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22	0 11 7½	1 3 3	1 14 10½	36	1 13 9	3 7 6	5 1 3
23	0 12 4½	1 4 9	1 17 1½	37	1 17 4½	3 14 9	5 12 1½
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INDEX.

PIECES, PLACES, AND PERFORMERS

ENUMERATED IN THE CALENDAR.

Abbey's Park Theatre, New York	October.	Brussels, Eden Theatre	June.
Adelphi... ..	June.	Buckstone Benefit ...	June.
Afterpieces	October.	Canterbury	February.
Agricultural Hall ...	December.	Chang	August.
Albert Hall	March.	Charing Cross Theatre	June.
Albert Palace opened...	June.	Charing Cross Theatre	October.
Alexandra Palace ...	May.	Chicago Fire	October.
Alexandra Palace opened	May.	Chippendale's, Mr., Benefit	February.
Alexandra Palace ...	June.	Circular Lights	December.
Alexandra Palace ...	August.	City Theatre	February.
Alexandra Theatre ...	August.	Coburg Theatre	May.
Alhambra	October.	Cockpit Theatre	December.
Alhambra	December.	Comedy Theatre	October.
Alhambra Palace ...	December.	Compton Benefit	March.
Almack's Rooms	April.	Compton Benefit	March.
American Diver Scott...	January.	Court Theatre opened	January.
American Exhibition...	May.	Court Theatre closed...	July.
American Theatre ...	February.	Covent Garden Floral Hall	May.
Audiences behind the Scenes	October.	Covent Garden (Horses)	February.
Aztecs' Marriage	January.	Covent Garden Fund...	September.
Bagnigge Wells	May.	Covent Garden Opera House	April.
Balfe Statue	September.	Covent Garden Theatre	February.
Ballet Costumes Circular	January.	Covent Garden Theatre	March.
Bancroft Management .	July.	Covent Garden Theatre	April.
Bankside, Globe Theatre	April.	Covent Garden Theatre	September.
Bankside, Globe Theatre	November.	Cremorne Gardens ...	October.
Barnum's Museum	March.	Creswick's, Mr., Benefit	November.
Bartholomew Fair	September.	Crockett, James	July.
Baum, John	March.	Crystal Palace... ..	August.
Beefsteak Club	April.	Crystal Palace Foun- tains	June.
Belmore, George	November.	Cuper's Gardens sup- pressed	November.
Berlin Circus	September.	Curtain Theatre	September.
Birmingham, Grand Theatre	November.	Cushman's, Miss, Benefit	November.
"Black Crook"	August.	Darlington Theatre ...	November.
"Black-eyed Susan" ...	June.	De Groof's Accident ...	July.
Blackfriars Theatre built	February.	"Der Freyschütz"	March.
Blackfriars Theatre ...	August.	Doncaster Theatre ...	December.
Blackfriars Theatre ...	September.	Dramatic Dinner	March.
Blondin	June.	Dramatic Sick Fund ...	July.
Bradford Theatre burned	July.	Dresden, Court Theatre	September.
Brighton Music Hall burned	March.	Drury Lane Fund	August.
Bristol, Theatre Royal	December.	Drury Lane Theatre ...	March.
Brooklyn Theatre, N.Y.	December.	Drury Lane Theatre ...	September.
Brunswick Theatre ...	February.		

INDEX.

Dublin Theatre burned	February.	Globe Theatre...	November.
Duke's Theatre ...	July.	Goodman's Fields	August.
Durham Theatre ...	March.	Grand Theatre ...	August.
East London Aquarium	June.	Great Riot, New York	May.
East London Theatre...	March.	Grecian Concert Hall...	November.
Edinburgh, Adelphi ...	May.	Greenwich Fair ...	April.
Edinburgh, Lyceum ...	September.	Grimaldi's Benefit ...	June.
Edinburgh, Queen's ...	April.	Grisi's Farewell Benefit	July.
Edinburgh, Queen's Theatre ...	December.	Grisi's Funeral ...	December.
Edinburgh, Southminster Theatre burned.	March.	Grove, George... ..	July.
Edinburgh Theatre destroyed ...	January.	Hamilton Opera House	April.
Edinburgh Theatre opened ...	January.	"Hamlet"	June.
Edinburgh, Theatre Roy.	June.	Harmonic Society ...	April.
Eglinton Castle ...	August.	Harrison, Mr. William	November.
Electric Light, Charing Cross ...	January.	Haymarket Theatre ...	September.
"Elton" lost ...	July.	Her Majesty's Theatre	December.
English Company ...	December.	Highbury Barn opened	April.
Exeter Hall opened ...	February.	Highbury Barn Theatre	May.
Exeter, New Theatre Royal ...	September.	Holborn Amphitheatre	May.
Exeter Theatre burned	February.	Holborn Theatre ...	October.
Exeter, Theatre Royal	October.	Holborn Theatre Riot..	August.
Fair on the Thames ...	February.	Huddersfield Theatre..	February.
Farren's Benefit ...	July.	Hungerford Hall ...	March.
Female Character ...	November.	Ireland's, Mr. W. H.,	
Female Characters ...	July.	Shakesperian For-	
First Sixpenny Day, Crystal Palace ...	January.	geries	November.
First Theatrical Benefit	January.	Irving Banquet ...	July.
Fortune Theatre ...	June.	Irving, Mr. Henry ...	September.
Freemasons' Hall ...	May.	Japanese Village ...	May.
"Gammer Gurton's Needle" ...	August.	Jenkins, Prof. ...	August.
Garmoyle Case ...	November.	Jersey Theatre burned	July.
Garrick ...	October.	"Jonathan Bradford"	June.
Garrick Club ...	February.	Julia Pastrana... ..	August.
Garrick, David ...	June.	Jullien, M.	August.
Garrick Theatre ...	November.	Jumbo	March.
"George Barnwell" ...	April.	Kean's, Charles, Last	
Gilbert, W. S., v. "Pall Mall Gazette" ...	November.	Appearance	May.
Glasgow, Albert Hall, burned ...	January.	Kean, Mr. Chas. ...	March.
Glasgow, Star Theatre	November.	Kemble, John ...	June.
Glasgow Theatre burned	January.	Lacy's Gallery... ..	December.
Glasgow Theatre Panic	February.	Latour, M.	June.
Glasgow, Theatre Royal	October.	Leotard	April.
Glasgow, Theatre Royal, burned ...	January.	Lincoln's Inn Fields	
Glasgow, Theatre Royal, burned ...	February.	Theatre	April.
		Lincoln's Inn Fields	
		Theatre	December.
		Liverpool, Colosseum	
		Theatre	October.
		Liverpool Rotunda ...	July.
		Liverpool Rotunda ...	December.
		Liverpool, St. James's	
		Hall	May.
		Liverpool, Theatre	
		Royal	October.
		"Lohengrin" first per-	
		formed	February.

INDEX.

London Pavilion ...	November.	Pantheon Theatre ...	October.
Lusby's Hall burned ...	January.	Paris Garden Theatre...	April.
Lyceum, Equestrian		Paris Opera House	
Performances ...	January.	burned ...	January.
Lyceum Theatre ...	July.	Paris Hippodrome ...	September.
Macarthy killed ...	January.	Paris, Opéra Comique	
Madrid Circus Theatre	November.	burned ...	May.
Manager Rich ...	May.	Park Theatre ...	May.
Manchester, Belle Vue		Park Theatre ...	September.
Gardens ...	October.	Parry's, John, Farewell	February.
Manchester Theatre ...	May.	Passion Week ...	April.
Manchester, Victoria		Pasta, Madame ...	July.
Hall ...	July.	Patent first granted ...	January.
MansionHouseBanquet	October.	Patent first passed ...	February.
Mansion House Recep-		"Paul Pry" ...	September.
tion ...	June.	Pavilion Theatre burned	February.
Margate Assembly		Philharmonic Theatre..	September.
Rooms ...	October.	Plymouth Theatre ...	January.
Margate Hall ...	July.	Plymouth, TheatreRoyal	December.
Marylebone Gardens ...	July.	Polytechnic Institution	January.
Mathews, Charles ...	January.	Princess's Theatre ...	May.
Mathews, Charles ...	September.	Princess's Theatre ...	November.
Menken, Ada Isaacs ...	August.	Printed Playbill ...	July.
Midgets, The ...	May.	Raglan Music Hall ...	November.
Midgets, The ...	November.	Regent's Park Colos-	
Movable Scenes ...	May.	seum ...	August.
Movable Scenes ...	June.	Return of Mr. Henry	
Newington Theatre ...	March.	Irving ...	April.
New Sadler's Wells ...	October.	Rice, Mr. T. D. ...	November.
New Standard Theatre,		Risley's Acrobats ...	April.
Shoreditch ...	July.	"Rose" and "Hope"	
Niblo's Theatre, N.Y.	May.	Theatres ...	September.
Nice Opera House ...	March.	Rousby, Mrs. ...	May.
Nilsson, Mlle. Christine	July.	"Royal" Music Hall...	September.
Nilsson's First Appear-		Royalty Theatre ...	June.
ance ...	September.	Sadler, James ...	September.
Northampton Opera		Sale of Covent Garden	
House burned ...	February.	Theatre ...	August.
North Shields Theatre	December.	Sarah Bernhardt fined	June.
Norton Folgate Theatre	March.	Savage Club performed	March.
O'Brien exhibited in		Savoy Theatre...	October.
London ...	January.	Savoy Theatre, Elec-	
Olympic, "Liston" ...	May.	tricity ...	January.
Opening of the Alham-		Scarborough, New Spa	August.
bra as a Theatre ...	April.	Scarborough Spa ...	September.
Opening of Toole's		Schneider, Mdle. ...	June.
Theatre ...	June.	"School for Scandal" ..	May.
Opera Comique Theatre	October.	School of Dramatic Art	October.
Oriental Music Hall ...	October.	Set Scenes ...	July.
Oxford Music Hall ...	February.	Shakespeare, William...	April.
Oxford Music Hall ...	March.	Sheffield Music Hall ...	December.
Oxford Music Hall ...	August.	Sheffield Theatre ...	March.
Oxford Music Hall ...	November.	Shoreditch First Theatre	March.
Oxford opened ...	March.	Siamese Twins ...	January.
"Our Boys" ...	April.	Sixpenny Telegrams ...	October.
Panic, Hebrew Dra-		Soho Theatre ...	May.
matic Club ...	January.	South London...	March.

INDEX.

South London... ..	December.	Toole, J. L., in New	
Southampton, Gaiety...	November.	York	July.
Southwark, "Rose"		Toole, Mr. J. L.	August.
Theatre	February.	Torquay Theatre	April.
Stage-playing prohibited	February.	Tussaud, Madame	April.
Stage Plays suppressed	January.	Variety Theatre	March.
Stalls in Theatres	February.	Vaudeville Theatre	April.
Standard Theatre	October.	Vauxhall Balloon	November.
Standard Theatre, N. Y.	December.	Vauxhall Gardens	June.
Standard Theatre,		Vauxhall Gardens	July.
Shoreditch	December.	Verdi Festival... ..	April.
Strand Theatre opened	January.	Vienna, Ring Theatre..	December.
Sunderland, Star	August.	Vienna, Stadt Theatre	May.
Sunderland, Victoria		Wallis, Miss, married...	August.
Hall	June.	Webster's Benefit	March.
Surrey Music Hall	June.	"William Tell"	July.
Swan Theatre	December.	Wilton's Music Hall	August.
Terry's, Kate, Benefit..	August.	Wilton's Music Hall	December.
Terry's Theatre	October.	Wilton's Palace	September.
"The Japs"	September.	Windsor Theatre, N. Y.	November.
Theatre Registry Act...	August.	Working Men's Exhi-	
"Tom and Jerry"	April.	bition	August.

"ONE morning," said Samuel Rogers, "when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me, Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry, and so admirably that I wish every word he uttered had been written down." Yet the marvellous talker was not always intelligible. "Wordsworth and myself," said Rogers, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful indeed,' said I. 'What depth of thought, what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard,' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' R.: 'Not precisely.' W.: 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' R.: 'I can't say I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' W.: 'No more did I.'"

A BILL standing for years with one Jones, a fashionable bootmaker, provoked the incensed creditor to call on Sheridan personally, determined to have his money. A loud knock at Sheridan's door was speedily answered by a demure-looking footman, inquiring his business. "Your master, I must see him." "Sorry to say he is out, sir." "Won't do for me." A push, and Jones was in the hall, with—"Here I sit till he comes home." "You can't stay here." "Cant I? You'll see. I'll sleep here; I'm a fixture." Loud words passed and repassed, interrupted by Sheridan's bell, and his voice inquiring: "What is all that uproar about, James?" Jones (loudly): "Boots, sir—Jones of Bond Street!" Sheridan rushed out, seized both of his hands, exclaiming: "My dear Jones, how are you? Delighted to see you." (To demure James): "How dared you detain my friend Jones in the hall? Walk in, pray." Arm and arm, Spider and Fly enter the parlour together. "Chair, James." They sit. "Breakfasted? Of course you have. Twelve o'clock. (Sighs.) Ah, my dear sir, legislating is no joke; late hours, wear and tear. By-the-by, how is dear Mrs. Jones? Any increase of the family? When I last called, one of your olive-branches had—had, dear me—" "Measles, sir." "That's it. And pray, why am I honoured by this call so early?" "Three years' boots and shoes, sir." "Three years! How time flies. Our brief hours soon slip away, Jones." "Yes, sir, but credit don't." "No, certainly; I'll write you a cheque." "Thank you, sir." "Glass of wine?" (Pours one out.) Then a chat, embracing every conceivable subject, concluding with Sheridan's last play, *Pizarro*. He writes out a box order, and says: "Bring your wife and children. Kenble, Siddons, Jordan, all in it. (Rings bell.) James, carriage—due at the House. Good-bye, Jones; regards to Mrs. J. Stop—now you are here, measure me for half-a-dozen pairs of top-boots." (Jones did.) "Thank ye. Always delighted to see you—mind that James." Door closes on mystified Jones; he had two orders, one for boots, the other for the play.

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

The following may, perhaps, be
considered a somewhat "striking"
incident. It occurred during
the first season of my dramatic
career, when I was playing
"Cleopatra" in a production of
"Antony & Cleopatra". In the 4th act
Antony is seen elated, & triumph-
ant! bringing to the Queen the
great news of his victory over
Cesar. As they meet, he greets
her in the following speech
"O! More day o' the world
Chain mine and a neck; leap thou, attire
Through proof of harness to my heart, & there
Ride on the pant's triumphing."

The business of the scene was that
 Antony should speak this up the
 stage, & that Cleopatra should, at
 the cue "Overwhelming" reply —

O Sublime virtue Lord of Lords
Smiling grove
 The world's great snare incaught"

and leaping into her lover's arms to
 enfold him in her ardent embrace.

But, one unhappy night (over-tiring
 with the exertions of two performances
 in one day of this arduous rôle) I threw
 into the situation such superabundant
 energy, that poor Antony, unprepared
 for the sudden charge, yielded to
 the force of his Queen's embrace, & without
 more ado I seized his "great fairy"
 measured on the stage the chase (for
 that night at least) of their artistic
 efforts. Shouts of laughter from the audience
 rewarded the novel effect. "Child, what
 have you done," gasped the fallen Antony
 what I had done was to scribe the noblest
 warrior down, & with him myself. E. L. Wallis

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

Not the following - but it is one
of the most odd. In my teens
I was the juvenile actor at Leicester,
& as a rule had to play in the
pieces. One evening however, for a
reason I was not cast in the afternoon
& had taken no interest in it - in
fact knew absolutely nothing about it
It had commenced & as I passed
the wings to leave the theatre, I
was suddenly seized by the
prompter, a most eccentric old
gentleman named Nellen, who
excitedly stammered "Go on the stage
- go on -"
But I am not playing in the piece
I urged.
"No matter, go on, the stage is waiting!"
said Nellen.
"What for?" I asked.

"— is drunk - can't speak - go on I tell you" with that Haller propelled me through the door of the scene on to the stage. Not knowing what the character was, much less any of the words - there was I. & there was the audience. The first question asked me by the comedian was, "Was the devil are you?"

"Now the devil should I know?"

I answered angrily -

"Then come - What is your name sir"

"I have forgotten it" - was my reply.

"Where do you come from sir" was

the next query -

"I've never been there sir" - The answer.

This kind of thing went on until the poor comedian, who had been robbed

of all his best lines yelled out in

"a rage" "Get out of this place"

"I wish I'd never been in it." I

answered & gratefully went. What

the part was that I had played (?)

I was not unto this 12th of January 1887

Milton Berre

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I am afraid my "professional experience" offer few "striking incidents" My long service at the dear old Hay-Stack Post was of a jog-jog nature, varied only by the excursions of "first flights" "New Stars" and, our annual summer visits to the Provinces, &c. &c. The Hay-Stack Post Company, of course, had their incidents & contretemps occasionally, but nothing ever important happened to my self, than temporary annoyances, that than which of my fellow players have experienced & consequently would be scarcely amusing to repeat - So perhaps you will accept the following - which we thought very funny at the time - We were a "merry family" but there was our dear old boy, whose nature was not sunny, he was much given to grumbling, tho' he had had a good salary for years, which he loved to spend on his own hobbies to the detriment, I fear, of his good, sweet wife. He was his exact opposite in every way - He was surly, she, was sweet - He, was short & stout - She, tall & thin - His nose and features, well - we'll say - goldsmithian - hers, Aquiline - He, brusque & domineering - She, gentle and patient - Sometimes, only, sometimes, he took her on Tour with him, but then he would spend no money on excursions or sight seeing - in

wings. - The scene proceeded, I fell beneath the sword of Rome, and having died (well in the shade moonlight) - my punishment commenced. - Thick and fast, sting, sting, sting - came (the peas, (for soon discovered peas were only too surely were) on my face, on my hands, on my thinly silk-clad legs; - lying on my back full in the limelight, I offered an admirable mark, and every shot told - I dared not move to raise a hand would be to elicit a shout of laughter from the audience - and Juliet's temper was not of the sweetest. - so there I had to lie and bear it without even the alleviation of a grin - what an eye it seemed! - I wished Rome's deadly draught had been veritable Punic War, I cursed Juliet's "Ina-ready puns" from the bottom of my soul, while thicker and faster rained those infernal peas. - At last, the curtain did descend, and smothering physically and mentally, I rushed upstage, exclaiming as I went the torrent of my long-pent feelings, - to find upon my dressing place a long pea-shooter, and a card politely inscribed "With the Third Officer's compliments".

Henry H. Wilson.

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

Some years ago I produced a drama at the Theatre Royal Margate. It was entitled "All Lost". It has not been since named for it has never been seen since. The situation seemed mad this:- The hero is bound to the mast of a sinking vessel, after a violent struggle he succeeds in breaking his bonds and dashes into the cabin with the heroic intention of saving the Captain's little daughter from a watery grave. The vessel struck by lightning sinks, and the hero is seen floundering about on the sea cloth - I mean ocean - with the child clasped tightly to his manly bosom. On this occasion the mast was intrusted to the care of a lad in the flies, who at a given signal was to release the supports and let it fall, conveying the idea that it had been struck by lightning. Alas! for some occult reason, that lad disregarded the stage managers instructions. The ship went down

but the mast was an original mast and politely but firmly refused to budge an inch. Gentle, persuasive and even affectionate messages were sent to that boy as the flies, but to no avail, he sailed benignly down upon us as much as to say "Here stands a post, and touch it if you dare". At this critical juncture the able exponent of my hero (an admirable actor, but possessing rather too keen a sense of the ridiculous) dashed on to the stage and gave vent to the following remarkable sentiment — "Never shall it be said that I — I a British Sailor, left an innocent mast to perish in the tempest — no — no! I am an Englishman, and I have a mother of my own — Come and Heaven protect us both" and seizing the mast, he, with a strenuous effort dragged it to the stage and as the scene closed it was seen swimming away with the mast he had so gallantly rescued. There was a call for the mast but none for —

Tom Craven

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I was sitting one afternoon in a well known Strand restaurant and having a cup of tea when a voice said in my ear "You are the very girl I wanted to see! Are you open to an engagement? The governor is about to revive "Lady Clare" & he wants you to play your original part" The speaker, an old theatrical acquaintance proceeded to enter into details and the result of our conversation was that the next day I called at the theatre, saw the manager and arranged everything with him. I had left his room & crossed the stage when a voice arrested me "Are you not going to say good bye?" Turning quickly I saw my friend standing at the wing. I held out

my hand. It is not good bye I
 said on Monday, come up to town
 again to rehearse, till then all repairs
 I endeavored to withdraw my hand but
 he held it firmly in both of his as he said
 in a censorious, unkind tone. Thus he
 and say good bye. Good bye I said
 then you won't kiss me I should
 my hand. Well good bye, my child
 he said good bye and my hand
 was free. I walked a few steps
 away when some unkind prompt-
 -ing made me turn & look back.
 He stood steadfastly and sadly
 regarding me. Suppressedly I walked
 back and kissed him on the cheek
 he was making it a most solemn
 farewell. I said laughing good bye
 and this time I took my departure.
 Even this incident impressed me
 not a little for my friend was as a
 rule the meaneast of the merry and
 never in all our acquaintance had
 he been so serious or so tenderly
 familiar. Three days later I was
 sitting by the sea when my maid brought
 me the Era. I glanced into its pages
 & they dropped it from my hand
 the first words which met my gaze
 were the following: Death of Mr. Harvey
 could the shadow of this awful and sudden
 event have been upon ^{my} friend when
 my hand, old friend, when ^{Harriet} ^{Ray}
 he wished me that last good bye

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience ?

There are so many incidents within my memory locked that I find some difficulty in fixing upon any particular one as the most striking. I will relate one which at any rate made a great impression upon my mind at the time, and which would have caused a deep impression to be made upon my body too, by the infuriated victims of my forgetfulness if he could have had his way, in which case the most "striking" incident in my career would have been unmistakably demonstrated. The first Shakespearean part ~~was~~ entrusted to me was Seyton in Macbeth and I was extremely anxious about the result of my performance, for I suffered greatly from nervousness and had an unfortunate habit, which amounted almost to a rule, of "drying up" on first nights; on that point I was absolutely reliable. It so happened however that by some mysterious, good fortune on the occasion in question I spoke every line of my part and made every entrance and exit correctly - except the last. I was so elated over the unusual occurrence of having delivered all my words that the cue which I should have taken me off the stage completely escaped my memory.

However, thought I to myself "I have nothing more to say, and nothing more to do, so it cannot matter much how or when I get off so long as I do, so influenced by this notion and, of course forgetting to wait for Macbeth's instruction to "go sound the alarm" I strutted across the stage with a feeling of self-satisfaction and without observing Macbeth bumped suddenly against him. The tragedian - he was a star-looking puzzled and amazed, stretched his arm across my breast and barred my passage. A pause ensued - he scowled. I looked enquiringly at him, and concluded that he merely objected to my going off at that particular place, so I tried another lower down: again the tragedian opposed my departure. I could not understand his motive for further restraining me, and feeling very uncomfortable I made a sudden dive at the first entrance. He had so far only dodged me from the back of the stage down to the footlights, but now he seized and shook me and hissed some scathing words between his teeth at me. Was Shakespeare's work suspended and some inspiration of his own substituted for the moment? - I could not tell. it was too much for me! Fear and wonderment possessed me; I turned in terror to make my escape at the other side of the stage and in so doing my tartan came off, entangled my legs and threw me on my nose. I scrambled up and with my garments huddled together rushed wildly off amidst convulsive laughter and demonstrations of a mixed character, leaving the discomfited tragedian to his own resources. The scene was apparently much appreciated by the audience. I did not wait in the theatre for explanations, but hurried out before the play was over. I was not merry. E. W. Garden

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I was once playing in "Hamlet":
we had reached the point in the
third act when the clock striking
twelve gives the cue for "Hamlet" to
say "Tis now the very witching time
of night" &c -
A deep-toned bell did duty for the
Elmors time-piece, and the Property
Man was striking it with that
incomparable shabby, which is
peculiar to the stage employe,
when suddenly a rotund member
of the company rushed up to him
saying -
"Stop! What on earth are you doing?"
The man left off at once in a
complete state of bewilderment.
"What does mean? I got my
cue!"
"All right" replied his tormentor
"I was wrong - go on again!"
The victim resumed his task

at railway speed, but after a few moments said - with an expression of agony -
 "Est - 'ow many 'ave I struck?"
 To this question, no one replied, and the Family Clock - sharing on this occasion the confusion in which the Claudius household was plunged - struck about twenty-seven - and (but for the change of years) would probably be sounding now.
 I could perhaps recall more remarkable incidents than this in my professional experience - but none so striking!

Yours very truly
 D. C. Carton.

Nov^r - 1887 -

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

we were a little Commonwealth Co
playing in Paris, and the evening's bill
was "East Lynne" & "Robert Macaire".
Having no child a dress for Willie
Carty, we borrowed a little girl
from the city, and Barbara Hare spoke
Willie's lines from the wings. As
Archibald, I had to embrace Willie,
and shed a tear over him on receipt
of the letter which announced
the flight of his mother. Willie,
having had no former stage ex-
-perience, thought I was taken bad,
so she put her little hand in mine
in token of sympathy, and kept a
watchful eye on my movements for
the rest of the evening, evidently an-
-ticipating some fresh trouble for me.
"East Lynne" over - the curtain went
up on "Robert Macaire". This 'anything
but a perfect performance, we were

Managing to pull through without
 disgracing ourselves - much; the
 command was given to fire - the
 soldiers raised their guns - Bang!
 as Robert I gave a spin on my heel
 & fell, face downwards. I scarcely
 dared to hope for a word of
 applause, but I was totally
 unprepared to hear peal upon peal
 of slaughter ring through the building.
 In mental anguish I turned over
 on my back, & discovered the cause
 that had provoked the hurrahs
 of the house, for there, by the
 prostrate form of Robert Macaire,
 and in great concern for his
 safety, knelt Willie Carlyle.
 The curtain fell on the
 situation.

J. W. W. W. W. W.
 J. W. W. W. W.

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

Years ago, in what we are now pleased to call the good old "stock days" - I was playing an engagement in Leeds. At that time, eight or ten plays were produced in a single week - and one rehearsal was considered sufficient for each play. I was cast for a small villain's part in a drama called "Pedlar's Ace". I had to be stabbed in a front scene by the heavy man - Curse him and fall dead. Two Supers were to enter from the O/p side - raise and carry me off - the heavy man remaining on to declaim a speech before the change of scene. Now if there was one thing our heavy man loved - it was a solo speech - to have all the stage to himself. Night came - I received my stab - spoke my Curse and fell dead - Silence! Not a sign of a super - Still Silence! I opened one eye - there stood the heavy man staring at me - with his back to the

public - "So off you fool," he whispered "go off - I've got a speech" - "How could I go off? I was as dead as a don nail - Another pause - then the stage manager's voice at the wing - "Crawl off you idiot. Crawl off." By this time the audience had got wind of the situation what was I to do! it was evident the heavy man would never make his exit without giving his speech - Then a brilliant idea struck me - I raised myself on my elbow, murmured in feeble tones "Ah! life is returning I will fly to a surgeon - I'm dy-
 get recorder." Then I did as the stage manager told me - I crawled off. I will not describe the heavy man's speech - it was drowned in yells of laughter - I will not describe his fury, nor the epithets he hurled at my un-offending head. The sappers were forgotten, and I alone was regarded as the culprit. We didn't come to blows.

Frank Hawkey.

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I was gaining 'experience', in big parts, in small towns, in popular pieces, in Scotland. On a memorable occasion, at the end of the second act, I had to work the climax up, and bring the curtain down, with the words "It is too late, Madam, your child is dead." Suddenly, a man, sole occupant of the Pit Stalls, who, through the piece had been audibly snoring at a huge Hans Shant, ~~was~~ in a dirty newspaper, ~~was~~ rose, & with a violent anathema, in the local dialect, flung the heavy bone viciously at me. In spite of the tableau, I caught the missile as it struck me, and sent it back whence it came, with a good round-hand shot and a crash, the curtain-roller touching the stage the next instant.

He played the next act in a cold, herospiratione, his inanimate body, in a helpless attitude, before us all the time, in all its horrible loudness in the Pit Stalls.

At the end, however, I uttered a faint "Thank heaven", as I was told the welcome news "I'd missed him . . . He was asleep, drunk . . . and had just been turned out of the theatre, swearing, harrumph and all!"

Thankful, I went home to my lodgings (over a Butcher's shop) & to bed - but only to dream, all night long, I had really killed him and was dissecting his body, for more convenient disposal, with the aid of the saws, choppers, and blocks below; and what with the dream, the Cold Perspiration, and the Blow on the Chest, it remains to this day the most 'striking incident' in my professional experience.

Brandon Thomas.

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience ?

The incident which I am about to relate, has most likely faded from the minds of all who saw it but myself, but my position being the most exceptional under the circumstances, it has remained indelibly impressed on my memory.

It was during the run of "The Furrow" at the Vanderbilt Theatre in which I played Gregory the Yorkshire groom; there is a period in the play at which Gregory is left alone on the stage & after a short speech, Freddy, Duttescoche enters, (Dr. Thorne played the part) and a scene ensues, on the particular evening in my mind, I came to the end of my speech & the cue was not taken up, thinking it to be only a stage wait, I commenced to gag to fill up, but Dr. Thorne not appearing & hearing no bustle behind the scenes as one generally does when there is a stage wait, for every body runs for somebody else on these occasions (I have known the person for whom the stage is waiting

fetch some me else, & almost push them on) I
 went up to the centre opening & said in a whisper
 "where's the gov'nor" and to my horror, I saw a little
 group of frightened faces, looking up at the flies
 where one of the carpenters was creeping along a
 beam projecting from the flies, his cap in his hand
 with which to extinguish an enormous lance
 of gas, emanating from a large crack in the
 leather tubing connecting one of the back borders,
 as we took the slightest notice of me. Mr. James
 as old Maschfield had just gone off the other
 side, I turned that side & saw him gazing fixedly
 too, I said "Help me out gov'nor, I'll try & keep it up"
 or words to that effect, & went back to the staff sick
 with fright, Mr. James, spoke off, I made some
 remark about it, he came in and, said something
 about being kept waiting in that room, and made
 an exit again, in a very few minutes, Mr. Thorne
 came in to me said with voice, "It's all right
 hestrey" & we commenced the scene that
 had been kept waiting, I don't suppose that
 it all lasted five minutes but it had seemed
 hours to me, who had had to keep the house
 amused, knowing what was going on behind
 the scenes.

