London Amusements

London, that vast storehouse of misery, does not contain a being more miserable than the French tourist. The Frenchman, as a rule, does not travel beyond the limits of the French language; but sometimes an adventurous individual determines that he will visit England; his friends attempt to dissuade him, but in vain they represent to him the absence of the sun, the eternity of the rain, the perils of hypochondria and suicide. He buttons up his coat to his chin, strikes his breast with his extended palm (like the gorilla, French version), and declares, with the air of a man destined for Timbuctoo, that he has pledged himself to the man on the quay. Stirred by a speech on the left, or an article by De Girardin, he desires to visit a free people, and to observe with his own eyes those institutions which are cavied and admired by the Liberals of Paris.

Armed with a huge umbrella and a *Guide de Londres*, he finds his way at once to Leicester Square, in obedience to a mysterious but undeviating law. In Paris, London is celebrated for its squares. If you say "How beautiful they are, the Boulevards!" the polite Parisian responds, "Ah, non Dieu, but we have them not, your squares." In London, as our friend is being jostled along to his place of destination, he finds himself a square surrounded by beautiful buildings, and enclosing a lovely garden in its midst. Shady walks, a fountain, marble statues, pretty nurse-maids, innocent children, lovers walking in well-assorted pairs, and perhaps, who knows some charming woman, with blue eyes, of course, walking there alone—the woman who is not married, who is understood, who hates her husband as all properly-constituted French heroines do, and who sighs for some congenial heart. But he is rudely awakened by finding himself in Leicester Square. Around him are dingy dwelling-houses and still dingier hotels. The tawdry Alhambra attracts, but he does please his eye. The centre of the square is covered with a rank, unwholesome-looking grass, and is evidently the dust-bin of the neighborhood, while a mutilated equestrian statue prepares him for the monstrosities of British art.

He takes up his lodgings in a very bad and dear hotel. He pays for a *cordonieres* the price of *vin fin de Bordeaux*. He sits down to a *table de hote* in company with a few dull countrymen and one dull gentleman of questionable, or, rather, unquestionable character. They attempt to draw him into dominoes or bullards; he resists and flies into the gloomy streets, he strolls up and down Regent street for an hour, and presently the shops are closed, the street is interval in darkness, and phantoms, which resemble his own country women, pursue him through the shades. He rushes to the opera and is refused admittance, because he is not dressed in black; to the Houbé of Commons, but cannot get in without an order; to a theatre, where he does not understand a word; he searches in vain for the brilliant *cafés* which his mind associates with great pleasure. He returns to his hotel, dejected, and foul insects prey upon his unclean flesh.

The next day he discovers a square which more nearly realizes his beau-ideal. The blue-eyed goddess is there. He tries to enter, but the gate is locked; these agreeable retreats are reserved for people who have houses in the square. Perhaps, though he cannot go in, the goddess may come out; he ogles her; he cleanly blows the nose of her young child.

He tries the streets again; he attempts to *flirter*, but is jostled by sturdy Britons who pass him at the rate of four miles an hour; he loses his way; becomes engaged in a *rencontre* with hideous streets; is pointed at, screamed at, followed with laughter by dirty children; at a sharp corner he finds himself in the middle of a group, is insulted and deprived of his watch and chain, his handkerchief, his breastpin is a huge garden, brilliantly lighted, and decorated, it is needless to say, in excessively bad taste. It contains a theatre, in which the entertainments are chiefly of a ballet character; the ballet is second rate, but the corps is numerous and very thinly clothed. There is also a circus, some American bowling alleys, a tortoise-seller in a grotto, and a variety of booths such as may be seen in a country fair. In the centre of the garden is a large platform, a fine band of music plays, and a few couples waltz over the wilderness of boards in an indolent, melancholy kind of way. The promenade is perfectly correct, and an elegant, well-dressed crowd walk meditatively round and round: there is much beauty, and the toilets are magnificent; the solatations which are exchanged are rather familiar, and sometimes the laughter is little loud: otherwise the unskilled observer might imagine that he had entered the *beau monde*.

Such is Cremorne, a Jardin Mabille without the *cancan*; which is the Hamlet without the Prince. Forget that it is dissolute, and it becomes extremely dull; its entertainments are stupid; its suppers are detestable; there is no gayety, no medium between the most rigid decorum and a frantic riot.

During the last twenty years London has been gradually keeping better hours. In the days of Pierce Egan's Tom and Jerry, and of the mad Lord Waterford, the young bucks used to go to the *Finish* in Covent Garden, polished off a watchman or two in the gray dusk of early morn, and had seldom been in their last knocker before daylight. Less than ten years ago there were cider-cellars and coal-holes in which minstrel entertainments, *pieces plentifuses* and other delicate amusements used to be prominent provided for us, even four A. M. But these gradually died away, and five years ago the only places open to the homeless wanderer were the restaurant saloons, significantly called night houses, and one existing in the neighborhood of Oxford street, which was opened at one, and in which Adonis moustaches and a hat which was very select, and to which it was necessary to go in evening dress.

