

DECORATION IN THE SMALL BALL-ROOM.

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



THE "DIANA."

But it is neither rash nor invidious to name the building which most conspicuously increases the beauty of New York. Size, type, station, environment now limit the field for comparisons; and when intrinsic beauty is appraised within this narrowed field, the Madison Square Garden asserts itself without a rival. Nothing else in all New York has done so much to dignify, adorn, and enliven its neighborhood; nothing else would be so sorely missed by all New-Yorkers were ruin to overtake their dearest architectural possessions.

I.

AGES ago, as precipitate New York counts time,—that is, about fifty years ago,—Madison Square still recalled the name of Tieman's Farm; a House of Refuge for sinful boys stood in its center; and on the corner now held by the Fifth Avenue Hotel stood Corporal Thompson's Madison Cottage, where, at the Sign of the Buck-horn, explained by a huge pair of veritable antlers, the trotting men of the period found frequent refreshment for themselves if not for their beasts. Close at hand beasts of several kinds were housed and fed in Franconi's hippodrome until about the year 1856, and boys not sinful enough to be incarce-

rated played ball where the Worth Monument now stands. This shaft was erected in 1857, and to-day almost every one thinks that it is a memorial only. But it covers a grave: the hero of the Mexican war must sleep as he can between the rush of Fifth Avenue and the rush of Broadway.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel was built in 1859, and the enterprise was thought extravagantly rash. Yet by this time Flora McFlimsey was living on the square, and many other houses as fine as hers must have been were already fronting upon it; the brown church on its eastern side had been erected in 1854, and not long after the war the Union League Club, growing luxurious, took possession of the Leonard Jerome mansion, which, growing still more luxurious, it has since abandoned to the University Club.

The last few lusters have worked changes here, as everywhere in New York, but less radically here than on Union Square. Shop-windows always existed beneath the hotels which line part of the western side of Madison Square. Spreading farther to the north, where Fifth Avenue succeeds Broadway as the boundary, they have not involved much alteration in the house-



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THE TOWER.

fronts above them; Delmonico's, on the northerly corner, wears a quietly domestic look; dwellings still compose much of the eastern and the whole of the northern side, except where they are overtopped by the Hotel Brunswick; and although we find shop-fronts again on the

Twenty-ninth street, an interesting query suggests itself. Of all the architectural types invented by our far-off ancestors, ecclesiastical types are those which have best served modern needs. Until within very recent years the architect, when asked to build a city church,



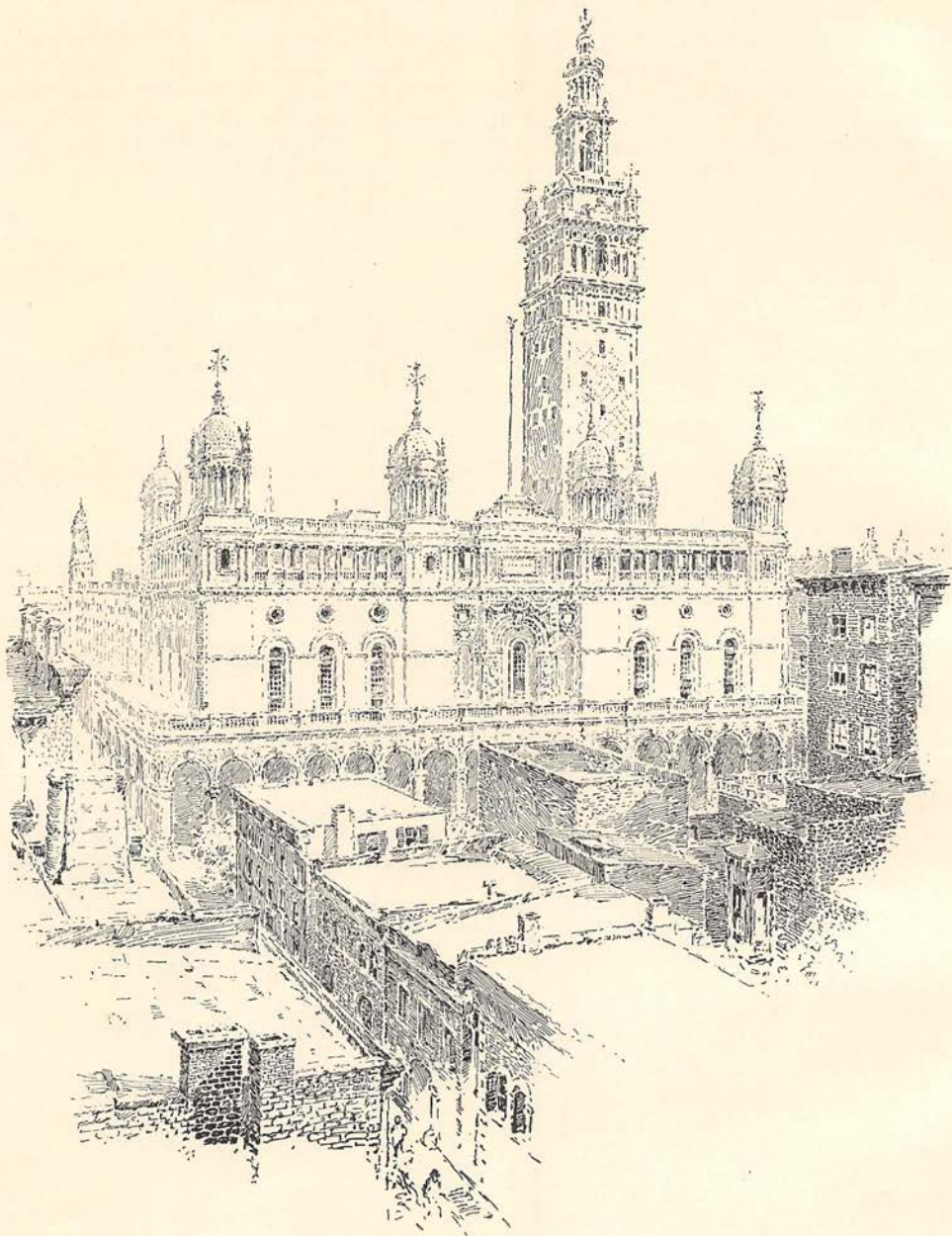
DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE COLONNADE, FROM TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.

southern side, again they have not brought about wholesale reconstruction. The most conspicuous innovations, however, are the very newest—Madison Square Garden itself, and the huge white insurance building which now dwarfs the old brown church.

