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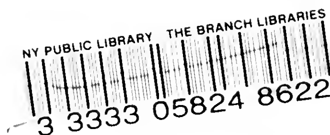

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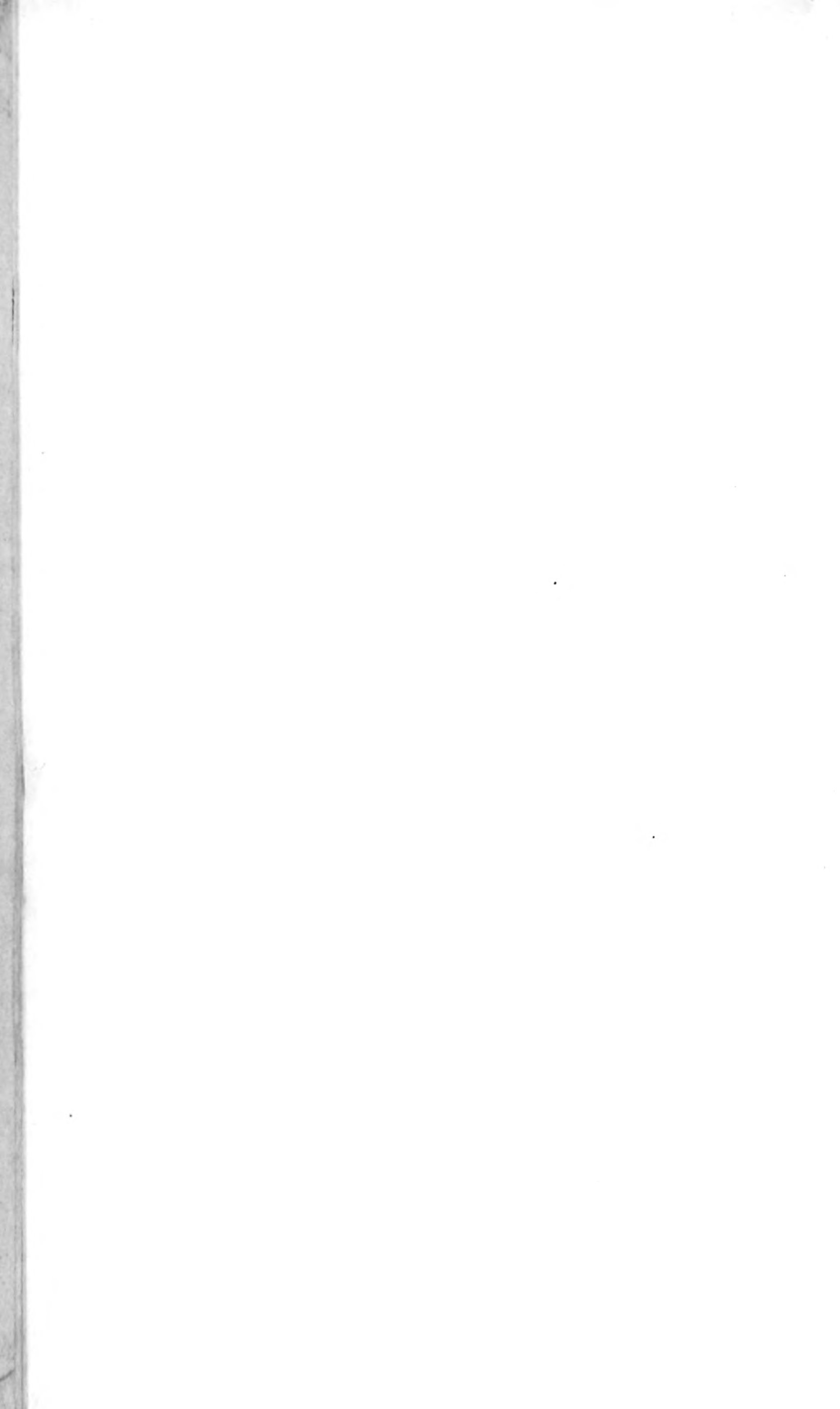
# A LOITERER IN NEW YORK



THE PLAZA, LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE AGAINST THE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT HOUSE
CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS (PAGE 308)

"ABUNDANCE," DETAIL OF THE PLAZA FOUNTAIN
DESIGNED BY KARL BITTER
EXECUTED BY ISIDORE KONTI

# A LOITERER IN NEW YORK

DISCOVERIES MADE BY A RAMBLER THROUGH OBVIOUS YET UNSOUGHT HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

BY

HELEN W. HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF "THE ART TREASURES OF WASHINGTON," ETC., ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY
PAUL W. BARTLETT

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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# PREFACE

To a traveller the thought of loitering in a great city is more suggestive of the celebrated haunts abroad than of New York. It conjures visions of Rome, of Venice, of Florence, where historical relics and works of art are found at every turn. It would recall, perhaps, rambles in the streets and boulevards of Paris and the innocent joys of the *Bouquineur* on the *Quais;* the misty mornings, the quiet afternoons, and evening strolls on the banks of the Seine. It would perhaps revive the souvenir of the delightful feeling of peaceful comfort and "nearness" to the Past, so readily enjoyed in the sombre byways and the gay and bustling highways of London. Things are life-size abroad and supremely human too. There one is encouraged to dream and to think, and loitering is an art!

With these thoughts in mind it seems difficult, at first glance, to see how one could really loiter here. The consciousness of one's self is easily lost in the presence of our superhuman buildings. The sky-line, however grand, is far away, and a profound feeling of awe replaces that of intimacy and charm. The works of art are difficult to

find, and the "ambience" of ceaseless and strenuous activity precludes all hope of peaceful meditation to those who do not know the nooks and corners where the Past still lingers with the Present.

This book, in reality the History of the Romance and Art of Manhattan, fortunately comes to our rescue. The traveller will find it a friendly and willing guide; he will be lured on, over the old Boston Post Road, along Broadway and Fifth Avenue, his curiosity and interest always kept alive; and half-forgotten mysteries will be disclosed to him while on the way.

The lover of New York may rejoice in the folk-lore tales of "hamlet" and "bouwerie," retold in sympathetic and feeling words, and in the remembrance of revered landmarks, beautifully described.

The artist and connoisseur, on the other hand, may find much to admire in the author's appreciation of art and in her joy to praise. They will be touched by her quiet persistence in calling attention to things worth while, and amused by her skill in dealing with unfortunate works, so common with us, which, with a few casual words, are deftly set aside, so deftly indeed that, at times, one scarcely realizes the strength and justice of her criticism.

Miss Helen Henderson, a true art critic without the pretensions of a critic, is particularly well equipped for a work of this kind. She had the good fortune, after completing her studies at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, to spend some years abroad, to come in contact with most of the modern masters, and to live in the midst of the artistic and literary activities of Paris and London.

To-day her opinions are based on real understanding, her emotions and intuitions have been tempered by years of literary experience, and her sense of the psychology of human events is mellowed by a kind philosophy, which is not devoid, however, of a gentle touch of humour.

In bringing the art treasures of the city nearer to us, in reminding us that there are still traces of Poetry and Romance left in Manhattan, Miss Henderson has done a good and worthy work.

The gentle irony of her title leads me to believe that she has little hope of persuading many New Yorkers to loiter; but if any book could teach them to "idle," and to "idle" with pleasure and profit, it is certainly "A Loiterer in New York."

Paul W. Bartlett.

New York, 23 September, 1917.

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# A LOITERER IN NEW YORK

# A LOITERER IN NEW YORK

## I

## THE PICTURE

New York has supreme advantage over most cities of the world in the impressiveness of its approach. There is something to be said for all the means of ingress, something prognostic of its inordinate modernity, of its immense mechanical superiority, of its intolerance of everything that is not of the newest and the latest and the best, according to the American standard; but for the stranger, who has never seen the city, particularly one whose quest is character and individuality rather than convenience or speed—and we are speaking to loiterers—it is worth the expenditure of time and trouble to make what détour may be necessary in order to arrive by water.

The whole sweep through the rough salt waters of the Lower Bay; the passage through the Narrows into the Upper Bay, all windy, fresh, exhil-

arating, lead dramatically up to the supreme indelible impression of a city rising from the sea, as has so often been said.

The vision thus comes with surprise and splendour. Mirage-like in the offing, its white towers detach themselves only partially from the background of bright skies, each detail coming gradually out until the essence of the thing which is New York is there before you with its largest suggestion. Through that vivid clearness of atmosphere the impending city looms—a bristling promontory pointing its tall, sharp end, inconceivably planted with incredible masses of prodigious feats of stone-faced ironmongery, into the very eye of the spectator.

To the excitement of the moment of realization every great and small thing contributes. There is no laziness in a prospect where the chief end of life seems to be transportation, expressed in the restless, feverish desire of every craft afloat to get quickly somewhere else; this sensation of hurry and flurry augmented by the wind and the tide, animated by the same desire for displacement and unrest. All this is carried on with the fine unconsciousness that bespeaks the metropolis. The tugs, the ferries, the minor craft, the ships, bent on their separate ways, independent of mien and

action yet taking one another into account, accepting jostlings and delays amiably with a philosophy born of lifelong dealings with crowds.

The city, deposited at the water's edge, comes with sudden revelation, yielding at first glance its salient features. Individual buildings rise to fantastic heights above the compact pile, giving lightness and variety to the aerial line. The smoke which curls about their towers mingles with the clouds. Everything is in excess. League long bridges fling themselves in abandonment across turbulent tidal rivers—great arms that span vast spaces with hands that grasp, and hold to the parent island, those newly acquired boroughs now proud to count themselves technically part of the great city.

Like some gigantic puss-wants-a-corner game worked out beyond all hope of joy for the performer, these bridges contribute to that same insensate desire for change that animates the river craft, their immeasurable lengths traversed by ceaseless belts of concatenated cars condemned to a sort of treadmill destiny staggering in its magnitude.

In all weathers, in all seasons, at all times of day or night, the island, from whatever point of observation, is a thing of wonder and delight. In

the early morning it shines and glistens in the dazzling sun; its walls giving back white effulgence, in marvellous contrast to the blueness of an habitually cloudless sky, and the deeper note of constantly agitated waters.

In the late afternoon the thousand windows reflect the fire of the setting sun, its colourful afterglow, and the island seems ablaze; while at dusk the whole becomes enveloped in a soft, Whistlerian haze, through which the lights in the office towers sparkle like stars. The rushing, crowded ferries and busy steam tugs, that all day have stirred the restless waters, begin a more rhythmic action, and make black accents in the sapphire blue of the rivers, disappearing into shadowy docks, disgorging their heavy loads, floating out again—vast platforms of shifting humanity.

Gradually mellowing, the scene at night is most significant of all. Then the towering mass of the island deepens to a rich silhouette against the sky, luminous with the city glow. The lower end is deserted, and looms mysterious and awful in its empty vastness. To one who goes in for rich effects, there can be nothing more impressive of the value of New York, as a unique city, than a study of the various and bizarre pictures it makes from such vantage points as the Brooklyn Heights,

"UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE"
AFTER A PAINTING BY ERNEST LAWSON

"THROUGH THAT VIVID CLEARNESS OF ATMOSPHERE
THE IMPENDING CITY LOOMS—" (PAGE 16)

the ferries, or from any of the several bridges. There, comfortably ensconced, one may ponder at one's leisure upon its most curious unsubstantial quality, as of some gigantic Luna Park, its outlines traced by prodigal dots of light, its features illumined in so strange a fashion as to make them appear translucent; the whole high strung to the strident note of perpetual fête.

This sense of improbability deepens on closer acquaintance, when the fantastic notion that the whole amazing structure that shifts and changes before one's approaching gaze is more or less stage land, gotten up for effect, is substantiated by the recorded facts; by the comparison of the series of prints of old New York, that show this very tip of the island to have undergone, in the short space of three hundred years, metamorphoses that leave not one stone standing of the original assemblage.

Rains and fogs but add effect and interest to the picture; summer suns and winter snows, character. But these are accidents: New York the typical is clear, bright, sunny, breezy, invigorating. It seems, as it rears its giddy height there at the head of the bay, the young, vital city that it is—the metropolis of a new world.

New York has one of the finest of natural har-

bours. It has an entrance of about a mile in width between Fort Hamilton, at the southwest angle of the borough of Brooklyn, and Fort Wadsworth, the point opposite on Staten Island. This entrance, known as the Narrows, leads into a fine bay about five miles wide and six miles long, within which lie several small islands of indifferent interest and little physical grace.

Bartholdi's impressive statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," stands on Bedloe's Island, in the bay, of which it is a distinguishing feature. It stands for fine sentiment, as well as æsthetic achievement; for it was presented to the people of the United States by the people of France, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence. The sculptor, Frederic Bartholdi, was a Frenchman, of whose work we have another worthy example in the city—the Lafayette in Union Square, presented by the French residents of New York, in gratitude for American sympathy in the Franco-Prussian War. His reputation rests upon that noble monument, the "Lion de Belfort," of which a reduced replica dominates the Place Denfert-Rochereau in Paris.

Unlike many of the foreign works which have been shipped to us, and erected without the artist having ever seen the country, let alone the site,

this one was devised after Bartholdi had made the trip to the United States, to view the bay in which his projected statue was to stand, and picked out Bedloe's Island as the spot best adapted for it. He wished to make something to impress the immigrant to these shores, and conceived this majestic symbol of Liberty holding the flaming torch, that should typify for him the freedom and opportunity of a new world. As early as 1865 he had this ambition,—to make a statue commemorative of the friendship between the two countries.

Unfortunately, at the time that the statue was erected, 1885, great stress was laid upon the colossal proportions of the figure. People were immensely impressed by its size, having been duly instructed upon that inconsequent point, by a zealous press, and loved to marvel upon the fact that forty persons could stand in its head—if they wanted to do so. Everything being relative, the attention of a fickle public has been many times shifted, with this regard, since the Liberty statue used to *épater les bourgeois* on the grounds of its height, many times eclipsed by the towering skyscrapers invented since.

Bartholdi's statue remains, none the less, an imposing feature of the Upper Bay. The attitude of the figure is dignified; its mass, sculpturesque;

and it has gained immeasurably, since its erection, by the lovely patine which time and exposure have added to the metal. It is very interesting also mechanically, being made of a shell of *repoussé* copper, riveted together and supported by an interior skeleton of iron, designed by the French engineer, Eiffel, who built the famous tower. Provision is made for expansion and contraction, caused by variations of temperature, and an asbestos packing is employed to insulate the copper from the iron and prevent the corrosion which would otherwise be caused by the action of electricity, induced by the salt air.

Governor's Island, near the Battery, is occupied by the United States government for military purposes. It figures in the early history of New York, having been purchased from the Indians, in 1637, by Wouter Van Twiller, one of the Dutch governors, and one of the richest landowners in the province. The Indians called the island Pagganck; and under the Dutch dominion it was known as Nooten, or Nut, Island; while under English rule it was set aside by the assembly for the benefit of the royal governors from which it takes its name. After various changes, it was ceded to the federal government, by the State of New York, in 1800.

Governor's Island was once a part of Long Island, so that cattle were driven across the Buttermilk Channel—so narrow and shallow, in Van Twiller's time, that it was easily forded. Boats drawing very little water were the only craft able to get through the channel, and numbers of these took buttermilk from Long Island to the markets of New York, embarking at Red Hook Point.

The Military Museum, on Governor's Island, contains many relics of former wars; and Fort Jay, formerly Fort Columbus, has a well-preserved moat, drawbridge, parapet, and guns. The barracks here are still in use. Castle William, from which the sunset gun is fired, is used as a military prison.

Ellis Island, a mile and a half from the Battery, was famous, in Dutch days, as Oyster Island, owing to the quantities of oysters consumed there. It was sold by the state to the national government, in 1808, and has been the immigrant station since 1891, when the old Castle Garden was disqualified for that portentous use.

On Swinburne and Hoffman Islands, made by filling in, in the Lower Bay, are the quarantine stations, which were located at Seguine's Point, Staten Island, in 1859, and occasioned the uprising of the people in vigorous protest. The build-

ings were burned, together with those at Tompkinsville, and the country was forced to pay the state over an hundred thousand dollars indemnity.

The approach to New York by water, supplemented by a trip around the Island of Manhattan, in one of the sightseeing yachts, will fix once and for all the puzzling topography of the original city in its relation to its four tributaries; the whole constituting what is known as Greater New York. A flight in an aeroplane over the city would be even more helpful, and will no doubt one day be thoroughly practical. For the present an excellent idea of the lay of the land may be got by mounting into the towers of one or another of the higher buildings, from which the whole country lies flat below one, as a map.

Before 1874 the city did not extend beyond Manhattan Island. Parts of Westchester County were in that year first incorporated, and in 1895 more territory, in the same county, was annexed. The city of Greater New York, incorporated in 1898, now embraces an area of two hundred and eighty-five square miles, and includes five boroughs, of which the original island is very much the smallest, containing but twenty-two square miles, or considerably less than one-tenth of the combined area. Of the others, Queens has an

"BROOKLYN BRIDGE"
AFTER A PAINTING BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

"LEAGUE-LONG BRIDGES FLING THEMSELVES IN ABANDONMENT ACROSS TURBULENT TIDAL RIVERS—" (PAGE 17)

area of one hundred and three square miles; Brooklyn, seventy-two; Richmond, fifty, and Bronx, forty-two.

Passing through the Narrows into New York harbour, the borough of Brooklyn, occupying the southern end of Long Island, lies on the right; Richmond, or Staten Island, to use the old Dutch derived name, on the left. The other extensions of the city proper lie to the east and north of the island, across the East and Harlem Rivers and Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Queens lies adjacent to Brooklyn, on Long Island; while the Bronx is the most northern adjunct to the city, the only section to form part of the mainland of New York State.

Jersey City, Hoboken, Paterson, Weehawken, and other small Jersey towns and cities, would have been comprised in the consolidation of 1898, except that they are in a different state. As it is they are, in effect, suburban in their relation to the city, and their ferries and underground tubes bring daily a vast contribution to the sum total of workers, shoppers, and pleasure-seekers on Manhattan Island.

The boundary between New York and New Jersey was an early point of dispute; the main controversy being whether Staten Island was in-

cluded in the grant of New Jersey to Carteret and Berkeley, by the Duke of York. The point was determined in a sportsmanlike manner, when the duke, afterwards James II, announced that all islands in the bay that could be circumnavigated in a day should belong to the province of New York; and Staten Island was won through the enterprise of Captain Christopher Billop, who sailed around it in less than twenty-four hours, in his famous ship, the *Bentley.*

Billop's delightful old house, built on the large tract of land on the southern part of the island, presented to him in recognition of his feat, still stands, in a state of lamentable decay, a monument to his memory, and to civic indifference to old landmarks.

## II

## MANAHACHTÁNIENK

Antiquarianism, pursued for its own sake, has smashed some of our most hallowed traditions. Yet, so sweet are the ways of error, it moves us very little from our romantic conception of Hudson's thrilling voyage in *de Halve Moen,* and his incidental discovery of this region and the river named for him, to know, from soulless *savants,* that his was not the first white man's ship seen by the Redskins inhabiting these shores.

Irving, indeed, in his heartily sympathetic manner, disposes cavalierly of the whole question of the Italian claim for the priority of their explorer, Giovanni Verrazzano, in a rich footnote to his jocose *History of New York,* not only on the ground of his inadequate description, but for the more soul-satisfying reason that this Verrazzano —for whom he confesses a most bitter enmity—is a native of that same Florence that "filched away the laurels from the brow of the immortal Colon (vulgarly called Columbus), and bestowed them

upon its officious townsman, Amerigo Vespucci."

The incident described in what Irving scurrilously calls "a certain apocryphal book of voyages by one Hakluyt," relates that, eighty-five years before Hudson, the Italian explorer, sailing for the king of France, coasted along the eastern shore of North America from North Carolina to Newfoundland; and, on the way, "found a very agreeable situation—the bay (?)—located between two small prominent hills,—the Narrows (?)—in the midst of which flowed to the sea a very great river,—the Hudson (?)—which was deep within its mouth." His ship, the *Dauphin,* a caravel of one hundred tons, "anchored off the coast in good shelter."

That the Florentine navigator was a gallant captain and a handsome man, in the eyes of his compatriots, is evident from the portrait bust, surmounting the monument to his memory, the work of Ettore Ximenes, the Roman sculptor, erected by his fellow countrymen, in Battery Park, whence he gazes proudly out upon the bay which he is said to have first discovered. The letter, generally believed to be authentic, in which he made his report to François I, contains the earliest recorded description of any part of the seacoast eventually included in the original colonies.

During the same century, statisticians would have us believe, the bay served as a harbour for mariners of many nationalities—Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Dutch—and it is to be supposed that the European fishing craft, that abounded further north, put into this excellent natural shelter, from time to time, as exigency demanded.

Cosmopolitan in its primitive history, cosmopolitan it remains, though these casual discoveries produced no results; and it was not until early in the seventeenth century, when Henry Hudson, an English explorer, in the service of the East India Trading Company, of Holland, set foot upon these shores, that the real history of our island begins.

The *Half Moon,* a flat-bottomed, two-masted Dutch vessel, of eighty tons' burden, designed to meet the peculiar features of navigation about the Zuyder Zee, and named in honor of the island of Vlieland, a *vlieboot,* was one of many ships owned by the East India Company, a great trading corporation, organized at Amsterdam, in 1602.

Hudson was an experienced explorer, having twice been sent by merchants of his own country, in search of that mythical short cut to the Orient, upon which traders and mariners, of this epoch, built their fondest hopes.

The Dutch owned islands, rich in spices, in the Indian Ocean; their only means of access thereto was the long, dangerous voyage around the continent of Africa, by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The extent and breadth of the Western Hemisphere was unsuspected in those days, and every bay or strait or important stream on the Atlantic Coast of North America seemed, potentially, the entrance to broader waterways to seas, beyond the far west, to the farther east.

The Narrows seemed to an expectant mariner ideally to promise, and when the *Half Moon* sailed up the open gates of the majestic river on the left of the great bay, Hudson thought he had found the passage to the Indies, and pushed on as far as Albany, where the shallow waters discouraged him, and he gave it up.

The commercial importance of his discovery was perfectly clear to so keen a man as Henry Hudson; the failure of his particular quest he had, himself, anticipated, in his advice to the company before starting out, that he should be permitted to investigate the possibilities of a passage west of Greenland, through Davis Strait.

He returned to Holland with his story of the shores of his Great River, which he called the River of the Mountains. He told of bartering

"NIGHT: NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS"
AFTER A PAINTING BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

"THEN THE TOWERING MASS OF THE ISLAND DEEPENS TO A RICH SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SKY, LUMINOUS WITH THE CITY GLOW" (PAGE 18)

with the Indians; of the fur-bearing animals, samples of whose pelts he brought as evidence of their richness; he described the high hills which he thought might contain mines of valuable metal; and upon his intelligent report was based the whole future development of the company's immense transactions with this region.

Hudson, personally, profited nothing of his discoveries. He fell out with the Hollanders and returned to England, making another voyage, for an English company, for the same purpose, and discovered the great north bay, which, like the river, was later named for him, and there mysteriously perished. The story of his fate has worked into the legend of the Hudson Valley and its mountainous environment. His crew mutinied, and their leader, his son, and seven faithful sailors were put into a small boat, and set adrift in the great bay and seen no more. Hendrick Hudson men still figure in the folk-lore of this romantic country.

The Dutch were just as human as the people of other nationalities with regard to their treatment of heroes and heroines. After he was, presumably, dead and gone, they not only named the river and bay that he had discovered after Hudson, they claimed him bodily and ancestrally for their

own, pretending that he was a Dutchman, and changing his name to Hendrick in their annals and descriptions.

They followed up his discoveries with the most businesslike acumen, and traders were sent out immediately upon the explorer's return to Holland, in 1609.

The Island of Manhattan, to which the growth of the official city confined itself during the first three hundred years that succeeded its discovery, and which will always mean New York, at least to the present generation, no matter how all-embracing it may become in its need of territory, was so named by the Indians who inhabited its shores. At least the word, Manhattan, is a derivative from the original dialect of the native tribes.

The Delawares and Mohicans called the island where they received the Dutch visitors *Manahachtánienk,* which, in the Delaware language, we are assured by Bishop Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary to the Indians, means "the place where we all became intoxicated."

Historians have pooh-poohed this quaintly prophetic significance of a word, indeed, variously interpreted, but have failed to impair its perennial aptness. The name might have been selected by many generations of *bons viveurs,* who have

made merry in this fashion on the island, including, notably, the present.

"We have corrupted this name into 'Manhattan,'" says the missionary, "but not so as to destroy its meaning or conceal its origin." "There are few Indian traditions," he goes on to tell us, "so well supported as this."

Hudson, on his return to Holland, was detained at an English port, and sent his charts and his journal to the East India Company by his mate, a Netherlander. Though they have disappeared, and such parts as were quoted in a contemporary publication make no special mention of his landing in the harbour of New York, we possess a very striking tradition of the event as preserved by the hospitable tribe who received him.

The story of the arrival of the *Half Moon* was taken down by Heckewelder, from the mouth of an intelligent Delaware Indian, and given, with much picturesque data, in all simplicity, in his "History of the Indian Nations," published by the American Philosophical Society, in 1818.

The Indians described themselves as greatly perplexed and terrified when they beheld a strange object, of great size, in the offing. During the hours that it took a sailing vessel to approach, they were thrown into a panic of fear and appre-

hension, not knowing what visitation to expect out of the horizon, that encompassed their knowledge of space. Their fears were only augmented, when it was reported to them by the runners stationed along the shore, that the object appeared to be a huge house or canoe, and could only conjecture that they were about to receive a visit from Mannitto—the Great or Supreme Being.

Anxious to propitiate him, lest his object should be to punish them for their misdeeds, the chiefs instructed the women to prepare a feast in his honour, and, in their distracted way, ordered a great, spectacular dance to be given, hoping to please him and to show their respectful intentions. Chiefs from all the neighbouring territory were warned of the impending danger and congregated together with their tribes, in great agitation and bewilderment, not knowing how to meet so august a visitor, nor what his intentions with regard to themselves might be.

Meanwhile fresh runners, from the lookout places, came with the news that the large house approaching was of various colours, and crowded with living creatures. The Indians then thought that Mannitto must be bringing them some new kind of game and rejoiced exceedingly at this mark of favour. Soon, however, it was spread

abroad that the living creatures were men, like themselves, only with white skins, and that among them was a gorgeous godlike man in a red coat all glittering with gold lace, who seemed to be their chief.

The Indians could no longer doubt that this was indeed their Mannitto, come in person, with his retinue, and their excitement and agitation knew no bounds. Soon the big house, some said canoe, came near to the shore, and the Indians, unable to restrain themselves, pushed out in their small craft, or ran along the bank, answering the shouts of the sailors with their strange cries, and assisting them to land with every sign of hospitality and welcome.

Never doubting that they were in the presence of the Supreme Being, they only marveled that their Mannitto should not be a red man like themselves, but should have fair skin. However, the gorgeousness of his apparel, and the respect with which his suite treated him, left no room for question, and their only thought was to propitiate the visitor.

With this end in view, all went smoothly until the resplendent one sent one of his attendants back to the ship for a *hackhack* (properly a gourd, but applied also to bottles and decanters) and a

glass, out of which the chief poured himself some dark liquid and drank it with significant gestures and friendly looks. He then directed another glassful to be poured out and this he passed to the nearest Indian, who took it, smelled of it, bowed low and passed it on to his neighbour. In this fashion the glass went round the circle of wondering chiefs, until a strong brave chief stepped forward, took the glass, and harangued the others at length upon the risk of exciting their Mannitto's ire by the refusal to drink the potion prepared for them. "I will drink it," he said, "let the consequences be what may; for it is better for one chief to die than for a whole tribe to be destroyed."

So saying this valiant warrior drained the cup to the dregs. The others watched breathless, in anticipation of the direst results. Nothing happened for a moment, when the giant chieftain began to sway backwards and forwards, and finally fell to the ground, apparently dead. When he regained consciousness, he staggered to his feet, and described in glowing terms the effect of the potion, how happy he had felt, what dreams had visited his sleep, and urged his fellows to try it. This was done; more liquor was brought from the boat and the day was spent in wild intoxication

"As the Whites became daily more familiar with the Indians," Heckewelder goes on to tell us, "they at last proposed to stay with them, and asked only for so much ground for a garden spot, they said, as the hide of a bullock, then spread before them, would cover, or encompass. The Indians readily granted this apparently reasonable request; but the Whites then took a knife and, beginning at one end of the hide, cut it up to a long rope, not thicker than a child's finger, so that by the time the whole was cut it made a great heap; they then took the rope at one end and drew it gently along, carefully avoiding its breaking. It was drawn out into a circular form, and being closed at the ends, encompassed a large piece of ground."

Ignorant of what is related of Queen Dido, in ancient history, and that the Dutchmen were simply practising classic tricks upon them, this cunning equally surprised and delighted the simple and confiding Indians, who allowed the success of the artifice good-humouredly and made their visitors cordially welcome.

So much for the initial step in acquiring foothold on the Island of Manhattan.

## III

## DUTCH DOMINION

THE lofty aims that inspired the founding of Boston and Philadelphia and some other of the oldest cities of North America had no part in the settlement of New York. If the Indians named it in honour of conviviality, the Dutch claimed it for the purposes of commercialism; and if the attempt to take the æsthetic view is invariably blighted, as James has said, by this most salient characteristic —*the* feature that has persisted through the few centuries of its progress—one must not blame too harshly a city that was wronged from the start.

It was, indeed, with no idea of founding a city that the first traders were sent here under Hendrick Christiaensen, in 1610, to follow up Hudson's account of the business to be conducted on the island. Between this year and 1616, when he was killed by an Indian at Fort Nassau, Christiaensen was the most active skipper concerned in the many voyages to the Hudson River.

During this time no permanent landings were

made; the Dutch traders lived upon their boats in the harbour, remained only long enough to secure a cargo of pelts, and speedily returned to Holland to reap their harvest and prepare for fresh voyages.

The first homes of white men built upon the island were the result of an accident. Christiaensen had entered into partnership with Adriaen Block, the commander of the *Tiger*. While this ship lay at anchor in the bay, in the direct course that the Staten Island ferryboats now take, it took fire, one cold November night, and Block and his men were forced to swim ashore, and to build for themselves the famous four huts known to tradition as the Block houses. A tablet, placed on the façade of No. 41 Broadway, marks the supposed site of the Block houses, the first habitation of white men on the Island of Manhattan.

Block spent the winter building a new ship, which he called the *Onrust*, or Restless, the first ship to be built in this region, and the second made by white men in America. She rendered much service in exploring Long Island Sound, and is thought to have been the first vessel to pass through the waters of Hell Gate.

The year 1614 is memorable in the history of New York, for then the United New Netherland

Company was formed. This established the name of the province, New Netherland, and opened the duly chartered commerce of the Hudson River. About this time Fort Manhattan was built—a rough stockade intended as a temporary shelter for the factors of the company while engaged in stripping the island of furs, which it was expected could be accomplished in a few years. The life of this trading organization was limited by its charter to three years and four voyages, to be completed before January 1, 1618.

Fort Manhattan was simply a trading post of ephemeral construction—a redoubt. According to some writers, it stood "just south of Bowling Green," according to others "on the site of the McComb mansion," at what is now 39 Broadway. Others, again, declare that neither it nor the Block houses had existence on the island, at least at this epoch in its history. Some confusion seems to have existed, in the minds of early historians, between the doings of the United New Netherland Company and the West India Trading Company, formed by the rich fur traders of Holland, about 1621.

The West Indies then included every country to be reached by sailing west from Holland. It is probable that no one understood much of the vast-

"INDIANS OF MANHATTAN," BY BARRY FAULKNER
PANEL IN THE WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL (PAGE 450)

"LANDING OF HENRY HUDSON," BY BARRY FAULKNER
PANEL IN THE WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL (PAGE 450)

ness of the new continent; and New Netherlands was vaguely referred to as including the territory along the Atlantic Ocean now embraced by the states of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and extended inland as far as the company might care to send colonists.

The Dutch West India Company received from the States-General enormous powers, including the exclusive privilege of trading in the province of New Netherland for twenty years. Merely in order to protect its commercial interests from possible Indian raids, or the encroachments of neighbouring English colonists, was an attempt at permanent settlement or colonization made. Leavenworth, Denver—numerous western cities were founded in the same way, yet none has so fully, so flamboyantly achieved its destiny. Founded for trade, by trade, New York owes its very existence to the commercial enterprise of the doughty Hollanders.

As a remarkable instance of the familiar reflection that "you can't beat the Dutch," it is freely quoted on all sides, that Peter Minuit, the first Dutch Governor of the Province of New Netherland, bought the entire Island of Manhattan from the unsuspecting savages for sixty guilders, currently estimated at $24 of our national currency.

Some historians take consolation in the modifying statement that the purchasing value of this neat and tidy sum equalled $120 of "our money," ignoring, in this pitiful reckoning, the fact that the barter was made in beads and baubles, such as pleased the eye of the simple native, and not in coin of the realm. Mrs. Van Rensselaer briskly disposes of any false sentiment on this score by remarking that "of course Minuit gave, instead of useless money, articles that had an immense (!) value in the Indians' eyes;" and lays doubtful unction to her soul in the assertion that they were not (technically) dispossessed of their island, but merely pledged, "like tenants at will to yield from time to time such portions of it as the white men might need—if, indeed, many of them used Manhattan as an actual abiding-place. The island, for the most part, seems to have been uninhabited although constantly frequented by the savages who lived on the neighbouring shores."

Be this amazing reasoning as it may, and, even admitting the hypothesis, it leaves one wondering how the present-day commuters would feel to have their holdings, as distinguished from their places of residence, so nonchalantly rated, the lurid fact remains; and the sum, inflated to its Nth purchasing power, fails of impressiveness as compared

with the recent selling price ($576 per square foot) of land on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, within a stone's throw of the place of original sale.

This place of original sale, or original robbery, this place of monumental taking, as of candy from a child, is pointed out as the rocky point of land, since known as the Battery, and the time—the month of May, 1626.

Guileless as they seemed—these chiefs of the Manhattoes and Wickquaskeeks—their bargain was not unconditioned. They reserved for themselves the hunting rights in the most prolific part of the island, whose resources none knew so well as they—the richly wooded section now known as Inwood; and they enforced their claim, when questioned, by two wars and a massacre which depopulated the Bouwerie farms and almost annihilated the little hamlet of Haarlem, until their rights were recognized in equity and the Dutch magistrates bought them off at a material advance on their original estimate of values.

The Dutchman's wildest dreams of avarice were as disproportionate to the stupendous statement of growing valuations with which we are at every turn confronted, as were the modest demands of the aborigine to Minuit's excellent

knowledge of the bargain he had so unscrupulously driven.

Geologists tell us that the trap rock under the streets of New York is the oldest part of the surface of the earth, a fact which lends colour to the contrasting and perennial rejuvenation of the unfinished city. The Island of Manhattan is thirteen and one-half miles in length, with an average width of one and three-quarter miles; its maximum width being at Fourteenth Street, where it is two and one-quarter miles across. The total area is about twenty-two square miles or twenty-two thousand English acres.

The surface of the island is still undulating and rocky, and in its original state presented many obstacles to the sober ideals of the city plan, which insisted up levelling and grading in the interest of those "pettifogging" parallelograms, which have irritated no writer more perhaps than Mr. Henry James, from whom one borrows the qualifying adjective.

At Washington Heights, the ground rises to an altitude of 238 feet from the Hudson, but slopes abruptly towards the east where there is a level stretch, formerly known as the Harlem Flats. Farther to the south, the elevation continues as a central ridge with sloping ground on each side.

With the exception of the Harlem plain and an extensive bed of beach sand to the south and east of City Hall, the island is chiefly rock, overlaid with a generally shallow glacial drift deposit. The greater part of the city is built on a rock foundation, except where the glacial deposit is deep and in the beach sand where pile foundations are necessary.

The Hudson River was called by its discoverer the "Great River" or the *Groot Rivier*. After 1623 it was sometimes called the *Mauritius,* in honour of Prince Maurice of Orange; and by others it was known as the Manhattan. The Indians called it the *Cohohatated* or *Shatemuc* or *Mohicannittuck*. Mariners knew it as the North River, in contradistinction to the South River (the Delaware) also discovered by Hudson, and by this name New Yorkers proper invariably speak of it.

Until the organization of the provincial government under the first governor, such colonists as had ventured sporadic settlement of the island had been under the provisional protection of Cornelius Jacobsen May, who was sent out with the first families and put in charge of the affairs of the company. Rude huts were put up in the vicinity of the fort, and Pearl Street, the first identified roadway, came into existence. Pearl Street was

at this time the water front and followed the shore, leading from the fort to the Brooklyn Ferry at Peck Slip.

Peter Minuit, in his capacity as governor, was invested, by the West India Company, with full authority over all the Dutch lands in America. He organized a government consisting of a *koopman*, who was secretary of the province; a *schout-fiscal,* a sort of sheriff, attorney general, and custom officer combined; and a council of five men.

He laid out the lines of a fort on the site of the present Custom House, on the spot where the fur traders' stockade had stood. This he called Fort Amsterdam. Built of earth and stone and surrounded by cedar palisades, it was large enough to shelter the whole community in case of danger; and having four bastions, it rose proudly above the little group of settlers' houses clustered about its walls. The shore line was much less extended in those days; the water came up to State Street on the south, while Pearl Street followed the bank of the East River, as has been said, and on the other side from Greenwich Street, the land sloped away in marshy flats to the water's edge. The spot where Castle Garden now stands was then an island two hundred feet from the shore; so that

COLONEL ABRAHAM DE PEYSTER, BY GEORGE EDWIN BISSELL
BOWLING GREEN (PAGE 88)

the fort stood close to the water and easily commanded the entrances to the North and East Rivers, and the junction of their currents in the Upper Bay. In the earliest prints of the settlement, such as that published by Joost Hartger in 1651, it stands out as the dominating landmark of the little dorp or village that occupied the southern end of the Manhattan Island.

As the Custom House faces Bowling Green to-day, so the main gate of the fort opened on that same historic spot nearly three hundred years ago, for it has maintained its identity as a public garden spot throughout the entire development of the city. First known as "The Plaine," it was reserved for all the uses of a village green—a playground for children, a parade ground for soldiers, the market-place, the annual cattle show; while under English rule a Maypole dance on the green brought youths and maidens to the spot at the appropriate season. It was indeed the general meeting-place, and here, upon occasion, the Indians met the Whites and made treaties and smoked the pipe of peace.

The governor's house was inside the fort. The large warehouse for storage of furs, the staple export, was outside. This was a stone building, thatched with reeds; and in its second story was

a room used as a place of worship by the budding community.

The early history of New Netherland is dominated by the will and ambitions of the four Dutch governors. Peter Minuit bought the island, built the fort, established the government, and divided the lower part of the island into farms—called in the Dutch vernacular, *bouweries*—which were portioned out to the settlers in an arbitrary fashion. Of these an interesting record is preserved in the well-known Duke's Plan, a draft made in 1664 for the Duke of York upon the capture of the town by the English. It shows the disposition of property; the existing roadways, later to become streets; with some extensions beyond the actual limit of the city, fixed by a rude fence which extended across the island on the line of the present Wall Street, and which had been built to keep cattle from straying off into the wilderness. The Duke's Plan is in the custody of the British Museum, but fac-similes of it are familiar enough, and it has been repeatedly reproduced.

Wouter Van Twiller devoted his opportunities, as second Dutch governor, to the acquisition of property for himself, buying from the Indians the spot known as Governor's Island, as well as Randall's and Ward's Islands in the East

River; and became the richest landowner in the colony.

William Kieft, called William the Testy, rebuilt houses and put down smugglers. He instituted the fairs that were held on Bowling Green, where cattle and pigs were exhibited, and this brought so many people to the island that a tavern had to be erected to house the transients. This was a large stone house, of typical Dutch architecture, such as one sees to-day in Amsterdam, with the odd gable end pointed towards the street; and it stood at the head of Coentie's Slip, in Pearl Street, where a bronze tablet, erected by the Holland Society, at No. 73, marks the site of Kieft's *Stadt Herbergh*, or tavern, which became the *Stadt Huys*, or first City Hall, in 1653-54.

The nomenclature of the streets of the old town followed the lines of least resistance, and are rich in significance. Pearl Street, including Stone, followed the water side and took its name from the quantity of pearly shells left there by receding tides; it was the first defined roadway on the island, though Broadway is said to have existed as an Indian trail. A second road stretched up through the island, through the *bouweries*, and leading to outlying farms, and may be identified

as the old Bowery, or Bouwerie Lane, as it then was called.

During Governor Kieft's administration the first of the Indian wars, that occasionally devastated the settlement, was precipitated by the governor's treachery towards the natives, and so thorough were they in their vengeance that scarcely an hundred men were left to tell the tale, and the country was laid waste.

Till now the barrier for confining the cattle had been but a peaceful precaution; in 1653 it gave way to a strong city wall or palisade, built by Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors, to defend New Amsterdam against the Indians. Bastions stood on sites in the rear of Trinity churchyard, No. 4 Wall Street, the Sub-Treasury, and at the head of Hanover Street; and at Pearl Street a Half Moon Battery was located, to protect the water gate. The wall stood until 1699, and gave the name to the busy thoroughfare which now marks its extent.

Peter Stuyvesant, the one-legged governor of New Amsterdam, is the picturesque and sterling figure which identifies itself indissolubly with the fortunes of the early settlers. While the others retired to Holland after short and selfish domination, he not only endeared himself to the people,

"FORT ORANGE" (ALBANY) IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
DECORATION IN THE COLLECTOR'S ROOM, UNITED STATES
CUSTOM HOUSE, BY ELMER E. GARNSEY (PAGE 95)

"ASIA," BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
ENTRANCE UNITED STATES CUSTOM
HOUSE (PAGE 90)

but cared enough for this country to return to it after his unhappy surrender to the English, and to make it his home until his death. His bones rest in a charming old church, built on the site of an older one that he himself erected on his *bouwerie,* far beyond the city limits of his time.

Stuyvesant was a faithful servant of the West India Company, having lost his leg fighting in its service. Under him the colony became a city, with a mayor, two burgomasters, and five *schepens;* and these, excepting always the mayor, presided over the trials which were held in the stone house, which Kieft had built, and which now became the *Stadt Huys,* at the head of Coentie's Slip.

Governor Stuyvesant built him a house, in 1658, called *White Hall,* and the road which led to it still bears the name of the house, which stood at what is now the southwest corner of Pearl and Whitehall Streets. *Perel Stract* in those days extended only as far as the governor's house, after passing which the name changed to the Strand.

Coentie's Slip is one of the few preserved Dutch names which used to abound in this region. It was an inlet in the days when the *Stadt Huys* was built, and its peculiar name comes from a cor-

ruption of Conraet Ten Eyck, as the owner of the land about here was called. The filled-in slip, now buried beneath Jeanette Park, accounts for the width of the street.

I think it is Felix Oldboy who said that a Dutchman no sooner finds himself housed than he looks about to see where he can dig a canal. The land settled by the Netherlanders on Manhattan Island gave ample opportunity for the exercise of this ruling passion. The coast line was full of little inlets, the interior swampy, and badly drained by a little creek running through what is now Broad Street; and the whole conformation of the lower island adapted itself readily to the character imposed by a Dutch community.

The swampy region extending along Broad Street from Exchange Place to South William Street was reclaimed by the digging of a glorious Dutch canal through Broad Street (known to the burgomasters as the *Heere Gracht*) to Beaver Street, north of which it narrowed into a ditch. A street was laid out on both sides of the canal, and it became a favourite place of residence. The English, with their horror of smells, filled it up after it had become a public nuisance, in 1676. The swampy character has recently shown its persistence when excavations were made for cer-

tain high buildings, and it has been necessary to dig deep to secure solid foundations.

Broadway, even in those days, was the central artery of New York and is said to have existed as an Indian trail before the Whites landed on the island. It was called *Heere Straat*, or *Breedeweg* by the Dutch, the latter, of course, Hollandish for its present name, derived from the broad way that led from the entrance of the old fort up to the gate in the wall. The street was wide near the fort to give room for the soldiers to drill.

The original Dutch city, of which the present Wall Street was the northern boundary, grew in a haphazard manner. Settlers built their houses wherever they pleased, and roadways were opened to give access to the houses: the footpaths and cowpaths, and canals and ditches, incidentally established, developed into thoroughfares, and contributed to the tangle of streets characteristic of lower New York. Pearl Street, laid out in 1633, was the first residential street, the original huts of the transient settlers being built along the water front under the guns of the fort. After, Pearl Street was extended to become, in a way, the most curious street in New York. It begins and ends in Broadway, describing an irregular half-circle in its path. "Straight like Pearl Street" has

become a figure of speech with certain merchants of the present city in giving the character of their business associates.

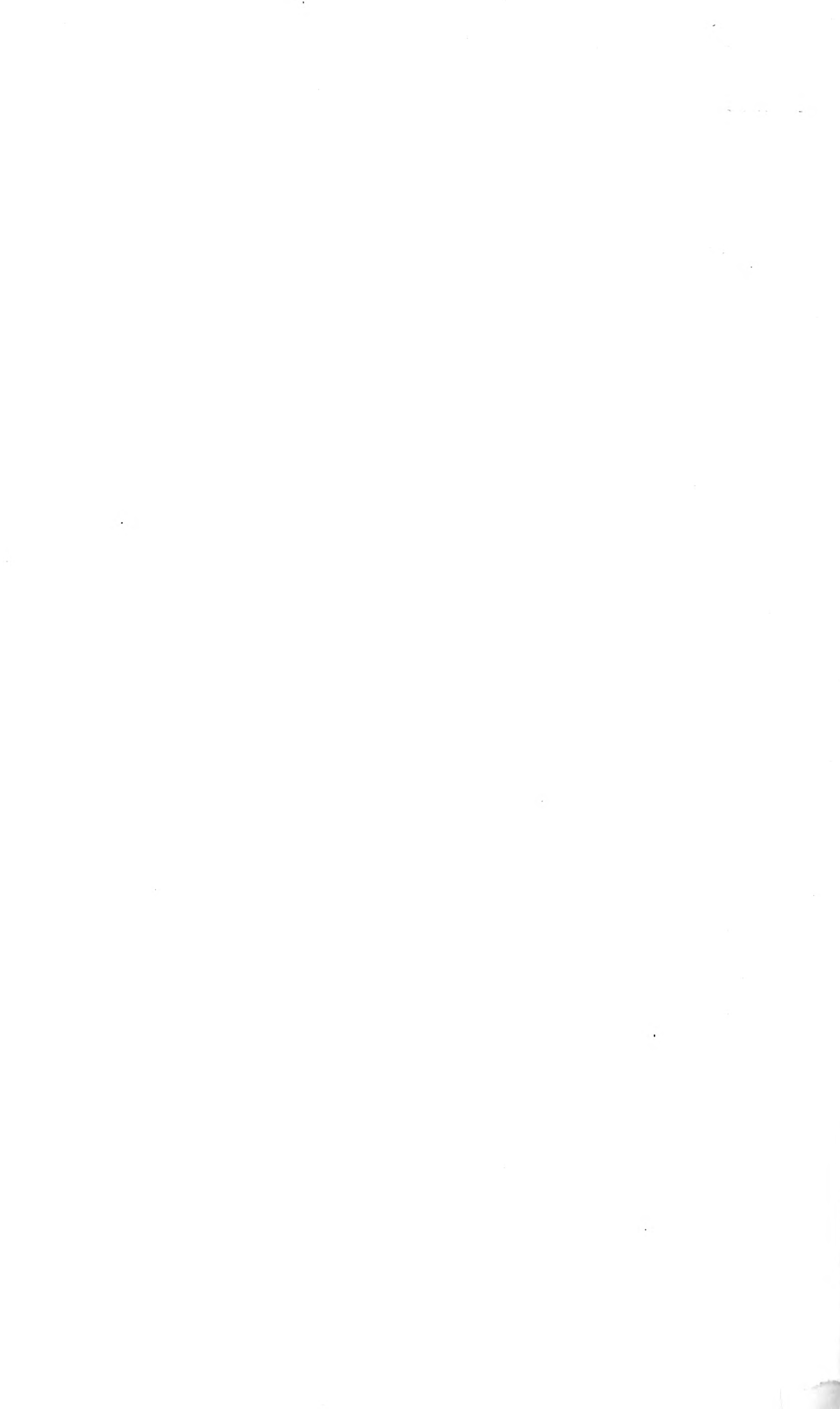
It is certainly a great pleasure, in a city so doomed to stupid regularity, to find this little oasis where one can lose one's self, and where names of streets have association and interesting significance. New Street was "new" in 1679, and is still thus distinguished; Stone Street changed its name from Brouwer Straat, derived from the company's brewery, at No. 10, to its present appellation because it was the first street of the city to be paved (with cobblestones in 1657). Hanover Square was called for George I, of Hanover; and William Street took its name from William of Orange, later William III.

When war was declared between England and Holland, in 1652, the population of New Amsterdam numbered about one thousand people, constituting a thriving little community. That they had little loyalty to their native land is certain from the small show of resistance that was made to the change of government.

In 1664 Charles II, basing his claim to the locality upon the voyages of the explorers John and Sebastian Cabot (whose discoveries of the same region, it was alleged, antedated Hudson's

IE DUKE'S PLAN. REPRODUCED FROM A FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE
ITISH MUSEUM: "A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWNE OF MANNADOS, OR
EW AMSTERDAM, AS IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER, 1663." MADE FOR THE
KE OF YORK WHEN THE ENGLISH FIRST TOOK POSSESSION
THE PROVINCE (PAGE 55)

JOOST HARTGERS' VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM
THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF
NEW YORK (PAGE 46)



by about one hundred years) simply gave New Netherland to his brother, James, Duke of York.

In the suite of this high-handed proceeding the Duke at once sent over four ships filled with soldiers to take possession of his property. The town was ill protected. The fort was such in name only, and, as historians have pointed out, Stuyvesant and the other governors had made frequent complaint to headquarters of its insecurity against the ravages of goats and cows that roamed the pastures; and it stood upon such low ground that from the heights in the rear it could be readily overlooked. It had not been built with the thought of real warfare, but only as a retreat from savage inroads and such. Furthermore, the community was willing to risk the advantage to itself of a change from Dutch to English rule, hoping for greater leniency and freedom under the latter, and refused to aid in the defence.

On September 8, 1664, Stuyvesant, at the head of his soldiers, evacuated Fort Amsterdam without resistance; the English soldiers took possession, and the city of New Amsterdam became the city of New York; the province of New Netherland became the province of New York; and Fort Amsterdam was called Fort James in honour of the Duke of York.

Stuyvesant's story of his surrender was ill received by the company in Holland, whither he went at once to make his report; and he returned to take up his holdings on Manhattan Island, established his residence on his former country seat, known as the great Bouwerie, not far from St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, near the intersection of Tenth and Stuyvesant Streets. Here he died, and his remains lie undisturbed in the family vault included in the foundations of the present church edifice.

The Dutch retook New Netherland in 1673, retaining possession for less than a year, during which time the city was called New Orange, in deference to the Prince of Orange, who, by his marriage to the daughter of the Duke of York, became William III of England. Within the year the complete and final restoration of the province was made to England, and the colony entered upon the most eventful epoch of its history.

# IV

## ENGLISH RULE

A PERSPECTIVE map of New York, preserved in the du Simitière Collection of the Philadelphia Library, gives the outstanding features of the city as it appeared when, by the peace of 1674, it became an English province for the second time, and was thenceforward gradually to lose its exclusive Knickerbocker character.

At this time we may picture an essentially Dutch town, built upon the water front, and upon canals; its houses presenting their serrated gable ends to the street, in true Hollandish fashion. The first houses had been of wood, practically one-story log cabins; but as the colony prospered, social distinctions arose, and the well-to-do settlers began to build their homes of brick and stone. Bricks at first were imported from Holland, but, under the last of the Dutch governors, yards were opened in the outskirts of the town, while the natural resources of the island yielded an abundance of stone. The gable ends were often of black and

yellow bricks, bearing the date of their erection, noted in iron figures. The type was distinctly Dutch, with small diamond-paned windows and large doors, in two sections, so practical for keeping the children within and at the same time, by leaving the upper half open, furnishing all the advantages of neighbourliness to the passer-by.

The fires which ravaged the city during the Revolution and subsequent improvements have robbed us of every vestige of the old Dutch town; but one important heritage persists in the high "stoop" (*stoep*) which the colonials built from force of habit, to protect the best rooms from the dangers of inundation, a necessary precaution in the old country; and thus fastened upon the city one of its most characteristic architectural features, and upon the vernacular an amusing Dutch-derived word, purely local in its usage.

With thrift and industry the Dutch settlers combined the love of pleasure and good cheer. They observed the national feast days—Christmas, New Year's Day, Easter, Whitsuntide, and St. Nicholas Day—and made merry on their individual family anniversaries with feasting, games, and dance. The custom of New Year's calls, long observed religiously in New York, was established at this time, when no gentleman of social pre-

tentions failed to pay his respects to every lady of his acquaintance on the first day of the year. The ladies, on the other hand, were expected to keep open house, and to offer "a piece of cake and a glass of wine" to their callers, a courtesy so much appreciated in later times, when the rivalry between the ladies, in the quality and quantity of hospitality offered, became so brisk, that the gentlemen were victimized by their own gallantry, and fairly incapacitated for making their rounds. Thus the custom, by an excess of zeal in the observance, defeated its own ends, and died a natural, if opprobrious death.

The chief development of the city, during the first hundred years of its founding, was along the East River, known as the Salt River in those days, its impressive feature to the community being its most practical one, its saltness, which meant immunity from freezing and thus interfering with ships and cargoes. The Hudson, though washed by salt tides, is inherently fresh, and has been known to freeze in bitter weather, and to be frequently blocked by ice, washed down in the current from the north; whereas the East River, literally an arm of the sea, connecting the Upper Bay with Long Island Sound, was never subject to these inconveniences.

A ferry to Brooklyn was started as early as 1651, from Peck Slip; and the shipping interests extended along the East River, bringing warehouses in their train, as well as the establishment of business interests of various kinds near to the ferry, in order to catch the Long Island trade.

The city sloped away from the high ridge of ground along the line of Broadway, which was really a distant and unfrequented part of the town, while west of this thoroughfare were but open fields. This is readily explained by a glance at the old maps.

In the original apportionment of the farms on the lower end of the island, provision had been made for the benefit of the civil and military servants of the West India Company. The Company Farm, as it was called, extended west of Broadway to the river, between the present Fulton and Warren Streets. This land has always been held intact, identified under various titles as government changed. The British, upon occupation of the island, passed it over to the private uses of the Duke of York, increasing the property by the purchase of the farm of Annetje Jans, which extended as far north as the present Christopher Street. When the Duke of York became king,

this tract was known as the King's Farm, and when it became the royal property of Queen Anne, as the Queen's Farm.

This grant as described by Mrs. Lamb in her history of New York consisted of sixty-two acres granted to Roelof Jans beginning south of Warren Street, extending along Broadway as far as Duane Street, thence in a northwesterly direction for a mile and a half to Christopher Street, forming a sort of unequal triangle with its base upon the North River.

Roelof Jans died soon after receiving this grant, leaving a wife and four children; and his widow, Annetje, married Dominie Bogardus, in 1638, whereupon her farm was known as the Dominie Bouwerie. When the English took possession of the island this grant was confirmed by the government; the heirs sold the farm in 1671 to Governor Lovelace; it was afterwards incorporated into the King's Farm, and in 1703 was presented by Queen Anne to Trinity Church.

This farm constituted Queen Anne's munificent grant to the English Church in the Island of New York which has made the Trinity Corporation at the present day so powerful a factor in the growth and development of the city. The English Church in the Island of New York meant,

in those days, Trinity Church, the parent church from which all the rest have sprung. The corporation has preserved the grant practically intact, and still retains possession of it. This farm for many years blocked the westward growth of the city, the citizens naturally preferring to build where they could acquire title to the land.

The English rulers of the province did little to distinguish themselves, and proved, if possible, less to the taste of the colonials than the Dutch governors. Most of them were men of harsh manner, despotic in their rule, and chiefly interested in getting what they could for themselves out of the colony. Colonel Richard Nicholls, who was in command of the British soldiers when the fort was taken, became the first English governor, and by tact and moderation contrived to win the esteem of the people. He made little change in the city government, and appointed as mayor Thomas Willett, a man well known and well liked in the community. The "Duke's Laws" proved liberal both in letter and in spirit, providing that no Christian should be molested for his religious beliefs—an especially grateful clause, carried out in practice when, upon the introduction of the English church in the colony, the Dutch dominie and the English chaplain made common use of the

church within the fort, one occupying it in the morning and the other in the afternoon.

