

**NEW YORK  
IN FICTION**

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New York in fiction by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

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**ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE**

**NEW YORK  
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"THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH DORMLY GLARING UNDER THE TREES BEYOND." — IRVING'S  
"LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW."

# NEW YORK IN FICTION

*By*  
ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

*ILLUSTRATED*



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*To MY SISTER*





## INTRODUCTORY

**A**S the years pass it is becoming generally understood that the great American novel, of which we have heard so much and for which we have been waiting so long, must be in every sense free from provincialism and localism. For instance, it cannot be distinctively a story of the Creoles of Louisiana, or of Georgia plantation life, or of the Crackers of North Carolina, or of the ranch, the mining-camp, the chaparral, or of the people of Maine, or of the people of Western New York. There must be a broad canvas: it must deal with the great common principles of our national life; its characters must be Americans, not Virginians or Texans or Kansans or Georgians. The many novels of recent

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years which have been hailed as the great American novel — *King Noanett* and *Hugh Wynne* and, of late, *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith* and *To Have and to Hold* — all have dealt with periods when American life was confined to a region that extended only a few hundred miles inland from the Atlantic coast. The vastness, the complexity of modern life, were absent. The Civil War is to all practical purposes a virgin literary field. The stories that we have had of it have been almost entirely tales of the battle-field, the camp, the bivouac, — all trumpet call and smoke and cannon glare; the life behind we have not seen, nor the wide and tremendous moral and geographical sweep of that struggle, nor its influence on homely destinies, on obscure lives. For instance, to take up a tale that is old and yet ever new, the marvel of *Vanity Fair* is in the manner in which Thackeray bound up the life of an insignificant little English girl, living quietly by Blooms-