



# THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION **NEWSBOY**



*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

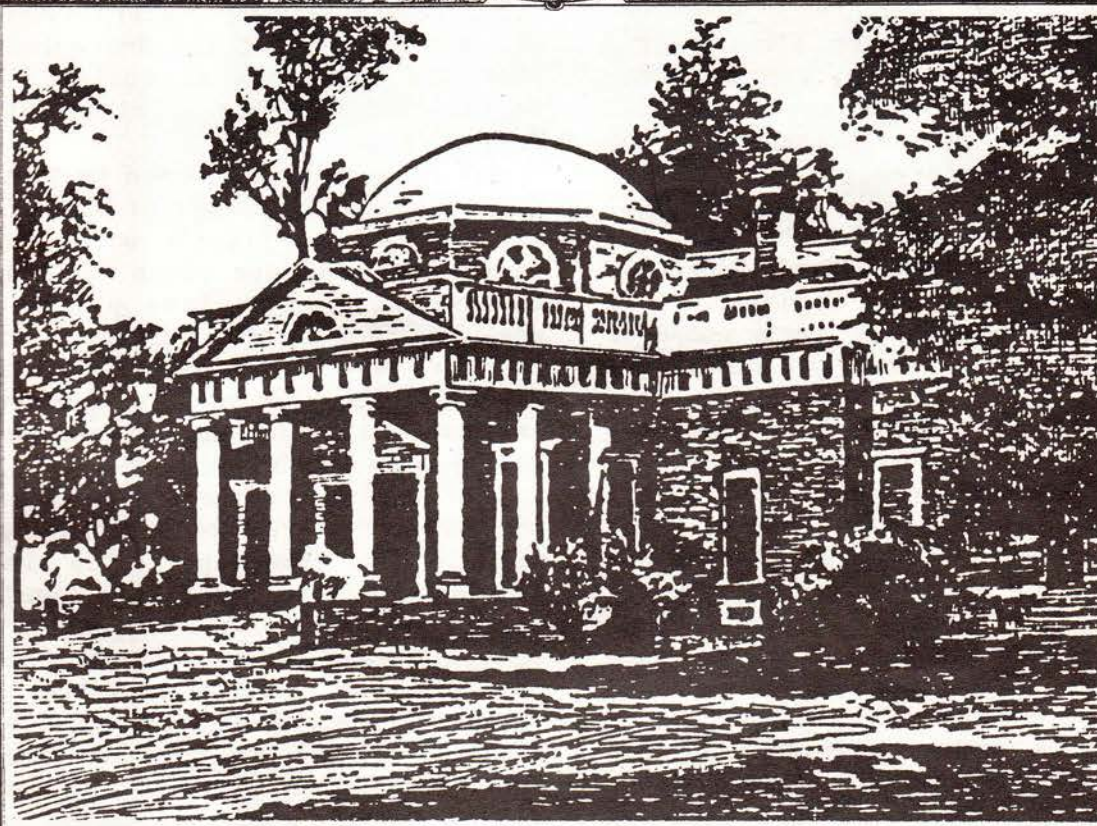
1832 — 1899

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

Volume XXVI

July-August, 1987

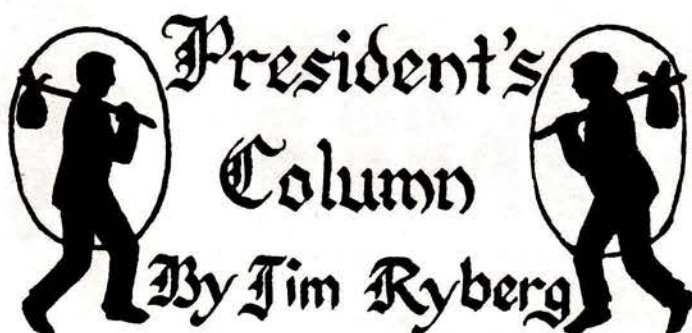
Number 1



THE MONTICELLO MEETING  
HOSTED BY GEORGE OWENS

## Convention Issue





# President's Column

By Jim Ryberg

The Monticello Meeting is now but a wonderful memory of exciting events and interesting people. Thanks again, Alice and George Owens, for a convention befitting the members of The Horatio Alger Society. This issue will recount some of the memories and friendships created and renewed during that gathering.

A note from Mike Saavedra, in Richmond, VA, expressed his regret about having missed the convention due to prior obligations. Mike is a new member and was "totally unaware of the existence of The Horatio Alger Society" until recently. He writes that "as a child in New York, I used to spend many Saturdays haunting the Greenwich Village secondhand bookshops where I first made the acquaintance of Horatio Alger." Mike is now a computer programmer after a career as a military historian.

Helen Worth, who with Arthur Gladstone provided the Friday evening entertainment during the convention, commented on how much she enjoyed her visit with us. She has authored five books and Arthur has written thirty-six historical novels. Our Society is frequently a magnet drawing the literate and the literary.

A special thanks goes to Bill McCord for his hard work chairing the membership committee. A member, writing from Chicago, recently expressed concern about our shrinking membership, and since we have lost TWO members since our last convention, Bill offered to go to work to

increase our membership rolls. Watch for more information about his committee's work in NEWSBOY, and if you have any suggestions, please drop him a line.

Paul Miller writes that the convention was good. Other than the newly published Westgard miniature of ROBERT LAWSON, he failed to pick up a single Alger item, even though wife Ruth was prepared to buy some wonderful things at the convention as an early birthday present. Alas, Paul, the problems of an advanced collector.

Paul's dilemma brings to mind a favorite story which Ralph Gardner related to me when I was just beginning my collection. Ralph had searched and advertised for that rare TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD, the last title he then needed to complete his collection. When he finally obtained it, his wife looked at him and asked, "Now, what are you going to collect, Ralph?" He realized then his spirited collecting days were over.

Bob Bennett has informed me that he has fewer than twenty copies of his definitive bibliography of Alger's works, and that he has no immediate plans for reprinting the book. If you have planned to buy one, or are a serious collector, this may be your last chance to obtain this most important tool for your collection. They are just \$15, and should be ordered directly from Bob Bennett.

Bob Swayer is gathering guidelines and ideas for future conventions. If you wish to have some input, drop him a line at his new address [see next page].

Hope you enjoyed the convention as much as I did, and if you were not there, see you next year when we'll gather in Ada, OK, for "Horatio's O.K.," hosted by Frank Jaques. Or, I'll hope to see you during your next trip to Houston.

Best wishes, Jim.

930 Bayland

Houston, TX 77009

Phone: (713) 864-0452

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

Send articles for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S.W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33426.



THE MONTICELLO MEETING  
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA  
APRIL 30 — MAY 3, 1987

Reported by Our Host, George Owens

Someone must have been smiling down upon the 1987 Horatio Alger Society Convention with favor, since we were blessed with a week of beautiful weather. On Sunday, just a few hours after the last members had departed, the rains descended and the cold weather returned.

The Convention, held at the Mt. Vernon Motel, was well attended, with members coming from as far away as California. It took on an international flavor with the arrival of our "Partic'lar Friends" from Canada, Ivan and Margaret McClymont.

The largest contingent was from Illinois, with Glenn and Lorraine Corcoran, joined by their daughter Mary Jo Tschetter, and granddaughter Jill Tschetter. Mary Jo celebrated her birthday at our Friday night dinner.

There were thirty-nine members attending, plus twenty-two guests, for a grand total of sixty-one. We thank all of you for coming, and to the folks who couldn't make this Convention, we look forward to seeing you at some future meeting.

Our thanks go to Jerry Friedland and his assistants, who worked long and hard assembling all of the auction material. Also, thanks to Jerry for once again serving as the auctioneer, and to Bill Leitner, Carl Hartmann, Alex Shaner, and Dale Thomas, who all assisted so ably during the auction.

Special congratulations are in order for our award-winning friends: Eddie LeBlanc received the Dick Seddon Award; Floyd Martin the Presidential Award; Jack Bales was given a special award for serving so many years as *Newsboy* Editor; Dr. Marilyn H. Karrenbrock, Department of Library at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, received the Newsboy Award; and last, but not least, our President, Jim Ryberg was given the Luck & Pluck Award.

I have written to Floyd Martin to thank him for the hams, but here is another "THANK YOU!" Floyd.

We all hope Owen Cobb has recuperated from the illness which forced him to miss

Award Banquet and auction on Saturday.

One of our long-time members, Florence Ogilvie Schnell, whose grandfather published fourteen Alger titles, had a very hard time in getting here, and we were glad she could attend. And, three of our newest members, Lydia Cushman Schurman, from Arlington, VA, and Todd Postol, from Port Jefferson Station, NY, and William Langsdorf, of Wilmington, DE, joined us for their first Alger convention.

Alice and I are not anti-social, and would have loved to have everyone over to our home for a visit. We decided the distance, approximately 30 miles from the motel, was a bit too far to ask everyone to drive. Also, our home, while not small, is not large enough to hold 61 people. So I'm taking this opportunity to tell everyone that if you are ever in this area again, just give us a call for directions, and come and visit us. We'll be very happy to see you.

Members came to Charlottesville using all modes of transportation. John Juvinall, from Illinois, together with Rohima and John Walter, from Indiana, arrived on Am-Trak, as did Florence Ogilvie Schnell. Our *Newsboy* Editor, Gilbert K. Westgard II, came in on Trailways after his auto developed serious problems. Bob Sawyer drove to Pennsylvania to pick up Bill McCord, and they came on to Charlottesville together.

Will and Nell Wright drove in from Ohio, and rumor has it they had to be towed back home due to the weight of all the books Will purchased and loaded into their van.

Thanks to Harold and Arlene Yerty, from California, for the large, delicious dates for the hospitality room. They were nearly the size of eggs! Also coming from California, were Rolfe and Kitty Chase, and our Treasurer, Alex Shaner.

Illinois was well represented with six attendees, including Bill Gowen. Gene and Wynone Hafner, from Maryland, are not too far from us, but it seems we only see them during our conventions. Ed Matson, also from Maryland, was here with a lot of books, and they were not just limited to those by Alger.

Alice and I were very happy to meet all of those who came this year, some for the first time, including Lawrence and Clare



Eastley, from Michigan, William and Mary Langsdorf, from Delaware, Bernard and Marcy Biberdorf, Luciana Bennett, from New York, wife of Bob Bennett, Bob Royar, from Ft. Worth, Texas, and Bill and Virginia Murrell, from Dallas. Thanks for the delicious cookies, Virginia, and thanks to Ruth Miller for the apple cider.

Ann and George Sharrard were here from sunny Florida, and Paul and Ruth Miller from Ohio. Past President Brad Chase and his wife came from Connecticut.

More attendees were Florence LeBlanc, Judy Leitner, Mary Ellen Thomas, and Jean Hartman, who enjoys a full membership of her own. Mike and Mary Clements, from Texas, stopped by during the festivities. John Beard, a local antique dealer, and his son, attended the book sale, and has indicated an intention of joining our Society in the near future.

Robert Kasper, and Bill Russell, both from Pennsylvania, came in on Friday afternoon. I can't forget Bill, who made me a gift of TATTERED TOM at a previous convention when he discovered I had been looking all over for the title without any success. Thanks again, Bill.

If I haven't forgotten anyone, this brings us to Frank and Nan Jaques, of Ada, Oklahoma, who will be hosting "Horatio's O.K.," the 24th annual convention of The Horatio Alger Society, in Ada, April 28 to May 1, 1988. If at all possible, start making your arrangements now to attend. Frank and Nan have great plans in store for all of us, and it will afford a wonderful opportunity to visit old friends, and to make new ones.

Alice and I feel honored to have hosted this year's convention, and while it was a lot of work, we've been amply rewarded by seeing so many happy faces, seeing old friends, and meeting new ones. Until we meet again, Alice and I send you Our Warmest Regards.

\* \* \*

#### BUS-RIDER'S LAMENT

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

I'm just riding on the Trailways,  
Throughout the starry night,  
Trying to find a bit of comfort,  
While my shoes are getting tight.

I can feel the highway pounding,  
And my luggage is stowed beneath,  
My toiletries within my suitcase,  
So I cannot brush my teeth.

Now and then we make a rest stop:  
They're twenty minutes each,  
The price of food up to the sky.  
Perhaps next time I'll fly.

\* \* \*

#### THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY'S REPORT

by

Carl T. Hartmann

The Monticello Meeting, hosted by Alice and George Owens was a huge success. We arrived early Tuesday, April 28th, met Jerry Friedland, and had a grand time touring Charlottesville. Jean and I had fun getting lost looking for book and antique stores. George, of course, had bought up all the Algers, but we had fun picking up other authors. On Thursday more members started to arrive at the motel, and our hospitality room was open with plenty of food and drink. By Friday morning most had arrived, and we enjoyed ham for breakfast, furnished by Floyd Martin, of Helena, Montana. Friday night George and Alice had a catered buffet, followed by an excellent slide presentation of close-up pictures of insects with the narrative in verse.

Our business meeting was called to order on Saturday morning by President Jim Ryberg. Minutes of the 1986 meeting were read and accepted. Our Treasurer reported a balance of \$6,316.50. Gilbert K. Westgard II gave a report on the state of Newsboy. Of the 200 pages published in Volume XXV, they could be assigned by percentages to the following four categories: News and Information of The Society, 20%; Continuing Features, 15%; Articles, 40%; and Alger's own writings, 25%. He was congratulated on the fine job he has done.

The Nominating committee nominated three new directors for a term of three years: Frank Jaques, Will Wright, and Paul Miller. All were elected by our unanimous consent. The following directors remain for the unexpired portion of their terms: Bob Sawyer, Owen Cobb, Ed LeBlanc, Bill McCord, John Juvinal, and



Glenn Corcoran. At our next convention the terms of LeBlanc, Juvinall, and Corcoran will expire.

Ed LeBlanc reported on the status of a few items remaining from the Dick Seddon Collection. Frank Jaques made a motion to donate the residue of the material to Brandeis University. Carried.

A committee was appointed by President Ryberg for the purpose of increasing the number of members. Bill McCord will head it, serving with Brad Chase and Bob Sawyer. They will appreciate any input from our members.

Bob Sawyer was appointed to ask other previous convention hosts to pass on information on their conventions for the benefit of future hosts. Others having constructive ideas are invited to send them to Bob.

Convention sites for the next two years have been set: 1988, Ada, OK, hosted by Frank Jaques; 1989, Chillicothe, OH, hosted by Will Wright.

The meeting was closed by President Ryberg. We then went out and had a great time.

The Annual Auction at the Monticello Meeting was the highlight of our convention, and was a great success. Without the auction we could not operate The Horatio Alger Society on the low dues we charge for membership. Please keep an eye out for items that could be given to the next auction. Do this when you are clearing items out of your home, or are in a thrift store. Bring them along to the next convention, or if you are unable to attend, send them to Frank Jaques. He will be looking forward to your items.

Members donated items this year which were sold for a total of \$1,900.00. Although we had a few large donations, each item is important—they do add up—so keep your items coming.

\* \* \*

#### OUR AWARDS

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

Our various awards are winnable, and all it takes to receive one is plenty of good old-fashioned hard work, or a spirit of friendly cooperation and good nature in relationships with other members.

This year we gave five awards, which were inscribed as follows:

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
1987 RICHARD R. SEDDON AWARD  
Is Presented To  
EDWARD T. LeBLANC

In recognition of his comradeship and friendship by his Partic'lar Friends

As this award comes to the winner with no warning, Ed had no formal response, but expressed his surprise and thanks to the members of the Society.

