

**PS**

2964

S76



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 2964

Class. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf. S76

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







1

L. 6.

# "A DAY ON CONEY ISLAND."

---

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THAT CELEBRATED

## WATERING PLACE;

ITS GEOLOGICAL FORMATION AND SOCIAL HISTORY; WITH A GRAPHIC  
DESCRIPTION OF ITS MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS, AS  
VIEWED FROM THE GREAT IRON OBSERVATORY.

CONTAINING, ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE

"DREAM OF A. T. STEWART, IN WHICH HE ENDEAVORS TO EXTEND HIS  
FINANCIAL OPERATIONS TO OUR DREAMY SATELLITE.  
ALSO, HIS INTRODUCTION TO SEVERAL

## DISTINGUISHED LUNARIANS."

---

*THIS DREAM WAS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.*

---

THE WORK CONCLUDES WITH A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS  
AT CONEY ISLAND, AND FINALLY FORESHADOWS THE ULTIMATE  
SUBMERSION OF THIS LOVELY ISLAND BENEATH  
THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE OCEAN.

---

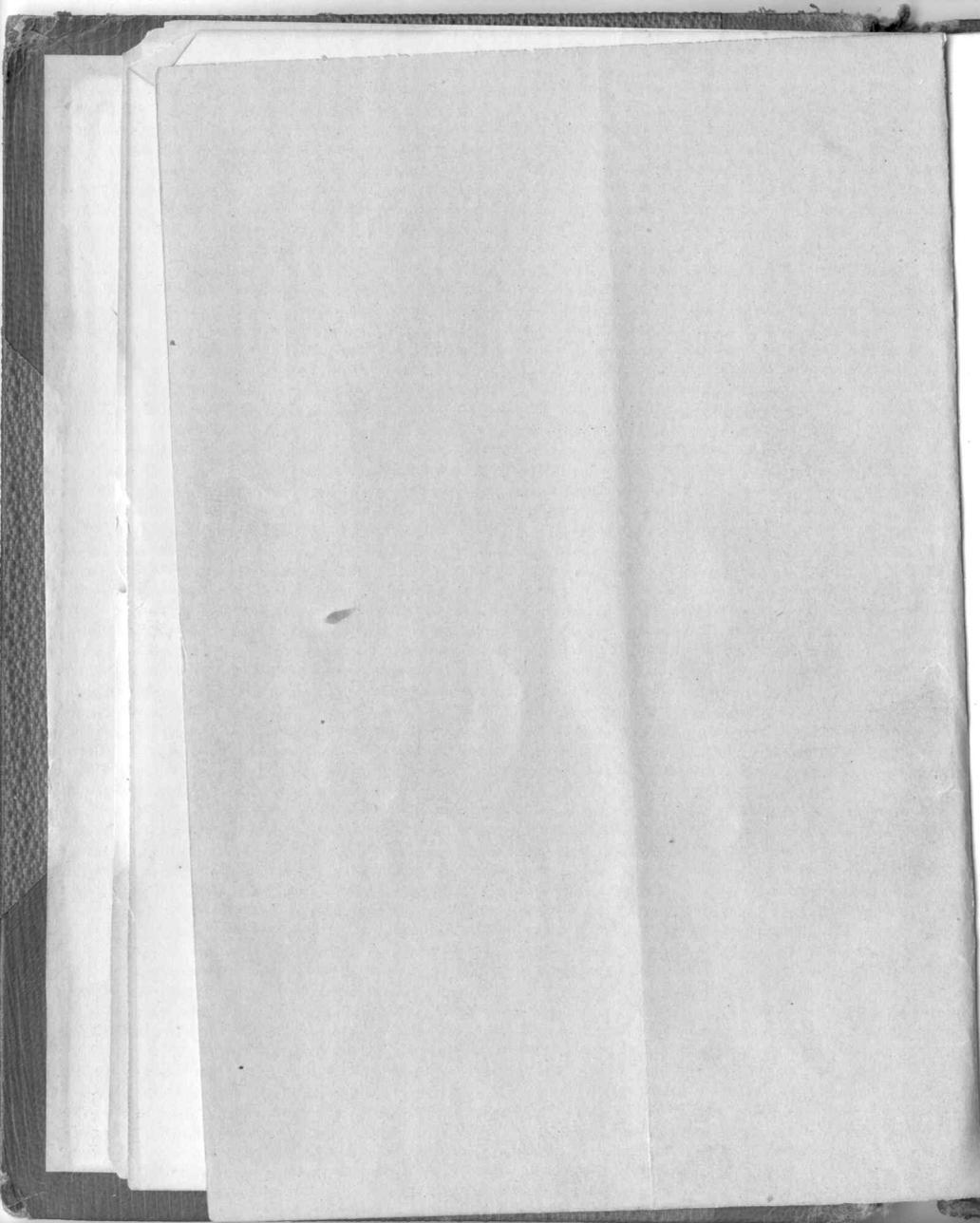
IN HEROIC VERSE,

BY

T A D.

---

NEW YORK:  
PRINTING HOUSE OF H. T. CORNETT,  
8 SPRUCE STREET.



# "A DAY ON CONEY ISLAND."

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THAT CELEBRATED

## WATERING PLACE;

ITS GEOLOGICAL FORMATION AND SOCIAL HISTORY; WITH A GRAPHIC  
DESCRIPTION OF ITS MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS, AS  
VIEWED FROM THE GREAT IRON OBSERVATORY.

CONTAINING, ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE

"DREAM OF A. T. STEWART, IN WHICH HE ENDEAVORS TO EXTEND HIS  
FINANCIAL OPERATIONS TO OUR DREAMY SATELLITE.  
ALSO, HIS INTRODUCTION TO SEVERAL

## DISTINGUISHED LUNARIANS."

*THIS DREAM WAS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.*

THE WORK CONCLUDES WITH A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS  
AT CONEY ISLAND, AND FINALLY FORESHADOWS THE ULTIMATE  
SUBMERSION OF THIS LOVELY ISLAND BENEATH  
THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE OCEAN.

IN HEROIC VERSE,

BY

T. A. D.

*By J. P. Sweet*  
" "



NEW YORK:

PRINTING HOUSE OF H. T. CORNETT,

8 SPRUCE STREET.

*(880)*  
*7*

PS 2964  
576

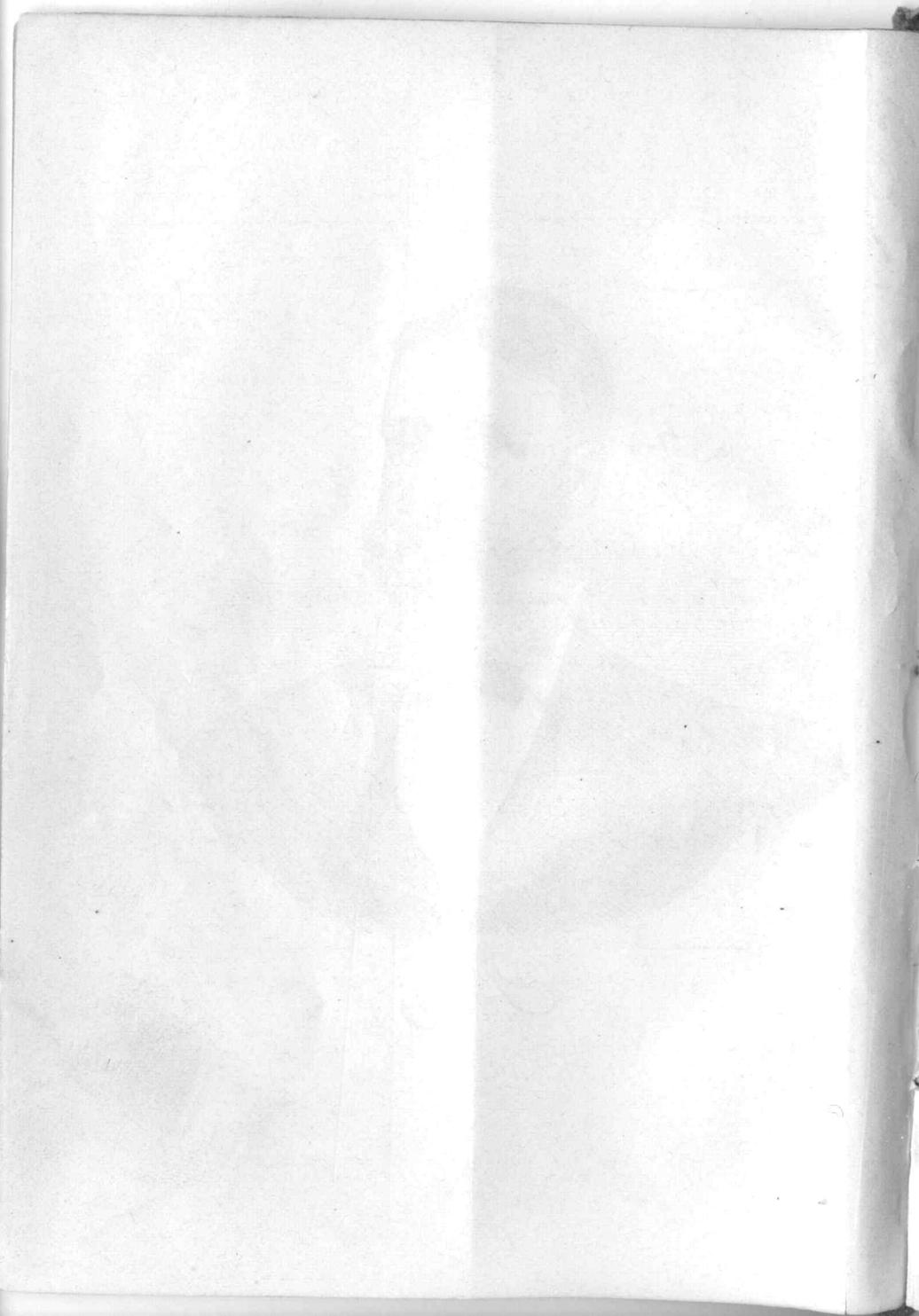
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by

J. P. SWEET,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



*Pad.*



## PREFACE.

---

The controlling desire in publishing this little volume is to present to the visitors of Coney Island the means of increased enjoyment while sojourning at this most attractive spot.