Nicholls was succeeded by Colonel Francis Lovelace, whose effort was all for the growth and betterment of the province. He established a Merchants' Exchange, whose meetings were held once a week at about where Exchange Place now crosses Broad Street, fixing upon that locality its present inheritance; and he also started the famous mail route to Boston. Each first Monday of the month, the mail coach, in the hands of a carrier whom Lovelace, in a letter to Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, describes as "active, stout, and indefatigable," set out from New York, making its first stage Hartford, and expected to return within the month from Boston. The first mail from New York to Boston, also the first on the continent, started on New Year's Day, 1673, following bridle-path and Indian trail, directing the course of the future highway that still, beyond the Harlem River, retains the name—Boston Post Road.

The interruption in English rule caused by the retaking of the province by a Dutch fleet, in 1673, as an incident in the naval war then on between England and Holland, dislodged Lovelace, and when by the treaty of Westminster New Netherland was transferred from the States General to

Charles II, that monarch restored it to his brother, who appointed Edmund Andros, a major of dragoons to the post of governor. It was he who caused the passage of the Bolting Act, in 1678, which granted New York merchants a monopoly of the manufacture of flour, and laid the foundation of the city's fortunes. So important a measure was it that we find it symbolized in the seal of New York, whose shield bears the sails of a windmill and the two flour barrels in commemoration of the Bolting Act. The two beavers, alternating with the barrels between the blades of the sail, refer to that earliest industry of the island, the fur trade. The sailor and Indian, supporting the shield, stand, respectively, for the Duke of York, in his character of Lord High Admiral of England, and the aboriginal inhabitants of his American province. The bald eagle rising from a demi-terrestial globe, replaces the crown of the original seal.

Colonel Thomas Dongan, a genial Irishman, was the best of the English governors, a man of high birth and character, who secured for the province, under the Dongan Charter, in 1686, the most definite advance towards self government yet accorded any of the colonies. This charter of liberties still forms the basis of New York's civic

rights. Amended by Queen Anne, in 1708, and further amplified by George II, in 1730, into the Montgomery Charter, it was confirmed by the assembly of the province in 1732, making New York virtually a free city.

But for the most part these were lawless days, and governors came with pomp to be sent away in disgrace. Meantime piracy flourished practically, it has been thought, under the protection of officials of the province. Governor Fletcher was suspected of sharing in private booty; and merchants, who feared to carry on regular trade as their ships were almost sure to be seized, openly bought the pirates' cargoes, contending that "they were right in purchasing goods wherever found, and were not put upon inquiry as to the source from which they were derived." Indeed so well did the merchants and shipowners of New York and the "privateers," as the Red Sea men were politely called, understand one another, that the pirate captain, in rich yet outlandish garb, was a familiar figure in the streets of New York towards the end of the seventeenth century.

With French and English vigilance scouring the southern waters in determined effort to put down the practice, and increasing defection of Gallic and British pirate captains who showed a

meek willingness to adopt honesty as the best policy, when driven to extremes, the news that piracy, disguised as privateering, was winked at by the New York authorities, circulated rapidly among the captains serving under the black flag. New York became the universal port of refuge where piratical booty was disposed of at enormous gains, and no questions asked, for the profits were mutual and home products entrusted to the buccaneers for sale at their Madagascar rendezvous brought fabulous returns on the original investment.

Suddenly, however, this was all to end with the withdrawal of Fletcher and the appointment of Lord Bellomont, whose mission was to put down piracy at all costs. By a curious irony of fate, his first effort in this direction launched the noblest pirate of them all, the famous Captain Kidd, a Scot, resident of New York, highly recommended as a seaman of known honesty and valour, who had proved his bravery as a privateer against the French, and for some years commanded the packet, *Antigua,* trading between New York and London. In 1695, on the recommendation of Robert Livingston, a colonist, then in London, Bellomont placed Kidd in command of a privateer, giving him letters of marque against the French,

with a special commission to suppress piracy. His ship, the *Adventure*, sailed from Plymouth for New York, and from New York to Madagascar, with a crew of one hundred and fifty men. He was financed by a syndicate and took shares to the amount of six thousand dollars, Livingston signing his bond for one-half that amount. Thirty thousand dollars was subscribed and the profits of the cruise, less a royalty of ten per cent for the king, were to be divided among the members of the syndicate. Just how this peculiar deal squared itself with the strict line of law and equity it was supposed to uphold defies a casual analysis. At any rate, the king, though a stockholder, took the precaution not to advance the money for his share in so equivocal an enterprise. Kidd followed the lines of least resistance. Failing as an opponent of piracy, he succumbed to the entreaties or threats of a mutinous crew, replaced his ensign with a black flag, and, plundering and sinking ships, became a terror of the seas. His adventurous career ended in 1699, when, having exhausted his ingenuity in eluding his pursuers, he appeared in the eastern end of Long Island Sound, where, burying his treasure, as we are told, on Gardiner's Island, he opened communication with Lord Bellomont, who was then in Boston. Representing

himself as the victim of his crew, turned pirate against his will, he offered to share a large part of his booty with the governor or the syndicate of noblemen who had sent him to the East Indies. Bellomont heard his story, and, on the ground of his failure to account for the *Quedah Merchant*, his last prize, sent him to England, where he was tried at Old Bailey, and hanged on Execution Dock, in the city of London—the victim of his own misdeeds and the scapegoat for a pretty complication of political treachery.

During Lord Bellomont's administration a first effort was made to light the streets by means of a lantern, fitted with a candle, hung on a pole from the window of every seventh house; and a night watch was established consisting of four men. The governor removed what remained of the city wall and laid out Wall Street on the line of the fortification; he erected the new city hall in Wall Street near Nassau Street, equipped with dungeons for criminals, cells for debtors, a court room, and such modern improvements commensurate with the city's growth. The city hall also contained the first library, afterwards known as the Society Library.

Under Governor Hunter, in 1711, the first slave market was established at the foot of Wall Street,

and negroes began to form a large proportion of the city's population. Slave importation into New York began some time prior to 1628, and reached a climax about 1746, when a census of the city revealed the presence of twenty-four hundred negroes in a total population of less than twelve thousand souls. The same insensate fear of the unknown and incalculable that led the Whites to inhuman treatment of the native Indians was now turned with even more injustice against the race which they had imported to these shores. Under the constant dread of a servile insurrection, rigid and cruel laws regulating the conduct of negroes were enforced, and a fury of feeling grew up against the slaves, who were accused of plotting against their masters and of committing the most frightful depredations. The slightest infringement of the laws that deprived them of most of the blessings of liberty met with instant and unmitigated punishment. The burning and hanging of negro slaves, in the little valley beyond the Collect Pond, became the order of the day, and a most pitiable state of affairs ensued, in which the harassed blacks confessed to crimes of which they were innocent in order to save their lives; the panic culminating in the famous "Negro Plot," of 1741, only com-

parable in its terrible expiation to the witchcraft abominations of Salem, in the previous century. When it was all over a revulsion of feeling took place in favour of the negroes, who, in ten years, were admitted to the franchise, while slavery was practically abolished, in 1758, by the act declaring all children born of slave parents from that time free.

This was New York until about the time of the outbreak of the Revolution.

## V

## THE OLD TOWN

One grows to have favourite spots in New York. To me one of the most agreeable is that occupied by Ward's heroic statue of the first President, on the steps of the Sub-Treasury. Not only does it make perhaps the most dignified and consistent picture in the whole city; it commands one of the really thrilling prospects on the island.

The concentrated essence of historic New York is confined in this small area spread before you. From the steps of the Sub-Treasury it is amusing to fancy one's self standing upon one of the ramparts of the ancient wall, overlooking the old Dutch town, which lay to the south and east of the spectator. The Fort and the *Stadt Huys* dominated the southern view, marking, in their relation to this vantage point, opposite angles of an imaginary equilateral triangle.

The region between Coentie's Slip and Whitehall Street was the site of the first city dock, the

corner-stone as one may say of the metropolis, the progenitor of our thirty or more miles of wharves. It was built by the West India Company, whose quaint, round-bottomed, high-pooped ships were the first vessels to anchor there. As late as 1702 this dock formed almost the sole wharfage of the city.

Made ground has obliterated all trace of this dock, and the old Dutch city was destroyed by fire, so that no vestige remains to give colour to one's mental picture, save the very important one —the character and complexity of the old streets.

The breadth of Broad Street, as one surveys it from the portico of the Sub-Treasury, the peculiar bend which it takes at Exchange Place, suggest the existence of the old canal, which we know it superseded. Bridge Street marks the site of the old bridge across the canal; and Beaver Street, then *Bever Gracht*, led to the swamp in Broad Street, and was drained by a small canal or ditch. In this delightful labyrinth there are no parallels; State and Pearl Streets swept in a generous curve about the lower end, skirting Battery Park and the former shore line; and all sorts of short cuts are invited by the unruly way in which streets run into and over each other in their intensity of life and activity. If historic landmarks are few, a

plentiful distribution of tablets, diligently erected by the various societies interested in colonial relics, marks most of the important sites.

The statue of Washington, conceived as the great legendary figure towards which the whole country looked, as to a father, in the days of the young republic, stands on the spot where, in 1789, he took the oath of office and became the first President of the United States. The Sub-Treasury replaces the second state house of colonial days, which, in honour of the great event about to take place there, had been remodelled by the French architect, L'Enfant, the same who made the plan of Washington, and converted into Federal Hall. When Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath, exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" thirteen cannon were discharged and the shouts of the immense crowd in Wall and Broad Streets reëchoed the proclamation.

Pervaded by an interest at once human and heroic, Ward's statue is singularly apt and impressive. The whole harmony of the design suggests consecration and power, emphasized by the simple gesture of the lifted hand, betokening reserve and authority; giving as no other statue of our hero has done, the immense symbolic weight

of his presence. Not self-crowned, like Napoleon, he accepts the greatest honour that his country had to grant with a simple dignity infinitely more convincing. Set in the midst of the supreme struggle of our greatest city, the figure maintains a large, national significance; remains an essentially permanent type and exemplar.

The statue was erected in 1883, by public subscription, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce. At its foot was formerly the original slab of brown stone upon which Washington stood when taking the oath of office. This is preserved, under glass and in a heavy bronze frame, on the south wall of the interior of the building. Relic hunters may identify parts of the railing of the balcony, from which Washington delivered his inaugural address, at the Historical Society, and in front of the Bellevue Hospital.

These fragments are all that remain of an original historic structure, pulled down, in 1812, to make way for the present edifice, which served fifty years as the Custom House of New York. The building followed the mode of the day, which was all for Greek temples.

Arnold Bennett's disappointment in our famous Wall Street as the seething centre of the celebrated "American hustle," now quelled by the

GEORGE WASHINGTON, BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD. ON THE STEPS OF THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING (PAGE 73)

perfection of the mechanical contrivances that have literally transformed the methods of the Stock Exchange, was that of the keen traveller alert for local colour. Certainly the ingenuity of the inventions which facilitate the mighty transactions of this great bourse have completely changed the character for which Wall Street was far-famed. The telephones and the annunciator are indisputably the features of the building; and it is amusing to compare the old cumbrous methods with the perfect installation of scientific devices by which a member may be communicated with freely, without a spoken word, and without leaving his seat.

In each of the two side walls of the room is a great checkerboard, containing twelve hundred rectangles of glass. Behind each rectangle is a member's number, which may be shown in different coloured lights from behind. These lights can be so alternated as to make a perfectly intelligible sign language, according to a secret code.

George B. Post, one of the builders of New York, was the architect of the building, its construction having presented a pretty problem, attacked courageously; for in it Mr. Post attempted to combine all the requirements of the most modern of structures with an ornamental, massive

façade, topped by a pediment that should rival in sculpture the great pediments of the world. Much has been sacrificed to secure the feature of the building, that vast room, whose ends are simply great sheets of glass to afford light for negotiations of the greatest speculative mart in the world. A portico of six Corinthian columns partially disguises this opening, and behind these columns stand mullions, hung from girders overhead, constructed to resist the force of the wind against the glass and to support its immense weight.

The pediment, another fine example of the work of John Quincy Adams Ward, has been criticized for its lack of constructive significance, the building being high and square, behind the façade, which is applied like an excrescence to its structural face. But the sculpture within the pediment calls for serious consideration, and may be ocnsidered one of the interesting artistic features of this quarter.

If the figures, eleven in number, overwhelmingly massive, seem to fall out into the street, it is because one cannot in a narrow thoroughfare get far enough away from the building to see things in their proper relations. Angle views can be had from the high portico of the Sub-Treasury, or within the vestibule of the Mills Building. But

directly in front, in Broad Street, one is simply crushed and sees nothing. This great general fault of all the buildings in lower New York gives one a feeling of suffocation and surfeit; and things fine and impressive in themselves lose importance and seem often in very bad taste, like fingers loaded to the joints with massive rings, which impress one merely with their intrinsic worth and tell nothing of their individual beauty.

The pediment is admirable in its flowing, cumulative lines, its effective grouping, and interesting contrasts of light and shade. It is strong and simple in design, with none of the superflous details which encumber most pediments. Its story is expressed by the central figure, "Integrity," the grave impersonation of business honour, surrounded by the usual allegorical groups. The weather has played amusing tricks with the marble, already veined and spotted with grey, adding to its undoubted picturesqueness. Though the pediment was the design of Ward, the execution is by Paul Wayland Bartlett, who has recently completed the pediment for the House Wing of the United States Capitol.

A bronze tablet, erected by the Sons of the Revolution at the corner of Broad and Beaver Streets, calls attention to the historic site where

the patriot, Marinus Willett, halted the ammunition wagons, guarded by British soldiers, single-handed on June 6, 1775, as they were attempting to carry arms to Boston.

We are now upon recognizable historic ground. At the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets that handsome colonial house on the left in Fraunce's Tavern, one of the oldest buildings in the city, rich in Revolutionary memories, and intimately associated with General Washington, dividing honors, in this respect, with St. Paul's Chapel, and the Jumel and Van Cortlandt Mansions.

The shore line of the East River, extended several blocks by the filling-in process, originally came up to the site upon which Fraunce's Tavern now stands. The property, once part of the Van Cortlandt Manor, was deeded by Colonel Stephen Van Cortlandt to his son-in-law, Etienne de Lancey, a Huguenot nobleman, and an active merchant in the city. It was he who built the present house, as his residence, in 1719. It takes its name from Samuel Fraunce, a West Indian Creole, vulgarly known as "Black Sam"—a freeman, who opened here the Queen's Head, or Queen Charlotte Tavern, named for the consort of George III.

The Chamber of Commerce was organized here in the "Long Room," so called from the long

Indian lodges used for tribal meeting; and many other interesting things happened here, but none so important as its use by General Washington, as a temporary headquarters, when the British evacuated New York, at the close of the Revolution. Here at noon, on December 4, 1783, the touching farewell took place between Washington and his forty-four officers; a ceremony so simple and affecting finds few parallels in history.

The return to the city, alone, was a melancholy business. The town was in a deplorable condition; the wide tract, swept by the fire of 1776, still lay in blackened ruins, and no effort to rebuild had been made except where mere wooden shelters had been put up by the soldiers, and desolation prevailed.

Fraunce's Tavern is now owned by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, who restored the building, taking formal possession on December 4, 1907. The present appearance is believed to be practically the same as during the Revolutionary period, the utmost care and pains having been taken by the architect of the restoration, William H. Mersereau, not only to preserve every brick and beam of the original structure, but to match what was missing by bricks brought from contemporary buildings in Maryland, or imported from

Holland. The first floor is still used as a restaurant. On the second floor is the famous Long Room, containing portraits of Frederick Samuel Tallmadge and John Austin Stevens; while the third floor is devoted to the purposes of a museum of Revolutionary relics.

Edwin Austin Abbey has pictured the historic Bowling Green in what is said to be his first decoration, the famous picture, which hangs over the bar, in the Hotel Imperial. Done, of course, from imagination, aided by much authentic data, the picture has all the charm and accuracy of the work of this famous American painter.

It is a long panel, dating well back to the early eighties, when Abbey was better known as illustrator than painter. In the picture, he has, as always, been very particular as to his facts. A game of bowls is in progress on the green; a group of several men in sporting costumes of the period, are playing, while another keeps score. These men are very possibly Colonel Philipse, John Roosevelt, and John Chambers, to whom "The Plaine" was leased, in 1733, for eleven years, at a nominal rental of "one peppercorn a year"; to be maintained by them as a bowling green, fenced in, and laid out with pretty walks for themselves and other citizens. When the lease expired the

price for the privilege was raised to twenty shillings per annum.

Behind the green to the right, presumably on Broadway, stand Dutch brick houses with their broken gables, and to the left, south of the park, the fort, with soldiers drilling in front, and a windmill. It is spring, to judge from the delicate colour of the grass and the touch of high green foliage, just breaking upon the trees. A woman and child, dressed picturesquely, according to the prevailing mode of the period, make a centre of interest in the picture as they watch the game of bowls.

Bowling Green, once the heart of the Dutch colony, now marks, roughly speaking, the halfway spot in the length of Greater New York. In the old days it was the scene of stirring events. The Stamp Act Riot centred here, in 1765, when Governor Colden was burned in effigy on the green; and later the equestrian statue of George III, the first piece of public statuary on the island, was set up for a brief space in this place.

Old records tell of its arrival, together with the marble statue of William Pitt, ordered by the patriots, on the *Brittannia,* in June, 1770, and of its erection "with great ceremony" on August 16, of the same year. It was of lead, richly gilt,

and has gone down to history as the work of Joseph Wilton, a well-known English sculptor of the epoch; and in the old engraving of the subject it is represented as a classic king seated on a rearing charger, preserving its equilibrium by perfect balance, after the fashion of the Andrew Jackson before the White House.

More authentic evidence would seem to prove that in a general way it resembled the Marcus Aurelius, of the Capitoline Hill, from which it was doubtless imitated. It is recorded that Wilton made a replica of this statue for London, and one fancies that this was none other than what the author of "Nollekins and his Times" describes as "that miserable specimen of leaden figure taste, the equestrian statue of King George III, lately standing in the centre of Berkeley Square." This he tells us was executed under the direction of Mr. Wilton, on his premises, in Queen Anne Street East, and that "it was modelled by a French artist of the name of Beaupré, recommended to Wilton by Pigalle, as an excellent carver of flowers."

It had a short life and a gay one, standing less than six years, for it was dragged down by a patriotic mob, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence, July 9, 1776, and, to do the thing

thoroughly, melted into bullets of agression against the same king it had been designed to honor. The fractures in the posts of the iron fence surrounding the little park still bear witness to the fury of this mob, for they broke off the balls to cast into the same vindictive melting pot.

A tablet at No. 1 Broadway commemorates the occasion, and the New York Historical Society preserves a collection of interesting relics, including four or five fragments of the statue, picked up on the farm of Peter S. Coley, at Wilton, Connecticut, and the pedestal, which served in the interim as a grave-stone to Major John Smith of the Royal Highland Regiment. This pedestal shows the three holes left by the imprint, so to speak, of the horse's hoofs—thus proving that he was not a rearing animal, but that he stood on three legs, in conventional statue style.

The whole history of the statue is fraught with romantic incident. The journal of Captain John Montressor, chief engineer of the British Army, published by the New York Historical Society, in 1881, contains the following illuminating entry: "My hearing that the Rebels had cut the King's head off the Equestrian Statue (in the centre of the Ellipps near the fort) at New York, which represented George III in the figure of Marcus

Aurelius; and that they had cut the nose off, clipt the laurels that were wreathed round his head, and drove a musket bullet part of the way through his head, and otherwise disfigured it, and that it was carried to Moore's tavern, adjoining Ft. Washington, on New York Island, in order to be fixed on a spike on the Truck of that flagstaff, as soon as it could be got ready, I immediately sent Corby thro' the Rebel Camp in the beginning of September, 1776, to Cox (John Cock) who kept the tavern at King's Bridge, to steal it from thence, and to bury it, which was effected, and it was dug up on our arrival, and I rewarded the men and sent the head by the *Lady Gage* to Lord Townshend in order to convince them at home of the infamous disposition of the ungrateful people of this distressed country."

The tradition in Wilton, where the fragments owned by the Historical Society were found, in 1871, is that the ox-cart carrying the broken statue passed through Wilton on its way to Litchfield, and that the saddle and tail were thrown away there, perhaps to lighten the load, or more probably because they were not of pure lead and unsuitable for making bullets. Most of the statue seems to have reached its destination, and a very interesting book, published by Caroline Clifford

Newton, called "Once Upon a Time in Connecticut," describes the operation of running the bullets by the women and girls of the town and a ten-year-old boy, directed by an old general. The ladle used in pouring the lead into the moulds is in the Litchfield Historical Museum, and amongst Governor Walcott's papers is a memorandum stating that 42,088 cartridges were made from the remains of the monument and that "His Majesty's statue was returned to His Majesty's troops with the compliments of the men of Connecticut."

There is preserved in the Historical Society of New York a sketch of the Bowling Green statue, compiled from contemporary data, by Charles M. Lefferts. It shows the monarch wearing the Roman toga, for sculpture was then under the influence of the classic revival, and it was unheard-of to dress a subject in his ordinary clothes. Nearby are the fragments.

This room in the Historical Society always suggests one of my earliest childhood memories. My sister and I had a passion for paper dolls which we used to cut from fashion magazines and clothe with garments made from the coloured fly leaves of my father's choicest books. He had, in particular, a stack of pamphlets describing a steam engine of his invention, and covered with a glorious

paper, with velvet finish, in strong cobalt blue. Extensive wardrobes for our dolls were gleaned from this treasure trove, our tracks being cleverly concealed, for an indefinite period, by the simple device of beginning our inroads from the bottom of the pile, and using only the under sides of the covers.

Our activities were such that these dolls used to pile up on us beyond our ability to house and care for them; and my sister, who, even in those days, combined with a fertile imagination and a strong streak of romanticism, a remarkable sense of order that led to unheard-of sacrifices of possessions in her periodical "riddings out," conceived the idea of holding wholesale "cremations" of these dolls, as over-population required it. She was as powerful and autocratic in her authority as Herod, when he ordered the slaughter of the innocents, and no reserves were allowed. She was as callous as Nero, when he watched the burning of Rome; suffering the loss of mine and her own with equal stoicism, and glorying in the sight with an eclecticism that brooked no appeal, carrying my feeble regrets and hankerings as straws before the wind.

The funeral pyre, once lighted, was allowed to burn itself out; and, after the extinction of the

flames, it was our morbid pleasure to rake over the ashes and identify such portions of anatomy as had escaped total destruction. These we pasted into a mortuary book, kept for the purpose, and meticulously labelled, each according to its history —" Remains of Eva Livingston," " Arm of Florence Raymond," etc.

The " remains " of George III, as well as those of Peter Stuyvesant's Pear Tree, all carefully varnished and presented by a descendant of the governor, strike me as just as humorous, and, if I may say so, just as silly as this *enfantillage* of my extreme youth; but it is rather delicious to find august dignitaries at the same game.

There is also preserved in the same room of the Society the fragment, sans head and arms, of the contemporary marble statue of William Pitt, also in classic draperies, erected by the colonists, in gratitude for Chatham's influence in the repeal of the hated Stamp Act. This statue stood in Wall Street until it was overthrown and mutilated by the British soldiers, in revenge for the outrage committed on the George III, soon after their occupancy of New York, at the outset of the Revolution.

The Green assumed its present oval form about 1797. The seated figure of Colonel Abraham de

Peyster now decorating with, as Taft says, "much presence," the grassy spot, is considered one of the two best works of George E. Bissell, an American sculptor.

Bissell was for many years a stone carver, and entered the field of sculpture late in life, so that while he is contemporary in point of years with many of the earlier sculptors of this country (he was born in 1839), his work belongs with that of a later generation. This statue of de Peyster brought him into prominence in a pleasant way, for in the autumn of 1902 a committee of local sculptors, requested by a New York journal to designate the six finest examples of monumental sculpture in the city, chose Bissell's figure as one of them.

It was said that his Chancellor Watts would have been chosen except that it stood in Trinity churchyard, and was not a public monument. Certainly his portrait statues gain greatly over most that the city has to show in a live quality of personal interest. Even in such a case as that of the de Peyster, an early mayor of New York, who died as far back as 1728, so that the portrait must be largely drawn from imagination, Bissell makes him live, revealing him as interesting as his vivid fancy pictures him to have been.

AFRICA,” BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
TRANCE UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE (PAGE 91)

“ENGLAND,” BY CHARLES GRAFLY
ATTIC UNITED STATES CUSTOM
HOUSE (PAGE 91)

The rarity of such a performance is not to be depreciated.

An elaborate inscription details de Peyster's many civic services duly inscribed on the pedestal, which also records the interesting fact that the portrait was erected by John Watts de Peyster, of the seventh generation, in direct descent, and the sixth born in the first ward of the City of New York.

The Custom House, which, like the old fort, whose site it occupies, fronts upon Bowling Green, is the design of one of New York's ablest architects, Cass Gilbert. A fine building in itself and built upon historic ground, it is rich in sculpture without and painting within.

A tablet in the Collector's Room records the history of the site. We know that here was erected, in 1626, under Governor Minuit, Fort Amsterdam, succeeding the original stockade or traders' fort of earliest times. Within the fort was the director general's house and the Church of St. Nicholas, or the *Church-in-the-Fort,* erected in 1642, and the mother of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New York.

After the demolition of the fort in 1790, the so-called Government House, intended as the presidential residence of the United States capital,

was built upon this ground. This political mission it never fulfilled, as New York remained the capital for only a year, and the house was not ready for occupancy till too late. It was, however, the official residence of Governor Clinton and Governor Jay, and later was used as the Custom House, until burned in the year 1815.

The present building, erected 1902-07, is planned in the style of modern French architecture. Large granite columns, crowned with composite capitals that extend around the four sides of the building, make it impressive, even in the crowded environment of lower Broadway. In this respect, however, it has immense advantage, over most of the buildings, in the protection of the little park upon which it fronts, while the Battery insures the open space to the water, on its western exposure.

In the design of the building an effort was made to have it representative of American art as well as American commerce, and commissions were given to eleven of our best sculptors, for the figures which adorn the façade. Of this the most satisfactory are the four groups, symbolizing the four continents, which, on pedestals advanced from the building, flank the entrance. These are by Daniel Chester French. In their solidity and

repose, they recall, a little, the seated figures of the French provinces, which surround the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The figure of Africa is particularly expressive of the mighty traditions of that continent as well as its immense reserve power. The woman sleeps easily between the two, making no effort to profit by the glory of the past nor to develop the possibilities of the future.

The twelve heroic figures, representing the sea-faring powers ancient and modern, which have influenced the commerce of the globe, carry out the lines of the twelve columns that support the attic on the main front. These figures stand forth rather flamboyantly from the wall behind them, without much sense of belonging to the building. Beginning on the left the subjects are Greece and Rome, done by F. E. Elwell; Phœnicia, by F. M. Ruckstuhl; Genoa, by Augustus Lukeman; Venice and Spain, by F. M. L. Tonetti; Holland and Portugal, by Louis Saint Gaudens; Denmark, by Johannes Gelert; Germany, by Albert Jaegers; and France and England, by Charles Grafly.

It is a motley company thus assembled on the attic story, for sculptural unity has been sacrificed to historic fact, and each figure seems to insist upon its individuality to the detriment of the ensemble. Some sculptors have chosen to represent

the country allotted to them by famous personages in the history of those countries; others by the commonplace symbolic figure; and still another by a Greek goddess. All are encumbered by accessories which identify the country without stirring the imagination of the spectator more than that of the sculptor was agitated in his rather stupid acceptance of the first symbol at hand.

In front of the seventh story, over this row of figures is a cartouche by Karl Bitter, displaying the shield of the United States, supported by two female figures, and surmounted by the American eagle with outstretched wings. The cartouche over the main entrance is by Andrew O'Connor.

The four sides are richly embellished with motives suggested by the world-wide commerce of the United States, of which seventy-five per cent is said to enter through the port of New York. The head of Mercury, ancient god of commerce, is repeated in the capitals of the columns; and, cut in the granite lintel of each window, carved heads, representing the eight types of race, are repeated alternately.

Paintings of seventeenth century ports, by Elmer E. Garnsey, make the Collector's Room in the Custom House one of the finest rooms in

.W AMSTERDAM" IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
)RATION IN THE COLLECTOR'S ROOM, UNITED STATES
TOM HOUSE, BY ELMER E. GARNSEY (PAGE 93)

"FRANCE," BY CHARLES GRAFLY
ATTIC UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE
(PAGE 91)

New York. Mr. Garnsey did also the mural painting in the entrance hall of the building.

The ten decorative panels in the Collector's Reception Room represent the ports of Amsterdam, Curaçao, Fort Orange, New Amsterdam, La Rochelle, London, Port Royal, Plymouth, Cadiz, and Genoa.

This period Mr. Garnsey selected because of its picturesque possibilities; and these ports because of their relation to the discovery, settlement, and commerce of the Dutch and English colonies in the new world. The views show the ports as they were in 1674, the last year in which the Dutch flag floated over Fort Amsterdam, whose walls enclosed the site of the Custom House.

The painting of New Amsterdam is particularly interesting in its accuracy, and from it one can learn much about old New York. The picture reverses the viewpoint of Abbey's decoration of Bowling Green, where the port was seen from shore. In this case the spectator is supposed to be upon the water, looking at the island from the East River. It is amusing to identify the fort, as it appeared after its sod walls and palisades had been replaced by stone. From the rocky point outside the walls of the fort, friends of departing voyagers had their last view of the disappearing

sails beyond the Narrows. The name of *Schreyers Hock,* or "Weepers' Point," bestowed upon this spot, recalled to the exiles *Schreyers Toern*, the Weepers' Tower of old Amsterdam.

On the river shore stands Stuyvesant's house, "White Hall." This shore was at first protected by wooden piles and sheathing, and later by stone. From the shore were built out various extensions and bulkheads to form havens for river craft. These havens became gradually filled with waste and dredgings which caused new extensions to be made, until the three blocks at present lying between Pearl Street and the river were all filled in and added to Manhattan Island. The picture shows the *Heere Gracht* that followed the course of the present Broad Street, and emptied into the river near the site of Fraunce's Tavern.

Fronting on the water, now Pearl Street, between the Fort and the *Heere Gracht* were warehouses and shops, of which the largest was the Company's warehouse. Under English rule it became the Custom House, until it was pulled down in 1750. The site is now numbered 33 Pearl Street. The buildings of the town, standing in compact order north as well as south of the *Heere Gracht*, were mostly of brick, and were nearly all devoted in some measure to mercantile pur-

poses. Near the right-hand end of the picture the building with the cupola is the *Stadt Huys*, or City Hall. Here the director and the council of the colonies long held court; and when, in 1670, the English governor, Francis Lovelace, built the new inn adjoining it on the west, he had a connecting door opened in the wall between his hostelry and the court-room to facilitate hospitality.

In the foreground appear two large merchant ships, just arrived from Holland. The one at the left carries the banner of Amsterdam at her stern, and the flag of the Dutch West India Company at her mainmast head. The other flies the ensign of the States-General and the Company's flag. A government yacht is moored alongside the breakwater at the right, and beyond lie Hudson River sloops and small craft.

When the Dutch first sent colonists to settle New Amsterdam, others were sent by the West India Company further up the river discovered and described by Henry Hudson; and these built houses and a fort, which they called Fort Orange in honor of Maurice, Prince of Orange, on the site of the future city of Albany.

Garnsey makes Fort Orange the subject of a second mural painting, showing the town, sur-

rounded by a palisade, strengthened by block houses, and with gates opening on the principal streets. At the intersection of Handlers Street (now Broadway) and Yonkers (now State) Street stood the Dutch church, the steep roof of which appears above the nearest block house. From the church, Yonkers Street mounts the hill to the site of the present capitol, where the English built Fort Frederick soon after their final occupation. In the foreground are shown the sloops which carried the commerce and passengers of the time. No contemporary picture of Fort Orange exists, so far as is known, and the artist's painting is a painstaking "restoration," studied from old maps and records, showing also the characteristic Hudson River sloops of the period which carried New York's commerce up and down the North River. Each of the other panels, eight large and two small ones, is treated with the same fidelity to place and period. The colour scheme of the paintings is warm and rich, making a handsome room, full of sunshine and vigorous colour.

The Custom House occupies the whole of the block bounded by Bowling Green, State, Bridge, and Whitehall Streets. From its windows is an extensive view of the bay, seen across the Battery.

This charming bit of park seems oddly accidental

and pastoral in so mercantile an environment, having been left pretty much as a neglected field, with no formal improvements since the day when Governor Fletcher thought it wise to fortify the island along the sea wall, in anticipation of a possible coming of the French fleet, as a move in the warfare then waged between France and England. The battery of guns set up outside the fort gave the locality its present name, by which it has been known since 1673.

The park was a favourite promenade and playground during colonial days, when Bowling Green was the centre of fashion, and shipping came up almost to the doors of the city's aristocracy. The north side of the Battery was then one of the most chic of residential streets, while the fashionable quarter extended into Greenwich Street, where fine old houses may still be found in a state of pathetic dilapidation. Old people are still living in New York who remember playing in Battery Park, when it was the logical breathing-space for city children.

Of all the fine residences which faced the park, but one remains, and that, situated at the extreme point of the mass of buildings which form the end of the island, is designated as No. 7 State Street. The house may be distinguished at a glance for

its obvious age, expressed by the style of its pillared front, as well as by its peculiar shape. It stands at the sharp turn in State Street where it rounds the curve of the island's base, the house being built on the apex of the angle.

It is known to have been built during the last part of the eighteenth century, by James Watson, who sold it, in 1805, to Moses Rogers, a prominent merchant and man of affairs in those days, and well connected as connections went in New York. He was an active member of the Society for the Manumission of Slaves, an officer of the New York Hospital, treasurer of the City Dispensary, a vestryman of Trinity Church, and a member of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Prisoners. This latter society was an important one in the early history of the city; its purpose was to ameliorate the unhappy condition of prisoners housed in the gaol, the demolished building known to us as the Hall of Records. The state, it is said, allowed them only bread and water and they depended largely for sustenance upon benevolent people.

Until 1830 this house remained in the family, and was the scene of many notable entertainments. During the Civil War it was taken by the government for military uses and afterwards became the

office of the Pilot Commissioners. It is now devoted to the use of the Catholic Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The elevated roads and subway have done what they can to destroy the simple beauty of this bit of green, but it is still thoroughly enjoyed by the leisure class of the quarter, and commands a superb view of the harbour with all that it contains of animation and life. One of the things that absorb the attention of loungers in the park is the flash of the sunset gun, followed by the kindling of the Liberty torch, and the blink of the revolving light on Robbins' Reef, off Staten Island.

At the time that the United States declared war against Great Britain, in 1812, a number of forts and defences were built on the islands in the bay to defend the approach by ocean, while others were erected in Hell Gate to protect the entrance by Long Island Sound. Amongst others was built Fort Clinton, upon a little island close to the Battery, and this we know to-day as Castle Garden. The fort was built on a mole and connected with the city by a bridge. The embrasures for the thirty heavy guns may still be seen.

It achieved its immortal history as the portal through which millions of immigrants entered the

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United States, but before that time it had been a place of public amusement and entertainment. Lafayette was received here, on his visit to the city in 1824, by an enthusiastic gathering of six thousand persons; later, in 1835, Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, made a public demonstration of the value of his discovery, by means of a wire coiled about the interior of the Garden; and here, in 1850, Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer, made her American début under the management of P. T. Barnum. The tickets were sold by auction, and so curious was New York over the whole affair, that three thousand persons paid the admission fee of 25 cents to see the sale. The first ticket brought $225, and one thousand tickets were sold on the first day, realizing $10,141. The doors were opened at five o'clock, and 5,000 persons attended the concert, of which the gross receipts amounted to nearly $18,000. Of Jenny Lind's half of the receipts of the first two concerts she handsomely devoted $10,000 to the public charities of New York.

Castle Garden was the immigrant bureau until 1890, and six years later was opened as an aquarium, so that it has never known a moment's privacy in the whole of its chequered career. As one of the fine aquariums of the world, it attracts

multitudes of people daily, by reason of its superb exhibits of fish of the most brilliant species.

Besides Verrazzano, John Ericsson has been appropriately chosen as worthy of a statue on Battery Park, in his character of inventor of the *Monitor,* which defeated the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac,* at Hampton Roads, on March 9, 1862, and thereby saved New York from bombardment. The statue is by J. Scott Hartley, a well-known local sculptor, recently deceased, and by him presented to the city, in 1903. The rather charming inscription reads: "The City of New York erects this Statue to the Memory of a Citizen whose Genius Contributed to the Greatness of the Republic and the Progress of the World."

## VI

## TRINITY CHURCH

TRINITY CHURCH takes the full value of that noble preëminence which once made it the pride of the town and the feature of Broadway, on a bright autumn afternoon. Especially on a Saturday or a Sunday afternoon, when there is no business to detract from the cold gloom of Wall Street, and the loiterer may have lower Broadway to himself, does the charming edifice put its case most strongly.

It particularly delights me to make the loop around Pearl Street from the lower end, fancying myself on the old river road, back to Wall, and to surprise myself with this admirable vista of the church centred in the western end of that thoroughfare, for Wall is one of the few streets of prosaic New York that boasts a vista. Coming along the shaded "cingle," crushed by the weight of new masonry, it is amusing to take one's stand against the heavy walls of the building opposite

the Sub-Treasury, and absorb the unusual elements of a paradoxical picture.

Over by the corner of the Sub-Treasury a pretty woman, bareheaded and at ease, even on more tremendous days, sits casually selling papers. A knitted garment of the genus "tea-cosey," fitted tightly to the figure, protects her against the sharpening air of a waning season, and she wears that secure look of a woman that has become part and parcel of men's vast enterprises, sure that the friendly police and habitués of the district will see her through any misadventures of so thronged a thoroughfare; and herself lending a warm and homelike air to the most frenzied corner in New York.

Trinity Church nestles in comfortably beyond the Bankers' Trust Building, which frames the view to the right, its dark, Gothic mass, black, deep, and substantial, never losing weight and dignity in this rough environment. One of the sycamores in the churchyard, leaning towards the church, lends its delicate tracery to the poetry of the picture, and at the chosen season shows small leaves, intensely green and fresh in the general brownness, with the afternoon sun shining through them.

The gradual extinction of Trinity by the en-

croaching skyscraper is a theme that has animated every writer interested in the city's sky-line, since the days when the spire of Trinity Church dominated the profile view of the island from the Jersey side. Henry James, speaking for a whole passing generation of New Yorkers, of the period when people were still "born in New York," deplores with admirable cynicism and much delicious imagery, the actual shrunken presence of that laudable architectural effort. But things have grown immensely in the ten years that have elapsed since Mr. James recorded his impressions of a city revisited. The "jagged city" is still jagged, yet some of the teeth in the colossal hair-comb, to which he so wonderfully compares her, have been filled in; and this filling in, while it still further eclipses any claims to visibility to which Trinity might hopelessly cling, especially in the sky-line, has brought about something quite other than was originally intended.

Where she formerly dominated, she now sits enshrined; and the beauty of that shrine is perhaps more precious, more subtle, because of its very surprise and rarity in a world of commerce. Not the elevated trains thundering past the rear of the fine old graveyard; not the throng of money-makers pressing ceaselessly before the door of

MAIN PORTAL TRINITY CHURCH
KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR (PAGE 107)

the edifice; nor the trivial office girls, with difficulty restrained from eating lunches on the very tombs of ancestral notables, can detract from the dignity of the church and its setting. Through all it maintains its ecclesiastic calm and beauty. Bells ring the hours. Within the gateway all is peace—old-world peace. The trees of the garden are wonderful against the sunlit background of the Gothic office building that walls it in on the north. Like some old cathedral of newer Italy it holds its own with the increased pace set by progress, and opens its doors for such fragments of attention as a busy world can spare for a submission to spiritual influences. Such churches become tremendous factors in the daily life of citizens. the one ameliorating circumstance, perhaps, in the humdrum of business, to whose enormous gains the passing throng is but as so much mechanism.

The rectors, wardens, and vestry of Trinity Church have influenced the nomenclature of the thoroughfares hereabout, not only in such names as Rector, Church, and Vestry Streets, but in Vesey, Barclay, and Beach Streets, named after old-time ministers of the parish. Rector Street received its name from the Reverend William Vesey, who once lived in this street, and Vesey Street was called for him. More than a score of

thoroughfares bear the names of prominent members of the corporation; among them Murray, Chambers, Warren, Reade, Jay, Harrison, North, Moore, Laight, Desbrosses, Vandam, Watts, Charlton, King, Hamersley, Clarkson, LeRoy, Morton, and Barrow Streets.

The church is the third of the name that has stood on this site since 1697. The first was burned in the great fire of 1776, which destroyed five hundred buildings. Almost the entire western part of the city was at this time consumed, St. Paul's Chapel being the only building of importance saved. The second Trinity was condemned as unsafe and pulled down to make way for the present edifice, erected between 1839 and 1846, so that the church, which in modern New York seems so ancient, has spanned but the average life of man—threescore years and ten.

R. N. Upjohn was the architect of Trinity, and his work is considered a fine example of the simplified Gothic style. The brown sandstone of which it is composed is characteristic of the city, and was much used for dwellings of about this period and later. The artistic features of the church came at a much later date, and were largely the gift of the Astor family. The bronze doors to the three entrances were given by William

Waldorf Astor, in memory of his father, John Jacob Astor; while the handsome altar and reredos are memorials to William B. Astor, erected by his sons, John Jacob and William.

The three pairs of bronze doors are by Karl Bitter, Massey Rhind, and Charles H. Niehaus; three foreign-born sculptors, identified for many years with the art life of New York. The Bitter doors are those in the tower, opening upon Broadway, and are generally closed, except during service, so that they can be well seen from without and in their entirety. They represent the sculptor's first work in this country, to which he had come from Austria, his birthplace, in 1889, in the twenty-second year of his age. Bitter had here neither friends nor relatives, and he won the competition, into which he entered as an unknown sculptor during the first year of his stay in America, entirely on his merits.

The Bitter doors follow the general type of the Ghiberti gates to the Baptistry, in Florence; the space being divided into panels, and surrounded by small upright figures alternated with heads, and reclining figures separated by emblems. The subjects of the panels are biblical. These doors express Bitter's accomplished use of decorative sculpture; the modelling is charming in its smooth

fluency, and shows the thoroughness of the sculptor's fundamental groundwork. Of the many doors founded on the Ghiberti tradition none exceed these in graceful adaptation. They gained for Bitter instant recognition, when they were shown, and brought him to the favourable notice of Richard M. Hunt, the most celebrated local architect of his time; and it was through Hunt that Bitter became associated with the Columbian Exposition, which gave him his larger opportunity and fixed his status with us as sculptor. For Hunt he made the elaborate sculptural decoration for the Administration Building, and at the request of another influential architect, George B. Post, decorated the Liberal Arts Building for the Chicago Fair.

The north door, by Massey Rhind, is also panelled with Bible subjects; and the south door Mr. Niehaus has treated with local historical matter. Both are dated 1892. The statues of the four evangelists were placed in the tower by William FitzHugh Whitehouse and his wife, in 1901.

The interior is of impressive proportions, its dim, religious light violated, however, by the lurid chancel windows of conventional design, contemporary with the building. Rumour attributes the design of the end chancel window to Richard

JOHN WATTS, BY GEORGE EDWIN BISSELL
TRINITY CHURCHYARD (PAGE 113)

BUST OF ALEXANDER [illegible] SIGNED
"J. JARDELLA, FECIT, FOR [illegible],
PHILADELPHIA," OVER MEMORIAL [illegible]
SEXTON'S OFFICE, TRINITY CHURCH (P. [illegible])

RECUMBENT STATUE OF MORGAN DIX, BY ISIDORE [illegible]
ALL SAINTS' CHAPEL, TRINITY CHURCH (PAGE [illegible])

Upjohn, the architect, and the story persists that it was executed by an Englishman, named Sharp, and baked on the spot, in a shop erected behind the chancel. There is a legend, too, that the pulpit is made from wood taken from the frigate *Constitution*.

All Saints' Chapel, designed by Thomas Nash, architect, was added to the church in 1912, by the vestry, as a memorial to Morgan Dix, for forty-six years rector of the parish. In itself extremely sympathetic, harmonious, and charming, it contains the recumbent figure, portrait of the rector in death, by Isidore Konti, sculptor. This figure, in marble, occupies a little niche on the north wall of the chapel, and follows very closely the tradition of such sculptured tombs as preserved in the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. The memorial is beautifully modelled and fits the general scheme of its setting with rare good taste.

The rather perfunctory effigy of Bishop Onderdonck, between the chapel and the passageway north of the chancel, is much earlier. Beyond are some interesting stones, wreckage from the old buildings. In the sacristy are many fine memorials to departed parishioners, of which a handsome one, in the reserved style of the period, was erected to the memory of Alexander Hamilton by the New

York State Society of Cincinnati. It bears a noble inscription, beautifully cut and embellished, and is surmounted by a bust of the statesman.

In the vestry, beyond, is the large marble relief over the tomb of John Henry Hobart, rector of Trinity and bishop of the State of New York, interesting as the work of Thomas Ball, an early American sculptor, whose work, generally of a dignified and monumental type, is best exemplified in the equestrian statue of Washington, in the Boston Public Gardens.

On high days and holidays the old Queen Anne communion service is brought to light,—seven massive pieces of silver presented by the Queen to the church over two hundred years ago, stamped with the royal arms and hall-marked 1709. Still older is a baptismal bason, of the time of William and Mary, bearing the 1684 hall-mark and the royal arms. This is only part of the church's treasure which includes chalices and flacons of royal gift and a chalice studded with the jewels of Augusta McVickar Egleston, to whose memory and that of her husband a tablet is erected in the sexton's office.

If the church is comparatively modern, the graveyard goes back to Queen Anne's day, and was granted by the city for a burial ground in

1703. Fees for burial were limited to 3s. 6d. for adults, and 1s. 6d. for children under twelve years. The oldest graves, however, antedate the erection of the first church edifice, and existed within the enclosure before the official grant. These are those of two children, Richard and Anne Churcher: quaint headstones record their deaths, in 1681 and 1691. When these graves were dug, New York was a little city of barely three thousand souls, recently come into possession of the English. Members of the established church held service in a little chapel in the fort, to which Queen Anne had presented the silver communion set.

To browse amongst the tombstones of this sacred little garden spot is to revive many memories of colonial history. A moss-covered slab on the north side, worn by the weather, covers the grave of Benjamin Faneuil, the father of Peter Faneuil, who built Faneuil Hall, Boston. This family was driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, under which Protestants were tolerated in that kingdom. Benjamin Faneuil came to this country with a large colony of Huguenots, and numbers of these refugees and their descendants lie buried here. The first burial vault at the south entrance is that of "D. Contant," a

victim of the edict which enriched America with the best blood of France. This persecution brought also the Bayards, Jays, Boudinots, and Tillons, and peopled South Carolina with such revolutionary leaders as Marion and Laurens; it led also to the erection of Bowdoin College, where Longfellow and Hawthorne studied, and the Faneuil Hall.

The vault of the Earl of Stirling lies on the western slope, close by the fence. This was built in 1738, and is the ancestral vault of the Livingstons, Jays, Stuyvesants, and Rutherfords, and contains the remains of James Alexander and his descendants by his son, William, Earl of Stirling. The third Earl of Stirling figured honourably in the Revolutionary War, while his two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, were prominent at the court of Washington.

There is a charming monument to Alexander Hamilton, erected by the Corporation of Trinity Church in testimony of their respect for this "patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valour, the statesman of consummate wisdom, whose talents and virtues will be admired by grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust." At the foot of the monument a slab records the interment of "Eliza,

daughter of Philip Schuyler," Hamilton's widow, who died at Washington and is buried here. Next to Hamilton is a memorial to Robert Fulton, with a portrait medallion by Weinert; and nearby Bissell's imposing portrait statue of John Watts, the last royal recorder of the City of New York, erected by his grandson, John Watts de Peyster, the same who presented the statue of Abraham de Peyster to the city. John Watts, a contemporary record tells us, married his cousin, Jane de Lancey, and "they were considered the handsomest couple of their day." Here too lies Sir Henry Moore, the only native American ever appointed governor of the province. He is interred in the chancel. Five generations of Bleekers sleep in the vault of Anthony Lispenard Bleeker, a slab marking the spot at the southwest corner of the building. The last body was interred in this vault in 1884.

As late as 1729 there was no street west of Broadway, and the lots on the west side of that thoroughfare descended to the beach. In the elevation of the churchyard above Trinity Place, a trace of the original bluffs along the North River may be recognized.

Trinity Church from its income supports the parent church and eight chapels, contributes regularly to twenty-four congregations, maintains

schools, a dispensary, a hospital, and a long list of charities. Its tenements, its ground rents, and investments make it the richest church society in America. Most of the so-called "Church Farm," granted by Queen Anne, is still Trinity property, except the portions ceded to the city, by the corporation, for streets, and for St. John's Park.

Trinity was burned to the ground the night of the British occupancy of New York; but St. Paul's, the first of Trinity's chapels, not only escaped destruction from the flames which scorched it, but was kept open for services without interruption, and patriot and tory preached from its pulpits according to the fortunes of war. It was here, and not in the parent church, that Washington worshipped as Commander-in-Chief, when he occupied the city before the Battle of Long Island; while Lord Howe, the British commander, Sir Guy Carleton, Major André, Lord Cornwallis, and the midshipman, later William IV of England, and other royalist soldiers were regular attendants.

After the war the governor of the state had his pew here and the legislature and common council had seats allotted to them; while Washington's old square pew, reserved for him when New York became the capital of the federal government, is kept untouched. Washington sat under the na-

tional arms on the left-hand aisle, and on the opposite side of the church, under the arms of the State of New York, Governor George Clinton had his sittings.

St. Paul's is the only church edifice in the city that has been preserved from the pre-Revolutionary period. When its corner-stone was laid, on May 14, 1764, at what is now the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, that district was a growing wheat field, and members of Trinity parish questioned the wisdom of establishing a chapel "so far out of town." Its "groves and orchards" stretched down to the North River, then at Greenwich Street. The architect, McBean, was influenced by the Sir Christopher Wren type, then greatly in vogue in London, where he had studied, and the interior closely follows that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Trafalgar Square.

The original pulpit is fine in character and decoration; its canopy is surmounted by the crest of the Prince of Wales—a crown and three ostrich plumes—the only emblems of royalty that escaped destruction at the hands of the patriots, when they regained possession of the city, in 1783. The chancel rail and some of the chairs, as well as much of the woodwork, is of this same period, and very charming and simple; one might easily fancy

one's self in some parish church of rural England. The chancel and walls bear many beautifully designed tablets of the Revolutionary period and later, erected to the memory of old families of the congregation.

While this church was still one of the most important in town, in about the year 1818, John and William Frazee opened their marble shop in Greenwich Street, and many of the handsome, carved tablets and tombstones of St. Paul's and other churches may be traced to their skill. The Church of the Ascension contains one in perfect taste, in black and white marble, to the memory of Jacobi Wallis Eastburn; signed "W. and J. Frazee." But St. Paul's owns a real curiosity in what Dunlap* describes as the "first marble portrait from a native hand—a bust of John Wells, Esq., a prominent lawyer in New York, chiselled after death from profiles. . . ." This was John Frazee's first bust, made in 1824 or 1825, without instruction. Considering the disadvantages of working from mere silhouettes, without experience, the success of the bust is remarkable. For it and its odd accompaniment of incidental objects with which the base is loaded, as well as the hand-

* "History of the Arts of Design." William Dunlap. New York, 1834.

WILSON MEMORIAL CROSS. THOMAS NASH, ARCHITECT
TRINITY CHURCHYARD (PAGE 111)

REVERSE OF
WILSON MEMORIAL CROSS
(PAGE 111)

some lettering, Frazee received $1,000. Recognized as a sculptor of parts he was later commissioned, by congress, to make portraits of John Jay and other prominent characters. Dunlap further records:—" It grieves me that I cannot relate the anecdotes of Frazee respecting the sittings of these eminent men. Webster, at the request of the sculptor, delivered a congressional speech while Frazee modeled."

To realize the true distinction of St. Paul's, one should take the trouble to enter the yard, not from Broadway, for that is the back way, but from either Fulton or Vesey Streets, and walk back to the end of the garden, before turning to look at the edifice. Thus only can one do justice to its charming architecture, and appreciate the intention of the designer. An intelligent custodian has ranged benches across the end of the churchyard where one may take in the picture at leisure. The church, with its portico abutting suddenly on Broadway, and its spire, apparently on the wrong end, seems abrupt and awkward until we know that it was built to face the river, and that it stood back from a fine sloping lawn, extending to the water's edge. In the exigencies of city development the rear of St. Paul's has become virtually its front, and one is without some precaution,

first impressed by the statue of St. Paul in the pediment, the monument to Major-General Richard Montgomery against the chancel window, and the two shafts to the memory of Irish patriots of distinction. The monument to General Montgomery was erected by congress, who entrusted Franklin with its purchase, and it was he who secured the services of Caffieri, a sculptor, in Paris, whose name is signed to the work. Montgomery commanded the expedition against Canada, in 1775, and led the assault upon Quebec, where he met his death. He was given a soldier's burial by the English and nearly fifty years later Canada surrendered his remains to the United States.

Trinity Church was not rebuilt until 1790, but lay in black ruins during the British occupation, but the yard was in use, and figured as the public burying ground of Revolutionary times. There, most of the private soldiers, sailors, prisoners of war, strangers, and the poor were interred. The Martyrs' Monument stands in memory of the tragic case of the prisoners who died by thousands from cruelty and starvation, we are told, and were cast into trenches in this cemetery.

St. Paul's, on the other hand, was the military chapel of the British commander, and its grounds

were reserved for the interment of English officers as well as citizens of wealth and standing. Many tombstones antedate the Revolution, but the parish records, prior to 1777, kept at Trinity, were all destroyed in the great fire, so that the tombstones are the only source of information. These bear mute testimony to the transitional state of this parish in early days, for friends and foes lie side by side. There are memorials to the founders of New York families—Ogden, Somerindyke, Nesbitt, Rhinelander, Thorne, Cornell, Van Amridge, Gunning, Bogert, Onderdonck, Treadwell, Cutler, Waldo, and others. Christopher Collis, who built New York's first waterworks and the Erie Canal, is buried here. He used steam to pump water from Collect Pond into his reservoir on Broadway, and, it is said, was the first to suggest that the same force might be applied to ferryboats with safety and economy.

St. Paul's once held a large and fashionable congregation, drawn from the surrounding streets when Park Place was a residential centre. The first substantial sidewalks were laid on the west side of Broadway, between Vesey and Murray Streets, about 1787. New York was far behind Philadelphia in this respect, and Franklin is quoted as remarking that a "New Yorker could

be known by his gait in shuffling over a fine pavement like a parrot upon a mahogany table."

The old Astor House, built on the Astor estate, just north of St. Paul's, about 1836, and now replaced by an office building which retains the name, was a famous hotel for more than fifty years, and its register would show the signatures of many noted men, for "every one" used to stop there. Washington Irving lived once at No. 16 Broadway with his friend, Henry Brevoort, at the house of a Mrs. Ryckman. This site is now covered by the Seaboard National Bank, facing Bowling Green, and inside the entrance is a fine clock set in a large sculptured panel by Karl Bitter.

A tablet at No. 113 Broadway marks the site of the former residence of Governor James de Lancey, the son of Etienne de Lancey, the builder of Fraunce's Tavern. Washington's inaugural ball was held in this house, and Thames Street becomes interesting, and its narrowness accounted for, when we recognize it as the carriage drive from the de Lancey house to the stables.

What the gravestones and monuments of Trinity and St. Paul's have not told of the public men of old New York the portrait gallery of the Chamber of Commerce will reveal, bringing the list down to date. This fine collection of portraits

LL SAINTS' CHAPEL THROUGH THE NORTH PORCH
HOMAS NASH, ARCHITECT (PAGE 109)

of New York merchants, numbering now over two hundred canvases, is housed in that sumptuous French Renaissance building, crowded into narrow Liberty Street, east of Broadway, the design of James B. Baker.

The florid front and one open side, loaded with heavy ornament, suggest a condensation of the architectual features of the modern part of the Louvre—massive forms applied with richness to the vast extent of the French palace, set within a large formal garden designed to enhance its beauty and impressiveness; but absurdly disproportionate to the possibilities of a small New York lot, hedged in by competitive stone structures in the narrowest of thoroughfares. By flattening one's self against the opposite houses and throwing the head back at a dangerous angle, one gets an impression of a busy façade topped by a low Mansard roof, worn smugly, like a flat-crowned derby on a dressy fat man.

Engaged, fluted columns support the attic story, and between these columns are groups of statuary by Philip Martiny and Daniel Chester French. The central figures of these groups, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and De Witt Clinton, representatives of another time, seem to feel their position keenly, and to seek escape from a world of

frenzied finance, whose outward and visible signs are beyond their endurance as modest colonials. Even less do the figures of Mercury and his companion by Karl Bitter seem to "belong" to the pediment which surmounts the ineffective entrance, their feet dangling insecurely above the little doorway at the southwest corner of the building. This entrance leads to a great stairway up which the members pass grandly once a month to meetings held in the Chamber, a large room on the second floor, possibly inspired by the Galerie d'Apollon of the Louvre, but lacking the elegant proportion of that famous apartment. This room contains the greater part of the portrait collection.

