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the more elaborate details be developed, if at all, only when we have learned how much country life costs, and how far the expenditure is a wise one. Fortunately, it is *art*, and not nature, which costs money in the country, and therefore the beauty of lovely scenery and fine landscapes (the right to enjoy miles of which may often be had for a trifle), in connection with a very modest and simple place, will give more lasting satisfaction than gardens and pleasure-grounds innumerable. Persons of moderate means should, for this reason, always secure, in their fee simple, as much as possible of natural beauty, and undertake the elaborate improvement of only small places, which will not become a burden to them. Millionnaires, of course, we leave out of the question. They may do what they like. But most Americans, buying a country place, may take it for their creed, that

Man wants but *little* land below,
Nor wants that little *dear*.

VII.

A TALK ABOUT PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.

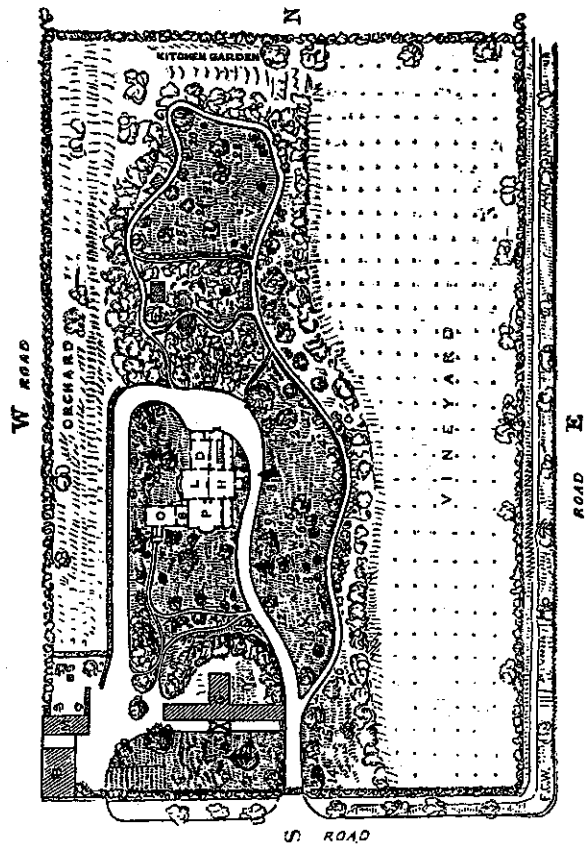
October, 1848.

EDITOR. I am heartily glad to see you home again. I almost fear, however, from your long residence on the continent, that you have become a foreigner in all your sympathies.

Traveller. Not a whit. I come home to the United States more thoroughly American than ever. The last few months' residence in Europe, with revolutions, tumult, bloodshed on every side, people continually crying for liberty—who mean by that word, the privilege of being responsible to neither God nor governments—*ouvriers*, expecting wages to drop like manna from heaven, not as a reward for industry, but as a sign that the millennium has come—republics, in which every other man you meet is a soldier, sworn to preserve “liberty, fraternity, equality,” at the point of the bayonet; from all this unsatisfactory movement—the more unsatisfactory because its aims are almost beyond the capacities of a new nation, and entirely impossible to an old people—I repeat, I come home again to rejoice most fervently that “I, too, am an *American*.”

Ed. After five years expatriation, pray tell me what strikes you most on returning?