It will be understood by all who take the trouble to read the book that the writer, or speaker if you please, joins his long-time friend and visits Coney Island.

The first person is supposed to be somewhat familiar with the Island, and especially with its magnificent surroundings, as seen from the Iron Observatory, while the "friend of his boyish days" is comparatively ignorant.

As the speaker really represents *anybody* addressing *anybody else*, a variety of opinions, political, moral, religious, social, financial and scientific, will very naturally be expressed.

The account of the geological formation of Coney Island is, in the author's *opinion*, true.

The praise bestowed upon it is of necessity very feeble.

Coney Island, notwithstanding the powerful opposition that will be brought to bear against it, will be the People's Great Watering Place of the very near future.

The other opinions scattered through the work are no doubt the opinions of *somebody*. In the "Dream" no malice is felt or wished to be expressed. But rather a desire to display objects in their true garb, which occasionally happens to be a

very serious one. The "Distinguished Lunarians" will, perhaps, be recognized, and *somebody* will laugh (?). But it should be borne in mind that the worst of them is "as good as his neighbor;" and that, whatever opinion may be expressed, it is *but* the opinion of *somebody*.

That this unpretentious little volume may find ready sale, be a source of profit to its humble author, and make happier many of the hundreds of thousands who will visit Coney Island, is the undisguised wish of

TAD.

---

#### INSCRIPTION.

To the "audience" that so long ago listened, and with such rapt attention! to the simple yet highly imaginative "Tad Stories," this little volume is affectionately inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

## A DAY ON CONEY ISLAND.

---

Friend of my boyish days, the wintry weather  
Has passed, and spring has gladdened northern skies.  
The summer comes : let's pass the day together ;  
He that finds happiness on earth is wise.  
Come from your home, on plain or mountain heather,  
Or where the city's glittering domes arise ;  
Take the same seat, beside me, in the train :  
We're flying seaward, o'er the fertile plain !

Now we engage in pleasant conversation,  
As rapidly we run to Coney isle ;  
You may be high in rank, or low in station,  
It matters not to me—I would beguile  
With pleasant anecdote and brief narration  
The sultry hours of summer for a while ;  
And should the cynics frown, refuse to heed 'em,  
We go where order blends with mirth and freedom.

Now o'er the rail the humming car-wheels sing,  
As round the curves the well-filled coaches swing ;  
We pass each station, o'er the level lands ;  
We cross the "Creek," and now we "stop at Van's ;"  
Forward again, and now the ocean reach,  
And breathe the air of Coney Island Beach !  
Spot most appropriate on the earth's broad face,  
To build a people's mammoth watering-place.  
Here happiest facilities combine  
To reach the place by each convergent line.

To Gotham's walls—which almost touch the sea !  
 Great proud metropolis of America !  
 It nearest lies of all our bathing-shores,  
 Where great ships ride, and old Atlantic roars !

Well I remember, when an artless boy,  
 And life seemed one continued round of joy !  
 I visited this spot—how lone it seemed !  
 But of its future greatness never dreamed.  
 No railroad lines run from the cities then ;  
 No women fair, no proud, ambitious men ;  
 And few who now their frequent visits pay  
 Had e'er beheld the glorious light of day !  
 And he who made old Coney Island rise,  
 The tourist's home, the "People's Paradise,"  
 Whose enterprise has raised these magic charms,  
 Was but a child, in his fond parents' arms.  
 But why with feeble pen attempt to trace  
 Thy rise, Columbia's favorite watering-place ?  
 And why recount the triumphs, hopes and fears,  
 The grand progressive strides of forty years ?  
 They're but a ripple on the Stream of Time !  
 Whose waters span Eternity sublime !  
 And though we count each moment as it flows,  
*Time* had no opening, and can have no close.  
 Defer you may till past the dinner hour :  
 But ere you leave ascend the lofty Tower ;  
 Grand object ! rising in the noontide sun ;  
 The great Centennial Iron Skeleton !

High o'er the sands, his huge, but graceful form  
 Bids calm defiance to the fiercest storm.  
 We mount the car, she gracefully ascends ;  
 The landscape widens, as she upward tends ;  
 O'er field and ocean, and the woodland green,

Description fails to paint the swelling scene!  
 We inland view full sixty miles away;  
 And, although less upon the rich, blue sea,  
 Full fifty miles we scan the liquid plain,  
 Where Neptune's coursers toss their foaming main.

When you have gained the upper platform high,  
 Which seems to hold communion with the sky;  
 Gaze, ponder well on land and flood below,  
 Nor deem *yourself* the more attractive show.  
 If there's a thing despicable on earth,  
 'Tis "gas" and ostentation, minus worth;  
 The fool who climbs the highest mountain-top,  
 That fools below may see that *he* is "up;"  
 Who never waves a hand, or kinks a toe,  
 But to attract admiring flats below.

A telescope surmounts the lofty Tower  
 With lens of great space—penetrating power—  
 Scan the horizon with unaided eye,  
 And then on scientific pinions fly.  
 Here we can watch the varied, countless craft;  
 Sloop, yacht and brig, and schooner fore and aft;  
 Sail-boat and tug now crowd upon the scene,  
 The stately Indiaman, the brigantine,  
 Down through the Narrows, from the Upper Bay,  
 The floating palaces for Rockaway;  
 Small boats, presumptuous, o'er the waters glide,  
 And ocean steamers walk the briny tide.  
 Here friends assemble at their sailing hour,  
 To view the steamships from the Iron Tower;  
 Perchance to watch with sadness and dismay  
 The ship that bears some loved one far away!

Along the shore, as far as eye can reach—  
 A deep disgrace to Coney Island Beach—

A fleet of sloops go, sailing in a string;  
 Poetic theme, of Laundry Soap I sing!  
 Oh, can we now, with reason, ever hope  
 To get one furlong from a sign of soap?  
 To find some happy vale, or cosey "diggins,"  
 Exempt from Colgate, Babbitt, Pyle and Higgins?  
 Those great inventors! who, to cleanse our duds,  
 Have learned the art profound of making suds;  
 An art our antiquated grannies know,  
 Ere Earth produced this saponaceous crew.  
 But know, 'tis not the way you *make* your soap,  
 However well 'tis made, you cannot hope  
 To have it used, unless with business *lies*,  
 You hoist it on a sail and advertise;  
 Or on a flaming sign, where children romp,  
 Or where a R. R. crosses o'er a swamp;  
 Or down in Old Virginia's languid skies,  
 Or where the steel-blue Adirondacks rise!  
 Our sense of poetry it sadly shocks,  
 Vinegar Bitters on the old grey rocks!  
 Beneath this sign a remedy for phthisic;  
 Another rock portrays Old Humbug's phiz-ic.  
 High over all a sign of fire should rise,  
 Giving an antidote for puffs and lies!  
 Should you sell chewing-gum, or beets in pickle,  
 Or trouserloons, not worth a spurious nickel;  
 Howe'er so small the brain within your gourd,  
 Spread your great name upon a lengthy board,  
 And o'er the public eye you're sure to pull—  
 "Make no mistake"—the longest kind of wool.  
 Again, to mention those unsightly sloops,  
 Which influence none save hopeless nincompoops—  
 "Oh, what a boon, if on some early day,  
 With their own soap they'd wash themselves away."

“ Oh, for a wilderness in some vast lodge,”  
Where no one knows an advertising dodge.

