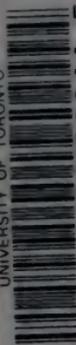
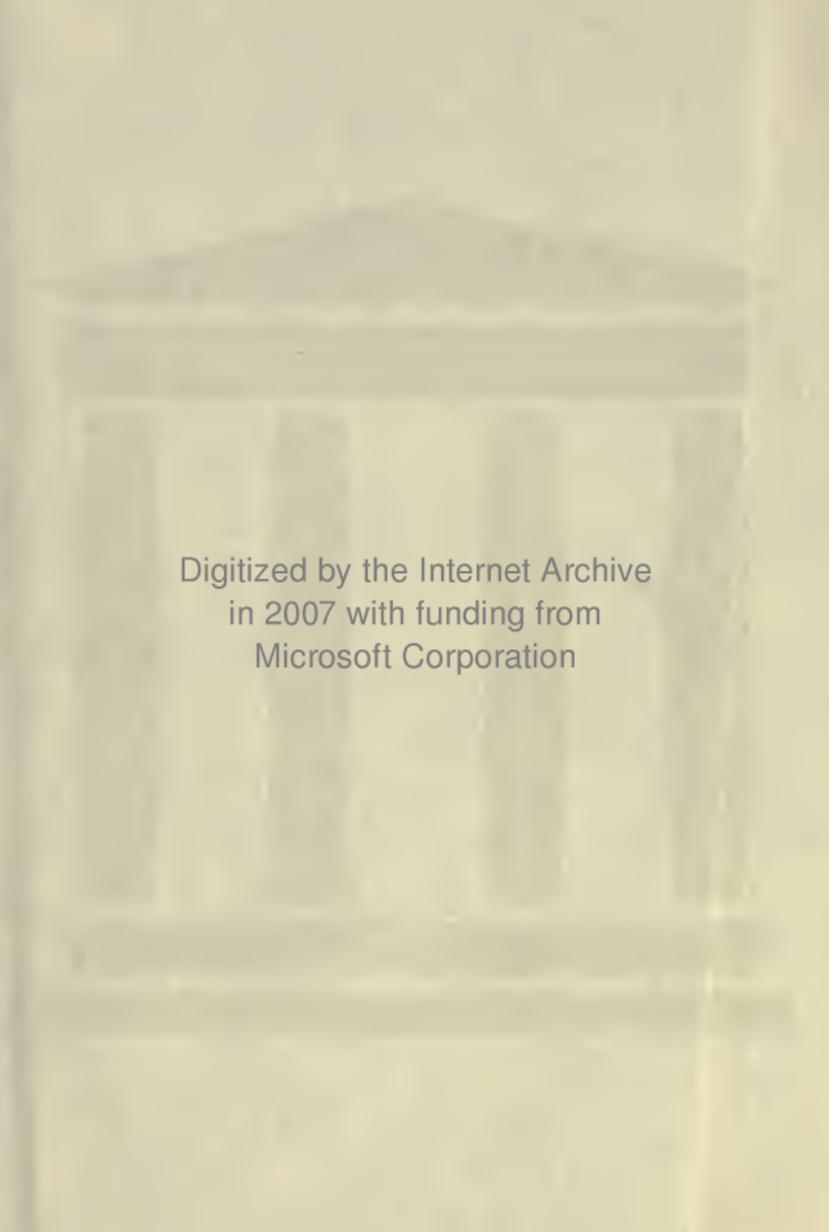


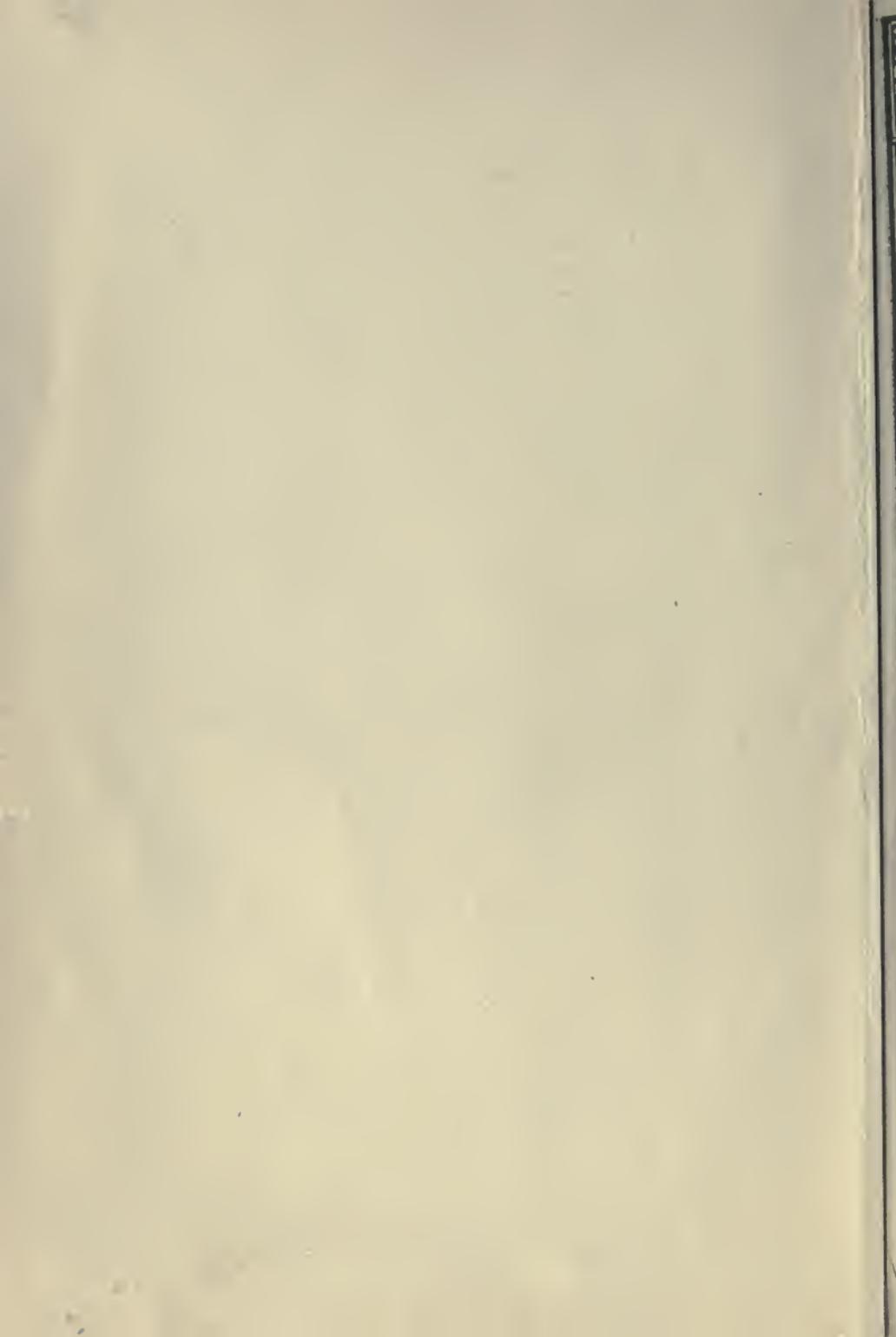
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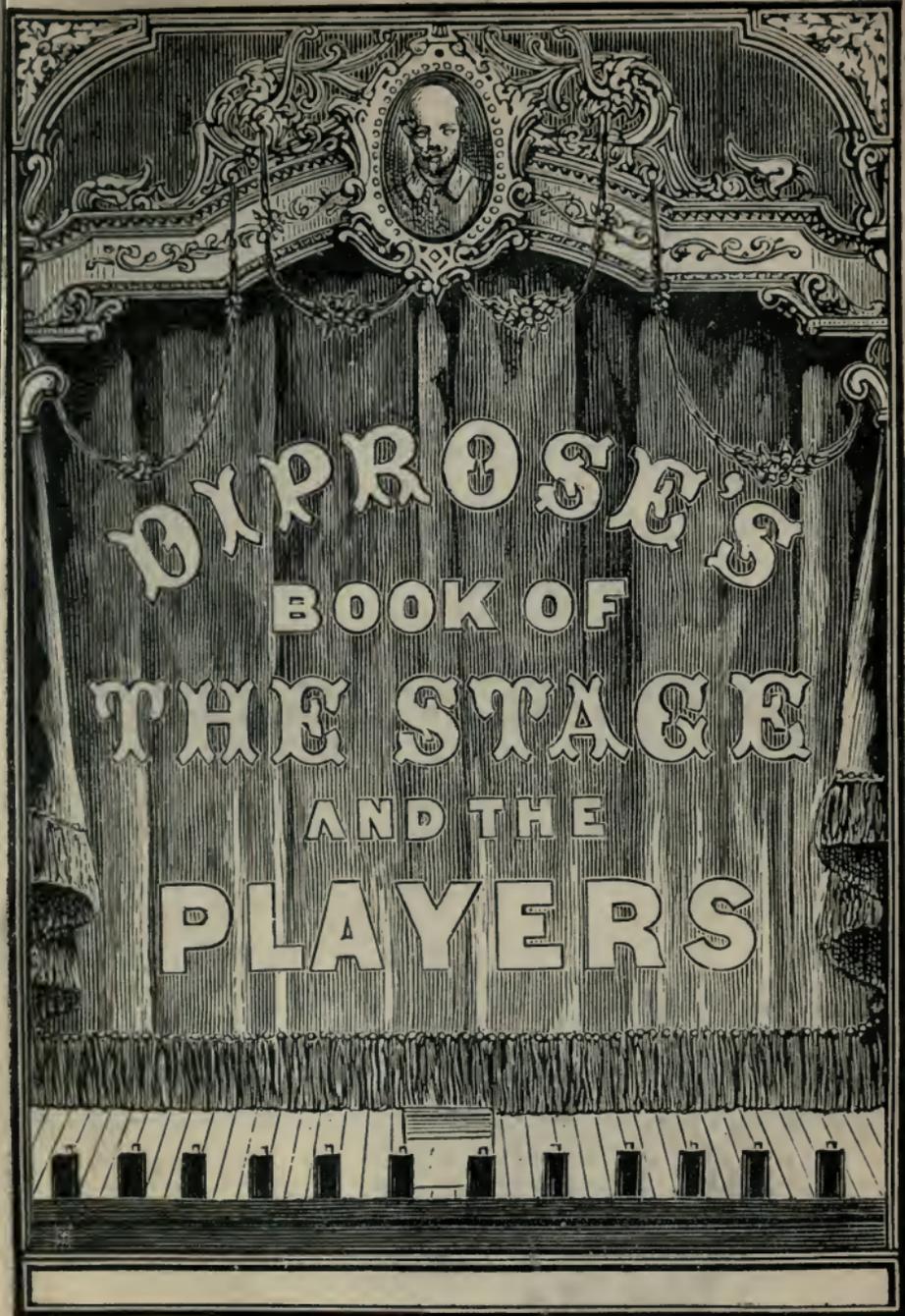


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THE STAGE AND THE PLAYERS.

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BY JOHN DIPROSE.  
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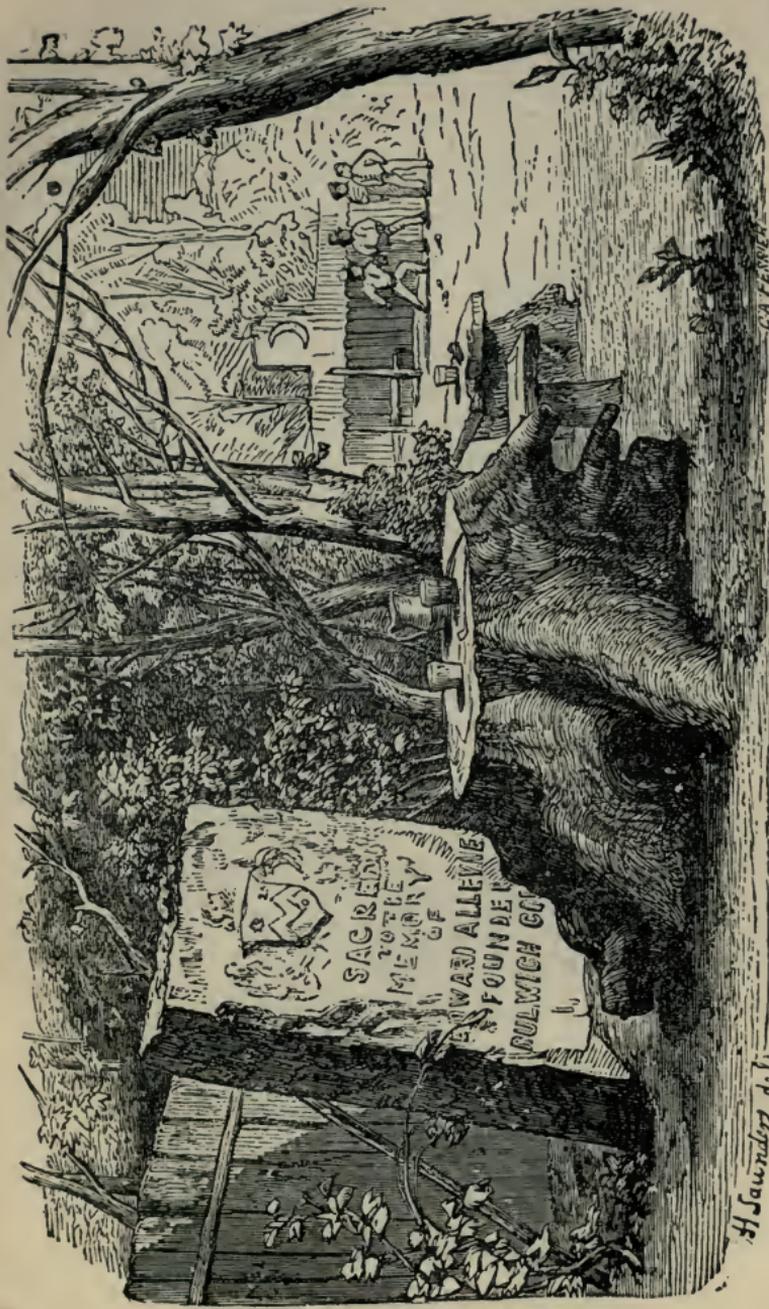
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THE ORIGIN OF THE STAGE.  
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—:o:—

THE first religious spectacle was, probably, the miracle play of *St. Catherine*, mentioned by Matthew Paris as having been written by Geoffrey, a Norman, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, and played at Dunstable Abbey in 1110. In the *Description of the Most Noble City of London*, by Fitz Stephen, a monk, about 1174, in treating of the ordinary diversions of the inhabitants of the metropolis, says, that, instead of the common interludes belonging to theatres, they have plays of a more holy subject. The ancient religious dramas were distinguished by the names

of mysteries, properly so called, wherein were exhibited some of the events of Scripture story, and miracles which were of the nature of tragedy, representing the acts of Martyrdom of a Saint of the Church. One of the oldest religious dramas was written by Gregory, entitled *Christ's Passion*, the prologue to which states that the Virgin Mary was then for the first time brought upon the stage. In 1264, the Fraternite del Goufal'one was established, part of whose occupation was to represent the sufferings of Christ in Passion Week. The introduction of this species of amusement into England has been attributed to the pilgrims who went to the Holy Land; and the very general custom of performing such pieces at festivals, to the sacred plays at those ancient national marts, by which the commerce of Europe was principally supported. To these, the merchants who frequented them used every art to draw the people, employing jugglers, buffoons, and minstrels to attract and entertain them. By degrees, however, the clergy, observing the disposition to idleness and festivity which was thus introduced, substituted their dramatic legends and histories from the Scriptures, for the ordinary profane amusements, causing them to be acted by Monks in the principal churches and cathedrals at certain seasons, with all the attraction and state of choral chanting, playing upon organs, and ecclesiastical dresses and ornaments. The duration of the exhibition appears to have been regulated partly by the length of time appointed for the fair or festival; for though some pieces consisted of a single subject only, as *The Conversion of St. Paul*, or *The Casting out of the Evil Spirits from Mary Magdalene*, others comprised a long series of Scriptural histories, which were presented for several days successfully.

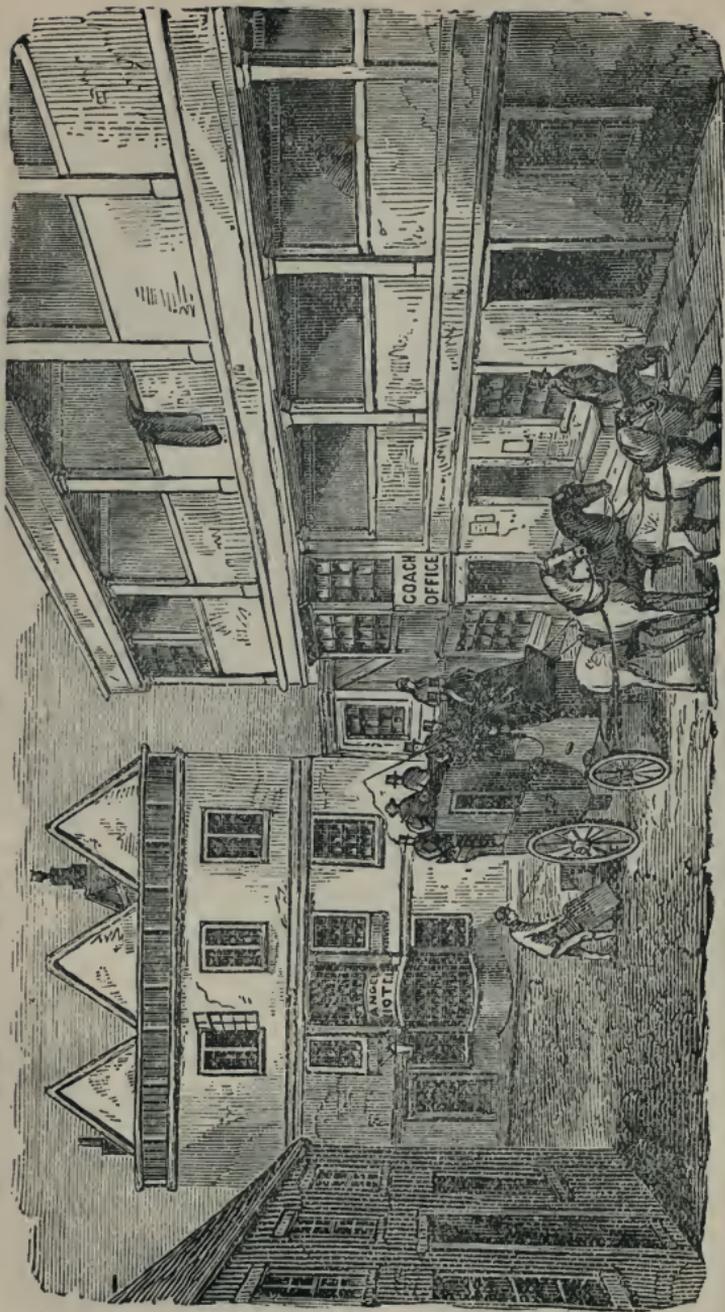
“To ancient Thespis, the Athenian Sage,
We owe the first Foundation of the Stage;
Tho' rudely planted, soon the laurell'd Tree
Spread its bright leaves o'er Greece and Italy;
And nurtur'd there by Learning's genial Ray
Gave to the Drama a perpetual Day.”



H. Saunders del.

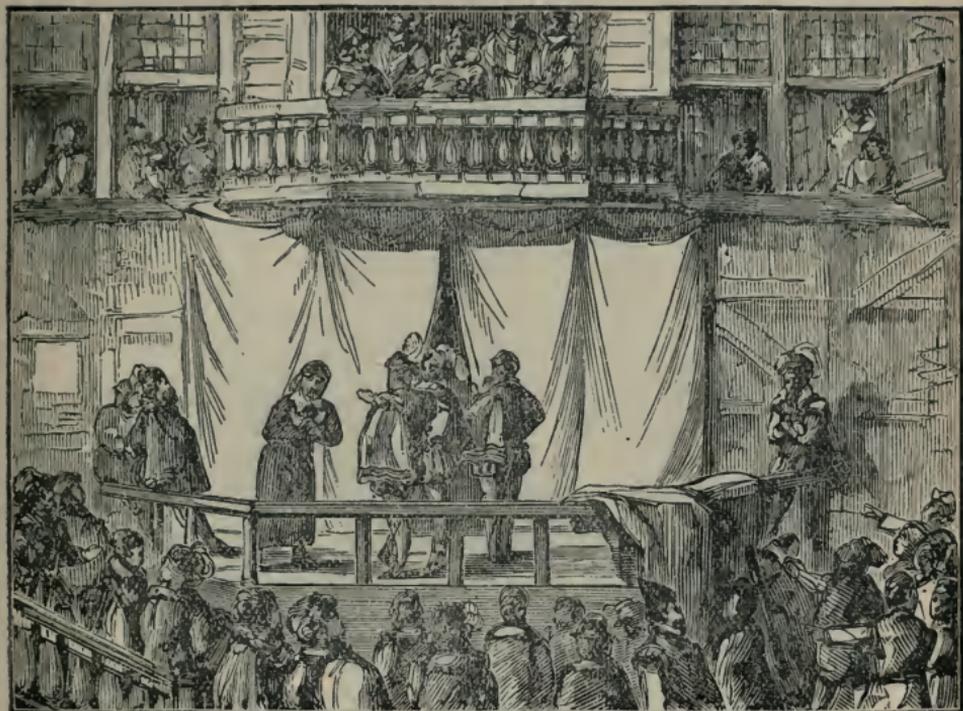
ALLEYNE'S connection with the stage commenced about 1588. In the year of the plague, 1593, he took a strolling-trip with his company through the country. Alleyne was proprietor of the Blackfriars, Fortune, Globe, Hope, and Rose theatres; also the Bear Garden, at Bankside (see page 98). He died 1626. Edward Alleyne, in his time, played many parts—the skilful actor, the successful manager, the country squire, the faithful husband, the firm friend, the generous almsgiver, and the founder of Dulwich College, which was opened in 1619. Alleyne was the first master.

Plays were acted in the open air. In 1529, in the street at the High Cross, was represented the play of *Robert, King of Cyche*. A piece called *The Assumption of Our Lady* was performed before Arthur, Prince of Wales, at the Abbey Gate, 1600.



YARDS OF INNS USED FOR PLAYHOUSES.

The drama in England undoubtedly arose much in the same way as it did in Greece, the strollers or vagrants giving their entertainments in yards of the old inns, on account of the convenience of their spacious areas, galleries, and private passages; five of which were afterwards converted into playhouses.



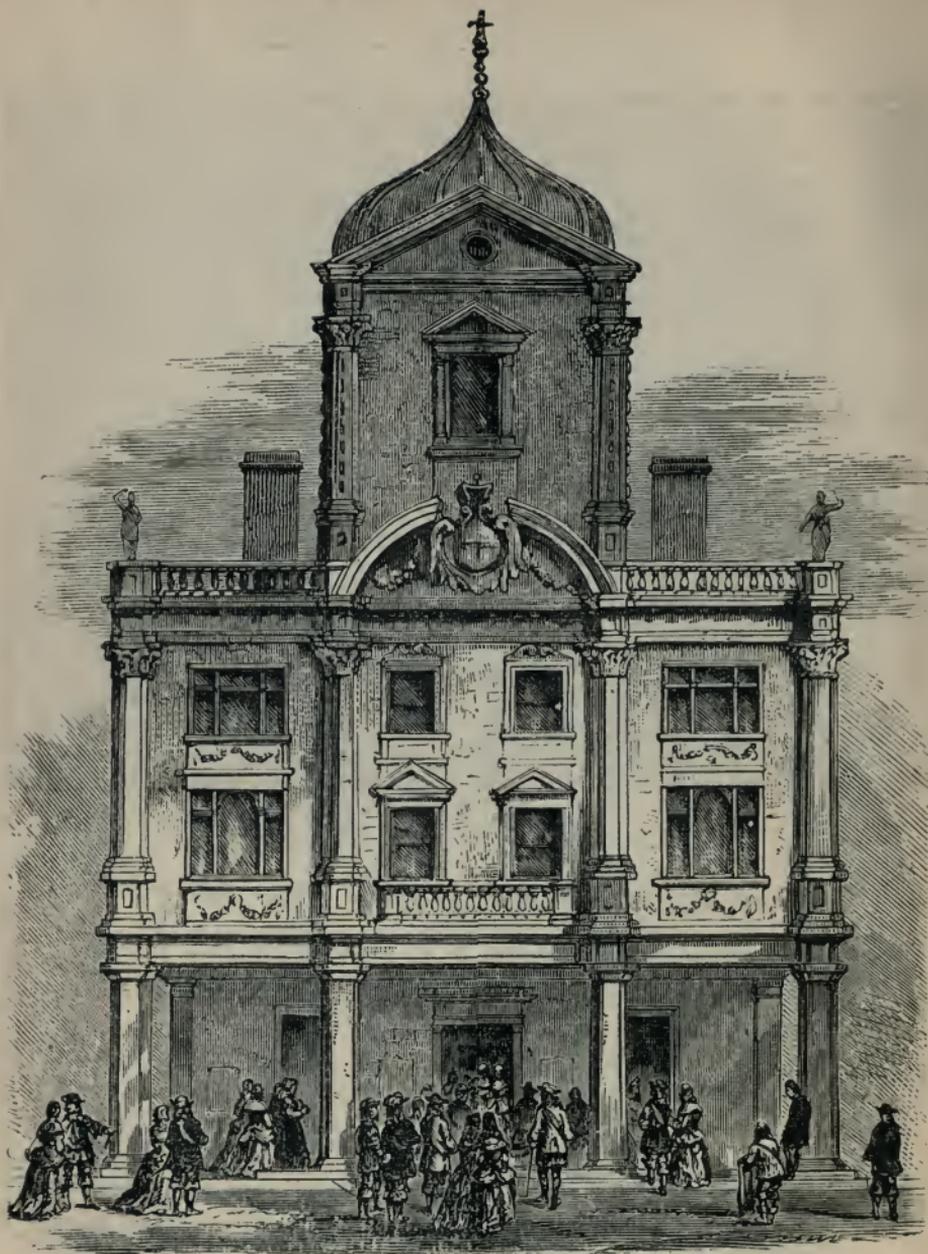
THE STAGE* IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Between 1570 and 1629, Seventeen Playhouses had been erected.

