(For The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.

BY STOCKTON BATES.

On the uppermost bough of a lofty tree,
A little bird sat, gazing wisely around—
"Here I'll build me a nest, for its sure all can see
That I'm better and better than common birds on the ground.

"Just to think," quoth the bird, "what fine blood's in my vein!
I can trace it way back to before Noah's flood;
Then my father's great grandfather's father was slain
In some glorious cause—I forget, but 'twas good.

"True, and I am descended from this royal line;
Good gracious! I'm better than most other birds!
I have cause to be proud, and I cannot dine
How on earth that poor lark lives among those low herds.

Just then, through the azure, such sweet notes of song
Thrilled, trembling from cloud-pillared temple of air,
That even the saddest of earth's weary throng
Forgot for a moment their sorrow and care.

The little bird listened awhile, and then flew
To a green, lowly hedge, where he built a strong nest,
"Though born of great parents, this never will do,
I will strive, like the lark, which perhaps is the best,

"To do all the good for the world that I can,
And rest to my steeds I'm sure my good or ill fame;
No more will I glory, as in boastful man,
Or plume myself more on the age of my name."

(From the Atlantic Monthly)

SOME OF THE MINOR THEATRES OF LONDON.

Sadler's Wells is at least one of the oldest theatres in London. It takes its name from a man named Sadler, who, discovering a mineral spring here in 1683, erected a music-house to tempt the public to come and drink the waters. This grew into a place of theatrical entertainment, and, though many times altered and even rebuilt, has remained such to the present day. One lease over and above his entertainments presented his visitors with a pint of good wine for their admission money—"A pleasant custom," naively remarks a writer sixty years since, "but it is no longer continued." Tumbling and rope-dancing, musical interludes, "real-water" pieces—for it stands on the very banks of the "New River,"—pantomimes, etc., for years formed the bill of fare; and here, in 1820, the author's own version of "Tom and Jerry" was produced; here Joey Grimaldi, the inimitable clown, tumbled, stole, swallowed strings of sausages, and burnt everybody, himself in particular, with the famous red-hot poker. It was at Sadler's Wells that Mr. Pielps took up the Shakespearian drama where Macready had left it, and made a determined struggle to keep its head above water. But his efforts proved fruitless, and he ultimately abandoned the attempt. Miss Marriot, a clever tragedienne, followed in his footsteps with a similar purpose, but she too has given up the management and the hope, and found her way to the United States.

A few hundred yards from this house is one of the chief streets of London leading from Islington to the city, called the City Road. Not very many years since it was flanked by green fields, not a trace of which is left. Near to the roadside towards the city end there stood a small tavern, to which people apparently "resorted." It bore the sign of the "Eagle," or, as its patrons styled it, "Ther Ile-gull." In bright, warm, summer afternoons, often on week-days and especially on Sundays, the "tea-gardens" were thronged with artisans, their wives and children, whom water was supplied at "tuppence" per head, and all the appliances of the tea-table, except edibles, were included. Other fluids were freely partaken of, from malt liquors or ginger-beer at "tuppence" a bottle up to a glass of rum-and-water, "warm with a slice of lemming in it." To enliven the cheering glass, the proprietor introduced two musicians, with violin and harp; these instruments a key-bugle was added; then a clarionet, and subsequently a drum and cymbals. The "spandean" pipes were excluded as thoughtlow. This band was a great success and drew immensely; but there are often wet nights during the English summer, and the tavern-keeper wanted to secure visitors every night and he built a commodious room, furnished it with tables and seats and an orchestra for the band. But it was needful even among his customers to draw a line, so as to keep the room sacred from the intrusion of the irreprossibly "vulgar"; he therefore demanded sixpence admission, but the amount was returned in refreshments. To secure the preservation of order, the landlord occupied a seat in the room himself, or, as he declared it, to see "fair play" between party and party. This room and the band suggested dancing, and balls were thence occasionally got up. This arrangement prospered; the landlord purchased adjoining ground and built a circular platform, with an orchestra in the centre, that there might be dancingevery fine night. By and by the large room was converted into a theatre, in which the proprietor, Mr. Rouse, occupied a conspicuous place, seated in a private box upon a glass chair. He was provided with a tumbler of spirits, and with a clay pipe from which he inhaled the fragrant weed; and this was tacit permission to those who wished to do likewise during the performances. The motive for this proceeding was understood and appreciated by his audiences, mostly of the working-class, and they were so pleased with what he had done to contribute to their amusement that they gave him credit for everything that was done. Whatever commanded their approbation on the stage received their applause by cries addressed personally to him of "Brayvo, Rouse!" This exclamation, repeated again night after night, made its way out of the house into the streets, and for a time nothing was heard all over London but "Brayvo, Rouse!" It was applied to all manner of fortuitous circumstances, by even feminine lips in respectable circles, and was once greeted with shouts of laughter in the House of Commons, when uttered as a cheer to an orator of the Dundreary school. But Rouse has gone the way of all flesh, and the old establishment has passed into other hands. The successor, a gentleman of quite actor, by name Conquest, pushed forward the place of old Rouse to the present day, when which comprehends a large, handsomely decorated theatre, in which are performed dramas of all kinds, and burlesques.

