

GOETHAM'S STATUES.

Three Dozen Bronze and Marble Monuments in the City.

Washington, Lincoln, Farragut, Lafayette and Shakespeare Lead the List.

American Subjects and American Sculptors Predominate.

The guidebooks of New York enumerate just as many statues in its public grounds, and that includes everything within the city limits that can be construed as a statue except Pauline Hall.

New York is said by scoffers from other towns to be too intent on pursuit of the effervescent dollar to spare any time on that sort of commemorative sentiment which finds expression in bronze or marble. And a careful inspection of such images in clay and stone and bronze as are found in the public parks and squares would take the vanity out of the proudest citizen.

The first statue business done by New Yorkers—after they became Americans—was to tear down a bronze statue of King George III., which stood in Bowling Green. They made good cannon balls of that George and the silly monarch was thus made to assimilate with the innermost feelings of his own subjects.

Of the thirty-six statues spoken of, thirteen are of famous Americans, enclosed in the hearts of a grateful people, and three others appeal to a distinctively American thought. The rest are commemorative of the great of other lands or are distinctively idealistic.

There are three statues of Washington, but none of Jefferson or of Patrick Henry. There is Boer's fine bust of Washington Irving in Bryant Park, but no figure of

child of the 40,000 Italian residents of New York to rival a statue of Garibaldi, the Niccan, who filled the hearts of his countrymen with adoration for his part in the unification of Italy.

This statue is an unsatisfactory presentation of a military hero. His sword is too long for him and his uniform appears to have been made for a bigger man. In short, it reminds one of Lew. Dockstater's joke about having to take what clothes were left after sleeping with Grover Cleveland because Grover got up first.

Promenaders on the Mall at Central Park are greeted at the entrance by a fine statue of Shakespeare by John Quincy Adams Ward—one of the finest art works in the city.

The smooth pate of the poet is bent in thought while the forefinger of one hand keeps the place in a book which the meditating master clasps against the breast of his doublet. This statue was placed on its granite pedestal May 23, 1872, the 200th birthday of the poet, by the Shakespeare Society.

Just beyond and facing each other are colossal statues of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, and when one looks upon the affected pose of Bobbie Burns—head thrown back and eyes in the trees, a quill half raised in mid air and a bit of paper in the other hand—one marvels that such a fellow could have ever got his self-conceit under control sufficient to write those "Lines to a Mouse" so full of sympathy and tenderness and heart. That his cockcomb mind could ever have conceived and executed "Ian O'Shanter," or that his mind could ever have left admiring himself and mastered "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The statue of Burns is a libel on the Ayrshire ploughman, and that of Scott is but little better. They were both modeled after those at Edinburgh by John Steell, and were given to the city by the Scotch residents in 1872 and 1880 respectively. They stand on magnificent and massive pedestals of Aberdeen granite.

Next on the Mall comes the statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck, a most estimable man, a poet, and a newspaper man of worth in his day. It is fortunate that statues of bronze have no senses, for that of Halleck appears exceedingly uncomfortable in an old-fashioned, impossible library chair.

Off to the east of the Mall, in the path where the children enjoy carriage rides behind spanking teams of goats, is a bronze bust of Beethoven, the incomparable composer. The bust rests on a 15-foot granite pedestal, at the foot of which stands the Goddess of Music, in bronze, holding a lyre.

A pretty statue is half hidden by a clump of bushes at the west of the terrace, up the path and on a bluff to the south. It is of a Honora and her cub. The mother has a pheasant in her mouth, and the cub is dancing about in savage expectation of the coming feast.

But by far the handsomest statue in this part of the Park is "The Indian Hunter," by J. Q. A. Ward. It stands in a bronze bust of Beethoven, the incomparable composer. The bust rests on a 15-foot granite pedestal, at the foot of which stands the Goddess of Music, in bronze, holding a lyre.

The finest statue in our public squares, you can critic point of view, is the work of a New Yorker—no other than Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

The statue of Farragut, in Madison square, is a model of excellence. There stands to the brave old Admiral, on the deck of his flagship, his glass under his arm, the stiff breeze blowing his long, wavy, gray hair back from his Romanesque face, while the waves play at his feet.

