

OXBERRY'S
XXIX. a. 6.

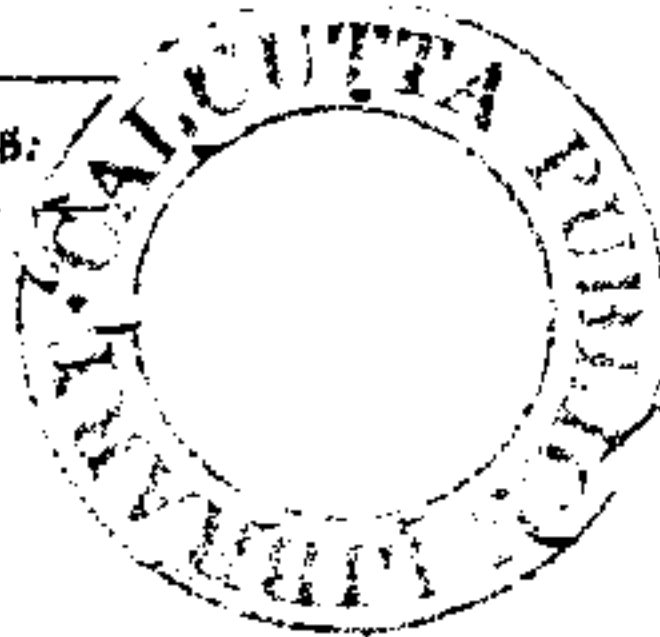
DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY

OR

THE GREEN-ROOM SPY.

Web Series:

VOL. I.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY G. VIRTUE,

6, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; BATH-STREET, BRISTOL; AND
ST. VINCENT-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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OF THE NEW SERIES OF

Oxberry's Dramatic Biography.

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THE EDITORS TO THE PUBLIC.

A FEW WORDS ON MEETING AGAIN.

At the commencement of a New Series of a popular work, some explanation is due, both to the Public and ourselves, more especially as a publication, under the same title, exists. We have no anxiety to depreciate any contemporaneous production, but, as we wish to gain no credit from the merits of others, neither are we inclined to answer for their errors. The work, of which this is a continuation, was concluded in EIGHTY NUMBERS, THE LAST BEING A MEMOIR OF MRS. CHATTERLEY, PUBLISHED AUGUST 12, 1826; and we disclaim all knowledge of, or connexion with, any dramatic biography, from that period until the present time.

The distinguishing feature of our work was, its communication of strong facts in plain language. It spoke of actors and actresses as beings, whose business it is to amuse—who should be respected for their talents, but not idolized—who should be remunerated handsomely, not magnificently—who should be applauded, not worshipped. We endeavoured to bring down the claims of all histrionic professors to their true standard, and we showed no favour to the successful charlatan.

Whatever merit other productions may possess as compositions, it is evident that, from lack of resources, they cannot contain the information that has marked our pages; and, as all scenic memoirs have been hitherto conducted by communication with those whose lives are to be given to the Public, it is self-evident that the whole truth cannot be arrived at. There, we apprehend, rests the cause of the extraordinary sale of the First Series of OXBERRY'S BIOGRAPHY. We had no occasion to resort to Messrs. Wrench, Elliston, &c. &c. for information. Had we been forced to do so, the memoirs must have assumed a very different appearance; for who could turn that which he received as a favour, into matter of reprehension?

When we commenced the Biography, we had an immense quantity of anecdote from the manuscript of the lamented actor whose name identifies this work. These resources were diminished, though not exhausted, when we concluded. Sir

that period, the gratuitous communications of a retired comedian, and the manuscripts which we have purchased of a deceased one, afford us fresh sources, and almost inexhaustible ones; and we once more embark on a voyage for public favour,—secure, that our vessel carries too much ammunition to be run down by any pirate; and that we are ourselves too much inured to storm and stress of weather, to be overcome by critical squalls.

Our pages will, for the future, be dedicated to the notice of London actors and actresses in every theatre. Talent shall be their recommendation to our notice—we require no other. As every memoir will be incorporated with notices of contemporaneous professors, this production will be at once a history of the stage of the present day, as well as the biography of particular individuals.

Whenever the subject chosen is of insufficient interest to fill our pages, we shall append to it a notice of some celebrated provincial actor; and thus afford a view of those who are likely hereafter to delight the Public. Whilst interest, ignorance, and caprice, are recommending performers to metropolitan situations,—whilst one young man is engaged, because he is the manager's nephew, and young ladies, because they are endeared to other rulers, by ties differing from those of consanguinity,—it behoves the press, not only to expose such practices, but to point out those individuals who ought to occupy the stations so unworthily filled by poor relatives, or unprincipled favourites. In this effort, we solicit the co-operation of our Correspondents; for, though we shall not feel bound to adopt their opinions, we will in every case make the most ample inquiry, and take steps to obtain an impartial criticism of the performer named, whether he be the favourite of a Bath audience, or the neglected genius of a barn.

Spectemur agendo ought to be the motto of those who live by the Public. We shall, therefore, make no more promises. The most impartial and talented part of the press pronounced our work to be the best, if not the only, Dramatic Biography that was ever written; and our most strenuous efforts shall be used, to render the Second Series equal to the

THE EDITORS.



Wageman, del.

J. Rogers, sc.

MR. COEHAM.
AS
MARMION.

Published April 14, 1827, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, London.

NEW 'SERIES
OF
OXBERRY'S
DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR
OF
THOMAS COBHAM,
(Of the Cobourg Theatre.)

• "I say it to your face, and would say it in the face of the
'whole world, that I never met a more civil-spoken gentleman."

• To tell where I've been,
And what faces I've seen,
In places where my abode took,
I'm sure it would fill a chancery bill,
Or as long be as Paterson's Road-book. — OULTON.

If genius and talent are to be measured by the standard of success, then is the hero of the present memoir below Egerton, Serle, and others, in these requisites. "The race is not always to the swift," says the adage; and too fatally is it verified in the unfortunate profession of which Mr. COBHAM is a member. Situations have become objects of barter, and more interest is now requisite to obtain an engagement on the London boards, than is necessary for the securing a sinecure. Caprice, too, will thrust ignorance into the station talent should occupy; and it is not unusual to see a man engaged to mouth Shake-

• NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—1. •

peare, and murder Otway, on the mere ground of his being a good bottle-companion, and a favourite of a bacchanalian manager. One gentleman, now at Drury, was engaged by Elliston, simply "for his astonishing impudence." These were the *ci-davant* Lessee's own words. Our present hero lacks the three great requisites for a modern metropolitan performer—interest, luck, and impudence. Having thus commenced with his deficiencies, let us proceed to his history.

THOMAS COBHAM, forty-one years since, began his pilgrimage of existence; having commenced breathing in the early part of the year 1786, within the sound of the celebrated bells, whose clappers confer the title of cockney upon all juvenile auditors. Mr. Cobham, sen., was a man of various and extensive knowledge, a devoted lover of science, a profound algebraist and mathematician, and celebrated as an architectural draughtsman. It was our hero's misfortune to lose this parent ere he had arrived at an age fully to appreciate the talents that were the admiration of a numerous circle.

Master COBHAM had now to choose a profession; and though, at this early period, he felt certain yearnings towards that ill-fated one which he afterwards pursued, they were checked ("scotch'd, not kill'd") by the request of his widowed mother, that he would become a printer. To learn the art and mystery of which business he entered the office of his cousin, Mr. Joseph Aspin, an eminent printer, and author of several ingenious works. By this gentleman's instruction he profited so much, that he was, in a short time, entrusted with the correction of the press. In the course of his avocations in this way, several voluminous works passed through his hands; amongst the rest, an octavo edition of Shakespeare, which he read conjointly with the celebrated Edmund Malone. The valuable observations of this ingenious commentator on the text of our "immortal bard," sank deeply into the mind of our hero, and gave a facility to his Shakesperian studies, which proved of infinite advantage to him,

when he afterwards embraced the arduous profession of an actor. At this time, the late Mr. George Cooke was playing in London, and Mr. COBHAM having witnessed that actor's inimitable performance of *Shylock*, it made an impression upon his mind so intense, that he could think of nothing but the picture which the actor had drawn of the inexorable Jew. So powerful was this *Shylock-mania*, that he became a member of a private theatre,

“Where ’prenticed kings alarm’d the gaping street,”

for the purpose of gratifying his long-cherished desire of attempting to pourtray, upon a stage, this difficult character. After encountering many obstacles, an opportunity was at length afforded, and never did mortal feel more happy than did our youthful hero, when he found himself arrayed in the “Jewish gabardine.” The applause which was bestowed upon Mr. COBHAM for this premature effort, (he had not then reached his seventeenth year,) determined his future destination, and he resolved to submit to the public his histrionic pretensions, as soon as he could procure an engagement. Upon the boards of the private theatre where our hero made his first essay, and which was in Lamb’s Conduit-street, another actor of the present day occasionally appeared. This actor is Mr. Kean, who, at the early age of thirteen, recited there, *Alexander’s Feast*, and Lewis’s poem of *Alonzo and Imogine*. From this theatre, Kean was engaged to recite at the Lyceum, and to give his assistance in elucidating an entertainment of singular scenic beauty, called *The Egyptian*, in which Milton’s *L’Allegro*, was embodied by instantaneous scenic changes, Mr. Kean delivering the text, which he did with most felicitous expression. We should premise, that Mr. Kean was then known only by the name of Carey, his mother’s maiden appellation, he being the Master Carey, who, in the year 1800, gave readings at the Roll’s Rooms, Chancery-lane. At this place of entertainment he read, or rather delivered, the entire play of *The Merchant of Venice*, in the style since adopted

by that celebrated elocutionist, Smart. . This attempt (for, merging the question of success or failure, as an *attempt* it was wonderful) proves a precocity of talent in the star of Drury, that is seldom followed up by maturer excellence, and affords a triumphant refutation to the axiom, that "clever children prove dull men."

Young Kean, *alias* Carey, inoculated our present hero; and COBHAM under his advice and guidance, quitted the printing-office, and started for Watford, in Hertfordshire, where he made his first appearance in the year 1803, under the management of Mr. Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold's company contained an infinitude of sucking Thespians; but the manager proved a skilful nurse, for most of his histrionic infants thrived amazingly. Oxberry was there, studying the rudiments; J. Russell and Wilkinson, then, or shortly afterwards, were also thus employed; whilst, in experience, though not in years, Kean was the oldest actor amongst them. Month after month did these gentlemen remain together, fighting for first-rate parts; for, be it known, that Oxberry and Wilkinson laid claim to *Rolla*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*, as well as their more tragical associates. On the removal of the company from Watford to St. Alban's, COBHAM quitted the scene of dramatic warfare, leaving the present hero of Drury to persuade Wilkinson to surrender up the *Jaffiers* to him. A few nights previous to his departure, our hero had to play in some piece, in which himself and Oxberry sustained the characters of two heroical chiefs—now, THOMAS COBHAM had espied, in the wardrobe of the aforesaid Mr. Jerrold, a certain dress, beclad in which he determined on delighting the polite natives, previous to his exit: but, alas! any one of the other performers might have said, with *Gratiano*,

“ My eye, my lord, can see as far as yours.”

Kean and little Wilkey had both viewed this garment with eyes of ravour, and determined, on some future occasion, to appropriate it to the embellishment of their

own persons; and Oxberry, during his visitation to the wardrobe, on that very day came to a similar conclusion, and actually carried off the dress, to adorn himself for the rival chieftain. "Choleric COBHAM couldn't brook it;" and, although his adversary was six inches taller, and two stone heavier, he attempted to regain the dress, *vi et armis*. Fortunately, the manager's wife interfered between the belligerent powers, just as Kean, Wilkey, &c. were joining in the conflict. What the unfortunate garment suffered in the course of the battle, it is now too late to ascertain; but our hero was, it is said, flung into a wardrobe basket, still clinging with amiable tenacity to the fatal cause of the dispute.

"What great events from little causes flow!"

W. Oxberry declared he would sooner resign his engagement than the dress, and was in consequence discharged.

In a few days, Mr. COBHAM also quitted the company, and his next engagement was at Margate, where he attracted the attention and kindly notice of Mrs. Davison. From Margate our hero went to Guernsey, where he joined Mr. Hughes's company, and with it returned to England, to the theatres of Exeter and Weymouth. During the season that Mr. COBHAM was at Weymouth, his late Majesty honoured that place with his presence, and during his residence there, visited the theatre every evening. It unfortunately happened that, at this time, cataracts had formed on his Majesty's eyes; in consequence of which, his departure from Weymouth was hastened, for the purpose, as it was said, of having an operation performed, which it was hoped would relieve him. Such was his Majesty's characteristic benevolence, that, although obliged to wear a green shade, and suffering much from the lights of the theatre, he continued his visits to the last evening of his stay, upon which occasion Mr. COBHAM (it being his benefit) was honoured with the royal command. We have been the more particular in the mention of this, as it was the last night his late Ma-

Majesty ever honoured a theatre with his presence. Our hero's next engagement was with Mr. Beverly, at Woolwich, who, being at that time a member of the Covent-garden company, had frequently the assistance of what are termed—*stars*. The attraction of these had a powerfully magnetic influence in congregating a full attendance at his theatre, when the efforts of those who were "little known to fame," too frequently failed in doing so. During the season that Mr. COBHAM was at Woolwich, the theatre had, at different times, the assistance of Messrs. Cooke, Elliston, Downton, Munden, Emery, Inceledon, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Mountain, and Miss Smith, now Mrs. Bartley. At this place our hero sustained a curiously diversified line of business. First tragedian—first singer—light and low comedian, and the motley hero in pantomime. Not unfrequently has it happened, that, after dying "with harness on his back," in *Richard*, he has finished the labours of the night with capering through a pantomime as *Farlequin*.

Our hero, like his early friend and companion, Kean, learned to do every thing that can be done upon the stage. They were both known as dramatic defiancers; for, from their capabilities for sustaining any line, the manager who possessed the services of either, might defy any other performer to distress him by desertion. *Pangloss, Capt. Macheath, Sir Anthony Absolute, Dennis Bulgruddery, Sir Giles Overreach, and Farmer Ashfield*, are all contained in one season's list of our hero's assumptions. Men thus actively employed, could not, it is presumed, have had much time for recreation; but, certain it is, that Mr. Kean found leisure sufficient to do that which awakened the jealousy and revenge of a worthy tradesman, who hit upon the magnanimous vengeance of endeavouring to get Kean seized by a press-gang. The consequence was, that the erratic Edmund was concealed in a cock-loft, whilst his dramatic duties devolved on COBHAM. Not contented with endeavouring to enrich the navy, by the services of Kean, the cornuted victim, for

what reasons we do not pretend to say, wished our hero to enter the army; but COBHAM had no military notions, any more than Kean had nautical ones; and, whilst his friend lay *perdue* in his attical retreat, our hero began trying his capacities for the army, by marching away just before a ballot for the militia had prescribed his route.

We have been digressing sadly, and must now get back to Woolwich. Towards the end of the season, Mr. Stanley, a member of the company, took his benefit—whether, like *Stanley*, in *Richard the Third*, his friends were ready in the north,” we do not pretend to say; but, that they displayed a miserable lack of readiness in the south, was too evident; for, on his night, the Woolwich theatre was deserted. Attributing this to a wet night, or some of the other usually assigned causes of dramatic failure, he applied to the powers that were, for leave to take a second benefit: the manager refused permission, the theatre was closed, and the company dismissed, without Mr. Stanley again trying his friends. The present Mrs. Bartley, then Miss Smith, at that period a most attractive star, had promised Mr. Stanley to shine forth on his second benefit; and he was not a man to be deterred by the trifling obstacles of having no theatre, no performers, and no dresses. Messrs. Stanley and COBHAM cogitated deeply, and the result was—the latter placed himself on the exterior of one of the Woolwich stages, and came to town. To the *Harp* he immediately turned his steps, and, behind a quartern of Seagar and Evans, and a pipe, he found his early associate, Kean. To mention the dilemma, and obviate all difficulties, was the work of a moment. *Douglas* was fixed upon as the play, the great tragedian remarking, “We can cut *Anna*, and gaff them with songs instead of a farce.” Still one difficulty presented itself. In one of the scenes, five persons are on at once:—now, this could not be very ingeniously managed by four individuals. In search of a friend, (that long search in this bad world,) Kean and COBHAM prowled forth; and, beneath the Piazzas, met Mr. Chapman of the Theatre-

royal, Covent-garden. Few words suffice with good fellows:—in short, he agreed to assist them. Back went our hero to his expectant friend, who, during his absence, was not, as our readers may premise, exactly upon roses. They immediately took a large room at the *Navy Tavern*. He of Drury borrowed two Scotch dresses, and Chapman and COBHAM, providing themselves, they had the necessary decorations. Scenery was out of the question, for the landlord would not permit any to be fixed; and they had not any to fix, if he would. Flaming announce-bills were issued—all Woolwich were awakened—and, perhaps, the novelty of a performance in a room, did somewhat towards attracting an audience. The cast of the play stood thus:—*Young Norval*, Kean; *Old Norval*, Stanley; *Glenalvon*, COBHAM; *Lord Randolph*, Chapman; and *Lady Randolph*, Miss Smith. When the night came, and this lady arrived, she with difficulty restrained her risible faculties, at the novelty of her situation. She found herself suddenly transported from the immense and brilliant stage of the metropolis, to a room dimly lighted by a few candles, where, with a simplicity worthy the age of Shakespeare, the sacred barrier which should divide the audience from the actors, was literally nothing more or less than the curtain appertaining to the window of the room; which, being hung upon a string, was so contrived as to be capable of being withdrawn to and fro, as occasion required. The brilliancy of the acting, however, compensated for all other defects. At the end of the play, Miss Smith spoke *Collins's Ode on the Passions*; Mr. Kean recited *Alonzo and Imogine*; and Mr. COBHAM sang two comic songs, to chase away the tears with which the woes of *Lady Randolph* had bedewed the cheeks of the auditors. From this night's entertainment, Mr. Stanley and our hero derived some considerable profit. The tickets were issued at five shillings each, and the room was crowded to suffocation with all the fashion of Woolwich and Blackheath.

From Woolwich Mr. COBHAM went to Portsmouth.

Here he joined a company which was under the management of Messrs. Kelly and Maxfield. After remaining with these gentlemen for some time, he was induced to accept an offer which was made to him by the late Mr. Shatford, proprietor of the Salisbury and Isle of Wight theatres. This gentleman proposed to him a liberal salary, in consideration of which, he was to take the lead as an actor, and to have delegated to him the duties of stage-manager. Our hero having accepted Mr. Shatford's offer, joined his company at Newpon, in the Isle of Wight, and continued, until the final exit of his employer, the director of his theatres, and his principal actor. Mr. Shatford had been, for many years, the caterer of public amusements for the inhabitants of Salisbury, as well as for those of several other towns in that neighbourhood. His death left a blank in "the stock of harmless pleasure," and was much lamented.

Actor and stage-manager at Salisbury, Mr. COBHAM found full employment, but love, which

"Will come, when it will come,"

found its way to the breast of our hero, and "gave him unquiet dreams." Miss Drake, the leading actress of the theatre, was the object of his affection. His passion, it will easily be surmised, found fuel in his nightly enactments of *Romeo* and *Jaffier*, to her *Juliet* and *Belvidera*; "Love," as *Simon* says, "played at ducks and drakes with his heart." In fine, the stage-manager made his declaration—found the lady in a consenting cue—her heart was a prompter for him—she uttered "Yes," in the sweetest first music that actor ever heard—the bell rang—and, after the ceremony of the ring, the curtain was drawn. Mrs. Cobham is descended from a family of great respectability in Devonshire, where many of her relatives possess very considerable estates. The happy couple remained at Salisbury until the death of Mr. Shatford terminated their engagement. Mr. S. Russell, better known as *Jerry Sneak* Russell, availed himself of their

services for Oxford, where, through the kindness of Lord Grenville, the chancellor of the University, he had obtained permission to open a theatre, contrary to the University statutes, which prohibit theatrical amusements altogether. Upon this classical ground, Mr. COBHAM became a great favourite; and the celebrity he obtained there, induced Mr. Penley, of the Folkstone and Hastings theatres, to go and witness his performance. Mr. Penley had, at this period, (1810,) entered upon a speculation for opening the West London theatre, Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court-road, (*terra incognita* to half of London,) with a superior company, and he immediately engaged our hero as leading tragedian. Sampson Penley, now of Drury, was the light comedian; Penley himself performed the old men, and some of the low comedy; and Miss Watson, of the Cobourg; Miss Jonas, late of the Surrey; and the Misses Penleys, were also members of the company. On COBHAM'S arrival in town, he found, in the author of the piece in which he was to make his first appearance, his wardrobe foe, Oxberry. Their juvenile broils were speedily forgotten. Oxberry had resigned all thoughts of the truncheon. As he was enjoying a handsome salary as the low comedian of the Lyceum, it was not probable that he and COBHAM would have occasion to fight again.

Marmion, dramatised from Scott's poem of the same name, by Mr. Oxberry, was brought out, in which Mr. COBHAM played the hero, and with so much success, that the piece had a successful run of thirty or forty nights. Mr. and Mrs. COBHAM were afterwards at the Surrey theatre;* and from thence they went to perform at the East London, known formerly as the Royalty. At this place, the regular drama was performed in all the varieties of play, opera, and farce; and, although this was a known

* Whilst at the Surrey, *Richard III.* was produced with horses; and COBHAM was the hero of Bosworth field, with White Surrey beneath him.

infringement upon the rights of the two national theatres, yet, the proprietors of these establishments looked on in silence, fearful to call the attention of the public too closely to their monopoly, and having some, and not ill-grounded apprehensions, that if this place of amusement for the play-going citizens (the East London) were closed, application would be made to Parliament for a third theatre. At the East London, Mr. COBHAM was for some time the hero, and performed, with distinguished success, the principal characters in the whole range of the drama. The part, however, in which he particularly attracted public notice at this time, was *Richard*.

The success of Kean had rendered a *Richard* a desideratum; and Mr. COBHAM, in the forlorn regions of the Royalty, received a message from the *Upper House*. In an interview which the Covent-garden patentee requested with Mr. COBHAM, he offered him a handsome sum for two nights' performances, and an engagement for three years, at an advancing salary from £12, should his success with the town be complete. The part selected for his appearance was *Richard*; and our readers will readily admit, that Mr. Kean's great popularity at the other house, in this character, rendered the attempt of it, by any other person, one of peculiar hazard. Two gentlemen had essayed the performance of it, in the course of the season, upon the Covent-garden boards, but without success.

The way in which Meggott was treated at the Haymarket, and poor Edwards at Covent-garden, must be green in the memory of our readers. These gentlemen had been singled out as victims to the ferocity of the public, during the Kean fever; and the annals of cruelty and brutality present nothing more disgusting or disgraceful, than the conduct pursued towards them. Such was the then terror of the assumption of *Richard*, that established favourites shrunk from the attempt—even Kemble and Young declined the contest—and Mr. COBHAM was brought into the field, somewhat against his

own judgment, but strongly encouraged by the opinion of his friends. Whatever of diffidence Mr. COBHAM might have felt in the undertaking, it was in no way lessened by a circumstance which took place previous to his performance. On the morning of the day, upon the evening of which he was to set his all upon a cast, he received several anonymous notes, apprising him that several parties had been formed, for the purpose of rendering his attempt abortive—nay, one went so far as to assert, that above seventy clerks in a public-office were to be marshalled in a body, and proceed to the theatre, to put at rest, by their clamour, all his pretensions to public favour. Mr. COBHAM was disposed to treat the information which had been thus conveyed to him, with little attention; but, when the evening's performance commenced, he found that his anonymous correspondents had been correct. Before the end of his first soliloquy, several persons, who had been dispersed through the house, made a simultaneous attack upon him, and continued, by every species of annoyance of which they were masters, to intimidate the actor, notwithstanding that they were repeatedly put down by the majority of the house. The uproar which these proceedings caused, served of course to mar the performance—but in the hope that this sort of persecution would be discontinued, the play was given out for a second representation. Upon this occasion, the same attempt was made to annoy our hero, but the numbers of the opposing party being less numerous than on the former night, they were kept tolerably quiet until half-price, when they gained a considerable accession of strength, by the entrance of many of those who had attended upon the former evening. The good sense, however, of the house prevailed; and the majority of the pit, in order to mark their indignation of this unworthy treatment, arose from their seats, and cheered our hero with encouraging and enthusiastic plaudits. After this expression of good feeling, Mr. COBHAM continued his career triumphantly, and without interruption, (save of

applause,) to the end of the tragedy. In the tent scene, he was honoured with nine rounds of applause! An opinion prevailed, that this opposition was organised and supported by “the Wolves,” a club, of which Mr. Kean was the president.

Our hero has always acquitted Kean of any participation in this conspiracy against talent. We have not space here to give any detail of the club to which we have alluded, but refer our readers to the Memoir of Kean, in the enlarged edition of *Oxberry's Biography*, for full information.

Our principles being to tell “the truth, *the whole truth*, and nothing but the truth,” we deem it imperative to mention a circumstance, which Mr. COBHAM's ill-judging friends might wish to conceal. To our tale:—Our hero is exceedingly abstemious, and consequently affected by a smaller quantity of the juice of the grape, than the generality of dramatic professors: surrounded by anxious friends, on the day of his appearing at Covent-garden, who, judging his constitution by theirs, urged him to take a glass, to keep his spirits at their proper pitch of elevation, Mr. COBHAM exceeded the limits of prudence; and, though not in a state of extreme intoxication, was too much excited to give his talents fair play. We hate blinking facts; and are assured, that Mr. COBHAM's good sense will convince him, that we mention this with no invidious motive.

• From Covent-garden, Mr. COBHAM returned to the East London theatre, being under articles to the proprietors, and continued playing there with great success. It happened that Mr. Jones, the late patentee, arrived in London, for the purpose of recruiting his forces, at the period when Mr. COBHAM's articles, with his employers in the east, had nearly expired; and having heard much of his ability, he was induced to witness his performance of Shakespeare's *King John*, with which he was so well satisfied, that he proposed to him an engagement for Crow-street, at his first salary—making Mrs. Cobham a liberal offer at the same time.

Mr. COBHAM, having accepted Mr. Jones's terms, made his first bow to an Irish audience at Crow-street, Dec. 1817, in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, in which he was very favourably received. His next part was *Bertram*, in Mr. Maturin's tragedy of that name. He repeated the latter character several times; and, for his performance of it, was very highly complimented by the talented author. Mr. COBHAM continued gaining rapidly in public estimation, until his legitimate claim to the rank he held was decided with the audience of Dublin, by his personation of *Macbeth* and *Richard*. It rarely happens that tragic actors are found useful in the operatic department of the theatre; yet on one occasion he was called upon, and earnestly entreated, to do the part of *Lord Willicott*, in *The Haunted Tower*, in consequence of Mr. Horn's sudden illness, and when no other play could well be substituted. So well did he acquit himself, that he was encored in several of his songs, one of which was the difficult bravura of *Spirit of my sainted Sire*. Mr. Jones considered Mr. COBHAM's exertions upon this occasion so well deserving of reward, that, in a letter which he wrote to him the next morning, to thank him for his services, he enclosed a bank-note for £25. When Mr. Harris obtained the patent for the Dublin theatre, he re-engaged our hero, who, with Warde, now of Covent-garden, divided the leading business.

Our limits oblige us to omit several relations connected with the Dublin management, which we shall endeavour to incorporate in some less anecdotal biography; we have only at present space to say, that he quitted Dublin in 1824, and opened at the Cobourg, in *Faustus*. Since which, in addition to all the leading tragedy, he has performed *Hawthorn* and *Capt. Macheath* at that theatre; and, for a few weeks, given his services to that ill-fated place of entertainment, the Surrey.

To take a view of Mr. COBHAM's capabilities as an actor, we must speak of him in those characters which

he has had no opportunity of assuming in the metropolis, or which he has only performed in the far region of the *Royalty*.

The great feature of our hero's acting is its entire originality. Kean, his early companion, who has outstripped him in fortune, though superior to COBHAM in other points, falls below him in this. G. F. Cooke was the great original of which Kean is the shadow; and mixing his style with Bologna's serious pantomime, the star of Drury made himself what he is. Though only fifteen years have elapsed since the departure of Cooke, the present race of play-goers have forgotten him; and Kean's imitations remain undetected by the million, though they are as obvious, though not as servile, as Young's attempts to copy Kemble.

Kean and our hero have one attribute in common—energy. Right or wrong, there is a prevailing spirit about the performances of these gentlemen, that leads the auditor with it. It is Kean's error to be too extravagant and familiar—it is our hero's to be too elevated, too pompous. Kean is for giving us tragedy in an undress—COBHAM adorns her in all the formality of a court suit. When COBHAM has a part in which he cannot degenerate into grandeur, he is excellent. Nothing can be more in keeping than his early scenes of *Rob Roy*. The careless freedom, and air of bravado, with which he sings—*

“Come, open your gates, and let me gang free,”

is admirable; but the inflated diction, thrown into the characters he is doomed to assume at the Cobourg, has done him an irreparable injury.

Our hero is, by many degrees, the best actor that has ever appeared at our minor theatres. In naming him

* These lines are spouted by Mr. Macready, in direct defiance to the intention of the author of the play, and the description of the novelist.

with the members of the royal theatres, we may say, as we have already said in the first series of this work, that he *might* be our third tragedian; but, remaining where he is, is not the way to become so. No man's genius can be so great, or his talent so extraordinary, as to withstand the temptations to overact that a minor theatre holds forth.

As a tragedian, Mr. COBHAM has more genius than knowledge, and more physical than acquired power of execution; his voice is strong and clear, and his management of it excellent.

As a general actor, Mr. COBHAM has few competitors. His low comedy is pleasing; his singing, in the true English school, unornamented, but correct and effective.

Our hero is by far too good, to be condemned to deliver Mr. Barrymore's nonsense and Mr. Milner's trash; and we earnestly entreat him to quit a spot, where his talent cannot be appreciated, because it is not fairly tried. Surely, Dublin, Liverpool, Bath, or York, where Shakespeare is occasionally acted, would accord more with our hero's taste than St. George's Fields!

Mr. COBHAM has two children—son and daughter—and, as a husband and a father, sets an example, which it would be happy, indeed, if the members of his profession strove to imitate. His habits are domestic; and, although the soul of good fellowship enlivens his board, he never suffers hilarity to descend to buffoonery, or the pleasures of the table to be disgraced by excess. His conversational powers are considerable; his room-singing excellent; and few men have greater qualifications to delight as a companion.

Mr. COBHAM is five feet five inches in height; of a dark complexion; and his countenance marked and expressive.



MRS FITZWILLIAM.

ADELINE.

London. Published by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MRS. FITZWILLIAM,
(Of the Adelphi Theatre.)

FANNY was made for bliss.—MOORE.

THERE are a certain number of persons in the dramatic world, admitted, on all hands, to possess great talents, whom everybody is delighted to see upon the stage, and yet who never draw one shilling to any theatre whatever. An attractive and a good performer are terms by no means synonymous. The theatres which have been obliged to dismiss, when Liston came to star, a few years back, cannot now contain the numbers he attracts. Fashion, caprice—give it what name thou wilt, reader—rules dramatic destinies; and it is so mere a matter of chance, that all speculation on the matter is ridiculous. It is a bitter truth, that our sterling performers never draw. The names of Miss Kelly, Downton, Fawcett, and Mrs. Davidson, will not make five shillings difference in the receipts of the house; whilst a dramatic charlatan, without a tythe of the talent or experience, and none of the genius, of any one of them, will attract a throng. ●

Great, without being popular; delightful, but not attractive; talented, but unlucky,—is the subject of our present memoir; who was born in the year 1801.

Her father, Mr. Copeland, was the proprietor of the Dover circuit; and little FANNY was, in very early life, initiated into the dramatic mysteries, being only three years old when she smelt the lamps, as the child in *Pizarro*. The life of a manager's daughter, who plays what she pleases, and pleases whenever she plays, affords little matter for narration. Every year added fresh attractions to our heroine; and, at an age when other females are learning the rudiments of their art, she was a mistress of hers.

Metropolitan favour was still wanting, to give a currency to her talents; London being the dramatic mint, where all metal finds its stamp of value. Miss Booth at one house, and Miss Kelly at the other, precluded the engagement of our heroine at either Drury-lane or Covent-garden, and the Haymarket was chosen as a *dernier resort*, where she appeared, in the season 1817. *Cicely*, in *The Bee Hive*, and the *Page*, in *The Follies of a Day*, were not characters in which it was possible to create a great sensation, and Miss COPELAND, at the Haymarket, was regarded more for her utility than her talent. On some occasions, she came forward as the substitute for Miss Mathews, during her illness; but the convalescence of that fair favourite always consigned our heroine to the shelf. At the close of the summer season, Miss COPELAND went to the Olympic theatre, where a superior company were then performing. Here, a more diversified range of characters was open to her, and she rapidly became a favourite. Having thus launched among the minors, her next step was to the Surrey, then under the management of Tom Dibdin, where she made her debut as *Madge Wildfire*, in *The Heart of Mid Lothian*.

Mr. Dibdin's talents are various and peculiar. In his early life, he was himself a performer of no mean talent; but he surrendered the sock, to become a dramatic writer, and passed his life in observing the scenic exertions of others, instead of making any of his own. The result of these observations has been a capacity of comprehending,

at once, the powers and peculiarities of every individual he beholds. In this way, Mr. Dibdin took measure of our heroine, as he had long previously done of Mr. Fitzwilliam. He also discovered that the lady and gentleman, to use a managerial term, worked well together; and he drew upon his invention for a series of pieces, in which he could display their talents to the best advantage.

The only two managers who have followed the system of writing up their performers, are, Messrs. Dibdin and Arnold. The former, by the unaided exercise of his own pen; the latter, with the assistance of Pocock, Beasley, and Peake. Knight, Wilkinson, Wrench, nay, even Miss Kelly, were made by this system, at the Lyceum; whilst Huntley, Watkin Burroughs, Wyatt, Mrs. Brooks, our heroine, and her husband, were all thus assisted at the Surrey. Amongst them all, our heroine least needed such adventitious aid; for she had the mind to conceive, and the power to execute, a numerous range of characters. By the bye, we have named the engagement of our heroine by Mr. Dibdin, without explaining the circumstances that led to it, which—as evincing

“What great events from little causes flow,—”

are worth narrating. Mr. Dibdin went to Deal, to give his son the benefit of sea-bathing, and was wasting a few moments in Trott's Room, when the worthy proprietor commenced an eulogium on the talents of a young actress, then at Dover; but Mr. Dibdin turned a manager's ear to what he deemed the praises of friendship, and the matter passed over. The conversation had, however, awakened the curiosity of Master Dibdin, which was partly aided by the fact that he had never visited a provincial theatre, and partly by the information, that the actress in question was very young and very pretty. The young invalid fairly badgered the dramatist into an eight miles' journey; and, with a special unwillingness to be pleased,

Mr. Dibdin entered the Dover theatre. One scene from our heroine repaid his journey, and that night he engaged her.

The system to which we have just alluded, of fitting parts to actors, has been much abused by the facetious gentlemen who write reports for newspapers—these reports being generally a species of blank-cartridge criticism—very noisy, but never producing any effect—unless, indeed, the more slanderous attacks of some of them may be compared to a cannonade, where every report carries a wound with it. These gentlemen have deprecated the system—and there they are right: but they have termed it a modern innovation—and there they were wrong. Beaumont and Fletcher decidedly wrote for particular actors; nay, Shakespeare thought it necessary to throw in a line into one of his tragedies, to excuse the figure of his hero; for, Taylor, who was the original *Hamlet*, had an aldermanic plenitude of flesh; and, to fit the philosophic prince for him, the *King or Queen* (we really forget which) is made to say—

“ Our son is fat, and scant of breath.”

Footc, in *The Orators*, and O’Keefe, when he made the obesity of Mrs. Webb a subject of animadversion and a cause of merriment, might have shielded themselves beneath the example of the Swan of Avon. Mr. Dibdin, by following the track of O’Keefe, drew out the capabilities of our heroine; and also, perhaps, to a degree, confined them. For, discovering what she could do inimitably well, he made up parts in which she only repeated herself, and did not venture to bring her forward in other things, in which, as she has since proved, she might have been equally successful. Miss COPELAND’S excellence as a musician was not overlooked by the manager: she was introduced in a harp song, and executed the accompaniment enchantingly; doing equal credit to her own fame, and to the talent of

her instructor, Mr. Sutton, of Dover.* Her singing was chaste and excellent; and, for this accomplishment, she is also under some obligation to Mr. Sutton's tuition.

Those who recollect the Surrey at the time when our heroine "made all sunshine there," surrounded as she was by a host of talent, now scattered—never, we fear, to be re-assembled on that spot—those who remember this, will recur to those evenings as bright ones in their earthly pilgrimage; for there was a spirit of conviviality in the place, not to be felt in the loftier domes of Drury and its stupendous rival. You came into the Surrey, and greeted four or five faces (Huntley's, Fitzwilliam's, and Mrs. Brookes's, were amongst them) as familiar to you—you had a sort of personal feeling for them all, independent of your admiration for their talent—they seemed to belong to one another—you could not fancy any one but our heroine playing beside little Fitz.—nor could the presence of a more fascinating woman compensate for the loss of the matron-like, but delightful Mrs. B.—they seemed one family of theatricals, bound in an union of affection and of talent. Their points were made as if by mutual understanding; and this was the mere effect of habitually acting together, and understanding each other's style: so that, at length, (to borrow a metaphor from mechanism,) their exertions dove-tailed so as to form a complete piece. Colman, speaking of an *apparently peaceful domus*, says—

* It is pleasant to record the praises of a worthy man, even in such transitory pages as ours. This tribute is a just and an honest one, be it ever so perishable. Our recollections of Mr. Sutton picture many happy hours, that the good fellowship of the man, and the genius of the musician, once created for us. He little dreams who now pens this notice of his estimable qualities, and of his enviable talents—one, who remembers him with feelings of friendship and interest—who rejoices to hear of his welfare—and shall always feel joy in learning of any accession to his happiness.

“ You would have thought, since tonanted by friars,
That peace and harmony dwelt there eternally ;
Whoever told you so, were cursed liars,
The holy friars quarrell’d most infernally.”

In like manner was the apparent cordiality at the Surrey—hollow and artificial—at least, as far as related to two or three of its members. Be it premised to our readers, that Mr. Fitzwilliam did love (and was beloved again by) our heroine. His affection was no secret ; for, even before the curtain, it was matter of observation ; and, when they came in contact as rustic lovers, in the numberless delightful farcettas that Dibdin produced, the audience fairly sympathised with what they believed to be the real state of their feelings. Now, though Mr. Fitzwilliam be not that figure of a man whom we should deem

“ Framed to make women false ;”

and though he lacks, by nearly twelve inches, the altitude requisite for a *Romeo*,—yet he had made sad havoc in the hearts of the ladies at the Surrey side : by which we gather, that the Surrey lasses are caught by more diminutive proportions than those necessary to charm damsels in almost every other part of the universe. Amongst the many *Stairas* and *Roxalanas*, of whom Mr. Fitzwilliam was the *Alexander*, was an actress at the Surrey theatre, contemporaneous with our heroine—mercy to the failings of a woman tempts us to conceal her name—she exerted her ingenuity (and what a jealous woman’s ingenuity is, most of our readers will guess better than we can explain) to sow discord between Miss COPELAND and her lover. Failing in this attempt, she invented a series of scandalous stories ; so that the Surrey theatre was

(s) “ Kept in continual ferment by the rows”

that this fair-one instigated. Green-room squabbles are scarcely fair subjects for record ; and we shall, therefore,

omit a detailed account of the "*bella, horrida bella,*" in St. George's Fields, and throw by a manuscript of considerable length, which the industry of a friend had favoured us with. Mr. Fitzwilliam was too much attached, to be lured away by stratagem: he, fairly, like the hero of the ballad,

"Doated on FANNY's blue eyes."

One of her glances overset a volume of the other lady's splenetic attacks; and Mr. Fitzwilliam took a pliant hour to gain her consent, but they were not united until the month of Dec. 1822.

Our heroine and her husband (that was to be) were engaged at Drury. In November, she made her first appearance on the boards of one of the National theatres. The farcetta of *Maid and Wife*, brought our heroine forward as *Fanny*; a part which she made completely her own, and which she has since delighted the town with at the Adelphi, where the piece is performed under the title of *The Married Bachelor*.

A hundred obstacles were thrown in her way at Drury. Performers of inferior talent were thrust forward, and our heroine secluded; and a salary of £10 per week did not compensate her for losing her hold on public favour. Our readers will remember, that Miss COPELAND was one of the many who were ill-used by the dramatic tyrant, Elliston; so much so, indeed, as to have become matter of public remark; that, actually, on one occasion, when, in consequence of Munden's illness, a piece was changed, some of the auditors called out, "Why make distinctions towards particular performers?" in allusion to the exclusion of our heroine from appearing before them, in consequence of the piece substituted.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM quitted Drury-lane somewhat abruptly, disgusted at the treatment she received at the hands of the "great Lessee," and went into the provinces; from whence she returned to the metropolis, and

snatched a moment to produce her spouse an heir. After this, we find our heroine at Sadler's Wells and at the Adelphi.

We have omitted to mention that, previous to going to Drury, she joined, for a short period, the inhabitants of the *terra incognita*, wherein the Royalty stood. In that remote region, Miss COPELAND played a variety of characters; amongst which, *Young Norval* and *Capt. Macheath* were the most conspicuous. She was, also, if our memories do not fail, for some time at the Cobourg; but whether, in our dreaming recollections, we are confounding Mr. Davidge's establishment with the Surrey, we are not sure; and are, "at this present writing," too indolent, most courteous reader, to look over our immense files of play-bills.

Our heroine is now at Dublin, and returns to the metropolis at the opening of Vauxhall Gardens, where she and Mr. Fitzwilliam are engaged.

Comparisons are, it is said, odious; yet, by a comparative view alone, can any criticism convey to the reader an idea of the style and powers of any performer. We can only comprehend that which we do not know, by a reference to something like it which we do. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM's talent is of the same order as that of Miss Kelly and Miss Booth; and they are all somewhat in the school of Mrs. Jordan, yet they are all dissimilar; and not one of them can be called an imitatrix of the great original. Mrs. Jordan delighted us with self-development—she gave us the exuberance of her own nature—her smiles and her tears were genuine—they came warm from her heart—she felt, and communicated her feeling. She did many things ill—many things wrongly, with reference to the character she personated—because she could not wholly depart from herself. Since her day, Mrs. Mardyn alone has given a glimpse of the girlish gaiety, the bounding spirit, that she possessed—but this was all Mrs. Mardyn did. Fanny Kelly shows us much of Mrs. Jordan's simple, unaffected pathos; but she wants fulness in

her mirth, to compensate us for the loss of the British Thalia. There is a thinness in the merriment of some persons—and we feel it with our favourite Kelly. All was jollity with Mrs. Jordan—and you were forced to be happy with her. Some of this spirit has our heroine—she carries you insensibly with her.

Miss Booth we have always considered as an artificial actress; but, speaking of effects, and not of causes, she is in reality a good one; and may stand a comparison, in some parts, with our heroine, or even with Miss Kelly. The latter lady would play *Mary*, (*Innkeeper's Daughter*,) *Annette*, (*Maid and Magpie*,) *Phœbe*, (*Miller's Maid*,) and *Cicely Homespun*, better than Miss Booth; but she could not play *Young Pickle* half so well; and, we think, would be inferior, too, in *Priscilla Tomboy*. Now, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM cannot play the first-named parts with Miss Kelly; or the latter with Miss Booth; but she will be more delightful than either of them, in all of those characters.

It has been objected to the three actresses we are now speaking of, that they cannot play the fine lady. Of course they cannot—neither could Mrs. Jordan. To play the fine lady, is to be incapable of playing the various characters in which these three ladies shine; for no one woman could do both.

A diurnal critic speaks thus, of one of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM's performances:—"Miss COPELAND has been so often commended for the genuine spirit of frank, simple, and confiding affection of her rustic heroines, that it is only an offence of tautology to praise her. The part of *Cicely Homespun* is, however, a wonderfully fine vehicle for the current of such a humour. The author seems to have had little in view, beyond soothing the self-complacency of human nature, by presenting a set of accidents and characters best suited to his indirect flattery. Miss COPELAND has no difficulty in her way—she has only to deliver the dialogue, and she becomes an enamoured, lively, and inexpert practitioner of the most liberal vir-

tues. Yet it is but fair to say, how perfectly she seems to abandon the scruples and suspicions of a maid tried in the furnace of experience, and how pleasantly she takes up the wild and luxuriant impulses of pure and youthful passion. She defines her character with a just and beautiful determination, awakening momentary doubts of her success, and satisfying them without satiety of expression."

Now, these remarks, if applied to Miss Kelly's execution of the same part, would, on all hands, be admitted as just; yet are their performances strikingly different. On viewing Miss Kelly, you feel, perhaps more intensely, grief for the situation in which she is placed; but you do not feel anything individually towards herself. With our heroine, it is precisely the reverse—you seem to apply all your pity personally to Mrs. FITZWILLIAM—and feel that it is she, and not the character, that has grown upon your heart. Miss Kelly has the truth, the nature of simplicity—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM the fascination of it. Miss Kelly leaves nature unadorned and simple—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM decks it with flowers, and renders it still more dear to us. Miss Kelly thinks much more deeply—they both feel alike. We have no hesitation in saying, that where both the ladies represent a victim of attempted seduction, (as in *Cicely* or *Adeline*,) the indignation of the spectator is aroused much more powerfully on behalf of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, than of her talented rival. We never saw Miss Kelly play *Madge Wildfire*, but we know how she would play it. How intense—how tender, she would be! We can picture her dying look at *George Robertson*—we can hear the dying cadence of her sigh over her infant's grave—but the look would have more reproach in it than the soft fading glance of our heroine—the tone, though one of deeper feeling, would not be one of more awakening sorrow.

The talented author of *Elia's Essays*, speaking of Bannister and Suett, remarks, that they were the last performers with whom the public seemed to hold a personal feeling. Wherever our heroine goes, she awakens it.

NEW SERIES
OF
OXBERRY'S
Dramatic Biography,
and
Green Room Spy.
VOL. I.



Westall. del.

J. Rogers. sc.

LONDON:
Published by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane,
April 14, 1827.

We never heard a pure criticism upon her exertions. She had always, by some happy power, gained too much on the mind of the spectator, for an analytical review of her powers. Nor is this any sexual fascination; for the effect is the same upon the male and female visitors of our theatres. As Knight received the name of everybody's favourite, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM may justly claim that of everybody's darling.

Such a combination of the broadest humour, and the most touching pathos, as she represents, is indeed as rare as delightful. She is fitted, by Nature, for those children of Nature that Colman has been so happy in depicting. Let her not soar higher. Plumes and trained dresses are not for her. She should be for ever amid cowslips, in all the simplicity of rural life—that is her world. The drawing-room is an undiscovered country, where she should never obtrude. Let not any reader, who has not yet beheld her, gather from this that she is vulgar. Nature is never vulgar. But she has none of the refinements or the artifice of fashion. Thank Heaven for it!

It is the duty of biographers to point out the faults, as well as the excellences, of the subjects of their strictures. We pause for thought—but our recollections afford us nothing for censure. There is, it is true, a quaintness in her voice;—but is not even this too delightful to be deemed a failing?

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, as a singer, has many qualifications. Her voice, though neither extensive or powerful, is of a peculiarly sweet tone, and her intonation perfect. Of the versatility of her talent, her *Actress of all Work*, in which the author (Oxberry) allowed her to excel all competitors, is a sufficient proof; but it is not in these things that we delight to behold her. She, who can so powerfully touch the heart, is ill employed, when only appealing to the imagination.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM is married to a man who was long the favourite of the Surrey, and whose excellent quali-

ties have procured him a host of friends. They are the parents of two children; and the affection which alone instigated the marriage, has continued to render their union a happy one.

Blest with youth, health, competence, and public favour—happy in the affections of a husband, and in the duties of a mother, we know few women who are more to be envied than the subject of the present memoir; if our admiration of her as an actress and a woman did not make us rejoice, in common with all who behold it, as the meed of that happiness she so amply deserves.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM is rather below the medium height; of a light complexion; blue eyes; and her features *petite* but pretty.

● +

ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

—◆—

[THE essay which we here present to the public, has been handed to us by the editor of a contemporaneous production, as better suited to our pages than his own. We hesitated at publishing it, and thought of softening some of the writer's expressions; but when we reflected, that we had no right to take such a liberty with the production of a stranger, we resolved to print it at once. Though tinged with severity, it contains some strong truths; and is, altogether, as *Sir Robert Bramble* says, "as much unlike flattery as anything we ever heard in our lives." Although we give it a place in our pages, we beg to be distinctly understood as not identifying ourselves with the opinions expressed in it, particularly as regards Mrs. Davison.]

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Amidst all the "humbug" served up to the feasts of the Londoners, the humbug of dramatic biography is the greatest. Read Gilliland, and you really wonder how it hath come to pass, that these dramatic saints have not been canonized; for every actor is dispatched from his pages with an eulogium that would grace a Howard. Then, for their birth—they are all born of "respectable parents"—well educated, &c. &c.—when you, friend ***** , and all the world, know, that the greatest portion of our dramatic performers are unable to state who their parents were; and, as to education, three-tenths of them have only caught roadside learning. Now,

there is nothing criminal in bastardy or ignorance, nor in the wish of the possessors of these misfortunes to conceal them; but there is something dirty, grovelling, time-serving, and unworthy, in persons, calling themselves literary men, lending their talents to the promulgation of lies, that they know to be lies. It is wrong, as it regards the public and the players—it puffs up the latter into false consequence—it deludes the former in their estimates, and often in their dealings. A gentleman will be a gentleman, though he vends matches—and a player *may* be a gentleman, though he enacts in a barn—but you cannot make him one, by barely putting him into a theatre-royal. Amongst all the men that the cockneys are taught to think gentlemen, let us see how many might pass muster for such (on the showing of manner only) in a drawing-room. Charles Kemble?—Yes. Young—Macready?—Yes—allowing stiffness to pass for dignity, and provincial habit for philosophical neglect. Jones—Cooper?—No. One is as genteel as a linen-draper, and t'other as pert as an apprentice. Mathews you would swear to, as a well-dressed mountebank—Harley, as a waiter—Fawcett and Downton only want pipes, to make them parlour pictures for a public-house—Wallack would do, if he did not speak—Wrench and Browne are decent fellows; but the first is a blood, and the second a fop—Farren and Liston have both been used to company; but Farren reminds us of a servant who, by long waiting, has attained some insight into the habits of his superiors; and Liston looks like a man afraid to move, lest his movements should commit him—Munden never tried even to be genteel, and feeds like a postboy—Terry seems fresh from the counter—Elliston from the dancing-school—but the latter is decidedly a good after-dinner copy of the thing required—Kean can assume the gentleman, but there is no counting upon him for a moment—to dream of such beings as Rayner, Keeley, Wilkinson, and the other fry, entering the list at all, is ridiculous. It is too true, that there are not half a dozen amongst the members of

the three theatres, that any honestly-spoken man could say were "gentlemen," looking at that term merely with reference to their external behaviour—their "outward show." As to "the inward grace," a little intercourse serves to convince every one, that actors have not even a superficial knowledge upon the commonest subjects: and this is not to be wondered at, when it is reflected what lives most of them have led—going forth, like gypsies, to find homes and bread. Even John Kemble sometimes showed that he had been in the sawdust; and when he did drink, drank like a beast—Boaden has forgotten that his idol fought at "vulgar fistycuffs," in Bow-street, opposite the theatre, with Phillimore, an underling—Kean breaks out in the same way, but oftener, and the difference was this: Kemble was a man of colder temperament, and infinitely more prudence—what Kean did weekly, the other did septennially; but, still, the principle was the same; a breaking-forth of their early habits, through the assumptions of their station—Macready's beggar-on-horseback-style tells a plain tale; and everybody knows what Liston, in liquor, is. Such grossness can only arise from intercourse, and particular intercourse, too, with the vulgar. Elliston, who was brought up well, was vulgarised by the Galindos, &c., at Swansea, and thereabouts, one quarter of a century since; and, when pot-valiant, deals forth the result of his friendships at the Surrey, (sawdust again!) in the genuine town slang—Inledon picked up his blackguardism at sea—so did Pearman; yet, he is a spice of a pretty-spoken fellow, now. And, not to speak on the subject of morality, does not the mop-and-broom-particularity of Miss Chester—the silliness of Paton—the courtesan refinement of Mrs. Chatterley—the horse-freedom of Mrs. Davison—the house-maid-ishness of Kelly—the coarse (though delightful) gaiety of the unequalled Jordan—all repeat the fact—they came from the vulgar, and to the vulgar they innately appertain? Their gentility is assumption, and often pretty successful assumption, too.

They are trades-people,—venders of amusement—and should be remunerated accordingly. They should be received in society as respectable men and women—but they should not be told, that they are ladies and gentlemen—which they are now told so often, that their intellects (generally weak) are so far acted upon, and excited, that a weaver, a sailor, and a baker's man,* when they have changed the shuttle, the mast, and the basket, for the boards, believe they have changed with a camelion power to a thing of different shade; and, under this influenza, run into those expenses that have brought three of our actors into the Gazette, under false pretences, in three months, and have caused full half of the others to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act.

VERITAS.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. I.

It is by no means our intention to furnish regular criticisms on the exhibitions at our theatres—firstly, because our space does not permit it; and, secondly, because our leisure would be too much invaded, if we gave it the attention it deserves. We intend occasionally to glance at the efforts of the moment, and do what the diurnal critics will not, speak *truly* and *impartially*.

ei. MATHEWS has proceeded with all his usual talent, but

* These are all metropolitan instances.

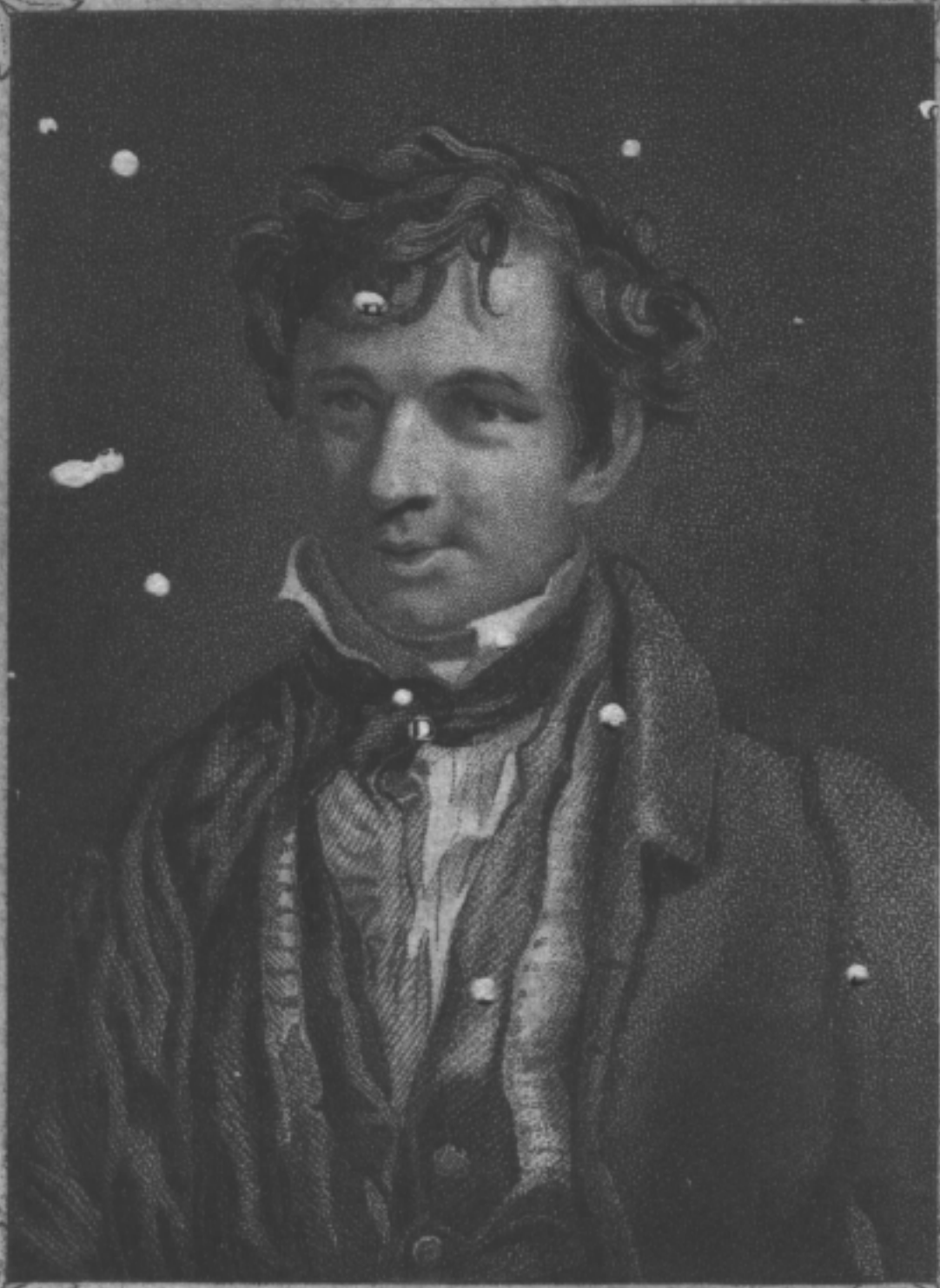
not all his usual success,—for which many reasons may be assigned: the proximity of Mr. YATES, who takes half price, and the inferiority of his present entertainment, are amongst the number. “*The Theatrical Gallery*” is an ineffective apology for a Monopolylogue. The likenesses are not esteemed, for nine-tenths of the auditors knew not the originals; and it unfortunately happens that the imitation most likely to be recognised, is MATHEWS’S worst. This invalidates all his pictures—for those who hear him mimic KEMBLE badly, will not take for granted his striking resemblances of SUETT, KING, and COOKE.