J. M. Hestrey
 W. Hestrey

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I think the following. My sister, Florence Warden, & I were for some time at a school in France, where the régime was easygoing, & where we girls performed plays, written by my sister & full of local allusions; before enthusiastic audiences composed of masters & mistresses & the little boys from the boys' school opposite, little boys who had sisters & cousins at our school, & with whom we solemnly danced before our teachers at "breaking up" soirées. Time went on & a sudden loss of fortune took us straight from that school into the serious business of life. My sister & I, mindful of our school triumphs, went on the stage, & in 1883 I was learning my business as leading lady in a stock season at the Alexandra Palace. Our company, except for some 5 members of whom I was one, was constantly changed; the second month I was there we had a new "juvenile" man. He & I took a sincere dislike to each other & avoided speaking, out of our parts. At last one Saturday morning, the manager handed us a book of the comedietta for 2 persons

entitled "On an Island", to be played by us at 4 o'clock on the following Monday. As this intimation was given us an hour before the performance of a heavy drama, the "juvenile" man, with great reluctance, had to invite me to tea with him & his sister on the following Sunday in order to run through the Comedietta. I, with great reluctance went. The sister, the juvenile "man", & I, after stiffly greeting each other, proceeded to "make conversation" before starting on the piece. Some sweets on the table turned the talk on sweets, thence to French pastry such as I bought & made myself ill with at school at G — said I. Co-incidence! He was at school at G — notes compared, dates looked up in old prize-books (still uncut) — we were there the same year at the schools in connection with each other. Light began to dawn. We remembered — He a hot-tempered little girl with long ringlets — I — a quarrelsome little boy in red ties, with whom I had often danced at breaking up soirees: briefly, after leaving G — we both had changed our names & gone on the stage, & had acted together, in a most unfriendly fashion, for a whole month without becoming we had met before! I know the sequel ought to have been touching & sentimental — but it was not! The juvenile "man" was married a good while ago but we have been, & are, capital friends for "ould lang syne".

Gertrude Warden

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

The most striking incident in my professional experience? Well I think I can call to mind one at least, it occurred in Philadelphia, Pa. and presents one of the most curious instances of "Nemesis" I ever remember to have met with. One evening I was performing at the Chestnut Street Opera House in the Quaker city and being "through" as they say, I hastened to join a friend in the vestibule of the theatre, with whom I was to sup at the University Club. I had scarcely greeted my companion, when he informed me in excited tones that he had been poorly insulted by the policeman on duty—a colored "Dishman"—; I instantly resented the conduct of the officer, & consequently in less than ten seconds found myself sprawling on the "side walk"—a really "striking incident" and in less than another ten seconds my friend and I were being hurriedly dragged to the central Police Station, where after much blarney, we were duly incarcerated, charged with a "pair of breaches of the peace." There we lay bitterly lamenting our lost supper, until after a few hours a kind friend procured our release on

bail. Punctually at two p.m. on the
 next day we appeared before the
 magistrate, — a very jovial and
 light-hearted individual, this
 learned functionary — be it recorded
 to his credit — immediately adjourned
 the case to a neighbouring saloon,
 when — in company with the head
 gaol-official, and all the witnesses —
 he proceeded freely to discuss fried
 oysters and old "Kentucky Rye";
 But — with a capital B — the whiskey
 must have been too strong; for my
 worthy "Custos Rotulorum", very soon
 became more or less incapable of a
 proper equilibrium; at length being
 quite overcome, he requested me with
 thickened speech, to "see him home."

Outside the saloon I found the
 very policeman into whose bad
 graces I had fallen the night
 before, — Nemesis! — I shouted, and
 instantly saw the magistrate in
 charge. I have never seen him
 since, he was a real good sort,
 and I sincerely hope he prospers.

Nov. 1886. (Arthur Lewis)

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

The humour of a ludicrous situation often evaporates with time, and many an incident at which we once laughed heartily, fails to raise a smile in the telling. So it may be with the following true yarn.

A few years ago, I was a member of a well known travelling company, and in the course of a long tour found myself at Wrexham, a town which had no regular theatre, but a "general utility" hall, which "doubles" the parts of ball room, concert hall, theatre etc. On the night of which I now write, our dramatic "bill of fare" consisted of "The Road to Ruin" and a short melodrama, in which I played an ultra villain. The comedy had gone smoothly and well, but an un-rehearsed piece of business turned the melodrama into a "screaming farce". The assistant stage manager, had played the part of Mr. Silky, and was "holding the book", still as his Silky get up, and I was in the throes of a "Ha! Ha! No matter the time will come!" kind of soliloquy, when from the prompt corner I heard a loud crash, and looking round, saw the late Mr. Silky and the fragments

of the chair on which he had been sitting disappear over the edge of the platform which formed our stage. In his fall he turned a complete somersset, and rolled through the side curtains of the pit up, amongst the audience.

For a few seconds there was intense silence. Mr. Sitty, sat staring alternately at the stage he had just left, and the audience he had now so abruptly joined, a look of hopeless, blank, astonishment, upon his face. He was recalled from 'wonderland' by the heartiest burst of laughter I ever heard, in which I am afraid I shared, and picking himself up, made an exit behind the curtains, almost as comical as his entrance had been. It was in vain that I tried to recompose my features and look villainous. The audience would not allow it. Melodrama was dead for that night, Mr. Sitty's unrehearsed piece of business had killed it.

November 1887 J. S. Blythe

What is the most striking incident
in your professional experience?

I think the most striking incident
of my life took place in the Pants
which I produced at the Alexander
Palace. The Yellow Dwarf
One of the scenes was a Phantom Flight
in which I used to do the jumps
of 20 & 30 feet.

The jumps were accomplished by
the means of India Rubber Springs
& according to the height I wished to
travel so they were increased or decreased.

The jumps were taken from different
parts of the stage for instance, one was
from about seven feet below the
stage, and another was from a
raised rostrum about 12 feet above
the level of the stage, so that actually
the jump from below the stage was
about 20 feet further to travel than
the one from off the rostrum.

When it came to rehearsal I tried
the one jump from underneath the
stage up to the border & it worked
very well - so being very tired I did
not think it requisite to try any of the

others, but simply told the man in charge of the jumping machines, to put the same number of springs on each he did so. when the performance came on the following afternoon - I did the jump from the top of the 12ft Rostrum to the boarders, in place of rising only to the height of the Trapeze on which I ought to have alighted. I found myself rising higher & higher past the gas batteries, yet still I continued to rise. I knew there was a gridiron over my head so I clutched at the ropes to check my ascent, but instead of its so doing it simply turned me feet upwards & wrenched the ropes out of my hands. Still I continued to rise, at last my body took a different course & I was descending, head first & apparently with hopes of saving myself, but in my descent I fell with my chest across the trapeze. I immediately caught hold of the ropes - from the Trapeze I used to dive off head first, about 25 feet. I was two or three minutes before I could recover my nerve to take the header

Geo Couper

My First Engagement.



URED of mercantile life—a clerkship with an uncle, whose thoughts were centered on profit and loss more than on family relationship; my salary extremely limited, and with a secret yearning towards the stage—I resolved to become an actor, sink or swim! Having tried my hand several times at private theatricals, with what I thought success, I bade adieu to “nunkey,” at the ripe age of twenty. The “Rubicon” once passed, work became necessary. I joined a small strolling company, managed by the Brothers Strickland. One of the brothers, Bob Strickland, became in after years an actor at the Haymarket Theatre, popular in old men and eccentric comedy. His “Lord Tom Noddy” was talked about. The circuit visited by the brothers extended to small towns and villages within a radius of twenty miles round London. Their temples of “Thespis” were usually assembly-rooms, club-rooms, and town halls when they could get them. Their arrangements were very primitive. Scenery scarce, lacking design and the artistic brush. Five scenes served for all purposes, tragedy, comedy and pantomime. There were an arched palace, dungeon, garden, a room, and forest by moonlight. Windows, doors, staircases, &c., were left to the visitor’s imagination. Machinery for working the scenic display: rope-lines extended from wall to wall, right and left, with rings attached to the scenes. Thus they were drawn on and off. Lights: oil lamps placed on raised deal boards, lent by a friendly builder. Company, (I beg pardon) artists: small in number, but large in capacity for swallowing words. Doubling was the order of the day. Salaries modestly low: eighteen shillings for leading gentleman and leading lady, weekly; fourteen shillings and twelve shillings remunerated all the others; not much chance of investing in Consols out of this! All had to find their own wigs, sword, boots, shoes, feathers, collars and tights, &c. Chairs in rows constituted the boxes; school forms (borrowed) furnished the pit; gallery customers had the privilege of standing for threepence; pit, sixpence; boxes, one shilling and sixpence.

I found myself announced as “from the principal metropolitan theatres,” to play in Shakespere’s tragedy of *Richard III., or the Murder in the Tower of the Princes, by their cruel Uncle Gloster*. Thus ran the bill posted on the “Red Cow Tavern,” Chiswick. My parts in the tragedy were “King Henry,” “Duke of Buckingham,” and “Lord Stanley.” One dress and a cloak did for the three. By a flag of white calico with black letters suspended from one of the “Cow’s” windows, the public were informed that a London company, regardless of expense, would perform for six nights only. I inquired of an ostler lying on a bench at the door if he could direct me to the manager. “Which ‘un? Bob or Dick? Bob’s out there (pointing), playing at cricket with our club; cunning dog—it’ll make his benefit. Dick’s snoring in there (pointing to a window), allus has his arternoon nap. The play-chaps are in the kitchen ‘aving tea. Go straight ahead and you’ll find ‘em.” I did find them to my astonishment—all dressed for the evening play, Sheridan’s *Pizarro*. Pausing in the doorway, I was told to come in by a lady, asking if I was the new London actor? The droll of the company quickly answered for me. “Can’t you see he is, Emily, he’s come to help us milk the cow.” Loud laughter and bravo’s accompanied this witticism. A soft stazy voice asked me to take a cup of tea, and Emily fetched a chair for me by her side. She asked me how I came down; “On the Marrow Bone stage, of course.” Another laugh for Tommy the Droll. “Elvira,” stately Spanish lady of high Hidalgo blood, presided at a large deal table, and wielded a huge earthen tea-pot with infinite grace; but ever and anon cast withering glances at her husband, “Pizarro,” conqueror of Peru, who was seated at a table alone, with a clay-pipe for a marshal’s baton, and an empty glass. He was clothed in complete armour of pasteboard and Dutch metal, fearful black ringlets, cork moustaches to match. “Cora,” Peru’s pride! knelt before the fire toasting muffins, for her renegade husband “Alonzo.” Their infant heir crawling on the floor after a kitten’s tail. “Rolla,” first of stage patriots and lovers, amused himself with dominoes. The rival armies fraternised like brothers of the Salvation Army. The kitchen cuckoo-clock struck six. In an instant, all jumped up, helter skelter running upstairs. Dick Strickland looked in, nodded to me and hastened to the door. There was only one for boxes, pit, and gallery. Doors opened at six, play commenced at half-past. I followed the troop into a large cloak-room, ensconcing myself behind the first wing, O.P., to watch the acting. The “Cow” was well filled to see the London actors. Tinkle, tinkle, sounds a bell. Curtain rapidly draws off. *Pizarro* commences. All went

smoothly until the Temple of the Sun God was shown (arched palace backed by moon-light wood). Moon: oil-paper, lit up by a candle held by a boy behind on a ladder. A covered tea-chest did for the sacred sun's altar, and a saucer to receive the token of the gods. Here the moon took fire, and the terrified boy's dirty face produced shouts of laughter, followed by cries of fire. A few words from "Rolla" calmed all, and the play proceeded without further accident.

Our managers' next venture was Brentford; fit up at the "Three Pigeons." Now we were on classic ground. The "Pigeons" had for joint landlords, when playhouses were suppressed during the Commonwealth, Louvin and Taylor—Louvin was the original "Sir John Falstaff," Taylor the original "Hamlet." They were players with Shakespeare at the "Globe." Here was inspiration for us humble followers of the art histrionic.

The nobility, gentry, and citizens of Brentford were, by our bills, invited to patronise the celebrated London actors, for six nights only. This appeal seemed to tell upon the river barges, costermongers, gardeners, &c. Many strange parts fell to my share, old and young. Chance at last favoured me; our leading man was arrested by a Puritanical tailor, for a long-owing bill. What was to be done? *Romeo and Juliet* was the piece. "Romeo" was given to me. This accident led to a one-sided love affair, with Mary Hakes, a dairyman's daughter. The silly girl fell in love with my scarlet tights and white feathers. To my surprise a large cake was left at my lodgings, and a crumpled letter, sealed with a thimble. I ate the cake, and spelt her letter. It ran thus:

"Dear Mr. — don't be cros. I can't help luvven you, ever since I seed you hact 'Ro-me-o.' Them scarlet things and feathers are in my heart, they are never out of my 'ead. If I 'ad money, I'd go on the stag' myself, being a good step-dancer. I knows and sings 'Bobb'in Joan,' and 'Sally in our Alley.' Not bad lookin' when I'm dressed up. My blood biled when you kissed 'Ju-let, I could have scratched her face for her—how you climbed over a gardin wall after her at night. I only wish you would climb over our wall. I'd soon let you in, never fear. You see, I'm not one of them stuck up gals, with a shame face, what I mean, I says. What was that made you smell like a rose? You told us all she was your love. She speaks—and says nuffin'—that puzzled me; how could a gal open her mouth and say nuffin'? I dare say, Mister Shakspeare knowed, he seems a good 'and at sweethearting. When you come up street look in at our dairy, I'm allways in the shop. I hered you go to Hounslow next week. I'll come over with a bigger cake. I've got friends in one of the powder mills, do write when you can. Your fond love, Mary Hakes."

"One hundred kisses for you, I only wish I could give 'em to you, I'd make 'em two hundred. *A-doo!*"

I carefully avoided that street and Miss Hakes. Beginning to tire of short commons and long parts, I determined to return home for a time. Bob, Brother Bob, hastened this resolve, by asking me to put some bills in my pockets to deliver when I went out, saying, I was a rogue among the girls, and it would bring grist to the mill. This proposal raised my ire. I discharged myself at once, bade farewell to the "Pigeons," sought my home, where a hearty welcome greeted me, and where I remained until my next engagement.—EDWARD STIRLING.

A REALISTIC ACTOR.—The history of the Swedish stage records a very extraordinary incident which took place at the representation of the *Mystery of the Passion*, under King John II. in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the Cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of the action that he really killed the man who impersonated our Lord, who, falling suddenly and with great violence, overthrew the actress who impersonated the Holy Mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him.

DID IT HIMSELF.—Charles Mathews the elder was a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott, and his works, and always asserted that he never felt so honoured as when Sir Walter attended the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on the occasion of Mathews's appearance there. Mathews thus related the circumstance in a private letter to a friend: "Sir Walter Scott, the Magician of the North, and all his family were there. They huzzaed when he came in, and I never played with such spirit, I was so proud of his presence. Coming out I saw him in the lobby, and very quietly shook his hand, as many others were doing. 'How d'ye do, Sir Walter?' 'Oh, hoo are ye? Wall, hoo have ye been entertained?' I perceived he did not recognise me. 'Why, sir, I don't think quite so well as the rest of the people.' 'Why not? I have been just delighted. It's quite wonderful hoo the deevil he gets through it all.' Whispering in his ear, 'I am surprised, too, but I did it all myself.' Lockhart, Lady Scott, and the children quickly perceived the *équivoque* and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me, an invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted most joyfully."

The Manager's Revenge.



R. JOHN KEMBLE MATTHEWS, of the Royal Crocodile Theatre, was a manager of the good old sort—one who had little sympathy with the present system of long runs, touring combinations, fancy salaries, and new-fangled ideas of society acting and triumphs of stage-management. "Give me," he would exclaim over his favourite potatoes, "give me a hardworking stock company, a round of the old pieces, the old-fashioned grooves and plots, the old green baize, and, above all, the double row of green and white floats, *which the pitites can see*, instead of hiding them away in a whitewashed hole along the front of the stage, as if the actors wanted to show their feet and were ashamed of the footlights behind which they earned their bread." Consequently, when he saw the opportunity of seizing the reins of management at the Royal Crocodile, he swore that he would conduct the theatre according to his own ideas, no matter what might be done at the West End or elsewhere. And he kept his word. Week after week he mounted the old stock pieces, supported by an experienced company of hardworking pros., who regarded themselves as fixtures upon the establishment so long as they were contented with a water-gruel salary and swallowed their ambition to tread the boards of a more reputable theatre. In the summer months, instead of letting his theatre to travelling companies, he retained his own people, and put up a series of "novelties" that were either bald imitations of some great West End success or original dramas built upon some current event to suit the times. Matthews had been connected with a great many theatrical enterprises in his day, and with him there had been associated an old broken-down hack author, who for some time previous to the other's instalment at the Royal Crocodile found his bread and butter getting rather scarce in the face of the big sensational dramas, which entirely superseded the less artistic productions of his own brain. To this individual—Edward Grice by name—Matthews then entrusted the manufacture of all the "original" dramas that saw the light at the Royal Crocodile. Of effective situations in these dramas there were assuredly plenty; and although their originality might be open to question, they never failed to "go down" with thunders of appreciation. The time had been when Grice enjoyed some repute as a dramatist; but latterly, the more complex requirements of modern stagecraft, added to his own failing energies, prompted him to *adapt* rather than to *write*, or, in other words, to turn the crude compositions of other people's brains into practicable plays—a course which proved less troublesome and more profitable than the production of any work of genius of his own. Moreover, since his own name always appeared as the author of these plays, he had nothing to complain of on the score of popularity. The precise manner in which this state of things came about was as follows.

Years, a great many years, before, when Matthews was manager at Highbury Barn, and prior to the establishment of the Old Tottenham Street Theatre, commonly called The Dusthole, whereat Grice was prompter, utility actor, wardrobe keeper, and copyist in one, he (Matthews) had come into the lawful possession of an enormous number of manuscript dramas that were never read and not even opened. Presumably these could not have been of much account, for, except in very rare cases, their authors never even inquired after their fate. Some of them, after years of patience, had perhaps died in despair; the rest still preferred to linger on in obscurity, hoping some day to see their names on the bills of the theatre as they passed by to their regular occupations. Once, indeed, a threadbare individual had fought his way into the managerial sanctum, demanding the instant return of his MS. Matthews, of course, neither recognised the author nor his play, but he was equal to the occasion. "Here you are," said he, throwing back the lid of a huge trunk, which disclosed to view a heterogeneous collection of dusty documents. "I don't know which of these is yours, but you may take any one of them you like." And so these MSS. had remained locked in that identical trunk for years until, finally, they found a permanent home in the treasury of the Royal Crocodile. Therefore, whenever it became necessary to hit the public with "a new and original drama," Grice was at liberty to draw upon the resources of this theatrical library for plots, ideas, characters, and situations. No matter how worthless an individual MS. might be considered as a practicable play—and they were most of them worthless in the extreme—it was a hard matter if he could not extract sufficient materials for *one* startling drama out of a score or two of very bad ones. Thus was the dramatic *repertory* of the Royal Crocodile regularly supplied; and if the manager, the author, and the audience were satisfied, who had the right to complain?

Things at the Royal Crocodile had continued in the usual way, the tide of success scarcely suffering any abatement until the prospect of an August Bank Holiday caused the manager to look around him in quest of a special attraction. Curiously enough, too, it only just then struck him that his friend Grice had not of late put in an appearance. After despatching to his lodging, to all the neighbouring hostels, to the police-station, and in every other likely direction without success, he was beginning to rend his garments and tear his hair, when the missing man staggered into the treasury in a helpless state of inebriation. "Oh, here you are! what's been the matter with you all this time?" asked the manager. "Trouble, very great trouble," was the answer. "Pah! liquor you mean." "No, trouble I tell you, an accumulation of misfortunes. Listen. Wife in an interesting situation—child dead—mother-in-law gone mad—and got the brokers in." "Poor mortal, I pity thee," laconically responded the manager. "Oh, I could have borne all this," the dramatist went on—"all these griefs, even the mental demolition of my mother-in-law. But insult has been heaped upon injury—insult of the direst kind—" "Insult! how, when, where?" Matthews interrupted. "You know Brabazon Brown?" "The dramatic author?" "The selfsame." "Who does not? He's at the top of the tree, and his pieces draw all London. Are you aware, sir," continued the manager, "that man was originally a programme-seller under my management at The Barn?" "And are you aware, sir," said the dramatist, comically trying to erect himself to his full height, "are you aware, sir, that that man was once in a starving condition, that he actually came to me in rags, that I repeatedly gave him letters of introduction which never led to anything, and that, when he hadn't a farthing in the world, I one day lent him sixpence, which he never condescended to pay back again." And the wounded feelings of the dramatist found relief in a copious flood of tears. "Ah, well, it's the old story," Matthews returned; "but what about him now? How has he insulted you?" "I encountered him to-day in the street," Grice continued; "he was riding gaudily in an open carriage. I was on foot. I recognised the great man, and gratitude should have prompted him to recognise me. But it was not so. He stared at me, yet his face never moved a muscle, while as a parting token I became the recipient of these muddy stains from the wheels of his vehicle as they bore him far beyond my reach." The mud-bespattered garments of the poor man were certainly an object of commiseration. "Well, never mind," said Matthews, consolingly; "we'll both be even with him some day, I dare say he wouldn't deign to know me either. It's the way of the world. Suppose we put our heads together over the new piece?" "Oh, but I'll be revenged for this insult," cried the dramatist, taking no heed, but making for the door. "He shall drink his own blood; his vinegar shall be turned into gall." "Come, come, you're not going to leave me in the lurch," shouted Matthews, tugging at his coat-tails. But there was evidently nothing to be done with him in his present condition, so the manager wisely postponed the business in hand until a more fitting occasion.

For several days nothing was heard or seen of Grice. The selection of the new piece therefore devolved upon Matthews himself, who was well nigh in despair. Diving to the bottom of his MS. trunk, he patiently waded through a good dozen of the dramas, hoping to stumble upon one of sufficient merit to warrant its production; but, alas! he found each and all of them such rotten specimens of stagecraft that the constructive ingenuity of his friend Grice began to dawn upon him in quite a new light. "What shall I do? Why doesn't the fellow turn up!" he cried. Suddenly he bethought himself of the more successful Brabazon Brown. "Ah!" he sighed, "if only I had one of his pieces to put on my boards! Let me see. I did him a good turn once. Perhaps if I were to put it to him nicely, reminding him of old times, he mightn't object to give the Royal Crocodile a leg up with his name, and on low terms too. I'll be hanged if I don't try it!" With these words he at once addressed the great man, care of the Garrick Club. Three days afterwards a reply reached him as follows:—"Dear Sir, I have no recollection of having been associated with you in the profession at any time; neither do I consider that the performance of one of my highly successful plays at the Royal Crocodile Theatre would enhance my established reputation as a dramatist—"

"Damnation!" roared the manager, kindling with rage and stamping the letter under-foot; "so he doesn't consider my theatre good enough for his plays! Pah! We shall see!" At this instant the door opened, and Grice, perfectly sober, walked into the treasury. Without a word Matthews put the crumpled letter between his fingers, and paused for a reply. "Well, and what do you think of Brabazon Brown now?" quietly asked the dramatist. "I think with you, that he has insulted us," returned the manager. "Oh, if I only knew how to be revenged!" "No matter," added Grice, melodramatically, "*the time will come!*" And it did.

After imbibing a few consolatory drops of whisky the two friends set to work in earnest for their Bank Holiday attraction. Quickly they overturned the MS. trunk, so

that the bottom packages now appeared uppermost. For some time each busied himself in ripping open the outer coverings of these documents in silence, occasionally pausing to take a peep between their dusky folios before laying them together in a heap on the treasury floor. "By Jove!" cried the manager, suddenly, "here's a striking title if you like. Just listen, 'SAVED BY A BRACE BUTTON; OR, THE DYING DAUGHTER'S DREAM.'" "Not bad," the other ejaculated. "Why, as I live," again cried the astonished Matthews, "the author is — who do you think?" "*Not Brabazon Brown?*" "Yes!" "NO!" "Then look for yourself." Grice took the MS., saw, and was conquered. Of the name on the MS. there was no possible doubt; but whether it implied the great Brabazon Brown, or an obscure individual of the same designation, the delighted friends possessed no means of ascertaining, even had they wished to take the trouble. One thought only now occupied their minds. Whatever its merits or demerits they would produce this piece, *exactly as it stood*, and trade upon the name of the great author, in the interests of the Royal Crocodile Theatre! What was to prevent them? If the piece was good, so much the better for them; if bad, *very* bad, why so much greater their revenge upon Brabazon Brown. "Yes, sir," said the manager in a decided tone, "good or bad, this piece shall be produced next Bank Holiday. I'm not going to take the trouble to read the MS.; still, just out of curiosity, I'd like to know where the Brace Button comes in." "I'll let you know to-morrow," said Grice. "Do." And they parted.

Punctually at ten o'clock the next morning Grice made his appearance at the Royal Crocodile. "Well, what news?" asked the manager. "Rubbish, *infernal* rubbish!" was the answer. "All the better for Brabazon Brown," chuckled Mr. Matthews; "and what about the Brace Button?" "Oh, I can't make head or tale of it," Grice replied; "something to do with a lost will sewn up in the lining of a pair of trousers, which are sold to a ragman. Afterwards, in consequence of the Dying Daughter's Dream, one of the Brace Buttons, turning up in an unexpected direction, gives the cue for a hunt after the ragman, the trousers, the will, and all the rest of it!" "Is that all?" asked the manager with an expression of amazement. "Oh, no; that's only as far as the third act," was the reply; "the rest must be seen to be believed." "Enough!" cried Matthews, "the title alone will fetch the pit and gallery. It shall be done! We must get the parts out by to-morrow night, and call a rehearsal for Monday morning."

When it became whispered in the theatre that a new play from the pen of the great Brabazon Brown was going to be put up on Bank Holiday great was the excitement. The Royal Crocodile was making a move in the right direction. But when the actual rehearsals began, and the company obtained some insight into the piece, the excitement was all the other way. The leading man threw up his part, the juvenile lady went into hysterics because she didn't come on until the third act, the heavy father had only one speech in the whole piece, the gentlemanly villain wanted the author to explain how he was to fight a duel with himself in the second act, and avenge his own murder in the third, and so on throughout the entire cast. All the members of the company declared that either the play was a forgery, or that John Kemble Matthews had suddenly gone mad. Despite these lamentations, however, the final preparations were hurried on, the bills were put out, the critics invited to the performance, and the eventful day arrived. "If the critics won't come to the Royal Crocodile and notice the piece, I'll give a *matinée* at a West End theatre, and fetch them that way!" said Matthews, emphatically. Meanwhile, Grice laughed in his sleeves at the terrible retribution that was to overtake the great Brabazon Brown. "I'll bet anything," said he to himself, "that this awful trash was his maiden play after all. It's just the sort of thing a tyro would write. Look at Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*! If the MS. was sent in to Matthews at the Dusthole it must be quite five-and-twenty years ago, at the time when Brown was scarcely out of his teens. Aha! if only the papers will notice the piece as it deserves, the poor fellow will be ashamed to look his own name in the face for ever afterwards!"

Scarcely were the doors thrown open to the public than Brabazon Brown came down post-haste to the Royal Crocodile, demanding a private interview with the manager. He stormed, raved, stamped, swore, and presently he wept. Why? In an evil hour, five-and-twenty years ago, as he confessed, he had written a play under the title of *Saved by a Brace Button; or, The Dying Daughter's Dream*, and had left it at the stage-door of the Tottenham Street Theatre. But that was a freak of juvenile depravity. True, he had lost all recollection of his maiden dramatic work until that evening, when it stared him in the face on the street hoardings, on the persons of sandwich-men, in the newspapers—everywhere. Would the manager close the theatre? He would give him a cheque to cover all expenses! He would allow one of his most successful pieces to be put on the boards of the Royal Crocodile, without fees, as long as it would run! But no. *Revenge* was the one thought that rankled in the bosom of the insulted John Kemble Matthews.

The performance would go on if he died for it. Even as he spoke the overture was in full swing. With a bursting heart the humiliated dramatist left the theatre by the stage-door, walked round to the front entrance, took his place in the crowd, and eventually, after much jostling, paid his sixpence for an obscure seat in the pit. A pardonable curiosity had, of course, actuated him to renew an acquaintance with his first dramatic work. It was a terrible ordeal. At the conclusion of the fourth act he discovered that the whole of his characters had been mercifully despatched by bowl, dagger, gibbet, or otherwise; but as there was yet to be a fifth, he was greatly at a loss to imagine how the interest was going to be kept up. Soon after the rising of the curtain, however, it became manifest that the action was being continued by the heirs and executors of the slain. What the issue of that historic "first night" proved the distracted Brabazon Brown never knew. Fearful of encountering the press notices the next morning to find his reputation irrevocably ruined, he hurried from the theatre, took a cab to Charing Cross, booked to the Continent, and was never heard of again. Tradition has it that he betook himself to Monaco, where he lost his all—his wits included. Truly, John Kemble Matthews had enjoyed his revenge to the full. "Never mind," said he to his friend not long afterwards, "the Royal Crocodile may not be a reputable theatre, but it's the only theatre out of the West End that has ever had the honour to produce a *new play* from the pen of Mr. Brabazon Brown." "Better still, it has driven a formidable competitor out of the field!" added Grice. And the pair adjourned to the "Bell and Horns" hard by, to drink to the future prosperity of the Royal Crocodile.—LEOPOLD WAGNER.

