

1571749

OXBERRY'S
Dramatic Biography
AND
HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES.
Vol. 2.



J. Rogers sculp.

(5)

LONDON.
Published for the Proprietor by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.
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DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY,

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HISTORIC ANECDOTES.

VOL. II



London:

GEORGE VIRTUE, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND BATH-STREET, BRISTOL.

1825.

**C. BAYNES, Printer,
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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

IT may be expected that we should say somewhat of what we have done in our first, and what we intend doing in our second Volume. We shall dispatch this duty with infinite celerity. Extraordinary sale, and unbounded popularity, have proved that we were not too sanguine in our expectations, and also afford a fair inference of the public approbation of our style of performing our task. When we add to this, that we have been abused by those from whom praise is disgraceful, and that our impartiality has been admitted, even by those whose interest dictated a contrary assertion, we have said quite enough; and as to be egotistical may be unentertaining to our readers, (however delightful to ourselves) we shall cease to blazon forth our merits, and turn to our intentions in *futuro*.

The Memoirs will be continued in the same spirit, in which they have hitherto been produced; and, to render this Work a complete note-book of the adventures of the different individuals, we shall, after having concluded his or her Memoir in one number, record any circumstance of importance that may subsequently occur, amongst

our "Histrionic Anecdotes." The utility of this new arrangement will be perceived in most instances particularly with regard to Miss FOOTE, Mr. KEAN, and others, whom peculiar circumstances have placed in such situations, as to make every month the epoch of some change in their situation in the Theatre, if not their estimation in the public mind.

The suggestions of several gentlemen (to whom we beg leave to return our sincere acknowledgments,) as to the disposal of the plates, the communications of Correspondents, &c. shall be attended to;—and we beg to state that, in consequence of the recommendation of many of our friends, we have determined upon completing each volume in sixteen-numbers, instead of twelve, as originally proposed, the former quantity making a much better volume, when bound.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of our friends' favours, and particularly those of Messrs. Robertson and Nealey, to whom we are much indebted. Any information, respecting performers of the present or past age, will be cheerfully received; but (and we say this in excuse for apparent neglect,) our Correspondents must allow us to decide as to the insertion of Anecdotes that, though, perhaps, *perfectly true*, are in an unauthenticated state. We have shewn ourselves fearless in stating truth, but we must take care that we not only know, but can prove our veracity.

Communications for this Work must, in future, be directed, **POST PAID**, *To the Editor of Oxberry's Dramatic Biography, 13, Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.*



MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE,
AS
FALSTAFF.

Publ. April 23 1825 for the Proprietor by R. Vickers & Co. No. 1. Lane

OXBERRY'S DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF STEPHEN KEMBLE.

Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulaque precabor.

He was a plain man enough--he had his humors; and petty provocation often urged him beyond himself; as the clouds so peaceful now will sometime burly thunder; he was not faultless, grant ye; yet, I woe, when you sum up your long account of life, he need not blanch to scan with yours his total.

THIS large bough from the great dramatic tree of Kemble blossomed in the year 1756. His early days were dedicated to itinerancy; and, as he was the first male of the family, and Roger Kemble was then young in his theatrical career, and consequently indigent, STEPHEN became much more acquainted with the wings of a playhouse at night, than the wings of a fowl at dinner; and though often on the boards of a theatre, had some reason to complain of the board at home: perhaps the privations of his youth gave him a taste for luxuries in his after-life, and he atoned for the slimness of his infant form, by the rotundity of his manly *corpus*.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

At the age of fourteen, STEPHEN was taken from the barn, and placed behind the counter of a chemist: but culling simples ill agreed with a mind already "sick beyond the hope of cure," in love with the drama; and our hero would much rather have appeared as the speaker of "I do remember an apothecary," than have enabled any one else to make the same reminiscence with respect to himself. He detested the conglomeration of powder and pills, which he rightly considered a mere *pill-age* upon the public; and as to *pulvis rhej*, he had notions of moving an assemblage in another way. *Drops* too forcibly reminded him of the scenes so denominated at the theatre; and he never spread cantharides on a blister, without thinking of *drawing* in a different capacity. • •

STEPHEN was always of a mild temperament, and did not therefore so soon burst the bands of constraint as might be anticipated; but remain in his then capacity he could not. How could any man of mildness endure to be continually amidst *jars*? Yet this was his fate in the shop of a chemist; but the time at length arrived when he concocted his last physical draught, and started to take a draught at the fountain of Shakespeare.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE ran through the usual vicissitudes of a provincialist's tour. As he has never been a great favourite with the metropolitans, we conceive there will be little interest attached to this portion of his career; we shall therefore pass it over; and those who may deem this *hiatus maximè deflendus*, may refer to the ponderous tomes of Wilkinson and others, for a full, true, and particular account.

In 1782, Mrs. Siddons electrified all London, at Drury, and completely galvanized the managers of the rival theatre, who found the battery too strong to resist. Ru-

mour began to talk of the relatives of the tragic queen; her brother was reported to possess great talents. This was enough for the Covent Garden managers; and, without referring to the little though important word "*which*," they sent a liberal offer to STEPHEN, who was then enacting at Edinburgh. Our hero, both surprised and pleased, closed immediately with their proposal, and in the year 1783, made his first essay at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of "*Othello*." The performance was what the equally erudite and elegant Pierce Egan would call "*no go*." At this theatre STEPHEN remained, neither a favourite with the public or the managers, who had not only the mortification of discovering their error in the engagement, but the further disappointment of finding, when they sought to rectify it by engaging John, that Sheridan had been before-hand with them, and secured him for Drury. To pretend to rival, or attempt to compete with his brother, would have been unwise as well as useless; and STEPHEN therefore contented himself with becoming what the green-room term a *shelf-fish*.

After the expiration of his metropolitan engagement, Mr. KEMBLE *starred* at the provincial theatres, until he ultimately settled as manager at Newcastle. Amongst the many actors that were *suckled* in that dramatic nursery, may be named Terry and Liston,* there, too, H. Siddons (son of Mrs. Siddons) made his *debut*; and there Charles Kemble went for improvement, and certainly came away "a wiser and a better man." Time, time, what havoc thou hast made! Twenty years since; we first beheld Stephen and Charles; the slim tragedian and the ponderous manager. It is melancholy to think, that those

* The company also possessed Egerton, Faulkner (of the Haymarket), and Lee (of the Adolphi).

piercing black eyes of STEPHEN'S, that we wondered at, and gazed upon with delight in our infancy, are now closed in death; and that the laughter-loving KEMBLE will gibe no more! He was the only approachable man of that family: we were always afraid of John Kemble. Mrs. Siddons, too, was awful: her two sisters we knew nothing of: but even Charles, gentle Charlie, had a disdainful look, a scornful brow, and his affability always bore the air of condescension; but STEPHEN was a warm, whimsical, merry gentleman. We even dared to laugh at him; a thing we should not have permitted ourselves to do with his brother, even if he had personated *Clown*. We remember poor STEPHEN playing *Jac^q Thornberry*, and admirably he played it; but, alas! he and Gibbon the historian both failed, in different efforts, from the same cause. When he threw down the waistcoat,* the house melted into tears; but the throe of grief was quickly converted to roars of laughter, when the audience perceived the corpulent comedian vainly endeavouring to pick it up again. He made as many efforts as Mathews's *Dandy in La Diligence*, to raise the boot, but in vain. There the waistcoat lay, perfectly out of the manager's power; and *John Bur*, who should enter and discover it upon his master's back, was forced to enter and give it into his hand. It is difficult to conceive any of the Kembles ridiculous (we beg pardon, we had not seen Henry Kemble of the Cobourg then); but the "laugh comes uppermost in spite of us," at the mere recollection of that ludicrous scene.

At Newcastle, Mrs. Stephen Kemble (formerly a Miss Satchell), his wife, a little woman, but a great actress,

* Scene with John Bur.

and Miss Kemble his daughter (now Mrs. Arkwright),* were prodigious favourites. Mr. KEMBLE himself, if our recollections serve us, was not in very great esteem; but, by the way, it is seldom indeed that a manager, let his talents be what they may, is liked as an actor. He quitted this town about 1805, and was succeeded by Macready, father of the tragedian of that name, and at present manager of the Bristol and other theatres.

We are not sufficiently embroiled in the details of cause and effect, to say what was the immediate occasion of our hero's being pressed into service as manager of Drury-lane theatre, in 1817; but *certes*, he then again appeared, and brought with him Mr. Henry Kemble; his son, indeed,

“ But no more like his father
Than I to Hercules.”

This gentleman had, some years previously, performed *Octavian*, with very peculiar originality, at the Haymarket theatre, and with that sort of effect, that induced him to adopt the country-boys afterwards at a provincial theatre, as a cast better suited to his talents. Mr. Henry Kemble, like his uncle John, was bred to the church; like his father and uncles, in early life shewed a predilection for the stage; but, unlike his father and uncles, discovered little talent for either one profession or the other. However, Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE thought proper to introduce him to the metropolis, as the representative of *Romeo*; with which, and a few other first-rate parts, he contrived most amply to disgust the town.

Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE's management was disgraceful to the theatre and himself. He brought forward Mr.

* She married Captain Arkwright, son of the well-known Sir Richard Arkwright, of cotton-spinning celebrity.

Hamblin, a stripling, and a friend of his sons, in characters of importance, whilst Rae was shelved. We mean to cast no odium on Mr. Hamblin, who was then very young, and has since, by his performances at the Haymarket, proved himself at least a good second-rate actor; but to thrust him forward in his *juvenilia*, as the representative of *Leeson* (*The Gamester*), and *Carlos* (*Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*), was an insult to the taste of the town.

Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE played little (if any thing) himself, except *Falstaff*, which was advertised "to be performed *without stuffing*;" to which might be added, "or humour." It was a bitterly unsuccessful effort: in fact, his dramatic powers had completely failed him; and the attempts of the actor were as futile and imbecile, as the manœuvres of the manager.

Our hero's management of Drury was remarkable, as the first *decided* effort, in our national theatres, at obtaining a *cheap* company; and the effect was what any one with common sense (an article little found amongst managers) could have foreseen. To play a tragedy was quite out of the power of the company; for Rae, the only man fit to be looked at amongst them, as a hero, was half the time kept in the shade by the manager, because he wanted to bring forward his son; and the other half kept in prison by his creditors, because they wanted him to pay his debts. In comedies they stood in the same predicament; and melo-drame, farce, and spectacle, therefore, was all that was left to them; and for the latter they wanted the most essential ingredient—money. We do affirm, that at the latter end of this precious season, many people could scarcely be prevailed upon to go, even with orders, so prevalent was the conviction of the wretched

pleasant subject, and we shall now take leave of it. We were bound in justice to say what we have done, because the system of our hero has laid the foundation for that adopted by a certain *liberal* manager, who now

“Lords it o’er his betters,”

not an hundred miles from the same spot.

We are half inclined to repent a portion of our censure, at least as far as regards his bringing out his son: how true is the remark, that no parent would

“Give his booby for another.”

The fondness of the father excuses the folly of the manager; and though he was *politically* wrong, he was *naturally* right. The son, we believe, offended his father by his marriage: which we are surprised at, as the lady was an accomplished singer and a pleasing actress;* but we are glad to state, that the breach was soon healed, and all the family contentions speedily reconciled.

By the bye, we omitted to say, that Mrs. Stephen Kemble (who, we believe, is still living) served to increase the odium attached to STEPHEN’S name, in his provincial managerial speculation. We remember one instance of her *liberal* feeling, when, on occasion of Egerton’s benefit, (a much fuller house than her own), she was “taken ill at short notice,” five minutes before the curtain went up,

* Miss Freese, a lady in his father’s company. She appeared some seasons since at the English Opera House, as Polly, in *The Beggar’s Opera*, with decided success. She afterwards performed at the Cobourg. She has quitted the stage, and we hear with regret, has lately lost the sight of one eye from inflammation. She was a very fine woman, and had greater likelihoods of reaching the summit of fame in her line of acting, than her husband ever had in his.

and thus occasioned the change of the piece; Few dream of the petty jealousies of a theatre. Mrs. Stephen Kemble was a member of the Haymarket company for some years, and was considered the best *Yarico* of her day.

Our hero, after a life spent in the turmoils and petty annoyances of a theatre, and after having lived to see a portion of his family, who possessed far less talent, enjoying splendid incomes, whilst he was almost eternally in embarrassment, became emancipated from all his troubles, by the hand of death, about three years since, at his house in Durham.

Of Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE, the present race of Londoners know but little. He was (not on his *last* essay) a sterling, not a shewy actor: he was fond of personating *Hamlet*, even when he weighed eighteen stone; on which a ludicrous caricature likeness was published, with the line,

“ Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!”

inscribed beneath it. He imagined his *forte* lay in that line of character; and he certainly READ *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, &c. very beautifully. We always thought *Sir Christopher Citty* his *chef d'œuvre*. His *Falstaff*, though better than Fawcett's or Downton's, wanted humour, and was certainly inferior to Bartley's. His *Eustace de Pierre* (*Surrender of Calais*), was the best serious part we ever saw him enact, though his appearance ill accorded with that of a man in a famishing city. He was, in fact, a valuable actor, though unfitted to lead. We do not intend to *pen*, when we say the heavy business was his *forte*; and in *King Henry the Eighth*, *Kent* (*King Lear*), *Old Norval*, &c. &c., he would have proved an acquisition to any theatre.

At one period, Mr. KEMBLE traversed England as a

public reader, and, amongst other things, always read a chapter from the Bible. Whether it be our feeling or our prejudice, certain it is, that this part of the entertainment always seemed incongruous to us. There is something in the air of a theatre that ill accords with scriptural recollections; and the introduction, though highly commended at some places, met with decided reprehension at Stamford. He was a very excellent reader; and, though happier in prose than in poetry, read better than any one we have ever heard, excepting Professor Smart and Bartley; the former of whom is the greatest poetical reader in England, and the latter the best prose speaker.*

Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE was about five feet nine inches in height; his countenance strongly resembled that of his incomparable sister; and his figure in his youth (*on dit*), that of his brother John; latterly he was immensely fat; and, at the time he managed Drury, could not have weighed less than two hundred weight and a half; he was a man of information, and a more learned and entertaining companion than is generally met with in a green-room.

* Those who question our judgment, may have their scepticism removed, by hearing this gentleman deliver his lecture on the Structure of the Earth, at the English Opera House.

TRISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

DRAMATIC CRITICS.

What is so indefinite as a dramatic criticism? "M—'s Hamlet was excellent; M—'s Polonius was vile" — What impression does this convey? Let any one peruse the criticisms of the last twenty years, and see if they give any sufficient idea of the performers named. We have been induced to extract the following notices of the old school from "AN ESSAY upon the present state of the THEATRE in FRANCE, ENGLAND, and ITALY. (Pottinger, Paternoster Row, 1760.)"

"Of the English Players.

"The present subject has been so often treated, that it is now become almost thread-bare; but as most of those who have spoken of our eminent players, seem to have been influenced by partiality, and to have passed judgments dictated rather by private views, than suggested by true taste and unbiassed reason, it is apprehended, that a few observations, made by an author entirely free from prejudice, may prove not unacceptable to the public.

"Mr. Garrick, who must be allowed to be the most universal theatrical genius in Europe, is, without all dispute, entitled to the first place amongst both our tragic and comic players. In tragedy, his acclamation is as just and harmonious, as his expression of the passions is lively and

exact. In comedy, he always hits nature, and never oversteps its modesty, in order to gain the applause of the injudicious by buffoonery, and extravagant sallies of humour.

“ One perfection he has, both in tragedy and comedy, which cannot, I think, be attributed to any of our players but himself; namely, that of delivering himself with the unconstrained ease of an Italian player, and not seeming to utter a studied part.

“ The face of this excellent performer, which has in it a great deal of the Italian character, is admirably calculated to express the passions; and so well is his figure suited to every character he plays, that he would make an excellent picture in almost every part he performs, whether in tragedy or comedy.

“ As we propose only to give general characters of each of the capital performers, we shall not enlarge any further upon the merits of this extraordinary genius, but conclude by observing, that he enters with such penetration into every sentiment of Shakespeare, and utters all his thoughts with an expression of countenance and justness of tone that corresponds so well thereto, that he seems entitled to say (with regard to Shakespeare,) what Corregio said with regard to Raphael, *Ed io anco son pittore*, I too am a painter.

“ Mr. Barry must be allowed to be, by all means, the next tragedian to Mr. Garrick; but, to use the expression of Virgil, he is *Proximus sed longo proximus intervallo*.

“ This player generally enters into the spirit of his part, and touches the passions with sufficient force; but all who are judges of speaking, will allow that his elocution is none of the best. He has been looked upon by many as the model of a theatrical lover, a merit which, I must own, I could never find in him. Whether this be owing to his voice, (which is extremely harsh and disagreeable,) or to his having but an imperfect feeling of the passion of love, I shall not take upon me to determine; be that as

it will, I take love to be the only passion that this player does not express in a masterly manner: he seems peculiarly happy in hitting the tone of terror and consternation. Who can, without shuddering, hear him utter those words in *Othello*, just after he has committed the murder:

‘ My wife, what wife! I have no wife!
 Oh heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted world
 Should yawn at alteration.’

“ Mr. Barry’s *Romeo* is defective only in point of tenderness, all the other passions in the character are very happily expressed by him; the violent emotions and despair expressed by him, upon his separation from *Juliet*, could not be better rendered by any body but Mr. Garrick. I must own, I admire him in the Tomb-stone scene, and particularly in his expostulation with the apothecary. His pleasing in the characters of *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, which seem to require the genius of a Garrick, and to be suited to him alone, does not seem surprising, since our audiences have complaisance enough, or want of taste enough to bear with a much inferior player in almost all Mr. Garrick’s capital parts. It will be easily perceived that I mean Mossop, who, by the courtesy of our English audiences, has long been in possession of playing the chief parts in tragedy, and that with a degree of applause, which, whether merited or not, shews, at least, the indulgence and nature of the spectators.

“ Nature, ’tis true, has given Mossop a face and person suited to most parts in tragedy, and a voice equally strong and harmonious. But nature, which has been so prodigal to him in the accidental qualifications of a player, has refused him all those essential ones which constitute the theatrical genius; though his features have a great deal of natural expression and strength, he has not the art to vary them according to the different passions of the part he acts. He is, indeed, a good picture, and resembles a picture in always shewing the same face without any variety or alteration. We may justly apply to him

the expression of *Hamlet*,—God has given him one face,—but he cannot give himself another : though his voice is, perhaps, as good as that of any player upon the stage, his elocution is execrable ; he has not the art of giving variety to his tones, or flexibility to his modulation. In a word, his elocution is hardly good enough for a country curate ; his deportment is as awkward, and void of grace, as his utterance is harsh and disagreeable. To conclude his character, one would be almost tempted to think that Shakespeare prophesied of him in that emphatical exclamation, in the tragedy of *Hamlet*: “ Oh, it offends me to the soul, to see a robustus perriwig-pated fellow tearing a passion to rags, to very tatters, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are incapable of every thing but inexplicable dumb shew and noise.” In fine, though this player has been praised highly, not to speak it profanely, our opinion of him is, that having neither the accent of a Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, he so struts and bellows, that one would think that some journeyman of nature had made him, and made him ill too, he imitates humanity so abominably.

“ It has always been a matter of surprise to me, that Holland should be in less favour with the town than Mossop. He is certainly superior to him in elocution and deportment ; and those that have seen Mossop and him in the character of *Hamlet*, will, I believe, upon comparing them, readily allow that Holland is as much superior to Mossop in that part, as Garrick is to Holland.

“ I have already spoken my sentiments with regard to our English actresses in tragedy ; in comedy, indeed, some of them acquit themselves perfectly well. With regard to players in comedy, our English stage may rival any theatre in Europe : Not to mention Mr. Garrick ; whose merit, both in tragedy and comedy, is out of dispute, we may challenge all France to produce a comedian that plays with more ease and truth than Mr. Woodward. In genteel comedy, Mr. Palmer equals, or rather surpasses Bellecour, the favorite of Paris.

Mr. Shuter possesses the *vis comica* in a degree that has justly obtained him the unanimous suffrages of all persons of taste. In vain has malevolence attempted to decry him as a buffoon, that drops the comedian to be laughed at as a comical man; he will always be allowed, by every judicious spectator, to be a humorous, but just copier of nature.

The town seems never to have done justice to the merit of Mr. Arthur in comedy, though no player ever entered more thoroughly into the spirits of his parts. In the character of *Shylock*, one of the most striking and picturesque ever drawn by Shakespeare, his performance was not much inferior to that of Mr. Macklin. Mr. Yates is a very universal player; and though he appears in a variety of different characters, always acquits himself to the satisfaction of his audience. His having surpassed Mr. Garrick in performing the part of the *Lying Valet*, is a circumstance that would alone entitle him to a distinguished place amongst the most eminent comedians.

Mr. Foote, to whose merit as an author, we have done justice above, must be allowed to have considerable talents for acting likewise. His performance of the character of Bayes always appeared to me, at least equal to Mr. Garrick's.

In the characters of *Fondlewife* and *Sir Paul Pliant*, he is original: such characters are generally overdone by most players; Mr. Macklin, who, however, had considerable abilities for this cast of acting, was not free from this defect. Mr. Foote, on the other hand, copies nature with the utmost exactness, and yet never fails to excite the mirth of his audience in the most powerful manner. In one talent, and that a very pleasing one, Mr. Foote excels all the performers of the age, I mean in mimicry.

Mr. Berry is an actor of some merit in comedy, but his performance in tragedy is very indifferent: in the characters of *Sir Epicure Mammon*, *Boniface*, *Serjeant Kite*, *Caliban*, and many others, he hits the true spirit of comedy, and never loses sight of nature.

Mr. Blakes* is reckoned a good mimic of a Frenchman, but we apprehend that it is by such as have not been much conversant amongst Frenchmen; thus, I have seen Droin loudly applauded at Paris, for mimicking an Englishman, in le Francois a Londres, though his accent and deportment were as like those of a Chinese as that of an Englishman.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE DRAMA.

(By one of the Society of Friends.)

Air—“PADDY O’CARROLL.”

1.

When spirits are failing me, sorrows assailing me,
 Mrs. T. raising me; children awake;
 From riot and bawling, from infancy squalling,
 And maids caterwauling, my exit I make—
 To ’scape from the worry, I’m off in a hurry,
 To Astley’s or Surry, the Cobourg or Hay-
 Market or Drury, where beauties allure ye,
 Since playhouses cure ye of sorrows they say.

Chorus—With blisses and kisses, and sighing and dying,
 And smiling and whiling, in rapture we roll;
 Beauty inviting us, Syrens delighting us,
 All that is bright in us, glows in the soul.

2.

For Miss LOVE how I languish, for KELLY feel anguish,
 Then FOOTE too can vanquish, as HAYNE will declare;
 I gaze on WEST’s pretty eye, at GRADDON’s sweet ditty
 sigh,

Her dad lives in the City, I oft see him there.
 My fancy still wanders on, SMITHSON it ponders on,
 GLOVER too maunders on, ruddy and rife;
 TREE’s tone enriches me, VESTRIS bewitches me,
 Conscience then twitches me, whispering “wife.”
 With blisses, &c.

3.

TUNSTALL has tones enough, EGERTON bones enough,
 Mrs. BUNN moans enough, how my heart flows;
 WAYLETT is bliss-able, HALLANDE admissible,
 Mrs. HORN hissable, — *Somebody* knows.
 DAVENPORT's dumpy oh! HARLOWE is tumpy oh!
 Mrs. PEARCE mumpy oh! yet I admire;
 Miss CHESTER's killing me, (*maugre dame's* drilling me)
 BAKER's wife's thrilling me through with desire.
 With blisses, &c.

TRIPTOLEMUS.

A DRAMATIC CONJUNCTION.

Throughout the morn, sedate and merry,
 Arm and arm walk YATES and TERRY;
 At eve, as our informant states,
 Again is Terry seen with Yates;
 In union thus, why does each man stir?
 The *Adelphi Theatre* must answer.

TRIPTOLEMUS.

[By way of elucidation to these *mysterious* lines, we inform our readers that these gentlemen are reported to have taken the above-named theatre, and that their troubled spirits walk abroad in cogitation daily upon the subject.

EDITOR.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. T.'s poetry, although very well written, is too lengthy for insertion in our little *Work*; we, however, beg he will accept our best acknowledgments.

We are sorry that Miss Welsh does not approve of our motto for *Sapio*; we doubt not that she has examined his person more minutely than we have.

Triptolemus—"You are our constant friend." We insert the first 3 verses—*bienséance* forbids the 4th and 5th.



MISS CAREW,
AS
CLARISSA.

Drawn by R. Page. Eng'd by J. Rogers.

London. Pub'd May 7, 1825, for the Proprietor by C. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

eatre, who found the battery too strong to resist. Ru-

MEMOIR

OF

MISS CAREW.

An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

SHAKESPEARE.

Come, take the harp, and let me lose

All thought of ill in hearing thee.---MOORE.

The task be mine

To tend a parent, with delighted care.

To smooth the pillow of declining age.---MURPHY.

WERE we to confine our memoirs to subjects of great interest, we should quickly exhaust the stock of histrionic intelligence. Biography becomes amusing from two different causes—first, where the incidents of the being's life awaken our curiosity or sympathy; and, secondly, where (though there be no incident at all) we feel a personal interest for the individual. That this sort of feeling must pervade many persons towards the subject of the present memoir, we are well aware. Her unassuming manner, her unobtrusive talent on the stage, and the excellent character which distinguishes her in society, have procured her hosts of friends, by whom, destitute as it is of novelty, this sketch will be read with avidity.

Even in this early stage of our work, there have not been wanting critics who have carped at us, for favouring

ladies in their respective memoirs; passing over and making *their* offences light, whilst we dipped our critical quills in gall, to attack the misdeeds of the other sex. If we have been guilty of this dereliction from our duty, and have leant to the favourable side of the female portraiture, we conceive we may say with *Armstrong*:—

“ If so, 'tis a fault on the right side ;”

to which our readers may rejoin, in parody.—

Perhaps not with you, you are critics.

Let these gentlemen wait, until real bold-faced vice comes under our review: let them restrain their impatience, until they find us holding forth to execration those who, without the plea of necessity, degrade not alone the stage, but human nature, and we shall not be found wanting.

It is with feelings of unmixed delight and respect, that we record the following facts of our present subject.

Miss CAREW's father holds a situation under government, and is descended from a family of the greatest respectability in Devonshire; one of whom, from his erratic genius, became a subject of some notoriety. We allude to the celebrated *Bamfylde Moore Carew*. This mighty Sændicant was, we are informed, Mr. Carew's grand-uncle.

Our heroine was born on the 16th October, 1799, and evinced very early the possession of considerable musical powers, which were cultivated by her parents, though without any view of their ever being exercised in the precincts of a theatre.

Miss CAREW's improvement was so rapid, that her

to, and, after the immediate requisites of education were attended to, she was articed to that gentleman.

Miss CAREW, at the age of fourteen, was placed in the choruses at Covent-garden theatre, for the sake of the practice they rendered her, rather than from any profit to be derived from such a source.

The management were made acquainted with the talent of their young actress, but wisely forebore thrusting her forward in parts which her age incapacitated her from sustaining. Besides, her voice, though sweet, was by no means settled, and it would have been rash to have hazarded her subsequent fame on an early experiment.

A few unimportant parts, like *Maria* in *The Spoiled Child*, served to initiate her a little into the business of the stage: but still her situation was, to her ardent mind, excessively irksome.

Chance, that goddess to whom almost every great being has been more indebted than even to their talent, gave our heroine an opportunity of displaying her powers in the early part of the year 1816. A rehearsal of *Guy Manering* was called in the morning at twelve, in which Miss Stephens was of course to sustain the character of the heroine, and Miss CAREW (we think) that of a *Gypsy*. Instead of Miss Stephens, an apology arrived at the theatre, announcing her indisposition, and that she was utterly unable to appear that night. Manager Fawcett, unwilling to change the piece, which was then in the zenith of its attraction, persuaded our heroine to attempt the character. She did so. Her performance was attended throughout with demonstrations of public approbation, and her "*Rest thee, Babe,*" met a rapturous *encore*.

Upon this, the management employed Miss CAREW's talents in the capacity of *double* to Miss Stephens: but

lest, gentle reader, you should be ignorant of the meaning of that term, we shall elucidate.

Vocalists being particularly subject to indispositions, and the other *et ceteras* that prevent performers appearing,—a singer of perhaps equal talent, but less name, is engaged at a small salary, who is obliged to understudy all the characters sustained by her principal, and is expected to be ready to perform them at the shortest notice. As some instances of the talent that has been obscured in this manner, we name our heroine and Mrs. Boyle, of Covent-garden theatre, who is now the acknowledged double of Miss Tree, though possessing as much musical knowledge, and quite as good a voice, as the lady she occasionally represents. We do not mean to deny, that this managerial system may sometimes prevent disappointment to the public, but it involves injustice and injury to the performer, and tends to obscure the talent that might be brought forward to the benefit of the coffers of the treasury.

Well, then, as Miss Stephens's double, our heroine subsequently sustained *Sylvia* in *Cymon*, and performed it so much to the satisfaction of Mr. Morris, that he immediately engaged her as leading vocalist at the Haymarket.

In July 1816, behold her, *Prima Donna* at a theatre that did not play an opera during the season. She might well exclaim,

“What is there in a name?”

for though she was called the first singer, she seldom sang at all; the musical pieces at that theatre generally containing either singing chambermaids, which were sustained by Miss De Camp, or light comedy ladies (with songs), played by Miss Matthews.

After a season of nominal greatness, our heroine re-

turned to the drudgery of the unceasing Covent-garden choruses; occasionally emerging to perform a part which she had hastily studied, when Miss Stephens was unwell, and when missing their favourite had put the audience out of temper, to witness the efforts of a substitute of whom they knew nothing.

Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, is the only clear-headed manager we know; his judgment is invariably correct. He saw and approved our heroine; and, after some negotiation with Mr. Welsh, arranged with that gentleman for the lady's services, at a liberal salary.

On the 7th July, 1818, Miss CAREW appeared at the English Opera House, as *Clara*, in *The Duenna*, and met with decided success. She subsequently performed *Polly* (*Beggar's Opera*), *Clarissa* (*Lionel and Clarissa*), *Rosina*, *Rosetta*, &c. &c. &c. Her performance in the five act operatic-dramatic-biographical entertainment, *yclept Gil Blas*, was very excellent; and she sang, in an exquisite manner, a song beginning with these lines (*or some very like them*),

" The sun shall glad the hills with light,
But I shall never see it more "

After this period, our heroine became a member of the Drury-lane company, where she experienced much illiberal treatment (especially during temporary indisposition) from that dæmon of the drama, Elliston. Miss CAREW subsequently enlisted a second time beneath the banners of manager Morris. She now dedicates her talents to the improvement of others, and gives lessons in singing to members of the first families in the kingdom.

We understand this young lady does not intend to appear again in public.

We have now to consider Miss CAREW's talents: and here

we must take leave to remark, that she has been much injured by the misplaced plaudits and ill-judged panegyrics of her friends. We allude particularly to the criticisms in the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, upon this lady's performances. The author of these productions, we know, was a personal friend of our heroine's, and thought to do her service at the very moment he was injuring her. We do not hold Miss CAREW culpable for any of the hyperbole this writer indulged in. Indeed, we are assured her good sense must have rejected such a compliment as is contained in the following passage:—

“ Her voice, too, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Miss Stephens.

“ It is our firm belief, that a little further practice and acquaintance, will raise her to an equality with her (Miss Stephens), both in *popularity* and *merit*!!!”

Miss CAREW is well aware that she had neither acquired knowledge, nor natural requisites, to vie for an instant with that splendid musical phenomenon; nor could it be expected, that she should, for a moment, rival her, by those who know any thing of the two ladies. Miss Stephens went through a course of study under Lanza, long before Welsh knew of her existence, that Miss CAREW's strength was not equal to: and Miss Stephens has studied her science more intensely than perhaps any two other vocalists of the day. Nature and art have combined to make her what she is—unapproachable.

Miss CAREW's voice is powerful, to a certain extent; but when she gets beyond D or E, there is a reedy thinness in her tones far from agreeable. In serious ballad, she certainly excels: her intonation is correct: her ornaments few, but judiciously introduced: her shake close and effective: and her enunciation generally distinct.

With all this, she is more qualified for the concert-room than the theatre; for her style of singing is (though far more natural and correct) scarcely florid enough to suit the theatrical taste of the present day. Her bravuras are too coldly correct: she possesses none of that flowing brilliancy that distinguishes Miss Paton, whose cadences seem like the sprinklings of a fountain, that throws forth its silver streams in profusion, with the effect of force, but the appearance of playfulness. In Miss CAREW we perceive, as it were, the preparation for the passage, whilst the other lady executes the most elaborate composition with the apparent ease of ballad-singing. Miss CAREW, too, has a habit of distorting her features, when forcing her voice upwards, that is much to be lamented: it destroys the effect of the passage in one way, and does not aid it in the other.

In fact, to sum up this lady's scenic character in one paragraph,—she is a feeling, sensible singer,—always pleasing,—never surprising,—capable of sustaining a secondary station in any establishment, with effect,—but by no means calculated to hold the situation of *Prima Donna* at one of our metropolitan theatres.

Miss CAREW possesses other accomplishments, that render her an amiable member of society, and an interesting companion. Her filial affection is said to be peculiar, and the breath of scandal has never thrown out a whisper against the acknowledged purity of her moral character.

Our heroine is about the middle size, rather above than below it; her complexion is rather dark; her hair and eyes are both dark; her face is particularly pleasing, though not strictly handsome; both on the stage and in society, there is a diffidence in her demeanor almost ap-

proaching timidity; but it betrays itself with the grace of modesty, rather than the awkwardness of simplicity; and, if the general report of all (connected with the stage or otherwise) who know her may be believed, she is an amiable woman, on whom calumny cannot fix one blot, and whose name is never mentioned but as the precursor of some sort of eulogy.

The following lines are a flattering tribute to this lady's powers. They are the production of Mr. Proctor, better known by the appellation of Barry Cornwall; and are contained in a volume of his, entitled, *A Sicilian Story*.

He is describing his heroine, and proceeds thus:—

Her hair was black as night: her eyes were blue:
 Her mouth was small, and from its opening stream'd
 Notes like the silver voice of young CAREW,
 Of whose sweet music I have often dream'd; &
 And then (as youths like me are wont to do),
 Fancying that every other damsel scream'd,
 Started to hear Miss C. again.---I sit
 In general (to be near her) in the Pit.

Let lovers who have croaking Delias swear
 Their tones are 'just in tune,' or 'just the thing:'
 Let lying poets puff, in couplets fair,
 Pan's reedy pipe---Apollo's golden string---
 How Memnon sang, and made the Thebans stare,
 When he saw Titan's daughter scattering
 Flowers---'tis all stuff, reader: what say you?
 Give me (but p'rhaps I'm partial) Miss CAREW.

Oh! witching as the nightingale first heard
 Beneath Arabian heavens, wooing the rose,
 Is she, or thrush new-mated, or the bird
 That calls the morning as the last star goes
 Down in the west, and out of sight is heard
 Awhile, then seems in silence to repose,
 Somewhere beyond the clouds, in the full glory
 Of the new-risen sun.---Now to my story.

**HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,
&c. &c.**

SHERIDAN.

On his physician's remonstrating with him on his habit of drinking ardent spirits, telling him that the brandy, arquebusade, and eau de Cologne, he swallowed, would burn off the coat of his stomach,—“Then my stomach,” replied he, “must digest its waistcoat, for I cannot help it.”

CHARLES BANNISTER.

That inveterate punster, coming into a coffee-house, one stormy night, said, he never saw such a wind. “Saw a wind,” replied a friend, “what was it like?” “Like,” answered Charles, “to have blown my hat off.”

HENRY JONES.

It was rather remarkable, that on the very day this writer sent his tragedy of the *Earl of Essex* to the manager of Covent-garden theatre, Dr. Philip Francis also sent his tragedy of *Constantine*. This somewhat embarrassed the manager, as to which he should bring out first. Jones's friends, (and they were powerful, in point of rank and number,) pleaded the originality of his genius, and the pressure of his circumstances; but Francis disregarded these representations, and insisted that he had an equal claim. The manager felt the justice of this,

and after ruminating for some time, proposed that they should toss up for the priority. The parties consented, and whilst the shilling was spinning in the air, Jones, who had been a bricklayer, cried out "Woman," by the grossest epithet he could make use of: he was successful, and the Doctor turned away in disgust, affecting to be more hurt at the indelicacy of his rival, than his own ill-fortune.

NAT LEE,

Whilst confined in a mad-house, was visited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, of whose poetical abilities Lee entertained no high opinion. Upon the Knight inquiring whether the poet knew him, Nat answered—

"Custom may alter men, and manners change,
But I am still strange Lee, and you L'Estrange;
I'm poor in purse, as you are poor in brains."

SNUFF

During Mr. Young's engagement at Bath, in the winter of 1820-21, *Henry VIII.* was revived, to exhibit him in the character of *Wolsey*. The representative of one of the Bishops, fancying, no doubt, that snuff-taking was a distinguishing characteristic of the character he personated, indulged his nose freely, throughout the play, forgetting that the scene was laid at a period of nearly fifty years before tobacco was ever brought to England.

FOOTIANA,

(Resumed from Vol. I. page 266.)

Foote experienced a number of vicissitudes in life, sometimes up, and often down; he kept his carriage when he first set out in life, but put it down soon after;

when he set it up again, he changed his motto, and chose *Iterum*, (*i. e.* again;) soon, however, misfortunes obliged him to dispose of it; about a twelvemonth after he found means to get another, and now the motto was again changed, and instead of *Iterum*, it was *Iterum Iterumque* (*i. e.* again and again.)

At a tavern one evening, where the glass had gone merrily round, and all the company were mellow, Foote being toast-master, called on a young nobleman, remarkable for his viciousness, for his toast. "Why, my good fellow," says he, "I'll give you the Devil." "Well," replies Foote, "I have no objection to any of your lordship's friends."

The day Mr. Foote set out for Dover, about an hour before he went into the chaise, he walked into every room in his house, examined, with an accuracy not usual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures, of which he had a large and elegant assortment. When he came to the portrait of Weston, he made a full stop, as if by some secret impulse, and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a syllable; then turning off, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weston!" But the words had scarce dropped from his lips, when, with a tone as it were of reproach for his seeming security, he repeated again, "Poor Weston!" It will be very shortly, "Poor Foote!" or the intelligence of my spirits deceive me.

Within one week after this prophetic speech, poor Foote was numbered with the dead.

Epitaph on SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq

(From Shakespeare.)

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
THE ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES!

A FELLOW

OF INFINITE JEST,

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES.

Of most EXCELLENT FANCY.

Alas! where are his GIBES now?

His GAMBOLS, his SONGS,

His FLASHES OF MERRIMENT,

Which were wont to set the TABLE in a ROAR?

Not ONE, now,

To MOCK his OWN GRINNING!

We could have better spared a *better* MAN

He was one of the *best actors* in the world,

Either for

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, HISTORY, PASTORAL, OF FARCE.

He held the MIRROR up,

And shewed SCORN her OWN IMAGE.

He was the *abstract—and brief chronicle* of the times.—

In short,

For the law of WIT—and the LIBERTY,

He was

The ONLY MAN!

THE STAGE AND THE ARMY.

Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer, who had been in the same regiment; the latter was happy to meet an old comrade, but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him seriously, "How could you disgrace the corps by turning play-actor?" Bensley replied, that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people. "And what, man," said Sawney, "do you get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered Bensley, "get about a thousand a year." "A thousand a year!" exclaimed the astonished Scotchman. "have you any prospect of . . ."

EXCEPTIONS.

When the late Lord Orrery and Garrick were discoursing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Mossop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Garrick himself. "By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his *voice* is coarse and unharmonious."—"Well, but excepting his *voice*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his *action* has a feature of sameness in it, that must ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene."—"Well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice* and *action*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his conceptions are not governed by truth."—"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice*, *action*, and *conception*, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his *person* is to the last degree ungraceful."—"Well, well, my friend Davy, (to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you); but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his *voice*, *action*, *conception*, and *person*, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"Yes, yes, my lord; allow me those four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your encomium on Mossop."

O'REILLY.

A celebrated Irish actor, who died at Norwich, when at the point of death, received a visit from a very worthy clergyman. This good man endeavoured to make him sensible of his dangerous state; but receiving no answer from the expiring joker, he raised his voice, and said, "Consider, sir, you have now a *very serious part to act*." "I wish then," said O'Reilly, scarce able to articulate the words—"I wish then, you would *new cast* the piece, and give that to somebody else, for I never could act a *serious part* in my life."

INGRATITUDE.

A day or two after the performance of Mr. Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, the author, conversing with a friend who was present at the performance, on the manner it was received, asked him how Mr. Cumberland looked? "For," added he, "I hear he was in a side-box." "He was," replied his friend, "and he looked exactly like the ancestors of *Charles* in the picture scene,—he never stirred a muscle, nor gave the least indication of a laugh, from beginning to end."—"No," replied Sheridan, "that was devilish ungrateful of him though, for he had a tragedy come out last week, and curse me if I did not laugh the whole time of its representation."

SPILLER, THE COMEDIAN,

For whose benefit Hogarth engraved a ticket, was, about the year 1720, in such estimation, that he had what was then deemed a very handsome salary; but had it been double what it was, his improvident disposition and unbounded extravagance (especially in his amours) would have kept him poor—and very poor he was. With his poverty he was frequently reproached, and once with some severity by a female performer, who having a good person and a very *tender* heart, contrived to make a figure with a very inferior salary. Of this she boasted, and asked him why he could not manage in the same way?—"Madam," replied the irritated performer, "madam, that which makes *you* rich, keeps *me* perpetually *poor*!"

COMMUNICATIONS.

On seeing the Monument of BOOTH, the Actor, in Westminster Abbey

Where lies the genius of the Roman age ?
 When humour pleas'd, and chasten'd wit refined,
 When from the glory of the infant stage
 A power went forth that led the Roman mind.

Then the sad muse of tears, delighted saw
 The tears of sorrow steal o'er hardy cheeks ;
 And war-worn warriors yield to nature's law,
 With such emotion as in silence speaks.

Then conscious virtue her own semblance view'd
 And taught, herself untaught, the soul to rise ;
 Whilst vice and folly in their shame renew'd,
 Held up to scorn, shrunk from awaken'd eyes.

Then Roscius, chief of histrionic art,
 Awed hearers mute, and ravish'd every soul ;
 Aroused the feelings of the stoutest heart,
 And bade the current of the passions roll.

His fiery eye, with god-like fervor fraught,
 Reveal'd the image 'ere his tongue convey'd ;
 Gave nobler feeling to the noblest thought,
 And lustre to the brightness it display'd.

For genius then was cherish'd, and its way
 Was strew'd with honour, and applause urged on
 The swelling soul, whose energetic sway
 Lived in the plaudits that its talents won

Then worth was envied, when but worth could buy
 The wreath of fortune, and the crown of fame ;
 And Roscius, wrapt in immortality,
 More faultless, lives with mighty Cæsar's name.

But now, in age *refined*, when milder laws
 Condemn the actor, and degrade the scene;
 No liberal voice defends the drama's cause,
 No friendly sanction urges way between.

The gifted soul may rouse the sudden start
 Of pity, love or glory, and yet see,
 With honest shame, the glory of its art
 Branded and crush'd by *vagrant* infamy.

O, were the art so honour'd with respect,
 As genius in the actor, it would rise
 Amid the ruin of its present wreck,
 And tower its glory nearer to the skies.

Damp'd by contumely, fell'd by the frown,
 The coldest frown illiberal pride can give;
 In vain its riches vie, while actors own
 The art ~~unhonour~~ is by which they live.

But thou art ~~one~~, whose merit and whose worth
 Have rank'd among the great-lamented dead;
 In sleep reposes thy long-moulder'd earth,
 Where poets, warriors, patriots, find a bed.

This humble stone, now mouldering like thee,
 Records the simple honours of thy name;
 But sorer far, thy immortality
 Lives, never dying, in the rolls of Fame.

The fairest pages that did e'er adorn
 Britannia's literature, in censure free,
 As in their praise impartial, did not scorn
 To urge the drama's cause, and speak of thee.

The truth of Addison, the wit of Steele,
 The polish'd elegance of Pope, contrived,
 In measure great, the drama's faults to heal,
 And fed the flame their energy revived.

And as thy humble marble stands among
The brighter marbles of the by-gone age,
As rests thy dust with many a child of song,
So lives thy name in their distinguish'd page.