YATES’S entertainment is worse as a composition; but his imitations are of living performers, and he gives good caricatures, that are instantly recognised. The bustle of his mono-drame, too, carries the house with him; and the mindless many are delighted by the manual celerity of his changes, in which he excels all his competitors. On what principle this entertainment has been suffered by the pious George Colman during passion-week, we know not;—the playing a comedy or tragedy would incur a forfeiture of licence, and this performance, which is of a more trifling tendency, and of a broader nature, is permitted nightly. MATHEWS’S sense of propriety urged him to close his doors, but we can scarcely blame YATES for pursuing an opposite course; the closing our theatres at this period is a relic of catholicism perfectly absurd and uncalled for; and we trust to see the time when some thousands of beings will not be deprived for a week of their means of subsistence, from the observance of a silly custom, an ostentatious display of religion, productive of no beneficial result, but of much real mischief.

We cannot avoid noticing the wretched style in which *The Slave* has been produced at Drury-lane theatre.

36 PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Mr. COOPER was tame and cold, though noisy, in *Gambia*, marring all the sentiment of the character by his tedious preciseness. Mr. HOOPER reduced the dashing *Matthew* to a very melancholy picture of a scheming spendthrift. Mr. ARCHER made us regret ABBOT, who played *Lindenberg* admirably; GATTIE was as tiresome as he generally is; and Mr. EDWIN growled through *Sam*, without creating one solitary smile. LISTON seemed infected by the dulness around him, and BRAHAM was in bad voice. HORN acted better than he sang; and Miss STEPHENS was the one star amid the darkness, brightening wherever she came. Criticism is thrown away upon such an actor as COOPER—for he is a mere creature of habit, and past mending; but let him not, when he is next trusted with *Gambia*, walk up the stage, in the last scene, with his arm round *Zelinda's* waist. Poor HORN seemed petrified at the grossness of the impropriety, and had no resource but to turn and kiss the child. WALLACK should have been put in the place of COOPER, and he in that of ARCHER.



L. Wauerman. del.

J. Rogers. sc.

MR. VALE.
AS
THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

London. Published by G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

SAMUEL VALE,

(Of the Olympic, Circus, and Sadler's Wells Theatres.)

—
“The dashing little squire,
The very merry, natty, little, dashing, splashing squire.”
—

“A MAN born to be hanged,” says an old adage, “will never be drowned;” and he whom Nature has slubbered for an actor, will never settle to any more steady pursuit in life. At the corner of Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where Carlisle now vends various publications of a peculiar character, once flourished a toy and perfumery shop, over which, in golden letters, the name of “VALE” appeared. This was the father of our hero. The house in question is remarkable, not perhaps for being the birth-place of the subject of the present memoir, but inasmuch as it stands in three streets and in two parishes; and is the only domus so singularly situated in the metropolis. Master SAMUEL opened his pair of blue eyes, for the first time, on the 3d October, 1797, and, to prevent calculation, as Mathews says, is thirty come Michaelmas. His childhood passed happily; for, as his father dealt in rattles and toys, SAMUEL did not lack those prime ingredients of infant felicity. He did not, like Mozart or other precocious individuals, display any extraordinary talents in the cradle; but, very early in life, his powerful squalls gave evidence that Nature had provided him with

lungs of no ordinary capacity; and this, perhaps, may be construed into a tacit hint, that, as she makes nothing in vain, she intended him for a profession where their power might be usefully exerted. Master SAMUEL was sent at an early age to school, and finished his education as a private scholar at Christ Church; that is to say, he was a gentleman blue-coat-boy. The Christmas of 1811 closed our hero's studies; and, after the gastronomical duties of the season had been duly performed, Master SAMUEL was placed behind the counter of his father. Perhaps, a toyshop, of all others, is the worst place for a boy of sanguine temperament; for, every thing around him is frivolous, and there is nothing to arrest his attention—he has nothing to learn beyond the price of the various articles. From mere nothing-to-doishness, Master SAMUEL began to read dramas, and, ultimately, to think of enacting them. When Kean first burst upon the town, and when all London was on the *qui vive* for a sight of the new wonder, Mr. Vale took his son SAMUEL to Drury; they pressed through the dense crowd that choked Vinegar Yard and Russell Court, and SAMMY's imagination was not a little excited by the eagerness of the multitude. He saw the mighty magician of the stage—was instantly and incurably bitten with the dramatic phobia, for which no certain remedy has ever been discovered. The eventful night that sealed our hero's future fate, was the one that settled Kean's; for it was his first appearance in the crooked-backed tyrant. Mr. Vale, sen., who was an enthusiastic admirer of the tragedian, saw him in most of his characters, and invariably took SAMUEL with him—little dreaming, good easy man, that his son was nightly drinking deeper of the fatal infection.

Master SAMUEL VALE now began to study the drama; and, among other characters, read that of *Young Norval*; with which he became enraptured. He resolved to imitate the hero he admired—and, as *Douglas* took with him

so he, Master SAMUEL, did take a chosen servant to direct his. But *Norval's* steps were to the field of warfare—our hero's, to the field of love. *Young Norval*, it should appear, chose a Highland laddie; whilst young VALE, with a less dignified taste, selected a ruddy cook-maid. But his choice, it appeared, was a wiser one; for *Norval's* domestic “forsook his master,” whilst our hero's attendant remained attached to him.

“Painful the facts, alas,
Truth urges us historians to relate—”

The young lady was in a situation likely to render Mr. Vale, sen. a grandfather, rather sooner than that worthy citizen could have hoped to have become so. Now, Master SAM had but a slender reliance upon the philosophy of his father, when he made this discovery; therefore, in the anticipation of this increase of the *Vales*, he went over the hills and far away; with no more of the ceremonials of departure, than the packing-up of his linen in a blue and white pocket handkerchief, and making a farewell attack of no ordinary nature upon the larder.

SAMUEL VALE said, in the language of *Wilford*, which he was then studying—“This house is no house for me—fly, I will—I am resolved—but whither?” In a state of glorious uncertainty, he reached the *Elephant and Castle*—he stood there, ruminating—pondering, with his small bundle in his hand. There he was, at the *Elephant*, without a trunk, when the *Leatherhead* coach came up. Though the name of the town was rather ominous, he mounted the dickey, and, heaving a classical sigh, ejaculated his own nomen as an adieu, as the dome of St. Paul's faded from his sight.

At *Leatherhead* he found a small company, under the superintendance, for we cannot call it management, of a Mr. Harrison, a gentleman happily unknown to fame. He introduced himself as a Mr. Dornton—perhaps having in memory the resemblance he bore in circumstances to the hero of *The Road to Ruin*—inasmuch as he was the

cause of agony, if not injury, to a doting father. The *soi disant* Dornton was now conveyed to the theatre, which was in a stable. This was peculiarly unpleasant to our hero. He had quitted London, leaving one friend in the straw, and now he found a dozen new ones in it. However, he had no choice, and was forced to join them. He was cast *Realize*, in *The Will*—(what a part for the first appearance of a boy of seventeen!!!)—and he did enact—how, we shall not pretend to define—but such was the effect he produced upon the aforesaid Mr. Harrison, that he gave our hero five shillings to leave him the next morning. In *Realize*, our hero neither realized their expectations or his own, and he began to think less sanguinely of his new line of life.

Having thus terminated his first engagement, Master SAMUEL started off, by what is emphatically though inelegantly termed, “*Shanks’s nag*,” to Worthing. He arrived there, with his finances tapering to a close. Two expedients now presented themselves—either to part with the contents of his blue and white pocket-handkerchief or his watch.* Cleanliness carried it against the chronicler of time; and, as he declares, he sold his hunter, and bought some trotters for supper. Finding no company at Worthing, he proceeded to Arundel, where he introduced himself to Mr. Thornton. The facetious warm-hearted manager had no vacancy for poor SAMUEL, but he sent him to Gosport, where he had another company, under the command of a Mr. Nicholson. Off went Master VALE, via Portsmouth. Now, Portsmouth, as our readers know, is famed for jolly tars, willing lasses, and good grog—our hero entered this marine town with fifteen shillings, the poor remains of his time-keeper’s worth, in his pocket—he instituted an inquiry, of a fine showy lass, as to his route to Gosport; got a pair of black eyes, and a set of teeth that

* So green was our hero, that he sold a handsome hunting-watch, value at least twelve guineas, for twenty shillings, and thought he had made a good bargain, too

made snow seem sallow, knocked Gosport and the company out of our hero's head—he was fairly captivated, and yielded to the frigate that took him in tow. She was decked in all the gaiety peculiar to a seaport—he struck to her colours, and became purser for the day—but, alas! ere evening came, his locker was emptied; and, like a ship in distress, she cut her cable; and left her boy. It was now time to think of Gosport—to gain which he had to cross the ferry. He entered the passage-boat—but, alas! had not a penny left to settle the demand of the boatmen. The law of thumb is much in vogue with gentlemen of this description; and, finding our hero unable to satisfy their demand, they were about to take it out in fun, and duck him for his impudence, when an honest tar, who was his fellow-passenger, hauled out his purse, and paid the ferry fee.

Penniless, and in no enviable frame of mind, Mr. VALE waited on Mr. Nicholson. He found him in strange disorder—for his leading tragedian had been arrested at short notice, and the theatre was minus a hero. Mr. VALE had no time for reflection, but was sent on at an hour's notice, for a long part in *The Fisherman of Bagdad*. There is an old rule in theatricals, that no actor shall speak what he does not know. This rule Mr. VALE was scrupulous in not infringing; and, though the scene was one in which he had to relate the whole story of the play, he remained inflexibly silent. Mr. Ward, some few seasons since at the Haymarket, was his partner in the scene; and, after making two or three speeches, he exclaimed “Let us retire to an inner apartment, and I will hear what you've to relate”—and thus got our hero off.

Thornton arrived the next morning; and, though the report was most unfavourable, he engaged our hero, and put him on a salary of fifteen shillings per week. This was in the summer of 1815.

As the appellation of Dornton had not proved a fortunate one, and as he feared his stable *débüt* might meet mention, he re-christened himself, and was advertised as

Mr. Brown, at Gosport. Here, in the first month, Mrs Edwin came as a star; and our hero played *Montalban*, in *The Honeymoon*, to her *Juliana*; and, though he had nothing to do with the great creature, her presence was nearly the death of him.

On the 20th September, Mr. VALE was to perform *Count Virolet*, (*Mountaineers*;) and *Charles*, (*Village Lawyer*;)—the curtain drew up—and discovered himself and Ward, (*Kilmallock*;) leaning on their spades. One of the seven auditors in the pit was the then worthy owner of the house at the corner of Bouverie Street. No sooner did our hero perceive his father's face, than he dropped the spade from his hands, on the head of the unfortunate fiddler, (one of three,) and decamped. Mr Vale, sen., however, met him in the passage, and insisted on his returning and playing the parts for which he was advertised. After which he supped with his indulgent parent: a meal, by the bye, for which he "own'd a present appetite." The next morning, our hero bade adieu to the drama for a while, and took a seat on the exterior of the London coach.

Master SAMUEL was once more restored to the comforts of his own circle; and, as the advertisements have it, his past misconduct was forgiven. He was placed in a situation—but the smothered fire burst into a flame—he revealed the state of his mind—and Mr. Vale, sen., with excellent good sense, consented at once to his embracing the profession—furnished him with money—and he went to the manager's provider, Sims, at the *Harp*, and obtained an engagement in the company of a Mr. Henry, then astonishing the natives at Minehead, in Somersetshire; the population of which is, we believe, only eleven hundred; therefore, it may be presumed, the scheme was not a successful one; and, as we learn by Crosby's Gazetteer, that "the herrings have left the coast," we fear, the gentlemen and ladies of Mr. Henry's party fared but poorly. At Minehead, Mr. VALE did the juvenile tragedy—*Young Norval*, &c. The average shares were EIGHTEEN-PENCE PER WEEK!!! and they generally dis-

missed two nights out of every three. The manager was immensely fat; though, how a manager of such a scheme could be so, is beyond our guess; yet, maugre his obesity, he went on for *Selim*, in *Blue Beard*, and even *Young Malcolm*. SAMUEL stayed there for a month; and then, following the example of those sensible creatures, the herrings, he left the coast. Having received a second engagement, through Sims, he went to Exeter, where Mr. Palmer Fisher, who appeared as *Young Rapid*, at Drury, and then very rapidly disappeared, was manager.

At Exeter, Mr. VALE chose a new appellation, and figured as Mr. Vincent. He here played the walking gentlemen, and occasionally vocalised; for we find him, in Dec. 1816, at Exmouth, another of Mr. Fisher's towns, playing *Paul*, and singing between; he also played *Valentine*, in *The Farmer*. In this company he remained eighteen months, during which time he visited Teignmouth and other towns. At one of which, Torquay, the company fitted up a coach-house; and, as it was feared the scheme would be unsuccessful, they resolved to share, instead of hampering the manager with salaries. Mark the result. The good folks of Torquay patronised them liberally; for there had been no player-men among them for eight years; and every individual shared £2. 15s. per week, for two months. The principal patron of the theatre was a Capt. Pearce, who, on our hero's benefit, sent him a £5 note for a box ticket. The Captain, one evening, invited our hero to his house; and, after a jovial night, he retired to rest. In the morning, when summoned to the breakfast-parlour, where the whole party had assembled, poor VALE could not appear, for he had lost one of his stockings. His ludicrous distress was mentioned to the host, who, in the spirit of frolic, commenced an active search, in which every soul in the mansion joined; and the unlucky hose was found in a rat-hole, where it had doubtless been dragged by the whiskered intruder.

During their sojourn at Torquay, the company were

obliged to *double*, to perform some pieces; for a specimen of which, we copy one of the bills. Our readers will remember that Vincent was, at this period, our hero's appellation.

MR. DUFF FISHER

Has the honour of announcing to the Gentry, and Inhabitants in general of TORQUAY, and its Environs, that he intends opening a THEATRE,

FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY.

And as [from the first establishment of the Drama] the wisest Legislators have uniformly considered the Stage "a Vehicle for PATRIOTISM and LOYALTY," and "School of MORALITY and DECORUM," flatters himself that a Union of "TALENT and NOVELTY," with the above, may tend to enliven the SOMBRE Winter Season, and be deemed worthy their Patronage and Support.

NEW THEATRE, TORQUAY,

On Wednesday Evening, February 5, 1817,
Will be performed COLMAN'S favourite Comedy of

JOHN BULL;

Or, AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

Peregrine, Mr. FORRESTER,
Sir Simon Rochdale and John Burr, Mr. COMERFORD,
Hon. Tom Shuffleton and Dan, Mr. VINCENT,
Frank Rochdale, Mrs. COMERFORD, Servant, Master FISHER,
Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr. DUFF FISHER,
And Job Thornberry, Mr. CLIFFORD.
Mary Thornberry, Mrs. CLIFFORD,
Lady Caroline, Miss FISHER,
And Mrs. Brulgruddery, Mrs. FISHER.

A HORNPIPE, BY MASTER FISHER.

To which will be added a Farce, called

THE REVIEW;

Or, JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Caleb Quotem, (Jack of all Trades,) Mr. CLIFFORD,
Captain Beauguard, Mr. VINCENT,
John Lump, Mr. DUFF FISHER,
Deputy Bull, Mr. COMERFORD, Dubbs, Master FISHER,
And Looney M'Twolter, Mr. FORRESTER.
Lucy, Miss FISHER, Martha, Mrs. COMERFORD,
And Grace Gaylove, Mrs. CLIFFORD.

From this company an unfortunate affair of the heart obliged him to fly, and he returned to London; but, as soon as the fair *Dido* had departed from the vicinity, our hero resolved to rejoin his former companions; but, to fill up his leisure time, he went to Peckham, where Cobham was then leading the business, and where Bradley, Mrs. Cobham, and Miss Price, were also playing. The next month, August 1817, our hero rejoined his Torquay companions at Totness, where Wallack was starring.

From thence Mr. VALE went to some other towns, and we lost sight of our friend Vincent, *alias* Brown, *alias* Dornton, and began to think he had taken a new name, when suddenly we found him at Norwich, sporting his real name, and playing all the light low comedy. Here he opened, we believe, in Jan. 1819, as *Careless*, in *The School for Scandal*, with the song of—*Here's to the Maiden*.

During Mr. VALE's sojourn at Norwich, Messrs. Ellar and Paulo were engaged to treat the natives with an harlequinade, and, as they had no *Pantaloon* in their train, Mr. VALE was solicited to undertake the character. Anxious to learn how to do everything that is done on the stage, and to show his zeal for his employer, he readily undertook the office. Commenced the rehearsal with all his energies awakened—begg'd the pantomimic heroes not to mind how they knocked him about, as he was not afraid of being hurt. Paulo was in ecstasy, to find a *Pantaloon* that would, to use his own words, "go along." The night arrived; and to it they went. VALE's first feat was tearing off his disguise, with such violence, as to leave him nearly as

"Naked as his mother bore him."

Ellar, however, shuffled him off the wing, and he was soon sewn into the *Pantaloon's* dress again, and commenced tumbling with avidity; in ten minutes, Mr. VALE felt himself bruised from head to foot. It next became

necessary to turn him into a wheelbarrow, and wheel him off the stage. This is effected by driving a rolling-pin into the middle of a wooden cheese, the *Pantaloön* holding each end of the pin, with his face towards the ground, whilst the *Clown* takes hold of his ankles, and thus wheels him off. Poor VALE, not knowing it was necessary to keep his arms stiff, and on the full stretch, had all the skin rubbed off his nose; having travelled, on that prominent feature, from one end of the stage to the other.

Notwithstanding these, and many other disasters, SAM's courage never forsook him; and the pantomime made a decided hit, and was announced for repetition on the following evening.

The next morning Mr. VALE could scarcely crawl; he, however, managed to get as far as the lodgings of the pantomime people, and was ushered into a room, where he saw Mr. Ellar sitting behind the skeletons of some five-and-twenty eggs. He was most courteously saluted by the celebrated *Patchy*, with, "Well, how do you find yourself this morning?" To which he replied, "I have merely called to say, I can't play the *Pantaloön* to-night." Ellar requested he would see Mr. Paulo on the subject, which he accordingly did; and P., like an old soldier, plied the pantomimic recruit with cherry brandy, until he "looked upon his scars as wounds of honour," and continued his pantaloönship during the run. But as the curtain fell, on the last night it was performed, "He vowed eternal hatred to these pantomimes. He has kept his oath—he will keep it!"

This oath, be it understood, had merely reference to the personification of the aged lover, and not to the other personages of pantomime; for, we find Mr. VALE subsequently the stock *Harlequin* with Crisp. As he obtained a little comfort in the profession, he increased exceedingly in bulk; and the traps that had been cut expressly for him, and which suited his slimmer proportions on entering the company, were found excessively inconvenient, shortly afterwards. Of this, a disagreeable proof

was adduced. Our hero was taking what is technically termed the lion's leap, and which the uninitiated will understand to be going head-foremost through a trap cut in a scene. As far as his head was concerned, Mr. VALE accomplished his design well enough; but a very slight knowledge of anatomy tells us, that there was something of more ponderous formation to follow. Dreadful to relate, this portion of our hero's animal economy hung suspended to view, until the *Pantaloon* and *Clown* ran on, and absolutely forced him through. The tasteless auditors testified their disapprobation of this feat of dexterity; and, on VALE's re-appearance, hissed. He instantly came forward, and, putting up his mask, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—Don't you like my *Harlequin*?—(*Cries of No! no!*)—Then I won't offend you any more." And he religiously kept his word. The pantomime was finished without its motley hero, which Mr. VALE has never since thought of resuming.

In the course of his Norwich engagement, he was lent to Mr. Crisp, at Cheltenham, and performed the light comedy for a short period.

Our hero remained in the Norwich circuit about two years, during which time, like Capt. Rambleton, he relapsed into his former irregular habits, and was by no means a pattern of pudency or sobriety.

Leaving Norwich, he joined Mr. Crisp's flying company, as low comedian—the fag of which may be guessed by the mention of the fact, that going to Cheltenham, Worcester, Ludlow, and other towns, Mr. VALE has travelled 400 miles per week, and played each night. Miss Ellen Blanchard, now Mrs. Hamblin, and Mrs. Pope, of Astley's, were at that time in the company—and at Gloucester, their places were supplied by Mrs. and Miss Jarman, the latter lady now making so powerful an impression at Covent-garden; and Mr. Flemington, now travelling as a ventriloquist, was second low comedian. Whilst at Gloucester, Col. Berkeley gave a splendid supper to the performers, on the stage—the

Marquis of Worcester in the chair—the whole party were in the highest glee, and protracted their stay till six in the morning, and came at 10 o'clock again to rehearse.

When Capt. Barlow and Mr. G. W. Reeve opened the Olympic theatre, (Oct. 1820,) Mr. Vale, sen. exerted his interest on behalf of his son, who was accordingly engaged, through the instrumentality of Mr. Blanchard, of Covent-garden theatre, we believe, for three years, for the walking gentlemen. Our hero opened as *Buckingham*, in *Rochester*. When *The High Road to Marriage* was produced, Oxberry, the stage-manager, recommended our hero for *Spruce*—he played the part, and sang in it a parody on *Moore's Legacy*, and received a nightly encore. Through his father's connexions he made a great benefit, and, at the close of the season, retired to the provinces.

At Cheltenham, he played *Hawthorn*, to the *Rosetta* of Miss M. Tree, but in this town his most successful effort was in *Nicholas Twill (Too Late for Dinner)*.

At the re-opening of the Olympic, Oct. 1821, our hero appeared as *Logic*, of which he was the first representative.—The *Adelphi* piece not being produced until a fortnight afterwards.

From the closing of the Olympic, just previous to Passion Week, our hero went directly to Sadler's Wells, where he opened on Easter Monday—there he continued, under the management of Egerton, till the Olympic opened, where, under the same banners, he continued to perform.

Whilst at the Wells, in the energy of acting, as he was riding *Dusty Bob's* donkey, he broke the small bone of his leg; this accident confined our hero for upwards of six weeks. On the seventh week, he came to the theatre to rehearse—and Egerton, as he shook him by the hand, gave him his full salary for the whole period of his absence;—conduct like this does not need an eulogium, it is its own. During the first week of our hero's illness, whilst his name was in the bills for *Logic*, Charles Kem-

ble and another gentleman from Covent-garden, came to see Egerton's stud, which were named as a promising set—the engagement of Keeley was the consequence of this visit; and it has been matter of considerable chagrin to our hero, that a performer of little experience was performing *Logic*, and that all his deficiencies must have been visited on poor VALE's head, his name appearing in the week's bill.

Mr. VALE went from the Olympic to the Surrey, where, and at the Wells, he is supposed to have sung *The good old days of Adam and Eve*, at least 500 times—He is now once more at his old quarters.

Mr. VALE's style of acting is more remarkable for ease than any other quality; those who may be inclined to doubt his capabilities for the leading parts in low comedy, should remember that he has not had an opportunity of display as yet in the metropolis. Minor theatres engender a careless tone of acting; and what Mr. VALE is, and what he might have been, are two distinct things. The broadest of broad farces are the characteristics of such places as the Wells and the Surrey—and fun, not humour, the thing sought after and applauded; the most judicious actor will be betrayed into extravagance, where he knows that alone will please, for it requires no small share of philosophy to surrender applause, when the means of obtaining it are within our reach. Mr. VALE's *Logic* we consider the best that has been seen in London, and only second to Mr. J. Russell, who has done it to the life in Dublin and elsewhere. Mr. VALE never forgot that *Logic* is a gentleman—Mr. Wilkinson and others seemed scarcely ever to have remembered it. Mr. VALE's *Jerry* was also a sound performance, and in the rural scenes a delightful one. That it was not so in the subsequent ones was not the fault of the actor, but of the situations into which he is put by the author.

Dicky Scragg, in the parody on *The Maid and the Magpie*, is a character that VALE has made decidedly his own—it is a living picture from Newgate-market. We have seen fifty such butcher boys; he walks about as if

the steel belonged to him, and as though he had been sent into this world only to cry "what d'ye buy?" and to love *Dolly*. The insolence—the peculiar insolence that butchers betray, and that seems to spring from their eternal connexion with that inspirer of physical courage, beef—he hits to the life; and his vulgar indignation, mixed as it is with slang feeling, in the trial scene, is too good for the piece; his acting of this part is faultless, but the mischief is, that the part is not worth acting at all.

His *Matty Marvelloys* is also a good performance, and his *Spiderlimb* an amusing one.

But, not to pursue Mr. VALE through a round of characters, we may say that his style is light and pleasing; not the less so, because it seldom varies. Like Harley, we always recognise the man, whatever he may assume; for, in fact, the acting of both of these performers amount to this:—it is Mr. Harley and Mr. VALE making themselves agreeable in public, rather than any direct assumption of character. VALE's *Scragg*, and Harley's *Popolino*, are exceptions to this general remark. Mr. VALE in his sphere is as great a favourite, and deservedly so, as Mr. Harley is in his—whether, could they change places, they would either of them succeed in the room of the other, is doubtful; but, at all events, we conceive Mr. VALE would have as great a chance at Drury, as Harley would at the Surrey,—even though the one might have to encounter prejudice, whilst the other would come with an established "name to his back."

Mr. VALE is, we are informed, married to an actress named Johnstone. He is about five feet six inches in height, stoutly made, brown hair, and blue eyes. His countenance is handsome and expressive, and is thought to have some resemblance to Kean's; his figure is well proportioned, but inclines to corpulency.

Mr. VALE sings pleasingly; his voice is a tenor of some compass, but of limited power; his ear appears to be good, and, in his most difficult vocal attempts, if he does not delight, he never offends.

BIOGRAPHY OF PROVINCIAL ACTORS.

No. 1.

MR. MONTAGUE, OF THE BATH THEATRE.

WE present to our readers a sketch of Mr. MONTAGUE, not in consequence of his provincial notoriety, but of his sterling talent.

Mr. MONTAGUE was born in the year 1795, at Kingston-upon-Thames, where his father was a land-surveyor. It was intended to bring up the subject of our present sketch in the same profession, but a company of players being in the town, he was so enchanted at witnessing a representation of *Douglas*, that he rashly determined to quit a lucrative profession for one, more alluring than profitable to the great majority of its followers. His trionic fame, with all its concomitants, flitted across his fevered fancy, and so completely “dazzled his eye, and bewildered his brain,” that, at the age of eighteen, he “left his father’s house,” and made “his first appearance on any stage,” at Andover, under Mr. Thornton’s management, in the character of *Juba*, in the tragedy of *Cato*. He continued with this company several months, playing what is technically termed juvenile tragedy, &c. &c. Whilst here, he took unto himself a wife, a Miss Hetling, whose father was a well-known surgeon for many years in Bath. His next engagement was with Mr. Eldred, at Harwich, where he supported every line of first-rate characters, whether in tragedy, comedy, or farce. He accompanied this gentleman through the principal towns of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. He was then engaged by Messrs. Maxfield and Kelly, and performed the principal parts in tragedy and comedy at Southampton, Winchester, and Portsmouth. At the close

of the Portsmouth season, an engagement at the East London theatre appeared to offer a fair promise of his attaining some portion of that celebrity which every young actor calculates upon attaining. Mr. MONTAGUE made his first bow to a London audience in the character of *Macduff*, Mr. Rae playing *Macbeth*. His business at this theatre comprised every variety of character, embracing first tragedy, light comedy, and melo-drame.

At one period of his existence, Mr. MONTAGUE was so far reduced in finances, as to accept an engagement from Richardson, celebrated for his exhibitions at fairs. We mention this with no invidious feeling. Mr. MONTAGUE was respectable even there; his conduct was a pattern to the more fortunate members of the sock. Poverty cannot be really degrading, and the brightest star on the stage, was Mr. MONTAGUE's predecessor in the company. John Kemble travelled with a mountebank, and our hero need not blush at the recollection of his itinerancy.

We next find Mr. MONTAGUE at the West London Theatre, and then at Margate; from thence he went to Bristol, where his utility was manifested in every line of the drama. After Samuel Johnson's secession from the theatre, he succeeded to the light comedy; his efforts in that line attracted the notice of the Bath manager, and he was accordingly engaged; he had at first to combat with the provincial press, but having become a favourite with the natives, he is now lauded by the very scribblers who before condemned him.

Last summer he was engaged as light comedian at Birmingham, where, we believe, he returns this year.

He had an offer of the situation G. Penson now holds at Covent-garden, but declined it.

Mr. MONTAGUE was one of the best general actors on the stage, but his devotion to a particular line, in which he followed the advice of his friends, has destroyed the effect of his serious efforts. Jones has been his model, but he is by no means a servile imitator; and, though inferior to that actor in the vivacity and bustle of *Rover*,

Rapid, &c., he is far before him in the sentimental touches that we find interspersed in these characters. Eccentric comedy is Mr. MONTAGUE's forte, he should not soar to *Belcour*, or *Doricourt*; in *Flutter*, *Baron Wilinghurst*, &c., he will scarcely be excelled;—less elegant than Jones, he is not so foppish; and though as mercurial as Harley, he is not so vulgar. In his *line*, he is a better actor than Frederic Vining, whom he has succeeded in Bath. We have said that his efforts in comedy have injured his tragedy, this is peculiarly observable now in his *Macduff*, &c., where tones, sacred to Thalia, greet our ears most strangely.

It happens, fortunately for Mr. MONTAGUE, that he is but seldom called on to attempt those characters, and he would consult his own interest by declining them in toto. Amongst the many parts that Mr. MONTAGUE used to excel in, sailors were pre-eminent, and his *Tom Coffin*, which he performed at Birmingham, proved that his talent in this line has not deteriorated.

Mr. MONTAGUE is about five feet eight in height; possessed of a "good candle-light countenance," and his figure is excellent. His voice is melodious and powerful; and the little he has to sing, he executes without giving offence; his memory is very tenacious, and he is wedded to his art. In private life, his habits are those of a gentleman. Mrs. Montague performs occasionally, but in characters of no importance. They have a family of five or six children.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. II.

LIMITED as we necessarily are in space, we can only afford a glance at the various novelties. Covent-garden and Drury have each produced Easter pieces. The

54 PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

former house carries it hollow in scenery, machinery, and show; whilst Drury excels its rival in the interest and acting of the piece. *Gil Blas* comes upon us as an old acquaintance; and, though he walks out at Drury very unlike the picture in our mind's eye, still we must welcome him. WALLACK plays delightfully—Miss PINCOTT is very pretty, but she is not *Donna Mensia*. Has PRICE ever read the novel? A piece, called *Fast and Slow*, has been brought out, and taken in again, at this house. We are sorry for the latter occurrence, as far as regards BROWNE, who was the Atlas of this silly affair. Miss FOOTE has, we are told, attracted tolerable houses, to see her failure in *Violante, Lady Teazle, &c. &c.* We can allow her to play the fool for four nights, and shall not visit her presumption with severity; but we hope, for her own sake, she will not repeat the experiment.

The Cobourg has a new melo-dramatic romantic piece, from the pen of Mr. Haynes; it struck us as superior to the general run of these productions, but the performers bungled the last scene most miserably. One or two appeared to us to be under the influence of something stronger than dramatic ardour; or did they imagine that an Easter audience deserved no attention?

Sadler's Wells has opened with an efficient company;—though HUCKLE, we are sorry to say, has thrown-up his engagement. WILLIAMS and VALE are the "great guns" here.

That delectably conducted theatre, the Surrey, has reopened, with the entertaining play of *George Barnwell*; most of the company would become a *barn well*, but they cut sorry figures near the metropolis.

The Pavilion at Whitechapel has, we hear, also opened, but we have not yet received any advices from that distant region. YATES has had some bad houses (hints) at



Wageman. del.

Ropers. sc.

MRS. WAYLETT,

AS

MISS DORVILLE.

London, Published by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. WAYLETT,

(Of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c.)

It might be art, but I from all have heard
Nature did envie her, her everie word. MARLOW.

As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth, without his wing. LORD BYRON.

THE records of a theatrical life are, generally speaking, replete with such a combination of circumstance, that it is a matter of no trifling difficulty to analyse them sufficiently, to enable the reader to form a just estimate of the individual's character, to which they refer. The annals of the stage have furnished us with so much misery, danger, distress, and ruin, with but some occasional glimpses of happiness and solid gratification, that, in every Memoir we undertake, we are fearful the balance will operate powerfully against the purposes and best interests of the drama, in the picture it must give of its professors.

In the present instance, however, we are under obligations to the stage of no ordinary description, unaccompanied with any of those painful feelings we have touched upon, for an introduction to one of the prettiest ladies and actresses who, at this present writing, preside over its boards.

Mrs. WAYLETT is the only daughter of Mr. Cooke, a highly-respectable upholsterer, in the city of Bath, where she was born on the 7th of February, 1800. The parents

of this talented lady originally intended that her education should be exclusively directed to the attainment of those qualifications and accomplishments which would fit her for the modern drawing-room; and she was consequently placed, at a proper age, in one of the principal seminaries in her native city, where she assiduously entered upon an initiation into most of the branches of female study, in which she is now considered a proficient. It was not, however, long before they found out that the tendency of her mind, and at least one peculiar quality of her nature, was decidedly dramatic. Mrs. WAYLETT very early gave proof of her possessing as sweet a voice, as Nature ever gifted a person with; and it rarely happens that a possessor feels disposed to throw away such a gift, when it is once clearly developed. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke having no desire to thwart the ambition of their daughter, which began to exhibit itself quite as powerfully as her musical abilities, determined to afford her every opportunity of heightening the one, and improving the other; and, as soon as it was deemed advisable to remove her from school, Miss COOKE was placed under the tuition of Mr. John Loder, the eminent violinist of Bath.

Her father having articulated his daughter to Mr. Loder, this gentleman, by the repeated solicitations of his fair pupil, and with the consent of her parents, at last obtained an appearance for her on the Bath stage, merely by way of experiment, in order that her friends might at once know her chances of future success. Miss COOKE'S *debut* took place on the 16th of March, 1816, in the character of *Elvina*, in the *Blind Boy*; the result of which proved that the actress had not mistaken her own abilities, and that nature had created them of no common description. The lady's success induced the managers of the Bath theatre to give her a permanent engagement for a term of years, and she accordingly regularly enlisted under theatrical banners, the beginning of the season 1816-1817, at the Bath and Bristol theatres, re-appearing at the former, and appearing at the latter, in the

same character in which her *debut* had been so fortunate. Repeated performances convinced the management that they had, in Miss COOKE, a valuable acquisition to their company, and she consequently was brought forward on every possible occasion; but the character she rendered so very prominent, and which obtained for her the highest order of popularity, was *Madge*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*, a performance which, in her hands, is not surpassed by any exhibition on the stage. The talents and increasing favour of our heroine, obtained for her an engagement at the Brighton theatre, during the summer months, where she had considerable practice; and thus, between Bath, Bristol, and Brighton, Miss COOKE continued to perform with increased good fortune, until the middle of the year 1818, when she was seized with a violent indisposition, which had nearly terminated her life.

For full eight months, this lady was in the most delicate state of health, and of course quite unable to attend to any theatrical avocation; but by the best medical assistance, and constant care, she fortunately recovered; and change of air being deemed advisable, Miss COOKE, accompanied by her mother, accepted of a short engagement at Coventry, where, in the spring of 1819, she appeared with complete success. To this visit may, however, be attributed whatever degree of discomfiture Miss COOKE has had to experience in her short dramatic career. "Marriages are made in heaven!" the old proverb says; but the experience of almost every day convinces us that, wherever made, they are at least sometimes very badly made. The beauty, vivacity, and great talents of the lady of whom we treat, brought at her shrine, while in Coventry, myriads of admirers; and it has been said that, in two instances, Miss COOKE might have been united to rank and affluence; but such is sometimes the perversity of fate, that we frequently follow the very dictates, which we know must lead to our disadvantage. By perseverance, empty threats, and

continued persecution, Miss COOKE was prevailed on to give her hand to a Mr. WAYLETT, a member of the dramatic company in Coventry, while she refused several handsome offers from quarters of undoubted respectability, and substance; but destiny must not be arraigned, and Mrs. WAYLETT is not the only gifted lady, who has unfortunately been wedded to one, the reverse of all she is so distinguished for.

From Coventry Mr. and Mrs. WAYLETT were engaged, in July, 1818, at Birmingham, where a knowledge of the lady's musical abilities was generally prevalent, and where she appeared in her celebrated character of *Madge*. Throughout the season Mrs. WAYLETT became a permanent favourite, and at its termination accepted a short engagement at "Leicester town," where good fortune equally followed her. The abilities of Mr. Waylett not being of any great extent, and certainly not calculated to further the interest generally excited by his wife's appearance, the gentleman did not consequently form any conspicuous feature, wherever Mrs. WAYLETT was engaged. From Leicester Mrs. WAYLETT went to Dover, for a short time; of which theatre a Mrs. Taylor, the aunt of Mr. Waylett, was manageress, and here she was the solo feature and attraction of the place. At the termination of the season at Dover, she was to have returned to Birmingham; but the rebuilding of that theatre not being then complete, she went, for the summer of 1820, to Leamington, and from thence entered into a very lucrative engagement, for three years, with the managers of the Adelphi. Her appearance at this theatre was in October, 1820, and she at once became a perfect treasure to Messrs. Rodwell and Jones, playing a great variety of business, and in every character giving universal satisfaction.

Having entered into a permanent engagement for the winter, Mr. and Mrs. WAYLETT concluded one for the summer at Birmingham, where she had been so great a favourite; but in this treaty Mr. Waylett stipulated for

the leading situation as tragedian, subject to a trial. The attempt was injudicious, for his lady's popularity was such as amply to provide for both; and it very seldom happens that husband and wife can equally support a first-rate situation. The consequence was, that Mr. Waylett totally failed, and resigned his proportion of the engagement. Some time after this, the ill-treatment which Mrs. WAYLETT had long experienced at her husband's hands (revived, or rather increased by his own ill-success), wrought her mind to the determination of being separated; and we believe it has ever been a matter of astonishment, not that she parted then, but that she did not part long before. A more unsuitable match never was agitated or solemnized; for to the beauty, abilities, and fascinating manners of the lady, were opposed all that is reverse in the gentleman. They separated in the September of the year 1821.

Immediately on this, Mrs. WAYLETT performed for a few nights at Leicester, and then returned to her engagement at the Adelphi, where she continued until the termination of its season, at the Easter of 1822. In this manner, between the Adelphi and Birmingham, did our fair heroine devote her talents, until the end of the summer of 1824: when, tempted by the offer of a very handsome salary from Mr. Elliston, she made her appearance at Drury-lane theatre. The peculiar situation in which Mrs. WAYLETT was placed, by the separation from her husband, added to that malice and envy which superior talents and popularity always excite, drew upon her not merely the scrutiny, but the calumny of some; and, in the Birmingham season of 1823, an attempt was made, in the most disgraceful manner, to depreciate her character in public opinion. A theatrical pamphlet was there published, the object of which was rendered too apparent, to have the desired effect; for he not only attacked her private character by gross insinuations, but denied her any particle of ability. The latter, however she might regret it, Mrs. WAYLETT could not prevent—

the former she could, and did. She instantly proceeded against the publisher, and obtained the following contrite apology from the parties.

To the Editor of Aris's Birmingham Gazette.

SIR,—As the solicitor of Mrs. WAYLETT, I shall feel obliged by the insertion of the following letter, which I consider necessary to lay before the public, as a refutation of the calumnies which have appeared respecting that lady, in *The Birmingham Reporter*. Mrs. WAYLETT's only object being to protect her character, and that object having been thus attained, and being also desirous to spare the feelings of the Editor's connexions, she has kindly consented to wave all further proceedings.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WM. ELKINGTON.

Temple-street, Sept. 26, 1828.

To Mrs. Waylett.

MADAM,—In consequence of the notice of an action at law, with which your solicitor has served me, as the publisher of a work entitled *The Birmingham Reporter*, I take the liberty, both on the behalf of the Proprietors and myself, to observe to you, that the work has been given up; and, in reference to those numbers in which you very justly complain of the improper mention of your name, and of some calumnies on your reputation, I am requested to disavow any malicious intention on their parts—to state fully their conviction of the injustice done you, and to express their regret that by an improper mode of criticism, and by admitting into their columns unexamined communications from Correspondents, they have been the means of injuring you, and wounding your feelings, they take this opportunity,

through me (to which I beg leave to subscribe), of most respectfully asking your pardon.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient servant,
CHAS. BUCKTON.

High-street, Birmingham, Sept. 20, 1823.

In addition to this, the parties implicated sent Mrs. WAYLETT £50 for a ticket, in case her benefit might suffer by the scurrility. But that was not the case;—for she had on this occasion particularly, one of the greatest houses ever in the Birmingham theatre; and her reception, after the abuse which had been so wantonly and undeservedly heaped upon her, was one of perfect enthusiasm. The best proof which can be adduced of the total failure of this attempt to injure an unprotected and amiable woman, is to be found in the fact of her having received, during this and the subsequent season of 1824, very handsome offers from Sheffield, York, Liverpool, Newcastle, and other towns; and, in addition to this, she sang at the Leamington, Wolverhampton, and many private concerts of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country.

Mrs. WAYLETT appeared at Drury-lane in her established character of *Madge*, and in the few parts she subsequently played, bid fair to rise high in the favour of the town; but at this critical moment her evil genius rose up, and for the time being obstructed her prospects. Mr. Waylett, who had, about a year before, carried off a young woman, thinking it as well to have "two strings to his bow," put in a claim on the Drury-lane treasury, for our heroine's salary, which she properly resisted; and the law being on the husband's side, she left London, by the recommendation of her managers, and started for Newark upon Trent, where Mr. Waylett was performing; and in an interview with that person, in the presence of his companion and child, Mrs. WAYLETT demanded and obtained a release, on his part, from all claims on her income. It is but common justice, how-

ever, to say, that, ever since, the fair subject of our narrative has constantly supplied Mr. Waylett with funds.

On the return of Mrs. WAYLETT to London, she was doomed to meet a still more remarkable disappointment, the singularity of which may be better felt than described. The ex-bashaw of Drury-lane, Mr. R. W. Elliston, who had recommended this lady to go and claim her release, and which led to her journey to Newark, apprised her, on her return, that she had broken her engagement, and she accordingly left the theatre. Comment on this would be superfluous. Finding herself thus shamefully thrown out of employment for the time, Mrs. WAYLETT adopted a most commendable instance of economy, that does the highest honour to her nature. She left the handsome apartments she had in Tavistock-street, and took one very small room for herself and servant, at a trifling weekly rent, where she continued some time, until she finally concluded a treaty then in agitation, between her and the proprietors of the Haymarket theatre; and, immediately on its conclusion, she visited her family at Bath, previous to the commencement of that season, in April, 1825. It is still further to be remarked, to the infinite credit of this misrepresented lady, that, during the period she was in this obscure residence, temptations and offers of the first magnitude were held out, to prevail on her to verify the calumnies that had at one time been raised against her; but no consideration could alter her conduct:—and we may therefore conscientiously aver, that her principle on this point is almost without precedent.

Mrs. WAYLETT duly appeared at the Haymarket, with the same degree of favour which has always attended her performances; and, on the termination of the season of 1825, she accepted a temporary engagement at the Olympic, and then went to Lynn, in Norfolk, for six weeks, returning to London for the Haymarket season of 1826.

In the November of last year, this lady accepted a short engagement at Dublin, where she opened in the character of *Phœbe*, in *Paul &ry*, which part was originally written for her by the author of that piece, and which she good-naturedly, but absurdly, resigned to another lady, who refused to act the character allotted to her. Mrs. WAYLETT's success in Dublin has hardly a parallel; and her benefit was never equalled by any house in that theatre, except on the night of his Majesty's visit. From Dublin, Mrs. WAYLETT returned, for a few weeks, to enjoy the great favour she is held in at Lynn; and is now fulfilling her engagement with the managers of the Haymarket, where she has only to be more seen, to be so much the more admired.

We have endeavoured to compress, in as narrow a compass as possible, these particulars of Mrs. WAYLETT's theatrical movements, and now devote a brief space to speak of her, in a more general point of view. Her requisites for the stage consist of a remarkably sweet voice, and probably more science in music than, with one or two exceptions, any lady before the public; her acting is extremely vivacious, and there is a *naïveté* in her manner, which is quite captivating. But we cannot help thinking that Mrs. WAYLETT's performances would be even more effective than they are, if she trusted a little more to her own powers—in plainer terms, if she was more confident. As a *soubrette*, she may be considered the best we have—because, as an actress, she is equal to, and as a singer, superior to, any lady undertaking the same line of business.

In spite of the misrepresentations to which this lady, as well as every other in her profession, has been subject, no one enjoys the admiration of public, or the esteem of private circles, to a greater extent than she does. It has been Mrs. WAYLETT's destiny to be united to a man totally unworthy of her; but the peculiarity of such a situation has only operated as a powerful bar against her listening, for one moment, to the advances which many

worthless coxcombs, of elevated rank, would admit they had made her, if their disappointed vanity would allow them so to do. In Dublin, Mrs. WAYLETT's conduct was so exemplary, that she was visited by the first families in the place; and from a lady of the court there, she was presented with a handsome diamond ornament, in compliment to her distinguished talents; an addition to which was made by a wealthy Norfolk family, during her recent visit to Lynn.

Mrs. WAYLETT's habits are understood to be extremely domestic and retired: and her various accomplishments contribute to the happiness and comfort of a circle of friends, who, (to use the language of Lord Byron) "value her too much, to envy her superiority."

HISTRIONIC EPITAPHS.**ON EDWARD BERRY.**

Ob. 8 Jan. 1760. Æt. 53.

Light lie the turf—What though no breathing bust,
 Of mimic marble, dignifies thy dust?
 Yet filial sorrow pays the duteous tear,
 And heart-warm friendship heaves a sigh sincere,
 Pleased may thy shade these humble rites receive,
 The last sad tribute gratitude can give.

ON MR. JOHN HIPPESEY, COMEDIAN.

Ob. 1755.

When the stage heard that Death had struck her John,
 Gay Comedy her sables first put on;
 Laughter lamented that her fav'rite died;
 And Mirth herself ('tis strange!) laid down and cried;
 Wit droop'd his head, e'en Humour seem'd to mourn,
 And solemnly sat pensive o'er his urn.

ON MR. JAMES QUIN.

Ob. 1766. Æt. 73.

That tongue, which set the table in a roar,
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
 Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
 Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd forth
 At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
 Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be taught,
 (Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In nature's happiest mould however cast,
 To this complexion thou must come at last.

D. GARRICK.

BIOGRAPHY OF PROVINCIAL ACTORS.

No. II.

MRS. FAUCIT SAVILLE.

WE have said that we should speak of talent wherever we found it. Obscurity is the misfortune of genius, but the stars beam as brightly over the desert where they glow unnoticed, as they do over the peopled regions of London and Paris, where a thousand admiring eyes attest their brilliancy. Mrs. SAVILLE is the daughter of an actor and actress; her maiden name was COLLIER; of her birth we cannot speak. She embraced the stage early in life, as did her brothers, one of whom is now prompter at the Haymarket. She married a Mr. Pitt, and under her new name appeared at the East London, when Rae opened that unfortunate theatre; from thence she went to the Surrey. After the death of Mr. PITT, she engaged at the West London Theatre, of which Saville, under Amherst, was manager. There she performed under her maiden appellation, as it was deemed advisable to have Miss, instead of Mrs., in the bills: she thus became acquainted with the gentleman whose name she now bears. Mrs. SAVILLE has been at our best provincial theatres, but now confines her exertions to those of which Mr. Saville is proprietor and manager, *i. e.* Margate, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Gravesend, and Dover. The necessities of the theatre cause her to appear in every line of the drama, but comedy is her forte, and in this she is rather a performer of particular parts, than of a particular line. Her *Zephyrina (Lady and the Devil)*, *Amelia Wildenhaim (Lover's Vows)*, *Miss Hardcastle*, and *Violante*, we consider now the best upon the stage; but she should not attempt *Lady Macbeth*, *Meg Merrilies*, or *Jane Shore*. Her less lofty assumptions in tragedy are successful. In *Desde*.

mona we prefer her to any one, even Mrs. W. West; and her *Mrs. Haller* is as good as any one on the London boards, which, by the bye, is saying but little; but her appearance is against her in such characters. She is as petite as Mrs. Edwin, and rather stouter. Her *Phæbe* (*Miller's Maid*) is next to Fanny Kelly's; and her acting in *Madge* really rivals Miss Kelly's, but she cannot sing, and therefore she should not play the part. Mrs. SAVILLE's greatest merit is originality; she does things, right or wrong, her own way. She has, to a degree, the Jordonian laugh; and her voice is peculiarly sweet and soothing. She is a more natural, though not so finished an actress as Mrs. Edwin; but now that lady has withdrawn herself, Mrs. SAVILLE should be upon the metropolitan boards. She has a witchery of manner that, though no part of talent, for it is unacquirable, is more delightful than talent can be, and is really such an actress as a loungeur to the Isle of Thanet should visit, even as he visiteth the rocks and the sea-shore—for she is one of the lions of the place.

FREE AND EASIES, &c.

THE amusements of the lower orders must and do take their tones from the taste of their superiors. Sixty years since, when the fashionable world patronised the drama, and when the Covent-garden manager actually knew by observation what his house could contain—spouting clubs abounded in the metropolis; they are extinct, vanished, like the race of mammoths—and if it was not for Tom Rees and Decastro, I should not know where to look for living evidences of their former existence. The present age has patronised St. Cecilia, and their devotions have taken seven-leagued strides since the peace. Singing did not do much during the war. Britons thought that no time for *shaking*; but peace—the “piping times of peace,” made us melodists. Whilst the few “the world

was made for," languished over the "out-breathings" of Catalani, Garcia, Pasta, and Veluti—the plebeians were not idle. Mrs. Fubbs, of Clare-market, visited what she termed the "Polony, in St. Martin's-lane," and her daughter tortured the "peany." To this expansion of musical taste do we owe the extension of Free and Easies; they have existed, indeed, many years—but how?—in dulness and obscurity. It is only lately that they have blazed into brightness. Let us draw a picture of one of these temples of Apollo.—First: a room, long and narrow, with a contiguity of table from one end to the other; at the conclusions of which are two chairs, both elevated above their fellows; in these chairs sit President and Vice, with hammers in hand: before each of these official personages is a plate—in which, whether you smoke or not, you must deposit one penny for tobacco. The equity of this arrangement, as far as regards the non-conformists of the Raleigh school, seems dubious; but let that pass—the company are rather of a mixed description. Some gents will run in, in their shirt-sleeves; and, to judge by externals, others come in without any shirts at all. The smoke is as dense as on a battle-field, though here the only destruction is of verse, porter, tunes, and tobacco. The common wind-up of these meetings is a mill, in the spirit of the good old custom at a Free and Easy of 1780; on the cards invitatory of which was inscribed, "N.B. Fighting allowed." This sketch is of the lowest order of these entertainments; and if you step on a Monday night to *The Hog and Looking Glass*, *The Cat and Currycomb*, or *The Custard and Cheese*, or any of the "Bunches of Grapes," in Cow-cross, Nightingale-lane, or Kent-street, you will find the bright originals in all their glory.

Second. The next grade of Free and Easies becomes distinguished by having a piano-forte in the room. Here you will see more coats, and less tobacco; here, too, appear a set of persons, facetiously denominated "professional men"—gentlemen who sing by the week at Bag-

nigge Welis, or less celebrated concert-rooms. You will discover one of these persons by a certain swagger of assumption, and; probably, by his "being very shaunty, though his hair is a little out of his hat." He will have a sky-blue neckcloth, or a scarlet one, the gift of some damsel, who yielded to the charms of his song: he'll be unshaven, perhaps, but he'll have one glove at least—and especial care he takes, that this evidence of gentility be not lost upon the company. When he is asked to sing, the applause will be prodigious, and the whisper and gaze soon announce the fame of the performer; he rises from his seat, and marches boldly up to the instrument, shakes hands with the performer, his "*fides Achatés*," mentions the song and key, and begins. On his *entré*, the landlord has insinuated a glass of gin and water into his hand—the wages of his worth. The visitors to these places are more regular than those of Free and Easies, No. 1: who are apt, oddly enough, to thin amazingly, just about the time they are trying people at the Old Bailey, and on Clerkenwell Green. The consequence of this regularity of visitation is, that certain songs become identified with certain members; and when Mr. Muggs is announced, the pianiste plays the symphony of his song, without at all consulting the vocalist. The act of invading the property of another, (for melodies become thus the private property of individuals,) is considered little better than a musical misdemeanour, the perpetrator whereof is a vocal latrocinist, and the expressions, "That is Mr. Maggot's song," may be heard applied to *Kelvin Grove*, or *The Woodpecker*, maugre Braham's claims to their original introduction.

Third. Free and Easies, where ladies are admitted. These places are known by a metaphorical cognomen, suggested by the farm-yard; with which I shall not sully my description; they differ in degrees of respectability, or, to speak correctly, in degrees of disreputability. Here, also, we find a musician, and something he calls a piano. *Apropos*, of these musicians; they are of all

sorts and sizes, both with reference to bodily and mental calibre—some are, indeed, *excellent* performers—many tolerable—and some who have the pleasing peculiarity of playing only in one key. You may sing in F, in A, or in B, but accompany you in C they will. The company at different rooms of this sort also differs strangely:—*The Chequers*, at Westminster; *The Bull and Butcher*, in Smithfield; *The Golden Ball, Pavilion, &c. &c.*, have their different coteries. I do not mean to individualise amid these, or the many nameless receptacles for the same company. The inhabitants (*pro tempore*) of these rooms are in better odour with their tailors and hatters than at the other temples, as claret coats and white toppers testify; the variegated colours of their neckties, too, are remarkable—from the morone, fastened by a gilt ring, to the spruce pink. Here, juvenile Benedicts bring their wives, and they, their babes—here, lads take their intended's; and here, ladies with no matrimonial intentions at all may be found. The singing is not usually under the guidance of a president, but one of the aforesaid professional gentlemen, who acts as master of the ceremonies. Here, some good singing (especially comic) may be heard; the presence of the other sex draws forth the powers of the vocalist; the ladies' songs, too, are worth hearing, one and all; from the married dame, who sits and sings, and beats her child, to keep it still, during the symphony, to the bolder fair one, who stands beside the musician, and emulates the tone and action of Paton or Vestris. What effect these meetings have on the morals of the people, let others inquire; what effect they have on our drama, empty benches reply—the fact that there are, for the first three days in each week, at least upwards of five hundred nightly meetings, of the kinds I have particularised, in London, and its immediate vicinity, is singular—time will prove whether it be not also alarming.