Tatters' Debut.



He never knew whence he came, to whom he belonged, or what his right name was. He was the adopted son of Tom Williams, the head carpenter, and had been in the theatre for two years before most of us had joined the company. He had more than once said that he "never had a father or mother," so we imagined that he had been deserted, like many another poor waif, had drifted through the stage-door, received a kind word with perhaps something more substantial, and then, to show his gratitude to his benefactors, had remained near them ever since. The name he was first called—evidently from his then ragged appearance—had stuck to him, and he was known as "Tatters" by everyone connected with the place. A bright little fellow he was, too, all smiles and laughter. He had taken an especial liking to me, and I must confess that I was always delighted to hear his merry prattle and the quaint childish way he had of describing any item of news. He was about ten years of age, I should guess, but he was far in advance of that both in manner and intellect. What wonder that, living as he did in the atmosphere of the theatre, he should want to become an actor. He surprised me one day, as I strolled in to rehearsal, by running up to me, clasping my legs with both his arms, looking up into my face—his countenance more than usually bright and shining—and shouting. "Oh, Mr. D'Arcy, sir! I've got a part! I've got a part!" "I'm very glad indeed," I replied. "I hope it is a good one!" "I do not know yet," he answered; "but I'm goin' on in the pantermine, and I'm goin' to say somethin', too!" Poor little fellow; the "part" was quite a secondary consideration; the idea of "going on" was the all-absorbing one. A veritable first appearance! No wonder he felt elated; who does not? I am sure no *début* under the most auspicious circumstances was ever looked forward to, talked about, and *dreamt* about more than "Tatters'" appearance in the forthcoming pantomime of *Aladdin*. I found out that our stage-manager had wanted a youngster for the Princess's black page. Somebody had suggested "Tatters," and the stage-manager had promised him the part, and as an extra inducement had agreed to give him a line or two.

To say that "Tatters" was delighted would be to give but a mild description of his state of mind. He was in ecstasy. He counted the weeks till Christmas, while he confided to me his fears that something would happen to make the stage-manager forget his promise. Knowing how much the little chap doted upon it, I took upon myself to promise that the arrangement should be carried out to the letter. "I hope I shall do it well, Mr. D'Arcy, sir," he said to me one day; "it 'ud be sich a bad job if the pantermine was spiled!" This was said with such gravity that he evidently thought that his part would make all the difference in the world. This anxious fear on his part proved to me that his whole heart and soul was in his work, and that he would do his very best, just as if the credit of the whole production rested upon his shoulders.

Time went on, the parts were distributed, and "Tatters" had received his. This was the result of a little plan between the stage-manager and myself. We thought it would please the little fellow to have a real "scrip" to study from, like the other members of the cast (he was not able to read fluently, but could spell out and understand both print and writing). It did please him beyond our expectations. He was wild with pleasure. He capered about with the greatest glee imaginable, waving the manuscript above his head. The part was a short one, but that mattered little to "Tatters"; he was really an actor now, and was happy. Three words are not many to constitute an entire part, but the principal actors in that pantomime did not study their pages with more delight than did "Tatters" his three words. His business was to wave off all who approached too near the Princess, and say, "Stand back, sah!" It was quite fun to hear him at all times repeating these three magic words to himself. Everybody humoured him, from the manager downwards. As often as not he would be met with the exclamation, "Stand back, sah!" until it became a standing joke and a regular catch-word. Another source of delight was the fine pale-blue satin costume, braided with gold lace, which we had taken care to let him know was being made for him. His delight found expression in outbursts of joy one day when he was allowed to see it, and we thought he would never be happy until the time came for him to wear it. He managed to curb his impatience very well though for one so young, and nothing transpired to disturb in any way the fulfilment of his most fervent wishes.

The rehearsals progressed apace, and "Tatters" was always punctual and exceedingly attentive to his duties. The eve of the production was an eventful time for him. How he longed for the morrow! How he hoped that he would not forget his part, a hope which gave utterance to the entreaty, "You'll prompt me if I do, won't yer, Mr. D'Arcy, sir?" Of course I promised, but I knew there would be no need for that. I imagined he would make a very good show, and do credit to the coaching I had given him. His name was in the cast, too, which was another source of gratification, for very many times I caught him spelling out this line on the bill:

"Page to the Princess MASTER TATTERS."

My pen fails me to describe the way "Tatters" behaved on Boxing Night while waiting for his cue to enter. He had only to wait till the second scene, but his impatience was painful to witness, and one could tell by the expression of his face that it seemed to him ages before the "demons" were done with. He contrived to get near enough to me to whisper, "Aint they a spinning of it out, Mr. D'Arcy? They aint a doin' it a purpose is they?" "No, Tatters, my boy, no! Your turn will soon come!" "Will it, Mr. D'Arcy?" he eagerly replied; then in a fervent manner added, "I'm so glad!" His turn *did* come at last. A grand entrance had been arranged for him. He was put to sit cross-legged upon the canopy over the Princess's chair, which was carried by four black slaves, one at each corner. With a large fan he majestically waved the crowd back and spoke his words, "Stand back, sah!" Whether it was the comical way he said them, or the pretty figure he looked, I don't know, but he took the fancy of the audience at once and they gave him a hearty round of applause. His eyes caught mine—I was intently watching him from the prompt corner—and the childish look of intense delight upon his face will never fade from my memory. As the procession moved off, the audience testified its approval of the imposing pageant by prolonged applause, which I am sure "Tatters" took as an extra compliment to himself. Poor little fellow, his pleasure was shortlived. In passing the upper wing, out of sight of the audience, one of the front-corner men caught his foot against something, then stumbled, and finally fell upon one knee. Tatters was hurled from his seat—where two minutes before he had looked so happy—with terrific force against the wall, and fell with a dull thud upon the stage, the blood streaming the while from a great wound in his head. I had gone to the exit to welcome and congratulate him, but was not in time to prevent the sad disaster. With a sickening fear I picked the little chap up, not knowing whether I bore a corpse in my arms or not. They wanted to take him to the hospital, but my rooms were much nearer the theatre, and as my landlady was the kindest old soul in the world, I sent him there, telling the carpenter, who took charge of him, to call for a doctor on the way. You may be sure that my thoughts were not centered on my work that night; consequently my part went for nothing. How I longed for the transformation scene, so that I might get away and hear the result of the doctor's visit. At last all was over, and I hurried home. The doctor had been once and gone again. He was there for a second time when I arrived. As I entered he met my inquiring gaze with an ominous shake of the head. "He is still insensible," he said; "I'm afraid he is not strong enough to get over it." "Is it so serious?" I asked. "Severe concussion of the brain, with a compound fracture of the skull," he replied; and I knew what that meant to the slightly-

built child in front of me. What a change in a few hours! They had washed him and bound up his head, and the picture he presented was not a pleasant one to gaze upon. It brought tears to my eyes, and I found myself weeping like a child. I promised to watch by him all night and send for the doctor if any change for the worse took place. In an hour or so I heard him murmuring to himself. I stooped to listen, and in that awful silence heard these words, "Stand back, sah!" The situation unnerved me. I felt heartbroken, and thought of calling the landlady, when I saw he was regaining consciousness. He knew me at once, and said, "Mr. D'Arcy, sir, I'm so hot!" He sat up in bed, and I put my arm round him. He took my disengaged hand in both of his, and remained quiet for some time. Suddenly he looked up into my face and whispered, "Oh, Mr. D'Arcy, I *did* do it well, didn't I?" "Yes," I chokingly replied; "you did, my child." A pleasant smile lit his face as he fell back. He had breathed his last!

Poor little "Tatters!" he had played his part to the best of his ability and he was satisfied.—LOUIS B. TISDALE.

Humours of the Dublin Gallery.



TIME out of mind the "terrible Dublin gallery" has been famous for the extreme personality of its remarks. Woe betide the luckless actor who appears on the stage with anything wrong or out of gear in make-up or dress; he is certain to be greeted with some unfeeling, not to say rude, remarks. Apart from this, the gallery boy is a profound critic. His taste is almost catholic, the exception being old-fashioned comedy, in which there is not enough "action" for him, and for which he accordingly entertains a certain degree of contempt. He refuses to place implicit confidence in any contents bill or poster, and waits outside the gallery door until some friend who has paid comes down after or during the first act to report, when something like the following dialogue takes place:—"What's doin'?" (*i.e.* what description of piece is it?) "Carpits is on; no fincin." "No? Then I'll keep me tanner."

When the stage is covered with a carpet our friend guesses the play to be a comedy in which there is no fencing or fighting of any description, so he keeps his sixpence in his pocket. Tragedy, melodrama, burlesque, and comic opera are his choice. When a good comic opera company visits Dublin he will visit the gallery every night if he can manage the money, and will be heard at some street corner entertaining his "palls" by whistling all the chief airs right through. He is terribly severe on bad or indifferent singing, showing no mercy in his remarks. I remember a lady appearing in the Theatre Royal, and ere she had sung six notes a little urchin, placing his fingers in his ears, shouted, "Oh, tell me whin she's done!" There was a German bass who appeared there about the same time, and who seemed to me to have but *one* note in his voice. The gallery boy evidently was of the same opinion, for upon somebody hissing he cried out, "Lave him alone; sure he's a fine *level singer*." On another occasion a tenor with a decidedly reedy voice appeared on the same stage. While prolonging a top note a galleryite called across to a friend, "Eh, Mickey, is that singin', or is it *the gas*?" I shall never forget the first performance of the *Peep o' Day* in the Theatre Royal. The house was packed as a matter of course. In the scene where one of the characters is stopped in the act of shooting Purcell by the priest, a man jumped up from his seat in the gallery and cried excitedly, in a Kerry brogue, "Never mind the priest; shoot the — informer." The last good thing I heard in the poor old "Royal" was during the last Italian opera season there. I forget who the *prima donna* was, but one of her songs was vociferously re-demanded—"encore! encore! encore!" ringing over the house. "Arrah, hang onkore; give us the same ag'in, ma'am," cried a voice from the gallery, and she did. One of the funniest scenes I can remember occurred in the old Fishamble Street Theatre. The play was *Hamlet*, and the gallery chafed the "Prince of Denmark" unmercifully, especially in the scene with the "ghost." At length "Hamlet" stepped forward and, addressing the gallery, said, "Look here, me boyos, if yiz don't stop yer coddin', me an' the ghost will go up there an' bate the divil out o' the lot iv yiz." In the same temple of the drama, during the performance of *Richard III.* one of the boys called out to "Richard," "Arrah, take off thim things an' go home to your mother." This was a dreadful insult. "Richard" stepped forward and peered sharply at the gallery, but the boy who had made the insulting remark kept out of sight by hiding behind the back of the person sitting in front. At last, however, "Richard" caught

sight of him and, holding up his fist to him, said, "All right, young O'Farrell, I'll have you spotted. Wait till I meet you outside." The performance then proceeded.

But it is the Queen's Theatre which has always held the palm in the matter of gallery chaff. And, indeed, sometimes the Queen's pit broke forth. An old fellow wearing a white hat entered the latter portion of the house one night. Why a white hat is such an eyesore to Dublin playgoers I cannot imagine, but so it is. "Take off that white hat!" "Who shot the donkey?" and other remarks of a like nature greeted the stranger, who didn't appear to take the slightest notice. The noise in the gallery increased to a regular uproar. Then the old fellow rose, looked up towards the gallery, and, waving his hand for silence, said: "Gentlemen, if you don't stop this noise *I'll leave the theatre.*" A shout of laughter from all parts of the house greeted this, and the wearer of the white hat was left in peace for the remainder of the evening.

I remember a nice comedy being produced at the Queen's. It was written by a Dublin gentleman, and was announced as "A New and Original Comedy in which the Author will appear." The house was crowded from top to bottom. I think it was during the third scene in the piece that the Author, who played the hero, appeared. He was a stout, fat man, very awkward and painfully nervous. His confidence wasn't restored by a little urchin in the front row of the gallery crying with a scoffing laugh, "Oh! lard save us! *there's* an author!" As for the audience they simply yelled with laughter. One of the stock company during the management of the late Henry Webb was a miserable, cadaverous-looking man. He had the following line to speak in some piece: "No, no, dear child, I could not eat." "Ah, thin, God forbid I was a mutton chop before you," came a voice from the "top." On another occasion the same actor had a line which was something like "Are you aware, sir, that I'm a major?" "Ah, thin the devil's in them that made *you* a major," sang out our friend the gallery boy. Another member of Webb's company was, not to put too fine a point on it, the very reverse of good looking. In some piece he had to say, "Do you know my face?" "Yes," came promptly from the gallery; "I seen a better man carved on a beggar-man's stick."

It was in this famous little theatre that the late Charles Sullivan, best and brightest of Irish comedians and good fellows, was playing in some pantomime in which a large property eagle was used. In one scene its wing—or rather one of its wings—happened to fall off. There was a ripple of laughter through the house which was changed into a roar upon Charlie singing out, 'Begorra, the bird's moultin'.' Poor Charlie! what a fund of humour he possessed! The last time I met him in London I inquired about a certain Dublin actor. "Ah," answered Charlie, smiling, "we had the devil to pay with M—— last summer." "How so?" I asked. "Well, he went down to Cork for six weeks and came back to Dublin with an *English accent*. None of us could understand him." He told me another story in his own inimitable way concerning one of the members of his touring company—an actress of Irish parts and a simple old soul. It seems that on one occasion Sullivan's company left Liverpool for Dublin per steam-packet. When half way across they suddenly missed Mrs. —. She followed them by the next packet, however, and then the cause of her delay came out. When the company arrived at the floating landing-stage Mrs. —, it appears, took it for the steam-packet, so sat down on a seat with her goods and chattels and dozed off to sleep. In the confusion of getting on to the packet she was not missed; and off went the company, leaving poor old Mrs. — sound asleep on the landing-stage. Nor did she awake until one of the watermen touched her on the shoulder, when she remarked to him: "Glory be to God, aren't we gettin' a *lovely passage!*"—FRANK HUDSON.

A DISSIPATED man said to old Dr. Johnson, "You know, sir, drinking drives away care. Would you not allow a man to drink when it drives away everything disagreeable?" "Yes, if he sat next to you," growled the sturdy old moralist.

A WELL-KNOWN London amateur went down to a country theatre to play "Othello." When dressing, he suddenly discovered that he had left his wig behind, and his own hair was flaxen. But he was devoted to the art; and, on the "Iago" of the evening entering the dressing-room a few moments afterwards, he found the valiant Moor with his head up the chimney, overcoming the difficulty.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH united with his distinguished talents and science as singular and praiseworthy a modesty. Being one day asked how he had contrived to make himself so great an organist, he answered, "I was industrious. Whoever is equally sedulous, will be equally successful." And one of his pupils complaining that the exercise he had set him was too difficult, he smiled, and said, "Only practise it diligently, and you will play it extremely well. You have five as good fingers on each hand as I have, and nature has given me no endowment that she has not freely bestowed upon you. Judging by myself, application is everything."

The Understudy's Chance.



F ever there was an actor who was bursting for an opportunity of distinguishing himself it was Herbert Grierson. He had been for many years in the provinces, had earned a pretty good name and very good salaries, but Theatres Royal, Runcorn, Macclesfield, Longton, *et hoc genus omne*, to say nothing of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinboro', and Glasgow, were not London by a long shot. At last, one day, while mooning listlessly along the Strand, Grierson ran against his old friend Harry Fenton, who was in his fifth season at the Odéon, one of the most popular of the Strand theatres. "Halloa! Grierson, old man! What's on? Have you got a shop?" "No." "Ah! I've got the very thing for you. Jack Saunders has just chucked up his part; it would just suit you—come in and see the guv'nor!"

Mr. Jack Saunders was one of the cleverest actors in London, but he had one of the worst tempers. He seldom kept engagements more than a month or so; he had often thrown up a good part at rehearsal, as he had on this occasion. A difference of opinion had arisen as to a bit of business Jack wished to introduce. The guv'nor had said, "Saunders, I don't like that." "But it's just the thing 'Alphonse' would do under such circumstances!" "I don't think so!" "Well, I do!" "I'd rather you didn't do it!" "Well, I shall!" "I say you shall not!" "And I say I will!" "I will not have it!" "Then play the part yourself!" And the type-written part was flung on the stage and Saunders strode out of the theatre, and another good engagement was lost.

"Adjourn for twenty minutes," said the boss, and during that twenty minutes Fenton met Grierson.

In a few words Herbert was taken on for "Alphonse" in Pinero Buchanan Jones's next piece, to follow Grundy Sims Burnand's production then being played. When this latter had run its course some difficulties arose with regard to the Lord Chamberlain's license for the new play, so an old success was revived, and poor Grierson offered the option of three months' salary as compensation, or a six months' engagement as understudy to his friend Harry Fenton, who was resuming his old part. It was a fine character study, and Herbert felt sure he could score in it. "See how he misses his points," he said confidentially to an old friend, commenting on Harry Fenton's rendering. "Did you see the way he goes up those steps? would *any* man, let alone a half tipsy bricklayer's labourer, go up steps like that? Then look at the way he bids his daughter good-bye, and the way he finishes that third act! No, my lad, Harry Fenton is a jolly nice fellow, but he can't play 'Patsy Connor' any more than he can fly. I suppose I shan't have a chance to play it, or I'd just like to show 'em what could be done at the end of Act 3. Why I should put Charley Tompkins a little more up the stage with my left hand, and let out straight with my right as I knocked over Jimmy Hilecox, and then, and not till then, mind you, I should step up to the door and say, with both hands in my breeches pockets, 'Now what do you think of "Patsy Connor"?' Then like a flash of lightning I should fling off my cap, and take 'Kitty' round the waist, and there's the picture! That's how it ought to be done!"

It was two days before the termination of Herbert Grierson's engagement—during the whole of which he had drawn his salary for doing nothing—and there was no part for him in the new piece, the one for which he had been engaged having collapsed altogether. On the morning of this last day but one of his term he received a telegram, "*Fenton ill, you play 'Patsy' to-night.*" Grierson sang aloud the Doxology, but checked himself as he thought with pity of poor Fenton. How he did stick to that part all day, and before the glass in his bedroom he finished "that third act as it ought to be finished" again and again. They ran through Patsy's scenes an hour before commencing time, and he got dressed. True he did not go on till the second act, and they played a farce first; but he was dressed in time to begin *that*. The stage manager went on after the farce, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to have to inform you that Mr. Harry Fenton, who was to have performed the part of 'Patsy Connor,' has been suddenly taken seriously ill, but Mr. Herbert Grierson, who has understudied the part, will play it. We solicit that kind indulgence for which the British public has become justly renowned."

The first act finished, and just then Harry Fenton himself arrived—pale and shaky, but well enough to play the drunken labourer. The stage manager again apologised, this time for keeping the curtain down a few minutes longer; Mr. Fenton had recovered sufficiently to play, and would be dressed directly. Poor Herbert had to see Harry

Fenton play "Patsy" twice more. Then Harry fell ill again for three weeks! Why couldn't he have been ill before? So Grierson never showed us how "that third act ought to be finished," although he had been dressed for the part. He is in the provinces now—a disappointed man. And whenever he tells this story *he* calls it, as I have done, "*The Understudy's Chance.*"—F. GROVE PALMER.

The Dream-Face.



T was the last rehearsal of a new realistic and sensational drama entitled *United—at Last*, underlined for production on the following evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the city of B—. For over a week the company, of which I, Blanche Jarrat, was a member, had worked hard, and now, as the green cloth fell upon the concluding picture, the stage-manager's "That ought to fetch 'em" came like balm to our wearied souls.

There was nothing strikingly original or novel in the drama; simply a recital of the oft-told stage story of two young, and therefore loving, hearts separated by cruel, lying words. Interest had been excited because of several newspaper paragraphs, which stated that the principal sensation—a moonlight scene on the banks of the Irawadi, where a few British soldiers are surprised by an overwhelming number of dacoits—was likely, for realistic effect, to surpass anything hitherto witnessed on the stage.

In order that the incident I am about to relate may be thoroughly understood, let me briefly describe the action of the play. The first act closed upon the separation of the lovers, and the enlistment of the hero in a British regiment under orders to proceed to Burmah. The second act principally dealt with the efforts of the villain, a half-caste, to force his attentions upon the heroine; and the third act, supposed to take place six months after, was entirely occupied with the movements of the troops in Burmah; the surprise of a detachment of English soldiers by a band of dacoits, finishing up with the shooting of the hero. The last act, of course, brought about a happy termination. Just when the heroine, weak and broken-hearted, was about to accept an offer of marriage from the half-caste, the "Juvenile lead" returned to slow music, and villainy was again defeated.

I took a considerable interest in the production of the drama, owing to the fact that I was to make my first appearance as leading lady. And then I was in love—simply head over ears in the tender passion. The object of my affection was Arthur Downes, who had been engaged to play "lead" in the new drama. From our first meeting I had felt irresistibly drawn towards him, and our parts in the play—those of the lovers who were "united—at last"—intensified, it is to be feared, the passion which had taken possession of me. I made no confession of my love—not at least till many long months had passed—nor did I know Arthur cared more for my face and manners than he did for those of the other ladies of the company, but I fancied, and, as I afterwards learned, not without cause, that a softening of his voice, when he addressed me, betokened a regard I was not disposed to value inconsiderately.

The new drama was produced, and was voted a great success. Various theories were put forth by newspaper writers to account for the earnestness I had displayed in several of the passages, but none of them managed to hit the right one. The fact was, that, to me the progress of the play had seemed a reality. I loved not Harry Trenderon, as the author had named him, but Arthur Downes. It was to Arthur I confessed my love; it was from him I was cruelly separated; and to him, after my troubles and sorrows, I was "united—at last." He had kissed me, too! Kissed me as we stood hand in hand, when he swore to love and cherish me—kissed me, and I was happy! so happy that the tears welled up into my eyes, and one more venturesome than the others trickled down my cheek. For over a week the stage was to me a sort of earthly paradise. Night after night, I told Arthur of my love—spoke of it to him in the words of the author, as I never would have dared to tell it myself; and once, at the end of the love scene in the first act, Arthur whispered to me that he believed it was real. It was the night after that I took ill; I had a "weak turn" while waiting at the "wings," and though I managed to struggle through my part, I had, at the end of the performance, to be sent home in a cab. "Too much work," said the doctor; "an over-exerted system, not originally strong, has given way under the strain." No one anticipated a long illness, least of all myself; but the illness developed into an acute attack of brain fever, and I was unconscious.

For over a month, I believe, I lay in a strange home hovering between life and death. My mother—God bless her!—was sent for, and came and nursed me back to life. Some-

times—she told me afterwards—when the fever was at its height, I would start up in bed, and waving my arms in the air repeat portions of my “part” in the play, and shriek, and shrink from an imaginary villain, and call loudly upon Arthur to save me. At last, the doctor pronounced me out of danger, and I was removed to my father’s home—a pretty English home in Essex, where I had spent so many happy days—to regain my strength and good looks.

The *United—at Last* company had met with great success during my illness, yet the manager was anxious—as also was Arthur, who wrote me occasionally—to have me back as soon as possible. They were touring in the North of England, and I promised to rejoin them, if possible, at N—, where they opened some four weeks later. Three weeks passed away, and I, thanks to the care and attention of my mother, and to the pure fresh air I was breathing, was something like the old Blanche Jarrat.

On the afternoon previous to that on which I had arranged to travel northwards a strange restlessness seized me. I almost counted the minutes that must elapse ere I should be on my way to join the company. I paced my room with an uneasy step; I drew the curtains closely together, lit my reading lamp, and sat down to finish a novel which I had been reading; but the print danced before my eyes and then merged into an indistinguishable heap. I threw the book aside, and rose from my seat. Clearly I was out of sorts! What if fever should again make its appearance? The thought was appalling! I threw myself on a lounge which had been placed before the fire for my especial benefit, and after gazing at the red coals burning in the wide, old-fashioned grate, I closed my eyes. Almost simultaneously with the action there arose before me a picture of the last scene in the third act of *United*. I seemed to be standing at the “wings”—though, somehow, I was conscious that in reality I was lying on the lounge before the fire in my own room—listening to the talk of the few soldiers encamped on the banks of the Irawadi, who were anxiously hoping for the arrival of the main body. The O.P. lime had been thrown on the form of one of the soldiers, who, with his head resting on his arm, had fallen asleep; and as it shimmered down upon the man’s face I recognised, despite the stage beard he wore, *my* Arthur. He did not appear to observe me or know that I was looking, for his eyes remained closed. I heard the steady tramp of the soldier on guard as he walked to and fro, keeping a sharp look-out for the dacoits, who were supposed to be in close hiding. Yes! there before me in every detail was the scene, just as I often saw it on the stage; the objects probably a little hazy, but clear enough to be distinguishable. At the back hung the moonlight cloth with the river in perspective, running through a dreary, marshy piece of country; to the left of the stage stood the camps of the soldiers; at the opposite side from where I stood was a piece of rock, introduced solely for effect; and last of all, in the centre of the stage, surrounded by his comrades, lay Arthur, worn-out and tired. Presently Arthur rose to his feet and spoke to the guard. The dialogue I knew so well was given; the men who, with blackened faces, appeared as the dacoits were marshalled in their places on the O.P. side of the stage, and then I heard the “cue,” “What noise was that,” given.

In an instant the enemy, yelling their war-cries and firing their guns, rushed on. I saw Arthur in the centre beat them back; and then my eyes fell upon a man who was clambering on to the top of the rock, from which point he was supposed to shoot Arthur. I cannot explain why I thought his intention was the reverse of good; I knew it was “in the play” that Arthur should be shot; but somehow I conceived the horrible idea that this man meant to shoot him dead. Perhaps it was his villainous-looking face that engendered the notion. At all events, I made up my mind to leave my position at the prompt side, and by creeping round the scene get behind the man, and prevent him firing. But a new obstacle presented itself. I found I could not move. In fact, I seemed for the moment to have a dual existence. My body was seated on a lounge before the fire in my own room; my spiritual being was watching the movements of the actors upon the stage. Ludicrous as this explanation may appear to the reader, it is the only one I can give.

The man had succeeded in gaining his position on the brow of the rock; I saw him load his gun, he paused for a moment, and then I saw Arthur look towards him, meaning thereby that he was ready. The man took a backward step and raised his gun. As he did so I cried in a loud voice, which sounded strangely in my own ears, “Murder! Murder!” and then I awoke. Awoke with the echo of the words I had uttered, ringing in my ears, opened my eyes to find myself at home, and in my own room. I started to my feet and gazed wildly around. There was nothing to account for the scene of which I had been a spectator. What could it mean? I tortured myself thinking about it until my state of mind grew unbearable. Had anything happened to Arthur? Could it be that the strange sight I had witnessed portended evil, or had the danger already overtaken him? I grew nervous and excited. Heavens! could it be that Arthur had

been murdered? Never! never! who would do such a thing? I tried to perish the thought, yet all the same every fibre in my body quivered at the bare supposition of such a thing. I could bear the suspense—the uncertainty and doubt as to Arthur's safety—no longer. For the hundredth time since waking from that troubled state I glanced at the clock. It wanted a few minutes to nine. What should I do? At last I determined upon my course of action. I would leave S—, where my home was situated, catch the last train for London, and arrive there in plenty of time to catch the midnight mail for the North. Luckily my wardrobe was packed, no time was lost, and within fifteen minutes of reaching London I was in the mail train, and had left it behind again.

Cold and limp I was landed at N— about nine o'clock on the following morning, and at once set out for the theatre. Would I be in time to avert the terrible fate which I believe awaited Arthur? Early as it was the stage-door was open, and I could almost have hugged the old door-keeper, who told me "things were a'right," and that Arthur lived not far away. Having obtained Arthur's address and secured lodgings, in the afternoon, when I had quite recovered my good looks, I visited Arthur. So after all I had been hoaxed by a silly fancy. Arthur was as well and hearty as ever; a trifle surprised at my unexpected appearance, but not at all sorry. At least, I don't think he was. I did not tell him of my strange visitation. It was enough that I had put it to the test and found it wanting.

* * * * *

I had resumed my old part in *United—at Last* and was achieving, if possible, a greater success as the deserted heroine. Arthur was indeed pleased. We were engaged to be married at the end of the tour (which had still some four months to run), and now, as we stood at the wings, he told me how I would be sure to "score" in London as leading lady. It was a delightful prospect, and made me entirely forget the horrible nightmare that for days had haunted me. Forget it? Yes, but only for a time.

It was weeks afterwards when the remembrance of that horrid dream came back. We were playing in one of the largest cities in Scotland. It was the last scene in the third act—moonlight on the Irawadi—and as I stood watching the soldiers on the stage, I saw Arthur stretch himself out and go to sleep, *his head resting on his arm*. It was a new piece of business he had never done before! A curious dread seized me—a presentiment that something was about to happen! With my eyes almost starting from their sockets I watched Arthur. He did not open his eyes as was his custom, but lay there calm and still, to all outward appearance asleep. It was just as I had seen him in my dream! A horrible sensation crept over me: the sweat stood in great beads upon my forehead; my legs almost gave way beneath me. Then, as I looked towards the O.P. side of the stage, my heart seemed to stand still. There, among the "dacoits" waiting the cue to make their attack, I saw a face—the face of a man who had not before appeared in the part—the face, grim and wrinkled, with small twinkling eyes, almost hidden by heavy eyebrows, that I had seen in my dream! The low murmur of the "dacoits" caused Arthur to spring to his feet. I heard the cue, "What noise was that." I saw the "dacoits" rush on to the stage. My eyes followed the movements of the man whose face was a counterpart of the one I saw in my dream. I saw him climb the rock—saw his gun levelled at Arthur—and only then did I recognise the danger which threatened the man I loved. I thought of appealing to the prompter who stood near to me, but there was no time to explain, and he would in all likelihood have thought I was mad. I might creep behind the scene and by getting directly under where the man stood prevent his firing; but even as I thought of this I saw the cue given by Arthur—I saw the man move backward as though to take better aim—I saw the scene just as I had pictured it in my dream, every detail coloured and intensified, and then I tottered on to the stage waving my arms wildly and crying, "don't let that man fire!" but I was too late. As I spoke he drew the trigger—there was a flash of fire, and I felt, my arm pierced by a bullet and the red blood gushing in great streams from the wound. Then a deadly faintness crept over me, and I knew no more!