Trav. Most of all, the wonderful, extraordinary, unparalleled growth of our country. It seems to me, after the general, steady, quiet torpor of the old world (which those great convulsions have only latterly broken), to be the moving and breathing of a robust young giant, compared with the crippled and feeble motions of an exhausted old man. Why, it is difficult for me to “catch up” to



MR. DOWNING'S RESIDENCE: PLAN OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

my countrymen, or to bridge over the gap which five years have made in the condition of things. From a country looked upon with contempt by monarchists, and hardly esteemed more than a third-rate power by republicans abroad, we have risen to the admitted first rank every where. To say, on the continent, now, that you are from the "United States," is to dilate the pupil of every eye with a sort of glad welcome. The gates of besieged cities open to you, and the few real republicans who have just conceptions of the ends of government, take you by the hand as if you had a sort of liberty-magnetism in your touch. A country that exports, in a single year, more than fifty-three millions worth of bread stuffs, that conquers a neighboring nation without any apparent expenditure of strength, and swallows up a deluge of foreign emigrants every season,—turning all that "raw material," by a sort of wonderful vital force, into good citizens,—such a country, I say, is felt to have an *avoirdupois* about it, that weighs heavily in the scale of nations.

Ed. I am glad to see you so sound and patriotic. Very few men who go abroad, like yourself, to enjoy the art and antiquities of the old world, come home without "turned heads." The greatness of the past, and the luxury and completeness of the present forms of civilization abroad, seize hold of them, to the exclusion of every thing else; and they return home lamenting always and forever the "purple and fine linen" left behind.

Trav. "Purple and fine linen," when they clothe forms of lifeless majesty, are far inferior, in the eyes of any sensible person, to linsey-woolsey, enwrapping the body of a free, healthy man. But there are some points of civilization—good points, too—that we do not yet understand, which are well understood abroad, and which are well worth attention here at home, at the present moment. In fact, I came here to talk a little, about one or two of these, to-day.

Ed. Talk on, with all my heart.

Trav. I dare say you will be surprised to hear me say that the French and Germans—difficult as they find it to be republican, in a political sense—are practically far more so, in many of the customs of social life, than Americans.

Ed. Such as what, pray?

Trav. Public enjoyments, open to all classes of people, pro-

vided at public cost, maintained at public expense, and enjoyed daily and hourly, by all classes of persons.

Ed. Picture galleries, libraries, and the like, I suppose you allude to?

Trav. Yes; but more especially at the present moment, I am thinking of PUBLIC PARKS and GARDENS—those salubrious and wholesome breathing places, provided in the midst of, or upon the suburbs of so many towns on the continent—full of really grand and beautiful trees, fresh grass, fountains, and, in many cases, rare plants, shrubs, and flowers. Public picture galleries, and even libraries, are intellectual luxuries; and though we must and will have them, as wealth accumulates, yet I look upon public parks and gardens, which are great social enjoyments, as naturally coming first. Man's social nature stands before his intellectual one in the order of cultivation.

Ed. But these great public parks are mostly the appendages of royalty, and have been created for purposes of show and magnificence, quite incompatible with our ideas of republican simplicity.

Trav. Not at all. In many places these parks were made for royal enjoyment; but, even in these days, they are, on the continent, no longer held for royal use, but are the pleasure-grounds of the public generally. Look, for example, at the Garden of the Tuileries—spacious, full of flowers, green lawns, orange-trees, and rare plants, in the very heart of Paris, and all open to the public, without charge. Even in third-rate towns, like the Hague, there is a royal park of two hundred acres, filled with superb trees, rich turf, and broad pieces of water—the whole exquisitely kept, and absolutely and entirely at the enjoyment of every well-disposed person that chooses to enter.

Ed. Still, these are not parks or gardens made for the public; but are the result, originally, of princely taste, and afterwards given up to the public.

Trav. But Germany, which is in many respects a most instructive country to Americans, affords many examples of public gardens, in the neighborhood of the principal towns, of extraordinary size and beauty, originally made and laid out solely for the general use. The public garden at Munich, for example, contains above five

hundred acres, originally laid out by the celebrated Count Rumford, with five miles of roads and walks, and a collection of all the trees and shrubs that will thrive in that country. It combines the beauty of a park and a garden.

Ed. And Frankfort?