And let it live—it well deserves to live—
This tablet still thy mute historian be ;
Then, as we pass, who would refuse to give
A tributary tear, to honour thee.

Where virtues shine, where blameless actions shew,
Where genius lives, in truth and honour bold,
There let mankind their cheering smiles bestow,
Which none but fashion's brainless sons withhold.

OSCAR.

On MR. QUICK,

*One of the old actors, and still a performer (in private) of
Old Rapid.**

No wonder old QUICK should be still such a *Vapid*,†
For all must acknowledge that QUICK should be *Rapid*.

W. L—G.

On a Musician discharged from Covent-garden by Mr. Ware.

Tom was discharged about a week ago ;
Dick met him next day—" Ha ! Tom, how d'ye do ?"
Says Tom, " Tol lol, you've heard I left the Garden
Some few days since ?"—Cries Dick, " I ask your par-
don,

I didn't hear a word, but I declare
Your looks shew you are none the worse for Ware,"
(wear).
W. L—G.

* For the latter part of my information, I am indebted to the
"Dramatic Biography."

† See "The Dramatist."

On MR. COOPER'S

Deficiency with respect to a singing voice

For remarks such as mine, your indulgence I crave ;
'Tis strange that a COOPER can't give us a stave.

W. L.—G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Oscar will forgive a slight liberty taken with one of his verses.

Hippolitus shall be attended to in our next.

J. M. cannot have insertion. His *morceau* is neither witty nor liberal.

B. Z. and *Philo* do not suit us.

We have returned *eight letters* this week, the postage being unpaid.

Madam Vespris's life, we beg to inform a correspondent, cannot yet find a place. Bannister may probably have a niche in a future number, as also Lovegrove and Suett

INDEX.—As many of our Correspondents have expressed a wish for an Index to each volume, we shall comply with their desire. The Index for Vol. I. must be published at the end of Vol. II. : in future, however, they shall regularly appear.



MR. FAWCETT,
AS
TOUCHSTONE.

Drawn by R. Page. Eng'd on Steel by J. Rogers.

Pub. May 14. 1825 for the Proprietor by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN FAWCETT,

(STAGE-MANAGER OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.)

This fellow is mightily like a melon,
All roughness outside, but a great deal of sweetness within.

COLMAN.

He is one of those judges, that, in his office,
Will never warp the law to save offenders.---IRON CHEST.

Most sons get some insight into, if not inclination for, the business or pursuits of their father. The son of an actor anxiously looks forward to the period when he shall have the pleasure of hearing, as he passes through the street, "That's Mr. ———, the actor;" when his society will be courted, his vanity flattered; when, in short, he shall experience all the concomitant delights of the bright side of the dramatic picture, the only one examined by youth. Thus it is that we see so many hereditary performers, and scarcely an instance where their pursuit is not decidedly opposite to the wishes of the parent.

Poor Suet's son was an actor, though his father wanted to make him an attorney; young Edwin chose the stage, rather than the pulpit; and Jack Bandister threw up the pallet for the boards.

Mr. Fawcett, senior, was an actor of more utility than note, in the days of "the immortal Mr. Garrick, deceased;" and his name stands on record in the first production, or the then revivals, of the celebrated old comedies of the *Double Gallant*, *Way to Keep Him*, &c. side by side with that of the British Roscius and Holland, Mossop, Barry, Shuter, and Woodward. He had been brought up under the care of Dr. Arne; was a good musician and a respectable singer, and sustained originally many vocal characters, in *Midas*, *Cymon*, &c. &c.

Mr. Fawcett having trod the thorny path that leads to public approbation, and having lived in that era of theatrical management, when new systems revolutionized the dramatic state, and having seen an old and esteemed actor (Theophilus Cibber,) thrust from the stage by the hand of monopoly, wisely considered this precarious profession was not one which he should be pleased to see his son follow

YOUNG FAWCETT, our hero, entered into life in the early part of the year 1769, within the sound of Bow bells. He received an excellent education, and, at the age of fifteen, was placed with, if not apprenticed to, a tradesman of respectability; and his father fondly hoped that commerce might do for his offspring what *Thalia* had for him. Alas! the vanity of human hopes or wishes!

"For ah! his son was not a wight
Inclined to tarry there."

He grew weary of trade; and a spouting club (a thing which has now ceased to exist, and which was superseded by the more noisy and less intellectual amusement, called "Free and Easy,") tended to confirm him in a fondness for the drama. Let us come to *Hecuba* at once. He

quitted his master and papa with, doubtless, considerable sorrow, but certainly very little ceremony, and started to Margate on a scenic excursion. There he assumed the name of Foote; a name which, crushed as it was by calumny, and then just stilled in death, still remained sufficiently popular to make an aspirant choose it, as a passport to favour.

In *Courtall*, in the *Belle's Stratagem*, Mr. FAWCETT made his bow to the islanders of Thanet, and, after running the gauntlet of that theatre, allowed to be the hardest working station in the theatrical service, he joined the Rochester and Tunbridge company.

At Tunbridge, where we believe he resumed his baptismal appellation, he attracted the attention of Mr. Cumberland, whose hints were judicious, whose friendship was sincere, and whose patronage was highly beneficial. Under the advice of this gentleman, Mr. FAWCETT cultivated his musical talents; and, having originally received some instructions from his father, he soon exhibited proofs of improvement.

His musical efforts obtained him the patronage and friendship of the late Lord Abington. At Tunbridge, therefore, countenanced as he was by a nobleman and an author of celebrity, he soon acquired notoriety. His *Romeo* and *Jaffier* (albeit he had few requisites for either of these characters) were pronounced admirable, his genteel comedy unequalled, and his singing, both on and off the stage, the theme of universal praise. He ran the round of *Othello*, *Ornooko*, *Shylock*, &c. &c., and was, in fact, the Garrick of the town.

Now, JOHN FAWCETT was never absurd enough to imagine that mere fame would feed him, nor did he think Tunbridge a place likely to stamp a settled value on his

talents. To York he looked with ardent eyes; and, at the recommendation of his friend, the dramatist, (as we are informed,) was ushered into the presence of the erratic but benevolent, hasty, but humane, Tate Wilkinson. Tate having been the friend of Garrick and the pupil of Foote, and being, moreover, an excessively singular genius, was a kind of bugbear to diffident dramatic heroes; but our hero was little troubled "by the quality more talked of by the ladies than admired," called modesty. He stated his pretensions, and opened in a first-rate tragic character. A few performances convinced Tate that his new performer was no great acquisition, at least in the line he had chosen. The sagacious manager cast him a light low comedy character, which he performed so much to his own, the manager's, and the public satisfaction, that he remained the comic hero of the York circuit for some years.

Those who are conversant with the tales of a theatre, will be aware that, about 1790, a great sensation was created against the Liston of the day, Edwin; and as he died soon after having experienced every demonstration of public execration, the Covent-garden managers sought every where for an efficient substitute. York was instantly referred to, and our hero consequently engaged.

Mr. FAWCETT bade adieu to his northern patrons, and, leaving the subsequently celebrated Emery as his successor, appeared in London, on the 21st September, 1791, as *Caleb*, in *He would be a Soldier*; a character very much resembling *Sam Swipes*, in *Exchange no Robbery*. He also performed *Simpkin*, in *The Deserter*, a character in which his father had previously obtained considerable celebrity. Mr. FAWCETT's success with the house was great,—not so

stigma he remained for a considerable period; nor were his duties at the theatre, during his incipency, exceedingly pleasant. In 1793, we find him frequently performing as a substitute for, or a double to, the great favourite, Quick. On one occasion, 11th February, in that year, Mr. FAWCETT was very illiberally received, when performing for that gentleman in the piece called *Columbus*.

A few years produced the farces of *Lock and Key*, *Irish Mimic*, &c., in which his celebrated song of *What's a Woman like?* and the mock Italian bravura, *Maestro was an Op'ra Singer*, attracted the town equally by their excellence and their novelty.

Colman's *Pangloss*, *Ollapod*, and Lee's *Caleb Quotem*, were, however, the characters that set a seal on our hero's dramatic pretensions; and to them he is principally indebted for the estimation in which he has so long been held.

In 1796, he refused to perform *Momus*, in an alteration of the *Golden Pippin*, called *Olympus in an Uproar*.

Whilst at York, Mr. FAWCETT married an actress then in the company, and who came to town with him, and appeared also at Covent-garden theatre. She some years since paid the debt of nature.

After her death, our hero led his present lady to the altar, and has ever since lived with her, enjoying the greatest domestic felicity: he has had several children by her, one of whom has lately distinguished himself at the University, for his classical attainments.

For many years, Bannister had been the comic hero of the Haymarket, but in season 1798, that gentleman went ruralizing, and our hero supplied his place. He there got a greater range of characters than the then company at Covent-garden allowed him to possess, and appeared in

Trudge, Gregory Gubbins, (in which his song of *Ah! what's a valiant Hero!* excited peculiar applause,) *Scout*, and other characters of considerable importance

In season 1800, he became acting-manager of that theatre, and was indefatigable in his exertions. He there produced *Obi, or Three-finger'd Jack*, one of the best serious pantomimes upon the stage; and which, aided by Arnold's exquisite music, and Charles Kemble's personation of the hero, had a great run. Two years afterwards, he produced a superior kind of ballet, called *The Fairies' Revels, or Love in the Highlands*, in conjunction with D'Egville, and with some songs written by Colman. The effort of the *tria juncta in uno* was very successful.

We have little of moment to record of Mr. FAWCETT from this period, save that he was one of "the glorious eight,"* who revolted against managerial exactions, and who, after swearing unanimity, gave up almost all their demands, and let one of their party (the *only one* who consistently maintained his opinions) leave the theatre,

"To seek his fortune, where she might prove kinder."

In 1806, Mr. FAWCETT resumed his station as actor, though not as manager, at the Haymarket, where he remained for three seasons.

In 1813, he spent his summer vacation at the English Opera House, where he was engaged to give effect to

* This was a kind of insurrection by eight of the principal actors, (i. e. Holman, Johnstone, Pope, Incedon, Munden, Fawcett, T. Knight, and H. Johnston,) to prevent the managers restricting their orders, increasing the benefit charges, or enforcing a fine for the refusal of a character.

Lewis's musical drama of *Rich and Poor*, and to play *Ironsides*, in the operatical alteration of Cumberland's *Brothers*. He performed there two or three seasons.

In the summer of 1816, he went once more to his old quarters, the Haymarket, where, though he appeared in nothing new, his revivals of *Peeping Tom*, &c. gave the town an opportunity of judging of his talents, that his performances at Covent-garden seldom admit of.

Mr. FAWCETT has been, for about twelve years, stage-manager of Covent-garden theatre. Of his conduct in this capacity we shall presently speak.

Very few circumstances have occurred in Mr. FAWCETT's metropolitan existence, that are worthy of record. On the 8th May, 1798, when Oulton's *Botheration* was brought out, he was taken suddenly ill, whilst performing *Pangloss* in the play, and was quite unable even to attempt *Jack Hopeful* in the farce: Mr. T. Knight read it. This circumstance and some others ruined the run of the piece.

On the night of the production of the *Exile*, Mr. FAWCETT was at a public dinner, and quitted so late, that the stage was waiting for him. In the emergency of the moment, he merely put on a furred jacket, and went on in black kerseymere pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps. Though the scene is laid in Siberia, the erudite gentlemen of the press never noticed this incongruity of costume. This we are not surprised at; but we certainly wonder, that on the subsequent representations of the piece, Mr. FAWCETT never thought proper to change it: and ("tell it not in Gath!") all the provincial actors we have seen perform the part, have adopted the same costume!

We have now to consider this gentleman's histrionic talents.

It is some years since he enacted countrymen in Lon-

don; and though he was a favourite in this line, we never considered him happy in it; there was a harshness in his style, that did not accord with the simplicity of a rustic.

His eccentric light comedy, (i. e. *Puff*; his character in *Abroad and at Home*, and numerous parts in forgotten comedies by Reynolds, Holman, &c.) never delighted us: he was bustling and amusing, but he was never gentlemanly nor easy: his style was too angular for such assumptions.

His old men are the second now on the stage. Less humorous than Downton, he is more so than Terry; nor is he so hard as the iron Mr. Farren: he wants, perhaps, the oily humour, the warmth of colouring, that Munden could, and Downton can, throw into his performances: but he has a humour more exclusively his own than either of these gentlemen: he never condescended to grimace, like the former, nor disgraced himself by ribaldry, under the licence of "gag," like the latter. As a singing old man, he is infinitely superior to both. Perhaps his songs in *Sir Harry Sycamore*, *Justice Woodcock*, and *Sir John Contrast*, are the best on the stage; and to these we may add his admirable execution of a song in *Brother and Sister*, beginning—

"Give me the dear little creatures."

Characters, where pedantic assumption, stiffness of manner, and loquacity, form the chief essentials, are those in which he is most particularly pre-eminent. With whatever rapidity our hero speaks or sings, he is always excessively distinct; a thing which Mr. Harley and Mathews were never remarkable for; though it is an absolute essential in parts like *Ollapod* or *Mingle*.

Next to these performances stand those of feeling old men, i. e. *Rivers*, *Job Thornberry*, *Templeton*, &c. In these he goes to the heart without effort: he never degenerates into the appearance of tragic pomposity, and he intermingles his comic touches with peculiar felicity: his rubbing his eyes, just bedewed with tears for his daughter's loss, in the brazier, as he says to *Peregrine*,—"You that *Peregrine*, that *pretty* boy?—bless my soul, how you are altered!" is a striking instance. He could not, we think, play *Old Dornton* so well as Munden, but that he could play it, after that actor, better than any other, we are convinced.

Mr. FAWCETT has had a very excellent voice as a singer, though in oratory his tones are harsh, and sometimes really discordant. His vocal efforts have never been directed, in the metropolis, to any thing beyond comic songs; but of them he has created a new school. It is true that Edwin first sang *God a mercy, devil's in me*,—*What's a valiant Hero?* and a few songs which require rapidity of utterance; but none of these were half so difficult as FAWCETT's *Almanack Maker*, (in which he took a clear B flat in alt, in his natural voice,) *Mock Italian*, *Caleb Quotem*, *Paragraph's Song*, *Cosmetic Doctor*, &c. &c. His voice, now evidently declining, was a powerful and extensive counter-tenor; and he has justly obtained the title of the best *buffa* singer on the English stage. In the *Cabinet*, *Abroad and at Home*, and many other pieces, he executed a great deal of music, of a character much more difficult than that generally allotted to comedians.

As stage-manager, he is more remarkable for his correctness than his kindness; for his attention to the interests of his principals, than his urbanity to his brethren; he is, in his directions, more indefatigable than tasteful;

in his method, more diligent than talented; and, in his enforcement of regulations, more rigid than forgiving. Few men can govern, and be a favourite, especially in a theatre, that hot-bed of jealousy, wrangling, vanity, and vexation. Mr. FAWCETT has few qualities of conciliation; his manners are coarse, almost vulgar, and sometimes (he will excuse us, but we never mince matters,) *perfectly brutal*; at the same time, be it remembered, he appears to know no distinction of persons, and bestows his epithets indiscriminately upon the "great" and "little" creatures.

His valdictory speeches are always plain, but sensible addresses.

In private life, we have heard his name mentioned with gratitude, by those whom he has benefited; with admiration, by those who knew him best; and, with esteem, by those who had but a casual acquaintance with him.

Kemble's farewell dinner, and other occasions, have called our hero into oratorical displays, in which "he has been as much noted for being blunt as being honest."

He is said to be possessed of considerable property, accumulated in the service of the public. We wish him health to enjoy the honours he possesses.

"He won them fairly, may he wear them long."

Mr. FAWCETT is about five feet seven inches in height, rather heavily built, of a florid complexion, with hair of a———stay, does he wear a wig, or powder?—No matter—in fact, his countenance strongly resembles that of Mr. Harley; his face, like his acting, has a hardness, an inflexibility, that is detrimental to him in sentimental scenes, and not particularly effective in comic ones.

Though now fifty-six years of age, he is in perfect health; has performed several new characters each sea-

son, and bids fair to rival Quick, in strength and longevity.

In addition to the pantomimic pieces we have named, Mr. FAWCETT is the *producer* of the spectacle called *Perouse, or the Desolate Island*, which had a prodigious run; and, in conjunction with Farley, invented and got up *The Secret Mine*, played both at Covent-garden and at Astley's, with unbounded applause.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

**GARRICK AND JOHNSON**

Were dining at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick made use of every means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. When the Doctor had finished the story, he turned grayely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but subsequently declared, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

•
AN OBEDIENT ARTIST.

Old Johnson the player, who was not only a very good actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making many dry jokes, was shewn a picture, done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and asked his opinion of. "Why, truly," said he, "the painter is a very good painter, and observes the Lord's commandments."—"What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnson?" said one who stood by. "Why, I think,"

answered he, "that he hath not made to himself the *likeness* of any thing that is in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

TATE WILKINSON,

When he first appeared on the stage, applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded so well in, as to meet with universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was Luke Sparks the player, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "True, sir," says Luke, very gravely; "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Fragment of Stanzas to MISS FOOTE.

'Tis the bright smile of beauty that's playing
Round thy lips of a roseate dye!

'Tis the sunshine of bliss that is straying
In the flash of thy soul-speaking eye!

Thou art light, as the ambient air,

Thou'rt all life, like the wave of the stream;

Thou art as the sunny sky fair,

And buoyant as Love's early dream!

The mouldering dew-drops of years

Will one time fall heavy on thee;

But thy beauty, in sunshine or tears,

Will ever be present to me.

I wish not I never had seen

Thy beautiful blue swimming eyes;

I might not have happier been,

Tho' I saved then an ocean of sighs!

To W. L. on his Epigram on COOPER.

'Tis far more strange that you should raise
 In COOPER's fame a wrinkle ;
 And say he's destitute of staves,
 Who sings so well in *Inkle*.—HIPPOLITUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HIPPOLITUS has our thanks. His *Sketch, &c.* must stand over, for want of space.

The request of C. B———Y came too late ; the devouring element had put compliance out of our power.

To Mr. GARNER we are infinitely obliged : we feel flattered at having this proof of his kindness and gentlemanly conduct added to our knowledge of his histrionic talent. He could afford us a fund of original anecdote. May we intrude upon his leisure ?

GREEN's lines have already been declined. ACRUSTICS do not suit us.

The Author of the Lines to Miss FOOTE will, we are sure, forgive us. Shall we hear from him again ?

We are in arrear to many Contributors, and solicit their patience.

INDEX.—We have received so many applications upon this subject, that we publish the Index to Vol. I. with this Number. Now, we trust, our friends will be satisfied.



MRS W. WEST,
AS
PORTIA.

Drawn by R. Page. Eng. on Steel by J. Rogers.

Pub^d May 21, 1825, for the Proprietor by G. Virtue 26, Ivy Lane

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. W. WEST,

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

We gaze and turn away, we know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, 'till the heart
Reels with its fulness. CHILDE HAROLD.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche, ere she grew a wife,
Too pure even for the purest human ties.---DON JUAN.

THE subject of the present memoir having been reared under the affectionate care of her parents, passed the usual "still life" of female existence, in which a new frock is an event,—a new introduction an epoch,—an extra walk a circumstance,—and a few minutes of uninterrupted conversation with one of the other sex, an occurrence in their history, fondly cherished and never to be forgotten.

Mrs. W. WEST is the daughter of a Mr. Cooke, of Bath. Her uncle, Mr. James Cooke, is a provincial performer. Our heroine was born at that fashionable city, on the 22d of March, 1795, and is consequently, according to Cocker, now thirty years and a few weeks old.

In the present memoir, there are not many of the anecdotes and vicissitudes which usually attend the professors of the histrionic art; our heroine having invariably pursued that line of conduct which, in the present state of theatricals, will ever add an honor to her name.

“ Her eye beam'd heaven,
And her thoughts divin’ ”

On the 22d May, 1810, Miss COOKE made her first essay in the character of *Miss Hardcastle*, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, for the benefit of her uncle. In 1811, she made another attempt, as *Emily Tempest*, in *The Wheel of Fortune*; and though these performances were not of a nature to make her services very valuable in the refined city of Bath, her last attempt obtained for her an offer from Mr. Watson; and she accordingly joined the Cheltenham company, in the summer of 1812.

After a few months spent at Cheltenham and Gloucester, having, at the former place, attracted the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, our heroine received an offer from London. Here we may remark, that Mrs. W. WEST is, perhaps, a solitary instance of an actress so soon attracting attention in the metropolis; and though we know her engagement was obtained at the instance of Mr. Charles Kemble, still it is an extraordinary circumstance, that a girl, little better than seventeen years of age, with only four months of regular practice, should obtain even an appearance at a London theatre, in a part of first-rate importance.

In September, 1812, Miss Cooke dared the tempest of town criticism, as the gentle *Desdemona*. The beauty of her person certainly did more than the excellence of her

young aspirant, heightened the effect of the attributes of this amiable character.

She remained in possession of the juvenile tragedy during the whole of the season. Her *Miranda*, in *The Tempest*, and *Fanny Sterling*, in *The Clandestine Marriage*, were interesting and talented assumptions; but her *Julia*, in *The Rivals*, wanted force: indeed, she was then incapable of supporting any thing of deep interest; her performances resembled those of Miss Foote, divested of her archness, and were consequently, though always pleasing, sometimes bordering upon the mawkish.

At the termination of her engagement she went to Edinburgh; and having, in some measure, conquered her extreme timidity, she made her appearance on the metropolitan boards of Scotland, in the character of *Juliet*, on the 10th of November, 1814, which she performed ten nights in immediate succession, a circumstance altogether unprecedented at that theatre. For one year she sustained the first line of tragic characters with the greatest success, and the coldness of Scotch criticism was thawed into a general and a forcible tide of approbation. During Miss COOKE'S residence in London, Mr. W. West paid his addresses to her, and obtained an engagement in the Edinburgh theatre; in which city they were married by the Rev. Dr. Moorehead, of the English church, March, 1815. Shortly after, they received an offer from the proprietors of the Bath theatre, which was acceded to; and, in the month of October, 1815, they appeared in that city, where we find them enjoying the patronage of many, and the friendship of all; alike admired on, and respected off; by the stage, by the inhabitants, and

It may be here remarked, that her powerful predilection for the stage was not at all surprising, or to be wondered at, when it is known that a star of the greatest magnitude, or rather a comet of astonishing brilliancy, appeared in the person of a member of this family,—the late pitied, lamented, and celebrated George Frederick Cooke, who was first cousin to our heroine's father. The only judicious step taken by Mr. Stephen Kemble, during his mismanagement in London, was the engagement of this lady, who, from peculiar circumstances which then existed, was obliged to forego her intention of making her second metropolitan debut, in the character of *Juliet*, a Miss Mackenzie having appeared, within a few nights before, in that part; hence, Mrs. West was under the necessity of adopting the character of *Desdemona*, which she performed with the most distinguished applause, 17th of September, 1818. Her second character was *Belvidera*; and, on that occasion, Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Stephen Kemble severally expressed their highest approbation of the extraordinary powers she evinced. In fact, Mr. Stephen Kemble publicly declared, that, since the performance of his celebrated sister, he had never beheld such an astonishing display of histrionic talent. She subsequently sustained *Juliet*, *Hermione*, *Imogene*, and all the first-rate tragic characters.

On the benefit for poor Rae's family, Mrs. WEST spoke the address, and drowned the house in tears. The last part that gentleman performed at Drury, was *Edgar* to her *Cordelia*. This circumstance was alluded to, in the address, in the following line:—

“ Pardon Cordelia's tears,---they're shed for Rae.”

This line, the conclusion of which is peculiarly weak,

Mrs. WEST objected to, on the ground of the impropriety of speaking of Rae in his real, her, in her fictitious character. She suggested the following alteration:—

“ Pardon Cordelia’s tears,---Poor Tom’s a-cold.” ”

The effect of this line was from her lips electrical—the burst of applause, and the tears of the audience, were as just a tribute to her judgment as to her talents.

It will be expected by the reader, that we should say something of her domestic and private life. Little, however, can be said. She is naturally timid, and possesses that sensitiveness of feeling, which shrinks from the unhallowed and unlicensed gaze. Independent of the pleasure she experiences from the successful exertion of those powers with which she has been blest by nature, she would not willingly obtrude herself upon the notice of society. Her mind, education, and disposition, are decidedly domestic.

Surrounded by her small family, (the eldest, a son of about five or six years of age, who is certainly one of the most beautiful boys we ever beheld; the other, a son of a few months,) she enjoys the endearment of filial and parental affection, even when indulging in those lofty and powerful imaginings of dramatic fidelity, which elicit such rapturous approbation on the stage. And, in truth, the whole of her life exhibits the union of modest simplicity with the unquenchable aspirations of talent, and of genuine unsophisticated tenderness with the mimic sorrows of Melpomene.

As a proof of the high estimation in which the subject of this memoir was held in Edinburgh, (and we are happy

with some verses, which have lately appeared in a popular work.

STANZAS TO MRS. W. WEST,

BY ONE WHO SAW HER PERFORM IN THE NORTH.

Lightly as convey'd by shadows,
 Love led beauty on her way,
 Heaps of little pointed arrows
 Glanced upon the sun's bright ray.

Graces dress her---honour loves her,
 Virtue breathes a holy calm,
 Gay good humour hovers o'er her,
 Dropping incense---breathing balm.

Lovely West, thus in "Auld-Reekee,"
 Nature's charms thou didst display,
 Still the same, as now I greet thee,
 Heroine of the Drama's day.

Still in *Desdemona* breathing
 Sighs for sorrows undeserved ;
 Round the bust of Shakespeare wreathing
 Laurels, long to be preserved.

Still thy *Olvidera*'s charming,
 Wakening all our hopes and fears,
 Criticism quite disarming,
 While applauses burst through tears.

A seaman's harp delights to praise thee,
 On thy ear his name ne'er fell ;
 Virtue, Talent, Genius raise thee,
 Child of Nature---fare thee well.

Of Mrs. WEST's talents, it is now "our hint to speak." She is, in our estimation, unquestionably the best tragic actress that has appeared since Miss O'Neill. If she has less force and grandeur than Mrs. Bunn, she has infinitely more pathos; and, if her *Lady Macbeth* is not so good as her rival's, she may console herself with remembering that her *Jane Shore*, *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, *Desdemona*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Hermione*, *Distressed Mother*, *Cordelia*, are infinitely better. And, in the character of *Portia*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, her delivery of the celebrated apostrophe to mercy, is of the highest order. In fact, we know not of any who can compeer with her in this, and many other parts of equal import. We do not, by this genuine acknowledgment of Mrs. W. WEST's talents, wish to be thought as adulators. Far from it—it is only the meed of just, unbiassed praise; and, as such, it gives us great pleasure in thus paying a tribute of approbation to one, whose private and public character so truly deserves it.

Mrs. WEST has been treated with excessive illiberality at Drury. Mr. Elliston has thought fit to send her on for characters absolutely insignificant. What, for instance, has *Mrs. Fitzallan* (*Simpson and Co.*) to do, but walk on and look pretty? We admit, no lady in the theatre could accomplish this more easily than our heroine; but are the talents of the first actress on the London stage to be subjugated thus, at the caprice of such a man?—Why was Mrs. WEST degraded, by being cast for *Lady Grace*, when Mrs. Orger, whose part it is, filled it admirably, and when our heroine could have played *Lady Townley* infinitely better than the actress that assumed it beside her? Mr. Elliston has, for many years, sought anxiously to degrade the stage and its professors. (The man that could let

Lawler turn the sacred page of Shakspeare into doggrel, and then, unblushingly, himself perform *Macbeth* in verse, is capable of any thing. But we should, in our simplicity, imagine, that in degrading such an actress as Mrs. W. WEST, he was injuring his own interest, that is, if he has any real interest in the theatre,—and if, which we shrewdly suspect, the mighty Lessee is not a mere instrument in the hands of a secret committee;—be that as it may, Mr. Elliston has cast our heroine second-rate and third-rate characters, after her assumption of the leading parts of the piece, and then suddenly, if the exigences of the theatre, or his own whim suggested it, restored her to her original station, without any apparent reason: and she has been seen one night as the heroine of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, and the next in a part of about sixty lines, in one of his stupid melo-dramas. This usage would not only destroy the energy of the finest mind, but must ultimately tend to lower the actress in public estimation. No beauty, however divine,—no talent, however great,—can make absolute balderdash please: and many auditors, confounding the imbecility of the author with the efforts of the actress, begin to conceive she can do nothing well, because she is given nothing good to do.

Mr. Kean, too, thought proper, on the memorable night when he devoted his talents to the assumption of the “*admirable Crichton*,” to bring Mrs. M'Gibbon from Liverpool, to perform *Belvidera*, “for that night only;” a barefaced insult to the talent of our heroine.

It is not, however, the caprice of Elliston and Kean (*par nobile fratrum*) that can really injure Mrs. WEST: the talent of the one, and the mind of the other, have already

In the display of tenderness, our heroine stands alone. It has been objected, that she hangs too much on the adored object, and, in fact, cloy with her sweetness. It may appear so to a male auditor; for, we are well aware that it is, in human nature, disagreeable to one man to see another caressed. But this is no argument that her acting is unnatural: we hold it as an irrefragable proof to the contrary. Her representation of a fond and dotting woman, is all that we could imagine, and infinitely beyond any thing we have ever before beheld.

All the actresses we have ever seen, in their representations of love-scenes, deliver their speeches in "good set terms." Mrs. WEST lisps forth her fondness; the words fall from her lips like dew-drops from the rose, reflecting its brightness, and tinged with its fragrance; her soul seems upon her tongue, and her heart wantons in its fulness. She alone makes the proper sexual distinction in the delineation of love; her passion is not the fiery feeling of the wanton, that burns and ravishes the heart that owns it, but the chaster emotion of tenderness, that melts the very soul. It is for man to express his love by the quick-drawn breath and trembling frame, when riotous blood shakes and convulses his whole animal nature; but woman receives love, not as a fire that consumes her, but as a stream, in which her heart can lave in an ocean of enjoyment. In a word, passion *burns* in the breast of man, but *flows* in the bosom of a woman. This is, in fact, the distinction between love and that (often mistaken for it) which claims a very different title, though distinguished by the same initial.

We have given our heroine one great attribute against all her contemporaries and her predecessors, in our memory; in other respects she is certainly below Miss O'Neill. In *Isabella* she fails, from the very quality we

have been admiring. We cannot believe in her constancy to her avowed intention; and what, in other actresses, appears determination of purpose, seems in her the act of cureless insanity.

We once saw this lady perform *Mrs. Haller*; a part which we do not remember her performing in London. It was one uninterrupted scene of beautifully subduing sorrow: her meek submission went to the soul; and her look, when she encounters the eye of her husband, and hears the voice of him, whose very sight is the keenest reproach, will never be out of our memory. In embracing, too, she made a point that was absolutely inimitable: on rushing into his arms, she, for an instant, checked her sob, to give an exclamation of pleasure, that seemed to rise from her inmost soul; and she then sank upon his bosom, with a sigh more persuasive than the whole of Kotzebue's language, if it could be concentrated in one speech. What made this, too, in perfect accordance with the character, was, that the heroine must be, from her very crime, a sensualist; and, after so long being estranged from aught she loved, or that loved her, the reconciliation being marked by an exultatory exclamation, is in perfect keeping.

Whenever Mrs. WEST attempts declamation, or is doomed to represent dignified emotions, deliver cruel sentiments, or express hatred or revenge, we can instantly perceive it is assumption; harshness seems inimical to her nature, and, for this reason, she is certainly not calculated to fill the whole range of tragic characters. We can conceive nothing more tame or unreal than her *Lady Macbeth* is, or than her *Elvira*, or *Margaret of Anjou*, would be. She may be well contented to be what she is,

In comedy, she is the next on the list, after Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Glover; she is more refined than either of those ladies, but possesses infinitely less humour. Mrs. Yates and Mrs. West are, perhaps, just on an equality in such characters as *Lady Teazle*, but in *Lady Townley* our heroine certainly exceeds that young lady, from her powerful acting in the last scene.

Mrs. West is above the middle size; her features are exquisitely charming, but not capable of strong expression; her form is beautifully moulded. Since her last confinement, she has appeared excessively thin; and, with the lustre of her eloquent eyes, and the effect of her beautifully transparent skin,

“She seemed not of this earth, and yet was on it.”

Her tresses are of a brown colour, and extremely luxuriant; and taking all that constitutes beauty into consideration, she is (if not actually above all) certainly one of the most beautiful women the British stage can boast of.

We have always heard her spoken of as an affectionate daughter, and it may be proper to add, that until her marriage, her mother always accompanied her, wherever she was engaged. We know her to be a fond mother, and an affectionate wife. Mr. West is happy in the possession of one of the most talented, lovely, and virtuous beings in the world.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,**&c. &c.****MADAM MARA.**

This celebrated lady, it may be remembered, during the performance of one of Handel's grand choruses in Westminster Abbey, kept her seat, while the Royal Family, with all who were present besides, who were all the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom, stood up. This was known at Oxford, when she was engaged there for the Grand Music Meeting, and they resolved to teach her better in future. As soon, therefore, as she appeared in the theatre, she was called^d upon from all sides, to avow whether she meant to practise the same there. Upon this, the worthy professor, Dr. Hayes, who was fond of speechifying, came forward to assure the audience, that Madam Mara would stand up during the performance of the chorus in question; but, in his eagerness to allay the storm he saw arising, instead of this, the first words of the chorus running in his head, he told them that Madam Mara would rise when "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." This laughable blunder put the audience in such good humour, that perhaps it did more for the lady, than even one of the Doctor's best speeches could have done. This, however, did not last long: a performer in the orchestra, who was accompanying her in one of her songs, happening to play a little out of tune, so disarranged the lady's feelings, that she turned round and flung the book she was singing from at his head. Upon this, Dr. Chapman, then Vice-Chancellor, rose, and, in a tone of authority, indignantly exclaimed, "Madam Mara has conducted herself too ill, to be suffered to sing any more before this audience." Immediately, an arch wag cried out, "A riot, by per-

mission of the Vice-Chancellor!" The confusion instantly became universal, and the lady was handed out, amid the hisses of an indignant theatre

WYCHERLY, THE DRAMATIST

King Charles shewed him signal marks of favour; and once gave him a proof of his esteem, which, perhaps never any sovereign prince before had given to a private gentleman. Mr. Wycherly being ill of a fever at his lodgings in Bow-street, the king did him the honour of a visit. Finding him extremely weakened, and his spirits miserably shattered, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, believing that the air of Montpellier would contribute to restore him; and assured him, at the same time, that he would order him £500, to defray the charges of the journey. Mr. Wycherly accordingly went into France, and having spent the winter there, returned to England, entirely restored to his former vigour. The king, shortly after his arrival, told him he had a son, whom he resolved should be educated like the son of a king, and that he could not choose a more proper man for his governor than Mr. Wycherly; for which service £1500, per annum, should be settled upon him.

Mr. Wycherly, however, such is the uncertain state of all human affairs, lost the favour of the king by the following means:—Immediately after he had received the gracious offer above mentioned, he went down to Tunbridge, where, walking one day on the Wells walk, with his friend Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to inquire for the Plain Dealer. "Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the Plain Dealer, there he is for you," pushing Mr. Wycherly towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherly, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, would be plain dealing to

her."—"No, truly, Sir," said the Countess, "I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of them." "Then, Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by heaven for each other." In short, Mr. Wycherly walked a turn or two with the countess; waited upon her home; visited her daily at her lodgings while she stayed at Tunbridge, and at her lodgings in Hatton-Garden, after she went to London, where, in a little time, he married her, without acquainting the king. But this match, so promising in appearance to his fortune and happiness, was the actual ruin of both. As soon as the news of it came to court, it was looked upon as a contempt of his majesty's orders; and Mr. Wycherly's conduct after his marriage occasioned this to be resented still more heinously; for he seldom or never went near the court, which made him be thought downright ungrateful. The true cause of his absence, however, was not known. In short, the lady was jealous of him to that degree, that she could not endure him to be a moment out of her sight. Their lodgings were in Bow-street, Covent Garden, over against the Cock; whither, if he at any time went with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that his lady might see there was no woman in company.

OPENING OF FOOTE'S CELEBRATED PUPPET-SHOW AT THE
HAYMARKET, IN 1773.

(From the Journals of the time.)

"On Monday, the 15th of February, the long expected wooden company made their appearance at the theatre in the Haymarket; the audience was very numerous, who compelled the door-keepers to open the upper-gallery, which was not designed, as, from the disposition of the false stage, this gallery could not command a proper view of the performers: the orchestra was also filled with gentlemen, which gave Mr. Foote occasion to come

forward, and beg permission for the fiddlers to scrape behind the scenes. At seven o'clock he addressed himself to the audience in a very pertinent, well written exordium, pointing out to the audience the long existence of the species of the drama he was attempting to revive; its superior excellence over other dramas, and shewing by what means it grew into disrepute. He concluded his address by observing, that he wished there was in this town no other puppet-show but that at his theatre; and informed the house, that the piece about to be performed was a sentimental comedy, called, *The Handsome House-Maid, or Piety in Pattens*; that the audience would not discover much wit and humour in it, for that his brother writers had all agreed it was highly improper, and beneath the dignity of a mixed assembly, to shew any signs of joyful satisfaction; and that creating a laugh was forcing the higher order of the audience to a vulgar and mean use of their muscles; he had, therefore, like them, given up the sensual for the sentimental style. When the curtain drew up, a figure, admirably well made and dressed, was discovered bowing to the audience, and, according to the usual contrivance at a puppet-show, spoke a humorous prologue, in which he personated a sap, declaring himself the offspring of an oak, and to have been made into a vessel, which was now put up to rot in a dock; and that he stood forth a cudgel for the present follies of the age. The piece was of two acts; the story, a servant-girl, who was fallen in love with by her master, and offered a settlement by him, but is warned by Thomas the butler, who loves her, and tells her to beware of her master, for if she once loses her virtue, she will have no pretensions to chastity. She takes his advice, and slights her master; who, overcome by her honest principles, and the strength of his passion, offers to marry her: she begs Thomas may be by, to hear the reply she gives to such a noble offer, when she imme-

out of gratitude for his great condescension, resolves to marry neither, and to live single, although she loves them both. Just at the conclusion of the piece, a constable enters, to take up the puppets, and carry them before Justice Girkin, an oilman in the Strand, who has issued his warrant for their apprehension as vagrants, together with Foote. A most witty, laughable examination-scene ensues, at the justice's house, where the puppets are brought, and the counsellors Quirk (a Scotch advocate) and Quibble appear, one against the other for the puppets. It is agreed that the puppets cannot be committed - or punished under the vagrant-act, as all the whipping in the world could never make them labour; and the food prescribed to be given, viz. bread and water, nothing could either induce them to chew or swallow. An argument ensues what shall be done with Foote; the Scotchman says he ought to be sent to the House of Correction, as he is surely no puppet; the other declares he will not altogether agree to that, for that Foote is certainly a fourth part of him a puppet, his left leg being composed of the same materials as his figures; and if he is committed as a man, the puppet part of him has a right to his action for damages; on the other hand, if he is committed as a puppet, the body may sue for false imprisonment. It is at length decided, by learnedly consenting, that the only way will be by waiting till they can catch his body without his leg, or his leg without his body.

At the conclusion of the show, the galleries became very clamorous, and were for pronouncing its final doom, owing partly to the shortness of the piece, and partly to the unfavourable manner in which those in the upper gallery must have seen it. The polite part of the audience in the boxes, however, supported it so forcibly, that it was given out for the Wednesday following; but Mr. Foote being advised by his friends to add some additional scenes, in order to lengthen it, and make it fill the time of a dramatic representation, it has been postponed for some days.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To MISS PATON, (*a Simile*).

Bards strike their love-sick lyres, to tell
 Of the sweet charms of Philomel ;
 Who, to the grand departing day,
 Softly pours her plaintive lay ;
 Which dies in echoes through the grove,
 And turns it to the seat of love.
 The moon is dancing on the stream,
 Thou pourest forth *thy* plaintive theme ;
 It with enchantment fills the grove,
 And breathes the very breath of love
 The wailing Philomela sings,
 When roses weep with evening dew
 And night spreads forth her sombre wings,
 And thou, thou sing'st at ev'ning too.—SCRIBLERUS.

PLAY-GOING AND ITS RESULTS.

SONG—(*Air, Harold's First Song in Peeping Tom.*)

Fountains spraying,
 Moon-beams playing,
 On old Father Thames's shore ;
 Birds then singing,
 Lovers clinging,
 Hoping they may part no more.
 Music tinkling,
 Voices chinkling,
 See DER FREICHUTZ, get a place ;
 Oh ! what squeezing,
 Row, and teasing—
 That man's head is in my face !
 Clock a striking,
 Play a liking,
 Home we trudge to vixen wife ;
 Such a scolding

In bed creeping,
You soon sleeping,
Calm on pillow, soft as down,
Wife come peeping,
Shamming weeping,
'Cause you've spent your e'en in town.
You consoling,
She controlling,
You agree to mend your ways ;
Thus deceiving,
She a grieving,
Married people pass their days.
Sooth'd by kisses,
Wedlock's blisses
Close the matrimonial strife ;
(Sorrows over,
All in clover,
Marriage is the bliss of life. F. C. N.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that the extreme length of OSCAR's favour forbids its insertion. The same fault applies to the Sketch by HIPPOLITUS.

F. C. N.'s Lines on Elliston are too personal. Can our Correspondent authenticate the anecdote he relates? or favor us with even a few of the names of the parties? We shall then see what we can say to the great Lessee.

B. inadmissible. CLARA, and I. E. F., ditto.

SCRIBLERUS and GRACCHUS have our thanks.

TYRO is informed that Mr. W. Farren is not quite such a boy as he imagines, and that Mrs. Glover is about forty-four. We conceive he is in a strange error, as it is evident Mrs. Faucit, not Mrs. Glover, is the lady he alludes to. We would premise to our Correspondent, that we are not the sponsors of the dramatic fraternity, and therefore decline furnishing any more registers of birth.



MR. MUNDEN,
AS
SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.

Drawn by Kennerley Eng^d ex. Steel by J. Rogers.

London, Pub^d May 28, 1825, for the Proprietor by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
JOSEPH MUNDEN.

I'm call'd **KNOWING JOE** by the folk of our town.

SONG OF KNOWING JOEY.

You are much condemned to have an itching palm.

SHAKESPEARE.

Your figure is the happiest comedy squab I ever saw.

O'KEEFE.

IN Brook's-market, Leather-lane, Holborn, upwards of half a century ago, stood a poulterer's shop; nay, the shop indeed still stands, but the name that graced its portals, and that stamped a value upon the premises, a value at least to the reflective mind, has been swept away by the reckless hand of Time.

"The past is nothing,---and, at last,
The future can but be the past."

And those boards that once bore the inscription of **MUNDEN, Poulterer and Porkman**, now moulder beneath a fresh visitation of paint and penmanship.

In the "house of his father," situated in a retired corner of the market, did Mr. **JOSEPH MUNDEN** give his

incipient squall, in the early part of the year 1758. When he grew to be

“A chicken as big as a hen,”

he was sent to a day-school in the neighbourhood, where his progress was, we believe, much the same as that of the duller sons of Adam. Time, Time, what a spite do we not owe thee! Who shall tell us now of MUNDEN'S boyish tricks? His schoolfellows, at least the greater number of them, have paid their last debt, and those that survive, have had their reminiscences so disturbed by the cares that thou hast brought, that they at best only confusedly remember “that he was once like them.”

Mr. MUNDEN'S father died when he was young, and, leaving a widow with slender means, our hero was, at the early age of twelve, “thrust upon the world, to seek his fortune.” He was placed in an apothecary's shop, but soon got sick of the profession, and threw up physic, and took to the law. This was something like leaping from the frying-pan into the fire. From an attorney's office, he descended to a law-stationer's shop, and became, what is technically termed, “a *hackney*-writer.” Alas! a *hackney*-writer, like a *hackney*-coach, is a thing but seldom at ease,—like that, too, he is never respected, (even though he be respectable,)—and when, at last, worn out with service, he falls into decay, unaided and unheeded.

Our hero was ultimately apprenticed to one of the scribbling fraternity in Chancery-lane; a spot as notorious for law-writers, as ever Spitalfields was for weavers. Death, however, released him from his thralldom, and he entered into the employment of another master, who, smacking of age, and having an inherent objection to the

frivolities of that day, (1773,) was continually engaged in a war of words with our hero, whom he taxed with being "far more like a *macaroni* than a tradesman." However, "little JOEY," though he was not a pertinacious observer of the fashions in after-life, stood up so firmly in defence of the "little elegances" of his youth, that he parted from his master, and once more returned to the office of a solicitor.

