The buildings are of brick stuccoed, of an agreeable light tint, and appear to stand the weather well: the basements are of brown stone; the attics of wood.

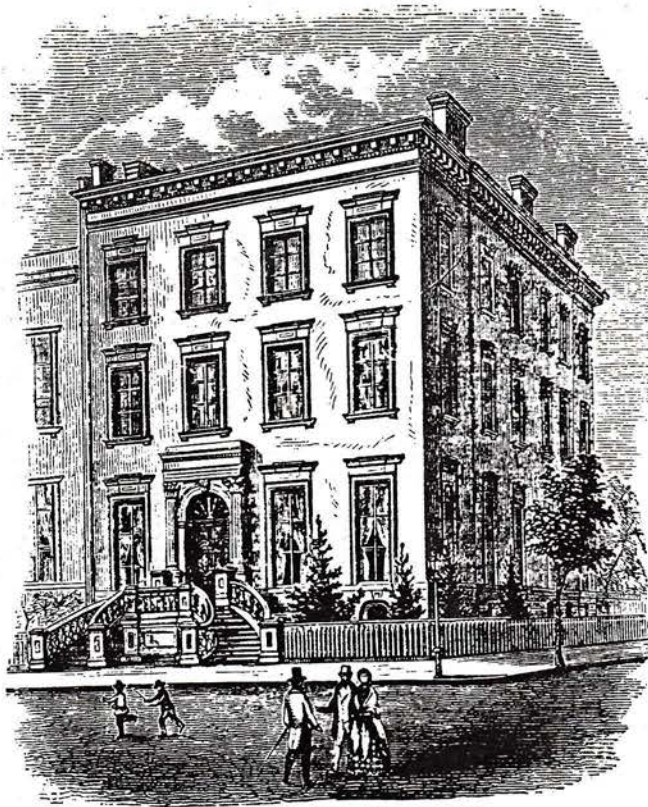
Mr. Waddell's residence, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth-street, may be called a suburban villa, and is remarkable for being inclosed in its own garden ground, which is as high as the original level of the island, and descends by sloping grass banks to the grade of the street. Our objections to *rows* of houses in the Gothic style, do not apply to this case. The general composition and effect is picturesque and commendable, notwithstanding an occasional want of character and correctness in the details. It is built of brick stuccoed, with brown sand-stone dressings, the color of which does not quite harmonize with the yellowish gray of the walls: external blinds we have already noticed as incompatible with Gothic mullioned windows. A conservatory, and various offices extend to the left: there is also a Gothic cottage



East Fourteenth-street, from Fifth Avenue.

lodge on the north side of the garden, of which, and of the whole ground, a fine

view is obtained from the terrace of the Croton Reservoir; while two or three old trees still standing in the garden on that side add to the semi-rural character of the edifice.



Fifth Avenue, corner Fifteenth-street.

The above is a specimen of our "Domestic Architecture;" which, we think, considering its very recent pretensions to attraction as a fine art, has made a far more satisfactory progress than our public, commercial, or ecclesiastical structures, except in a few instances. For the sake of our distant, and foreign readers, we may add, that the *interiors* of the stores, hotels, and private dwellings we have represented, are, besides being replete with every modern convenience, in point of decoration and furniture, of a more elaborate, showy, and generally tasteful character than the exteriors; and, owing to the greater diffusion of wealth and luxury, more rich and costly than those of corresponding buildings in Europe.

Objections have been made, on moral and economical grounds, to the display of wealth and splendor in architectural decoration, but, we cannot think with justice: we regard it as the mere natural and normal expression of progress, the counterpart of that formerly exhibited by the great commercial republics of Italy and Holland. Luxury is a vice, only when it is extravagance in an individual: the private vices of ostentation and extravagance become public benefits to trade and industry. The due scale of expense for every grade of society can never be fixed by lawgiver or moralist. The sump-

tuous environments of the richest merchant are by use and familiarity no greater luxuries to him, than more homely comforts are to the mechanic; and in a country, where all are striving to get rich, it may seem to be hypocrisy and envy, to cavil at the use and display of riches. But, viewed in a public light, every external indication of prosperity tends to add attractions to a city, and to promote its increase and influence in more important objects.