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
1987 PRESIDENTIAL AWARD  
Is Presented To  
FLOYD R. MARTIN

In gratitude for his many contributions of juicy and delicious hams that have always been appreciated warmly and consumed entirely at previous Annual Conventions by his Partic'lar Friends

Because Floyd has never been able to attend one of our conventions, it was made known to him in advance, but he was still unable to be with us in person. He sent his thanks in a letter.

Thank you for awarding me the Presidential Award Plaque. I appreciate it so much. I keep telling myself at each Convention time when I do not get to go that I will make it to the next one.

I hope you enjoy eating our hams as much as I enjoy sending them. Happy Eating, Partic'lar Friends.

Thank you,  
Floyd (Pappa) Martin

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
1987 LUCK & PLUCK AWARD  
Is Presented To  
D. JAMES RYBERG

"He determined to be true to himself, and to the good principles which he had been taught." —Horatio Alger, Jr.,  
LUCK AND PLUCK, 43:5

Keeping President Ryberg misinformed about the identity of the winner proved to be quite a task, and in the minutes just before announcing his name those of us who knew what was about to happen kept up the deception. We succeeded in our efforts, but it was not easy to maintain the fiction.



President Ryberg responded, "The Luck & Pluck Award gave me some anxious moments before the Convention. I was told that the plaques had not been received from the manufacturer and that they probably would not be available for presentation at the banquet. Later, I was told that they had arrived but were not unpacked. As I was scheduling the presenters and the recipients, Gil Westgard said that he would be receiving the award for someone else. And so it went...Carl and Jean Hartmann presented an award to someone who 'determined to be true to himself, and to the good principles which he had been taught,' and I was named to receive the award. Thank you, Carl and Jean and members of the Society for the honor of receiving the 1987 Luck & Pluck Award."

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
1987 NEWSBOY AWARD

Is Presented To

DR. MARILYN H. KARRENBROCK

For her well-balanced and comprehensive  
ALGER article in AMERICAN WRITERS FOR  
CHILDREN BEFORE 1900 (DLB 42)

Dr. Karrenbrock was notified in advance of the Monticello Meeting, and invited to attend, but could not make arrangements to be present. She sent us quite an interesting and entertaining response which I read at the banquet.

To the Members of The Horatio Alger Society:

It is putting it mildly to say that I was flabbergasted when I learned my article in The Dictionary of Literary Biography had won an award from The Horatio Alger Society. I feel rather like a person who makes a home movie, and suddenly finds that she has been awarded an Oscar.

When I started the article three years ago, I had never read an Alger book; all I knew was the myth. I teach children's and young adult literature in a library school, and in the course of my research in current children's literature, I became aware of a large number of books about children trying to make money. Usually they try many different schemes, and sometimes they even become rich. In my ignorance, I assumed that these books fit the Alger pattern. Therefore, when I was asked to contribute an article to the DLB

volume American Writers for Children Before 1900, I immediately chose Alger. In the course of my research, I learned a lot, had a lot of fun, and corrected a lot of misconceptions. I also realized that there were plenty of people who knew much more about Alger than I do. I am especially grateful to have received your approval, because you are the experts.

I would like to thank many people who helped me accomplish this project. Thanks first of all to my husband, John Stauffer, who put up with me while I was writing the article. I get grouchy when I am writing. Also, at the time we had a commuting marriage, and I was two days late one weekend going to Georgia because I had to get the article finished. Thanks to Carol Doll, the editor who asked me to write the article, and to Glenn Estes, my colleague at the University of Tennessee who later assumed the editorship of the volume and who helpfully kept extending my deadline while I traced down just one more fact. Thanks to Peggy Hill, who is the best copy editor I ever knew. Thanks to Ann Prentice, my Director, who cheerfully paid large amounts for materials, interlibrary loan fees, and and copying costs. Thanks to my friends Bill and Vivian Moore, who loaned me their collection of Alger books saying, "Keep them as long as you need them," and then proceeded to move to Florida. Once in a while I see Vivian at an American Library Association convention and she asks if the books are still all right. When I say yes, and I'm still using them," she says, "Keep them as long as you need them." That is real friendship!

I would like to give special thanks to the Interlibrary Loan System, which made it possible for me to get many of the Alger books. It is very instructive to be on the other side of the desk for a change. One famous library sent me a first edition wrapped in acid-free paper and kept in an acid-proof box. Another equally famous library sent me two first editions. One had just been rebound in an ugly modern binding. The other had a front cover completely detached from the rest of the book, and the whole thing was held together with a rubber band. Finally, as a good librarian, I must mention the Library of Congress,



which when I asked for The Annals of the Harvard Class of 1852 sent me The Necrology of Harvard College, 1853-1899, and when I asked for the Golden Argosy article on Alger, sent me the one on Oliver Optic instead.

Finally, I must thank you, the members of The Horatio Alger Society, for giving me this award. I am honored indeed. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Marilyn H. Karrenbrock

Because of impending fatherhood, Jack Bales was unable to be present to receive the special award plaque voted to him at our previous convention.

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
Certificate of Appreciation  
Presented to  
JACK BALES, EDITOR EMERITUS  
FOR OUTSTANDING AND DEDICATED SERVICE  
Editor of NEWSBOY, 1972-1986  
101 issues

In a recent phone conversation, Jack expressed his pleasure at receiving this award, and his gratitude to the Society.

\* \* \*

FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT:  
Some Differences Noted

by  
Gilbert K. Westgard II

I have three copies of FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT that appear to be as alike as peas in a pod, right down to their green covers. An internal examination shows some important differences. Tipped onto page 267 of the first edition, first state is the following grayish-blue slip:

#### ERRATUM.

THE reader will please notice that page 268 is placed where 266 should be, and page 266 where 268 should be placed; otherwise the reading is perfect.

Facing page 334 in the first edition, first and second states, is an ad for a set of books by Dickens. In the second edition this page advertises an inkstand. It also shows type damage to the final

letter in the word PRESIDENT on the title page.

**T PRESIDENT**  
(first eds.) (second ed.)

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LITTLE NELL,	"	OLD CURIOUSITY SHOP.
DAME DURDEN,	"	BLEAK HOUSE.
THE TWO DAUGHTERS,	"	MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
FLORENCE DOMBEY,	"	DOMBEY & SON.
DOLLY VARDEN,	"	BARNABY RUDGE.
and the		
LITTLE COQUETTE,	"	HARD TIMES.
SISSY TUPE,	"	CHRISTMAS STORIES.
TINY TIM and DOT,	"	OLIVER TWIST.
OLIVER and the	"	PICKWICK PAPERS.
JEW FAGIN,	"	
THE BOY JOE and	"	
SAM WELLER,	"	

JOHN R. ANDERSON, Publisher,

NEW YORK.

(first editions, facing page 334)

JOHN R. ANDERSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

## SCHOOL BOOKS;

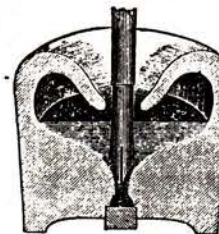
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(second edition, facing page 334)





Gene Hafner & George Owens



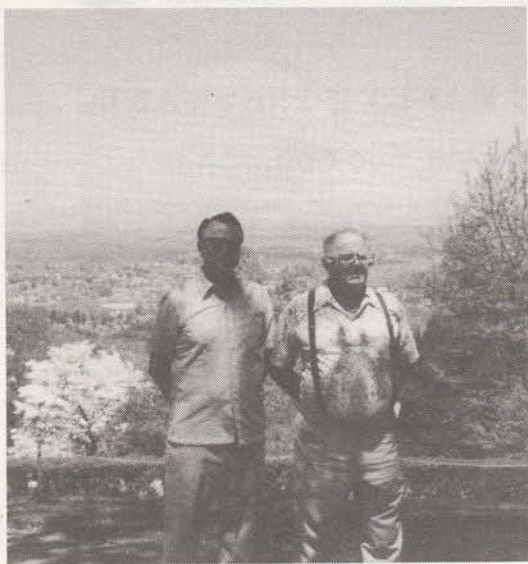
Jean & Carl Hartmann



Bill Leitner, Owen Cobb, Frank Jaques, Bill Gowen



Dale Thomas & Carl Hartmann



Carl Hartmann & Dale Thomas



Mary Ellen Thomas, Bill & Judy Leitner

Dale Thomas

Carl Hartmann



## MEMBERS AT HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTIONS

Compiled by Gilbert K. Westgard II

Date	Convention Title	Location	Attendance	Host	PF Number
1965	Mendota Affair	Mendota, IL	14	Ken Butler	PF-006
1966	Milwaukee Event	Milwaukee, WI	19	Les Langlois	PF-093
1967	Des Moines Session	Des Moines, IA	22	Jack Row	PF-101
1968	New Englander	New Haven, CT	25	Ed Levy	PF-004
1969	Kalamazoo Occasion	Kalamazoo, MI	10	Forrest Campbell	PF-000
1970	6th Annual Convention	Revere, MA	14	George Clark	PF-264
1971	7th Annual Convention	Sioux Falls, SD	14	Judson Berry	PF-014
1972	8th Annual Convention	Mt. Pleasant, MI	21	Bob Bennett	PF-265
1973	9th Annual Convention	Indianapolis, IN	30	Paul House	PF-099
1974	10th Annual Convention	New Philadelphia, OH	27	Dan Fuller	PF-142
1975	11th Annual Convention	Geneseo, NY	36	Les Poste	PF-334
1976	Rosemont Twelfth Time	Rosemont, IL	36	Gilbert Westgard II	PF-024
1977	Booked In Boston	Waltham, MA	52	Dick Seddon	PF-324
1978	Jacksonville Jamboree	Jacksonville, IL	39	Jack Bales	PF-258
1979	Cleveland Connection	Cleveland, OH	31	Dale Thomas	PF-315
1980	Connecticut Conclave	Windsor, CT	37	Brad Chase	PF-412
1981	Capitol Caucus	Annapolis Junction, MD	38	Bob Williman	PF-569
1982	Philed In Philadelphia	Willow Grove, PA	47	Bill Russell	PF-549
1983	Collected In Columbus	Columbus, OH	52	Bob Sawyer	PF-455
1984	Nostalgia In Nashua	Nashua, NH	44	Jim Thorp	PF-574
1985	Twenty-one In The Sun	Boynton Beach, FL	18	Gilbert Westgard II	PF-024
1986	Horatio's In Houston	Houston, TX	23	Jim Ryberg	PF-533
1987	Monticello Meeting	Charlottesville, VA	39	George Owens	PF-586

Twenty-two Conventions

PF-102 Carl Hartmann, Lansing, MI 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86-87

Nineteen Conventions

PF-053 Ralph Gardner, New York, NY 65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-81-82-83-84-85-86

Seventeen Conventions

PF-006 Ken Butler, Mendota, IL 65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-82-83-84-85-86-87  
 PF-315 Dale Thomas, Garfield Heights, OH 71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87

Sixteen Conventions

PF-024 Gilbert Westgard II, Boynton Beach, FL 65-66-67-68-74-75-76-77-78-79-82-83-84-85-86-87

PF-265 Bob Bennett, South Nyack, NY 70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-87  
 PF-710 Jean Hartmann, Lansing, MI 68-69-70-72-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86-87

Fourteen Conventions

PF-093 Les Langlois, Brookfield, WI 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-78-82  
 PF-376 Jerry Friedland, Monsey, NY 74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87

Thirteen Conventions

PF-175 Eugene Hafner, Timonium, MD 73-75-76-77-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87  
 PF-412 Brad Chase, Enfield, CT 74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86-87

Twelve Conventions

PF-351 Paul Miller, Vienna, OH 73-74-75-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-87

Eleven Conventions

PF-015 Eddie LeBlanc, Fall River, MA 68-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86-87  
 PF-099 Paul House, Indianapolis, IN (Deceased) 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-73-74-75-83  
 PF-101 Jack Row, Tampa, FL 65-66-67-69-71-72-73-74-76-78-79  
 PF-258 Jack Bales, Locust Grove, VA 69-71-72-73-75-76-77-78-81-82-83  
 PF-360 Bill McCord, South Cairo, NY 73-77-76-77-79-80-81-82-83-84-87  
 PF-455 Bob Sawyer, Columbus, OH 76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86-87



Ten Conventions

PF-325 Ann Sharrard, Gainesville, FL 75  
-77-78-80-81-82-83-84-85-87  
PF-339 Glenn Corcoran, Wilmette, IL 75  
-76-77-78-79-82-83-84-85-87  
PF-381 Bill Leitner, Tenafly, NJ 77-78  
-79-80-81-82-84-85-86-87  
PF-537 John Juvinal, Hinsdale, IL 78  
-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87

Nine Conventions

PF-160 Rohima Walter, Lafayette, IN 73  
-74-76-78-79-83-85-86-87  
PF-394 Alex Shaner, San Jose, CA 74-77  
-78-79-80-82-83-84-87  
PF-473 Owen Cobb, Cherry Hill, NJ 76-77  
-81-82-83-84-85-86-87

Eight Conventions

PF-274 Carl Thieme, Dyersburg, TN 72-73  
-74-76-78-79-81-82  
PF-326 Amos Smith, Indianapolis, IN  
(Deceased) 73-74-75-76-78-81-82-84

Seven Conventions

PF-OA1 Irene Gurman, Ft. Lauderdale, FL  
69-72-73-74-75-76-77  
PF-334 Les Poste, Geneseo, NY 72-73-74  
-75-76-77-79  
PF-348 Keith Barnes, Paris, MI 72-73-74  
-75-76-77-78  
PF-461 Brad Alexander, Clarkson, NY 75  
-77-78-79-80-81-82  
PF-586 George Owens, Palmyra, VA 80-81  
-82-83-85-86-87

Six Conventions

PF-000 Forrest Campbell, Kalamazoo, MI  
(Deceased) 65-66-67-68-69-78  
PF-142 Dan Fuller, New Philadelphia, OH  
66-67-68-72-73-74  
PF-324 Dick Seddon, Andover, MA  
(Deceased) 74-75-76-77-78-79  
PF-344 Florence Ogilvie Schnell, Sea-  
ford, DE 76-77-80-81-82-87  
PF-362 Marilyn Saurer, Big Prairie, OH  
73-74-75-77-79-83  
PF-533 James Ryberg, Houston, TX 82-83  
-84-85-86-87  
PF-549 Bill Russell, Hatboro, PA 79-80  
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Five Conventions

PF-008 Max Goldberg, Natick, MA 65-68  
-75-77-84  
PF-104 Herb Risteen, Baraboo, WI  
(Deceased) 65-66-69-76-78  
PF-266 Ralph Brandt, Bridgeton, NJ 70  
-73-77-80-82  
PF-506 Neil McCormick, Madison, WI 78  
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PF-544 Gilbert Kapelman, New Canan, CT  
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PF-574 Jim Thorp, Nashua, NH 80-81-82  
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PF-654 Frank Jaques, Ada, OK 83-84-85  
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(Deceased) 67-71-72-73  
PF-020 Milton Salls, Little Falls, NY 68  
-72-75-77  
PF-144 Ralph Anderson, Grundy Center, IA  
66-67-68-76  
PF-368 Gary Scharnhorst, Dallas, TX 73  
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PF-487 Pauline Westgard, Boynton Beach,  
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PF-565 Bea Fortner, Olympia Fields, IL  
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PF-639 Will Wright, Chillicothe, OH 83  
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PF-697 Helen Gray, San Francisco, CA 76  
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PF-034 Blanche Lloyd, Nashville, TN  
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PF-106 Morris Olsen, Mattapan, MA 77-80  
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PF-135 Irving Poznan, Ballwin, MO 66-67  
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PF-494 Delbert Brandt, Vineland, NJ 77  
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PF-557 Robert Eastlack, Berwick, PA 81  
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Dale and Mary Ellen Thomas



WORKS BY OLIVE AUGUSTA CHENEY  
IN THE BOSTON WOMAN'S JOURNAL  
by Gary Scharnhorst

Olive Augusta Cheney, the younger sister of Horatio Alger, Jr., was an erstwhile suffragist and writer. This much has been known for several years. However, her career in the movement to win the franchise for women has been largely neglected by Alger scholars. In fact, Cheney was a founding member of the local Natick, Massachusetts, Woman's Suffrage League, organized in 1882, and during the late 1880s she even served the Massachusetts chapter of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association as state secretary. She contributed pieces to the *Boston Woman's Journal*, the organ of the movement, as early as 1876 and as late as 1908. In all, she signed seventeen pieces published in the *Woman's Journal* over the years, cited below. She also wrote an anonymous obituary of her brother, a fellow member of the Natick League, published in the paper for August 5, 1899, on page 245. I append the two most interesting items which appeared in the magazine over her signature: a hitherto unknown dialogue entitled "The Female Debating Society" published a year after the collection *Seeking His Fortune*, and a recipe. Perhaps someone will make the dish for the next Horatio Alger Society banquet.