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The sequel was not very romantic. The man was arrested, and a strict inquiry was made by the authorities, but nothing could be elicited to show how a ball-cartridge had been placed in the rifle instead of the ordinary charge. The man, who had only joined the company as a "super" that evening, was much distressed about the accident, and as evidence of his goodwill presented me with a handsome bridal bouquet, which I carried ere the flesh wound I had received was healed. Need I say who the bridegroom was?

KENNEDY JONES.

Theatrical, Musical, and Equestrian Obituary,

FROM DECEMBER, 1886, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1887.

- ABBOTT, Alf, Variety Artist, aged 40, January 4.
 ABEL, William Henry, son of the late John Abel, aged 53, February 21.
 ADAMS, —, Aeronaut, aged 82, October 10.
 ADAMS, Julian, Musical Conductor, aged 62, May —.
 AGOP, Mons., Beast-tamer, killed by lion while performing at Bourges, July —.
 AGRATI, Signora, Actress, April 2.
 ARMÉE, Mdle., Parisian Actress and Singer, October —.
 ALEXANDER, J. F. (father of the Alexander Family), aged 58, December 10.
 ALLNUTT, Mrs. Sarah, wife of E. J. Allnutt, aged 80, January 17.
 ALLWOOD, Thomas, Actor and Composer, December 17.
 ANICET-BOURGOIS, Mme., widow of the dramatist, January —.
 ASHFORD, Tom, Music-hall Artist, July 19.
 ATKINSON, Mrs., daughter of late Job Joy, formerly proprietor of T.R., Dewsbury, May 1.
 BAKER, G. T. Howard, jun., of the Howard Baker Troupe, December 12.
 BALLANDE, M. Hilarion, Actor, late of the Théâtre Français, originator of Dramatic Matinées, aged 66, January 27.
 BARKER, Mrs. Carrie, professionally known as Carrie Enderson, Columbine, wife of Harry Barker, November 17.
 BARRETT, Mrs. Wilson (Miss Caroline Heath), wife of Wilson Barrett, Actress, July 27.
 BAYLEY, James G., Actor, aged 37, January 21.
 BECKETT, John George, aged 49, September 30.
 BECKETT, Walter, late Bandmaster of Cooke's Circus, aged 33, June 19.
 BELFORD, Mrs., mother of Harry Belford, June 6.
 BENSON, William, father of F. R. Benson, Tragedian, February —.
 BERTRAND, E. C., Dramatist and Theatrical Manager, aged 45, July 24.
 BEVERIDGE, Mrs., mother of J. D. Beveridge, Actor, March 10.
 BIRCH, William Alfred, brother of Mrs. Rass Challis, January 31.
 BLACKBURN, John, professionally known as "Cleo," aged 32, April 4.
 BLYDE, Frederick, brother of Milo Blyde, Comedian, July 7.
 BOGAGE, Mons. Paul, French Dramatist, formerly *Collaborateur* with M. Dumas père, and Octave Feuillet, September —.
 BONEHILL, Henry, brother of Miss Bessie Bonehill, Music-hall Vocalist, aged 30, Nov. 6.
 BOTTING, —, father of R. F. Botting, Proprietor of the Marylebone Music Hall, March 14.
 BOUDINOT, Miss Annie (Sendelbeck), wife of J. W. Shannon, Actress, aged 50, August 8.
 BOYD, J. M., immediate Past Master of the Liverpool Dramatic Lodge, July 12.
 BRADLEY, J. W., Acting Manager, Circus of Varieties, Huddersfield, May 25.
 BRODIE, Mrs., wife of William Brodie, December 23.
 BROHAN, Mme. Suzanne, formerly of the Comédie-Française, Actress, aged 81, August —.
 BROMLEY, William, Property-master, Theatre Royal, Rochdale, May 19.
 BROUGHTON, Jas., Musician, late Choir-master of Leeds Triennial Festival, a. 52, Mar. 12.
 BUCKHAM, William, Drummer, aged 35, May 5.
 BURGESS, Mrs. Lydia, mother of the Misses Virginia and Emily Blackwood, aged 81, Feb. 26.
 CARTER, Mrs. B., mother of J. W. Carter, prop. of New Royalty Theatre, Chester, Aug. 31.
 CASSIDY, G. W., Theatre of Varieties Manager and Circus Architect, June 6.
 CASSON, Ezra, brother of Walter Casson, Actor, June 23.
 CHAMONIN, Mons., of the Menus-Plaisirs and Déjazet Theatres, Actor, August —.
 CHANTRELL, Miss Clara (Mrs. H. J. Charlton), daughter of the late Prof. Chantrell, Sep. 17.
 CHAPLIN, Mrs. Amelia (Miss Milly Arden), widow of G. H. Chaplin, Actress, a. 47, Mar. 16.
 CHARSTONE, W., Musical Conductor, Star Music Hall, Dublin, December 29.
 CHIESI, Giuseppe, proprietor of the Chiesi Troupe, April —.
 CHIPP, Dr. Edmund Thomas, Organist of Ely Cathedral, aged 63, December —.
 CHIPPENDALE, Miss Alfy (Mrs. William Calder), aged 42, November 9.
 CHURCH, Miss Maria, sister of Alfred Church, Acting Manager, January 4.
 CLARE, Mrs. Bridget, wife of Edward Clare, aged 46, January 15.
 CLARK, William, Actor, many years member of the Haymarket Company, aged 71, June 2.
 COBORN, —, father of Charles Coborn, aged 87, December 29.
 COLLETT, Thomas George, known as Wilfred Roxby, Music-hall Artist, aged 42, Nov. 8.
 CONNOR, H., father of Conrad Bros., ex-Champion Somersault-thrower of the World, Aug. 1.
 COOKE, Mrs. James, professionally known as Miss Bessie Walters, November 8.

- COOKE, John, father of John Cooke, Song-writer, aged 66, October 17.
- CORRIGAN, Mrs. Helen, mother of Mrs. H. Cooke, of Powell and Clarke's Circus, Jan. 7.
- COULSON, Harry, Variety Entertainer, aged 40, September 18.
- COX, Geo. Wm., professionally known as Geo. Lupriol, of Fossett's Circus, aged 59, Dec. 19.
- CRAYTHORNE, James, known as Russell, Music-hall Artist, aged 37, March 22.
- CRIPPEN, George, professionally known as George Delevanti, Somersault rider, a. 39, May 3.
- CROWDER, Charles, father of C. S. Crowder, Music-hall Proprietor, aged 69, January 5.
- CRUISE, Miss Marie (Mrs. R. Barker), Actress, aged 56, August 29.
- CURRY, Mrs. Selina, wife of Henry James Curry, Proprietor of Prince of Wales's Theatre, Great Grimsby, aged 39, October 5.
- DAVIS, Edward Dean, Theatrical Lessee and Actor, aged 80, February 19.
- DEAN, Thomas, the "Royal Punch Man," aged 37, September 20.
- DE HALLE, Samuel, aged 50, June 16.
- DELVERD, Thomas, known as "Japanese Tommy," Coloured Minstrel, July 9.
- DONAYON, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Thomas Donayon, Actor, March 22.
- DUFLOST, Louis Hyacinthe, professionally known as Mons. Hyacinthe, Actor, of the Palais Royal, Paris, aged 72, May 8.
- DUKES, Charles William, professionally known as Charles Wilford, late of the Paul Martinetti Company, aged 42, June 17.
- DUNBAR, George, Tragedian, March 27.
- DUNGAN, Andrew, of Johnstown, for many years Correspondent of the *Era*, October 9.
- DUPIN, M. Henri, French Dramatist, aged 95, April —.
- EDOUARD, Louis, Scenic Artist, aged 43, January 18.
- EGERTON, Mrs. (Miss Leonora Grey), wife of Frank Egerton, February 17.
- ELLIS, Louis, Pantomimist, November 22.
- EMANUEL, Lawrence, father of Misses R. Evelyn and Julia Warden, November 20.
- EMANUEL, Samuel, late of Wilton's Music Hall, July 1.
- EVANS, Thomas, Dog and Monkey Impersonator, aged 62, April 30.
- FARLEY, James, Musical Director, aged 46, February 4.
- FRELEY, Mrs. Mattie, wife of Michael Feeley, Circus Performer, July 26.
- FENTON, Mrs. Charles (Miss Caroline Parkes), widow of Charles Fenton, Actress, Mar. 7.
- FERGUSON, John, father of Richard B. Ferguson, Music-hall Artist, aged 70, Nov. 25.
- FEUGÈRE, Mons. Henri, French Farce-writer, September —.
- FÉVAL, Paul, French Novelist and Dramatist, aged 69, March 8.
- FISHER, David Nunn, Actor, aged 71, October 4.
- FISHER, James B., American Journalist and Dramatist, February 21.
- FITZROY, Mrs. Kate, wife of A. R. Fitzroy, Actor, August 20.
- FOGERTY, Joseph, Proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Limerick, aged 83, September 7.
- FORSTER, W. F., Harpist, March 1.
- FOUNTAIN, Joseph, Scenic Artist, aged 60, October 11.
- FRASCHINI, Gaetano, Operatic Vocalist, aged 72, May 27.
- FRAYNE, Matthew, Actor, October 1.
- FREEMAN, Elijah, Lion-tamer, of Wombwell's Menagerie, aged 70, September —.
- FREEMAN, Henry Charles, Scenic Artist, February 7.
- FRENCH, Mrs. Mary Amelia, wife of Samuel French, Theatrical Publisher, aged 60, Jan. 20.
- FROMENTIN, Mme., Parisian Actress, January —.
- GASCOIGNE, Chas. professionally known as Charles Sullivan, Irish Comedian, a. 39, Feb. 27.
- GEE, Mrs. Caroline Eliza, professionally known as Mrs. Palmer, aged 71, November 26.
- GERRING, Mrs. Charles, mother of Miss Beatrice D'Almaine, January 4.
- GODRICH, Thomas, Proprietor of Scarsdale Music Hall, Derby, aged 50, November 12.
- GOLDSMITH, R. G., late Manager of the Museum Concert Hall, Birmingham, a. 67, Feb. —.
- GOODWIN, Mrs. (Miss Eliza Weathersby) wife of Nat. C. Goodwin, Actress, March 24.
- GORDON, George W. W., husband of Miss Katie Lee, aged 32, July 3.
- GRANGE, M. Eugène, French Dramatist, aged 76, March 1.
- GRANT, Francis Thomas Hope, husband of Mrs. Susan Grant, professionally known as "Sue Meldon," January 18.
- GREGORY, Arthur William, son of Arthur Gregory, May 19.
- GREGG, Andrew, Sec. & Account. to Canterbury & Paragon Theatres of Varieties, Feb. —.
- GREY, Mrs. Caroline Edith, wife of Lytton Grey, Feb. 15.
- GROVES, John, Property Master, aged 70, November 27.
- GUY, Cooper, brother of H. Rowe Guy, aged 34, March 14.
- HADDOCK, J., Treas. of Pr. of W.'s Birmingham, through a fall from his horse, a. 65, May 14.
- HAGENBECK, Carl, aged 78, October 3.
- HALES, Richard King, father of Richard and Rose Hales, Music-hall Artists, a. 65, Sept. 6.
- HALL, Henry Tudor, aged 46, April 17.

- REYNOLDS, Joseph, Actor, for more than 36 years a member of the Britannia Company, aged 69, November 29.
- RICE, John, Negro Minstrel, November 23.
- RICE, Mrs. Harriot, widow of Charles Rice, Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Bradford, Aug. 23.
- ROSE, Mdle., wife of E. Harris, Roller-skater, aged 29, September 1.
- ROSS, John Wilson, Dramatist, aged 69, May 27.
- ROSSBOROUGH, H. T., Proprietor Britannia Music Hall, Glasgow, February 28.
- ROUX, Mons. Armand, Parisian Concert Vocalist, August —.
- RUSSELL, Henry, professionally known as Henry Falconer, aged 49, October 8.
- SANDS, George E., American Theatrical Manager, August 24.
- SARL, Ernest James (Ernest Sutton), Actor, aged 33, February 12.
- SAVAGE, Mrs. Amelia Jane, grandmother of Mrs. Gladys Olga Ffolliott, Actress, Mar. 8.
- SCHARF, Henry, Actor, June —.
- SHEXTON, Thomas Bartlett, Actor, aged 74, April 19.
- SHEPHERD, Joseph, Musician, aged 71, February 22.
- SHERIDAN, W. E., Tragedian, May 18.
- SIMPSON, John Palgrave, Dramatist, aged 82, August 19.
- SIMS, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth, wife of George R. Sims, aged 36, December 20.
- SINCLAIR, Mrs. (Miss Fanny Vernon), wife of Harry Sinclair, Music-hall Artist, a. 34, July 15.
- SINCLAIR, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Professor Charles Sinclair, aged 63, June —.
- SINCLAIR, E. V., husband of Miss Maude Clifford, January 17.
- SKERRETT, Mrs. Emma, Actress, aged 70, September 26.
- SLOPER, Lindsay, Composer and Pianist, aged 61, July —.
- SMITH, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Sol. Smith, Comedian, aged 75, November —.
- SMITHERS, Miss Emily, Music-hall Artist, aged 27, September —.
- SOTHERN, Edward Lytton, Actor, aged 35, March 4.
- SPIRES, James, father of Maggie and Annie Spires, October 22.
- SPRAKE, Frederick, father of H. Sprake, Proprietor of Collins's Music Hall, a. 78, Oct. 27.
- STAINVILLE, M. Isidore, Actor, late of the Ambigu, Paris, aged 76, March —.
- STANDING, Mrs., wife of Herbert Standing, Actor, January —.
- STEPHENSON, Robert, Manager, Pepper's Ghost Company, May 11.
- STEVENS, Walter, Flautist, aged 62, July 15.
- STINCHCOMBE, William Campbell, Theatrical Costumier, aged 48, December 14.
- STRAKOSCH, Maurice, Musical *Impresario* (husband of Mdle. Amalia Patti), October —.
- STUART, Miss Dora (Mrs. Bradford), Actress, August 17.
- SWANBOROUGH, William Henry, Actor, aged 56, December 17.
- SWINDEN, Edward, M.R.C.S., father of Herbert Swinden (professionally known as Herbert Dudley), aged 77, October 13.
- TALIEN, Mons., Actor, formerly of the Odéon, Paris, October —.
- TEARLE, Mrs. Mary Alice, wife of George Osmond Tearle, Actor, aged 37, July 29.
- TELLETT, Mrs. Clara Anne, aged 67, August 15.
- TENNYSON, Mrs. Ann, mother of Joe Tennyson, Music-hall Artist, aged 68, July 20.
- TENNYSON, Thomas, father of J. Tennyson, Music-hall Artist, aged 80, January 21.
- THIRLWALL, John, Musician, aged 42, June 19.
- THOMAS, Mrs. Emily, wife of Alex. Thomas, Negro Comedian, December 3.
- TOUZÉ, M. Charles, Parisian Actor, March —.
- TREVANION, Edward, Theatrical Lessee and Proprietor, aged 38, April 26.
- TULLY, Mrs. Emily Jane, mother of Mrs. Craig, jun., and Lily Tully, of the Martinetti Company, aged 58, September 24.
- TURNBULL, Miss Julia, American Theatrical Dancer, aged 65, September 25.
- TUTE, Mrs. Agnes Clare, wife of James T. Tute, Proprietor Tute's Minstrels, a. 33, Dec. 17.
- VALCKENACRE-ALBERTAZZI, Madame, November 24.
- VINCENT, Mrs. J. R., Actress, September 4.
- WAITE, Mrs. Harriett, wife of Harry Waite, and mother of the Waite Sisters, Dec. 13.
- WARDE, J. G., father of George Warde, Actor, aged 85, April 13.
- WARREN, Ernest, Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist, aged 45, March 9.
- WARRINGTON, William, Music-hall Artist, aged 44, November 25.
- WATSON, J. R., Architect, Designer of the Grand Theatre, Leeds, April 28.
- WAUGH, Miss Amelia, American Actress, aged 50, September 14.
- WEBER, Miss Liza (Mrs. Robert Britton), Actress, aged 45, October —.
- WEHLI, Baron, Pianist, January 25.
- WEIR, Walter V., Scenic Artist, aged 27, March 19.
- WELCH, John Bacon, Professor of Singing, aged 47, July 1.
- WELLS, Mrs. Harriet Emma, widow of John Wells, Equestrian, aged 64, Dec. —.
- West, Mrs. Sarah, wife of H. G. West, Manager of Gaiety, North Shields, Dec. 27.

- WESTON, Emmeline Montague Falconer, wife of T. W. Benson, Beatrice Co., a. 40, June 22.
 WHATFORD, William Starr, Comedian, the original Bill Chaunt in *Tom and Jerry*, aged 94, November —.
 WHITEHOUSE, Mrs. C., mother of Miss Harriet Vernon, Burlesque Actress, aged 46, Oct. 18.
 WHITEHOUSE, William J., Régisseur to W. Pinder's Cirque Britannique, aged 28, Feb. 6.
 WILKINS, Margaret, aged 68, December —.
 WILLIAMS, John, Actor, aged 58, November 26.
 WILSON, Billy, Negro Comedian, aged 29, February 18.
 WILSON, Thomas, father of "Oceanus," Tank Performer, aged 73, January 20.
 WILSON, Tom, Actor, killed through leaping from an express train in motion, to rescue his daughter, June 23.
 WINDER, Mrs. E. S. Bovey, wife of Edwin Winder, late Metropolitan M. H., a. 66, Jan. 23.
 WINKELMEIER, Herr, the Austrian Giant, recently at the London Pavilion, a. 20, Aug. 24.
 WOOD, Charles Octavius, Scenic Artist, drowned while bathing, aged 21, June 16.
 WOOLLAM, Ernest, professionally known as Ernest Wilmore, aged 38, November 24.
 WOOLDRIDGE, Mrs., Actress, aged 67, February 11.
 WYNNE, Evelyne, professionally known as Lotta Brightling, adopted daughter of William and Mabel Brightling, February 5.
 YOUNG, Sir Charles Lawrence, Bart., Dramatist, aged 47, September 11.
 YOUNG, J. Falconer, Actor, March 18.
 YOUNG, Richard, W., Actor, aged 65, June 5.

DR. JAMES, in a memoir sent to the Académie des Sciences, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium-smokers, as they do in Eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe, and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so for several days, it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity, which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "hit the pipe."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.—Katherine, the late Dowager Countess of Essex, was a vocalist who stood almost without a rival in her day. The following sketch of her early career will be found interesting. This late highly-gifted vocalist was born September 18, 1794. She was the daughter of Edward Stephens, a respectable carver and gilder in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. At an early age the sweetness of her voice and her great love of music attracted the attention of her relations and friends, and it was considered both just and prudent to cultivate powers so decidedly expressed. The consequence was, at thirteen years of age, she was placed in the year 1807 under the tuition of Gesualdo Lanza, a professor of singing of some merit, and remained with him five years. In 1812 it was deemed advisable that she should become the pupil of Thomas Welsh. Welsh was the proprietor, with William Hawes, of the Argyle Rooms, Argyle Street, Regent Street, known as the "Harmonic Institution." The rooms were destroyed by fire February 4, 1830. Welsh died January 24, 1848. Miss Stephens, under the care and attention of Welsh, soon rose to that exalted sphere which she continued to fill with undiminished lustre. Her musical knowledge made it necessary that she should first appear as a concert singer, which she did at Bath, and the just applause she obtained there gave her at length that confidence in her powers which enabled her, with increased self-possession, to appear for the first time in London in 1812, at the opening of the Pantheon Theatre, Oxford Street. The theatre was burnt down October 3, 1792, and reconstructed 1812. Miss Stephens appeared on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre September 23, 1813. That evening brought out the young *débutante*, who was just nineteen years of age, in the part of "Mandane" in Thomas Augustine Arne's opera of *Artaxerxes*. It was first acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1762. Arne sold the copyright for 60 guineas. Miss Stephens's salary at Covent Garden Theatre was then twelve pounds a week. To the most touching simplicity and purity of style, she united sweetness and quality of voice; her powers of execution were rich, varied, and clear. In the year of Her Majesty's coronation, it pleased a peer of the realm, who had only been a widower three months (his first wife having died January 16, 1838), to pay her marked attention. The nobleman in question was George Capell, the fifth Earl of Essex, a distinguished patron of the drama, and one of the first to notice as a rising star Edmund Kean. The lady whom his lordship selected as his second wife was this admirable actress and vocalist, Miss Katherine Stephens. She had now attained the age of forty-four. But the lady was still as charming as ever when her noble admirer laid his heart and his coronet, together with a splendid settlement, at her feet. He married her, April 14, 1838, and they lived happily together till his death, April 23, 1839, aged eighty-two years. The Earl was born November 13, 1757. He had married his first wife, Sarah Stephenson, June 6, 1786. She was the daughter of Henry Bassett, of St. Helena, the widow of Edward Sephenson. The late Countess, in aiding the cause of charity, resembled the late Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt), and never forgot the needy and afflicted sons and daughters of her late profession. The Countess died on Ash Wednesday, February 22, 1882, at No. 9, Belgrave Square, aged eighty-eight years.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE LONDON THEATRES

FROM DECEMBER, 1886, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1887.

ADELPHI.

The Bells of Haslemere, drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy, July 28.

AVENUE.

Robinson Crusoe, burlesque-pantomime, in three acts and nine tableaux, by R. Reece and H. B. Farnie, music by John Crook, December 23.

The Old Guard, comic opera, in three acts, adapted by H. B. Farnie from *Les Voltigeurs de la 32^eme*, music by Robert Planquette (produced at Grand Theatre, Birmingham, on the 10th October), October 26.

BRITANNIA.

The Goblin Bat; or, Harlequin Meloda and the Little Oof-Bird, pantomime, by F. Bowyer, December 27.

The Visiting Card, comedietta, by Tom Craven, May 30.

COMEDY.

Mynheer Jan, comic opera, in three acts, written by Harry Paulton and "Mostyn Tedde," music by Edward Jakobowski (produced at Grand Theatre, Birmingham, February 7), February 14.

The Open Gate, play, in one act, by C. Haddon Chambers, March 28.

The Mormon, farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. D. Calthorpe (produced at a matinée at the Vaudeville, March 10), placed in the evening bills at this theatre, March 28.

The Red Lamp, drama, in four acts, by W. Outram Tristram, April 20. [This piece was transferred to the Haymarket.]

The Step-Sister, domestic comedy, in one act, by Wm. Sapte, jun., June 4.

The Barrister, farcical comedy, in three acts, by George Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley (first produced at Grand Theatre, Leeds, March 19), September 6.

COURT.

[Finally closed in September.]

Dandy Dick, farce, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero, January 27.

COVENT GARDEN.

Leila; ou Les Pêcheurs de Perles, opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Carré and Cormon, music by Georges Bizet (produced in Italian, for the first time in England), April 22.

La Vita per lo Czar, Italianised version of national Russian opera, by Michele Glinka (produced at St. Petersburg, November 27, 1836), Royal Italian Opera, July 12.

CRITERION.

My Bonny Boy, farcical comedy, in three acts, by T. G. Warren, December 2.

After Long Years, comedy-drama, in three acts, story by Mrs. Herbert Purvis, construction and dialogue by Arthur Law (produced at Theatre Royal, Torquay, October 20, 1886), February 2.

May and December, comedy, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy and Joseph Mackay, adapted from *La Petite Marquise* (originally produced in September, 1882, at a private performance, under the title of *The Novel-Reader*), April 25.

The Alderman, comedy, in three acts, founded on the French of MM. Barrière and Capendu, by James Mortimer, April 29.

Tea, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Maurice Noel (originally produced at Bath Saloon, Torquay, on January 11), May 4.

Right or Wrong, comedietta, in one act, by J. J. Bisgood, May 4.

A. S. S., farce, August 13.

The Cuckoo, comedietta, in one act, by Walter Helmore, October 5.

The Circassian, fantastic comedy, in three acts, adapted by F. W. Broughton from MM. Emile Blavet and Fabrice Carré's *Le Voyage au Caucase*, November 19.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Red Riding Hood, pantomime, by Oscar Barrett and Charles Daly, December 23.

The Three Years' System, farce, by Walter Maynard (Willert Beale), February 21.

A Shadow on the Hearth, drama, in three acts, by Walter Maynard, February 21.

Maccaire, romantic opera, in three acts, by George Fox, September 20.

DRURY LANE.

- The Forty Thieves*, pantomime, written by E. L. Blanchard, music by Ferdinand Wallerstein, December 27.
Nordisa, romantic opera, in three acts (originally produced at Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, January 26), words and music by Frederick Corder, the libretto founded on the French drama *La Bergère des Alpes*, Carl Rosa Opera, May 4.
Pleasure, spectacular comedy-drama, in six acts, by Paul Meritt and Augustus Harris, September 3.
Nitocris, poetical play, in five acts, by Clo. Graves, November 2.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

- Camping Out*, play, in four acts, by Bronson Howard (produced for copyright purposes), December 13.
Jack-in-the-Box, pantomime, by Frank Green, revised by Frank Hall, December 24.
Fin Maccoul, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Dion Boucicault (produced for the purposes of copyright), February 2.
Run to Earth; or, *A Golden Fortune*, drama, in four acts, by George Roberts, April 11.
Bubbles in the Suds; or, *The Village Washerwoman*, musical vaudeville, in one act, April 11.
Anarchy; or, *Paul Kavar*, drama, in five acts, adapted from the French by Steele Mackaye (produced for copyright purposes), April 27.
Buffalo Bill, drama, in four acts, by George Roberts, May 30.
Wrecked in London, drama, in four acts, by George Roberts, August 1.
Shadows of Life; or, *The Hand of Fate*, drama, in four acts, by Arthur Shirley (first produced at the Alhambra Theatre, Barrow-in-Furness, under the title, *The Hand of Fate*, March 3, 1884), September 10.
The Henrietta, play, in four acts, by Bronson Howard (produced for copyright purposes), September 23.

GAIETY.

- Monte Cristo, Junior*, burlesque-melodrama, in three acts, by "Richard Henry," original music by Meyer Lutz, Ivan Caryll, Hamilton Clarke, G. W. Hunt, and Henry J. Leslie, December 23.
Dimity's Dilemma, farce, by Malcolm C. Salaman, February 19.
The Great Felicidad, comedy, in three acts, by H. M. Paull, March 24.
Twice Married, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Clement O'Neill and Harvey Sylvester, April 25.
Blue Ribbons, farce, in three acts, by Walter Browne and J. E. Soden, May 11.
Civil War, drama, in four acts, adapted by Herman Merivale from M. Albert Delpit's *Mlle. de Bressier* (produced at the Ambigu, Paris, on April 19), June 27.
Loyal Love, romantic play, in four acts (originally named *Inez*; or, *the Bride of Portugal*), by Ross Neil, August 13.
Miss Esmeralda, melodramatic burlesque by "A. C. Torr" (Fred. J. Leslie) and Horace Mills, music by Herr Meyer Lutz and Robert Martin, October 8.

GLOBE.

- The Lodgers*, farce, in three acts, adapted from "Ma Nièce et Mon Ours," by Brandon Thomas and Maurice de Verney, January 18.
After Many Days, comedietta, in one act, by Arthur Elwood, March 14.
The Doctor, farcical comedy, adapted by F. C. Burnand, from "La Doctoresse," by MM. Ferrier and Bocage, July 9.
Lady Fortune, play, in one act, by Charles Thomas, September 17.
The Arabian Nights, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from Von Moser's *Harun Alraschid* by Sydney Grundy, November 5.

GRAND.

- Robinson Crusoe; a Christmas Story of a Good Friday*, pantomime, written by Geoffrey Thorn, December 27.
Up for the Jubilee, farce, by Joseph Bracewell, May 30.
Hans the Boatman, musical comedy, in three acts, by Clay M. Greene (produced at Theatre Royal, Sheffield, March 7, 1887), July 4.
The World Against Her, drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Preston, on January 11), August 1.
Racing, sporting drama, in seven "furlongs," by G. H. Macdermott (first produced at the Star Theatre, Wolverhampton, on April 5, 1886), September 5.
Our Joan, drama, in three acts, by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale (produced at Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, August 22), October 3.
Twixt Kith and Kin, drama, in four acts, adapted by Mr. James J. Blood from Miss Braddon's "Cut by the County" (originally produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, August 25), October 10.

HAYMARKET.

- Hard Hit*, play, in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, January 17.
The Ballad-Monger, romantic play, in one act, adapted by Walter Besant and Walter Pollock, from Theodore de Banville's *Gringoire*, September 15.

LYCEUM.

The Amber Heart, an original poetical fancy, in three acts, by Alfred C. Calmour, June 7.

MARYLEBONE.

Cinderella, pantomime, by Leopold Wagner, December 27.

Grelley's Money, drama, in four acts, by Eric Ross (first time in London), August 8.

NOVELTY.

Dux Redux; or, *A Forest Tangle*, poetical play, in three acts, by James Rhoades, January 18.
Princess Carlo's Plot, in three acts, adapted from Ouida's "Afternoon" by Hilda Hilton, January 31.

The Charitable Man, farce, by Henry Barry, February 15.

