

the Crystal Palace, in 1852, on what is known as Bryant Park, surrounded with cheap wooden structures, and near by, on Forty-second Street, the "Latting" tower, a wooded monstrosity which might now-a-days put a country town to shame.

Delmonico's, at Beaver Street, was really the only restaurant proper in the city, although there were several ice cream saloons, among the number being Taylor's, Broadway, near Canal Street, and Weller's, corner of Broadway and Washington Place. Men frequented oyster saloons, mostly located in basements below the sidewalk.

Several parks and uptown streets were lighted with sperm oil lamps, and servants washed the sidewalks and stoops from a hose attached to private hydrants in the curb in front of every house.

When a steamship from Europe arrived "Extras" invariably announced the fact, and many a night was patiently spent at Jersey City waiting for the steamer to come to her dock.

The Manhattanville stages still carried many a tired business man to his summer home on the Bloomingdale Road, and the "stages" stopped, going and coming, at Burnham's, now (1899) standing at corner Boulevard and Seventy-eighth Street.

Such was the state of things in the metropolis of this country for several years after the fire in 1845, and after the consecration of Grace Church in 1846, and barring the overcrowding of public conveyances and the dirty sidewalks, our big city has emerged from its rather plain chrysalis into a pretty, gay butterfly—thus proving conclusively that "the world do move."