

PICTURESQUE NEW YORK.¹

I.



IN the last century, Sir Uvedale Price, preaching the new gospel of reaction against formality in gardening art, tried through a whole volume to explain picturesqueness. By dint of piling up descriptions, in very pretty phrases, he succeeded. But he nowhere hit upon a good quotable definition, and I do not think that any writer since his day has found one. However, many writers have tried to define beauty with no better

natural man. Its charm — if I must attempt a bit of defining myself — is made up of harmonious and alien elements. It must have some elements which speak to the esthetic sense, and also some which speak to that love of sharp and telling contrasts, to that delight in the fortuitous and surprising, which is equally innate in our souls.

Thus the essence of picturesqueness is variety; and the charm of variety is more easily appreciated than the charm of simple and pure perfection. More attractive to the average tourist than even the cathedrals, which



THE BATTERY.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

success, and yet most people know, although they cannot tell, what beauty and picturesqueness are.

Of course, with the one as with the other, individual estimates differ. But divergence in taste is greater, I think, as regards beauty than as regards picturesqueness. Only that long practice of the eye and mind which we call cultivation can fully reveal the higher kinds of beauty; but picturesqueness instantly appeals to the

stand undisturbed, are the ruined abbeys of England — those abbeys to which the destroying hand of the Reformer and the decorating hand of Nature have given a greater amount of variety, a larger element of the unexpected, a higher degree of picturesqueness. There must be many persons who would rather look at the Parthenon in fragments than see it as it was before the Turkish bomb exploded. I am sure that a quite naïve, untrained eye would rather see its fragments picturesquely overgrown with ivy and sprinkled with wild flowers than beautifully naked under the un-

¹ With nine etchings by Charles F. W. Mielatz, reproduced by wood-engraving, and three pen-and-ink drawings by T. R. Manly, on page 174.



COENTIES SLIP.

ENGRAVED BY A. GAMM.

clouded sun. And such an eye would admire Alcibiades more in the peaked cap, scalloped jerkin, and pointed shoes of the fifteenth century, than draped in the straight folds of a chiton, or passing unclothed from the wrestling-ground to the bath.

Nevertheless, not all eyes can appreciate picturesqueness wherever it occurs. While esthetic cultivation leads one gradually to rank the beautiful above the picturesque, at the same time it opens the senses to many forms of picturesqueness hitherto unperceived. It is a truism to say that a landscape-painter finds a hundred things paintable, pictorial (and this comes very near to meaning picturesque), which the Philistine finds absolutely uninteresting or

actually repulsive. Why should this be? It is because, as I have said, some elements of real beauty must enter into the picturesque, and the artist's eye is so trained to seek out beauties that it finds them, very often, where the untaught eye sees unmitigated ugliness.

Among the things it has learned to value are beauties of light and shadow. Ordinary folk seldom notice these. To them a landscape is the same landscape at dawn, at noon, and at dusk. To the artist it is three different landscapes at these different hours; and at one hour, perhaps, is totally uninteresting, at another exquisitely lovely. Again, the artist notes charms of color with especial keenness. And, again, he has trained himself to see things as

a whole, when they look best that way, without being disturbed by their details, and, in a contrary case, to forget the whole in admiration for certain features or effects.

Thus the artist sees more in nature, and sees it better, than the ordinary man. And as it is with the spontaneous products of the earth, so

of New York, which seems to sparkle with Atlantic salt, also stands by itself to the eye. Even the air of Philadelphia seems duller and less vital, and the air of Boston colder and more raw.

The quality of the atmosphere influences not only the aspect of sky and cloud, the in-



ON THE EAST RIVER.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

it is with those huge artificial products we call cities. The painter will agree with you when you say that Paris is beautiful and New York is not, or that, compared with Nuremberg, New York is prosaic. But, whether you assert or deny the fact, he will insist that there are many picturesque things and places in New York, and that, under certain conditions, it presents many broadly picturesque effects; and he may even tell you that it is a picturesque city in a queer New World fashion of its own.

II.

ONE great influence determining the aspect of a city is the quality of its atmosphere. This quality is not alike in any two large towns unless they are geographically and industrially very near akin. Doubtless the atmosphere of Birmingham is quite like that of Manchester. But the smoky air of London is not the same as the smoky air of Chicago. The delicate, grayish atmosphere of Paris can nowhere be matched. And the clear, pure, crystalline air

tensity of sunshine, and the look of long street-perspectives, but every minor fact of color, and of light and shadow. Put our party-colored New York buildings in London, and we should hardly recognize them, even while their surfaces were still unstained by soot; the thickness of the air would effectually disguise them. Put the dull-looking buildings of London in New York, and they would be transfigured to something new by our brilliant sky, our crisp lights, and our strong, sharp shadows.