There are fish in the waves, and in the movement at the foot of the statue is a bronze crab. There is a "sea-swing" to the whole thing, and in the features of the man of bronze above are depicted earnestness, coolness, firmness and the art of command. The base is of North river blue-slate. It is a seat in the form of an ellipse, on the back of which are allegorical figures of "Loyalty" and "Courage," and besides these inscriptions in quaint chisellings. The base bears this inscription:

THAT THE DARING AND SACRIFICIOUS COURAGE AND BRAVERY OF THE GREAT SOULS OF MEN, WHOSE LIVES CHAINED TO HIS GEAR, BUT WHOSE HEARTS WERE FREELY IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION, MAY BE PRESERVED AND HONORED, AND THAT THEY WHO COME AFTER HIM AND WHO WILL OBEY HIM SO MUCH AS HE WHO WAS SEEN BY FRIEND AND BY FOE, HIS COUNTRYMEN HAVE SET UP THIS MONUMENT.

Farragut's sturdy figure looks across the bay to a monument of granite in the little triangle at the divide of the two great arteries. This is a monument to "Major-General Worth," as the inscription on the south side will tell, erected by the Municipality of the city of New York, in 1857, in his honor.

Worth's deeds of valor are told on the four faces of the shaft, in the names of the battles in which his sword was drawn—Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Antonio, Buena Vista, Galves.

Lincoln's assassination drove all party feeling out of every New York heart, leaving naught but love for the man whose life for the patriot and statesman and for the martyr. It was but the work of a few days to raise the money necessary to erect the satisfying statue of the "Emancipator" at the foot of Union square. This was the work of H. K. Browne, designer of the equestrian statue of Washington at the other side of the square.

Mr. Browne's statue of the hero of the battle story has been the admirer of millions of small Georges for more than ten years. It represents the gallant hero peacefully sitting on his white steed.

Leaving these heroes stands the statue of La Fayette, the impetuous young Frenchman who offered his services to the cause of American liberty in 1777.

Behind, right hand and fellow brain to the hero, was perpetuated in bronze by sculptor Rogers in 1876. It is a heroic figure of the great Secretary of State. His hands are that of a philosopher, a thinker and a statesman.

The Italian residents of New York in 1871 placed in Central Park, on the west side, near Seventy-second street, a



SHAKESPEARE.

colossal bronze bust of Giuseppe Mazzini, who was styled "Founder of Young Italy and protector of Garibaldi and Cavour." In Washington Square, two years ago, there assembled every man, woman and child who covered the eyes of the hawk and the bird is spreading its wings for flight.

The Seventh Regiment Monument stands sentry on the west drive at Seventy-second street, and is another specimen of J. Q. A. Ward's work. It is in the form of a soldier boy in full regimentals on picket duty, and stands on a granite pedestal on which is a bronze shield inscribed: "Pro Patria et Gloria."

On the pedestal is also this: "In honor of the members of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., fifty-eight in number, who gave their lives in defense of the Union, erected by the Seventh Regiment, 1873."

Away up at Eighty-second street, in a plaza on the west drive, is an equestrian statue that at first sight looks like "Young Man Afraid of His Horse." But it isn't. It is Gen. Simon Bolivar, the "Father of His Country." The inscriptions tell you that Bolivar was born at Caracas July 24, 1783, and died at Santa Marta Dec. 17, 1830, and that he was "Liberator of Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Peru, and founder of Bolivia."

Prof. Samuel M. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, enjoyed the singular distinction of seeing in the flesh his own statue set up on the east side of the Park at Seventy-second street. That was in 1871, and there was a great celebration on that day.

One hundred yards to the west is Ward's Pilgrini, a statue of one of the "Layflower" gentlemen who landed on Plymouth Rock 270 years ago. The statue is a fine piece of work and was erected by the New England Society.

On the east drive, between the Obelisk and the Art Museum, is a crouching animal on the edge of the bluff. It is an American panther in bronze, and is called "The Still Hunt." It is a creditable piece of work by Kemers.

There is a bust of Schiller, the greatest German poet, in the Ramble. It is by C. L. Richter, and was given to the city in 1850, by German residents of the city.

A marble statue of Christopher Columbus, of heroic size, has stood in the basement of the Arsenal for a dozen years. It has never been placed in the Park because it is not considered up to the mark by the Committee which decides on the acceptance or rejection of statues—the President of the Museum of Art, President of the Academy of Design and President of the Architectural League.