Trav. Yes, I was coming to that, for it is quite a model of this kind of civilization. The public garden of Frankfort is, to my mind, one of the most delightful sights in the world. Frankfort deserves, indeed, in this respect, to be called a "free town;" for I doubt if we are yet ready to evince the same capacity for self-government and non-imposition of restraint as is shown daily by the good citizens of that place, in the enjoyment of this beautiful public garden. Think of a broad belt, about *two miles long*, surrounding the city on all sides but one (being built upon the site of the old ramparts), converted into the most lovely pleasure-grounds, intersected with all manner of shady walks and picturesque glades, planted not only with all manner of fine trees and shrubs, but beds of the choicest flowers, roses, carnations, dahlias, verbenas, tuberoses, violets, &c., &c.

Ed. And well guarded, I suppose, by *gen-d'armes*, or the police!

Trav. By no means. On the contrary, it is open to every man, woman, and child in the city; there are even no gates at the various entrances. Only at these entrances are put up notices, stating that as the garden was made for the public, and is kept up at its expense, the town authorities commit it to the protection of all good citizens. Fifty thousand souls have the right to enter and enjoy these beautiful grounds; and yet, though they are most thoroughly enjoyed, you will no more see a bed trampled upon, or a tree injured, than in your own private garden here at home!

Ed. There is truly a democracy in that, worth imitating in our more professedly democratic country.

Trav. Well, out of this common enjoyment of public grounds, by all classes, grows also a *social freedom*, and an easy and agreeable intercourse of all classes, that strikes an American with surprise and delight. Every afternoon, in the public grounds of the German towns, you will meet thousands of neatly-dressed men, women, and children. All classes assemble under the shade of the same trees,

—the nobility (even the king is often seen among them), the wealthy citizens, the shopkeepers, and the artisans, &c. There they all meet, sip their tea and coffee, ices, or other refreshments, from tables in the open air, talk, walk about, and listen to bands of admirable music, stationed here and there throughout the park. In short, these great public grounds are the pleasant drawing-rooms of the whole population; where they gain health, good spirits, social enjoyment, and a frank and cordial bearing towards their neighbors, that is totally unknown either in England or America.

Ed. There appears a disinclination in the Anglo-Saxon race to any large social intercourse, or unrestrained public enjoyment.

Trav. It is not difficult to account for such a feeling in England. But in this country, it is quite unworthy of us and our institutions. With large professions of equality, I find my countrymen more and more inclined to raise up barriers of class, wealth, and fashion, which are almost as strong in our social usages, as the law of caste is in England. It is quite unworthy of us, as it is the meanest and most contemptible part of aristocracy; and we owe it to ourselves and our republican professions, to set about establishing a larger and more fraternal spirit in our social life.

Ed. Pray, how would you set about it?

Trav. Mainly by establishing refined public places of resort, parks and gardens, galleries, libraries, museums, &c. By these means, you would soften and humanize the rude, educate and enlighten the ignorant, and give continual enjoyment to the educated. Nothing tends to beat down those artificial barriers, that false pride, which is the besetting folly of our Anglo-Saxon nature, so much as a community of rational enjoyments. Now there is absolutely no class of persons in this country whose means allow them the luxury of great parks, or fine concerts of instrumental music within their own houses. But a trifling yearly contribution from all the inhabitants of even a small town, will enable all those inhabitants to have an excellent band, performing every fair afternoon through the whole summer. Make the public parks or pleasure-grounds attractive by their lawns, fine trees, shady walks, and beautiful shrubs and flowers, by fine music, and the certainty of "meeting every body," and you draw the whole moving population of the town there daily.

Ed. I am afraid the natural *gêne* of our people would keep

many of those at home who would most enjoy such places, and that they would be given up to those who would abuse the privilege and despoil the grounds. Do you think it would be possible, for instance, to preserve fine flowers in such a place, as in Germany?

Trav. I have not the slightest doubt of it. How can I have, after going on board such magnificent steamboats as the Isaac Newton or the Bay State, all fitted up with the same luxury of velvet ottomans, rich carpets, mirrors, and the costliest furniture, that I have found in palaces abroad, and all at the use of millions of every class of American travellers, from the chimney-sweep to the President, and yet this profuse luxury not abused in the slightest manner!