The Bowery Savings' Bank was not included in our former illustrations of public buildings of that kind. We venture



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth-street.

to pronounce this one of the most original and successful compositions of its size and class which we hitherto possess. It may be a little overloaded with ornament, not of the best taste, but it has higher claims to praise, than the mere application of ornament. It is a well studied design, and unites variety and uniformity, relief and prominence, light and shade, in a remarkable degree. It will be observed that the main division of the front into three compartments is not arbitrary, but suggested and demanded by the three doorways required. This is also a sufficient reason for making the windows over

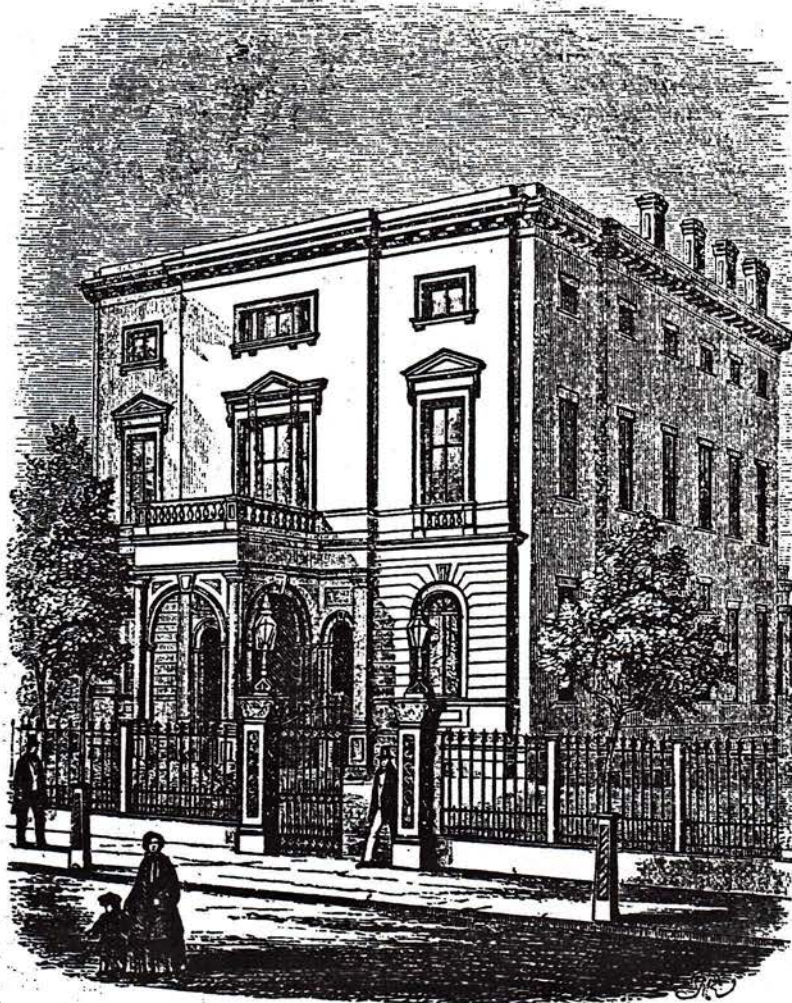
the doors larger and richer, and of different shape from the intermediate ones. But the centre doorway and windows are, besides, made wider than the two side ones, with the addition of three-quarter columns to the door to make it the main point of attraction. The entablature over these columns, and the upper cornice of the building, are the bonds of unity to the composition; while the parapet is divided by the balustrades into five compartments to correspond to the first story below. The variation of the upper window-heads, and the insertion of the two small panels in blank spaces otherwise too bare, are

finishing touches to design, which show the hand of *an artist*.

It is very natural and very proper that the commercial buildings of a commercial city, should be in themselves the embodiments of the city's greatness and wealth. We are a church-going people, undeniably, and our churches are among the most conspicuous monuments of our thrift and prosperity; but it is in our stores and banking-houses that the real feeling of our merchants is most palpably embodied. Our banks for savings, which might reasonably be plain and unostentatious, are among the most showy and beautiful of our financial buildings.