Ugly as the American tourist thinks the smokes and fogs of London, they have a great attraction for the artist, lending themselves to the most powerful effects of chiaroscuro, and removing the need to draw details with prosaic accuracy. The fact that London has so seldom been portrayed by English artists simply shows that there have not been many sensitive artists in England. On the other hand, the much thinner, purer, but still slightly misty air of Paris, has had a thousand devotees. It subdues without shrouding facts of local color, and softens details into manageable shape without conceal-



A RAINY NIGHT, MADISON SQUARE.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

ing them. The transparent, almost metallic air of New York is more difficult to deal with. It keeps our city incomparably clean, and cleanliness is not so artistic as it is godly. I am glad of this chance to celebrate the cleanliness of New York, for we are always being told how dirty it is. It is certainly very dirty underfoot in many of its streets. But the eye which is looking for beauty or picturesqueness—the eye which is really seeing a city—does not care chiefly about pavements. And above our pavements we are so extremely clean that an artist of any previous generation would have declared us impossible to paint. The modern artist, however, is not afraid of subjects which lack “tone.” He has washed the old traditional palette, and set it anew with

fresh, cheerful colors; he has learned how to portray the brightest sunshine; and he can rejoice in a place where he must paint sunlight falling on clear whites and yellows, bold reds, bright browns, and vivid greens, no less than one where, as in London, he can confine himself to neutral tones, or where, as in Paris, he can veil his whites, his pale light blues, his soft greens, and occasional notes of a more brilliant kind, with a delicate gauze of airiest gray. Indeed, the more modern in temper he is, the more he is attracted by the “toneless” problem; for it is the more difficult one, the newer one, and, therefore, the one with which he has the best chance to do something that was not hackneyed long before he was born.

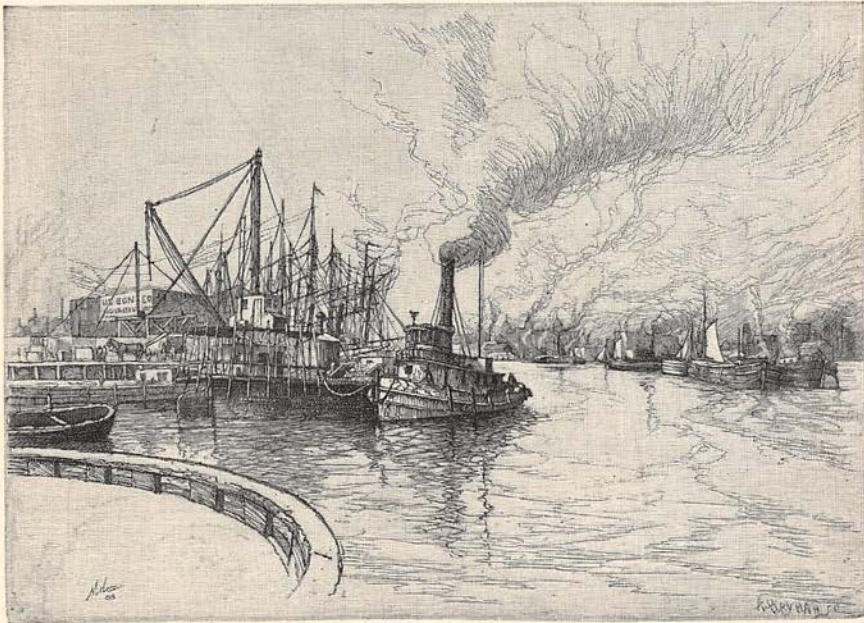
So our young artists are beginning to draw

and to etch and to paint New York, and here and there they find corners and vistas of delightfully novel flavor. They are excited by those frank, big irregularities of form which drive an architect to righteous despair, and which tune the Philistine tongue to less discriminating contumely. They are stimulated by our high, clear notes of color. And they take particular pleasure in seeing how finely an occasional stream of black smoke from a chimney, or billowy rush of white steam from an elevated train, cuts into and contrasts with the crystal air and the azure sky, and then dies away, leaving them unpolluted. They do not say that New York is beautiful, but they do say that it is "most amusing"; and this is the current studio synonym for picturesque.

