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THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF

THE DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

CLEMENT SCOTT.

NEW SERIES.

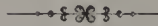
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INDEX.

— 337 —

	PAGE		PAGE
ABINGDON, W. L. ...	45, 148, 202, 277	Bearne, Arthur ...	211
Achurch, Miss Janet...	88, 107, 152, 273	Beaumont, Allen ...	152
Actor and Critic ...	301	Bedford, Mr. ...	275
Actor at School, The ...	71	Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. ...	90, 109, 218, 273
Adams, W. Davenport ...	223	Bell, Miss Minnie ...	66
Addison, Miss Carlotta ...	263	“Ben-my-Chree, The” ...	313
Aide, Hamilton ...	90	Belmore, Miss Alice ...	85, 313
“Airey Annie” ...	267	Belmore, Miss Lillie ...	313
Allan, Charles ...	88, 273	Beringer, Miss Esme... ..	321
“A Last Confession” ...	169	Beringer, Mrs. Oscar ...	152
Ambient, Mark ...	211	Beringer, Miss Vera ...	152, 321
Anderson, Miss Mary ...	107, 280	Bernage, J. H. ...	85, 201, 313
Anderson, Percy ...	92	Bernard-Beere, Mrs....	154
Andrews, A. G. ...	159	Bernhardt, Mdme. Sarah ...	46
An Unconventional Ghost ...	127	Billington, John ...	209
“An Unequal Match” ...	224	Billington, Mrs. ...	322
“Arabian Nights, The” ...	158	Bishop, Alfred ...	43, 263, 321
Archer, Frank ...	211	Blakeley, W. ...	43, 44
“Ariane” ...	154	“Blot in the Scutcheon, The” ...	223
“Arkwright’s Wife” ...	159	Blythe, J. S. ...	212
Arnold, Miss Gracee... ..	42, 92	Boleyn, R. S....	211
Ashford, Miss... ..	154	Bond, Miss Jessie ...	271
Ashley, Henry ...	273	“Bonny Boy” ...	330
As Shakespeare Says... ..	76	“Bootles’ Baby” ...	319
“As You Like It” ...	225	Boucicault, Aubrey ...	209
“At Bay” ...	282	Bowman, Miss ...	212
Atherton, Miss Alice... ..	206, 267	Boyne, Leonard ...	154
Aubrey, Miss Muriel... ..	154	Bracy, Henry ...	149
Aylward, Miss ...	273	Brandon, Jocelyn ...	151
Aynesworth, E. Allan ...	207, 271	Brandram, Miss Rosina ...	271
Ayrton, Miss Margaret ...	206, 267	Branscombe, W. L. ...	275, 321
“BABETTE” ...	149	Bremont, Comtesse de ...	329
“Bachelor of Arts, The” ...	328	Brereton, Austin ...	136
Bancroft, Mrs. ...	218	Brereton, Miss Stella... ..	152
Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs., On and Off		Brodie, Matthew ...	322
the Stage ...	250	Brooke, Mrs. E. H. ...	148
Bandmann-Palmer, Mrs. ...	325	Brookfield, Charles ...	88, 273
Banister, Miss ...	92, 212	“Brothers, The” ...	169
Barnes, J. H. ...	45, 202	Brough, Miss Fanny... ..	161, 275, 321
“Barren Land” ...	281	Brough, Sidney ...	43, 44, 90, 111
Barrett, George ...	85, 87, 201, 313	Browning, Robert ...	223
Barrett, Oscar ...	103	Brunton, C. H. ...	209
Barrett, Wilson ...	85, 87, 201, 313	Brunton, W. ..	209
Barrington, Rutland ...	271, 322	Buchanan, Robert ...	88, 92, 212
Barry, Miss Helen ...	159	Buckley, E. ...	277
Barton, Miss May ...	156	Buften, Miss Eleanor ...	318
Bealby, Miss ...	104	Buist, Scott ...	92, 212
		Burleigh, C. D. ...	109, 275
		Burnand, F. C. ...	267

	PAGE		PAGE
Burnett, Mrs. Hodgson	321	D'Arville, Miss Camille	91, 149
Burrow, Mr.	273	Darwin, Philip	45, 202, 277
Busy Bees	327	D'Auban, John	91
Byatt, Henry	281	Daudet, Alphonse	151
CAFFREY, Stephen 108, 151, 156, 205, 318		Dauncey, Sylvanus	192
Caine, Hall	313	"Daughter's Sacrifice, A"	329
Calhaem, S.	105, 156	Davies, H.	202
Calmour, A. C.	330	Davenport, Miss Fanny	218
Calvert, Charles	151	Dawson, Forbes 42, 45, 148, 202, 319	
Campbell, Bartley	44	Dawson, Miss Jenny... ..	99
Campbell, Herbert	97, 163	Dawson, Stuart	88, 265
Campbell, Miss Violet	154	Deane, H.	154
Canninge, Mrs.	92, 266	Dearing, Miss Rose	322
Carleton, Royce	92, 169, 205, 273	Dene, Miss Dorothy	266
Carlo, Miss Phœbe	85, 87	Dene, Miss Edith	148
Carroll, Lewis	285	Denison, A. M.	154
Carson, S. Murray	85, 201, 313	"Don, The"	209
Cassilis, Ina L.	282	Doon, Neville	330
Cathcart, B.	275	"Dorothy Gray"	277
Cathcart, E.	85	"Double Marriage, The"	164
Cautley, Lawrence 88, 151, 168, 218, 324		Dramatic Notes	330
Cecil, Arthur	218	Drew, John	313
Chandler, W.	43	Druce, Mr.	42
Chandos, Miss Alice... ..	45	Drummond, Miss Dolores	202, 277
Charles Dickens and the Stage	223	Dwyer, F. C.	45, 148, 202, 277
Charles Kean's "Winter's Tale"	59	EASTLAKE, Miss	85, 87, 201, 313
Charrington, Charles... ..	108	Edmonds, C.	43
Cheesman, W.	152, 205, 206, 267	Edouin, Willie	206, 267
Chesterley, F.	54	"Ellaline"	330
Chevalier, Albert	152, 206, 267, 321	Elliott, W. A.	85, 87, 201, 313
Child's, John L., Dramatic Recitals	56	"Elsie's Rival"	328
Chippendale, Mr. W. H., Recollections of	77	Elwood, Arthur	90
"Christina"	211	Emery, Edward	111
"Circassian, The"	43	Emery, Miss Winifred	321
Claremont, Miss Kitty 108, 277, 325		English, D. G.	282
Claremont, George	322	Enson, Miss Fanny	161
Clarke, George	313	Epitoux, F.	277
Clarke, Savile H.	52, 329	Ernest, L.	45
Clayton, John	173	Erskine, Wallace	265
Cleary, Edwin	45, 148	"Evadne"	42
Clynds, J. H.	108	Evelyn, Miss Rose	319
Coleman, Miss Fanny	154	Everard, Walter	277, 325
Collette, Charles	319	Eversfield, Harry	152
Compton, Miss	318	Eyre, Miss Sophie	151, 152
Conway, H. B.	92, 212	FARQUHAR, Gilbert	90, 318, 319
Cooke, Miss Alice	85, 201	Farren, Miss Nellie	91, 218
Cooke, Miss Evelina... ..	313	Farren, W.	44
Cooper-Cliffe, H.	85, 87, 201, 313	"Fascination"	92
Cooper-Parr, Miss	53, 202	"Faust"	280
Coquelins, The	295	Fawcett, Charles	206
Cowper, Miss Clara	43	Field, A. E.	313
Cox, Miss Clare	149	"Fennel"	265
"Crooked Mile, A"	324	Fenwick, H.	85
Cross, Miss Emily	91, 267	Fernandez, James	202
Cross, Julian	105, 151, 271, 318, 322	Ferrand, F.	42
Cudmore, Miss	159	First Appearance of Jenny Lind in London	313
"Cupid's Messenger"	168	"First Night, The"	328
DACRE, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur	164	Fisher, Charles	313
Dairrolles, Miss Adrienne	148, 211	Fisher, W. J.	92
Daly, Augustin	315	Folly Dramatic Club, The	226
Dana, Henry	85	"Forget-Me-Not"	266
Danby, Charles	99		
D'Angele, Miss Nita	277		

INDEX.

v

	PAGE		PAGE
Foster, Thomas	45	Herbert, W.	53
"Frankenstein"	91	Hervey, R. K.	13, 53, 127, 240
Franklin, Mr. W.	277	Hill, Miss Caroline	53, 104
Fraser, Miss	267	Hill, W. J.	281
Freake, Miss	168	Hills, Eliza Hammond	31
Fredericks, Mr.	266	"His Romance"	156
Fulton, Charles	85, 87, 201, 223, 313	Hodges, Ernest	207
		Hodges, Horace	85, 313
GAMBIER, Miss	313	Hodgson, A. R.	45, 148, 202, 277
"Game"	224	Homfrees, Miss Gladys	212
Gardiner, E. W.	209	Honey, G.	273
Garthorne, C. W.	319	Hood, Miss Marion	91
Garthorne, Miss Edith	225	Horlock, Miss Blanche	109
Giddens, George	43, 44, 111, 265	House of Shelter, The	217
Gilbert, Mrs. G. H.	313	Howard, Cecil	40, 51, 88, 149, 205, 250, 271, 323
Gillmore, Frank	92, 212	Hudson, Charles	85, 87, 201
Gillmore, Miss Lillian	225, 226	Hughes, Miss Annie	43, 44, 107, 152, 205
Gilmore, Farquhar	54	Hume, Fergus	202
Girardot, Etienne	156	Humphrey, G.	273
Girling, Miss Alice	45	Huntley, Mrs. Frank	202, 277
Glentworth, Gordon	156	Huntley, Miss Grace	206, 267
Goddard, A.	275		
"Golden Ladder, The"	85	"INCOGNITO"	90
"Good Business"	53	"Ironmaster, The"	327
Gordon, Walter	77	Irving A. D. Club	328
Gould, Bernard	104, 263	Irving, Henry	81, 280, 330
Gould, Fred	160	Irving's, Mr., Mephistopheles	81
Gould, Nutcombe	207	Irwin, E.	85, 201
Gowing, Mrs. Aylmer	188		
Grahame, Miss Cissy	159	JAMES, DAVID	43, 44
Graham, Mrs. Frederick	207	Jay, Miss Harriett	92, 216
Graham, Frederick	207	Jecks, Miss Clara	151
Grand Theatre	105	Jenny Lind	6
Granville, Miss Laura	151	Jerome, K. Jerome	159, 265
Grattan, Miss Emilie	88, 90	Jerrard, Mr. F.	273
Graves, Miss Clo.	278	Jones, Miss Maria	91
Greet, Ben	207	Johnstone, Miss Eliza	158, 212
Greet, Mrs. W.	328	"Joseph's Sweetheart"	212
Greville, Miss Eva	267		
Grey, Lawrence	156	"KATTI, THE FAMILY HELP"	206
Grey, Miss Sybil	91, 92	Kavanagh, Miss	271
Grey, Miss Sylvia	91	Kelmore, F.	267
Grossmith, Weedon	277	Kemble, H.	43, 88
Grove, F.	92	Kendal, Mr. and Mrs.	109, 275
Grove, F. C.	266	Kendal, Mrs., First Appearance on the London Stage	33
Guise, William	205	Kerr, F.	263
Gwynne, Miss Emma	91, 92	King, Miss Edith	85
		King Edward the Sixth's School	109
HALLEY, Henry	322	Kingston, Miss Gertrude	88, 322
"Handfast"	53	Kirby, Mrs. Hudson	313
Hanover Gallery	112	Kirwin, Miss	45
Hare, John	109	Kirwan's, Mr., Dramatic Recitals	54
Harris, Augustus	97	Knight, F. Hamilton	161, 244, 322
Harris, Charles	92	Knight, Henry	255
Harrison, Miss Bessie	212		
Harrison, F.	273, 277	LABLACHE, Luigi	148
Harvey, J. T.	277	"Lady of Lyons"	211, 329
Harwood, James	85	"La Grand Duchesse"	111
Harwood, Robb	88	"La Marchande de Souffles"	325
Hawthorne, Miss Grace	45, 51, 202, 277	Lake, P.	154
Haydon, Miss Florence	207	"La Mascotte"	111
Hayes, Miss Kitty	149	Lamis, Miss	168
Haynes, T. P.	43		
"Held by the Enemy"	104		
Hendrie, E.	109, 275, 321		
Henry Irving Shakespeare, The	166		

	PAGE		PAGE
Lander, Charles	282	Mervin, Fred	149
Lange, H. de	156, 318	Michiels, Gustav	149
"L'Arlesienne"	151	Millett, Miss Maud 44, 106, 107, 207, 263	
Lart, John	108	Milton, Miss Maude... .. .	148, 277
Last Cigar, The	66	Milton, Meyrick	156
"Last Straw, The"	225	"Mirage"	148
"La Tosca"	46, 218	"Monk's Room, The"	108
Lawler, Kate	318	Montague, C.... .. .	319
Lauri, Charles	99	Montaguc, F.... .. .	209
Laye, F. A.	318	Moore, Miss Eva	158
Leclercq, Charles	313	Moore, Miss Mary	217
Leigh, Miss Ellen	321	Morell, H. H.	156, 206
Leigh, Mrs. Henry	85, 87, 201	Morton, Edward A.	295
Leigh Murray, Mrs.	328	Mosenthal, J. G.	149
Leighton, Miss Alexes	223	Moss, Hugh	319
Lemore, Miss C.	324	"Moths"	52
Lennard, Horace	103	"Mr. Barnes of New York"	322
Leslie, Fred	91	Murielle, Miss Grace... .. .	277
"Les Surprises du Divorce"	221	Murphy, Mr.	313
Le Thièrè, Miss	88	Murray, Alfred	149
Levey, Miss Florence	149	Murray, Miss Alma	108, 211, 223
Lewis, Eric	88, 217	Murray, Mrs. Gaston	152
Lewis, James... .. .	313	Murray, Henry	71
Leyton, Miss Helen	211, 271, 322	Musical Box, Our . 37, 141, 193, 256, 307	
Light and Shade of an Actress's Career	31	"Mystery of a Hansom Cab"	202
Linden, Miss Laura	154	"NANCE OLDFIELD"	267
Linden, Miss Marie	209	Narnby, Robert	267
Lindley, Miss Henrietta	207, 319	Neilson, Miss Julia	329, 330
"Little Lord Fauntleroy"	205	Neville, Henry	42, 107, 154
Lloyd, David	44	New York Clipper Annual	112
Lobb, Dr. Harry	107	Nias, Miss	92, 273
Lonnen, E. J.	91	Nicholls, Harry	99, 163
"Lot 49"	92	Nisbet, J. F.	277
Louis B.	149	Norman, Miss Nellie... .. .	149
Lovell, George W.	275	Norreys, Miss Rose 111, 151, 156, 161, 263	
Lovell, Miss Mary	45		
"Love that Kills, The"	151		
Lowne, C. M.	209		
Lugg, W.	53, 211		
Lumley, Ralph R.	281	ODLUM, Drelincourt	92
Lynwood, Percy	211	"Old Cronies"	109
		"Old Guard, The"	112
		Omnibus Box, Our, 50, 93, 158, 216, 278, 323	
"MACBETH"	325	Orridge, Clement	149
Mackintosh, Mr.	109, 275	"Othello"	108
Macklin, F. H.	325	Otley, E. J.	271
Macklin, Mrs. F. H.	225	Outram, Leonard	266
Maclean, John	313		
Magnay, Sir William	281	PAGET, Miss Ffolliott	43
Marcel, Arthur	154	"Palmistry"	281
Marchant, Mr.	45	Panton, Mrs.	207
Marius, Mons.	154, 325	Parke, Walter	187
Matthews, Sant	263	Parker, Harry	148, 202, 277
Maud, Cyril	53, 91, 92, 212	"Partners"	88
Maunder, Miss Edith	92	Pateman, Miss Bella... .. .	324
Maurice, Edmund	319	Payne-Silk, H.	318
McCarthy, Justin	158	Payne, Wilton	45
M'Neill, Miss Amy	322	Peachey, John	151
Meade, James A.	45	Pemberton, T. Edgar	223, 229
Meadows, Miss	85	Perceval-Clark, P.	207
Measor, Miss Adela	265	Percival, T. W.	85, 313
Melbourne, Miss Kate	277	Phelps, Mrs. E.	43, 44
Melford, Austin	85, 201, 313	Philfair, Miss Eulalie	149
Mellish, Fuller	267	Phillips, G. B.	207
Men and Women of the Day 112, 224		Phillips, Miss Kate	209
Mensiaux, Marie de 88, 149, 205, 267, 315			
Merivale, Mr. and Mrs. Herman 209, 266			

	PAGE		PAGE
Philothespian Club	219	Russell, Walter	156
Piddock, J. C.	149	SAPPHIRE RING, The	13
Piffard, Hamilton	54	Sass, Edward	271
Pinero, A. W.	263	Scarlett, Miss M.	43
Pitston, Frank	85, 313	Scott, Clement—	
Pitt, Felix	108	The Lay of Lawrence Moor	57
Plays, New, and Revivals in London, the Provinces, and Paris	56, 113, 227, 282	Why do we go to the Play?	117
Play Box, Our	42, 85, 148, 201, 263	John Clayton	173
Poetry:—		“Scrap of Paper, A”	109
“ A Baby Débutante ”	116	Seale, Wilmot	154
All for Her... ..	255	Sedgwick, Miss Laura	206, 267
A Meeting	200	Seeböhm, E. V.	205
A Poet's Love	192	Shakespeare's Heroines (The Graphic Gallery of)	188
Brown Eyes	20	Shelton, George	209
Lay of Lawrence Moor, The	57	Sherman, J. R.	44
Shakespeare Undethroned	187	Shirl, Richard	42
To Shakespeare's Love	140	“Siberia”	45
Sir Perceval	306	“Sidonie”	53
Polini, Miss Harrietta	85, 313	Silk, C. Payne	209
“Pompadour, The”	273	Sims, A.	275
“Portrait, The”	329	Sims, George R.	85
“Postscript, The”	161	Skelton, G.	158
“Power of Love, The”	207	Skinner, Otis	313
Praed, Mrs. Campbell	154	Smith, H. Reeves	322
Private Banks Dramatic and Musi- cal Society	225	Solla, Henry De	45, 148, 202, 277
Private Life of John Clayton	180	Somerset, E. W.	205, 266, 318
“Proposals”	54	Sothorn, Miss Eva	202
“Puss in Boots”	97	Sothorn, E. A., Some Personal Re- miniscences of	229
“Pygmalion and Galatea”	329	Stacey, Giffard	156
		Stage and the Spirit of Reverence, The	285
RAE, Mrs. C. Marsham	42	Stage Pageant	240
“Railroad of Love, The”	315	Stanhope, Miss Constance	318
Rarbat, Young	267	Stanley, Noel... ..	152
Read, Charles	267	Stephens, Yorke	107, 169, 211, 322
“Real Little Lord Fauntleroy, The”	321	Stockton, Reginald	318
Recent Theatrical Literature	24	Stone, George	91
“Red Rag, The”	158	Sugden, Charles	319
Rees, J.	202, 277	St. Swithin's Amateur Dramatic Society	225
Rehan, Miss Ada	313	“Sunset”	159
Renes, Miss Lucca de	148	Sutherland, Miss Florence	43
Richard, Henry	91, 224	“Sweet Lavender”	263
Richards, Miss Cicely	45, 202, 205, 277		
Righton, Edward	20	TABLEAUX VIVANTS	329
Rignold, Lionel	99	Tangled Chain, A	207
Rignold, William	212	“Tares”	152
Rimbault, C.	207	Tawse, George	1, 33, 59
“Robert Macaire”	330	Terriss, Miss Ellaline	106, 169
Robertson, Miss Fanny	156	Terriss, William	218
Robinson, Mrs.	207	Terry, Edward	43, 263
“Robinson Crusoe”	103	Terry, Miss Ellen	280, 330
Robson, E. M.	211	Terry, Frederick	273
Rodney, Frank	207, 211, 223, 271, 322, 318	Terry, Miss Marion	88
Rodney, Stratton	88, 271, 273	Terry, Miss Minnie	88, 319
Roe, Bassett	45, 156, 202, 277	Thirlby, Edward	152
Rorke, Miss Kate	212	Thomas, Brandon	156, 161, 263, 321
Rorke, Miss Mary	45, 205	Thomas, E. W.	42
Rose, Miss Annie	207, 329	Thomas, Freak Moy... ..	24
Rose	244	Thompson, Miss Lydia	149
Ross, Charlie	91	Thorn, Geoffrey	105
Rowe, George	148	Thorne, Miss Emily	209
Russell, Mr.	85, 273	Thorne, F.	92, 212
Russell, Miss May	267		
Russell, Miss Phœbe... ..	313		

	PAGE		PAGE
Thorne, Thomas	92, 212	"Wave of War, The"	54
Thornton, Frank	91	Webster, B.	206
Tom Bowling... ..	136	Webster, Miss	319
Toole, J. L.	158	Webster, Miss Davis... ..	45
"To the Death"	271	Welch, James	85, 313
"Treasure, The"	318	Wensleydale, Mr.	85
Trent, Gilbert	271	West, Miss Florence... ..	271
"Troy Again"	226	West, Sackville	45
Turner, Godfrey	76	Wheatman, J... ..	92
"Two Roses"	44	Whitehead, A.	45
		Whittington Dramatic Society	224
VALENTINE, F. C.	263	Why do we go to t ^h Play?... ..	117
Vanbrugh, Miss Violet	209	"Why Women Weep"	110
Vane, Miss	92, 212	"Wife's Secret, The"	273
Vaughan, Maurice	321	Wilks, E. P.	313
Vaughan, Miss Susie... ..	149, 206	Willard, E. S. 104, 160, 162, 169, 211, 271, 322, 328	211, 271, 322, 328
Venning, Kate	50	Williams, Arthur	151, 205, 279
Verity, Miss Agnes	156	Willis, Miss Bertie	45
Vernon, W. H.	266, 267	Wilson, H.	85
Vezein, Hermann	108	Winter, John Strange	319
Vicary, Miss Helen	156	Winter, William	301
Vietor, Master Edwin	211	"Winter's Tale, The"	107, 280
Vietor, Miss M. A.	43, 263	"Woman-Hater, The"	43
Vining, Miss C.	43	Wood, John	000
Vivian, Miss H.	322	Wood, Miss Florenee	217
Vollaire, Mr.	273	Woodworth, Miss Edith	319
		Wotton, Miss Mabel... ..	116, 170, 200
WADMAN, Miss	99	Wright, Frank	202
Wallack, Lester	301	"Wyllard's Weird"	107
Waller, Lewis	42, 152, 161, 275	Wyndham, A.	154
Walton, George	149	Wyndham, Charles	217
Ward, Miss Genevieve	90, 266, 267	Wynn, Glen	151
Warden, Miss Gertrude	92	Wynter, Miss Marie	154
Waring, Herbert	109		
Warner, Miss Grace	52	YATES, E. Smedley	211
Warren, T. G.	330	York, C. M.	42
Warton, Master Richard	202, 277	Yorke, Hon. Alex.	218



THE THEATRE.



First Appearance of Jenny Lind in London.

THE death, on 2nd November last, of the once famous prima donna, Jenny Lind, has induced me to turn to my old play-bills, and, fortunately, there now lies before me "the programme" of her first appearance in this country. It runs as follows :—

PROGRAMME OF
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
By Authority.

Tuesday Evening, May 4th, 1847,

Will be performed MEYERBEER'S celebrated opera (with new scenery, decorations, and dresses), entitled
"ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO."

The scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall.

Alice Mdlle. JENNY LIND.
Her first appearance in this country.

Isabella Madame Castellan.

Roberto Signor Fraschini.

Rambaldo Signor Gardoni.

Sacerdote Signor Bouche.

Bertram .. Herr Staûdigl.

(His first appearance at this theatre.)

In the second act an incidental Divertissement in which Mdlle. Rosati will appear.

To conclude with a Divertissement, entitled
"Une Soirée du Carnival," &c., &c.

Doors open at seven o'clock, the opera to commence at half pas. seven.

Although I never had the good fortune to see the Swedish Nightingale in opera, and only once to hear, not see, her in the concert room, yet my memory goes back to the Jenny Lind craze,

when the entire country went mad as if an epidemic had attacked the whole community. The critic of the "Morning Post," evidently badly bitten by the Jenny Lind mania, thus wrote that night of her first appearance on the British stage :—

"Never did any theatrical event within our memory create such a sensation both without and within the walls of a theatre, as the *début* last night of Mdlle. Jenny Lind. But the most important fact is that never was expectation so gloriously realised. Surrounded by the highest aristocracy of the land sat the whole of the Royal Family, including the two Queens (Queen Adelaide, widow of William the IV. being present). The reception of Jenny Lind was most enthusiastic, and, as the performance proceeded, this enthusiasm grew into a perfect furore. Each time she sang, the whole house, pit, stalls, boxes, and gallery, applauded simultaneously, amidst waving of hats and kerchiefs, and such irrepressible laudatory exclamations as baffle all description.

Whatever had been anticipated of the vocalist who had filled the journals and supplied the topic of conversation for many months past, she surpasses all expectation. Whatever had been hoped of the splendour of the cast, that likewise was more than fulfilled. The band admirably subdued and disciplined, the chorus, above all the female voices, were more excellent than ever, whilst the scenery was in the highest degree effective, and the costumes and *mis en scène* equal to the grandeur of the work."

The critic had evidently written these lines before proceeding to the opera, for here is what Sir Julius Benedict, one of the leaders of the orchestra on that occasion, says on this point :—

"Though Mr. Lumley's intention was to form a combination of artists worthy to support the rising star, he had but partially succeeded. Gardoni and Lablache were of course cordially accepted. Staûdigl, a German basso, with a voice of extraordinary power and extent, proved also a valuable acquisition ; but Sanchioli, Montenegro, Fraschini, and Coletti failed to come up to the mark. Orchestra and chorus, hastily put together, were woefully deficient when compared with the opposition, and the conductor, Mr. Balfe, had very often a herculean task in keeping them together."

The satisfied critic went on to say :

"When Mdlle. Jenny Lind as Alice in that tender and sublime cavatina known as 'Va det elle' exceeded all that has been said of her, well might an electric burst of applause follow its conclusion. We have never heard a voice equal to hers in sweetness and flexibility. Her ornaments, unlike the stereotyped style of the old artistes, are so fresh and so chaste that they seem to be the spontaneous impression and inspiration of the moment. Then her faculty of imperceptibility, swelling and diminishing her voice, is unequalled in all modern singers. We would say that in this respect her voice resembled an instrument, were it not for the extreme

sensibility and wonderful power of expression displayed in all she accomplished with so much true artistic finish. She is, indeed, a consummate artiste, combining all the harmony of the German school with all the purity and taste of the most finished Italian style. Her shake is the most wonderful ever heard. Each note, as well as each word, is as distinct as a *coup de marteau*.

We must add a few words as regards Mdlle. Jenny Lind. Her acting is equal to her singing, to the least word she gives importance and intensity of expression. When Bertram asks her if she has detected his 'whereabouts,' the answer, 'Nulla! nulla!' has depths of feeling and of truth surpassing anything we ever witnessed. But when she clasps the cross, defies her awful persecutor, and exclaims 'Heaven is with me,' the effect is of a most soul-stirring nature. The encores spaced out the performance to so late an hour that we must despair with our fatigued attention to do justice to so extraordinary and exciting a performance as that of last night. In a word, the termination was that the chief performers were thrice recalled with the most welcomed plaudits we ever heard, and when we left the house the spectators had been for more than twenty minutes demanding the presence of the proprietor of the theatre to thank him for their enjoyment."

That night will remain one of the most eventful and notable nights ever celebrated in a London theatre. Mendelssohn, an intimate and staunch friend of Jenny Lind, who was then in London to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts, was nearly the first to arrive, and he watched the whole performance with the deepest interest and attention, and was as vociferous in his delighted applause as any spectator in the theatre. Among a list of names of those present, which reads like a sheet from the court guide of the upper ten thousand, I notice the names of a triumvirate. Prince Louis Napoleon, then a gentleman about (London) town, and residing at a small villa in Wellington Road, St. John's Wood (since christened Napoleon Cottage), where he was living with Miss Howard, an actress at the Princess's Theatre, and who accompanied him to Paris when he was elected to the Presidential chair of the French Republic, and shared his fortunes up to the time of his marriage with the Empress Eugenie. Lord de Ros, who was celebrated as one of the most expert card players of his day. The third great notoriety was a Mr. D. T. De Horsey, a patron of the turf from Wales. The reception to the prima donna was altogether beyond the experience or even the traditions of operatic circles, as I think this extract from many red-hot London criticisms I have given, abundantly proves. During the whole of the season her fame even increased enormously and spread like wild fire.

She repeated "Roberto il Diavolo" on 6th and 8th May, and on Monday, 13th May, she appeared in Bellini's celebrated opera of "La Sonnambula" with the following cast:—

Amina	Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
Lisa	Madame Solari.
Count Rodolpho	Signor F. Lablache.
Alessio	Signor Giubilei.
Elvino..	Signor Gardoni.

The "Times" usually restrained and cool, appeared next day as enthusiastic a Jennylinder as any in England. The "Times" critic said "on the first night of Jenny Lind's appearance in 'Robert le Diable' we thought we had seen the extent to which the excitement of a theatrical audience could go, we find we are mistaken. The enthusiasm produced by her Alice was not to be compared with that which she created last night by her Amina in 'La Sonnambula.' . . . Venturing, as she does, into the highest regions of vocalisation, she never loses sight of this simplest of character which gives the tone to all her performance. The chiming in of the voices of Mdlle. Lind and Gardoni in 'Ab verrei trovar parole' was most delicious, and nothing could exceed those fine full rich notes which are peculiar to the Swedish nightingale and which exercise a fascination over an audience, almost magical. Those notes of Jenny Lind, so spontaneous, so melodious, so touching, must be heard before a notion of them can be formed; there is nothing to which they can be compared. . . . At the fall of the curtain came an unprecedented scene of excitement. The pit rose in a body, hats and handkerchiefs waved from every direction, even the fair inhabitants of the boxes taking part in the magnificent demonstration of delight. The Theatre was crowded to suffocation, and we do not exaggerate when we say that every individual was an enthusiast in admiration of Jenny Lind. Her Majesty and Prince Alfred attended on the occasion, although it was a non-subscription night." Among the list of spectators, I pick out another triumvirate who were present on that occasion. Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet; Mr. Edwin Landseer, R.A.,; and Mr. R. Browning, poet.

On 15th and 18th May, "La Sonnambula" was repeated.

On the 27th May, Jenny Lind achieved another triumph, equaling her appearance as Amina, by appearing in Donizetti's opera of

“LA FIGLIA DEL REGIMENTO.”

Maria.. .. .	Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
La Marchesa di Berkenfield	Madame Solari.
Sulpizio Sergenta	Signor F. Lablache.
Tonio	Signor Gardoni.

On Tuesday, 15th June, the Queen went in state to the opera, when, by special command, Bellini's famous opera of “Norma” was performed, the cast being as follows :—

Norma	Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
Adalgria	Madame Barroni.
	Her first appearance.
Polioris	Signor Fraschini.
Gro veso	Signor Lablache.

On Thursday, 22nd July, Jenny Lind added another work to her repertoire, an entirely new opera, composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre by Signor Verdi, entitled,

“I MASNADIERI,”

The libretto founded on the drama of “The Robbers” of Schiller.

Amalia	Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
Carlo.. .. .	Signor Gardoni.
Francesco	Signor Colletti.
Moger	Signor Bouche.
Arminio	Signor Corelli.
Rolla	Signor Dai Fiori.
Massimiliano	Signor Lablache.

In “Norma” and “I Masnadieri” Jenny Lind experienced the only disappointments in an otherwise uninterrupted series of successes. She also appeared as Susanna in “Le Nozzi di Figaro,” Elvira in “I Puritani,” and Adina in “L'Elisir d'Amore,” but on 18th May, 1849, she made her last appearance on the operatic stage in the part of Alice in “Roberto,” in which she had achieved her first great triumph. On that evening she closed her connection with the lyric drama, leaving, like Malibran, a meteor-like dramatic career which astonished and delighted the world.

In Verdi's opera Lablache was cast for the Father of Carlo, the chief of a band of outcasts. The wicked son (Francesco) had thrust his father into a dungeon to die of starvation. Carlo

discovers the condition of his unhappy parent, and rescues him. Lablache was dragged forth, and immediately exclaimed, in piteous tones, "I am starving." But as he weighed about 18 stone, and his—well, chest—measurement was about 70 inches more or less, he looked anything but a picture of starvation, and so he set the whole house roaring.

GEO. TAWSE.



Jenny Lind.

[The following is copied from *The Critic* for April 24th, 1847, forwarded by Mr. J. W. Davies, of Cardiff.]

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821. Her mother had established there a seminary for children, in the direction and management of which, her father, a man of great powers as a linguist, took an active part. Her parents, being without money or other means of subsistence, were compelled to devote their whole time to their immediate pursuit, thus leaving the child Jenny without those aids to which her early-developed talent might have been ascribed.

Already, in her third year, she evidenced her growing love of song. Every melody which sounded on her ear was seized with readiness and given back with such accuracy that, even at that early age, she drew general attention to herself. This passion for music increased from year to year, and Jenny's destiny proclaimed itself—unconsciously to herself and parents—in every word and deed. She performed no childish labour without, at the same time enlivening herself by the sound of her own infant voice; even her deepest griefs would vanish, or at least be relieved, under the influence of song. By nature inclined to earnest silence, to quiet thought, music seemed to be the language granted to the plain, almost ugly child, that she might at least by this win some sympathy from mankind.

Thus was Jenny, at nine years, precocious in mind and in feeling much beyond her age, but extremely backward as regards her physical development.

At this time, accident enabled an actress, of the name of Lundberg (now deceased), to hear the singular child, and, astonished

at her voice, powers, and demeanour, came to Jenny's parents, appealing to them to consign the treasure which had been given them to the applause of a theatre. Jenny's mother was at first terrified ; before long, however, the clever actress, determined in her purpose, answered all the objections urged against it, and succeeded in moving the parents to refer the decision to Jenny's strong sense and good feeling. But the child had, for some time possessed clear ideas concerning her proper vocation, and she announced that she was firmly resolved to follow the impulse within her and form herself for the stage.

Frau Lundberg brought the little novice to Croelius, an old and highly celebrated music teacher in Stockholm.

Croelius, enchanted by the rare capabilities displayed in his young pupil, led her to Count Pucke, who was at that time Director of the Court theatre, and begged him to hear her sing and interest himself in her. The Count looked down upon the little awkward creature before him with a sort of doubtful suspicion, and asked, somewhat harshly, " what could be done with her, what use could she be made of, as judging from externals, there was nothing fitted for the stage in her ? " Croelius, however, would not be discouraged. He insisted upon her being heard, and if then the Count should judge her unworthy of his notice, he would himself, upon his own responsibility, undertake Jenny's education, as he held it a positive disgrace not to assist such genius when it stood revealed before him. This was sufficient to decide the Count and he consented to hear her.

Even at that tender age, Jenny's voice possessed some of those lovely, heart-touching tones, which she now breathes upon us with such magical effect. The Count Pucke was astonished and conquered by them, for scarcely had she sung a few notes, when he liberally offered to give her every advantage which could be enjoyed by the theatrical pupils of Stockholm.

Shortly afterwards Jenny Lind appeared in various juvenile parts, and excited an enthusiasm similar to that once aroused by Leontine Fay (the present Madame Volnys) in Paris. Vaudevilles were written expressly to bring forward this promising child ; her humour, the individuality of her representations, and their decided originality proclaimed Jenny Lind to be a genius which needed but continued cultivation to become universally recognised.

After the lapse of a year or more, her aged instructor, Croelius,

consigned her to the care of a younger and more energetic teacher, Berg, who undertook Jenny's improvement with sincere and heartfelt interest. Excited by the approbation with which her appearance was always hailed, and thus restlessly urged onward, Jenny reached her twelfth year, and with it the end of her rosy dream of youth, from which the realities of life soon roused the growing girl. Too much expanded for the parts to which she had been accustomed, and ripened, apparently, for higher flights, her career seemed suddenly at an end, for the upper region of her voice entirely disappeared !

That which remained was without power of vibration, and her anxious master, Berg, exerted himself in vain in an effort to awaken or restore the silver tones she once possessed ; they seemed to be gone for ever. The hopes once entertained of applying her powers to the grand opera were now utterly at an end. Jenny was but seldom seen, and only in the range of soubrette parts ; while the public forgot, as it generally does in the case of juvenile wonders, the impression she had made before as a singer, or remembered it but to give a passing regret that such flattering hopes should result in disappointment.

The young girl, whose very life was bound up and centred in music, bore the loss of her voice with silent resignation. The part of Weber's Agathe had, from her earliest days, been the ideal of her ambition ; her most beautiful dream, her brightest hope, her boldest wish was for once to sing this part, which had roused every feeling and sympathy within her. Agathe was the crown after which her soul yearned. But this was not to be. She fell back from the height towards which she had already advanced ; she was depressed and hopeless ; nevertheless, she continued her musical studies, without, however, making further essays upon her lost voice.

In this manner four long years passed over. Then it occurred that at a certain concert, wherein the fourth act of "Robert le Diable" was to be performed, a singer was wanted for the Alice, who in this act has simply to sing a little song, which is often indeed omitted in the drama. No one was willing to undertake this insignificant solo ; suddenly Berg thought of his rejected and unfortunate pupil and determined to make one more little effort for her. Divided between pain and pleasure Jenny undertook with heart beating at the momentous charge, to sing these few

bars; when, suddenly, as by a miracle, the voice had returned. The astonished public recognised the tones of a former favourite and overwhelmed the happy Jenny with their delighted applause. Who can paint the joy—the happiness of the young girl when her teacher, himself surprised, announced to her that the part of Agathe was no longer unattainable to her!

Agathe, in the “Freischutz,” was the first operatic character in which Jenny Lind appeared at the theatre of Stockholm. With this first step she established herself in that for which nature had destined her. From that day her fate was decided. She was engaged, sang opera after opera, and while no one would listen to any singer but Jenny Lind, she and her master struggled perseveringly with the roughness and inflexibility of her voice.

Who that now marvels at the *floriture*, like showers of pearls, which fall from her lips, would imagine that it was only by dint of endless labour and trouble that she could wring a *mordente* from it? Her notes also, though pure and clear, were wholly without power of modulation; she could neither hold them out for any length of time, nor produce the slightest swell. All this however dismayed her not; she laboured at her vocal organ with the patience of a sculptor hewing from the rock. Honouring her steady, hopeful perseverance, we must honour also the clear-seeing teacher, who stood so faithfully beside her, and aided her victoriously to overcome all that hindered her from reaching the desired goal.

For some little time, almost a year she sang the parts of Euryanthe, Alice, the Vestal, and others—wonderful exertions for her years—exertions increased, too, when we consider the unceasing efforts made in her musical studies. But now came the moment when she discovered herself to be unworthy of the admiration bestowed upon her, she began to comprehend that her master had done everything for her that lay in his power, that she had learnt all she could learn without the aid of great models, but that the last, the final touch was wanting, which must, however, be given, if she would reach the very summit of artistic skill—the object of her life.

Irresistibly she yielded to the desire to seek out Garcia, of Paris, the greatest living singing master in Europe. But how was this to be accomplished? Where or how acquire the means for such a venture?—give up her engagement, and live one, two, or three years in Paris? Bearing in her heart the full pride of genius,

Jenny would have no external assistance ; she desired to make her own way by her own means.

She employed the theatrical vacation in visiting the towns, great and small, of Sweden and Norway ; her father accompanied her

Everywhere she excited enthusiasm, and soon returned to Stockholm, furnished with substantial means to aid her darling plan. There she declared her resolution to the manager, succeeded in winning his opinion to her own, and left him, with the full liberty of acting as she had desired.

Arrived in Paris, she proceeded instantly to Garcia. With feverish anxiety, a heart beating with hope and fear, she entered his dwelling. The long journey, the separation from all those who until now had surrounded and protected her, tended not to damp her courage. She stood before him whose decision would henceforth decide her fate. She sang.

Garcia listened, without giving the slightest sign either of satisfaction or displeasure. But when she had finished, he said quietly to her, " My child, you have no voice." A fearful moment for Jenny ! " Or rather," added he, softening his words, " you have had a voice, but are now on the very point of losing it. It seems to me that you have sung early and too much, for your organ is completely worn out with fatigue. I cannot at present give you any instruction.

" For three months you must not sing one note ; then come to me again, and I will see what can be done." With this comfortless decision she left the presence of the man upon whose tuition she had built all hopes of her artistic life.

Three months were spent by Jenny Lind in almost complete solitude, in that feeling of utter desolation which presses more heavily upon one in Paris than in any other city of Europe.

Speaking once of this painful period of her life she said, " I lived upon my tears and my longing for home." Nevertheless, she would make no arrangement towards departure until she had subjected herself to another trial before Garcia. After the lapse of the prescribed period, he found that her voice had been refreshed by its repose, and that his course of study might be commenced. With what delight, with what iron industry she prosecuted her studies is apparent in all that she now executes, for she had but nine months granted her to make use of Garcia's instruction.

After having been a year in Paris, one of her countrymen, a

talented composer, arrived unexpectedly there to induce her, who was so sorely missed both by manager and audience, to return to Stockholm. Through him she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, whose practised eye discovered at a glance the costly pearl beneath its veil of modesty and self-depreciation. He was only doubtful whether the flute-like purity of her voice would, in greater houses, produce the full effect of which it was capable. With this idea, in the theatre of the great opera house he made arrangements for a trial, with full orchestra alone, and for himself only. Jenny sang and performed three grand scenes from "Robert," "Norma," and "Der Freischutz," and with such spirit and refinement that Meyerbeer, enchanted with the discovery of such a treasure, desired to enter at once into engagements with her for the opera at Berlin. But her given promise, and likewise her inclination, drew her back to Stockholm. There she afforded wonderful proofs of the victory gained by her perseverance, she appeared now as a finished artist in delivery, and as an admirable actress, while her voice was so strengthened that all the exertions she made only developed its beauty the more prominently.

If Jenny Lind was before this the favourite of Stockholm, she was now the pride of her native city; great and small, rich and poor, took part in her success. In the midst of her triumph there arrived from Meyerbeer an invitation to honour the opening of the new opera house at Berlin. It was against her inclination once more to leave her home, but her friends unanimously conjured her to attend to the call of the great Maestro. Deeply as her loss might be felt in Stockholm, the feeling was equally strong that Jenny Lind was one to whom European fame was necessary, and that it would be tyrannical and barbarous to seek to narrow her path, or keep her from further cultivation, and thus she accepted the invitation to Berlin.

In the August of 1844 she went to Dresden, where Meyerbeer wrote his opera, "The Camp of Silesia," that she might enter into a closer understanding with him; also with the design of gaining some knowledge of the German language, of which, until then, she was totally ignorant.

After the lapse of four weeks, however, she received a pressing request from her native Stockholm to return once more thither, to assist in celebrating the coronation of the king. Eye-witnesses have testified that Jenny's final representation in Sweden was a

grand festival of love and sorrow ; there was more weeping than applauding ; it was as if a dearly-loved child had been parting from her family.

Thousands of people filled the streets through which she passed.

All were anxious to see her once more, and never has a public so heartily sympathised with the success of its favourite, as that of Stockholm with Jenny Lind.

In the latter part of October, 1844, Jenny arrived at Berlin.

Unacquainted with the numberless difficulties and obstacles which in theatrical life often rise mountains high, she entered upon the dangerous path without knowledge either of the language or habits of the country, without even a suspicion as to the degree of attention and approval she might draw upon herself. She made her *début* as Norma, and achieved the most complete success that the dramatic annals of Berlin can record. From that day she has been acknowledged the most distinguished singer of our time—a meteor, indeed, who fills all that hear her with wonder and enthusiasm. It is but lately that all Vienna was bound by her enchantment.

Without exaggeration, it may indeed be said that Jenny Lind is one of the most remarkable appearances of the musical world.”



The Sapphire Ring.

(Conclusion.)

BY R. K. HERVEY.

‘L O S T ?’

“Yes, lost. You know I was always something of a mountaineer, and possessed sufficient skill and knowledge to be able to venture alone upon the ice. This summer I took a short holiday in Switzerland and, being in an unfrequented valley leading out of the Rhone Valley, I determined to make my way without a guide across the glacier which separated me from a point in the Oberland for which I was bound. I started early; it was a lovely morning, but soon after I got on to the glacier the Fön began to blow, increasing rapidly in violence. The snow was thickly strewn with bees and other insects brought up from the South to perish on those lonely heights. I looked up; heavy clouds were darkening the sky; it seemed as if the fate of these poor creatures might soon be mine. I hurried on, plunging knee deep into the snow. Suddenly it gave way beneath me, and I fell into a crevasse. I made a frantic effort with my axe to stay my downward career, and partly through its assistance, partly by good luck, I managed to bring up on a slightly projecting ledge. After long and wearying labour I succeeded in reaching once more the surface of the glacier. Thin flakes of snow were already falling. I stumbled on in mad haste, and more by good luck than good management I got off the ice just as the storm broke in all its fury. Weary and drenched to the skin, I reached a *sennhütte* only to discover that I no longer possessed the sapphire ring. I must have lost it in the crevasse. Two days that storm continued. As soon as the weather cleared, I, with the help of experienced guides, made every effort to find the crevasse; I should have known it by the steps which I had cut with my ice axe. Our labour was in vain; the sapphire ring had gone for ever, and I am at the mercy of the fiend.”

“No, no,” exclaimed Gordon; “you are saved. Had not the ring a small piece of gold roughly let into it?”

“Certainly,” replied Max; “I had it made bigger to enable me to wear it, and the jeweller did his work very badly.”

“And was there not an inscription inside it in some Oriental tongue?”

“Yes, in Persian.”

“Well, I have the ring.”

“You?” exclaimed Max.

“Yes,” replied Gordon. “You see, Maitland,” said he, turning towards me, “I told you this meeting was destined to be an eventful one. Soon after my return from India I went to Switzerland for a few weeks. One evening, in a valley not far from the Rhone Valley, I put up at a small inn, where I was waited upon by the mistress of the house, her husband being away. I noticed on her finger a curious ring covered with sapphires, and asked to look at it. She showed it to me—it was your ring, Max. She told me that a short time previously her husband had been crossing a glacier in the neighbourhood in company with some friends. A sudden gust of wind carried his hat into a crevasse, where it rested on a ledge some 30 feet down. Not being willing to lose his hat, which was a new one, he had himself let down into the crevasse, and there found not only his hat, but also the ring. I offered the woman a sum of money for it which was far more than its value. She refused to accept it. The next morning, when I was half-way down the valley, I heard someone calling me. I turned round, a man came up to me. ‘I am the master of the inn where you slept last night,’ said he. ‘I returned this morning after you left; my wife told me of your wanting to buy her ring, and that she would not part with it, because it brings us luck. She is a good woman, but a silly one, sir. As if a ring could bring luck! I have it with me if you would still like to buy it.’ ‘Certainly,’ said I; ‘here is the money.’ ‘And here is the ring. I hope,’ said he, as he handed it to me, ‘if it can bring luck it will bring it to you.’”

“And where is the ring?” cried Max. “Have you got it with you?”

“No, I left it with some other things in a house in the North of England, where I was staying before I came here. Let me see, this is the 7th; I have six days to do it in. I will start by the train which leaves at 3 a.m., and I shall be here again on the 13th by 7 p.m. What did you say is the hour at which your friend is entitled to your company?”

“ 10 p.m.”

“ Oh, then I shall be in lots of time, and he, I am afraid, will meet with another disappointment. And now, good night ; I must have a nap before starting.”

As he was leaving the room he turned round and said, “ By-the-bye, Max, don't you think, to make assurance doubly sure, you had better go with me ? ”

“ Impossible,” said Max ; “ the Grand Duke is to be at the theatre on the 12th, and I must sing. Besides, after all, I am a fool to entertain these superstitious fears. The stranger is only a mountebank. Who ever heard of the devil carrying off anyone in the nineteenth century ? ”

“ He has no need to do so,” said I ; “ most people go to him of their own accord. To tell you the truth, Max, I think the stranger was only the director of an opera house, who chose to bargain for your services in a whimsical manner.”

“ But how, then, about the ring ? ”

“ Well, that does seem somewhat odd, but I think it is capable of explanation.”

“ Oh,” said Gordon, “ I know if I have to listen to your explanations of the unexplainable I shall have to remain here all night. *Auf wiedersehen*, Max ; keep up your spirits, the devil shall not have his due.”

The next morning I was awakened by a knock at my door. It was Max with a letter in his hand.

“ See,” he said, “ I have just received this from Germany. My uncle, the old Count, and his two sons were lost in their yacht off the coast of Florida some weeks ago ; I am heir to his estates, and am the last Schreckenstein.”

“ Let me congratulate you,” said I. “ You knew little of your uncle and cousins, who, so far as I have heard, were by no means estimable members of society, so there is no need for sorrow on your part. I suppose you will start for Germany at once ? ”

“ After the 13th, if I am alive.”

“ My dear fellow, do not relapse into a state of gloom.”

“ I cannot help it ; they have chosen ‘ Robert the Devil ’ as the piece to be given on the 13th. You know our family tradition. It seems an evil omen.”

“ Nonsense, man ; your nerves are out of order. You took too

much of that heady wine last night. I did not drink half as much as you, and I feel as if I could empty the Arno."

Max smiled mournfully. "I don't mean to give in," said he, "trust me for that; but I must be off now; I shall be very busy rehearsing for the next few days. The Grand Duke brings with him some German Prince or another, who is a great musical critic, and the director is in dread that something will go wrong."

For the next few days I saw little of Max; he was too busily occupied with rehearsals and the writing of business letters, and I had to spend much time at the court-house. On the morning of the 13th he called on me on his way to the theatre. I was just going down to the court, and as the theatre was close to it we set off together. Scarcely had we quitted the hotel when a tall, dark man came up to us and lifted his hat.

"Well, Herr Graf, so you have succeeded to the family honours and wealth at last. They will not stand you in as good stead as the sapphire ring, which, by-the-bye, I see you no longer wear. I trust you have not lost it?"

"Fiend!" I exclaimed.

"Fiend, my dear sir! For whom do you take me? I am the new baritone, and play Bertram to-night to the Herr Graf's Robert. The Herr Graf does not purport to make a long stay in the company, I presume? Well, I too will leave it when he does. Come, Herr Graf, they are waiting for us at rehearsal. Ah, you do not desire my society? Well, well, you will have to put up with it soon; till then I will not force it upon you."

The stranger again raised his hat with a mocking smile, and turned down a side street. Max had not spoken one word during this interview. He was pale as a corpse.

"I cannot go to the rehearsal," he said; "I am ill. Oblige me by seeing the director and telling him so; besides we are all perfect."

"You forget there is a new Bertram."

"Let him rehearse by himself, I will not go."

I sent my card in to the director. After waiting a few minutes I was shown into the great man's presence. He was very short, very fat, very bald, and wore a red ribbon in his buttonhole. I gave my message.

"Signor Del Monte will not fail me this evening?" said he anxiously. "No one has a right to be ill on such an occasion."

“Have no fear, sir, he will come.”

The fat man sighed a sigh of relief. “You are a friend of the signor’s?” said he.

“Yes.”

“Have you a seat for this evening?”

“I told the landlord of the hotel to procure me two.”

“Let me offer you the stage box on the first tier.”

I thanked him, and accepted; I think the little man fancied I should have kept Max away had I not been permitted to watch the performance in comfort. I called at Max’s lodgings on my way back from the court, but I was informed that he was busy and did not wish to be interrupted. The hours went slowly by. Although I thought the whole affair must be the product of a disordered imagination, or a hoax on the part of an impudent charlatan, yet the incident of the loss and recovery of the ring and the meeting with the stranger had affected me deeply in spite of myself. I felt more nervous and unsettled than I had ever done before in my life. In vain it was that I reasoned with myself, that I said to myself, ‘Maitland, my boy, are you, a hard-headed lawyer, going to become a prey to childish terrors at your time of life? It was all of no use. Every moment my nervousness increased. I sent away my dinner untouched—I could not even smoke. At six Max entered my room.

“The performance commences at 7,” he said; “it is late for Italy, but the Grand Duke likes his dinner. I am going to the theatre now, will you come with me and sit in my dressing-room until the curtain rises?”

“I would rather not,” said I; “I don’t feel very well, and the heat would be too much for me. I will stroll about till the train arrives, and Gordon and I will come down together.”

“Yes, if he arrives.”

“What on earth do you mean?”

“I have a presentiment that something will happen to him—perhaps has happened to him.”

“Nonsense, man; in three-quarters of an hour he will be here. The trains have been unusually punctual of late.”

“Well,” said Max, grasping my hand, “if we should meet no more you will find that I have not forgotten you, or Gordon either. I made my will this afternoon. Good bye.”

I wrung his hand in silence, and he left. At a quarter to seven I found myself at the station. Seven struck, but no train arrived; a quarter past, half past, eight o'clock—still no train. I entered the station-master's office. He was a sort of acquaintance of mine, as I had met and spoken to him several times at a café in the neighbourhood. "How is it," I inquired, "that the train is so late?"

"There has been a landslip some twenty miles from here, and the line is blocked."

"The line blocked! and when will it be cleared?"

"Impossible to say; probably not till the morning. But what does it matter? There is a nice little town near the spot with a good hotel, and the passengers will be quite comfortable. Is not the signor going to the theatre? The performance will be a grand one; the new Bertram is, they say, magnificent."

How I found my way to the theatre I cannot tell. I hardly dared to enter the box—it seemed as if I brought with me Max's death-warrant. I made a great effort, went in, and took my seat. The house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Robert and Bertram were on the stage. Never shall I forget the flash of malicious joy that lighted up Bertram's face as he saw me come in alone. Robert, too, saw it, and for a moment his voice seemed as if it would fail him. It was only for a moment, and few can have noticed it except myself. It was the gambling scene. Never had I heard Max sing more magnificently "*Sorte amica a te m' affido*;" alas, fortune seemed to be playing Max von Schreckenstein as false as it did Robert of Normandy. My forehead was bathed in perspiration. I seemed to be listening to a Viking singing his death song. As the evening wore on, and Gordon did not appear, I felt sick with terror. The fifth act commenced. I looked at my watch; twenty minutes to ten. I sat a few minutes longer, and then everything seemed to swim before my eyes. "Air, I must have air," I cried, and rushed out of the theatre. The sky was dark and lowering. Scarcely had I gained the street when the sound of the hoofs of a horse at full gallop reached my ears. A moment after a horse covered with foam, bearing a rider covered with mud, dashed up to the door where I was standing. It was Gordon.

"Am I in time?" he cried.

"It is six minutes to ten."

"Hurrah!" and flinging himself from his horse he made for the stage-door.

I turned back into my box. Bertram and Alice were struggling for the possession of Robert. In terror-stricken accents rung out the words, "Ah, pieta, pieta di me." There was a confused noise behind the scenes, then voices—"You cannot go on." "I must." "You shall not!" "I will!" followed by the sound of a blow and of a falling body, and then Gordon rushed upon the stage before the eyes of the astonished audience, and placed in Robert's hand the sapphire ring. Instantly a burst of flame seemed to envelop the whole stage; a loud clap of thunder shook the theatre. For a moment I thought I had been struck blind; when I recovered my sight Bertram had disappeared, and Max was lying senseless on the stage with Gordon bending over him.

It was more than a week before Max recovered his senses, more than six weeks before he left his bed. He is now an inmate of a Trappist monastery, and, by special dispensation, still wears the sapphire ring, which will deck the hand of the last of the house of Schreckenstein even in the grave.



“Brown Eyes.”

By EDWARD RIGHTON, Comedian.

NED SINGLETON, an artist, found his strength had nearly failed,
 And so he left off painting and to Jersey Island sailed;
 And there he met a doctor, who, to everyone's surprise,
 Restored his health; the doctor was—a pair of bright brown eyes.
 Yes! Ned, a foe to wedlock sworn, there hauled his colours down
 To Blanche; a pretty Jersey girl with eyes of hazel brown.

And how Ned loved that little maid, and how she fondled him,
 Until he felt his cup of bliss was filled above the brim.
 “And yet;” thought Ned, “these brown-eyed girls, they say, are
 all deceit!”

But Blanche, with childlike, winsome ways, would all his doubts
 defeat,
 When nestling in his bosom, like a timid little dove,
 She met his eyes of common grey and vow'd eternal love.

Now, Ned had nearly reached the age that's called the prime of life
 When Blanche, whose years were just eighteen, declared she'd be
 his wife;

For Ned had said, “I'm strong i' th' arm! and oaken is my frame,
 I'll give you wealth, I'll give you, too, a not unhonoured name,
 The hoarded love of all my life yours, unalloyed, shall be;
 A love that, like a cage-born bird, by you at length set free,
 But loving best its bondage, finds another cage in thee.”

'Twas thus he'd speak, with “tears in's voice” and pale fear-
 trembling lip,
 The while her tiny hand would seek his almost crushing grip:
 And then she would, caressing him, her vows of love repeat,
 Till looking in her eyes he'd swear “In them dwells no deceit!”

And yet as breast 'gainst breast they stood, to fix the nuptial day,
 'Neath Blanche's pretty bodice—'tween her heart and Ned's—there
 lay

A rival's letter; one of those that please romantic misses,
 With nearly half a page made up of crosses meant for kisses.

So when she sighed and pressed her heart and said it was "for joy!"
 She felt but for the safety of a letter from a boy—
 A pretty youth of twenty-one, who wore a soldier's coat
 And just the flaxen slight moustache on which your schoolgirls dote.

Ned's heart had wings, or so he thought, when seeking Blanche one
 day

He found her sleeping soundly ; while unfinished near her lay
 A letter she had written, and, to kiss her as he leant,
 He saw the words "My only love!" and thought for him 'twas meant ;
 So on he read, with laughing eyes, till turning o'er the page
 He read his Blanche's faithlessness and jests about his age ;
 And there he also read a plann'd elopement for the morrow,
 Then turned to Blanche in anger ; but his wrath gave way to sorrow
 When, gazing on her baby face, he said "How blind I've been!
 The gulf of twenty years between us never to have seen."

He felt that all his love for her must now forgotten be ;
 Thank'd God for keeping closed the eyes he never more would see ;
 "And yet my life, dear Blanche!" he cried, "was all mapped out for
 thee."

He wrote one line—and what he felt his trembling hand might tell—
 "Be happy, Blanche, with him you love ! God bless you ! and Fare-
 well !"

Then took one kiss and said "With this, I ring love's passing bell."
 And who'll cry shame on Ned because, amidst a tempest's whirl,
 A-yachting out at sea that night, he wept just like a girl.

SECOND PART.

Five years had passed and half the world was ringing out the name
 Of Singleton, who now had reached the topmost height of fame ;
 And all agog were connoisseurs to get, in any mart,
 At any price, a sketch of Ned's—of course from love of art (?) ;
 And those who see no merit in the work of unknown toilers
 Would hundreds give for "little bits," Ned's very first pot boilers.

His pictures had a fault though, which your critic much decries,
 He painted all his Goddesses with just the same brown eyes ;
 Now beaming love, now streaming tears, anon with childlike smile,
 Or bright with charming innocence, or dull with cunning guile ;
 But, spite of all, his pictures bore the charm by Genius lent,
 And prophets then Ned's rise foretold—soon after its event.

Ned's glossy hair was silver now, his great broad back was bent,
 "Because," they said, "in studying, his time was chiefly spent,
 His sad grey eyes, his mournful smile, his always drooping head,
 His tearful voice and heavy step, "his Genius were" they said—
 "Of which his lonely midnight walks were just a simple part"—
 They little dream'd, those gossips, of his weary aching heart.

One foggy, cold November night, when snow was falling fast,
 As homeward Ned retraced his steps, a shoeless child went past ;
 Ned paused, the little boy came back, and feebly speaking said
 " I'm hungry ! So is mother ! Will you please to give us bread ? "
 Ned's well-filled purse was out at once to help the little lad ;
 When forth, from out the darkness, rush'd a woman, thinly clad,
 Who snatched Ned's purse, the child caught up, and vanished in the
 fog.

A hue and cry was raised by man and wanton boy and dog :
 She fled and bought her boy some food, and then her strength gave
 way,

When, falling prone, a senseless heap the child and mother lay ;
 Arrested there—with brutal force—they dragged her into court,
 To which the great man, Singleton, against his will, was brought.

And then the wretched woman told the old, new, hackney'd tale :
 No sooner did he hear her voice than Ned turned deathly pale
 And hid his eyes behind his hand, while thus the woman raved ;
 " D'ye think I care for prison cells now this poor child is saved ?
 I lost a good man's love, long since, and trusted one who lied,
 Who ruined, then deserted me ; and God knows how I've tried
 For work to keep his babe since we were left in London town—
 For that I've sunk to lowest depths ! I'd sink still deeper down
 To keep his image here on earth, who blacken'd my good name,
 To hear on every hand proclaimed my first wronged lover's fame.

My poor pinched faceno traces bears of aught but sad distress,
 And men now spurn the wretched girl whom once they would
 caress :

To-night my starving little one—almost of life bereft—
 Had begged in vain, and then I said ' Infanticide or theft ! '
 I stole a purse and saved a life ! Now pack us off to jail ."
 Just then the urchin's tiny hand removed her thick black veil,
 And while she, scoffing, railed at Ned with foul derisive cries
 He raised his head and met the glance of—Blanche's dark brown
 eyes ;

The same brown eyes—but now a look he'd never thought to paint,
 Their lustre gone, they only bore foul dissipation's taint.

Yes ! Blanche it was, who—when she saw Ned's hollow saddened
 eyes,

And hair so white, and back so bent—stood hushed in grieved
 surprise.

To save the faithless wench, Ned lied ; he said, " The woman's mad,
 My purse I gave, with all my heart, to help her starving lad ."
 The eyes of Blanche and Ned were fixed, and Blanche could scarce
 draw breath,

And then there came a silence to be broken but by death.

The great man of the court had said, "To heed the tale I'm loath!"
When, looking still at Blanche, Ned took this false but solemn oath;
"I speak the truth! the holy truth! So judge me, God!" he said;
A moment's pause, a heavy thud, and—Ned had fallen dead.

Now Blanche lives on and rears her boy in virtue's happy ways,
For Ned had left her all his wealth—and night and day she prays:
"Oh, Lord! to save my worthless soul the awful lie was spoken,
'Twas me he loved, for me he sinn'd, by me his heart was broken;
For me, with perjured lips he came to meet his last account,
Almighty God! wash clean his soul at mercy's gentle fount."



Recent Theatrical Literature.

THE new *édition-de-luxe* of Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants," which has been edited by Mr. Robert W. Lowe, and published in three handsome volumes by Mr. J. C. Nimmo, will deservedly rank high among illustrated works which deal with the history and traditions of our stage. Not only has the task of editorship been entrusted to a writer who has brought to it much loving care and knowledge of dramatic literature, but for the first time an attempt has been made to place before the eyes of the reader the actual presentment of those performers of olden times who figure in Dr. Doran's pages, and who, after filling so large a place in the minds of their contemporaries, have vanished from the scene, leaving behind them, for the most part, only a few more or less doubtful traditions. Hazlitt has somewhere said that, whereas many people have a strong desire to pry into futurity, he would be satisfied if he could but recall the past and see Betterton and Booth, and Wilks and Dogget, and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Cibber, and even Cibber himself (who, by the way, was certainly more than a match even for the great Mr. Pope) and Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Abingdon, and Shuter and Garrick, and many others whom he mentions, of those who have "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." How many are there who would not join in Hazlitt's wish! We cannot, of course, compare the merits of these popular idols, and see whether Betterton as Hamlet did indeed turn pale when he beheld his father's ghost, or whether Garrick really carried his mimetic art to the extent of imitating the features of other persons; but we can, at least, get a very good notion of the appearance of these, and a host of other performers, from this sumptuous work. For it is worthy of note that of all the beautiful copperplate engravings and the exquisite little wood-blocks so delicately printed on inlaid Japanese paper, there is not one which has not a history or which is not a reproduction of a contemporary print or painting. Here we may behold their

majesties' "servants" not always in their habit as they lived—as witness Nell Gwynne depicted in accordance with the artificial style which prevailed at the Restoration in loose drapery, surmounted by a cloth canopy which her attendant cupids are pulling aside to reveal her reclining upon a flowery bank, with a palace and a lake in the background—but often more interesting still in the costume in which they were wont to appear in the more famous of their impersonations. It is amusing to note, for instance, in the spirited little drawings by Sayer of Garrick and his contemporaries scattered about the book in the form of head and tail pieces, the effect produced by Garrick as King Lear in his knee-breeches, short ermine-trimmed jacket, and cambric necktie, or again as Macbeth in knee-breeches and long waistcoat and tail-coat trimmed with scarlet and gold. Surely, one would think, an actor who could contrive to impress an audience in such a make-up as this must be made of different stuff from that of the performers of the present day, if it were not borne in mind how powerful is the influence of association, and that in an age of greater simplicity in the accessories of the stage, it probably never occurred to anyone to attach importance to these and similar anachronisms.

Among our histories of the stage this of Dr. Doran occupies a unique position. What makes it more interesting to the general reader than the plodding labours of Genest, or the no less useful than readable book of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is the fact that it deals rather with the personality of the players and their fortunes and misfortunes than with the vicissitudes of the playhouses in which they appeared, or the rise and progress of our dramatic literature. Whether or not the proper study of mankind is man, it is certain that it is one which will never be wanting in attractiveness. There is something particularly inspiring in reading of the early struggles of those who, from the humblest beginnings, as is so frequently the case with the successful actor, are destined to reach the highest places in the world's estimation. What would not one give to be able to say one word of hope and encouragement to Kean as, travel-stained and sick at heart, he dances and sings and acts before a handful of poor rustics in order to earn a few shillings to help him on his way? Even the smallest details, the jealousies of the green-room, the salaries of the actors of a past generation, contrasting so unfavourably with those of a more luxurious age like the present, are full of human interest. These

are the matters with which Dr. Doran deals, and he deals with them in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit.

For all this, however, it is impossible to accept Dr. Doran's book as a serious history. The imaginative faculty with which he was abundantly endowed was apt to run away with him, so that he almost seems to have fancied himself an eye-witness of the far-off scenes he describes. Professor Freeman was particularly indignant with the historical painter who, after reading his account of the battle of Hastings, privately wrote and asked him whether the sun was shining on that memorable day in England's history. Mr. Freeman simply did not know, and therefore did not say whether this was so or not. Dr. Doran was less scrupulous. He never hesitated as it were to put in the most brilliant of suns for purposes of effect. Take for instance the following account of the doings of the players at the moment when Monk's entry into London proclaimed the downfall of the Commonwealth: "The Oxford vintner's son, Will Davenant, might be seen bustling about in happy hurry, eagerly showing young Betterton how Taylor used to play Hamlet under the instruction of Burbage, and announcing bright days to open-mouthed Kynaston, ready at a moment's warning to leap over his master's counter and take his standing at the balcony as the smooth-cheeked Juliet." Considering the meagre details of the stage history of this period which have come down to us, the circumstantial character of this narrative upon the face of it throws doubt upon the story. It is of course a mere exercise of the imagination, but even a fanciful sketch such as this should at least have reasonable air or probability. With the exception of the occasional allusions to public performances to be found in Pepys, it may practically be said the only contemporary authority we have for the theatrical events of the thirty years following the Restoration, a period which saw the first appearance of professional actresses and the introduction of scenery and "machines" upon the boards, is the "*Roscius Anglicanus*" of Downes, the prompter, a pamphlet of fifty small sized pages largely made up of lists of names and transcripts of play-bills. There is certainly nothing here to show that at the time referred to, the Oxford vintner's son was even acquainted with Betterton or Kynaston. It is, in fact, extremely unlikely that he would have been. Davenant, whose "bustling about" is thus referred to, was then a gentleman of nearly fifty-five years of age, who

had been made Poet Laureate by Charles I., on the death of Ben Jonson twenty-three years previously, and knighted six years after that event. He had been a great man at Court, and an intimate friend of Clarendon, Blount, and Suckling. It is not conceivable, therefore, that he was on terms of intimacy, as is represented, with young Betterton, then twenty-two years of age, or Kynaston whose extreme youth was specially dwelt upon by Downes, as indicating the main reason why he achieved success in female characters. Neither of them had as yet appeared on the stage—that is to say, neither had done anything to make himself a noteworthy person. The allusion to Kynaston as being behind his master's counter, which adds to the improbability of the story, appears to rest upon no better authority than that of Gildon, who, in his "Life of Mr. Thomas Betterton," a worthless production written fifty years afterwards, at Betterton's death, and made up almost entirely of irrelevant matter, states that Betterton and Kynaston were fellow-apprentices under Rhodes, then a book-seller at Charing Cross. That Rhodes, when he turned manager should find that he had in his two apprentices men who could not only play leading characters, but who could display in them ability which enabled both to leave an imperishable name in the annals of the stage, can hardly be accepted on the mere statement half a century afterwards of the author of a catchpenny life of a celebrity just departed. As for Kynaston being ready to play Juliet, this might well have been, but as a matter of fact when "Romeo and Juliet" was first performed after the re-opening of the theatres, women were already to be seen upon the stage, and the Juliet was Mrs. Sanderson. Downes, in enumerating the pieces produced under Davenant's management, says:—"The tragedy of 'Hamlet,' Hamlet being performed by Mr. Betterton; Sir William (having seen Mr. Taylor, of the Black Fryers Company, act in it, who being instructed by the author, Mr. Shakespear) taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it." This was after Davenant had engaged Betterton and Kynaston to perform in his Company in consequence, it is to be presumed, of their success under Rhodes's management. Davenant would therefore naturally communicate to Betterton any knowledge he may have possessed of the traditions of the character, since he had a direct interest in Betterton's success in the part. This, then, is the slender basis upon which

rests the whole story about the "open-mouthed" Kynaston, and the rest of it. The description of the terrible times of the Civil War is more seriously misleading. "Between politics, perverse parties, the plague, and the Parliament," says Dr. Doran, "the condition of the actors fell from bad to worse." In proof of this he cites the "Dialogue between Cave of the Fortune and Reed of the Fryers." This dialogue, published early in 1641, simply deplores the loss of employment by the actors owing to an outbreak of the plague. One of the speakers, it is true, says that "monopolers are down, the Star Chamber is down," and so forth, and is apprehensive that such humble folks as actors may possibly be put down too, but this is mere speculation, and he says nothing of any actual connection between politics and the straits to which the players were reduced, while his companion is strongly of opinion that even his fears for the future are unfounded. Immediately afterwards Dr. Doran proceeds to say:—"At length arrived the fatal year, 1647, when, after some previous attempts to abolish the actors, the Parliament disbanded the army and suppressed the players." When the first ordinance of 1647 was put forth, the players had already been suppressed for more than five years, although it is true that at this time plays had "of late" "begun to come in again." It was, in fact, on the 2nd of September, 1642, that the order of the Lords and Commons went forth, prohibiting the acting of stage plays "owing to the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by civill warre." This edict, to which Dr. Doran does not once refer, was not only an "attempt" to suppress the players, but it meant absolute beggary to them. This is clearly shown in the curious little pamphlet entitled "The Actors' Remonstrance for the silencing of their profession and banishment from their several houses," published in the following year. In it, the author, supposed to be an actor, pleads in a humble tone for a more tolerant attitude on the part of the existing Government, and attributes to the closing of the theatres "the great impoverishment and utter undoing of ourselves, wives and children and dependants." Dr. Doran, having made no reference to the order of 1642, is driven to attribute the enlistment of the actors among the troops on the King's side to

the ordinances of 1647, when the civil war was nearly over, and Hart and others, according to Wright's "*Historia Histrionica*," had long been fighting against the Parliament. Nor is this all, for he places the ordinance of February, 1647, before that of October, 1647, because he fails to take account of the fact that the old year did not end until March. The consequence is that, having quoted the very stringent provisions of the former measure, he proceeds to dwell upon the supposed exceptional severity of the latter, and even upon the motives of those who passed it, merely because he thinks it superseded the other, the very opposite being the case. Had he consulted the October ordinance instead of quoting a brief account of it at second-hand from the *Perfect Weekly Account* he would have seen the groundlessness of his theory. The February ordinance was severe enough in all conscience without being succeeded by any more drastic measure. It may be imagined that in the case of a book with so little regard for accuracy, Mr. Lowe's painstaking and conscientious labours in verifying facts and figures must necessarily tend to shake the confidence of the reader in the author's narrative. Mr. Lowe, for instance, points out that Gosson's "*Short Treatise against Stage-Players*" was written in 1579, and not in 1587 as is here stated. Dr. Doran in giving the latter date was tempted to add that this was "while the Roman Catholics were deploring the death of Mary Stuart" and so forth, proceeding to enumerate the chief events of a time which turns out to have nothing to do with Gosson's book. Even this is less absurd than his mistake in saying that "the acting of Julius Cæsar by Hippisley and others as a comic piece was not a happy idea." Mr. Lowe has discovered an entry in Genest's *History* as follows: "Julius Cæsar; comic characters—Hippisley, &c.," which simply means of course that Hippisley and others played those characters in the tragedy which are usually entrusted to comic performers. The text adopted by Mr. Lowe is that of the first edition, which is fuller on the whole than that of the one-volume reprint, but this need not have prevented the inclusion of the very interesting play-bill given only in the latter, wherein a description is to be found of some performances by Kean during his career as a stroller in the Ball Room of the Munster Yard at York.

While Mr. Lowe's annotations to Dr. Doran will be acceptable

to all students of theatrical literature, the same writer's "Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature," also issued by Mr. Nimmo, will be still more serviceable. Mr. Lowe's aim has been to give a list of all books connected in any way with our theatres and theatrical performers, omitting Shakespeariana, as being too vast a subject and one already sufficiently dealt with elsewhere, and giving no plays except those which, like Colman the Younger's "Iron Chest," for instance, with its furious attack on Kemble for his acting, contain some matter of general interest beyond the mere text. It is obvious that a list of plays would of itself form a considerable work, and would, so far as old productions are concerned, be simply a repetition of "Biographia Dramatica," and Mr. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Old English Plays." It would be easy to find some slight omissions even with these limitations. Thus, in the entry to "Lee Lewes" should be added "Comic Sketches; or the Comedian his own Manager," 1804, and the speech of the Earl of Chesterfield against the bill for licensing dramatic performances, of which only a Dublin reprint of 1749 is mentioned, was published in London in a little tract called "The Miscellany for 1737," which also contains some severe remarks upon Colley Cibber and his precious son Theophilus. Mr. Albert Smith's "Natural History of the Ballet Girl," 1847, might also have been allowed a line among this author's works. Satirical works of this kind are of slight importance, but they have a certain interest in after times rather for what they imply than for any direct information they contain. However, it is extremely doubtful whether any serious omission has been made, and a comparison of some scores of titles and dates with actual title-pages has not resulted in the discovery of a single error. A stronger recommendation could hardly be given of a book which is the first of its kind, and the value of which depends so largely upon its accuracy. Much interesting information upon dramatic history is afforded by Mr. Lowe in his notes upon authors and actors, which are almost invariably judicious. He is rather unjust, however, to Gildon in describing the "Comparison between the Two Stages" as "a very coarse and indecent production." Gildon's book, so far from this, is particularly inoffensive for the age in which it was written. Throughout the whole of the two hundred pages of conversation upon plays and authors, of which it consists, there are probably

not six lines which would have to be retrenched if the volume had to be read aloud in the family circle at the present day. One could hardly say as much for most of the light literature of the reign of Queen Anne.

FREDK. MOY THOMAS.



Light and Shade of an Actress's Career.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

ONE moment 'midst the scenes of light, embodiment she seems
Of cheerfulness and ardour bright, with hopeful smiles she
beams ;

Yet, but one moment after, see the nymph deserted, left,
She weeps alone and silently, she feels of hope bereft.
One moment, tripping gaily through the mazes of the dance,
She bursts upon the ravished view with laughing, merry glance ;
Another moment, sad and worn, with downcast, tearful eye,
With breaking heart and stifled moan, the Actress passes by !

One moment she, a fairy sprite in elfin land, appears,
In shadowy robe of spotless white to charm the listening ears ;
Another moment simulates a dame of foreign climes ;
Another, and she backward dates to days of ancient times.
One moment dressed in lustrous sheen and decked with jewels rare,
She personates a haughty Queen, a high-born lady fair ;
Another moment and she begs her friends to show her grace,
The Actress clothes her wit in rags, instead of silk and lace.

Now bowed by sorrows and by fears, in mimic scenes of woe,
One moment she commands our tears with sympathy to flow ;
A moment—then exerts her pow'r to change those tears to smiles :
Thus on the stage she " frets her hour," and charms us with her wiles.

One moment, and with song so gay she will the heart delight,
 Reflect the "follies of the day" in faithful mirror bright :
 Another moment as a sage of wisdom doth appear,
 Each moment serving for an age in the actress's career.

Another moment, and again another change is wrought,
 She murmurs low a sad refrain, her mind appears distraught ;
 The tale she whispers now is one, tho' *old*, for ever *new*,
 It is the "old, old story" of the false love and the true !
 Of plighted vows forgotten, and of loving hearts betrayed—
 A moment—then she pauses, and—the sunshine follows shade :—
 Her manner changes with the scene, light-hearted now and gay
 The Actress is once more a queen—the Village "Queen of May!"

One moment "Joy" she represents, then "Hope" becomes her theme,
 Then "Madness," then again relents, to picture "Love's Young Dream!"
 Her fancy ever is to range, to conquer, to subdue,
 And with each fleeting moment change, chameleon-like, her hue.
 Thus "Joy," and "Grief," and "Hope," and "Fear," with art she
 doth adorn,

That art so cherished and so dear, straight from the Muses born :
 And so each rival passion fans, as though by classic grace
 Inspired, the Actress proudly stands, reflecting Nature's face.

One moment she aloft is borne, victorious in her pride,
 Reposing on a golden throne, the laurel by her side ;
 Another moment sees her fall beneath that gilded snare,
 The wreath which they did laurel call conceals the thorns of care.
 One moment, like the eagle proud, she wings her daring flight ;
 Encouraged by th' applauding crowd, she mounts the giddy height :
 Last moment still, she stands ALONE, the throng of flatterers gone,
 To worship at another shrine—the Actress is ALONE !



Mrs. Kendal's First Appearance on the London Stage.

IN a note to the Editor hurriedly written by me which appeared on page 234, I said Mrs. Kendal had appeared nearly two years prior to 26th Feb., 1855, when she appeared as "Jeannie (his blind sister)," at the Marylebone Theatre, on the first production of "The Seven Poor Travellers," a drama founded on Charles Dickens' Christmas Tale for 1854. I then wrote tentatively and without having access to my play bills to refresh my memory. As I was then somewhat in error I crave permission to make a correction, and at the same time to place some dates on record in the pages of *THE THEATRE* for future reference.

Miss Margaret (Madge) Robertson was born at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, on 15th March, 1849 (not 1848 as stated in Mr. Pascoe's Dramatic List). Her father, mother, and family (especially her elder brother Tom, who has left his mark on the dramatic literature of his time) were all in the profession, and were for years on the Lincolnshire Circuit. When their now celebrated daughter made her very first appearance on any stage (barring her advent at Great Grimsby) is probably unknown. Very likely she went on before she was weaned, "an infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," but as that would not be "a speaking part" it don't count. She once kindly informed me that her father left some note books, and they may register her earliest walking and talking part.

But these provincial and almost pre-historic appearances, if any, apart, when did Miss Robertson make her first appearance on the London stage? In October, 1853, the Theatre Royal, Marylebone, passed from the hands of E. T. Smith (who assumed the more national throne of Drury Lane) to those of Mr. James William Wallack, formerly of the Haymarket Company, who opened the house and the campaign with a new company. In the company was a Mrs. W. Robertson, from Liverpool, Mr. W. Robertson, a Master Robertson, and a Miss Robertson. The season opened 3rd October, 1853, with "A Cure for the Heartache," and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." The Christmas Pantomime was "King Ugly Mug, and my Lady Lee of Old London Bridge," but I cannot find the name of a little girl I am searching for in the playbill, although it is exceedingly probable she walked or rather toddled on among the fairies on that occasion. On the 20th February, 1854, Mr. Wallack produced a new grand romantic nautical drama in five parts by Edward Stirling, "The Struggle for Gold, and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea." It

was a version of a French piece, "La Prière des Naufragés," an Adelphi version of which had also been running called "The Thirst for Gold." Part First and Second, Period 1705. It was cast as follows:—

Carlos	(the Adventurer) ...	Mr. J. W. Wallack.
Ralph de Lascours	(Captain of the Urania)	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
Barabas... ..	(a Cabin Boy) ...	Mr. W. Shalders.
Jean Medoc	(Ship's Carpenter) Mr. Wallis.
Pierre Pacorne... ..	(the Armourer) ...	Mr. G. Tanner.
Grose Pasguin, Jose, Phillippe } Vivine, and Henri. }		Messrs. Marchant, Matthews, Laporte, and Smith.
Louise de Lascours ...	(the Captain's wife) ...	Mrs. J. W. Wallack.
Marie	(a Child) ...	Miss Robertson.

In this little part the little child, Madge Robertson, not then five years old, made her first appearance on the London stage in a speaking part, and with her name attached in the bill of the play. Her mother (Mrs. W. Robertson) played the small part of Madame de Bayard, who appears only in the third, fourth, and fifth parts of the drama. The scenic feature of the drama was "the FROZEN SEA, stupendous effect of the breaking-up of the ice, the child of the Lascours saved by the timely assistance of a DANISH VESSEL, which appears in FULL SAIL. N.B.—This scene will occupy the entire stage, and will constitute the most magnificent mechanical effect ever witnessed." The drama ran as a second piece (the first being, not an idiotic farce, as in these degenerate days, but a good substantial tragedy or play like "Ion," "Pizarro," "The Hunchback," or "The Stranger") from 20th February to 18th March, when it was suspended and recommenced again for a short time on 1st May. The Wallacks played from 20th February to 11th March, when their names are removed from the bill, and Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, and Miss Harriet Gordon, and afterwards Miss Markham substituted, and on 1st May I observe that Marie's character and Miss Robertson's name are dropped from the bill, probably from motives of economy and to lessen the printer's charges.

On Boxing Night, 1854, the Pantomime of "Fairy Norval on the Grampian Hills, or Lord Ullin's Daughter" was produced, but Miss Robertson's name does not appear in the list of characters. On Monday, 26th February, 1855, Mr. Wallack produced as a concluding piece the powerful drama of intense interest entitled "The Seven Poor Travellers." Ben Daoud, by Mr. W. Robertson; Countess, Mrs. W. Robertson; Johnny (the little man), by Master Robertson; Jeannie (his blind sister), by Miss Robertson. This drama was founded on Dickens' Christmas Number of "All the Year Round" for 1854, and it ran some time. On 26th December, 1856, the pantomime of "Tit, Tat, Toe, and the Fairy Elves of the Fourth Estate," by Francisco Frost, was produced. Among the little elves appears Small Pica, by Miss Robertson. So here we find Mrs. Kendal appearing as a little girl in a pantomime in the same way as we found Miss Ellen Terry had also figured in pantomime. On 20th April, 1857, a drama was put on the boards (Marylebone boards) called "Spare

the Rod, and Spoil the Child." Will and Mary Fondlove (the children of Mr. and Mrs. Fondlove) were played by Master and Miss Robertson.

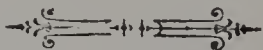
I am not able to carry the record farther, but so on after this the talented family left the Theatre of Portman Market, Church Street, Lisson Grove. I think it may be taken as almost beyond question that Mrs. Kendal's first appearance on the London stage was on the 20th February, 1854, as the Child, in "The Struggle for Gold, and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea."

The Theatre Royal, Marylebone (it seems to have picked up the Royal adjective, not earned it), has had a chequered existence, and many managers. It was built on the site of a former Portman Theatre by Mr. Loveridge, and opened on 13th November, 1837, and has been managed by Mr. Hyde, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Nelson Lee, Mr. Fox Cooper, John Douglass, Mrs. Warner, Mr. Walter Watts,* Mr. Edward Stirling, Mr. Joseph Stammers, E. T. Smith, George Bolton, J. W. Wallack, Henry Meadows, John Douglass (a second time), E. C. Seaman, Mr. Bigwood, Mr. Emery, E. F. Edgar, Mr. Elliston, Clarence Holt, J. H. Cave, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. E. Bodenham, Mr. A. Montgomery, and Mr. C. Lacy. The result to all those managers was the short word which playing Shakespeare used to spell, r-u-i-n, with the exception of Mr. Cave, who not only succeeded in paying his way, but also in making his way pay him. The fact was, the house, like a bad dog, had a bad name, and so H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was persuaded to go up to Portman Market, in October, 1868, and re-christen the house the Royal Alfred, and again it started afresh in the belief the change of name would change the luck. Mr. H. R. Lacey took the helm, which he dropped at the end of four months a sadder and more intelligent man, and Miss Henrade became the boss. She soon turned it up. Then a lot of managers succeeded which no man could number or name—among them, Mr. Worboys, C. Harcourt, G. Sidney, M. Giovanelli, C. Harcourt, Miss Nelson, J. H. Cave, Albert West, Alfred Loveridge, etc., etc., etc. It resumed its own old honest name about 1873. Time and space would fail me to tell of the many celebrated and uncelebrated actors and actresses who have trod its boards, but I ought to say that it boasts of possessing the longest stage of any theatre in London, which is very praiseworthy and creditable to the Marylebone, especially as about twelve other London theatres all make the same boast, and almost all with the same amount of truth.

* Respecting Mr. Walter Watts there is a tragical story which bears its own lesson. Mr. Watts was a clerk in the Globe Insurance Office, and filled up his leisure hours by running a theatre. He kept a choice villa in Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, and had a lady actress to assist him in running that. One day a cheque with forged signatures was discovered in his temporary absence at the office, and in a short time he was standing at the Old Bailey, in that terrible iron spiked compartment with subterranean stairs in its floor, where many unhappy wretches have stood before and since. Mr. Alexander Cockburn was his counsel, and did his best to clear him from the imputation that he had stolen and forged away £30,000, but it was unavailing. Twelve gentlemen, sitting in another and more comfortable compartment, declined to believe the story of the future Lord Chief Justice of England, and Mr. Walter Watts was sentenced to 10 years' transportation. He was passing the time in Newgate waiting for a ship to convey himself and other involuntary emigrants to Tasmania, when one beautiful day in July the warden went into his small apartment and found Mr. Walter Watts suspended from the iron work of his window, dead, dead. Mr. Walter Watts had resigned the management of the unlucky Marylebone to take the management of a theatre more unlucky and ill-starred still—the unfortunate, the doomed Olympic. Unfortunate as the managers generally of these houses have been, Mr. Walter Watts' career was the most unfortunate, tragical, and dramatic.

I visited the Marylebone Theatre in September, 1885, and saw Boucicault's celebrated drama of "The Shaughraun." The principal character, Conn, was then played by Mr. Charles Sennett, and played by him with vigour, dash, and thorough characterisation. On looking at the bill of 20th February, 1854, I find the same Mr. Charles Sennett playing the part of Horace de Brionne (a French gentleman) in "The Struggle for Gold," on the same boards in Church Street, Edgware Road, with little Miss Robertson, and playing leading characters even then. That is thirty-three years ago, and Mr. Sennett has seen more than sixty winters. How strange are the freaks of fortune. Probably all those whose names are on that bill of February, 1854, are dead, Mr. Charles Sennett and Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal) alone excepted. Mr. Sennett plays the same parts he has played all through one-third of a century, and still shines in a suburban hemisphere—probably unheard of beyond its tiny limits—while the little girl has become probably the very foremost exponent of her art in the three kingdoms—respected, admired, beloved, more than any of her sister artistes, honoured not only by her Sovereign in her seclusion, but by the "love, honour, and obedience of troops of friends."

GEO. TAWSE.



Our Musical-Box.

The most interesting musical event of the past month, beyond all question, was the production of Richard Wagner's symphony, for the first time in this country, by Mr. George Henschel, at one of the excellent concerts given under that accomplished musician's direction at St. James's Hall. As the work in question is the only one of its kind composed by the great Saxon master, and as the Wagnerian clique in London is strong in numbers, enthusiastic, and well-to-do, it might have fairly been anticipated that the fashionable concert-room would have been thronged to inconvenience on the occasion in question. I may confess that I, despite my deeply-rooted distrust of the so-called "musical public," cherished a fond delusion to that effect, although the sparse attendance at the first concert of Mr. Henschel's series should have warned me not to expect much liberality of support to really meritorious enterprise of that class from metropolitan *dilettanti* during the "off" season. At a time of year when it is "the thing" to frequent musical performances, society would have besieged the purlieus of St. James's Hall in order to gain a hearing of so important a novelty as an unique Wagnerian symphony. In November, London's four millions odd could not furnish the small number of music-lovers requisite to fill Mr. Henschel's stalls and balconies, which—as on the previous evening, during an exceptionally attractive "Monday Pop"—displayed long and lamentable solutions of continuity, as far as their occupants were concerned.