The savings-bank in Chambers-street is a grand and solid structure of granite, and there is a highly ornamental façade of polished white marble, now in course of erection, in Broadway, for the Broadway Savings Bank. The Seamen's Savings Bank on the corner of Pearl and Wall-streets, of brown free-stone, is one of the handsomest and most imposing buildings in the business quarter of the city.

While "Broadway, New-York," is the most famous and oftenest-borrowed name of any street in the United States, and perhaps the only one that has any European name and celebrity, the curiosity of our untravelled readers may be excited to inquire, what street and city in Europe do Broadway and New-York most resemble? Formerly, when so many trees were on the sidewalks, our first impression was its resemblance to a Parisian *Boulevard*; that is, one of those wide streets, lined with trees, that form a belt round the city of Paris. And, from the



West Sixteenth-street near Fifth Avenue.

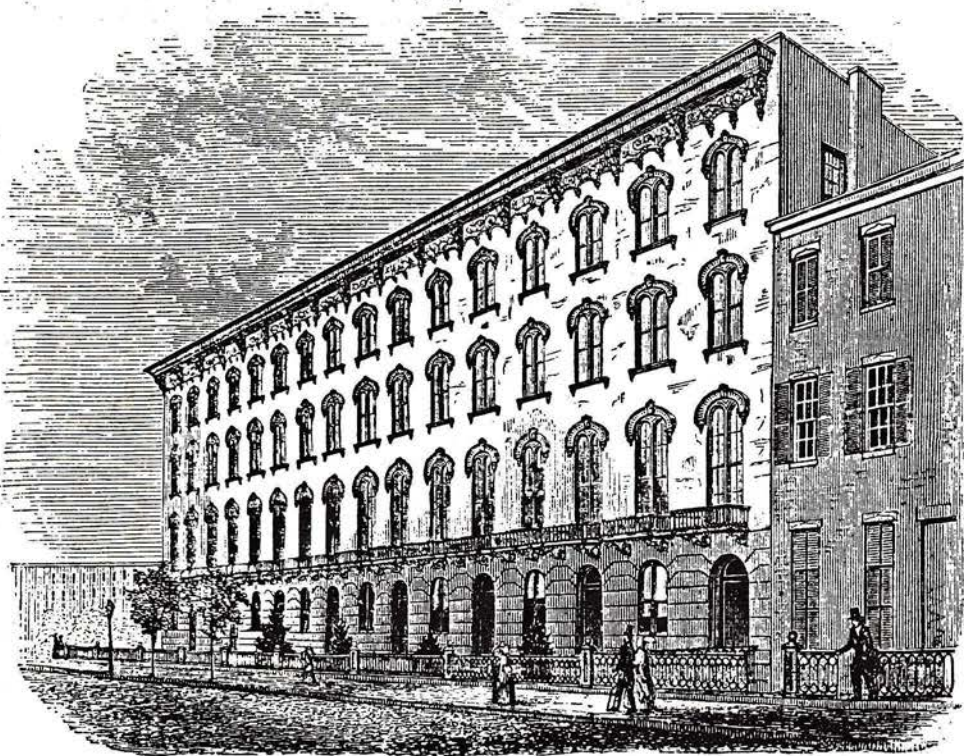
abundance of its foreign population, we still think the general aspect of our city a medium between that of Paris and a sea-port of the Netherlands; with the addition of an atmosphere, not second in brilliance to Italy. But the peculiarity of Broadway consists in its being not only the *principal*, but the *only* main artery of the city, not only the focus, but the agglomeration of trade and fashion, business and amusement, public and private abodes, churches and theatres, bar-rooms and exhibitions, all collected into one promiscuous channel of activity and dissipation. As Paris is France, so is Broadway New-York: but this should not be. Fresh channels are imperatively demanded by its present over-crowded state, when carts and omnibuses are daily at a dead-lock for half an hour together, and the pedestrian, desirous of crossing, stands in the situation of the rustic in Horace, waiting upon the bank until the river has run by! Whether the with-