1. The Female Debating Society  
May 6, 1876, p. 146
2. The Work in Natick  
October 11, 1879, pp. 324-324
3. Voting at Natick  
April 17, 1880, p. 125
4. Suffrage Meeting in Natick  
December 13, 1884, p. 404
5. Woman Suffrage Club of Natick  
April 25, 1885, p. 129
6. Festival and Bazaar Suggestions  
August 14, 1886, p. 264
7. An Energetic League  
November 13, 1886, p. 364
8. Natick  
March 5, 1885, p. 74
9. To Other Suffrage Leagues  
August 25, 1889, pp. 268-269
10. Massachusetts Quarterly Conference  
December 21, 1889, p. 402
11. To Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Leagues  
August 31, 1895, p. 276

12. Proposed Changes in By-Laws  
September 19, 1896, p. 304
13. How Can Woman Suffrage Be Advanced?  
January 9, 1897, p. 12
14. A Noteworthy Suffrage League  
February 6, 1897, pp. 44-45
15. How One Suffrage League Worked for the Soldiers  
July 30, 1898, p. 245
16. Natick League Not a Beneficiary  
November 7, 1903, p. 356
17. Egg Plant Pilau  
October 17, 1908, p. 168

\* \* \*

## THE FEMALE DEBATING SOCIETY

### CHARACTERS

Mrs. Ellen Snow, *President of the Society*  
Mrs. Mary Lovell, *an earnest advocate for Woman Suffrage*

Miss Alice Winthrop, *a young lady*

Miss Susan Snap, *a maiden lady*

Mrs. Barker, *a strong-minded woman*

Mr. Barker, *one of the audience*

*Ten other persons to serve as members of the Society and audience.*

Scene.—Interior of a village school-house.

Teacher's desk R., behind which, and facing L., sits Mrs. Snow. The other members of society and audience sit L., but facing the President, R. As each person is called upon to speak, she goes forward to the vicinity of the President, and places herself in such a position that she may not only face the other members of the society, but may, as far as possible, face the President, and also the audience who do not sit upon the stage.

Pres. (*Rising.*) The hour for opening our meeting has arrived. I need not say that the question for discussion is a very important one, and I hope that all the arguments that can be brought forward on either side, will be advanced, in order that we may have a pleasant and interesting debate. The question reads thus: "Is it just to withhold the ballot from Woman?" The first disputant on the affirmative is Miss Alice Winthrop.

Miss W. (*Coming forward and bowing to president and afterward to audience.*) My friends, I have been persuaded contrary to my inclination, to come before you



this evening to sustain, as far as I am able, the affirmative on this question. I do consider it just to withhold the ballot from Woman. I am willing to admit that we have not yet arrived at perfection in our system of government. But I do not feel satisfied, as many persons do, that giving Woman the franchise, will overcome the difficulties, and bring about a state of society that will be satisfactory to all parties; neither do I agree with them that Woman has few privileges and a limited sphere. In my opinion, Woman's influence is far greater than is generally supposed. If a man through his wife's influence advances certain arguments which lead to the adoption of the measures desired, why should she not be as well satisfied as if she had herself brought forward the same arguments, since they produce the same result?

Mrs. B. (*Interrupting.*) They don't produce the same result.

Pres. Order.

Miss W. (*Continuing.*) It may be that women have as good judgment in political matters, when well informed on the subject, as men have, but it necessarily takes a good deal of time to prepare oneself sufficiently to form that judgment. For instance how many women are there who have time to read and otherwise inform themselves as they ought, in order to be prepared to discuss understandingly, political matters and candidates? Would those who are anxious to vote, be willing to occupy so much of their time in that way?

Miss Snap (*Interrupting.*) Yes indeed! I would, for one.

Miss W. (*Continuing.*) A great deal has been said about Woman's being taxed without the privilege of saying anything as to the disposal of the money taken from her by taxation; but I have yet to learn the case where woman has been taxed. All property is taxed, whether belonging to men or women, and men pay a poll-tax, but I never yet heard of a woman having such a tax to pay.

Miss Snap (*Interrupting.*) Any woman would be glad to pay a paltry two dollars, if by that means she might gain liberty to say how the money paid for taxes should be spent.

Pres. I must insist on there being no

interruptions.

Miss W. I contend, too, that Woman's sphere is entirely distinct from that of man. Having less physical strength she looks to him for protection in time of danger. Her services also are less valuable than are his. In time of war she could not enter the army. Those women who seek the honors which men possess, would not be willing to accept the duties which accompany such honors, and which, under those circumstances, would naturally be required of them. I claim, also, that there are comparatively few women who wish to vote. Many of the most intelligent women, if they were allowed the privilege, would remain away from the polls rather than mix with all classes, both of men and women, from some of whom every true woman would shrink from coming in contact. For that reason the low and ignorant would be largely in the majority, and instead of being a benefit, Woman Suffrage would be a great injury to the country. Therefore I consider it not only just, but eminently wise and proper that the ballot should be withheld from Woman. (*Retires to her seat.*)

Pres. (*Rising.*) The first disputant on the negative is Mrs. Mary Lovell.

Mrs. L. (*Coming forward.*) I contend that it is not just to withhold the ballot from Woman, because Suffrage is the natural right of man and woman alike. But what is Suffrage? It may be defined as "the formal expression of an opinion." Now who will deny that everyone is born with a right to his or her opinion, and the liberty to express it in a proper manner? If it is not a natural right, it must be either acquired or conferred. But if acquired, why may it not be acquired as well by woman as by man? If conferred, who is it that has the power to confer on another that privilege which he himself does not naturally possess?

There are some men who fear that Woman will lose all her purity, delicacy and sensibility if she should go to the polls. It seems to me that any man bringing forward this objection must have very little perception. Has he a mother, or a wife, and does he think that the virtue and modesty of her nature can be easily lost by a contact with the outside world? If so, he must have very little confidence and trust in her. Fortunately this is not



the case with Woman. Her purity and delicacy are a part of her nature, and are not easily separated from it. You will understand that I am speaking of Woman as a class. Of course there are exceptions. There exist masculine women as well as effeminate men. But exceptions only prove the rule.

It is objected that Woman's sphere is distinct from that of man—that she is timid, and generally depends on man and looks to him for protection; that her physical strength is not equal to his, and therefore, in many cases, her services are less valuable. Instances are cited where store-keepers employ male clerks, paying them higher salaries, because their services are of greater value. But, certainly, in some stores, the slender looking young men seen there, compare quite unfavorably, as regards physical strength, with some of the women employed in the same store. In my opinion, the salary paid should be attached to the duties performed, rather than to the sex of the persons performing them.

It may be said that with the exercise of the franchise there are connected duties. If war is threatened the country must be defended by force. And if women vote, they ought, in case of war, to enter the public service. But, in time of war, a large proportion of men always stay at home instead of going to fight. According to the prevailing theory ought they not to be prevented from voting forever after, or at least during the war, on that account. But such a consequence is apparently never thought of in the case of men.

I admit that there are those who do not wish the liberty of voting. But these belong to the class who, for various reasons do not feel the need of it. Those who have not taken pains to inform themselves on the subject; those who have been reared in comfort, and care for nothing beyond their own interest and pleasure; and those who, having some special gift or talent, have commanded from the world the recognition of that talent, and the satisfaction of their wants; these affirm that they do not need the ballot, and because they do not desire it, they insist that no one shall have it. Who can deny that this is unreasonable and

unjust? (*Returns to her seat.*)

Pres. According to our usual custom the question is now thrown open for discussion, not only to members of the society, but also to the audience. We should be glad to hear remarks on either side of the question, by either gentlemen or ladies.

Miss Snap (*Rising and commencing to speak where she is.*) Mrs. President.

Pres. Will Miss Snap come forward where she can be more easily heard?

Miss S. (*Coming forward.*) Mrs. President, and ladies and gentlemen. I am in favor—and always have been—of giving Woman the franchise. I consider that Woman has few privileges, and a very limited sphere. If it is true that she has a right to vote (and I claim that this is an established fact) then is it just to prevent her from exercising that right? And why should she not vote? One person says woman has not so much physical strength as man; and if she is allowed to vote, she must work on railroads, enter the army and serve as policeman,—and many other foolish things.

Mr. B. (*Interrupting.*) I deny that working on railroads and entering the army are foolish things.

Pres. Order.

Miss S. (*Continuing.*) But I contend that only a small portion, even of men, are employed in such pursuits, and for my part, I should prefer to have my husband, if I were married, engaged in some more quiet calling, like a minister, doctor, school-teacher, or something of that kind.

Mr. B. (*Sarcastically.*) No doubt.

Miss S. (*Casting a withering glance at Mr. B.*) Still another argument brought forward is that it would break up families and cause divorces. This may be correct; yet I am not sure that it would be as great an evil as many suppose for divorces to take place where there is no congeniality. For my part, if I should marry, and my husband should not agree with me on this question, I should simply get divorced from him and then marry someone else. This would settle the matter, and there would be no further trouble on that score. In my opinion, it is not wise to encourage too much sentimentality. (*Returns to place.*)

Mrs. B. (*Rising.*) Mrs. President.



Pres. Mrs. Barker.

Mrs. B. I have not much to say, but I wish to express the surprise I felt at hearing the remarks made by the speaker on the affirmative—and she a woman! She speaks of women never having been taxed; that is a mere subterfuge. We speak of the word taxation in the way it is generally used by men. When they complain of high taxes (as they often do) is it the poll-tax of which they complain? Not at all—it is the tax of property, and we use the word in the same sense as they do.

Another great argument brought against Woman Suffrage is, that many women do not wish to vote. But that argument can be used with equal justice on the other side. A large number of men care so little about voting, that they have to be hired to vote at all. And worse than that, they will vote on whichever side will pay them the most money. (*sarcastically*.) But yet, these men are endowed with all the physical strength required in voters of the nineteenth century!

I think Woman's being possessed of purity and delicacy is one of the strongest arguments in favor of Woman Suffrage. There is need enough that such an influence should be brought to bear upon politics, for, as politics are managed now-a-days, men do not seem to have any purity, or delicacy either, worth mentioning.

As I remarked on rising, I have very little to say, but I hope to hear from others. I am aware that there is not much time left, and therefore hope that those who have anything to say, will speak to the point, and then give place to someone else. (*Returns to seat.*)

Mr. B. (*Rising and coming forward.*) Mrs. President.

Pres. Mr. Barker.

Mr. B. I avail myself of your kind invitation to say a few words, thinking I cannot do better than to follow the example of my wife who has just sat down. (*Mrs. B. scowls.*) I will try to follow her instructions, and speak to the point. Example is better than precept; and I can assure you that her remarks are always pointed enough—sometimes, perhaps, too much so. For instance: last evening, when I said it was ridiculous for women to vote, she asked me to suppose myself a

woman, etc., but I told her I couldn't do it.

Mrs. B. (*Sarcastically.*) I think the gentleman is a little out of order.

Pres. I must call the gentleman to order, and hope he will confine himself to the question.

Mr. B. I bow to the superior wisdom of the powers that be, and will try to do so. In the first place I believe in Woman's Rights, but not in Woman's voting. I don't consider that one of her rights. Women were born, brought up and educated in order to be married (*slowly*), but a great deal of judgment is necessary in making a selection.

Mrs. B. (*Excitedly.*) Do you mean to insinuate anything, Mr. Barker?

Pres. (*Decidedly.*) I must insist on order.

Mr. B. (*Snarling.*) My remarks were not intended to be personal. As I said before, I don't believe in Woman's voting, or taking part in political affairs. Imagine a caucus composed mostly of women! If that is too great a flight for your imagination to take, just step into a room where there is a sewing-circle: you will find the women all talking at once, and if you are able to distinguish anything that is said (which is doubtful) you will probably find that they are all talking scandal. For my part, I think women ought to be satisfied, since men do not ask for any of their rights. (*Returns to seat.*)

Miss Snap (*Starting up like a rocket.*) "Women ought to be satisfied since men do not ask for any of their rights!" That's a brilliant remark! Why is it that men do not ask for any of the rights of women? Because they wouldn't have them if they could. Who ever heard of a man insisting on taking care of the baby while teething, in order to relieve the poor, worn-out mother? And what man ever offered to allow his wife to go to his office or store to attend to his business, while he remained at home to look after the thousand and one things she was accustomed to do? If any man supposes this cannot be a very difficult matter, I would advise him to stay at home one day to try it: I think one trial would be sufficient. (*More calmly.*) As to the propriety of everyone being married, I quite agree with the last speaker, and it is partly on that account



that I ask that women shall have their rights. I have, in the course of my life, noticed that many men are constitutionally timid. When a woman is satisfied that a man loves her, and he is too bashful to propose, it is only a charitable act for her to propose to him. But usage does not sanction this custom; only one year in four (during leap-year) are women justified by public opinion in doing this, and many men pursue their solitary way through life, when, if women had their rights, a brighter future would await them. One thought fills my mind, and I have but one object in life which is to gain the franchise for Woman, since this in my estimation would fulfil the ends of justice, and, in numberless ways, benefit the country. (*Retires to seat.*)

Pres. (*Rising.*) If no one wishes to speak further the question will be returned to the original disputants. Miss Winthrop will close the affirmative.

Miss W. (*Coming forward.*) I do not yet see that any of the arguments which I brought forward have been refuted, or that the negative have made any strong points. If marriage is the chief end of life, as one speaker intimates, it might perhaps benefit her in the way she mentions, to give Woman the franchise; but as to its being an act of justice in withholding the ballot from Woman generally, I think that is quite a mistake. I do not believe the number of earnest, intelligent women is greater proportionally, than that of the men; and if Suffrage should be granted to women, and all women should vote—which, however, I do not admit—the vote would of course be larger, but it would not be changed in effect. In my opinion, women, can put their time and talents to a far better use than in making Amazons of themselves. People are accustomed to associate women with flowers, with pictures, with home, with everything which tends to refine and soothe one when weariness or trouble overtakes him. Shall they, then, step out of this charmed sphere, attend public meetings, quarrel with politicians, and associate with the low and vile of both sexes? Heaven forbid!