At what time the first scintillations of dramatic mania appeared in the subject of our memoir, we do not pretend to unfold; but about the period we now allude to, he became a visitant of the theatre, and an ardent admirer of the immortal Garrick; and, excepting Messrs. Quick and Bannister, Mr. MUNDEN has seen more of the acting of the great Roscins, than any performer at present existing.

Though burning with a fire "that consumes not," he found no opportunity of quenching the flame, by immersing in the dramatic ocean. And so resolved was he on an attempt, that when a performer, with whom he had scraped an acquaintance, was engaged at Liverpool, he started for that town, in the mere *hope* of obtaining some employment in the theatre. His hopes were unfortunately ill-founded; and he found himself in a strange town, in a state of absolute destitution; his friend, however, enabled him to keep his mouth in motion. He at length obtained a situation in the office of the town-clerk.

At the time of his engagement with the town-clerk, or, probably, previously thereto, he obtained employment as a copyist to the theatre; to which was added, the honour of walking in procession, bearing banners, carrying links, and other little matters of that agreeable description; and for these dramatic efforts, he received the handsome remuneration of 1s. per night!

MUNDEN had now performed, and so far he gratified his ardour. But, alas! "inexplicable dumb show" did not jump with his humour; and an opportunity offering, either at a private performance, or at a public benefit, gotten up by private performers, he made his first oratorical essay, as the *First Carrier* in *King Henry the Fourth*. We are told, he undertook this part with great reluctance, imagining the *Prince* or *Hotspur* more suitable to his talents.

To Rochdale, in Lancashire, MUNDEN now bent his steps, partially to discover a few relatives that lay scattered about that quarter, and, perhaps, more particularly to join a strolling company, whose respectability could not be reduced, by adding a *limb* of the law to their body corporate. By the Rochdale company our hero was received with enthusiasm; and, as his relatives occasionally made his meal more savoury than his scenic profits could have rendered it, he passed his time in comparative comfort.

JOSEPH MUNDEN, in the very height of his madness, had still a little of that worldly quality, yecept "prudence;" and feeling that his comforts at Rochdale arose more from the kindness of his kinsmen, than the munificence of the manager, he wisely declined accompanying them in another campaign, where he might find himself far away from his friendly allies.

To Liverpool our hero returned, and, again placing the end of a desk in the pit of his stomach, laboured in his legal vocation. For two years, he smothered his dramatic passion, and then

" His time was come,
He did not wait for beat of drum,
But shot his way---"

to Chester, with a light heart, a small bundle, containing

all Mr. MUNDEN'S linen, and one guinea glistening in his purse. Confirmed purpose he had none; wishes he had many. He entered Chester town at about five o'clock in the evening; his guinea had "dwindled away vilely," and now a solitary shilling was "the poor remains of beauty once admired." When we lauded the prudence of our hero, a few moments since, we overlooked a point of his subsequent history; for, *certes*, prudence would have whispered our hero,—“JOSEPH, get thee a supper and a bed.” But no—he was for a mental feast; therefore he put down “his last shilling” at the door of the theatre, and entered the house. Wrapped in the charms of the scene, he paid no attention to a worthy fellow-visitant, who was eyeing him with attention; and, at the close of the performance, our hero was quitting the theatre, when the idea of whither he should turn, presented itself. Dubious how to act, he paused a moment, when his *ci-devant* next-door neighbour came up, and addressed him:—“Be'ant thy name MUNDEN, and didn't thy feyther live in Brook's-market?” To these questions our hero replied in the affirmative, and stated his situation. In a few moments he found himself snugly seated behind some cold mutton and hot potatoes, with a jug of ale in one hand, and an honest fellow in the other, who begged him “to eat hearty, for there wur more in the cupboard.” The fact was, the soft-hearted stranger had been a butcher's apprentice in Brook's-market, and there remembered our hero's antics. In addition to the act already narrated, he gave his friend a “lift for the road;” and they parted, with mutual expressions of good-will. Our hero was bound for the metropolis.

He then passed through Birmingham, to Stratford-upon-Avon, thinking the birth-place of our bard might

prove propitious to a poor mendicant Thespian. By this time his friend's gift had been expended, and our hero was "*sans sic sous*, though not *sans souci*." Necessity has been properly termed the mother of invention, and her goadings sharpened our hero's wits amazingly. He met on the road a Warwickshire militia-man, who was marching to the town at which he was billeted, and prevailed on the soldier to represent him (MUNDEN) as a comrade. The trick told; he was ordered to the general mess-room, and received as one amongst the warriors. To describe the militia-men of that era, in costume and appearance, is beyond our art; but if the reader will please to call to mind *Falstaff's* description of his ragged regiment, he will be able to form some idea of this motley set of heroes, in number between thirty and forty, assembled in a large room belonging to an aged tenement, which time had nearly shaken to its fall.

After the cravings of nature were satisfied, his mind, in spite of its depression, became elated, and diffused its influence over the whole assembly. From the cherished stores of Shakespeare, Otway, Rowe, and the moon-struck Lee, our young actor drew forth a fund of entertainment, which enriched the evening, and rendered him the *king of his company*, who sighed or smiled, as his effusions were mournful or merry. Nor was the tuneful muse forgotten; many a welcome song, by way of interlude, heightened the entertainment: while heroes fresh from the barn-door, where, to its own strokes the flail resounded, and heroes who had taken the last leaye of the plough-tail, listened with pleased attention, and congratulated each other on the acquisition they had gained, in a genius, who would convert three months of duty into so many months of pleasantry. But, alas! all earthly

enjoyments have their close; the hour of rest came on, and the call of the landlady must be obeyed.

About ten, the drum beat to arms, the regiment mustered, and, with colours flying, repaired to the field, where MUNDEN was previously told by his friend to follow, in order to be enlisted; but as he had a view only to what he had obtained, namely, a supper and a bed, he felt not the smallest inclination to attend to his instructions. He therefore quitted his military friends somewhat abruptly; choosing rather to enlist under the banners of Melpomene, than those of Mars, and pitch his tent on the tented stage, rather than on the tented field,* and that evening reached Woodstock. Here he applied at many public-houses for lodging, but in vain: no doubt his appearance betrayed the lowness of his finances; and suspicion always rests on poverty. Again his good genius relieved him from distress: at a house where he was making his last request, he recognized, and was recognized, by a person who had left the town of Liverpool a few weeks before, in consequence of a law-suit, in which a verdict had been given against him.

His chequered journey complete, for some time the quill supplied the means of existence, until the long vacation to attornies, and all dependent on them, stopped for a time the course of cash—that friend above all friends, without which, who can be said to live?

“A man that is born to be hanged”——but you know the adage, reader; and if you do not immediately see the

* The recital of the circumstances here narrated, induced

application of it, you are duller than we take you for. The book of fate, that portentous volume, had marked MUNDEN for an actor, and in vain did he involve himself in the intricacies of the law. Thalia had marked him for her own; and, accordingly, he once more emerged into the dramatic world, and, starting for Leatherhead, joined a company as the representative of old men. Parsons, who subsequently inspired Mathews, gave the Promethean touch to MUNDEN, and Quick completed his bias for that line of character.

Our adventurer floundered through a few nights of harassing and starvation, in the fond hope that his benefit would prove a sterling recompence; but, alas! the night previous to that dedicated to him, a fire extinguished the theatre and his hopes together, and his dream of profit laid low with the ashes.

Never at a loss, our luckless wight drew up a petition, and, aiding it by his personal entreaty, talked the warm-hearted inhabitants of Leatherhead out of £ 27.

This sum was delivered to the manager, who doled out a crown a-piece to the company, and started for London, to buy a fresh supply of scenery, dresses, &c., appointing to meet his company again at Guildford. To Guildford they went; but the wily Thespian, knowing that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, never returned to his company, but left them to shift for themselves, in the best manner they could.

Heartsick and comfortless, MUNDEN walked to town, sighing over the fault of his own credulity, and vowing vengeance against the manager. That gentleman, however, was out of the way of danger, and our hero could only seek a new leader.

At that period, the *Black Lion*, in Russell-court, was

the resort for provincial actors, the register-office for itinerant Thespians: since then, *The Harp* has erected itself in rivalry, and borne away the palm.

From the *Sims* of that day Mr. MUNDEN obtained an appointment, at a salary of half-a-guinea per week, and performed at Windsor with tolerable success.

From Windsor he went to Colnbrook, famed, in these degenerate days, more for pugilistic encounters than dramatic exhibitions; and from Colnbrook he started to Andover, in Hampshire.

Experience had taught our adventurer that tragedy was not his *forte*, and he accordingly refused to attempt the character of *Altamont*; and the manager, who, like the despots of the present day, deemed it monstrous, that a performer should dare to refuse a character, even though he could not pourtray it, gave him his discharge.

To the distressed man's home, London, he once more returned, slowly, but surely, by the waggon. In vain did he visit the *Black Lion*—no new manager wanted his services—and, heartily tired of the past, and utterly hopeless of the future, he bent his forlorn steps

“To the house of his mother, who welcomed him back.”

Once more beneath his maternal roof, with his feet on the cheerful fender, and the smoking viands bidding care avant, MUNDEN'S mind recurred only to the sweets of the profession he had quitted, or which might more properly have been said to have quitted him, and, after some time, he went to Canterbury—*for general utility*. At this town, in consequence of the absence of another performer, he obtained possession of the principal low comedy characters; and, during the season of 1780, established himself

as a favourite, both with the Kentish men and the men of Kent.

From Canterbury he proceeded to Brighton, where he was equally admired; and from whence, at the recommendation of a new-made friend, he went to Chester. At that town, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Whitehaven, Lancaster, and Preston, our hero held the station of principal low comedian; and then went to Manchester, where he made many friends, and actually began to save money—an extraordinary act, indeed, for a provincial performer.

On the dissolution of partnership between the managerial veterans, Messrs. Austin and Whitlock, Mr. MUNDEN stepped in, and, in conjunction with the latter gentleman, managed the theatres we have already named, to which they afterwards added that at Sheffield.

As manager, the peculiarities of the man broke forth—carefulness degenerated into meanness, and management became tyranny. Eternally at war with the property-man or his partner, the actors or the audience, Mr. MUNDEN discovered that his new life was not precisely a bed of roses, and very shortly resigned the reins of government to other hands.

During the time that public indignation ran high against the unfortunate Edwin, our actor was anxiously awaiting a metropolitan offer; but death struck the man of mirth, ere MUNDEN'S hopes were realised.

On 2d December, 1790, (a few nights after the first appearance of Incedon,) Mr. MUNDEN appeared at Covent-garden theatre, as *Sir Francis Gripe*, in *The Busy Body*, and *Jemmy Jumps*, in *The Farmer*; two parts, in which to succeed after the impressions made by Parsons and Edwin was little short of a miracle.

ly. In the comedies that came (faster than farces do now) from the pens of Holman, Reynolds, &c. our hero generally sustained principal characters. He was the original representative of *Old Rapid*, *Caustic*, *Brummagem*, *Verdun*, *Bonus* (*Laugh when you can*), *Valoury* (*Mysteries of the Castle*), *Lazarillo* (*Two Strings to your Bow*), *Crack*, *Nipperkin*, *Captain Bertram*, *Sir Abel Handy*, *Sir Robert Brumble*, *Old Dornton*, and a long list of farce and other characters, that are now scarcely remembered.

The way in which he got possession of *Old Dornton* is curious; that part having been assigned to Mr. Quick; but, on rehearsal, that gentleman was so struck with the part of *Silky*, which MUNDEN was rehearsing, that he declared, if he could not have that part assigned him, he would not play at all. Quick was, at that period, potent indeed—his mandate was obeyed, and MUNDEN sat down to a fresh study, with but little hope of success. That one character, however, has justly been pronounced his *chef-d'œuvre*, whilst *Silky* has never attained any prominent importance in the piece.

Holcroft, though himself an actor, made so little allowance for MUNDEN'S untried capabilities, that he was nearly distracted at a change, to which he might mainly attribute the popularity of his play. Quick's style was turgid, and he had little pathos in his composition: the part would have become heavy in his hands, if not utterly contemptible.

Mr. MUNDEN subsequently quitted Covent-garden, on a quarrel respecting the amount of his salary, and, in 1813, he joined the Drury-lane company, making his first appearance in *Sir Abel Handy*.

*ble (Poor Gentleman,)** and *Old Dozey*, in *Past Ten o' Clock*. After the farce, he advanced to the front of the stage, and addressed the audience as follows :

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The moment is now arrived, when I have to perform the painful duty of bidding you farewell. When I call to remembrance, that five and thirty years have elapsed, since I first had the honor of appearing before you, I am still more forcibly reminded, that I ought to leave the scene for younger and gayer spirits to mingle in. But it is not easy to shake off, in a moment, the habits of years ; and you will, I know, pardon me, if I am tedious, since it is *for the last time*. I carry with me, into private life, Ladies and Gentlemen, the deep and indelible remembrance of that kind, that liberal indulgence, with which you have, at all times, regarded my humble efforts to amuse. I feel that I am ‘ poor in thanks ;’ but your kindness is registered here—and will never be forgotten ; and, should the recurrence of early association occasionally bring back the veteran comedian to your recollection, he will ask for no higher fame. I thank you most sincerely, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the patience with which you have listened to me ; and I now bid you a respectful, grateful, and a *last adieu*.”

This “farewell” had one peculiarity, which rendered it strikingly ineffective. Mr. MUNDEN *read* it to the house ; and as, in doing so, he was obliged to have recourse to his spectacles, which, ever and anon, were bedewed with his tears, the effect was tedious in the extreme. A rapturous round hailed his last effort, and John Bull, ever

* Poor Oxberry appeared on the stage for the last time, this night, as Corporal Foss.

good-natured, out-shouted propriety, in favour of his departing favourite.

Mr. MUNDEN is not likely to treat us with any more last words; for, when applied to, shortly after his retirement, to play for the benefit of the widow of Oxberry, he wrote her word, that he had taken his farewell,—that he regretted he could not appear for her,—but that, if ever he performed again, he would present her with £ 100.

As an actor, our hero's greatest defect was buffoonery, but yet it was a buffoonery exclusively his own; he did not, like Liston, step from his character as an actor, to converse with the spectators; if he took liberties with his part, he took few with his audience. What a mutable face was his!—a countenance ever shifting, ever new,—his globular liquid eye, glistening and rolling, alternately illumining every corner of his laughing face,—then, the eternal tortuosities of his nose, and the alarming descent of his chin, contrasted, as it eternally was, with the portentous rise of his eyebrows. MUNDEN was, as a *grimacier*, what Rowlandson was as a caricaturist,—very broad, but very original. He lavished more contortions of countenance on a single part, than other actors can afford to do on a range of characters. His face was a visual kaleidoscope, and its changes were unlimited. That he could restrain his love of mumming, was evident, when he had assigned to him characters of real importance. His *Autolycus*, *Polonius*, and *Dornton*, proved that he was a sterling comedian; and, in *Marrall*, though he yielded a little to his love of face-making, he established his claim to originality of conception and chasteness of style.

In *Crack*, *Dozey*, and characters of that description

perfectly irresistible. His representation of that sort of inebriety, that gives drollery, rather than imbecility, to the individual, was singularly felicitous; and in that, indeed, lay the charm of his drunkards,—they were never dead drunk, they were merry souls,—and had taken liquor to enliven, not destroy, their powers.

He was an effective comic singer, and possessed a tenor voice with a tolerable tone; much flexibility, though but little power. He was more indebted to his face than his voice, for the success of his vocal efforts.

Mr. MUNDEN is about five feet three inches in height; of a fresh complexion, with a peculiarity about his mouth, somewhat resembling Mathews; very large and expressive eyes; he wears powder; is rather stout made; has a shuffling gait, and is rather lame, occasioned, we believe, by frequent visitations of the gout, a complaint to which he is unfortunately completely a martyr.

Mr. MUNDEN'S habits are penurious; and, though he has amassed a fortune, we have ourselves seen him walking towards his late mansion, at Kentish Town, with *four mackerel*, suspended from his fingers by a twig, he having purchased the fish at a low price in Clare-market. On all public occasions, Mr. MUNDEN'S love of saving has been conspicuous, but his hospitality at his own table is unbounded; and if he is a miser abroad, he is at least a liberal host at home.

Mr. MUNDEN has a large family: one of his sons (Valentine) is in the navy. With the pursuits of the others, we are not acquainted.

The greatest salary, we believe, he ever received, was twenty guineas per week. His benefits were invariably

**HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,
&c. &c.**

THOMSON AND GARRICK.

When Thomson, the celebrated author of *The Seasons*, had his tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* performed at Drury-lane, several friends joined Mr. Sheridan, to entreat Thomson to shorten speeches, which they foresaw would weary the audience; but they offended the poet, without effecting their purpose. Garrick, who played *Tancred*, listened, and said nothing; but, at rehearsals, though apparently perfect in his part, continued occasionally to take the prompter's copy, and read. The first night, however, without a whisper of his intention, he curtailed his own part, wherever his judgment directed, and the applause he received was great, while Mr. Sheridan and other actors, who had long and tedious parts, laboured on with great difficulty. The conduct of Garrick saved the piece; and Thomson, enraged when he heard the first omissions, in the end returned Garrick his hearty thanks.

VIRTUE.

In a French comic opera, entitled, *L'Abondance*, one character in the piece was *Virtue* personified. The first appearance of it being deferred, and the manager required to state the occasion of its postponement, he replied, "Mademoiselle Rosette, who is to play the part of *Virtue*, has just been brought to bed, and we are under the necessity of waiting for her recovery."

BARRY

mirable delineation of the character, Garrick found it absolutely necessary to divide the attention of the public, by himself performing *Romeo* at Drury-lane. He wanted the natural advantages of Barry, and, great as he was, would perhaps have willingly avoided such a contention. This, at least, seems to have been the prevailing opinion; for, in the garden scene, when *Juliet* exclaims—

“ Oh! Romeo, Romeo,---wherefore art thou Romeo ?”

an auditor archly replied,—“ Because Barry has gone to the other house.”

OTWAY.

In Mrs. Behn's play of the *Jealous Bridegroom*, Otway requested the fair authoress to allow him to make his debut as the *King*, which was assented to; but, not being used to the stage, the full house put him into such a perspiration and agony, that he was completely spoiled for an actor. This occurrence took place some time before he had written any of those inestimable productions, which are the universal theme of admiration.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In No. 435, of the original edition of *The Tatler*, Feb. 18, 1709, is the following advertisement:—

“ For the Benefit of the Author.

“ By her Majesty's Company of Comedians, at the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, on Tuesday next, being the 21st instant, will be presented the last new tragedy, called *Elfrid, or the Fair Inconstant*; the part of *Ordgar* will be performed by a young gentleman, a friend of the author's, who is pleased to act it for his own diversion. The farce, called *The Walking Statue, or the Devil in the Wine Cellar*, will be performed after the tragedy; with a new prologue and epilogue.”

COMMUNICATIONS.

On being blamed for expressing emotion during the representation of a tragedy.

Oh! tell me not it is a dream,
 That 'tis illusion weak and vain;
 Dear to my heart those visions seem,
 Oh! let me, let me dream again.
 If 'tis a dream to sigh, when sighs
 Heave from the heav'nly breast of love:
 If 'tis a dream to weep, when eyes
 So bright, are cast in grief above;
 If 'tis a dream, to feel the thrill
 Of passion throb throughout the frame,
 To yield the mind to magic skill,
 By turns to madden, freeze, or flame;
 If this be dreaming,—spare thy pain—
 I never wish to wake again.—TRIPTOLEMUS.

DRAMATIC MORALITY.

(AIR—*Oh! nothing in life can sadden us.*)

Heyday! let us fly off to Drury!
 Susan, and Sally, and Timothy, run;
 Harley, and Smithson, and Paulo, allure ye
 With farcical revels and pantomime fun.
 Ruffians a cuffing so, fat ladies puffing so,
 Married folks huffing so, low folk and nobbs;
 Misses a squealing too, drunken bloods reeling too,
 Pickpockets feeling, too, pocket and fobs.
 Oh! ours is an elegant nation,
 Morality reigns in each thing that we see;
 But if we would seek for its permanent station,
 Oh! Drury-lane playhouse, we find it in thee!

Into the boxes, the pit, and the gallery,

Tumble promiscuously, dust

Fiddlers scraping on, country-folks gaping on,
Actors come apeing on, still as a mouse ;
Sentiments trapping all, hurraing, clapping all,
Shew how much sap in all heads in the house.
Oh! ours, &c.

Third act,—and the half-price is pouring in,
Dick Martin's *favourites*,—bullocking boys,
Come snarling, and swearing, and sparring, and flooring in,
Delighting our ears with their learning and noise.
Beauty array'd is too, Mrs. Wood's ladies too,
Having their trades in view, slide to the slips ;
WINDHAM's sweet *Phil* appears,—Mrs. BROWN's thrill-
ing dears,
Dandy-zette milliners, come to eclipse.
Oh! ours, &c.

Then o'er the saloon take a turn, and
Mark the morality reigning around ;
See how the manager's frailty will spurn, and
Rely upon morals for keeping their ground.
Leaving the playhouse, we turn from the gay house,
Oh! then what a chaos of *wheel-its** appear !
Sweet coachman, Sammy, with curses will cram ye,
The least thing's a damme that reaches the ear.
Oh! ours, &c. TRIPTOLEMUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a long apology to make to Mr. Atherton, for neglecting his long letter. We heartily thank him for his good wishes; but as we have no doubt that the scurrilous article he has so ably refuted, was only inserted in The Mirror, to induce us to answer it, and thus, by our large circulation, afford an extended notice of that obscure publication, we shall remain silent. We should be obliged by a communication from the pen of E. R. A. on any subject connected with the drama.

PHILO and GEORGIUS are under consideration.

G. H---H---M really must excuse us.

* A new term for all species of vehicles.



MRS ORGER,
AS
AUDREY.

Engraved by J. Rogers

Sold for the ... 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY ANN ORGER,

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

Pretty, were to give but a feeble notion
Of many charms, in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean.---BYRON.

He must be covetous indeed, who would wish for more than
is here to be found.---IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, (to commence in a *novel* manner,) our heroine first saw the light in the metropolis, having been ushered into the duties and turmoils of existence by the joint attentions of Mrs. and Mr. William Ivers, then provincial performers. Our heroine was born on the 25th February, 1788, and was frequently transplanted from town to town, in her earliest infancy; and, whilst yet in arms, appeared upon, though she could not tread, the boards, as the *Child* in *King Henry VIII.* In what manner she performed the arduous duties that thus devolved upon her, we cannot state.

In 1793, we find the name of Miss IVERS in the bills of the Newbury theatre, for the *Girl*, in *The Children of the Wood*; a character in which she discovered considerable theatrical and musical talent, and which it has been

drolly enough said she continued to perform, till her increase of stature rendered it impossible for the robins to inhume her, without an expence of leaves too great for the finances of a country manager.

From that period she remained as a piece of stock utility to Mr. Henry Thornton, whose troop moving, every season, from Croydon, renowned for its walnuts, to Reading, celebrated for its spiritual raiment; and thence to Windsor, that seat of royalty and soap, (not to mention the more ignoble residences of Gosport, Newbury, and Chelmsford,) and collecting, like the industrious bee, the sweets of those respective plants, may be presumed to have been better fed, clothed, and washed, and consequently more *sober, clean, and perfect*, than any circuitous troop in the united kingdom. Mr. Thornton, the Agamemnon of this confederacy, is said to have been bred to the law; yet, *mirabile dictu*, fame reports him an honest, worthy man.

Our heroine received from her father, who was a very good musician, instructions in that enchanting science; and, improving under his tuition in that department, and from frequent practice in the other parts of her profession, she became a very valuable member of Mr. Thornton's establishment. A Mr. John Bland is said to have felt the force of her attractions, and the lady is thought not to have been insensible to the eloquence of his eyes, and his tongue; but it seems to have been one of those transient passions, which change of scene first interrupts, and subsequently subdues.

In the latter end of 1803, Mr. Thomas Orger, of High Wycombe, Bucks, a gentleman of considerable literary powers and classical attainments, saw our heroine. How or where, we cannot pretend to say; Mr. Orger being a

member of the Society of Friends, we cannot presume that he ever (at that period) ventured within the precincts of a theatre

“ To see her was to love her ;”

and Mr. T. Orger began to weigh the smiles of a lovely woman against the groans of the meeting-house ; and the sober drab of the sect, against the lovely red and white of nature's moulding.

“ Oh! the choice what heart can doubt ?”

Love, that has made apostates of so many, that has unstrung the finest minds, thrown down the cold barriers of philosophy, blunted the barb of the warrior, melted the heart of the stoic,

“ Made sages fools, but rarely made fools sage,”

overcame the scruples of Mr. Orger, and he quitted the “ Society of Friends,” for the society of one, whose exquisite beauty, and whose charming temper and many accomplishments, give him reason to rejoice at his effort of resolution.

Many actresses have won the affections of poetical peers, nay, of dukes and princes ; but it is a glory to our heroine, peculiarly her own, that she found her way to a heart steeled against the vanities of this world, deadened by the formalities, and frozen by the prejudices, of a peculiar, though amiable class of beings.

In July, 1804, Miss IVERS became the lawful possessor of the name by which she is now distinguished. She quitted the stage, and lived in seclusion for a considerable period ; but the mind, once accustomed to a varied and busy existence, is perhaps little fitted for the retirement of a scholar's study. Mrs. ORGER sighed for those scenes,

that were rendered dear to her by the recollections of her infancy, and the progress of her riper years? What could a man that loved peace do? Mr. Orger yielded to the solicitations of his better half, and, at the latter end of 1805, consented to his partner's once more entering the histrionic profession.

In September, in that year, Mrs. ORGER made her appearance at Glasgow, as *Amelia Wildenhaim* in *Lovers' Vows*. Master Betty was the young Roscius; and, though that victim of John Bull's madness was then in the zenith of popularity, the people of Glasgow found time to appreciate our heroine's merit.

Under the management of Mr. Rock, a man peculiarly disagreeable in his manners, and arbitrary in his regulations, Mrs. ORGER did not remain very long, but joined the company of Mr. Beaumont, at Aberdeen.

From 1806, we find her beneath Mr. Beaumont's management, at Glasgow, during a period when Miss Frances Maria Kelly, Miss Lydia Kelly, Mrs. Powell, (afterwards Mrs. Renaud,) H. Johnston, Oxberry, and many other celebrated performers, were also in the company.

During the season of 1807, Mrs. Mountain, who was starrng in the north, took *False Alarms, or My Cousin*, for her benefit, in which our heroine, at very short notice, sustained the character of *Caroline Sedley* in an enchanting manner. Mrs. Mountain, who, though a singer, was not only a good actress, but an excellent judge of acting, perceived her merits, and strongly recommended her to the notice of the Drury-lane proprietors.

In 1808, Bannister, on a provincial trip, settled for a while at Glasgow; and Mrs. ORGER was appointed as the *Maud* to his *Peeping Tom*, *Nell* to his *Jobson*, *Josephine*

in short, the opposite characters to all those which he supported, whether in sentimental comedy, opera, or farce.

Mr. Bannister, whose heart was always a warm one, said but little of his intentions to our heroine; but scarcely reached town, ere; by his influence, he obtained her an offer from the London managers; such an offer, as put all idea of remaining longer in obscurity out of the question; and, accordingly, on the 4th of October, 1808, we find our heroine, with a beating heart, standing the test of metropolitan criticism, as *Lydia Languish*, in *The Rivals*.

The reception our heroine met with was extremely flattering; but as many ladies were already in possession of the characters to which she aspired, she had little opportunity of proving her powers; and, ere she had been five months a member of the theatre, the conflagration of 1809

“Whelm’d it in one vast prodigious ruin.”

Following the fortunes of the burnt-out comedians, Mrs. ORGER went to the Lyceum, where, in season 1812, she particularly distinguished herself by her performance of *Patty Larkins*, in *The Highgate Tunnel*: her *Madge* was also much applauded.

In season 1816, the managers of Drury-lane theatre forbade our heroine (in common with others) exerting her talents at Mr. Arnold’s establishment; which circumstance was thus alluded to by Mr. Bartley, in an apology, on the 19th September:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It has been deemed necessary to explain thus much, in order to account for the non-appearance of Mrs. ORGER and Mrs. Harlow, this evening. Although their names are in the playbills,—al-

though Drury-lane theatre is closed this evening,—and their services are consequently neither required nor *paid for*,—they have received intimation, that to perform here would be at their own peril.”

Mrs. Chatterley and Mrs. Pincott sustained the parts of *Lady Clara Modish* and *Miss Chatterall*, in *Rich and Poor*, instead of our heroine and Mrs. Harlowe.

Mr. Bartley also read to the audience the following note:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—It is with extreme regret I am compelled to inform you, that Mr. Kinnaird has forbidden my performing any longer at the English opera-house; intimating, that if, neglectful of his injunction, I should appear here this evening, a *heavy fine would be exacted*.

“I am &c.

“*To J. S. Arnold, Esq. Sept. 9, 1816.*” “M. A. ORGER.”

The reading of this letter produced the following effusion from the M. P.

“*Pall Mall, Sept. 10, 1816.*”

“MADAM,—Seeing, in a morning paper of this day, a *statement sent by the manager of the English Opera, at the Lyceum*, for insertion in that paper, in which is a letter, purporting to be from you; I take the liberty of recalling to your recollection, the particulars of the *only conversation* which I had the honour of holding with you, on the subject of your performing at that theatre. This was so long as last Friday morning, three whole days before your name was in the bills of the Lyceum, for last night’s performance.

“You applied to me for permission to continue to perform at the Lyceum, whilst the Drury-lane theatre was on the alternate nights closed. This, I told you, was impossible for me to grant; as, if we permitted our per-

formers to exert their talents against Covent-garden theatre, when we were shut, they would do the like by us; and that ~~then~~ the benefit proposed, by our playing alternate nights, would be lost; and we might as well let our performers appear before the public, at our theatres, every night. Not a word, I am confident, passed on the subject either of threat or fine. I never, for one moment, could suppose, you would seriously think it a hardship, to observe the most important condition of the article of agreement, which you and all the performers of the winter theatres signed. The salary given, is for the exclusive services of the performers at this theatre. It were paying you an ill compliment, to suppose you devoid of individual attraction. I recollect appealing to yourself, whether we could refuse to other performers, if they claimed it, an absolution from their articles, if we granted it to you.

“ I recollect, also, distinctly explaining to you, that the theatre received the accommodation, until next *Saturday*, from old usage alone.

“ I beg you will have the goodness to inform me, wherein your recollection of the conversation differs from the above. The date of your letter, so late as yesterday evening, and the mention of *fine* and *threat*, have left me in some doubt whether the manager had not been imposed upon by a fictitious letter in your name. Waiting your reply,

“ I have the honour to be, Madam,

“ Your very obedient servant,

“ DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.”

To which letter our heroine returned the following answer:—

“ *Charles-street, Cavendish-square, Sept. 11.*

“ *SIR*—In answer to the inquiry contained in your

letter of yesterday, I beg to remind you, that I did not apply for permission to act at the English Opera, on the alternate nights with Drury-lane theatre. The conversation, which I acknowledge took place as early as Friday, began, on your part, with the following words:—‘I hope you will not think us very ill-natured, if we forbid your performing at the Lyceum after to-night.’ I candidly confess, that had nothing passed between us on the subject, I should have continued to perform there on the nights Drury-lane was closed, relying on the sanction given at the close of the last Drury-lane season, when I and other performers acted even on the nights Drury-lane was open; not with the permission of the committee, I grant, but with an understanding that no notice would be taken; and then no notice was taken. The right of the committee to withhold permission, or the propriety of granting it, I am not prepared, and not competent, to question. My recollection of other parts of our conversation, differs but little from the statements contained in your letter. The purport of the conversation, Mr. Bartley was immediately apprised of, and I did not expect to see my name again in the English opera-house bills; but my name did appear on the Monday night following, and advertised for that evening. You will, I trust, admit the necessity of the short note forwarded to Mr. Bartley on that occasion; which note was little calculated, and certainly not intended, for the public eye. I merely stated the fact of having received an absolute prohibition from performing at the Lyceum, from Mr. Kinnaird, one of the members of the sub-committee of Drury-lane theatre.*

“The word threat did not appear in any note, nor will

* Omitted in the Lyceum manager's version of the letter

I assert that the word *fine* occurred in the conversation above alluded to; but, if a *fine*, or something worse, was not implied, as a consequence of my disobeying your injunctions, surely that conversation meant literally nothing; and certainly I should not have been intimidated, or have considered myself bound to be guided by it.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ *Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.*”

“ MARY ANN ORGER.”

Mrs. ORGER has remained at Drury-lane theatre ever since; and, excepting having last season appeared at the Haymarket theatre, has left us nothing to record of her dramatic transactions.

She has, we are informed, only one child, a girl about six years old, who is “ the young inheritor” of her mother’s beauty.

Mrs. ORGER is one of those persons who has the misfortune to be useful, and a serious misfortune it is. Once establish a name for utility, and you throw down all hopes of eminence in the profession. Managers always deem versatility of powers a proof of want of *peculiar* tact for any one line. This idea, that can only be harboured by ideots, has got at length quite proverbial, when the fools who utter it blindly forget that our greatest actors have been our most general ones. The various powers of Garrick, John Palmer, Bannister, Lewis, Elliston, Wallack, Charles Kemble, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Jordan, and Mrs. Davison, are amongst the many instances of performers peculiarly great in one line, who had also a general aptitude for *all*. The fact is, that managers mistake confined power for originality, and mannerism for genius.

The talents of the subject of this memoir have, on ac-

count of her utility, been constantly obscured. She is, perhaps, the most lady-like actress at present upon the British stage; and, in broad farcical humour, she has few superiors: her singing chambermaids, too, are unexceptionably excellent. We do not mean to contend that she could rival the efforts of Mrs. Davison, that leviathan of the comic stage; nor can she, in sentimental comedy, cope with Mrs. West; but let us ask, what pretensions Miss Chester has to be considered her equal, and much less her superior? If interest can bolster that lady to the eminence of *Lady Teazle*, interest cannot impart the genius that should sustain the importance of the task. It is one thing to be a first-rate actress, through the fiat of the manager, and another to be so by the voice of the public. When will our theatres cease to be receptacles for the favourites of power, and turn to their legitimate purpose, that of being fosterers of neglected genius?

As the seconds in comedy, Mrs. ORGER is by far the best the English stage ever possessed, in our memory; in low comedy, she is only inferior to Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davison, and, in some characters, to Mrs. Gibbs. In burlesque acting, such as *Mollidusta* (*Amoroso, King of Little Britain*,) and *Dorothea*, in *The Tailors*, she stands pre-eminent and alone. She has, in this line, created a school of acting, that is alike original and excellent. Perhaps, too, in very broad farcical humour, such as the *Servant*, in *High Notions*, or a *Trip to Exmouth*, she cannot be exceeded. With all this talent, this lady's services are retained at a trifling salary, whilst actresses of infinitely less merit are receiving an ample recompence.

Mrs. ORGER is very considerably above the medium height of her sex; her complexion is exquisitely fair;

her hair light brown; her eyes (albeit we are not apt often to look so high) are, we think, hazel; her features essentially feminine and beautiful.

“The sun himself is scarce more free from specks,
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil;”

and there is a voluptuous beauty in her general appearance, that must be felt by all, but can be described by none.

Mrs. ORGER had three sisters, one of whom married Mr. Hughes, of Drury-lane theatre, and was, previous and subsequently to that connexion, a member of that theatre. This lady died of a decline, some time since. Our heroine's remaining sisters are a Mrs. Fawcett, wife of a provincial performer, and Mrs. Lazenby, a lady who, some years since, performed at the Olympic and other theatres, but has now retired from the stage.

**HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,
&c. &c.**

THE MANNERS OF 1773.

Colman, the Rev. Mr. Bate, and Mrs. Hartley.

“ Mrs. Hartley, the celebrated actress, being at Vauxhall, in company with others, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Bate and Mr. Colman, was put out of countenance, by what she deemed the impudent looks of four or five gentlemen, who purposely placed themselves directly opposite to her, which obliged her to appeal to Mr. Bate on the occasion, who, observing as she did, arose and seated himself between her and these rude-looking gentlemen, who taking offence at this, got up one by one, and reconnoitred him with all possible contempt, telling him, the said Bate, that ‘ he looked like a stout, tight-made fellow, and capable, no doubt, of bruising.’ To which Mr. Bate replied, ‘ They were four impertinent puppies, and could not be gentlemen, for their behaviour to Mrs. Hartley,’ &c. This brought on a general dispute, which was divided into three acts, till at last a gentleman, one Captain Crofts, addressed himself to Mr. Bate, and asked him, ‘ Whether he meant any thing against him?’ who was answered, ‘ No.’ However, Captain Crofts brought upon himself an expression of anger from Mr. Bate, that ‘ he would wring him by the nose.’ addresses were then given; very scurrilous language was received by Mr. Bate afterwards in the gardens; a challenge was sent to him the next morning, and an appointment made in the afternoon, at the Turk’s-head coffee-house, Strand, where Mr. Bate, with a friend, Mr. Dawes, waited with punctuality for near an hour.

between Mr. Bate and Captain Crofts, who were interrupted by Mr. Lyttleton, as second to the latter, by desiring that a crisis should be made without words; that Mr. Bate should ask the Captain's pardon in the papers, or name his weapon, and go with him in half an hour. Mr. Bate, in a very manly way, refused begging pardon, where no offence was given; but after expatiating on the impropriety of his deciding the difference as a clergyman, in a military manner, waved the privilege of his profession in defence of his honour, and agreed to adjourn with Captain Crofts, to such place as should be appointed by the seconds. Just as Mr. Lyttleton and Mr. Dawes were going out to choose their pistols, Mr. Fitz-Gerall broke in, with apparent anger, and demanded satisfaction of Mr. Bate, for his friend Captain Miles; but Mr. Lyttleton and Mr. Bate remonstrated with him on the great inconsistency of giving that satisfaction, when Mr. Bate and Captain Crofts were then going out; yet he insisted on his friend's having satisfaction first; to which Captain Crofts replied, in a way that did him honour, that he was highly offended at the mode of Mr. Fitz-Gerall's calling on Mr. Bate, after they had agreed to go out on one and the same quarrel, and said that he never understood, that one man was bound to fight a whole company, where the supposed offence was given in gross, and not in particular. Mr. Fitz-Gerall, however, continued his anger, saying, that his friend could not wait, and he was determined Mr. Bate should not go out with Captain Crofts, till his affair was settled. From this circumstance, Mr. Lyttleton and Mr. Dawes, then thinking, from the particulars they had heard on both sides, a trifling acknowledgment that each was wrong, would be best, recommended it to the parties, who, with some difficulty, complied; and were made friends. The former matter being thus settled, Mr. Bate desired Mr. Fitz-Gerall to introduce his friend, who, he alleged, was injured. He answered, that it would be better without, for that he was a hot-headed man, and might

come to blows without ceremony. Mr. Bate, however, insisted on seeing him, observing, that he could not receive any violence from him, being conscious he had never offended him. On being introduced, he said, 'Unless Mr. Bate would box him, he would beat him in every public place he met him.' Mr. Bate then said, 'If he did, he would defend himself; for *though he was capable of boxing*, he never chose to decide any differences that way, but with those from whom he could have no other satisfaction.' Still, as Captain Miles triumphed in this refusal, Mr. Bate, with very great reluctance, consented to meet him on his own terms, and accordingly a long room was fixed on, and Mr. Dawes and Mr. Fitz-Gerall were to second the bruisers, who immediately prepared themselves for battle, in the presence of Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Fitz-Gerall, and another. At first, the advantage seemed against Mr. Bate; but a fair set-to, for about twenty minutes, convinced the company (but particularly Captain Miles) that Mr. Bate, though inferior in size, was victorious, who, never received one blow that he felt. Captain Miles was sent home in a coach, with his face a perfect jelly, and Mr. Bate was invited to dine with the Honourable Mr. Lyttleton on the morrow, as a proof of the applause he merited."

After this display of the manners of that time, we have only to mention, that the supposed Captain Miles proved to be the servant of Fitz-Gerall, whom *that gentleman* had dressed up for the *honourable* purpose of beating a clergyman. This circumstance was afterwards alluded to, in a piece called *Pantheonites*, where *Tilwell* says to *Dan Drugger*—"What, son, are you going to fight?" *Dan* replies—"Fight! no, no, I know better than that; if I have a quarrel, I shall dress up my servant like a gentleman, and let him fight for me."

it tended to increase the number of thieves." Colman made the following reply:—"Mr. Colman is sorry to differ in sentiment from their Worships, but he is assured that his house is one of the few about Covent-garden, that do not encourage thievery!"

ALL THE ACTORS PLAYING

"Serious Business."

Previous to the evacuation of Boston, General Burgoyne had prepared a tragedy, to be performed as a relaxation from the toils of discipline, by some of the officers and soldiers in whom he had discovered a genius for theatrical exhibition. The piece was named, *The Siege of Boston*, and was attended with a *denouement*, of which neither the author, performers, nor audience, had the least expectation. At the moment when a crowded house was impatient for the shew, the rebels opened a battery of heavy cannon against the town; the audience, who thought the discharge of artillery which they heard, to be a prelude to the play, gave the warlike sounds every mark of their approbation; and when one of the performers entered on the stage, in great hurry and agitation, to tell them that the siege was began in good earnest, they considered him as performing his part in the piece, and received him with loud applause. It was not long, however, before the enemy's balls gave a new and unexpected turn to the tragedy of the evening.

HENDERSON •

Used frequently to tell the following story. When his brother was ten, and he was six years old, their well-being depended on the life of their mother. She was afflicted with a violent nervous disorder, which had sunk her into deep melancholy: while suffering under this melancholy, she, one morning, left her house, and the children, who waited her return with impatience. Night

approached, but their parent did not come: full of terror, the boys went in search of her, ignorant of what course to take. They wandered, until midnight, about the places where they used to walk, but wandered without success. They agreed to return; and, seated on the margin of a large piece of water, they found their mother in a state, from which she was roused by the presence and tears of her children. This he often asserted he religiously believed to have been neither an *ignis fatuus*, nor a creation of the imagination, but a kind interposition, for the preservation of the widow and the widow's sons.

OLD PLAYS.

Among the old plays or mysteries, is one called "*Candlemas Day, or the killing of the Children of Israel,*" 1512. In this play, the Hebrew soldiers swear by Mahomet, who was not born until six hundred years after. Herod's messenger is named Watkin; and the knights are directed to walk about the stage, while Mary and the Infant are conveyed into Egypt.

KEAN AND "THE TIMES."

The malice of Barnes, the editor of *The Times*, is pursuing Kean in his country tours. He has evidently used his influence with the country papers; for, of our own knowledge, Mr. Kean was, at Manchester, only opposed by about four individuals, who were immediately turned out of the theatre; and the receipts were so good, that the manager offered Mr. Kean £15 extra, to play *Sylvester Daggerwood*, on his benefit, which Mr. Kean accepted.

COMMUNICATIONS

• To Miss STEPHENS.

1.

My tired eye is lock'd in sleep ;
 In sweet repose. In peace I rest.
 Romantic forms around me creep,
 And with light fancies fill my breast.
 I'm wafted to the realms of bliss ;
 In crystal grottos I recline ;
 Not half so luscious burns the kiss
 Of Venus, as this heart of mine.
 A voice, like that of angels weeping,
 On the enchanted air is fleeting.

2.

The swan sings sweetly ere his death,*
 And Alla's birds are sweet in song ; †
 But this—this is angelic breath ;
 Art thou not, then, of Seraphs' throng ?
 " No," does the Heaven-born voice reply ;
 " I am of earth—of mortal form.
 I, as the shadows fleet, and die,
 And baffle with the fatal storm."
 Methought I saw a fair one winging,
 I woke and STEPHENS' self was singing.

3.

Again I sleep. I sleep in pain.
 The glass of life is dimm'd by grief
 And forms of sorrow cross my brain,
 No smiling beings bring relief.

* "He swan like sung and died."---BYRON.

† "The Pagoda thrush is extremely beautiful."

A cavern yawns before mine eyes,
As dark and drear as that of yore,*
Where grim Despair, all haggard lies,
His tresses hung with matted gore.
The rocks return his piteous groaning,
The cavern echoes with his moaning.

4.