drawal of the licences of so many omnibuses, the substitution of a railway, or the widening and continuing of other streets to the Battery, are to effect this improvement, or whether they are not all required together, this is not the place to determine. We would only hint at a few other improvements required, before Broadway can be a thoroughfare worthy of the city: such as the perfect cleansing of the streets, the removal of obstructions from the side-walks, of the few still remaining wooden shanties, and low grogeries, as well as of vulgar, obtrusive, and disgusting exhibitions, that disgrace the name of *Museums*. As in trade we put our best goods foremost, so let us at all events keep our inevitable vices, follies, and vulgarities in the background. A great metropolis must have its bright side. But there are no evils without corresponding advantages; and, viewed in connection with the influence of New-York upon the whole United States, all such evils sink into significance, compared with the *national, liberal and cosmopolitan spirit* that is generated only, by *one acknowledged central city* of a great country; that shall frown down all local animosities, and sectarian bigotries, and give its stamp of approval to the political will of the majority, to commercial credit and enterprise, to medical and judicial knowledge, and to general literature and

education; as well as become "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in matters of taste, and in the fine arts; the value of which is now universally attested in teaching the world

"To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life."

But, as we have before observed, New-York is only beginning to develop herself, and every day is tending to make her what she inevitably must be, in spite of the jealous opposition of neighboring towns, the queen city of the Atlantic—the great metropolis of the West. New-Yorkers are too much absorbed in their schemes of business and pleasure to take heed of the rivalries and jealousies of their neighbors; they find the wealth of the world pouring into their hands, and have no time to waste upon the angry feelings of those who envy their more fortunate condition. The complaint that New-York is the worst governed city in the Union, and the most neglected by its own inhabitants, is, unquestionably, well founded as relates to the management of its municipal affairs; but then this mismanagement and neglect, however much they lead to inconveniences and disorders, are owing to the rapid growth of the city, and the overwhelming flood of business constantly pouring in upon the people which give them no time to attend to public affairs.

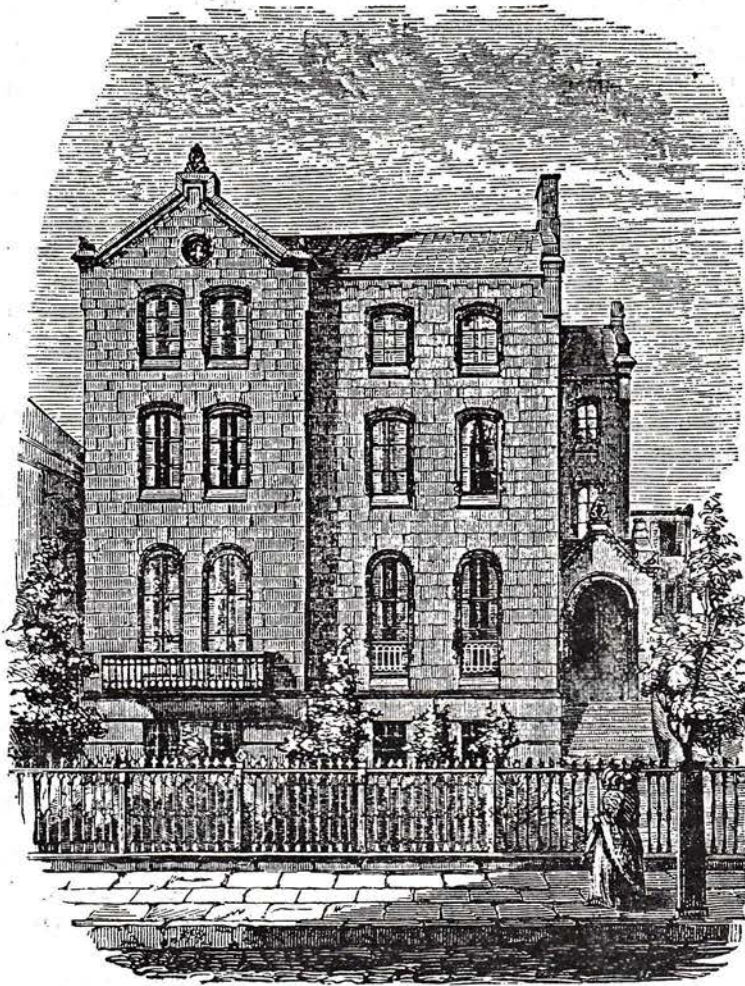


East Sixteenth-street opposite St. George's Church.