Gazing at this, as at the Holland House crushing the white church at Fifth Avenue and

merely needed to reflect how he should design it—not, in a fundamental sense, what he should design. The proper scheme was ready to his hand, with a choice between stately tower and slender spire as its crowning feature; and even with very modest dimensions sufficient dignity was assured to his result. The case is grievously changed to-day; and what is the archi-

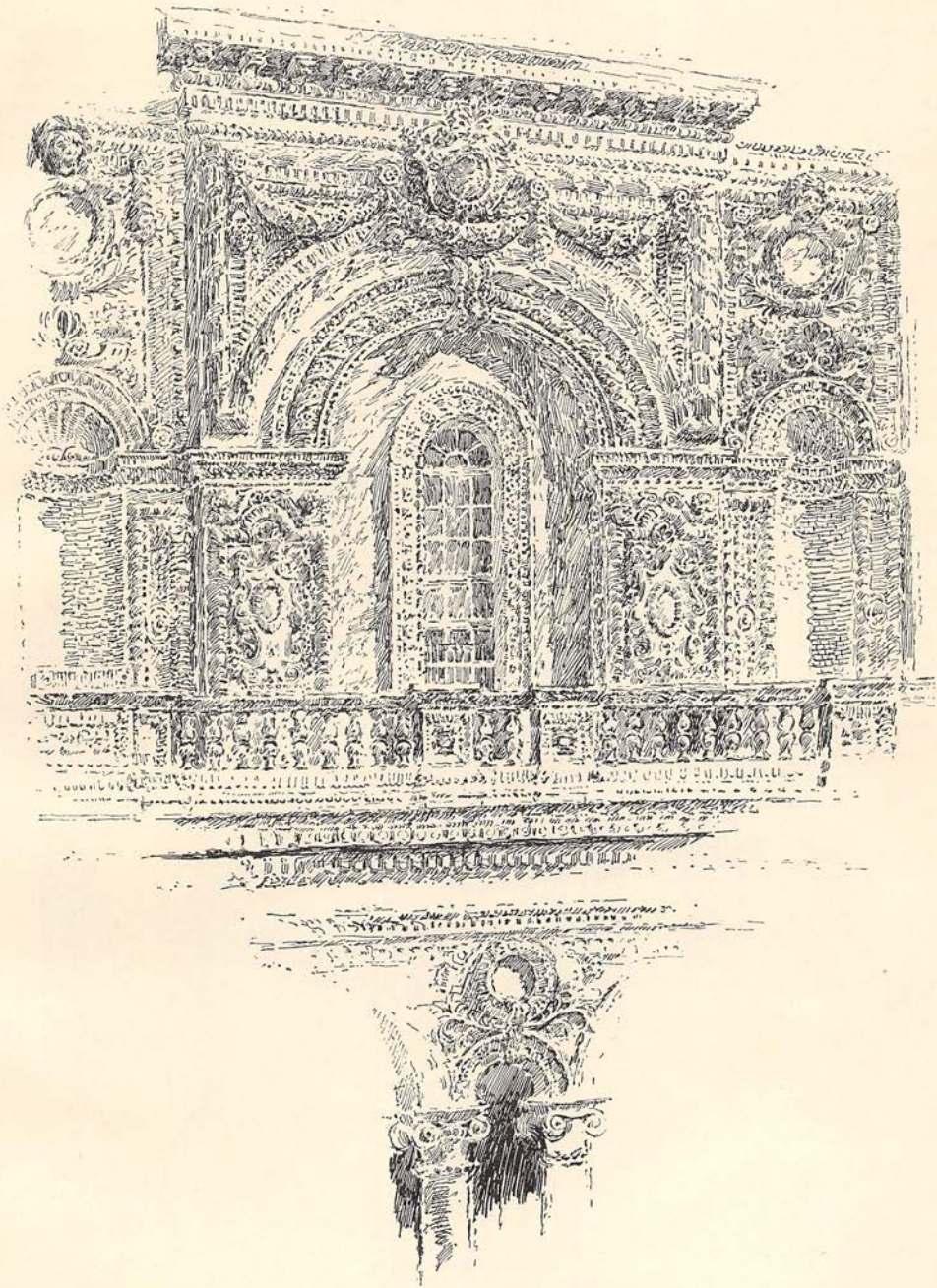


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MADISON AVENUE FAÇADE, FROM THE ROOF OF THE REFORM CLUB.

tect to do about it? How can he make the house of God outrank, as it should, the houses of men, when they build the bodies of their houses taller than he is often able to build his towers? What is to replace the significance of the spire now that it has become a finger which points, not toward heaven, but toward the chimney-pots of adjacent hotels? The poetic ecclesiastical schemes which once were full of stateliness and vigor now look puerile and mean beside the prosaic commercial schemes

which have been rendered needful by the costliness of our soil, and possible by the development of iron construction and the invention of the elevator. The old church scheme can rarely enlarge itself enough to reconquer its old supremacy—and what shall we invent in its stead? Look at the new white building on Madison Square, and mark the childish ineffectuality of the church beside it; or look even at the cathedral on Fifth Avenue, and see if it has the right air of prelatial domina-



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CENTER OF THE MADISON AVENUE FAÇADE.