The Chamber of Commerce was organized by twenty-four merchants of New York, in 1768, and incorporated by George III two years later, through the offices of Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, whose excellent portrait, a full-length presentment by Matthew Pratt, painted for the Chamber, in 1772, was the nucleus of the present collection. In 1792 a companion portrait of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, also full-length and life-size, was painted by John Trumbull for the merchants of New York, admirers of that great statesman, and by them presented to the Chamber of

Commerce. These two portraits, the treasures of the collection, have passed through many vicissitudes during the years that preceded the erection of a permanent building for the organization. The gallery possesses an unusually fine Stuart portrait of Washington; two portraits of De Witt Clinton, one by Trumbull and the other a very fine Inman; several quaintly interesting portraits by Asher B. Durand; a Charles Willson Peale; and a Rembrandt Peale of Robert Ainslee. Daniel Huntington contributed largely to the collection, making several original portraits as well as many copies of older existing portraits, done to fill in gaps in the series of important members.

But it is as a gallery of New York's money-makers that the collection holds one, and the descendants of the makers of New York have been interested to supply ancestral portraits, so that in a number of cases one may compare the first, second, and third generations of local financiers and study the different types produced by this absorbing gamble for the city's wealth. One interesting reflection comes to mind. There are great portraits of great men—portraits of Hamilton, Washington, Clinton, Colden, and others that would live on their merits as paintings, without regard to the sitter's personality; and there

are portraits of rich men that have no interest other than the personality of the sitter. The first John Jacob Astor was an exception to a very general rule that men of wealth have not been painted by great artists. He is represented in the Chamber by a copy of an interesting portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

Amongst other souvenirs preserved by the organization are two handsome silver tureens given by the merchants of Pearl Street to De Witt Clinton, and a Sèveres vase presented by the Republic of France to the Chamber of Commerce, in recognition of the part taken by the Chamber in the reception and entertainment of the French delegates to the inauguration of the Statue of Liberty.

# VII

## THE CITY HALL

WITH the growth of the city under English occupation, Bowling Green gave way to that larger open spot, now City Hall Park, as more favourably situated for public purposes. This locality was included in the common lands vested in the city under the terms of the Dongan Charter, in 1686. It was first known as the *Vlacte*, or flat, later as the Common, and often was designated simply as the "Fields." During the trials and vicissitudes of the people under the English governors, and throughout all the excitement that preceded the actual outbreak of the Revolution, the Fields was the logical meeting-place of the populace for weal or for woe.

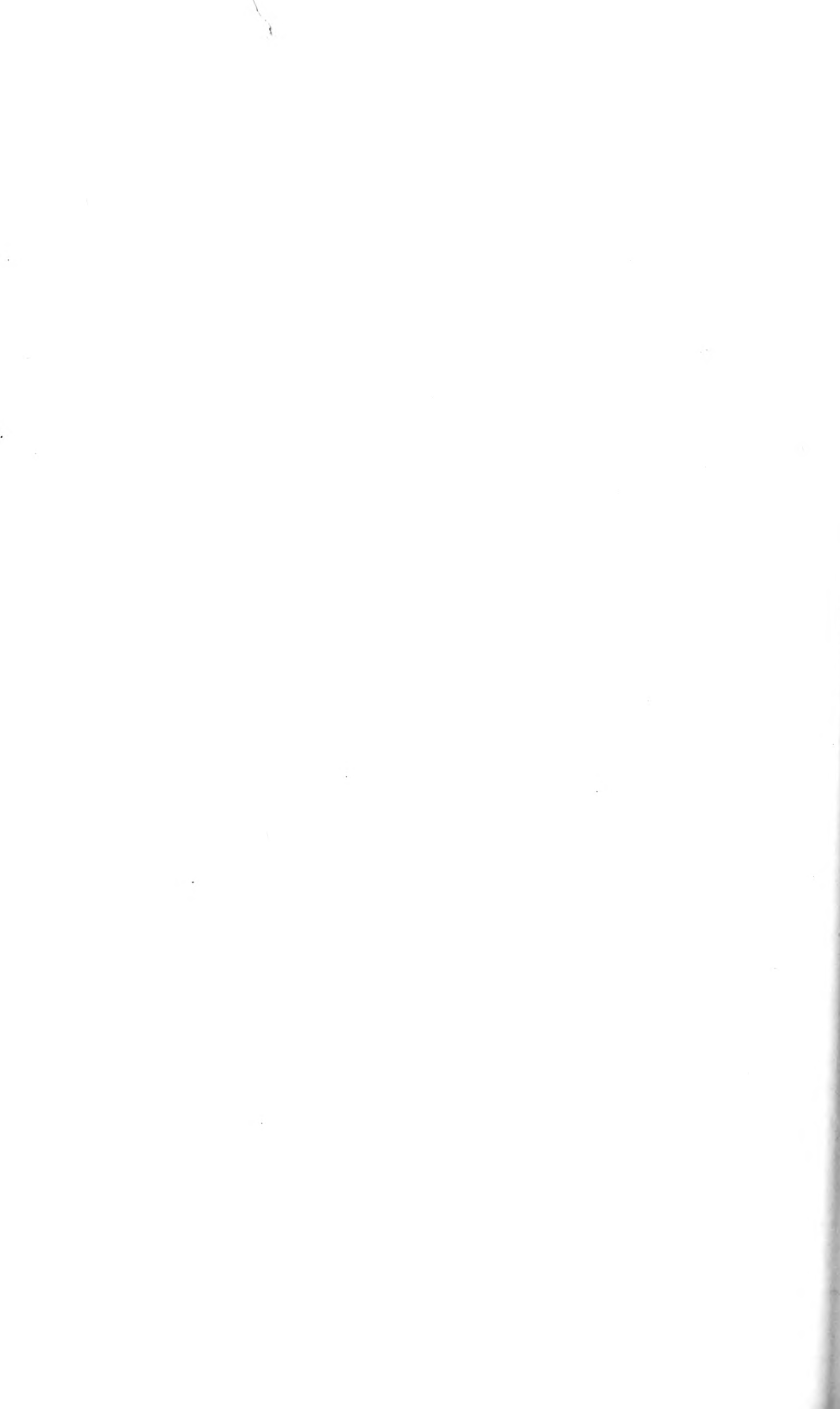
Here, early in the morning of November 1, 1765, was held the first public demonstration opposing the hated Stamp Act; and it was here that the people gathered again during the stormy month preceding its repeal. Meanwhile James de Lancey's house on Broadway, next to Trinity Church,

had become the famous Burns' Coffee House, where the merchants of the city met and signed an agreement to buy no goods from England, so long as the English king compelled them to use stamps. The exaltation following the accomplishment of this drastic action carried the patriots through a quiet day, when shops were closed and business suspended, gained momentum at nightfall, and led to the burning of Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden in effigy, in his own coach of state, on Bowling Green; while Vauxhall, the residence of Major James of the British Army, was ravaged, and its contents made into a bonfire around which the mob howled and danced, because of this gentleman's unfortunate remark that the stamps ought to be crammed down the throats of the people with the point of a sword.

For the repeal of the Stamp Act the gratitude of the community went to its champion, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, to whose memory the citizens erected the marble statue at the site now marked by the intersection of Wall and William Streets. Though this was torn down and mutilated, as already described, a street was named for Pitt, and Chatham Square still bears witness that the city fathers desired to perpetuate his memory. The street called Chatham was that part

HE WALL VIEW, CITY HALL. FROM A PRINT OWNED BY THE
IUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (PAGE 132)

CORRIDOR SCREEN, CITY HALL



of Park Row which extends beyond City Hall Park and connects with Chatham Square. Historians have deplored the stupidity of the change of name, not only because it is unmindful of Pitt's immense service in our colonial history, but because it deprives Park Row of its exclusively descriptive significance, as a street extending along the side of a park.

There is a story of a man who bought himself a new hat in honour of his wife's birthday. King George III must have felt something of the same complexity of emotions as did this wife, when the Sons of Liberty erected a Liberty Pole on the Common in New York, to celebrate his birthday, after the repeal of the Stamp Act. However, he turned the tables on them by sending a statue of himself to immortalize the occasion—the same that was erected in Bowling Green.

The Liberty Pole was a bone of contention between the British soldiers and the Sons of Liberty until torn down and chopped to pieces by the former, one night in January, 1770, thus precipitating the Battle of Golden Hill, the first battle of the Revolution. The battlefield has been identified as an old ill-conditioned courtyard back of the Golden Hill Inn, but two minutes' walk east from St. Paul's in Broadway. The whole of

Golden Hill may be circled by following Maiden Lane from Broadway to Pearl Street; Pearl Street to Fulton Street; Fulton Street back to Broadway; and thence to Maiden Lane. This exercise is recommended only to persons whose imagination is hardy enough to persist in the face of most blighting facts. Antiquarians have dealt lovingly with it, and it seems almost a pity to destroy illusions, acquired during cosey evening readings of the most enthusiastic writers on the subject of old New York, whereby Golden Hill may be reconstructed in all its pristine quaintness. Gold Street, a few feet east of the battle ground, commemorates the name; and where it intersects Platt Street stands the famous Jack Knife house, once a square tavern, through which was ruthlessly cut Platt Street, leaving this curious remnant of architecture, shaped like a giant knife-blade, and of which one end is so narrow that the rooms branch from the stairway like shelves.

Maiden Lane winds just as it did around the base of Golden Hill when it was a tiny stream between steep green banks. Where it emptied into the river, at Pearl Street, stood a blacksmith shop which gave the name, *Smit's V'lei*, or Smith's Valley, to the locality. This was the starting-point of a little settlement, and the old "Fly Market,"

a corruption, of course, of the original Dutch name, stood here. In early days the washing was done in the river, and the story goes that this pathway was called Maiden Lane, from the young laundresses who followed it in pursuit of their picturesque calling.

An old building, made of tiny bricks brought over from Holland, standing, for the moment, the last in a line of general demolition in William Street, north of John Street, and considerably over one hundred years old, was the Golden Hill Inn, which is still doing business around the corner on John Street. Half a dozen doors from Broadway, on John Street, stood the John Street Theatre, called the Theatre Royal by the British officers who held the city at the beginning of 1777, and gave entertainments in this house. Washington attended it during the first year of his presidency, when he lived in the Franklin Square house, and there is record of his having seen a performance of "The School for Scandal," followed by a comic opera, in this theatre in May, 1789, a few days after his inauguration. John Henry played Sir Peter Teazle, of which he was the original in this country, and the leading lady was Mrs. Morris. This actress was tall and handsome, and so chary of being seen by daylight that

" she had a gate made from her lodgings in Maiden Lane to enable her to run across John Street and into the theatre, without walking around through Broadway and exposing herself to the gaze of the beaux."

Washington's visits to the theatre were always very ceremonious. His box was " elegantly fitted up and bore the arms of the United States." At the entrance soldiers were posted and others were generally placed in the gallery. " Mr. Wignell, in a full dress of black, with hair elaborately powdered, and holding two wax candles in silver candlesticks, received the President and conducted him and his party to their seats."

The first Nassau Street Theatre was on the east side of the thoroughfare from which it took its name, between John Street and Maiden Lane. Kean and Murray appeared here in March, 1750. The room in which performances were given T. Allston Brown, in his " History of the New York Stage," describes as in a wooden building, belonging to the estate of Rip Van Dam. This was a two-storied house with high gables. The stage was raised five feet from the floor, and scenes, curtains, and wings were all carried by the managers in their property trunks. Six wax tapers lit the stage, and suspended from the ceiling was

a barrel hoop, through which half a dozen nails had been driven, in lieu of sconces, for the candles, served as chandelier. The orchestra consisted of a flute, a horn, and a drum.

The times were colourful. On the occasion of a benefit to Mr. Jago in this theatre, the advertisement stated: "Mr. Jago humbly begs that all ladies and gentlemen will be so kind as to favour him with their company, as he never had a benefit before, and *is just come out of prison.*" Upon another occasion Mrs. Davis gave a benefit, in order to "buy off her time." It was the practice of masters of vessels to bring passengers to New York upon condition that they should be sold as servants, immediately upon arrival, to any person who would pay their passage money. They were bound for a definite period of time, and were called "redemptors." Mrs. Davis was one of these.

A tablet on the corner of the City Hall marks the spot where was read the address that proclaimed the birth of a free and independent nation. A horseman brought the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence from Philadelphia, the soldiers of the new Union were ordered to the Common and there, before a great concourse of people and the commander-in-chief, he

made the tremendous announcement. The wild enthusiasm of the crowd as it rushed away found expression in the tearing down of the portrait of George III from the City Hall in Wall Street, and the destruction of his leaden statue in Bowling Green.

With so much historic background it seems particularly fortunate that so fine a building as the City Hall should mark so memorable a spot in the development of the nation. It has been ranked among the three or four finest examples of colonial architecture extant. "When New York was so small that its business and its dwelling parts together did not extend much above Chambers Street," says Richard Grant White, in writing of this edifice, "its citizens erected the handsomest public building that to this day (1911) is to be found within its new immensity, and one of the finest to be found in the country."

The City Hall presides with a distinct air of elegance over the intensely active centre of affairs in which, after over one hundred years of utility, it still surprisingly finds itself. Projected in the last year of the eighteenth century, the corner-stone was laid in 1803, and the building first occupied in 1811. It has the great advantage of having been conceived by a cultivated French architect

OTUNDA AND STAIRWAY, CITY HALL

THE PORTICO OF CITY HALL, LOOKING WEST

and carried out by a conscientious Scot; while a second Frenchman made the exquisite finish in such details as the carving of capitals and ornament.

It is curious that the authorship of a building so important, as well as so extremely beautiful, should ever have been a matter of doubt, but it was not until the publication of the first volume of Mr. Phelps-Stokes' monumental work on the "Iconography of Manhattan Island," last year, (1916) that the controversy as to the authorship of the prize drawings for the building has been settled beyond apparent further question; and proper credit given to the French architect, Joseph F. Mangin, McComb's senior partner, for the design of a building essentially and distinctly French.

When, in 1800, a committee was appointed to consider the erection of a new city hall, its first step towards the achievement of that enterprise was to offer a premium of $350 for the best design submitted. Mangin and McComb won the prize over twenty-five competitors, and three of the prize drawings, showing the front and rear elevations and the cross section, are preserved in a collection of one hundred and five drawings relating to City Hall left by John McComb, and

inherited by his granddaughter, Mrs. Edward S. Wilde, from whom they passed to the New York Historical Society, in 1898, together with McComb's diary and his record book. The restoration and decoration of the Governor's Room in the City Hall, in 1907, brought to light the existence of these valuable drawings which was not discovered until after the work was undertaken. They proved of invaluable assistance.

After the design was accepted, the name of Joseph Mangin disappears from further connection with the building. No explanation has been offered of the rupture that must have taken place between the two architects, but it seems highly probable that they fell out over the committee's suggestion that the accepted plan should be modified, and the size of the building reduced to save expense. This must have been most distasteful to the artist of the firm, and Mangin probably refused all compromise that would affect the beauty and purity of his plan. It would seem in perfect character with the artistic temperament to have preferred to chuck the whole commission rather than suffer alterations prejudicial to the purity of the design. An examination of the three existing prize drawings shows an erasure over McComb's signature where Mangin's name, as

senior architect, belongs, which shows to what an extent the feeling between the two had gone. McComb submitted the modified plan in accordance with the committee's ideas, and bided his time to persuade the members to return to the original, which they did, in most respects, restoring the original width and voting for restoration of the original depth, unfortunately too late to make the change. Meanwhile the old committee was discharged and a new one formed, and this new committee appointed John McComb architect of the building with complete control over every department, at a salary of $6 per day for each and every day that he was engaged at the new hall.

Mangin was the architect of the first St. Patrick's Cathedral and of the State Prison, of which the plan and elevation are preserved in the Schuyler Collection of the New York Public Library. The firm of Mangin Brothers, architects, 68 Chambers Street, appears in the city directory for several years at the close of the eighteenth century. "A careful study and comparison of the designs and draughtsmanship of these two architects," says Mr. Phelps-Stokes, "and a close inspection of the City Hall plans, leaves little doubt that the competitive drawings for the City Hall embodied the ideas, as well as

the draughtsmanship, of Mangin rather than of McComb. Their presentation is distinctly French, the shadows are cast in the conventional French 'graded wash' manner, which was never used by McComb, and the drawing itself is superior to any drawing known to have been made by McComb. A comparison of the City Hall competitive drawings, both plan and elevation, with the sheet of drawings containing the original competitive designs for St. John's Chapel, which Mr. McComb was willing to sign 'John McComb Jun. Del.' will settle beyond a doubt the respective positions of Mangin and McComb, both as designers and draughtsmen. To an architect it appears self-evident that he who made the one (St. John's) could never have made the other (the City Hall)."

The importance of McComb's actual work, in collaboration with his partner in the preparation of the designs, and as architect of record in charge during the entire period of construction, is not to be belittled. He developed the working drawings, and proved himself a conscientious and thorough contractor, holding to his purpose through many vicissitudes in the progress of the building, frequently advancing necessary funds from his private purse to meet pressing demands and to carry on the work, while appropriations were pending.

He was vested with every authority by the common council, which had utmost confidence in his business ability, sound judgment, and integrity. When first conceived it was the intention to carry out the design in brownstone, and McComb was empowered to purchase a quarry of this product in Newark; and when, later, the committee yielded to their architect's eloquent appeal for better material in the construction of a building that was "intended to endure for ages," he resold the Newark quarry, and secured marble for the front and two end views from West Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Great difficulty was experienced in transporting the marble over the Berkshire Hills by teams of horses and oxen, and McComb himself supervised the building of roads and the strengthening of bridges. He used to make the trip to West Stockbridge on horseback to attend to the work at the quarries and expedite the transportation, and he kept a record, in what he termed his "Marble Book," of the material as it was received, each block being accurately described; and this shows that 35,271 cubic feet of marble were used, costing a trifle over $35,000.

The work was subject to frequent delay on account of the refusal of the aldermen to grant the necessary appropriations, and the little econo-

mies practised argue as eloquently for the architect's Scotch thrift as for the stinginess of the civil authorities in providing for the beauty and durability of their municipal building. The base and the north side are of the brownstone, McComb's concession to the aldermanic point of view, for which he found no doubt comfort in the thought that the land to the north of City Hall would probably remain farms and marshes. The north side, however, is painted white to simulate uniformity of material,—an architectural insincerity that should be effaced.

The carvers were not appointed till early in 1805, when John Lemaire was engaged as chief carver at $4 a day. The excellence of his workmanship and artistic knowledge is noticed in the exquisite carving of capitals and ornaments, work which McComb proudly claimed was not surpassed by any in the United States and seldom better executed in Europe, and which "for proportion and neatness of workmanship will serve as models for future carvers," a prediction that has been realized. The design is pure and no pains or research have been spared to make it so. The capitals of the first and second orders are marvels of execution. Lemaire's name is cut in the top of the blocking course over the front attic story, as

THE MAYOR'S RECEPTION ROOM, CITY HALL (PAGE 142)

"THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE"
BY SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE
MAYOR'S RECEPTION ROOM, CITY HALL
(PAGE 142)

well as the names of the building committee, architect, and master mechanic.

The Fields, at the time of the proposed erection of the City Hall, was already a sort of civic centre of New York, and the new edifice was intended to form one of a group of municipal buildings including the Alms House on its north, the Gaol on the northeast, and the Bridewell to the northwest. That the position of City Hall was selected with due regard for its relation to these buildings is shown by the plan of the Fields, submitted with the design of the building. This provided for a site raised above the surrounding land, and the hall was to be so placed, in its relation to the Bridewell and the Gaol, that its cupola should line with that on the Alms House, and the "mugs" in front range with Murray Street. The portico originally commanded an unbroken view down Broadway, with St. Paul's, the wooden spire of Trinity, and the cupola of Grace Church lending color to the picture; while, as planned, the vista from the Battery included Broadway widening into its Common, crowned by this graceful symbol of the city government.

The building was never completed according to the accepted design. The front still lacks the sculptural mass intended to cap the central bay,

and for which the existing sketch shows a group representing the seal of New York supported by seated figures of the sailor and Indian. Classic figures were designed to stand along the roof, and in the execution were replaced by urns, and these, it is thought, were the " mugs " referred to in the prospectus. In the original drawing a clock occupies the space given to the middle window of the attic story; this was never executed, but instead, in 1828, the cupola was violated by the addition of an intermediate section to provide for the four dials of the clock, as it now appears. In 1858 the cupola was entirely destroyed and the low dome over the great stairway seriously damaged by fireworks set off to celebrate the successful laying of the first Atlantic telegraph cable. When these were rebuilt little effort was made to restore more than the general appearance of the originals.

The City Hall has survived many threatened dangers in its brief span of life, and for a time its destruction seemed inevitable in the general demolition that has become the accepted practice in New York. Neglected and shabby it remained for years, and would have gone but for the united efforts of loyal citizens whose hue and cry were not to be disregarded. It took on a veritable new lease of life, however, when Mrs. Russell Sage

munificently financed the restoration of the Governor's Room, that splendid *salle* on the second floor, originally intended for the use of the governor when in the city. This room became in time the municipal portrait gallery and a reception room for the distinguished guests of the city. Lafayette and Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, were entertained here; and the bodies of Abraham Lincoln and John Howard Payne lay in state in this room.

The restoration and decoration dates from 1907 and was done by Grosvenor Atterbury and his associate, John Almy Tompkins, McComb's original notes being closely followed. The Governor's Room is now an exquisite return to its epoch, and unique in its harmony of line and proportion. In it is fittingly hung the historic collection of contemporary portraits of Washington, Hamilton, and the governors from 1777, painted for the city by John Trumbull, between 1790 and 1808. Before he was twenty Trumbull had become a colonel on Washington's staff and done excellent service. These portraits represent his most distinguished work as a painter; and that of Governor Clinton is considered his masterpiece. Rather cold and formal in manner, and lacking the vitality and joy of a Stuart portrait, they possess, on the other

hand, a fine official reserve and dignity, eminently suited to the room in which they hang and to the characters they portray. All the portraits in this central room are by Trumbull, and all except the two over the mantels hang in the original frames made for them, by Lemaire, the sculptor who did the carving on the City Hall.

The east and west rooms, opening off the Governor's Room, continue the portrait collection painted for the city, and contain good examples of such early American painters as John Vanderlyn, Henry Inman, Charles Wesley Jarvis, and others. The most delightful portrait, preserved in City Hall, is that of Lafayette, by Samuel Finley Breese Morse, painted for the city on the occasion of the general's second visit to America, in 1824. It hangs over the mantelpiece in the Mayor's Reception Room, in company with interesting portraits of former mayors of the city. This great canvas shows Lafayette in the sixty-eighth year of his age, a gallant figure, standing vigorously, dressed modishly, and with a world of character and humor in the face. It is a stronger portrait than that painted by Sully, during the same visit, which hangs in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, though that too is admirable; and reveals Morse, whom we know better as the inventor of

NATHAN HALE, BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES
CITY HALL PARK (PAGE 148)

the telegraph, to have been a remarkably talented painter.

Vanderlyn, Sully, Peale, Jarvis, Waldo, Inman, Ingham, and some others competed for the privilege of painting the distinguished French visitor for the city of New York. The choice fell upon Morse in his most enthusiastic period, and through his voluminous correspondence, edited by his son, we have ample record of the progress of the portrait, which was painted under great difficulties. Not only were the first sittings interrupted by Lafayette's many social duties and many visitors, but a more serious break in the work was occasioned by the death of Morse's wife, which cast a gloom over the whole proceeding.

The sittings were begun in Washington on February 9, 1825. "The General is very agreeable," wrote Morse to his wife on this date, "He introduced me to his son by saying: 'This is Mr. Morse, the painter, the son of the geographer; he has come to Washington to take the topography of my face.'" The second sitting was interrupted by a messenger who brought the news of Mrs. Morse's sudden death, upon which Morse suspended work in order to visit his family at New Haven, and the portrait was taken up and finished later.

Morse's own description of the portrait is taken from a letter, written by him towards the close of his long life. He says: "Lafayette is represented at the top of a flight of steps, which he has just ascended upon a terrace, the figure coming against a glowing sunset sky, indicative of the glory of his own evening of life. Upon his right, if I remember, are three pedestals, one of which is vacant as if waiting for his bust, while the others are surmounted by busts of Washington and Franklin—the two associated eminent historical characters of his own time. In a vase on the other side is a flower—the helianthus—with its face towards the sun, in allusion to the characteristic stern, uncompromising consistency of Lafayette—a trait of character which I then considered, and still consider, the great prominent trait of that distinguished man."

Morse lived to be eighty-one years of age. His life was almost equally divided by his two dominant occupations into two equal periods. Up to the age of forty-one years he was wholly artist, while during the latter half of his life, following his epoch-making invention, art was dispossessed by a new goddess, and the brilliancy of his scientific career has obscured the immense importance of his artistic output.

The city began its valuable collection of portraits in 1790, by requesting President Washington "to permit Mr. Trumbull to 'take' his portrait, to be placed in the City Hall as a monument to the respect which the inhabitants of this City have toward him." In the autumn of 1804, soon after the tragedy at Weehawken, the common council commissioned Colonel Trumbull to paint the portrait of Alexander Hamilton. Trumbull had already painted, from life, the excellent portrait of Secretary Hamilton now in the Metropolitan Museum, and it is said that, in addition to this record of the statesman, he used Cerracchi's marble bust, of which the original is now in the collections of the New York Public Library. For seventy-five years the common council continued this policy of securing portraits of distinguished men.

The series of governors' portraits was begun in 1791, when Colonel Trumbull was commissioned to paint Governor George Clinton, and the collection is complete down to Governor Dix, covering a period just short of one hundred years. Trumbull's portraits of Duane, Varick, Livingston, and Willett began the series of mayors of New York, which is complete to Mayor Gunther, in 1872. One of the latest acquisitions is a por-

trait of John McComb, painted by Samuel Waldo, about 1820.

Time has dealt kindly with the City Hall in the matter of patine, mellowing the whiteness of its marble surfaces to, as Hopkinson Smith has said, the complexion of a tea-rose. The comparison seems beautifully apt, for this fair flower of architecture stands indeed like such a rose in a garden of rank weeds, none more blighting in its influence than the distressing bulk of the General Post Office, clapped down in the very face of the "classic thoroughbred," blocking its view and obtruding its blatant personality into the vista that formerly gave colour to the ascent of Broadway.

It is the fate of New York buildings to be old before their time, and juvenile as is the City Hall, as buildings go, it is the last of the efforts of the past century to create for beauty as well as practicality. The Gaol was long considered the most beautiful building in the city, being patterned after the Temple of Diana of Ephesus. When it was finished, about 1764, the whipping post, stocks, cage, and pillory were brought up from Wall Street and were set up in front of it, while the gallows, as less constantly in requisition, stood screened from the public eye, in the rear. This little building, altered beyond recognition, per-

sisted many years in the guise of the Hall of Records, and was but recently destroyed. The Bridewell, or common jail, built in 1775, was demolished in 1838, the stones being used to build the old Tombs, an interesting and gloomy edifice in the Egyptian style, from which it took its lugubrious title, all significance of which is lost in the ugly modern structure now replacing it on the original site.

This site is topographically important in the history of New York. When the Dutch examined the extent of Governor Minuit's spectacular bargain, they found, situated on that spot of the island where now stands the Tombs, a fresh-water pond, known in the English tongue as the Collect, a corruption of the Dutch *Kalch-hook,* meaning lime-shell point, and given to a shell-covered promontory above the pond, and later applied to the pond itself. The Collect lay in the middle of a marshy valley, stretching across the island from about the present Roosevelt Slip to the western end of Canal Street. Its natural outlet was a stream, called the Wreck Brook, flowing from it across the swamp to the East River. Before the Revolution a drain was dug through the marsh, on the line of the present Canal Street, to the North River. The ultimate filling in of the Collect

was considered the most important improvement made in the last decade of the eighteenth century. This was done by cutting down and casting into it the nearby hills, the very great depth of the pond, reputed indeed to be bottomless, caused the commissioners to hesitate before attempting such heroic measures; and many plans for dealing with the Collect were considered before the filling-in process was decided upon.

Historical memories with which the whole of the region of City Hall Park is replete have furnished themes for sculpture and paintings, to be found in numbers ornamenting municipal buildings, banks, office buildings, and others in the neighbourhood, and indeed throughout the city.

The great fire of September 21, 1776, burned up New York from Broadway to the Hudson River, as far north as St. Paul's. The next day Nathan Hale, a member of Knowlton's Rangers, was executed on full confession, some authorities still insist, in this little park.

The statue of Nathan Hale, which stands before the City Hall, is an imaginary portrait done by Frederick MacMonnies when that sculptor was but twenty-eight years of age. The romantic story of the patriot spy fired the genius of the sculptor, and the work, done in his strongest youthful pe-

HORACE GREELEY, BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD
CITY HALL PARK (PAGE 150)

riod, has been classed as his greatest. After the retreat of the army from Long Island, Washington took quarters in Apthorpe Mansion, overlooking the Hudson River, miles above the little city of New York.

In answer to the call for a volunteer to go into the British lines and learn their plans, Nathan Hale presented himself, and disguised, he made his way into the enemy's camp. He had fully informed himself as to their plans, when, hurrying back to his commander, he was surprised and captured. At his trial he admitted freely what he had done, and, asked if he had a last word to speak before being hanged, he threw up his head proudly and said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

MacMonnies presents him in this supreme moment of his life; fired with the exalted emotions of youth, his arms pinioned to his sides, his ankles fettered, he stands proud but not defiant, with tense sincerity and entire lack of pose. The figure is intensely living and vital, beautifully expressive of the peculiar individual grace and charm that characterize the work of this most talented man.

In our rambles about New York we shall have many opportunities to study MacMonnies, who is better represented than most sculptors in the city.

He is a native of Brooklyn, where many of his most important works are placed, but wherever one finds them, whether in Prospect Park, or in the pediments of the Bowery Bank, or the spandrels of the Washington Arch, there is always this feeling for beauty, for nobility and refinement, so eloquently expressed in the youthful statue of Nathan Hale.

The charming, realistic statue of a slovenly old man, with a round face, loosely fringed by a white beard; seated in a tasselled chair, more comfortable than sculpturesque, is Ward's admirable rendering of Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York Tribune. It belongs against the façade of the Tribune Building, from whence it was removed only a few months ago to its present detached location before the City Court. Thus placed it loses half the interest of its problem, which was not only to invest an eccentric exterior with sculptural quality, but to place the figure beneath a very deep arch in a thick wall, backed up awkwardly by a huge window. The disposition of the figure in a low armchair, leaning forward, holding a copy of the paper, but looking out above it as if considering its policy, the rounded back with advanced head, can only be explained in its relation to the setting for which it was designed. The

low, broad mass, raised upon a high pedestal, stood well out of the way of passers-by on the sidewalk, with a result as harmonious and agreeable as could be expected. The statue as it stands is human and uncompromising, one of those frank presentments of personalities that made Ward the figure he is in the history of American sculpture.

## VIII

## BOUWERIE VILLAGE

While the little town of New Amsterdam struggled to maintain itself under the protection of the guns of the fort, the back country of the island rapidly filled up with settlers. The potentiality of the territory for trade and development of various profitable kinds, once realized by the mother country, the West India Company's next concern was to devise means of anchoring the colony to the shore. The fort offered security and defense against possible invasion, to the original settlement, but there was nothing very alluring to attract colonists to these parts, and the population was transient and unsatisfactory. One of the methods of peopling the colony was by the patroon system, under which grants of land were offered to any man who would emigrate from Holland, bringing with him not less than fifty persons to make their homes in New Netherland. The company reserved the Island of Manhattan for itself, but large farms were portioned out in

this manner in the surrounding country. The "patroon" who imported the colony became lord of the manor, with supreme authority over his colonists, who operated his farm and contributed the products of their labours as rent.

This system of colonization failed utterly, from the Dutch Company's point of view. The patroons were solely interested in enriching themselves, at the expense of the company, trading in furs against the express regulations to the contrary, and in other ways breaking faith with Holland, whose interests they were supposed to serve. Under Kieft's administration the patroons were done away with, and free passage was offered by the company to any one who promised to cultivate the land in the new country. The prospect of owning their own land brought many colonists, and laid the foundation for the whole of Greater New York, as it stands to-day.

Meanwhile several small villages had sprung up upon the island itself, the Boston Post Road leading out of the town towards the Bossen Bouwerie, Haarlem, and Bloemendaal, and passing through the little Bouwerie Village on its direct route.

During Kieft's governorship, six bouweries, or farms, were laid out on the eastern portion of the

island; it was one of these that Peter Stuyvesant purchased as a country seat, in 1651, and here he came to live after the surrender of New Amsterdam to the English. Four years after Stuyvesant's purchase of the tract of land, of which the existing landmark is old St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, on Second Avenue and Tenth Street, the Indians came to be considered a menace to outlying settlers, having, in retaliation for certain shameful outrages committed against themselves, attacked and killed several farmers and their wives. As a precautionary measure, settlers were instructed to abandon isolated farms and to concentrate in hamlets. This order led to the establishment of the Bouwerie Village, in the vicinity of Stuyvesant's farm, centring about where is now Cooper Union, and to the opening of the Bouwerie Lane connecting the village with the town. This was the beginning of the first road which extended the length of the island, a road still identified as that roofed-in, traffic-laden thoroughfare, rich in honourable, shameful, and pathetic history, the Bowery.

Three years later the murder of a prominent settler, who had purchased the flats, on which the village of Haarlem was afterwards built, led to the settling of a hamlet, in that locality, and to the

extension of the Bouwerie Lane to the northern end of the island.

Though almost every trace of the original little settlement is blotted out, Bouwerie Village still possesses a distinct character and flavour of its own; and is as different from other parts of New York as it can possibly be. It is rather amusing to note how little coördination there is between these divisions of the city, separated by uninteresting wastes of mere streets.

The Great Bouwerie, constituting Governor Stuyvesant's purchase, was a tract of land extending two miles along the East River, north of what is now Grand Street, and taking in a section of the present Bowery and Third Avenue. The village created by the exigencies of troublous times soon included a blacksmith's shop, a tavern, and a dozen small houses; and in time Peter Stuyvesant built a chapel, in which Hermanus Van Hoboken, the schoolmaster after whom Hoboken is named, preached to the members of the governor's household and the few residents in the neighbourhood. This chapel Stuyvesant erected, at his own expense, prior to 1660; his house stood just northwest of the church, and his famous pear tree, brought over when he returned from his unpleasant experience in Holland, to settle upon his

American farm, he planted in his garden, where it grew and bore fruit for two centuries. A tablet on a house at the northeast corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue records the circumstance of the planting of the tree, "by which," Peter is supposed to have said, "my name may be remembered." The City Hall, as well as the Historical Society, preserves a branch of this modest memorial as well as a picture of the tree.

Stuyvesant lived to enjoy his Bouwerie to the age of eighty years, and was buried in the graveyard of the old church. When Judith, the widow, died, in 1692, she left the chapel, in which the old governor had worshipped, to the Dutch Reformed Church, stipulating in the transfer that the Stuyvesant vault should always be protected. The chapel stood another hundred years, by which time, being sadly fallen into decay, a great-grandson of the governor, who had inherited most of his ancestor's possessions, induced the vestry of Trinity Church to erect a Protestant Episcopal church upon the same site, contributing himself eight hundred pounds, as well as the lot upon which it stands surrounded by a picturesque graveyard. This Petrus Stuyvesant, old Peter's great-grandson, was a member of the Trinity Corporation, and a man of influence, so that the vestry

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BY JOHN TRUMBULL
IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL (PAGE 141)

raised five thousand pounds for the building. The corner-stone was laid in April, 1795, and the edifice completed in 1799. To support the new parish, Trinity turned over the income of thirty lots of its city property. The pews in the lower part of the church were sold at auction on a lease for five years at an annual rental ranging from thirty to one hundred and forty shillings. Until St. Marks, each Episcopal church on Manhattan Island had been erected by Trinity as a chapel.

The body of Peter Stuyvesant lay in a vault by the old chapel, and the new edifice was constructed to cover that vault, which is now visible from the outer walk, so that pilgrims may read the inscription on the stone built into the Eleventh Street side of the foundation. The body of Governor Henry Sloughter was interred in the next vault. The first wardens of the parish were lineal descendants of Governor Stuyvesant and Governor Winthrop; and among the original pewholders were Hugh Gaine, one of the earliest and best printers of the city, and General Horatio Gates. Notable among the wardens and vestrymen were Colonel Nicholas Fish, of Revolutionary fame; Gideon Lee, once mayor of New York; Jacob Lorillard, Clement C. Moore, Hamilton Fish, Henry E. Davies, and Henry B. Renwick. The

trustees were Petrus Stuyvesant, Francis Bayard Winthrop, Gilbert Colden Willett, Mangle Minthorpe, Martin Hoffman, William A. Hardenbrook, and George Rapelye; the last named, however, declined later to serve.

The churchyard has been used exclusively for vault interment, and there are no headstones,—merely the simplest of slabs covering the vaults and inscribed with the name of the owner. Many prominent families used this burying ground, and here lie the remains of Peter Goelet, Thomas Barclay, Jacob Lorillard, Nicholas Fish, Peter Stuyvesant (the grandson), Mayor Philip Hone, and Governor Daniel D. Tompkins. A. T. Stewart's body was stolen from this cemetery, and the quiet stone with its simple inscription still marks the spot where he was interred.

What virtue there is in a crooked street! The slant of Stuyvesant Street, upon which St. Marks-in-the-Bowery fronts, gives charm and piquancy to the whole quarter. The church, by the grace of this old relic of Bouwerie Village days, stands at variance to the rage for parallelograms that affected the Commissioners, who laid out the streets of New York. Fortunately St. Marks was built before this happened and its presence, at an opposing angle to the rectilinear sys-

tem, saved the street, so pleasantly named for the founder of the ancient settlement.

St. Marks-in-the-Bowery now finds itself in the midst of one of the most picturesque and colourful parts of the city. Second Avenue, to which it presents its garden and an angle view of the church, especially agreeable to see as one walks up the avenue, having quickly shed the lustre of a once famous residence street, has taken on all the bustle and activity of a foreign boulevard, with terrace cafés and restaurants, liberally patronized by foreign residents, and where English is scarcely understood. In summer, when Fifth Avenue is deserted, Second Avenue alone vies with Broadway in the gaiety indicative of a seething metropolis.

The breadth of the street and the many beautiful old houses still standing recall the days, well within the memory of comparatively young people, when Second Avenue succeeded St. John's Park as the centre of fashion and elegance. I have before me a letter written by a friend whose early recollections of New York have often entertained me. "Our house in Second Avenue," she writes, "was between Eighth and Ninth Streets. On the same block were the Winthrops, the Stuyvesants, the Campbells, and opposite the Kettletas and other

old families, whose names I've forgotten. Second Avenue was considered the 'swell' residence avenue in those days. Beautiful homes they were, set back from the street within green yards—the wide avenue lined with trees. Wide, spacious houses, with mahogany front doors and silver-plated handles. Inside were marble halls, fourteen-foot ceilings, all mahogany doors, with silver knobs, set in white frames, carved marble mantelpieces, great mirrors, and lustre chandeliers, hung with brilliant prisms (every summer enveloped in gauze).

"When I look back it seems as though it must have been some other child and not I that was part of all this. The cattle were driven, from the farms above New York, through Second Avenue to the market in the Bowery. Many a time, as a child, rolling my hoop on the broad sidewalk, I would run into the front yard and shut the gate till a drove of steers or sheep passed by—usually the men drove them through in the early morning, but I suppose they were delayed at times.

"A. T. Stewart's grand department store was at Chambers Street and Broadway, and to go there we took a stage which ran through Eighth Street all the way to Broadway and down Broadway to the Battery. In winter straw was put on the

floor of the stages to keep the passengers' feet warm. When we alighted we had to pick the straw from our dresses.

"The old Baptist Church on Second Avenue was built by one of our cousins, Colgate. When my two older sisters were little girls they went in there one Sunday and told the sexton that it was their cousin's church and that they could 'sit where they pleased!'" How amused must have been the sexton at this bit of "cheek" on the part of two such correct little girls breaking away from home discipline and out on adventures.

The church stands opposite St. Marks, and the house where the little girls lived has been made one with its neighbor and, under a bright coat of yellow paint, its first story enclosed in glass, flashes an electric sign, attracting visitors to the "Stuyvesant Casino." Its former elegance can still be traced, however, in the fluted columns which adorn its façade as well as that of its twin, the Campbell house, and no doubt the upper rooms retain some of their erstwhile magnificence.

My friend also told me of her recollection of family burials in the old New York Marble Cemetery, a hidden graveyard enclosed in a block further down the avenue, approached by a passageway between houses. But for this passageway,

this romantic spot is completely hemmed in by dilapidated houses and business buildings, and for years was forgotten and neglected, growing wild with weeds and suffering slights from the tenement dwellers, who dumped refuse freely from their back windows upon the vaults of New York's first families. During this time the gate at the far end of the passageway was of wood and so high that nothing could be seen except the tops of trees, and one might have passed the cemetery daily without suspecting its existence. A fee of ten dollars used to be charged for opening a vault, and the revenue from interments provided for the care of graves, but as these became more and more rare, and finally practically ceased, there was no income to cover the expense of a caretaker, and the cemetery was allowed to run wild. From time to time the descendants of the interred removed the bodies of their forbears to less obscure resting-places, and finally, when the desolation was at its worst, the surviving vault owners established a fund for the permanent maintenance of the graves. An interment was held here as recently as 1914.

"I'd like to see that Marble Cemetery," writes my friend. "I have never even been up to it. In olden days the men of the family went to the burial places and the women mourned at home.

I remember well—a little girl of eight years—the October day, looking out of an upper window of our home, to see the procession of noted men of New York, with long black scarfs across their coats, following *on foot* the heavily draped coffin of my aged father."

The New York Marble Cemetery was established in 1830, about the time that Washington Square was redeemed from the potter's field and made the centre of a fashionable neighbourhood. The names of one hundred and fifty-six original vault owners are indexed on marble tablets, on the west wall of the cemetery; and, according to an almost indecipherable inscription on the east wall, the enclosure was intended as a "place of interment for gentlemen." Fifteen hundred burials are recorded, including that of Perkins Nichols, who once owned the farm upon which the cemetery rests. According to the original agreement there are no tombstones marking graves, the position of vaults being indicated by means of squares of marble of uniform size, let into the walls, and inscribed simply with the owners' names and the numbers of the vaults. At the far end of the graveyard is the old dead house of rough-hewn stone, a primitive bit of masonry, resembling a Spanish dungeon.

Upon the day in late October, when I had the interesting experience of being personally conducted through this cemetery by the custodian, the venerable lilac bushes, which line the sides of the broad walks, were just bursting into bloom, the weather being very mild for the time of the year. There is always something touching in this final protest of nature against the inroads of winter, but in the case of the old lilac bushes in this neglected graveyard, it seemed doubly charming and significant, not only as a symbol of the inverse truth, " in the midst of death we are in life," but of the renaissance of interest and hope where but shortly all had seemed forgotten.

Having finally summoned courage to ask admittance into a place which looks so forbidding through its two iron gates, it was more than pleasant to find the custodian, Mr. Frederick Bommer, a man with real antiquarian tastes, and a thorough knowledge of the personnel, so to speak, of his cemeteries, as well as a picturesque recollection of the whole quarter, where he himself was born and raised. The question of these forgotten graveyards had been poignantly revived, only that morning,* by a sensational story in the newspapers about an Italian lad who, in digging and explor-

* October 17, 1916.

ing on a vacant lot at Second Avenue and Second Street, diagonally opposite the Marble Cemetery, had accidentally broken into an old vault containing several coffins and a barrel full of bones; and fallen therein, to his intense dismay. This vault was evidently part of an ancient cemetery connected with a Methodist church that once occupied an adjacent site, and which in 1840 was turned into a public school. When, twenty years later, the bodies were removed this vault must have been sealed up and left. The last building on this site was pulled down not long ago to make way for a municipal court-house to be erected there.

Two years after the incorporation of the New York Marble Cemetery, the New York City Marble Cemetery was started as a rather potent rival, and still may be admired as a distinguished bit of garden, giving breath to Second Street, east of Second Avenue. In this cemetery tombstones and monuments were allowed, and the vault owners seem to have been at some pains to show how really lovely such memorials could be made, and how worthy of a place in the city beautiful. The walls too are covered with vines and most appropriate shrubs and trees, in the weeping willow style, and have been well cared for during eighty-odd years. Here are buried Robert Lenox,

Marinus Willett, Samuel Kip, of Kip's Bay, and other celebrities; and here repose, it is said, the oldest white men's bones interred on the Island of Manhattan, those of the Dutch dominies, in the "Ministers' Vault," brought here from their original resting-place at the foot of the island. One of the most graceful monuments is to the memory of Preserved Fish, a shipping merchant, whose portrait hangs in the Chamber of Commerce. His extraordinary name we are now asked to believe was a heritage from his father, and not in honour of his miraculous preservation from the perils of the sea, whence, it was picturesquely reported, he was picked up by whalers in his infancy. The body of President James Monroe was first interred here, and a stone still marks his vault, from which his remains were removed, in 1859, and taken to Richmond, Virginia. John Ericsson also lay here until his body was taken to Sweden.

Though Astor Place bears no physical trace of the old Bouwerie Village, of which it was once the centre, it has distinction and interest enough, gained in a later period of its history, to satisfy the most exigent of loiterers. Perhaps the locality is most famous as the scene of the Forrest-Macready riots, engendered by the bitter jealousy existing between the English and American actors,

which assumed the proportions of an international quarrel. These two great tragedians had each his adherents, and in the month of May, 1847, Edwin Forrest's constituents succeeded twice in stopping the performance of *Macbeth*, when Macready was billed to play the title rôle at the Astor Place Opera House.

On the second occasion the performance was attempted in response to a petition, signed by many prominent citizens, who desired to efface the memory of the disgraceful incident of a few days previous, and precautions were taken to keep Forrest's partisans from the house. This, however, only served to augment the trouble; many gained admittance, and the performance was again frustrated. Meanwhile an unruly mob gathered outside the theatre, blocking Eighth Street, and assaulted the theatre with stones. Macready escaped by a rear exit, while a regiment and a troop of cavalry cleared Eighth Street and reached Astor Place. Before peace was restored the riot act was read, and thirty-four persons were killed and several hundred injured. Clinton Hall, at the junction of Eighth Street and Astor Place, replaces the old opera house.

Among the rapidly disappearing landmarks of this vicinity is Colonnade Row, already partly de-

molished, and going down while I write. The wide Lafayette Place, now Lafayette Street, was opened through Vauxhall, a pleasure garden of great popularity, which ran south of Astor Place, between Broadway and Fourth Avenue, to about Fifth Street, in 1826, and soon after La Grange Terrace, named after Lafayette's home in France, was built. Its name was afterwards changed to Colonnade Row. Washington Irving and the first John Jacob Astor occupied two of these residences, and from one of the houses President Tyler was married to Julia Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island.

Peter Cooper's house was on the site of the present Bible House, at Eighth Street and Third Avenue, and his grocery store stood where is now the Cooper Union, this philanthropist's great legacy to the students of art and science. Denied the privileges of education himself, he devoted a fortune to the establishment of this benevolent enterprise. Started in 1855, it was transferred by the founder to the trustees with a handsome income, in 1859.

The Museum for the Arts of Decoration, occupying the fourth floor of the Union, is of a later foundation, and has proved of immense service to students and specialists in this field. Modelled

PETER COOPER, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
COOPER SQUARE, BOWERY (PAGE 170)

after the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, in Paris, it is especially rich in textiles: it contains valuable collections of furniture, drawings, engravings, casts, and a large collection of encyclopædic scrap books, classified, indexed, and made readily accessible by means of a chart similar to the chart in use at the Paris museum.

The Decloux Collection of French decorative art, of the Eighteenth Century, is an assembly of more than five hundred drawings, signed by the leading French decorators of the period represented, including several by Watteau and Boucher. The textiles include early Christian, Egyptian, and Byzantine tapestry ornaments, weavings, and embroideries, from the third to the tenth centuries, discovered in the tombs at Ahkmin; silks, brocades, and printed linens, dating from the seventh to the fifteenth centuries, of Persian, Byzantine, and Saracenic origin; while the Badia Collection of textiles from Barcelona, the Vives Collection of velvets from Madrid, the Stanislas Baron Collection of early Coptic tapestries from Paris, presented by J. Pierpont Morgan, place the museum, in this department, on a footing with the best of the kind in Europe.

The museum preserves Robert Blum's original design, in oils, for the "Vintage Festival," the

decoration made for the Mendelssohn Society, and recently removed from Mendelssohn Hall, in Fortieth Street. This design is accompanied by sixty-four studies of figures and draperies for the different groups, composing the picture. These, besides being of great intrinsic beauty and interest, are valuable, to students, in showing how an important decoration was conceived and executed.

Augustus Saint Gaudens' benevolent presentment of Peter Cooper stands within the little park enclosed by Cooper Square, at the rear of the Union, and, thus placed, the philanthropist commands a clear view down the Bowery, and presides with a fine air of indulgence over the splendid " bums " which at all hours of the day and night fringe the enclosure. Torn out, root and branch, from their historic nesting-places—Mulberry Bend, Bandit's Roost, and Ragpicker's Row, by the demolition of these picturesque haunts of crime which honeycombed the district known as the Five Points, Cooper Square has been adopted as a resting-place by the vagrants ruthlessly deprived of their privacy by the larger interests of public welfare. Exposed to the searchlight of " civic betterment," they sit idle and impotent, like wolves with their teeth drawn.

What disgust must they feel, these moral de-

scendants of Bill Sykes, in contemplating Mulberry Bend "Park"—a children's playground, forsooth—where once were houses three deep, with scarce a suggestion of courtyard between, and accessible only to the knowing ones, by means of narrow alleys hardly wide enough for broad shoulders to slouch through. Obscure ways led beneath houses, over low sheds, to beer cellars and dives, headquarters of iniquity, where plots were hatched, spoils divided, and many a scoundrel sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head.

Now, their dogs chained, their clubs broken, they must live in the public eye, sleeping out bored lives on the comfortable bench provided by Peter Cooper. Kind and tender they are to each other in their fallen state, sleeping upon one another's shoulders, shielding battered faces from the scorching rays of a summer's sun, shifting and accommodating themselves to a brother's comfort with exemplary forbearance.

"Here we are," they seem to say, "poor exposed remnants of a valourous company, deprived of the exercise of our natural proclivities, thwarted in the least of our desires, all ground upon which we stood swept from beneath our feet. You say we ought to find work. Look at us. Who would

have us? What work is there now in these stupid commercial times fitted to such as we? Your civilization has crowded out the gentleman of fortune, the highwayman, the bandit, professions appreciated in other centuries—exterminated in ours. What weapons have we against the modern system of legitimatized robbery whose magnitude has fairly swept away our right to live. There is no help for us, we have outlived our time."

Yet Peter Cooper's large humanity seems to embrace these unfortunates, and Saint Gaudens has given us an impressive statue of a fine old gentleman, whose benevolent schemes for disposing of a fortune, acquired during a long and active life spanning nearly a century, were as creditable to his intelligence as were the enterprises which his sagacity fostered. "Like an uncrowned king, or a prophet of old," he sits, in his classic niche, a tangible presence, a real personality, an extinct type.

Saint Gaudens, who was a student at Cooper Union in boyhood days, expresses the fulness of that serene majesty of vigorous age by the simplest of means—direct portraiture without attempt at artistic compromise. Peter Cooper, grown hoary and patriarchal, maintains authority through his works, and his presence here holds a fallen thor-

oughfare to something resembling an ideal; bringing one up, in one's casual passings, to a sense of the permanence of noble effort, of accomplished good.

Cooper Union marks the site of the second milestone from City Hall, on the old Boston Post Road, opened by order of Governor Lovelace, in 1672. One of the events of the day was to assemble at what is now No. 17 Bowery, to see the arrival and departure of the Boston stage, carrying the United States mail. The first milestone stands in its original position on the Bowery, opposite Rivington Street, and the inscription is still fairly legible. Another stands on Third Avenue between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, and there are many others, set out originally to mark the distance from the old City Hall in Wall Street. Benjamin Franklin, when he was postmaster general, selected the positions for many milestones along the highways, driving out in a specially contrived wagon for the purpose, and measuring off the distances. Some of these so-called Franklin milestones are still standing—one of them on the Milford Road in Stratford, Connecticut.

The land east of the "One Mile'" stone was owned by James de Lancey, who, in 1733, was

chief justice of the colony, and later lieutenant-governor. His country house was near the mile-stone at the present northwest corner of Delancey and Chrystie Streets, and a lane traced the line of the broader thoroughfare now leading to the Williamsburg Bridge, through a green field to the de Lancey house.

The pediments of the Bowery Savings Bank, at Grand Street and the Bowery, are interesting as early work of Frederick MacMonnies. The one on the Bowery front is best seen from the elevated station which crowds the street at this point, completely cutting off the view from the street; but the Grand Street face is clear, and the sculpture in the pediment may be admired for a simplicity and restraint characteristic of the sculptor's youthful period.

About at the point where the Bowery begins, at the northern boundary of Chatham Square, stands the Thalia Theatre, on the site of the old Bowery Theatre, four times burned, and famous in the old days; for here Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in New York, and here were notable performances by the elder Booth, Lester Wallack, Edwin Forrest, and other dramatic celebrities. After 1879 it achieved a national reputation for broad melodrama. The Bowery Theatre

supplanted the historic Bull's Head Tavern, where drovers traded, and where Washington and his staff, reëntering New York, after the British evacuation, rested, in 1783.

Chatham Square existed primitively as an Indian lookout station, called Werpoes, and in Dutch days a corral for the protection of cattle enclosed the present area of the square. The "Kissing Bridge," crossed the Old Wreck Brook, close by, and marked the boundary of the little city at the time of the Revolution, and near this was the "Tea Water Pump," one of the chief sources of drinking water in colonial days.

Crowded in by tenement houses and shut off from the street by a crumbling stone wall, topped by an iron fence, south of the square on the east side, is the first Semitic burying ground in the country, consecrated in 1656, and said to contain the bodies of Portuguese Jews, the earliest of their race to emigrate to New York. This graveyard was attached to the first Jewish synagogue in the city, at Mill (now South William) Street. During the Revolution this spot was fortified as one of the defences of the city. When the street, known as the New Bowery, was cut through the cemetery was abbreviated, and this remnant left high above the street level. Behind the rusty iron railing are

many old brown tombstones, in varying stages of decay, inscribed with Hebrew characters and symbols. The place has infinite suggestion, so out of character it is with the surrounding paradox of thrift and squalor. Fine neglected shrubs hold their own amidst a tangle of rank weeds, and the tragic New York cats, lean, hungry, and mysterious, take refuge here from the bustle and confusion of the dark highway. The ubiquitous "Monday's wash," with which New York is strung from one end to the other, flutters its grey signals from the fire escapes of the Greek tenements that enclose this bit of threadbare green, in slatternly disregard of common decencies.

Manhattan Bridge, the last of the bridges which span the East River, has completely effected the threatened reformation of the district known as the Five Points, by introducing into an old and squalid quarter the last word in modern engineering. Though its objective point is Canal Street, it carries one high and dry into the very heart of Chatham Square, opens up the formerly elusive Chinatown to the most casual of loiterers, thus destroying its mysterious and lurking charm. Now, while in process of completion, the bizarre contrasts make for the intensely picturesque, but handsome as is the structure itself, it means, un-

MANHATTAN BRIDGE, BOWERY TERMINAL
CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS
SCULPTURE BY RUMSEY AND HEBER (PAGE 177)

DECORATIVE PANELS "COMMERCE"
CARL A. HEBER, SCULPTOR
DETAIL MANHATTAN BRIDGE
BOWERY TERMINAL

questionably, the obliteration of one of the most extraordinary sections of New York,—one of the few parts of a prosaic city where one might lose one's self irrevocably and dangerously, in a hopeless, labyrinthine slum.

The architectural features of the bridge are the design of that talented firm of architects, to whom the city owes so much of fine building—Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. Regarding the sculpture, the long frieze above the arch on the New York side is by C. C. Rumsey; the groups "Commerce" and "Industry," on the piers, are by Carl A. Heber; while, on the Brooklyn end, the two seated figures, "New York" and "Brooklyn," are the work of Daniel Chester French.

It is not, however, so much the gigantic feat of the bridge itself, with its qualities of architecture and sculpture, that absorbs us, as it is the place from which New York looms most vast, most spectacular, and most improbable. The amazing contrasts in the view presented, from any point throughout its length, make it the most famous loitering ground in all New York. It is the more wonderful because very few people seem to care for the long walk across the river, and one may have the footpath and the benches more or less to one's self, and from many chosen points the spec-

tacle presented, especially at dusk, when the lights first begin to change the picture, and during all the stages of that change, until deep night overtakes it, is a thing to hold and to thrill one. The stupidity of the immediate foreground is vastly mitigated by the endless festoons of wash that drape the ugly lines of projecting tenements all week long, but more fabulous on Monday, when one wonders what the population can be wearing with everything so flagrantly in the tub. And this supremely domestic touch, in the most metropolitan of sights, adds the piquant plausibility that confirms the sensation of a vision dreamed rather than actually seen.