W. L. R.

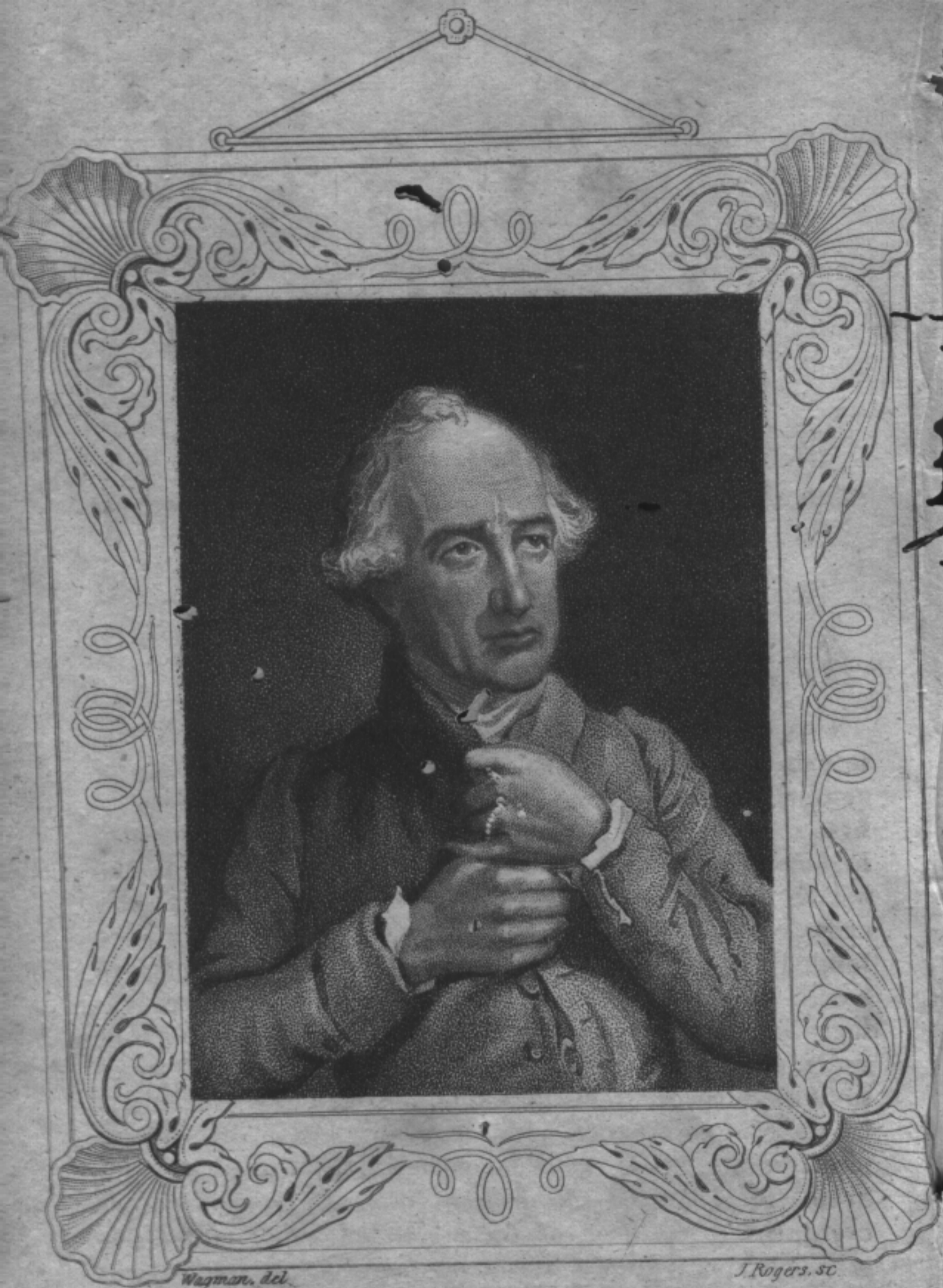
PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.**No. III.****ARGYLLE ROOMS.**

A NEW adventurer has started, in the person of Master GROSSMITH, of Berkshire, who is actually giving a performance of two or three hours' duration, at the Argylle Rooms—the child is eight years old, as it is said. We had hoped that the baby mania was expiring, and that as CLARA FISHER, who is really clever, is expanding into womanhood, we should not be again teased with childish trebles, but they come upon us by one, by two, and by three. There is Master GROSSMITH and a Master COOKE, and little BURKE, and one SPRAWFOOT or BROADFOOT, we forget which, and Miss SMITH, and the infant imps at the Rotunda, and hundreds of others, of whom happily we know nothing, but who are extolled by their parents, each and every one, as being the eighth wonder of the world. We are aware, that whoever raises the voice of censure against these little victims of avarice, will be accused of warring with infancy, and be held as the libeller of innocent children, rather than the exposé of an injurious system; but we must be content to endure obloquy, supported alone by the consciousness of not having deserved it. Of CLARA FISHER we say, what we said elsewhere long ago, she is an extraordinary child, but not a great actress. Her power is that of mimicry, in a very extensive degree; for she can not only imitate what she sees, but can imitate upon suggestion; and thus realise the conception of others. BURKE is quite a different creature—Nature has made the boy humorous in himself—all he does is droll in the extreme—and this, aided by a very correct ear, which enables him to seize dialects, renders him the most amusing of the prodigy species. Master GROSSMITH is, we believe, a clever

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child; but he has not the quickness of CLARA, nor the humour or power of BURKE. To put a child forward as *Pangloss*, or *Crack*, or *Murtoch Delaney*, is absurd and offensive enough; but to make a child attempt what MATHEWS alone has fully succeeded in, is madness. This poor infant is advertised to personate thirty-four different characters! and this he attempts without the power of changing his voice, so as to deceive the worst ear. The little creature is dragged into, and out of, nearly three dozen dresses, and buries his aching head in numberless wigs, until he appears ready to faint with fatigue—and all to no end—for no illusion is effected—the auditor never, for one instant, loses sight of Master GROSSMITH. We really know not what to say of the persons who witness this exhibition. Their approbation appears to us to be cruelty—they are the oppressors, whilst appearing as the patrons of the child. Will any one have the hardihood to tell us, that this babe's days are unembittered by these representations?—will they tell us his health is not endangered?—will they avow that his future life will not be overclouded by this, the over-excitement of his childhood? We enter our protest against this performance, as destructive to the drama, as unentertaining to the public, as injurious to the child. Those who now patronise Master GROSSMITH, would do better to subscribe a sum to be expended in his education, and let the child lay the ground-work for future excellence, (in the drama, if he will,) and not waste his early hours in a fruitless, tiresome, and afflicting attempt to accomplish, what, even in after years, he will find a perplexing task.

* Not content with his metropolitan performances, the boy was taken to Greenwich to exhibit, at the beginning of this week. Can it be his father who employs the infant thus?



MR. TERRY,
AS
MR. SIMPSON.

London. Published by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane

MEMOIR
OF
DANIEL TERRY,

*(Late of Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the Haymarket, and
now of the Adelyhi.)*

A DANIEL come to judgment!
Yea, a DANIEL!---*Merchant of Venice.*

CONCERNING certain actors, the worthy cockneys entertain a settled opinion, which it is needless to argue against, as it is impossible to controvert. Liston is a first-rate comedian, and Young a fine tragic actor: and, to deny these matters east (aye, or even west) of Temple-bar, is tantamount to denying the existence of St. Paul's cross, or Bow steeple. They are, with the many, acknowledged truths, that admit not of discussion. Opinions hastily formed, and obstinately maintained, when springing alike from the indolent and the foolish, we can but smile at; but a certain class of individuals, who have some slight pretensions to notice, bolster these absurdities by their acquiescence with the gruntings of the swinish multitude. These gentlemen are yclept critics: but dramatic critics of the present day are very different creatures from those of former times: they were our wits, our poets, our statesmen—men of learning, rank, and acquirement. They are disbanded officers, who inflict wounds with the pen, though they never did with the sword;—retired linen-drappers, who have left the counter for the press, and who, if imprisonment was honestly divided, ought now to leave the press for the Counter;—un-

employed sons of Esculapius, who bring the principles of their first profession into their second, and delight only in cutting up;—lawyers, who are equally briefless and brainless, who have never been called to the bar since the day of their initiation into the sacred mysteries of law, and who imagine that, because they are profoundly ignorant of acts of law, they must be fitted to judge of the laws of acting. To these may be subjoined, a number of persons who never had any profession at all, and who describe themselves by the vague and indefinite term of “gentlemen,” for which they can only adduce one attribute—that of having nothing to do; and these are again subdivided into betting men of all grades—on the turf—in the ring—at rackets—and at *rouge et noir*—in short, every species of billiard-locust, hazard-hunter, shuffler, and gambler. With regard to the latter pursuit, it may be said to be a personal qualification; for the term critic, as our readers know, comes from *criticos*, and is of Greek origin. How perfectly consistent is it, then, that our present race of critics should be *Greeks*! These critical gentlemen are habituated to one tone of remark upon certain actors, as though by common consent. They talk of the grace of C. Kemble, even in parts where grace would be a blemish; and all of them laud to the skies the sound judgment and correct conception of the gentleman of whom it is now our task to speak. We have commenced his memoir with a few remarks upon the present race of dramatic critics, for reasons which will presently appear.

Let us now proceed to introduce Mr. TERRY in due form to our readers. What says our note-book? “DANIEL TERRY, aged 47, born in Bath, of poor parents, well educated at the public grammar-school.” By this it should seem, that to the year 1780 we are indebted for our hero’s birth. We find him, when a boy, fond of the theatre, and employing all his sixpences (and he was a thrifty young master) in the purchase of dramatic gratification. When Elliston was first upon the Bath stage,

our hero became inoculated with the fever for acting; and it is singular enough that the part of *Heartwell*, in *The Prize*, is stated to have been that that completed his ruin,—if embracing the stage, or loving the profession, be ruinous. We record this as a singular instance; for the part does not contain a line or situation that is, in the slightest degree, striking or effective.

With the fire of the drama smouldering in his bosom, Master TERRY was articed to Mr. Wyatt, the architect; and was, for the first year, employed in drawing houses, &c. Alas! he sighed, and wished to draw them another way. This, though he did turn actor, he has never yet accomplished; for Mr. TERRY may be compared to one of your obstinate but steady-going saddle-horses, who are very good roadsters; and thus far tractable and valuable, but can never be brought to draw.

Our hero passed his term of probation (five years) with patience and perseverance. He had acquired a decent knowledge of his profession—but, alas! an unrecommended architect, without friends or capital, stands, as *Tony Lee* would say, not only no chance of salt to his porridge, but very little of porridge for his salt. If we had sons,—which, thank Heaven, no one can say of us!—we should as readily tie stones about their necks, fling them into gentle Thames, and expect them to swim, as to immerse them either in law or physic, or make them clergymen, soldiers, artists, statuaries, or any of the ramifications of such professions, without patronage or money. Talent, without the chance and power of display, is like the stream beneath the earth—its brightness and purity avails it not—and it remains worse than useless, without some kind hand to remove the strata that obstructs it. “A lord without a fortune be but a poor wishy-washy thing, after all,” says honest *Zekiel*; and an architect without business, is, perhaps, as deplorable an animal. He begins with the hopes of building, but ends in finding he has only been building hopes; and that, instead of creating dwellings for others, he is unable to support

one for himself. Full of this conviction, Mr. TERRY be-
 thought him of the example of Vanbrugh, who blended
 architecture and the drama; and who, if we are to be-
 lieve his contemporaries, was famed alike for his light
 sallies and heavy buildings.* After a little dabbling in
 private theatricals, in which he (of course) played some
 first-rate characters, he slipped slyly to Sheffield, and
 there experimentally enacted. Macready, who was then
 and there manager, cast him, according to ancient cus-
 tom, the walking gentlemen; for our hero was a slim,
 staid, and pathetic-looking young gentleman, with a
 Werter-like countenance—genteel, German, and sombre.
 At Sheffield, he remained a few months; but the line he
 was thus thrust into, did not satisfy his ambition. *Young
 Dudley*, to a man that sighed for *Belcour*,—and *Tressel*, to
 one who would fain have enacted *Richard*, were not
 very agreeable substitutes. He began to think again on
 Mr. Wyatt and architecture; and weighing his five-and-
 twenty shillings in his hand, for thus were his weekly ser-
 vices remunerated, he again determined to turn stones
 into bread. In 1803, therefore, we again find him at
 his original profession.

A few more months of anxious endeavour and unre-
 warded industry, at length resolved him. “It is better,”
 thought he, “to starve in a profession I do like, than to
 suffer in one that I do not!”—So he closed his compasses,
 and went upon the stage.

At the close of 1804, or commencement of the follow-
 ing year, we find him (after some probations, of which we
 have no correct detail) a member of Stephen Kemble’s
 company, at Newcastle: there, also, was his sister, Mrs.
 Mason. He performed a variety of business with the
 stupendous manager, and remained with him until the

* The reader will remember the epigrammatic epitaph upon
 Vanbrugh:—

“Lie heavy on him, Earth,—for he
 Laid many a heavy weight on thee.”

autumn of 1806. A turn of fortune then conducted him to Liverpool, where he made slow but sure steps in public esteem; and where, by being content with doing little, and doing that well, he obtained characters of greater importance, until he ultimately became, in the manager's eyes, an important character. Affability, bordering on humility, obtained him much; and, by seeming to obey, he found means almost to govern.

In the year 1808, or thereabouts, an attack was made upon him in *The Monthly Mirror*, in which he was stated to have deluded a fair damsel, and otherwise misconducted himself; to which he made a spirited reply, which we intended to incorporate in this Memoir; but the genius of mischief, that occasionally visits our study, has busily disarranged divers documents, and, *inter alia*, this epistle. Should we find it amid our mass of MSS., it shall have a place amid the *Histrionic Anecdotes* of some future number.

Contemporaneous with TERRY at Liverpool, were Rae, Tayleure, and J. Smith, Mr. Waring, (now no more,) and Mrs. Grove.

We now find Mr. TERRY the hero of the Scottish stage, where he commenced his career in the winter of 1809; succeeding Meggott, a powerful actor, though full of faults. Whilst at Edinburgh, he became acquainted with Mr. Ballantyne, known as the printer of the *Waverly* novels, and as the proprietor of a Scottish journal. For this same journal, our hero is said to have written the dramatic criticisms; and, through that medium, puffed himself into notice. We shall allude to this presently; and now proceed to state, that Mr. Ballantyne introduced our hero to Sir Walter Scott, who has, on more than one occasion, proved a warm and disinterested friend.

It was to this connexion that Mr. TERRY owes his introduction to the metropolitan stage. He made his first appearance in London, upon the Haymarket boards, as *Lord Ogleby*, on the 20th May, 1812. After his second season there, he was engaged at Covent-garden theatre,

where he appeared in September, 1813. On a disagreement as to the value of his services, and the amount of the remuneration he expected, he quitted Covent-garden, and joined the forces at the rival theatre, where he remained, passing his summers usually at the Haymarket, until October, 1825, when he, in conjunction with Yates, opened the Adelphi, which they had purchased of Messrs. Rodwell; and for the liquidation of the purchase-money of which, Sir Walter Scott is understood to have become security.

Of the domestic history of Mr. TERRY, we may just remark, that he had a Mrs. Terry, at Liverpool; but who the lady was, we know not; and that he was married to a Miss Elizabeth Nasmyth, daughter of Mr. Nasmyth, York Place, Edinburgh, on 25th June, 1815.

We have now to consider Mr. TERRY as he stands before the public, as an actor; an author, and a manager; and, also, *as he does not stand* BEFORE THE PUBLIC, as a dramatic critic. It is our readers should know, that it has been plainly asserted in *The Examiner*, that Mr. TERRY was the jackal of Theodore Hooke, providing him with information and with criticisms. Now, as *The Examiner* is not a very obscure print, it is not possible that this could have escaped Mr. TERRY's notice; and we cannot find that he has dared to refute the assertion. Miss C———, once in our hearing, gave him a broad hint; for, as she was jesting about some members of the theatre, she suddenly stopped, and speaking to Mrs. A———, but glancing at our hero, said, "I must be careful what I say, though, or I shall be *terrified* in *The John Bull*." The pun is the private property of Sir Walter, but its application was here peculiarly effective. Are we to attribute to this some cruel notices of that young lady in *The Bull*? For manhood's sake, we trust not.

Criticism, we admit, should be anonymous; for few bear to hear even mild truths. And a man, whose duty it is to tell severe ones, is justified in shielding himself from the malice of those who take offence, instead of counsel. It is of no importance to the public, by

whom a criticism is written, provided that criticism be just and good. This is true, as regards the public; but how, as it regards the critic, is there not something unworthy and degrading, in a man making one of a party to expose those with whom he associates—to meet, at one moment, with all the apparent fervour of friendship, a brother-actor, and then employ that hand, that has just grasped his, to pen a criticism upon him? Not one, mark ye, calmly pointing out his errors, and by which he might be benefited, but one which holds him forth to public derision and aversion;—for this is the character of *The John Bull* criticisms. If this be not a reason why an actor should not turn critic upon his fellows, we have yet another. Men in this profession always judge of parts with reference to themselves, and look not at how the part should be played, but how they would themselves play it. On this principle, how partial and unjust must be the criticism of an actor so limited and unversatile as TERRY! We make these observations upon the inference which we are entitled to draw from Mr. TERRY's silence under accusation—an accusation public enough in all conscience—for it has long been a topic in theatrical circles. We recommend to our hero, to take pattern by a man he professes to despise—we mean William Hazlitt,* of whose conduct he will find a notice in our Memoir of Cooper—and to turn to one of his favourite authors, and con the following passage:—

“ Absentem qui rodit amicum,
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante, solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
 Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
 Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane caveto.”

* What right has a man like DANIEL TERRY to despise even the meanest of Heaven's creatures? What is his grade, either of intellect, attainment, or power, that he presumes to speak thus of Hazlitt, who is to him, indeed, Olympus to a mole-hill? Let Mr. TERRY be more cautious, (as he once was.) He may meet Hazlitt where he least expects it; and he must be self-assured, that, in a literary contest, he would appear like a mouse struggling with a mammoth!

As an author, Mr. TERRY is known by, and identified with, the musical dramas of *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary*. Of the first it is only necessary to speak. Compilations are exactly suited to the capacity of Mr. TERRY—he is shrewd, and has had experience enough to know what parts of a book will tell upon the stage. In saying this, we say all that the work deserves. Of his verses we forbear to speak*—they are really about “the cut of a country squire’s carols at Christmas.” TERRY is said to have written *Sampson* for himself, and *Meg Merrilies* for Liston, but the managers cast Liston the one, and Liston the other. As an author, Mr. TERRY is known as one of the amalgamators of the precious stuff, christened *Faustus*, and enacted at Drury. We believe we are indebted to our hero for the major

* Our friends, and a few who are vocal, insist (mildly) on our doing justice to TERRY’s quotation. We do so, whilst our assistants dissent.

“In ancient times of Britain’s isle,
 Lord Henry was known;
 No knight more fam’d,
 Or more renowned.”

(i. e. He is only known, but he gave fame to renown itself.)

“His heart bent first, and frozen afterwards,
 His frozen heart to move.”

(A heart so bent could not be expected to stoop any more, and so—)

“No lady in the land had power
 His frozen heart to move.”

(His heart bent first, and frozen afterwards, is a pretty figure.)

“Yet, in that bosom, deem’d so stern,
 The kindest feelings dwelt;
 Her tender tale, when Pity told,
 It never fail’d to melt.”

(Whether it means the frozen bosom, or if Pity herself, or the tender tale of a bosom that is stern, is to turn melter, our amanuensis knoweth not, neither do we.)

“But, for no idle passion form’d,
 His high heroic mood
 Glory’s sublimer charms alone,
 With lover’s ardour woo’d.”

part of that drama; the honour of which we readily accord him. He has edited a kind of illustration to a series of bad plates, and worse likenesses, meant as representations of some of the actors of the present day.

As a manager, what has Mr. TERRY done? He has taken a minor theatre, and vaunted that it should rival loftier domes. Well, the opening address says something for the poetic talent they have secured?

∴ “This is the night, big with the fates
Of you, TERRY, and me, Yates!”

“Oh! pretty, pretty!” light, vivacious, and new! So much for poetry! The first piece failed, and then, stupendous effort! *The Pilot* was produced, written and invented (what an invention!) by Mr. Ball; and then came *Luke the Labourer*, by Mr. Buckstone; and *Success*, by somebody else equally clever. Why, what a phalanx of talent the man got together!—Buckstone, Ball, and a great unknown! And, then, his liberality to dramatists! A guinea per night, every time it is enacted! Why, it is prodigious! And if a performer is ill, and the piece changed, what right has the author to expect his guinea? Preposterous presumption! With three exceptions, the pieces they have hitherto produced have been failures, and, in despite of that, have been forced upon the public. Why, amid the illustrious obscure, whose genius he has hired at a guinea a night, he has not secured the travelling gentleman who writes for Richardson, we know not; but we do know, that Poole, Kenny, Jameson, Oulton, Reynolds, Lunn, nay, even Morton, might have been induced to write for the Adelphi.

As an actor, we regard Mr. TERRY as the least versatile upon the stage. It is not versatility to have your name put in the bills for *Dr. Pangloss* and *King Lear*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer* and *Simpson*. He plays them all very much in the same style; and, seriously do we say it, when we speak of his comic old men, we always include his *Lear*. Mr. TERRY can act *Simpson*—and it has no

parallel upon the stage. It is chaste, humorous, natural, almost pathetic; for he blends perplexity with pathos; and, when fairly tired of laughing, you begin to pity him. He is also, after Mathews, the best *Sir Fretful Plagiary*. *Sir Oliver Surface*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Sir Adam Contest*, he plays well, though he is inferior to Downton in the first. His *Green Man*, like his *Simpson*, stands alone—it is excellent; so, also, is his *Mephistophiles*. His *Doctor Cantwell*, allowing for some grimace and vulgarity that is out of place, is a sound performance, and second only to the great *Cantwell*; his *Pangloss* is tolerable. And there we stop—for, in aught beyond this, he is intolerable. What can induce a man, who is acknowledged on all hands to succeed in one line, to render himself ridiculous by attempting two or three, we cannot conceive. He is the drollest tragedian now upon the stage. His countenance always bears a look of assumed wisdom; and this, in *Macbeth*, &c., becomes inexpressibly droll, aided, as it is, by his attempt to imitate John Kemble. It has been our misfortune in town, and in the provinces, to see his *Shylock*, *Richmond*, *Macbeth*, *Pierre*, *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macduff*, &c. &c., and we really have been pained to see the being who could delight us in farce, compel us to, at once, pity and laugh at him in a tragedy. We remember, too, his desperate attempt at *Falstaff*, which Mathews has perpetuated in a doggerel rhyme, in his song of *Four and Twenty Actors*—

“There was Munden, who made us laugh in *Crack*,
And TERRY, that didn't, when he play'd *Old Jack*.”

But our most serious charge against Mr. TERRY, is the total want of originality. He is an imitator, and a close one, too, of the late Mr. King. We assert this boldly, and look to some of our grey-headed subscribers for a confirmation of the fact. Our more juvenile readers are referred to Mathews's excellent likeness of King, in which they will trace (of course but faintly) many of the points of our hero's acting.

As a stage manager, Mr. TERRY is alternately overbearing and cringing, servile and impudent—on the very ancient principle of knowing who to kick, does he distribute his smiles and favours;—wine and spirituous liquors find favour in his sight—and he is, occasionally, too staunch a devotee of the bottle, to do justice to the drama.

We have done—and Mr. TERRY, or his friend, Theodore Hooke, aided by his dramatic authors, may treat us with a sounding philippic in *The John Bull*, if he or they, or any one of them, think fit. We can only say, that if he will reform his manners as a man—alter his style as a writer of prose, and never attempt verse—if he will confine himself to those things he can play, and get perfect (*and keep so*) in them, we shall be happy to record his praises. As it is, we must tell him, that neither the friendship of a truly great man, or his connexion with so many truly little ones, can shield him from merited reprehension.

Mr. TERRY is five feet six inches in height; of a dark complexion; and bald.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.

FOOTE TURNED CONJURER.

IN November 1757, the Aristophanic humorist having the fear of being seized by the unfeeling myrmidons of John Doe and Richard Roe, thought it prudent to visit Dublin. Upon his arrival he got a room hung with black, and, with the semblance of a light emitted from a dark lantern, he commenced fortune-telling, which was announced to the public by the following hand-bill:—

From Drottheim in Norway, having also visited in his Tour the Cities of Petersburg, Hamburgh, Amsterdam, and London, (from which last Capital he is just arrived,) Ulan Smolenzco Czerningorff, the celebrated Laplander, born within the confines of the Arctic Circle.

He tells things past, present, and to come, by means of a Quobdas, Kannus, or Drum, handed down for nine generations from his great ancestor Ulan Gorff, who, in the reign of Swein, king of Norway, was burnt for being a Wizard, being charged by some Missionaries with having a Familiar, but was in reality no other than a Gam, or good Genius, which is a constant attendant on the chief sire of each tribe of the Laplanders, and most of the aborigines, or old inhabitants of Scandinavia, and all the regions of the North.

His life has been devoted to the study of Astrology; and he hereby informs the learned, that the chief reason of his present visit to these southern regions of the globe, is to have the opportunity of beholding and observing the expected amazing Comet, or blazing Star, whose appearance was predicted by him in his Ephemeris Septentrionalis, published at Copenhagen and Stockholm, in 1743,

observed in his own country, the latitude or altitude of the Pole being there 73 degrees north, consequently the Comet's path being below the horizon of Lapland, that stupendous phenomenon will be invisible to all the inhabitants thereof.

He begs leave to acquaint the public, that he hath, by frequent converse with some Bramins, (who, by means of the Russian caravans from China and India, have passed from the East into Norway,) acquired all the wisdom of the oriental Magi or Gymnosophists, the same as that of the ancient Soothsayers, modern Rosyerusians, or followers of Peter Lully, the first European professor of the Cabalistical and Hermetic Arts, derived originally from the Pythagorean sect, and hath, according to the unalterable rule and law of the original founder, condemned himself to a septennial silence and cessation of speech, but utters his responses in writing, void of all ambiguity, and easy to be comprehended by the meanest capacity.

He therefore professes and understands all the mysteries of Chyromanchy, Alectromanchy, and Catoptromanchy, he having a magical glass to be consulted upon some extraordinary occasions. He can also divine either by Hydromanchy or Negromanchy, and is fully possessed of the Art, called, by the Greeks, Oneiocritica, or the interpretation of Dreams: and will prove to the Virtuosi, that he hath the true Selinites Lac Lunæ, or Moon Stone, proper for the making of Talismans, only to be found genuine near the dreadful Volcano of Mount Hecla, in Iceland; and though he also hath in his Museum several of the mystical knots and magical darts of his countrymen, the Samoides and Finlanders, he sticks chiefly to his Drum.

From all which it is evident, (even to the literati themselves) that he can inform mankind whether life be happy or unhappy; suits at law, who shall overcome; if the party is to be rich, and how wealth may lawfully be obtained. He answers to all questions relating to love, gallantry, and marriage, as what manner of person one shall be courted by, and be married unto; whether at present,

bachelor, maid, husband, wife, widower, or widow, whether the party be beloved or not; children, their number and sex; also the diseases, crosses, accidents, or other fortunate or unfortunate adventures and events, he, she, or they, shall meet with, or be incident unto, with the means of preventing and avoiding them; and can foretel most people's business, even before they deliver in any questions: all which he performs with due regard to honour and the strictest secrecy.

* * * He sells prolific Drops for Barrenness in Women, the true Arcanum, by which the northern hive hath anciently poured forth its swarms over the rest of Europe, the use of them counteracting the inclemency of that climate, and invigorates cold and languid constitutions. Price of the bottle half-a-guinea, with complete directions for use.

+ + + He also hath a few remaining bottles of his grand Cosmetic Wash, for the invention of which, her Serene Highness the Archduchess of Livonia presented him with a vest of sables, and honoured him with a seal ring from her own finger, and 500 Livonian ducats. Price of this inestimable secret, one guinea.

He is to be spoke with at his lodgings, at Mr. Tucker's, a portrait-painter, at the house with the Venetian window, in Usher's-street, the back of Usher's Quay, from the hours of seven until nine, on the evenings of Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays only, the other parts of his time being devoted to Astrology and the Study of the Occult Sciences, when he will not be interrupted on any account whatsoever.—

Foote's scheme proved uncommonly lucrative; and, by the folly of his visitants, at half-a-crown each, he is supposed to have cleared £30 a day. As it was not supposed the magician could wield his talisman long in secret, and having relieved the present necessity, a political death appeared the shortest method of getting rid of the black art, and the demise of the learned sage was the

ed world was deprived of one of its most useful ornaments, by the death of the Lapland philosopher and virtuoso, Ulan Smolenzco Czernznigorff, who is greatly lamented by persons of all ranks, sexes, and distinctions. His dissolution, which was long since predicted by himself, was occasioned by an atrophy, contracted by intense study. He was attended by several eminent physicians, whom he discovered, by his art, to have mistaken the state of his case. Many divines, remarkable for their learning and piety, waited also upon him; and exhorted him to make a full and ample confession of his misdeeds, as they were persuaded that he had certainly practised the Black Art, and dealt with the Devil, and more especially, as he gave each of them a succinct account of their most secret transactions; but he persisting, to the last, that all his knowledge was obtained by means of the Gam or good Genius that inhabited his Drum, they denounced an Anathema against him, and refused him the rites of their function. He has given all the products of his gain, since his arrival in this kingdom, to charitable uses, and bequeathed many legacies, particularly his Quobdas, or Drum, to be placed in our Museum. To his trusty and well-beloved faithful servant Peter, he has left a great number of original letters and queries from doctors of divinity, physic, and law, lords and esquires, ladies, widows, lawyers, kept-mistresses, politicians, courtezans, attorpeys, waiting-women, civil and military officers, belles, beaux, spruce-curates, and many others of all ranks, ages, denominations, and sexes; together with several horoscopes ready drawn for persons, who, he understood by his Art, intended to favour him with their company, many of which last will be sent by the said Peter to their respective owners. The memoirs of several transactions that befel him, since his arival in this metropolis, being a complete secret history of all the private intrigues, anecdotes, &c. thereof, he hath ordered to be printed, under the inspection of an eminent

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lic may shortly expect to see several curious, useful, and truly valuable discoveries, the benefit of which work is to go also to his man Peter. It appears by a sketch, found among his papers, that he had formed the plan of an academy for instructing the youth of this kingdom in the Pythagorean Philosophy; and particularly in the judicious *art of holding the tongue*, which it is thought would prove of great and singular advantage to several persons who speak in public; and that so useful an institution may not be lost, it is hoped that such gentlemen as have the reputation of this country at heart, will appoint some place of meeting, to consider of proper ways and means to carry this important design in execution.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. IV.

“RESIGNATION” is the fashion of the time; and we are not surprised, though grieved, at Miss PATON’S. It is said to have arisen from a refusal, on the part of the managers, to admit some orders written by the lady, and that, in the indignation of the moment, her husband sent her articles, and claimed their counterpart.

The present state of our theatres is lamentable. YATES, at the Adelphi—the managers of the Surrey, and of Sadler’s Wells—are losing nightly;—the Coburg is barely paying its expences—MATHEWS’S and ASTLEY’S are less successful than hitherto—and the two royal theatres losing three nights out of six. PRICE has kept the word of promise to our ear, but broke it to our hope. However the temporary excitement of KEAN’S return may crowd his benches, let him not anticipate its continuation—let him not lay that flattering unction to his soul. There are radical defects in his company—he has too many people;

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and too little talent. Amongst the deficiencies are the following:—

FOR TERRY - - - -	Mr. W. BENNETT!
FOR Mrs. EDWIN - -	Miss ELLEN TREE!
FOR ELLISTON - - -	Mr. HOOPER.
FOR Miss STEPHENS } and } Miss GRADDON }	- Mrs. W. GEESIN.
FOR Miss POVEY - -	Miss A. TREE.
FOR KNIGHT - - - -	Mr. EDWIN.
FOR MUNDEN - - - -	_____.
&c. &c. &c.	

Drury wants a leading light comedian—a leading comic actress—and a substitute for TERRY and MUNDEN. We do not expect their like, but we might have something enduring. It also wants, what we presume it will now obtain—Miss PATON. We certainly recommend the transatlantic manager to try, for old men, either WILLIAMS, (Haymarket,) REES, THOMPSON, or BUTLER, (provinces;) or, if they do not suit him, to recal BARNES from America—let him try CALCRAFT, SALTER, VANDENHOFF, J. VINING, Mrs. SAVILLE—in short, let him personally inspect our provincial and minor theatres, and not depute Mr. HUGHES, Mr. DUNN, or any other persons, whose interests, or that of their friends, might influence a report. Let Mr. PRICE do this, and he may soon collect a company, comprising talent and novelty. His present company, (with some splendid exceptions ~~as~~ to the *former only*,) boasts of neither. Mrs. POPE, Mrs. BAKER, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, are superior to most of his actresses. Why not try these ladies? C. EDWARDS is a far superior performer, in Emery's line, to any of the recent importations. T. P. COOKE would be a valuable acquisition, if he could be had; and HOLLAND, though kept back by

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We have little to record of the drama. A Mr. WYNNE, from York, has been performing *Rover*, at the Surrey. He is a bustling, animated, and animating actor; but he is not a light comedian—the besetting sin of the day has infected him—he is too broad, too vulgar, for the line he aims at—that is, with reference to this side of the water. We dare say, it is refined gentility in St. George's Fields.

KEAN, greatly improved in health, and considerably renovated in pocket, (*on dit*,) has returned. His *Richard* was a repetition of former beauties and former errors—destroying some scenes, for the sake of a point, and *making* others by the same manœuvre. The house was crowded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We really use our Correspondents exceedingly ill; but we have been inundated with letters. B. H., EDGAR DARLINGTON, C. G—T, R., ELIZA, C. W. B., J. PERKINS, &c. &c., have our thanks. Their wishes shall, as far as possible, be complied with. F. C. N. writes in a kindly and sincere spirit; and we feel, on receiving his letters, as though they were the epistles of an old friend. We shall be glad to avail ourselves of his offer, and happy to take any opportunity of obliging him. His remarks, we are grieved to admit, are too true. To all our Correspondents we say, SEND US FACTS, and authority for them. Dates, bills, &c. are really serviceable.



Wageman, del.

J. Rogers sc.

M^{rs} BAKER,
AS
CICELY HOMESPUN.

MEMOIR
OF
MATILDA BAKER,

(Of the Adelphi, Olympio, and Sadler's Wells Theatres.)

How many are there of them?
SEVEN, zur, I counted 'em mysen.---*Rendezvous!*

THE name of VINING is identified with the provincial and metropolitan stage, and our present heroine is the only sister to five brothers in the profession, and to one who follows the less romantic, though probably more profitable, business of a jeweller. All the world's a stage—and MATILDA VINING became a member of the extensive company, on the 7th October, 1800. Her father had been for many years confidentially employed by Rundell and Bridges, and enjoyed at this period a very lucrative situation. Our heroine was born with dramatic blood in her veins, being bound in ties of consanguinity to several Thespians; amongst others, Mr. C. Taylor, who is we believe, her uncle. On the principle that John sailed the boat, because his grandfather was a sailor, we presume those who are of a dramatic fraternity are attached to the stage; and thus we may account for all, save one, of our heroine's family thrusting their feet into the sock and buskin. What were Miss MATILDA's incipient steps, we cannot say; though, says our informant, "as she was very young, very pretty, and very vivacious, it was very natural she should embrace the stage." Our first finding of Miss VINING is about twelve years since,

at Newcastle-upon-Tyne,* then under the management of our old friend, Mr. Macready; an eulogium upon whom will be found in former numbers. Mr. Macready took, we have been told, uncommon pains in instructing our heroine, in what is termed the business of the stage, and made her an actress. As far as this applies to the technicalities of the art, we do not doubt the fact; but, as to the higher requisites, our heroine was as far above instruction, as he was below the power of affording it. MATILDA's youth, beauty, and simplicity, made her a favourite—her acting was then so purely unsophisticated—so mere an outbreathing of her nature—that even where it was wrong, it was delightful. Amid a variety of business, the part of *Cecilia Fitzharding*, in Mrs. C. Kemble's comedy of *Smiles and Tears*, fell to her lot, and she made that character her own. Emboldened by this success, she ventured upon *Little Pickle*. This was a bold effort, in a company where Miss Booth had been her predecessor; but she was as successful as she was enterprising.

Under the banners of Macklin's *protegee* was Mr. Charles Wilson Baker, then a promising performer, and, moreover, a gentleman full five feet eleven, without his shoes. Now, it is useless, worthy purchaser, for us to spin our brains for a novel description of that operation that commenced with our original parents—*i. e.* courtship. There is, we do believe, a fatality in these affairs. "Some one somewhere" says something about half-formed beings roaming about the world in search of their other half. This appears to us no fable: and, thence, matrimony should properly be termed *re-union*; which is self-evident, as, say our theological works—"By wedlock, the two become one." To be plain, C. W. Baker found his better

* By the bye, previous to this, and when she was but a child, we think, in 1813, she performed *Zorayda*, in *Rich and Poor*, for the benefit of her brother, W. Vining, at Worthing or Brighton.

half; and, after the usual preliminaries, he became a perfect creature, by union with our heroine, on the 20th December, 1817, at Whitehaven.

We soon after find the happy couple, members of Mason's company, at Glasgow, where they were retained at a salary of five guineas per week; which is considered a handsome stipend in the provinces. From Scotland, our heroine went to Bath; and then to Ireland; then, again, to the Portland-stone, city; and, from thence, to the Haymarket. At the period Mrs. BAKER came to London, the ~~summer~~ theatre was stocked with new ladies; and, in consequence, she played but seldom. Her *Priscilla Tom-boy* and *Little Pickle* were decided hits. She then engaged at the Adelphi, where she, on one occasion, spoke the opening address. There, from their custom of running one piece through a season, she had still fewer opportunities of display; for it was her ill-fate to assume *Corinthian Kate*, or *Sue*, we forget which, in that injurious piece, *Tom and Jerry*. From the Adelphi, she went to the Olympic, of which theatre her brother, William Vining, was stage manager; and she is now at the Islington theatre, where she has succeeded Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

We may parodize *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, and say, "This is a mighty pretty memoir, as it stands:" but visit not the sin of its monotony on us, gentle subscriber: it is not our faults, that we have no moving accident to record of our heroine. It is, doubtless, a very pleasant thing for Mr. C. W. Baker to have a pretty wife, and to find combined in her all that constitutes domestic happiness. It is very delightful to have beautiful children, and to find your wife more endeared to you by her maternal affection—it is doubly delightful to find the being, who can please all abroad, thus devoting her soul to yourself at home. But this, Mr. Baker, on which you ground your felicity, is matter of peculiar uneasiness to others—it is joy to thee, but death to us—inasmuch as Mrs. BAKER is an unassuming woman, a virtuous wife, and a fond mother, is she a bad subject for biography. Such women

are the ruin of scribblers—and we affirm it, in sorrow, that our present heroine, Miss Smithson, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, and one or two beside, have cost us infinitely more trouble, than any others of the many whose lives we have attempted.

It fortunately occurs to us, that, as man and wife are one flesh, we may eke out our Memoir with some mention of the rest of Mrs. BAKER. So, come forth our commonplace book—and now for anecdote. Of Mr. Baker's dramatic talents we are not here about to speak; but, we think, the first tale we select will prove, that he has other qualifications that deserve notice. Whilst at Bath, he, one moonshiny night, heard a splash in the river, opposite his house; he rose, and, "naked as he was," as *Othello* says, rushed into the water, and rescued a fellow-creature, apparently lifeless. By his exertions, after a considerable period, the unfortunate was recovered. The particulars will be found in the following speech, made by the mayor, G. E. Allen, Esq., on presenting to Mr. Baker a gold box, and seventy-five guineas:—

"Mr. Charles Baker—I am deputed, by the gentlemen present, to communicate to you, the occasion of their assembling, and the reason why they have desired your presence here. It is now a month past, since the attention of the public was attracted by a report, that the body of a man, who had accidentally fallen into the river, in the middle of the night, had been taken out of the water, and ultimately restored to life, by the meritorious exertions of an individual who resided in the neighbourhood. A minute inquiry was instituted into the facts of the case, when it appeared, to the complete satisfaction of all who interested themselves in the investigation, that you, Sir, being alarmed at midnight, by the report of a person having fallen into the water, instantly rose from your bed, hastened to the spot, and, seeing the inanimate body floating at some distance from the shore, you leapt in without hesitation, and succeeded in bringing it to land. Your humanity did not stop here; for, it appear-

ed, that you assisted in carrying the body to the hospital, and continued, for several hours, with unremitting attention, the use of the methods prescribed for restoring it to life. In this, also, your benevolent endeavours were successful; and it is to the intrepidity, humanity, and perseverance, you displayed, that an individual has been restored to life and being. The domestic history of our country furnishes many glorious examples of the most generous disregard of personal safety, when the welfare of a fellow-creature demanded the hazard; but my memory suggests to me no instance of more meritorious exertion, when we duly consider the time of night, the inclemency of the season, the dangerous character of the river, and of the particular spot, together with the deliberate persevering and courageous humanity which distinguished this action. It could spring only from the genuine feelings of a benevolent heart, urging, by its noble and irresistible impulse, to a conduct demanding the highest applause. As humane and generous actions are nowhere so frequent, so are they nowhere so highly appreciated as in this country. No sooner were the facts ascertained and known, than the Ladies and Gentlemen you see around you, were anxious to testify their sense of your conduct, in a manner at once worthy of themselves, and honourable and acceptable to you. This tribute of their approbation* I am now to offer to you, in the name of all present, accompanied by our sincere wishes, that you may long enjoy the best blessings of this life—the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the approbation of your own heart.”

To this Mr. Baker replied as follows:—

“ Sir—It is, I assure you, much more difficult to convey to you an adequate expression of my feelings on this occasion, than it was to perform the action that has been

* On the box was inscribed—“ *Carolo Baker, ob civem ex undis ereptum, ac in vitam redditum, suo periculo et virtute, 9 Jan. 1890.*”

so highly overrated, by the very flattering manner in which you have been pleased to notice it. The natural dictates of common humanity, when a fellow-creature's life is in danger, should be, at all times, a sufficient excitement to make use of every possible exertion for its preservation; and the consciousness of having successfully performed so sacred a duty, is, in itself, an ample compensation for any risk we may encounter in its accomplishment. How, then, is it possible for me to express the high sense I entertain of the distinguished honour you have this day conferred on me? Accept all I have to offer in return—my grateful, but imperfect thanks; and I beg to assure you, that to have merited this honourable testimony of your approbation, will ever be considered by me as one of the brightest passages of my life."

We record this circumstance with pleasure. Some surly cynics might be inclined to say, with *Lydia Languish*, "Why, a Newfoundland dog would have done the same thing:" and, as far as the mere immersion, (which, *entre nous*, good reader, is no joke, in the middle of a January night,) we should scarcely have thought it worthy of notice; but the fact of a man exerting himself unremittingly for hours, in the doubtful case of recovering an apparently drowned stranger, and risking his own health, if not his life, by remaining cold and wet all the while, deserves the warmest praise. Of such a being, it is but common justice to say, "This is a good man."

There are no class of females so liable to be scandalised as actresses. It is a common thing, even in London, to hear fellows boast of the favours which they profess to have received from female performers in the highest rank of the profession. "One of this kidney," named Freshfield, was a constant attendant at the Newcastle theatre, at the time Mr. and Mrs. BAKER were members of the company; and Mr. Baker used frequently to be annoyed by the declarations of this unmanly braggart. At length, a Pic Nic supper was proposed

by some gentlemen of Newcastle, and the gentlemen of the theatre were invited. Mr. Freshfield scarcely suffered the cloth to be removed, before he commenced his favourite topic. Baker, who longed "to feed fat the ancient grudge he owed him," threw the contents of his glass in Mr. Freshfield's face: blows were exchanged: and it was ultimately agreed, that the contemptible boaster should be expelled the room:—which sentence was instantly carried into execution. The ladies of the theatre, on hearing of the transaction, publicly returned thanks to Mr. Baker, for his gallant conduct. Nor can we pass over this matter without comment. It was the bold and manly act of an actor, who honoured his profession—degraded, as it is, by profligacy on the one hand, and scandal on the other. The first step towards the exaltation of the drama, is the removal of the ancient prejudice, that actresses are generally of light reputation. Some of the best wives, the tenderest mothers, and, decidedly, the *best daughters*, we have ever known, are actresses; and, we hope, the example of Mr. Baker will be followed, not only by every actor, but by every lover of the drama. He that is heartless enough to boast of favours he has received, is a scoundrel; but he who invents *a lie*, to blast the reputation of a woman, should not only be scouted from society, but from the face of creation—he should no longer infest its surface, after blighting, or striving to blight, the fairest part of it.

Whilst at Newry, the following circumstance occurred:—Mr. Baker was returning from a fishing excursion, when a boy, who attended him, directed his attention to a bag laying in the river, which the lad stated must be full of eels, most likely forgotten, and left by some fisherman. Mr. Baker got it out of the water, and, on opening it, discovered it contained the strangled body of a male infant. He immediately applied to the seneschal (the chief magistrate of the town)—a jury was summoned—and one of the jurors happened to be a pawnbroker, who observed, on the pillow-case with which the

little unfortunate was covered, when found, the word and figures, "No. 3068," which he knew to be his own hand-writing. On reference to his books, it was discovered that the article belonged to the wife of a drummer, quartered in the town; who was, in consequence, afterwards tried for the murder, but acquitted, for want of evidence.

At this town, Mr. and Mrs. BAKER enjoyed the patronage of the Marquis of Donegal, and they were both engaged to assist in that nobleman's private theatre. Amongst the illustrious actors were, Lord Belfast, Sir Stephen May, &c. &c. Our heroine, Miss Lacy, late of Covent-garden, and a Mrs. Pritchard, assisted on these occasions; and so anxious was the noble Marquis that the performances should go off with *eclat*, that it was no uncommon thing to see him running, to fetch and carry the various properties that were wanting in the different scenes; and, on one occasion, he actually went on the stage during the performance, and placed chairs, which he knew were necessary to the scene. The audience recognised him, and applauded loudly. This awakened his lordship to a sense of the ludicrous duty which he had taken upon himself; but, unlike most peers, he possessed more good humour than pride; he therefore set the chairs, bowed his acknowledgments to the auditors, for their cheering reception, and retired.

Mrs. BAKER's talent is of an order that is difficult to explain. She ranks, of course, with comic actresses; and is considered as a daughter of Thalia, who can yield her services to the other Muse, in what we may term the tragedy of common life, or domestic sorrow. Such a description might, perhaps, not be deemed an inapt one; yet that would apply equally, and more than equally, to Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Yet these ladies are as dissimilar in their styles, as it is possible for two women to be. We rather think that the fact is, Mrs. Fitzwilliam is a comic actress, who can be pathetic—Mrs. BAKER, a pathetic actress, who can be comic. The difference is great. We

would venture any sum, that wretches who live by scribbling can be supposed to possess, that Mrs. Fitzwilliam is, in private life, of a sanguine temperament—easily excited—easily piqued—easily depressed; and that Mrs. BAKER is of a pensive cast—whose nature would incline her rather to dwell upon sorrow, than shake it off. Indeed, in the expression of her countenance, there is a glance of suffering—a wistfulness in her eyes—as if the lids were charged with unshed tears. In short, her nature is not joyous; and, therefore, though she can be a comic actress, she is not intrinsically one. We have seen the *Annette* of Mrs. W. West, Miss Kelly, and Miss Booth; but the loveliness and power of the first, the native genius of the second, and the dramatic tact of the third, did not produce that impression upon us, that Mrs. BAKER's performance did. If we analyse it, we cannot deny that her effort is inferior to Miss Kelly's; but, in acting, we are to judge of effects; and in melodramas this is particularly allowable. The remark we have made on her *Annette*, we may also extend to her *Therèse*. It is, indeed, her *Therèse*. We know no actress, but herself, who practises upon the feelings of her auditors, by a show of endurance. There is a meek forbearance in Mrs. BAKER's manner—a submission to suffering—a humility that goes directly to the heart. We do not want to inquire a matter of right or wrong—the very willingness to suffer, implies innocence. In *Annette*, where she goes forth to execution, and in *Therèse*, where *Carwin* bears her away, her expression is heart-rending. Her *Cicely Homespun* is an exquisite performance—not rural enough, we grant—but this is Nature's fault. She does not give us a correct picture of the country maiden, but the *beau idéal* of the character—not, in fact, what *Cicely* was, but what you could have wished her to be. Contrasted with these assumptions are Mrs. BAKER's *Priscilla*, *Little Pickle*, and *Dolly*, in *Dolly and the Rat*. Nothing can be more bold, spirited, or romping, than the first; but, ever and anon, even in this, we caught (or fancied we caught) the eye,

that seemed to admit this was but mockery. The performances are excellent, but unreal. Her *Dolly*, certainly, nearly upset our theory; for it is an amazingly correct portraiture of the vulgar domestic; and, had it not been for her prison scene, we should have admitted the picture to be complete. But Nature will be Nature still: and the peculiar tone of Mrs. BAKER, when she, even in mockery, becomes pathetic, is too touching for the situation. Her face, too, which is an elegant one, (a much higher quality than beauty,) does not seem to belong to the character. You wonder how *Dolly* obtained such features, or, rather, how such features could be the casket of a vulgar mind. We never saw her “flop down,” (we have no other word that expresses it,) to scour the door, without a painful feeling; as if the actress was degraded. The part does not inspire this feeling, but Mrs. BAKER does.

Our heroine is about five feet two inches in height; of a dark complexion; her eyes are hazel, and, at night, appear black; her face is handsome; and her appearance peculiarly interesting. She has three children living—two sons and one daughter.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES, &c.

THE ROAD TO THE STAGE, BY LEMAN THOMAS REDE.
Published by J. Smith, 33, Broad-st. Bloomsbury, price 3s. p. 106.

We have perused this performer's VADE MECUM, and, as its subject is intimately connected with that of our pages, we shall indulge in a few observations:—There is, in this little book, (the price of which is, by the bye, disproportioned to its size,) much that ought, and much that ought not, to have been published. Mr. Rede has thrown down all the romance of the profession, and has laid bare the miseries of a player's life with too unsparing a finger.—Alas! that the world should know that Mr. Thompson's circuit only allows salaries of fifteen shillings per week—that "*Othello* becomes a Moor," through the medium of "burnt cork pulverised, and mixed with porter;" and that "*light comedy calves* are made of ragged silken hose." The list of all the provincial managers made us sigh as we read it, tacked as it is to the awful information of the amount of remuneration a country actor can obtain. There are some anecdotes of an amusing character, and some rather of a marvellous description, on the subject of memory particularly, though far be it from us to impugn the truth of Mr. Rede's information upon these subjects. The observations on the management of the voice are really valuable; and Mrs. Salmon's prescription for singers, we doubt not, an excellent one; though, for our own poor parts, we should fear to venture upon such an amalgamation of different ingredients.

The observations on the disgraceful tricks of benefit-making, are manly and spirited, but not half severe enough; the modes of expressing the passions, &c. seem rather out of place, and are in our opinion useless; the performer that expresses them by rule will never be a

great actor. In the course of some remarks upon new readings, Mr. Rede has rather injudiciously treated us with some of the lucubrations of Mr. W. L. Rede, his brother. Now, much as we admire "brotherly love, *Matty*," we don't like to have it thrust down our throats; we make this remark in perfect good humour, for some productions of Mr. W. L. Rede's have been occasionally extracted into our pages, but we must say we prefer his writings to his readings; and, though much obliged to him when he favours us with the former, we strongly advise his brother to dispense with the latter. Our greatest objections to this book, is its gratuitous disclosures,—there are certain mysteries in every craft, that should never be made public. Mr. Rede it seems, by page 62, is not now upon the stage, but he should have retained a sufficient feeling for his quondam associates, not to have betrayed so many of the little tricks of the art, which, petty in detail, are (or rather were) great in effect.* We cannot see the utility, certainly not the delicacy, of such an exposure;—we differ also with this gentleman as to the effect of this book. He *asserts* that it will diminish the number of stage-struck aspirants;—does he really think so? We believe he has more common sense, and must be aware that his pages have a tendency fearfully to increase the number of lamp-lighting lords, and mantua-making queens.

We make a few extracts at random:—

"To be in perfect voice, it is necessary to be in perfect health;—this is certain. And all the quackeries of em-

* By the bye, Mr. Rede's knowledge of arithmetic, (tenderly be it spoken) does not seem to be so extensive as his insight into the mysteries of the drama; for, in his preface, he says, "An actor's duties at the theatre embrace *four* hours in the morning, at rehearsal, and *about five* at night, besides *six* hours for studying his characters. Here," says our author, "are *sixteen* hours devoted to labour alone." We had been used to

pirics, or the efforts of medicine, will fail, if the health is affected.

“ Actors, of all beings, should least encumber themselves with the ridiculous appendages of modern attire—cravats. As it is necessary in all shape dresses that the throat should be exposed, they are continually subjected, in their changes from their ordinary to their dramatic attire, to catch cold, and become afflicted with hoarseness, the irritation attending which tends materially to weaken the vocal powers; warmth of any kind should not be applied to the throat; bathing in cold water, and gargling with the same, has been advised, and will be found efficacious. All stimulants for the voice are decidedly bad; acids, which restore the tone for an instant, do material injury ultimately. In all cases of obstruction be it remembered, that to gargle the throat is better than to drink; a gargle of port wine and water will do wonders with some systems, but it has an injurious effect on the finer tones of the voice, and should not be used by singers.”

On benefit-making, he remarks—

“ Men say, over their glasses at night, much more than they care to remember over their tea-cup in the morning; and if a performer obtains five per cent. on his promises, he may consider himself fortunate.

“ Benefit-making is an art. Rayner, it has been said, could make one upon Salisbury Plain. But few have such a facility. I shall not pretend to lay down any rules upon the subject, but a few words of advice may not be thrown away.

“ Do not select pieces to exhibit or please yourself, but to give pleasure to your auditors.

“ Do not make experiments on that night, by playing a part out of your line; if you are determined to make a fool of yourself, do not do so when all your friends are around you; for, of all persons, you have *the least right to disgust or annoy them.*”

The book is thus concluded—

“ My labours are completed, and I am prepared to

encounter all the ridicule that the peculiar subject of this trifle may excite. If it obtains any notice at all—if it is made the mark for the jests of criticism—I am content—it is easier to ridicule the efforts of others, than to make similar exertions. I beg leave to repeat, that this production is not written with a view of increasing the candidates for the sock and buskin; on the contrary, I do hope it may be the means of diminishing their number; and, by pointing out the difficulties the profession involves, I am doing a public service. It is looked upon by young minds as a path of flowers. Experience, too soon, “holds up the glass to truth,” and pourtrays it a briary way, where the thorns of misery spring up beneath the feet of the wanderer, and where the poison trees of malice and discord everywhere encompass him. It has its sunshine; but, alas! the cheering beam is not for all; and the generality of the sons of the drama must be content to dwell for ever in the shade.”

BIOGRAPHY OF PROVINCIAL ACTORS.

 No. III.

MR. BARTON,

(Of the Manchester Theatre.)