This theatre is named "The Grecian," for what consideration or by what party of rank or lineage is not generally known. The gardens have been enlarged and beautified, extensive ballrooms added, and a large hotel has taken the place of the old one. The tavern retains the sign of the "Eagle," but its patrons in familiar parlance term it "The Bird." Mr. George Conquest, the son of the proprietor, is manager of the theatre, playwright, comedian, and contortionist. He is inestimable in his exertions, and the remarkable success which attends his large establishment is ample testimony as to them. On Saturdays there is usually a great gathering of young Grecian persons of both sexes. They divide their evenings mostly between the attractions of the theatre and the "first set" on the platform.

More to the eastward are Hoxton, Shoreditch and Whitechapel; these are new and splendid theatres of great size, which have sprung up from the ashes of the lowest, their kind, namely, the Britannia at Hoxton, originally a drinking-saloon, the City of London, and the Standard in Shoreditch, the East London in Whitechapel, and the Oriental in Poplar. We may divide all these establishments but one with a few words. They were each of a poor description, appealing to the lower classes with entertainments of the worst school; now the buildings are gorgeous, lavishly decorated, and the performances, though still rather of the "terrific descent of the avalanche" order, are superior to what they were even a few years back.

But the minor theatre, which stands quite alone among its class, is the New National Standard, reared upon the charred ruins of a predecessor which boasted only one private box,—and such a box! The new building faces the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway in Shoreditch,—a very densely population, poor locality, where thousands upon thousands of toilers and workers in factories and dock-yards dwell. The working classes are decent and orderly enough, but mingled with them are roughs and Arabs of every kind. For the delectation of all these persons Mr. John Douglas has erected one of the most magnificent theatres, both for magnitude and decoration, in the kingdom. It surpasses the Châtelet in Paris, and equals the royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in all respects. The area it occupies is something considerable, for the auditorium alone can, without inconvenience, seat five thousand persons. It is of the horse-shoe form; each tier of boxes up to the gallery, which is something of a journey, slightly recedes from the lower, the balcony at the lowest part being the nearest to the stage. The pit is occupied with stalls as far as the balcony, but runs a long way under the boxes. The price of the pit stalls is one shilling (25 cents), the gallery fourpence (8 cts.) The front of the boxes, of which a large number are private, is painted pearl white, ornamented with rich emblazonings of gold and scrollwork. The appointments are of crimson Utrecht velvet, and the private boxes are draped with crimson curtains. Notwithstanding the vast dimensions of this building, the stage can be seen from every part of the house. The voice in its lightest intonation can be distinctly heard in the back seat of the gallery, from whence the actors look mere pigmies. Withal, the ventilation is as near perfection as can be expected,—the heat on the most crowded nights not even approaching inconvenience. The most remarkable part of these desirable results is, that no architect was employed. Mr. Douglas and his sons arranged their plans as the building rose story by story, and yet, with all its comfortable and luxurious lobbies, corridors, saloons, staircases,—all fire-proof,—it might well serve a model for the best theatre yet to be built. It is justly entitled to be considered one of the sights of London. The proprietor, as may be imagined, possesses a remarkable spirit of enterprise, for while one week he has favored his audiences with *A Deed of Blood*, he has on the succeeding week introduced Sims Reeves to them. *The Bride of Death* has been followed by James Anderson and tragedy, or an opera company, or some attraction suitable and proper and pertinent to the West-End of London alone. It speaks well for the intellectual appreciation of the artisans and toilers, that the highest class of dramatic or musical representations draws them in thousands to the theatre. Mr. J. L. Toole, the versatile comedian, has recently concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre.