On ev'ry path, by almost every turn,  
Industrious Israelites a living “ earn,”  
By selling colored specs to screen the eyes,  
Which would not serve an idiot to disguise.  
Purchase by *all* means—yellow, green or blue—  
You aid one member of a useful crew;  
He *will not work*; he neither starves, nor begs,  
But peddles healing-salve for wooden legs.  
The history geologic of this spot  
Is theme profound for average human thought;  
Still let us o'er the sandy plateau range,  
And note the latest geologic change:  
Compare the rise—tho' intricate the plan—  
Of Coney Island with the rise of man.  
Twelve thousand years ago the ocean waves  
Roll'd near the southern line of Greenwood's graves;  
Then, age by age, a strip of sandy plain  
Was lifted from the bosom of the main.  
First, sandy swamps, then drier land appears—  
Slow, gradual process of three thousand years !  
When now we find that ocean's briny tide  
Laves the white sand on Parkville's southern side;  
Another thousand years their course have run,  
And raised the Cemet'ry of Washington.  
On Egypt's distant plain a granite pile  
Frowns o'er the fertilizing waves of Nile;  
Now Science, with her peaceful mandate, bids  
To raise in air the lofty Pyramids !  
Which Egypt's daring sons beheld with joy,  
Five thousand years before the Siege of Troy !  
One thousand years—confined not to a day—  
And land has stretched to south of King's Highway;

And Gizeh's Sphynx her solemn visage rears,  
 Before the fall of Troy four thousand years !  
 Now fifteen hundred "years their wings expand,"  
 And on "Sim" Hoagland's south we find dry land.  
 Six thousand and five hundred years have passed—  
 A time, in human calculations, vast !  
 Since land did first from Greenwood's slope extend,  
 And solid ground is found beyond Gravesend.

Our *written* history has never penned  
 The reason why this place is styled Gravesend.  
 Within the Revolutionary War,  
 When Yankee Boys, and Britons' from afar,  
 The famous Battle of Long Island waged—  
 Where hearts of *steel* on either side engaged—  
 That strife begun upon the level lands,  
 Quite near to where the Prospect Fair-Ground stands.  
 The strife has ended; on the blood-dyed plain  
 Surviving braves inter the mangled slain;  
 And where the graves to farthest south extend—  
 The *end of graves*—the soldiers styled Gravesend.  
 Now still two thousand years have "winged their flight,"  
 Revolving Earth, alternate day and night;  
 And land has made encroachment on the tide,  
 One hundred rods from Coney's northern side.  
 Five hundred years we travel on again,  
 And Coney Isle still sleeps beneath the main.  
 Protruding reefs at low-ebb-tide are seen;  
 At swelling flood the ocean waters green  
 Roll over them; above the ocean's bed  
 No island permanent has raised its head.  
 At last a stubborn sandy reef appears,  
 And holds its head above the waves, for years;  
 But when the coast receives an extra tide,

Its ribs beneath the curling waters hide.  
 At length a day arrives—'twas drawing nigh—  
 When gathering sands have made the reef so high,  
 That tides may ebb and flow, and winds may sweep—  
 Old Neptune's laughter!—o'er the sounding deep!  
 Her sandy brow still rose above the wave,  
 And echoed back the laugh Old Neptune gave!  
 We hail with joy that geologic morn,  
 When Coney Island from the sea was born!  
 Her happy birth-place was upon the lands  
 Near where the Hotel Oceanic stands.  
 My thoughts now wander o'er the azure main;  
 I see the hosts which throng the Phrygian plain;  
 Patroclus dies! and now Achilles bold—  
 With chargers fleet, their harness tipped with gold—  
 Drags the great Hector, Priam's noble boy,  
 Around the sloping walls of ancient Troy.  
 Since Hector's corse lay "blackening in the blast,"  
 Three thousand "slow-revolving years" have passed.  
 Years came and went in one incessant roll;  
 Now Socrates has quaff'd the fatal bowl;  
 And Norton's Isle displays a sandy slice,  
 Augmented by the "shove" of Hudson's ice.  
 As time sped on, in each succeeding year,  
 The Oceanic's widening sands appear;  
 Till near the day when Cæsar entered Rome,  
 Then thy Beach, Brighton, rose above the foam.  
 Time has no time for rest; the island grows;  
 When thy walls, "Venice, from the seaweed rose,"  
 The Beach Manhattan, in graceful line,  
 Just shows its sands above the ocean brine.  
 Columbus sought, and found Columbia's shore—  
 At least he found the Isle San Salvador;  
 He bless'd the long-sought Isle, then homeward went—

Columbus never saw the *continent*.  
 Had Old Columbus deign'd to take a look  
 Inside the boundary line of Sandy Hook,  
*Three* little sandy isles he would have spied,  
 Distinctly rising o'er the surging tide.  
 Those islands lay within the circling flood  
 Where Coney Island has for ages stood:  
 Slight geologic research *now* can trace  
 Their separations on the Island's face.  
 The OCEANIC Island first arose;  
 Then NORTON's Island did its form disclose:  
 Last, Slim MANHATTAN saw the light of day,  
 And formed the watery sheet of Sheepshead Bay.  
 Five miles we view, from Coney's east extreme,  
 To Norton's Point, where freedom reigns supreme!  
 Its sandy cones far westward do extend,  
 And form the tranquil bay we style Gravesend.  
 A sinuous river, which receives the tide,  
 Flows through the land on Coney's northern side:  
 This forms the Island, and its waters play  
 From Gravesend Harbor to the Sheepshead Bay.  
 When we an independent realm began,  
 This stream was fully sixty rods in span.  
 Why have they named it Coney Isle? you ask!—  
 You *might* have given me a lighter task;  
 Yet from the various reasons now afloat,  
 The true one may, perhaps, be reached by *vote*.  
 'Tis said Old Coy-ne, for a lengthened while,  
 Dwelt on the sands of lonely Coy-ne Isle;  
 And then that coney on the island burrowed,  
 And with their little paws the island furrowed.  
 Last, and with show of reason—sandy *cones*—  
 I got *this* "yarn" from Smith, from Brown and Jones—  
 Rose o'er the plain in many a sandy pile,

And gave this spot the name of *Coney* Isle.  
 I have no power to give deciding voice—  
 “ *You* pays your money and you takes your choice.”

Together let us round the circle swing,  
 And view the sights in this majestic ring !  
 Now turn the telescope to Brighton Beach;  
 One mile away, in easy optic reach;  
 On that loved spot the timid, gay and grave  
 Seek health and pastime in the briny wave;  
 There tumble topsy-turvy, “ thick as spatter ” !  
 Like animalcules in a drop of water.  
 Here bipeds splash, in every human shape,  
 From broad-built ourang, to cadaverous ape;  
 The tufted monkey, whose “ sweet frizzes ” hang  
 In tufts inverted—fashionable bang !  
 Which hides her brow, yet leaves, beneath, a grin,  
 Revealing her Darwinian origin.  
 Down through the waves of time those forms have flitted,  
 By Darwin’s granddads graciously transmitted;  
 Till every present human form—“ you see ”—  
 It wounds our pride to think such things *can* be—  
 Resembles baboon, ape, or chimpanzee,  
 And, now and then, a *sprinkling* of all three.  
 The little child just learning how to swim;  
 The athlete ponderous, with the brawny limb;  
 The spruce Apollo, with his parted hair,  
 Beside the swaggering, “ bloated millionaire ” !—  
 For snobs ascend to feelings democratic,  
 When they *descend* to Brighton’s sports aquatic.  
 The country rustic and the city swell,  
 The western beauty and the city belle;  
 The Jersey farmer, with an honest face,  
 The “ prancing preacher,” with the *means* of grace;  
 The ancient “ hay bag ”—comical to see—

Contrasted with a queen de Medici !  
 Long-faced dead-beats—tho' never "*called*" to preach—  
 Are ranked as BEECHERS, when they're "*on the beach.*"

Beyond old Coney, on the eastern line,  
 Broad Barren Island rises from the brine;  
 And when the east wind blows, "I dare presume,"  
 It wafts from Barren Isle a sweet perfume !  
 Directly o'er this isle—eight miles away—  
 We see the white hotels of Rockaway;  
 Six miles northeast of this, on higher ground,  
 Within the tube Far Rockaway is found;  
 Still further swing, and when the eye does enter  
 The tube, you'll see the spires of Rockville Centre.

Far o'er the waters of Jamaica Bay,  
 Nearly northeast, and twenty miles away,  
 A tall spire tops the plain, with cross of gilt;  
 That spire was with the people's money built,  
 By A. T. Stewart, on the Hempstead plains—  
 A Mausoleum grand for his remains.  
 A money'd king, in opulence grown old,  
 Who ruled o'er millions with a rod of gold !  
 Who never *once* in life a chance let slip,  
 To swell his pile, or take a stronger grip  
 On what he had; on R. R., bank, or sod:  
 Wealth was his idol, money was his god !  
 "To keep awake at night he'd work his toes,  
 And plan whom he might 'beat' when he arose."

#### A. T. STEWART'S DREAM.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

At last to slumbers sweet he has resigned  
 The drowsy remnant of his scheming mind;

His trading embryo ghost essays to glide  
 Through regions weird ! on Luna's hither side.  
 On thy blest plains, "pale empress of the skies,"  
 Rapt visions greet his avaricious eyes !  
 Anachronisms strange now fill his mind ;  
 He sees the future world, and years behind ;  
 Lives his life over on this ball of dust,  
 Sees sights which please, or fill him with disgust  
 Sees Andy Johnson "round the circle swing,"  
 And Tweed hold caucus *in* old Tycho's *ring*.  
 Sees at a glance the great Ring-Masters, all,  
 From pious Pete to Histrionic Hall.