# IX

# GREENWICH VILLAGE

## The Bossen Bouwerie

Arnold Bennett, in his interesting survey of our United States, made the perspicacious comment on the essential difference between the two largest American cities, that Chicago is self-conscious while New York is not. If he had had more time to devote to a study of the variety of life which New York affords, Mr. Bennett would probably have been intensely amused to find his theory supported by the extreme self-consciousness of Greenwich Village, whose population is largely drawn from that middle-western metropolis.

Local historians have always seen Greenwich Village as the "American Quarter." This remains whimsically true of the present. American life is here seen, as it were, in burlesque, following a Greenwich Village code of ethics, proclaimed by the little club, with the misleading political name, which seems to be the mystic shrine for all true

believers. Restaurants are hectic, mostly lodged in basements and backyards, fitted with long deal tables, while the service is of the picnic variety; everybody "digs in and scoops 'round" without too much dependence upon an overworked functionary with socialistic tendencies, who prefers honourable domestic service to selling his soul in commercial pursuits. The cooking is excellent, done also by the socialists, and the scale of prices of a decent moderation. The proper dinner costume for these resorts is something that might be suitable for going eel bobbing in a dory, on a dark, dank night in summer, for it will not do to be conscious of one's raiment, in the sense of protecting it from the onslaughts of neighbouring diners or frantic waiters. Conscious of the picturesque antiquity, and, if one may say so, of the uncleanliness of their garments, all true Villagers are wearing the corduroys of the Latin Quarter, and scorning to cut the hair—except, by perversity, the women—or shave, or "slick up"—but, despite the effort, or because of it, maintaining a certain staginess of make-up, and an undoubted suggestion of "costume," while the whole setting as well as the excessive animation and vivacity of the roysterers seems not to express the real, inner life of the Village. That, one suspects to be a calm, prac-

tical, well-regulated affair enough,—even, perhaps, in its practice, a thought Victorian. In support of this psychogenesis, a writer in the *Unpopular Review* describes the breakdown of a young bride, who, living with her husband in Greenwich Village, had finally to confide her honourable state to relieve her feelings, but under pledge of secrecy, and weepingly, "For," said she, "if the Freedom Club knew we were really married, they would—would thi-ink we were narrow-w."

Conflicting with Mrs. Van Rensselaer's theory, that no aborigines made their homes on Manhattan Island, the Dutch records make reference to the Indian Village of *Sappokanican,* where Hudson is supposed to have stopped for supplies, and identified as lying east of the Gansevoort Market. As Peter Stuyvesant is associated with the Bouwerie Village, so his predecessor, Wouter Van Twiller, the second Dutch governor, is the earliest connected with the Greenwich Village. Amongst other perquisites of his governorship, this astute Dutchman appropriated to himself the Company Farm, No. 3, covering the whole of the future ninth ward, whose light, loamy soil seemed to him to be adapted by Providence to the setting of his own private tobacco plantation. His farmhouse,

probably the first on the island to be erected beyond the protective limit of the fort, marked the founding of the *Bossen Bouwerie,* or farm in the woods, by which *Sappokanican* came to be known in the Dutch language.

The English called it Greenwich, and because of its healthfulness and fertility, it became a popular place of residence for well-to-do New Yorkers in colonial times. Commodore Peter Warren, of the British Navy, who was here in the service of the French and Indian War, bought one of the choicest farms, embracing about three hundred acres, and built thereon a country seat on an eminence overlooking the river, whose site is now enclosed by Charles, Fourth, Bleecker, and Perry Streets. He had married, in New York, Susannah de Lancey, a sister of the chief justice, and, next to the governor, the most important personage in the province. His large, comfortable house was the favourite resort of influential citizens, the objective point for a fashionable afternoon drive, being but two miles out of town by the river road. This, following the western shore of the island, in the line of present Greenwich Street, was opened to give access to the several suburban estates in this section, of which Commodore Warren's was the nucleus. James Jauncey, William

Bayard, and Oliver de Lancey, Lady Warren's brother, held adjoining farms, the latter's estate being confiscated during the Revolution because of de Lancey's British sympathies.

Commodore Warren's daughters married well, and their connections served to augment the prosperity of the village. When the property was divided and new roads opened, their names were given to them. Of these, Skinner Road has become Christopher Street, Fitzroy, Southampton, and Abington Roads have all but disappeared, while Abington Square still perpetuates the memory of Charlotte Warren, the commodore's eldest daughter, who married the Earl of Abington.

The short route to Greenwich Village crossed Lispenard's Meadows and the Manetta Brook, where there was a causeway; and tides and marshes made it so doubtful a thoroughfare in bad weather that it was readily abandoned for the Inland Road, connecting the village with the Bowery, established through the fields in 1768. The drive out from town then followed the Post Road to Bouwerie Village, turned off to the left at what is now Astor Place, followed Obelisk or Monument Lane in a direct line to about the position of the Washington Arch, and from that point to the present Eighth Avenue, just above

Fifteenth Street. The last section of the old road is Greenwich Avenue, at whose terminus stood the monument to General Wolf, the hero of Quebec, supposed to have been destroyed by the British soldiers.

The Manetta Brook marked the boundary of the *Bossen Bouwerie* when Governor Kieft set aside the land as a farm for the Dutch West India Company. The brook arose at about the junction of Fifth Avenue with Twenty-first Street, flowed to about the southwest border of Union Square, thence across Washington Square, and along the line of Manetta Street, emptying into the North River, just north of Charlton Street. It ran between sandhills, sometimes rising to a height of one hundred feet, and crossed a marsh tenanted by wild fowl, and marked the course of a famous Indian hunting ground. This brook has never been entirely suppressed. It works silently in the subterranean passages to which it has been condemned, disturbs foundations, and creates general havoc when excavations are attempted.

Greenwich Village developed at random and preserves to this day a picturesque distinction, though the Seventh Avenue Subway excavations have cut into and clarified many of its most tangled parts. From Greenwich Avenue on the

THE WASHINGTON ARCH AS DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE SHOWING THE PANELS, "FIRST IN WAR" AND "FIRST IN PEACE" BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES (PAGE 205)

south side the streets run away at all sorts of angles, while those on the north side are straight and regular, showing plainly enough how the byways of the old village met the streets of the commissioners' city plan, making many remarkable combinations to the endless confusion of the uninitiated. The case of numbered streets seems indeed to offer undue violence to accepted traditions, though, as Kingsley said, "Why should the combined folly of all fools prove wisdom?" Perhaps it is only prejudice that closes the mind to the logic of Fourth Street crossing Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Streets at right angles in this disjointed region.

The section received the final impetus which carried it at a bound from a place of more or less remote country residence to a thriving suburban village, from the yellow fever epidemic which broke out in New York in 1822. The city had had several scourges of smallpox and fevers, but none so violent as this, which drove panic-stricken citizens from the town, while the infected district was fenced off, that no one might enter it. This condition may be the more readily understood when we read that "as late as 1820 thirty thousand hogs roamed the streets of New York, living on the garbage thrown into the streets."

Greenwich was quickly called into requisition to meet the situation; the post-office and custom house were hastily installed here and many banks, insurance offices, and newspapers followed, carrying with them practically the entire business of the metropolis. Bank Street received its name as a souvenir of these times, when many wooden buildings were hastily constructed throughout its length for the accommodation of the banking firms of the city. The celerity with which the transformation was effected is described by the Reverend Mr. Marcelus, whom Devoe, in his "Market Book," quotes as saying that he had seen corn growing at the present intersection of West Eleventh and Fourth Streets, on a Saturday morning, and on the following Monday Sykes and Niblo had erected there a house capable of accommodating three hundred boarders. Even the Brooklyn ferryboats ran up here daily.

Milligan Place and Patchen Place, hopelessly side-tracked by the ruthless city planners in their insistence on parallelograms, cling to a precarious foothold near the old Jefferson prison on Sixth Avenue, and have been spasmodically affected by the literary colony of the quarter as possessing atmosphere, if not light and air. The second "Beth Haim," in the midst of green fields, front-

ing on Milligan Lane, established early in the nineteenth century, as a branch of the original Jewish cemetery at Chatham Square, may be identified in the tiny triangular remnant wedged in between houses, just off the corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue. When Eleventh Street was cut through in 1830, it passed directly through this graveyard, destroying most of it. At this time it was removed to a spot further out into the country, now boxed in by abandoned department stores in Twenty-first Street, a little west of Sixth Avenue. Interments were made in this place until 1852, when the cemetery was removed to Cypress Hills, Long Island, the common council having in that year prohibited burials within the city limits. These three burial spots the Shearith Israel Synagogue has persistently refused to sell, and they stand, each one more curiously out of value with its surroundings than the other.

Throughout Greenwich Village, and between that and Chelsea there are to be discovered by patient diligence many evidences of the streets and courts of the old villages that survived the destruction of landmarks by the carrying out of the commissioners' plan. Sometimes a passageway between houses will lead into an inner court with little frame dwellings or neat brick houses,

bearing as they may the indignity with which they have been treated. Occasionally a house or two have been left standing within deep front yards by the purchase of which the proprietor has maintained his frontage on the new thoroughfare; but many more lie hidden away in the centre of blocks and are to be found only by burrowing through narrow alleys, closed by wooden gates, and leading to the rear of the outer modern dwellings. So completely immured are they that the casual observer walking through the neighborhood would never suspect their existence.

Some literary memories are connected with Greenwich. Tom Paine passed the closing years of his life in a small house in Bleecker Street; and Barrow Street, opened after his death, was first called Reason Street, in compliment to the author of "The Age of Reason." The house where he died was demolished when Grove Street was widened, in 1836.

The only way to be comfortable in New York is to accept transition as its ruling characteristic; neither to mourn the destruction of old landmarks, nor to rail against the existing unsightly. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse* was never more truly said of human life than of this city, where things break, pall, and are forgotten with staggering

brevity. Not only does nothing last, nothing is intended to last, and this has been true ever since the Dutch merchants built Fort Manhattan of wood, and as rapidly as possible, "because the traders did not intend to live in it a great while." The same thing, in effect, might be said to-day of the skyscraper, built as a seven days' wonder, with no thought for longevity. Long before it begins to disintegrate it will have been thrown down like the card house it so resembles, to make room for the latest thing in architecture. Manhattan Island for three hundred years has been the architect's and builder's experiment station, where—failures or successes—all are destroyed in time.

Let this thought give us courage for a walk down Varick Street, to St. John's Chapel, left, in the first decade of its second century, almost sole survivor of one of the most exclusive parts of town some seventy years ago. In the early days of the past century, when this second chapel of Trinity parish was projected, the way led from Greenwich Village over open and partly fenced lots and fields, not at that time under cultivation, and remote from any dwelling house, except Colonel Aaron Burr's former country seat, on an elevation called Richmond Hill. The house had

been built by Abraham Mortier, commissioner of the forces of George III, in 1760, and was occupied by General Washington as his headquarters in the year 1776, and later by Vice-President Adams. Aaron Burr took it in 1797, improved the grounds, constructed an artificial lake, long known as Burr's Pond, and entertained lavishly during ten years of residence. The approach was through a beautiful entrance gateway at what is now the intersection of Macdougal and Spring Streets, while the site of the house is embraced within the block lying northwest of this junction. Through the gateway, we are to suppose, walked Aaron Burr early one summer morning, in 1804, to his appointment with Alexander Hamilton on the heights of the Jersey shore, just above Weehawken, where the duel took place. Hamilton, mortally wounded, was carried to William Bayard's house, No. 8 Jane Street, in Greenwich Village, where he died next day.

A well-beaten path led from the village to the city, crossing a ditch through Lispenard's salt meadows, now flowing peacefully through a culvert under Canal Street. This was the same swamp, of course, as that surrounding Collect Pond, and for many years it made a large part of the valley, that crossed the island at what is

now Canal Street, a dangerous quagmire. So many cattle were lost by straying into it that bars were put up across Broadway and the whole area of the swamp was fenced off by order of council. It was Anthony Rutgers who drained the marsh, receiving in consideration of his service to the community a gift of the whole affected area, in all a parcel of seventy acres, one of the neatest transactions in real estate recorded since the days of Governor Minuit. The meadows were named for Leonard Lispenard, Rutgers' son-in-law, who inherited the property.

To-day one must make one's way down Varick Street over the débris of the new subway extension that has demoralized Seventh Avenue and destroyed quaint byways in Greenwich Village. Varick Street was named for the mayor of New York, whose portrait by Trumbull hangs in City Hall. His country residence, "Tusculum," on an elevation east of Manetta Brook, gave colour to the locality; and its site is commemorated by Varick Place, in narrow Sullivan Street. The picturesque confusion caused by the extensive excavations, as well as the widening of Varick Street, enhances greatly, for the moment, the value of the contrasts of that once quiet thoroughfare. Seventh Avenue has been carried in a direct line

across the tangle of village streets, from its former terminus in Greenwich Avenue to where Varick Street starts out, at the lower end of Hudson Park, leaving devastation in its wake. It is as though a great knife had cut neatly through, taking out a rhomboidal section, and leaving odds and ends of the buildings that met its blade standing to be patched up and made the best of by indignant property-owners. Strange segments of houses stand exposed, like dolls' houses, and one can stare into three stories of the domestic tragedy at a glance, while the owner of this triangular remnant of his home casts about for the best means of meeting his dilemma.

The widening process has taken a liberal slice from the left-hand side of Varick Street, and with it block after block of nice old houses similar in period to those intact on the opposite side of the way, meeting no serious obstacle in its path until it came to St. John's, at whose demolition the long-suffering public drew the line. At present the historic old structure juts out from the surveyor's line, and when the street is paved the sidewalk will run under the portico of the church, and the floor will be levelled to that of the sidewalk. Precedent for this solution of the problem, which the church presented, exists in the similar treat-

ment of the churches of St. Michael and St. Philip, in Charleston, South Carolina.

This variation in the straight line is highly desirable in its effect on the aspect of the street and the opportunity it affords for picturesque views of the church. Going south one has a continuous, shifting picture of the delicate spire of St. John's silhouetted against the huge light mass of the Woolworth Building, the highest achievement in skyscrapers, which counts nowhere so favourably as in the walk down Varick Street, unless it be from the Manhattan Bridge. Like the duomo in Florence, it must be seen from afar and, if possible, from an eminence to appreciate its magnitude. From the bridge it takes its part as the dominating factor in a situation where everything is on a fabulous scale; in Varick Street it looms suddenly, and gains improbability from a humble provincial environment with which it is thoroughly out of proportion.

One of several lines of superannuated horse-cars runs along this street over the buried subway. The type dates back some forty years, and to see the cars ambling along, the driver flourishing a long whip, and the conductor standing sheepishly, on the broken-down platform at the rear, one might fancy one's self transported back to the Centen-

nial period. Surely this relic, more than the Woolworth Building, bespeaks the metropolis. No other city would dare offer its inhabitants so antiquated a mode of conveyance, yet in this quiet section, marked by the sincere brick dwellings of the last century, it jingles along appropriately enough, and even braves its way through New Chambers Street, offering a bizarre extreme to the ponderous Manhattan Building, and competing with the most modern means of transportation in the world.

Prior to the completion of the City Hall, St. John's was considered the finest building in the city. The corner-stone was laid in 1803, at which time the locality was a swamp overgrown by brush, inhabited by frogs and snakes. In front, a sandy beach stretched down to the river at Greenwich Street. The Trinity corporation was greatly criticized for establishing a chapel, especially so large and fine a one, "so far uptown," and, to meet the argument of its remoteness, Trinity laid out a handsome square directly in front of the church, with pleasant walks, flower-beds, and trees and shrubs, and made it a private park for the use of citizens who might purchase the encircling lots. The park became a paradise for birds—robins, bluebirds, wrens, and Baltimore orioles

"THE DELICATE SPIRE OF ST. JOHN'S"
FROM A WATER COLOR SKETCH
BY JESSIE BANKS (PAGE 194)

"ST. JOHN'S FROM YORK STREET"
ETCHED BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

nested in the trees, and filled the air with color and song. Many of the better class citizens of the young metropolis were attracted to this new neighbourhood; and Alexander Hamilton, General Schuyler, and General Morton, as well as the Drakes, Lydigs, Coits, Lords, Delafields, Randolphs, and Hunters, were among those who owned the houses and had keys to the park, to which no outsiders were admitted.

The chapel stood within its own garden facing the square, and, that the neighbourhood should not be depressed by the thought of death, the burying ground was established further out towards Greenwich Village, and has lately been made over into Hudson Park at the end of Varick Street. Sir Christopher Wren was again followed in the style of the chapel, which is much larger and more imposing than any other of the old churches in New York. John McComb, the builder of City Hall, was the architect, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was the model. The material was stone, rough cast and painted to simulate the brownstone of which the portico, with its Corinthian columns, is built, and of which the trims are made. The bell, the clock in the steeple, and the fine old hand-wrought iron fence, now rotting in a rubbish heap in the desolate garden,

were brought over from England. The chapel has been closed for some time, but there is an intelligent custodian and it is quite possible to inspect the interior. Until June 1, 1916, a curate came from St. Luke's Chapel to conduct a seven o'clock service. Sometimes, the sexton told me, as many as ten persons attended.

The galleries, columns, and pulpit are original, contributing charm to a somewhat gloomy interior, an effect enhanced by the depressing colour of the whole.

What the new subway when finished will mean for this luckless neighbourhood, who can tell? In the brief span of a man's life it has passed through all the stages that lie between birth and decay with unprecedented swiftness. Its aristocratic high-water mark was reached about sixty years ago, when the church and park were the centre of one of the most dignified parts of town, a condition maintained for scarce a decade, when its slow decline was precipitated by Trinity's sale of St. John's Park to the Hudson River Railroad Company for one million dollars. Thus were the community, the church, and the park crushed utterly, in 1869, the date being recorded on the unsightly freight station planted squarely over the whole four acres of unfortunate park—a stagger-

ing blow from which there was no hope of recovery. The cruelty of this blight is poignant to this day, and it wrings the heart to see to what depths of degradation the wide-front houses, of which many stately wrecks remain, have fallen. Ericsson was the one man of position who refused to be dislodged by this disastrous caprice of fortune. He lived and died in the first of the remaining block of houses on the south side of the erstwhile park, No. 36 Beach Street. There is nothing but the shell of this mansion to recall its former dignity. The silver handles are gone, the escutcheons sold for old metal, the fluted columns flanking the entrance slant at opposing angles, doors swing wide on rusty, broken hinges, and motley tenants come and go staring defiantly at the æsthetic loiterer who lingers before the threshold in a complexity of reverie.

The cheerful flippancy with which the Hudson River Railroad Company stamped out every trace of the poetic charm that once this locality exhaled, the supreme egoism that never questioned its exclusive right to live at the expense of a whole community, is immortalized in that most outrageous "art treasure" in New York—the incredible sheet-iron pediment, erected on the Hudson Street front of the freight station in honour of the

railway achievements of Cornelius Vanderbilt. This atrocious mass of sculpture consists of a central full-length statue of the commodore, standing in a niche; on his right Ceres, on his left Neptune, lolling in abandoned attitudes, made the more ludicrous by the loss of sections of their legs and arms, exposing the hollow sham of their supposed anatomy, within the which nest pigeons. The intervening spaces between the statue and the mythological figures are crammed with a mass of detail representing ships and shipping, trains and steam engines running headlong into one another, in a valiant effort to express the stupendous activities of a life of business adventure in which the extermination of a neighbourhood was a mere incident. If one questions the state of society that permitted so monstrous a piece of vandalism as the carrying of a freight station into the garden spot of a city's most reserved quarter, this work of art surmounting the whole egregious mass of fact is the terrific answer.

A cold spring or summer day, with a touch of Scotch mist in the atmosphere, is the most sympathetic to the understanding of Varick Street and its environs. Charlton, Vandam, and Dominink Streets are full of quiet self-respecting private

dwellings. The little brick houses of two, two and a half, and three stories date from about sixty years ago, but among them, here and there, are many wooden dwellings of a much earlier period. In Dominink Street, especially, are to be found old frame houses with hip-roofs, brass door-knobs and numbers, immaculately clean; one boasts even a well-worn name-plate in polished brass, while a paradise tree shades the front and protects the view where adjoining houses have been torn away.

Behind St. John's Chapel, York Street opens a distinguished vista of the church and steeple above the stone wall that encloses the eminence on which it stands, the lower streets having been levelled in accordance with the commissioners' plan. Across the rear of the chancel enclosure, the paradise tree again, friend of the fallen, throws its protecting shade in a graceful effort to mitigate the desolation of its lonely, unaffiliated state, and all this charm can be taken in in a flash from the elevated train, as it whisks one by, on its noisy way downtown; and a moment after, in the street below, one may catch a glimpse of the sole surviving remnant of Annetje Jans' Farm, of which all this section bounded by the river, and as far north as Tenth Street in Greenwich Village, was a part.

# X

## WASHINGTON SQUARE

Washington Square as the base line of Fifth Avenue draws therefrom inevitable distinction, and extends its Palladian influence as far north as Twelfth Street in that thoroughfare, beyond which it rapidly loses all control of the most wayward street in the world. The square's own dignity, as a centre of refinement and elegance, has been retrenched and violated on all sides except the north, which still presents, with one exception, the "Row" of period houses built by wealthy New Yorkers of the early thirties, when society, always seeking foothold apart from business invasion, settled eagerly in this promising locality.

The growth of the city northward was accelerated by the yellow fever epidemic of 1822, which populated Greenwich Village, and was now to result beneficently for the marshy land lying, between Greenwich and Bouwerie Villages, along Monument Lane. The swamp and waste land hereabout, forming part of the farm of Elbert

Herring, had been purchased by the city for a potter's field in 1797; and here were buried during the scourges which swept the city early in the past century thousands of bodies, many of which still lie beneath the soil of Washington Square. That it was not strictly a paupers' burying ground was proven by the unearthing of gravestones (a luxury not allowed paupers) when, in 1890, extensive excavations were made for the foundations of the Washington Arch.

But all memory of paupers and yellow fever, as well as of the gallows that once formed a considerable attraction in this pleasant spot, seems as remote as do those earlier stories of trout fishing in the Manetta Brook, and of wild-duck shooting in the marsh, through which it wandered, now Washington Square. The potter's field was levelled, filled in, and abandoned in 1823; additional land was added four years later, and, under the new title of Washington Parade Ground, walks were laid out, trees planted, and the whole enclosed by a wooden fence.

Among the merchants who built along the upper side of the square, in 1831, were Thomas Suffern, John Johnston, George Griswold, Saul Alley, James Boorman, and William C. Rhinelander. Their houses had deep gardens with gay, box-

bordered flower-beds, beyond which stretched the open country. As the avenue was developed, little by little, and the first streets opened to the east and west of these early beginnings, these houses were accepted as the type for the neighbourhood, which was all for the elegance of simplicity and fine proportions, while what detail was used was of the best. This was happily before the brownstone blight had left its trail upon domestic architecture, and the fluted columns with carved capitals, the window trimmings, and front steps are all of white marble, contrasting neatly with the cheerful red brick of the period. This happy influence, here concentrated, gives to the whole neighbourhood a distinction of its own. In many cases the houses are still tenanted by the descendants of the original owners, others, notably the little two-and-a-half-story dwellings in Eleventh Street, known as Brides' Row, have been reclaimed by intelligent real estate dealers, and restored to their pristine quaintness.

Until 1894 the old grey castellated buildings of the New York University, built in 1837, stood on the east side of the square. In the old building Morse established his studio—he was perhaps the first artist to work in Washington Square—and here he experimented with the telegraph.

"WASHINGTON THE SOLDIER," BY HERMON A. MACNEIL
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE PLASTER IN PLACE ON LEFT PIER
WASHINGTON ARCH (PAGE 207)

Here also Draper wrote, and perfected his invention of the daguerrotype; and Colt invented the revolver named for him. Nearby is the site of the house, also long since demolished, where Henry James was born. He himself has described feelingly the impossibility of reconstructing, out of the uncompromising mass of stone-faced girders clapped down over the scene of such hallowed memories, any of the tender sentiment that the square must have at that time expressed. One can but turn one's back to the displeasing, and get what one can from the fine physique of the square itself and the picture, wherein swarms of alien workers make holiday against a background of classic souvenirs. The Italian residents, whose quarter touches the southern extremity of the square, have made the place more homelike for themselves by the erection, in 1888, of Turini's statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi, under whose patriotic influence their children may imbibe more of hero worship than of art.

Ward's bust of Alexander Lyman Holley, the American inventor and engineer, associated with the manufacture of Bessemer steel, was given to the city the following year, and with its fine architectural setting, by Thomas Hastings, erected in Washington Square as one of the improvements

to the locality, inspired by the centenary anniversary of Washington's inauguration.

The chief of these improvements, the Washington Arch, was erected as a temporary *Arc de Triomphe* for the celebration of this event, at the expense of William Rhinelander Stewart and other residents of Washington Square. It was considered so successful that a fund was raised, by popular subscription, to make it a permanent memorial to the first President, and the present arch was finished in 1895. To this fund Paderewski, then making his initial tour of this country, devoted the proceeds of one of his piano recitals. The arch is one of those carefully transplanted bits of foreign architecture by which one soon learns, in New York, to recognize the hand of Stanford White. Very perfect and charming in themselves, they have no special relevancy to the city, nor to the purpose to which they have been adapted, and stand in time and character as so many exotics in a provincial setting.

Nevertheless, to take from New York the works of Stanford White would be to rob it of its greatest beauty. He did much for architecture in New York; his name stood for quality and he took care to associate with himself, in the execu-

tion of details in the buildings, the best available artists of his time. Saint Gaudens, La Farge, and White made a powerful trio twenty to thirty years ago when they left their big mark in the field in which they collaborated. At the time, too, that the Washington Arch was made, MacMonnies was a young sculptor, just coming into prominence. His French training, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, especially qualified him for the work that White needed on his Triumphal Arch, and the beautifully executed spandrels show how fully he understood his problem. They have, with all their grace and charm, the inestimable quality of flatness—of resting in one plane—essential to the harmony of this architectural result.

Together the two artists conceived and planned the completion of the sculptures for the arch—for years left in an unfinished state—and, fired with the richness of the idea for which the memorial was meant to stand, MacMonnies sailed away to Paris, and there in his studio he made the sketches for the two groups of Washington—"First in War, First in Peace"—which were to symbolize the great outstanding features of the subject and give point and flavour to the arch as a commemorative monument. These were the groups that were

to have been placed against the piers of the arch, on the side facing the avenue.

These groups, designed by MacMonnies, were enthusiastically approved by White as exactly expressing his thought for the arch, and accepted as final. They show—the sketches have been preserved—Washington, the Commander-in-Chief, and Washington, the President, accompanied in each case by two allegorical figures. The Commander is being crowned by Courage and Hope—the President by Wisdom and Justice. The figures are in full relief against a panoply of flags. Made twenty-five years ago, in the flux of the sculptor's most youthful, imaginative period, they have infinite charm and a richness, both of idea and sculptural quality, that is not of this age.

Most unhappily they were never carried out. The work was at first deferred owing to lack of funds and with White's subsequent death the whole question of the completion of the arch was allowed to lapse for so long a time that it became ancient history. When the project of the two groups for the piers was recently revived, Mr. MacMonnies was in France and the architect dead; and so the commissions were turned over to two resident sculptors without further ceremony.

Unfortunately, instead of setting aside the original scheme entirely and conceiving something quite different, just enough of the first design was retained to recall MacMonnies' sketch without giving its essential qualities. Where the original shows the group as an inspired ensemble of figures in high relief, set as a " bouquet " against the pier, the later development is unpleasantly unrelated to the surface of the arch.

Furthermore MacNeil's panel, which is in place, may be criticized as too small in design and too large in scale. The single figure of Washington is not rich enough and its size is entirely too big for the scale of the arch. The result is ruinous to the arch itself; all its charming elegance of proportion is destroyed by this insistent presence on the left pier. Mr. Calder's group is in the cutter's hands; its general features correspond to those of MacNeil's panel, while the modelling is much bolder, and the whole gesture more dramatic.

We had learned to accept the arch in its unfinished state as a rather cold but very perfect little monument. MacMonnies' sculpture was to have added the warmth of the related note that was to have brought its perennial significance prominently before us. In its present state that is

gone; but since New York delights in demolition a mistake which seems unpardonable may some day be rectified.

We have Stanford White and John La Farge in handsome combination, on the lower side of the square, in the Judson Memorial—the Baptist temple erected to honour Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to Burmah, where he settled in 1813. He translated the Bible into Burmese and wrote a Burmese-English dictionary. The style of the building is chaste, while the pure white interior of the chapel renders immensely effective the La Farge windows of which there are twelve, the one exception being the memorial window to John Knott, which was executed after Mr. La Farge's death, by a pupil, from designs left by the artist. The two floating angels, bearing an inscribed tablet in memory of Joseph Blachley Hoyt, placed over the pool, behind the platform, are by Herbert Adams.

We have the three artists, La Farge, White, and Saint Gaudens in the perfection of collaboration at Tenth Street, in that dim old church of 1840, built in response to the needs of the growing community that settled about the square, as it began to reach into the gradually developing avenue. Its name is wonderfully perpetuated in La

Farge's *chef d'oeuvre*, the great "Ascension," that fills the west wall of the chancel, and so absorbs the interest of the visitor, who may stray into this silent place, that he is only vaguely conscious of the "rich note of interference," as James says, that comes "through the splendid window-glass, the finest of which, unsurpassingly fine, to my sense, is the work of the same artist; so that the church, as it stands, is very nearly as commemorative a monument as a great reputation need wish." That there is this interference is only too manifest, when one puts one's mind on it, perhaps the more so that the windows are not all by La Farge and so the more disturbing, though his have been made the type. If they were not all of the uniform style, carrying out La Farge's discoveries in coloured glass, there would not be the distraction of testing one's shrewdness in separating the real from the spurious, a temptation which assails one in the midst of one's highest feeling for the decoration, whose sufficiency pervades and dominates the dusk interior. And so one comes always back to it as, after all, *the* thing, the enduring thing for this edifice.

La Farge made it within a stone's throw of its destination, in the old Studio Building in Tenth

Street, so that it has the rare advantage, for New York, of having been produced and placed under homogeneous conditions. The adornment of the chancel is the work of several artists, under the general direction of the three collaborators, the altar and reredos in stone mosaic lending extraordinary texture and quality to the wall under the great painting. The windows cover a period of twenty years of La Farge's life. The Southworth Memorial was done by the firm of La Farge and Wright, in 1890, and the Davies Coxe Memorial by La Farge, in 1908, shortly before his death. They mark what was then a new departure in stained glass, based upon the artist's personal experiments and discoveries.

Finding it almost impossible to obtain the quality of execution he wanted on the glass, La Farge made experiments with the material itself, by the introduction of opalescent qualities, by letting the colours run into one another, and by twisting and flattening the glass while still soft, obtaining varied and graduated tones. The twisting of the glass gave also creases and ridges that could be utilized in expressing drapery. With these qualities of material at his disposal Mr. La Farge conceived the idea of eliminating altogether the painting on glass, except for faces and hands,

STUDY MODEL OF "WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT"
SUPPORTED BY THE FIGURES OF WISDOM AND JUSTICE
FOR THE RIGHT PIER, WASHINGTON ARCH
BY ALEXANDER STIRLING CALDER (PAGE 207)

thus preserving in its greatest purity the transparency and brilliancy of the colours, and at the same time not sacrificing light and shade.

This method has been criticized as "substituting accident for design," since, it has been argued, the only part of the design which it leaves completely under the control of the artist is the shape of the separate pieces of glass and, therefore, the leads which unite these and form the chief outlines in stained glass. Any lines of draperies *et cetera,* within these, and all shadows depend absolutely on what the artist can find in the accidents of his materials that will approximately suit his purpose.*

The English critics, with their respect for tradition, felt that La Farge's method sacrificed design for colour. While there may be some truth in this, so long as one need not definitely choose for life between the one and the other, La Farge's discovery remains an important contribution to the métier, and his windows hold an unique place in the history of stained glass.

The pleasant old garden-walled house on the northwest corner of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue preserves intact its 1830 character, nothing having been added or subtracted since it first

* Henry Holiday. "Stained Glass as an Art," p. 160.

marked the gateway of the incipient avenue. James Boorman's house on the opposite corner has more personal interest for me. His niece has made it live for me in her conversations and letters about old New York. She writes of her sister having been sent to boarding school at Miss Green's, No. 1 Fifth Avenue, and of how she used to comfort herself, in her homesickness for the family, at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, by looking out of the side windows of her prison at her uncle, "walking in his flower garden in the rear of his house on Washington Square." "When my uncle built his house," writes my correspondent, "it was all open country behind it. My mother has told me of attending a dinner-party there, soon after my uncle moved in, and of looking out of the back windows at the fields."

The house was sold, after his widow's death, and joined to the Duncan house, next door; and the entrance to the corner house was made into a bay window and others were added to the Fifth Avenue side. Mr. Boorman built also the houses Nos. 1 and 3 Fifth Avenue (now No. 1), and in the rear two stables, one for his own use and one leased to Mrs. Duncan. These were the nucleus of the lively settlement of painters and sculptors that now, having converted the stables

into picturesque studios, give character to the neighbourhood. Washington Mews and McDougal Alley were unheard-of until the artists brought them into notice.

At No. 1 Fifth Avenue, James Boorman * established his only sister, Mrs. Esther Smith, in a select school for young ladies, which occupied the two houses, Nos. 1 and 3, joined together, and opened in 1835. This was an old established school, having started in 1816 in the St. John's Park neighbourhood.

Miss Green came from Worcester, Massachusetts, when a girl of eighteen, to be a teacher in Mrs. Smith's school; and she and her sister eventually succeeded to the management. Their brother, Andrew H. Green, called the "father of Greater New York," gave his advice and aid and, in 1844, taught a class in American history. The Union Theological Seminary, on Washington Square, furnished students to teach history and philosophy courses, and amongst the distinguished men who lectured in Miss Green's school were Felix Foresti, professor at the University and at Columbia College, Clarence Cook, Lyman Abbott, and Elihu Root, then a young man, fresh

* An excellent portrait of James Boorman, by Rossiter, hangs in the Chamber of Commerce, of which the sitter was a member for nearly fifty years.

from college. John Bigelow taught botany at one time, and John Fiske delivered a course of lectures.

Miss Boorman has often told me of the amusement that the shy theological students and other young teachers afforded the girls in their classes, and how delighted these used to be to see instructors fall into a trap which was unconsciously prepared for them. The room in which the lectures were given had two doors, side by side and exactly alike, one leading into the hall and the other into a closet. The young men having concluded their remarks, and feeling some relief at the successful termination of the ordeal, would tuck their books under their arms, bow gravely to the class, open the door, and walk briskly into the closet. Even Miss Green's discipline had its limits, and when the lecturer turned to find the proper exit he had to face a class of grinning school girls not much younger than himself, to his endless mortification. Elihu Root met recently at a dinner a lady who asked him if he remembered her as a member of his class at Miss Green's school. "Do I remember you?" the former secretary of state replied. "You are one of those girls who used to laugh at me when I had to walk out of that closet."

Lower Fifth Avenue traverses the old "Minto"

and Brevoort farms which adjoined each other, according to the old maps, somewhere about Tenth Street and covered the territory south of Union Square, extending east to about Fourth Avenue. The lower farm, touching Washington Square, is now the estate of the Sailors' Snug Harbour, founded by Robert Richard Randall, who when about to die, in 1801, dictated a will leaving twenty-one acres "seeded to grass," constituting the Minto farm, for the establishment of a home for old and disabled seamen. This was in memory of his father, Captain Thomas Randall, the commander of the *Fox*, a freebooter of the seas, who in later life became a wealthy and reputable merchant in Hanover Street. Captain Randall was coxswain of the barge crew of thirteen ships' captains who rowed General Washington from Elizabethtown Point to New York for his inauguration. A line drawn through Astor Place to the Washington Arch, up Fifth Avenue to about Tenth Street, with Fourth Avenue as an eastern boundary, would roughly outline this farm. which Robert Randall added to the land inherited from his father, in 1790, paying five thousand pounds for a property now worth twice as many millions. It was his intention that the mansion house in which he had lived should be converted

into the snug harbour, and the surrounding farm lands cultivated to supply the inmates with fruit, vegetables, and grain, according to their requirements. The relatives contested the will (made by Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins), and only after many years' litigation was it finally settled, when the trustees decided to lease the land and purchase the Staten Island property, where the home is now located. This land, like the grants deeded to the Trinity corporation, became leasehold property in perpetuity, a fact which retarded its development with a perceptible effect upon the growth of the city. Recently the remodelling of Washington Mews and Eighth Street as an artists' quarter has made changes in the locality and will bring many artists to the new studios.

Hendrick Brevoort's farm has left, too, its indelible trace upon the layout of the city, a valorous descendant of the old burgher having defied the commissioners to destroy his homestead, which lay in the proposed path of Broadway, or to cut down a favourite tree which blocked the intended course of Eleventh Street. He is said to have stood at his threshold with a blunderbuss in his trembling old hands, when the workmen arrived to carry out their instructions to demolish the

house; and to have carried his point with such thoroughness that Broadway was deflected from its course, causing the present bend in that thoroughfare at Tenth Street, while Eleventh Street between Broadway and Fourth Avenue was never completed. Soon after the first attempt to violate his property Grace Church was built and now that its rectory and garden cover the disputed territory it is not likely that the street will ever be cut through, nor Broadway straightened.

Grace Church in Broadway and the First Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue were built about the same time, following the establishment of a fashionable centre in this region. Grace Church was built by James Renwick, Jr., the architect of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a descendant of Henry Brevoort, in 1846. It contains many souvenirs of old New York, including the corner-stone of the original church, erected in 1806 at Broadway and Rector Street, opposite Trinity, and a stone tablet to the memory of Henry Brevoort who died in 1841, aged ninety-four, "in possession of the ground on which this church now stands." The chancel building, reredos, east window, the chantry adjoining Grace House, and the greater organ were erected in 1878-1882 by Catherine Lorillard Wolf in memory

of her father, John David Wolf, senior warden of the church at the time of his death.

On the Tenth Street corner of the church stood for many years the Fleischmann restaurant and bakery, and here the "Bread Line," only recently suspended, became one of the institutions of the city; the firm gave away every night the bread and rolls unsold during the day, a practical charity much appreciated. Men, women, and children stood until midnight to receive their dole of bread. This bit of local colour was swept away by the recent improvement to the exterior of the church, by which Huntington Close, with its open-air pulpit, was opened and dedicated to the memory of William Reed Huntington, for twenty-five years rector of the parish. Always deeply interested in beautifying the church, and with the hope of preserving it for years to come, it was Dr. Huntington who planned this outside pulpit, with its garden enclosure for summer services, to meet the altered conditions under which the fine old church now stands, hoping to prolong its active life. The Beatitudes form the subject of the elaborately carved pulpit, designed by William Renwick, architect, and Jules Edouard Roiné, sculptor.

Another Henry Brevoort, a descendant of the

*Copyright by John La Farge*

"THE ASCENSION," MURAL PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE
IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
FIFTH AVENUE AND TENTH STREET (PAGE 209)

original proprietor of the farm in New Netherland, built the substantial old double house at the corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, which preserves its fine iron balconies, its pillared door, within a small green enclosure, and a walled garden to one side. Across the way the Brevoort House maintains the name, distinguished in these parts, and brings a distinct French flavour into the avenue, the house being famous for its cuisine, and largely patronized by the transient French population of the city. The first masked ball given in New York was held in 1840 in the house of Henry Brevoort, an affair long held in disrepute by society on account of the occasion it furnished Miss Mathilda Barclay, the beautiful daughter of Anthony Barclay, the British consul, to elope in fancy dress, domino, and mask with young Burgwyne of South Carolina, of whom her parents strongly disapproved. She went as Lalla Rookh and he as Feramorz, and in this disguise they slipped away from the ball, at four o'clock in the morning, and were married. Anthony Barclay was later dismissed for raising recruits during the Crimean War.

At Twelfth Street the avenue undergoes an abrupt change—no more fine doorways, no more grills, gardens, or churches; but instead, a barren

skyscraper marks abruptly the line of demarcation, and opposite a vacancy with remnants of a handsome iron fence and garden extending beyond the boarded-up empty lot where once stood a palatial mansion, torn down, it is said, to save taxes.

As first laid out, Fifth Avenue was one hundred feet wide, providing for a roadway of sixty feet and sidewalks of twenty, but in 1833 and 1844 the city gave property owners permission to encroach fifteen feet for steps, courtyards, and porticoes, of which we have so many ornamental examples all through the lower part of the avenue and the side streets that open from it. As traffic grew, congestion increased, and against the most emphatic protest from owners of private and business buildings in behalf of their handsome entrances and areas, these were ordered removed in 1908, and the street widened to its originally planned dimensions. For some beneficent reason this was not carried out below Thirteenth Street, where the difference in the width of the roadway may be noticed, but above this line the destruction to property by the ordinance was lamentable. One could quite understand a testy proprietor, upon receipt of a notice so disastrous to his property, tearing down the whole affronted edifice in preference to spoiling his house, and there is so much

temper displayed in the aspect of the demolition at Twelfth Street, that one likes to think this the explanation.

Proprietors met this order as best they might, and took off their "encroachments" obediently, suppressing the pretty grass plots and hand-wrought iron fences and balconies; eliminating the characteristic "stoop" leading to the salon story, and, for the most part, making the entrance duck under the sidewalk into the former area door, and reconstructing that subterranean passage into a more adequate approach for the foot of quality. This accounts for the snubbed appearance of the façades all the way up the avenue, where houses, shorn of their grace, stand flush with the building line, in uncompromising severity.

The old Van Beuren house, standing isolated in its spacious garden in West Fourteenth Street, suffered a similar indignity, when that thoroughfare was widened and became the shopping centre of the city. This was the second mansion of the Spingler estate which adjoined the Brevoort farm and part of which is now covered by Union Square. Most of the property was inherited by Mary S. Van Beuren, Spingler's granddaughter. She built the brown-stone front house and lived there for years, raising flowers and vegetables in

the garden and keeping a cow and chickens. Absurd as this sounds in the heart of Fourteenth Street, there is nothing about the present aspect of the neglected garden to preclude the idea of a suburban farm, though the house has pretensions.

# XI

## GRAMERCY PARK

Literary and historic memories crowd the quarter lying east of Union and Madison Squares, where many old landmarks stand in a fair state of preservation. Fortunately the neighborhood still commends itself to the domain of arts and letters, whose fraternity has established clubs in the grander houses, or "improved" modest dwellings along the lines of good taste, keeping to the original character. Nineteenth Street is an interesting example of what can be done to restore decaying neighbourhoods, its regeneration having been undertaken by Frederick Sterner, architect, some years back, with the result now so happily demonstrated.

Rambles in the old quarter are attended by a confusion of sentiments in which, perhaps, in the presence of things changed so little while changed so much, a pervading *tristesse* is the dominant note. In so many cases all the shell of what was once so fine, so warm, so comfortable, is there—

while the traditions, the personalities, are gone irrevocably. We must remember, in our wanderings, that the old Boston Post Road opened this part of the island at an early date, so that the land hereabouts must have been considered very desirable for dwellings and farms, being along the central highway of the advancing city. Stuyvesant Square and Gramercy Park were laid out at about the same time that Washington Square was developed as a place of fashionable residence; and, being private parks, after the style of Bedford and Russell Squares, in London, kept under lock and key, and dedicated exclusively to the uses of the property holders whose houses faced them, attracted the best class of tenants that New York, in those days, afforded.

Stuyvesant Square, originally part of Peter Stuyvesant's *bouwerie,* has been turned over to the proletariat, and the environment has suffered a gentle decadence, whose erstwhile dignity is still brooded over by the ponderous Church of St. George, standing high, dark, and imposing on the western side, dating from about 1845. The church contains an elaborate pulpit erected to the memory of J. Pierpont Morgan, who belonged to the parish for over fifty years, and was warden of the church from 1885 until his death, in 1913. William M.

Chase's home stands on the south side of the square; he was buried from St. George's on October 27, 1916.

Down in the old City Hall is preserved in the Governor's Room a beautiful portrait of James Duane, painted by John Trumbull, for the city, in 1805. This canvas shows the head and shoulders of a gentleman with long powdered hair, curling at the ends; the face is turned to the left and the keen, dark eyes look straight ahead. When James Duane was mayor of New York his country estate was a twenty-acre farm, lying along the Boston Post Road, and known as Gramercy Seat. Innes says that the name, Gramercy, was the English rendering of *Krom mersscle*, or *Krom moerasje*, by which the Dutch indicated the "crooked little swamp" drained by Cedar Creek, which flowed from what is now Madison Square and emptied into the East River. Later the property came into the possession of Samuel Ruggles, and he, being keenly interested in the development of the city, presented this choice little spot of land, now known as Gramercy Park, in trust, to the sixty lot owners whose property faced it. According to the deed, they were to surround the plot with an iron railing with ornamental gates, and by January, 1834, to lay out the grounds and plant

trees. The tenants thus benefited were then to have access to the park for recreation, on payment of an annual fee of ten dollars. Since the destruction of St. John's Park, this is the only private enclosure of the kind left in New York. It is still maintained by the tenants in the immediate vicinity.

Gramercy Park, in its palmy days, was surrounded by the private dwellings of many notable people. The oldest house, facing the enclosure, is said to be that of the late James W. Gerard, an eminent lawyer of the last century, and active in public affairs. Philip Hone's Diary speaks of him often, giving an intimate picture of a charming and cultivated gentleman. Amongst other public services he secured the incorporation of the House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents, in 1824; and having accomplished that, devoted himself to costuming the police or "watchmen" of the city, who up to this time wore no uniforms, and could only be identified by means of a small metal badge, worn under the lapel of the coat. Mr. Gerard wore the new uniform, which his persistency had caused to be adopted, at a fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. Coventry Waddell, of Murray Hill, in the Italian villa where Thackeray was entertained. The Gerard house stands exteriorly

intact on the south side of the square, joining the original habitation of the Players' Club, of which it is now part.

The Players' Club House, the former residence of Valentine G. Hall, was purchased in 1888, by Edwin Booth, who remodelled and furnished it, and presented it to actors and friends of the drama as "The Players." Booth made his home at the Players' from the date of its opening until his death, which took place in this house, June 7, 1893. Among the first directors of the club were Laurence Hutton, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Brander Matthews, and William Bispham.

The club's miscellaneous collection of pictures includes three handsome portraits by Sargent—Booth, Barrett, and Joseph Jefferson. Booth is painted in the character of Henry IV, and it was Sargent's intention, as well as the wish of the club to preserve in the portrait of Jefferson a picture of that actor in his famous rôle, Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson posed in costume during a long and trying series of sittings, but the painter was never satisfied with the result. One day at luncheon both came in from a séance in an unusual state of nerves, and Mrs. Bartlett, who was present, tried to relieve Sargent's gloom by the suggestion that upon seeing the portrait again, with a fresh eye,

he would agree with every one present in complete satisfaction with the result. Sargent turned to her and announced impressively: "I shall never see it again." There was an emphatic silence in which Jefferson realized the significance of this peculiar speech—that the painter had destroyed the product of their combined labours. "Then," said he, "you will never see me like that again." True to his word he posed again only for the head, and this, owned by the Players, is a masterly Sargent.

The fine example of Stuart owned by the Players is a portrait of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, an actor of note in the early nineteenth century, presented to the club by his granddaughter, Mrs. Louise Fairleigh Cooper. The mural paintings in the club are by Edward Simmons.

The National Arts Club now occupies the former residence of Samuel J. Tilden, adjoining the Players'. It is readily distinguished for its curious façade, added when Mr. Tilden bought the two houses, which it joins together. It is a refined example of what was considered the quintessence of elegance in those days, and was much admired for its sculptured front; everything about it—the style of its iron work, the rosettes in the ornament, the variations in colour, the bay win-

dows, and the pointed doorway and windows—suggests the Centennial period of domestic architecture, considered a vast improvement over the Georgian, which it succeeded and in this case replaced. All the appointments of the interior were good and durable and on a handsome scale, for Mr. Tilden was a man of culture and wealth. When he died one of his bequests was $2,000,000 to the New York Public Library, to which he added his library, consisting of 20,000 volumes.

For thirteen years before he ran for President, Tilden was chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York. Nominated for President to succeed Grant, in 1876, he received a majority of the popular vote, but, owing to the fact that the votes of several states were disputed, the electoral commission, consisting of senators, judges, and representatives, was appointed, and this commission divided on party lines and gave the disputed votes to Hayes. There seems to be but little doubt that Tilden was elected, but party feeling was so strong it was feared that, had he been sustained, another civil war would have resulted.

The gardens in the rear of the Tilden house were the largest in the row, extending through the block to Nineteenth Street, and were charmingly

laid out with box-bordered walks and flower-beds, and shaded by large trees. When the National Arts Club took over the property their extensions covered the gardens, providing extensive gallery space for exhibitions, which form a useful part of the club's work. The permanent collection is composed of paintings and sculpture contributed by members.

Stanford White lived on the opposite side of the square in the house now occupied by the Princeton Club. Vines and a hedge mitigate the severity of its Georgian style, that must, however, have been pleasing to an architect.

Facetious New Yorkers dubbed the striped All Souls' Church, of Unitarian denomination, the Church of the Holy Zebra, when it first made its unusual appearance just off Gramercy Park. This was in the year 1854, long before New York had become accustomed to see planted, on her stern rock foundations, those exotics that now bloom so easily in the strong sea-light of the island city. This medium Henry James, with great felicity of expression, compares in abundance to " some ample childless mother who consoles herself for her sterility by an unbridled course of adoption." The idea is very quaint and one seems to feel how loose a rein she gave herself in selecting, as her first

adoptive infant, this very positive foreigner, this Basilica di San Gio Battista in Monza, this distinct type of northern Italian architecture, the enthusiastic product of an ambitious architect, Jacob Wrey Mould.

Jacob Wrey Mould was an Englishman, poor fellow. Not "poor fellow" because he was English, but because nobody connected with the church, in those days, seems to have appreciated him, except the president of the trustees, Moses H. Grinnell, whom the pastor, Dr. Bellows, impatiently considered "bewitched by the architect." By this we learn how earnest a partisan of the beautiful was this sterling old merchant of the last century. He alone had faith in the architect and his plan, and his method of meeting financial difficulties in the way of its construction was to put his hand into his own pocket, and postpone the pressure to a more convenient season for those upon whom it was ultimately to fall. By this means, and in spite of themselves, so to speak, the "most generous, ardent, and hopeful of men," as Dr. Bellows is constrained in justice to describe him (though one can see he sorely tried the practical clergyman, intent upon housing the largest number of souls at the minimum expense), secured to the congregation a handsome edifice,

and supported the ideals of an architect who was only too evidently a "character," who had all the human failings of his profession—the optimism, the pride in his creation, and the plausible estimates of expense. All of these the man of God resented; and all of these Moses Grinnell understood. We feel the reflection of her father's impatience in Miss Bellows' allusion to Mould as "what one might call a talented spendthrift. Peace be to his remains!" But she found the church handsome and unique, though it excited much derisive comment and received many nicknames. "I thought the complicated and somewhat mysterious and inconvenient parsonage delightful," she tells us, "but" (laconically) "my mother did *not*."

Caen stone and red brick laid alternately in horizontal courses followed the Italian model with an effect that no longer seems strange to us; but it shocked the city and the congregation. The latter felt the absurdity of their white elephant the more keenly when the final reckoning came and it was found that the architect had exceeded his contract for the church and parsonage by some $48,000; yet, notwithstanding this unexpected drain upon its resources, the brave congregation voted the sum set aside for the

RELIEF OF HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS, ALL SOULS' CHURCH
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (PAGE 235)

erection of the lofty campanile, that should have completed the replica of its Umbrian prototype, for the work of the United States Sanitary Commission, during the Civil War, of which its pastor, Henry Whitney Bellows, was both founder and president. The church preserves elaborate drawings of both San Gio Battista and All Souls with the campanile as intended by the architect, a feature which added greatly to the effect of the ensemble.

Dr. Bellows' immense vitality found vent in many directions for the public good. He belonged to the epoch of pulpit oratory, and his extemporaneous speech was noted for its lucidity and style. He was a successful champion of lost causes and he made his pulpit the medium for influencing and moulding public opinion. His defence of the theatre, in which he appeared as a vindicator of the drama as a public necessity, had a wide, fruitful influence. It disabused many consciences of morbid and false sentiments, and it helped to put the drama on a new footing. When the Civil War broke out Dr. Bellows staked everything upon his belief in the church's duty to support the government with all its power, awaking in his congregation, by sheer force of eloquence, a state of united and un-

qualified loyalty that carried its members into the most important work in its history.

Bellows' great enterprise, the Sanitary Commission, the precursor of the Red Cross Society, engrossed him throughout the war; twenty millions of dollars in money or stores passed through his hands; his associates served on over six hundred battlefields, including skirmishes, and innumerable hospitals, camps, and soldiers' homes. Besides this the commission collected and paid over twelve million dollars' worth of soldiers' claims, otherwise irrevocable. Eighteen years after the outbreak of the Civil War, Dr. Bellows made over the archives of his work to the Astor Library, to be handed down in memory of the largest voluntary charity in history for the use of future generations.

Dr. Bellows remained pastor of All Souls' for forty-three years, but notwithstanding his long service and his full record of activity he died a comparatively young man, not having attained his sixty-eighth year. Four years after his death his congregation erected the intensely virile portrait by Augustus Saint Gaudens, placed in the church in June, 1886.

Unfortunately hedged in and deprived of daylight, the interior can be seen only inadequately,

and, except during service, through the complaisance of the most efficient coloured sexton. One enters through Dr. Bellows' house, now transformed into a church house and a hive of useful activities. One is often surprised, in a heartless metropolis, at the individual attention, almost provincial in its kindness and thoroughness, with which a stranger is sometimes received, especially when externals are forbidding. All Souls' Church looks, on the week-day, neglected and shabby. Its stone work is scaling off, its garden is overgrown, and its gates padlocked and rusty. One hesitates to seek admittance, even in quest of Saint Gaudens' matchless relief of the former pastor, the *chef d'oeuvre* of its interior. But at the church house one is received with genial hospitality, and informed, piloted, personally conducted, and illuminated by one of the best qualified custodians of the many churches visited in one's rounds of New York; and were this a Baedecker, I should double star that amiable sexton of All Souls' Church, as guide, philosopher, and friend.

The memorial to Dr. Bellows, placed to the left of the pulpit, is in the form of a life-size, full-length figure, in comparatively high relief, against a lettered and delicately decorated back-

ground. The subject, dressed in ample official robes, stands, presenting a three-quarter view to the spectator. Renaissance ornament surrounds the bronze tablet, of which the whole arrangement is perhaps the most eloquent example of Saint Gaudens' great professional prowess not only as technician, though that is indeed supreme in this monument, but as psychologist, revealing with unusual fluency the character, the force, the style, the ensemble of a man, great in a very special field of action.

The neighbourhood is rich hereabout in ghosts of faded memories for those who have courage for the disillusion that each and every identified home of cherished literary memory presents. If Washington Irving's house—poor derelict—seems *désorienté,* distracted, in its abandonment on the ragged edge of skyscraping invasion, how much less suggestive of *belles lettres* is that dismal apartment house, "remodelled on the French plan," pointed out as Bayard Taylor's residence; or the Carey sisters' home, or the house where Horace Greeley lived! If Henry James felt the melancholy check and snub to the felicities of his backward reach "in the presence, so to speak, of the rudely, the ruthlessly suppressed birth house" in Washington Square, what are we

to suppose must be Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's emotions when he regards that terrible travesty in Twentieth Street, its entire face opened to the vulgar gaze, its discreet brown-stone features annihilated by the flagrant burst of plate glass from loft to basement, across which reads the lurid inscription—"Theodore Roosevelt was born in this house."

In still another of the transverse thoroughfares a to-let sign is the only distinguishing insignia of the once charming abode of William Cullen Bryant, while the Cruger Mansion, the birthplace of the Metropolitan Museum, is now levelled to the democratic uses of the Salvation Army.

Assuredly oblivion is better than this.

## XII

## UNION AND MADISON SQUARES

In its present state of stupid decadence it is hard, even for one who knew it in its prime, to visualize Union Square as it was not more than a quarter of a century ago, the very acme of fashionable shopping districts for the wealthy residents of Fifth Avenue, whose homes are now obliterated by the prevailing "loft" buildings from Twelfth Street to Madison Square. "In those days" the shopper left Fifth Avenue at Madison Square and followed Broadway to the cluster of big shops that faced the square or lined its approach. The atmosphere of the place was gay and charming, somewhat after the fashion of Tremont Street in Boston, which gains colour and vivacity from the Common. So Union Square, with its green grass, its fountain playing in the centre, its equestrian statue of Washington, and its horses and carriages standing before fine shops, had distinctly an air. At night, too, during the season, the place was ani-

mated, for the Academy of Music at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place was the opera house, and Wallack's Theatre stood just below the square, on Broadway.