Considering that the symphony was composed by a lad of nineteen, whose nature was wholly impregnated for the time being with Beethovenism, it may safely be pronounced as remarkable a work as any of its class created during the past half-century. It abounds with clever imitations—not servile copies—of a great model, but is also replete with invention and contrivance. It was in Wagner's nature to be prolix, and to repeat himself with frequency prepense whenever he deemed it necessary to insist upon the super-excellence of his musical notions. Hence the tiresomeness of certain parts of his symphony—a tiresomeness which is by no means absent from his riper works. But the inborn genius of the man reveals itself over and over again in each successive movement—here in the shape of a beautiful theme, there in a strikingly picturesque orchestral effect; again in a superb contrapuntal exercise, and again in a novel combination of instruments. Two of the movements, the *andante* and *scherzo*, are strong enough to have been written by Beethoven in his youth; two, the *allegro*

and the *finale*, are comparatively weak and crude, though relieved here and there from dulness by fine ideas and bright episodes. On the whole, the work is one which deserves more than one attentive hearing from every cultivated musician, but which will never, in my humble opinion, achieve popularity in England or Germany. It was admirably conducted by Mr. Henschel, and no less excellently rendered by his well-balanced orchestra. The shilling element in the audience listened to it greedily and applauded judiciously. No more meritorious artistic success than the performance of Wagner's symphony is likely to be recorded throughout the musical season to come; but it is fortunate for the director of the London Symphony Concerts that the finances of his *impresa* are not dependent upon the patronage of the wealthier classes of English society, for they steadfastly continue to withhold their pecuniary support from this eminently deserving undertaking.

A really pleasant musical incident, enlivening at least one gloomy afternoon of the dimmest of months, was Jeanne Douste's Pianoforte Recital, which took place at Prince's Hall, before a numerous and appreciative audience. The pretty, graceful child executed a long and difficult programme with the incomparable ease and accuracy, musical intelligence and artistic taste that have won her the foremost place amongst juvenile female pianists of the day. Her reading of the Moonlight Sonata was particularly fine—tender and impressive in the *adagio sostenuto*, crisp and feathery in the *allegretto*, stormy and fiery in the impetuous *presto agitato*. Little Jeanne's astounding tricks of technique were exhibited to extraordinary advantage in two compositions the intricacy of which imposes a severe trial upon the supplest of fingers—Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol," and Chopin's *prestissimo* study in E minor. With the delightful simplicity of style exacted from executants by the earlier eighteenth-century compositions, she played several charming trifles by J. S. Bach, Grétry, Scarlatti, and Rameau, as well as Mozart's quaint and extremely difficult Gigue; a Mendelssohn Scherzo, Schumann's "Einsame Blumen," Chopin's gigantic A flat Polonaise, and two MS. works of striking merit, a Barcarolle by Emil Bach, and a Gavotte by Francesco Berger, completed the tale of her deft and dainty feats, one and all of which were hailed with enthusiastic plaudits by her delighted hearers, amongst whom I noticed many of London's leading musical critics and amateur pianists. I understand that Jeanne Douste and her no less remarkably gifted sister Louise have made arrangements to remain in England throughout the winter and the ensuing fashionable season. It is to be hoped that they will be frequently heard in public as well as private, for their playing is as satisfactory to the intelligence as it is gratifying to the ear. To many hundreds of our drawing-room *dilettanti* a course of sedulous listening to the fairy-like sisters, when jointly or separately interpreting well-known P. F. works of the romantic school, could scarcely fail to be of inestimable value; for these young ladies have not only attained perfection in the manipulation of the keyboard, but a high degree of interpretative intellectuality.

London has seen the last of Adelina Patti for at least a year to come. On the 6th of December she took farewell of her metropolitan friends and admirers, to the number of several thousands, at a concert of excellent quality given by Mr. Kuhe in the huge Albert Hall, on that occasion brilliantly illuminated for the first time with electric light. The *coup d'œil* presented by the vast rotunda, crowded in every part with well-dressed spectators—the female element conspicuously predominating in the more expensive places—was really a magnificent one. To my mind, the only merit of the Albert Hall is its size, which bad lighting has hitherto failed to show off—for it is hideously decorated, horribly draughty, as bad as bad can be from the acoustic point of view, and peculiarly unpleasant to get to or away from on wheels; in fact, a gigantic failure, in which the inexpugnable unpracticality of the English nation finds gigantic and convincing expression. But it *is* big; and the new system of lighting displays its imposing size with striking effect. A great throng of people, too, is always an impressive sight, and, when Madame Nicolini made her *adieux* the other night, there must have been between six and seven thousand persons gathered together in the building.

She sang as she has always sung whenever I have been privileged to hear her—that is to say, inimitably. The rich quality of her voice is unimpaired; her intonation is as pure, her flexibility and splendour of “attack” as marvellous, as of yore. Nothing could be more superb than the *désinvolture* with which she rendered the *bravura* passages of the florid *arie* from “Lucia” and “I Puritani”—nothing more touching than her delivery of the simple old ditty, “Home, sweet Home,” or of Mattei’s *chanson d’occasion*, “Kiss and Good-bye.” Need I say that she was called again and again—that ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats enthusiastically in farewell greeting to the pet of the public on the eve of her departure for a transatlantic tour, at the close of which, a twelvemonth hence, she will return to this country with fifty thousand pounds added to her already considerable fortune! As her talent is unique, so is its reward. What statesman’s, scientist’s, soldier’s services to mankind have ever yet been recompensed at the rate of £50,000 a year? On the other hand, what statesman, scientist, or soldier, ever gave so much perfect pleasure to so large a number of human beings as has been given by the superlative singing of Adelina Patti? *Suum cuique tribuito*. I may add that Mr. Kuhe’s concert was an interesting one, apart from its paramount attraction. Trebelli, Santley, and Lloyd sang their best, which is bad to beat; Marianne Eissler played Sarasate’s fantastic “Zigeunerweisen” with excellent taste, and Mr. Leo Stern displayed a rare mastery of that most sympathetic of stringed instruments, the violoncello.

Emma Nevada’s starring tour in Portugal has been an unbroken tale of artistic successes. At Lisbon she was engaged by the San Carlos impresario, Senhor Valdez, for ten performances, at all of which the King, Queen, and Court were present, the house being crowded upon each

occasion, and when I last heard from her she had just renewed her engagement until the middle of December. The Lisbon papers teem with enthusiastic accounts of her "triumphs" in the parts of Amina, Gilda, and Violetta. Her own account of "life in the Portuguese capital" is so graphic and vivacious that, at the risk of being reproached with indiscretion by the bright little lady when next we meet, I cannot resist the temptation of reproducing a few passages from a letter of her inditing.

"Lisbon certainly 'takes the cake' for rain, quantity and quality of cats, and women with moustachios. If you want to know the characteristics of Lisbon, *les voilà!* It rains here all day and night, without even stopping to take breath; and if, by mistake, the sun does happen to peep out for a moment at nine o'clock in the morning, he gets such a smack in the eye from the rain that he vanishes in consternation, and never shows his face again all day. All the sunshine, all the life of Lisbon, is in the San Carlos theatre. Thither, whenever there is any attraction, everybody goes, whether he can conveniently pay for his seat or not. And when they are pleased, they do everything but pull down the house.

"Every house in Lisbon harbours from three to ten cats—fine, strong animals—that live quite *sans cérémonie* with the family. A few years ago there was a very rich gentleman, residing near the San Carlos theatre, who was the owner of *eighty* cats, which he adored. These precious animals had free entrance to the stage of the San Carlos, and, whenever there was a *prima donna* engaged whose voice and method did not suit them, they set up such a howling from the wings and flies that the singer got jealous and quitted the theatre. When this good man (the owner of the cats) died, he left half of his immense fortune to these eighty cats. They were, consequently, nourished and taken care of, and 'went and multiplied,' as the Bible tells us to do. This circumstance accounts for the number of cats in Lisbon. The stage-manager of the San Carlos says from time to time, 'It is a very curious fact that we never see any mice in the theatre!' (Eighty cats!!) He is a calm, observant man; but I don't seem to feel that he has a keen sense of humour."

I hear with great pleasure that one of our most graceful and scholarly musical composers, Mr. Hamilton Clarke, is likely to become known ere long to the Viennese public, by whom his delicate fancy, melodious inspirations, and remarkable power of description in sound, are likely to be more keenly appreciated than they have hitherto been in this country. Mr. Vert, the well-known impresario—himself a ripe musician—has volunteered to take over two or three of Mr. Clarke's orchestral scores to the Kaiserstadt, and submit them to Dr. Hans Richter, with a view to their performance in the course of the winter season at one or more of the inimitable concerts given by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. I trust that one of the works entrusted to Mr. Vert is the overture to "Hamlet," a noble and poetical composition which was to have been produced last

year by the Philharmonic Society, but, for some unexplained reason, failed to obtain a hearing. In Germany, this overture could not fail to establish Mr. Clarke's renown as a learned and genial writer of dramatic music. He has lately published a string quartet, which is dedicated to Madame Neruda, and will be heard one of these days at a Monday or Saturday Pop. As I am assured, Mr. Arthur Chappell thinks very highly of it, and, should he decide upon bringing it out, our gifted fellow-countryman will find himself, to the best of my knowledge, in the enviable position of being the first English composer who has contributed a string quartet to the *répertoire* of the Popular Concerts. As a matter of fact, few Englishmen have taken the trouble to compose works of this particular description. Macfarren, I believe, wrote more than one, but I do not remember that any of his quatuors have been played under Arthur Chappell's auspices.

It appears that Carl Rosa has lately declined the offer of an English opera, the joint work of Miss Graves (the author of "Nitocris II.") and Hamilton Clarke, his ground of refusal being the Egyptian *scenario*, which he deems unattractive and uninteresting to the general public, even in the case of "Aïda." I have often wondered why the enterprising Director-in-Chief of the Carl Rosa Company has not confided one of the many libretti in his possession to Mr. Clarke, with a commission to set it to music. With his flow of melody, aptitude in orchestration, keen dramatic instinct and thorough knowledge of stage requirements, Mr. Clarke's musical vocation, it seems to me, should be the composition of operas *avant tout*, and it would be but fair to English music-lovers, as well to himself, to afford him an opportunity of showing what he is capable of in a line of work for the pursuit of which he has undergone exceptional training. We shall hear of Mr. Clarke, however, in another direction presently—that is to say, in connection with a literary venture. He has, as I understand, written a series of short stories, each of which has a musician for its hero and is pervaded by a strong love-interest. In this work, which will shortly be published, Mr. Clarke's comprehensive experiences in the musical profession are utilised to illustrate the blind God's influence upon the composer and executant alike. Amongst his leading personages figure orchestral conductors and instrumental drudges, gay military bandsmen and humble chorus-girls, haughty operatic *prime donne* and meek cathedral choristers. If "that which he hath done" may be received as "earnest of the things which he shall do," matter of much interest will be contained in Mr. Clarke's forthcoming volume; for I remember that a novel from his pen, entitled "Saved by a Smile," and published about a year ago by Messrs. Vizetelly, abounded in powerful situations and was remarkably well written throughout.

The Westminster Orchestral Society has issued an interesting report of its proceedings during the second year of its existence, calling attention to the marked progress achieved by its executant members in effectiveness of *ensemble* playing during the musical season of 1886-87. The reality of this progress has already been cordially acknowledged by the musi-

cal editors of the leading London journals, who have recorded their opinion that the association is destined to take a high rank among the amateur musical institutions of this metropolis. Its concerts have presented several especially attractive features, amongst others the re-production last February of Sir Arthur Sullivan's concerto in D for violoncello and orchestra, a work of that delightful composer's youth, which had been brought forward at the Cryst alPalace, by Piatti, in 1866, and since that time had not been performed in public. It is extremely to the credit of an association barely two years old, and composed almost exclusively of amateurs, that in the course of its second season its orchestra should have given eminently satisfactory renderings of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, concertos by Barnett, Macfarren, and Sullivan, overtures by Rossini (5), Auber (3), Sullivan (2), Beethoven (2), Schubert, Nicolai, Spohr, Donizetti, Mozart, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, and Macpherson, and several other concerted works of considerable musical importance. In the above performances no fewer than sixty-eight working or "orchestral" members of the society took part, a fact to which the honorary secretary of the council, Mr. Algernon Rose, refers with justifiable pride. The financial situation of the association is significant of its material prosperity, and should it secure the public support which it unquestionably deserves, a long, brilliant, and, above all, useful career is before it. Every earnest English musician and music-lover must wish it well.

CLAVICHORD.



Our Play-Box.

"EVADNE."

Tragedy, in five acts. [By RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

Revived, at the St. James's Theatre, Saturday afternoon, November 19, 1887.

The King of Naples	Mr. C. M. YORK.	Spalatro	Mr. E. W. THOMAS.
Ludovico	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Servant	Mr. DRUCE.
Vicentio	Mr FORBES DAWSON.	Olivia	Miss GRACE ARNOLD.
Officer	Mr. H. FERRAND.	Evadne	Mrs. C. MARSHAM RAE.
Colonna	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.		

When originally produced at Covent Garden, February 10, 1819, Macready was the Ludovico; C. Kemble, Vicentio; Young, Colonna; Abbot, King of Naples; Connor, Spalatro; Miss O'Neill, Evadne; and Mrs. Faucit, Olivia. The play ran thirty nights, Macready and Miss O'Neil enhancing their reputation in their respective characters. It has since been revived by Phelps in 1845, at Sadler's Wells.

Mrs. C. Marsham Rae, who had achieved a certain amount of success for a *débutante* in "The Witch," should have gained considerably more experience before attempting the part of "Evadne," which would tax the powers of any actress of admitted histrionic reputation. In the last act Mrs. Rae exhibited dignity, but the rest of her performance, from the power required, in her hands became hysterical. Mr. Lewis Waller's Ludovico was carefully thought out, and reflected much credit on him.

Mr. Henry Neville was a good representative of the proud and headstrong Colonna. "Evadne" is a play that will in all probability not be seen again, and I have, therefore, thought it would be interesting to give the cast as a matter of record.

"THE CIRCASSIAN."

Fantastic Comedy," in three acts, adapted from "Le Voyage en Caucase" of EMILE BLAVET and FABRICE CARRE.

First produced at the Criterion Theatre, November 19, 1887.

Mr. Townley Snell	Mr. DAVID JAMES	Lara	Miss ANNIE HUGHES
Mr. Hopper	Mr. WM. BLAKELEY	Troika	Miss F. MOORE
Frank Hopper	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH	Mary	Miss C. VINING
Schamyl...	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS	Jane...	Miss M. SCARLETT
John	Mr. C. EDMONDS	Kadouja...	Miss F. FOLLIOTT PAGET
Mrs. Townley Snell	Mrs. E. PHELPS					

Some considerable time ago, we were told that "The Circassian" was to be produced by Mr. Charles Wyndham, and rumours to that effect frequently cropped up, but the piece never was in the bills till the abovementioned date, and seeing how thoroughly it failed, I can quite understand its being kept back by Mr. Wyndham. The adaptor on the programme is given as F. W. Broughton, but from what I gather from him, he had little more to do with it than to furbish up and do the best he could with an existing MS. The first act was very funny indeed. Mr. Townley Snell poses as a great traveller and successful writer under false pretences. He has published, under his own name, a work which has fallen into his hands. The nephew of the real author discovers this, and with a view to expose him, appears at his house as Schamyl, putting Snell into agonies of fear, lest he should be disgraced before his wife and daughter. The idea of the nephew disguising himself as the great warrior and prophet is humorous, but when it comes to his landlady and his friends also appearing as Caucasians, and Snell and his wife even dressing up in Eastern costumes, the idea is carried too far. I have only given the cast and referred to the play in consequence of it having been so much spoken of in the past, and expectation consequently raised to a high pitch. Mr. James could make but little of Snell. Mr. George Giddens was very amusing as Schamyl. Mr. Sydney Brough gave a remarkably clever and original impersonation of a "Verdant Green" young gentleman, and Miss Annie Hughes was very charming and natural. The rest of the cast exerted themselves to the utmost, and it was no-one of the actors' fault that the "Circassian" was a failure.

"THE WOMAN-HATER."

Original farce in three acts, by David Lloyd.

First produced at the Newcastle Theatre Royal, Sept. 2nd., 1887. Played in London for the first time Dec. 1st., 1887, at Terry's Theatre.

Mr. Samuel Bundy	MR. EDWARD TERRY.	Servant	Mr. W. CHANDLER.
Mr. Dobbins	...	Mrs. Walton...	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Tom Ripley	...	Mrs. Joy	Miss CLARA COWPER.
Doctor Lane	...	Miss Alice Lane	Miss FLORENCE SUTHERLAND.
Hawkins	...	MR. T. P. HAYNES,			

Though it is principally on Mr. Terry's shoulders that falls the pleasant burden of amusing the audience, the author has made all

his characters entertaining ones. Mr. Samuel Bundy, professedly a mysogynist, in reality adores the fair sex so much that he has for years been contemplating matrimony and in imagination has taken countless wedding trips. At length he declares his passion for Mrs. Joy and is accepted. In confiding this to Mrs. Walton she takes his mode of imparting the intelligence as a proposal to herself, and almost immediately he receives a letter from a Mrs. Brewster, consenting to become his wife, he having corresponded with and proposed to her some months before. In despair at this accumulation of prospective wives, he hides himself from them all for a time; but at length, determined to brave the worst, he returns and weds Mrs. Joy. They are about to start on their wedding trip, when Bundy is carried off to a mad-house in mistake for Mr. Dobbins, who has also fallen a victim to the charms of Mrs. Brewster, and whose strange conduct and melancholy behaviour have induced his sister, Mrs. Walton, to confide him to the care of Dr. Lane. Here Alice Lane, the doctor's daughter and Bundy, and Mr. Dobbins, who calls to consult the doctor, all take each other for lunatics, but at length explanations are given, the mistake cleared up, and Bundy's sanity vouched for by Tom Ripley on the condition that his guardian (Bundy) consents to his marriage with Alice. Mr. Terry was extremely funny, and in the mad-house scene more particularly convulsed his audience. Mr. Alfred Bishop gave a capital sketch of the fashionable consulting physician. Miss Clara Cooper was very charming as the fascinating Mrs. Joy, and Miss Florence Sutherland played the part of a very sweet and attractive young girl most naturally. "The Woman-Hater" was received with every mark of approval. Mr. Pemberton's well written domestic drama, "Off Duty," preceded the farce. Mr. Lionel Brough in it resumed his original character of Sergeant Bloss with a rugged yet pathetic truth to nature that gained him the heartiest applause.

"TWO ROSES."

Comedy in three acts, by JAMES OLBERY.

Originally produced June 4th, 1870. Latest Revival, December 7th, 1887, Criterion.

Digby Grant, Esq....	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.	Servant	Mr. J. R. SHERMAN.
Caleb Deecie	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Our Mrs. Jenkins	Mrs. E. PHELPS.
Jack Wyatt	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Lotty... ..	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Our Mr. Jenkins	Mr. DAVID JAMES	Ida	Miss MAUD MILLETT.
Mr. Furnival... ..	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.	Mrs. Cups	Miss EMILY VINING.

What playgoer is there that has not seen "Two Roses," either during the run of its original production or one of its revivals, or at an amateur performance? Who is there that does not know how superbly Mr. Henry Irving played Digby Grant, and how well Mr. David James succeeded Mr. George Honey as Our Mr. Jenkins? The piece was received with such favour at the Criterion lately that I think it will be interesting to give the full cast, as I have no doubt after what I trust will be a successful run there, it will be put on the shelf again, again to be brought out at some future date, and then many will like to refer back and see who were last in it. I do not



MISS MAUDE MILLETT and MISS ANNIE HUGHES ("Two Roses").

"... unite the White Rose and the Red."

RICHARD III, v, 4.

think Mr. Farren quite hit off Digby Grant: there was too much *bonhommie* about him. He gave me the idea of a gentleman in mind as well as in manners, though from him the character could not but be amusing. Mr. George Giddens' reading of the blind Caleb Deecie was original and most artistic, and young Mr. Sydney Brough has risen another step on the ladder by his manly and genial rendering of Jack Wyatt. The generous-hearted "traveller," Our Mr. Jenkins, renewed Mr. David James's former triumphs in the same character, and Mr. W. Blakeley was a clever Mr. Furnival, though in quite a different vein to his usual manner. Miss Annie Hughes and Miss Maud Millett were two very lovely "Roses," and, though both exquisitely girlish, made the two parts distinct types of ingenuous acting. Mr. William Duck, I think, did wisely in so soon withdrawing "The Circassian" and substituting Mr. Albery's delightful comedy.

“SIBERIA.”

Original Melodrama in six acts. By BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

First produced in this country at the Princess's Theatre, Wednesday, December 14th, 1887.

Nickolai Neigoff	Mr. J. BARNES.	Secretary	Mr. MARCHANT.
Jaracoff	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Lieut. Prudoff	Mr. T. C. DWYER.
Sparta (a Spy)	Mr. JAMES. A. MEADE.	Koskoff	Mr. L. ERNEST.
Trotsky... ..	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Peter Christovitch	Mr. SACKVILLE WEST.
Ivan... ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Military Secretary	Mr. A. WHITEHEAD.
Count Stanislaus	Mr. EDWIN CLEARY,	Marie	Miss MARY RORKE.
Lieut Smailoff	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Vera... ..	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
Governor-General	Mr. A. R. HODGSON.	Phedora	Miss BERTIE WILLIS.
David Janoski	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.	Drovna	Miss ALICE CHANDOS
Priest	Mr. S. HENRY.	Princess... ..	Miss ALICE GIRLING
Landlord	Mr. WILTON PAYNE.	Marka	Miss DAVIS WEBSTER.
Poluski	Mr. PHILIP DARWIN.	Simka	Miss MARY LOVELL.
Nordovitch	Mr. THOMAS FOSTER.	Leffrel	Miss KIRWIN.
Portoff	Mr. E. LEICESTER.	Sara... ..	Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE

For the past six years, ever since its first production at San Francisco, we are told that this play has been grateful to American audiences, and that the dramatic rights pertaining to it realised a goodly sum when they were parted with in consequence of the author's most unhappy illness. Yet on seeing it I can hardly understand what has made it so successful, except that every act concludes with a strong situation. But the action of the play is tardy, the interest often dwindles away to be suddenly revived, and comic scenes are introduced which disturb the sympathy brought into existence for the sufferings of the principal characters. Jaracoff, the Governor of a town in Southern Russia, is a libertine. He endeavours to force a kiss from a market woman, and is struck down by Ivan, in love with Marie, a beautiful young girl, daughter of the Jew, David Janoski. In the next act Jaracoff determines to possess himself of Marie, with whom he is smitten, and so his servile follower, Sparta, raises an outcry against the Hebrews amongst the populace, who burn the Jewish quarter, and Marie is carried off and her father beaten to death. Sara, her sister, follows her to the palace, where she finds that the poor hunted girl has lost her reason, and, driven to desperation, she stabs the Governor. As he falls he accuses her of

being a Nihilist. For this she is condemned to Siberia, and the most impressive scene is that of her departure with many other unfortunate creatures for their long journey to the mines. The cruelty and abuse of power exhibited by the officer commanding the station in Siberia drives the prisoners to revolt. They are successful in overcoming the guards, and Nicolai Neigoff, Sara's lover, who has entered the Russian military service, followed her, and planned this plot, escapes with her and her servant, Trolsky, a harmless, would-be philosophic creature, who, with his sweetheart, Vera, furnish the comic element. Finally the sisters with their lovers reach Odessa, when, just as they are on the point of sailing for America, Jaracoff is going to have them all re-arrested. But providence watches over them in the shape of the Governor-General, who, disguised, has been a witness to Jaracoff's brutality, and allows them to depart. I think that if the play does not find continued favour it will not be from any fault in the acting. Miss Grace Hawthorne was very pleasing, and did as much with the character of Sara as anyone could do perhaps. Miss Mary Rorke played with much tenderness. Mr. J. H. Barnes was vigorous and manly, and Mr. Forbes Dawson chivalrous and spirited, Mr. De Solla dignified as the persecuted Hebrew, and Miss Cicely Richards and Mr. Harry Parker amusing with the comic matter at their disposal. Mr. James A. Meade, a good sound actor, made capital of his part, and Mr. Edwin Cleary and Miss Bertie Willis effectively represented the nobility of the characters of Count Stanislaus and his wife Phedora. "Siberia" was well received on the opening night, and the actors "called" at the end of each act. The scenery was good and the piece well mounted.

CECIL HOWARD.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND "LA TOSCA."

Le Baron Scarpia	M. BERTON	Ceccho... ..	M. GASPARD
Mario Caravadossi	M. DUMENY	Colometti	M. JEGU
Cesare Angelotti	M. ROSNY	Général Frölich ..	M. CARTEREAU
Le Marquis Attavanti	M. FRANCES	Le Procureur Fiscal...	M. SAMSON
Eusèbe	M. LACROIX	Un Sergent... ..	M. BESSON
Spoletta	M. BOUYER	Un Iluissier	M. DUMONT
Vicomte de Trévilhac	M. VIOLET	Floria Tosca	Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT
Capreola	M. JOLIET	Reine Marie-Caroline	Mme. BAUCHE
Trivulce	M. DESCHAMPS	Princesse Orlonia ...	Mdlle. AUGE
Shiarone	M. PIRON	Gennarino	Mdlle. SEYLDOR
Le Prince d'Aragon	M. DELISLE	Luciana	Mdlle. MARIE DURAND
Paisiello	M. MALLET	Scafarelli	Mdlle. FORTIN

Since the enormous success of "Fédora," Sarah Bernhardt's first nights at the Porte-St.-Martin have assumed the dimensions of international events. It is not too much to say that the production of "La Tosca" has been as widely known and commented upon as, say, an ordinary change of French Ministry, not only the theatrical Press but the daily newspapers of Europe and America having vied with each other in the promptitude and fulness of their reports upon the subject. The truth is that the great actress no longer belongs to Paris, but to the world. Whenever she has herself measured for a new play by her *fournisseur attitré*, Victorien Sardou, we know, as a

matter of fact, that equally with Paris ; London, New York, and perhaps even Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, are comprised in her plan of campaign, and that in her performance she will consult the taste of both the Old World and the New. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind when we come to judge of "La Tosca." It is an important factor in the problem that Sardou has to solve when he sits down to write a play for Madame Sarah. Let us see exactly how the case stands. The international public to whom the distinguished *tragédienne* appeals care nothing for what is known as *ensemble* in a play, or scenery, or the canons of art, if any such now exist ; to no consideration, indeed, that might be supposed to weigh with the public of the Comédie Française or the Lyceum are these star worshippers amenable. They rush after the actress exclusively, and are never so delighted as when they see her plunging about the stage in a paroxysm of passion, jealousy, hatred, or despair, such as she alone can portray. Consequently, when Madame Sarah Bernhardt starts upon a tour, which is really a scamper over the two hemispheres, she burdens herself with no such impedimenta as Mr. Irving carries to New York. She travels without scenery, trusting to be able to rig up something handy in the theatre where she may happen to be, and her company are necessarily few and unimportant, their chief function being to provide her with cues, or, in the slang of the French stage, *lui donner la réplique*. If, therefore, Sardou wrote a play on ordinary lines it would, by no means, suit the actress's purpose. He is bound to confine his action practically to one part, and to group the others at a respectful distance, like planets circling round a central luminary. All this the London public have learnt for themselves in the case of "Fédora" and "Théodora ;" in "La Tosca," Sardou, as a manufacturer of one-part plays, has surpassed himself.

I am not going to say that "La Tosca" is a fine sample of dramatic literature, or that, from the artistic point of view, it is a credit either to its author or its principal exponent. It is neither of these things. It is a clever piece of workmanship, designed for a purpose which I assume to be nothing higher than money-making. Sarcey, the critic of *Le Temps*, has condemned this play more in sorrow than in anger, as *la fin de tout art, et la mort du théâtre*. So it is, very likely, but to nobody, I take it, is that truth better known than to Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt themselves. And if two clever people choose to turn their faculties to account, in the way of money-making exclusively, who is to say them nay? Money is a great power in the world—a greater power than art. There was a time when this was not so. The pre-Raphaelite painters, I dare say—I mean the real men, not the Holman Hunt brotherhood—cared very little for money. In the thirteenth century an artist's wants were few. But if Titian had lived in these days, who knows but that he would have sold his talent to some eminent soap-boiler for what it would fetch,

as one or two of our own A.R.A.'s are said to have done? We moderns try to cling to the ideal of "art for art's sake," but we do not always succeed. "Art for money's sake" would be the motto of a great many distinguished people now-a-days if they were perfectly honest with themselves. Now, Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt have frankly recognised the importance of money-making, and have not hesitated to devote themselves to that object, throwing purely artistic considerations to the winds. To my mind, at least, that is the explanation of "La Tosca"; and I fancy I see Sardou's shrewd, sallow face lighted up with a sardonic smile as he reads the jeremiads of his artistic-minded critics over this latest product of his pen. Dramatic art, he feels, may be trusted to take care of itself; it is not his mission to watch over it and to sacrifice himself to its interests. So with acting from Sarah Bernhardt's point of view. "Let those dry-nurse it who will," she seems to say, "I live for myself." It is impossible to cope with personal arguments of this kind. We can only bow our heads, and accept them. Personally I think that to some extent we may say *talent oblige* no less than *noblesse*. At the same time, there is no shutting one's eyes to the cleverness of Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt, however much it may be misapplied. Viewed as a one-part play, wherein the actress may exhibit in turn all the most characteristic aspects of her genius, "La Tosca" is really a wonderful piece of mechanism; and there is probably no author, alive or dead, who could so deftly have acquitted himself of his task as Sardou.

The play contains a brilliant spectacle that taxes all the scenic resources of the Porte-St.-Martin. I refer to the grand *fête* in the Farnese Palace where La Tosca is called in to sing. But this is designed merely to captivate the eye of the Paris public, a Parisian triumph being one of the conditions of a successful campaign by Sarah Bernhardt among the "outer barbarians." On tour, the entire scene may be enacted by a handful of "supers," since the actress will herself be the centre of attraction, and generally, it may be remarked as a peculiarity of "La Tosca," that the story can be cut down to its bare poles without the effectiveness of the leading part being seriously endangered. How important a consideration this is in Sarah Bernhardt's eyes will be realised by those who have had an opportunity of comparing her mangled touring version of "Théodora" with that play as originally performed at the Porte-St.-Martin. Sardou has learnt by experience what Sarah's touring means. In "La Tosca" he has given her a play that she can cut and chop about as she pleases; it may be made to fit all stages, and be played by companies of any size or capacity, provided always the leading part remains in Sarah Bernhardt's hands. Who will deny this is a triumph of construction? Incredible as it may seem also the part of La Tosca, although filling five acts, is not physically a heavy one, in which respect it compares favourably with "Théodora." It is largely pantomimic, the action being carried on less by speeches than by the attitudes and gestures

of the actress. It would be easy to multiply examples of this, but one will suffice—the terrible torture scene which on the occasion of the *première* thrilled the public with horror, and even provoked their audible protests.

The first two acts are “exposition,” devoted to arousing La Tosca’s jealousy of her lover Cavaradossi. Scarpia, the chief of police, fans La Tosca’s suspicions for his own ends, which are the discovery and capture of a political refugee, Cavaradossi’s *protégé*; and the jealous woman, falling into the snare, tracks her lover and his friend to their hiding-place with the police at her heels. Now comes what is called the terror scene of the play. The refugee being hidden, Cavaradossi is seized by the police, carried into an adjoining room, whence his cries and groans can be heard, and subjected to the torture of the steel cap. It is hoped, by that means, to extort a confession of the fugitive’s whereabouts, not from Cavaradossi, but from his mistress La Tosca, who holds the stage. The painter is obdurate. “Insistez,” says Scarpia to his men, as the attempts of the torturers continue to be fruitless. Insisting in this instance means a fresh turn of the screw, which is driving the points of the steel cap into the scalp of the wretched man. During this scene the actress is, by turns, indignant, supplicating, fierce, hysterical, tender, and convulsive; first she covers her face with her hands and bursts into sobs; the next instant she springs to her feet, and launches forth the most terrible imprecations. At one moment she throws herself forward as if ready to confess all; then checks herself suddenly, in seeming horror at her own weakness. Finally, addressing herself to the closed door, she implores her lover’s permission to tell the truth. “Keep silence,” replies an agonised voice. “Insistez,” repeats Scarpia to his myrmidons. Whereupon the actress resumes and continues her gymnastics until her strength gives way, and she discloses the hiding-place of the fugitive, who, by this time, has swallowed poison and died. Then Cavaradossi, more dead than alive, is brought in, or rather was on the first night brought in, his temples stained with blood. This scene has been modified since the *première*, but there is no doubt it will be restored if not for London, at all events for America, where the nerves of the public are presumably stronger.

It will be seen that Sardou has anticipated the wants of his foreign audiences by giving them a play that they will be able to understand without any acquaintance with the French idiom. So, with the scene in which La Tosca murders Scarpia, after he has proposed to her an infamous bargain for the saving of her lover’s life. It is not an ordinary stage tragedy, this! Far from it. Having accepted Scarpia’s conditions, and secured as she supposes an order that the muskets to be used at her lover’s execution shall be charged with blank cartridge only, La Tosca seizes a table-knife—for Scarpia has been dining—and, with a terrible expression of ferocity, plunges it into the villain’s

heart. Then, smitten with a religious sentiment, she takes down a crucifix from the wall, lays it on the dead man's bosom, places a couple of candles by his side, and retires on tip-toe. No less pantomimic, and, in the literal sense of the word, picturesque, is the concluding scene of the play. The hour of the execution of Cavaradossi has come; a rattle of musketry is heard, and La Tosca rushes up to the prostrate form of her lover, expecting to find him shamming death. Such was the contract! But his body is riddled with bullets, for Scarpia had been cowardly to the last, and had never intended to keep his infamous bond. In a paroxysm of despair, La Tosca throws herself into the Tiber, and the curtain falls.

It is not without reason that Sardou is ranked as a *malin*. This whole play, considering the conditions of its production, is a prodigious *tour de force*. It does not contain a scene that will not be as intelligible to a backwoodsman as to a *boulevardier*. It is a personal sensation for Sarah in Paris, but, above all, it is admirably designed for the purposes of exportation. Sardou, we know, is an inveterate borrower, and "La Tosca," despite its revolting features, is not entirely original. Scarpia's proposition to the woman to grant her lover's life in exchange for her favours is adapted from Macaulay. The historian credits a certain Colonel Kirke with an infamy of this kind at the period of the Revolution, and the incident was turned to account in a gruesome play produced two years ago at the Haymarket under the title of "Nadjesda." Of these facts, however, none of the French critics seem to have been aware. Sardou, of course, is perfectly justified, like Molière, in taking his material where he finds it. I mention the incident for the purpose of pointing out that with his extraordinary instinct as a dramatist, he has treated the subject truthfully from a woman's point of view. A man like Scarpia, who was capable of making such a contract, would be capable of breaking it. Every woman feels that in her heart.

KATE VENNING.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Coming from one so thoroughly capable of giving a reliable and valued opinion on the "Art of Acting," Miss Fanny Davenport's contribution to the subject in the *Boston Times*, of October 23, may be read with the greatest interest. This great actress points out how useful in the future it would be if those "who have thought, studied, struggled and won," would write down their "methods, ideas of characters, and studying of them," so that there should be a lasting record of the means by which the success in various rôles had been arrived at. To the question "Is absolute feeling preferable to a simulation of it in a true artist?" Miss Davenport gives excellent reasons for preferring the latter,

one of the most cogent being that "when one loses one's self in an emotion and is overcome by it, he loses control of that which should be responsive to his lightest touch"—and gives as a definition of a genius "one who stands alone among his fellows," and points out that the greatest "worked, struggled, and even starved, rather than degrade those gifts and their God-given power." Miss Davenport compares the methods of Macready and of Rachel and of her own grand achievements in the past; and with the modesty of true greatness, says "my best results have been through my greatest study and work."

Miss Grace Hawthorne, the present lessee of the Princess's Theatre, was born in Bangor, Maine, U. S. A. Her parents, lineal descendants of the Plymouth puritans, had inherited that antipathy to the theatre which is one of the leading characteristics of the New England Quaker. When she was but a child the family left Bangor for the City of Chicago. There they lived in prosperity until the great fire of 1871 reduced them from affluence almost to poverty. Miss Hawthorne having discovered that she possessed dramatic abilities determined to use them for the benefit of her parents, but they, at first, would not consent to this. After considerable opposition she persuaded them against their will to allow her to enter the dramatic profession, her success in which has so amply justified her determination. Unlike the ordinary society star, she resolved to work up instead of down, and began by accepting the humblest parts. Miss Hawthorne's first appearance in a character of any importance was made at Providence, Rhode Island, where, in the autumn of 1878, she played the heroine in the "Octoroon." She continued "in the provinces" for five years, during which she acted successfully as leading lady in the standard dramas of the day. Her present manager, Mr. W. W. Kelly, on seeing her in "Heartsease" at Chicago, was so struck by her performance, that he immediately offered her a five years' engagement, which she eventually accepted. Miss Hawthorne opened under his management at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on the 8th December, 1884, with a repertoire of twenty-one pieces, and played for one hundred and thirteen consecutive weeks, without missing a single performance. During this period she acted in nearly every city of importance in the United States. Miss Hawthorne began her English career in October, 1886, at the Olympic Theatre, under Mr. W. W. Kelly's management, when she appeared successfully in "Heartsease."

Cecil Howard, the subject of our second photograph, was for some years a contributor to the Colonial press prior to his settling in London. He was at one time offered the post of Paris correspondent to the "Times" newspaper, but was reluctantly compelled from family reasons to decline the much coveted honour. For a considerable period he was dramatic critic to the "Sunday Times," writing under the name of "Quasimodo," and has since then been attached to 'The Stage' and other London newspapers in the same capacity

and also contributed to this magazine, having loyally assisted the editor since July of last year. Mr. Howard, having purchased the copyright of "Dramatic Notes" from Mr. Austin Brereton, its late proprietor, will edit the work in future.

On the occasion of Mr. W. H. Griffith's *matinée*, which took place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Thursday, November 24, "Moths" was played, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Henry Hamilton, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Fanny Brough, appearing in their original characters with that nearness to perfection which has always distinguished them. Mr. H. Macklin was excellent as Lord Jura, and Mr. Lewis Waller exhibited the nobility of Corréze, but hardly the poetry. Miss Florence West was imperious but fascinating as the detestable Duchesse de Sonnaz. One noticeable feature of the afternoon was the recital of Mr. Saville Clarke's vigorous poem, "A Venetian Revenge," by Miss Edith Hawthorne, who did excellent justice to her subject—the history of love betrayed and the revenge that the victim takes on the woman who has supplanted her. I give the last few lines, as spoken by Francesca the wronged and vengeful model.

First I sent out his servant for her, and I watched him asleep 'ere she came ;
Did my fierce heart relent then? Ah ! no, for in slumber his lips breathed
her name ;

And my hand gripped the dagger the firmer. In haste then she entered
and said,
"Is he ill?" Then saw me, and shrank back. "No!" I shrieked, "But
the traitor is dead!"

And before her I drove the sharp steel deep and true to his heart and I cried,
"See there lies your bridegroom, my lady, that never will welcome his
bride!"

Am I penitent, say you? No! No! since my soul by the dead man was slain
Could he live, could he love, and once more prove as false, I could kill him
again.

Let me wait till he comes from where waves of the Lido play round his grave-
sod,

And we stand up together for judgment before the tribunal of God!

During the past month three "benefits" have taken place, which I think, should be recorded—the first was that given to Miss Kate Phillips on Wednesday afternoon, December 7, at the Haymarket, on her recovery from her very serious illness, and on which occasion the house was so filled as not even to allow of any more standing room, testifying to the estimation in which this most charming actress was held. The second was Mr. Charles Warner's, previous to his departure for Australia, on December 9, at Drury Lane Theatre, which presented the appearance of a "Boxing night house," so crammed was it. It was specially noticeable from the length of the programme, which included Miss Grace Warner's *début*. This young lady was an ideal Juliet, so charmingly fresh and girlish was she, and gave great promise for the future. The farewell address,

spoken by Messrs. David James, Thomas Thorne, and Charles Warner, was written specially for the occasion by Mr. Clement Scott. The third benefit was that given to Mr. Arthur Goodrich, who but for Dr. Critchett's skill would have completely lost his sight. Besides a long miscellaneous entertainment, the beneficiaire's drama, "The Calthorpe Case," was played for the first time. It possesses very much intrinsic merit, and afforded scope for excellent acting by a cast that I wish I could find space to give in detail.

Mr. A. Carli's *matinée* at the Vaudeville on December 2 included, among other items, the garden scene from "Faust," in which Mr. Ben Davies particularly distinguished himself, and La Comtesse Anna de Brémont made a very favourable impression as Siebel.

Matinées have been so numerous that it is impossible to as fully notice them as I could wish. That at the Novelty of "Sidonie," by Messrs. Fred Lister and Paul Heriot, introduced to us Miss Cooper-Parr, an American lady of considerable talent and handsome, striking appearance. She acquitted herself more than well in the *rôle* of a French adventuress. Mr. Charrington, as the hero, Clifford Ormonde, who is supposed to lose his memory, treated the subject artistically. Mr. W. Lugg was good as a generous rattle-pate Irishman. Mr. D. D. Betterton played Sir Richard Oathwaite with considerable humour, and Miss Amy McNeil gained the sympathy of her audience by her tender and natural acting as Amy Beaufort. On the same afternoon was played a farce by R. K. Hervey, entitled "Good Business," which was distinguished by its good, hearty fun, bright dialogue, and the clever acting of Miss T. Roma, in the character of Polly Warboys. Mr. Arthur Williams gave a good reading of a bibulous tragedian of the old school. Mr. John Le Hay was amusing as an amorous elder.

Mr. William Herbert's *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's on December 13 will be memorable as the day on which Miss Caroline Hill made her first appearance in London, after an absence of five years in America. This favourite actress has lost none of her attractions. Her love scene with Mr. Yorke Stephens was one of the most charming ever witnessed. Of the play itself, "Handfast," the work of Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton, much may be said in favour. Under altered conditions, it will probably be seen again shortly, when it will be fully noticed. I cannot leave it, though, without mentioning that Miss Norreys and Mr. Matthew Brodie were delicious as girl and boy lovers, and that Mr. Cyril Maude, as Austin Woodville, showed talent that was quite unexpected in so young an actor, and fairly took the house by storm. Mr. William Herbert, too, was excellent as the Comte de Tréville.

I am afraid that Mr. John Farquhar Gilmore's farcical comedy, "Proposals," is scarcely strong enough for an evening bill. It was done more than justice to by Messrs. E. Righton, Scott Buist, Fred Thorne, and Misses Carrie Elton, Kate James, and Maude Millett in the principal characters, and the smaller parts were well filled; but with all the aid afforded it, it failed to amuse.

"The Wave of War," a romantic play by Messrs. F. Chesterley and Hamilton Piffard, produced at Terry's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, December 15, is of the old Adelphi type, with a hero who goes through many vicissitudes before he comes into his property, and marries the high-born lady who loves him. A false accusation of a charge of murder committed in sight of the audience, suppression and theft of valuable documents, fill up the interest. Mr. Frank Cooper played the hero Carl Hope in a manner that gained him the warmest applause. Miss Helen Leyton gave a most sympathetic rendering of the gipsy-girl Kathleen, and Mr. Julian Cross and Mr. Stephen Caffrey were of great assistance.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere has returned to the Opera Comique, and resumed the part of Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-Glass," and has even improved on her former delineation. Mr. Grahame now plays Jack Fortinbrass, and proves most acceptable in the character.

Mr. J. L. Toole is back again at his own theatre, where "The Butler" ministers to the full enjoyment of those who will avail themselves of his humour.

At the St. James's "Lady Clancarty" has entered again on a fresh career of success.

In addition to its originality in treatment, the Christmas number of "The Lady's Pictorial" is one of the daintiest of the many publications that tempt us at this season. The plates are excellent, and the letterpress all that could be desired. The two coloured supplements which accompany it are marvels of delicacy and beauty.

There are so many good stories in "Children of Babylon," the name with which Mr. Charles H. Ross has christened his "Judy's Annual" for 1888, that I hardly like to pick out any of the authors. I will, therefore, only recommend all those who wish to while away an hour in amusing literature to read and judge for themselves.

Mr. Kirwan's dramatic recitals have this season taken a novel form; the idea is good and interesting. The scheme of the three recitals, termed "Three Centuries" is (says Mr. Kirwan) "an attempt to review the growth of English literature and music from the earliest period of modern English to the beginning of the present century," representative music

of each century also being agreeably contributed by Mrs. Cunnah on each occasion.

The XVI. century introduced to us: George Gascoine in "Good Morrow;" Michael Drayton in "A Ballad of Agincourt," in which, unfortunately, Mr. Kirwan mistook noise for power. Edmund Spenser in "Una and the Lion" (The Faery Queene) was fairly rendered, and also in "The Shepherde's Calendar;" Nic Breton in "Phillida and Corydon;" George Peele in "Ænone's Complaint" (The Arraignment of Paris). That very prolific poet of the past, present, and future, *Anon*, made his appearance in "Brave Lord Willoughby," and in this Mr. Kirwan was far more natural in delivery and gesture than in other pieces, which were most of them spoilt by an affectation in delivery. Christopher Marlowe was represented by that most powerful scene in "Faustus" when the last hour of the Doctor has arrived. In interpretation, this was the best thing of the evening. Mr. Kirwan has dramatic instinct and intensity, but the purely poetical is by no means his *forte*. Besides popular ditties, William Byrde and Dr. John Bull gave the musical touch to the performance.

Orlando Gibbons and Purcell initiated us musically to the XVII. century. I should like to ask Mr. Kirwan why, on each occasion, he invariably speaks the few introductory words in hollow ventriloquial tones, and with slurred articulation? This is a great mistake; distinctness of elocution and naturalness of voice are quite as necessary in a speech as in a recitation; but it is one of Mr. Kirwan's faults, that throughout his performances, he gives one the idea of assuming a voice which is not his own. The programme comprised, a scene from Philip Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" "The Rout of the Rebel Angels"; from Milton's "Paradise Lost," a scene from "The Rehearsal" of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; this clever and amusing burlesque on the Prologue and Epilogue was exceedingly well done by Mr. Kirwan, who is invariably good in humorous and grotesque pieces. He was also successful in "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury;" "Truewit on Fashion," from Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," was good, and so was "The Merrythought Family," from "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Dr. Arne was the presiding composer of the XVIII century. The third series of ditties of the period being also duly given; Gray's "Elegy," a scene from "The School of Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer;" part of "The Ancient Mariner" (Coleridge); "The Painter who pleased nobody" (John Gay); "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (Pope); "Colin and Lucy" (Thomas Tickell); "Storm in the Alps" (Wordsworth) were the representative pieces of the past century. Although I cannot accept the reading of Sir Peter Teazle as the true one, generally speaking, Mr. Kirwan is at his best in dramatic pieces. What his render

ing of poetry might be, if he allowed himself to be natural, and cast away that affectation which his best friends must deplore, remains to be seen. At present it is pretentious; the habit of preceding the words by slow gesture in which grace is cultivated regardless of appropriateness, is also unhappy. Mr. Kirwan can, if he will, do far better things. Affectation is always a mistake. When, carried away by his subject he forgets his prepared intonations, the result is far more pleasing. In humorous pieces he is remarkably good, perhaps during the whole series he did nothing better than "The Painter who pleased nobody;" the spirit of the piece was truly caught, the rendering easy and natural, the expression of features capital, indeed, it deserved unqualified praise. The recitals took place on the 24th of November, and 1st and 8th of December, at Steinway Hall, and were well attended.

The second of Mr John L. Child's series of dramatic recitals proved most successful, and had a very full attendance. Let me at once congratulate Miss Edith A. Child on the improvement in the musical accompaniments, which were properly subdued and all that one could wish. After "The Falcon of Sir Federigo," an interesting but not effective piece, Mr. Child gave Owen Meredith's "The Portrait" in admirable style; every line told, and it stands parallel to his interpretation of "The Raven," one of the best in his *répertoire*. "High art Music" (Max Adeler) was good and exceedingly humorous in the rendering, and the Yankee accent very true. "The Building of S. Sophia," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, received the fine and impressive interpretation always given to it by Mr. Child. "Sheltered," a piece of questionable sentiment, was delivered with great pathos, and so was "The Leper" (N. P. Willis). "The Dream of Clarence," from Richard III., was dramatic and powerful, and "Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party" showed once more that few reciters understand and appreciate Charles Dickens as thoroughly as Mr. Child. He received very warm and deserved applause. Miss Marian Helmore was the vocalist.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London and the Provinces, from November 19, 1887, to December 20, 1887:—

(Revivals are marked thus.*)

LONDON:

- Nov. 28. "By the Sea," new one-act drama, from the French of Jean-Marie of Theuriet, by "Alec Nelson." Ladbroke Hall.
 ,, 30.* "Duty," by James Albery. Matinée, Terry's.
 ,, 30.* "Hamlet." Matinée, Gaiety.
 Dec. 1. "The Woman Hater," original farce in three acts, by David Lloyd. Terry's.
 ,, 1.* "Off Duty," domestic drama by Edgar Pemberton. Terry's.
 ,, 3.* "Reaping the Harvest," original drama in a prologue and three acts, by Alfred Stafford. Elephant and Castle.
 ,, 5.* "As in a Looking Glass," play in four acts by F. C. Grove. Opera Comique.
 ,, 5.* "My Little Girl," comedietta by D. G. Boucicault. Opera Comique.

- „ 7.* “Two Roses,” comedy in three acts by James Albery. Criterion.
 „ 8. “Macduff’s Cross,” one-act drama by Sir Walter Scott. St. George’s Hall.
 „ 12. “The Game of Life,” new and original romantic drama, in a prologue and three acts, by W. Howell-Poole. Grand.
 „ 12.* “The Butler,” by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. Toole’s.
 „ 13. “Handfast,” original modern play in a prologue and three acts by Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton. Matinée, Prince of Wales’s.
 „ 14. “The Calthorpe Case,” new and original drama in four acts by Arthur Goodrich. Matinée, Vaudeville.
 „ 14. “Sidonie,” original emotional drama, in three acts, by Fred Lysler and Paul Heriot. Matinée, Novelty.
 „ 14. “Good Business,” original farce by R. K. Hervey. Matinée, Novelty.
 „ 14. “Siberia,” Bartley Campbell’s Russian play, in six acts. Princess’s.
 „ 15. “Proposals,” farcical comedy in three acts, by John Farquhar Gilmore. Matinée, Vaudeville.
 „ 15. “The Wave of War,” romantic play, in five acts, by F. Chesterley and Hamilton Piffard. Matinée, Terry’s.
 „ 20. “The Monk’s Room.” Matinée, Prince of Wales’s.
 „ 20.* “Othello.” Matinée, Vaudeville.
 French plays at the Royalty: “Toto chez Tata,” “Le Demimonde,” “Tartuffe,” “L’Ami Fritz,” “La Périchole.”

PROVINCES.

- Dec. 8. “Excelsior,” new and original drama, in a prologue and two acts, by Joseph Ellis. T.R., Brentford.
 „ 10. “The Rockleys,” new four-act drama, by A. A. Hoffman. Town Hall, Kilburn.

From press of matter the Paris productions are compelled to be held over till next month.

The Lay of Lawrence Moor.

A TRUE STORY.

[From PUNCH.]

FOUR brave men set sail from Whalsey
 In their open fishing-smack,
 Four strong fellows left the Shetlands,
 Only one at last came back.
 Harken how the wind is howling,
 Close the curtains; shut the door,
 Whilst I tell the splendid story
 Of a sailor—Lawrence Moor.

Never yet has such a tempest
 Screamed around the Shetland homes,
 Dealing death and devastation
 Where the northern sailor roams.
 Snow and hail in blinding fury
 Swept o’er forest, field and lea,
 Deaf seemed Heaven to the praying
 For the brave men out at sea.

Far at sea! four plucky fellows
 Bending back and straining oar,
 Hidden each from each in tempest,
 That had blotted out the shore.
 All at once the skipper steering,
 Cheering, shouting looked ahead,
 Heard a moan, his best companion
 Fell in arms of duty—dead!

“For the love of home and Heaven,
 Brave it out as I will do,”
 Shouts above the storm the skipper,
 Rallying his fainting crew;
 “Let us pray, lads, all together,
 Heav’n may save us! Who can tell!”
 But the prayer was scarcely uttered
 When another sailor fell!

Two brave men were left in silence,
 Whispering with shortened breath,
 “Don’t desert your pal,” says Lawrence,
 “Let us have it out with Death!
 God has strength to still the waters,
 We have pluck to keep afloat.”
 But the last man, with a murmur,
 Fell exhausted in the boat.

“Andrew? Laddie?”—Death don’t answer.
 “Tom, old pal?” the faintest sigh,
 “Left me all alone then, have ye?
 Well, *I* don’t intend to die!”
 Then he thought of home and children,
 Back came mirrored waves of sin;
 One lone man, ’midst dead and dying,
 Felt the water rushing in!

One hand on the oar to steer her;
 One hand free to hoist the sail,
 When he called—no mate to answer,
 Sinking now—no boy to bail.
 Toiling hour on hour exhausted,
 Captain of a ghastly bier,
 Till at last the tempest lifted,
 And he sighted Lerwick Pier.

Home at last! the plucky sailor,
 Home to children and to wife,
 Home half dead to claim the honour
 That he’d saved *one* brother’s life.
 Death defied; they found him kneeling
 Humbly on his cottage floor,
 But they’ll pass to time the story
 Of that sailor—Lawrence Moor.

THE THEATRE.



Charles Kean's "Winter's Tale."

BY GEORGE TAWSE.

IT having been authoritatively settled that Miss Ellen Terry's very first appearance on the stage was on the first night of the revival of "The Winter's Tale," Monday, 28th April, 1856, at the Princess's Theatre, under Charles Kean, it may be useful to put on record in this magazine some of the notices of that revival, and the remarks on Miss Terry's *début*, made by the public prints of the time.

The production of another Shakespearian revival at the Princess's being as noteworthy then as the production of a new play at the Lyceum is now, it was Charles Kean's custom to introduce his play with a very lengthy, laboured, and learned prolegomena. "The Winter's Tale," accordingly, was ushered in with the usual recondite treatise. The Playbill* was nearly the dimensions of a

*Alas! that the good, old-fashioned word "Playbill" should in these last few years have been wiped out of existence. It is by far the most correct word to describe the thing signified. Playbill was the word used since the very beginnings of the English stage. It was the word used before Shakespeare came to London. Said an adversary of the stage in 1579, "They used to set up their bills upon posts some certain days before, to admonish people to make resort to their theatres." And bearing in mind that William Shakespeare was *the dramatist of the company*, as well as one of the actors, I have no doubt that he wrote many, if not all, of the playbills for the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, as well as for the Blackfriars Theatre, late of Playhouse Yard, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. It is, besides, the belief of many that the title pages of the quartos (which were not published with the author's knowledge or sanction) were copied from those Playbills. And I have the courage to say that probably William Shakespeare not only wrote out the playbills, but when he was not rehearsing or busy studying the parts he played, the Ghost, Old Adam, Knowell, &c., &c., he himself pasted his playbills on the posts surrounding St. Saviour's Church and Winchester House, and other "coigns of vantage" near the Bankside, as well as on the posts up Ludgate Hill

newspaper. It measured no less than 2 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 8 inches, and was folded into three leaves. The first was occupied by Mr. Kean's introduction, the second with the *dramatis personæ*, and the third with a synopsis of the scenery and action of the play.

In the introduction, Mr. Kean, after informing his patrons that Shakespeare had constructed his drama on (*i.e.*, dramatised) Robert Greene's novel of "Pandosto; or, the Triumph of Time," and that, no specific date having been assigned to the time of action, he had adopted a period when Syracuse had from a mere Doric colony increased in magnificence to a position in no way inferior to Athens herself. He was thus able to reproduce a classical era, exhibiting the public and private life of the ancient Greeks at a time when the arts flourished to a perfection, the scattered vestiges of which delight and instruct the world. To connect the country known as Bohemia with an age so remote was impossible. He therefore followed the suggestion of Sir Thomas Hanmer by the substitution of Bithynia, which had a sea coast, for Bohemia, which had none.* In the first act he introduced a Pyrrhic dance

and near by Bridewell Palace. For it must be remembered that in those days posts protected the side walks from the carriage ways and vehicular traffic (the modern improvement of "curbing" the traffic from the side walks—hence our word "curb-stone"—not being then introduced), and on these posts playbills and all sorts of advertisements were pasted or posted, and from this we derive our word "posters." Old engravings of London show these posts, and my readers may remember that they were in existence in Dr. Johnson's time even in Fleet Street, and how old Samuel, ingoing home, was superstitious to count and touch each post in a particular manner. Oh, what a rarity a playbill of William Shakespeare's time would be! What questions would a file of the Globe and Blackfriars playbills not settle! They would have obviated half the work of the New Shakespeare Society, and prevented the shedding of oceans of ink. And yet this fine old Shakespearian word "playbill" is sacrificed and obliterated for what? For a namby-pamby thing called "a programme." Why, a programme has hitherto been confined, and properly confined, to concerts and readings, but now the bill of a Shakespearian play is mixed up in the same category and confounded with the programme of a twopenny concert and a penny reading. How satisfied ought I to be that the glory of my collection of old playbills, David Garrick's farewell appearance on the stage (10th June, 1776), *on satin*, and handled probably by Reynolds or Johnson, was not called a programme. Will managers not restore unto us (I do not ask the form) at least the good old-fashioned name of "Playbill"?

*A word respecting Bohemia and its sea coast. In Greene's novel *Leontes* (Pandosta) is King of Bohemia, and Polixenes (Egistus) is

at the feast on the evening of the intended departure of Polixenes. He restored "Time as Chorus," represented by a classical figure in preference to the ordinary old man with his scythe and hour-glass, who was unknown in classic ages. The trial of Queen Hermione took place in the Theatre of Syracuse, which thus afforded an opportunity for a scenic display equally novel and interesting. Every detail in architecture, painting, and music was the subject of careful study. The vegetation peculiar to Bithynia was adapted from private drawings taken on the spot.* The text of Shakespeare was carefully preserved throughout, the omission of an occasional sentence or line sufficing to remove all prominent incongruities without interfering with the natural course of the action. Although spectacular effects had been introduced, it had only been where such were in accordance with the subject and incidents of the play. The introduction is signed in capital letters, "Charles Kean," although he sometimes delighted to append the initials "F. S. A."

The performance commenced at 7 o'clock with the comedietta by C. Dance, called "The Victor Vanquished," the veteran Mr. Harley and Frank Matthews being the chief performers. At 8 the curtain rose on "The Winter's Tale," and Mr. John Oxenford in the columns of "The Times" of next morning thus speaks of it:—"At present we must confine ourselves to the brief statement that 'The Winter's Tale,' as produced by Charles Kean last night, is such a perfect work of theatrical art as even to astonish those who are already familiar with the glories of 'Sardanapalus' and 'Henry VIII.' Every detail, however minute, whether it be the pattern of

King of Sicilia. Had Shakespeare adhered to the novel, Perdita would have been taken to the coast of Sicilia, and geography would not have been outraged, but from some reason unknown—probably absence of reason—he reversed the situation, and brought down upon his head the charge of geographical ignorance. But we must remember that local colouring and adherence to geographical facts were scarcely known in those days. They are rather the outcome of modern knowledge and advancement. Besides, we are told that when De Luines, the Prime Minister of France, was Ambassador to Bohemia, he inquired whether Bohemia was an inland country or "lay upon the sea." Still, Shakespeare went wrong with his eyes open. His universal genius ought to have revealed to him the geographical boundaries of the many countries embraced in his dramas.

* I trust the Free Gardeners and Oddfellows present heartily applauded the Bithynian vegetables painted from private drawings taken on the spot. How William Shakespeare would have relished these vegetables!

a drinking cup or the border of a robe, has become a subject of archæological research; in short, the theatre became for a time a sort of classical museum, without forfeiting any of its usual attractions. This marvel of *mise en scène* completely throws into the shade all that has preceded it. The benefit was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, who thus inaugurated the great dramatic revival of the season."

At that time the Parliamentary debates in connection with the management or mismanagement of the Crimean War and Irish evictions (which, like the poor, we have always with us) prevented any of the London papers from giving early reports of this performance. But on the 1st of May "The Times" gave an elaborate and laudatory notice of the play, concluding with a few lines specially referring to the little girl, Ellen Terry. It said: "Mr. C. Kean determined that no inaccuracy, however slight, should counteract this general assumption. Leontes may not use a cup that is not the proper pattern, his child Mamillius may not draw about a toy cart that has not its terra cotta prototype in the British Museum. Mr. Grieve and his numerous assistants may not go to work on their scenic beauties till the antiquarian foundation is laid, till it is ascertained the facts are all right; the construction of properties await the signal of the archæologist. The very drop curtain with its inscriptions in Greek, and the symbols proper to Apollo and Bacchus, claims the patronage of classical divinities. At last the foundation is laid, the superstructure is raised, and the public, led by the programme to expect much, finds its expectations incalculably surpassed. . . And last—ay, and least too, Miss Ellen Terry plays the boy Mamillius with a vivacious precocity that proves her a worthy relative of her sister (?) Miss Kate."

This was the very earliest notice of Miss Ellen Terry's acting in a public print.

"The Daily Telegraph" of 29th April had a notice of considerable longitude and appreciation, but no special word for the little girl who has since become famous in two hemispheres. As it is at present the fashion for some to decry Charles Kean's revivals on the ground that the acting was overlaid by the decorative and spectacular effects—an opinion then not generally expressed or entertained by theatrical critics a short extract from "The Telegraph" sets forth the general opinion of the time on this

point:—"To those who may at a future period record the progress of the drama during the nineteenth century, a decided epoch will be furnished by Mr. Charles Kean's Shakespearian revivals at the Princess's Theatre. Greatly to his honour it will be stated that he was the first to turn the glitter of spectacle to useful account, and to impart to the most gorgeous decorations such historical accuracy that, whilst the eye was dazzled with brilliancy, the spectator was afforded an opportunity of seeing beneath the mere surface, and of discovering matter wherewith to improve the understanding. The effect of Mr. Kean's policy on the public mind will be visible on all future theatrical transactions. People will no longer be willing to accept the simple pomp and circumstance of a triumphal procession as proofs of managerial liberality; they will require local colouring, characteristic features and adjuncts true to history and nature as part and parcel of the show placed before them. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal and suite were present, and every portion of the theatre was completely crowded."

The "Era" of 4th May was driven to employ capital letters to faintly express its opinion of "The Winter's Tale," and had the good fortune to devote seven words in praise of Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance on that occasion:—"The Winter's Tale' was produced at the Princess's Theatre on Monday night, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean, and our opening sentence shall be that 'IT IS THE GREATEST TRIUMPH WHICH HAS EVER BEEN ACHIEVED UPON THE MODERN, AND THEREFORE UPON ANY STAGE.' . . . Miss Ellen Terry was very engaging as the young Mamillius. Miss Heath gave a finished sketch of the lovesick Florizel, and Miss Kate Terry was a merry little servant of the old Shepherd. The revival is the greatest triumph that Mr. Kean has ever achieved. It is the result of industry, energy, and talent, and as such we are glad to record its complete success. Her Majesty was present on Monday, and she was pleased to express her heartiest commendation of the production. The Royal party entered the box at eight o'clock, and did not leave it until the curtain dropped at 25 minutes to one o'clock on Tuesday morning. Since the first night the fourth act has been somewhat curtailed, and the period of playing is now brought within reasonable dimensions."

Modern playgoers should be reminded that at one time the Queen

was an ardent lover of a good play, and a constant frequenter of the theatre. Leigh Hunt recounted with tears in his eyes how Her Majesty and Prince Albert came three times to see his beautiful play of "The Legend of Florence," which early sank into a premature grave. She not only witnessed Ellen Terry's first appearance, but sat nearly five mortal hours on this occasion. In those days there were no underground railways or late theatre trains for the suburbs. Vehicular traffic was expensive, infrequent, and insufficient. And to sit from the opening of the doors at half-past six in the afternoon to 25 minutes to one o'clock in the morning, and then tramp home in our April weather, bespoke a robust love for the drama which surmounted such obstacles, and puts our modern love of the play almost to shame.

"The Daily News" of 28th May did not join in the general adulation; it assumed a severely critical attitude; neither did it select Miss Ellen Terry for remark. It said: "The acting is but mediocre, with the exception of Mrs. Kean's Hermione, which has many beauties. Kean's Leontes has good points, but in general he is too slow and heavy. The charming Perdita (Miss C. Leclercq) has the dress and air of a ballet girl, and her lover, Prince Florizel, is most absurdly personated by a female. The clown is tolerably acted by Mr. Saker, and the veteran Harley is an excellent Autolycus. The performance moved heavily, the audience being evidently weary. The applause (not very hearty) was bestowed chiefly on the spectacle, and the curtain fell without any demonstration."

Notwithstanding this criticism, "The Winter's Tale" had a prosperous career, running 102 nights up to 22nd August, 1856.

Miss Ellen Terry, when she first faced the footlights, was a child of a little over seven years of age, having been born at Coventry in 1848. Her other appearances at the Princess's during Mr. C. Kean's *régime* were as "Puck or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy," in "Midsummer Night's Dream," on Wednesday, 15th October, 1856—which ran up to 27th March, 1857; The "Fairy Goldenstar" in the pantomime "White Cat, or the Princess Blancheflower and her Fairy Godmother," on Saturday, 26th December, 1857, which was played 78 times up to 27th March, 1858. During the run of this pantomime, the wicked fairy ("the Fairy Dragonetta") was played by Miss Amelia Smith, who afterwards married Mr. Thorne, and died so recently as 1886. She, however, fell ill, and

Ellen Terry in the emergency took her part, and made such a success as the *bad* fairy that, to quote her own words, "doubting my power of being *bad* in a play before, I immediately set to work and studied the words of LADY MACBETH." Fancy the tragic Lady Macbeth enacted by this earnest little woman, aged 9. On Easter Monday, 5th April, 1858, she took the part of Karl in "Faust and Marguerite," on its revival, her sister Kate having played that character on its previous representations. On Monday, 18th October, 1858, she appeared as Prince Arthur in the play of "King John," on its second revival.* On Wednesday, 17th November, 1858, she played Fleance in "Macbeth," on that play being put on during Mr. Kean's farewell season, and on Boxing night, Tuesday, 26th December, 1858, she played a fairy part, "The Genius of the Jewels," in the pantomime of "The King of the Castle," being the second, and, we believe, the last pantomime in which she figured. On several of the evenings in which she appeared in the pantomime she also appeared in the "sublime tragedy of 'Macbeth,'" so that she was receiving early lessons in utility and versatility in her profession.

During the remainder of Mr. Kean's season there was no further opportunity for her services, and when the season ended on 29th August, 1859, it is singular that when the Princess's reopened on 21st September under Mr. Augustus Harris (No. 1), Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance in London in a subordinate part in the drama of "Ivy Hall."

* When Miss Kate Terry performed Arthur in "King John" before the Queen at Windsor Castle, Lord Macaulay, in his diary, 6th February, 1852, says, "The scene between King John and Hubert, and that between Hubert and Arthur, were very telling. The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders," and in a footnote Sir George Trevelyan adds, "It is almost worth while to be past middle life in order to have seen Miss Kate Terry in Arthur." A friend who witnessed both sisters play this part informs me that while both were very wonderful performances, in his opinion Ellen's Arthur exceeded her sister's in greater distinction of light and shade, and probably in more intense pathos. Kate was 8 and Ellen 10 years of age when they appeared in this character.

The Last Cigar.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY MINNIE BELL.

“DO you know I don’t object to smoking—in fact, I rather like it?” said our smiling hostess when the coffee was brought in, and at the same time she made a little sign to her husband, who left the table and returned immediately with a box of cigars, which he passed round from hand to hand, till presently it came to my turn. I helped myself, and gave it to my neighbour on the left. He took the box in his hand and weighed it gently, slowly, almost caressingly, while he said in a quiet, regretful way: “Thanks, very much, but I don’t smoke.” “You don’t smoke?” said our hostess. “Where in the world did you learn to be so singular?”

“It is not singularity on my part. It is a self-inflicted punishment.”

“A punishment? I don’t understand!”

“No, of course not—how could you? It’s a little romance of my own—one of my——”

“Oh! a romance? Do tell us all about it.”

Seemingly nothing could have pleased my neighbour better, and with a slight inclination of his head, and a roguish twinkle in his eye, as much as to say—“With pleasure: I was only waiting to be asked,” he began:—

“I am now fifty years of age, thought perhaps you wouldn’t think so. But I was not always fifty. Five and twenty years ago I could hold my own in the race of life—straight, tall, not so very bad-looking, and my waist was a trifle smaller than it is now. The one thing I prided myself on, however, was my moustache; and it *was* a moustache—very fair, very full, graduating beautifully into long, graceful, natural points. The men used to say ’twas the moustache that did it, and I believe they were right. If it didn’t captivate *all* the fair sex, it did a fair share! I was an inveterate smoker in those days, and my chums used to chaff me if they met me at night puffing away. ‘Here he comes lighting up his

moustache as usual;’ and to be frank, girls talked about my moustache, fellows were jealous of it, and I myself was very proud of it!!!

“One fine day—or night, rather—I fell in love. It was at a ball—a glorious girl she was—as pretty as she was clever. I had three waltzes with her, and before I had finished the first, I was a captive. I tried to find out who she was and all about her people at once. She was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant—a millionaire, in fact—she was just out, and had £60,000 of her own. They were on the look-out for a match for her, something *distingué*, rich and clever. I had an income of £300 a year, so what could I do but keep a still tongue and ‘let concealment like a worm i’ the bud,’ &c. But when a fellow’s in love it soon becomes common gossip; folks began to talk, not openly, but still they talked; some pitied me, some blamed me, but all agreed I was madly in love.

“At last Miss Dorothy (that was my darling’s name) heard from a friend that there was a poor creature with a lovely blonde moustache, dying by inches, languishing in silence and sadness, and all for her! Was she touched by my silent passion? Had she forgotten me? Had I made an impression on her?”

“Or had your moustache?” I slipped in.

“Well, my moustache, if you like—I don’t know which it was, but anyhow Miss Dorothy told her father I was the man she would marry! The old boy was obdurate, but my darling was firm, and at last she gained the day, and we were engaged!

“We were engaged for six months—six months of love and happiness. Dorothy was adorable; the evenings passed in interchange of ideas and projects for the future; music too—she would sing to me, as only she could sing. Day by day she grew more dear to me, I felt my future bound up in hers, and she loved me as I loved her. Not a shadow darkened our future, all was bright and radiant and clear; and why not? Everything she said or did was sweet and good and pure. I would have given my life for her most willingly if need had been. Was I not ready to do anything in the world for my Dorothy—my Queen? One night as I was lighting a cigar she laid her soft little hand on my shoulder. ‘How I wish you didn’t smoke, dear! You wouldn’t give it up, would you? I hate it so!’ I threw the light and the cigar both out of the window, and turned and took her hand in mine. How grateful she was for such a trifle, how sweetly she looked in my face, and said,

‘If you knew, dear, what pleasure you give me! You’ll spoil me if you give in to my every wish like that.’

“‘I’m so proud to be able to please you, sweetheart,’ I said, and I meant it; yes, I meant it! If I hadn’t been proud and happy to please her, should I ever have consented to give up my cherished cigars? When I reached home I found a box nearly full of them on my mantelpiece, and, without thinking, I put out my hand to take one. Dear old cigars! It was as much as I could do to resist the temptation!

“I left the box open so that my friends—my servant or whoever liked—could help themselves, and they did; they quickly lessened my chances of temptation.

“At last my wedding-day arrived—all the preparations were made, and I was to call and see Dorothy an hour before we went to church.

“I got up early, shaved, dressed, and breakfasted, and donned my frock-coat (a new frock-coat made for the occasion), then I took out my watch and leisurely looked at the time.

“Mid-day, 12 o’clock; I had an hour to wait, a whole hour! I had waited six *weeks* before knowing whether I should ever see Dorothy again, and six *months* from the day I was engaged till the day I was to be married. Now, I had only one hour to wait, one short miserable hour, and yet I could hardly have patience; I trod my room like a caged lion. I sat down, got up, sat down again, and got *up* again, looking for something to do, something to distract me, anything that would help to pass this paltry, never-ending hour, when suddenly my eye rested on my last box of cigars. There it was still on the mantelpiece, and in it *one solitary cigar*. I took it up mechanically, felt it, smelt it, examined it carefully; it crackled, not too much, but just dry enough—beautiful colour, in fact, it was choice—very! . . . I threw it back into the box, closed my eyes, and tried to forget it. A quarter past twelve! Three-quarters of an hour to wait yet. I went back to the mantelpiece, took up the cigar again (one has weak moments sometimes). I bit it, lit it, threw myself full length in my chair, and began to smoke! It was delicious!

“Was the perfume too strong—or had I got out of the habit of smoking, I wonder? Who can tell!

“Presently I leant my head back, and half closing my eyes was

lost in the pleasant sensation verging on sleep—where thoughts cease and dreams begin.

“How long I lay I didn’t know, when I felt myself awakened by a smell of something burning. I jumped up and looked round the room at once, but couldn’t see anything wrong. I examined the curtains and draperies—nothing; felt my coat, my waistcoat—nothing. Bah! It’s only fancy, I thought. I’ve been mistaken. I looked at my watch—half-past one, and we were to be married at two! I seized my hat and gloves—rushed down the steps four at a time, and leapt into the carriage which was waiting. The housekeeper was talking to the coachman at the door, and as I passed they both burst out laughing. Idiots! I thought. Can’t they see I’m in a hurry? Arrived at the house, I was across the courtyard and up the steps in a couple of bounds. The footman started back as if he’d been shot when he saw me! ‘Why, they’ve all gone, sir—waited ever so long for you, sir. Miss Dorothy was furious, sir. She told me to say, sir, that if you came here you was to go on to the church, sir. I’ve given you my orders, sir, but you can do just as you please, sir, of course!’ And while he was ‘Sir-ing’ me at every second word he tried not to look at me, and I could see he was struggling not to laugh in my face. ‘What have you got to laugh at, my man?’ I said. ‘Can’t you see how worried I am?’ ‘I beg your pardon, sir; of course I shouldn’t take the liberty, sir—I should say you know best what pleases Miss Dorothy, and if she likes it like that, why——’

“What was the imbecile muttering about? With a shrug of the shoulders, I was down the steps more quickly than I had gone up them.

“In the courtyard all the servants were ranged up in two lines, and quickly as I dashed through them I could hear whispers and stifled laughter on both sides. Can’t think what they’re laughing at. There must be something very funny in my being late!

“The coachman used his whip, and got me to the church door by ten minutes past two.

“‘Where is the wedding party?’ I said to the Beadle, who tried to block the way. ‘That’s good,’ he replied. ‘What do you want with the wedding party? You’re not the bridegroom!’ ‘Yes, I am; show me the way quickly,’ I said. Then holding his sides with laughter, he said, ‘In the vestry at the end of the aisle on the right, sir.’ And as I started off I could hear him saying to himself, ‘Well, I never! She must have a queer taste—she must.’ I opened the door

of the vestry and burst in. 'At last!' said my father-in-law elect as soon as he saw me. 'Here he is at last!' I went in a few steps, and a shout of laughter greeted me all round. Ohs! and Ahs! How funny! and Ha! Ha! came from everybody except my intended relatives. Dorothy hid her face in her handkerchief while her mother made an indignant movement towards me. I was stupefied—didn't know which way to look, and was wondering what on earth they were all laughing at, when my father-in-law made straight for me, and in a voice of thunder said 'Leave the place, sir; all is at an end between you and my daughter!'

"'But, my dear sir,' I said, 'what is the matter? Explain the reason, at least!'

"The reason, sir, is that marriage is sacred, and not a carnival, sir, or a masquerade!'

"'But I don't understand,' I said. 'I——'

"'Don't you? Look in the glass, then.'

"I went across the room and looked in a small glass hanging on the wall. Heavens! All the right side of my moustache was gone—burnt off. I rushed out with a cry of horror, without daring to look at Dorothy! And now do you understand, madame, why I do not smoke?"

"Is that all?" I asked the narrator. "Has the story no end?"

"'No, but I made one,' said he. "Six months later, when my moustache was grown again, I met my sweetheart once more. We had an explanation—I was eloquent, and——"

"And she forgave you?"

"Oh yes! she forgave him," said a prepossessing middle-aged lady who had been quietly sitting opposite to us all the time.



The Actor at School.

BY HENRY MURRAY.

SINCE the present article will deal largely with French dramatic art, I may as well, to avoid possible misunderstanding, admit that I have never visited Paris, nor, indeed, ever seen France at all, save from some miles' distance. A few years ago such a confession would finally have put me out of court, but nowadays it is not so. The visit paid to London in '78 by the Comédie Française, the performances of the several companies brought over by the courageous M. Mayer, and a year's residence in Brussels, which, in matters of art in general and of theatrical art in particular, may be regarded as a French province, have taught me something of the histrionic habits and customs of our neighbours across the Channel. The experience thus scrappily and disjointedly acquired is not sufficient to afford material for a final judgment upon many important points, but will, I think, prove sufficient for my present needs.

Can the art of acting be taught? Or rather, at once to put the question more clearly in the light in which I propose to consider it, is it an advantage to a young actor to receive such an education in his chosen art as the Paris Conservatoire gives him? Nearly all Frenchmen, and, I believe, a great many Englishmen, will at once and unhesitatingly answer "Yes." And it certainly seems at the first blush that "Yes" is the only answer possible to such a question. The advantages to a young actor of the lessons wherein such actors as Got and Coquelin compress the experience of a lifetime passed in the study and exercise of histrionic art seem manifold, and so clear as not to need recapitulation. But are they accompanied by any inseparable disadvantages, and if so are those drawbacks sufficiently serious to minimise, or even to outbalance, the good effects of such tuition?

The arguments in favour of the foundation of an English Conservatoire are, in the main, identical with those so often quoted by

Mr. Matthew Arnold and his admirers in favour of Literary Academies. It would provide for things dramatic that centre of good taste, that criterion of excellence, with all its potent influence for good, which the Academy is supposed to maintain for things literary. It would repress individual eccentricity, and insure that the "journeyman work" of our stage should at least be competent and inoffensive. We should no longer be shocked by the painful and clumsy incompetence so often manifested by our young actors entrusted for the first time with a few lines to speak, who lack the knowledge and self-confidence necessary to even a momentary appearance on the stage, secured to their French brethren by their drilling at the Conservatoire. It would reinforce untried talent with a sound method and safe tradition, and render even natural incapacity supportable. An utterance of M. Got to M. Francisque Sarcey on this point may be taken as the text of the present article. "This training," says the *doyen* of the Française, "does not prevent artists of genius making evident their own personality. The teaching of the Conservatoire sustains the feeble, and does not arrest the strong."

That last sentence puts the whole point at issue clearly before us. It is the vital statement to be admitted or denied, the very heart of the argument in favour of a Conservatoire. But before proceeding to examine it, let me go back for a moment to the comparison I have ventured to suggest between the Literary Academy and the Theatrical Conservatoire. Has the institution from which Cardinal Richelieu hoped so much so satisfactorily fulfilled the intentions of its founder as to offer no opportunity for adverse criticism? That question has been gravely debated by people with an undoubted right to an opinion on the matter. If the value of the academic influences on tendencies of thought and style were to be judged by the criticisms the Academy has passed on some of the *faits accomplis* of French literature and the men to whom we owe them, it would surely have little chance of a favourable verdict. It condemned Corneille's "Cid," it rejected Piron, and only admitted Littré after a severe struggle, probably—for corporations are no more exempt from the charge of petty jealousy than are individuals—because the dictionary produced by his single-handed labour was so much superior to the result of its united intelligence. It opposed the romantic movement of 1830, and at that date detested Victor Hugo and Gautier as heartily as it

hates M. Zola and his followers to-day, and with just as much effect. As a matter of historical fact the Academy has never been a living power of high order in French literature, and as often as not it has been in overt enmity with the real leaders of French thought. The two great literary influences of this century in France have been Balzac and Zola, neither of whom is it possible to conceive as an Academician. The Academy crowned M. Ohnet's "Serge Panine," and is officially ignorant of the existence of "L'Assommoir." When Mr. Arnold claims for French "journeyman work," such as the compiling of books of reference, a striking superiority over work of the same kind done in England, we cannot question the accuracy of the judgment, and it is possible that that superiority is referable to the existence in France of a literary academy. But when he goes on to contend that the taste and literary conscience of the French are superior to ours, a modest objection is permissible, and a glance at the window of any French bookshop is enough to sustain that objection. It is not because the sale of "L'Assommoir" outnumbers by thousands of copies the sale of "Serge Panine," or of "Le Nabab" that we should venture to say that the Academy has altogether failed to correct that love of obscenity which is apparently part and parcel of the Gallic nature. "L'Assommoir" is a work of great genius, and might have succeeded as well if it had been as pure as it is repulsive. But when, as is truly the case, nine out of ten of the popular novels now on sale have nothing to recommend them but the abject and formless filth of "Autour d'un Clocher," and "Charlot s'amuse," and yet command a rapid and remunerative sale, it is really time to ask what, in this most important matter of purifying the public taste, has been accomplished by Mr. Arnold's pet institution?

This, after all, is only an illustration of the difficulty of constructing what may be called intellectual machinery which will give perfectly satisfactory results, and illustrations cannot be accepted as arguments. But it is an illustration germane to the case under consideration, and may serve to set us thinking whether, since the literary academy has failed so lamentably in one of its principal undertakings, a kindred piece of machinery like the Conservatoire is likely to succeed. The Academy failed to repress the individual eccentricities of Balzac and Hugo, who each became the idol of an

important section of the French reading public in the teeth of its opposition. It has failed to repress other eccentricities less wholesome than theirs, less wholesome even than the drastic pessimism of M. Zola ; for example, that besetting sin of loving dirt for its own sake, by pandering to which so many French writers have become popular.

But let me get back to M. Got's utterance to M. Sarcey, taken at starting as the text of this article. "The teaching of the Conservatoire," says M. Got, "sustains the feeble, and does not arrest the strong." It is there that I join issue with the eminent actor, and especially on his second clause. It is one of the aims of the Conservatoire—at least, it is certainly a result of its teaching—to do in acting what the Academy strives to do in literature, to repress individual eccentricity, and the pity of it is that it succeeds. It turns out actors as a mould makes bullets, all alike, or with so strong a family resemblance that individual eccentricity—within certain bounds defined by common-sense, a most important quality on the stage—is almost altogether lost. The teaching leaves far too little to the natural intelligence of the pupil. For the expression of each emotion it furnishes him with a set of facial and gesticulatory movements, and so carefully drills him into their use that he loses the power of finding for himself expressions and movements more consonant with his proper artistic individuality. It envelops him in the buckram bonds of a conventionality wherein it requires actual genius to move with ease and grace, and which even genius itself cannot break. The best French acting never gives me that sense of reality which I get from the best English acting, from that of Mr. Irving in tragedy or melodrama, or Mr. Wyndham's in light comedy. Even the action of an artist like Mounet Sully, who is constantly reproached with an unruliness of individuality and contempt of convention which put him outside the picture in scenes with his fellow actors of the Française, is cumbered by the traditions imbibed in early youth. If I know the character in which he is to appear, I know how he will treat it. Give me the MS. of a new part in which he has never appeared, and I will undertake to indicate the exact lines at which he will bring his heels together, fold his arms, or extend his right arm in a straight line from the shoulder. He performs these hackneyed gestures with more life and naturalness than other actors have at their command, but his early training prevents him

from using the perfectly free and unconstrained movements which one of his genius, unhampered by it, would be certain to find. Nor is it only in the "higher" or more dignified forms of drama that the inevitable woodenness resulting from Conservatoire teaching is apparent. Mr. Buchanan, in his recently published "Look Round Literature," remarks, in one of its sections devoted to a review of the present condition of the stage in England, the amazing number of excellent "comedians." It is in that particular that our stage is unprecedentedly rich; in no country in the world is there to be found so great a variety of genuinely humorous actors, each with a special and distinct individuality of his own. Nothing could be less like the method of Mr. Lionel Brough than that of Mr. Terry; the method of Mr. Harry Nicholls is totally distinct from either; that of Mr. David James presents no point of likeness to any of the foregoing, nor to that of Messrs. Geo. Barrett, Righton, Fred Leslie, Toole, W. J. Hill, or Penley, who again are all completely differentiated one from the other. The list might be greatly prolonged. Now, in France, the comedians resemble each other in precisely the same fashion as the tragedians, and for the same reason—their early training has cramped their powers of personal expression.

As to the influence of Conservatoire training on the mediocrities of the profession, I think it is at most a moot point whether undisguised badness is, after all, more offensive than poverty of talent thinly cloaked by slavish obedience to conventional rules. My own contention is that it is rather preferable. If an histrionic aspirant is really incapable of becoming an actor he is soon eliminated from the ranks of the profession by the potent law of natural selection; if he has talent, the bent of his personality is best left unhampered. Frank incapacity to express emotion by any means whatsoever is hardly more painful than the round of stale little tricks with which Conservatoire training endows the incapables of the French stage. The lover whose idea of indicating the pangs of jealousy is to clutch at the breast of his coat and roll his eyes as if he were suffering from some species of cardiac colic, or to do laps round the furniture like a professional pedestrian against time—the *ingénue* who believes that maidenly modesty is expressed by depression of the corners of the mouth and elevation of the eyebrows—do we not know them, have we

not suffered under them? Acting by rule is like dancing in chains. It may be graceful, but the grace is in spite, and not because, of the chains, and it is not the grace of nature. And on the stage, truth to nature is all important, and the greater the genius of the actor, the more deeply the lack of that completing touch is felt.



As Shakespeare Says.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

HOW often are we to be reminded that Shakespeare has said—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; that he has commented on the folly of a man who puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains; that he has delivered himself of an opinion to the effect that music has charms to soothe the savage breast; and that he has scattered many other pearls of thought, which have been picked up at different times by Dr. Dodd and the editors of “Elegant Extracts”? I don’t think Shakespeare ever committed himself to any of these propositions, whereof the first is assignable to Juliet, the second to Cassio, the third to Lorenzo, and so forth. Each of these personages lived only in one separate facet of the myriad mind; and if we ascribe their sentiments and sayings to the man Shakespeare, we might as well go further and cite him as an authority for teaching that an act hath three branches, namely, to act, to do, and to perform, a statement which, coming from the mouth of one of the loquacious gravediggers in “Hamlet,” is about as clear as the famous division of the animal kingdom into bears, birds, and oysters. Shakespeare makes sages speak wisely, and lovers talk of love, of lutes, and suns, and stars, and moons; and clowns say clownish things, and tyrants rage and fret, and mean people utter meanness, and villains proclaim aloud their villainy or mask it in the language of good fellowship, and cowards boast, and knaves conspire. But all this is quite apart from any question of what Shakespeare says. In point of fact, Shakespeare, as Shakespeare, says nothing, and it is a positive insult to his mere dramatic faculty, which is without parallel, to suppose him a sayer of sayings. Even his sonnets are dramatic. I, for one, hold them to have been originally written by him; for other persons who

stood in need of something they might pass off for the time as their own. The various attempts to explain them on any other theory have notoriously broken down. But however that may be, there is nothing axiomatic in any of them that can be detached and quoted as an example of Shakespeare's personal "views." For a man of immense genius he was certainly the worst egotist that history records, and he seems to have been capable of keeping only one secret—himself. This secret he kept close enough, admitting no one to the inner chamber of his soul, where it was locked in silent safety. Consequently those errant gossips, the Shakespeare biographers, know next to nothing about him. Enough has been said, I think, to prove that the wisdom of Shakespeare, the dramatist, consists by no means in saying wise things—Polonius did that—but in making his characters say things characteristic—some silly, some sensible, some highly poetic, but all in a perfectly apt and natural manner.



Recollections of Mr. W. H. Chippendale.

BY WALTER GORDON.

THE death of this old actor, for many years my playfellow at the Haymarket Theatre, brings back a flood of memories—of many happy days passed in his company on and off the stage.

"Chip," as we always called him, was a true gentleman of the old school. He was genial and pleasant in his manner, hospitable at home, kind-hearted and considerate to all those who worked with him.

The first time I acted with him was on Easter Monday, 1863, when I joined the Haymarket company. The play was "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Chippendale played Antonio, the uncle of the much-injured hero. Claudio was my part. In the fifth act, where Antonio and Leonato meet with Don Pedro and Claudio, there is a passage of angry words. The bitter scorn with which Chip uttered his speeches made me almost quail, and feel a sorrow

for the catastrophe I had been instrumental in bringing about. The words still ring in my ears :

“ Come, follow me, boy, come sir, boy, come, follow me,
Sir boy, I’ll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.”

I have never heard the lines so well spoken. There was no mistake about the anger of Antonio ; one felt he was not to be trifled with.

Was there ever a better Old Hardcastle ? Surely never. Here he gave us the picture of a country gentleman. How loving and pleasing were the scenes with his daughter Kate ; how lenient was he to the follies of his step-son ; how good-humouredly he bore with the vanities of his “ old wife ” ; with what a chuckle he enjoyed the notion that his jokes were relished by his servant Diggory ; how splendidly he rose to the occasion when the assurance of young Marlowe passed the bounds of all endurance. Here again I recall the tones of his voice. The words I loved to hear him speak occur near the end of the play, when he gives his daughter to young Marlowe. They run thus :

“ As you have been mistaken in the maid, my earnest wish is that you may never be mistaken in the wife.”

What intense feeling he threw into these lines, his voice breaking upon certain words. It was “ suppressed emotion,” but it was that emotion which makes itself felt—so it was the perfection of art.