MR. BARTON is a native of London; his brother is an upholsterer in Rathbone-place, and he was himself originally intended for business; wherefore he followed not the steps of his relative, and the injunctions of his parents, we cannot say. These notices of ours are mere sketches, and do not necessarily involve either dates or circumstances. Suffice it, that he at length burst forth, and, about seven years ago, appeared at Margate, where he acquired some reputation; he ran through a variety of business, at various small provincial theatres, and joined Penley at Boulogne, Brussels, Calais, &c. He has also, we think, been at Amsterdam. We find him, at length, the hero of the Bristol stage, and lastly, of the Manchester theatre. MR. BARTON is about five feet ten inches in height, his complexion dark, and his face expressive; he has been more than once on the verge of a metropolitan attempt, for he rehearsed *Jaffier*, and Charles Kemble's character in *Virginius*, at Covent-garden theatre, though, for reasons unstated, he never appeared. MR. BARTON, as an actor, is full of faults, and we like him the better for it;—we hate the school of cool propriety, that has afflicted us with that walking tragedian, Mr. Cooper,—that school, and Bath, where it is cherished, have spoiled Warde, and tamed him down to a careful, spiritless actor. BARTON dashes on through right and wrong, often ridiculous, frequently mistaken, but always energetic; he feels all he says, and that goes a vast deal towards making his auditors feel it too; in parts, therefore, where feeling is the grand requisite, he is eminently successful. *RIVERS (Rich and Poor)* is an instance in our memory. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the pathos of his acting,

in *Rob Roy*, the scene with *Francis*, commencing, "My kinsman said something of my sons, &c." We cannot congratulate Mr. BARTON upon his Shakesperian assumptions; and this want of power to illustrate our greatest writer, is a grievous defect; but it is one that Mr. BARTON shares with a performer, some of whose peculiarities we are sorry to remark he adopts—we mean Mr. Macready. Mr. BARTON has unhappily caught some of that tragedian's tones, starts, and pauses; they sit uneasily on Mr. Macready, but we hate them at second-hand. BARTON has no occasion to become a borrower, for of the *raw material* for a tragedian, GENIUS, he has quite as much as the present star of America; and the tricks of the stage, that Macready originally studied from Elliston, are amongst the blemishes of that gentleman's acting. BARTON is always at his best, when he most unfolds his own nature. Some portions of his *Wallace* are really inimitable; but he has adopted the vicious habit of playing portions of a character, and walking over the course in the less important scenes; so that some of his assumptions may be compared to a plain grey coat, whose dull uniformity is occasionally relieved by stripes of gold, which, however beautiful in themselves, seem out of place, and ill accord with the ground on which they are grafted. We have very freely told Mr. BARTON his faults, perhaps more freely than we should have done to a provincial actor, for we do own a sympathy with those who are struggling up the hill of dramatic fame. Mr. BARTON may be assured that no ill will towards him, induced us to speak so determinedly of his errors; he has so much of the flower of genius, that we are anxious he should throw away the weeds that obscure it;—he is not yet thirty, and has a long career before him. Let him rely on his own mind—trust to his own resources, and he will succeed; his face, figure, and voice, are in his favour. Let him endeavour to divest himself of a little awkwardness of manner, and

of a reserved disposition. Though professing tragedy, he frequently plays leading comedy; but we cannot accord any praise to his lively assumptions.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. V.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

AN attractive bill of fare, for the benefit of a very talented (though too farcical) actor, induced us to visit this theatre. And, as it is our intention to speak of all the London establishments, and to look at the talent displayed, and not the arena for that display, we shall devote a page to this theatre. The pieces were, *Wallace*, *All the World's a Stage*, and *The Jubilee at Stratford*. In the first, there was some very good and some execrable acting. In the second, we were delighted with the *Diggory* of H. BEVERLEY. He is a Listonian actor, with quite as much *vis* and *phiz comica* in his composition. In the afterpiece, an attempt was made to represent the procession, &c. It was decently gotten up, with reference to the limited means and room. *Falstaff*, *Shylock*, *Ophelia*, and *Hamlet*, were effectively embodied; but *Richard*, *Macbeth*, and a string of others, were badly dressed and looked. We wonder the royal theatres had not thought of a similar exhibition. The performances concluded with a masquerade, in which two clever children, of the name of KER, danced with great spirit and effect. WALBOURN, too, added his exertions in his far-famed character, *Dusty Bob*. There was some singing of no great pretension; and an address, about "Britons ruling the main," and "containing all that's fair on earth," &c. &c., which was singularly styled in the bills, "an appropriate address," in honour of *Shakespeare*. Mr. L. REDE, who stands forward as writer and deliverer of this precious *morceau*, might have treated us with something about the Swan of Avon, instead of ringing the

changes upon topics that Dibdin and Cherry have nauseated us with. Wiser people than Mr. REDE have been advised to write less, and think more. Really, this little theatre is quite literary. There is Mr. H. BEVERLEY, Mr. SANTER, and Mr. NAUGHTON, (*alias* HAYNE,) are all dramatists. The prompter, too, is an author!!! Seriously, however, there appears to be a good deal of comic talent in the company. Miss WALPOLE (the *Widow Brady*) is here, and young OXBERRY, and a bevy of BEVERLEYS, and SANTER, whom we remember at Bath, and his wife, who was a pleasing ballad singer when Miss Akers, with divers other persons unknown to us. We shall make another pilgrimage to Tottenham-street, to see *their* Liston, the first time he is advertised for a part of importance.

ON DITS.

SLOMAN and HONEYMAN are to have the Surrey (?)
 ELLISTON is engaged at the Cobourg, at £50 per week (?)
 BENNETT is also engaged there.

A new singer, of the name of WESTON, is carrying all before him at Bath; and proceeds to Birmingham, where he is expected to win "golden opinions of all sorts of people." We trust they may not be counterfeits; but we have as little opinion of the musical taste of the *Brums*, as they, or some of them, are reported to have respect for the currency.

TERRY and GLADSTANES are opening the Cheltenham theatre. The Colonel has promised his aid; and a galaxy of stars have undertaken to support *Simpson*.

HAMMOND, from York, is coming to the Haymarket, we hear. He is a powerful comic singer, and a bold, dashing actor.

WOULDS, of Bath, is engaged at Vauxhall, to perform in vaudevilles, and sing comic songs. WOULDS is a great man in Somersetshire; but, we fear, the London people will *not* think him a Liston. HUDSON, we understand, is engaged to write songs. This is the first sensible thing *Hughes* has done for many years.



Wageman del

J. Rogers sc.

M^r. GRIMALDI,
COMEDIAN.

London Published by G. Virtue 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

JOSEPH GRIMALDI.

Thou living Punch—thou earthy Momus,
Casting care and sorrow from us;
Nature before thee seems to pass,
Reflected in a quizzing glass;
And thus you paint us earthy bubbles,
In all their mirth without their troubles.

Serious when all others laugh; never exceeding in his mirth; chaste where all others are vulgar and obscene; making meanings where none else could; and heightening those that others had created. He had no equal in our boyhood, and we shall never look on his like in age. ANON.

“TRAIN up a child in the way he should go.” This was the maxim that made the greatest impression on the mind of Signior Grimaldi, who furnished food for the mirth of the London public, many years since; and this it was that induced him to introduce little JOEY, at two years of age, to the notice of the public. But, ere we proceed to a mention of the son, let us dedicate a page to the memory of him, who made mirthful our grandsires’ hours, and gave our grandmothers stitches in their sides. In the year 1760, his late Majesty took unto himself a wife; and, important as the fact of *her* first arrival was, the nation, perhaps, were more vitally interested by the fact, that Signior Grimaldi arrived with her, in the capacity of dentist. The Signior was, we believe, descended from the celebrated Nicoli Grimaldi,* whose praises Ad-

* The following passage occurs in No. 115 of *The Tatler*. We now forget where the assertion is made, but we perfectly remember it, that this Grimaldi, who was a famous singer, was an ancestor of our *Clown*. However, be that true or false, the character of this eminent performer deserves the extract:—“ I

dison sung. Be that as it may, it is certain, the then inheritor of the facetious appellation was as expert a performer upon his own feet, as he was upon other people's teeth. As a ballet-master, the Signior was engaged at Drury-lane theatre, by the immortal Mr. Garrick, deceased. There he played a variety of tricks; some of which are recorded amongst our histrionic anecdotes. Signior Grimaldi followed up both his callings with laudable industry; but, on one particular occasion, he was sent for express, to relieve her Majesty from the horrors of tooth-ach. Grimaldi, who had other calls upon his time, went in no very agreeable humour—was ushered into the royal presence—and, with any ceremony, thrusting his hand into her Majesty's mouth, forced out the tooth. His services were ever after dispensed with, Frowned upon by royalty, he sought solace in public favour, and found it. His drawing the tooth of a patient, passing it up his sleeve, and substituting that of a horse, which he insisted on retaining as his own fee, and which

went on Friday last to the Opera, and was surprised to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, until I heard that the tumbler was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully satisfied with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and gesture, does honour to a human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean Signior Nicolini Grimaldi, who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarcely a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shows the prince even in the giving of a letter, or dispatching a message. Our best actors are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gesture, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person of whom I am now speaking, enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance from it with such greatness of air and mien, as seemed to fill the stage, and at the same time commanded the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance."—Monday, Jan. 2, 1710.

the sufferer actually bought of him for a guinea;—his writing “No religion,” on his door, at the time others wrote “No popery,” with a view of conciliating all parties, as he said;—and his persuading a fellow-performer to have a face painted on a peculiar part of his frame, and to go privately and exhibit it to Garrick;—are tales the reader will remember. We could multiply their number; but, unfortunately, the humour of the ancient Grimaldi was of the Smollett school, and delicacy forbids detail.

Little JOEY, the hero of the present Memoir, was ushered into existence on the 18th Dec. 1779; and, on the 26th Dec. 1781, made his first appearance, at Drury-lane theatre, in a pantomime called *Robinson Crusoe*. How he passed the interval between his birth and his *entrée* to the profession, a period of twenty-four months, we are unable to ascertain. He remained as *Fairy, Imp, Goblin, Cupid, Zephyr, &c. &c.*, for some years at Drury; and, when only seven, had a regular engagement at that theatre. The next year carried his father from the stage of existence, and left our hero, with the wide world for him to bustle in. His first appearance, *as a man*, was, we believe, in the character of *Orson*, (*Valentine and Orson*,) in which his muscular strength, and his fine conception, made ample amends for his want of figure.

In the year 1798, Mr. J. GRIMALDI went a wooing, and won the hand of Miss Hughes, daughter of the then proprietor of Sadler's Wells theatre. This amiable woman expired, in child-bed, the year following her marriage. This was a heavy bereavement to our hero. We are apt to identify a man's real, with his assumed manners; and this is peculiarly the case with regard to performers; and, of all performers, most particularly with those who delight us as buffoons. You do not dream of agony wringing the heart of a *Clown*. Mr. GRIMALDI is a man of peculiarly fine susceptibility; and the shock of the loss of a young and charming girl, just blooming into womanhood, whilst he had scarcely the down of manhood

on his chin, preyed upon his spirits, and rendered him for awhile incapable of pursuing his profession.

In the beginning of 1802, (or the close of the preceding year, we forget which,) Mr. GRIMALDI led a second lady to the altar—Miss Bristow—who, on the 21st Nov. 1802, presented her loving lord with an heir to his estate and his clownship, in the person of Mr. J. S. Grimaldi, now of Covent-garden and Sadler's Wells theatres.

After passing upwards of a quarter of a century at Drury, he went over to Covent-garden, where, we think, he made his first appearance in the most successful of all pantomimes, *Mother Goose*. He remained there, and at Sadler's Wells, for many years, frequently playing *Clown*; first at Islington, and then going off, to repeat the task at the Garden. In some of these expeditions, he has played some fantastic tricks. Once, we remember, whilst driving through Holborn, he passed a crowd, and, suddenly thrusting half his body out of the coach window, he gave one of his electrical laughs, and exclaimed, "There they are!" in his well-known tone. The signal was enough—the mob followed the coach—and a host of his admirers proceeded to the gallery, to cheer their favourite. On one occasion, the coach that was hired to convey him to Covent-garden, did not arrive—GRIMALDI waited as long as he could, and ultimately was obliged to run through the streets in his *Clown's* dress, followed by an immense mob—that fashionable part of the town, Clerkenwell, could not afford him a hackney-coach—he reached Holborn, before he obtained one. We need hardly say, that crowds, like snowballs, gather as they go; and, ere he gained the shelter of a vehicle, some hundreds were at his heels.

No man has been a greater slave to his profession than GRIMALDI; playing *Clown* twice on the same night—think of that, my masters; but, in the autumn of 1814 or 1815, we forget which, Mr. GRIMALDI played at Covent-garden, Sadler's Wells, and also at the Surrey, it being the benefit of a very talented little creature, (now no more) Miss Dely.

A joke, that has been bandied about for the last twenty years, is, we believe, our hero's private property. Some person, who had been holding an argument with Mr. GRIMALDI, said, rather contemptuously, "Why, you are only GRIMALDI!" "I know," replied our hero, "that I am GRIM ALL DAY, but I make you laugh all night."

At Sadler's Wells, Mr. GRIMALDI performed a variety of characters, many of a serious description, in melodramas, with much effect. He also assumed comic characters occasionally; and once, for his benefit, played *Acres*, at Covent-garden; and gave promise of great talent in the regular drama, had his inclinations tended that way.

With all the degradation that a pantomime actor must endure, from playing directly to the vulgar, our hero always preserved a proper personal respect, and exacted it from his auditors. We have heard him step forward to apologise, in a case of accident, and, the instant he spoke, all remembrance of the *Clown* was lost, and the *man* only was listened to. Once, whilst at Bath, he and Higman, the bass singer, were invited by a clergyman to his table. They went, and met a large party;—the instant the cloth was drawn, Higman was asked for a song, and complied—GRIMALDI was then asked the same favour, but declined—he was pressed, but still refused—upon which his reverend host said, "Why, Mr. GRIMALDI, I invited you on purpose to hear a song!" "Did you, sir?" said our hero; "good evening!"—and instantly quitted the house. We think we see the countenance of this vulgar and insolent parson—this booby in black, disgracing the cloth he wears, by the conduct of a boor—we think we see him taking a lesson in politeness from one who was technically termed a *Clown*—a lesson that, we venture to say, he will never forget, even though he may not have profited by it.

There is a stability and respectability about Covent-garden theatre, that we look for in vain, in other establishments. Nothing can exceed the liberality which the

pantomimist meets with at Covent-garden. The *Clown*, *Pantaloon*, and *Harlequin*, are allowed a pint of wine nightly, during the run of the pantomime—every article of dress is provided by, and washed at the expense of, the theatre. On boxing-day, a dinner is given to the principal persons in the pantomime, at the Piazza Coffee-house, at which Mr. Farley presides. The leader of the band is generally of the party. After dinner, Mr. Farley begs the gentlemen to enjoy their evening as much as possible, but, at the same time, to remember, “whom they have to cope withal”—viz. the good folks at Drury. It is recorded to Mr. GRIMALDI’S honour, that he not only, on these occasions, never outspouted discretion himself, but that he was the first to check such a disposition in any of his associates. It may be here amusing to give our readers a bit of information, that all are not acquainted with—i. e. that Messrs. *Harlequin*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*,

* “Shew a most religious scorn for shirts,”

during their professional duties. Indeed, if they were compelled to incase themselves in what we dandies think indispensable, the shirt would very soon assume the appearance of Mr. Foote’s, when he first engaged at the Haymarket; which was, as our perusers may remember, in so dilapidated a state, that the washerwoman sent him a message, that it was impossible to wash it; on which he, facetiously and philosophically, desired her to stick it against the wall, and fling pails of water at it.

The following anecdote of that inimitable *Harlequin*, Tom Ellar, will give some idea of the danger and mischiefs attendant on this department of theatricals. The first week of the pantomime entitled *Baron Munchausen*, one of the carpenters told Mr. Ellar, that the carpet which was to receive him, after he leaped through the moon, was “very dry,” a term used amongst these gentry, when they desire money for drink—Mr. Ellar, who was engaged in conversation, replied, “Wet it, then;” and

did not, as was anticipated, give the desired fee—the carpenter grumbled, and retired; and Mr. Ellar took the precaution, for the next two nights, to say, previous to taking his leap, “Are you ready?” and received the welcome reply, “Yes.” But, on the third, the Saturday night, he asked three times, and received no reply. GRIMALDI (always nervous) expressed his impatience; and Ellar was compelled to take his leap, in a blessed state of uncertainty. To make up for the delay, he sprang with unusual force—the carpet was held in a wilfully careless manner—and poor Ellar, jumping completely over it, fell on his hand, and broke it. Notwithstanding which, he finished the part, without the audience discovering what was the matter—nor did he interrupt the run of the pantomime. It is but justice to Mr. Fawcett to state, that the moment that gentleman and Mr. Harris, the then proprietor, were made acquainted with the circumstance, they declared that every carpenter in the theatre should be discharged, if Mr. Ellar would state he considered their conduct preconcerted, and not the result of accident. Ellar had learned, in the interim, that the fellow who was the primary cause, had a family of six children; and, therefore, he very nobly showed his charitable heart, by telling what is termed a white lie; and, in consequence, the heartless vagabond retained his situation. Had Ellar fallen on his head, instead of his hand, we should have been deprived of an estimable member of society, and the best *Harlequin* we have ever seen.

We remember Tom Ridgway being treated in a similar manner: but, in coming through, he seized the carpenters by the hair, and did not loose his hold, until he tore the locks from their scalps. A hint, that improved the gentlemen who received it marvellously.

Mr. GRIMALDI had few of these accidents. And this may be attributed to the fact, that he is, from his urbanity and kindness, invariably a favourite in every theatre. When he comes—(we forget that we have nearly lost

him, and speak in the present tense,)—when he came into a theatre, he stripped off his coat, clapt on an old jacket, and went to work. So also does Farley. And both of these gentlemen did not scruple to lend their assistance in any work, however arduous, that aided the business of the scene.

Among the adventures of Mr. GRIMALDI, we record the following, although we had no lack of “accidents by flood and field,” in our preceding Memoir. Mr. GRIMALDI promised a provincial actress that he would, at any time she desired, appear for her benefit. This promise was made in the fulness of heart, unmindful of how difficult its fulfilment might be. The lady, aware of his attracting qualities, exacted the performance of his promise; and our hero, like a true knight, set off to that town, famed for warming-pans and gridirons, (Birmingham,) directing a friend to send express, should his services be in requisition at Covent-garden. As usual, he drew a bumper; and the manager offered him tempting terms to “tarry awhile,” which Mr. J. GRIMALDI accordingly did. Five nights glided away, and all went on as well as heart could wish; but, on the sixth—“Good lack! that things should fall so crossly!”—a messenger from town ran up to the muscle-mover, just as he was going on for *Clown*, with the unwelcome information, that his name was announced for the next evening, at Covent-garden theatre. “I can’t play to-night, for I must be off to town,” says GRIMALDI to the manager. “If you don’t play, they’ll tear the house down,” was the reply. Ultimately, GRIMALDI commenced his task, expecting to leave Birmingham, and post to London by about twelve; but, before he could settle his Birmingham affairs, it was past four. To mend the matter, the roads were bad, and the route a much longer one than it now is—couple to these the fact, that the delectable post-boys took the wrong road; for GRIMALDI had bribed them with liquor, “to keep pace with his expectancy, and fly;” and they, from the united effect of stupidity and intoxication, had

travelled full fourteen miles of the way, ere the mistake was noted. The consequences of these accumulated disasters were, that this hero of pantomime did not arrive at Covent-garden theatre, until the overture to *Perouse* was concluded. He found, in the utmost anxiety, his old friend, Mr. * * *, thrust his week's earnings, £270, into his hand—flew to his dressing-room—and contrived to rush on the stage, in time to save his credit both with manager and auditors.

“ Thus, in hurry and bustle, he pass'd his time.”

Mr. GRIMALDI, on one occasion, asked leave of absence for a week, during his engagement at the Wells; but the proprietor could not afford to lose him; he, therefore, feeling it necessary to his health, took French leave, and sojourned a week at Tunbridge. At the end of the time, truant like, he rather wished for a longer holiday, and he tried another week's recreation, adding a trifle of business to the matter, by enacting a little. In the interim, Bradbury was engaged at Sadler's Wells, for a fortnight. Whether this information accelerated Mr. GRIMALDI's return, we know not; but, on his return, he was solicited by B. to play for his benefit. It was agreed they should act *Clown* between them, (*i. e.*) in alternate scenes. Bradbury was well received, and appeared first; but, as soon as our hero poked his nose on at the wing, a noise, like the roar of artillery, resounded through the house. “ JOE,” to use the language of his friends, “ surpassed himself;” and, at the conclusion of the pantomime, Bradbury led him to the lamps, shook him heartily by the hand, and made his farewell bow for that season.

Reader, to show how little this first of pantomimists knew of his own powers and weight with the audience, he had declared, in the morning, that “ It was all up,” for Bradbury had completely ousted him out of favour with the public.

From the nature of Mr. GRIMALDI's performance, he did not run so many risks as his brethren in general. Most *Clowns* rely more upon contortions than humour; but our hero made a school for himself. He did more by one look, than his rivals could effect by the most injurious and elaborate transformations. Most of Mr. GRIMALDI's *patter* (we use the technical term) was his own; and some of his sayings were exquisite, as he delivered them, however dull they might appear upon paper. His style of humour had always a satirical relation to our every-day emotions. Our readers will remember his opening an oyster, and, on hearing a complaining noise, crying, "Ah, poor thing!—well, I'll put you out of your misery!" and swallowing it accordingly—and then, on opening a second one, and hearing a similar appeal to his humanity, quieting his conscience, as he gulped it, with the remark, "Well, I can't make fish of one, and flesh of t'other!" We do not know a more perfect and homely illustration of the way in which human nature reconciles cruelties as compulsory, than this.

Mr. GRIMALDI was happy in being under a liberal management. He was at a theatre where he had only to suggest, and be supplied. Harris never trammelled the genius of his performers, by a paltry consideration of expense: and, perhaps, to this may be attributed the lead that Covent-garden theatre has always taken in pantomime. The talent of GRIMALDI was, of course, in itself a host; but talent without adjuncts is lost; and a pantomimist, cramped by the meanness of Winston, or the specious apologies of Elliston, could not have fair play.

It is a task of immense difficulty to give any idea of Mr. GRIMALDI's talent. Those who have seen him—and who has not?—can, of course, find no description, to do justice to his talent; and those who have not, will not have any idea of his talent from description, however minute or elaborate. All that is droll in human action, Mr. GRIMALDI can portray—he can represent all the workings of our nature in everyday life.

one," says some one, "can be at a loss, like GRIMALDI." This is, indeed, true. The hopelessness of one who knows not what to do next, he hits to a nicety—he always appeared to us to represent a grown child, waking to perception, but wondering at every object he beholds. Then, his exuberance of animal spirits was really miraculous—what a rich ringing laugh!—the very voice of merriment! Then, the self-approving chuckle, and the contemptuous look, half pity, half derision, that he gave to the dupe of his artifice—his incessant annoyance to *Pantaloön*—and his feigned condolence for the very misfortunes of which he was the author—his amazement and awe of *Harlequin*—his amorous glances at *Columbine*—and his winks at the imbecility of the doting, and the dandyism of the young, lover—his braggadocia blustering—his cautious escapes from detection—and his ludicrous agony during fustigation, an operation duly performed on *Clown*, by all the personages of the motley drama—were all *his*, and HIS ALONE. He was the very *beau idéal* of thieves—robbery became a science in his hands—you forgave the larceny, for the humour with which it was perpetrated. He abstracted a leg of mutton from a butcher's tray, with such a delightful assumption of *nonchalance*—he threw such plump stupidity into his countenance, whilst the slyness of observation lurked in his half-closed eyes—he extracted a watch, or a handkerchief, with such a bewitching eagerness—with such a devotion to the task—and yet kept his wary eye upon the victim of his trickery—he seemed so imbued with the spirit of speculation, that you saw it in him, merely as a portion of his nature, and for which he was neither blameable or accountable. His pantomimic colloquies with the other sex, too, were inimitable—his mincing affectation, when addressing a dandizette—his broad bold style, when making love to a fishwoman—were all true to Nature. We can scarcely say why, but he always reminded us of Munden; and we can conceive, that he would have made much such a comedian. The

roll of the eye—the drop of the chin—the elongated respiration—was peculiar to both.

In building, Mr. GRIMALDI, was entirely original. No one had so fertile a fancy for formation. His carriage, made with Cheshire cheeses for wheels, a coalskuttle for the body, and a broom for the axletree; with fifty others, that made us scream again in our boyhood, might be enumerated. But what use is it to mention these things? It was the style in which he joined and subjoined them,—looked, studied—(what a brown study was his!)—and then rushed, in triumphant joy, when a new idea flashed over his extent of countenance! Oh! that we were boys once more!—that we could again follow him through all the mazes of his art—“grow wild in his exploits”—and that he, the delighter of our early hours, could once more feel the spirit and elasticity of youth—that he could be what he has been—the only purely intellectual *Clown* we ever beheld!

Time, that has brought us grey hairs and exhausted spirits, that has quenched the power of receiving enjoyment in us, should have left the power of giving it to him. It could not subdue his mind, but it has preyed upon his body. He lacks the physical power—the health, to do what he has done—what he only could do. It is no matter in what a man excels. He that does any one thing better than all the rest of the world, is a genius. GRIMALDI has done this. In his day, he was wholly unrivalled—he has left nothing to compare with him upon the stage. Our children will laugh at their *Clowns*—but they will have only a vague notion of what we have beheld. We rank the genius of GRIMALDI with that of Kean; and, monstrous as the proposition may appear to some, we give it as the result of long reflection. We hope, earnestly hope, that his health may permit his re-appearance—which is promised. The public will warmly greet a man, to whom so many are indebted for the merriest moments of their lives.

Mr. GRIMALDI is, in private life, an amiable man, a

good husband, and a fond father; of undoubted integrity; and universally respected. Mrs. Grimaldi is engaged in the choruses of Covent-garden theatre.

After this Memoir was printed, we accidentally met with a friend of Mr. GRIMALDI's, who has obliged us with the following account of his appearance, on Monday night last, and the particulars connected with it, which we conceive will be interesting to our readers.

“ On Sunday, a message came to my house, stating, GRIMALDI was dangerously ill; and, on Monday, as I had promised to attend at the theatre for him, I called at his residence, in Exmouth-street, at four o'clock. I found him in bed, and in a dreadful state of debility. I said, “ It is impossible you can appear to-night.” To which he replied, “ I will appear.” I pressed him not to think of it, but I found him inflexible; and, upon my further entreaty, he exclaimed, “ I'll play to-night, if it costs me my life!”—and he was in so weak a state, that he burst into tears. I then proceeded to the theatre, leaving Mr. GRIMALDI in bed; and he declared his intention of being at the Wells by seven o'clock. To the minute he arrived, attended by his medical adviser—he dressed—and appeared; previous to which, however, Mr. T. Dibdin had explained his state of health to the audience. The receipts of the house were upwards of £150; and GRIMALDI's reception was of the most flattering description—so much so, that poor JOE expressed his acknowledgments in a flood of tears. After he had finished the part assigned him, I saw him. He was in a high state of fever. In fact, his nerves are in a most distressing state—and he is, at this moment, confined to his bed, in an extremely dangerous state.” Mr. GRIMALDI is one of the many instances of those who promote merriment in others, being the victims of a dreary depression. We have ourselves heard him pour forth his lamentations over the

past, and speak of the Wells, as it erst had been, in terms of the most bitter despondency. His present state of health forbids our hoping or wishing his re-appearance. The agony he endures, lest he should not satisfy the expectations of the public, must tend to increase his malady, and shorten his days. His friends should not urge him again to perform—he has done enough—and may “sleep with the sunshine of fame on his slumbers,” without embittering his latter years with wearisome and distracting efforts.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.**QUALIFICATIONS REQUISITE FOR A MANAGER.**

THEATRICAL representation, in its ultimate perfection, must greatly depend on the art of managing or directing theatrical companies—which being no less a charge than that of presiding over a concurrence of the polite arts, should never fall to the share of ignorant persons.

As no armies can hope to win battles without a good general, so no acting company can hope for success without a duly qualified superintendant, which requires taste, cultivated by a knowledge of books, and the world. To have seen the politer nations of Europe would not be amiss, as many observations made there might be sometimes usefully brought into practice at home.

From the frequent occasion of conversing with foreign gentlemen, and dealing too with foreign artists, a knowledge of the French and Italian languages would be more than convenient; even necessary, to prevent impositions on either side through mercenary agents.

He ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the doctrine of dramatic poems, in order to be able to speak to the purpose with such gentlemen as offer him pieces for representation, and to support his opinion either in favour of, or against them.

He should be intimately acquainted with the art of acting, not only in the gross, but in all its finenesses, and possess an intuitive knowledge of the several faculties of each individual in his company, that upon any performer's decease, defaulting, or any accident whatsoever, he need not lose a moment's time in thinking where to bestow the part vacated.

He should also have previously told young performers in what cast of parts he would have them to be privately studied and ready, in case of any opportunity present-

ing itself, which would prevent, in a great measure, the necessity of parts being read, or of changing plays.

He should never appear chargeable with a *partiality to undeserving authors or actors*, which cruelly condemns the more meritorious to *pine in obscurity*, while it obtrudes FAVOURITE OF SYCOPHANT DUNCES to the public's resentment and derision.

ON THE MORAL CONDUCT OF THE STAGE.

Let not an expression be hazarded there, that might not without any apprehension of rebuke be uttered in the politest company. The political licenser does, or ought to take care in all new pieces: let a judicious inspector be employed for the old ones, to substitute chaste in the place of obscene wit.

Likewise, let the performers of both sexes behave towards each other with decency and good-breeding, as that a green-room, in consequence, may become an assembly of decorum and elegance; and why not: when one considers those beautiful maxims, those sublime sentiments, which they are professionally obliged to study, speak, or, at least, to hear, in their comic and tragic performances?

From a respectful deportment towards each other, will naturally follow, that of all other people unconnected with their art, which by these means would be rescued from all the odious censure, execrating anathemas, and fulminating abominations, promulgated against it by mistaken zealots, in the barbarous times of religious ignorance.

The stage would become, in time, a desirable resource for persons of reputable, or even honourable families, but reduced, if endowed with talents to shine thereon; as it gives also to those born in the very lowest rank, an opportunity of cultivating such qualifications as Nature has given them; that thence, becoming eminent, they are often honoured with the notice, acquaintance, and friendship of their superiors.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

 No. VI.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE new tragedy, entitled *Ben Nazir*, after having been postponed on MR. KEAN'S account, who, by the bye, had his part two months to study, was produced last Monday night. On Saturday, KEAN did not appear at rehearsal, and on the night of its representation it is a pity MR. KEAN did not apologize to the public, and read that which he either could not or would not study. The part which was entrusted to the Drury tragedian is about 24 lengths, or 960 lines; and we can positively affirm, that KEAN did not speak 10, out of the 24: in the middle of the tragedy, MR. KEAN thought proper to leave out six whole pages. We are informed, that the much-injured author, Mr. Grattan, expressed himself in these words:—"For myself, I am indifferent; but I extremely regret the result of this night, on MR. KEAN'S account." Whatever other critics may be pleased to do, we shall make no observations on the tragedy, for it has not been heard. If MR. KEAN is ill, and we believe he is, he ought to have desired the tragedy to be again postponed; (it was previously announced for the Thursday.) If the result of MR. KEAN'S habits is, that he cannot study any fresh matter, which we believe to be the case, he ought to have declined the part, *in toto*; his conduct, with regard to the author and authoress of *The Italians*, and of *Switzerland*, is not yet forgotten. Of all things, we abjure hunting a persecuted man;—but KEAN'S persecution is over. He is beginning a new career, of which his performance of a NEW and POWERFUL PART (we think it, and *he thought it so, too*;) is an important era; he has thrown away his opportunity—he may live to grieve for it. Mr. Grattan has been deeply wronged by KEAN,

and yet more deeply injured by a few silly friends connected with the press, who kept up a perpetual fire of preliminary puffs, which have ended in ruining the piece they purposed to uphold. WALLACK, YOUNGE, Miss SMITHSON, and MRS. W. WEST, exerted themselves laudably; Miss SMITHSON and MR. YOUNGE particularly, for the parts assigned to them were very unimportant. Mrs. W. WEST was the pillar of the piece, looking as lovely as ever, and acting better than she has done for some time past; she certainly averted the fate of the tragedy for awhile, and to this delightful actress the author must feel himself much indebted. We had a like portion of praise to extend to her, we remember, in conjunction with poor RAE, when all the other performers united to damn *The Italians*, some years since.

 ON DITS.

CHARLES KEMBLE goes to America—and for 3 years (?)

COOPER comes from thither to Drury; he is a sound actor, but it is too late in the day for him to expect to make a great impression, especially as he is a performer of *parts*, not of *points*.

Miss LOVE is engaged at Drury—Bravo! friend Price; you'll have a good operatic company; pray, now, look after a dramatic one.

The benefit pieces glaringly betray the poverty of the company, for which see Miss KELLY's bill in particular—MATHEWS was to have done *Tallyho*. What can be HARLEY's motive for playing *The Duenna*? this is the second or third old woman he has attempted—a silly and disgusting mauceynre!



Wageman del.

J. Rogers sc.

MISS . E . TREE .

AS

LADY TEAZLE .

London. Published by G. Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
ELLEN TREE,

(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.)

One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below.

Shakespeare's Richard III.

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.---*Henry VIII.*

That she is young and fair, there's no denial,
And virtuous, too, with fortune at her feet.---*Anon.*

It is frequently difficult to censure a system, without involving a stigma upon those who innocently become gamblers by its errors. The anathema levelled at the wrong, is received as an attack by the mere agents of the machine; and we become obnoxious to the charge of severity and ill-nature, because we have performed a disagreeable duty. Miss ELLEN TREE, the events of whose brief existence we have now to record, is an amiable, beautiful, and talented woman. We know her to be so. We admire and respect her—and it is with deep regret that we see her, in the very dawn of her life, thrust into a station that she cannot fill. We do not blame her—she is the mere victim of a pernicious system. In the course of our former Series, we had occasion to speak plainly on the merits of the celebrated *Clari*. We have been informed, that that Memoir was the source of great uneasiness to Mrs. Bradshaw. We are sorry for it. In her case, also, we opposed a system—not an individual. We

spoke of the way in which young singers were generally mated—we did not mean to point to hers, as an aggravated or peculiar case. We disclaim anything in the shape of hostility, to any actor or actress breathing; and, if we were ever tempted to swerve from the line of justice, our personal admiration would induce us to praise, rather than censure, our fair heroine: but she has been picked from our provinces, as the gem of our country theatres. Such a selection is a tacit libel on the talents of others, and cannot pass unnoticed.

Seven years has been deemed, from time immemorial, a proper period for the acquisition of any trade or calling, be it ever so simple in its details. Is acting so much easier than stay-making, that a female shall acquire a perfect knowledge of the former, in one third of the time she must devote to the latter? It should seem so.

Acting, as all its professors know, is an art to be learnt; but one that cannot be taught. It is independent of rules—for it is the offspring of Nature. It follows with all things that are matter of self-acquirement, that practice alone can ensure perfection. Look at the proofs. To say nothing of the probation of his boyhood, Kean was, for eleven years, in continual practice, ere he came to London—Cooke, for more than twice that period—Mrs. Siddons failed when a novice; but when her talent was matured by years of exertion at Bath, she came forth, our stage's brightest ornament—Mrs. Jordan learnt her art at York—Miss Kelly studied hers in London, but she was not thrust forward in first-rate characters; she proceeded, step by step; nor ventured on the second eminence, until she had conquered all the difficulties of the first—C. Kemble underwent the same schooling: we have seen him greeted with hisses and laughter; but by making experiments in minor characters, he at length attained that knowledge of his art, that has served, in the absence of genius, to make him an admirable performer. We might easily multiply instances; for all our sterling actors and actresses have passed years in the acquisition

of their art, ere they attempted to lead in London. Downton, Fawcett, Blanchard, Farren, Macready, Wallack, Elliston, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, are brilliant evidences of the truth of our remark.

The promotion of a young and inexperienced girl to a station she is utterly incompetent to fill, is ruinous in every point of view. It renders the theatre unattractive—it spoils the taste of the town; who become used to pretty, instead of powerful, acting—it gives rise to a system of bolstering the creature of the moment into favour, by the aid of the hirelings of the press—and to the production of packed audiences, to “MAKE AN ACTRESS,” that the managers may subsequently reap a harvest from her evanescent popularity. London, which is looked up to as the school of the art, thus becomes the promoter of a weak and trifling style of acting, which is retailed by yet inferior performers into the provinces, until the genuine displays of talent become undermined by trickery. This is one portion of the evil—and but one portion of it. How does this act on genius? The sensitive possessor of that curse—for, in such an age, it is no longer a blessing—that being turns, sickened and disgusted, from the scene—beholding the brightest efforts marred by quackery, he or she at last loses all excitement to exertion—retires into the prouder haunts of reflection—lives in the noble consciousness of superior mind—and leaves the race to those who depend not on the fleetness and power of the steed, but on the jugglery of the jockey. We have now looked upon the world of the drama and of literature for some years—we have suffered much—and, perhaps, speak with some of the harshness peculiar to losing gamblers—but, if we are betrayed into asperity, still the facts remain incontrovertible; nor are they to be doubted, because we too warmly urge them. The miseries of literature we may not here advert to. Manifold as they are, they are more than paralleled by the endurances of a provincial per-

former. Within one dozen years, how many fine aspiring spirits have we known, bursting forth into brilliance! Where are they now? Crushed and blighted! They were not trucklers to power—they were not the favourites of the great—they were not connected with those who form the junta that conduct the petty intrigues of the drama. What beauty; what acquirement, what mind, have we encountered in that period! Aye, in our limited walk through the world, we have seen charms and talent, that London will never see. Nay, they do not exist where erst they existed. Disappointment, insult, and misfortune, steal the rose from the charming cheek—unbend the spring of talent—and cloud the brightest sunshine of genius. A lovely woman, and an actress—far superior to any youthful performer now in London—died last summer, after passing ten years in the profession, and never receiving a greater remuneration than forty shillings per week. If we tell you, reader, that she died of a broken heart, we tell you truly. She saw an aged mother dependant on her exertion for support, and found those exertions unequal to the fulfilment of her wishes. Wearied with hoping—depressed, by beholding the advancement of inferior actresses, with superior interest—her health declined—her talents grew less valuable, even to those who could not at all appreciate them—the agony of this conviction made her yet worse—and she, at length, closed her eyes upon a world, of which she was framed to be a brilliant ornament. Thus ended a dramatic career, where beauty, virtue, genius, study, unaided by interest, laid their mistress in the grave, at the age of twenty-seven. “She rests, with *no* sunshine of fame on her slumbers”—and her name is forgotten. We may reserve our sorrow—for she is at peace—regret should be awakened for the many, who struggled like her, and are yet struggling with adverse fortune—who are strangers to all the comforts of existence, and fed only by a hope, which daily grows fainter, until it finally expires before the despairing conviction, that GENIUS OR TALENT HAS NO-

THING TO DO WITH ADVANCEMENT TO OUR METROPOLITAN THEATRES.

Our national theatres should be the property of the nation; and, until they are in the hands of government, they will never be worthy of the patronage they seek. That step would be, at once, the downfall of all the pageantry and nonsense that infects those stupendous stages. That, and that only, would curb the insolence of stars, and reward the exertions of unaided talent.

We make no apology for the length of our exordium; for, we are well convinced, no friend to the drama of his country will deem it misplaced. Our Work is not merely a repository of the accidents of lives, but a vehicle for the promulgation of observations and opinions, useful to the cause we advocate—the character of the stage. We wish to enable our children in after years to see, through our medium, what our stage was—we do not wish to present a beautiful picture, but a faithful likeness.

ELLEN TREE was born in London, in the month of Dec. 1805. To the memoir of her sister (No. 44) we refer our readers, for some mention of her parents; as we are anxious to spare the peruser the tedium of a twice-told tale. The success of Maria inspired her sister with thoughts of the stage; and it was at first determined to give her a musical education, but she evinced no aptitudes for a disciple of St. Cecilia; and not feeling inclined to go through the terrible discipline requisite to make a voice, she decided for the drama.

One of ELLEN's earliest efforts was (we are informed by a valued correspondent) at the private theatre, in Berwick-street; where she performed with young Knight, son of the late comedian. What farther practice she had in this way, we are unable to ascertain; but, in season 1823, she appeared at Covent-garden theatre, for her sister's benefit, as *Olivia*, in *Twelfth Night*. She spoke the beautiful poetry of the character very prettily, and

ing actress. At the closing of Covent-garden theatre, our heroine accompanied her sister on a starring expedition, and performed, especially in the north, with much approbation.

Being thus launched into the dramatic ocean, and convoyed, as she was, by one who had braved the billows so successfully, Miss ELLEN TREE had little to dread. She sailed over a sunny sea—she had no rocks to fear—no storms to encounter. Though on a voyage of discovery in the way of acquirements, she landed as a welcome one in every harbour; and each new scene was to her a *friendly* island.

About the close of 1823, our heroine was regularly engaged at the Bath theatre, where she appeared as *Lydia Languish*, and where she divided with Mrs. Bailey all the leading comedy. At this theatre, her sister, Ann Tree, was subsequently engaged.

From the moment of her entering the profession, we have reason to believe treaties were on foot for bringing our heroine to town; and Mr. Fawcett is said to have declared her not "*ripe enough*" for the metropolis, and to have declined turning Covent-garden theatre into a hothouse for the production of dramatic fruits. To Mr. Harley, the task of arranging with the less scrupulous powers of the other house was confided; and to no other being could such a task have been so properly consigned. J. P. Harley is better acquainted with the internal arrangements of every London theatre, than any other man breathing. The ubiquitous Mr. Durrant, the indefatigable Mr. Dunn, or that dramatic *Paul Pry*, Winston, know less of the state of all the houses than he does. We merely state this as matter of fact; and we do not mean to draw any inferences from it unfavourable to that comedian, to whom it is only justice to add, that the interest he possesses has been often exerted for the promotion of

actor, nor of his stiff-backed habits as a man; but, in many points of view, he is an honour, not only to his profession, but to human nature.

The treaty at Drury was suspended during the disarrangement of affairs, occasioned by Elliston's insolvency; and, in the summer of 1826, our heroine, with her sister, went to Birmingham. There she sustained all the first comedy, and Miss Ann Tree played *Maria Darlington*, *Mary (Charles the Second)*, *Phæbe (Paul Pry)*, and all the first singing.

Before Price, the lessee of Drury, arrived in this country, some members of the committee, of whom Calcraft was one, closed an engagement with our heroine. Mr. Calcraft visited the Birmingham theatre, to witness the exertions of the two Miss Trees, and of Salter, the Manchester hero, who was then also in treaty. The result was, an engagement for the two ladies, and under extraordinary advantages. Miss ELLEN TREE, in the event of success in her first character, was to be allowed to play twelve different parts, in a given period; thus insuring her being sufficiently before the town.

Of her performances at Birmingham, where, we are told, she evinced great improvement, we are not enabled to speak; but, at Bath, she was never considered more than a pleasing actress. There we saw her frequently; and when informed that she was intended for Drury, we, of course, anticipated that the walking ladies, and juvenile tragedy, was the business she was destined to sustain. Miss TREE is of the Catholic persuasion; and this circumstance obtained her many friends in both of the towns we have named.

At the commencement of this season, our heroine made her appearance at Drury-lane theatre, and ran rapidly through a variety of characters; amongst which, *Lady Teazle*, *Jane Shore*, and *Albina*, were the most conspicuous. After her third night, she ceased to draw; and the exertions of Messieurs of *The Chronicle*, &c. &c. were in vain put forth, to lure the public back.

We say it with sorrow, but with certainty, that her course is at an end. A rapid race is generally a short one; and the year 1827, the most brilliant one in Miss ELLEN TREE's history, she will turn to hereafter, with the bitterness of regret. The beautiful lines of Cowper, on the rosebud plucked too early, contain the prophecy of her fate. Every succeeding appearance has only tended to confirm the fact, that our heroine was unequal to the attempt that had been forced upon her; and sending her on for *Jane Shore*, when Mrs. W. West was in the theatre, amounted to madness. Her friends should have remonstrated against this, instead of asking the part for her. Miss TREE may depend upon it, that she will never be able to perform *Jane Shore*. Years may give her an increase of knowledge—not of feeling. She has no intensity—and, without this attribute, Rowe's heroine cannot be assumed.

What Miss ELLEN TREE is, is perhaps difficult to describe. What she is not, we all feel. Her school of acting is that of Miss Foote's, but she has not Miss Foote's fascination, nor her acquirements. She does not sing so pleasingly; which, in Miss Foote, is a knack; for neither her or Miss ELLEN TREE have any voice. She does not dance so elegantly as Miss Foote. She has, perhaps, more physical power than the charmer we have named; their mental energies are nearly on a par.

Miss TREE cannot seize and grasp a character, uniting all its bearings in one strong and general feature—she can only execute common things prettily. But, if she thus makes great things trifling, she communicates considerable power to mere trifles. She could not offend, let her do what she pleased. We could bear her even in *Belvidera* and *Lady Teazle*: but she cannot act these parts: nor should she be suffered to attempt them. Her talents are suited to such characters as *Lady Grace* (*Provoked Husband*), *Fanny* (*Clandestine Marriage*), *Eugenia* (*Sweethearts and Wives*), &c. &c. She should never appear *en homme*. Her really modest demeanour destroyed all effect in *Albina Mandeville*; and the whole

play became flat and insipid. Our personal feeling is gratified, though our dramatic feeling is destroyed by this; and we may use the words Leigh Hunt has applied to Mrs. H. Siddons, on this subject—"She interests you with a chastened feeling—you love the very awkwardness with which she wears her male attire—and you are even better pleased with her shape, because you are left to fancy it. If the sight is more accurate in likenesses, fancy is a better painter of things, to be liked. When the generality of actresses are representing the objects of a man's attachment, their broadness of demeanour produces in the beholders a kind of silent disagreement with the hero's choice, that deranges their satisfaction: his compliments become false, his ardour unwarrantable, his sorrows ridiculous: a delicate spectator cannot say, 'Such is the woman I would marry myself;' but a modest actress, like _____, reconciles this inconsistency. Love resumes its respectability, and with its respectability, the acquiescence of the audience."

When we consider the short time our heroine has been upon the stage, her progress appears satisfactory; but she is unfortunately flattered into the belief, that she is at the head of her profession, when, in fact, she is only one amongst our second-rate actresses, and much less than any of our second-rate actresses were twenty years ago.

She has no genius—her mind is neither powerful nor original—and, without these advantages, no one can be great. She will find her level in London, and be reduced to the walking ladies. Her face, though very handsome, has no variety—her eyes are exquisitely beautiful, and, on her *entrées*, seem to light up the scene; but they have no mobility of expression—they are fixed stars—beautiful, indeed, but unchanging—lovely, but soulless.

In private life, she is modest, unassuming, and elegant—in her attire she is peculiarly plain; so much so, that herself and sister might be mistaken for members of the

Society of Friends—she is about the common size—her face is oval and handsome, peculiarly adapted for the stage, as her features are powerful—her hair is dark. Her salary is, we are told, ten guineas per week.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.**BETTY COMPARED WITH CHATTERTON.**

From the Saunterer, a periodical paper, by HEWSON CLARKE, published at Cambridge at the time when Betty had attained the zenith of his popularity.

To Nature Master Betty is much indebted,—his form is elegant, his eye expressive, and his voice melodious. Perhaps his countenance is too florid and voluptuous. To the gifts of Nature he has added the ornaments of art. His action and elocution have been improved by continual practice and instruction. Upon the stage he can seldom be detected in an awkward attitude or a false pronunciation. Every sentence is uttered with tuneful harmony, and every motion performed with grace and majesty. His transition from one passage to another, however rapid and abrupt, is easy and dignified. Tears succeed to smiles, and madness to sorrow, without suffering the spectators to feel languor or disappointment.

It cannot be denied, however, that his performance is too artificial and refined. He sometimes appears not to feel the passion he endeavours to express. The falls of his voice are too frequent and unnatural: he shows too much of stage deception. We do, indeed, admire the ease of his attitudes, and the harmony of his sentences, but we admire the player, not the hero. He has likewise another very striking fault, which I know not how he will correct—his voice is always the same. A good actor should be able to assume a different voice in Hamlet, Tancred, Douglas, and Richard. Master Betty has not attained this excellence. After seeing him for the ninth time we are at once wearied and delighted.

It has been asserted by a writer of respectable talents,

of Betty, it must likewise be admitted of Garrick, of Barry, and of Kemble. Nor does it lessen the merit of Master Betty; for where shall we find another boy, who, with equal instruction, can display equal excellence? Master Betty cannot be praised for performing what he was never taught, but for profiting by the lessons he has received. If he do not possess that power which we distinguish by the name of genius, yet he possesses those talents which form the actor. It is surely sufficiently wonderful, that a boy of thirteen years of age can be instructed to tread the stage with ease and intrepidity, and to move the horror or the pity of an audience.

It perhaps will not be doing him an injustice to compare him with a youthful prodigy of the eighteenth century; to one who, with superior genius, was condemned to waste his life in poverty and sorrow—to linger for a while beneath the frown of insolence and pride, and to pay by grief, indigence, and labour, for a literary immortality.

To form the actor, are required elegance of form, melody of voice, vivacity of the eye, and expression of the countenance; a mind observing and intelligent, formed readily to receive impressions, and to retain them; a memory retentive and capacious, a conception rapid and acute.

To form the poet, are required, as to form the actor, acuteness and rapidity of conception, and retention and capaciousness of memory. But to these must be added an intimacy with the human heart, profundity of thought, and readiness of invention; that genius which creates, that imagination which amplifies; a knowledge of nature and of man, an acquaintance with science and with books.

The powers of Betty were discovered when it was yet easy to mature them. Before he ventured to appear upon the stage, his talents had been improved by instruction, and his efforts encouraged by praise. In the lap of leisure, secure from the storms of indigence, he was never condemned to mourn over the pages of Shakspeare

by the feeble gleamings of a midnight taper. He enjoyed all that affection and indulgence could procure—a mind exempted from pecuniary anxiety—a day unclouded by the frown of insolence.

Chatterton owed his improvement to his own genius and fortitude; he had no praise to animate; no care to cherish; no guardian to protect. By him, excellence was pursued in defiance of poverty, restraint, and inconvenience. In the hours stolen from labour, and perhaps from sorrow, he raised his own future immortality. The most valuable of his productions were the offspring of difficulty and distress: genius alone enabled him to soar above the clouds of ignorance. To example or instruction he owed nothing.

The superiority of natural powers must, therefore, without hesitation, be allowed to Chatterton. If it be difficult to arrive at excellence, when encouraged by leisure, indulgence, and applause, what must be the genius of him who can reach the magnificence of poetry amid grief, poverty, and ignorance? Betty, in the arms of leisure, was enabled to attend to the precepts of his friends; to correct the faults of negligence or habit; to snatch new beauties, and to improve excellence. Chatterton, beneath the pressure of poverty, had neither opportunity to correct, nor leisure to polish. He did not arrive at excellence like Betty, by gradual improvement, but appeared at once in perfect lustre. Betty may be compared to the rising sun, which ascends slowly to its zenith—Chatterton to the rising sun, which disperses the clouds that obscure its radiance, and bursts upon the sight with meridian splendour. All that astonishes in the works of Chatterton was his own creation—all that pleases in the performance of Master Betty, has been acquired by unwearied attention. The genius of Chatterton conquered difficulty—the talents of Betty equalled his instruction. Chatterton is the child of Nature—Betty the pupil of art.

ployed in proportion to the number of advantages he possessed. Chatterton, under the impression of fear and anxiety, attained a considerable smoothness of versification. Master Betty, in the lap of security and indulgence, attained propriety of accent and emphasis, ease of motion, and grace of attitude.

The superiority of Chatterton will be somewhat diminished by the difference of age. Master Betty appeared to the world before he was twelve years of age—Chatterton, when he was fifteen.* This difference, however, will not appear considerable, when it is remembered that Chatterton had but two hours a day in which he could employ his pen. His manuscript must have been a considerable time beneath his hands, and opportunity could not allow him to make much correction. But there is a more important consideration. A boy at any age, if he have every other requisite, will be able to express the passions by his voice and countenance; but the words of a language, after every other requisite is acquired, must be gained by observation. The player, it is true, must feel the words he pronounces; but there is a very material difference between this knowledge and that which is necessary to apply them. Every school-boy can read *Virgil*, but how many will be found that can put a translated sentence of the *Æneid* into its original language? It is more extraordinary, if every other circumstance had been equal, that Chatterton should have written *The Battle of Hastings*, at sixteen, than that Master Betty, at twelve, should have played *Douglas*.

The rewards which Chatterton and Betty have respectively received, are like the circumstances under which they attained excellence.

Betty rose at once to fame and affluence. He was never condemned to feel the stings of insult and of want, to strive against poverty, or to bow to insolence and pride. His talents were, at the same time, admired and rewarded. He found himself, at the age of fourteen, the possessor of a fortune fully adequate to all the elegan-

cies of life; the companion and the favourite of the great—the wonder and the idol of the vulgar; for him no honour was thought too high; no reward too liberal; even the voice of censure was employed in vain, or, if heard, was heard without attention.

To Chatterton, the voice of praise and the smiles of fortune were equally unknown. *He* had no wealth to purchase enjoyment—no name to command attention. To him the ephemerae of fashion were the insulters of poverty, and the mockers of distress. Hope never brightened his prospects—no friend to genius ever lightened his labours. *He* did not languish away his youth, in the possession of pleasure, elegance, or comfort. *A penny tart was to him a luxury.* He lived in misery, and died by poison!

LLOYD'S BOOKS.—DRURY DOCK.

Admiral Price, formerly an American trader, has experienced, in common with his whole force, a variety of weather. Some smooth sailing was followed up by *keen* breezes, in which they made way famously. After this, a dead calm ensued; and the Admiral declares, that if a breeze does not take place, he must end his days in the *fleet*. A general examination of the vessels in the dock has taken place. A great number are found not seaworthy—many of the best vessels, too, are astray. The following is the present state of the effectual force:—

The Thunder, 74 guns, Capt. Downton, hoisting the blood-red flag; considered now as most fit for a fire-ship.

The Lovely, 60 guns, Commander W. West, absent. The *mate* now supplies the captain's place—*yellow* flag afloat—been damaged in squalls lately, and suffered considerably in the late breezes.

The Crazy, lost her guns, Capt. Pope; totally unfit for service; the wind whistling through her portholes.

The Sturdy, Capt. Powell, Dutch built, and very old.

The Fairy, a frigate of 36 guns, Capt. E. Tree ; a very light and fast sailer, showy figure-head.

The Brazen, 10 guns, Capt. Archer, copper-bottomed ; carries an enormous speaking-trumpet, and acts as a communication boat.

The Syren, 90 guns, Capt. Stephens, about to retire from service.

The Spendthrift, 60 guns, Capt. Wallack ; a fast sailing vessel, carrying too much canvas ; lately been *baled*.

The Grog, 90 guns, Capt. Elliston ; completely wrecked in the Straits of Speculation. The captain got off ; with a wretched crew is endeavouring to make Fort Surrey ; has no pilot aboard.

The Perseverance, 30 guns, Capt. Cooper ; lately arrived ; having parted company with Capt. Kemble, of the *Show-shop* sloop.

The Dubious, 50 guns, Capt. M'Gibbon ; has been seen and spoken to twice, but it is doubtful whether she will ever make this port.

The Changeable, Commander Brown. This is a Liverpool trader, loaded with useful commodities to the London market.

The Griper, 90 guns, Capt. Munden ; laid up in ordinary.

The Hunks, Capt. Gattie ; leaky.

The Butterfly, 60 guns, Capt. Harley.