If things go wrong in the city government, if the streets are neglected, if the public purse is plundered, if the taxes are high, our citizens console themselves with the reflection that their own private affairs are all right, their private residences are externally beautiful and internally well arranged, and the taxes can easily be borne.

Broadway will soon cease to be the main artery of the city and will become a mere channel for the commercial life of the city to ebb and flow in; it terminates, properly, at Union Square, and above this point lies now the most beautiful part of the city; nearly every one of the illustrations we have given, in this article, of the domestic architecture of New-York are of examples in streets above Union Square.

The finest residences are to be found in the magnificent avenues which stretch away through the centre of the island towards the Harlem river; of these the Fifth and Second avenues are now the noblest, and present the most splendid ranges of private residences. Crossing these magnificent streets at right angles, and leading from river to river, are Fourteenth, Twenty-third, and Thirty-seventh streets, each of them a hundred feet in width, and containing residences of great beauty and truly splendid proportions. Every street below Union Square is destined to be converted to business purposes, but it must be many years before commerce will invade the sanctity of the great avenues above it, excepting those that have been devoted to trade in the beginning, such as the Third, Fourth, Seventh, and Ninth Avenues; regions of which many old inhabitants who reside below Union Square know hardly more than they do of Belgravia or the Boulevards. The illustrations in this article do



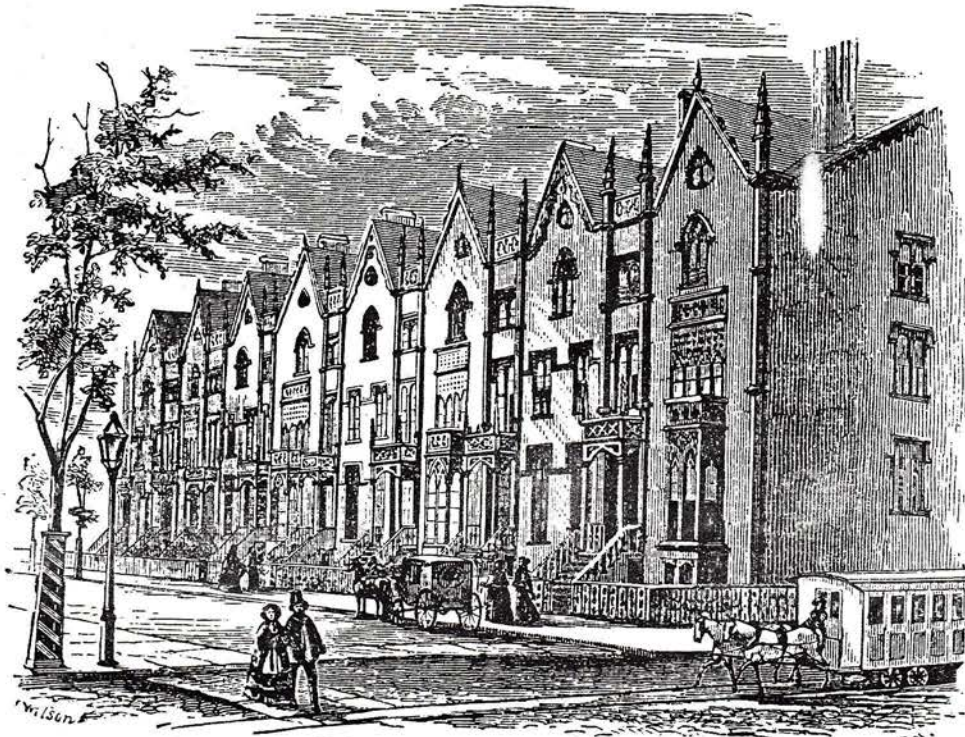
St. George's Rectory, Sixteenth-street.

but indicate the general character of our new streets, for there are many noble squares and places from which we have not taken a single example. Union Square, Madison Square, Gramercy Park, Stuyvesant Square, and Tompkins Square all contain private residences of palatial pretensions, which have been erected within these few years past; then, there are the Second Avenue, Madison Avenue, Fourteenth-street, and Lexington Avenue, from which we have borrowed nothing, although either of them might have furnished a greater number of examples of fine houses than we have given. New-York is no longer what Cooper the novelist called it, "an extension of common places;" wealth and fashion have begun to crystallize in certain spots which they have appropriated as their own domain, and natural centralization is accomplishing for our society what laws could never effect.