Stepping Stones, comedy, in three acts, by George Fox (produced by amateurs), May 7.

The Punchbowl; or, *The Royal Brew*, comic opera, in two acts, libretto by T. Murray Ford, music by John Storer, Mus. Doc., June 18.

The Blue Bells of Scotland, comedy-drama, in five acts, by Robert Buchanan (partially taken from the same author's prose romance, "A Child of Nature"), September 12.

Fascination, new and improbable comedy, in three acts, by Harriett Jay and Robert Buchanan, October 6.

OLYMPIC.

The Churchwarden, farce, in three acts, translated from the German of Herr Rudolf Kneisel by Messrs. Ogden and Cassel, adapted for the English stage by Edward Terry (first produced at Theatre Royal, Newcastle, September 17), December 16.

My Cousin, comedietta, by James J. Hewson (first produced at Theatre Royal, Belfast, October 16, 1885), March 21.

The Golden Band, drama, in four acts, by Henry Herman and Rev. Freeman Wills, June 14.

The Pointsman, drama, in prologue and three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, August 29.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Long Odds, comedy-drama, in three acts, by the late Conway Edwardes (originally produced at Bath Theatre Royal), February 1.

Ned Knowles, comedietta, by T. G. Warren, February 5.

A Merry Meeting, farce, by W. Lestocq, February 26.

As in a Looking Glass, play, in four acts, adapted by F. C. Grove from the novel of the same name by F. C. Phillips, May 16.

A Secret Foe, drama, in four acts, by John A. Stevens (produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, on the 25th), August 27.

As in a Glass; or, *His Double*, farcical comedy, in two acts and three scenes, adapted from an old Adelphi piece known as *The Ourang-Outang*; or, *His Double* (produced at that theatre December 29, 1842), by George Herbert Kodwell and Charles Lauri, jun., October 17.

Bridget O'Brien, Esquire, farcical comedy, in two acts, by Fred. Lyster and John F. Sheridan, October 29.

PAVILION.

Cinderella, pantomime, by Oswald Allan, December 27.

Fanny's Flirtations, farce, by Wynn Miller and Philip Haward, July 11.

False Lights, drama, in four acts, by T. B. Bannister (produced originally at Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, April 9, 1886), August 1.

PRINCE OF WALES'S (late Prince's).

The Two Pros, comic operetta, in one act, by F. Bowyer, music by G. Jacobi, December 4.

Alice in Wonderland, a "dream play" for children, being a dramatised version of incidents in Lewis Carroll's book of the same name, by H. Savile Clarke, music by Walter Slaughter, December 28.

Christina, romantic play, in four acts, by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient, April 22.

Jubilation, musical mixture in one act, by "Richard Henry," music by Ivan Caryll and H. J. Leslie, May 14.

Peaceful War, adapted by Sophie Scotti and Leopold Wagner from Von Moser and Schonthan's "Krieg im Frieden," May 24.

Uncle's Ghost, psychological farce, in three acts, by Wm. Sapte, jun., June 15.

Sample versus Pattern, farcical duologue, June 15.

Obed Snow's Philanthropy, play, in three acts, by George Newton, July 11.

PRINCESS'S.

The Noble Vagabond, romantic drama, in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, December 22.

Held by the Enemy, drama, in five acts, by William Gillette (originally produced in England at the Ladbroke Hall, February 20, 1886, for the purposes of copyright), April 2; placed in the evening bill on April 9.

The Witch, drama, in five acts, adapted from "Die Hexe," of Herr Fitger, by C. Marsham Rae, April 26. [Altered to four acts, and reproduced at a second matinée performance at this theatre in October, and placed in the evening bill at the St. James's Theatre during the short season there under Mr. Marsham Rae, November 5.]

- Vittoria Contarini*, romantic play, in a prologue and four acts, by A. W. Dubourg (produced in the provinces), May 11.
- Marion de Lorme*, an adaptation of Victor Hugo's play, in five acts, by Richard Davey, June 28.
- Shadows of a Great City*, drama, in five acts, by Joseph Jefferson and L. R. Shewell (first produced in America; reproduced at Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, February 28, 1887), July 14.
- My Jack*, comedietta, in one act, by Miss Emily Coffin, October 6.
- The Stroller*, poetic idyll, in one act, adapted from François Coppée's "Le Passant," and versified by Mrs. Olive Logan, October 22.
- Edith's Burglar*, play, in one act, adapted from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnet's story so named, by Edwin Cleary, October 28.

ROYALTY.

- The Coming Clown*, a "Christmas Number," in one act, by Mark Melford, December 21.
- Modern Wives*, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by Mr. Ernest Warren from "Le Bonheur Conjugal" of M. Albin Valabregue, January 20.
- The Professor's Wooing*, a comic pastoral, in four acts (originally produced in America), by W. H. Gillette, February 15.
- Ivy*, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Mark Melford (produced for the first time at Theatre Royal, Manchester, April 4), April 16.
- A Socialist*, farce, taken from the Swedish, by Henry Bellingham, April 16.
- A Tragedy*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles S. Fawcett, April 28.
- The Quack*, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German of Von Moser by Louis Honig, August 11.
- Un Parisien*, comedy, in three acts, by Edmond Gondinet, played for the first time in England by M. Coquelin and company, October 24.
- L'Ainé*, play, in three acts, by M. Paul Delair, revised by M. Victorien Sardou, played by M. Coquelin and company, October 26.
- Gringoire*, play, in one act, by Théodore de Banville (produced at the Théâtre Français, 1886), played in French, November 4.
- Le Juif Polonais*, drama, in three acts, by MM. Ereckmann-Chatrain, played in French, November 7.
- L'Indécis*, comedietta, by Mrs. Hughes Bell, adapted by the authoress from her own piece *Between the Posts* (produced at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 9), November 10.

SADDLERS WELLS.

- Jack and the Beanstalk*, pantomime, by George Thorne and F. Grove Palmer, December 27.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

- The Friar*, operetta, words by J. Comyns Carr, music by Alfred J. Caldicott, December 15.
- The Two Poets*, comic opera, in two acts, by J. Edward Germain (first public performance), December 21.
- Hard Lines*, petite drama, by Charles Dickinson, March 19.
- A Man of Business*, play, in four acts, translated from the Swedish ("En Fallat") of Bjornsterne Bjornson by W. Olaf and William Chapman, March 26.
- The Naturalist*, a musical piece, in one act, written by J. Comyns Carr, music by King Hall, April 11.
- Jubilee Notes*, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, April 11.
- Lady Deane*, domestic play, in four acts, by Alfred A. Wilmot, May 26.
- Misled*, farce, by Alfred A. Wilmot, May 26.
- The Rival Roses*, dramatic scene, written and composed by Alfred Gilbert, July 14.
- Abdallah*, spectacular cantata, written and composed by Alfred Gilbert, July 14.
- Tally-Ho*, one-act vaudeville, written by T. Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred Caldicott, November 9.

ST. JAMES'S.

- The Witch*, drama, in four acts, adapted from "Die Hexe" of Herr Fitger by C. Marsham Rae (produced at the Princess's on April 26 and in October, at matinée performances), November 5.

SANGERS.

- Cinderella*, pantomime, by W. Muskerry, December 27.
- Next-of-Kin*, melodrama, in four acts, by Robert Overton (first time in London), February 28.
- The Right Man*, romantic drama, in five acts, by George Comer and Lionel Ellis, May 7.
- A Kitchen Tragedy*, farce, by Edwin R. Barwick, May 21.
- Buffalo Bill; or, Life in the Wild West*, American drama, in four acts, by Colonel Stanley and Charles Hermann (first time in London), May 28.

SAVOY.

- Ruddigore; or, The Witch's Curse*, supernatural comic opera, in two acts, libretto written by W. S. Gilbert; music composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, January 22. [The name was afterwards changed to "Ruddigore."]]

STANDARD.

- Aladdin*, pantomime, by John Douglass, December 27.
Blind Justice, drama, in a prologue and three acts, by E. C. Bertrand (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, on September 23, 1886), April 11.
The Noble Savage, comic opera, in one act, by Frederick Corder, April 30.
A Woman's Truth, domestic drama, in five acts, by Walter Reynolds (produced at Grand Theatre, Nottingham, December 24, 1886), July 4.
Passion's Slave, drama, in four acts, by John A. Stevens (originally brought out in America; produced for the first time in England in November, 1886, at the Theatre Royal, Bradford), August 1.
The Royal Mail, drama, in a prologue and three acts, by John Douglass and another, August 18.
The Tongue of Slander, domestic and sensational drama, in four acts, by T. G. Warren and John Douglass, October 17.

STRAND.

- Gladys*, comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Law, December 1.
A Brave Coward, play, in three acts, by J. S. Blythe, December 3.
Bachelor's Wives, farce, in three acts, by F. Bousfield (originally produced in the provinces), December 15.
Jack-in-the-Box, musical variety drama, in four acts, by George R. Sims and Clement Scott (produced at Brighton in 1885), February 7.
By Special Request, comedietta, by T. Malcolm Watson, February 7.
The Oath, romantic drama, in a prologue and four acts (originally produced at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, April 4), June 14.
Nina; or, The Story of a Heart, play, in five acts, taken from "La Dame aux Camélias" and Emile Zola's work "Nana" (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Wigan, April 13, 1885), July 13.
Freda, play, in three acts, by Bernard Bussy and W. T. Blackmore, July 19.
The Wrong Envelopes, comedietta, July 19.
The Sultan of Mocha, comic opera, in three acts, music by Alfred Cellier, libretto partly rewritten, reconstructed, and revised by W. Lestock, September 21.

SURREY.

- Jack and the Beanstalk*, pantomime, by George Conquest and Henry Spry, December 24.
Man to Man, drama, in five acts, by William Bourne (produced on March 24, 1884, at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester), July 4.
Current Cush, drama, in prologue and four acts (produced at North Shields, May 3, 1883), by C. A. Clarke, July 25.
The Strangers of Paris, drama, in five acts, adapted from Adolphe Belot's Porte-St.-Martin drama *Les Etrangleurs de Paris* by Arthur Shirley, October 17.
A Dead Man's Gold; or, The History of a Crime, drama, in five acts, by George Conquest and Henry Spry, November 7.

TERRY'S.

- [This new theatre, situate in the Strand, was opened to the public by Mr. Edward Terry on October 17, with *The Churchwarden*.] (See Olympic.)
Meddle and Muddle, comedietta, by Messrs. Bellingham and Best (produced on June 3, 1887, at Royalty Theatre, Glasgow), October 17.

TOOLE'S.

- The Butler*, domestic comedy, in three acts, by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale (first produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, November 24), December 6.
Ruddy George; or, Robin Red Breast, a musical parody, in one act, by H. G. F. Taylor and Percy Reeve, March 19.
Woman's Wrongs, comedietta, by A. M. Heathcote, September 12.
Dandy Dick, farce, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero; transferred to this theatre from the Court, September 12.

VAUDEVILLE.

- Lord Macninnny*, farce, December 21.
The Referee, a revised version of *The Undergraduates*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. Outram Tristram (produced at a matinée at the Opera Comique Theatre on October 6), December 21.
Her Trustee, drama, in four acts, by James J. Blood, March 2.
The Mormon, farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. D. Calthorpe, March 10. [Placed in the evening bills at the Comedy Theatre, March 28.]
The Brothers, play, in one act, by Henry Byatt, March 10.
A Dark Night's Bridal, a poetical comedy, in one act, by Robert Buchanan, founded on a prose sketch by R. L. Stevenson, April 9.
The Skeleton, comedy, in three acts, founded on the German of Von Moser by Austria Stannus and Yorke Stephens, May 27.
After, play, in one act, by J. Scott Battams, May 27.

- Constance Frere*, play, in a prologue and three acts, by Herbert Gough and Morris Edwards, June 27.
- Dawn*, drama, in four acts, by George Thomas and Frank Oswald, June 30.
- Held by the Enemy*, play, in five acts, by William Gillette (transferred to this theatre from the Princess's), July 2.
- Mrs. Weakly's Difficulty*, comedietta, by William Poel, July 5.
- Adelaide*, dramatic fragment, in one act, adapted from Dr. Hugo Muller's German play of the same name by William Poel, July 5.
- Devil Caresfoot*, play, in four acts, adapted by C. Haddon Chambers and J. Stanley Little from Rider Haggard's novel "Dawn," July 12. [Placed in the evening bill at the Strand, August 6; transferred to the Comedy, August 23.]
- Fettered Freedom*, drama, in three acts, by Milner Kenne and C. H. Stephenson, September 28.
- In Danger*, drama, in three acts, by W. Lestocq and Henry Crosswell (first produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 24), November 1.
- Heart of Hearts*, play, in three acts, by Henry Arthur Jones (placed in the evening bills on November 7), November 3.
- A Mare's Nest*, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German of Julius Rosen by Henry Hamilton, November 17.

SUNDRIES.

- The Advocate*, comedy-drama, in four acts, adapted from the French, by Charles Lander, Kilburn Town Hall, December 3.
- A Sixpenny Wire*, domestic drama, in one "flash," by Campbell Rae-Brown; May Street School-room, South Kensington, January 18.
- Mermaid*, drama, in three acts, by Stebbings Heath (produced by amateurs); Ladbroke Hall, February 15.
- A Father's Sacrifice*, drama, in two acts, by W. R. Varty, from a novelette by T. W. Speight; School of Dramatic Art, Argyll Street, W., February 16.
- Parts and Players*, play, in three acts, by Francis Harlowe; St. Andrew's Parish Room, Stoke Newington, April 11.
- To-Night at Eight*, farce, by T. D. M'Cord and G. A. Toplis; Park Hall, Camden Town, April 18.
- Bride of Messina*, opera, in three acts, libretto, adapted from Schiller, by H. Müller, composed by J. H. Bonawitz; Portman Rooms, Baker Street, April 23.
- The Coming Woman*, comic drama, in three acts; Ladbroke Hall, May 10.
- The Butterfly*, play, in one act, by Walter Rhoades (produced by amateurs); Bloomsbury Rifles Drill Hall, May 4.
- Dan and Dick*, eccentric comedy, in three acts, by Herbert Gough and Morris Edwards (produced by amateurs for copyright purposes); Ladbroke Hall, May 14.
- The Cupboard Skeleton*, farce, by "Ajax"; Ladbroke Hall, May 14.
- Another Matinée*, comedietta, by F. Castris; Ladbroke Hall, May 17.
- Is Madame at Home?* comedietta, adapted from the French by Minnie Bell; Prince's Hall, May 23.
- A Crimeless Criminal*, farce, by Martin Becher; Kilburn Town Hall, May 26.
- A Romance of the Harem*, romantic opera, in two acts, libretto by Arthur Sketchley, music by J. Parry Cole; Kilburn Town Hall, May 28.
- A Fool's Fidelity*, drama, in three acts, by Geo. Capel (first produced at Birmingham, March 14); North London Colosseum, Dalston, June 6.
- Cleverly Managed*, comedietta, by Andrew Longmuir; Steinway Hall, June 28.
- The Waiter*, comedy, in two acts, by Re Henry; Ladbroke Hall, July 7.
- Paid in Full*, drama, in three acts, by St. Aubyn Miller; Ladbroke Hall, November 14.
- By the Sea*, drama, in one act, adapted by Alec Nelson from Theuriet's *Jean-Marie*; Ladbroke Hall, November 28.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES,
FROM DECEMBER, 1886, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1887.

- A Buried Talent*, play, in three acts, by Louis N. Parker; Digby Hotel Assembly Rooms, Sherborne, December 3.
- False Hearts*, drama, in four acts; Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, December 3.
- The Extreme Penalty*, drama, in four acts, by Gerald Holcroft; Theatre Royal, Doncaster, December 6.
- Frou-Frou*, a new translation of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's French drama by Janet Achurch and Charles Churrrington; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, December 9.
- Wanted, an Enemy*, farce, by H. P. Grattan; Tyne, Newcastle, December 10.

- Fatal Triumph*, drama, in four acts, by J. L. Featherstone and J. C. Hurd; New Cross Public Hall, December 11.
- The Fair Princess*, burlesque, written and composed by Mr. Fred. Bernard; Gaiety Theatre, Walsall, December 20.
- A Woman's Truth*, drama, in five acts, by Walter Reynolds (first production in England); Grand Theatre, Nottingham, December 24.
- The Captain*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. F. Field; Town Hall, Maidenhead, December 27.
- Pepita*, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Chivot, Duru, adapted by Mostyn Tedde, from *La Princess de Canaries* (produced, with music by Charles Lecocq, at the Folies-Dramatiques, February 9, 1888); Court Theatre, Liverpool, December 30.
- A Glimpse of Paradise*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Joseph Dilley; Lyric Hall, Ealing, January 1.
- On Tour; or, A Trip to Heidelberg*, musical comedy, in one act, by W. F. Field; Drill Hall, Ealing, January 5.
- Guiltless*, drama, in four acts, adapted from M. D'Ennery's novel "Martyre," by Arthur Shirley; New Cross Public Hall, January 8.
- The World Against Her*, drama, by Frank Harvey; Theatre Royal, Preston, January 11.
- Tea*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Maurice Noel; Bath Saloon, Torquay, January 11.
- The Policeman*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Walter Helmore and Eden Philips; Lyric Hall, Ealing, January 12.
- On His Oath*, drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Charles A. Aldin; Theatre Royal, Scarborough, January 18.
- Myfisto*, burlesque extravaganza, by Vere Montague and Frank St. Clare; Theatre Royal, Colchester, January 24.
- Adrift*, drama, in four acts; Theatre Royal, Aldershot, January 24.
- Nordisa*, opera, in three acts, written and composed by Frederick Corder, libretto founded on *La Bergère des Alpes*, produced by the Carl Rosa Company; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, January 26.
- The Golden Bough*, comic opera, adapted from the Countess D'Aulnois' "Le Rameau d'Or," by David Scott, music by Josef Pelzer (produced by amateurs); Broughty Ferry, January 27.
- The Repentance of King Ethelred the Unready*, operetta, in three tableaux, written by Mrs. Burton, composed by Walter Hay, R.A.M.; Shrewsbury, January 31.
- The Umpire*, drama, in a prologue and five acts; Theatre Royal, Burnley, January 31.
- Isofel*, play, in four acts, by Eweretta Lawrence; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, February 2.
- Choice*, comedietta, by T. D. M'Cord; New Public Hall, Ealing Dean, February 5.
- Mynheer Jan*, comic opera, in three acts, written by Harry Paulton and "Mostyn Tedde," music by Edward Jakobowski; Grand Theatre, Birmingham, February 7.
- Good for Both*, comedietta, by John Kennedy; Opera House, Londonderry, February 11.
- My First Patient*, farce, from the German, by H. Cassel and C. Ogden; Theatre of the Technical College, Bradford, February 12.
- The Hawk's Grip*, drama, in five acts, by Loftus Don; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Southampton, February 14.
- The Scarlet Dye*, play, by Julia M. Masters; Theatre Royal, Brighton, February 15.
- The Royal Riddle*, burlesque, written by Horace Mills, music by Arthur Mills (produced by Touchstone Dramatic Club); Theatre Royal, Woolwich, February 16.
- Friends*, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Alfred D. Parker; St. James's Hall, Lichfield, February 17.
- Long Live the Queen*, "Jubilee" spectacular drama, in four acts, by E. J. Brady (copyright performance); Theatre Royal, Hednesford, February 17.
- Zilpha*, romantic drama, in four acts, by Walter H. Jackson; Beach's Hall, Brentford, February 24.
- Shadows of a Great City*, drama, in five acts, by Joseph Jefferson and L. R. Shewell (originally produced in America); Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, February 28.
- Burglars*, farcical tragedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford (produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, March 2, 1885, and afterwards at Avenue, London, on April 9, of same year, under the name of *A Reign of Terror*); Theatre Royal, Norwich, February 28.
- A Sinless Shame*, drama, in four acts, by Gilbert Elliott (revised and rewritten); Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, February 28.
- Hans the Boatman*, musical play, in three acts, by Clay M. Greene (first time in England); Theatre Royal, Sheffield, March 7.
- A Fool's Fidelity*, drama, in three acts, by Geo. Capel; Theatre Royal, Birmingham, March 14.
- The Barrister*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by George Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley; Grand Theatre, Leeds, March 19.
- Hook and Eye*, comedietta, by Eille Norwood; Grand Theatre, Leeds, March 22.
- Twilight*, musical comedy, in two acts, by William Geary; Gas Band Room, Brentford, March 24.
- Well Matched*, comedietta, by Philip Havard; Ealing Public Hall, March 26.
- Boys Together*, farcical comedy, in four acts, by W. Howell-Poole, adapted from a novel by Mountney Jephson; Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, March 28.
- The Requitat*, a duologue, in one act, by W. Edwardes Sprange; Theatre Royal, Exeter, April 1.

- Sol Gandy*, play, by H. Bellingham and William Best; Royal Opera House, Leicester, April 1.
- Kittens*, a musical play, by Fred. Lyster and J. M. Glover; Theatre Royal, Brighton, April 4.
- Joy*, comedy-drama, in four acts, by Mark Melford; Theatre Royal, Manchester, April 4.
- The Oath*, romantic drama, in a prologue and four acts, by James A. Meade; Queen's Theatre, Manchester, April 4.
- Sly Dogs*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Daly; Theatre Royal and Opera House, Torquay, April 11.
- The Royal Watchman*, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by William Boosey, music by Frank L. Moir; Theatre Royal, Exeter, April 11.
- An Irish Elopement*, farcical comedy, in three acts; Queen's Theatre, Manchester, April 11.
- The Thugs of Paris*, drama, by Brandon Ellis; Theatre Royal, Goole, April 11.
- Creeping Shadows*, drama, in five acts, by Butler Stanhope; Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, April 18.
- Hunt the Slipper*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. Locke; Theatre Royal and Opera House, Cork, April 18.
- The Junior Partner*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Sidney Russ; Theatre, Berry Wood Asylum, Northampton, April 21.
- Dolly's Dilemma*, musical absurdity, by Harry Millward and C. Flavell Hayward; Theatre Royal, Woiverhampton, April 22.
- Gold Dust*, drama, in five acts, by Geo. De Lara; Winter Gardens, Blackpool, April 29.
- Waiting*, a dramatic episode, in one act, translated from the Swedish by David Bergandahl; Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, April 29.
- The Spinster*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Percy Gwynne and Cyril Harrison; New Cross Public Hall, April 30.
- Never Despair*, melodrama, in a prologue and four acts, by George Comer; Gaiety Theatre, Halifax, May 5.
- A Mock Doctress*, farce, by J. Scott Battams; Lyric Hall, Ealing, May 7.
- Claire*, version, in four acts, of M. Georges Ohnet's novel "Le Maître de Forges," by Mrs. Bernhardt-Fischer; New Cross Public Hall, May 7.
- By Special Licence*, drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Frank Marryat; Theatre Royal, Longton, May 16.
- The Diver's Luck; or, The Crime Beneath the Waves*, drama, in four acts, translated and adapted to the English stage by Fred. Cooke and W. R. Waldron; Theatre Royal, Jarrow, May 30.
- At Mannon's Shrine*, comedy-drama, in one act, by Benjamin Landeck; Royal Opera House, Leicester, May 30.
- Domestic Medicine*, comedietta, adapted from the Spanish by Lita Smith; Theatre Royal, Grantham, June 2.
- Chaperoned*, comedietta, by Miss Eva Harrison; Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, June 3.
- Meddle and Muddle*, comedietta, by Messrs. Bellingham and West; Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, June 3.
- The Wild West*, romantic drama, in three acts, by Alfred Stafford; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, June 6.
- The Contract*, drama, in five acts, by Harry Croft Hillier; Theatre Royal, Margate, June 6.
- An Act of Folly*, drama, in four acts, by Lewis B. Goldman; Drill Hall, Basingstoke, June 7.
- Desperation*, drama, in four acts, by George Roy and Bessie Reid; Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, June 10.
- A Hidden Enemy*, drama, in three acts, by Alfred Gray; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, June 13.
- Her Second Love*, revised version of *Passion's Power* (adapted from Jules Claretie's *Le Prince Zilah*, and produced at New Cross Public Hall, March 25, 1886), by Arthur Shirley; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, June 13.
- Squire Humphrey*, comedy, in one act, adapted by W. T. Blackmore, from the Comédie-Française piece *L'Éc de St. Martin*; New Theatre, Oxford, June 20.
- Odd, to Say the Least of It*, farce, in three acts, by Edward Rose; New Theatre, Oxford, June 21.
- A Bad Lot*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Harry Paulton and "Mostyn Tedde"; Opera House, Northampton, June 24.
- Little Cinderella*, burlesque, by J. Wilton Jones; Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, June 25.
- True Grit; or, Reaping the Harvest*, drama, in four acts, by Alfred Stafford; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, June 27.
- A Welcome Visit*, comedietta, by Eille Norwood; Public Hall, Harwich, July 14.
- On the Sands*, musical sketch, by Percy F. Marshall; Public Hall, Harwich, July 14.
- A Fair Conquest*, dramatic episode, in one act, by Albert E. Drinkwater; Prince of Wales's, Great Grimsby, July 18.
- Wideawake*, comedietta, adapted from the German, by Morris Dare; Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, July 18.
- The Mark of Cain*, drama, in five acts, by Fred. Jarman; Prince of Wales's, Greenwich, July 25.
- Ballyoogan*, drama, in four acts, by Arthur Lloyd; Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, July 25.
- Played and Lost*, drama, by W. J. Wild; Theatre Royal, North Shields, August 1.
- The Fugitive*, drama, in four acts, by Tom Craven; Alhambra Theatre, Barrow-in-Furness, August 1.
- Lucky Star*, drama, in four acts, by George Comer; Theatre Royal, Darlington, August 1.

- My Friend Jarlet*, comedy, in one act, by Arnold Goldsworth and E. B. Norman (produced by the "Old Stagers"); Canterbury Theatre, August 2.
- The Game of Life*, spectacular melodrama, in five acts, by W. Howell-Poole; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, August 15.
- A Preference Bond*, comedietta, by J. Brand Maclaren; Theatre Royal, Nottingham, August 15.
- Making It Pleasant*, farce, by Will Clement; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, August 22.
- Our Joan*, drama, in three acts, by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, August 22.
- 'Twixt Kith and Kin*, drama, in four acts, by James J. Blood; Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, August 25.
- A Secret Foe*, play, in four acts, by John A. Stevens; Theatre Royal, Brighton, August 25.
- Condemned; or, £1,000 Reward*, American drama, by Euston Knowles; Theatre Royal, Castleford, August 25.
- Mexican Bill; or, Life in the Far Wild West*, drama, in five acts, by Butler Stanhope; Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, August 29.
- Is Life Worth Living?* drama, in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore; Prince's Theatre, Bristol, September 1.
- The Woman-Hater*, farce, in three acts, by David Lloyd, adapted for the English stage by Edward Terry; Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 2.
- Black Mail*, drama, in four acts, by Dr. R. H. Dabbs (produced by amateurs at the Literary Institute, Shanklin, Isle of Wight); September 3.
- Count Tremolio*, Venetian opera, libretto by Edgar Wyatt, music by Alfred R. Watson; Theatre Royal, Nottingham, September 5.
- Won by a Head*, drama, in five acts, by C. A. Clarke; Theatre Royal, Woolwich, September 5.
- Viva*, drama, in four acts, by Milton Bode; Levino's Circus, Merthyr, September 12.
- False Steps*, drama, by Frederick Vanneck; Theatre Royal, Bristol, September 19.
- The Peacemaker*, play; Ipswich Public Hall, September 30.
- Katti, the Family Help*, domestic farce, adapted by Charles S. Fawcett, from Meilhae's *Gotte*; Princess's, Glasgow, September 30.
- The Maypole; or, Mad for Love*, comic opera, in two acts, by C. Bruce Wade and Stanislaus Elliott; Theatre Royal, Limerick, October 6.
- The Mousetrap*, comedy-drama, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy (produced for copyright purposes previous to performance at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on October 10); Prince of Wales's Theatre, Greenwich, October 7.
- Galatea*, opera, by Victor Massé (produced for the first time in England); Prince's Theatre, Bristol, October 8.
- The Old Guard*, comic opera, in three acts; libretto adapted from *Les Voltigeurs de la 32me* of MM. Edmond Gondinet and George Duval, by H. B. Farnie; music by Robert Planquette; Grand Theatre, Birmingham, October 10. [The French original was produced at the Renaissance on January 7, 1880.]
- His Hidden Revenge*, drama, in five acts, by Florence Holton; Upton Park Public Hall, October 10.
- Nadgy*, romantic comic opera, in three acts, written by Alfred Murray, music by F. Chassaigne, (performed for copyright purposes); Prince of Wales's, Greenwich, October 19.
- In the Clouds*, farce, by G. P. Hawtrey; Lyric Hall, Ealing, October 20.
- Nadine*, comedy, in three acts, by Leonard Grover (produced for copyright purposes); Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, October 22.
- Herné's Oak; or, The Rose of Windsor*, legendary comic opera, written by Walter Parke, composed by J. C. Bond-Andrews; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, October 24.
- In Danger*, drama, in three acts, by W. Lestocq and Henry Creswell; Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 24.
- Our Bonnie Prince*, historical drama, in four acts, by John Chute and John Coleman; Grand Theatre, Glasgow, October 24.
- A Mad Match*, drama, in four acts, adapted from H. Rider Haggard's novel "Dawn," by Hugh Moss (produced for copyright purposes); Assembly Rooms, Great Malvern, October 28.
- Gipsy Gabriel*, comic opera, in three acts, libretto founded on the story of "Guy Mannering," by Walter Parke and William Hogarth, music by Florian Pascal; Theatre Royal, Bradford, November 3.
- Grandpapa's Promise*, comedy, in one act, by L. Corcoran; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, November 4.
- The Magic Glass*, one-act opera, by Herman Merivale, music by Harriet Young; Hove Town Hall, Brighton, November 8.
- Perfidy*, drama, in four acts, by the late E. Falconer, revised and altered by W. J. Connel; Theatre Royal, Bolton, November 10.
- The Organist*, romantic comedy-drama, in four acts, by Henry Witton and Arthur B. Moss; New Cross Public Hall, November 14.
- A Miser*, drama, in one act, by Julian Cross; Theatre Royal, Brighton, November 16.
- A Life's Debt*, drama, in four acts, by J. F. Graham; Royalty Theatre, Chester, November 17.
- The Music Master*, comedietta, by Flavell Haward; Exchange Hall, Wolverhampton, November 19.
- The Race of Life*, drama, in four acts, by J. W. Whitbread; Queen's Theatre, Dublin, November 21.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PRINCIPAL PARIS THEATRES,

FROM DECEMBER, 1886, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1887.