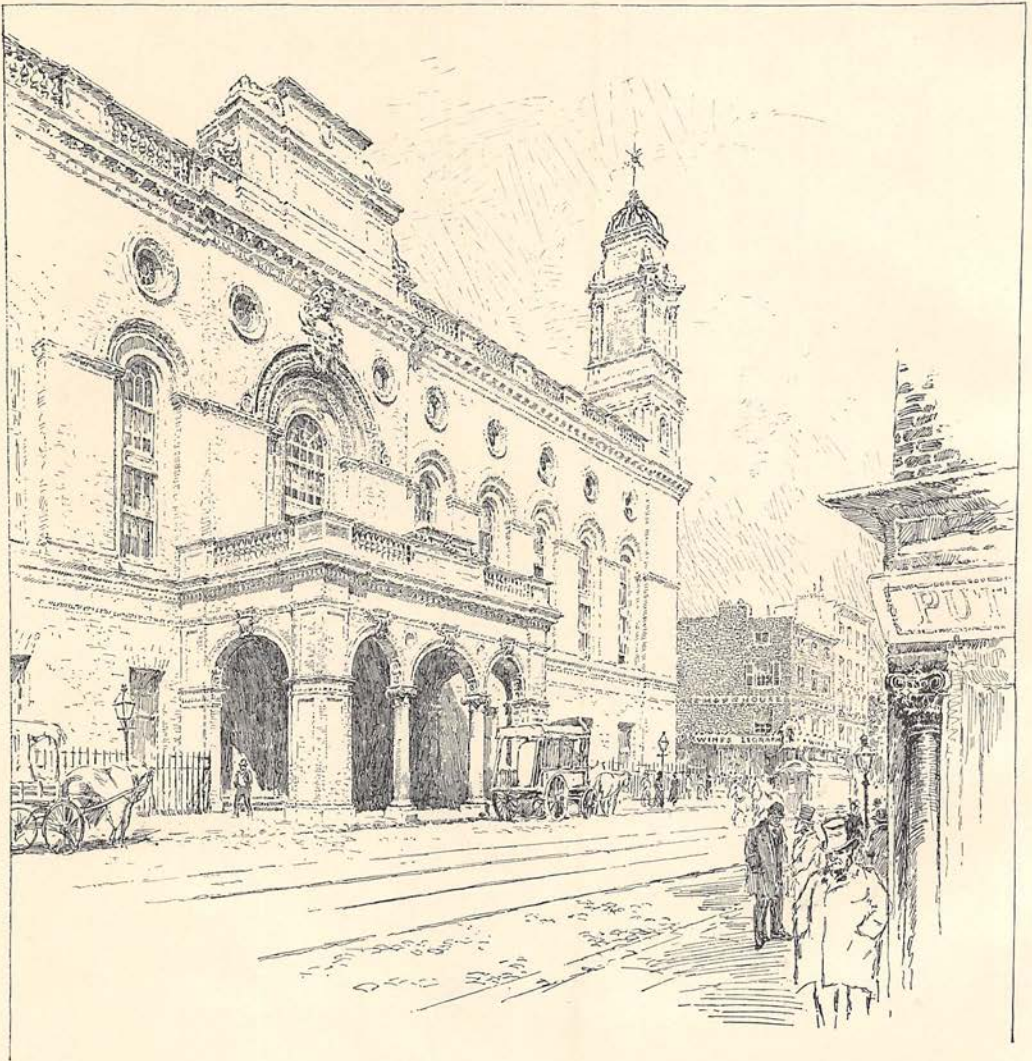
tion. What you will feel is either that our churches must give up the struggle for altitude, and rely for eminence upon richness of minor feature and decoration, or else that we must care enough about them to build them as majestically as we have built our great amusement-hall. The Madison Square Garden may be hurt, but it is not likely to be crushed by any neighbor.

II.

WHEN Madison Square was young, the block which touches its northeastern angle was covered by a railroad station; and this was not a solid and impressive structure, such as we should try to build on a similar site to-day, but a mere low, sordid shed. It was called the Harlem Railroad Station, but it played the

same double rôle that the Grand Central Station does to-day: from one side the cars started for Albany, from the other side for Boston. The cars, not the trains; horses were the motive power at first as far as Thirty-second street, where the engines were attached in the unpro-

still more inappropriate name of a garden. At times, however, the interior was transformed into some semblance of a covered garden, and the place was very pleasant of an evening while Thomas's orchestra played amid the plants and tables. And so the name which it bequeathed



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FOURTH AVENUE FAÇADE.

tected street, and, a little later, through the new tunnel as far as Forty-second street, where the real journey still began beneath the open sky.

When the Grand Central Station was built at this latter place, the site of the old station was left as a vacant lot. Barnum's tent was annually pitched upon it; and after a while, to protect this and other shows, brick walls were built around it, and united by a makeshift sort of roof — composing what hardly deserved the name of a building, and therefore was given the

to the present structure might, were accuracy more precious than anything else, be read as the Madison Square Beer-garden. Dog-shows and chicken-shows, horse-shows and industrial exhibitions, also claimed shelter in the queer, casually developed barrack, finding accommodation nowhere else, but finding it more and more uncomfortable here as their importance steadily increased.

Thus at last it became very clear, on the one hand, that New York needed a more seemly

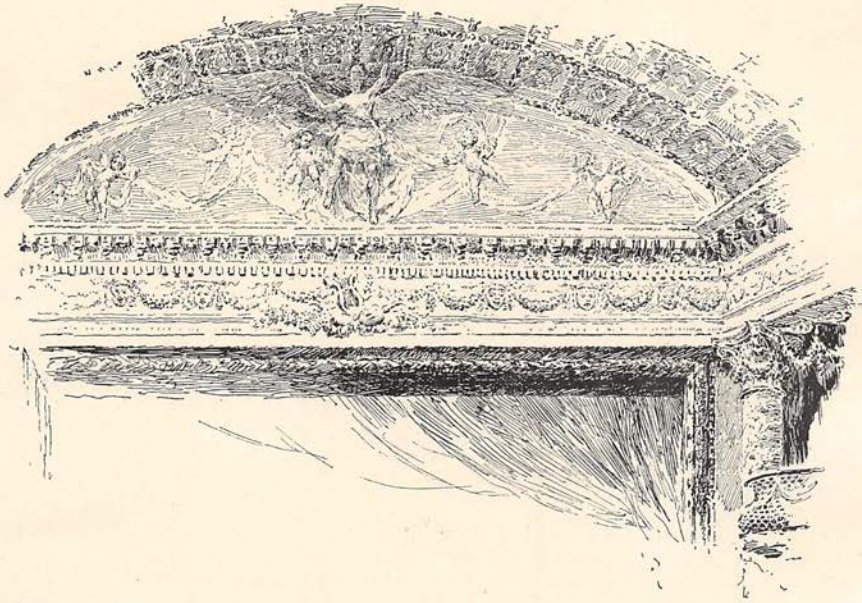


AFTER THE SHOW.

structure for such purposes, and, on the other hand, that the old site should be retained. We see, therefore, that the genesis of our beautiful new Garden was natural, unforced, spontaneous. It appeared in answer to a genuine need, an oft-repeated popular demand; and now we hardly understand how we lived so long without it. But this is true only of its general character, not of its peculiar stateliness and beauty. New York would have been content had any decent-looking, well-planned, fire-proof building replaced the patched-up, grimy, drafty, combustible old shed; and it should be forever grateful to the few good and wealthy citizens who gave it so much more than it asked. For once common sense and business acuteness did not entirely control a great business enterprise. Forerunners of the builders of the

least, it seemed to the public to fall naturally upon the men who, in recent days, had been the most widely active among the improvers of New York—Messrs. McKim, Mead & White.

If you want to realize what these men have done for our city, consider, to begin with, the Madison Square Garden, and then the yellow and white church on one side of Washington Square and the white Washington Arch on the other side, the Judge Building at Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth street, the Columbia Bank at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, the Bank of America, the Yosemite apartment-house, the Hotel Imperial, the Herald Building, and the power-house at Broadway and Houston street; the Century Club, the Players' Club, the Metropolitan Club, and the



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PROSCENIUM ARCH, THE GARDEN THEATER.

Fair in Chicago, the builders of the amusement-palace in New York thought as much of beauty as of practical efficiency, and took unwonted financial risks; and thus far they have been fain to accept the thanks of the public in lieu of part of their anticipated gain. But their case must be sweetened to them by the thought that they have succeeded so well in securing beauty which will delight the eyes of many generations. They are in happier case than the builders of the Fair: they have not built for a season only.