The most picturesque of all the sights that New York offers is its general aspect when seen at night from a boat on the water. The abrupt, extraordinary contrasts of its sky-line are then subdued to a gigantic mystery; its myriad, many-colored lights spangle like those of some supernally large casino; and from the east or

ward, the big islands in mid-stream look much too pleasantly varied and bright to be the abodes of poverty, illness, and crime. And there is nothing in any land which, to the searcher for broadly picturesque effects, can be more satisfying than the southward outlook from the bridge itself, when the afternoon sun is shining on the gray-and-silver bay.

One of the most beautiful views I have ever beheld, one far too nobly beautiful to be called picturesque, is the view of Paris, seen from the top of the towers of Notre Dame. None of New York's towers can show us anything which equals this panorama of pale gray and verdant tones, slipping away to the encircling hills, and cut through the middle by the shining line of the many-bridged Seine. Yet we get a very entertaining panorama of ruddy architectural irregularities, spotted by the more aggressive tall white or yellow irregularities of recent years, from the tower on Madison Square, while the desirable element of beauty is supplied by the distant boundary-lines of water and further



EAST RIVER AT GRAND STREET.

ENGRAVED BY A. HAYMAN.

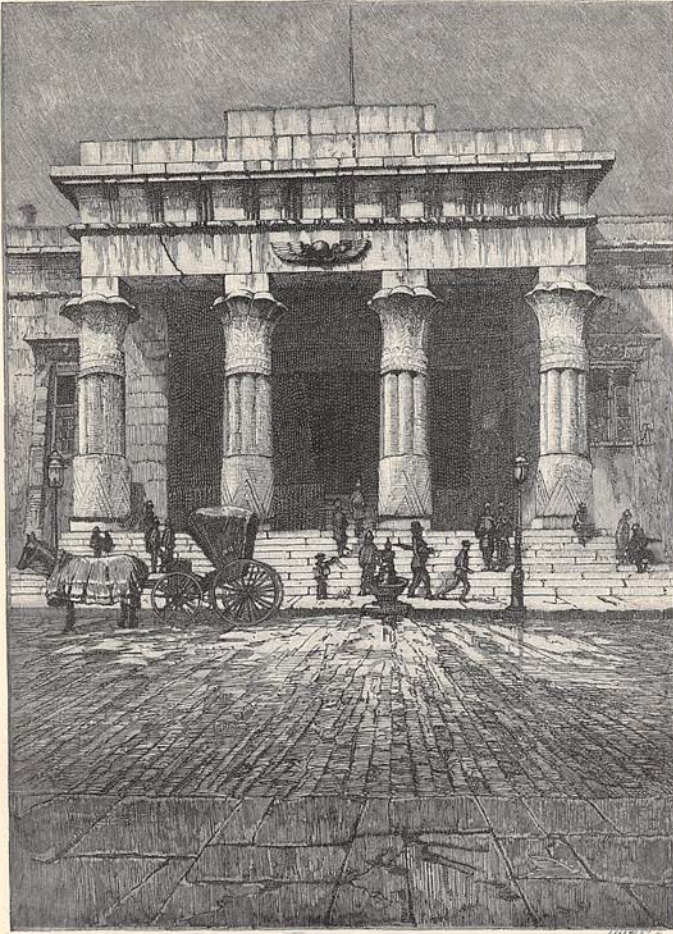
south we see one element of rare and solemn beauty—the sweep of the great bridge, defined by starry sparks, as though a bit of the arch of heaven had descended to brood over the surface of the waves.

In the daylight the city's sky-line, all along the western shore, is much too pronounced and yet prosaic to be picturesque. But on the more winding eastern shore there are many picturesque points of view, with the bridge always playing its part. When we get further north-

shore. And from the top of the "World" tower down-town, where the adjacent buildings are loftier and the wide waters are much nearer, the prospect is astonishingly picturesque, astonishingly beautiful even, although in a wilder, cruder way than the one from the towers of Notre Dame.

III.

WHEN we walk through our streets we want to appreciate all the picturesqueness they con-



THE TOMBS.

ENGRAVED BY J. CLEMENT.

tain, we must cultivate the artistic faculty of seeing only just as much at a time as we ought to see. We must sometimes note the general effect without considering special features, and sometimes contemplate a special feature to the exclusion of its neighbors. And we must put all rules of enjoyment learned in other towns out of mind, and all respect for ancient architectural canons.