AMBIGU.

- Les Mystères de Paris*, piece, in five acts, drawn from Eugène Sue's novel by M. Ernest Blum, February 11.
Mademoiselle de Bressier, five-act drama, by M. Albert Delpit, April 19.
Mathias Sandorf, spectacular piece, in five acts, drawn from M. Jules Verne's tale by MM. William Busnach and Georges Maurens, November 26.

BOUFFES-PARISIENS.

- Les Grenadiers de Mont-Cornette*, three-act opera-bouffe, libretto by MM. "Daunis" (Péricaud), Delormel, and Edouard Philippe, music by M. Charles Lecocq, January 4.
La Gamine de Paris, three-act opera-bouffe, libretto by MM. Letellier and Vanloo, music by M. Gaston Serpette, March 30.
Sosie, opera-bouffe, in three acts, libretto by MM. Albin Valabrègue and Henri Kéroul, music by M. Raoul Pugno, October 8.

CHÂTEAU-D'EAU.

- Augereau, ou les Volontaires de la République*, five-act drama, by M. Gaston Marot, December 4.
Vidocq, ou la Police en 18—, piece, in five acts, by MM. Jaime and Georges Richard, January 14.
L'Absent, five-act drama, by MM. Villemer and Paul Segonzac, February 9.
Le Fiacre No. 13, drama, in five acts, drawn by M. Jules Dornay from M. de Montépin's novel, February 27.
Les Frères d'Armes, five-act drama, by M. Charles Garaud, April 8.
Mademoiselle d'Artaignan, spectacular drama, in five acts, by M. Frantz Beauvallet, October 10.

CLUNY.

- Rigobert*, farcical comedy, in three acts, by MM. Paul Burani and Grenet-Dancourt, February 16.
Clo-Clo, comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Albin Valabrègue and Pierre Decourcelle, April 28.
Boul' Mich' Revue, review, in three acts, by MM. Milher and Numès, November 19.
Tous les Mêmes, one-act comedy, by M. Maurice Hennequin, November 26.

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

- Protestation!* "à propos," in verse, by M. Emile Moreau, January 15 (265th anniversary of Molière's birth).
Francillon, comedy, in three acts, by M. Alexandre Dumas, January 17.
Raymonde, three-act comedy, by MM. André Theuriet and Eugène Morand, May 28.
Vincennette, one-act drama, in verse, by M. Pierre Barbier, May 28.
La Souris, comedy, in three acts, by M. Edouard Pailleron, November 18.

DÉJAZET.

- Fransouillon*, one-act parody, by MM. Vernelil, Guy, and Millaud, February 18.
Décoré, one-act comedy, by M. Edmond Duesberg, November 25.

ÉDEN.

- Lohengrin*, Richard Wagner's opera, the French libretto by M. Nuitter, May 3 (performed once only by M. Lamoureux's company).

FOLIES-DRAMATIQUES.

- Paris en Général*, review, in four acts, by MM. Monréal, Blondeau, and Grisier, December 23.
Le Bourgeois de Calais, comic opera, in three acts, words by MM. Ernest Dubreuil and Paul Burani, music by M. André Messager, April 6.
Sarcouf, comic opera, three acts (with a prologue), libretto by MM. Clivot and Duru, music by M. Robert Planquette, October 6.

GAITÉ.

- Dix Jours aux Pyrénées*, spectacular piece, in five acts, by M. Paul Ferrier, with music by M. Louis Varney, November 22.

GYMNASE-DRAMATIQUE.

- La Comtesse Sarah*, piece, in five acts, by M. Georges Ohnet, January 14.
Dégommé, three-act comedy, by M. Edmond Gondinet, September 30.
Les Chimères, comedy, in one act, by M. Jean Sigaux, October 16.
L'Abbé Constantin, comedy, in three acts, drawn from M. Ludovic Halévy's novel by MM. Hector Crémieux and Pierre Decourcelle, November 4.

MENUS-PLAISIRS.

- Volapuk-Revue*, review, in three acts, by MM. William Busnach and Albert Vanloo, Dec. 11.
Les Vacances du Mariage, three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Albin Valabrègue and Maurice Hennequin, February 12.
Le Tigre de la rue Tronchet, three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Pierre Decourcelle and Henri Keroul, March 29.
Valentine chez Zoé, one-act comedy, by MM. Adrien Vély and Adrien Mach, April 13.
Le Chevalier Timide, one-act comic opera, words by M. Busnach, music by M. Edmond Missa, September 1.
La Fiancée des Verts-Poteaux, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by M. Maurice Ordonneau, music (the score of *Indiana*) by M. Edmond Audran, November 8.
Stratonice, comic opera, in one act, words by M. Eugène Chardon, music by M. Edmond Diet, November 19.

NOUVEAUTÉS.

- La Princesse Colombine (Nell Gwynne)*, comic opera, in three acts, music by M. Robert Planquette, libretto, adapted from Mr. H. B. Farnie's original version, by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Emile André, December 7.
L'Amour Mouillé, three-act comic opera, libretto by MM. Jules Prével and Armand Liorat, music by M. Louis Varney, January 25.
Ninon, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Emile Blavet, Paul Burani, and Emile André, music by M. Léon Vasseur, March 23.
Les Saturnales, three-act opera-bouffe, words by M. Albin Valabrègue, music by M. Lacôme, September 26.
Les Délégués, piece, in three acts, by MM. Emile Blavet and Fabrice Carré, music by M. Banès, November 30.

ODÉON.

- La Bourse et la Vie*, two-act comedy, in verse, by M. François Mons, December 10.
Chez la Champmeslé, one act "à propos," in verse, by Madame Galeron and M. Ernest de Calonne, December 21 (247th anniversary of Racine's birth).
Molière chez Conti, one-act "à propos," in verse, by M. Alfred Copin, January 15 (265th anniversary of Molière's birth).
Numa Roumestan, five-act comedy, by M. Alphonse Daudet, February 15.
Le Privilège de Gargantua, one-act comedy, in verse, by MM. Grandvallet and Truffier, May 7.
Le Marquis Papillon, three-act comedy, in verse, by M. Maurice Boniface, September 22.
Jacques Damour, one-act piece, drawn by M. Léon Hennique from a story by M. Zola, September 22.
La Perdrix, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Eugène Adenis and Henri Gillet, October 5.
Maître Andréa, one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Edouard Blau, October 5.
L'Agneau sans Tache, one-act comedy, by MM. Armand Ephraïm and Adolphe Adener, November 3.

OPÉRA.

- Patrie*, grand opera, in five acts and six scenes, libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and Louis Gallet, music by M. Emile Paladilhe, December 20.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

- Egmont*, lyric drama, in four acts, libretto by MM. Albert Wolff and Albert Millaud, music by M. Gaston Salvayre, December 6.
Proserpine, lyric drama, in four acts, libretto, drawn from one of M. Auguste Vacquerie's poems, by M. Louis Gallet, music by M. Saint-Saëns, March 16.
Le Roi Malgré Lui, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Jean Richepin, Emile de Najac, and Paul Burani, music by M. Emmanuel Chabrier, May 18.

OPÉRA-POPULAIRE (CHÂTEAU D'EAU).

- Nadia*, comic opera, in one act, words by M. Paul Milliet, music by M. Jules Bordier, May 25.
Kérin, opera, in three acts, words by MM. Paul Milliet and Henri Lavedan, music by M. Alfred Bruneau, June 9.
Frontin, comic opera, in one act, words by M. V. Kervani, music by M. Louis Eygel, June 29.

PALAIS-ROYAL.

- Gotte*, four-act comedy, by M. Henri Meilhac, December 2.
Franc-Chignon, a parody of M. Alexandre Dumas' comedy, in three scenes, by MM. Busnach and Vanloo, February 1.
La Vie Commune, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Jules de Gastyne and Henri Feugère, February 19.
Durand et Durand, three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Albin Valabrégué, March 18.
Le Club des Pannés, review, in three acts, by MM. Albert Wolff, Blum, and Toché, November 16.

THÉÂTRE DE PARIS.

- Les Cinq Doigts de Birouk*, five-act drama, drawn from M. Louis Ulbach's novel, by M. Pierre Decourcelle, December 18.
Le Ventre de Paris, piece, in five acts, by MM. Emile Zola and William Busnach, February 18.

PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN.

- Le Crocodile*, piece, in five acts and nine scenes, by M. Victorien Sardou, with incidental music by M. Massenet, December 21.
La Tosca, drama, in five acts and six scenes, by M. Victorien Sardou, November 24.

RENAISSANCE.

- Tailleur pour Dames*, three-act vaudeville, by M. Georges Feydeau, December 17.
Ma Gouvernante, comedy, in three acts, by M. Alexandre Bisson, February 10.
Les Dossiers Jaunes, farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Eugène Morand, March 21.
Paris sans Paris, review, in a prologue and three acts, by MM. Paul Ferrier, Clairville, and Dépre, October 4.
Le Roi Koko, three-act vaudeville, by M. Alexandre Bisson, November 29.

VARIÉTÉS.

- La Petite Francillon*, a parody, in three scenes, by MM. Montréal, Blondeau, and Lemonnier, February 13.
Le Coup de Foudre, comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché, February 17.
La Noce à Nini, three-act vaudeville, by MM. Emile de Najac and Albert Millaud, March 19.

VAUDEVILLE.

- Le Bord du Précipice*, one-act comedy, by M. Paul Boisselot, December 6.
Monsieur de Morat, piece, in four acts, by M. Edmond Tarbé, March 15.
Renée, five-act piece, by M. Emile Zola, April 16.
Cléopâtre, three-act comedy, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Paul Solié, March 24.
La Comtesse Frédégonde, drama, in four acts, by M. Jules Amigues, June 11.
Le Père, comedy, in four acts, by "Jules de Glouvet" (M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire), October 31.

AN old lady who was much in London society relates a touching story of the poet Moore. On one occasion, when the brilliant wit and writer was in his old age losing his memory, this lady was asked to sing for a small company of which he was one. She complied with the request, and sang, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The poet listened with evident pleasure to his famous and charming piece, and, when the singer finished, he said with much earnestness, "Will you please tell me who wrote that beautiful song?" "Why, Mr. Moore," she answered, "you certainly can't expect me to believe that you have forgotten your own work." The old man regarded her an instant with a pathetic look, the consciousness and infirmity of his broken mind evidently forcing itself upon him. Then he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Tom Moore, the brilliant fiery favourite of London society, could only weep for what he was in remembering what he had been.

WHEN Kean was playing in Paris in 1827, his irregular habits and unpunctuality were constant sources of embarrassment to his manager. He seldom, if ever, attended rehearsals, and one evening, when *Hamlet* was announced, took it into his head to absent himself from the theatre altogether, and was at length discovered by the stage-manager, half an hour before the time appointed for the rising of the curtain, at the Café de Paris, vigorously attacking his third bottle of Chambertin. In vain the horrified functionary expostulated, alleging, as an extra inducement, that the Duchess de Berry had signified her intention of witnessing the performance. "I am not the Duchess's servant," coolly replied the tragedian. "Ah, but you are not aware," insinuated the other, "that Her Royal Highness positively affirms that no one has ever equalled Talma as 'Hamlet.'" "Does she?" exclaimed Kean, rising from his seat, and eagerly grasping his companion's arm. "Then, sir, I am ready, and she shall tell a different story to-morrow."

THEATRES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

- ABERDEEN**—Her Majesty's, W. McFarland.
ACCRINGTON—Prince's, J. B. Ormerod.
ALDERSHOT—Theatre Royal, C. Soundes.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE—Opera House, Revill and Son.
BARNSELY—Royal, G. Horne.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Alhambra, Mrs. Atkinson.
BATH—Royal, William Lewis.
BELFAST—Royal, J. F. Warden.
BELFEE—Public Hall, Joseph Pym.
BIRKENHEAD—Royal, B. Stanhope and J. Vowles.
BIRMINGHAM—Royal, M. H. Simpson.
 Prince of Wales's, J. Rodgers and Son.
 Grand Theatre, A. Melville.
 Queen's, A. Melville.
BISHOP AUCKLAND—Royal, R. and J. Addison.
BLACKBURN—Royal, Mrs. C. H. Duval.
 Prince's, Mrs. Reed.
BLACKPOOL—Winter Gardens, W. Holland.
BLYTH—Royal, R. Fynes.
BOLTON—Royal, J. F. Elliston.
BOOTLE—Beaconsfield Hall, F. W. Walden.
BOURNEMOUTH—Royal, H. Nash.
BRADFORD—Royal, John Hart.
 Prince's Theatre, H. Pullan.
BRENTFORD—Beaches Hall.
BRIGHTON—Royal, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.
BRISTOL—Prince's Theatre, G. and J. M. Chute.
 Royal, A. Melville.
BURNLEY—Royal, J. Gillespie.
 Gaiety Theatre, T. Culeen.
 Victoria Opera House, W. C. Horner.
 Mechanics' Assembly Rooms, The Directors.
BURY (Lancashire)—Opera House, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Purcell.
BUXTON—Pavilion Company.
CAMBRIDGE—Theatre Royal, W. B. Redfarn.
CARDIFF—Royal, E. Fletcher.
CARLISLE—Her Majesty's, Thos. Elsworth.
CASTLEFORD—Theatre Royal, Henry Rutland.
CHELTENHAM—Royal, E. Shenton.
 Winter Garden, H. A. & R. J. Webb.
 Montpellier Rotunda, A. Pollock.
 Corn Exchange, W. H. Bridgewater.
CHESTER—New Royalty, J. W. Carter.
 Town Hall, J. Edwards.
 Union Hall, T. Mills.
CHESTERFIELD—Stephenson Hall Company.
COLCHESTER—Royal, Nunn and D. Vale.
COLNE—Town Hall, R. Foulds.
CONSETT—Royal, T. B. Appleby.
 Agricultural Hall, R. Murray.
CORK—Theatre Royal, J. Scanlan.
 Round Room Opera House, J. Scanlan.
 Assembly Rooms, C. O. K. Smith.
- COVENTRY**—Royal, W. Bennett.
CROYDON—Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.
CREWE—New Lyceum Company.
CUPAR FIFE, N.B.—Union Hall, Messrs. Innes.
DARLINGTON—Central Hall, Walker and Sedgwick.
 New Theatre Royal, F. J. Nestor.
DARWEN—Royal, J. F. Elliston.
DERBY—Grand Theatre, A. Melville.
DEWSBURY—Royal, Graham & Atkinson.
DONCASTER—Royal, H. S. Dacre.
DOUGLAS—New Grand, A. Hemming.
DUBLIN—Gaiety, M. Gunn.
 Queen's, E. Jones.
 Leinster Hall, M. Gunn.
DUDLEY—Public Hall, W. Woodhouse.
DUMFRIES—Royal, T. A. Currie.
DUNDEE—Her Majesty's, W. McFarland.
DURHAM—Royal Albany, J. Holiday.
EALING—Lyric Hall, E. Stephens.
EASTBOURNE—Royal, Loveday and Phipp.
EDINBURGH—Lyceum, Howard and Wyndham.
 Royal, H. C. Beryl and W. Hatton.
GAINSBOROUGH—Royal Albert, J. R. Fox.
 Temperance Hall.
GATESHEAD—Theatre Royal, F. J. Stein.
GLASGOW—Grand, A. Harris.
 Princess's, H. Cecil Beryl and R. Waldon.
 Royalty, Howard and Wyndham.
 Theatre Royal, W. T. Rushbury.
GLOUCESTER—Royal, Albert Val. Simpson.
GOOLE—Royal, C. Bromley.
GREAT YARMOUTH—Royal, Jerry Hurst.
 Aquarium, J. W. Nightingale.
GREENOCK—Royal, W. T. Rushbury.
GREENWICH—New Prince of Wales's Theatre, W. Morton.
GRIMSBY—Prince of Wales's, H. J. Curry.
HALIFAX—Royal, W. H. Boocock.
 Gaiety, A. Grimmett.
HANLEY—Royal, J. H. Elphinstone.
HARTLEPOOL (West)—Royal, Kirtley & Ball.
 Gaiety, C. Stein.
HASTINGS—Gaiety, G. Gaze.
HUDDERSFIELD—Royal, Mrs. B. L. White.
HULL—Royal, Wilson Barrett.
HYDE—Royal, T. Russell.
INVERNESS—Royal, Cameron Burgess.
IPSWICH—Royal, H. Eyre.
JARROW-ON-TYNE—Royal, H. Robertson.
JERSEY—Royal, Wybert Rousby.
KEIGHLEY—Queen's, E. Darbey.
KETTERING—Corn Exchange, C. Pollard.
LANCASTER—Athenæum, R. Edgar.
LEAMINGTON—Royal, A. B. Cunnew.
LEEDS—The Grand, Wilson Barrett.
 Royal, J. Hobson.

- LEICESTER—Royal, Mrs. Kennion.
Royal Opera House, Elliot Galer.
- LEIGH (Lancs.)—Royal, J. W. Cragg.
- LIMERICK—Royal, J. Fogerty.
- LINCOLN—Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.
- LIVERPOOL—Adelphi, B. Stuart.
Alexandra, Mrs. Edward Saker.
Court, Carl Rosa Company (Ltd.).
Rotunda, D. Grannell.
Prince of Wales's, Miss Fanny Josephs.
- LONDON—Adelphi, A. and S. Gatti.
Astley's, G. Sanger.
Avenue, H. Watkin.
Britannia, Mrs. S. Lane.
Criterion, Chas. Wyndham.
Comedy, C. H. Hawtrey.
Covent Garden, Messrs. Thomas and Purkess.
Drury Lane, Augustus Harris.
Elephant and Castle, W. Burton Green.
Gaiety, Geo. Edwards.
Globe, Wilson Barrett.
Haymarket, H. Beerbohm Tree.
Her Majesty's.
Lyceum, Henry Irving.
Marylebone, H. Gascoigne.
New Grand, Chas. Wilmot.
Novelty, Messrs. Nathan.
Olympic, Agnes Hewitt.
Opera Comique, F. J. Harris.
Pavilion, Morris Abrahams.
Prince of Wales's, H. Sedger.
Princess's, Grace Hawthorne.
Royalty, Miss Kate Santley.
Sadler's Wells, J. A. Cave.
Savoy, D'Oyly Carte.
St. James's, Messrs. Hare and Kendal.
Standard, J. Douglass.
Strand, Lydia Thompson.
Surrey, Geo. Conquest.
Toole's, J. L. Toole.
Terry's Theatre, E. Terry.
Vaudeville, Thomas Thorne.
Victoria, Coffee Palace Company.
Royal Aquarium, Company.
Crystal Palace, Company.
St. George's Hall, A. Reed and Corney Grain.
Bion, Baywater.
Ladbroke, Notting Hill.
Kilburn Town Hall.
- LONDONDERRY—Opera House, J. F. Warden.
- LONGTON—Royal, W. Revill.
- LOWESTOFT—Royal, H. M. Holbrook.
- MACCLESFIELD—Royal, J. Revill.
- MANCHESTER—Comedy, E. Garcia.
Royal, Captain Bainbridge.
Prince's, J. C. Smith.
Queen's Theatre, R. Mansell.
St. James's Theatre, J. C. Emerson.
- MARGATE—Royal, Miss Sarah Thorne.
- MIDDLESBROUGH—Royal, Messrs. Imeson.
- NEATH—Star Theatre, J. E. Noakes.
- NEWCASTLE (Staffs.)—Theatre Royal, John Bratby.
- NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—Royal, Howard and Wyndham.
Tyne, A. Harris.
- NEWPORT (Mon.)—Royal Victoria, Horner and Gibbs.
New Theatre, D. E. Humphreys.
- NORTHAMPTON—Opera House, J. C. Franklin.
- NORTH SHIELDS—Royal, S. R. Chisholm.
- NORTH SHIELDS—Gaiety, F. Fuller.
- NORWICH—Royal, F. Morgan.
- NOTTINGHAM—Royal, T. W. Charles.
Grand, Mrs. Emily Kennion.
- OLDHAM—Royal, L. Courtenay.
Colosseum, T. Whittaker.
- OXFORD—New Theatre, T. Lucas.
- PAISLEY—Royalty, C. E. Clark.
Royal, W. R. Blackadder.
- PERTH—Opera House, Public Hall Co.
- PETERBOROUGH—Royal, W. D. Nichols.
- PLYMOUTH—Royal, H. Reed.
- PORTSMOUTH—Royal, J. W. Boughton.
- PRESTON—Royal, Johnson and Tomlinson.
- RAMSGATE—Amphitheatre, J. Mullitt.
- READING—Royal County, F. Attwells.
- ROCHDALE—Royal, F. W. Purcell.
- ROTHERHAM—Royal, C. Tasker Fell.
- RUNCORN—Royal, Mr. W. R. Waldron.
- SALFORD—Prince of Wales's, J. Price.
- SALISBURY—Assembly Rooms, W. P. Aylward.
- SCARBOROUGH—People's Palace, —
W. Morgan.
Londesborough, — Waddington and Sons.
- SHEFFIELD—Royal, W. H. Daw.
Alexandra Opera House, W. Brittlebank.
- SHIELDS (South)—Royal, T. B. Appleby.
- SHREWSBURY—Royal, Mrs. Maddox.
- SOUTHAMPTON—Prince of Wales's, Messrs. Gordon & Plowman.
- SOUTHEND—Public Hall, J. D. Ablett.
- SOUTHPORT—Winter Gardens, J. Long.
- SPENNYMOOR—Cambridge, W. Green.
- STAFFORD—Lyceum, Messrs. Follows and Sons.
- STOCKPORT—Opera House, W. Revill.
- STOCKTON-ON-Tees—Royal, L. Clarence.
- St. HELENS—Royal, Wallace Revill.
- STOURBRIDGE—Alhambra, Mrs. Patch.
- STRATFORD—Royal, Mr. F. Thomas.
- SUNDERLAND—Royal, W. J. C. Hall.
- SWANSEA—New Theatre, A. Melville.
- TORQUAY—Royal, W. A. Gillow.
- TROWBRIDGE—Public Hall, P. L. Hill.
- TYNEMOUTH—The Aquarium.
- WAKEFIELD—Royal, B. Sherwood.
- WALSALL—Gaiety, W. H. Westwood.
St. George's, Company.
- WARRINGTON—Royal, B. Sheridan.
Public Hall, William Johnson.
- WATERFORD—Theatre Royal, The Corporation.

WEST BROMWICH—Royal, J. G. Rainbow.
 WEYMOUTH—Royal, H. Wheeler.
 WHITEHAVEN—Royal, G. Hirschfeld.
 WIDNES—Royal, G. Mellon.
 WIGAN—Court, Worswick & Gee.
 WOLVERHAMPTON—Royal, R. Arthur, junr.
 Star, E. Maedermott.

WOOLWICH—Royal, Jessie Garratt.
 WORCESTER—Royal, W. Gomersal.
 WORKINGTON—Theatre Royal, G. J. Smith.
 WREXHAM—Public Hall, Corn Exchange
 Company.
 St. James's, H. J. Edgar.
 YORK—Royal, W. A. Waddington and Sons.

MUSIC HALLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ABERDARE—Temperance Hall, Company.
 ABERDEEN—Varieties, W. McFarland.
 ALDERSHOT—North Camp Theatre,
 ASHTON—Prince of Wales, Jno. Jackson.
 BARNLEY—Surrey, F. Alberto.
 BATH—Pavilion, J. T. Welch.
 BELFAST—Alhambra, W. J. Ashcroft.
 Buffalo, E. W. Partrick.
 BERKENHEAD—Prince of Wales's, D. Gran-
 nell.
 The Palace (New Brighton), L. Con-
 nolly.
 BIRMINGHAM—Gaiety, C. Barnard.
 Days' Concert Hall, Messrs. Day.
 Museum, A. McGregor.
 Steam Clock, W. R. Inshaw.
 Sherbourne Varieties, E. Martin.
 BLACKBURN—Lyceum, E. H. Page.
 BLACKPOOL—Winter Gardens.
 BOLTON—Victoria, J. Atkinson & Co.
 Queen's Music Hall, A. Lumb.
 Volunteer Music Hall, A. Ridgeley.
 BOOTLE—Alhambra,
 BRADFORD—Star, H. Pullan.
 BRIGHTON—Aquarium, I. Wilkinson.
 Oxford, C. and J. A. Botham.
 BRISTOL—Royal Alhambra, T. Bradford.
 Gaiety, T. Wood.
 BURNLEY—Gillespie's, M. H. J. Gillespie.
 BURY (Lanc.)—Albion, R. Simpson.
 CARDIFF—Philharmonic, Company.
 Day's Theatre, Harry Day.
 Levino's Museum, D. Levino.
 CARLISLE—Star, J. T. Godfrey.
 CHATHAM—Palace of Varieties, L. Barnard.
 CHELTENHAM—Assembly Rooms, E.
 Shenton.
 CHESTER—Music Hall, Phillipson &
 Golden.
 COLCHESTER—Sir Colin Campbell, J. Spence
 DERBY—Scarsdale Music Hall, Mrs.
 Godrich.
 DOVER—Royal Clarence, Souter & Stewart.
 Phoenix, T. Kemp.
 DUBLIN—Kinsella's, P. Kinsella.
 Bijou, Dan Lowrey.
 Olympia, J. Hodsman.
 Star, D. Lowrey.
 Falconer's Varieties, T. Falconer.
 National, J. W. Gaffney.
 Henglers' Cirque, Hengler Bros.
 DUNDEE—Royal Varieties, W. McFarland.

EDINBURGH—Varieties, H. E. Moss.
 FOLKESTONE—Varieties, R. Back.
 GAINSBOROUGH—Temperance Hall, J. Har-
 nam.
 GLASGOW—Gaiety, D. S. M'Kay.
 Scotia, Mrs. J. S. Baylis.
 Star Music Hall, D. S. M'Kay.
 GLOUCESTER—Albert Hall, Val. Simpson.
 GRAVESEND—Prince of Wales, J. Chaney.
 GREAT GRIMSEY—Bakewell's, T. L. Bakewell.
 Theatre of Varieties, C. Woolhouse.
 HALIFAX—Oddfellows', J. Helliwell.
 Gaiety, A. Grimmett.
 HANLEY—Gaiety, J. B. Geoghegan.
 HASTINGS—Pier Pavilion, J. D. Hunter.
 HUDDERSFIELD—Circus of Varieties, J. W.
 Rowley.
 HULL—Alhambra Palace, S. Barnard.
 Pavilion, Soule & Wilson.
 Mechanics' Hall, C. Morritt.
 Regent Music Hall, Mrs. R. Durden.
 ILKESTON—Poplar, S. Robinson.
 INVERNESS—Music Hall, W. T. Rule.
 IPSWICH—Circus of Varieties, A. Mont-
 gomery.
 LEEDS—Princess's, J. Hobson.
 Varieties, A. Greasley.
 LEICESTER—Gaiety, W. Austin.
 Varieties, J. Paul.
 LIMERICK—Harp Theatre, Mr. J. Courtney.
 LIVERPOOL—Gaiety, H. De Frece.
 Grand, J. T. Roach.
 Haymarket, W. Thomas.
 Parthenon, Mrs. J. G. Stoll.
 Star, Fineberg and Lees.
 St. James's, Sam Hague.
 Westminster Music Hall, J. Kiernan.
 LONDON—Alhambra, Company.
 Arches, Mme. Gatti.
 Bedford, Messrs. Hart.
 Cambridge, Will Riley.
 Canterbury, Company.
 Collins's, H. Sprake.
 Deacon's, H. E. Davis.
 Empire, Company.
 Foresters', W. Lusby.
 Gatti's, Mesdames Gatti.
 Hammersmith, A. Phillips and Son.
 London Pavilion, Company.
 Marylebone, R. F. Bottling.
 Metropolitan, H. G. Lake.
 Middlesex, J. L. Graydon.