There is a statue of William E. Dodge on the triangle at Broadway and Sixth avenue, accredited to "The Merchants' Association." It commemorates the finest site for a statue in the city—a site which would be adorned by some memorial to Peter Cooper, the original John Jacob Astor or James Lenox. The existing statue was erected by a personal friend of Mr. Dodge and three or four of his descendants.

The colossal statue of Washington at the Wall street entrance to the Sub-Treasury is familiar to all New Yorkers. It is another of Ward's statues, and was erected by the Government Nov. 25, 1833, the centennial of the evacuation of New York by the British.

There is another statue of Washington in Riverside Park at Eighty-eighth street. It is a copy of the Houdin statue, and is the gift of the school children of the city.

This article would not be complete without mention of a little golden statue that stands on a window ledge in lower Broadway. This statue has a wooden leg—making it the most unique of all the city's collection. It is of a little man with hair hanging on his shoulders. The little man is old Petrus Stuyvesant, the famous Dutch Governor, who had a fine country residence where St. Mark's Church now stands. He built a road out to his farm, and that road is known to the present day as "The Bowery." The "statue" is the sign of an insurance company.

QUEER NESTING PLACES. Spring Birds Build Homes in Electric Light Globes.

A new use has been discovered for electric-light globes, says the Boston Advertiser. The Spring birds have found that they make excellent places in which to build their nests, sheltered as is the inner space from the winds and storms, and many a lively and lovely courship may be seen almost any day by glancing at the top of the tall poles.

The new-comers perch upon the edges of the globes and peep and twitter to one another as they make their connubial arrangements. Then they may be seen bringing their twigs and bits of straw and twine preparatory to beginning house-keeping.

A day or two later and the domicile is all ready for occupancy. One may see the little nests from below through the glass.

The dear little fellows seem happy and contented, although they live in the full glare of light by day and by night.

A bird's nest one expects to find hidden beneath a branch in some cool shady spot and not in so conspicuous a place as this. But if the birds are happy there it is to be hoped that the faithful employees of the electric-light companies will not interfere with them.

DINNERS SET TO MUSIC. Benefits of the Growing Custom of Having Music at Meals.

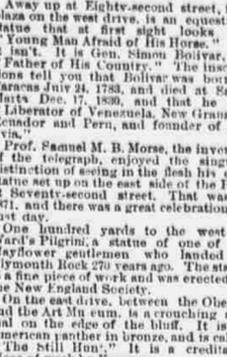
It is not fashionable nowadays to eat unless every bite is chewed by note, says the Washington Post. Dining-rooms have music halls attached, and you swallow soup to "Suwanee River," chew beefsteak to "O, Te Tears," and eat your pudding to the merry waltz of the latest waltz.

The idea is a bright one. Music will put morals in a good humor when nothing else will. When all the other eight muses have tried, their arse Euterpe brings her harp and conquers the frown and the cross answer with, perhaps, only a "Lass Clord."

WATCHMAN HOFFEY'S STORY.

HOW HE SUFFERED WITH CATARRH AND HOW HE WAS CURED.

William Hoffer, a very intelligent, good-looking man, with a musical voice, lives at 50 Lewis street, not far from the Grand Street ferry. He is the son of the late New York City Police Commissioner, and at the corner of Broome and Lewis streets, one of the largest flour mills in the country. Mr. Hoffer has been employed there for the past nine years. He has a dear home, a pleasant wife and a pretty little girl, a doctor who called on him the other day Mr. Hoffer said:



WILLIAM HOFFEY, 50 LEWIS STREET.

"I suffered with catarrh for about three years. My throat got dry and cracked, and when I would swallow anything it would feel as though I was swallowing sandpaper. My nose was stopped up, and I felt dry and cracked just like my throat. It was all full of dry mucus, and I couldn't breathe through it. It was the very worst kind and the hardest to cure. I had pains in my chest—my throat, my chest, everything would hurt and soon before my eyes I'd get dizzy and faint, but nothing I did would give me relief for more than a day or two. I tried all sorts of cures, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I finally went to Doctor McCoy and Williams. When I went to them I didn't have much faith in them, for I had doctor'd so much without getting any permanent relief that I hadn't any faith in getting relief from Doctors McCoy and Williams. But after the second week's treatment I began to feel like a different man. My throat felt like any throat, and I got up again, regularly until now I feel like a different man. My chest and my eyes are all gone and I don't have that dizzy feeling any more. I am almost cured, and I believe firmly that Doctors McCoy and Williams will thoroughly cure me in a short time. Doctors McCoy and Williams furnish all medicines and their charges are very moderate."