For example, we may walk a long way upon Fifth Avenue without finding a truly picturesque feature. But do you want to see a finely picturesque general effect? Take an hour toward sunset, stand near Thirty-fifth street. Look to the southward, first down the slope of the long, gentle hill, and then down the longer level reach beyond, and let your eye rest on the far roseate mist and the crimson southern sky. This is more than a picturesque sight. It is a beautiful sight, and there are so few of its kind in New York that it ought never to be offered to unheeding eyes.

VOL. XLV.—23.

Continue your course down the avenue, and perhaps you will be lucky enough to round the shoulder of the Brunswick while the shadows lie heavy on the trees in Madison Square; but the sky is still vivid overhead, and a strong beam of sunshine still lingers far up on Diana's saffron tower. This too is a beautiful sight, if you look only at the tower. But, seen from a more southerly point, with alien buildings around it, and a mat of foliage at its feet, the tower is eminently picturesque even at noon-time, still more at sunset, and especially at night when it is wreathed with flashing lamps. But it grows purely beautiful again in a clear midnight, when there is no light but the stars' light, yet this suffices to bring out its pallid grace against a sky which, being the sky of New York, is, even at midnight, definitely blue.

A little further to the southward still, and you stand at the corner of Twenty-third street. Here you will be happiest in winter, for then

a carpet of snow may give a key-note of color repeated in the white fronts of certain big shops, and again in the clouds which mark the flight of an elevated train at the end of the vista. This is not a beautiful view, but it

judge them collectively as an element in a tangled street-perspective. Our elevated roads have certainly "spoiled" many of our avenues; yet they bring numerous picturesque notes into the vistas of our cross-streets; and when we



ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.

is a picturesque one, and picturesque in a bold, careless, showy way quite characteristic of New York. For in other American towns where architecture is as audacious and irresponsible as here, there are not the same high colors distributed in the same effective large masses, and bathed in the same almost yet not quite metallic air. Chicago uses more different kinds of building-material than do we; but even if her smoke did not subdue their tints, she would still lack the coloristic decision of New York; for we make a much larger use of white and pale-yellow stone and brick and terra-cotta.

Twenty-third street is a good place in which to learn that there are two sides to many optical questions. Our women, for instance, clothe themselves much too gaudily outdoors if we judge them individually by the standard of good taste in dress; but they do not if we

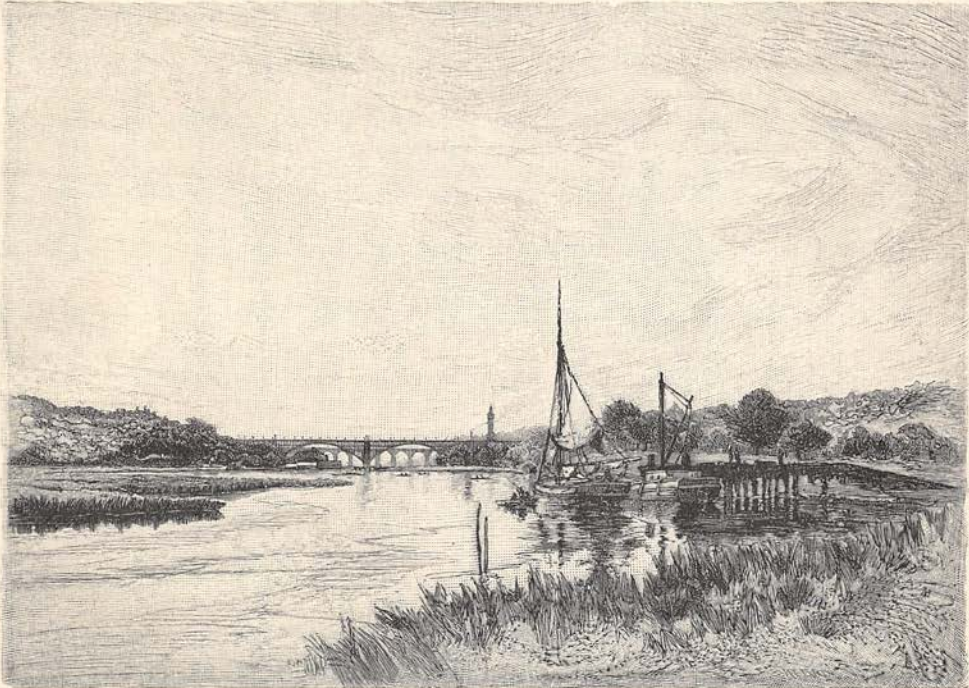
travel by them, especially at night, they delight our eyes with striking effects never seen until they were built. And it is the same with our flaunting sign-boards. Architecturally criminal, and destructive of that look of dignified repose which may be even better in a city than picturesqueness, they add to the accidental contrasts which a painter of modern temper loves.