Ed. But the more educated of our people—would they, think you, resort to public pleasure-grounds daily, for amusement? Would not the natural exclusiveness of our better-halves, for instance, tuben this medley of “all sorts of people that we don’t know?”

Trav. I trust too much in the good sense of our women to believe it. Indeed, I find plenty of reasons for believing quite the opposite. I see the public watering-places filled with all classes of society, partaking of the same pleasures, with as much zest as in any part of the world; and you must remember that there is no *forced* intercourse in the daily reunions in a public garden or park. There is room and space enough for pleasant little groups or circles of all tastes and sizes, and no one is necessarily brought into contact with uncongenial spirits; while the daily meeting of families, who *ought* to sympathize, from natural congeniality, will be more likely to bring them together than any other social gatherings. Then the advantage to our fair countrywomen in health and spirits, of exercise in the pure open air, amid the groups of fresh foliage and flowers, in a chat with friends, and pleasures shared with them, as compared with a listless lounge upon a sofa at home, over the last new novel or pattern of embroidery! When I first returned home, I assure you, I was almost shocked at the extreme delicacy, and apparent universal want of health in my countrywomen, as compared with the same classes abroad. It is, most clearly, owing to the many sedentary, listless hours which they pass within doors; no out-of-door occupations—walking considered irksome and fatiguing—and almost no parks, pleasure-grounds, or shaded avenues, to tempt fair pedestrians to this most healthful and natural exercise

Ed. Enough. I am fully satisfied of the benefits of these places of healthful public enjoyment, and of their being most completely adapted to our institutions. But how to achieve them? What do we find among us to warrant a belief that public parks, for instance, are within the means of our people?

Trav. Several things: but most of all, the condition of our public *cemeteries* at the present moment. Why, twenty years ago, such a thing as an embellished, rural cemetery, was unheard of in the United States; and, at the present moment, we surpass all other nations in these beautiful resting-places for the dead. Greenwood, Mount Auburn, and Laurel Hill, are as much superior to the far-famed *Père la Chaise* of Paris, in natural beauty, tasteful arrangement, and all that constitutes the charm of such a spot, as St. Peter’s is to the Boston State House. Indeed, these cemeteries are the only places in the country that can give an untravelled American any idea of the beauty of many of the public parks and gardens abroad. Judging from the crowds of people in carriages, and on foot, which I find constantly thronging Greenwood and Mount Auburn, I think it is plain enough how much our citizens, of all classes, would enjoy public parks on a similar scale. Indeed, the only drawback to these beautiful and highly kept cemeteries, to my taste, is the gala-day air of *recreation* they present. People seem to go there to enjoy themselves, and not to indulge in any serious recollections or regrets. Can you doubt that if our large towns had suburban pleasure-grounds, like Greenwood (excepting the monuments), where the best music could be heard daily, they would become the constant resort of the citizens, or that being so, they would tend to soften and allay some of the feverish unrest of business which seems to have possession of most Americans, body and soul?

Ed. But the *modus operandi*? Cemeteries are, in a measure, private speculations; hundreds are induced to buy *lots* in them from fashion or personal pride, besides those whose hearts are touched by the beautiful sentiment which they involve; and thus a large fund is produced, which maintains every thing in the most perfect order.

Trav. Appeal to the public liberality. We subscribe hundreds of thousands of dollars to give food to the Irish, or to assist the needy inhabitants of a burnt-out city, or to send missionaries to South Sea Islands. Are there no dollars in the same generous

pockets for a public park, which shall be the great wholesome breathing zone, social mass-meeting, and grand out-of-door concert-room of all the inhabitants daily? Make it praiseworthy and laudable for wealthy men to make bequests of land, properly situated, for this public enjoyment, and commemorate the public spirit of such men by a statue or a beautiful marble vase, with an inscription, telling all succeeding generations to whom they are indebted for the beauty and enjoyment that constitute the chief attraction of the town. Let the ladies gather money from young and old by fairs, and "tea parties," to aid in planting and embellishing the grounds. Nay, I would have life-members, who on paying a certain sum, should be the owners in "fee simple" of certain fine trees, or groups of trees; since there are some who will never give money but for some tangible and visible property.