A high-toned shyster steps upon the scene,  
 Designing, deep, and yet sublimely mean !  
 Ambition plays around the stealthy locks  
 Of this old intellectual tiger-fox.  
 His utmost, *only* aim is to *succeed* ;  
 When "fortune blows the gale" he sails with Tweed ;  
 But when the TIMES presage a dangerous trip,  
 This legal rat forsakes the sinking ship.  
 "Satan, turned moralist," escapes the storm,  
 And skulks behind the banner of "Reform ;"  
 And while for Washington he trims his sail,  
 Leaves generous Tweed to die in Ludlow Jail !  
 The Presidential stool he seems to sigh for ;  
 Receives "dispatches"—hardly *worth* a "cipher,"  
 And fails to furnish some important facts,  
 Directly bearing on his income tax.  
 His long-time friends are growing *slightly* tirish ;  
 He'd fade from view, unaided by the Irish.  
 "Old Van" runs railroads o'er the Lunar spots,  
 And Astor builds upon her choicest lots ;  
 The stages run through every Lunar town,

Drawn by the spavin'd nags of Kip & Brown.  
 Delancy Kane conducts a tally-bus  
 From old Copernicus to t'other Chus.  
 In Archimedes, 'neath a *sheltering* ledge,  
 Along the quarter Luna's "ragged edge,"  
 The Sage of Brooklyn Heights—to their delight—  
 Talks to Lunarians every Friday night.  
 Some roll'd in stolen wealth; some begged their grub;  
 Some *few* got banged by Captain Williams' club!  
 Some live by pious fraud—a common game—  
 Some by *uncommon*, some by "common fame;"  
 One lays an egg—how small! now hear him cackle!  
 And wake the echoës of the Tabernacle!  
 Surcharged with bosh and twaddle, hear him roar!  
 For light artillery, what a heavy bore.  
 On a bleak, snowy, heartless winter's day,  
 Gordon plays polo in the arms of May;  
 Not on his gallant, prancing steed, "you know,"  
 But heels aloft, his *pole*, oh! in the snow!  
 And subsequent to plasters, lint and gruel,  
 On *paper*, fights with May a bloody duel.  
 Millions of lesser lights round Stewart rushed;  
 The "Crushed Tragedian" swore he wasn't crushed!  
 Fortunes were made—how soon! and lost—how brisk!  
 Black Friday came, Jay Gould and young Jim Fiske.

Then A. T. Stewart dreamed he'd piles of *pelf*—  
 Thus did his yard-stick soul revert to *self*—  
 He dreamed that cotton goods were going cheap,  
 And that he "cornered" an enormous heap.  
 He purchased low, of course; with conscience hard,  
 He "marked them up" to sixty cents per yard;  
 And still quite easily kept out of prison,  
 Though money flow'd from your purse into "his'n."

But what is wealth, with all its marvelous power,  
 To ease the pangs, or soothe the dying hour ?  
 Not all the gold in endless space could bring  
 One MOMENT'S parley with the dreadful KING !  
 And tears less fraught with grief are never shed,  
 Than those which fall around the dying bed  
 Of him, who through this life's uncertain span,  
 Has used his wealth to crush his fellow-man.  
 Stewart had bagg'd his last of earthly pelf ;  
 Thieves forced his tomb ! and he got bagg'd himself !

Canarsie next ; 'tis seven miles away,  
 On the west shore of broad Jamaica Bay ;  
 Well known to anglers as a fishing ground,  
 Where coasting fish of various kinds are found.  
 But anglers know—at least, I think they might—  
 That fish, tho' present, do not always "bite :"  
 But differ from mosquitoes in this way—  
 'Tis thus sometimes in old Jamaica Bay.  
 Then, though the tedious hours we "watch and wait,"  
 Haul up the line, and add more tempting bait ;  
 Bob, yawn, and whistle, crook the finger-joint—  
 Poor fish ! too stupid—cannot "see the point,"  
 Or do not *feel* it—watch and wait, as well,  
 "Till dewy evening sounds her vesper bell."  
 Thus ends the sultry, long, unlucky day ;  
 The angler homeward wends his weary way,  
 Hungry and sad ; disgusted with the trip ;—  
 He thinks he'll stop at Fulton Market Slip,  
 And buy some fish—*just to fill up the string*—  
 Two little fish *alone* are "not the thing  
 To carry home"—what *would* my people say  
 Of my excursion to Jamaica Bay ?

Jamaica next ; swing farther north, around ;  
 Her large Town hall within the tube is found.  
 Woodhaven farther west ; the observer sees  
 Her neat white cottages among the trees.  
 New Lots, then East New York the landscape fills ;  
 Beyond, the Shingled Tower of Cypress Hills.  
 Still farther west, o'er East New York, is seen  
 The Lutheran Cemetry and Evergreen.  
 Now over Flatbush, Flatlands and Gravesend,  
 We see the Brooklyn suburbs east extend.  
 The County Penitentiary of Kings—  
 A gloomy pile ! above the foliage springs ;  
 And on its left, against the mountain gray,  
 Stands the High Bridge Tower, twenty miles away.  
 Still farther west, above the foliage green,  
 The old " High Torn," at Haverstraw, is seen.  
 Now Prospect Park displays her waving trees,  
 Her placid lake, her fields and Hill of Breeze.  
 Near Prospect Park is Culver's Depot seen,  
 O'er Parkville's mansions and her meadows green.  
 Near Culver's Depot, and in northern skies,  
 The Giants of the *live* Metropolis rise !  
 Each bridge-pier lifts its ponderous granite head  
 O'er Greenwood—sad metropolis of the dead !  
 Where sculptured beauty stands in silent gloom !  
 Rise thè grand obelisk and humble tomb ;  
 'Neath modest flowers, the gloomy cypress shade,  
 Wealth, worth and beauty sleep ! by kindness laid.  
 On " Ocean Hill" is seen—if viewed with care—  
 The tomb of Whitney—once a millionaire ;  
 Low on the plain—far from his native shore—  
 The tomb of Dancer, who will dance no more.  
 To Greenwood's central, south the tube now draw,  
 And view the granite shaft of " Old George Law ;"

The lesser tombs which round the giant stand,  
 Seem humbly waiting for his high command !  
 O'er those who sleep calm, silent, and in peace,  
 He towers like Ajax o'er the ranks of Greece !  
 Still farther west Achilles seems to rise ;  
 The tomb of Cummings, pointing to the skies !  
 Now view sweet Greenwood's most conspicuous shaft ;  
 The Soldier's Monument ; this cenotaph  
 We raised in honor of the gallant dead,  
 Who self forgot, and for the nation bled !  
 It towers sublimely o'er the Greenwood ridge,  
 West of the *New York* pier of Brooklyn Bridge.

Among the trees, the Greenwood Hill behind,  
 The *Tribune* tower contains the "Lofty Mind"—  
 Whom Dana so adores—within its walls ;  
 Lord help wise Whitelaw, if the building falls !  
 We next St. Paul's and Western Union see,  
 And on their left the graceful Trinity.  
 Now o'er the Battery swing—it is my habit—  
 You'll read the classic name of B. T. Babbitt.  
 You read with ease, need neither squint nor grope ;  
 'Tis there he makes his world-wide famous soap.

Hoboken next; there on the Jersey Height,  
 The Passion Monastery looms in sight;  
 There pious, popish, Paulist Fathers dwell,  
 Who *claim* a patent-right for shunning hell !  
 Now, should the air be clear, with ease you spy  
 The Highland Dunderburg against the sky.  
 Just over Bath New Utrect's fields are seen,  
 Where Bay Ridge rises in a ridge of green ;  
 And o'er the Bay Ridge foliage—if you will—  
 You catch bright glimpses of the Bergen Hill.

The spires of Orange and of Newark rise  
 'Neath Orange Mountain in northwestern skies.

Across the waters of the Gravesend Bay,  
 Fort Hamilton appears, four miles away;  
 And 'neath its bank, upon the waters set,  
 Is seen the sombre walls of Lafayette.  
 In time of war Fort Diamond's bolts were needed,  
 To lock up folks who didn't think as we did.

Between old Lafayette and Staten Isle  
 We see thy face, historic Narrows, smile;  
 Not as of old, when o'er these waters blue  
 The lonely red man shot the frail canoe!  
 Nor as—by seeming chance—brave Hendrik's band  
 Found the great entrance to Columbia's Land!  
 The seaman's favorite port, the City's pride!  
 Riches of empires on thy surface ride;  
 Sails of all nations o'er thy waters gleam—  
 The final outlet of the Hudson's stream!  
 Around their keels thy classic waves are curled,  
 Transcendent Bosphorus of the Western World!

Along the Narrows' shore, beneath the hill,  
 See Clifton, Stapleton and Tompkinsville;  
 Beyond, New Brighton's structures meet the eye;  
 The northmost point of Staten Isle you spy.  
 On Staten Isle, southwest of Hamilton,  
 Fort Wadsworth's walls arise, and built of stone;  
 High on their rear the bristling guns are seen,  
 Along the earthwork, mantled o'er with green.  
 O'er Norton's Point, and in due-western skies,  
 The dark-green hills of Staten Island rise;  
 The telescope reveals the spire and dome  
 Which crown the chapel and the wealthy home.

