

XXII.

THE BOWERY.

BOWERY ON SUNDAY. — LAGER BEER GARDENS. — A WALK UP THE AVENUE.

THIS great thoroughfare begins with Chatham Square and ends with Eighth Street. It runs parallel with Broadway, and is the second principal street of the city. Its stores, warehouses, and dwellings are inferior to the great thoroughfare of the city. Bowery has the reputation of cheap trade, without being disreputable. The respectable stores are few. The great mass of traders are foreigners. The Jews are numerous, and have here their headquarters of cheap jewelry, cheap furniture and clothing. Saloons, "free-and-easies," and immense German lager beer gardens are here located. Pawnbrokers flourish, dealers in lottery policies abound. It is the great rendezvous for cheap milliners and small traders.

THE BOWERY ON SUNDAY.

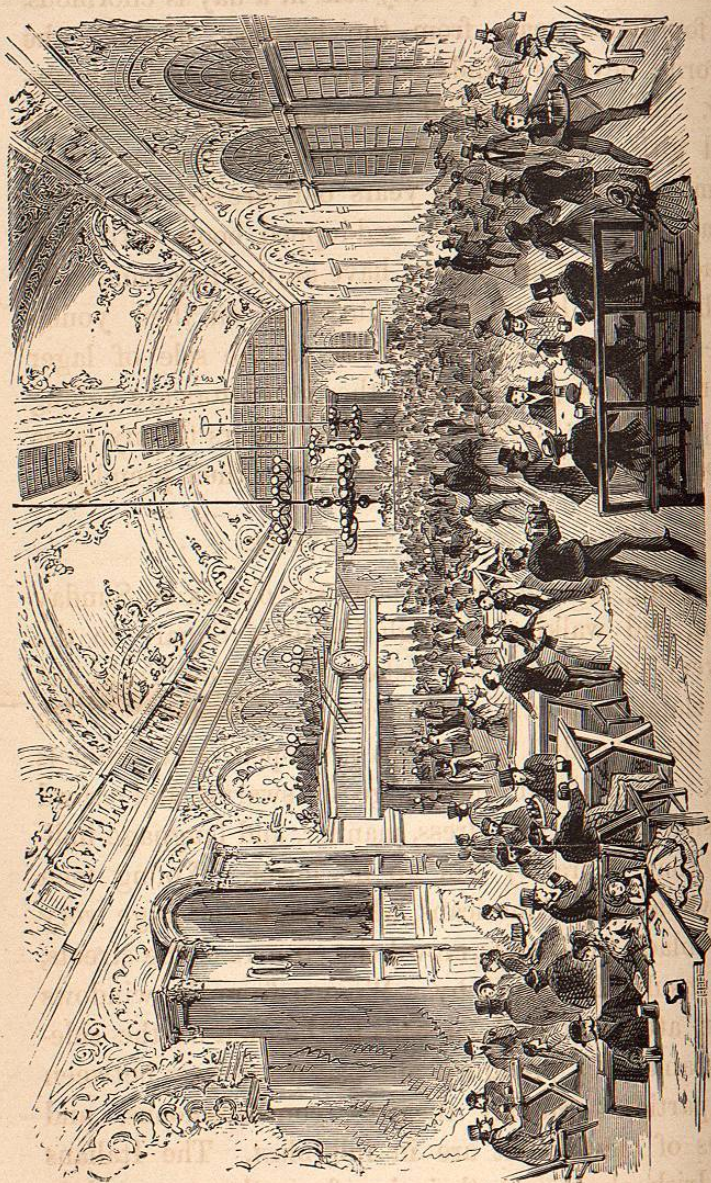
To be seen in its glory, the Bowery must be visited on Sunday morning and night. Broadway is quiet, the lower part of the city still, but Bowery is alive with excitement. The clothing establishments of the Hebrews are opened for trade. Many of this race are

apothecaries, jewellers, and keepers of drinking saloons. These men have no conscience in regard to the Christian Sabbath. Early they are at their places of business. Their stands on the sidewalk are crowded, and, as their custom is, they solicit trade from all passers by. The degraded population who live in the filthy region east of Bowery, from Catherine to Canal Streets, come up on to the pavement of this broad thoroughfare to breathe and drive their trade. Early in the morning troops of young girls can be seen, thinly clad and barefooted, on their way to the dram-shops. These shops are very numerous, and, with the lager beer gardens, are opened early, and are crowded. These places are mostly kept by Germans. The Italians and Irish are also in the business. On the afternoon of Sunday, Bowery, for its entire length, is crowded. At night it is brilliantly illuminated, and the drinking-places are filled by thousands of women, children, and men. The lowest drinking-places, the vilest concert-saloons, negro minstrelsy of the lowest order, and theatricals the most debasing, distinguish the pastimes of the Bowery. These places, open on Sunday, are jammed to suffocation Sunday nights. Actresses too corrupt and dissolute to play anywhere else appear on the boards at the Bowery. Broad farces, indecent comedies, plays of highwaymen, and murderers, are received with shouts by the reeking crowd that fill the low theatres. News-boys, street-sweepers, rag-pickers, begging girls, collectors of cinders, and all who can beg or steal a sixpence, fill the galleries of these corrupt places of amusement. There is not a dance-cellar, a free-and-easy, a concert-saloon, or a vile drinking-place,

that presents such a view of the depravity and degradation of New York as the gallery of a Bowery theatre.