Ed. It is, perhaps, not so difficult to get the public park or garden, as to meet all the annual expenses required to keep it in the requisite condition.

Trav. There is, to my mind, but one effectual and rational mode of doing this—by a voluntary taxation on the part of all the inhabitants. A few shillings each person, or a small per centage on the value of all the property in a town, would keep a park of a hundred or two acres in admirable order, and defray all the incidental expenses. Did you ever make a calculation of the sum voluntarily paid in towns like this, of nine thousand inhabitants, for pew rent in churches and places of worship?

Ed. No.

Trav. Very well; I have had the curiosity lately to do so, and find that in a town of nine thousand souls, and with ten "meeting-houses" of various sects, more than ten thousand dollars are voluntarily paid every year for the privilege of sitting in these churches. Does it appear to you impossible that half that sum (a few shillings a year each) would be willingly paid every year for the privilege of a hundred acres of beautiful park or pleasure-grounds, where every man, woman, and child in the community could have, for a few shillings, all the soft verdure, the umbrageous foliage, the lovely flowers, the place for exercise, recreation, repose, that Victoria has in her Park of Windsor?

Ed. Not at all, if our countrymen could be made to look upon the matter in the same light as yourself. But while no men contribute money so willingly and liberally as we Americans for the support of religion, or indeed for the furtherance of any object of moral good, we are slow to understand the value and influence of beauty of this material kind, on our daily lives.

Trav. But we *must* believe it, because the BEAUTIFUL is no less eternal than the TRUE and the GOOD. And it is the province of the press—of writers who have the public ear—to help those to see (who are slow to perceive it), how much these outward influences have to do with bettering the condition of a people, as good citizens, patriots, men. Nay, more; what an important influence these public resorts, of a rational and refined character, must exert in elevating the national character, and softening the many little jealousies of social life by a community of enjoyments. A people will have its pleasures, as certainly as its religion or its laws; and whether these pleasures are poisonous and hurtful, or innocent and salutary, must greatly depend on the interest taken in them by the directing minds of the age. Get some country town of the first class to set the example by making a public park or garden of this kind. Let our people once see for themselves the influence for good which it would effect, no less than the healthful enjoyment it will afford, and I feel confident that the taste for public pleasure-grounds, in the United States, will spread as rapidly as that for cemeteries has done. If my own observation of the effect of these places in Germany is worth any thing, you may take my word for it that they will be better preachers of temperance than temperance societies, better refiners of national manners than dancing-schools, and better promoters of general good feeling than any lectures on the philosophy of happiness ever delivered in the lecture-room. In short, I am in earnest about the matter, and must therefore talk, write, preach, do all I can about it, and beg the assistance of all those who have public influence, till some good experiment of the kind is fairly tried in this country.

Ed. I wish you all success in your good undertaking; and will, at least, print our conversation for the benefit of the readers of the Horticulturist.

VIII.

THE NEW-YORK PARK.

August, 1851.