The growing scarcity and dearness of building lots are producing a great revolu-

tion in the economy of domestic dwellings; the whole city is laid out in lots of twenty-five feet front and a hundred feet in depth, on the supposition of a perfect equality in the social condition of every family. But, it has been found convenient for some families to live in houses of smaller dimensions, while some others require larger; and two houses are now sometimes constructed on one lot, while the majority of the new buildings are not more than twenty feet in front; and it has been found that quite as spacious rooms may be had in a house of twenty feet front, as in the old style of houses built on a full sized lot. The new style, instead of cutting off a hall or entry of five feet from the parlors, divides the

basement story, or first floor, into two apartments of equal width, one serving as a hall and the other as an office, and putting the parlors on the second floor, the whole width of the house, with a vestibule between the two, making a suite of three handsome rooms when the sliding doors are thrown open. The houses in Sixteenth-street, of which we have given an engraving, are constructed in this manner, on lots but nineteen feet in width, and are much more spacious, elegant, and convenient than any of the old style of twenty-five feet houses we have ever seen. Many of the new blocks on the Fifth Avenue constructed in this manner, though of even a smaller frontage, have a very



Block in Twentieth-street corner Sixth Avenue.

imposing and elegant appearance, while the interiors are finished with a degree of splendor which could not have been indulged in by their owners in houses of greater extent. The improved methods of lighting and warming houses, and the use of Croton water, together with the general system of drainage now almost universally adopted have led to great economy of space in the construction of city dwellings, and it seems hardly possible that any thing more compact, cosy, comfortable and elegant in the shape of a dwelling house will ever be invented, than the first class houses now built in the upper part of the city. Painted ceil-

ings, gilded cornices, and floors of colored marbles, or inlaid with vari-colored woods were once very rare, even in the houses of the wealthiest merchants; but now these elegancies are so common that their absence would be much more likely to excite remark than their presence.

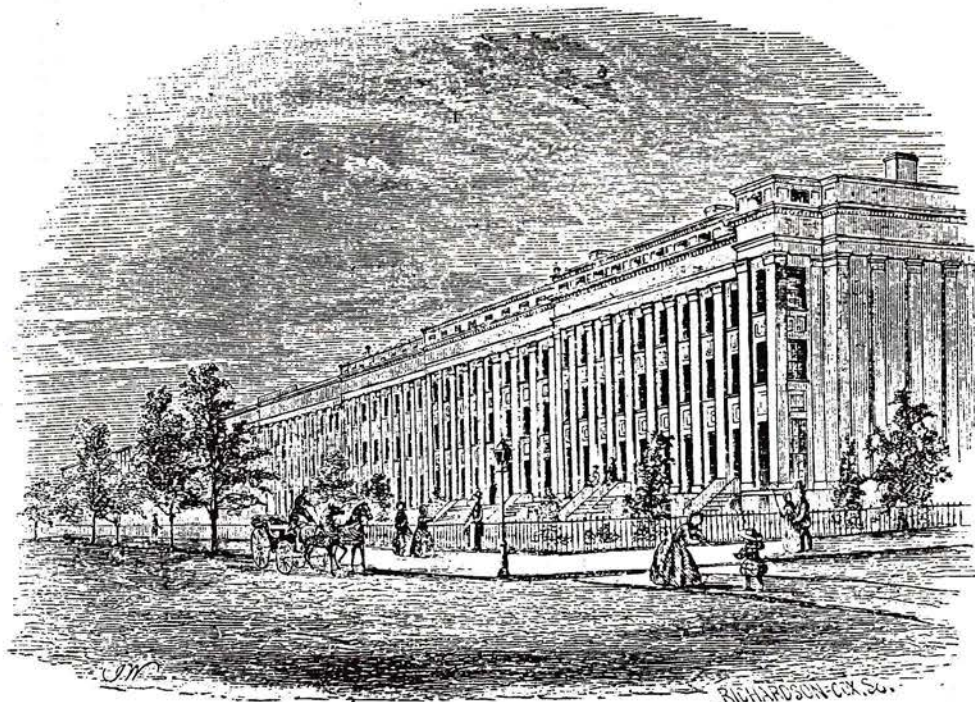
Too many of the better class of houses in New-York are of a monumental character, solid in structure, massive in appearance, and calculated only for the occupancy of families with almost princely incomes. They are too costly to be occupied by the descendants of those who construct them, and can be turned to no profitable account by any one who may