The Collier, Commander Edwin ; out of repair, *nothing on board*.

Dutch Skipper, Commander Miss Barnett.

Life Boat, Coxswain E. Kean ; who, although a very able seaman, retarded his promotion by neglect of duty, on a late occasion, when, as it is stated, through his inattention, a vessel sunk. He belongs to *The Genius*, 100 guns, now in a very bad state, always leaky. By advices from Capt. Wallack, it appears she is damaged in her *store room*.

The Cecilia, 100 guns, Capt. Lennox, *alias* Paton ; deserted from the enemy, in consequence of some of the officers not obeying orders.

The Fanny, 100 guns, Capt. F. Kelly; bound to *Heart Straits*.

The Simpson, 50 guns, Capt. Terry, missing; last seen in company with Commodore Yates, on a French smuggling cruise; and expects shortly to be *benefiting* by the Cheltenham waters.

Ironsides, a Carron-side boat, Commander Thompson; uncommonly large *bowsprit*, but neither rudder nor compass.

Ships out of fighting condition.—*The Teazer*, Mrs. Harlowe, has presented a *broad side* occasionally, but with no effect. The late commander wished to turn her into a *tender*—deemed impossible. *The Hibernia*, 70 guns, Capt. T. Cooke; out of repair, and *only sails* now in the *German Ocean*. *The Gong*, 30 guns, Capt. G. Smith; got out at sea, and *lost her soundings*; still useful with a good pilot. *The Charming*, 90 guns, commanded by Capt. Davison; fine sailer still, but her rigging rather the worse for wear, and figure-head a little faded.

Several smacks, sloops, cock-boats, luggers, &c. &c., commanded by Noble, Byrne, and the *corps de ballet*.

Ship-carpenter, Mr. Winston.

DRAMATIC NEWS OF THE DAY.

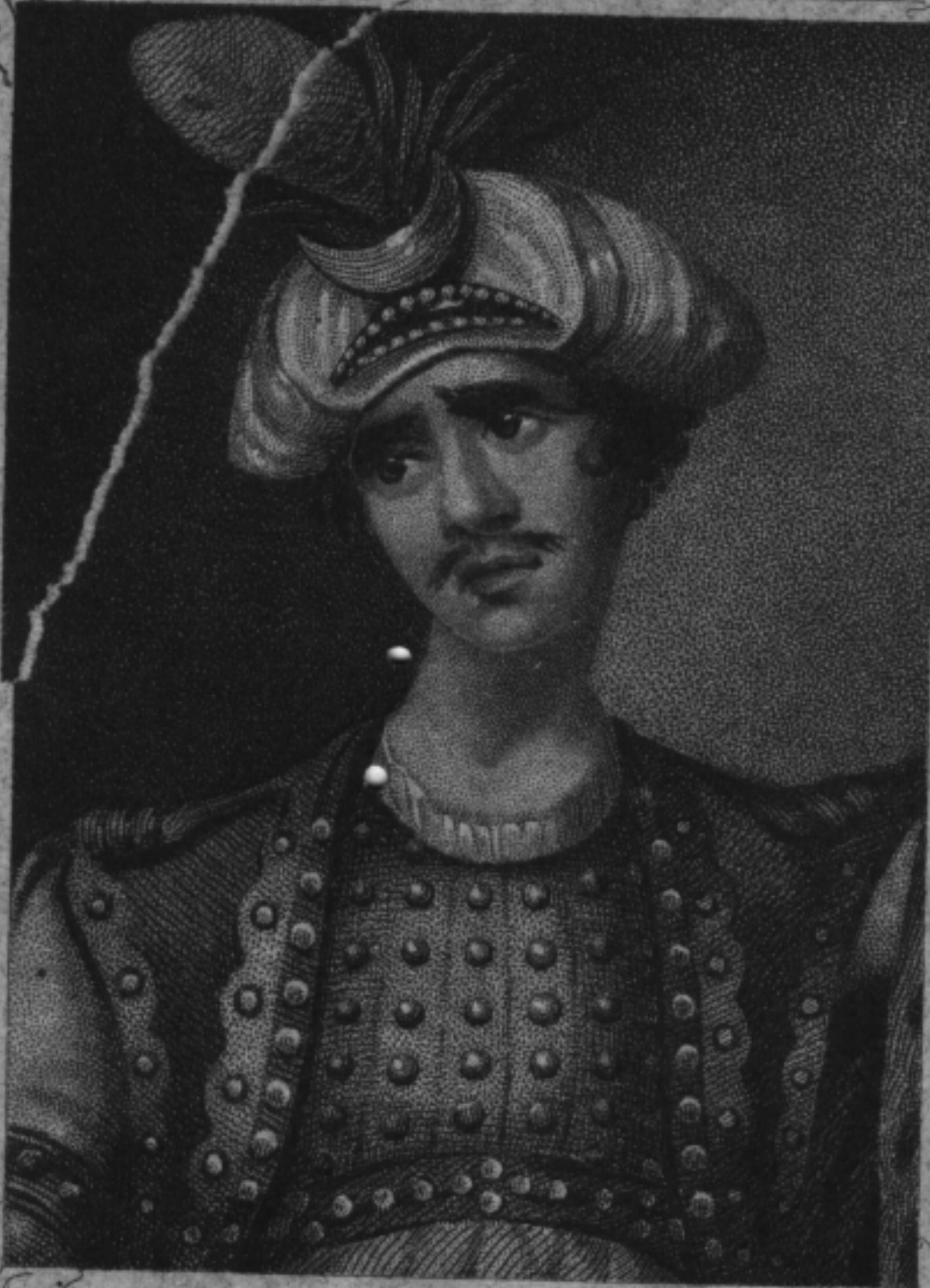
ELLISTON has taken the Surrey. It is now eighteen years since we remember his first *entree*, in St. George's Fields—the popular, the admired *Aranza*—the single *Singles*. What he was, and what he is, are very different things. Then, all he did was admired—fame and fortune waited upon him—and he was an *Atlas* to whatever world he attempted to support—it was sufficient to put his name in the hills, and crowds surrounded his doors. We

happy to see him, to applaud him once more. With all his faults, he has been ill-used by the Committee—the precious association of gentlemen, who know nothing, and will not be taught. Let the late Lessee of Drury beware who he engages—let him turn to the provinces—not to the minors. There are many great actors he might ensure, and thus make the Surrey a powerful rival to the royal theatres. Will he do this? But we shall not prejudge him. We shall speak of him for the future by his present, not his past, conduct.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

We promised Mr. H. BEVERLEY a notice. We have seen his *Tristram Sappy*; it is inimitable. More mercurial than Liston, he is decidedly more amusing; and, if he has less of the stultified expression, he has more of the drollery of motion. Farce-acting has only one criterion—laughter—and that H. BEVERLEY excites in an equal degree with his bepraised contemporary.

Hudson (who figured at the Mansion-house, where he applied for protection against those who pirated his comic songs) appears at this theatre, with MORGAN, the Irish singer, on Tuesday next, for the benefit of Mr. REDE. We shall certainly go and see the author of *The Dogmeat Man*, *Parson's Clerk*, and *Law*, in public.



G. Adcock, Sc.

MR. H. KEMBLE,
AS
GIAFFIAR IN BABMEGIDE.

London, Published by G. Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
HENRY KEMBLE,

(Of the Coburg Theatre.)

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with.---*Hamlet.*

COLTS gain a name, ere they deserve it, from the celebrity of their dams. Smolensko's descendants came upon the course prejudged to win—the same of the father was a warranty of the powers of his representative. If this be good reasoning at Newmarket, it is false argument at the Haymarket; and, though a reasonable theory at Ascot and Epsom, is a fallacious one at Covent-garden and Drury-lane. The subject of this Memoir stood precisely in the predicament of one of these colts of famous pedigree, when he first sought metropolitan favour. With John and Charles Kemble for his uncles—Mrs. Siddons, his aunt—his mother, an admirable actress—and his father, a performer of great judgment at least,—it was warmly anticipated that he would inherit the talent of the family. But genius is not hereditary; and it should seem the justice of Nature, that the descendants of men of genius are dull; lest one race should tax Providence with a peculiar dispensation of its blessings to a favoured few, to the exclusion of the majority.

Mr. HENRY KEMBLE was born under circumstances that might augur that the drama marked him for her own; for, on the 15th Sept. 1789, his mother was taken ill, whilst performing *Queen Margaret*, in *The Battle of Hexham*. She was instantly conveyed to her house, in

Villiers-street, and, in a few moments, she gave birth to our hero.

H. KEMBLE was educated at Winchester; where, having gone through the regular routine of school practice, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, to study, as it was hoped, for the bar or the church. His inclinations, however, naturally enough, were fixed upon the stage; and, after remaining two years at the University, he left Euclid and the classics for the sock and buskin. He commenced his theatrical career at Whitehaven, in Cumberland, under the management of his father, in the character of *Frank Heartall*, in Cherry's comedy of *The Soldier's Daughter*. He acted some time under the eye of his father, in several of the northern towns. There Mr. HENRY KEMBLE was tolerated, as sons of managers usually are; but it soon became evident, that he possessed no genius for the profession he had chosen; and his mother, in particular, expressed her conviction of the inutility of his pursuing the stage. It was not in this, alone, that Mr. HENRY KEMBLE and his mamma thought differently; for there was in the company—(twenty to one, reader, you have guessed what we are about to say)—Well, then—there was Miss Freize, a very beautiful and charming woman. Poor HARRY was no longer master of himself—Love had stolen not only his spirits, but his memory; and the prompter's duty became, in consequence, so heavy, that Mr. Stephen Kemble is reported, about this period, to have had a new one every month. A strange revolution, too, occurred in our hero's notion of characters. He, that a little while before scouted any thing beneath a first-rate part, now gladly performed walking gentlemen, and singing lovers, (without the music,) provided they involved the agreeable duty of acting the lover to Miss Freize.

Our opinion of Mr. HENRY KEMBLE's taste on matters in general, is certainly unfavourable to him; but on one subject he certainly evinced a just discrimination. Unassuming in her manners—promising in her talent—lovely

in her person—what a charming creature she was!—all love and youth—with her happy laughing eye, that looked as if care could never dim it—her warm and brightening smile, which Sorrow itself might pause to throw a shade upon. Nor, to speak impartially, can we blame the lady, when we say, that she turned no cold attention to his suit. HARRY KEMBLE was then a fine handsome youth, of a fervent, generous disposition—rather erratic in his flights, perhaps, but a gentleman in his manners, and a scholar. We shudder, as we see the ravages that sixteen years have made upon that form. How truly may he say, with the poet—

“ Non sum qualis eram.”

We find the locks, indeed, flying from *our* temples; but, when we view the snow that waves over his, we calmly reflect on what years and cares have accomplished in the one case, and dissipation in the other.

Mr. HENRY KEMBLE was not of a mind to be contented with

“ Stolen walks on moonlight glades;”

and, finding that his parents were averse to his marrying for any thing but gold, he took the approved method of “ marrying first, and asking their consent afterwards.”

Great was the confusion caused by this event. The bride and bridegroom were discharged from the company, and threats of eternal vengeance uttered against the lady, her relatives, friends, acquaintances, aiders, abettors, and well-wishers.

What right parents have to interfere with the most important step in the lives of their offsprings, we never could discover. In this, liberty is even left to the slave. Half the misery, and more than half the vice, that disgraces and degrades our unhappy country, would be spared, if women were not tutored, by mothers, to sell their hands,

of a wealthy wife, without regard to feeling, honour, or passion.

Mr. Stephen Kemble at length relented, and took the "erring pair" into favour; and Mrs. Kemble was, after a considerable time, content to forgive, in some degree, the enormity of two beings, who loved each other, becoming united.

When Mr. KEMBLE's father declined management, our hero went to Maxfield, Kelly, and Collins's circuit; and at Southampton, Portsmouth, &c., delighted the natives. From thence, he was engaged by Mr. F. Palmer, for Bath and Bristol, and appeared at the latter town as *Bertram*.

Those facetious persons who write what are termed biographical sketches for magazines, always record that their heroes were immense favourites in all the provincial towns wherein they enacted; now, as we differ from these gentry in one particular, *i. e.* that we tell the truth, and that they do not, we shall lay before our readers one or two notices from the critiques of the day. One of which is far superior to what provincial criticisms generally are.

Of his *Daran*, a Bath paper speaks thus:—"It is not of late that we have seen *The Exile* played well; nor do we remember ever to have seen a *Daran* that pleased us perfectly, and Mr. H. KEMBLE's pleased us as little as any we have seen. One common fault pervades this performer's acting, which is alone sufficient to annihilate the aspirations of the brightest genius—he is too *boisterous*; by which we would be understood to mean, that his animation is frequently destitute of discretion, and that, at such times, he does not exhibit the simultaneous conformity of action and utterance, by which only passion can be indicated and defined. In *Daran*, he was neither brilliant nor tender; nor did he present us with that appropriation of appearance which we have always been

nately forgotten, which protected him, of course, against half our censure; let me, therefore, merely record, that the audience gaped instead of hissing, and honoured this performance with peals of derision, although entitled to shouts of disgust."

At Bath, Mrs. Kemble occasionally performed; and the following notice of her appearance, will sufficiently prove the estimation he was held in:—"Mrs. H. Kemble re-appeared, as *Agnes*, in *The Mountaineers*, on Tuesday, March 4, for the benefit of her husband, who attempted *Octavian*, and *Three-finger'd Jack*, in the pantomime of *Obi*. The house was very thinly attended; and, if the charges were exacted, Mr. H. KEMBLE must have been a loser of, at least, £25—a pretty fine for the indulgence of incapacity and presumption."

It was our hero's fortune to be the son of Stephen Kemble, and it was Stephen Kemble's fortune to be called upon to take the office of stage-manager of Drury-lane theatre. No sooner was the *great Falstaff* installed in office, than he advocated the engagement of his son; and, in doing so, he neither acted like an honest man or a good father. He thrust upon the committee a bad actor—and this was a dishonest act. He exposed his son, and placed him in a situation he could not sustain—and this was unparental. Drury-lane theatre opened on Saturday, 12th Sept. 1818, with *Romeo and Juliet*; the heroine by a Mrs. M'Kenzie, (formerly Miss Moody, and well known in the provinces,) and the hero by Mr. H. KEMBLE. Two of the most decided failures it was ever our misfortune to behold, yet received by the discriminating public with the loudest testimonies of delight. HARRY's roaring, in the banishment scene, we never shall forget. S—— is reported to have said, that KEMBLE "had promised to let his Bath friends hear;" and, though we do not mean to assert, that his tones could have been audible in Somersetshire, yet are we convinced, that all Brydges-street and its vicinity must have been aware, through his medium, that they were in Act III, Scene III.

Dustmen stopped their ears, in the galleries; and we shall never forget the exclamation of a punchy gentleman in that region. He sat in silent astonishment during the "row," (we choose this inelegant though expressive term,) and, when it was over, said, in a tone of admiration and amazement, "WHAT A VOICE!"

Mr. KEMBLE continued at Drury, playing *Carlos, Biron, Douglas, Macduff, Barnwell, &c. &c.* In conjunction with his father, he produced *The Battle of Flodden Field*, a version of *Marmion*; and which our hero afterwards altered for the Coburg, where it was played under the title of *The Nun of St. Hilda's Cave*.

It was soon discovered that Drury was not an arena for the display of Mr. H. KEMBLE's powers. The committee came to the determination of letting him roar as seldom as possible.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear, of the perpetrations of Mr. KEMBLE at this theatre. We pass it, then, at once; and shall here just remark, that, at this period, his wife made a very successful *debut* at the English Opera-house, as *Polly*, in *The Beggar's Opera*.

Mr. KEMBLE, at length, resolved to devote his energies to the minors; and launched at once into Surrey. The Coburg, Astley's, the Surrey, now alternately received him; and here he played all the *loud* parts, *i. e.* the tyrants, and occasionally treated the public with some attempts at low comedy—a line which we had forgotten to state, that he had occasionally assumed, when in his father's company. He was alternately the rival to or coadjutor with Huntley; and when Glossop took the East London, enlightened that theatre with his presence.

Before proceeding to our summary of what our present hero is, we shall lay before our readers some extracts from a sketch of him, in an obscure publication, published two years since. We fear the remarks are too true, to be deemed severe.

"H. KEMBLE has, from year to year, become lamentably degraded in the scale of actors. When he first ap-

peared at Drury-lane, he certainly was not taken for a 'fiery Mars'—nor could it be advanced, that he had one qualification for the characters he was thrust on for. H. KEMBLE was looked upon, as Mr. Mason is now considered—a person who, by the accident of good connexions, was placed before the public, without one jot of talent; possessed of nothing but a name, from which he borrowed every thing, without returning any thing;—he was a speculator on the title of Kemble, as Mr. Mason is at present: he was received in deference to his family. At his departure from Drury-lane, he seemed to think that all family associations would but impede his progress to the opinions of Surrey and Coburg critics; he therefore made a school for himself—was speedily identified with the rant, the rhodomontade, and the vulgar and disgraceful squabbles which the mismanagement of the Surrey rendered so prolific. We hear H. KEMBLE is a gentleman of education: from whatever causes he embarked in the minor drama, it would have well accorded with his education and name, to have cultivated that drama—to have forwarded its respectability and moral enlightenment. Instead of this, Mr. H. KEMBLE falls into the common ranks with Messrs. Hobbs, Cartlitch, and such worthies, who may be very "jolly dogs," but wholly innocent of education or gentility. We have now traced Mr. KEMBLE to the footing which he himself has chosen, and must speak of him in the language of his own adoption.

"As a minor actor, Mr. H. KEMBLE possesses the strongest lungs and weakest judgment, with any performer in his station; all his efforts are to make passion, feeling, scorn, every motive and every sensation, subservient to sound—to make the windpipe the only communication to the heart;—we regard his opened mouth and a distended bagpipe with equal horror. When this actor attempts quiet sentiment, his words fall as if from the lips of a drunkard, when language is broken by hiccups; when he makes love, it is in the half-vulgar, half-buckish

tone of an enamoured huckster. He has neither grace, passion, nor feeling; but he proffers in their stead a nautical swagger, extended mouth, and a sound like the rippings of a hundred yards of linen. We look upon HARRY KEMBLE'S throat to be the cave of Eolus in model—wind is its only inhabitant; and if any thing be in the brain, it is refused portorage."

Mr. H. KEMBLE joined the minor theatrical establishments at a period when they were in their zenith of popularity and prosperity—when the patent theatres looked with a jaundiced eye at the rapid strides they were nightly making in the estimation of the town. We shall not pause to state, what he might have done for the minor stage, at any length; suffice it to say, that it was then in his power to raise it to a rank it will now never attain. His name, his youth, his education—all fitted him for the task. At Astley's, the Coburg, and the Surrey, Mr. KEMBLE enjoyed excellent salaries, the leading characters, and was aggrandized by his name being placed in large letters in the play-bills. He was received by the galleries with the loudest acclamations, the moment he appeared; and he signified his gratitude, by shouting through his part with all the strength and energy that Nature would allow. And, however false his style might have been, and that it was false, we need no ghost to tell us, yet there appeared an effort to please—a disposition to do what he could, as well as he could.

So far we are content to let him escape our censure—but he could not pause there. As if stamping in sawdust, and uttering the execrable trash of Milner and Amherst, were not enough—as if the name of Kemble was not sufficiently polluted by his association with the lowest refuse of the drama—Mr. KEMBLE must add his personal assistance—he must not only act with Richardson's troops, but he must smoke and drink with them—roar and revel with them—and stagger, unshaven, through the public streets, with fellows without education, talent, or character. He can advance nothing to extenuate this conduct. He is

happy in his home—blest in his family—loving and beloved by his wife. With these resources of enjoyment, he sinks to the lowest gratifications. Let him not tell us of his disappointed spirit. What right had he even to hope for the success he has met with?—success, for which he is indebted to his appellation, not his talent—to the powers of his relatives, and not to any relative powers of his own. If our hero be spirit-broken, it is the awakening from a dream of inflated vanity—nor can we pity a disappointment, which flows from a hope he had no pretensions to encourage.

H. KEMBLE is not yet thirty-eight years old, yet his hair is as white as snow—his brow furrowed—and he says he cannot walk without the assistance of a stick: and this is a man who was naturally of a robust constitution, and who possessed physical energies superior to those commonly allotted to mankind. Can he bear the reflection of what he is, coupled with the remembrance of what he was? And for what has he been thus reduced? For society, that he himself blushes to acknowledge—creatures, who cannot even speak their indigenious language. Huntley held forth an awful warning to our hero, but he neglected it.

We cannot dismiss this subject, without endeavouring to awaken our hero to a sense of shame. It is not too late—for his constitution might yet triumph over all the assaults he has himself committed upon it. We have heard, that, on a late occasion, when he went to C. Kemble, to arrange the terms on which he would engage at Covent-garden, he visited his uncle in a state of intoxication. If this be true, advice will be wasted upon him. Mr. KEMBLE may deem us his enemies, for what we have already said; but he must remember, our duty is to the public and the profession. Men who disgrace it in any way, should be themselves disgraced. Mr. KEMBLE has yet physical advantages for his profession; and his knowledge of his art might enable him, in the absence of genius, to sustain a secondary station with respectability.

Let him attend to the following rules:—To study not only the words, but the meaning of the characters he personates; and that not at rehearsals, or in the adjacent public-houses, but in his own closet. Whenever his judgment tempts him to rant, let him be quiet,—let his emphasis be deep, not loud—let him check his love of stamping, and remember, that success in acting depends on the head, not the heel.

Of his private habits, we shall say no more, except to bid him remember, that he was educated as a gentleman—by persisting in his present career, he will find a premature grave—his life will have excited neither friendship nor respect—his death will be unpitied and unlamented. To all this, we know our hero will reply—“I do no positive harm, and am no one’s enemy but my own.” This mode of reasoning, if reasoning it may be termed, has been well answered by the observation, that no being can be so isolated, as to become independent of those around him. His parents, his children, his relatives, his profession—all have interests—which are sacrificed by his acts. If he cares not for his own existence, for Heaven’s sake, let him care somewhat for the existence of his reputation.

Elliston having taken the Surrey, will certainly rouse the energies of the Coburgites; and perhaps Mr. KEMBLE may find in it an incentive to exertion. Nothing but strenuous efforts on the part of the management, backed by the warmest assistance of all the performers, can enable that theatre to withstand the rivalry it has now to combat with. Mr. Bennett, who is an ardent actor, will throw our hero into the shade; and, unless he entirely changes his habits, he will even cease to be valuable at the Coburg. What state must that performer be in, who is declared to be too bad for the minors? We will anticipate better things, and shall be overjoyed to hail any improvement in Mr. KEMBLE’s acting.

It is due to him to state, that he is as notorious for being a warm-hearted generous man, as he is for being a reck-

less one. Whilst in the provinces, and when a member of his father's company, his interest was always exerted to serve others—to forward their views, not to mar them; and few men ever passed the ordeal of a country circuit, as “manager's son and leading comedian,” with so much approbation. Up to the present hour, his name is associated with many acts of kindness, trifling in detail, though great in the aggregate; for benevolence must be recorded with reference to the power of the giver, not the value of the gift. “Such a man,” say some would-be-philanthropists, “should disarm criticism;” and many of our Correspondents favour us with similar observations; but the heart must not be allowed to protect the head. Nor are we to admire the *Richard* of Mr. Claremont, because he pays his rent, and uses his washerwoman well—neither are we to gloss over evil habits, when we bestow our praises upon good feelings. Our duty is to describe those of whom we write, as they are—neither to attack with undeserved censure, or wrong their contemporaries, by the bestowal of unmerited approbation. That H. KEMBLE has qualities of a high order, as a man, we cheerfully acknowledge—that he is a man of education, we admit—we war only with his habits, and his indifference to his moral and professional reputation.

Mr. H. KEMBLE is about five feet eleven inches in height; his face is expressive, but has not so much of the family *contour* as has been stated; his eye is peculiarly expressive.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.**EDITORIAL MISERIE.**

I DARE say that there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the Editor of a Magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft. He is not subject to the rejections and mortifications which sometimes fall to the lot of less potential persons, and has the power of patronising his friends and annoying his enemies just as much as he pleases. All this is very true; but, to my sorrow, I must dispute the inference. I was once, in a dark hour of my fate, induced to become the Lord of one of these great creations myself; and, though I was deposed immediately after the publication of my first number, I obtained quite enough experience to turn pale at the sight of a proof-sheet ever after. I set to work with the determination of being popular, and encountered the cares and fatigues of unriddling hieroglyphic manuscripts, and patching up broken sentences, with the constancy of a literary martyr. I hunted in holes and corners for genius in obscurity, that I might display it to the noon-day; and I felt my heart warm at the gratitude with which I was about to be rewarded. I reviewed new publications, paintings, and performances of all descriptions, with the tenderness of a parent to the first pledges of his fondness; I was on both sides in politics; and I never received a communication from the veriest ass, which was not attended to as punctually as a love-letter. One would have thought that, with so many claims to universal goodwill, I could not fail of obtaining it. Alas! after fidgeting and fevering myself to a skeleton, I discovered that folks of my calling are something in the predicament of house-dogs, which are not

bark they make, but mistrusted and vilified even when they fawn for favour. Before I was in power, I was considered a good sort of person enough, and had as many friends as most people. I could walk the streets without thought of danger, and go about my business without fear of criticism. In one brief quarter of a year I have out-fallen the fall of Phaeton. I have not only made no new friends, but have lost all my old ones. I cannot show my face without being hooted like an owl by daylight; and shall never again put pen to paper, without seeing each miserable sentence drawn and quartered, and hung up to public view, as the remnants of the malefactor who presumed to lord it over his betters. Expostulation is out of the question. A blockhead, who has undergone the scratching out of a sentence, is as impatient as though it had been his eye; a manuscript which has been returned, is morally certain of becoming wadding for a pistol; and I look upon all the obligations which I have conferred as so many thunderbolts, which are destined to crack my ex-editorial crown. In addition to all these grievous circumstances, the numerous assurances which I have received of the fallibility of my judgment, have altogether destroyed the confidence which I used formerly to repose in it. I feel shy of hazarding an opinion upon the merest trifle, for fear it should be disputed. My taste, vision, and hearing, seem totally different from those of other people; and had I not materials to prove what I have here advanced, I doubt very much whether I should have ventured to say a word upon the subject. Fortunately, when I commenced my editorial functions, I bought a huge band-box to hold contributions. The favours of my friends soon crammed it to splitting; but when store-houses of this kind come to be threshed out and winnowed, it is astonishing what a cloud of chaff is produced for every particle of solid grain. My whole treasury was expended in my one campaign, and I set about filling my box (which has been the very box of Pandora in every thing save the article of Hope) with the

first fruits of it. It is now, if possible, fuller than it was before; and if the reader likes the samples I am about to give him, I will feast him as long as he has an appetite. The first *morceau* I have laid my hand upon is from a gentleman to whom I wrote—"The Editor of the _____ Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. _____, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his *Essay on Pathos*, which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return."

The reply to this polite billet is as follows:—

"Sir,—I am extremely glad to have my *Pathos* again, as it was only sent for the support of a Magazine which has no chance of succeeding by its wit. At the same time I must inform you, that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself, (in private circles,) to submit my works to the judgment of one, who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion that my *Essay on Pathos* has great power; for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back; and I think it right to inform you, that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the _____ Magazine; and remain, Sir, yours, &c. &c."

One would have thought that the indignation of this lover of dullness, with whom I had the misfortune to feel so little sympathy, would at any rate have been counterbalanced by the kind words of those whose effusions I had printed in preference. But no such thing. The same post brought the following from a young beginner, who had entreated that I would do him the favour of cutting down and altering his papers as I thought best; and I vow that, in my fatherly anxiety for his reputation, I spent more time upon them than I did upon my own.

"Dear Sir,—Pray be kind enough to inform me which are my articles in your last number, for they are so alter-

ed that I do not recognise them. I have no doubt that they are a great deal the better for it, and am excessively obliged to you, and extremely sorry that it will not be in my power to forward any more contributions. Please to beg your publisher to send me his account, as I am going to take in another Magazine—and believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,

“ ———— ”

The next little note was left at my publisher's, with an article “to be continued,” which would have filled a decent-sized folio volume.

“ Sir,—I have left the accompanying paper for your perusal, and shall be obliged by an answer respecting its admissibility into your Magazine, by to-morrow morning. Yours, &c.”

The next day I received another billet, to inform me that my reply was of extreme consequence, and that, in fact, the author did not understand such unwarrantable delays. On the third day I returned the MS. with a polite note, expressive of my sorrow at my total inability to get through it in less than a month—which drew forth the subjoined.

“ Sir,—You have done me a most serious injury. Had you returned my MS in due time, I could have disposed of it to a publisher, who has now had leisure to change his mind. I am determined upon having ample reparation; and, if I do not hear from you by return of post, shall most undoubtedly place the affair in the hands of my lawyer. I remain, &c.”

This, I believe, cannot fail of being thought a little unreasonable; but, if so, what will be said of the next, which was written by a son of Apollo, whom I had lauded out of pure friendship to his calling.

“ Sir,—I have just seen in your Magazine a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which you have materially injured the sale, by mislead-

fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruination to me. I will defy you, or any one else, to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton's. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties; and the consequence is, that nobody will read it.

“ My friend, Mr. ———, the artist, is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like *Claude*, or *Nature*, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The colouring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are *not* well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence, and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sun-rise.

“ I remain, &c. ———.”

My next epistle is from a young spark, who was one of five hundred recommendations which came pouring in from my friends in all parts of the globe. The youth was described as the younger son of a country squire, a fine young man, who was thought by his mother to possess great talents, which, of course, I should have abundant pleasure and advantage in bringing forward. He had never, it appeared, scribbled a line in his life, and was sent to me, like a block fresh from the timber-yard, to be hewn which way I pleased. What could I say in such a case? I asked him to dinner, and told him that I would apply to him when I had occasion. In a fortnight after, came the cursed twopenny postman with—

“ Dear Sir,—I have been waiting impatiently to hear from you, according to promise, being anxious to set to work. I have been staying all this time at an hotel, doing nothing, and at a great expense, upon the score of the Magazine, and my friends in the country are anxious to

see some of my works. Pray let me know what I am to write, for it is all one to me, by return of post, and believe me, &c."

I wrote immediately, and regretted exceedingly that I had been the means of detaining him in London, assuring him at the same time that the press of matter would not possibly permit me to avail myself of his talents for some months at least. In about ten minutes came the following answer—

"Sir,—This is what I won't stand. I have been staying in London at your particular desire, and now I'm to be told you don't want me. I shall send you my bill at the hotel, as soon as it is made out, and if you don't pay it, I'll see the reason why. Yours, &c."

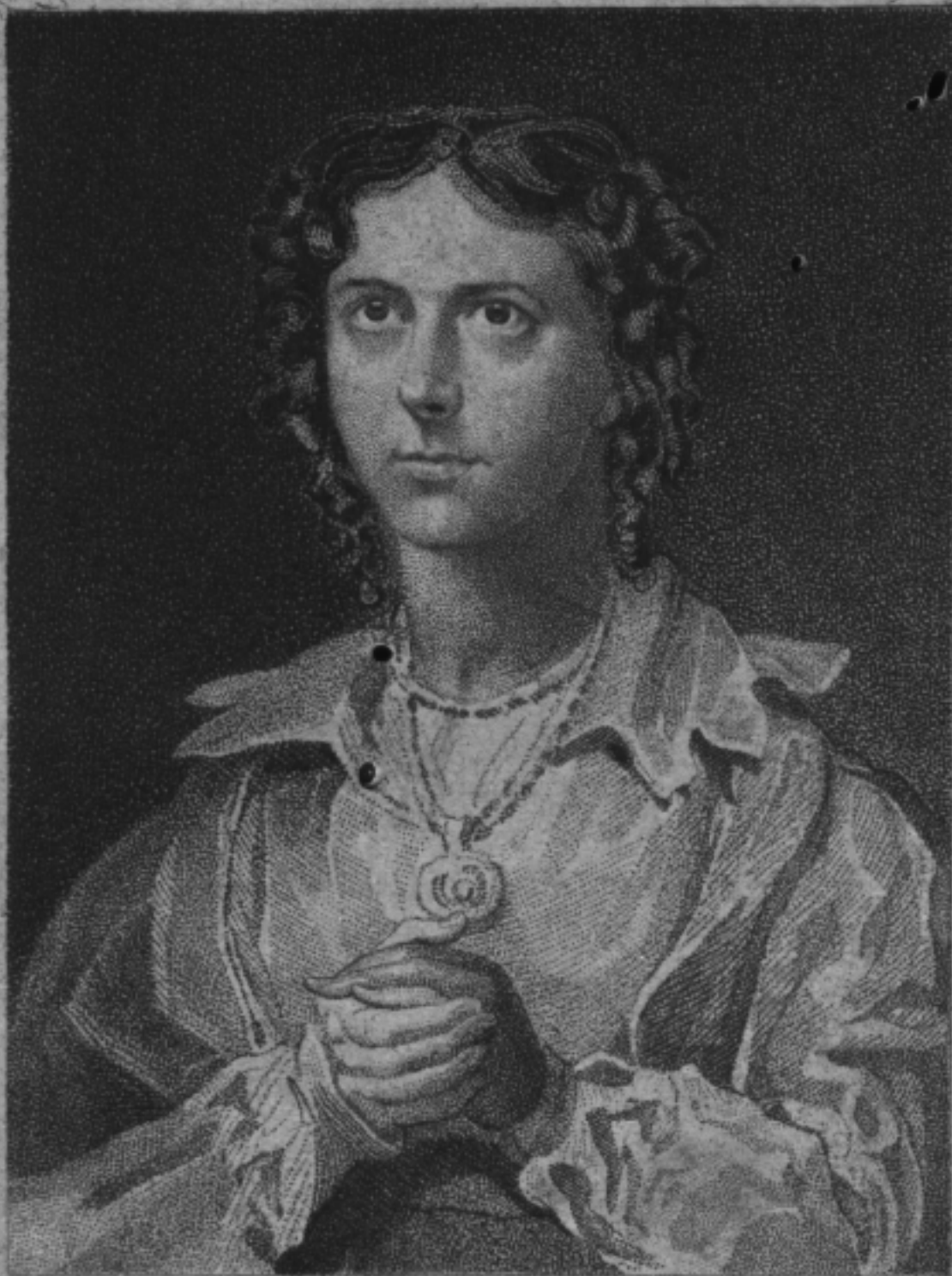
The foregoing are a mere taste of my treasures. I have complaints, and revilings, and expostulations, and challenges, and all sorts of entertaining things, on every subject and in every style imaginable; but what I have already given is quite enough to maintain my opinion of editorial comfort. I will only add one communication from my publisher, by way of a climax.

"My dear Sir,—Here is the devil to pay! It is absolutely necessary that you should give up the editorship of the Magazine. I am aware that no one else can possibly conduct it so well, but the hue and cry which is raised against you by our correspondents, and the consequent falling off in our sale, are not to be withstood. Pray see the reason of this, and give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Sunday, to meet a party of your predecessors, who have each in turn been unfortunate enough to give similar dissatisfaction. Believe me, very truly, yours,

"P.S. You had better not come to me on a week-day, as there are several persons waiting for you in the shop, who had better not be suffered to catch you —."

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.**SURREY THEATRE.**

“THINGS done in a hurry,” says the adage, “cannot be done well.” This probably applies peculiarly to the hasty collection of a company. Mr. ELLISTON only engaged his performers for a week; and, of course, made up his mind to having a weak company. A facetious manager, now in a higher station, when rebuked for leaving an underling to engage persons for him, said, “I leave *scouring the provinces* to those whose province it is to *scour*.” Our late Lessee has, perhaps, been forced to do the same. Messrs. ASBURY and KIRK are gentlemen of the skeleton make, and likely to remain *long* upon the boards, maugre their *short* engagement. Mr. W. HALL, who was “the beauty” of this theatre some twenty years since, now devotes his talents to the old men; and a Mr. FLYNN, who we remember at Hastings, is doing the light low comedy; a Mr. RUSSELL, from Exeter, is doing some serious business, beside Mr. H. KEMBLE, from the Coburg;—Mrs. HALL (a daughter of Mrs. Harlowe, we believe) and Miss SCOTT, with the *only Meg Merrilies*, form the effective female force. Whilst in aid of each “great unknown” we have named, W. WEST, YARDLEY, BUCKINGHAM, and ELLISTON himself, appear. We cannot compliment Mr. YARDLEY, whom we used to think a bass singer, upon his country boys. And, really, the prompter’s duty appeared to us to be marvellously heavy: he has a clear harmonious voice: and we inform him, for his satisfaction, that he was perfectly audible in every part of the house. It would have been prudent, perhaps, to have delayed the opening until a more equable company could have been obtained, and a little more time assigned to the gentlemen for the acquirement of the words of their various characters. However, Mr. ELLISTON has “dashed away;” and, as yet, seems to have no reason to repent his rashness. He was in high spirits, and played the *Singles* delightfully. We heartily wish him success, and shall be happy, as soon as convenient, to see him in “better company.”



Wageman del.

J. Rogers sc.

MISS. JARMAN,

AS

MRS. BEVERLEY.

London, Published by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane

MEMOIR
OF
MISS JARMAN,

(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL; COVENT-GARDEN.)

If to do, were as easy as to know *what were good to do*, chapels
had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.
Merchant of Venice.

A woman naturally born to fears.---*King John.*

Her years but young, but her experience old,
Her head un-mellow'd, but her judgment ripe.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

GREAT actresses, like comets, appear only at intervals. The secession of Mrs. Siddons, an event Harris was endeavouring to provide against, seven years previous to its occurrence, left a dreary void, which Miss O'Neill filled. Though nothing could be more dissimilar than the style of these two great actresses, the one was a worthy successor to the other. Since Miss O'Neill's retirement, various candidates have been brought forward; none of whom have absolutely failed, and scarcely any pre-eminently succeeded. In fact, a tragic actress, at the present period, has much more to contend with than Miss O'Neill had. On the subject of the revolution in public taste, we must refer our readers to our Memoir of Miss Lacy, No. 54. In addition to the difficulties therein enumerated, every present candidate has to contend with recollections, not of Miss O'Neill only, but of her great predecessor. Mrs. Siddons is green in our memories—seen by us, when our fancies were the warmest, and when

we were most likely to receive impressions, and when her own talents were matured by years of practice. We saw the sun setting, indeed, but setting in greater brightness than it rose. It is the misfortune of every young actress, that she *does not* remember Mrs. Siddons, and we do—she has never had the benefit of the lesson, by the remembrance of which we condemn her. Miss O'Neill fastened upon our affections in parts that Mrs. Siddons had not assumed for years; and it was not until after she had so engrafted herself upon the town, that all her efforts met commendation, that she attempted *Volumnia*, &c., and then she failed. In *Juliet* and *Belvidera*, in which London recollected not her predecessor, she won all hearts. Miss Lacy, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Sloman, and Miss F. H. Kelly, were forced to try their fortunes in these very characters; and we have now a new *Juliet*, in the person of our heroine. Creating, perhaps, less sensation than one at least of the ladies we have named, it is questionable whether she will not be the longer remembered. Great flames do not more surely end in smoke, than great expectations in bitter disappointment. The ill-judging friends of one talented young creature, who sang the praises of her *Juliet* from one end of the kingdom to the other, have ruined her. In the present instance, there appears to us to have been inertness and apathy in the press, rather than desire to write our heroine up; and, though a few laudatory paragraphs ushered her into London, criticism has scarcely kept pace with her subsequent exertions in it.

FRANCES ELEANOR JARMAN is a native of Yorkshire, having been born in Hull, in the month of Feb. 1805. Her mother, whose maiden name was Errington, and who was an actress of considerable talent, married a Mr. Jarman, a member of the law. The first fruits of which marriage was our heroine. Mrs. Jarman continued for years in the York company, under the management of the evergreen Tate Wilkinson: her talent, at length, attracted the notice of the Bath managers, who engaged her for season 1814, at that theatre; and, we think, that season

little FANNY made her *début* for the benefit of her mother. She recited Southey's tale of *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, with all the warm applause commonly bestowed on the precocious efforts of infants.

In the year 1820, Miss JARMAN was regularly engaged on the Bath stage, where she rapidly, we may say instantaneously, became a favourite. Almost immediately after her appearance, she received an offer from Covent-garden, which was declined; and, on Mr. Harris taking the Dublin theatre, she accepted an offer to lead. At the close of her first Dublin season, she appeared at several of our provincial theatres, particularly at those of Southampton, Winchester, and Birmingham; at each of which she was eminently successful, and made immense benefits. At the re-opening of the Dublin theatre, she again visited the Emerald Isle. From Dublin, our heroine passed, as a star, into the Irish provinces. At Sligo, we remember she was engaged for a fortnight; at the close of which she took a benefit; and, in compliment to her talent, the house was so excessively crowded, that it was necessary to call in the aid of the police. A singular and unexampled event followed this proof of the estimation in which she was held; for, while making preparations for her departure, a deputation waited upon her, to entreat her to remain one fortnight longer on their stage. She acceded to their request—took a second benefit, which was as crowded as the first—and, whilst curtsying her thanks to the warm-hearted folks in Sligo, one of her gallery patrons roared out, in a tone of mingled entreaty and reproach, “Arrah, Miss JARMAN! won't you give us six nights longer?—Stay another week, my vourneen!”

Whilst in the land of bulls, whisky, and gallantry, Miss JARMAN had a host of admirers; and we may here amuse our readers with a tale, for the truth of which we pledge ourselves; though, from motives of pity, (though it is undeserved,) we shall not mention names.

A gentleman, moving in fashionable circles, became acquainted with Mrs. Jarman, and was an occasional

visitor at her house: there he became, of course, on terms of friendly intercourse with our heroine. It was well known that this gentleman was related, though distantly, to a nobleman, whose fortune was as great as his interest was powerful. The "gentleman" had frequently proffered Miss JARMAN an introduction to this noble lord, but which she, from motives of delicacy, declined. On one particular occasion he pressed it warmly—urged the very favourable result an acquaintance with so influential a person as Lord —— must lead to, —and had actually brought a curricule to the door, to convey the fair *Juliet* to the mansion of his relative. Though urged by all the eloquence that an Irishman boasts of, (and with ladies their eloquence is proverbial,) Miss JARMAN firmly declined; expressing, at the same time, her warmest thanks for the kindness of the offer. The gentleman retired, evidently chagrined, and became a less frequent visitor. Some other circumstances tended to create a suspicion; and, on inquiry, it was discovered that, being at variance with his relative, the introduction he had spoken of, could not possibly have been effected by him. On ascertaining this fact, Mrs. Jarman, with the greatest promptitude, called in the assistance of a valued friend, who instantly demanded an explanation of this gentleman. After much bullying and equivocation, the culprit confessed, that, being ruined at the gaming-table, he had at length consented to become the pander of his creditor; that a person, to whom he stood indebted, had offered to cancel his claim, and reward him, if he would betray our heroine into his hands; and he had diabolically consented, and laid the plot, that the delicacy and propriety of Miss JARMAN's conduct had so happily frustrated.

These details appear almost too romantic for truth; yet, of their truth we are well assured. Abduction, in Ireland, is a more common occurrence than here; and, to the shame of the land be it spoken, not regarded with sufficient abhorrence. We are inclined to believe that the

lads of the Emerald Isle have falsely obtained a character for gallantry, and that they are more indebted to their brutality, than their powers of persuasion, for their success as suitors. Be that as it may, the plot we have detailed has scarcely its parallel in baseness, and disgraces the annals of any country.

At Sligo, Miss JARMAN finally concluded her engagement for Covent-garden, and left that town for the prince of cities. In her way she visited Bath, where she was greeted with all the warm welcome due to an actress who had been reared upon those boards, and was now approaching the pinnacle of fame.

On the 7th Feb. 1827, our heroine appeared before a London audience, in *Juliet*. Notwithstanding her unparalleled success elsewhere, her terror amounted absolutely to agony. We scarcely remember an instance more distressing of the malady called stage-fright. From *The Examiner*, a paper long celebrated for the excellence of its dramatic strictures, we extract this notice of our heroine's performance.

“ On Friday evening we attended the second appearance of Miss JARMAN, a lady of some experience on the boards of the theatres of Bath and Dublin, in the character of *Juliet*. The stage qualifications of Miss JARMAN are of the superior order, both as regards mental and personal qualifications. In stature, she is somewhat above the middle size; rather slender, but finely symmetrical; and she possesses features of great flexibility and intelligence. We always regard the part of *Juliet* as a hazardous *débüt*; because, to be duly represented, it requires a species of vivacity and *naïveté* in the earlier scenes, which is as much allied to comedy as to tragedy; while the heart-rending pathos of the two last acts calls for powers of quite another description. It is not, because Shakespeare has so beautifully united these opposing feelings and trains of circumstances, that many even-gifted actresses can do the same. Thus, it is frequently found that a well-executed balcony scene, and colloquial dai-

liance with the aged nurse, are followed by an inadequate soliloquy upon the sleeping draught, tame representation of the fatal catastrophe, and *vice versa*.

“ Miss JARMAN exhibits little of this discrepancy. Her balcony scene was performed with great nature and feeling; and she very powerfully conceived and represented the shuddering horror which the imagination of *Juliet* conjures up, in the anticipation of waking alone in the tomb of her ancestors. Her manner of dying was also forcible and effective. As criticism, however, must find food, that in which this lady seems most defective, is the power or practice of keeping up an interest in the more level and less-wrought passages. Her grief had occasionally something too much of the common sobbing, inarticulate, and hysterical character; a failing which no one can remedy more easily than herself; as she has not to labour against that deficiency of voice, which the enormous size of the winter theatres renders so great an obstacle to so many females, who are otherwise sufficiently qualified. That of Miss JARMAN’s is finely full and distinctive, and will allow her to effect much in the exhibition of deep feeling, with little appearance of effort. It may, however, be observed, in qualification of this hint of a want of sufficient energy, that the previous experience of Miss JARMAN, on other boards, has not deprived her of a great share of timidity; and that part of the inequality of marking, to which we allude, may arise from the apprehension attendant on a first appearance in London; which, to performers who have obtained celebrity elsewhere, is usually a very formidable adventure. We have been informed that, hitherto, Miss JARMAN has cultivated genteel comedy, much more than tragedy; so that we are not prepared to say in what manner she is likely to follow up her *Juliet*. She has, indisputably, considerable general qualifications for either line; and can scarcely fail of becoming a valuable recruit to the London boards; but we must see her in a character more decidedly cal-

Juliet, before we can anticipate the exact rank which she may be expected to take among the children of *Melpomene*.”

It may be here proper for us to remind the public, that, after her third appearance, Miss JARMAN was taken ill, and confined, from the effects of nervous fever; and that, in consequence of this, another lady was put into possession of *Belvidera*: a thing which seemed like a tacit avowal of Miss JARMAN's inability to assume that part; when the fact was, she did not feel herself sufficiently recovered to attempt it, at the short notice given her.

It has been Miss JARMAN's misfortune to acquire notoriety in provincial theatres.* Amongst our popular performers, we remember no one who came with a country character, (if we may use the term,) and succeeded. We can name many who were thus fared, and who failed. Miss O'Neill was unknown, or nearly so—Miss Walstein was the idol of Dublin—London does not like to have the idol of another town thrust upon it—a city can be jealous—Kean was obscure—Vandenhoff notorious. We say thus much as an observation—not a prediction. Failure with Miss JARMAN is out of the question. She has succeeded—and is acknowledged to be a first-rate actress—but will she retain the favour of the public?—will she hold our feelings, as well as her station?—will she be of importance to the treasury?—for that is the plain question. If she be not, we must speedily lose sight of her.

* As a proof of her popularity, take this advertisement of her indisposition at Dublin:—

“THE THEATRE.—We regret to state, that Miss JARMAN's indisposition still continues unabated. This circumstance, which we sincerely lament on Miss JARMAN's account, is rendered more distressing, in consequence of the conspicuous part she should have filled this evening, in the new comedy of *The Mad Cap*, for the benefit of the author. The disappointment which, from the same cause, already occurred to this gentleman, has, we learn, excited a great interest in the public; and a committee of gentlemen has been formed, as an evening paper mentions, for the purpose of giving a more extended patronage to the author's night, and of preventing the consequences from falling upon him, which such disappointment might occasion.”

No part of our duty is so troublesome and unprofitable as that in which we attempt to sum up the talent of the individuals whose memoirs we sketch. It is troublesome—for it involves wearisome visits to theatres, and racking of our recollections, to remember the efforts of others, that we may place them in juxta position. And, after all, we are compensated by the accusation of prejudice or folly, by the friends of the party. It is unprofitable—because it cannot supply the place of knowledge to those who have not seen the actor or actress, and it must fall short of the feeling of those who have. Acting, at all times, is easier felt than described; and the finer points of a performance absolutely defy any description. You may picture the waves in motion, but you cannot make them move. There is a vitality in every action, that never can be traced or delineated on paper, any more than a painter can catch *mobility* as well as *identity* of expression. We have seen too little of Miss JARMAN's acting to do her justice; and this we candidly admit; but as we are bound to speak of her powers, we must attempt the task: She has been unfortunate in the period of her appearance; for, could Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neill, conjointly appear now, we do not believe they could wean back the public taste, vitiated by gew-gaw and music. The days of the drama are done—the sun has set upon Shakespeare, at least, for a while. There will come a day—we hope there will—but a dreary interregnum of frippery lies between this hour and that. Rossini and Weber are only the leaders of a vicious band—their paltry imitators are ruining our stage. Miss JARMAN has been as successful as any one could be, who professed to act tragedy and comedy, in a house wholly devoted to opera, romance, and melo-drame. She has been applauded, but not followed—but she has drawn more than Miss Lacy or Mrs. Sloman did—and yet she has drawn very little. It is not that Miss JARMAN is not

Romeo. A man of fifty, and now looking his years, could excite no interest—and an audience will judge from general effects, and not particular efforts; and the first impression settles the after-career. Miss JARMAN has not the tenderness of Mrs. W. West, but she has more force; and, on a fair view of the merits and defects of these ladies, is perhaps equal to her; which is conveying a very high praise. For the general purposes of a theatre, Miss JARMAN is most valuable—for particular parts, Mrs. West is superior. In comedy, Miss JARMAN is a finished actress—but there is an identity wanting in all she does. We do not feel with her, and for her. She does all correctly—elegantly—well—but there is still something wanting. It is a performance—a picture—not the thing itself—there is a precision about her—an evident precision—as if she was setting bounds for herself, beyond which she would not go—as if she felt the necessity of keeping her fancy in check—and the presence of this restraint tends to mar the general effect of her performances. We must see Miss JARMAN when she is more accustomed to our boards; and shall deem it our duty to speak more fully of her powers. At present, we regard her as a good actress, both in comedy and tragedy—possessing an infinite degree of acquirement and power, but not of first-rate genius. Indeed, we rather deem her an actress of study than of impulse; and think her more indebted to talent, instruction, and practice, than to native power or inclination. With all this, be it remembered, that Miss JARMAN is much younger than any of the ladies with whom she has been contrasted; and that there is every probability of a few years tending to increase and develop her powers.

We can none of us see ourselves; and it is therefore of the highest importance, both to an actor and actress, but particularly to the latter, to have some judicious friend constantly at their elbow. That such friends are scarce, except in our nearest and dearest ties, must be obvious to all. Appearance is of great importance on

the stage; and who is so likely to study what dress best becomes us, as those who first instructed us that it was necessary, in civilised nations, to wear clothing. We feel we shall be boys all our lives. "Men are but children of a larger growth." The attentions of a good mother is of more consequence to the ultimate success in life of a young man or woman, than all the masters in Europe; and, in the theatrical world it is, to an actress, of the most vital importance. Our heroine enjoys this blessing, this protection. Miss Smithson, of Drury-lane theatre, is equally happy in this particular. Mrs. Chatterley, who understands the art of dress better than any actress we ever met with, has acquired that art from the extraordinary pains bestowed on her by her mother. It has always been our opinion, and fire could not burn it out of us, that John and Charles Kemble were mutually indebted to each other, for the perfection at which they arrived in their profession. How much their accomplished sister was indebted to maternal care, and how much she aided both her brothers, needs no comment.

Mrs. Jarman's care and anxiety has been rewarded by the talent and the amiable qualities of her daughter. Mrs. Jarman is the mother of six children, one of whom (Louisa) is a singer of much promise. Our heroine sings pleasingly, and is an accomplished woman; shining in the drawing-room, perhaps, even more than in the theatre.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.**ACTORS OF THE PRESENT DAY.**

IF there is one national amusement to which the attention of Englishmen has always been peculiarly directed, it is to the stage. To the politician, the merchant, the lawyer, and indeed to every branch of society, in its widest ramifications, it has presented a temporary refuge from the cares consequent on the fickle fluctuations of fortune. A theatre may be considered as a temple of concord; a shrine of humanity and goodness. All hasten to it with one feeling of unanimity—one amiable disposition to be pleased. There is no diversity of opinion—no chilling acerbity of temperament. Comedy lightens up a smile on the countenances; and tragedy draws tears from the eyes of all. The spirit of the actor is infectious; and passes with instantaneous impulse into the hearts of his audience. This is as it should be. And surely even the fanatic himself must confess, that man better serves man, and adores Deity, in spreading around the sunshine of his happiness, and drawing innocent pleasure from its fountain head, than in listening with gloomy composure to the enthusiasm and artifice of bigots.

The stage is the practical school of humanity. It is there we are taught to avoid vice, from the effective manner in which its concomitant miseries are embodied, and to pursue virtue from the practical benefits it secures. What a salutary lesson has Shakespeare given, and Kean delineated, in the conception and execution of *Othello*! What a fine homily! What a practical proof of the sorrows and fatality of jealousy does it present to the eye and the heart of the spectator! The Spartans, they say, made their helots drunk, that the sight might sufficiently disgust their children. The stage goes further; it lays

open and anatomizes the human heart, that its virtues or deformities may disgust or ameliorate the humanity of the audience.

We are not yet sufficiently aware of the debt of gratitude that is owing to the actor. To him, in the breasts of thousands, may be traced the earliest impulses of human action, that first drew the mind from obscurity to the mountain paths of greatness. The *Othello* of Kean may possibly have eradicated the "green-eyed monster," and produced a reformation in the breasts of many of his audience. The *Macbeth* of Kemble may, in like manner, have turned hundreds from the path of ambition, and spoken a lesson to the heart, that it can never afterwards eradicate. Would that the priesthood could say as much!

For ourselves, if we ever had any lingering feelings of ambition, any "lust of sway," the *Thane of Caedor*, of the noblest of tragedians, the "last of all the Romans," would have preserved us. The first play we ever saw was *Macbeth*, and the vivid impression of the moment has never passed away. In the earlier scenes of the tragedy, where all was pomp, and bustle, and kingly majesty, we thought it a fine thing to be *Macbeth*, the monarch of the north. But when his noble representative told us, with downcast brow, that his "way of life had fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," and "all that should accompany old age," was for ever denied to him, we shrunk from the gorgeous pageantry of "kingly purple," and acknowledged a lesson of morality that experience will never forget. Surely, the actor who has wrought such reformation in the human heart, deserves to be considered a benefactor to mankind, at least as much, and perhaps more so, than the Society for the Suppression of Vice, with all its "appliances and means to boot."

We know that some "carping bigots" will assert that the drama is the bane of innocent enjoyment; the hotbed of vice and all "unseemly conduct." The fact is, that both the church and the drama have undertaken to reform human nature. It is a hard battle of humanity that is

fought between the two. The church would have you desert the theatre, that its own finances and congregation may be bettered, and attend solely to its own means of improvement. It promises future happiness for present abstinence. But the drama secures at once present felicity. If the future comes, why then it is an agreeable surprise; if not, you have past improvement, that has at any rate kept pace with past happiness.

THE LOBBIES.