Sir Peter Teazle, with his neat, perfect costume, his buckles and his lace, was another gem in the way of acting. All the traditions of the character—all the business of the scenes—seemed to be held up as a lesson to all actors who would follow in his wake, while the crispness with which he uttered Sheridan’s lines was refreshing to the ear.

I have mentioned buckles—that brings to my mind Chip’s love for paste. He had a wonderful assortment of those imitation diamonds ; it was his delight to collect them. Buckles, pins, rings, brooches were all put away in their respective cases, and when he looked upon them, the old gentleman’s face would gleam with satisfaction in the possession of so many valuable “ properties.”

Next in the gallery of portraits comes Sir Anthony Absolute—perhaps his very best part. How full of the manner of the time

were those scenes with Mrs. Malaprop, the bow belonged to the days when Bath was the fashion—when the beaux and belles thronged the Pump Room, when swords and hoops jostled against each other. The quarrel between Sir Anthony and his son, Captain Absolute, was a fine piece of acting; it never failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience.

Neither must his Adam in "As You Like It" be forgotten. What a charming picture of faithful servitude has Shakespeare given us in this character! and with what a delicate and loving touch "Chip" realised it! I have often lingered near the wings to see him play this part and to hear him speak these lines:

"Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Have lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor."

I have given only a few of his many characters in the old comedies, and now there come crowding before me many modern plays in which he bore his part—plays by Tom Taylor, "The Overland Route" and "The American Cousin." In the last-named piece, his Abel Murdoch was a very perfect piece of acting. Although not a leading character in the play, it left a mark and stamp upon it.

"David Garrick" gave us Chip as Ingot, and it was an admirable companion-picture to the David Garrick of Mr. Sothern. The old City merchant, with his prejudices against the stage and play-actors, is fairly conquered of them at last when, with hat in hand, he says:

"Mr. Garrick, will you do me the honour to accept my daughter's hand?"

It would make a long list were I to name all the plays produced at the Haymarket during my experience of fourteen years. Mr. Chippendale appeared in nearly all.

From his public life let me turn to the domestic side of the picture.

Mr. Chippendale, when I first knew him, lived in Brompton Square. His marriage with Miss Snowdon was in every sense a very happy one. He had a comfortable and well-regulated

home, while all praise is due to Mrs. Chippendale for the loving care with which she provided for him in those last years of his life—years through which she fought single-handed as the only bread-winner.

Chip had always a welcome for his friends when they visited him. I sometimes found him, when making a morning call, busy with a pile of newspapers, scissors, and a paste pot. He delighted in making, as it were, a library for himself. Criticisms, biographies, history, anecdotes, leaders upon the important topics of the day were all cut from the papers and duly pasted in separate books. There was extreme neatness in carrying out all this.

When on our annual tour Chip always took a keen interest in all the sights of the place wherein we stayed. Edinburgh was, of course, particularly interesting to him, since his early days had been spent there. It was delightful to hear him speak of Sir Walter Scott, and of the MS. of "Waverley" passing through his hands. I remember Chip being of our party when we went to Hawthornden and Roslyn Chapel, and how well he told the story of the "Apprentice's Pillar."

When the time came that the veteran had ceased to play his part upon the stage, there yet lingered with him the memory of his work. If the mind was feeble there were still many green spots in it. Sometimes he would fancy Mr. Buckstone was still living and still manager of the Haymarket Theatre. Mrs. Chippendale would say, "Chip, you remember 'She Stoops to Conquer?'" and then the two would repeat some scene in which they had so often acted together. The words came back to him as if it were only a thing of yesterday.

After so many years of work he is now at rest, and we may truly say, "Good bye, old friend. God bless you!"



Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles.

BY HENRY IRVING.

THE following, which is reprinted from "The Epoch," illustrates forcibly the conscientious study, which Mr. Henry Irving has bestowed on the character of Mephistopheles, and explains many points in his acting, which at first sight might to some have appeared difficult to reconcile with the supernatural:—

The difficulties of dealing with Goethe's tragedy for the purposes of the stage remind me of his remarks to an acquaintance who was studying the poem: "Really, I should not have advised you to read 'Faust.' It's fantastic stuff, and transcends all ordinary sentiment. But, since you have begun of your own accord, without asking me, you may get through it the best way you can. Faust is so singular an individual that only a few persons can reproduce his spiritual conditions in their own minds. Then the character of Mephistopheles, through his irony, and as the living result of a vast observation of the world, is also something very difficult to comprehend."

There is, no doubt, a touch of exaggeration in this; but it is obvious that, so far as the English stage is concerned, the spiritual conditions of "Faust" cannot, as yet, be reproduced in their entirety. Our playgoers have assimilated the philosophy of "Hamlet," which has coloured our national modes of thought and saturated our national speech. Moreover, "Hamlet" is one of the greatest of acting dramas. The philosophy of "Faust," on the other hand, is not absorbed by Englishmen and Americans as it is by Germans, as a part of their early education, and "Faust" is certainly not pre-eminently an acting play.

In the Lyceum version there is at least a faithful adherence to the story and an honest attempt to keep intact most of the principal characters. Mephistopheles and Margaret, Valentine and

Martha, are truthful portraits. So much fidelity to the original has not, I believe, been shown upon our stage before. Hitherto, the popular impression of the story has been drawn from Barrière's libretto of Gounod's opera. A gratifying proof of the intellectual interest excited by the Lyceum play is that the readers of Goethe have been multiplied by hundreds of thousands, and that more copies of the best translations have been sold since the play was produced than the publishers had disposed of for years.

In putting such a drama on the stage, the problem is to present the supernatural without courting the ridiculous. This difficulty is increased by Goethe's attitude towards this element. The mockery of Mephistopheles is directed not only against the frailties of mankind, but also against the traditional awe of the spirit world. The demon who parodies the archangel in Heaven cannot be expected to reverence the "hocus pocus" of the Witches' Kitchen. It is thus a very singular phase of the supernatural which has to be depicted—a mixture of the weirdly horrible with the diabolic scepticism that seems to deny the very elements of devilry in which it revels. The spirits which Mephistopheles commands are not those that are usually held in mortal dread, but a wild, impish crew, who, true to the character of their lord, reduce the majesty of evil to the smallest degradation of infamy.

If all this is to be made impressive, the imagination of the audience must be touched by something very different from an ordinary spectacle. The human interest of the story is deeply affecting, but it would be very incomplete if it were not contrasted with supernatural surroundings totally different from those which are usually associated with spiritual terrors in the popular mind.

The truth is that Mephistopheles is not the devil as that being is commonly understood. He is without the traditional horns and tail and cloven foot.

"All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished."

He is not the Satan of Milton, but a "waggish knave." He represents not the grandeur of revolt against the light, but everything that is gross, mean and contemptible. He delights not in great enterprises, but in perpetual mischief. Sneering, prying,

impish, he is the heartless sceptic of modern civilisation, not the demon of mediæval superstition. He is ready for murder or a practical joke, as the humour seizes him. Heaven and earth are to him themes for devilish burlesque, and even in the presence of the Deity he is the sarcastic, flippant man about town. He needs only an eye-glass to be a limping old beau of our own day. The paraphernalia of the Witches' Kitchen amuses him just as much as the antics of the deluded toper.

The compact with Faust is treated more like a frolic than a bargain for a human soul. The gross suggestions to the student are made with the glee of an old scamp full of wicked stories, and even the murder of four human beings is conceived and executed as a kind of diabolic whim. The whole spirit of the creation is entirely modern; indeed, Goethe confessed that he took many of its traits from one of his most intimate friends.

“Merck and I always went together like Faust and Mephistopheles. . . . All his pranks and tricks sprang from the basis of a higher culture; but as he was not a productive nature—on the contrary, he possessed a strongly marked negative tendency—he was far more ready to blame than praise, and involuntarily sought out everything which might enable him to indulge his habit. . . . Thoroughly self-possessed, he appeared everywhere as a most agreeable companion for those to whom he had not made himself dreaded by his keen, satirical speech. He was long and lean of form; his prominent pointed nose was a conspicuous feature; keen blue, perhaps grey eyes, observant by working to and fro, gave something of the tiger to his look. . . . In his character there was a remarkable contradiction. Naturally a noble, upright, worthy man, he was embittered against the world, and allowed such full sway to this moody peculiarity that he felt an invincible inclination to show himself wilfully as a waggish knave—nay, even a rogue. Calm, reasonable, good, one moment, the next he would take a whim, like a snail thrusting out its horns, to do something which offended, grieved or even positively injured another. . . . As, on the one hand, he disturbed society by this morally restless spirit, this continued necessity to deal with men spitefully and maliciously, so, on the other hand, a different unrest, which he also carefully nourished within himself, undermined his contentment.”

Eliminate the good from this picture, and elaborate the ill, and

you have most of the qualities of Mephistopheles. Add a brutal sensuality, which was once vigorously represented on the German stage by Seydelmann, a famous actor ; a variety of moods with no logical connection except the love of torment ; a power of assuming endless shapes ; and a kinship with the lowest and most loathsome forms of creation ; and Merck becomes the fiend of the tragedy.

“ The lord of rats and eke of mice,
Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,”

is certainly not endowed with the majesty of a fallen angel. In fact, compared with Mephistopheles, Iago is a gentleman.

In representing such a character on the stage, it is necessary to suggest more to the audience than is presumably apparent to the other personages in the play. Mephistopheles is a boon companion, hail-fellow-well-met with everybody he encounters, but his devilish disposition must be indicated by gesture, movement and expression intended for the audience alone. The object of the actor is to appear to actual vision just as the being he represents would be *imagined* by those who knew him to be a friend, and who would, therefore, invest his most trifling actions with unearthly significance. This appeal to the imagination is, in a word, the dominant motive of this representation of “ Faust.”

The day may come when it will be the good fortune of a manager to produce “ Faust ” in such a manner as to do ample justice to all its inspiration. In the meantime, one must be content to pave the way with a play which preserves some of the most striking elements of the original.



Our Play-Box.

“THE GOLDEN LADDER.”

A new Drama, in five acts and twelve tableaux, by GEORGE R. SIMS and WILSON BARRETT.
 First produced at the Globe Theatre, December 22, 1887.

Rev. Frank Thornhill	Mr. WILSON BARRETT.	Lillie	Miss EDITH KING.
Samuel Peckaby	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.	Victoria	Miss PHOEBE CARLO.
Michael Severn	Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD.	Peckaby	Mrs. HENRY LEIGH.
Mr. Peranza	Mr. H. COOPER-CLIFFE.	Mrs. Peckaby	Miss ALICE BELMORE.
Jim Dixon	Mr. CHARLES HUDSON.	Mrs. Freyne	Miss ALICE COOKE.
Mr. John Grant	Mr. CHAS. FULTON.	Mrs. Dixon	Miss LILLIE BELMORE.
Noah Learoyd	Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT.	Mrs. Stricklay	Miss MEADOWS.
Brunning	Mr. HORACE HODGES.	Matron of the Prison...	Miss HARRIETTA POLINI.
Joe Brunning	Mr. H. WILSON.	Rosoamzy	Mr. S. MURRAY CARSON.
Mr. Perkins	Mr. JAMES WELCH.	Rao	Mr. WENSLEYDALE.
Mr. Jones	Mr. RUSSELL.	Ambulaus	Mr. JAMES HARWOOD.
Lieutenant Valnois	Mr. H. FENWICK.	Jack Hardy	Mr. E. IRWIN.
Dr. Lemaire	Mr. HENRY DANA.	Turnkey	Mr. T. W. PERCYVAL.
Captain Jackson	Mr. J. H. BEVERAGE.	Rev. W. Stanley	Mr. E. CATHCART.
Colonel B. Eilram	Mr. FRANK PITSTOW.	Inspector of Police	
Lilian Grant... ..	Miss EASTLAKE.		



On an occasion like this, when so popular an actor as Mr. Wilson Barrett first re-appeared on the London boards after his American tour, it was natural that a host of friends and admirers should assemble to give a hearty welcome to the manager and his company. Miss Eastlake, looking her brightest, was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Wilson Barrett was kept full five minutes before being allowed to proceed with his part. Excellent in some parts, “The Golden Ladder” is rather disjointed and uneven; the authors are continually breaking fresh ground, and, in consequence, the interest of various scenes

is not as closely knit together as it might be. The rather daring experiment of choosing a clergyman for the hero might have proved dangerous, but the authors have handled the character with discretion and tact. The Rev. Frank Thornhill has long and faithfully loved Lillian Grant, the rich banker's daughter; that his love was returned he more than suspected, but poverty had sealed his lips, and the young curate had gone out to Africa as a missionary. A fortune unexpectedly left him by an uncle brings him back to England, and now on Lillian's birthday he asks her to be his wife, and is accepted in a most charmingly written scene, delightfully acted by Miss Eastlake and Mr. Wilson Barrett. When lovers are made happy at the beginning of a play, everyone knows that innumerable troubles are close at hand. The banker has unlawfully pledged a security of great value, entrusted to him by a Yorkshire manufacturer; he is to receive a large sum of money from a Mr. Peranza in exchange for the deed of grant of a gold mine, his property, that will enable him to redeem the security. Unfortunately the Yorkshireman arrives and insists on its immediate return, when the banker learns that the papers concerning the mine have been stolen. Ruin and disgrace stare him in the face, when Thornhill, with noble generosity, gives up his fortune to save his future father-in-law's honour. The young missionary will go back to Africa; with breaking heart he asks Lillian "Will she wait for him?" "No," she answers, pointing to her engagement ring, and tenderly repeating the words engraved upon it, "Whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people." Six years elapse, and we are in Madagascar. The unlawful possessors of the title deeds of the mine, lately arrived, are no other than the same Peranza (a Greek adventurer), Severn, cashier in the Grant Bank, whom disappointed love for Lillian had turned into an enemy. Dixon, a clerk in the bank, used by them to commit the offence, has disappeared for the nonce. Until now, Severn and Peranza have not dared to make any use of the illgotten mine, but now that Grant has been dead some years, think they can work it under another name in security. To their dismay they find that Thornhill with his wife and child are stationed there. He must, at any cost, be rid of, so the cowardly villains persuade his native servant to poison some wine the missionary is sending to the French surgeon for his sick. Those who partake of it die, and Thornhill is about to be shot by the infuriated French, when the English captain takes him under his protection, and on board H.M.S. back to England comes our hero and his family. Living in a cottage at Hampstead, his one object is to prove his



innocence, doubted by many. In search for evidence, he calls on Messrs. Keith, agents for a gold mine in Madagascar. Discovering them to be no other than Severn and Peranza, and seeing on the wall a plan of the stolen mine, he threatens them with exposure, and they resolve that this too well-informed man shall be put out of the way. At this time Dixon returns and threatens to prove dangerous unless they square accounts with him. They promise anything if he will help them. So under the plea that a dying woman wants his ministrations, Thornhill is enticed by Dixon to Hampstead Heath at night. Severn strikes him down from behind, and places Thornhill's revolver in his hand that he may appear to have committed suicide. He is only stunned, and revives, when his anxious wife, having followed, takes the revolver from him and accidentally shoots Severn. The man recovers, but the evidence is too strong against Lillian, who is convicted and sentenced to prison for attempted murder. Then follow some distressingly painful scenes. Three months have passed, the broken-hearted Thornhill is for the first time permitted to visit his wife in prison. This interview in the presence of a warder is fearfully harrowing. Lillian learns that her child is dying from pining for her mother, and becomes almost demented at the thought that she cannot go to her, and she so touches the heart of a lady visitor that the latter changes clothes with Lillian, who flies to her child. How does it all end? As the poor mother is threatened with recapture, news arrives that her pardon has been sent, *before* her escape. The child does not die, and Dixon, turning Queen's evidence, clears Thornhill's name, puts him in possession of the mine, and brings down retribution on the head of Severn. The faults of the play are uneven construction and the too prolonged harping on painful situations. Compression was of imperative necessity; this, I understand, has been done since the first night. "The Golden Ladder" is therefore likely to prove very popular. The comic scenes are written in Mr. Sims's very best style, and admirably rendered by Mr. George Barrett, Mrs. Henry Leigh, and Miss Phœbe Carlo. The character of Thornhill is well drawn, consistent, and human. In Mr. Wilson Barrett's hands it entirely enlists our sympathy. This missionary is above all a true man and a gentleman, he is cheerful and spirited, enjoys a good row on the sea as a boy might, and is not too good to be sarcastic where it is deserved. To Frank Thornhill both authors and actor have given good work.



Mr. Barrett has never acted better ; his impersonation alone should secure a long run for the piece. Very sweet and charming in the first act, Miss Eastlake shows great dramatic intensity in the prison scenes ; she is not to blame if they are too painful. Mr. C. Fulton, Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Mr. C. Hudson, and Mr. W. A. Elliot are very good in their several parts. Indeed, the acting is excellent all round, the staging and scenery all one could wish. At the close of the performance the curtain rose again in response to the enthusiastic calls. Mr. Barrett had to make a speech. He expressed his happiness at being back among old friends, without forgetting to thank our American cousins for their kind hospitality, explaining that Mr. Sims, being a shy man, had that morning started for Africa. He expressed a hope that the Globe being a smaller house than he could have wished to receive his kind friends in, it would only draw them closer together.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

“ PARTNERS.”

New Comedy, in five acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.
First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, January 5, 1888.

Heinrich Borgfeldt ...	Mr. H. BEERBOHM-TREE.	Boker	Mr. STRATTON RODNEY.
Charles Derwentwater ...	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Dickinson	Mr. C. ALLAN.
Mr. Parr... ..	Mr. H. KEMBLE.	Claire	Miss MARION TERRY.
Mr. Algernon Bellair ...	Mr. CHAS. BROOKFIELD.	Alice Bellair	Miss ACHURCH.
Mrs. Harkaway's Hus- } band	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Gretchen	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Dr. Somerville... ..	Mr. STEWART DAWSON.	Mary	Miss EMILIE GRATTAN.
Smith... ..	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.	Lady Silverdale	Miss LE THIÈRE.
		Mrs. Harkaway	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

If Mr. Buchanan had done no more than fit Mr. Beerbohm-Tree with a character which was peculiarly suited to him, the play-going public would have had cause to feel some gratitude, for this young actor so identifies himself with whatever part he undertakes that, though the result may not in all cases be completely satisfactory, it cannot fail to be an interesting study to an audience. But in “Partners” the author has done more than this : he has given us a play with much interest in it, and at least one incident that is thoroughly human, the salvation of a mother from perhaps the greatest sin a woman can commit, through the timely remembrance of the duty she owes to her little child, and, through her, to her husband. Mr. Buchanan tells us in the playbill that his principal character has been partly founded on that of Risler in Daudet’s “Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.” He owes somewhat more than this to the work. Heinrich Borgfeldt (the Risler in “Partners”), an elderly man, has risen from being a mere counting-house drudge to become the head of a large mercantile firm. His gratitude to the deceased head of the establishment is unbounded ; so great is it that he admits Charles Derwentwater, the husband of his late chief’s daughter Mary, to be a partner solely because he is her husband. Borgfeldt’s whole existence is wrapped up in two objects—the one the welfare and “honour the house” over which he watches, the other his love for his young



nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice”

OTHELLO V., 2.

MR. CECIL HOWARD.

wife Claire. His almost over-anxiety and attention to business lays his wife open to the attentions and fascination of the partner, Charles, who, with the basest ingratitude, does his best to betray his benefactor's honour, neglects a wife who loves him, and by his reckless extravagance, in the satisfying of which he even acts criminally, nearly brings the "house" to ruin. When Borgfeldt discovers his wife's infamy, as he supposes, he drives her from him as an outcast, but with almost too magnanimous a feeling with regard to his duty towards the "honour of the house," he abrogates his position as partner, gives up all the wealth he has accumulated, becomes once more a clerk in the counting-house, and keeps Charles's wife in ignorance of her husband's misdeeds of every kind. Fortunately for the old man's ultimate happiness, his own wife Claire is able to prove that she may have been weak and wicked, but not criminal, as, at the time that she was on the brink of falling and yielding to her lover's solicitations to fly with him, her little girl Gretchen comes for her usual good-night kiss, and saves her not only then, but for always, for it opens her eyes to the evil she is committing, an evil in which she has been encouraged and which has been almost suggested by a Mrs. Harkaway, who is jealous of her former suitor Charles's admiration for Claire. The reconciliation between husband and wife is supposed to take place at Christmas time in the humble lodging in which Borgfeldt, his little girl Gretchen, and Alice Bellair, his wife's sister, are living, and is brought about through the medium of the child. Had Mr. Buchanan confined the action of his play to three acts, instead of prolonging it to five, he might have achieved a success; as it is, the interest dwindled away on the first night until his audience became weary, and the excessive elaboration of the character of Borgfeldt by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, excellent as it would have been had he not always occupied the stage, from the fact of its being but seldom relieved by any bursts of feeling, naturally, after a time, became slightly monotonous. Perfect as Mr. Tree's broken English is, it is doubtful whether anyone after so long a residence in this country would have retained so much of his mother tongue, and a nature that could keep its passion so completely under control and behave with such an excess of magnanimity is almost ideal. Miss Marion Terry, I think, did as much as she could with a character that was inconsistent, and certainly showed much feeling when saved by her child Gretchen, a part that was very naturally filled by little Miss Minnie Terry. One of the most sterling performances was that of Mr. H. Kemble as the faithful and honest-speaking head clerk, Mr. Parr. Miss Achurch was graceful and sympathetic as Alice Bellair. Mr. Lawrence Cautley made a showy but rather stagy lover as Charles Derwentwater. The introduction of Algernon Bellair, an impecunious actor of the old school, was often sadly out of place, and jarred upon the feelings, though through no fault of Mr. Brookfield's. Mr. Eric Lewis, with scarcely a word to

say, was amusing as Mrs. Harkaway's husband, and Mr. C. Allan was excellent as a pompous butler. Miss Gertrude Kingston with more experience will be a valuable addition to the company, judging from the way in which she filled the *role* of the heartless woman of fashion, Mrs. Harkaway; and Miss Le Thiere showed considerable dry humour as Lady Silverdale. Since the first performance such alterations have been introduced into "Partners" as cause it to play much closer and with manifest advantage.

"INCOGNITO."

New play, in three acts, by HAMILTON AIDE.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 11, 1888,
in aid of The Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Colonel Dupuis	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.	Mdme. de Florian ...	Mrs. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
Eric Mordaunt	Mr. SIDNEY BROUGH.	May Hartley	Miss EMILIE GRATTAN.
Cuthbert Smith	Mr. ARTHUR ELWOOD.	Mrs. Mordaunt	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Vincent	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.		

Were it possible for the original cast to be secured for its representation, there is little doubt that "Incognito" would hold its own in an evening bill, notwithstanding the fact that the incident on which it turns is scarcely strong enough for three acts, though its weakness is in a great measure redeemed by the excellence of the dialogue and the remarkable contest that is fought by the two principal characters. At Nice there appears a brilliant member of society who fascinates women, is a pleasant companion, plays an excellent game at cards and billiards, in fact, does everything well. Nothing is known of his family or antecedents. But it is soon discovered by Mrs. Mordaunt, the wife whom he has deserted for some twenty years, that under the name of Vincent her husband is passing himself off as a single man and endeavouring to inveigle her friend Mdme. de Florian into a marriage. As she favours his addresses he is likely to succeed, and so Mrs. Mordaunt has, in order to save the infatuated woman, to declare the relationship he bears to herself, for in an interview that Mrs. Mordaunt has had with him, he has sneered at her threats to expose his past criminal life, and, utterly callous villain that he is, has even asserted his right to claim from her and her son Eric the fortune of which she has become possessed. He is brought to bay, however, for a time by Cuthbert Smith, the son of a man whom it is almost certain he killed in some hell, and his ultimate self-destruction is caused through his capture by the police, who have been set on his track by the tattling old Colonel Dupuis. Marvellously disguised, Mr. Beerbohm Tree was the most accomplished and coolly heartless villain that could be imagined, and made one's gorge rise to think that such human beings could exist. On the other hand, the tenderness of Miss Geneviève Ward made us glad that so clever an actress was once more back in England, particularly where that gentle, womanly demeanour rose to tragic grandeur in the defence of her son. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree most charmingly represented the spoilt, impetuous,

and self-willed woman of fashion, and gave excellent point to the many quaint lines she had to utter. Mr. Sidney Brough was delightfully boyish and easy as Eric Mordaunt, and showed considerable power in one strong situation. His love-making to May Hartley (very nicely played by Miss Emilie Grattan) was natural. Colonel Dupuis, an old-fashioned, courteous, but tattling beau, was a finished picture at Mr. Gilbert Farquhar's hands, and Mr. Arthur Elwood was gentlemanly and impressive as Cuthbert Smith. "The Ballad Monger," which preceded, met with the usual success. On this occasion, in the part of Loyse, Miss Beatrice Lamb may be said to have made a very pleasing *début*, and from her agreeable presence, sweet toned voice, and sympathetic manner, is likely to make her mark in the future.

"FRANKENSTEIN."

A Melodramatic Burlesque, in 3 acts, by RICHARD HENRY.
Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, December 24, 1887.

Frankenstein	Miss NELLIE FARREN.	Caramella	Miss EMMA GWYNNE.
Tartina	Miss MARION HOOD.	Vanilla	Miss SYBIL GREY.
Il Capitano Maras- }	Miss CAMILLE D'ARVILLE	The Monster	Mr. FRED LESLIE.
chino		Visconti	Mr. E. J. LONNEN.
Mary Ann	Miss EMILY CROSS.	The Model	Mr. GEORGE STONE.
Stephano... ..	Miss JENNY ROGERS.	Demonico	Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN.
Risotto	Miss JENNY M'NULTY.	Mondelico	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Tamburina	Miss SYLVIA GREY.	Schwank	Mr. FRANK THORNTON.
Goddess of the Sun ... }		Dotto... ..	Mr. CHARLIE ROSS.]

It seemed as though the long career of success at this house was likely to be interrupted on Christmas Eve, but subsequent events have shown that "Frankenstein" will prove as acceptable as almost any preceding burlesques to the frequenters of the theatre. On its first production the pittites considered themselves aggrieved. They said that the space usually allotted to them had been curtailed and given to the stalls, and vented their ill-humour throughout the evening by repeated interruptions and expressions of disapproval, irrespective of whether what was going on was worthy of praise or not. Under such circumstances, it was well-nigh impossible to judge whether the work of Richard Henry was good or indifferent, and it must be admitted that the performance was almost overburdened with display, for the elaboration of which the book had in a measure been sacrificed. Mr. George Edwardes, clever manager that he is, saw this, and accordingly, after a few days, restored the "book" as it originally stood, without materially affecting the gorgeousness of the pageant which he had provided. "Richard Henry" has furnished Miss Nellie Farren with a part in which she can, as Frankenstein, display her wonted sprightliness, and can make love in her captivating manner to Tartina, her sweetheart, Miss Marion Hood, who has some very charming songs to sing. All who know Mr. Fred Leslie's powers (and who does not?) can picture to themselves the rich fun he can evolve from his character, the terra-cotta "Monster," his scenes being enriched by his union with "Good Old Mary Ann" (now played by Miss Maria Jones with much humour) and his merry conflicts with

a Vampire Viscount, who, in the person of Mr. E. J. Lonnen, is a ridiculously amusing creature, who dances extravagantly, and gains nightly encores for the songs written for him by Mr. Robert Martin. All goes merrily enough now; on the first night there was dissatisfaction, now laughter and approval are nightly loudly expressed. The dresses, designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, are original and most beautiful; the ballets, in which Miss Sylvia Grey dances so gracefully, are charmingly arranged, and the scenery the perfection of scene painting. Mr. Charles Harris superintends the whole, and produces a series of stage pictures that may be looked on as unrivalled. The music, by Herr Meyer Lutz, is invariably pleasing. On the 17th Jan. a very amusing piece by W. J. Fisher (from the German of G. Von Moser), entitled "Lot 49," was played for the first time. It turns on the mutual desire of Mr. and Mrs. Newlove, unknown to each other, to become possessed of a pet dog which is to be put up for auction, and the complications arising therefrom, and also the shutting up in a cupboard of a silly young fellow who comes to make love to the pretty heroine. The trifle was excellently received, as well on account of its own merit as through the capital acting of Messrs. Cyril Maude and George Stone and Misses Emma Gwynne and Sybil Grey.

"FASCINATION."

A New and Improbable Comedy, in three acts, written by HARRIETT JAY and ROBERT BUCHANAN.

First produced at a matinée at the Novelty, October 6, 1887.

Reproduced at the Vaudeville, January 19, 1888.

Lord Islay	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.	The Duchess of Hurling- ham	Mrs. CANNINGE.
The Duke of Hurling- ham	Mr. F. THORNE.	Arabella Armhurst ...	Miss BANISTER.
Count de Lagrange ...	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Adele... ..	Miss GERTRUDE WARDEN.
Lord Jack Slashton ...	Mr. W. SCOTT BUIST.	Miss Cora Wilmere ...	Miss GRACE ARNOLD.
Mr. Isaacson	Mr. F. GROVE.	Mrs. Sedley	Miss M. LEE.
Mirliton	Mr. J. WHEATMAN.	Miss LeStrange	Miss A. ADLERCORN.
Captain Vane	Mr. FRANK GILMORE.	Mrs. Isaacson	Miss EDITH MAUNDERS.
Reverend Mr. Colley ...	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.	Miss Poppy Field	Miss NIAS.
Mr. Blandford	Mr. DRELCOURT ODLUM.	Mrs. Delamere	Miss VANE.
Lady Madge Slashton...	Miss HARRIETT JAY.		

In the last November number of THE THEATRE I described the plot of this comedy with its then cast, but as the latter has been almost completely changed, I have given the fresh one. The improbability of the incidents appeared to jar upon some members of the audience assembled on the night of the reproduction, who seemed unable to determine in their minds whether to take it altogether *au sérieux*, but the general verdict was a favourable one, the consummate acting of Miss Harriett Jay, admirably supported as she was by her rival, Mrs. Delamere, in the person of Miss Vane, producing this desirable result. Mr. W. Scott Buist, too, played his original character with as much freshness and originality as on the previous occasion. Mr. H. B. Conway was but half-hearted as the weak and easily led away Lord Islay. The Reverend Mr. Colley of Mr. Thomas Thorne was humorous, and will doubtless be elaborated after a few nights, but Mr. F. Thorne has been seen to



MISS HARRIETT JAY.

“Oh how full of briars is this working-day world!”

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act i. Sc. 3.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY BARRAUD, OXFORD STREET, W

greater advantage than as the Duke of Hurlingham; he made the amorous and rakish nobleman too senile. Mr. Royce Carleton's evil nature as Count de Lagrange was too transparent. The character of Arabella Armhurst was very naturally played by Miss Banister (incorrectly set down in some of the playbills as Miss Barton). The other parts were well filled, the ladies' dresses handsome, and the scenery "on the banks of the Thames" beautifully painted by W. Perkins. The "interiors" were upholstered in excellent taste by Messrs. Maple. The authors were called, but only Miss Jay responded. The piece is decidedly worth seeing.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Once more the pit question. The last straw broke the camel's back: the captiousness, the indefensible personal attacks, the irritability the painfully aggressive attitude of those who, meaning well, are unaware of the cruelty of their method of treatment, have at last come to a head, and with much regret I find myself for the first time in my life out of sympathy with those whose cause I have espoused again and again for more years than I care to remember. No one can stand up and say that the interests of the ardent and enthusiastic playgoer, who proudly occupies a cheap seat, have not been defended in the pages of this magazine. No one can assert that at any time when what I have called the privileges of that time-honoured institution, the pit, have been jeopardised or curtailed, there has been any disposition in these columns to throw cold water on the pittites by one who spent his earliest theatrical days and will ever have a lively and pleasant recollection of nights at the play spent in the pit of a London theatre. Those were the days of Shakespeare under Phelps at Sadler's Wells, and Shakespeare under Kean at the Princess's, and Romantic melodrama under Féchter at the Lyceum. And it is this very vivid and strong recollection of the dignity and the temper, and the courtesy and the earnestness of the pit of those days that make one deplore the scenes that we have recently witnessed, and regret the strange arguments that are advanced to justify impetuosity, discourtesy, and ungraciousness towards those on the stage, public favourites, long tried friends who deserve respect and esteem at the hands of those who have derived pleasure from their art.

One of the very first articles ever printed in this magazine when it came under new direction about eight years ago, was devoted to a discussion of the pit question; at the time that the pit was abolished at the Haymarket, as earnest and as strong a protest as could be made against the managerial policy and the commercial arrangement, as it was called, was printed in *THE THEATRE*; but gradually—I know not from what cause—the tone and temper of the pit seems to have altered. I do not find the same temperate judgment, I do not recognise the same amount of fair play. If a man is disappointed in securing a comfortable seat, he seems to consider it justifiable to vent his displeasure on the performance. If the pit is crowded and uncomfortable, the wretched actor or actress is made to suffer. With all my feeling of loyalty towards this excellent institution and often able and critical body, I still cannot forget that on the first night of “*Nadjezda*” at the Haymarket, when the play did not satisfy the majority, the vengeance fell on an innocent lady, a stranger to this country, a harmless, inoffensive artist, who burst into tears at the treatment she received from the young Englishmen who were banded together against her, and in whose hands she was defenceless. Nor indeed can I forget the Christmas Eve of 1887, when one of the best artists in her line in our time, one of the cleverest actresses on the lighter stage, whose talent is not far removed from genius, a lady gifted with high spirits and perpetual youth, who has never failed the public, never taken liberties with her audiences, but who has danced and sung to them without ceasing for the last twenty years, as near as possible broke down under the modern treatment of castigation that involves a woman in the punishment that should fall on the stage manager. I am not likely to forget, and those who saw it are not likely to forgive, that astonished look of pain and suppressed indignation on the face of Miss E. Farren, when with an attitude of inimitable grace she bowed to the storm, and the faithful little lady was not spared from the ruin and havoc of discontent.

It was Christmas Eve. Let me tell my own story please. I will “nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice.” Heaven knows that if I were to consult my own private and personal interests Christmas Eve is not the one night in the year I should select for playgoing. On the contrary, it is on that one night that I like to be at home, at the fireside, among the letters and kindly greetings, and the affectionate messages that come pouring in. But then, perhaps, I am a little old-fashioned, and think more of the Christmas season than others do. However, it is duty to go to the play, and it must be done, Christmas or no Christmas. I find no lack of charity outside the door. The poor are saying kindly words to one another at street corners, the shops are full, the holly and the mistletoe are coming home. All seem to be trying to forget the unkindness of the world and the

sadness of the year that is drawing to a close. The women part with a "God bless you, dear," the men are not dissolute or dissipated, because they invite their chums to a parting Christmas glass. An atmosphere of charity and good will is about us, the church bells are ringing, the streets do not wear their accustomed air of gutter wretchedness when I arrive at the Gaiety Theatre to see a new burlesque on Christmas Eve. In the theatre lobby there does not seem to be so much scowling as usual. Those who hate us and scorn us and despitefully use us wear an unaccustomed smile of joviality. It would not need much persuasion to make them shake hands and forget the past. Sneers and superciliousness are put away to-night by the cynical and the superfine. "A Merry Christmas. A Happy New Year." We hear these greetings on all sides from old friends and tried comrades.

Suddenly the attention is directed to a dreadful din inside the theatre. Hooting, howling, cat calls, jibes, jeers, and gesticulations make the night hideous. People arrive in the stalls, look up, look round and cannot tell the cause of the discord. Some say one thing, some another. Some assert that several seats have been taken away from the pit, but the authorities declare this is not the case. At any rate, discord prevails. The theatre has become like the proverbial bear garden. Herr Meyer Lutz arrives at the orchestra, an old and trusted friend. He has sat at the same desk these twenty years past. The band strikes up but still the din prevails. No one can hear a single note of the overture. At last the curtain is rung up on a pretty scene. The girls begin to dance, on goes the disturbance. Miss Marion Hood appears, but little courtesy is shown to her. Bravely, indeed, she behaves, but she has to sing against a clamour. Now up to to this point it is quite clear that the opposition had nothing whatever to do with the play. Nothing of the play had been seen; nothing had been put forward to criticise. For a short time the presence of Miss Farren allays the storm, though it growls and grumbles on at odd intervals. At last the play, not being found very satisfactory, it suffers in turn, ballets and processions are hissed, dullness and dreariness are sternly reprimanded, and the continual presence of old favourites, however much unnerved and astonished, does not prevent the expression of stern condemnation. The play concludes as it began, in a violent uproar. With the public verdict on a play expressed when the curtain falls no one can reasonably find fault; but the question is, would the condemnation of this Christmas play have been so stern had it not been for the irritation so loudly and forcibly expressed before the curtain rose?

Of course, I have received many letters on this subject, some expressing one opinion, some another, and from the bulk of them I

am forced to the conclusion that the playgoer of to-day, from some reason or other, though just as independent, is not quite so courteous or fair as his predecessors. Let him ask himself whether he goes to the play honestly determined to give play and players a fair and temperate hearing, or whether he does not allow the small vexations of life, the casual disappointments to which we are all disposed, to influence his better judgment. The professional critic who cannot so discipline himself—it is hard sometimes—to forget the cares of the world and the petty troubles of life when he takes his seat may be guilty of great injustice towards a score of interests. He has his responsibilities and his duties as well. Now, I gather from the tone of several of my correspondents' letters that the old atmosphere of dignity and impartiality does not exist, or rather is discouraged, in the modern pit. Some who write to me sneer contemptuously at those in the stalls. "It is all very well for you who have got your comfortable stall," writes one, "to discuss this matter, but you would not feel in such a blissful frame of mind if you had had to wait for hours outside a pit door." Is this Socialism, or Communism, or what? What on earth does the pittite want for half a crown? Presumably everything. When Mr. Irving started a system of booking pit seats it turned out a dismal failure. Now the pittite grumbles because he has to wait for his seat, and most decidedly implies that the temporary interference with his personal pleasure influences his subsequent judgment.

Another correspondent ridicules and laughs to scorn the idea that any human being should be genial at Christmas time. What has Christmas to do with it? May I not criticise and comment and exercise my pit privilege as well on Christmas Eve as on any other night in the year? This is the contention. Why, of course he can, and may, and apparently does. A man has a *right* to do a great many things that he does not necessarily do. He has a right to dance a Highland fling on his grandmother's grave, but a well-conducted man does not usually do so. Dickens, in one of his stories interpolated in "Pickwick," describes an old grave-digger on Christmas Eve slouching along to his miserable and, in this case, unnecessary work, who hits a boy over the head with rage and vexation because the lad is whistling cheerily on his road to a Christmas party. Now, as a rule, people do not go to the theatre on Christmas Eve in the surly, selfish, discontented spirit of Gabriel Grub. They usually whistle and sing like the boy on his road to the Christmas party. And I trust they will continue to do so. If we cannot all of us exercise a little charity and refuse to be unduly critical at Christmas time, then surely it is a very dreary world indeed.

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." It is as true now as ever it was. But we shall not have much of a drama, and very

little of an art, unless the drama's patrons temper their judgment with a little mercy. It stikes me that instead of going out of their way to find fault, to be unduly captious and unfairly critical, it would be well courteously to remember at times the conditions of things. An author, or a play, or an actor or actress, are surely not in the position of a bull brought out in Spain to be baited. The sport to the public is surely not to see a play damned or an author execrated. The Spaniard is not content unless an animal or a man is slaughtered for his amusement. Has the modern Englishman become as cruel in his tastes? Has this spirit of depreciation, of ridicule, of personal, of low libel, that is the distinguishing feature of the personal theatrical press, so entered into our system that we forget the generosity due to men and the courtesy to women? Have these snobs who fill their vulgar columns with personal chatter and idle abuse so got hold of and influenced for evil the careless youth of to-day that they seem to forget the great issues at stake, and the courtesies imperatively demanded when a new play is produced? An author is not a public enemy put in the pillory to be pelted. He is a man who has devoted much labour to the difficult task of amusing the public, and primarily he is entitled to respect. The actor or actress should be saved when at their work from the cockshies of verbal pleasantry, and preserved from the puny wit of the groundling. The manager and all concerned have a right to demand fair play. Unless, then, the drama is to cease to be a serious art, we must all try to lean rather towards what is good than what is bad. A perfect play is a very difficult thing to find. Don't let us pass what is crude, amateurish, vulgar, discreditable, or immoral; let us put down what is vulgar, contemptible, and childish; but, on the other hand, let us remember that managers and authors and actors have to live like the rest of us, and they should be saved from the crushing punishment of condemnation unless they honestly deserve it. To see a woman in tears on the stage or an old friend paralysed with astonishment is not a pretty spectacle, and is utterly opposed to that spirit of chivalry and fair play that once was the boast of Englishmen.

It was thought that in his pantomime of 1886 Mr. Augustus Harris must have touched the limit of his power of gorgeous display but "Puss in Boots" has surpassed all former productions at Drury Lane. Mr. E. L. Blanchard is again the author of the book, and the music is admirably arranged by Mr. Walter Slaughter. Pantomimes would be nothing without a supernatural element, and therefore the opening scene is the "Den of the Demon Lawyer," the occupant of which is going to foreclose his mortgage on the mill, and turn young Jocelyn out of doors, but Love steps in and expresses her determination to befriend him. Then come the Milleries, a most perfect and realistic scene by Henry Emden, where Jocelyn rescues Princess Prettipet, and the Barn, where

while he is sleeping, Love bestows on his cat the wonderful Boots, and then Puss persuading him to bathe, the pretence that his clothes are stolen leads to his introduction as the Marquis of Carabas; and the journey to the Ogre's Castle, which the Cat, after having killed the Ogre by getting him to transform himself into a mouse, passes off as the property of his master the Marquis, and so on through the old nursery legend. But whilst all this is going on we are shown the King and Queen parents of Princess Prettipet holding their silver wedding, and the little children (Miss Katti Lanner's troupe) perform a doll ballet, and the suitors of the Princess attend for her to make her choice. Nothing yet seen on the stage equals the wealth and richness of this procession. The costumes are of the Renaissance type, and are made of the richest velvets, satins, and brocades; the entire space is filled with the ladies of the Court and their attendants and pages, with the young suitors and their retinues,



with squires and equeries, heralds, knights, &c., finishing up with another ballet, and then comes a panorama representing the park and vineyards, all supposed to belong to the Marquis, and the "Hayfields," in which the children dance the Haymakers' Ballet very prettily, and on the road after this the State coach of King and

Queen breaks down, and they are obliged to take advantage of a coster-barrow drawn by the "Blondin Donkey," who creates roars of laughter, and so at last they reach the castle, where, in the Pavilion of Chivalry, there is a grand parade of knights, mounted and unmounted, in every imaginable suit of burnished armour. An enormous flight of steps, filling the entire stage, and reaching to the "flies," is occupied by these mailed warriors, whose appearance fairly dazzles and almost fatigues the eyes from their splendour and brilliancy; and after the wedding breakfast comes the transformation, an exquisitely delicately-tinted representation of "The Golden Honeymoon," wherein a white fan and coryphees representing lilies of the valley and other pure white flowers play a conspicuous part. I am sorry that I can spare so little space to speak of the actors and actresses who deserve such favourable mention. Miss Wadman was delightfully piquante and tuneful as Jocelyn, and Miss Letty Lind graceful in her dancing as the Princess. Messrs. Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell as the Queen and King, with their bickerings and disputes, were most laughable, and their topical song, "Marry come up, forsooth, go to," is full of clever hits at the follies of the day. Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., is again most successful and amusing as the "Cat," and Mr. Lionel Rignold and Mr. Charles Danby funny as the two wicked brothers. Miss Jenny Dawson is irresistible as Love. In the harlequinade, in which are some clever tricks, our old friend Harry Payne is again clown.

Mr. John Douglass has to answer for two dozen pantomimes, and hence we may always expect at the Standard from his experienced pen plenty of Christmas fun and go, and in this year's production, "Jack the Giant Killer," his patrons (and their name is legion) are not disappointed. Rough-and-tumble of a humorous kind abounds. The "book" tells the old nursery story not too closely, but with sufficient sequence, and with song, dance, and good ballets brilliantly dressed, the pantomime here makes its mark as one of the good old sort. With Mr. Richard Douglass the scenery is always artistically beautiful, and his Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday is a realistic scene which few managers could equal and none surpass. The transformation scene is a poetical representation of Fairyland as seen in a child's dream, and remarkably beautiful it is in its many changes. The critics knew, but scarcely the public, how versatile Miss Jenny Lee, of "Jo" fame, is; that she makes of the hero Jack a most vivacious impersonation is most certain, and while on the stage (and she is seldom off) all is kept going with refined fun and humour. Polly Primrose finds a pretty and bright representative in Miss Alice Burville, Florence Lavender's resources being adequate to the part of the Fairy Queen. Messrs. Purdon (Dame Durden), Thorne (Billy), Barnum (Joey), and E. Vincent as Longlegs, form a strong contingent for the comic scenes, and the harlequinade is quite safe in the hands (and shall I not also say?) legs of the agile and acrobatic Grovini Family.

“Jack and the Beanstalk,” a good old subject treated in old-fashioned pantomime manner at Covent Garden, under the leadership of Messrs. W. Freeman Thomas and W. T. Parker, with the aid of Mr. J. A. Cave. Pleasant rhymes by Henry Hersee and Horace Lennard, which are sung to many well-known melodies, and some bright fresh ones arranged, and introduced by A. Gwyllym Crowe and A. Marcellus Higgs, and the whole represented by a well-chosen and more than competent company. Just the sort of pantomime to suit the little folk, who can readily follow the fortunes of their friend Jack, and regret to find that he is so foolish as to sell the cow for a few beans until they see that from one of them springs the beanstalk. And how they laugh at his encounter with the Giant (whom he, of course, overcomes), and applaud the goodly array of the “Seven Champions of Christendom,” all handsome mounted knights, with brave esquires and gallant retainers. And when this all leads up to a transformation scene, “A Dream of



Luxury and Wealth,” and a harlequinade in which “Little Sandy” is the clown, can they but be satisfied? For in the development of the story have they not seen how “Froggy would a wooing go,” with a most amusing frog in the person of Mr. Rowe, and the magic sword forged by the musical Jee Family, and Mr. Tom Squire personate very funnily the lazy schoolboy, Billy Loblolly, and laughed at clever Mr. Frank Wood as the Widow Simpson, Jack’s mother, and beheld how Mr. W. H. Harvey, as the Village Schoolmaster, birches refractory pupils? And in the Giant’s Kitchen they have heard wonderful imitations of birds by Signor Carlo Hubert, the Giant’s Hen, and seen the neatest acrobatic feats by the Victor. ellis. And there must, of course, be a Fairy, and a very attractive one there is in Miss Susetta Fenn, who speaks her lines well, and has a charming attendant in Sunbeam, Miss Mabel Love. And no truer personifier of villainy could be found than Mr. T. F. Nye, who is, therefore, an excellent wicked Gnome King. And as fairies always dance, there is a graceful ballet in Butterfly Land, with Miss Minnie Beazley as Butterfly Boy and Signori Sezo and Pezzatini as



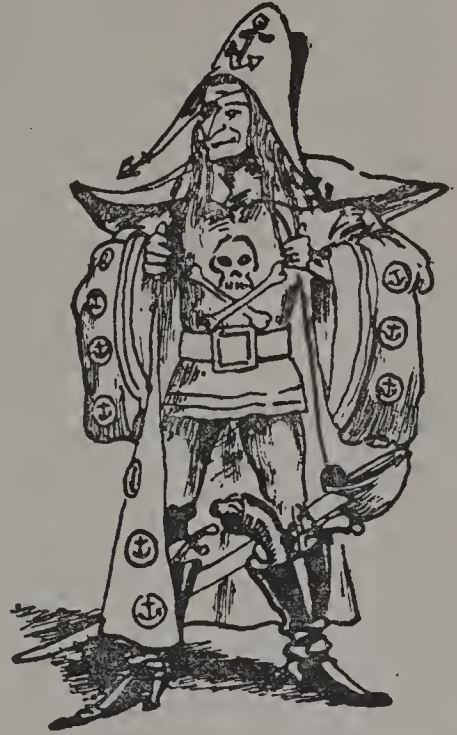
the principal dancers. But before this there has been a most delicious "rustic ballet," arranged by M. Bertrand, which gained unstinted applause. One of the wonders of the evening is M. Cascabel, who, by a method peculiarly his own, can represent a number of characters, male and female, appropriately dressed in costumes, wigs, &c., complete without leaving the stage. When I say that Miss Fanny Leslie is Jack, and that she is in excellent voice and spirits, some idea may be formed of the "go," vivacity, and skill with which she sings and dances. A better Giant could not be found than in Mr. George Conquest, jun. ; he can make of him a natural creature that can use its limbs, give expression to the face, and be grotesquely humorous ; and Mr. Sam Wilkinson as his wife, Fee-fi-fo-fa, helps considerably in the fun. Miss Minnie Mario is a captivating Prince Amaroso ; Miss Jessie Wayland a coquettish Princess Rosabelle ; Miss Ilena Norina, with her cultivated method of singing, a delicious Little Bo Peep ; and in Mrs. Bennett a Queen that all wished they saw more of. Of the several beautiful scenes, the Village of the Cowslipdale and Butterfly Land (Calcott) and the Exterior of Castle Terror (Hart) deserve particular mention.

It may be a mere coincidence or by set purpose, but it is certainly true that with the establishment of a formidable opposition in its close proximity the Alhambra has beaten its high record for grandeur and beauty of spectacular ballet in the present season's production. Invented and arranged by Mons. E. Casati, "Enchantment," the new *ballet divertissement*, is beyond all the finest and most superbly beautiful of Alhambra ballets. The introduction and general movements are particularly striking and strictly unconventional. Indeed, we scarcely recognise an old movement in the entire number, the dances being fresh and fanciful and wonderfully effective in massing the coryphées in artistic and graceful poses. The story is a romantic one, and, thanks to impressive pantomime action by the principals, is clearly set forth. Foletto, a little demon (Miss Thurgate), seeks freedom from bondage of the Great Magician, Almanzor (Mdlle. Cormani), whom she plagues with the dream of a beautiful bride, Aldina (Signorina Bessone). Almanzor abducts the bride, but is pursued by the Prince Vigildo (Mdlle. Marie), who finally triumphs, assisted by Foletto, who thereby gains his coveted liberty. The scenic artists, Messrs. Julian Hicks and Henry Watkin, in their four tableaux, supply brilliant background for the wealth of lovely and sumptuous costumes which figure so conspicuously in front, the magic palace in the opening and the Enchanted Gardens Castle being entrancingly beautiful stage pictures. Of the costumes from Mr. L. Besche's designs, by Mons. and Madame Alias, it is difficult to speak without appearing to use terms of exaggerated praise. They are fantastic in the extreme, as befitting the somewhat weird character of the romance, and the neutral tints of the slaves relieve the eye dazzled with the crimson and gold of the Magician's Court, while the peasants and nobles, composing the bridal retinue are singularly graceful and appropriate.

Mons. Jacobi has written the music, which fascinates the senses and several of his numbers were heartily encored. A new valse in the opening, a minuet in the third tableau, and the grand fantastic galop and finale in the last tableau were specially enjoyable. The principal dancers were all seen to great advantage, and danced with an *abandon* that excited the audience to prolonged applause, special approbation accompanying a bell and slave dance, the dance of demor:s, and the rustic dance and a quick change scene, which instantaneously lifts the stage from sombre vampire-like shades to gorgeous hues. The applause which summoned all connected with the production of "Enchantment" before the curtain at the conclusion was of the heartiest, and must have assured the directors of another unmistakable and unsurpassed terpsichorean triumph.

The doors of the Empire, one of the most spacious and the most luxuriously-furnished theatres in London, were opened on Thursday evening, Dec. 22, and it was not long before every portion of the large area was densely crowded by an enthusiastic audience, from whom cheer after cheer went up in testimony of their appreciation of what had been done to make them comfortable and to gratify their taste for the beautiful. A Pompeian staircase, a Renaissance foyer of noble proportions, Indian halls, Japanese vestibules with an interior decorated in the Persian style, command special admiration, while in out-of-the-way nooks special decorative skill has been lavishly employed, and always with charming effect, the Persian chandeliers and the electric lighting over the entire building adding a gorgeous flood of brilliant light, which almost blinds one by its dazzling beauty. Mr. George Edwardes, to whom, as managing director, the success of the front of the house is due, is to be warmly congratulated upon the splendid results he has to show; while to Mr. Augustus Harris, who has had entire control of the stage, equal praise should be awarded. If the "Variety Entertainment" is rather wanting in character or originality, the season and the short time at the disposal of the management were to be pleaded in excuse, and this has since been improved. The two ballets, "Dilara," an Oriental spectacle, and "The Sports of England," a national terpsichorean revel, thanks to Madame Katti Lanner's inventive genius and the sprightly music of Mons. Hervé, the composer of "Chilperic," "Le Petit Faust," &c., both won an unequivocal success. In "Dilara" the stage is crowded with coryphées brilliantly-clad, and set off by crowds in armour of fantastic fashion. The action is expressive, the story, if hazy in outline, is sufficiently interesting for the purpose, and the dancing of Signorinas Santori, Manncroffer, and Adele Rossi evoked plaudits for their grace and agility. The English tableaux of cricket, hunting, polo, &c., are delightfully represented, and afforded evident pleasure. The powerful and experienced syndicate which constitutes the new management certainly deserve success, if the opening programme is a sample of their intentions in the future:

The story of "Robinson Crusoe" is always acceptable to the young, and the late H. J. Byron's version of his adventures would amuse anyone ; so Mr. Oscar Barrett has availed himself of it at the Crystal Palace, and produced one of the most charming pantomimes of the season, fitting to the words bright and lively music. Defoe's book is tolerably closely followed, so far as Crusoe is concerned, only that he has a rival in the affections of Jenny Pigtail in the person of Will Atkins, the pirate, whose patron is King Tyranny, the beautiful fairy Liberty watching over the fortunes of the hero and his lady-love. The first scene is on the Hard at Hull, a beautiful set, enlivened by numbers of sailor lads and lasses. Here Robinson is pressed, and then we see the wreck of his ship, and find him thrown on the island, where in his hut are the dog, goat, cat, and parrot, and Man Friday, capitally done by Mr. D'Auban, who has also arranged the very effective dances.



One of the most beautiful of these takes place in the Coral Bower, where mermaids and fish, and Neptune and Tritons and sea-nymphs disport themselves. Then we are introduced to the Court of King Buffalo-Hullabaloo, where we are treated to a gorgeous Indian procession, in which figure Tortoise troops, Tom Tom Tits, Crocodile Cavalry, Ostrich Volunteers, Giraffe Guards, and the Squaw Squadron of beautiful Amazons, with Snake Charmers, Medicine Men quaint and novel, the dark Piccanini Brigade, and fair Fan Bearers, and the King's six lovely wives. Will Atkins and Jenny have also fallen into the King's power, who wishes to add the young lady to his harem, but she is, of course, rescued by

Robinson, and after sundry other adventures the lovers are made happy, and the transformation takes place in "The Fairy Rings in the Mushroom Glade," in which various-coloured fungi bearing lovely

fairies, in exquisite dresses, play a conspicuous part. The whole pantomime is bright, animated, and amusing, and distinguished by the most perfect taste in the richness of detail. Miss Edith Bruce is a very lively Robinson, Mr. Rignold an effective Tyranny, Mr. Irish a bold and amusing buccaneer as Will Atkins, and Miss Chard a picturesque and most tuneful Liberty. In the harlequinade, Mr. Wattie Hildyard is clown.

“King Trickee” is the title of this year’s pantomime at the Britannia, and, according to Mrs. Lane’s invariable custom, the plot is entirely original. Mr. J. Addison contributes the book, which sets forth a story of adventure on the part of young Robin Roy (Miss Millie Howes, a piquante actress and pleasant singer) to gain the hand of May (Miss Katie Cohen, an accomplished vocalist and merry player) and his rightful kingdom of Simple Land. He is assisted by the Sporting Duchess, cleverly enacted by Mrs. Sara Lane, who brightens the large stage by her joviality and tact, and by the fairies, but Trickatrix (comically represented by Mr. Chirgwin, the White-eyed Kaffir) hinders him for a season, guided in his ill-will by the plotting demon Scarabeus, the King of the Beetles. A golden casket is either lost, stolen, or strayed, and as this contains the proofs of Roy’s title to the crown, he is in despair till Mrs. Lane, by the aid of a magic ring and a timely revolver, procures it for Robin Roy, who is thus made happy with kingdom and bride, and the transformation, as a prelude to the harlequinade, both thought much of here, is safely reached at last. The transformation is a wonderfully effective series of mechanical changes, forming, as a finale, an apotheosis of Britannia, who is grouped amidst a bevy of superbly-draped figures, surrounded with flowers of every hue. Tom Lovell is an excellent clown, up to every pantomime trick, and being ably assisted, the harlequinade goes with bustling merriment throughout. The comic scenes in the opening, thanks to Messrs. Bigwood, Gardener, and the Passmore Brothers, provoke the greatest hilarity.

Mr. Yorke Stephens, the youngest of our theatrical lessees, in taking over the Olympic from Miss Agnes Hewitt, had a good card to play in Mr. W. Gillette’s military melodrama, “Held by the Enemy.” Liberally staged, the sensational scenes all go with spirit and their wonted effect, and the very bright comedy between Mr. Stephens, as the warm-hearted and energetic war correspondent, and his “enemy,” the young southern belle, now acted by Miss Bealby, who plays with charming naturalness, continues to call forth the heartiest laughter from the audience. Miss Caroline Hill is altogether admirable as the heroine, the court-martial and hospital scenes being grandly played by this experienced and clever lady. Here she was very greatly assisted by Mr. Willard, as the Northern Colonel Prescott, and by Mr. B. Gould as his rival, the Southern spy, Lieut. Hayne. Both gentlemen acted with skill their difficult rôles, and

it would not be easy to find more effective exponents. Good support was accorded by Mr. Boleyn as the Major-General, and Mr. J. Cross was an impressive Brigade Surgeon. Nothing could well be better than the devoted old negro of Mr. Calhaem, and altogether the representation was as perfect as previous performances of this the best melodrama we have had from the other side of the Atlantic.

With the painful knowledge that the once beautiful theatre, the Grand, has been totally consumed by fire, with a consequent destruction of a large amount of valuable property, unfortunately for Mr. Charles Wilmot uninsured, and with the no less serious loss to the large body of *employés* thrown out of their engagement, it is a difficult task to write of the pantomime; but the labour is lightened by the fact that I have nothing but praise to bestow upon all concerned in the production of "Whittington and His Cat, or Harlequin Lord Mayor's Show, or the Fairy Bells of Bow," and though our congratulations may accentuate the grief of those once engaged upon the so far successful work, I feel constrained to offer them. Something more substantial is in course of arrangement in aid of the sufferers, and I need scarcely say the movement has my cordial sympathy and support. The unlucky pantomime was Mr. Wilmot's fifth Christmas piece, and was certainly the best of all of them. Mr. "Geoffrey Thorn," the "pen name" of Mr. Charles Townley, had written the book, in which puns, most of them fresh and lively, toppled over one another in the text, which was otherwise brightened by the introduction of numberless clever parodies of popular songs, the comic rendering of which by a strong company was by no means the least amusing feature of a thoroughly comic play. The story of Dick's rise to the Mayoralty has served the turn of many a pantomime writer, and Mr. Thorn made it the vehicle for several sly jokes at current topics, while unfolding it in the orthodox fashion. The young—and this was essentially a children's pantomime—were not unduly puzzled by the new version of the old story. The cat was there, and so was the gentle Alice and the angry cook. The sweet bells of Bow chimed out prettily their ever-memorable "Turn again Whittington," and the King of Barbary's rats were quickly destroyed by the agile "Tabby Thomas, Esq., the most wonderful cat you could ever meat." Dick's adventures over, his bride and the civic chair await him, and all ends happily with the transformation. The scenery by Mr. Hemsley was a special feature, and richly deserved the encomiums it called forth. A demon picture gallery, with portraits of celebrities; Highgate Hill, a splendid perspective view; a grand panorama, illustrating the history of the British Navy from the earliest times (the Saxon Heptarchy) to the Jubilee Review at Spithead last year—a brilliant, original, and instructive idea admirably carried out; the street in Old London with the Lord Mayor's Show, with procession of trades and topical tableaux, exceeding effective; and for the concluding scene a pictorial illustration of Ariel's flight from the

“*Tempest*”—“Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,” as poetical as it was delightful, were the chief among fifteen scenes, all well painted and appropriate. The representation was spirited throughout, and especially strong in the rough-and-tumble humour. The Dick of Miss Julia Warden was a lively and natty impersonation, vivacious without vulgarity, while Miss Amalia’s Alice was extremely graceful, the young lady’s dancing being a revelation for Islingtonians. The Fairy Joy Bell of Miss Verity and the ‘Masher Lord Lollipop of Miss Kate Bellingham kept the stage alive with merriment and charming singing; while among the gentlemen Messrs. Burgess (FitzWarren), Andrews (Idle Jack), Adeson (the King), and Corney (the cook) distinguished themselves by their unflagging and richly comic business. Nor must I conclude without mentioning the clever tricks of Master Freddie Farren as the Cat. This young gentleman has surely watched Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., with close attention. He should be heard of again, for there is plenty of room for so accomplished a mimic.

The evening of Wednesday, January 18, 1888; will in all probability be frequently quoted in future dramatic records, for on that date Miss Terriss made her first really public appearance. In Alfred C. Calmour’s “*Cupid’s Messenger*,” the fair young daughter of a talented father played with grace and tenderness the part of Fanny Walsingham, and gave promise of histrionic excellence. Miss Freake was the Mary Herbert, and, as is already known, exhibited qualities that, were this lady compelled to adopt the stage as a profession, would soon place her in its front rank. Mr. H. B. Conway was to have been the Sir Philip Sydney, but was at the last moment compelled to be absent, and the character was played by the author. The scenery was excellent, and the dresses by Alias from designs by G. B. Le Fanu very rich and historically correct. “*A Scrap of Paper*” followed; the principal characters were well rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. Craigie, Mr. T. H. S. Craigie, Mr. A. Cameron Skinner, Mr. Erskine Loch, the Hon. Lady Cadogan, and the young Earl of Cottenham. The representation took place before a very fashionable audience at Cromwell House, by the kind permission of Lady Freake, in aid of the Nursing Sisters of St. Margaret’s, East Grinstead, and was repeated on Thursday night. On both occasions the handsome rooms were crowded.

Miss Maud Millett’s first appearance in London, and, indeed, first engagement, was at the Globe Theatre, where she played Eva Webster in “*The Private Secretary*.” She was next seen at the Vaudeville in several parts. Those in which decided successes were achieved were *Sophia* and *Molly Seagrim* in Robert Buchanan’s “*Sophia*.” Miss Millett has also appeared at the Comedy, Novelty, and Royalty Theatres, and was a

member of Miss Kate Vaughan's Company for the revival of "Old Comedy" at the Gaiety. One of Miss Millett's latest impersonations, Leonie Lamarque, in Dr. Lobb's comedy drama, "Wyllard's Weird," from its pathos and delicacy, gave the strongest evidence of the rapid upward strides this young lady is making in her profession. It was a marked success. The portrait as one of the "Two Roses" represents Miss Millett as Ida, a character in which she has been universally admired.

Miss Annie Hughes's first engagement, in October, 1885, was also with Mr. Charles Hawtrey at the Globe, where she succeeded Miss Maude Millett as Eva Webster in "The Private Secretary." Miss Annie Hughes's first original part was that of Caroline Boffin in "The Man with the Three Wives," in January, 1886, under her engagement with Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, where she also appeared as Jenny Gammon in "Wild Oats," and as Bébee, in W. G. Wills' "The Little Pilgrim" (a free version of Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes"). But her special mark was made as Susan M'Creery in Gillette's play, "Held by the Enemy," one of the brightest and most artistic performances that has been seen on any stage. Miss Hughes has had several American offers, but declined them, and will join Mr. Clayton's Company at the new Court Theatre (when built), a part in the new piece to be produced being specially written for her by Mr. Pinero. Prior to this, however, Miss Hughes plays Norah Desmond in "The Bells of Haslemere" at the Adèphi. In the portrait of the "Two Roses" Miss Annie Hughes is shown as Lotty, the lovable but mischievous little beauty, in which character she has been so successful.

"Wyllard's Weird," a comedy drama in a prologue and three acts, founded on Miss Braddon's novel, by Dr. Harry Lobb, was played at a *matinée* at the Criterion on Dec. 29, 1887. There was much in it to be commended, but in its present form it would not suit a London audience. The author here also, I believe, contemplates its re-construction. It had a very powerful cast. Mr. Henry Neville's performance was beyond praise; Miss Achurch was womanly and tender, Miss Annie Hughes deliciously saucy and girlish, and Miss Maude Millett displayed a depth of passion that fairly astonished even those who have watched this young actress's rapid advance in her profession.

The 100th performance of "The Winter's Tale" took place on the 3rd of last month at the Lyceum before a fashionable and critical audience. Miss Mary Anderson's Hermione has lost none of its best points, and has gained many, and is now an artistic and scholarly performance. Of her Perdita, its tender grace and joyousness, there has been none but most favourable mention. The only change in the cast is that Mrs. John

Billington now plays Pauline with due effect. "The Winter's Tale" continues to draw such good houses that Mr. C. J. Abud (who has worked so hard and with such favourable results) tells me there will be no occasion for any fresh production during Miss Anderson's tenancy.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," that was put on at the Princess's for the afternoons, has proved so acceptable that it has taken the place of "Siberia" in the evening bills, and has been played twice daily. The quaint and plaintive negro melodies, the excellence of Miss Kate James as Topsy, and of Mr. Harry Parker as Uncle Tom, the effective manner in which the piece has been staged, and the generally good quality of the cast, has brought full houses. "Siberia" goes on tour shortly.

"The Monk's Room," a romantic play in a prologue and four acts, by John Lart, produced on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 20, 1887, at the Prince of Wales's, was sufficiently favourably received to induce the author to re-write some portions and to modify others, with a view to its being seen again shortly. In its then form it was to a certain extent crude and too prolix. Of those who appeared in it, Misses Alma Murray, Mary De Grey, and Kittie Claremont, and Messrs. Felix Pitt, J. H. Clynds, and especially Stephen Caffrey, distinguished themselves in their several characters.

Mr. Charles Charrington appeared as Othello on the afternoon of Dec. 20 at the Vaudeville. There was considerable originality and throughout conscientious earnestness in his conception of the Moor, but there was a lack of power. The Desdemona of Miss Janet Achurch was one of the best seen for years past. Mr. Hermann Vezin's Iago was beyond all praise. Mr. Vollaire was excellent as Brabantio, and Mr. Fred. Terry a manly and effective Cassio.

For good hearty fun, lively tunes that set the feet going, and almost force one to join in the chorus, bright scenery, and merry exponents of their different characters, commend me to "Sindbad" at the Surrey. There are also some wonderful effects, particularly in the "Reptiles' Haunt in the Diamond Valley," where the guardians of the treasure use vampire and other traps to the astonishment of the audience. Mr. George Conquest represents the Little Old Man of the Sea with a grim humour and tragic intensity that few could equal—none, perhaps, under like circumstances, considering that he, with that faculty so peculiarly his own, is a mere manikin in appearance. He is very ably supported by Miss Florrie West as Sindbad and Mr. C. Cruikshank as Rumphiz. Messrs. Dan Leno, Handford, and Spry brim over with fun, humour, and strange dances, and Miss Constance Moxon sings most charmingly the many tuneful airs set down for her by Messrs. John P. Harrington and G. Le Brun.

The delight that was experienced by the audience on Monday, January 16, 1888, at the most excellent performance of "A Scrap of Paper" must have been tinged with a feeling of sorrow to many, in that it was the forerunner of a change in the management at the St. James's Theatre, and the probable absence, at no very distant date, for some time from its boards of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Mr. Palgrave Simpson's version of Sardou's "Les Pattes de Mouche" is one of the brightest and healthiest pieces of comedy that has been seen, the fun and interest never flag and never were they better kept up than on the occasion of this its latest revival, for it was to its manifest improvement played more quickly by the two principals in the battledore and shuttlecock game of finesse that was so spiritedly fought between Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The merry and astute Susan Hartley enters on the pursuit of the little billet-doux that causes all the trouble, and, after the clever finding of it, discovers that in the moment of victory she has to lay down her arms and surrender to her almost equally wily antagonist, Colonel Blake. Both seemed to revel in their parts, and thoroughly to enjoy the scenes in which they are pitted against each other. Mr. Hare, too, who was most cordially received, played with the exquisite finish that distinguishes all his performances, and his make up as Dr. Penguin, F.Z.S. (one of his best assumptions), is perfectly natural, and yet most laughter-provoking, and his passion for entomology is displayed as cleverly as his submission to his domineering wife, capitally played by Mrs. Gaston Murray. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree acted with commendable tact as Lady Ingram, showing just the right amount of dread of the discovery of her imprudent love-letter. Mr. C. D. Burleigh and Miss Blanche Horlock were amusing as the boy and girl lovers, and Mr. Herbert Waring came well out of the difficulty of representing the jealous and too phlegmatic Sir John Ingram. As usual at the St. James's, the piece was splendidly staged. The Library at Dr. Penguin's in the second act was one of the most perfect pictures of a collection that has been gathered from all the quarters of the globe. I must not omit to mention the excellent acting of Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. E. Hendrie in "Old Cronies," the comedietta which serves as a *lever de rideau*. In fact, a better evening's amusement it would be impossible to find.

Tuesday, Dec. 20, was Speech Day at King Edward the Sixth's School at Stratford-on-Avon. Numerous guests arrived from London and Oxford early on the Monday, and at three that afternoon a full-dress rehearsal of the dramatic portion of the next day's entertainment was given at the Corn Exchange, where a very complete stage had been erected. The audience at the rehearsal numbered about four hundred, and was mainly composed of working people, children, and the servants from county houses round. The Head Master, the Rev. R. T. del Laffan, has the earnest wish that on this annual festival all classes should witness the Shakespearean representations, and the hearty applause showed how much

each scene was appreciated. On Tuesday the large room was filled in every part, town and country being well represented. Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., presided, having on either hand Lady Hodgson and Lady Laffan. The head-master and his staff wore their academic robes. Locke's music to "Macbeth," played by Mrs. Laffan (piano) and Mr. Callaway (violin), opened the proceedings, and then the curtain rose on Act 1, Scene 3, of "Macbeth." The three weird sisters acquitted themselves well. Mr. Philips as Banquo and Mr. A. Dennis as Macbeth were good. Next an interlude roused the audience to enthusiasm. To a march composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. R. S. de Laffan entered a procession of tiny pages bearing torches, and stepping daintily to the rhythm of the music; before them danced the most delicious little jester ever seen—a mere scrap of a boy clothed in tight-fitting scarlet from head to foot, and bearing on the tips of his long-eared scarlet hood little silver bells that chimed as he danced. With the entrance of Mr. H. Cox as Lady Macbeth, in Act 2, Scene 1, it was felt at once that a new and, for a schoolboy, a wonderful influence was present. Mr. Cox has a musical and sympathetic voice, and identified himself completely with the part. The audience were visibly affected by this boy's earnestness, and Macbeth played up well to his partner. Then came the sleep-walking scene, and was an excellent performance. The Gentlewoman was singularly graceful, and spoke with a clear intonation. The Doctor was equally good. The former character was taken by Mr. W. Hutchinson, and the later by Mr. H. Samman, who goes by the name of "The Stratford Scholar." Lady Macbeth, clothed in a softly-falling white garment, caused a murmur of excitement among the audience. Nothing so perfect could have been expected, and all were taken by surprise. At the close of the scene the curtain had to be again and again raised. This occasion was felt to be peculiarly interesting, when a play of Shakespeare's was acted by the boys of Shakespeare's School in the place that gave the poet birth, on account of the correspondence going on as to the authorship of his plays. After the final fall of the curtain, Sir Arthur Hodgson distributed the prizes to successful scholars, and the head-master announced that next year Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen hoped to come to Stratford as president of the annual play and prize giving.

Some little curiosity was excited as to the new *lever de rideau* at the Criterion on Monday, January 23, from the fact that the authorship was not revealed. The writer has evidently taken the idea of his comedietta "Why Women Weep" from the French *La Femme qui pleure*. In Monaco we are introduced to Arthur Chandos, who has married a very captivating, *cidevant* widow, Dora, and to prove his affections has settled on her all his worldly possessions. Frank Dudley has also taken to himself a very charming little wife Madge, and they seem as happy as a pair of turtle doves till Madge sets her heart on a pair of diamond earrings, which her husband refuses her. Mrs. Chandos,

with considerable experience as to the manner of getting her way with the sterner sex, advises the young wife to stand up for her rights first by entreaty, then by passion, and lastly by tears. Madge follows her counsel and obtains the coveted ornaments, but almost immediately regrets the subterfuge she has used, and is bitterly repentant when she learns from her husband's changed manner that he knows her tears have been false, and that he has been imposed on. Chandos, having gambled away his allowance at the roulette table, and finding that the lachrymose mood succeeds, tries it with his strong-minded wife, but gets simply laughed at for his pains, but having shown extraordinary courage in a duel with *one* antagonist and frightened *two* others away, is taken into favour again, and has his supply of pocket-money replenished. The acting only made the piece acceptable. Mr. Edward Emery was easy and amusing as the impecunious Arthur Chandos, and Mr. Sydney Brough made excellent capital out of his fond and his indignant scenes with Miss Norreys, who, as Madge, gave some artistic and charmingly natural touches. Miss Ffolliott Paget acted well the clever and attractive woman of the world, and Mr. George Giddens gave a good character sketch of a German waiter, Fritz. On the same evening Miss Norreys filled the *rôle* of Lotty in the "Two Roses" for the first time, and acted brightly and with naive simplicity.

On Saturday, January 7th, M. Mayer revived Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse" at the Royalty with marked success. Madame Mary Albert, it will be remembered, appeared about twelve months ago at Her Majesty's, but her niceties of acting and her voice were thrown away there. At the pretty little house in Dean-street they are seen and heard to the very best advantage, for they are both delicate and refined, and her appearance more than agreeable. A more fascinating "Grande Duchesse" altogether it would be difficult to find, and the two most celebrated numbers, "Dites-lui," which is really an exquisite love song, and "Voici le Sabre," with its stirring melody, were most artistically rendered. Madame Albert had a valuable assistant in M. Dekernel as Fritz, who understands the character, and was equally well-supported by M. Numès as Prince Paul, and by Madame Lentz as Wanda. M. Carini's voice was not suitable for General Boum. After running a fortnight Offenbach's opera was replaced on the 23rd by "La Mascotte," in which Madame Albert was, if possible, even more successful as Bettina, gaining a treble encore for the charming "Glu-Glu" duet with Pippo, excellently sung and played by M. Morlet. Dekernel was heard to much advantage as Le Prince Fritellini, and M. Carini was very droll and amusing as Laurent XVII. On the first night the encores were numerous, the chorus effective, and the whole was thoroughly and deservedly appreciated.

The hundredth performance of "The Old Guard" was reached at the Aveune on Jan. 23, and from the enthusiasm of a house crowded in every part, it seems likely to run for another hundred nights. In honour of the occasion M. Planquette, the composer, came from Paris and conducted, and received an ovation.

Messrs. Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, who form the subjects of our second photograph this month, are represented in their respective characters of the Queen and King in the pantomime of "Puss in Boots," now playing at Drury Lane, to the fun and merriment of which they add so materially by their humour and singing.

At the Hanover Gallery Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have, as usual, gathered some good specimens of the foreign schools. Berne Bellecour's "The Departure" (7), French Dragoons in-training, is full of life and vigour. G. Munger has several good canvases, and A. Brandeis' pictures of Venice are held in as much esteem as heretofore, evidenced by the "sold" so frequently attached to them. R. Elmore's "Passing Shower at Shoreham" (30) is rich with atmospheric effect. "The Travelling Jeweller," by Madow (34), tells its story well in the various expressions of the faces. E. Meissonier's "Punch" (45), a water colour, is full of humour. "After the Dance" (56), by E. Richter, rightly inscribed "Lassata sed non satiata," shows an Eastern girl exhausted, perhaps, for the moment, but her eyes express her desire to recommence when she shall have regained breath. T. H. Weber has a good seascape in "Towing the Wreck" (78). In Sanguinetti's "Rotten Row" (84), (Season of 1887), will be recognised many well-known faces, and in the Upper Gallery Du Paty's "Near the Encampment" (119), and A. Crespi's Boys' Heads (130 and 134) are well worth attention.

The "New York Clipper Annual" for 1888 has reached me. The most interesting item in it to my readers would probably be "The Earliest Days of the American Theatre," an attempt to institute theatrical performances having been made in 1686, and the history of the drama has been traced from that date down to the present time. The principal musical events are also fully noted, there is an excellent "Sporting Chronology," and an obituary of those connected with "Amusement Professions." A handy book that will be found very useful.

The first monthly number of "Men and Women of the Day, a Picture Gallery of Contemporary Portraiture," has just been published by Richard Bentley and Son, of New Burlington Street, and from its excellence will surely be seen on every drawing-room table. It is the work of Mr. Herbert Barraud, whose photographs of actors and

actresses have been so much valued in this magazine. Life-like reproductions of the Marquis of Hartington, Miss Mary Anderson, and of His Eminence Cardinal Newman in "permanent photography" appear in the January issue, accompanied by an interesting biography of each person, beautifully printed, and the whole got up in the best style. As the compiler says, the numbers "will make at the close of the year a handsome gift book."

I have received from Mr. C. H. Fox his "Dramatic and Musical Directory of the United Kingdom" for 1888. It contains a fund of useful information for those who even most distantly take an interest in anything that relates to the drama in any part of Great Britain.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from December 20, 1887, to January 23, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus.*)

- Dec. 22. "The Golden Ladder," new five-act drama by Wilson Barrett and George Sims. Globe.
- „ 24.* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," drama in five acts, by Alfred Dampier and J. F. Sheridan. Princess's.
- „ 24.* "Hans the Boatman," musical comedy by Clay M. Greene. Terry's.
- „ 24.* "Held by the Enemy," drama in five acts, by William Gillette. Olympic.
- „ 24. "Frankenstein," melodramatic burlesque in three acts, by Richard Henry. Gaiety.
- „ 24. "Sindbad and the Little Old Man of the Sea," pantomime by George Conquest and Henry Spry. Surrey.
- „ 24. "Fee-fi-fo-fum; or, Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer," pantomime by John Douglas. Lyrics by F. Marshall. Standard.
- „ 24. "Jack the Giant Killer, and the Butterfly Queen," pantomime by Henri G. French. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 24. "Bluff King Hal," pantomime by Frank Hall. Sadler's Wells.
- „ 24. "The Frog who would a-Wooing Go," pantomime by William Muskerly. Marylebone.
- „ 24. "Robinson Crusoe," pantomime, adapted from H. J. Byron's burlesque. Lyrics by Horace Lennard. Crystal Palace.
- „ 24. "Little Jack and the Big Beanstalk," pantomime by Arthur Lloyd. Greenwich.
- „ 26. "Puss in Boots," pantomime by E. L. Blanchard. Drury Lane.
- „ 26. "Jack and the Beanstalk; or the Seven Champions," pantomime by Henry Hersee and Horace Lennard. Covent Garden.
- „ 26.* "Dot," drama in three acts, dramatised by Dion Boucicault from *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Toole's.
- „ 26. "Whittington and his Cat," pantomime by Geoffrey Thorn. Grand.
- „ 26. "Blue Beard, the Grand Bashaw," pantomime by William Muskerly. Sanger's.

- Dec. 26. "King Trickee," pantomime by J. Addison. Britannia.
 ,, 26. "Robinson Crusoe," pantomime by Geoffrey Thorn. Pavilion.
 ,, 28. "In the Fashion," five-act play by Selina Dolaro (for copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.
 ,, 29. "Wyllard's Weird," comedy drama, in a prologue and three acts, founded on Miss Braddon's novel by Dr. Harry Lobb. Matinée, Criterion.
- 1888.
- Jan. 5. "Partners," new comedy-drama, in five acts, by Robert Buchanan. Haymarket.
 ,, 11. "Incognito," new play, in three acts, by Hamilton Aidé. Haymarket.
 ,, 13.* "La Grande Duchesse." French plays, Royalty.
 ,, 16. "Lot 49," farce in one act, adapted from the German of Von Moser by W. J. Fisher. Gaiety.
 ,, 16.* "A Scrap of Paper, comedy in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson. St. James's.
 ,, 18.* "Hamlet." Matinée, Globe.
 ,, 19. "Fascination," new and improbable comedy, in three acts, by Harriett Jay and Robert Buchanan. First produced at a matinée at the Novelty, Oct. 6, 1887. Vaudeville.
 ,, 23. "La Mascotte." French plays, Royalty.
 ,, 23. "Why Women Weep," comedietta. Criterion.

 PARIS.

(From Nov. 19 to Dec. 21, 1887.)

- Nov. 19 "Il reviendra," a *revue* in three tableaux, by MM. Guillaume Livet and A de Reaux, music by M. Patusset. Alcazar d'hiver.
 ,, 20* "P'tiote," a drama in five acts and six tableaux, by M. Maurice Drack. Chateau d'Eau.
 ,, 22 "Dix jours aux Pyrénées," a *voyage circulaire*, in five acts and six tableaux, by M. Paul Ferrier, music by M. Louis Varney, Gaité.
 ,, 24 "La Tosca," a drama in five acts and six tableaux, by M. Victorien Sardou. Porte-St.-Martin.
 ,, 25 "Décoré," a comedy in one act, by M. Edmond Duesberg. Déjazet
 ,, 26 "Mathias Sandorf," a drama, in five acts and sixteen tableaux, adapted by MM. William Busnach and George Maurens, from a novel by Jules Verne. Ambigu.
 ,, 28* "Le Caïd," a comic opera in two acts, libretto by M. Sauvage, music by Ambroise Thomas. Opéra Comique.
 ,, 28* "Philémon et Baucis," a comic opera in two acts, libretto by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, music by Charles Gounod. Opéra Comique.
 ,, 29 "Le Roi Koko," a vaudeville in three acts, by M. Alexandre Bisson. Renaissance.
 ,, 30 "Les Delegates," a vaudeville in three acts and four tableaux, by MM. Emile Blavet and Fabrice Carré. Nouveautés.
- Dec. 1* "Galathée," a comic opera, in two acts, by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, music by Victor Massé.
 ,, 2* "Le Legs," a comedy, in one act, by Marivaux. Théâtre Français.

- Dec. 2* "Le Legatiare Universel," a comedy, in five acts, by Merivaux. Théâtre Français.
- „ 5 "Nos bons jurés," a vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Fabrice Carré. Variétés.
- „ 7 "Beaucoup de bruit pour rien," a comedy, in five acts and eight tableaux, adapted by M. Louis Legendre from Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing." Odéon.
- „ 9 "Microbe," a vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Maxime Vitrae and Georges Dufresne. Bouffes Parisiens.
- „ 10 "La Grenouille," a comedy, in three acts, by MM. Maxime Boucheron and Georges Grisier. Déjazet.
- „ 11 "La Nuit de Juin," an *à propos*, by M. Maurice Le Corbeiller. Théâtre Français.
- „ 16 "Le Grand Casimir," an operetta, in three acts; words by MM. Jules Prével and Saint-Albin, music by M. Charles Lecocq. Variétés.
- „ 21 "L'Oncle Anselme," an *à propos*, in one act, in verse, by M. Georges Lefevre. Odéon



A Baby-debutante.

A SHRILL glad cry, and clad in dainty white,
With fragrant blossoms in her tiny hands,
And brown eyes greatening at the wondrous sight,
She runs on happily, then turns, and stands
For one brief moment just a thought dismayed,—
The roar of welcome is so strong and loud,
The baby-débutante is half afraid,
Her soft lips quivering at the noisy crowd.

An instant more, and then with flying feet
She gains the shelter of encircling arms.
The soft familiar touch is strangely sweet,
Before its pressure fly her vague alarms.
The eyes are glistening with a glad delight,
And laughter dimples on the rosy lips,
Small wonder that we deem the child to-night
“Kissworthy to the very finger-tips.”

Good luck attend you, dear, in coming years,
And thoughts as fragrant as your treasured flowers
Be following on you always. May your ears
Be greeted, sweet, by plaudits prompt as ours
Whene'er you seek for them. And should you stand
Your sunshine darkened by a passing shade,
May you but turn to find a loving hand
Outstretched, and eager with its ready aid.

MABEL E. WOTTON,

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
Jan. 5, 1888.

THE THEATRE.



Why do we go to the Play?

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

“THE piece has undoubtedly grave defects both of construction and taste. But the general public *cares very little about the moral purpose of a play*, and cares very much about the exhibition of exceptional power; and the *unreasoning attacks* of which the play in question has been made the subject, *on the alleged score of immorality of purpose*, have only excited public curiosity and interest.”

When words like these are printed, in no catchpenny print, but in the solemn pages of so respected and respectable a paper as “The Observer” (Sunday, February 12, 1888), we may fairly ask ourselves, “Why do we go to the play?” Is it for instruction, for amusement, as a means of refreshment for mind and body; is it for recreation, to get away a little from the harassing cares of life; to get out of ourselves for a few hours, to live in a world of fancy and imagination, to exchange the real for the ideal, the actual for the fanciful, or is it, as the disciples of naturalism would make us believe, for the rare pleasure of seeing the world painted uglier than it is, its women more reckless and abandoned, its men more selfish and dishonourable, its morality more tainted, its society more rotten?

We are sometimes told that plays that are imaginative and fanciful, serious and absorbing, become more and more impossible in these days of excitement, competition, and furious life. There is no time to dream; no time to think. We are told that modern men and women do not go to the play to be instructed as was once the case. Advanced education does that. Shake-

speare is studied in the school curriculum, not on the stage. Fancy is all rubbish, and sentiment is mere stuff. Knights who become invisible, maidens who are under spells, fairies who bestow invisible caps and enchanted rings, are already scouted by the practical child in the nursery, and years ago Mr. W. S. Gilbert was warned off the imaginative field which he promised to sow with many a graceful flower like "Broken Hearts." The days of Planché are over; the era of mysticism is at an end. No; we are constantly, and no doubt truthfully, told that we must all go to the theatre to be amused. Life is so hard, business is so urgent, cares are so pressing, that a good laugh is the only remedy for the ills that human flesh is heir to. Well, there is something in that. A good honest, hearty laugh is what most sensible playgoers earnestly desire. If obtained, it is refreshment and joy indeed. It wakes us up, restores a proper balance, drives away dyspepsia, and creates a desirable reaction. The actor who can make an audience laugh deserves well of his countrymen; the play that is merry, quaint, and amusing deserves success. If the age in which we live discountenances tragedy, save under exceptional circumstances of artistic display, it has applauded with both hands the merry fellows, the genial companions, the fun makers who have sent rippling laughter around our playhouses for years past without one iota of impropriety or one suggestion of offence. Honour, then, to such light-hearted comedians as Sothorn, Toole, Wyndham, Terry, James, Thorne, Leslie, Hawtrej, Penley, Hill, and their companions, who have shown that there can be comedy on the stage without the suggestiveness of the Variétés or the pruriency of the Palais Royal. In England, at any rate, our dramatists and actors have shown that it is possible to be funny without being nasty, and they have declared that the doors of the theatre shall not be shut against all but women of the world, and men about town.

But the category of modern playgoers is not apparently exhausted by quoting the imaginative student and the mere lover of a good laugh. Plays, we are told, may be made popular in a third sense. They may be ideal or farcical, or they may be natural. A third order of mind has to be satisfied. We have to study the man who revels in high game at dinner, whose palate

is jaded and disordered; the man who would draw down the blinds of a railway carriage on a long journey to avoid the contemplation of the "hateful country;" the organisation that is insensible to disagreeable smells, or a foul atmosphere; the temperament that would not wince if a dog were run over under his very eyes, or a man were to fall from a scaffold at his feet.

"The general public," we are told, "cares very little for the moral purpose of a play." Well, that point can scarcely be settled until the general public has seen the particular play in question. My own experience is precisely the contrary. I have never yet known any play to succeed on the English stage whose purpose was ignoble or whose characters were vile. I have never yet known the public to accept the specious arguments of sensation dramatists as stern facts when they are against truth and common sense. I do not believe that the moral sense of the average playgoer is so blunted, or his reasoning powers so distorted, that he will accept the heroes and heroines of the feverish society novel as the real men and women of to-day. It is not true to say that "playgoers will have their heroes and heroines blameless, their villains relentless, and poetic justice evenly meted out." To follow this line is often to incur the charge of commonplace workmanship or bad art, but even this stereotyped formula is preferable to heroes and heroines who are monsters, to villains who are justified when they defy every law of honour and morality, and to plays in which every base act in man or woman is held up to approbation, where shame is pooh-poohed, and modesty sneered at. I go to the theatre to be interested, to be amused, to get away for the present from the world and its surroundings, for harmless recreation, for study of character, for what you will. And these are the people, these are the puppets, these are the characters who pass before me as types of the men and women of to-day, as illustrations of the century in which we live.