But hark! a voice like that of Love,
Comes with the echo of the moan,
It sounds like those who fleet above,
Sighing to reach Ayr Hali's throne.†
It wings a smile, e'en to Despair;
A beam of hope, is playing now,
Where long has sat dull gloomy care,
Upon the wither'd wrinkled brow.
From whence, then, is relief now springing?
I woke—and STEPHENS' self was singing.

SCRIBLFRUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kean and Scotch morality—Index—G. G. cannot have insertion.

Oscar shall be attended to.

F. C. N. will receive our acknowledgments—there is a distinction between satire and libel that his good sense must point out to him.—When he says a man has endeavoured to set the Thames on fire, we laugh; but if we accuse one of igniting more inflammable matter, we should be in a serious situation.

* In allusion to Spencer's description of the Cave of Despair.

† The Peris



MR. KNIGHT,
AS
JERRY BLOSSOM.

Drawn by Hennenby Eng^r on Steel by J. Rogers

MEMOIR
OF
EDWARD KNIGHT,
(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.)

No lad in the world is more willing than I;
To gain your good wishes I ever will try.---KNIGHT.

“LITTLE KNIGHT,” though professing to be, and generally esteemed as, a Yorkshireman, was born in Birmingham, in the year 1754.

As our hero *grew* in years, it became necessary for him to choose a profession; and he, accordingly, placed himself with an artist, whose pencil, however, was more employed on the sign-board than the canvas, and whose instructions were not of a nature to render his pupil a formidable rival to Wilkie.

The obsolete farce of *Hob in the Well* had been performed by a provincial company, and our hero (then very young) was amongst the auditors. The impression of that night never left his memory; it was his day-dream, his night-thought,—it was

“A gaudy vision,
That floated still before him.”

hope that before fluttered in his bosom, and thought of following the stage, without wholly relinquishing his original profession.

“ If you are determined to beat a dog, it is easy enough to find a stick on a common ;” so saith the axiom ; and so our hero, once having made up his mind, found little difficulty in making up his body to a journey to Newcastle-under-Line, in Staffordshire. He offered his services ; they were accepted ; and now the only question that remained was, in what character he should be introduced to the public. Ten to one, reader, you have anticipated the fact : the part of *Hob* was selected. His name was accordingly affixed to the bills in capital letters, as being his first appearance upon any stage ; and he began to prepare for the ensuing *perpetration*. Two tremendous rehearsals were first to be encountered, and in these Mr. KNIGHT conducted himself with tolerable success. At last came the so much dreaded, yet so anxiously expected night. The curtain rose, and with infinite difficulty the new actor mustered up courage enough to appear. Indeed, had he not been propelled by the manual efforts of some of the performers, he would not have gone on at all. Upon his entrance, as is usual with young performers, he was encouraged, by the acclamations of the audience, to proceed—but this was beyond his powers. He had got to the front of the stage, and there remained, without the power of utterance. The audience, pitying his awkward situation and extreme bashfulness, endeavoured to cheer him by repeating their approbation. In return he bowed, scraped, stammered, and—finally ran away : nor could all the powers of rhetoric prevail on him to return.

inflexible in his resolves, and deaf either to encouragement or censure.

In consequence of this unexpected event, one of the performers came forward to solicit the indulgence of the audience, and request the attendance of an old comedian, to whom the part originally belonged, and who had stationed himself in the front of the house, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the debutant. It may be easily supposed that, after such a mortification, Mr. KNIGHT did not find his abode at Newcastle very pleasant. Indeed, so distressing was the pity of his associates upon this unfortunate failure, that he was fain, the next morning, to make a precipitate retreat from the scene of his disaster.

From this time, a whole year elapsed in the pursuit of his profession as a painter, without his once risking the chance of a second mortification. Still, however, his passion for the drama continued in its former force; and willingly would he have ventured again upon the stage, but that the memory of his first defeat put a constant check to his ambition.

From this time we hear nothing of Mr. KNIGHT, until we find him at Raither, in North Wales, on a salary of five shillings per week, where he had astonished the natives, by his performance of *Hob*.

At Raither, Mr. KNIGHT was lucky enough to get the gentlemen of the hunt to bespeak for his benefit; but, unfortunately for him, his night (the last of the season) occurred on the occasion of a public dinner, and not one of his patrons attended.

A loser by his benefit, little KNIGHT was preparing

postboy, an intimate friend of our hero, whispered in his ear, that if he remained a few hours, he would take him behind his chaise, and convey him the whole of the distance. This offer was too tempting for refusal. The company started, and KNIGHT awaited his Phæton's word to start. He had just stepped to the bar, to promise the landlord payment, *in futuro*, of eight-pence, due for certain potations, in which he (on the strength of his benefit) had indulged, and was receiving a consolatory grunt, and the offer of "a drink of ale," when he heard some one inquire "if the actors were gone?"—"No, KNIGHT is here," replied Boniface.—"He is the very man," replied the querist. Our hero *shewed*, as the *Ring* have it.—"Mr. KNIGHT," continued the speaker, "the gentlemen of the hunt regret having been absent from your benefit; they fear you were a loser by it, and beg your acceptance of this purse, being a crown a-piece from each of them." This sum, (£6.5s.) a complete fortune to our hero, he received with extasy; and, in company with his equestrian friend, joined his brethren, with more cash in his pocket than they could boast of conjointly in theirs.

Fortune has been peculiarly kind to our hero; for, on another occasion, when he was reduced nearly to starvation, his foot encountered some heavy substance; he raised it, and found it to be a silk purse, containing seven guineas, embedded in clay. "From that period," saith our comedian, "by the kindness of Providence, I have never known the want of a guinea."

Unlike the generality of actors, KNIGHT started in the very line in which he at present excels, (though we remember seeing his name in a playbill, for *Gossamer*, in *Laugh when you can*;) and, at a very early period of his career, *Frank Outlands* was one of his *pet* parts. His

performance of this character obtained for him the notice of Mr. Nugns, the manager of the Stafford company, who offered him an engagement of twelve shillings per week. Happily for Mr. KNIGHT, this proposal was not made until after the most material scene of the play; for his transports upon this lucky proposition were so great, that he was utterly unable to perform, with any effect, for the remainder of the evening.

He now removed to Stafford, where his new manager introduced him to the public, in the character which had previously given so much satisfaction to himself. The result was, as might have been expected, the most unbounded success; and from this time his fate was fixed; he had only to wait patiently, and in the course of time, his progress to London was certain.

In this place, he married a Miss Clews, the daughter of a wine-merchant, and, to crown his success, concluded the season at Stafford, with a profitable benefit.

His next step to fame was owing merely to the whim of some merrily disposed wag, who was willing to raise a laugh at his expence. One night, at Utoxeter, after having raved through the parts of *Arno*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and *Lingo*, he was agreeably surprised by a note, requesting his attendance at the inn, adjoining the theatre, and intimating that he would receive information for the improvement of his theatrical pursuits. Every thing, of course, was neglected for this important interview. He flew to the inn on the wings of speed, and was immediately shown into a room, where he was very cordially received by an unknown, but grave-looking gentleman, whose inflexible steadiness of face could not give the least suspicion of a jest. After the usual compliments of the day, the stranger very politely assured him, that he had

received much pleasure from his performance, and was determined to put him in a situation where his talents might be shown to advantage. Mr. KNIGHT stammered forth his gratitude, and had all ears open for the reception of this important benefit. The stranger proceeded to inform him, that his name was Philips, and that he was well known to Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre. "Now, sir," he added, "you have only to make use of my name, which I fully authorise you to do, and you may rely upon being well received. Say, that I have seen you on the stage, and declared my satisfaction at your performance."

Mr. KNIGHT was of course much delighted, and expressed in the most lively terms his sense of this important obligation. It was indeed most gratifying to his vanity, to be thus unexpectedly transported from a paltry stage at Utoxeter, to the second provincial theatre in the kingdom. The increase of salary, which such a change promised, was not among the least pleasing consequences of his promotion.

The next morning, in pursuance of the resolutions of the night before, Mr. KNIGHT wrote a very polite letter to Mr. Wilkinson, making the tender of his services, and not in the least doubting their acceptance, for the name of his new ally formed the most prominent feature in the letter. In a short time, a very laconic epistle came from the York manager, that at once overthrew his splendid expectations. It was to this effect:—

"SIR,—I am not acquainted with any Mr. Philips, except a rigid quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre. I don't want you.

"TATE WILKINSON."

This was certainly a mortifying repulse. His air-formed schemes at once melted into nothing; and the failure was so much the more painful, as it was totally unexpected. In the bitterness of his anger, he wrote a second letter to the manager:—

“SIR,—I should as soon think of applying to a methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson. I don't want to come. “E. KNIGHT.”

This letter was too much in Mr. Wilkinson's own peculiar style, to meet with an unfavourable reception. Nothing, however, resulted from it, at that period. A whole year rolled on with the Stafford company; at the end of which, Mr. KNIGHT was agreeably surprised by a second letter from his former correspondent. In brevity and elegance it was no-wise inferior to his former epistle, but the matter of it sounded much more sweetly to our hero's ears. The following is, to the best of our knowledge, a literal transcript:—

“Mr. METHODIST PARSON,—I have a living, that produces twenty-five shillings per week—Will you hold forth? “TATE WILKINSON.”

This sudden change was not altogether owing to the preceding correspondence, but in part to the secession of Mathews, who had been engaged for the little theatre in the Haymarket.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for him than this event; for the manager, anxious to supply the loss of so useful a performer, engaged him some months before Mr. Mathews had actually left that theatre for London.

The first question that Mr. KNIGHT asked, when he ar-

rived at York, was—"What are Mr. Mathews's worst parts?"—"Frank Oatlands, and——(oh! memory, memory, how you betray us editors!)"—some part in *The Jew and the Doctor*," was the reply.—"Then in those parts I'll open," answered our hero, with that prudence that has always characterised him. This stroke of policy did not escape the observation of the great mimic, who said, "Egad, my boy, you've chosen my two rough ones."—"I shall get on the more smoothly in them," was our hero's answer.

In these characters he appeared, and was received before the curtain with every demonstration of approbation; but behind, there was a chilling silence. The manager did not bestow upon him one syllable of commendation. He, every night, demanded to see the comedian, after he was dressed for his character, (a common custom with Wilkinson;) gazed at, and dismissed him with his usual "Go along." Poor, little KNIGHT could not endure this treatment, and he had made up his mind to bid farewell to York, after performing there a fortnight. On the evening of his having formed this resolution, he performed *Davy*, in *Bon Ton*. Tate demanded, as usual, to see him when dressed, and also when made up for the drunken scene. Our hero sullenly obeyed. We leave our readers to judge his pleasurable surprise, when he beheld the manager's countenance relax from its accustomed severity, and when the warm-hearted eccentric *Wilki.* opened a bureau, containing tight white pantaloons, silk stockings of every hue, stage shoes, boots, and all the paraphernalia of an actor's wardrobe, exclaiming,—"Here,

From this time, our hero remained a great favourite with the York audience, and a *pet* of the manager. His attention to his profession attracted here the notice of Fawcett, who, whilst starrng at York, observed the wily comedian taking notes of his points at the wing; a kind of tacit flattery that our hero, doubtless, practised with other views than those of improving his histrionic knowledge. Thy cup is sweet, oh, flattery! and the rough breast of Fawcett beat for the little time-serving comedian; and, in the warmth of his friendship, he feigned illness, and gave up to KNIGHT the part of *Risk*, in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, and, we think, (though we cannot fairly tax our memories on the subject,) appealed personally to the public, to allow Mr. KNIGHT to perform for him. He also named our actor to the London managers, but there was no metropolitan vacancy.

Whilst at Leeds, (with the York company), death deprived Mr. KNIGHT of his wife, and he was left a widower with (we think) two children.

In 1805, Miss Smith, (now Mrs. Bartley,) then the York heroine, left that place for London, and Miss Susan Smith, a native of York, was engaged immediately to fill her place. This lady, though not blessed with the talent of her predecessor, possessed those excellent substitutes, youth and beauty, in an eminent degree, and nightly increased in favour with the public, and in a knowledge of her profession. Miss Susan Smith was as much the rage at York as ever Miss O'Neil was in town, and had offers of alliance, which seemed to be unexceptionable; but, "nothing daunted," our hero dared to prefer his suit, though surrounded by a phalanx of rich and powerful rivals. After many tedious months of

the protector from the theatre to her home, became her protector for life, in the year 1807.

In that year, the managers of Covent-garden formed an idea of engaging our hero in the place of Emery, then a non-content; but they, at the instance of Mr. Siddons, secured the services of Oxberry instead.

In the year following, Bannister saw our hero, and gave so favourable a report, that an offer from Drury was immediately made him. KNIGHT could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, and wrote back word, that "if they anticipated much from him, they were mistaken, for he professed nothing but country boys and decrepit old men." Upon this, another official document came from Drury, stating, that they were satisfied as to his talent, and offering £7, £8, and £9 per week, for three years.

"This was a clincher."

Mr. KNIGHT took one half of the York coach, and, with his wife, children, self, and eatables, all wedged together, "compact as potted beef," came to the metropolis, where he had scarcely put his foot, when the conflagration of 1809 laid the theatre and his expectations equally low.

Nothing was left but for Mr. KNIGHT to re-book for York, and return to his northern patrons. He accordingly did so; but had hardly seated himself in clover, when another summons from London called him from his provincial friends. The Drury-lane company had now put themselves into the Lyceum, and needed our hero's services.

On the 14th October, 1809, (on which night Mrs. Edwin appeared in the metropolis, and Wrench also made his first bow, *vice* Elliston, deserted,) Mr. KNIGHT ap-

peared as *Timothy Quint* in *The Soldier's Daughter* and

Robin Roughhead, in *Fortune's Frolic*. In the first character, he was flat and unentertaining; in the second, he was eminently successful. He, however, did not immediately get all the parts contained in his line,—Penley retaining *David*, in *The Rivals*, and some others.

In February, 1810, the production of the farce of *Hit or Miss*, brought Mr. KNIGHT fairly before the public; and his performance of *Jerry Blossom* was pronounced equal to his York predecessor's admirable performance of *Cypher*. In fact, Mathews and KNIGHT made this very bad farce a standing favourite, which, unsupported by their talent, must have been strangled on its entrance into life. From this moment he rapidly gained upon the graces of the town, until he obtained the appellation he now bears, of "every body's favourite."

From that period to the present, we have nothing to record of our hero, *as an actor*, save that he was performing with Miss Kelly, in *Modern Antiques*, in Feb. 1816, when that lady was shot at from the pit, and that he assisted her from the stage, and seemed the most alarmed of the two.

We have now to consider Mr. KNIGHT's histrionic pretensions; and here, we know, we have to run counter against the opinion of thousands. Our principal objection is to the evident appearance of art in his performances. His country boys are never unsophisticated, artless clowns; they are shrewd, designing, knowing lads; instead of rustic simplicity, we have metropolitan shrugs and winks; in the place of a lax gait and dangling arms, round shoulders, &c., he has as precise a walk, and as prim a figure, as a pedagogue will be found to possess.

rustics. There are always a set of spectators ready enough to laugh, when the actor sets the example; but we know what Shakespeare saith about the judicious. Let us take this gentleman's *Sim*, (his *pet* part,) and analyse his style of enacting it: we will pass over his scene with *Jane*, and come to that with *Mr. Bankes*. We will grant that his tones are touching, and that the tears stand in his eyes, and frequently appear in those of his spectators, but, *ars est celare artem*,—Mr. KNIGHT *exposes* his. You may see him squeezing his eyelids, and fidgetting, and fretting about, till he gets the necessary moisture; and, at every speech, you may perceive that the following one is brewing. Even in the inventory scene, (effective as that may appear,) he is guilty of a gross violation of nature. Is it consistent to burst into tears of pity for *Bankes's* situation, and then, *instanter*, exclaim, “*Three pretty bough-pots,*” with the jocular tone that he assumes? No—we do not think our hero himself would attempt to say it was nature; but he knows that *sudden transition*, whether natural or not, always pleases the house, who generally applaud an actor most, when he is at the worst. It may be said of auditors, as some one says of bottles discharging water, the *less they have in them*, the more noise they make.

It is Mr. KNIGHT's besetting fault, to fritter all he does into childishness. His country boys are complete children, and play as many tricks. In *Jerry Blossom*, *Sam*, (*Raising the Wind*,) and the whole race of *cunning* rustics, he is inimitable; but if he is a Yorkshireman, he must be a *true one*; for there is nothing of simplicity in any thing he does.

In such characters as *Spado*, *Ralph*, *Trap*, and *Lingo*,

Harley. We account his *sharp footmen* as the best of the present day. We beg our expression to be taken in its literal sense. A *valet* wants ease, which is not in Mr. KNIGHT'S nature. We should like to see this gentleman perform *Caleb Quotem*

In decrepit old men he is inimitable. His *Crazy*, (*Peeping Tom*,) and *Gripe*, (*Two Mins*,) are the most finished assumptions we ever beheld. Why *Adam Winterton* has not been awarded to him, we cannot conceive. We have seen him play other old men, such as *Bonus*, (*Laugh when you can*,) but there he is not so happy. Mr. KNIGHT cannot observe a medium.

After this notice of this gentleman's public character, we shall proceed to view him in private life. Mr. KNIGHT'S maxim is, "neither to visit abroad himself, nor to receive visitors at home." Against such an inhospitable system we enter our decided protest; and, however admirable it may be to hear our hero exclaim, "My own circle is company enough for me," yet this line of conduct is destructive of the best interests of society,—it breeds habits of timidity and selfishness in youthful minds, and impresses a love of solitary enjoyment on the heart of age. Surely, surely, intercourse with those who are contemporaries with us, and an interchange of civilities with them, is not only a pleasurable employment, but an absolute duty. Man was not made for seclusion; nor is it compatible with either good conduct or good feeling, to thus cloister up the little information or entertainment we might communicate to our fellow-beings, turn a hermit in the metropolis, and close our doors on those that we are daily co-existing with. Mr. KNIGHT never enters a tavern, unless to a public dinner, and not often

Yorkshire Society" is the only one he thus honours,—for which he has, doubtless, peculiar motives.

With the drawback we have mentioned, Mr. KNIGHT's character is excellent, and his habits unexceptionable. A pattern of regularity himself, he admits of no deviation in his offspring; and the old maxim, that "example does more than precept," is fully verified in his family.

Mr. KNIGHT is about five feet two inches in height, with dark hair, eyes of the same hue, and large and expressive features; his figure is rather stout, and is too angular to be termed good; his voice, in speaking, is uncommonly quaint, shrill, and singular, but the ear, once accustomed to it, will find it rather pleasing than otherwise; his vocal powers are, for a comedian, and having regard to their utility rather than their quality, considerable; he is a very good timeist, and in his music (as in his text) uncommonly correct; his voice is an extensive tenor, of a harsh and singular tone, and almost approaches to a *countertenor*; he takes A (first ledger line) with apparent ease. In songs, requiring rapidity of utterance, such as *What's a Woman like? Almanack Maker*, &c. he has no equal in the present day: he is more distinct than Harley, and Fawcett is too old to enter into competition with him. We are surprised Mr. KNIGHT does not exert his talent in this way oftener.

There are few actors enjoying so large a share of favour as Mr. KNIGHT does, and not one who so anxiously endeavours to obtain it; and, take him altogether, we are more inclined to laugh at his oddities than censure them; and so, with wishes for his prosperity, we bid him farewell.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

SHERIDAN'S ATTORNEY.

Mr. B. was addressed, in the Temple, in the usual legal phraseology, "*I believe you are concerned for Mr. Sheridan?*" To which he replied, "*I am Mr. Sheridan's attorney, sir; but I am concerned for no man.*"

**LETTER FROM MR. GARRICK TO THE SECRETARY OF
THE CUSTOMS.**

DEAR SIR,—Not Rachael, weeping for her children, could show more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick. Not weeping for her children—she has none—nor, indeed, for her husband—thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject as her betters.—What does she weep for then?—Shall I dare tell you?—It is—it is, for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She had it four years; and, upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to show away with the prohibited present. She had prepared paper chairs, &c. for this favourite

part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized,—the very bed,

“By the coarse hands of filthy dunghill villains,
And thrown among the common lumber.”

If you have the least pity for a distressed female,—any regard for her husband, (for he has had a bad time of it,)—or any wishes that the environs of Bushy Park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael’s side.

I am, dear Sir, yours,

D. GARRICK.

“For earthly power doth then look likest God’s,
When Mercy seasons justice.” *Merchant of Venice.*

PETITION.

O, Stanley, give ear to a husband’s petition,
Whose wife well deserves her distressful condition,
Regardless of his and the law’s prohibition;
If you knew what I suffer since she has been caught,
(On the husband’s poor head ever falls the wife’s fault,)
You would lend a kind hand to the contraband jade,
And screen her, for once, in her illicit trade;
For, true, as it’s said, since the first Eve undid ’em,
Frail women will long for the fruit that’s forbidden;
And husbands are taught, now-a-days, spite of struggles,
Politely to pardon a wife, tho’ she smuggles.
If your honours or you, when the sex go astray,
Have sometimes inclined to go with them that way,
We hope, to her wishes you will not say nay.
’Tis said, that all judges this maxim do keep,
Not their justice to tire, but at times let it sleep;
If more by the Scriptures their honours are moved,
The over-much righteous are then disapproved;
Thus true to the gospel, and kind as they’re wise,
Let their mercy restore what their justice denies.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Esq., *Author of*
“ Virginius,” “ William Tell,” &c.

Be it remembered, that, in times of old,
 'Twas thought the Muse oft truths prophetic told,
 And still each poet bends before the shrine,
 T'ask inspiration from the powers divine;
 But I, no laurels wear; the tuneful string,
 Trembling, I touch, plain, simple truth to sing.
 Rewarded, if that worth, which claims my lays,
 Gains, by increasing years, increasing praise.
 From forms diversified, the painter's art
 Selects whate'er will please the gazer's heart;
 'Till, with unceasing pains and skill complete,
 He makes the whole bright choir of beauty meet:
 He pilfers from the charms of Venus' face,
 Apollo's mien, and fair Adonis' grace;
 The trembling smiles around Diana's eye,
 And dimples in Narcissus' cheeks that lie.
 Thus, *your* bold Muse, on sportive Fancy's wing,
 Of all that's bright and beauteous loves to sing,
 In smoothly gliding-notes, that simply tell
 What to the lover and the maid befel;
 In scenes, replete with sweet and classic lines,
 Where studied beauty's smiles, and classic

In numbers soft, that, like the sighing breeze,
Glide smoothly murmuring with freedom's ease ;
'Tis there, thy noble, tow'ring Genius shines,
And melts the sullen heart, and taste refines.

THETA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z.'s old play-bills are received. Perhaps we shall avail ourselves of them. At all events, we are obliged; more particularly, as we think it would do some of the ladies and gentlemen of the drama good, to refresh their memory, by the sight of the business they once condescended to play.

Our valuable Correspondent, EDWIN, may be assured that we will make it our business to learn, and inform him, the name of the actor who was brought from Ireland, to rehearse a part, that the judicious and discriminating manager would not allow him to appear in.

OSCAR's last favour has been received.

A. B. is informed, "we brave all dangers, scorn all fears,"



MISS STEPHENS.
AS
ROSETTA.

Drawn by Kennedy Engr'd on Steel by J. Rogers

MEMOIR
OF
MISS KATH. STEPHENS,
(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.)

Like the notes of the fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms our ears.---GAY.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer's wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling,
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!

'Twas whisper'd balm,---'twas sunshine spoken!
I'd live whole years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken,
By such benign, blessed sounds again.---MOORE.

THE subject of the present memoir is the daughter of Mr. Stephens, a carver and gilder in this busy metropolis, and was born in London, on the 18th of September, 1794.

Miss STEPHENS, in her infancy, gave proofs of having "music in her soul;" and her elder sister (afterwards Mrs. J. Smith) also devoted her talents to the worship of St. Cecilia: they mutually assisted each other. The elder Miss Stephens was soon ushered into the musical profession, whilst "little KATHERINE" was following her steps in humble distance; and, when the elder sister went to Liverpool, from whence she subsequently came to London, and was engaged at Drury, our heroine was placed

under the tuition of Gesualdo Lanza, Esq., a gentleman of great musical attainments.

What course of study she went through under this master, is amply displayed by the following letter from Mr. Lanza, which the misstatements of the editor of *The Theatrical Inquisitor* extorted from him:—

“*To the Editor of the Theatrical Inquisitor.*”

“SIR,—To what or to whose malevolence I know not to attribute a report as eminent for its folly as its falsehood—‘That Miss STEPHENS entered into articles with (me) M. G. Lanza for five years, commencing in 1807; during which period she received from Mr. Lanza the enormous number of *twenty-seven* lessons!’ We will not cavil about the construction of the sentence; it is, indeed, a plain and direct charge of the most obstinate negligence. There can be no mistake; the twenty-seven is not in figures, where a cipher might have been omitted, or a character misplaced; but it is in letters, and in *italic* letters too; and facetiously qualified with the word *enormous*. This slander would miss its object, or bring, with its bane, its own antidote; but that many read, and take bold assertions for positive facts; giving that credit to daring and to hardihood, which the inquiring give to claims well authenticated. This charge, while it imputes to me a mean and stupid dishonesty, and the basest inattention, has the additional liberal design to rob me of the credit due to the instructor of Miss STEPHENS; and, in robbing me of this, to deprive me of the concurrent advantages.

“In answer to this foul calumny, I affirm, and my many pupils and friends will bear testimony, nay, Miss STEPHENS herself, I have no doubt, will do me the jus-

tice to acknowledge, that every attention and kindness were unremittingly paid her, as a pupil and a friend, by me and my family. Although the number of my scholars prevented me from devoting *many hours a-day* to her alone, yet my exertions were constantly proportioned to her improvement and ability; and, notwithstanding the misfortune of her being short-sighted caused some delay, by rendering it necessary to commit much to memory, yet, three years ago, Miss STEPHENS could sing at sight with perfect correctness, whenever she could obtain a close view of the score. Those who know the difficulty of obtaining this qualification in vocal music, are aware, that such perfection must have been gained by degrees; by methodized and constant instruction; by close attention of the pupil, and unwearied exertion of the master.

“ Miss STEPHENS went through, with me, all the principles of vocal music. She went through, not only all the gradations of Solfeggios, but through a whole course of vocal exercises, designed to give facility of execution in modulations, cadenzas, and every style of ornament. Under my direction, she also studied nearly two hundred pieces of music, English and Italian, selected from the best English and Italian operas, and from oratorios. A list of all these may be seen at my house, and *ample proof can be given of Miss Stephens having learned them under my direction.* She sang at Bath, Bristol, Southampton, and many other places, *while under my care*; at all she met with the greatest applause. Her splendid abilities, and my exertions, invariably received this reward.

“ The Memoir says, that ‘ Miss STEPHENS commenced a course of studies under Mr. Thomas Welch, in Septem-

PHENS sung at Ramsgate, as *my pupil, Miss Stephens*, at concerts, given there by Mr. Samuel Wesley and Mr. Webb, junior, 'where,' to use Mr. Samuel Wesley's words, 'she received the greatest and most deserved applause:' this, these gentlemen are ready to prove. I also affirm, that, when *then* there, she was called on to try, at sight, some *manuscript glees*, and that she acquitted herself, to give, not merely satisfaction, but surprise, to these able judges. She returned to Margate, where she *had* been the whole of September; and, after a visit of some time there, came to London in the middle of October, 1812. On the 17th and 19th of November, the very next month, she sung at Manchester, as 'Mr. Welch's pupil, Miss ———.'

"A discerning public will here, doubtless, make a just comment on the impossibility of Miss STEPHENS having commenced a course of studies under Mr. Thomas Welch, in September, 1812; and will form a fair estimate of the quantity of instruction she might have received from that gentleman, previous to the date of the following modest advertisement, in the last page of the *Manchester Mercury*, of the 10th of November, 1812:—

" 'Concert Room, November 9, 1812.

" 'The Subscribers are informed, that the next Concerts are appointed to be on the 17th and 19th instant. The principal Vocal Performers already engaged, are, Mr. Thomas Welch and Miss ———, his Pupil, from London. Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Yaniewicz.' "

" I should be sorry to let pass unnoticed, this *flush of*

in others, to deny me the merit of having been her master—'till within—'not a little month,' not *twenty-seven* days? Because I have not gained half the profits of her salary, shall I lose all the merit of her education? I mean not to insinuate any thing to the prejudice of the abilities or exertions of Mr. Welch as a master; I complain not of his success; but, sensibly alive to my character, for assiduity, at least, I seek to dissipate that cloud that hangs on it, whether it has arisen from the folly of some injudicious friend to him, or whether it be the foul emanation of the malice of some secret enemy to me.

“After saying, ‘Miss STEPHENS commenced a course of studies under Mr. Thomas Welch, in September, 1812,’ the Memoir *immediately* proceeds thus:—‘Having appeared as a concert-singer at Bath, where, notwithstanding her competition with the most celebrated and accomplished of her predecessors, she succeeded in commanding the applause and securing the patronage of the first circles; having been received with equal respect and avidity at Bristol and other places; and having performed, four times, the second of a duet with Madame Bertinotti Radicati, at the Pantheon, she at length appeared at Covent-garden theatre, in the character of *Mandane*, in *Artaxerxes*, on September 23, 1813; in *Peggy*, (*Polly*,) in *The Beggar’s Opera*, on Friday, October 22; and in *Clara*, in *The Duenna*, on the 12th of November.’ Who, in reading the foregoing extract, would conceive that *all these* public appearances of Miss STEPHENS, as far down as to the words, ‘she at length appeared at Covent-garden,’ so ingeniously and ingenuously inserted *between the dates* ‘in September, 1812,’ and ‘on September 23, 1813,’ that her

had received *not any* instruction but mine?—none but my *twenty-seven* lessons?

“As to Miss STEPHENS, I am anxious it may be clearly understood, that I wholly acquit her of any, even, inclination to do me injustice. I am convinced she will readily acknowledge, that she always received from me, and all my family, that attention and kindness, both personally and professionally, to which she was so justly entitled. I have ever had the highest esteem for her vocal talents; and, for what is more valuable, indeed, above all price, her amiable disposition and rectitude of principle. Although not now my pupil, I am sure she will do me justice, if required, and, in corroboration of a great many witnesses, fully establish all I have stated. I cannot let pass this opportunity of publicly declaring, that I feel a pleasure in giving my testimony to her merits, and in offering my additional tribute in her praise.

“I am, Sir,

“Your very much obliged,

“GESUALDO LANZA.

“February, 1814.

23, Foley Place, Portland Chapel.”

The letter which we have extracted, sufficiently traces our heroine's steps to improvement and ultimate perfection; but we must add, that, during that probation, Signor Guglioni heard, and recommended her to the managers of the opera-house, to supply the place of Madame Catalani; but Miss STEPHENS, being utterly unacquainted with the Italian language, declined attempting anything

in *Artaxerxes*. Her performance was hailed by the rapturous applauses of her auditors; and the musical world were extatic in their praises of her execution of *Check'd by duty, rack'd by love*, and the *bravura*. On 22d of October, she enacted *Polly*, in *The Beggar's Opera*; on the 12th of November, *Clara*, in *The Duenna*.

Miss STEPHENS had now completely won the town, and the managers, who, like all their tribe, are servile to the "great creatures," in proportion as they are tyrannical and oppressive to the lower members of the profession, gave our heroine a large salary, (half of which Mr. Welch received, for what Mr. Lanza had performed,) and granted her every indulgence in their power. Miss STEPHENS had only to ask, and have; but, towards the close of 1814, the metropolis got a tragedy-mania from the appearance of Miss O'Neil, and, as the curiosity of the public, with regard to our heroine, began to subside, so also did the kindness of the management. Frequent quarrels, and continual sudden indispositions,* were the consequence.

After remaining some years at Covent-garden theatre, she joined the banners of Elliston, at Drury-lane theatre, where, singularly enough, she remained for one season little noticed, and where she has never attracted so much attention as she did at the rival theatre.

An anecdote of Mr. Elliston's conduct towards this lady, and the rest of his vocal corps, we shall here record. It rests on green-room testimony; yet, we think, the great lessee will not attempt to deny it.

It is one of the provisions of the articles of agreement

entered into by leading performers or singers, that they shall not perform or sing in pantomimes; yet, on the production of *Harlequin and The Flying Chest*, (we think,) Mr. Elliston summoned all his singers, to execute the music in it. Miss STEPHENS, of course, paid no attention to this "call," relying upon the terms of her articles; in consequence of which, the manager inflicted a heavy fine. When Miss STEPHENS came to remonstrate, and said, "I never agreed to go on in a pantomime," the wily manager replied, "My dear soul, I don't wish it; I only wanted you to join in the *chorus off the wing*;" and, on this pretence, he retained the fine.

In our memoir of Miss F. M. Kelly, we have the following lines:—

"We are well aware of the fact, that ever since the year 1815, a gentleman has regularly attended all the metropolitan performances of Miss STEPHENS, sitting generally in the third or fourth row of the pit, and the instant the opera concluded, quitting the house, and placing himself at the stage-door of the theatre, to catch a glance of the syren, as she passed to her carriage; yet he never presumed to address her. To such a pitch of enthusiasm was he carried, that he has gone as far as Ipswich, and, we believe, once even to Dublin, in hopes of meeting the lady, if she, by chance, walked forth to enjoy the country scenery. For the truth of this tale we positively pledge ourselves."

Whether this visitation has ceased or not, we cannot say; but Miss STEPHENS's powers of attraction have been confessed by many; and, though now on the list of old maids,

"She's fifty lovers in her train."

it was said, that even the wedding dresses had been procured; but this passed away. The Duke of Devonshire, at whose parties Miss STEPHENS is a frequent visitor, is said to have sighed in her train. That his Grace possesses as well as professes the greatest esteem for our heroine, we are well assured; but whether this has ever risen to a warmer feeling, we cannot say.

Of Miss STEPHENS's private life we have little to state. Affability, benevolence, and unaffected pleasantry, offer no scope for biography to descant on. She is charitable without ostentation, and courteous without the affectation of condescension. On a benefit for the Dulwich Hospital, she not only returned the price of her services, (thirty guineas,) but added ten from her own purse; and this is not a solitary or a great instance of her good actions.

Miss STEPHENS has on two occasions only excited public disapprobation. Once, on her introduction of the song, called *Mad Bess*, into the character of *Ophelia*; when the introduction itself, and not the style of performing it, was the object of reprehension. And, on another occasion, on Knight's benefit, at Drury, when she sang a song commencing—

“Where is my lover? ah! where is he gone?”

adapted to the air of *Sweet Kitty Clover*. This song, which was rather ineffective, was encored by some, and the repetition strongly opposed by others. This feeling in the auditory is excessively distressing to a performer; and Miss STEPHENS refused to go on for a repetition of the song. A quarter of an hour elapsed, in increasing tumult. At the request of Mr. Knight, she at length went forward; but the public, exasperated at her delay, re-

burst into tears, and was very nearly fainting. We need not add, that order was almost instantaneously restored.

Of Miss STEPHENS'S powers, we shall speak at some length.

She possesses, perhaps, the finest voice of any being in this country; for Miss Paton's, though more brilliant, has not her fulness of tone: and hardly has she bought that voice, by study, tedious and incessant; eight, and sometimes nine hours per day, all the year round, did our heroine devote to singing; only relaxing, when her throat became sore or dry with exertion, and then taking a walk, until inaction had restored the powers of her glottis.

Miss STEPHENS'S *Polly* is a most exquisite morceau. "The two hours spent at this performance," says a modern writer, "is a little glossy portion of the stream of life,—a season of calm joy, which it is tranquilizing even to remember." The unobtrusive charm of her style,—the *very bewitching awkwardness* of her manner,—complete the enjoyment which her performance diffuses; as they seem to mark out a being, whom no evil thing could harm, but who might live amongst the worst of the species, without a thought of wrong. What words shall convey an idea of the expression she conveys to these words:—

" But he so teaz'd me,
And so pleas'd me,
What I did, you must have done?"

We know not whether we are most entranced by the wonderful compass, or the exquisite sensibility, she displays in the execution of this passage. Her air of

is the very lightsomeness of heart, that brings us back to those days, when all our thoughts were pleasure, all our moments hope. And last, not least, can any thing exceed her execution of

“ Would I might be hang’d ! ”

Her *Rosetta* is a delightful performance ; with less, certainly, of the lady than the waiting-maid, but still enchanting. Perhaps a finer piece of acting can seldom be witnessed, than that displayed in her song of

“ Young I am, and sore afraid.”

The ill-repressed laugh, and the irony gleaming through her affected weeping, is *unique* and admirable.

It happens, unfortunately for Miss STEPHENS, that most of the leading singing parts are elegant young ladies, “ with scarcely any character at all.” These insipid vehicles for song require just that kind of person and acting, that young ladies squalling at concerts usually possess ; but they are at the greatest variance with all Miss STEPHENS’s capabilities. Our heroine’s dramatic powers, which, by the bye, have never been either properly awakened or cultivated, are exclusively fitted for low comedy ; and she is no more suited to play *Clarissa*, (*Lionel and Clarissa*,) or *Clara*, in *The Duenna*, than John Pritt Harley is to perform the good young gentlemen in comedies ; *Floretta*, (*Cabinet*,) and, in fact, all Madame Storace’s characters are those in which Miss STEPHENS is calculated to shine. Her dancing duet, in T. Dibdin’s opera, is admirable. The rich tones, and perfect articulation of her voice, are there heard to the

sively devoted to low comedy? Why, most sagacious critic, we do not deem gentility or elegance, at all a component part of the character of *Peachem's* daughter; at the same time observing, that there is a wide distinction between the absence of elegance, and the actual presence of vulgarity. And when we say low comedy, we do not mean to speak of things merely creating laughter, but of the delineation of human nature in the humbler spheres of life. Thus, *Giles (Miller's Maid)* is unquestionably to be considered as a character in the low comedy department; and it is on this consideration that we build our opinion of our heroine. She has, in her acting, a very considerable portion of simple pathos; and, it is only when she seeks to assume a higher tone, and rise into the sublime, that she entirely fails.

All sorts of productions seem within the compass of this lady's extraordinary powers; but, of all her efforts, we like her *bravuras* the least; there Miss Paton is by far her superior. *Bravura* music, in fact, neither accords with her appearance or style of acting; and, though the most accurate can find nothing to complain of in the execution of the melody, the whole effect is not equal to that given in those productions by Catalani, Miss Paton, or, perhaps, in some few instances, by the much puffed Miss Wilson. Most singers have some one song, on which their fame may be said to depend, and which is usually cited as the touchstone of their powers. Thus, Miss Tree has, *Rest, warrior, rest*; Sinclair, *Pray, Goody*; Miss Paton, *Mary of Castle Cary*; Gibbon, his inimitable ballad of *Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad*.*

* Poor Gibbon is her rival.

&c. &c.; but we imagine, a musician would be strangely puzzled to decide, whether *Auld Robin Gray*,—*We're a' nooddin*,—*Charlie is my darling*,—*Leeze me on, my soger love*,—*Pretty Mocking Bird*,—*Oh! slumber, my darling*,—*The Bird in yonder Cage*,—*Whither, my Love*,—*A Highland Lad*,—or any one of fifty more, is her most delightful effort. Her enunciation of the words, *Pretty Mocking Bird*, has often been cited as one of the most perfect specimens of vocal power ever adduced. This circumstance is a great proof of the versatility of her genius. The ear is never satiated with her efforts; she has no favourite passage, that she introduces alike into all her songs; no one trick or musical mannerism, by which her settled style may be recognised; her powers are as various as they are great.

That Miss STEPHENS, with all her attractions, should have reached the age of thirty, and still bear her own cognomen, is certainly matter of surprise to us. We trust she has not forsworn false, fickle man; for we are amongst those that think there can be no great happiness in a bachelor's life; and, we are convinced, that there must be still less in that of a spinster. Our heroine, though she has arrived at the dreaded period, when the title of "old maid" applieth, has none of the attributes of that character. She is blithe and jcyous as childhood. Indeed, her animal spirits completely run away with her. Even whilst engaged in her scenic duties, the least thing will provoke her mirth; and, we have seen her in real distress, lest her inclination to risibility might be construed into disrespect to her audience.

Miss STEPHENS is about the medium height of her sex;

is fascinating, though not strictly speaking handsome. She is, in fact, what *Tom Shuffleton* calls (under another idea) a "devilish desirable woman."

Her character may be summed up in few words, as its excellence is sufficiently proved by the fact, that no accusation has ever been laid against it; and had it been possible to have made one, there are, and have been, plenty, who envied her talent sufficiently, to join in any slander that wore even the face of probability. She is an affectionate daughter, and a kind sister; and we close this memoir with a hope, that the remainder of her existence may be as happy as her early days have been brilliant,—and that the cup of joy she has so often held to the lips of others, may never fly from her own.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,*&c. &c.***THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.**

“ The Chevalier de Cainea having, for some time past, been excluded from the Opera House, in consequence of his legal proceedings against Mr. Taylor, and happening to mention the privation to the Duchess of York, her Royal Highness presented him with her ticket, which he produced at the doors, but was refused admission. Her Royal Highness, with becoming spirit, resolved that the manager of the theatre should not thus insolently triumph in his own peevishness, and condescended to inform the Chevalier, that she would herself accompany him. Aware of the insults to which rank and loveliness are subjected in this ‘ Temple of Fashion,’ the Chevalier, for some time, endeavoured, in the most respectful terms, to decline the offer; her Royal Highness, however, persevered in her intention; and, escorted by the Chevalier, repaired to the Opera House. When they arrived, the Duchess of York was informed by the *check-taker*, that, in the company of the Chevalier, she could not be *admitted*. It was in vain the surrounding circle expressed their indignation and astonishment; that, independent of feeling and decency, but referring merely to pecuniary right, a proprietor should be excluded from her own box, and announced their determination to pursue, with exemplary severity, the perpetrators and advisers of this outrage. The Chevalier was compelled to retire, and

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the following beautiful Song (the production of Mr. Hervey) we readily give insertion. It has been sung (omitting the third verse) with peculiar sweetness, by Miss Witham, in private circles.

1.

A Rose within a garden grew,
In summer beauty bright;
It fed upon the fragrant dew,
And bathed in beams of light:
The gentlest zephyrs still would creep
Warm o'er it, from the west,
And the night spirit loved to weep,
Upon its beauteous breast:
And all the host of insect beaux
Would pause to trifle with the rose.

2.

But ah! it died—one fatal night
Some demon rode the gale,
And from his pinions scatter'd blight,
O'er garden, bower and vale:
I saw it in the sunny morn,
'Twas dying on its stem,
Yet wore, though drooping and forlorn,
Its dewy diadem;
But ev'ry roving butterfly

3.

The beams of morning had no power
Upon its faded cheek ;
The breezes came, and found the flower
They once had loved—a wreck :
They were old friends, and when they fled,
And paused no longer here,
The rose would bow its gentle head,
And shake away a tear ;
But never raised its timid eye,
To gaze again upon the sky.

4.

It withered in the summer beam,
And when the shadows fell,
The spirit of the ev'ning came,
And wept above it still :
The moon gleam'd sad, the night breeze sigh'd,
Above the hapless flower,
But none, who loved its day of pride,
Watch'd o'er its dying hour ;
The flatterers, they had long been gone,
It died, neglected and alone.

Lines, handed by M———, the Dramatist, to Messrs. R. and Son, Attorneys in the Insolvent Debtor's Court, who were a day too late in entering their intended opposition to his discharge.

1.

Messrs. R.—grs and Son,
You've your legal course run,
The fair you are just one day after ;
To your clients 'tis grief,
But to me 'tis a bliss

2.

May it still be your fate,
To be one day too late,
When you judgment unjustly demand;
Save the great judgment-day,
When, permit me to say,
May you just be in time to be d——d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OVRA will certainly thank us for not inserting his lines to Miss J. Scott.

We must also decline the Sonnet to William Tell.

We do not understand our Correspondent, who speaks of the suppression of No. XX. of our Work. That Number is certainly (from an extraordinary sale) out of print, but a new edition will appear in a few days.

E. might have perceived that we cannot notice the dramatic performances of the moment, in a work of this nature; and, were we to swerve from this regulation, it would not be to eulogise Master Burke, whom we regard as another victim to the avarice of parents, the rapacity of managers, and the want of proper spirit in performers

CLIO's Lines, which run thus,

“When nature around me is smiling,
The last smile that answers to mine,” &c.

are neatly copied from a poem of Byron's.



M^r. RAYNER.
AS
GILES.

Drawn by Lowrey from a Picture by Bentley. Eng^d by J. Rogers.