The whole of Madison Square is picturesque to a painter of this sort, by day and night, in summer and winter. Or it would be if only some one would build, on its sharp southern corner, another tall light-colored tower to challenge Diana's across the trees. Even this same shabby corner, as our etcher shows, is not unpicturesque when veiled by night and a rain-storm; and there are many other places in New York which assume a surprisingly pictorial aspect under these conditions.

But these are not our characteristic conditions. They do not show our picturesqueness as most distinctly different from that of any other town. Our atmosphere and our light are our chief glories, with the splendid sapphire sky they give, and the sumptuous masses of white clouds they allow to brood or fly above us. Therefore we have been wise of late years to run so decidedly to architectural whites and yellows. And therefore a shining spring day is the one on which we prefer that a stranger shall first behold us; or a snow-clad but equally shining winter day—the sort of day which

filthy water-streets show touches of it, and from the water itself there unrolls a perpetually new grouping of those many-sized hulls and tangled spars and cordages which, in every century and every maritime land, have been the artist's joy. Queer, sordid and ramshackle are many of these waterside pictures, but often good to paint, and still more often very good indeed to draw.

New York has nothing, alas, to recall the clean, stately quays which are a distinctive feature in most European seaports. But around the Battery there is a dignified promenade, and



TWO BRIDGES ON THE HARLEM.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

comes rarely now, as regards the snow, but, if we may believe veracious elders, used to come by months at a time. Then, when the sleighs are out, and every note of color in house or dress is keyed up to a double intensity by the white background, and the sleigh-bells do not ring more gaily than the brisk wind greets our cheeks, it must be a dull eye which finds the upper part of New York dully prosaic.

IV.

But it is not only up-town, in the central, respectable streets, that the picturesqueness of New York resides,—not only and, in one sense, not chiefly,—although here our color-effects are most brilliant. Picturesqueness of detail is unending along the river-fronts. Even the grimy,

the prospect it offers of restless water and protean craft need not fear a rival. South street is more respectable than most of our water-streets, and seems distinctly picturesque to me. But perhaps this is because, as a child, I used to sit there in my grandfather's office and marvel at the giant bowsprits which almost came in at the window. Farther north lies Coenties Slip, with some rare remaining bits of old-time architecture—"stores" whose quaint, Dutch, bourgeois quietude is emphatically brought out by the self-assertiveness of the big square red tower of the Produce Exchange behind them.

Then, as we penetrate toward the center of the down-town district, there are picturesque glimpses of verdure, lighted up by flaming flower-beds, at Bowling Green and near the City Hall; and there are the varying reaches,

now straight, now curving, now narrow, and now broad, of the teeming business streets. Here is the famous slant of Wall street, made almost tunnel-like in recent years by the height of its reconstructed buildings. And from it we get another of New York's best sights—the sight of Trinity Church, and of that peaceful graveyard which looks doubly peaceful amid this riot and roar; church and graveyard impressing not only the eye but the mind as witnesses that beauty and righteousness have their claims no less than money-making and architectural display.