A married woman, sold by a miserable father to an unscrupulous man, who moans and whines about her husband's extravagance, his cruelty, his indifference, and what not, whilst she never lifts a finger to help him, sneers at and snubs him, and contributes to his impending bankruptcy, by wearing ridiculously expensive dresses that she knows, neither she, nor her husband can pay for. But here is an example of the devotion to

modern art. At certain theatres smart dressing is insisted on ; a popular actress, and a handsome woman, is bound to advertise the millinery of Bond Street. The character enacted is not taken into consideration. The wife of a bankrupt on the stage must dress like the spouse of a Chicago millionaire, or the public—the dear good old artistic public—will stay away. But I have not yet done with this delightful married woman, who is to enlist our sympathy. She has a bad husband, so in order to make up for him she chooses a worthless lover, and she plays with him as a cat does with a mouse. She does not like to tell him to go about his business, and she does not care to be compromised. She tells him she loves him, but does not dare. She hates drunkenness and stale cigar smoke, but she does not desire to disgrace her child, and has a secret hankering after the purifying release of the Divorce Court, which is supposed to sanctify a second marriage in the eyes of society. There is no shame, in this edifying story, attaching to a woman who divorces her husband and marries her lover. Whether she be right or wrong, no stigma attaches to her. Knowing that the husband, from whom she swore at the altar she would never separate, is alive and well, and will probably meet her out in society at Lady This', or Lady That's, probably with another wife on his arm, she orders the tainted, second-hand orange blossoms and goes on her way rejoicing. This model heroine having divorced her husband and lost her child, prattles sweetly about her child's death as if it had been that of a favourite kitten or canary, puts on a white wedding-dress as an emblem of purity, and tries to begin life over again, in a very curious and confident fashion.

So much for the heroine ; but how about the hero ? A bad lot surely ; for besides getting drunk and turning his wife's boudoir into a taproom, he beats her on the stage because she refuses to allow her lover to pay her bills ; and, having been caught in a very compromising situation with the wife of one of his friends, concludes that his own wife will not be so hard-hearted as to divorce him, because, after all, they have got a child ; and he promises that, having been found out, he will turn over a new leaf. It is quite true that the wretched husband has been entrapped into the *faux pas* with his friend's wife. He is the victim of a designing woman and a couple of scoundrels—one his wife's lover, the other his wife's father—

who bribe a woman to betray him; but when he asks for our sympathy, as being the victim of a fraud, he forgets to remind us of his deliberate intention to deceive his wife, and it is surely with the utmost difficulty that we can applaud the justice of a husband, who has beaten his wife and asked her to accept presents from her lover, when he becomes the executioner of the lover, who has married his wife mainly at his own suggestion. There is a certain specious justification for *Tue la!* when an innocent husband has been wronged. But the mere sharper's trick of entrapping and catching a guilty-minded man scarcely justifies the victim in posing as a moralist.

But the most extraordinary character in this modern play of society is the wealthy lover. His principle is that no man has a right to consider honour as binding on him where the love of a woman is concerned. A most astounding doctrine, surely! Here is a rich baronet who loves a married woman, who is beaten and ill-treated by her husband. Under pretence of chivalry, he determines to win her by hook or by crook. He can only possess his prize by the assistance of the Divorce Court, and this he does in defiance of the Queen's Proctor. In order to gratify his selfishness, he bribes a married woman to deceive her husband; he forces deliberate ruin on another household; and he actually separates another husband and wife in order that he may marry a divorced woman who loves him. When he enters upon this shameful bargain, he says or implies, "What is honour to a man where a woman's love is concerned?" When he is detected and accused, he stands up and says, "I did it because I loved her." What a difference between the chivalry of the gentlemen and soldiers of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries.

What says Colonel Lovelace :—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.
 True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.
 Yes, this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore.
 I could not love thee, dear, so much
 Loved I not honour more!"

What simple touching faith is this! How well Colonel Lovelace understood woman and her heart. But the nineteenth century Lovelace thinks that a woman is to be won without honour, and glories in its sacrifice in order to win her.

The only one touch of nature in the play is where the heroine in her death agony denounces the man who has won her by an ugly fraud. The selfish nineteenth century hero is instrumental in procuring *two* divorce cases in order to win one woman; but she, to her credit, cannot applaud the success of chicanery and dishonour in the man she loves.

Make way, then, for the modern father, who sells his daughter for a loveless marriage; and would sell his daughter's honour for a wealthy match with her lover, whose tricks and subterfuges he encourages. Make way for the married ballet dancer who hoodwinks her husband under his very nose, dances a *cancan* when his back is turned, and accepts a bribe to ruin her husband's happiness and deceive his friend. Make way for the ladies of title who sneer at morality; and the deans and dignitaries of the Church who mingle in disreputable society. Make way for the men without manners, and the women without breeding, who are held up as types of the women and men of to-day.

Even if they were true, it is not well that these pictures should be exhibited, for they are gaudy in colour and vulgar in treatment. From the top to the bottom they are crude and inartistic, without balance, without contrast, and overdrawn. The art of the dramatist is to balance his effects, to show good and bad, to temper the vice with virtue. Let us grant for an instant that it is all true, that society is as rotten as this, that men are as base and women as untrue. Let us grant that there is not one redeeming point—no virtue, no honour, no truth, no morality—in the fashionable world about us; that the bayonet is twisted, the water poisoned, the air pestilential. What good is done by lingering over this nastiness? What lesson is taught by it? What moral is drawn from it? What pleasure is derived from it? The mudlark derives amusement from wading leg-deep in Thames slime, but it is not totally for the pleasure of the contamination. He catches the thrown penny from a sympathising crowd. Cynicism and satire may be very fascinating; it may be tempting to make the exception the rule,

and to gild a nauseous pill in this fashion. But think, on the other hand, of the harm done, not alone by evil examples, but by mere evil suggestion. They say that when "The Ticket of Leave Man" was produced, a clerk on the eve of fraud was so impressed with the story that he hesitated, reflected, and repented. Will those who gloat over such plays be the better or the worse for the whitewashing process that condones deceit and thinks lightly of dishonour? In these days, when the swift stream of democracy is sweeping all before it, and rushing on with resistless force, will it be arrested or encouraged by these pictures of society that distort nature, and do a grave injustice to the age in which we live?

When men and women sit in the stalls, and applaud the caricatures of themselves, and the burlesques of their daily lives, how can we expect the pit and gallery not to believe they are literally true?

The drama is a very dangerous weapon to place in the hands of any one who has no sense of responsibility or care of consequences. As well trust a child with a revolver, and bid it blaze away! Believing, as we do, that "society" is, like the devil, not quite so black as it is painted by the society novelist, and that the word "society" is misapplied when connected with the *pêches à quinze sous* that enlist under its banner; deploring, as we do, much of the recklessness and viciousness, that are condoned and smothered over by those who have influence, and ought to know better; conscious, as we are from experience and a study of the daily papers, how honour has fallen from its high estate, and principle is ostracised as old-fashioned; still, for all that, we contend that it is grossly unfair and ungenerous to use the publicity, the interest, and the attraction of the drama to degrade our social system, to ridicule our men, and to despise our women. Bad as society may be, in its very worst phase, there is not one weak woman in it who has failed to obtain the influence of an upright man; there is not one vicious man, who has never been checked by the example, and loving tenderness, of some pure woman. The dramatist who trumpets forth the bad, and conceals the good, is unworthy of his calling. The play that belittles and degrades the manhood, and the womanhood, of those who watch it is unworthy of public recognition.

When we hear a vile and discordant noise outside the house, we shut the windows ; when we feel a draught, we shut the door ; when we are oppressed with a foul and fœtid atmosphere, we rush to disinfectants. There is no pleasure in revelling in what is unwholesome and disagreeable. The playhouse is not a charnel house ; the drama is not a dissecting knife.

When I am asked "why we go to the play," I should answer thus: Not to enjoy the contemplation of the baseness, and brutality, of life ; not to return to our daily work more oppressed, more discontented, more dissatisfied, more heartless, but to believe in hope, in faith, in purity, in honour, in nobility of aim and steadfastness of purpose. We must enforce the good, without showing the bad ; we cannot arrive at a moral, without telling a story. But if we who believe in the religion of the drama, its enormous force, its unbounded influence, are to be told that "the general public cares very little about the moral purpose of a play," we are bound in the interest of the drama to break a lance in antagonism to so monstrous a proposition. The general public does believe in the moral purpose of a play, and that that is so has been proved over and over again. The best play to satisfy the public and to emphasise the value of public morality is not the play of pure pessimism or pure optimism, but of decent faith and submissive hope. We may be all very good in the eyes of some, and all very bad in the estimation of others ; but, good or bad, "we always may be what we might have been." This sentiment is the anchor of the earnest dramatist. Take the good with the bad, the vicious with the virtuous, we are all sorely tried and we can all hope for mercy through repentance, for forgiveness through regret !

"It may be
 Something is hidden in this mystery
 Beside the lesson of God's pardon shown,
 Never enough believed, or asked, or known.
 Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
 Some pure ideal of a noble life
 That once seemed possible ? Did we not hear
 The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
 And just within our reach ? It was. And yet
 We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
 And now live idle in a vain regret.
 But still *our place is kept*, and it will wait,
 Ready for us to fill it soon or late !
*No star is ever lost we once have seen,
 We always may be what we might have been.*"

Believing in this principle the dramatist might buoy with hope many despairing creatures who are sinking into the destructive sea of hopelessness!

P.S.—Before this disagreeable subject is dismissed it is as well to remove a misconception. An allusion elsewhere to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen" has been wholly misunderstood. There is surely a vast difference between a ridiculous bowdlerising of the drama, between appealing to the "bottle-fed population," between feeding playgoers on skimmed milk and baby puddings, and the impetuous institution of the class of play with an evil moral, or no moral at all—a play that cannot possibly amuse, and may by its condonation of sin do an infinity of harm, mainly by lowering that high tone that has hitherto distinguished the English theatre. I have protested for years past, and as strongly as man can protest, against the absurdity of considering a play immoral because it contains scenes of temptation. I can see no immorality, but the contrary, in "*La Dame aux Camelias*;" for I see in that story only the hapless life of a wretched woman who, under better guidance and influence, would have been an honour to her sex. But in that sad story I find no single sentiment to make one shudder. The tale, with its infinite pathos and solemnity, makes one shed a tear over it, as Jules Janin owns that he did after the first production. I can see no immorality whatsoever in "*Le Supplice d'un Femme*," or "*Nos Intimes*," or "*Odette*," or "*Denise*," or scores of French plays that are supposed by prudes to be wicked, because in them man tempts, and woman hesitates, because woman is lost, or man triumphs. I have myself been concerned in bringing several of these plays before the notice of the public, and would do so again and again. Why? Because they do good; because they have a moral; because they show the danger of temptation—the fatal consequence of sin. I call "*Denise*" a moral play, and "*Francillon*" a vulgar one. I think "*Denise*," if properly acted, would charm, but that "*Francillon*," if splendidly acted, would disgust. On one occasion I defended Mr. Arthur Matthison's play, "*A False Step*," when prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, because I could not see that the influence of the play was for evil. The "young lady of fifteen"

must not be allowed to restrict the liberty of our conversation, but she should teach us good taste and manners.

In France they say that girls have no right in the theatre at all. They pack them off and send them to bed. In England hitherto there has been no question of reserving certain theatres for men and women of the world, and others for the innocent. Our drama has been natural and healthy, vigorous and wholesome. We have not been squeamish about our incidents and illustrations, but the dramatist has led up to a point, and come to a definite conclusion. There are other conscientious writers who maintain that the mere bald and unphilosophising picture of vice, the mere flinging of repulsive sketches of life at the head of the public, does good *because* it makes people shudder at it. That is to say, we are to go to the theatre and wander about its corridors as in a kind of purgatory, where we are to have mirrored before us the loathsomeness of human nature. This is throwing a very tempting sop to the Cerberus of Zolaism. Let us have "La Terre" at once, or an unexpurgated edition, a peepshow of nature in its most degraded form. I can see no value in a play that only provokes disgust—no pity, no love, no charity, no mercy, no tenderness, no nobility—only cowardice, meanness, and horror.

There is one sentence in my friend Mr. Archer's article on this subject that simply astounds me. He says: "If this play succeeds I shall begin to think the sentimentalist a fabulous animal, a weak invention of the enemy; and that bugbear once disposed of there would be some hope for the drama!" I should very much like to see a specimen of the drama of the future, that is to appeal to public and universal patronage though divested of sentiment, and should be pleased if Mr. Archer would point me out one single illustration of a play in any literature or any age that has held men's minds without sentiment. If Shakespeare and Goethe did not mingle their philosophy with sentiment who did? Are these the "bugbears" that Mr. Archer desires to dispose of in the interests of the drama? Surely he might leave us "Hamlet" and "Faust" to correct the acidity of Zola and the naturalistic school.

C. S.



An Unconventional Ghost.

BY R. K. HERVEY.

MY name is Pottleton—Sydney Pottleton. I am a barrister ; that is to say, I have chambers in the Temple, and occasionally get a brief. I am rather annoyed when one comes, as I don't know much law, and my clerk is aware of the fact. I should have given the bar up long ago, if Evadne would have let me. Evadne is Mrs. Pottleton. She is not strictly handsome, indeed she is rather plain, and not quite so amiable as she might be, but she has a nice income, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. I am not quite sure that I intended to marry Evadne, in spite of her money, but she was quite sure that she intended to marry me, so one day I found myself her husband, residing at 787, Belford Road. Belford Road is about two miles long, and contains any number of houses, all hideous and all alike. My family is a small one, a son and a daughter. Some people say it is too small ; I find it quite large enough, as my children are, if possible, rather more unamiable than their mother. Luckily for me my wife is, or fancies that she is, a musician, and belongs to two musical societies, each of which meets once a week, so on the musical evenings I dine at my club. I always tell my wife I hate doing so, otherwise I should never obtain her permission, but, between ourselves, I like it very much, and should not object to dining there on the non-musical evenings as well. I find the club more harmonious than my own house, if less musical. My club is the Bohemian. It is situated not far from Covent Garden, and is very untidy, very shabbily furnished, and very pleasant. I came to belong to it in this way. My friend Seagrave often did me the honour of borrowing small sums of money of me. By degrees these little loans mounted up to the good round sum of £30, so I thought it time to press for payment. "What can a capitalist like you want

with money?" said Seagrave. "We'll let the debt stand over, and I'll put you up for our club. Jolliest club in London. Everybody hail fellow well met. You'll be just in your element." Well, I was put up and elected. I heard afterwards that some of the members had objected to me, why I cannot conceive, as I had only dined at the club once before my election. However, Seagrave was a popular man, and carried me in. Seagrave had a fad. He wanted to see a ghost, and whenever he heard of a haunted house he started off, revolver in pocket, to spend a night in it. He had slept in as many dreary, damp, and uncomfortable rooms as any man in England. He had caught innumerable colds and an attack of rheumatic fever, but he had never succeeded in catching a glimpse of a ghost. Well, a year or two ago my daughter Eudoxia fell ill. Blood-poisoning, the doctors said; ill-temper in her system was my opinion. But I kept my opinion to myself. I have found that it is best to do so, both at home and at the club. At the former place my opinions are received with ill-temper, at the latter with derision. I cannot see why. My opinions generally differ from those of other people, it is true; but that, I take it, is a mark of originality. Well, the doctor said we must move into the country, and, just in the nick of time, a maiden aunt of mine left me a nice old house in Kent, and a good round sum in the three per cents. to keep it up with. My aunt, who was a lady of a serious turn of mind, had resided for many years at Bath, where she enjoyed the ministrations of a favourite pastor, with whom, luckily for me, she had quarrelled about a fortnight before her death. During her prolonged absence the house had been shut up. I went down to see it. It was gabled, red-tiled, oak-pannelled, and not more damp than becomes a respectable manor-house. I ordered the gardener's wife to light a large fire in every room, and, after making an excellent dinner in a comfortable parlour, returned to town by the last train, very favourably impressed by my new possession. My report decided my wife to go down at once, so, three or four days after, wife, children, servants, and a few tons of luggage left the Charing Cross Station, while I remained behind to prove my aunt's will and attend to affairs generally. As only one servant had been left at Belford Road I thought it my duty, being always careful of the welfare of my

inferiors, not to burden her with too much work. I therefore dined regularly at the club, and, in order that I might not require an elaborate breakfast, supped there as well. It never suits me to go to bed immediately after eating, so, out of consideration for my health, which is of importance to my family, I usually sat up an hour or so after my midnight meal. In fact, I seldom found myself at home much before four. A week after my wife's departure I was sitting cosily at the table after dinner, cigar in mouth, and a whisky-and-soda before me, to correct the acidity of the already imbibed claret. I had just uttered one of my admirable witticisms, which had convulsed the club with laughter—it is astonishing how often I make the members laugh—when the waiter brought me in a telegram. It was from Evadne, and ran as follows:—

“Come home at once.” Peremptory but clear. I jumped into a hansom, and in twenty minutes arrived at Belford Road. My wife was in the drawing-room, and received me with some frigidity. Evidently she had been questioning Sarah as to my habits during her absence.

“My dear,” I said, “this is indeed an unexpected pleasure.”

“Pottleton,” was her answer, “don't be a humbug, and don't come home again reeking of filthy smoke.”

As I had no remark to make in reply, I made none.

“You do not ask me why I have come back to town!”

“Well, my dear, I was just going——”

“Oh, you are always going——”

“But, my dear——”

“Don't dear me, and don't interrupt. You will get rid of the manor-house at once.”

“What, a house that has been in our family for centuries?”

“Centuries! Why, you know your grandfather bought it with the money he made out of a speculation in pork.”

As this happened to be true—my wife's most unpleasant remarks usually are—I thought it unwise to return any answer.

“Yes,” she continued, “you must sell it, and the sooner the better.”

“But why?”

“Because I am not going to live in a house with a ghost!”

“A ghost?”

“Yes, a ghost. Do you think I don’t know a ghost when I see one? Now, just listen to my story, and don’t fidget about like that. Three mornings ago I fancied that some one must have been meddling with my hair-brushes during the night. I felt certain they were not as I had left them when I went to bed; yet, as the door had been locked, I could not imagine how any one could have got into my room. That evening I placed them carefully side by side. The next morning I found them—one at one end of the dressing-table, the other at the other. I went to the door; it was locked, and the key was in the inside. I carefully examined the walls. There was no concealed entrance that I could discover. That night I determined to watch, so I took a book to bed with me. I read for some time, and then must have dozed off. Suddenly I awoke with a start. The room was quite light, though no other candle was burning than the solitary one on the table by my bed, and in a chair before the dressing-table sat a woman actually brushing her hair with my brushes. You may imagine my indignation.” (Having myself once meddled with my wife’s brushes, I was fully able to do so.) “I sprang out of bed. In an instant the lady vanished, and the room became dark. I unlocked the door, then rang the bell violently. After an interval of time, which seemed an age, the servants made their appearance. ‘Have you seen any one about the house—a woman?’ ‘Well, mum,’ said the cook, ‘we did see a female in the passage last night; but we couldn’t see her face, so we thought it might be you a-prying around.’ I gave the cook warning on the spot. A female, and prying around, indeed! I ordered the lady’s-maid to come down and sleep on the couch at the foot of my bed. She obeyed, but with marked reluctance. In the morning the servants came in a body, and announced their intention of leaving the house at once. As I had no intention of remaining, I made no objection. After breakfast we packed up, and transferred ourselves to the village inn, and I came up to send you down for the others to-morrow, and of course found you out.”

“Well, my dear, I didn’t wish to give Sarah trouble.”

“Fiddlesticks! But we will talk of that another time. What you’ve got to do now is either to sell the house or get rid of the ghost.”

“I get rid of the ghost! And pray how am I to do it?”

“That’s your business. You will go down to-morrow, and spend a night in the house.”

“What, alone?”

“Oh, if you are afraid, I have no objection to your taking any of your friends you like. That fellow Seagrave, for instance. He’s always bragging what he would do to a ghost if he saw one. You can give him the opportunity of making his fine speeches good.”

Now, though I put on a very indignant expression when my wife said “if you’re afraid,” I do not deny that I did not feel very anxious to spend a night in the house alone. Of course I didn’t believe in ghosts, but then my disbelief was strongest in the daytime. The next morning I packed my bag, and took a cab to Seagrave’s chambers. I am fond of riding in cabs, but my wife does not allow such extravagance except when I have my bag with me, so I am seen about with it a good deal. My appearance, bag in hand, did not seem to interest Seagrave much.

“Is that you?” said he, in a tone which somewhat lacked cordiality. “You’ll find a pipe and tobacco on the chimney-piece, brandy in the cupboard, and soda in the pantry.” And he plunged into his work again.

“My dear Seagrave,” said I, “I want you to go with me into the country for a night.”

“Can’t possibly. Am awfully busy. Wouldn’t go for any one in the world.”

“Just so; but you would for some one out of it.”

“What do you mean by that?” he exclaimed, ceasing to write.

“I mean that there is a ghost in my country house, and that my wife has seen it.”

Seagrave rose from his seat, rushed into his bedroom, emerged in a few minutes with a very dilapidated looking little portmanteau, unlocked a small mahogany case, took out of it a revolver—Irish Constabulary size—and a score of cartridges, thrust them into the portmanteau, and then, at last, broke silence with the words, “Come on.”

“But I thought you had so much to do?”

“I have, but I shan’t do it, so come along.”

We reached my house early in the afternoon, and made a

careful inspection of the entire premises. No concealed doors, no secret passages, nothing whatever to tempt a decent ghost. Seagrave grew sarcastic, not to say offensive. It was evident he thought the whole thing was going to be a failure. Late in the evening the cook, who had objected to the prying around, served us up an admirable little dinner, which we washed down with a couple of bottles of excellent champagne, which I had had the foresight to bring with me. After dinner my man placed on the table a bottle of Scotch whisky and half a dozen bottles of soda-water, and, declining with some brusqueness my invitation to spend the night in the house, left with the cook. We lighted our cigars, or rather my cigars—Seagrave has a habit of not carrying a case—and filled our glasses. Seagrave laid his loaded revolver on the table, thrust his hands into his pockets, and stretched himself out comfortably in the easy-chair—he always takes the only comfortable chair in the room—with his feet on the fender. I made some efforts to engage him in conversation, but, as he only replied by monosyllables or grunts, I soon desisted.

After a time I began to feel sleepy, so, pulling the sofa near to the fire, I lay down, and was soon asleep.

A loud report awakened me. I sprang up, and there stood Seagrave, revolver in hand, the smoke from the discharged chamber still hanging about the muzzle, and between him and the open door stood a woman of about thirty years of age, good-looking, and clothed in a flowered damask gown worn over an enormous hoop. She had shoes on with very high red heels, and her powdered hair was built up into a kind of tower, which gave her the appearance of being top-heavy. Both herself and her clothes seemed to be real enough, and yet I could see through her—the only woman through whom I ever could see.

“Stop!” exclaimed Seagrave, “or I shall fire again.”

“Do not waste your ammunition,” replied the lady, in a pleasant voice, “you won’t make a hole in me, but you will in the wainscoting.”

With that she glided gently forward, sank comfortably into the easy-chair vacated by Seagrave, placed her feet on the fender, and contemplated her shapely shoes and red heels with evident satisfaction.

Seagrave and I were mute from amazement.

“Kindly shut the door,” said the ghost, looking at Seagrave with evident admiration—he is, I believe, considered handsome by women—“my texture is thin and draughts go through me so.”

Seagrave did as he was told.

“And now sit down and make yourself at home.”

Seagrave seated himself on the sofa. I did the same.

“*You* seem very much at home, at any rate,” said Seagrave.

“Well, I ought to be, I lived here eight years while alive, and I’ve been here one hundred and twenty-five years since my death.”

“And are you not tired of the place?”

“Very.”

“Then why don’t you go away, and give up frightening people.”

“I don’t want to frighten any one, I only want society. If you’d been in this house all alone for the last twenty-seven years you’d be tired of your own company, I can tell you. Why, I had never had a chance of brushing my hair during all that time, and just because I took the opportunity of doing so the night before last, the person whose brushes I used made as much fuss as if I had plundered her jewel case.”

Now I don’t like to hear my wife called a person even by a ghost, so I said, rather warmly, “The lady you are speaking of is my wife.”

“I am sorry for you,” replied the ghost; “she didn’t seem nice.”

At this Seagrave, who is at times quite brutal, laughed loudly. “You really are a ghost?” said he, doubtfully.

“Put your hand through me,” said she.

Seagrave laid his hand upon the back of her head and passed it out at her forehead.

“You will admit that there is no deception,” said the lady.

“Pottleton,” said Seagrave, “this is the strangest thing I ever heard of.”

“Might I ask you to put some more coal on,” said the ghost; “I live in this room generally, because it is the pleasantest in the house, but I have found it sadly damp of late. Now if you make up a good fire before you go to bed I shall be quite comfortable, and shan’t want to go wandering about the house to keep myself warm.”

“As I said before,” said Seagrave, after he had made up the fire and thrown on a log, “if you don’t like this house, why don’t you leave it?”

“Because I can’t, unless——”

“Unless what?” said I; “really, if there is an unless you ought to give me the benefit of it, as I am not at all desirous of your company.”

“You are a very rude man,” replied the lady, “and I much prefer this gentleman.”

“I don’t care whom you prefer——”

“Now, Pottleton,” said Seagrave, “do be quiet. You were going to tell us, madam,” said he, addressing the ghost with the greatest deference, “under what circumstances you could leave.”

“Well, if Mr. Pottleton will allow me to speak, I will tell you my story; it won’t take long. I was born in 1730. At eighteen I married a gentleman old enough to be my father. He was not only elderly, but in ill-health. But he was rich; so, as during the first four years of my married life we resided in London, I amused myself very well, spending my days in bed, my nights at theatres, routs, and assemblies. At the end of four years my spouse, with whom I had hardly interchanged a word for three months, suddenly announced to me that he would stand my conduct no longer, and that he meant to take me into the country. I tried fainting, but it had no effect; a week after our interview I found myself here. But I had my revenge. I filled the house with guests, and my husband was no better off than when in town. After six years he died. On his death-bed he sent for me.

“‘I have made a moderate provision for you by my will,’ said he, ‘but you lose all claim to it if you sleep out of this house a single night.’

“‘You odious wretch!’ I exclaimed.

“‘What is more, madam,’ he said, ‘even when you are dead you shall be doomed to inhabit these walls until some man—which isn’t likely to happen—invites you to take up your abode with him.’

“My means no longer permitted my filling my house with company, so there was nothing left me to do but to die myself, which I did a couple of years later. How he had acquired the

power of disposing of me after my death I cannot imagine, but he *had* got it somehow, and here I have been for one hundred and twenty-five years, and here I am afraid I shall have to remain for ever."

"Madam," said I, with warmth, "let me be your deliverer. Seagrave, you have always desired to meet a ghost; think how delightful it would be to have one of your own. You have a spare room in your chambers, with a pleasant outlook. You can furnish it nicely—I will provide the furniture—and this lady will find herself most comfortable. You have only to give her an invitation."

"If I do," said Seagrave, "may I be——"

At this the ghost uttered a melancholy cry, and burst into tears. Seagrave is a soft-hearted man, except to his creditors. "Well, well," said he, "come if you like. But you won't find much company in my rooms."

"*Your* company is all I desire," said the ghost; and I declare that that vain fool Seagrave was quite delighted. A ghost of a compliment would always fetch him, and now a compliment from a ghost had the same effect. Well, after a little more talk, we went to bed, leaving the ghost in her easy-chair.

"I shall have plenty of time to pack up before the morning," said she.

Next day we returned to town. I sent in the promised furniture at once, and that evening the ghost was comfortably settled in Tresham Buildings. At least, I suppose she is there, for Seagrave says she is, and she certainly has never been seen in the manor-house since. I have not had the chance of testing the truth of Seagrave's statement, as he no longer asks me to his chambers. He tells me that the ghost does not like me. Seagrave was always ridiculously jealous. One thing is certain. Before our visit to the manor-house Seagrave could never get a sale for his writings. Now he turns out a play or a novel every year, the scene of which is invariably laid about the middle of last century. Everybody praises his knowledge of the manners, customs, and language of the time, and wonders where he gets his information. I suppose he gets it from the lady. He has investments now, and a good balance at his banker's, but he has never paid me that thirty pounds. He says he couldn't take a ghost off my hands for less.

Tom Bowling.

BY AUSTIN BRERETON.

CHARLES DIBDIN—the author of half a hundred plays, and no less than fourteen hundred songs, to say nothing of a dozen or more novels, and a history of the stage—was born at Southampton in 1745. His name originates from Dibden, a place on Southampton Water, formerly known as Deep Dene. His father was a silversmith and parish clerk; his mother was in her fiftieth year at the time of his birth, he being her eighteenth child. He was sent to school at Winchester, where his love of music quickly asserted itself, with the result that, at sixteen years of age, “tuneful Charley,” as his friends called him in after years, found himself in London. He worked hard enough in those early days of poverty, as in his later ones of comparative prosperity. He earned odd guineas by composing ballads for music sellers, and tuned pianofortes, which he taught sentimental young ladies to play. At seventeen years of age he appeared at the now defunct Richmond theatre, then called the “Cephalic Snuff Warehouse,” admission to the theatre being “free” to the purchasers of minute quantities of the article indicated. His rise as an actor was rapid. In 1768 he made a great hit at Covent Garden as Mungo in Isaac Bickerstaffe’s musical piece, “The Padlock,” and as Ralph in “The Maid of the Mill.” For the former play he composed the music, which Bickerstaffe praised highly, and his Mungo was said to be a true example of low comedy. His acting as Ralph made him exceedingly popular, and the town was flooded with “Ralph handkerchiefs.” His first play was “The Shepherd’s Artifice,” brought out at Covent Garden in 1765. During the next forty years he produced more than that number of plays, the best known of

which are "The Deserter," 1773; "The Waterman," 1774; "The Chelsea Pensioner," 1779; and "A Game at Commerce," 1785. His fame as a playwright lives in "The Waterman," which was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre, on August 8, 1774. How many Tom Tugs there have been, ranging from Bannister, the original, to Sims Reeves, and including Edmund Kean, the tragedian, and Braham, the tenor! Thus, for more than a century, "The Waterman" alone has kept Dibdin's name before the public, and many years will yet pass ere "Farewell, my Trim-Built Wherry" and "Have you not heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?" are forgotten.

Dibdin went abroad to study music in 1777, but he does not appear to have profited greatly by his excursion. He studied the people more than their music. He gives a curious glimpse of the English residents at Calais during his sojourn there. It consisted of "three or four fraudulent bankrupts, two or three too successful duellists, a few rich smugglers under strong suspicion of having committed murder, and a high official personage guilty of forgery, and the father of a nobleman who was afterwards singularly remarkable for having publicly exhibited the hand and head of Struensee." Many of Dibdin's sea songs were the outcome of his meeting with Incledon, the famous singer. His writings in this direction bristle with genuine loyalty and heartiness. Their morality and fidelity to nature, though, is a little questionable, as witness his song of the sailor, "There's Nothing Like Grog" :—

"T'other day, as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching
 As how we should never get drunk,
 I show'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog!"

Take, again, the following as a picture from life. It is certainly jovial, but its morality is decidedly doubtful :—

"I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth Gates,
 A pigmy at Goree,
 An orange-tawny up the Straits,
 A black at St. Lucie ;

Thus, whatsoever course I bend,
I leads a jovial life,
In ev'ry mess I find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife."

But his songs, as a rule, had a good tone and influence. They were cheery, hearty, and inculcated steadfastness and extreme loyalty. "Tom Bowling" was written on the death of his elder brother Thomas, the captain of an East Indiaman, and father of the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin (1777-1847), author of the "Bibliographical Decameron," and a dozen religious works. Pitt paid Dibdin to write and give away nautical songs, and George III. granted him, as a reward for his staunchness to the throne, an annuity of two hundred pounds. A succeeding ministry, headed by Lord Granville, deprived him of his pension; but it was, after a time, restored to him. Lord Minto produced an edition of his songs for the use of the Navy, and during the Crimean war his songs were distributed throughout the English fleet.

This brilliant man—author, lyricist, actor, composer—was improvident, and is said to have been by no means fond of the domestic hearth. But, in considering his faults, his talent and achievements should not be forgotten. In his day, his ballads and plays delighted countless thousands of his fellow countrymen; they stimulated good feelings, and were of immeasurable pleasure to our soldiers and sailors. The faults of the man, just indicated, led to pecuniary embarrassment in old age, and a hard struggle. His most prosperous years were from 1762 to 1775. On November 7, 1782, the Surrey Theatre, then called the Royal Circus, in opposition to the elder Astley, was opened by him. Later on, Dibdin was reduced to keeping a music shop in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings. Behind this shop he erected the Sans Souci Theatre, which was opened on February 16, 1793. It was planned, painted, and decorated by Dibdin himself, who also wrote his own plays, composed the music for them, and acted in them. The Sans Souci was afterwards removed to Leicester Place, Leicester Square. In 1805 he retired to Camden Town, where he lived with his wife and daughter. He died, of paralysis, in Arlington Street, Camden Town, on July 25, 1814, aged 69. He was buried in the cemetery belonging to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields,

Pratt Street, Camden Town. On his monument was inscribed this verse, from his song, "Tom Bowling" :—

" His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

The inscription over his tomb further records that "This stone is placed by his disconsolate wife and daughter as a dutiful token to the most affectionate and best of husbands."

The events of to-day were foreshadowed in 1874 by Frederick Miller, who prophetically wrote in his history of St. Pancras, Dibdin's "remains were interred here. They may be disturbed, and churchyard desecrators may not 'let him sleep on,' but let us fain hope that, with 'Poor Tom,' 'his soul has gone aloft.'"



To Shakespeare's Love.

“When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.”

SONNET CXXXVIII.

“Oh, fair, dead woman, who were you
For whom our Shakespeare sighed
In sonnet that would hold you true,
Although you lied?

In lips that burned upon your own,
Could you not feel his breath
Melodious with Juliet's moan,
And Egypt's death?

Perchance his dream within your arms
Gave Venus back to Greece,
Or consecrated wanton charms
To pure Lucrece.

Alas! we may not know your name,
Your station, high or low;
We hold the dead secure from blame,
Yet this I know:—

Your passion sought some common clod,
For your embrace more meet;
The heart that hymned a world you trod
Beneath your feet.

LUCILE LOVELL.

Our Musical-Box.

Thanks to British pluck, energy and perseverance, incorporate in the invincible Augustus Harris, London will not be utterly forlorn of Italian opera during the forthcoming fashionable season. Indeed, the many music-lovers of this metropolis, who particularly affect the lyric drama, may confidently look forward to a brilliant revival of Covent Garden's ancient glories. In that noble theatre its latest *impresario*—himself no mean musician—proposes to give thirty-two operatic performances, extending over eight weeks—from mid-May to mid-July—and including at least twelve operas solidly established in public favour. It is not his intention, I believe, to make any rash experiments in the direction of producing absolute novelties, unless the proprietors of "Othello" should so far abate their exorbitant pretensions as to justify him in bringing out that interesting work. Mr. Harris earnestly desired to introduce Verdi's latest composition to the British public last year, but was compelled to forego his laudable ambition by the extravagance of the terms propounded to him as a *quid pro quo* for the right of production. It may be that a certain great Milanese firm will prove more reasonable next summer than it was a twelvemonth previously; in which case I do not doubt that we shall hear and see "Othello" at the Garden. Otherwise, London will have to wait another year—perhaps even longer—ere its legitimate curiosity respecting the musical offspring of Verdi's old age can be gratified; for if Mr. Harris, with abundant capital at his back, cannot see his way to the bringing out of "Othello," we may be tolerably certain that no other operatic enterprise will attempt so costly and speculative an undertaking.

There is for the moment no other operatic novelty *en vogue* which recommends itself to Mr. Harris as likely to make a hit in London; nor were the dismal experiences gained by his competitors last year in connection with "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and "La Vie pour le Czar" calculated to inspire him with an irresistible yearning to attempt similar ventures. Bizet's opera, a charming work and admirably given, did not draw a fifty-pound house, and Glinka's famous composition proved a scarcely less disastrous failure. It would be little short of madness to lay out large sums of money in the mounting of Paladilhe's "Patrie," to which the Grand Opéra of

Paris owes a heavy deficit in its budget, despite the handsome State subvention accorded to that institution ; or any of Massenet's later operas, or the " Dame de Montsoreau," or even the " Trompeter von Sekkingen," which has had such a good success in Germany. None of these works have the least chance of doing even tolerably well in London, where a new opera, however excellent its quality, is for the most part a ruinous investment. The English public likes what it knows ; but it takes a long time to become thoroughly familiar with musical compositions, and those who try to teach it find their efforts, as a rule, the reverse of remunerative. Since Wagner's death, moreover, the creative faculty has apparently lain dormant in cotemporary composers ; wherefore Mr. Harris shows wisdom in letting novelties severely alone, and in falling back upon operas that English folk are really fond of and will go to see again and again, whenever they are assured of a thoroughly efficient performance.

Twelve works of this class will be given at Covent Garden during Mr. Harris's two months' occupancy of that theatre ; amongst them " Lohengrin," " Les Huguenots," " Don Giovanni," " Le Nozze di Figaro," " Il Barbiere di Siviglia," " Carmen," " Faust," " La Traviata," " Rigoletto," " Il Ballo in Maschera," and perhaps " Fidelio." Of the masterpieces of Wagner, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Bizet there will be probably four performances each ; of " Don Giovanni," three ; the repetition of the others will be regulated by public demand. In one or two cases the excellent " casts" of last year will be surpassed ; for instance, that of the " Huguenots" will be materially strengthened by a recruit of unrivalled efficiency—Lassalle ; whilst the *rôles* of Elsa and Gilda will be superbly sustained by Madame Albani. The services of Madame Arnoldsen-Strakosch, and Nordica, and of Miss Engel, have also been secured by the " Garden" *impresa*, as well as those of the inimitable brothers De Reszke and several other male dramatic vocalists of the " first flight." Admirers of true intonation need not fear that any sufferings will be inflicted upon them akin to those which set their teeth on edge last summer when Frau Kupfer-Berger and Signora Borelli were let loose upon them. Neither of those discordant ladies is likely to ever find re-engagement in this country ; and yet I hear that the former is all the rage at Milan, and that the latter has achieved a considerable success this winter in Naples. What can have come to the Italian national ear, which used to be so sensitive to untunefulness, and so intolerant of any departure from " the middle of the note " ? In Germany, for many years past, *prime-donne* have not been expected to sing perfectly in tune ; great voice-power and endurance, vigorous dramatic conception of their parts, and intelligent rendering of the music assigned to them, have constituted, in the majority of cases, their claims to popularity. But in Italy, until very lately, the one thing needful—at least, as far as " absolute first ladies " were concerned—was singing in tune ; and I am at a loss to understand how it can have come about that the Italians of to-day are content to forego that

sine quâ non. That they are, however, is clearly proved by the astonishing fact that they throng La Scala to listen to Frau Kupfer-Berger, and San Carlo to hear Signora Borelli.

Madame Minnie Hauk's many friends and admirers in the three kingdoms will learn with sincere regret that she has been laid up for some weeks at her château near Bâle by the results of a painful, though happily not dangerous accident. During a severe January frost she was taking her daily "constitutional" near Schloessli Biningen when, the pathways being in a highly slippery state, she missed her footing and fell heavily to the ground, breaking a small blood-vessel in one of her legs. Owing to this untoward mishap she was ordered by her doctors to maintain a recumbent position, not putting her foot to the ground at all, for many consecutive days, at the very time when she should have been fulfilling a lucrative engagement in Russia, whither she was to have travelled on January 25. This engagement, of course, had to be cancelled, much to Madame Hauk's mortification; and it seems probable that the gifted American songstress will not be able to resume work until the commencement of this month, when she is anxiously expected in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other cities of the far North. I am glad to say that she is steadily, though slowly, recovering the use of her knee, which was for a time completely disabled, and is making the best of her enforced idleness at her pretty little Swiss castle, the music-room of which is one of the most charming apartments of its kind with which I am acquainted. It is not improbable that Madame de Hesse-Wartegg—whose talented husband, by the way, has just received a valuable consular appointment—will visit London in the course of the coming season. By all accounts her voice is in magnificent order, having benefited by the long rest accruing to it from her accident. I hope that the opportunity of hearing it again will soon be afforded to us; for she is a really fine singer as well as a superb actress.

Madame Patti-Nicolini has carried all before her at Lisbon and Madrid, as she is wont to do wherever she makes her appearance. Both in Portugal and Spain, Royalty has loaded her with flattering attentions, and honorific distinctions; and the "upper crust" of Iberian society has entertained her profusely at splendid banquets, receptions, and balls. She will leave Europe early this month for South America, there to fulfil an engagement, at the close of which she will return to her pretty Welsh home wealthier by some forty thousand pounds than she is at the present moment. When I last heard from her, her health and spirits were all that she could wish them to be, and she appeared to look forward to her long Transatlantic voyage and fatiguing tour through the Spanish Republics with the utmost cheerfulness. Her niece Carlina, although perfectly recovered from the severe attack of typhoid that threatened to prove fatal to that charming young lady last autumn, will not accompany the Diva across the ocean,

her strength not being deemed equal to the exertion of travelling in a tropical climate during the hottest months of the year. During her aunt's absence she will, therefore, remain under the care of certain of Madame Patti-Nicolini's trusted friends in Paris and London.

I hear from Florence that Emma Nevada (Mrs. Palmer) has been renewing her Lisbon triumphs in the City of Flowers. Her Rosina, in the "Barber," created a tremendous *furore* at the opera-house, and at a charity concert, given in the Sala Maglioni under the patronage of Queen Natalie of Servia and Princess Carolath, the bright little lady electrified a throng of the Tuscan "elettissimi" by her dainty and delicate rendering of the Shadow Song from "Dinorah." The Florentine musical critics have given expression to their rapturous admiration of her talents with characteristic fervour. How truly surprised would be the readers of any great London daily paper did my grave and judicial colleagues who contribute to those influential organs of public opinion lash out—just once in a way, for the sake of novelty—in the style of "Fieramosca" or "La Vedetta"! Fancy such hyperbole as "a deluge of shakes and silvern vocalisations" flowing from the sober pens of Lincoln and Bennett, Betts and Hueffer, Frost and Klein! It is certain that the calm and erudite criticisms of these experienced metropolitan journalists would not suit the perfervid Italian newspaper-reader any better than Florentine flights of fancy would please the London public. Of another young American *primo soprano* who has visited this country I hear excellent accounts from Boston, where Miss Rose Stewart made her "first appearance after her return from Europe," in the part of Lucia, and won golden opinions from all manner of men. Her sweet, pure, and admirably cultivated voice is well adapted to the efficient interpretation of an exceptionally high-pitched and florid *rôle* like that of Edgar Ravenswood's fickle *fiancée*. Like the majority of Madame Marchesi's pupils, Miss Stewart is apt to sing a little above the natural register of her organ; but her intonation is "positive," and her execution faultlessly neat. The light character of her voice, however, qualifies her rather to shine as a star in theatres of moderate dimensions than to make a powerful sensation in huge houses, such as La Scala, San Carlo, La Fenice, or Covent Garden. Mr. Harris might find Rose Stewart a valuable acquisition at Drury Lane — in *floriture* parts, of course.

Mr. Carl Rosa's production of "Robert le Diable," with an English "book," at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, scored a genuine success, and the energetic *impresario* is heartily to be congratulated upon having added so splendid a musical and dramatic work to his *répertoire*. The first of Meyerbeer's "grand operas" was introduced to the London public no less than fifty-eight years ago at Drury Lane and Covent

Garden under the sensational titles of the "The Demon, or the Mystic Branch," and "The Fiend-Father, or Robert of Normandy." Both the versions then put forward were in our vernacular, as was Mr. Bunn's "Robert the Devil," brought out in 1845; but, in many respects, they were far from satisfactory, and, by all accounts, Mr. Rosa has greatly improved upon them. His cast, too, was a strong one, including Madame Burns (Isabella), Miss Moody (Alice), Signor Runcio (Robert), Mr. Child (Raimbault), and Mr. Manners—favourably remembered by *habitués* of the Savoy Theatre in connection with the quaint comic part of the Guardsman in "Iolanthe"—as Bertram, the "Fiend-Father." The scenery and costumes are highly spoken of in the leading Liverpool and Manchester papers, the first and fourth "set," representing respectively the Bay of Palermo and the ruined abbey of Santa Rosalia, having elicited from the first-night audience loud and unanimous calls for Mr. Robson, the scene-painter, and Mr. Rosa himself. Madame Burns and Miss Moody were similarly honoured at different periods of the evening. The "make-up" of Mr. Manners is described by a leading Liverpool critic as "fearful and wonderful," and "distinctly startling in its unrealism," whilst the same authority, in reference to this clever young actor's impersonation of the Demon-Knight, observes that he made a good attempt to invest the part with "exceptional glow and glamour." All this sounds very tempting, and prompts us to hope that some day Mr. Rosa's brilliant revival of "Roberto il Diavolo" may be heard at Drury Lane. Why should London wait? The answer to this pertinent question is, Because London has hitherto not remunerated Mr. Rosa for his efforts to entertain it, whilst the provinces have done so, thus justifying the preference he very wisely and properly displays *à leur adresse*.

During the forthcoming season music lovers in this metropolis will enjoy opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with three eminent contemporary composers, who, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have never heretofore visited our shores. Tchaikowsky, the Director of the Moscow Conservatoire, Edward Grieg, whose pianoforte works are well known to English *dilettanti*, and Charles Widor, will conduct works of their own composition, to be produced, for the first time in England, at the Philharmonic Society's Concerts. Amongst other orchestral novelties announced for performance at these admirable entertainments are important works by Messrs. George Bennett and F. Silas, a new *Dvôrák* symphony, a Pastoral Suite by J. F. Barnett, and Dr. Stanford's Prelude to "Œdipus." Joseph Joachim and Max Pauer are amongst us again, and have already delighted appreciative audiences at the "Pops." That learned and accomplished musician, Carl Armbruster, has been again appointed to the responsible post of choir and stage conductor at Bayreuth, for the summer series of "pattern" performances of Wagner's *chefs-d'œuvres*. Mr. Armbruster has arranged to give six lectures at the Royal Institution on

the "Leit-Motive" in the Saxon maestro's later works, with instrumental and vocal illustrations; and a "Lecture Recital," at the London Institution, on the "Historical Development of Pianoforte Music," which he himself—one of the ablest pianists of the day—will copiously illustrate. In conjunction with his pupil, Miss Pauline Cramer, he has recently been giving a series of "Wagner Recitals" in the provinces, with his customary success. If all Wagnerian propagandists in this country were as sympathetic, as well as gifted and energetic, as Carl Armbruster, the "cult" would make far more real and rapid progress than has hitherto been the case. I notice that Dr. Gardini, the husband of that gifted and most unfortunate vocalist Etelka Gerster, has just published a two-volume book about the United States of America, which he has traversed four times as business-manager for his wife. The Italian press speaks favourably of the book, and I understand from Maestro Arditi, who knows Uncle Sam "down to the ground," that it is a readable work, well illustrated, and provided with correct maps of the States more particularly described or alluded to by its author. In recognition of Dr. Gardini's literary feat the "Ré Cavalleresco" has conferred upon him the Order (Croce di Cavaliere) of the Crown of Italy. The new knight's luckless consort is still, I believe, under restraint. Hers is indeed a sad and sorry fate.

Musical recreation, in the form of classical concerts, has not been lacking to London amateurs during the past month. Mr. Henschel's meritorious enterprise has been prosecuted with all the energy, judgment, and good taste for which its director is justly celebrated in both hemispheres. The entertainment it provides for music-lovers is absolutely first-rate. Consequently, it is but languidly supported by the public. A few years hence—always assuming that it has not ruined Mr. Henschel, stock, lock, and barrel, in the meantime—it may turn out a commercial, as well as an artistic success. Institutions of its class must be old in order to pay in this country, and even longevity will not always save them from coming to grief. Have not the "Antient Concerts" and other hallowed organisations *ejusdem generis* vanished from the face of the earth? Even the "Pops" did not prosper for a long time after Arthur Chappell started them; at first they were a "frost," entailing heavy loss on their promoter. Dibdin performed his first "table entertainment" in an auction room at King Street, Covent Garden, to an audience of sixteen persons. Two years later the Lyceum Theatre was not large enough to hold the crowds that nightly paid their money to hear the same entertainment—for which, by the way, he had expressly written the immortal song of "Tom Bowling." English folk rarely take to novelties at once; as a rule, the better the quality of the innovation, the greater their reluctance to adopt it. Mr. Henschel should not be discouraged by empty benches; his day will come, as did that of Hans Richter, after much waiting and many disappointments. Amongst the minor events of the month was an interesting harp,

pianoforte, and violin recital at Prince's Hall, by the talented sisters Eissler. Mdlle. Marianne—who, it will be remembered, accompanied Adelina Patti on the Diva's last provincial tour in the United Kingdom, and made a good success in the North—is really an excellent violinist. Mdlle. Clara has all the resources of that somewhat unsatisfactory instrument, the harp, at her command, and Mdlle. Emmy is equally at home on the keyboards of the pianoforte and organ. All three did their best, to the manifest contentment of a numerous and fashionable assemblage. Mr. Otto Langey, who is favourably known in musical circles here and in Germany, has organised a small Chamber Orchestra, consisting of violin, viola, 'cello, harp, flute, clarinet, and cornet, with which he proposes to accept engagements for smoking concerts, receptions, banquets, and bazaars, and which he has trained to perform classical as well as operatic compositions—its speciality, however, being the rendering of “arrangements” bearing the national character of different peoples, such as Spanish, Turkish, Russian, and Hungarian airs. His address is 270, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Avis aux lecteurs!

Amongst the musical novelties that have lately reached me is a singularly beautiful song (with violin obbligato) by Wilfred Bendall (Metzler and Co.), published under the title of “*Lover's Wishes*,” and destined, if it meet with its deserts, to achieve popularity in the *salon* as well as the concert-room; a ballad of great sweetness and simplicity, hight “*A Woman's Heart*,” by the evergreen veteran, Charles Salaman, whose infinite variety custom cannot stale; a charming minuet by Kapellmeister Jacobi arranged for the piano from the orchestral score of his fascinating ballet “*Enchantment*,” and three “*Sketches in Dance Rhythms*” by Erskine Allon (The London Musical Publishing Co.), each of which is a gem in its way. I may especially recommend the Valse and Tarantella to amateur pianists tolerably advanced in technique. Nothing daintier than the former, or more brilliant than the latter, has been published for many a month past.

CLAVICHORD.



Our Play=Box.

“MIRAGE.”

A New Play, in four acts, by EDWIN CLEARY.

First produced at a Matinée at the Princess's Theatre, February 9, 1888.

Lord John Gordon	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.	Steward	Mr. GEORGE ROWE.
Sir Michael Hardy	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Sailor	Mr. TIM DWYER.
Sir Burns Craighie	Mr. A. R. HODGSON.	Helen Lamar ..	Miss MAUD MILTON.
Captain George Foster Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Lady Burns Craighie Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Willie Wilder	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Victoria	Miss EDITH DENE.
Captain	Mr. ERNEST LEICESTER.	Rose	Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES.
Spini	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.	Edith Gordon ..	Miss LUCCA DE RENES.

Secretary—Mr. EDWIN CLEARY.

The title of “Mirage,” though not applicable to the story (for the heroine’s vision of happiness comes true in the end), is not altogether out of place, for the spectators who assembled to witness a *new* play soon found their expectations vanishing into thin air. Mr. Edwin Cleary cannot claim to be original in his work; he has given us nothing more nor less than “variations” on the theme of “As in a Looking Glass.” Each character has its prototype in the companion play, but we must commend him for making Mrs. Lamar far less repulsive than Lena Despard.

The first act, in which we find all the *dramatis personæ* assembled on board a Mediterranean steamer, is extremely verbose and slow in coming to the point, and I thought the words placed in the mouth of one of the characters—“It doesn’t interest me, doesn’t even waken me up”—remarkably applicable to the situation. Suddenly, without any warning, we are startled by the pantomimic rapidity with which Jack Fortinbrass—I mean Captain George Foster—commits a double murder by throwing Sir Michael overboard and strangling Lady Gordon. The incident intended for a strong situation only caused a laugh. Sir Michael here takes the place of Count Dromiroff, having been changed into a *blasé* and rather enigmatical Baronet in love with Helen Lamar. He, like the Russian, offers her his protection, his object in this case being not to make her an agent of the secret police, but simply his fourth wife. The reason of his being helped to an unexpected bath (for, of course, he is not killed) by Foster is that he recognises the latter as the escaped murderer of a Count Petroff, his friend. The murder of Lady Gordon (in this piece the Scotch nobleman has an invalid wife) is to get the coast clear, so that Helen Lamar may entrap Gordon into marrying her, and that Foster may blackmail her to his heart’s content. The two acts at Monte Carlo, which might with advantage be rolled into one, are a decided improvement on the first. The author enlists our sym-

pathy for the heroine, for not only has she refused to fall in with the plans of her evil genius Foster, though she truly loves Lord Gordon and longs for a better life, but when her lover earnestly pleads for her consent to be his wife, she again resists temptation for his sake. Gordon will not take no for an answer, and, in a last struggle with her weakness, she insists on telling him the story of her life, but when he shuts her mouth and refuses to hear her, then alone does she give up battle with her conscience, and falls into his arms, his promised wife. The last act at Gordon Castle is the best of all ; being more simple, it is more forcible. It does not end so tragically as in the other version of the story ; for, as Helen is about to drink the draught of death, her husband returns, and, dashing the glass from her hand, forgives her. Of course Sir Michael is the means of handing Foster over to justice. With much compression there is the making of an interesting play in "Mirage," but the dialogue is not above the ordinary level, and Mr. Cleary must give us something quite original before we can judge him as a dramatist.

Miss Maud Milton, though she acted with much feeling and earnestness, had not enough dramatic power for so exacting a part as Helen Lamar, but her farewell to her faithful maid, when about to take the poison, was very good and touching. Mr. Luigi Lablache had next to no opportunities during the course of the play, but did not miss the one afforded him in the last act, being both simple and earnest. Mr. W. L. Abingdon was a very good villain, but his treatment of the part lacked originality, eliciting the remark from one of the occupants of the stalls, "There's Willard's Ghost." Mr. Forbes Dawson gave a clever sketch of a champagne-drinking young American ; and Mr Harry Parker and Mrs. E. H. Brooke were excellent in their several parts.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"BABETTE."

New Comic Opera, in three acts. Music by GUSTAVE MICHIELS. Libretto by ALFRED MURRAY and J. G. MOSENTHAL.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, January 26, 1888.

Antonio	Miss LYDIA THOMPSON.	Babette	Miss CAMILLE D'ARVILLE
The Duke de la	} MR. HENRY BRACY.	The Countess Iphi-	} Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Roche Galante ..		genia	
The Baron de Pay-	} MR. GEORGE WALTON.	Toinon	Miss FLORENCE LEVEY.
sandu		Mariette	Miss EULALIE PHILFAIR.
Belazur	Mr. FRED MERVIN.	Maion	Miss KITTY HAYES.
The Baillie	Mr. CLEMENT ORRIDGE.	Margot	Miss CLARE COX.
Latreille	Mr. J. C. PIDDOCK.	Fleurette	Miss NELLIE NORMAN.
Jean	Mr. B. LOUIS.	Bernard	Miss NELLIE LISLE.

The original idea on which the librettists founded their opera, arising from a custom which is said to obtain near Macon, is one from which considerable fun could have been extracted, but of which full advantage was scarcely taken. To be able to choose any pretty girl for your wife, if you are only fortunate enough to draw the largest bunch of grapes from a quantity thrown into a cask, will give rise to plenty of incident among the unsuccessful suitors, but this was scarcely realised after the first act. Babette, the beauty of the village, has three admirers—the Duke, handsome and winning,

whom she is inclined to favour; the Baron, a rich and ugly old nobleman; and Antonio, a dashing, flirting page. These three tempt fortune in the cask, and the Baron, being the lucky man, the two other competitors join forces to defeat him and, at least, delay the marriage, which is bound to take place within forty-eight hours, or the Baron cannot claim his bride. The Duke feigns love for a skittish, elderly spinster, the Countess Iphigenia, and with his fellow-conspirator arranges that Babette shall be carried off. The Baron overhears this, and gets to the carriage first and goes off with Iphigenia, who has by mistake been thrust into it, but, before he has proceeded far on his journey, discovers his mistake. He returns and fights with the Duke, in defiance of an edict against duelling, and in consequence the whole party are arrested by Sergeant Belazur. The last act takes place in the prison, where the Duke, the Baron, the page, and Iphigenia are locked up in separate cells. Belazur is in doubt as to whom Babette is really betrothed, and she endeavours to induce him to liberate the Duke as her future husband, but the gallant Sergeant does a little lovemaking on his own account. For this he is punished by the timely arrival of his wife, Toinon, who changes clothes with Babette and allows her escape. In the meantime the old Baron has become so convinced that he will have no happiness in the future with Babette that he relinquishes her to the Duke, and pairs off with Iphigenia, the volatile Antonio comforting himself with the thought that he is young, and that there are plenty more pretty girls to whom he can make love. The music is tuneful and bright, reminding one of Offenbach, but displays little originality. The two prettiest numbers are perhaps "Flowers I fondly cherish" and "Orange Blossoms," which gained unanimous encores, thanks also to the charming manner in which they were sung by Miss Camille D'Arville, who was indeed the mainstay of the evening, from her grace, piquancy, and finish, both in singing and acting. The quartettes, "This is serious," in the first act, and "What is a Kiss?" in the third, both deserve special mention. Mr. Henry Bracy also aided much in glossing over the shortcomings of the authors, and gave more than satisfaction. Mr. Fred Mervin threw plenty of dash and geniality into the part of the amorous Sergeant, and gained a hearty encore for his song, "Sweet Cigarette." Miss Susie Vaughan just a little exaggerated the gushing Iphigenia, but was excessively amusing, and Miss Florence Levey danced most gracefully and acted with bright intelligence. Miss Lydia Thompson, after her long retirement, has lost none of her sprightliness of manner, and received a most cordial and prolonged welcome on her reappearance. "Babette" was beautifully staged, the scenery was very pretty, the dresses in perfect taste, and Mr. Edward Jones conducted an excellent orchestra. Since writing the above, I am sorry to say that "Babette" has been found not to answer to Miss Lydia Thompson's hopes, and she has retired, at least for the present, from the cares of management.

"THE LOVE THAT KILLS."

Poetical Fancy, in three acts, by JOCELYN BRANDON. An adaptation of ALPHONSE DAUDET'S
"L'Arlésienne."

The Overture, Choral, and Incidental Music composed expressly for the play by BIZET.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Friday afternoon, January 27th, 1888.

Fréderi	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Pierre	Mr. JOHN PEACHEY.
Patron Marc	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.	Vivette	Miss NORREYS.
Baltazar	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Jacques (called Bibi)	Miss CLARA JECKS.
Metifio.. .. .	Mr. GLEN WYNN.	Mother Renaud ..	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT.
Grandfather Francis	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.	Pauline	Miss LAURA GRANVILL.
Portebonheur	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.	Rose	Miss SOPHIE EYRE.

When it is considered that on its original production at the Vaudeville in Paris in September, 1872, with Madame Fargueil as Rose, M. Parade as Baltazar, and M. Abel as Fréderi, "L'Arlésienne" was received with but little favour by a French audience, to whom the overstrained emotions of the mother and the son might be comprehensible, it is not very surprising if the more phlegmatic English public receive the adaptation with some little hesitation so far as the play itself is concerned. And even when it was revived at the Odéon in 1885, with Madame Tessaudier, M. A. Lambert, fils, and M. Paul Mounet in the above rôles, the run of sixty nights was secured by Bizet's incomparable music, which cannot be too highly praised, and the enjoyment of which will, in all probability, be the attraction when Mr. Sedger produces the piece later on in the fashionable London season. There must be an air of unreality when the beautiful demon, of whom we hear so much and who causes all the mischief, is only imagined, and never seen. Fréderi is consumed by a passion for the worthless creature l'Arlésienne. Through the Patron Marc inquiries are made which lead Fréderi's mother, Rose Mamai, to believe that the girl is worthy of her son, and she is to be accepted into the family, but Metifio, another lover of hers, in order to secure her for himself, produces some letters which prove that she is worse than a coquette. Fréderi struggles against his love, which appears to be destroying him, and so his mother persuades Grandfather Francis to consent to the union in spite of the evil reports. This generosity on their parts—for they feel deeply the stain to be cast upon their honest name—rouses his better nature; he struggles against his love, and engages himself to a charmingly artless girl, Vivette. But the return of Metifio, who claims his letters, rekindles all the former passion. Fréderi endeavours to kill Metifio when he learns that l'Arlésienne is going to yield herself to him entirely, and maddened with regret at his unrequited love, in a paroxysm of despair he dies—presumably, in the English version, of heart disease, but, with far greater truth to nature, in the original he commits suicide—and the mother sinks also under the death of her first-born, on whom she has lavished all her affection, to the neglect of Jacques, her half-witted child. There is a very exquisite scene of the meeting of Baltazar and Mother Renaud, who, lovers of years long gone by, have parted, that their affection for each other might remain pure and unsullied, and to both of whom it has been a comfort during their self-enforced separation, and this was most perfectly rendered by Mr. Cross and Mrs. Charles Calvert.

Mr. Brandon has done his work well and conscientiously, adhering closely to the original until the close, which he has altered most decidedly for the worse, in order, it may be supposed, to allow of a death scene and a strong "situation" in the presence of the audience. The dialogue is, however, too protracted for most English people; and exquisite as are the scenes of homely Provençal life and thought and feeling, they are *caviare* to the multitude. If reproduced, "The Love that Kills" will make its name on account of the perfect melody and magnificent score of the music which accompanies it, and which was done the most complete justice to by an increased orchestra and the "Dorothy" chorus, in all numbering 120, under the musical direction of M. Ivan Caryll. Encores of several of the numbers were insisted on. The acting was excellent. Mr. Laurence Cautley was fervid and impassioned; Mr. Julian Cross played with a rugged yet tender dignity; Mr. Arthur Williams was quaintly humorous, but out of keeping with his surrounding, and misread the character of Patron Marc. Miss Sophie Eyre portrayed with sterling reality the feelings of the devoted and despairing mother; Miss Norreys played with charming simplicity and artlessness; and Miss Clara Jecks was touchingly natural as the half-witted boy. Mr. John Le Hay gave a remarkably clever sketch of the stupid, loutish sailor, Portebonheur. More than a word of praise is due to Mons. Marius for his stage management, and to Mr. Furneaux Cook for his assistance in the guidance of the chorus behind the scenes. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and a crowded audience witnessed the performance.

"TARES."

A New Play, in three acts, by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, January 31, 1888.

Nigel Chester	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.	Job	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.
Luke Chester	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Jack	Miss VERA BERINGER.
The Rev. Jimmy Gyde	Mr. ALLEN BEAUMONT.	Margaret Gyde	Miss JANET ACHURCH.
Harry Kingsmill ..	Mr. HARRY EVERSFIELD.	Bessie Kingsmill ..	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Doctor	Mr. NOEL STANLEY.	Mrs. Jason Stanhope	Miss SOPHIE EYRE.
Giles	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Peggy Sanford	Mrs. GASTON MURRAY.
Ben Simpson	Mr. EDWARD THIRLBY.	Rosie	Miss STELLA BRERETON.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer has certainly chosen an original motive for her plot, though a daring one, and for which the authoress admits she is indebted to Gustav Freitag's "Graf Waldemar." But it is scarcely possible to imagine that a well-brought-up girl, the daughter of a respected clergyman, whom she dearly loves, would so far cast aside all care for public opinion, all thought of good repute, as to allow herself for seven years to lie under the stigma of being the mother of a child whom she has adopted, and when there is a possibility of that child being taken from her, contemplating a false avowal that she is really its mother, in order that she may have a legal claim to it. And yet this is what Margaret Gyde does. Seven years before the play is supposed to commence, a baby boy has been left at the gate of the rectory. None but Margaret know its parentage; she has found a letter in the basket in which the foundling is

deposited, stating that is the illegitimate offspring of Rachel Denison and Nigel Chester. He has been a lover of Margaret's. She, without giving her reason, at once breaks off the engagement, attached as she is to him, and devotes herself to his child. When, after this lapse of time, he meets with an accident out hunting, and is brought to the rectory as the nearest house, he meets Margaret, and from no reason having been given for the rupture between them, and watching the affection she bears for "Jack," the boy, he almost believes the scandal about her. However, his love for her is steadfast, and he has almost induced her to renew the engagement, when Rachel Denison, under the name of Mrs. Jason Stanhope, appears on the scene, and claims her child. She had left it at the rectory that it might be the means of breaking off the union between the lovers. She has learnt how her boy has twined himself round Margaret's heart, and now with fiendish pleasure she contemplates the agony that the poor girl will suffer in parting with it. Here Margaret urges that Rachel can bring no proof that she is really the parent, and threatens that she herself, rather than yield up Jack, will declare herself his mother. Nigel, to spare Margaret the agony, is willing to make the only reparation in his power; he offers to marry Rachel, whom he now hates, but she is still obdurate, when her heart is softened by the little boy, who works upon her feelings by his artless prattle, and she consents at last to forego her vengeance. Here, had Rachel gone forth to repentance, I cannot think but that the situation would have been improved; but, instead of this, Rachel's death is brought about in view of the audience by Luke Chester, the presumptive heir to Nigel's property. Luke, having incited Rachel to use all her means to prevent his cousin's marriage, is so enraged at her having relented at the last, that he nearly strangles her, and Rachel dies joining the hands of Nigel and Margaret.

There is a splendid piece of comedy in the second act between Rachel and Luke; and the battle for the possession of the child between Margaret and Rachel is certainly as strong and dramatic as can well be written; but the first act is weak, and is frittered away in the loves of two rustic lovers, well played by Miss Stella Brereton and Mr. Edward Thirlby, and was only partially redeemed by the excellent acting of Mrs. Gaston Murray and Mr. Albert Chevalier, the latter's character being particularly well drawn. Mr. Harry Eversfield and Miss Annie Hughes made an amusing pair of young lovers, but one of their scenes was almost farcical. Mr. Forbes Robertson showed more than his usual power; his entire rendering of the character of the remorse-stricken Nigel was true, manly, and dignified. Mr. Lewis Waller made skilful use of the few opportunities he had. Nothing could have been better achieved or carried out than the conception of the two such opposite characters as Margaret and Rachel—the one noble, pure, and tender-hearted; the other scheming, evil, and cruelly vindictive; and it is difficult to say which of the two was better acted. Miss Vere Beringer is either a born actress or must have been wonderfully schooled to have achieved such a success as "Jack"; her lines were so

fully and naturally spoken, and her manner so unlike the usual stage child. With all its faults there is so much that is interesting in "Tares" that no doubt Mrs. Beringer will be readily able to make such alterations and improvements in it as will secure its acceptance for a run at some future date.

"ARIANE."

An entirely New Play, in four acts, by Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED (who has been assisted in the construction by Mr. RICHARD LEE), adapted from her own novel, "The Bond of Wedlock."

First produced at the Opera Comique, February 8, 1888.

Henry Lomax	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.	Chevalier de Valence	M. MARIUS.
Sir Leopold D'Acosta	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.	Ariane	Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE.
Max Steinbock	Mr. A. M. DENISON.	Lady Mandolin	Miss FANNY COLEMAN.
Lord Damian	Mr. ARTHUR MARCEL.	Lady Molly	Miss MURIEL AUBREY.
Professor Esseldine ..	Mr. WILMOT SEALE.	Mrs. Grant	Miss ASHFORD.
Archdeacon Grant ..	Mr. H. DEANE.	Daisy Lomax	Miss VIOLET CAMPBELL.
Landlord	Mr. A. WYNDHAM.	Bateson	Miss MARIE WYNTER.
Groom	Mr. P. LAKE.	Babette Steinbock ..	Miss LAURA LINDEN.

There is no use blinking the fact that "Ariane" is a play that unfortunately holds up to us the very seamiest side of human nature. All of the principal characters are more or less tainted; and though—and with regret it must be admitted—they are only living presentments of creatures who are met with in the world, the fatal result of their base schemes and plottings scarcely teaches a moral, and the most despicable of them all escapes punishment or retribution. Ariane is a cold, dissatisfied woman, who has mated with Henry Lomax merely to escape from a poor and uncomfortable home with her father, the Chevalier de Valence. Her husband, though lax in morality, is perhaps naturally good-natured, but is irritable and passionate from over-indulgence in stimulants. Instead of endeavouring to win him to better things, Ariane openly shows her contempt and repugnance for him, and, if we may judge from the style in which she dresses, in gratifying her own weakness for "soft raiment" and beauteous surroundings, must sink him still deeper in debt and difficulty. Sir Leopold D'Acosta loves her, and the consequences to them both might be dangerous but that Ariane is shielded by her intense love for her child Daisy, who, she determines, shall never blush for her. Monetary ruin is impending over the household, when Lomax urges his wife to borrow sufficient from her wealthy admirer, D'Acosta, to clear them. She indignantly refuses for very shame, and her husband strikes her. His brutality opens up to the Chevalier the means of freeing her, through the Divorce Court, and so this mean-spirited scoundrel, who has accepted all sorts of kindnesses at his son-in-law's hands, sets to work to betray him. He proposes to D'Acosta that Lomax shall be enmeshed in the toils of some woman. A creature is found in Babette Steinbock, an adventuress and former mistress of D'Acosta's, who, though married to an affectionate husband, longs for her old career of vice. Lomax goes off with her, and now nothing is wanting in the shape of evidence. But before the case actually comes on, Lomax, who has repented and has always, after his fashion, loved his wife, makes an appeal to her for the sake of their child, promises amendment, and becomes almost a man

from the evident earnestness of his new resolution. Unhappily, he tells Ariane that he is sure that there has been a plot between her father and D'Acosta to ruin him, and this attack on a lover, whom she believes to be the very soul of honour, determines her. She will show no mercy, and so the divorce is obtained, and she marries the rich D'Acosta, and a vista of happiness and ease opens up before her. On her wedding-day, however, immediately on her return from the ceremony to her new husband's house, Lomax confronts her, and he tells her that his suspicions have been confirmed. He has obtained a confession from Babette Steinbock that she was paid by D'Acosta to lure him into sin, and that the knowledge of this will embitter all Ariane's future life, and probably wreck it, as his has been wrecked. Ariane cannot believe him, but appeals to D'Acosta, who admits his complicity, extenuating it on account of his love for her. Lomax's revenge is not yet satisfied; he draws a revolver to shoot D'Acosta. Ariane tries to come between them, receives the fatal shot herself, and dies in her father's and her lover's arms, and Lomax, rushing off, commits suicide. It was almost impossible for such a character as that of Ariane to enlist sympathy, but Mrs. Bernard-Beere, by the almost magnetic power she possesses, held her audience, and in the third and fourth acts almost surpassed herself. Mr. Henry Neville redeemed the worst qualities of Henry Lomax by his persistent belief in the honour of his wife, by the capable manner in which he showed that what love there could be in such a selfish nature was hers, and in the real affection he exhibited for his little girl. M. Marius contrived almost to make one forget what an unmitigated and contemptible scoundrel was the Chevalier de Valence by his airy manner, his apparent *bonhomie*, and the mock indignation he affected at his son-in-law's conduct. Mr. Leonard Boyne was a manly and impassioned lover as D'Acosta, and Mr. A. M. Denison played truthfully as the confiding husband, Max Steirbock. Miss Fanny Coleman displayed much cleverness as the cynical, worldly Lady Mandolin, and Miss Laura Linden contrived to gloss over the shamelessness of Babette Steinbock by her brightness and consummate tact. Miss Muriel Aubrey looked excessively handsome as Lady Molly, and was agreeable as an engaged young lady. The almost single innocent part in the whole play, that of the little child, Daisy Lomax, was very charmingly played by Miss Violet Campbell, who was thoroughly natural and artless, and played with her poodle "Smut" as a child would. The piece is magnificently mounted, and the dresses of the ladies in the most perfect taste, and, though much of the dialogue might with advantage be cut out, the play altogether is such a daring one, and is, though unpleasant, so clever, that I shall not be surprised if it achieves a lengthened run.

A new comedietta, entitled "Love and Politics," by H. T. Johnson, was produced at the Opera Comique on February 9, and serves as an amusing *lever-de-rideau*. Young Fullalove has fallen in love with Winifred Winsome, niece to Benjamin Barnaby (a high Tory) and Boanerges Barnaby (an advanced Radical). To gain their favour he pretends to side with them in their political views, but unfortunately mistakes their political leanings, and

so gets into bad odour with both. But things are brought right by its being discovered that he has no views whatever as to party government, and that he is the son of an old sweetheart that both the brothers had surrendered for each other's sake. It was well played by Messrs. Denison, Macdonnell, Wilmot Seale, and Miss Marie Wynter.

“HIS ROMANCE.”

A New Comedy, in four acts, from the German of Herr MICHAEL KLAPP.
First produced at the Olympic Theatre, Thursday afternoon, February 16, 1888.

The Duke of Lovebrook ...	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Herr Potzkatzen	Mr. H. H. MORELL.
Ernest, Marquis of Hilton	Mr. MEYRICK MILTON.	Harley	Mr. GIFFORD STACEY.
Lord Sudbury	Mr. GORDON GLENT- WORTH.	Philippe	Mr. H. LANGE.
Major Rosenkrantz	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.	The Countess of South- moor	Miss FANNY ROBERT- SON.
Major Fitz Lumley	Mr. LAWRENCE GREY.	Lady Clara Southmoor	Miss NORREYS.
Dr. Baring	Mr. WALTER RUSSELL.	Sybil Baring	Miss AGNES VERITY.
Jeremiah Beazley	Mr. S. CALHAEM.	Mary	Miss HELEN VICARY.
John Jackman	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.	Annette	Miss MAY BARTON.
Ernest Jackman	Mr. ETIENNE GIRARDOT.		

Although it was not announced on the playbill, it was generally understood that to Mr. Meyrick Milton was due the adaptation of the German piece, I think known as “Rosenkrantz und Guildenstern;” and an infinitely worse production might easily have been selected for rendering into English, for there is much in it that is funny and amusing. It is mostly polished and free from the farcical element that is so frequently found in the German source, and it is clean and wholesome. The Duke of Lovebrook, wise in his generation, thinks it a good thing that a young fellow should see something of the world before he is established in life, and therefore engages Major Rosenkrantz, an English officer with considerable knowledge of life and much experience with the fair sex, to accompany his son Ernest, Marquis of Hilton, on his travels. A carefully arranged “code of instructions” is drawn up for the bear-leader’s guidance; the young nobleman is to be allowed a fair amount of flirtation, but the line is to be drawn at ladies of quality, because it is intended he shall marry Lady Clara Southmoor; and at actresses, because the Duke’s sister had run away with an actor, and has not been recognised by her family in consequence. The Marquis travels *incog.* as Guildenstern, with his mentor, and, arriving in Switzerland, they are taken by some of the guests stopping in the hotel for hystrios; but Lady Clara has her suspicions that they are men of position. In her unravelling of the mystery she brings the Major to her feet, and in doing so loses her heart to him; whilst the young Marquis falls desperately in love with Sybil Baring, who proves to be the daughter of his father’s discarded sister. The Countess of Southmoor, Lady Clara’s mother, who prides herself upon her astuteness, has determined that John Jackman, a rich but illiterate brewer, and his son Ernest, a silly, empty-headed fellow, are those of whom she and her daughter are in search, they having left England with a view that strong-minded Lady Clara may judge for herself as to the qualities of her future husband; for, though the marriage has been arranged between the

families, the young people have not met since they were children. Numerous complications are involved in the course of the play; but when at last the Duke arrives to learn how his son has profited by his travels, he has to accept the inevitable, and find that his headstrong young heir has chosen for his future wife the very girl, perhaps, of all others, that the Duke would have wished him to avoid. However, like the philosopher he is, he accepts the frustration of his plan in good part, consoling himself with the reflection that the union will make some amends for the neglect he showed his sister as a punishment for her romantic marriage. The adapter played the young Marquis who is sent abroad to get his first taste of "His Romance" brightly and intelligently. Mr. Bassett Roe made the comparatively small part of the Duke of Lovebrook stand out by his excellent conception of the character. Mr. S. Calhaem was amusing as a canny Scotchman, and Mr. Stephen Caffrey bluff and humorous at the opulent brewer. Mr. H. Large and Miss May Barton gave clever sketches of two hotel attendants. Miss Fanny Robertson was stately as the self-deceived Countess, and Miss Agnes Veaity was ingenuous and artless as Sybil Baring. The burden of the play fell on Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Norreys. *Place aux dames.* Miss Norreys, as the self-willed clever Lady Clara, showed us an excellent piece of comedy, brilliant and full of point; and Mr. Brandon Thomas, as the experienced worldly but good-natured aristocrat Major Rosenkrantz, only wanted a trifle more firmness now and then to have made it a perfect rendering of the part. Certainly the success of the afternoon was owing in a great measure to his grip of the most important character. I think there is hardly material enough at present in "His Romance" to fit it for an evening bill, but it might be written up and accepted at a light comedy house.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Boy.

Every one was delighted to welcome back Mr. Toole to his theatre on Saturday, Feb. 18, and to find that he had recovered from his late severe attack of gout ; but he was not quite so thoroughly up to the mark as to be able to make one of the humorous speeches which are now looked forward to on his re-appearances, and are enjoyed with such keen relish. He never acted Caleb Plummer better, however—a part that brings out those powers, that he so eminently possesses, of proving how near “laughter is akin to tears.” A new comediotta by Justin H. McCarthy was produced on the evening. “The Red Rag” is sympathetic, and possesses some good dialogue. The loves of Captain the Hon. Reginald Topham and Alice Brand are looked coldly on by the aunt of the latter, Miss Ursula Winter, because the gentleman is a soldier. Her objection to the military arises from the fear that a like sad fate may befall her niece as has been her own lot. Some thirty years previously she loved, as she fancied, a gallant soldier ; he was ordered to the Crimea, and is supposed to have been killed. But a certain Mr. Ivan Ivanovitch is announced, who proves to be the long-lost lover, who, having been taken prisoner by the Russians, during his captivity in the interior wooed and won a Muscovite lady, and is now married and a prosperous merchant. The revulsion of feeling caused by the discovery that her hero is nothing less than a despicable fellow, causes the old lady, for some rather inexplicable reason, to take the military into favour again, and so she offers no further obstacles to her niece’s marriage. Miss Eliza Johnstone and Miss Eva Moore were excellent as the spinster aunt and the love-lorn maid, and Mr. G. Skelton was very amusing as an old servant, who being a *ci-devant* soldier, has to conceal the fact from his mistress.

On Monday, February 13, Sydney Grundy’s “Arabian Nights,” at the Comedy Theatre, reached its 100th performance. A change from one theatre to another sometimes snaps the chain of prosperity—in this case the links appear to have been strengthened. The impressionable Mr. Hummingtop, in Mr. Charles Hawtrey’s person, is subject to a tyrannous mother-in-law with the same resignation as heretofore, but with an almost increased truth to nature. Miss Lottie Venne, as Rose Columbiere, is the same attractive but decidedly dangerous ex-circus beauty that lures him into all his troubles, and Mr. W. S. Penley, as Joshua Gillibrand, helps her to gain every night a triple encore when he joins her in the ditty in which he accompanies

her, and throughout the evening raises shouts of laughter by his whimsical humour and ridiculous appearance. The centenary was celebrated by the production of the new play in one act, by Jerome K. Jerome, entitled "Sunset," which the author has founded, "with permission," on Lord Tennyson's poem of "The Sisters." The source from which it is derived is not generally recognised. In "Barbara," Mr. Jerome very charmingly illustrated the self-denial of an elder sister, and he has rather intensified this in his latest work. Lois is secretly engaged to Laurence Leigh; she is looking forward to the next meeting with him, when her younger (half) sister Joan returns home, and in their mutual confidences discloses that she has lost her little heart to one whom she had met on her travels. Neither of the girls will tell, from shy playfulness, the name of her lover. When Laurence appears he proves to be the fickle creature who has gained the affection of two lovable girls, the only excuse that may be pleaded for him being that for the elder Lois his admiration was the evanescent one of a youth some two years ago, while for Joan it is that of a more matured nature. Lois generously bears her disappointment without betraying her late admirer's perfidy, so that her little sister's happiness may be secured. There was much pathos and light sportiveness in the dialogue, and it was excellently rendered by Miss Cissy Grahame as Lois, and Miss Cudmore as Joan; the latter was charmingly natural and ingenuous, the former exhibiting the strength and nobility of a true woman. Mr. A. G. Andrews well represented the sturdy character of the bucolic lover, Azariah Stodd.

Not often do those who attend *matinées* spend such a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon as must have been experienced by all on Tuesday, February 14, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. In Miss Helen Barry's *matinées* at the Vaudeville we have seen her in plays with which we are fairly well acquainted, but in "Arkwright's Wife" I was glad to welcome her again, in a work in which she was the original representative of Margaret Hayes, at Leeds, some fifteen years ago, and which aided her to establish her theatrical reputation. I am almost tempted to give the entire cast of the reproduction for future reference; for those who saw Mr. Willard again as Peter Hayes will be sure to speak of it as a memorable dramatic day. There is really not much plot in the drama by "Tom Taylor and John Saunders, Esqs." I will recapitulate the main incidents. Peter Hayes is a man who, like scores of others at that time, had grown old and semi-crazed in endeavouring to discover the seemingly philosopher's stone of inventing a machine to supersede manual spinning. He has brought the direst poverty on his home by neglecting his work to devote his time to his researches and inventions. Every penny that even his daughter Margaret earns is spent on paying for the making of models, and the bailiffs are about seizing the few sticks of furniture that are left to the family when Richard Arkwright, the barber and traveller for purchase of woman's hair, comes to the house, lured by the report of Margaret's splendid tresses. He evidently falls in love with her at first sight, and, for

sake of her, pays out the bailiffs, makes a quick wooing, and carries off father and daughter to his own home at Bolton.

Arkwright, needless to say, is himself an inventor ; he has secretly been perfecting his machine ; old Hayes, suspicious, and believing that Arkwright has "picked his brains," arouses Margaret's suspicions as to her husband's frequent moody silence and absence from home. She questions him ; Arkwright tells her of the perfection of his model, and draws it from the room in which he has secretly worked at it. Hayes overhears this, and demands from his daughter the key of the chamber in which it is locked. She refuses, and, in a torrent of rage, he goes forth and brings back with him the "Blackburn boys," who are destroying all machines, which, they ignorantly think, rob them of labour. Margaret, rather than they should wreck the result of her husband's skill, and almost believing that, once it is in pieces, her husband will be all her own once more, wields the hammer and breaks it into atoms. Arkwright returns, and, learning from her own lips what she has done, drives her and her father from his roof.

Twenty years later the great Arkwright has become wealthy, and is knighted, but looks back with fond regret to the time when Margaret shared his trials and his triumphs. She, in the meantime, has followed the fortunes of, and watched over, her father. Her love for Arkwright has never diminished ; the hate and jealousy of her father for him has increased tenfold. They have been wandering about the country, and, in their travels, by set purpose of Hayes, have reached Birkacre, where Arkwright has just opened a new mill with all his latest inventions. Hayes has been organising a plot that the burning of this shall be the signal for the destruction of numbers of others where machinery is used. In his crazy joy at what he hopes will prove the ruin of his son-in-law he lets his secret escape him in the hearing of his daughter. She gives timely warning, prevents the catastrophe, and is restored to her husband's arms, and, what I think may be considered a mistake, witnesses her father's reconciliation with him—an impossibility, judging from the old man's hitherto implacable hatred.

Miss Helen Barry was pathetic in her sorrows, womanly in her love, and tragic in her defence of her husband's rights and property, and gave a charming little touch of comedy in the first act, when she is wooed by Arkwright. Mr. Fred Gould was earnest and manly as Richard Arkwright, and imbued it with vigour and force. But it was to Mr. Willard that deservedly were accorded the principal honours. His Peter Hayes was so subtle and nervous, he so fully realised the ideal of a man absolutely wrapped up in one pursuit that it makes him suspicious of all around him, and to which pursuit he will sacrifice all that is dearest to him, that he fairly carried his audience with him, and he may always look back upon it as one of his very finest impersonations. Mr. Henry Ferrand capably filled his original *rôle* of Hilkiah Lawson.



MISS FANNY BROUGH.

“’Tis my picture : refuse it not,
It hath no tongue to vex you.”

TWELFTH NIGHT, Act iii. Sc. 4.

On the same afternoon was produced, for the first time, a comedy in one act, by F. Hamilton Knight, entitled "The Postscript." It is simply the story of a young girl, Marjorie Fleming, who, left to the care of a middle-aged colonel, out of gratitude and liking accepts him when he proposes marriage. He is called away on active service for some two years, and during that time she falls really in love with a young fellow, who proposes, and then she is obliged to own that she is engaged. Naturally indignant, he expresses himself in rather strong terms, and offends her. Just before this, the Colonel has returned home, and found in Mrs. Treherne, the stepmother of the lover, the woman he loved in years gone by, and learns from her the distress in which her son Harold is at his ward's refusal, and the young fellow's sorrow at his loss of temper. Harold writes a letter of apology, which is submitted to the Colonel for his approval, and he adds the "postscript" which frees Marjorie from her engagement to him and sanctions hers with Harold Treherne. I need hardly say that Colonel Sir Clive Cutler and Mrs. Treherne also look forward to a happy future.

Mr. Knight has written poetically and naturally, and dressed an idea, not quite original, perhaps, in such a fresh and healthy manner, not only as to render it very charming, but to hold out promise that so young a writer will, in the future, give stronger proof of his evident talent. Miss Rose Norreys invested the character of Marjorie Fleming with a girlish charm that was very natural and touching. Mr. Lewis Waller showed that the heavier line of parts he has lately undertaken has not robbed him of versatility, and that he can play a youthful lover with sincerity and ease. Miss Fanny Enson was a pleasant Mrs. Treherne, and Mr. Brandon Thomas fairly good as the Colonel.

Miss Fanny Brough, whose very charming portrait appears this month, comes of a dramatic stock. Her father, Robert Brough (who died at the early age of thirty-two), was the well-known journalist and dramatic author, her mother (who is still alive) being the niece of Miss Romer, the celebrated vocalist of "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," and "Mountain Sylph" fame. She herself is the niece of the celebrated Lionel or "Lal" Brough, and her only brother, Robert Brough, is manager of the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne. Miss Brough was born in Paris, and made her first appearance in London on the stage of the St. James's Theatre (then under Mrs. John Wood's management), on Oct. 15, 1870, in Sutherland Edwards's adaptation of "Fernande," in which she played the title *rôle*, and was the original Lotte in "War," and Fanny Parkhouse in "Two Thorns." After playing Esther Eccles in "Caste," Ruth in "M.P.," Blanche Hay in "Ours," and Bella in "School," on tour, she joined the (old) Prince of Wales's company to appear as Clara Douglas in Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's celebrated revival of "Money." Miss Brough then went to the Gaiety for eight months, and played *ingenue* parts with Mr. J. L. Toole and the late Charles Mathews.

For nearly four years she was in the provinces playing only two parts, so much appreciated were they, Mary Melrose in "Our Boys" and Ethel Grainger in "Married in Haste," and was next engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham for Haidee Burnside in "The Crisis." Among Miss Brough's most conspicuous successes were Fuschia Leech in "Moths," and her creation of Petrella in the Spanish play of "The Woman and the Law," by Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett, for the excellence of which performance she was presented by Senor Leopoldo Casa-y-Mara, the author of the novel and original play, with his portrait, accompanied by a most complimentary letter. Miss Brough has also been the original creator of Norah FitzGerald, the Irish girl, in H. Hamilton's "Harvest" (Princess's), Ned Owen in "The World," and dual characters of Edith and Alice in "True Story," and Geraldine Vanderfelt in "Pleasure," at Drury Lane; Milly Smith in "Driven from Home," Duke's Theatre; Edith Thurston in "Our Regiment," Fanny Anstiss in "A Mare's Nest," and Mrs. Muggridge in "The Lodgers," at the Globe; Mrs. Carr in "Devil's Carefoot," Barbara Calthorpe in the "The Calthorpe Case," Agnes Hutton in "Fettered Freedom," and Mary Goodwin in "Her Trustee," at the Vaudeville. Of Miss Brough it can truthfully be said, that she has never failed in any part that she has undertaken. Miss Brough is now a member of the St. James's Company, under the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal.

Mr. Edward S. Willard when only sixteen years of age appeared for the first time on the stage in 1869 at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, and obtained his earlier experience in a round of characters in the provinces, having been for nearly three years a member of Mr. William Duck's Company. On September 10, 1881, he appeared in London at the Princess's Theatre as Clifford Armytage in "The Lights o' London;" on June 10, 1882, as Philip Royston in "The Romany Rye;" on November 16, 1882, as Captain Skinner in "The Silver King." He next played Claudius the King in Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of "Hamlet," followed by Holy Clement in "Claudian." On February 26, 1885, he fully realised the anticipation formed of his great capabilities by his masterly rendering of Sextus Tarquin in "Junius," and has gained increased reputation with every succeeding character he has assumed. Among these may be named Mark Lezzard in "Hoodman Blind" (August 18, 1885), Captain Ezra Promise in "The Lord Harry" (February 18, 1886), Glaucias in "Clito" (May 1, 1886). On Mr. Barrett's leaving for his American tour Mr. Willard was engaged to succeed Mr. Arthur Dacre as James Ralston in "Jim the Penman," and showed the versatility of his talent by the genial homely way in which he took the part of Tony Saxon in "Hard Hit" (January 17, 1887). On August 29 of the same year he made a great success as Richard Dugdale in "The Pointsman" at the Olympic, and added to it by the remarkable manner in which he represented James Dalton in the revival of "The Ticket of Leave Man" at the same theatre. His greatest triumph, however, has



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS and MR HERBERT CAMPBELL (The Queen
and the King).

"Marry come up! Forsooth! Go to!"