Tiffany moved to Union Square from Broome Street in 1870, remaining until 1905, when that shop was again a pioneer in the movement which carried the exclusive trade into the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue. The publishing houses of Schirmer and Ditson were installed here during these palmy days, and the Gorham Company, Vantine's, and many of the better class department stores were located in Broadway beyond the square. Rounding "Dead Man's Curve," which led into the deep mysteries of the "way downtown" section of Broadway, was one of the adventures of surface travel, when the cable road was built. The cars used to take the double curve from the west side of Union Square into Broadway at full speed, on the theory that it was impossible to let go and grip the cable again while the car was on the curve. This, for a long time, the authorities believed, and the innumerable resulting accidents were supposed to be unavoidable and gave rise to the lugubrious title.

Some patching in the city plan is felt at Union Square. In colonial days the Bowery followed

the present line of Fourth Avenue from Fourth Street to Union Square, where it turned, in passing the space now devoted to the park, and pursued a course due north. From this turn, at about Seventeenth Street, it was called the Bloomingdale Road, since its objective point was the old Dutch hamlet of Bloemendaal—famous for its horticultural nurseries—not far from Haarlem. Here were farms and country seats of wealthy citizens, overlooking the Hudson. When Broadway was developed from Hendrick Brevoort's house, it was bent to the left so as to connect with the old Bloomingdale Road, now upper Broadway.

When the Croton Reservoir was built, in 1842, on the site now occupied by the Public Library, one of its first extravagances was to supply the fountain in Union Square with water. This was the first attempt to beautify the square, which the grudging commissioners had left merely because so many streets intersected at this point that it seemed the simplest solution of the tangle.

The majestic equestrian statue of Washington that so superbly dominates Union Square was a gift to the city from its merchants, the fund being raised by subscriptions of four hundred dollars each, through the earnest efforts of Colonel Lee.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, UNION SQUARE
HENRY KIRKE BROWN, SCULPTOR (PAGE 242)

Horatio Greenough, our first professional sculptor, he who made the classic marble of Washington for the Capitol, projected the scheme of this equestrian statue and was to have undertaken the work with Henry Kirke Brown, but after having done much to arouse enthusiasm and promote subscriptions, finally abandoned the enterprise.

Considered a great achievement in its day, and the first equestrian to be erected in New York since the destruction of the statue of George III, in Bowling Green, it still remains one of the best in the country. One other, only, is older, that of Jackson, by Clark Mills, which stands before the White House in Washington, finished in 1853.

Greenough was a confirmed classicist, having, under the tutelage of Thorwaldsen, allied himself with the classic revival in sculpture in Italy. Had he carried out the statue, he would surely have made our American hero look like Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius, or Apollo Belvidere, as was the custom in his world of ideality. But Kirke Brown was of different stuff, and his work was an important development of what had remained to his day an alien art. He was in reality the first American sculptor, the first, that is to say, to express something essentially national, and he owed less to

Europe than did any of his predecessors and colleagues who modelled figures.

He began his career as a portrait painter, studying in Boston under Chester Harding at the age of eighteen, but soon gave up painting for sculpture, keeping himself by means of tireless industry, yet unable to reach Europe, without which no artist then hoped to attain distinction, until 1842, when he was thirty-eight years of age. During his four years in Italy he made the marble statuettes and reliefs expected of sculptors at that time, but he did not fit into the environment of the old world, and they could not make a classicist of him. Upon his return to the United States he vindicated his independence by making a series of studies of Indians, and later received commissions for a large bas-relief for the Church of the Annunciation in New York, and a statue of De Witt Clinton for Greenwood Cemetery, where stands also his "Angel of the Resurrection." His studio was in the old Rotunda in Broadway, the first home of the National Academy. Brown established a miniature bronze foundry there and cast many of his smaller works in metal.

The equestrian statue of Washington marks the spot where the citizens met the Commander-

in-Chief of the army when he reëntered the city after the British evacuation, November 25, 1783. Washington, Tuckerman tells us, is represented "in the act of calling his troops to repose; the figure is bareheaded, the hat resting on his bridle arm, the sword sheathed, the right hand extended as if commanding quiet; the drapery is the simple Continental uniform."*

The silhouette of the group is compact, its total mass in dignified relation to the simple pedestal. The horse is large and spirited; the rider commanding, his control of his mount revealing the character of the man in whom we feel essentially the leader, while his noble gesture conjures the vision of the army of patriots to whom it speaks. The statue has serene dignity, composure, equilibrium—the attributes of great art. Commenced in February, 1853, it was finished and inaugurated, with impressive ceremonies, on the eightieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1856.

Kirke Brown, like Verrocchio, has been called a man of one masterpiece; and if the equestrian statue of the condottiere, Bartolomeo Colleoni, in the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, in Venice, has remained, with the famous Gattamelata, of Dona-

* "Book of the Artists," p. 575

tello, the type of such things for the sculptors of succeeding generations, this noble conception of Washington has more than held its place in the annals of American sculpture, in whose reshaping Kirke Brown was a strong force. He and Clark Mills, indeed, were pioneers in the reaction against the classic revival, which under Thorwaldsen and Canova had spread its meretricious influence throughout the civilized world. Brown boldly rejected the lifeless tradition, and, especially through his pupil, John Quincy Adams Ward, who assisted in the making of the statue of Washington, fathered an American school of sculpture that stood for the honest representation of things as they are. These old fellows, with all their faults, directed at least a movement towards something American and related to their time. Ward, who was brought up in Brown's studio, broke thoroughly free, and during his long and honourable life was a tremendous influence in that first national movement.

Ward's vitality in resisting the condition of art in Italy, to which he, of course, went in due course, was a veritable stemming of the tide; and his words, preserved in that charming and just appreciation of the sculptor written by Mrs. Herbert Adams, express the profundity of his

convictions. " 'A cursed atmosphere,' cries Ward. 'The magnetism of the antique statues is so strong that it draws a sculptor's manhood out of him. A modern man has modern themes to deal with; and if art is a living thing, a serious, earnest thing, fresh from a man's soul, he must live in that of which he treats—an American sculptor will serve himself and his age best by working at home.' "

We have seen how straightforward was Ward's dealing with the great Washington, before the Sub-Treasury; with the Greeley statue in City Hall Park; and we shall see later before the Brooklyn Borough Hall, his most uncompromising portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, so ugly in its fidelity to fact, so little subtle in the expression of those extraneous figures that encumber its base. But the value of these rugged, basic truths, even when unpalatable, is not to be disparaged.

Ward had a fund of human interest and psychology, but little sculptural feeling. After him came Saint Gaudens, who added to the elder sculptor's qualities the inestimable attribute of beauty. The three pioneers—Mills, Brown, and Ward—had paved the way for distinguished American expression, opened the door for Saint

Gaudens who arrived with the general awakening that followed the Centennial, when Paris, not Rome, became the objective point of students and the French-trained sculptor rose into prominence and dominated the field of vision. Saint Gaudens was "finished," so to speak, in the Beaux Arts, but he was primarily a product of Ward's atelier, so that he relates directly to our movement, of which he was, in his day, the ultimate flower. The sculptors that follow in his train have lost the old basic foundation of those American pioneers and their work without it becomes meaningless and empty. This condition has developed the portrait statue, as we know it to-day, in all its monumental stupidity—the demand for which has practically killed sculpture in this country, so far as the national movement is concerned.

And with that decline came also the Teutonic invasion of the field, an influence now predominant with us. The Germans, in their monumental and applied sculpture, generally speaking, went back to the old neo-Greek, and were a factor in the commercialization of sculpture under which baleful influence we are now suffering. How the case stands may be appreciated by a glance at the membership list of the National

Sculpture Society, which shows that body to be largely composed of foreign-born artists.

With the exception of Clark Mills, who is not represented in the city, New York furnishes a field for the study of the development of sculpture in America to any one sufficiently interested to look it up. To study Canova we shall have to penetrate a private collection—Senator Clark owns an example; Thorwaldsen, the Danish classicist, is represented at an upper entrance of Central Park, with a life-sized portrait statue of himself; Central Park abounds in the most painful pre-Centennial conceptions of sculpture, that show the wearing away of the Italian influence, with nothing vital to replace it. "The Falconer," by George Simonds, a sculptor who resided in Rome, is a typical example of this vapid period, for which undoubtedly Hiram Powers' "Greek Slave," shown at the Crystal Palace exposition, in 1853, set the public taste, for it was fondly believed to be the greatest work of sculpture known to history. One can realize how far we have come since our first world's fair, when we learn that some time during the famous domination of the Tweed Ring in New York one of their æsthetic measures was to paint all the bronze statues in Central Park white, to simulate marble.

This was at about the time of the Centennial, or just prior to it.

The statue of the youthful Lafayette, by Bartholdi, which stands at the head of Broadway in Union Square, shows the decline of classic influence, still, however, quite apparent in the use of the toga, thrown across the shoulder of the figure to give sculptural mass. This is interesting as showing how difficult it was for sculptors of his period to give up dependence on the Roman models. Lafayette wears his drapery, over his eighteenth century uniform, very much as Germanicus wore his in the famous classic statue of that hero.

Nor need one leave Union Square to look into the matter of German influence, for here we have a notorious example of the native product—the small bronze fountain by Adolf Donndorf, of Stuttgart, a gift to the city, in 1881. As for the neo-Greek sculpture by our foreign-born residents, that is rife about the lower part of the city in the neighbourhood of City Hall Park, especially some caryatides in that vicinity, some groups on the municipal buildings, the portrait statues of Franklin and Gutenberg in front of the Staats Zeitung Building, and the Franklin by Plassman in Printing House Square. Union and Madison

THE FARRAGUT STATUE, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE
MADISON SQUARE (PAGE 249)

Squares and Central Park furnish prolific examples of the stupid portrait statue that grew out of the decadence of classic influence; while with the later period of commercial portrait we are only too well supplied.

Two years after the general awakening of 1876 came the important commissions for the statues of Admiral Farragut and Robert Randall; and here we have proof of Ward's large-mindedness, for it was he who decided a committee, wavering between the eligibility of himself and Saint Gaudens, who had just come back from Paris, for the monument to Farragut. "Give the young man a chance," said Ward; and the commission was passed to Saint Gaudens.

The Farragut statue, unveiled in 1881, on the Fifth Avenue side of Madison Square, marked again a departure in sculpture in this country, and had the advantage of the collaboration of a distinguished architect in the design of the exedra upon which the standing figure of the admiral is so handsomely mounted. Saint Gaudens executed the figure in Paris, showing it in the salon of 1880. When he returned to New York, he spent much time with Stanford White in designing and perfecting the pedestal, which was so to modify and amplify the civic traditions on this important

subject. This was not effected without the demolition of some of the city's cherished rules, for New York had enacted a labour-saving regulation that all pedestals should follow a uniform design; and this proved so much of an obstacle that at one time Saint Gaudens threatened to withdraw his figure unless the pedestal should be "permitted" as designed. In the end, of course, the sculptor and architect prevailed, with the result here so happily displayed. The ceremony of unveiling was made a great occasion, and with it Saint Gaudens stepped into the high place in American sculpture, which he occupied with increasing honour until his death, in 1907.

The statue of Farragut was made when the sculptor was thirty years old. Upon it the base of Saint Gaudens' great reputation rests; and while in New York its merits are often balanced with those of the Sherman equestrian group, at the entrance to Central Park; the Peter Cooper, in Cooper Square; and the relief of Dr. Bellows, in the All Souls' Church—all later works—it has never had to yield precedence to any, but holds its own by force of its splendid vigor and youthful plasticity. It has the essential characteristics of the portrait but so combined with the attitude of the artist that the figure stands as much more

than a portrait, having in it something more living, more typical, deeper than the mere outward mould of the man. Saint Gaudens' Farragut has the bearing of a seaman, balanced on his two legs, in a posture easy, yet strong. He is rough and bluff with the courage and simplicity of a commander; his eye is accustomed to deal with horizons, while the features are clean-cut and masterful. The inscription is happy: "That the memory of a daring and sagacious commander and gentle great-souled man, whose life from childhood was given to his country, but who served her supremely in the war for the Union, 1861-1865, may be preserved and honoured; and that they who come after him and who will love him so much may see him as he was seen by friend and foe, his countrymen have set up this monument A.D. MDCCCLXXXI."

The pedestal, like which nothing had been seen in this country, was much discussed at the time of its erection, and became the prototype of the numerous exedras which followed throughout the country. Richard Watson Gilder eulogized it sympathetically in his magazine,* and no one ever seemed to suggest that its cleverness was just a little in excess of its depth, or that the

* Scribners, June, 1881.

suave lines of those conventional females, personifying Courage and Patriotism, were a bit weak and inept as companions to the man who took the fleet past the forts in Mobile Bay; so that the monument always seems to me to separate into two parts—one very strong, the other very beautiful, between which there is no coherent sympathy, but a very certain ambiguity.

These ladies belong clearly to the same family as those, more fortunately placed by Stanford White, on the Gorham Building, further up the avenue, and felicitously sculptured by Andrew O'Connor. To the trade of the silversmith, in its highest expression, they do most admirably belong, and the pendentives on this building, which Mr. Arnold Bennett brought into agreeable prominence by his unstinted praise of its cornice—the finest in New York, he called it—are one of the pleasures of the ride up the avenue.

Saint Gaudens and White again collaborated on the graceful tower of the Madison Square Garden, modelled on that of the Giralda, at Seville. The gilded Diana, which surmounts the whole, is another early work of the sculptor of the Farragut monument, a finial figure, inspired by Houdon's "Diana of the Louvre." Her fate

hangs in the balance, with that of the building over which she is poised; for the building has an unforgivable fault—*it never "paid."* And just for that "they" say it has got to come down, and the beautiful golden Diana is to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. Before this book is published its destiny may be decided, but none can foretell it now. The best that it can wildly hope is a refuge in a museum, where, denied its setting, robbed of its associations, its day will be done.

Both the Farragut statue and the pleasure house, erected ten years later, have been thrust out of scale by the heavy intrusion of office buildings on the east side: yet the Farragut holds by its integral weight as a work of art, and the Madison Square Garden remains an imposing monument to the genius of its architect. Old prints of New York show how these two kindred works used to sound the note of the square, a note now brazenly taken for modernity by the bumptious Metropolitan Tower, whose ugly bulk quashed the pretty charm of the fine trees and fountain, putting the very sky out of scale, and, as a last word in impertinence, claiming derivation from—oh shade of St. Marks!—the Campanile of Venice.

The Tower replaces the first site of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, which gradually became enclosed by the encroaching Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. On the opposite corner stood, until not more than ten years ago, the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe mansion, a fine old brownstone dwelling, and one of the landmarks of the square, once an exclusive residential neighbourhood. When this house came upon the market it was bought by John R. Hegeman, of the Metropolitan Company, ostensibly for his own use. After holding it for a time, Mr. Hegeman, speaking for the company, offered to exchange the Wolfe house and lot, valued at about $700,000, for the site of Dr. Parkhurst's Church, the lots being of equal size and value, and, to make the offer more attractive to the trustees and congregation, to "throw in" an extra $300,000 for good measure.

This apparently handsome offer the church accepted. Nothing had been said about the character of the structure that was to replace the original church, and which now sinks it into a well of darkness. Although the new church was dedicated only ten years ago (1907) it was not thought necessary to pursue a fleeing congregation into the outskirts of the city. The church

INTERIOR MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
LOUIS C. TIFFANY AND STANFORD WHITE (PAGE 250)

was called "The *Madison Square* Presbyterian Church," and the trustees had no wish to destroy the significance of that honourable title. So set were they upon remaining in their original locality, that when an endowment fund was subscribed for the maintenance of the church, it was stipulated that the foundation was to be available only during such time as the church should occupy its present location, after which, supposing it was ever found expedient to move in spite of the conditions, the fund should be forfeit and the amount paid over to the Presbyterian Hospital.

With all these details understood the management set about the construction of an edifice that should compare with the most beautiful churches of New York. Stanford White was the architect. His tragic death occurred the year before the church was ready for occupancy, and it represents therefore the last important work of New York's most noted architect. White conceived it as a Roman basilica. The exterior is exceedingly beautiful, executed in grey brick, throughout which is repeated, in the manner of a diaper pattern, the Maltese Cross, giving variety and interest to the surface. The porch is supported by exquisite pillars of polished granite.

White never stopped short of the best. His

buildings were modelled after the noblest types; their details were executed by the ablest talent that the country afforded. The effective white figures on the blue enamel of the pediment, which gives colour to the façade, were designed by H. Siddons Mowbray and executed by him in combination with the sculptor, Adolph Weinman.

The interior follows the spirit of the Mosque of Santa Sophia, in Constantinople, the greatest achievement of its style, the most satisfactory of all domed interiors. In its elaboration the architect collaborated with Louis Tiffany, who lent himself to the task with the more ardour, perhaps, because the Tiffany family belonged to this church. The general tone of the colour scheme is gold, to which the enriched dome and the ornamental chancel organs contribute the positive notes, while the interior is, perhaps, most notably a monumental example of the Tiffany favrile glass, in whose happy use the building has no rival.

The church gets little or no daylight, and the effect of the iridescent windows, executed in this beautiful substance, simulates light in an extraordinary way. The light which appears to come through them is really the reflection of the light

thrown upon them from the many electroliers, themselves marvels of originality. The central designs of the windows, representing biblical subjects, in circles, are surrounded by smaller circles enclosing symbols of the seasons, done in leaded glass, the whole idea being unique both in conception and in execution.

The chancel wall presents in one continuous block of lettering the Ten Commandments, done in the favrile glass on a white mosaic background. The effect suggests mother-of-pearl, and is extremely delicate and refined, as indeed are all the embellishments of the interior, about which there is nothing ostentatious. The surfaces are richly wrought with endless detail, but with such discretion that the interior seems to draw upon an inexhaustible source of beauty, which the eye discovers little by little, sounding new depths at each renewed vision.

Hopkinson Smith has spoken of Madison Square in the spring as a "mosaic of light and shade." * It made, in its day, its wide appeal to artists, and so we have ample record of its former brilliancy and charm. Its name in those days seemed to evoke, more than any other frequented spot, the physical semblance of the city,

* "Charcoals of New York," F. Hopkinson Smith.

the picture of gaiety and sunshine, of freedom and fresh air, of chic coupés drawn by spanking teams of glossy horses, of breezy pedestrians taking with pleasure the sprint across the square, itself the merry playground of happy children, the resting-spot of *nounous* and sleeping, lace-frilled babies.

It was James Harper, of the distinguished firm of publishers, whose influence preserved, beautified, and increased the public lands originally planned and used as a "Parade Ground." The park was opened during his administration as mayor of New York, in 1844. He also stimulated the purchase of additional territory, closed the old Boston Post Road, whose bed is indicated by the double row of trees leading from the fountain north, and ordered Fifth Avenue filled in and regulated from Twenty-third to Twenty-eighth Streets. The potter's field, established here, in 1794, had been banished to Washington Square after a short tenure, being considered an eyesore on the popular afternoon drive—the fourteen miles around, as Washington called it, covered by following the Bloomingdale Road to Harlem Heights, and returning along the Boston Post Road.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Twenty-third

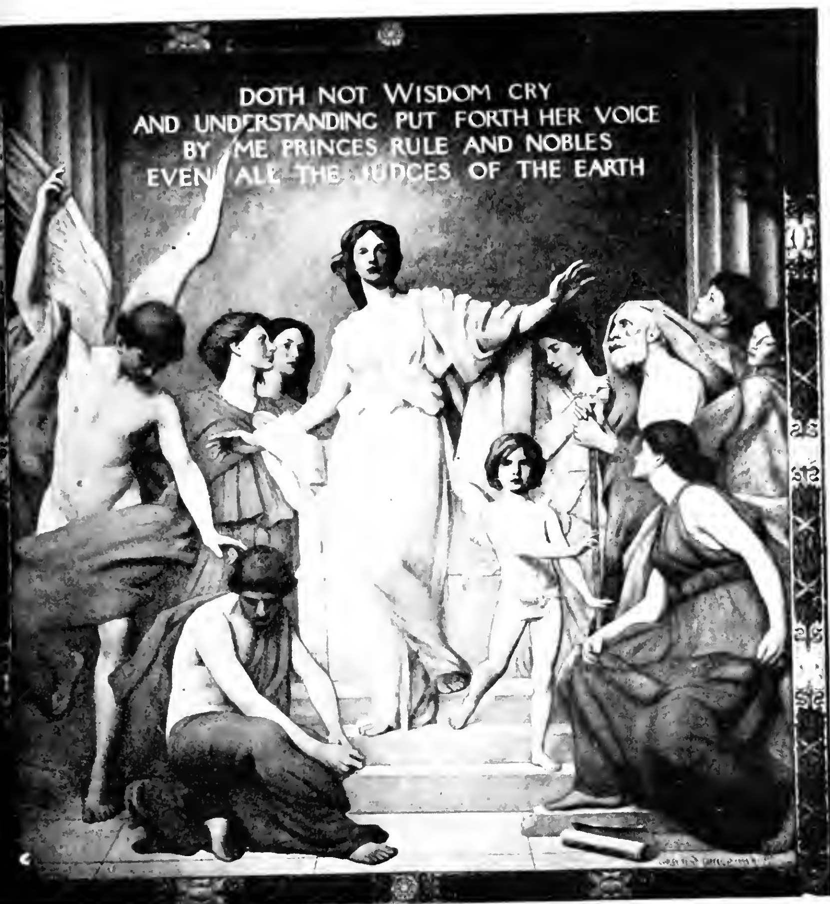
Street and Fifth Avenue, replaced the ancient road-house kept by Corporal Thompson, and known, in coaching days, as the Madison Cottage. The hotel, built in 1858, was a six-story structure of white marble, containing every then known luxury, including the first passenger elevator—called a "vertical railroad."

The Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was entertained here on his visit to this country, in 1860; the Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, and the Empress stayed at the hotel in 1876; and Presidents Lincoln and Grant were among the celebrated guests. General William T. Sherman, William J. Florence, the actor, and ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, the republican boss, made their homes here. The Fifth Avenue Hotel remained a feature of the avenue for fifty years, when it was torn down to make way for the Fifth Avenue Building, which now marks this historic site.

Madison Square has suffered more than most public places in New York from misguided efforts at embellishment. The portrait statue of Governor Seward, by Randolph Rogers, of Rogers' group fame, is only interesting as showing the state of mind towards sculpture just prior to the Centennial. It had, to the American critic of its period, the inestimable advantage of having

been made in Rome, though not indeed as a portrait of Governor Seward. A certain ambiguity of character, in the long, loosely hung limbs and bony frame, substantiates the current scandal that Rogers modelled it as a portrait of Lincoln and, failing to dispose of it under that guise, made a new head and sold it as Seward. Its hard, dry academicism presents all the stupidity of its epoch. Bissell's Chester A. Arthur and Ward's Roscoe Conkling were given to the city about twenty years later; while still later a flood of mediocre sculpture was let loose upon the over-decorated building of the Appellate Court, on the east side of the square.

The Appellate Court House, designed by James Brown Lord, architect, was completed in 1900, and represents a new departure in municipal buildings. It has the great misfortune to have been erected on an L-shaped plot of ground, alongside of which fronted Twenty-fifth Street, so that the main façade was obliged to face that narrow street, while only an end is visible from the square, whence its features might be supposed to have gained by an effective approach. The absence of any sort of setting for so formidable an array of personalities as those presented by the sky-line of statues merely, to say nothing




*Copyright by Henry Oliver Walker*
*Copley Print. Copyright, 1899, by Curtis and Cameron*

DECORATIVE PANEL, "WISDOM," BY HENRY OLIVER WALKER
APPELLATE COURT HOUSE, MADISON SQUARE (PAGE 264)

of the more pregnant symbolic groups of this exorbitant structure, seems to express the high pitch of competition reached in this central current of desirability.

No less than sixteen sculptors were in the conspiracy to make the Appellate Court House commit this unpardonable breach of reticence; to announce from its own house top the intellectual sources of its legal precedent, claiming derivation, it is to be supposed, from those ten law-givers of antiquity, carved as finials to the main uprights of the building itself; standing upon those tried and sound virtues—Wisdom and Justice,—or assertively proud of its Force and of the inevitable Triumph of Law over Anarchy, with its resultant Peace. Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, and throughout the Seasons, it is allegorically put to us, will these conscious virtues operate for eternal good, until the mighty hand of civic progress shall come along and sweep the whole florid structure into the dust.

There was once a genial and delightful member of a shabby, Bohemian club in Philadelphia, where *camaraderie* was cherished to the exclusion of the minor qualities of law and order and so-called good behaviour. In good time the club prospered, and feeling the weight of its purse, moved out of

its hospitable attic into a house of its own. With this removal came new responsibilities, and house committees began to take themselves and their duties seriously, so that finally a hostile sort of discipline crept into the little club, and this the older members, and those of the younger set with the cult for *camaraderie,* resented with whimsical bitterness, like naughty children under the rule of a conscientious stepmother. The genial and delightful member was one of these, and, sad to relate, he clung to his Bohemian proclivities, and distressed his stepmother house committee by feats of drunkenness in which he reverted completely to his type and seemed to think himself still a member of that attic club of shameful memory. Finally he was expelled. Not only had he, when confused by wine, poured libations into the grand piano; it was cited, as the culmination of his depredations, that once the sight of a neat and orderly row of bottles and glasses ranged upon a classic mantelpiece had so enraged him that with one sweep of his strong right arm he cleared the shelf, scattering destruction in his path. If some benign giant Bacchus could but, in a state of super-intoxication, with a mighty gesture sweep the offending impedimenta from the roof of the Appellate Court, where Manu, Mohammed, Zoro-

aster, Confucius, and the others are ranged with maddening neatness, what a relief it would be to brain and eyes.

If in its outer surfaces the Appellate Court protests too much, from the iconoclastic point of view, so also the richly embellished interior seems to "overdo" the symbolic, to have dragged all the rivers of learning and power that no minute particle of wisdom be left unexploited in this verbose statement of authority. The psychological effect of such magnificent courts upon the simple offender was not lost upon so subtle an observer as Mr. Anatole France; and one can understand another *Crinquebille* awed by the luxury of this one, and even flattered by an unjust sentence coming from august beings inspired by such dreams of classic equity.

The handsome frieze, which ornaments the Main Hall, holds together well in colour, though painted by three artists with different ideas—Henry Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, and Willard L. Metcalf. This frieze, in bright colours, in the illuminated style, harmonizes excellently with the handsome onyx walls. On entering, Mr. Mowbray's section is opposite, Mr. Reid's to the right, Mr. Metcalf's to the left and carried over to the entrance wall, where also, between the doors, are

two lunettes by Charles Yardley Turner. The series by Mr. Mowbray, representing the Transmission of the Law, is conceived in the best decorative spirit. A formal winged figure, repeated from space to space, carrying a scroll, links the groups together; and these intermediate groups form an historical sequence of law-givers, from Moses to the Greeks; from the Romans onward to the Common Law of England and down to the black-robed judges of to-day.

Reid's decoration, neither realistic in treatment nor flat and decorative, is beautiful in colour, with blue predominating; while Metcalf has seen his problem more in the light of easel pictures, in which the symbolism is ineffective and obscure.

The three panels, for which the court-house is famed, are in the Court Room, an ornate chamber, opening off the Main Hall. These panels by Edward Simmons, Henry Oliver Walker, and Edwin Howland Blashfield, three of our most eminent mural painters, are the feature of the Appellate Court, and bring it at once into the class of those more consistently conceived structures, with which it was contemporary, the Boston Public Library and the Library of Congress.

At this time, between 1888 and 1897, following the admirable lead of the French nation, which

had secured in the decorations of the Hôtel de Ville and the Petit Palais, in Paris, as well as in the Panthéon, and other municipal buildings, examples of the work of all of its great living painters, the feeling had become strong here that American artists should be represented in the public buildings of our cities, and the whole question of mural painting became the live issue that it is to-day. If Boston was more fastidious in her choice of painters and sculptors, Washington laid special unction to her soul in the fact that all the artists commissioned by the government were both native and resident.

In conforming to a practice so salutary to the cause of American art, the intention of the Appellate Court cannot be too highly respected. It secured the work of many artists towards its embellishment. Certainly the painters of the Court Room panels attacked the work in the right spirit, and have collaborated with much success.

To the right and left of the three central pictures are the seals of the State and City of New York, by George Willoughby Maynard, and the remaining panels are the work of Kenyon Cox and Joseph Lauber.

# XIII

## MURRAY HILL

Caprice has settled, for the moment, our shifting centre of seething, whirling, metropolitan activity upon the summit of Murray Hill, sweeping, hurtling, before the advancing march of trade, the older residence quarter, now as buried and forgotten and inconceivable as the cornfield where Washington tried to rally his troops, on Robert Murray's farm, somewhere between the sites of the Grand Central Station and Bryant Park. At the manor house of Incleberg, the Murray estate, which stood near the present intersection of Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, Mrs. Murray entertained General Howe and the British officers so hospitably, with her fine old Madeira, that Washington and Putnam were given time to muster the Continental soldiers, who, in sad disorder and panic-stricken, filled the farms and fields in the neighbourhood of Murray Hill. Washington's army had been disastrously worsted on Long

Island, and was in flight; the leader's superhuman efforts to rally his men were thrillingly described by General Greene, who remarked: "He sought death, rather than life." Meanwhile Mrs. Murray * was beguiling and flattering General Howe and passing the good cheer, with the assurance that the Continental troops had so long passed that way that pursuit was useless; and Washington and Putnam, having rounded up their men, withdrew them in safety to Harlem Heights, where was fought the only battle of the Revolution, within the limits of the present city, that resulted in victory for the Americans. This success clinched the dogged determination of their commander and made possible the brilliant exploits at Trenton and Princeton.

The steep, upward slope of the Avenue from the Waldorf Hotel to the Public Library contributes much to the brilliant effect of the great showy thoroughfare, known primitively as the backbone of the island, in the days when the first John Jacob Astor had the foresight to buy the middle ground, instead of the then much more desirable East River shore. At the commence-

* Mrs. Murray, who died soon after this patriotic incident, was a Miss Lindley of Philadelphia, a famous Quaker belle. Her son was Lindley Murray, the grammarian.

ment of the present century, Mr. Astor began investing the profits of commercial ventures in real estate upon Manhattan Island, whose immense future value he was one of the first to foresee. He bought meadows and farms in the track which the growth of the city would follow, trusting to time to multiply their worth.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel covers the site of two former Astor residences. The Waldorf was built in 1893 by William Waldorf Astor upon the site of John Jacob's town house, while, in 1897, Colonel Astor erected the Astoria on the Thirty-fourth Street corner of Fifth Avenue, to replace his father's house. The Waldorf was called after the little village near Heidelberg, from which the founder of the family's fortune emigrated; and the Astoria was named for his greatest enterprise, the settlement of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, the subject of Washington Irving's novel of that name. The two hotels are now operated under one management.

The hotels when built were considered the last word in sumptuous luxury, and besides being overlaid with gilt wherever possible, upholstered in velvet, and encrusted with marbles, were lavishly decorated by the chief of the available Amer-

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"JANUARY," FROM A SERIES OF MURAL PAINTINGS REPRESENTING THE MONTHS AND SEASONS IN THE ASTOR GALLERY OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL BY EDWARD SIMMONS (PAGE 269)

decorators of the period; and some of these managed their work so skilfully, despite a general fatness in the whole voluptuous scheme, that one room, at least of the half dozen treated, remains one of the fine things in the city, in its consistent moderation. This is the Astor Gallery, designed after the manner of the Hôtel de Soubise, in Paris, decorated with sixteen allegorical pendentives representing the months and the seasons, by Edward Simmons. These are considered among the best work done by this talented mural painter, of which the city contains so much. The motives are joyous groups of women and cupids, exquisitely painted, without ponderous allegory, but light and charming simply, in sentiment as well as treatment.

The Astoria restaurant contains murals by C. Y. Turner; the Marie Antoinette Room, a ceiling representing the "Birth of Venus," by Will Low; the small ballroom, in the Waldorf side, a ceiling by Fowler, and lunettes by Armstrong; the Red Room, or Library, a frieze by Maynard; while the grand ballroom, besides six lunettes by Low, is enriched by an early and beautiful decoration by Edwin Howland Blashfield, of which the subject—Music and the Dance—is treated in a large oval ceiling panel, in delicate and charming colour.

A vaulted effect of sky is intended, in which appears a celestial orchestra, composed of two groups of half-draped nudes—at one end playing the strings and at the other the cymbals and wind instruments, and crowning a central figure with bay.

The Waldorf was a pioneer in this country in the matter of hotel decoration, setting a standard which newer hotels strove to reach or surpass. The Imperial, the Martinique, the McAlpin—all nearby, in Broadway—and the Vanderbilt, over on Park Avenue, are all lavishly decorated with varying success. The Imperial, built by McKim, Mead, and White, about twenty-five years ago, naturally secured something unusual and of fine quality. The first mural painting done by Abbey—that of Bowling Green, over the bar—was painted for Stanford White, who also commissioned Thomas W. Dewing to paint for the ceiling of the small café the circular panel which was removed from that place about two years ago and replaced by an inferior work. It was the only mural painting by Mr. Dewing in the city, and its mysterious disappearance from the hotel for which it was made is a matter of much regret. Fortunately, Mr. Dewing had the small sketch, by which one may still judge the delicacy and beauty

of this panel. The Imperial owns also a collection of pictures, including Bouguereau's "Art and Music."

The Martinique, built by Hardenbergh, the architect of the Waldorf-Astoria, contains, in its Louis XV dining room, portrait panels by Carroll Beckwith and Irving R. Wiles, depicting the notables of the court of the French king, and other decorations by Charles M. Sheen and C. Y. Turner.

A most interesting feature of the McAlpin Hotel is the series of twenty-six tapestries from the Herter Looms, which are hung about the walls of the mezzanine gallery. These tapestries, executed after designs by Albert Herter, are important as examples of American tapestry, an industry created by the artist. In 1908 Mr. Herter established the looms that bear his name and started to weave tapestries of the kind made in the Netherland in the time of Charles V. The panels in the Hotel McAlpin picture the story of New York from earliest times. In texture they aim to reproduce the low-warp fabric of the golden age of tapestry.

The lunettes in the lobby of the hotel are by Gilbert White, who made the decorations for the court-house in New Haven and the state capitol

of Kentucky. In the bar are tiny lunettes by Sperry.

The Knickerbocker Trust Company, that massive white building on the upper side of Thirty-fourth Street, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria, replaces the "marble palace" of Alexander T. Stewart, the first of New York's merchant princes, which stood scarcely a quarter of a century. Stewart never lived in it, but his widow resided there until her death, in 1886, when the house passed into public life. The Knickerbocker Trust Building is one of many designed by McKim, Mead, and White which contribute to the beauty of the Avenue. The Gorham Building, with its fine cornice, repeating that of the Strozzi Palace of Florence, itself copied from a Roman antique, is one of the handsomest; the Tiffany Building is less successful in its somewhat perverse adaptation of the architectural features of the Casa Grimani, of the Grand Canal, in Venice. This noble example of florid Italian Renaissance, the *chef d'oeuvre* of Sanmicheli, has itself been criticized for monotony in the repetition of its second and third stories; though Ruskin calls it "the principal type in Venice and one of the best in Europe of the Renaissance schools." The New York version is doubly monotonous, many of the hand-

"CATTLE FAIR, BOWLING GREEN," FROM A TAPESTRY IN THE MCALPIN HOTEL
BY ALBERT HERTER (PAGE 271)

"THE JEWELS," BY GILBERT WHITE
DECORATION IN THE LOBBY, MCALPIN HOTEL (PAGE 271)

some, striking features of the old *Reale Corte d'Appello*, such as the fine entrance with the sculpture in the spandrels, the fluted (instead of plain) pilasters and columns, the central windows in the upper stories, and the charming disposition of the other windows—having been changed or suppressed for the advantage of commerce. Ruskin could not have written of the Tiffany Building as he wrote of its prototype: "There is not an erring line, not a mistaken proportion throughout its noble front."

The Herald Building, which has long stood concealed behind the shanties of the construction company engaged in building the new subway lines, is one of Stanford White's most famous adaptations. Inspired by the exquisite *Palazzo del Consiglio*, of Verona, it repeats indeed most accurately much of the detail of the Old Town Hall or Loggia, as it is usually called. This ancient building, designed by Giocondo, and a famous example of early Renaissance, was restored four centuries after its erection, in 1876, just prior to White's period of study in Europe, whence he returned, filled with enthusiasm for the masterpieces of Italian architecture. The original is much smaller and quite different in proportion. Its façade is crowned with statutes of eminent

natives of Verona; these White has replaced, in his copy, by a row of owls, whose electric eyes are supposed to blink the hours, and the bronze clock with mechanical figures surmounted by Minerva. The clock was made by a French sculptor, Antonin Jean Carles, and Minerva was exhibited at the Salon of 1894. Condemned to the endless activities of the newspaper world, planted in the thick of congested traffic, and now obliterated by the upheavals of the underground road, the ghost of the *Palazzo del Consiglio* seems reproachfully to quote: "To what base uses may we return at last!"

Of White's meticulous care in the detail and finish of his work, we have a beautiful example in the restoration and embellishment of Renwick's Church of St. Bartholomew, on Madison Avenue for the moment, but about to remove to a new edifice on Park Avenue, of which Goodhue is the architect. Few remember the unpretentions little church erected here in 1865, on the outskirts of the growing city. Its improvements brought it into prominence about twenty years ago, when some members of the wealthy congregation wished to present the bronze doors, now a feature of the front, in order to keep pace with the gifts to Trinity Church, downtown. When the scheme

was first projected, it appeared that the plain modern Renaissance design would not support the elegance of six highly wrought surfaces of bronze; and a rich portal was designed for each one of the three doorways. The next problem was to connect these ornate masses, and the triple porch was built to bind the three elaborate entrances together into one composition. The harmonious effect of the altered ensemble is very creditable to the skill of the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, to whom the elaboration of the façade is due. The general design and treatment follows the wonderful portals of Arles and Saint Gilles in Languedoc, in the south of France.

Much of the sculptured detail is the design of the architects themselves, but the main features were given to three sculptors. Andrew O'Connor designed the main doorway, with its enriched architraves and pilasters, its highly wrought lintel for the doorway proper, its storied tympanum, and the doors themselves. O'Connor made also, in its entirety, the broad frieze, in two short lengths, which flank the opening of the middle doorway—a colourful band of sculpture, in the more modern spirit, which, more than any other detail of the design, excites critical interest. The south door,

with its rich tympanum and accessories, is by Herbert Adams, and the north portal, its anachronistic tympanum inspired by Luca della Robbia, is the design of Philip Martiny.

A roseate impression of the Ascension fills the west wall of the church, done by Francis Lathrop, his hand evidently guided by the architect, to judge from the subordination of the painting to the setting, which rather overshadows it in colour and quality. The colour of the picture repeats the scheme of the marbles, employed in the altar, with an oversweet harmony, and the eye, seeking relief, constantly travels to the handsome architectural frame in which Lathrop's painting is placed. This, overlaid with gold, is in character with the richly carved capitals of the marble columns supporting the roof, and other details of architecture, unmistakably bearing the hall-mark of White's taste, for his æsthetic standards were of the highest.

How many of the enrichments of St. Bartholomew's will be preserved in the new structure time will tell. It has been promised that the doors and the sculpture, where possible, will have place there, but much of the beauty of the present church will necessarily be useless, and it seems a great pity that this rather charming and certainly

"NEW TESTAMENT," FRIEZE, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH
ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR

"OLD TESTAMENT." FRIEZE, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH
ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR

"THE PROPHETS." VANDERBILT DOOR, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH
ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR

very interesting little place of worship should be demolished, after so short a sojourn in our midst. But the king is dead! Long live the king! The new church is to be very beautiful, and New York has no time for sentiment.

The Brick Presbyterian Church seems a sorry anachronism in the present aspect of Fifth Avenue, where it stands perversely, sole relic of the vintage of the "fifties" of the last century, replacing that spectacular mansion, or castle, of Coventry Waddell, who, enriched by the fortunes of Andrew Jackson's administration, balanced momentarily, as it were, this freakish Gothic bauble on a promontory of the old country road that extended beyond Madison Square in about the year 1845. "Waddell's Caster," an unfeeling brother dubbed it with uncompromising humour, comparing its towers, orioles, and gables to the vinegar cruets, mustard pots, and general equipment of the ornamental table service, long since abolished by sophisticated authorities on the art of correct dining. Though it stood less than a decade, Waddell's Caster cut a figure in its day, and appears in all the bravery of its original architecture in many old prints of the city. Mr. Waddell lost his fortune in the financial crash that preceded the Civil War, and, obliged to sacrifice his estate, the

house was demolished and the grounds levelled to make way for the encroaching city.

It is difficult to visualize the effect of the desultory country road, now Fifth Avenue, in the year 1854, when the old Brick Presbyterian Church, having once removed from its first location in Wall Street, dating from 1767, to a spacious lot in Beekman Street, overlooking City Hall Park, was again forced to go farther afield to catch up with a receding residence quarter. The new church, finished in 1858, stood as an outpost of the advancing city, upon a part of the Waddell tract. When, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Murray Hill was suddenly seized upon as desirable for residence, land values increased by leaps and bounds. In nine years the property for which Mr. Waddell had paid only $9,150 had advanced to $80,000, and the church for its portion was obliged to pay $58,000.

A new fashion in domestic architecture was at this time just making its appearance in residence districts, superseding the fine old red brick houses in the London style; these now began to be replaced by the brown-stone fronts with high "stoops," so detrimental to the aspect of the city, and of which they were for many years a salient characteristic.

The Brick Church—though committed to the material indicated by its original name, which there was no thought of changing—in deference to the accepted fashion of the day composed its base and trimmings and the greater part of the steeple of brownstone. The tower contained the old Beekman Street bell and clock, and the architecture followed in its details the late classic, with the severe and barren effect of a formal New England meeting house.

The exterior presents essentially the same appearance as in the days when it counted as a feature of the upper Avenue, but when the celebrated pastor, Henry Van Dyke, was called, about 1883, it was felt that the interior needed restoration, and this, by some beneficent chance, was turned over bodily to John La Farge, already a person of some consequence in the field of art. The result is a most bewildering paradox. Outside the prim, austere meeting house; inside the plain, strict surfaces structurally the same, but embroidered and embellished, after the manner of the early Italian churches, from the eighth to the tenth centuries.

La Farge applied himself to the plain interior with an unbridled hand. In its way its plainness was its great advantage, for it gave La Farge a

base of operations comparatively untrammelled. The decoration follows closely that of the Cathedral of Torcello * and other churches of the same period, or earlier, in Ravenna, Venice, and elsewhere in Italy.

In the decoration mosaic of various colours is combined with relief work in majolica, a product of the Minton manufactory imported from England. Even the embroideries in the curtains and drapery for the reading desk were designed by La Farge in perfect harmony with the ensemble, and he made the lanterns and the geometric windows, the elaborate organ loft, the rail of the gallery, and every minute decorated detail of this remarkable interior. The ceiling and cornice are important, bearing a rich, symbolic design in sombre colours on a background of dull, weathered gold which enhance an effect of extraordinary beauty and interest. The congregation was well satisfied, and accepted easily the distinction of possessing in this exotic interior what was considered one of the most important examples of decorative art in America; they had given La Farge a free hand, and they did not question so specious a result. The artist, on the other hand, made of the church a glorious experiment, developing the

* 1008.

possibilities of his glass to the utmost. Like an industrious spider, he spun his beautiful webs wherever he could get foothold; but if this particular attachment seems peculiarly unsuited to his medium, one can at least admire the ingenuity with which ends were met, so that even when the thought comes, as come it must, of the irrelevancy of the whole decoration to the thing decorated, it comes with no shock, but is borne in softly upon the inner consciousness as the glowing interior gradually asserts itself in the dim light with which it is usually pervaded.

While Boston is richest in the works of John La Farge, New York preserves much of the prolific output of this distinguished artist, in private houses as well as in the several contemporary churches treated by him. The famous Peony window made for the Marquand house is now owned by Mrs. Bliss, for whom La Farge made a wonderful cloissonné window; and some fine work was also done for Mrs. Payne Whitney. Less well known than the *chef d'oeuvre* in the Church of the Ascension are the panels representing the "Nativity of Christ" and the "Adoration of the Magi" by this artist in the chancel of the Church of the Incarnation, on Madison Avenue, not far from the Brick Church. These are handsome and

strong—in a way more vigourous than the highly finished decoration of the "Ascension." They are, however, badly set, one each side of a white Gothic altar, which fills the eye to the detriment of the panels. The two windows by La Farge in this church are early examples of no great importance.

The embellishment of the Church of the Incarnation seems to have been pursued without definite plan, and the result is more curious than pleasing. Most of the windows are English, several are by Henry Holiday, a close follower of Burne-Jones, whose methods were diametrically opposed to those of La Farge, so that it is unfortunate for the ensemble that the work of the two artists should be thus juxtaposed. There are two small memorial windows of little consequence from the establishment of William Morris. The Romanesque monument, on the north side of the church, to the memory of Henry E. Montgomery, was designed by the late Henry H. Richardson, the architect of Trinity Church, Boston, and the bronze medallion and inscription plates were executed by Augustus Saint Gaudens. Louis Saint Gaudens made the sculpture for the font, surmounted by a figure of John the Baptist, and the bas-relief representing the Church Militant and

*Copyright by John La Farge*

"WELCOME," WINDOW IN RESIDENCE OF MRS. GEORGE T. BLISS, 9 EAST 68TH STREET BY JOHN LA FARGE (PAGE 281)

*Copyright by John La Farge*

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO EDWIN BOOTH CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION BY JOHN LA FARGE (PAGE 283)

the Church Triumphant. The relief portrait of Phillips Brooks is by W. Clark Noble, sculptor.

La Farge is again represented, and rather charmingly, in that strange, rambling old Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth Street, better known and loved as the "Little Church Around the Corner." From it have been buried Wallack, Booth, and Boucicault, and in it "The Players" erected their memorial window to Edwin Booth, in 1898. La Farge made it in his freest manner. It shows a seated figure, representing a medieval histrionic student, his gaze fixed upon a mask held in his hand. Below is Booth's favourite quotation:

> "As one in suffering all
> That suffers nothing:
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has taken with equal thanks."—*Hamlet* III. 2.

The Church of the Transfiguration has been accepted warmly by the theatrical profession ever since the funeral of George Holland, one of the favourite actors of Wallack's Theatre, was held in that church. The story of a neighbouring rector's refusal to perform the funeral rites over the body because Mr. Holland had been an actor is movingly described by Joseph Jefferson in his reminiscences. Mr. Jefferson, accompanied by

one of George Holland's sons, went in quest of a minister to officiate. "On arriving at the house," says Mr. Jefferson, "I explained to the reverend gentleman the nature of my visit, and arrangements were made for the time and place at which the funeral was to be held. Something, I can scarcely say what, gave me the impression that I had best mention that Mr. Holland was an actor. I did so in a few words, and concluded by presuming that probably this would make no difference. I saw, however, by the restrained manner of the minister and an unmistakable change in the expression of his face, that it would make, at least to him, a great deal of difference. After some hesitation he said that he would be compelled, if Mr. Holland had been an actor, to decline holding the service at the church.

"While his refusal to perform the funeral rites for my old friend would have shocked, under ordinary circumstances, the fact that it was made in the presence of the dead man's son was more painful than I can describe. I turned to look at the youth and saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He stood as one dazed with a blow just realized; as if he felt the terrible injustice of a reproach upon the kind and loving father who had often kissed him in his sleep and had

taken him on his lap when a boy old enough to know the meaning of the words and told him to grow up to be an honest lad. I was hurt for my young friend and indignant with the man—too much so to reply, and as I rose to leave the room with a mortification that I cannot remember to have felt before or since, I paused at the door and said: 'Well, sir, in this dilemma, is there no other church to which you can direct me from which my friend can be buried?'

"He replied that 'There was a little church around the corner' where I might get it done—to which I answered, 'Then if this be so, God bless the Little Church Around the Corner,' and so I left the house."

A bit of old world, forgotten here, the low, rambling structure set within a garden whose entrance is marked by a lich gate, unique in this country, is full of poetic feeling. The simplicity, the sincerity of the dim interior lend essentially to the highest personal expression of the devotional spirit. It has the charm of a place dwelt in harmoniously, worshipped in abundantly, embellished lovingly.

## XIV

## THE AVENUE

In its northward course Fifth Avenue marks two imposing centres—one of trade, the other of fashion, and both architecturally enriched by the work of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. If the Plaza, with Bitter's "Fountain of Abundance," makes a pivot for the circlings of the gay world, the Public Library fits no less snugly into the heart of the busy shopping district, and seems most fortunately placed, both for looks and service.

Directly succeeding the granitic mass of the old Reservoir, it owes the spaciousness of its setting to the happy accident which reserved, from early days, the summit of Murray Hill as city property. Long before Fifth Avenue came into corporeal being, the land upon which Bryant Park and the Library are now situated was bought by the city for a potter's field. After 1842 the park was known as Reservoir Square, in honour of the first distributing reservoir of the Croton Aqueduct, the same whose overflow found vent in the sumptuous

fountain of Union Square. In the western part of the park the Crystal Palace, built upon the type of the famous Crystal Palace of London, to house our first world's fair, was opened in 1853. These were the "sights" of those days; the Reservoir marked the objective of northward walks, for from the height of its curious Egyptian walls an extensive view was obtainable.

The Crystal Palace burned up after five years' glorious extravagance, for the enterprise never paid, burying in its ruins the rich collection of the American Institute Fair. The Reservoir stood until 1900, when the civic corporation gathered into grand alliance the minor libraries of the town and the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations were combined to make the New York Public Library.

It was doubtless indirectly due to his intimacy with Washington Irving that John Jacob Astor founded the library which bears his name, incorporated in 1849, with Irving as first president. The building in Lafayette Place was for many years one of the literary landmarks of New York, and still stands, untenanted, opposite the rapidly disappearing Colonnade Row, and equally marked, no doubt, for speedy demolition.

Ten years before his death, in 1870, James

Lenox, one of America's greatest book collectors, gave to the city of his birth his books and his art treasures and a liberal endowment fund for the maintenance of the Lenox Library, now replaced by Mr. Frick's palatial residence. Both the Astor and the Lenox Libraries were for reference, merely, and it was not until the city received the munificent Tilden bequest, which more than doubled its endowment fund, and added materially to its collections, that provision was made for a circulation department, and the new corporation was established. The question of a site for the building was happily settled by the existence, in the heart of the city, of this large piece of city property, unencumbered save for the old, disused reservoir.

In a competition held in 1897 to decide upon the architect for the Library, the design of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, of New York, was chosen, and that firm awarded the commission for its erection. The building is monumental and imposing in the eighteenth century French style. Designed to face the Avenue, it sets well back from the street, within a dignified approach, and raised sufficiently, by means of its terrace and steps, to give it just the right note of reserve and distinction. The warm colour of the Vermont marble, taken

"ROMANCE." ONE OF SIX FIGURES ON THE ATTIC
OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
BY PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT (PAGE 289)

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS
ERECTING THE BARTLETT STATUES
TO THE ATTIC (PAGE 289)

together with the building's fine lateral expansion—the "seated" look, as James expressed it—and the interest added to an already agreeable façade by the spirited sculpture, in the French decorative style, there applied, express hospitality and give to this rather fascinating part of town a central point of interest and beauty. Against its stable bulk picturesque effects are possible; and the live, human quality that is New York's most appealing asset comes here into pleasing prominence.

The effective note in the building, emphasizing its Louis XVI feeling, is the treatment of the attic story, above the main entrance, where have recently been placed the six figures—History, Drama, Poetry, Religion, Romance, and Philosophy—by Paul Wayland Bartlett. Made in the sculptor's studio in the rue Commandeur, Paris, these figures have distinctly the French feeling, and lend colour and vivacity to the lines of the façade, where, because they present a departure from the accepted pseudo-classic type, current in the sculpture of our public buildings, they have excited controversy and proved quite a shock to the complacency of public taste. If they are a little strong for their place, on an unusually narrow plinth, any flattening of their surfaces, in the

traditional classic manner, would have destroyed the very element for which they were created—the colour and vivacity, the spirit and animation of an otherwise rather conventional front. But the public abhors change; all it asks is to rest in the security of accepted tradition—not to be made to think.

It will be remembered that when Carpeaux made his famous group, *La Danse,* for the Paris Opéra, it was so at variance with the habits of popular taste that even the architect disliked it, and ordered another group from a different sculptor, but Carpeaux' death, which occurred at this critical moment, caused a revulsion of popular feeling in favour of his work and the group was allowed to remain. It is now considered the great redeeming feature of the Opera House.

So Mr. Bartlett's figures were not accepted without some discussion. His first charming conception of Romance was refused on the same amazing charge as that made against MacMonnies' "Bacchante," rejected by the Boston Public Library—indecency. The original Romance is a figure of rare poetic beauty, a very flower of sculpture; had the architects had courage to place it, it would have made the enduring glory of the building. Even in its modified form, as it stands

on the attic story, the figure is especially free and delightful; rarely expressive in its youth and grace.

The extraordinary effect of high relief in these figures is the more remarkable when we know some of the difficulties which the problem presented. The plinth upon which they stand is but one foot wide. They are ten feet six inches in height by one foot six inches at their greatest depth. Some additional space was made for the draperies that blow against the wall behind them, by cutting into the face of that wall. Mr. Bartlett's original design showed, instead of the upright pairs of figures, groups conceived to give further variety to the façade. History and Philosophy were to have stood, as now at the ends, with Drama and Poetry, Religion and Romance linked together in two effective compositions; but this was too great a departure from tradition, and as they stand the six figures carry out the lines of the supporting columns under them.

The Library has been nearly twenty years under way. During that time, many important things have occurred, bearing directly upon its fortunes. The Art Commission was formed the year after the plans were accepted. Saint

Gaudens, who was to have directed the choice of sculptors and supervised the work, died ten years later. The original scheme divided the figures amongst as many sculptors as possible, and only the tact and courage of the architects spared us a repetition of the fiasco of the Appellate Court.

Three other sculptors are represented on the Library's main front: Mr. Potter, by the heroic lions that flank the entrance; Mr. Barnard, by the pediments in the ends; and Mr. MacMonnies, by the fountains at each side of the entrance. These last will represent the sculptor's latest work in a city where he is already prolifically and splendidly in evidence. The staff models, erected in place, recall the Trevi fountain in Rome, the figures—Truth and Beauty—being placed within niches in half reclining poses, while the water, flowing from beneath the pedestals, fills the basins in front.

The Library houses an important collection of paintings and prints. The paintings, maintained by the institution, but not increased, comprise the gifts of three donors: James Lenox, whose collection of about fifty paintings was presented, in 1877; the Robert L. Stuart collection of about 246 paintings, bequeathed by Mrs. Stuart, in

1892; and some of John Jacob Astor's pictures, presented by William Waldorf Astor, in 1896.

The Stuart Gallery is typical of the taste of collectors of its period, which dealt exclusively with foreign artists of salon fame, a few Barbison painters, and our own Hudson River men. The Lenox collection is more eclectic, containing, besides many fine eighteenth century portraits, a number of interesting examples of the American school that developed along those lines. There is a beautiful Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia, listening to the celestial choir. Apropos of this picture, Haydn is supposed to have gallantly suggested that the angels would have been better employed in listening to Mrs. Billington. Amongst the early American portraits are those of David Garrick, by Robert Edge Pine; Robert Lenox, by Trumbull; a charming unfinished head of Mrs. Robert Morris, by Gilbert Stuart; a portrait of Washington, by James Peale; a fine Copley, of Mrs. Robert Hooper; and two delightful portraits by Morse, one of Fitz-Greene Halleck and the original study for the portrait of Lafayette, in City Hall. With the Lenox pictures came also the original bust of Alexander Hamilton, by Ceracchi, the Roman sculptor, who visited this coun-

try after the close of the Revolution with the idea of interesting congress in a monument to Liberty, which he had designed for our special delectation, and his own aggrandizement.

Between the Library and the Plaza, Fifth Avenue reveals its most brilliant aspect, wears its most opulent effect. Though business has taken firm foothold in this more rarefied section, driving the ultrafashionable beyond Fifty-ninth Street, the shops, extending quite up to Central Park, vie with the clubs, residences, and churches in architectural interest. Many of the better class art dealers have established themselves here, and exhibitions flourish throughout the season. The buildings, erected by the firm of Carrère and Hastings, for Black, Starr, and Frost, and for Knoedler, are in excellent taste, and the Duveen house is highly ornamental to the street. The latter transports to Fifth Avenue a handsome bit of French architecture, the work of Monsieur René Sergent, of Paris, and Mr. Horace Trumbauer, of Philadelphia.

The Temple Emanu-El, considered a fine example of Moorish architecture, designed by Leopold Eidlitz, dates from 1868.