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MEMOIR
OF
LIONEL BENJAMIN RAYNER,

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

All York lads be fond of running horses.

School of Reform.

And for frankness, he has enough of that, I grant ye.

Blue Devils.

O'er the bowl he is jocund and gay,

To his neighbours he's hearty and free;

He's as open and honest as day,

And who e'er met a friend such as he?---*Old Song.*

It is our pleasing duty, this week, to record the history of a gentleman, who, though he has never had full scope for his exertions in the metropolis, was perhaps the greatest provincial favourite that ever appeared in England. To be admired in one town, is no passport to patronage in another. Kean, in early life, though cheered at Exeter, was hissed at Birmingham; and even Knight, 'every body's favourite,' met with no success at Edinburgh; but Mr. RAYNER is remembered warmly at Manchester, cheered at York, greeted at Liverpool, and loaded with favour at Lynn, and has been so any time within the last fifteen years.

Our hero commenced his worldly career on the 10th of October, 1788, at Keckmondwicke, a village in Yorkshire.

We shall not trouble our readers with what might have been the occurrences of the earlier scenes, from his first appearance;—we shall leave out the

“ Muling and puking in his nurse’s lap,”

and suppose him ten years of age, reading Lee’s tragedy of *Alexander the Great*. Such was the effect of this tragedy on his young mind, that he scarcely lost sight of the book, until he had made himself master of its contents, by studying the whole of the tragedy; which he actually did, and delivered it before several of his friends, to their no small astonishment. The nine-days wonder, however, soon blew over, and poor RAYNER was left to follow his own course for two years longer, when he was taken to Leeds, and, at Leeds, to the theatre; the play was *Speed the Plough*; Mathews was the *Farmer Ashfield*. This settled the business; for it rendered our hero completely unsettled; his “brain was on fire!” A few months crept on, and, at length, RAYNER crept off to a small company at Cheadle, Staffordshire, and opened in *Jeremy Diddler*. He had so strong a predilection for genteel comedy, that he actually refused to play anything else. Now, it happened that the manager himself played that line; the presumptuous stranger, therefore, sought another company, and accepted a salary of three shillings per week, conditionally, that he might enjoy the genteel comedy. But all would not do; his situation was here becoming irksome, (although he was not a great tax upon the treasury,) until the arrival of the company at Stratford-upon-Avon,* when their low comedian, from the fa-

* A veneration for our great bard certainly should form one of the ingredients of a player. It is surprising, when we consider the low origin of many of our actors, that their minds

tigue of travelling, (doubtless, on foot,) was so much indisposed, that it was impossible for him to appear; and our hero condescended to do the part of *Solomon Lob*, in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*.

“Here was at once a grand discovery made.”

It was now found out that RAYNER was the very man: the sick actor was of little consequence; they had a gentleman in good health, and at an infinitely smaller salary. Theatrical ladies and gentlemen have often suffered severely from indisposition. Where the illness is real, they are to be pitied; but where affectation or indolence is the cause, they deserve what they meet with. From the latter causes, many actors and actresses have been brought into notice, and those for whom they have appeared, sunk into oblivion.

RAYNER now received substantial proofs of the estimation he was held in. His salary was raised; he played all the low comedy, and executed the comic singing; and so proud was the manager of the acquisition he possessed, that he *lent him* for a week to the Manchester theatre, not with a view, doubtless, of doing them a service, but to show the strength and talent of his company. He appeared as *Robin Roughhead*, with complete success. Shortly after this he joined the Nottingham company, at a salary of thirty shillings per week; made immense

should have been sufficiently elevated, to pay devotion at so consecrated a shrine. Mathews, when a lad, went many miles from his road to visit Stratford-upon-Avon; Manden did the same; and two of the gentlemen engaged at Richardson's, (to our own knowledge,) actually walked down from London to the birth-place of Shakespeare, with no other view than that of doing honour to his memory

benefits; and, at the end of the year, made his calculation, by which he discovered that his receipts averaged a guinea per day; a sum that might be considered as a comfortable competence in any business, and certainly much more than the good people of the metropolis dream a provincial actor ever obtains.

On Christmas-day, 1812, at Shrewsbury, Mr. RAYNER led to the altar, Miss Margaret Remington, daughter of the prompter of the York circuit; and by this marriage he has one son.

Whilst a member of the Nottingham company, Mr. Bannister joined them as a star, and our hero enacted several characters with the pupil of Garrick. Bannister was much pleased with his personation of *Zekiel Homespun* to his *Pangloss*, and advised him to turn his thoughts to the metropolis. Shortly after this, (and doubtless through the interference of this admirable actor and excellent man,) he received an offer from the Haymarket theatre, the managers of which place were then enlisting a number of recruits.

On the 16th June, 1815, our hero made his metropolitan bow, as *Frank Oatland*, in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*. His success was ample; and, during the season, he performed *Zekiel Homespun*, *Andrew Bang*, *Sim*, *Stephen Harrowby*, *Sheepface*, and *Sam*, (*Raising the Wind*,) parts expressly in the line for which he was engaged, and obliged the management by representing *L'Eclair*, *Tip-toe*, *Fool* in *The Battle of Hexham*, *Whimsiculo*, &c.

At that period, the Haymarket theatre only remained open for three months in the year; and Mr. RAYNER, finding that Knight and Emery precluded him from an engagement at Drury or its rival, resolved not to

metropolis, and therefore declined again enlisting beneath the banners of Morris and Colman.

In town, Mr. RAYNER contracted an intimacy with poor Emery, and found him a warm friend. The two comedians filled the cup of fellowship together; and, perhaps, two more honourable, downright, and companionable creatures, never sat side by side, than LIONEL RAYNER and the late John Emery.

To York our comedian went, after quitting London, where he sustained the characters of rustics, sailors, and also parts in eccentric low comedy, such as *Caleb Quotem*, *Ollapod*, *Pedrigo Potts*, (*John of Paris*,) &c.

At York, as at every other town, Mr. RAYNER's benefits were uncommonly productive. Indeed, it is a saying in the profession, that our hero "would make a benefit upon Salisbury plain;" yet, to make this benefit, he resorts to none of the expedients of meanness or cflinging. The fact must be attributable to his talent on the stage, and his good conduct off; for he is particularly tenacious of introducing his public affairs into the retirement of private society.

After visiting Stamford, Lynn, Louth, Manchester, Huntingdon, and a hundred other places, our hero grew weary of his profession, and had thoughts of leaving the dramatic world, for others "to bustle in," when he received an offer from Drury; and, accordingly, in December, 1822, he appeared as *Dandie Dinmont*. To say he was successful, would give a weak idea of a reception peculiarly warm and enthusiastic. The question naturally presents itself—Why did not Mr. RAYNER remain at Drury? The fact is—Elliston only wanted a person for this single character,—all the other parts in this department of the drama were filled by Knight. With this

view, Mr. RAYNER was made a member of the theatre. The moment the object was accomplished, all Mr. Elliston's interest in our hero subsided, and he was anxious to get rid of him altogether.

We shall not detail the little petty annoyances that Mr. RAYNER met with; suffice to say, these were such as induced him to throw up an engagement, rather than remain under the management of a man whom he could not controul, however he might despise.

Mr. J. S. Arnold offered him terms, which were accepted; and, during the period between his quitting Drury, and the opening of the English opera-house, our hero rusticated at Lynn.

In July, 1823, he made his appearance at the Lyceum, as *Fiature*; a part too short and too peculiar, to give much chance to a *debutant*. In this character he introduced a comic song, written for him by Mr. Hudson, of lyrical notoriety; and he executed this addition with so much effect, as to gain an enthusiastic encore.

The next character in which he appeared was *Giles*, in *The Miller's Maid*. At the rehearsal, Mr. Arnold and Miss Kelly both made some observations, that were neither generous nor pleasant. Our hero, being one of those actors that cannot "do it," until he has encased himself in his dramatic garb, and until the applause of an auditory

"Wake his energies and rouse his soul."

The wonderful effect he produced in *Giles*, roused the torpid Covent-garden managers, and awakened the attention of Mr. Elliston. Charles Kemble waited on Mr. RAYNER at the English opera house, and even called

whilst Mr. Dunn came to inform him, how delighted Mr. Elliston would feel, to give him a proper field for his exertions, at *his* theatre. *His* theatre!—Patience!

No man could waver a moment between Charles Kemble and Robert William Elliston. RAYNER signed articles with Covent-garden theatre, for three years, at £10, £11, and £12 per week, and opened on the 8th October, as *Tyke*, in *The School of Reform*. We extract the following elaborate critique on this performance, from *The Times*.

“Last night, Mr. RAYNER, who has played rustic characters at the English opera-house, with considerable success, made his first appearance at this theatre, as *Tyke*, in *The School of Reform*. The deep impression left on the public mind, by the admirable performance of Emery, made this attempt arduous, but we are happy to say it was completely successful. Except that Mr. RAYNER wants some of the personal advantages which Emery possessed, for representing the stout-hearted ruffian, we do not think his performance at all inferior to that which we were accustomed to regard as the perfection of rude tragedy. From first to last, he retained entire possession of the part; never relapsing into himself, or trying to raise a laugh, by trickery or burlesque, and giving all the more quiet parts of the dialogue in a natural and unforced manner, which is rarely to be perceived on the stage. In the more trying passages, he gave a picture of remorse working in a long-seared conscience, and agitating an uncultivated but powerful mind, which was no less than terrific. His vain attempts to assume the appearance of indifference; the half-stifled utterance which the ‘climbing passion’ forced; his fightful, indignant, and

veyed to the ship; and perhaps above all, the interview with his father, where the old affection quivers on his lip, and dissolves him in welcome tears, were so powerful and true, that we almost hesitate to call them *acting*. The audience not only testified their sense of his excellence in the principal scenes by loud applauses, but by the still more unequivocal testimony of tears, and by the deep silence which they kept, whenever he appeared towards the close of the play. The other parts were acted better than they deserved, for more inane verbiage and sickening cant were never, perhaps, compressed into the same space, than that which the author has distributed among them. Blanchard and Mrs. Gibbs, however, produced some amusement in spite of the dialogue. At the close of the play, Mr. Abbott came forward, to announce the performances for the next night; but his voice was drowned in applause and cries of 'RAYNER.' He persisted, however, in the execution of his task, but the call was renewed when he retired, and, after some very becoming hesitation, Mr. RAYNER appeared, evidently much affected, and announced, that, 'with the kind approval of the audience, the play would be repeated on Friday,' and retired amidst the cheers of the house. It is really gratifying to record success so genuine and so fairly earned; and to perceive a line where so much excellence was lately displayed, filled again by a real and an original actor."

After attracting very full houses for several nights, and creating a greater sensation than had been produced by any one since the year 1814, our hero was comparatively shelved—why, we know not. He has since performed *Robin Roughhead*, *Dan*, *Giles*, *Peter*, (*Cabinet*,) *Storm*, (*Ella Rosenberg*,) *Fixture*, and a character in a new melo-

Mr. RAYNER is an actor whose powers are not wholly known to the town. His countrymen are not, in our opinion, his best efforts; his talents are decisively serio-comic: *Walter*, *Job Thornberry*, &c. are the characters in which we behold him most to our satisfaction.

We have seen Mr. RAYNER perform *Penruddock*, in the country, and a more unsophisticated personation we never beheld. It wanted dignity, we grant, but it had a higher, a more beautiful feeling—it was the heart-broken miserable misanthrope. Mr. RAYNER softened the moroseness of the character, till you lost a sense of his sternness in pity for his sufferings; it was a performance which you might not applaud with your hands, but which you must repay with your tears. It was not like the *Penruddock* of Kemble, certainly; it was not a Roman who had quitted the capitol, and was sustaining the ingratitude of a nation; it was an open-hearted, plain man, who had had his dear hopes once severed from him,—whose heart had been broken,—whose breast, once lacerated and torn open, had, at length, closed to human nature. *He did not represent a being whose heart was steeled against the assaults of humanity, but one who was endeavouring to become so; you might see the warm overflowings of the soul peeping beneath the covering of misanthropy.*

Mr. RAYNER's *Giles* is a performance entirely by itself; we say, and say fearlessly, that it is superior to Emery's effort in the same part. RAYNER softens down the rugged nature of *Giles*, and makes us pity rather than shudder at him. In *Walter*, Mr. RAYNER had no affectation of melodrame, it was all legitimate feeling, and from that cause probably less effective to the multitude than the *Walter* of

ing gone to the rival theatre, to pit himself against our hero as *Walter*, the moment he appeared in it.

In fact, Mr. RAYNER is a valuable acquisition to any theatre, an useful adjunct in many ways; he possesses less humour than many of his contemporaries, but he has more pathos, and infinitely more nature; he never sets a trap for applause; and when he has made a point, *he does not wait*, as if he was aware he had done something that merited approbation; in short, if Mr. RAYNER does use stage-trick, at all events he never betrays it.

Mr. RAYNER is, in private life, a good samaritan, a warm friend, and one of the best companions in the world. It is not the swallowing three bottles of port that constitutes a companion; it is not singing a good song; it is not even the wit of Sheridan, that makes an estimable one: it is that urbanity that seeks the gratification of others in preference to individual enjoyment; it is that cosmopolite feeling that induces toleration for the failings of others; it is that general knowledge that renders every topic the source of some conversation; it is that amiability of disposition that delights not in exposing the weakness of an adversary in argument, or revels in its own superiority. If, reader, you make an aggregate of all the good qualifications for companionship your mind can suggest, you will find them all realised in Mr. RAYNER.

Amongst the many curious anecdotes related of our hero, we can vouch for the authenticity of the following:—

On one of his benefits, RAYNER had been compelled, so great was the demand for tickets, to sell more than the house would hold—

O cruel, cruel case!

The consequence was that numbers were anxiously stand-

ing about the doors. At last, they determined at least to see and hear their favourite, and actually insisted on his coming to them, which he did, and, with his usual good sense and good humour, asked how he could oblige them. "Sing us a song, RAYNER," was the reply, "and we'll go quietly home." RAYNER mounted a tub, and with the accompaniment of one violin, sang one of his best comic songs, for which he received three hearty cheers, and his patrons dispersed.

A better tactician, perhaps, does not exist; if he undertakes a part at short notice, he expects to be particularly noticed at the treasury. We remember, during his provincial exploits, his playing *Dr. Ollapod* to oblige a manager, and the manager obliged him that week with an extra guinea.

In his profession, he will at any time use extra exertion when necessary. We recollect his playing *John Lump* and *Caleb Quotem* on one night, in which he made such a decided hit, that he now frequently repeats this practice when starrng in the country.

In the country, Mr. RAYNER has been freely and curiously criticised. We copy the following from the *York Gazette*, as a specimen of pure bathos:—

"HERCULANEUM IS A RUIN; BABYLON IS BURIED IN A SAND PIT; BUT THE RUSTIC SON OF COMUS IS AMONGST YOU—CHERISH HIM. HE BARES HIS BROW TO THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH, AND SINGS, *as the lark sings*, AT HEAVEN'S GATE!!!"

Mr. RAYNER speaks extemporaneously in a manner really extraordinary; few persons so little accustomed to oratory can do more than properly express their meaning,

Mr. RAYNER sings effectively; his voice is a tenor of no great compass, and of an indifferent tone; yet his comic singing has always been particularly admired in the country; of course he is more indebted to his humour than his voice.

It is matter of surprise to us that the managers of Covent-garden theatre have not brought him forward more frequently; but, we trust, next season, when the *Der Freischütz mania* has subsided, to indulge in a little comedy.

Mr. RAYNER's first metropolitan benefit he had upwards of £150's worth of tickets in the house.

Our hero is a sporting man; he kept his horse uninterruptedly whilst a provincialist, followed the fox-hounds, and was always a subscriber at Tattersall's. He is well known on the turf; and his word is good on a race-course to a bet of any amount.

Mr. RAYNER is five feet eight inches in height; stoutly made; of rather a dark complexion, with hazel eyes; and there is a considerable dash of rusticity in his general appearance.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,*&c. &c.*

WE have obtained permission to reprint the following, and trust to obtain some other articles from the same source.

PLAY-GOING.

I remember, the first dramatic performance I ever went to see, was *Lodoiska*—I say, went to see, because I shall presently show, that I was foiled in my intent. I was just eleven years of age, and being of that turn of temper denominated obstinate, I resolved, in defiance of the doctrines of my mamma, to go to the play. One eventful evening, therefore, I pushed my way up the stairs of Drury's gallery, and entered at half-price. This happened some few years back, when the galleries were occasionally full. I was squeezed up between a gentleman of rather extraordinary altitude, and a lady a little inclined to *en bon point*—what between the edge-bone of the one, and the flesh of the other, I was nearly annihilated; and a rush taking place, I was within an ace of getting into the pit *under-price*. At this juncture, the afore-mentioned lady of large pattern, said, "Put your arm round the *small* of my back." Patience preserve me! the small of her back was more than I could span. If any little gentleman has been jostled and hustled between two gigantic figures in a crowd, he will know that the arms of his companions are very apt to carry his

of six inches, and though still over the head, did not touch it; albeit, my hat was *beaver*, the loss would have been *felt*; and I bethought me of means to insert my head in it once more. To raise my arms was impossible, but I raised my eyes, and looking around me, observed a gentleman with an unwieldy stick, extremely busy in knocking those hats off that obstructed his view; with the greatest deference I suggested, for the sake of variety, his knocking mine on; he did, and so effectually, that my hat came *right down to my chin*. Talk of the man in the bell; here was a superior case of horror. I heard the rapturous applause, the extatic exclamation of "Look there, Bobby,"—"Bravo, Wallack," &c. &c., but I could see nothing—now and then a hoarse voice exclaimed, "hats off!"—*mine* was still immoveable. At length, a lady vending apples, pears, &c., commiserating my situation, uncovered the dish, after I had been stewing for three quarters of an hour, and restored me to sight and respiration. I saw the whole of the last act of *Lodoiska*, and went home, and spent the night in visions of Lovegrove and the man with the stick, the brutal giant, and the compassionate fruiterer. From that hour the blow was struck, parental power was vain. Often, in the dreary winter of 1813, did I run over to the Circus, cut in half by the wind as I came home over the bridge, and cut in half, *in another way*, when I reached home. I viewed Astley's riders in defiance of whipping, and went to the Dominion of Fancy, in spite of my mother's fancied dominion. Not that my mind was altogether at ease; sometimes, in the riding-ring, the lashing of Mr. Makeen's whip recalled some unpleasant recollections of my mother's domestic arrangements; but still—

"Oh! the choice---what heart can doubt
Of bliss with *stripes*, or none, without."

The persuasive powers of my home circle were very

neatly ;—no, mad I was, theatrically mad, and it was not in the power of *correctives* to alter the system. Play-going is certainly one of the most perilous amusements imaginable. Oh! the *steam* and *high pressure* of entering a crowded pit—toes *in durance*, (you must have much *endurance* altogether,) and hats assailed by *flat-tery*—then the coat-tails, what a tale could I not tell of them, to say nothing of having with difficulty placed your hands in your breeches-pocket, and finding, as Sir Edward says, “your property has vanished,”—or, skipping that, the certainty of standing at the money-taker’s box, (*his* is the only quiet *box* in the house,) with your predecessor’s elbow in your stomach, and your successor’s fist in your back, you are unable to make any exclamations but *guttural* sounds. Entered—discordant noises of untuned fiddles assail your ears, and the little colloquys of the gentlemen *above*, tend to add to the head-ache the musicians have created. Suppose you are seated in the seventh row, with Miss So-and-So on one side, and her pertinacious mamma on the other, ten to one but some benevolent gentleman in the upper compartment, (gallery has grown vulgar,) gratuitously distributes his half-sucked orange, and Miss So-and-So’s spotless bonnet becomes amateur-receiver of the besprinkled juice. Miss is shocked, and her mother “wonders these things are not prevented,” and looks at you, silent and innocent as you may be, as though you were the guilty cause of all. The play commences—Miss So-and-So (your intended, of course) thinks Abbot a *sweet* fellow; could listen to Sinclair for ever; and loves to see Charles Kemble come on; and then suddenly breaks out with, “Lord, how you look, why *you* don’t enjoy it all, *I* could look at him all night.” Her prudent mamma thinks “Miss Love too forward, is shocked at the dancers, and shudders at all the pretty faces in the theatre.” This is very well, but what follows? A good sort of fellow enough civilly requests the old lady to remove herself and

—the citizen remonstrates; and finally, you knock an innocent man's teeth down his throat, for requesting that which you feel should have been done without any request at all—visions of Bow-street fill your mind the remainder of the evening, and a warrant from the same source fills your hand next morning. Then going home, by some fortunate chance it proves a *dewy* evening—not a coach to be had—at which you grieve, and the ladies “wonder.”—Miss “is sure it was a worse night last week, when Lieutenant Squilt got a chariot, quite a nice chariot,”—and the pleasant mother “is sure to catch her death, would rather have stayed at home than gone, and rather been in the theatre all night than gone out in the wet—it's what nobody does.” All this, worthy reader, may and does occur. Poor suffering humanity! to what are you not subjected? My recipe for play-going is this:—Go ALONE, or if you must needs have a companion, choose one who knows how to speak, and when to be silent; one who will not interrupt your mind when it is lifted into the heaven of poetry. Take, besides this companion, a huge stick; it answers the double purpose of dispensing terror to the toes of intruders as you are obtaining a seat, and supporting your hat when you have obtained one. Sit in the third or fourth row, and in the middle of that; let the play be Shakespeare's or Otway's, and let the farce be musical; have your great coat lying in waiting at the nearest oyster shop, if the weather is cold, and let the house be comfortably thin, if the weather be warm; let Fate so decree it, that neither tailor, baker, nor any other noxious animal, betwixt whom and yourself there are existing differences, be within eye-shot, nor any loquacious idiot of either sex within ear-shot, (the two things last named are comforts seldom realised;) let there be no tenpennyworth of songs thrust into your hands, whether you require them or not; let all the readers thereof have severe sore

&c. to be drummed into your ears ; and finally and particularly, let the players “ be very quick between the acts.” These things provided, a play is a delightful, a fascinating, and rational amusement ; without them, it is the hotbed of human misery.

W. L. R.

G. F. COOKE,

On being complimented on the success of one of his characters by a friend, emphatically replied—“ Sir, don’t thank me, but thank my brother actors who supported me ; for, without a reciprocity of feeling, a mutual understanding, and a perfect concordance of passion, the efforts of a Garrick or Black Jack (a title which he was in the habit of applying to John Kemble) would be nugatory and fruitless.”

MISS PATON,

At a rehearsal of *The Beggar’s Opera*, at the Haymarket theatre, intimated to the stage-manager, T. Dibdin, her wish to sing *The Miser thus a Shilling sees*, a note higher, Dibdin replied,—“ Then, Madam, you must sing, *The Miser thus a Guinea sees.*”

OTHELLO.

A tragic aspirant, whose name has not descended to posterity, enacting *Othello* at Birmingham, in the spring of 1821, as an “ oyster part,” so disgusted the audience, that they expressed their contempt in no measured style. The manager made his appearance to know their pleasure, or, as he was pleased to express it, their verdict on the debutante—a wag answered, *Justifiable homicide.*

BARTLEY “ GIVING OUT.”

for repetition, deserves notice. Stepping forward, as the curtain dropped, he said,—"Ladies and Gentlemen, with your permission, *I will have a Wife to-morrow.*"

CATALANI.

It is said of Catalani, or rather reported that she herself says, she sings in France for *charity*, in England for *money*, and in Italy for *fame*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THAT the minor theatres never were in a worse situation, I think is pretty clear; and I feel perfectly convinced, it is the fault of the proprietors. Do managers imagine that one individual, however talented, can compensate for a whole company of blockheads? This was tried, some seasons back, at Drury, without success. Do they suppose that the public will come, year after year, to see the same people? Beverley could tell them otherwise; and he finds his account in avoiding this sameness. Or, do the managers think, that the visitors of minor theatres are of such a grade, that nothing but grossness will please them? On Saturday last, I heard Mrs. Fitzwilliam, on the Sadler's Wells stage, make use of the following elegant introduction:—"I'll give you a *podger* in the *guts*;" and afterwards, when a song was called for in the course of the pantomime, which had been sung on the first night, but was subsequently omitted, the *Pantaloon* came forward, and spoke as follows;—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—What is it you want?"

"Oh, reform it altogether."



M^{RS} DAVENPORT.
AS
M^{RS} QUICKLY.

Drawn by J. Knellerley, Eng^d by J. Rogers

MEMOIR

OR

Mrs. MARY ANN DAVENPORT,

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

I knew her in her youth--and I was then
A lusty stripling : many years have strewn
The snows upon *my* brow, but *her* blue eyes
Sparkle in splendour yet. *Old Play.*

THE life of a sexagenarian certainly must contain an infinitude of events; and yet we fear, that, with regard to our present subject, we have little, very little, to offer. Indeed, with women, it generally occurs, that those whose lives have been most praiseworthy, are the least interesting to the peruser. Broken vows, or broken hearts, coquetry in early life, and incontinence in wedlock, offer scope for the lover of tales to descant upon, and for the scandalist to gloat over, whilst the picture of early innocence and unstained propriety is turned from, as mawkish and uninteresting.

The lady who, for so many years, has held so undivided a sway in the good graces of the town, whose old women, since the days of Miss Pope, have been pronounced unrivalled, is the daughter of a Mr. Harvey, and first saw the light in the town of London, in the year of our Lord

under the care of relatives, at Bath. In that elegant city she became acquainted with Mr. Palmer, of cross-post notoriety, and who was at that period manager of the Bath theatre. Encouraged by the approbation of that worthy man, our heroine launched into the precarious profession of which she has been so many years a member, when about twenty years of age, as *Lappet*, in *The Miser*. Her reception was enthusiastic; and, for two years, she continued as the favourite representative of many characters of importance, in light and low comedy.

We must rely upon the information of an old Bath dramatic amateur, for a picture of what our heroine then was; though, viewing her as she now is, with brilliant and apparently undiminished powers, we may say, with the greatest female dramatist that ever appeared in this country,

“ Time has laid his hand so gently on her,
As he, too, had been awed.”

Well, then, “ Miss HARVEY, about the year 1785 and 6, was a lively, animated, bustling actress, arch, and of exuberant spirit; her style was pointed and energetic; perhaps, indeed, she had less ease than was altogether ‘the thing;’ but where she had to speak satirically or in irony; where, in fact, she had to convey one idea to the person on the stage with her, and another to her auditors, she was alone and inimitable; she did not carry you away with her so much as many young actresses that I have seen, but she always satisfied more amply. Then her voice—what a voice was hers! nay, what a voice has she still, though it has had pretty fair exercise for the last

besides, a witching softness of tone that knew no equal then, and that I have never heard exceeded since. Her absence from us, about 1787, was universally regretted."

Miss HARVEY, after leaving Bath, joined the histrionic corps at Exeter, then under the superintendance of a Mr. Hughes. There she soon became a favourite with the auditors, and there the most important event in her life occurred. She gave her hand and heart to Mr. Davenport, a gentleman, to whom, as we may not have occasion again to advert, we shall now pay our tribute of respect.

Mr. Davenport has been much misrepresented in works such as *The Secrets of the Green-room*, &c. We extract the following from a volume of this nature:—

"Utility, rather than bright and shining talents, constitutes the characteristic of this performer. In whatever part he appears, he always makes good his claim to the merit of being correct; and, to adopt a favourite expression of his own, when he occasionally met with less applause from the audience than he conceived himself entitled to:—'What would the people have?—always clean—always perfect—shirt washed to-day, and wig combed not an hour ago.' The characters in which he acquits himself with the greatest success, are those of a dry and caustic nature. His *Sulky*, in *The Road to Ruin*, may justly be classed among his happy performances. Nor ought we to withhold the merit of praise from his clowns and rustics."

It is within the compass of the lowest literary capacity thus to throw an air of ridicule over the best efforts. To know Mr. Davenport only through the medium of a paragraph like the foregoing, is to know nothing at all of a

also to know nothing of a shrewd, discriminating actor, who, though unequal to characters of first-rate importance, perhaps had few equals in parts of a rough but manly nature, such as *Roque*, (*Mountaineers*,) *Sulky*, &c. He was a good speaker, and a useful member of the Covent-garden company, which he left, in consequence of ill health, in 1812. Mr. Davenport, who, amongst his friends, had the appellation of the kindest father, and the best of husbands, paid the debt of nature on the 13th of March, 1814, after having lived happily with the first object of his affection for seven and twenty years.

But we must recur to our heroine, whose history we abandoned just as we had placed her at the altar with Mr. Davenport. From Exeter, the new-married couple proceeded to Birmingham; which town they quitted, in consequence of some riots, that made their dwelling neither safe nor pleasant. To London they came, and there, for several months, sought in vain for an engagement. Their talents were unknown, and consequently unappreciated; and, after waiting with exemplary patience, until every hope was exhausted, they closed with an offer from Dublin, and went thither.

At Dublin, our heroine opened as *Rosalind*, and made a favourable impression in that land of gallantry; and here, accident threw her into that line in which she has had so few competitors. It was necessary to get up an old comedy, in which a character in her present line of parts wanted an adequate representative; Mrs. DAVENPORT, willing to render herself serviceable to the management, undertook it, and acquitted herself to the surprise of the whole theatre, and to the amazement of Mr. Davenport and herself.

others) at Dublin, Incedon saw her, and prognosticated her speedy removal to the metropolis, if she continued her devotion to the *Mrs. Malaprops, &c.*

Mr. Davenport assisted Daly considerably, we are informed, in the management of his theatre; and they were happily settled in the emerald isle, when the death of the great Mrs. Webb set the Covent-garden managers a lady-hunting.

Mrs. DAVENPORT received, on the same day, a tempting offer from London, and a very profitable one from America. She took little time to consider; and, with a strength of mind that few women would have shown, consented for ever to forego the pleasure of presenting her "wreathed smiles" to the view of the British public, and, at the age of twenty-eight, agreed to deform her expressive face with artificial wrinkles, and never to approach the view of an audience, except under the disguise of old age.

In the year 1794, our heroine appeared as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, we need not add, with enthusiastic applause. She was immediately engaged, also, by Colman, for the Haymarket, where she remained six years. After this period, when Mr. Colman commenced his independent system of opening previous to the close of the winter theatres, and continuing his performances after they had re-opened, Mrs. DAVENPORT could not engage; but, three years afterwards, she again fought beneath his banners. Latterly, she has been frequently requested to engage, but a regard for her health induces her to give her summer to repose. She has uninterruptedly retained her station at Covent-garden thea-

sustained, is prodigious—*Mrs. Brulgruddery*, *Miss Mac Tab*, *Lady Duberly*, and *Miss Durable*, are amongst them. A little part, of only one scene, in the tragedy of *Ravenna*,* was the last she assumed; and we cannot too much applaud that kindness that induced her to accept a character so far beneath her talents. We can remember the mannerist, Munden, daring to refuse a part like *Sir Simon Rochdale*, when our heroine, who was as much superior to him in legitimate acting, as he was to Keeley, condescended to personate characters not by one tithe so important as that of the avaricious baronet.

* Poor John Clark, the author of this tragedy, only survived its fate a few months. He was an elegant, if not a profound scholar, a warm friend, and an estimable companion. His lyric poetry was only second to that of his countryman, Moore. Many and many an evening has the *Craven's Head* and the *Wreckin* rung with his merriment. He was the most intimate acquaintance of Oxberry's, and, round the table of the latter, did these two frequently sit hours beyond midnight; Oxberry relating his dramatic stories, Clark singing the effusions of the bard of the emerald isle; and, in these *coteries*, they were frequently joined by Kean. The merry moments thus passed must be registered in the memories of many. Mr. Clark had been, for two years, expecting the production of this tragedy, and latterly subsisted by reporting the proceedings at the House of Commons, for newspapers; his health, never good, was injured by hopeless expectation and eternal anxiety; too proud to confess wants that he daily endured, the many who saw the smile of joy on his lip, dreamed not that the pang of want was in his bosom. He died in an obscure lodging, in Crown-court; yet was, to the last, so scrupulously exact in his dealings, that, a few hours before his death, he crawled down stairs, to settle with his landlord.

Mrs. DAVENPORT's son has an appointment in India, her daughter lives with her.

During the life of Mr. Davenport, our heroine lived in a very retired manner : since his decease, she has existed in complete seclusion, and may be fairly termed a metropolitan anchoress. Her preference to solitude is much to be lamented, for we can say, with Adam Winterton,

“ She was once the life of all company---but now---”

Though Mrs. Webb was our heroine's predecessor in point of time, she is the successor of Miss Pope in point of talent. Mrs. Webb was a coarse, vulgar actress, and owed all her favouritism to a pleasing voice as a singer, and a stupendous person as a woman. Miss Pope, who, like our heroine, originally shone in genteel comedy, was the reverse of all this—her performances were not of the body but the mind. The following remarks upon that lady appertain most pertinaciously to the subject of the present memoir.

“ Miss Pope's theatrical fame has been all sought for and obtained in London ; and, as her parents' circumstances, with her own economy, have rescued her from the necessity of changing about from place to place, the public must be content with viewing her (in this instance) undistinguished from the rest of her sex.

“ Perhaps those that have formed long and intimate acquaintance with her, may be able to make some nice distinctions, which may separate her character from that of others ; but these would be too minute to commit to paper, so as to assume the habit of history.

“ We are obliged then to dwell on those lines that principally mark the portrait. As an actress, therefore,

larly in the walks of low comedy. This, undoubtedly, is her *chef-d'œuvre*. The features of her face, the freedom of her laugh, and above all, what the painters call *manner*, conspire to give her this excellence. The critics have of late complained of her figure, and we will agree with them, *that her jollity has a good deal spoiled her as a picture for an exhibition*; but is this remembered in the numberless characters she is in possession of?

‘ Before such merit all distinctions fly,
Pritchard’s genteel, and Garrick six feet high.’

“ To the qualities of one of the best actresses of her time, she joins the superior character of a virtuous woman; a character estimated wherever found, but should be doubly cherished and protected, when blooming in the rank soil of a theatre, where virtue is but thinly fenced, and worse cultivated, and where the prominent features of the profession are folly and dissipation.

“ The practice of economy on a good salary, has given her an independence, in general much superior to the sons and daughters of the drama.”

Mrs. DAVENPORT had originally a great difficulty to contend with, inasmuch as many of O’Keefe’s pieces contained parts which peculiarly alluded to the stature of Mrs. Webb,* (who once played *Falstaff* without stuffing;) but her talent soon surmounted the malignity of critics,

* Before we leave this stately dame, we cannot help relating, that one evening, entering the green-room very warm, wiping her face with a pocket-handkerchief, she suddenly exclaimed, “ C-----st J-----s! my handkerchief smells of oil!” “ No wonder, Madam.”

who could find no fault in her, save that she was not blest with so ponderous a person as her predecessor.

To enumerate the beauties of Mrs. DAVENPORT'S acting, would be an endless task. She never oversteps the modesty of nature; her *Nurse*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Mrs. Heidelberg*, *Mrs. Bundle*, *Aladdin's Mother*, *Alice* (*Castle Spectre*,) are all exquisite and faultless; her old maids, *Lucretia Mac Tub*, &c. have perhaps too little of the sourness that marks old maidism; and for these characters her figure is rather unfortunate; as in those cases, the hope delayed is supposed to give a lankness to the figure; but if she falls beneath herself, from natural causes, in these parts, she is far above any who have attempted to rival her. Mrs. Sparks was never to be compared with her in any thing; and Mrs. Kennedy, the only lady who appeared to us to stand any chance in competition with her, failed in the attempt to sustain her round of characters. In fact, Mrs. DAVENPORT'S versatility is wonderful; and we know this assertion may appear strange,

“But it is no less strange than true.”

On two peculiar characters (*Lord Ogleby* and *Sir Peter Teuzle*,) one metropolitan favourite rests his claim to the title of a first-rate performer in the line of old men, whilst Dowton, never attempting the one, and failing bitterly in the other of these characters, is justly the delight of the town, as the representative of fiery old gentlemen, (*Sir Anthony Absolute*, &c.;) and another claims his modicum of approbation for the delineation of actual decrepitude. Now, we have the subject of the present memoir making no distinctions, but asserting her claim,

antiquated virgin, *Miss Durable*,—the imbecility of four-score in *Mrs. Nicely*,—the sturdy brutality of *Mrs. Brulgruddery*,—the warm-hearted cottager in *Lover's Vows*,—the attempted elegancies of *Mrs. Dowlas*,—the fiery-humoured *Dame Quickly*, and the obtuse intellect of *Deborah*.

A few years more, and the stage will receive a heavy loss in her desertion of it; and, at present, there seems little likelihood of any one supplying her place. Colman, Morris, Harris, and Elliston, have all sought for adequate representatives of her line of character. Those persons who had the talent, had too much vanity, and too little strength of mind, to sacrifice their personal appearance to their interest; and, with the single exception of that beautiful and clever woman, Mrs. Glover, no one of acknowledged talent has yet made the attempt.* May the time be far distant, when we are to bid farewell to Mrs. DAVENPORT; and may we have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Glover as her successor.

Our heroine is of the common size, and has latterly been rather corpulent; her activity is extraordinary; her complexion is light, and her eyes blue.

* Mrs. Edwin played the *Duenna* once or twice, but betrayed no wish to remain in that line.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

We reprint the following *jeu d'esprit* at the request of
a Correspondent. EDITOR.

**DARKNESS BROUGHT TO LIGHT,
OR THE
SECRETS OF DRURY DIVULGED!!!**

THEATRE ROYAL.

On MONDAY, the 14th of MARCH, 1824,
Will be presented a *New Comèdy*, (founded on Wycher-
ley,) written by the Author of "*Giovanni in London*,"
revised by Reynolds, and corrected by Mr. Ebsworth,
called,

DAMN IT, HOW WE NICK 'EM!

Old See-'em-out, Mr. MUNDEN. *Old Calm*, Mr. DOWTON.

Slyboots, Mr. ARCHER. *Everlasting*, Mr. GATTIE.

Bashful, Mr. HARLEY.

Young See-'em-out, (a youth of 18,) Mr. ELLISTON!

Peter Pompous, (author of a tragedy,) Mr. ELLISTON!!

Robert Ramble, (a strolling actor,) Mr. ELLISTON!!!

Charles Cataract (a horse dealer,) Mr. ELLISTON!!!!

Selina Rosebud, Miss CUBITT,

Betsy Boisterous, Mrs. BUNN.

After which (751st time) the celebrated Spectacle of

THE CATARACT OF THE CANCER

The Public is respectfully informed, that, during the run of the celebrated Aquatic Spectacle, which has been pronounced by the New River Company to surpass any thing of the kind ever produced, the box-office will be opened from four o'clock every morning until six in the evening. "*Spring for ever smiling.*"

—
Mr. LISTON

Will, on Thursday next, commence the *sixteenth* part of his *fourteenth* engagement.

The Young American Roscius is also engaged, and will shortly appear in a New Tragedy, to be called,

YANKEE DOODLE!!!

In which Mr. KEAN will sustain a principal character—the scenes in which Mr. K. is engaged, to be under his own direction!

For the *dramatic* part of the

Tragedy, Stage Manager, Mr. BUNN!

For the *melo-dramatic* do. do. Mr. WALLACE!!

The serious Pantomimic Scenes

under the direction of Mr. BARRYMORE!!!

Ballet incidental to the Piece, Mr. OSCAR BYRNE!!!!

The Combats *invented* by Messrs. BLANCHARD, PAULO, NOODLE, and DOODLE!!!!!!

The *New Music* selected by T. COOKE, HORN, and REEVE!!!!!!

The Dresses by Mr. Mercer. *Decorations and Ornaments*, Messrs. BRAHAM and STEPHENS.

The *Gauntlets*, by Mrs. GLOVER. The *Swords*, by some *Blades* engaged expressly for the purpose.—(N.B. They will be drawn by celebrated *Artists*.)

—
A New Aquatic and Spiritual Farce, called,

BRANDY AND WATER,

In which Mr. F.

The Tragedy of
K I N G L E A R

Will shortly be revived, with appropriate Songs, Duets, &c., selected from the *poems* of Moncrieffe, O'Keefe, Tom Dibdin, and other classical writers.

King Lear, (with *I'm the lad for a bit of a bobbery*,) Mr. KEAN, who, with *unprecedented willingness*, has kindly offered to sing this and the affecting ballad of *Tally hi! ho! the Grinder*, in the course of the piece.

Edgar, (with *Vat a charming boy I pe!*) Mr. WALLACK.
Cordelia, (with *My face is my fortune, sir, she said*,) Mrs. W. WEST.

Several new scenes will be introduced; amongst which a LAND STORM will be represented and embodied. The "Winds cracking their cheeks," GRIEVE. The "Drowning the Cocks," by that celebrated machinist, M. CABANEL. The "Weak and despised Old Man," (will be embodied,) by Mr. ELLISTON. The *Spout*, by the Manager's UNCLE. "Rumbling the Belly-full," by the Choristers and Corps de Ballet, who will be *fined* by Mr. W. in the morning, to give greater effect to their *wind instruments* at night.

It is with unfeigned regret that Mr. Elliston announces, that the astounding Melo-drama of LODOISKA is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the regretted indisposition of the interesting piebald pony, *Argus*. The Proprietor, sympathising with the disappointment of an enlightened Public, submits the following *bulletin* from the *medical attendant* of the amiable quadruped, as a voucher for his veracity:—

Sir,—From the state of my unfortunate patient's health, I do not think he can appear before an admiring Public until next week; his nerves have been shaken by his scenic

the pleasure of examining the rest of the stud and Mr. Winston in the course of the day.

To ———, ———
 Sir, yours respectfully,
 SOLANDER SLOP, M. D.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Arnold has been much *piqued* (query, peaked) by the desertion of one of his forces.

Mr. Macready has left town for his health, the atmosphere about Drury being too *keen* for him.

Mr. Young is inventing a machine to force the public to remain in the theatre whilst he plays first tragedy; the instrument is called a *puffer*, but it is thought that it will not answer.

Mr. Sinclair has a principal character in the new opera of *Humbugging*. Mr. Duruset, however, has claimed the part, on the ground of having had possession of *that line* many years.

Mr. Mathews will shortly commence, as usual, to laugh on one side of his mouth, and hopes public desertion will not force him to laugh on the wrong side.

Mr. Bartley intends preparing a Lecture on Greece (and fat,) and will *lean* to the popular side of the question.

On dit.—Mr. W. of Drury, is going to open a Riding School, to practise at the side scenes; those who wish for a horse with *wings*, will now have an opportunity of meeting with a Pegasus.

Mr. Elliston has declared his intention of managing *the drops* in future himself.

CRITICISM ON J. P. KEMBLE,

(From the London Magazine, of November, 1783.)

“Mr. J. Kemble although he has a good voice and

consequence. Our readers will understand what we mean by this, when we remind them that Mr. Smith, although exceptions may be made to his person, is, nevertheless, one of the finest stage figures. It is not his being tall that makes him so, but his being equally proportioned. Garrick was short, but his person was symmetry itself, and never took from the dignity of his character. Kemble's person is rather above the middle size, but he wants that fulness of chest and abdomen which give a finished appearance, so that in characters where we are to suppose him to be aged, he still has a lad-like or youthful appearance. Hence in *Hamlet* he looked best; in *Sir Giles Overreach* he was *ungraceful* and *awkward*. His face is most expressive. His eye conveys a sentiment long before he speaks it; indeed this expression of his countenance is his chief perfection. Yet he is not always successful in the management of it, for not aware that an expressive countenance may be said to be entirely owing to the movement of the eyes, he falls frequently into *the most ridiculous grimaces* in his chamber-scene with the Queen (*Hamlet*) when turning his eyes towards his uncle's picture; in many parts, also, of his *King Richard the Third*, this was so obvious to the audience, as to make them laugh immoderately, where the play demanded the tenderest feelings. If, however, Mr. Kemble attends to these hints, he may soon correct a habit which deforms the *finest male countenance* now on the stage, and we think he cannot have a better mistress, than his inimitable sister, Mrs. Siddons.

“ Next to person, *feeling* comes to be considered. Mr. Kemble possesses a *happy* art of counterfeiting the finest and tenderest feelings; but there is so much stage trick in expressing them, that we are apt to think he must have taken wonderful pains to overmaster Nature. Hence the *tender* is not his *forte*. Indignation, rage, remorse, and the more violent sensations, are most happily expressed by him, but when he attempts the pathetic we

tibi is wanting. Hence, in *Hamlet*, his best scenes were that with the *Ghost*, that in the chamber with his mother, and the soliloquy ‘*O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!*’ • His judgment and his genius do not always keep pace. No man seems to understand his author better, but he has unhappily caught an itch for novelty, and although this often leads him to correct the errors of former actors, yet it often leads him into greater errors, which is most conspicuous in his performance of *Richard*, which, throughout, excited the laughter of the audience!!! And in his *Sir Giles Overreach*, which, we aver, was never the *Sir Giles* of Massinger, ‘but rather that of St. Giles’s.’