Puss in Boot

been as Peter Hayes in "Arkwright's Wife," played at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on February 14, 1888—a performance that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Last month it was impossible, owing to the non-arrival of the particulars until too late, to give the little biographical sketches of Messrs. Nicholls and Campbell. I will try to repair the omission now. Mr. Harry Nicholls has attained his present position through sheer hard work. Born in 1852, educated at the City of London School, he was intended for an auctioneer, but he disliked the office duties, and when eighteen years of age made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in a very small part, but his efforts were evidently not appreciated, for he had to walk to London at the end of the week. Experience gained in the provinces, where he played almost every line of character, at length obtained him an engagement at the Surrey with Mr. William Holland, and he made a hit in "Arrah-na-Pogue" as Michael Feeney. He eventually became first low comedian there, and after playing at the Grecian (where he first was associated with Mr. Herbert Campbell), his merits were recognised by Mr. Augustus Harris, and he came to Drury Lane, and owns that he himself knew he had made his first hit as Tom Gardham in "Youth." Horatio Spofkins in "Human Nature," and Charlie Landown in "Pleasure," were both great successes. He has now been seven years at Drury Lane, and played every year in the pantomime, alternating generally the male and female parts with Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Herbert Campbell made his first appearance as King Winter in the pantomime of "King Autumn" at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on December 26, 1871. The following year he was cast for Brazen Face in "Lucee Land," and, becoming a favourite, was engaged for the stock season, and appeared in burlesques as Count Rodolpho in "La Sonnambula," Hassarac in "Forty Thieves," Fabian and Louis in the "Corsican Brothers," and Eily O'Connor in "Colleen Bawn." Mr. Campbell's next engagement was with Mr. George Conquest at the Grecian Theatre on Christmas Eve, 1873, as King Furibond the Furious in "The Wood Demon;" and he remained at this theatre for five seasons, appearing as King Funkey the Fortieth in "Snip Snap Snorum" (which had the phenomenal run of sixteen weeks), in "Spitz Spite Spider Crab," in "Grim Goblin" as King Boobee, in "Roley Poley" as King Doughduff, and at the Alexandra Palace in the afternoons as King Marmalade in "The Yellow Dwarf." In 1878 he played Widow Simpson in Messrs. Gatti's first pantomime at Covent Garden, "Jack and the Beanstalk," and was engaged for the following year for Billy the Pirate in "Sinbad the Sailor." Mr. Campbell in 1880 returned to the Grecian, and appeared as Mustapha Boko in Mr. Henry Pettitt's first and only pantomime, "King Frolic," and the next and last season at this theatre in the title *rôle* of Happy-Go-Lucky. By this time the subject of our portrait had become such a

popular favourite that he was engaged for Drury Lane, and on December 26, 1882, played Kabob in "Sinbad the Sailor," and in successive seasons in "Cinderella" as Baby Brunetta, "Dick Whittington" as Eliza the Cook, "Aladdin" as Abanazar, "Forty Thieves" as Cogia Baba, and in the present pantomime, "Puss in Boots," as the King. Mr. Campbell also appeared in 1877 at the Alhambra as Cornarino in the comic opera of "Venice," and at the Crystal Palace in 1885 as Amina in Byron's burlesque, "Sonnambula." It was during his fourth season at the Grecian that he was first associated with Mr. Harry Nicholls, and they have played together in eight pantomimes.

Mr. Savile Clarke writes as follows :—Mr. Charles Reade re-wrote his play, "The Double Marriage," shortly before his death, and the rights in it have been secured by Mr. Arthur Dacre. Moreover, he received liberty from Mr. Reade's executors to cut the piece where needful, and he and Miss Amy Roselle have very much improved it by judicious rearrangement and compression. The action of the play takes place in France, in the days of the Directory, and it tells an exciting story. The play indeed is a thoroughly vigorous and interesting one, and should be highly successful at a suitable theatre in London. I went down to Cambridge the other day specially to see it, and found Mr. Dacre's company housed in Mr. Redfarn's neat little theatre. The piece was excellently staged, and the scenery—painted by Mr. Redfarn himself, for he is an artist as well as a manager—was admirable. The heroine, Josephine, is in the hands of Miss Amy Roselle, a very striking and pathetic character. This lady, as my readers know, unites the advantage of a sound histrionic training to high artistic acquirements and natural abilities, and her performance in this play is marked by equal force and finish. As the hero, Mr. Dacre acted with all suitable manliness, and was very successful also in depicting the more sympathetic aspect of the man's nature. It was an artistic bit of work. Mr. Oscar Adye played firmly, and with energy, as the hero's rival. He was duly incisive, and bore himself exceedingly well, as the rough but kindly soldier. Miss Ethel Herbert and Miss Edith Ostlere also acquitted themselves admirably. The performance was received with great favour, and certainly thoroughly deserved it.

The decided success of the moment in Paris is "Décoré," the new comedy which M. Henri Meilhac has provided for the Théâtre des Variétés. After a long series of failures fortune at last smiles on the most Parisian of the Paris playhouses; and although the name of Madame Judic does not appear on the bill, we welcome again all the other favourites associated with the house. M. Dupuis has never been so well fitted with a part; Messrs. Baron and Lassouche are given wonderful opportunities for the exercise of their characteristic humour, and we have a charming addition in the person of Mdlle. Rejane, whose diction and

manner are at all times perfect, and who, on the present occasion, so distinguishes herself that it is already whispered we shall see her removal to the more classic house of Molière at no distant date. Then, when she persuades M. Claretie and his brethren on the committee to produce the MS. of M. Meilhac, which she will probably carry with her, the dramatist who has proved himself the most versatile of all modern French playwrights will be within sight of the chair at the Academy just vacated by poor Labiche. It is the ambition of every author to become a member of the Academy, and through "Décoré" M. Meilhac is likely to reach the coveted honour. It is not a great piece deserving extravagant praise; it is, indeed, merely a bright, graceful sketch of modern manners, but it is amusing and refined from beginning to end, and is just the sort of play that a Paris audience appreciates and finds ever-fresh delight in. The wife of a husband who neglects her becomes, innocently enough, compromised in connection with a young friend of the family, who has not hesitated to make desperate love to her. With remarkable ingenuity the author has dove-tailed his characters into his story. It is the husband (M. Colineau) who, intent on a diversion of his own, drives his wife figuratively into the arms of the tempter. He sends her away on a railway journey. She enjoins Edouard (the friend) to stay and keep her husband company, but this does not suit M. Colineau's arrangements, and pleading urgent business he leaves Edouard to follow Madame Colineau at his pleasure. While together, Edouard, anxious to appear brave and daring in the eyes of the woman he wishes to captivate, jumps off a bridge into the river and rescues a man from drowning. What more natural than that the companion of Madame Colineau should be regarded as Monsieur Colineau! and the heroism of that gentleman is lauded in the press and on the tongues of the populace. A dozen little coincidences assist the mistake, and a situation on the lines of the broadest farce is the result, the fun reaching its highest pitch when the *sous-prefet* of the district announces his intention of obtaining a "decoration" for the courageous Colineau. How easily this piece could be turned into English! It would only be necessary to talk of knighting the hero instead of handing him a red ribbon, and here is an English farce that ought to commend itself to some London manager. Of course, the third act is devoted to a series of explanations, but the fun never flags, for M. Colineau himself is the only person in the piece who has misconducted himself, and his wife knows that he has little justice in making reproaches. All comes right in the end; the husband is satisfied of his wife's fidelity, the wife forgives the repentant husband; and they propose to go off on a trip to Spain together. Edouard wishes to join them, but "No, no," protests Madame Colineau, "I have had enough of love; besides, it is like suicide; when you have just missed it you don't want to begin again." The piece is admirably played all round, and it will probably remain the attraction at the Variétés all the season.

The success that attended the production of "Les Femmes Collantes"
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XI.

at the Déjazet encouraged the director to put on another piece by a young dramatist. This time, however, his choice has not been so happy, for "Tous Pincés," a farcical comedy by M. Pierre Raynaud, has neither clever construction nor witty dialogue to recommend it.

Of so-called "complete" editions of Shakespeare there are vast numbers, their quantity being, indeed, as "illimitable as the boundless sea." Of those editions which really are as complete as possible there are, alas! too few. Happily, the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" is entitled to rank in the latter category. Judging the whole by the two, out of the eight, volumes just issued, this new Shakespeare attains perfection as near as may be. The first essentials in the undertaking of such a work as this are that care, conscientiousness, keen insight, and vast labour should be expended on the work in hand, and that pedantry should be avoided. These conditions are amply fulfilled by the editors of the last new Shakespeare. Mr. Henry Irving, actor and Shakespearean scholar, and Mr. Frank A. Marshall, with his literary faculties and style, form a particularly good and highly advantageous combination. They have joined hands in what must have been to them a labour of love, and the result is seen in the two handsome and exhaustive volumes under notice. It is but natural that Mr. Irving, who has done so much for Shakespeare on the stage, should take up the cudgels on behalf of Shakespeare as a playwright. Shakespeare, he says, wrote for the stage, and an instructive essay on this subject is written by Mr. Irving. That Shakespeare did not write for the stage is a silly theory which, to my mind, admits of no argument. The very plays themselves show that they were intended to be acted. They are always popular, and to this day "Hamlet" is safe to draw a good house in the country wherever or whenever it is literally thrown upon the stage. The brilliant revivals of Shakespeare at the Lyceum by Henry Irving have done much to dispel the illusion that Shakespeare wrote only for the study; but those who still maintain this empty idea should recollect that Shakespeare himself was an actor, and that he lived by the acting of his plays.

Those interested in the theatre will be glad of this new edition of Shakespeare, if only for Mr. Irving's powerful article on the subject indicated above, but it must not be thought that this is merely an acting edition of the dramatist-poet. It is, in a sense, an acting edition, since those passages which are unsuited or of no use in representation are so marked that they may be easily omitted; but it is much more than this. It is a trustworthy guide and aid to the study of Shakespeare. To each play three chapters are prefixed. These deal with the literary history of the play, with its stage history, and with a critical survey of the work and its characters. To the first chapter Mr. Frank Marshall has brought deep learning and thorough research, and, in connection with this, it may be said that care and labour are conspicuous throughout the volumes. Every statement is proved, every fact is verified. The stage history of the various plays is extremely interesting. The various stage versions, with their peculiarities, are described, and

the actors of the principal characters are noted. Genest, the historian of the English stage, appears to have been Mr. Marshall's sheet anchor in this matter, but the editor has availed himself of numberless other authorities, and always with a good result. In his "Critical Remarks" Mr. Marshall has wisely refrained from quoting other people, and has given his own views on the subject. Mr. Marshall's criticisms have, at any rate, the merit of being original and, as a rule, just and correct. Appended to each play are also copious notes, generally extending to over three hundred in number, dealing with obscure passages, obsolete words, &c. Some few original emendations in the text are adopted, and there are also suggestions for others. Nor is this all. A map of the scene of action is given in each case, and a brief history is printed of the personages in the historical plays, so that the student will here find much food for reflection. Let it not be thought, however, that these volumes are for the burner of midnight oil alone. Nothing of the sort. They are so well written that they contain much solid entertainment, and are as suitable to the drawing-room as the study.

The first volume includes Mr. Irving's article, "Shakespeare as a Playwright," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," and the first part of "King Henry VI." In the second volume we find the remaining two plays on "Henry VI," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "King Richard II." This volume is also noticeable for containing a reprint of Charles Kemble's "Henry VI," a clever condensation of the three plays on the subject by Shakespeare. This interesting attempt is in itself a novelty to the general reader, as it is taken from the only MS. copy, which is in the possession of Mr. Irving. But the attractions of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" are not even yet enumerated. They are enhanced by the charming illustrations of Mr. Gordon Browne, which have the great merit of improving in each volume. The illustrations to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" are exceptionally fanciful and extremely pretty. No one who takes an interest in Shakespeare and the stage should fail to obtain a copy of these volumes. The perusal will more than repay the purchase.

The theatre of the future as advocated by the naturalistic, realistic, and personal school of journalism will be a cheerful place in which to recreate. As matters stand at present, if a public though anonymous writer takes a strong line on plays or players he is subjected to a chorus of yells and catcalls when he takes his seat in order to review a play. It is only necessary to sit in the last row of the stalls, divided by a slight partition from the pit, to hear the whole audience discussed, men, women, and boys, with the spite of Mrs. Candour, and the accuracy that is the distinguishing feature of personal journalism of a low theatrical type. But what are we to say when the society dramatist makes personal allusions to individual members of the audience who are likely to be present at the play? The new departure in reckless personality started with "Ariane," when one of the characters

observed, on the first night, "Yes, an Illustrious Personage once told her she had pretty teeth, and she has been on the grin ever since." Very smart, no doubt, but intolerably rude. It is not conceivable that such a line could have been in the manuscript when it was submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for license. It is literally impossible that a gentleman of such courtesy and distinguished for such good taste as the Examiner of Stage Plays could have passed it. For once allow royalty—so good, so devoted, so constant to the drama—to be ridiculed, and we shall have scenes in the theatre and arguments between actors and audience that will make the House of Commons a dovecot compared to the playhouse. Why not allow the leading actress to chaff the Royal Academician about his last picture; the fashionable doctor about his recent prescription; the popular novelist about his last book; the journalist about his last article? We are going ahead in matters of good taste, are we not?

I noticed in last month's "Omnibus-Box" the production of A. C. Calmour's "Cupid's Messenger" at Cromwell House for a charity, and referred to Miss Freake's acting in it as sufficiently good to enable her to adopt the



stage as a profession should she be compelled to do so. Of course, Miss Freake's worldly position prevents any necessity for her taking to it as a means of livelihood, but from an honest love for acting she has enrolled herself under Mr. Beerbohm Tree's banner, and appeared for the first time publicly at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday evening, February 9, 1888. I think that the genuine foot-lights had some effect on Miss Freake. The "novice" was more apparent when Mary Herbert appeared in her proper feminine attire, though I must admit there was no want of spirit when she assumed the habit of the sterner sex, and looked remarkably well as the saucy page. On this occasion Mr. Lawrence Cautley was the Sir Philip Sidney, and a very handsome and manly fellow he

made of him, delivering the pretty fanciful lines with earnestness and good expression. Miss Lamb made a distinct advance in public favour by her



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

“O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us.”

BURNS.

graceful and winning manner as the heroine, Fanny Walsingham. The piece went very well indeed; but Miss Freake was soon compelled to relinquish her part through indisposition, and "on Valentine's day, Tuesday, February 14, 1888, Miss Ellaline Terriss, daughter of Mr. William Terriss, of the Adelphi, made her *début* on the London stage." At a very short notice Miss Terriss assumed Miss Freake's character of Mary Herbert in "Cupid's Messenger," and played it so well as to gain unstinted applause from her audience, and the very warmest commendation from her manager, Mr. Beerbohm Tree. There is every prospect of a successful career before this promising young actress, who is presently to join Mr. Charles Wyndham's company at the Criterion. Whilst on the subject of the Haymarket I may say that "Partners" is wonderfully improved since the first night and has become a great favourite. The accompanying drawings of Miss Freake in character are reproduced from some very exquisite photographs taken by Walery, of Regent Street.



On the occasion of Mr. Edward Brown's benefit *matinée* at the Olympic on Monday, February 20, there was a crowded house. The excellence and varied items of the programme, independently of the esteem in which the *beneficiaire* is held, should have secured this. I was very pleased to see Mr. Royce Carleton and Mr. Yorke Stephens again in Mr. Henry Byatt's charming little play, "The Brothers," and had an intellectual treat in the recital by Mr. E. S. Willard of D. G. Rossetti's beautiful but melancholy poem, "A Last Confession." Few actors of the present day could have held an audience enthralled as did Mr. Willard during the delivery of this wonderful poem.

Lecocq wrote "La Fille de Madame Angot" in 1872 for the *Fantaisies Parisiennes* in Brussels. In the preceding year for M. Humbert, the manager, he had composed "Les Cent Vierges," which had achieved success, and something more ambitious was desired upon a libretto furnished by three men of experience—Messrs. Clairville, Siraudin, and Koning. Never had collaboration brought happier results, and Lecocq composed the music throughout with only two trivial alterations in the book. A quintette was added to the second act, and a short *ensemble* was

suppressed. Seldom, indeed, have authors and composers worked in such accord.

I understand that the score of Offenbach's operetta, "Cascoletto," which was played one night only at Ems, in 1865, has been discovered among the papers of the late composer, and that the piece, which was most favourably received on its single performance, will shortly be tried at a Paris Theatre.

Over eight thousand pounds has been spent on the production of M. Gaston Salvayre's opera, "La Dame de Monsoreau," which, after six performances, was seen for probably the last time on Saturday. The nightly expenses of the opera are about £600, and on no occasion have the receipts from the new piece come within £100 of that figure. On the fifth representation over £48 was taken at the doors, but of course the *abonnements* bring in more than £300 a night, and the State subvention is about another £100.

M. Hansen, late ballet-master of the Alhambra, in London, was responsible for the "Ballet of Fools," danced in the fourth act, which the critics have denounced as crude and inartistic. To my mind, however, it had a novelty and brightness which ballets at the opera often lack. Mdlle. Subra's execution is very brilliant.

Miss Mabel E. Wotton, who, I am proud to say, made her literary *début* in the pages of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, which she has enriched from time to time with the fruits of her pure and graceful mind, and rare poetic fancy, has edited a very interesting volume. Its title explains it: "Word Portraits of Famous Writers" (Richard Bentley and Son). "The world," quotes our authoress from Lord Beaconsfield, "has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated;" and here, guided by Miss Wotton, we can learn something new and interesting about our favourite authors and authoresses who have passed away, but whose names are "household words." It was a difficult task to accomplish, but it has been executed with welcome enthusiasm, remarkable industry, and consistent good taste. The book ought to be studied, and preserved in every library.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from January 23, 1888, to February 22, 1888:—

1888. (Revivals are marked thus*.)
 Jan. 26. "Babette," new comic opera in three acts. Words by Alfred Murray and J. G. Mosenthal. Music by Gustave Michiels.

- Jan. 26.* "Esmonds of Virginia," four-act drama, by A. R. Cazauban. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 27. "The Love that Kills," three-act poetical play, adapted from Alphonse Daudet's *L'Arlésienne*, by Jocelyn Brandon. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 28.* "Ticket-of-Leave Man," four-act drama, by Tom Taylor. Olympic.
- „ 28.* "Good for Nothing," one-act drama, by J. B. Buckstone. Olympic.
- „ 31. "Tares," new play, in three acts, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- Feb. 8.* "The Colour Sergeant," one-act drama, by Brandon Thomas. Matinée. Globe.
- „ 8.* "A Clerical Error," one-act drama, by H. A. Jones. Matinée. Globe.
- „ 8.* "Chatterton," one-act drama, by Arthur Jones and Henry Hermann. Matinée. Globe.
- „ 8. "Ariane," new play, in four acts, adapted by Mrs. Campbell Praed, assisted by Mr. Richard Lee, from her novel, "The Bond of Wedlock." Opera Comique.
- „ 8.* "Cupid's Messenger," one-act poetical play, by Alfred C. Calmour. Haymarket.
- „ 9. "Mirage," new four-act play, by Edwin Cleary. Matinée. Princess's.
- „ 11.* "Darby and Joan," one-act play, by Messrs. Bellingham and Best. Matinée. Terry's Theatre.
- „ 13. "Sunset," new one-act play, by Jerome K. Jerome. Comedy.
- „ 13.* "Nitouche." French plays. Royalty.
- „ 14.* "Arkwright's Wife," three-act drama, by Tom Taylor. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 14. "The Postscript," new and original one-act comedy, by F. Hamilton Knight. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 14.* "School for Scandal." Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 16. "His Romance," new comedy, in four acts, from the German of Herr Michael Klapp. Matinée. Olympic.
- „ 18. "The Red Rag," comedietta, by Justin M'Carthy, M.P. Toole's.

In the Provinces from December 20 to February 15, 1888 :—

1888.

- Jan. 2.* "The Double Marriage," play in five acts, by Charles Reade (re-written and re-arranged). Theatre Royal, Worcester.
- „ 16. "Found," original drama in a prologue and four acts, by F. J. Stein. Theatre Royal, Gateshead.
16. "Church and Stage," new drama in five acts, by Walter Reynolds. Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton.

- Jan. 20. "Found Out," new and original *farcical* comedy, in three acts, by J. James Hewson. St. George's Hall, Liverpool.
- „ 21. "A Cure for Foolery," farce by E. J. Jones and Harry Brashier. Victoria Hall, Walthamstow.
- „ 24. "Alpine Tourists," comedietta by Mrs. Newton Phillips. Ladbroke Hall.
- Feb. 6.* "Pleasure," six-act drama, by Paul Meritt and Augustus Harris. Opera House, Northampton.
- „ 6. "Broken Links," new and original drama, in four acts, by Henry Holmes. Theatre Royal, Stratford.
- „ 6. "The Colonel's Wife," military drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Bessie Reid and Lita Smith. Theatre Royal, Coventry.
- „ 6. "Silver Veil," drama, in three acts, by A. Ivor Smith. Park Town Hall, Lavender Hill.

 PARIS.

1887. (From Dec. 23, 1887, to Feb. 11, 1888.)

- Dec. 23 "La Lycéenne," a vaudeville in three acts, by M. Georges Feydeau, music by M. G. Serpette. Nouveautés.
- 1888.
- Jan. 11* "Le Reveillon," a vaudeville by Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy. Palais Royal.
- „ 16 "Hypnotise," a comedy-vaudeville in three acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Albert Weland. Renaissance.
- „ 19 "Mam'zelle Crenom," an operetta in three acts, by MM. Adolphe Janne and Georges Duval, music by Leon Vasseur. Bouffes-Parisiens.
- „ 26* "La Station Champbaudet," a comedy-vaudeville in three acts, by MM. Labiche and Marc Michel. Renaissance.
- „ 27 "Décoré," a comedy in three acts, by M. Henri Meilhac. Variétés.
- „ 30 "La Dame de Monsoreau," an opera in five acts and seven scenes, libretto by the late M. Auguste Macquet, founded on the story of M. Alexandre Dumas, music by M. Gaston Salvayre. Grand Opera.
- Feb. 2 "Tout Pincés," a farcial comedy by M. Pierre Raynaud. Déjazet.
- „ 3 "Gavroche," a drama in five acts and seven scenes, by Jules Dornay. Château d'Eau.
- „ 10* "La Fille de Madame Angot," an operetta in three acts, by Messrs. Clairville, Siraudin, and Koning. Music by M. Ch. Lecocq.
- 11 "La Volière," a comic opera in three acts, words by MM. Mutter and Beaumont. Music by M. Ch. Lecocq.



THE LATE MR. JOHN CLAYTON.

“His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act v. Sc. 5.

THE THEATRE.

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John Clayton.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

DEAR me! or "Lawk-a-Mussy!" as dear old Palgrave Simpson would have said, what a handsome young fellow Jack Clayton was when I first met him in London. The son of a Lincolnshire farmer, the brother of an able artist, one of a splendid race of English yeomen of the fine old pattern, he was the model of a fine strapping young Englishman when first we met. Young Calthrop—Calthorpe we called him then—was an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm led him towards literary society and private theatricals. In this he was encouraged by his oldest, best, and most devoted friend Palgrave Simpson, who, in his generous, simple-hearted fashion, virtually adopted the lad whose enthusiasm he admired. No one liked amateur performances better than old Palgrave, and he encouraged his "Jack" to appear behind the footlights whenever and wherever there was an opportunity. I see that it is mentioned in the papers that Calthorpe was originally in a Government office. I never heard of it before, and I do not believe it. He might have been in some London office for a few months or years, but he was far too full of life, too breezy, too much of a farmer's son to settle down to any desk. Thanks to his friendship with Palgrave Simpson, the young and handsome amateur was early taken into literary, dramatic, and musical society. Wherever Palgrave Simpson went, there went this fine young fellow. He was introduced to the Brompton set, to the Charles Mathews, to the Farrens, to the Keeleys, to the Gowings, to the Mait-

lands. He came at that time to the Arundel Club, where I remember F. G. Tomlins, in his curious half angry, half amiable manner, looking at this handsome, big-jowled boy, and saying, "Confound you, sir! What do you mean by looking so d—bly like George the Fourth when Prince Regent?" The new candidate for dramatic honours was soon in the swim, and he made very valuable friendships at this time with Lewis Wingfield and Herman Merivale, both of whom I shall always connect with a secret movement then started in favour of a proper consideration of the French stage. A few of us who wrote—Joseph Knight was my champion at the time, as he has ever been—relied much on the assistance of the Palgrave Simpson set, who backed us up whenever we dared to say that the Adelphi guests were shameful, that our stage was slovenly and contemptible, and that it was cruel to leave art, as it was called, in the hands of the ignorant people, half publicans, half box-keepers, who were crushing the life out of the drama. There had been enough of the reign of acting-managers who degraded and defiled everything they touched, and managers in the toils of Covent Garden tradesmen, and a system that prevented one word being said about the French stage by any critic, under penalty of withdrawing a theatrical advertisement.

Palgrave Simpson and his young friends—all enthusiasts—certainly helped us in compelling the public and the actor to study French art. For remember this, and never forget it, French art was then at its very best; English art was at its very worst. Silly creatures raved about taking the bread out of the mouth of the English actor by praising the French one. But what is the consequence? At this time French art is almost at its worst, and English art at its best; and I don't think the English actor has much to complain about the successful cleansing of the Augean stable. The actor never was paid so well before or so generously recognised. That old movement started in favour of the study of the best French art has not proved an altogether bad one in the long run.

It was inevitable that young Calthorpe should go on the stage. He had nothing else to do, and his patron encouraged it. So one day he took the name of John Clayton, and on to the stage he went. I remember the evening perfectly, for I was one of the audience at the St. James's Theatre, on

February 27, 1866, when Clayton first appeared in the character of Hastings in "She Stoops to Conquer." I am bound to say it was a very melancholy exhibition. The part did not suit Clayton, and Clayton did not suit the part. The handsome farmer's son was awkward in silk stockings; he would have looked better in gaiters. A stout ash stick suited him better than a sword, and lace-up boots than buckles. Of course it was heresy to say so. Palgrave Simpson considered "Jack" a Leigh Murray and Delaunay rolled into one, and I remember well that I was banished from the Alfred Place Sunday breakfasts for years because on one occasion I did not bring my conscience to the point of considering Clayton a far better actor than Irving, who was coming to the front and distancing all his rivals. It all came right in the end, as it always does. Clayton played some part extremely well, and I said so, whereupon I was taken back to the mutual admiration society and was overwhelmed with honours. Alas! my experience is that the unkind things you are compelled to say of a man or woman are always remembered, the kind things are instantly forgotten. There is an actress now on the stage who has received from me during her career about five miles in length of unstinted praise, and one hundred yards of objection. She considers she is an ill-used woman, and that I am her personal enemy, sworn to destroy her! Poor dear lady! how little she knows me or my duty to the public. As my good old friend "Joe Knight" says to me sometimes, "My dear boy! these people are mere children, and are only fit to be treated as babies!" How true this is in my experience! They always want to be fed with sugar-plums, and when they don't get them they go and cry in a corner! I remember once going into a club for supper after some brilliant performance of Sara Bernhardt, excited, of course, by the delight of spending a few hours with genius. There were seated at the table the first tragedian and the first comedian of our time, men who have had butter poured over them in a sauceboat, who ought to be satiated with praise. The only comment they could make was, "Just like you critics! You can give Sara Bernhardt *columns* of praise. You dismiss *us* with a line!" They always measure their praise on the stage with the linendraper's yard. The

material is nothing so long as it is not what the shopmen call "a good width."

Well, Clayton went on the stage at a curious time. I have been looking up the papers to see what was being played when he made his first appearance. Falconer and Chatterton were pretending to manage Drury Lane, and quarrelling perpetually, relying on the talent of Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin to pull them through. Nothing was done for the actors; but the actors were doing everything most loyally for the managers, who prated about "a national theatre," and conducted it not nearly so well as the Britannia, Hoxton. Sothern was at the Haymarket playing Brother Sam, a character I preferred infinitely to Dundreary, which, if strictly analysed, was merely a corner negro minstrel in a long frock coat, a Chirgwin in modern dress. Nelly Moore was the bright particular star, and it must have been about the time that Harry Leigh—how soon clever men are forgotten!—wrote—

"I've her photograph from Lacy's; that delicious little face is
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),
And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls
From the wretched tallow candle on my gloomy second floor
(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor),
Comes an echo 'Nelly Moore!'"

Ada Cavendish was playing in a first piece at the Haymarket, and Louise Keeley, enchanting little lady—you should have heard her sing Levy's setting to "Annabel Lee"—was in the concluding burlesque. At the Princess's George Vining had just made a great success with Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," notwithstanding the personal protest of old Tomlins from the stalls on the first night, a wonderful fulfilment of a prophecy contained in a memorable poem written years before by Bob Brough and Sala, "Him with a stout stone bottle slew. He hurled it from the pit." At the Lyceum Fechter and Carlotta Leclercq were delighting everybody in "The Master of Ravenswood." Henry Neville and Kate Terry were the stars of the Olympic with "Henry Dunbar." James and Thorne were the burlesque favourites at the Strand in "Ivanhoe," and already the sixteenth week of "Society" was announced at the new and fashionable little Prince of Wales's Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road.

To the St. James's Theatre went the young and ambitious Clayton. Miss Herbert was the manageress, and she had by her side old stagers like Frank Matthews and Walter Lacy. The bill was "She Stoops to Conquer" and an extraordinary entertainment called "Remember the Grotto; or, the Manageress in a Fix," a kind of burlesque on "The Critic."

Clayton did not remain very long in King Street; Goldsmith and costume did not suit him then. He had those to write for him who understood him and liked him, particularly Herman Merivale, who gave him a bright and witty first piece, which he called "Six Months Ago." Clayton went at his work with a will. I remember his wonderful make-up and careful playing as Mr. Jaggers in "Dearer than Life" at the Queen's; he played Landry Barbeau in "The Grasshopper," a version of "La Petite Fadette" of Georges Sand; but the first strong hit he made was as the affectionate swell in Robertson's "Dreams" at the Gaiety. Miss Madge Robertson was the heroine, and they certainly made a very handsome couple.

Meanwhile John Clayton worked steadily on. He studied the French stage and the best actors on it at that time with scrupulous and conscientious care. He made an idol of Lafont, who often used to visit London during the French play season. He went over to Paris whenever he could spare the time; and he, with Merivale and Wingfield and John Willis Clarke, of Trinity, Cambridge, who first inspired me, as a boy just writing for the magazines, with a love of the French drama and acting, and who I saw only the other night with a few young enthusiasts admiring Coquelin in that stupidest of all stupid French plays, the "Gabrielle" of Emile Angier, made up a little society that considerably helped on the renaissance to which Mr. Sydney Grundy has alluded more than once in a spirited and handsome manner. Clayton never did anything badly. He was painstaking, successful in disguise, and constantly studying. He learned how to fence, he did not waste his time in taverns when he was on tour. He educated himself in order to obtain success in the career that he had chosen. But for all this, by some strange caprice on the part of the public, his subsequent popularity was only won by an effort. They thought him too bluff and boisterous. They said he talked as if he had plums in his mouth. He must at

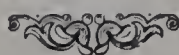
the outset have encountered bitter disappointments, and yet he has a full record of success, and we can all remember him in characters that have never before been so well played. He was the best and certainly the most original Joseph Surface the modern playgoer has ever seen. The success of the Vaudeville revival of "The School for Scandal" was in a great measure due to this admirable personation. Hitherto the Joseph Surface of the stage had been a mouthing, preaching, melodramatic scoundrel, a man who carried his hypocrisy on his face, one whom every woman would have mistrusted at a glance. Not so Clayton's Joseph. He made him a handsome, fascinating, plausible fellow, who would have deceived a man of the world like Sir Peter and flattered the rustic vanity of Lady Teazle. The opening of the screen scene was considered by many critics too warm and passionate, but it is here that the sententious Joseph shows his true character, and the whole situation depends on his passionate advances to Lady Teazle, who suddenly becomes frightened of the man she had looked upon as marble. This reading of Joseph Surface has since been generally adopted on the stage. John Clayton showed its feasibility and proved its success.

I remember getting into another scrape with the Alfred Place West Sunday breakfast division over Clayton's performance of "Awakening," Campbell Clarke's version of "Marcel," the same play that I subsequently adapted for H. J. Montague under the title of "Tears! Idle Tears!" I said what I knew to be true—that Clayton as Marcel was an exact imitation of Febvre's original performance. It was a copy and a remarkably good one. Clayton had been over to Paris and noted down all Febvre's business, and it was as much a replica in outward form as Mrs. Bernard Beere's *Fedora* was of that of Sara Bernhardt. They all wanted to make out in England and at Alfred Place West that Clayton's reading was strictly original. But it was not, for I saw Febvre play it during the original run. However, copy or not, it was a very effective performance.

But the character that Clayton liked best was the affectionate, tender, self-sacrificing man. This was an echo of his own nature. Under a bluff and pompous exterior he had a warm and honest heart, and he had an intense respect for the beauty of woman's nature. He was in reality a very sentimental fellow,

susceptible and extremely sensitive. The character of Hugh Trevor in "All for Her" was in reality that of the man who played it. It made an instant hit, for it was a part after the actor's own heart. Clayton had in his style romance and tenderness. I shall never forget his address to the pictures in his ancestral home in the romantic manner in which M. Fechter had previously been so successful. Another character of precisely the same *genre* was Osip in "Les Danischeffs," and years after, when he became manager of the Court Theatre, he struggled, but in vain, to create an interest in romantic and sentimental drama. It was no good, the public would not have it. Mr. Pinero changed his tactics and so did Clayton, and the fortunes of the theatre, that had been going down hill, revived with "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmaster," and "Dandy Dick." The success of the acting of those plays was greatly due to Mr. Clayton's thorough appreciation of Mr. Pinero's peculiar humour. No one in the whole company understood it better. He was a sentimentalist with a rare sense of fun, and he could laugh as easily as he could cry. His "Dean of St. Marvels" is a monument of modern satire.

Poor fellow! his life was a somewhat sad one. The confidence and sympathy on which he so much leaned were denied him, and he was not strong enough to make headway against the troubles that beset his life. He struggled against the stream as long as he could, and then he shipped his oars and glided back to the inevitable end. But the beauty of his nature few who knew him intimately would deny, and his fault was that he believed that all with whom he came in contact possessed the same generous instincts and truly forgiving spirit. He tried sometimes to conceal a peculiarly sensitive nature under a boisterous, noisy, bluff, ha! ha! manner; but divest him of the veneer and you found underneath a loveable nature and a sweet, kindly disposition. He pined for sympathy, but I doubt if he ever got it except from some few old and attached friends. May this kindly hearted gentleman rest in peace!



The Private Life of John Clayton.

BY A. C.

“Scheiden ist ein hartes Wort.”

THE untimely death, in Liverpool, on February 27 last, of Mr. John Clayton, has drawn from the metropolitan and provincial press many sympathetic expressions of admiration and regret. It is a difficult and delicate task, for one very near Mr. Clayton in blood and affection, to add anything to what has been written so kindly and so well. But while leaving the review of his professional career in abler hands, the present writer ventures to hope that a few personal details, gathered from a life-long acquaintance with the late actor, may not be unacceptable to readers of this periodical.

Mr. Clayton's real name was John Alfred Calthrop. As his initials phonetically spelled the name by which he was most familiarly known, it was a not infrequent habit of his to sign himself thus, “J.A.C.k.” He sometimes expressed a half-regret that he had not been named Valentine, in honour of his patron saint; his birthday was February 14.

John Calthrop was born in the year 1843, in the midst of the Lincolnshire fens—a dull, flat, prosaic region, from which good draining and over-cultivation have effectually removed all traces of the romance which claimed the fenland for its own in the old wild days of which Kingsley writes. For many generations the Calthrops had been large landowners in Gosberton, Lincolnshire; but early in the present century they sustained heavy losses, and some time before John's birth the old place had passed into other hands.

The late actor's childhood was spent in an old rambling, isolated house in Deeping Fen, four miles from Spalding. When still very young he evinced a taste for reading. The governess charged with his earliest education often afterwards recorded that she never taught the child his letters; when she attempted the task she found that he already knew them—

presumably from having, unobserved, overheard his elder brothers repeat their lessons.

At the age of eight or nine little Jack came up to London ; he boarded with two of his brothers in the house of Canon Gibbs, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and went to school at Merchant Taylors', where Dr. Hessey was then head-master. The boy was not exactly suited to public-school life, and he did not in later life recall his school days with any especial satisfaction. Young Calthrop's abilities were acknowledged to be considerable, but he was not credited with much application he read and learned with avidity after his own fashion, but routine of set tasks was by no means to his liking. Holidays found him back in the old Lincolnshire home. Here, among a large and noisy family of brothers and younger sisters, he pursued his own individual quieter way. He was very often to be seen stretched at full length—by the fire in winter, and under orchard trees in summer—his elbows resting on the ground, and his face turned to a book lying open before him. Or he would pick out tunes by the hour together on an old schoolroom piano. Music had always a great power over the lad. "Will you please play me 'Scots wha hae,' or the Dead March in 'Saul'?" he would ask a cousin who often, when he was still quite a child, visited at his father's house. If she complied with his request he would stand motionless before the piano with intent face, and big, wide-open eyes. Clamorous requests from his brothers to join a game of cricket, to "carry the game-bag" on shooting expeditions, to ride or drive, often fell on unheeding ears. John did not care for outdoor sports ; he was not a good "shot" or a good "bat," and, spite of the rare opportunities which Cowbit Wash—the undrained portion of the fens—afforded in winter for displaying skill in skating, he was seldom induced to put on "skatin' pattens" (the Lincolnshire name for skates). He could be irresistibly droll on the topic of his own shortcomings as a sportsman. Even as a lad he was a good talker, and showed decided originality in his choice of expressions.

Though indoor life never bored the boy, he was fond of taking long walks—alone, or in the company of some friend—through London streets ; he soon gained some intimacy with out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the great city ; and his dramatic

instinct led him closely to observe the typical characters who came in his way during his rounds. The strongest bent of his later life had already displayed itself: he took part in amateur theatricals; he went, whenever opportunity offered, to the theatre, and he talked, with a boy's enthusiasm, of Boucicault's Irish dramas, then before the London playgoing public.

It was originally intended that John Calthrop should enter the church, but before the time came for him to leave school he had decided against that profession, and he did not go on to the university. There was some thought of his entering the Indian Civil Service, and the better to qualify himself for the necessary examination he went to Bonn to study German. The insight into German student-life delighted him. But he did not, after all, present himself for examination, for an offer was made him of a good post in an Indian bank. This promise of an appointment was not fulfilled, and he eventually entered the office of a relation in Whitehall Place. At this time young Calthrop went much into London society, and was very popular. His appearance was in his favour: his tall, then slim figure gave no indication of the portliness of middle life; he had a striking face, with well-cut features, and his manner was full of animation. With especial regard to these young, light-hearted days, we may venture to endorse a remark made, on the ground of a later acquaintance, by Mr. Edmund Yates—"so obviously genuine was his happiness that it acted like a moral tonic on those with whom his time was passed."

One of the warmest of John Calthrop's admirers, and one of the kindest of his friends, was Mr. Palgrave Simpson, the late well-known dramatic author. Though divided in age by nearly forty years, there was a real friendship between the two men, and they started housekeeping together in Mr. Simpson's snug little house, 9, Alfred Place West, Kensington. Here Calthrop remained many years, until, in fact, he married and took a house of his own. A well-known journalist writes, "In all my large experience I have never known more delightful gatherings than the Sunday breakfasts which were for several years a recognised institution at the little house in Brompton, where those two men held their modest *ménage*. The repast itself was plentiful and excellent, and the conversation bristled with epigram and anecdote. Dear old Palgrave Simpson regarded

Clayton with perfectly paternal love and pride, and drove his listeners to the verge of desperation by his perpetual praises of 'Jack.' ”

Another friend of Calthrop's, nearer to his own age, and one whom he always regarded with sincere affection, was Herman Merivale. His closest allïes were generally connected, in some way or another, with the stage. He had already gained some reputation as an amateur actor when the final plunge was made. Through Mr. Palgrave Simpson's instrumentality, "John Clayton"—as the new actor called himself—became member of a London company, that under the management of Miss Herbert at the St. James's Theatre.

It would be idle to pretend that this plunge of young Calthrop's was regarded with favour in his own county, where old-fashioned ideas prevailed concerning the incompatibility of a theatrical calling with good social position or strict propriety of life. But, as time went on, there came a gradual realisation of the great advance—both social and moral—which has taken place, during the Victorian era, among members of that noble profession which commands vast opportunities of elevating the national taste and manners.

We have no intention here to go through a list of John Clayton's appearances before and after his first undeniable success as Joseph Surface at the Vaudeville. He gave his whole heart and mind to his profession, took infinite pains with even insignificant parts, and became a master in the art of "making-up." When work was suspended for a time he revelled like a child, in a summer holiday, in Homburg, in Switzerland, or among the hills and trout-streams of North Devonshire. Few men had so great a capacity for enjoyment. He was not impervious to worry—and later in life the cares of a London manager's career did impair his natural cheerfulness—but boredom was never one of his ailments. His character has been pronounced by his friend Mr. Pinero exceptionally "sweet and simple," and certainly many of his amusements were of the simplest kind. One sometimes discovered him utterly engrossed for the time being in a game of "Patience ;" he would hold up an apologetic hand, and breathlessly postpone a greeting till some important change in the position of the cards had been made. He was very fond of tending and

arranging flowers, and would give as much attention to the planting out of a little patch behind the London house as if the so-called garden had been of exceptional size. One has a vision of him now, standing, pipe in mouth, outside his door, complacently surveying his stunted town-grown geraniums, while "Tyke"—a nondescript rough white dog, whom he had bought for the modest sum of one penny from a theatrical "dresser"—sat beside him, spasmodically wagging a wisp of a tail. Sometimes, when on a visit to Lincolnshire, Clayton found amusement in listening with keen attention to the utterances of a "Cheap-Jack" in the Spalding market place; he would afterwards deliver the whole speech, with a close imitation of the speaker's provincial accent.

From the beginning—and, indeed, before the beginning—of his professional life, the character of Sydney Carton in the "Tale of Two Cities" had an immense fascination for John Clayton. He longed to reproduce on the stage that most dramatic and pathetic of Dickens's creations, the reckless, dissipated dare-devil who had missed all the chances of life, who lived among low companions and surroundings, who hid almost jealously from view what was really noble in his nature, but who proved himself at the last capable of a supreme act of self-sacrifice, and who gave his life to save the life of one dear to the woman whom he worshipped with hopeless devotion. The main idea of the story furnished Clayton's two friends, Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale, with the theme of their romantic drama, "All for Her." The construction of the play was the work of the former author, the dialogue that of the latter. Details in the drama [differed widely from those in Dickens's book. The scene and date of the story were changed. The hero's resemblance to the man in whose place he suffered gained a probability—lacking in the original tale—by the relationship which, in the drama, existed between the two men. There, Hugh Trevor was the supposed elder and supposed illegitimate brother of Lord Edendale. At length Trevor discovers that a marriage had really taken place between his mother and the old lord, and that he, and not his younger brother, is really Lord Edendale. But, with the cry, "Forgive me, mother; you are pure in God's eyes, and mine!" he burns the evidence of the marriage; he silently gives up name, possessions, honour—

as, in the end he gives his life—for his younger brother, because that brother is dear to the woman of his own unreturned affection.

Hugh Trevor—*Huge* Trevor as a street-boy called him—was confessedly Mr. Clayton's greatest impersonation. The touches of humour, of bitterness, of recklessness, blending with the sadness with which Trevor reviewed his wasted life, the humility and the unselfishness of his love, and the heroism of his death, afforded opportunities for dramatic effect of which, according to general acknowledgment, the actor duly availed himself. The pathos of the character to the last touched its representative, as it had touched him when—a lad reading Dickens's story for the first time—he had sobbed over the account of Sydney Carton's night in the Paris streets, when, in the echoes of his feet, in the flowing of the strong tide, in the purposeless turning of an eddy, which the stream absorbed and carried, as his own life was being carried, to the sea—the man, with his ruined life behind him and certain death before, seemed to hear words to which he had listened long ago beside his father's grave: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Clayton married a daughter of Dion Boucicault. During his married life he occupied, at different times, houses in Hogarth Road, South Kensington; in Russell Square; in Colosseum Terrace, Regent's Park; and finally in Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea. He spent some time in America on a professional tour.

During the last years of his life Clayton was, conjointly with Mr. Arthur Cecil, manager of the Court Theatre, where he produced Mr. Pinero's sparkling, and thoroughly wholesome, farcical comedies, "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick." Clayton believed that his especial "line" was not farce, but serious drama: as manager, however, he had to consider pecuniary exigencies and the passing taste of the playgoing public. He worked very hard at the Court. He undertook his own stage management, and superintended rehearsals of his four country companies travelling in the provinces with Mr. Pinero's pieces. The anxieties and difficulties of his position were many, and possibly shortened his life. Towards the last he was often tired and silent, but on

occasions he was his old self—genial, kindly, brimming over with clever, original, comically exaggerated talk.

He died prematurely, surviving by only five months his old friend Palgrave Simpson, his senior by many years. The end was sudden. The present writer saw him in his usual health and in good spirits only a week before his death. In the midst of a provincial tour he had to come to London to spend Sunday. He called on some relations in Kensington, and took with him his youngest child, a boy three years old. Our last glimpse of him—alas! our very last!—was as he carried the boy downstairs at the close of the visit. The little one's head nestled against his shoulder; he bent his own head to listen to the child's prattle. "What do you say, my dear?" he asked, fondly. And so, with the boy in his arms, he passed out of our sight—for ever.

An actor's power can only be really known to his contemporaries. His after fame rests on tradition; he does not—as do members of the sister arts of Literature and Painting—leave his work behind him for the exact inspection of future generations. How long Mr. Clayton's dramatic reputation will survive his death it is not for us to pronounce; but we are assured that his memory as a private member of society will not quickly fade. He had a strongly marked individuality; his manner, his voice, his whole personality impressed those with whom he came in contact; and his generous nature won him many friends. The crowds who gathered round his grave on the day of his funeral bore silent testimony to the esteem in which he was held. He has passed from active life, but he lives still—lives in the regard and the regret of many loving hearts.



"Shakespeare Undethroned."

BY WALTER PARKE.

LEAVE us our Shakespeare!—let the lofty heights
 Of Poesie to him and his belong,
 Seek not to quench the brightest star that lights
 The firmament of fancy and of song;
 Kill not the fairy king, whose magic wand
 Can conjure up such wonders to our view,
 Hush not the bird whose "wood-notes wild" respond
 To Nature's voice, so sweet, and rich, and true!

The children of his genius are our friends,
 Their words familiar to us as our own;
 Must we then say, "Thy reign for ever ends,
 Down! down! usurper, from the wrongful throne,
 Pluck out the brilliant borrow'd plumes which thou
 So long and undeservedly hast worn,
 Take off the mocking bays that deck thy brow,
 Lay down the lyre:—be silent, crush'd, forlorn"?

A charm is thus destroy'd—an honour'd name
 Is blotted out—a beacon-fire extinct,
 A niche is empty in the halls of Fame,
 A chain of loved traditions comes unlink'd,
 And falls in fragments. If it must be so
 Henceforth no bard or hero will we trust,
 Now that our dearest idol lieth low,
 Consign'd to mute oblivion in the dust!

And thou, Philosopher, and Man of State,
 Among the wise ones of the earth revered,
 Thy glory was thine own, and truly great,
 Despite the specks that on its disc appear'd;
 Hadst thou not fame enough, alive and dead?
 What didst thou lack of pow'r or high renown
 To make thee snatch from such a poet's head
 His radiant wreath, and add it to thy crown?

But no! it shall not be; he stands enshrined,
 Enwoven with the fabric of our lives.
 "Not for an age" were works like his design'd;
 But while our nation or its tongue survives,
 Our Shakespeare, undethroned, shall live and reign.
 Tho' meddling sages from the sapient West
 With wild enigmas pose the public brain
 To prove him false, we care not; let him rest.

The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines.

FROM AN ACTRESS'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY MRS. AYLMER GOWING.

MY friend Mrs. Kendal being in the flow of one of those delightful chats on the leading ladies' parts in Shakespeare, which we occasionally snatch in odd moments out of busy lives, has recently called my attention to this exhibition of twenty-one fancy portraits by an equal number of our best painters of the day, each artist realising to the best of his power the imagined women of the great poet. We agreed to discuss them together, commenting upon them in so far as they appear to us to present the heroines of Shakespeare from a dramatic point of view, or as a stage artist would desire to make them live before an audience—supposing her natural gifts could enable her to fulfil her ideal of art.

Amongst these portraits we chose first Mr. Long's Katharine, "the 'Shrew' that Shakespeare drew in the 'Taming' of the same." The forthcoming representation by the Dramatic Students tends to revive an interest in this play, and the charm of Mr. Long's painted semblance of beauty high in wrath, with frowning look, is such as must fix the gaze of every passing eye. A rich glow of red-gold hair, with the glorious red and cream complexion that matches the warm coloured locks, a haughty frown on the brow of youth, a turn of the head speaking eloquently of proud disdain and indomitable will, show us the very woman in the act of speaking out from the depth of her fiery disposition. The painter interprets the poet with the sympathetic skill of one who understands and loves the kindred mimic art.

In setting before us the character of Katharine, Shakespeare has evidently intended to show us a girl of ungovernable temper, proud, handsome, commanding in stature, one who

imagines the whole little world in which she moves was made for her despotic sway. Faults of ill training are shown, as if for a warning to unduly indulgent parents. In that house without a mistress Katharine has grown up, lacking maternal repression, between a feeble father and submissive sister, to develop strong passions and run riot like a wild creeper over every social fence. At an early age she has become the tyrant of the household, her family giving way before her violence. She had at this time met with no stronger will than her own, and we can almost imagine she revelled in her supremacy over her surroundings. She ruled with a rod of iron; she made herself feared; until at last she met in Petruchio that one strong masterful hand fated to reform all that was faulty, to subdue all that was rebellious in her nature. And the means, if somewhat hard, were justified by the result: from that ill-bred and shrewish disposition there blossomed forth a different flower, every petal of which showed forth some fine quality of a true woman. Love and peace had sprung from seeds of hate and scorn. Observance towards the rights of others had rooted out the weed of selfishness; she had learned that healthy lesson not to live for one's own pleasure merely. The picture in its truth to nature stands good to our present day, nor will the freshness of its colours fade in future times.

How was this wonder effected? We cannot tell the story of Katharine without the hero Petruchio, in whom Shakespeare has provided the very man to tackle the overbearing Kate. A mad fellow he appears at first, but with a steady eye to the main chance. To a confidential friend the gallant exposes frankly his matrimonial views :

—“ If thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not ; or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.”

The classic form pleasantly contrasts with the somewhat cynical bluntness of this declaration. In modern terms we

should say there was no humbug about this bold outspoken fellow; even some discount may be taken off his plain language for what is vulgarly termed swagger, bounce, or cheek; he is not quite so mean as he paints himself, and moreover has to deal with a father not too nice in matrimonial higgling and chaffering. Petruchio makes a satisfactory business arrangement for Katharine's hand with the shrewd old gentleman, and the shrill-tongued beauty is duly sent by paternal mandate to encounter her new master, who salutes her with "brisk impudence," toned in with a cunning appeal to the woman's vanity. Kate, diminished of her due syllables—no longer Katharine—wittily girded at for her pet sins, duly appreciated for the qualities she possesses, and flattered with the imputation of those she lacks, is—very unfairly—taken by surprise, besieged and stormed, before she has time to look about her how to meet the attack. Evidently she is a maid not accustomed to be wooed, and an absolute novice in the fine art of flirtation.

On the marriage day Petruchio fully bears out his character: he keeps the not too patient bride waiting an unconscionable time; she vents her wrath in one last struggle for liberty, and then the proud creature, subdued to a mere girl's burst of weeping, retreats from the scene to hide her humiliation.

The tardy bridegroom at last appears in the apparel of a lunatic, behaves outrageously in the church, and once tied up takes full advantage of the old common law which pronounces the husband and wife one, the husband being that one. No wedding feast for him; he shirks this—to the chief masculine actor—not too congenial function. With empty stomachs he and his new property must set out upon their honeymoon journey to the bridegroom's country house. In vain Katharine struggles and fights, and does her worst to resist her lord and master. Friends remonstrate alike in vain, he lays down the law to all and sundry. Kate's feelings are judiciously left by Shakespeare to the imagination, as she is carried off with drawn swords, like the spoil of war.

Petruchio, having thrown the customs of society to the winds, and taken forcible possession, proves a very self-denying bridegroom. Is this to emphasise the fact that self-command is the indispensable condition by which others can be subdued to the yoke imposed by sheer might of will upon obstinate, incon-

sistent natures? A hard winter ride over the foul roads of the period brings the newly married couple to grief at the foot of a dangerous hill, and covered with mire they make their way on foot to the house unready to receive them. Petruchio rates and chastises the bewildered servants, orders supper, finds fault with the cooking, flings meat, trenchers, and cups all over the floor, and sends poor Kate, like a naughty child, supperless to bed, under the pretence too—

“That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night.
And if she chance to nod, I’ll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humour ;
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; ’tis charity to shew.”

This is the secret. Petruchio is nothing if not a gentleman. All his violence is exercised on others ; to Kate his manner is chivalrously deferential, no matter how arbitrary his acts.

The bride being subdued by a long fast and the want of sleep, the torments of Tantalus await her next day in shape of a tailor with his “ruffling treasure,” a haberdasher or man milliner with a cap of very exiguous dimensions. But of the caprices of fashion produced by these foregoers of Mr. Worth, her lord and master will have none, thus provoking her past the bounds of feminine patience ; and, thus thwarted, exhorts Kate to return with him to her father’s house and meet his guests

“Even in these honest mean habiliments.”

To crown the work of subjection he whimsically attempts to command the sun :

“I will not go to-day, and ere I do
It shall be what o’clock I say it is.”

Kate succumbs ; she consents to regard the sun and moon as interchangeable terms at her master’s bidding. The tyrannical bridegroom claims a kiss “in the midst of the street,” which after protest is graciously accorded by the tamed Kate. The eccentric pair now understand each other ; in loving fashion,

and, we hope, presentable garments, they return to the bride's friends, to whom Kate's new learned obedience is made manifest, and the "Taming of the Shrew" is happily concluded with the lady's speech, an admirable exposition of the duties of a wife as understood in Shakespeare's time.

This fascinating play is about to be given by the Dramatic Students from Shakespeare's text. In this original form it has seldom been seen on the stage, since Garrick reduced it to a three-act farce with the title of Katharine and Petruchio. In 1844 the original piece was revived at the Haymarket Theatre by Mr. Benjamin Webster, who played Petruchio to the Katharine of Mrs. Nisbet—an inimitable combination of comic power, wit, and charm, as we are assured by playgoers who remember it. The ancient style of stage decoration was faithfully reproduced after a fashion worth imitation by the Dramatic Students, to whom we wish the happiest of success.



A Poet's Love!

“**B**EAUTY and loveliness have passed away :”
 So sang the poet when the winter clime
 Had robbed the inspiration of his rhyme,
 Whose song was ever as the flowering May.
 And yet methinks if he had lived to-day,
 Though yet the hills be bared of dewy thyme,
 And gardens boast no blossoms of the prime,
 He would have sung of Beauty's potent sway :

Of living beauty in thy gentle smile,
 And loveliness about thy clust'ring hair,
 And perfume rare as sweet, and sweet as rare,
 On the dear lips that never uttered guile ;
 And light more radiant than the summer sky's
 In the pure heav'n of those soft wond'ring eyes.

SILVANUS DAUNCEY.

Our Musical-Box.

March is always a musical month in London, although its notorious climatic vagaries are by no means conducive to the comfort and physical well-being of executant artists. This year, however, March hung fire somewhat, and was unusually tame in respect to the entertainments it offered to metropolitan music-lovers, who, on their part, displayed little eagerness to attend the concerts, &c., provided for them. At the last afternoon and evening of the "London Symphony," for instance, it was a melancholy occupation to count the rows of empty benches in the more expensive divisions of St. James's Hall. Nothing could have been, musically speaking, more attractive than the programme, nothing more excellent than the performance, on either occasion; but it was obvious that the cheaper places were the only ones tenanted by "money," whilst the fauteuils, stalls, &c., were occupied—and that not too profusely—by "paper." The leading feature of the afternoon concert was Liszt's weird, "creepy-crawley" "Todtentanz," based on a sixth century *canto fermo*, and illustrating in sound Holbein's famous series of designs, "The Dance of Death." The "Todtentanz" is, in my opinion, the finest of Liszt's orchestral works, and I have never heard a nobler rendering of it than that achieved under Mr. Henschel's leadership, with Mr. Hartvigson at the pianoforte. At the sixteenth and last concert every number was interesting. Fred Cowen's 5th Symphony, which gains upon being reheard, and is indeed a most scholarly composition; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso;" the inimitable death march from "Gotterdammerung," which I can never hear unmoved, and the tempestuous "Walkürenritt" carrying away the audience, as it always does, and being loudly redemanded, but in vain. The evening's entertainment was superlatively good; and yet the room was only two-thirds full. Are we, then, a musical people? When I lived abroad my patriotism answered this question in the affirmative. Since I returned to my native land on residential thoughts intent, and took up my abode in this overgrown metropolis, I have come to entertain grave doubts of our alleged national musicality; and the events of concert-room and opera-house alike, every successive season, have gone far to convert those doubts into convictions.

Madame Schumann has been playing admirably—she cannot play otherwise—at the Pops, whither her honoured personality has drawn large audiences ; but I find her favourite pupil, Mdlle. Janotha, formerly of such high promise, much gone off. She has of late taken to treating the piano as an enemy, instead of as a friend—as a forge, rather than as an instrument—and her playing, which used to be forcible and emphatic, is now become coarse and noisy. How different to that of little Jeanne Douste, whose delicacy, grace, and tenderness, as well as her superb technique, make her—to me, at least—the most interesting girl-pianist of the day. At her last *matinée*, in Prince's Hall, she enchanted a roomful of *dilettanti* by such a dainty interpretation of Sterndale Bennett's "Rondo Piacevole" as has not, to the best of my belief, been heard since that ever-to-be lamented composer's death. She also played Schumann's G minor Pianoforte Sonata with a vigour and verve that electrified all present. Equally at home with Bach and Chopin, Beethoven and Heller, Weber and Rubinstein, this gifted child is rapidly rising to the highest rank among contemporary pianoforte executants.

Hans Richter's manifesto and list of works to be performed during the coming season have reached me. The rescript professes a "comprehensive and eclectic policy," giving due preponderance to the masterpieces of Beethoven and Wagner. All hail to the *Missa Solennis* of the musical colossus who had the exceptional good fortune, if mural tablets may be believed, to be born in two houses at once within the precincts of a pleasant Rhenish city ; all hail, moreover, to his "Namensfeier" overture, which is not heard in this country as often as it deserves to be. With regard to Wagner, arranged for the concert-room, I venture to take exception to the impresario's assertion that "Dr. Richter had enriched the list" by adding to it "Mime's Songs at the Forge," as well as "Hagen's Wacht" from "Gotterdammerung," and the closing scene of that curiously top-heavy opera. It is no secret—nor has been any time for nine years past—to the readers of "Our Musical-Box," that I hold Hans Richter to be the first conductor and among the first musicians of the age. I have the deepest reverence for his taste and judgment with respect to matters musical ; but, in my humble opinion, they are swayed by enthusiasm and hero-worship when Wagner's compositions are in question. Mime's incoherent babble at the magic forge is unsuitable to a London concert-room, and cannot, I think, fail to bore English audiences. Siegfried's smithy song "Nothung," on the other hand, is a magnificent piece of declamation, containing a really tuneful phrase or two, and built up on a glowing orchestral basis. This is a "Schmiedlied" which everybody would be glad to hear at St. James's Hall. I cannot conscientiously say as much of Mime's spasmodic gruntings. Again, "Hagen's Wacht" is distinctly tiresome—not to the whole-hog Wagnerian, of course, who takes pleasure even in such intolerable nuisances as Wotan and Alberich, but to the

average British concert-goer; whilst the winding-up of the "Gods' Gloaming" requires action, scenery, and accessories to give it due effectiveness. Therefore I do not opine that my valued friend Hans Richter has "enriched" his concert-room *répertoire* of Wagnerian excerpts by adding these three to his already long list of such *morceaux*. I am delighted, however, to learn that he intends to give at least one performance of Berlioz's glorious "Faust," with such skilled vocalists as Mary Davies (long live Cadwaladr!), Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley; of Brahms' stately Second Symphony, Liszt's "Danse Macabre," "Hunnenschlacht" and "Vogelpredigt," Mackenzie's "Twelfth Night" overture, never heretofore played in public, and Bach's bright Concerto for a selection of wind and string instruments, which has not, to the best of my remembrance, been heard in London for many a year past. There will be no new Symphony by an English composer. Mackenzie undertook last autumn to write one expressly for the Richter Concerts of 1888, but all sorts of accidents—*entr' autres*, his election as Principal in Tenterden Street—intervened to hinder him from keeping his promise. Stanford's "Irish Symphony," which made a good impression when produced by Richter last year, will be repeated; and we shall again hear Saint-Saëns' ingenious "Rouet d'Omphale," Wagner's graphic overture to "Faust," and Schumann's delightful Vorspiel to "Genoveva." On the whole, a fine bill of fare, judiciously edited by the great Austrian *chef*, but for the undesirable Wagnerian *rechauffés* above referred to, and sure to be well prepared and served up by his able assistants, Ernst Schiever and Theodor Frantzen.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's revival of the "Pirates of Penzance" at the Savoy Theatre on the evening of the 17th ult. was in every way a brilliant success. Arthur Sullivan, alas! was not in his accustomed place, as usual upon such occasions, at the conductor's desk. His state of health has been unsatisfactory for some time past; when I last heard from him, on March 4, he was at Monte Carlo, just about to start for Algiers in search of still more warmth and a yet drier air. I have since been informed that he found the "white city" drenched in rain and searched by cold winds; so wretched, in fact, that he resolved to return without delay to the South of France or the Riviera. At the *réprise* of the "Pirates" Frank Cellier sat in Sullivan's seat, and conducted admirably. The cast was an uncommonly strong one; only Grossmith, Barrington, and Temple sustained their original parts, the public verdict upon them being "better than ever!"—the rest were all new and good. "Jack" Robertson looked, sang, and played Frederick unexceptionably; he is a great acquisition to the Savoy company. Geraldine Ulmar made a sweet Mabel, Rosina Brandram an emphatic and effective Ruth, Jessie Bond a fascinating little Edith; I need scarcely say that all these ladies sang the music allotted to them faultlessly and tastefully. The concerted pieces, without exception, "went" as such pieces only go at the

Savoy. Major-General Stanley and the Sergeant of Police were as funny as of yore, and kept the audience in roars of laughter whenever they were "on." Scenery, dresses, appointments—the name of Carte guarantees the excellence of all these. The revival had had the advantage of Mr. Gilbert's careful and assiduous supervision; consequently the "business" did not suffer the ghost of a hitch, and everything, throughout the evening, glided on smoothly "*comme sur des roulettes*." I should like to know in what operetta-theatre of the Continent can be heard such fine orchestral playing and just chorus-singing as are provided by the manager of the Savoy. The "Pirates," started afresh on their predatory and truculent career, ought to achieve a long and profitable cruise; and I entertain no manner of doubt that they will do so. *Bon voyage, Messieurs les Corsaires!*

Some little time ago, at a "practice" of the Vienna Choral Union, Dr. Friedlaender of Berlin, a Schubert-worshipper of great renown in Germany, delivered an extremely interesting lecture upon the object of his cult, bringing forward a great many thitherto unpublished facts in connection with Schubert's private life and public career; some of them specially illustrative of his personal relations with Goethe. No satisfactory biography of Schubert has yet been written, and musicians would be deeply grateful to Dr. Friedlaender if he would undertake the task—all the more so as he has a very pleasant and lucid narrative-style. It is a curious circumstance that so few of Schubert's letters to his friends should have survived him. Whilst three and fifty odd letters by Mozart, eight hundred and fifty by Beethoven, and over a thousand each by Schumann and Mendelssohn are known to exist, only sixteen by Schubert were to hand, until Dr. Friedlaender unearthed twenty-eight more, and made himself master of their contents. These letters afford instructive glimpses into the psychical existence of the great composer, proving how effectively the cheerful, lively temperament of a true-born Viennese, with all its gay whimsicality and quaint humour, enabled him to surmount an infinity of petty annoyances. They also enable their reader to form a just estimate of Schubert's almost incredible creative fertility. As a matter of fact, he composed during his short life eighteen operas, nine symphonies, six masses, twenty string-quartets, fifty-five choruses for male voices, marches and dances, and over six hundred songs. Some of the newly discovered letters refer in touching words to his extreme poverty and frequent privations, which were of the most painful and harassing description. It appears that stiff-necked old Goethe always treated Schubert—who had set over fifty of his lyrics to immortal music—with repellent coldness and superciliousness. On two occasions the inimitable musician ventured to dedicate sets of his songs to the illustrious poet, humbly soliciting his influential patronage and protection. Goethe did not deem these courtesies even worthy of notice, and returned no answer whatsoever to Schubert's deferential communications. Only some time after Schubert's miserable death did the mighty Aulic Councillor of

Weimar for the first, pay some slight tribute of recognition to the surpassing genius identified for all time to come with the greatest masterpiece of tone-painting extant—the “Erl-King.” Dr. Friedlaender, in concluding his discourse, gave a detailed account of Schubert’s doings during the last two or three years of his life, pointing out how conclusively the reproach, so often and unjustly raised against him, of drunkenness and idleness is refuted by the extraordinary productiveness he manifested throughout that particular period. “The German nation,” he observed, “is even now raising the most beautiful and fitting monument to the memory of its noblest minstrel in the collective edition of his compositions, at present in course of preparation and shortly to be published.” Schubert-lovers in this country will do well to keep a sharp look-out for this coming work, which will be a *Prachtausgabe*, or *édition de luxe*. I presume that it will make its appearance at Leipzig.

There was a fine all-round performance of Mackenzie’s “Rose of Sharon” at the Novello Oratorio Concert on the 13th ult. This meritorious cantata appears to be gaining a firm hold upon the affections of the English musical public. Lloyd and Santley, Madame Nordica and Miss Glenn, did their best in the solo parts, and what could one wish for better? Adelina Patti-Nicolini has left Europe for her South American tour, and will not return to us until November, when she will sing twice at the Albert Hall in concerts organised by little Percy Harrison, of Manchester. The provincial impresario, it is understood, will pay her on both occasions a larger fee than she has ever heretofore received in this country for a concert-room appearance. Mr. Augustus Harris has not only provided for his operatic season at the rate of an “absolute” prima-donna for every opera set down for performance, but betrays a disposition to throng the stage of Covent Garden with choral hosts of a number hitherto unrecorded in the annals of the lyric drama. About a fortnight ago he advertised for “one hundred additional chorus;” preferentially members of choral societies, with whom he proposes to more than double his staff of singing supers for “grand opera.” I am told that he invested largely in dresses when poor old Mapleson’s operatic wardrobe was sold up. Possibly an extra hundred of noblemen, soldiers, and peasants is required to show off the costumes thus lavishly purchased by Druriolanus, who delights in doing things on a grand scale. Let us hope that the roof of the “Garden” may not be projected into space by the vociferous utterances of nearly two hundred simultaneous chorists.

Ciro Pinsuti, whose death near Florence was announced the other day, had been a familiar figure in London musical circles for considerably more than a quarter of a century when, about three years ago, he suddenly vanished from all his old haunts, having realised a modest competence, enabling him to spend his declining days in his native country. He was

fond of England and the English—as he had good reason to be, for his compositions attained a remunerative popularity here which could never have been accorded to them elsewhere—and, as he has often told me, would have lived out the remnant of his life amongst us but for our climate, to which he never became reconciled. Like the vast majority of Italians, Pinsuti was a most amiable and kindly man, a thought super-sensitive, but genial, good-tempered, and ever ready to oblige. As a musician he had a pretty, though slender, vein of melody, and displayed considerable taste in setting English words to strains eminently suitable to the public for which he wrote. Having, a good many years ago, become a fashionable composer for the voice, in great request with the drawing-room singer of either sex, of course he produced a vast amount of rubbish, leavened here and there by a really pretty song, as, for instance, “Sleep on, dear love.” The few experiments he made in composition on a larger scale were uniformly infelicitous. Probably, of all his works, the one which will longest survive him will be “In this hour of softened splendour,” a part-song of unquestionable beauty, which, by the way, I heard sung lately at one of the Round, Catch, and Carol Club’s dinners with rare and fascinating perfection. Everybody who knew Pinsuti in London will have been sincerely sorry to hear of his decease, which was shockingly sudden; for he was stricken down by apoplexy whilst sitting before his piano—composing, in all likelihood, poor old fellow!—and died within a few hours of the attack. Pallida Mors has been too busy with our Anglo-Italian song-writers of late, robbing us of dear Luigi Caracciolo last summer, and of gentle Ciro Pinsuti this spring. Fortunately we have still Paolo Tosti and Luigi Denza; long may they be preserved to us! These well-loved names bring to my mind that of Isidore de Lara—an Englishman he, not an Italian—who has been absent from perfidious Albion for some months, and will soon be with us again. His sojourn abroad—in Switzerland, Italy, and France—was due, in the first place, to somewhat serious indisposition, and later on to his determination to complete his orchestral cantata, “The Light of Asia” (the text being an adaptation, in varied metre, of passages selected from Sir Edwin Arnold’s noble poem, with its author’s permission), in peace and quiet, far away from the turmoil of concert-rooms and worries of teaching. I have just learned with great satisfaction that the “magnum opus” is finished and scored. Before De Lara left England last August he showed me a few of the numbers. The music was in every way worthy of Arnold’s glorious words, and I may safely venture to predict that it will cause an extraordinary sensation, whenever it shall be produced in public, throughout the musical world, to which De Lara has hitherto been only known as an impassioned song-writer and accomplished vocalist *de société*. There is power as well as pathos, grandeur as well as geniality, in his setting of the Lord Buddha’s sacrifice.

“Scrivener’s Pain,” so I am told, has clawed Goring Thomas in its clutch, and is hindering him from completing his new opera in time for its

production this year—in the provinces, and by the Carl Rosa Company, unless I am mistaken. The pain in question is a vexatious and distressing complaint, brought on by over-straining certain muscles and nerves in the back of the right hand—a result only too readily obtained by scoring operatic orchestral parts, as well as by gallery reporting, or copying law-papers at twopence a folio. The lame hand of our highly-gifted countryman—the only contemporary English composer whose operas have proved remunerative to the *impresa* producing them—is being assiduously kneaded by an adept in the “massage” method of dealing with human ills, and my friend Klein announces that the sufferer has registered a vow of no ordinary fervour that he will finish his opera before the end of 1888, hand or no hand. I sincerely hope he may; for his work, being full of sweetness and light, grace and expression, is always welcome to every person of good taste and just appreciation. But what is a poor composer to do when handicapped by “Scrivener’s Pain”? He can’t write down his notes; he can’t give utterance to his musical ideas upon the keyboard of the piano, and there play them into shape, as well-nigh every opera writer is wont to do.

Charles Dibdin, as has already been pointed out in the pages of THE THEATRE, was a composer of whom this country had every reason to be proud. He played an important part in English history; he wrote the music of some seventy operas; his songs have unquestionably achieved immortality. And yet, so strangely forgetful of its great men is the busy and prosaic British nation, that Dibdin’s tomb in St. Martin’s Burial Ground, Pratt Street (a graveyard which is about to be converted into a place for public recreation), has been allowed to suffer dilapidation, and stands in urgent need of restoration. It bears an inscription concluding with four lines from the ballad of “Tom Bowling,” as dear to Englishmen of the present day as it was to their great-grandfathers in the heroic epoch of Howe and Jarvis. An appeal for subscriptions in aid of a fund for the restoration of this monument has been issued by the Kentish Town Musical Society. I hope the readers of this magazine will “lend it their ears.” Moneys may be forwarded to Mr. T. E. Gibb, Treasurer of the Fund, and to Mr. J. P. Fitzgerald, its Secretary, at 178, Kentish Town Road. *Avis aux lecteurs!*

CLAVICHORD.



A Meeting.

SWEET silent laughter which was wont to gleam
And sparkle in your eyes,—a tender way
Of touching flowers and children. Day by day
From such slight fabric did I weave a dream
Of future friendship, which should prove them true,
These untaught fancies which had halo'd you.

And then came letters, womanly and sweet,
The unspoken tenour of the quiet whole
Revealed unconsciously by the gentle soul ;
My heart went swiftly out your heart to meet.
And while yet strangers, in the summer's blue
The sunlight deepened as I thought of you.

And last the meeting. In your face I read
A radiant welcome ; and, with happy eyes,
Watched the new growth of bright realities
Your voice had summoned in the vanished stead
Of phantom wishes. And at length I knew
A dream's fulfilment had been found in you.

Our Play-Box.

"THE LADY OF LYONS."

Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S first appearance in London as Claude Melnotte.

Globe Theatre, Wednesday Afternoon, February 22, 1888.

Claude Melnotte Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Colonel Damas Mr. GEORGE BARRETT. Beauseant Mr. C. HUDSON. Glavis Mr. H. COOPER CLIFFE. M. Deschappelles Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD. Gaspard Mr. CHARLES FULTON. Landlord Mr. G. H. BERNAGE.	Pauline Deschappelles .. Miss EASTLAKE. Mme. Deschappelles Mrs. H. LEIGH. Widow Melnotte Miss ALICE COOK. Major Desmoulin Mr. W. A. ELLIOT. Lieutenant Dupont Mr. S. M. CARSON. Capitaine Jervais Mr. E. IRWIN.
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After winning much success from American and provincial audiences, Mr. Wilson Barrett has at last introduced his Claude Melnotte to the London public. All who sat within the walls of the Globe Theatre on February 22, came there fully expecting to witness a fine rendering of the well-known character; but they were not prepared to see a new *creation*, the only word that can do full justice to Mr. Barrett's admirable impersonation. Leaving the well-worn path of tradition, which could only lead to the conventional acting of a rather stagey hero, Mr. Barrett struck out a new road for himself, and, perhaps for the first time since the play was produced, the actor disappeared, and we saw the man. No more point-making at stated periods, with a slight wait for a round of applause; no more walking down to the footlights to ask *the audience*, "Dost thou like the picture?" This was whispered to Pauline, unconscious of any surrounding. And it was not a mere speech invented to deceive a proud girl; it was a poet's fancy put into words for the loved one. But from the first moment when he rushed on the stage, gun in hand, Claude won the sympathy of all by his earnestness. When speaking of Pauline to Widow Melnotte, his exclamation, "Oh! mother!" contained a wealth of tenderness and love that volumes could not have expressed. His scene with Gaspard (remarkably well acted by Mr. Charles Fulton) was effective, and the one with Beauseant and Glavis outside the inn, just before taking his bride to the cottage, was a revelation; no former Claude has ever treated us to so fine a specimen of elocution and depth of feeling, as this speech of the remorse-stricken man when he turns round on his tempters; the audience were taken by surprise by a situation which has hitherto been missed. Finest of all, the scene with Pauline in the cottage; when, bowing in all humility before her reproaches, which prove but weak and faint when compared with his self-condemnation, he implores her to believe in the sincerity of his love, of his repentance, and to think there is some

good left in the man who has so wronged her. The touching pathos of his delivery, the true tones of his voice broken with tears, the intense agony that wrings his crushed heart, were so admirably, so humanly rendered, that had the author lived to see such an interpreter, he would not have made Pauline wait until the morrow to forgive him, but allowed her to fall into his arms at once and confess the love she had not realised until then. Again, in the front scene of the last act there is one dangerous moment where the slightest over-acting is apt to raise a laugh; that is, when Maurier believes Pauline to have forgotten him; but the right key was struck without any discord, no one smiled at the soldier's tears, and one felt with him and for him. Mr. Wilson Barrett's histrionic triumph as Claude, the power of his beautiful elocution, which has never shown to better advantage, will win him fresh sympathy and success from his admirers. To those who do not go to the play merely as a pastime, but like to think and dream over what they have seen, there is one thing that will raise Mr. Barrett another step on the ladder of artistic merit, even more than these things; and this is, his new reading and conception of the part, for he has put a soul in what, until now, was but "words, words, words." Miss Eastlake's Pauline was rather disappointing; she looked very sweet and pretty, but she missed the cottage scene; she was not sarcastic or unnerved, she scolded too much, and her laugh was not of that kind which is so near breaking into sobs. In the fourth act, "All is forgiven—I am thine!" was not given with that rush of feelings which carries Pauline away in spite of herself. She was at her best in the last act, her message to Claude being very pathetically delivered. Mr. George Barrett looked well as Damas, and evidently pleased the audience, but it was a hard struggle for this clever and genial comedian to play the martinet; in spite of himself he was overflowing with good nature. The other parts were satisfactorily filled, but Mr. Hudson's gait was not that of an ex-aristocrat.

"THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB."

Dramatised from the novel of that title by ARTHUR LAW and FERGUS HUME.

First produced at the Princess's Theatre, February 23, 1888.

Brian Fitzgerald ..	Mr. J. H. BARNES.	Joshua Jebbird ..	Mr. T. C. DWYER.
Mark Frettlby ..	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Policeman X 43 ..	Mr. H. DAVIES.
Roger Moreland ..	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Servant	Mr. REES.
Kilsip	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Newsboy	Master RICHARD WARTON.
Gorbey	Mr. FRANK WRIGHT.	Madge Frettlby ..	Miss EVA SOTHERN.
Oliver Whyte ..	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Sal Rawlins	Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE.
Felix Rolleston ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Mother Guttersnipe	Mrs. FRANK HUNTLEY.
Mr. Calton	Mr. A. R. HODGSON.	Rosanna Moore ..	Miss COOPER-PARR.
Dr. Chinston	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.	Mrs. Sampson ..	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Inspector of Police	Mr. ERNST LEICESTER.	Mrs. Felix Rolleston	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
Cabman No. 1,104..	Mr. PHILLIP DARWIN.		

When will authors reverse the usual and mistaken order of things, and elaborate plays into novels, instead of dramatising novels into plays? The first process would nine times out of ten prove successful, whilst the latter is hardly ever satisfactory. "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is no exception to this rule. This interesting story of the sensational type is well



.. I'm a little pilgrim strolling to the Moon."

THE STROLLER.

MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE.

calculated to rivet the reader's attention to the last page of the book, because the tangled skein is not unravelled until the end.

A man has been found murdered in a hansom cab ; the cabman's evidence being that on the night of the ball given by Mark Frettlby (a wealthy merchant) at St. Kilda, he was called by one of the guests to drive his drunken companion into Melbourne. This guest had first walked away, but returned (he could swear to him by his light overcoat), and entered the cab, which he left on reaching Melbourne, telling the cabman to drive on, and his friend would tell him when to stop. After a time, hearing no sound, the cabman had looked into the hansom, and found the man dead, with a handkerchief impregnated with chloroform tied over his mouth. The guest who had called the hansom is Brian Fitzgerald, a worthy young Irishman in love with Madge Frettlby, and loved by her. The cabman swears to his face, and a glove of Oliver Whyte (the victim) having accidentally been carried away by him and left in his rooms, he is arrested and generally believed guilty. The evidence is dead against him, Oliver Whyte being also a suitor to Madge, and the two men known as rivals. Fitzgerald has been heard to threaten Whyte ; and, although he denies having entered the hansom, he refuses to account for the use of his time between leaving the ball and returning home. The truth is this : on that fatal night a letter was brought to him from a dying woman, imploring his presence for the sake of Madge. In the slums of Melbourne, in a cellar, the home of a drunken old hag, the grandmother of poor outcast Sal who brought the message, he hears a tale of shame and misery. Rosanna Moore, the woman dying from consumption and drink, once a beautiful and celebrated actress, had been secretly married to Mark Frettlby ; she soon tired of him, and, leaving their child in the care of her old mother, followed another man to England. Frettlby, believing both wife and child to be dead, had since married again, and was now a widower, little dreaming his second daughter was illegitimate. Rosanna, abandoned by her first lover, had taken up with Oliver Whyte, and both had come to Australia to extort hush-money from Frettlby. But no sooner had her marriage certificate been in the possession of Whyte, that he had no longer hidden his intentions of also using it as the means of marrying Madge. Deserted by him, Rosanna might have died in the street had she not been accidentally found by Sal, her own daughter, and brought to this wretched place. She knew Fitzgerald to be Whyte's rival, and she had sent for him that he might work her revenge by saving Madge. That she should never know she had no right to her name, has Fitzgerald first kept silent. A friendly lawyer, undertaking his defence, has, with the detective, concluded that an empty secret pocket in the murdered man's waistcoat must have contained papers. "The man to whom these papers were of importance murdered him"—he says to Fitzgerald, and the latter is terrified. He knows Frettlby had an interview with Whyte, and the paper to be the certificate ; Madge's father is the murderer, she must never know it, though it cost his life. Meanwhile poor Sal, who has taken refuge in a "Home," has been befriended by Madge,

whose maid she has become. Meeting Fitzgerald before his arrest, he had made her swear not to reveal his visit to the now dead Rosanna, lest it should bring unhappiness to the young mistress she so loves; and it is only when the detective has found out the truth for himself, and she is told her testimony will save Fitzgerald's life, that she breaks her oath, proves the alibi, and sets him free. The murderer, yet to be found, is one Moreland, Whyte's accomplice, who had followed him on the night of the ball. Finding him in the garden, intoxicated, he was about to take him home, when Fitzgerald came out of the house, and Moreland hid himself. Fitzgerald, seeing Whyte, who had fallen in a helpless state on the road, had called the hansom and gone his way. Moreland then, slipping on Whyte's overcoat, noting it was the same colour as Fitzgerald's, had personated the latter, murdered his accomplice by means of chloroform found in the victim's pocket, and taken possession of the paper. He comes with it to levy blackmail, and when Frettlby at once accuses him of being the murderer, he coolly dares the merchant to denounce him, as his secret would then be divulged. Moreland obtains a cheque in exchange for the certificate, which is locked up in a drawer, but he returns later on in hopes of repossessing himself of it; this proves fatal to him. Followed by a detective, he is discovered hiding behind a screen, captured, and killed by his own revolver going off. The certificate is destroyed by Sal, who, having learned that she is Madge's eldest sister and her father's only rightful heir, renounces all, that Madge may never know her position was an usurped one.

In the drama it was indispensable that the audience should be let into the secret from the very first; this being the case, the spectators' interest should have been grasped by strong situations and outstanding characters. The men and women who meander through superfluous and meaningless incidents (from a stage point of view) are but dim, colourless sketches, giving no opportunities to the interpreters, who one and all worked their very best to give life to the play; but it was a thankless task. Miss Grace Hawthorne's best effect, and the best line in all the drama, is Sal's answer when she is asked why she is so ready to sacrifice herself for Madge—"Because I love her, just that." The extreme directness and simplicity of these words set the sympathetic chord in our hearts vibrating for the first, and perhaps only, time during the evening. Had the same directness been used throughout the piece the result would have been far more satisfactory; but the authors seem to have written their drama without any set plan; they hesitate at every turn; there is plenty of action, but this rather delays than forwards the progress of the drama. Some of the comic scenes are good, but are perfect outriders to the plot and serve no purpose. Bad construction and want of conciseness will never turn out a good play, however good some of the details may be.

Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Cicely Richards, and Mr. Forbes Dawson, in comic characters, had perhaps better opportunities given them to show off their excellent acting than the rest of the cast. Mr. Fernandez had a part

entirely beneath him as the weak merchant. Miss Cooper-Parr showed power in a most difficult scene. Miss Grace Hawthorne does her very best with a rôle that might have been written up to be very interesting. And Mr. Bassett Roe again shows his intelligence by not considering small parts unworthy of careful study. Mrs. Huntley is exceedingly clever in her realistic acting ; but does art gain much by such ignoble pictures being put on the stage when they serve no purpose ? The scenery is effective, and, despite some dissenting voices, the good-natured audience received the play favourably.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

“LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.”

New Comedy, in three acts, by E. V. SEEBOHM.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Thursday afternoon, February 23, 1888.

Earl of Dorincourt ..	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET.	Dawson	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.
Cedric Errol	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.	Simpkin	Mr. WINDHAM GUISE.
John Havisham .. .	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Mrs. Errol	Miss MARY RORKE.
Silas Hobbs	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.	Mary O'Brien ..	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
Rev. Jacob Mordaunt	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.		

The pronounced success achieved by this most charming piece on its first performance has been confirmed at subsequent *matinées*. It is to be regretted that we were not permitted to see Mrs. F. H. Burnett's dramatisation of her own beautiful work rather than Mr. Seebohm's, though it must be admitted he has made his most attractive. But, then, for how much of his success is he indebted to the original ; for, certainly, where he has departed from it, he has not embellished or improved, but rather the contrary. There are few, I suppose, who have not read the novel, but it may be well to give the outline of the play. The Earl of Dorincourt, finding himself without a direct heir in England, despatches his solicitor, Mr. John Havisham, to New York to bring back Cedric Errol, the only child of a deceased son, who, having married an American lady whom the Earl has always pictured to himself as a designing adventuress, has been discarded. Mrs. Errol, a noble woman, will not sacrifice her darling's prospects ; but as the lawyer's instructions are that she must give up all claim to her child, her heart is nearly breaking at the separation. Mr. Havisham is so impressed by her unselfishness and the manner in which she has brought up the future peer, that he suggests she shall accompany the little lad as his nurse. Cedric has always been led to believe by his mother that his grandfather is all that is good and great, and, when he reaches Dorincourt Castle, meets the old Earl in this spirit, and attributes to him so many good qualities as out of very shame to force him into the exercise of them. By his guilelessness, his old-fashioned yet charming nature, and his little aristocratic manner, added to his handsome presence, the boy so wins over the soured, domineering Earl as to creep into his very heart. A storm arises, however, when, in his naturally overbearing manner, Lord Dorincourt insults Mrs. Errol, who, resenting it, proclaims herself Cedric's mother ; but when the old gentleman learns how, with

every just cause to do the opposite, from the way in which she has been ignored, Mrs. Errol has brought her boy up to revere his grandfather, the latter's heart is touched, and he accepts her as a daughter. In the third act the depth of the affection borne by the Earl for his newly-found heir is manifested, when an attempt is made to foist on him another child, supposed to have been left by an elder son; for though the fraud is soon discovered, the thought that Cedric is not to be his successor causes the old nobleman intense sorrow. This act was evidently introduced to bring into prominence a homely, good-hearted American storekeeper, who had been a great favourite of Cedric's when in New York, but was a mistake altogether; in fact, the scene was only saved from ridicule through the tact and judgment with which Mr. Arthur Williams played Silas Hobbs. Miss Annie Hughes, with her winsome presence, her close study of boyish ways, her caressing manner, and frank, outspoken delivery, as nearly as is possible realised the picture of a boy of ten, petted but not spoiled, and achieved a success that no other actress, I think, could have accomplished. Miss Mary Rorke played with a womanly tenderness and dignity that was beyond all praise; her flash of indignation, when her pride revolted at the insults put upon her country and her womanhood, was thoroughly ladylike and most impressive; her whole performance was perfect. Mr. C. W. Somerset gave a highly finished rendering of a nobleman whose will has hitherto been beyond dispute, pettish, irascible, and yet with a head and heart that could recognise and appreciate true attributes when brought home to him. Mr. Royce Carleton was also excellent as the staid old family lawyer Havisham, who was shrewd enough to see how he could best forward the interests of the noble house he served, in at the same time obeying the dictates of a kind heart in not separating a mother from a son.

“KATTI, THE FAMILY HELP.”

Domestic farce, in three acts (suggested by Meilbac's “Gotte”), by CHARLES FAWCETT.

First played in London at the Strand Theatre, February 25, 1888.

Mr. Finnikin Fluffy ..	Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.	Mrs. Finnikin Fluffy	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Mr. Richard Fluffy ..	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Mrs. Richard Fluffy ..	Miss LAURA SEDGWICK.
Bob	Mr. H. H. MORELL.	Alice Summers	Miss GRACE HUNTLEY.
Dr. Easyman, M.D. ..	Mr. B. WEBSTER.	Miss Perkins	Miss MARGARET AVERTON.
Mr. Joliffe	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.	Katti	Miss ALICE ATHERTON.