THE leading topic of town gossip and newspaper paragraphs just now, in New-York, is the new park proposed by Mayor Kingsland. Deluded New-York has, until lately, contented itself with the little door-yards of space—mere grass-plats of verdure, which form the squares of the city, in the mistaken idea that they are parks. The fourth city in the world (with a growth that will soon make it the second), the commercial metropolis of a continent spacious enough to border both oceans, has not hitherto been able to afford sufficient land to give its citizens (the majority of whom live there the whole year round) any breathing space for pure air, any recreation ground for healthful exercise, any pleasant roads for riding or driving, or any enjoyment of that lovely and refreshing natural beauty from which they have, in leaving the country, reluctantly expatriated themselves for so many years—perhaps for ever. Some few thousands, more fortunate than the rest, are able to escape for a couple of months, into the country, to find repose for body and soul, in its leafy groves and pleasant pastures, or to inhale new life on the refreshing seashore. But in the mean time the city is always full. Its steady population of five hundred thousand souls is always there; always on the increase. Every ship brings a live cargo from over-peopled Europe, to fill up its over-crowded lodging-houses; every steamer brings hundreds of strangers to fill its thronged thoroughfares. Crowded hotels, crowded streets, hot summers, business pursued till it becomes a game of excitement, pleasure followed till its votaries

are exhausted, where is the quiet reverse side of this picture of town life, intensified almost to distraction?

Mayor Kingsland spreads it out to the vision of the dwellers in this arid desert of business and dissipation—a green oasis for the refreshment of the city's soul and body. He tells the citizens of that feverish metropolis, as every intelligent man will tell them who knows the cities of the old world, that New-York, and American cities generally, are voluntarily and ignorantly living in a state of complete forgetfulness of nature, and her innocent recreations. That, because it is needful in civilized life for men to live in cities,—yes, and unfortunately too, for children to be born and educated without a daily sight of the blessed horizon,—it is not, therefore, needful for them to be so miserly as to live utterly divorced from all pleasant and healthful intercourse with gardens, and green fields. He informs them that cool umbrageous groves have not forsworn themselves within town limits, and that half a million of people have a *right* to ask for the “greatest happiness” of parks and pleasure-grounds, as well as for paving stones and gas-lights.

Now that public opinion has fairly settled that a park is necessary, the parsimonious declare that the plot of one hundred and sixty acres proposed by Mayor Kingsland is extravagantly large. Short-sighted economists! If the future growth of the city were confined to the boundaries their narrow vision would fix, it would soon cease to be the commercial emporium of the country. If they were the purveyors of the young giant, he would soon present the sorry spectacle of a robust youth magnificently developed; but whose extremities had outgrown every garment that they had provided to cover his nakedness.

These timid tax-payers, and men nervous in their private pockets of the municipal expenditures, should take a lesson from some of their number to whose admirable foresight we owe the unity of materials displayed in the New-York City-Hall. Every one familiar with New-York, has wondered or smiled at the apparent perversity of taste which gave us a building—in the most conspicuous part of the city, and devoted to the highest municipal uses, three sides of which are pure white marble, and the fourth of coarse, brown stone. But few of those who see that incongruity, know that it was dictated

by the narrow-sighted frugality of the common council who were its building committee, and who determined that it would be useless to waste marble on the rear of the City-Hall, "*since that side would only be seen by persons living in the suburbs.*"

Thanking Mayor Kingsland most heartily for his proposed new park, the only objection we make to it is that it is *too small*. One hundred and sixty acres of park for a city that will soon contain three-quarters of a million of people! It is only a child's playground. Why London has over six thousand acres either within its own limits, or in the accessible suburbs, open to the enjoyment of its population—and six thousand acres composed too, either of the grandest and most lovely park scenery, like Kensington and Richmond, or of luxuriant gardens, filled with rare plants, hot-houses, and hardy shrubs and trees, like the National Garden at Kew. Paris has its Garden of the Tuileries, whose alleys are lined with orange-trees two hundred years old, whose parterres are gay with the brightest flowers, whose cool groves of horse-chestnuts, stretching out to the Elysian Fields, are in the very midst of the city. Yes, and on its outskirts are Versailles (three thousand acres of imperial groves and gardens there also), and Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud, with all the rural, scenic, and palatial beauty that the opulence of the most profuse of French monarchs could create, all open to the *people* of Paris. Vienna has its great *Prater*, to make which, would swallow up most of the "unimproved" part of New-York city. Munich has a superb pleasure-ground of five hundred acres, which makes the Arcadia of her citizens. Even the smaller towns are provided with public grounds to an extent that would beggar the imagination of our short-sighted economists, who would deny "a greenery" to New-York; Frankfort, for example, is skirted by the most beautiful gardens, formed upon the platform which made the old ramparts of the city—gardens filled with the loveliest plants and shrubs, tastefully grouped along walks over *two miles* in extent.