When they determined to make the new Garden as satisfying to the eye as site and purpose would permit, the choice of architects cannot have given them much trouble. At

club-houses for the Deutscher Verein and the Freundschaft Society; the Villard houses on Madison Avenue behind the cathedral, and the big Tiffany house on the same avenue at Seventy-second street; the business building on the southeastern corner of Broadway and Twentieth street, and the one diagonally opposite: these will be enough to convince you that they have done more than any other single architect or firm for the improvement of our city. Yet these are not all the structures of a public or semi-public kind which they have built for us, while our best up-town streets are sprinkled with dwelling-houses of their designing.

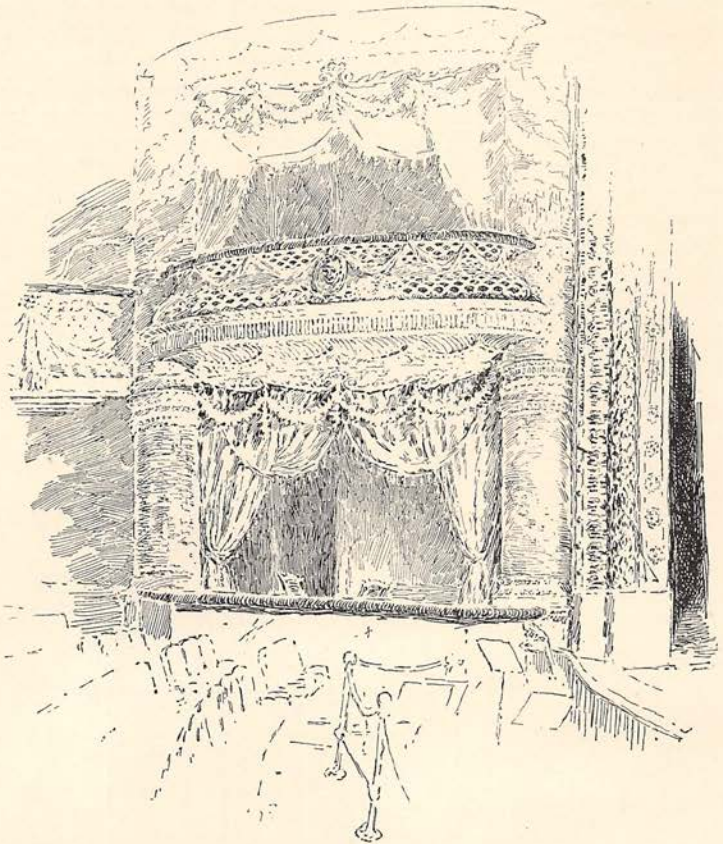
Every one who understands how modern

architects work knows that when two or three are associated together, it is unjudicial, and often very unjust, to lay the blame or credit for any result elsewhere than upon the firm as a whole. Yet the public is very prone to do just this thing. Naturally, no one can help believing that some division of labor is practised in an office which is so crowded with important tasks, and which produces works so diverse in character; and probably, where the public insists upon seeing the creation of one hand only, that hand has, in fact, directed the enterprise. Nevertheless, it should always be remembered that no artists can work side by side and in partnership for years without deeply influencing one another, even if they do not always work hand in hand; that when there is a partner whose name the public seldom speaks

because he is more concerned with questions of construction than of design, he deserves a particularly large share of recognition in these days of constructional complexity and experiment; and again, that the many unnamed subordinates who compose "the office" (there are sixty in the office of which I write) are often active and responsible in undertakings which redound only to the honor of their chiefs. Thus professional etiquette merely echoes the demands of justice and common sense when it says that the work of any firm, of any large office, should always be publicly credited to that firm, to that office.

III.

THE Madison Square Garden covers the whole block which is bounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues and by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. Although the main desire of its founders was to supply New York with a large covered amphitheater, our soil, in any central situation, is so precious that no foot of the site could be left unused. Therefore, while the middle of the block gives room for



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A THEATER BOX.

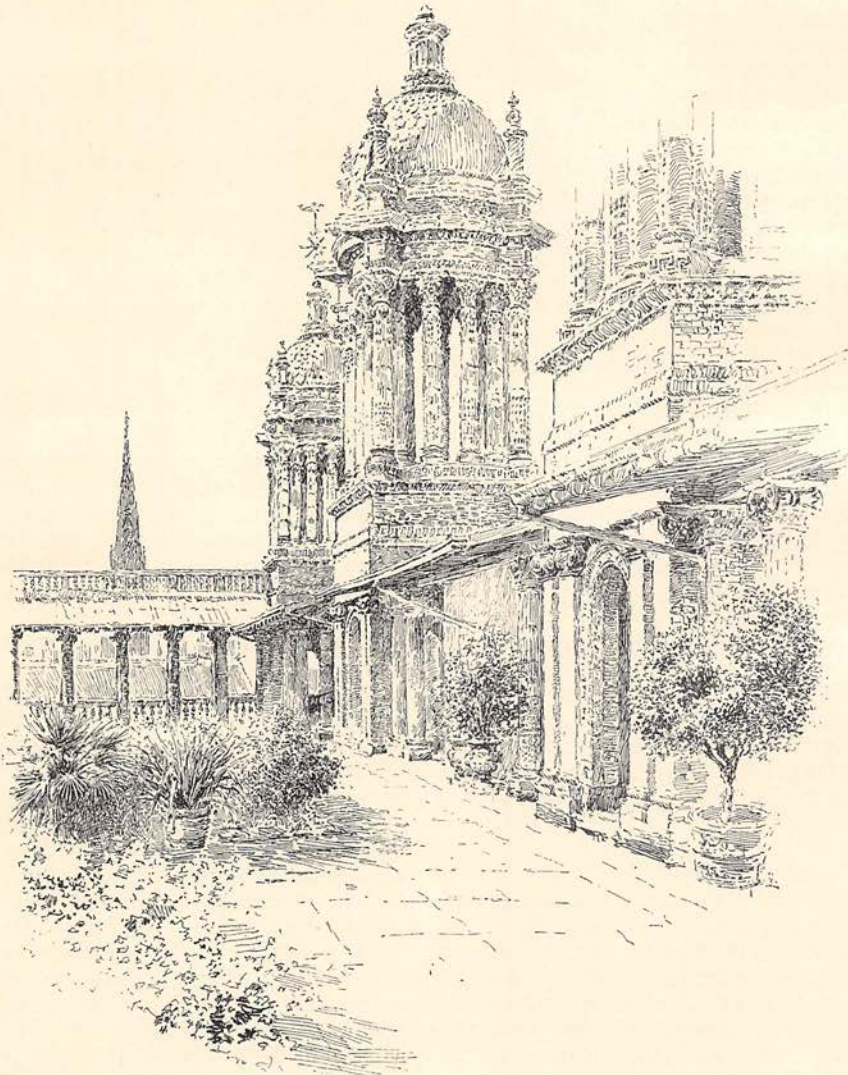
the amphitheater, 300 by 200 feet in diameter, all the rest of it is filled, out to the street-lines, with other apartments, space being found not only for many needful offices and accessory rooms, but also for a restaurant, kitchens, a theater, and a concert-hall with which a large foyer, or supper-room, is connected.