One of the many features of this part of the Avenue, and the most celebrated, is St. Patrick's

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, BY HERBERT ADAMS
BRYANT PARK (PAGE 292)

Cathedral, conceived in 1850, by Archbishop Hughes, of the diocese of New York, and erected during the nineteen succeeding years, after the designs of James Renwick, the architect of Grace Church and St. Bartholomew's. Renwick considered it his chief work; and the cathedral holds high rank as an example of the decorated, or geometric, style of Gothic architecture that prevailed in Europe in the thirteenth century, and of which the cathedrals at Rheims, Cologne, and Amiens are typical. It is built of marble with a base course of granite. Said to be the eleventh in size of the cathedrals of the world it has a capacity of 18,000 persons. The modern French and Roman windows, which, to the eye of the later criticism, impair the beauty of the simple interior, were considered something most desirable in their day, and their completion was hastened in order that they might be shown at the Centennial Exhibition, of 1876, where they were a feature much admired. One of them—the window erected to St. Patrick—has at least an antiquarian interest. It was given by the architect, and includes, in the lower section, a picture of Renwick presenting the plans of the cathedral to Cardinal McCloskey.

The rose window is said to be a fac-simile of

the rose window at Rheims, recently destroyed by German bombs; a *provenance* that may be the more securely claimed since the original has been immolated. As a matter of fact it, too, bears the stigma of the Centennial period, of which it is a characteristic example. The only windows of æsthetic interest in the church are the recent lights in the ambulatory, made by different firms in competition for the windows of the Lady Chapel, which is to be treated in the same rich manner.

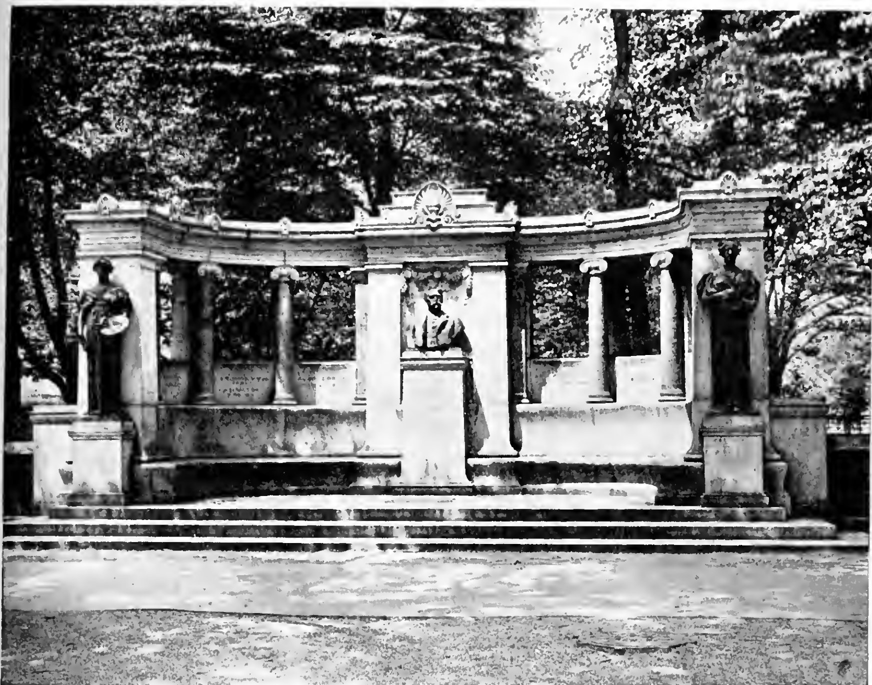
St. Thomas' Church, opposite, is one of the chief architectural ornaments of New York, recently rebuilt upon the site of the original, an imposing brown-stone structure of the early seventies, the design of Richard Upjohn, and famous for its decorations by La Farge and Saint Gaudens. The church, with its artistic contents, was destroyed by fire about ten years ago; and the present edifice represents the design of Ralph Adams Cram, carried out by his former partner, Bertram Goodhue. Built of white limestone, with certain effective splashes of dark that variegate and enliven it, the façade is very beautiful, though unfortunately squeezed by the adjoining business building, recently crowded in, replacing one of the Vanderbilt houses—for this part of the Avenue was the Vanderbilt stronghold.

The restricted lot is even more meretricious in its effect upon the interior, in which one feels the lack of expansion, and the inexpressiveness of the blind north wall. The exterior seems to promise something richer and warmer than this rather drab realization, with its insistent black-outlined stone facing, its Quaker-grey woodwork, and the geometric windows of the clerestory. The rose window and the tall lights of the sanctuary are, indeed, most lovely in design and depth of colour, and the reredos, when placed, will no doubt enhance the effect. The reredos will reproduce so far as is possible the Saint Gaudens reredos of the old church. Though it was totally destroyed by the fire, excellent photographs of it had been taken, and from these Lee Lawrie, an American sculptor, is reconstructing a similar panel.

The Gothic note is emphasized in this part of the Avenue by the adjacent Vanderbilt houses, of which the earlier, at the corner of Fifty-second Street, was inspired by a château in the Vosges, and represents, at his best, one of the builders of New York—Richard Morris Hunt—who, until superseded by his young colleague, Stanford White, was the architect most sought after by the cognoscenti of the city. Hunt made the

central part of the new Metropolitan Museum, and the Lenox Library; he built the twin Vanderbilt houses further down the Avenue. He was one of a talented family—his brother was the celebrated painter, William Morris Hunt. A man of excellent tradition, his work was highly esteemed in New York; and when he died, in 1895, the art societies of the city erected the monument to his memory, by Daniel Chester French, which stands at Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue, opposite Mr. Frick's house.

This Gothic château, transported to the heart of fashionable New York, has been shorn of the dignity of even a tiny setting by the widening of the Avenue, and seems to stand rather abruptly on the building line. Hunt carried out the Gothic spirit in the handsome doorway, really one of the most beautiful things on the Avenue. The little stone effigy of the architect, seated on the peak of the mansard, is a humorous and characteristic touch. The adjoining house, belonging to William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been made to correspond with Hunt's design, and the business buildings alongside make some attempt to carry out the spirit of the architecture and to connect with St. Thomas' on the next corner. Hunt, in his designs for the twin houses in brown



THE HUNT MEMORIAL, CENTRAL PARK EAST
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH (PAGE 298)

freestone, built, in 1882, by William H. Vanderbilt, for himself and his daughter, stipulated that the material should be white marble, then greatly in vogue; but Vanderbilt owned a quarry of brownstone and the native product was employed.

Arnold Bennett, with the easy decision of the casual visitor, picked the University Club as the building in New York that pleased him most; Henry James seemed to indicate a preference for the Metropolitan Club; while still a third critic, a celebrated French architect, told us that for purity of architecture New York held nothing comparable to the Harmony Club in Sixtieth Street.

Of the many fine examples of the work of Charles Follen McKim, the University Club, the Morgan Library, and the Library of Columbia University, stand out notably amongst the features of the city, and none perhaps exceeds in dignity and distinction the building officially erected by Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street.

The junior member of the firm had already given to the city a new proof of his equipment in the design and interior construction and embellishment of the Metropolitan Club, whose

calm surface protests against the heterologous inventions of the upper Avenue. But, fine as it unquestionably is, it seems to compare not at all in personality, nor in its outward expression of its ultimate purpose, to the mature product of White's accomplished partner. McKim's problem, too, presented unwonted difficulties. He had to construct a house consisting really of nine stories, necessitated by the requirements of the club, so as to conceal this fact and to present a graceful façade with proportions satisfactory to the fastidious eye. This has been done with extraordinary success, and no one sensitive to architectural charm can pass the University Club without taking off his hat to this achievement or pausing to congratulate the Avenue upon its most impressive feature.

The *Palazzo Farnese* seems to have furnished a theme for the building, which follows in the main the fifteenth century Florentine in architecture. Besides the handsome Renaissance doorway, the balconies, the coat of arms above the second main story of the Fifty-fourth Street front, the two façades are enriched in a fashion suggested by the source of inspiration. Between the small windows of the two mezzanine floors are sculptured in Knoxville marble the shields of the

various colleges represented in the club, carved in high relief. Beneath each is the Latin inscription conveying the appropriate mottoes. This form of shields, or coats of arms, with inscriptions beneath, were common in the decorative details of the Italian Renaissance, and are frequent in Italy, notably in the Court of the Bargello, in Florence.

The club's seal was designed by Kenyon Cox, and executed by George Brewster; and may be seen, carved in stone, on the main front high up above the entrance. It represents two Greek youths, their hands clasped in friendship. One holds a tablet, bearing the word "Patria," the other a torch symbolizing learning as well as eternity. The derivation is from the old Greek race in which the runner carried a burning torch until he fell exhausted, when he passed it to another, indicating the light of learning that scholars keep alive and transmit from generation to generation.

The same idea has been adapted by Charles E. Keck in his decorative panel above the fireplace of the central hall within. The figure of Athene introduced in the panel is altogether different from the statuette on the shield, but expresses the same thought.

The interior of the University Club is one of the marvels of New York, unpardonably inaccessible. For one month, January, 1900, its treasures were thrown open to a selected public, on certain days and during certain hours. Its hospitality was liberally appreciated and thousands visited the handsomely decorated rooms, which were further enriched and embellished by the hanging of rare and beautiful tapestries and draperies lent from the remarkable collections of Stanford White. Since that time the management has followed the stringency of the London clubs in reserving its features strictly for the enjoyment of members.

The club is chiefly famous for the decorations of the library by H. Siddons Mowbray. These decorations consist of seven large lunettes and thirty-four minor panels, besides sculpture and ornament, all executed by this artist. The general scheme of design and color, with its attendant richness, is founded on the architectural decorations of Pinturicchio in the library at Siena and in the Borgia Apartments at the Vatican. In thus choosing its type from among the greatest mural paintings of the world McKim was true to the faith of his firm. It was first intended to make a copy of the decoration of the Borgia

Apartments, but this idea, except for its richness and general plan, was gradually dropped as the work proceeded in Mr. Mowbray's studio in Rome, conditions rendering a copy impossible.

The magnificent rooms of the Borgia pope are moderate in size, separated by simple doorways, and not to be seen en suite; their walls are of light plaster, toned in patterns to imitate marble and varied stones, while those of the New York club are lined with woodwork, shelves, and books. There is, however, a general similarity of construction in the arches and lunettes of the ceiling of the library and those decorated by Pinturicchio.

It happened opportunely that the Borgia Apartments, long closed to the public, had been cleaned and restored and, in 1897, opened by Pope Leo XIII, so that during Mr. Mowbray's sojourn in Rome they were accessible for study. Not only the paintings, but the small figures in relief in the panels, and the final architectural mouldings were designed by the artist and, with the exception of the last, entirely executed by him. These mouldings were all done by hand, to avoid mechanical repetition, and were carved by native workmen under the painter's supervision, in his workshop in the Via Margutta.

Though frankly derived from Pinturicchio

much of the decoration is Mr. Mowbray's own. In four of the alcoves he has utilized as many of the master's designs, following with close fidelity the details of certain panels symbolizing Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, and Rhetoric in the Vatican. In addition to these lunettes there are panels in the ceiling illustrating mythological types and episodes wherein Pinturicchio again may be identified. But the large lunettes at the ends of the gallery, Romance, at the east, and History, at the west, are Mr. Mowbray's own, as are also the entire central bay, the panels in gold relief, the ornament of the arches, and most of the secondary paintings.

The religious element, an important feature of the Borgia decorations, is introduced in two demi-lunettes over the central white marble portal—the Old and the New Testament. The secondary panels in the arches and the ceiling, carrying out two of Pinturicchio's themes, are devoted to Greek mythology and the myth of Isis and Osiris; the four smaller rectangular panels over the central bay, to Literature, Art, Science, and Philosophy; the four medallion portraits over each of the compartments on each side of the central one are, on the east, of Dante, Tasso, Virgil, and Petrarch, and on the west, of Homer,

UNIVERSITY CLUB LIBRARY. CHARLES FOLLEN MCKIM, ARCHITECT
EAST END SHOWING DECORATIONS BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY (PAGE 304)

Socrates, Goethe, and Shakespeare. Two very narrow panels, heavy in relief and gold, which descend on the wall on each side of the central white portal, represent, in medieval fashion, the Illumination, and the Inscription, and on the opposite wall are the Papyrus and the Book. Throughout all of these decorations, so varied in theme and in composition, the text is clear, and the application of the decoration to the purpose of the place decorated has not once been forgotten.

## XV

## THE PLAZA

DRIVING one day down the Champs Elysées, my companion, a lady whose girlhood had been passed in the sumptuous days of the Third Empire, turned and said to me with conviction:— " L'automobile a beaucoup gâté Paris! " I think of it every time I pass through this section of Fifth Avenue, especially from a perch on the top of one of the popular busses. If the automobile has taken the charm from Paris, where there is left such infinite variety to offset that deterioration, how much more lamentably has New York suffered in the aspect of its one handsome show street! As one looks down upon it in the brilliant morning hours, when the butterflies are out in quest of plumage, what used to present a gay scene of prancing steeds, smart vehicles, elegant costumes, skilled drivers, and correct footmen, has now given place to a long, unbroken line of shiny black boxes, working their uneventful,

colourless way, like some vast convocation of hearses bound for the cemetery.

During the summer there has been of late a revival of the *fiacre,* in the form once accepted for park driving in the days when driving was a means of displaying beautiful clothes, and Central Park was something more than a short cut between formidable distances. This *fiacre,* or victoria, as it may be called, lends to the perverse state of leisure with which, sometimes, it is amusing to oppose the universal command to "step lively," which so regulates our habitual gait. It is quite worth the sensation to step into one of these antiquated vehicles, driven with some feeling for the moribund art, and to make the tour of the park, sympathetically, from the long approach up the Avenue, at the old-time pace.

That Fifth Avenue, at the Plaza, has reached its ultimate climax is a conviction that grows with study. Now that it has been practically abandoned to trade, we are to learn that there is nothing really chic beyond the gateway to the park. In its adventurous course from Washington Square, during more than three-quarters of a century, its centre of interest had but to move from stage to stage. Now nothing can be

done but to double on its tracks; unless it should be some day deemed possible to "treat" the park in some comprehensive architectural scheme that would make it subservient to a more monumental city of speculative conception.

Whether or not this is what we are grandly to come, in the course of human events, Karl Bitter's last work, the "Fountain of Abundance," as the culminating feature of the new "lay out" of the Plaza, marks the now supreme spot in the centre of fashionable and beautiful New York. A posthumous work, for which, however, the sculptor left ample data, the figure, finished by a compatriot, Isidore Konti, was quietly placed in May, 1916, about a year after the sculptor's untimely death. Bitter and Konti were fellow students in the Imperial Academy of Art in Vienna; they came to this country at about the same time,* and both did important work in connection with the sculpture at the Columbian Exposition, which brought Konti into prominence, while Bitter, who had already made the doors for Trinity Church, and been discovered by the architects, as we have seen, it gave an opportunity for bigger work in the decorative field so suited to his gifts and education.

* Bitter in 1889, Konti in 1892.

These two native Austrians, bred in the one school, under the one master, came together for the first time in Chicago during their work for the World's Fair, of 1893, and formed a friendship which endured for twenty-two years, and was only terminated by the fatal calamity, by which Bitter, while still in the prime of life, was suddenly killed. Unfinished in his studio, Bitter left the sketch model for the figure of Abundance, to top the Plaza fountain, designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. This, together with the architects' plans, was handed over to Mr. Konti, who, as he himself expresses it, rendered his interpretation of Bitter's creation, as a virtuoso interprets the composition of another musician. Abundance, as she stands, is entirely the execution of Mr. Konti, read from the small model left by her creator. The staff model, which Bitter had made merely to try the scale of the fountain in place, was not considered possible for permanency, though Mr. Konti advocated placing it, in its incomplete state, in order that his friend's last work should stand, unfinished but still in its entirety the product of his own brain and hand.

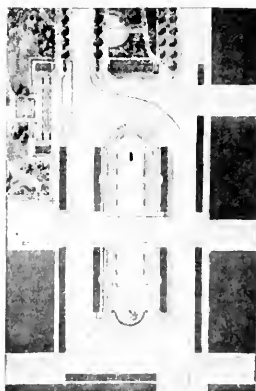
Whether this fine sentiment was really impracticable or not, one is not in a position to state, never having seen the staff model; but one

thing is certain—Bitter's creation lost nothing in Konti's interpretation; rather, one may suppose, by comparing it with other works of the deceased sculptor, it gained in a certain grace and charm, both in the action of the figure and in the beauty of the handling.

A most lovely figure it is, so rich, so Renaissance in feeling, so expressive, and so vital. It seems to epitomize the best in both sculptors, and to surpass the single creation of either. Sweetly ingratiating, this exotic presence, standing high above the generous, overflowing basin, strangely aloof from the conglomerate surroundings, which the architectural setting has done much, yet not enough, to mitigate, she bends graciously, appealingly, her arms swung to the left holding a panier filled with fruits, her drapery connecting, strengthening the composition. If Bartlett's Romance is the companion of the lyrics of the *Opéra Comique,* Abundance is of the world of Jean Goujon's Diana, yet, perhaps, more one of us in her human " sympatheticism."

She is best seen from the rear, as one comes up the Avenue, her strong, young body silhouetted against the sky; but she must be studied also from a position due north, where the details of the fountain itself become visible, with the fine

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. PLAZA (PAGE 314)



PLAN OF THE PLAZA
CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS
(PAGE 313)

contrasts of the dark bronze above the stone basin, over whose rounded edge sheets of water pass and are blown forcefully by the wind; and there she has something of a worthy background in the château of Cornelius Vanderbilt * relating to her ancestry.

This same " château " contains a rather precious chimney-piece supported by two caryatides, an early work of Augustus Saint Gaudens, of the epoch of the angel of the Morgan Monument, in Hartford, and the angel of St. Thomas' Church—both destroyed by fire—and of the *Amor Caritas,* preserved in the Luxembourg Museum. This winged figure, in Greek draperies, seems to have been a product of Saint Gaudens' student days in Paris, though as Taft points out she is " not related to those ample demoiselles who thrive and bloom so insistently upon the average French monument "—still the sculptor, animated by the Gallic feeling for visualizing the abstract spirit of an enterprise, introduces her floating above the march of the black regiment in the Shaw Memorial, and in another phase she is presented to the vision beyond the climax of the Avenue, in that splendid glittering group of General Sherman, led by Victory, at the entrance to the park.

* By George B. Post, architect.

In the Sherman equestrian group and the Lincoln at Chicago, finished towards the close of his life, Saint Gaudens reached the high-water mark of his genius. During Sherman's life the sculptor had modelled the bust, owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a literal record of the wrought and wrinkled face of the restless old general, very much as we see it again in the bronze group. The statue was made a number of years after the general's death, itself occupying a matter of six years, from the time when Saint Gaudens began the work, in Paris, to its final unveiling, on Decoration Day, 1903. With the Shaw Memorial and the *Amor Caritas,* the Sherman won for its author the highest award of the Paris Exposition of 1900. Though he had exhibited it, Saint Gaudens did not consider it finished and revised it critically and changed it before it was shown again, for the first time in this country, at the Pan-American Exposition, of Buffalo. Here it was more effective, than in the *Grand Palais,* where it stood one among many large sculptural works; and placed impressively, facing the Fine Arts Building, it contributed a vigorous note to the magnificent architectural scheme of the arrangement.

Placed at first casually at the edge of the park, it stood for more than the first decade of its life on the outskirts of the rather paradoxical, conglomerate apology for a square that marked our present "*Grand Place*"—still heterogeneous enough, but coming to something formal and elegant under the design of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings.*

As for its aspect ten years ago, we have Henry James' delicious word for it in his whole inimitable description of the park, the statue, and the square.† And since, while in the very act of seeing and even exaggerating the absurdity of the "mere narrow oblong" (the park) and the casual and inconsistent end to which things came at this curious terminus, where neighbourhoods still clash, where clanging trolley cars and rattling trucks, bound for the Queensborough Bridge,

* This design embraces the rearrangement of the Plaza and constitutes the Joseph Pulitzer Memorial. At the present writing one-half of the architects' plan has been carried out. When the subway tunnelling under the Avenue at this point is finished the design already executed will be duplicated on the other side of Fifty-ninth Street, and the Sherman statue moved to a spot corresponding to that occupied by the "Fountain of Abundance," so that the two works will balance each other in the completed arrangement. The driveway will sweep around behind the Sherman group, entering the park on a line with Sixtieth Street and the Hotel Plaza.

† "The American Scene." Henry James. P. 166.

weave a rough woof through fashion's purring motors, where saloons and newspaper stands and tobacco shops and chewing gum venders in Fifty-ninth Street, pursue unseemly commerce and back their mongrel shanties into the domain of elegance to the north and south of this persistent artery of civic vulgarity, he picks with discrimination the essence of the good in the statue, one must believe that even then it dominated the petty meanness of inadequate surroundings and held its own. Just as one has been trying to prove all along, without pushing the point, it demonstrates the enduring nobility of art, either in buildings or sculpture or whatever that cannot be downed, no matter how absorbing, how degraded even, the surroundings.

Referring to this "most jovial of all the sacrifices of preconsidered composition" our distinguished visitor wrote:—

"The best thing in the picture, obviously, is Saint Gaudens' great group, splendid in its golden elegance and doing more for the scene (by thus giving the beholder a point of such dignity for his orientation) than all its other elements together. Strange and seductive for any lover of the reasons of things this inordinate value, on the spot, of dauntless refinement of the Sherman

image; the comparative vulgarity of the environment drinking it up, on one side, like an insatiable sponge, and yet failing at the same time sensibly to impair its virtue. The refinement prevails and, as it were, succeeds; holds its own in the medley of accidents, where nothing else is refined unless it be the amplitude of the 'quiet' note in the front of the Metropolitan Club; amuses itself, in short, with being as extravagantly 'intellectual' as it likes. Why, therefore, given the surrounding medium, does it so triumphantly impose itself, and impose itself not insidiously and gradually, but immediately and with force? Why does it not pay the penalty of expressing an idea and being founded on one?—such scant impunity seeming usually to be enjoyed among us, at this hour, by any artistic intention of the finer strain? But I put these questions only to give them up—for what I feel beyond anything else is that Mr. Saint Gaudens somehow takes care of himself."

Take care of himself he capably does in the highest technical sense, in the immense measured value of handsomeness which the group presents on all sides; the sense of invincible oncoming in the stride of the maiden, the step of the lean charger, the inflation of the military draperies of the commander, the upright palm branch, and

the uplifted hand of the herald with her rich embellishment of golden wings, all lending to an erectness of posture in the component parts of the statue whereby we feel the contributing value of long lines to the freedom of strong victorious advance.

Yet great as is the decorative weight of this monument, more than equestrian by reason of the winged figure that comes before the commander and whose grace and sweeping force give special character and intention to the approach of the horseman, there is always a haunting reservation in one's acceptance of the ensemble. Is there not a weakness in the necessity for an *embodied* Victory? Does not the too actual presence of this rather typical American girl, taking, as it were, the glory of the charge, that should all be present in the forward movement of the conquering hero himself, dock the doughty old general of his proudest plume?

Taft saw her as a "spirit presence," a "personification of a force" rather than as an individual, the embodiment of a poetic inspiration permeating the whole brilliant scheme.* Obviously that was what Saint Gaudens wished to convey; and Taft, with the generosity of a

* "History of American Sculpture." Lorado Taft.

brother sculptor, reads into the expression the full revelation that the author sought. But there is a lack of correlation between the poetic idea and the general's face, which is the literal, unsculpturesque countenance of the Pennsylvania Academy's bust. The face does not reach to the heights of the ideality of the Victory, which calls for something more than literal portraiture. There is nothing exalted in the general's expression: he looks, indeed, baffled; a little cheated of his right to a personal triumph as the victor; a little foolish and uncomfortably conscious of this goddess intrusion. From every point of view she fits the composition marvellously, she lends variety and vivacity to the statue; but in so doing she obscures the central idea, her presence is confusing and ambiguous, she tells too much, and she detracts from Sherman's triumphal entry —she takes the wind out of his sails.

# XVI

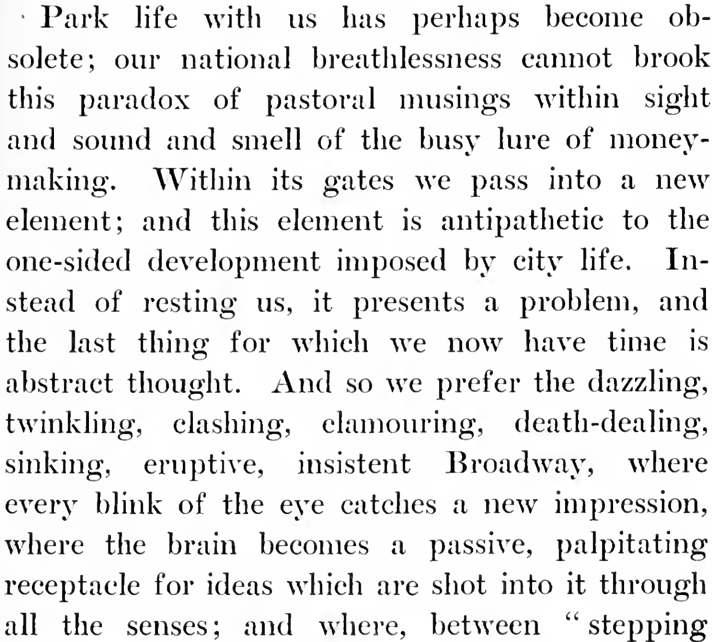
## CENTRAL PARK EAST

### Yorkville

The "mere narrow oblong" offers itself, in the capacity most noted in these days of preferred gregariousness, chiefly as an obstacle to traffic, a handicap that must be reckoned with in one's hectic cross-town dash in the upper regions with which we are now to deal. The intimacy with which the Common and the Public Gardens are interwoven with the daily lives of all good Bostonians; the inviting charm whereby the Luxembourg Garden becomes *the* contributory factor to the quarter touching upon it; the graceful interlude in the traversings of countless footsteps yielded by the Tuileries form no part of the exhalation of Central Park. Even for solitary ramblings, such as are deliciously possible through the green pastures of Kensington Gardens, down the gentle decline to the real smartness of Hyde

Park Corner, the atmosphere is wanting in our factitious substitute.

Mistrustful of the quality of its hospitality, questioning perhaps its right to wasteful holding, for the mere benefits of light and air, a tract of such inordinate value, as values go in our restricted acreage, the park presents an extraordinary effect of self-restraint, of lack of confidence, of having, with all the pretty artifices and artful dodges by which its small area is exaggerated, outlived its time.



Park life with us has perhaps become obsolete; our national breathlessness cannot brook this paradox of pastoral musings within sight and sound and smell of the busy lure of money-making. Within its gates we pass into a new element; and this element is antipathetic to the one-sided development imposed by city life. Instead of resting us, it presents a problem, and the last thing for which we now have time is abstract thought. And so we prefer the dazzling, twinkling, clashing, clamouring, death-dealing, sinking, eruptive, insistent Broadway, where every blink of the eye catches a new impression, where the brain becomes a passive, palpitating receptacle for ideas which are shot into it through all the senses; and where, between "stepping

lively" and "watching your step," a feat of contradictoriness only equalled in its exaction by the absorbing exercise of slapping with one hand and rubbing with the other, independent thought becomes an extinct function.

Not only does Central Park offer resistance to ready communication between the city's component parts, it demonstrates the breach, or yawning gulf, that separates several incompatible neighbourhoods of the island town. The trolley cars that rule off its southern boundary cut connections sharply and definitely between upper and lower Fifth Avenue. Beyond their parallel business may not pass. Till now the cold externality of Millionaires' Row, except for a few exclusive clubs and apartment houses—the latter gaining rapidly—has been secure against invasion, the last residential stronghold of exorbitant wealth.

Even before Central Park was laid out Fifty-ninth Street was the dividing line between the most desirable sections of New York and the most promiscuous. Below was the centre of fashion and elegance; above, along the country road, now called Fifth Avenue, and throughout the unsightly waste land later taken for the park, lay the habitat of "squatters," the un-

fortunate offscourings of our new civilization. Their encampment, reaching almost to Mount Morris Park, numbered over five thousand squalid and dreadful victims of poverty, who lived by cinder-sifting, rag-picking, and bone-boiling, in a state of abject misery. Relics of this curious colony remained until as recently as 1880, when the construction of the elevated roads and the running of surface cars made the section west of Central Park more accessible, and building operations drove out this tribe of unfortunates. This was doubtless the source of the armies of pigs, of which Dickens wrote ironically in his impressions of New York; and the Harlem goats and chickens and shanties were visible long after the opening of the elevated road; while many old prints of New York dwell upon this picturesque aspect of the suburbs.

Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street remained undeveloped for years. Prints of about the year 1860 show the pond of the New York Skating Club at this street just east of the Avenue, and photographs of more recent date preserve the amazing record of the block of small frame dwellings which antedated the first luxurious apartment house at Eighty-first Street, and the squatters' settlement, dislodged by Andrew

Carnegie's mansion, at Ninetieth Street. Until late in the nineties residences were scattered, with many vacant lots and mean buildings intervening, and there are still strange lapses in grandeur, most notable of all the peanut stand opposite the Metropolitan Museum, with its roughly fenced "back yard," abandoned to all the indignities of such weed-grown enclosures belonging to nobody in particular.

The farms of the upper island extended through this region, only recently become valuable. One of the notable cases, whose simple descent is readily traced, is the site of the Frick house, which, replacing the Lenox Library, occupies part of the original farm of Robert Lenox, one of the early financiers of New York. This farm, extending from Sixty-eighth to Seventy-third Streets and from Fifth to Madison Avenues, was bought prior to 1829, by Robert Lenox, who had faith in its ultimate appreciation. The property for which he paid $40,000 is now estimated at over $9,000,000. The farm, comprising about thirty acres, descended to his son James, who erected thereon the famous Lenox Library, opened in 1877 as the first improvement of this character to the Avenue; for it antedated by several years the coming of the Metropolitan

Museum that was to give to this district its æsthetic stamp. Mr. Frick's house then is the direct successor of the original building, designed by Richard M. Hunt, whose memorial was fittingly placed opposite on the edge of the park.

The ample lot provided an ideal location for the Frick house and gallery, designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, with special reference to its artistic intention. The gallery is the low wing at the upper corner. Built of white marble, its simple elegance is relieved by four lunettes in sculpture, done by Sherry Fry, Philip Martiny, Charles Keck, and Attilio Piccirilli.

When the cautious commissioners, Gouverneur Morris, Simeon de Witt, and John Rutherford, after four years' prodigious effort, produced the "gridiron" plan, which the city has been condemned to follow since the fruition of these master minds in 1811, no allowance was made for a city park. There is a curious and fatal consistency in the growth of New York from earliest times. One might have supposed that the appointment of a commission of this character would have resulted most beneficently for the development of the city. Gouverneur Morris was one of the most interesting characters of the

Revolutionary era; living abroad for many years, as he did, he must have noted the importance of plan in the beauty of foreign cities, a fact which Washington felt instinctively and impressed upon the character of the national capital. His opportunities for cultivation were extraordinary, and we know that his own house, Morrisania in the Bronx, profited largely by the knowledge of architecture and interior decoration which he had imbibed during his long residence in France. Yet he was one of those three who rejected "fanciful forms" that, while embellishing a plan, they felt would interfere with the erection of straight-sided and right-angled houses that for a practical city seemed to them most desirable.

"It may be a matter of surprise," they said in their report, "that so few vacant spaces have been left, and those so small, for the benefit of fresh air and consequent preservation of health. . . . Had New York been situated near little streams like the Seine or the Thames," was their reasoning, "a great number of ample spaces might have been necessary, but Manhattan, being embraced by large arms of the sea, neither from the point of view of health nor pleasure was such a plan necessary. . . . To some," they remarked, "it may be a matter of surprise that the whole

INTERIOR METROPOLITAN MUSEUM (PAGE 331)

HEAD OF BALZAC, BY RODIN
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

island has not been laid out as a city. To others it may be a subject of merriment that the commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected at any spot this side of China. They have, in this respect, been governed by the shape of the ground. It is not improbable that considerable numbers may be collected at Harlem before the high hills to the southward of it shall be built upon as a city; it is improbable that for centuries to come the grounds north of Harlem Flat will be covered with houses. . . . To have gone further," they added, "might have furnished materials to the pernicious spirit of speculation."

This was little over a century ago! Even when, in 1856, the city purchased the eight or nine hundred acres now included in Central Park, for a public recreation ground, the six millions spent upon it was considered a mad extravagance. Central Park was opened about 1859. Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux were the landscape architects, and their work was considered wonderful in its day.

Immediately upon the completion of the park a new civic consciousness awoke in the people, and within ten years the Metropolitan Museum began to be talked of. In 1871 the State Legis-

lature passed a bill appropriating the sum of half a million of dollars to erect a suitable building in the park. The idea of locating an art museum in Central Park originated with Andrew H. Green, the father of the park, and the museum now stands on the spot selected by him for the purpose. But the actual housing of the museum there, in a building erected and owned by the city, and the lease defining the relation between the museum and the city, does credit to the far-sighted policy of the public officials, who at this time represented the city, and who curiously enough were none other than the notorious politicians, William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeny.

Meanwhile the museum had been organized by a little band of public-spirited men, in 1870, and was sustained by their private purses. The initiative had come from the art committee of the Union League Club and the officers of the meeting called on November 23, 1869, to consider the founding of the museum represented the intellectual and artistic leadership of New York. Among the founders were William Cullen Bryant, president of the Century Association; Daniel Huntington, president of the National Academy of Design; Richard M. Hunt, presi-

dent of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects; Dr. Barnard, president of Columbia College; and Dr. Henry W. Bellows, foremost among New York's public-spirited clergymen. The city government was represented by the presence of Andrew H. Green, comptroller of Central Park, and Henry G. Stebbins, president of the Central Park Commission. The Committee of Fifty, into whose hands the project was committed by this meeting, added to this earlier body the foremost business men of the period.

The committee set out to found a museum that should contain complete collections of objects illustrative of the history of "all the arts, whether industrial, educational, or recreative, which can give value to such an institution." They set themselves what seems, in the light of later developments, a modest goal, aiming to raise by personal subscription the sum of $250,000—about two-thirds of the present annual administrative expenses. But their utmost efforts succeeded in raising, during the first year, less than half that sum. With such small financial beginnings the growth of the museum in less than fifty years seems almost incredible; for besides its extensive building and its priceless collections, its

endowment fund for purchase now exceeds $10,000,000.

The history of the museum divides itself into three periods: the first, during which it had to depend upon voluntary service in its management, ended in 1879, when General di Cesnola was elected as its first salaried director; the second period ended with his death, in 1904; and the third began with the election of J. Pierpont Morgan as president, which opened to the museum vastly larger resources than it had known up to this time.

During the first epoch the museum had no permanent abiding place. Its first exhibition was installed in the Dodworth Building, 681 Fifth Avenue, a private residence that had been altered for Allen Dodworth's Dancing Academy, and exceptionally well constructed for the purpose. "A skylight let into the ceiling of the large hall where the poetry of motion had been taught to so many of the young men and maidens of New York," wrote a contemporary reviewer, "converted it into a picture gallery." The Cooper Union had given storage to the nucleus of the museum's collections, which consisted of one hundred and seventy-five paintings, principally Dutch and Flemish, but including representative

works of the Italian, French, English, and Spanish schools, secured for the new organization by William T. Blodgett, assisted by the museum's first president, John Taylor Johnson. Owing to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War Mr. Blodgett had been able to secure, on most advantageous terms, two collections; one belonging to a well-known citizen of Brussels, and the other to a distinguished collector of Paris. Mr. Blodgett acted on his own initiative and purchased the collections at his own risk, exempting the trustees of the museum from any obligation to take the pictures should they not approve the purchase. Mr. Johnson immediately assumed half the responsibility of the purchase, which was, however, ratified by the trustees, and became the property of the museum, in 1871.

In 1873 the headquarters of the museum were moved to the Douglas Cruger mansion, 128 West Fourteenth Street, interest in the movement being stimulated by the display of a part of the Cesnola Collection of more than ten thousand objects extracted from Phoenician, Greek, Assyrian, and Egyptian tombs by General di Cesnola during his six years' residence, as United States consul, at Cyprus.

After ten years' nomadic existence the original

red building, still standing as the nucleus of the present pile on the Avenue, bordering Central Park, was opened with impressive ceremonies, by Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, in 1880. The occasion was rendered the more brilliant by the placing, for the first time, of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Collection of paintings, one of the earliest bequests to the galleries.

The architecture of the original building was never considered a feature of the museum, in which every consideration was sacrificed to internal convenience. The committee of architects appointed to superintend the design included Russell Sturgis, Richard Morris Hunt, and James Renwick; the chief architect of the building was Calvert Vaux, the landscape architect, who with Olmsted had laid out Central Park, and either singly or with some associate planned Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Riverside, and Morningside Parks. Jacob Wrey Mould's name appears on the working drawings, and the English architect of All Souls' Church was no doubt the chief designer of those plans which the museum officials found far "too magnificent and elaborate," though he is little credited in the official reports of the building.

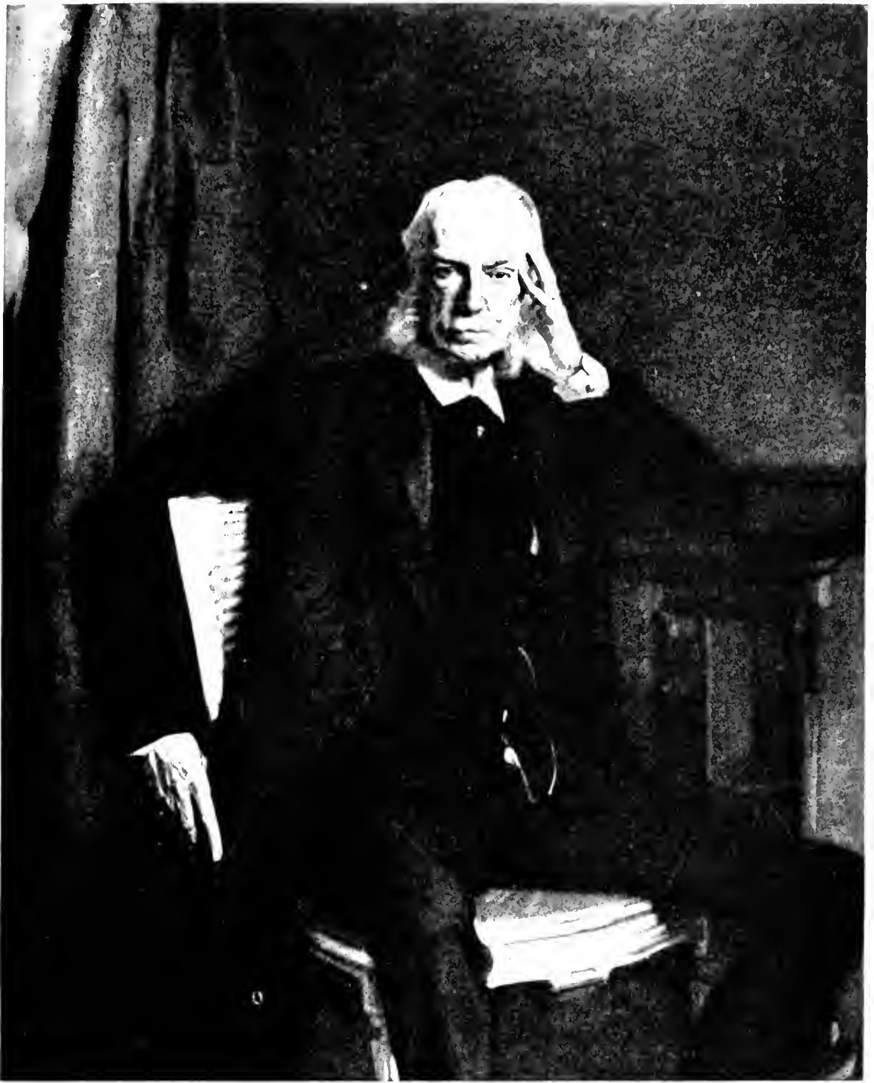
The museum, once established, grew rapidly and the first building was soon found inadequate to house the increasing collections. In 1894, one year before his death, Richard Morris Hunt designed plans for the new building that was to surround the first structure on all sides; and in 1902 the central portion of the east front was completed, by Mr. Hunt's son, Richard Howland Hunt, George B. Post acting as consulting architect. This portion of the building departed from the original red brick of Mould's design, and was built of Indiana limestone, its façade enriched by medallions and caryatides designed and executed by Karl Bitter. The medallions bear the heads of certain old masters selected by the building committee—Bramante, Dürer, Michelangelo, Raphael, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, while the caryatides represent Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, and Music.

For all the new wings, added during the last period of the museum's growth, McKim, Mead, and White were appointed architects, and these are being carried out. Carrère and Hastings too have had their part in the construction of the museum, having designed the interior of the East Wing for the installation of the Bishop Collection of Jade. The room reproduces, in substance, Mr.

Bishop's ballroom, in which, previous to its transference to the museum, the extensive collection of jade was displayed.

The scope of the museum is comprehensive, ranging from the earliest beginnings to the latest word in foreign or native work. There is no vagueness in the display of the collections, which give not merely illustrations, but are broadly outlined in the synthetic method, the gaps constantly filled. Henry Gurdon Marquand's constant gifts to the museum during the thirteen years of his presidency included many practical details, such as the collection of sculptural casts, Renaissance metal work, porcelain, and manuscripts; but most important of all was the presentation of his collection of thirty-five paintings, among which are some of the best known and most esteemed treasures of the institution, including Van Dyck's "James Stuart," Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man," and Vermeer's "Young Woman at a Casement."

J. Pierpont Morgan's princely giving to the museum, of which he was president from 1904 until his death, covered many fields, of which the most important was his gift of the Georges Hoentschel Collection of objects of French decorative art of the eighteenth century, unmatched in any



PORTRAIT OF HENRY G. MARQUAND, BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM (PAGE 332)

public museum, and providing a large and valuable nucleus for the collection of European decorative arts. The disappointment of the withdrawal of the greater part of his loans to the museum, after his death, was handsomely atoned for by his son's gift of the *clou* of the collection of paintings, Raphael's "Colonna Madonna," which had for years been one of the chief ornaments of the National Gallery. Fortunately the famous Fragonard panels, lent to the museum by Mr. Morgan, were bought by Henry C. Frick, and installed in his Fifth Avenue house, in a room designed to contain them, so that they are not lost to New York.

The recent accession of the Altman Collection of old masters, porcelains, etc., places the museum upon a footing with the galleries of Europe in the schools represented. The Rodin Collection is a feature of the modern department of sculpture; the George A. Hearn Collection has its important place in the development of American painting, with particular reference to the contemporary school; while the department of early American portraiture is rich and important.

The rocking, swaying Fifty-ninth Street crosstown car, in its shuttle-like passage east and west, skirts the boundaries of the erstwhile villages of

Yorkville and Bloomingdale, and marks a line of recession, a snapping of all sympathy and interest between adjacent sections, intensely characteristic of New York, where the early settlements, absorbed and incorporated in the growth of the city, maintain throughout the island a marked individuality. This individuality, perhaps it should be said, expresses itself not so much in externals—though that too—as in the psychological attitude.

Sixty years ago there were but two main thoroughfares in the upper part of the island—the Boston Post Road on the east side and the Bloomingdale Road on the west. There was no traffic on the Avenue save the drovers who followed the old dirt road on their way to the Bowery market. From the Boston Post Road, long lanes led to the residences of gentlemen, who had country seats on the East River; and similar lanes led from the old Bloomingdale Road to the estates on the Hudson.

Of these old houses at least two remain, in excellent preservation, to tell the tale of former style—Claremont in Bloomingdale and "Smith's Folly," or the Jeremiah Towle house, in Yorkville, near the end of the Queensborough Bridge. Bloomingdale may have been beautiful in the

correct suburban fashion, on the high banks of the noble Hudson; but Yorkville had mystery and interest of a richer flavour, commanding the passageway to the Sound, bordering on the turbulent waters of Hell Gate, and overlooking the islands in the East River.

The boundaries of Yorkville have been variously described. From all accounts the nucleus of the village seems to have lain along the old Post Road between Eighty-third and Eighty-ninth Streets; while its expansions included the district east of Fifth Avenue to the river from Fifty-ninth to One Hundredth Street. The nomenclature of the features of the East River shore is romantic and suggestive. Kip's Bay indented the eastern bank of the river at about the location of the present ferry slips at Thirty-fourth Street; it was here that the British landed, when they took possession of the city, on September 15, 1776, while the quick-witted wife of the owner of Incleberg prepared a feast for their detention. Until 1851 the old farmhouse of Jacob Kip, who gave his name to the bay, stood on Second Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street.

During two wars with England fortifications occupied the vicinity of the rocky cove on the eastern edge of the Duffore Farm, near Forty-

fifth Street, known as Turtle Bay. Its high, precipitous banks made it a safe harbour for small craft, and the British established here a magazine of military stores during the troublous times preceding the outbreak of the Revolution. This was raided by a chosen band of the Sons of Liberty, led by John Lamb and Marinus Willett.

Horace Greeley's country home looked out over Turtle Bay, a rambling frame structure, buried in shrubbery and shaded by fruit trees, and only accessible by a long lane turning in from the Boston Road, down which rattled the hourly stage to the city. Time has removed this interesting landmark, together with the historic Beekman house, which stood for more than a hundred years, overlooking Turtle Bay, west of Avenue A, near Fifty-first Street. James Beekman built the house in 1763; it was a plain but massive structure, with two stories and a basement, and its gardens extended to the Post Road. Clinton and Carleton occupied it as headquarters during the Revolution, in which it figured prominently, as the scene of the condemnation of Nathan Hale; and beneath its roof André passed his last night in New York before setting out for West Point upon the errand which cost him his life.

We have in the journal of Madame Riedesel,

wife of the Hessian general who surrendered at Saratoga, a description of the Beekman house, which she occupied in 1780. "The spacious rooms," she says, "were adorned with black marble mantels bearing elaborate carvings of scroll and foliage. The fireplaces were ornamented with Dutch tiles, representing Scriptural subjects." Amongst the quaint relics of the New York Historical Society is the drawing-room mantel, with some of the Dutch Scripture tiles, saved from the old Beekman house, torn down in 1874.

The site of the estate still retains a certain curious character. A steep incline leads up the hill, and Beekman Place preserves the historic name and commands an extensive view of the East River from a high bluff, for the river shore is bold and rocky, and the current too swift to admit of docks.

The old Shot Tower, near the ferry to Blackwell's Island, keeps vigil over a disordered board-yard, concealing every trace of the cultivated grounds which surrounded the "Spring Valley Farmhouse," built about two hundred years ago, and, until recently demolished, known as the oldest building on Manhattan. A perfect specimen of Dutch architecture of two centuries ago

the house was built by David Duffore, or *de Voor,* to whom the Spring Valley farm was granted by Governor Andros, in 1677. After the Revolution it bore the names of Odell and Arden, and later became the Brevoort estate. The curious brick tower near the ferry slip looked down, in its day, upon the sleek property of the Dutch settler. Erected in 1821, it replaced a tower of Revolutionary days, and was used during the Civil War. De Voor's Mill Stream, or Saw Mill Creek, ran from the high ground of upper Central Park, and was crossed at Seventy-seventh and Fifty-second Streets by two "Kissing Bridges."

In close proximity to one of the detested gas tanks of modern city architecture, near the terminal of the picturesque Queensborough Bridge, on an eminence from which the streets have been levelled at any cost to surrounding property, stands a quaint house with two wings and a receding entrance between them. Rough, heavy stones indicate ancient masonry, and the quiet pastoral air of retirement presents as pretty a paradox as you will find in rambles about New York. Still strangely occupied as a residence, the house has served in various capacities since more than a century and a quarter ago it was

erected as a stable to the manor house of Peter Pra Van Sant, who owned the farm, extending from the old Post Road to the river.

Accounts of this interesting relic differ, some say that in 1795 the whole Van Sant property passed to Colonel William Smith, the son-in-law of President Adams, a soldier of Revolutionary fame—adjutant general under Lafayette, aide-de-camp to Washington; and, after the close of the war, secretary of the legation to England, where he met and married Abigail, the accomplished daughter of John Adams, then minister to Great Britain. Others say that Smith built the house in 1799 as a present to his bride, sparing no expense in the construction and appointments, but that before it was well finished Smith failed in business, and this gave to the house the name "Smith's Folly." At all events the property passed to Monmouth C. Hart when Smith was obliged to sell, and Hart completed it and opened it as a road-house, in which capacity it served until 1830. It was readily accessible by means of one of the long lanes turning in from the Boston Post Road, and formed an important stopping place for travellers in the early days. Its character is picturesque, and Jeremiah Towle, who frequented it in its tavern days, was so

pleased with its unusual features that when it came upon the market, on the death of Hart, in 1834, he bought the house for his residence. It was occupied by his family as late as 1906.

The old Schermerhorn farmhouse, until 1914 a landmark of this region, dated back to colonial days. It was built in 1847 by Symon Schermerhorn, one of the old Dutch family of that name settled in Albany. Standing on a bluff, overlooking the East River, on land now included in the grounds of the Rockefeller Institute, the old house bordered Jones' Wood, the ninety-acre farm of Samuel Provoost, the first bishop of New York and president of Columbia College. The bishop had a cousin, David Provoost, a Revolutionary soldier with a rare talent for smuggling which won him the nickname of "Ready Money Provoost." He used to hide his booty in "Smugglers' Cave" on the shore of the bishop's farm, or in a cave at Hallett's Point, Astoria.

There was an old house at Horn's Hook, belonging to Mrs. Provoost, taken by Archibald Gracie, who built on the site the so-called "Gracie House," now included in the East River Park. This house in its day saw interesting life and extended princely hospitality, for its owner was a merchant and shipowner of

wealth and had excellent connections in this country; his son married the daughter of Oliver Wolcott. Josiah Quincy describes a dinner which he attended in the Gracie House in 1805. Washington Irving was a frequent visitor, and the exiled king of France, Louis Philippe, is said to have been entertained here.

Before the rocky bottom of the river was blown up at the point where the Harlem and East River tides collide in their rapid action, the waters of Hell Gate were a formidable feature of the navigation at this point. The Gracie House overlooked this prospect, and Quincy speaks of the shores of Long Island as full of cultivated lands and elegant country seats. John Jacob Astor's villa adjoined the Gracie estate, and Washington Irving describes this delightful retreat, "opposite Hell Gate," where he retouched and perfected his "Astoria," written at Astor's request.

The spectacular entrance of the Queensborough Bridge, uniting New York with Ravenswood, in the borough of Queens, has made terrific changes in this once peaceful locality. One of the most cruel is the partial destruction of that charming realization of *Pomander's Walk,* the Riverview Terrace, a row of dwellings built directly on the top of the rocks facing the river, and cut off from

all contamination by gates at each end, guarded by a private watchman. Perhaps I feel towards this pretty block with especial tenderness, from personal associations, for a certain house in the terrace, held by an early schoolmate of my father, figures in my earliest and latest recollections of New York. This charming old gentleman has been one of the stoutest defenders of his rights against the invasion of the enterprises connected with the construction and maintenance of the bridge, which has taken to itself half of the houses. The bridge has brought many annoyances but contributes an amazing note to an already exhilarating view of the river, the island, and the passing craft.

## XVII

## CENTRAL PARK WEST

### Bloemendaal

Broadway in its pushing American way has gobbled up all the pretty highways of the ancient town and outlying villages which it overtook in its reach for the far north. Its ambition was not satisfied until it made good Lafayette's facetious question concerning its ultimate destination—" Do you expect," asked he, when shown the plans for continuing the main thoroughfare of the city beyond Madison Square, " that Broadway will reach to Albany?"

In its steady march towards the accomplishment of that feat, the original *Heere Straat* was early lost in the *Breedeweg* of the Dutch settlers, while in later years the Kingsbridge Road, designating the old Post Road to Albany, has disappeared from the modern map in company with Bloomingdale Road, which it joined at One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street, continuing along the western route of the island. Broadway supplants all

of these—appropriates the ready-made pieces and links them together—and by that summary process becomes—vain boast—" the longest modern street in the world."

*Bloemendaal,* which bestowed its charmingly suggestive name—the vale of flowers—borrowed from a beautiful village near old Haarlem, upon the roadway that traversed its tract of fine estates, extended vaguely in Dutch days from the outskirts of the *Bossen Bouwerie* to Claremont, and contained a number of stately mansions, of which scarce one stands to-day. I remember with what vigour of impression a very old lady of my acquaintance, not so many years ago, described her sensations on discovering that an apartment house in which she was living, on the west side of the park, was built on the very site of her father's estate in Bloomingdale, a rich farm that extended to the river. Here she had spent a happy youth in the days when Spring Street bounded the northern limit of the actual city; and here, by the caprice of fortune, she was condemned to pass a colourful old age, " boxed up," as it were, on her own father's territory, now strangely perverted to the modern idea of living, " as they call it," for living to her had meant, in this same locality, a vastly richer, more expansive state.

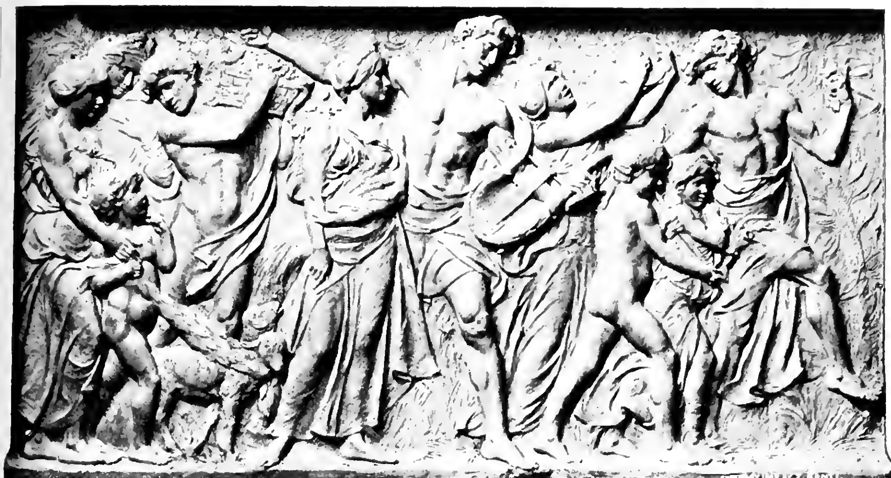
The picturesque Bloomingdale Road was opened in 1703, extending from Madison Square to One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, and following in a large measure the line of present Broadway. Included in the district covered were the small hamlets of Harsenville and Striker's Bay, while the village of Bloomingdale proper centred about One Hundredth Street. Up to the outbreak of the Civil War each of these hamlets had a semblance of village life, of which vestiges remained, indeed, until all local personality was swallowed up in the "improvements" following in the wake of the elevated road, whose immense effect was to annihilate distance and to destroy independence in these former centres by making all look easily and profitably to New York's city market, as the logical source of interest and supply.

The peculiar conflict of incompatible neighbourhoods that occurs at Columbus Circle finds its most agreeable outlet in the three smart blocks, known as "Central Park South," that contain some of the oldest and most comfortable of New York's apartment houses, as well as the most modern and exotic of studio buildings. "The Gainsborough," built by a syndicate of artists, is readily distinguishable for its interesting front, built largely of glass, to afford light for the painters,

but allowing also generous space for the handsome Mercer tiles, of which the ornamental upper façade is constructed. These tiles are the unique product of Henry C. Mercer, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, who, having established himself in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, has devoted a lifetime of study and research to rediscovering the process of pottery and tile-making, which the industrious German settlers had imported and practised over a century ago.

The great charm of the building rests, however, upon the "Festival Procession," a joyous frieze in four parts, extending across the front, and which, including the bust of Gainsborough over the entrance, is the work of Isidore Konti.