Looking at the present government of the city as about to provide, in the People's Park, a breathing zone, and healthful place for exercise for a city of half a million of souls, we trust they will not be content with the limited number of acres already proposed. *Five hundred acres* is the smallest area that should be reserved for

the future wants of such a city, *now*, while it may be obtained. Five hundred acres may be selected between Thirty-ninth-street and the Harlem River, including a varied surface of land, a good deal of which is yet waste area, so that the whole may be purchased at something like a million of dollars. In that area there would be space enough to have broad reaches of park and pleasure-grounds, with a real feeling of the breadth and beauty of green fields, the perfume and freshness of nature. In its midst would be located the great distributing reservoirs of the Croton aqueduct, formed into lovely lakes of limpid water, covering many acres, and heightening the charm of the sylvan accessories by the finest natural contrast. In such a park, the citizens who would take excursions in carriages or on horseback, could have the substantial delights of country roads and country scenery, and forget, for a time the rattle of the pavements and the glare of brick walls. Pedestrians would find quiet and secluded walks when they wished to be solitary, and broad alleys filled with thousands of happy faces, when they would be gay. The thoughtful denizen of the town would go out there in the morning, to hold converse with the whispering trees, and the weary tradesmen in the evening, to enjoy an hour of happiness by mingling in the open space with "all the world."

The many beauties and utilities that would gradually grow out of a great park like this, in a great city like New-York, suggest themselves immediately and forcibly. Where would be found so fitting a position for noble works of art, the statues, monuments, and buildings commemorative at once of the great men of the nation, of the history of the age and country, and the genius of our highest artists? In the broad area of such a verdant zone would gradually grow up, as the wealth of the city increases, winter gardens of glass, like the great Crystal Palace, where the whole people could luxuriate in groves of the palms and spice trees of the tropics, at the same moment that sleighing parties glided swiftly and noiselessly over the snow-covered surface of the country-like avenues of the wintry park without. Zoological Gardens, like those of London and Paris, would gradually be formed by private subscription or public funds, where thousands of old and young would find daily pleasure in studying natural history, illustrated by all the wildest

and strangest animals of the globe, almost as much at home in their paddocks and jungles, as if in their native forests; and Horticultural and Industrial Societies would hold their annual shows there, and great expositions of the arts would take place in spacious buildings within the park, far more fittingly than in the noise and din of the crowded streets of the city.

We have said nothing of the *social* influence of such a great park in New-York. But this is really the most interesting phase of the whole matter. It is a fact not a little remarkable, that, ultra democratic as are the political tendencies of America, its most intelligent social tendencies are almost wholly in a contrary direction. And among the topics discussed by the advocates and opponents of the new park, none seem so poorly understood as the social aspect of the thing. It is, indeed, both curious and amusing to see the stand taken on the one hand by the million, that the park is made for the "upper ten," who ride in fine carriages, and, on the other hand, by the wealthy and refined, that a park in this country will be "usurped by rowdies and low people." Shame upon our republican compatriots who so little understand the elevating influences of the beautiful in nature and in art, when enjoyed in common by thousands and hundreds of thousands of all classes without distinction! They can never have seen, how all over France and Germany, the whole population of the cities pass their afternoons and evenings together, in the beautiful public parks and gardens. How they enjoy together the same music, breathe the same atmosphere of art, enjoy the same scenery, and grow into social freedom by the very influences of easy intercourse, space and beauty that surround them. In Germany, especially, they have never seen how the highest and the lowest partake alike of the common enjoyment—the prince seated beneath the trees on a rush-bottomed chair, before a little wooden table, supping his coffee or his ice, with the same freedom from state and pretension as the simplest subject. Drawing-room conventionalities are too narrow for a mile or two of spacious garden landscape, and one can be happy with ten thousand in the social freedom of a community of genial influences, without the unutterable pang of not having been *introduced* to the company present.

