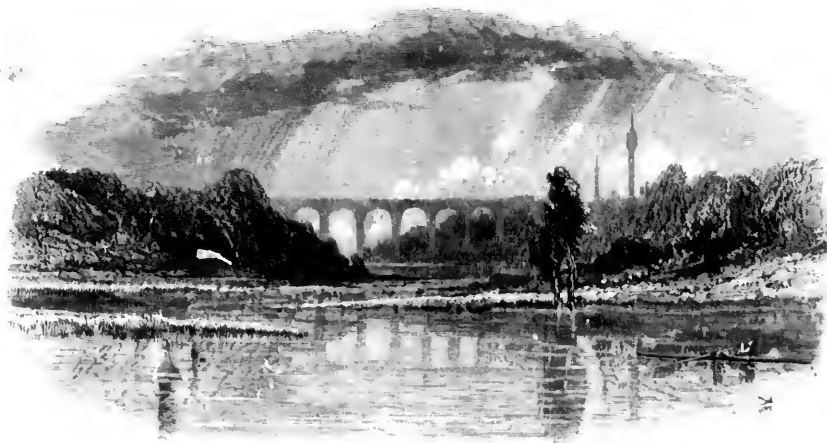


depositing city-refuse, and tens of thousands of cart-loads of this refuse had to be removed before the natural surface could be reached or the laying out begun. Art had to do every thing for it. There were no forests, no groves, no lawns, no lakes, no walks; it was simply a desert of rocks and rubbish. The ground was excavated for lakes; trees were planted; roads and paths laid out; bridges built. The result is a pleasure-ground that is already famous, and only needs a little more maturing of the trees to be one of the handsomest parks of the world. It is not so large as some in Europe, but its size is not insignificant, numbering eight hundred and forty-three acres; while, in its union of art with Nature, its many bridges of quaint design, its Italian-like terrace, its towers and rustic houses, its boat-covered lakes, its secluded rambles and picturesque nooks, its wide walks and promenades, it is unapproached in this country and



Harlem River, High Bridge.

unexcelled abroad. Our artist gives a few glimpses at places in the park, but it would take a volume to illustrate it fully. One element of satisfaction in the park is that it is not only an art and picturesque triumph—it is a popular success. Its superb drives are thronged with vehicles, while all its paths are occupied on summer afternoons by immense numbers of the people. The enjoyment of the visitors is enhanced by many extraneous means. There are an aviary and a menagerie tolerably well filled, and which are the nuclei of what are destined to be large institutions; and there is also a Museum of Natural History. There are boats on the lakes; a camera; and twice a week there is music. For the children there are nurseries, goat-carriages, camel-riding, swings, "run-rounds," and other devices.

Above Central Park the whole island has been recently laid out anew in superb