- 1570.—The Blackfriars Theatre (afterwards the Royal Blackfriars, in Playhouse Yard, near Apothecary's Hall), pulled down 1655. It was the first licensed theatre. Richard II. performed here, and the select portion of the audience sat on the stage.
- 1580.—The Whitefriars, Salisbury Street, better established in 1629. Prynne, in 1633, calls it a new theatre.
- 1584.—The Rose, built by Philip Henderson, Southwark, Bankside. Cost £103. 2s. 7d.
- 1610.—The Hope, Bankside. Bartholomew Fair came out at this theatre, 1614, of which Ben Jonson speaks.
- 1610.—The Curtain, Shoreditch, Holywell Lane, near the Curtain Road, so called from a striped curtain that hung outside the first regular theatre.
- 1616.—The Cockpit, or Phoenix, Drury Lane.
- 1662.—The Bull, Vere Street, Clare Market.

There were also the Swan, Bankside; the Tuns, the Cross Keys, Gracechurch Street; the Nursery, Barbican, and the Red Bull, Clerkenwell, near the north end of St. John Street, the house that Shakespeare held horses for gentlemen to hire. Hart, Nell Gwynn's first lover, played here.

* Mr. Powell once played "Young Norval" in *pattens* (because the stage was flooded from recent rains), in a wretched shed, in which the company held forth.



DUKE'S THEATRE, DORSET GARDENS, WHITEFRIARS.

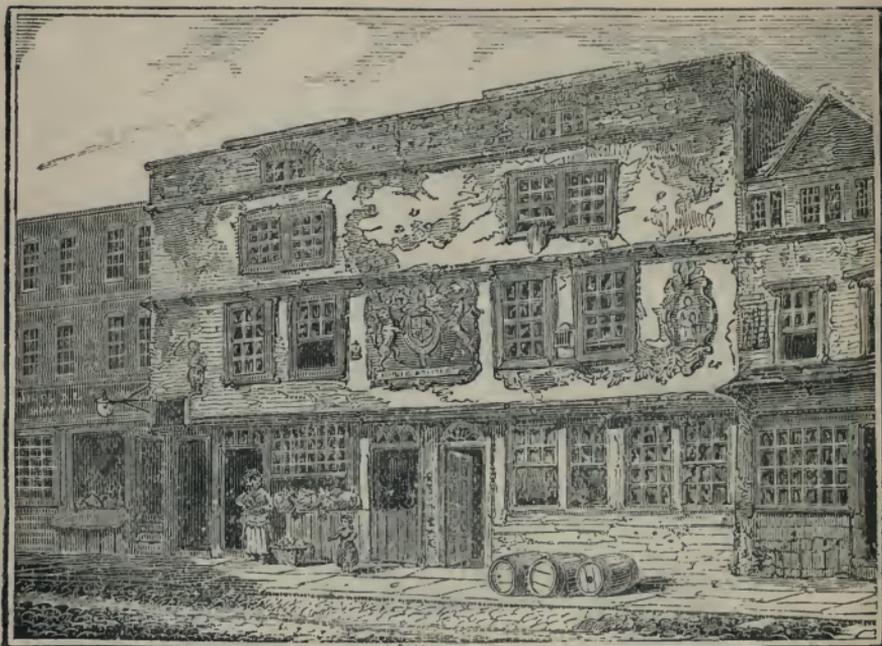
(Front view; back view see next page.)

MANY actors and authors lived in the neighbourhood of the above theatre in Charles the Second's time.



THE DUKE'S THEATRE, DORSET GARDENS.

THE above theatre was erected in the year 1671, at the extremity of Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. It was opened in 1671, under the management of Lady Davenant. Dryden, in his prologue to *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, 1672, leaves contemptuously to the citizens "the gay shows and the gaudy scenes" of Dorset Gardens. Here Shadwell's operatic version of Shakespeare's *Tempest* was produced with great splendour in 1673. The company continued performing till the union of the Duke and the King's companies in 1682; and performances were continued occasionally here until 1697, when the theatre was let to wrestlers and fencers, but was taken down about 1720, and the site afterwards occupied by the City Gas Works. The theatre was designed by Wren, and the sculpture by Gibbons, including figures of Comedy and Tragedy surmounting the balustrade. As the engraving shows, it had a handsome front towards the river, with a landing place for visitors by water, a fashion which prevailed in the early age of the drama, if we may credit the assertion of Taylor, the water poet, that about the year 1596 the number of watermen maintained by conveying persons to the theatres on the banks of the Thames was not less than 40,000, showing a love of the drama at that early period, which is very extraordinary. Operas were first introduced on the English stage at Dorset Gardens in 1673, with "expensive scenery;" and in Lord Orrery's play of *Henry V.*, performed here in the year previous, the actors, Harris, Betterton, and Smith, wore the coronation suits of the Duke of York, King Charles, and Lord Oxford.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE, BARBICAN.

THE Fortune Theatre was built by Philip Henslowe and William Alleyn, in 1599—1600, on the east side of Golden Lane, without Cripplegate. It cost £1,320, and was opened May, 1601. It was a square timber and lath and plaster building, and was burnt December 9th, 1621 (*Alleyn's Diary*); but was rebuilt on a circular plan, of brick and tiled, 1624. The interior was burnt in 1649—Prynne says by accident, but it was fired by sectarians. In the *Mercurius Politicus*, February 14th—21st, 1661, the building, with the ground thereunto belonging, were advertised “to be lette to be built on;” and it is described as standing between “Whitcross Street and Golden Lane.”

ANCIENT PLAY BILLS.

It is odd enough to see quoted in a dramatic performance, chapter and verse as formally as if a sermon were to be performed. Thus we find, in the Catholic and Protestant dramas, such rude learning as this:—

Read the v. to the Galatians, and there you shall see
That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit.—

Or, in holy rhymes like these :—

I will show you what St. Paul doth declare,
In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the x. chapter.

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

CURIOUS PLAY-BILLS.

The original of the following is in the British Museum, and about a century old :—

“AT CAWLEY’S BOOTH,

Over against the ‘Crown’ Tavern, in Smithfield,
during the time of Bartholomew Fair,

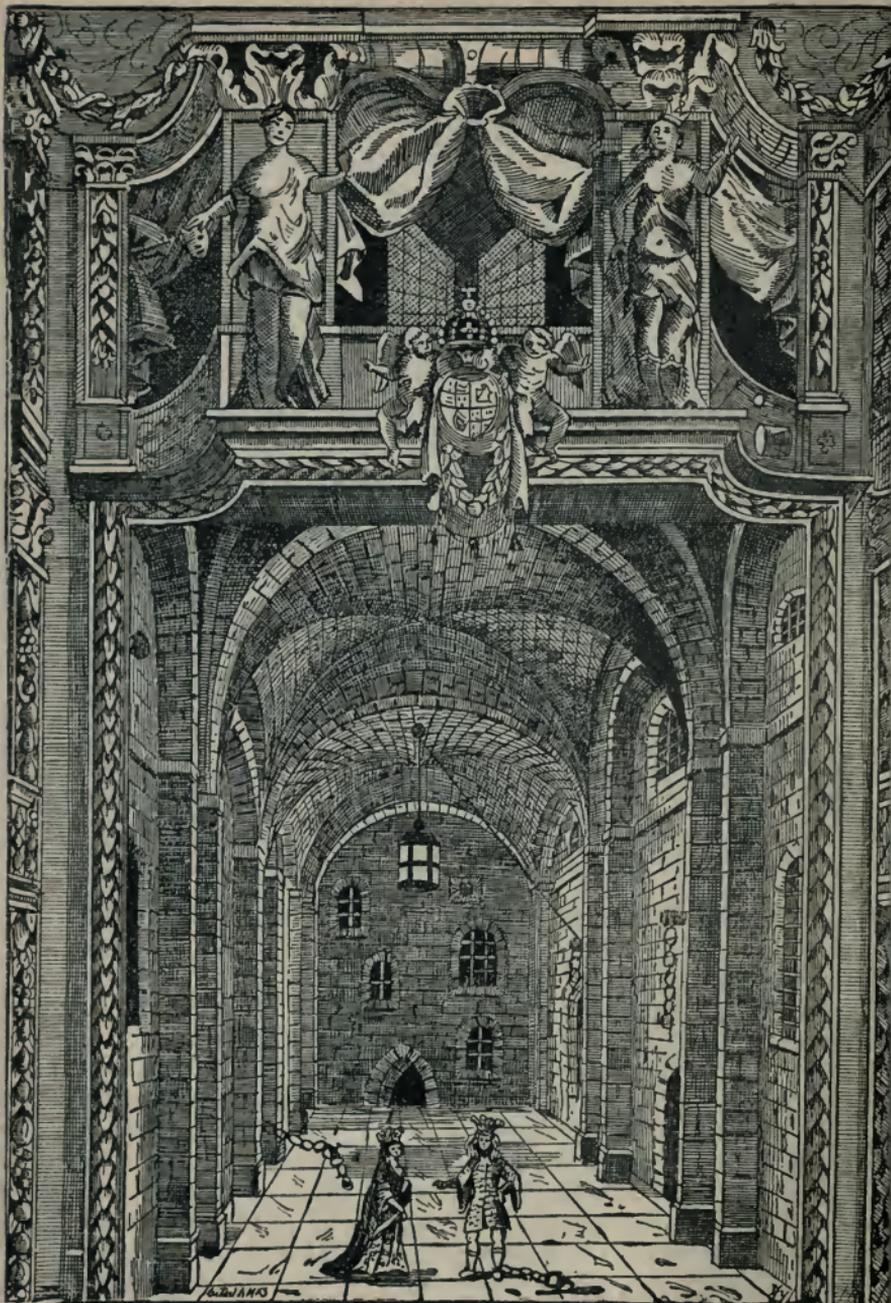
Will be presented a little Opera, called

THE OLD CREATION OF THE WORLD,

Yet newly revived by the addition of

NOAH’S FLOOD.

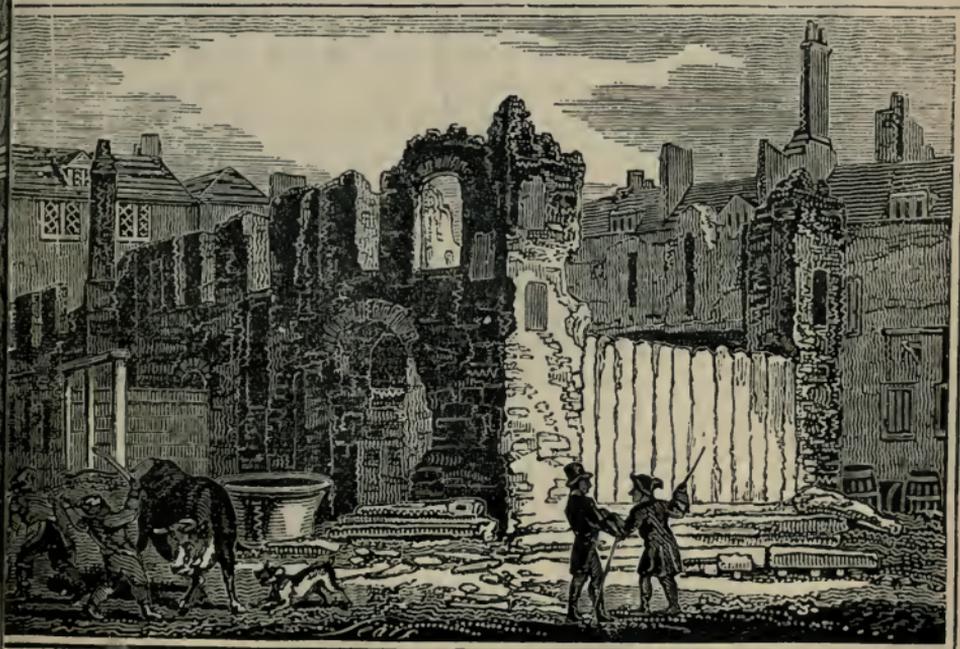
Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the ark with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air are seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise, over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace; when will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise, machines descend from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus is seen in Abraham's bosom, beside several *figures* dancing *jiggs*, *sarabonds*, and country dances to the admiration of the spectators, with the merry conceits of Punch.”



Interior of the Duke's Theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS THEATRE.

PORTUGAL STREET, running parallel with the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, is the site of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, sometimes styled the "Duke's Theatre." The back or north front of it opened upon the south side of Lincoln's Inn, then Portugal Row, on the side of the Museum of the College of Surgeons. This theatre, which was built after a design by Sir C. Wren, was opened with the *Siege of Rhodes*, in the spring of 1662, under a patent granted to Sir William Davenant. At this house, January 29th, 1728, the *Beggars' Opera* was acted for the first time. Gay received about £400 by the first *Beggars' Opera* and £1,100 by the second. He was a negligent and bad manager. The Duke of Queensbury took his money into keeping for him, and gave him what was necessary, and he lived with him and had not, therefore, occasion for much. He died, worth upwards of £3,000. The theatre ("Gibbon's Tennis Court") in Vere Street, Clare Market, is often confounded under the title of this theatre.



Fire at the Duke's Theatre, Portugal Street.

ORIGIN OF THE ORCHESTRA.

THE Orchestra of the ancient Greeks had its name from that part of the theatre where the *dances* were performed. At present, the word is more particularly applied to the station where a band of music is placed in a theatre or great concert room.

ORIGINAL SCENERY.

THE original scene for acting of plays was as simple as the representations themselves; it consisted only of a plain plat of ground proper for the occasion, which was in some degree shaded by the neighbouring trees, whose branches were made to meet together, and their vacancies supplied with boards, sticks, and the like, to complete the shelter; and these were sometimes covered with skins, sometimes only with the branches of other trees newly cut down and full of leaves. It does not appear that the ancient poets were at all acquainted with the modern way of changing the scenes in respect of the different parts of the play, but all was performed in the same place.

A PLAYHOUSE

Is a school of humanity where all eyes are fixed on the same game, or solemn scenes; where all smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and where a thousand hearts beat in unison.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574—Died 1638.

AUBREY says, that he first acted and wrote, but both ill, at the "Green Curtain," a kind of nursery or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbs, towards Shoreditch or Clerkenwell; and that he afterwards undertook again to write plays, and hit it admirably well, particularly *Every Man in his Humour*, which was his first good one. This playhouse, according to Mr. Malone, was also called "The Theatre," a term of distinction which makes him conjecture that it was the first regular playhouse built near the metropolis. It stood in the Curtain Road, Shoreditch, and acquired its name of the Curtain, from the custom of hanging out as a sign a *striped* (query

green) curtain while performing. Jonson is said, by the above writer (Aubrey), to have "killed Mr. Marlow, the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain playhouse." He adds the following curious information as to Jonson's person and habit:—"He was, or rather had been, of a clear and fair skin, with one eye lower than t'other, like Clun, the player, his habit very plain. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arme pitts. He would many times exceed in drinke; Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and, when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of straw, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who knew him), that he lived without Temple Barre, at a comb-maker's shop. In his latter time he lived at Westminster, in the house under which you passe as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace, where he dyed. He lies buried in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him (in a pavement square, blew marble, about 14 inches), 'O Rare Ben Jonson,' which was done at the chardge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cutt it. The following was a grace made by him, extempore, before King James:—

' Our king and queen, the Lord God blesse,
 The Paltzgrave, and the Lady Besse,
 And God blesse every living thing
 That lives, and breathes, and loves the King.
 God bless the Council of Estate,
 And Buckingham, the fortunate;
 God blesse them all, and keep them safe,
 And God blesse me, and God blesse Ralph.'

The king was mighty inquisitive to know who this Ralph was. Ben told him 'twas the drawer of the Swanne Tavern, by Charing Crosse, who drew him good Canarie. For this drollery his Majesty gave him an hundred pounds."

GLOBE THEATRE.

At the commencement of Elizabeth's Reign.

THIS structure must have been erected previous to the year 1563, as it is represented in a plan of London, published during that year, but excluded in another plan "published from actual survey in 1600," though it is known that many of Shakespeare's plays were performed in it at subsequent periods. Stow records the destruction of this theatre, during the year 1613, in a particular manner. He says, "Upon St. Peter's day last, the playhouse or theatre, called the Globe, upon the bank side, neere London, by negligent discharging of a peale of ordinance, close to the south side thereof, the thatch took fier and the wind sodainly desperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt. The house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry VIII.* And the next spring it was new builded in a far fairer manner than before." Ben Jonson calls the Globe Theatre the "Glory of the Bank," and the "Fort of the whole Parish." It was most famous in London at that time; performance in summer by daylight; pulled down, 1648.

GLOBE THEATRE.

In the Reign of James I.

THE Globe Theatre was originally erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was at first a rude inartificial building, thatched with reeds. It is supposed to have acquired its name of the Globe from its nearly circular form, or rather from its sign, which was Atlas, bearing a Globe on its shoulders. In the year 1603, King James I. granted a patent to Shakespeare and others (his associates), to play plays "as well within their then usuall house, called the Globe, in the Countie of Surry, as elsewhere," under whom it continued to flourish until the year 1613, when it was accidentally burnt, and the following year a more stately theatre built on its site.

Taylor, the water poet, notices this event in the subsequent epigram:—

As gold is better that's in fire tried,
 So is the Bankside Globe that late was burn'd;
 For where before it had a thatched hide,
 Now to a stately theatre 'tis turned,
 Which is an emblem that great things are won
 By those that dare through greatest dangers run.

The Rose, another theatre in its immediate neighbourhood, is mentioned by the same poet (Taylor) in his *True Cause of the Waterman's Suit concerning Players* (1613), and the site was, until of late years, called Rose Alley.

THE PLAY HAUNTERS.

PRYNNE says, "Two new theatres (the Fortune and Red Bull) have lately been re-edified and enlarged, and *one new one*, Whitefriars, erected, the play haunTERS having so much augmented, that all the Ancient Devils' Chapels (for so the fathers style all playhouses) are not sufficient to contain their troops, whence we see a sixth added to them. Whitefriars stood on the south side of Fleet Street, between the New Temple and Salisbury Court. Before the civil wars, there were five companies and six playhouses. The Blackfriars, Cockpit, Salisbury Court were small and built exactly alike. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candlelight. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight. The puritans having the ascendancy in Parliament, an Act was passed, February 11th, 1647 (O.S.), that all stage galleries, seats, and boxes, should be pulled down by warrant of two Justices of the Peace; that all actors of plays for the time to come, being convicted, should be publicly whipped, and all spectators of plays for every offence should be fined five shillings. When the civil wars began, most of the players went into the King's army. Robinson was killed by the well known enthusiast; Harrison, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head after he had laid down his arms, saying at the same time, 'Cursed is he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently.'" C 2

- 1481.—Richard III., when Duke of Gloucester, had a troop of players.
 1533.—Scenery first introduced.
 1552.—The first comedy.
 1556.—Players and pipers prohibited from strolling through the kingdom.
 1572.—Domestic servants licensed to play.
 1576.—The first playhouse licensed by the king.
 1580.—Playhouses and all temporary stages in London suppressed for their immorality.
 1582.—One of the ancient playhouses of the period. Ben Jonson is said to have performed the part of "Tuliman" at the old Paris Gardens, Southwark; it was a place much frequented on Sundays: but, in 1582, a scaffolding suddenly fell, and a vast number of persons were killed and considerably maimed. This seems to have sealed its fate; for very shortly after, the gardens were converted into that part of the parish where Christ Church stands.
 1625.—Charles I. gave the players leave to act where they liked, and to come to Court.
 1663.—The play commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, the mode of lighting the streets, the bad roads, combined with the dangers from robbery and violence, rendered it necessary for public amusements to take place before dark.
 1665.—Playhouses closed eighteen months on account of the plague.
 1668.—Afterpieces first introduced.
 1737.—An act passed for licensing plays, all of which had to be submitted to the Lord Chamberlain before being performed.
 1772.—Military Guards at playhouses, arose from a riot at Lincoln's Inn Theatre.
 1843.—An Act passed to regulate theatres.

THEATRICAL BILL.

Costs for playing an ancient Tragedy, entitled,
The Feast of St. Margaret.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|----|----|
| Musicians for three nights | 0 | 5 | 6 |
| Bread and ale for players | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Decorations, dresses, &c. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Rent | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Author, J. Hobbard (Priest) | 0 | 2 | 8 |
| Furniture on hire | 0 | 1 | 4 |
| Fish and bread | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Four chickens | 0 | 1 | 4 |
| Painting three phantoms and devils | 0 | 0 | 6 |

THE DRAMA



"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

Shakespeare.

LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA.

THE characters in a play are never the characters of life. It is impossible that they should be; for, after all, who will assert that he is capable of judging *exactly*, still less of drawing that of the nearest friend whom he sees daily. All characters on paper must be delineated with much of the author's perceptions rather than the truth. Historical characters are again doubly-distilled fiction—the lie of the historian, and the lie of the poet. The drama of every writer must be from his own imagination; his *own mind* must be the *glass* of the telescope, and if that is dim or cracked, the objects seen through it will be distorted accordingly. But I am such a heretic upon the English drama, that I shall merely bewilder without explaining my schism. I look upon Congreve (whom you mention) to have drawn comic characters superior to the other you mention;* and that the charge against him of having too much *wit* is like that against Pope of having too much *harmony*. There can *never* be too much of that which is Intellect, or of that which is Beauty.

* Shakespeare.

THE OBJECT OF THE DRAMA.

“Through varying tastes our changeful drama claim,
 Still be its moral tendency the same :
 To win by precept, by example warn,
 To brand the front of vice with pointed scorn,
 And virtue’s smiling brows with native wreaths adorn.”

THE drama shares with the pulpit the teaching of mankind. It ever has! It ever will! Man is the drama; so long as man exists, the drama can never die. The copy may be coarser or grosser at one period than at another. According as it is less faithful and complete, the educated will more and more neglect the scene of its embodiment. According as it is more gross, those who remain to witness it will go away injured, or, at least, unimproved. No sermon that was ever delivered from the pulpit could more eloquently enforce the commandment “Thou shalt do no murder,” than the representation of *Macbeth*. In the intellectual drama, the moral virtues find their staunchest and most impressive advocate; and yet, this is the influence which statesmen want the moral courage fearlessly to defend and adequately to promote; and which short-sighted men, by a fruitless attempt to exterminate it, would only throw into pernicious channels.—PREFACE TO “REGULUS,” A TRAGEDY.

THE DRAMA IN 1649 AND 1733.

ABOUT this time, the drama had a hard struggle for existence. Stage players were arrested in St. John’s Street, Clerkenwell, by troopers, their clothes taken away, and themselves sent to prison. Theophilus Cibber, and others, revolted from Drury Lane, and opened the Haymarket, although an attempt was made to suppress them by the patentee of the former theatre. Among the rebels was Joe Miller, one of the company; Harper, the competitor of Quin in “Falstaff,” was committed to Bridewell on this occasion, but was “soon after,” says Davis, “triumphantly delivered by the Court of King’s Bench.” The reason of this decision, as appears from Cibber, was that Harper was not a “vagabond” within the meaning of the Act of Queen Anne, he being a housekeeper, and having a vote for the Westminster member of Parliament.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

SHAKESPEARE'S father, in 1574, purchased two freehold houses at Stratford-on-Avon, and it is supposed that the great dramatist was born in one of them. One of these houses was afterwards converted into the "Maidenhead" Inn; the other, after many years, was divided into two tenements, one occupied by a butcher, in 1807, who put up the inscription:—

"William Shakespeare was born in this house. N.B.—A horse and cart to let."