“ We do not dwell on Mr. Kemble’s faults, because he gives us no other subject for criticism, but because he is in that degree of his dramatic progress, from whence he may begin to reform his awkward habits. His perfections in the character are so many, that it is but justice to say we have chosen the most barren subject, by first writing of his faults. The general error of his manner is stiffness; he neither walks the stage, nor turns his head, or moves his body with ease; his attitudes are graceful, but he is perpetually in one or another. This may please the *groundlings*, but must ever offend the lover of natural acting. To what we have said of his voice we may add, that he is more judicious in managing it than any other living actor, except where he *drawls* and *whines*, as Digges used to do. Mr. Kemble will rise to the first rank on the stage, and therefore, need not qualify himself for the tabernacle.

“ He has already performed *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *The Black Prince*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Mr. Beverly*. *Richard* and *Sir Giles* are characters by no means suited to this gentleman’s powers; but when he has corrected the few awkward habits mentioned above, his *Hamlet* and *Mr. Beverly* will be unexceptionable.

“ It may be thought that we should assign to Mr. Kemble some rank upon the stage. • In the strictest impartiality, then, and according to our opinion formed with •

the nicest attention, we place him next to Henderson ; but in no part where we have seen both, would we prefer him to the latter.”

F. C. N.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LINES TO MISS STUART,

*Of Sadler's Wells Theatre, written after seeing her perform
Little Pickle, in Spoiled Children.*

Where Astley erst held potent sway,*
 'Twas first my fate to view her ;
 And while she sang *Fly, fly away,*
 How I wish'd to fly to her !
Sophia, next, I saw her act,
 (A part she's most divine in ;)
 I long'd to join *The Rendezvous,*
 And envied Mr. Vining.
 At Sadler's Wells I met her then,
 And tho' my mind be fickle,
 I found my heart subdued again,
 By roguish little *Pickle*.
 Oh! merry little midshipman,
 If thus I dare address you,
 Would I were captain of a gang.
 Empower'd but to *press you*.
 Whilst standing with your hanger on,
 My beating heart assures this ;
 How gladly I, too, would become
 A *hanger-on* of yours, Miss.
 Tho' vain my hope, be this my pray'r,
 That as through life you sail on,
 No storm of grief, no squall of care,
 May bring misfortune's gale on ;

Oh ! may you ne'er, in life's long sea,
 Fall foul the sandbank, rancour ;
 May pleasure still your rudder be,
 As virtue is your anchor.—TRIPTOLEMUS.

LINES TO MISS FOOTE.

Although a cloud of darkest hue
 May dim awhile the solar rays,
 The splendid beams will yet break through,
 And shine in pristine glory's blaze :
 Although the lake's translucent breast
 Be ruffled by a sudden storm,
 It will regain its tranquil rest,
 Its calm, unmov'd, and glassy form :
 And though a wily villain's art
 May lead unthinking youth to stray,
 When conscience wakes, the unstain'd heart
 Returns to virtue's pleasant way.
 Let not Maria's hapless lot
 Be sullied by foul slander's tongue ;
 Her future conduct, without spot,
 Will amply expiate former wrong.
 May Peace her halcyon wings expand
 O'er hopes and thoughts so sadly riven ;
 And balsam pour, with liberal hand,
 Into the wounds by falsehood given.

Cork.

J. B. B.



MR. BROWNE.
AS
GOLDFINCH.

Engraved by W. Bradley, 279 on Steel by J. Rogers

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MEMOIR

OF

SOLOMON JAMES BROWNE,

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

“ In short, I was every thing by turns, and nothing long.”

There's a certain *graceful* assurance about some men, that women are strangely bewitched with.---*Irishman in London.*

Do you live in this town, Browne?---*Love, Law, and Physic.*

SOLOMON JAMES BROWNE, the youngest son of Mr. John Browne, of Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, was born on the 6th of August, 1791, and, albeit his father dwelt in that thoroughfare, so peculiarly dedicated to the peripatetic essays of counsellors, stationers, attorneys, and their unhappy dependants, our hero saw the light, and breathed the purer air of Paddington, where his parent had a country-house; for, in those days, Paddington was out of town. Now—but hear the eloquent *Crockery* upon this subject.

After the breeching and other events of juvenile existence, Master SOLOMON was, at the age of nine years, conveyed to Eton School.

On the 9th May, 1801, our hero lost his father, who, dying without making any testamentary disposition of his effects, the whole of his property devolved upon an elder

son by a former marriage. This occasioned our hero's being taken, at eleven years of age, from Eton, and

- “Thrust upon the world, to seek his fortune.”

At that early period, he was placed as a clerk in the Prerogative Office, Doctor's Commons, where the subjection ill accorded with his temper, and where he complained, ~~that~~ though surrounded by the *wills* of other people, he had no *will* of his own.

Mr. BROWNE'S relatives had rather an extensive circle of theatrical acquaintances, and he soon became enamoured of the histrionic art, and at length, at the age of sixteen, he forsook Doctor's Commons in town, for short commons in the country, and went down to Hertford, on the recommendation of the late Mr. Finch, proprietor of the O. P. and P. S.

Mr. BROWNE'S initiatory effort was in *Snake*, in *The School for Scandal*; but he was so terrified at the sight of the spectators, that when it was “his hint to speak,” he could not articulate one syllable; and the *tongue* of *Snake* (certainly its most important part) was not put in requisition at all that evening. He then resolved on attempting a song, and had proceeded thus far in a comic ballad of Fawcett's, *i. e.*

“The spruce Mr. Clark,
Was a young Essex spark,”

when “a sudden dizziness came over him,” and he rushed off the stage.

The manager, who retained our hero at the weekly expence of half-a-guinea, felt that his interest was compromised by the engagement; and, after employing Mr.

The good offices of Mr. Finch, however, procured our hero another situation, and we next find him at Bicester, in Oxfordshire, Stow-in-the-Wold, &c., where he performed seconds in tragedy and comedy, to a Mr. J. Bland, who has since quitted the boards for the slack wire. Mr. Kirby, the well-known clown, was at that time a member of Mr. Harpur's company; and Mr. Kirby made his first essay in clownship to the harlequin of our versatile hero.

At Bicester, it was Mr. BROWNE's fate to meet with Miss Elizabeth Gallot, sister to a gentleman of that name, now stage-manager of the Surrey theatre. He fell desperately in love, "up to his shirt-collar;" and, what between his amatory emotions and his professional exertions, his hours were fully and agreeably occupied.

Mr. Harpur, the manager of this itinerant crew, always kept his actors on small salaries, until he had drained the town, and the houses began to look "*shy*," and he then gave each man a share, reserving the *lion's* half to himself. In consequence of this system, our hero contracted a debt of thirty shillings at Bicester, and in his utter inability to satisfy this demand, he was forced to leave his entire stock of stage-boots, hats, dresses, &c. &c. and proceed to Chippen Norton, "sans every thing."

At the latter town, the Gallot family and our hero gave a kind of miscellaneous concert, known by the title of Gallimaufry; and, to give some idea of the strength of our hero's love, as well as the strength of his body, we may state, that when Mr. Harpur's troop proceeded to Burford, he used to walk from Witney, thither, seven miles, to rehearsal,—return to dinner,—back again to perform,—and home at night!!!

After various adventures in this circuit, Mr. BROWNE resolved to follow the steps of his fair enchauter, and, with

fourteen pence in his pocket, he started for Oxford, where Thornton immediately engaged him. He made his first appearance as one of the attendants in *Douglas*, and the young Roscius was the hero of the night. When BROWNE appeared, from his juvenile appearance, he was mistaken for Betty. The applause was tremendous; and so confused was our actor, that he forgot every line of the part. A circumstance similar to this occurred to the late Tokely.

Beneath Thornton's banners, Mrs. Egerton, then Miss Fisher, was enacting. The company went to Gosport, (most of them, BROWNE for one, on foot,) where W. S. Chatterley, then in his noviciate, joined the corps. Here Mr. BROWNE sustained the important office of prompter; and here fate parted him and the object of his affections for ever. Poverty broke the links of passion, and Miss B. Gallot departed, to charm some other and some happier youth. Our hero came to London, and his constant friend, Mr. Finch, soon forwarded him to Mr. Jerrold, manager at Sheerness. Mr. Jerrold's company were few, but talented. J. Russell, Wilkinson, a Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Stanley, (now of the Coburg, then Miss Mary Wallack,) were members of the establishment.

Mr. BROWNE, in this company, played literally every thing; and, whilst at Bexhill, took *Richard the Third* for his benefit, Miss Mary Wallack sustaining the opposite characters of *Tregell! Lady Anne!!* and *Richmond!!!* all of which she performed excellently; her fencing scene being particularly fine. We do not give this relation as mere theatrical gossip, but as a fact for which we pledge our veracity.*

* We know a company, in which the manager's wife always played *Lady Townley* and *John Moody* on the same night.

After fifteen months' hard service, Mr. BROWNE quitted the south, and went due north, until he met with Mr. Sims, who was bending his steps to Bedford. Terms were agreed on, and our actor became the hero of that gentleman's company. There he was cast *Hamlet*, and *Lubin*, (*Quaker*,) on Saturday morning, and performed them, letter perfect, on the Monday night. It had been agreed, that on the benefit nights the manager should take the first five pounds that came into the house, and that the performer should share with him the remainder. This system was pursued at Bedford, but when they reached Northampton, Mr. Sims raised his demand to £10. This was resisted by all the company. Unanimity is not a common feature in dramatic insurrection; and, when night came, all the rebels seceded from their leader. Mr. BROWNE, however, persisted—the play was *Macbeth*—and he agreed to perform, but refused to do what he had hitherto done—dress the character from his own wardrobe. Mr. Sims had no dress to give him, and he would not go on. The manager went before the audience, and stated that Mr. BROWNE would not perform. Mr. BROWNE addressed the people, and explained the circumstance. The manager replied; and, at length, fearful of having the house about his ears, he consented to play, and represented the Scottish chief, in a blue coat, black neckcloth, yellow waistcoat, pepper and salt trowsers, and hessian boots. Mr. BROWNE was discharged the next morning, but stayed in the town during the remainder of the season, and was universally distinguished, for his obduracy, by the title of *Flint*.

Mr. Marshall, late of the Bath theatre, was ruler of a company at Kidderminster, at this period, and thither

vent-garden theatre; and our hero appeared as *Sir Edward Mortimer* and *Apollo*, to the *Samson Rawbold* and *Midgs* of that gentleman. From Kidderminster we trace them to Dudley, where Blanchard saw our comedian, and strongly recommended him to Macready, the manager.

We now behold him under the tutorage of Mr. Macready, who objected to his style altogether, and made him perform *Young Rapid*, &c., keeping one situation, and never moving during the whole scene. This poor BROWNE did, amidst tremendous hissing, for one week, when his eccentric leader said—"Now you have learned to stand still, you may run about as much as you please." The office given, our hero went to work, and soon got into the graces of the Brums. He played *Macduff*, *Richmond*, *Laertes*, &c. to the performances of the present Mr. Macready, and also did the first singing, dancing, &c.* To Birmingham came that son of Momus, Grimaldi, and BROWNE was pitched upon for *Harlequin*. Mr. Grimaldi had arranged a leap, at a tremendous height, which was accomplished by first jumping on a table, then a chair, and then through a hole in the scene. This is technically called the double step. All BROWNE's efforts at rehearsal were vain; he could not take the jump; and Macready proposed cutting a side leap for him, and letting Mr. Grimaldi take the other. This our hero's pride could not consent to, and he said, "I'll do it at night, or break my neck." Night came, and, binding up his soul to action, he went through the leap, like a bullet from a gun. This

* An anecdote is told of this manager's puffing in this town. That two boys reading the bill, said one to the other---"I'll go to the play, for it is *positively* the last night." "Positively, you fool!" said the other, "there is 'positively and absolutely' to come yet."

delighted Grimaldi, who persuaded him to make that department of the art his peculiar study; but he was too much enamoured of the drama to consent. After taking the circuit of Leicester and Newcastle, the company was dissolved.

Once more unengaged, Mr. BROWNE began to look around. All the good provincial theatres were overstocked, and he was glad to accept the situation of hero of Jack Stanton's company at Lancaster. There he and Rayner again shook hands.

Whilst at Preston, he re-assumed his favourite character, *Harlequin*; and it appeared that the gentlemen that were employed to hold the carpet which receives the jumper, never having seen a pantomime performed, went to the wing to see him take the leap; he, totally unconscious, leaped through, and of course came down on the boards, and received a blow, that for some weeks confined him to his chamber, and had nearly prevented the trouble of any further record of his adventures. Mrs. W. Barrymore (then Miss Adams) was the *Columbine* of the evening, and she finished the pantomime without her lover.

Whilst playing at Stockport, he received a letter from the Manchester proprietors. The fact was, Grimaldi was astonishing the natives there, but the motley hero knew so little of his duties, that he marred instead of assisting the scene; and Joey, hearing that BROWNE was at Stockport, persuaded the managers to send for him. They offered to borrow him of Stanton for the week. This our comedian refused to accede to; and, at length, they gave him an engagement, with leave to play on alternate nights with Stanton, until that gentleman supplied his place.

tic character as well. All the parts to which he aspired were in possession, but he obtained *Sir George Airy*, in which he made his first bow at Manchester. Though well received in this, and applauded to the skies as *Patchey*, Mr. BROWNE did but little during his first season at Manchester, where a mere accident had thus brought a being, who ultimately became the greatest favourite that town and Liverpool ever had.

Mr. Gordon, a gentleman who appeared as *Goldfinch* in London, and failed, was the hero at Manchester; but he shortly afterwards quitted, and then Mr. BROWNE stepped into a line of business as various as excellent.

To record half our hero's adventures at Liverpool and Manchester, would fill a volume. On one occasion, he, in the first piece, leaped through a barrel of fire, and burned himself dreadfully, yet performed the *Count de Croisy*, in *The Wandering Boys*, afterwards, though his arms and part of his body were enveloped in cooling plaisters. This accident confined him for some time to his bed.

In the year 1819, our hero entered into the holy state, and led to the altar Miss Jane Raine, daughter of a wine-merchant at Lancaster, by whom he has had three children; two of whom, a boy and girl, are now living.

During ten years that he was a member of the Liverpool company, he received repeated offers from London, but would never come up for less than three years, and at £10 a week to begin with.

Mr. BROWNE concluded an engagement with Elliston, to perform "*the fops only*;" bade adieu to his Liverpool friends, and appeared at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, on Tuesday, the 7th October, 1823, as *Lord Foppington*, in *The Trip to Scarborough*. We can quote the

the manager, as put forth in the next day's bill, and wonderful to relate of a managerial statement, vouch for its accuracy.

“The first appearance of Mr. BROWNE was greeted by a numerous audience, with a success almost unprecedented in cheering and loud applauses; and the whole comedy having been stamped by the universal approbation of the audience, *The Trip to Scarborough* will be repeated tomorrow, and on Tuesday next, the 14th instant.”

In London, where there is a performer for every thing, our hero's versatility, one would have thought, would have had little scope; but, for a man, engaged merely for the *Fops*—*Caliban*, *Dougal*, *Barnardine*, (*Measure for Measure*,) *Ephraim Smooth*, (*Wild Oats*,) *Dirk Hatteraik*, *Marquis*, (*Cabinet*,) *Sir Hugh Evans*, (*King Henry IV.*)—seem rather curious characters.

He has been but little before the London public in the line for which his talents are perhaps best suited. On one occasion, Elliston being unwell, he sustained *Young Rapid*; in which he had the disadvantage of rehearsing with Munden, and playing with Liston, (Munden having been suddenly seized with the gout;) yet such was the effect of his performance, that when he came on to announce the play for the next evening, *the pit rose* and cheered him. Why this gentleman, whose age and talents so eminently befit him for *Roder*, *Ranger*, &c. is not put before the public in this line, we leave to Mr. Elliston to explain.

In considering Mr. BROWNE's histrionic talents, we shall first quote the criticism of a dramatic friend at Liverpool, who thus sums up our hero's qualifications:—

“Mr. BROWNE is the most versatile man I ever saw or

with the *number* of his performances. Some of his assumptions are merely endurable, but the variety is wonderful. Garrick played a vast round of business, but he never played *Captain Macheath* or *Harlequin*.—I have seen BROWNE do both well. When I knew him at Lancaster, I admired his *Doricourt*, *Belcour*, &c. much; he is a fine clear speaker, and delivers sentiment equal to any man, save C. Kemble, on the stage. *Hamlet*, *Richard*, &c., parts which he *latterly* never attempted, were beyond his reach—his style was too light; his country boys are natural, though not very effective—his delineation being that of a lout, which, though perfectly natural, is not peculiarly amusing. His serious pantomime—*Orson*, *Three-fingered Jack*, *Kunko*, &c. are perfect specimens—his very limbs speak—every motion is an expression; but it is in fops, fops of the old school, that he is pre-eminent and inimitable; he nicely discriminates between the foppery of the would-be fashionable, and the ease of the real exquisite: it is not in him an affectation of mincing and effeminacy, but a creature created so, who appears striving unsuccessfully to be easy and manly; the words fall from his lips without exertion; he seems one it would be a sin to hurt; the very air appears too much for him; and to think, totally incompatible with the exquisite vacuity of his face. I have known several persons who could not be convinced that BROWNE ~~was~~ was not an idler, and a weak-minded man, having formed these prepossessions from his personation of *Clodio* and *Foppington*. Next to his fops, his *Goldfinch* and *Young Rapid* are his best personations; he does not quite lose his gentlemanly recollections in his peculiarities, or forfeit his eccentricity by too much gentility.”

seeing Mr. BROWNE have been limited; but, from what we have seen, we have been tempted to wish a further acquaintance with his powers. His *Bromley* (*Simpson and Co.*) is a good performance, and much resembles Mr. C. Kemble's style of playing light comedy. His *Tom King* wants spirit; nor were we much pleased with his *Florville*. His *Donald* (*Falls of Clyde*) was one of the best pieces of melo-dramatic acting we had ever beheld.

Mr. BROWNE appears to us to stand above what Ellistou now is, and second only to Charles Kemble as a light comedian—that is, in the legitimate use of the word, as a representative of the *Dorimants*, &c. He is far more gentlemanly, and a more quiet actor than Jones, who substitutes bustle too frequently for talent; but he lacks Jones's animal spirits, and, perhaps, would fall as far below him in *Cheveril* (*The Steward*) as he would rise above him in *Belcour*. As to his personation of characters sustained by Emery, Munden, and Blanchard, taken as a whole, they are wonderful as the performances of one man, and it would not be fair to put them against the separate exertions of such actors. The wisdom of the management has lately assigned him two amorous old men; his performance of them has been unexceptionably excellent, and we strenuously advise this gentleman's assumption of *Lord Ogleby*. We know no one at the present day so likely to succeed as the representative of the late John Palmer's characters, if, which we almost despair of, comedies should ever again be enacted. In *Brass*, *Sharp*, *Lissardo*, and the lacqueys of the old comedies, he could fear little rivalry; yet we should be sorry to lose our hopes of him in the heroes of comedy, a line which, at

incapable, and Wallack, we fear, not exactly fitted to the task.

Mr. BROWNE is five feet eight inches in height, of a light complexion, with blue eyes and light hair; his figure is excellent; but the effect of his countenance is somewhat injured by an accident having occurred to one of his front teeth.*

Mr. BROWNE's voice which, from want of practice, has considerably deteriorated, was a countertenor of extensive compass, tolerably powerful and very sweet. We sincerely regret his non-cultivation of his vocal powers, for a *Macheath* that could act is, indeed, a desideratum.

In private life, our hero is a finished gentleman, a man of acknowledged probity, of unaffected goodness of heart, possessing a sensible mind, and an intimate knowledge of human character, frank without rudeness, jovial without impropriety, enhancing all that is pleasurable in society; perhaps a more estimable being does not exist; we know not whether he has the Spurzheim mark of *Philo-progenitiveness*, but assuredly he is particularly fond of his children, and is, in every sense of the word, a very domestic man.

We regret to hear that he ~~has~~ been alarmingly ill, but as he is fast recovering, we trust Elliston's good sense will give Mr. BROWNE an opportunity of proving his powers before a London audience; and we do not doubt, should he do so, to have to record his being as great a favourite here as he was at Liverpool.

* *Haves lives close by St. Martin's Lane.*

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

DEEMING it wiser to prefer ancient excellence to modern nonsense, we have already reprinted several dramatic sketches that "smack'd of age." The following article was published in 1824, and should be snatched from oblivion.

IMPORTANT THEATRICAL FACTS.

The proprietors of the Coburg theatre intend producing a splendid novelty, to be called *The Rabbits*. They have plenty of *burrows** at the theatre, and they think they should have cause to be-wail it,† if that kind of capital remained any longer unemployed: amongst the other paradoxes of this establishment, the managers will be *bereaved*, by adding another performer to their company.

That "meritorious favourite," Blanchard, will shortly appear as *Pantaloön*, with the song of "a light heart and a thin pair of *breeches*." A grand serious melodrame is also preparing, in which he will sustain a prominent character, with sixteen combats; to conclude with a combat of six, in which that "unrivalled swordsman" will oppose five adversaries, with a gun in each hand, a scythe to each leg, and a sword in his mouth. N. B.

* Quere, Burroughs. † Quere, Waylett.---Printer's Devil.

Daggers suspended from his ears, and a bayonet in his eye.

The afflicted inhabitants of St. George's Fields are congratulated on the fact, that that interesting performer, Mr. Bradley, has *not* totally seceded from this theatre, but will shortly return to the spot where his splendid talents have been so fully appreciated.

The train of envy and malignity, the *years* of false representation and malicious assiduity, that have been employed, to wean this *elegant* actor from those by whom he was so long fostered, shall in due time be laid before an indignant public, in a classical work edited by Messrs. Blanchard, Auld, and Collingbourne.

Mr. Williams, of the Surrey theatre, announces, that, with much difficulty and great expence, he has obtained *leave of absence* for Mr. Joseph Hunt, (the gentleman so popular in the Gill's Hill affair,) and that that gentleman will sustain his character in the Hertford tragedy, as originally performed by him.

The "identical" Probert is also engaged; and it is announced, that the actor who personates Weare, will have his throat cut in the "identical" place, and by the "identical" knife, by which Weare actually suffered.

Wanted a quantity of wheelbarrows, to convey the performers of this theatre to Sadler's Wells: barrows that convey *greens* will be preferred. N. B. No professed *rubbish-carrier* need apply, but *dog's-meat-men* will be liberally dealt with.

Pun Theatrical.—H. remarked to little K. that Mr. Gattie was *not* a very liberal donor to the theatrical fund. "That's very improvident of him," replied K., "for, poor fellow, he's *in need* [in-need] already."

As *Bishop* goes next year to Drury, *Pope*, it is presumed, leaves the house, especially as they have lately engaged an *archer* performer.

Haymarket.—Mr. Liston is to appear as *Sir Peter Teazle* to Farren's *Crabtree*: we presume he will afterwards play *Violante* to Miss Chester's *Don Felix*. His

doctors pronounce him still in a dangerous state, as he actually believes that he can perform *Sir Peter*: we give no credence to the report. He has undertaken to stand upon one leg, against a goose, for his own benefit: we don't pretend to say which goose will last longest; we think Keeley would do this better, as he's *duck-legged* by nature.

English Opera House.—The spirited manager has, we understand, at length actually engaged a male singer. Mr. Bland is *melancholy* about his reception last season. Wilkinson goes to the Haymarket, (to open in *Belcour*,) and Sloman supplies his place, we mean, plays his parts.

Covent-garden theatre.—Messrs. Keeley and Meadows, (Mr. Liston's *doubles*,) contradict the old axiom:—the treasury have discovered that “two heads” in this case are *not* “better than one.” Meadows should only be seen in the country: why is he not brought out in pastoral comedy?

The proprietors are exemplifying their comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*, and have lately been too proud to take money at the door. Charles Kemble says he might as well take holy orders, for the theatre takes nothing but paper ones. Why does he not play *Jerry Sneak*? he often goes through it at home.

The celebrated Paulo opens here shortly as *Cato*.

Theatre of Variety.—Mr. W. Rede scorns the dictums of modern imitators, and will, in the course of his *chaste* performances, imitate a shovel and tongs, with the whole mystery of poking a fire. His brother will stand on his head, and deliver *Collins's Ode*, with appropriate action with his feet.

N. B. “The theatrical brothers” bathed at “the Sisters,” at Islington, on Sunday last.

Oxberry's.—A dinner will shortly take place here. In the beginning of the evening Kean will be in the chair; about eight o'clock under the table.

Intelligence!!!—A new theatre is to be built in

regulations of which shall be shortly laid before the public. The following celebrated performers are already engaged:—*Tragedy*, Messrs. Mears, Claremont, Ebsworth, Coveney—*Genteel comedy*, Messrs. Bradley, Walbourn, Sanders, Paulo—*Low comedy*, Smith, H. Kemble, Collingbourne, H. George—*Singers*, Herring, *treble*; Vaughan, *tenor*; Sloman, *bass*. The whole to be under the direction of Mr. Snooks, who has for the last three weeks made theatricals his entire study. (N. B. No connexion with any other Mr. Snooks.)

GALLIC SUBMISSION.

After the performance of *Hamlet*, at the Theatre François, in December, 1824, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchenois. For nearly half an hour, no one appeared upon the stage; the clamour was deafening; at length Talma came forward, bowed, and made his exit, like *Banquo's ghost*. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began to split the ears of the groundlings, with cries for Duchenois. The *braves*, with their decorations, stormed; the row was at its acmé, when a little man, with a blue sash, entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed,—*les braves* suspended their breath,

“ His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay.”

He was a commissary of police. “ In future,” said the little man, “ no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated.” The parterre was aghast. “ Talma appeared,” said one, bolder than the rest. “ He did wrong,” replied the little man; “ the authorities have commanded, as I have informed you; and if you wish to hear the afterpiece, you will be silent.” The chop-fallen, *decores* sat down,—the little man took snuff,—and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

NEW MEDIUM OF CHARITY.

Mozart was one day accosted in the streets of Vienna, by a petitioner for alms, who appeared to have seen better days. The musician, who kept more resources in his brains than his pocket, bethought himself a little, and then begged the person to wait while he went to a tavern: he then called for pen, ink, and paper; and, having written an extempore minuet, returned it to his petitioner, and told him to carry it to such and such a music shop. The poor fellow did so, and obtained for it some double ducats. It is a composition remarkable for its union of grace and science, which the composer, perhaps, took a natural pride in showing on such an occasion.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ON MISS M. TREE'S RETIREMENT.*

You bloom and charm us! still the bosom grieves,
When TREES *of your description* take their leaves.

[We cannot present the following exquisite song to our readers, without naming it as the production of Mr. Clark, the author of *Ravenna*, of whose untimely death we spoke in our last. We have there said he was second only to Moore, as a lyrist. The following is the best proof we can adduce, in support of our assertion.]

SONG—By the late JOHN CLARK, Esq.

Tho' thy eye, love, be bright,
As the meteor that glanceth,
Tho' thy heart, love, be light,
As the sun-beam that danceth,

That eye may be gloom'd
Ere one moment with sorrow,
That gay heart entomb'd,
Ere the lapse of to-morrow.

Tho' thy breast, love, be fair,
As the white snow, wind-driven,
Tho' thy breath, love, be air,
Sigh'd from flow'rets in heaven ;
Ere the morn, the grave clay
That cold breast may be clothing,
And e'en love turn away
From thy sweet lip with loathing.

Tho' thy voice, love, be sweet
As the white swan, when dying,
Tho' thy foot, love, be fleet
As the Antelope flying,
That tongue may be cold
Ere one instant of warning,
Those fair lips be mould
Ere the sun of the morning.

Then come, love, while here,
Let us blest be in blessing ;
We have nought, love, to fear,
While carest and caressing ;
Then I swear by this kiss,
We'll have nothing to sigh for ;
If we die in such bliss,
'Tis what angels would die for



MISS SMITHSON.
AS
MARIA.

Drawn by Miss Drummond, Engraved by J. Rogers

London, Pub^d July 9, 1825, by G. Virtue, 28, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS H. C. SMITHSON.

My fate, whatever it may be, shall never separate me from my mother.---*Lover's Vows*

I am no pilot, lady; but wert thou on that shore washed by the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise.---*Romeo and Juliet.*

PERSONS living in London, may become acquainted with the dramatic talent that the London theatres produce; but people visiting different parts of the country, can alone learn what dramatic talent the metropolitan managers *immure*. Our present heroine has been the victim of either circumstances or management. It is not worth our while to inquire which; it is enough for us to know that she possesses talent that she seldom has an opportunity of displaying in the metropolis; but our duty is to furnish a memoir, not a lament.

“From the shores of sweet Erin,” that birth-place of genius, our lovely heroine came, she having been born on the 18th of March, in the year 1800, at Enn’s, in the county of Clare. But though Ireland gave her birth, her parentage is of true English growth; her father, Mr. Wil-

liam Joseph Smithson, being descended from a family of that name in Gloucestershire. Mr. Smithson, for many years, was the manager of the theatres in the Waterford and Kilkenny circuit; our heroine, therefore, very fairly inherits her dramatic taste.

Little HARRIOT was, in infancy, a miniature of what she now is; and manager Smithson's lovely little daughter was the pet of the inhabitants of that spot

“Where there's such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.”

When only two years of age, the Rev. Dr. James Barrett, of Ennis, took the little charge from her parents, and treated her in every respect as his own child. Indeed, his fondness for this babe of his adoption daily increased; and at his death, in 1809, Miss SMITHSON lost a warm-hearted and valuable friend.

Under the care of Dr. Barrett, our heroine was instructed in the precepts of religion; every thing connected with the stage was carefully kept from her view; and, even after his decease, when she was placed at Mrs. Tournier's seminary, at Waterford, she imbibed no theatrical notions; and, if we may rely on the information of a friend, was actually averse even to witnessing dramatic exhibitions. But Mr. Smithson's health gradually declining, he was obliged to give up the management he had so long held, his strength proving unequal to the task; and his daughter having now finished her education, he looked forward to the stage as a fair field for the display of her accomplishments.

More impelled by duty than her own wishes, Miss SMITHSON consented; and Lady Castle-Coote, who, in very early life, had bestowed flattering notice on our heroine, obtained the powerful interference of her lord in

HARRIOT'S favour, and Mr. Jones, the Dublin patentee, immediately engaged her.

At Dublin, this young lady appeared as *Albina Mandeville*, in which she was extremely successful. She afterwards performed *Lady Teazle*, in such a manner as to sustain, if not increase, the reputation her first attempt had established.

From Dublin, Miss SMITHSON went to Belfast, under the management of Talbot, and with his company she went also to Cork and Limerick, and sustained many leading characters in tragedy and comedy; she also obtained permission to go from the company to Dublin, during the summer months; and there she sustained *Cora* and *Lady Contest*, *Yarico* and *Lady Teazle*, *Mrs. Haller*, &c. &c.

In the year 1817, her patrons (and when we use this word, we are well assured it is not misapplied) introduced her to Mr. Elliston. That gentleman was then managing the Birmingham theatre. There Miss Smithson made her first appearance in England; there she was eminently successful, and remained such a favourite, that, to this day, the inhabitants sing, in the strains of Peter Corcoran,

“Come back to Brummagem, come back to Brummagem.”

Whilst in the “land of iron,” Mr. Henry Johnston saw our heroine, and his recommendation obtained her an opening at Drury-lane theatre, then managed by a committee. The theatre was in a state bordering upon bankruptcy, and had fully justified the old proverb, that “too many cooks spoil the broth.” Indeed, it was much about this period, we believe, when they lowered the prices; which attempt failing, they placed the following amusing paragraph at the head of their bills:—

“The public *are* respectfully informed, that the expe-

riment of lowering the prices of admission to this theatre not having succeeded, the general committee find it necessary to resume the old prices."*

And though they much wanted auxiliaries, they could ill afford to remunerate talent. Miss SMITHSON was told they would try what she could do; that she should therefore appear, but they would not grant her a single order. On the 20th January, 1818, she accordingly did appear at Drury-lane theatre; when so strictly did the committee adhere to their resolution, that even the mother of our heroine paid for her admission.

That we are not *excessively* partial to the criticisms of our public journals, our readers may have perceived; but we shall have the pleasure of laying before them the remarks of *The Theatrical Inquisitor* on Miss SMITHSON'S first appearance, and those of *The Morning Herald* on her performance of *Ellen*, in *The Falls of Clyde*, which character she assumed on the 16th February.

"A young lady of the name of SMITHSON, from the Dublin theatre, made her first appearance in London, in the part of *Letitia Hardy* (*Belle's Stratagem*). This character seems to be a great favourite with our fair debutants. *Letitia*, though intended for a modest, sensible female, adopts the most foolish and impudent scheme that ever entered the head of a woman, impatient of the single life. Miss SMITHSON is tall and well formed, and her countenance is handsome. The chief objection which we felt to her performance, applies to the awkward part of the character, which, perhaps, upon the whole, she performed the best. We allude to the broad comic part.

* We print this *verb. et lit.* as a specimen of the literary power then employed.

This appeared to us, in some instances, a little over-acted; it was, however, conceived and executed with spirit. The speaking voice is rather distinct than powerful; and she gave the song, *Where are you going, my pretty maid*, in a style more remarkable for humour than sweetness. The *Minuet de la Cour* was substituted for the song at the masquerade, and in it her fine figure and graceful movements were displayed to advantage."

"Miss SMITHSON, last night, made so powerful an impression upon the audience, in the part of *Ellen*, as to leave the imagination nothing to desire in that highly pathetic character. Her voice is exquisitely susceptible of those tremulous and thrilling tones, which give to the expression of grief and tenderness an irresistible charm. Every scene, every situation, and, indeed, every point, told upon the audience with unerring force and effect. The talents of this young lady are not even yet fully appreciated, for they are not fully developed. We should wish to see her in some of those characters in what is called youthful tragedy, where the graces of youth are no less essential than talent, for complete illusion and identity with the part."

Diana Vernon, Mary, in *The Innkeeper's Daughter*, *Miss Blandford*, and many other characters, were successfully sustained by Miss SMITHSON, with increased reputation, and in the summer she went to Ireland.

After this period, Miss SMITHSON received flattering proposals from Mr. Glossop, and joined the Coburg theatre, where her performance of *Selima*, in a flimsy version of *Selima and Azor*, was the only bright particle that radiated a miserable evening that we spent in that edifice. During the period Miss SMITHSON was at the Coburg;

Cowell (now in America) and Mrs. Henry Kemble (retired) were members of the company.

On the 7th November, 1820, this young lady re-appeared at Drury-lane theatre, as *Rosalie Somers*, in *Town and Country*; and from that time has remained a member of the establishment, playing a diversity of good and bad business; frequently performing characters in which Miss Kelly had established herself, and always meeting with unequivocal success.

In the summer months our heroine visited Liverpool and Dublin, the two most critical cities in the united kingdom; and in each of which she is a great favourite. Her *Mrs. Haller* and *Miss Dorillon* we have heard spoken of with rapture, at Manchester and Liverpool.*

In 1819, her benefit at Margate, we are told, was patronised by Mrs. Coutts, who has since proved an ardent admirer and generous rewarder of our heroine's talents and exertions.

Excursions to the sister kingdom are common with the members of both houses, but our heroine has been adventurous enough to try her talents in a foreign land. Her brother being manager of the English theatre at Boulogne, we find her performing there (and at Calais) last year, actuated by sisterly love, more than the hope of gain. A Boulogne bill we present as a rarity; and, for this, we owe *Triptolemus* another debt of gratitude. Some of the persons, whose names appear in it, belonged to the company that Penley took to Porte St. Martin.

* At the latter town her talents have procured her many friends; amongst whom, Arthur Heywood, Esq. may be mentioned as a warm one.

THEATRE, BOULOGNE.

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF MISS SMITHSON;

On which occasion Mr. WALLACK has consented to perform.

Mr. Smithson has the honour of informing the Nobility and Gentry of Boulogne, that the theatre will continue open for FIVE nights longer, during which period, he trusts the arrangements he has made, will meet their approbation and patronage.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, *October 9, 1824,*

Will be presented (by particular desire of several families of distinction) Tobin's celebrated Comedy, called

THE HONEY MOON.

Duke Aranza, by Mr. WALLACK.

Jacques, the Mock Duke, by a GENTLEMAN AMATEUR,
(His third appearance in that character.)

Count Montalban, M. BARRY.

Balthazar, M. ROBERTS. Lampedo, M. PENLEY.

Lopez, M. JONES. Rolando, M. BARTON.*

Juliana, Miss SMITHSON.

Zamora, Miss EMERY. Volante, Miss WALPOLE.†

Hostess, Mrs. BEYNON.

After the Play,

MR. WALLACK

Will recite, for the second and last time, Colman's celebrated description of*

A SHIPWRECK;

OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING ONE STORY.

* Formerly of the Dublin theatre. A man of peculiar but considerable talent.

† This lady appeared at Covent-garden theatre, as the *Widow*

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, (never acted here,) called

THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

Farmer Enfield, M. WILLIAMS. Kenmore, M. BARRY.
General Wilford, M. PENLEY. Donald, M. CLIFFORD.
Malcolm, M. ROBERTS. Lindley, M. COLEPOYS.

Gabriel, M. HIVES. Serjeant Morton, M. JONES.
Steenie, M. SMITH. Edward Kenmore, M. BARTON.

Ellen Enfield, by Miss SMITHSON.

Mrs. Enfield, Mrs. BEYNON.

Jessy, (in which she will introduce a popular Scottish Ballad,) Miss JONAS.*

Stage Manager, M. WILLIAMS.

Tickets and Places to be had of M. HOAD, Pastry-cook, No. 10, Grande Rue; and of Miss SMITHSON, at the Hotel de l'Europe. Doors to be opened at six, and the performance to commence precisely at half-past six o'clock.

Boxes, Parquet, and Pit, 3 francs.---Gallery, 1 franc.

In consequence of the Concert, there will be no performance on Monday.

On Wednesday, a Tragedy, in which M. Wallack will perform, being the last night of his performing in Boulogne.

We must here

“Break off and make air end,”

having nothing farther to relate of the history of one whose life has been too amiable for anecdote, too retired for incident. We have now only the pleasing duty of giving our opinion of her histrionic talents, and recording that character that we have heard invariably bestowed upon her.

We have said that London has not yet given scope to her powers; and there are many reasons why this has

* From the Surrey theatre.

been the case. In the first place, the voice of our heroine is hardly sufficient for the stupendous edifice in which she appears; the gigantic area seems to deaden her exertions; and she appears infinitely less at home at Drury, where she performs for ten months in the year, than she is at Liverpool, where she scarcely plays ten nights. The quantity of talent destroyed by the overgrown receptacles into which it is now thrust, is dreadful. Let our readers compare Mathews, the great, the inimitable Mathews, at the English opera-house and at Covent-garden. Did they derive one quarter of the entertainment from that gentleman, at the latter house? No; the consciousness of the immense space that surrounded him, deducted from the power that he actually possessed. Look, again, at Miss Kelly; and observe the difference between her at the Lyceum and at Drury. It is thus with our heroine. She possesses taste, judgment, and execution, but she has not the lungs of Mr. Farley, or the enormous features of Mr. Thompson; *ergo*, she cannot be so well heard or seen as those gentlemen. Her thrilling tones are lost; for the voice strained beyond nature, to insure distinctness, loses the beauty of its inflexions. Miss SMITHSON would be a first-rate actress, in a moderate sized theatre—she has all the requisites to become so; at Drury-lane she is not one. There are few can equal her in portraying the tender emotions of nature; there are fifty can excel her in *shouting*. To us it appears, that Miss SMITHSON'S greatest drawback is a want of confidence in her own powers, and, perhaps, their actual misapplication. Sentimental comedy, and the lighter characters of tragedy, are her *forte*. We should, perhaps, explain our meaning

gine, &c.; for *Lady Macbeth* and *Elvira*, our heroine's appearance, as well as powers, are unfitted.

Even at the theatre, within whose massy and expansive walls she is doomed to enact, we think our heroine might do wonders in some of those characters. *Juliet*, for instance; a part for which the present stage has no adequate representative; for, Mrs. West, who excels all modern actresses, and, indeed, all actresses in our memory, in the expression of affection, certainly does not look the love-sick girl, however exquisitely she may appear in, and pourtray, the heart-stricken wife, *Belvidera*. The character of *Giana*, in Clark's tragedy of *Ravenna*, was one admirably suited to our heroine's genius; and though that tragedy, and its hapless author, both "lie in cold obstruction," we recommend it to this young lady, as a fair field for her exertions at Liverpool or Dublin.

It is hopeless and useless to quarrel with managerial arrangements, and particularly with the arrangements of Ellistou; but we might ask, why, when Miss SMITHSON performed *Desdemona* so admirably, it should have been entrusted to other hands? *Mrs. Fitzallen*, too, has had Mrs. West and our heroine for her representative. *Phæbe*, in *The Miller's Maid*, was assigned, first, to Mrs. Booth, secondly, to Mrs. Waylett, and lastly, to Miss SMITHSON. Surely the person as well as talents of our heroine might have suggested the propriety of selecting her for this task first.

What we object to, in managers, is the system of taking a character from one performer, and giving it to another, who does not and cannot perform it better. Why should

To take the too great burthen from the shoulder of inability, and place it on that of talent, is laudable; but a mere exchange, where no good is effected, is illiberal as well as absurd.

Mrs. Orger has been the victim of this caprice; Mrs. West has been injured by it; Mrs. Glover long groaned beneath it; and our heroine is another sufferer from it. When Miss SMITHSON has performed *Lady Racket*, *Lydia Languish*, or *Julia*, (and we have seen her perform them all with the greatest effect on Drury-lane boards,) did not her auditors testify their approbation unanimously and unequivocally? Unquestionably: then why was the inefficiency of Miss Lydia Kelly suffered to eclipse the more solid pretensions of her talented competitor? We have said thus much, not on behalf of the subject of this memoir only, but generally with regard to the ladies of both theatres.

We know managers will plead the necessity of producing novelty in the cast of their performances; and we are far from advocating monopoly; but is it just, whilst a new actress is exalted to a certain character, to degrade her predecessor in situation, and perhaps in talent, by casting her ~~in~~ ~~of~~ ~~secondary~~ consideration in the same piece? Yet this is the conduct constantly pursued at Drury-lane theatre.

Miss SMITHSON is still so young, that a few years may put her into possession of an immense number of characters, from which she is at present excluded. Mrs. Yates, who devotes her talents to the Adelphi, after October, will leave no one so well capable of supplying her situation, as our heroine, who, though unequal to her in ani-

summary of talent is difficult, where we are surrounded by so many. Miss I. Paton, Mrs. Yates, Miss Chester, Miss Jones, Miss Footc, and Miss SMITHSON, are all young ladies of talent and of beauty; and, as their styles of acting differ as much as their various beauties, it is as impossible to correctly define the degrees of one as the other. Of all these ladies, our heroine and Miss Jones have had the fewest opportunities of metropolitan display.

In private life, Miss SMITHSON need not blush from investigation. Her conduct has been one continued and undeviating line of rectitude. Beautiful beyond the common run of beauty, yet as virtuous as beautiful; affable to all the members of the theatre, servile to none; *she* has never *coquetted* a manager into favour, nor mated her feelings for the sake of her interest. Her character is

“ One pure and perfect *chrysolite*.”

In this land of plenty and of happiness, we question if a more beauteous or happy domestic circle can be found, than that of which Miss SMITHSON forms a prominent feature. She is the best of daughters; and it only admits of question, whether her parental ~~or sister's~~ affection is the greatest. Wherever she steps, the praises or approving friends attend her; and, wherever she is once introduced as an acquaintance, she is sure to be cherished as a friend. We have already named Lord and Lady Castle-Coote and Mrs. Coutts as her patrons: to these names we might add many more of the first rank and fashion; those of Lady Emily Stratton, of Lady and Sir Charles Doyle, of the Countess of Bellmore, Lady H., &c. &c.

talent should be fostered; and it reflects no little credit on the persons we have named, that they bestow their attentions on one, who had no claim but her genius, her beauty, and her character, upon their kindness. Our heroine moves in superior circles; and, we need not add, that she adorns any circle in which she appears.