Mr. Willie Edouin commenced his management of the little house in the Strand with a piece which could bring out to the utmost his own eccentric and amusing powers and those possessed by Miss Alice Atherton. Katti, the family help, is a German girl who has been engaged in the household of the middle-aged Mr. Finnikin Fluffy. Her affection for the “Fatherland” is so great that whenever she hears her master endeavouring to play “Ehren on the Rhine,” the air has such an effect on her that she drops anything he may be holding, and, as Mr. Fluffy has to practise a good deal, it becomes disastrous for the crockery. The home feelings produced too on her by his playing, develop a sort of filial affection for him, and she occa-

sionally kisses "his fat cheeks," and he, somewhat of a dog in his way, returns the compliment by kissing her for her mother. His being discovered in the act by Mrs. Finnikin, coupled with the repeated breakages, lead to Katti's receiving a month's warning. She has just prepared her bundle to depart when a letter arrives which apparently makes her the possessor of some £25,000, and then her mistress and master are all graciousness, and determine that she shall marry their son Bob. Their hopeful offspring, however, is already engaged to his cousin, Alice Summers, an inmate of their house, and, despite this, has been paying his addresses to Mdle. Sylphide, a *première danseuse* at the Alhambra, whom he imagines to be single and wealthy. But she is already married on the sly to Mr. Richard Fluffy, who is furiously jealous of her and of the unknown admirer who is constantly sending her bouquets and presents, and who is no other than Mr. Bob. The mistakes that occur as to the Sylphide's position, and the eventual discovery that the lawyer's clerk who sent the letter announcing Katti's good fortune had made a mistake, it really being intended for Alice Summers, who is thus able to marry her admirer, Dr. Easyman, and that the letter for Katti, which was put in a wrong envelope, told her that her sweetheart Fritz, left behind in Germany, had won a great prize in the lottery, so that she is made happy, help to make up an amusing piece. Miss Alice Atherton was quaintly droll as the servant who does not quite understand English, and who is such a mixture of stupidity and attractiveness, and Mr. Willie Edouin revelled in the part of Mr. Finnikin Fluffy, a hypochondriac who eases his sufferings by producing horrible sounds on the clarionet, wears a life-saving apparatus, and is altogether irresistibly funny. Mr. Albert Chevalier gave a genuinely comic rendering to the character of Mr. Richard Fluffy, a victim to the green-eyed monster, and a disbeliever in his powers to inspire love for himself alone. Mr. H. H. Morell, as the selfish, unprincipled music-hall frequenting cad Bob, was so true to nature as almost to excite the anger of the gods, but was really excellent. Miss Susie Vaughan was very amusing as the fond mother who can see no faults in her offspring Bob, and Mr. B. Webster and Miss Grace Huntley played the lovers naturally. "Through the Fire," a one-act comediotta by W. Lestocq and Yorke Stephens, was produced for the first time on the same night, but calls for no particular comment.

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

Society Drama, in four acts, adapted from Mrs. Panton's novel, "A Tangled Chain," by
Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, March 6, 1888.

Sir Marmaduke	Forsham	Mr. ERNEST HODGES.
Standen	Charles	C. RIMBAULT.
Roger Willoughby..	Lizette Standen ..	Miss ANNIE ROSE.
Dr. Pearson	Miss Farrer	Miss FLORENCE HAYDON.
Harold Kennedy ..	Laura Buckworth ..	Miss MAUD MILLETT.
Lord Percy Drum-	Mr. Pearson	Mrs. FREDERICK GRAHAM.
mond	Mrs. Luker	Mrs. ROBINSON.
Luker.. ..	Mrs. Verney	Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY.
	Mr. P. PERCEVAL-CLARK.	
	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	
	Mr. BEN GREET.	
	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	
	Mr. E. AYNESWORTH.	
	Mr. G. B. PHILLIPS.	

In the adaptation of "A Tangled Chain" an opportunity has been missed of producing in the character of Lizette Standen a part which Mme. Sara

Bernhardt or Mrs. Bernard-Beere might, and probably would, have made great. The heroine is an unfortunate girl, brought up by a wicked, cursing father, whose delight is the forcing her to read murder and divorce cases. She is immured in a lonely country place, and allowed to see no society lest she should deceive a man, as Sir Marmaduke Standen says her mother deceived him. He is constantly taunting her with the attempt that his late wife made on his life, and asks her why *she* herself does not make away with him. The girl, as to any moral perceptions of right and wrong, is to all intents and purposes a heathen, and has evidently a taint of insanity in her blood, her mother having died in a madhouse. Sir Marmaduke suffers from heart disease, and, in a paroxysm of agony, tells Lizette to mix from the medicine-chest a dose that will relieve him. The opportunity suddenly presents itself, there is poison to her hand, and she uses it in the draught which she places beside her father. The night before he has sent for his doctor, and, as he has been labouring under sleeplessness, has requested that an opiate may be sent him. The doctor arrives, a hard-drinking, nervous creature, and presently, when the old servant Luker (excellently played by Mr. G. B. Phillips) comes into the room and announces that he has found Sir Marmaduke dead, Dr. Pearson is in an agony of fear that when he mixed the draught the night before, having just returned from a convivial meeting at the "Bear," he has made some fatal error in the drugs he used. His wife reassures him, however, by telling him that it was she, as she had often before done, who made up the draught, that there was nothing deleterious in it, and circumstances tend to fix the crime on Lizette, on whom, Mrs. Pearson points out, they will now have a hold. In the next act we find Lizette in London, wealthy, her own mistress, and, for the sake of getting an entry into society, sharing a house with a Miss Farrer. Here the girl is introduced to Roger Willoughby, a very good young man, if a little of a prig and one who scarcely practises the true spirit of charity which he preaches, for one of his first acts is to insist to Mrs. Verney, Lizette's companion, that she shall leave, as he discovers in her a divorced woman. But Lizette, who knows her past, determines on retaining her, and Willoughby is silent for a time. Presently he and Lizette fall in love, and he begins to open up her mind as to the pleasure of doing good and benefiting one's fellow-creatures, and is working a really beneficial change in her character, when he learns that Mrs. Verney has taken her into some questionable society, contrary to her promises. He tells her that now she must go, but in the meantime the companion has learnt from Dr. Pearson, and through eavesdropping, the secret of Lizette's crime, and by revealing to some extent to her the knowledge she possesses, retains her position, and the engagement between Lizette and Willoughby is broken off. In the last act Lizette, overburdened with the weight of remorse, sends for Willoughby, and confesses to him that it was at her hands her father met his death. Willoughby examines the medicine-chest, and finds that, from the position of certain bottles having been changed at the time it was used, what Lizette administered was perfectly innocuous, and this is con-

firmed by Mrs. Verney's announcing that she has discovered from her sister, Mrs. Pearson, that the doctor did really make a fatal mistake, and had given Sir Marmaduke enough prussic acid to kill half-a-dozen men. And so Lizette's mind is set completely at rest; the thought that she was in all intent, if not in fact, a murderess, does not trouble her the least, and she and her lover look forward to a happy union, the good young man uttering some moral platitudes and holding forth as to a bright future, also apparently quite oblivious of the fact that his bride fully intended to commit parricide. Had Lizette's character been drawn revealing her as one whose mind had, to a certain extent, lost its balance, and showing the struggle between the growth of better things in it and the conviction that, in consequence of her intended crime, she was unfit to mate with a good man, and the play ended with her death, I think there would have been scope for a really great actress to have shown her powers. As it was, Miss Annie Rose, with an evidently good conception of the part as written for her, was not strong enough to maintain it, though exhibiting marked capability and resource. Miss Henrietta Lindley gave a very finished rendering of a woman who was as much sinned against as sinning, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould played Roger Willoughby in a manly and consistent manner, and made a most favourable impression. Mr. P. Perceval-Clark imparted some clever touches to the repulsive character of Sir Marmaduke Standen, and Mr. Frank Rodney and Miss Maude Millett were a fresh and natural pair of young lovers. Mr. Ben Greet had some unfortunate lines to speak, and evidently altogether misconceived the character of Dr. Pearson. A good word should be said for Mrs. Robinson as the housekeeper Mrs. Luker.

"THE DON."

New and Original Comedy, in three acts, by Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE.

First produced at Toole's Theatre, Wednesday, March 7, 1888.

Mr. Milliken, M.A.	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.	Harris	Mr. GEORGE SHELTON.
Mr. Pappendick,		Nabham	Mr. W. BRUNTON.
M.A.	Mr. JOHN BILLINGTON.	Grabb	Mr. C. PAYNE SILK.!
Horace Milliken .	Mr. EDWARD W. GARDINER.	Mrs. Coventry	
Lionel Dallas ..	Mr. C. M. LOWNE.	Sparkle	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
The Hon. Bob Joy	Mr. AUBREY BOUCAULT.	Dora	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
Mr. Smith	Mr. C. H. BRUNTON.	Kitty Maitland ..	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Mr. Jones	Mr. F. MONTAGUE.	Mrs. Kimbo	Miss EMILY THORNE.

From a "butler" to a college "Don" is a leap in the social scale, and yet Mr. Toole proved that he could assume the one character as much to the satisfaction of his audience as he could the other. Perhaps he was not quite the austere tutor whom freshmen fear, but as a genial, simple, middle-aged gentleman, with an admiration for the fair sex in general and one lady in particular, he was quite at home, and drollness itself. Mr. Milliken, M.A., unfortunately for his own peace of mind, has a nephew, Horace Josiah Milliken, whose Christian names are the same as his own—hence all his troubles. For the younger gentleman has run away with and secretly married Dora, a ward in Chancery, and she, who has, after her marriage, for a time returned to her boarding-school, leaves that, and,

disguised as an undergraduate, obtains admittance to the College and to her husband's rooms. She soon learns from him that their stolen match is likely to get him into all sorts of difficulties, and so she at once determines to shift all the danger on to the "Don's" shoulders. He has met again, after some years, a former love—a fascinating widow, Mrs. Coventry Sparkle, sister to his brother tutor, Pappendick, and he renews what he intends to be far more than a flirtation. Mrs. Kimbo, formerly his housekeeper, but now landlady of the "Bull and Mitre," he makes his confidante so far as to tell her that he is thinking of changing his condition, and she takes this as an offer of marriage to herself, and faints in his arms, after the manner of Mrs. Bardell. Here, both she and Mrs. Sparkle are led to believe that he is the husband of Dora, so that here he is entangled with three women at one and the same time, and his troubles culminate in his being arrested by the myrmidon of the Court of Chancery for contempt shown in having espoused a ward thereof, and is ignominiously discovered and brought back in an attempt to escape imprisonment by getting out of a window. Every one can imagine what capital Mr. Toole could make out of such situations, and most forcibly did he avail himself of his opportunities, creating shrieks of laughter. He was well backed up by Miss Kate Phillips, who appeared as the most fascinating of widows, and by Miss Emily Thorne, who was the most buxom of landladies. Mr. John Billington's staid manner as a more typical college Don was an excellent foil to the mercurial character of his chief. Miss Marie Linden was excellent as the ward and young wife, ignorant of the pains and penalties she may bring down on her loving husband by her invasion of his rooms, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner and Mr. C. M. Lowne were gentlemanly and agreeable. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault made a promising *début* as a "cheeky" undergrad., and Mr. George Shelton gave a clever character sketch of a college "Gyp." Miss Violet Vanbrugh looked very charming as Kitty Maitland. Of Mr. and Mrs. Merivale's work much may be said in praise. Incidents in college life are virgin ground comparatively to be touched upon in farce (for the "Don" must not be called a comedy); the fun is healthy, some of the dialogue very witty, and the complications remarkably cleverly evolved; but the first act was certainly the best, and the third compared very unfavourably with it. With such an exponent of the "Don" as Mr. Toole, however, a far worse play would have been enthusiastically received, and would have secured as lengthened a run as I feel sure the one under notice will.

“CHRISTINA.”

New and Original Romantic Drama, in four acts, by PERCY LYNWOOD and MARK AMBIENT.

First produced at a *Matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, April 22, 1887.

Placed in the evening bill at the Olympic, Thursday, March 8, 1888.

Count Freund	Mr. E. S. WILLARD.	Misselbrooke	Mr. ARTHUR BEARNE.
Algernon Beltravers ..	Mr. FRANK ARCHER.	Waiter	Mr. W. LUGG.
Prince Koroskoff ..	Mr. R. S. BOLEYN.	Pearce.. ..	Master EDWIN VICTOR.
Capt. Lord Ernest } Arden }	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	The Princess } Christina }	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
McPatrick O'Sullivan	Mr. E. SMEDLEY YATES.	Mdme. Morozoff	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
George	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.	Cherubine	Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES.
Alexis	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Hortense	HELEN LEYTON.

Independently of the fact that in “Christina” is a character that is so eminently fitted for Mr. E. S. Willard, the play itself contains much that would recommend itself to an Olympic audience, which looks now for sensational melodrama at that house. As in “The Red Lamp,” Nihilism is its principal motive. Count Freund is the private secretary to Prince Koroskoff, a Russian of socialistic tendencies, but who is opposed to the shedding of blood. He has adopted Freund in consequence of having killed his father in a duel, and as some reparation for the loss the lad then sustained. The young fellow, however, is bad to the core. Whilst getting possession of all his patron’s secrets, he sells them to the Russian Government, and, obtaining his signature to a document issued by the revolutionary committee decreeing the assassination of the Czar, when the Prince, repenting of having sanctioned the murder, demands the paper back, Freund hands him a duplicate, which is immediately burned. Freund then uses the power he possesses over the Prince, by the retention of the original, to force his daughter Christina to break off her engagement with Lord Ernest Arden, to whom she is attached, and to promise to marry him. The scoundrel is, however, robbed of his sting through the agency of one Algernon Beltravers, the editor of the “Piccadilly Press,” who purchases from him the incriminating document, and puts him in bodily fear of his own life by producing Alexis, a lad who has enrolled himself in the band of Nihilists, and who, having been betrayed by Freund, vows to follow him to the ends of the world and have his revenge. Freund makes one last throw. Returned to Geneva, he stabs the Prince and leaves him for dead. Christina discovers her father’s body, and makes an attempt on the life of his would-be assassin, but is disarmed, and Freund escapes for the moment, but only reaches the top of the staircase, there to meet his death at the hands of Alexis, who has been constantly on his track.

The plot is intricate and difficult to follow, but much of the writing is very good, though some of the speeches are too long. “Christina” is a play that can only succeed by means of thoroughly good acting, and that it undoubtedly has bestowed on it. A more craven, despicable villain than Count Freund can scarcely be imagined, without one spark of gratitude or feeling, and utterly selfish and mercenary. It is in the depiction of such characters that Mr. Willard shines, and in this he has fairly surpassed himself. Miss Alma Murray drew a very charming picture of Christina, and in her scene with Freund, where she endeavours to lull him into security and coquet with him, whilst her feelings are so highly strung at

the discovery of her father's death, surmounted the difficulties of a hazardous situation with extraordinary tact. Mr. Frank Archer, in a most improbable character, almost reconciled one to it by his coolness and incisive treatment. Mr. Yorke Stephens was excellent as Lord Arden, and Miss Rose Leclercq showed genuine passion in her solicitude for the safety of her son, Alexis, a part which Mr. Frank Rodney played with much fire and vigour. Mr. E. M. Robson was amusing as a cockney, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles made a hit by her brightness and vivacity as a French soubrette.

"JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART."

New Comedy Drama, in five acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN, founded on FIELDING'S novel, "Joseph Andrews."

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Thursday afternoon, March 8, 1888.

Joseph Andrews ..	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.		Fanny Goodwill ..	Miss KATE RORKE.
Sir George Wilson ..	Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD.		Mrs. Slipslop	Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE.
Llewellyn ap Griffith	Mr. FREDERICK THORNE.		Mrs. Adams	Miss GLADYS HOMPFEYS.
Gipsy Jim.. ..	Mr. J. S. BLYTHE.		Abe	Miss BOWMAN.
Squire Booby	Mr. SCOTT BUIST.		Mrs. Green	Miss BESSIE HARRISON.
Lord Fellamar	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.		Lady Spangle	Miss GRACE ARNOLD.
Sir Harry Dapper ..	Mr. FRANK GILMORE.		Lady Flutter	Miss BANISTER.
Parson Adams	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.		Lady Booby	Miss VANE.

Mr. Buchanan has taken his idea from Fielding's novel, but without sacrificing for a moment the spirit of the work, he has written a play which may to all intents be called original, and one that, from its hearty nature, admirable construction, and its polished dialogue, may be considered as one of the best that has been produced for some years. The author has been careful to make the hero a manly fellow, protected against the wiles of other women by the honest love he bears for a young country girl, not a sanctimonious mixsop. The enamoured lady of fashion, too, may almost be forgiven her passion in consequence of its object being of such a noble nature; and in the country parson we have a being who is all charity and kindness, showing some of the weaknesses of the old Adam in his not hesitating to call to his aid his good blackthorn stick when requisite, with a spice of dry humour, and a natural human weakness for believing that his sermons have only to be seen by a publisher to be at once purchased and printed; and in the telling of his story Mr. Buchanan has faithfully reproduced the characters and scenes of a hundred years ago. The play opens in Lady Booby's tiring room, where we find her surrounded by exquisites and ladies of fashion. Joseph, her handsome man-servant, has inspired her with love, as he has also her maid, Mrs. Slipslop, but he will have none of either. The great lady, finding her advances repulsed, at once summons her servants and accuses Joseph of insulting and trying to kiss her, and his immediate dismissal is the more disgraceful from the fact of the accusation having been made in the presence of his sweetheart, Fanny Goodwill, who has been brought up to town by Parson Adams. These two, however, will not believe that he can be capable of such conduct, although the nobility of his mind prevents him from casting the blame on his late mistress, and so these three journey back to the country parsonage, where they are



Lady Booby (Mrs. Van)



Joseph Andrews



by Adams

(Mrs. Galt-Monroy)



Lord Blampney (Mrs. Van)



Fanny Goodwill (Mrs. Van)

Joseph Andrews (Mr. B. Gray)



Sir George Tupper (Mrs. Van)



Arthur (Mrs. Van)



Byron Adams (Mrs. Van)



Lord Blampney (Mrs. Van)

Characters from

JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART

(VAUDEVILLE THEATRE)

Produced by ...

welcomed by the buxom and good-hearted Mrs. Adams. And here poor Fanny's troubles commence, for Lady Booby has set on Lord Fellamar, a dissolute nobleman, who has been struck with the innocent country girl's charms, to carry her off, and this is done through the agency of his chaplain, Llewellyn ap Griffith, a choleric, bibulous Welshman. With the help of his lordship's servants, and despite the resistance of Parson Adams and her lover, who is wounded in the struggle, Fanny is borne away. In the next act we find Sir George Wilson, a rich country gentleman, lamenting the fact of his having no one to succeed him, his infant boy having been stolen from him many years before. Presently Gipsy Jim is brought before him on a charge of poaching. To save himself from punishment the gipsy admits that he carried off the baronet's son, and promises for a reward, and if he is let off scot-free, that he will produce him. At this time Parson Adams and Joseph appear on the scene, faint and weary on their journey in pursuit of Fanny, who they have learnt has been taken to London. Gipsy Jim reveals Joseph to be the boy whom he stole, and he is at once taken to his father's arms. The scene shifts to Lord Fellamar's house, where Fanny is kept a prisoner. The chaplain having offended his noble patron is struck by him, and determines on revenge; he therefore induces Fanny to temporise with Lord Fellamar, and, pretending to listen to his protestations, induce him to take her to Ranelagh, where the chaplain says he will find means to rescue her. And so she is taken to the Gardens, and there the chaplain, with a band of Welsh gentlemen, aids Joseph and Parson Adams, who have tracked her here, to beat off her persecutor and his companions, Lord Fellamar consenting to meet Joseph, now recognised as Sir Joseph Wilson's son. The meeting takes place, and Joseph overcomes his antagonist, notwithstanding the latter's skill in fencing, the nobleman having sufficient grace left in him to regret the part he has been playing, and to declare that Fanny is as pure as when he first saw her, and that Lady Booby has incited him to try and make her his victim. The play might easily have concluded with the fourth act, the fifth being taken up by a very tender love scene between Joseph and Fanny, in which he tells her that he must fight, and to bring him good luck in the encounter he carries with him Parson Adams's manuscript sermons and places them next his heart, and they really save him from receiving a fatal wound, though for him to have placed them there was scarcely a chivalrous proceeding. Mr. Conway was the *beau ideal* of the character he represented—handsome, manly, and natural, with plenty of animation and deep tenderness, he succeeded admirably. He had a charming and most sympathetic sweetheart in Miss Kate Rorke, so innocent and gentle was she in her love; yet in her scene with Lord Fellamar rising to strong dramatic power. Such a contrast to her was the Lady Booby of Miss Vane, worldly and conscious of her beauty, depraved and determined, and with no innate sense of shame, and yet so glossed over with the courtly manner of the woman of fashion that the repulsiveness of her overtures was almost hidden. Her acting throughout of a most difficult character

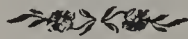
was worthy of the very highest praise. Though Parson Adams resembles Partridge in some of his characteristics, Mr. Thomas Thorne has made of the kind-hearted country clergyman a different study. He has instilled into it more firmness and decision, and there is a change in the humour, but the charity and simplicity of his disposition are ever apparent. I think the representation might have been a little strengthened had the Parson not been quite so ready to cudgel evil-doers. Mr. William Rig-nold was a dignified Sir George Wilson, and his sorrow for the loss of his son was expressed in manly fashion. Mr. Frederick Thorne was excellent as the choleric Welshman. Mr. J. S. Blythe was picturesque and vigorous as the poacher, Gipsy Jim. Mr. Cyril Maude as the foppish *roué*, Lord Fellamar, gave another proof of how rapidly he is rising in his profession. Miss Eliza Johnstone as Mrs. Stipslop delivered her Malaprop-like per-versions of speech with delightful unconsciousness, and Miss Gladys Homfrey and Mr. Scott Buist, Mr. Frank Gilmore and Miss Grace Arnold rendered valuable assistance. The scenery throughout was good; the exterior of Adams's cottage, a solidly-built set, being one of the best that has been seen. Lady Booby's boudoir is a capital reproduction of one of Hogarth's pictures. "Joseph's Sweetheart" was a decided success, and was put in the evening bill on Friday, March 9.

The following prologue, written by the author, was excellently delivered by Miss Vane:—

Ladies and gentlemen—behold in me
 A wicked dame of the last century,—
 Just brought to life again before your gaze,
 To hint the fashion of forgotten days,
 When Garrick, bent to woo the comic Muse,
 Changed the high buskin for soft satin shoes,
 And frolicking behind the footlights, showed
 Love *à bon ton* and marriage *à la mode*!
 La, times are changed indeed since wits and lords
 Swagger'd in square-cut, powder'd wigs, and swords!
 Picture the age!—A lord was then, I vow,
 A lord indeed (how different from *now*!)
 And trembling Virtue hid herself in fear
 Before the naughty ogling of a peer.
 Abductions, scandals, brawls and dissipation
 Were rich men's pleasure, poor men's consternation,
 While Fashion, painted, trick'd in fine brocade,
 Turn'd Love to jest, and Life to masquerade!
 Well, 'mid the masquerade, the pinchbeck show,
 When Folly smiled on courtesan and beau,
 Some noble human Spirits still drew breath,
 And proved this world no hideous Dance of Death!
 Sad Hogarth's pencil limn'd the souls of men,
 And Fielding wielded his magician's pen!
 Off fell the mask that daiken'd and concealed
 Life's face, and Human Nature stood revealed!
 Then rose Sophia, at Fielding's conjuration,
 Like Venus from the sea—of affectation;

Then madcap Tom shewed in his sport and passion
 A man's a man for a' that, spite the fashion ;
 Then Parson Adams, type of honest worth,
 Born of the pure embrace of Love and Mirth
 Smiled in the English sunshine, proving clear
 That one true heart is worth a world's veneer !
 And now our task is, in a merry play,
 To summon up that time long past away ;
 To bring to life the manners long outworn,
 The lords, the dames, the maidens all forlorn—
 A *tableau vivant* of the tinsel age
 Immortalised on the great Master's page !
 Hey, presto ! See, I wave my conjurer's cane !
 The Present fades—the dead Past lives again—
 The clouds of modern care dissolve—to show
 Life *à la mode*, a hundred years ago !

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Boy.

Miss Harriett Jay combines the twofold occupation of authoress and actress, and in both followings has made a reputation. For years past her pen has employed her leisure moments, and it was in 1879 that Miss Jay first trod the boards with a touring company to get a little insight into theatrical life. After gaining some experience, the subject of our portrait was engaged by Mr. Henry Neville for Kathleen in "The Queen of Connaught" (a part originally played by Miss Ada Cavendish) at the Crystal Palace, and then came to London to appear as Lady Jane Grey in Robert Buchanan's poetical play entitled "The Nine Days' Queen." Miss Jay next went to the Olympic, and besides playing various characters in several pieces, sustained the dual rôles of a Puritan maiden and Charles the Second in "The Madcap Prince ;" and then starred as Lady Clancarty in the provinces during a prolonged tour. On her return to London, Miss Jay created the part of the Hon. Cecil Brookfield in "Lady Clare" at the Globe, and also appeared as Lemuel the Gipsy in "The Flowers of the Forest." After a season at Drury Lane, Miss Jay went to America to produce "Alone in London," and was the original Tom Chickweed, the street arab, and also gained considerable success there as Lady Clancarty and Cecil Brookfield. At the Olympic she resumed the character of Tom Chickweed, and also played Nan in "Alone in London," and has since appeared at several *matinées*. Among her most vivid creations was that of Sappho in the play of that name.

Miss Jay was the original Lady Ethel Gordon in "The Blue Bells of Scotland" at the Novelty, but her most remarkable performance was that of Lady Madge Slashton in "Fascination," which was universally admitted to be one of the most original, clever, and artistic characterisations that had been seen.

The reception accorded to Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore on February 29 at the Criterion must have satisfied them that, during their absence, they had lost none of their hold on the public; their welcome was an enthusiastic one, and the applause tremendous. Mr. Wyndham displayed increased resources and emotional power as David Garrick, and Miss Mary Moore was as sympathetic and graceful as hitherto as Ada Ingot. Evidences of their travels and the cordial reception they had met with were apparent in all parts of the house. A gold and silver vase, a silver laurel-leaved wreath, Russian and German playbills, votive offerings innumerable, with gold-lettered ribbons attached, showing from whence they came, were to be seen in the corridors and vestibules, but despite these valued proofs of foreign appreciation, the wanderers, at the close of the evening, surely realised that, after all their triumphs, there was no place like "home."

Four hundred and twenty pounds is no despicable sum to hand over to a charity, and this was the amount which Mr. Beerbohm Tree was happy enough to be able to announce as having been realised by the performance given at the Haymarket on Wednesday afternoon, March 7, in aid of "The House of Shelter," Waterloo Street, Commercial Road, E. This institution, a most deserving one, does an immense deal of good in an unostentatious manner; all the officials work purely disinterestedly, and receive no payment for their efforts, so that all amounts subscribed are utilised absolutely for the relief of urgent cases of necessity, and in assisting deserving poor people to emigrate or to journey to a place where work can be found. Mr. Tree had exerted himself so energetically as to provide a most attractive programme; and ever ready as they are to help in a good cause, the whole of the ladies and gentlemen who took part gave their services, as did the lessee, the theatre; and Messrs. Nathan, Clarkson, and Fox their requisites. Such generosity is worthy of record.

I can, unfortunately, only touch upon some of the good things that were set before the audience. Mr. Eric Lewis set them at once in good humour by his most amusing pianoforte sketches and songs. Then there was an event to be remembered; for Miss Florence Wood (daughter of Mrs. John Wood) made a most favourable impression at her public *début* as Miss Norcott in Mr. G. W. Godfrey's comedietta, "The Man that

Hesitates." Miss Wood inherits much of her talented parent's brightness, *verve*, and good looks, and played with grace and archness. Mr. Arthur Cecil was the gentleman, Mr. Theodore Bramble, who has such difficulty in making up his mind on any subject, and therefore, only naturally, finds the offer of his hand and heart the most trying of all to accomplish. The piece went excellently (having had a preliminary canter at the St. George's Hall on February 28); it is pleasantly written, and founded on Mrs. Hugh Bell's comedy, "L'Indecis," which was played by M. Coquelin at the Royalty last year.

The third act of "Othello" brought Mr. W. Terriss to the fore as the Moor, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree as Iago. Neither were deficient in merit, but one act of Shakespeare is not a fair test of a performer's powers. All admitted, however, that Mrs. Tree was a most charming Desdemona, and Mr. Laurence Cautley a handsome Cassio. Mrs. Bancroft next exercised her witchery as Lady Franklin in the scene with Graves from "Money." Every one was delighted to see her once again with all her attractiveness and powers of amusement undiminished. The Hon. Alexander Yorke was an excellent Graves, thoroughly humorous, and though an amateur, would have run many a professional hard. Of those who appeared in the second act of "The Critic," though all were excellent, I must mention Mr. F. Leslie's Governor of Tilbury Fort. The make-up and manner of the tragedian of the olden time were excruciatingly funny. Mr. C. Wyndham was most amusing and clever as Puff, and Miss E. Farren an unapproachable Tilburina. The audience, a very fashionable one, included the Princess Christian and the Duchess of Albany.

Sardou's "La Tosca" has been received in New York with one loud scream of indignation by the best part of the critics. This is not surprising. Robbed of the glamour of Sarah Bernhardt and her acting, such a play must stand revealed in its native horror. It is denounced as brutal, disgusting, and blasphemous into the bargain. Even the advocates of the most advanced school of realism are aghast at the shrieks of the torture-chamber and the revolting scene between La Tosca and the governor of her prison, which Mr. Barrymore asserts was cribbed bodily from his "Nadjesda."

The acting of Fanny Davenport is highly praised, but that lady has put forth a most extraordinary protest against the critical verdict that denounces these bloodthirsty, fever-stricken, plague-haunted dramas. She seriously maintains that because she has spent an enormous amount of money over the purchase and production of "La Tosca," and because she has given it to the American public exactly as it was written by Sardou, without omitting a line or altering a situation, that *therefore* the critics should have

let the play alone, and refused to comment on the false art and worse taste displayed in what, after all, is a vulgar melodrama that would have been scouted years ago at the Bower Saloon. Why on earth should Sardou and his works be exempt from criticism; and why should he alone be permitted to deluge the English-speaking stage with these dramatic monstrosities? According to the same argument, if some American manager were to have the impudence to translate *totidem verbis* the abominable comedy "Le Fiacre 117," recently produced at the Variétés, with all its disgusting allusions, the New York critics would be justified in allowing such poison to circulate because it was an exact production of De Najac and Albert Millaud. Would so admirable a lady and sincere an artist as Miss Fanny Davenport advocate the production of "Divorçons" exactly as it was written for the Palais Royal by Sardou? I really think not. But it is an interesting controversy, for Miss Davenport insists that "La Tosca" is not half so bad in moral tone as "As in a Looking Glass." The New York critics, however, do not complain of the immorality of "La Tosca," but of its brutality and nastiness. Vice is punished, but we have to wade through rivers of blood and valleys of shrieks before we arrive at La Tosca's suicide from the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo.

An adaptation of Zola's "Germinal" is in rehearsal at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris. Mdlle. Henriette Bépoix has been engaged for the *role* of "La Mouquette."

M. Edmond Audran, the composer of "La Mascotte," has supplied the music for a new piece just produced at the Nouveautés; this is described in the programme as a "fantastic comic opera," and is entitled "Le Puits qui Parle." The book, which is by MM. Alexandre Beaumont and Paul Burani, is very amusing, and M. Brasseur's theatre seems at last to have realised the success for which it has waited so long.

Preparations on a magnificent scale are being made at the Paris Opera House for the production of M. Ambroise Thomas's ballet founded on Shakespeare's "Tempest." A large ship which will advance nearly to the footlights is being constructed on a singularly novel plan.

The Philothespian Club has done very excellent work in its time. It is one of the best known and admirably conducted amateur societies in London, it has contributed large sums of money to innumerable deserving charities, and from its ranks have gone forth to the professional world many actors and actresses who now hold a leading position on the English stage. Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. B. Webster, and

his clever sister, Miss Webster, Mr. Sant Matthews, and many others who could be mentioned, were Philothespians, and thus the Club has become the training ground for artists of the first class, who have now no school in the provinces and no stock companies in which to practise.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1888, the Philothespian Club celebrated at the St. George's Hall its 100th performance, and from what I saw on that occasion there are many present members of the Society who could, if they so liked, take a very prominent position on the stage, for they have been well taught, trained, and are in constant practice. The programme was a miscellaneous one. In the second act of Byron's "Old Soldiers" I specially admired the Cassidy of Mr. Frederic Upton, an excellent and touching personation, the Lionel Leveret of Mr. Herbert Linford, and the Kate McTavish of Miss Kate Thrupp. In the second act of "Still Waters Run Deep," Mr. F. Sherbrooke was a somewhat tragic John Mildmay, but he has a style as clear and incisive as Mr. Archer, an actor he very much resembles in manner. Mr. Charles Myers made a capital Hawksley, and Mr. Henry Stacke was really admirable as Dunbilk, the best I have seen for many a day. The second act of Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" was the welcome surprise of the evening. Miss Houliston's Galatea was a really charming performance, graceful, tender, and sympathetic, and few amateurs, I should say, could compete with Miss Margaret Brandon as Cynisca, a personation that roused the audience to enthusiasm. This young lady, with her refined manner, her striking face, her beautiful voice, and her graceful attitudes, is an actress of remarkable power, and she shows, as so few Cyniscas do, that she has a woman's heart that throbs with sympathy, and a woman's nature that resents an injury. Mr. Gordon Taylor made a very intelligent Pygmalion, speaking his lines—as Miss Brandon did—admirably, and though of course Daphne's best scene comes in the last act, Mrs. Lennox Browne made an excellent wife to a Chrysos who would have been better for a little more study. A most interesting performance of the third act of "Richelieu" brought forward Mr. Henry A. Stacke as the Cardinal, and it was a very clever attack of a difficult character. His elocutionary method is excellent. Mr. Gordon Taylor was successful as De Mauprat. Miss Hilda Abinger made a handsome Julie, and proved herself a competent actress.

At the supper given afterwards, to which Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Webster, and other old members and guests were invited, I have seldom heard better post-prandial oratory than came from Mr. Henry Stacke, the Vice-President, and Mr. Herbert Canning, the President of the Society. In style, taste, ease, and discretion Mr. Canning's speech was a model of what after-dinner speaking should be. A memorable evening was spent in the usual convivial manner, with songs by Mr. Hayden Coffin—he was in delightful voice—and recitations from innumerable clever people. Good luck to the Philothespians!

Mr. John Hare has secured the English rights in the most successful farce produced in Paris for many months. This piece, "Les Surprises du Divorce," which is now playing at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, is the joint production of M. Alexandre Bisson, an experienced playwright, and M. Antony Mars, whose first essay this is in dramatic literature. A curious case in the Courts struck M. Mars as containing the elements of a comic play, which he instantly proceeded to roughly construct. But the laws that protect and bind together dramatic authors in France practically prevent an untried author from procuring a hearing unless he collaborates with a member of the French Dramatic Authors' Society. No author can enjoy the rights and privileges of the society until he has had five acts produced at the recognised theatres—it matters not whether as a five-act play or in five plays of one act each. The benefit of the system of collaboration in France has often been discussed, and cannot be too frequently insisted upon; for there can be no doubt that the more frequent successes achieved in France than in England, especially by farcical pieces, are due to this cause. It is no uncommon thing for as many as four authors to assist in the building of one farce, although perhaps only two names are publicly announced; and, as a general rule, the multiplicity of counsellors has the happiest of results. Not only do French playwrights thoroughly believe in the dictum that two heads are better than one, they go further than this, and consider that four heads are better than two. There is an *esprit de corps* among the dramatists of France that unfortunately is not always displayed by their brethren on this side of the channel.

The story of "Les Surprises du Divorce" is extremely simple, and the authors have succeeded in stamping their characters with strongly-marked individuality. Henri Duval is a perfect type of a good fellow—a *brave garçon*, as the French say—full of good humour, of a sunny, cheerful disposition; his only fault is an ineradicable belief in himself as a great composer. He has absolute faith in his own genius, but unfortunately for his peace of mind neither his wife, Diane, nor his mother-in-law, Madame Bonivard, have the same views on the subject. He is everlastingly composing, only to discover that his music is strangely familiar; now it recalls the refrain of the latest comic song being whistled in the streets, and again presents a startling resemblance to well-known *morceaux* from Meyerbeer or Gounod. His melancholy reflection invariably is, "C'est bien comme ce que je viens de trouver-la!" He is perpetually haunted by the thought, "Supposing my mother-in-law should be right, and I am *not* a genius!" adding, with a tinge of regret in his tone, "That would astonish me!" But the overpowering presence of Madame Bonivard becomes at last unbearable, and he is determined to get rid of her. How? is the perplexing question. She is an *ex-danseuse*, about sixty years of age, with the petulant and exacting coquetry of a woman of forty. She never tires of

expatiating on her former glory ; has been photographed in the costumes of Giselle and La Sylphide, and delights in dancing before her son-in-law the *pas* in which she used to storm the town. *En passant*, would not this character admirably suit Mrs. John Wood ?—she would simply revel in it ! Her daughter, Diane, is a colourless, lazy, languishing, insipid woman, with few capabilities of making her husband happy or of managing her house. With the aid of her mother, indeed, she succeeds in making Henri's life intolerable, and he is usually left to console himself with his art : “ L'art me sauve, l'art seul ! Si je n'avais pas l'art qu'est ce que je deviendrais.” Diane does not even profess to love her husband, and she would be quite ready to listen to the gallant proposals of Champeaux, his intimate friend, but Champeaux is a rich youth who boasts of himself continually as “ a man of honour,” a true Parisian type. Bourgameuf, a retired chemist and a widower, whose acquaintance Henri Duval has made at a concert, is possessed of a pretty daughter, whom he wants to get off his hands, and these complete the cast.

The complications of the plot are unravelled with great ingenuity. The first act is remarkably bright and spirited. At the outset we get into the heart of the story and the troubles of the Duval household, and see them culminate in a quarrel between the husband and the mother-in-law. The wife, interfering, accidentally receives a blow, and she leaves the house, threatening proceedings for divorce. Two years elapse, and in the second act we find that Duval has married again. Determined this time not to be bored and burdened with a mother-in-law, he has chosen Gabrielle, the druggist's daughter, for his second wife. They have been married a year when the curtain rises ; he is happy and comfortable ; his father-in-law is absent, having gone on a prolonged voyage, but is daily expected to return. He comes, and to the astonishment of his daughter, and the horror of his son-in-law, introduces to them a wife. This turns out to be no other than the divorced Diane, and with her, of course, is her inevitable mother, Madame Bonivard. So Duval's ex-wife becomes his own mother-in-law, and he literally gets two mothers-in-law instead of one. When the poor man exclaims, “ I got a divorce in order not to have a mother-in-law, and now I have two of them ! ” the house shakes with laughter. The scene when Duval learns this fact is irresistibly comic. Madame Bonivard as the mother-in-law's mother is more redoubtable, more terrible than ever. After two such strong acts it might be feared that the fun would flag in the third. But no ; the authors strike out new ground. Duval is determined to get rid of his mother-in-law, and, with this view, is resolved to procure a divorce between Mons. and Madame Bourgameuf. The retiring Champeaux assists him. He urges Champeaux to make love to Diane, greatly to the surprise of that “ man of honour,” who, not knowing the new relationships between the various characters, imagines that Duval is encouraging an intrigue with his wife ! Finally, there is a second divorce, and Diane marries Champeaux.

Like all the great successes at the Vaudeville—"Le Proces Vauradieux," "Clara Soleil," "Le Voyage d'Agrement," and others—no money has been spent upon the mounting. The *piece* makes the success. "Les Surprises du Divorce" overflows with mirth, and is played with such spirit that this quick and spontaneous gaiety is instantly communicated to the audience. The laughter that follows the delivery of lines that sparkle with wit, or the discovery of each amusing and disconcerting complication of the story, is most sincere. The piece is intensely comic, without ever being either absurd or vulgar; it is full of joyous movement from first to last, and is the perfection of clever buffoonery, while the keen and exact observation of character raises it far above most pieces of its class. The interpretation throughout is excellent. In addition to M. Joly, Madame Daynes-Grassot as Madame Bonivard, M. Boisselot as Bourgameuf, and Mesdemoiselles Celine and Marguerite Caron as Duval's two wives, are admirable. All Paris will flock to see "Les Surprises du Divorce."

"The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" was revived at the Olympic Theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 15, by the Browning Society. It was originally produced forty-five years ago, on February 11, 1843, with Miss Helen Faucit as Mildred Tresham, Mrs. Stirling as Guendolen, Mr. Phelps as Lord Tresham, and Mr. James Anderson as Henry Earl Mertoun. It was played some years after at Sadler's Wells, with Phelps in his original character, and Miss Cooper and Miss Huddart, and has formed part of Mr. Lawrence Barrett's *répertoire* in America. Like most of Mr. Robert Browning's plays, the one under notice is more fitted for enjoyment in the study than for production on the stage. Beautiful as is the poetry, and excellently as the lines may be delivered, they weary in representation. But little fault could be found with the cast on Thursday. Miss Alma Murray's style is thoroughly suited to combat the difficulties of the verse entrusted to her, and as Mildred Tresham she gained another triumph by her refined and pathetic impersonation. Mr. C. J. Fulton acquitted himself admirably as Thorold Tresham, and Mr. F. Rodney acted with much power and feeling as Mertoun. Miss Alexis Leighton displayed intelligence, but was not quite at her best as Guendolen. Mr. B. Webster as Austin Tresham and Mr. G. R. Foss as Gerard completed the cast. In relation to Mr. Robert Browning's dramas, Mr. W. Davenport Adams contributed a very pithy article, "Browning on the Stage," to "Court and Society" of the 14th March.

From Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's work, "Charles Dickens and the Stage," "a record of his connection with the drama as playwright, actor, and critic" (George Redway, York Street, W.C.), there is in concise form an amount of matter from which much may be learnt by the many readers of the great novelist's works. Although the author has the greatest respect and

admiration for Dickens and his genius, he has not allowed it to bias his judgment on many points, more particularly as to the weakness of his earlier dramatic productions. There are three capital illustrations—Mr. Henry Irving as “Jingle,” Mr. J. L. Toole as “The Artful Dodger,” and Miss Jennie Lee as “Jo.”

In “Game,” the new play produced for the first time at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on March 9, “Richard Henry” has proved that his pen can not only do good and very amusing work in the shape of burlesque and farce, but can write excellent comedy. A correspondent writes me that though the piece had to contend against insufficient preparation, some delay in the raising of the curtain and some tedious waits, it was received with every sign of approval, and that “the audience were generous in their applause.” “Game” was written specially for Miss Jennie Lee, who played the principal part, that of “Johnnie Irish,” a bright happy-go-lucky son of the Emerald Isle, through whose agency the evil-doers are brought to justice and everyone is made happy. It is a totally different part to “Jo,” with which Miss Lee’s name is so associated, and in it she displays a vein of comic humour that does credit to her versatile powers. Mr. J. P. Burnett is also fitted with an excellent character in Gaggs, a comedian, to which he does full justice. The dialogue is very good, the interest well maintained, and the different incidents of the plot, which is cleverly worked out, are natural and melodramatic.

The February part of “Men and Women of the Day” (Richard Bentley and Son) has reached me, and maintains the high promise of the first number. The portraits of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., are excellent likenesses, and are of that quality that we look for as proceeding from Mr. Barraud’s studio. The biographical sketches, too, are wonderfully exhaustive for the space at the editor’s command.

The Whittington Dramatic Society gave a very good performance of “An Unequal Match,” Tom Taylor’s three-act comedy, at the St. George’s Hall, on March 3, and were quite up to their usual standard of excellence. Mr. W. T. Clark carried off the palm as Blenkinsop, Mr. Walter Barnard gave a good sketch of Sir Sowerby Honeywood, and Messrs. S. Smith and D. W. Sims proved themselves equal to the occasion as Captain L. Chillingham and Boerhave Botcherby. The amateurs had the aid of the Hon. Lady Cadogan as Miss Leech (a character that was exceedingly well rendered), and the professional assistance of Miss Ivan Bristowe, who was a fascinating but rather too cultivated Hester Grazebrook in the earlier scenes, of Miss Edith Garthorne, who made an inimitable Bessy Hebblethwaite, and of Miss Emilie de Witte, who represented the affected Mrs. Topham Montessor well.

On the same evening "The Last Straw," a domestic drama in one act, by Mr. C. H. Dickinson (a member of the Society), was played for the first time. It possessed a fair amount of merit, and turns on the fortunes, or rather evil fortunes, of Charles Travers, a gentleman on good family who is so reduced as to use his knowledge of the violin as the means of obtaining a livelihood. He is compelled at last to part even with his instrument, and fearing that he will become a burden on the future household of George Adams, a young working engineer, who is going to marry his daughter Nelly, the old man takes, as he fancies, poison, but his death is prevented by a rather clumsy device, brought about through the agency of Chips, a crippled boy, and when Travers returns to consciousness it is to find that he is the heir to a baronetcy and a good fortune. The success of the piece was certainly owing principally to Miss Lilian Gillmore's sympathetic and artless acting as Nelly Travers, and of Miss Edith Garthorne as the good-hearted grateful cripple Chips. Mr. W. T. Clark had a thankless part as Charles Travers: it is too lachrymose, and wants relief, but he struggled bravely against its difficulties. Mr. Frank Bacon was manful and sincere as George Adams.

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 14 and 15, the St. Swithin's Amateur Dramatic Club gave their annual performances at the Novelty. "The Guvnor" was capitably acted all round. Foremost amongst the performers was Mr. E. C. Silverthorne, whose Mr. Macclesfield was worthy of a professional. His gruff manner when in his own home with his family, the deafness that makes him misunderstand everything addressed to him, and his subsequent joviality when he has secured a rich son-in-law, were admirably assumed. Messrs. W. F. Lee and G. Kirchner were excellent as the elder and younger Butterscotch; the latter's stutter was not overdone and was very amusing. Mr. F. C. Althaus was a little too self-conscious as Theodore Macclesfield, Mr. C. Wall gave a lifelike representation of the bewildered Gregory, and Mr. T. G. Ledger was very droll as The Mactoddy. Mrs. F. H. Macklin made much of the small part of Aurelia. Miss Adela Measor was a captivating Kate, Miss Lilian Gillmore a charmingly natural Carrie, and Miss Florence Haydon good as Mrs. Macclesfield. The stage management was beyond reproach, thanks to Mr. Stephen Caffrey, under whose direction the comedy and "His own Enemy," which was the first piece, were produced.

A fresh band of amateurs has sprung up under the title of "The Private Banks Dramatic and Musical Society," and they gave their first performance at the Novelty, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. It was rather a high flight to try their wings with "As You Like It," but they were fortunate enough to secure Mrs. F. H. Macklin for their Rosalind, and a most artistic rendering she gave of the character, full of vivacity and archness, with just those tender touches that so beautify the conception, and the

dash of manliness that the "doublet and hose" require, and in which Mrs. Macklin looked very handsome. But even her aid could make nothing of Orlando. Mr. R. Ord evidently fancied he was playing a light comedy part in a modern comedy, and appeared quite satisfied that *his* reading was correct. Taking the names as they stand in the programme, I must compliment Mr. W. F. Rawles on not only being a good wrestler as Charles, but on the delivery of his lines, and Mr. W. Howard Revell on his dignity and kindness as the banished Duke. Mr. F. E. Langworth, who has a most charming and cultivated voice, as Amiens, was encored in his songs. Mr. J. W. Williams, as Jaques, missed the kindly cynicism of the character; he was too bluff, and almost genial. Mr. W. T. Cope was a most humorous Touchstone, and marked the difference between a Shakespearean clown and low comedy. To him, too, was due the excellent stage management, which was a labour of love, not profit. Mr. W. F. Lee's Adam was wonderfully good. Miss Lilian Gillmore was not only sweet and graceful as Celia, but knows how to utter blank verse, and Miss Kate Osborne entered into the spirit of the wench Audrey. The glees formed some of the most enjoyable features of the evening, so excellently were they sung by the musical portion of the Society. Taken as a whole, the performance spoke well for the capabilities of the club in less arduous undertakings.

The Folly Dramatic Club, which is principally composed of members of the late Victoria Rifles Dramatic Club, is fortunate enough to have in its ranks, in the person of Mr. E. W. Bowles, a gentleman gifted with considerable talent as a writer of burlesques, a talent which he utilises in order to provide original material for his colleagues to work upon, and show what ability they possess. His most recent production is called "Troy Again," and deals ostensibly with the siege of Ilium and the love of Paris and Menelaus for Helen, but the author has not adhered at all closely to the Homeric legend, which is connected with his work by but a very slender thread. The chief merit in the burlesque lies in the humorous topical songs and dialogue, and the well-arranged and tasteful dances to which the author and Mr. Merton Clark have added pretty and catching airs. The Folly Club may be congratulated upon their acting—which, except in the case of the Priam, was full of spirit and humour—their graceful dancing, and excellent singing. Mr. G. A. Strafford, who was a fine manly representative of the Spartan King, sang with great taste and expression; he has an exceptionally powerful and well-cultivated baritone voice, which is far too good to be wasted upon amateur burlesque. Mr. H. S. Ram and Mr. J. P. Egginton were very amusing indeed as Paris and Hector. Mr. Herbert Walther was most attractive in appearance as Helen, and played with grace and ease. Mr. M. H. Cotton's dancing was as good as ever, but he acted in a too self-assertive manner in a comic female part, overdoing some of his scenes.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from February 22 to March 15, 1888 :—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

- Feb. 22.* "The Lady of Lyons." Bulwer Lytton. *Matinée*. Globe.
- „ 23. "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," new play in four acts, dramatised by Arthur Law and F. Hume, from the novel of that name. *Princess's*.
- „ 23. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," new comedy in three acts, adapted by Mr. E. V. Seebohm, from Mrs. F. H. Burnett's story. *Matinée*. *Prince of Wales's*.
- „ 25. "Katti, the Family Help," domestic farce in three acts, by Charles S. Fawcett (suggested by Meilhac's "Gotte"). *Strand*.
- „ 25. "Through the Fire," comedietta in one act, by W. Lestocq and Yorke Stephens. *Strand*.
- „ 25. "Fifty Years After," drama in prologue and three acts, adapted by Herr Albert Alberg, from "Efter Femtis' Ar," by the Swedish dramatist, Z. Topelius. *St. George's Hall*.
- „ 25. "The Land of Gold," drama in six acts, by George Lander. *Elephant and Castle*.
- „ 28. "The Man that Hesitates," adapted by G. W. Godfrey from Mrs. Hughes Bell's "L'Indécis." *St. George's Hall*.
- „ 27.* "L'Etourdi," comedy in five acts. *French Plays, Royalty*.
- „ 29.* "David Garrick," by T. W. Robertson. *Criterion*.
- Mar. 3. "The Last Straw," original domestic drama in one act, by C. H. Dickinson. *St. George's Hall*.
- „ 5.* "Alone in London," drama, by Robert Buchanan and Harriett Jay. *Sanger's*.
- „ .* "Le Deputé de Bombignac." *French Plays, Royalty*.
- „ 5.* "Chamillac." *French Plays, Royalty*.
- „ 5.* "In the Ranks." *Surrey*.
- „ 6. "The Power of Love," new drama in four acts, adapted by Henrietta Lindley from Mrs. Panton's novel "A Tangled Chain." *Matinée*. *Prince of Wales's*.
- „ 7. "The Don," new comedy in three acts, written by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. *Toole's*.
- „ 8.* "Christina," romantic drama, by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient. *Olympic*.
- „ 10. "Fallen among Thieves," new drama in a prologue and four acts, by W. E. Morton. *Elephant and Castle*.
- „ 12. "Pat, the Irish Lancer," original Irish drama. *Sadler's Wells*.
- „ .* "Le Mariage de Figaro." *French Plays, Royalty*.
- „ 15. "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," drama in three acts, by Robert Browning, acted by the Browning Society. *Matinée*. *Olympic*.

In the Provinces from February 15 to March 12, 1888 :—

- Feb. 16. "Bootle's Baby," play in four acts, adapted by Hugh Moss from

- John Strange Winter's story of the same name. Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.
- Feb. 20. "Kismet," drama in four acts, by J. Wilton Jones. Theatre Royal, Hull.
- „ 20. "Vultures," drama in four acts, by B. Landeck. Star Theatre, Wolverhampton.
- „ 27. "Lily," drama in three acts. Royal Opera House, Leicester.
- „ 27. "A Month After Date," comedy-drama in one act, by Silvanus Dauncey. Royal County Theatre, Reading.
- Mar. 2. "A Handsome Apology," original comedietta, written by Andrew Longmuir. Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.
- „ 5. "Conspiracy," new drama in five acts, written by J. Beamul. Royal Princess's, Glasgow.
- „ 5. "The Golden Goblin," original drama, written by Frank Marryat. Theatre Royal, Croydon.
- „ 9. "Game," new drama in four acts, by "Richard Henry." Royalty Theatre, Glasgow.
- „ 10. "On the Verge," new comedy-drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Edwin France and Fred Dobell. Matinée. Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton.
- „ 12. "Streak o' Sunshine," a musical novelty. Produced at the Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth.

 PARIS.

(From Feb. 12, 1888, to March 16, 1888.)

- Feb. 27.* "Princesse Georges," comedy in three acts, by Alexandre Dumas fils.
- „ 28. "Les Noces de Mdlle Gamache," farce in three acts, by MM Raymond and Ordonneau. Palais Royal.
- „ 29. "La Demoiselle de Belleville," farcical comedy in three acts, adapted by MM. Nuittier and Beaumont from the novel of Paul de Kock, with musical accompaniments by M. Millocker. Folies Dramatiques.
- Mar. 2. "Les Surprises du Divorce," farcical comedy in three acts, by MM. Alexandre Bisson and Antony Mars. Vaudeville.
- „ 10. "Le Mari de ma femme," farcical comedy in three acts, by Paul d'Ivoi. Dejazet.
- „ 15. "Le Puits qui Parle," fantastic opera-comique in three acts and six tableaux, by Alexandre Beaumont and Paul Burani, music by Edmond Audran. Nouveautés.
- „ 16. "Docteur Jojo," vaudeville in three acts, by Albert Carré. Cluny.

THE THEATRE.

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Some Personal Reminiscences of E. A. Sothern.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

AS I sit down to write these recollections of one of the most original and popular actors of recent days, the following letter, written some thirty-seven years ago, lies before me.

“Sir,—The press of business, previous to the closing of our season, has prevented my answering your note earlier, and I now write to assure you that I witnessed your performance at Weymouth with much pleasure.

“Our company for next season is complete, and from my connection with Mr. Keeley I am not quite my own master, but as I shall be *alone* in management next September, I shall be happy to hear from you about Easter time, when I will enter into communication with you respecting an engagement at my theatre.

“In the meantime I hope you will keep yourself in constant practice, without which natural talent is of little avail. I thought your actions in ‘Used Up’ *very good indeed*, but in Claude Melnotte it suggested itself to me that you occasionally ‘preached’ too much instead of giving vent to the impulse of the character. In the third act, when you brought Pauline to your mother’s cottage, you were scarcely subdued enough in your action. The head erect, with eye to eye, bespoke too much in your part the injured man rather than one who had deeply wronged another. Your entrance in the first act should have been, I think, more excited and rapid. The character of the young Frenchman should at once be developed to his audience by an exhibition of that enthusiasm consequent on his village victory which afterwards wins for him the soldier’s laurels on the field of battle. You will, I am sure, excuse my pointing out to you what struck me as errors in your conception. I would not do so but that I think you are in possession of talents that may one day work their

way in London, provided they are properly cultivated. Your faults generally were those of a novice, which practice will conquer.

“Pray accept my best wishes for your success, and hoping to hear from you at the time I have stated,

“Believe me,

“Yours truly,

“16th October, 1851.”

“CHARLES KEAN.”

The would-be actor to whom Charles Kean addressed these lines was Edward Askew Sothorn, then on the very threshold of his theatrical career, and, as a remarkably accurate summing-up of the young artist's capacities, it is surely worth preservation.

In parts such as that of Sir Charles Coldstream, Sothorn always was “very good indeed.” When, at the zenith of his fame, he again essayed the character of Claude Melnotte, even his most ardent admirers must have owned that he “preached too much.”

It is not, however, my purpose to pen more than a sketch of Sothorn's acting powers, and try to give a little fresh insight into his life, for it seems to me that in some recently published works he is merely mentioned as the impersonator of one brilliantly successful part, and as the perpetrator of many elaborate and more or less heartless practical jokes; therefore I wish, while there is yet time, to speak of him as I knew him. I knew him very intimately indeed, well enough to appreciate his merits and to understand his faults, and I found him to be one of the most tender, considerate, and warm-hearted of friends. When I first met Sothorn, the struggling Weymouth days of 1851 (though he always cherished Charles Kean's letter) were long ago past and gone; he had won his spurs on American boards, his “talents had worked their way in London,” and as Lord Dundreary of the Haymarket he was the idol of the day.

What a handsome, active, enthusiastic being he was! What outlets were necessary for his superabundant flow of animal life and spirits! The ink-pot into which I dip my pen is made out of a horse's foot, and there is inscribed upon its silver lid, “The Hoof of Blazes, the Favourite Hunter of E. A. Sothorn; killed while hunting with Baron Rothschild's Hounds.” Fox-hunting was in its turn one of Sothorn's outlets, and he took it up with an enthusiasm that was absolutely intense. The “Blazes”

incident was only one of many. "I killed 'Blazes,'" he wrote (I possess a veritable pile of his hunting letters) "with the Baron's hounds—jumped him into a road, met a cart at full trot, the old woman in it got frightened, pulled the wrong rein, and up we came—smash—crack—against each other. The result was fully eighteen inches of shaft broken off *in* the poor beast's body! I had him shot at once." Such adventures, together with the excitement and fatigue of the thing, with the Haymarket performance in the evening, must have been trying enough, but he seemed to exult in it, as witness the following. "I'd a grand day on Saturday with Heathcote's old pack. Had to take a special train from East Grinstead to Clapham Junction, got to Richmond 7.10, on the stage 7.30." Or again, "I had a clinking run yesterday, and as fast as any I ever was in. I rode a powerful six or seven year old brown Irish horse, up to fifteen stone, beautifully temperate, a lovely hack, so cocky, A1 action, fast enough for any hounds (carried me amongst the first half-dozen all the run), and a bold, grand fencer. He's been very neatly fired over the curb bones, but is as sound as a bell. I am awfully tempted to buy him, but I have already too many." And again, "As for 'The Fenian,' he's the best mover *I* ever was on, handsomer than 'Blazes' and *much* faster. Coming from a stone-wall country, the banks and ditches seemed to puzzle him a little; hedges he ignored and went bang *through* them. A rattling fall or two will cure him of that fancy. I was cautioned, "Mind he doesn't unseat you with his tremendous bounds." On the contrary, he never even moved me in the saddle—charmingly elastic—but so beautifully smooth in his action. He's up to fourteen stone, and close on thoroughbred; he blistered my groom's hands all over when merely exercising him, and it only proves how they ruin horses' mouths, for when he found he could play with his bit, and wasn't going to be worried, a child could have held him. He's worth £200. I gave £50!!! Why? He's not every one's animal." In truth, Sothern's animals (for in those days he would ride anything) were not every one's animals, and, like all really ardent sportsmen, he delighted in thinking that he had "picked up, for an old song," a valuable horse that less adventurous men would hesitate to mount. Here is an account of a hunter of this description that rejoiced in the name of "Spots."

“I hunted to-day with a swell hunting man who does the Duke of Beaufort’s regularly, went to look at his horses, &c. I asked him if he knew ‘Spots.’ He replied, ‘Rather, considering I’ve been after him for two seasons.’

“*S.* ‘What’s his character?’

“*W.* ‘The best animal in the country, temperate but bold and very fast.’

“*S.* ‘Why didn’t you buy him?’

“*W.* ‘Baillie wanted £300 for him.’

“*S.* ‘Is he worth it?’

“*W.* ‘Every penny, but it was over my figure.’

“*S.* ‘I’VE bought him!!!’

“*W.* ‘The devil you have?’

“*S.* (*nods.*)

“*W.* ‘Well I’m d——d! How on earth did you get him?’

“*S.* (*explains—and price—&c.*)

“*W.* ‘Well, I can’t account for his not selling him to some of our men. He’s losing his nerve, and “Spots” was getting too much for him, temperate as he is. You’ve got a treasure, and if you don’t like him—send him here.’”

I might go on thus quoting *ad infinitum*, but will content myself with two more extracts.

“I had a nice opportunity yesterday on ‘Blazes’ of pounding the huntsman, who looked so crestfallen that I gave him a sovereign as a sop! After this little incident the various short runs consisted of the huntsman’s trying to pound *me*. Consequently we had it *entirely* to ourselves ALL DAY, and he picked out the damnedest, baulkingest, biggest (I never could spell that word, and I’m not sure whether there oughtn’t to be two or three more b’s and g’s in it) fences he could find. He rode a grey thoroughbred, and he and ‘Blazes’ had a lively time of it.”

In 1871 Sothorn wrote from New York:—

“We remain here eight weeks, then Boston for three, Philadelphia for three, &c., &c., &c., then New York again in April, and home in May. But I must come again in December and stay a year, and then retire and

HUNT

the rest of my LIFE!!!”

This dream was never realised, and, oddly enough, in later years Sothern entirely lost his love of horses and hunting, declaring that salmon-fishing was the only sport worthy of the name. This he followed with the same eager and restless enthusiasm.

“I am going,” he writes, “to have some magnificent salmon-fishing in June and July. I have rented thirty-nine miles of the best Canadian river, and I and three friends will whip it for six or eight weeks. It is eighty miles away from civilisation. We camp out,—Indian tents, bear-shooting, rising by daybreak, going to roost 7 p.m., and leading the most primitive life possible. A friend of mine fished there last year, and the average weight of his salmon was 19lb., the smallest 8lb., the largest 39lb.

* * * *

“You’ll find them the best and handsomest rods in England. I caught a 47½lb. salmon the other day with my salmon-rod and a single gut, and my rod is precisely the same as yours.”

But Sothern was enthusiastic in small things as well as great. Here is a letter in which he speaks of a very ordinary looking blackbird which he used to keep, and make much of, in a wicker cage at his house in Harley Street. “I am glad you like the blackbird,” he writes (he was leaving on a prolonged provincial tour and had begged me to find a home for the creature), “I was very, very proud of him.” There is something refreshing in the thought that this actively engaged man, who was ever rolling two lives into one, could find time in which to be “very, very proud” of a caged and (as far as my experience of him went) songless blackbird!

Those who, like myself, knew Sothern well, will bear me out in saying that a more regular or prompt correspondent never lived. Every letter that he received was quickly answered, every application that was made to him received some response. Like every actor of note, he was plagued, almost beyond endurance, by the manuscripts of would-be dramatists. “Great heavens!” he used to say, “every fresh man that I meet has either written a play,—or wants to sell wine.” And yet, whenever he saw the least hope in the work submitted to him, he was ever full of courtesy and encouragement. “If ever,” he wrote to a

young author who had timidly submitted a small piece to him, "if ever you write a piece that I can squarely and fairly say 'go ahead with,' I'll do my very d—dest to make it a 'hit.' Get to work on it, and I'll nurse it in America and bring it back full-grown. *Nothing* would give me greater pleasure than assisting in a great success for you, only don't let me make a mistake. Frame not a pretty simple love story, let *me* tell you where the "ends of acts" come in (experience alone can smell *that*), and above all be *human* in every word you write. But 'Oh! it is so easy to advise and so difficult to do,' say you, and naturally too. It IS. Don't write for a *Star*, don't write for *me*, write for every first-class company, every part A1 in its class and proportion. All I can add is, that I'll put my whole soul and heart into it, and no one, save you, shall ever know I even suggested. Pull your head together with a *plot*, simple, natural, true to nature. Love is *love* all the world over. There is no new way of handling it, BUT a real, genuine, honest, self-sacrificing love scene would be a 'dead certainty' in its effect on old and young. *Real* hearts beat much alike; we all know that. Thousands of years ago they did,—they do now and ever will."

"Get your pieces printed," was a piece of advice that Sothern gave to unacted dramatists of more or less promise. "Tom Robertson," he wrote, "used to get all his plays kept in type, scene by scene. He said he couldn't judge the effect till he read them in type."

An admirable lesson was conveyed in this way. "Write your pieces in *telegrams*. I mean by that, that all you inexperienced authors write so much too much, and I would have you go through your speeches and sentences from a telegraphic point of view. Here, for example, is a speech that would cost half-a-crown to send along the wires. Just look through it again, and see if, with the same sense conveyed in it, you couldn't cut it down and send it for a shilling. Overhaul your pieces in this way, and, depend upon it, you will improve them. The public of to-day have got used to telegrams, and prefer them to the polite correspondence of the Richardsonian days."

Sothern carried this theory of his into practice, and was a very strong believer in the efficiency of the use of the theatrical pruning knife. The last time I saw him act (it was almost the last time that he played on English boards) a singular

and almost painful thing occurred which made him declare most emphatically that audiences cared little or nothing about dialogue, and that the more a piece was "cut" the better would be its chances of success. The play of the evening was "David Garrick." Sothern was so nervous, ill, worried, and unhappy, that (to those who knew it) it seemed almost impossible that he would get through the evening. He did very well, however, carrying the house (and a crowded house it was) with him as usual, until the final act, when, kneeling by the side of the yielding Ada Ingot, Garrick has to tell the touching story of his early life, of his parents' objection to his choice of a profession, of his disobedience to their wishes, of his triumph as an actor, and of his continued remorse for his mother's broken heart. "Ada," began poor Sothern, "I had a mother once,—I had a mother once;" he then looked vaguely round the house, and, to those who knew him and his then state of health, it was clear that the words had left him. The voice of the prompter was heard; Ada, with her averted face half hidden in her handkerchief, endeavoured to give him the missing lines; but it was of no avail, the words were hopelessly, irretrievably gone. "I had a mother once," he repeated, and then with a sigh, cutting the Gordian knot, he concluded by giving the final words of the speech—"My mother was dead. Her tears weigh upon me yet." The audience applauded, and, all else going well, "David Garrick" came to its usual brilliant termination. Smoking his cigar that night, Sothern asked me if I had noticed the *contretemps*. I could not say no, but, anxious that he should not distress himself about it, I told him that I did not think that it could have been observed by those who were not very familiar with the play. "Observed!" he said, "but I should think it *was* observed! Why, the scene never went so well. It was a chance cut, but it was a good one. 'I had a mother once;—my mother is dead.' That is all that the public want. They don't care to be troubled about such inane details as Garrick's becoming a famous actor and drawing a big salary, or with the old lady's inconsistent broken-heartedness. 'I had a mother once;—my mother is dead.' That sums up everything; it's all the public want, and it's all that in future they'll ever get from *me* in the last act of 'Garrick.'"

Speaking of this play reminds me that I was present at its first

performance. This was given, tentatively, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham; and after it was over, Sothern, who was always keenly anxious about his new parts, and rarely satisfied with his own performances, emphatically declared that the whole thing was a failure, and, as far as he was concerned, would never be heard of again. Luckily his own judgment was overruled by that of his friends and advisers, and, next to Dundreary, Garrick became his most successful impersonation.

But a second Dundreary part was the thing for which Sothern always longed, and at which he continually aimed—a part which he could really “create” and build up, and call his own. Many were his efforts in this direction, but not one was genuinely successful, and one, at least, was (in London) an absolute failure. Of “Home,” at the Haymarket, he was not at all sanguine, for in it he had not a part after his own heart; but concerning it he wrote, “‘Home’ is a great success, every one giving me far more praise in the part than I deserve. I played so nervously the first night that I fully expected a cutting-up in the papers. However the public is satisfied, and I always acknowledge the verdict it gives *pro* or *con*.”

Here, however, was the hope of better things. “I’ve a *great* part (I expect another Dundreary success) in my next piece, which I shall try in Birmingham.” This part was Sir Simon Simple in H. J. Byron’s “Not such a Fool as he looks.” He did try it in Birmingham, and, wonderfully made up, in a wig so flaxen that it was almost white, and presenting a clean-shaven and boyish face, scored a splendid first-night success. According to his wont, however, he was dissatisfied and wanted both part and piece altered. “Byron demands Sir Simon Simple back again,” he wrote a few weeks later on. “I’m not sorry, though it’s a lot of work thrown away.” How Byron himself made the part popular in London every one knows; and subsequently Sothern recognised the fact that he had thrown away a chance. Again he wrote, “I am about to produce another comedy, ‘Birth,’ by Tom Robertson. I’ve much faith in it,—a pretty plot, and my part peculiar and original.” This he played in several provincial towns, and the audiences heartily endorsed his privately expressed opinion; but, although after the first performance he telegraphed, “Birth a genuine HIT!” he again suffered from want of confidence,

and, as far as I know, he never played this "peculiar and original part" in London.

The London failure to which I have alluded was "The Crushed Tragedian," otherwise known as "The Prompter's Box," of H. J. Byron. This also (after a great American success) he "tried" in Birmingham, and the keenness of his disappointment at the Haymarket must have been terribly aggravated by the enthusiasm with which his performance had been on the previous night received by the provincial playgoers. Before he stepped on to the Birmingham boards he was doubtful about it. "It was a great hit in America," he said, "but the question is how it will be received in England." The Midlanders, at least, were not slow to answer the question. The house was packed, the reception of Fitzaltamont, in his wonderful dress and make-up, was immense, and the piece and performance were received with boisterous acclamation. The judicious, however, shook their heads, and it was a significant fact that in the leading local paper of the next day there was no notice of "The Crushed Tragedian." When the performance was over I went round to see Sothern and to take him home. "He has just gone," said the stage-door keeper, "and he told me to tell you that you would find him" (giving me a card) "at this address." Knowing that he had not had time to change his dress, I thought at first that he was playing me one of his notorious and never-ending practical jokes, but finding that he was not in his dressing-room I went to the place named, and there I found him, close on midnight, in all the travesty of "The Crushed Tragedian," as "The Mammoth Comique," being photographed under the glare of the electric light. It was a curious sight, and one that I am unlikely to forget—the wonderfully painted and disguised face, the gaudy and exaggerated costume, the carefully studied pose, and the eager and excited interest of the sitter! With this quaint companion I returned to the theatre that he might change his dress, and over his after-supper cigar that night he became almost deliciously enthusiastic. "I have got my second Dundreary success," he declared. "I didn't know how 'Fitz' would go in England, and, mark me, this means five hundred nights at the Haymarket!" Full of assurance he left me the next day for London; in the evening "The Crushed Tragedian"

was produced at the Haymarket, and—well, the fate of that version of Byron's play is a matter of theatrical history.

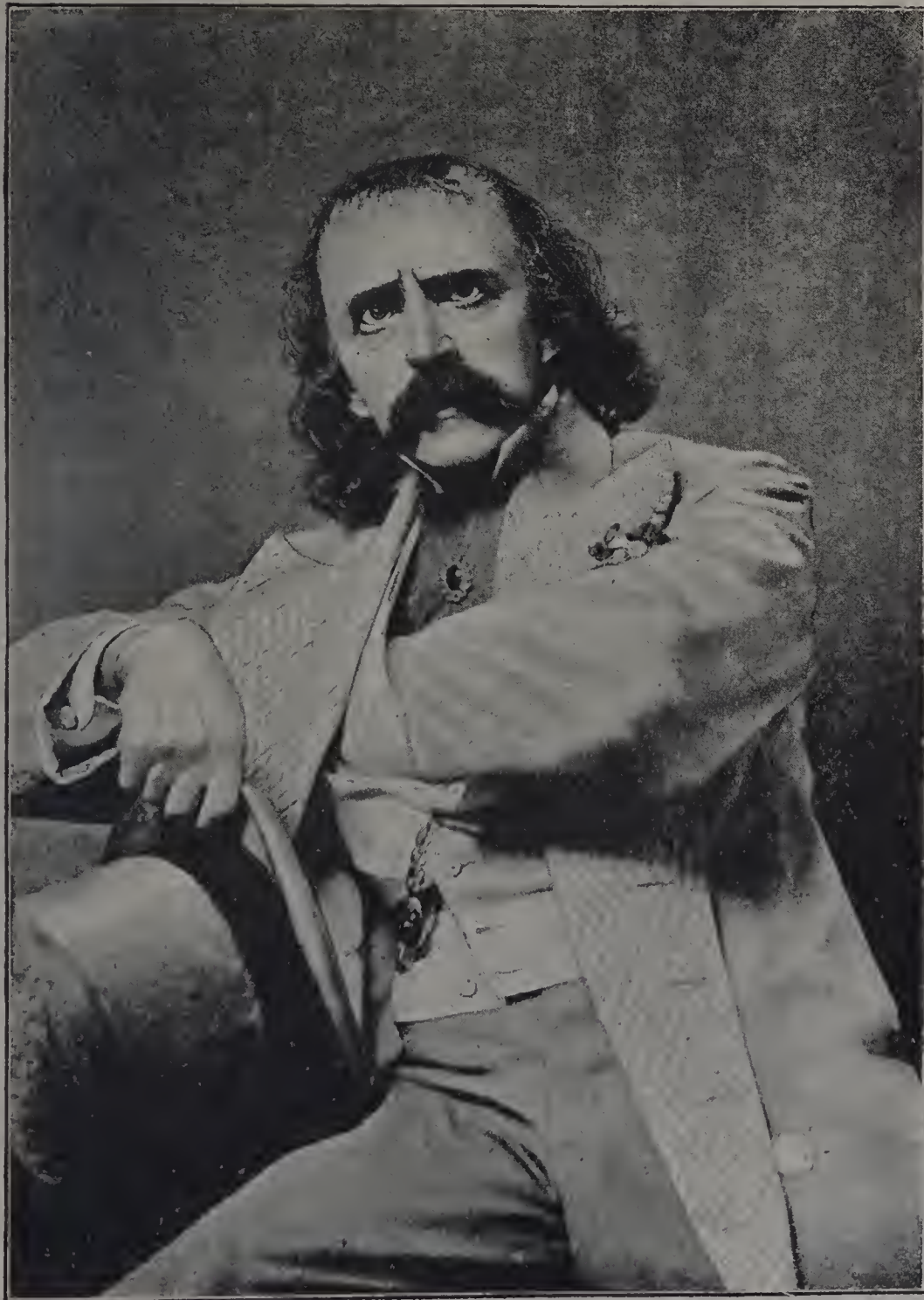
The next day he wrote, "An organised system to d——n the piece. Rows of hissers! We'll see who'll win!"

We know now who won, and I fear that the loss of that game told heavily on poor Sothern's heart. It is not for me to defend, in the face of abler critics, "The Crushed Tragedian," but I think that all who saw the impersonation will allow that it contained many touches by no means unworthy of the creator of "Dundreary." It was, however, "caviare to the general," and, as a matter of consequence, failed to attract.

For obvious reasons I only make mention in this small chapter of theatrical history of pieces that Sothern either first "tried" in country towns, or never played in London. His Haymarket achievements are known to all lovers of the stage.

Of new pieces, and ideas for new pieces, his busy brain was always full. Dundreary shown under new conditions was always with him a favourite notion, and I once heard him say, with a half laugh, after nervously thrashing out a number of ideas in this connection, "'Dundreary's Funeral' wouldn't be a bad title, would it?" There was to be a piece called "The Founder of the Family," in which the father of Dundreary and his brother Sam were to be introduced to the public. The manuscript of this play is in existence, and the idea of it is excellent. The "Founder" is depicted as a kind-hearted, aristocratic Englishman, absolutely without a memory—an elaborated and altogether whimsical, but always gentlemanly, Mr. Gatherwool. I believe that Mr. E. H. Sothern intends to try this piece in America; he possesses much of his father's peculiar talent and method, and I hope and believe that he will succeed in it. In a piece that was written for (but never acted by) his father by Messrs. Robert Reece and Maddison Morton, and the title of which has been altered from "Trade" to "The Highest Bidder," he has already won fame and fortune.

Sothern always very much regretted that he had not had the chance of creating the character of Cheviot Hill in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's excruciatingly funny comedy "Engaged." "It is what I have been waiting for for years," he declared; "it would have fitted me like a glove." Few playgoers who remember Sothern's quaint method, and bear in mind Gilbert's ingeniously conceived



E. A. SOTHERN IN "THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN."

character, will in this instance doubt his judgment. In Cheviot Hill he would very likely have found his "second Dundreary success." But for ill-health he would have played the part in New York, and, knowing that Americans have no associations with the "Cheviot Hills," he proposed to alter the name of the character to "The Marquis of Piccadilly." The last work upon which I saw Sothern engaged was the study of the play specially written for him by Mr. Gilbert, entitled "Foggerty's Fairy." When this piece was produced by Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion it did not prove a great attraction, but I, who heard Sothern read it, and was thus able to understand his grasp of a very peculiar character, believe that in his hands it would have been a striking success. His carefully marked copy of the play is before me now.



Stage Pageant.

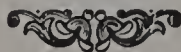
BY R. K. H.

WE are far removed from the time when Thespis acted his plays in a cart without scenery of any kind, save that provided by the hand of Nature—the mountains, the island-studded sea, and the groves of olive. At the present time no piece will go down without elaborate set scenes, laboriously built up to represent something which appears natural only to the eye of the man whose notions of nature are derived from studying it as represented on the stage. There must be rooms in the houses of moderately well-to-do citizens furnished with a gorgeousness which could only be met with in the mansion of a millionaire, and our actresses must wear costumes so magnificent that the majority of self-respecting women in private life would not look at, much less put on. For whose benefit is all this? Not for the manager's, whose bill for the production of a new piece is thereby doubled; not for the author's, who has to take care that each of his acts requires only a single set, and who in consequence is put to all manner of shifts in his efforts to reconcile with probability the appearance of his

characters in places and under circumstances where in real life they would never be seen; certainly not for the intelligent playgoers, whose one desire is to see a good play well acted, and whose eye is offended by a burden of scenery which tends to distract his attention from the plot and the acting, while his ear is vexed by the "how sweetly pretty" of those who visit a theatre merely to get away from the boredom of an evening at home, and who understand as much of the merits of the play and the actors as they do of quaternions. This winter I have for the first time for some years visited sundry pantomimes. Now a pantomime was in my youth a form of entertainment to which children were taken to be amused, and by which they *were* amused. I can remember how I laughed when I saw "The Golden Goose" and "The Man in the Moon," and how the hundreds of other children present laughed too; and yet I suppose the scenery with which they were given would not now be thought good enough for a second-rate theatre in a third-rate town, while the dresses and appointments would only be considered fit to be taken to a rag shop. Still children laughed in those days, and now they do not; and, after all, the *raison d'être* of a pantomime is to produce laughter. The wealth of display in the endless processions and marchings to and fro, the crowds of more or less beautiful young women in gorgeous costumes, the long ballets danced by girls, many of whom seem to have but the slightest notion that dancing should be graceful, and that the carriage of the body and the movements of the arms are as necessary—if not more necessary to graceful dancing than the movements of the legs. Why these niggers and acrobats and topical song singers, all of whom can be seen so much more comfortably and to so much greater advantage in any music hall? Two-thirds of these melancholy-producing items seem to be introduced simply to give time to the stage carpenter to build up a new set, to serve as a background to a fresh display of unnecessary magnificence and graceless posturing. It is high time that some protest should be raised against all this useless spectacle, which simply serves to bolster up pieces which without it would never hold their place on the stage for a week, and which do not deserve to hold it for a day; and while the pieces at some houses are merely pegs upon which to hang scenery and dresses, some dramatic

criticisms, as the "St. James's Gazette" rightly observes, sound like extracts from the "Journal des Modes." To read them one would think that the dressing of a part was everything, the interpretation of it nothing. Of course there must be, or at any rate there must be supposed to be, some reason for all this extra splendour and spectacular display. "It fills the house," say its defenders, "there's money in it." But I very much doubt whether it does not keep as many people out of the house as it brings into it. Not unfrequently of late have I heard young people of an age, when to me at any rate pantomime was a delight, say, "Oh, I don't want to be taken to the pantomime. It is so dull." Well, when the children do not go, papa and mamma do not go either. Will no one try a good old-fashioned pantomime with a short introduction—I won't insist upon its being in dumb show, wonderfully comic as are these dumb-show introductions acted by competent pantomimists,—a moderately long harlequinade with plenty of alarums and excursions, street rows, red-hot poker, and the like, and a transformation scene at the end instead of in the middle, so that those who do not care for spectacle may get away without losing any part of the performance which is of genuine interest? I mean that the hot poker and all that may still be found in modern pantomime, but I must confess I was so bored before the harlequinade commenced that, along with very many others, I made my escape after the transformation scene. If, however, it should turn out that to fill one of the great homes of pantomime gorgeous dresses and magnificent scenery are essential, while wit, delicate fancy, and pantomimic capacity are mere surplusage, surely this is not so with the serious drama. There, at least, good acting and a good piece will fill the house and hold the audience, whatever the scenery may be and however modest the dresses. A thousand-guinea mantle cannot heighten the effect of the acting of a Sarah Bernhardt, though it may distract the attention of the spectator, and so make him miss some delicate touch which would otherwise not have escaped him. Within the last six months I have been to many *matinées*. Three of them, at least, have been well worth going to, both on account of the excellence of the play and the goodness of the acting. Yet at one of them the scenery was ludicrously inadequate, and at the two others both scenery

and dresses were of a very modest description. And yet I do not suppose that any one present at any one of these performances ever gave a thought to the scenery or dresses. The pieces were interesting, the acting excellent,—what more could anyone want? And, indeed, no one did want anything more. Of course, I do not say that the scenery is of no importance. It does give one a shock to see an act of “Othello” played in the Crescent at Bath. But then incongruity distracts the attention as much as too elaborate splendour. In the matter of dress, too, I have no desire that there should be a return to the old style of the “Adelphi Guests.” All I contend for is that the piece and the acting shall be the first consideration, the scenery and the dresses the second—that the setting should not be looked on as of greater value than the gem. If the eye is to be pleased, as undoubtedly it should be, let it be so rather by the graceful movements and carriage of the performers than by the clothes they wear and their stage surroundings. At present grace is but little cultivated by English actors; in fact, I do not think it would be going too far to say that they pay less attention to graceful carriage and movement than actors of any other European nation. Not long ago I was present at the performance of a new piece, in which the effect of an admirably, I may say perfectly, acted scene was, to me at least, completely marred by the singular want of grace of the actors and actresses, and all of them ranking high in the profession, who played in it. The carriage of almost all Englishmen is deplorable, as must strike anyone who returns from a stay of any length in Germany, or any other country where the people are well drilled and set up; still it is not necessary to carry realism to such an extent that because the citizen is ungraceful in private life the actor should be so on the stage. It is because I would have more attention given to elocution, acting, and graceful deportment, that I wish to see less paid to elaborate scenery and splendid dresses.



“Rose.”

A STORY.

BY F. HAMILTON-KNIGHT.

EVERYONE knows Frank Dudley—that is not his real name, but, being aware of his excitable nature, and not wishing to incur his displeasure by divulging his personality without permission, I have given him this pseudonym. Handsome Frank, clever Frank, Frank the cynic, the sceptic, and, above all, the woman-hater—yes, woman-hater, in spite of the fact that he is adored by the fair sex more than any other actor of the present day. He duly receives every year some hundreds of letters from anonymous admirers, and enough floral tributes to stock a florist’s shop. The letters ultimately repose in the waste-paper basket, and the flowers go to the hospitals. No one ever heard Frank say a word in praise or favour of any woman, and to accuse him of ever having been wounded by the blind bow-boy’s butt-shaft would appear about as rational as to expect the wolf and the lamb to live in peace and harmony together. And yet this is all assumed. Frank plays his part to perfection, his mask is ever on his face, his armour of cynicism is well forged; but even Achilles was not invulnerable, and Frank’s heart has been wounded and torn like other mortals’, though he hides the scar so cleverly that none suspects its existence. Accident let me into the secret, and I will now tell you how it happened that Frank confided to me the history of his first and only “affection of the heart.”

One morning I called on Dudley at his chambers, and, as usual, found him still wooing the drowsy god. I soon roused him, and to his question as to “what I meant by waking him up in the middle of the night”—it was nearly midday—I replied that I had called for a certain manuscript he had in his possession, and which I required immediately. “Oh, all right,” said Dudley, “give me a cigarette and take that bunch of keys

on the dressing table, go into my study and open the top left-hand drawer in the *escritoire*, where you will find the precious document you require. You can't mistake the key, it's a Brahma, the only one there. Come back, and I will point out one or two points that struck me would be better for revision." By some accident or the other I mistook his directions and opened the top right-hand drawer. It contained only a small ebony box, which I opened, and discovered, to my surprise, a packet tied with ribbon and sealed, on which was written in Frank's bold characteristic writing Malherbes' charming couplet:—

“Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses ont
le pire destin,

Et Rose elle a vecu ce qui vivent les roses, l'espace d'un
matin.”—“Rose, January 18th, 1868.”

Nothing more.

“Ha, ha, Master Frank,” I thought, “you have a secret after all,” and I burst in on him, saying, “Dudley, you're a fraud; you pretend to be a woman-hater, and yet I find this cherished up amongst your possessions. I think I have got the laugh against you now.” With that I threw the packet on the bed. Dudley jumped up as though he had been shot, his face became quite pale, and he angrily demanded how I came by it. I replied that I found it in his drawer. “I told you,” he said, “to go to the left-hand drawer; this was not there; I consider you have taken an unwarrantable liberty in prying into my affairs.” I hastened to explain that the mistake was purely accidental, and after the first outburst of temper he calmed down and sat for many minutes with his eyes sorrowfully fixed on the worn, faded packet in his hand. Then slowly and almost mechanically he untied the ribbon, broke the seal, and, still in a reverie, took from the paper a withered rose, a letter, and a long tress of beautiful golden hair, which he reverentially raised to his lips and kissed. Lifting his eyes towards mine he said, “If the dainty head that bore this tress of hair had not been stricken down, my life would indeed have been full of happiness. Sit down,” he continued, “and in a few words I can explain why I cherish these relics, and what they mean to me. No one save myself had ever seen this packet till chance disclosed my secret to you this morning, and sooner than you should en-

deavour to elucidate the matter after your own fashion I will tell you the whole story. No excuses—I insist. Sit down! Twenty-one years ago—you needn't look astonished, I shall be forty-six this year, and having commenced my career at eighteen I can boast that, according to Talma's dictum, I have been a fully fledged actor for eight years at least. Well, twenty-one years ago I was playing leading business at Bristol, and thought that I was half way up the ladder of fame when I had only just mounted the lowest round. However, I pleased my management, I was popular with the public, and was as happy as the day was long. Our leading lady was Bella Vernon, a magnificently handsome woman with a trace of southern blood in her veins; her mother, I believe, was a Spaniard. From the first day we met, Bella set her cap at me, and I, young and foolish, having my vanity flattered by her marked preference and attention, was not long ere I reciprocated her feelings, and in the ordinary course of events the affair rapidly resolved itself into a strong flirtation.

“Now the juvenile man of the company, John Maddison, had met Bella on many previous occasions, and had some time occupied with the imperious Vernon the position of favourite which now had been thrust on me. I need hardly tell you that his feelings towards me were not of the friendliest, and as I was aware of several discreditable transactions in which he had been mixed up, I took no pains to keep on even fairly good terms with him. Such a shallow nature as his was incapable of hiding its feelings, and mean petty spite on his part developed into open enmity.

“Well, this was the state of affairs when one day Mr. Bloxam, our manager, called me into his room and said, ‘Look here, Dudley; I have received a letter from the daughter of a very dear friend of mine who is dead; it appears that her mother is an invalid and in sadly reduced circumstances, and the girl has begged me to give her a chance of alleviating their distress by earning a livelihood on the stage. I have consented, and she arrives to-morrow. I wish you, as my stage manager, to do everything in your power to assist her. I don't believe in tyros, as you know, but under the circumstances I have stretched a point.’

“Of course I expressed my willingness to do as he wished. The

next day at rehearsal the call boy announced 'Miss Rose Carleon.' I shall never forget the figure that came towards me. I am not good at descriptions, so imagine, if you can, a girl some eighteen years of age, dressed in a poor, shabby frock, yet bearing the signs of her poverty with the air of a queen. As to her face, no words of mine could do justice to it. All I remember is a mass of rippling, waving golden curls, and eyes of darkest brown that were full of modesty and trustfulness. The moment Bella set eyes on her I knew that Rose Carleon would meet with no friendship from that quarter. Two stars cannot shine in the same firmament, and Bella Vernon knew it.

"I cast Rose for a small part, and as time went on she gave every promise of becoming an admirable and successful actress. At the end of the season I found it necessary to go to America in order to arrange some business matters for my mother. Naturally I took a benefit, putting up 'Romeo and Juliet.' I cast Rose to play the gentle Capulet. Vernon's indignation knew no bounds, and the result was an open rupture between us.

"Rose more than astonished me by her exquisite rendering of the character, and the public confirmed the wisdom of my choice. A few days after I left Bristol. Bella refused even to bid me good-bye, but Rose, with tears in her eyes, expressed the deepest gratitude for all I had done for her. I told her that I had only performed as pleasant a task as ever had fallen to my lot, and ere I bade her farewell I took her hands in mine and said, 'Rose, when I return, will you be my Juliet in reality?' She answered, 'Yes, Frank, with all my heart.' 'But,' I said, 'the play of our lives must end happily.' I kissed her—our first kiss—and we parted. Poor little Rose! how little I dreamed then that Juliet's fate would be a happy one compared with yours!