It ceased to be a butcher's shop, and was rented by an old woman, who made money by showing the house to visitors.

In 1836, a Mr. John Shakespeare, who was in no way related to the poet, purchased the adjoining house for £2,500, for pulling down; thus preventing the possibility of loss by fire of Shakespeare's birthplace.

THE EARLY LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN he came to London, he was without money and friends, and, being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to playhouses, Shakespeare, driven to the last extremity, went to the playhouse door and picked up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play. He became eminent, even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it. He had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespeare's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they introduced and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station; but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as an eminent author.

SALE OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

ON September 16th, 1847, Shakespeare's house was sold at the auction mart, in the city of London, for £3,000, to the United Committee of London and Stratford, appointed by the Shakespearian Club; and the garden was bought by public subscription in 1861.

**SHAKESPEARE.**

BORN APRIL 23rd, 1564—DIED APRIL 23rd, 1616.

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are singularly estimable, having conferred on the country a literary immortality which will last to the end of time; for it is to him that must be attributed the main improvement in the Dramatic Art. Even his worst characters have some claim upon our kindly feelings. The mind of Shakespeare was as a magic mirror in which all human nature's possible forms and combinations were presented.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON RESIDENCE.

WITHIN a few doors of Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street, resided, in 1598, William Shakespeare, same time while part proprietor of the Globe on the Bankside. He was assessed very high on the parish books, therefore his house must have been large.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is a great contrast between the poverty of the theatre in which the immortal Shakespeare and his companions acted, and the magnificent display of pageantry in our modern places of dramatic entertainment.

SHAKESPEARE ABROAD.

"FOREIGNERS cannot enjoy our Shakespeare," said Sherlock to Voltaire. "That is true," replied he; "they are acquainted with his works only through translations, which retain slight faults, while the great beauties are lost. A blind man cannot be persuaded of the beauty of the rose when his fingers are pricked by the thorns."

SHAKESPEARE AND GARRICK.

EXTRACTED from an address delivered by Mr. Smith at the anniversary dinner of the Garrick Club, February 22nd, 1836, and being also the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the birth of Garrick:—

"Hail! happy day that gave great Garrick birth,
The glad return of which should be to mirth
And festive rites devoted; for 'twas he
Who taught our actors what they ought to be.
Garrick, that glorious and immortal name,
With Shakespeare sharing histrionic fame.
What Shakespeare fancied, Garrick could pourtray,
What Shakespeare wrote, but Garrick none could play,
Shakespeare, the magician, might invoke;
No spirit answered him till Garrick spoke."



THE PLAYERS IN HAMLET.

THE original "Hamlets" were Joseph Taylor and John Lowin, from the former of whom, taught by Shakespeare, Davenant is said to have instructed Betterton to perform so admirably as he did. His most eminent successors have been Garrick, Henderson, J. P. Kemble, Young, and Kean; whilst Booth appears to have surpassed all others as the "Ghost," unless it were Shakespeare himself, who is recorded to have performed it. In 1771, Garrick produced this tragedy at Drury Lane, all the parts being sacrificed to that of "Hamlet." It is said that the play of *Hamlet* was thrown into Garrick's grave by the desire of his widow; but after his death the original was restored, and the modern adaptation is that by J. P. Kemble, brought out at Drury Lane in 1800, and at Covent Garden in 1804.



LINES WRITTEN BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER ON
THE SPOT OF JULIET'S GRAVE.

“ Let affection droop her head and mourn
Disastrous love o'er tender Juliet's urn,
Coquettes avaunt ! away each simpering belle !
Envy the lot of her who loved so well ;
Who would not have exchanged her heart-felt woes
For your ephemeral loves, and midnight shows.
Hail, Juliet, hail ! whose pure and virgin heart
Dared act so painful, yet so true a part !
O'er whose requited love, and early hearse,
Great Shakespeare sheds the glory of his verse.
Hail, Juliet, hail ! whose name is intertwined
In the same wreath, which Fame wove for his deathless mind.”

ORIGIN OF “ROMEO AND JULIET.”

SHAKESPEARE took the hint for his play of *Romeo and Juliet* from the work of Girolamo della Coste, a Veronese gentleman, in which he gives an account of the catastrophe that occurred in Verona, in the year 1303, to two unfor-

fortunate lovers. Shakespeare very little deviated from the circumstances of the true story.

THE PLAYERS IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

IN Sir William Davenant's theatre, this piece was converted into a tragic-comedy, by James Howard, who preserved the lovers alive; and for several days together the original and the alteration were performed alternately; but the best version was that produced by Garrick at Drury Lane in 1750. Barry was probably the finest "Romeo" which ever appeared; and a famous contest between him and Garrick in the part took place in October, 1749, continuing for twelve nights without intermission. The two most admirable performers of "Juliet" have been reserved for the modern stage of Covent Garden; namely, Miss O'Neill, who first appeared October 6th, 1814; and Miss Fanny Kemble, who also came out in the character, October 5th, 1829.

SHAKESPEARE LICENSED TO PLAY.

THE license granted for acting by James I. to the company at the Globe, is in substance as follows:—"James, by the Grace of God, &c., to all Justices, Mayors, &c., greeting:—Know ye that we have of our special grace licensed and authorised these our tenants: Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemings, Henry Condell, William Henry Robert Arnim, Richard Cowley, and the rest of their associates, to act comedies, &c., at their usual house, the Globe, or any other convenient place whatsoever within our realms, willing and commanding you not only to permit them therein without any molestation during our pleasure, but also to aid and assist them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such courtesies as have been given to men of their place and quality, and also what further favour you shall show to these our tenants for our sake. *We shall take it kindly at your hands.*—May 19th, 1603."

AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SUCH was the delight of our ancestors in dramatic entertainments, that no fewer than nineteen playhouses had been opened at different times before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histrionmastix*. The amusements before the commencement of the play were of various kinds: "While some part of the audience entertained themselves in reading or playing cards, others were employed in less refined occupations, in drinking ale or smoking tobacco." With these they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. It appears from a passage in *Puttenham's Art of English Poetry*, 1589, that vizards were, on some occasions, used by the authors of those days. Till the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, women used to come to the theatre in masks. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that queen, in the first year of her reign. The cost of admission to the theatres in the days of Elizabeth was very moderate. "Let me never live to look so high as the twopenny room again," says Ben Jonson, in his prologue to *Every Man Out of His Humour*, acted for the first time at the Globe, on Bankside, in 1599. The price of the "best rooms," or boxes, was a shilling; of the lower places twopence; and in some places only a penny. The twopenny room above mentioned was the gallery. Thus Decker: "Pay you twopence to a player, and you may sit in the gallery."—*Bellman's Night-Walk*. And Middleton: "One of them is a nip; I took him once into the twopenny gallery at the Fortune." The place, however, seems to have been very discreditable, for it is commonly described as the resort of the worst characters. In *Every Man Out of His Humour*, there is also mention of "the lords' room over the stage." The lords' room answered to the present stage boxes. The price of admission to them appears to have been originally a shilling. Thus Decker in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "At a new play you take up the twelve-penny room, next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail fellow well met."



F. B. CHATTERTON, Esq.,

Lessee of Drury Lane, Adelphi, and Princesses Theatres

[From a photograph by Watkins, 34, Parliament Street.]

MR. CHATTERTON is the most successful theatrical manager of the present day. The public, and all persons belonging to the theatrical profession, have much benefited by his spirited and unprecedented management. Mr. Kenney, in his theatrical narrative about *Poets and Profits*, at Drury Lane (published at Aubert's, 11, Maiden Lane, Strand), says :—

Mr. Chatterton commenced the sole management of Drury Lane Theatre in 1866, with a revival of *King John*, followed by the *Comedy of Errors*. The second season opened with a revival of Mr. Bayle Bernard's adaptation of Goethe's *Faust*. The third with Mr. Halliday's drama, founded on the *Fortunes of Nigel*, entitled, the *King of Scots*. The fourth season he produced the sensational drama of *Formosa; or, The Railroad to Ruin*; the fifth, a version of Kenilworth, under the title of *Amy Robsart*; the sixth season opened with *Rebecca*; the seventh, the *Lady of the Lake*; the eighth, *Antony and Cleopatra*; the ninth commenced with *Amy Robsart*, and afterwards Mr. Halliday's version of *The Talisman*, entitled, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was produced; the last with Mr. Dion Boucicault's latest work, the *Shaughraun*.



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DRURY LANE THEATRE

—:o:—

DERIVES its origin from a cockpit, which was converted into a theatre in the reign of James I. It was rebuilt and called the Phœnix; and Charles II. patented an exclusive patent to Thomas Killigrew, April 25th, 1662. Pepys says, "That the old players were in possession of the cockpit in 1660; also, that he saw the *Cardinal* acted there in 1662," but nothing further seems to be known of its history. Pepys also tells us in his *Diary*, November 20th, 1860: "This morning I found my lord in bed late, he having been with the king and queen at the cockpit all night, where General Monk treated them, and after supper a play." The origin of "pit" in our theatres was from the cockpit. On the 8th of April, 1663, the King's Company, under Thomas Killigrew, opened the first theatre that was erected in Drury Lane on the present site, with Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Humorous Lieutenant*.

FIRST DRURY LANE PLAY-BILL.

THE following is a copy of the first play-bill which announced the above opening. It is curious, not only in showing the increase in the prices of admission since that period, but the different times at which dramatic representations commenced. It should be observed that no farces were performed in those days :—

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN DRURY LANE.

This Day, being THURSDAY, APRIL 8th, 1663, will be acted
A Comedy, called,

THE HUMOROUS LIEVTENANT.

| | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------|
| The King | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. WINTERSELL. |
| Demetrius | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. HART. |
| Selevius | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. BVRT. |
| Leontive | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Major MAHON. |
| Lieutenant | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. CLOW. |
| Celia | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. MARSHALL. |

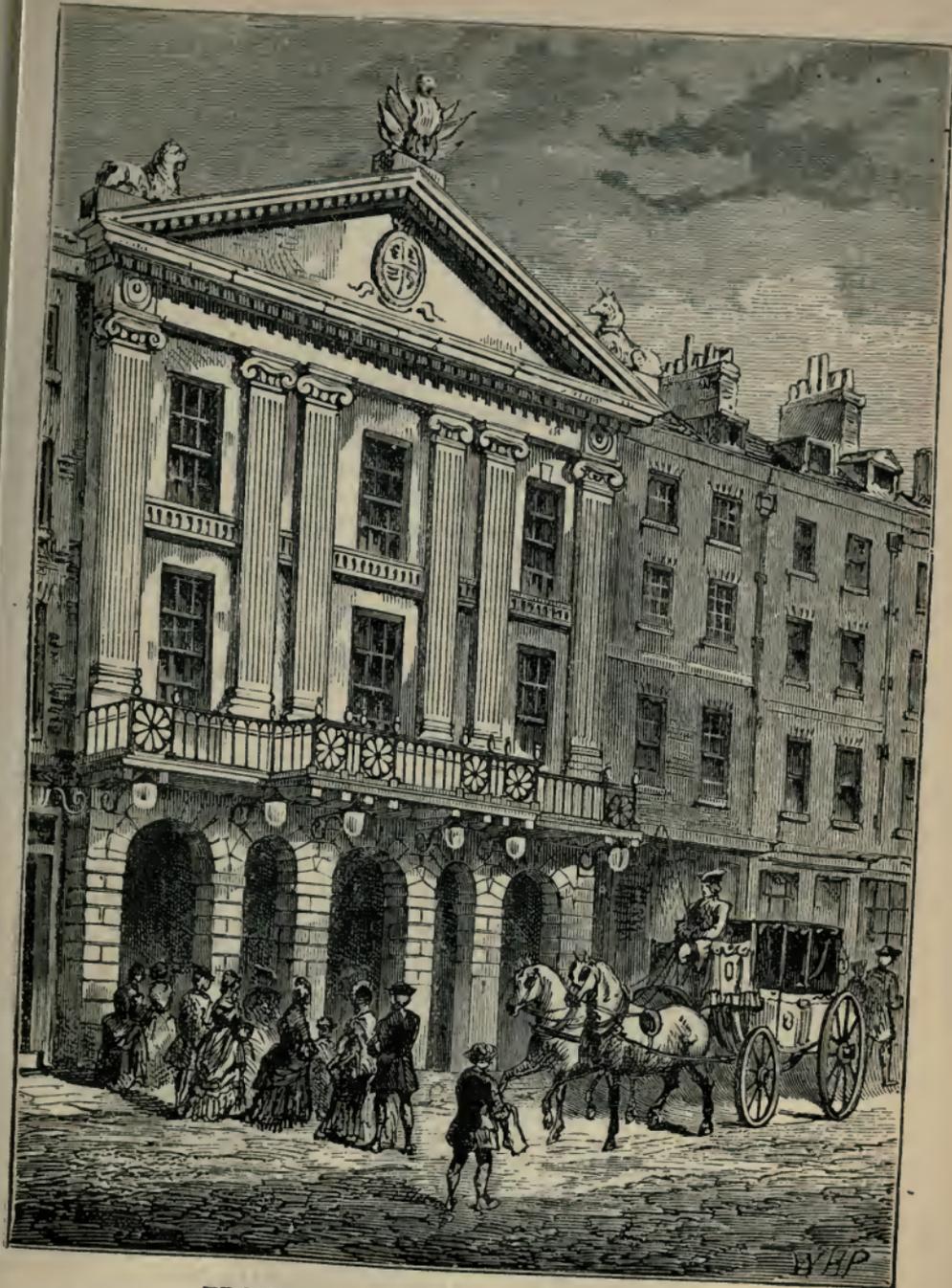
The Play will begin at 3 o'clock exactly.

Boxes, 4s. ; Pit, 2s. 6d. ; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d. ; Upper Gallery, 1s.

THE PLAYERS AT DRURY LANE, 1747-8.

| ACTORS. | ACTRESSES. |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| Messrs. Garrick. | Mrs. Cibber. |
| „ Barry. | „ Pritchard. |
| „ Delane. | „ Woffington. |
| „ Macklin. | „ Clive. |
| „ Sparks. | „ Macklin. |
| „ Berry. | „ Hipposley (Mrs. Green). |
| „ Yates. | „ Minors. |
| „ Havard. | „ Elmy. |
| „ Winstone. | „ Pitt |
| „ W. Mills. | |
| „ Arthur. | „ Bennet. |
| „ Taswell. | „ Cross, &c. |

It will be seen by the above list the number of good actors that were in one company—stars enough for half London at the present time.



FRONT OF OLD DRURY LANE THEATRE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1762.

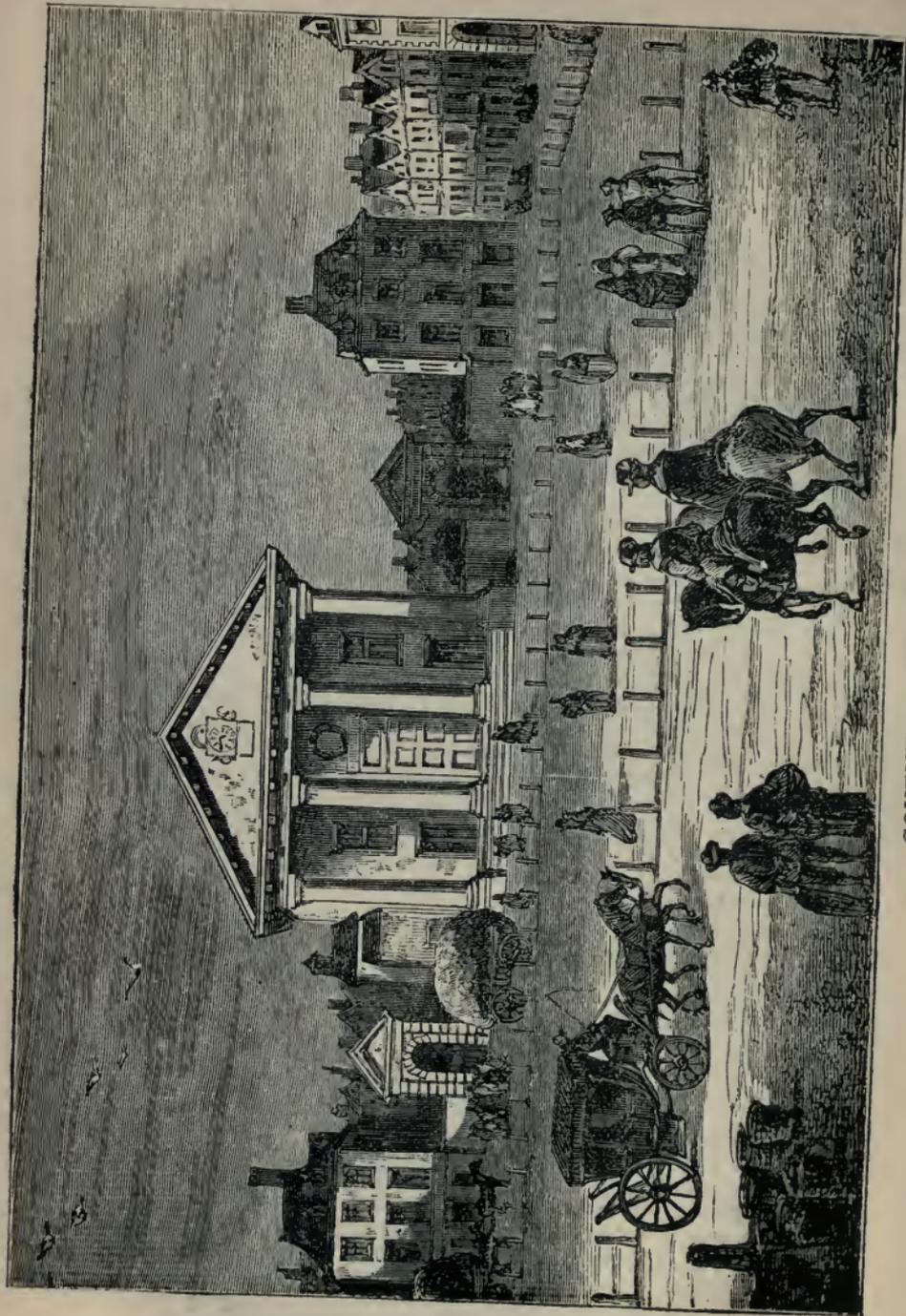
DRURY LANE THEATRE was much improved in 1762, by lengthening the stage, enlarging the boxes and pit, and rebuilding the galleries. This alteration probably originated from the hopes of additional profit. Another in the management had its rise from the same cause; but the public were less satisfied than with the former, as in the latter the advantage was by no means mutual between the proprietors and their patrons. The managers intimated that nothing under full prices would be taken during the performance, and the intimation received no opposition till January, 1763; at that period symptoms of resistance appeared, and the public complained that the time had been when they were admitted to the boxes for 4s. 6d. to witness plays performed by Booth, Wilkes, Cibber, Doggett, Norris, Penkethman, Johnson, Griffin, Porter, and Oldfield; and they were then compelled to pay 5s. to hear *half a play* acted by Garrick, Cibber, Yates, King (1), Packer (1), Holland, O'Brien (2), Bransby, Palmer, and Ackman.

THE following is a summarised history of Drury Lane Theatre, since 1763:—

- 1647.—The cockpit converted into a school-room for a short time only; for, in spite of the Puritans, it soon became a place of amusement again.
- 1649.—Puritan soldiers broke into the playhouse during a performance, routed the audience, and broke up the seats and the stage. The players in their theatrical dresses taken to the gatehouse. They experienced similar treatment in 1617.
- 1662.—On the cockpit site, until then known as the "Riding Yard," Killigrew, at a cost of £1,500, erected a theatre.
- 1666.—Nell Gwynn performed.
- 1668.—Davenant died. Three years after a new house was opened in Dorset Gardens, Salisbury Square, under the management of Lady Davenant, Sir William's relict. It did not answer.
- 1671.—Drury Lane was burnt. A few months after Killigrew's patent was united to Davenant's patent.
- 1674.—Drury Lane was rebuilt by Sir C. Wren, and opened with a prologue by Dryden.
- 1690.—Alex. Davenant sold the patent that had been assigned to him in 1689 by Charles Davenant to Christopher Rich, a lawyer who afterwards took Sir Thomas Skipwith as a partner.

- 1694.—Rich attempted to reduce the salaries of the actors. They seceded and acted in Tennis Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
- 1707.—Drury Lane was closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain.
- 1710.—Collier broke into Drury Lane, ejected Rich, and took possession.
- 1711.—Wilks, Doggett, and Cibber entered into partnership with Collier.
- 1712.—Doggett retired from, and Booth entered into the partnership.
- 1714.—A life patent granted to Sir R. Steele. Revoked in 1719.
- 1742.—Garrick's Debut.
- 1747.—Garrick became a partner with Lacey.
- 1774.—Lacey died, and Garrick became sole proprietor.
- 1776.—Sheridan, Lindley, and Ford purchased Drury Lane from Garrick.
- 1776.—Garrick's Farewell.
- 1776.—Sheridan's management.
- 1777.—Theatrical Fund founded.
- 1780.—Gordon Riots.
- 1783.—A patent granted to the three proprietors for twenty-one years, to commence Sept. 2, 1795.
- 1789.—Drury Lane taken down; the company played at the King's Theatre, Haymarket.
- 1794.—Drury Lane rebuilt by Holland, at that time too large for sight or hearing.
- 1809.—Old Price Riots began.
- 1809.—Destroyed by fire. The company played at the Lyceum.
- 1812.—Drury Lane opened under the management of Arnold. This building, which "pushed back from the narrow court that christened it," retained the name of "Drury Lane" only in virtue of old associations.
- 1818.—Drury Lane lighted with gas.
- 1819.—Elliston's management.
- 1826.—Rice's ,,
- 1826.—Ellen Tree's ,,
- 1830.—Alexander Lee's ,,
- 1831.—Alfred Bunn's ,,
- 1839.—Hammond's ,,
- 1841.—Macready's ,,
- 1843.—Alfred Bunn's ,,
- 1851.—(Feb. 26) Macready's farewell.
- 1852.—Alfred Bunn's management.
- 1853-9.—E. T. Smith's ,,
- 1858.—Harrison and Pyne's ,,
- 1859.—Italian Opera ,,
- 1860.—E. T. Smith's ,,
- 1862.—Falconer's ,,
- 1863.—Falconer and Chatterton's management.

This theatre, at the present time (1876), is under the spirited management of F. B. Chatterton, Esq., who has for many years been the successful lessee.