One of my opponents thinks it no evil for divorces to take place, and homes to be made desolate. I suppose an unmarried

person is not so well qualified to decide on that point; but it always seemed to me that the marriage relation was too sacred to be entered into lightly, or without due consideration as to the congeniality of the parties. I think it is the duty of the husband to come in contact with the busy, bustling, and sometimes rough world, and to provide for the physical wants of the family; while the wife, free from the jarring and bitterness, which a close contact with the world brings, should make home, for herself and husband, bright, cheerful and sunny—an inner sanctuary where nothing should mar their happiness. It is her special province to care for the weary, to cheer the depressed, and to extend her sympathy and loving-kindness to all those in sorrow and trouble. In this way, far more than by entering the political arena, will she prove a blessing to those around her, and a benefactor to the country. (*Retires to her seat.*)

Pres. (*Rising.*) Mrs. Lovell will close the negative.

Mrs. L. (*Coming forward.*) I have been interested in listening to the arguments on the question, but the affirmative have failed to show any of my statements to be erroneous, or to convince me of the correctness of their views. I still consider that it is great injustice to women to withhold from them the ballot, because the liberty of voting will give them security, help and protection. They may then assist in making laws which will benefit males and females alike. Wives shall not be tied to degraded husbands by the love of their children; widows shall not be wronged by unequal laws; and young girls shall not be tempted to lead impure lives on account of their ineffectual struggle to gain an honest living by their labor.

I have demonstrated that a true woman cannot lose her purity and delicacy by simply going to the polls and voting; that the duties connected with the exercise of the franchise will be as faithfully performed by women as by men: that physical strength is not an indispensable attribute of a vote; that it is perfectly right and proper that women paying taxes on property, should have a voice in disposing of the money thus obtained; and that, though many women do not desire to vote, those



who wish to do so should not be prevented from exercising that right.

I claim that it is not just to withhold from women the ballot because it is depriving them of exercising an inborn right—a natural and inherent prerogative both of male and female; and no power can justly prevent the exercise of that right, unless such exercise would be an injury to the rest of the community. For this last reason minors may not vote, since, on account of lack of knowledge and judgment everyone concedes it would be an injury to the community. Neither can idiots, for obvious reasons. But yet, being an inborn right degraded men may vote unless convicted of some criminal offense. Then why shall Woman be denied the ballot? Is not the mother who rears her boys, infuses good principles into their minds, and makes of them good citizens, necessarily as well qualified to herself discharge the duties of a citizen, as are those sons whom she has trained? And is it not the greatest injustice to deny her the power of exercising this right? (*Returns to her seat.*)

Pres. The discussion is now closed, and we submit the question to the audience. All those who think the affirmative is the better side of the question will manifest it by rising. (*Six persons on the stage, among them Miss Winthrop and Mr. Barker rise; president counts silently.*) You will please be seated. All those who favor the negative will signify it by rising. (*Those who were seated before, rise now; president counts as before.*) I believe the negative has the greater number of votes.

Mr. B. (*who in a half-standing position, has also been counting.*) I doubt the vote.

Pres. I carefully counted those who rose, and found that six voted in the affirmative, and nine in the negative. The question is therefore decided in the negative, and it is *not* just to withhold the ballot from Woman. (*Curtain falls.*)

O. A. Cheney.

\* \* \*

## EGG PLANT PILAU

As this is the season for egg plant, I herewith offer my recipe for cooking it.

The usual method of frying it, either with or without batter, is so unwholesome that I feel sure some persons may prefer this way of cooking it. We consider it a most delicious dish.

Take one medium-sized egg plant. After paring, cut in half inch slices. Cut the slices in three quarter-inch dice. Put in a two-quart enamel pan, sprinkle well with salt, cover with boiling water and let it stand for ten minutes, then drain. Chop fine two good sized onions and a table-spoonful of parsley and add to the egg plant. Then put in one-half cup well washed rice, and one quart hot water and bring slowly to the boiling point. Boil slowly until all the liquid has been absorbed. Add salt to taste. Put in one teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonsful of sugar and one-half cup of strained tomato. Place at the side of the fire where it cannot possibly burn, for fifteen minutes. Turn out in a hot dish.

O. A. Cheney.

Natick, Mass.

\* \* \*

## TABITHA STRONG, THE FEMALE SUFFRAGIST (AN EXTRACT FROM VICTOR VANE)

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

The next visitor took Victor by surprise. It was a tall, severe-looking lady, very plainly dressed, and wearing glasses.

"Mr. Crocker is not in?" she said, looking around sharply, as if under the impression that the Congressman might be hidden in some corner.

"No, madam."

"Are you his son?"

"No, madam. I am his private secretary."

"Indeed! Is he likely to be in soon?"

"Not before five."

"I cannot stay till then."

Victor congratulated himself upon this.

"I wonder what she wants," he thought.

"My name is Tabitha Strong," she went on. "Will you tell him I called?"

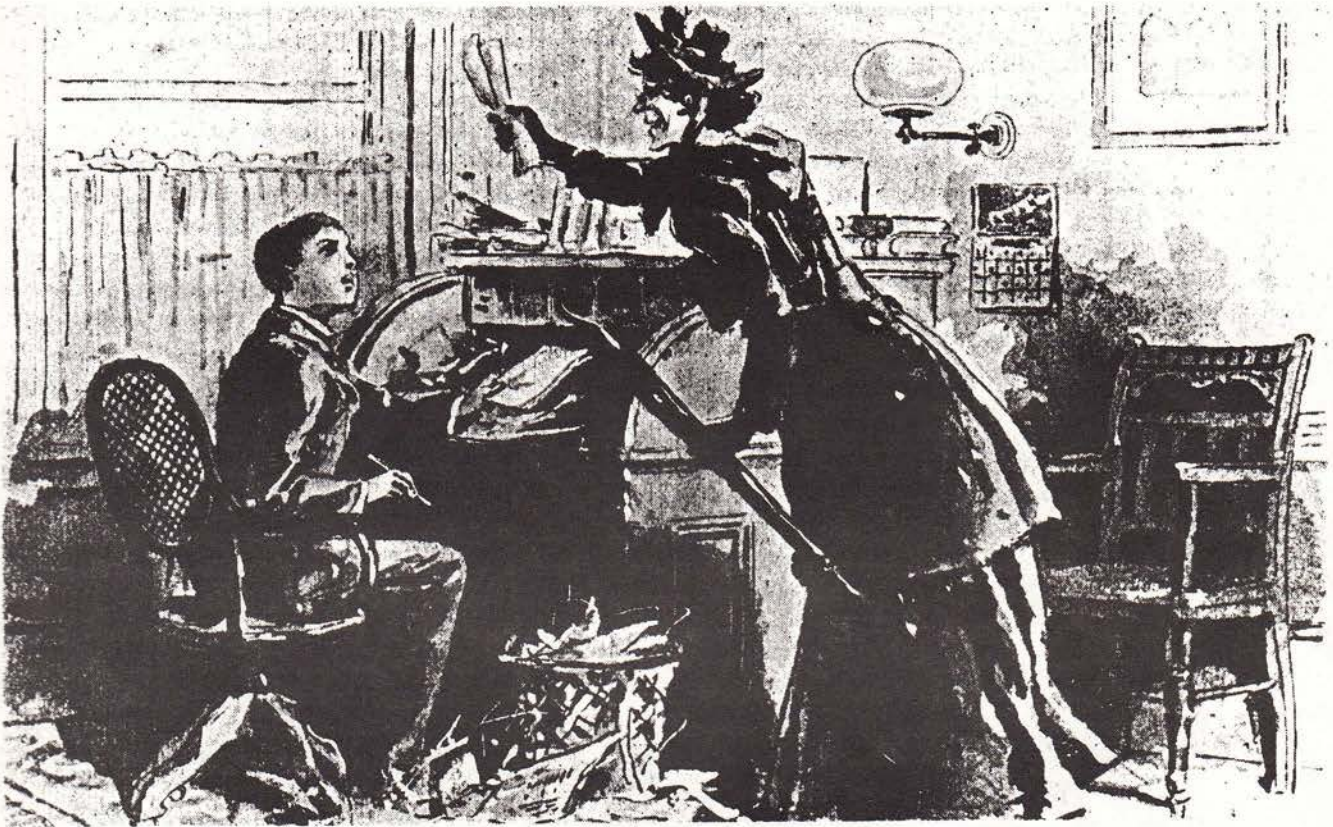
"Yes, madam," said Victor. "Shall I say Mrs. or Miss?"

"Miss," answered the lady sharply.

"And will you mention the nature of your business?"

"Can you tell me whether the Hon. Mr.





Crocker is in favor of female suffrage?"

"I never heard him express himself on the subject, Miss Strong."

"I am the secretary of a Female Suffrage Association," continued Miss Strong sternly. "I have more than once raised my voice in favor of our downtrodden sex. Young man, are you in favor of female suffrage?"

"Yes," answered Victor. "I have a mother, and I think she has as much right to vote as her husband."

"Let me shake hands with you," said Miss Strong impulsively. "You are young, but you are wiser than many of your elders. Have you any influence with Mr. Crocker?"

"I hardly know, Miss Strong."

"If you have, exert it in favor of female suffrage. Why should not women sit in Congress, or in the Senate? Why should not a woman fill the Presidential chair?" and she glared at the young private secretary through her glasses.

"I should have no objections, Miss Strong."

"Why should not a young woman be employed in your place as private secretary?"

"I should object to that, Miss Strong," said Victor, smiling.

"But not on general principles."

"No, only in this particular instance. Would you be in favor of women going into the army, Miss Strong?"

Tabitha Strong hesitated.

"I don't think we should desire that," she said after a pause.

"I shouldn't like my mother to be a soldier or a policeman."

"I might except those two employments. When do you think I can see the Hon. Mr. Crocker?"

"I think he intends to be at home between ten and twelve daily."

"I will call tomorrow."

Miss Tabitha Strong left the room, and a minute after Mr. Crocker entered.

"What did that woman want, Mr. Vane?" he asked.

"To enlist your influence in favor of female suffrage."

"I am glad I wasn't in...Does the lady threaten to call again

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, well, I can get rid of her easily. I will promise to take the matter into consideration."

110:10-113:8 & 115:9-116:1

[This is believed to be Alger's only writing on female suffragists.]





NEW-YORK:—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM UNION



# LIMITED EDITION ALGER MINIATURES PUBLISHED

by

Gilbert K. Westgard II

The first two Alger books in a true miniature format have been published, and are available at a discount of 25% until the end of August.

ROBERT LAWSON: or, A Minister's Fortunes, A Story of New England, the first of these volumes, came out at the end of April, and copies were available to members at the Monticello Meeting. In fact, demand was so great that several had to be sent to their purchasers by mail, since not enough copies had been brought to the convention to satisfy everyone.

The second miniature, ANNIE GRAHAM: or, The Young Lawyer's Fee —and— THE UNCLE'S RETURN, both in a single volume, has just made its debut. An interesting feature of this book is that it has two illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson, best known as the creator of the "Gibson Girl" at the turn of the century.

Since these are limited to just 200 copies, with each numbered and signed by the publisher, with only 50 in each of four colors—leaf brown, deep blue, Harvard crimson, and Loring green (the same shade of cloth used by A. K. Loring more than a century ago)—you should indicate a order of preference on the enclosed order form, and mail as soon as possible. The most popular bindings have been those in crimson and green, with half of the latter being gone on copies of ROBERT LAWSON.

Only in their size do these books differ from the twelve Alger books I've published, measuring just 3 inches high, 2½ inches wide, and a wee bit less than ½ inch thick. They are composed of eight 16-page signatures, hand-sewn, and have headbands at the top and bottom of the spine that are color-harmonized with the covers. The title on the spine, and the Alger signature on the front cover, are stamped in gold-foil, while the monogram of the publisher is blind-embossed on the back cover.

Priced at \$20.00 each, but discounted 25% until the end of August.

Other volumes are in preparation, and will be announced soon.



SQUARE.



## Auction Record of The Monticello Meeting

ITEM:	DONATED BY:	BOUGHT BY:	PRICE
The Atlantic, Jan.-June, 1938, bound volume	George Owens	John Juvinall	\$ 5
The Atlantic, July-Dec., 1938, bound volume	George Owens	Rohima Walter	5
HELEN FORD, Loring, First Edition	Dale Thomas	Dale Thomas	60
Small nail brush, sterling silver back	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Jerry Friedland	15
Paperweight	Carl T. Hartmann	Alex T. Shaner	60
Poster of original Alger play, "Bound to Rise"	Bill Leitner	George Sharrard	5
Dunhill pipe holder	Ralph D. Gardner	Jerry Friedland	20
Back issues of <u>Newsboy</u>	Roy Wendell	Jerry Friedland	5
Six misc. books	Ed LeBlanc	Gene Hafner	10
Two Alger titles, Van Nostrand pub.	Harold W. Yerty	Brad Chase	10
Collecting Baseball Cards, paperback book	Ralph D. Gardner	Ed LeBlanc	11
Horatio's Boys, by Edwin P. Hoyt	George Owens	Frank Jaques	10
Deck of playing cards, newsboy back, in case	Percy Dean	Todd Postol	8
Alger, A Biography Without a Hero, Mayes, 1st ed.	Owen Cobb	Gene Hafner	55
Large clothes brush, silver-plated back	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Bernard Biberdorf	5
Life of Sherman	Bernard Biberdorf	Rohima Walter	21
STRUGGLING UPWARD, Hurst miniature	Harold W. Yerty	Rolfe Chase	25
Microscope and accessories	Bill Leitner	Bill Murrell	20
Right to purchase copy #1 of ROBERT LAWSON	Gilbert K. Westgard II	Jerry Friedland	5
Keychains and bone	John Henry Walter	Bill Leitner	2
Album of old photos	Rohima Walter	Alex T. Shaner	7
SINK OR SWIM	Paul Miller	Lawrence Eastley	13
TOM BRACE	Dale Thomas	Dale Thomas	30
Li'l Abner comic	George Owens	Jerry Friedland	5
Clip-on sunglasses in case	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Jerry Friedland	2
Unknown item	Bill Leitner	Frank Jaques	1
Movie stills	Bob Bennett	Alex T. Shaner	1
Four golf balls	Ralph D. Gardner	Frank Jaques	5
New York Times, Aug. 9, 1974 (Nixon Resignation)	Bill Leitner	Paul Miller	11
Hand-embroidered tablecloth	Rohima Walter	John Juvinall	16
NELSON THE NEWSBOY	Owen Cobb	Ivan McClymont	15
RUFUS AND ROSE (no ads)	Owen Cobb	George Sharrard	30
Radio	Bob Bennett	Lawrence Eastley	10
Harper's Monthly, Dec., 1863 - May, 1864	Bill Leitner	Bill Murrell	10
The Pony Express	George Owens	Carl T. Hartmann	2
Fan	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Rohima Walter	7
Four "Gangbusters" tapes	John Juvinall	Bill Leitner	12
Three shirts, medium size	Bill Leitner	Bernard Biberdorf	6
Four "Academy Award Theatre" tapes	John Juvinall	Bill Leitner	12
Three misc. books	George Owens	Carl T. Hartmann	3
Hardy Boys comic	Rohima Walter	Jerry Friedland	5
Chatterbox, 1925	George Owens	Frank Jaques	8
THE WORLD BEFORE HIM, Penn Publishing Co.	Dale Thomas	George Sharrard	46
Apple butter	Paul Miller	Rolfe Chase	6
Apple butter	Paul Miller	Bob Sawyer	6
Apple butter	Paul Miller	Ed LeBlanc	6
Apple butter	Paul Miller	Gene Hafner	6
Misc. old magazines	Bill Leitner	Carl T. Hartmann	1
ROUGH AND READY	Dale Thomas	Dale Thomas	15
MARK THE MATCH BOY	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	11
Saturday Evening Post, March, 1979, Rockwell cover	George Owens	Will Wright	21
Neiman-Marcus bag, Roadrunner & Coyote, X-mas '78	Gilbert K. Westgard II	Rohima Walter	2
Owl statue	Bernard Biberdorf	Bill McCord	7