The chief fault which has been pointed out in the design of the Garden as a whole is excused by this forced utilization of every foot of the site, this close welding together of what may be called several distinct buildings. It is a fundamental precept in architecture—some people say that it should be considered an inviolable law—that the exterior of a building must translate its interior, not of course, as regards every constructional feature, but in so far that truthfulness of expression will be secured. This precept has been very frankly transgressed in the design of the Garden. Its exterior—a great straight-walled rectangle, everywhere roofed at the same level except where a tower springs high from the southern side—tells us little about its interior, and what it does tell us is not always veracious: for example, the big window in the middle of the

Madison Avenue façade does not light a big apartment, but merely a lobby.

I believe, however, that any one who is not a formalist or a purist will acknowledge that few human laws, in the domain of architecture or any other, are so broadly based upon eternal necessities that they cannot once in a while righteously be broken. And if, as I think, there may sometimes be excuses for transgressing the architectural law of interior and exterior correspondence, certainly the problem here proposed to Messrs. McKim, Mead & White plentifully supplied them. Perhaps it might have been possible to fit, in some more truthfully expressive fashion, as much interior variety and compactness as they have secured

with as much exterior unity, repose, and dignity: this is not for me, or for any layman, to decide. But to laymen's imagination it does not seem quite possible; and no matter how heartily we may indorse the general claim of the law of expressional truth, we are for once content with such measure of expressiveness as has actually been secured in the Garden. I mean that while no one can tell from its outward aspect how its interior is divided, or to what special purposes any parts of it are put, any one can tell that it is a building for popular uses, and for popular uses of festal sorts. Theater, amphitheater, concert-room do not reveal or even suggest themselves outside; but we plainly perceive that we are in presence of



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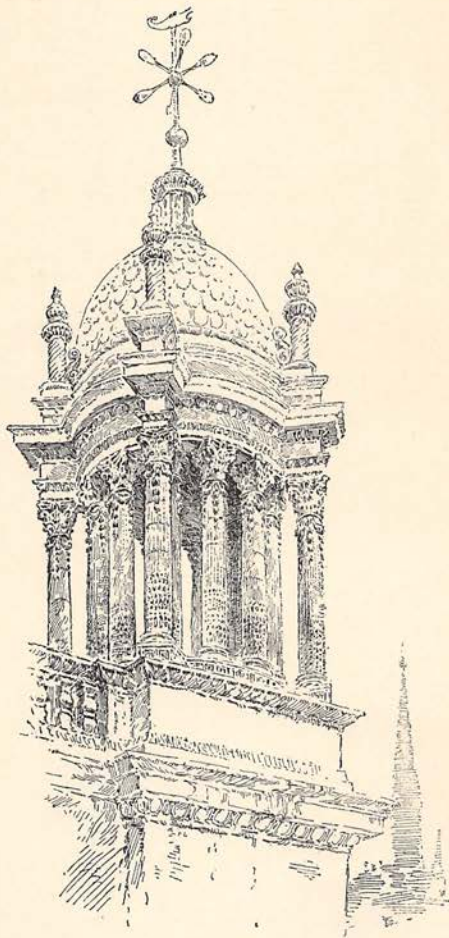
THE ROOF GARDEN.

a great amusement-palace. For once, I repeat, this suffices; and with such a problem even this could not have been achieved except by skilful and imaginative artists.

Practically the amphitheater, with its annexes (which include an exhibition-hall and accommodations for hundreds of animals below the level of the street), is entirely successful. Architecturally it is impressive mainly by reason of its size and its agreeable proportions. Unless decorated for some special occasion, it looks thin and bare, and particularly in the day-time, for at night its garlands of electric lights add a certain amount of what may almost be called architectural accentuation. But of course such a place is not meant to be seen unfilled by crowds of people; even the founders of the Garden had bottoms to their purses; and it would have cost an immense sum to make the amphitheater as delightful to the eye as the adjacent theater and concert-hall — even if this could have been accomplished without lowering its seating-capacity.

The theater (it is called the Garden Theater) occupies a space of about 120×90 feet at the northwesterly angle of the block, and is separated from the rest of the building by unbroken walls, running from cellar to roof, and also by an air-space for more complete isolation and protection. It is a playhouse of the usual type, seating twelve hundred people, but prettier, I think, and more truly architectural in its charm, than any other in New York. I remember only two theater interiors in this country which I should care to visit in cold blood by daylight for the mere sake of their architectural interest. One is Mr. Atwood's Music Hall on the lake-front at the World's Fair (alas! already destroyed), and the other is the Garden Theater, with the graceful swing of its curved lines, its stately colonnades, its delicately modeled decorations, and its unusual air of joyousness combined with refinement.

Doubtless faults could be found with this, as with every theater interior that has ever been designed, but the concert-hall on the Twenty-sixth street side of the building must satisfy the most careful observer. Here all the constructional lines are horizontal, and the floor is level throughout — facts, of course, which render an architect's problem much easier than it can ever be in a true theater. But a mere rectangular room may lack points for criticism to lay hold upon, and yet be far from beautiful. This room is very beautiful. What strikes one first is the singular harmony of its proportions. But it also wins vigor, individuality, and charm from the treatment of its walls as series of deep, arched recesses which transform the galleries into the semblance of



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. A BELVEDERE.

large *loges*, five on each side of the room. The molded decoration is fittingly sumptuous, yet not too heavy or profuse; and charming figures, modeled by Mr. Martiny, admirably suit and enhance the attractive character of the architectural motives. As yet this interior lacks desirable accentuation with gold, and, perhaps, with touches of color stronger than the creamy tint which will always predominate; but it is already very striking and very satisfying — at once ornate and delicate, reposeful and gay. And when one remembers that here, as well as in the theater, the architects were confined to strictly fireproof materials, one begins to understand why their success in interior decoration has done much to establish their high repute.