The beauties which those varied views combine,  
Would not disgrace the castled banks of Rhine !

Now farther south we swing, and then is seen  
The house-crowned Islands of the Quarantine;  
And on beyond, across the waters blue,  
The graceful Elm-tree Light-house meets the view.  
Just on its south, beneath the island hills,  
A long, slim point appears, and bay—Great Kills.  
Then Seguine's Point, along the southward way ;  
And further south we see the Prince's Bay.  
Ward's Point within the tube is seen to smile,  
And forms the southern point of Staten Isle.  
Perth and South Amboy now we look upon,  
Which head the broad, shoal Bay of Raritan.

Now east, to Keyport ; as the tube we swing  
Methinks I hear a big musquito sing !  
Musquito, did I say ? Mild, I declare !  
For countless millions fill the Keyport air !  
And tho' I never slander—never would—  
*Keyport* has other *bills* for drawing blood.

Swing farther east ; now Keyport's spires we leave,  
And old Point Comfort smiles across the wave.  
Now an old somber, mastless hulk is seen ;  
The Illinois, the ship of Quarantine.  
Next, the Stone Beacon, on Dry Romer Shoal ;  
Around its base the dark-green waters roll.  
Conover's Beacon on the shore is seen,  
Near Monmouth Beach, beneath the pastures green.  
Above this beacon, near to Chauncyville,  
We see the swelling form of Pigeon Hill.  
Yon fleet offensive, which the water ploughs,  
Is Gotham's knavey squad of dumping scows ;

For many years this vile, disgusting filth,  
 This rich manure, this agricultural wealth  
 Has been poured out, the honest to annoy,  
 And must in time our noble port destroy.

Now o'er the waters to the southward look,  
 And see the glistening beach of Sandy Hook ;  
 View the tall beacons rising o'er the plain,  
 To light the waves and cheer the boundless main !  
 How many tars have viewed them with delight,  
 While keeping lonely watch at dead of night,  
 And roused their mess-mates with the wildest glee  
 Thrice glad to leave the perils of the sea !  
 To seek the hallowed spot that gave them birth,  
 To greet the loved-ones on the cheerful hearth,  
 And promise faithfully to never roam  
 Beyond the hills which crown their childhood's home.

Near Sandy Hook, and on the ocean's brink,  
 Rise the bold Highlands of the Navesink ;  
 There on their eastern bluff throughout the night,  
 The great Twin Towers display the Highland Light ;  
 Far o'er the deep they light the ocean foam,  
 And welcome sea-worn wanderers to their home.  
 Twelve miles S. E. upon Atlantic's flood,  
 The light-ship Sandy Hook for years has stood.  
 Swing west of this, and view the Scotland Light,  
 To point the Scotland's wreck, by day or night.  
 Land binds the circle around which we swing,  
 To full three-fourths of this majestic ring ;  
 The other fourth the waves of ocean play  
 From Sandy Hook to Beach of Rockaway.

Now turn the tube *once more* and southward reach  
 Far o'er the "Hook," and down the eastern beach,

Where Grant, the firm, reliable and stanch,  
Has smoked his mild Havanas at the "BRANCH."

Should he cool reason's admonition hear,  
Nor swim, the world's ambitious, greedy shark;  
His name would on the scroll of fame appear,  
Where *greater minds* have failed to make their mark.

But should he press his everlasting claim,  
Till common sense has "laid him on the shelf;"  
He'll find the downward path remote from *fame*,  
And take one lasting tumble—to *himself!*

Oh! *may* he tower, a beacon to the eye  
Of patriots, on a distant future shore!  
The *Sun's* Thersites in oblivion *lie*,  
When Coney Island sinks to rise no more!

Companion, check that gently-rising smile,  
Nor view as bombast all the truths I've urged;  
In near three million years old Coney Isle  
Will be by ocean's *frozen* waves submerged!

Death, silent death, shall overspread the land—  
Adieu to love, ambition, greed and vice!  
Bleak desolation reign on ev'ry hand;  
And should the Bridge-Piers stand (?) they'll stand in *ice!*

Nought will remain that life and hope can give;  
Glaciers will pile o'er forest, field and fort:  
And *could* Thersites of the *Sun* then live,  
He'd not *accept* *Collector of the Port.*

'Tis sweet to live a quiet, peaceful life,  
Remote from towns, in some secluded vale;  
Surrounded by your friends, exempt from strife,  
Where forests wave, and flowers perfume the gale!

There one's poor mind could find its needful rest,  
 Free from all care, and other things to fret it;  
 I've *thought* of emigrating to the West;  
 "Hard work ain't easy," friend, "and don't forget it."

'Tis hard to write a poem in the summer,  
 Or blandly smile when swollen with disgust;  
 Harder to make an angel of a bummer,  
 Or write sweet poetry on clams and crust.

'Tis hard a friend, or *enemy* to laud;  
 Easy in politics to turn your coat;  
 Hard to inaugurate a heartless fraud,  
 Tho' "fairly chosen"—by a *shot-gun* vote.

'Tis hard to poise a rooster on a fence—  
*Try it*—or make ridiculous things sublime;  
 Harder to torture nonsense into sense,  
 Or "make a crooked name *lie* straight in rhyme."

A doggerel penned for foolish, great and wise,  
 For honest people, brokers, priests and swells—  
 Tho' never meant this place to advertise,  
 Should name, at least, the *principal* hotels.

Perchance you *now* feel cravings at the maw !  
 And wish with food the inner man to batten ?  
 If not an Israelite, don't fear to draw  
 Your rations at the great Hotel Manhattan.

But should you feel desire for choicest food,  
 And would with such your tasting powers enlighten,  
 Go where they *welcome all* the wise and good,  
 With Major Breslin, at the Hotel Brighton.

Close by the sands, and near the Ocean Drive,  
 We find a neat hotel, and neat proprietor;

His bland accomplishments are sure to thrive,  
 He's Brooklyn's handsome caterer, Mr. Dieter.

Now should you feel desire for food and rest,  
 The comforts of a broad and sumptuous table,  
 Step off the Culver cars—it is the best—  
 And stay a week or month with Mr. Cable.

You'd like to meet the magnates of the "road,"  
 To dine, to wine, to laugh, to sup, to beer ;  
 Go then, at once, and visit the abode  
 Of sports, and bloods, and kept by Vanderveer.

If you've an appetite for roasted clams,  
 Or in the pocket feel the slightest panic,  
 Seek the cool shade, removed from noise and Jams,  
 Within the pleasant Hotel Oceanic.

Or if you would avoid the least confusion,  
 Where you can quietly mature your plans,  
 Vansicland's is a place of sweet seclusion—  
 Tell the Conductor, and he'll "stop at Van's."

You seek a quiet, nice, old-fashioned place,  
 Where no disorder ever comes to fright you ;  
 "Put up" at Thompson, where each pleasant face  
 Beams forth a smile that's certain to delight you.

Should you desire a most delightful home,  
 Or wish with happiness to hold communion,  
 Drop in and see the "hospitable dome"  
 Of Chamberlin, Proprietor of Grand Union.

There is no better place to spend an hour,  
 A day, a week, a month, or all the year,  
 Than the West Brighton Hotel, kept by Bauer,  
 Close by the entrance of the Iron Pier.

That iron whale—how needless the alarm  
 Of those who feared he'd not the storms survive—  
 He's faced the fiercest, most terrific storm  
 That swept the coast since 18—35 !

Now comes the Great Centennial Sea Beach Palace ;  
 A large and pleasing architectural pile ;  
 'Gainst other houses we can hold no malice,  
 But she's a favorite on the Coney Isle.

There "lots of fun," of which, perhaps, you've felt, man,  
 In dancing late, with pleasant folks, and queer ;  
 Such seek at the Pavilion, kept by *Feltman*,  
 Who holds that mirth was *made* the heart to cheer.

A place that equals "any other going,"  
 For transient stay, or permanent abode,  
 Is Hotel Clarendon, now kept by Cohen,  
 Fast by the terminus of Gunther's Road.

Would you a warped, dyspeptic stomach straighten,  
 Partake of food that gives the soul delight !  
 Seek the fine house that's kept by Mr. Katen,  
 Where food is choice, and *waiters are polite*.

Would you the tedious hours of summer shorten,  
 Or pass the day with lover, wife or friend ;  
 Seek the loved spot, still kept by Michael Norton,  
 The free and easy at the "Old West End."

Between the Music Stand and Iron Tower,  
 Upon the Plaza, stands a neat pavilion ;  
 Its summit holds a lens of magic power !  
 That gives delight and knowledge to the million.

This wonderous Camera minutely paints  
 Old Coney Island's varied daily drama,

Her joyous children, ladies, dukes and saints,  
 In one delightful living panorama !

The Merry-go-round see near Vanderveer's,  
 Where babies for amusement daily flock;  
 Turned by a melancholy nag, that leers !—  
 Disgusted with "the babies on our block !"

Seaside Aquarium delight affords,  
 In each terrestrial and aquatic mystery;  
 And daily holds its intellectual hordes,  
 Who take an interest in natural history.

Just north of Dieter's, near Ocean Drive,  
 A handsome theatre is set apart;  
 'Tis kept by Eliot, whose actors strive  
 To please the friends of histrionic art.