purchase them; the absence of a law of primogeniture will prevent them from ever gaining an historical interest, for they cannot remain long in the occupancy of the same family, and must of necessity come to an ignoble destiny very soon after their owners have deserted them. We should imagine that such considerations as these would be an effectual bar to the erection of large and costly houses in such a city as New-York, where fortunes are no sooner accumulated than they are dispersed, on the death of their possessors, and families rise and fall continually like the waves of the ocean. The wealthy merchant builds himself a palace to-day which will be inhabited by the son of his porter to-morrow; or at the best be used as a



West Twenty-first-street from Fifth Avenue.

boarding-house by the widow of his clerk. There are now remaining in New-York



London Terrace, West Twenty-third-street.

but two of the fine old mansions which were built before the Revolution, and one of them is occupied as an emigrant boarding-house, and the other as a restaurant. If their builders could have foreseen the base uses to which they have come, they would probably have taken less pains and pride in their erection. Where the laws of primogeniture prevail, a man may well take pride in building and ornamenting a mansion which he feels assured will be inhabited through all time by his descendants; but where it is quite certain that his house must pass into the possession of strangers as soon as he leaves it, it can hardly be expected that one should build as though he were founding a dynasty. Yet our merchants and land speculators do build themselves houses of sufficient solidity and grandeur to satisfy the architectural sentiment of even the exacting author of the "Seven Lamps," who maintains that dwelling houses ought to be built as durably as the pyramids.

For our own part, we ought to feel grateful to these men who are willing to lavish their wealth in the erection of costly houses which so beautify our streets and thoroughfares, and render a walk through our avenues as agreeable as a visit to a gallery of art; yet we cannot help thinking that so much wealth, such stores of valuable materials, and so much intelligent labor as they have cost, might better serve the cause of human happiness by being employed in other ways. But we will not quarrel with those who contribute in any manner to the public welfare, even though in doing so they have no higher object than self-glorification. The excessive ornamentation of the street fronts of some of the new houses "up town," remind one of the anecdote of a noble architect in London, who built himself a very showy house after his own designs, and was advised by Lord Chesterfield to hire the house opposite, that he might enjoy the view of his own mansion.

The use of iron and glass are effecting an architectural revolution in the con-



Bowery Savings' Bank.