"All through the voyage her dear face haunted me, and a thousand times I regretted that I had not given her the right to accompany me as my wife. Immediately on my arrival I dispatched a long, loving letter to her, and as I knew that for some weeks my movements would be uncertain, I left instructions that all my letters should remain for me at my hotel. I duly transacted my business and returned to New York, anxiously expecting to find letters from Rose awaiting me. I was doomed to disappointment; not a line from her, but a letter

that I least expected in Bella Vernon's well-known handwriting. She commenced by expressing her regret that we had not parted friends, and begging my forgiveness for her conduct, and then went on to tell me—I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the words—that Rose Carleon had married Maddison within a fortnight of my leaving England. I was beside myself with rage and grief. How bitterly I felt within me, 'Frailty, thy name is woman!' I would not write and reproach her; I would try and blot her unworthy image from my heart. I sought distraction in work, and for more than a year played a continuous round of parts all over the American continent. At length, fairly tired out, I returned home an altered man, bitter, morose, and cynical. As soon as I landed at Liverpool I received an offer to appear at Manchester; I accepted, and duly opened there. My American experiences had worked a considerable improvement in me, and I rapidly became an established favourite. Yet all my triumphs seemed hollow, and adulation palled upon me. I only thought of what might have been. Well, one day I received a letter—this one." Here Dudley held up the faded epistle he had taken from the box. "I'll read it to you. 'Dear Friend,—I am ill, but I long to see you again. I have something to tell you and something to beg of you. Rose.' That was all, and it was written from Oldham. I hesitated as to what course to pursue. Why did she write to me? Where was her husband? But then, I thought, she is ill, perhaps in want, I will go. That night, after the performance, I took the train to Oldham and arrived at the address on her letter, a miserable, squalid house in a dirty by-street. The door was opened by an untidy landlady, who was weeping bitterly. Her first words were, 'Are you Mr. Dudley, sir?' I replied in the affirmative 'Thank God,' she said; 'that poor dear girl upstairs will now die happy.' 'Die,' I exclaimed; 'surely 'tis not so bad as that; where is her husband?' 'Don't talk of him, sir; the brute, he's gone away and left her, and he isn't her husband after all.'

"What, not her husband?"

"No, sir. About a week ago he came back here, drunk as usual, and hearing him abusing that poor girl I went upstairs to interfere. He told her that he had been over to Manchester, where he had seen you. That seemed to make him mad, and when

his poor wife began to cry he brutally told her to be quiet, and that he cursed the day when a woman he called Bella Vernon induced him, in order to gratify her own revenge, to go through the form of marrying her. I never heard such a dreadful cry as she gave when he told her this; then before I could stop him he struck her down and left the house, and two days after the baby was born.'

"Try and think what my feelings were as I went up the stairs into a miserable room, lighted by the flickering rays of a solitary candle. There she lay, the tender Rose I had loved so well, but altered so sadly that I scarcely knew her. All was changed, save those wonderful eyes that opened slowly as I entered.

"'Frank,' she whispered, 'thank God you have come before I go.' I put my arms round her wasted form and said, 'Darling, you must not go. I am here to take care of you; you shall not leave me.' 'Look there,' she replied, pointing to a small truckle bed in the corner of the room, upon which I saw a poor little figure lying. 'He gave me comfort for two short days and then he left me, but I know that he is waiting to show me the way to heaven. I shall not keep him waiting for me long. Listen, Frank, while I have strength to speak. I was wicked enough to doubt your love. Bella swore that you were pledged to marry her; that you had only played with my affection. I listened to her, and in my despair and rage did as she tempted me to do, and married, God help me! the father of that poor baby.'

"'Why did you not answer my letters?' I asked.

"'I never received them. Bella must have stolen them. Oh, Frank, how I have suffered! And when he told me, just before baby was born, how cruelly I had been wronged, I prayed for death, and God has answered my prayer. Forgive me, Frank; kiss me once more. I have loved you all this time. I love you now.'

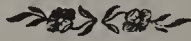
"'Rose, my darling, do not despair, you shall not die.'

"'Too late,' she whispered; 'kiss me again,' and as I bent over her and pressed my lips to hers, the candle flickered and went out, while I was left alone in the darkness with the cold deserted temples of two of the purest souls that ever knocked at the gates of Paradise.

"I saw Vernon once after that. I dare not tell you what I

said. The weakness of the one woman and the devilry of the other blighted my life. Do you wonder that I am a misanthrope? Poor little Rose!" Once again he kissed the tress of golden hair.

"The fairest flowers sure are most forlorn
That cannot stem fierce fate's relentless tide;
Sweet Rose breathed forth existence in the morn,
But ere the evening, faded, drooped, and died."



Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage.

IT may safely be said that there is not one single uninteresting page in the whole of the two handsome volumes which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have spent their leisure in compiling. And the dedication proves the graceful and kindly spirit which they feel towards the members of the profession which they so adorned. It is worded, "To our fellow-workers and comrades on the Stage we dedicate this book, for some of whom we have a deep affection, for many others a true friendship, and with all an enduring sympathy." While containing a mass of facts and anecdote that are most valuable with regard to the dramatic history of some thirty years past, the reminiscences include an often graphic and at all times pleasing account of professional struggles and anxieties, homely joys and sorrows, managerial triumphs, and lively and artistic descriptions of the enjoyment and happiness the writers gathered when taking their well-earned holidays either in England or on the Continent. Mrs. Bancroft commences the narrative, and refers to her childhood as having been one of hard work and little pleasure. Though of good descent on both sides of her parentage, there appears to have been but little worldly pelf, and she describes her father's character as "very like that of Micawber, with a strong dash of dear old Triplet, always hoping for 'something to turn up,' and always looking on the sunny side, however bad things seemed to be." The kindness of Mr. Chute, of

Bristol, in whose theatre her career commenced, is spoken of in the highest terms, and it was here, as a child, that she was kissed by the great Macready; and naively writes she was so proud of it that "I did not want to wash my face again," and it was here that, when playing Prince Arthur in "King John," the veteran Charles Kemble was so carried away by his enthusiasm in the scene where the Prince fell from the battlements, that he exclaimed, "That girl will be a great actress." His prophecy has been amply verified—that girl was Marie Wilton. The first London engagement was at the Lyceum, then under Mr. Dillon's management, in "Belphegor," and as "Perdita" in Brough's burlesque of "A Winter's Tale." In both of these Marie Wilton made hits, the latter part, no doubt, laying the foundation of her success as a burlesque actress, though it was principally in "boys' characters in that line that she made a portion of her fame. It is impossible in the space at my command to follow up the young actress's career at the Haymarket, Adelphi, and Strand, where she became such an established favourite, and where she acted with poor "Jemmy" Rogers and "Little" Johnny Clarke; and it was with this company, while playing at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, that Marie Wilton first met her future husband. Mr. Bancroft, who next takes up the narrative, tells us he was born in Surrey, May 14, 1841, and was christened "Squire," after his grandfather, "who was a great Latin scholar," and that he himself was brought up in some luxury. Mr. Bancroft is blessed with a peculiarly retentive memory, and gives us recollections of events that occurred in his very early days, which would have been passed without notice by many boys of his age. In 1858 he went to New York, but only remained a short time—sufficiently long, however, to make him desire to revisit America. He returned in time to witness Charles Kean's farewell performance at the Princess's as Wolsey, and Mrs. Kean as Queen Katharine, in Henry VIII. From his childhood Mr. Bancroft had felt a passionate admiration for the stage, and he determined to join its ranks. He knew no one connected with it, but obtained his first engagement, at nineteen years of age, with Mr. Mercer Simpson, of Birmingham, at one guinea a week. From January to July, 1861, he played *thirty-six* different parts. He says: "In

many of them I must have been very bad, but I distinctly recall some small successes, and during my short engagement of thirty-six nights at Cork I played forty fresh characters." Read this, ye young actors, in the present day of long runs. He gives an amusing account of his landlady, who "was a remarkable person in a way, and suffered from a kind of chronic influenza which pervaded the poor woman's existence; for she had an extraordinary habit when the attacks were at their worst of entering articles of food in my little weekly bills, and the more extravagant accounts of other lodgers, in this fashion, possibly by way of provoking sympathy: 'Broiled kidleys,' 'milce pies,' 'muttle chops,' 'black curralt jab,' 'duck and greed beas,' 'sprig chickel,' 'maccarools.'" Some interesting accounts are given of meetings with the Keans, Phelps, G. V. Brooke, Robson, Sothern, Charles Mathews, Frank Mathews, and many others; and he pays a kindly tribute to Dion Boucicault for a half-hour's coaching he gave him as the Counsel for the Defence in "The Trial of Effie Deans." It will perhaps surprise some to hear that Mr. Bancroft made a great hit in Dublin, a city of critical audiences, as Bob Brierly in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." It was at Mr. Henderson's theatre at Liverpool that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft again met. They acted together for the first time in "Court Favour," she as Lucy Morton, he as the Duke of Albemarle; and it was here that he was compelled to acknowledge that he "was already a victim to an emotion that will be sung by poets for ever, but which, after all, is told in four very simple English words—*love at first sight*." It does not become such a matter of surprise that Mr. Bancroft could make a success of so many characters that he undertook, when we learn that he possessed that will, determination, and faculty for hard work which, during as he terms it his "apprenticeship of four years and as many months," made him attempt, "no one knows better than myself how often inadequately, *three hundred and forty-six parts*." We now come to the joint narrative and the taking of the Prince of Wales's, then known as the Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham Street. Mrs. Bancroft writes that she was very anxious to better her prospects, and of her anxiety to act comedy. At an interview with her sister, Mrs. Drake, her husband proposed that Mrs. Bancroft should commence management on her own account, and offered to lend her a thousand pounds. Mrs. Bancroft had faith in her

“good luck,” and I must almost think believes in omens, as she quotes the fact of her having been looked upon as the “luckiest bairn,” when quite a baby, and of an old woman begging a “scrap” of her hair to bring her good fortune. A strange incident occurred on the afternoon of the opening night. Her mother and sister, Mrs. Drake, were driving, and Mrs. Wilton was painfully nervous as to the success of the new venture, when raising her eyes she saw on a direction-post “Mary’s Place, Fortune Gate”—kindly, and, as they proved, prophetic words. At the same time I think that from Mrs. Bancroft’s persistently carrying out the spirit of the Wilton motto, *Perseverando*, and her acting up to the managerial one that she had adopted, *Du courage et de la bonne humeur*, the secret of her success may well be guessed. The taking of the Queen’s was a bold venture. It was in a wretchedly poor neighbourhood, some distance from fashionable quarters, and when it had been set thoroughly in order there was but £150 left of the £1,000 advanced. Mr. H. J. Byron had entered into a partnership with Mrs. Bancroft, by which he incurred no pecuniary risk, but was to write plays exclusively for her. The theatre opened on Saturday, April 15, 1865, with “A Winning Hazard,” written by J. P. Wooler, and acted by Messrs. Dyas, F. Dewar, and Bancroft (his first appearance in London), with Miss Hastings and Miss Goodall. After this was played the new and original operatic burlesque extravaganza, entitled “La Sonnambula, or The Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy,” with Messrs. Dewar, Montgomery, Harry Cox, J. Clarke, and Misses Marie, Blanche, and Augusta Wilton, Fanny Josephs, Lilian Hastings, and Bella Goodall. The farce of “Vandyke Brown” wound up the programme. The evening was a thorough success. In the midst of all the excitement Byron could not resist making a joke. The backs of the stalls were covered with antimacassars. Byron said, “Everybody is delighted. Some charming people in the stalls; a very nice Scotch family in the front row, I don’t know them, but I’m sure they are Scotch because I heard a lady say, ‘Oh, there’s *Aunti Mac-Assar!*’” No arrangements had been made as to the night’s receipts. The manageress was afraid to take so much money home herself, and so it was wrapped in a silk handkerchief, and Mr. Albert Levy took charge of it till Monday.

The plays given after the run of burlesque must be treated of

but shortly. The fortunate connection with T. W. Robertson resulted in the production of "Society" (1865), played nearly 500 times; "Ours" (1866), played 700 times; "Caste" (1867), played 650 times; "Play" (1868), played 106 times (never revived); "School" (1869), played 800 times; "M.P." (1870), played 156 nights (never revived). Nearly 3,000 performances of the Robertson comedies! Next to these in success, in their order, were "Diplomacy," "Masks and Faces," "Money," "Fedora," "Peril," "Sweethearts." Then came "School for Scandal" and "London Assurance," Prince of Wales's; "Odette" and the "Overland Route," Haymarket; "Man and Wife," "An Unequal Match," and "A Hundred Thousand Pounds," at the Prince of Wales's; and "Lords and Commons," "The Rivals," and "Plot and Passion," at the Haymarket, were fairly successful. The plays produced at the Prince of Wales's which failed were "The Merchant of Venice," "How She Loves Him," "Tame Cats," "Wrinkles," and "Duty." On Thursday, January 29, 1879, the last performance of the Bancrofts took place at the little theatre off Tottenham Court Road, and on Saturday, January 31, 1880, they opened at the Haymarket with "Money" and a very powerful cast. The theatre may be said to have been completely and perfectly rebuilt and exquisitely adorned, *but the pit had been done away with*. It was a dreadfully foggy night, one of the worst ever known, and it did not put the old pitites in the best of tempers, so that when the curtain rose there was a *très mauvais quart d'heure*, but Mr. Bancroft "faced the anger of the few who made the noise," and peace was restored. That there was no enmity to the *actors* was proved by the reception accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. They retired from the management on Monday, July 20, 1885, when the first act of "Money," a scene from "London Assurance" (both acted entirely by past members of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's companies) were given, and with the second and third acts of "Masks and Faces," formed the programme. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and there was such a demand for admittance, and so "utterly beyond all chance of more than a fraction of it (*the public*) ever fighting its way into the theatre, that the traffic had to be turned aside by the police." Mr. Henry Irving delivered an ode written in verse by C. S.; Mr. J. L. Toole spoke, and Mr. Bancroft took leave in a speech that did credit to his head and heart. Mrs.

Bancroft was sent for, and complimented by the Princess of Wales, and as Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft passed to their carriage after all was over they were greeted in the kindest manner by the crowds that were still waiting to bid them farewell. For their happy intercourse with Mr. John Hare, with Robertson and Byron, their meeting with Sardou, their introduction to the stage of Mrs. Langtry, &c., and of what contains almost more interesting matter—the description of their happy holidays, their visits to the Engadine, and all they did for Pontresina—I must refer readers to the volumes themselves, in which they will also find numerous anecdotes and stories, some of which perhaps they may have heard before, but which are good enough to come across again. And beyond these there are letters from "all sorts and conditions of men" and women, which will bear witness to the esteem and affection in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are held.

C. H.



"All for Her."

(Suggested by Mr. John Clayton's powerful impersonation of Hugh Trevor, in the drama "All for Her," the main idea of which was taken from "A Tale of Two Cities.")

Carton!

Thy name, inscribed in Dickens' glowing page,
 Will live within our hearts. From age to age
 With clarion-voice will ring thy noble death.
 In words soft as the south wind's balmy breath
 At eve, our sinless Saviour sweetly saith :
 "No greater deed to man doth glory give
 Than life laid down so that his friend may live."
 Behold him standing on the scaffold stair;
 He scans the future while his features wear
 A radiant smile ; he sees *her* children meet
 To flower-bedeck his grave, their voices sweet
 Lisp his loved name, and she, for whom he dies,
 Looks on the grassy mound with tearful eyes.
 Unselfish soul ! Christ shall a crown confer
 On him whose martyrdom was "All for Her."

HENRY KNIGHT.

Our Musical=Box.

The unexpected death of Mr. Walter Bache occurred too late in the month of March to obtain record in the last number of THE THEATRE. Although it may appear somewhat late in the day to pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of a singularly earnest and honest English musician, who was laid in his grave several weeks ago, I will crave my readers' permission to do so in this place. Mr. Bache was not only a remarkably single-minded and conscientious man, actuated in all he did by strong convictions and sincere enthusiasm, but one of the most industrious and painstaking members of his profession to boot. His capacity for hero-worship was unlimited; and the hero whom he selected for adoration, at an early period of his career, was Francis Liszt. To this idol he remained true throughout life, and "faithful unto death." He had barely completed his twentieth year when he made the acquaintance of the great Hungarian virtuoso, under whose tuition—more especially for *technique*—he placed himself. Liszt took a great liking to the quiet, shy, hard-working English stripling, and carefully indoctrinated him in his (Liszt's) artistic views as well as executant methods. Bache came to him thoroughly grounded in musical science, and fully prepared to be taught the "higher developments" of his art by the most accomplished and fascinating instructor of the age. At Leipzig he had assiduously studied theory under Hauptmann and Richter, and had been initiated in the mysteries of the keyboard by that prince of pianists, Moscheles. Liszt's playing and teaching alike proved to Walter Bache revelations of almost supernatural power and beauty. They gave him a distinct cult, to which he ever thereafter clove, forsaking all other musical gods, and worshipping Liszt only. As one of my colleagues happily said of him, a few hours after his death, "Here was a pupil content, in spite of sneers and satire, to devote all his talent, all his earnings, all his energies to the solitary object of seeking glory for his master. Never was crusade in musical art more nobly, less selfishly, persevered with!" Never, I may add, were truer words spoken than these. Throughout five-and-twenty years Walter Bache laboured like a slave at his profession, in the characters of organist, pianist, and teacher, making propaganda in this country for the music of his master, frequently at great pecuniary loss to himself, and—what was far more mortifying to him than any mere money sacrifice—on the whole

unsuccessfully. The Liszt cultus was a plant that never took firm root in British soil, profusely as poor Bache watered it with the sweat of his brow. Consequently, his life was engloomed by an endless succession of disappointments, and of late years one had but to look in his face to recognise that he was a deeply saddened man, to whom destiny had obstinately denied the fulfilment of his heart's desire.

Considered as a musician, Walter Bache was altogether devoid of genius. His was a receptive, not a creative nature. Neither was his playing on the organ and piano, of the mechanical resources of both which instruments he was a master, in the least interesting. No pianist probably ever practised so hard as he did, or achieved a more absolute technical accuracy; but the result of his labour was eminently unsatisfactory to his hearers, for it lacked passion, grace, tenderness, and, above all, individuality. I remember some years ago hearing him play one of Liszt's most difficult compositions, which I happened to know exceptionally well; a work that has been the despair of advanced amateur pianists for the last quarter of a century. When it was over, I observed to the man sitting next to me—J. W. Davison, in my opinion the ablest musical critic then alive—"Well, at all events he did not miss a single note of that fearful and wonderful composition." "I dare say not," replied Davison; "for my part, I wished that he had missed them all!" The cold correctness of Bache's playing, unfortunately for the cause he had at heart, was peculiarly unsuitable to Liszt's pianoforte music, much of which, to produce the effects aimed at by its composer, requires to be played with apparently ungovernable *élan*, as though the performer were absolutely carried away by its wild and fiery inspirations. Bache was constitutionally unable to interpret works that, expounded by Rubinstein or Grünfeld, electrified and captivated even the sternest opponents of Liszt's *ad captandum* methods and sensational "surprises." Of all his master's more distinguished disciples, from Bülow down to Stavenhagen, he was the least able to enlist the sympathies of unbelievers and doubters on behalf of the illustrious Magyar's compositions. During Liszt's visit to London, two years ago, Walter Bache was a happy man, for the honours, public and private, paid to his idol, misled him into the belief that the object of his own laborious life had at length been triumphantly achieved. Liszt, beyond a doubt, "came, saw, and conquered," like Cæsar of old; but his conquest was brief and evanescent. He had scarcely left our shores when the public interest temporarily awakened in his music by his presence amongst us subsided, to be revived no more, as has since appeared. This fact, in all probability, proved the crowning disappointment of Walter Bache's vexed and sorrowful career.

Although his inborn reserve prevented him from achieving social popularity, Bache had many warm friends who liked him well; for he was a

most amiable, kindly, and generous man, justly credited by those who were his intimates with many an act of self-sacrifice and charity. His purse, slenderly furnished enough at times, was always open to talent in distress; he never spoke unkindly of any one, and delighted in returning good for evil. Eminent English musicians, who were amongst his class-mates at Leipzig—amongst them Arthur Sullivan, John Francis Barnett, and Franklin Taylor—remained his staunch friends, and recognised his sterling worth to the day of his death. Just five-and-twenty years have elapsed since Bache, Dannreuther, and Armbruster simultaneously commenced their artistic career in London. Walter Bache held the appointment of organist at the Vere Street Chapel, Carl Armbruster a similar post at the Italian Church in Hatton Garden, and Edward Dannreuther, having carried away all the chief medals and prizes at Leipzig, made his *début* as a pianist of the “forward” school, being at that time as enthusiastic an admirer of Wagner as Bache was of Liszt. All three were destined to make a mark in the musical world, as steadfast, sincere, and conscientious artists—men of strong beliefs, unalterable convictions, and indomitable perseverance. The least gifted, but by no means least estimable of the three, has been the first to leave us. His last illness, attributable to the wayward severity of our treacherous climate, was a short one. A large gathering of musicians followed his remains to their resting-place in Hampstead Cemetery, on March 31, and laid lavish tribute of fresh flowers and evergreen wreaths upon his grave.

“Interviewing,” that luxuriant journalistic outgrowth—dare I say, weed?—which claims to be a native of American soil, is flourishing exceedingly in the British provincial press just now. Marie Rôze, who has often been its captive on the other side of the herring-pond, has lately fallen a victim to its insidious wiles at Birmingham, with the result that a considerable number of her interesting experiences in connection with operatic art and artists, travel, and the dietetics of singers have been made public. Mrs. Henry Mapleson is a singularly clever, as well as a very amiable and beautiful woman, and what she says is so well worth listening to that I cannot resist the temptation of reproducing for the benefit of my London readers some of her *causerie* with the Birmingham interviewer. Apropos of that gentleman’s mission she observed that he was “more merciful” than the American interviewers, whom she had found very troublesome. “When I was last in New York,” she added, “dining at the *table d’hôte* one day, a reporter sat near me throughout dinner, and made close observation of my appetite, with a view to describing it in his paper. I was annoyed at such an intrusion, and determined to take my meals in future in a private sitting-room. That same night, after the opera, I was cooking some eggs in my favourite way when a rap came at the door. Another newspaper representative had hunted me out, and introduced himself by

saying that, though one of the New York sheets had 'got ahead' of him over 'Madam's' dinner, he should 'make out' for it over the supper. The following day a sensational article appeared on 'A Prima Donna's Mode of cooking Eggs,' and there were illustrations of the event in one of the pictorial papers."

According to Marie Rôze nearly all the great *cantatrici* of the present day are passionately fond of animals. She herself goes about on tour with three dogs and two parrots; Adelina Patti is always accompanied by a talking parrot and two toy terriers; and Ilma de Murska was wont to travel with five dogs, half-a-dozen birds, and two monkeys. In Liverpool once the proprietor of the hotel in which fair Ilma had put up, would not allow her to stop in his house on account of the damage her pets were doing to his furniture. She was mortally offended at being told to turn out, and threatened to leave England at once and for ever if immediate and full reparation were not made to her for so gross an insult. Being a hasty-tempered little woman, she sent for her impresario, and told him that unless her dear animals were allowed to lodge in that very hotel she would cancel her engagement and straightway depart to "other climes." Fortunately for him he succeeded in inducing the hotel-keeper to clear out the rooms and allow hired furniture to be brought into them at the management's expense. One of Marie Rôze's parrots sings "Comin' through the Rye" with praiseworthy accuracy. I have heard him do it over and over again; but, as she says, "he only gives *matinées*," it being his will and pleasure to "go to perch" at half-past seven p.m. She tells a good story, *ben trovato, se' non vero*, about one of these birds much talked about for its singing powers when Adelina Patti was last in the Empire City. As it was for sale the Diva sent Nicolini to inquire its price. The bird-fancier asked a large sum; but Nicolini, having heard the parrot perform, went back to his gifted wife and told her that she certainly ought to purchase it. She desired that it should be sent to her hotel, in order that she might judge of its accomplishments before buying it; but its owner refused to permit it to leave his premises until it should have been paid for, on the ground that "parrots were frequently upset for a time by change of scene." Adelina, therefore, had to go to his shop, where she heard the bird go through its *répertoire*, and was amazed by its versatility. Forthwith she disbursed the extravagant amount fixed as its price, and took it away with her. "From that day to this," says Marie Rôze, "the parrot has never sung a note; for, you see, the man who sold it was a ventriloquist, and had done all the singing himself."

With regard to voice-culture, Mrs. Henry Mapleson is of opinion that Paris is just now the best school for female singers, and that "Marchesi is the finest teacher of light sopranos, and Viardot of dramatic sopranos. There are," she adds, "a good many so-called teachers in Milan, whose

chief business is to rob the pupils who come to them from England and America." She gives some valuable hints on the physical phenomena of vocal training. "Immediately on rising, the chest, neck, and throat should be sponged rapidly and then briskly dried. The throat should be gargled with salt and water; a bath of tepid water should be taken on going to bed, and should last from three to five minutes, not more. As the teeth play a very important part in the production of the voice, as well as in the facial expression of the singer, they should be religiously attended to, and washed after every meal with tepid water and a hard brush. Nothing can be more dangerous for a singer than to take violent exercise, or to fatigue herself by over-walking. Too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity of acquiring the habit of breathing through the nose when walking, especially during damp weather. It has the double advantage of keeping the air from the throat and of giving the singer a 'long breath.' Sleeping at night with the mouth open will often cause hoarseness. Grisi always wore an elastic band over her head and chin at night in order to keep her mouth closed. Singers cannot be too particular about diet. Everything indigestible should be avoided, and great care should be taken to eat at regular hours. A prima donna requires plenty of nourishment, and is invariably famished after an opera. I eat twice as much for my supper, after singing, as I do for my dinner. On one occasion I was on a concert-tour with Titjens, when she was the 'star' and I was working up my reputation. Of course she had the best places in the programme, and I, with other artists, had to finish the concert one night, after which, on arriving at our hotel, we found Titjens finishing a chicken which the innocent hotel proprietor had imagined was a sufficient supper for five singers. . . . Mutton and beef, broiled or boiled, are the best meats to eat; fish, game, and vegetables are good; light, farinaceous puddings are wholesome; greasy soup should be avoided. Fresh, ripe fruit is excellent, and a pound of good grapes daily is the finest possible tonic for the vocal chords. Here is the dinner I always eat on the days I sing; it is known throughout the country at the hotels in which I stop as 'Marie Rôze's singing-dinner.' Broiled sole, thick fillet steak, baked tapioca pudding made with milk. The best drink is claret and water; fluids, however, taken in quantity are bad. Milk may be drunk, but is more easily digested when mixed with soda-water. Pastry, nuts, almonds and raisins, pickles, sauces, and condiments in general are simply poison to a singer. Stimulants, too, are most injurious; for they destroy the velvety and sympathetic qualities of the voice, giving it a hard, metallic sound."

I have received the programme of the "Beethoven Cyclus," proposed to be given by Hans von Bülow at the St. James's Hall, on the 4th, 12th, 19th, and 26th prox. It will consist of four pianoforte recitals, the works performed being exclusively selected from Beethoven's compositions, amongst them several that are seldom heard in London concert-rooms or musical salons. Something like chronological order has been observed in the

arrangement of the programme. At his first concert Dr. Von Bülow will play six sonatas, twelve variations on a "Russian Dance-Song," and six variations on an "Original Theme ;" at his second, four sonatas, fifteen variations and fugue on the final theme of the "Eroica Symphony," and thirty-two variations on an "Original Theme ;" at his third, six sonatas and a fantasia (opus 77) ; and, at his last, the two grand sonatas (op. 101 and 106), thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli—Beethoven's last pianoforte work—and the Rondo a Capriccio which bears the quaint title of "Rage at the Loss of a Groschen." To *fanatici per il Beethoven* these entertainments will furnish several successive opportunities for indulging in a surfeit of the sounds they chiefly love to listen to. I hope the "Cyclus" may not permanently impair their musical digestions. Mine is not strong enough to stand it. Just ten years ago I was induced to spend three hours one stuffy evening in the Berlin Sing-Akademie, listening to Dr. Von Bülow while he played only *five* Beethoven sonatas running, and I have never been quite as cheerful since that baneful experience as I had been before it. Of course it is a surprising feat to play five or six of these important works consecutively and accurately—still more so to play them without notes, as Von Bülow does. But it is one of those fearful, as well as wonderful, achievements that, unless I am much mistaken, give very little pleasure to anybody connected with them, actively or passively. The truer and more appreciative the musician who attempts to sit out such an ordeal, the grimmer his boredom and deeper his despair as one sonata follows another—*uno avulso, non deficit alter*—asserting fresh and fatiguing claims upon his attention until his capacity for enjoyment fades out dismally, and its place is taken by ineffable weariness. To hear Dr. Von Bülow play any one of Beethoven's sonatas is a treat, for he interprets these beautiful compositions with rare intelligence and technical adroitness. It is possible, however, to have too much of a good thing ; and a treat, multiplied by six, is apt to become a nuisance.

There was nothing maudlin about the concert given by "The Magdalen Vagabonds," at St. James's Hall, on the 12th ult. ; on the contrary it was a very gay affair, largely patronised by "rank and fashion" in all the subdued splendour of mitigated mourning. The minor clergy came to the front with great success in the vocal line ; old collegians performed very creditably on the violin and pianoforte, and one of them actually gave a recitation that was not a bore. As this is indeed an exceptional case I may mention that the work recited was "Hiawatha's Photography," by Lewis Carroll, and that the reciter was Mr. B. P. Lascelles. On the same date, and hard by—in the banqueting-room upstairs—a highly amusing lecture was delivered by Mr. John Radcliff upon the instrument of which he is *facile princeps*. This accomplished artist and ripe musician has made the flute the chief study of his life ; whatever there is to be known about it he knows, and he has, moreover, the happy knack of imparting his information

to others in an intelligible, entertaining, and eminently cheery manner. There are flutes and flutes—perhaps no musical instrument exists in greater variety or is of more considerable antiquity—but Mr. Radcliff seems to be familiar with them all, from the first of all flutes, which was made out of a Japanese warrior's thigh-bone, down to the lecturer's own "model flute," a marvel of mechanical ingenuity and high finish. He introduced his audience to the Egyptian "arghool," upon which the dahabieh Arabs play to the crocodiles of the Nile those stolid saurians' favourite tunes; to the "nose-flutes" of the West Coast; to the flutes of the Hindoo snake-charmers, of the South-American Indians, and of the Chinese; to the Malay flute, the Shakespearian "pipe" (and he *could* play upon it, which was not the case with Guildenstern), the pastoral musette, the modern flageolet, and even to the tin penny-whistle, dear to the demon-boy of London suburbs. Upon all these Mr. Radcliff proved his ability to discourse more or less sweet music. His gifted wife varied the entertainment by some very charming singing, which was enthusiastically encored by a numerous, appreciative, and thoroughly-amused gathering of musical virtuosi and dilettanti.

I hear from Melbourne that "Dorothy" was revived there at the Princess Theatre, on January 28, under the direction of its composer, Mr. Alfred Cellier, with great *éclat*, the house being crowded to its utmost capacity of accommodation, and the opera being enthusiastically received throughout. Miss Nellie Stewart impersonated the title *rôle*, and scored a splendid artistic success. The "Summer Season" programme of the Crystal Palace Company has reached me. It teems with attractive items, chief amongst them being the grand Triennial Handel Festival, to be held in the fourth week of June, with Madame Nordica as principal soprano, the other solo parts being rendered by Miss Marriott, Mr. McGuckin, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. Brereton, whilst four thousand vocalists and instrumentalists will constitute the chorus and orchestra. The oratorios given will be "The Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt." On the "Selection Day" (June 25) will be performed the Overtures to "Samson" and "Semele," the Organ Concerto in B flat (No. 7), the Violin Sonata in A, played by two hundred violinists; choruses from "Belshazzar," "Alexander Balus," "Giulio Cesare," "Deidamia," and the 95th Psalm, and a baritone aria from "Ottone." Amongst the other special features of the season will be a Silver Wedding Fête, an illuminated model of the Tower Bridge, and a National Co-operative Flower Show. Little Josef Hofmann, on his return from America to Germany, made but a brief sojourn in this country. The bright boy was sadly overworked in the States, and obviously requires absolute rest from the labour and excitement of public performances. It has been arranged that during six months he is to do no work, except a moderate amount of practising, just enough to keep his fingers supple; no engagement of any kind will be accepted for him until October, when he

will pay a flying visit to London, playing three times in St. James's Hall, and thence proceeding to America, where he will pass the winter and give a considerable number of concerts. He is at present staying with his family at Eisenach, and, I am rejoiced to hear, is recovering tone, appetite, and spirits. Young Hegner, his juvenile successor in London favour, is a truly remarkable pianist for his age; but I fail to recognise, either in his interpretations or compositions, the unmistakable signs of musical genius revealed by the tiny Wonder of Warsaw.

CLAVICHORD.



Our Play-Box.

"SWEET LAVENDER."

An Original Domestic Drama, in three acts, by A. W. PINERO.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, March 21, 1888.

Mr. Geoffrey Wed- derburn.. ..	} Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.	Mr. Maw	Mr. SANT MATTHEWS.	
Clement Hale		Mr. BERNARD GOULD.	Mr. Bulger	Mr. T. C. VALENTINE.
Dr. Delaney		Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	Mrs. Gilfillian.. ..	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Dick Phenyl		Mr. EDWARD TERRY.	Minnie	Miss MAUDE MILLETT.
Horace Bream.. ..		Mr. F. KERR.	Ruth Rolt	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON.
		Lavender	Miss NORREYS.	

What an admirable retort witty Pinero is giving to the disciples of Zola and "*naturalisme*," who think a play cannot be healthy without being insipid. In "*Sweet Lavender*" the dramatist introduces us to good women and honest men, and withal the play is as brilliant as a flash of light. The pure sentiment which brings tears to our eyes is well spiced with refined wit, quaint and even grotesque humour, in which nothing has been sacrificed to vulgarity to create laughter. But we do laugh, merrily and heartily, whilst wiping our eyes, and we are ashamed of neither, for this outward show of diverse feelings is only the just tribute to the author, who has written one of the best plays we have seen for a long time.

It has been objected in some quarters that the plot is weak because it is simple; but how can this interesting story be weak with such admirably drawn and thoroughly human characters. Excellently interpreted as they all are, we soon forget we are at the play, and fancy the performers are what they represent.

The scene takes place in the Temple, in the chambers shared by Dick Phenyl and Clement Hale. The one set (a very good one) does duty for the three acts. Phenyl, an old bachelor and briefless barrister, would be considered by most people an undesirable associate, from his unfortunate weakness for drink. But young Clement has looked below the surface, and found him possessed of a gentle, kind, and unselfish nature, and the uprightness and honour of a true gentleman; and the young man has made it his special care to try and win him back from his bad habits. Another

person who understands and appreciates poor old Phenyl is Ruth Rolt, the housekeeper and "laundress," a superior woman for her position, who has served him for fifteen years. She has a daughter, the Sweet Lavender of the play. Clement, who is the adopted son of the rich banker, Geoffrey Wedderburn, has for some time back spent his evenings in helping the young girl with her studies. As a very natural result, the young people have fallen in love with each other without realising the fact. But when honest old Phenyl rebukes Clement for unconsciously trying to win Lavender's heart, thereby risking to bring misery in her young life, and tells him to "pull up before the mischief is done," Clement awakes to the true state of his feelings, declares that if she loves him he will marry her, for she is worthy of being any man's wife, and acts up to his words by proposing to



Lavender in a very pretty scene. Naturally, Clement's adopted relations interfere to prevent the marriage, for his good as they think, and poor little Lavender's loving heart is very near being broken. Phenyl, having first sided with prudence, soon goes over to the enemy, and an unexpected ally is found in Clement's cousin and *fiancée*, who frankly offers him back his freedom and her *sisterly* affection. This again is a charming scene. It is not that pretty Minnie has any intentions of growing into an old maid; there is a persevering young American who is always turning up wherever Minnie and her mother happen to be, and whose steadfastness of purpose is rewarded in the end. Happiness at last comes to Clement and Lavender, from a cause which is kept a secret from them. In Ruth Rolt, Geoffrey

Wedderburn finds the woman whom as a girl he had once loved and deserted ; in Lavender, his daughter, of whose existence he was not aware. And it is when misfortune falls upon him, when he is ruined and ill, that Ruth comes to nurse him and forgive him. Wedderburn is an upright gentleman, who would at once make reparation for the sin of his youth by openly acknowledging his child, but Ruth begs him not to shame her in the eyes of her daughter. So he gives his consent to the marriage of the young people, telling them that in Ruth he has found an old friend. All ends happily, even fickle fortune smiles upon them afresh through the disinterested generosity of Phenyl. The story is interesting, but, as I said before, it is especially the drawing of the characters and the excellence of the dialogue that have won so thorough and deserved a success for "Sweet Lavender."

The acting deserves unqualified praise. Mr. Edward Terry has never done anything better than Dick Phenyl ; his quaint, peculiar manner, his dry way of saying good things, have never caused more genuine laughter, being quite free from exaggeration, sometimes to be seen in Mr. Terry's acting. This is no longer farce but pure comedy, with an undercurrent of true pathos, which took the audience by surprise. Mr. Bernard Gould is a sympathetic, manly young lover. Mr. F. Kerr gives an excellent sketch of the young American. Mr. Alfred Bishop is capital in his small part, and Mr. Sant Matthews and Mr. Valentine are also good. A better representative of Geoffrey Wedderburn could not be found than Mr. Brandon Thomas ; excellently made up, every inch a gentleman, his rendering of the part was natural and true. His genial cheeriness in the second act was well contrasted with the sad earnestness in the latter scenes, which was pathetic and moving, and once more showed his correct insight into character. Miss Victor was satisfactory as the mother of the charming Minnie, delightfully acted by Miss Maud Millett, whose winning grace and natural reading of the *rôle* must please everyone. Although it is in light comedy that Miss Norreys shines at her brightest, her Lavender is very sweet and tender ; she is at her best in the first act, the love scene with Clement being especially well rendered. Last, but not least, comes the Ruth of Miss Carlotta Addison, as perfect an impersonation as any in the play in its truth and simplicity. This clever lady has been too long missed from the stage.

Smart and sweet, healthy and clever, Mr. Pinero's play should have a long run, and will appeal to all playgoers.

"FENNEL."

New Romantic Play, adapted from the French of FRANCOIS COPPEE, by JEROME K. JEROME.
First produced at the Novelty Theatre, March 31, 1888.

Tadeo Ferrari .. .	Mr. STUART DAWSON.		Fillipo	MR. GEO. GIDDENS.
Giannina Ferrari ..	MISS ADELA MEASOR.		Sandro	MR. WALLACE ERSKINE.

Never was a house better named, as far as the management is in question, than the "Novelty ;" each turn of the wheel shows a new man at the helm. March 31 inaugurated a new and double management—that of Messrs.

George Giddens and T. G. Warren. The pretty little theatre made a promising start on its new career, and should win the race; the company is thoroughly efficient; the programme a good one.

“Above the lordly plants it towers,
The Fennel, with its bitter flowers;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of Fennel wore.”

The above quotation, selected by the author, explains the somewhat obscure title of “Fennel,” given to this new version of “Le Luthier de Cremona.” Mr. Jerome has done his work well, and the touching story appeals, as it ever must, to one’s sympathy. The prize of a gold chain is to be awarded to the maker of the best violin in Cremona. The old violin-maker, Ferrari, has arbitrarily decided that his daughter’s hand shall be given to the winner. His two apprentices are competing; both are in love with Giannina; she loves handsome Sandro, and only feels sisterly affection for poor cripple, hunchback Fillipo. But if Sandro has good looks, Fillipo has genius—he knows his violin must win. When he discovers that Giannina is breaking her heart at the thought of Sandro failing, his great love for her asserts itself by sacrifice; he exchanges the violins in the cases, so that his rival may gain the prize. Love and fame he has given up all, but he has not the courage of facing the judges for the competition; he asks Sandro to take both violins, as the names are on each case. Sandro also knows which must win, and in an evil hour of temptation makes the exchange, to find when, remorse-stricken, he confesses his guilt to Fillipo, that he has given back the prize to his generous rival. Fillipo is acclaimed winner, and after placing the gold chain on Giannina’s neck, he turns to her father and begs that Sandro shall be her husband in his place, whilst he, poor crushed soul, will seek consolation in the art of music.

Mr. Giddens, as the cripple Fillipo, showed much intelligence and finish; his reading of the part was good, and only needed a little more depth of feeling and fervour to be perfectly satisfactory. The other characters were well interpreted, and the little play went very smoothly.

“FORGET-ME-NOT.”

A Play, in three acts, by HERMAN MÉRIVALE and F. C. GROVE.

Originally produced at the Lyceum Theatre, August 21, 1879. Revived at the same theatre, April 2, 1888.

Sir Horace Welby ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Olive Verney	Miss DOROTHY DENE.
Prince Maleotti ..	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET.	Mrs. Foley	Mrs. CANNINGE.
Barrato	Mr. LEONARD OUTRAM.	Stephanie, Marquise	
Servant	Mr. FREDERICKS.	de Mohrivart ..	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.

Over two thousand nights, so the play-bill informs us, has “Forget-Me-Not” been acted by Miss Geneviève Ward, and now her rights in this successful play have come to an end; but artistically speaking can “Forget-Me-Not”

ever cease to be her own? Who would be rash enough to attempt the impersonation of Stephanie, and court comparison with one of the finest actresses of modern times, in one of the most subtle and difficult rôles ever written. As the title bids us, we cannot forget; and Miss Ward triumphantly proves that in art nothing can be stationary, for she has improved on what seemed to be perfection. Not a trace of staginess—nay, a rendering which has gained in freshness and effect; where slight weariness might have been expected we find both more power and delicacy; a masterly picture, mellowed by time, without having lost any of its brilliancy of tone. All the world knows the play; it is therefore only needful to speak of the acting. Mr. W. H. Vernon is also good as ever; as Sir Horace Welby he acts with ease and feeling. Prince Maleotti and Barrato have never had exponents better, or so good, I think, as Mr. Somerset and Mr. Leonard Outram. Mrs. Canninge is an excellent Mrs. Foley. Miss Dorothy Dene is a pretty and earnest Alice Verney, but this young lady has not her emotion under proper control; she feels deeply, and fails to convey this to the audience; and while there are real tears in her eyes, her tone is monotonous, and her emphasis wrong. Study will conquer this, and my remarks are not intended to discourage the young actress.

“NANCE OLDFIELD.”

A one-act Comedy, by CHARLES READ.

Nathan Oldworthy ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Susan	Miss FRASER.
Alexander Oldworthy	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Nance Oldfield ..	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.

This charming little play (“David Garrick” reversed) was also revived during Easter week. Mr. Vernon in his old part gives an excellent bit of character acting. Miss Fraser, as the rustic Susan, was charmingly natural, and should become a good comedy actress. Mr. Fuller Mellish’s Alexander Oldworthy was deserving of praise. Nance Oldfield, by Geneviève Ward, two stars in one—past and present Art blended together. If the actress of days gone by was anything like her present representative she well deserved the name of enchantress. A true and great artist in all she undertakes; be it in a repulsive or a sympathetic rôle, or simply as her own self, Miss Geneviève Ward is, and will ever be, a fascinating woman.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

“AIREY” ANNIE.

A Travestie of “Ariane,” by F. C. BURNAND.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, April 4, 1888.

Harvey Neville Lomax	Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.	Smut the Poodle ..	YOUNG RABAT.
Sir Leopold Boyne	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Airey Annie.. ..	Miss MARGARET AYRTON
D’Acosta		Lady Banjo Mandolin	Miss LAURA SEDGWICK.
Chevalier Marius de	Miss ALICE ATHERTON.	Lady Dolly	Miss MAY RUSSELL.
Valence		The Maid-of-All-Work	Miss EVA GREVILLE.
Lord Dummiun	Mr. WM. CHEESMAN.	Daisy (a model child from the “Cole” district).	
Max Steinbock	Mr. T. KELMORE.	Babette	Miss GRACE HUNTLEY.
Archdeacon Grimm ..	Mr. ROBERT NARNBY.		

A happy spontaneousness—exhibited with little effort—is the secret of Mr. Burnand’s humour. There is none of that laboured preparation, or

“question detached to lead into the ambushade of the ready-made joke,” and each is thrown off in a natural, easy style. As Elia puts it, the jokes come into the head; but it is a serious business when “the head has to go out to *them*.” The unhappy Ariane’s delicate distresses and heart-stricken agonies really belong to the school of Werther, which in its day provoked the ridicule of Canning and the other anti-Jacobin wits; and, in truth, the sorrows of an exquisitely dressed lady, surrounded with all the luxuries of modern life, and who is suffering at once from a husband who, in French phrase, is not “at the height of the situation,” and from a truly sympathetic baronet, offers something of a challenge to burlesque. The merry men and women of the Strand Theatre have accordingly seized on this tempting situation, and the result was a night of thorough enjoyment “within the limits of becoming mirth.” There was a general hilarity all through, with occasionally bursts of hearty laughter. One of the services done by a really good burlesque is, that it often pulverises and utterly destroys some well-meant too monotonous absurdity, which for some time has been afflicting suffering audiences. Such, for instance, is the intrusion of the affectionate prattling child. Without this nuisance no latter-day play may be said to be complete. The “brat”—for so one is inclined to style it—has grown intolerable with its unnatural, oldish squeak, and ought

to have been put down long ago. We always pity the presumed parent who has to simulate a leer of parental interest as the precocious infant chatters on, and who finally clutches to his child with an inarticulate sob, thinking, like Mrs. Kenwigs, that “it was too beautiful to live.”

It was a happy idea to introduce one of “Lieutenant” Cole’s ventriloquising images, with whom he carries on amusing dialogues, and who move their lips and eyes with quite as much expression as the living originals. Daisy, a big doll, was regularly carried in, and set down to stand on its pedestal, and endure the display of maternal affection.



Cherubino Marquis de Volence
Mrs Alice ATHERTON

Happy, too, was the satire on the unmeaning guests and visitors, who in a play of modern manners are introduced to give the scent, not of the notorious

“hay,” but of easy drawing-room manners, these convenient persons discoursing of art and the “musical glasses” in an absurdly forced style that excites wonder. But Miss Atherton’s reproduction of Marius—for in pieces of this kind the end is the imitation of actors—was an extraordinary *tour de force*. The hackneyed incidents of all mimicry were there—the copying of dress, movements, gestures, &c.; but the highest art was reached in the simulation of the whole *mental* economy of the man. Were Marius drawn over bodily from the house over the way, and exhibited among such surroundings, so would he have borne himself. She had so penetrated, or permeated herself with his spirit and idiosyncrasy, that she unconsciously



took his view of what was going on, and comported herself accordingly. The difficulty of the feat was enhanced by the fact that it was a woman playing a man’s part; there was the feminine voice, &c. It will be hard for that excellent performer to repeat his favourite word “*menager*” with due gravity.

Miss Ayrton’s Mrs. Bernard-Beere was another extraordinary reproduction. We had all the windings and writhings, with even that sympathetic air and tone which are one of the peculiar attractions of the actress. Mr. Chevalier, who is an excellent solid actor, gave a portrait of Mr. Leonard Boyne, most diverting of its kind, with a strongly flavoured Irish accent, of which the original is not entirely innocent. Nothing could be

better than this stiff-shouldered matter-of-fact being performing on his violin, and his answer to the imploring passionate invitation to be "loyal," to which he invariably responds by a stave from "God Save the Queen." Almost the best personation of the whole, because he had the least material to work on, was the "husband" of Mr. Edouin, done without effort, and whose tipping propensities were emphasised by the crowd of "syphons," "sodas," and other drinking apparatus clustered on a table, a practical hit at the sort of stage realism which is conceived to be the only mode of presenting such a weakness to the public.



Harvey Neville LOMAX
m. Willie Edouin

As one of the piquant incidents of the night, the wife of one of the performers satirised was present, and must have been amused at the faithful style in which the characteristic peculiarities of her husband were taken off to the life. A question arises as to what are the feelings of the performers who find their earnest, most tragic efforts presented in this truly comic light. It must be, on the whole, disagreeable, and to the sensitive rather a painful process; but then there is that invaluable reserve force, histrionic vanity, which there is no piercing. The elder Mathews, carried away by the spirit of the moment, once "took off" a worthy actor, forgetting that he was actually on the stage at the

moment. Greatly shocked, he apologised to him afterwards. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "did you intend that for me?" But, on the whole, I fancy that such ridicule is wholesome. Actors invariably fall into a course of mannerisms, which they fancy are beauties, and which they repeat in every character. Thus, Mr. Henry Neville may plume himself on that "manly" robustious bearing which won him distinction in Bob Brierley. This being exhibited with all the rudeness and roughness of burlesque naturally suggests reflection, the performer feels somewhat mortified that even this exaggeration should produce laughter, and from pride even will take care to prove that he has other gifts.

In short, by this pleasant "skit" Mr. Burnand has once more "increased

the gaiety of the public." It is stored to the full with his own lively quips and cranks—such as calling the third act "The Crimes Act," with "no drop" between the acts—which are eminently Burnandish. There is,



Babette
Miss Grace Huntley.

however, one piece of information in the bill, having a line to itself, and duly "displayed,"

"WIGS BY C. FOX,"

which does not concern the public greatly.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"TO THE DEATH."

New drama, in prologue and three acts, dramatised from the American novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," by RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

First produced at the Olympic Theatre, Friday afternoon, March 23, 1888.

Count Filippo Da-	} Mr. E. S. WILLARD.	Antonio Paoli ..	Mr. E. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
nella		Mateo	Mr. GILBERT TRENT.
Thomasso	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Marita Paoli ..	Miss FLORENCE WEST.
Burton Barnes ..	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.	Isola	Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM.
Edwin Gerard } Anstruther ..	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Lady Chartris ..	Miss EMILY CROSS.
C. Marion Phillips	Mr. E. J. OTLEY.	Maude Chartris..	Miss JESSIE BOND.
G. F. Arthur ..	Mr. STRATTON RODNEY.	Servant.. .. .	Miss KAVANAGH.
Captain de Belloc	Mr. EDWARD SASS.	Enid Anstruther	Miss HELEN LEYTON.

Mr. Rutland Barrington was certainly first in the field with his adaptation, and now that it has been played and experience has proved where judicious alterations will strengthen his version of "Mr. Barnes of New York," he will no doubt so improve an already good and exciting play, as

to make it thoroughly fitted for an evening bill. To those who have not read the novel, it may be as well to say that it is closely followed in the drama, much of the dialogue being used word for word.

The interest arises from the Corsican vendetta. Marita Paoli has a brother, to whom she is fondly attached; the young fellow gets into a dispute with some English officers, and a duel is the result. In this he is killed. From the name scratched on one of the pistols—the Englishman's having been used—Marita is led to believe that Edwin Gerard Anstruther is the man who killed her brother, and she determines to devote her life to vengeance on him; in this she is aided by her foster-father, Thomasso, and her guardian, Count Filippo Danella. The latter is deeply in love with the beautiful girl, and assists her, the promise of her hand to be his reward. Marita goes to Egypt in search of her victim, and attends the hospitals as a nurse; there she wins back Anstruther to life through a dangerous fever, so that when they meet again in Nice a mutual avowal takes place, and they are to become man and wife. The Count, baffled in his hopes, determines on the most horrible revenge. He induces them to go to Corsica, and there, when the marriage has taken place, he tells Marita that her husband is her brother's murderer, and calls upon her to avenge his death. He even puts the knife into her hand wherewith to do the deed, and almost works her to a state of frenzy; but she remembers her love and drops the weapon. Old Thomasso is not so scrupulous—he picks it up, the curtains overhanging a door by which Anstruther is expected to enter are seen to move, and the Corsican strikes. Marita, believing her husband killed, is for a few moments bereft of reason, and when he comes into the room, takes him for a spirit. Burton Barnes, the good genius of the play, says that she can only be cured by being convinced of what is behind the curtains; they are withdrawn, and the corpse of Count Danella falls forward, he having hidden himself there to witness the end of his rival.

There are some very bright and charming love passages between Barnes and Enid Anstruther, pleasantly taken by Miss Helen Leyton, and further lightness is given in the characters of Lady Chartris and her *enfant terrible*, Maude, deliciously played by Miss Jessie Bond. Mr. Rutland Barrington was genial and amusing as Barnes of New York, and Mr. Julian Cross powerful as the faithful but cruel Corsican, Thomasso. Miss Florence West was a little overweighted as Marita Paoli, a character that would tax the powers of our best *tragédiennes*, but allowing for her youth, came through the ordeal in a more than creditable manner. Mr. E. S. Willard was at his best as the scheming, revengeful, and subtle Count Danella, and certainly has never given us anything finer than his burst of impassioned love to Marita; the words came from his very heart, and told of the utter despair and bitterness that must come upon him should his hopes be disappointed.

“To the Death” is certain to prove a success wherever and whenever it may next see the light.

"THE POMPADOUR."

Play, in four acts, founded upon the "Narciss" of Brachvogel, by W. G. WILLS and SYDNEY GRUNDY.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, March 31, 1888.

Louis XV.	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY.	Herald	Mr. STRATTON RODNEY.
Duc de Choiseul	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Captain of the Guard	Mr. BARRON.
Maubeau.	Mr. F. HARRISON.	Narcisse Rameau	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
Comte Du Barri	Mr. W. RUSSELL.	Marie Leczinska	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Marquis de Silhouet . . .	Mr. G. HONEY.	Mathilde de Boufflers	Miss ACHURCH.
Abbé Terray	Mr. F. JERRARD.	Marquise d'Epinau	Miss LE THIÈRE.
Eugène Lambert	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Mlle. Doris Quinault	Miss MARION LEA.
Voltaire	Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.	Duchesse de Choiseul	Miss NIAS.
Grimm	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.	Maid	Miss AYLWARD.
Diderot	Mr. VOLLAIRE.	Marquise of Pompa-	
Secretary	Mr. G. HUMPHREY.	dour	Mrs. H. BEERBOHM TREE.

A more perfect realisation of the luxury and splendour that reigned in the Court of Louis XV. has never been seen on any stage than that given us in "The Pompadour." The most exquisite scenery, accurate, picturesque, and rich costumes, tableaux that are reproduced from the "paintings of Boucher and the pastels of La Tour," all strive to make us forget that we are living in the nineteenth century. And yet, do the living representatives of that period that Messrs. Wills and Grundy have summoned to represent it, quite bring before us what we have been taught to expect? Was Mdlle. Poisson, afterwards La Pompadour, merely a termagant, who, by self-assertion and sheer domination over a weak king, almost ruled the destinies of France and was near becoming its Queen? Was she not rather one who could win all men by her fascination or dominate them by her genius? Was Louis XV. so utterly lost to all sense of dignity as to pose as a monarch of *opera bouffe*, and were the philosophers that attended his court given to utter the *tu quoques* of the common herd instead of the biting sarcasms and "retorts courteous" that we have always imputed to them? And what are we to think of Narcisse Rameau, the vagrant lunatic creature that the authors have conjured up for us as the husband of the reigning favourite, who, with his rags and revolutionary ideas, Voltaire, with all his daring, would never have presumed to introduce amidst a throng of wits and sycophantic courtiers? To enjoy "The Pompadour" we must forget all our preconceived notions as to the historical characters, and take them as they have been drawn for the development of the plot. This accepted, and we may find much that is interesting. In the first act we have the Pompadour in the zenith of her power. She has gained such ascendancy over Louis as to have usurped almost entirely the prerogatives of Marie Leczinska, his queen, and is only awaiting the arrival of the Pope's Bull annulling the marriage. It arrives, and she has cried, in ecstasy, "Nothing can now come between me and the throne," when, seated on its steps,



she sees the husband, Narcisse, whom she has deserted years ago. It may be presumed that Voltaire has, from his half-crazed utterances, gathered sufficient to form a shrewd suspicion that the wife Narcisse has for so many years been seeking is no other than the King's mistress. He therefore arranges that a play shall be given before the Court, the subject being that of a man abandoned by his wife. Narcisse declaims his own wrongs and those of France; the Pompadour is reviled by him, he having recognised her as the wife of bygone days. A volley of musketry is heard; the shock causes her sudden death, for she believes it to be the death-knell of Eugène Lambert, who, she has learnt only shortly before, is her son by Narcisse, and whom she has caused to be led to execution on account of his bold language to her in defence of his queen, Eugène having been brought up by the Duc de



NARCISSE RAMEAU
M^{rs} BEERBOOM TREE



M^r & M^{rs} BEERBOOM TREE
THE POMPADOUR

Choiseul in ignorance of his parentage, and advanced to the post of secretary. Through Choiseul's interest, the execution is only a feint, and Lambert rushes in to be clasped in his father's arms, and may look forward to a happy union with Mathilde de Bouflers, a young Lady-in-Waiting. On the first night Mr. Tree was so unwell as to be unable to do justice to the part of Narcisse, but

subsequent representations showed that he had made a fairly successful study of the semi-insane, romantic, and loving creature. It was a picturesque performance, with many touches of deep feeling. Mrs. Tree was over-

weighted as the Pompadour; neither in appearance nor in manner was she the character. Her best scene, which was really a most charming one, was where she has Narcisse brought to her boudoir, for the recollection of her former love has come back to her, and she wishes to see

her husband once more. There, attired in the peasant dress, in which he wooed her, she sings him an old love song, and was a sweet and tender woman. But otherwise, handsome as she looked and earnestly as she worked, Mrs. Tree could not make us believe that we had before us the Pompadour. Miss Rose Leclercq, with but little to do, imparted such melancholy dignity and noble presence to the outraged Queen of France as to be most perfectly in accordance with her surroundings, and earned a well-deserved triumph. Mr. Charles Brookfield was good as Voltaire, and Mr. Fred Terry handsome and striking as Eugène Lambert, Mr. Royce Carleton firm and sarcastic as the Duc de Choiseul. Miss Achurch was seen to most advantage when beseeching the Pompadour to pardon her lover. The Louis XV. of Mr. Henry Ashley was altogether a mistake. The "Minuet of Swords" and the "Watteau Ballet" (danced by the children trained by Mdme. Katti Lanner) were tasteful and appropriate. Though I may not altogether admire Messrs. Wills and Grundy's work, I think it will become a success at the Haymarket, and that all London will be desirous of witnessing the "endeavour that has been made to place upon the stage a faithful picture" of a certain period of French history.

"THE WIFE'S SECRET."

Play in four acts, by GEORGE W. LOVELL.

Revived at the St. James's Theatre, Monday, April 9, 1888.

Lord Arden	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	William	Mr. A. SIMS.
Sir Walter Amyott	Mr. KENDAL.	Francis	Mr. A. GODDARD.
Jabez Sneed	Mr. MACKINTOSH.	Keppel	Mr. CHARLES BURLEIGH.
Etheridge	Mr. BEDFORD.	Robert	Mr. B. CATHCART.
Baroque	Mr. E. HENDRIE.	Lady Eveline Amyott	Mrs. KENDAL.
Peter	Mr. W. L. BRANSCOMBE.	Maud	Miss FANNY BROUGH.

A little over forty years ago "The Wife's Secret" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean as Sir Walter and Lady Eveline Amyott; Mr. Howe as Lord Arden; Mr. Benjamin Webster as Jabez Sneed; and Mrs. Keeley as Maud. It was then played in five acts, and was well received, though not so favourably altogether as it had been in America. Nor was it looked upon as so attractive as to be revived more than once or twice since then, and even in the few cases it enjoyed but a short run. In its latest revival it had the advantages of lavish and perfect stage mounting with regard to dresses, scenery, and general appointments, and an excellent cast to carry through the four acts to which it had been reduced. I think Mr. Kendal makes Sir Walter Amyott rather older than the late Charles Kean used, and I am not sure but what this is rather an



advantage, but whether his sacrificing the more puritanical method of wearing the hair and beard for the more picturesque appearance of the cavalier fashion is quite correct, I am not prepared to admit. However, he looks very dignified and handsome, and that goes a great way. As I suppose few playgoers of the present day will remember the plot, I will lightly recall it. Lady Eveline comes of a Royalist family. Her brother, Lord Arden, is escaping from the Parliamentary troops, and entrusts his safety to her, he first extracting a pledge from her that her husband shall be kept in ignorance of the matter. With the connivance of her waiting-woman, Maud, and her page, Keppel, Lord Arden is hidden in the Bower Chamber. Jabez Sneed, the steward, whose peculations have been brought to light by his mistress,



Maud - Miss Fanny Brough

bears her ill-will, and therefore acts the part of Iago to Sir Walter, his suspicions as to Lady Eveline's truth being confirmed by his seeing her kiss the cavalier, whom he does not recognise as her brother. The husband, to save any scandal being associated with the name of the woman he still so fondly loves, gives her a safe conduct through the troops that surround the house, but, finding that it has been used as he fancies to aid in the escape of her paramour, has him pursued, and when he is captured and brought back, happiness is of course restored by the discovery that it is no other than Lord Arden. The play is really a two-part one, and perhaps this, and the fact of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal contemplating a visit to the United States, has brought about its revival. The part of Lady Eveline is exactly suited for

the exhibition of that marked emotional power which Mrs. Kendal possesses over her audiences. It was used with telling effect, more particularly in the fourth act, where the mingled pride and sorrow of the wrongfully-suspected wife are given vent to. Mr. Kendal brought out the nobility and manly love of the Roundhead leader, and may be said to have shared the honours of the evening. Miss Fanny Brough, as Maud, who, outwardly the demurest of puritans, is at heart the most mischief-loving and merriest of madcaps, and yet who will brave anything in her devotion to her mistress, was simply perfection. Mr. Mackintosh was excellent as the crafty, sneaking Jabez Sneed, and Mr. Lewis Waller made a dashing, light-hearted Lord Arden. Mr. Charles Burleigh was appropriately "saucy" as the page Keppel. Though the play can scarcely be called a good one, the excellent acting should surely make it attractive, independently of the perfect *mise en scène* of "The Bower Chamber" and "The Justice Room," two of the most perfect "sets" that have ever been seen even at this theatre.

"DOROTHY GRAY."

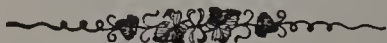
New and Original Drama, in five acts, by J. F. NISBET.

First produced at a *matinée* at the Princess's Theatre, Thursday, April 10, 1888.

Edgar Lawrence ..	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Old Beau	Mr. F. EPITAUX.
Philip Webber ..	Mr. FREDK. HARRISON.	General D'Arbigny ..	Mr. J. T. HARVEY.
Lord Eustace Seymour	Mr. WALTER EVERARD.	Burgomaster	Mr. E. BUCKLEY.
Professor Hiram Pott	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Call Boy	Master R. WORTON.
Baron Abreskoff ..	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Dorothy Gray	Miss G. HAWTHORNE.
Hon. Algernon Scudamore	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.	Mrs. Gray	Mrs. FRANK HUNTLEY.
Dr. Tom Trevanion ..	Mr. H. DE SOLLA.	Lady Edna Vyner ..	Miss MAUD MILTON.
Pettigrew	Mr. A. R. HODGSON.	Nancy Pott	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
Ephraim	Mr. T. DWYER.	Florrie	Miss GRACE MURIELLE.
Mephistoph les ..	Mr. PHILIP DARWIN.	Mrs. Doolan	Miss D. DRUMMOND.
Faust	Mr. J. REES.	Hebe	Miss KITTY CLAREMONT.
Valentine	Mr. W. FRANKLIN.	Martha	Miss KATE MELBOURNE.
		Siebel	Miss RITA D'ANGELE.

A play written by a well-known dramatic critic was naturally looked forward to with rather high expectation, the more so as it was announced to be "produced under his direction." Looking back on the performance I can scarce understand how it was allowed to proceed to the end, for it was weak and wearisome to a degree. From the number of characters in the cast (which I have quoted simply for reference, as I should hardly think "Dorothy Gray" will ever be heard of again) one would suppose they would figure in a number of incidents. At least sixteen of them could be done without. I can only hope for the author's sake that he owes considerably more than the change of the heroine's name, which he admits he has taken, to an American play "Queenena." The story, such as it is, runs thus. Dorothy Gray has loved, not wisely, but too well, one Edgar Lawrence; but he has promised her marriage. He is summoned home by his father, and is taken with brain fever. The girl imagines she is forsaken, and so attempts to drown herself; her hat and cloak are found, and her death generally believed in; and so, as she has a good voice, she becomes a great prima donna as Mademoiselle Bianca. She meets her lover after a lapse of six years; he is now engaged to Lady Edna Vyner, who grossly insults Dorothy, and even slaps her face in the presence of

numerous guests at the American Legation, which drives the girl into a fit of raving madness. Lawrence asks his old love to become his wife, and because she refuses determines to blow out his brains, but is prevented by being struck by lightning. Dorothy recovers her reason at the sight of a locket given her in happier times, and we are led to suppose that she will marry Lawrence. Miss Grace Hawthorne showed tenderness, and certainly originality in her mad scene. Mr. Abingdon was unfitted to the part of Edgar Lawrence, but did fairly well. The best played character was that of Baron Abreskoff as an impresario, which was full of excellent touches. Miss Maud Milton was aristocratic looking, and as repulsive as the narrow-minded, haughty Lady Edna Vyner, as the author can have intended the most unskillfully drawn creation to be. It must be said of the others that those who had anything to do did their best, and it was not their fault that one had to look back upon a wasted afternoon. CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Miss Clo. Graves, the subject of our photograph and author of the poetical play "Nitocris," produced at Drury Lane in the beginning of last November, commenced her literary career in August, 1879, under the auspices of Mr. Charles H. Ross and the Brothers Dalziel, proprietors of "Judy," and was a varied contributor for some years, her "Bobinet Ballads" receiving special notice. Being desirous of writing for the stage, and believing that the best way to gain the necessary knowledge of its mechanism was to become an actress, she took engagements in several good provincial companies. During her connection with Mr. Edouin's tours she wrote many songs for Miss Alice Atherton, "Laughing Eyes of English Blue" being one of the most popular. In 1886 the poetical play "Nitocris" was written, and shortly afterwards Miss Graves quitted the stage. On the death of Mr. Ernest Warren, his vacant post was offered her by the proprietors of "Judy." Miss Graves has contributed to the "Illustrated London News," the "Lady's Pictorial," and the magazine "Atalanta." The Christmas number of THE THEATRE contained one of her characteristic poems, entitled "The Cruise of the Columbine."

Mr. Augustus Harris revived the great sporting drama, "A Run of Luck" (of which Mr. Henry Pettitt and himself are the joint authors), on March 31, 1888. It was in the full tide of success at the close of 1886, when it was withdrawn to make way for the pantomime, and was so cordially received on its reproduction as to ensure almost whatever length of run the management may desire to give it. Of the principals in the original cast, Messrs. E. W. Gardiner, Harry Nicholls, Victor Stevens,



MISS CLO GRAVES.

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Part II., line 53.

Arthur Yates, and Miss Edith Bruce still appear, and are as effective as ever. Harry Copsley is now vigorously played by Mr. Percy Lyndal, and Mr. Herbert Standing succeeds in truthfully impersonating the vices of Captain Trevor. Miss Fortescue as Daisy Copsley gives an agreeable rendering of the gentle loving girl, and shows decided improvement in her art. Miss Maud Wilton, who takes Miss Sophie Eyre's part as Lucy Byfield, acts so well that the character loses nothing by the comparison. The remainder of the cast is good. The scenery is beyond all praise, and the stirring incidents of "The Last Meet," with its hounds and hunters, and sportsmen in pink; the clever escape of Daisy, the favourite for the Cup; "Goodwood," and "The Paddock" create tremendous enthusiasm.

Mr. Arthur Williams, who is now playing Lurcher in "Dorothy" at the Prince of Wales's, and whose portrait is given this month, is one of those actors who has gained his present position after years of severe conscientious work. Twenty-six years ago he entered the dramatic profession as walking gentleman at the Theatre Royal, Gravesend, appearing for the first time as Alfred Martelli in "The Corsican Brothers." Those were the days of constant study and bitter privations. At the end of six weeks he went to Dover, and had to walk from there to London on twopence; his whole properties were in a small carpet bag, and he possessed a Rolla sword. Mr. Arthur Williams there joined the Bedford, Banbury, and Northampton Circuit, at a salary of 23s. 6d. per week. Thence to Margate, where, at the elder Thorne's theatre, Tom and Fred Thorne, Vandenhoff, Robson, and McIntyre were members of the company. Thence to Leeds, where he played Asa Trenchard with Sothern. He subsequently became a member of the Norwich, under William Sydney; then to Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and played with Charles Mathews, Barry Sullivan, Phelps, King, Sothern, Webster, Madame Celeste, &c. His first "hit" was as Bob Saunders, in "Formosa." To show the hardships of those days, his "share" at Bury St. Edmunds, for three weeks, was 7s., and for a fortnight he did not taste animal food till, in "Box and Cox," the rasher fell to his share, and he ate it with peas taken from the rain box. At the Isle of Man he played eighteen parts in a week. He appeared first in London at the St. James's Theatre, December 26, 1869. Mr. Arthur Williams has been a member, at various times, of many London theatres; has played Trinculo and Slender, Dame Hatley, Widow Twankey, Justice Greedy, Peter Croton, Sir Mincing Lane, Member for Slocum, King Richard ("Little Robin Hood"), Wicked Uncle in "Babes," and a host of other characters, in all of which he has made a very favourable impression. He possesses the faculty of working up a part in the course of a few nights, and a happy facility for "gagging," which in low comedy is often found very useful. He has also been successful in the pieces he has written and produced: "Leave it to me" (farce), "Christmas Chimes" (drama),

“Funnibone’s Fix,” “Oh! What a Day” (farces), and “The Secret of a Life” (drama), all being his work.

In the March number of THE THEATRE appeared some lines “To Shakespeare’s Love;” they were sent to me from America as original, by Lucile Lovell, and were therefore published as written by her. I learn from Mr. Edward J. McPhelim that the stanzas were composed by him, and that he contributed them to the Easter number of the “Chicago Current,” a year ago, with the additional verse:—

“And yet he held his poet’s pen,
To the ideal true;
Lo! he created Imogen,
And God made you.”

It is only just that Mr. McPhelim should have the credit due to him for his very charming verses.

Saturday evening, March 24, saw the last night of Miss Mary Anderson’s season at the Lyceum and the 166th performance of “The Winter’s Tale.” That such a lengthened run should have been accomplished speaks well “for the cultured refinement and taste of the London public of to-day,” as the fair manageress mentioned in a speech full of gratitude delivered at the close of the evening in response to the acclamations and numerous floral offerings showered on her. The success was, however, really due to the assumption of the dual rôles of Hermione and Perdita, to the first of which Miss Anderson had, night by night, imparted greater nobility and tenderness. Of the second there was never a dissentient opinion; it was the perfection of elegance and beauty.

What a proud and delightful feeling a manager must experience when he can *truthfully* utter the words that Mr. Henry Irving spoke on Saturday, April 14, on his return to the Lyceum from America, and at the close of the 508th representation of “Faust.” “After a long absence we are more than glad to find ourselves amongst you once more, and we are deeply grateful for the hearty welcome, which is not an unfamiliar sound under this roof.” The welcome was indeed an enthusiastic one to Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry from all that is best known in the artistic and literary world, nor were the other members of the company forgotten as they severally appeared. Both Mr. Irving and Miss Terry appear to have benefited by their travels, and were able to enter with fresh “zest and vigour” into their respective characters of Mephistopheles and Margaret, and “derive new inspiration from such a gathering of old and valued friends.” It was announced that in a month’s time Mr. Calmour’s play of “The Amber Heart” would be produced, in which Miss Terry made such an impression as Ellaline, and that on the same evening Mr. Irving would appear in the old drama of “Robert Macaire,” so that a great treat is in store for those who will avail themselves of it.

“Palmistry,” by Ralph R. Lumley, produced at the Prince of Wales’s Theatre, in a bright epigrammatic dialogue tells the story of a young gentleman and lady who meet at a fancy-dress ball as Romeo and Juliet. The feud of the Montagues and Capulets seems likely to be renewed in their proper persons, for two of the ancestors of Geoffrey Mannering and Geraldine Dalwyn have quarrelled and fought, and the young lady, who has a great veneration for her forefathers, insists that an apology shall be made by Lieutenant Mannering, the descendant of the family that she considers gave offence. At first he refuses; *les beaux yeux* of Geraldine prove too attractive, and rather than lose her he makes the *amende honorable*. Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. E. W. Gardiner did full justice to the characters; the little scene in which she pretends she can tell the fortune of her admirer by “palmistry” being particularly archly rendered.

I am very sorry to announce the death of Mr. W. J. Hill, who passed away on Friday, April 13, 1888. He was born in 1834, and was consequently in his 55th year. His first notable successes were at the Court Theatre, under Miss Marie Litton’s management, in “Peacock’s Holiday,” and as Uncle Bopeddy in “The Wedding March.” In “The Happy Land” he made up as Mr. Robert Lowe. Mr. Hill was later a member of the Criterion company, where his drollery was thoroughly appreciated; but it was as Mr. Cattermole in “The Private Secretary” that he achieved his greatest success and will be best remembered. There is an excellent likeness of him in this character in the February, 1885, number of THE THEATRE. He had lately joined Mr. Gidden’s company at the Novelty, where his performance of Irascible Fizzleton, in “Nita’s First,” had been immensely approved of, and, though he had been ailing for some months, appeared at first to have completely regained his strength. On Wednesday, the 11th, however, he could only just manage to get through his part and to reach home. After this he rapidly sank, his end being attributable to apoplexy. Mr. Hill was much esteemed, respected, and loved, not only in his own domestic circle—to which he was deeply attached, and whose welfare was his one engrossing thought—but by almost all those with whom he was brought in contact.

I have just heard of a most interesting collection of playbills which have been purchased for £250 for a museum in America. It consists of 4,000 bills and 500 illustrations, pictorial and otherwise. It is unique of its kind, and it would be impossible to make such another perhaps. The late happy possessor of them is still the owner of two collections, one of musical interest, the other of Scotch bills, with many autograph letters, and the former were begged for the Bologna Exhibition. The latter are offered to the exhibition to be held at Glasgow.

“Barren Land,” by Henry Byatt and Sir William Magnay, produced at the Olympic on Wednesday afternoon, April 11, is so excellent in its first

two acts that I shall hope to see the third altered, and that the whole will then be reproduced. I shall therefore touch on it no further than to mention the excellent acting of Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Royce Carleton, Mr. Frank Rodney, and Misses Annie Irish and Annie Webster, and the easy, natural manner in which Mr. Ben Greet played a small part, which he made a good one.

A new play, in a prologue and four acts, entitled "At Bay," was produced at the Ladbroke Hall on April 9. It is by Mr. Charles Lander and Miss Ina L. Cassilis, and, though of the strongly sensational type, contains some good work, and will probably become a favourite in the provinces. The acting of Mr. Charles Lander, as Laurence Dudley, a thorough-paced scoundrel, and of Mr. D. G. English, as Vernon Gray, a manly young fellow, was particularly good, as was also that of Mr. Cecil H. Thornbury as Jerry Jackett.

After a delay of nearly two years—owing to the refusal of a licence by successive dramatic censors—the adaptation by M. William Busnach of Zola's "Germinal" has been produced at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. The scenes representing the French mining district are terribly realistic, and form an appropriate background for a play that is often painful in its intensity and brutal in its dialogue. It is a study of life that might well have been spared the stage, and is not likely to be seen in an English form.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from March 15 to April 14, 1888 :—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

- Mar. 16. "Dear Friends," comedietta, by Mary Righton. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 17.* "The Pirates of Penzance," operetta in two acts, written by W. S. Gilbert; music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Savoy.
- „ 17. "A Voice from the Bottle," farce in one act, by J. Provand Webster. Princess's.
- „ 20.* "The Hunchback," by Sheridan Knowles. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 21. "Sweet Lavender," original domestic drama in three acts, by A. W. Pinero. Terry's.
- „ 22.* "Camille, or The Fate of a Coquette." Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 23. "To the Death," new drama in a prologue and three acts, dramatised by Rutland Barrington from the American novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York." Matinée. Olympic.
- „ 26. "A Plunge in the Dark," sensational drama in four acts, by George Roberts. Sadler's Wells.

- Mar. 31. "The Pompadour," new four-act play, founded by W. G. Wills and Sydney Grundy upon the "Narciss" of Brachvogel. Haymarket.
- „ 31.* "A Run of Luck," sporting drama in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane.
- „ 31. "Warranted Burglar Proof," musical vaudeville in one act, adapted from the French of M. Felix Rémo by R. C. Stevenson; music by Ivan Caryll and H. J. Leslie. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 31.* "Nita's First," farcical comedy in three acts, by T. G. Warren. Novelty.
- „ 31. "Fennel," new romantic play in one act, adapted from "Le Luthier de Crémone of François Coppée," by Jerome K. Jerome. Novelty.
- April 2.* "Forget-Me-Not," play in three acts, written by Herman Merivale and Florence Grove. Lyceum.
- „ 2.* "Nance Oldfield," one-act comedy, by Charles Reade. Lyceum.
- „ 2. "The Trapper," a new drama of the Far West, by George Roberts. Sadler's Wells.
- „ 2. "Too Lovely Black-Eyed Susan," burlesque perversion of Douglas Jerrold's drama, written by Horace Lennard; music by Oscar Barrett. Crystal Palace.
- „ 2. "Wanted an Heir," musical comedy in one act, written by Malcolm Watson; music by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac. St. George's Hall.
- „ 3. "Held Asunder," original drama in four acts, by Malcolm Watson. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 4. "Airey Annie," a travestie of "Ariane," in four acts but one scene, by F. C. Burnand.
- „ 7. "The Loadstone," new and original drama in three acts, by T. Edgar Pemberton and W. H. Vernon. Matinée. Lyceum.
- „ 7. "The Widow's Cap," new and original comedietta, by Arthur Chapman. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 7. "For Himself Alone," comedy in three acts, adapted (with permission) from T. W. Speight's story of the same name by Holmes Kingston. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 9.* "The Wife's Secret," play in four acts, by George W. Lovell. St. James's.
- „ 9. "At Bay," new and original drama in a prologue and four acts, by Charles Lander and Ina Leon Cassilis. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 10. "Forgery," three-act drama, by J. Carne-Ross. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 10. "Dorothy Gray," five-act drama, by J. F. Nisbet. Matinée. Princess's.
- „ 11. "Barren Land," original play in three acts, by Henry Byatt and William Magnay. Matinée. Olympic.
- „ 13. "Palmistry," one-act duologue, by Ralph R. Lumley. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 14.* "Faust," adaptation of the first part of Goethe's tragedy, arranged by W. G. Wills. Lyceum.

In the Provinces, from March 13 to April 10, 1888:—

- Mar. 23. "Steeple Jack," domestic comedy in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.

- Mar. 24. "Prince Otto," drama in three acts, adapted by T. B. Thalberg and Gerald Gurney from R. L. Stevenson's novel. Spa Concert Rooms, Harrogate.
- „ 24. "Madge," domestic drama in four acts, by Frank Rogers. T. R., Middlesborough.
- „ 29. "Wicked London," drama in five acts, by Frank Harvey. T. R., Oldham.
- April 2. "M.D.," new musical drama, adapted from the German of Von Moser, by Harry Paulton and Mostyn Tedde. T. R., Doncaster.
- „ 2. "Gwynne's Oath," drama in four acts, by Nelson Wheatcroft. T. R., Stratford.
- „ 2. "Our Flossie," comedy in one act, by W. F. Field. New Theatre, Addlestone.
- „ 2. "Robert and Bertram," or "The Volatile Vagrants," farcical comedy in four acts, by Lieut. S. G. Horton, R.A. Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich.
- „ 2. "Follow the Drum," military melodrama in five acts, by Ross Challis. Royal Opera House, Wakefield.
- „ 2. "Wilful Murder," drama in four acts, by J. F. Preston. T. R., Woolwich.
- „ 3. "The Rustic," original "agricultural" comic opera in two acts, music by W. F. Hulley, libretto by A. E. Siedle. Prince of Wales's Hall, Swansea.
- „ 9. "Mistaken," one act dialogue, by W. F. Field. Public Rooms, Southall.
- „ 10. "Sang Bleu," comedy in three acts, by Major Yeldham. Theatre Royal, Ryde.

 PARIS.

(From March 16 to April 21, 1888.)

- Mar. 19. "Le Bossu," opéra-comique, by M. Charles Grisart. Gaité.
- „ 19. "La Noce de Chocolat," extravaganza. Nouveau Cirque.
- „ 20. "Mademoiselle Dargens," comedy in three acts in prose, by M. Henri Amic. Odéon.
- „ 23.* "Les Traboucyres," melodrama. Chateau-d'Eau.
- „ 27. "L'Aveu," drama in one act, by Sarah Bernhardt. Odéon.
- April 3. "La Grande Marinère," by M. Georges Ohnet. Porte Saint Martin.
- „ 4. "Doit et Avoir," three-act comedy, by M. Albin Valabrègue. Palais Royal.
- „ 5.* "Dora," comedy in five acts, by Victorien Sardou. Gymnase.
- „ 11. "La Belle Sophie," opéra-bouffe in three acts, by MM. Paul Burani and Eugène Adams, to music of M. Edmond Missa. Menus-Plaisirs.
- „ 21. "Germinal," drama in five acts and twelve tableaux, by William Busnach, adapted from the novel of Emile Zola. Châtelet.
- „ 21. "La Marchande de Sourires," Japanese drama in five acts and two parts, by Madame Judith Gautier. Odéon.



MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

“And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them.”

HAMLET, Act iii. Sc. 2.

THE THEATRE.



The Stage and the Spirit of Reverence.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

THIS article is *not* going to be a sermon in disguise. This I protest, at the outset, knowing how entirely usage—a mistaken usage, as I think—has limited the word to *religious* topics only, and that the reader is only too likely to turn this page hastily over, muttering “*Chacun son goût*. This is meant for sectarians of *some* kind. I have no such narrow sympathies. Talk to me as a *man*, and I’ll listen!”

But that is exactly what I want to do. I want to talk to the play-going, or play-writing, reader who may honour me with his attention, as a *man*: not as a churchman, not as a Christian, not even as a believer in a God—but simply as a man who recognises (*this*, I admit, is essential) that there is a distinction between good and evil; who honours good men and good deeds, simply as being good; and who realises that from evil men and evil deeds comes much, if not all, of the sorrow of life.

And may not the word “good,” also, have a broader meaning than usage has assigned to it? May it not fairly include all that is brave, and manly, and true, in human nature? Surely a man may honour *these* qualities, even though he own to no *religious* beliefs whatever? A striking example of *this* kind of “reverence” is recorded of the robber-tribes of Upper Scinde, during Sir Charles Napier’s campaign (I quote from a lecture

by Robertson, of Brighton, on "The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes") :—

"A detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men, chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine, which they expected soon to terminate, but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge; the brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by a breastwork, behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after another they fell: six upon the spot, the remainder hurled backwards; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number.

"There is a custom, we are told, amongst the hillsmen, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread!"

In "reverence" such as this I am happy to believe that the standard reached on the Stage is fully as high as in the literature of Fiction, and distinctly higher than what often passes without protest in Society.

Take, for instance, the treatment of *vice*. In Fiction, and in many a social circle, vice is condoned, and sentiments utterly vile and selfish are freely expressed, in language that would be hissed off the stage of a respectable theatre, unless put into the mouth of the stage "villain." In "The Silver King," as I saw it some years ago, when the gentlemanly scoundrel (splendidly acted by Mr. Willard) sent the coarser scoundrel, who served as his tool, on the hateful mission of turning out of doors the poor mother whose child was dying, it was good to hear the low fierce hiss that ran through the audience as the old wretch went off. Any one who witnessed that fine drama would, I think, believe with me that those who thus hiss—evil as their own lives

may be in some cases—yet have their better moments, when the veil is lifted, when they see Sin in all its native hideousness, and shudder at the sight!

And, for an example of the sympathy shown by play-goers for what is pure and good, I may recall the experience of a few weeks back, when I went to see “The Golden Ladder” (produced by the same conscientious actor and manager—Mr. Wilson Barrett—who gave us “The Silver King”), and heard with delight the ripple of applause which greeted the soliloquy of the comical old greengrocer, Mr. George Barrett, about his child, to whom he has given the ambitious name “Victoria Alexandra.” “And I giv her them two names, because they’re the best two names as is!” That ripple of applause seemed to me to say “Yes, the very sound of those names—names which recall a Queen whose spotless life has been for many long years a blessing to her people, and a Princess who will worthily follow in her steps—is sweet music to English ears!”

The reader can no doubt recall many occasions when Pit and Gallery have shown equally keen sympathy with self-denial, generosity, or any of the qualities that ennoble human nature. I will content myself with two more examples.

Years ago, I saw Mr. Emery play the hero of, “All is not Gold that Glitters”—a factory-owner, with a rough manner but a tender heart; and I well remember how he “brought down the house,” when speaking of the “hands” employed in his factory, with the words “And a’ couldn’t lie down and sleep in peace, if a’ thowt there was man, woman, or child among ’em as was going to bed cold and hungry!” What mattered it to us that all this was fiction? That the “hands,” so tenderly cared for, were creatures of a dream? We were not “reverencing” that actor only, but every man, in every age, that has ever taken loving thought for those around him, that ever “hath given his bread to the hungry, and hath covered the naked with a garment.”

My other example shall be a memory of the greatest actor our generation has seen—one whose every word and gesture seemed inspired, and made one feel “He has me in his power; he can make me laugh and weep as he will!”—I mean Frederick Robson. Who, that ever saw him in “The Porter’s Knot”, can forget the delicious pathos of the scene where the old

father, who has sacrificed the earnings of a lifetime to save his son's reputation and send him abroad, is in an innocent conspiracy, with the girl to whom his son is betrothed, to keep the old mother happy by reading her a letter they pretend to have come from her boy. Unknown to him, the loving girl has resolved on giving her last earnings to the old couple, and has added a postscript "Dear Mother,—I am getting on so well that I send you this five-pound note," which the old man, reading the letter to his wife, comes upon so unexpectedly that he nearly betrays the whole plot. Then came the "aside"—with that humorous glance at the audience that none ever gave as he did—"Well! This here has growed since the morning!" And then, suddenly detecting the loving stratagem, and shaking his fist at the girl, "Oh, you little *rascal!*" As Borachio would say, "I tell this story vilely." Would that any words of mine *could* convey to the reader the infinite tenderness that breathed in those whispered "words of unmeant bitterness"!

And now, before narrowing the field of discussion and considering how "reverence" is due to subjects connected with religion, I wish to give to this word also a broader sense than the conventional one. I mean by it simply a belief in *some* good and unseen being, above and outside human life as we see it, to whom we feel ourselves responsible. And I hold that "reverence" is due, even to the most degraded type of "religion," as embodying in a concrete form a principle which the most absolute Atheist professes to revere in the abstract.

These subjects may be classed under two headings, according as they are connected with the principle of good or with that of evil. Under the first heading we may name the Deity and good spirits, the act of prayer, places of worship, and ministers; under the second, evil spirits and future punishment.

The "irreverence" with which such topics are sometimes handled, both on and off the Stage, may be partly explained by the fact (not unlikely to be overlooked) that no word has a meaning *inseparably* attached to it; a word means what the speaker intends by it, and what the hearer understands by it, and that is all.

I meet a friend, and say "Good morning!" Harmless words enough, one would think? Yet possibly, in some language he and I have never heard, these words may convey utterly horrid

and loathsome ideas. But are *we* responsible for this? This thought may serve to lessen the horror of some of the language used by the lower classes, which, it is a comfort to remember, is often a mere collection of unmeaning *sounds*, so far as speaker and hearer are concerned.

And even where profane language seems really blameworthy, as being consciously and deliberately used, I do not think the worst instances occur on the Stage; you must turn for such to fashionable Society and popular Literature.

No type of anecdote seems so sure to amuse the social circle as that which turns some familiar Bible-phrase into a grotesque parody. Sometimes the wretched jest is retailed, half-apologetically, as said by a child, "and, of course," it is added, "the *child* meant no harm!" Possibly: but does the *grown man* mean no harm, who thus degrades what he ought to treat with reverence, just to raise a laugh?

Again, can such jesting as that of the "Ingoldsby Legends," where evil spirits are treated as subjects for uproarious merriment, be tolerated by any one who realises what "evil" means, whether in disembodied spirits (whose existence he may possibly doubt) or in living men and women? Shall the curse of all the race, the misery of all the ages, serve us for a passing *jest*?

But the lowest depths of conscious and deliberate irreverence that my memory recalls have been, I am sorry to say, the utterances of *reverend* jesters. I have heard, from the lips of clergymen, anecdotes whose horrid blasphemy outdid anything that would be even *possible* on the Stage. Whether it be that long familiarity with sacred phrases deadens one's sense of their meaning I cannot tell: it is the only excuse I can think of: and such a theory is partly supported by the curious phenomenon (which the reader can easily test for himself) that if you repeat a word a great many times in succession, however suggestive it may have been when you began, you will end by divesting it of every shred of meaning, and almost wondering how you could ever have meant anything by it!

How far can the Stage use of oaths, or phrases introducing the name of the Deity, be justified? To me it is only when lightly and jestingly uttered that they seem profane. Used gravely, and for a worthy purpose, they are at any rate not to be condemned by any appeal to the *Bible*: one of the loveliest

pieces of its prose-poetry, the well-known "Entreat me not to leave thee," &c., ends with an undeniable oath, "the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And it is on Society, rather than on the Stage, that we should lay the blame of the light use of such language, common in the last generation, when such phrases as "My God!" "Good Lord!" were constantly used as mere *badinage*, and when so refined a writer as Miss Austen could make a young lady say (in "Pride and Prejudice") "Lord, how ashamed I should be of not being married before three-and-twenty!" When quite common, such words possibly conveyed no meaning either to speaker or hearer: in these days they jar on the ear, for their strangeness forces us to realise their meaning. When Shakespeare wrote "Much Ado," Beatrice's "O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place", and Benedick's "O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue", no doubt fell with equally innocent effect on the ear: but in our day, though the first may well be retained, as gravely said and on a worthy occasion, the second comes as a false note; and I think Mr. Irving, instead of toning it down into "O Lord!", would have done better by omitting it altogether.

The act of prayer is almost uniformly treated with reverence on the Stage. My experience furnishes only one instance to the contrary, where the heroine of a ballet, supposed to be in her chamber at night, and soon to be serenaded by her lover at the window, went through the horrid mockery of kneeling in semblance of prayer. But I see no objection to its introduction on the Stage, if reverently represented, as in the scene in "Hamlet," where Claudius is found praying: and I well remember the grand effect produced by Charles Kean (in "Henry V.," just before the battle of Agincourt), by kneeling, for a short passionate prayer, on the battle-field.