Astley's, or, as cockneys love to call it, "Ashley," was first erected near the foot of Westminster Bridge, by Philip Astley, in 1794, for equestrian entertainments, but it went the way of all such buildings,—was destroyed by fire, rebuilt and burnt in 1794, rebuilt and burnt in 1803, rebuilt and burnt in 1841. It was erected seven years back was taken to pieces by Dion Boucicault, who converted it into a theatre, minus the circus, it being previously an amphitheatre, or equestrian circus. In the building which perished in 1841 flourished the celebrated rider Darrow, and it is in this time that the *Battle of Waterloo* with "real soldiers" was produced, and commanded an amazing long run. It had its "real" Napoleon, too, that is to say, one Mr. Gomersal, who dressed and looked the part so exactly like the well-known portraits of the great Emperor, that he used to receive nightly many rounds of applause when he came on the stage tapping a "real" snuff-box in which there was "real" snuff. Then there was the evergreen Wilddeculin, Clown of Harry Widdicombe, the excellent low comedian, now no more, who, for many years, attracted admiration and applause as master of of the ring, or rather "monarch of the circle." This was always stirred as a Polish nobleman of supreme rank, and his make-up was so youthful that each succeeding year he seemed to grow younger. Many bets were made respecting his age; and *Punch*, when referring to the subject, declared the date to be a little buried in the mists of ages; all that could be determined was that he was well advanced in years when he came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

The Victoria Theatre stands in the Waterloo road, about ten minutes' walk from Waterloo Bridge. It was originally called the Coburg, but changed its name in 1833, and is now best known as "The Vic;" at least it is, in a kind of petting way, so designated by its patrons and worshippers. It was first opened to the public in 1817; in those days it was regarded as a marvel of commodiousness and elegant decoration and once boasted a magnificent glass curtain. Like most of the contemporaries, it changed hands many times, and submitted every variety of entertainment to the motley assemblages which nightly filled its auditorium. At one time a "professor" walked along the ceiling with his feet upwards and his head downwards; and not long afterwards the young Irish Roscius, Master Brooke, afterwards well known as Gustavus Brooke, who unhappily perished in the London steamship on his way to Australia, made his first appearance before a British audience in one act of the play of Virginius. He spoke the words of the author with fearful energy and vigor, but he was a clever, handsome boy, and was rapturously applauded. Warde, a celebrated tragedian, made an attempt at this house to occupy the place which Edmund Kean left vacant, but he succeeded in making Kean's loss to the stage more apparent.

But not by these events did the "Vic" establish its claims to be one of the sights of London. The neighborhood, owing to some hardly recognizable cause, took to declining in respectability. It not only became the residence of a very humble, but of a very disgraceful class. Thieves and disreputable women congregated in it in droves; in consequence the tone of the theatre changed with its audiences; prices of admission were reduced, and the house was crammed every night to witness pieces of the Turpin and Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin school. Crammed to suffocation, and by such an audience! The denizen of a private box,—for private boxes, admission to which is a shilling each person, were still retained,—on looking down on the people in the pit, could not but pride himself, if these be the requisite sensibilities, what in the name of anything by comparison with them, could the pit and gallery audience be composed of? He observed that the positively "great unwashed" were beneath him, that soap and water must be unknown in no miles to them, and that even their shirtsleeves—for coats as a rule were dispensed with—could never have come in contact with soap from the date of their manufacture, a remote period. He would notice, too, that relectrous drawn them in thousands to the place. Mr. J. L. Toole, the versatile comedian, has recently concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre.

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He would see on throughout the night in the form of a composition fearful to contemplate, called by the man who sold it and served it from a large tin can, "porter"; also that it was varied by the gentlemen with rum, and by the ladies with gin, which they lovingly termed "Jacky." Bread and cheese, flavored with onions and bare sandwiches, were freely partaken of. Often, by way of relish, these were supplemented by an article bearing the haughty name of "polony." This, be it known, was a small, horrible looking mahogany-colored sausage, composed but too often of horse-flesh and tainted pork, although it professed to be chopped beef and ham, flavored with herbs. About this time the astonished spectator would feel himself compelled to suspend his survey of the lower region; for, the house being badly ventilated and the heat great, there would arise to his nostrils a steam bearing an odor to parody a line of Shelley's—

"So fetidly foul and intense
It was felt like a sewer within the sense."