Life of Lincoln, volume 2, and a Henty book	Bernard Biberdorf	Frank Jaques	1
<u>Newsboy</u> back issues	Dale Thomas	Brad Chase	41
<u>Newsboy</u> back issues	Dale Thomas	Brad Chase	30
Inside Las Vegas, by Mario Puzo	George Owens	Dale Thomas	10
Misc. items	Rohima Walter	Lawrence Eastley	2
MARK MASON'S VICTORY, A. L. Burt	Dale Thomas	Bob Sawyer	20
Sessions movie script	Bob Bennett	Rolfe Chase	5
Toulouse Latrec painting with frame	Bill Leitner	Bob Sawyer	1
Arrowheads	John Walter	Ruth Miller	8
Tom Swift and His Motorcycle, by Victor Appleton	Ann Sharrard	Jerry Friedland	20
Dave Porter in The South Seas, by Ed Stratemeyer	Wallace Palmer	Frank Jaques	6
Dave Porter at Star Ranch, by Edward Stratemeyer	Wallace Palmer	Frank Jaques	10
Cudjo's Cave, by J. T. Trowbridge	George Owens	Gene Hafner	2
FROM FARM BOY TO SENATOR	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	20
Stapler	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Brad Chase	2
Key ring, plastic purse, 12 coasters	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Dale Thomas	5
Two old band tapes	John Juvinall	Bill Leitner	5
<u>Redneck Magazine</u>	Rohima Walter	George Owens	2
STRONG AND STEADY, Loring edition	Dale Thomas	Frank Jaques	15
Prizzi's Honor movie script	Bob Bennett	Brad Chase	20
Private Sessions movie script	Bob Bennett	Alex Shaner	5
Stick-ons and a back scratcher	Rohima Walter	Dale Thomas	31
Misc. metal parts	John Henry Walter	Ann Sharrard	8
1983 Japanese art calendar	Bill Leitner	Carl T. Hartmann	1
Pin cushion	Florence Ogilvie Schnell	Carl T. Hartmann	1
Splash movie script	Bob Bennett	Brad Chase	9
Terms of Endearment movie script	Bob Bennett	Dale Thomas	30
PAUL THE PEDDLER	Dale Thomas	Frank Jaques	16
Cotton book	Bernard Biberdorf	Gene Hafner	4
FRANK'S CAMPAIGN	Jim Ryberg	Will Wright	4
SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF	Lawrence Eastley	Bill Murrell	5
Easter Card and Cunard Line ship album, 1911	Bill McCord	Gilbert K. Westgard II	10
Flower pot	Bernard Biberdorf	Rolfe Chase	4
Pitcher	Bernard Biberdorf	Frank Jaques	1
Jewelry	Bernard Biberdorf	Carl T. Hartmann	1
Three Henty books	Ivan McClymont	Jim Ryberg	9
Five Alger books	Roy Wendell	M. R. Royar	19
Sawyer's Sun Series	Bob Sawyer	George Sharrard	22
Cunard Line items	Bill McCord	Jim Ryberg	6
RUFUS AND ROSE, Loring 1st edition	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	36
Antique barbed wire plaque	Bill Leitner	Gene Hafner	6
Raffles Hotel Singapore T-shirt	Bernard Biberdorf	Frank Jaques	11
Stereo card photo of an English newsboy	Ann Sharrard	Jerry Friedland	5
Best Cartoons of the Year 1945	George Owens	Paul Miller	5
Singapore orchid pin	Bernard Biberdorf	George Owens	1
French basket	Bernard Biberdorf	Will Wright	2
The Boy Scouts Through The Big Timber	Ann Sharrard	Alex Shaner	6
Empire! Empire!	George Owens	Paul Miller	5
PHIL THE FIDDLER, Loring 1st edition	Dale Thomas	Gene Hafner	50
<u>Gleason's Monthly Companion</u> , Sept., 1874	Bill Russell	Ann Sharrard	6
The Movie Boys on Broadway, by Victor Appleton	Bill Russell	Bill Leitner	2
Black Rock, by Ralph Connor	Roy Wendell	Gene Hafner	3
<u>Gleason's Monthly Companion</u> , Jan., 1875	Bill Russell	Paul Miller	21
<u>Gleason's Monthly Companion</u> , Dec., 1874	Bill Russell	Gilbert K. Westgard II	5
<u>Gleason's monthly Companion</u> , Nov., 1874	Bill Russell	Ann Sharrard	3
<u>Time Magazine</u>	Bill Leitner	Ann Sharrard	4



NED NEWTON	Dick Seddon Estate	Frank Jaques	10
A Girl of The Limberlost, by Gene Stratton Porter	Glenn Corcoran	Jim Ryberg	35
Saturday Evening Post, Oct., 1945, Rockwell cover	George Owens	Alex Shaner	1
Saturday Evening Post, Dec., 1975, Rockwell cover	George Owens	Lawrence Eastley	2
Chinese bookmarks	Bernard Biberdorf	Carl T. Hartmann	1
Saturday Evening Post, Rockwell cover	George Owens	Frank Jaques	1
Saturday Evening Post, Sept., 1975, Rockwell cover	George Owens	Frank Jaques	1
Illustrated Magazine	George Owens	Bernard Biberdorf	1
Saturday Evening Post	George Owens	Frank Jaques	3
Telling Tommy, Paul Pim	George Owens	John Juvinal	1
FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT, John R. Anderson pub.	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	22
The Pilgrim's Progress	M. R. Royar	M. R. Royar	10
RAGGED DICK	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	11
FAME AND FORTUNE, Loring 1st ed.	Dale Thomas	Lawrence Eastley	47
THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT, Stitt 1st ed.	Dale Thomas	Alex T. Shaner	55
Argosy	Gene Hafner	Frank Jaques	31
LUCK AND PLUCK, Loring 1st ed.	Dale Thomas	Frank Jaques	45
IN SEARCH OF TREASURE, Burt 1st ed.	Jim Ryberg	Frank Jaques	45
THE YOUNG SALESMAN, Coates pub.	Jerry Friedland	Frank Jaques	50
CHESTER RAND, H. T. Coates 1st ed.	Dale Thomas	Dale Thomas	100
FRANK AND FEARLES, H. T. Coates pub.	Jerry Friedland	Robert Kasper	151
		<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$1,900</b>

## DONORS

## BUYERS

Bob Bennett	\$ 80	Bernard Biberdorf	\$ 12
Bernard Biberdorf	54	Brad Chase	112
Owen Cobb	100	Rolfe Chase	40
Glenn Corcoran	35	Lawrence Eastley	174
Percy Dean	8	Jerry Friedland	82
Lawrence Eastley	5	Gene Hafner	136
Jerry Friedland	201	Carl T. Hartmann	10
Ralph D. Gardner	36	Frank Jaques	270
Gene Hafner	31	John Juvinal	22
Carl T. Hartmann	60	Robert Kasper	151
John Juvinal	29	Edward T. LeBlanc	17
Edward T. LeBlanc	10	Bill Leitner	33
Bill Leitner	66	Ivan McClymont	15
Ivan McClymont	9	Bill McCord	7
Bill McCord	16	Paul Miller	42
Paul Miller	37	Ruth Miller	8
George Owens	91	Bill Murrell	35
Wallace Palmer	16	George Owens	3
M. R. Royar	10	Todd Postol	8
Bill Russell	37	M. R. Royar	29
Jim Ryberg	49	Jim Ryberg	50
Bob Sawyer	22	Bob Sawyer	27
Florence Ogilvie Schnell	37	Alex T. Shaner	135
Dick Seddon Estate	10	Ann Sharrard	21
Ann Sharrard	31	George Sharrard	103
Dale Thomas	670	Dale Thomas	281
John C. Walter	8	Rohima Walter	35
John Henry Walter	10	Gilbert K. Westgard II	15
Rohima Walter	63	Will Wright	27
Roy Wendell	27		
Gilbert K. Westgard II	7		
Harold W. Yerty	35		
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$1,900</b>		<b>TOTAL \$1,900</b>

In addition to these funds, \$20.00 has been received from Florence O. Schnell.



Reprinted from:

## PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I.—FEBRUARY 1853.—NO. II.

NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.\*

GROUP FIRST:

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

"Rose like an exhalation."—MILTON.

ONE of the most charming stories in "the Arabian Night's Entertainments" tells us how Aladdin, rising from his bed in the morning and looking out of the window, sees the stately and gorgeous palace which the Genii had erected for him during the preceding night, glittering in the sunlight with its jewelled walls and pinnacles, on a spot which the day before had been a barren plain.

To us, who in more modern times and in a more practical age, look at the City of New-York through our editorial windows, and recall by the aid of History the barren plain, the marshy hollows, and the stony slopes which but yesterday, as it were, offended the eyes that are now delighted by her growing magnificence, the story of Aladdin seems hardly a fable. And indeed, what has romance to offer us which does not fade before the reality? At the call of the Fortunate Child, the Genius of the Lamp brought the treasures of the earth and laid them at his feet. No wish of his heart, however wild, remained unfulfilled; at his command space dwindled to a footstep, time became an inappreciable point, the rough earth sparkled with gems like solid dew-drops, the walls of his cabin, coarser than the shell of the chrysalis, were folded in Indian shawls and embroidered muslins, more gorgeous than the rarest moth, and all common vessels and

utensils, turned to gold and silver, like the gray twilight clouds beneath the shafts of the setting sun. By night also, a magic realm was created for him, and though there were neither moon nor star, yet a myriad lamps sparkled from unseen sources, filling the enchanted groves and gardens, which had risen unseen, unplanted, at his word, "as with the quintessence of flame," while he himself, but yesterday the poorest boy in Bagdad, now walks unabashed before princes, and bestows favors, passing the wealth of kings, upon the great and noble.

Yet this story which dazzled our childhood's eyes with unimaginable splendors, grows daily tamer and tamer, before the passing wonders of the days in which we live. We also are Aladdins, and for us the Genii of the lamp are working. For us too the farthest Indian shores and the Eastern isles yield their treasures gladly, gold, frankincense and myrrh, diamonds and pearls, rubies, chrysopras and carbuncle; shawls whose threads are precious, and whose colors feast the eye with woven sunsets, carpets in which the foot sinks as in moss, perfumes that load the winter air with summer, vases in whose lucid clay the furnace-heat seems to have developed the seeds of unearthly flowers, and dainties which make our democratic tables, groan with the profusion of Lucullus and the splendor of Al Raschid.

\* This paper is the first of a series in which we propose to give a rapid glance, at the progress of New-York and its architecture. The present article, in addition to a general outline of the subject, commences a notice of the business district of the city. The succeeding papers will revert to this topic, and discuss the Hotels and Restaurants; the Churches; the Colleges and Schools; the Benevolent Institutions; the places of Amusement, and the Public Buildings generally; and also the private houses, and the domestic life of the commercial metropolis. These will be followed by similar papers on Boston, Philadelphia, and other places. These papers are illustrated with engravings from Daguerreotypes, and drawings with one or two exceptions made expressly for this purpose.



The home reader does not need to be informed that New-York city is not wholly ideally magnificent. The foreigner, whose eye may happen to glance over these pages, will perhaps smile at the dazzling nature of the comparison which the introductory paragraphs would seem to institute. That comparison, however, holds good more with regard to the rapidity with which New-York has grown, than to her actual attainments in splendor, great as they unmistakably are. The energy of her sons, aided by their immense and increasing wealth, has successfully commenced the work of lining her streets with structures of stone and marble worthy of her pretensions as the metropolis of the Union; while her magnificent and unique geographical position secures the steady and rapid progress of the already enormous commerce which is daily drawing the wealth of the Indies to her warehouses. All this, too, in spite of the mean and unsuitable docks and markets, the filthy streets, the farce of a half-fledged and inefficient police, and the miserably bad government, generally, of an unprincipled common-council, in the composition of which ignorance, selfishness, impudence, and greediness seem to have an equal share. That a great city like this should still grow and prosper under such rulers, is a fact which goes to show that even bad government may be only relatively mischievous. When New-York rouses herself—shakes off this incubus, chooses honest and capable men for her servants and comptrollers, and imitates the order and cleanliness of London, or of Boston, what may not be expected from her future career?

A certain preacher commenced all his sermons with the history of the creation; and our illustrious predecessor, Mr. Knickerbocker, has learnedly and lucidly traced the early annals of our city, back to the times of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, completely exhausting that portion of the subject. We will therefore only give a passing glance at some of the landmarks in the growth of the town, by way of introduction to the "swelling theme" before us, viz., the present state and prospects of New-York, architecturally considered. Such a retrospect which would hardly be necessary in writing about most European cities, slow-growing oaks, whose yearly rings are only to be counted by the microscope, becomes absolutely essential to the proper appreciation of the Night-blooming Cereus of our metropolis, which can only be truly enjoyed by those who saw the bare and naked stalk from which it grew, and

watched the dry husk of a bud as it swelled and swelled, putting out leaf after leaf, until at length it reached its present state of half-developed beauty. Some of our citizens can remember when Canal-street was really traversed by a canal, and when what is now Franklin-street was the site of the gallows, being at a retired distance from town. One old lady of our acquaintance remembers when the maids washed their clothes in a stream which ran through Maiden Lane; and when also it was their favorite place for milking the cows, which had browsed all day in the meadow, a part of which we now call "the Park." In the youth of men still living, the Hospital, whose little inclosure of turf now cheers our dusty Broadway in summer, was an out of town resort—a public garden, to which the denizens of the city resorted. This was about the year 1768. In 1767, the inhabitants kept their cows in town; in the mornings they were driven to their daily ruminations, in the pastures about Grand-street. Fancy indulges herself with supposing them employed in bovine prophecies, as to whether their descendants would hear "the milkmaid singing blythe," in that same region; or, perhaps, as they were honest, long-horned Dutch cattle, and therefore little used to speculation of any kind, we ought rather to suppose them chewing the cud of sweet complacency, in the assured belief that their milk and that of their descendants, drawn from them year after year, in that same meadow, would feed generation after generation, of stereotyped little Dutch men and women, till Time itself should be no more. At the same period, the city proper, with its business streets and stores, and handsome town residences, lay below Trinity Church. Higher up, the houses were poor, and occupied by poor people; until at length, above the present Park, the true country began, sprinkled with taverns, gardens, wooded land, and much marshy ground. "On the west side of the middle road, now Broadway, above what is now Bleecker-street, John Jacob Astor had a country residence, and beyond him again William Nielson. These were yet country residences, till after the close of the war of 1812. At the earlier period of 1801, a pale fence stretched across Broadway, at about Astor Place, there beginning the farm of Randall, which constitutes, by a most noble bequest, the endowment of the Sailors' Snug Harbor."\* From Longworth's Almanack, published in 1800, I gather the following statistics, with which to conclude the present ne-

\* President King's Lecture before the Mechanics' Society.



cessarily sketchy view of the old times of the city. "In 1712, the population of New-York was 5,840. In 1731, the city extended to Wall-street, and there were whites 7,055, blacks 1,567, total 8,622. On the east side of Broadway were bushes or woods, where a gentleman assured me he had caught quails. In 1742, from the fort to the country, Broadway was a mere road, with a few straggling houses, only one of three stories! In 1756, there were two houses of three stories. The principal house, where all distinguished and wealthy strangers were entertained, rented for £40 per annum. In 1800, houses in that street rented for from £200 to £600 per annum. In 1742, there were only two ships in the regular English trade. In 1745, a stockade ran across from North to East River, where is now the front of bridewell, jail, &c. In 1789, a lot of six acres, one and a half miles from Federal Hall, situated on the northwest corner of Wall and Nassau streets, was purchased for \$7,500. In 1796, three acres of said lot were sold for \$15,000. There were in 1756, one bookseller, one Latin school, and no college. In 1800, [and here we picture Mr. Longworth's heart swelling with pride, in view of the magnificent contrast], there are upwards of thirty booksellers, a vast many excellent Latin schools, and a well organized college." Fifty-three years have passed since these words were written, and what changes have passed over the scene! Imagine the emotions of some venerable Dutch burgher, in whose dull brain no visions of future change ever quickened the pulse to a more than ordinary beat; imagine his emotions, on lifting the lid of his coffin, and gazing around him at the wealth and splendor of the whilome village of New Amsterdam. What is left the poor astounded ghost but to sink back bewildered and dejected, from the stunning bustle and confusion, and the inextricable whirl, to the welcome silence and inanity of the grave.