Places of worship, also, when made the subjects of stage representation, are usually treated with perfect propriety: one must turn to the orgies of the Salvation Army, or the ribaldry of the street preacher, to realise how far religion can be vulgarised, and with what loathsome familiarity the holiest themes can be insulted. We have lately been privileged to see an instance of exquisite taste and reverent handling in the church-scene in "Much Ado" at the Lyceum. Some objected,

at the time, to any such scene being put on the Stage; yet probably none of its censors would condemn "sacred" pictures? And surely the distinction between a picture painted on canvas, and a picture formed by living figures on a stage, is more fanciful than real? To me the solemn beauty of that scene suggested the hope that some might see it—some to whom the ideas of God, or heaven, or prayer, were strange,—and might think "Is *this* what church is like? I'll go and see it for myself!" Yet *one* false note there certainly was to mar the beauty of that scene. The dialogue between Beatrice and Benedick, with all its delicate banter and refined comedy, spoken amid such surroundings, must have given pain to many to whom the previous scene had been a pure delight. I heartily wish Mr. Irving could see his way to transfer it to the *outside* of the church. Surely a manager, who could endure an interpolation so utterly alien to the spirit of the scene as "Kiss my hand again!", can have no *very* strong feeling about keeping the text of Shakespeare inviolate!

As for ministers of religion, I would not seek to shield them from ridicule *when they deserve it*; but is it not sometimes too indiscriminate? Mr. Gilbert—to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude for the pure and healthy fun he has given us in such comedies as "Patience"—seems to have a craze for making bishops and clergymen contemptible. Yet are they behind other professions in such things as earnestness, and hard work, and devotion of life to the call of duty? That clever song "The pale young curate", with its charming music, is to me simply painful. I seem to see him as he goes home at night, pale and worn with the day's work, perhaps sick with the pestilent atmosphere of a noisome garret where, at the risk of his life, he has been comforting a dying man—and is your sense of humour, my reader, so keen that you can *laugh* at that man? Then at least be consistent. Laugh also at that pale young doctor, whom you have summoned in such hot haste to your own dying child: ay, and laugh also at that pale young soldier, as he sinks on the trampled battle-field, and reddens the dust with his life-blood for the honour of Old England!

Still, the other side of this picture is now and again given us on the Stage, and one could not desire a more gentle and lovable type of old age than the "Vicar of Wakefield," as played by

Mr. Irving, or a more manly and chivalrous hero than the young clergyman in "The Golden Ladder," played by Mr. Wilson Barrett.

The comic treatment of such subjects as *evil spirits* must be regarded from a fresh stand-point. "What reverence," it might fairly be asked, "is due to the Devil, whether we believe that such a being exists or not?" My answer is, that *seriousness* at least is due in dealing with such subjects. The darkest deeds of lust or cruelty that have blasted human happiness have often seemed to the guilty wretch to be due to influences other than his own thoughts: but, even setting aside such evidence, the whole subject is too closely bound up with the deepest sorrows of life to be fit matter for jesting. Yet how often one hears in Society the ready laughter with which any sly allusion to the Devil is received—ay, even by clergymen themselves, who, if their whole life be not one continuous lie, do believe that such a being exists, and that his existence is one of the saddest facts of life.

In this respect I think the tone of the stage not lower than—I doubt if it be so low as—that of Society. Such a picture as Irving gives us of "Mephistopheles" must surely have a healthy influence. Who can see it and not realise, with a vividness few preachers could rival, the utter *hatefulness* of sin?

The same claim, for seriousness of treatment, may be made as to the subjects of Hell and future punishment. In the last generation the Stage, in its constant light use of words connected with "damnation," was simply following the lead of Society: and it is satisfactory to notice that the idle curses, no longer heard in respectable Society, are fast vanishing from the Stage. Let me mention one instance of false treatment of this subject on the Stage, and conclude with two of the better kind.

I have never seen Mr. Gilbert's clever play "Pinafore" performed by grown-up actors: as played by *children*, one passage in it was to me sad beyond words. It occurs when the captain utters the oath "Damn me!" and forthwith a bevy of sweet innocent-looking little girls sing, with bright happy looks, the chorus "He said 'Damn me!' He said 'Damn me!'" I cannot find words to convey to the reader the pain I felt in seeing those dear children taught to utter such words to amuse ears grown callous to their ghastly meaning. Put the two ideas side by

side—Hell (no matter whether *you* believe in it or not : millions do), and those pure young lips thus sporting with its horrors—and then find what *fun* in it you can ! How Mr. Gilbert could have stooped to write, or Sir Arthur Sullivan could have prostituted his noble art to set to music, such vile trash, it passes my skill to understand.

But I am no such purist as to object to *all* such allusions : when gravely made, and for a worthy purpose, they are, I think, entirely healthy in their effect. When the hero of “The Golden Ladder,” claimed as prisoner by a French officer, is taken under the protection of a British captain (finely played by Mr. Bernage), and the Frenchman’s “He is my prison-erre !” is met by the choleric captain’s stentorian reply “Then, damn it, come on board my ship and take him !” the oath did not sound “irreverent” in any degree. Here was no empty *jesting* : all was grim earnest !

One more example, and I have done. No dramatic version of “David Copperfield” would do justice to the story if it failed to give the scene after Steerforth has eloped with “little Em’ly”, leaving her betrothed, Ham Peggotty, a broken-hearted man. Ham has brought the news to his father, and David is present.

“Mas’r Davy,” implored Ham, “go out a bit, and let me tell him what I must. You doesn’t ought to hear it, sir.”

“I want to know his name !” I heard said, once more.

“For some time past,” Ham faltered, “there’s been a servant about here at odd times. There’s been a gen’lm’n, too. . . . A strange chay and horses was outside town this morning. . . . When the servant went to it, Em’ly was nigh him. The t’other was inside. He’s the man.”

“For the Lord’s love,” said Mr. Peggotty, falling back, and putting out his hand, as if to keep off what he dreaded, “doesn’t tell me his name’s Steerforth !”

“Mas’r Davy,” exclaimed Ham, in a broken voice, “it ain’t no fault of yourn—and I am far from laying of it to you—but his name is Steerforth, and he’s a damned villain !”

The critic who would exclaim, on witnessing such a scene, “Shocking irreverence ! That oath ought to be cut out !”, attaches a meaning to the word “irreverence” with which I have no sympathy.

May I conclude with an allusion to the distinctly dramatic

tone of much of the language of the Bible? In doing so I make no special appeal to Christians: any one, who possesses any literary taste at all, will admit that, for poetry and simple pathos, it stands high in the literature of the world. Much of the vivid force of the parables depends on their dramatic character: one fancies, in reading the parable of the "Sower", that the recital was illustrated by the actual events of the moment: one pictures a neighbouring hill-side, with its sharp sky-line, along which slowly moves a figure, seen clear and black against the bright sky, and giving, by the regular swing of his arm, a sort of rhythmic cadence to the words of the speaker.

Whether the parable of "The Prodigal Son" has ever served as the basis of a drama I know not: the general idea has no doubt been so used again and again: but the story, as it stands, simply translated into modern life, would make a most effective play.

The First Act, with the splendour of the wealthy home, would be in picturesque contrast with the Second, where we should find the spendthrift in gaudy and ostentatious vulgarity, surrounded by unmanly men and unwomanly women, wasting his substance in the "far country." The Third might depict his downward career, ending in a deep despair—then the revulsion of feeling—then the pathetic words "I will arise, and go to my Father!" And when the Fourth Act took us back to the ancestral halls, and showed us the wretched outcast, pausing irresolute at the door, mocked by a troop of listless menials, who would fain drive the beggar back to starvation and death, and the old father rushing forth to clasp the wanderer to his breast—might not some eyes, even among the roughs of the Gallery, be "wet with most delicious tears", and some hearts be filled with new and noble thoughts, and a spirit of "reverence" be aroused, for "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely", which would not lightly pass away?



The Coquelins.

BY EDWARD A. MORTON.

THE season of French plays at the Royalty was, I believe, a great success for the management; and Mr. Mayer may thank his stars (theatrical) for that. For, with the single exception of "Les Surprises du Divorce," an excruciatingly comical piece, which amply compensates for lack of literary grace by fertility of device, adroit conduct of the plot and indefective construction, the plays performed at the Royalty were already familiar to playgoers who have a bowing acquaintance with French dramatic literature. The repertory was extensive, ranging from the early French comedies to the latest; from "Les Precieuses Ridicules" to "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," in which the "precious" pretensions of two hundred years after Molière are satirised by M. Pailleron; from "Le Mariage de Figaro" to "Le Député de Bombignac," of which "The Candidate" is a close translation; from high comedy to low comedy; from heavy drama to light opera.

"Le Juif Polonais" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian had never before been played in French on the stage of a London theatre. Still the story has been rendered more popular in this country than ever it was in France. The popularity of the English version of the piece has been secured mainly by Mr. Henry Irving's memorable performance of the part of Mathias, for "The Bells," as a play, is an inferior piece of work to "Le Juif Polonais," in which the interest is more distributed. Everything loses by translation, as Swift said, except a bishop, and this is as true of "Le Juif Polonais" as it is of any English translation of Homer, or Dante, or Horace, or Heine. The appearance of M. Coquelin as Mathias quickened the curiosity of the public, when it was known that the French actor did not view the character in the same lurid light as Mr. Irving. M. Coquelin's conception of the part (which is said to reflect the ideas of the authors) shows how much dramatists sometimes owe to the interpreters of their work, for Mr.

Irving's study of a haunted man is much more exciting and imposing than M. Coquelin's sturdy impersonation of the murderer of the Polish Jew. It is no haunted man that M. Coquelin depicts; it is simply a callous scoundrel who has a ringing of bells in the head, as some people have a singing in the ears. And it does not trouble him much. He "shakes it off" pettishly. But the other Mathias cannot shake it off—it torments *him*; therein lies the great difference between them. To Mr. Irving the sound of the bells is harrowing and overpowering; he shows that he is struggling to conceal the truth, which M. Coquelin quietly buries within him. It is the indication of terrible mental anguish that renders Mr. Irving's acting loftier, more picturesque, more imaginative, more forcible, more stimulating, though not more consistent. It must be allowed that M. Coquelin is always consistent. It is by virtue of this same consistency that he attempts to raise the character of the recalcitrant husband in "Le Député de Bombignac" from farce to the level of comedy, and imparts to it a nervous force which it would be better without; for the character of this *tête de linotte* belongs to farce, and "the candidate," who is returned *malgré lui* at the top of the poll, is a part to be rattled through in the manner of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Our own sprightly "candidate" will be remembered as a more diverting personage than the "député," whom M. Coquelin presented in the character of a highly respectable country gentleman who fashioned his phrases in the style of the Palais Royal, and delivered them with the academic precision of the Théâtre Français.

M. Coquelin's comedy is as light as can be, and fantastic even, in an elegant manner, but it is never shallow. His acting has not that superficiality which is proper to the heroes of rapid farce. He is not what is called a "funny man," but a polished comedian, and it is in the highest, most comprehensive form, of comedy that the enormous talent of the actor finds expression. In modern farce, M. Coquelin goes astray. He has not the trick of it; his humour is not of the rollicking kind which evokes boisterous laughter; he has a riper humour, which excites that feeling of pleasure and surprise described by Leigh Hunt as the laughter of the mind. The character of Duval, the hero of "Les Surprises du Divorce," is more within the grasp of such an actor as M. Jolly, who is now

appearing at the Variétés in the part of the husband who finds in divorce from his wife the only way of getting rid of his too officious mother-in-law. In the scene in which Duval's mother-in-law is restored to him by the marriage of his first wife with the father of his second—Duval has married *en secondes nocés* the daughter of a widower in order to secure himself against another attack of mother-in-law—in this scene, when Duval is brought face to face again with the termagant Madame Bonivard, the emotions of horror and surprise are rendered by M. Coquelin with a stupendous effect which is not usually produced by the actors of less diversified and expressive talent who figure in frivolous pieces of this kind; but it is only in this one passage of the play that his genius is allowed to reveal itself. M. Coquelin is too well schooled an actor, and too richly endowed by nature, to play badly in any piece, but it is in the classic drama that he asserts himself as a great comedian, the greatest comedian of our time.

So correct is M. Coquelin's style, so free from affectation and extravagance, that his acting is less effective in the excesses of modern farce than in any of the plays in the wide range of his repertory. His gaiety never degenerates into buffoonery. He gives himself up to his work, whatever it may be, with all his heart, but never for one moment does he lose his head. He thinks as deeply as he seems to feel, and therefore he excels in those parts which demand the exercise of the intellectual capacity. His sympathies are expansive, and he has all the emotions at his command, but gaiety comes to him of its own accord. He is the best representative living of the *fourbes* and *valets* of Molière's comedies, and probably no better exponent of the characters of these light-hearted rogues, these masters of cunning and impudence, ever existed. Within the limitations of comedy, M. Coquelin is a genius. His impersonation of Noël, in "La Joie fait Peur," attests his sensibility and emotional rapidity. Old playgoers aver that Regnier, who taught M. Coquelin all an actor can be taught, was superior to his pupil in the part; but in this matter, as in others, memory no doubt gives a deceitful colour to by-gones; for there is an unsurpassable tenderness in M. Coquelin's performance of the faithful, old, familiar servant, whose devotion to his mistress and her children moves the audience to laugh and to cry at the same time. The character of Noël is indicated by M. Coquelin with a delicacy which contrasts

strikingly with the intrepidity with which he defines such a character as that of Annibal in "L'Aventurière," and the extent of his extraordinary powers as an actor may be measured by his success equally as the swashbuckler in Augier's comedy, and as the lovable old man of Madame de Girardin's touching little piece.

If acting may be considered as a fine art, as some would have it, M. Coquelin's performance of Mascarille in "L'Etourdi" is certainly a masterpiece; which is more than anybody, even more than Goethe, who had a passion for Molière, could claim for the play itself. Apart from the character of the intriguing valet, whose plots are circumvented by the very man he designs to benefit, the piece is so simply constructed that it reminds one, to use an appropriate expression, at every turn, of the tinkling Swiss toy, in which one man is walking—or running, if you turn the handle quickly—over a bridge, unceasingly followed by another. This is the position, relatively, of Lélie, the *étourdi*, and Mascarille, his valet. The character of the valet, at any rate, is a splendid medium for comic acting. Molière, who played the part himself, must have had something of the vanity of the actor-manager in him when he composed it.

Mascarille, as he sprang out of Molière's brain, is personified in M. Coquelin, whom nature has equipped with every physical and mental qualification for the part. His every feature declares nature's plan. The ball of a head, large, out of fair proportion to the rest of the body; the great, open face, sensible to every passing impression, with intelligence looking out of the eyes and mischief hanging round the corners of his mouth; the nose *en trompette*—all were cut out for comedy. To these nature has added the more precious gift of a voice—a voice as musical and as penetrating and as pure in tone as a rare violin. Education has given him a complete mastery of this magnificent voice of his. His enunciation of the long and tiresome speech in the last act of "L'Etourdi" is a marvel of elocution. His delivery of the longer and livelier soliloquy, "*sous les grands marronniers*" in "Le Mariage de Figaro," is a stroke of genius.

In "Le Mariage de Figaro," M. Coquelin is unparagoned. The character of the irrepressible Figaro, which has come down to him through a long line of comedians, brings out the actor's most engaging qualities. He is radiant, graceful, buoyant, and the flow of spirits is kept up unceasingly throughout the

five acts. The variety of character is astonishing, and the individuality of the personages of the play is distinct, even in the case of the minor parts, such as Brid'oison, the judge, whose respect for "*la-a forme*" is still typical of a certain phase of the judicial mind. The dialogue, which has given many familiar maxims to the language, has lost the keen edge of its satire, but the wit is always bright and polished, and the conduct of the intrigue and the structure of the piece are, to a surprising degree, conformable with the ideas of our time. So it happens that "*Le Mariage de Figaro*" seems less old-fashioned than Molière's plays, which are shaped in an antiquated form, and which, immortal literature as they are, are destined to pass from the stage.

The conditions of writing for the theatre are always changing. A dramatist writes to please his generation, and must yield to the humours of the hour. In the evolution of the drama, how much has survived, for the purpose of the theatre, from the Attic drama downward? It must be allowed at once that the burlesques of Aristophanes could not be successfully produced nowadays at the Gaiety Theatre. The Greek chorus has developed into the Gaiety chorus. And it is with Molière as with Aristophanes, the rust is not in his wit; but the carpentry of his plays, so to speak, the fashioning of them, does not satisfy the requirements of the modern stage. The works of the great French dramatist must, therefore, take their place among the classics on the bookshelf.

The representations of Molière's plays no longer attract the public. They have been forced to acknowledge that at the house of Molière. Yet the characters of Tartuffe, Scapin, Mascarille, Georges Dandin, and Jourdain are not likely to lose their hold upon the actor who in these parts can satisfy his ambition. Played by such a comedian as M. Coquelin, whose finished acting and superb diction are so captivating, one is charmed, as in reading, by the perfect individuality of a character, and one does not look for a more powerful interest. One listens enchanted to the raillery of Mascarille (of "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*") when M. Coquelin is the lackey who is giving himself the grand manner of a marquis. M. Coquelin's performance of this part is subtlety itself. The figure of Mascarille reclining haughtily in the arm-chair, his legs crossed in an affected attitude of ease; his waving hand with delicacy

effusing from the tips of his fingers ; the coxcomical carriage of his head ; the expression of his face, in which there is just a shade of effrontery mingling with conceit ; all this makes up a picture which lingers in the memory. The story of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" is not engrossing, and the violent end of the piece is brought about by no deep strategy. As for the *coup de bâton*, that has lost its effect. Even the famous scene in "Les Fourberies de Scapin," when the impudent valet administers the stick to G eronte, pleases only the unsophisticated in these days, for a good whacking is no longer considered a good joke. As Scapin, M. Coquelin is as felicitous as he is in all his impersonations of Moli re's characters, except Tartuffe. His performance of the archetypal humbug is even, slow, and unexciting.

Special interest was given to the representations of "Les Fourberies de Scapin" at the Royalty, by the appearance of M. Coquelin *cadet* in the character of Argante. M. Coquelin *cadet* was seen in London only in this one play, not to mention monologues, trivialities which the Coquelins have brought into vogue in Paris ; and his performance of the outraged father established, to the satisfaction of those who were unacquainted with his finest impersonations, his title to be considered, next to his brother—*longo intervallo proximus*—as polished a comedian as any in France. Although M. Coquelin *cadet* long ago took French leave of the Th  tre Fran ais, he still retains the distinction of manner which an actor who has belonged to this great company could no more get rid of—if he wanted to—than a Scotchman could of his accent, though he lived his whole life on this side of the Cheviot Hills, or even on the other side of the Atlantic. The part of Sylvestre in "Les Fourberies de Scapin" was taken by the son of the elder Coquelin, a young man of twenty years of age, who is not wanting in talent or audacity, and who needs only experience to make him a very accomplished actor. In the confabulation between Argante, Scapin, and Sylvestre, his acting was as intelligent in listening as in the delivery of his lines. M. Jean Coquelin appeared as a foil to his father in several plays, performing a variety of difficult parts with tact and penetration. The youngest Coquelin decidedly favours his father in his personal appearance ; and in the cadence of his speech there is the ring of the sterling Coquelin voice. He is a chip of the old block ; an * uf   la Coquelin*.

Actor and Critic.

[The following address by Mr. William Winter, the well-known scholar and dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, was delivered at the Birthday Dinner given in honour of Mr. Lester Wallack by "The Lambs," at the Club House, 34, West 26th Street, New York, on Sunday, January 1, 1888.]

Introductory remarks by the Chairman, Mr. Steele MacKaye.

MR. MACKAYE :—Gentlemen,—You have heard thus far the noblest tributes of esteem for Mr. Wallack from distinguished representatives of statesmanship, art, and literature. There remains to us still the privilege of listening to a man who, in his own sphere, has made a record as brilliant and begotten a love as deep as that which justly belongs to the honoured guest of this occasion, Mr. Lester Wallack. The gentleman to whom I refer has always, in the performance of the most delicate and difficult functions, had the courage to be frank to his friends, just to his enemies, and true to his public, without soiling his work with one single touch of petty egotism. He is a man who by the exquisite skill and truthfulness of his criticisms has won the suffrages of the judicious few, and of every honest member of the dramatic profession: you all know that these words can only be truly spoken of the great critic, William Winter. (Cheers.)

MR. WINTER :—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—In this distinguished presence, and at this hour of the night, when the subject, if not the audience, is well-nigh exhausted, it were, I think, better for me to remain silent than for me to speak; yet, since you will compel me to emerge from the obscurity of silence, I must at least make the endeavour to respond, if not with adequate words, certainly with sincere feeling, to your generous welcome. (Cheers.) I thank you for the privilege of being present at this festival. I thank you for the surprising kindness with which your chairman's affectionate mention of my name has been received. I was not aware of the existence of so strong a sentiment of favour towards myself among the actors of New York, who are so largely represented here, and I must be per-

mitted to say that this tribute is in a high degree gratifying to my feelings.

One reason that induced me to accept your thoughtful invitation, and come to this place, was my desire to do all possible honour to Lester Wallack—(cheers)—your distinguished leader, and for many years a dear and cherished friend of mine. Not that the presence of so humble an individual as I am could confer any distinction upon this renowned leader of the comedy stage of America. I never thought that. But it seemed to me that by my presence I might at least express my sympathy and respect, and I had reason to believe that this would not be unwelcome to him. (Cheers.) There comes a time in every man's life when the clouds begin to gather and the shadows to deepen around him; when in the secret chambers of his soul the voice of experience whispers its solemn admonition that there is no one whom the world cannot do without. In that sombre twilight of decline he naturally turns toward his old friends. He is wishful to feel that they remember him and love him; that he still has a place in their hearts, and that he is still recognised and honoured in the community to which the labour of his life-time has been devoted. The least that we can do for a friend, when that hour comes, is to rally around him and take him by the hand. (Cheers.)

Another reason that I had for coming hither was my desire to see and hear the representative actors of New York in the present day. At a time which, by many of you, must already begin to be regarded as the distant past, it was my fortunate privilege to live in association—intimate in some cases, pleasant in all—with many actors who were leaders of the stage or were conspicuous ornaments upon it—with James W. Wallack, jun., and Edwin L. Davenport, Mark Smith and Humphrey Bland, George Holland and John Sefton, John Brougham and John E. Owens, George Jamieson and George Jordan, Daniel E. Setchell and Tom Placide, Dolly Davenport and A. W. Young, Barney Williams and Owen Marlowe, John McCullough and Edwin Adams, Edward A. Sothern and William R. Floyd, Reynolds, Norton, Hind, Hanley, Raymond, Beckett, and many more. They were the companions of my everyday life. They partook of my social pleasures, as I did of theirs. I knew their feelings, their ambitions, their aspirations. One by one those friends have been

withdrawn, "to where beyond these voices there is peace." For me also, time and experience have taught the solemn lesson of vicissitude, mutability, evanescence, and resignation. The flowers are still fragrant, and the leaves still rustle; but the fragrance is of flowers that have been gathered, and the leaves that rustle, no longer hang upon the branches but lie withering upon the ground. In this company to-night I feel like one who has survived from a remote and half-forgotten period, to see the pageant and to hear the music of a new order of things.

And all that I have seen and heard here to-night has impressed and delighted me. Especially am I impressed and delighted by your affectionate appreciation of your distinguished leader. (Cheers.) He deserves it all. The character and achievements of Lester Wallack are in a high degree valuable and significant to the members of your profession. He is one of the few remaining actors of the Old School who, to some extent, preserve for our time all that is best in the traditions of the English-speaking stage. He has been an actor during forty-four years,—forty of those years in New York. His career illuminates a far-reaching backward vista in theatrical history. Looking upon him to-night, remembering the parts that he has played, and reviewing the work that he has accomplished, I see, in that golden perspective, the long and stately line of his dramatic ancestry—the royal figure of Robert Wilks, the magnificent William Lewis, the superb Elliston, the courtly Charles Kemble, the brilliant Charles Mathews, and that illustrious Wallack whose name was his proudest inheritance and whose great reputation he has so worthily maintained. (Cheers.) Treading in their footsteps, Lester Wallack wears their laurels and transmits their example. It is no common ability and no common devotion which have thus kept alive the sacred flame that was lighted in the great days of Wilks and Cibber, Kynaston and Mountfort, upon the altar of English Comedy. (Cheers.)

In one of the old theatrical books there is a record of a remark made by George Frederick Cooke to John Philip Kemble, in the days while yet they were on good terms with each other: "John," he said, "if you and I were pounded together in a mortar, we should not make a limb of a Garrick!" This was the testimony of one of the greatest actors that ever lived—an actor who had seen Garrick and Parsons and Spranger

Barry; an actor who surpassed Henderson; an actor whose genius inspired even so great a man as Edmund Kean:—and this testimony was given in recognition of the unrivalled greatness of a Comedian. For this, beyond a doubt, was the distinctive royalty of David Garrick, who, in the fulness of his fame, at the summit of his greatness, when at length he retired from the stage, took leave of the public, not in a character of tragedy, but in a character of comedy; playing, not King Lear, in which he had been simply famous, but Don Felix, in which he was unrivalled and supreme. (Applause.) These facts point to a conclusion of practical and far-reaching significance. Nobody dreams of depreciating the tragic art or its great professors — the art that implicates Hamlet, Macbeth, and Richard; the art that has given to the American stage its Cooper, its Mary Duff, its Edwin Forrest, and its Edwin Booth. But—“*Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit.*” The noble actor whom you honour to-night will be remembered by posterity as a great Comedian. In the line indicated by such characters as Sir Oswin Mortland, Viscount de Ligny, Jasper, Valentine, Prosper Couramant, Don Felix, and Harry Dornton, he never, in our day, has had an equal. To those who know the literature of Comedy this simple statement (which cannot successfully be controverted, and which I am sure no New York playgoer of ripe experience would think of denying) is a volume in itself.

It is my wish on this occasion carefully to avoid saying any word that might be considered sad or harsh; but I cannot omit to declare my conviction that the retirement of this superb comedian from the active pursuit of the stage is a cause for public sorrow. (Applause.) Wallack's Theatre without Lester Wallack at the head of it is no longer an institution—it is the shadow of a name. (Applause.) But it is always the part of wisdom to look the facts of life squarely in the face. When a man comes near the verge of three-score years and ten he is entitled to wish to retire from the responsibilities, the strife, the tumult, the stress and strain of active conflict on the field of public life. Lester Wallack did not relinquish the control of Wallack's Theatre because he was a failure, but because as a manager his work was done. For nearly a quarter of a century succeeding his lamented father's death, in 1864, he conducted

that house, and his noble career was now rounded and fulfilled. (Applause.)

We are living in a period of change. Every man of conservative ideas and feelings has felt its pressure. The ideas and feelings of Lester Wallack as to the province of the art of acting and the relation of the stage to society, were probably no longer in practical harmony with the spirit of these times. In my own humble sphere, in the Press of to-day, I have seen the introduction and gradual prevalence of ideas and customs which fill me with profound solicitude and dismay. They are, perhaps, right; but if so, all the convictions and practice of my past life have been wrong. I have no doubt that they will entirely prevail. There is now a vast multitude of persons to be amused, and for that multitude the chromo-lithograph has taken the place, in our time (although good things are still here and there accomplished upon the stage), of the more valuable forms of dramatic art. 'The old order changes,' and one by one we, who cling to ancient views and customs, must vanish with the faith to which we cling.

But, Gentlemen, I have detained you too long already. (Cries of "No, no," "Go on," &c.)

I have but a single thought to add, and I will speak it in the words of Tennyson, in his beautiful poem of "Ulysses"—words which express with such profound conviction and such noble eloquence the strength and sufficiency of a resolute will to sustain us against all the ills of this mortal state, and make us steadfast amid the shattered and crumbling pageantry of human life and worldly fortune. I should like to think that these words fall from Lester Wallack's own lips—spoken here to you by him:—

"Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we loved.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic mind
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

(Cheers.)

Sir Perceval.

(Read by its Author at the Lotos Club Dinner to LESTER WALLACK,
New York, December 17, 1887.)

I.

WITH a glimmer of plumes and a sparkle of lances,
With blare of the trumpet, and neigh of the steed,
At morning they rode, where the bright river glances,
And the sweet summer wind ripples over the mead.
The green sod beneath them was ermined with daisies
Smiling up to green boughs tossing wild in their glee,
While a thousand glad hearts sang their honours and praises,
Where the Knights of the Mountain rode down to the sea.

II.

One rode 'neath the banner whose face was the fairest,
Made royal with deeds that his manhood had done,
And the halo of blessing fell richest and rarest
On his armour that splintered the shafts of the sun.—
So moves o'er the waters the cygnet sedately ;
So waits the strong eagle to mount on the wing ;
Serene and puissant and simple and stately,
So shines among Princes the form of the King.

III.

With a gay bugle-note, when the daylight's last glimmer
Smites, crimson and gold, on the snow of his crest,
At evening he rides through the shades growing dimmer,
While the banners of sunset stream red in the west.
His comrades of morning are scattered and parted—
The clouds hanging low and the winds making moan—
But smiling, and dauntless, and calm, and true-hearted,
All proudly he rides down the valley, alone.

IV.

Sweet gales of the woodland, embrace and caress him !
White wings of renown, be his comfort and light !
Pale dews of the star-beam, encompass and bless him
With the peace, and the balm, and the glory of night !
And oh, while he wends to the verge of that ocean
Where the years, like a garland, shall fall from his brow,
May his glad heart exult in the tender devotion,
The love that encircles and hallows him now !

Our Musical-Box.

Just twenty-one years have elapsed since Christine Nilsson, Countess of Miranda, whose portrait will be found in the current number of *THE THEATRE*, made her first public appearance in this country as a *prima donna assoluta*. She came out at Her Majesty's Théâtre on June 6, 1867, in the character of Violetta (*La Traviata*), and at once took London by storm. At that time she was in her four-and-twentieth year, possessed of rare personal beauty, singular fascination of expression and manner, and one of the sweetest soprano voices ever heard, about two and a half octaves in compass, and of even quality throughout. When Miss Nilsson came to England she had already established herself solidly in the favour of the Parisian public, having been engaged at the Théâtre Lyrique for nearly three years, and made her mark in florid as well as lyric parts. Her impersonation of Marguerite, during her first London season, was a revelation to the *habitués* of our national opera-house. The part had been written by Gounod for Madame Miolan-Carvalho, whose rendering of it had been deemed unrivalled until Christine Nilsson, as Margharita-Gretchen, realised Goethe's ideal, as well as that of Gounod. Thenceforth, until her retirement from the stage, the Swedish songstress held a universally acknowledged supremacy over all the *cantatrici* of her day in that particular *rôle*. Similar super-excellence has been accorded to her on both sides of the Atlantic in the part of Ophelia, expressly composed for her by Ambroise Thomas. Her *Mignon*, *Elsa* (*Lohengrin*), and *Edith* (*Il Talismano*) have also been justly pronounced unequalled.

This gifted and lovely woman is the daughter of a Swedish yeoman, and was born on her father's farm near Wexiö on August 20, 1843, the same year in which Adelina Patti first saw the light. As a very young child she displayed an extraordinary taste for music and aptitude for singing, acquiring moreover a considerable local celebrity by the extraordinary sweetness and flexibility of her voice. Her first patron was a lady (Baroness Leuhusen), who had been a public singer before her marriage, and who gave valuable lessons in vocalisation to little Christine, afterwards placing her under the tuition of Professor Berwald at Stockholm. Six months after she had commenced her regular training as a singer she was commanded to display her talents at the Swedish Court. From Stockholm Baroness Leuhusen took her to Paris, where she completed her musical studies under M. Wartel, and eventually made her *début* (October 27, 1864) at the Théâtre Lyrique

in Verdi's "Traviata." Of that theatre, the scene of her early triumphs, she took final leave four years later in the principal part of Cohen's "Les Bluets," which she "created," but could not render popular. It was at the Académie de Musique that she appeared in the character of Ophelia on the occasion (March 9, 1868) of the initial production of "Hamlet;" and during the same year she added the rôles of Cherubino and Lucia to her *répertoire* at Drury Lane, also singing with unbounded success in oratorio at the great Handel Festival.

Christine Nilsson's artistic triumphs on either side of the Atlantic, her many charitable deeds, and the melancholy story of her first marriage to Auguste Rouzeaud are too well known to the London musical public to call for recapitulation in this place. My readers will be more interested in a few quaint and characteristic anecdotes of the great Scandinavian *prima donna* which I collected some years ago from trustworthy sources, and which belong to the category of "things not generally known." For instance, I was assured upon good authority that, in the spring of 1872, when Christine was for the first time treading in Adelina's tiny footsteps across the American Continent, she happened to be at an evening party in New York. The assemblage was a brilliant one, invited specially in her honour; she was just then the axis round which the Yankee wheel of fashion revolved. Suddenly the door opened, admitting an unbidden guest of the male persuasion, who walked straight up to the Swedish songstress, clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her passionately on the lips. Symptoms of partial petrification made themselves manifest in all present, except in Christine, who seized the intruder round the waist, lifted him off the ground as easily as if he had been a new-born babe, carried him out of the room to the landing, and threw him downstairs with a fine gesture of athletic disdain, returning to her friends as calmly as though nothing out of the way had taken place. The "chucked one" proved to be an escaped lunatic, suffering from a fixed idea that he was the original Prince of Denmark and that Madame Rouzeaud was his very own Ophelia. But in taking possession of what he believed to be his property he reckoned without Christine's biceps, of which she has every reason to be inordinately proud.

So did another party—no madman he—who distinguished himself in Vienna by following her about like her shadow whenever she went for a stroll round the Ring Strasse. He was a swell, glossy-hatted, braided, and turned up with fur; his favourite pursuit was to peer under the rim of Christine's bonnet with an alluring smile. One day, just as he had executed this manœuvre entirely to his own satisfaction, the object of his admiration wheeled sharp round upon him, looked him full in the face, and doubling up her right arm under his nose, so that the size of its flexor and extensor muscles could not well escape his notice, exclaimed, "What

do you want of me? Do you think that a woman with an arm like this cannot take her own part?" *Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.* Lothario made a feeble attempt to raise his hat apologetically, turned on his heel, and vanished. Thenceforth he haunted Christine no more.

Despite her constant intercourse with the fashionable world, Christine Nilsson remained a child of impulse—impulse of the rough-and-ready sort. Every now and anon the strong peasant-blood that flows through her veins prompted her to somewhat startling action; such, for instance, as once gave the eminent baritone Fischer a fright he is not likely to forget to the day of his death. She was singing the famous duet between Zerlina and Don Juan with him at a concert in Munich. He commenced, "Reich' mir die Hand, mein Leben, Komm' auf mein Schloss mit mir!" At the word "komm'" she strode towards him so energetically that the poor fellow, losing his presence of mind, stepped hastily backwards, stumbled over an inopportune music-desk, and fell full-length on the platform. The audience greeted the unexpected discomfiture of the seductive Spanish libertine with peals of inextinguishable laughter. Who could have expected that, in the very act of acceding to his immoral solicitation, Zerlina would level Don Juan with the dust? The comic effect of this topsy-turvy *dénouement* was greatly enhanced when the tall fair Christine, towering in meek but muscular innocence above the prostrate form of subjugated vice, amiably stooped over him and helped him to his feet. "La ci darem" was not finished that evening; for, having reassumed the perpendicular, Herr Fischer abruptly quitted the platform.

On another occasion Christine tackled a trifling sumptuary difficulty with an athletic vigour that electrified some thousands of Parisians. The episode took place during the concert she gave in May, 1885, at the Trocadéro, for the benefit of the indigent blind. She had not sung in Paris for some years previous to this performance, and her first song was received with such tumultuous applause that—with a view to displaying her gratitude for so hearty a greeting—she sat down to the piano to carol one of her favourite Swedish melodies to her own accompaniment. She had on a pair of gloves that covered her arms to the shoulders, and began to unbutton the uppermost of their thirty-six buttons; but had only unfastened two or three when, the absurdity of the situation flashing across her mind, she laughed audibly, caught the gloves firmly by their further ends and tore them off her arms by sheer force, causing two showers of tiny buttons to fall pattering on the platform and the keyboard of the pianoforte. The audience, delighted with the energy and *naïveté* of the action, fairly rose at her, and cheered her to the echo.

Her ready-wittedness was somewhat more gracefully illustrated one night

at Madrid when she was singing the Jewel-Song in "Faust." Her namesake, the fair young Queen, was sitting in the State box facing the stage; and Christine, as she warbled the lines—

" C'est la fille d'un roi
Qu'on salue au passage !"

dropped a quick little curtsey to Her Spanish Majesty. The audience took the cue like one man, rose to its feet, and broke out into rapturous shouts of "Viva Christina! Viva la Reyna!" It was a "happy thought," and delighted the astute Madrileños by its *finesse* as well as by its manifest spontaneity.

From Christine Nilsson at Kensington to Adelina Patti at Buenos Ayres is a "far cry;" but, as it happens, I have lately heard twice from the Diva, and the letters reveal such genuine exultation over the magnificence of her reception at Buenos Ayres that in all probability the readers of THE THEATRE will read a few brief extracts from them with interest. She writes *entr' autres*: "I was quite royally received on my arrival here. Five carriages were placed at my disposal by some of the first people of the town. The one that took me home belonged to the President of the Republic, and was full of lovely flowers. At the hotel I could hardly get through, the crowd was so dense. I was cheered like a queen whenever I showed myself, and the whole place was *en fête*. . . We intend (April 5) remaining here about two months and a half, going hence to Montevideo for a fortnight, then to Rio for a month, which will bring us up to the time when we are to return home again. I think we shall go back by an English boat, which will call here, coming from Australia, and will land us at Plymouth on the 11th of August. . . Here they are just as amiable and charming as possible; each day I receive from ten to fifteen bouquets and baskets of rare flowers. . . The heat was unbearable during our voyage; at Dakar I really thought we should all suffocate. Here, too, it is most dreadful. No sleep at night is possible, what with all the thunderstorms, and, great Scott! the mosquitoes. My right eye is so swollen this morning that I can hardly see out of it!"

Madame Nicolini made her first appearance in Buenos Ayres as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," her second in "Traviata," and her third in "Lucia." On all three occasions the receipts were over £2,400, according to the leading newspapers—"La Patria," "La Prensa," "La Razon," and "El Diario"—which teem with enthusiastic praise of her superb singing and acting, the "Diario" observing that "only intelligence and heart are required to applaud, without risk of compromising oneself, a picture by Raffaele, a statue by Canova, and the Rondo from 'Lucia' sung by Patti." The "Globo" makes a pun in her honour at Virgil's expense—"Vera incessu Patti-it dea." The president, vice-president, cabinet-ministers, chief generals, admirals, and judges of the

Argentine Republic were present at her *début* in the Politeama. No living soul at Buenos Ayres had theretofore ever seen such an illustrious and numerous audience gathered together within the precincts of that stately theatre. I cannot resist the temptation of subjoining a specimen of the "florid" Spanish critical style. "She is a lovely woman, an artistic genius. The soil of Andalusia is reflected in her beautiful eyes. There is as much poetry in her nymph-like face as in the silver rays of the moon, that are reflected in the crystalline waters of the Guadalquivir and Manzanares. (!) In private she is an extraordinary woman; on the stage, a queen; when she sings, an angel. Her voice is a suave *arpeggio*, a cadence, a note fallen from heaven. In the theatre she interprets faithfully all the mysteries of the human heart. She is the refulgent and majestic star that shines in the firmament of immortality. Let us lay at her feet the flowers of love, and the palms of triumph and glory!" There now!

Madame Minnie Hauk has been singing Elsa and Marguerite to crowded houses in Wiesbaden, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has conferred upon her his Order of Merit. As I write these lines she is on her way to London to fulfil her engagement at Covent Garden, in high spirits and excellent voice. By the way, the initial performance of Mr. Harris's *stagione* was rather a tame one. The house was full, but the audience was cold, although "Lucrezia" was fairly cast and beautifully mounted and dressed. It is a work that no longer pleases, even in this stubbornly conservative country; and Madame Fursch-Madi, though a meritorious artist, is scarcely the singer or actress to revive the enthusiasm which used to be awakened when Giulia Grisi impersonated the wicked Duchess of Ferrara. For my own part, I wondered at Mr. Harris "opening" with "Lucrezia;" but perhaps he could not help himself, his Australian phoenix having failed him at the eleventh hour. That he should have allowed Madame Nordica to appear in the part of Carmen is indeed "one of those things no fellow can understand."

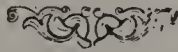
There has been a glut of good concerts during the month of May—admirable Sarasate recitals, delightful Richter concerts (as I expected, "Hagen's Wacht" did not go down with the St. James's Hall public a little bit, whilst Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" all but brought down the house), a charming Clotilde Kleeberg recital, which deserved a paragraph of praise to itself, had I more space at my disposal, a noble Bach choir concert, a memorable Grieg evening at the Philharmonic, interesting *matinées* given by Madame Cornelia Dalnoky, a well-trained Viennese soprano of the declamatory school; by Miss Alice Gomes, to take leave of her friends before returning to India, her native land; by Mdlle. Juliette Folville, a clever violinist, pianist, and composer, who played for a couple of hours, unassisted save by the Chevalier Ganz—"alone she did it;" and an important Brahms Concert, under the direction

of Mr. Bradley, at which Miss Damian sang with a force and pathos, truth of intonation, and splendour of tone that reminded me of the never sufficiently to be lamented Charlotte Dolby. The instrumental items of the programme were judiciously selected from Brahms' inimitable chamber-music, and I need scarcely say that the "Liebeslieder" waltzes, as usual, took the audience—a very musical and judgmatical one—by storm, being played and sung to perfection. At Mr. De Lara's concert on May 16—the first given by him in London since his return from an eight months' sojourn on the Continent—an interesting *début* took place, that of little Marguerite Naudin, a child only nine years old, and daughter of the famous French tenor. This tiny girl, whose voice is peculiarly sweet and "tender with tears," sings perfectly in tune, with a justness of phrasing and passionate pathos that are simply marvellous in one so young. Whilst interpreting De Lara's beautiful setting of Lord Lytton's lines, "If sorrow have taught me anything," she touched her audience to the very heart's core; and yet, what should this pretty child know about sorrow, or have learnt from it? She has certainly been taught to mimic passion with such exactitude that her imitation may readily pass for the genuine article. Her rendering, too, of Tosti's "Pepita" was inimitably sympathetic and interesting. The Cavaliere Paolo himself could not have "spoken" the charming song more effectively. Another feature of the concert was the delightful, fascinating, idiosyncratic singing of Miss Marguerite Hall, who carried all before her (and with a fashionable audience on a rainy afternoon, be it remembered!) in the concert-giver's superb new song "To Love," and in his ever fresh and dainty "All my All." To hear such genial compositions so exquisitely rendered is indeed a musical treat. Mr. De Lara's Virgin Choir was, as ever, devoted and indefatigable. Its maiden accents were not uniformly breathed in perfect tune; but its assiduity and "readiness to oblige" were beyond all praise. The gifted high-priest of this vestal band was unfortunately prevented from singing by a sudden and overpowering hoarseness. His *remplaçant*, Mr. Black, has a fine voice and a nasal delivery. Miss Helen d'Alton was heartily encored in "The Garden of Sleep," which fully maintains the popularity it achieved last season.

I have received two songs and six "Album Leaves," composed by that graceful melodist and ripe musician, Mr. Arthur Hervey. Of the songs, "I care not" is passionate, "Cri du cœur" at once tuneful and richly modulated, and "In Absence" a fine vigorous setting of some singularly beautiful words by Russell Lowell. I can cordially recommend both works to musicianly vocal amateurs. The "Album Leaves" are full of pretty fancies; notably the "Valse d'Automne," "Humoresque," and "Caprice." Six new romantic pieces for the pianoforte, by M. Joseph Wieniawski, have also been recently published by Schott and Co., and will reward the advanced pianist of private life, if he or she will take the pains to study them. From Heidelberg (Guttenberger being the publisher) my old friend Eugenio

Pirani sends me two of his newest compositions, a clever "Fughetta," well worked out, and a very pretty little waltz, not to be danced to, by any means, but to be played with a light, agile finger, multiplied by ten, *pour passer le temps*—not *moult tristement*, but *moult agréablement*.

CLAVICHORD.



Our Play-Box.

"THE BEN-MY-CHREE."

A New Romantic Drama, in five acts, by HALL CAINE and WILSON BARRETT.

First produced at the Princess's Theatre, May 17, 1888.

Dan Mylrea	Mr. WILSON BARRETT.	Michael Looney ..	Mr. J. WELCH.
Mona Mylrea	Miss EASTLAKE	Jabez Gawn	Mr. HORACE HODGES.
Ewan Mylrea	Mr. CHARLES FULTON.	Jem Curphey	Mr. T. W. PERCIVAL.
Thorkell Mylrea ..	Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD.	Hommy Beg	Mr. G. HOWARD BERNAGE.
Gilchrist Mylrea ..	Mr. JOHN MACLEAN.	Coroner	Mr. A. E. FIELD.
Mr. Harcourt.. ..	Mr. COOPER-CLIFFE.	Kitty	Miss LILLIE BELMORE.
Davy Fayle	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.	Kerry	Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY.
Billy Quilleash ..	Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT.	Lira Teare	Miss HARRIETTA POLINI.
Ned Teare	Mr. S. MURRAY CARSON.	Nancy	Miss ALICE BELMORE.
Jem Callow	Mr. FRANK PITSTONE.	Bridget	Miss GAMBER.

The production of "The Ben-my-Chree" will rank as a red-letter day in the annals of Mr. Wilson Barrett's triumphs. To welcome him back to his old house was in itself an occasion of much moment to his friends and admirers; that hearty cheers, applause, calls, and floral tributes should be showered upon him was but natural, and looked for; but that the almost insurmountable difficulty of making a good play out of a novel should have been so overcome was hardly expected; and so complete and deserved a success proved beyond all anticipation. All who have read "The Deemster" must have been struck beforehand with the extreme fitness of the character of Dan Mylrea to Mr. Barrett's style of acting. Power, impetuosity, and tenderness, all are required in the impersonation of this man, whose heart is as large as his arm is strong. The kind Bishop, his father, loves him, but neither understands nor appreciates his true value. His uncle, the Deemster, hates him. Ewan, his cousin, gives him brotherly affection, but despises and mistrusts him; and when Dan gets into bad company, or gives way to his unruly temper, Ewan, like many good people, thinks it right to treat him as an outcast. One only, and this one a woman, has seen below the surface. Mona, the Deemster's daughter, loves Dan, and is loved by him with all the intensity of his strong nature. To



prevent a quarrel with her brother, Mona sends for Dan, and under her sweet influence he promises to become a new man; her father's voice is heard, and to save her from reproach Dan hides in the house and escapes by her chamber window. He is seen by Ewan, who insults him, accusing him of dishonouring his sister, and forces him to fight with knives, and Ewan falls. The crew of "The Ben-my-Chree" bury the body at sea, but the tide brings it back; the poor old Bishop tries to buy the silence of those who have proof against Dan; Mona, compelled to appear as chief witness against the man she loves, refuses to speak; but Dan resolves to make atonement, surrenders himself, and is condemned to death by the Governor and the Deemster. But by the laws of Mann the church has in some



cases a supreme right of jurisdiction; the Bishop asserts this right, but is only able to save his son's life by passing on him the most terrible of all sentences; he is to be cut off from the people, no one may speak to him, touch him, or succour him, under penalty of death. For a year he drags out his solitary life, then he is summoned back by one faithful friend to save Mona. The Governor, who has resolved to make her his wife at any cost, finding her immovable in her love for Dan, accuses her in the face of the people of being Dan's mistress. By the Canon law of Purgation Mona comes to the church to swear her innocence; but there is only her word against that of her slanderer, when Dan steps in and clears her good name by an oath before the altar, thus laying down

his life for her, for no one has the power to recall his sentence. Such extreme emotions are beyond Mona's strength, and she falls dead in his arms. Want of space prevents my going into details and doing justice to the many fine scenes of this play. The love passages in the garden are charmingly tender and natural in conception and rendering; the quarrel and fight intensely effective. After the judgment, in that fine but desolate landscape, the doom of this repentant man left alone on the face of the earth, as all slink away from him, and he is left solitary and despairing, the effect is so impressive that one feels as if an iron hand were crushing one's heart. Next, the soliloquy of Dan is one of the finest things Mr. Barrett has ever done; his alternate fits of irritation and submission to his fate, the bitterness of the present and the physical weakness at the joy of hearing a human voice again—how admirably true is all this! How noble and elevating is the last act, when Dan seeks the blessing of his father, and so simply and fervently gives his life for the honour of the woman he loves. Mona gives less scope for a display of histrionic power, but Miss Eastlake loses none of her opportunities. Mr. Charles Fulton and Mr. Cooper-Cliffe are excellent; Mr. Austin Melford very good. Mr. Maclean shows the affectionate, weak side of the Bishop in a right key; but in some scenes lacks sufficient dignity. Mr. George Barrett as the lad Davy is both amusing and truly pathetic, a first-rate comedian as usual. I put down my pen with sincere regret that I have not the space to speak as I feel about this great dramatic success.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

“THE RAILROAD OF LOVE.”

A Comedy in four acts (from the German of Franz Von Schoenthan and Gustave Kadelberg), by AUGUSTIN DALY.

Produced, for the first time in England, at the Gaiety Theatre, London, May 3rd, 1888.

General Everett, U.S.A.	Mr. CHARLES FISHER.	Crusty	Mr. MURPHY.
Lieut. Howell Everett,		Tom	Mr. JOHN WOOD.
U.S.A.	Mr. JOHN DREW.	Valentine Osprey	Miss ADA REHAN.
Phenix Scuttleby	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Viva Van Ryker	Miss PHOEBE RUSSELL.
Adam Grinnidge	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Mrs. Eutycia La-	
Judge Van Ryker	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.	burnum	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Benny Demaresq	Mr. OTIS SKINNER.	Cherry	Miss EVELINA COOKE.
Truffles	Mr. E. P. WILKS.		

It was with a feeling of pleasant exhilaration that the theatrical world looked for the arrival of Mr. Daly's cheerful company. Its members are regarded with a friendly, and even affectionate, interest; and we feel under obligations to them for many hours of unrestrained enjoyment. Mr. Lewis brings his "quince-like" face, so stored with a dry, reserved humour, while his invariable associate, Mrs. Gilbert, seems to elevate "nagging" into a fine art. But it is the nagging of high comedy. She is the first of "old women" now upon the stage. All have a remarkable finish in their style, and play into each other's hands



with a deftness and facility that is remarkable, and quite equals what is seen on the French stage.

Miss Rehan has a peculiar unique flavour in her acting, which it is really difficult to describe—a sort of perpetual petulance and “flouting,” a drawing-on that warns off, with curious alternations of seriousness and fun which supply a piquancy. Those who have lived in the country parts of Ireland will have met many Irish girls whose character seems thus compounded; a pleasing gravity in trifles alternated with raillery and merriment. Miss Rehan, it is said, is of Irish extraction. Whatever be the secret, it is certain her style has a singular originality and power. Audiences find her irresistible. Her invariable “complement,” as they say in the schools, is Mr. Drew; the pair act and re-act on each other with happiest effect, so that the Drew *minus* the Rehan would seem *manqué*, and the Rehan without her Drew would lose much of her effect. Long may they “Siamese” it together! His style seems to act on hers as an irritant or challenge.



VALENTINE OSPREY
MISS ADA REHAN IN ACT III

Then we have Mr. Otis Skinner—oddly named!—who is ever in a tempered state of burlesque, suffering grievance with due gravity; and that capital

performer Leclercq, always satisfactory to the full extent required by the character. (Who will forget his strolling manager?) It is really a company of extraordinary talent and training, and thus whatever piece is presented “goes” with brightness and animation.

Praise, too, must be given to the mounting, scenery, &c., with which these Daly pieces are set out. The most minute matters are carefully looked to. Even the servant is in harmony; he is the menial of the particular establishment, and in keeping, without striving to make himself prominent.

American scenery has a character of its own. It is somewhat gaudy, and flashy in its colours, not to say tawdry, and probably reflects the decorative taste of the country. The furniture is too



obtrusively rich, such as would be selected by some *nouveau-riche*. Taste in short, and taste of a subdued kind, is lacking. Doors, too, seem an essential element in the stage business. There are some half-a-dozen in each scene; these are further emphasised by pretentious frames and cases, of a reddish wood, elaborately carved. They close with a loud click, and open inwards, like the French stage doors; whereas the English doors open outwards. The ladies' dresses, too, strange to say, show the same inharmoniousness of colour; and Miss Rehan, with all her gifts, has generally one, at least, unbecoming robe. It is a pity she does not do herself full justice on this point, as she has a fine figure and presence, such as would do credit to Wörth's creations.



The new piece of "re-entry," "The Railroad of Love," certainly seems rather attenuated, too much so to bear the burden of four acts, and might be described as a prolonged version of the well-worn "Happy Pair," or a modern presentment of the pleasant wit-contests of Beatrice and Benedick. These are, of course, sustained by Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew. Some passages were original and piquant enough, as where her lover, smarting under his mistress's flouts, decoys her into an ambushade, describing a story or novelette with an imaginary heroine; and when the lady, really pleased, objects to some touches, she is coolly told that it is not intended for her. So, with the curious interview between the lovers, separated by an open door, which, in the dearth of situations, seems to be a novel one.

There is always a peculiar *répertoire* of jests and quips in these American pieces, chiefly turning upon a number of *trucs* or "sells," which

the performers play off upon one another. Thus a lover, rejected by his flame's father, says in despair he will retire into yon chamber to indulge his grief, knowing that his *inamorata* has already retired there before him. The uniforms of the United States army, which are displayed here lavishly, seem more rich and sumptuous than one would have expected in a republican country. Indeed, the whole ball-room was admirable for stage-management, movement, and gaiety; the music pretty and subdued, the dancing natural and unobtrusive. The stray fancy dresses, however, seemed out of keeping. Mr. Daly has done his work admirably, and is a model manager; his influence, whether as author, director, or general inspirer of the whole, being shown in the most effective and conspicuous way. Even in the art of "making up," as it is called, a profitable lesson might be taken. Witness Mr. Leclercq's admirable head and beard as the Judge. Altogether Mr. Daly and his company are a welcome addition, and are sure to increase the gaiety, if not of this nation, at least that of the London season.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"THE TREASURE."

New farcical play in three acts, by R. C. CARTON and CECIL RALEIGH.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Tuesday Afternoon, May 1, 1888.

Captain Archibald Poingdestre ..	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Inspector Bosgood	Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON.
Mr. John Beuson	Mr. F. A. LAYE.	Mr. Porker	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.
Mr. Billimore ..	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.	Constable Wood ..	Mr. H. PAYNE-SILK.
Mr. Blackwaithe	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Gertrude Wood-	} Miss KATE LAWLER.
Earnes	Mr. H. DE LANGE.	bine	
Velvet Sam, <i>alias</i> ..	} Mr. E. W. SOMERSET.	Mrs. Champion ..	Miss ELEANOR BUFTON.
MortimerWaldegrave		Mary	Miss CONSTANCE STANHOPE
		Juno E. Johnstone	Miss COMPTON.

The authors of "The Treasure" are too fond of complication in their plots, and though they work them out with some ingenuity, the result in this, their last production, was a feeling of weariness. The mystification turns on a certain deceased colonel having left his property to whoever, of those named in his will, shall prove to be single at the expiration of a given time. All the legatees get married, and endeavour to conceal the fact from each other, and "The Treasure," which is supposed to be of such value as to tempt a most noted cracksman to essay a burglary, under the disguise of an itinerant photographer, proves to be a recipe for concocting chutnee! Every assistance was given by the actors to make the piece go, but with little result. Mr. Frank Rodney made his mark as Captain Poingdestre, a *roué*, spendthrift, and associate of thieves. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar well represented the fatuous, irritable Mr. Billimore; Mr. Julian Cross was very amusing as Mr. Blackthwaite, a man of law who is mistaken by the police for the house-breaker; and Mr. C. W. Somerset was genuinely clever as Velvet Sam. Miss Kate Lawler, after a long absence from the stage, played Gertrude Woodbine in a most humorous and amusing manner. Miss Compton looked a very "Juno" in the character bearing that name.



“BOOTLES’ BABY.”

New Play in four acts, written by HUGH MOSS, founded (by special permission on John Strange Winter’s Popular Story.

First produced at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday, May 8, 1888.

Capt. Algernon Ferrers (Bootles) ..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Lieut. P. Miles ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.
Captain Lucy	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE	Mrs. Smith	Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY
Capt. Gavor Gilchrist	Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN.	Laura Norris	Miss WEBSTER.
Dr. Blautyre	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.	Humpty Dumpty ..	Miss ROSE EVELYN.
Lieut. and Adjutant Gray	Mr. C. MONTAGUE.	Mignon (Bootles’ Baby)	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Private Philip Saunders	Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.	Helen Grace	Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.

The management of Miss Edith Woodworth and Mr. Edgar Bruce commenced auspiciously, so far as the applause of a first-night audience can be taken as a verdict. There is so much that is tender and fascinating in the lumbering but good and true-hearted Bootles’ love for the little waif, that it was impossible for the adapter to quite destroy its charm, and, allowing that he was compelled, from the meagreness of the plot, to considerably spread it out, I think he might have done so more gracefully. In the mass of garrulous chaff and tittle-tattle there is but little interest, save for the thorough insight we get into the utterly selfish character of Gilchrist, until the close of the second act, when the child, supposed to be nearly three years old, is found in Bootles’ bed. Gilchrist, with the heartlessness that has imposed secrecy on his wife, Helen Grace, recommends its being sent to the work-house, and when Bootles says that he will adopt it a good curtain is secured. The love scenes between the hero and Helen, whom he has loved for a long

time, are nicely drawn, the interest taken in the garrison sports that are supposed to be going on in the third act is fairly sustained, and the way in



which Gilchrist is killed in the pony race, and makes confession, is well worked up. The story flags again in the fourth act, and it seems almost

superfluous. But for all this, the all-round goodness of the acting, the brightness of the uniforms, and the natural and tender charm of little Miss Minnie Terry as Mignon, so winning and childlike, make ample amends. Bootles' part, though a sympathetic one, is not very easy to play, and Mr. Edmund Maurice may be complimented on the way in which he acquitted himself. Mr. Charles Sugden had evidently studied the character of Gilchrist, and made him as brutal and callous as could well be imagined. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar was an excellent type of the army médico. Mr. Charles



MISS WOODWORTH
&
MISS MINNIE TERRY
ACT IV

Collette must have had some former soldier-servant of his own in his eye when embodying Private Saunders, so true was he to nature. He certainly

made the hit of the evening. Miss Henrietta Lindley and Miss Webster did the utmost they could with colourless parts, which should be written up. Miss Edith Woodworth was very sweet and tender as Helen Grace, and has no doubt gained more power since the first performance, which must have been rather an ordeal for her. Miss Rose Evelyn gave a bright and amusing sketch of the faithful nurse, Humpty-Dumpty. The uniforms and dresses were brilliant and costly, and the *mise-en-scène* the perfection of taste. Miss Woodworth and Mr. Bruce were called for, and Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) bowed her acknowledgments from a private box.

“THE REAL LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.”

A Play in three acts, adapted from her novel by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, Monday afternoon, May 14, 1888.

Earl of Dorincourt ..	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	Cedric Errol	Miss VERA BERINGER.
Mr. Havisham	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.	Dick Tipton	Miss ESME BERINGER.
Silas Hobbs... ..	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Mrs. Errol	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Wilkins	Mr. HENDRIE.	Minna	Miss ELLEN LEIGH.
Higgins	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.	Mary	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Thomas	Mr. MAURICE VAUGHAN.		

Charming as was the performance of Mr. Seebohm's version of “Little Lord Fauntleroy” at the Prince of Wales's, and perfectly as were their several parts acted by Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. Somerset, there will be little doubt that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's adaptation of her own novel is the better work. The character of Mrs. Errol is made even a more beautiful one, for she does not descend to the subterfuge of entering the proud earl's house as a servant. Then, again, the old nobleman's nature thaws under the gentle influence and bright honesty and pluck of his little grandson. More *vraisemblance* is lent to the claim of the adventuress by her visible presence, and the characters of Cedric and his friends, Silas Hobbs and Dick Tipton the shoeblack (who also appears), are thoroughly naturally drawn. The authoress has been fortunate in securing Miss Vera Beringer to play the little lord; with an unusual aptitude for the stage, she has been exceptionally carefully trained and has learnt her lesson well; she is mostly natural, and her performance is extraordinary for one so young, though I do not think so clever a one as that of Miss Hughes. Miss Winifred Emery played the noble, unselfish Mrs. Errol with a delicacy and touching fervour that brought tears to the eyes of many. Miss Ellen Leigh as Minna did not in any way disguise the character of the woman she had to portray, and made of it a distinct success; and Miss Fanny Brough as Mary, the faithful Irish girl, was so warm-hearted and sympathetic that I wished we were to see more of her.

The Earl of Dorincourt was splendidly acted by Mr. Alfred Bishop; not a characteristic of the petulant, selfish nobleman was lost sight of; even his twinges of gout appeared to be felt, and there was a delicious sarcasm in his delivery when he remarked on the opinion in which he is held by his dependents. Mr. Brandon Thomas drew a carefully finished portrait of the old family solicitor, Mr. Havisham, so calm and yet so acute. The

Silas Hobbs of Mr. Albert Chevalier was an amusing and not overdrawn character. Higgins, the grateful farmer (now introduced instead of the curate), was full of rugged pathos at Mr. Branscomb's hands, and even the small part of Wilkins, the groom, was made much of by the acting of Mr. Hendrie. Miss Esme Beringer as Dick Tipton was not quite in the picture.

Much of the success was no doubt owing to the play having been produced under Mrs. Kendal's direction; the result does her the very highest credit, and was acknowledged by the heartiest of calls. Few playgoers will miss the opportunity of witnessing one of the most thoroughly good and well-acted productions that has ever yet been seen on the English stage.

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."

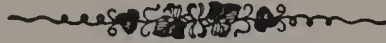
New play in a prologue and three acts, by RUTLAND BARRINGTON, founded on Mr. A. C. GUNTER'S celebrated novel.

Count Filippo Danella	Mr. E. S. WILLARD.	Mateo	Mr. GEORGE CLAREMONT.
Thomasso	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Marita Paoli	Miss AMY McNEILL.
Burton Barnes	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Enid Anstruther ..	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Edwin Gerard Anstruther	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.	Lady Chartris	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
C. Marion Phillips ..	Mr. HENRY HALLEY.	Maud Chartris	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
George F. Arthur	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Isola	Miss H. VIVIAN.
Capt. de Belloc	Mr. HAMILTON KNIGHT.	Maid	Miss ROSE DEARING.
Antonio Paoli	Mr. MATTHEW BRODIE.		

Under the title of "To the Death" the above piece was produced at the same house on March 23, 1888, and a full description of the plot will be found in last month's number of *THE THEATRE*. Some alterations have been made which materially improve the work as a play, more particularly towards the close. Marita does not lose her reason as in the original version, and Danella, when the curtains are withdrawn, has sufficient strength left him to stagger forward and implore Marita's pardon, dying at the feet of the woman he loves. As the cast is for the most part a new one, it is given in its entirety. Of Mr. E. S. Willard and Mr. Julian Cross, who retain their original characters, I can only confirm the highly favourable opinion I expressed. Mr. Yorke Stephens, who now plays Burton Barnes, does so in a light and pleasant manner. Mr. A. Reeves Smith is earnest and agreeable as Anstruther; Mr. Frank Rodney impressive as George F. Arthur; Mr. Hamilton Knight gives an excellent sketch of the French officer, De Belloc, and Mr. Matthew Brodie displays much artistic skill as the ill-fated Antonio Paoli. As Marita Miss Amy McNeill fails to touch the more masculine attributes of the character; she is so gentle and tender that it is impossible to reconcile the idea that such a woman could spend months in pursuit of a fellow-creature's life. She is altogether too womanly and English. Miss Gertrude Kingston was very bright and amusing as Enid Anstruther, but too coquettish, and almost cynical, certainly not the fresh, innocent girl that we picture ourselves Enid to be. Mrs. Billington gives us some fair comedy scenes as Lady Chartris, and Miss Helen Leyton, as the mischievous but clever Maud Chartris, makes a decided hit. The piece is handsomely staged, and was

received with every mark of thorough approval. Mr. Rutland Barrington, with considerable tact, when bowing his acknowledgments to the audience, announced that he "would telegraph to the author of the story how warmly they had received his play."

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

M. Jean Richepin is certainly the coming French dramatist. Step by step he has advanced from the ranks of journalism, till he holds now a recognised position as poet and playwright. He has enriched French literature with "Les Blasphèmes" and "La Mer," while, by his "Monsieur Scapin," produced two years ago at the Théâtre Français, he gained a place of honour in the history of that classic house. His latest work, "Le Flibustier," marks further progress. The plot is of the simplest description; one of those tender little episodes in humble life which nothing short of genius could successfully employ as the ground-work of a three-act play. In the character of the old sailor, Legoëz, he gives us a faithful portrait of a rugged, cheery, superstitious, and withal simple-minded old salt, redolent of the sea-breezes, a type by no means uncommon on the coast of Brittany, where the scene is laid. M. Richepin is never happier than when he writes about the sea. His verse has a sturdy manliness about it that goes straight to the heart, and resounds in the ear with the mighty boom of the ocean he loves to describe. All his finest qualities as a poet have been called into play in the writing of "Le Flibustier." He has elaborated with reverential care this character of old Legoëz until it stands out with almost startling vividness in the long gallery of dramatic portraiture. Keen insight must have gone hand-in-hand with careful study in the production of the venerable Breton sailor.

A glance at the story will show how admirably this strongly-drawn figure is fitted to its proper place in the picture. Although occupying the place of prominence from beginning to end he never for a moment steps out of the framework. Fifteen years before the story begins, Pierre, old Legoëz's grandson, had gone to sea, following thus the traditions of the family. For the last eight years nothing has been heard of him; but the old man will not believe that the sea, round which all his affections and memories cling, will take from him the last of his race. He constantly looks for Pierre's return, and never a stranger walks ashore in the harbour of St. Malo but Legoëz eagerly scans the features for the face of the boy he loves. Of course this forlorn hope is not shared by his prosaic neighbours, nor by his daughter-in-law, Marie Anne, who keeps house for him. The only sympathy he really gets is from Marie Anne's pretty daughter Janik, who, according to Breton fashion, was affianced to the lost seaman in her infancy. Janik looks upon herself as Pierre's

rightful property whenever he comes to claim her, and she shares with the old man the belief in his ultimate return. The sudden advent of a stranger in the person of one Jacquemin threatens to disturb the quiet domestic happiness of Legoëz's cottage. This sailor has been Pierre's most intimate friend; has joined him in filibustering expeditions, saw him engaged in mortal combat with the Spaniards, and believes him dead. He is not without proof, as he brings some of his dead friend's property back with him. So overjoyed is old Legoëz to see his grandson, as he supposes, once again, that Marie Anne dreads revealing the real truth to him, fearing disaster from the shock. Janik also is in the dark as to the identity of the man whom the sea has given up at last. When she learns the truth it is only to find that her heart has already gone out towards his, too late for recall. Presently the actual Pierre arrives on the scene, and the kindly deception can be no longer kept up. Legoëz is furious with the man he now considers an impostor, and orders him indignantly from the house. Matters are, of course, ultimately put straight. It is evident both to the grandfather and Pierre that Janik's happiness is bound up in the stranger, and her cousin resigns her to him, while the old man devoutly thanks Heaven for having restored two grandsons to him instead of one.

On such slender materials has M. Richepin built up one of the finest plays of our day. He is to be congratulated on the interpretation "Le Flibustier" receives from the incomparable company of the Rue Richelieu. M. Got, as Legoëz, has a part for which alone he might have been born into the world, it suits him so admirably in every respect. M. Laroche, as Pierre, and M. Worms, as Jacquemin—the stranger—are capital in their parts, more particularly the latter artist. Madame Barretta gives a most winning and touching portrayal of Janik's innocence, love, disappointment, and triumph, while Madame P. Granger, as Marie Anne, plays with well-controlled feeling. The whole three acts take place in a single "set"—the sitting-room of old Legoëz overlooking the harbour of St. Malo, with the boundless sea in the distance, and, to parody a famous remark, the smell of the sea-weed is wafted over the footlights.

"A Crooked Mile," by Miss C. Lemoire, was chosen by Miss Bella Pateman for her reappearance after her long and severe illness. The play shows considerable promise, and tells of the mental sufferings of a woman who, for the sake of her husband and children, suppresses a marriage certificate and so deprives the rightful owner of a valuable property. Her husband is apparently drowned within sight of his home, and this completely upsets her reason. She lapses into a melancholy brooding state, from which she at length recovers at the sight of a gift of happier days, an old workbox, in which she has concealed the evidence of her guilt. Restored to her senses, she makes restitution, and is rewarded by finding that her husband is still alive. Miss Pateman, who was enthusiastically



MONS. MARIUS.

“A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy” . . .

HAMLET, Act v. Sc. 1.

received, played the part of Mary Gillespie with remarkable power and feeling. Mr. Lawrence Cautley was earnest and manly as Tom Carlsdale; Miss Kittie Claremont was bright and winning as Dolly Truefitt; and Mr. Walter Everard gave an exceptionally humorous and clever sketch of the Hon. Charles Baxter.

It was on the 10th February, 1873, that Mrs. Bandmann Palmer first appeared as Lady Macbeth at the Princess's Theatre, and since that date she has played the part many times in the provinces and abroad. After a lengthened tour in America and Australia, playgoers were delighted once more to see the "Milly Palmer" of former days at the Olympic on Thursday afternoon, May 3. Her performance of Lady Macbeth was one that can be looked back upon with pleasure, for it was more than intelligent and painstaking. It showed that the character had been deeply studied. There were some original points in it, and, if not great, it was even and well sustained. From an actor of Mr. Willard's position, something fresh and powerful was generally expected in his rendering of Macbeth. Disappointment was therefore naturally felt when, at the close of the performance, one could remember very little in his conception that was imaginative, or in his method that was particularly striking. It was interesting, for it was good, but cannot be said to have added to the actor's reputation. Mr. F. H. Macklin gave a robust and very picturesque reading of Macduff. Mr. Frank Gillmore was an intelligent Malcolm, and the characters of the three witches were excellently filled by Messrs. A. Wood, Calhaem, and Mrs. Huntley.

The Odéon has secured a remarkable success with a Japanese tragedy, written by Madame Judith Gautier, a daughter of Théophile Gautier. Writers in several English papers, no doubt misled by the title, "*La Marchande de Sourires*," have spoken of this piece as a comedy, but it is in reality a drama of tragic intensity; and the painful story of crime and death would be excessively gloomy, were it not relieved by its fanciful treatment and poetic language. The scenery, too, is a triumph of art, and the representations of Japanese landscapes are delightful. "*La Marchande de Sourires*" is a courtesan, by name *Cœur-de-Rubis*, who, having fascinated Prince Yamato by her beauty, has prevailed upon him to make her his second wife. Omay, the prince's first wife, who up till now has held his undivided favour and love, shocked and heartbroken at the infidelity of her spouse, expires from grief on the day of her rival's triumph; and the first act closes somewhat undramatically on a sorrowful situation. In the second act we see the banks of a beautiful stream by moonlight. A more perfect stage-picture has seldom been revealed; we seem to breathe the atmosphere of sweetness and peace, on which is borne to us the fascinating fragrance of the amaranth and lotus flowers. Here we find Simabara, a former lover of *Cœur-de-Rubis*, weeping for his lost mistress. In the depths of his distress she comes to him, protesting that, notwithstanding her marriage with the prince, she has ever been true to him in thought and heart. She has set fire to her husband's palace, and has brought to her

lover all the jewels and treasures that she could gather together. Then comes Yamato, searching for the faithless wife who has destroyed his home and robbed him of everything, even his happiness. The prince is inveigled to the side of Simabara; a struggle takes place, the husband is overcome and thrown into the water, and we are led to believe that he is drowned. The crime, however, has been observed by the nurse of Ivashita, the prince's young son, who, with her charge, has fled from the burning palace. While she is bewailing the fate of her beloved master, the Prince de Meada passes by and offers to adopt the orphan son, on condition that Tika, the nurse, shall never more see him or hold communication with him, but she obtains from him a promise that when the boy attains the age of manhood he shall be told the secret of his birth and the story of his father's death. Before young Ivashita comes of age he meets a beautiful girl, who proves his love-fate; she is none other than Fleur-de-Roseau, the daughter of Simabara and Cœur-de-Rubis. Then Prince de Meada recounts his tragical story, and his adopted son, without renouncing his love, undertakes a mission of vengeance. In the streets of Yeddo he meets two beggars, one of whom turns out to be his own father, escaped from a watery grave; the other is Tika, the nurse. With them he seeks the house of Cœur-de-Rubis, who, with her daughter, is impatiently awaiting the young lover. Confronted with the evidences of her past misconduct, she maintains a proud defiance to the end; but, unwilling to remain an obstacle to the happiness of her child, she seeks death at her own hand. It speaks much for the strength and purity of Ivashita's love for Fleur-de-Roseau that he is still willing to make her his wife, and the traditional happy ending is achieved. The Japanese surroundings of the piece reconcile us to much of its unreality. The interpretation is excellent. Mdlle. Tessandier as the Marchande de Sourires; Mdlle. Santaville as the charming Fleur-de-Roseau; Madame Laurent as the Nurse, play with much delicate feeling, thoroughly catching the spirit of the authoress. La Roche makes the most poetic hero, and Paul Mounet distinguishes himself as the Prince de Meada. The costumes have been prepared with great care, and we are assured by a Japanese authority that the local colour throughout is correct in every detail.

There are not many theatrical pictures in the Salon this year. The two most important are the illustrations, by Alexis Mazerolle, of scenes from Molière's "Tartufe" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," on two large decorative panels intended for the Château de Sarlabot. M. Guillon contributes a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and M. Gaston Bussière has found inspiration in the madness of Ophelia. One of the best pictures has for its text the lines from Victor Hugo's "Les Orientales":—

" Si je n'étais captive
J'aimerais ce pays."

It is painted by M. Paul Bouchard, and represents a remarkably handsome woman gazing on an Oriental scene. Portraits of theatrical celebrities are also fewer than usual. M. Amand Laroche sends a good likeness of

Mdlle. Lainé, of the Odéon, and M. Henri Gervex is represented by (in addition to his sensational "Tub" tableau) a splendid portrait of Mdlle. Jeanne Harding; but this lady must not be mistaken for Mdlle. Jane Hading, late of the Gymnase.

Like many others who have made for themselves names upon the stage, Monsieur C. D. Marius, the subject of our photograph, was originally intended for the commercial world, and began life in a silk and velvet warehouse in Paris, but gratified his leanings for the drama by appearing first in the evening as a super at the Folies Dramatiques; from that he rose to be a chorister, was then entrusted with small parts, and became a regular member of the company in 1868, at the age of 18, having been born in 1850. Mr. Mansell, visiting Paris in 1869, and thinking highly of M. Marius' capabilities, engaged him to play Landry in "Chilperic," and subsequently Siebel in "Little Faust." The Franco-German war breaking out, M. Marius returned to France, and was drafted into the 7th Battalion of Chasseurs-à-Pied; was present in three engagements, the more notable one on the 2nd December, 1870, at Champigny; was sent to Marseilles, and subsequently to Corsica, with his regiment, to quell the Commune. He returned to London in 1871, and reappeared at the Philharmonic in "Geneviève de Brabant," and next at the Strand in "Nemesis." Since then M. Marius has played in every theatre in London on some occasion or other, having "created" thirty-eight parts in seventeen years. He is now under engagement with Mrs. Bernard-Beere at the Opéra Comique, where his success as Count Paul Dromiroff in "As in a Looking-glass," and the Chevalier de Valence in "Ariane," are too well known to require further comment.

The Busy Bees gave one of their excellent performances at the St. George's Hall on April 26. "Moths" was the piece chosen, and I must particularly single out Mrs. Lennox Browne for her finished rendering of Lady Dolly Vanderdecken; the tender innocence of Miss Houliston's Vere Herbert, and the admirable spirit and high intelligence of Miss Margaret Brandon's Fuschia Leach. This accomplished and beautiful young lady is an artist without design and an actress without effort. Mr. Gordon Taylor gave a powerful rendering of Prince Zouroff. Mr. Henry Bounalt was an agreeable but not romantic Corrèze, Mr. Herbert Walther effective as the Duke of Mull, and Mr. Frank Bacon earnest and good as Lord Jura.

The "Ironmaster" was revived with unqualified success at the St. James's, on April 28. Of the excellence of Mrs. Kendal as Claire de Beaupré, and of Mr. Kendal as Philippe Derblay, there is no occasion to speak further than that the latter has even gained in power. Of the changes in the cast I may say that Mr. Lewis Waller gave a new and thoroughly acceptable reading of the character of the Duc de Bligny, and that Mr. Mackintosh was not all that might be desired as Moulinet.

The Irving Amateur Dramatic Club lately gave three performances of "Twelfth Night," in aid of charities, at the St. George's Hall, with most satisfactory results. The Viola of Miss Emilie Bennett was deserving of considerable praise: with experience this young lady will become an acquisition to the stage. Mrs. Arthur Ayers showed a fund of humour as Maria, certainly winning the honours of the evening. The Sir Andrew Aguecheek of Mr. H. Marsh was commendable, as was also the Orsino of Mr. F. Halden. Mr. H. D. Shephard did not quite hit the mark as Malvolio. The Sebastian of Miss May Bell showed much promise.

A pretty little trifle by Mrs. William Greet, called "Elsie's Rival," was produced at the Strand on May 9. It shows how Elsie becomes jealous of her lover, Jack Chester, on overhearing him lauding to the skies the perfection of a certain "Fan" and exhibiting her photograph to Elsie's brother Charlie. Fan proves to be a little favourite terrier. The piece was brightly played by Miss Eva Wilson, Mr. Matthew Brodie (Chester), and Mr. B. Webster (Charlie), and would be acceptable to amateurs.

A capital smoking concert was given, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Bracy, at the Tivoli Restaurant, on May 3, in aid of the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital. The large dining-room was crowded, the committee having obtained the assistance of some of the best known actors, and I only regret that want of space precludes my giving the long list of names that readily volunteered their services in such a good cause.

A complimentary benefit was given to Mrs. Leigh Murray, for many years a faithful and valued servant of the public, by the kind permission of the lessee, at the Haymarket Theatre, on May 9. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield had arranged an excellent programme, which included "Trying a Magistrate," by Mr. J. L. Toole; "We're all nodding," sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling; the second act of "Forget-me-not," with Mrs. Leigh Murray in her original character of Mrs. Foley; an inimitable recital of "Gemini et Virgo," by Mr. Henry Irving; a very feeling address, written by Mr. Ashby Sterry, and delivered by the beneficaire's life-long old friend, Mrs. Keeley; "Uncle's Will," and "The First Night," in which Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree was intensely laughable as Achille Talma Dufard, and Miss Kate Rorke charming as the *débutante*, Emilie Antoinette Rose. Mr. Edward Righton scored as the author Hyacinth Parnassus. Would that the house had been better attended, though some £250 was realised.

The distinguishing feature of the performance in aid of the funds of the parish of Holy Cross, in St. Pancras, which was given at the Criterion Theatre on Friday, May 11, under Royal patronage, was the appearance of Mr. Charles Wyndham in "The Bachelor of Arts" as Harry Jasper, one of the late Charles Mathews's most famous parts. Mr. Wyndham

happily blended the light with the more serious attributes of the character, and Miss Mary Moore played the *ingénue rôle* of Emma Thornton very delightfully.

Among the many attractive features at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition are the "Tableaux Vivants," arranged by Mr. H. Savile Clarke, in illustration of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Stories. Nothing can be more tasteful and chaste than the pictures presented of "The Little Match Girl," "Tommelise," and "The Emperor's New Clothes," whilst "The Swineherd" and "The Marsh King's Daughter" are reproduced with genuine dramatic effect. The dresses reflect the greatest credit on M. Alias, who has carried out the designs of Mr. Chasemore, and Mr. E. G. Banks has painted some beautiful scenery as a fitting framework.

Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill) appeared for the first time as Pauline Deschappelles in "The Lady of Lyons," at the Olympic, on Tuesday afternoon, May 15, and though displaying intelligence and some good by-play, showed a want of experience and power. Mr. Forbes Robertson as Claude Melnotte was at his best in the second and third acts. Mr. Fernandez was a bluff Colonel Damas, and Mr. Frank Rodney a good Beauseant. On the same afternoon "The Portrait," by W. Sapte, jun., was played for the first time. It is an agreeably written comedietta, wherein much sorrow is at first brought about by a mistake—a married lady imagining from the "portrait" which she sees that her husband is paying his addresses to her young unmarried friend. The acting scarcely did justice to the piece.

Wednesday, May 16, saw the first appearance in London of Miss Julia Neilson as Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's comedy. Since playing Cynisca at the Lyceum this young lady has made a great advance in the profession she has chosen. There were feeling and innocence in her latest performance, and her gestures were more graceful. Her beauty eminently fits her for the character, and with experience Miss Neilson will, in all probability, become a favourite actress. The Cynisca of Miss Rose Leclercq was a grand performance, thoroughly realising the vengeful, passion-torn woman, who suffers so terribly for the punishment she has called down upon her husband. Mr. Lewis Waller's Pygmalion was scholarly, but not very sympathetic. Miss Lilly Hanbury, who I believe made her first appearance on any stage, played Myrine with a grace and charm that gained her a large share of well-deserved applause.

At the Comtesse de Bremont's *matinée* at the Globe Theatre on Thursday, May 17, were given the Forest scenes from "As you like it." The Comtesse de Bremont's Rosalind was sprightly and intelligent, and, allowing for the lady's nervousness and want of repose, not without

merit. Mr. Bassett Roe was a good Jaques, giving the various famous speeches put into his mouth with due emphasis, yet with discretion. Mr. Lewis Waller played well as Orlando, and Mr. A. Wood was an admirable Touchstone, humorous without extravagance, and never forgetting that Touchstone is not only a jester but a courtier and a gentleman. Mr. Fred Wood, as Amiens, sang his songs very well, but to the audience off the stage instead of to that on it. The other characters were all well filled. "A Daughter's Sacrifice," by Neville Doon, cannot be praised on the score of originality, and is far too wordy. It is the old story of a father (Sir Robert Osborne) having wounded a man, and his daughter (Myra) consenting to give up the man she loves and marry the one who trades upon the hold he has over her parent. The little piece was well acted. Mr. Matthew Brodie was tender and pathetic as Evelyn. Mr. Bassett Roe conceived the part of the Count well, but his accent was German, not French. Mr. Abingdon was efficient, though somewhat stagy, as Osborne, and Miss Dorothy Dene was excellent in the lighter phases of Myra's character, though less satisfactory in the pathetic passages. In the course of the *matinée* Miss Julia Neilson sang, with very great taste and feeling, a new and rather pretty song, written by the Comtesse de Bremont, entitled "Have you forgotten?"

"Ellaline," Mr. A. C. Calmour's "poetical fancy," in which Miss Ellen Terry gained such encomiums at its first performance, and "Robert Macaire," with Mr. Henry Irving in his marvellous assumption of the escaped gaol-bird, were revived at the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday, May 23, too late for notice in this number of THE THEATRE on account of the illustrations. Suffice it to say that both pieces, and actress and actor, were received enthusiastically.

"Dramatic Notes" (Strand Publishing Company), just issued, will be found a most useful book of reference to all interested in the history of the stage. The work is well edited and the illustrations good.

Mr. T. G. Warren's "Bonny Boy," though very amusing, from the ludicrous mistakes that occur through a bibulous pianoforte tuner being mistaken for the hope of the house so long absent from home, the "bonny boy" of the play, did not prove sufficiently attractive to draw houses to the pretty little Novelty Theatre, which again closed its doors after but a very brief season. Every one felt sorrow for the management, which had spared no efforts to please. In their last production, Mr. Giddens, as George Mildacre, the tuner, avoiding the extremes of farcical acting, was most amusing and natural. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, as Benjamin Boulter, was original and quaint as the father so disappointed in the appearance and manners of his expected son, and Miss Gertrude Kingston was successful in her delineation of a Yankee lady.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from April 15 to May 23, 1888 :—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

- April 16. "Phèdre," Racine's tragedy, translated and arranged in five acts by Dr. A. W. Momerie. *Matinée*. Princess's.
- „ 18.* "The Monk's Room," romantic play in a prologue and three acts, by John Lart. *Matinée*. Olympic.
- „ 18. "The Bookworm," drama in one act, by Alec Nelson. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.
- „ 18. "In the Train," one-act comedietta, from the French "En Wagon," adapted by E. Radford. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.
- „ 19.* "Bonny Boy," three-act farce, by T. G. Warren. Novelty.
- „ 20.* "Ion," Talfourd's tragedy. *Matinée*. Princess's.
- „ 24. "His Last Stake," original drama in one act, by J. Provand Webster. Princess's.
- „ 26.* "A Crooked Mile," comedy-drama in three acts, by Miss C. Lomore. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- „ 27.* "The Silver King." Globe.
- „ 28.* "The Ironmaster," play in four acts, English version by A. W. Pinero of Georges Ohnet's drama, "Le Maître de Forges." St James's.
- „ 30.* "Church and Stage," new five-act drama, by G. Walter Reynolds. *Matinée*. Avenue.
- „ 30. "From the Vanished Past," four-act society drama, by Florence Holton. Public Hall, Upton Park.
- May 1. "The Treasure," new farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh. *Matinée*. Strand.
- „ 3. "The Railroad of Love," comedy in four acts, adapted from the German by Augustin Daly. Gaiety.
- „ 3.* "Macbeth." *Matinée*. Olympic.
- „ 7. "The Lady or the Tiger," entirely original libretto by Sidney Rosenfeld (for copyright purposes). *Matinée*. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 8. "The Silent Shore," drama in a prologue and four acts, by J. Bloundelle Burton. *Matinée*. Olympic.
- „ 8. "Bootles' Baby," play in four acts, by Hugh Moss, founded on the story of the same name by "John Strange Winter." Globe.
- „ 9. "Elsie's Rival," original comedietta in one act, by Mrs. William Greet. *Matinée*. Strand.
- „ 9.* "The First Night." *Matinée*. Haymarket.
- „ 14. "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," play, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. *Matinée*. Terry's.
- „ 15. "The Deputy," farcical comedy in three acts, by J. M. Campbell. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- „ 15. "The Viper on the Hearth," one-act drama, by J. M. Campbell. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- „ 15. "The Portrait," one-act comedietta, by W. Sapte, jun. *Matinée*. Olympic.

- May 16.* "Mr. Barnes of New York," drama in a prologue and three acts, dramatised by Rutland Barrington from A. Gunter's novel of the same name (produced under the title of "To the Death," at same theatre, afternoon of March 23, 1886). Olympic.
- „ 17. "Ben-my-Chree," romantic drama in five acts, by Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. Princess's.
- „ 17. "A Daughter's Sacrifice," one-act play, by Neville Doone. Matinée. Globe.
- „ 23. "The Love Story," play in four acts, by Pierre Leclercq. Matinée. Strand.
- „ 23. "Two Wives," farcical comedy, by T. G. Warren. Strand.
- „ 23.* "The Amber Heart," poetical fancy, by A. C. Calmour. Lyceum.
- „ 23.* "Robert Macaire," farcical play. Lyceum.

In the Provinces, from April 11 to May 10, 1888:—

- April 27. "Two Johnnies," adaptation in three acts of MM. Valabrèque and Ordonneau's "Durant et Durant," by Fred. Horner and Frank Wyatt. Opera House, Northampton.
- „ 30. "From the Vanished Past," new four-act society drama, by Florence Holton. Public Hall, Upton Park.
- „ 30. "Kleptomaniac," society farcical drama in three acts, by Mark Melford. Portland Hall, Southsea.
- May 3. "Simon Money-penny," drama in four acts, by James Gower. Town Hall, Linlithgow.
- „ 4. "Limited Liability," farcical comedy in three acts, by Angelo Thomas Naden. Theatre Royal, Stratford.
- „ 5. "In for a Penny," farcical comedy in three acts. Matinée. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.
- „ 10. "Rest at Last," comedy in three acts, by Edgar T. Carpenter. Shawbury Hall, Dulwich.

PARIS.

(From April 26 to May 15, 1888.)

- Apr. 26. "Les Manies de M. Lédredom," comedy in three acts, by Louis Figuier. Dejazet.
- May 1. "On le dit," farcical comedy in three acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Charles Raymond. Palais Royal.
- „ 6. "Une Gaffe," farcical comedy in three acts, by Fabrice Carré. Renaissance.
- „ 6. "Ma Femme est Docteur," *lever de rideau* in one act, by Fabrice Carré. Renaissance.
- „ 7. "Le Roi d'Ys," lyric drama in three acts and five tableaux, by E. Blau, music by Edouard Lalo. Opéra Comique.
- „ 14. "Le Flibustier," comedy in three acts, by Jean Richepin. Français.
- „ 14.* "Le Baiser," one-act comedy in verse, by Théodore de Banville. Français.
- „ 15.* "La Princesse de Trébizonde," opéra-bouffe, by Offenbach. Variétés.

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