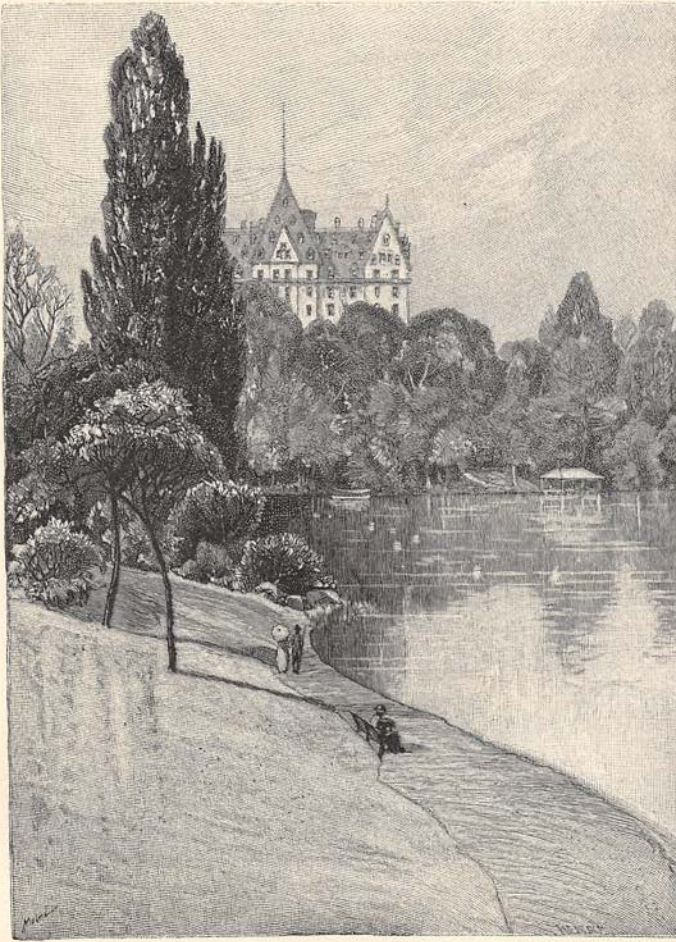
But we cannot appreciate the picturesqueness which New York wears to both mind and eye unless we go immediately from the stately commercialism of its down-town streets to the adjacent tenement-house districts. Pest-holes to the sanitarian and the moralist, loathsome abodes of filth and horror to the respectable citizen, many parts of these districts gratify the eye that seeks pictorial pleasure. I have seen Grand street at Christmas-time when the East-siders had on their best clothes, and were wandering in crowded groups along the booth-lined pavement, and the big shops seemed to have disgorged half their contents outside their windows; and Grand street was almost as picturesque as a German *Jahrmarkt*. I have seen Hester street on a Friday afternoon in May, when it swarmed so thickly with Jews of a dozen lands—hucksters and buyers inextricably mixed—that there seemed no room for another, and all were as little like Americans as though they had never left their outlandish homes, and not a sound in their loud Babel was a recognizable part of civilized speech; and Hester street was amazingly like those foreign ghettos which traveling New-Yorkers take such pains to visit. I have seen Mulberry Bend on an October day, when it was just as full of Italians, lounging, eating, working, gossiping out of doors, with faces as beautifully brown and ruddy, teeth as white, smiles as quick, speech as voluble, jewelry as profuse, and garments as party-colored, as though they were at home in their Naples; and the New York sun gilded them as radiantly as though it had been the sun of Naples. I have seen the Bowery at night, when it is not a Parisian boulevard, but is something the like of which one could not see in any Paris; and a Chinese theater filled with Chinamen as absolutely celestial as though they had come through instead of around the globe. And while of course I know that there are many other odd sights to be seen in New York, these have been enough to prove that he who says it is unpicturesque has never looked at it at all.

Even yet we are by no means at the end of it. We must not forget the City Hall Park,

which, with the giant newspaper buildings around it, would be so fair a center for the downtown districts had not Uncle Sam seen fit to truncate it and shut it in with his great ugly Post-office. Still, however, it is shady, flowery, and attractive, as the newsboys always know, and as scores of tramps daily discover. And it still holds unchanged that old City Hall, which is perhaps the most beautiful of all our buildings, and which ought never to be changed, no matter how much money and how many other alterations it may cost us to preserve it. A couple of miles up-town is Washington Square, where, again, there are many tramps, but, instead of the newsboys, a sprinkling of baby-wagons and white-capped nurses; for this is the boundary-line between very poor and crowded and very well-to-do and roomy streets of homes—South Fifth Avenue, with its teeming French, German, Irish, and negro population, ending against one of its sides, and the true Fifth Avenue starting from another. This square shows at its best, perhaps, when from the window of some tall apartment-house we look over its crowding tree-tops at the flushing morning or evening sky. But even at the street-level its foliage gives a double interest to the University building, which, architecturally, is a poor imitation of English collegiate structures, but pictorially has considerable charm; to the neighboring gray church whose qualities are of a similar sort; to our new white Washington Arch; and to the beautiful Italianesque campanile of the new yellow-and-white Baptist church. This arch and this tower have made Washington Square really picturesque, especially when, standing near the one, we see the other against a sunset sky, and its great crowning cross begins to glow with electric flame—a torch of warning and of invitation alike to the outwardly righteous dweller on Fifth Avenue and the openly sinful dweller on South Fifth Avenue.

Buildings which are pictorially, if not architecturally, very valuable can here and there be found in every quarter of New York. The Tombs is one of them. Jefferson Market is another. Grace Church is a third, when we stand so far off to the southward that it seems to finish Broadway once and for all. And still another, very different in character, is the Quaker Meeting-house on Stuyvesant Square, which, with its simple shape, big trees, and little plot of well-tended grass, looks as though it had been bodily transported from some small Pennsylvania town.