The large wood engraving which serves as frontispiece to this paper, gives but a faint idea of the size of New-York city. By referring to it, you will see that three broad avenues start from the southern side of Union Square, which, with its pretty, circular park, forms the centre of the picture. The middle one of these avenues is Broadway; the one at your left hand, having a railroad running through it, is the Bowery, and the short one at the right is University Place, which terminates at the Washington Parade Ground. Still

further to the right, and stopped at its southern end by the same Parade Ground, is the Fifth Avenue, taken as a whole, perhaps the finest street in the New World, but not, by any means, more desirable than many others as a residence. If you allow your eye to run down Broadway till it meets a street running to the right, you will have paid an imaginary visit to Canal-street, through whose broad avenue there formerly flowed the canal from which the name is derived. The Bowery at its southern end merges into Chatham-street; you may trace it by a lighter line running diagonally northeast and southwest. The only buildings to which the engraving before us gives any prominence are the churches, to which we shall devote a separate article. The buildings which surround Union Square are, with few exceptions, spacious and well-constructed private dwellings, and when first erected were among the finest in the city. We have said that this view gives no idea of the city's size.\* It has the appearance of some large trading town, like Poughkeepsie, or Troy, on the Hudson, rather than of such a great metropolis as it really is. Broadway, whose actual length from the Battery to Union Square is two miles and two-thirds, is shrunken in this view to an avenue about half as long; on the other hand, its true width is exaggerated; it is by no means as wide in proportion as it is here represented. The engraving, it is true, is small, and wood is a poor medium for the effects which it was desirable should be produced in such a view; but one may get from it a tolerable idea of the situation and general effect of the portion of New-York which lies below Union Square. The foreign reader is requested not to accuse us of a desire to indulge in the national recreation of *bragging*, if we modestly hint that the shipping of New-York could hardly be counted in reality, with precisely the ease with which our engraver has rendered it possible; nor is the main thoroughfare, Broadway, nor indeed its nearly equally busy sister, Bowery, so thinly peopled that one can distinguish the gentlemen in black, who, in the print, perambulate at leisure through the middle of the street from one end to the other.

The Italian Peninsula has been compared to a cavalier's leg, attired in an unexceptionable high-heeled boot. We can hardly claim for Manhattan Island so illustrious a resemblance. It rather seems like the leg of some well-to-do Dutch

\* This was engraved two or three years since for another purpose; the blanks in the foreground are already filled up. The cut is imperfect, but is given merely as a sketch-map of the position of the city below Union Square. New-Yorkers know that this point is rapidly becoming the centre of the city, and will in a few years be "down town."

[see pp. 20-21]



baby—that is the part above Fourteenth-street, while all below that noble avenue may be compared to the round fat foot of no particular shape, the principal features being the toe and the heel. Morse's map of "New-York City and the Vicinity," contained in his North American Atlas, gives a clear and complete view of the whole island; you may there see that the aforesaid leg is by far the finest part of the city. It was laid out in 1807 by three commissioners, appointed by the State to lay out the city into streets and squares. "These commissioners were De Witt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, and John Rutherford. Josiah Randall, Jr., was their engineer and surveyor. Their report was made in 1811, and accepted by the Corporation. That report, accompanied with a map, laid out the whole city in noble avenues and spacious streets, numbered up to 176th street, and designated, as to their corners, by marble monuments firmly fixed in the ground. These commissioners had no authority to alter or regulate the level of the future avenues or streets, but simply to run and mark the level by permanent monuments; and to that magnificent plan we owe it that there are no lanes nor alleys in the new city, but that twelve noble avenues, each 100 feet wide, running parallel, and in the direction of the island, give access to the city, and that these are cut at right angles by numerous streets, every tenth one of which, is also a hundred feet wide, and the narrow streets sixty feet in width, or ten yards wider than the boast of Philadelphia—Chestnut-street." \*

Below Fourteenth-street the city is quite irregular. This irregularity, however, is in the position of the streets, rather than in their direction. We had an excellent comparison ready on the tip of our pen, by which to illustrate this, but having a strong faith in the unities of composition, we shall adhere to the one originally presented. Continue, then, if you please, oh admiring reader! to regard the island of Manhattan as the beau ideal representative of a Dutch baby's foot. If you ask what we have to say in excuse for the lines which score this unhappy member up and down, and in every direction, and which never appeared, and we hope never will appear upon the leg of any baby whatever, we answer, that the leg and foot are encased in an excellent brick and mortar *stocking*, covering neatly the whole member, from toe to knee, and tastefully confined at the latter point by the Harlem River, by way of garter. Now, every one who has ever examined a stock-

ing, that is, a good old-fashioned worsted manufacture, must have observed that the lines of the leg are regular and symmetrical, and easily comprehended, while those of the foot are hopelessly inexplicable, except to the eye of the practised knitter. Here they run round the heel, there they are parallel to the sole; again they diverge at the toes, and slide by ingenious stratagems into the ascending leg. And so it is with our good city. For in the upper part, as we have seen, the streets are regular, straight, and easily seen to be beautiful; but on the lower part, though you may with some assurance navigate the instep, and are not wholly beyond hope in the heel, yet none but an old-fashioned New-York pig or policeman can ever be perfectly at home in the sole of the metropolitan foot. The triangle, whose two inland sides are formed by Grand-street and Broadway, contains the most irregular and confused part of the city. Within this boundary, the unhappy stitches of streets cross and recross one another, as if they were playing a game of "Puss in the corner." Pearl-street runs circuitously from Broadway to Whitehall, like a dropped thread, but it is the most flagrant example, only because it happens to persevere longest in its irregularity. It is a haunting nightmare to a stranger in town, this long narrow alley, meeting him at every turn and leading him into inextricable confusion, but there are other streets quite as bad in their way; the difference is, as we have said, that they are smaller, and have not the intrepidity to keep up the game quite as long. William-street would do it if it dared, and so would Beaver-street. Fulton-street has a leaning that way, and Maiden Lane is quite disposed to join John-street and Gold-street, in the commission of nearly equal improprieties. Indeed, if the baby's foot aforesaid would by any fortunate accident be set upon a large hot coal, and the crooked stitches and patched portions of the sole of the stocking above mentioned be wholly burned away—in other words, if a great but discriminating fire could clear up and destroy the badly built and crooked streets of that part of the city, we have no doubt, although the present loss of property would be terrible, and the evil severely felt, yet the city and business would be materially benefited thereby. No calamity is ever wholly a calamity. Always some good springs out of the worst seeming evil: the thunder clears the air, the volcano's eruption defers the final conflagration, the destroying floods of Nile and

\* President King.



Mississippi fertilize Egypt and the Great Western Valley; wars and plagues, say the wise and cruel, make it easier for the lives they spare to live; and the city of New-York has never had a more beneficial manure than the ashes with which her great conflagrations have covered her streets. We make no question that the crop of profits has been increased on that soil to five hundred times the number of bushels to the acre, which our merchants formerly stored away into their barns.

It is owing to this irregularity in great measure, that the old haunts of business are being slowly transformed in character, and that the western side of the town, for many years neglected, is becoming the promised land to which the heavy business of the city is slowly migrating, from the land of bondage in the southeastern part of the island. In the part of the city west of Broadway the streets are arranged with nearly all the regularity of which the land admits. We have there three great avenues, running parallel to the North River side of the town, two of them longer than Broadway, and the other a great deal wider than that central street. The streets which intersect these avenues are laid out with much regularity and judgment. Half way up Broadway we have Canal-street, a magnificent avenue, broad, sunny, and straight, and which must, at no very distant time, become one of New York's proudest business streets. The urchin who has just been kept in all the afternoon, to study his Natural Philosophy lesson, which he failed to recite in the morning, will understand me when I speak of capillary attraction. He will also understand me when I say that a sponge absorbs water by the aid of this principle. Very well, my little fellow, New-York city is just like a sponge; and the water, that is, the business, is creeping gradually up into all the hitherto dry and contracted pores. To be sure it had a terrible squeeze in the great fire of 1845, and was left rather shrunken by the operation, but capillary attraction, like the good faithful principle that it is, rushed to its aid, and filled it fuller than ever with the enlarging fluid. The dried and contracted pores above alluded to were situated in the northern and western parts of the city. For many years no drop of a dry goods jobbing house, or other sign of large business-life, crept up in that direction. At last it slowly began to move. Gradually the overflowing abundance of wealth and business left the dark corners of Pearl-street, Hanover Square, and Exchange Place, and showed itself in Cedar-street, Pine-street, Maiden Lane, and John-street. These were the first notes of preparation. The

old order of things once disturbed, the revolution once begun, young New-York armed itself with bricks and mortar, found out quarries of freestone with which to astonish old fogysm, and went energetically to work, tearing down and building up. Still, though there was a movement, it was a slow one, and the energy displayed was not at first manifested in beautiful buildings. It was necessary, first of all, to prove the value of the change. Thus the pioneers who pitched their tents in the then new streets which we have mentioned, built plain, substantial, unhandsome stores of brick, or accepted those which they found ready for them, and went to work to establish their position. It seems almost absurd to talk now of enterprise, in connection with such a movement; but let not our shopkeepers, who exult in their marble palaces, and behind their freestone posts, despise the work of their predecessors. From all present appearances we do not hesitate to predict, that in ten years the finest buildings now in New-York will be far surpassed, by the growing taste and wealth of builders. We have seen the last of the plodding business life, which, even within our recollection, bought and sold contentedly in the primitive regions of Pearl-street and Coenties Slip. No magnetic attraction, which draws the iron particles to itself from every adjacent quarter, and makes itself felt by those which it cannot move, is surer than the spell which has drawn the business of New-York within the last few years, away from the old channels and time-hallowed abodes. Gladly would we rescue from oblivion the name of the first adventurer, who launched his frail shallop of a jobbing store on the yet untried waters of Broadway or Dey-street. Gladly would we register the jeers with which his determination was received by the merry old merchants, with their portly figures, working in blind security by candle light, on the terra firma of the old established haunts. What an addition to our histories of business science would be the names of those first green shoots which, after being confined for years within the cellars of business conservatism, crept, thin, pale and meagre, through the first crack they could discover, into the warm cheerful sunlight, and have now grown into a flourishing verdure, putting out new branches of beauty day after day.

Many of our readers will remember when the whole of Broadway was consecrated to the dwellings of the wealthy, and when the Battery, or rather State-street, was the selectest part of the city proper. We shall have occasion in a



future paper, to speak of some of the old mansions, and stately dwellings which adorned that aristocratic quarter; for the present we merely hint at their existence, in order to show how rapidly since the first inroads were made, the whole character of that part of the city has changed. Aristocracy, startled and disgusted with the near approach of plebeian trade which already threatened to lay its insolent hands upon her mantle, and to come tramping into her silken parlors with its heavy boots and rough attire, fled by dignified degrees up Broadway, lingered for a time in Greenwich-street, Park Place, and Barclay-street, until at length finding the enemy still persistent, she took a great leap into the wilderness above Bleecker-street. Alas for the poor lady, every day drives her higher and higher; Twenty-eighth-street is now familiar with her presence, and she is already casting her longing eyes still further on.

Old New-York was built entirely of brick. The first Dutchmen imported bricks from Holland, with something of the same sagacity with which we import iron from Wales. None of these bricks adorn the present city, nor have any existed on the island within our memory.\*

The City Hall was commenced in Sept. 1803 and built on three sides of white marble, the fourth was of brown freestone. It is stated, and we have never seen the story contradicted, that freestone was used on the north side, because the sage builders were firmly persuaded that no one would ever see it, since it was so far up town, that the city could never extend above it; but such stupidity and blindness is too serious a matter to be laughed at; it is therefore a very poor piece of wit, if it is intended as such, and a very outrageous slander on the intelligence of our most worthy ancestors, if it be not true. We therefore hope that some persevering historian will set this matter right as soon as possible. However, be the reason what it may, this must have been nearly the first instance of an extensive use of the brown freestone in the city. It has now, as all our town readers know, come

to be the favorite building material for shops, churches, and residences; we shall see hereafter that in some parts of the city, and in a few instances, other materials are preferred, but they are exceptions, and the prevailing tint of New-York is fixed, whether for better or worse, there may be conflicting opinions, as a warm brown which takes the sunshine with a quiet elegance, and would take the shadow, if our architects would give it the chance by a bolder treatment, with all desirable clearness and nobility of effect. Moreover, the freestone, admirably suited as it is for large and massive buildings, such as stores and churches, is of so fine a quality and so delicate a tone, that no fine work is thrown away upon it, and we rejoice to see that in many of the new stores recently erected, the work which has been bestowed upon them is of very fine quality, and shows a daily advance in our architectural ability, if not to originate, at least to copy well.

The freestone used in building New-York city is not all the product of one quarry. That of the best quality is brought from Little Falls, in New Jersey, on the Passaic River, a short distance from Patterson. It is light in color, and delicately shaded, and takes shadow with greater distinctness than the darker varieties. There is no finer specimen of this freestone than that used in Trinity Church, in Broadway, to which we shall allude at some length in our article on the Churches of New York. Much of the brown stone used in the city comes from quarries in Connecticut, but the color of this variety is much darker than that from Little Falls, and we think less desirable. It has always been a maxim with good architects, that stones used in building should be laid upon their natural beds; that is, that the stone should always be placed with its grain in the same position in which it lays in the quarry. Yet we find in almost every building which is in the course of erection, where the rough brick walls are being faced or veneered with plates of ashlar freestone, four or five inches thick, that this principle is almost entirely neg-

\* We have seen them however in our younger days, when at school in Tarrytown, where still stands the ancient Reformed Dutch Meeting-House, like an old man whose trunk is all that remains to him of his body, but whose hair, teeth, color, and perhaps a leg and arm or two, are either borrowed from his dead neighbors, or added by the skill of some cunning workman, for all that remains of this building, rendered sacred and immortal as it is by being embalmed in the amber of Irving, is the foundation and some of the principal timbers. All the rest is new. The Holland bricks, of a warm yellow tint, and rather friable texture, are replaced by walls of rough granite, and some Vandal has abused the good old grandmotherly building, by putting out her reputable and becoming eyes or windows, albeit they were square and small-paned, and replacing them with others which the farmers and their daughters thereabouts have agreed to call gothic. The same mischief-maker who did the old dame this harm, has robbed her of her ancient pinafore or porch, which perhaps was becoming a little faded and seedy, and rigged her up instead with an abominable, ill-fangled affair, which is positively disreputable; but not content with this, he has stuck on her venerable head a little pert cap, or belfry, which gives the old lady a truly ludicrous appearance, that makes us laugh in spite of ourselves. We have no time nor place to say more on this unhappy topic; but may we not ask of the historian of Sleepy Hollow, that in some future edition of his works he will devote at least one chapter to holding up the abuser of this most respectable mother in Israel to public detestation.



lected, and that the slabs, instead of being cut thicker, and laid with the grain running parallel to the horizon, which is nearly the natural position, are, as we have said, cut very thin, and set up with the grain perpendicular to the horizon. Now this fact, which seems to the careless reader a merely whimsical objection, is in truth a very important matter, as any

upright and well-informed builder will confess. And more especially with regard to freestone, which is very soft and friable, *in the direction of its grain*, but sufficiently tough and durable in the other direction; so that, when laid in the wrong way, not only is it more exposed to the corroding influences of the atmosphere, allowing the dampness of our rains and



Liberty-street, in process of re-building, 1852.

snows more easily to penetrate its exposed pores, but it is liable to crack and fall off in scales, under the ordinary work of time, thus rendering the building an unsightly and discreditable object. Much ridicule has been expended upon the manner of employing freestone in thin slabs

of veneering, which is so much in vogue in our good city; but in truth the objection has never been fairly stated, since there is no objection to the greater part of a wall being faced in this manner, if two points are carefully and conscientiously attended to. The first is, that all such



slabs shall be firmly and faithfully secured to the wall which they hide, and that this wall shall be a structure whose workmanship shall be solid and scientific; and the second is, that in every course of slabs there shall be either solid blocks of stone, forming a part of the wall, and extending from front to back, placed in sufficient numbers to serve as binders, or that iron shall be substituted for such blocks; these precautions, however, will be of little avail, if the stone is not properly laid, a fact which should be carefully considered on the part of the architect, the builder, and the employer, but which we fear will continue to suffer neglect, so long as it is a method which demands a greater outlay of money in the commencement.