It is an old joke in New York to speak of them as Messrs. McKim, White-and-gold; but it is a very friendly joke, for we know that they have done us good service in popularizing the types of decoration which it indicates. In truth,

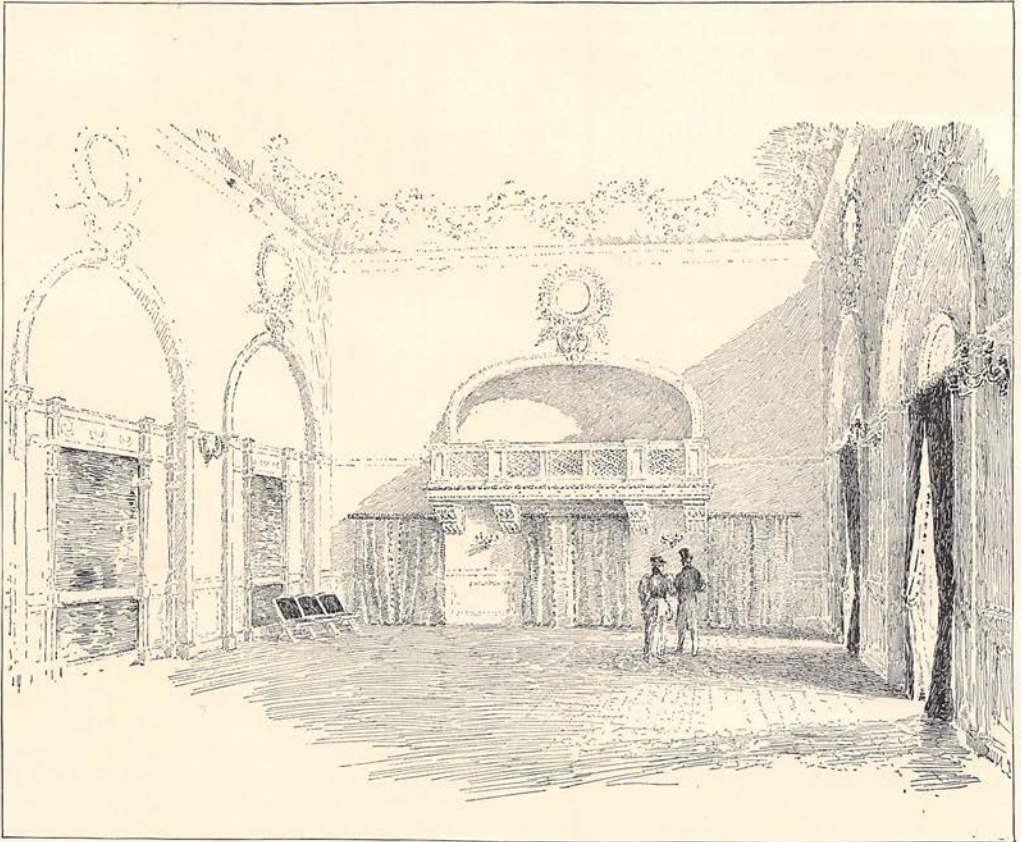
they have done us almost as good service in this way as by popularizing the use of light, clear, and cheerful colors in exterior work.

To those who are wise in such matters, the Madison Square Garden may well be as interesting in the constructional as in the artistic sense. But I hope that no one will expect me to sketch it from that point of view. An untrained observer cannot understand modern methods of iron construction as he may the simple lithic methods of the Egyptians and the Greeks, or even half-understand it, as he may the very complicated lithic methods of Gothic centuries. He can do no more than humbly mourn his ignorance of a very important subject, rejoicing if it is so entire that he

expressed; and farther than this into the juggleries of men who make iron cat's-cradles and spider-webs do the work of old-fashioned brick and stone, I should be very loth to pry.

IV.

PALE yellow brick and white terra-cotta form the exterior of the Madison Square Garden; and I think that New Yorkers are almost more grateful for the beauty of this exterior than for the comfort and pleasure which they find within it. I have confessed that we are not to judge it by the strict architectural canon of definite expressiveness. But judging it more simply, as a great building for festal public uses,

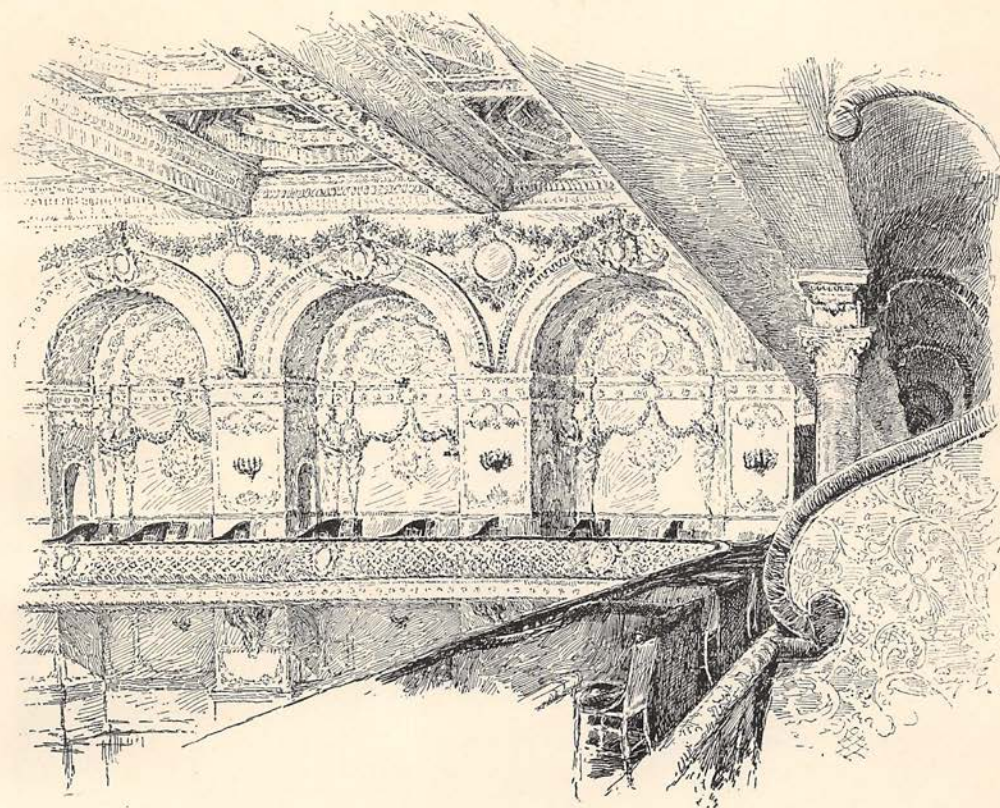


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FOYER, OR SUPPER-ROOM.

is not tempted into speech even when speech is clearly required of him. I am willing, for instance, to say that the great roof of our amphitheater is supported by twenty-eight columns, that the span of the roof-trusses is 170 feet, and that there are six main trusses and sixteen half or radial trusses. But I know that even these few facts might be more significantly

we find few points to criticize. These architects long ago departed from the Romanesque path of Richardson, with whom two of them studied in their youth. They work consistently in the spirit of Renaissance art, although they vary somewhat in choosing its severer or more ornate modes, according to the differing demands of different kinds of structures, and often



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GALLERY OF THE CONCERT HALL.

very freely in adapting the chosen mode to modern needs and tastes. It would have been impossible for them to conceive the Madison Square Garden with the bold, simple solidity suited to such a work as the Judge Building, or the classic repose and purity so satisfying in the Boston Public Library; and the general scheme they devised for their amusement-palace could hardly be bettered. It is bold and vigorous enough to be very dignified; light enough to be very graceful; lively, and yet stately enough, to be rightly expressive. And these words apply as truly to the amount, distribution, and massing of the ornament as to the proportioning of the walls and the placing of the windows, to the contrasting characters of the Madison Avenue and the Fourth Avenue façades, and to the station, scale, and treatment of the colonnades above and below, of the eight picturesquely varied belvederes, and of the tall and buoyant tower.