COVENT GARDEN IN 1650.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

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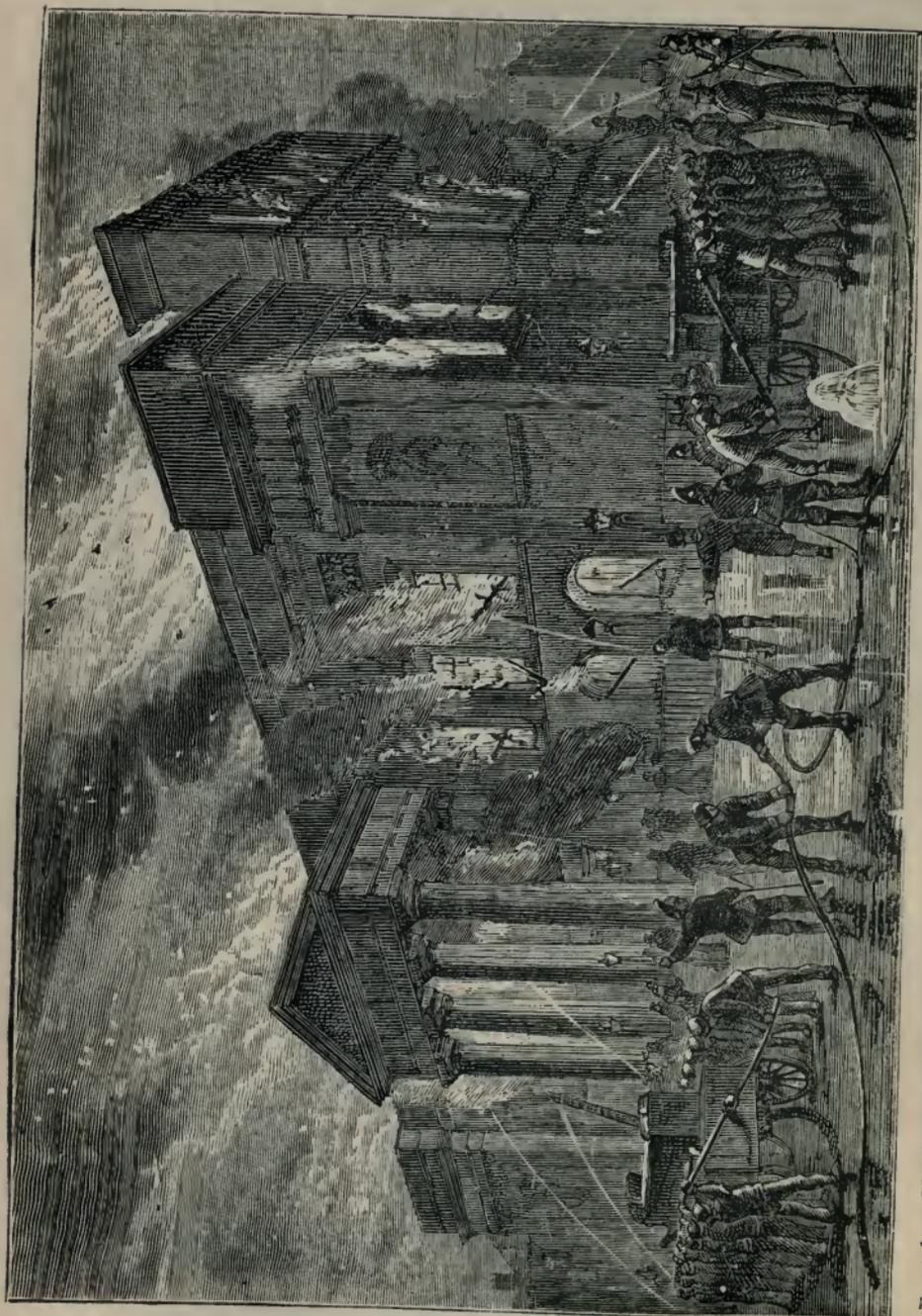
WAS opened December 7th, 1732; John Rich and the company belonging to Lincoln's Inn Fields removed thither. The play was *The Way of the World*. Pit and boxes at 5s. each. So little attraction, however, had the new theatre that the receipt of the house amounted but to £115. In the course of this season, Mr. Quin was called upon to exercise his talents in singing, and accordingly performed "Lycomedes," in Gay's posthumous opera of *Achilles*, eighteen nights. In 1750, receipts of £200 per night was considered an extraordinary sum.

THE PLAYERS AT COVENT GARDEN, 1747.

THE company was very weak indeed. Mr. Rich, more from laziness than lack of genius, had not any pantomime in force, but the then very stale one of *Merlin's Cave; or, Harlequin Skeleton*. They played in general only three or four times in the week in January, and often dismissed even in the month of February; for Garrick had swept most of the actors of merit from Covent Garden to Drury Lane, for his triumphal entry as manager. Quin had retired to Bath in disgust at Garrick's unparalleled success.

COVENT GARDEN, 1748-9.

SEVERAL theatrical alterations took place. Mr. Rich was roused from his slumber. Mr. Quin returned to the stage; and Mr. Delane, Mr. Sparks, Mr. Arthur, Mrs. Woffington, and Miss Pitt were engaged from Drury Lane; also Miss Bellamy (by Mr. Victor and others falsely related to have been drawn from her lucrative and splendid situation in Dublin by Garrick) was actually engaged by Mr. Rich.



Burnt down March 6th, 1856, during the bal masque given by Professor Anderson at the close of his season, the professor's carnival benefit taking place the previous Monday and Tuesday.

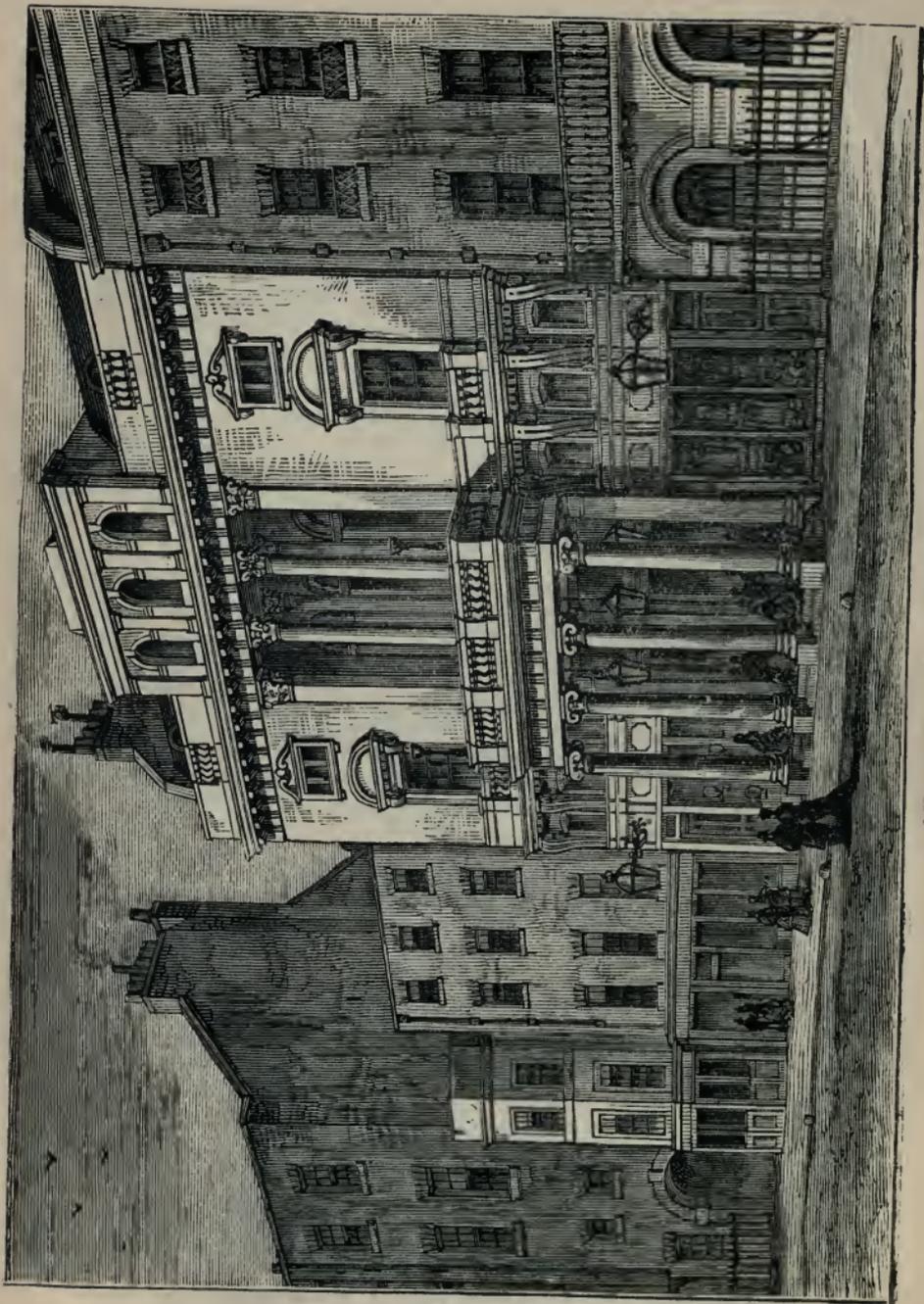
COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, 1751-2.

MR. QUIN had retired from the stage May, 1751; in March, 1752, and March, 1753, he came from Bath purposely to play "Falstaff" in the first part of *King Henry IV.* for his friend Mr. Ryan's benefit. He, after that, left him a legacy, and made him a present, declaring he grew infirm, and would not *whistle* "Falstaff."

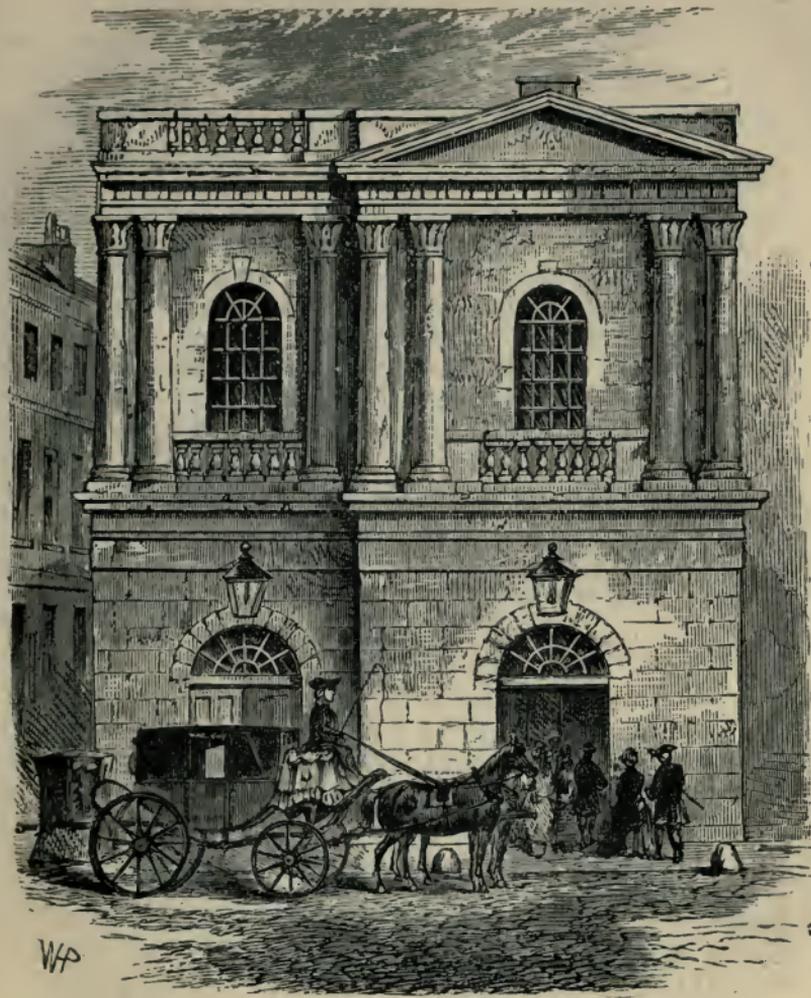
THE following is a summarised history of Covent Garden Theatre:—

- 1738.—Beef Steak Club founded.
 1741.—Handel produced the *Messiah*.
 1746.—Garrick played for the season.
 1750.—Seats built on the stage.
 1761.—John Rich died. His son-in-law, Beard, continued to play at Covent Garden Theatre under Rich's patent.
 1767.—Beard sold his interest in the house for £60,000 to Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford.
 1779.—Miss Reay shot by Hachman.
 1783.—Kemble's first appearance.
 1787.—Nearly rebuilt.
 1791.—The new Covent Garden Theatre opened.
 1792.—Enlarged and altered.
 1792.—Duke of Bedford granted a new lease at £940 per year.
 1794.—C. Kemble's first appearance.
 1797.—Mrs. Glove's first appearance.
 1802.—Kemble came into the management.
 Liston's first appearance.
 1808.—It was destroyed by fire. Between twenty and thirty firemen killed, and over £15,000 worth of property destroyed. The company removed to the King's Theatre.
 1809.—Rebuilt by Beazley and reopened. The O. P. Riots.
 1812.—Mrs. Siddons took her farewell benefit.
 1816.—Macready's first appearance.
 1818.—H. Harris came into the management.
 1823.—Charles Kemble came into the management.
 1835.—Mr. Osbaldiston's management.
 1837.—Macready's management.
 1839.—Madame Vestris came into the management.
 1842.—Kemble's management.
 1844.—Lambert's management.
 1845-6.—Jullien's concerts.
 1847.—Opened for Italian Opera.
 1856.—Destroyed by fire.

The present building, erected in a very short space of time, was opened by Mr. Gye, May 15th, 1858, since which it has been used for operas (English and Italian), promenade concerts, pantomimes, &c.



ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD OPERA HOUSE 1800.

THE Opera House, the Italian, or Queen's Theatre, generally supposed to have been constructed by Sir John Vanbrugh, but Pennant says it was built by Wren, 1704; opened April 9th, 1705; enlarged, 1720; burnt June 17th, 1788; rebuilt, 1791; Lumley's management, 1842; Julian's concerts, 1857; afterwards opened by E. T. Smith in 1862 for Italian Opera; in 1863, under the management of Mapleson. Burnt, 1868. At one time a lady from Italy of great musical celebrity, named Cuzzoni, received the enormous salary of £2,000 per season.

NEW AND OLD GLOBE THEATRES.

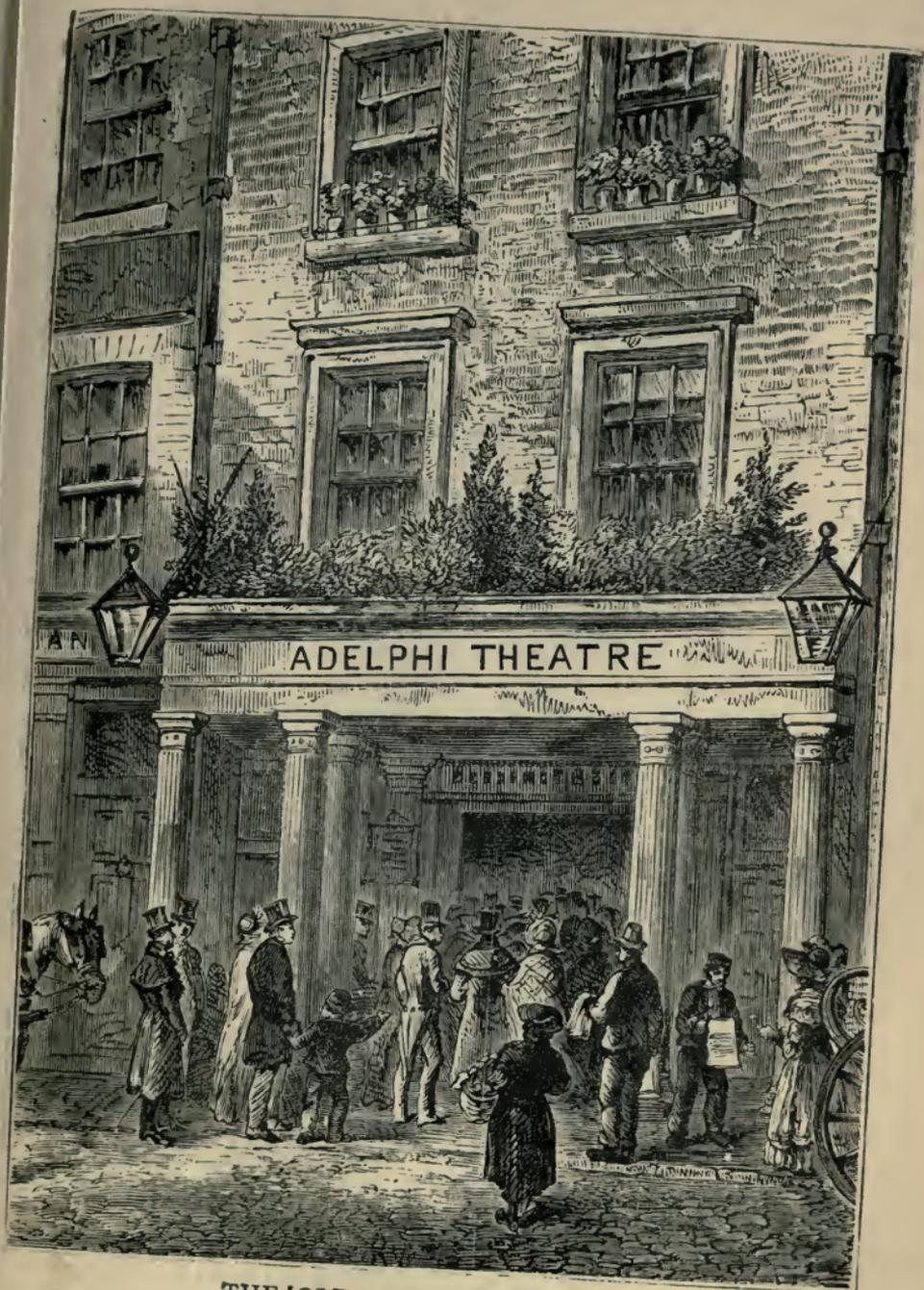
THE New Globe Theatre was opened by Mr. Sefton Parry, on Saturday, November 28th, 1868. It stands in Newcastle Street, between Holywell Street and Wych Street, on part of the site of old Lyon's Inn, which was cleared by the Strand Hotel Company for their proposed building. The *Daily News*, at the time Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was raised to his high place, remarked, that the Primate, as a Scotchman, has come to be talked and written about in connection with a curious ancient prophecy. In an epilogue delivered at the old Globe Theatre in 1601, by Richard Burbage, there occurred the following sentences:—

“A Scot our King? The limping State
That day must need a crutch.
What next? In time a Scot will prate
As Primate of our Church.
When such shall be, why then you'll see
That day it will be found,
The Saxon down through London town,
Shall burrow under ground.”

Has it not come true? Dr. Tait is Archbishop of Canterbury, and we travel about London underground. This theatre was burnt 1613, and rebuilt the following year.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE theatre in the Haymarket appears to have been first built in 1702, and re-erected by John Potter, who leased the “King's Head” Inn of John and Thomas Moor, at a fine of £200, in 1720. On this site he erected the theatre for £1,000, and expended £500 on scenes, dresses, &c. It was finished December 1st, 1720, and appropriated to the company of French comedians. The theatre was again rebuilt in 1767; Coleman's tenure commenced January 1st, 1777; Elliston's debut, 1796; C. Mathews, the elder, 1803; Morris' management, 1805; Liston first appeared here in the same year; C. Young first appeared here in 1807; the theatre was pulled down 1821; Mr. Webster's management commenced 1837, and ceased 1853, when Mr. Buckstone became the manager.



THE 'OLD ADELPHI THEATRE.



"FAREWELL."

THE most brilliant audience of modern days assembled, in March, 1874, to witness a performance by the most famous actors and actresses of our time. The occasion was a complimentary benefit to Mr. Benjamin Webster, on his retirement from theatrical management. Mr. Webster commenced his professional career early in life, and made his first London success in *Measure for Measure*. His first theatrical property was a sword, which he purchased when a boy for the express purpose of "Rolla." He carried the weapon about the world for many years, but never, to this day, has he played the part for which he made his youthful investment. It was in 1837 that he commenced management; and from that period until the present he has been in managerial harness—at one period being the lessee of five London theatres. The Adelphi, however, is the house which is more particularly associated with his name. The benefit of Monday realised 2,000 guineas. The business part of it was admirably managed by Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Andrew Halliday. Mr. John Oxenford wrote an Address for the occasion, which was most effectively delivered by Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Henry Irving recited Tom Hood's famous poem of *Eugene Aram*. Every manifestation of admiration and respect was made in honour of the veteran artiste and manager.

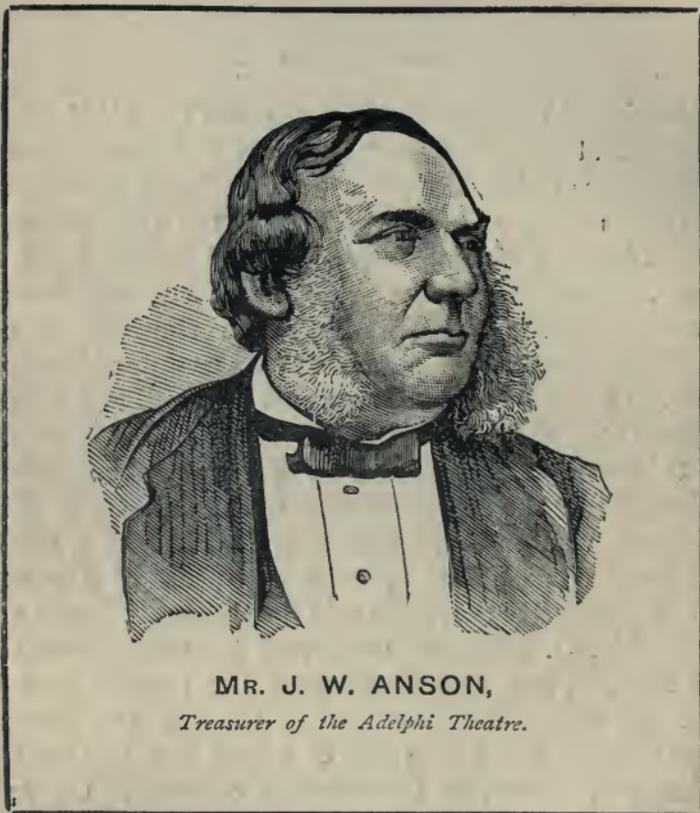
ADELPHI THEATRE,

*For many years under the able management of Benjamin Webster, Esq.,
now under that of F. B. Chatterton, Esq.*

—:O:—

ON the site of the present theatre stood the old Adelphi Theatre, and formerly the "Sans Pareil," the property and residence of Mr. John Scott, the eminent colourman, and then numbered 417, Strand, in the blue room of which Liston, Elliston, Lovegrove and others acted in private. Mr. Scott was the father of the well-known actress and authoress, Miss Scott, to show off whose talents he converted his premises into a temple of Thespis, which, in 1819, he sold to Messieurs Rodwell and Jones; and in 1820, they opened it as the Adelphi Theatre, and to whom it proved a very profitable speculation, particularly by the representation of the burletta of *Tom and Jerry*, written by Moncrieff, and which had a run of three hundred nights, and produced a profit of £10,000. In 1825, Rodwell's executors sold the theatre to Terry and Yates. Mr. C. Mathews undertook the management in 1834, and Mr. and Mrs. Yates were "at home" here in 1835. It was pulled down in 1858, and the present edifice erected, the first stone of which was laid by Mr. Benjamin Webster, in his masonic capacity. On July 16th, among the Brother Masons present were T. P. Cooke, Barney Williams, and J. W. Anson. It was opened the Boxing night of the same year. Long will be remembered the favourite names of Yates, Terry, C. Mathews, O. Smith, T. P. Cooke, Munyard, Paul Bedford, Romer, Emmett, Jefferson, Belmore, Wright, Eburne,

Phillips, Billington, Keeley, Toole, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Nisbett, Madame Celeste, Miss Rosina Wright, Miss Bateman, Miss Farren, Miss Furtado, Miss Terry, and last, but not least, the much esteemed and well-known treasurer, Mr. J. W. Anson, who has been connected with this theatre for a great number of years.



MR. J. W. ANSON,

Treasurer of the Adelphi Theatre.

THE following account of this gentleman was published in the *Theatrical Programme*, March 11th, 1875:—

“Very few of the present race of playgoers, and less, perhaps, of the present race of actors are aware that in his day he was a very popular actor of the ‘Strickland School,’ and strong character parts—that he was a great favourite

He was also the highly respected manager for years of the Dundee, Perth, Montrose, Inverness, and other theatres. In 1853, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anson came to London and joined Mr. W. Cooke's Dramatic Company when he opened Astley's. Here he distinguished himself in the part of 'Our Own Correspondent,' in *The Battle of the Alma*. He also played 'Falstaff' for six weeks, and upon the revival of *Rob Roy* he played the part of 'Baillie Nicol Jarvie' with much success. At the splendid banquet given upon the occasion of Mr. Wm. Cooke, junr., attaining his majority, he was selected to give the only Toast of the evening, viz. : 'to his future Health, Happiness, and Prosperity,' and, when Mr. Cooke retired in 1859, was chosen from a large committee and many friends to present the beautiful Testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. W. Cooke—a day not to be forgotten by those spared who were present. He Founded, in 1855, the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund; in 1856, the Dramatic Burial Ground at Woking; in 1859, the Dramatic College; in 1866, the G. V. Brooke Life Boat Fund, which, with the Committee headed by J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., he took to Dublin. He made great efforts with the fire offices to get floating policies for the wardrobes of the members of his profession. He was also one of the Founders and hard-workers at the first establishment of the Junior Garrick Club, of which he has been Senior Trustee since the commencement, and was presented with his portrait, at a banquet held last year. He, besides, for thirteen years supplied the late Mr. Edwin Forrest with every information to assist him to form, in all its completeness, the great and gigantic charity he has left behind to perpetuate his name, and to which English actors, after three years' residence in the States, are eligible. In fact, there has scarcely been a charitable movement, benefit, or subscription for the last twenty years in which Mr. J. W. Anson's name has not been conspicuous; but last, and not least, he is the Founder and Father of the 'coming Robson,' Mr. G. W. Anson, who has hitherto gained a great name in the parts he has played; at Liverpool he

is one of the greatest favourites that ever trod the boards. In conclusion, Mr. J. W. Anson has a host of friends who hold him in the highest esteem. We were delighted, a few nights since on passing the Adelphi, to see him in his accustomed place under the portico, looking as genial and as jolly as ever." The theatre at the present time (1876) is under the able management of Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Webster having retired from it last year. The performance consists of a powerful cast of *Peep-o'-Day; or, Savourneen Deelish*, by Edmund Falconer, which was reproduced here on Monday, January 24th, 1876, when it was officially declared to have been represented for the eleven hundred and thirty-third time, and to have been witnessed by twenty-six million five hundred thousand persons. *Colleen Bawn* was also played three hundred and sixty nights.