The railroads running to this island level  
 Are Gunther's, Sea-Beach, and the Culver lines;  
 Then the "Old Horse Cars," which would tire the D——! !  
 The rapid Brighton and Manhattan lines.

The Culver R. R. has a branching line,  
 Which at the house of Cable takes a bend;  
 And we can ride to breakfast, sup or dine,  
 From "Young West Brighton" to the "Old West End."

The Brothers Engeman, who keep the Ocean—  
 A favorite spot for oysters, clams and fish—  
 Have built a race-course, where the steeds in motion  
 Afford you all the betting that you wish.

Now lengthening shadows o'er the landscape play;  
 Weird figures dance on Earth's and Ocean's breast !  
 Down sinks the great declining power of day,  
 And sunset smiles on Staten Island's crest !

See twilight veiling all created things;  
 The dews of eve fall gently on the plain;  
 Now Darkness o'er the Earth her mantle flings,  
 And Night restores her silent, sombre reign !

Ye few who feel the influence of the hour,  
 Who "gaze on Nature with a poet's eye;"  
 Remain with me upon the Iron Tower,  
 And view yon suns which light the vaulted sky !

Within the Via Lactea's gorgeous stream,  
 Exalted souls will catch a cheering ray  
 From that vast zone, where suns, by millions, beam  
 Their light from realms of never-ending day !

Now bid good evening to this dizzy height !  
 The night wind waves your grizzly beard, my friend;  
 The Plaza glows with its electric light;  
 Now take the car, and down to earth descend.

There 'neath the lamp's broad, penetrating rays,  
 Upon the Music-stand, beneath the Tower,  
 Arbuckle on the silver cornet plays  
 Soul-stirring strains ! to cheer the evening hour.

He lingers softly on thy swelling notes,  
 Celestial air ! beloved Sweet By-and-by !  
 Imagination spreads her wings and floats  
 To light and happiness, beyond the sky !

Friend of my boyish days, the lamps are fading !  
 The surf rolls heavy on the sandy beach ;  
 Drear seem the great Hotels, and few are trading :  
 Dense crowds are jostling the cars to reach.  
 The "last boat" now her crowded deck is lading  
 With human freight—the locomotives screech !

Haste to the *nearest* seat in *any* car !  
We're flying homeward, o'er the plains afar.  
And if, dear friend of childhood, doomed no more  
To greet each other at the railway station;  
To meet again on Coney Island's shore,  
And spend the day in pleasant recreation;  
To brave the surf, to hear the billows roar!  
Adieu!—now listen to my *last* narration:—  
Should I no more *on earth* return thy smile,  
In dreams we'll meet on happy Coney Isle !

JOHN PARET & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND RETAILERS OF

 FINE CLOTHING, 

FOR

MEN, BOYS & CHILDREN.



*EVERY* Department filled with Latest and  
Leading Styles, to which we invite the  
attention of all who desire Reliable Quality, Per-  
fect Fitting, and Elegantly Made Garments.

J. E. STANTON, MANAGER,

CORNER  
GALLATIN PLACE.

402 & 404 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN.

ON THIS LINE THE

13

13

5  
S  
HUMAN  
2012 AUGUST 1984



- ROCKAWAY BENCH 4 MS.
- ROCKAWAY BENCH 8 MS.
- FAR ROCKAWAY 14 MS.
- HEMSTEAD PLAINS & GARDEN CITY 18 MS.
- SHEPHERD VILLAGE & BAY 2 MS.
- ROCKVILLE CENTRE 18 MS.
- CANARSIE 7 MS.
- JAMAICA 14 MS.
- WOOD HAVEN 11 MS.
- EVERGREEN 9 MS.
- NEW LOTS & MS. EAST NEW YORK 9 MS.
- CYPRESS HILLS 10 1/2 MS.
- BKN. SUBURBS 8 MS.
- KINGS CO PENITENTIARY 8 MS.
- HIGH BRIDGE TOWER 20 MS.
- PROSPECT PARK 7 MS. BROOKLYN 6 MS.
- CULVERS DEPOT 6 MS.
- GREENWOOD GEMETERY 6 MS.
- TOWER OF BKN. BRIDGE & NEW YORK 11 MS.
- HIGH TORN 40 MS.
- PALISADES OF THE HUDSON 18 MS. NORTH
- HOBOKEN & JERSEY CITY 12 MS.
- BERGEN HILL 13 MS.
- NEWARK 16 MS.
- DRANGE 15 MS.
- NARROWS 5 MS. FTS. HAMILTON & LA FAYETTE 4 MS.
- GRAVESEND BAY

OBST

FORT WADSWORTH

PORT WADSWORTH  
ELITE 4 MS.  
WEST  
QUARANTINE 5 MS.  
NAPTONS POINT 2 MS.SOUTH AMBOY 19 MS.  
PERTH AMBOY 19 MS.  
PRINCES BAY 14 MS.  
S.M. ST. SQUAW WARD PT. 7 MS.  
ELM TREE LIGHT 7 MS.  
SECURITIES  
SANDY HOOK LIGHT SHIP 12 MS.  
ATLANTIC OCEAN.SCOTLAND LIGHT SHIP 7 MS.  
LONG BRANCH 25 MS.  
HIGHLANDS OF NEVERSINK 13 MS.  
SANDY HOOK 8 MS.  
CONOVERS BEACON 12 1/2 MS.  
STONE BEACON ROMER SHOAL 5 MS.  
POINT COMFORT 13 MS.  
KEYPORT 17 MS.

ON THIS LINE THE EUROPEAN STEAMERS  
USUALLY MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE

OBSERVATORY

Distances from the Iron  
Observatory at Coney Island  
"as the bird flies."  
(Copyright secured.)  
By J. P. SWETT.

SOUTH.

NEW YORK 16 MS. ORANGE 15 MS.  
 NARROWS 5 MS. FTS. HAMILTON & GRAVESEND BAY  
 FORT WARDWICH  
 WEST—  
 NORTONS POINT, 2 MS.  
 QUINCY THE BRG.  
 SOUTH  
 ELM TREE LIGHT 7 MS.  
 SW. BLD. SOUTH W. S.M. P. R. SECURIES  
 SANDY HOOK LIGHT 19 MS. PERTHAMPDY 19 MS. PRINCES BAY 14 MS.  
 KEYPORT 17 MS.  
 POINT COMFORT 13 MS.  
 STONE BEACON ROMER SHOAL 5 MS.  
 CONDVERS BEACON 12½ MS.  
 HIGHLANDS OF NEVERSINK 13 MS. SANDY HOOK 8 MS.  
 LONG BRANCH 25 MS.  
 SOUTH.  
 SCOTLYND LIGHT SHIP 7 MS.  
 SANDY HOOK LIGHT SHIP 12 MS. ATLANTIC OCEAN.  
 ON THIS LINE THE EUROPEAN STEAMERS  
 USUALLY MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE

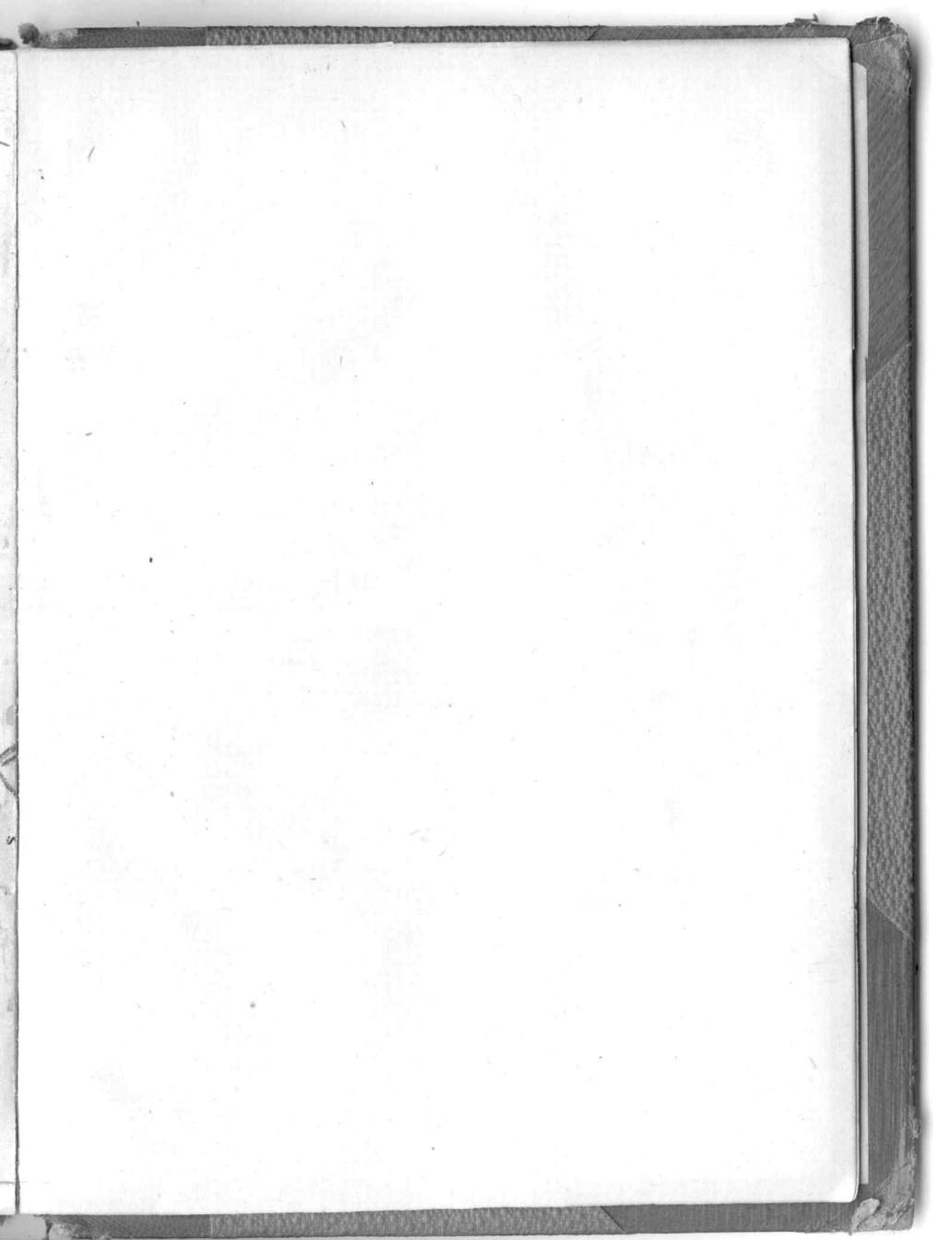
**OBSERVATORY**

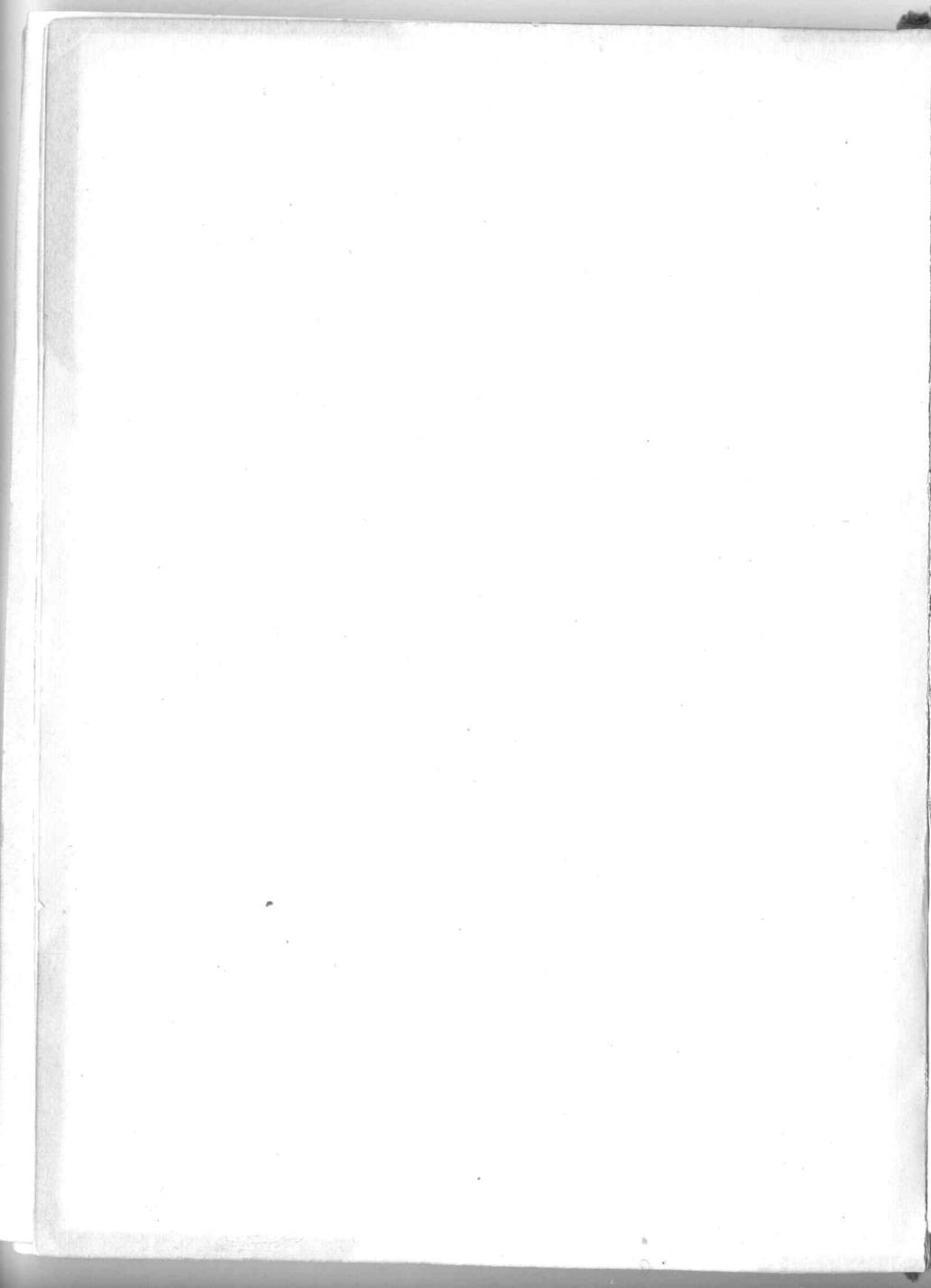
Distances from the Trip  
 Observatories at Coosy Island  
 are in the Black file.  
 (Copyright reserved.)  
 BY J. P. SWIFT.

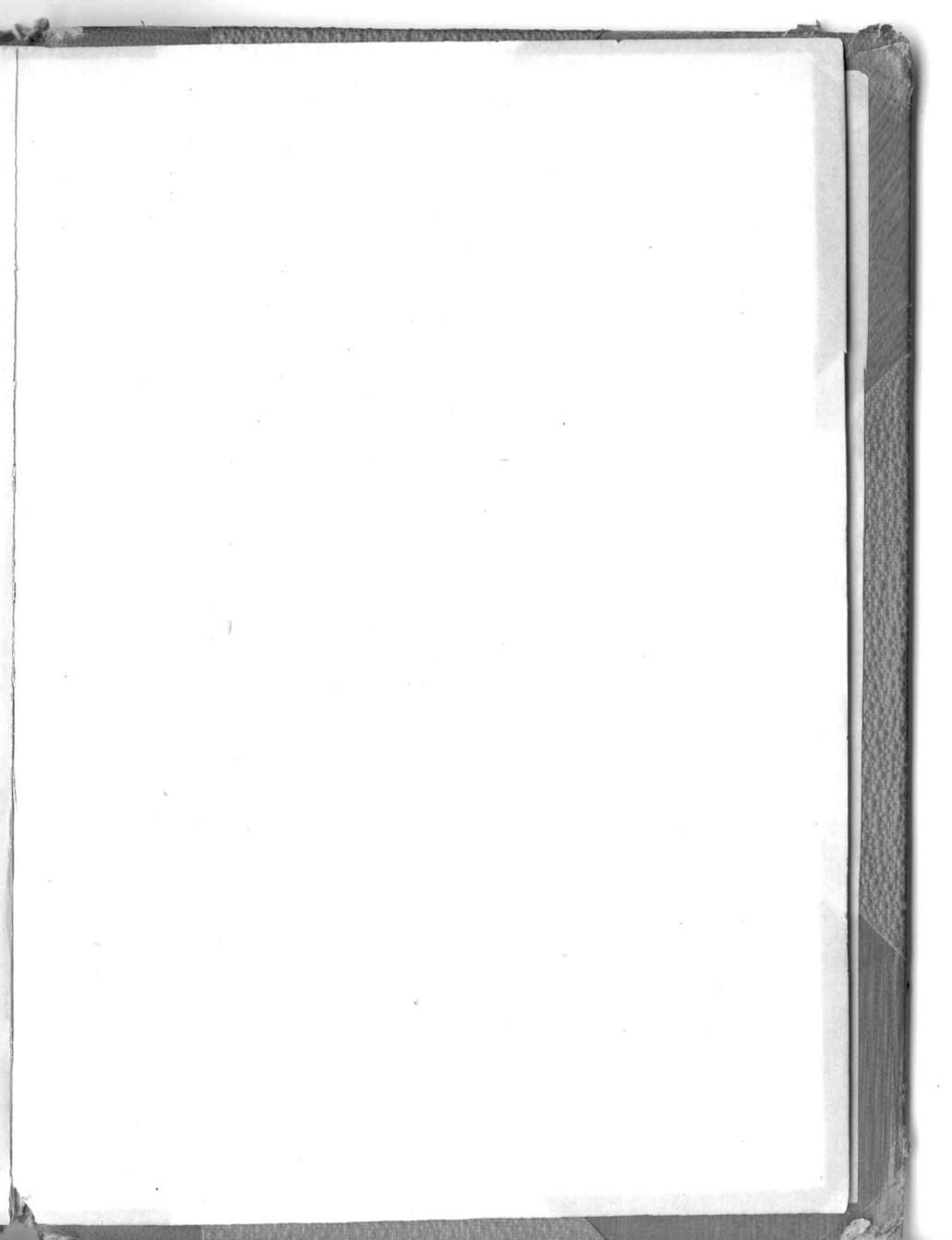
BIRKENHEAD 4 MS.  
 GODCANGING BEGN 8 MS.  
 FLEETWOOD 14 MS.  
 EAST  
 SHEPHEAD VILLAGE & BAY 2 MS.  
 SHEPHEAD PLAINS & GARDEN CITY 20 MS.  
 ROCKVILLE GRATE 18 MS.  
 WOOD HAVEN 11 MS.  
 JAMAICA 14 MS.  
 CANARIE 7 MS.  
 EVERGREEN 9 MS.  
 NEW YORK 9 MS. CYPRESS HILLS 10½ MS.  
 NEW LOTS 8 MS. EAST NEW YORK 9 MS.  
 BKN. SUBURBS 8 MS.  
 KINGS CO PENITENTIARY 8 MS.  
 GREENWOOD  
 HIGH BRIDGE TOWER 20 MS.  
 CUNTERS BEERT 5 MS. PALMERS OF THE HUDSON 18 MS. NORTH  
 HIGH TORNADO MS.  
 BAY RIDGE  
 HOBOKEN & JERSEY CITY 12 MS.  
 STYMS. GERGEN HILL 13 MS.