In the boxes he would see the free and independent Britons, if the evening happened to be opposite, disposed, unmanacled by bashfulness, with coat and neckties, and display the manly shirt-bosom, or the convenient "dickey," free from fear or embarrassment. He would notice that baked potatoes cooked in their "jackets" were always in great demand, and that the pipe of the "rank" of which there could be no doubt, and they gave an impression of supper. Turning his eyes upward, he would note also that the tenants of the gallery, who on full nights numbered over a thousand persons, were utterly regardless of dress, as on entering the theatre they strove to get rid of as much of it from the upper part of their dusky forms as they could; that they were a turbulent and self-reliant party, much given to practical joking; that they spent no inconsiderable portion of their evening in fights, sharp and short; fatigued with this pleasure, that they would proceed to pelt their richer friends in the pit with anything dirty or hard which might be conveniently at hand,—a ginger-beer bottle not being objected to, if there happened to be a bald head visible in the pit. It was not an uncommon thing, also, to see a mother carrying a child, if she happened to be late and discovered her friends at first row, hand that child to a sympathizing neighbor, and then make a shoot in the "ornamental-header" style over the heads of those before and beneath her. After much battling, thrusting and pushing, she would land in the covered seat, and then be heard to scream out to her friend, "Hand down the child." It was a terrifying sight to see the poor baby tossed like a ball from hand to hand, the object of what we called a good "lookin'," through the horrors of the middle passage, until at last it reached its mother's arms, more dead than alive. The noise arising from cat-calls, cries of recognition to friends in distant parts of the house, advice to parties to "throw him over," when "him" objected to being hustled out of his seat by covetous persons who preferred his position to their own, peals of shrill whistling when approval of an actor's "bould speaking" or of a gorgeous scenic effect was signified, is not to be described; it could only be realized by being heard.

For some years, under the management of Miss Vincent, this state of things obtained; but at last the theatre has, since her death, changed hands, and an improvement has been effected; at least, whistling is banished and fighting is not tolerated. *No encore* is allowed if whistled for, and combatants are ejected from the theatre as soon after an action has commenced as can be managed. The class of entertainments given are sensational dramas of a broad class, accompanied by pieces of a lighter description, and at Christmas a very grand pantomime is the principal dish in the bill of fare.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A 'Red Headed Men's Ball" is to shortly come off at Bridgeport, Conn.

—The Empress Eugenie is in favor of the infallibility of the Pope, and so is her pet preacher, the Abbe Besse.

—They say in Paris that old Alexander Dumas owes his gifted and wealthy son upward of two hundred thousand francs.

—The Brussels Assizes recently sent to the House of Correction a nine-year-old boy who had attempted to assassinate his only brother.

—Berlin has now over seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and Vienna six hundred thousand.

—A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated till they overshadow our other organs." Which is true.

—Antonio Carrasco, at this moment the sole parent of the Central Protestant Church of Madrid, is said to be the most eloquent Spanish preacher of the day.

—Most of the members of the royal family of Bavaria hate each other so cordially that they never speak to each other except on official business.

—Rosa Bonheur said recently to an admiring visitor of hers, that for twenty years she had hardly been able to overcome her laziness, and that she did not believe she would paint much more.

—They say in Paris that recently large sums have been invested in United States bonds in the name of the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial.

—A German theatrical review says that if Boucicault lived and wrote in Germany his income would be only one-fifth of what it is now; and if he were a Frenchman it would be three times as large.

—Godfie, the seceding Mormon elder, is the husband of four wives and the father of seventeen children. Upon being excommunicated he told his plural wives they could have divorces if they chose, and he would divide his property *pro rata* between them. They preferred to remain.

—The cliffs of the Cumberland River, in Kentucky, are swarming with pigeons. Our roost is three miles long. They can be picked off the bushes by hundreds, and some years the tongue, but he was a clever, handsome boy, and was rapturously applauded. Warde, a celebrated tragedian, made an attempt at this house to occupy the place which Edmund Kean left vacant, but he succeeded in making Kean's loss to the stage more apparent.

—Professor Campbell, of Wabash College, has discovered, by careful measurement, that Terra Haute is exactly in the centre of the triangle formed by Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, and "is therefore the very place for the National Capital to be re-located in."

—The famous Pastor Knaack, of Berlin, whose protest against the astronomical theories of Kepler and Newton, a year or two ago, excited so much amusement, seems to have found imitators in the petty German principality of Lippe. Some time ago there was introduced in the public schools of that place a reader, which, on page 105, contains an article entitled as follows: "About space, the large celestial orb and the daily revolution of the earth, the sun and the moon around the earth.