White marble is also coming into extensive use in the city, especially in some of the new streets. This marble comes from quarries in Tuckahoe, Westchester County; but we are told that a new and a very fine one has just been opened near Sing Sing, which is of a superior quality to any hitherto offered to the public. We rejoice to see these new materials employed in building; the aspect of the city is greatly beautified by their judicious adoption, and especially when as seems now to be the tendency, uniformity of building prevails in certain quarters. Thus Broadway is evidently making up its mind to assume the rich brown garb of Quakerism, although even on Sundays, it rejects the quiet simplicity of the manners of that amiable sect. Dey-street, also, of which we shall speak more at length hereafter, has adopted the same garb, and Liberty-street, having been wooed and won by the advancing spirit of progress and reform, has arrayed herself in white marble, as the most becoming material in which to consecrate her nuptials. This street, moreover, is an excellent example of the benefits of matrimony, even when the parties are merely bricks and mortar; for the citizen who remembers this thoroughfare before its alterations—and we, with our first beard, find no difficulty in recalling that



Broad-street in Dutch times.

time—would hardly recognize in the handsome, fresh, and almost palatial Liberty-street of 1853, the dusky, tumble-down, and seedy lane, which bore that title in the spring of 1852. We appeal to the oldest Dutch resident, and even to the surliest resistant to the rebuilding of the street itself, in defence of our comparison of the city's growth with that of Aladdin's Palace. Which of them was most like a mushroom?\*

Our artist, Döpler, has admirably represented the confusion into which the wholesale repairs and alterations going on in this street have plunged it. One after another the old tenements have disappeared, the bricks painted and unpainted have gone the way of all clay, the narrow windows have been looked out of for the last time, and the small doors have followed the high steps to oblivion, and that "undiscovered bourne" to which all the rubbish of this great city is carried. Hardly, however, had they disappeared, before the foundations of new buildings were laid, until at length the whole street, from Broadway to Greenwich, is completely metamorphosed. Contrast this view of Liberty-street, unfinished as it is represented, with the engraving of Broad-street, which is here shown, and who that compares the rapid growth of our city, with the slower development of London and Paris, but will admit that the American has some reason for indulging in his national pastime of bragging? Broad-street, which in our cut presents a quantity of

\* Let us do justice even to the city fathers. The improvements completed or now in progress, in John-street, Liberty-street and Dey-street, could never have been effected nor even contemplated, without widening these thoroughfares, and we are indebted to the venerable Corporation for allowing these schemes to be carried out. We commenced this note with sobriety, and with the magnanimous determination "to give the devil his due," but our gravity is disturbed by the reflection, that we can find only this modicum of good, to balance the abundance of evil; and we are tempted to exclaim, with Prince Henry, on reading the bill for Falstaff's supper, "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

What would he have said if he had seen the bill for an Aldermanic series of Tea Room Entertainments?



little Dutch stores, with their crow-step gables, and inharmonious irregularities, is now a fine, wide, business street,—one of the finest indeed which the city boasts,—and lined with large but plain brick blocks. Plain as they are, and poorly as their architecture compares with that of many stores in Broadway, and some of the river streets, yet either one of them would have taken away the appetite of the honest Dutchman who built this monstrosity\* in 1689, and sold the delicacies of the period to the sleepy vrows and their oleaginous lords.



One peculiarity of the New-York stores which distinguishes them from their London and Paris rivals, is the fact that they generally occupy the whole of the building for purposes connected with their business, and are not confined to the first stories. Thus in London the most splendid stores, or those which make the finest show, merely occupy, as far as the customer is concerned, the first floor, and in most cases they are wholly confined to that portion of the building. In some cases, like that of Howell and James, the "Stewarts" of London, the shop is merely three ordinary dwelling-houses, given up to the sale of goods, and having no architectural pretensions whatever. In most other instances the first floor of the building is decorated with what is technically styled a "shop front" which is merely a highly ornamented framework for the large

plate glass windows, in some examples gaudy and ill-proportioned, in others as in the case of the famous "Swan and Edgar's," in Regent-street (which excels any of our shop windows in the size of its plate glass panes), elegant and characteristic. But these shop fronts are merely appendages to the buildings to which they belong, and have no architectural relation to them. Moreover they are in no case built of expensive materials, but are either constructed of *papier maché*, stucco, terra-cotta, or plaster decorated with color, and serving merely a temporary purpose. There is no warehouse in London, nor in any other European city, approaching some of the large and splendid establishments in Broadway, nor is there any shop in the world to rival the palatial magnificence of that on the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, a building of white marble, extending from street to street, and of which we shall render a more particular account hereafter. Nor can the history of merchandise produce a finer example of outward elegance and interior completeness, than will be found in the silk warehouse in Broadway near Pine-street.

This building is constructed of white marble, and is thirty-seven and a half feet wide, one hundred and forty-seven feet deep, and four stories high, while next spring will probably see it carried up to six stories, to accommodate the increasing business of the establishment, and to make it equal in height to its new neighbor, the Metropolitan Bank, which adorns with its elegance the corner of Broadway and Pine-street, and to which we shall refer hereafter. The admirable feature of this silk warehouse is the solidity with which it is constructed. The floor of each story is supported by the side walls alone, and is without pillars or partition throughout its whole extent, yet there is not the slightest jar or tremble perceptible. Every department of the business is managed with a beautiful thoroughness, which is becoming more and more a part of our national character. There is another excellence in the outward architecture of this store, and that consists in the shadow which the architect has obtained by the elaborate cornice and deeply recessed windows, an effect which is wholly wanting in most of our new buildings, and the entire absence of which is almost the only

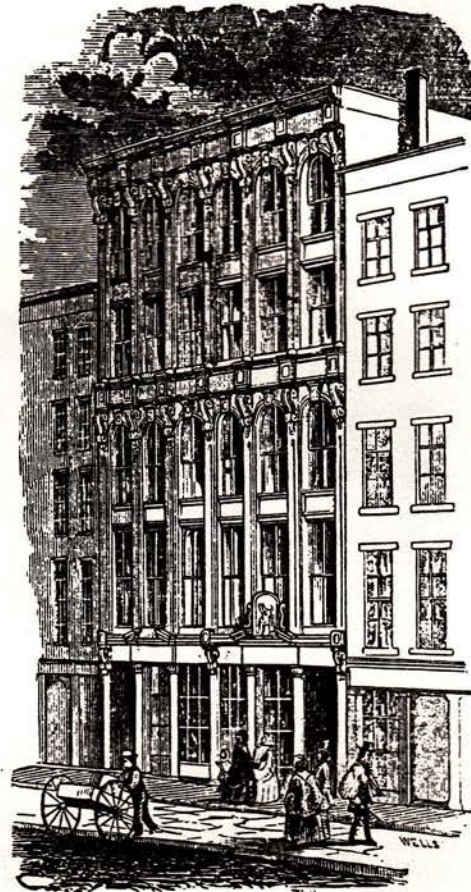
\* This old store, one of the earliest specimens of Dutch architecture, erected in New-York, and almost the last link which connected us with the sleepy days of old Peter Stuyvesant, lingered till within twenty years, like a bedridden great-grandmother among her stirring and bustling descendants, who at last, weary of her presence, and rendered desperate by her unflinching determination "never to say die," tore her limb from limb and scattered her bones far and wide. We never waste a tear over the death of an old Foggy, especially a Dutch one, which when a perfect specimen of its kind, and unalloyed by any admixture of progressive grace, as it not seldom is, must be admitted to surpass in desolation all the other varieties of conservatism extant.



drawback to the enjoyment of the great marble palace of Stewart. The fault most prominent in the store which we are noticing is its disproportionate height, a fault which will be still further increased if the alterations contemplated are carried out. This might have been remedied by making the horizontal lines of the building more prominent than the perpendicular. This effect could have been produced by carrying heavy balconies across the front, and in this way the quantity of shadow on the face of the building would have been increased; as it is, the principal lines of the building, the piers which separate the windows, the mullions which divide them, and the perpendicular divisions of the cornice, all tend by their direction to add to the effect of height, and to decrease the apparent breadth of the building. Mr. Joseph C. Wells was the architect of this complete and admirably constructed store, and the proprietors intrusted to his care the designing of every detail of ornament and furniture.

Another fine structure is the building numbered 200 and 202 Broadway, built of brown freestone in a style of quiet elegance. We find the same fault with the appearance of too great height given to the store by the prominence of the perpendicular lines which we have done with the one last under consideration. The importance given to the mouldings and bracketed cornice over the third story somewhat relieves this defect, but the member is put in the wrong place. It should have crowned a lower story, since the stories of a building should increase in lightness as they rise, and of two members the heaviest and richest in effect should be the lower. Thus in this building, the first story should have been crowned with an elaborate and effective cornice, supported by solid and important piers. This would have given a character of stability and strength to the structure, which in common with many of the recent erections in Broadway, it very much needs. The second story should have been less important than the first, but more important than the third—on the contrary the third story is more important than either the first or second, and of equal value with the fifth. The consequence of this oversight is that the building, though well built and costly, is entirely without beauty, and without even the pictorial effect often attained by well arranged ugliness. This *want of pictorial effect*, resulting from monotony of detail and *almost entire absence of bold,*

*shadow-giving projections*, is one which we have constantly to regret in the architecture of New-York. It is so easily remedied, and the means of producing the desired effect lie so directly in the way of the skilful architect, that we are astonished at the few instances in which



they are adopted, especially as expense seems rather to be sought than shunned, and as in reality the effect produced is out of all proportion to the cost requisite to obtain it. It requires knowledge and it requires taste; but the beauty of our city depends in great measure upon attention to this point, and knowledge and taste ought to be procured at all cost. Knowledge can be bought, taste cannot, but it can be fostered, and free scope can be given to it when found. Too many buildings in New-York show immense wealth to have been expended in their construction, with a lavish hand unguided by correct taste. In one you see the same heavy, inelegant window cornice, repeated throughout the front and sides of a monster six stories high.\* In another you will find a noble and enormous building, over whose white surface, front-

\* In the particular instance to which we allude, these window cornices are of cast iron, painted and sanded in imitation of brown freestone, an abomination to which we shall devote some space in another place but which we are happy to see is not very greatly on the increase.



ing on two streets, neither early dawn, nor high noon, nor evening gray, flings a relieving shadow to vary the costly monotony; while, as if to mock the admirer, and cause him to ask with a groan whether there is any hope for American taste, one side of the structure, fronting to be sure on an obscure and little frequented street, but nevertheless plainly visible to every passer down Broadway, flaunts its pale marble brothers with its staring bricks, like a red-faced awkward country lassie who perseveringly hooks herself to her queenly and haughty city cousin's arm, and refuses to be kept in the background. We recommend as appropriate

mottoes for the respective sides of this "palace of trade," the rhymes which the knight of the field of the cloth of gold had embroidered on his horse's housings, one half of which was of a mean and the other of a costly material. On the first he wrote,

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,  
Though thou'rt matched with cloth of frize."

And on the other,

"Cloth of frize, be not too bold,  
Though thou'rt matched with cloth of gold."

But the architectural blunders of New-York city will occupy too much of our room if we attempt to refer to all of them in the same article.

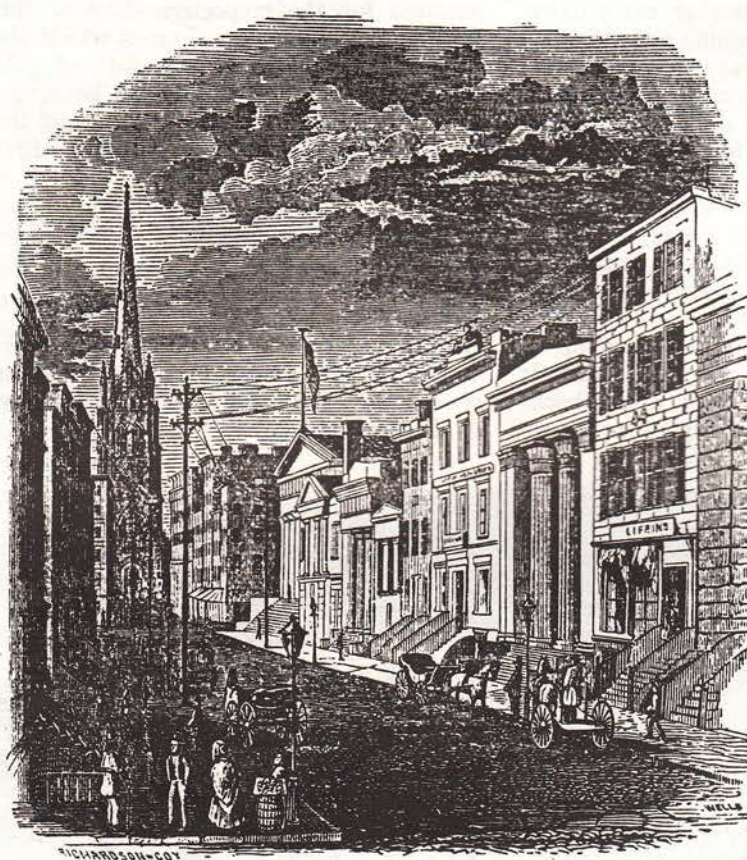


Trinity Buildings, Broadway.