VAUDEVILLE* THEATRE,

ERECTED in the year 1870 by Mr. C. J. Phillips. The piece produced on the opening night was *Love or Money*, a comedy by Mr. A. Halliday. Mr. David James and Mr. Thomas Thorne are the present managers.

PRINCESS' THEATRE.

BUILT by Mr. Hamlet, 1840; sold, in 1841, for £16,400; Charles Kean's management commenced in 1850, and ended in 1859. It is now under the able management of F. B. Chatterton, Esq., the well-known lessee of Drury Lane Theatre.

ST. JAMES' THEATRE.

BUILT for Mr. Braham, 1835. Messrs. Bunn, Mitchell, Chatterton, Wigan, Frank Mathews, and many others, have had a hand in the management of this theatre.

* NOTE.—This species of drama is said to have derived its name from the following circumstances:—Oliver Basselin, a fuller in Normandy, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, used to compose humorous songs which he sang as he stretched out his cloth in the *vau*s or valleys, on the banks of the River *Vive*. These songs became popular, and from being first called *Vaux-de-Vive*, afterwards assumed the name of *Vaudeville*.

 LYCEUM THEATRE.

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BUILT for Dr. Arnold,* 1794—5, on the same site as the English Opera House, which was burnt down 1830; reopened by Madame Vestris, 1834. Operas were very charmingly produced here, and even the farces were musical, being generally interspersed with six or seven songs, duets, or concerted pieces. Specialité is now, alas, abandoned, and every theatre plays everything, the renovated building assuming the more classic name of "The Lyceum." The first season was celebrated by the production of a new opera by Mr. Frank Romer, entitled *The Pasha's Bride*. Mr. Leffler made his first appearance here as "Hela," in *The Mountain Sylph*. The English Opera Company, under the management of Mr. Balfe, opened in 1841; Mrs. Keeley opened, 1844; Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, 1847 to 1856; Mr. Gye, 1857; and the Pyne and Harrison company also in 1857. Madame Celeste held the theatre, 1859—60; the Savage Club performances took place in 1860; Italian Operas, 1861; Mr. Fletcher's management, 1862 to 1866. The successes of this theatre have always been variable, though in later years Mr. Edmund Falconer turned up a trump card in the production of *Extremes and Peep-o'-Day*, and enabled him to embark his fortunes as manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where he lost the entire fortune he had acquired with such industry and perseverance. Fortune now favours Mrs. Bateman, who continues the management of this theatre.

* In Hazlitt's *View of the Stage*, 1821, we read the following account of the English Opera House:—"June 22nd, 1816.—The New English Opera House, opened on Saturday week. The second gallery, for fear of its crowding on the first, is thrown back to such an unconscionable height, that it seems like a balcony projecting from some other building, where the spectators do not pay for peeping. All this, no doubt, promotes the circulation of air, and keeps the theatre cool and comfortable. Mr. Arnold's philosophy may be right, but our prejudices are strongly against it. Our notions of a summer theatre are, that it should look *smoking hot*, and feel more like a warm bath than a well. We like to see a summer theatre as crowded as a winter one, so that a breath of air is a luxury. We like to see the well-dressed company in the boxes languidly silent, and to hear the gods noisy, and quarrelling for want of room and breath, the cries of '*throw him over*' becoming more frequent as the weather gets farther into the dog days. We like all this, because we are used to it, and are as obstinately attached to old abuses in matters of amusement as kings' judges, and legislators are in state affairs."

STRAND THEATRE.

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BUILT by Lionel Benjamin Rayner, comedian; Captain Bell, a great man on the turf; and Mr. Gilbraith, known as Mr. Henry, who occupied the Adelphi Theatre as a conjuror during the old Lenten vacations. It was called "Punch's Playhouse" in a joke. When built, it was intended not to take money at the doors, but by the sale of tickets at an office outside. The Lord Chamberlain's permission was for a long time withheld. It was at one time temporarily licensed for the use of Miss Kelly, and the lease was only saved from forfeiture by the exertions of John Reddish, Esq., and others, in ultimately procuring a theatrical license. This was in 1836, when the unweary applications of these gentlemen obtained permission to produce burlettas, the same as appeared at the Olympic and the Adelphi. There are many well-known and popular names associated with this house:—Mrs. Waylett, Mr. Alexander Lee, Mr. Gregory, of *Satirist* notoriety, and Mr. Hammond, who produced such successful burlesques; Messrs. Farren, Compton, Harcourt, James, Thorne, James Rogers, John Clarke, Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Glover, Marie Wilton, Fanny Josephs, Lydia Thompson, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Manders, &c. Mr. Rice, the original "Jim Crow," played here for a considerable time. It has been under the management of the Swanborough family for many years, and is amongst the most favourite houses of the present day.

OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE.

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BUILT on the site of Old Lyon's Inn, from designs by G. F. Fowler, Esq. The house was opened October 29th, 1870, by Mr. Hingston. It is now under the management of Mr. Mortimer.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

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IN 1805, the Royal Circus having been destroyed by fire, Philip Astley leased the site of the Olympic Theatre from Lord Craven for a term of sixty-one years, at a yearly rental of £100, with the stipulation that £2,500 should be expended in the erection of a theatre. He bought the timbers of an old man-of-war, captured from the French, and with these built the framework of the theatre, a portion of which could, it was said, be seen at the rear of the boxes of the old Olympic Theatre before it was destroyed by fire. It was opened in 1806; Elliston's management, 1813; Madame Vestris' ceased, 1839; burnt down, 1849, and opened the same year by Mr. Watts; Farren's management, 1850; A. Wiggin's, 1853 to 1857; Robson and Emden's, 1857 to 1863. Mr. H. Neville is the present manager, and, by his ability and exertion, the Olympic continues to be one of the London popular theatres.

SURREY THEATRE

WAS originally built in 1782, for the display of *equestrianism*, in opposition to *Old Astley*. *Charles Dibdin*, the never-to-be-forgotten *song-writer*, devised the scheme for the new establishment. The ground belonged to *Colonel West*. It was originally opened under the title of the Royal Circus, the performance being entirely by children. It was shortly after closed in consequence of not being licensed. On the 15th March, 1783, the circus was again opened, and soon after a license was granted. Some time afterwards, *Grimaldi*, a Portuguese, the grandfather of the *great clown*, and *Mr. G. A. Stevens*, with his lecture on *Heads*, had a share in the management. It was burnt down in August, 1805. In 1809, *Elliston* had the new theatre, at a rental of £2,200. The theatre was again destroyed by fire in 1865. It is now being most successfully managed by the People's Caterer, the distinguished W. Holland, Esq.

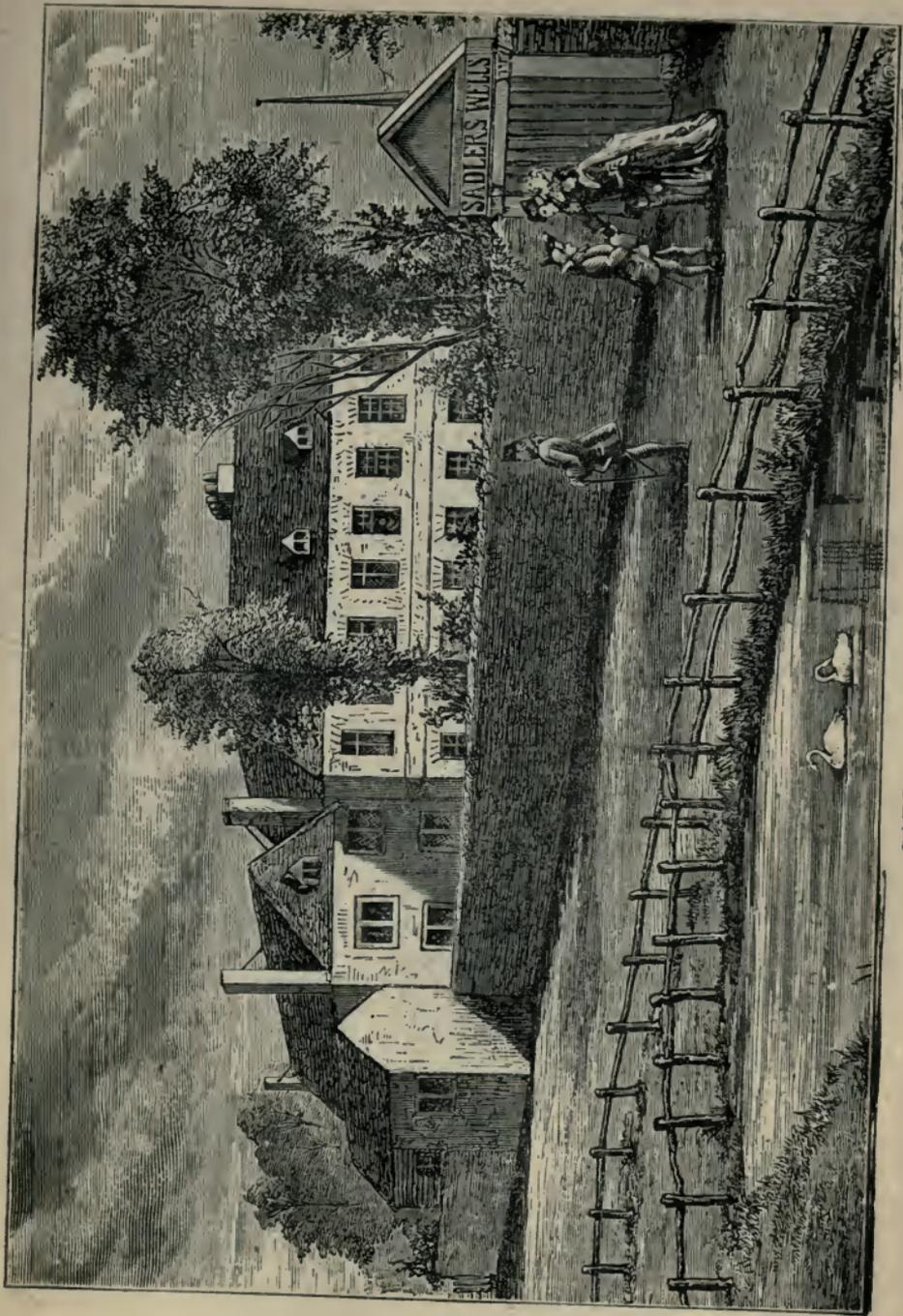
FIRE AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE IN WELLS STREET,
WELLCLOSE SQUARE, AND FALL OF THE
BRUNSWICK.

AFTER the performance of *Richard III.*, on the 11th of April, 1826, while the gas man was doing something to the gas works, he discovered one or two of the set pieces on fire: he immediately aroused a man named Barney, who, with his family, had resided many years in the theatre; but so rapid was the devouring element, that it was with much difficulty they effected their escape into the street. The total loss by this fire was estimated at £20,000. In 1828, a new theatre was built, called the "Brunswick." On the 28th February of the same year, about eleven o'clock in the morning, a singular noise was heard inside, which caused those who heard it to rush to the door, and the next minute the whole mass of iron, forming the roof, fell in with a tremendous crash.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

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NAMED after Mr. Sadler, who built an orchestra to entertain invalids, who used the waters medicinally, 1683. The present theatre was opened in 1765, and is the oldest in London. It is now being used for a skating rink. The following paragraph occurs in the *Weekly Journal* of March 15th, 1718; from which an idea may be formed of the audience of Sadler's Wells about that period; "Sadler's Wells being lately opened, there is likely to be a great resort of strolling damsels, half-pay officers, peripatetic tradesmen, tars, butchers, and others that are musically inclined," who had an opportunity this year of gratifying their curiosity at the Duke of Marlborough's head, by listening to sentences in German, French, and English, pronounced by a *Speaking Dog* in sounds so correctly articulate, as to deceive a person who did not see him, into the belief that the *vox humana* was actually in use at the moment.



SADLER'S WELLS IN 1756.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

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PHILIP ASTLEY was born in 1742, and formed his first ring in a field between Westminster and Blackfriars Roads. Some time afterwards he built a circus near Westminster Bridge, and, in 1780, opened the Amphitheatre. Mr. Frost, in his *Circus Life*,* tells us, that the earliest displayed advertisement of Astley's which he has been able to discover, is as follows, which appeared in 1788:

“ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE.

YOUNG ASTLEY'S

Surprising Equestrian Exercises in the Intervals.

A NEW WAR ENTERTAINMENT,

In which will be introduced a SINGLE COMBAT with the broad
sword, between

YOUNG ASTLEY, AS A BRITISH SAILOR,

AND

MR. J. TAILOR, AS A SAVAGE CHIEF;

AFTER WHICH,

A General Engagement between British Sailors and Savages.

The scenery, machinery, songs, dances, and dresses adapted to the
manners of the different countries.”

THE following is a summarised history of Astley's
Theatre:—

1794.—Destroyed by fire, the proprietor not being insured.

1795.—Rebuilt in time to be opened on Easter Monday.

1803.—Again destroyed by fire, together with forty houses. Mrs.

Astley's mother perished in the flames.

1804.—Reopened.

1825.—Ducrow's management.

1841.—Again destroyed by fire.

1843.—Rebuilt and opened by Mr. Batty.

1855—1860.—Cook's management.

1861.—A man killed by a lion.

1862.—Closed by Boucicault.

1863.—Reopened by Mr. E. T. Smith.

1876.—Under the management of Mr. Sanger.

* Published by Tinsley Brothers, Catherine Street, Strand.

 THE LOVE OF ROYALTY FOR THE STAGE.

IN the spring of 1749, *Cato* was acted (by order of his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales) by the younger branches of the Royal Family:—The king spoke the prologue at Leicester House on the occasion. The conducting of the performance was entirely under the direction of Mr. Quin. His Majesty's father was a great advocate for the stage, and a warm patron of Mr. Quin's; indeed, his attachment was such, that Quin's salary was equal to a thousand pounds his last season, 1750. *Lady Jane Grey* was revived by command of his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, as a second performance by the Royal Family, under the direction of Mr. Quin, at Leicester House.

 ROYAL VISITS TO THE THEATRES.

AT the present day our theatres are frequently honoured by the presence of Royalty, and to their praise it may be spoken that they give little trouble to the management. But visiting the theatre half a century ago was a different affair, when we read of more than £300 being expended to decorate the ante-room and the Royal Box with hangings of satin and festoons of gold lace when the King visited the Opera in 1821. A Royal visit to Covent Garden, in 1823, attracted four thousand two hundred and fifty-five persons.

 JOHN W. ANSON,

So many years acting manager and treasurer of the Royal Adelphi, in the Strand, was returning from the bank one Saturday with the money to pay the salaries, and, crossing the stage, where there were some dozen gentlemen waiting, one of whom shouted out, "Make way for the honourable member for Dundalk," and opened out on each side, leaving Anson to walk up the centre, which he did, hat off, and bowing. Arriving at the top, he turned round, and gravely said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for this unexpected compliment; but you must pardon me if I correct you. I am not the honourable member for Dundalk, for at this moment I represent *Cashall*."





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ADMISSIONS BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE constant admission behind the scenes is nowhere more fully or better explained than by Mr. Garrick in the farce of *Lethe*, acted first at Goodman's Fields, where he makes the "Fine Gentleman" thus express himself:—
Æsop: "How do you spend your evening, sir?" *Fine Gent*: "I dress in the evening, and go generally behind the scenes of both playhouses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue and show myself. I stand upon the stage, talk loud, and stare about, which confounds the actors, and disturbs the audience; upon which, the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to hiss, and cry, 'Off, off!' while I, undaunted, stamp my foot so—loll with my shoulder thus—take snuff with my right hand and smile scornfully—thus. This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with vollies of sucked oranges and half-eaten pippins." *Æsop*: "And you retire?" *Fine Gent*: "Without doubt, if I am sober; for orange will stain silk, and an apple disfigure a feature." Garrick considered it to be a great evil to admit the public on the

stage, and the best means of preventing it was to enlarge the theatre, and thus prevent the beaux (the fast men of the day) from mixing with the performers. The theatres formerly were not large enough on such occasions, as frequently on the benefit of a Woodward, a Mrs. Cibber, a Shuter, and others, was the case; therefore the following advertisement appeared at the bottom of each play-bill on any benefit of consequence:—"Part of the pit will be railed into the boxes; and, for the better accommodation of the ladies, the stage will be formed into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places." When a great house was not sufficiently ascertained (as the performer judged) for the places taken and the tickets sold, at the bottom of the bill was, "*N.B.* Not any building on the stage." What was termed *building* on the stage certainly was the greatest nuisance that ever prevailed over an entertainment for the elegant and general resort of any metropolis. The stage spectators were not content with piling on raised seats, till their heads reached the theatrical cloudings (which seats were closed in with dirty worn-out scenery, to inclose the painted round from the first wing, the main *entrance* being up steps from the middle of the *back scene*), but, when that amphitheatre was filled, there would be a group of ill-dressed lads and persons sitting on the stage in front, three or four rows deep, otherwise, those who sat behind could not have seen, and a riot would have ensued. So in fact a performer on a popular night could not step his foot with safety, lest he either should thereby hurt or offend, or be thrown down amongst scores of idle tipsy apprentices.

THE STAGE A BEAR-GARDEN.

AT one time the bear-garden flourished in our theatres, for whenever the boxes overflowed, persons of distinction were indiscriminately admitted behind the scenes, particularly at Drury Lane. At Covent Garden the same rude custom was prevalent, but not unless on very rare occasions were they so much disturbed with such visitors.

The boxes at that theatre did not so often groan with the overpowering numbers, unless when one of Rich's rare shows were revived; as *Harlequin Sorcerer* in particular, when the following paragraph was inserted at the bottom of the bill:—"As any obstructions in the movements of the machinery will greatly prejudice the performance of the entertainment, it is hoped that no gentlemen will take it amiss being refused admittance behind the scenes."

SECRETS OF THE GREEN-ROOM.

NOTHING can be more striking than to hear a lady, who has just been figuring upon the stage as a coquette, or a romp, explaining to some friend the distress she is labouring under in consequence of the serious illness of her mother or aunt; or to see a gentleman, fresh from the boards, upon which he has been amusing the audience as "Caleb Quotem," or "Jeremy Diddler," with tears in his eyes, and a low comedy-wig on his head, giving an account of the melancholy state of his wife and three children, all dying of scarlatina; but such is too often the case: too often, while the player is tortured with physical pain, or, sinking under moral distress, he is obliged in his vocation to wear the face of mirth, and distort his features into the extremes of grimace. The actress, writhing under the pangs of ingratitude in man, or insult from woman, is similarly driven to strain her lungs to charm the ears of an audience, or exhibit her graceful figure to the best advantage in the animated dance, for the amusement of the half-price company of a one shilling gallery, while her heart is bursting with sorrow. Add to all these inevitable ills, the constant labour of practice and rehearsal, the caprice of the public, the tyranny of managers, the rarity of excellence, the misery of defeat, and the uncertainty of health and capability; and then might one ask, WHO would be an ACTOR, who could be anything else?—HOOK'S "GERVASE SKINNER."

ACTRESSES' MARRIAGES.

A REAL CHANGE OF SCENE.

THE first person among the "gentry" who took a wife from the stage was Martin Folkes, an antiquary, a man of fortune, who, about the year 1713, married Lucretia Bradshaw, a performer of the sprightly heroines of Farquhar and Vanburgh. The author of *The History of the English Stage*, quoted in the work of Mr. John Beard, calls her "one of the greatest and most promising genii of her time," and says that Mr. Folkes made her his wife "for her exemplary and prudent conduct."

Elizabeth Farren, in the year 1797, upon the death of his first countess, was married to Edward, Earl of Derby, father of the present Earl.

In 1807, Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven, by whom she was mother to the present, and, like Miss Farren, disappeared into private life.

In the same year, Miss Searle became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert, and vanished like her predecessors. She was a dancer, but of captivating elegance, with a rare look of ladylike self-possession, which she contrived to preserve without injuring a certain air of enjoyment fitted for the dance.

The Beggar's Opera now put a coronet on the brows of another "Polly." At least, this character was the one which chiefly brought forward the gentler attractions of Mary Catherine Bolton, called also "Polly Bolton," who, in 1813, became the wife of Lord Thurlow, nephew of the first Lord Thurlow, the judge, and, what is more, a true poet, notwithstanding the fantastical things he mixed up with his poetry.

Miss Mellon married first Mr. Coutts, the wealthy banker, and subsequently the Duke of St. Albans.

Mr. Becher, a gentleman of fortune, married the celebrated tragic actress, Miss O'Neil.

Miss Stephens, a favourite vocalist and actress, married the Earl of Essex.

Miss Foote, a distinguished actress in genteel comedy, married the Earl of Harrington.

Mr. Bradshaw, a rich commoner, married Miss Tree, one of the truest representatives of Shakespeare's gentler heroines.

Miss Fanny Kemble married Mr. Butler, a wealthy American gentleman.

Mrs. Nisbett, the popular actress, married Sir William Boothby.

Really the stage, instead of a sorry figure on these occasions, cuts, upon the whole, an excellent one, and, considering its comparative smallness and inferior education, may fairly put its fashionable friend on the defensive.

LOVE OF THE STAGE.

I ONCE accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool. Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but, in a quarter of an hour, her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis; the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous. She walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated. She cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeding anything I could conceive.

REAL ACTING AND LOVE OF THE STAGE TO THE LAST.

GAY wrote his well-known ballad of *Black-eyed Susan* upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love,

and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening; and was told that it was *Hamlet*. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in "Ophelia." The recollection struck her, and, with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which "Ophelia" enters in her insane state; she then pushed on the stage before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of the mimic art could effect; she was in truth "Ophelia" herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and a few days after—

"Like a lily drooping, she hung her head and died."

A PROPER PROMPTER.

JIMMY ANDERSON was a prompter of the good old school—a blunt, rude, blacksmithing sort of fellow, who adhered closely to rules made in the generation before him—and if the theatre had taken fire, he would probably have been found a mass of charred remains beneath his prompt box, like the centurion at the gates of Pompeii. "Scott, ye divil!" he would roar out, in a husky whisper, as the immortal John R. strode across the stage in the toga of "Virginius." "Scott, ye divil! ye're o' the wrong saide intirely. 'Ecilius' comes on at the other." And so he would go on, issuing all sorts of directions as they came into his head, and as often countermanding them, without caring a nickel how great might be the man he spoke to. Scott was growling one morning at the

manner in which Jimmy disconcerted him. "Pooh!" said Booth, who had just commenced an engagement. "He can't disconcert me. Let him try it—that's all!" Booth played an entire week, by the end of which time he had managed to irritate Jimmy, by refusing obedience, without seeming himself at all affected. "I'll fix him," said Jimmy. Booth went on for "Richard." No sooner had he entered, than Jimmy, who knew he was "dead letter perfect," began to prompt, in a voice that was heard all over the house, "Now is the winter—" "Of our discontent," said Booth, going on with it gravely. "Made glorious summer," said Jimmy, a little louder. "By the son of York," added Booth, irascibly. "And all the clouds," said Jimmy, louder still, "Which lowered upon our house," continued Booth, snarling over the words as if they were something in the nature of a quid of tobacco, to be chewed upon. "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," yelled Jimmy. Just at this point Booth's indignation got the better of him, and seeing old Jimmy grinning at him over his spectacles from the prompt box, he suddenly drew his sword, made a dive at Jimmy and disappeared, R.H. 1st. E. A howl was heard, and presently the frightened prompter was seen bounding across the stage four steps at a time in the direction of the stage door, followed by the infuriated tragedian—who, it is said, did not come back that evening.

VALUE OF A TAIL.

A MONKEY-FACED fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "It will not do," says Garrick, "at present; but if you had a tail, no money should part us."

GEORGE AND DAVID GARRICK.

GEORGE, the brother of the celebrated David Garrick, was particularly attentive to him, and, on coming behind the scenes, usually inquired, "Has David *wanted* me?" On its being once asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his distinguished relative, it was answered, "David *wanted* him."

JOHN LISTON.

1776—1846.

THERE is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is) of Liston.—C. LAMB.



JOHN LISTON.