- Oxford, J. H. Jennings.
Paragon, Company.
Parthenon, A. A. Hurley.
People's, Peckham, A. F. Lovejoy.
Queen's, Poplar, F. and M. Abraham.
Royal, Company.
Sebright, G. E. Belmont.
South London, Mrs. J. J. Poole.
Standard, R. Wake.
Star, J. Hart.
Trevor, A. Reeve.
Trocadero, R. R. Bignell.
Varieties, C. Harwood.
Victoria Coffee Palace, Company.
Washington, G. W. Moore & Son.
- LOWESTOFT—Public Hall, J. E. Cook.
- MANCHESTER—Folly, E. Garcia.
People's, Mr. Hunt.
Alhambra, Bell and Salmon.
- MARGATE—Hall-by-the-Sea, G. Sanger.
Assembly Rooms, H. E. Davis.
Marine Palace, Pullen & Nightingale.
- MIDDLESBROUGH—Oxford, R. Weighell.
- NEATH—Robinson's Hall.
Town Hall, the Corporation.
- NELSON—Royal Opera House, T. Hargreaves.
- NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Gaiety, H. E. Moss.
- NORTHAMPTON—Plough Variety Hall, E. S. Leigh.
Franklin's Gardens Jubilee Hall, Mr. Lawrence.
- NORWICH—Connaught, W. Whyley.
- NOTTINGHAM—The Palace, C. B. Cox.
- OLDHAM—Gaiety, F. Westgate.
People's, W. Jefferye.
Red Lion Music Hall, W. Houghton.
- PLYMOUTH—St. James's, Geo. Lewis.
- PORTSMOUTH—Amphitheatre, D. Barnard.
Vento's Varieties, H. Vento.
- PRESTON—Gaiety, H. Yorke.
- RAMSGATE—Harp, J. Ovenden.
Marina Hall, F. Green.
Pier Pavilion, E. Woolf.
- ROCHDALE—Circus of Varieties, Messrs. Smith, Lee, and Hargreaves.
- SALFORD—Canterbury, Mr. Johnson.
Oxford, Mr. Shee.
Egerton, Mr. Potts.
Pendlebury Music Hall, Potts & Myles.
- SANDGATE—Alhambra, R. Rigden.
- SCARBOROUGH—People's, W. Morgan.
- SHEERNESS—Criterion, J. W. Kennedy.
- SHEFFIELD—Britannia, A. Smith.
Gaiety, L. Metzger.
Music Hall, J. Freemantle.
Star Music Hall, A. Stacey.
- SHIELDS (North)—Gaiety, Geo. Duncan.
" (South)—Thornton's, J. G. Allen.
- SOUTHAMPTON—Royal York, Messrs. Hyles & Edmunds.
Gaiety, J. Hart.
- STOCKPORT—Theatre of Varieties, Saker Bros.
- STOCKTON-ON-TEES—Star, T. Smith.
- SUNDERLAND—Avenue, H. E. Moss.
Star, Signor Durland.
- TORQUAY—Royal Public Hall, S. Jeffery.
- WAKEFIELD—Gaiety, B. Sherwood.
- WALSALL—People's, Mr. D. Bayliss.
Earl Grey, T. Hall.
(Brownhill's) Station Music Hall, W. Roberts.
- WARRINGTON—Gaiety Theatre, D. Davis.
- WHITEHAVEN—Standard, H. Dixon.
- WOLVERHAMPTON—Gaiety, C. Hearn.

WHEN Artemus Ward was exhibiting his show in Salt Lake City, his complimentary tickets to the city officials read—"Admit bearer and one wife."

JOCOSE RESULT OF SUPERSTITION.—A white-livered youth was playing the bear in the farce of *Les Deux Chasseurs*, at a small Paris theatre, while a frightful storm raged outside. As he crossed the stage, close to the footlights, a terrific thunderclap fairly shook the house, and so frightened poor Bruin that, rearing himself on his hind legs, he devoutly made the sign of the cross on his shaggy breast, to the intense delight of his audience.

DUMAS the elder often laughed at English stiffness and reserve. One of his stories was this: "One day Victor Hugo and I were invited to dine with the Duke of Decazes. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston—of course this happened before the February Revolution. At midnight tea was handed round. Victor Hugo and I were sitting side by side, chatting merrily. Lord and Lady Palmerston had arrived very late, and there had consequently been no opportunity to introduce us before dinner; after dinner it seems it was forgotten. English custom consequently did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Decazes came up to us and said: 'My dear Dumas, Lord Palmerston begs you will leave a chair free between you and Victor Hugo.' I hastened to do as he wished. We moved away from each other, and placed a chair between us. Thereupon Lord Palmerston entered, holding the hand of his wife, led her up to us, and invited her to sit down on the empty chair—all this without saying a word. 'My lady,' he said to his wife, 'what time have you?' She looked at her watch and answered: 'Thirty-five past twelve.' 'Well, then,' said the great minister, 'remember well that this day, at thirty-five minutes past twelve, you were sitting between Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo, an honour which you will probably never enjoy again in your lifetime.' Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her back to her seat without saying a word to us—because we had not been presented!"

An Idea for a Play.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.



THE *Post Office Directory* undoubtedly comes as a boon and a blessing to men. I have found the *Post Office Directory* exceedingly useful on many occasions myself, and therefore it would ill-become me to attack it. But I have often felt inclined to submit an humble petition to the compilers that they would be good enough to leave me out. A modest, retiring man, who doesn't want to be called upon by strangers, and who wishes to limit his correspondence to his own private friends and business acquaintances, finds the *Post Office Directory* more frequently his foe than his friend. His address once published, he is at the mercy of the world, and the world's wife as well, and hardly a day passes without bringing him into contact or correspondence with some one who, but for the *Post Office Directory*, would never have discovered his whereabouts.

I am writing now of course from a professional point of view. The only inconvenience that the *Post Office Directory* does to private people is to bring them circulars and advertisements, and requests for subscriptions to charitable institutions. But to the professional man the fact of his address being published means all this and a good deal more. To me it means a host of letters and a host of calls; it means packets of MS., frequently insufficiently prepaid, and mysterious visitors whose business is urgent, but who decline to give their name or state what their business is, until they've broken through all the barriers and penetrated to the secret fastnesses of my innermost hiding-place. Of the extraordinary letters which have reached me through the *Post Office Directory*, of the wonderful people who have looked out my address therein, and called upon me, I may one day have some curious revelations to make; for the moment, I am only anxious to narrate one instance which has a distinct bearing upon the British drama.

While I was in Spain during the spring of the present year, a French gentleman, speaking only his native language, called frequently at my residence, as given in the *Post Office Directory*, and informed my housekeeper, as well as his ignorance of English and her ignorance of French would allow, that he desired to see me on a matter of the utmost importance. She explained in some way that I was not at home, but still the gentleman kept coming, and at last he left a note which he requested might be forwarded to me at once. I duly received the letter, and I read it with considerable interest, for the writer, who dated his letter from a street in Leicester Square, informed me that he had something to communicate to me privately which would help me to realise a large fortune. Would I make an appointment immediately on my return to London, as the matter was urgent?

It has been the great aim of my life to make a large fortune, and retire from business before I am too old to appreciate all the enjoyments of luxurious ease, and so I make it a rule never to neglect any chance of acquiring wealth honestly which may turn up. But I am not so sanguine of success as I used to be. So many fortunes which have been offered me on easy terms have failed to bear strict investigation that I am beginning to lose faith in my would-be benefactors. In this instance, however, the writer was so much in earnest, and wrote with such evident faith in his plan, whatever it might be, that I replied to his letter, and appointed an interview for an early date after my return to town. On the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, the French gentlemen arrived, and was shown into my study. "Sir," he exclaimed, "you are a great dramatist." I bowed and thanked him for his good opinion, but I hinted that the statement was open to argument, and was one which was not likely to be generally accepted. "Yes, sir," he continued, "you are the man who writes dramas which are successful—dramas which make money, but it shall happen that sometimes *you want ideas—you want scenes—you want sensations.*" I readily acquiesced

in this view of the situation. "Then, sir," exclaimed my visitor, "I can be of service to you. I have the means of giving you a great fortune in a drama. You shall play it at Drury Lane, at the Adelphi, at the Princess's, and it will be grand—a great success." I hesitated. I explained that these three theatres were managed by lessees who made their own arrangements and had their own authors, and would not be likely to hand me over their houses all at once. "No matter, sir; this drama, that I shall give you, you can play it anywhere, for it is original, it is wonderful, and it shall draw all the world to see it." "But, if you have this drama," I ventured to remark, "why don't you take it to a manager yourself?" "Oh, I have not the drama yet. I have only the idea for it. I have the central idea, and you shall write the play to suit it." "And the idea is—" "I will tell it you, sir. I have with me in London, some what you call vultures—three vultures. I have trained them to do wonderful things—they are marvellous. You shall write a play for them." "Write a play for three vultures!" "Yes, for *my* vultures. You shall write a play that has a big battle, the wounded and the dead, lie on the field. My vultures, at a word from me, fly down and settle on the corpses and peck at them. It is real—it is perfect. There has never been on the stage a battle-field with real vultures pecking at the corpses. I will give you a rehearsal to see what my vultures can do, and then you shall write the drama for them."

For a moment the proposition took my breath away. When I recovered myself I explained to the gentleman that I mistrusted my powers as a writer for vultures, and that I must therefore decline his commission for the present, but I would bear him in mind. He argued, but I was firm, and at last he reluctantly departed. I have taken his address and registered it, and his offer still remains open. When all else fails, I can fall back upon it and write a new and original drama to suit the requirements of those three gifted vultures in their great realistic scene of taking *table d'hôte* upon the battle-field.

My First Drama, and what became of it.

BY PAUL MERITT.



WAS in my twelfth year when I made my first attempt at dramatic writing, and although a discriminating Providence decreed that I should never get beyond the second scene of the first act, I remember, with intense satisfaction, that I had already contrived to introduce a violent family quarrel, a sudden death, the reading of a will, the disinheritor of a wicked son, a highway robbery, and a particularly atrocious fratricidal murder. On the front page of my manuscript I had printed in characters of blood, *Roderick the Ruthless*. This specimen of my early capacity to freeze the marrow of my fellow-creatures was undertaken in recreation hours, and whilst other boys romped about the playground I remained in the schoolroom and surreptitiously worked at my drama. Page by page as I wrote it I secreted it in a cavity that existed between the back of my desk and the wall of the schoolroom.

The bully of the school was a wretch called Bruxby. This fiend in human form discovered my secret and stole my play, with the same unblushing impudence as my plays have since been stolen by boys of a larger growth. Presently I became aware of strangely familiar sentences being whispered amongst my schoolfellows, but when "Enter Angus with a bag of gold" fell upon my ear, the truth flashed upon me. I flew to the hole behind the desk—*my treasure was gone!*

The next day being Wednesday, we had half-holiday, and I went for a walk into the woods to play at being "The Warlock of the Glen." Bruxby and a select band of young ruffians, his immediate vassals, secretly followed me, and whilst in a secluded copse, well known to me, I, in the character of the injured "Warlock," was hurling my mysterious warnings at the minions of

"Clanronald," Bruxby and his attendant imps burst in upon me, secured me, and held me tight as in a vice. Then the chief devil produced my manuscript, and actually commenced to read my play to me; sometimes, if a sentence particularly pleased him, he would read it over two or three times, emphasising the points by giving me quick short digs into my ribs; but the line that seemed to tickle them all the most was, "Enter Angus with a bag of gold." When that stage direction was reached, they simply yelled with laughter.

But I must say I did not discover then, and I have not discovered since, any particle of humour in that line. Yes, Lucifer read every line, and read to the bitter end. I have since had thirty-nine plays produced, and I have lived through thirty-four of my own first nights, but I never on any occasion suffered so much on hearing my own lines repeated as I suffered that day. I may yet be the principal personage concerned in an earthquake, in a gas explosion, or in the fall of an avalanche, and forget the circumstance, but so long as I live I shall never forget that dramatic reading in Batty Wood.

When my chief tormentor had finished, he said, "Well, Russian Jack" (that being my nickname at the time, and had reference to the land of my birth), "what have you got to say for yourself?" I replied, "You are a thief." "Say that again." I said it again, and I got a whack on the nose. The last straw had fallen on the camel's back. With a yell I broke from my tormentors and flew at Bruxby. The moss was slippery underfoot, and we both fell, Bruxby underneath, I upon the top; then followed a fight, in which the rules regulating the prize-ring were utterly ignored by both parties. The next morning my nose had assumed such extraordinary proportions that I looked more like a specimen of some strange pre-Adamite bird than an aspiring dramatist in an Eton jacket; and as for Lucifer, his right eye was in deep mourning.

The chief of our school was a brute called Hardy, who had the pale blue eyes of a hyæna, and was about as well fitted as that cheerful animal to have the care and education of youth. Straightway, immediately after prayers, we were summoned before the Hyæna, and both vigorously examined and cross-examined. Bruxby was called upon to corroborate his evidence by producing the manuscript of my unfinished play, but he pleaded his inability to do so, as the previous evening one of his vassals had torn it up to make the tail of a kite, and both kite and tail had fallen into the river and been swept away.

Then came the Judgment of Solomon. I was sentenced to be flogged for having presumed to write anything but exercises on school paper, and I was handed over to one of the assistant masters, whose dislike for the land of my birth was only equalled by his marked animosity to everything pertaining to dramatic art, and I suffered accordingly. Bruxby, convicted of stealing, was consigned to the tender mercies of our writing-master, a Scotchman, whose hatred of Bruxby was proverbial, and second only in intensity to his fanatical veneration for the Eighth Commandment, and to my supreme satisfaction he lathered Lucifer most unmercifully. When the slaughter was over we both made ghastly attempts to assume airs of stoical indifference, and were about to retire from the place of execution, when we were ordered to remain; we had reckoned without our host. The Hyæna sentenced us both to be further well whipped for having disgraced the school by presuming to settle our differences by an appeal to arms; and so that nothing should interfere with the proper infliction of this supplemental castigation, we were both bidden to instantly divest ourselves of certain portions of our clothing not usually removed in polite society. The rest is silence!

Twenty-five years later I was going the rounds of Portsmouth prison, gathering local colouring for the play of *Youth*, when I noticed a burly convict at work on punishment labour. Chief warder Collins, who accompanied our party, informed us that he was "a lifer," and "a most dangerous prisoner." As we approached him he looked up with a sullen stare; suddenly his gaze rested on me, and became fixed. The recognition was instant and mutual. Lucifer and I had met again. With a fiendish smile, and in a mocking voice, he muttered seven words, which to everyone but me must have had a cabalistic sound. I understood them well enough—they were, "Enter Angus with a bag of gold."

The Man who gave a *Matinée*.

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.



HE reasons for withholding in this place the title of a dramatic work which saw light at a theatre in the Strand on the afternoon of a summer's day in 1887, and for my consequent suppression of the name of the author of this play, will be apparent to any reader whose heart it is possible to stir by a story of misfortune. Though the outward circumstances surrounding this *matinée* were not of a character calling for *post-mortem* examination, yet there were in private connection with the enterprise matters of such a melancholy nature that a brief and discreet record of the event may be found to be in harmony with the objects of this chronicle.

The mournful interest which attaches to this *matinée* will not, I think, be lessened by the fact that the author was a man of fifty-five years of age who had devoted more than half that term to the composition of a play and to the endeavour to obtain for it a public hearing. From the autumn of 1856 till the beginning of 1887 my friend's drama was "in the market." Up to the month of April 1869—I have these details from his own lips—he was hopeful and enthusiastic; from 1869 to 1874, without relaxing effort, he was bitter and despondent; from 1874 till January the 18th, 1887, he was desperate. On the date I have last given he finally resolved upon a *matinée*. Having, not it will be seen without deliberation, determined on this step, he wrote to me begging for my views on the question of the propriety of a dramatic author appearing before the curtain in response to a demonstration of approval. By reference to my letter-book, I find that on the 24th of January last I replied to my friend's communication, expressing my serious conviction that no public servant is justified in declining to respond to a public summons, and counselling him most earnestly not to begin an artistic career by seeking to evade its responsibilities; urging upon him at the same time that, should he eventually find himself in the slightest doubt as to the cordiality of the demonstration, it would be advisable to send on another man in his place. Upon this he informed me that the presentation of his work was fixed for the middle of the following June, and that he had made up his mind to bow his acknowledgments at the fall of the curtain, adding that, having read his play twice to an invalid nephew then sharing his chambers, he had no misgivings as to its ultimate reception.

By a liberal arrangement with the company of actors engaged, my friend's piece was rehearsed four times in every week for a period of two months, many of the rehearsals taking place at the author's lodgings. At the end of the first month his nephew, who had listened to all the rehearsals but whose health continued to decline, left England for a less variable climate. The day preceding the occasion of the *matinée* was one of grave anxiety for the author. The final rehearsal occupied six hours and a half, the company, in consequence of other engagements, having to be rehearsed in detachments. Late in the afternoon my friend quitted the theatre and hurried to his tailor to fit on the suit of clothes in which he was to publicly exhibit himself on the morrow. At eight o'clock he took a lesson in bowing from a professor of dancing in Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, a trifling excess of care pardonable in a man no longer, be it remembered, even in middle life. At half-past nine he suddenly recollected that a private box which he had secured for the sole surviving member of his family (a brother from Cheltenham) was not in such a position as would enable this relation to witness to advantage the author's brief appearance; he hurried back to the theatre, and put this matter right. Nothing further was to be done but to wait. At ten o'clock, restless, excited, half-famished yet unable to entertain the notion of taking food, he set out a rapid walk, muttering as he went those portions of the coming play:

his partiality most favoured. Two hours later, finding himself at Hackney, he returned. It was three o'clock in the morning—the day of the *matinée*!—when he quietly let himself into his lodgings. He nibbled a biscuit, drank a small quantity of brandy-and-water, and sticking up over his clock a written request that he should be called at eight, retired to his bedroom.

Of what were his dreams? Ah, reader, little need is there to inquire if you have written a play! Of course you have. Less need, therefore, is there for me to tell you that my friend's dreams were of success, of hope long deferred more than realised, of a victory tardily won leading to other triumphs which required no fighting for, triumphs which come to fortune's favourites hat in hand begging for acceptance. Bravo! bravo! Author! author! With a start and a cry my friend awoke, to find himself in the middle of his room *bowing*. He put his hands to his throbbing forehead, and staggered to the dressing-table. The soft light of the young hours of a summer morning, like the innocent stare of a blue-eyed child, regarded his yellow, haggard face with calm curiosity. He looked at his watch—only half-past four! He crept back to bed, and once more closed his eyes. Not more than a moment seemed to have passed when the rattling of the door-handle found him again wide-awake, on his back, gazing peacefully at the ceiling. His landlady was in the room. "What is the time now?" "Six o'clock, sir." "Only six o'clock! Oh, dear me, still only six o'clock!" "Only six o'clock! Bless my 'art, I durstn't let you sleep any longer—you've quite frightened me!" "Frightened you?" "What have you been a-doing to fatigue yourself like this? I 'adn't the 'art to wake you. It's six o'clock in the evening!"

The matinée was over! By comparing the progress of events in both places, I find that at the moment my poor friend was bowing his acknowledgments in his dreams (really at half-past four in the afternoon) his brother from Cheltenham was actually calling "Author!" in a weak way before a rapidly-dispersing audience in the theatre in the Strand.

"Horick's Skull."

BY F. LESLIE MORETON.



DURING the winter of the year '81 I was a member of the "Great" Shakespearian Company, which, ostensibly under the direction of Mr. Rinaldo Gascoigne, was in reality a commonwealth concern, in which we all shared alike, when there was anything to share. It was late on a bitterly cold afternoon in November when we entered Brittlestone, a quiet little town in Dulceshire, were we intended opening on the following evening. Brittlestone had a peculiar interest for me, for it was in one of its narrow streets that my father had carried on business during the last years of his life, and his bones were reposing in the quiet little churchyard over the river, where they had lain now for almost a quarter of a century. I had always lived a roving life. I was scarce sixteen when I went with an uncle to Australia, where sheep-farming engrossed the attention of both of us, until a long drought decimated the flock and a fit of ague carried uncle off. I then sold out and came to England once more, to find that father had died whilst I was on the voyage home. The small amount realised abroad was soon expended, and I was glad to join a travelling theatrical company; for I had always nurtured a love for the stage, and used to recite to my companions around the log-fire when the day's work was over.

After leaving a place for something like thirty years, one generally returns to find oneself forgotten. So it was with me; for Brittlestone remembered me not. However, ere another twenty-four hours had flown, I hoped to find its folk clamouring my praises. On the Monday evening, for the first time in my life, I was to play "Hamlet," for our leading man had gone off, leaving us in

the lurch. I had offered my services to our community, and as drowning men catch at straws, I was accepted. Here was the chance I had waited for. I felt sure that *my* interpretation of the moody Dane would arouse the Brittlestonites to enthusiasm, and my fame would go forth from that quiet little town into the world beyond, where my talents would be fully appreciated. So completely did I become absorbed with this idea, that I could think of nothing else. "Hamlet" had entire possession of my mind, and I was in a perfect fever lest our leading man should return on the morrow and claim his part. After securing my lodgings and partaking of tea, I thought I would take a short walk, as it might perhaps cool my fevered brain. I set forth alone. The streets were deserted, the good people having all gone to church, it being the Sabbath evening. I wended my way over the bridge, indifferent as to where my feet guided me, and soon found myself standing opposite the porch of the ivy-clad church. A hymn was being sung, and I listened attentively, whilst a crowd of memories rushed through my mind. The music ceased, and, opening the little churchyard gate, I strolled in and sat down upon a tombstone to muse awhile. Ere long the graveyard brought my thoughts back into the channel in which they had been running all day. I found myself speaking the lines of Hamlet over Ophelia's grave, and as my eyes wandered around, they were arrested by a heap of mould thrown up a few yards off. The ground was being cleared for the addition of a new wing to the sacred edifice, and as I looked again I saw a small pile of human bones which had been disturbed by the workmen, and which were awaiting re-interment. My curiosity aroused, I drew nearer to the spot, and in so doing my foot struck something which was lying on the ground. The light through the stained-glass window of the church was cast full upon me, and on looking down I found that I had accidentally trodden upon a skull. I drew back with a feeling of horror, and viewed it with almost aversion. Suddenly the thought flashed through me, "What a splendid 'property' that would make for the graveyard scene to-morrow night! A real skull! Why it would produce a thrilling effect upon an audience unaccustomed to the realistic productions of metropolitan houses. Dared I take it!" The perspiration ran down my cheeks. "Why shouldn't I?" By degrees I overcame my aversion, and, kneeling down, took out my handkerchief and rolled the skull into it. Holding the handkerchief by its four corners, I quitted the churchyard with my prize. I was excited before—I was doubly so now. I pictured to myself the sensation that skull would create, and, hastening to my lodgings, I deposited it upon the mantelpiece in my bedroom. Anxious to be up betimes in the morning to have a finishing grind at my part, I retired to rest early. But little rest came to me that night, for my brain was far too active. About midnight I had just sunk into a state of semi-unconsciousness, when I started up with the impression that there was some one else in the room. I stared around with nervous apprehension, but no one could I see. I was just going to lie down again when I perceived a faint blue haze hovering over the mantelpiece just where I had placed the skull. As I gazed, it grew brighter, till the skull itself could be seen distinctly. Then suddenly the outline of the uncanny thing was marked in a wreath of clear flame which burnt steadily, while the eye-sockets became filled with balls of fire. This was sufficient to "make each particular hair to stand on end." My eyes became riveted on that ghastly apparition; a loathsome odour pervaded the room; I seemed stifled, and yet powerless to move. How long this continued I cannot say, but suddenly a deep sepulchral voice resounded through the apartment, "I am thy father's ghost!" I quite expected to hear the rest of the speech as spoken by the ghost of Hamlet's father. But no! no other words were uttered, and I gazed on. After an awful silence, there came again that mystic cry, "I am thy father's ghost!" This time the voice had more of sorrow in it, and it thrilled me to the heart's core; yet I gazed on. How long before it came again I cannot tell, but the third time there was a despairing wail in the tone, and I felt that I was going mad. With one terrified cry for help, I sank back insensible.

'Twas daylight, and the sun was flooding the room with its dazzling rays, when I returned to a knowledge of what was going on around me. Instinctively I

turned towards the mantelpiece. There stood the skull just as I had left it the previous night. Could I have been dreaming? No, the incidents had left an indelible impression upon my mind such as no mere dream could create. "That thing shall go back at once," I determined. "No luck will follow me with *that* in the house." Dressing as quickly as possible, I put the skull once more into my handkerchief, and hurried to the churchyard. There was no one about, so I went straight to the place where I had picked the thing up, and dropped it, with a sense of relief. A tombstone that had lately been pulled up lay on the ground beside where I stood. The name caught my eye—"Sacred to the memory of John Harvey, who departed —" I read no more. Great heavens! my father! and I was about to use his skull as a "stage property."

I played Hamlet that night, and created a most favourable impression; but it is almost needless to say that I did not insist upon a real skull being provided, for I was perfectly contented with one manufactured out of a large swede turnip.

Margate to the Rescue.

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.



T is a truism that nobody can tell how a play will turn out until it has been tried upon a paying audience. The advantages of testing a piece upon the public in the provinces, and the immense difference which a comparatively small alteration may make in its success or failure were very conclusively proved by the two trial performances which we gave of *Saints and Sinners* before submitting it to the London verdict. The play was to be produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on the Thursday, and Mr. Thorne arranged for two preliminary performances at Margate on the previous Monday and Tuesday. Margate was full of holiday visitors, and the announcement of a new play by the entire London Vaudeville Company drew a crammed house. A rollicking three-act farce had been crowding the Vaudeville Theatre for some fifteen months, and the well-known comedy associations of the merry little house in the Strand, added to that general sportiveness which the air of Margate naturally produces, and the holiday temper of the audience, had persuaded them they were going to have a feast of fun. There was something, too, in the title *Saints and Sinners* which chimed in with this disposition of the audience.

It was a title comprehensive enough to include a vast amount of comedy. The curtain rose, and I stationed myself where I could watch the general effect of the play upon the spectators. Notwithstanding their evident disappointment at being called upon to witness a serious drama of English life, instead of the farce or comedy which they were in the mood for, they gave the piece an attentive hearing, and were very generous in their applause. The religious scenes somewhat grated on their susceptibilities, it having probably never occurred to them that the dramatist has any property in the higher regions of man's nature and character; but on the whole they were exceedingly kind, and though rather bored at times they were too good-natured to give any expression to their feeling. The curtain rose on the last act. As I originally wrote *Saints and Sinners*, the heroine, who had been somewhat hardly used during the first four acts, died in the arms of her faithful lover, who had just come all the way from Australia to forgive her and marry her.

During the first part of the last act it was uncertain whether she would die or live. As it became more and more apparent that she was going to die I saw a settled gloom stealing over the audience. They would have forgiven my writing a serious play, they would have forgiven my touching on religious matters, though they had an uneasy feeling that I was either canting or blaspheming; they would have pardoned my disturbance of their jolly holiday

mood—but to kill the poor girl after five acts of suffering, to condemn her to death by consumption after having previously condemned her to spend the best part of her life in the atmosphere of Little Bethel—this was too cruel on her and them. Their spirits sank, so did mine. I felt it was all up with *Saints and Sinners*. Still they were kind enough to summon me in front of the curtain and give me a very cordial reception, though I felt it was rather a mark of politeness than of appreciation. I lingered outside amongst the audience to hear any casual remarks that might be dropped. "Lot of folks going into a chapel" said one with an utter astonishment that what a large proportion of his countrymen do two or three times every week of their lives could ever be the province of the playwright. "They'll never stand it in London!" was another comment. I went back to the hotel, where I joined the genial manager of the Vaudeville and a few friends who had been present at the theatre. They tried to speak cheerily to me, but there was an unmistakable atmosphere of failure. We had an excellent supper, and tried to put a good face on it. One kind friend, whose pen has perhaps drawn more attention to the modern drama than that of any other living writer, suggested that my erring heroine should not die at all, but should live and be happy ever after with her constant lover. We separated at five the next morning. I got up at eight, acted on his practical suggestion, rewrote the last half of the last act, rehearsed it the same afternoon, and played the piece that night with a happy ending. We had a run of 200 nights at the Vaudeville, and the play has also been very successful in America. If my heroine had continued to die, *Saints and Sinners* would have been out of the bills in a fortnight, and, with what I believe was better workmanship and a more logical and artistic *dénouement*, would have counted against me as a failure.

An Actor's Adventure in a Train.

BY FRANK HUDSON.



HEN in Ireland some years ago, I was playing in the little town of S—, and there being no performance on a certain Saturday, I accepted an invitation to spend that day and the following Sunday with a friend in the town of T—. But after I had written stating that I would start in the morning, some business matters delayed my departure until the evening train, so that the August sun was slowly sinking as we slowly moved out of the station. The town of T— was exactly twelve miles away, and connected with S— by a "loop-line" which branched off the main line some six miles further on. By the way, I had better state here that the train consisted of one "first," one "second," one "third-class" carriage, and the guard's van. The third-class was occupied by a number of countrymen, while a commercial traveller from Birmingham and myself were the sole occupants of the first-class. The other carriage was empty. After about fifteen minutes' comfortable run through the beautiful country, the train suddenly came to a full-stop. I saw the guard walk past, and, looking out of the carriage-window, saw him going towards a little station about a quarter of a mile ahead. "Something wrong at the station, I expect," I said to the commercial. "I suppose so," he replied, lighting a cigar.

After a while I heard unmistakable sounds of distant "shunting," and surmised that they were clearing the line of cattle-trucks. Just then one of our fellow-passengers from behind came to our carriage-window. "Have you 'ere a match you could give me, sur?" he asked. I gave him a light, and asked him if he knew what was wrong on the line. "Oh, faith, notin' at all, sur," he answered. "On'y they's clearin' the trucks on to the sidin'. They always take the ingin offa this thrain, to clear the line wid." "What!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that they actually leave us here, a quarter of a mile

from the station, without an engine?" "Bedad, I do, sur." "For how long?" "Sometimes for the mather iv a couple iv hours," and, lighting his pipe, he returned to his companions.

My commercial friend had remained silent up to this, but the last item of information was too much for him. He jumped up, and leaning out of the window shouted, "Station master! Station master! do you hear? I'll report you—do you hear? What the devil do you mean? Hey! Station master!!" Then he sat down breathless. I knew his shouting would be thrown away. The station master knew what he was about, when he had the train kept a quarter of a mile from the station. I told my companion so. "Oh, that's it, is it?" he cried, jumping up and opening the carriage door. "I'll jolly soon let him hear me." And out he jumped on to the line. I followed suit. When we got up to the station platform, we beheld a porter seated on a barrow smoking a short pipe. "Where's the station master?" asked my friend. At that moment the guard came by with a landing-net on his shoulder. "Hey, Mick!" cried the porter to him, "where's the station master?" "Hey, Tim! where's the station master?" asked the guard of a small boy who was cleaning lamps close by. Just then *our* engine came crawling along with a couple of empty trucks. "Hey, Bill!" cried the small boy to the driver, "where's the station master?" "Hey, Larrie! where's the station master?" cried the driver to his stoker. "Takin' tay with his aunt," cried the latter to *us*. "An' whin he comes back, he'll take yer names fur lavin' your carriage afore it comes to the station." And off went the engine slowly, while that sense of humour which is deep down in every man's nature caused my companion and myself to break out into a hearty laugh. "Here," I said, tipping the porter a shilling, "where can we get a drink?" "Beyant, at Mrs. Branagan's, sur; just down the road." "Will we have time to get there and back before the train starts?" "Lashins, sur," he answered. "Anyhow, I'll tell the thrain to wait fur yiz."