The engraving given above is a view of "Trinity Buildings," a structure not quite completed as yet, but sufficiently so to render it already an important feature in the lower part of the city. The material of which this pile is constructed, is unpressed Buffalo brick, of a yellowish tinge, with dressings of cut brown free-stone. The building was designed by Mr. Upjohn, and is the first example in the city of the use of the yellow brick. It is to be regretted that the unpressed brick should have been employed, since the rough and unfinished surface which they present, makes a most unfavorable impression. We believe in bricks, even in red bricks; we are also prepared to add yellow brick to our "Credo;" but whether yellow or red, they must be the best of their kind. New-York is too

handsome, and promises to be too well built, to admit of any mediocre specimens of architecture in her principal thoroughfare. There may have been difficulties in the way of procuring the best brick at the time when this range of stores was planned—of this we are not informed—but we can hardly believe it possible, and unless this were the case, there is no reason why the present quality should have been used. The color, as far as we can judge at present, is very agreeable, and harmonizes well with the brown stone of the dressing and ornaments. Our artist has done no sort of justice to any thing but the size of the building, which, when we consider the purpose for which it is designed, is truly huge. The sculptured key stones of the lowest range of window arches is merely hinted at upon the end,





Wall-street, north side, looking west.

and wholly omitted on the side of the building, and the value of the relieved piers between the windows, and the recessed windows themselves in supplying shadow to the façade, is entirely neglected. We are especially disappointed with this result, since the architects, as far as our drawing goes, get credit for nothing but the erection of a plain rectangular building, without shadow, without ornament, and quite unworthy, except for its size, of any particular notice. In truth, the building is very large, and very handsome, with tasteful ornaments in stone, subdued to the character of the material which they accompany; and, moreover, very interesting in itself, as the first example of the employment of a material entirely new in this city, and which we hope to see extensively adopted. We were shown, some two years ago, at the same time when we first saw this yellow brick, another specimen of a pale rose color, very delicate and beautiful. We thought at the time that this might be used in connection with the yellow brick, the two tints being diffused in irregular masses over the surface of the building, and producing, what seemed to the mind's eye, a charming combination of hue, and a very desirable relief to the monotony of brown and white which threatens us

at the present time. Since that time, however, we have never seen or heard of this rose-colored brick, and suppose that the material was either not warranted to wash, or that the supply failed. If there were no such drawbacks, will some enterprising millionaire be obliging enough to put up an acre or two of jobbing houses, in the style suggested above, in time for our second article on this subject?

The banks of New-York are becoming every day more important in an architectural point of view. The accompanying cut, representing Wall-street, looking West, groups together eight banks of the *ancien régime* in their classical costumes

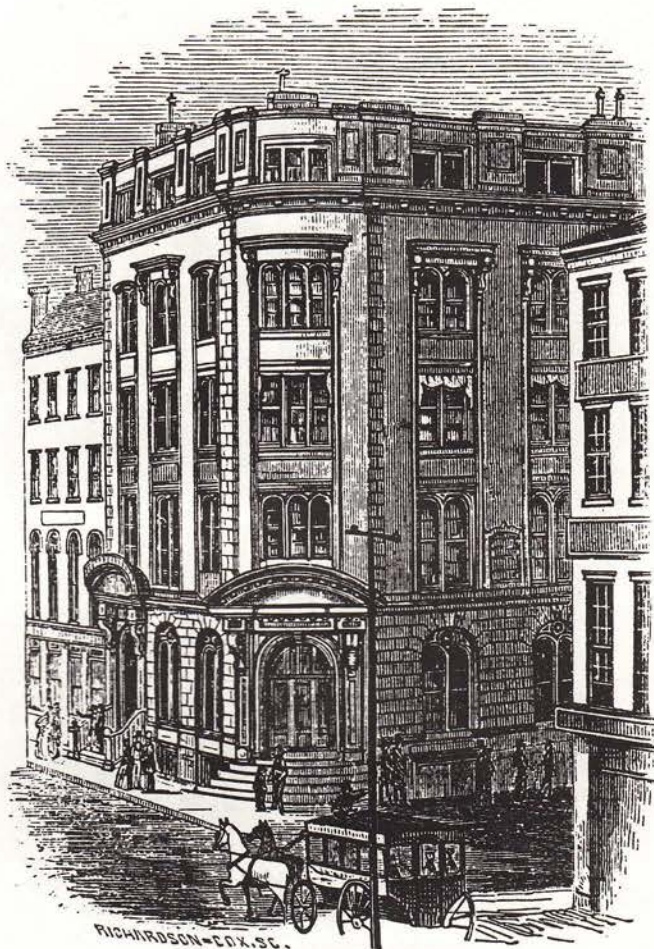
after the most approved Yankee-Greek mode. Doubtless, in their day, these tough, granite dowagers, bloomed with grace in the eyes of the young men who now look down regretfully upon their beards, gray as the structures they once admired. Yet to our eyes these grim temples, consecrated to Plutus, are matter only for lamentation; and the cold world, incredulous of their former beauty, sees without regret that the eyes of builders, greedy for prey, are upon them. In architecture, as in history, Greece has fallen a victim to Italy, and while millionnaires are busy with their brown-stone and marble palaces, these forsaken specimens of the pseudo-Greek remain with their bulky and ungraceful leg-like columns, out of place, out of proportion, like a crowd of briefly-petticoated ballet dancers, who stand shivering and unregarded after the play and its applauses are over, for their carriages to carry them home.

At the corner of Wall-street and Broadway, stands the handsome freestone structure, called the Bank of the Republic, dimly represented in the accompanying cut. It is in an important situation, and one in which an excellent view can be obtained of both sides. The upper story, having, as it does, the appearance of an after thought, and rising above the legitimate

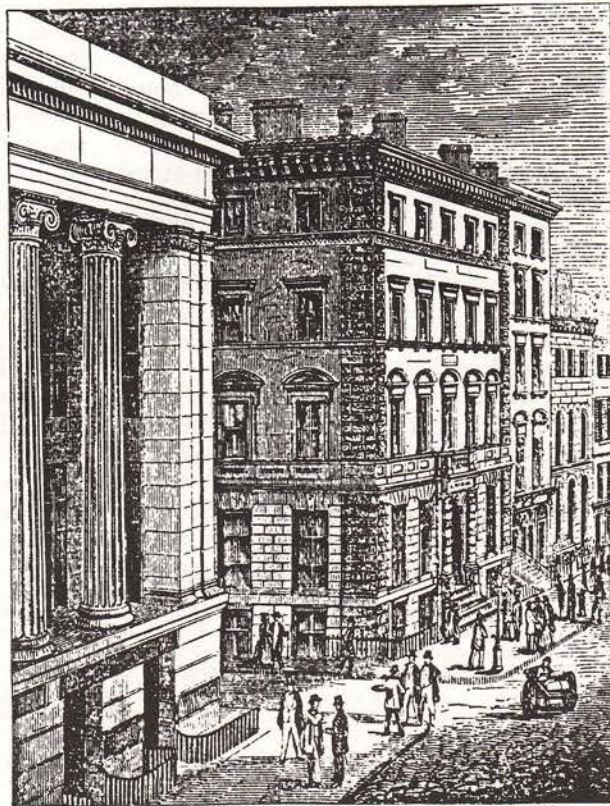


cornice of the building, is a very serious defect, and deprives the upper portion of all beauty. Any cornice, however fine or effective, would be utterly lost beneath such an addition, which is an imposition in more senses than one. The bad effect of windows placed in a rounded cornice of a building, is to some extent obviated in this Bank by deeply recessing the windows; but it is a dangerous experiment, and must always be, to a certain extent, bad and ungraceful in its effect. In this case, we suppose, the corner was rounded to save space in the street, but we ought to have done with such arrangements; they are illiberal and petty, and unworthy of our city, but unfortunately we have to remember too many of them. The doorways in this structure are too heavy, and the one on the corner, owing partly to its position, and partly to its size, is a positive deformity.

Further down Wall-street is the new Insurance Building, an elegant structure of brown freestone, with the basement and angles richly rusticated. We detest this vermiculated rustic work, seeing no beauty nor meaning in it; but this sample is good of its kind, and created an era in the history of architecture in the city. The string course, which runs below the fourth story, is neat and elegant, but out of place; it belongs more properly below the third story, since, in its present place, it gives too much weight to the upper portion of the building. It is due to this really handsome structure, to say that the artist has done no sort of justice to it, and to make what may be called a concentrated apology, it may be generally stated that, with one or two exceptions, artists and engravers have been too much hurried with



RICHARDSON & CO. SC.  
Bank of the Republic.



Insurance Building, Wall Street.





Mercantile Bank.

the preparations for this number's illustrations to do themselves or the subjects credit; a fact which we regret as much for their sakes as ours. We hope to have no occasion for apologies hereafter.

The new Bank, corner of John-street and Broadway, of which the above engraving is a very indifferent view, is less deficient in shadow than most of its contemporaries. The window-hoods on Broadway are bold and handsome, and the side on John-street is worthy of a broader thoroughfare than the one it faces. Its windows are very handsome and effective, but was it worth while,—oh doubtless most worthy occupants! to put up so fine a building, and then deface it with a fantastic display of signs of all shapes and

sizes, rendering it almost impossible to form any idea of the architecture?

The building of which a view is given on p. 39, is not yet completed. Its architectural front is on Park Place, but its entrance is in the narrow end on Broadway.\*

We regret for many reasons that the cut should be so far an inadequate representation of a building, which occupies an important position among the new structures of the day, and moreover is so conspicuously placed, particularly as the detail, which is entirely slurred over in the drawing, is very good and in many points of view quite worthy of notice. The Broadway Bank, which is the name of this new candidate for our admiration, is built of brown freestone, with highly decorated windows and entrance porch, rusticated basement and chamfered rustic quoins at the angles. The cornice is massive and handsome, and its length on Park Place front is relieved by a circular pediment crowning a projection in the centre of the façade.

It is however as melancholy as it is absurd to see so fine a building, and one evidently erected at great expense, attempting to deceive the spectator with an elaborate *cornice and pediment made of wood, painted and sanded in imitation of stone*, a stratagem which, if it is discreditable in smaller buildings or temporary structures, is miserably mean and petty in an erection like the one under consideration, which owing to its size and position is the most important Bank yet put up in New-York. We have no sympathy with the architect who will suggest, or the capitalist who will adopt, such a wretched expedient.

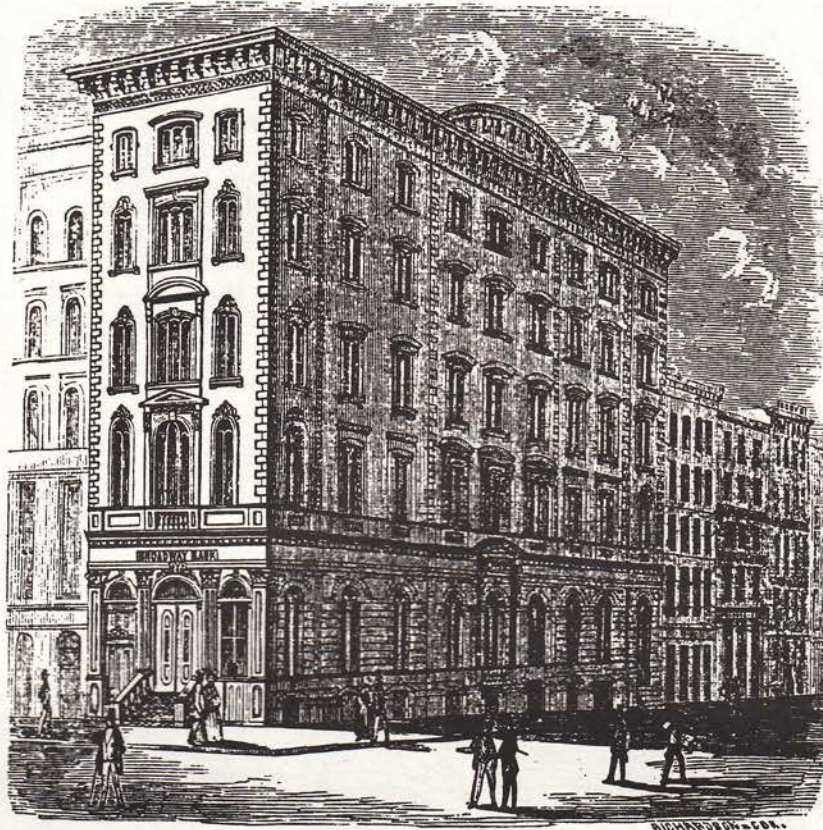
We close our present paper with the Merchants' Exchange, a huge pile of gra-

\* The mutations of this rather prominent corner are noteworthy, as exemplifying New-York progress. In the boyish days of a revered author, still hale and hearty, this spot, and the Park opposite, were open fields, where Geoffrey Crayon saw balloon ascensions, and battled with his schoolmates; and much younger men remember petty grocery shops and stable-yards in the same vicinity. In 1853, the geographical centre of fashion has not only passed this point, but now stretches about *two miles* further up town! Halleck, in his "Fanny," refers to a later occupant of this corner, when he says,

"In architecture our unrivalled skill,  
Cullen's magnesia shop has loudly spoken  
To an admiring world."

Later still, the dwelling house of the late Philip Hone worthily adorned this spot. This was ruthlessly displaced by a very substantial and well-built structure of brick and granite; which, after being permitted a brief existence of only five or six years, was, in turn, not destroyed, but removed, in 1852, to give place to the present structure. The materials of the old (?) building were sold; they were taken away, brick by brick, and stone by stone, and the building was reproduced in another street, just as it had looked in Broadway.





The Broadway Bank.

nite, admirably built and handsome in its design. Its centre is occupied by a large circular hall, whose multitudinous echoes laugh the science of acoustics to scorn, and make whispers impossible. This central hall, which runs up to the top of the building and is crowned by a dome, is surrounded by offices which, in point of cheerfulness, eclipse any thing which Egyptian catacombs have yet been able to offer us. We enter them whenever we have occasion, with a gloomy apprehension that our friends will be found in a mournful state of mummy, and the disappointment is too contrary to what seems natural, to be as pleasing as it ought. The building is enormous, and built with a praiseworthy solidity, which will defy the ravages of time; yet solid as it is, and ridiculously extravagant as was its cost, there is probably no building in the world so absurdly inconvenient. The great pyramid of Gizeh is almost as well lighted; and, owing to its immense size, which enables it to maintain a uniform temperature, it is better suited to the uses of daily life. The Exchange was built by the merchants of New-York; and cost one million eight hundred thousand dollars; the original stockholders lost every penny of their

investment, and it was recently sold for a sum hardly sufficient to pay the mortgage held by the Barings in London. The new Royal Exchange, in London, cost £112,000, and is every way superior to our New-York building, in architectural beauty, convenience, and comfort. The best front of our Exchange is on Wall-street; yet, even in the offices on this side, gas-lights are required almost constantly, and there is no room in the building which is decently lighted. The basement story, compared to which the Catacombs of Paris are gay, has no means by which it can be warmed; being without fire-places, furnace-registers, or access to chimney-flues. We have spoken of the great Rotunda; a hall, eighty feet in diameter, paved with marble, and whose walls are decorated with columns and pilasters, of finely polished white marble, having *plaster capitals*—the marble ones which were carved for this hall in Italy, being found too small, were replaced by those which at present disgrace the building. Altogether, whether we look at the unimposing character of the structure itself, the immense amount of money actually thrown away, the absurd arrangements of the interior, and the utter want of design, resulting from an



entire lack of knowledge and taste in the architect, which are the chief characteristics of the building, and which make it the dreariest, least inviting, and most expensive place of business in the city; we are at a loss for a comparison, which shall place its mingled absurdities in the strongest light. We wish the unfortunate architect, Isaiah Rogers, no more punishment than to have his name carved in granite letters on the pediment; there to survive the blows of Fate and shocks of

Time, with his offspring, which we prophesy with the sadness becoming such a vaticination, will outlast the pyramids, and remain as food for inextinguishable laughter to generations whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers are yet unborn. But we wish that some of our city's best architecture were as sure of resisting the ravages of time as this solid block of granite, and its sister of marble, the Custom House, whose character we shall analyze in a future paper.



The Merchant's Exchange.