It is from the united motives of inclination and duty that we introduce the manners of the "Box Lobbies" to the censure of all those who may peruse our pages. Every man who visits the boxes of our theatres, is compelled to witness a concentration of all that is calculated to lower woman in the scale of humanity. Every man who is touched with the honourable feelings of our nature, must blush to introduce any female he respects, even for a passing moment, into such a vortex of all that is the shame and the disgrace of the sex. The evil we complain of, is certainly a fair ground even for the censure of the stage itself. Is it not disgraceful to the police of our country, that where innocent entertainment and becoming mirth may be justly expected, one species of vice should erect its head-quarters, and, in defiance of all decorum and even common decency of behaviour, insult openly and unblushingly every beholder?

The purposes of such an assemblage of cyprians cannot be mistaken. Nor are they themselves blameable, or at most they are blameable only in a minor degree. Victims (many of them, at least) of the duplicity and depravity of our sex, their retaliation of the evils they have experienced from us, may indeed be greatly lamented, but in strict justice it can hardly be condemned. But though we might be tempted, through pity, to excuse the crimes of the parties themselves, yet we can find no excuse for the conduct of those who encourage them. We

can hardly find words to express the blame we attach to the facilities which are afforded them, in the exercise of their vile profession. The accommodations they receive, from the present management and structure of our theatres, is disgraceful to human nature.

The box-lobbies seem exclusively devoted to the use of the persons to whom we have alluded. Would it be asserting too much to say, that they were built expressly for their accommodation? It is certain they are the actual tenants. The avowed purpose of these gorgeous saloons is the accommodation of the audience. In what does this accommodation consist? Does it consist in the sale of the worst kind of refreshments, at the dearest rate? Is it an accommodation, to give to those who may be wearied with the period of time which passes in silence between the pieces, an opportunity to encounter, in the endeavour to promenade for a few minutes, the pressure of an immense crowd,—a crowd through which it is scarcely possible to force a passage, and in which our ears are almost always assailed with the vilest ribaldry, while our eyes are shocked by a sight of the squalid countenances, the sunk and hollow, the haggard eyes of those wretched beings, who sacrifice health, happiness, and honour, at the shrine of debauchery, to satisfy the merciless cupidity of the old beldames, who garnish them out for the transient purchase sometimes of those who are deceived into guilt, and sometimes of those who are so base as to glory in its practice? Is this accommodation? If it be, we confess our notions of that which is desirable are very erroneous. The feelings of humanity are almost overpowered while contemplating such scenes. That they should be tolerated for a moment by the police, is incredible. Had the "Society for the Suppression of Vice" attempted to remove this nuisance, they would have immortalised themselves by an exertion both rational and christianlike. But this was higher game than the

them. Their exertions added to the burden of misery, instead of lightening its load. They broke the hearts of the wretched, who had sorrows enough, without the intervention of this nick-named society.

In order that we may state the abuse we complain of clearly, we will show the exact nature of it. The lobbies are spacious rooms, fitted up in the most elegant and splendid manner, having confectionaries, &c. appertaining to them. At Covent-garden, the audience pass through them into the boxes. Proverbial, however, for the reception of profligacy, no modest woman can pause to examine their beauty, or admire their brilliance. At Drury-lane, they are not considered as a part of the theatre. They are quite detached from it. They have there the appearance of being built expressly for licentious relaxation.

Previous to the half-price, these temples of depravity are empty. At the half-price these pestiferous beings enter, fill the upper boxes until the play is nearly over, and then generally destroy the interest of the last scene, by the hurry and noise which ensues in their competition to be first in the lobbies, where they are followed by all the foolish, profligate, and curious part of the male audience. The theatre ought to be a school of morals, but these people make it a "nest of vice." The effect of the instruction of the stage may be obliterated by the vicious folly which rears its unhallowed head in that structure where it should be particularly prohibited.

Under the present regulations of the lobbies, they are of no use to the greater part of the frequenters of the theatre. They are a general nuisance, and their removal, or proper regulation, is indispensable. The sellers of oranges, confectionary, &c. &c., are indeed considerable gainers by them, but their gain is "the price of folly," and ought not to be suffered. They dispose of their refreshments at a profit of about a hundred per cent. on the quantity, and nearly as much on the

whom, in return, they accommodate with the care of their garments, while they patrol the saloon in a state of nudity; which would not, under any circumstances, be tolerated on the boards. These places are no accommodation whatever to the respectable part of the audience. No sober man can take a woman of character to them for refreshment. When, therefore, the curtain falls, they are obliged to hurry through the lobbies as fast as they can, to avoid the *double entendres*, and indecencies both of words and action, which it is fortunate for them, if even by such means they can escape.

The existence of the lobbies, as they are now constructed, is the cause of these evils. It is certainly desirable that refreshments should be within the easy reach of the audience. Yet the audience of the pit might as reasonably demand a lobby for that purpose, as the audience of the boxes. At Drury-lane, the proprietors perceived that the lobby was not necessarily connected with the theatre; they therefore erected it separate from the direct passage to the front of the scene. Their contrivance keeps the evil from the view of the modest, and those who do not seek it. For this compliment paid to good manners, they deserve the commendation of the public; yet they had deserved more praise, if they had abolished the custom altogether;—if they had not paid a compliment to licentiousness also, by building her a chapel under a roof, which ought to be the temple of good manners, good taste, and true decorum.

OTWAY AND "VENICE PRESERVED."

Venice Preserved is the last and best work of Otway, being written only the year previous to his death, in 1684. One proof of the merit of this tragedy may be found in the circumstance of its having kept the stage for one hundred and thirty years, and found admirers among all the changes of dramatic taste. Otway copied Nature: he wrote as he felt. He sought the character of man, by

consulting his own breast. No tragedy in our language exhibits connubial love in such strong and interesting colours. Our affections are controlled and overpowered by the magical influence of his muse. No beholder can remain unaffected. The heart acknowledges its transcript, and fixes with avidity upon every scene, from the commencement to the final close, with increasing interest. Lovers of all kinds we have contemplated on the stage, as in real life—to satiety—but the happy and honourable love of a tender husband and an affectionate wife, represented, as it is, with all the truth of Nature, is irresistible. In the miseries that are inflicted on this hapless pair, what charms do their mutual endearments exhibit! When *Belvidera* soothes the troubled soul of *Jaffier*, what coquette will not confess there are charms in marriage, which nothing but marriage can afford? When *Jaffier* “hugs his little but his precious store,” what misanthropic bachelor but regrets that he has mistaken the path to happiness? On the merits of this tragedy we need not dilate. We only desired to add our tribute to the wreath already perfect on the brows of *Otway*. Peace to his shade! His misfortunes have amply atoned for his errors, and his fame will be as endless as the reign of Nature in the human breast. The character of *Belvidera* is doubtless the principal in the piece; she is the cause and effect—the *Alpha* and *Omega*—the first and the last. On her account alone, *Jaffier* shrinks from poverty, and joins the conspirators. Her wrongs alone incense him against his new friends—her entreaties alone induce him to betray them. Even in the last scenes, we are only anxious to learn how she, the author of her woes, will bear them, and resigning *Pierre* with esteem, and *Jaffier* with pity to the tomb, we reserve for the fate of *Belvidera* the lamentation of our sorrow.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

This piece of fairy land was opened to the public, for the first time this season, on Monday the 4th of June.

180 PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Very considerable alterations have taken place, to prepare for a grand spectacle, entitled, *The Battle of Waterloo*. Five hundred foot and horse are to be engaged at the same time, in some of the scenes. Mr. FARLEY has the command of the infantry, and Mr. COOKE, the Liverpool equestrian, the cavalry; the proprietors are most sanguine as to the result of this expensive speculation. In the early part of the evening, the company are entertained with a little dramatic sketch, from the pen of Mr. MONCRIEF; but it is, in our opinion, one of his worst productions, and it requires the utmost exertions on the part of the actors, to make it go down at all. Mr. WOULDs, from the Bath theatre, and Mr. S. BENNETT, who our readers may recollect was at the Haymarket, about two seasons back, are among the corps dramatic, together with Mr. and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, HORN from Drury, &c. &c. Mr. S. BENNETT is an excellent actor, and we sincerely wish we had an opportunity to have a taste of his quality in the regular drama.

JONES'S BENEFIT.

A CROWDED house testified the public estimation of this sterling comedian's value: he recited an address, in which he returned thanks for favours past, and was enthusiastically cheered. Mr. YATES performed his monopolylogue, "*Stop Thief*,"—a most decided insult to the public, and the performers. These sketches are performances of necessity, in an entertainment where only one actor can appear by the licensing law, and should only then be tolerated. To substitute the exertions of one individual, for such a company as that at Covent-garden, is a piece of barefaced insolence on one side, and absolute folly on the other. JONES should have known better than to use his patrons thus; but *friendship*, we believe, was his inducement. Mr. YATES has no excuse, and the hissing he received was richly merited by his egotism, and will, we trust, prevent a repetition of the offence.



J. Rogers sc.

MR. REEVE,
AS
JERRY HAWTHORN.

London, Published by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR,

OF

JOHN REEVE,

(OF THE ADELPHI AND HAYMARKET THEATRES.)

“ A clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy, Jemmy, likum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play.”

* * *

“ Come, boys, if here you'll no longer stop,
Come then elsewhere, make a night of it, now!
Come to the coffee-room—come to the oyster-shop,
Prithce, turn out, for a lark or a row!
And if the old Charleys
Interfere with our parleys,
By springing of rattles, let 'em mind what they're a'ter,
Or they'll think of it many a day,
And tell of the bloody fray,
For, d—n their old sconces, we'll give 'em no quarter!”

THE only instance on record of an actor's stepping at once from the stage of a private theatre to that of a public one, and becoming, in his very outset, a favourite, is furnished by the hero of the present Memoir. From Pym's to Drury was an enormous step in theatricals; and, though it has been since attempted by one individual, it has not been attended with the same result.

Rejoice, ye cockneys! for of you is our hero! who was born in the last year of the last century, within a few yards of the Londoner's landmark, St. Paul's. On Ludgate-hill, Mr. JOHN REEVE first imbibed the smoky air of the metropolis, and gladdened the heart of his worthy papa, a citizen and common-councilman of London.

Master REEVE “ was not what the world calls handsome” in his juvenilia; but he made amends for the lack of beauty, by an abundance of comicality. After running

through all the usual routine of suckling, nursing, breeching, and preparatory schooling, and subsequently a due quantity of exertions in whipping-tops, and provoking the master to a contrary exercise, Master JACKY was sent to a superior academy. There he became the school-fellow of Frederick Yates. These young gentlemen, though they sat upon forms, did not stand upon ceremony—they soon became intimate friends. The similarity of their pursuits, for they were each equally bent on mischief, made them still more constant companions. We believe, for aptness of study, Master Yates bore the palm; but, in ingenuity, Master REEVE excelled him. Amongst the many jokes told of these young truants, is, their having invented a system of annoyance, now common in academies. They selected all the unframed slates, and, holding them by the strings before the fire, made them excessively hot, and then deliberately placed them on the seats, as any of their schoolfellows vacated them. On resuming their former situations, we need not say, that the unfortunates did not find their comforts increased by the warmth thus suddenly communicated. For this offence, our hero and his partner in frolic were sentenced to be flogged. Master Yates bore his punishment with the fortitude of a hero, and in a style that might be deemed a prognostic of the tragical traits he subsequently developed; but ignoble JACKY roared lustily—frighting the very school-room “from its propriety.” Master Yates, “the elder of the twain,” quitted the academy soon after this; and our *Pollux*, having lost his *Castor*, became less mischievous and amusing. At length, his hour was come; and he was called from school, to the counter of his father.

A shop was but ill-suited to the volatility of his disposition; and, like a number of other unfortunates, he discovered that the counter was a place of confinement. Beside, he had “held fast” at the counter, and

of the stage ; and, when the ascension of the shutters proclaimed the conclusion of the daily toil, stole forth, at half-price, to the temples he idolized—those of Drury and the Garden. These nightly exits—and, what was yet more difficult, the subsequent entrances after midnight—were subjects for the exertion of all his ingenuity ; as Mr. Reeve, sen., was inclined to think Shakespeare's volumes less valuable than the ledger, and might have visited his derelictions with some severity. How Master JOHN, then rising seventeen, persuaded the housemaids to favour his *entré*, whilst his parent slumbered profoundly, rests, with other secrets, in his own bosom ; it is enough for us biographers to know, that his persuasive powers were sufficient for the purpose. And whether he invoked the aid of the potent devil, gold—the more winning witchery of the tongue—or any more potent incentive—is nothing to us, and but little to you, reader.

It is an old remark, that sons seldom succeed in their father's business : at all events, they do not often pursue it with avidity under the parental roof. Whether this conviction influenced Mr. Reeve, sen., or not, we cannot determine ; but our hero was transplanted to the house of Messrs. Nevill, wholesale hosiers, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, in the Ward of Cheap. Mr. REEVE had no fancy for his trade—he thought it troublesome as well as unnatural, always to have stockings upon his hands—and, as to socks, his ideas were fixed on the sock in another way. The warehouse of Messrs. Nevill & Co. is at the back of Wood-street, the top of which is leaded and entirely flat—this was a favourite retreat of Mr. REEVE's—and there, nightly, did he pour forth his dramatic recollections. Our hero soon discovered, that spouting on the flats, quite alone,

“ Was much more dignified than entertaining ;”

he therefore looked around him, and soon found a companion for his perambulations. With his new *ami* he now went forth upon the leads, rehearsing singing, fencing,

—in short, performing every evolution that he had ever witnessed in the efforts of Kean, Braham, or Liston, nay, even of Blanchard and Bradley. That all this could not be done without disturbing the surrounding neighbourhood, our readers will readily imagine; but this fact escaped the penetration of the stage-struck youths, who persisted in perpetrating Otway, Massinger, Sheridan, &c., until the very watchmen were startled on their beat. During the run of *Brutus*, Messrs. REEVE and friend learned the principal scenes of the play, and rehearsed them at their usual rendezvous. Their performance disturbed the rest of one, who fain would have slumbered, in the adjoining *domus*; and, opening the window of his attic, he thrust his night-cap encased frontispiece forth, and requested a cessation of hostilities. REEVE's friend suggested the propriety of retiring, and our hero acceded; but his patience became exhausted; and he resolved, once more, to go forth and finish the scene. They did so. The stars were bright above them, and the window of the adjoining attic being closed, they presumed that its occupant slept soundly; and they therefore gave vent to their "outbreathings." The before-mentioned inmate of the sky-parlour had, it seems, like *Isaac Shove*,

" Long time kept
His character for patience very laudably;"

but this was beyond endurance; and finding eloquence unavailing, and that it was useless to expend air upon them, he resolved to try the effect of another element—water; and, seizing an utensil, whose name, whilst our greatest English comic actress has existing admirers, can never be forgotten, he hurled the contents over the two actors, whilst they were engaged in the most passionate passage of the scene. Now, JACK REEVE was not the man to endure this visitation of the briny fluid tamely; and, whilst his friend "shook thousand odours from his dewy clothes," he vented his reproaches upon the de-

luger. The angry altercation awakened the surrounding tenantry, many of whom had been previously annoyed by REEVE's nightly rehearsals—they commenced expostulating—and our hero roared out—

“A flourish of trumpets! strike alarum drums!
Let not the heavens hear these women
Rail on the Lord's anointed!”

This was, on his part, an open declaration of warfare—braving those whom he should have conciliated. The neighbours now made one common cause, and pelted our young hosier with every missile they could muster; at length, the noble *Brutus* was fain to seek shelter from the showers which fell around him at every side. Ere he had descended the next morning, his persecutors of the previous night had represented his conduct to Messrs. Nevill and Co.—the result was explanation, altercation, and departure.

Messrs. Gosling and Co., the bankers, in Fleet-street, now installed our hero as one of their clerks; and, whilst there, he was introduced to Mr. Pym, the proprietor of an elegant little theatre in Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-lane. One of the regulations of this place is, that no one shall become a member, if under the age of twenty-one; but our hero found means to evade this. For the sum of three shillings and sixpence per week, our hero was permitted to enact; but the impression respecting his talents being very unfavourable, he was only assigned inferior characters, seldom amounting to things of farther importance than the mere delivery of messages.* REEVE sighed again for the flattened roof of the hosier's warehouse, and cursed the garret-bred wretch, whose interference had turned his dramatic nursery into an aquatic theatre.

* His love of fun was exhibited even in these subordinate parts. One night, during his personation of a servant, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, *Weaze* said—“You gentlemen must have your little comforts.” “To be sure we must,” said REEVE—“we must have our little carraway comfits.”

But curses stick not; and a remedy was what our hero sought; he therefore hired the house for one night, and put up his own name for *Othello* and *Sylvester Daggerwood*. In *Othello* he was certainly perplexed in the extreme, but in *Daggerwood* he carried all before him. This effort was witnessed by Mr. Rodwell, father of the late proprietor of the Adelphi; and he requested our hero to play *Sylvester* for him at Drury. JOHN, who, it is said, would fain have played *Othello* too, acceded to his request.

On Tuesday, the 8th June, 1819, he made his essay. The play selected on the occasion was *King Henry IV.* Mr. S. Kemble performed the part of *Falstaff*, and our hero appeared in the character of *Sylvester Daggerwood*, in the interlude which followed. *The Theatrical Inquirer* gives the following report of his performance:—

“ His imitations we do not hesitate to pronounce to be the best we have hitherto seen. They do not consist in the mere adoption of some single characteristic of an actor—they embody the whole of his peculiarities of voice, gesture, and manner—they identify the man—and you might almost persuade yourself he stood before you. The least striking were those of Liston and Harley. Of the latter, he gave the tread and manner only, but could not touch his voice. The most perfect were those of Munden, Farren, Mathews, Kean, and D. Fisher. That of Munden, as *Dozey*, in *Past Ten o’Clock*, was excellent. He comes much nearer to Kean than any one that has yet attempted it; and D. Fisher he perfectly identifies in his voice, action, manner, every thing. We are yet inclined to give him more praise for his imitation of Mr. Farren than any other, because we conceive it to be the most difficult. Mr. Farren does not possess any broad peculiarity which can be easily seized on. His action is chaste, and free from all distortion; and therefore it must require a very close study, to give any idea of his manner. This imitation was admirable. Were we not too well acquainted with Mr. Farren, we should have thought him on the stage.

“ Whether this gentleman’s powers are confined to imitations, we are not in a situation to judge. We can never believe there is much genuine genius, where this genius for imitation prevails; and yet we are inclined to suspect, that this young man has in him some humour of his own. Before attempting any thing like a character, it will be necessary for him to lay an embargo on a pair of very long legs, which seem to have an irresistible inclination to run, jump, and dance away with him. We never saw anybody but a *Harlequin*, display so much vivacity and agility on the stage. His person is never quiet—he is incessantly dancing and jumping round the stage—jumping over the chairs, tables, and even over the actors—and we were in some doubt whether he would not fly into the pit, or one of the *proscenium* boxes.”

This performance was so enthusiastically received, that he consented to repeat it on the succeeding evening, for Mr. Lanza’s benefit.

There was now little doubt of our hero’s destiny; but yet he determined not to resign the hopes of the banking-house, until he had insured dramatic honours. He received an offer from Mr. Arnold, having been introduced by a friend, we believe, Mr. Harley. A piece was immediately prepared for him, and he was announced to sustain five characters in it, thus:—

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

BY ADVERTISEMENT.

HARRY ALIAS,
Dr. ENDALL,
SAM DABBS,
Sir PETER TEAZLE,
Mr. M.

} by Mr. * * * * *

A considerable degree of curiosity was excited by this announcement; and we subjoin a criticism of the day upon his effort, which we have chosen for its brevity and

“ Much as we deprecate and regret the prevailing rage for imitation, justice to the author, the exhibitor, and the manager, will not allow us to be silent when merit appears, either in the piece or the performer. That such is the case in the present instance, in our opinion, does not admit of a doubt: and, although a writer in *The Sunday Monitor* informed us, he considered the whole as ‘very la la indeed;’ a declaration that does as much credit to his powers of expression as his critical judgment,—we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. ***** one of the best imitators of the present day, and the piece itself a pleasant little vehicle for the exertions of this whimsical mimic.”

This night (17th July, 1819) stamped our hero as a favourite; and, when H. J., then stage-manager, stepped forward to announce the piece for repetition, the burst of laughter and applause was unequivocal testimony of the excellence of the imitation that had been just given of his peculiar manner. Mr. REEVE sustained no other character at the English Opera-house, until his benefit, when he performed *Pedrillo* and *Crack*, after the manner of Munden. At the close of the season, the novelty and attraction of the imitations having subsided, neither manager or actor were anxious to renew; and Messrs. Rodwell and Jones being then about to open the Adelphi, he acceded to an offer made by them; and, on the 18th Oct. 1819, (the opening night,) he appeared as *Squire Rattlepate*, in *The Green Dragon*, and *Lord Grizzle*, in *Tom Thumb*.

At the close of the Adelphi season, Mr. REEVE went to Cheltenham, and subsequently to Bristol, where he was for some time the first low comedian.

Whilst he was thus proceeding in his profession, he found leisure also to secure his domestic enjoyment, by gaining the hand of an amiable lady, whom he hailed by the endearing title of wife, in the year 1821.

Mr. REEVE was happy with a young and beautiful woman; and, whilst at Bristol, she became a mother.

He was an unusual favourite—received with pleasure in every circle into which he entered—and tasting the purest delight at home—his lot was indeed to be envied. His pleasures were amid the numbered things too sweet to last. Mrs. Reeve caught a severe cold during her accouchement, from which she never recovered. Less than two months from her becoming the mother of her daughter, she expired. We will turn from this melancholy portion of our hero's history, to pursue his dramatic career. He performed for a short time at the Coburg theatre, and re-appeared at the Adelphi in London 1822; at the close of which, he, in conjunction with Mr. Wilkinson, commenced an entertainment called *Light as Air*; Mr. Wilkinson performed the part of *la Mathews*, and Mr. REEVE a monologue called *the Bachelor's Torments*, in which he sustained the part of *the Bachelor*. This piece was the most arduous he ever performed, as all the characters entered twice, and he had eighteen changes of costume. This entertainment proved successful, that when Mr. Wilkinson was called away by other engagements, our hero supplied his place, delivering the whole of the performance himself.

After this, Mr. REEVE played his *Batchelor's Torments*, for a few nights, at the Surrey theatre; but neither here nor at the Coburg did he ever produce much success. He sang once or twice at Drury, on benefit nights, and in season 1826, was engaged at the Haymarket for five years. At the latter theatre he played a diversity of business—*Buskin*, *Major Sturgeon*, *Caleb Quotem*, &c. &c.—and, during Liston's temporary absence, supplied his place.

Mr. REEVE is one of those actors who have become popular of late years, from the possession of a peculiar manner, to which all parts can be adapted, but one of those who seldom attempts to adapt himself to anything. Our hero's knowledge of his author is never very particular. Indeed, on some occasions, we have observed him so lamentably "shy of the syllables," as to distress

every one around him. That no man can act, unless he knows the words, is a greyheaded dramatic axiom; but it is as correct as it is ancient. There is an immense deal of *gig* about our hero, see him in whatever he chuses to assume; but we really can observe nothing that comes strictly under the definition of acting. It has been objected to Mr. REEVE, that he commenced his career at a minor theatre, and there contracted habits that will be infectious to him elsewhere. Those that say this, are little acquainted with the actor or the man. Mr. REEVE has the happy knack of making himself at home anywhere; and having appeared at Covent-garden theatre, ere now they have been as much used to and delighted with his performances, in the text, and communications with the audience, as they were with those of Liston. Mr. REEVE is one of those who invariably shake hands with the auditors at the commencement of the piece, and keep up a kind of social communication with them, until the curtain drops. When our hero has an aside speech to deliver, he always pops it at the pit, as if anxious to divide the joke with them, and seems really to wink at the house, whilst he is cajoling the opposite character upon the stage.

The prejudice against minor theatres, as nurseries, is rapidly losing ground; and it is strange to imagine how it ever arose, when it is remembered that Garrick was brought from Goodman's Fields, (then a wretched minor,) and that Shuter and Mrs. Yates came from Bartholomew fair. A farce actor—and that, and that only, Mr. REEVE is—finds the Adelphi a better school than any other; for this reason—that farces and melodramas alone are performed there.

In burlesque, Mr. REEVE is the best actor of his day. He bears a striking resemblance to Oxberry, in style, voice, and figure; and Oxberry excelled in this business. We do not mean to accuse Mr. REEVE of imitating the deceased comedian, but his susceptible ear has certainly imbibed some of his predecessor's tones,

and he has (perhaps insensibly) caught much of his manner. It is hard to fix the specific line of characters Mr. REEVE should adhere to. *Pedrillo* is one of the parts which embraces all his capabilities; for *Quotem* and *Olapod* he wants distinctness of utterance and neatness of manner. He would scarcely do in lieu of either Harley or Liston, for he is somewhat between both; less mercurial than the first, he is much more mobile than the latter—he has more broad humour than Harley, though infinitely less lightness—he has more dash than Liston, but less quaintness.

As a mimic, (that is, one who conceives and executes a caricature of an imaginary individual,) he is next to Mathews. He is superior to Yates, though that gentleman excels him in executive power; but Yates has derived all his tones from the great original, whilst REEVE has drawn his characters from his own resources. As an imitator, Mr. REEVE is more correct than either Mathews or Yates; but he is more confined—he does not imitate half so many as either of his rivals—but where they produce sketches or daubs, he presents finished pictures.

Mr. REEVE's voice is of a peculiar quality—it is, in fact, a baritone, with a very sweet falsetto. From want of cultivation, there is a distressing break between his natural and feigned voice; but it possesses astonishing capabilities. His song of *First vid de Grace Extraordinaire* is, in itself, a singular and talented effort.

Of our hero, as a man, we have the concurrent testimony of his brethren for speaking in the most exalted terms. Of his kindness to the distressed members of his profession, we have many records. He has always been ready to give his aid at the benefits occasionally produced for widows and children of deceased actors; and, on these occasions, always desired the applicant to “put him in the bills for what they pleased, and he would come and do it.”

Mr. REEVE's love of the good things of this life is notorious. Good wine needs no bush with him. He is one

of the sons of night, so eulogised by our modern bard, and certainly appears determined to live all the days of his life. Like *Bonnel Thornton*, he seems determined to lengthen his nights, even at the hazard of shortening his days. We beg to premise, that, in saying thus much, we do not mean to infer that Mr. REEVE is anything more than a jovial companion, and decidedly averse to being the first to break up a party.

The current of our hero's existence has, indeed, run smooth, with the one fatal exception of the quenching that

“Light, that ne'er will shine again
In life's dull stream.”

To this source, perhaps, much of his bacchanalian eccentricity may be traced. To lose the object of a first affection, at such an age, and at such a period, is enough to cast a shade upon a man's life for ever. Its memory may be chased away in the moments of mirth, but what shall prevent its intrusion upon our solitude? There it follows us, whilst every surrounding object aids the recollection of our loss.

“The cheerless hearth, the vacant chair,
Are speechless memories of grief.”

Mr. REEVE is now twenty-eight years of age; and if, in perusing this Memoir, our readers exclaim, and they may justly do so, how fortunate has he been as an actor,—they should remember that he has been peculiarly ill-fated as a man, and that his worldly success can but ill compensate for his domestic misery.

Mr. REEVE is about five feet ten inches in height; of a dark complexion; and certainly, in figure, peculiarly

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.

THE GRECIAN THEATRE.

ÆSCHYLUS, the Father of Tragedy, simplified and regulated dramatic representations. He divided his pieces into acts, that contained the exposition of the subject, the conduct of the plot, and the development of the catastrophe. He reserved the primitive chorus; no otherwise, however, than as an auxiliary for the purpose of rendering the subject more interesting.

The degree of perfection to which Æschylus brought the dramatic art in Greece, procured him great respect and consideration, to which his public conduct, as a citizen, materially contributed. Born of one of the best families in Attica, he distinguished himself very early in the field. He was the pupil of Pythagoras, and at twenty-five disputed the poetic prize. He was the first who brought two characters forward on the stage at the same time; he invented the robe and the buskin, and considerably heightened the effect of his pieces by appropriate decorations of the personages. His improvements were so rapid and so effectual, that he was thought to have been inspired.

Post hunc personæ pallaque reperter honestæ
 Æschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurne.

Hor., de Art. Poet.

This Æschylus, a decent vizard used,
 Built a low stage, the flowing robe diffused:
 In language more sublime his actors rage,
 And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.

Pausanias says, that while Æschylus was asleep under the shadow of a vine, Bacchus appeared to him in a dream, and commanded him to write tragedies. This fable arose, probably, from his fondness for wine, for he wrote as he drank; and, upon all occasions, invoked Apollo less than Bacchus. Whatever god inspired his verse, it is certainly full of nature, warmth, and energy.

His images were gigantic and frightful, and the whole drift of his pieces was calculated to inspire terror rather than pity or delight.

It has been warmly insisted on, and surely with good reason, that Æschylus was less the perfecter of the works of Thespis, than the imitator of those of Homer. The Epopœia is a more natural assimilation to tragedy than those monstrous rhapsodies which were chanted in honour of Bacchus; and though the priests, upon this as upon all other occasions were glad enough to beget an interest in favour of their deity, yet celebrating the achievements of kings and heroes among a nation of warriors, was more likely to rouse their feelings, as it brought them acquainted with conduct which it was both their inclination and their duty to emulate. Of this, most probably, Æschylus was aware, and as he imitated the heroes of Homer with his sword, so did he Homer himself with his pen.

Æschylus served at the battle of Marathon, and at the sea-fight of Salamis, where Aminias, his brother, commanded a squadron of ships, and signalised himself above all the Athenians. To this brother our poet, upon a particular occasion, was indebted for his life. In one of his pieces he made Thetis, speaking of Apollo, utter some expressions which were considered as blasphemy; and in another he introduced some equivocal pleasantries, in allusion to the mysteries of Ceres. For these crimes he was chased from the theatre, and would have been stoned to death, but for Aminias; who, throwing aside his cloak, and shewing the stump of his arm, reminded the people of his gallantry at the fight of Salamis. This moved the spectators to pity, and they pardoned Æschylus, who, however, not liking this indignity, was determined to withdraw from a place where his life had been in danger.

This determination was confirmed by the neglect his pieces received, and by the rising success of Sophocles. He retired into Sicily, and was received into the court of

Hieron, who was then building the city of *Ætna*, which our poet celebrated in a tragedy of the same name. Here he resided three years, covered with honour. His death was occasioned by an accident which deserves to be recorded.

An eagle having soared a great height, with a tortoise in his talons, let it fall on the head of *Æschylus*, of which blow he died, and by his death seemed to be verified a pretended declaration of the Oracle at *Delphos*, that a blow from heaven should accelerate the death of *Æschylus*. Of seventy tragedies composed by him, only seven are now extant.

It has been said that the seats of the theatre broke down, during the representation of one of the tragedies of *Æschylus*; and *Suidas* tells us that it was the cause of his retiring into *Sicily*; but this is absurd—for the large crowd necessary to break down the seats, is a proof of the celebrity of *Æschylus*; but he means to insinuate, that with the seats the reputation of *Æschylus*, which was eclipsed by *Sophocles*, fell to the ground.

The operation of this accident, however, proclaims in very loud terms the fame of *Æschylus*, for from these ruins sprung up those magnificent theatres, which were afterwards so nobly imitated by the *Romans*.

Æschylus had two sons, and five nephews, all of whom wrote with various success for the theatre. *Bion*, his second son, was ranked among the class of poets called *Railers*, and was probably one of those who wrote comedy. They are said to have written among them a prodigious number of pieces, some of which are yet to be seen; but, as *Æschylus* eclipsed his predecessors, so his imitators served only to raised the superior fame of *Sophocles*.

Sophocles was born at *Colonos*, a town of *Attica*, in the first year of the seventy-first Olympiad, which place he rendered afterwards celebrated by his tragedy of *Oedippus of Colonos*.

Sophocles effected a second revolution in tragedy. He introduced a third actor, and augmented the number

of the chorus to fifteen instead of twelve. He also allowed the chorus to have an interest in the main action, so that by this means every thing was of a piece, and all the performers had such parts allotted them, as contributed to one uniform and regular design.

At the age of twenty-five he bore away the prize from his master, Æschylus, in tragedy. An extraordinary occasion was the cause of this contention. Cimon, the Athenian general, had found the bones of Theseus, and brought them in solemn pomp to the city, on which a trial of skill between the tragedians was instantly appointed. Æschylus and Sophocles strove nobly for pre-eminence, but, in spite of the acknowledged and admired merit of the master, the superior fire and eloquence of the scholar bore away the palm.

Before Sophocles the prize was disputed by four dramatic pieces comprised under the name of Tetralogy. The three first were tragedies, and the fourth called *Satire*, being a species of comedy; but this Sophocles altered, by opposing, in all contentions, tragedy to tragedy.

Sophocles did not always appear in his tragedies, on account of the weakness of his voice. His fame was not, however, diminished by this; for if Æschylus merited the title of Father of Tragedy, Sophocles might with propriety be called the Master of it. The admiration and wonder with which all Greece spoke of his wisdom, induced an opinion that he was the immediate favourite and intimate of the gods. We are told that Æschylus condescended to visit him at his house, and Tully would have us believe that Hercules had an equal respect for him. Apollonius Tyanensis, in his oration before Domitian, tells the emperor that Sophocles, the Athenian, was able to check and restrain the impetuosity of the winds.

(To be continued.)

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

A REPRESENTATION of *The Battle of Waterloo* has been produced. For vivid effect, and comprehensiveness of action and design, it far exceeds any spectacle we have ever seen. We witnessed only the night rehearsal; and understand, that on the performance there were considerable improvements. The ascent on horseback, by COOKE, to the summit of the fire-work tower, is a perilous but noble performance. We understand, the expenses already incurred exceed £7000, and that the nightly salaries of the persons engaged in *The Battle* are one hundred guineas. It will, no doubt, prove very attractive this year. What novelty are they to present next? This is a question managers never put to themselves.

SURREY THEATRE.

SOUTHWELL and MERCER join ELLISTON. HACKETT (the American imitator) has played *Richard*, after the manner of Kean. Rumours are afloat, that the parent theatres intend to stop Mr. ELLISTON's career, by informations against him for playing the regular drama. Each night of performance he incurs a penalty of £50. KEAN will, it is said, appear at the Surrey, for fifteen nights; and Miss GRADDON is reported to be regularly engaged.

BENEFIT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

One of the Drury bills has this ambiguous line—

“ Mr. KEAN has consented to *play* on this occasion.”

Is this meant as a hint that he has been only walking through his characters of late?

FARLEY advertises, that

“ Miss CHESTER has *obligingly consented*, for the first time, since her long indisposition.”

But to what the lady has consented, as regards Mr. FARLEY, does not appear.

HAYMARKET.

Paul Pry, the eternal three-act-farce, stares us again in the face. JOHN REEVE was animated, laughable, and at home, as the hero—but he was JOHN REEVE. He never can divest himself of his personal identity for a moment. LAPORTE is here, but he seems less effective than when at Drury. This house is quite a relief from the afflicting attempts at benefit-making, both at Drury and Covent-garden. The bills that have issued on late occasions from our patent theatres, would have disgraced St. George's Fields, in the worst days of its management.

THE COBURG,

Alarmed at the stirring a little southward, has taken to the legitimate drama, too; and *Othello*, *Mountaineers*, &c. are enacting. BENNETT's *Othello* is bad—noisy, without being effective. Nor can we compliment Messrs. ROWHAM, BUCKSTONE, or LEWIS, on their several assumptions of *Cassio*, *Wildlove*, *Sadi*, and *Kilmallock*. This struggle in sweet Surrey for legitimacy will cause work for the big wigs, unless the two show-shops are determined to relinquish Shakespeare altogether.

THE AMPHITHEATRE.

Considerable dolour has been created by the performances at Vauxhall; and great novelties are in preparation here, to form counter attraction. DUCROW could not do better than book a friend by the Paris mail, and let him, at any expense, engage FRANCONI. DUCROW need not fear the comparison; and the great French rider would undoubtedly prove attractive.



Wageman del.

J. Rogers, sc.

MISS GRADDON,

AS

ROSETTA.

London Published by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS GRADDON,

(Late of Drury-lane Theatre.)

“And she shall sing ye songs, too—
Sad ones, that take the senses prisoner;
Or merry ballads, that amuse the mind.”

“Is she so skill'd in music, then?”

“Skill'd, quotha?—Listen!”

We have occasion so often to complain of the inroads of opera, that it may be presumed we are inimical to musical performers in general. This, however, is not the case. There are, perhaps, few persons more susceptible of the beauties of harmony; but we cannot consent to buy our gratifications at the expense of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Congreve, and Colman. We know well what qualifications operatic performers have to delight; but the drama should have a higher view—it should instruct. It is well to turn to Rossini and Weber for gratification, and to relieve our minds; but we must look for Shakespeare, for Otway, or Jonson, if we would mend our hearts. Music, certainly, by creating and inducing susceptibility, refines the manners; but we question if its tendency is ever to improve our natures. We know this will be answered by the assertion, that particular passages affect us to tears—awaken us to joy or sorrow—nay, even to pity, and other amiable feelings;—but this arises merely from

its operation upon our senses. We regard the effect of music as the poetry of intoxication. An hundred tales testify the power of music—but it is the power of the moment only—it thralls the heart, whilst it catches the senses—and may justly be compared to passion, in contradiction to love. It is as strong and powerful, though not as intense a feeling. Whilst it lasts, it engages the whole soul—but when it fades, “it leaves no wreck behind”—it is created instantaneously, and dies as suddenly. Music affects our senses, and subdues them—nay, for a time, engages our very souls—but it does not operate on our minds—for it is not intellectual. We will instance the beautiful ballad of *Love's Young Dream*. The words enchant our minds—the sounds our sensations—and yet the portion of that song that most subdues us, is the semitone, the C sharp after the D, and before the C natural, in the exclamation Oh! Here it is evident that it is not the word; therefore, our minds are not caught. But from some law of Nature, as immutable as universal, this sound touches the very soul, and affects us more than the united operation of words and music, through the rest of the song. Music can neither teach or convince—it can charm, soothe, and entrance us. It may make us better—it can never make us wiser. It follows, that musical performers must partake of the attributes of music, more or less. They may, indeed, by blending words with music, render the effects they produce somewhat intellectual; but the greatest singer of the day, who should set the example to her sisters in the art, as if determined to prove her contempt of this union, has become famous for singing without any words at all; and persons of less talent have emulated her example; and, though they have not sang variations alone, have been so careless and indistinct, as to render it impossible to trace a syllable they uttered.

The progress of music in this country has been very slow, until the last twenty years; and, in that period, it has taken strides of immense magnitude. Such a gene-

realisation of any art has not taken place in any other country, in the same space of time, since the creation of the world. But the march of music has had regard to the adornments, not the soul of the art. We have quintupled our pianists—we have more than doubled our singers—and we have an hundred who can execute bravuras, where formerly we had scarcely one. And this we deeply regret. The improvement, we had rather say alteration, has been in externals only;—in reality, we have retrograded. Our composers of melodies are few and inferior, but our harmonists are plentiful; composition requires genius—harmonising, talent only. We are told that knowledge is so generally diffused, that sight-singing is a common acquirement; and yet we will venture to say, that, amid all our singers, two out of every three cannot sing a plain *minor* melody, like *Pretty, Pretty Poll*, at sight; and it is questionable, whether many of them could run the *minor* scale. The fact is, our singers do not study music, but a series of passages, which, from the modern style of composition, they are sure to encounter in every piece. Persons are astonished at the execution of brilliant passages, and think them difficult—when, in fact, this very brilliancy, is often a scheme for getting rid of a difficulty. In the key of D, for instance, to drop from the D to the sharp seventh of the key, and thus take the octave, is difficult at sight; yet, by running down the notes, it is rendered perfectly easy; and, when done, an ignorant person would conceive, that to read this run at sight, must be infinitely harder than to produce three successive notes. The uninitiated conceive all the difficulty of *The Soldier Tired* to lie in the triplet passages, when, in fact, the only part of that bravura that really tries a singer, is that portion of it towards the close, where there are some great distances to take. It is there that a great singer shows her powers. The object of our present vocalists is to surprise, not to please—to awaken, and not to subdue. Vocal has become subservient to instrumental music, and modern composers

have written passages for the voice, that a few years since were confined entirely to the pianoforte. Amid all our great singers, we have scarcely two who can execute the ballads of *Polly*; and not one man who can do justice to the songs of *Macheath*. The fault has been laid upon their voices; but it is in their education. Ornament has been used to cover the defects of Nature; and, whenever a pupil finds a difficulty in taking a passage as it stands, he introduces a flourish at the obnoxious point; and thus, if he does not satisfy, at least dazzles you. A man of genius combats with, and does not avoid, difficulties—but our singers are not geniuses. Most of them take an old song, (when compelled to sing one,) and Rosini it:—our readers will understand this uncouth expression. Set such men as Melrose, Sapiq, Lee, Horn, &c. &c., down to some of the exquisite melodies found amongst our psalms, and their deficiencies become apparent. A season or two since, *The Farmer* was produced at the Haymarket.—Mr. Duruset omitted that fine song, commencing, *No more I'll court the Town-bred Fair*, and sung, *Be mine, dear Maid*. We do not think so lightly of Mr. Duruset's judgment, as to suppose he can conceive the latter to be a superior song, but, we presume, that he found himself unequal to the execution of Shield's composition. This system of substitution may be very convenient for inefficient singers, but it only fosters their mannerism, and ruins our old operas; into which a new-fangled air introduces itself as strangely, and appears as much out of place, as a French dancing-master would amongst a set of erudite philosophers.

“The Italian school of singing is the best,” we admit it—for Italian songs, for Italian music; but for our songs, for *Black-eyed Susan*, *Auld Robin Gray*, *Sally in our Alley*, and the hundred melodies we might name, the Italian style is unfitted, and it destroys where it endeavours to embellish them. Our primitive songs differ from the Italian, inasmuch as ours is the triumph of words over music—theirs invariably of music over words. Let us

adopt their school in our bravuras, polaccas, scenas, &c. &c., but let us keep our ballads pure and unvitiated. Do not let us have our old acquaintances, *Over the hills and far away*, *Savourneen Deelish*, *Gilderoy*, and *The First of August*, frittered away by the sparkling of Rossini. Let us hear them as our fathers heard them—as Mrs. Wrihten, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Bland, sang them. We want our singers to give us what the writers of other days composed, not what they presume to think they ought to have composed.

Music is not translatable. Every country has a something in its tones that belongs to itself, to which the terms good and bad do not apply; because none but natives can appreciate or understand it. The most savage nations have sounds dear to them; and we cannot call that bad music, which we know to be natural. We wish composers would be content to leave things as they found them. This they will not do. We remember a child saying—if she could, she would cut the moon into little stars. Now, an operation of this nature the modern composers perform upon old melodies: they divide and subdivide them, until the effect of the whole is gone; and though the particles sparkle a little here and there, there is no complete effect produced.

We could say much more upon the modern school of composition, if we were not reminded that we were keeping a lady waiting; so, begging Miss GRADDON and our readers to pardon us, we proceed.

Miss GRADDON was born at Bishop's Lydiard, near Taunton, in the county of Somerset; and so far we agree with some of this lady's former biographers; but, say Messieurs of *La Belle Assemblée*, *Monthly Museum*, &c., she was ushered into existence on the 21st Sept. 1806. This we take the liberty of denying,—not, we must admit, from personal knowledge, but from information which we can rely on. Whether Miss GRADDON be twenty-one or twenty-three, is a matter of very little consequence; but wherever a concealment or misrepresentation on this sub-

ject occurs, we are apt to suspect the friends of the party of other acts of quackery, and to look with a jaundiced eye on the performer. "If Miss GRADDON was born in the autumn of 1806," says our informant, "she was the most precocious infant I ever beheld; for I saw her at Christmas, in the same year, running about in morocco shoes and a white frock, and, moreover, prattling pretty intelligibly."

Mr. Graddon, the father of our heroine, holds a situation in the house of Messrs. Clementi, in Cheapside; and has been, we are informed, for many years connected (as a dealer) with music. Miss GRADDON had, at an early age, the advantages of instruction; and, say her biographers, "at five years old, evinced great talents." To pass over the period of infancy, we find her, in 1820, a pupil of T. Cooke's; and, whatever had been the promise of her childhood, she then had as few requisites as most young ladies. We remember her soon after this, either in 1821 or 1822, at Vauxhall. Her voice was then very inflexible and uncertain, and her ear very defective. We recollect that we considered her efforts peculiarly afflicting, and little dreamt that she could, by any chance, attain popularity.

In 1823, however, *Freeman's Journal* informed us, that she was sojourning in Dublin, (her father's native city, we believe,) where she had made a successful *débüt*, on the 23d October. We also heard that she had changed her instructor, and had left Cooke for Signor Liverati.

After creating some sensation in Ireland, she returned to this country, and was making London *via* Liverpool, when she was stopped by an offer for a few nights. She accepted it, and so delighted the management, that she was retained for the season, and proceeded from thence to Manchester.

Her course was as rapid as successful. On the 23d Oct. 1824, she appeared at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, as *Susanna*, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. She afterwards assumed *Linda*, in *Der Frieschutz*; in which it was

acknowledged, by all parties, she established her claim to be considered a first-rate singer. Her course at Drury was a short one. Constant bickerings with the management ended in her quitting the theatre; and she has since engaged at Vauxhall Gardens, and appeared at Covent-garden, where she sang *Love was once a little Boy*, a ballad of Wade's, in which she regularly received a double *encore* at Drury. It is reported that she enlists under Elliston's banners, at the Surrey. We hope, for her sake, that this may not be the case. •

We now come to a consideration of the means by which Miss GRADDON has so far improved her style, and matured her powers, that, from being a very inferior vocalist in 1822, she should become certainly an enchanting singer in 1827. Is she indebted to tuition? We think not. Perhaps there are few more talented musicians in England than T. Cooke, but he is not a teacher to our taste. He has too much genius, to instruct. In fact, to quote a friend, "he is not *stupid* enough to teach anything." Men of quick apprehensions may acquire themselves, and impart these acquirements; but this they must do at once, not by those imperceptible gradations that are requisite in teaching. In fact, clever people shape their instructions by their own powers, and think their pupil ignorant of the principles of the things of which they really do not understand an iota. They know their *ultimate* duty, and begin with that; and make their unfortunate disciples, to use the nursery phrase, "Run before they can walk." Of Signor Liverati we know very little, but we have heard him spoken of highly, by those whose judgments are entitled to respect. To these gentlemen, of course, Miss GRADDON must owe much—but tuition will not make a singer. In acquisition of all kinds, the scholar's exertions bear a proportion of six to two in the result. Miss GRADDON has had perseverance and industry of the most extraordinary kind. To a young and ardent mind, what a wearisome existence must hers have been?—devoting ten or twelve hours of each day to singing.

We remember H—— used to practise under Welch, who prescribed this rule—"Keep at it whilst you can stand—then sit and sing—but keep singing. *When you SPIT BLOOD, you had better leave off.*"

On the subject of singing, there is very little real knowledge. Some have voices of exquisite tone and extreme power, and yet show no difference of formation (in all the organs by which that voice performs its operations) from another, who has scarcely a tone of any description. This appears to be one of the secrets of Nature. It is enough for us to know, that wherever there is an expansive chest, and powerful formation, a voice may be created, provided the throat has no positive defect. But it is essentially necessary to these artificial singers, that they be in good health—that they avoid excesses or stimulants of any sort. And here, at once, we perceive the reason of the scarcity of male singers. In this country, the number of persons who are naturally singers, is small; but the number of those who might be made to sing, is immense. The habits of our young men are such, that they cannot endure the training requisite, whilst the weaker sex, as they are insultingly termed, prove their superiority, by a forbearance and endurance worthy of philosophers. It is no light task to forego all the pleasure and blandishments of society, to commune only with a piano and an instructor, and to repeat one succession of notes (not of songs, which might prove entertaining) for hours together. The mere muscular exertion requisite is dreadfully fatiguing. The result of all this exercise is an increase of compass, of power, and flexibility; but it never gives sweetness, and frequently destroys it. Sweet voices are always formed by Nature—extensive and powerful ones are the result of art.

Nature did little else for Miss GRADDON than bestow upon her the formation necessary to make a voice, and give her a tolerable ear. All else she has done for herself. But it is with these created instruments a prevailing propensity to deteriorate—to lose their extent and

power. A made voice must, therefore, be kept in a state of perpetual motion; and, if we be not much misinformed, Miss GRADDON still finds it necessary to devote six hours *per diem* to running divisions, practising the scale, trying cadenzas, and cultivating her shake. All this, so far from diminishing, increases her claim to our admiration. Miss Stephens, who had a voice, and a fine one, was subjected to some such regimen for years; though now, we believe, the fascinating Katherine practises only at the theatre; being well contented with the laurels she has already won.

Miss GRADDON, as a singer, is more celebrated for the power of surprising than pleasing. She has more brilliancy than taste, and more compass than sweetness. As a bravura singer, she is second only to Miss Paton. Like that lady, when she commences any difficult and brilliant passages, she seems to revel in her capabilities, and pours forth the notes in the very exuberance of her power—she lives in cadenzas—they seem to revive her; when the melody alone has, as it were, palled her ear and slackened her exertions, she awakens upon one of her own introductions—dashes boldly on again—retouches the air—reverts to the ornament—and plays around it, as loth to quit the scene of her triumph. Of all our singers, Miss GRADDON appears to us to delight the most in ornament. Not that she uses it more profusely than others, but that her style of using it conveys to the auditors a feeling of the pleasure she feels, it thus giving the reins to fancy, and wandering at will. It was with as much surprise as pleasure, that we heard Miss GRADDON execute the pretty ballad, (we speak of the *music* only,) *Love was once a little Boy*; and we are greatly mistaken, if the audience did not share in our astonishment—we are sure they participated our pleasure. The simplicity and neatness of her style in this song, is strikingly contrasted with her execution of other compositions, and has given us a higher opinion of this young lady's taste than we heretofore held. Miss GRADDON is considerably below Miss

Paton in all things—she is below Miss Stephens in many—but she is so, more from the fault of Nature than from any neglect of the aids of art. She is entitled to the name of our third English singer—a high honou., when we consider the multitude of aspirants in this musical age.

Miss GRADDON's powers, as an actress, are not of a high order; but we are inclined to think that her capabilities are. She has had little practice, and has not devoted much attention to this branch of her profession; but Miss GRADDON has the materials of acting in her nature—nice discrimination—susceptibility, and animal spirit. It will be her own fault, if she is not a good actress. And she might now relax a little in her musical devotion, and give a little time to histrionic study.

Since writing this Memoir, an action has been tried in the Court of King's Bench; of which we present a condensed report.

“ *Wednesday, 20th June, 1827.*—GRADDON v. PRICE.—Mr. Serjeant Wilde, who appeared as counsel for Miss GRADDON, stated, that the action was brought to recover arrears of salary due from the defendant to plaintiff, the plaintiff having been engaged at Drury-lane theatre for three years, at a salary of £8, £9, and £10 per week. It appeared from the statement of the learned Serjeant, that the amount in question, £20, had been withheld by way of fine, the original amount being £30, ten of which was returned, and a promise of the remainder, if Miss GRADDON behaved well during the residue of the season. The fine was levied in consequence of Miss GRADDON refusing to resume the character of *Catherine*, in *The Siege of Belgrade*, a part which she had played; and was afterwards cast Mrs. Geesin. But on the occasion which gave rise to this action, Mrs. Geesin was so much indisposed, as to render it impossible for her to attend the theatre;—Miss GRADDON was sent to, *the day previous* to the intended performance, and rehearsed the part, but, on the following morning, sent an apology. Another lady (Miss A. Tree,

we believe) was substituted; but the audience were so dissatisfied, that it became necessary for Mr. Wallack to use his persuasive tones to appease them.

“ Mr. Serjeant Adams held a brief for Mr. Price, and stated, that it was necessary for the maintenance of good order in the theatre, that the fines be enforced. ‘ He was sorry to say, that Miss GRADDON’s *airs* before and behind the curtain, were certainly not the same. It was acknowledged, that she was *one of the most charming and delightfully fascinating little creatures that ever came into a theatre.*’ Mr. Serjeant Adams further stated, Mr. Price had no wish to deprive Miss GRADDON of any portion of her salary; and it was his intention, had the young lady thought proper to conform to the regulations of the theatre, to return the amount; but it appeared that Miss GRADDON, finding it more to her advantage to perform elsewhere, had left him.

“ Mr. Wallack and Mr. Dunn were examined, to prove that Miss GRADDON had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the regulations of the theatre.

“ Mr. Wallack considered Miss GRADDON a quick studier; and thought she had sufficient time given her to have recovered the part.

“ *Cross-examined.*—‘ I have never actually seen the fines paid, but have known that they have been so, from the complaints of those who had suffered. The only instance at which I was present, was in my own case, having been once fined myself (*a laugh.*) That was, however, some years back, and I have since grown wiser.’

“ The Lord Chief Justice left it to the jury to say, whether they believed the defendant was entitled to make the deduction. If they thought he was entitled, their verdict would be for him; if not, it would be for the plaintiff.

“ The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff, damages £20.”

The only question which the jury should have considered, or should have been directed to consider, was,

whether Miss GRADDON was engaged to fill what line of character ; and if so, whether she had sufficient time allowed her to study the part. The decision is a vicious one, for it is given upon no alleged ground.

We are informed that Miss GRADDON'S conduct in the theatre was haughty and overbearing. We are sorry if Miss GRADDON acts thus, for her own sake ; for she will assuredly gain nothing by it ; and she should not suffer her good sense to be imposed upon by the fulsome adulation of her friends, or the misguided vanity of her parent.

On Mr. Graddon's examination he stated, "that his daughter had been of age *upwards of a twelvemonth.*" So much for a *data furnished by himself*, some time back, to the magazines, in which he stated 1806 as the year of her birth. We should presume that 1804 was, in fact, the important year ; though our informant upon this point declares, that our heroine will be twenty-four years of age on the 21st of next September.

Miss GRADDON'S figure is *petite*, but well formed ; her complexion, hair, and eyes are dark ; but she possesses a "good candle-light countenance."

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.

OLD ACTORS.

“ I AM indeed an old fellow—I remember Garrick’s farewell, upwards of half a century ago—and went with him (when a mere boy) to hear Miss Brent, in 1766. I was in London for a week, some time since, and met several performers that I can recollect for long periods. I saw QUICK, at Pentonville, looking well and hearty—I remember him acting at the Haymarket with FOOTE, in the year 1773, perhaps earlier than that. I saw BANNISTER—*young JACK*, as I always have called him—I was at the Little Theatre when he made his first appearance, for his father’s benefit; and that will be *forty-nine* years ago, come Michaelmas. I met JACK JOHNSTONE, who came as a leading singer to Covent-garden forty-five years since, the same year that Mrs. SIDDEYS (who I remember in London *fifty-one* years ago) made her great hit. With him was MUNDEN, who came to succeed EDWIN, eight-and-thirty years since. Going from thence, through Holywell-street, past *The Angel*—I encountered TOM REES, who was in his zenith *forty* years ago, at the Royalty, where Mrs. GIBBS was then acting, and young BRAHAM, then about fifteen, was singing. And at the Bank I encountered the well-known face of FAWCETT, with whom I walked from the cider-cellar, in Maiden-lane, (after tea,) at five o’clock, on 21st Sept-1791, up to the Haymarket, and went into the pit, to see him appear as *Caleb*, in *He would be a Soldier*—(this part has been altered into *Sam Swipes*, for LISTON;) that is six-and-thirty years since, and FAWCETT was at least thirty then; yet he is as healthy as ever, as (thank Heaven) am I.”

Extracted from a private letter to the Editor, dated last February, and written by a friend of Mr. LACY, the former patentee of Drury, and one who was on intimate terms with FOOTE and GARRICK.

A PUNNING COMEDIAN.