LAGER BEER GARDENS.

These immense establishments, patronized by the Germans, are located in the Bowery. They will hold from a thousand to fifteen hundred persons. The Atlantic Gardens will seat comfortably, up stairs and down, one thousand. All day on Sunday they are filled. People are coming and going all the while. The rooms are very neat, and even tastefully fitted up, as all German places of amusement are. The vilest of them have a neatness and an attractiveness not found among any other nation. The music is first class. A piano, harp, violin, drums, and brass instruments, are played by skilful performers. The Germans visit these gardens to spend the day. They are eminently social. They come, husband and wife, with all the children, brothers and sisters, cousins and neighbors; nor are the old folks omitted. The family bring with them a basket of provisions, as if they were on a picnic. Comfortable rooms are provided for their entertainment. They gather as a family around a table. They exchange social greetings, and enjoy to their bent the customs of their fatherland. They play dominoes, cards, dice; they sing, they shout, they dance; in some places billiards and bowling are added, with rifle shooting. The room and entertainment are free to all. A welcome is extended to every comer. The long bar, immense in extent, tells the story. Here the landlord, his wife, and may be his daughters, with numerous waiters, furnish the lager beer which sustains the



establishment. The quantity sold in a day is enormous. A four-horse team from the brewery, drawing the favorite beverage, finds it difficult to keep up the supply. A large portion of the visitors are young lads and girls. Those who serve out the beer are girls from twelve to sixteen years old, dressed in tawdry array, with short dresses, red-topped boots with bells attached; they are frowzy, have an unwholesome look, with lines of lasciviousness furrowed on their young faces. So immensely profitable is the sale of lager beer in these gardens, that the proprietors are willing to pay at any time five hundred dollars to any large association who will spend the day on their premises.

A WALK UP THE AVENUE.

Leaving the City Hall about six o'clock on Sunday night, and walking through Chatham Square to the Bowery, one would not believe that New York had any claim to be a Christian city, or that the Sabbath had any friends. The shops are open, and trade is brisk. Abandoned females go in swarms, and crowd the sidewalk. Their dress, manner, and language indicate that depravity can go no lower. Young men known as Irish-Americans, who wear as a badge very long black frock-coats, crowd the corners of the streets, and insult the passer by. Women from the windows arrest attention by loud calls to the men on the sidewalk, and jibes, profanity, and bad words pass between the parties. Sunday theatres, concert-saloons, and places of amusement are in full blast. The Italians and Irish shout out their joy from the rooms they

occupy. The click of the billiard ball, and the booming of the ten-pin alley, are distinctly heard. Before midnight, victims watched for will be secured; men heated with liquor, or drugged, will be robbed; and many curious and bold explorers in this locality will curse the hour in which they resolved to spend a Sunday in the Bowery.

XXIII.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, THE CHRISTIAN
VOCALIST.

HIS EARLY LIFE.—HE REMOVES WEST.—HIS APPEARANCE, AND MANNER
AS A SINGER.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MR. PHILLIPS.

PROFESSIONAL singing is quite common in this metropolis. Men and women trained to song, and gifted in the fine art, are many. The opera, the concert-hall, the system of quartet choirs, afford a fine field for persons of rare gifts and cultivated taste. The authors of church music have made a repute and a fortune. There is no surer road to popularity than to become the author of a popular tune that can be sung in church, in Sabbath school, and in the household. It is a rare thing to find a popular composer and a popular singer in the same person. It is still more rare to find one willing to devote himself wholly to sacred song for religious purposes; to preach, exhort, warn, and comfort by songs of praise, and to use the instrument of music and the voice for the same purpose that the ministry employs its talent. In this work Mr. Phillips has long been engaged, and to it has consecrated his life and talents. He is a member of the Methodist Church. He has been appointed the musical editor of

the sacred songs of that important body, and is undoubtedly the most persuasive and eloquent singer of divine songs that the church has known since the days of the Wesleys. His singing has about it the silvery persuasiveness that marked the sermons of Summerfield.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

He was born in Chatauqua County, N. Y. His father was an artisan, and he was trained to rugged employment, and suffered many privations, and knew what it was to struggle with hardships. The death of his mother deprived him of a home, and he went to reside with his uncle. He was bound out to serve his relative by working on the farm till he was twenty-one years of age. His uncle was a hard master, but death released Philip at an early day from his toils. His talent for music was early developed. He mastered the rudiments of music by his own indefatigable labor, and opened a school when he was but seventeen. He gave a concert, at which he sang, and realized the sum of sixty-one dollars. This encouragement induced him to abandon farming, and turn his attention to music.

HE REMOVES WEST.