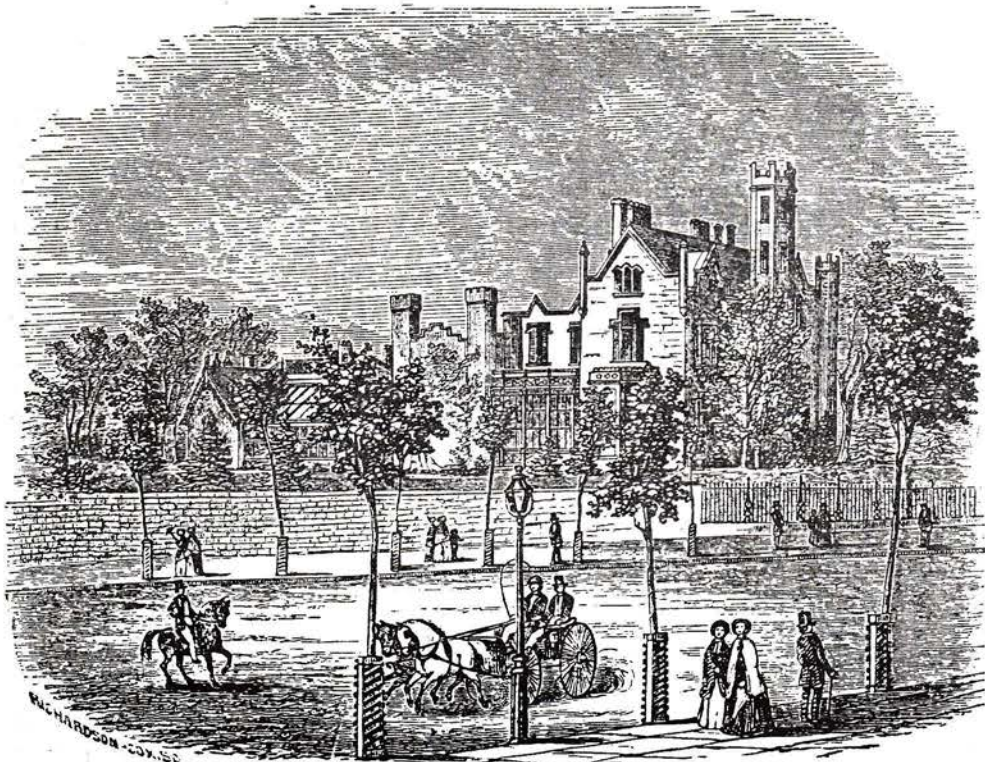
struction of stores and warehouses, and it will not be long, we imagine, before these materials will enter more largely than they have done into the construction of private dwellings; and the time is probably not very far distant when we shall have to live in those brittle mansions which make people proverbially cautious about throwing missiles at their neighbors.

In the meanwhile, the new city that is springing up beyond the sound of the busy wheels of trade, consists of solid and substantial structures, which will outlast many generations of our posterity, if no disturbing causes interfere to prevent their gradual decay. A law has been enacted authorizing the formation of a park beyond the present lines of city improvement, which will convert the central part of the island on which New-York is built into a pleasure ground, around which will spring up terraces, villas, and blocks of dwelling houses excelling in beauty and magnificence any we can now boast of in the New World, and giving new ideas of the beneficent principle of de-

mocracy, which permits the mind to expand to its utmost possibilities. The great obstacle to architectural improvement and embellishment in this country, has heretofore been the existing structures of the Old World, in imitation of which nearly all our public and private edifices have been built. Hence our streets have been filled with costly and meaningless copies of Grecian porticoes, of Gothicized dwellings, of ambitious imitations of baronial castles, Egyptian tombs, turreted churches, useless campanile towers, and every thing else in the shape of a house of which a drawing could be found in a book. Our architecture can hardly be called eclectic, though it is composed of parts of every known style that has been in vogue since the days of Noah, because it is rather a jumble, than a selection of peculiarities. The great hope of our national success in art rests upon our achievements in ship-building, the greatest of the arts, for, in that department of industry, we have been thrown directly upon the resources of our own genius. Europe and the past had nothing to offer us worthy of imitation; we were placed in circumstances wholly new, and we required new instruments to enable us to achieve our purposes. The merchant who saw no absurdity in going back to the time of Pericles or Queen Elizabeth to

find a model for his town house or country villa, would have laughed at the folly of building his packet ship after the manner of a Greek galley, or in the shape of the gallant vessels that were to encounter the Spanish Armada. Yet, in the esthetic sense, there would be no greater folly in one case than in the other. The difference in the two cases is that the ship would be unprofitable, but the house might be inhabited. When we shall have outgrown our childish dependence upon the Old World, then we shall be able to boast of our own architects as we do now of our ship-builders. As yet, there is no such person as an American architect whose name is known beyond the circle of his own employers; nobody asks who designed this building or that, our Wrens, Joneses, and Palladios have yet to be developed; but the names of our ship-builders are among our national boasts, and George Steers, the yacht builder, has become renowned wherever the art of navigation is practised.

As private dwellings form the subject of the present article, we have not felt at liberty to give any statistics of the cost of the buildings noticed, or to make any part of them the subject of illustration or remark, excepting such as are exposed to the public eye and which may be regarded as legitimate objects of public comment.



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh-street.