Thus far we can find no fault except, perhaps, with the way in which two of the belvederes are crowded against the base of the tower. But if we examine more particularly into the design of the ornamental motives themselves, we feel that the proper degree of sump-

tuousness has been achieved at some cost in refinement. Even the central motive of the Madison Avenue façade, with its window cut through a great slab of purplish marble, and its luxuriant borderings, is not, in idea, too rich; but it looks a little too heavy, because its details lack something of the sobriety, distinction, and purity which Messrs. McKim, Mead & White secure when they are at their very best in ornamental design, even of a highly elaborate sort. We recognize a flavor of the over-blown, the *baroque*, which we are not accustomed to associate with their names, and which we cannot think essential to the richness rightly desired for the exterior of the Garden when we consider how fully, without any over-emphasis, this quality has been obtained in its interior. In short, the ornamentation of the Garden looks best from a little distance. Then the eye cannot analyze all its details, and it proves itself as successful and charming as, from any point of view, do the proportions and architectural features of the building, and its warm and soft, yet clear and brilliant, color.

The finest of all its features is the tower. One cannot but think first and chiefly of this whenever the Madison Square Garden is



THE HORSE SHOW.

named; and indeed, we prize it so highly that we sometimes forget that the Garden was not built for the sole purpose of springing this tall pedestal for the golden Diana.

Like the rest of the Garden, the tower has not escaped the fate which dogs all conspicuous people and things in this criticizing world. But I think no one denies its beauty: what some people deny is merely that its builders deserve much credit for its beauty. It is not an "original" piece of work, they lament; it is a copy. And must not an architectural copy be ranked as low as a copied picture? At the best, can it have any more value than a cast from an interesting statue?

Such words exasperate those who know how difficult it is to build, in any way, after any pattern, a tower as beautiful as Diana's; and still more those who have really compared Diana's tower with its prototype. In the first place, an architectural copy is not a thing which can be executed mechanically, without artistic skill; in the second place, this tower is not a copy—it is an adaptation; and again, while even a very free adaptation, like a very close imitation, may be good or bad, this one is extremely clever and extremely good.

Its prototype, as need hardly be said for the thousandth time, was the famous tower in Seville called the Giralda, from the turning figure of Faith upon its summit. The Giralda is in two distinct parts, separated from each other by nearly four centuries of time, and just as widely by disparities in style. The lower part, which rises to the height of 185 feet, and is about 45 feet in diameter throughout, is of Moslem workmanship and in the Saracenic style, and was built in the latter half of the twelfth century. What may then have been its termination no one now can say: the present belfry, which, with its several stages, adds 90 feet of height, was built in 1568 by Ferdinand Riaz in a heavy, florid, late-Renaissance style, palpably discordant with the graceful Saracenic below.

Our tower is not in two parts, but from base to crown is a consistent, harmonious piece of work; and in style it resembles neither portion of the Giralda. Its general scheme—its outline, and the nature and proportioning of its main parts and features—is borrowed boldly from the Giralda. But below it is only 35 feet in diameter; it is 350 feet in height to the points of Diana's crescent, as against the 275 feet credited to the Giralda; and in every detail of treatment and decoration it is a fresh design. The lower part is much more simple and severe than in the Moorish tower, recessed horse-shoe windows and rich sunken paneling being replaced by plain, narrow lights quite differently disposed, and by inconspicuous pat-

terns due to a slight diversity in the color of the bricks. And above, the successive belfry stages have been treated in an earlier, lighter, more graceful and refined Renaissance manner, with, again, some changes in the arrangement and proportioning of the minor features. Add to these differences in height, style, and treatment a wholly new method of construction, and a wholly new scheme of color, and how can one rightly speak of direct reproduction, of imitation, of copying? Our architects borrowed what was best in the Giralda,—its general scheme,—and then did not strive to reproduce either the difficult beauty of its lower portion, or the rather clumsy details of its top, but recast the whole conception as in a new mold, producing a tower which is not only fair to look upon, but appropriate to its purpose and its station in our modern town. In truth, the individuality which they have worked into their adaptation of two old architects' ideas is so distinct and interesting that they would do themselves excellent service should they hang a photograph of the Giralda where every one entering Diana's tower might study it for comparison.

Furthermore, the Giralda springs in isolation from the ground; our tower from a long façade sixty feet in height. This fact again has caused critics to criticize. I can only say that to me it has never seemed a mistake: our tower has never seemed anything less than an integral and well-supported part of the complex structure to which it belongs, audaciously asserting its own personality, yet gracefully harmonizing with the aspect of the structure beneath it. And its greatest merit always seems the lordly seriousness of its lower walls, relieving the elaboration of the long façades below and the lightness of the open belvederes, and justifying the jubilant charm of its own belfry stages.

v.

THE moment the Madison Square Garden was finished, it became the center for the popular amusements, and, to a great extent, for the fashionable amusements, of New York. And during its short life its rôle has steadily grown more active, more conspicuous.

Naturally, its most peculiar usefulness resides in the amphitheater, which, even when its floor is wholly occupied by performers, has fixed seats for six thousand spectators, and, when chairs are placed on the floor, can accommodate ten thousand comfortably, or twelve thousand if they do not mind being crowded.

Of course, good as its acoustic properties are, no speaker can be heard from end to end of so great a space. For certain kinds of music also the amphitheater is too large; yet there are other kinds which have often sounded ad-

mirably under its enormous roof. Big flower-shows have been held in it, sometimes with delightful effect; and public balls have been given for which all other apartments seemed too small. But neither flower-show nor ball looks its best here, for each leaves empty the mounting rows of gallery-seats. For certain other kinds of shows, however, which do not demand general beauty of effect, no place could surpass our amphitheater. Go to a big poultry-exhibition, for instance, or to the bench-show which is held every spring, and you will think only of the marvelous number of fowls or dogs that can be well displayed and well tended. Then wait until Barnum's circus comes — every seat up to the roof will be crowded, and three rings, by giving you three times your money's worth, will spoil your pleasure unless you have the philosophic mind which contents itself with enough. There could hardly be a better place for a big circus than this, or for a moving spectacle of any sort. Have you forgotten when Kiralfy came, a couple of years ago? His Columbus pageant followed a circus performance, and I noticed that few of the people who call themselves artistic in New York cared to wait for it after the trained dogs and the clowns had been admired. But those who did wait saw, I think, the most fairy-like and artistic spectacle which has ever been shown in New York; the people at large appreciated it, and once more they felt that there never was such a satisfactory place for seeing such fine things.