DOCTORS MCCOY and WILDMAN. OFFICE: 5 E. 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY. Near Grand Central Depot; Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. City. Domestic Sewing-Machine Building; 187 MONTAGUE ST., BROOKLYN. Opposite Academy of Music, where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties: Catarrh, all throat and chest diseases, all nervous diseases, chronic diseases. If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank. Address all mail to 5 East 42d St. Office hours—11 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M., daily. Sundays, 10 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

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FINE TAPESTRY SUITS, Silk Push Trimmings..... \$34.00 and up RAW SILK SUITS..... 25.00 and up ANTIQUE AND CHERRY SUITS..... 14.00 and up UPRIGHT FOLDING-BEDS..... 6.50 and up EXTENSION TABLES, Ash Oak..... 3.75 and up CANE-SEAT CHAIRS..... .50 and up KITCHEN CHAIRS..... .25 and up HAT STANDS..... 4.00 and up ANY OAK SIDEBOARDS, Reval Glass..... 11.00 and up BRISTLE-BEDS..... 2.00 and up BEDS..... 1.50 and up INDIAN CARPETS..... .25 and up OIL-CLOTH..... .50 and up

SPECIAL ACCOUNTS IF DESIRED. 126, 128 AND 130 WEST 14TH ST., BETWEEN 6TH AND 7TH AVENUE, N. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. Leaders on the Turf. Published May 28.

The subject of a Four-page Supplement, by Henry P. Dawson, illustrated with portraits of leading owners of race-horses and published May 28 in 20 pages for 10 cents.

Amicably Arranged. (From Der 5th) Husband—Am I never to have my own way? Wife—Certainly, my dear; when we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine.

No Need of That. (From Henry's Weekly) "And this," remarked an Eastern visitor to a Montana school, "this is where you teach the young idea how to shoot?" "Oh no," replied the teacher; "they learn all about shooting at home. In fact, I don't allow any guns in school at all."

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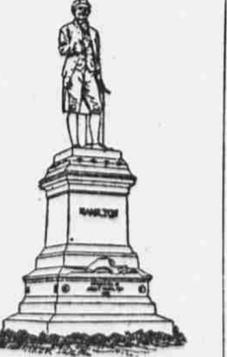
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ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

with keen-sighted eye into the perspective for some sight of the game which the animal's nose has already scented.

A little to the south is "The Eagle and the Goat." Two strong black eagles are quarrelling over the possession of the carcass of a young goat.

The massive head of Humboldt, foremost of the Nineteenth Century scientists and philosophers, is to be found at the right of the path about 100 feet from the Fifth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street entrance.

A little further down the path to the pond is a bust of Tom Moore, the sweet Irish singer. It is a fine head, the work of Dennis B. Sheehan, and was set up three years ago by the Moore Memorial Committee.

The figure just within the entrance to the west drive at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, which is frequently mistaken for a statue of Mary Anderson, was intended for an ideal statue of Commerce.

At the plaza opposite Seventy-second street, where a crossroad joins the west drive, is a statue of Daniel Webster on an ugly pedestal of gray, unpolished granite. The Plymouth Rock orator stands in the attitude by which his picture is always recognized.

Thomas Ball designed this statue, which cost \$60,000, and was paid for by Gordon W. Burnham, who gave it to the city in 1871.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

William Cullen Bryant, for whom the park is named.

Alexander Hamilton placidly views the city parade in Central Park, but Chief Justice Jay is not there and the Clintons are absent. Fitz-Greene Halleck endures a bronze in Central Park, but Loufellow and Whittier and Edgar Allan Poe—where are they?

On the whole, after a careful scrutiny of all the thirty-six works of the sculptors that adorn the city's squares and parks, one is tempted to say "perhaps it is just well that there are no more of them," for some are monstrous, and in the language of Richard Watson Gilder, "are proof that committees have worked with industry to get money, but not to find the right man to execute their commissions."

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