It is a curious fact, that the greater portion of our best comedians made, by their own choice, their dramatic entrée upon tragedy stilts. Among these may be numbered Munden, Lewis, Bannister, Elliston, Jones, Dowton, Bartley, Wrench, and last, but "not least in our dear love," the exquisite Liston.—Mrs. C. MATHEWS.

MACREADY.

OLD MACREADY, when manager of the Bristol Theatre, engaged Charles Atkins as scene painter. Charley liked his glass, and sometimes neglected his duties for its sake. He had not been long in the company before his failing attracted old Mac's attention, who thereupon resolved to discharge him. Going up to him one morning, he said, "I was told you were a *blackguard*, and I'm not *deceived*, Mr. Atkins." "And I was told you were a *gentleman*, and I'm *deceived*. That's all the difference, Mr. Macready."

KEMBLE.

ONE of the Kembles made his first appearance on the stage as an opera singer. His voice was, however, so bad, that at a rehearsal the conductor of the orchestra called out, "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! you are murdering the music!"—"My dear sir," was his quiet rejoinder; "it is far better to murder it outright at once, than to keep on beating it like you do."

DOGBERRY IN THE MAYOR'S ROBES.

A COUNTRY mayor, who had patronised the theatre one night, was so shocked with the disordered state of "Hamlet's" attire in the grave scene, that he called the actor before him and pompously rated him thus: "Would a sober man go before a respectable audience with his shirt-frill hanging about like that, and his stockings down? Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" The tragedian, astonished at the ignorance of his patron, said, "My dear sir, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I only adhere to the author's instructions with respect to the disordered dress, to show——,"—"Who wrote this play?" demanded the mayor. "What!" exclaimed M——y, "don't you know Shakespeare wrote it?" "I can't say that I do," replied the mayor, "but I will take care that he writes no more for this house as long as I have anything to do with it, and so you may tell him."

TIT FOR TAT.

THE following amusing correspondence passed between the acting manager respectively of a distinguished West-end theatre and a distinguished West-end milliner:—
 “Sir,—If you are now issuing any complimentary orders for your theatre, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies and gentlemen of our house? By doing so you may rely upon their being used by fashionable and well-dressed persons. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken by writing to you, and, trusting the suggestion may meet with your approbation, I am, sir, yours obediently, —.” The following answer was forwarded by return of post:—“Sir,—If you are now issuing any complimentary black silk dresses, may I ask you to circulate a few, through me, for the ladies of this theatre? By doing so you may rely upon their being made up fashionably and worn by ladies of good appearance and figure. I hope you will pardon the liberty, and, trusting the suggestion may meet with your approval, I am, sir, yours obediently, —.”

DR. KENRICK.

WHEN Garrick heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give lectures on the beauties of Shakespeare in Mary-le-bone Gardens, “Well,” says he, “let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents—a fall in the garden.”

PLAYING TWO CHARACTERS AT ONE TIME.

A CONCEITED actor boasted of the number of characters that he had played in one evening. “I have seen you play two characters at once,” said a brother actor. “What were they?” inquired the former. “Why, you attempted the character of ‘Caspar,’ and *played the devil with it,*” was the reply.

GOTHIC GREEN-ROOM.

THE Dean of Westminster, on being applied to for a niche in Poet’s Corner for Mrs. Clive, refused the request by saying, “If we do not draw some line in this theatrical ambition to mortuary fame, we shall soon make Westminster Abbey little better than a gothic green-room.”

THE EARLY DAYS OF MR. BUCKSTONE.

AT the anniversary festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in 1855, Mr. Buckstone, the eminent comedian, acted as chairman. After the usual formal toasts had been drunk, and a humorous speech made by Mr. Charles Dickens, the chairman gave the following interesting account of himself:—"Gentlemen, I am enabled truly to depict what performers endure, because I was a country actor, and, amongst other vicissitudes, once walked from Northampton to London—seventy-two miles—on 4½d. I had a companion in the same plight; and on comparing our pecuniary resources, we discovered ourselves masters of the sum of 9d.—4½d. each. As it may interest you, gentlemen, I will describe my costume on that occasion, and how we got to London. My costume consisted of a thread-bare whity blue coat, with tarnished metal buttons, secured to the throat, because I wore underneath what we term a flowered waistcoat, made of glazed chintz, and of a very showy pattern, generally adopted when playing country boys and singing comic songs, which at that time was my vocation. I will not attempt to describe my hat; while my trousers must only be delicately alluded to, as they were made of what was originally white duck, but, as they had been worn about six weeks, and having myself been much in the fields, there was a refreshing tint of a green and clay colour about them, which imparted to that portion of my attire quite an agricultural appearance. I carried a small bundle. I will not describe its entire contents, except that it held a red wig and a pair of russet boots. Under my arm was a port-folio, containing sketches from nature, and some attempts at love poetry; while, on my feet, to perform this distance of seventy-two miles, I wore a pair of dancing pumps, tied up at the heels with pack thread. Thus equipped, I started with my companion from Northampton, and before breakfast we accomplished fifteen miles, when we sat down to rest ourselves under a hedge by the roadside. We felt very much disposed to partake of the meal I have alluded to, but were rather

puzzled how to provide it. Presently a cowboy appeared, driving some lazy zigzag-going cows, and carrying two large tin cans, containing skimmed milk. We purchased the contents of one of the cans for one halfpenny. A cottage was close at hand, where we applied for bread, and procured a very nice, though rather stale, half-quartern home-baked loaf for one penny. The cowboy sat by us on that roadside to wait for his can. The cows seemed to regard us with a sleepy look of mingled pity and indifference, while, with the bottom crust of that loaf, and three pints of skimmed milk, I assure you I enjoyed the roadside breakfast of that summer morning more than I have enjoyed the sumptuous banquet of this evening. On the first day we walked forty miles, in which my pumps, and what they covered, as the Yankees say, 'suffered some.' Our bed for the night was in one of those wayside hostelries called 'a lodging-house for travellers,' for which accommodation we disbursed twopence. Late in the evening of the next day we completed the remaining thirty-two miles, and found ourselves at the 'Mother Red Cap,' at Camden Town, with enough in our pockets to procure half a pint of porter. Thus you see, gentlemen, I have experienced some of the vicissitudes of a country actor." Mr. Buckstone was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his brief biography of his early days.

TYRONE POWER.

1798—1841.

THE walking gentleman of Drury Lane, Bernard, having been lodged in the King's Bench on suspicion of debt, two candidates stood forward for his situation in the theatre; and these were Tyrone Power and a young tragic hero, Hamblin. Although the salary for the position was only £3 per week, and the characters trifling, yet Power was rejected, and Hamblin accepted. This was in 1818. Sixteen years after this, Tyrone commanded at the Haymarket the highest salary ever given to a comedian—£150 per week.—W. DONALDSON.

THE PLAYERS AND THEIR PRACTICAL JOKES.

ONE of Young's chief delights was to abuse Meadows for residing at so great a distance from the theatre. As soon as he caught sight of him, wherever it might be, he would shout, "Meadows, where do you live?" "No. —, Barnsbury Terrace, Islington," was the invariable answer, which as invariably brought down upon the respondent a torrent of whimsical invective such as Young alone could extemporise, and uttered with a volubility and a vehemence as startling as humorous. One day, leisurely riding his well-known white cob up Regent Street, he espied Meadows walking in the same direction, considerably ahead of him. Fearing he might escape him, Young exerted all his magnificent power of voice in putting the usual question, "Meadows! where do you live?" Meadows turned at the sound of his name, and, to the utter discomfiture of his persecutor, bawled in reply, "No. —, Belgrave Square," rapidly disappearing round the corner of Jermyn Street, before a most emphatic impeachment of his veracity rolled like thunder over the heads of the amazed but amused pedestrians from Waterloo Place to Piccadilly. As long as I can remember, the peculiar style of joking of which I have related an example has been popular in the dramatic profession, and, strange to say, some of the most humorous and audacious pranks have been perpetrated by actors who would never have been suspected of such a propensity—such as Egerton, a dull, heavy man in society, and Liston, who was an extremely shy man. Munden never saw me in the street that he did not get astride his great cotton umbrella, and ride up to me like a boy on a stick. Wallack and Tom Cooke would gravely meet, remove with stolid countenances each other's hat, bow ceremoniously, replace it, and pass on without exchanging a word, to the astonishment of the beholders. Meadows continually would seat himself on the kerbstone opposite my house after we became neighbours, in Michael's Grove, Brompton, with his hat in his hand, like a beggar, utterly regardless of passing strangers, and remain in that attitude till I or some of

my family caught sight of him and threw him a half-penny, and threatened him with the police. The peculiarity of these absurdities was, that they were never premeditated, but were the offspring of mere *gaieté de cœur*—prompted by the whim of the moment. Liston had taken his formal farewell of the public after the close of the Olympic in 1837, by a benefit at the Lyceum Theatre. The extreme depression under which that great comic actor occasionally laboured has often been recorded; and there was also, no doubt, a strong romantic and sentimental side to his character; but his love of fun was great, and his humour, on and off the stage, irresistible. Like Young and others, his contemporaries, he delighted, as I have already premised, in practical joking in the public streets. Walking one day through Leicester Square with Mr. Miller, the theatrical bookseller of Bow Street, Liston happened to mention casually that he was going to have tripe for dinner, a dish of which he was particularly fond. Miller, who hated it, said, "Tripe? Beastly stuff! How can you eat it?" This was enough for Liston. He stopped suddenly in the crowded thoroughfare in front of Leicester House, and holding Miller by the arm, exclaimed in a loud voice, "What, sir! So you mean to assert that you don't like tripe?" "Hush!" muttered Miller, "don't talk so loud; people are staring at us." "I ask you, sir," continued Liston, in still louder tones, "do you not like tripe?" "For heaven's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Miller; "you'll have a crowd round us." And naturally people began to stop and wonder what was the matter. This was exactly what Liston wanted, and again he shouted, "Do you mean to say you don't like tripe?" Miller, making a desperate effort, broke from him, and hurried in consternation through Cranbourne Alley, followed by Liston, bawling after him, "There he goes! That's the man who doesn't like tripe!" to the immense amusement of the numerous passengers, many of whom recognised the popular comedian, till the horrified bookseller took to his heels and ran, as if for his life, up Long Acre into Bow Street, pursued to his very doorstep by a pack of young ragamuffins,

who took up the cry, "There he goes!—the man that don't like tripe!"—J. R. PLANCHE'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

HOW "PIZARRO" WAS WRITTEN.

ONLY four acts of this play were written when the night of performance came, and the manager having caught his dramatic author, caged him until he had completed the work. Shut up in a room by himself, with a plate of sandwiches and a couple of claret, Sheridan wrote the fifth act while the other portions of the play were acted. Supposing *Pizarro* had failed to please the audience, the author might have suspended his labour.—"ERA" ALMANACK.

NAT LEE

WROTE his tragedy of *Alexander* while in Bedlam. One night, when he was employed about it by moonlight, a cloud passing along, covered part of the room, so as to make it almost dark, when Lee exclaimed, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" No sooner had he spoken, than the cloud instantly covered the whole face of the moon, so as to make it quite dark; when he exclaimed again, "Ye envious gods, you've snuffed it out!"

ON THE DEATH OF FOOTE.

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took him off who took off all the world.

BEGINNINGS.

DOWTON, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or in a cow-house. I believe it was not so good as a barn;" and Kean played "Sir Giles Overreach" on a billiard-table in a small room at Abergavenny.

WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

RAYNER, having lost his copy of *Broad Grins*, and requiring it at a particular moment, on telling Rede the circumstances, he absented himself for a few minutes, and then returned with a copy. On a blank page, the following impromptu lines were inscribed :—

“ George Coleman, friend, has bid the world adieu,
His *Dan*, his *Thornbury*, yet live in you ;
Pass o'er in silence each licentious line ;
To err is human, to forgive divine.”—LEMAN REDE.

Leman Rede was the author of many plays. Amongst one, we remember *The Rake's Progress*, played an entire season at the little theatre in Grub Street (now Milton Street), at which we have also seen Edmund Kean, Chapman, Manders, Power, John Reeves, Miss Ellen Tree, and a host of the old favourites. Leman Rede was born 1802 ; died 1847.

“ A man without guilt,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For worth he had ever a hand, a smile ;
And for misery ever his purse and tear.”

DION BOUCICAULT.

THE great sympathy and respect shown by the inhabitants of Huntingdon, on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Boucicault's son, who was killed in the Abbots Ripton railway collision, met with the following generous response :—

“ 226, Regent Street, London, Jan. 28, 1876.

“ Dear Sir,—On behalf of the family of my son, who now rests among you, may I ask your kindness to beg the coroner and jury and the inhabitants of Huntingdon to accept our grateful acknowledgments of the tender respect and sympathy exhibited on the occasion of our dear boy's funeral. It is our wish to offer, in his name, some memento of our feelings, in the shape of a public drinking fountain, or any other useful thing ; and we would trespass on your goodness to select whatever you think would be most acceptable.

“ Believe me, I shall never forget all I owe to the people of Huntingdon. May God deal by them as gently and as graciously as they have dealt by me and mine,

“ Your faithful servant,

“ The Mayor of Huntingdon.”

“ DION BOUCICAULT.



—:O:—

MEMS. ABOUT THE PLAYERS FOUND IN
THE GREEN-ROOM.

—:O:—

MR. J. AICKIN.

To be correct—not great—is all his aim :
Respectability is Aickin's fame.

MR. F. AICKIN.

With gen'rous sentiments, or boiling rage,
Our mute attention Aickin can engage.

MRS. ABINGTON.

Mistress of fashion, elegance, and ease ;
The graceful Abington must ever please !

MR. BANKS.

In airy harlequin, lo ! Banks appears ;
With capers and his wooden sword he cheers.

MR. BANNISTER.

Old Bannister supports the martial scene :
Tho' not so bold his notes as they have been.

MR. BANNISTER, JUNR.

When the stage loses Bannister, farce dies,
And Doctor Lenitive must lose his prize.

MR. BARRYMORE.

Improving Barrymore doth well declare,
What man can do by persevering care.

MR. BLAND.

The trifling beau, or gentleman is he ;
But Arionelli is the best we see.

MRS. BLAND.

Humour with archness, harmony with taste,
Are, little Bland, thy qualities at least.

MR. BENSLEY.

Spite of sepulchral notes and rolling eyes,
There is a something, all defects supplies.

MR. BENSON.

Call Benson ! if a great performer's ill ;
All parts on these occasions he can fill.

MRS. BOOTH.

Booth, in the *Children in the Wood*, delights,
When the salt's spilt, or that a ghost affrights.

MR. BURTON.

Burton, his humour spares ; it being such
As gives some entertainment, tho' not much.

MR. BERNARD.

In little "would-be fops," doth Bernard shine ;
Such comedy he wisely makes his line.

MRS. BERNARD.

For what loud plaudits she has oft obtain'd,
We cannot tell ; her merits here restrain'd.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

If there be music, Billington, divine,
Of cherubims and seraphims, 'tis thine.

MR. BOWDEN.

With his deep voice the air would sure be rent,
Did not his nose—his nose stop the ascent.

MR. CAULFIELD.

Now Caulfield plays (a youth but lately known)
His brethren's part much better than his own.

MR. COOKE.

Cooke aids a chorus with his manly throat,
But makes us laugh when dress'd in a red coat.

MRS. CROUCH.

The syren Crouch not only charms the ear,
But, as an actress, calls forth many a tear.

MISS CHAPMAN.

Such heroines as little have to say,
Yet should majestic seem, let Chapman play.

MR. CLAREMONT.

Nought of the stage he knows, except it be,
That this side is P.S.—and that O.P.

MRS. CLENDINING.

Fair harmonist, whose notes, both sweet and full,
Can rouse attraction, and our sorrows lull.

MISS DE CAMP.

In sprightly characters and servant's part,
The juvenile De Camp can much divert.

MR. DIGNUM.

"Dignum is dignum, when he comes to sing,
To speak, indignum—an unworthy thing."

MR. DODD.

In Dodd we see the effects of stealing time,
How gay his fops when they were in their prime.

MR. DAVENPORT.

The Davenports, tho' not of play'rs the first,
Are far from being in old folks the worst.

MR. DAVIES.

How statue-like industrious Davies stands ;
Alas ! he knows not where to put his hands.

MRS. EDWARDS.

Such fair, as show no colouring or skill,
Yet are in modern plays, let Edwards fill.

MISS FARREN.

Such Farren's elegance, her grace, her ease,
That all her various characters must please.

MR. FARLEY.

Little doth Farley, but that little well ;
How great he'll be, a future day must tell.

MR. FAWCETT.

Fawcett's rapidity we must excuse,
With humour rich he's eager to amuse.

MRS. FAWCETT.

To our applause she has but little claim,
To please and ne'er disgust is all her fame.

MRS. GIBBS.

In "wou'd-be ladies," Gibbs can never err,
For affectations then in character.

MRS. GOODALL.

Goodall with Farren we must not compare,
Still can she please—and more—the breeches wear.

MISS GOUGH.

With admirable skill can Gough impart,
That inward rage which tears a jealous heart.

MISS HAGLEY.

When on the stage a female group must pass,
Be Hagley one, she makes a comely lass.

MISS HEARD.

Is she not young—anxious to please correct?
What more of Heard should critics then expect?

MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.

Sir Francis Wronghead—clowns of every sort,
Can Hollingsworth, with decency support.

MRS. HOPKINS.

A useful body, Hopkins—she can fill
Old Waldron's female Boniface with skill.

MR. HAYMES.

Lo! in the honest rustic farmer, Haymes
Is then at home, and our attention claims.

MR. HARLEY.

Tho' harsh his voice, his face of meaning void,
Yet Harley in some parts we must applaud.

MRS. HOLMAN.

“Perfection's not for man”—these words how just :
For Holman, though he pleases, can disgust.

MR. HULL.

To Hull belong—(the veteran of our stage)
The serious characters of hoary age !

MRS. HARLOWE.

Harlowe unsex'd, is comely to the sight,
But as a Dorothy gives more delight.

MR. INCLEDON.

Incledon's notes must every ear engage ;
The best of singers on the English stage.

MRS. JORDAN.

Jordan, the darling of the comic muse,
In ev'ry scene, her merits can diffuse.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

Johnstone puts on the brogue so very well,
No Irishman in London can excel.

MR. KELLY.

Who, Kelly's skill of music can deny,
Seeing that skill doth his defects supply ?

MR. J. P. KEMBLE.

Tho' studied tricks in Kemble oft we see,
Yet in peculiar parts unrivall'd he !

MRS. KEMBLE.

'Tis true, her acting cannot claim applause,
But then 'tis such as censure never draws.

MR. C. KEMBLE.

Young Kemble now to our applause lays claim ;
Some few years hence he may arrive to fame.

MR. KING:

For his dry humour who could King excel ?
Who personate Lord Ogleby so well ?

MR. KNIGHT.

T' approve of Knight, we must, what can't be yet,
Droll Parsons, and droll Edwin, too—forget !

MRS. KNIGHT.

Herself, sure Farren's sister doth not know,
Or vulgar airs she'd not attempt to show.

MRS. E. KEMBLE.

Artless simplicity and humour chaste,
Prove Kemble's happy and superior taste.

MISS LEAK.

Provincial are her accents when she speaks,
But when she sings, what voice more sweet than Leak's ?

MR. LEWIS.

Aye, Lewis, shake your head, still thou't the same,
A Ranger always, tho' with Belcour's name !

MRS. LEWIS.

Such is the modesty of Lewis fair,
She wills her husband all the fame shou'd bear.

MRS. LEE.

If female humour you desire to see,
Behold in Moggy the vivacious Lee.

MR. MADDIX.

The name of Maddox we may often read,
But on the stage, himself we never heed.

MR. MOODY.

Is it beneath thee, Moody, now to please,
Or dost thou think that negligence is Ease?

MR. MACREADY:

Tho' than Macready there are many better,
Who, pray, like him, so perfect to a letter?

MISS MANSEL.

Mansel in Holcroft's play display'd such art,
She sure excell'd the author in her part.

MRS. MARTYR.

Lo Martyr comes, and with her winning smiles,
And manners arch, the critic she beguiles.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Mattocks in comedy that's low and broad,
Or Andrew's epilogues, we must applaud.

MR. MIDDLETON.

Middleton's scenes of tenderness and love,
We must in justice to his voice approve.

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Tho' great she's not, yet Mountain's pretty face
Entitles her to hold a middle place.

MR. MUNDEN.

Munden of comic merit is possess ;
And what is more—his characters are drest.

MR. PACKER.

Packer let's reverence in the hoary sage ;
A faithful representative of age.

MR. PALMER.

To Palmer we this compliment must pay :
He's the best smiling villain of the day.

MR. R. PALMER.

In foppish footmen, and in upstart fops ;
R. Palmer many actors overtops.

MR. PALMER, JUNR.

The junior Palmer as a lad appears,
Whose powers promise to increase with years.

MR. PHILLIMORE.

When Hasting's seiz'd, let Phillimore be near
To guard his Lordship, Drury's Grenadier.

MRS. POWELL.

When Powell vents her rage, we must admire
Her tragic tones, accompanied with fire.

MISS PRIDEAUX.

So far is Prideaux from theatric fame
That few e'en recollects the lady's name.

MR. POPE.

In Pope Melpomene would sure take pride,
Did but his face with sorrow coincide.

MRS. POPE.

Pope's general powers we must all allow,
Tho' she was once—what, ah ! she is not now.

MISS POPE.

In Pope the sprightly widow is pourtray'd ;
The maid who 'tends, or antiquated maid.

MR. QUICK.

Tho' dull the bard, yet dulness quits the place,
When little Isaac shows his comic face.

MR. RUSSEL.

All the stage requisites doth Russel need,
But confidence—and that he has indeed.

MR. RICHARDSON.

Richardson's useful in a chorus throng,
Nay, even solos—he can sing a song.

MR. SEDGWICK.

When Sedgwick sings, with pleasure we attend,
When he concludes, his praise therewith must end

MRS. SIDDONS.

Lo ! Siddons vers'd in the theatric art—
The look of horror, and the sudden start !

SIGNORA STORAGEE.

Storagee's playful humour gives delight ;
But then she is Storagee every night.

MR. SUETT.

Suett a pleasant Dickey Gossip makes ;
'Tis endless mirth in all he undertakes.

MRS. SERRES.

How few like Serres in their first essay
Could give such sweetness to the poet's lay?

MISS TIDSWELL.

Such Tidswell's modesty that she's content ;
Even most immodest parts to represent.

MR. THOMPSON.

Thompson pass on, like Thompson were there none,
For mutes, attendants, guards, what should be done ?

MR. TOMS.

Toms may as friend the hero's tale demand,
'Till the bard's tale the audience understand.

MR. TOWNSEND.

In singing characters of low degree,
Townsend we may with satisfaction see.

MRS. WARD.

Ward ne'er offends, tho' e'er so oft she speak,
Her manners must excuse a voice that's weak.

MR. WATHEN.

When Wathen Edwin apes—our loss we mourn,
When from himself he plays—our smiles return.

MR. WEWITZER.

Tho' there be humour in Wewitzer's face,
Nature is never wounded by grimace.

MR. WHITFIELD.

Whitfield, of talents moderate possess,
Enters and makes his exit with the rest.

MR. WROUGHTON.

How great is Wroughton's merit when, in spite
Of voice and countenance, he can delight.

MISS WALLIS.

Tho' Wallis's ambition high may soar,
She is a pleasing actress, and no more.

MR. WALDRON.

Tho' Waldron strove his best, the struggle's vain,
A smile of approbation to obtain.

MR. WALDRON, JUNR.

If junior Waldron keep within his sphere,
He may, without disgusting, oft appear.

ELEANOR GWYNNE.

"The orange basket her fair arm did suit,
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit ;
This first step raised, to the wond'ring pit she sold
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,
And from the pit she mounted to the stage ;
There in full lustre did her glories shine,
And long eclips'd spread forth their light divine :
There Hart and Rowley's soul she did ensnare,
And made a king a rival to a player."—ROCHESTER.

JAMES QUIN.

"In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment sink the man,
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface played.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in—
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin."—CHURCHILL.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

“By turns transformed into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes.”—

ROGERS' "TABLE TALK."

BENJAMIN CHARLES INCLEDON.

“The tuneful favourite of your youthful days,
Rear'd by your smiles, and nurtur'd by your praise ;
Whom you proclaimed from competition free,
Unrivalled in his native minstrelsy.”—DOWTON.

EDWARD SHUTER.

“Shuter, who never cared a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense or put in ;
Who aim'd at wit, though levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark.”—CHURCHILL.

MADAME CELESTE.

Much might be said in tributary praise,
Could just encomiums dwell in poet's lays ;
But, no ! a higher laurel far she wears,
And gains the great reward of tributary tears.