These social doubters who thus intrench themselves in the sole citadel of *exclusiveness* in republican America, mistake our people and their destiny. If we would but have listened to them, our magnificent river and lake steamers, those real palaces of the million, would have had no velvet couches, no splendid mirrors, no luxurious carpets. Such costly and rare appliances of civilization, they would have told us, could only be rightly used by the privileged families of wealth, and would be trampled upon and utterly ruined by the democracy of the country, who travel one hundred miles for half a dollar. And yet these, our floating palaces and our monster hotels, with their purple and fine linen, are they not respected by the majority who use them, as truly as other palaces by their rightful sovereigns? Alas, for the faithlessness of the few, who possess, regarding the capacity for culture of the many, who are wanting. Even upon the lower platform of liberty and education that the masses stand in Europe, we see the elevating influences of a wide popular enjoyment of galleries of art, public libraries, parks and gardens, which have raised the people in *social* civilization and social culture to a far higher level than we have yet attained in republican America. And yet this broad ground of popular refinement *must* be taken in republican America, for it belongs of right more truly here, than elsewhere. It is republican in its very idea and tendency. It takes up popular education where the common school and ballot-box leave it, and raises up the working-man to the same level of enjoyment with the man of leisure and accomplishment. The higher social and artistic elements of every man's nature lie dormant within him, and every laborer is a possible gentleman, not by the possession of money or fine clothes—but through the refining influence of intellectual and moral culture. Open wide, therefore, the doors of your libraries and picture galleries, all ye true republicans! Build halls where knowledge shall be freely diffused among men, and not shut up within the narrow walls of narrower institutions. Plant spacious parks in your cities, and unloose their gates as wide as the gates of morning to the whole people. As there are no dark places at noon day, so education and culture—the true sunshine of the soul—will banish the plague spots of democracy; and the dread of the ignorant exclusive who has no faith in the refinement of a republic, will

stand abashed in the next century, before a whole people whose system of voluntary education embraces (combined with perfect individual freedom), not only common schools of rudimentary knowledge, but common enjoyments for all classes in the higher realms of art, letters, science, social recreations, and enjoyments. Were our legislators but wise enough to understand, to-day, the destinies of the New World, the gentility of Sir Philip Sidney, made universal, would be not half so much a miracle fifty years hence in America, as the idea of a whole nation of laboring-men reading and writing, was, in his day, in England.

IX.

PUBLIC CEMETERIES AND PUBLIC GARDENS.

July, 1849.

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of the popular taste, in this country, is to be found in the rise and progress of our rural cemeteries.

Twenty years ago, nothing better than a common grave-yard, filled with high grass, and a chance sprinkling of weeds and thistles, was to be found in the Union. If there were one or two exceptions, like the burial ground at New Haven, where a few willow trees broke the monotony of the scene, they existed only to prove the rule more completely.

Eighteen years ago, Mount Auburn, about six miles from Boston, was made a rural cemetery. It was then a charming natural site, finely varied in surface, containing about 80 acres of land, and admirably clothed by groups and masses of native forest trees. It was tastefully laid out, monuments were built, and the whole highly embellished. No sooner was attention generally roused to the charms of this first American cemetery, than the idea took the public mind by storm. Travellers made pilgrimages to the Athens of New England, solely to see the realization of their long cherished dream of a resting-place for the dead, at once sacred from profanation, dear to the memory, and captivating to the imagination.

Not twenty years have passed since that time; and, at the present moment, there is scarcely a city of note in the whole country that has not its rural cemetery. The three leading cities of the north, New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, have, each of them, besides