These establishments were not allowed to retail wine, beer or spirituous drinks; but under their refreshment license they could open all night long, and they easily managed to evade the law.

It was done thus: Two gentlemen, we will suppose, find themselves on their way home from a party in the neighborhood of Princes street, Leicester Square. They are suddenly seized with a desire to drink champagne. They go to No. 1, and ring at the door. A little wicket is opened, the aperture is filled with the unemployed face of a fast young nobleman, who surveys the white cravat; the door is opened; they go in before them a long passage and through another door, guarded by another porter, "All right, Tom," says the first porter; and the second door is opened, they enter a large saloon lined with red-velvet divans; counters at both ends supply rooms with the elixir, champagne bottles popping, silk gowns rustling, *Spurgeons!* cries a voice, a waiter closely resembling that justly celebrated preacher attends the summons. *A pin shiny and a glass of cold pale!* Silver clinks on another voice; and a man with black, elf locks dancing round his forehead appears. *Vat is de matter?*

In the midst of this scene a bell rings. Bottles and glasses disappear, and the counters into unknown depths. Satan and Spurgeon run wildly to and fe. In a minute the mortlie tables are bare. The door opens, and two policemen enter the room, look round them sagaciously, and smile and revisive laughter; and the play goes on.

But—I think it was in 1862—a certain police magistrate of rigid morals determined that this sort of thing should be put a stop to. Accordingly, a Parliament was passed compelling all refreshment houses to be closed at 1 A. M. The policemen were ordered to enforce the law; it has been enforced, and marvellous been the result. Previously, London displayed no morning life whatever; it was still in this wicked world. Often in broad daylight, on a summer's morning, the Haymarket would be crowded with a class of persons who do not appear to advantage at such an hour, and a large majority of whom would be intoxicated, more or less. But now, at 2 o'clock the streets are deserted, and nearly everyone is in bed. This measure has reformed glassed all parties: immorality lost nothing by it, and decorum gained a good deal; which, of course, is a very satisfactory state of things.

The music hall is also a growth of modern times. Young men can remember when Evans's was the only place where one could get one's supper to the sound of music; but only middle-aged men can recall the Evans's of the past, the cozy little room, with its nooks corners and its literary coteries, celebrated by Thackeray (as the Dust-Hole) in the "Newcomes." Both the days in which the Newcomes." Both the days in which the company could take part in the entertainment passed by. The little room gave place to spacious hall, with private boxes darkly screened, but behind which fair faces could converse with the gayety seen and heard of theatrical paintings, second only to the collection in the Grotto, limelighted. Then came the era of Paddy Green, with his jovial red face, and his hospitable smoffbox, and his merry, familiar, off-repeated jokes. But a huge building sprang up in Holborn, and his reign was at an end.

Weston's Music Hall prepared the way for the Alhambra, as Evans' prepared the way for Weston's. He is the lineal descendant from Westminster Abbey used to sing glees; there was a period when "music talent" usually engaged, and sometimes an Indian juggler. Everything was rigidly proper; the decorum value, and the good old Colonel was left behind in the old Dust-Hole. But Weston's was a step further than this. Evans's was a kind of club. The supper and company was the first thing; the entertainment was the second. But in Weston's it was just the reverse. Everybody, it is true, drank, smoked or supped for the good of the establishment; but they paid for their seats as well, which at Evans's they did not. At Evans's the prices were irreproachable; at Weston's everything was vile. He centred his energies upon the stage. Some intimidate Mackney first sang; here sprang into celebrity the immortal Cure. Here selections from operas were first bastowed upon a public which disdained to pay more than sixpence for its evening's entertainment. A great deal was made, and rival establishments came into life: the Oxford, the Canterbury, and finally the Alhambra Palace.

It was found that hundreds of young men, fatigued with a music hall, where they could smoke and drink during the performance, to the heat, discomfort and abstinence of the theatre. T. Smith determined to make the music-hall a close-an imitation of the theatre, with out of fashion, he hire introduced the ballet and other entertainments of a semi-dramatic character. The theatrical gens only to one place of public amusement their privileges, but the Alhambra won the day and lately a Parliamentary committee has been sitting to determine whether music halls and theatres should not be placed upon the same footing. As I observed in the previous article, if this be done, the play-going public will in all probability be better served.

The man of fashion, therefore, in London goes only to one place of public amusement—the Italian opera. This institution has also undergone a revolution during the second quarter of the present century.