“The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
Is not so fragrant, and is not so fair.”

* We had rather Shenstone should describe her person than ourselves, for we are “ill at these numbers.” Her figure is tall and graceful; her features and complexion charming; her forehead—and, “then her eyes!—Oh! Jack! Jack!” *Sir Anthony* would manage this description better than we have done. There is something in a pair of fine eyes, that always carry us into too high flights for sober prose; and *her eyes* far exceed anything our pen can do justice to.

It is lucky for us, that a correspondent has enabled us to afford a better picture of her than we could ourselves furnish.

STANZAS ON MISS H. C. SMITHSON.

~~Can~~ tell me not of sorrow's seal,
It chills, but cannot quench the soul;
Say not life's cup no sweets reveal,
There's still some brightness in the bowl.
Can all be dark that life supplies?
Whilst earth can boast of SMITHSON'S eyes.
Talk not of wither'd hopes and bliss,
Of visions from which truth has started;
Does not a lovely lip like this,
Breathe back the soul of bliss departed?
Live like the cherry-blossom in the air.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

Dream not of love's forgotten oath,
 Or faithless friendship's broken vow;
 There still is purity on earth,
 It sparkles on that beauteous brow;
 And innocence can never rest
 On brighter brow, or fairer breast.

Speak not to me of life's decay,
 With rapture let my bosom warm;
 Sure, time can never steal away
 That lovely face, that fairy form!
 Or if her charms its fetters bind,
 It cannot sway that noble mind.

TIME! as for *her* your glass you hold,
 Linger along each happy hour;
 Be not thy sands too quickly roll'd,
 Whilst joy has light, or bliss has pow'r;
 But, oh! when sorrows meet her view,
 Like lightning dash the fragments thro'.

Let Envy's rancour, Sorrow's darts,
 Pass by that lovely breast alone;
 Let her, who lightens other hearts,
 Feel not a pang within her own:
 But let her happy moments rise,
 Pure as her soul, bright as her eyes.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,*&c. &c.***HINT TO FLORID SINGERS.**

The absurdity of the extravagant ornament or senseless flourish, with which our best singers are apt to fritter away the very meaning as well as the melody of their composer, may perhaps strike them a little, if transferred to mere words. The inconsistency is only more obvious, though scarcely less foolish. What would they think, for instance, of a beautiful passage in *Twelfth Night*, delivered in the following manner?—

If music be the food of—*fally ral de riddle iddle, tum de iddle,*
 love, play—*tum tum riddle iddle, fal de rally—on;*
 Give me excess of—*tol lol de riddle, fol liddle toddle—it;* that
 surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so—*ti tum te diddle iddle, tiddle*
toddle lo, tol ful de riddle tum de iddle—die.

THEATRES IN LONDON.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that no fewer than nineteen playhouses had been opened, at different times, before the year 1633. In the reign of Charles I. and II. there were six playhouses allowed to be opened, at one time, in London. The King's company, at Blackfriars; the Globe, Bank-side; the Bull, St. John-street; one in Salisbury-court; the Fortune, and the Cock-pit, in Drury-lane.

sixpence to the pit; and a twopenny gallery is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*; seats of three pence and a groat are also mentioned, and, afterwards, to some of the houses, the prices were from sixpence to two and sixpence. At Drury-lane theatre, in 1708, the price to the boxes was four shillings, and to the pit two shillings; the first gallery one shilling and sixpence, and the upper gallery one shilling. Many years after that period, the price to the boxes was raised to five shillings, the pit to three shillings, and the first gallery to two shillings.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ACTRESSES.

It is a received notion, that we are deprived of witnessing many excellent tragedies, on account of the impossibility of finding an actress capable of adequately sustaining the principal character. The slightest reflection must convince any one of the absurdity of such an idea; for we were indeed to be pitied by continental nations, if, among all our London actresses, and those of provincial theatres, no one can be found capable of supplying the place of Siddons or O'Neill. The principal actresses of Drury-lane are Mrs. West and Mrs. Bunn; those of Covent-garden, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Sierman, Miss Lacy, and Miss F. H. Kelly. Those ladies the managers have successfully brought out, (with many others, now "wandering the provinces,") but without the desired effect. They have been highly praised, and have drawn houses for a few nights, and then—"shelved." This can only be accounted for, by the degraded taste of the town. We cannot blame the managers. They exert themselves to supply the vacuum, but if the public will

ours, suffer them to play to a "beggarly account of empty boxes," they are under the necessity of resorting to pageant and buffoonery. Our ancestors were amused by the representation of "Holy Mysteries" and "Moralities." It was certainly ridiculous, (not to say profane,) but when invited to a more rational species of entertainment, they quickly emerged from their darkness and superstition, eagerly seizing every opportunity of testifying their admiration of the legitimate drama. How do we sink in comparison with them! Their simplicity excites pity; our degeneracy, contempt. When Miss O'Neill first appeared, no one thought she would ever arrive at the pinnacle of dramatic fame. It was by intense study, and the steady support of the public, that she gained such distinguished honours. Why may we not expect the same from Lacy, Sloman, or Kelly? They have all made as successful *debut*s as their great predecessor, but the town refuses to foster them. Their talent is "nipt in the bud," and it "falls into the sear, the yellow leaf."

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

Address, written by Mr. FAIR, and spoken by Mr. H. SMITH, on behalf of the Watch and Clock Makers' Pension Society, at Sadler's Wells, May 10, 1825.

As hostile armies, while negotiant skill
 Contrives on wounds of nations to distil
 The balm of peace, repose in welcome truce,
 And bid the social springs resume their use;
 So on this sacred night should critics own,
 Disarmed,—"*Othello's* occupation's gone;"
 Indulge for once in unalloyed applause,
 And spare the *pleader*, to ensure his cause.

Blest Charity! whose never-clouded smile
 Perpetual sunshine beams on Britain's isle.
 Whose princes, nobles, artisans, declare

Though Capital impels its tide of power,
 To waft each project of the teeming hour,
 And boarded treasures rush at every vent,
 In visionary hopes of cent. per cent.
 Yet can the British speculator see
 A *richer interest* in Charity;
 And work Compassion's *mine* for purer ore
 Than Fancy dreams of in Columbia's store.

Ah! happy times! when novelties prevail
 In lofty projects, or minute detail;
 When conquering steam alike controls the floods,
 And leaves poor washerwomen *in the suds*;
 When titled dairymen through London stalk,
 And cow the humbler milkman on his walk,
 Whose slavish mind doth many a curse invoke
 On freedom, that *relieves him from the yoke*;
 Yet though these factions pail to pail oppose,
 Freely the *milk* of human kindness flows
 At Pity's call, whose paths with votaries fill,
 Nor need improvement from M'Adam's skill,
 That guiding light of these *reforming* days,
 That leads our erring steps to *better ways*.

These boards, which sportive humour loves to bless,
 Before have witness'd our appeal's success;
 Yon bright arena, filled with an ~~array~~
 Of kind and beauteous faces, can display
 That British bosoms unabated feel,
 In Pity's ~~cause~~, an everliving zeal.
 Your bounteous *hands*, (prompt, sorrow to assuage,)
 Adorn the *dial* of declining age;
 Its *movements* cheer, its *joints* enfeebled brace,
 Pour the sweet balm of comfort on each *case*,
 And Wealth's commanding *engine turning*, bring
 Renewed supplies to ebbing Life's *main spring*.



MR. EMERY,
AS
FARMER ASHFIELD:

Drawn by J. Kneller, Eng'd on Steel by J. Rogers

London, Pub'd July 23, 1825, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN EMERY,

(LATE OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.)

Cast in the roughest mould that Nature boasts.

COLMAN.

The appeal of wretchedness had weight with him,
And sympathy would warm him every limb.

BLOOMFIELD.

The right end of life, is to live and be jolly.

THE subject of the present memoir lies where troubles harm not, where the voice of slander does not rankle upon the ear, nor the tongue of flattery soothe the soul; and we have nothing incumbent upon us but to trace, as far as the faint powers of literary record can do, his steps to public favour, his talents, and his death.

Our hero's father, (Mackle Emery,) who survived his son, and died rather suddenly on the 13th May last, was an actor of some humour, but little originality. His mother was also an actress, and appeared at the Haymarket theatre, in 1802, as *Dame Ashfield*. She was subsequently engaged at Covent-garden-theatre, but seldom sustained any character of importance there.

some degree of regard, as provincial performers, were engaged in the exercise of their public duty. At Ecclesfield, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, he received a scanty education; and this early residence on a spot so favourable to the acquirement of our northern dialect, contributed, no doubt, to that success in it, which gave his performances their greatest celebrity. He was designed by his parents for a musician, and destined to the honours of a seat in some country orchestra; but this very enviable lot had no charms for either his genius or ambition, and he determined, at a period of life much too immature for the free choice of a profession, to tread in the family footsteps, and become, if possible, a bright ornament to the Thespian circle.

Pursuant to this decision, he made a modest appearance on the Brighton boards, as *Old Crazy*, in the farce of *Peeping Tom*, and acquitted himself, it may be surmised, with that dexterity which afterwards distinguished him in a congenial line of characters. He then proceeded to York, and played for a short time in the company governed by Tate Wilkinson, who pronounced his ultimate claim to the title of "a great actor."

About the year 1797, the talents of our hero attracted the notice of the Covent-garden proprietors; and Tate, in his *Wandering Patentee*, feelingly deploras their system of robbing him of his brightest ornaments, and particularly alludes to the circumstance with regard to Suett and our hero.

Mr. EMERY's career to the metropolis was brief though brilliant; for, before he had attained his twenty-first year, we find him settled in the capital, and sustaining a branch of business remarkable for its labour, variety, and im-

On the 21st September, 1798, Mr. EMERY made his appearance as *Frank Oatlands*, in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*, and *Lovegold*, in *The Miser*. To those who are versed in the drama, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the difficulties naturally attendant on this *double* essay, must have been considerably augmented and enhanced, by the high-wrought contrast between the two characters which our adventurer had undertaken to depict. From the open, generous, frank, sincere, and honest rustic, to the sordid, mercenary, plodding, suspicious muckworm, the transition is indeed momentous and abrupt. Yet he sustained those diversified and opposite characters with superior ability, and with a success commensurate to the most sanguine hopes and wishes of himself or friends.

Mr. T. Knight, in whose stead our hero was engaged, had made a great impression in *Frank*, and Parsons and Quick had both been lauded to the skies in *Lovegold*; Mr. EMERY's success was, of course, the more extraordinary.

The noviciate has always some impediments to his progress, and EMERY was at first obscured by Fawcett and Munden, both of whom at that time personated rustics; and, in the new comedies of that day, Mr. EMERY's talent was not brought into play, at least not in its proper sphere. Munden, for instance, played *Zekiel Homespun*, whilst EMERY did *Duberly*, an arrangement that would argue an utter ignorance of the powers of these gentlemen.

In 1799, Mr. EMERY and Mr. Fawcett went to the Haymarket, in the place of Munden and Bannister, and there our hero's talents became more developed. At Covent-garden he still was doomed to walk on in second old men.

Busy Body, and *Count Curvoso*, in *The Cabinet*, parts which could not add to his fame.

In May, 1802, Mr. EMERY led to the altar Miss Anne Thompson, daughter of a tradesman of that name, residing in the Borough.

The stream of EMERY'S life ran smooth. His *Dan*, *John Lump*, *Robin Roughhead*, &c. &c. made him the delight of the town; and we have nothing to record, but that he reposed himself many years in the warm sunshine of public favour.

In 1821, Mr. EMERY was engaged at the English opera-house, where he appeared in the character of *Giles*, in *The Miller's Maid*, and proved very attractive.

He, annually, at his benefit, produced some comic effusion. His song of *York, you're wanted*, is well known. On the night of Johnstone's retirement from the stage, he added the following verse to that production:—

O'er Covent-garden, many a time full happily I've rambled,
 'Midst many, for your kind applause most ardently I've scrambled;
 But when Jack Johnstone left the stage, with grief my bosom panted,
 For, surely, now that PADDY'S gone, poor YORK'S no longer wanted.

The song of *The Yorkshire Rout* was written by our hero; and the following lines, which are peculiarly piquante, are from his pen:—

ON MRS. H. JOHNSTON.

What's in a name? old Shakespeare cries,
 And brings a proof potential,
 To show that

But thy foud practice, fair Nannette,
 The bard's position parries,
 Else wherefore is thy fancy set
 So strongly on the Harrys ?

As husband, Harry Johnston first,
 Thou chastely did prefer, Fan,
 But soon the marriage bonds were burst,
 To fly to Harry Curran ;
 But soon from him thy ready charms
 By golden trump were summon'd ;
 Presto, we find thee in the arms
 Of happy Harry Drummond.

As Helen fair, but ah ! more frail,
 Ere long thou fliest thy Paris ;
 And as thy favourite next we hail,
 Triumphant Harry Harris ;
 Nor long, I ween, erratic fair,
 With thy fourth Hal thou'lt tarry.
 But if a fifth to take thou dare,
 There is but one---old Harry.

About May, 1822, Mr. EMERY became unwell, and he lingered on until the 25th of July, when he expired, at his house in Hyde-street, Bloomsbury; his remains being deposited, that day se'nnight, in a vault of St. Andrew's church, Holborn. Four of his sons attended, with a number of friends, to render the last sad offices, while the church and passages were thronged with sympathetic spectators.

• His complaint was inflammation of the lungs ; and his free course of life left no room for the physician's art to avail.

The moment Mr. EMERY's death was announced, a subscription was commenced, and a benefit gotten up, for his wife and children. Notwithstanding a heavy fall of rain at the time, as soon as the doors were thrown open, there

pletely thronged before the rising of the curtain. The crowd in the pit and galleries was prodigious, and many persons walked about the lobbies, unable to obtain room in the boxes. The play was *The Rivals*, in which Messrs. Munden, Young, C. Kemble, Liston, and Jones, sustained their respective characters with all the ability for which they are so justly celebrated. The other performers exerted themselves with equal zeal and success, particularly Mr. Egerton, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Edwin. Upon the fall of the curtain, Mr. Bartley came forward, in deep mourning, and recited an address, written for the occasion, by Mr. Colman; after which a concert took place, in which nearly all the English vocalists in town took a part, each dressed also in mourning; which was followed by the operetta of *Belles without Beaux*, acted by the performers of the English opera-house, the latest professional associates of Mr. EMERY. Thus did the friends of this lamented favourite manifest their respect for his character and talents.

The mind of Mr. EMERY was highly capable of poetic impressions, and hence he embodied a range of characters, remarkable for their nice shades and latent properties, with a success fully equal to his best attempts upon the delineation of tangible character. His *Caliban* was an effort that the votary of Shakespeare would be ungrateful to forget. So perfect an epitome of this abortive being, rich in fraud, malice, raucour, and stupidity, was perhaps never witnessed; and to say that it satisfied us, amidst our aversion to the patchy work* in which it ap-

* A mutilation of Dryden and D'Avenant's *mutilated* drama, which is now, indeed, given to the stage with some delin-

pears, is paying but a simple compliment to the powers from which its excellence resulted. His representation of the rude and gallant soldier, *Williams*, in *Henry V.*, may also be mentioned as a proof of singular success. The scenes in which he engages are short and pithless, to a common eye, and promise none of those noble emanations which repaid the search of this actor. *Barnardine*, the convict, in *Measure for Measure*, has scarcely half a dozen speeches, and yet, from the fine obduracy and recklessness of so desperate a creature, Mr. EMERY drew the materials of a conspicuous personation. His entry, with the fragments of the straw sticking about him, just as they were caught up from the bed out of which he had tumbled, was wonderfully characteristic; and the very rustling that preceded his arrival, had something in it significant and effective.

Of Mr. EMERY'S *Tyke* we know not how to speak. The vulgar effrontery of his first scene was so wonderfully contrasted with the fine emotions displayed on his interview with his father; his agonizing description of leaving his parent wounded on the shore, and his honest exultation, when he "is going to work, to get the old man a supper,"

"Will never be out of our memory."

His *Moustache*, in *Henri Quatre*, was another instance of his serio-comic powers. His *Orson*, in *The Iron Chest*, was one of the most surprising personations we ever beheld. How truly did he realise the picture drawn by *Armstrong*,—

"This fellow is downright brute."

part. *Giles* is only ferocious from circumstances; *Mr. EMERY* made brutality a component part of his nature.

His humour was original, natural, and rich. What expression lived in his light blue eye! what meaning in his vacant countenance! how an idea travelled across the obtusity of his face, and at length settled into the glimmering of an understanding! what a study was his look in *Sam*, when *Diddler* inquires if he has such a thing as teupence about him! Then, in *Andrew*, (*Love, Law, and Physic*,) who does not remember his astounded countenance, when he exclaims—

“ I'll be dom'd if he ha'nt gone up stairs ! ”

Indeed, his whole performance of this part was such, that we are unable to say whether its rich humour or its close adherence to nature, most claim our admiration. It is useless to particularise,—for his personation of *Sam Sharpset*, *John Lump*, *Farmer Ashfield*, and a thousand similar characters, cannot be exceeded, and, we think, never will be equalled.

He had no vapid trickery, no chuckling, to make the auditory laugh, from mere animal imptise; he attacked the muscles by the force of natural genius, and conquered them by the exertion of chastened talent. He moved as a rustic would move, and always seemed fresh from the farm-yard.

In his life he had no competitor; for Knight's pretensions rise only to the country-boys; and though the little comedian gained the palm in *Sam* and *Jerry Blossom*, he could not contend a moment against *EMERY'S Giles* (*Mr. Hine*, *Ashfield*, *Palmy*, *Mail of the Mill*,) and never

firm, too strenuous and muscular, to succeed in this line; and, latterly, he never willingly assumed any thing of that stamp. His comic singing was always greatly admired, but, from his excesses, his voice considerably deteriorated. Whether we view his *Robin Roughhead* or *Pan*, his *Caliban* or *Ashfield*, his *Orson* or *Winter*, (*The Steward*,) we shall find him alike unapproachable, surprising, and delightful; and in his grave rests, beyond question, the most chaste, original, humorous, and powerful, actor, that ever trod the British stage. Time will but deepen our regret for his loss, for time can only show us how feeble are all attempts to supply his place: and, in saying this, we are not invidious with regard to the living: we give Mr. Rayer the praise so justly his due in *Tyke* and in *Giles*, but, in the range of characters, exclusively comic, that EMERY filled, who shall succeed him?

Mr. EMERY drank cold brandy and water (a favourite beverage with the sons of Thespis) to excess. He studied all his characters on this excitement. He might frequently be seen, with a part in one hand, and a glass in the other, at the *Rose and Crown*, in Russell-street, taking in the words and the liquor at the same time, and not forgetting to keep his body as well as his mind in exercise.

He was extremely fond of the company of jockeys and prize-fighters; was a patron to pugilists, and sometimes presided as chairman at their dinners. Being a man of robust frame himself, and from his youth addicted to field-sports, he very naturally indulged in these propensities, when his circumstances gave him the opportunity. But if he was a drunkard, he never forgot his public duties; if he was a sporting man, he was also a fond husband; if he was a friend to fighters, he was also a kind father; and if he lavished his money in low society,

he always reserved a sufficient sum to support his aged parents in comfort and respectability.

He was a pleasing companion,—in the country, a delightful one. He had powers as an artist, that obtained some of his pieces admission into the Royal Academy. The rapidity of his pencil was really astonishing, and some of his coast scenery was only inferior to Varley's.

He was a sound musician, and a very good violin player, not a brilliant one. He has composed two or three songs, which, though not conspicuous for their melodies, prove his intimate acquaintance with the laws of harmony. He was a shrewd observer of human nature, and professed to glean many of his finest touches from his intimacy with such characters as Joseph Hudson, Purcell, &c. He was very partial to driving, and was so good a Jehu, that the Brighton coachmen would usually yield the reins into his hands; and he was never so happy as when he was spanking, four-in-hand, over the country.

He was a warm friend and a liberal-minded man, though unfortunately too tenacious respecting any rivalry in his profession; a fact, however, which proves the little reliance he had in his matchless powers.

His voice was a low tenor, almost a baritone, of little compass, and, in his youth, very pleasing; latterly, his musical acquirements alone brought him through.

He was about five feet nine inches in height; heavily built, and exceedingly strong; his complexion was light, and his eyes light blue. His whole appearance off the stage was very much like some of his assumptions on it; indeed, he resembled a first-rate actor, rather than an actor.

TRISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

—
STERNE,

Who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," observed Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." David replied, "I hope you are insured then."

A FRIEND

Gave Garrick a shaving-case, containing a razor, &c., and, at the same time, told him he would find some other pretty little things in it. "I hope, then," Garrick observed, "one of them is a pretty little barber, for I never could shave myself."

• •
THE FAMOUS TWISS,

Of travelling notoriety, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me," said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This you will observe, gentlemen," observed the actor to the company, "is not a

A SHORT CUT TO PROMOTION.

Mr. Farquhar being to play the part of *Guyomar*, in *The Indian Emperor*, who kills *Vasquez*, one of the Spanish generals, (and forgetting to exchange his sword for a foil) in the engagement, he wounded his brother tragedian (who acted *Vasquez*) very dangerously; and though it proved not mortal, yet it so shocked the natural tenderness of Mr. Farquhar's temper, that it put a period to his acting ever after. But, in a short time, the Earl of Orrery, in regard to his particular merit, gave him a lieutenancy in his regiment, then in Ireland.—*From Wilks's Life.*

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

This comedy Mr. Farquhar began and ended in six weeks, with a settled illness upon him all the time; nay, he even perceived the approaches of death before he had finished the *second act*, and (as he had often foretold) died before the run of his play was over.

MR. KYNASTON.

This celebrated actor, (who was fellow-apprentice with Mr. Betterton, at Mr. Rhodes's, the bookseller, near Charing Cross,) was as famous for women's parts as Mr. Betterton was for men's. This was when Mr. Rhodes, their master, (by having been formerly wardrobe-keeper to the king's company of comedians in Blackfriars,) on General Monck's march to London, 1659, got a licence from the powers then in being, to set up a company of players in the Cockpit, in Drury-lane, and soon made it complete.—*See Life of Mr. Betterton.*

A CHARACTER OF MR. WILKS, BY RUTH COLLINS, A
QUAKER.

September 27, 1732.

spake many quaint words of vanity, upon a stage of wood, before people who delight in vain babbling; and they are now greatly troubled at his loss, for, say they, “*Where shall we find his fellow, to yield delight unto our ears and unto our hearts, in the doleful evenings of the winter?*” Those that were of his company also mourn, and say, “*Our neighbours will rejoice, as hoping to be gainers by his departure.*”—See *Friendly Writer and Register of Truth*.

BOWMAN

Was supposed to be near ninety years of age when he died. No coquette was ever more careful of concealing her age, than this actor. To those who put this (to him) alarming question, his constant reply was—“*Sir, I am very well.*”

KYNASTON.

We are told by old Mr. Cibber, that after the restoration, it was a frequent practice with the ladies of quality to carry this actor, in his female dress, (he used to play female characters,) after the play, (which began at three o'clock,) in their coaches, to Hyde Park.

NAT. LEE

Attempted to play *Duncan*, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, but, like Otway, the appearance of a full house disabled him from proceeding, and he never again came upon the stage. Lee was an admirable reader of his own plays. Major Mohun used often to throw down his part, in despair of approaching to Lee's forcible and animated style. Lee was a great admirer of Mohun, and, seeing him play his *Mithridates*, suddenly exclaimed—“*Oh, Mohun!* Mohun! than little”

OTHELLO.

Shakespeare borrowed the plot of this tragedy from a novel of Geraldini Cinthio, and has fallen into a most singular error, either by his own misconception of the Italian author, (if he really took it from the original book, but it is not probable,) or the unwarrantable deviation of the English translator. The word *mor* or *moro* has, in many of the southern countries, two very different significations; that of a *moor*, and also that of a *chief*. Thus, *commandante moro* should be translated *commandant in chief*. This is most likely the true reading of Cinthio, especially as the Venetians, of all the world, most detested the Moors. The idea of their entrusting the command of their army to one of a race they held in such deadly hate, is therefore somewhat preposterous. This is a subject of great importance, as it involves the historical character of the play.

MODERN ACCURACY.

Cooper took for his benefit, this year, the opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*. In one of the playbills, the characters were all accurately given, but the piece was announced as *The Barber of Seville!*

JEVON,

An actor, in the time of Charles the Second, going one evening to a club of which he was a member, and having very dirty shoes, contentedly took a clean napkin off the table, and began wiping them, when the waiter desired him to stay till he could fetch him a coarse cloth. Jevon gently replied, "No, no, I thank you, my good lad, this will serve me well enough."

VAUXHALL.

Vauxhall Gardens were, on April the 14th, offered for sale by auction, and although every possible inducement

ment was held out by the orator, Mr. Robins, they were bought in at 28,500 guineas. It was stated, that on one very favourable "*Birth day Gala night*," 13,859 persons were admitted, at 3s. 6d. each, and that 1,000*l.* was, on that night, expended by the company. If the weather be propitious, it was stated, that 20,000*l.* profit, per annum, would not be an unfair calculation. The gardens not having been sold, will, of course, re-open as usual, and under the superintendance of the same persons as heretofore. 1818.

DYING UPON THE FRENCH STAGE.

The French have such an aversion to any of their *Dramatis Personæ* dying on the stage, that in the opera of "*Artaxerxes*," when *Artabanes* falls lifeless in the arms of the attendants, he generally gives a little kick with his foot, as the curtain drops, to show that he has not violated the rules, by *dying upon the stage*.

BY-PLAY ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

There is no by-play on the French stage. No *Othello*, there becomes the victim of a passion, artfully awakened in an unsuspecting heart. Its first indication could not there be made perceptible, dawning in faint shadows on the tremulous form, and quivering nether lip, struggling with contending evidences in the heaving breast—sicken- ing, agitating the entire frame, glooming on the curved brow, distorting the altered features, flashing from the rolling eye, and wound up by all the frightful indications of doubt, fear, hope, conviction, rage, and confirmed despair. This wondrous composition, which, in combining the highest powers of dramatic genius, in the author, demands the fullest exercise of histrionic ability, in the actor, could have no parallel on the French Theatre. A French *Othello* would hear an account of his wife's

flexible and mobile, could shift and change its expression, during a space of a quarter of an hour. The French *Othello*, therefore, would hear the tale of *Iago* (who would divide it logically, according to scholastic rule) fairly and politely out—he would then fall into a violent passion, and shake his head, and clench his trembling hands, and recite his rage, and syllogise his fury, according to every classical authority and established rule.

TALMA AND BUONAPARTE.

Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-Emperor, (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer,) accorded the *petites-entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théâtre Français*. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to give him lessons, an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed; but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the Emperor; while the Emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with “*Eh bien! Talma vous n’avez pas séu de vos moyens hier au soir.*” Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, “*Si vous préférez la comédie, c’est parceque vous vieillissez.*”—“*Et vous, Sire,*” replied Monsieur——, “*vous aimez la tragédie parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*” Buonaparte constantly attended the Theatres: and frequently without the least parade, and quite unexpected by the audience; who always received these *impromptu* visits as marks of confidence, and applauded accordingly.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE DEFICIENT IN ACCENT.

The French language, as pronounced on the stage, especially in tragedy, is most particularly deficient in accent, and is more of syllables, rather than of words.

one night, perceived that he put his fingers in his ears during the whole act, yet was affected, *even to tears*, at the representation. He naturally expressed his astonishment. "You hear nothing," said his friend, "and yet you are deeply affected." "*Chacun a sa maniere d'écouter,*" replied Diderot; "I know this tragedy by heart; I enter strongly into the fine pathetic conceptions of the author, and my imagination lends an effect to the situations, which the *tones* of the actors, if I listened to them, *could not express*, and perhaps *would even destroy.*"

COMMUNICATION.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY MALCOLM,

Who died on the 27th June, 1825, aged 22, after a slight illness, occasioned by misplaced affections on a public singer of much notoriety, now on the point of marriage to another.*

Poor Malcolm! *he* sorrows for thy fate,
 Who would have praised and loved thee ere too late:
 Malcolm, farewell! of darkest hues,
 This chaplet cast I on thy shapeless tomb;
 But dare not longer on the sad theme muse,
 Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom.--COLERIDGE.

The soul has burst its feeble bonds,
 And seeks eternal rest above;
 The heart-strings break, the tongue responds
 A sigh!
 And Malcolm *dies for love!*

Poor youth! for thee I would a wreath entwine,
Of choicest poesy ;

But as I strive, my memory clings to thine,
* In kindred sympathy.

Oh! what is life, deprived of *her* we love?
A gloomy vast! a darken'd world of grief!

Thyself a living monument of woe,
Bereft of every hope, and doom'd to prove
That life's a curse! deprived of all relief,

Each good is ill, and every friend a foe!
I can imagine every pang that tore

Thy sorrowing heart ;

Each venom'd shaft which pierced life's core,
Their rankled smart :

Oh yes! those agonising woes, full well
My mind can fancy, but *no* tongue can tell!
Sleep! rest in peace! poor youth, thy memory

Will hallow'd live to the end of time :

It may be, that oft the pitying sigh
Is heaved for *thee*, while a tear dims the eye

Of *her*, who never could be thine.

Adieu, poor youth! too fatally thou'st proved,
How truly and how tenderly you loved ;

Th' environ'd heart, still struggling to get free,
Bursts! and the dreary tomb is closed on thee!

EDGAR DARLINGTON.



MISS POVEY.
AS
JULIA MANNERING.

Drawn by J. Kennerly. Engr. Steel by J. Rogers.

London, Pub^d. July 30, 1825, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS POVEY,

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

—
“ Thy song could make my soul forget.”
—

MISS POVEY is one among the few who served herself, by appearing on a benefit night; certainly the most unfavourable period for a debutant to appear; for the people generally suppose that the individual taking the benefit, has been prevailed upon to suffer the exhibition, for the sake of the disposal of an extraordinary number of tickets. This little warbler, however, was more fortunate: she was not only listened to by the audience with the greatest attention, but was rewarded by the most genuine and judicious applause, at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, on the 3d of June, 1817, when our heroine appeared for the benefit of Mr. T. Cooke; and Mr. Elliston thought proper to propose terms for three years, which were accepted, although the engagement did not commence until September, 1819. But we beg pardon—we have arrived at the top of the tree too soon. Miss POVEY was born at Birmingham, in the year 1804, where her parents were respectably settled in business.

Her father (possessing a fine-toned tenor voice of much sweetness, Miss POVEY may be said, in some degree, to inherit that superior volume and clearness of voice, which has been aided by industry and application, and has raised her to the rank she now holds,) was for years a member of the Oratorio Choral Fund, and was celebrated for the strength and melody of his voice; her brother was also a member of that society.

Our heroine had the honour of being unanimously elected to a seat in the above-mentioned society, when only seven years of age. Shortly after this, however, the loss of an affectionate mother caused the removal of the family to Leamington Spa. But talent, particularly vocal talent, although frequently unrewarded, can never be long completely obscured; and, with strong recommendations, we find her next at Cheltenham, under the patronage of a lady of fortune, who induced Miss POVEY to announce a concert, which was patronised by the Earls of Essex and Pomfret, and the Ladies Perth, Castlestuart, and Hudson. The reception of our young vocalist was enthusiastic in the extreme, and it was determined to place her immediately under a competent master.

The celebrated Madame Mara gave Miss POVEY some lessons gratuitously, and Mr. Bartleman is said to have publicly expressed his opinion, that this young lady possessed one of the finest natural voices he had ever heard.

About the latter end of 1821, our heroine was attacked by a severe illness, which created a fear in the minds of her friends, that her talents were lost to the public for ever. We are happy to add, such fears were ill-grounded.

Miss POVEY has been one or two seasons at the English opera-house, but there she held a station less conspicuous

We have little more to record of Miss POVEY. Her amiable manners and correct conduct have procured her the patronage of many ladies of distinction, and she moves in a superior circle of society—not the circle of the great—who admit any talent, without inquiring as to the moral character of the possessor—but the circle of *respectable* society—where it is not sufficient to say, that the introduced member possesses a cultivated mind, or a peculiar genius, but where he or she must also assert their title to an untainted character.

Some months since, an accident befel our heroine. From the weight that is used in the ascension of the curtain giving way, a splinter, which the falling iron bore down in its course, struck Miss POVEY upon the head. Luckily, this splinter was going off in an oblique direction, when it came in contact with her. Had she been two inches nearer the place where the accident occurred, her death would have been the inevitable result.

The bickerings and quarrels of the green-room it is useless to record, and unpleasant to remember; but we should forfeit our title to correct biographers, were we to omit mentioning, that during the height of Miss Wilson's popularity, a difference arose between these two young ladies, in consequence of Miss POVEY, as *Lucinda*, in *Love in a Village*, taking the *first*, instead of the *second*, in the duet between her and *Rosetta*. The circumstance was mentioned to the management, and referred to the music-masters, Cooke and Welsh. Mr. Cooke urged the real superiority of his pupil's talents,—Mr. Welsh, the temporary superiority of Miss Wilson's name; and, as *she* was the magnet of the period, the manager felt it to be his duty to allow her to keep, in every thing, the ascendancy

she had gained, and Miss POVEY was obliged to take the second, on a subsequent occasion.

A son of Mr. Knight, of Drury-lane theatre, has, we are informed, long paid his addresses to our heroine, and, it is probable, will soon lead her to the altar. We understand the son inherits the father's qualifications of perseverance and temperance, and will, we doubt not, make Miss POVEY as happy as she deserves to be.

Of Miss POVEY's talents we have now to make a summary. They are not of that devious nature, that astonishes without pleasing; and, on that account, she has not acquired that public estimation that less talented individuals enjoy.

Our heroine is a pupil of T. Cooke's; and though we know her instructor to be one of the best musicians in this country, we do not conceive our heroine to have benefited much from his tutorage. Mr. Cooke is a musical phenomenon himself, and unquestionably that *rara avis*, a man of genius; but we cannot challenge our recollections, for one instance, where a genius was a competent teacher. Garrick had, at different times, many pupils,—not one of whom ever rose to any eminence; whilst Macklin, a confined and faulty actor, produced the Irish Roscius, Barry. We repeat, that we do not wish or mean to disparage Mr. Cooke's efforts as a master; and we know not whether Miss POVEY was an inattentive pupil, or he a negligent instructor; but we do affirm, that this young lady has had great gifts from nature, and very little assistance from art. Her style of producing the acute tones is radically bad, and she has an unfortunate habit of preparing her mouth for the emission of the sound, that

fantine and unsustained ; and she seems always in effort to do that which, in fact, from natural qualifications, she could do without any effort at all.

From the lack of study, not the want of powers, Miss POVEY's talents are confined to ballad singing. Her bravuras are unfinished and harsh efforts. Yet, that she has qualifications for the higher order of music, witness her execution of *The Echo* song, which will stand comparison with the efforts of even Miss Stephens and Miss Paton.

From her very defects, our heroine is an excellent *Polly*. For, unless we are to treat the whole of *The Beggar's Opera* as a burlesque on the Italian school,—an idea which, though often broached, we cannot concur in,—unless, we say, we are to do this, it is the height of folly to sing the songs of *Peachem's* daughter with all the ornament that would be lavished on the airs in *Mandane*. The daughter of a man, who kept a house for the reception of stolen goods, one hundred years since, would have been very unlikely to know any thing at all of music ; for then every butterman's daughter did not learn to perform country-dances on the piano ; and therefore *Polly's* songs should be executed in a manner as nearly assimilating to dialogue (for they are expressly incorporated with it) as music will admit. The original *Polly*, Miss Fenton, executed the airs in a style of the greatest simplicity ; and it is well known, that the author did not wish the songs even to be accompanied by the band. Our vocalist certainly both performs and sings this character in an unassuming way. Her

“ Oh ! ponder well,”

is a natural and pathetic appeal to the feelings, which she

whatever; and she is right, for cadences in music, like similes in poetry, should never be introduced when the heart is to be assailed,—their object being merely to delight the imagination. There is also a playful fervency in her delivery of

“ Were I sold on India’s soil,
 Soon as the burning day was closed,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my true love’s breast reposed.”

The *legato* style in which she executes the last line, is the very personification of affection. Nor should we fail to record the bashful retiring manner of her saying,

“ Every night we’d kiss and play.”

Introducing ornament into, or loudly executing, this line, though practised by many of our vocal ladies, is at variance with our impressions of the whole character of *Polly*. The effort we have last alluded to, is repeated in the line,

“ Oh! joy beyond expression!”

with the happiest effect; and increasing the velocity of the movement at the words,

“ My all is in my possession,”

is also judicious and effective.

She sings “ *Cease your funning*” chastely and well, with reference to the character; but were we to consider it as an isolated effort, we should say it was infinitely below what we remember of Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and even Mrs. H. Kemble, in the same song.

Take her *Polly Peachum* altogether, it is the most natural upon the stage, and consequently the best. She does

vinces us more. We see her, and feel for *Polly*; we hear Miss Stephens, and all our emotions are for *herself*. Miss Paton's *Polly* is quite another thing: it is a fine practical lecture upon singing; but it is not a representation of *Peachem's* daughter. Our heroine approaches more to what Mrs. Mountain was, in the same character, than to any other vocalist we can at present call to mind.

Miss POVEY is too fond of singing particular songs. The *Shepherd Boy* is one of those to which she is constantly referring. This is foolish in any one, and particularly so in her; because she must be, or ought to be aware, that in the very first bar, there is a difficulty that she cannot easily surmount. We allude to her enunciation of the word *boy*, for which she seems, for a second, previously to be making a kind of muscular preparation. This does not arise from a defect of organ, but a defect of style.

We have been very free, though we trust not severe, in our strictures upon this young lady; because we feel that a little, very little proper cultivation, might make her a powerful rival to many that at present soar above her. At least such is our estimation of her talents; but, perhaps, after all, Miss POVEY would do well, instead of entering into rivalry with the *prima donnas* of the day, for which situation her figure as well as her acquirements unfit her, to devote her attention entirely to ballad music, and, in fact, to fill the void left by the loss of the never-to-be-forgotten Mrs. Bland. It is a field in which she can dread none, and experience little rivalry, and one that is quite as glorious, and much more pleasing to tread, than the one in which she is at present. Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and Miss Graddon, are all better qualified to

leave to her to decide, whether she had better continue on a par with Mrs. Bedford and Miss Hammersley, or acquire the reputation of being the worthy successor of Mrs. Bland. We trust our hints will not be thrown away. Her dramatic powers are worthy of cultivation; and the stage wants a representative of the *Madelons*, *Agneses*, and *Barbaras*, which may be said to have departed with the little Israelite.

Miss POVEY's figure is extremely *petite*; her countenance is very pleasing, though not strictly beautiful; her manners are unassuming; her voice, in speaking, very enchanting, though too childish to be effective on the stage; and her whole appearance, that that the mind conceives,

* No evil thing could do her harm."

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

The kindness of a Correspondent enables us to present to our readers the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

*This is to give notice, viz.—*That a magnificent palace, with a great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap, in *Drury-lane*, where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Ch——r R——ch, Esq., who is breaking up housekeeping; and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

The Inventory.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded

A set of clouds, after the *French* mode, *streaked* with lightning and *furbelowed*.

A *new moon*, something decayed.

A pint of the finest *Spanish-wash*, being all that is left of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a *pair* of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting sun, a pennyworth

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signor Valentine.

A basket-hilt sword, very convenient to carry *milk* in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

† Mrs. Oldfield's slippers.

† Mr. Wilks's gloves.

† Mrs. Porter's petticoat, left her by Queen Elizabeth.

† Jo. Miller's best breeches, lined with *parchment*.

† Mr. Booth's full-bottom wig, in which Cato died.

† Mrs. Thurmond's clogs, lined with beggar's velvet.

† Mr. Thurmond's hat, with a strong lining.

A *wild boar*, killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent, to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl, to make *thunder* with.

Another of a larger sort, made by Mr. Dennis's direction, little used.

Six *elbow-chairs*, very expert in country-dances, with six *flower-pots* for their partners.

The *whiskers* of a Turkish bassa

The complexion of a murderer, in a band-box, consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black periwig.

A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pricked, and a coat with three great eyelet holes upon the breast.

doors, ladders of ropes, vizor-masks, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak cudgels, with one of crab-tree, all bought for the use of Mr. Penkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masks, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aufengzebe's guitar, made by Will Brown, in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Ædipus and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberts, sheep-hooks, cardinals, hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cartwheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

* N. B. The first edition of this inventory was taken by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and by his direction printed and publicly dispersed in the coffee-houses of London and Westminster, on Saturday, July 16, 1709; in which space of three and twenty years, the goods have been much used, and consequently *the worse for the wearing*, as the saying is; having been purchased by three several owners, who indeed have added seven lots to these, which are thus marked.†

But the whole collection is now to be disposed of, as useful furniture, upon occasion, for Goodman's Fields, Bow-street, or the Haymarket theatres; for, as to the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane,

“Seges ubi Troja fuit.”

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

This tragedy, which would be regarded as too bloody on the modern stage, appears to have been highly relished in 1686, when it was revived, with alterations, by Ravenscroft. Instead of diminishing any of its horrors, he seized every opportunity of adding largely to them, of which the following may serve as a fair specimen. To

more, stabs her child, upon which the Moor utters the following lines:—

“ She has outdone me, even in mine own art,
Outdone me in murder---Killed her own child!
Give it me-----I'LL EAT IT!”

GARRICK.

General Clerk, one day, in company with this illustrious actor, made a long harangue to prove that the enthusiasm of the English for Shakespeare was only a matter of fashion and religion; that nobody, in fact, understood or admired his writings; but that Garrick, by his transcendent genius in acting, had rendered him the national idol. Garrick, a great admirer of Shakespeare, and naturally full of vivacity and impatience, contained himself as well as he could for a long time, but at length he rose up, and taking the General eagerly by the hand, said, “ I promise you, upon my honour, that I will never in my life *presume to talk about war.*”

DRAMATIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

Five shillings reward.—Lost—the memory of Mr. Archer; supposed to be dropped upon the stage;—*it is excessively small*, and being of no use to any but the owner, (and but of little to him,) no further reward will be offered.

To be disposed of.—A CAUL, the property of Mr. Bradbury. It is well known Mr. Bradbury *had a call*, but having no further use for it, it will be sold a great bargain.

Dropped, by Mr. Planché, a hint. Of no use to any one but himself;—the finder will be handsomely rewarded.

Cracked—(first time) by Mr. E. Knight—a joke.

Virtue assailed. Mr. W. Farren has, it is said, been

such annoyed by the amatory solicitations of a City Madam; but he merely exclaimed, FAUGH! CIT!—and abruptly left her.

Births—Mr. Howard Payne of a *Grand Papâ*, still-born.*

Inquest—On the *talents* of Mr. Young, now defunct.—The first witness called was the author of *Ravenna*;—proved that the said talents had been in a vacillating state for some time, and had, at last, absolutely ceased to exist.—Verdict, died by the visitation of folly.

Shocking occurrence—Mr. Planché is producing a new piece.

Dreadful depravity—Mrs. S.—a lately actually passed a whole night with her own husband!

Miss Foote has been giving it out that she can *tease ill*—the public have discovered that she can *tease well* enough,—she has been much hurt by attempting to sustain a weight too heavy for her shoulders.

Strayed—The affections of Madame ———

N. B. They have been some time missing.

In the Press—A treatise on prison discipline, by Mr. G. Smith, dedicated to Messrs. Brunton, H. Johnston, Wrench, Barnard, T. Dibdin, &c. &c.

The Art of ingeniously tormenting—A new edition, by Messrs. Elliston and Morris, with notes, critical and explanatory, by W. West, Williams, Mrs. C. Jones, &c.

JOE HAINES, †

An actor more remarkable for the witty, though wicked pranks he played, than for his acting, was seized one morning by a couple of bailiffs for a debt of £20, as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs—“Gentlemen, here’s my cousin the

* A mistake, the child was overlaid, and cruelly crushed in the course of the first night.

Bishop of Ely going into his house; let me but speak to him, and he'll pay the debt and charges." The bailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were within three or four yards of him; so up goes Joe to the coach, pulling off his hat, and got close to it. The Bishop ordered the coach to stop, whilst Joe, close to his ear, said softly, "My Lord, here are two poor men, who have such great *scruples of conscience*, that I fear they'll hang themselves." "Very well!" said the Bishop. So calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men, come to me to-morrow morning, and *I'll satisfy you.*" The men bowed, and went away; Joe, hugging himself with his fallacious device, went also his way. In the morning, the bailiffs, expecting the debt and charges, repaired to the Bishop's, where being introduced—"Well!" said the Bishop, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples!" replied the bailiffs, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my Lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20. Your Lordship promised to satisfy us to day, and we hope your Lordship will be as good as your word." The Bishop, reflecting that his honour and name would be exposed if he complied not, paid the debt and charges.