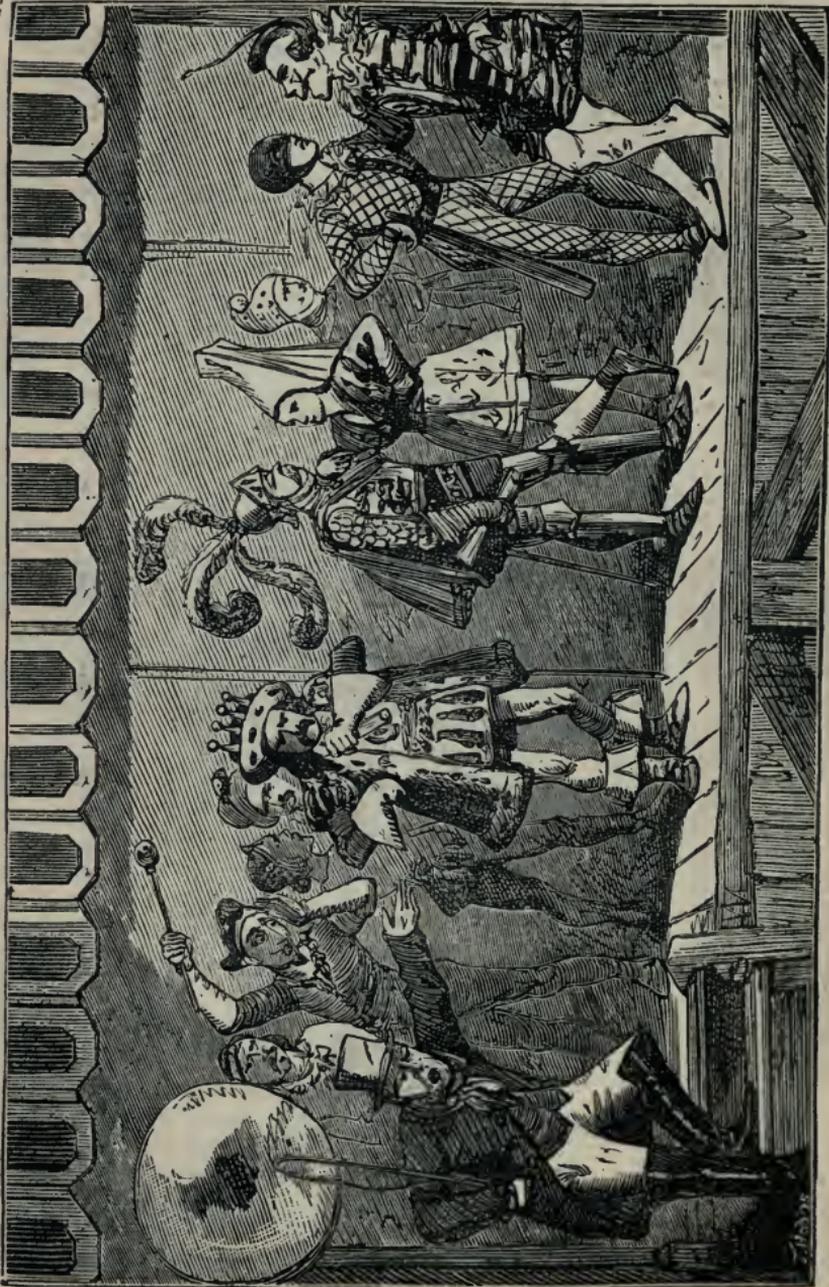
MISS LOVE.

Love is lovely, in each feature,
Formed for *love* at first by Nature,
Lovely Love all praise excel,
Love alone her fame can tell.



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

Died a lingering death, in 1855, after having been in existence seven hundred and fifty years.

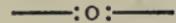


"This way, this way, for the players, the players ! Be in time !—just goin' to begin the grand tragical, farcical and musical entertainment ! Threepence only to the entire performance ! If you will only take the trouble to walk up, you'll be delighted to come down !"

OLD PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.



THIS fair seems to have been first established in the reign of Henry I., who granted a charter conveying certain immunities to the Priory, wherein "free peace is granted" by that monarch to all persons frequenting the fair of St. Bartholomew.* To this mart originally resorted clothiers and drapers, not merely of England, but all countries, who there exposed their goods for sale. The street on the north side of the church is still called Cloth Fair. The charter of Bartholomew Fair was granted by Henry II. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it ceased to be a cloth fair, for, in 1641, the fair had become solely a place of pleasure and amusement. In the reign of Charles II., the fair became a London carnival of the grossest kind. It lasted fourteen days, the theatres being closed during the time, in order that the players might be engaged to amuse all classes, high and low, at the fair. The celebrated Mrs. Pritchard appeared here in 1733. Nobility, and even royalty, patronised this fair; and, during the reign of George I., the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured it with their presence. Sir Robert Walpole was a frequent visitor. In consequence of the rioting and disorderly proceedings, the time for the fair was limited

* Monastery of St. Bartholomew, founded in the reign of Henry I., by Rahese, about 1100. On its dissolution, the hospital of this name, in London, was founded, 1539, and was incorporated, 1546. Rebuilt by public subscription, 1729.

to three days in 1708. The largest booth that was ever erected was in the year 1715, for the king's players. A ballad opera concert was produced here in 1730, on *The Adventures of Jack Sheppard*. The following is from the *Daily Post*, August 30th, 1732:—"Yesterday, the Prince and Princesses went to the Bartholomew Fair, and saw Mr. Fielding's celebrated Droll, called the *Earl of Essex and the Forced Physician*, and were so pleased as to stay to see it over again." In 1734, Mr. Fielding, the novelist, was manager of the celebrated booth in the yard of the "George" Inn, West Smithfield. In 1736, it was Fielding and Hippisley's booth; it was afterwards in the possession of Fielding and Oates, for we find the following lines written, in 1741, entitled:—

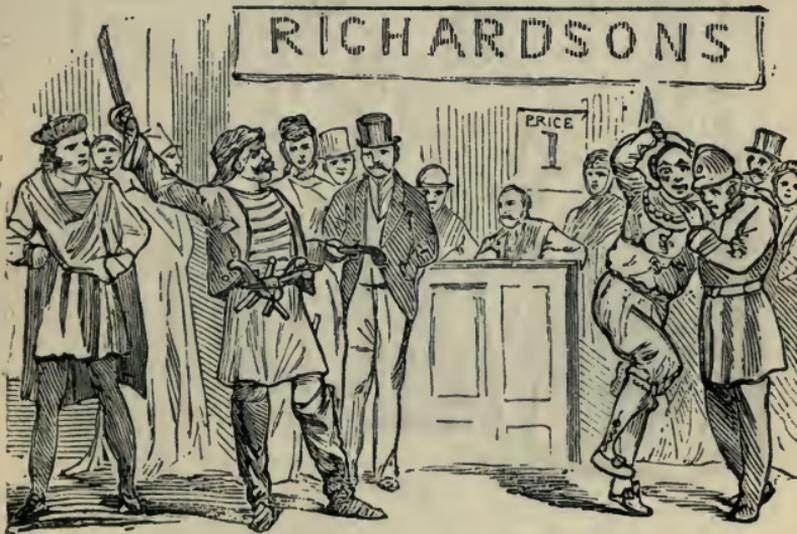
A TRIP TO BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

I would ramble
 The fair all around;
 I'd eat and I'd drink
 Of the best could be found.
 There's *Fielding* and *Oates*,
 There's *Hippisley* and *Hall*,
 There's *Bullock* and *Lee*,
 And the devil and all.

The great theatrical booths at Smithfield, at one time, were, in fact, playhouses, at which nearly all the best actors of the day appeared. In 1769, seventy officers were appointed to keep the peace and prevent gambling; in 1776, the Lord Mayor refused to have any booths erected. The last royal visit took place in 1778, when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester rode through the fair. After this time, the fair got on better, for Daniels, in his *Merrie England in the Olden Time*, tells us that, in 1828, the receipts amounted to:—

| | | | | |
|----------------------|--------|---------------------|-------------------------|---|
| Wombwell's Menagerie | | £1,700 | } Sixpence Admission. | |
| Akin's Menagerie | | £1,000 | | |
| Richardson's Show | | £1,200 | | |
| Morgan's Menagerie | | £150 | } Threepence Admission. | |
| Ball's Show | £80 | Corder's Head | £100 | } One Half-penny to Twopence Admission. |
| Ballord's Show | £89 | Chinese Juggler | £50 | |
| Keye's Show | £20 | Fat Boy and Girl | £140 | |
| Fraser's Show | £26 | Salamander | £30 | |
| Pike's Show | £40 | Diorama of Navarino | £60 | |
| Pig Faced Lady | £150 | Scotch Giant | £20 | |

Not many years after this, the fair was considered on its last legs. Richardson, Wombwell, and others, did not clear their expenses, in consequence of the Corporation increasing every year the rent for the shows and stalls, with a view of doing away with the fair altogether. This had the desired effect in that direction, for, in 1850, when the Lord Mayor went to proclaim the fair, he merely read the proclamation at the gate; and five years afterwards, even this form was dispensed with, and Bartholomew Fair was proclaimed for the last time in 1855; and the only vestige left of the fair that existed for seven hundred and fifty years is the payment of 3s. 6d., paid by the City to the rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, for a proclamation being read in his parish.

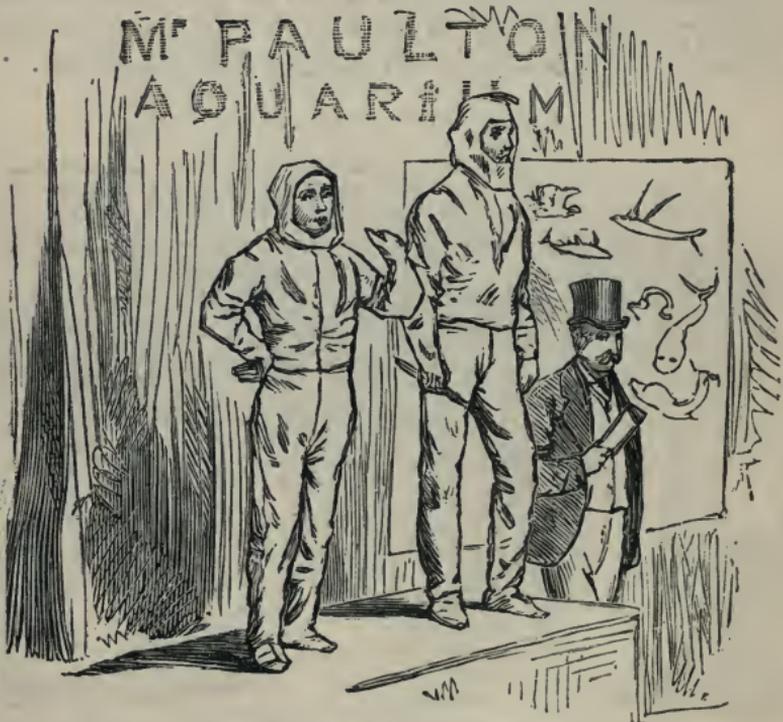


RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

HERE, in the course of a quarter of an hour, a melodrama, with ghost, terrific combat, and several murders, a comic song, hornpipe, and pantomime were all got through to admiring and crowded houses.

RICHARDSON'S show was the grandest in the fair. The platform was lined with green baize, festooned with crimson curtains, and lighted with two thousand lamps. The band of beefeaters, together with his great theatrical company, made it the most popular in the fair. After Mr. Richardson's death, Messrs. Johnson and Nelson Lee became the proprietors of the celebrated travelling theatre, which was destroyed by fire at Dartford, 1845.

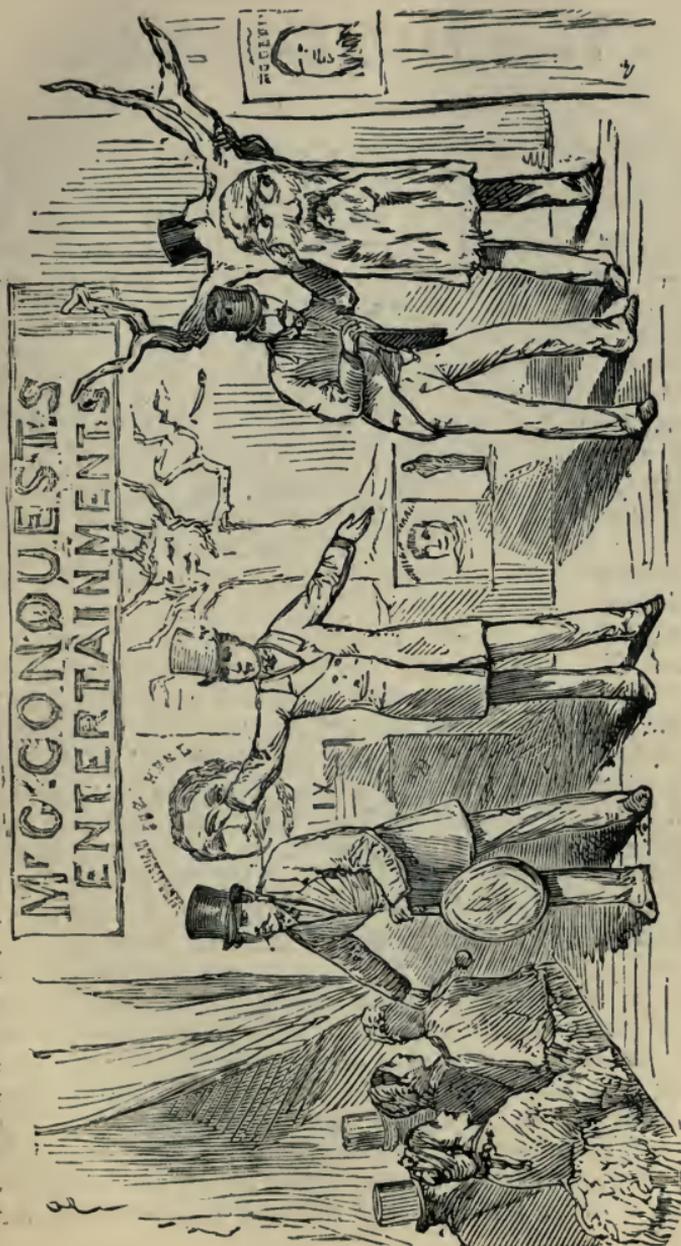
MR. PAULTON'S exhibition at the Dramatic College Fête, held at the Alexandra Palace, 1875.



What they said at Bartholomew Fair.

"VALK up, valk up, ladies and *gemmens*, here's the most vonderful birds, fishes, vild *beastes* and *beastesses* that ever vos seen in the world, or any where else alive; and just arrived from *Bengal*, in the *Vest Indies*, now to be seen alive, alive."

Mr. CONQUEST'S Bartholomew Fair Entertainment at the Dramatic College Fête, held at the Alexandra Palace, 1875.



What they said at Bartholomew Fair.

" Show 'em up, show 'em up; now's you time, ladies and gentlemen, for to see this 'ere extraordinary man that never was seen before, won't be seen again, and never will be seen at all if you do not see him now."

VAUXHALL GARDENS,

—: o:—

ONCE the glory of London, a pleasant place for old folks to think of bygone days and scenes. They dream of its hundred-fold associations, as Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley's *voyage* to the gardens; Old Jonathan Tyers, and all the paintings in the pavilions, by Hayman and Hogarth; and the singers, too, viz., Braham, Bland, Incledon, Robinson, Binge, Sinclair, Glindon, W. H. Williams, Buckingham, J. W. Sharp, Paul Bedford, and a host of others; Ducrow, with his stud of horses; Green, with his balloon; thousands of lamps, with their matchless reflection; long rows of boxes, containing groups of lively gallantry, all remind us of the mirth and enjoyment that went on here from dewy eve till morn. Vauxhall Gardens took its name from the manor of Surrey, properly Fulkeshall, and so called from Fulke de Breuté, the celebrated mercenary follower of King John. The premises were the property of Jane Vaux in 1615, and the mansion house was then called Stockden's, from whom it passed through several hands. The gardens were formed about 1661, and originally called the "New Spring Gardens," to distinguish them from the Old Spring Gardens at Charing Cross. Spring Gardens, at Vauxhall, is mentioned in the *Spectator* as a place of great resort in 1711. The name of "Spring Gardens" was continued till 1785, when the place was first called "Vauxhall Gardens." In 1665, Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of the property, and, two years after, built a large room, which he furnished in a sumptuous manner, and constructed in his garden some beautiful fountains; but it is probable that he did not possess any part of the gardens, though one of the late proprietors stated that the dwelling-house was built by Sir Samuel Morland. Mr. Bray, the historian, considers this to have been the place to which King Charles used to come with his ladies, and suggests that the room built by Sir Samuel, was intended for

his and their entertainment. The house was large, and from the back kitchen of it a lead pump was removed in 1794, bearing the mark, "S M., 1694." The room above mentioned was supposed to have stood where the orchestra did, as, in repairing it some years afterwards, old walls were discovered. A lease was granted by Elizabeth Masters to Jonathan Tyers, and it became his property (Haydn says, in 1752), who opened the gardens with an entertainment, at which the Prince of Wales was present, two-thirds of the company appearing in masks, dominoes, or lawyers' gowns. Four hundred persons paid one guinea each for admission. These entertainments were several times repeated in the course of the summer, and numbers resorted to participate in them; this patronage encouraged the proprietor to make his garden a place of musical entertainment. When first opened, the amusements consisted only of those afforded by the wine, and the rural beauties of the promenade. The idea of introducing music induced the proprietor to make handsome offers to first-rate vocalists; but so strange did the proposal of singing in the open air appear to them, that it was a considerable time before they could be prevailed upon to venture. The trial, however, was successfully made: the gardens were decorated with paintings, an orchestra was erected, alcoves were formed for the company, a band of excellent musicians was engaged, and silver tickets for admission were issued at one guinea each. An organ was afterwards placed in the orchestra; a statue of Handel, in the character of "Orpheus," was erected, and the gardens were lighted by about one thousand, five hundred lamps. Jonathan Tyers gave Hogarth a gold ticket of perpetual admission for six persons. It was last used in 1836, and afterwards sold to Frederick Gye, Esq., for £20. Mr. Tyers died in 1767; and so great was the delight he took in the place, during his lifetime, that he caused himself to be carried into the gardens a few hours before his death, to take a final look of them. The younger son conducted Vauxhall until his death, in 1792, when his daughter married Mr. Bryant Barrett, an eminent wax chandler, who undertook the

management. He died in 1809, and devised the estate to his two sons, George Rogers Barrett, Esq., and the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett, D.D., the former of whom carried on the entertainments for many years. In 1821, the Messrs. Barrett disposed of the property to T. Bish, F. Gye, and R. Hughes, Esquires, for upwards of £30,000. The price of admission was one shilling up to the summer of 1792, when, additional and more expensive decorations having been made, it was raised to two shillings, and subsequently to three shillings and sixpence, and four shillings. The walks were originally open; but, some years after, coverings were placed over a few of them to guard against a sudden shower. The pavilion was considerably enlarged. In 1812, the rotunda was thoroughly repaired, and highly decorated, the interior being made to represent an Indian garden-room. The greatest season of Vauxhall was in 1823, when one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and seventy-nine persons visited the gardens, and the receipts amounted to £29,590. The greatest number of persons in one night was August 2nd, 1833, when twenty thousand, one hundred and thirty-seven persons paid for admission. Vauxhall was sold by public auction, September 9th, 1841, for £20,200. The *supposed last* night was September 5th, 1839; but the last performance took place July 25th, 1859. It was afterwards sold and used for building purposes. The well-known Mr. E. T. Smith, who has done so much for the amusement of the public, was amongst the last lessees of the Gardens. Mr. Wardell, we believe to have been the last. Cremorne and North Woolwich Gardens are the nearest approach we have in the present day to the long-favoured Vauxhall. Before the days of cabs and penny steamboats, the Thames watermen, in their scarlet coats and badges, used to gaily "feather their oars with skill and dexterity" to Vauxhall Gardens.

MR. C. H. SIMPSON'S BENEFIT.

THE following announcement was made, for the benefit of the well-known and popular manager (of the Royal Property as it was termed), the illustrious and immortal—



C. H. SIMPSON.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY.

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.

MR. SIMPSON'S BENEFIT

Will take place on Monday, the 21st of July, 1834.

To the Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Visitors, that so kindly Vouchsafed to Honor My Benefit, Last Year, with their Distinguished Patronage and Presence, some of whom, having Kindly Condescended to wish, (even Royalty itself,) both last Year, and this Season, that I should take another Benefit; but being fearful of being thought too Obtrusive upon your Condescending Generosity to My Humble Person; However, Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished,

and Respectable Ladies and Gentlemen, as I am now fully convinced that it will not be thought Otrusive, I, with all due submission, again take the very great liberty (which I humbly hope you will pardon,) of most respectfully informing you, that in Compliance with your Commands, the Worthy Proprietors, in their Kind Generosity to me, have granted me this Season, another Benefit, on Monday, 21st July, 1834.

And as My Humble Address of last Year, received such Unqualified approbation, of all the Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable, Classes of Great Britain; and, also all the Illustrious, Distinguished, and Respectable Classes, and Inhabitants of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Augsburg, Hamburgh, Rome, and other Cities on the Continent, too numerous for me now to mention. His Holiness the Pope of Rome, also took Very great Interest in My Benefit, Last Year, and Three Noble English Lords told me of it in the Gardens, as they had Just Come from Rome, His Holiness wished them to explain to him what situation mine was, as Master of the Ceremonies, to be Capable of Writing, as he Called it, Such an Eloquent Address, and as that Address is but a mere Humble Statement of Facts, drawn up (without any assistance whatever) from the Genuine feelings of My Heart, to those whom I have the High Honor of Addressing,—and as that Address has been so Kindly Received by the Whole World, and as that Statement of Facts Contained the whole, and as I have nothing more to state, it would be presumption in me to alter any part of it, but by the Introduction of the Paragraph to the House of Lords, and House of Commons, and which Paragraph last Year I omitted, fearful of My Address, being thought too long, and too otrusive upon your Invaluable Time; However, Most Illustrious, Noble, Distinguished, and Respectable Ladies, and Gentlemen, as I am now fully convinced that it will not be thought otrusive, I now, with all due submission, take the liberty, that that Paragraph, which I intended last Year to the House of Lords, and House of Commons, is in the Address of this Year, inserted in the exact same terms as I drew it up Last Year.

To the Most Illustrious Princes, and Princesses of the British Empire—To Their Excellencies, the Most Noble and Puissant Princes, and other Illustrious Ambassadors of the Foreign States now residing in London, and their Truly Noble and Accomplished Ladies,—To the Most Noble and distinguished Nobility of the United Kingdom, and their truly Noble and Accomplished Ladies,—and also to all the other Respectable Classes of Distinguished Visitors that so Kindly Honor and Grace the Royal Gardens every Season with their distinguished presence, and their Amiable and Lovely Ladies.

To all those most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Visitors of the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, their truly Humble and Devoted Servant, C. H. Simpson, Master of the Ceremonies of these Gardens, for 37 years—most dutifully, and most respectfully, begs to inform all the Illustrious, Noble, and all the other Respectable Classes, that Visit the Royal Gardens, that for my humble Services, for so long a Period, in the truly Honorable service of the Public, the very Kind Generosity of the Worthy Proprietors of these Gardens, has been pleased to permit (on my own sole account) an unprecedented occurrence, that never in the whole annals of the Gardens took place at the Royal Gardens before, namely a Benefit,—I therefore with all due and Humble Submission, and filled with the most dutiful and sincere expressions of Heartfelt Attachment, presume, with all becoming Awe, to approach, such Illustrious and Distinguished Personages, and with every sense of the Most Profound Humility, Confidently relying on the Paternal disposition of the Generous Public to an Old Servant, at one of the First Places of Public Amusement, in the First City in the Empire, this Celebrated ancient Temple of Loyalty, where the Most Lovely British and Foreign Beauties Congregate under the same Roof, to enjoy the pleasure of each others Company, and where I have had the high Honor of receiving his late Majesty, George the 4th, when Prince of Wales, and Royalty, Rank, Fashion, and Elegance to the present moment, and am now in the 64th Year of my Age.

To that Wise Ornament of the British Empire, the British Parliament:—To the Noble Lords Spiritual and Temporal, My Lords, may I beseech your Lordships accompanied with the Lord Chancellor will be Graciously pleased to Honor my Benefit with your Distinguished Patronage, and Presence.

To the Honorable the House of Commons, My Lords and Honorable Gentlemen, I most humbly Beseech that accompanied by your Honorable Speaker, you will be Graciously pleased to Honor My Benefit with your Noble and Honorable Patronage and Presence.