He settled at Marion, Ohio, as a musical conductor. His peculiar gifts became manifest, and he was called to sing before Sunday-school concerts, Young Men's Christian Associations, and for religious gatherings generally. He is a man of warm sympathies, of ardent, enthusiastic piety, a firm believer that Christ claims all the gift he has of song, and he freely gives to charitable and religious services his time and labors. He

found few tunes sufficiently devout and fervent to suit him, and he became a composer from necessity. The most beautiful and popular Sunday-school songs in the language are from his pen. His publication, the "Spring Blossoms," had a circulation of twenty thousand copies. He removed to Cincinnati, and there published his "Musical Leaves," of which forty thousand copies were sold in four months. Out of these books grew the "Singing Pilgrim," based on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which has had the astonishing sale of five hundred thousand copies. In the compilation of this remarkable book Mr. Phillips resolved to secure a singing book that should touch the heart, and be full of Christian experience and the songs of the Bible. He starts with Christian as he leaves the City of Destruction, and with song and melody attends him all the way till he reaches the River of Death, and is safe in the Celestial City. Visiting New York in relation to some of his musical publications, he was appointed musical editor to the Methodist Church. He has just completed the new hymn and tune book called "An Offering of Praise," which has been published by the Book Concern. It is unquestionably the best collection of sacred songs in the language. This engagement led Mr. Phillips to settle permanently in New York. His services have been in requisition at all Christian gatherings. His music is adapted to the Sunday school and the church, to patriotic and beneficent gatherings, and the Young Men's Associations. He can fill any house when it is announced that he will sing.

HIS APPEARANCE, AND MANNER AS A SINGER.

Mr. Phillips has a peculiar gift of song, and his whole make-up aids him in the work to which he has devoted himself. He is small in stature and fragile in build. He has dark hair, a sharp eye, his face is pale, and his whole countenance bears the expression that the old painters liked to catch when they put on canvas the face of a recluse who had devoted himself to Christ and good works. His is a blended air of benevolence, consecration, and sincere piety. His heart is so evidently in his work, the warm-hearted Christian man, and not the artist, is so clearly before the audience, that he wins their sympathy before he sings a note. There is such an entire freedom from cant and affectation, he is so hearty and whole-souled, that he puts himself at once in sympathy with every one in the house. Children love him, and old age would take him to its arms. His countenance is transparent, and on it is written every phase of song. Love, hope, faith, joy, fear, sympathy, sorrow, affliction, trouble and triumph, are read on his face. His voice is clear and musical. It sweeps from the lowest bass to the highest register. In a tender, pathetic song, its soft, low, and sweet tones, which can scarcely be heard, captivate; then it sweeps along till it rattles like musketry, and breaks on the ear like the discharge of cannon. It is full of those plaintive minor tones that ravish and linger, and that you never hear so much but that you wish to hear more. Other men have voices as sonorous and clear; others have faces as expressive, hearts as full of love to the Savior, have consecrated themselves as entirely

to the service of religion; but men are few who combine all these great gifts and rare attainments.

Whether he sings in the Academy of Music, the Halls of Congress at Washington, or in our largest churches, in any section of the country, his audience is limited only by the capacity of the house. At the appointed time he seats himself at his instrument, usually an American organ, and immediately addresses himself to the work before him. Much of the music is solos, and he accompanies himself on the organ. Most of the music too, is of his own composition, very peculiar, adapted to his voice and manner, and yet very popular through the land. He is master of his audience; he teaches, preaches, exhorts, warns, persuades, but it is for Christ that he sings and speaks. This theme pervades the entire service of song. His audience are moved as the autumn leaves are by the strong winds of heaven. They follow him as a triumphant leader is followed. Tears are wiped from the eye; joy thrills the heart; his plaintive tones fill the auditor with sympathy; a genial smile flashes on every face, and the triumphal shout often comes to the lip.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MR. PHILLIPS.

Just before his death, President Lincoln heard Mr. Phillips sing in the Hall of Representatives, Washington. The hall was densely packed with the most distinguished men and women of the nation. The Secretary of State presided. Mr. Phillips sang his celebrated song, entitled "Your Mission." Among the stanzas are these:—

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

"If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted;
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go, with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

Mr. Lincoln was greatly overcome by this song. He sent up to Mr. Seward this characteristic request:—

"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it.

"A. LINCOLN."

Mr. Phillips has been before the public as a singer for more than a dozen years. As a vocalist and composer his popularity has been universal and continuous. He maintains the same child-like spirit, with the simplicity of an earnest Christian man, that marked the opening of his career. He is not puffed up, nor is he vain. He has a sweet, catholic spirit, and his services

are given to all who love the Savior, without regard to denominational names. He is very benevolent, and his generous gifts to every form of beneficence and Christian effort are unceasing; great meetings of the church can always count on the aid of Mr. Phillips. His generous deeds, and his large donations to charitable purposes, the results of his singing, will not be known this side of the grave. Amid all the instrumentalities at work among the lowly, and the agencies employed to redeem and bless, none among us are more edifying, spiritual, devotional, and powerful than the labors of Mr. Phillips, with his sanctifying songs. Such a consecration of rare gifts is as noble and praiseworthy as it is rare.