The much discussed monument to "the valiant seamen who perished in the Maine" occupies an important setting at the Merchants' Gate to Central Park, just off Columbus Circle, and represents the combined invention of H. Van Buren Magonigle, architect, and Attilio Piccirilli, sculptor. Comparatively unknown to the outside world, every sculptor values the exquisite workmanship of the "Piccirilli Brothers," from whose studio and workshop in the Bronx has issued many a masterpiece of marble carving. There are six brothers, all of whom learned the trade carried



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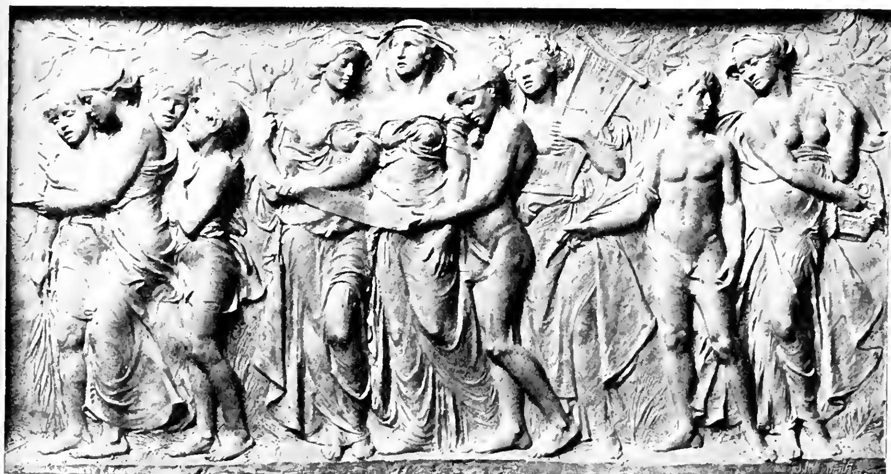
DETAIL OF FRIEZE, GAINSBOROUGH BUILDING
ISIDORE KONTI, SCULPTOR



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DETAIL OF FRIEZE, GAINSBOROUGH BUILDING
ISIDORE KONTI, SCULPTOR (PAGE 346)

by them to such high perfection; while Attilio and Furio went further and became accomplished sculptors themselves. In the Maine Monument, therefore, as well as the Firemen's Memorial on the Riverside Drive, one sees the creation of Attilio Piccirilli, carried out by the brothers in their most accomplished style.

Civic indifference towards sculpture reached a sort of climax with the unveiling of the Maine Monument and the more than usually stupid snap-shot criticisms of the press roused a storm of protest from the sculptors of the country, demanding intelligent criticism as the first step towards advancement in every phase of public betterment. The Maine Monument suffered more than most from a perverse misconception of its intention, from certain railing criticisms and heedless witticisms of the fun-loving paragraphers, who do so much to shape public opinion.

Piccirilli and Magonigle won the contest for the monument over forty-six competitors, and for the sculptor, at least, the work became a labour of love, for he spent over twelve years in toiling at his task, in creating from the marble these sympathetically chiselled figures, among which are some —notably the reclining representations of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—that stand amongst

the best sculpture that the city offers. The criticism has been made, with some justice, that the architectural mass is too great and the crowning note inadequate, but sculptors have rallied to the defence of Piccirilli, and claimed for him the consideration deserved for his "high-minded consecration, and skill in the handling of marble, heretofore unknown in this country."

Promenades in the arid region west of Columbus Circle, made formidable and forbidding by the heavy obtrusion of the elevated road, which, making its way through narrow streets, so darkens and threatens the passage practically condemned to its use, lead the persevering pedestrian to a strange and gloomy church, whose immense importance and interest is comparatively unknown and unappreciated.

Where Ninth Avenue merges its identity with Columbus Avenue, behind the rush and roar of two lines of elevated trains, stands the substantial, stone structure of the Paulist Fathers' Church, one of the most romantically interesting and inherently foreign of the churches of New York. The order of the Paulist Fathers, the sole religious body of priests of American origin, was founded in 1858, by five converts to the Roman Catholic faith. These were Isaac Hecker, of the Brook

Farm community of transcendentalists; Clarence Walworth, Francis Baker, George Deshon, and Augustine Hewit. Founded for parochial, missionary, and educational work, the Paulists do not take the usual vows of religious orders, but, professing to follow the example of the apostle Paul, they live the life imposed by such vows in absolute strictness.

The Church of the Paulist Fathers represents in its impressive interior the results of many experiments in decoration. O'Rourke was the first architect of the building, which was about ten years under construction, the clergy having first occupied it in January, 1885. The first blow to the church was the erection of the elevated road across its face before the edifice was well under way. Things had gone too far to make possible a change of location, and the only thing to be done was to make such alterations in the original plan as would ameliorate the painful conditions imposed by the noisy railroad. The architect had conceived it as a Gothic church, but the exigencies of the situation carried the builder away from the original idea and the result is something between Gothic and Romanesque. The Gothic windows that were to have lined its sides were done away with, in order to eliminate as much as possible the

noise of the passing trains, and this has made place inside for the altars in the side aisles, now a feature of the interior; while outside it was intended to fill the depressions, indicating the place of the windows, with sculpture.

Father Hecker, who was the executive force in the conception of the church, had unbounded ambitions for the beauty of his scheme. It was his purpose to have the decorations throughout undertaken by the famous trio of artists of whom we have talked so much—White, La Farge, and Saint Gaudens—and the interior owes its undoubted distinction to the enthusiasm of the three, though La Farge is there most in evidence.

Stanford White designed the façade, and built the high altar and the two side altars to the right and left, dedicated to St. Joseph and the Virgin. The high altar, in Siena marble, onyx, and alabaster, dominates the dusk interior. The design is pure, and parts of the alabaster are overlaid with gold to give warmth; while a charming variety in its severe character is introduced in the three adoring angels, in bronze, which surmount the whole. These are the work of Frederick MacMonnies, and his first commission. Inconspicuous as they are, they show White's infinite care in the detail of his work, and his appreciative use of the

"THE PACIFIC," DETAIL OF MAINE MONUMENT
BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI

THE MAINE MONUMENT, COLUMBUS CIRCLE
H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE, ARCHITECT
ATTILIO PICCIRILLI, SCULPTOR (PAGE 347)

young sculptors just back from European study. Another handsome detail is the exquisite bronze lamp, in the design of four angels supporting a globe, by Philip Martiny.

La Farge's work in the church, though already prolific, was to have been much more extensive; he was to have made all the windows, and many panels for the spaces, now bare, left by the elimination of the windows of the clerestory. As it is his work may be readily distinguished, and though much has since been done to detract from the beauty of his unified scheme of decoration, the interior stands an imposing monument to his genius.

La Farge at the time that the Paulist Fathers called his talents into requisition was just back from Japan, and very much under the Japanese influence. The entire colour scheme of the church is his, and he made the best of the decorations as well as the twenty-two Romanesque windows that give to the upper part of the church its distinctive character. La Farge and White made many changes in the architecture, both apparent and real, in an effort to do away with the pointed Gothic of the original plan. It is rather amusing to notice the trick by which, in these windows, La Farge deceives the eye; the geometric design, of which the basic colour is brown, is carried out

in rich blues and yellow greens, and follows an apparently curved line, whereas in reality the window is pointed and the artist has cleverly concealed the point by filling in the top with indigo glass. Considered just as colour, the windows are splendid, though not strictly ecclesiastic; the two jewelled windows in the sanctuary are particularly effective and characteristic, and were to have balanced the three central figure windows, designed by La Farge but unfortunately never placed. The conventional substitutes are of foreign manufacture.

La Farge planned to decorate the whole of the sanctuary and finished the composition on the left-hand side, consisting of " The Angel of the Moon " surrounded by five lesser luminaries in circular panels, as well as the five corresponding designs for the opposite wall, whose central figure, " The Angel of the Sun," is the work of an alien hand and disastrously out of tone with the rest. The priests evidently had troubles of their own with their temperamental decorator and one can build up the situation, with all its strains, from the existing facts. La Farge made " The Angel of the Sun " and two nine-foot panels for the sanctuary, but they were never placed. Even when he offered them to the church for the price of installa-

tion, they were not accepted. After his death his executor offered them for a nominal sum and they were refused; and when, after his death, they appeared in the catalogue of the sale of the painter's effects, no effort was made to secure them, though they brought an insignificant sum.

Fortunately they did not go far afield. The Brooklyn Institute acquired them, and they hang in the central corridor of the Museum, where, splendidly lighted, they may be studied and appreciated, though it should be remembered that they were painted for a shadowy interior, and not for close inspection, but rather in a large way that they might carry well. Some day, perhaps, the Bacchante-like atrocity that usurps the place intended for the true Angel of the Sun may come down and La Farge's figure be given its proper setting.

Before taking orders, Father Searle, one of the congregation of Paulist priests, was a distinguished astronomer, and it was according to his idea that La Farge decorated the vaulted blue ceiling with the stars and planets in their true astronomic relation, as they appeared on the night of St. Paul's conversion. This ceiling, which from the artistic point of view is rather a failure, La Farge took pains to leave in obscurity, another effect gained

by the dark blue tops to the Romanesque windows. La Farge's work in the church dates from about 1886.

Taken all in all, and including the tragic mistakes of the later decoration, all of which is most unworthy and trivial, the Church of the Paulist Fathers is one of the most interesting of the decorated churches of New York. Wandering about in the dusk of its chapels, one discovers many things which show that the intention of the donors and of the priests was for the best. Robert Reid painted the panel in the first chapel on the left, representing the Martyrdom of St. Paul; opposite is a Crucifixion by the Marquise Wentworth, a pupil of Bonnat; in the Annunciation Chapel is a charming figure of the Virgin, by Bela Pratt; and in a corner near the south entrance is a bronze replica of Michelangelo's Madonna, of Bruges. The inlaid baptistry was the gift of Augustin Daly.

But apart from its beautiful or interesting contents, the church has a deeply religious atmosphere, a character of its own, and an air of having been used and loved. I am sure that it has a place in this strange, paradoxical community in which it finds itself, that it offers itself as a tangible symbol of consolation to the workers who hurry

in and out of its hospitable doors. The feet of the little Bruges Madonna and Infant have been almost kissed away, and the old wooden floor is dusty with the tread of worshippers. The interior is strangely vast, strangely silent, and filled with suggestion; bare and remote of aspect, it is reminiscent of certain gloomy churches of Italy, and this bareness and pervading sense of solitude is not without a very definite and appealing charm.

## XVIII

## COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

Not the least of the charms presented to the loiterer by the district known as Columbia Heights is the delightful means of approach. When one turns through many busy byways, from the banal city straggling northwest from Columbus Circle into the romantic windings of the Riverside Drive, the whole face of nature assumes a different aspect. This priceless view of the Hudson, thus revealed, saved by some miracle from the base uses of commerce, yet terribly menaced by railroad encroachments, as we are daily reminded, is one of the enchanting reserves of New York, the one instance, as one might say, in which advantage has been taken of the inherent beauty of the island formation. This tantalizing sample of what might have been done for the protection of the whole circumference stretches away from the turn-in at Seventy-second Street through Washington Heights and Inwood to the brink of Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

The top of the lumbering motor bus, in all winds and weathers, is preëminently the place from which to enjoy the unfolding loveliness, both of nature and of art, presented by our curious, conglomerate city as the feature of its northwestern boundary. One should know it well and know it at all seasons to get the full flavour of the view, so charming in the morning, so dazzling at mid-day, so minor in its Whistlerian envelopment at dusk, so brilliant in its contrasts at night.

From the height of the heavy vehicle one towers above the hill-bound river, which lies flat at the bottom of the gorge its course has cut through the surrounding hills, like a fine old chart. The craft is different from the panting, steaming things rushing distractedly about through the waters of the East River and the Battery. It belongs to the pleasure-boat variety—the sloops, yachts, and launches of the leisure class—and it lies mostly at anchor, with a peacefulness; while, at rare intervals, the Albany boat slips lightly through the waters, with its freight of sightseers; for the palisades of the Hudson are still amongst the wonders of the western world.

In summer the bus route lies through the tree tops, the intervals of the drive happily relieved by fine sculpture, placed admirably in the grassy

slopes that link the Riverside Park with the terraces of the residences and palatial apartment houses facing the river, making distinguished notes of interest. Franz Sigel, the German-American general, who rendered valuable service to the North in the Civil War, is honoured in the bronze equestrian statue, mounted on a simple granite pedestal at the head of a flight of steps leading to One Hundred and Sixth Street. The statue is by Karl Bitter, finished and placed ten years ago.

Jeanne d'Arc has been so adequately sculptured as an equestrienne by her compatriots, Dubois and Frémiet, that their portraits impose a certain style upon any later sculptor attempting a representation of the legendary figure. Anna Vaughan Hyatt's monument to her memory, forming one of the sculptural features of the Drive, contributes, however, a remarkably compact and sculpturesque idea of the French heroine in her sainted character. The statue has the Gothic spirit, the decorative quality of the French monuments of the period to which it relates; its modelling is virile and strong, while to the whole harmony of effect the unusual pedestal brings a decisive character both satisfying and pleasing.

To these two embellishments of the terraces sloping down to the Drive, Piccirilli and

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC, BY ANNA VAUGHAN HYATT
RIVERSIDE DRIVE (PAGE 358)

Magonigle, more happily in combination this time, contribute a third—the handsome monument to the "Firemen" of New York, dedicated in 1913, and containing much beautiful sculpture. The monument is in the form of a sarcophagus, of which the side facing the Drive bears an exquisite low relief, whose subject is "The Call to the Fire," while at the ends are groups of "Memory" and "Duty." With the passing of the fire horses, in growing favour of the motor vehicles for quick transportation of men and apparatus, we are losing a strong picturesque touch in city life, and the relief, which records the moving and stirring scene of magnificent horses straining every muscle in an effort at incredible speed while the firemen lean far over the shafts to give fullest rein to their powers, will soon have an historic as well as an artistic interest.

The motor bus combines convenience with adventure. It opens a direct way to Grant's Tomb, to Claremont, and to the historic Jumel Mansion, on Washington Heights; it takes one within a stone's throw of Columbia University and easy access of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

One's sense of having left New York behind grows when, ascending the steep slope from the

Riverside Drive, one arrives at the summit of the Morningside Heights, overlooking the deep park, which dips down again to the lower level on the east side of the island. The topography of the country has here been in a measure preserved to the immense advantage of the new city that has grown up about the University and the Cathedral, and it is with less difficulty that we can reconstruct its primitive condition; for certain landmarks still stand to indicate the outstanding features of its colonial history.

We are now upon famous ground associated with Revolutionary days, and though names have been changed it is easy to recognize in Cathedral, Columbia, and Morningside Heights the area comprised, in those days, under the general title, Van de Water Heights, the territory occupied by the British during the Battle of Harlem Heights, fought on the high ground and in the valley over a widespread field between the two encampments. The American forces were scattered over the Harlem Heights as far as Washington's headquarters in the Jumel Mansion, overlooking the Harlem River, above Harlem Plains. This was then the house of Roger Morris, a royalist, and had been seized by the Continental troops in the summer of 1776 for Washington's military occupancy. Hav-

ing the "most commanding view on the island," nothing better for the purpose could have been devised.

We are to remember that Washington's army had been disastrously worsted on Long Island, and landing at Kip's Bay in a state of panic, was in frantic flight before the enemy, when, thanks to Mrs. Murray's strategic inspiration, General Howe and his officers were diverted from pursuit and kept wining and dining at Incleberg, on the bold word of a charming hostess that the Americans had long since escaped beyond possibility of capture. All this time, as we know, Washington and Putnam, almost within earshot of the tea-party, were exerting superhuman efforts to rally their disordered troops in Robert Murray's cornfields, close by the house, somewhere between the present Grand Central Station and Bryant Park.

The thing seems nearly incredible, but it was almost as Albert Herter pictures it in his tapestry in the Hotel McAlpin—Howe and his subordinates yielding to the blandishments of this remarkable woman while Washington's army files silently by in full view of the enemy. How marvellous she must have been—what courage, what nerve she displayed, knowing full well the frightful risks!

After the retreat of the American army from

Long Island, we are to remember, Washington retired to the Apthorpe Mansion, in a stretch of country overlooking the Harlem River. Its site is pointed out between Ninety-first and Ninety-second Streets, just west of Columbus Avenue. The situation was well fortified, but Washington knew well that it could not be held long against a British attack, and so he sent the main body of the army to Harlem Heights at the northern end of the island, and left only a force of four thousand men, under General Putnam, in New York. It was these men that Putnam was trying to lead to the main body of the army, under cover of Mrs. Murray's hospitality. Washington came to the rescue, and the two generals met where two roads crossed, close by the present intersection of Broadway and Forty-third Street.

When the British realized that the patriots had joined the main army and were safely encamped within a mile of the Roger Morris house, they spent the night along Apthorpe Lane and threw up fortifications just north, extending across the island from Hoorn's Hoek to Striker's Bay.

The first line of works thrown up by the Americans was at about One Hundred and Forty-seventh Street, and the hill as far south as the " Hollow Way," the valley through which Manhat-

tan Street now passes, was occupied by Washington's army. "Generally these were the positions of the two forces on September 16, 1776. On that morning Colonel Thomas Knowlton, who had seen service at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Long Island, was directed by Washington to make a reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Moving southward with his Connecticut Rangers along the westerly side near the Hudson, they were screened from view by the woods covering Hooglandt's farm. It was not until they reached Nicholas Jones' farmhouse, about sunrise, that the British pickets, light infantrymen, were encountered. Evidently stationed on the Bloomingdale Road at about One Hundred and Fourth Street, their regiments were encamped a short distance to the south. During the brisk skirmish which now took place, the woods along the dividing line between the Jones and Hooglandt farms echoed the sharp firing from both sides. The forces were so disproportionate as to numbers, and the object of the movement had been so far attained that Knowlton ordered a retreat, which was effected without confusion. He had, however, ten killed in action. They fell back along the line of the road, closely pursued. The enemy halted at the elevation known as 'Claremont,' from which point

they could catch glimpes of General Greene's troops on the opposite slopes.

"This was the third time within a month that the British had scattered or driven Washington's men with ease, and it only remained on this occasion for their bugler to sound the contemptuous notes of the hunt across the Hollow into the American lines. To quote one of the latter's officers: 'The enemy appeared in open view and in the most insulting manner sounded their bugle horns as is usual after a fox chase; I never felt such a sensation before—it seemed to crown our disgrace.' Washington had gone down to the advanced position and heard the firing. He was urged to reinforce the Rangers, but was not immediately persuaded of the advisability of forcing the fighting. Eventually he determined on a strategical plan, viz.: to make a feint in front of the hill and induce the enemy to advance into the Hollow, and second, should this prove successful, to send a strong detachment circuitously around their right flank to the rear and hem them in. This plan succeded in so far that the enemy, seeing the advance, promptly accepted battle, 'ran down the hill and took possession of some fences and bushes,' from which vantage a smart fire was begun, but at too great distance to do much execu-

FIREMEN'S MONUMENT, RIVERSIDE DRIVE
H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE, ARCHITECT
ATTILIO PICCIRLLI, SCULPTOR (PAGE 359)

"DUTY," BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI
DETAIL OF FIREMEN'S MONUMENT

tion. The flanking party, composed of Knowlton's Rangers, now back at the lines, was reinforced by three companies of riflemen from the Third Virginia Regiment under Major Andrew Leitch. In some unlucky manner the attack was premature 'as it was rather in flank than in rear.' Both the brave leaders fell in this engagement, Knowlton living but an hour. . . . Nothing daunted by the loss of their commanders, the Rangers and riflemen pressed on. The British, who had been inveigled into the Hollow Way, had in the meantime been put to flight by use of artillery and were pushed back towards their camp along the line of the road to a buckwheat field on top of a high hill. Heretofore the manœuvring had taken place largely on the Hooglandt farm; the main action was then transferred to Van de Waters' Heights.

"The general limits of this 'hot contest' were the high ground extending from Columbia University around westward and northerly to Grant's Tomb and Claremont. The fighting grew into a pitched battle, lasting from noon until about two o'clock; nearly 1,800 Americans were engaged, composed of commands representing New England, Maryland, and Virginia, with volunteers from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

"The enemy finally retreated, followed in close pursuit, and the day was won. The route crossed an orchard just north of One Hundred and Eleventh Street and terminated in the vicinity of Jones' house, where Knowlton first found them in the early morning. It was considered prudent to withdraw, and late in the afternoon the troops returned to camp, rejoicing in a success they had not anticipated. It is estimated that about thirty men were killed and not over a hundred wounded or missing. A total British loss of 171 was reported. This action put new courage into the patriots and exerted a wide influence over subsequent events."

This account of the Battle of Harlem Heights follows that of Henry P. Johnston, professor of history in the College of New York, and is quoted from an article contributed by Hopper Striker Mott to the "Historical Guide to the City of New York." * The Bloomingdale Dutch Reformed Church at One Hundred and Sixth Street and Broadway occupies the site of Nicholas Jones' house, near which began and ended the Battle of Harlem Heights.

This whole historic region, until lately wild and uncultivated, was given a new impetus when, at

* Compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley.

about the same time, it was decided to locate the Cathedral and Columbia University upon the high ground overlooking both the Hudson and the Sound. That part of the old Van de Water Heights to which the Episcopal Cathedral now lends its name was acquired by the church in 1887, and the vast edifice was begun in 1892, and now, after a quarter of a century of slow progress, the crypt, the ambulatory, and the choir are practically completed, and huge in themselves, give some hint of the intended dimensions of this great Protestant enterprise.

Heins and La Farge, the latter a son of the painter, John La Farge, won the competition for the plan of the Cathedral over twenty-five architects, in 1891. Perhaps the greatest success in American church building of the generation in which this competition was held was the Trinity Church of Boston, which had been built by Henry H. Richardson some fifteen years previous. A freely treated Romanesque influence preponderates in all his style, and as many of our younger architects were trained in his atelier, his influence was widely felt. Hardly one of the competitive designs for the Cathedral of New York failed to show the influence of his works, and this was natural, for Trinity, in its day, was considered the

great masterpiece of its generation, and its favourable impression was deepened by the same architect's designs for the Cathedral of Albany. Heins and La Farge fell easily into the style which Richardson had introduced, and the Cathedral is commonly called Romanesque, and Romanesque it started out to be; but upon the death of the senior partner, Mr. Heins, the contracts for the building were ended, and upon the completion of the choir, by Mr. La Farge, his firm retired from the work, and Ralph Adams Cram was appointed supervising architect. This change of architects accounts in part for the mixture of Byzantine and Gothic details, such as the windows, the pulpit, and high altar, in the Romanesque style of the building; and, as the work advances, other more important departures from the original scheme are to be expected. In cathedrals of the old world, whose construction occupied several centuries, such combinations of styles were inevitable and logical; the Romanesque melted into the Gothic, the Gothic into the Renaissance, as a church grew from one century to another, and each part represented the age in which it was conceived. But in the case of the Cathedral, where every detail is repeated from classic models, or based upon established orders, and nothing is characteristic of its own day and

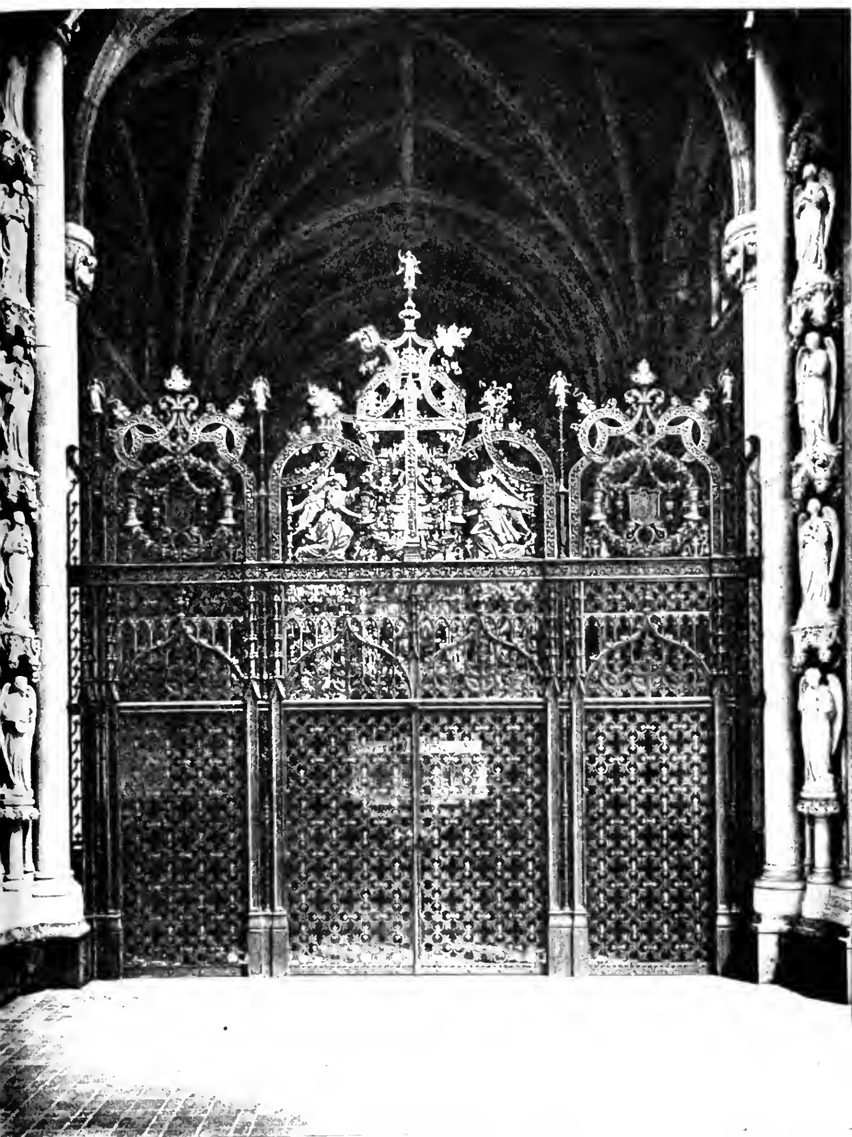
place, this anachronistic mixture seems unnecessary, though criticism of the incomplete edifice is premature.

If in the process of building the Protestant Cathedral the style was changed from Romanesque to Gothic, the latter appears only in the upper structure. The crypt is Romanesque, gaining a certain romanticism from the currently accepted story that it was hewn out of solid rock. Its chief treasure, the famous Tiffany Chapel, shown at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, was originally purchased by Mrs. Celia H. Wallace, of Chicago, who gave it to the Cathedral at a time when the crypt was the only portion of the edifice where services could be held. It has lately been removed to Mr. Louis Tiffany's estate at Oyster Bay, where, restored to its pristine loveliness, it is set in a private chapel built for it.

The Tiffany Chapel constitutes an enduring and elaborate monument to its maker, Louis C. Tiffany, and the native New York product of his unique glass industry, developed through years of research and experiment. The altar is of white marble, enriched with mosaic, the emblems of the four evangelists being composed of pearl and semi-precious stones. The reredos, in iridescent glass mosaic, presents a design of the vine and

the peacock, a bird found in late Roman churches, notwithstanding its bad repute as the emblem of vanity, and the companion of Juno. A series of arches with ornament in relief, overlaid with gold and set with jewel-like glass, represent the ciborium; these arches are supported by mosaic-incrusted columns. Pendent lamps add to the brilliancy of the altar, which glowed in the mystic light of the crypt like something supernatural, and the effect was gorgeous and impressive.

The choir was completed by Grant La Farge after his partner's death, and is the part now used for services, representing less than half the ultimate structure in length and breadth. Its striking feature is the eight Maine granite pillars set in a semicircle about the altar, each pillar a memorial. The altar is of Vermont marble, the reredos, surmounted by a cross, is of Pierre de Lens resting on a base of Numidian marble. In the centre a figure of Christ is by Leo Lentelli, who also made the sixteen angels in the reredos, while Otto Jahnsen is the sculptor of the other figures, representing the apostles, prophets, etc. Near the front of the altar, imbedded in the marble floor, is a square red tile, fourteen inches square, brought from the ancient Church of St. John the Divine



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE BELMONT CHAPEL, CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
HEINS AND LA FARGE, ARCHITECTS (PAGE 374)

at Ephesus, built by Justinian in 540 A.D., over the site of St. John's grave.

The dome of the Cathedral was self-supporting at all times during the advance of the roofing and bore the weight of the workmen, still considered an architectural feat, for, since the building of the cupola of the Duomo in Florence, the construction of a dome has presented a pretty problem to architects.

Vasari's racy account of Brunellesco's final triumph over the doubts and misgivings of the syndics and superintendents of Santa Maria del Fiore, who hesitated to entrust so grave a matter to one who pretended that a dome could be built without scaffolding, without a column in the centre, without a mound of earth inside to support the workmen, contains a rare description of the difficulties which the building of the first dome since the days of the ancients presented.* He pictures the conclave of wiseacres assembled to discuss the ways and means of erecting the cupola upon Arnolfo's cathedral. Brunellesco, having aspired to the joy of completing this edifice for many years, and having worked out the correct method according to the builders of ancient Rome, whose fragmentary record he had

* Vasari' "Lives." Vol. I.

exhaustively studied, had prepared in secret a perfect model of the dome, but feared to show it, knowing the jealousy and dishonesty of his rivals.

To the solemn conclave therefore had been invited the most distinguished and experienced masters of architecture in France, Germany, Spain, and England, together with those of Tuscany; all the best Florentine artists; and a select number of the most capable and ingenious citizens. And " a fine thing it was," says Vasari, " to hear the strange and various notions then propounded." Brunellesco's claims were set aside as those of a madman, while the assemblage discussed the possibilities which occurred to them—the central pole to support the weight, the elaborate fabric of scaffolding, within and without, etc.—while the most ingenious method suggested, whose artlessness gives the crowning touch of piquancy to the anecdote, was that the entire space under the proposed dome should be filled with earth upon which the workmen could stand in safety during the operation of building. It was further developed that the enormous expense of getting rid of the earth could be dispensed with by the simple device of mingling in it small coins (*quatrini*), so that when the cupola was finished and the

mound no longer needed, the poor Florentines could be depended upon to carry it away promptly and gladly for the sake of the prizes contained therein.

But Brunellesco had rediscovered the secrets of the ancients, and his knowledge still serves the architecture of the present day; and yet the building of a great dome, such as covers the choir of the Cathedral, is a marvellous achievement. The ceiling is to be covered with gold mosaic, which will, in a measure, ameliorate the startling brilliancy of the series of nine windows that are to fill the ambulatory. Three are now placed. The subjects are drawn from the Book of Revelation, and the entire contract is in the hands of Ernest R. Powell, of London. The Barberini tapestries, which adorn in a wholly irrelevant manner the present interior, in an attempt to soften its unfinished bleakness, are interesting in themselves and are from the Palazzo Barberini at Rome, having been produced by the manufactory formed by the cardinal of that illustrious family, early in the seventeenth century.

Opening upon the ambulatory close, about the sanctuary, are the seven Chapels of the Tongues, in which, following the ardent wish of Bishop Potter, services are conducted in different lan-

guages. These are all memorials, designed by different architects. The first was given by Mrs. Potter, in memory of her husband, Henry Codman Potter; while his children erected the handsome memorial to their father, the chief ornament of the church, as it now stands. This consists of a recumbent figure of the bishop, reposing upon a sarcophagus of Siena marble, made by James Earle Fraser, sculptor, and Henry Bacon, architect. The chiselling of the figure, in white marble, is very beautiful, and the monument a dignified and impressive work.

Of the chapels, besides this one, dedicated to St. James, Henry Vaughan was the architect of St. Boniface and St. Ansgarius, the latter a memorial to the late William R. Huntington, of Grace Church; Carrère and Hastings designed the Renaissance chapel of St. Ambrose; Cram and Ferguson the French Gothic chapel of St. Martin of Tours; and Heins and La Farge made the St. Columba and St. Savior, the latter given by August Belmont in memory of his wife, Bessie Morgan Belmont. The entrance gate to the Belmont chapel is a magnificent piece of work, and the large window is distinguished and suitable.

The architectural scheme includes an extensive series of external sculptures by Gutzon Borglum.

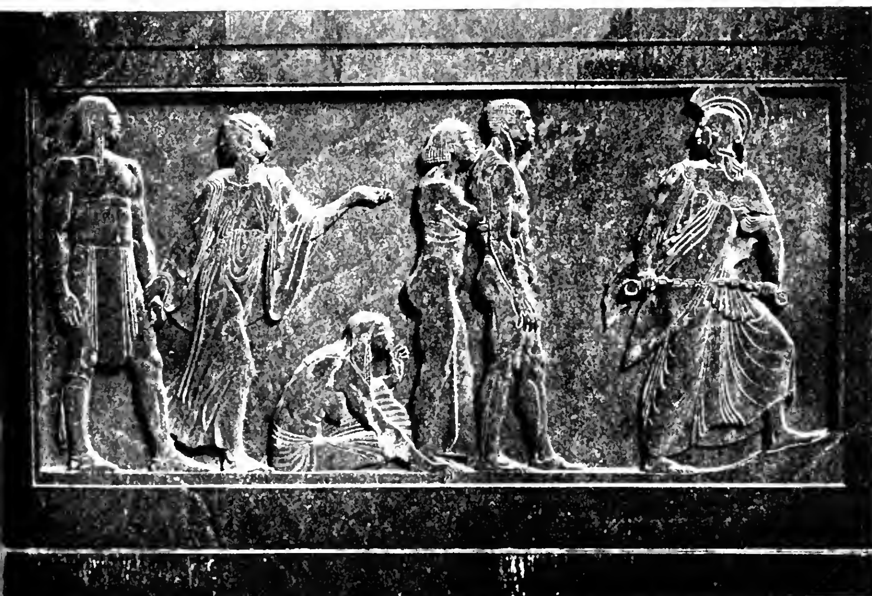
Across the street from the Cathedral, in the chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, is a large and interesting window by Henry Holiday, the disciple of Burne-Jones, erected to the memory of Adam Norrie and William Augustus Muhlenberg, the founder of the hospital, by Gordon Norrie. Though there are many windows by Henry Holiday in New York, none so handsomely presents the English glass, in its best period, as this "Christ the Consoler and the Seven Acts of Mercy." The groups of sufferers are types rather than symbols, but attention may be called to the archangels Gabriel and Michael, who stand as supporters on each side of the throne; the former, who announced the birth of the Saviour, appears as the bringer of good, with the accompanying words, "Immanuel, God with Us"; and the latter, who overcame the devil, as the banisher of evil, with the words, "Deliver Us from Evil."

A few years ago Morningside Park received an important memorial statue to Carl Schurz, our Prussian statesman, journalist, and general, who came to this country at the age of twenty-three years and rendered distinguished service to the Union Army in the Civil War, serving at the battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg,

and Chattanooga. This portrait statue, with exedra and two reliefs, has been considered the most perfect achievement of Karl Bitter, and perhaps, as the complete work of his hand, best represents that sculptor in the city. The monumental character of the figure, achieved without loss of personal interest, is sufficiently compelling to arrest the eye of one who looks among the chaff of our innumerable portrait statues for the occasional grain of wheat; but the real importance of the monument, in which lies its peculiar claim to attention, is contained in those astonishing reliefs so eloquently cut into the hard, black granite at the ends of the exedra. There is nothing like them in American art, and they repeat with the vigour and assurance of original conception the suggestion of those primitive Egyptian and Assyrian silhouetted animal forms, the types of such art. Their subjects relate abstractly to the great human interests of Schurz' life—the freedom of slaves and the enlightenment of a people—but our absorbed attention is not for subject, but for the charm of those flowing contours, the strength and vivacity of accent, the beauty and purity of line, suggested in its delineation.

Carl Schurz faces the termination of the street that leads back to Columbia University, and turns

RECUMBENT FIGURE, BISHOP HENRY CODMAN POTTER
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
JAMES EARLE FRASER, SCULPTOR (PAGE 374)



RELIEF, CARL SCHURZ' MONUMENT, MORNINGSIDE PARK
KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR (PAGE 376)

his back upon the intimate beauties of Morningside Park, that climbs the precipice upon whose summit the statue rests. There is a commanding view here of the vast city from which the Morningside Heights detaches itself, encompassing within itself that miniature city included in the great composition of the Columbia University, to which, following the direction indicated by the monument, we are now to turn.

Columbia, with her vast resources, seems to have found a permanent resting-place in a situation that combines at once the advantages of the country with a ready accessibility to the heart of the city. Yet the move was considered radical enough when first contemplated, in 1891.

Columbia had already made one northward move before the drive of the city's growth; its first site was upon a grant of land bestowed by the Trinity Church corporation, lying between Murray and Barclay Streets, and extending from Church Street to the river. During the time that de Lancey governed the province the founding of a college was considered, and money for the purpose raised by lotteries, while preliminary classes were held in the vestry of Trinity Church. Finally, in 1754, a royal charter was granted by George II to "King's College," and two years

later the corner-stone of the first college building was laid. A tablet near Broadway and Murray Street marks the first home of our great University.

It was a small group of New Yorkers who founded King's College, at a time when Manhattan Island had fewer inhabitants by some hundreds than Columbia has now students, and but thirteen of the founders held academic degrees. Nevertheless they drew a charter whose liberality in times of bitter religious controversy and narrow intellectual outlook showed remarkable breadth and an extraordinary confidence in the future. The first class, numbering seven students, graduated in 1758; Hamilton, Livingston, and Jay were early graduates, and De Witt Clinton was the first student to enter college after peace, following the Revolution, was declared. The year of the founding coincided with that in which the Colonial Congress met at Albany to discuss the Colonial Union, and the little college caught the spirit of the day and played its brave part in the founding of the republic. The schools were closed during the war, and upon reopening, in 1781, the name "Columbia," coined by the patriots and popularized in a Revolutionary song, was adopted, in place of "King's," in vindication of our glorious

independence. The old iron crown that once formed the finial of King's College is treasured in the library of the new University.

Columbia outgrew its first habitat after a century of occupancy, and spent the next forty years in a semi-temporary location at Forty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue. The new site, on Morningside Heights, encumbered at the time of its purchase by the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, did not come into the possession of the University until October, 1894, three years after its acquisition by the trustees. The interim was employed in raising the necessary funds for the change, and in considering the architectural schemes presented by various architects for the new building, with the result that the Renaissance plan recommended by Charles F. McKim and his partners was selected, and Mr. McKim's devoted share towards making the University what it is to-day is recorded in the inscription placed in his honour in the South Court: *De super artificis spectant monumenta per annos.*

We have spoken a great deal of the contribution of Stanford White towards the making of New York, and the time has now come to dwell perhaps a little more in particular upon the work of the distinguished senior partner of the firm,

Charles Follen McKim, of whom the University Library was the first great monumental work, and McKim's own child. McKim, like White, had been reared in the atelier of H. H. Richardson; if White was Richardson's first assistant in the building of Trinity Church, Boston, McKim worked on the winning design, and there is no doubt that to this earlier architect, who with Hunt had been the dominant man in the profession in America, the young firm owed much of its thoroughness and skill.

Richardson was the first architect of note in America, in the past generation, to lay supreme stress upon the importance of the material in construction. McKim, trained in his office, learned this side of the profession, and his firm carried on and developed the traditions, sparing themselves neither time nor expense to insure solid work perfectly carried out. This firm, as we know it, was formed in 1879, and as one writer has said, the conditions which faced Sir Christopher Wren, when, after the great fire of London, he was called upon to plan the rebuilding of that city, were in many ways similar to those which confronted the young firm of McKim, Mead, and White when they began the transformation of New York from a very ugly and commonplace town to the brilliant

SETH LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
CHARLES FOLLEN MCKIM, ARCHITECT (PAGE 383)

"ALMA MATER," COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR (PAGE 384)

*Copyright by Daniel Chester French*

city of to-day. McKim departed from the Romanesque style which Richardson had introduced, and which he alone handled with any distinguished success.

The early work of the young architects naturally was domestic. They built many private houses, of which one of the most beautiful is the Kane house at Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Of their clubs, the Century is the oldest, and was almost wholly the design of White, and a striking example of his skill, presenting to Forty-third Street a simple balanced façade of stone, brick, and terra cotta. This was one of the first buildings in the United States in which the long, thin "Roman" brick was used and may be said to have created the fashion. The Harvard Club is a beautiful example of Georgian architecture, while the University and Metropolitan Clubs, credited respectively to McKim and White, are in effect monuments to their mastery of design. It is interesting to note that the *chef d'oeuvre* of the firm, the Boston Public Library, stands opposite Richardson's masterpiece, Trinity Church, in Copley Square, and these two monuments make the distinction of that locality.

McKim's individual skill in design is wonderfully exemplified in that pure architectural gem,

the Morgan Library; his intensely practical resources, in the Pennsylvania Terminal. In the one we see the essence of restraint and discrimination, the elegance of a casket destined to hold the treasures of a multimillionaire bibliophile; in the other the monumental gateway of a great city. In the Pennsylvania Terminal the suggestion of style came from the great Roman baths, and the marvel is that so huge a scheme, so monumental in character, should combine so many impressive and practical features. When we know that McKim was excluded from the final competition for the New York Public Library because he refused to sacrifice architectural beauty to convenience, the Terminal becomes the more important as showing how in the lapse of years the architect developed the power to combine the two. The only real inconvenience of the station is, perhaps, that one may well miss the train long after having arrived at the main portal, so much ground has to be covered on foot after entering the building, but given a moderate allowance of leisure nothing could be more admirable that the silent way in which, entering what the French so picturesquely call the *Salle des Pas Perdus,* particularly applicable to this vast apartment where footsteps are eaten up by the lofty space and all sound becomes

negligible, all the necessary features of departure and arrival are spread before one in logical sequence. Again the concourse with its accessible exits, its facilities for disbursing crowds without confusion or disorder, its quiet apertures for descending to the trains arriving and departing through the tunnel, is a very great feat of planning, indeed almost flawless, so far as is humanly possible. The very decorations of the building, confined to great decorative maps of the country, handled by that master of flat surfaces, Jules Guérin, contribute the crowning note of utility made beautiful, a thing so rare in New York as to merit profound study. This was McKim's last work; he died, in 1909, while the Terminal was under construction.

The Columbia Library, then, was McKim's first monumental work, conceived as the axis of the whole symmetrical system of buildings which react to its integral beauty. It remains, within and without, a most complete and consistent modern edifice. The library was the gift of the president of the University, Seth Low, and constitutes a memorial to his father, Abiel Abbott Low, a citizen of Brooklyn and merchant of New York. The Chamber of Commerce preserves his portrait.

Built of grey limestone, its commanding dome and noble portico carrying the note of resemblance, its architecture, true to the tenets of its designer, follows the most perfect of prototypes. The Villa Rotonda, of Vicenzo, was the model, and how closely it follows Palladio's masterpiece may readily be determined by a comparison of the library with the handsome painting of the classic edifice in the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Museum.

The approach to the library, through the South Court, which is, of course, the entrance to the whole compact scheme of the University buildings, is made the more impressive and memorable by the presence, on the steps, of French's "Alma Mater," a figure at once commanding and winning. Mr. French devoted a large part of the years 1902 and 1903 to this statue, for which the model was Miss Mary Lawton, the American actress, whose personality may be traced, with almost the fidelity of portraiture, in many of the sculptor's statuesque figures. The setting is superb, both for the sculpture and the library. The large court, in the Italian style, with its paved esplanade, its granite wall and balustrade on three sides, and the great stone vases, flowers, shrubs, and exuberant fountains, gives poise and dignity, while from it

FOUNTAIN OF THE GOD PAN, WITH EXEDRA, CAMPUS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
GEORGE GRAY BARNARD, SCULPTOR (PAGE 386)

DETAIL OF BARNARD'S
FOUNTAIN OF PAN

wide steps lead to the library grade, ten feet above the street.

A striking note of unity is achieved through the fact that the other buildings of the group have all the same base line as the library, which is 150 feet above the Hudson, and the same cornice line, sixty-nine feet higher. All the buildings open upon the campus, which gives to the effect a security similar to that of a walled city. As the buildings included in the plan are filled in the purpose of the original conception gains coherence. The large scale provides for spacious interiors, and the whole mass of the composition makes a strong centre in the arrangement of the Heights, not merely effective in itself, but important as a basis for the architectural development of the entire surrounding district.

The colour decoration of the library represents the taste of the same artist whose murals furnish the important interior feature of the Custom House, Elmer E. Garnsey, who has made of this one of the most perfect examples of its kind. The interior of St. Paul's chapel, recalling the early Renaissance churches of Northern Italy, considering its Italian chancel furniture, its fine organ, and minor details of equipment, together with its architectural beauty, becomes one of the most

precious artistic possessions of the University. The three interesting windows are by John La Farge.

Practically all of the art treasures of the campus and interiors have come to the institution by gift. *Le Marteleur,* one of Constant Meunier's forceful presentations of workmen, came to the University from the class of 1889, and was purchased from the exhibition of the Belgian sculptor's works held in one of the halls, in 1914. George Gray Barnard's spirited fountain of Pan, piping to the birds which bathe in the basin below him, was presented in 1907 by Edward Severin Clark. This recumbent statue, with its mysterious expression, its oddly perverse legs, with inverted joints, has much charm of surface modelling, while its polished black bronze makes an effective note in a sequestered corner of the campus.

# XIX

# INWOOD

## Manhattanville to Kingsbridge

When Gouverneur Morris, Simeon de Witt, and John Rutherford, a century ago, with square and ruler marked the monotonous future of the island city, they laid upon her a curse against which succeeding generations seem to have been powerless. "Straight-sided and right-angled houses were "the most cheap to live in," they decreed, and so the "dry-goods-box-set-up-on-end" style of architecture, which Hopkinson Smith so picturesquely anathematized, has followed up the course of subway development, presenting its bewindowed faces, "like so many underdone waffles," from Battery Park to Harlem Creek and on beyond throughout the parallelepipeds of the Bronx.

While mighty engineers burrowed and blasted their terriffic trail through the gneiss and trap-rock of the substratum, pick and shovel made summary disposal of the features overhead; hill was

dumped into dale as the shortest cut to the desired dead level of civilization, and the ponderous steam-roller, following in their train, crushed and flattened any obdurate remnants of variability in a landscape of whose handsome topography we have even yet dramatic evidence.

At this, the eleventh hour, there has arisen a sort of desperate movement to "save the pieces." Inherent beauty, driven before the hand of progress, even as the American forces were pushed by British invasion in Revolutionary times, has found its last *étape* where Washington defended his last stronghold, on the ultimate heights at the extreme northern end of the island.

The busy and impatient are hurled the length of Manhattan and on to the Bronx through the serpentine tunnel, coming up twice for air only to observe the wreck of the country-side, the levelling of high places, the filling in of hollows. Factories, electric light plants, monster gas tanks blot out views that once inspired poets, painters, and novelists. Automobilists speeding along the driveway bordering the Hudson have a scarcely richer impression of the touching reserves of this last stand which beauty makes in the upper, inaccessible reaches of the island.

Where the land narrows, with the bend of the

Harlem River, above Manhattanville, the succession of promonotories, each capped with its fine old country-seat, bespeaks a remoter time when, behind their own teams of blooded horses, the gentlemen of Inwood, Kingsbridge, and Washington Heights drove to business over the ten or twelve miles of indifferent roadway that lay between their estates and the heart of the little city. Several of the historic mansions which figured in Revolutionary history have recently been rescued and preserved to future generations; others on the blissful highroad to rack and ruin stand on lonely forgotten crags, overlooking the dismal streets below, graded in the accepted fashion and dark as sunless ravines.

Nor are remnants of vulgar village life wanting in this region. The Harlem goats, once the sport of comic weeklies, have been crowded out; but I have seen at least two cavorting on the slopes of the Bolton Road at Inwood—their coarse hair heavily matted with burs, feeding on the traditional tomato tin, garnished with old newspaper, as happy and care-free as though they were not the last of their once prolific race.

Only the pedestrian can get the full flavour of this rough, inaccessible wooded country bordering the convolutions of the old Spuyten Duyvil Creek,

a region replete with suggestion, readily reconstructed by the fertile imagination, for little has happened to disturb its pristine state since the first white man, presumably Henry Hudson, stepped ashore to barter with the native Indians under the famous Tulip Tree, still standing and still blossoming, at the base of that wooded knoll.

The Indian name of the stream connecting the East and North Rivers was Muscoota, but from earliest times the part of the Harlem River nearest the Hudson was called Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Some say the name referred to a spring of water which " spouted " from the hill near the end of the island, and of which mention is made in several of the early English grants. Before the construction of the ship canal, which simplified the tangle of tributaries by a deep short-cut through the mesh, the tides used to race through the creek with great rapidity. Receding they left a marshy bed criss-crossed with rivulets; but when they met, rushing simultaneously up the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, the tide rips thus formed caused great turbulence in the creek and the water was dashed into the air to incredible heights, with an effect similar to that noticed at Hell Gate before the blasting out of the big rocks in the channel. Racy titles seem to have been the fashion for these nat-

ural disturbances, and this may have been the "spouting" or "spiking devil," if that be the true significance of the name.

At low tide there was a natural ford through the creek used by the Indians and early settlers, referred to in old deeds and records as "the wading place." Before the first King's Bridge was built this was freely used; the only other means of communication between the island and the mainland was by ferry. Frederick Philipse, the Dutch millionaire, one of the backers of Captain Kidd, built the first bridge, in 1693, and outraged the farmers of Westchester County by charging them toll for the crossing, until these, grown tired of paying their money into the coffers of the manor lord of Yonkers, built the Free Bridge across the foot of Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, in 1758; and a boycott of King's Bridge soon forced a remission of the toll.

These bridges facilitated Washington's retreat to White Plains, whither he withdrew the main body of the army after the success of the Battle of Harlem Heights, leaving Fort Washington garrisoned by a force of a few thousand men, in command of General Magaw. It was well that he had not to repeat the perilous experience incident to his evacuation of Brooklyn after the Battle of

Long Island. This had been done by pressing into service every available craft that had either oars or sails, and was an undertaking fraught with romantic and thrilling incident.

Once safely landed on Manhattan Washington's idea was at once to continue the retreat and to place his forces intact beyond immediate danger, for Howe, with his fleet and drilled soldiers, had still the situation in his hands, had he taken the prompt measures that were daily and hourly anticipated by the patriots. But congress would not consent to the surrender of New York, and while the British commander dallied with his opportunities on Long Island, Washington was forced to an ordeal of nerve-racking inaction and suspense. He established his own headquarters in the beautiful colonial house, built by Roger Morris for his bride, Mary Philipse, a daughter of the lord of the manor, who built the King's Bridge.

This house was then in the first decade of its adventurous history, for 1765 has been fixed upon as the probable date of its construction. The plan of the house is Georgian, but of a peculiar English type seldom seen in this country. Its distinguishing architectural feature is the deep octagonal drawing room projecting from the rear of the

"THE OLD TULIP TREE: INWOOD"
AFTER PAINTING BY ERNEST LAWSON (PAGE 390)

broad entrance hall, entered from a pillared porch, baronial in character. Its was a period of honest construction, and though the severe plainness of the interior has been thought to suggest haste in its erection, time was taken to line the outer walls with English brick, and the house was built to last.

Roger Morris was a colonel in the British Army garrisoned in New York, and his town house stood at Whitehall and Stone Streets, its site now covered by the east wall of the Custom House. This then was his luxurious country-seat, built upon land given to Mary Philipse by her wealthy father, as part of her munificent wedding dowry. Roger Morris and Mary Philipse had been married, in 1758, in the old Philipse manor house, at Yonkers, and the marriage settlement was a curious old-fashioned deed, entailing her estates upon her unborn children. But this heritage was diverted by the events of the Revolutionary War; Roger Morris and his wife and all of her family were "loyalists," as the favorable term goes, "royalists," the patriots called them, and Roger Morris fled at the approach of the American soldiers, while his wife occupied the house until late in the month of August of this eventful year, when, finding it likely to become a theatre of war, she

left hastily and found a refuge with the Tories. At the close of the Revolution her estates were confiscated and she went with her husband back to England.

Roger Morris was an Englishman born. He came to this country as aide-de-camp to General Braddock, under whom Washington also served in a similar capacity in the French War. Much has been made of the romantic story of the courtship of Mary Philipse by these two soldiers, and of Washington's unsuccessful suit when he had to offer only the modest prospects of an humble surveyor; and if this be true it is possible that he felt a certain grim satisfaction in ousting the happy pair, and taking military possession of their nest, so favourably situated for its new purpose. Their drawing room became his Council Chamber. He slept in the room directly over it and the small antechambers, one each side, were occupied by his aides, of whom one was Alexander Hamilton.

The house, with its "one hundred and thirty acres of arable pasture land, and five acres of best salt meadow," was described in those days as "situate on the narrowest part of York Island," and commanding the most extensive view on Manhattan, overlooking the city, ten miles distant, the high hills on Staten Island, more than twenty

miles away; to the left, Long Island, the Harlem River, Hell Gate, and the Sound; and to the right the noble Hudson, with its palisades and picturesque shipping. The Jumel family, who afterwards occupied it, boasted that seven counties could be seen "from the gallery under the portico."

Washington's military occupation of the house lasted only from September 16 to October 21, but it continued to figure in the history of the war, and during the British occupation of the island it was the headquarters off and on for a long period of Lieutenant-General Knyphausen, the commander of the Hessian troops. Its subsequent history up to the time when, in 1901, the mansion and what was left of the large estate were purchased by the city, does not belong to our present story. Indeed, it has been so admirably immortalized in a recent edition de luxe, written and published by its present custodian, Mr. William Henry Sheldon, that the curious reader who would follow the vagaries of Stephen Jumel and his spectacular wife, Eliza, or Betsy Bowen, cannot do better than read this remarkable book.* Suffice for us to know, in passing, that Betsy Bowen, of doubtful parentage and adventurous history, hav-

* "The Jumel Mansion," by William Henry Sheldon. 1917.

ing, in 1804, tricked Stephen Jumel into becoming her legal husband, urged him to buy for her the old Morris house, which John Jacob Astor was offering for sale, in 1810. It was lavishly refitted by Stephen Jumel, who was a man of taste, and considered "the most luxurious country-seat in all New York."

Madame Jumel spared no expense in her efforts to be recognized by New York society, and failing to get her footing here, sailed to Europe in her husband's own ship, the *Eliza,* named for herself, and commenced that life in Paris of which accounts are so confusing and so little reliable. She remained Jumel's wife for twenty-two years, until his death in 1832, when Aaron Burr fell a victim to her charms, or her money, and became for a brief space her aged and troublesome husband. The ceremony that made her Madame Burr, a title which she found useful during her last trip to Paris, in 1853, took place in the small parlour to the left of the entrance. Her life spanned almost a century; born a year before the Declaration of Independence, she died in 1865, in Washington's bedchamber, looking very much as she does in the full-length portrait which hangs in the hall of the mansion, demented, and "powdered and rouged to the end." Stephen Jumel had

been modestly interred in the consecrated ground of the old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Prince Street, and just in front of an iron gate, opening from the stone flagging of the Mott Street entrance, is the horizontal marble slab, which once bore the inscription to his memory, and of which now the single word, "Stephen," is barely decipherable and rapidly going. The slab rests on marble posts, in the graceful style of its epoch, raised three feet above the damp old ground of this forgotten cemetery attached to the Cathedral, where had been solemnized the hasty marriage of Betsy Bowen and Stephen Jumel. Madame Jumel, on the other hand, lies in a stately tomb, overlooking the Hudson, in Trinity Cemetery.

The Jumel ownership fixed the popular name to the house, which no amount of restoration and activity on the part of the colonial societies interested can dislodge; and in this there is a certain justice, for had not Stephen Jumel and his eccentric wife rescued the property, already famous through its Revolutionary history, it would doubtless have continued the road-house that it became after it was taken by the government. Washington, in his journal under the date of July 10, 1790, refers to his second visit to "the house, lately Colonel Roger Morris' but confiscated and

now in possession of a common farmer." So that its deterioration began at once in true New York fashion, and posterity can only be grateful to its vain and ambitious châtelaine, who preserved its beauty during the best part of a destructive century. The stories invented by this extraordinary lady, and recounted by her after she had lost her reason, have invested the mansion with an aroma of romance and mystery, very fascinating to dwell upon. They stimulate the imagination and lend color to the facts, themselves sufficiently strange, so, though crushed to earth, may they rise again in all their charming mendacity!

There is nothing legendary, however, in the quite as thrilling story of Washington's occupation of the Roger Morris house, and his camp of eight thousand untrained soldiers successfully manipulated through the amazing Battle of Harlem Heights. The general importance of the "affair" at Harlem Heights is picturesquely coloured by its local interest. Coming as it did immediately after the calamity on Long Island, it served as a prelude to the brilliant exploits of the American army at Trenton and Princeton; and being the only contest within the limits of Greater New York that resulted in victory for the Americans, it has peculiar charm for its citi-

zens. We know by all sorts of practical means, such as the mass of Hessian buttons and military relics dug up throughout the whole territory lying north of Van de Water Heights, during recent excavations, that the fighting was widespread; and gazing at the very ground on which this battle was fought, and tracing the outlines of the earthworks at Washington Heights, where our soldiers were finally defeated, in a second engagement with General Howe's superior forces, augmented by the hated Hessians, examining the military hut reconstructed from old materials, the pile of shot found at Fort Independence on the Kingsbridge Heights, one can put one's self in live touch with this critical and tempestous moment of Revolutionary history.

Imagination is the better served since nothing formal has been done, beyond the almost too clean restoration of the Dyckman house, with its fluttering flag, to induce the reverential spirit. If the recent Rockefeller purchase of Fort Tryon, with the fifty-seven acre tract, comprising the Billings, Hays, and Sheafer estates, and constituting the northern outwork of the defence, is really to become park land, the place will lose its fascinating casual quality, which now makes excursions to this region of rare antiquarian interest.

Through the grounds now occupied by Trinity Cemetery was constructed one of the southern outworks of Fort Washington, and this was the first portion to fall in the assault led by General Knyphausen, the leader of the Hessian troops. They are described as advancing from Kingsbridge in two columns, wading across the marshy land about the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and scaling the precipitous rocky hill, now traversed by the Bolton Road. So steep was the acclivity in places that the soldiers had to pull themselves up by aid of the bushes, and loaded down with the extraordinary paraphernalia of the German infantry, they successfully stormed the bluffs in the face of heavy odds and with heavy losses.