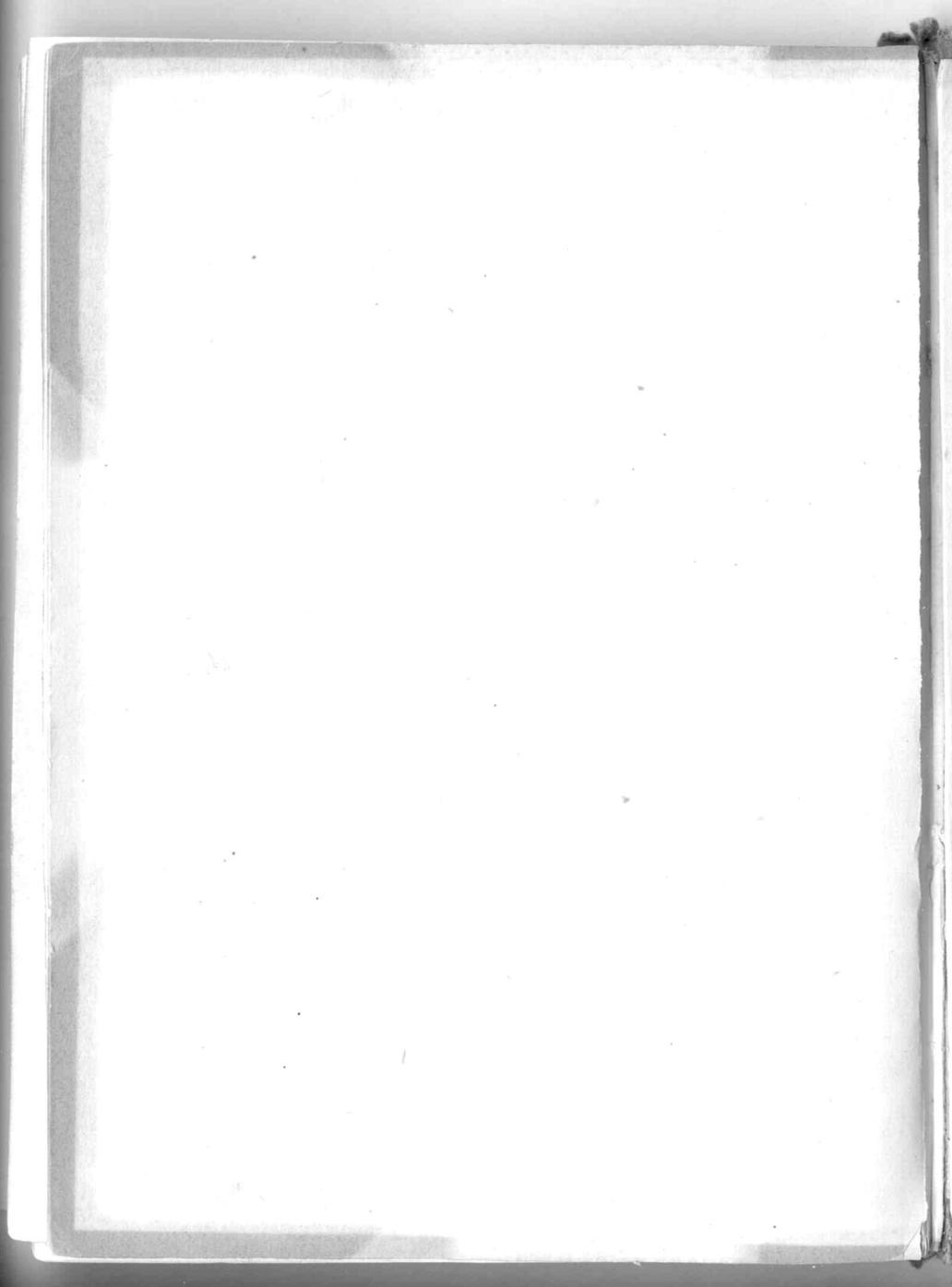
máj

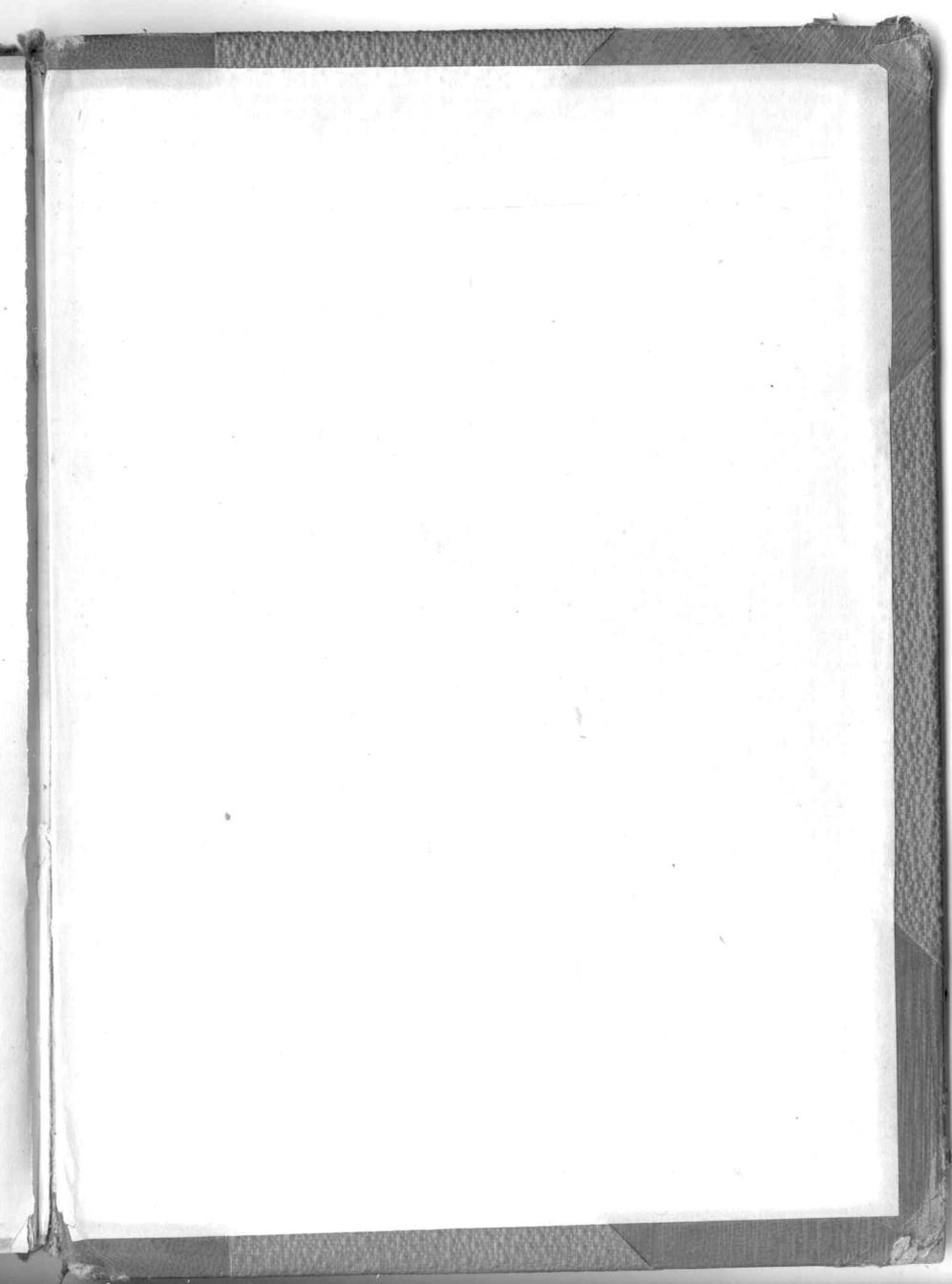
M. M.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 008 944 840 2