But they feel this most strongly, and the Garden's unique serviceableness is most plainly proved, when the horse-show opens in November. With this amphitheater and its basements at command, we are able to have such horse-shows as, under cover, no other city in the world can organize. They are becoming of national service, of international interest; every class of our population delights in them; and, as Fashion has made them peculiarly her own, the hundreds of gallant steeds often seem but half the spectacle — so diligently and so gorgeously, day by day for a week, and especially night by night, does all "society" dress itself in its best and go on parade in the boxes to see the parades in the ring. No other city ever presents a complex spectacle just like this; and it would be impossible here without a building just like our Garden.

Music which is not suited to the amphitheater can be heard, and to the best advantage, in the concert-hall, which measures 110 by 75 feet, and seats sixteen hundred people. Traditions of famous masters and famous performers are quickly gathering within its walls, and for lecture purposes it is also often in request. Masculine New Yorkers take peculiar delight in public dinners, especially when their

admiring women-folk will consent to come in late — to look down from a gallery upon the remains of the feast and listen to the eloquence it has unloosed; and there is no other apartment in New York so good as this one, for the diners themselves, or for their gentle audience. Again, as "society" has discovered, no other apartments are so good for subscription-balls as this and the adjacent supper-room; and smaller dinners, or lectures or concerts to audiences of six hundred, may be given in the supper-room itself.

With the gay record which amphitheater and concert-hall are thus making for themselves, with the Garden Theater equally popular and successful, and with the much-discussed frivolities of the roof-garden open to summer pleasure-seekers, who can deny our great building's protean usefulness? Is it any wonder that we do not understand how we lived so long, even half-content, without it?

VI.

BUT the utility and beauty of the Garden itself are not the only benefits that its founders have conferred upon New York. We may believe that it will preserve the whole of Madison Square from all degrading, and even from all baldly commercial, innovations. The Garden was erected at a critical time, when no one could foresee whether or not the square would remain the center for New York in its pleasure-seeking moods; had the character of the square changed, it must have changed for the worse; and moreover, where could another amusement center have been found so spacious, so attractive, or so accessible to the dwellers in all parts of the city and in all its sister cities and suburbs? Madison Square, in fact, is the one and only natural up-town center for New York to-day; every one lamented when its prestige seemed upon the wane, and every one rejoiced when the very valuable block to the north-eastward of it was reserved for its accustomed service, and the new Garden was built so big and so beautiful that it will never be removed. "I am here to stay," it very plainly says; "and so other places of amusement must stay, and other fine buildings must come; and at all events for many years, New Yorkers, in their idle hours, will be tempted to gather nowhere else."

From the moment of her unveiling, and as long as she was allowed to live with us, the golden Diana which Mr. St. Gaudens set on top of our yellow tower was the most popular personage in all New York. But the architects of the tower, and other good judges, thought her too large for her place, and the sculptor was not satisfied with her pose or her draperies;

and so, last spring, she was sent to Chicago, and for many months there was no Diana on Diana's tower. But while its quondam occupant was swinging over the low dome of the Agricultural Building, pointing out the beauties of the Court of Honor to crowds of her quondam fellow-citizens, those who remained at home were discovering, not only how much they had cared about her, but how insistently the tower itself required a finishing figure. Where she will live in future I do not know; but she can never come back to her original place: it is filled already by a newer and smaller namesake. Diana the Second is, I think, a more thoroughly successful figure than Diana the First; she is more buoyantly poised on her supporting foot, while the other, raised less high, appears more graceful to far-distant observers; and the sweep of her light draperies is more free and supple. But every New Yorker may claim the right of private judgment as regards the question whether she proves that Diana the First was too large. And whatever the general decision upon this point may be, and whatever the general indorsement of her superior personal charms, I am sure a long time will pass before she outlives the reproach of being a usurper. How could we love any Diana the Second quite without reserve until we have time to forget that she *is* the second?

Seven stories of bachelor apartments, and

then a café, are contained in the tower, above the level of the Garden roofs; but as its inner diameter is only thirty feet, and part is filled by staircase and elevator, they are not very commodious. The most important service performed by the tower is apparent only when the elevator stops as near heaven as it can go, and we climb nearer still, and enjoy the wonderful prospect to which we have come—the long, narrow panorama of the mighty city, very broken as to outline and, for the most part, red in color, but sprinkled with the green of foliage and blotched with the yellow and white of our newest tall buildings; then the streams of silver water encircling it, and then the low line of the Long Island shore, and the higher, greener line of the New Jersey hills.

Truly, it is not a panorama of high artistic beauty such as Diana the First saw this summer at Chicago; but it is so beautiful in another fashion, and so varied, that it seems only natural that Diana the Second should whisk about, facing north and south, east and west, ever pointing her arrow at some newly interesting sight. May it be long before she gets so tired of her post as to cease turning about to contemplate New York; for when she ceases, it will mean that her feet have rusted to her pedestal, that the tower and the Garden have fallen into decay, that the life and the laughter of New York have departed.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

PHILIP KEARNY.¹

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE BY THE COMTE DE PARIS.



DURING the last thirty years the people of the United States have become accustomed to the sight of the mutilated veterans of the war for the Union, who are to be found in all ranks of society: the reconciliation so happily brought about between former adversaries not having been able to restore to them the limbs sacrificed in the defense of their respective flags. In the autumn of 1861, however, when peaceful citizens everywhere were taking arms to decide on the field of battle the great contest which for so long had been agitating them, a one-armed veteran was noticeable. Newly enrolled in the Federal army as I was, I remember vividly my astonishment when, taking part for the first time, among the officers under General McClellan, in the re-

view of Franklin's division, I perceived that the third brigade was commanded by a one-armed general, who proved to be Philip Kearny. This division was one of the finest as well as one of the best drilled of the great army which was then being formed along the shores of the Potomac. One may say, without disparagement to the other brigades, that that of New Jersey, the third in order of battle, would have been classed as the first by all connoisseurs who could have seen it marching by that day. The division owed its striking carriage to the excellent chiefs who had formed it—Franklin, seconded by Newton, Slocum, and Kearny, each of whom played an important part in the war. The superiority of the New Jersey brigade over the other two must be attributed to the spirit which animated it, and which Kearny had so admirably turned to account. It was composed of five battalions, all

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