At a dinner given lately, a pretty considerable sprinkling of performers gratuitously attended. The president took occasion to compliment the histrionics, and proposed the health of the "galaxy of stars that had honoured and favoured them with their presence." A gentleman, known in the literary as well as the dramatic world, returned thanks in the following speech:—"Gentlemen,—Myself and brethren cannot suffer your compliment to pass unnoticed. In deference to your discrimination, we admit ourselves to be stars, and so far the president was in the right; but he called us a galaxy of stars; and there, he will admit, he was wrong. The galaxy, as you remember, gentlemen, signifies the milky way; now, though we be stars, our *glasses* testify that we are *not* in the MILKY way. When the gentleman compared us to the inhabitants of the *blue sky*, he should not have accused us of this devotion to *sky-blue*. He need not, however, be *cowed* by this remark, for he is not the first president who has made a *bull*. Actors have been compared to stars, because they only shine at night; but I fear they are like them, because they are governed by the *great bear*, (the ranager;) and still more so, inasmuch as society seems generally determined to make *light* of them, and keeps them invariably at a great distance."

THE GRECIAN THEATRE.

(Continued from p. 196.)

It is certain Sophocles was a genius of transcendant merit. His tragedies served as a model for Aristotle's *Art of Poetry*. Plato's advances in philosophy were compared with the improvements of Sophocles in tragedy; Tully calls him the divine poet, and Virgil has given him a marked preference to all other writers of tragedy. So charming was his poetry, that he was called the Bee; and, to transmit this eulogium to posterity, a hive was carved upon his tomb, not less to impress the world with an idea of

the sweetness of his verse, than the diligence of his industry.

Sophocles, like his predecessor Æschylus, ranked among the defenders of his country. He commanded an army in conjunction with Pericles against the Samians; from which expedition he returned triumphant. His fame followed him in every thing he undertook, even to old age, at which time, he is reported to have retained his faculties with all the fire and vigour of youth, and of this there is a remarkable instance.

Sophocles had four sons; who, tired with so long a dependence on an old man, represented him to the judges as a driveller, and a person incapable of governing his family, or taking charge of his affairs. Sophocles confounded them by a trait which they little expected. He had just finished his *Oedipus of Colonus*, and all the answer he made to this unjust accusation, was by reading his tragedy before the judges, which contained in it such strength of mind, such beauty, such truth, and such persuasion, that they dismissed him with an acclamation of praise. His children got nothing by this suit, but the shame and infamy due to such flagrant ingratitude.

There are three different accounts of the death of Sophocles. Pliny and Valerius Maximus say that he died of excess of joy, in his ninety-fifth year, at the success of one of his tragedies. Others say, that in reciting his tragedy of *Antigonus*, he kept his breath so long, that it stopped the action of his lungs; but Lucian tells us that he was choked by a grape stone.

Plutarch says, that one of the sons of Sophocles was a cotemporary writer with his father, and from other authors we learn that another of his sons and two nephews, wrote pieces both tragic and lyric. We know nothing, however, of these pieces, or even of their titles.

Actors were held in very high repute in Greece; for the Greeks honoured all those whose pursuits were stimulated by meritorious emulation.

It happened, however, that the arts which flourished in

perfection at Athens were little known in Sparta. The Greeks were divided into two kingdoms by opposite manners, opposite habits, and opposite modes of thinking.

This circumstance was honourable to the Spartans. Their manners were so austere, and their conduct so exact, that they rejected every thing superfluous; amusements, poetry and music in particular, were but little encouraged among them; such, however, as they had a taste for, were remarkable for simplicity and dignity of expression. Terpander, who was both a poet and a musician, with Pindar and many other eminent men, though not Spartans, were admired in Sparta.

Anything but the mere sentiment in music and poetry, and its force and influence on the mind, the Lacedaemonians rejected. Even when Lycurgus instituted the senate of thirty, including the two kings, they met in the open air, under an idea that a hall, or building of any kind, prepared for the purpose, might amuse the attention with such trifles as pictures, or statues, and splendid ornaments, instead of occupying it on subjects relative to the general welfare.

Theatres, in like manner, were discouraged. Agesilaus, who reigned in Sparta forty-one years, held the theatre in contempt. One day, Callipedes, a celebrated Greek tragedian, approached Agesilaus and paid his respect to him, and having waited a considerable time in expectation that some honourable notice would be taken of him, said, at last, "Do you not know me, sir?" The king looked at him with contemptuous disdain, and said, "Are you not Callipedes, the stage-player?" At another time he was asked to hear a mimic who imitated the nightingale to perfection. "No," said he, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

To be concluded in our next.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MOTIVES of curiosity induced us to visit this theatre on Friday last, it having been stated that Mr. EDWIN, whose success in the *Countrymen* was, at the best, but equivocal, had requested of PRICE a trial in another line of business, the *Irishmen*. *Man and Wife* is the dull play of an inferior dramatist. It requires the finest acting to make it endurable. It was performed as if the players had concerted together, as to the readiest method of damning it. Mr. ARCHER was imperfect in that very bad part, *Lord Austincourt*; and POWELL (who appeared the only gentleman amongst them) has grown indistinct from age. HARLEY's *Ponder* was misconceived altogether; and, instead of being slow and reflective, was dapper, pert, and mercurial. Mr. COOPER walked about in a naval uniform, and was called *Charles Austincourt*. Words would be wasted in an attempt to describe this wretched effort. Abrupt and obtrusive, without being natural—loud, but not impressive—vulgar and noisy, but not impassioned—coarse, but not humorous. His performance was tasteless and soulless. A spruce man-milliner in masquerade was all he appeared, and not then a genteel one. In his scenes with Miss ELLEN TREE, (who played *Helen Worritt* prettily, not greatly,) he was cold and declamatory—and her person and animation appeared to have no effect upon his stoical quietude. His exit was really quite a relief. Mr. EDWIN's *O' Dedimus* is beyond our criticism. We can only observe, that it was the *most extraordinary performance* we ever witnessed. As *O' Dedimus*, he took occasion to say, "What I have done, I've performed; what I've performed, I'll justify." Now, if Mr. EDWIN, having performed *Cornelius*, can *justify* his so doing, we shall be happy to hear from him. DOWTON's *Sir Willoughby* was inimitable. We wish he had known a little more of the part. YONGE and Miss SMITHSON performed *Falkner* and *Fanny* well; and G. SMITH's *Sailor* was admirable. He is an actor.

The Adopted Child, a puerile piece, written by a citizen and a pastry-cook, and which, like its author, was originally supported by puffs, followed. WALLACK'S *Michael* is a faultless performance—natural—pathetic—humorous, and characteristic. It reminded us of JACK BANNISTER in his best days; and it is impossible to give a higher praise to the delineation of a sailor. J. RUSSELL played *Record* indifferently; and Mr. COMER was imperfect in the short part of *Spruce*. Mrs. ORGER and Miss PINCOTT looked extremely well;—and this is all the author has allotted them to do. *The Day after the Wedding* concluded the performances. ELLEN TREE the lady, HOOPER the Colonel. “Knowing what we have seen, seeing what we see—tame, weak, and ineffective; the lady certainly was considerably better than the gentleman; and she was immeasurably below what we expect in *Lady Freelove*, at a national theatre. HOOPER has caught some of COOPER'S philosophy—his coolness (in passionate scenes) is quite refreshing. Thus ended an infliction of five hours—an exhibition of acting that would have disgraced a third-rate provincial theatre—and yet the poor suffering Londoners bore it with exemplary patience.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

The Battle of Waterloo has certainly astonished us. It bears no resemblance to any other performance that we can call to mind. It is the only exhibition that has cheated us into a belief of its reality—a test of its excellence. It reflects the highest credit on FARLEY and COOKE. We should have reprobated such an attempt in a theatre; but as a spectacle, and in a place fitted only for spectacles, it claims our praise. Twelve thousand persons, it is said, paid on the first Monday night—(£2400)—and 980 fowls were demolished. This is likely to give the proprietors many merry-thoughts; and they may well dispense with any fireworks in the gardens, for they must have increased amazingly in the kitchen. 2200 persons paid to go to the gallery, to see *The Battle*—(£110.) Eight such nights would make a great season.



G. Adcock. Sc.

MR. HUNTLEY.

AS

BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

London. Published by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
FRANCIS HUNTLEY,

(Of the Surrey and Coburg, and late of Covent-garden Theatre.)

Within is wine—
Brandy!—brandy!—*School of Reform.*

“I’ve kiss’d and I’ve prattled with fifty fair maids,
And I’ve changed them as often, d’ye see.”

AFTER the furor for acting has abated in either actor or actress, it is a very great question if they ever rise to eminence in the profession. A continued series of excitement is necessary to keep alive that energy, which is the grand essential, and to which Kean chiefly owes his great success; but can the reader call to mind any performer who has met with so many circumstances, since his first appearance at Drury, to call forth all his powers, as Mr. Kean has? In Scotland, a deputation waited on him, and presented him a sword, for his performance of *Macbeth*; in America, public meetings were convened, to pay homage to his talent; in London, his society was courted by the great; and even the action brought against him by Mr. Alderman Cox, which raised such an outcry among the puritanical tribe, so far from doing him an injury, awakened him to renew his soul-stirring efforts, and has made him once more the most attractive member of the profession.

The gentleman, whose Memoir we now lay before the public, had, at the period he consented to become an actor at a minor establishment in London, all the requi-

sites and capabilities for a superior station in one or other of our patent theatres; and such was the evident feeling of the then proprietors of Covent-garden, who engaged him, after he had played some time at the Surrey, under Mr. Elliston's management. But love of ease, or a desire rather to be at the head of the dog, than the tail of the lion, either made him careless in his honourable station at the theatre-royal, or restless to be again amongst the clamour of St. George's Fields, where he has ever since remained, occasionally suffering from the different experimentalists that have launched small capitals, and obtained large credit, by becoming proprietors of the theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames. But to our tale, in form:—Mr. FRANCIS HUNTLEY was born in the year 1787, at Barnsley, in Yorkshire. It was his lot to be deprived of his father, at a period when he was too young to be conscious of his loss.

It has been stated by a biographer of our hero, that he received his education at Douglas's academy, in South Audley-street, and that he was the schoolfellow of some of our present nobility; but our personal recollections of frolicsome FRANK contradict this assertion. It is said, in the work we advert to, that Mr. HUNTLEY was articled to a surgeon, but this, we apprehend, is also erroneous.

It is to be lamented, that all actors betray a wish to aggrandise their origin. That this has been forced upon them, by the scorn the world has shown towards the profession, we admit; but that is a bad cause, that can only be supported by falsehood. It is no discredit to Kean, to have been bred in the streets—it is no merit of C. Kemble's, to have been a student at a college;—but if actors seek to defend themselves from the general censure levelled at their craft, by adducing, in their particular instances, the circumstance of having received competent educations, we may be inclined to pardon them; but what shall we say to a portion of the press who lend themselves to the weakness of the actor, and, to use a vulgar phrase, “father the lies he coins?” What an

actor has been, previous to his coming upon the stage, is no more to an auditor, than what he will be when he leaves it. If Arthur Duke of Wellington were reduced to assume the buskin for bread, after the first week, all personal feeling towards him would become extinct, and he would be tried by the only fair ordeal for an actor—his dramatic talent. Mr. Charles, who now with difficulty obtains thirty-shillings a week at our minor theatres, surrendered a situation under government, producing nearly £1000 per annum, to embrace the profession. Does this circumstance render him a better actor, or protect him from reprehension, when he fails in his duty as a performer? Or does the fact, that Braham was a wandering, unfriended, ragged boy, in the Minories, take one jot from the delight we experience in beholding him in the *Seraskier*?

We have premised thus much, because our memories contradict a vast deal of the stuff that is foisted upon us in the way of biography; the precious concoctors of which would fain persuade us, that performers were all of noble origin, when, in fact, from the facilities it affords to advancement, it is the profession in which most uneducated and unportioned persons enter. To become an actor, requires only the possession of a pair of white pantaloons and stage boots; and we are not aware of any other trade that can be started on so slight a capital. We remember FRANK HUNTLEY about the year 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803; and, at that time, he had received no further education than reading, writing, and ciphering. He was a bluff, good-natured lad; but knew as little about the classics as he did of acting. Oh! for a retrospective glance at our days of boyhood, when Oxford-street echoed with our footsteps, and the neighbourhood of Soho rang with our merriment! HUNTLEY was one of the many whom we knew, though not intimately; and it now behoves us to tell thee, reader, when, where, and how.

At No. 97, Berwick-street, Oxford-street, stood (nay,

for aught we know, yet standeth) a private theatre. There, some twenty years since, or perhaps, rather some quarter of a century ago, congregated divers gentlemen, stage-struck and moon-struck, though not stricken in years. They formed themselves into three separate companies, at the head of one of which was the well-known Pierce Egan, who, in his youth, did love the stag, and enact thereon. The second company, if our memories have not betrayed us, called Downe (now of York, and who failed at Drury as *Ser Peter Teazle*) its manager, in conjunction with one Hillington, who subsequently became a favourite in some provincial theatres; and a Mr. Tygot lorded it over the third set. These companies performed on alternate nights, and our hero was a member of Tygot's gang. These youths occasionally vented their talents at benefits at the Haymarket; and at one of these, we think, we remember our hero shining forth as the villain (we forget his name) in *The Prize*; and Pierce Egan, on that occasion, sang a song.

Tygot's company, reverently be it hinted, were, compared to us of the other sets, mere vulgarians; and we of the Downe and Egan fraternity bestowed upon the others, on all occasions, a due and proper share of contempt.— We looked on them as a Drury-lane-ite does on an Olympian; which, if thou art conversant with these matters, reader, thou wilt own is treating them scurvily enough.

Woulds, of the Bath theatre, and called the Somerset Liston, and many a snug citizen who now gladdens Cheapside and Broad-street with his presence, then strutted before the boxes and pit of Berwick-street. One by one they flitted from us—some of the poor unfledged dramatics were caged in counting-houses—some “tried a flight,” and winged their way to country companies—some reformed, and quitted the scenic paths of briars—and others, launching into a thousand dissipation, found a premature grave. Alas! for the multitude we mingled with then, save some few, they are but shadows now! But we are

fatiguing you, reader, with useless retrospections—so let us return to our hero. He sent in his resignation to Mr. Tygot, and, about 1806, having received his introductory letter from the managerial provider at the *Harp*, he got on the outside of the Brecknock coach, and bade a long adieu to London. Mr. R. Phillips, until lately the perpetrator of fathers, friars, &c. at Drury, was then the manager of a small company, and seeking favour in Wales. Unfortunately, it was “gude seeking but ill finding;” for the Cambrians did not relish the Thespians; and our unfortunate hero was, on his very outset, initiated into all the miseries and privations of the profession. His own stock of money was soon exhausted, and he returned to town, completely ruined by his Welch trip; at the folly of which, he, to this day, inveighs; a facetious friend having remarked to him, that “Jonah was the only man that ever came uninjured out of the interior of *Wales*.”

The Lyceum was, at this time, the arena for divers devious performances; and, in conjunction with Laurent, our hero held forth; acquiring little profit, and less fame. Here, however, he was noticed by Mr. Beverley, then of Covent-garden theatre, who engaged him for the summer, at Richmond. With Mr. Beverley he continued a considerable period, and really studied his profession. He came into that gentleman's company as a tyro, he left it an artist.

We next find our hero in the Stamford and Nottingham theatres, but there he did not sustain the reputation he had gained in the garden of England; and, for certain causes unknown to his biographers, he departed.

Mr. Watson, the proprietor (*pro tem.*) of the Birmingham theatre, engaged Mr. HUNTLEY; and he made his *début* on those boards, as *Othello*, to the *Iago* of Kean. Our hero met with great applause, but Kean (then, as we think, known by the name of Carey) was unnoticed in *Iago*, though warmly applauded in his personation of *Harlequin* afterwards.

From this company Mr. Kean seceded, in consequence of the discovery of a *platonic* attachment between himself and a lady of the company, who unluckily had a husband, who was——no, we will not gratify you with that tale, reader——suffice it, he was a man in authority—and Kean sought safety in flight. HUNTLEY was left in possession of all the tragedy—but he did not long enjoy it—for an awkward affair occurring to him, as well as his little coadjutor, he followed his example, and stole a march.

From this period we lose sight of Mr. HUNTLEY, until about the middle of 1808, when we find him the kill-devil of the Bolton theatre; of which Ryley, who opened and closed at Drury, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, was manager. There, Robert William, the lessee, when on a *star* visit, saw him, and engaged him for respectable utility at the Manchester theatre, and from thence at the Surrey, where he opened in the summer of 1809, as *Lockit*, to the *Capt. Macheath* of the manager, and fulfilled his dramatic duties by performing *Pantaloön* in the pantomime that followed.

It may have been observed, in the First Series of this Work, that Mr. Elliston was not an especial favourite with us. We have, indeed, been accused of dealing harshly with him. Since many of our lines were penned, he has fallen into difficulty—the sunshine of public favour has ceased to encompass him—and he has sunk into the shade of adversity. It is no time to remember a man's delinquencies in his suffering; and we therefore censure much that we should otherwise have recorded here. Mr. Elliston is, we are told, bent upon reform. We rejoice to hear it. He has no warmer admirers than we once were—and we shall be happy of an opportunity of again recording his praises. Passing, then, what we should otherwise have descanted on, we shall only remark, that the judgment was very questionable, that could assign to any one performer, *Earl Osmond*, *Richard*, *Lockit*, *Macheath*, and *Pantaloön*.

During Mr. HUNTLEY's second season at the Surrey, Mr. Harris received an intimation of his talent, and sent

for him. A treaty was the consequence: and in this the Surrey manager interfered, claiming the exclusive services of our hero. But, after much discussion, the differences were arranged; and, on the 27th Nov. 1811, he appeared at Covent-garden theatre, as *King James*, in Morton's version of *The Lady of the Lake*, called *The Knight of Snowden*.

The habits of Mr. HUNTLEY were little suited to the sphere he now moved in; and the following Easter he returned to the Surrey; from thence he went to Dublin, where, for two seasons, he led the business.

We have a note respecting an occurrence about this period; but, it having nearly escaped conflagration, and having thus lost the commencement of it, we forget whether it appended to our present or some other hero. However, we shall tell the tale here.

At Dublin, Mr. Talbot was, as he deserved to be, a great favourite; and, when that theatre closed, he managed some of the provincial ones himself. It was at one of these that our hero witnessed the following scene. A Mr. Diggs (whose grandfather, as the Dublin boys maintain, taught John Kemble to act) was indebted to Talbot, in a small sum, for the half of his receipts on his ticket-night; and Mrs. T., who is paramount, and "has a voice potential as the *Duke's*," had information that the comedian intended decamping after playing in the first piece, leaving his character in the farce to another. To prevent his flight, Mrs. Talbot entered his dressing-room, whilst he was upon the stage, and carried off his unmentionables. When Mr. Diggs came to change, he found that his only pair were missing; and he immediately applied to the sovereign of the place, (this is the term they bestow on their magistrates,) and Mrs. Talbot was taken into custody, and was ultimately obliged to pay a sum far exceeding the ticket-money, to settle the matter. This, and many other occurrences, gave the lads of shilelah an idea, that, in the establishment of Mr. Talbot, the grey mare was decidedly the better horse; and

they accordingly greeted the manager and his dame very frequently with the interrogatory of, "Who wears the breeches?" Mrs. Talbot bore this with exemplary fortitude for some time; but, at length, exasperated to the last degree, she went into the boxes with a pair of leathern unexplainables around her neck; and the moment the well-known question was put, she rose and said, "Now you see who wears the breeches!" This ended the matter; and having no farther occasion for these emblems of superiority, she gave them to a performer now attached to Covent-garden theatre, who had them transformed into a pair of stage-boots, which he, to this day, wears.

After this, Mr. HUNTLEY was at the Olympic; and, on Mr. Dibdin's taking the Surrey, rejoined that establishment. From thence he went to the Coburg, where he had a long paper war with Glossop; which ended, as dramatic warfare always does—in the parties becoming better friends. We then see him at the Royalty; at the West London, where he opened in *Œdipus*, to the *Jocasta* of Mrs. Glover, at the time Amherst had the theatre; at Astley's; and then, once more, the hero of the Surrey and Coburg. To "track these wanderings," would be tedious and unprofitable.

During the run of *Giovanni on Horseback*, he undertook the hero; and thus curiously announced his intention of vocalising:—"Don Giovanni, by Mr. HUNTLEY; on which occasion he will actually attempt to sing!!!"

Mr. HUNTLEY's dramatic career being thus ascertained, we shall, according to our custom, (a custom which some actors tell us would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance,) look at the man. Mr. HUNTLEY has been dying for the last ten years. Ask after him, at any time within that period, and you would hear—"Poor FRANK is at death's door." In fact, he has used himself to the strongest stimulants, and has reduced himself to a mere machine, only kept going by artificial excitements. The rheumatic gout has been his complaint for many years, and his principal medicine is brandy. Neither

the directions of physicians, or the entreaties of his friends, can wean him from his favorite liquor—which he absolutely takes as other men drink malt liquor. Latterly, his engagement at the Surrey, with Honeyman, who kept a public-house as well as the theatre, was one guinea a night, and as much brandy as he could drink. We do not believe it possible to make him intoxicated—he is fairly brandy-proof. And this may probably account for what, either way, is much to his credit—that he is never so much affected by liquor, as to be incapable of discharging his duty to the public. His hands are much contracted by his disorder, and covered with chalk-stones, nay, it is said, he can write his name on a wall with his own fingers.

Mr. HUNTLEY's devotion to the fair sex is well known. He was married, we think, in the year 1806, to an amiable woman, who bore him one child; but, since that period, we believe they have not lived together.

The door-keepers of the Surrey have had a tedious time of it; for Mrs. Huntley's name was left at the door for admittance; and, on one occasion, HUNTLEY sent round, indignantly, to know why Mrs. Huntley had been refused. "Why, what am I to do, sir?" said the money-taker. "I have passed *nine* Mrs. Huntleys already."

We believe Mr. HUNTLEY has a world of gratitude due to the sex. In his sickness, his poverty, and sorrow, he has always had some devoted fair one, who watched over his fretful slumbers—

And, sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby,
Over her peevish child,

she cheered him. Circumstances like these tend to give us a better opinion of human nature. It tells us, that even the wicked and degraded have feelings as true and as tender, as the more prudent and more virtuous part of human nature.

Mr. HUNTLEY is one of the many versatile actors, whose versatility has proved ruinous. The man who can

do everything, is so often called into action, that his importance becomes weakened by the frequent exertion of his talent; and he does so much with such apparent ease, that managers cannot conceive that to be talented, that is executed with so little exertion. *Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Lear of Humble Life, Edward the Black Prince, Giovanni, Fazio, El Hyder, Lockit, George Barnwell, Pantaloon*, are amongst his many successful assumptions. Our hero has some of the highest requisites for the profession. His voice is powerful, clear, and his undertones sweetly pathetic; his face very expressive, and his mastery of his features wonderful. We should be sorry to say that Mr. HUNTLEY lacks mind, for that is not the case; but he seldom thinks worth while to employ it. He acts, but does not think a part. In half the melo-dramatic heroes of the Coburg, he roared his time out, and attempted no more; but whilst under Dibdin, at the Surrey, and when at Dublin, he was a different man. The fact is, Glossop's show-shop spoiled him. The rabble that frequented the galleries were bent upon nothing but combats; and, when our hero fell, after a protracted fight, long enough to have immortalised a *Lionidas*, the one-shilling worthies were always inclined to call out to the victor, in the language of the boy in *The Children in the Wood*, "Kill him again—he can't be too dead!"

Mr. HUNTLEY's day is past. He can never hope (even should he recover all his physical powers) to become a first-rate actor. He must confine himself now to melo-drama and romance. But in this he would have few competitors. He is a much better actor, even in his feeble and decrepit state, than that milk-and-water gentleman, Mr. Cooper; and, amongst the regulars, may fairly claim a place next to Mr. C. Kemble.* What Mr. HUNTLEY could be, or rather what he might have been, is not now our purpose to inquire. What he is, may soon be told.

* Our readers will remember, that we rank Warde and Wallack before the manager of Covent-garden theatre.

A powerful pourtrayer of the easily defined emotions—a glorious actor of straightforward delineations. Give him rage, despair, fear, or any strong and decided passion, and he will communicate its throes to his auditors with the fidelity and fire of Kean; but when he comes to the nicer shades of character—to the mixed emotions—to those pithy speeches with which Shakespeare abounds, where, in one line, many differences and conflicting passions are to be pourtrayed—he “slubbers it in haste”—he seems to feel a consciousness of insufficiency, and hurries over the passage. Nothing on earth can exceed his—

“Oh, that the slave had twenty thousand lives!”

in *Othello*; but he produces no effect at all by the reply—

“Not a jot!—not a jot!”

Again, in *Macbeth*, his return with the daggers, will bear competition even with Kemble’s *entré*; but he fails entirely in—

“I could not say Amen,” &c.

and, in that beautiful speech, beginning—

“She should have died hereafter.”

Mr. HUNTLEY is a man of more talent than genius—more acquirement than intuitive dramatic tact. He is better in Otway, Dryden, Phillips, or Lee, than in Shakespeare. He may be said to have travelled the highway of the human heart; but he has not explored its secret passages or innermost recesses. He seldom takes the trouble to do as well as he could, and too often sacrifices his judgment to his love of applause. “The gentlemen up stairs” too often attract him by their noisy approbation; and for that he foregoes the still small voice of critical approbation. In his comic assumptions, Mr. HUNTLEY has a sprightly humour and gentlemanly ease; but tragedy is decidedly his *forte*.

Mr. HUNTLEY is about five feet ten inches in height ; of a dark complexion. He now, in consequence of his complaint, is bent nearly double, and relies for support upon a stick. He is a miserable wreck of what he was ; and, at the age of forty, presents an awful spectacle of the effects of dissipation, and a warning to the many hundreds that are treading the same ruinous path.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.**THE GRECIAN THEATRE.***(Continued from p. 214.)*

THE dislike of the Spartans to dramatic entertainments extended even to their slaves. When the Thebans invaded Laconia, they took a number of the Helotes prisoners, whom they ordered to sing the odes of Terpander, Alemon, or Sperdon, the Lacedæmonian; the prisoners, however, excused themselves, saying it was forbidden by their masters.

But though the dramatic art was slighted in Sparta, it was caressed with enthusiasm in Athens; as it was, indeed, in all countries into which the Grecians penetrated. Every general of any emiaence had in his camp his poets, his musicians, and his declaimers. In the camp of Alexander, Hephestion gave to Evius, the musician, the quarters destined for Zamenes; who, being affronted, complained to Alexander, and said that he saw plainly the best way to acquire promotion would be to throw away their arms, and learn to play upon the flute, or to turn tragedian.

Indeed, Alexander, proud as he was, considered it no degradation to countenance actors, and even to place confidence in them. Having a high opinion of the wit, readiness, the discretion and honour of Thessalus the actor, he sent him on an embassy to Pexodorus, the Persian governor in Caria, to break off a match between the eldest daughter of that chief and Aridæus.

At Alexander's return to Phœnicia from Egypt, the people at the sacrifice were entertained with music, and dancing; and tragedies were also performed with the greatest magnificence. Besides the persons usually chosen by lot from the tribes to conduct these exhibitions,

Nicocreon king of Salamis, and Pasistrates king of Soli, particularly distinguished themselves upon this occasion. Pasistrates risked the victory upon Athenodorus the actor, and Nicocreon upon Thessalus. Alexander interested himself most anxiously in behalf of the latter. He did not, however, lest the assembly should be biassed, declare in his favour; at the conclusion, he commended the judges for what they had done, declaring that he would have given half his kingdom rather than have seen Thessalus conquered.

Alexander had an opportunity afterwards of showing how unprejudiced was his mind. When the same Athenodorus was fined by the Athenians, for not making his appearance on the stage at the feasts of Bacchus, he entreated Alexander to intercede for him; who, not choosing to write in his favour, paid the fine for him.

On another occasion, Lycon, the actor, a native of Scaphia, finding that his performance delighted Alexander, insinuated adroitly in his part that he was in necessity for ten talents. Alexander laughed at the conceit, and ordered the actor what he so ingeniously demanded.

But the instances of admiration in which the talents and conduct of the Grecian actors were held are innumerable. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were all actors, and, indeed, so were most of the Grecian dramatic writers. Had not Aristophanes been an excellent actor, the world would have lost the hateful character of Cleo.

Thus declamation at Athens was the criterion of oratory. Polus, an actor, had lost his only child, whom he tenderly loved, and he was on that day to perform a part which had an incident similar to his own situation. To render his grief more lively and natural, he took an urn, containing the ashes of his son, which so wrought upon his feelings, that he drew tears from the whole assembly.

In short, declamation was esteemed a great requisite towards obtaining a rank in public life. The first men of Athens did not disdain to practise it. Nevertheless,

actors were not permitted to judge of the merits of public entertainments.

When Demosthenes complained that the worst orators were heard in the rostrum in preference to him, Satyrus, the actor, to show him how much grace, dignity, and action, would add to the celebrity of a public man, repeated to him several passages from Sophocles and Euripides, with which Demosthenes was so captivated, that he ever afterwards modelled his eloquence from the example of the best actors.

The dramatic art was introduced into Greece by Theſeus. It gradually came forward, until it was perfected by Æschylus. The admirable talents of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were superior, when the infancy of the drama is considered, to any triumvirate since that time. This great compact once broken, comedy, particularly in the hands of Aristophanes, degenerated into licentiousness; and the incomparable talents of Menander came too late to save the sinking interest of the stage.

From the parodies of the tragic writers, begun by Aristophanes, who was awkwardly imitated by his contemporaries and successors, sprung mimes, farces, and the grossest buffoonery; and though the Grecian theatre still kept up an appearance of greatness, though there was often some brilliancy beaming across the heterogeneous mass, which obscured that truth and nature to which the people were no longer insensible, yet the grandeur and magnificence of public exhibitions visibly decreased; until, at length, the fate of the stage too truly foretold the fate of the empire.

DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written in ridicule of a serious discussion against a proposed league between the theatrical potentates of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, in the last century, for the purpose of *interchanging performers*, and otherwise amicably supporting their mutual

interests. The plan undoubtedly had some tendency to weaken dramatic competition; and, of course, as it alarmed the actors, there was much talk of mutiny, riots, &c. The pleasantry of the following *supposed correspondence* greatly contributed to restore good humour to the green-room.

*Faithful Copies of Letters between HOPKINS and WILD,
Prompters to the Monopolizers.*

DEAR WILD,

Drury-lane, Nov. 9.

For God's sake, lend me a couple of conspirators, for to-night. Recollect, you have borrowed one of ours for a singing druid, and another of our best is *Doge of Venice*, on *Packer's* resignation.

Entirely and devotedly yours, HOPKINS.

MY DEAR HOPKINS,

Covent-garden, Nov. 9.

I have ordered them to look you out two of our gentleest assassins, and I'll take care they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell *Farren* he must play our *Archbishop* to-morrow; we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your *General*, in *The Camp*.

Yours, perpetually, WILD.

P. S. If you have a full moon to spare, I wish you'd lend it us for Thursday. I send you some lightning that I can venture to recommend.

DEAR HOPKINS,

Covent-garden, Nov. 11.

Pray how shall we manage without *Smith* to-morrow? I depended on your lending him us for *Harry the Fifth*; but I now see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Couldn't you let him come to us, and play two acts of *Harry*, as you don't want him in *Charles* till your third? and the *Hull* shall read the rest, with an apology for *Smith's* being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ankle, &c. &c.

Cordially yours, WILD.

P. S. My vestal virgin gets so very stout, I wish you'd lend us *Mrs. Robinson* for a night.

DEAR WILD,

Drury-lane, Nov. 11.

By particular desire, our vestal is not transferable, but we have a spare *Venus* and duplicate *Juno's*; so send a hackney-coach for whichever suits you. The scheme for *Smith* won't do—but change your play to anything; for we'll tack *The Camp* to *The School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

Thoroughly yours, HOPKINS.

MY DEAR FELLOW,

Covent-garden, Nov. 12.

Here's the devil to do about our Tuesday's pantomime—the blacksmith can't repair our great serpent till Friday, and the old camel that we thought quite sound, has broken down at rehearsal; so pray send us your elephant by the bearer, and a small tiger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing shepherds for that night; for, though I see you'll want them for highwaymen, in *The Beggar's Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.

For ever completely yours, WILD.

DEAR WILD,

Drury-lane, Nov. 12.

I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too, that as we don't use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our soldiers for *Bosworth Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for *Cox-heath*.

Totally yours, HOPKINS.

P.S. Lend me a Cupid—mine has got the measles.

DEAR HOPKINS,

Covent-garden, Nov. 12.

Thank you for *Henderson* and the soldiers—do let them bring their helmets, for ours are tinning. The bearer is our Cupid, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuinely yours, WILD.

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THURSDAY, 27th June, was devoted for the benefit of Messrs. EVANS and MEARS. The performance commenced with the new comedy of *Love and Reason*; immediately after which, Mr. EVANS and Mr. G. PENSON sang. Now, it was our lot once to hear Mr. BEVERLY say to one of his performers—"Who persuaded you you could sing, sir?" We should like to ask Mr. G. PENSON the same question. The song he selected was *Manager Strut*; and, although the good folks, who sat in mute surprise, were heartily glad when he made his *exit*, yet we never saw a gentleman who appeared more satisfied with himself. *The Miller's Maid* followed, very indifferently acted. Mr. EVANS wants expression and feeling, so indispensable for the due personation of the character of *Giles*. Mr. EVANS is a most useful member of the Covent-garden establishment, but he must not think of succeeding either in *Giles* or *Tyke*. His comic countrymen are respectable, and, when he pleases, highly so. An admirable comic song, written by Mr. T. HUDSON, called *Barney Brallaghan's Courtship*, was sung by Mr. MORGAN, his first appearance. We were informed this gentleman is not an actor, but are inclined to think that our informant was mistaken. We never saw the celebrated JOHNSTONE more at his ease than Mr. MORGAN was, from his *entrée* to his final *exit*; which did not occur until he had repeated the song three times. The farce of *Raising the Wind* concluded the entertainments. JONES was as lively as a lad of seventeen, and kept the audience in good humour, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The curtain fell at twenty minutes to one. And, from the appearance of the house, we are inclined to think Messrs. EVANS and MEARS profited by the benefit; which, as our readers know, is not always the case.



Wageman del.

J. Rogers sc.

M^{RS} POPE.
AS
DESDEMONA.

London. Published by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. POPE,

(Late of Drury-lane Theatre, & now of Astley's Amphitheatre.)

—
“A fine woman—a fair woman—a sweet woman—”

An inviting eye—and yet, methinks, right modest.
Othello.

I'll say *he* is a tall fellow for his inches.
Al's Well that Ends Well.

—
THE besetting sin of our minor stage is vulgarity. About our national theatres, degraded as they are, there is still an air of refinement. Folly thrusts its fool's-cap upon those stages, but comes unlinked with grossness. Upon our minor stages, the worst vulgarities appear to be not only tolerated, but admired. In the performance of our periodical duties, we feel it incumbent to tell a vast number of disagreeable truths; but we feel convinced that the effect will be beneficial, though the regimen be severe. The physic that is most efficacious, is generally least agreeable. We shall not pause to define vulgarity, because definitions are always troublesome, and we detest trouble; and because they are generally dull and tiresome; and you, reader, detest dulness. We take up the word in its common usance; that is to say, we look upon a man as vulgar, who is the reverse of one whom the world recognises as a gentleman. But we beg

not to imply Theodore Hook's gentility, *i.e.* eating with a silver fork, and asking only once for soup.

Vulgarity may be betrayed in thought, motion, look, or dress, as well as in speech. In all these pleasing varieties, we find it at the Coburg, Sadler's Wells, &c. We really do not know one man at our minor theatres, *who can make a bow.*

Ere we proceed farther, we beg to be understood as excepting the Adelphi theatre, which, from its company, cannot be strictly deemed a minor; though we think very little of Mr. Wrench's imitations of gentility, and cannot recognise Messrs. Elliott and Smith as finished specimens of baronets and noblemen. Those gentlemen who dedicate their talents to minor theatres, have generally a marvellous contempt for common cleanliness; and, though we are disposed to allow them to luxuriate in unshaven beards and begrimed faces through the day, we really do expect that they will perform an ablution ere they appear at night. "Blessed are they who expect nothing." The hands of these comedians would justify an idea, that they worked as mechanics all day, though their habits (like the mendicants) are such, that they recognise labour as the thing "their soul abhors." There are some *splendid* exceptions to this rule, and a well-washed *manus* occasionally astonishes us even at Astley's. But then, as if to keep its fellows in countenance, it betrays its owner by the villanous nails cut below the quick, which we, as well as Chesterfield, hold in religious abhorrence. All this may appear mere trifling; but we have Byron's authority (and, what is much better, our own common sense and common observation) for the fact, that the hand indicates the gentleman; and, if you have ever seen, reader, *Romeo* or *Jaffier*, with a paw like a blacksmith or carpenter, you have felt the illusion in an instant destroyed. It is true, at our minor theatres, *Romeo* or *Jaffier* seldom appears; and this it is that shields the fact of their deplorable formation from general observation.

We have chosen to allude to the hands, as, though not the most important neglect, the one most easily noted—and we leave it with our readers to mark, concur, or disagree, as to the truth of our remarks.

Another mark of the minor theatre is a low slouching gait—sometimes rising to a swagger—at others, degenerating into a shuffle. Their heroes have a kind of strut that is indescribable, and their gentlemen (Heaven help them!) roll about like drunken bloods. As to their tones, we could say much; for a vulgar voice is common at the minor; but they would plead their inability to conquer the defect of Nature, upon this score. And, though this is false reasoning; for Mrs. Mardyn, for one, who had a horribly vulgar and discordant voice, tuned hers to “sweetest melody;” yet we will not urge this against them, but proceed to pronunciation. The broad *a* is a mighty favourite over the water; and in such words as command, dance, &c., has a very imposing effect. We do not expect that all the persons who are engaged to spout trash, at 30s. or 40s. per week, should understand English—but the stage-manager ought; and surely either he or the prompter might discipline the troop a little better.

At our national theatres, the actors generally play all street, wood, or garden scenes, with their *hats off*—for which they are great fools. But at the minors, they play their room scenes with their *hats on*—which proves that they are great boors. By the bye, on this subject a word. Mr. Jones, Mr. Wallack, and Mr. C. Kemble have, in the course of their lives, been admitted into decent drawing-rooms. Did they ever carry their hats there? Why they should sport their beavers in room scenes, on the stage, when they certainly would not do so in society, we cannot conceive.

The dressing at our national theatres is bad enough; for, excepting Jones, we know no one man who can dress himself well in mode a cloths. But at the minor it is insufferable. Vulgarity dwells in the cut of every coat—in the fold of every waistcoat, (of which article they gene-

rally have three or four)—and the wrinkles of every pair of unmentionables.

Of the ladies, we have as yet forbore to speak. It is, at all times, an unpleasant task to censure women. Thus are they defended by their very defencelessness; and by their lack of power to resist or repel attack, it seems very cruelty to wage war with the weak. And yet why (in reason) they should be protected from censure, when they deserve it; or be denied the benefit of being told of their faults, we know not. Through six volumes, (on which the toil and attention bestowed, few can appreciate who have not been employed on biography,) one principle has been preserved; which has been, rather to extend mercy than justice to our actresses. It is true, that when delinquents called for castigation, we have dealt it them; but, in all these cases, we affirm, we have said less than we might have done. Whether the beams of beauty have the power of extracting the gall from our pens, we know not; but we certainly have avoided, and shall avoid, speaking of the softer sex with any severity. Tenderly, then, be it spoken in the regions of the East London, Olympic, &c., the attire of the dames is neither ladylike or tasteful, and implies a vulgarity of style coeval with that of their partners, the gentlemen.

A very vulgar man in a party of gentlemen is in an awkward predicament; certainly; but a gentleman amongst a party of vulgar men is more unfortunately situated. If he is talented, his talent cannot be appreciated—his refinement will become matter of derision—and his feelings will be wounded by even the kindness of his companions.

In much such a situation as that of this unfortunate gentleman; do we conceive Mrs. POPE to stand, at the minor theatres; at all events, with reference to the *generality* of the performers around her.

At Brighton, in the county of Sussex, about the year 1797, Miss SUSAN LUCAS

“inhaled the breeze that blew across the sea,”

for the first time; that is to say, she not only breathed the sea-air in that year, but breathed for the first time at that period. Mr. Lucas, her father, was a brewer, and, at that period, a man of considerable fortune; and he brought up our heroine in a style commensurate with his station. When a child, she was as accomplished as she was lovely—and this is saying much. Mr. Lucas was unfortunate in business. He lived gaily—gave *balls*—whilst his brewhouse was neglected—and, by thinking more of *hops* than *malt*, he became embarrassed. It was then that Miss LUCAS, with a resolution that does her honour, determined to add her mite of exertion, if not to her parent's aid, at all events to alleviate his burden. But, alas! the roads to acquirement for woman are few; and, after some reflection, the stage presented the only means of subsistence to our heroine; who was resolved not to burthen a parent in his adversity, who had so lavishly expended his fortune on her, in the hour of prosperity.

Miss LUCAS received some instructions from a gentleman at Brighton, (Mr. Bew, we believe.) For our parts, we have a strong antipathy to these instructions for the stage; but as in this case it appears the gentleman did no harm, we shall not make any observations upon the subject, but “reserve the point” for the effusion of our gall, at some more advantageous opportunity.

Our heroine appeared at Brighton, in the year 1814, as *Emily Worthington*, in *The Poor Gentleman*. As a native of the town, and under the circumstances of her appearance, she was of course well received; and her looks and acting would have insured her admiration, had she had no adventitious aid.

An anecdote is told of the *Lieut. Worthington* of the night, which we insert for its drollery, rather than its authenticity. A prompter's duty, be it known, reader, is not to give the line, but the leading word, when a performer lacks his aid—as thus:—“’Tis not alone this mourning suit, good mother!” If *Hamlet stuck*, the prompter would say, “Mourning suit.” And this, as the

leading idea, would, in nine cases out of ten, prove sufficient. To our tale:—The venerable *Lieutenant* found his memory fail him, where he should have said—“A gallant soldier’s memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier bound about his grave.” The *Lieutenant* got on famously, until he came to “flourish;” and there he (speaking technically) stuck dead. “Osier,” cried the prompter. On which *Worthington*, drawing himself up with such dignity, proceeded as follows:—“A gallant soldier’s memory will flourish, though *his father was only a HOSIER!*”

After playing a short time at Brighton, Miss LUCAS joined Penley’s company, then playing at Dover, &c., where she was engaged as a leading actress.

Scripture informs us, “that it is not meet for man to be alone;” and though we can find no parallel passage with regard to woman, yet the principle inculcated is, we believe, recognised equally by each sex. Now, in Mr. Penley’s company was a gentleman of uncommon altitude, of pleasing manners, and of genteel exterior, yecept Pope. Now, Mr. Pope is as unpleasant a fellow to travel with, *inside a coach*, reader, as you ever met. But this is the fault of his legs, not of himself; for he possesses most companionable qualities, and is the soul of good fellowship. Miss LUCAS did not meet him (as we did, to our sorrow) as one of four inside a night coach, therefore knew not the annoyance of his long conclusions. She saw him only as, we believe, most persons see him—as a man of talent and urbanity—and he found favour in her sight.

How long a courtship occurred between this talk couple, we cannot correctly state; but, however, the lady accepted Pope, and made her *Essay on Man*, in the month of October 1816.

Some time after this event, the new-married couple journeyed northwards, and joined Macready, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. And, says a biographer of this lady, “It is to this gentleman’s *great talent* as an actor, instructor, and director of a theatre, our heroine, in a great

degree, owes the fame she has acquired in the dramatic art." Now, Mr. Macready (late of Bristol) is, as our readers know, an immense favourite of ours; and we therefore are glad of this opportunity of bearing testimony to his genius, on the great authority of an anonymous writer in *The Dramatical and Musical Magazine*, produced in 1823, and duly sold to the buttermen in the vicinity of its publisher's, speedily afterwards. Mr. Macready is the very man to instruct an elegant actress. He is a man of refined manners—superior diction—his movements are graceful and various—his mind is well stored with knowledge—his tones are soft and harmonious—his address bland and courteous—his very figure is a model of grace. Or, if he be not all that we describe, at least we wish he had been, for the sake of his eulogist in the aforesaid Magazine, so liberally patronised by buttermen and other consumers of waste paper.

With the elegant, courteous, and refined Macready, Mr. and Mrs. POPE remained some time. The lady opened as *Angela*, and played all the leading characters to John Kemble, when he came to take his farewell at Newcastle.

After a probation of two years in the country, our heroine was introduced by Kean to Drury-lan theatre, where she inconsiderately consented to appear without an engagement. Contrary to her own wishes, she opened in *Portia*, a part unfitted to her powers. The worthies who conducted this unfortunate theatre, offered her a salary far below her merits, which she very properly refused; and, accepting an offer from Bath, went to that city, and opened in *Cordelia*, to the *King Lear* of Charles Young, of the Theatre-royal, Covent-garden.

In the city famous for Portland stone, and nothing else, Mrs. POPE, wonderful to relate, became a favourite. We always wonder, when the present race of Bathonians admire anything really good. Bath is a city of ceremony—conceit and ignorance have built their palaces there—the society live in the interchange of cold commonplace civilities—and the mind becomes belittled amongst

them. It is an old saying, that five feet eight inches, white pantaloons, hessian boots, a frogged surtout, white gloves, and a new hat, make an actor a favourite at Bath. Proverbial jokes are often as remarkable for their truth as their singularity.

A performer is a favourite at Bath only in proportion to the number of letters of recommendation he brings to private families; when, in truth, the only letter of recommendation should be talent; for that is (or ought to be) an universal one.

The playgoing people have been playgoers for the last half century. They are, for the most part, very old—and more stupid than old—more prejudiced than stupid. Scandal is the aliment on which Bath exists, and the theatre is the place for it. There the toothless, sightless coteries congregate—poor old women, who like to see nice young men upon the stage—and wretched old men, who like to peep through their spectacles at pretty women. The theatre is managed by some elderly gentlemen, who, to judge by their looks, must have commenced the profession very soon after the death of Shakespeare, and who have some antediluvian notions respecting plays and players, so long held, that they at length regard them as truths. In addition to this, a few bad actors, of long standing, are influential; and pieces are played for them, and no one else. This, we affirm, is Bath. We know, that had we occasion, in preparing this Memoir, to consult with or visit Mrs. POPE herself, she would tell us that she was very happy at Bath—that the audience were elegant—and the managers men of talent, &c. &c. The truth of all which we do not doubt, as far as *her impression* went; but it fortunately happens, that we are not obliged to go to any performer, either for information or opinion; and are happily as unshackled and independent as other dramatic biographers have been servile and adulatory.

For two seasons, Mrs. POPE remained the leading actress at Bath, when an offer from David Edward Morris, of the Haymarket theatre, brought her to town. After

many interviews, terms could not be agreed to; and Mrs. POPE, having lost the opportunity of returning to Bath, was about to accept an engagement from the “elegant and urbane” Macready, and avail herself again of his “great talent as an actor and instructor;” but an offer from the north, in the mean time, took her down to Newcastle once more, then under the management of Vincent De Camp, one of the many good actors whom London seems to have expatriated. She remained until he disbanded his troop, and then Mrs. POPE came to the Coburg theatre.

“*Facilio descensus*”—the lady has since been at the Surrey and at Astley’s. She has been *with* minor performers, not *of* them—a member of the theatre, not of the company—as much out of place as a rose in a cabbage garden, or a solitary pearl in a garnet necklace.

Lest we should be thought prejudiced with respect to the Surrey, Coburg, or Astley’s, we shall let one of the theatres answer us, by the production of some of its regulations.

The following were amongst the “articles” in the rules of the Coburg theatre, as applied to the ladies, during the Arkenstall dynasty:—

“The said ——— introducing improper jokes, neglecting or omitting any part of the evening’s performance, or repeating any part of a character that shall have been expunged from the manuscript, (without the manager’s or proprietor’s consent,) or for inattention, or improper behaviour on the stage, during any part of the entertainments, shall be subject to a heavy fine, in the option of the manager.

“For quarrelling in any part of the theatre, if to the interruption of a rehearsal, or the business on the stage, the said ——— shall forfeit one guinea; but if a blow be given, the striker shall forfeit his week’s salary.

“If the said ——— shall *play any tricks* with the properties, dresses, or any other article belonging to the evening’s exhibition, shall forfeit five shillings; and if

any of the properties, dresses, or anything appertaining to the theatre, be wilfully or negligently destroyed by the said ———, the full value of the same shall be paid for by the said ———.

“ That the said ———, in the articles by herself provided, such as stockings, dancing-pumps, boots, stage-jewels, feathers, &c., shall be correspondently neat and *clean*, under the forfeiture of one guinea; and shall adhere strictly to the dressing of characters through the run of a piece, in exact conformity to the original dress determined on by the manager, or otherwise be subject to a fine of ten shillings.

“ In case the said ——— shall wear part of her dress under her own clothes, or the dress appertaining to another character which she may have to perform in the course of the night, or in any piece which she doth not belong to, shall forfeit ten shillings.

“ Should the said ——— be proved to the satisfaction of the proprietors, that she has removed or torn down any notice put up in the green-room, (or any other apartment,) by the proprietor or proprietors, she shall forfeit ten shillings.”

Of Mrs. POPE's talents we entertain a very favourable opinion. She is one of the few actresses to whom the term “unobtrusive” strictly applies. The reader will be pleased to observe, that we by no means wish to imply, that obtrusiveness is the prevailing feature of our stage; but merely that the reverse of it is an uncommon attribute. There is something in the profession altogether very much at variance with all that we consider feminine; and the practice of it is very apt to destroy that sweet consciousness that most women betray, when forced into display. Obtrusive is a term which is applicable to few performers of the present day; but there certainly are a few, beneath whose inflections we sit in silent musing, nightly; and who, as it were, burst upon and startle us at every *entrée*. And this really appears to be the fault of their natures. We will, however, like *Arces*, “mention no names.” Now, if there be two or three gentle-

men, and about as many ladies, whom we deem obtrusive in their style; there are certainly, out of the whole stage, not more who can be deemed unobtrusive, of either sex. Indeed, the quality seems properly confined to women—for it would degenerate into sheepishness in men. Madame Vestris, all must admit to be a fascinating woman, and a charming actress; but it would be ridiculous to describe her as unobtrusive. Neither could that term apply to Mrs. Davison, or Miss Kelly, or Mrs. Gibbs, or Miss O'Neill, or any of our great actresses, save Mrs. W. West. We are almost tempted to say, that to Mrs. POPE and Mrs. West this term is exclusively confined. Great as is the charm this characteristic gives to such parts as *Desdemona*, *Imogen* (*Cymbeline*,) and *Cordelia*, it mars, or at least injures the effect of *Widow Cleerly*, *Letitia Hardy*, and a host of similar parts.

In a confined line, Mrs. POPE has scarcely her equal upon the stage. It is in elegant and sentimental comedy. *Julia* (*Rivals*,) *Lady Grace* (*Provoked Husband*,) *Charlotte* (*Gamester*,) are perfect in her hands. In *Desdemona* and *Belvidera* she is exceedingly good; but the last scenes of each, particularly the latter, call for more power than she has, or at least more than she chooses to exert.

It is really dreadful to see such a woman at the Coburg and at Astley's—moving amid sawdust. She should be at one of our national theatres. And if Mr. Price be determined to get a good company, this lady should form a member of it. We do not mean to mention her as a principal, but an adjunct. Mrs. POPE must please as a leading actress—she would do no more. In a secondary station, she need fear no competitor; for she assuredly has no superior.

As elegance is the distinguishing feature of her acting, so is it of her beauty—she is tall and exquisitely proportioned; her complexion is inclined to dark; her eyes hazel; her hair rather dark. She is represented to us as a most amiable woman and exemplary wife; and, altogether, she is perhaps the only *Pope* that ever possessed so many cardinal virtues.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, &c.

THE HISTRIONIC PROFESSION CHARACTERISED BY A MAN OF WIT.

A player (says the author of *Hudibras*) is a representative by his calling, a person of all qualities; and, though his profession be to counterfeit, he endeavours to make his words and actions always agree. It is his labour to play, and his business to turn passion into action. The more he dissembles, the more he is in earnest; and the less he appears himself, the truer he is to his profession. The more he deceives men, the greater right he does them; and the plainer his dealing is, the less credit he deserves. He assumes a body like an apparition, and can turn himself into as many shapes as a witch. His business is to be somebody else, and he is never himself but when he has nothing to do. He gets all he speaks by heart, and yet never means what he says. He is said to enter when he comes out, and to go out when he goes in. When he is off the stage he acts a gentleman, and in that only makes his own part himself. When he plays love and honour in effigy, the Ladies take him at his word, and fall in love with him in earnest; and, indeed, they may be truly said to *fall* in love, considering how much he is *below* them. This blows him up with so much vanity, that he forgets what he is, and, as he deludes them, so they do him. He is like a motion made by clockwork: the poet winds him up, and he walks and moves forward, until his part is run down, and then he is quiet. He represents many excellent virtues as they light in his part, but knows no more of them than a picture does whom it resembles; his profession is a kind of metamorphosis, to transform himself out of one shape into another, like a tailor's sheet of paper.

INCLEDON'S FAREWELL.

On Friday last, Oct. 8, 1824, the Southampton theatre was crowded, in consequence of the announcement that the above once-celebrated singer was to sing four of his most popular songs, and to take leave of the stage in a short address. It is not generally known, that Incledon made his *debüt* at Southampton exactly forty years ago. The late Mr. De Veulle, hearing him sing a song at a public-house, was so much struck with his extraordinary powers, that he introduced him to his theatre. He immediately received the warmest tribute of admiration, and rapidly rose into fame. The songs he selected on this occasion were, *Black-eyed Susan*, *Death of Admiral Bellow*, *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace blood*, the celebrated duet of *All's Well*, with Mr. Bolton, and *Then farewell, my trim-built Wherry*. To criticise the singing of a man upwards of sixty, who has undergone the hardships he has, would be ridiculous; that was not the thing looked for— suffice it to say; his singing showed what he once could do. There was, however, something very affecting, and perhaps pleasing, in the contrast (in the duet) between his voice, quivering, and all in want of breath to fill it, yet still manly and powerful, and Mr. Bolton's youthful one, full of cadence and execution. It is unnecessary to say, that he was most rapturously applauded, and the duet was *encored*. After the last song, he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with the sincerest feelings of gratitude I am capable of, that I stand before you this evening, to return you my most heartfelt thanks for the distinguished patronage you have ever conferred on me. In this town, and on these boards, I first appeared as a singer; and the encouragement I then received from you has proved, I may say, my passport to fame. Ladies and Gentlemen, since that period I have passed through many vicissitudes—I have served his Majesty in many engagements—there is not a ship in the navy, nor are there many towns in the country, that I

have not sung in; but still your early liberality has never been effaced from my memory. It is now six years ago since I left the stage, but it has always been my wish to appear once more before you. Ladies and Gentlemen, age, sickness, and infirmities, have altered me much from what I once was, but I have always done my best to please my kindest patrons; and I repeat it, Ladies and Gentlemen, while I live I shall never forget the support and encouragement I have received from the inhabitants of Southampton." A tremendous burst of applause followed, and the veteran retired from the stage for ever.

QUIN'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. Rich proposed to Quin, that the afterwards celebrated George Ann Bellamy should make her *debut* as *Monimia*. She repeated parts of the play to them. At length, Quin, completely disgusted, exclaimed to Rich, "It will not do, sir!" The manager coolly replied, though accustomed to be guided by his favourite performer in almost every concern connected with the theatre, "It shall do, sir!" On the first night of her performance, when Miss Bellamy retired from the stage, amidst the loud applause of the audience, Quin lifted her up in his arms, and exclaimed, "Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee!" He afterwards became so partial to her, that he once addressed her in the following words, as given by George Ann herself, in her autobiography:—"My dear girl, you are vastly followed, I hear. Do not let the love of finery, or any other inducement, prevail upon you to commit any indiscretion. Men, in general, are rascals. You are young and engaging; and therefore ought to be doubly cautious. If you want anything in my power, which money can purchase, come to me, and say, 'James Quin, give me such a thing,' and my purse shall be always at your service."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The same beautiful actress was excessively pleased with Pope's *Homer*, and having learnt the three first books, persuaded her father, Lord Tyrawly, to introduce her to Pope, that she might have the pleasure of repeating them to the author himself. Her disgust can hardly be conceived, when, on entering, before she had time to collect herself or examine him, the great little man rang for his housekeeper, and directed her "To take Miss and show her the gardens, and give her as much fruit as she chose to eat."