Picturesqueness is hardly thought of when we go miles to the northwestward and find the Riverside Drive. It is beauty that greets us here, in the drive itself and the quite matchless river-view. But both beauty and pictur-



IN CENTRAL PARK.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD

esqueness can be found by him who seeks along the Harlem River, and, still further away, along the Bronx. And if he has time to search out here and there those scattered, fringing spots which go by the general name of Shantytown, he will find perpetual picturesqueness in their tottering, pitiful, vanishing, yet often greenly environed, relics of bucolic days.

But even if all that ought to be said could be said about every other quarter of Manhattan, how should one describe the Central Park? I shall not try. You, across the bridge, who own Prospect Park, may say you have a more beautiful pleasure-ground. But scarcely any other people in all the world can say this, and no one can say that he has a more picturesque pleasure-ground. Out of the nettle difficulty Mr. Olmsted, great artist that he is, plucked the finest flower of achievement in this especial line. Out of the most unpromising park-site that men ever chose, he made the most picturesquely lovely park that men

ever created. Few New Yorkers know it; few know more of it than its eastern and western drives. But the artist is finding it out; and whether or not he cares to bring into his canvas bits and glimpses of adjacent streets, he will not soon exhaust its capabilities of pictorial service.

v.

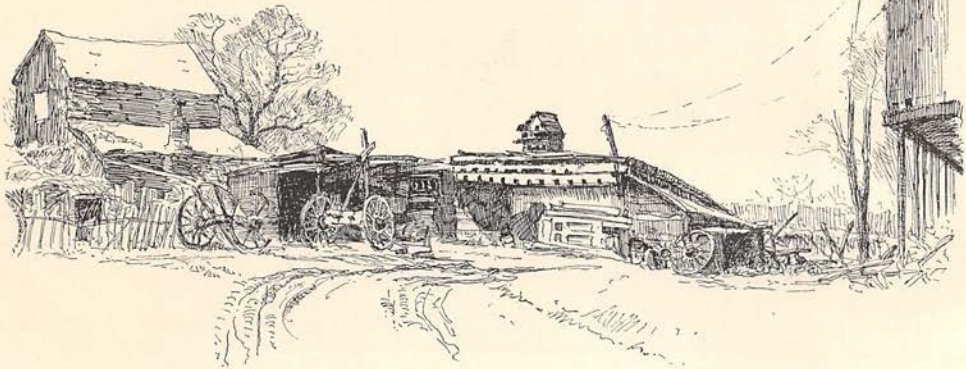
PERHAPS the most characteristic trait of our city is the quick and thorough way in which it makes good New Yorkers of its immigrants, foreigners or Americans, and the tenacious way in which it retains its hold, no matter how far off its sons may stray. The New Yorker who lives abroad may fancy himself a cosmopolite; but he always remembers he is a New Yorker, and can never even fancy himself a simple American, much less a semi-German or a semi-Frenchman. But the Berliner who lives here is not a Berliner, a simple German, or even a mere German-American. He is a New York

German, and this, as a florist would say, is a well-marked subvariety of the German species. And I need not speak of the Irishman who so instantly identifies himself with his

feeling in the sense of historic vanity, municipal self-respect, local public spirit. But they love their city so well that they shudder at the thought of living anywhere else. They are deeply hurt if a stranger is dull enough to question where they belong. And if they were born here, they never pay any other city the compliment of discussing how it would seem to have been born there, while the proud Bostonian is apt to show his pride by declaring he is glad he is not a native of New York. We are all good New Yorkers, I say, whether we were born on Fifth Avenue, in a far European village, at North Granite Ledge in Vermont, or near the head waters of the Yellowstone. And yet there is a dif-



AN OLD LANE, BOULEVARD NEAR 94TH STREET.



BOULEVARD NEAR 95TH STREET.

new home that he instantly thinks it ought to belong altogether to him. Then, if one of us removes to Boston, he or she remains, to the end of the chapter, a New Yorker who happens to live in Boston; but a Bostonian who comes here is transformed at once into a New Yorker who happens to have been born in Boston. Manhattan is for all the world, and all the world has taken possession of it; but Manhattan retaliates by taking possession of every man who comes, and marking him with earmarks which no one can mistake.