ON ITINERANT PLAYERS.

The itinerant stage was a country amusement in the days of Elizabeth, fast degenerating into contempt. The performances of secular plays by strolling companies of minstrels had been much encouraged for two or three centuries, not only by the vulgar, but by the nobility, into whose castles and halls they were gladly admitted, and by whom they were handsomely rewarded. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the custom was still common, and as proof of it, the following entry has

“ *Rewards to Players.* ”

“ Item, to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy, for rewards to players, for playes playd in Christinmas by *stranegers* in my house after ~~xxx~~. every play by estimacion somme xxxiijs, iiijd. which ys ap-
poynted to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Chrystinmas in full contentacion of the said reward, ys xxxiijs. iiijd.”

These itinerants were still occasionally admitted into the country mansions of the great, during the reign of Elizabeth, who herself was entertained with an historical play at Kenelworth Castle, by performers brought for that purpose from Coventry. It may be deduced from a passage in Shakespeare’s “ *Taming of the Shrew,* ” supposed to have been written in 1594, that the itinerant players of that period were held in no higher estimation than menial servants; an inference which is corroborated by referring to the anonymous and elder play of “ *A Taming of a Shrew,* ” where the entry of the players is thus marked: “ Enter two of the plaiers, *with packs at their backs.* ” We have the authority of Shakespeare himself, in a passage of his “ *Hamlet,* ” to suppose that the difference between the *stroller* and the *licensed comedian*, was, in his time considerable, and that the latter was held in a very respectable light, if his personal conduct were good, while the former rose but little above the rank assigned to him in the statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4, where he is classed with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars.

This depreciation of the character of the itinerant player, towards the close of Elizabeth’s reign, soon narrowed his field of action; the opulent, perhaps, became unwilling to admit into their houses persons thus legally branded; and the stroller was reduced to the necessity

who voluntarily suffers his child to make the stage a profession? And why? The reason, I take it, is simply this, viz. the disreputable scenes in which an actor must of necessity learn the A. B. C. of his profession. Would not a school for the youthful disciples of Thalia and Melpomene be a desideratum, in a country like England? An establishment where they might learn the rudiments of a profession, honourable in itself as either of the learned faculties, and only rendered otherwise by individual vice; where they might learn those rudiments, without imbibing immorality, and having the sources of true pleasure poisoned?

W. H. M.

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. PHILLIPS, AT DUBLIN.

Air—Savourneen Deelish.

When in earth's icy bed this worn breast is reclining,
 And the tumults of pleasure and grief are all o'er;
 When for falsehood of friends I'm no longer repining,
 And the thrill of emotion and love is no more,
 Oh! let fond remembrance bring back to thy view, love,
 The moments of rapture I've number'd with you, love,
 When thou wert so lovely, and I was so true, love,
 Ere the keen barb of grief struck this wounded heart's
 core.

Dark is my tomb, love, and darksome and dreary,
 Dark has my life been, and dark be my end;
 I sink down, at last, fainting, wounded, and weary,
 Where no succouring angels my sorrows attend.
 Death closes the eye that gazed on thee, all glowing,
 Dreary and darker all round me is growing,
 To the tomb of my fathers, in slumber, I'm going,
 Where peace and repose in forgetfulness blend.



MR. J. PALMER,
AS
DON JOHN

Drawn by J. Hornerley, Eng. on Steel by J. Rogers

London, Pub^d Aug^t 6. 1825. by G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

Printed by J. Neale.

MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
JOHN PALMER.

Framed to make women false.---SHAKESPEARE.

I then went out as manager, in hopes of getting on,
But a *more unlucky one*, perhaps, was never born.

DEITHER.

THE usual method of commencing a memoir, is the statement of who and what the person described was; but, in the present instance, we must deviate from the beaten track, by announcing who our hero was *not*,—he being often mistaken for, and his name confounded with, a John Palmer, who, from the year 1762, held a situation at Drury-lane theatre, and was contemporaneous as to time, though not as to talent, with our hero.

The subject of the present memoir was the brother of the late Robert Palmer, known by the title of the father of the stage. The parent of our hero was a private in the first regiment of guards, and served in Germany, under the Marquis of Granby; was wounded, and retired from the service, and obtained the important though not very profitable appointment of bill-sticker to old Drury. His probity and general good conduct afterwards, obtained his advancement to the station of door-keeper, in which capacity he remained until 1786, when he died.

JOHN PALMER, our hero, was born in the parish of St. Luke, Old-street, in the year 1747.

The early days of little PALMER were passed in the precincts of the theatre; and, in his infancy, he was in constant collision with the British Roscius. He imbibed, probably, from the mere force of habit, a *mania* for the drama, which, though it met with no encouragement from his father, was fanned by continual connexion with members of the theatre. After some few years of interrupted tuition, and unprofitable service in the mechanical part of the theatre, our hero boldly declared his intention of trying his skill in a wider field of exertion.

His father was anxious that he should enter the army; but he was so much inclined towards the drama, that he waited upon Mr. Garrick, and rehearsed part of *George Barnwell* and *Mercutio*, in hopes of an engagement at Drury-lane theatre. The little Roscius said, he had a great regard for him, and could not think of encouraging this propensity, as he was not at all qualified to shine in a theatre. Having known him from an infant, he advised him to accept of a small appointment in the army, which had been procured through the interest of Mr. Legrand, then governor to the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland; but this he declined.

As he was now of an age when it was proper to direct his attentions to some settled pursuit in life, he turned his thoughts towards that of a painter. He was some time with the master of a print-shop in Ludgate-hill, opposite the Old Bailey; and, at the end of a season, his father had a benefit, at which JACK spoke *Bucks have at ye all*, which was his first public introduction. He then got a small engagement, but was discharged for negligence.

He was, by a friend, introduced to Mr. Foote, at that time making preparations to open the little theatre in the Haymarket, with morning lectures; who, after hearing him rehearse, observed, that his tragedy was damned bad, but that his comedy might do; and accordingly engaged him, principally to perform *Harry Scamper*, an Oxford scholar, in his new piece of *The Orators*.

The first representation of this piece met with some disapprobation, from a very whimsical circumstance. It opens with *Harry Scamper* and *Will*, in one of the boxes; the former of whom declares great impatience to see his girl, *Poll Blazey*, at the *Shakespeare*. The audience, never dreaming that this was part of the entertainment, called loudly to turn those noisy fellows out of the boxes; but on Mr. Foote's coming forward, and clearing up the mistake, they were most bountiful in their applause.

Mr. PALMER continued at the summer theatre until its close, when he made application to Mr. Garrick for an engagement; but that gentleman, who still persisted in his opinion of the candidate's incapacity for the sock, gave him no encouragement.

Our hero, determined to become a player, enlisted in a country company, commanded by Mr. Herbert, and made his first appearance as *Richmond*, in *Richard the Third*, at Sheffield; but being seized with an illness the next day, he was obliged to return to London, where he remained until the next spring, when Foote re-engaged him. In the middle of the season, however, he was abruptly discharged: the ostensible cause is said to have been a number of female visitants, who had listened to the false vows of JOHN PALMER, and who attended the theatre to bewail their credulity and his perfidy. Foote, it is said, was extremely exasperated at his lady-killing comedian; and

this circumstance was afterwards spoken of with much asperity, and a reason assigned for his conduct, which we need not repeat. However, immediately on leaving the Haymarket, he joined the Portsmouth company, but, returning penniless to town, his father's interest procured him an engagement at Drury-lane theatre, under the "immortal Mr. Garrick, deceased," at a salary of twenty shillings per week. And here his most principal character was the *Officer*, in *Richard the Third*, Act II. Scene I. Next season he demanded an increase of salary; which being refused, he went to Colchester, under the management of Mr. Hurst.

Mr. Ivory, the Norwich manager, afterwards engaged him, with the increase of half-a-guinea; and in this city it was that his talents first burst forth with any degree of splendour.

He had not been many days in Norwich, when two boxes were engaged for his benefit, although it could not possibly take place in less than four or five months. They were taken in the names of Miss Berroughs and Miss ———, whom he saw in a few days afterwards. The former made an impression on his heart, which induced him to see her as frequently as possible; but near four months elapsed before he could gain an opportunity of speaking to her. That opportunity, when it occurred, was not lost. Subsequent interviews took place, and, before the conclusion of the season, our hero married her. All the interviews that had passed between them, had been at the dead hour of night, and not even a servant was in their secret. The lady escaped at night to the arms of her lover, and they were wedded and bedded, ere her relatives knew she had flown.

Miss Berroughs's aunt, who had named her in her will

the heiress of very considerable property, indignantly renounced her for marrying an actor, nor ever after was reconciled; and Mr. PALMER, whose affections were rather wavering, deserted her for a woman in London, with whom he had formerly been connected. If the indignation of the people of Norwich was roused, when a comedian had married the daughter of a respectable townsman, their resentment was trebled, when that man deserted the object of his choice. But Mr. PALMER was reckless of the opinion of the world; and it was not until penury stared him in the face, that he awoke to a consciousness of his follies or his crimes. Stung with remorse, or goaded by necessity, he returned to his amiable wife, who received him without the slightest reproach. The good people of Norwich, however, were so much exasperated at his conduct, that it was thought advisable not to play there. He took his wife with him to London, where he applied to Mr. Garrick, without effect; and, at last, resolved to attempt lectures in the country.

Stevens's *Lecture upon Heads* being just published, our hero resolved on trying his fortune in the delivery of it. He began at Hampstead and Highgate, with great *eclat*, and proceeded to St. Albans, Wooburn, Newport, Bedford, Northampton, Leicester, and Nottingham; in all of which places he received great applause and emolument.

He now joined a strolling company for a short time; and, in the April following, he arrived in London, where he was engaged for the Haymarket theatre. Mr. Barry being to make his first appearance in *Othello*, the part of *Iago* was given to Mr. PALMER, who, at rehearsal, was so much intimidated by the disparity between the powers of

ance were suspended; and, although Mr. Barry encouraged him with the greatest affability, he exclaimed—"It won't do;" and begged to be allowed to assume the unimportant character of *Montano* instead. His request was complied with.

This is almost the only instance on record, of an actor's distrusting his own powers. That sanguine race of beings are generally too much prone to overrate the talent with which nature may have endowed them.

Mr. PALMER's prudence kept him awhile in the shade; yet, in characters of minor importance, he betrayed powers that caught the attention of the Irish Roscius, (Barry,) who offered him an engagement, if he chose to winter in Dublin. And if this alone be not a proof of our hero's having evinced dramatic talent of no mean order, the fact of his being, at the same time, offered a situation at Covent-garden theatre, sufficiently evinces it. Garrick, too, the Samson of the drama, had altered his opinion of our hero's powers, and had been seen to applaud him. Now, those who knew anything of Garrick's habits, knew, that for him to applaud anybody, or anything but himself, was a very rare thing, and therefore his approbation carried with it considerable weight, as it was not a thing to be obtained by ordinary effort, but something to be *extorted* by exquisite exertion.

Whilst JOHN PALMER was dubious whether to accept Beard's offer at Covent-garden, or Barry's at Dublin, a message came from the British Roscius, summoning him to wait upon him at Southampton-street. To that house,

purpose, complimented his abilities, and prevailed upon him to relinquish all other offers for those of Drury-lane, where he promised he should be handsomely treated.

His first appearance at this winter house was in *Sir Harry Beagle*. His mortification was extreme, when the first Saturday he went to receive his salary, and found it to be only twenty-five shillings! He immediately waited upon Mr. Garrick, and observed, that he expected his income would at least have been equal to that offered by Mr. Beard, which was three pounds per week; he was dismissed with a promise that his salary should be increased next week; and so it was—by five shillings!

The illness of the Mr. Palmer,* mentioned in Churchill's *Rosciad*, but no relation to the subject of these memoirs, at last brought him from obscurity. *The Country Girl* had been announced for Cautharley's benefit, and from the indisposition of the then *great* Palmer, as we will call him for distinction's sake, a gentleman was wanting to represent *Harcourt*. The part was offered to many, but refused at so short a notice.

In this dilemma no thought had been turned to his namesake, who, depending on memory, stepped forward, and offered to play it. "To read it," said Garrick; "for I am sure you cannot study it." PALMER still persisted, on which the manager, with a sneer gave his consent. The next morning at rehearsal, the part being read, and not played, just for the purpose of being more perfect in the evening, before the audience, Garrick exclaimed, "I said so; I knew he could not study it:" on which Mr. PALMER requested his patience, and, in the evening, went through

* *i. e.* The Mr. John Palmer, with whom we have said our hero has been often confounded.

it as perfectly, as if he had performed in the play an hundred times.

This fortunate circumstance operated so much in his favour, that Mr. Garrick immediately articulated him for four years, at two pounds per week the first two seasons, and forty-five and fifty shillings for the two last.

The succeeding spring, Mr. King gave up his situation at Liverpool, which was given to PALMER; and for this he relinquished his summer engagement at the Haymarket. In Liverpool he was a great favourite, but his amorous disposition being known, and likewise that he had ill-treated his wife, whom he had left behind in London, the whole town resolved to absent themselves from his benefit; the best method of evincing disapprobation that the public ever can adopt. Mr. PALMER was the greatest favourite Liverpool had ever seen; and, since his death, no one (save Mr. Browne) ever rose to such estimation in that peculiarly *cold* soil; yet he had an intimation given him, that they would mark their detestation of his private, as well as their admiration of his public character. Alarmed at this intelligence, he posted to London, prevailed upon his wife to accompany him to Liverpool, and, colouring over the disfigured face his brutal and unprovoked violence had given her, they walked together in a public place, on the Sunday evening, which so completely refuted the report in the public opinion, that his benefit was crowded and lucrative.

In the winter seasons he continued progressively advancing at Drury-lane theatre, and in the summers he performed sometimes at Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, until he was finally engaged at the Haymarket.

In 1785, Mr. PALMER and some friends set on foot a plan for building a theatre near Wellclose square, in

which he supposed himself authorised to perform plays, under the sanction of the governor of the Tower, it being in that district. The theatre was finished and opened in the summer of 1787, with *As You Like it*, and *Miss in Her Teens*; but the managers of the theatres royal at the west end of the town, considering this as an invasion of their property, took every step to suppress it; nor was any regular drama represented at it afterwards, although other amusements of singing, dancing, &c., similar to those of Sadler's Wells house, were.

Mr. PALMER petitioned Parliament, but it was peremptorily negatived; and, all endeavours having proved vain, he returned to his situation at Drury-lane theatre, and appeared as *Young Wilding*.

His own prodigality had always kept him in an involved state; and this was too good an opportunity to let slip. He therefore consented to be confined in the King's Bench for debts, giving out that they were contracted for the Royalty theatre. He owed several thousand pounds. His creditors offered to set him at liberty, and allow him five hundred pounds per annum to live on, if he would appropriate the overplus of his theatrical emoluments towards the liquidation of his debts. This he, for some time, refused to do.

In term time, during 1789, he gave a *Miscellaneous Entertainment* near Covent-garden; and, as he imagined the Circus to be in the rules of the King's Bench,* he performed there, and was manager, at twenty-seven pounds per week, where he lived in great style with his family.

* For performing at the Circus, whilst a ruler, he was appre-

About two years afterwards he came to an amicable adjustment with his creditors, who, knowing the only chance they had of obtaining their money was by granting him his liberty, agreed to a particular mode of payment; and the managers of Drury-lane and the Haymarket theatres, knowing his value, readily accepted him again as one of their corps, and he again filled his former cast of parts, and enjoyed great public favour.

He subsequently officiated as manager at Brighton, and at the same time performed at the Haymarket theatre.

Mr. PALMER, in the midst of his difficulties, resolved upon going to America; and, arranging some of his difficulties, he went to Edinburgh, where he and Lee Lewis lectured with success. Bob Palmer and Wilson also joined them; and this good fortune ameliorating his condition, and being assisted by Mody, the predecessor of Irish Johnstone, our hero once more returned to the metropolis.

For personal safety, however, he was often obliged to live in the theatre, but he could not always be thus accommodated. At Mr. Colman's house, it is said, that one night, when he was announced to perform, and consequently obliged to attend, he was conveyed there in *Dr. Lenitive's box*, in the farce of *The Prize*, which farce, with the &c. &c. was borrowed by Colman, from Drury-lane. Latterly he quitted his situation at the Haymarket, and employed his summer seasons in the country. His last engagement was at Liverpool; and, on the morning of the day on which he was to have performed the *Stranger*, he received, for the first time, the distressing intelligence of the death of his second son, a youth in whom his tenderest hopes were centered. The play was in consequence deferred, and poor PALMER vainly endeavoured to

calm his agitated mind. On the evening of the 2d of August, 1798, he fell a sacrifice to the poignancy of his feelings. In the fourth act, the scene with *Baron Steinfort*, Mr. PALMER was visibly much agitated, and, as he uttered, "There is another and a better world," he fell lifeless on the stage. The audience imagined it was stage-trick, and applauded what they considered a novel point. Hamerton, Callan, and Mara conveyed the lifeless corpse from the stage. The utmost anxiety was evinced by the audience. Medical assistance was instantly procured, but—all was over. The body was conveyed to his lodgings, and an inventory taken of his effects.

Mr. Aickin, the manager, came on the stage to announce the melancholy event, but was so powerfully affected, as to be deprived of utterance, and was compelled to retire without making himself understood. Inledon, whose feelings were never very acute, at length came forward, and communicated the dreadful circumstance. The house was instantly vacated, and the people formed themselves in parties, contemplating the dreadful circumstance, in the open square, until a late hour next morning. Doctors Mitchell and Curry gave it as their opinion, that he certainly died of a broken heart, in consequence of the family affliction he had experienced.

The theatre was shut on the occasion for three days, when his funeral took place. The hearse was preceded by four mourning coaches (being the whole the town could furnish) and one glass coach, and followed by Messrs. Aickin, Ho'man, Whitfield, Inledon, Mattocks, and Wild; the chief mourners were Mr. Hurst, as his oldest acquaintance, and Mr. Stevens, his cousin. Next came Major Potts, Capt. P. Snow, a gentleman who performed *Osman (Zara)* at Covent-garden, Oct. 7, 1791, under the

assumed name of Hargrave, Capt. Kennedy, Messrs. Hamerton, Farley, Toms, Emery, Demaria, (the painter,) Clinch, Hollingswood, and the rest of the company; the whole of whom accompanied the corpse, in mournful silence, from Liverpool to the neighbouring village of Warton, where it was interred. Prayers being read over the body, it was committed to the grave, seven feet deep, dug in a rock. The coffin was of oak, covered with black cloth, and the plate was simply inscribed, "Mr. John Palmer, aged 53."

Mr. PALMER was an actor that dazzled rather than convinced, pleased rather than satisfied the spectator. Whether you beheld him in *Stukely* or in *Brush*, in *Joseph Surface* or *Colonel Feignwell*, though he might not realise your conception of the character, he never failed to delight you. He had the faculty of fascinating; and, on or off the stage, he was equally delusive. His *Joseph Surface* was not the cold, whining, hypocritical villain, that actors of the present day render him,—but the finished gentleman, whom prudence had taught caution,—intercourse with the world, had taught deception,—and necessity drove to gross dissimulation. His scene with *Lady Teazle* was a masterpiece of acting. The closeness of his reasoning was aided by the ardency of his tones; and if he was the cool calculator upon adultery in his conversation, he was the enraptured votary of love in his actions. You could not despise *Joseph* in his hands,—you only viewed him as a rake of another order, but no ways inferior in morality to *Charles*,—save, indeed, with regard to his conduct to the imaginary *Stanley*; a difficulty that no dramatic power could surmount. Few actors have enjoyed so large a share of public favour as our hero; very few have laid claim to it in so extensive a range of characters;

“ Nothing explains things like comparisons ;” and we know no one we can compare PALMER to, except Elliston ; yet, he was scarcely so finished a gentleman as Elliston, in his zenith, could be ; and he had more al vivacity than that gentleman ever exhibited. He was one of those beings, who, on or off the stage, seemed formed to make friends ; as an actor he was fascinating ; as a companion, delightful ; as a man, he was contemptible ; he was disingenuous in his representations ; unfaithful to his promises ; recklessly extravagant, and flagrantly unjust. It is true, his indiscriminate charity sometimes cheered the bed of sickness ; but his unprincipled habits as frequently reduced the honest, unsuspecting creditor, to poignant want. His conduct to his wife admits of no palliation.

“ He that puts his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom ’twere base flattery to call a coward.”

Mr. PALMER was about six feet in height, and extremely well proportioned ; his countenance was very pleasing ; and his general manner had a dignity, that made him appear like a superior being to the generality of his brethren.

Mr. PALMER’s eldest son (John) appeared at the Haymarket, in 1791 ; was well received, and engaged. There were several other children, of the fate of whom we have no account.

HISTORIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,*&c. &c.***LADY MACBETH.**

Shakespeare remarks that though the "eyes" of this personage "are open," while walking in her sleep, yet "their sense is shut," a consequence, as it appears from the following case, which is not always realised.

Johannes Oporinus, a printer, being employed one night in correcting the sheets of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and continued, notwithstanding, to read on, till he had finished an entire page, of which, when he awoke, not a trace was remembered.

LE KAIN.

This celebrated French actor used to tell his friends, that one of the most disagreeable and troublesome things in his profession was, that of being at the pains occasionally to get by heart a great number of lines from a play, which, perhaps, did not run three nights. A remedy for this inconvenience he proposed in a French brochure, called "Lettres sur l'Etat present de nos Spectacles," Paris 1765, 12mo. The author says, "A thousand instances prove that a dramatic piece is never properly judged of, unless upon the stage. Many a tragedy has appeared extremely good on the reading, that has proved very defective on the representation. The best method in this case, would be to act the piece upon the stage; the actors reading their parts from the book of the piece :

for to require that the actors should get any new piece by heart, unless there is some chance of its success upon the stage, is surely to impose upon them a very cruel, and very often a superfluous and unnecessary task."

DAVID GARRICK AND MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first distinction of both sexes met, by appointment, at the hotel de ———. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Madlle. Clairon were of the party. The conversation turned, for some time, on the *Belles Lettres*, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed, with equal judgment and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres, and at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their theatrical talents, which produced great entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time, with great animation on both sides.

It was remarked, that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick; and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Madlle. Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were unacquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact, and afterwards exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France, at the time he was there, and to which he was an eye witness. A father, said he, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street. By one unlucky effort, the child sprung from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died on the spot. What followed, he said, was a language which everybody understood, for it was the language of nature. He immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared, at the time the child leaped from his arms.

The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on the company, and exhibited by the darling son of Nature, in the silent but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears.

As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Madlle. Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms and kissed him; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, saying, it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

DICKY SUETT.

This son of Momus had accompanied a friend of his to the mansion of a noble duke; the porter being of that sect termed Methodists, did not at all relish the company of the comedian; and, whilst they were waiting in the lodge, enjoying some of the duke's ale, the follower of Wesley shewed his dislike in very open terms, sending the whole of the dramatic tribe to Pandemonium. Dicky was anxiously waiting for an opportunity of retorting on the menial,—when his friend demanded how he liked the ale?—“The duke's ale,” replied Suett, “is good enough, but d—mn his porter.”

NAT LEE.

This poet was so extremely eccentric, that at times he was obliged to be confined; while in this state, he was one day visited by a man of rather a swarthy complexion. Nat immediately burst into a truly sublime strain,—“Get thee gone, thou tawny son of Palestine, or I will pulverise thy bones, and scatter them into such immensity of space, that Omnipresence shall not be able to find thee out, or Omnipotence to put thee together.”

COMMUNICATIONS.

ACTRESSES AND THEIR CALUMNIATORS.

A great deal has been said lately about the manner in which actresses conduct themselves in private life; and there has not been wanting *men*, who, availing themselves of the faults of a few, have passed a general censure against the many. Our actresses, at the present moment, sink under a vile and nefarious combination. There has been no one found willing to step forward, and rescue them from the perilous situation into which they have been driven by a sect of *meek and CHARITABLE gentlemen*, who, indulging in falsehood and calumny, seek to poison the public mind against a species of amusement, which is probably more advantageous to the state than all their fanatical ravings.

They have, with a disgraceful vehemence, sought the ruin of many meritorious females, who are incapable of defending themselves from the attacks of these unprincipled defamers. That the stage stands in need of reformation, I will not attempt to deny. So does the world; to reform which would be indeed an Herculean task. Who or what body would attempt it with any success? The stage is a little world—it has its inherent virtues and vices. It is impossible *wholly* to remove one, without materially injuring the other; and, upon a strict scrutiny, it will be found that there, as well as in the great world, the good overbalances the evil; they act upon each other, and by their progressive movement, work the great system. Yet if, in this age of invention, a plan should be devised to root out the bad without damaging the good, there is no one who would more ardently pray for its success than myself. It would be indeed restoring some part of the golden age. *Certainly*, however, this great work cannot be brought about by bombastic virulence, falsehood, or calumny.

I do not wish to encourage vice. I own there are some actresses who have by following pleasure too far,



MR. FITZWILLIAM
AS
LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Drawn by J. Henslerley. Engd on Steel by J. Rogers.

London, Pubd Aug^t 13, 1825, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

overstepped the bounds of virtue; but these are comparatively few; and I cannot find any religion, the precept of which is to "deal damnation" upon a poor defenceless female, who may have swerved from the path of rectitude. The erring penitent, finding herself rejected and despised by every one, perceives it would be of very little use to aim at retracing her steps; and, instead of striving to eradicate, suffers the vile weeds to take firmer root, until, by a progression of evil, she sinks into the horrible abyss of infamy. How much better and more consistent would it be with the Christian doctrine, to reason, to argue with those individuals, and seek to reclaim them with kindness, not with curses. A child will learn his tasks better with an apple than with a rod. Ye egotistical sect, I do not consign *you* to "everlasting fires," but merely in the words of *him* whom you profess to serve, exclaim—"Go, and sin no more."

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

Lines on Miss SMITHSON, of Drury-lane Theatre.

Oh! look at that celestial brow,
 Round which those curls so sweetly cluster!
 Behold that eye of sweetness now,
 As soft it sheds its speaking lustre!
 Oh! is it not that infant Love
 For his soft mother now mistakes her,
 So fluttering on his wings above,
 The undutious urchin boy forsakes her?
 For, did he for a moment stay,
 To gaze upon her form of beauty,
 Catch from her eye one sparkling ray,
 Farewell to every other duty:
 Each early other scene he'd fly,
 No passed, no promised bliss regretting,
 But gaze on SMITHSON'S brilliant eye.
 Each other sun and scene forgetting.

MARY LEMAN REDE.

MEMOIR

OF

EDWARD FITZWILLIAM,

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

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
'Cause he kneels not before the same altar with me?

MOORE.

He sigh'd, and she smiled, and pray what could he do,
When attack'd by her eyes so enchantingly blue?
He soon struck his colours---you know 'twas his duty,
For an Irishman's always a captive to beauty.---ANON.

We confess ourselves considerably puzzled whether to date our hero amongst the worthies of the sister isle, or the cockneys of this land, for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, his mamma, was, on her emigrating from little Ireland, in such a situation, that, if we may be allowed to use the phraseology of the theatre, we might say, "little FITZWILLIAM was in preparation, and speedily to be produced." On the 8th August, 1788, he blessed the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, (both natives of the Emerald Isle,) in the vicinity of Dolborn. Thereanent, too, he received a good education of which music formed a prominent part.

"The cause of his excitement" (for this is the language with regard to other cases of madness, and why

should it not be so with reference to stage mania?) we cannot ascertain; but, at the age of eighteen, he left his home, and “went upon the world, to seek his fortune.”

In 1765, we find Mr. FITZWILLIAM in the double capacity of actor and property-man, in the company of Mr. Trotter, at Hythe and Southend, who liberally remunerated the services of the little comedian with twelve shillings per week. Here he spent his time in making helmets, mending swords, sticking straggling buttons, renovating stage hats, joining in scanty choruses, occasionally playing small characters, and sometimes aspiring to the honour of singing a song. In 1807, we find him sustaining *William*, in *Rosina*; the first dramatic character of any importance he ever assumed, and a part for which his figure peculiarly fitted him.

Our hero lodged with Mr. Harley, afterwards at Covent-garden theatre, and better known as *fat Harley*; and though frugality marked their board, poor little FITZWILLIAM got a little into arrears, especially with his landlord, who, one morning, whilst the actor was at rehearsal, broke open his box, seized upon the tin-foil, &c., and ultimately laid siege to a dress stage coat, as satisfaction for eighteen shillings of lawful money of Great Britain, which, as the lawyers say, “the said EDWARD did owe to and unjustly detain from him.” Now, little FITZWILLIAM was enough of a lawyer to know, that a plaintiff cannot legally, by force of arms, obtain restitution, he, therefore, began to think of turning the tables on his landlord; and, whilst that gentleman was inquiring amongst the fraternity, “what *Phipps's* coat was worth,” (he called him Phipps, not understanding the proper abbreviation of his nomen,) our hero sought out his ally,

Harley.* Now, Mr. Harley was a man of huge dimensions, as far at least as breadth went.

“With shoulders broader than a dripping pan,
And legs as thick about the calves as posts.”

He had, moreover, a fiery countenance and stentorian lungs. He immediately became the champion of the wronged property-man, and strode off to their mutual mansion, with steps indicative of ire and indignation. Arrived, he saluted the landlord somewhat in this style:—
“So, thou joskin marauder, thou private Lirglar, thou obstreperous self-executing minion!—so—so—as the song says—

‘Locks, bolts, and bars are rent asunder;’

and by whom?—By you, you white-livered, heavy-eyed, shallow-pated, hard-hearted creditor!”

“Lauk! Mr. Harley,” said the astounded house-keeper, “I ha’nt done any thing wrong. And now do you tell me *what’s Phipps’s coat worth?*”

“Phipps’s coat! thou lump of undisguised atrocity! thou amalgamation of villainous properties! thou sluice-opening † scoundrel! think you an actor’s box, his casket, more valuable than Pandora’s box, may be opened as you open one of the dykes? you ælving bogtrotter!—Make restitution, cormorant!—Hand over the garment to that injured innocent!—Make reparation for this outrage on the rights of a Briton!—Give a receipt, you earth-burrowing rascal! or we’ll apply to every attorney, proctor, ma-

* Harley was a man of considerable humour. He was found one morning dead in his bed, having gone to rest in perfect health the night before.

† At that period dyles and sluices were digging about Hythe, and this gentleman superintended some of the operations.

gistrate, civilian, high-bailiff, and constable in the county, and we'll let you see whether a robber is to be protected!—we'll ascertain whether a comedian is to be filched by the dirty hands of a ditch-hunting Hythe hound!"

The astonished and affrighted man of Kent did as he was bid, and FITZWILLIAM marched off in triumph, with his eloquent friend beside him.

In 1808, Mr. FITZWILLIAM left Trotter's company, and went to Gosport; from whence he returned to his former manager at Hythe, until he at length joined Mr. Elliston's banners, and played in several of his provincial theatres; he also played at the West London theatre, and sang at concerts, &c. His first engagement with Elliston was at Birmingham, and his appearance at the West London was in *Hodge*, when that theatre was under the management of Mr. Paul.

In 1813, we find him as the leading low comedian of the Olympic theatre, then in a most disgraceful state, when *Blood will have Blood*, *The Earls of Hammersmith*, &c. formed the performances, not the entertainments. About this time Mr. FITZWILLIAM first sang *Paddy Carey*, in the metropolis; and, whether in the bills or not, this song was called for almost every night.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM was also at the Circus, where he gradually grew into favour, until "little FITZ" formed the main pillar of that establishment. When Mr. T. Dibdin took the Surrey theatre, his good sense suggested to him the line of character in which our hero was calculated to shine; and his *Partridge*, (*Tom Jones*,) *Laird of Dumbdiekes*, *Humphrey Clinker*, &c. &c., proved the just estimate Mr. Dibdin had formed of his powers. Those days are over. The Surrey will never again be the resort of fashion and of talent. Then the delight of dramas of

The Heart of Mid Lothian and *Don Giovanni* attracted the town. There was *Fazio*, with the attractions of Miss Taylor; there was the bewitching Fanny Copeland, whose eyes it did you good to gaze upon,—whose smile it was worth crossing Blackfriars in a snowy night, to sun in for a moment; there was Mrs. Brooks, the remains of the captivating Mrs. Hatton; there was the profligate, yet talented Huntley; the agile Ridgway, and the eel-like Kirby. All gone! all vanished! Huntley has gone down to Yorkshire, to try if native air will mitigate the pangs of rheumatism, and remove the shock which frequent excesses have given his constitution; Mrs. Brooks is not even the shadow of her former self; Miss Taylor has married, and we are informed, unhappily; and our hero has devoted his services to Drury, and has taken the delightful partner of his life from the scene of her former exertions.

What pleasing recollections are those of the year 1818, 1819, and 1820, with regard to the Surrey theatre! the legitimate field for Mr. FITZWILLIAM'S efforts. — In his present station, he is

“Cabi'd, cribb'd, confined,”

and dare not give loose to the natural emanations of his mind.

Our hero has, we are informed, many victories to boast of, in the female world; and presuming him, of course, now to have sat down in the sobriety of wedlock, he may exclaim, in the words of one of his favourite songs—

“I was the boy for bewitching them,
Whether good humour'd or coy.”

Miss Copeland's arrival at the Surrey theatre proved the signal for a revolution in the state. That darling of

every one's soon captivated the lad of the Emerald Isle, and Mrs. Brooks, it seems, thought proper to make sundry reflections on the lady, equally undeserved and distressing. The result was, Mrs. Brooks quitted the theatre, and left the lovers to feed their passion at leisure. The happy actor at length caught the little syren in a moment, when all the softness of her nature was in her soul—

“ The hour

Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no farther power,
Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul.”

In short, she consented to become Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in the month of December, 1822.

The subject of the present memoir appeared at Drury-lane theatre, for one night, as *Sancho*, in *Lovers's Quarrels*, and sang *Paddy Carey*, for the benefit of T. P. Cooke.

In 1822, Mr. FITZWILLIAM appeared as a regular member of the company at Drury-lane theatre, in *O'Rourke*, *O'Daisey*, in *Hit or Miss*. He was encored in the song of *Miss Molly O'Rigge*.

The tale of the green-room is, that manager Elliston was considerably indebted to our hero, and engaged him for five years, at a large salary, in liquidation thereof.

We have nothing to record of Mr. FITZWILLIAM from this period, except that his benefits have been extremely productive, and that he has been brought but little before the public, and even then in characters ill adapted to his powers: for instance, he was obliged to go on for the *Marquis*, in *The Cabinet*, and *Hecate*, in *Macbeth*.

To form an accurate estimate of Mr. FITZWILLIAM, it is necessary to know him thoroughly. A superficial observer might deem him a mere manager, or a man of common-place talent. Those who only know Mr. Fitz-

WILLIAM through the medium of his performances at the overgrown edifice to which he now belongs, know nothing of the man, and but little of the actor.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM is certainly not a genuine actor: his representations are only so many doubles of himself. T. Dibdin wrote a song, which contained this line—

“Little Fitz. is quite a show.”

And this was a compendium of what he is. If you view his personations of a thousand things, you only behold “little FITZ.” Droll, certainly, but never disguising his personal nature for a moment.

At the Surrey, under different names, he was producing a series of self-developments; and neither his tone, voice, action, manner, or appearance, varied in *Partridge*, *Leporello*, *Patch*, or any other of the hundred things he went on for. Nor was this his own fault. Mr. Dibdin saw what he could do well, and wrote up to that standard. To speak vulgarly, but truly, he only sought to produce “a creature that would go on and be funny;” a kind of vocal Grimaldi. At the Surrey theatre, Mr. FITZWILLIAM pleased everybody; because, being a humorous man, he is himself pleasing.

Of his performances at Drury-lane we must speak very differently. There, instead of having parts fitted to him, he was obliged to fit himself to parts. And there he discovered, that T. Dibdin had misled him. First, of his Irishmen:—his *O'Rourke O'Duisey* was tame and insipid—he did not dare to do at Drury, what he would have done at the Surrey; and, in the uncertainty of what he should do, he did nothing. His second song was the only redeeming feature. In *Mr. O'Gallagher*, (*Travellers*,) he was, if possible, worse. Instead of the bold, open, hu-

morous, erratic native of the Emerald Isle, who is eternally hanging between a joke and a blunder, we had a nervous, namby-pamby, little gentleman, timid to a degree, and who seemed fidgetty at every sentence, lest he was offending rather than pleasing. Perhaps the fact of Irish Johnstone being in the front boxes, contributed considerably to this feeling on the first night of the revival of this opera.

The public have been so long used to an athletic representative of Irishmen, that our dwarfish comedian had little chance on this ground alone.

To his *Varbel*, (*Lodolska*,) and many other characters that he has sustained, the same observations apply; and we regret to say, that his auditors have occasionally betrayed a great want of sympathy towards him. A man cannot help being nervous or timid, but he can help placing himself in a situation where that nervousness will expose him to the severity of an audience, and make those persons feel uneasy, whom it is his profession to please.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM is a man of considerable mental endowments; and perhaps few comedians can form a more correct conception of character than himself, but to execute that conception is utterly out of his power. He has only one way of doing everything. He wants breadth and finish; his acting (at present) is all outline; and he has the knowledge and the judgment, but not the courage, to fill it up.

As a humorous and entertaining performer, in any theatre where he felt himself at home, Mr. FITZWILLIAM would have few to fear. To legitimate acting; he, in common with many more, has no pretence. A minor theatre is the proper sphere for his exertions; but if a little good sense was displayed in casting characters, he might (by calling

resolution to his aid) yet form a very useful adjunct, in a secondary station, to the Drury-lane company.

His voice is a high tenor, not very powerful, but extremely pleasing. He has the best voice of any comic singer of the day. His knowledge of music is considerable, and his execution of serious songs by no means indifferent. His *Paddy Carey* is far superior to Webb's, and has never been approached by any rival. *Miss Roe* and *Captain Wattle*, and many of the elder Dihdin's songs, he executes with spirit and originality. He appears much at public dinners, and is a delightful room singer.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM must feel the difference between his present and past station poignantly; and the receipt of £12 per week can scarcely compensate for such a sacrifice of feeling. At the Surrey, his presence was the signal of acclamation; and his entrée was not hailed alone by plaudits, but that murmur of approbation that bespeaks private affection as well as public regard. Now—but we will not describe what it must (we conceive) be agonising to remember.

“Sic transit gloria mundi.”

Mr. FITZWILLIAM must feel the effects of “vaulting ambition;” and we trust, at the close of his present engagement, to see him return to that spot where his exertions will be properly appreciated.

Of this gentleman's private life it is impossible to speak but in the warmest terms of approbation. He has been an exemplary son; he is a kind brother; and, albeit he is said to have been “rather gay” in early life, is an affectionate husband; his eyes beam with the good-nature that beats in his heart; and he is, as a man, not only an honour to his country, but to human nature; his habits

are hospitable without extravagance; he is generous without profusion; and he has all the kind-heartedness, without the ostentation of his countrymen.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM is, in person, about five feet three inches stoutly made, with large blue eyes, whose expression is peculiarly droll, and frequently ludicrously amorous; his countenance is truly Irish, broad and good humoured; and his figure, though petite, is symmetrical.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

- &c. &c.

OTHELLO.

The story on which this tragedy is founded, is taken from Cynthio's novels, the seventh in the third decade. From what source Shakespeare obtained the name of *Othello* cannot now be ascertained, as no English translation of this work, so early as the time of Shakespeare, is known. There is a French translation of Cynthio, by Gabriel Chappueys, Paris 1584; which is, however, not a faithful one, but probably through this medium the work came into English. There can be no doubt but many small and interesting pamphlets have been irretrievably lost between his time and the present. If ever there was, then, one English translation of the above novel, it is now lost, and perhaps never more to be met with.

In "*God's Revenge against Adultery*," folio, by John Reynolds, history 8. there is an argument of his which is as follows:—"She married *Othello*, an old German Soldier." In this history also, which is professed to be an Italian one, the name of Iago occurs. It may be urged by some, that those names were adopted from the tragedy before us; but every dramatic reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of even the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.

The date of the occurrence of the story from which the play is founded, may be ascertained from the follow-

ing circumstances. Soliman II. formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island, after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhode there met another squadron, and then returned on its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Soliman's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570. Consequently, 1570 is the time of the play.

Malone has ascribed (but on no very sure ground,) this tragedy to the year 1611. It was entered on the Stationers' book, October 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely; and first printed in 4to. in 1622, by N. C. for Thomas Walkely.

DICKY SUETT.

Suett and several others of the dramatic fraternity were worshipping at the shrine of the Jolly God, in a tavern near the Garden Theatre; amongst them was one *Mr. Robertson* or *Richardson*, who was celebrated as a punster, and, on the present occasion, he was unceasing in the display of his talent. Suett being tired of his continued intrusion, betted him a bowl of punch he could not refrain from punning, in the short period of ten minutes, even were all the company silent. The wager was accepted, and Mr. R. placed himself at the window, in order that no action of his opponent might contribute to rouse the restrained talent; five minutes had not elapsed, when an old beggar *dangled between a pair of crutches* toward the window, imploring charity; at which moment Mr. R. commenced humming the old Scotch air of—*Through the wood, laddie.* Suett immediately demanded his bowl, he applying the words of the song, to the beggar's body passing between the wooden crutches.

MOLIERE.

“Who is the greatest man that has illustrated my reign?” demanded Louis XIV. of Boileau. “*See, c'est Molière,*” was the candid and just reply;—Cornille and Racine are allowed to have rivals among their successors; Molière stands alone. Cornille imitated, and Racine paraphrased the drama of other nations; Molière invented: and if France has a national theatre, she owes it to Molière. This great writer, stamped with all the original characteristics of genius, is alone, of all the dramatists France has produced, comparable to Shakespeare. He has not, indeed, his sublimity; he is deficient in his pathos; he wants those powerful touches, which an imagination that “*exhausted old worlds, and created new,*” flung in splendid prodigality over the pages that breathe of inspiration. He wants the fairy powers of the ærial fancy; the high-wrought character, and incidents, and stories of *Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, &c. &c.* are far beyond the reach of Molière’s conception. Wholly destitute of those brilliant conceptions, which glance from “*earth to heaven,*” and take within the range of their combination all that material and immaterial worlds present to their view, Molière was yet, like Shakespeare, a wit, a humourist, a philosopher, a deep searcher into human character, a shrewd detector of the follies and vices that disfigure it, and he held up *to life and manners a mirror*, so faithful to their reflection, that his dramas were more calculated to benefit the morals, improve the taste, extend the philosophy, correct the manners, and benefit the various relations of society in his day, than all that was ever written and said by Cornille, Racine, Boileau, Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, or all the combined talents of the age he adorned,—one simple, modest exception only admitted, in favour of the delightful “*philosophe, sans s’en douter,*” the admirable La Fontaine.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

We have, in the early part of this volume, made an error, which, in consequence of the work being stereotyped, we can only rectify by this addenda. We have described STEPHEN as the eldest, when, in fact, he was the second son of Roger Kemble.

We may as well add, too, the following particulars:—

In October, 1803, he first appeared as *Falstaff*, when he furnished an introductory address, which Bannister delivered. He played it with great success; but, on again making the attempt, in 1805, as a *star*, he was not attractive.

Mrs. Stephen Kemble was the daughter of Mr. Satchell, musical-instrument maker to his present majesty, (then Prince of Wales.) She appeared as *Pony*, at Covent-garden theatre, in 1780; was many years at the Hay-market; and universally allowed to be the best *Yarico* ever seen. When STEPHEN appeared as *Othello*, she performed his gentle lady; and, in embracing her, he left the dusky tint of his visage on the fair face of *Desdemona*.

STEPHEN used often to relate the following anecdote. Whilst he was staying at a provincial town, he was one night surprised by hearing his chamber-door opened, and he observed a little figure creep over the room. There was light enough to see that the creature bore the form of man, but had a head of unusual dimensions, and large rolling eyes; in short, it was, to all appearance, a demon. STEPHEN, who possessed no small share of fortitude, got out of bed, and addressed the terrifying object, who replied—“Oh, dear, I’m only a dwarf come down to be shown at the fair here; and I suppose you’re a giant come for the same purpose; but I’ve lost my way on the stairs, and can’t find my room.”