FAME.

Theophilus Cibber said, having asked his servant what opinion the world had of him, and being answered not a very favourable one, "Well, let them speak of me at all, and I shall be satisfied."

GARRICK'S HAMBURGH.

Harris, one night, was waiting at the stage-door for Garrick, while he was performing in the closet-scene in *Hamlet*. He was so struck by his talent, that when Garrick came to meet him, though they usually called each other by their christian names, he found himself involuntarily receding, calling him "Sir," and bowing with reverence. After Garrick had stared in astonishment, and Harris recovered himself so far as to explain, the former acknowledged, with a smile of gratification, "that, next to *Partridge's* description of him in *Tom Jones*, this was the most genuine compliment he had ever received." Harris used regularly to amuse his friends, after dinner, with this story.

TERENCE'S PLAYS.

A dinner party, when most of the company had drowned their cares and pleasures alike in the bowl sacred

to the jovial god, Macklin suddenly and violently smacked the person next to him on the back, exclaiming, "Who are you, sir?" It was a short, fat, Irish clergyman. "Now, sir," continued Macklin, not waiting for a reply, "what is your opinion of Terence's plays?" The poor parson, half confounded, muttered, "What, do you mean his Latin edition?" "Do you think," rejoined Macklin, repeating the smacking operation, "do you think I mean his Irish edition, and be d—d to you!"

ON THE RETIREMENT OF MISS M. TREE.*

The day, the happy hour is come,
 Pregnant with springing hope and joy,
 That guides thy gentle virtues home,
 Where envious blasts can ne'er annoy;
 The wish'd-for day, whose coming gives
 All that thy youthful fancy sought,
 All that thy sanguine heart believes
 The portion of affection's lot.

O may the wish thy heart has form'd,
 The anxious hopes thy breast has heaved,
 Be never by distrust alarm'd,
 Or by base treachery deceived;
 A heart like thine should have repose
 Amid its kindest feelings, whole,
 Nor should the blight of envious weeps
 Arrest the calm that fans thy soul.

For thou art one, whose way was fraught
 With wily snares and secret guile;
 Yet thou, by Virtue's dictates taught,
 Escaped, unharm'd, from every toil:

* These lines received a promise of insertion at the period, but were overlaid.

Still mild and gentle in thy path,
 Thou kept thy rough, but honour'd road ;
 Secure, at least, from Virtue's death,
 And all the ills by such bestow'd.

Long sailing on a troubled sea,
 Where, wreck'd, unnumber'd vessels lie,
 Thy virtues lit thy gentle way,
 And pointed out the harbour nigh ;
 At length the dangerous season past,
 When dreaded tempests threaten youth,
 Its solid joys are come at last,
 Unclouded, in their lovely truth.

Though oft upon that dreaded wave,
 The bark of Virtue has been tost,
 Though many there have found a grave,
 Or perish'd on its rocky coast ;
 Yet hath the struggle wreathed their name
 In hallowed memory, ever bright,
 Which, like pure Virtue's beacons, flame
 With-meteor glory on the night.

But thou, less hapless in thy fate,
 Hast braved the tempest and the storm,
 And fragrant breezes gratefully
 Shed o'er thy hours a deathless charm :
 'Tis meet they should—when others see
 The cup of joy on such bestow'd,
 They turn their wishful eyes on thee,
 And travel in thy happy road.

OSCAR.

*Remarks on the Ancient Dramas produced at The Bull, or
 the Fortune Playhouses. By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.*

“ It is faultie,” says that gallant knight, “ both in
 place and time—the two necessary companions of all
 corporale actions. For the stage should alway present
 but one place ; and the uttermost time presupposed in it

should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day. There are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduke*, how much more in all the reste?—where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other under kindomes, that the plair, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleve the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while some in the mean time flie in, represented with some swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

EMPHASIS.

When Garrick had played some little time at Goodman's Fields, Johnson and Taylor went to see him perform, and afterwards passed the evening at a tavern, with him and Giffard. Johnson, who was ever deprecating stage-players, after censuring some mistake in emphasis, which Garrick had committed in the course of that night's acting, said, "The players, sir, have got a kind of rant, with which they run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis." Both Garrick and Giffard were offended at this sarcasm, and endeavoured to refute it; upon which Johnson rejoined, "Well, now, I'll give you something to speak, with which you are little acquainted, and then we shall see how just my observation is. Let me hear you repeat the ninth commandment—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'" Both tried at it, and both mistook the emphasis, which should be upon *shall not* and *false*. Johnson put them right, and enjoyed the victory with great glee.



R. Page del.

J. G. S. sculp.

MR. T. P. COOKE,
AS
RODERICK THE GOOTH.

London Published by G. Virtue 26 by Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
T. P. COOKE,

(Of the Theatre-royal Covent-garden, & English Opera House.)

—
“If merit bought titles, Tom might be a lord—
How gaily his bark thro’ life’s ocean would sail,
Truth furnish’d the rigging and honour the gale.”
—

It is commonly observed that actors who, from necessity or accident, have been originally introduced to the public through the medium of a minor theatre, are precluded, at least until they have rusticated for some period, from a situation at the royal marts for histrionic display. That such may be the case, where an individual is of mediocre talent, we admit; but first-rate ability, although it may be some time in progress, yet it will ultimately, like a small stream, continue its course, joining the little currents, until it arrives at the grand junction of Fame and Popularity. In fact, to quote our friend *Buskin*, “Merit, like a champagne cork, will find its way.” Wallack, Braham, G. Smith, Miss S. Booth, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Mountain, John Reeve, Mrs. Chatterley, and our hero, are illustrations of our observations.

Mr. T. P. COOKE is the son of an eminent surgeon, who resided in Titchfield street, Oxford-street; but he had the misfortune to find himself fatherless very early in life.

“The sea was less troubled by far than his mind;”

and, possibly, to forget as much as possible that loss which can never be retrieved, T. P. COOKE entered the
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navy, and was one of the company belonging to the ship *Raven*, at the age of ten, and was engaged in the blockade of Toulon. He had also the honour of being with the Earl of St. Vincent, in that great and distinguished victory which gave the gallant admiral his title. There are many tales on record of his courage: among others, his boarding an Algerine corsair procured him the thanks of his Captain, for his truly gallant conduct.

His next nautical exploit was concluded by being wrecked in the *Raven*, which was cast away near Cuxhaven. The fatigue he underwent, for two days and nights, during this calamity, brought on a rheumatic fever, which nearly cost him his life. No sooner did he recover, than, nothing daunted at past events, he joined the *Prince of Wales*, which formed part of the squadron commanded by Sir Robert Calder, employed in the blockading Brest harbour. In this and other vessels he continued, until the peace of Amiens, when he was paid off, and left the navy.

His devotion to *canvass*, however, did not forsake him; for, in Jan. 1804, Mr. T. P. COOKE appeared in a subordinate character at the Royalty theatre; and such was the judgment and good taste that he displayed on this occasion, that Mr. Astley engaged him for the Amphitheatre, upon liberal terms; where he continued until *Lauret*, the celebrated *Clown*, induced him to enlist under his banners, at the Lyceum. And here he established himself as an actor of more than ordinary capabilities.

Mr. Elliston, perhaps, fearing that Mr. COOKE was enjoying more happiness than ought to be his share, proposed to him to undertake the stage management of the Surrey; and he commenced this amusing and delightful duty in the year 1808. And, notwithstanding all the mutilated tragedies that were produced by the great Lessee, at that period, our hero always appeared to the greatest advantage, and made himself an universal favourite. During the recess, he took a trip to Dublin,

H. Johnston had the Peter-street theatre there. Our hero joined him; and, after playing a great variety of characters, tried what he could do in pantomime; and his *Clown* in a harlequinade, (the title of which we have forgotten,) added not a little to his stock of fame. After this, we have him again at the Surrey, devoting his energies to the personation of *Three-finger'd Jack*, *Perouse*, &c. &c., and dividing the tragedy with Cobham.

In Sept. 1816, in consequence of having accepted an engagement from the sub-committee of Drury-lane, our truly enterprising hero first appeared, in that splendid theatre, in the character of *Diego Monez*, in a melodrama, called *The Quitó Gate*, and did as much for the part as possible. The next thing he was cast, was *Bagatelle*, in *The Poor Soldier*, which he played with irresistible comic humour; but his *Hans Ketzler*, in *The Innkeeper's Daughter*, was his masterpiece, and stamped him at once as a sterling actor.

Among the individuals that the sub-committee succeeded in disgusting by their indecision and inconsistency, was our hero. But he had encountered so much already in his weary pilgrimage through life, to submit to the caprice of "holiday and silken fools;" he therefore engaged himself to lead with Mr. T. Dibdin, at the Surrey. *The Duke of Argyle* is one of the many characters in which he was eminently successful.

An offer from the proprietor of the English opera-house, induced Mr. COOKE once more to leave his friends in St. George's Fields. Mr. COOKE, in common with many, have much to thank Mr. Arnold for. On his boards, and under his management, Mr. COOKE had opportunities for a full development of his extraordinary powers. Mr. Arnold is, in every sense of the word, a *manager*; for it matters not who are engaged under his banners. He knows that every mortal has some peculiarity; and if he finds no *talent*, he tries to suit the *tact* of the individual he is bound to give a salary to. Many persons have, by this system, been made useful and amu-

sing adjuncts to our theatres, whose unaided exertions would have been insipid and unsatisfactory. Mr. Wilkinson owes all his fame to the circumstance of this manager having parts written for his peculiarities; and Keeley, too, is much his debtor on the same score.

The Covent-garden proprietors have also had the services of Mr. COOKE; he has been stage-manager of the Coburg; and is now a member of the Adelphi. Indeed, Mr. COOKE is so *notoriously* a talented creature, that every managerial speculator is anxious to "have a taste of his quality," in his own domain.

"Knock'd on the waves, and battling with the deep,"

Mr. COOKE displayed his histrionic aptitude; and many stories are related of his nautical theatricals. His activity, too, in early youth, was very remarkable; his strength prodigious. Being endowed with a mind superior to his station, and having received the rudiments of a good education, Mr. COOKE attracted the attention and notice of his superior officers; whilst his hearty good fellowship ensured him the affection of his messmates. In the little dramatic displays that cheer our sailors during a long voyage, he took an active and prominent part; and therefore, long before he set his foot in a regular theatre, he may be said to have served an apprenticeship to the scenic art.

Pearman, our hero, and W. Bennett, are, we think, the only *marine* artists now on the metropolitan boards.

It is rather surprising, that, although Mr. COOKE personated *Epaulette* (*Fontainbleau*), *Lark Hatterick*, *Robin* (*No Song No Supper*), &c. &c., at Drury, his exertions were but little appreciated; and even at Covent-garden theatre, he never met that reception that his high talents deserve.

Mr. COOKE has done almost every individual part he has appeared in, better than any other actor whom we are acquainted with could have done it. His *Bagatelle* is far beyond the clumsy correctness of Gattie, or the sput-

tering of Farley. His sailors are more steady than Munden's, (Munden was always a "drunken swab;") less rigid than Fawcett's; and only inferior in mellowness to Jack Barrister's. His melo-dramatic performances equal those of Wallack; and in serious pantomime, no one (save Obi Smith) can stand one moment in competition with him.

We will select one or two characters in which this extraordinary actor is pre-eminent. First, for his performance of the *nameless* part in *Frankenstein*;—the thing is a creation of his own brain—it is an embodying of a poetical and supernatural vision—it contains no trait of the theatre—no shade of anything that has been done before—he comes to our view, a mass of moving matter, without stimulus or intellect—he seems to have eyesight without vision—he moves as if unconscious that he is moving, and presents us a perfect and appalling picture of an immense machine, moving without any direct or appropriate purpose. What can be more dreadful than his manner of walking against the balustrade, as if unconscious of the nature of the wooden obstruction, until forcing it down by mere manual power, he falls to the ground? What can be more harassing than the respiration which supplies the place of speech?—a feature in this performance as novel as it was natural. Were we inclined to minutely particularise beauties, we should name his seizing the sword, gazing on the child, &c. &c.: but description can do no justice to an effort like this, or convey any idea of a performance, every iota of which is fraught with extraordinary indications of intellect and acquirement. The dressing of this unearthly being is another point in which our hero has been pre-eminently successful. The creature, raised from the particles of human remains gathered from the charnel-house, is brought before you in the green, ghastly hue of putrescent flesh. It is, indeed, the realisation of a walking corpse; and his lack-lustre eye, and rough and withered air, render it, upon the whole, the most finished *outré* exhibition that the stage of this country ever beheld.

Let us turn from this to his *Hans* (*Innkeeper's Daughter*.) How exquisitely does he depict the German!—how admirably pourtray two seemingly inconsistent qualities—cowardice and courage! *Hans*, from long habits of dangerous exploit, has grown callous to the efforts of human power; and could smoke his pipe, whilst his adversary cocked his pistol. And this is habit of body. But, in early infancy, having been taught to fear supernatural agency, his mind is still pervious; and the man, that would stand with unshrinking apathy before an eighteen pounder, shudders at the whisper of the name of the archfiend. The selfishness taught by suffering to a mean mind; the cool disregard to the wants of others; and the exquisite indifference to the loss of human life;* are so many brilliant pictures of real existence, that we could have wished the arena for their display had been in some more lasting entertainment than a melodrame.

Of another order is his *Orson* in *The Iron Chest*. *Hans* is a brute, because he is unheeding to the wants of his fellow-men. *Orson* is a brute of assumption—one who glories in the depravity of his own heart, and gloats over the sufferings of his victims. The first character is a heartless one—the other is a being, whose heart is wholly depraved. *Ketzler* would see a fellow-creature expiring from his wounds, and leave him as he found him—*Orson* would goad and increase the wretch's misery. *Cooke's Orson* we like as well as *Emery's*. It is more picturesque—and we can dispense with the dash of rusticity that *Emery* very naturally gave it.

We have seen our hero perform characters in low comedy, such as *Sancho* (*Lover's Quarrels*), and with much satisfaction; though his efforts in this line are exceeded by many of his contemporaries.

His *Bagatelle*, and, indeed, all his *Frischmen*, have a

* Our Readers cannot have forgot our hero's exquisite nonchalance, when he exclaims—

“Silly fellow! wants to cut his throat!”

lightness, what is wanting in the personations of Farley, Gattie, and J. Russell, who otherwise have considerable merit in this line. Mathews, Decamp, and our hero, are assuredly the best representatives of Frenchmen now on the stage; and, as the first gentleman is doing better things than kicking his heels as *Epaulette*, and as the second seems expatriated from the metropolitan boards, (why we cannot even guess,) Mr. COOKE may fairly claim the throne of pre-eminence.

We had nearly forgotten to name one of Mr. COOKE'S happiest efforts—the part of *Rinaldo*, in *Gil Blas*. This piece required more from the actors than, perhaps, any one that was ever produced; inasmuch as each individual, who was allotted a part of any importance, had, in his or her early scenes, to personate youth; secondly, middle age; and, lastly, old age. — The keeping the link of character through the ravages of time, was a task of no common order. *Gil Blas* had, successively, Miss Kelly, Pearman, and Bartley, as its representatives. We hesitate not to affirm, that the progressive steps of *Old Scythe and Hour-glass* were much more effectually marked by our hero in his admirable performance. The little peculiarity in his gait and utterance were naturally exaggerated in his concluding scenes. This was like his monster in *Frankenstein*: an effort that stands isolated from its excellence.

In a word, Mr. T. P. COOKE is, in most parts of the drama, a surprising performer. Whether he would have succeeded in the first characters of tragedy, is matter of doubt. There is a want of flexibility in his features and tones, for higher assumption; and his expressive face, that so well depicts the strong workings of intense passions, might not so readily pourtray the nice shades of minute ones. In such characters as *Gordon the Gypsy*, *Monez*, &c., he now stands alone. His muscular frame, and gigantic appearance, make him a more natural representative than Wallack, who has too much of the *Apollo Belvidere* about him. Among Mr. COOKE'S per-

performances, we must not forget to mention his *Man in Armour*, performed by him in the city piece, called *The Lord Mayor's Show*. The utility of this parade, which takes place on each recurring 9th of November, we leave the city gentlemen to determine; but, certainly, that a man of Mr. COOKE'S capabilities should be employed in such a scene, has always surprised us. We hope he had more weighty reasons than we can divine, for submitting to such a degradation. We always deemed vocalising at a city dinner, as a display beneath the dignity of any respectable member of the profession; but being encased for exhibition, and setting oneself out to the gazing and cheering of a holiday mob, is really a step below even a singer's sufferance.

As a stage manager, our hero has judgment, unwearied industry, and exemplary patience. His directions are given with mildness, but enforced with firmness. He never exerts his authority over the wretch beneath him, or tamely submits to the blown-up fool above him.

As a man, we have ever heard Mr. COOKE'S name mentioned with respect and delight. His manners are unassuming—his habits domestic.

He is married to a very amiable lady, and enjoys the regard of a highly respectable circle of acquaintance.

Mr. T. P. COOKE is five feet eleven inches in height, and of a dark complexion.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,*&c. &c.***TONY BRUN'S SALT FISH.**

Tony Brun, an erratic comedian, with more ambition than ability, was no less remarkable for his singular simplicity, than extreme fondness for angling. When he was member of the Liverpool theatre, he laid one evening several lines in a stream near the town, in hopes of procuring an excellent dinner for the next day. In the course of the night, a theatrical wag, belonging to the same company, went to the place, drew up his hooks, and on some of them fixed *red herrings*, and on others *sparrows*, carefully placing them again in the former situation. Early in the morning, Tony went with a friend, to secure his expected prize, and drew up the *red herrings*; upon which he said, "Before God! here are herrings! and, upon my faith, *ready pickled*, too!" Proceeding further, he drew the *sparrows* on shore: after examining them attentively, he exclaimed, "God bless my soul! this is indeed very surprising! I don't wonder at catching the *red herrings*, because they were in their own element, but I really never before thought that birds lived in *water*! I should as soon have expected to have shot *fish* in the *air*! But I will take care and not be disappointed a second time, by laying my lines here for *fresh fish*!"

BURNING OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, IN 1808.

The following account of this lamentable event was furnished by a Correspondent; and as it contains many

interesting particulars, we submit to our readers in the state in which it was forwarded to us.

“ The destruction of this very elegant theatre by fire, is, we are sorry to state, to be added to the number of conflagrations of edifices dedicated to dramatic representations, which have occurred in the course of the last twenty-five years. About four o’clock, on Tuesday morning, this extensive building was discovered to be in flames; and so fierce and rapid was the fire, that no exertion could stop its course. Within less than three hours after its commencement, the whole of the interior of the theatre was destroyed: nearly the whole of the scenery, wardrobe, musical and dramatic libraries, and properties of all kinds, were a heap of smoking ruins. All the books and papers relative to the concerns of the theatre, as well as the produce of the preceding night’s performance, were preserved. A considerable number of engines promptly attended, but there was a shameful want of water for some time. It was upwards of an hour before some of the engines could be supplied. They afterwards played with the utmost possible effect for upwards of an hour, when the roof of the theatre fell in with a dreadful crash, and thus announced the destruction of the interior of this elegant building. The fire raged with most violence at the upper end of Bow-street; the western side of which, nearly as far as the Police-office, was soon burned down, to the extent of seven or eight houses, including the public-house, called *The Strugglers*. In Hart-street, the flames communicated to the houses on the opposite side of the street from the theatre, and four of them caught fire at the same moment; but, by the great activity of the people and firemen, they suffered little more damage than a severe scorching. Great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Drury-lane theatre, as the flames of fire were carried on by the wind, with force and in great quantities, in that direction. A great number of people mounted the roof, ready, in case of actual fire, to

Leaving for better learnings circumstances to accomplish,
 For his proceedinges may appeare to be in haste,
 Yet all together unprofitable his labour, he did not waste ;
 For at this daye, and ever, he deserveth the fame
 Which all monkes deserves professinge that name.

This worthy knihte Arneway, then mayor of this citie,
 This order toke, as declare to you I shall,
 That by twentye-fower occupations, artescraftes, or mis-
 teries,
 These pagentes should be played after breeffe rehearsall,
 For every pagente a cariage to be provided withall,
 In which sorte we purpose this Whitsontyde, -
 Our pagentes into three partes to devyde.

1. Now, you worshippfull *Tanners*, that of custome olde
 The fall of Lucifer did set out,
 Some writers awarrante your matē, therefore be bouldē,
 Lustelye to play the same to all the rowtte ;
 And yf any thereof stand in any doubtē,
 Your author his author hath your shewe let bee,
 Good speech, fyne players, with apparill comelye.”

Such were the celebrated *Mysteries* of Chester.

The first speaking sacred drama was *Della Passion di
 Nostro Signor Gesu Christo*, (*The Passion of our Lord
 Jesus Christ*,) by Giuliano Dati, Bishop of San Leo, who
 flourished about the year 1445.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. RAE

O give him the tear that humanity claims,
 When in life's warm meridian it flits from our view,
 Restrain the cold murmur that sullenly blames
 The want of perfections, the portion of few.
 And tho' from the pure path of virtue he swerved,
 Deny not the laurel of fame to his brow ;
 Accord him the praise that his genius deserved,
 And let pity forbid us to sully it now.

How frail is the tenure of aught upon earth,
 How sweet are the flowers temptation keeps planting!
 Then, in holding the scales of his error and worth,
 Frown not, if some grains to the balance be wanting.
 In recording his faults, let us put in array
 The virtues that blest and ennobled his mind;
 If the first are not great, let us weep them away,
 And whate'er be the last, be they loved and enshrined.

While cold and unconscious he presses his bier,
 How deadly the foe, who could level a dart!
 And where is the friend will refuse him a tear,
 For the woes that once tortured that motionless heart?
 No, his foe will be silent, his friend be resign'd,
 In the heavenly hope that his faults are forgiven,
 And that ~~best~~ brightest hope shall illumine his mind,—
 That he now is a ray in the regions of heaven.

Then come to the tomb;—let us hallow the spot,
 Where the relics of genius for ever repose;
 Add his name to the number of those, unforget,
 Till Time shall be lost in eternity's close.
 His partners in fame at his grave will attend,—
 His social companions will weep o'er his worth,
 And the hearts he so often could 'rapture and rend,
 Will remember the RAES he has left upon earth.

M. LEMAN REDE.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS IN FRANCE.

A dramatic writer in France is encouraged in a degree, and with a punctilious attention to his ease and interest, perfectly unknown in any other country. He has a right to one-twenty-first part of the gross receipts of his piece, every night it is performed in every theatre of France, all his life, and his heirs for ten years after his death. The utmost care is taken both to protect his copyright in the piece, and, what may seem more difficult, to secure him his due share of the profits each night, in all the

theatres of France, which far exceed a hundred in number. A particular office is established at Paris, in which the author needs only enter his name, and he has no farther trouble to take. The office has its correspondents and cashiers all over the country, and accounts to the author for his full profits, for a commission of two per cent. At the expiration of the two first years, the author of any popular piece may rely on having cleared nearly £1700 sterling. After that the profits decrease: but if the author has produced two or three such pieces, he not only provides decently for himself, but leaves his children a comfortable provision for ten years after his decease.

GARRICK'S OTHELLO.

THE annexed letter is selected from a publication by Mr. Benjamin Victor, whose tract upon theatrical occurrences has been dignified with the appellation of "A History of the Stage." This gentleman enjoyed an extensive connexion among the Thespian fraternity, to whom his opinions were distributed with uncommon candour, and obtained, at least, an attentive reception. Many of his critical remarks are tinged with acuteness, and the subjoined article evinces much free and judicious observation. We have only to premise, in addition, that Garrick relinquished the part of *Othello*, after a trial or two to accomplish its performance, which subjected him, amidst many proofs of failure, to the triumphant sarcasms of Quin, who, when asked by a lady how he liked Mr. Garrick in *Othello*,—"Othello, Madam!" (replied the cynic,) "Psha! no such thing. There was a little black boy, like Pompey, attending there with the tea-kettle, who fretted and fumed about the stage, but I saw no *Othello*."

To David Garrick, Esq.

Dear Sir,

March 14, 1744.

You are pleased earnestly to desire my sentiments of

you, in the character of *Othello*.*—They wait on you in the following friendly dress.

My closest attention was never more commanded than by you last night in *Othello*. In the memoirs of the late Mr. Booth—in his theatrical character, *Othello* is mentioned—and at the close of it, I was enthusiast enough to prophesy—but last night you was very near making a convert of the prophet himself.

I own I was most inclined to fear for you in your address to the senate; but there, even there, you excelled your present rival,† whose merit lies chiefly in declamation.

I found you had very judiciously applied your study to all the great and striking passages in the character.—The trance‡ had a fine effect; your manner of falling into it, and recovering from it, was extremely beautiful!

After thus happily conquering the difficulties, and sailing safely by those rocks on which so many have been cast away, it would be ridiculous to make the least doubt of your ability to act this character in the utmost perfection. But to arrive at this point, there are some things to be done. I thought your pauses, in general, not long enough, particularly in that famous soliloquy—

“This fellow’s of exceeding honesty.”——

I think you should look long after him (*Jago*) before you speak, and in the three places in that speech, if the pauses are not a little longer than you made them, the transitions appear too sudden; but your greatest and most apparent neglect was in the scene in the fourth act with *Emilia*, when *Desdemona* enters to you, (taking her hand) you say—

“Let me see your eyes.”——

* Mr. Garrick’s first appearance in this part was made on the 8th.

† Mr. Quin.

‡ This portion of the character, from its extreme length, has been omitted for many years, to the regret of many sensible actors. It occurs in Act. iv. scene 1, of the original drama.

It is evident, the words that follow—

“ Look in my face”——

are spoke in anger; *Othello*, at that instant, observing the attentive eye of *Emilia* upon him, quits his wife with these words—

“ Some of your function, mistress, &c.”

and pushes her out of the room. You will easily observe this must not be spoken in anger, but in a peevish, smothered contemptuous tone, and exactly the same when he calls her in, and throws the money at her; this you did last night, not only in a wrong tone of voice, but in too much hurry.

To fix this upon your mind a little closer, give me leave to observe, that you commit the same fault in your *Hamlet* (a part in which you excel all within my memory) in the scene with *Rosencrans* and *Guiltenstern*, where they attempt to discover the true cause of your disorder. After *Hamlet* has ridiculed their attempt, by the stops on the flute, he says—“ S’death! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?”—This demands the same tone of contempt, which you spoke in a loud tone of anger, by which the sense is quite mistaken, and the dignity of the character lost.

Those gentlemen who are in the interest of your rival (or by this character and *King John*, the contention for fame is confirmed) say, that by your features you make comedy of that famous scene between *King John* and *Hubert*; and why is this? The reason is obvious. Your rival shows in his looks and actions all he feels; which being little, he expresses little: you, who have a quick conception, aided by a large quantity of spirits, are, perhaps, too apt to run into the contrary extreme. I must confess, for my own part, I could wish, in many places in *Othello*, your gestures were less violent, because in all parts of distress there is an extreme point, and there the utmost emotion would appear *naturally* beautiful.

As you have the happiness of a most expressive countenance, you may safely trust more to that, which, with your proper and pathetic manner of speaking, would charm more successfully, if those violent and seeming artful emotions of body were a little abated.

You see, sir, I have delivered my sentiments with the freedom of a real friend. I dare submit them to the censure of the noble lord I found with you in your dressing-room last night, and will even give you his agreeable, avowed partiality into the bargain, because I have a high opinion of his lordship's judgment and regard to truth. But, whatever may be the fate of this adventure, pray believe that in the wide circle of your friends, you have not a greater admirer, nor a more sincere well-wisher than,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

And Seryant.

From a subsequent letter in the same volume, dated September 14, 1745, we learn that the foregoing remarks appeared, through an unknown channel, in "The London Courant," a paper of that period, published by one Hinton, in St. Paul's Church-yard. Their appearance is strongly regretted by Victor to Garrick, and after professing a belief that the publication, at such a juncture, was intended "to serve some purpose," he concludes by an avowal of his readiness to procure Mr. Garrick "all manner of satisfaction possible for this rude injury

CURIOUS STORY OF MADAME CATALANI.—FROM A GERMAN PAPER.

"*Madame Angelica Catalani a German.*"

"Our readers will shake their heads, when they read the seeming paradox implied in the above superscription.

However, it is not an exaggerated patriotism that would attempt, by sophistical arguments, to represent the 'Queen of song' as originally belonging to Germany, (as a certain modern, superlatively subtle critic has transformed Shakespeare into a German!) but we faithfully relate to them the following interesting facts, from *respectable authority*, and leave it to them to form their own opinion.

"A certain actor of the name of H——, said, some years ago, that 'he knew Madame Catalani very well, having performed with her at the same theatre in Russia, where she had at that time figured under the name of Miss Doris Schæfer.' This he said at H——, incidentally to two married sisters of the pretended Doris Schæfer; whose attention was excited by it, because their parents had a daughter of the name of Doris, who ran away from them at the age of twelve years, out of love to the stage. For a long time they had obtained no news of her, till a letter came from the Netherlands to Magdeburg, the abode of her parents, in which she described to them her happy situation as a singer. Since then nothing more was heard of her, and the above assertion was forgotten. On the last visit of Madame Catalani to B——, where the brother of Doris did not fail to go and hear that celebrated singer, he was so struck at the first sight with the *extraordinary likeness*, that he communicated his astonishment in the strongest terms to his sisters at H——, and to his brother at W——. The latter, struck by the coinciding information of his brother, and the actor above spoken of, took the most obvious and natural course, by *writing directly to Madame Catalani*, and requesting her to give him information on the subject. But now, reader, *mirabili dictu!* Madame Catalani delivered this letter to the magistrates at ———, and desired them to inform the writer, that he should deliver to these magistrates the letter of the runaway daughter, and other family papers connected with it; after which, *she* (Madame Catalani) would explain herself further upon this affair. So things stand at present; and the writer of these lines can affirm,

that the two sisters of the pretended German Catalani appear to have a likeness, if not a striking one, to Angelica, whom he has frequently seen. Truly, says the reader, all this sounds very plausibly; but does not Catalani, at the first glance, show in every feature the genuine Italian? But we ourselves also suspend our opinion, and leave it to the future to decide, whether the history of music will one day say, *Madame Catalani a German!*"

PERFORMANCES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Our visit to this theatre has convinced us more than ever of the correctness of the assertion, that there is scarcely an actor on the stage, but can exceed his fellow in a particular part. THORNE, who has been the aversion of the frequenters of the English opera-house, from his first appearance, plays a character in *The Cornish Miners*, in which he is so perfectly original, that he has become the chief attraction in the piece. BENNETT's accident has brought Mr. BAKER before the public, in two first-rate characters; and, notwithstanding the very short notice at which they were undertaken, Mr. BAKER had industry enough to be perfect. He had only a few hours to study them both; yet he acquitted himself highly to the satisfaction of the audience.

SURREY THEATRE.

Great half-prices, and tolerable houses at the ascension of the curtain, continue to assure Elliston, that he is yet estimated by the public. The Coburg has engaged Mrs. M'Gibbon as a kind of counter attraction. The lady has talent, but she is nearly unknown to London, and will not, we fear, be found to draw.



MR. WILLIAMS.

AS

HOCK.

London. Published by G. Virtue 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
W. H. WILLIAMS,

(Late of Drury-lane Theatre and Vauxhall Gardens; and now
of Sadler's Wells Theatre.)

Did you know what struggles I have encountered, you would
say I perform wonders.—*Wheel of Fortune*

BIOGRAPHY may be entertaining, when composed of
fictions; but it is valuable only, when its basis is truth.
The quantity of amusing stories that we have in our scrap-
books is astonishing; but, alas! most of them, like *Dame
Alice's* tales, have only one fault—"they are not true."
It is not only necessary that things be true; but, to pro-
duce any good effect, they must appear so too: Improb-
able truth is often more dangerous than probable false-
hood. We do hope our character for veracity is sufficiently
established, and that tales bordering on the marvellous
may be believed upon our voucher; but we have no
anxiety to try the strength of our credit in this way, and
therefore frequently omit matter that would be at least
interesting.

In the Memoir that we this day present to our readers,
we have a round unvarnished tale of the privations of
a youth, on his entering the scenic profession—desitute
alike of dramatic knowledge and wardrobe—with no
guide but his inclinations—no director, but hardly and
dearly bought experience. The lesson is a useful one.
Read it—ponder on it—ye possessors of tranquil firesides
and friendly fenders—remove not your feet from the

hearth of home, to wander through the briary path of the drama—think of the comfortable cupboard, groaning beneath puddings, cirloins, and other adored viands—think of the well-washed hose and snowy linen, that your paternal domus supplies and contains—and then bethink you of scanty pittances—of wretched quarters, with your better halves, if you have any—of full hearts and empty stomachs—think of what talented actors have endured, and do endure—think, then, what your own fate may be, even *with* dramatic genius. And, depend upon it, gentle reader, it is about ten to one, you are as destitute of that uncommon quality as Mr. Claremont or Mr. Treby.

We have taken considerable pains to detail the facts *literally* in the following Memoir; and, though happily for us, not from personal knowledge, are enabled to state, that the sums shared, and the privations suffered, are accurately detailed.

We will now proceed to history; merely premising, that we do hope Mr. WILLIAMS's good sense will tell him, that these old stories are not revived with any malignant view with regard to him, but to benefit others. Remembering what he was, can reflect no disgrace on him, when we see what perseverance, industry, and talent, have made him.

At Weston, near Bath, where poor Lovegrove is taking his "everlasting rest," on the 25th of May, 1797, (Holy Thursday,) Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WILLIAMS's mother, who

"Took just nine months to consider,
Before she would let him be born,"

was safely delivered of the young gentleman, whose life and adventures we are about to record. His father was a farmer; but, shortly after our hero's birth, instead of getting his bread by growing corn, he determined to make it himself: and accordingly came to London, and commenced baker. We have no records of Master WILLIAMS's adventures, until he was ten years of age, or thereabouts; and it so happened, that Messrs. Shepherd

and Daws did propose, during this part of Mr. WILLIAMS's minority, to introduce him to the notice of the public, as *Tom Thumb*, at the Minor theatre, in Catherine-street, which they had taken for the purpose of levying contributions on their friends. The young gentleman appeared, dressed in black stockings and *hessian boots*, there being no fleshings that would fit him. How he acquitted himself, is not in our power to inform our readers; the critics of the day having omitted to mention the performance. Nor have we any account of him, until he was seventeen years of age.

In 1814, he made his appearance at the Berwick-street theatre, in the character of *Prince of Wales*, in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. The plume of feathers, the spangled tunic, and the tight whites, did the business—and nothing but the stage occupied his attention from that period. He formed an acquaintance at Berwick-street with a Mr. Richard Jarvis, who spoke of the folly of wasting time in private theatres, and advised a journey to a sharing company at Leatherhead. No sooner said than done. The recruits were welcomed by the manager, and WILLIAMS cast *Jeremy Diddler*, to play the very day he arrived. He did not know a line of the part, nor the plot of the piece. But that made no difference. He walked on at night, and got on famously, until *Sam* (Mr. Tomlinson) addressed him in these words—“When you're done, I'll go on; for what you've said, isn't a morsel like it.” This was the first disagreeable our aspirant met with in the profession he had chosen, and made him feel very uncomfortable during the remainder of the farce. Not that he was kept long in this misery; for, as he knew nothing of the part, he said but little; he, however, made up his mind, in future, to be as perfect in the words as possible. That night was devoted by our hero to letter writing; and Mr. Williams, sen., received, per post, intelligence of his son, and was delighted with reading the animated description of his more than brilliant success. The letter spoke of glances from the side-boxes, tumultuous applause

from the gallery, and murmurs of approbation from the pit. It further suggested, that the comedy of *Town and Country* might be seen, as the *debutante* proposed making his second appearance in *Plastic*, a part he had seen Mr. Wallack perform; and the young actor thought, that, with a little attention, he might strike out some new beauties. The fond father packed up seven shirts, the desired comedy, and 2s. 6d.; which were immediately despatched by the Leatherhead coach, carriage paid. The company stayed one fortnight at Leatherhead, and left the town much poorer than they entered it—bent their course to Dorking, in Surrey—stayed some time—but absolutely could not get the people to come near the theatre at all. On the last night, for the benefit of the whole company, the receipts amounted to 8s. On Saturday night, Messrs. WILLIAMS and a Mr. Dodd held a council, and determined to dine on Sunday, at any rate, (a ceremony they had not performed for some days.) Accordingly, at twelve at night, they started on the London road. In the course of the walk, many plans were thought on, to do away any impressions that might arise in the minds of their friends; that their theatrical speculation was a failure; and they looked in vain for an orchard, to gather a little fruit, that might be presented at home, as “a present from Lord So-and-So’s garden.” In the course of the search, they discovered a bean-field; and a couple of handkerchiefs were soon filled, for the purpose of presentation, in the event of nothing better offering. At seven o’clock, the weary foot wanderers arrived at their journey’s end. Of course they had walked up out of choice, and did not mind taking a little breakfast, as it would shortly be ready, and most obligingly condescended to stay dinner in fact, were at length induced to honour Mr. William’s residence, for a couple of days, with their presence; and then took leave, and walked down to Mr. Bennett’s sharing company, at Hampton Court. Mr. W.H. opened in *Sharp (Lying Vale)*, and *Diggory*, in *All the World’s a Stage*, and sang two comic songs; and Mr. Bennett, wh

never suffered an actor to go without his money, gave Mr. WILLIAMS his share—three halfpence. The Monday following was the Mayor's bespeak, and the manager netted sufficient to give our hero *tenpence halfpenny*; who, considering this sum "but a poor pittance for a lad of his spirit," particularly as he had acted five parts, and sung three songs, once more made for the metropolis, with serious thoughts of retiring from the stage, without taking leave of the public.

Love of fame now induced the retired comedian to turn author; and he produced a piece, called *The Country Inn*. His father being in the habit of visiting Emery at his favourite house, the *Red Lion and Still*, in Drury-lane, handed that great comedian the MS. who sent it to Mr. Beverley; who is preserving it for some great occasion, we presume, as it has never yet been offered to the public. Our actor verified the old saying, "Let a man once rub himself against the scenes of a theatre, and his destiny is certain." BILLY was seen, for days, wandering near the stage-door of the Tottenham-street theatre, but had not the courage to meet the manager. One morning, however, Mr. Beverley having heard something of his theatrical adventures, desired him to walk in—inquired if he could sing—and, being answered in the affirmative, requested to hear him. He complied, and sang *For Little Mo*, without music, on the stage, in the presence of the whole company. Mr. Beverley engaged him at twelve shillings per week, and he appeared in the year 1818, as the dragoon in *Tekeli*, and sang *What a beauty I did grow!* to a double-encore. In the course of a fortnight, he became a useful member of the company, and got some good parts, with an augmented salary. Mr. WILLIAMS stayed with the West London manager for two seasons, and then entered into an engagement with Klanert, of Richmond, for the low comedy; and, through the interposition of Dad, obtained the services of Emery for his benefit, which produced, after paying all expenses, £40. Emery observed so much improvement in WILLIAMS, that he re-

commended him to Manby's Nottingham company, then at Retford. Mr. WILLIAMS opened at the last-named town, in the month of Dec. 1819; and, at the end of a fortnight, the company had to proceed to Halifax, a distance of more than ninety miles. Albeit, the pockets of our hero were large enough to have held sufficient supplies for any purpose,—ten shillings was all they contained. In this dilemma, he thought on a cousin who resided at Leeds, and had sojourned at his father's house for two months together. He looked at the coachman and guard of the Leeds leather convenience, and seeing they bore the appearance of good nature, he desired to be taken towards Leeds, as far as they could, for five shillings; thus parting with half his capital for a ride of twenty miles, which was the regular fare. He now saw he had nothing to trust to but pedestrianism; and arrived, completely exhausted with fatigue, and with but two-and-sixpence in his pocket, at his cousin's door, who met him in the passage, and exclaimed, "What! just arrived! Well, you'll recover from the effects of your journey to-morrow. Mind, and come to breakfast." The feelings and this unexpected reception excited, may easier be conceived than described. Heartsick with fatigue, and disgusted by the unthinking conduct of his relative, he reached the *Saracen's Head*, where he fainted from exhaustion, and was put to bed. The next morning, after partaking of an excellent breakfast, his bill amounted to one shilling and sixpence, which he paid, with many acknowledgments, for that kindness from a stranger, which he looked for in vain, in those from whom he had a right to expect it. At length, arrived at Halifax, and having explored his pockets as he went along, he discovered a sixpence that had escaped observation before. His wealth in cash amounted to one-and-sixpence. This was thrown on the table of a collier, where he had taken lodgings, with instructions to get tea immediately; after which he retired to rest. If, reader, you have ever been in the habit of taking lodgings, you must have remarked the

extraordinary vigilance of the good folks of the house, for the first two or three days. Long before our tired hero thought of rising, the young lady of the mansion came to inquire what he would like for dinner—steaks or chops. “I’m not particular,” was the reply. “Trouble you for the money, sir.” He changed his mind, and would dine out. Dressed to the best advantage, behold our actor in the streets of Halifax;—but he had not proceeded far, before a bunch of five of his craft attracted his notice. “Who has got any money?” was soon echoed from ear to ear. Sixpence was the gross amount of the funds of six of Mr. Manly’s company: and, whilst joking over their misfortunes, a letter was put into the hands of one of the party, (a Mr. Shepherd,) postage of which amounted to ninepence. This caused, for a moment, an unpleasant sensation; but was soon succeeded by smiles of gratification, when Shepherd produced from the interior a £1 note, and generously divided it with his brethren. In Manly’s company Mr. WILLIAMS remained, playing the old men, and assisting in the stage management, at a salary of twenty-eight shillings per week, when he received an offer from York, of two guineas, to play the first old men; and he made his appearance in the month of July, 1820, at Leeds, in the character of *Sir Francis Gripe (Busy Body)* and the *King*, in *Bombastes*. W. Chapman was the low comedian. During the time the company were at Hull, Mr. Elliston made Mr. WILLIAMS an offer, to play three parts at Drury for an engagement, in the event of his success. This he declined; but, afterwards, when an engagement was offered for the season, it was accepted; and Mr. WILLIAMS made his bow to his London friends, in the character of *Risk*.

The great Lessee found our hero so useful, that he entered into a further engagement with him for three years. In the course of his second season, Mr. WILLIAMS became acquainted with a lady named L we. She was a highly accomplished woman, and possessed property amounting to upwards of £4000. Mr. WILLIAMS “did a bit of ma-

trimony," and became a happy man. But the acquisition of this sum induced him to speculate in the coal and wine trades, in both of which he was most unsuccessful. Mrs. Williams paid the debt of nature, we think, about three years back.

Among the little events during his engagement at Drury, was the circumstance of Mr. Elliston promising Mr. WILLIAMS'S services to the rival theatre for one night, and at a few hours' notice; and that, too, at a time when he was in the bills for *Major Sturgeon*, of which he had only had notice at nine in the morning of the day he was to play it. Mr. WILLIAMS was busily engaged in acquiring the text of *Major Sturgeon*, on this day, which was, by the bye, Miss Stephens's last benefit, when he received a message, that he must instantly study *Leperello* for Covent-garden, and play it that night, as Liston could not appear, in consequence of the death of his father; which, to the credit of our hero's industry and memory, he did to the satisfaction of all parties.

The following was occurred between Messrs. Elliston and WILLIAMS, during a paroxysm of madness that Mr. Elliston is sometimes subject to. It was our intention to have given our readers an account of the proceedings at Bow-street, occasioned by Mr. Elliston assaulting Mr. WILLIAMS; but we are inclined to think that the following letter from Mr. WILLIAMS to the Editor of *The Drama*, and the account of the trial of the cause which afterwards took place, will be more gratifying.

"MR. DRAMA—Fearing there may be some impression, to my prejudice, left on the minds of those who attended (for the press or curiosity) during the hearing of my charge against Mr. Elliston, at Bow-street, (as that gentleman objected to what he fancied a libel, &c. &c.) I beg most respectfully to lay the facts as they then occurred before you. Two years back, Mr. Elliston thought proper to call a meeting of the performers for the discussion of theatrical business, a few days after which, there ap-

appeared a paragraph in the paper, elucidating that morning's transactions, for which I was (without the least foundation) insultingly accused. It was of little avail for me to say I was ignorant of that to which he alluded, though I have not at *this* period seen the paper that contained it; for, after every protestation of my innocence, I still remain the accused person. What was to be done? Why, I immediately applied to Sir R. Birnie to make my affidavit, who told me I must have it regularly drawn up. I accordingly went to my solicitor, and had it executed in the strongest language; after which I presented myself again with it at the office of Sir R. Birnie, and swore to the facts that it contained: it was then sent to Mr. Elliston, with an appropriate letter, *which I know he received*. I now leave it to any man of feeling or principle to judge between us; and that, after being guilty of the said accusation, he never expressed the slightest regret, or even **ACQUITTED** me of the full charge above-mentioned. This is the plain and simple fact, for eloquence is not *required* to delineate truth. I remain, Mr. Drama, your obedient humble servant, W. H. WILLIAMS.

“No. 10, Bernard-street, Russell-square.”

From the Courier, Oct. 26, 1824.

“SHERIFF'S COURT.—WILLIAMS v. ELLISTON.

“The jury were impannelled to assess damages in this case, the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default.

“Mr. Henchman, the sheriff, having taken his seat,

“Mr. Adolphus, for the defendant, said, that prior to the case being gone into, he had a few words to address to the jury, which he hoped would not be taken any advantage of on the other side. The learned counsel then said, that the declaration stated, that the plaintiff was a highly respectable gentleman, one of the establishment of the theatre-royal Drury-lane; and the defendant was R. W. Elliston, Esq., the manager of that theatre. Of course, both parties were well known to the public.

Some time back some little differences arose between these gentlemen, and his client assaulted Mr. WILLIAMS for which he had now very properly brought his action; but, said the learned counsel, performers do not always cut that appearance in a court of justice, before the public, which they do on the boards of a theatre. Since the unfortunate quarrel, there had been no animosity between the parties. Mr. WILLIAMS, who was a very great favourite of the public, had been retained in the establishment, and would continue so. He had also been playing with Mr. Elliston, at Leamington, and had been permitted by that gentleman to sing at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall. Under those circumstances, he had been instructed by his client to offer the most handsome apology to Mr. WILLIAMS; entertaining no doubt but he would be satisfied with some nominal damages, by paying costs of attorney, &c.

“ Mr. C. Phillips, on the part of the plaintiff, said, that, after the handsome apology made on the part of Mr. Elliston, he could not but concede to the terms.

“ Mr. WILLIAMS did not wish to put money in his pocket, but merely wished to show the public he was not to blame. Thus the case was disposed of.

“ The Court was thronged with the members of both Covent-garden and Drury-lane companies, and they appeared deeply interested in the business.”

After the conclusion of his Drury engagement, Mr. WILLIAMS was offered £10 per week at Vauxhall, which he accepted; and afterwards was engaged at Sadler's Wells. The following account of his aerial journey with Mr. Green, although fresh in the memory of our reader, demands a place here.

AEROSATION.—MR. GREEN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE AND DESCENT.

“ At six o'clock on Thursday evening, Mr. C. Green made his sixty-seventh ascent from the Bowling-green of

White Conduit House. He was, on this occasion, accompanied by Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS, of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and a Miss Edwards.

“ The balloon was inflated at an early hour on Monday, and in the almost incredible short space of one hour and ten minutes, under the superintendance of Mr. Vivian, superintendant of the Imperial Gas Works in Maidenhead. Mr. Green states, that his object in making so rapid an ascent, was to destroy an idea entertained by some individuals on his last ascent, that the ascending power of the balloon was deficient.

“ They proceeded in a direction due west, and encountered two heavy falls of snow: the barometer, which, at starting, stood at 29-4-10ths, decreasing to 23-6-10ths. When arrived at the height of one mile, Mr. Green felt uncommon pleasure in hearing the effect of a duet, *When a little Farm we keep*, admirably executed by Mr. WILLIAMS and Miss Edwards; he never having before been gratified by such *airs* in a similar climate. Anxious to ascertain their bearings, a portion of gas was allowed to escape, and in a few minutes Fulham and its numerous gardens were distinctly visible; but Mr. Green having had a specimen of their hospitality on his late ascent, determined to proceed farther; thinking to descend on Hounslow-heath, where a dragoon regiment is at present stationed. In this, however, he was in some degree foiled; the descent taking place at Bedfont, about four miles west of Hounslow, at ten minutes before eight o'clock.

“ Previous to the descent, *God Save the King* was sung, and Mr. Canning's health was drunk by Mr. WILLIAMS, who declared himself *above* all party prejudice, and at as great an elevation as his most sanguine wishes could have anticipated. The descent was effected in a meadow-field; and Major Bacon, commanding the detachment at Hounslow, was the first to render assistance, he having followed the balloon on horseback. The proprietor of the field in which the descent was effected, very kindly informed the aëroauts they were “wilful trespassers” and offered them the accommodation of the county cage

which offer was politely declined; the vocalists considering themselves out of their element, if engaged. The aëronauts left Bedford about nine o'clock, in a post-chaise and four, and arrived in London in sufficient time for Mr. WILLIAMS to personally inform the audience at Sadler's Wells theatre, that he had had the good luck to return safe. Previous to the ascent, the company were delighted by the fine execution of several popular glee and duets, sung by Messrs. Prynne, Vaughan, and Martin, who occasionally mounted to a short distance from the earth, accompanied by Mr. Green."

Mr. WILLIAMS has also been at the Surrey and Coburg theatres, and has appeared once or twice at the Adelphi. He was a short time since in treaty at Covent-garden, but terms could not be agreed upon.

Mr. WILLIAMS is decidedly a low comedian—and broad low comedy is entirely his forte. Mr. Harley has introduced a kind of connexion between low and light comedy—bringing the flippancy, not the gentility of the latter in the place of the humour of the former;—and this system is daily gaining ground. A tripping style—rapidity of motion and of utterance—are superseding quaintness and drollery. Mr. WILLIAMS is an actor rather in the cast of the old school. There is something of the style we remember in Parsors and John Edwin, (who imitated his father,) and Quick and Munden, about him. He is not upon the "touch and go" system—but dwells upon his points, as our friends of the olden time did. It is one of the defects of this style of acting, that when the author has been coarse, the actor makes this coarseness more apparent; whereas, by the flippancy style, the objectionable points are skimmed so hastily, as to escape observation. We are inclined, in Mr. WILLIAMS's case, to give more praise to the school of acting than to the individual performer. Our hero is often too broad; and, being the favorite of a minor theatre, ventures on experiments, which would be fatal to any one else, even there, and dangerous to himself, should he attempt their repetition in the regions of Drury or Covent-garden. Mr. WILLIAMS,

being one of those actors with whom his audience are on good terms, and indeed he is with them, seems to exert all his energies to please that audience. And this appears at first sight very amiable and praiseworthy; but we need not inform this gentleman, that there is a greater field for exertion than Sadler's Wells affords—that acting *at* that theatre, and acting *for* that theatre, and for it alone, are different things. In short, we would advise Mr. WILLIAMS not to suffer the applause of the sages of Islington to tempt him into a vitiated style of acting, that may unfit him to resume his place at a national theatre—we would not, in fact, to use an old simile, “have him ride so long outside, as to endanger his claim to his own seat inside the stage.” Mr. WILLIAMS possesses a vast share of animal spirits, a powerful voice, and a face adapted to the range of characters he assumes, and, to say we have seen him act *Iago*, *Rick*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Tyke*, *Peter Pullul*, *Caleb Quotem*, *Murloch Delaney*, *Uenello*, *Captain*, &c.—give entertainments *a-la-Mathews*—play *Clown*—perform on the musical glasses—and execute feats of *gerdemain*—are evidences of versatility that are, in all respects, extraordinary. On the present stage, the persons who have done the greatest variety of business are, Edmund Kean, Samuel Chapman, Solomon James Browne, and W. H. WILLIAMS. We have seen the first tumble, and heard him imitate planing and sawing of wood, knife-grinding, &c. the second we have beheld on the tight rope; the third as *Harlequin* and *Apollo*; and the last in the various parts we have enumerated. It is not within our limits to follow Mr. WILLIAMS through the various classes of characters he has assumed, at any length. Of his smart servants, we have nothing favourable to say—his good men are respectable—his sailors good—his eccentrics (*Caleb Quotem*, *Ollapod*, &c.) extremely amusing—and his country boys excellent. Indeed, Mr. WILLIAMS would, in our minds, do well to abandon Sadler's Wells, and devote his attention to this line of business. Both houses are in a deplorable state of destitution for decent substitutes for two actors now taking their long sleep. We

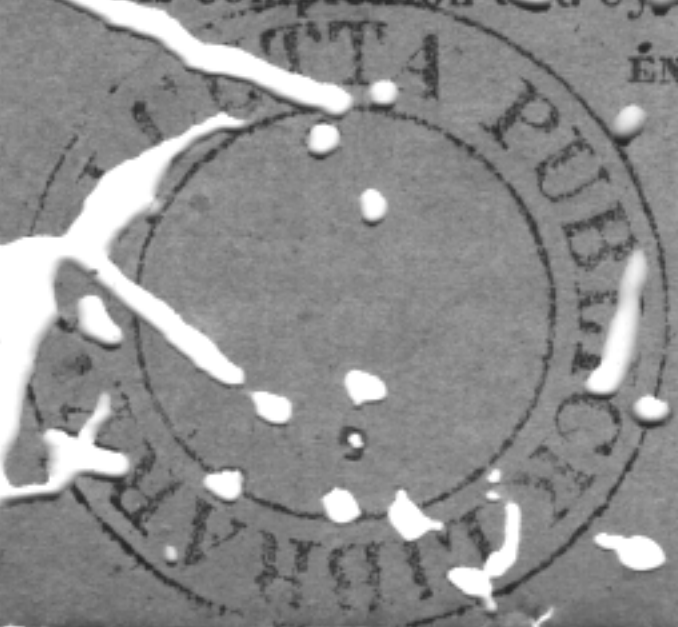
need not say, that Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS could have little to fear from the rivalry of Mr. Evans at the one house, Mr. Edwin at the other. Indeed, the secession of the latter from Drury opens a fair field for him. As a comic lecturer, Mr. WILLIAMS has tact and originality. But our opinion on this subject is fixed and unchangeable. There is one man, and one alone, who is truly great. To name him were superfluous. We like Mr. WILLIAMS because he does not imitate that gentleman, as Yates does. But lecturing is not his *forte*. We beg to remark at the same time, that Mr. WILLIAMS laboured under the difficulty of working upon materials of by no means high order. Of his pantomime, we can scarcely be expected to speak. We must own he surprised us; and seeing what a man could do at short notice, began to think much less of those who devote a life to this business (always excepting the great master of pantomime, Comardi, senior).

To sum up Mr. WILLIAMS's pretensions, he is an actor of such unwearied industry—astonishing perseverance—and possesses so much animal spirit and vocal power that he could scarcely fail in any line of comedy.

At a minor theatre he is invaluable; for his comic singing alone renders him so. Added to which, he has a voice that would make its way through the most confirmed boxing-right row that the Coburg ever witnessed. It is not to the minors that Mr. WILLIAMS should confine himself. In *one* line he is wanted at our national theatres; and, we are much mistaken if, once there, he would not be found an useful adjunct in more than that one.

Mr. WILLIAMS is about five feet five inches in height; his complexion and eyes are light; and his figure robust.

END OF VOL. I.



9/2/23