This is partly, of course, because we who were born here care so little where our neighbors were born. We care only what they are, and they are all good New Yorkers. They are not proud of their city, perhaps, as Parisians are proud of Paris, Bostonians of Boston. At least it is the fashion to say that they have no filial



IN SHANTYTOWN.

ference between the merely good New Yorker and the true, or born, New Yorker.

John, who came by rail from Buffalo three years ago, feels in the same way about his present home as James, who came forty years ago, by an older path, trailing his little clouds of glory straight from heaven. But he does not see this present home in the same way. He sees our actual, visible New York. But James —

even if he came only thirty years ago — sees this and an earlier, vanished one as well; and his constant perception of the vanished one vastly increases the picturesqueness of the actual one.

As I, a born New Yorker, take my walks abroad, I note a series of composite pictures, much more striking in their contrasts, unexpected in their variety, than any which you, a recently adopted New Yorker, can behold. My mother's composites are more picturesque still, for often she sees three bits of New York mistily standing together on the same piece of ground. And if my grandfather could come back,—I am proud to say he was born in New England, but I am sure he thinks less of this fact now than of the fact that he lived nearly seventy years in New York,—if he could come back, he would behold, as a setting for his composites, the open fields and gardens upon which most of our New York has been built since he left Connecticut; and so their picturesqueness would be green and flowery.

There is a city in the West which, within twenty years, has sprung up, new in body and feathers, from the ashes of its predecessor. And there are younger cities in the farther West which have been born, and have grown to architectural maturity, within the same brief period. But the deliberate hand of man has, during this period, done for New York almost as much as flame did for Chicago. Old New York has been torn down, and another city has arisen on its site, since the days when our streets rang to the tread of the returning armies of the Union. For a parallel to what we have done with this city of ours, we must look far back to some English cathedral where the still sturdy work of earlier generations was destroyed simply that living men might rebuild it bigger and taller and more in accordance with their own ideas of architectural excellence.

To realize what this change means to the true New Yorker, we need not examine those districts within a mile of the City Hall where transformation has been most audacious. We need only look, I will say, at Union Square, and only with the eyes of one who holds the day of Lincoln's assassination among her earliest clear memories. Union Square is a lively place now and an amusing; and when we see it from upper Broadway, with, over the trees, the tall Domestic Building in the far distance, it is not an unpicturesque place. But this is how I behold it: Tiffany's store stands on a certain corner, and it is commonplace and prosaic enough. But on this same corner I see

a pale-gray stone church with a square tower, plausibly like that upon some English parish-church, and with a thick mantle of ivy exactly like an English one. There are no sky-scraping business buildings anywhere, and not a single shop, and no horse-cars except along the Fourth Avenue side. The tallest structure is the Everett House, and elsewhere there are merely rows of modest high-stoop dwellings, with vines on their balconies and trees along their sidewalks. The trees in the square itself are much more numerous than you think, and spread out much farther, so that there are only narrow streets between them and the houses; and they are mingled with dense thickets of shrubs, and inclosed by a high picket-fence. Under their shadow all of us—all the boys of the neighborhood and one or two bad little girls as well—are playing "I spy" among the bushes, digging shallow pits in the earthen paths for our game of marbles, and drawing circles out of which we hope, with our pet *lignum-vitæ* top, to drive the tops of the other fellows, perhaps—oh, bliss!—splitting them in two in the act. There are no tramps or other doleful figures on the benches; there is only a rare policeman, who takes a fatherly interest in our sport; and there is a stall at one corner, where a fat Irishwoman in a red shawl dispenses pinked-out gingersnaps of a heavenly essence which cannot be purchased, even by bad little girls, within a mile of the sophisticated Union Square of to-day.

Now, this quiet old Union Square that I see, lying like a pretty cloud over the variegated and noisy one that you see, makes with it a very picturesque composite scene. And picturesque, too, is the Broadway I see, looking northward from the square; for there, mingling with the lofty stone and iron shops, are the ghosts of rows of little two-storied shops, with broad wooden platforms in front of them such as still exist in small New Jersey towns. And high up, before one of these shops (*the* toy-shop of my youth, kept by a Frenchman named Phillipoteaux, for whose sake I have always liked to praise the painter of panoramas), stands the ghost of a life-size figure of Santa Claus, picturesquely promising next Christmas while the trees are still in their budding season.

Even you, young artist, born on the Pacific slope and now fresh from Parisian boulevards, can see that your New York is picturesque. But I wish that I could show you mine—mine, which is not mine of my infancy or mine of to-day, but the two together, delightfully, inextricably, mysteriously, perpetually mixed.