Those who have had sufficient curiosity to read the fashionable novel which Walter Scott drew from its pedestal and which Dickens has buried in oblivion, must have remarked that the opera is there always spoken of with the utmost enthusiasm, second only to that excited by the name of Almack's. The nobleman who came from India with a new fortune, the country cousin who aspired to fashionable life, the young lady who had just come out, are represented as looking forward with a trembling heart to their first night at the opera. For in those days the opera was scarcely open to the public: admission could only be procured by vouchers: the entertainment was monopolized by subscribers and their personal friends. There were no cheap seats: the gallery was reserved for servants. If an "outsider," to use a vulgar, but expressive, word, ventured within those sacred precincts, he felt as if he had entered a private house without an invitation. Everybody seemed to know everybody else; the crush room was a *rout*; the private boxes "received."

But gradually the middle class rose into life: a class enriched by the Peninsular war, resembling the "shoddy" aristocracy which is now infesting the hotels of Paris: Almack's fell, and the opera followed its example—so far as the exclusives were concerned.

It is still the fashion to subscribe, to be sure, and all persons of quality go to the opera, except on ladies in the set or the devout Lord Shaftesbury. But the rigors of the past are all gone, and the toilet has been relaxed. In the amphitheatre stalls you may have a good seat for half a guinea, and you may be sure that you are in a gentleman's only half a crown. The opera is much better than it used to be—that is to say, the orchestra is better, the chorus is better, the *mise en scene* is infinitely better, the accompaniments are better, the proportions of the season are richer and more varied. If we have no one like Grisi, Alboni, Lablache, Tamburini, Mario, Bosio, Sontag, Persiani, Rubini and Lablache, that is the accident of the age; but the best singers in Europe are engaged, and the Italian opera in London is, without comparison, the best in the world.

The new system of the opera has undoubtedly been of service to civilization; it has spread a taste for music among clerks and shopkeepers' wives, who, but for it, would be open to see the lords and ladies in the boxes. We have remains to be enchanted with Rossini or Mozart. The music halls, in a humbler way, have probably done something of the same kind. The working man who used formerly to go to his club in the brown parlor, and talk himself over her and politics, now takes his wife, and children to these places of entertainment, which display no little taste of the play-goer, but which are at all events superior to the pothouse.

The amusements of the lowest classes are of a similar kind. They have their theatres and their music halls, which are cheaper, and the compositions of which are composed usually of the supernatural and the novice. The lowest form of theatre is the *penny gaff*, where halfpence are thrown, instead of bouquets, on the stage; and where, it is not uncommon for the leading gentleman to receive some pleasantry from the pit by offering to "have a out" with his antagonist upon the stage. The Ratcliffe Highway is a street in the neighborhood of Whitechapel devoted to amusement. It is frequented almost exclusively by sailors, and rivals the celebrated streets of the same kind which are among the sights of Rotterdam and Hamburg. Almost every house is a dancing or singing saloon; and after a south wind has filled the ports, the scene is sufficiently remarkable to be witnessed once.

There is one event, and only one, which brings all classes of Londoners into contact with one another on terms of equality, and in a central position. The Derby Day resembles the Saturnalia of the Romans, and the French Carnival. It is a day devoted to the most ludicrous and extravagant freaks, which are strikes eternally upon their brains—*nothing else*. Those who have money to spend they return with laughter on their lips, are contemplating with a firm mind the new life which they must soon begin to lend. "How shall I ever be able to tell *her*? It is not all gone, to be sure, and in five years, if I work hard, I may be almost all right. But poor Ned! he will have to leave school, and Julia must go out as a governess, I suppose."

And there are men more miserable still, who, as they laugh and sing, are looking out upon the wilderness of hopeless poverty through which, when this day has passed, when their debts of honor have been discharged, they must wander cold and hungry till they die. And there are others who cannot discharge those debts: who have no green spot whereon to rest their eyes around them is the deep, black, incurable sea; but death cannot save them from dishonor; nor is a crime expiate a fraud.—*The Galaxy for August.*

AN AMUSING PROCLAMATION—FROM THE PIUS WARDEN OF LOWELL.—Wm. McFarlin, Fish Warden of Lowell, has issued a proclamation in which he says:

It being a part of my duty, as I understand it, to see that the waters of Merrimack river, and of the canals and basins in said city, are not suffered to become impure and unhealthy to the multitude of dead, animal and vegetable, which are contemplate returning to their old quarters next spring, in acceptance of the urgent invitation of Governor Smyth, of New Hampshire; and whereas it is made to appear to me that divers persons, supposed to be of no property, and calling themselves "State Constables," have been for some time past in the habit of casting, throwing and emptying into the water of one of the canals of said city, divers noxious and contagious substances, tending to destroy the sensitive nostrils of said fish, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land, being a lot or lot set for a corner at the intersection of the south line of a certain lot of land, said lot being about 40 feet wide, proposed to be laid out and opened for a street, leading from Merrimack street, thence extending by the several courses and distances as follows, viz: Beginning at the south line of the back channel of the river Delaware, thence along the south line of said street, the said low water line of the back channel to the shore; thence along the shore of said channel one hundred and forty-two (142) feet, and one-tenth of a foot; thence at an angle in said shore, one hundred and twenty (120) feet seventy, three and one-tenth of a foot; thence at an angle of one hundred and forty-two (142) feet, and one-tenth of a foot; thence at an angle in said shore, thence along the said avenue northwesterly two hundred and ninety-four (294) feet, four (4) feet and eight-tenths of a foot, to another angle in said avenue, thence further along said avenue southerly five hundred and ninety-nine (599) feet and one-tenth of a foot to another angle in said avenue, thence along said avenue southwesterly five thousand one hundred and fifty-six (5,156) feet and one-tenth of a foot, to the low water mark in the river Schuylkill, and to the said lot of land, designate the several owners thereof, so far as the same can be ascertained, and the owners, to report the same to the said Court.

And I do hereby warn the owner shall prepare and file said petition, and upon the filing of the record of the fury, shall publish a copy of the same to these Conclu.

JOSEPH F. MAYER,
Attorney.
ABRAHAM SHARPLESS,
Assistant Clerk of Common Council.
JOSHUA SPRING,
President of Select Council.

Approved this twenty-third day of July, Anno Domini, 1867.

MORTON McMICHAEL,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

MARINE BULLETIN.

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA—JULY 23.

SUN Rises, 4 49 | Sun Sets, 7 11 | Moon Warns, 7 6

ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

Steamship Wyoming, Teal, 70 hours from Savannah, with mdse and pass to Ludlam, Electricity and Southern Mail S S Co.

Steamer J W Everman, Tuttle, from Charleston via Georgetown, SC, with cotton, rice and naval stores to Lathbury, Wickersham & Co.

Steamer Sarah Jones, 48 hours from New York, with mdse to W M Baird & Co.

Steamer Fred Nelson, Reed, 36 hours from N York, with mdse to W M Baird & Co.

Schr Ocean Bird, Mayhew, from Newark, NJ.

Brig Hertha (Dutch), Wassink, 42 days from Rotterdam, in ballast to Jas Hand, jr & Co.

Schr S P Jones, Jameson, 4 days from Saco, with boulders to Isaac Hough & Co.

Schr N S Jameson, 4 days from Vinalhaven, with stone to captain.

Schr Julia Weeks, Clendenine, 1 day from St Augustine, Del, with grain to Christian & Co.

Schr Hesperus, Conway, from Bucks Harbor, Me, via Delaware Breakwater.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, Boston.

Schr S S Inverton, Inscoll, Boston.

Schr Ellen Maria, Ireland, do.

Schr W J Young, Crowell, Boston.

Schr J M Brainard, Mulford, Boston.

Schr E E Lewis, Hamilton, Boston.

Schr S A Dolce, Dolce, Boston.

Schr J H Converse, Converse, Boston.

Schr R HR No 71, Carroll, Norwich.

Schr A J Cobb, Boyce, Mobile.

Schr R HR No 44, Maynor, Norwalk.

Schr R HR No 45, Maynor, New York.

Schr R Seaman, O'Neill, Portsmouth.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr A Garrison, Godfrey, Salem.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr J T Price, Young, Newburyport.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, Boston.

Schr A E Stafford, Hanson, Newport.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr Jason, Stewart, New York.

Schr M A Cozzens, Cozzens, do.

Schr J E Simmons, Smith, Gloucester.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr R HR No 94, Burk, Norwich.

Schr S S Jameson, Cook, Boston.

Schr Emma, Hall, Providence.

Schr J W Rankin, Beasley, Chester.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, Boston.

Schr Ephraim & Anna, Thompson, Boston.

Schr R HR No 46, Maynor, do.

Schr E A Bartle, Smith, Boston.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr Z L Adams, Nickerson, Boston.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr T Edwards, Beyer, Boston.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr A Sheppard, Bowditch, Providence.

Schr E Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr J P Cole, Caldwell, do.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr Silver Mount, Watson, Boston.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do.

Schr Moses Williamson, Lake, Boston.

Schr L J Chase, Chase, Gloucester.

Schr Geo Sevenger, Smith, Boston.

Schr Ann Eliza, Bowen, Providence.

Schr Ellen Stanwood, Stanwood, do