There are neutral-minded people who can find it possible to admire the pure soldiery and discipline of the hired troops who assisted the British and the colonial "royalists" in this attack and capture. But the rage of our own people against the mercenaries was of such endurance that their name became a by-word in certain sections, carried no doubt into the Southern vernacular by the Maryland troops who survived the contact. I can remember my mother, in moments of righteous wrath, when she always reverted to her Baltimore type, hurling the epithet as a final expression of

denunciation and contempt. "That *Hessian!*" she would say of a local miscreant, with fine scorn and blazing eyes, a century and more after the word had lost is specific significance.

Washington Heights have become accessible only since the building of the subway. Before that the surface cars went no further than Manhattanville, and from there it was an exhilarating tramp for the adventurous through the Hollow Way to the Hudson, along the railroad tracks to Jeffrey's Hook, now known as Fort Washington Point, the place where Washington crossed to and from Fort Lee, directly opposite on the palisades.

From this point one has a choice of two roads, the river road, sheltered on the right by the high cliffs, or the highway, known as Fort Washington Avenue, over the backbone of the island. This roadway, in the old days, led through one private estate after another and still retains enough of its rural character to invite exploration, especially on those cold, sunny days in early spring, or late winter, when the New York climate seems to present its most alluring character. The James Gordon Bennett estate occupied a part of the land upon which the fort was situated. Audubon Park, further south, was famous as the residence of the

ornithologist, his estate, Minniesland, lay above One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the river, and is best commemorated by the handsome group of buildings given by Archer M. Huntington, of which the central feature is the Hispanic Museum.

Some of the mansions in the upper part of the old park have been turned into road-houses where one can almost induce the illusion of European charm in dining in the open and looking out over the finest of prospects.

North of Inwood the greater part of the land belonged to the Dyckman property, of which the only tangible vestige is the so-called Dyckman House, upon which one comes suddenly and unexpectedly after descending the hill through the rambling village of Inwood, into the gorge cut by Broadway, not far from the twelfth milestone. The house, very much renovated and spruced up, stands on high ground, from which the street has been levelled and graded, and after years of uncertain existence rests in tolerable security as city property. The builder of the house, William Dyckman, was a grandson of the original settler, who came over from Westphalia, in 1666, and built a house on the Sherman Creek, to the northwest of the present dwelling, near the Hudson

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"THE DUCHESS OF ALBA," BY GOYA
HISPANIC MUSEUM (PAGE 402)

River. The Dyckmans became staunch patriots, in recognition of which William Dyckman was exiled for seven years during the British occupation, and his first house burned.

Of the very few houses still standing in New York built before 1800, the Dyckman House is one of the oldest and quaintest. Its proportions are unpretentious, for it was a simple farmhouse; but the two Dyckman daughters, who presented it to the city, in 1916, have spared no trouble or expense in outfitting it with family heirlooms and Revolutionary trophies found in the neighbourhood, and in making the house as homelike and intimate as a public museum can hope to be.

The Van Cortlandt Mansion does the same educational work on a larger scale, presenting, by means of period furniture, costumes, kitchen utensils, and the like, a faithful reproduction of the simple, comfortable living of our forefathers. The house, with its terraced garden leading down to the lake front, has the unique advantage of preserving all of its setting, of which the Dyckman House, as well as Claremont, the Jumel Mansion, and Hamilton Grange, have been ruthlessly shorn. There is an interesting relationship through several of these houses, of which the parent may be said to be the manor house at Yonkers.

Philipse not only gave the land upon which the Roger Morris house was built, he owned the estate upon which the Van Cortlandt house stands, having sold it to Jacobus Van Cortlandt, who married his step-daughter, Eva. The house built by their son Frederick is reputed to be modelled after the style of the Philipse homestead. In 1884 the entire Van Cortlandt estate, with other property, amounting to over a thousand acres, was acquired by the city and formed into Van Cortlandt Park, stretching east of Broadway and up to the city line.

## XX

## BROOKLYN

### THE SCULPTURE OF FREDERICK MACMONNIES

SOME intelligent person has discovered that "Good times are from within." Taking this statement with its largest suggestion of philosophic truth, it goes without saying that the source upon whose fertility ultimate dependence rests, in one's quest for pleasure, must be furnished and replenished constantly if it is to be drawn upon with any hope of adequate response.

It must be confessed that Brooklyn herself puts her case badly. The town has practically never been laid out. It started out a few years later than New York with an half dozen or more little settlements; a main street developed from the straggling path that led up the hill from the early ferry; little by little these settlements became united, until, after nearly two centuries of existence, they achieved in their combined strength the dignity of a city.

These little villages had been the unconscious

outgrowth of the farms that lined the East River shore, with the central village of *Breuckelyn*, lying about a mile above the ferry. None of them had definite form. Each had crooked streets and lanes, created merely as convenience demanded communication between the burghers' houses and the narrow lane, now Fulton Street, that constituted the main artery of simple traffic.

When Brooklyn was granted her charter as a city, in 1834, it is amusing to read that the preoccupation of Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont, who was "appointed to lay out a new city," was to establish a beautiful cemetery to rival Mount Auburn, which he had seen and admired during a recent visit to Boston. The wooded heights of Gowanus appealed to him as presenting the most favourable features for his scheme; and how hungry was the population for something beautiful we may know when we read that the cemetery became, in a sense, its first public park, and that the young folks of the early Victorian era promenaded with their lovers amongst the graves of the dead, over the superb hills of Greenwood, overlooking the bay and the Sound.

Prospect Park came into existence some forty years later, and after that something wonderful happened to Brooklyn. There was a great period

of renaissance, a strong civic movement headed by men of character and remarkable taste. These men constituted the Park Commission, and they gave to the city what is to-day its finest asset—the sculpture of Frederick MacMonnies.

The few grains of wheat that Brooklyn yields to the sympathetic search of the loiterer are of a quality whose superiority is inversely proportionate to its quantity. To arrive at that good time that lies within, and by grace of which one may have wonderful emotions in these ugly crowded streets and along the sordid water front, it is well to saturate one's self with the literature of the subject before taking the plunge.

There is no more romantic reading in fiction than the story of the Battle of Long Island enacted along the heights of the present city, from its lead in from the distant Gravesend Bay, across the plains of Flatbush, over the hills of Gowanus, through Prospect Park, to its final vital moment of retreat from the locality of the Fulton Ferry.

The story of the Prison Ship Martyrs, gloriously commemorated by that magnificent monument on Fort Greene, is one of the most moving, tremendous tales of heroic bravery that the world has known. Stanford White's great column rises literally superior to the sordid environment with

a sublime architectural message that grips one in majestic vindication of the wrongs and sufferings of these noble Revolutionary victims upon whose principles the foundation of our republic rests.

Ernest Poole has made vivid the story of the harbour, the Heights, the docks. The charming old residence section built along the bluff overlooking the harbour is still comparatively intact, while the aroma of some of Brooklyn's great intellects lingers in the Plymouth Church, where Beecher held the multitude for religion, by the simple power of his oratory, during forty years; in some of the quainter and more dilapidated of the small frame dwellings, built no doubt, in part, by Walt Whitman, in the early days when he aided his father in master-carpentry.

While the richest treasure of the city is MacMonnies' group of sculpture at Prospect Park, there are also Proctor's "Panthers" at another entrance, and Shrady's noble equestrian statue of Washington at Valley Forge, isolated on the Williamsburg Plaza, but making another point for pilgrimage. And thus one seems to see, through the dull ramifications of a straggling endless suburban city, a sort of skeleton, with the old Borough Hall in the centre, that might be held in the case of some wisely directed heaven-

"WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE," BY HENRY MERWIN SHRADY
WILLIAMSBURG PLAZA, BROOKLYN, (PAGE 408)

sent calamity that would raze block after block of undesirability and wipe out whole sections, leaving for future splendour a nucleus of such features as might be marked for passover.

The fact of MacMonnies' birth on the Brooklyn Heights must be understood as the last reason for his being chosen to make for his native city that important group of sculpture that marks the formal entrance to Prospect Park. It was merely by a fortuitous chain of circumstances and the settled evidence of his entire capability that the interesting commission, including the quadriga, the two groups for the arch, the four eagles on the standards of the plaza, marking the vestibule to the park, the equestrian statue of General Slocum on the Eastern Parkway, and the standing figure of General Woodward, was awarded by the Park Commission to Frederick MacMonnies at the outset of his brilliant career. To this was added later the portrait statue of James S. T. Stranahan, within the entrance to the park, the "Horse Tamers," two companion groups of rearing horses, at one of the southern exits, and the little Duck Boy Fountain, in the Vale of Cachemere.

MacMonnies was born before the close of the

Civil War. His birthplace was one of the agreeable old houses near the water front; his boyhood was spent in one of those beautiful country places, now included in the borough and planted thick with stupid hives of a swarming population. What incentive there was in the New York and Brooklyn of the pre-Centennial period to suggest to a boy an artistic career it is impossible to imagine, and the sculptor himself has amusingly described the city of his early recollection as in the first enthusiastic grip of the brown-stone blight, where the ambition of every house and every street was to duplicate its neighbour; a state of intellectual torpidity with which its citizens were well satisfied. It must be said that the country contributed to this complacence, and that brownstone fronts were considered the quintessence of elegance; they were liberally copied by other cities, the rage for this unpleasant substance extending as far as the Pacific coast, where, in San Francisco, some early houses still remain to bear witness to its potent influence.

Inside the houses were as uninspiring as without. Each one had the same engravings, the same chromos, the same Rogers' groups.

The Metropolitan Museum was little more than a struggling idea, and for sculpture presented a

nucleus consisting of one colossal bust of William Cullen Bryant and a few minor atrocities. There were no casts from the antique, and the Cesnola Collection, with its rich revelation of beauty, was still unknown.

The aridity of the streets, now lined with handsome shops displaying every form of *objet d'art,* is inconceivable, and MacMonnies speaks feelingly of frequent trips down to Washington Square to feast his famished eyes on the little brass-lettered sign affixed to the doorway of the Benedict, and the only ornamental object of its kind applied to the architecture of our city. This had been designed by Stanford White and made by Louis Saint Gaudens. It is still there, its beauty enhanced by constant polishing, a charming little relic—a first tiny wedge of good taste.

As a youth, MacMonnies went to Saint Gaudens as "studio boy," working as apprentice pupil at the time of that sculptor's greatest productivity; growing up there under favoured circumstances, for the studio was the resort of the best architects, sculptors, and painters of the country. In Saint Gaudens' atelier MacMonnies first came to the notice of Stanford White, then a young man of twenty-one years. MacMonnies thought him "as old as the hills," and was amused to find in after

years, when they had become friends, that there was but five years difference in their ages.

Saint Gaudens had already laid the foundation of the young sculptor's taste, and under him MacMonnies developed extraordinary manual skill. His was a fine influence, everything he did had taste and quality besides a fund of poetic feeling. Stanford White took to MacMonnies from the first and saw his possibilities with that unerring instinct for selection that made him so valuable a force in matters of art. In those early days he turned over to the young student some of the ornamental work on the Villard house, that great palace of brownstone designed by White, at Fifty-first and Madison Avenue. It is still a beautiful house, but in those days it stood out as a pioneer amongst fine things, and it created a new standard of beauty.

Then MacMonnies went to Europe (in 1884), and studied with Falguière; and, working the Beaux Arts, he twice won the *prix d'atelier,* the highest prize open to foreigners. His first statue, a Diana, won him an honourable mention at the Salon of 1889, and then, through Stanford White, came his first commission, the three adoring angels for the Church of the Paulist Fathers, surmounting the high altar designed by the architect. Small

commissions followed during the next few years, when MacMonnies made, through White, the "Pan of Rohallion," the "Boy with Heron," for Mr. Choate, the spandrels for the Bowery Bank, the angels for the Washington Arch, and the West Point "Victory."

By this time the young sculptor began to get his footing, and his first important public commission, the statue of Nathan Hale, made in Paris, in 1890, fixed his reputation for all time. After this success he was awarded, at the suggestion of Saint Gaudens, the famous Columbia Fountain, for the Chicago Exposition, at which so many of our present sculptors made their débuts. The fountain, whose chief requisite was to be "style," MacMonnies conceived as an imposing composition with twenty-seven colossal figures, surmounted by "Columbia," enthroned upon the central mass of a great white ship.

It was then, when the sculptor was not more than twenty-seven years of age, that an extraordinary thing happened in Brooklyn. Prospect Park, which had been laid out about 1780 as a place of recreation and amusement for its citizens, became the centre of civic ambition, and a group of broad-minded and remarkable men, constituting the Park Commission, handed over to

Frederick MacMonnies the inclusive scheme of sculpture that was to make it notable among the parks of the world. These men were Frank Squier, Colonel Woodward, Mr. de Silva, Elijah Kennedy, General Woodward, and Augustus Healy. Convinced of his ability and confident of the outcome, these gentlemen gave MacMonnies perfect liberty, untrammelled and unhampered by suggestion or criticism.

The Army and Navy triumphal arch, which presented the base of operations, was already standing, having been designed some years previous by John H. Duncan, architect. Its only sculptures were the two equestrian reliefs of Lincoln and Grant on the piers within the archway. These stiff, archaic panels by Thomas Eakins and William Rudolf O'Donovan bear the dates 1893-94. Mr. Eakins modelled the horses and O'Donovan made the riders, and there is a quaint story of the two artists posing for one another and of their exhaustive search for the right horses, which ended in A. J. Cassatt lending his celebrated mount, "Clinker," for Grant's horse, while "Billy," upon whom sits, or rather is embedded, Lincoln, was a western steed. The work went forward in Mr. Eakins' improvised studio at Avondale, below Philadelphia; there he made

PORTRAIT STATUE OF JAMES S. T. STRANAHAN
BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES (PAGE 419)

many studies and fine casts for his part of the reliefs, rather pluming himself upon making the models *with one bucket of clay;* working contrary to all accepted methods, in sections, and casting the parts and putting them together afterwards.

Works of art they are not, though there is in the modelling of the horses that sincerity which characterizes everything that Eakins did in painting, and as the sculpture of a painter of very remarkable accomplishment they possess much antiquarian interest. We know that Eakins was deeply scientific by nature, and that he had made before he tackled this problem (1884) those wonderful anatomic horses, owned by the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy, and also that he assisted Meybridge with his experiments in instantaneous photography, making exhaustive records of equine motion. And all of this definite and accurate information concerning the anatomy of the horse comes out in these reliefs. But Eakins went into the matter so thoroughly and conscientiously that he lost sight of the bigger problem; and as for O'Donovan, he seems to have moved in sublime ignorance of the fundamental facts of sculpture and beyond the warmth of the sacred fire of genius. His men are droll caricatures of

the heroes they are supposed to represent. Lincoln sits stiffly, his right arm extended downward, with the hand holding a quaint old top hat, as if to catch the stones with which the bad boys of the neigbourhood used to keep it constantly filled.

The arch was badly designed, and when it was decided to add the quadriga to the top and the reliefs to the piers a change of administration enabled the Park Commission to engage Stanford White as architect of the proposed features. He built out the bases for the groups and tried to make something of it, but the arch is a failure, architecturally, despite MacMonnies' splendid work. Had he been older and more experienced he no doubt would have refused the commission, realizing its difficulties. But he was under thirty, and carried away by the opportunity to do big things. Youth and exuberance conquered judgment, and MacMonnies threw himself into the designing and modelling of the three enormous bronze groups—the quadriga surmounting the arch, "The Army" and "The Navy," decorating the piers facing the entrance to the park.

In this work MacMonnies showed the abundant results of his study and experience abroad. "Nothing finer than 'The Army,'" says Taft, "has been done since Rude carved '*Le Départ*'."

Yet, as he goes on to say, there is no tangible point of resemblance. They have the same impulse, the same effect of having been thrown off by an irresistible force as from an inexhaustible fountain of energy. They have abundance of invention, genius for arrangement in which the lines and contours seem to flow of themselves to the proper balance, dexterity of surface modelling, and a rich sense of beauty and strength.

The panels are treated as reliefs, though the figures are largely in the round, and the two subjects, while following the same effective massing of light and shade and general weight and design present contrasting emotions. "The Army" MacMonnies has said he conceived as an explosion—"a mass hurled against a stone wall and which, bursting in all directions, was petrified as it flew." This effect is carried by the agitated contour, bristling with bayonets carried by the soldiers in active combat, dominated by the figure of the officer with uplifted sword, whose fallen horse gives bulk to the lower portion of the group. The whole warlike message is emphasized by the trumpeting figure of Bellona, on a great winged steed which fills the upper part of the composition, adding immensely to the colour and variety of the bronze.

In "The Navy" MacMonnies pictures the reverse side of war, the quiet heroism wherein life is laid down for country with none of the spectacular accompaniment of active battle. The moment is one of dramatic intensity augmented by its simple reserve, its passive acceptance of doom. The men are standing close together on the deck of a sinking ship, awaiting their fate with unflinching devotion to duty.

In the apotheosis of America, who, with battle flag and draperies blown by the wind, stands erect in her chariot drawn by four slender horses and heralded by two winged Victories, which makes the subject of the great quadriga that surmounts the arch, there is no equivocal sentiment. Throughout the sculpture on the arch one feels with full force the fundamental elements of war—war backed by a glorious cause; held by staunch men and true; won through courage, devotion, heroism, sacrifice; favoured by deities; exulted in by gods.

In the spacious setting, with its two ornamental pavilions, its four fluted columns, surmounted each by a large bronze globe and eagle, we have White's design—the eagles modelled by MacMonnies.

To the immediate left of the entrance, standing as a welcoming host, is MacMonnies' bronze statue

of Brooklyn's "first citizen," James S. T. Stranahan, during whose long administration as president of the Park Commission Prospect Park was created, and to whose suggestion is due the system of boulevards and the Ocean and Eastern Parkways. MacMonnies describes him in words and presents him in bronze as a delightful person—polished, courteous, broad-minded, simple, unselfish—the very acme of all that a citizen should be. In the summer of 1891 his fellow citizens erected "during his lifetime and unveiled in his presence" (so runs the legend on the pedestal) this unusual tribute to his worth. The sculptor himself drew the veil from his work on this impressive occasion.

In this statue of a charming old gentleman, sympathetically and simply done, presenting him as a figure true to its time, one feels the perfection of the ideals for which those earlier American sculptors heroically struggled. What Kirke Brown and Ward hoped for the future of American sculpture, MacMonnies has taken and enveloped with his deeper sense of beauty and richer fund of expression. The Stranahan statue epitomizes the movement fathered by these pioneers in their stand against the neo-classic, and as such its importance as a veritable contribution to the sum total of knowledge in the art of sculpture cannot

be overestimated. Of it Taft says, "Nothing truer has been done in our day."

The personality of the man is the first and last impression, and every phase of the enthusiastic modelling has been so treated as to contribute to that profound characterization, which is its most striking attribute. The problem of the modern costume has been faced squarely, even to the detail of the quaint silk hat, held in the right bare hand. The left hand is gloved and holds the other glove and stick, while over the arm is thrown an overcoat. The pose has the simplicity of greatness, the costume is unconventional without the untidiness suggested in Ward's Beecher, before Borough Hall.

MacMonnies felt delight in the work, making many studies of the model and bearing them away to France, where the statue was completed and cast, which partly accounts for the interesting patine the bronze has gained through exposure. After it was finished and unveiled, Stranahan was so pleased with his effigy that he and his wife used to drive down the plaza and he would be photographed standing beside the statue—they thought it so like.

Within the park, bearing to the left from the plaza entrance and following a devious and con-

fusing route through rose gardens and other pretty features of this graceful enclosure, a path leads unexpectedly down through dense foliage into what is known as the Vale of Cachemere. Here amidst laurel and rhododendron bushes lies, partly concealed, a tiny lily pond, and in the centre of this lily pond, its border strengthened and enriched by a stone parapet, designed by Stanford White, one comes upon MacMonnies' radiant Duck Boy Fountain, a diminutive ruddy bronze figure of a baby holding a struggling mother duck, from whose mouth, opened in distressed cries, emits the sparkling stream of water. The baby is very little and joyous, its head is turned to one side, its small arms barely able to hold the captive bird. He stands with one foot on the back of a turtle, the heel of the other lightly touching the ground. Four tiny ducklings stand, as it were, on tiptoe, flapping their embryonic wings and screaming in vain effort to reach their mother. These, flattened against the yellow marble pedestal, are united by festoons of water lilies. At some distance from the boy, four turtles emerge from the surface and throw jets of water upon the group. The whole effect is very playful and charming. The rich colour of the bronze is the accidental patine of time, one of the most fasci-

nating qualities of bronze. In winter this figure is taken in and the pond is used by the children for skating.

Those stupendous groups known as the "Horse Tamers" flank an exit at the opposite side of the park, through which lies the favourite route to Coney Island. These fantastic groups express the exuberance of the sculptor's most prolific period, when his genius bubbled forth almost uncontrollably, and he was ready for every difficulty. For sheer manual dexterity the things are amazing; for decorative value their force is overwhelming; yet these rearing chargers with their slender riders seem to have come as easily from the sculptor's brain as the little "Piping Pan of Rohallion" or the charming fountains of the Knickerbocker Hotel.

These, with the equestrian statue of General Slocum, the hero of Bull Run, and the standing figure of MacMonnies' friend and patron, General Woodward, constitute the sculptor's extraordinary contribution to Brooklyn. "During the ten years of his greatest activity," says Taft, "he created more good sculpture than any contemporary—more than most do in a lifetime." With the exception of the Nathan Hale before the City Hall in New York, the flower of MacMonnies' work

"THE HORSE TAMER," BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES
PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN (PAGE 422)

during the first decade of his productivity is in Brooklyn. All of it was shown in Paris at the different salons, gaining the sculptor, as a final recompense, the *Legion d'Honneur* in 1896. It is interesting to note that now, in his maturity, MacMonnies is making for Princeton a battle monument embodying the ideas of the Army and Navy Arch reliefs, in which one sees the rich development of his life and work, in a group surmounted by the figure of Washington, which has all the youthful enthusiasm, to which is added a riper grasp of the essentials of form, balance, and composition.

The firm of McKim, Mead and White gave Brooklyn its beautiful museum building, a consistent edifice devoted to art, natural history, and ethnology, standing on Eastern Parkway not far from the Plaza. The outside sculptures are by Herbert Adams, Daniel Chester French, Henry Augustus Lukemen, Kenyon Cox, Attilio Piccirilli, Karl Bitter, George T. Brewster, Edward C. Potter, Janet Scudder, Charles Keck, Edmund T. Quinn, John Gelert, and Carl A. Heber.

The outgrowth of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the museum is a composite of the three departments mentioned and covers a wide field of activity. The art section contains

several features, notably the series of the "Life of Christ," by James J. J. Tissot, presented, in 1900, by the citizens of Brooklyn; the collections of water colours by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent; the interesting panels painted for the Church of the Paulist Fathers by John La Farge; and Boldini's impressive portrait of James McNeill Whistler.

## XXI

## BROOKLYN'S BATTLE MARKS

The Battle of Long Island has left notable traces throughout the city of Brooklyn, enveloping its surface mediocrity with peculiar romance and charm. One should look at a map to get the features of the island well in mind. The hill range which forms the backbone of Long Island, and upon whose slopes Walt Whitman was born, terminates on the west in Brooklyn Heights, and forms the general line followed in the course of that momentous first avowed battle of the Revolution.

We are to reconstruct for better understanding the series of small towns and villages that lined the coast, looking towards New York, and lying upon the East River and the harbour. Since 1642 a public ferry has been established between Manhattan and Long Island, whose landing-places were at Peck's Slip, in New York, and the foot of the present Fulton Street, in Brooklyn. These old villages, whose names in more or less cor-

rupted form are still preserved, were practically contemporaneous, the land having been parcelled out by the early governors to the Dutch settlers and patroons.

The first settlement appears to have been at Gowanus, to the south of the ferry; Van Twiller appropriated a grant at Roode Hoek, so called from its rich red soil—the name still preserved, not only in the nomenclature of the coast line, but in a small street, called Red Hook Lane, not far from Borough Hall. Amongst the earliest settlers were the Walloons, who came to America in numbers early in the seventeenth century. These were Huguenots, who had sought refuge in Holland from religious persecution, and they founded Waal-Bogt, or the Bay of the Foreigners (corrupted to read Wallabout), a district lying on the East River, above that deep indentation where is situated the Navy Yard. Gravesend was originally an English settlement, granted by Kieft to Lady Deborah Moody, but the English strain was soon lost, and the name *s'Gravensande* (the Count's Beach) was taken from the Dutch town on the river Maas. Ferry Village sprung up about the neighbourhood of the ferry, while Breuckelen received its charter about 1643, and was a small central hamlet along the straggling

country road, a mile above the ferry. About twelve years previous to the Revolution this narrow lane became the first post road through Long Island.

To cover the territory involved in the Battle of Long Island one should grasp the essential landmarks extending between Gravesend Bay, way down below the Narrows, near Coney Island, where Howe landed with his force of 20,000 men, and Fort Greene Park, then Fort Putnam, where Washington had concentrated 9,000 soldiers, constituting one-half of the American army. This high ground still commands an impressive view, but in those days, before the city was built up, it not only overlooked the city of New York and the East River, it commanded an extensive range of Long Island and the four ancient roads taken by the British in their advance from Gravesend.

These four roads led away from the bay by way of Bedford, Flatbush, Jamaica, and the shore line to Gowanus, whence an inland road cut across country to Brooklyn village. Washington, Putnam, Sullivan, and Stirling were the heroes of the battle, their names, simply, being inscribed on a tablet at the intersection of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue. Washington distributed his scanty store of men as best he could, fortifying

three of the four means of approach; while Howe, quickly recognizing the strategic importance of the unguarded roundabout road by way of Jamaica, took that himself, sending two Highland regiments, under General Grant, by the shore road and a column of Hessians, under General von Heister, by the middle pass.

To follow the course of the battle one must follow the heights. Stirling formed a line all the way from Battle Hill, in Greenwood Cemetery, to Gowanus Bay; Sullivan held the roads through the dense woods by way of Bedford and Flatbush. Both came to grief and were outnumbered and captured after a brave fight. A day of disaster to the Americans closed with an exhibition of devoted bravery on the part of the Maryland Regiment, which held back the British until their companions could reach safety, and, as the phrase is, "saved the American Army."

We read of Washington standing on Lookout Hill, in Prospect Park, watching the advance of the British against the inadequate forces under General Stirling; of his amazement and emotion when, instead of surrendering, Stirling turned against the adversary to give battle. It was at this sight that Washington is said to have wrung his hands and cried: "Good God! What brave

fellows I must this day lose." The sentence is inscribed on the pedestal of the Maryland Monument, designed by White, and erected in honour of Maryland's Four Hundred.

The retreat after the battle carries the reader across the heights into the old part of the town along the bluff overlooking the river, and down to the water's edge, a region in which all landmarks have been obliterated; yet the conformation of the ground is the same, and one can picture the terrible panic and confusion at the site of the present ferry, where the troops were gathered to make their escape in the motley assemblage of river craft which Washington in secret had prepared for them. The council which decided the retreat was held in the old Pierrepont House, at the head of the bluffs, at what is now No. 1 Pierrepont Place, a handsome brown-stone residence still in the possession of that family. This house occupies the site of the original colonial dwelling.

According to the plan, none of the soldiers and few of the officers knew what was in the wind when, after dark, the latter were ordered to get their regiments under arms for a night attack upon the enemy. When the troops had fallen into line, instead of marching towards the British camp, to their surprise they found themselves descending

the steep slopes that led down to the river, and when it was understood that they were retreating, panic the most violent seized them. The soldiers crowded into an indistinguishable mass of officers and privates, all obsessed by the one idea of getting into the boats, which included every sort of river craft, both sail and row boats, upon which Washington could lay hands. From many sources we learn that such disorder prevailed that the soldiers in the rear actually climbed upon the heads and shoulders of their forward comrades and walked over them to the front, leaping *pêle-mêle* into the boats, in spite of the threats and entreaties of their officers, and crowding these to such an extent that several boats were nearly swamped. When driven at the point of the bayonet from some of the flotilla, the frightened soldiers poured instantly into others, from which neither threats nor blows could finally dislodge them.

Washington's anxiety for the safe retreat of his army, so gravely jeopardized by this unseemly panic, was fast exhausting his patience, and his language is described as growing "as vehement as his labours had been gigantic."

"At last his wrath at the insubordination and perversity of the men leaped beyond the bounds of

PORTRAIT OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, BY GIOVANNI BOLDINI
BROOKLYN MUSEUM (PAGE 424)

his habitual prudence, and, seizing a huge stone, which probably few other men in the army could even have lifted from the ground, he raised it aloft in both hands, and shouted: 'If every man in that boat does not instantly leave it, I will sink it to hell.' " *

The voice of the general is said to have been so impressive and his gesture so threatening that the boats were instantly vacated and the insubordination quelled. The retreat occupied the night; Washington was the last man to leave the island, and the watchers on the bluffs saw his boat for a few moments in midstream in the growing dawn before the thick fog that put the final touch of security to the proceedings closed down over the British camp and enveloped the river in impenetrable mystery.

In a section of Brooklyn, rather off the beaten track, above the old Huguenot settlement of Wallabout, and on beyond the Brooklyn Navy Yard, lies Fort Greene Park, a pretty patch of rescued verdure rising to a noble eminence, upon which stands the awesome monument to the Prison Ship Martyrs of the Revolution. This monument, certainly one of the grandest of its type, was amongst

* "Historic and Antiquarian Scenes in Brooklyn." T. W. Field. P. 92.

the last things that engaged the art of Stanford White. He never saw it in the life, its corner stone having been laid a year after his death, but he realized it in all its poetic majesty and austere aloofness from its crazy environment as perhaps his most monumental and distinguished achievement.

The monument takes the simplest form. It consists of a great fluted shaft of magnificent granite rising straight and with pure lines into the air; upon the top a square capital, ornamented with walls of Troy, upon which rests a bronze urn. This column, standing upon the highest point of Fort Greene, is planted in the centre of a square granolithic plaza, the ends marked by short shafts ornamented each by an eagle resting against the base. The approach is from the direction of the sea, and consists of three flights of wide granite steps with intermediate platforms, on the second of which is the descent into the crypt, concealed under the steps; and therein are contained the bones of the eleven thousand prison ship martyrs of baleful history.

The defeats of the patriots at the Battle of Long Island and the subsequent capture of Fort Washington gave the British between four and five thousand prisoners, and this number was con-

stantly increased by the arrest of citizens suspected of complicity with the so-called "rebellion." The prisons in the city of New York being entirely inadequate to the situation, some transports that had originally been used to bring cattle and other war supplies out from England were pressed into the abominable service. In all there were seventeen of these hateful prison ships, of which two at a time were in service at Wallabout for the reception of prisoners.

The conduct of the prisons by the British officials makes desperate reading. Our men were thrust aboard these pestilential hulks in incredible numbers; and here, in loathsome floating dungeons, denied air and light, scantily fed on poor, putrid, often uncooked food; quartered with the basest criminals, the sick with the healthy, were subjected daily to intolerable insult and indignity. They died by thousands, of scourges and starvation, lying huddled together at night, the dead with the living, until the rude morning cry, "Rebels, bring out your dead!" ended their horrid slumbers and brought them to the miseries of another dreadful day. One of the prison ships was burned, said to have been fired by the inmates who preferred death to their long-drawn sufferings; but the human cargo was merely transferred

to another ship, increasing the misfortune of both.

The most infamous of these ships was the *Jersey*, or the *Hell,* as she was called from the number of prisoners confined between her decks, often as many as a thousand at a time; and we read, in the memoirs of Silas Talbot, that of the twenty thousand Americans who died on the prison ships throughout the Revolution 11,644 found that relief upon the *Jersey* alone.

These men were constantly offered rations, and freedom in the open air, if they would but enlist in the service of George III—not necessarily to fight directly against their own country, but for service in foreign wars, thereby relieving soldiers who could then be added to the British forces in America. Their fidelity to their newly forming country is without parallel in the history of the world, and their grim staunchness forms the very keystone of our republic. These devoted patriots, taken from every one of the thirteen original states, numbered more than were killed in all the battles both by sea and land in the long and desperate struggle for freedom.

At the close of the war the survivors were released and the old *Jersey* sank in the mud of Wallabout Channel, at a spot now covered by the

west end of Cob Dock. For many years the bones of the martyrs lay bleaching on the banks of the Wallabout, where the bodies had been rudely buried in shallow pits by the British. The whole shore from Rennies Point to Mr. Remsen's farm was a place of graves; many prisoners were buried in a ravine of the hill, and "it was no uncommon thing to see five or six dead bodies brought on shore in a single morning," writes J. Johnson, Esq., of Brooklyn, "when a small excavation would be dug at the foot of the hill, the bodies cast in, and a man with a shovel would cover them by shovelling sand down the hill upon them." More than half the dead bodies on the other side of the Remsen mill pond were washed out by the waves at high tide during northeast winds. "The bones of the dead lay exposed along the beach, drying and bleaching in the sun and whitening the shore."

This distressing state of affairs became a chronic topic of complaint to congress; but while every one agreed that "something should be done," the only practical thing that was accomplished was through the activity of John Jackson, a veteran of the Revolution, who owned a farm adjoining the spot where the *Jersey* disappeared from view. While others talked, he collected the pathetic re-

mains of the soldiers with whom he had fought and suffered, and when he had several hogsheads of bones stored on his farm he made an offer to Tammany to give the land for a monument, if that society would undertake its erection.

Tammany accepted the charge, set about collecting the balance of the skeletons and, in 1808, buried them with imposing ceremonies on the Jackson farm in a temporary wooden tomb. This became so dilapidated that, in 1873, the Park Commission prepared a permanent and imperishable vault on Fort Greene, overlooking the scene of suffering. The body of John Jackson, which had been interred in the old wooden structure, was transferred to the new, and rests with the remains of those whose plight he had been the first to mitigate. Later the cause was espoused by the Society of Old Brooklynites, whose members secured the signatures of 30,000 citizens of New York and Brooklyn to a petition asking congress for an appropriation to build the present monument.

## XXII

## RANDOM DECORATIONS

Not to appreciate the thing at hand is the order of our civilization. We rush madly about on busy errands, absorbed in the commonplace, until quite exhausted, and then—until now it has been the custom—hie us to Europe to take, in great gulps, all the æsthetics that can be crammed into one short summer, on the theory that such things are the inherent and peculiar dower of the old country, and that while America is an excellent place for dollars one must not trust its art.

But now that we are to be turned in upon ourselves for higher development, it behooves us to take stock of the art resources of the country, to study and recognize the efforts of the earlier builders of our cities—the architects, sculptors, and painters, whose lives were spent in the consideration of beauty in its relation to human life.

About the decorations of the public buildings of New York an almost hostile indifference prevails; when the subject does come into discussion,

current writers take perverse pleasure in holding up to ridicule such attempts as are made to embellish the city—to give it some other than a purely commercial character. Of destructive criticism there is an abundance; of intelligent appreciation very little. That a building or a tower is the highest in the history of the world; that a bridge is the longest, a railway terminal the largest, or an hotel the most expensive, is the kind of information that with us finds ready credence; even a statue can become famous in this land of superlatives if only it can be said that it is "the greatest colossus in the civilized world," and that the pedestal rests securely upon a foundation which is "a monolith of concrete reputed to be the largest artificial single stone in existence."

These highly uninteresting and unimportant facts are freely disseminated and become common gossip; everybody knows them. But who, aside from the cognoscenti, knows or cares that Kirke Brown's Washington, in Union Square, ranks amongst the few really great equestrian statues of the world, and should be revered by all good Americans, not only for the monumental character which it immortalizes, but as the work of one of the earliest American-born sculptors, and the first to conceive an American school?

DETAIL OF "EARTH" PANEL IN THE DEY STREET FACADE OF THE WESTERN UNION BUILDING, PAUL MANSHIP, SCULPTOR (PAGE 439)

How many of the throng that presses daily before the Stock Exchange stop to bestow a passing glance upon its handsome pediment, or turn to do homage to Ward's great masterpiece upon the steps of the Sub-Treasury? The Woolworth Building is famous for its height; who ever considers the beautiful detail of its lacy tower? One who stops in the Hall of Records to admire the rich stone mosaic of the entrance lobby, the work of William de Leftwich Dodge, or upon busy Dey Street to view the panels of the four elements, made by Paul Manship, on the new building of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, does so at his own risk, and is looked upon almost with suspicion by the preoccupied public, scurrying along in quest of the chinking coin.

Yet how handsome are these things! One quite longs to stem the tide, to take the passers-by gently by the hand and deflect them from their frenzied course; for within the monster edifice on Dey Street is a frieze of *putti* in Paul Manship's most delightful manner, while imbedded in the marble floor, within the Broadway entrance, is a circular device in bronze—a sort of seal of the company—designed by the same clever artist. The "Genius of Telegraphy," only very lately conveyed to the pinnacle of the building, is by Evelyn Beatrice

Longman—a strong and stirring figure symbolizing the mysterious force behind the gigantic operations of the service.

At the risk, indeed the certainty, of being considered a hopeless "nut," I penetrated the interior of one of the great downtown banks one day in search of certain decorative spandrels to which a fellow artist had directed me. I encountered, coupled with utmost kindness and attentiveness, a staggering vagueness, until I was finally passed along to the treasurer of the company, who received me and my curious tale with even more tenderness and consideration, looking at me with tired grey eyes and with a visible effort dislodging his brain from really important matters. "And what are spandrels?" quoth he, when I had finished, with whimsical simplicity.

The eagerness to help in what most officials connected with the various hotels, court-houses, theatres, banks, and public buildings containing sculpture or mural painting evidently consider a most unnatural curiosity concerning objects which to themselves are as so much masonry and wall-paper, is truly pathetic. It is like opening the eyes of the blind to call their attention to what stands before them, while the information given out in answer to questions is often alarming. I

have been told, for instance, that some of the windows in the Church of the Ascension were by Saint Gaudens! When I asked at Saint Luke's Hospital for the author of the beautiful window in the chapel, which I afterwards verified as the work of Henry Holiday, no one visible in the institution had the faintest idea, nor was able to lay hands on any data concerning it. When I made inquiries in another church, currently, but erroneously, reported to contain windows by Burne-Jones, the young curate that was finally persuaded to see me—in this case there was no eagerness—seemed positively proud of his ignorance of matters that could only be interesting to a builder, and with a supercilious lift of an ecclesiastic eyebrow seemed to insinuate: "Who are the Jones'? With Hendrick Brevoort buried in our vestibule, what know we of such vulgarians?"

While not all of the best decorations and sculpture done by American artists for America are concentrated in New York, the city, especially if one stretches a point to include the two court-houses of Jersey City and Newark, which are elaborately decorated, furnishes an interesting field for the study of what the movement has accomplished in this country within the last quarter of a century.

We have accepted the Centennial Exhibition, of 1876, as the birthday of decoration in America —the Columbian Exposition, of 1893, as its official coming of age. This "coming-out party" was presided over by a number of distinguished architects, each of which introduced, as it were, his own particular *débutantes*. George B. Post brought forward Blashfield, Weir, Reid, Simmons, Beckwith, Reinhardt, Shirlaw, and Cox —all men of more or less distinguished accomplishment in other fields of painting; and these were the decorators of the eight small domes of his Palace of the Liberal Arts. Richard M. Hunt discovered the great natural ability of William de Leftwich Dodge, who as a mere youth, fresh from the Paris schools, had proven his fluency in the painting of the famous panorama of the Chicago fire, and for the architect he painted the enormous dome of the Administration Building.

Some of these painters—notably Dodge, Reid, Simmons, Cox, and Blashfield—received through the experience gained in the exposition and their attendant success a permanent bent for decoration, for which immediately following the close of the World's Fair there was a great demand. The effect of the ephemeral work at Chicago was deepened by the success of the two great libraries

of Boston and Washington, decorated at about this time, employing almost every mural painter of distinction of native birth and bringing to this country the work of the greatest of French decorators, Puvis de Chavannes.

Paris had already set the admirable example of securing for its public edifices a record of what contemporary French painters could do in the field of decoration, and most of our artists, trained either under these or with them, came back filled with a desire to express for America what their French contemporaries had expressed for France —to establish with some degree of permanence the record of national achievement in the same direction.

Perhaps the supply created the demand. Certainly the demand reached the supply, and Hunt and Post, in their subsequent architectural ventures, utilized the genius at hand with delightful enthusiasm. The first private residence to be decorated after the exposition was that of Collis P. Huntington, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, built by George B. Post and decorated by Blashfield, Francis Lathrop, Mowbray, and Vedder. Mr. Post secured much admirable decoration for the Cornelius Vanderbilt house, across the way, including Saint Gaudens' handsome

mantelpiece; and imported the wonderful Baudry ceiling, afterwards presented by Mr. Vanderbilt to the Century Theatre and installed in the foyer, with accessories painted by James Wall Finn. This ceiling panel, by the distinguished decorator of the foyer of the Paris Opera House, is one of the chief mural treasures of New York.

Through the younger Hunt, Blashfield made "The Sword Dance," a lunette for the Gothic supper room of William K. Vanderbilt, and two panels—"Fortitude" and "Vigilance"—for each side of the chimneypiece; and later, for Arnold Brunner, he made the exquisite decorations for the residence of Adolph Lewisohn, in Fifty-seventh Street, all of which have been removed and installed in Mr. Lewisohn's new house, below Mr. Frick's, on the Avenue. The ceiling panel, representing "The Music of Antiquity," is placed in the music room, and another panel, "Florentine Dance," is in the great main hall.

Simmons' splendid "Justice," attended by "The Rights of Man" and the "Fates," for the Criminal Courts Building, was one of the first mural paintings to be placed in a public edifice in New York. It was done in 1895, directly after the success of the decorations of the World's Fair, and in the full tide of enthusiastic production

"THE MUSIC OF ANTIQUITY," CEILING DECORATION IN RESIDENCE OF MR. ADOLPH LEWISOHN, BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD (PAGE 444)

which marks this artist's finest period. The Waldorf-Astoria followed, and again the Appellate Court, an example of overabundant enthusiasm. Of it Mr. Blashfield has said, charitably: "We tried so hard to give full measure that I fear we overdid it."

The Appellate Court proved, amongst other things, Mr. Mowbray's distinguished gifts in decoration and brought him the opportunity of the University Club, and subsequently, for the same architects, the private library of J. Pierpont Morgan, in East Thirty-sixth Street, whose quiet and beautiful interior is greatly enriched by the vaulted ceiling, with decorative paintings by this artist. These, with the mosaic panelling of the side walls, the *pavimento* of rare and costly marbles, present an ensemble reminiscent of the old world. With every resource at his command, the elder Morgan withdrew from his deposit at the South Kensington Museum two fifteenth century chairs and a bronze bust of Pescari, assigned to Benvenuto Cellini, which form the all-sufficient furnishings of the loggia. The ceiling of the stock room is a splendid example of Italian Renaissance from the Palazzo Aldobrandini, at Venice.

As the movement for decoration gained in popularity, hotels, theatres, restaurants, and concert

halls became objects of the painters' skill. Many of the most interesting of these, such as Blum's panel for Mendelssohn Hall, Dewing's ceiling for the café of the Hotel Imperial, Dodge's frieze for the Café Martin, have been lost sight of in the alterations or destruction of these buildings.

Of the many decorated theatres, the New Amsterdam is famous for its proscenium arch, designed by Robert Blum and carried out by A. B. Wenzel. Blum died before the actual work was commenced. The subject, "The Drama," is represented by a central figure of Lyric Poetry, flanked on the left by Tradition and on the right by Truth. The other principal characters are a Jester, Chivalry, and a King, whose crown has been taken away by Death. George Gray Barnard and Hinton Perry made the sculpture for the theatre.

William de Leftwich Dodge is best represented in the seven panels and colour scheme of the Empire Theatre, designed by Carrère and Hastings, one of the best decorated theatres in New York, and especially interesting for the treatment of the ceiling, which follows in conception the famous ceilings of Tiepolo and Paul Baudry, the two masters of foreshortening in architectural composition.

The essential spirit of true decoration, as de-

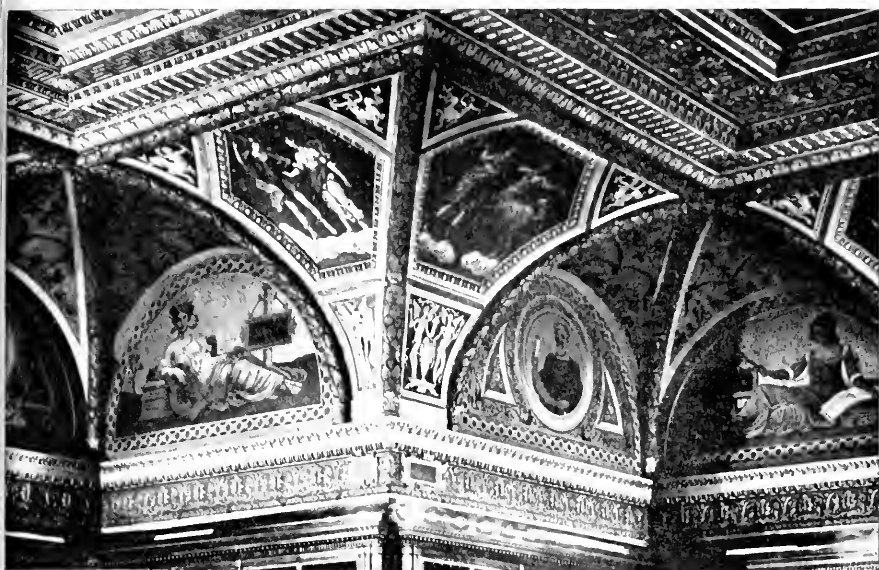
duced from a study of the great mural painters of the past, provides that walls should be so treated as not to lose their sense of surface. In other words, the subjects painted should be seen to lie flat on the walls, like tapestry, and not in the round, with distance and aerial perspective, as in easel pictures. Tiepolo, the great Venetian painter of ceilings, found that large ceilings or domes with sufficient elevation could be effectively treated as actual openings in the roof, and painted many extraordinary rooms where the intention of the ceiling was to deceive the eye, to produce the effect of a continuation of the architecture of the room and to show the sky above.

The ceiling of the Empire Theatre, like those of the Italian prototypes, represents a balustrade which appears to surround an opening in the roof; and over this balustrade figures lean, looking down into the theatre, while across the blue sky, beyond, floats a symbolic figure. The illusion from all sides of looking up through the balustrade is created by making all the lines of architecture converge to one vanishing point, so that nowhere is there an effect of the structure falling over. The Baudry ceiling in the Century Theatre deals with the same problem, and Frieseke also tried it in his ceiling for Wanamaker's Auditorium.

The charm of mural painting in general does not depend on brush technique, nor upon fidelity in details, nor upon a literary subject. Designed to be seen from great distance, composition, construction, and colour are the vital considerations, and it is most effective in the big and simple renderings of thought to be conveyed. From the distance seen, all small things disappear. The face cannot be relied upon to express feelings or emotions, which carry only through the gesture of the whole figure, and it is much more important that the head or hand should be in its right place than that finger nails should be well drawn.

In the zeal for decoration which followed the success of the Columbian Exposition's experiments the special fitness of the artist for his task is not always taken into account, and we have in New York and throughout the country many examples done by artists distinguished in other fields, which fail for lack of experience with the métier.

Mr. Mowbray's frieze in the Appellate Court is an excellent example of strictly mural painting; Mr. Blashfield's pendentives in the dome of the Hudson County Court House, in Jersey City, and, above all, the decoration of the Criminal Court Room of the Essex County Court House, in Newark, by Henry Oliver Walker, fulfil ad-



DETAIL VAULTED CEILING WITH DECORATIVE PANELS, BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY
MORGAN LIBRARY (PAGE 445)

DRAWING FOR PANEL ON MORGAN LIBRARY (NOT EXECUTED)
BY ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR (PAGE 445)

mirably the mission of decoration. The rendering of the latter is as flat as tapestry, and the picture, in beautiful colour, lies upon the surface of the wall with all the effect of fresco. Mr. Dodge's handsome frieze in the Hotel Devon, rich in autumnal colouring, is preëminently the work of a mural painter. Low-toned, harmonious, and joyous, the groups of festival procession handsomely fit the place and make a rich, glowing effect of warmth and comfort.

The seven carefully finished, exquisitely drawn lunettes of the tea-room of the St. Regis Hotel, by Robert Van Vorst Sewell, on the contrary, defeat the purpose of decoration. They "illustrate" the story of Cupid and Psyche. The same is even more true of Abbey's "Bowling Green," over the bar of the Hotel Imperial, which is essentially an illustration; while Maxfield Parrish's popular "Old King Cole," that quaintly humorous panel in the Knickerbocker bar, delightful as it is, is illustration rather than decoration. His panel over the mantelpiece of the "Meeting House" has the same prodigality of finish, though in this case the room is small and the mantel low, so that though technically a decoration, the panel has all the accessibility of an easel picture.

The Hotel Knickerbocker, besides its handsome

Parrish—of which Arnold Bennett, whisked there immediately after his first arrival in this country, said: "I found it rather fine and apposite,"—contains a fanciful decoration in high key by James Wall Finn, "The Masque of Flora," and in the dining room two small bronze fountains by Frederick MacMonnies, designed for their setting, but never properly attached, so that, instead of joyously spurting, a dismal trickle issues from the aperture and the boys' gestures lose point.

C. Y. Turner and Kenyon Cox are represented in the Manhattan Hotel, the former by a series of historic panels, the latter by some overdoor lunettes. These, of course, are very professional in handling. Mr. Turner is better seen in the two panels for the De Witt Clinton High School, illustrating the "Opening of the Erie Canal," realistic scenes, educational in purpose, representing the "Marriage of the Waters" and "Entering the Mohawk Valley." Barry Faulkner's twelve panels for the Washington Irving High School, though inspired by the "Knickerbocker History of New York," are treated in an allegorical and conventional way, preserving the decorative quality of the walls.

The decoration of the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt Hotel, done by Smeraldi, a clever

Italian, in imitation of the famous *Chambre des Singes,* of the château of Chantilly, is an example of consistent and agreeable interior decoration, charmingly adapted to its destination.

New York contains an important and imposing decoration by Edwin Howland Blashfield in his "Graduate," a large lunette in the great hall of the City College, done in 1908, and representing the artist's most mature period. The panel gains distinction partly through Mr. Blashfield's choice of a colossal figure for the central focus of the composition, and partly by reason of the effective arrangement of the light and the strong contrasts of shadow.

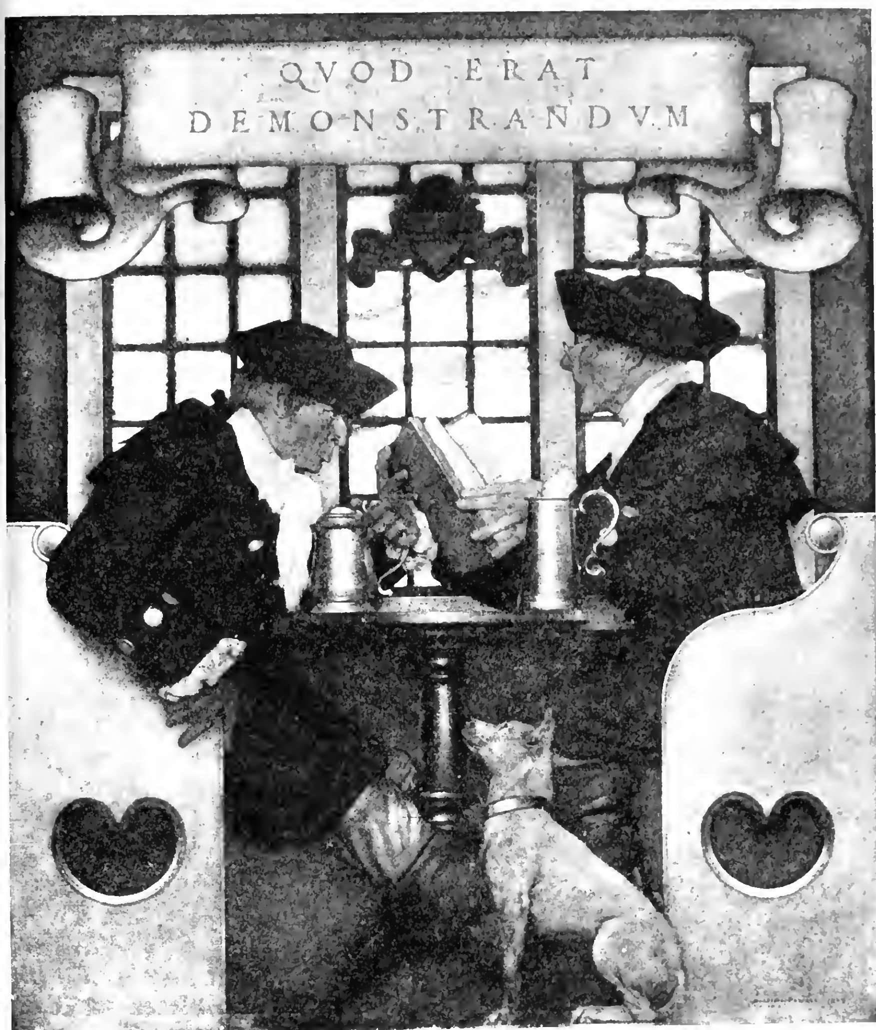
Wisdom, the large central figure, presides, holding in her lap the earth, and turning towards the spectator the Western Hemisphere. The light which floods the centre of the canvas proceeds from a fire burning on a low altar at her feet. Above, in a semicircular arrangement of smoke, which curls aloft from the fire, float Wisdom's tributaries, with books and scrolls, and below her pedestal, in a long, curved line, sit the symbolic figures of the great centres of learning, the universities, personified by graceful and characteristic feminine forms.

The Graduate stands before the throne of Wis-

dom, receiving from his Alma Mater the scroll and carrying the torch of learning which he has just lighted at the altar. To the right of these two dark figures—the Graduate and the Alma Mater—on a lower plane stands Discipline, clothed in red, holding a sword and a scourge; she waits to accompany the Graduate through life. To the right and left of the centre sit groups of the immortals, and below the composition is balanced by larger groups of students, seen rather in the literal vein, while the rest of the figures are symbolical.

The loiterer genuinely interested in mural painting should not neglect to make the short trip to Jersey City and Newark to visit the two elaborately decorated court-houses of those cities. There is nothing to compare with them in New York in the magnitude of the undertaking, and they contain a great deal that is interesting in its bearing on decoration in this country.

The Hudson County Court House was designed by Hugh Roberts, architect, and the general colour scheme of the building was entrusted to Francis D. Millet, whose work therein was finished a few months before he was lost on the Titanic. The decorations include the dome, ornamentally treated and embellished with the signs of




*Reproduced by courtesy of The Meeting House*

"PROVING IT BY THE BOOK," DECORATION BY MAXFIELD PARRISH
IN THE MEETING HOUSE (PAGE 449)

the zodiac, carried out by Aderente and Foringer, who assisted Mr. Blashfield in his panel, "The Graduate." The four figures of Fame, each holding a shield, with a medallion portrait, are characteristic examples of decoration by Mr. Blashfield. The main rotunda contains four large lunettes treated realistically, of which two are by Millet and two by C. Y. Turner, and besides these there are twelve tiny panels in monochrome, which illustrate events in the history of Jersey City. The vaulting of the corridor corners by Kenyon Cox is conceived in a better spirit of classic decoration and is rather fine in colour.

The intention of the painting throughout is educational rather than decorative. It deals with concrete facts of history, literally rendered, with a wealth of circumstantial evidence, all of which is very interesting from the standpoint of information. This is notably true of Howard Pyle's historical frieze in the Freeholders' Room, which consists of three large panels depicting, with photographic accuracy, the "Arrival of the Half Moon," "The Dutch Settlement," and "The Coming of the English." Pyle has loaded the spaces, just as he did his book illustrations, with authentic details of costume and accessories, most of which are invisible to the naked eye, but with-

out which this master of detail would never have been satisfied.

The Essex County Court House at Newark was built by Cass Gilbert, architect, and the decorations were supervised by Arthur R. Willet, who planned the general colour scheme and made some minor accessories. Mr. Blashfield made the pendentives to the dome, and there are panels in the various court rooms by Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, Francis D. Millet, Howard Pyle, Henry Oliver Walker, George W. Maynard, and C. Y. Turner. The exterior sculpture of the building is by Andrew O'Connor.

These two court-houses represent the ultimate fruition of that initial movement in decoration which was started by the Chicago fair. The genius and ability there discovered was all too rapidly organized and turned to commercial account, so that the impetus given soon wore itself out and resulted in the founding of no school of American decoration, as might have been hoped. There has been, so to speak, no suite, no succession, and with the passing of this generation of mural painters none other is rising to take its place.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

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