Away we went to Mrs. Branagan's for a drop of the "crature," and were back again within twenty minutes. We walked along the line, and regained our carriage. Ere doing so, I peeped into the third-class carriage, to see how they took matters there, and found them all—philosophers that they were—sound asleep, to a man. Another half-hour passed, and as it was growing dark, and decidedly chilly, we were contemplating another visit to Mrs. Branagan, when we felt the "bump" of the engine. A few minutes later the guard sounded his whistle, and off we started. As we passed through the station, we saw an old gentleman, in a tall hat and frock coat, mounting on the platform. Surmising him to be the station master, my Birmingham friend "let him have it hot," but the old fellow merely lifted his hat politely in return. Away we sped through field and bog for full fifteen minutes more, then we came to a halt again. I looked out of the window, but could see no sign of any station lights. The stars were shining brightly, and by their light I could see that we were surrounded on all sides by fields. "What's up *now*?" I said. "More trucks, I suppose," answered the commercial. As he spoke, the guard passed along with a large lantern, and the landing-net before spoken of. I called after him, but he did not pretend to hear me. Half-an-hour passed, and we both got out on to the line, and walked up to the engine. The driver sat on the coal-bunk, smoking, "Well, what's the matter *now*?" I asked. "Notin', sur." "Well, why don't you drive on this blanked old tea-kettle?" exclaimed the commercial. "Shure, so I will, whin the guard comes back," answered the driver. "Well, where is the guard, anyhow?" "Beyant, there in the meadow, where you see the lanthirn shinin'. Him and the stoker is nettin' larks." "What!" almost shrieked my friend. "Why, good heavens! Man, you don't mean to say that we are to be kept waiting in a train while the guard and stoker are amusing themselves catching larks?" "Begorra, I do, sur." "Well, upon my soul! of all the countries——" Here we both broke into a shout of laughter again, and returned to our carriage. After twenty minutes' wait, the guard came by to his van. "Did you catch many larks?" I asked calmly. "Five as purty wans as ever you seen," he replied. He entered his van, after *sounding his whistle*, and off we started once more.

"Well, I expect we shall reach the end of our journey without further delay," I said. "Don't be too sure of that," replied my friend. He spoke wisely, for in about ten minutes' time the train stopped again. I looked out to see what the guard was up to, but he did not leave his van, so after about ten minutes' wait I got out—the commercial would not stir—and went to the engine. It was the stoker who sat smoking on this occasion. "What's the cause of *this* delay?" "Oh, notin', sur, on'y there's a weddin' began in Nowlan's beyant there across the meda', an' the driver 'as just run up to drink the health of his second cousin, the bride—long life to her!" "Oh, is that all?" "That's all, sur."

This was the last straw. I returned to the carriage to find my friend asleep. I tried to do likewise, and when the train started, as it did *eventually*, I kept my eyes closed until we reached T—, after taking six hours to reach there from S—, a distance of twelve miles!

My Ghost.

BY TOM CRAVEN.



SOME years ago I enjoyed the enviable position of walking gentleman in what is sometimes vulgarly termed a "shaky crowd." The manager turned out to be a walking gentleman also—that is to say, on treasury day he disappeared, and I was left in the lurch ninety miles from London with an empty pocket, an emptier stomach, and a heavy heart. What was I to do? It wanted but two days to Christmas Eve, and all pantomime engagements were complete. I had resigned myself to starvation or the local workhouse, when it suddenly flashed across my memory that I had an uncle living at Newton, a village within easy walking distance of the town in which I had been so shamefully deserted. I had often spent an odd week or two with this relative, and had never failed to receive a hearty welcome.

Now I hope you will understand that this little narrative is essentially a ghost story, and, as such, I would wish you to listen to my anecdote with a trembling hand and blanched cheek. That it is awe-inspiring I will not attempt to disguise, but do not for a moment imagine you are about to hear a romantic description of some rare old country mansion, inhabited by some antiquated family, and situated in some outlandish country village, where dusky bed hangings, high-backed chairs, and the conventional ghost are not either uncommon or unexpected. Above all, do not suppose that my cousin Bessie was a tall stately beauty, ever clothed in white, with dark melancholy eyes, and an air of mystery pervading her whole appearance. Do not picture to yourself that my uncle was some hardy old warrior, who, having seen long and honourable service, had retired to dwell in the home of his forefathers and end his days in peace. My uncle, bless him! was as worthy an old soul as ever breathed; but he was a shopkeeper. My dear little cousin Bessie was pretty, very pretty, but, alas! she served behind the counter.

An Italian—ah, you start! you imagine I am going to tell you of the mysterious disappearance of some big-whiskered, slouch-hatted foreigner—but no, humbly begging your pardon, I was simply about to remark that my uncle kept an Italian warehouse, vulgarly termed an "oilshop." Ah! in those good old days, how I loved the smell of turpentine and train oil, with what feelings of intense emotion did I fondly gaze on mottled soap! And why? Because it reminded me of my beloved—in other words, my bewitching little cousin Bessie.

Well, to get to my story. By parting with my watch to another relative, I managed to pay my landlady and washerwoman, and putting on my pipe, and an overcoat that had seen many vicissitudes, truded off to Newton. I reached my uncle's shop late on Christmas Eve, matters were explained, and the welcome I received was all that could be desired. I helped my uncle to put up the

shutters, and sat down with the family before a roaring fire and a gigantic bowl of punch.

I can't tell you precisely how it came about, but what with the punch and cousin Bessie's wicked dark eyes, I lost my usual intelligence—in fact, in the pithy but apposite words of my cousin Tom, “made an ass” of myself. I have an indistinct recollection of assuming steadiness and stumbling up to bed. I occupied the room usually allotted to me, viz. the top attic. At the time I speak of, it must have been close upon midnight. I didn't notice anything particular about the room, except that it was filled with moonshine, and that now and again the floor would impudently jump up and assault me, much to my indignation. There was a large swing-glass placed on the dressing-table, which faced the foot of the bed. I was not too choice of terms in reproving my candle for going out without asking leave, and then, aided by a clear conscience and a thick head, I managed, after falling out sundry times, to jump into bed and resign myself to the arms of Morpheus. I had not long been in this state when . . . Listen! It seemed to me that the bed had suddenly rolled over on its side, and was administering various kicks to my person, when I awoke, and the church bell hard by informed me that the hour of three A.M. had passed. I felt restless and feverish, having been roused from my first sleep. I endeavoured to compose my thoughts, when I heard a most extraordinary noise, which resembled the picking of a lock. I am, I confess, rather a nervous man, and I trembled like an aspen leaf at the thought of the numerous and fearful murders that had lately been committed. I dared not open the door to see what the noise meant, for my legs would take it into their heads (or rather toes) to sink beneath me. Upon my forehead the perspiration was popping from the pores like globules in soda-water. Vague ideas of covering my head with a bolster to break the descent of some merciless burglar's bludgeon entered my confused brain; I thought of the ghost stories I had read when a child, and I was ready to sink through two feet of mattress with fear. The strange noise continued. I started up in bed in sheer desperation, and fearfully glanced towards the door. Powers of mercy! it moved! yes, slowly, slowly by ghastly degrees opened, then stopped still. Did my eyes deceive me? No; it had opened, but *nothing entered*. I waited an instant—an hour it seemed to me—then gradually moved my eyes to the middle of the apartment, and, oh! shall I ever forget that moment! There, right in front of me, was a figure in white, with round terrific eyes, which gazed fixedly at me; it was a face of ghastly paleness, the expression of which I never, never shall forget, made more horrible by the pale gleam of the moon. It seemed to me something supernatural; the intent, fearful look in the eyes surpassed anything I had ever seen or read of. For a moment it remained motionless, then it gradually, scarcely perceptibly, inclined towards me. I tried to move, but my limbs refused their office, my tongue clave to my mouth. I made a vain effort to dash at the awful object before me. It was useless. With a cry, I fell back senseless, and did what I never did before or since—*fainted*.

When I came to myself, my ghost story was easily explained. The cheval-glass, propelled from behind by a playful kitten, which had doubtless entered my room for sport, appeared to my frightened and bewildered senses as a spirit advancing towards me. The ghost was my own reflex; the white face, mine, pallid from extreme terror. My own ghost had given me the most miserable sensation I had ever experienced.

A CLOWN has been compelled to leave St. Petersburg for carrying his jokes too far. He was giving a performance with a pig trained to various feats. At the man's command the animal took up from the ground a number of Russian coins, including imperials and small silver and copper coins. When, however, some rouble-notes were thrown down, the pig refused to pick them up, even though whipped. Great amusement was caused by this discriminating act, and it was intensified as a voice cried from the gallery to the clown: “You blockhead, if the Finance Minister could not raise the paper rouble in four months, how can you expect a pig to do it?” Though a favourite with St. Petersburg audiences, the clown received orders from the police authorities to leave the city on the following day.

Some Stage Stories.

BY C. J. GARCIA.



ONE very wet Saturday night in the winter of the year 1823, the weather, and the fact of there being no particular attraction offered in the playbills, caused the audience assembled within the old theatre at Charleston, South Carolina, to be very thin. Only a few of the *habitués*, who were not to be baulked by the fury of the elements of their accustomed recreation, were seated here and there about the house. The curtain was about to rise, when Gilfert, who was the manager, sent round to Miller, who was his treasurer and box-office keeper for many years, to inquire *what was in?* "Less than a hundred," was the reply. Gilfert, looking over his spectacles, a characteristic habit of his, immediately said to Fred Brown, his stage manager, "Mr. Brown, I am going to give you a *beautiful opportunity* to immortalise yourself, by making a great speech, and to win *blessed opinions* from all the religious world as a good family man. Go out (meaning before the curtain) and tell those good people that the manager, with that regard he has always manifested towards his patrons, although his pecuniary interest will greatly suffer by the step he is going to take, yet cannot reconcile it to himself to detain them from home on such a night as this, so admirably adapted as it is to the enjoyment of the comforts that belong to the domestic fireside." What sort of a speech poor Brown made to the audience is not on record, but he dismissed them, returning their money, Gilfert avowing that the curtain of his theatre should never rise in Charleston to only *one hundred dollars*.

A few days before Charles Kean made his great hit at Drury Lane as Hamlet in 1838, Macready gave a dinner to some intimate friends at his country residence at Elstree. Mr. Serjeant (afterwards judge) Talfourd happened to be present. Macready, at the head of the table, was preparing a saddle of mutton, when Serjeant Talfourd remarked, "I have just received a letter from our friend, Lord Jeffrey, in Edinburgh." "Indeed!" said the host, "and how is the worthy judge?" "Quite well," replied the Serjeant; "he introduces Charles Kean to me in very warm terms, and says, without reason, that this young man is the finest Hamlet he has seen since the days of John Kemble." "Good God!" exclaimed Macready, dropping his knife and fork, "then Lord Jeffrey must be in his dotage."

A young and clever English girl—very good looking, and with the bloom of health upon her rosy cheeks, applied to a certain theatrical agent for an engagement. After the lapse of a few days the agent introduced an *impresario* to hear the young aspirant for musical fame exhibit a specimen of her talent. The *impresario* stared at the English girl in a very peculiar way, and at last stammered out, "But, Signora, I want someone to sing the 'Traviata.'" "I am quite glad to hear it," replied our young cantatrice; "I have studied the opera; do me the favour to hear me sing the cavatina." No sooner said than done; the cavatina was sung, and well sung, the *impresario* all the while looking daggers at the poor devil of an agent, who, good man, was thinking of his fee, and what "good business" he had done. "Well," he exclaimed to the manager, "what do you think of her?" "Think!" sulkily replied the other. "She sings well," added the agent. "Diavolo!" cried the manager, bursting into a furious passion. "What's the singing! You ass, why did you bring me here?—with that fat and those red cheeks she'll damn the opera in the last act, the very first night!"

In April, 1858, *Il Trovatore* was one evening being played at the Paris Italiens. In the last scene the prison wall stuck, and refused to come down into its place, sticking obstinately in one corner, and hanging lop-sided half way. It was pushed up and let drop, only to stick in another place, like a man badly operated on for squinting. A too eager scene-shifter appeared in the back-

ground, fitting across the (supposed) moonlight distance. The audience, orchestra and all, began to laugh, their amusement being heightened by the recollection that behind a tomb which was waiting to be pulled away, Mario and Alboni were also waiting on their uncomfortable couch. Suddenly the offending canvas gave a tremendous wriggle, as if going to shake to pieces, and descended into its place like a shot; at the same moment the tomb was drawn back so rapidly that it took the two performers by surprise, and they were seen very much out of attitude, Mario apparently trying to *look round* Alboni. The audience laughed more than ever, Alboni giggled through her gipsy paint, and the captive troubadour was so overcome by his feelings that he had to bury his face in his hands for several seconds before he could continue his rôle. Funnier still was an incident that occurred at the same theatre in the same year. On the evening before Good Friday, instead of an opera, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed, with nearly the whole strength of the company, Mario, Grisi, Alboni, Corsi, Belart, St. Urbain, and Nantier-Didiée. The execution was very superior throughout, but the ladies of the chorus, dressed anyhow, some in black, some in white, and one of those on the very front seat had her clothes so very badly put on that her crinoline came right down and hung around her feet. In the interval between the first and second parts, there was a grand council of war how to rescue her from her unpleasant position, as it seemed improbable that she could attempt to walk without falling; at length a number of her companions surrounded her and carried her away bodily among them.

Some years ago there was a clever actor, but rather unreliable man, whose name was Webb. He was attached to a travelling company in the capacity of leading tragedian, and as such was the mainstay of the manager in "carrying on the war." One evening, while the company was performing in an out-of-the-way town in the West of England, where the opportunities of seeing dramatic performances were very rare, Maturin's sombre tragedy of *Bertram* was announced, with Webb, of course, as the hero. The posters were all out, a goodly run upon the box sheet had been made during the day, the house (barn, or whatever it was) was opened, and immediately filled to an overflow, and the hour arrived for raising the curtain. "Where's Webb?" said the manager; "where's Webb?" said the prompter; "where's Webb?" said everybody; but none could answer the question. One thing was clear. Webb was not in the theatre. Scouts were sent out to hunt him up. They were soon successful in so much of their errand, but to get him to the theatre was beyond their power. He had been, and was, sacrificing to Bacchus in the most devout manner, and utterly refused to worship, that night, at the shrine of Melpomene. "What is to be done?" was the general exclamation, while in front the audience at length began to take an evident interest in the inquiry. What was to be done? One suggested one thing and one another. "Dismiss the audience, and give them their money back!" was one of these sage suggestions. But this proposition did not at all suit the manager's book. "Dismiss the devil!" he wrathfully exclaimed. "Give back thirty-five pounds! By no manner of means! It ain't often we get such a chance, and do you think I'll throw it away!" "What's to be done, then?" asked the prompter, whilst the storm in front was rising fearfully. "I'll tell you what!" at length exclaimed the "manager in distress." "We'll change the play! They'll never know the difference! Get ready for—let's see! What have we played lately? Oh! I have it! *The Review!* Everybody ready for *The Review!*" "*The Review* instead of *Bertram!* A broad farce for a deep tragedy! There'll be a row," suggested the prompter. "Not a bit of it," confidently rejoined the manager. "They don't know anything about the drama down here. Don't know the difference between a farce and a tragedy. Just remember and call 'Deputy Bull,' Deputy *Bertram*, all the way through, and they'll think it's all right." And they *did* play *The Review*, and they *did* call 'old Bull' *Bertram* all through, and that audience never knew the difference.

Playing for Love.

BY HINTON GROVE.



“ HAVE loved you ever since I first set eyes upon you, and I shall never be happy until I have made you my wife,” murmured Frank Sylverton to Minnie Lunsford, as they sat together on the lower esplanade at Sandville-by-the-Sea. “I hope you are not acting now,” said Minnie, turning her soft grey eyes upon her companion, with a smile. This was an allusion to Frank’s professional capacity, in which he was playing a month’s engagement at the Theatre Royal, Sandville. Some persons would have replied to Minnie’s bantering remark by a verbal protestation, but Frank—well, there were very few people in sight, and they were not near, so he squeezed her gently round the waist, and his reply, although it came directly from his lips, could scarcely be expressed in words. “You will have to ask papa’s consent,” she observed in a faltering tone. That might be rather a disagreeable task, Frank thought, because Major Lunsford had been heard more than once to express a supreme contempt for the stage and everything connected with it, and was not likely to regard a member of the profession as a desirable suitor for Minnie’s hand. Frank’s position was not as yet an exalted one. He only played “feeding” parts, and his salary was small. Yet he was ambitious and sanguine, and hoped before long to lay the foundation of a London reputation. Minnie and he were both young; they could afford to wait, and he felt that if they could become engaged he would have something to strive for—something that would lend a stimulus to his efforts for success.

“I really must be going home, Frank,” said Minnie, rising, “or papa will be quite cross.” She turned to go homeward, and Frank walked part of the way by her side. “Delays are dangerous,” he remarked. “Shall I call upon Major Lunsford to-morrow?” “To—to—ask him—?” “Yes.” “Do you think I might begin this evening to—to pave the way?” she asked with a gravity at which he could not help smiling. “Do so by all means. He will scarcely resist our joint appeal.” “Dear papa,” she murmured softly. “He may be cross now and then, but he has a kind, good heart, and thinks only of my happiness.” “As I do, darling,” observed Frank, with a gentle pressure upon her hand. By this time they had reached the corner of the street where Major Lunsford was lodging with his daughter. “I think, Frank, you had better leave me now,” said Minnie, demurely. “So good-bye, and let us hope for the best.” She was looking steadily up in his face as they stood together, and he thought how beautiful she was, as the sea breeze blew back her straw hat, and toyed with her golden hair. She laughingly replaced her hat with her tiny hands, and pursing up her rosy lips, murmured “good-bye” again. “Good-bye, dearest,” responded Frank, bending down his face. “No, not here—Frank, you mustn’t,” she exclaimed softly, as she broke from him, laughing again, and sped round the corner.

On the following morning, Frank Sylverton called upon Major Lunsford for the purpose of asking his consent to the engagement. Resolved to act boldly, he commenced operations with a loud rat-tat-tat upon the door, which must have been heard at the other end of the street, but the hammering of the knocker seemed as nothing to the beating of his heart, which, now that he had reached the enemy’s quarters, throbbed like all the drums before Sebastopol. Frank was shown into the drawing-room, where he had to wait for nearly a quarter of an hour, during which interval, like Bob Acres, all his courage oozed out at his fingers’ ends. The Major then entered, and from the expression of his face it was evident that Frank was expected—that Minnie had been “paving the way”—and that the Major had kept him waiting for the express purpose of tormenting him. Major Lunsford was a person of pompous and austere presence. His figure was erect and portly, and the glance of his cold grey eyes was stern and uncompromising.

We draw a veil over the details of the interview. The young gentleman was ardent and flurried, the old one was distant and self-possessed. He informed Frank, with freezing politeness, that the proposition could not be entertained, that he, the Major, had far different prospects in view for his daughter, and that the young couple must refrain for the future from meeting or corresponding. He further stated that he relied upon his daughter's sense of duty and propriety to secure her obedience to his wishes. Frank saw nothing of Minnie as he went out; and he waited about for some days in the hope of meeting her, but in vain. He was tortured with doubt and anxiety. Was Minnie's love indeed as strong as his, or would it yield to the dictates of filial affection? Thus fluctuating between hope and despair, Frank at length wrote to Minnie, imploring her to resolve his doubts by a definite reply. If he must accept a refusal, it should come directly from her. This letter, however, was returned unopened, and on calling at the house where the Major and his daughter had lately lodged, he was told that they had quitted Sandville some days since, and that their present address was unknown. For months he remained in uncertainty, having no knowledge of Minnie's whereabouts, and no means of obtaining any. Meanwhile, an unexpected stroke of good fortune fell to his share. Sir Evan Hughes, an early friend of his mother's, and said to have been a suitor for her hand in days gone by, died, leaving him a considerable property in Wales. Frank was too fond of his profession to leave it on his acquisition of wealth, and he found that his improved worldly position could be made the means of introducing him to the notice of persons who would otherwise have ignored his existence. He obtained an engagement at a West-end London theatre, where the thought that many a better actor was ranging the provinces unappreciated did not prevent him from turning his opportunity to the best account. He began to distinguish himself in "character business." But of what value was the prospect of fame and fortune, now open to him, without Minnie? Life without her was devoid of interest.

On going to the theatre one morning to attend a rehearsal, Frank received a letter, the direction of which caused his heart to throb with a wild sensation of delight. He recognised the hand—it was Minnie's; and having hastily torn open the envelope, he read as follows:—

Watchingham House, Clapham, October 9th.

Dearest Frank,—I hope this will find you well. Papa has placed me at this *horrid* school for a few months, before sending me abroad to finish my education. He has tried to persuade me to give you up, but I never, *never* will, dear Frank, as long as I *live*. I am afraid you must not write to me here, as the letter might be stopped by that horrid Miss Nimble; but I *do wish* I could see you before I go away, though I am afraid there is no chance of that, as I never go out, except two and two with the girls, and accompanied by that *odious* Miss Nimble. I have bribed the servant to post this letter to you, although I was *strictly forbidden* to write to you, but I *must* tell you how unhappy I feel, and how I *do wish* I could see you again. I would have written to you before, but I did not know your address. I saw in the *Times* that you were engaged at the "Forum" (how *grand!*).—Believe me, dearest Frank, with love and kisses, your ever affectionate

MINNIE.

Need we say that Frank pressed this tender epistle to his lips? That very afternoon he betook himself to Clapham, and inspected the outside of Watchingham House. It was a large, square-looking, old-fashioned brick mansion, surrounded by very high garden walls. On a brass plate at the entrance gateway appeared these words: "Miss Nimble, Seminary for Young Ladies." The gate was close-boarded, so that no view of the house could be obtained through it. There was no back entrance, and Frank dismissed all idea of entering the premises in a clandestine manner. His visit, he decided, must be made openly, and under such a disguise as would enable him to secure an interview with Minnie, while exciting no suspicion. There was only one way of doing this, and that was by impersonating Major Lunsford. The Major and Frank were of about equal heights. The old gentleman was of more substantial figure, but the difference was easily made up in padding. Every article of his dress was matched with consummate care, from his hat to his gaiters, not omitting a stout Malacca cane which he always carried. An iron-grey bald wig neatly joined at the forehead,

false whiskers, and a moustache completed a make-up that was calculated to mislead Minnie herself. The colouring and lining of the face required great care, as it was to be seen at close quarters, and certain departures had to be made from what would have been appropriate by gaslight. A pair of dark blue spectacles served to conceal his eyes.

Frank had been studying a part in a new farcical comedy to be produced at the "Forum" theatre. The ordeal of the first night came and passed, but the actor had been so absorbed in his project for obtaining an interview with Minnie that he was conscious of having made a complete *fiasco* upon the stage; and every candid observer amongst his friends told him as much. Until now he had been unnoticed by the critics, and he trembled in anticipation of a severe "slating" in the *Coliseum*—the leading organ of criticism upon literature and the arts. He therefore felt some surprise when his eye caught the following paragraph:—

Mr. Frank Sylverton, whose recent accession to the Cymldwr estates has been one of the chief topics of social interest, scored a marked success in the character of "Grubbles." The life-like portraiture of the old man testified to the exceptional powers of the artist, and went far to secure the success of the piece. Mr. Sylverton possesses in an eminent degree all the qualifications essential to character acting. His voice is exceedingly pliable, and his gesture and deportment are always appropriate, while his command of facial expression is unique.

After this, Frank ceased to attach any weight to the verdict of authoritative criticism.

On a dull day, purposely selected, Frank assumed his disguise, and took the train to Clapham, arriving at half-past three. He then walked to Watchingham House, and was soon admitted into the presence of Miss Nimble, a tall, thin, sharp-nosed woman, with dark piercing eyes, who wore a black front with cork-screw ringlets. "How do you do, Major!" said she, shaking hands. "Your letter, which reached me this morning, led me to expect you by the next train. However, you are always welcome. Pray be seated." Now this was exceedingly unfortunate. It appeared that the real major was coming down by the next train, which was due twenty minutes after the one by which Frank had arrived. Five minutes were nearly gone, so that he must see Minnie at once, if at all. He seated himself with his back to the light. "I am greatly obliged, madam, by your kindness and—ha—courtesy," observed Frank in pompous tones. "May I ask if it is convenient for me to see Miss Lunsford?" "The young lady is now attending the class for analytical trigonometry," replied Miss Nimble, with very precise enunciation. "It would be a pity, I think, to interrupt the lesson; so, if you will consider yourself quite at home, I shall be happy to entertain you until four o'clock, when Miss Lunsford will be at liberty." This speech was accompanied by such an amount of bony wriggling, and such gushing smiles, in which the face of Miss Nimble seemed to shine with the glitter of false teeth and spectacles, that Frank half suspected her of aspiring to become stepmother to Minnie. "You will pardon me, Miss Nimble," said he, "but it is absolutely necessary that I should see Miss Lunsford at once, as I have a matter of importance to communicate to her." "But the lesson, my dear sir!" persisted Miss Nimble, with her most insinuating smile. "D—the lesson, ma'am!" was the reply. Miss Nimble gave a horrified start. Was it possible that any one could be so lost to all sense of propriety as to speak slightly of "an extra" at Watchingham House! She felt so shocked that she sailed out of the room with her nose in the air, not deigning to utter another word.

Frank was now kept waiting for full ten minutes. The train was due, and Major Lunsford was probably on his way to the house. Miss Nimble did not condescend to return. Minnie entered the room alone. She was pale and dejected, and her manner was listless, as she held up her face to be kissed. Frank, however, drew back, declining the proffered salute on account of his make-up. Having ascertained that the door was closed, he made a gesture of caution, and addressed Minnie in his own natural voice. "Minnie, dearest," said he, "don't you recognise me?" She gave a cry of delighted surprise, and

flung herself into his arms. "Oh, Frank! How could you do it so cleverly?" she exclaimed. "But papa is really coming," she continued in tones of alarm, "and will be here almost directly. You must manage to escape without being seen by him. My poor boy! I wrote to papa the other day, begging him to let me see you before I went away, and assuring him that my feeling towards you would never change. Hark! There is the bell!" It was indeed the bell at the front gateway. The gate was opened by a catch, and the young people had the satisfaction of seeing Major Lunsford walk up the front garden. What the servants would have thought of the extraordinary double appearance of the Major, had they seen it, is difficult to conjecture. By an adroit manœuvre, Minnie prevented the disastrous contingency. "Frank," said she, "there is no time to lose. I will meet papa at the door, and keep him in conversation while you pass through the back casement into the garden, and make your way out by the tradesmen's entrance at the side of the house. Good-bye, dearest!"

The lovers snatched a hasty kiss, and Minnie made for the front entrance just in time to meet her father upon the step. He kissed her, and holding both her hands in his, looked her steadily in the face with his stern grey eyes. She felt as if he were reading her thoughts. The meeting with Frank and the sudden arrival of her father had flurried her. She was out of breath, her face felt hot, and she knew that there was a tell-tale flush upon her cheeks.

"Minnie," said the Major calmly, as he still bent his searching gaze upon her, "has Mr. Frank Sylverton been here to-day?" Had he discovered it, then, or was this only a shrewd guess? "Ye—yes, papa." "When did he come?" "This—this afternoon." "And when did he go?" "He's not—not quite gone yet, papa." "Oh, he's not quite gone yet, is he? Then I should like to speak to him for a moment." Was he angry? She could not tell. His manner was quiet enough; but then he possessed so much self-command that she knew it was quite possible for him to be in a towering rage all the time. She looked nervously round to see whether Frank were in sight. She thought it might be better that they should not meet just then.

Frank had removed his spectacles, his wig, and his false whiskers and moustache, and hastily wiping the colours from his face with his handkerchief, resumed his own personality. He now approached the opposite end of the room, where a French casement led out into the back garden. He paused a moment. If he passed round to the tradesmen's gate at the side, he would have to quit the premises by the front gateway; there was no other way. Could he pass out unobserved by Major Lunsford? If the Major caught sight of him, his displeasure would fall upon Minnie, and this must be avoided at all hazards. Just then the room door opened. "Is Mr. Sylverton here?" inquired the voice of Major Lunsford.

It was too late: further concealment was useless. Frank turned round, and the two men met face to face, while Minnie stood by, trembling.

"How do you do, Mr. Sylverton?" said the Major gravely, as he extended his hand. "You have lost no time in availing yourself of my permission to visit Minnie. You must have started as soon as my letter arrived."

Frank had indeed started before the arrival of the letter, which he found waiting for him on his return. In it, the Major stated that as his daughter's attachment to Mr. Sylverton had survived the test of time and absence, he would no longer oppose it. He would, therefore, permit Mr. Sylverton to pay Miss Lunsford a visit, should he feel disposed to do so. How far the Major's decision was influenced by the notice in the *Coliseum* and its mention of the property in Wales, we must leave the reader to judge. Suffice it to state that the completion of Minnie's education was entrusted to Frank, who has had the satisfaction of escorting her upon a trip to the Continent. He has played many parts since then, and has been well remunerated for most of them; but his wife says—and she ought to know—that he scored his chief success in the rôle of Major Lunsford, which he played for love.

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To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

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