—There is a good story told of the night editor of an Irish newspaper, who, being forbidden assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence that flowed upon him, so that towards the close of the night he wound up his night's work by penning the following: "Extraordinary notice: "Owing to a most unusual pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank."

—A tax-gatherer was observed the other evening all alone in a corner, moody, meditative and frowning. His work was over for the day, and he was in a fit of thought coming from being always at the receipt of custom) he was coloring himself.

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Table Cutlery, with ivory, bagpipe, rubber and pearl handles, and plated handles; Children's Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, in sets, Razors, tiny Pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Hatchets, Pincers, for watch chains; Boxes and Chests of Tools, for children; Tool Chests, containing Saws, Planes (made in them); Bowl, Tenders and Dustpan, Scissors, Clothes Wringers (they'll save their cost in cleaning and time); Carpet Sweepers, Furniture Castors, and Furniture Field Crocket, Imitation Garden Tools, Carpet Stretchers, Hammers, Tacks, Screws, Nails, Door Locks, Door Bolts, Door Knobs and Spring Call Bells, Bird Cracker, Tea Trays and Waiters, Patent Ash Sifters (pay for themselves in one coal season); Patent Molasses Gates, Gentlemen's Blacking Stools, Boys' Sets, Ar-ches, Bows and Arrows, Fishing Tackle, Base Balls, Bats, Gloves, and a great variety of useful Hardware, suitable for gifts. Call and see. Cutlery, Tools, &c., at TRUMAN & SHAW'S, No. 838 (Eight Thirty-Eight) Market street, below Ninth, Philadelphia.

HOOP SKIRTS AND CORSETS.

1115. 1115

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

OF

HOOP SKIRTS AND CORSETS,

Commencing Saturday, December 4,

and will be continued until March 1st, 1870, with prices marked down to and below the wholesale gold prices, offering the entire manufacturing stock, comprising over 1,000 HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETS for the time above stated. Ladies, Misses and Children's Hoop Skirts, of every style, size, quality and price, from 10c. to $1, made and warranted to sell for less than one dollar price.

Over 10,000 Corsets, including 85 kinds and prices, such as Coraline, Coraline Jean, Coraline Satin, Coraline Brocade, Superior French Woven, in all qualities; Redwoods, Redwood Jeans, Redwood Satins, Redwood Brocades, Supporting Corsets; Madame Foy's Corset and Skirt Supporters, Corset Jeans, Satins and Brocades; Misses' Children's, &c. Together with our own manufacture of Ladies' Fine Corsets.

All of which will be

MARKED DOWN TO PANIC PRICES.

Call early, while the stock remains unbroken, as there can be no duplicates at the prices.

At 1115 Chestnut Street,

WM. T. HOPKINS.

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A. S. ROBINSON,

FRENCH PLATE LOOKING GLASSES,

Beautiful Chromos,

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Manufacture to order, and have on hand a medium priced furniture of superior workmanship.

Parlor Furniture, Chamber Furniture, Dining Rooms, Counters, Desk-work, &c., for Banks, Offices and Stores, made to order.

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CURRANT WINE.

ALBERT C. ROBERTS,

Dealer in every description of Fine Groceries,

Corner Eleventh and Vine Streets.

NEW MESS SHAD AND SPICED Salmon, Tongues and Sounds in prime order, just received at the Store of ALBERT C. ROBERTS, No. 110 South Second street, below Chestnut street.

PURE SPICES, GROUND AND WHOLE—Pure English Mustard by the pound—Choice Whole Mace and Cracked Allspice, Nutmegs, &c., for sale at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 1134 South Second street, above Chestnut street.

NEW GREEN GINGER—400 POUNDS received per express for sale by the pound at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 1134 South Second street, above Chestnut street.

SOUPS—TOMATO, OX, MOCK Turtle and Julienne Soups of Peacock's Manufacture, one of the finest articles of Soups in the market, for sale at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 1134 South Second street, below Chestnut street.

WHITE BRANDY FOR PRESERVING. A choice article, just received by express, for sale at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 1134 South Second street, below Chestnut street.

INSTRUCTIONS.

HORSEMANSHIP.—THE HILADELPHIA RIDING SCHOOL, 34 and Race street, is open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen. It is the only place in the city where horses are kept in the city. The horses are thoroughly broken for the saddle. At the Riding School are kept the celebrated Morgan Horses, Kentucky and Virginia saddle horses, Ponies, Saddles, &c., &c., &c.,