I also very dutifully beg to make known to the Distinguished Visitors, that neither pains nor expense shall be spared in putting the whole of the Gardens into a

state of Unequalled Splendor, including an Immense Figure of Myself, 45 feet high, in Colored Lamps, representing my usual Costume, and fitting up every part in order to render the night worthy of their Illustrious Patronage, and every device worthy of such a distinguished occasion.

All these reasons will, I earnestly hope, induce all the Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Visitors to be Graciously pleased to Condescend to Patronize my earnest prayer for your distinguished Support on the night of My Benefit, as I do assure you most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Ladies and Gentlemen, it will truly gladden the heart, for the remainder of his days, of your most Submissive, Humble, and devotedly faithful Servant, at your Command, in the 64th year of his Age, and shall never, while I live, cease to testify my Gratitude for the same.

I have the Honor to Remain,

Most Illustrious, Noble, and Distinguished Personages,

With every Sense of the most Profound Respect,

Your very Grateful, and Devoted, Humble Servant,

C. H. SIMPSON, in the 64th Year of My Age,

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL,

And Master of the Ceremonies 37 Years.

JULY, 1834.

Tickets at the usual price of Admission (4s. each) may be had of Mr. SIMPSON, 31, Holywell Street, Millbank; Mr. FIELD, 2, Strand; Mr. UNDERWOOD, Haymarket; Mr. SAMS, St. James's Street; Mr. CHAPPEL, Royal Exchange; 23, Ludgate Hill; 141, Fleet Street; and at the Gardens.

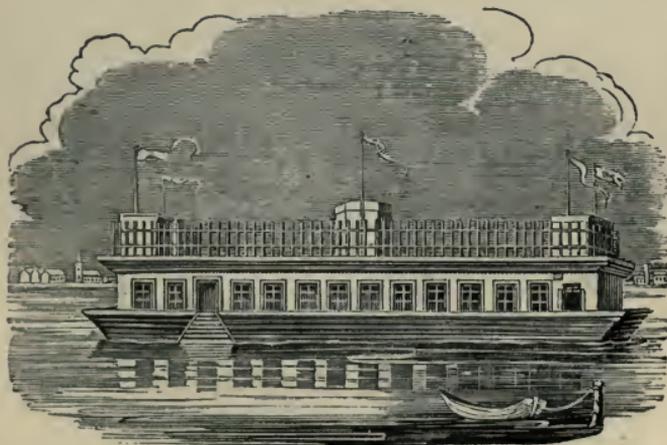
FULL PARTICULARS OF THE GALA WILL BE DULY ANNOUNCED.

In this address I also feel it my bounden duty to return my most Grateful thanks to that Classical Ornament of the present day, the Enlightened and Eminent Gentlemen of the British Press; for the Very distinguished mention which they have been pleased to make of My Humble Person, and the manner in which they so handsomely came forward, regardless of Politics, to give me their Enlightened and Generous support last Year, which Benefit is a thing Unparalleled in History.

Also to the Gentlemen of the Foreign Journals for the Very handsome, and Magnificent manner in which they spoke of My Address, and My Humble Person, in the Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Augsburg, and Hamburg Journals.

The Public's Devoted Servant,

C. H. SIMPSON.



THE "FOLLY" ON THE THAMES

Was a midnight resort for pleasure-seekers. It was a

large floating house of entertainment, moored in the centre of the river, immediately opposite Old Somerset House, constructed in the latter part of the reign of Charles I. ; and thither the Merry Monarch would repair with his courtiers and frolic dames. Thither, also, Queen Mary, the Consort of William III., went on the occasion of a grand musical entertainment. The "Folly" resembled a large one-storey house, built upon an immense barge. It was approached from the water by steps on three sides, was lighted by a range of large and handsome windows, and contained a music hall, with a dancing platform above, turret boxes for drinking and smoking, an orchestra, and a dancing saloon.

THE PARIS GARDENS,

AT Bankside, were erected for the better accommodation of the lovers of the rude amusement of "bull and bear baiting," which was a favourite sport for many centuries. Thirteen bears, and a large number of dogs, were provided for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575. The royal establishment had its "master of the bears." The royal ladies were entertained with a grand baiting of bulls and bears; distinguished visitors, at court, after a sumptuous dinner, were especially entertained with the same sport with English dogs, the tossing of which, accompanied with breaking their necks, was their chief enjoyment. In *Stowe's Chronicle* (March, 1603—4), mention is made of an exhibition before King James in the Tower. The following is an advertisement of Alleyn's (the founder of Dulwich College), who was sent for to bring his dogs from the bear garden to bait a lion in his den:—

"To-morrow, being Thursdaie, shal be seen at the Bear Garden, on the Bankside, a greate match, plaid by the gamesters of Essex, who hath challenged all comers whatsoever to place dogges at the single beares for 5 pounds; and also to wearie a bull dead at the stakes; and for your better content, shall have pleasant sport with the horse and ape, and whipping of the blind beare."

Southwark, at one time, was a place of great sporting

notoriety, for in the *Humorous Lovers*, printed 1617, one of the characters says:—"I'll set up my bills, that the gamesters of London, Horsly Down, *Southwark*, and *Newmarket*, may come in and bait him (the bear) here before the ladies." The first we read of bear-baiting in England* was in the reign of King John, at *Ashby-de-la-Zouch*, where "thyss straynge passtyme was introduced by some Italyans for his Highness's amusement, wherewith he and his Court were highly delighted." An accident at the *Paris Gardens*, in 1583, afforded the puritans an opportunity of declaring the popular sport to be under the ban of heaven. It was not till the beginning of the present century that the higher classes of society discontinued their patronage of this once-fashionable amusement; for, in 1802, we find a bill was introduced into the House of Commons for the suppression of the practice altogether; but it was not till 1835 that "bull and bear baiting" was finally put down by Act of Parliament; and, accordingly, after an existence of seven centuries, this cruel and disgraceful practice ceased to rank among the amusements of the English people.

CUPER'S GARDENS

WERE near *Waterloo Bridge Road*. They received their name from *Boydell Cuper*, the Earl of *Arundel's* gardener, who rented them about the year 1636. The entertainment consisted of fireworks, illuminations, and music. The site of these gardens was subsequently occupied by spacious premises for the manufacture of English wines, erected by *Mark Beaufoy*. On the building of *Waterloo Bridge*, the manufactory was removed to *South Lambeth*.

MARY-LA-BONNE GARDENS.

LYSONS says, "Some dukes at *Maybone* bowl time away." It was a very noted place in the reign of *Queen Anne*; *Gay* makes it the scene of *Macheath's* debauches.

* In the Roman Amphitheatres, the people assembled to see the combats of gladiators, of wild beasts, and other exhibitions. The amphitheatre of *Vespasian* was capable of holding eighty-seven thousand persons. Built between A.D. 75 and 80.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

At Mulberry Gardens, situated at the upper end of St. James' Street, the company were regaled with cheese cakes and syllabubs. Ranelagh Gardens were opened in the year 1740; its principal attraction was a splendid rotunda. Islington Spa Gardens were in full favour with the public about 1733, and in past times it was a rural walk to White Conduit House. The Dog and Duck Gardens stood on the site of Bethlehem Hospital. Mr. Keyse opened the Spa Gardens for tea drinking about 1770.



MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORK EXHIBITION, FLEET STREET.

MRS. SALMON delighted the sight-seeing public of the days of Queen Anne with her Waxwork, one hundred and forty figures as large as life, all made by herself; she also sold all sorts of moulds and glass eyes.

 SPRING GARDENS

WERE situated where the Kennington Road turns off towards the Oval. The earliest notice of these gardens is by Evelyn, in his *Diary* (2nd July, 1661), who says, "I went to see the New Spring Gardens, at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation." Monconys speaks of them as being much frequented in 1663. Pepys, in his *Diary* (27th July, 1668), mentions a visit made by him, his wife Deb, and Mercer, to Spring Gardens, where they "eat and walked."

 BAGNIGGE WELLS GARDENS,

A NOTED place for tea-drinking. In the prologue of Colman's comedy, *Bon Ton*, 1776, a vulgar city madman thus defines the phrase:—

"*Bone Tones*, the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horse chair on Sunday.
'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons
At Bagnigge Wells with china and gilt spoons."

Miss Edgeworth alludes to it in one of her tales as a place of vulgar resort; and a writer of 1780, says:—

"The cits to Bagnigge Wells repair,
To swallow dust and call it air."

 SPORTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM the various advertisements published in the old newspapers by the numerous owners of cockpits, it appears that the cruel sport of cock-fighting afforded great amusement, at one time, to a very large portion of the public; for we find that many of them enjoyed a considerable amount of patronage from all classes, amongst which we may mention, The Royal Cockpit,* Birdcage Walk, St. James's; also others in St. Giles's, Gray's Inn Lane, Pickled Egg Walk, a very popular one at the New Vauxhall Gardens, in St. George's-in-the-East, and one at the "White Horse," Old Gravel Lane, near where Hughes' first theatre stood.

* This Royal Cockpit afforded Hogarth characters for one of his worst of subjects, though best of pictures.



MRS. STIRLING.

Mrs. Stirling's Speech, at the Twentieth Festival of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Sick Fund Association, held at Willis's Rooms, March 1st, 1876. Andrew Halliday, Esq., in the Chair.

MRS. STIRLING, who was very warmly received, said:—"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen—There was once, nay, I am very happy to say there has been twice in London, a man, an American, called Jefferson. I do not mean the Jefferson who was President of the United States, but *the* Jefferson. (Hear, hear.) He is better known to us, perhaps, by what I was going to call his real name, that of 'Rip Van Winkle.' If not exactly President of the United States, he deserved to be, although, and indeed, judging from his experience of the united state in the singular, I do not know that he would be very much inclined to try another version of it in the plural. But suppose this illustrious 'Rip' had attended this dinner, say, twenty years ago, and had been driven from this room by the too loud tongue of his thrifty wife, because he would insist upon giving too much money for this fund—for it was exactly what this delightful dog was sure to do—and, failing the Catskill Mountains, he had wandered, say, into St. James's Park, and there, after a carouse with the ghost of Hendrick Hudson, had slept a sleep of twenty years, from which he had been awakened by some Bobby—(laughter)—and ordered to 'move on,' like Poor Jo! Oh, what a number of changes must have met his eye ere his return to his repentant wife! Shall we move on a little with him? First to 'Father Thames,' whom he left in a very dirty state, and in a very frowsy bed; but now he finds him splendidly tucked in between a pair of magnificent embankments. 'Rip' has wandered to Westminster, where he remembers a squalid fringe of tumbledown hovels and mud banks rises a stately hospital staring the still more stately Houses of Parliament in the face. The poor patients from the galleries of the one comfortably contemplate the wealthier patients on the terrace of the other—(laughter)—and really, when one thinks, one hardly knows which phase of suffering is the more deserving of our sympathy, that of the unhappy subjects of St. Thomas's surgery, or of the eloquence of St. Stephen's. (Great laughter.) But, by-the-bye, St. Stephen? That was the original Stephen; he was the first martyr—he is now taking it out. (Renewed laughter.) Before he reached the river, how many changes would 'Rip' have seen in the Park itself, to say nothing of the delightfully hard seats and the sweetly slippery asphalt, and the shrubs so carefully labelled in the most unintelligible manner. In Buckingham Palace, to be sure, he would not have found any

marked improvement; but the dingy old mansion of the great Marlborough he would find less enlivened by the new red bricks and the white freestone than by the presence of a lovely and beloved Princess—(cheers)—herself the central flower of a sweet cluster of princely buds and blossoms. (Cheers.) He would have seen these at their best, for he would have found them all on the look-out for papa, who is coming home with a tiger under each arm, and an elephant in his pocket, and a very large bale of pigskins of his own princely sticking. (Laughter.) Then, as from the Park he was still moved on by the assiduous Bobby, he would go along Pall Mall, how many new and palatial club-houses would meet his astonished eye! And, as he neared the Strand, what a forest of new statues would the poor man have to 'ax' his way through! Yet, for all his axing, I don't suppose he would ever find out who they were meant for—(laughter)—or guess why they were so fearfully and wonderfully made, or rather dressed. George III., with his cocked hat and pigtail, the American signboards of his youth might, perhaps, have made him familiar with; but poor George IV. on horseback, in his shirt!—(laughter)—with never a shoe, to say nothing about a spur, to his foot. Nelson's Column—well, that was begun before he went to sleep, but it has now become more respectable; there it is finished, the admiral mastheaded on the top, and Landseer's lions at the foot, not only all there and in their places, but with their necks and backs worn smooth by the rough riding they have had in vindication of their indefeasible British right of public meeting. (Great laughter.) And, talking of lions, thereby hangs a tale. How he must have missed that poor old Northumberland House lion, sent, if not to Jericho, to Sion—(laughter)—and, like little Bo Peep's sheep, carrying his tail behind him. Oh, that ancient tail, which looked so like a poker, poking either patriotism, at the House of Commons, or fun at the West-end, I am not sure which. And then, as he moved along the Strand, he might come quite unexpectedly on a bright and blooming flower-garden, Leicester Square, transformed from a barren wilderness, and strangely enough by a Baron Grant. Once in the Strand, what a host of new theatres, at all sorts of levels, except the high level, and with what is now called an auditorium, but which used to be called the front when I was a girl (that is a long while ago), 'upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber,' two out of three of them doing, I am told, an immense legitimate business, and, ten to one, with an Othello in full blast inside the building. Failing the legitimate, or the legitimate failing, he would have his choice of stages devoted to the illegitimate drama, with all the charms of Offenbachian melody, and as much legs as can be covered—I should say uncovered—by the Lord Chamberlain's license. (Laughter.) Then, if such a sound could pierce through the roar of the Strand from the realms of Gaiety, mingled with the ring of laughter, he might hear what the Poet Laureate has called 'the murmur of innumerable bees,' spelling bees, producing, if not honey, a sort of sweetstuff that managers like a great deal better—money. And yet another surprise for our ancient friend. Dutchman though he is, and so personally familiar with skating in winter weather on honest ice and steel runner skates, what must be his astonishment to find skating in full swing, without either winter, or ice, or steel runners to skate upon? Yes! the rink, I'm thinking, would have set him winking; though, both as a sportsman and a kind-hearted fellow, he would scarce have believed his eyes when he saw the poor little dicky birds in the ladies' rink hats. But no! That was a sight he might have seen the other day; but let us hope that he is not awake yet, and that when he does wake all the birds will have taken their flight from the ladies' hats for ever. (Cheers.) There is one thing in which 'Rip' would have found no change. If he had left me here at Willis's Rooms, returning thanks for the ladies, and pleading the cause of this fund, when he wandered forth into the wilds of St. James's, he would have found me still here after his twenty years' sleep—(hear, hear)—still at this table like the daughter of the horse leech, uttering my annual cry of 'Give, give'—a cry that I must continue to utter, monotonous and melancholy as it may be, so long as our profession is what it is, so pre-eminently a precarious one, divided, too often, alas! between prosperity, fame, and public favour, and poverty, failure, and bitter disappointment, with the sadder concomitants or consequences, of destitution, sickness, and death—death whose hand is sometimes hailed as that of a friend, so heavy have been the hands that have fallen ere his draws the curtain at last. It is useless to sadden myself or you with this oft-told tale of need. You know well how real and widespread the need is, and without more words of mine you will give to its relief to-night as you have always given—liberally. (Cheers.) You have drunk my health as the mouthpiece of my sister artistes, for which I thank you. As I began with 'Rip,' I will end with 'Rip': 'So here's your gut helt, unt your family's, unt may you all live long and prosper.' (Applause.)

MUSIC.

THE human voice, whether redolent of joy, or overflowing with grief, or touched with gentle sadness, is full of it. We hear it in every burst of sympathy, in every voice of love. And every created thing feels and rejoices in its influences. Harken to the strain of our glorious English poet, one of the myriad amongst the "mighty dead," whose souls were filled with harmony:—

“From ‘beauties’ lips, melodious song can move
 The soul to rapture, and the heart to love.
 Each finer sense, with virtue that abounds,
 Claims sympathy with music’s sweetest sounds.
 It fires the soldier with heroic flame,
 To fight in battle for his country’s fame ;
 Raises the drooping heart, dispels its fear,
 Plucks out a dread, and plants a courage there.
 Instils new life within the fainting breast,
 And soothes the anxious mind to gentle rest.
 Lulls infancy to calm and gentle sleep,
 Chases the tear when the wee thing would weep.
 Dresses its little face with pleasing wiles—
 Charmed, by an unknown power, into smiles.
 It calms the sailor’s rough untutored mind ;
 He hears low murmuring songs upon the wind ;
 Lingerin’ o’er waves, they melt in plaintive dole,
 That moans to music in the sailor’s soul.
 Thus on his watch, or lashed upon the mast,
 He lists a song upon the wild sea blast,
 That calls old faces up and thoughts of home,
 Cheering his heart to brave the midnight storm ;
 The bashful ploughboy whistles in his walk,
 And birds sing sweetly in melodious talk ;
 The air is filled with music’s busy hum,
 From bees with honey, chanting as they roam
 To well-stocked hives, to guard ’gainst winter’s frost,
 And mates sing out to welcome them to rest.
 The cuckoo’s note proclaiming early spring,
 When nightingales for summer days do sing ;

The modest chirrup of the pretty robin,
 Contrasts the pewits' tuneful mournful sobbing,
 The gayer chuckling of the blackbird's throat,
 The caw of crows, the partridge's busy note—
 All music is, where sunny glades abound,
 Where nature's prettier, when we list her sounds.
 The lark in whistling trills the whole day long,
 And flutters gaily with a merry song;—
 He hears the echoes float upon the air,
 And soars aloft to chant his praises there.
 The rippling streams play music as they flow
 In sparkling silver—summer's sunny glow,
 The gentle gale that murmurs through the trees,
 Whispers its song in every passing breeze
 That fills each leaf, and strikes the tendrils round
 In soft vibration, dying out in sound.
 The distant low of cattle. Tinkling bell—
 From timid sheep that crop the flowery dell;
 The bashful bleat, the cry of modest fear,
 The hoarse rebuke of watchful sheep dog near;
 Join in one undulating wave of sound—
 A sea of harmony that floats around.”

We know that no nation has yet been discovered that had not *some* knowledge of music, rude though it might be, or for whom the soothing melody of the simple air, or the rich and powerful harmony of some striking chorus had no charms.

HANDEL AND HIS ORATORIO.

IN the *Daily Journal*, April 19th, 1732, the following advertisement appears:—

“By His Majesty's Command.—At the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on Thursday, the 2nd of May, will be performed the sacred story of *Esther*, an oratorio in English, formerly composed by Mr. Handel, and now revised by him, with several additions, and to be performed by a great number of voices and instruments. N.B.—There will be no acting on the stage, but the house will be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience. The music to be disposed after the manner of the Coronation Service. Tickets to be delivered at the same price.”

“Acting on the stage” had long been customary in the Italian performances of oratorios, which preserved in this respect the characteristics of the old miracle plays.

NOT A BAD IDEA.

A MEMBER of the company of players at Callenbach's theatre, in Berlin, was to have a benefit night, and the question was, how to get together a good audience. Accordingly, some days before the memorable evening, there appeared in all the Berlin papers an advertisement to the following effect:—"A gentleman, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of 15,000 thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business, and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualification is no object. Apply to——." Hundreds upon hundreds of letters poured in, in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit-day, each person who had sent a reply received the following note:—"The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Callenbach's theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in box No. 1." Of course, the theatre was crammed. All the best paying places in the house were filled in the evening with a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the Royal Opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of box No. 1, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece, when she should appear in company with her uncle; but uncles are proverbially "wicked old men," and, in the present case, neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they might.

THE FIRST BALLOON.

A BALLOON was despatched from St. George's Fields on the 12th of March, 1784, "in the presence," says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "of a greater number of spectators than were, perhaps, ever assembled together on any occasion;" and he adds that many of the spectators will have reason to remember it; for a more ample harvest for the pickpockets never was presented. Some

noblemen and gentlemen lost their watches, and many their purses. The balloon launched about half-past one in the afternoon and was found at Faversham. This ascent took place within two months after that of the Montgolfiere balloon at Lyons, and was, therefore, probably the first ever attempted in this country.

AN OLD LONDON THEATRICAL ALPHABET.

A was Archer, who played his own "Ghost;"
 B was a Baker, as stiff as a post;
 C was a Conway, 'tis known he can rant well;
 D was a Dowton, oh, rare Dr. Cantwell!
 E was an Egerton, clever in "Clytus;"
 F was a Fawcett, long may he delight us;
 G was a Gattie, so glorious in Tonson;
 H was Miss Henry, I think she'll get on soon;
 I was an Isaacs, great in bluff Artabanes;
 J was a Jones, still as brisk as champagne is;
 K was a Kemble, a Winstone as busy as;
 L was a Liston; oh, what a droll phiz he has!
 M was a Mathews, show his equal who can;
 N was poor Naldi, killed by a stewpan;
 O was O'Neil, whose rise was so speedy;
 P was a Power, who mimicked Macready;
 Q was a Quin,* once at Drury a dancer;
 R was J. Russell, I hope he may answer;
 S was a Stephens, may she yet draw a high lot;
 T was a Terry, superb in the "Pilot;"
 U was an Usher, not a clown you'll more odd see;
 V was a Vestris, once Miss Bartylozzi;
 W was a Ward, whom we see with delight;
 X was his mark, though no doubt he can write;
 Y was a Young, whom 'tis said they engage dear;
 Z was Zuchelli, who'll soon be the rage here.

FANNY B——.

HOW TO GET A GOOD SEAT.

MESSRS SMITHS.—Everybody knows that *Smith* is a very common name, but hardly anybody would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer

* Quin was the married name of Miss Tree, the columbine at Drury Lane.

and cruel way as a "gentleman" did once at one of the theatres. Entering the pit at half-price, and finding every seat occupied, he balled out, "*Mr. Smith's House is on Fire!*" In an instant, upwards of twenty *Mr. Smiths* rushed out of the pit, and the wicked wag, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of the vacated seats.

A CROWDED HOUSE.

A mighty jumble stuck together,
 Thick as pease in summer weather;
 Formed in motley groups they sit,
 In boxes, gallery, and pit.

Ladies fine enough to tempt ye;
 Dashing wigs and heads quite empty;
 Runners, bailiffs, all in trade;
 Bond Street beaux of both afraid.

Hangmen, publicans, and footmen;
 Rogues who nightly rob and shoot men;
 Noble, single, all conditions;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians.

Scots beneath a threadbare cover;
 Aldermen who live in clover;
 Females, red, fair, brown, and black,
 With naked arms and shorten'd back.

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,—
 Some that won't—and more that will,
 Many a bargain, if you strike it—
 A London audience—how d'ye like it?

THEATRICALS IN AMERICA.

THE fortunate American ladies who attended at the "Park Theatre," New York, the hundredth performance of *The Mighty Dollar*, by the Florences, were presented with a *satin programme and a silver medal* as a testimonial to their appreciative faculties. In England this would look like a ruse to obtain patrons for a piece failing in interest, but the contemporaries of the Denin Troupe, whose tribute to Susan Denin deserves a record, must be acquitted of any such design. The resolution to

which we refer runs—"Whereas. It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst our highly esteemed and respected friend, Susan Denin Morris, we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the bereaved husband and relatives, recognising that in her they have lost a true wife, an affectionate mother, and a devoted friend, and the profession one of its brightest ornaments. Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect, and to show our appreciation of her talents, as an artiste, and of her social qualities as a friend and sister, we bow submissive to the will of our Supreme Maker (!!!)"

THE FOUNDER OF THE
ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE,

(Under the patronage of the Queen).

Foundation Stone laid by the late Prince Consort. Opened by the Prince of Wales in 1866.

No flinching now ; Anson was not the man,
Without a stubborn fight, to quit the field,
Excelsior ! Persistence was his shield
When Sympathy displayed her magic wand,
Philanthropy came tripping o'er the field ;
From merchant princes, e'en to SPIERS and POND,
Till high-souled ROYALTY set seal upon the bond.

All hail to Anson ! the staunch pioneer,
And FOUNDER of the noble TUDOR pile !
His early dream of life from year to year,
Time hath fulfilled with an approving smile ;
THALIA and MELPOMENE, the while,
Smiling and weeping, consecrate the plan,
Evergreen WEBSTER of the "valued file,"
The nonpareil, assisting like a man,
To render permanent what FAITH and HOPE began.

Extracted from John Wade Clinton's Poem of "Mabury."

EARLY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE DRAMA.

RICHARD BURBAGE.

1566—1619.

“ He was the admir’d example of the age,
 And so observ’d all your dramatic laws,
 And never went off the stage but with applause,
 Who his spectators and his auditors
 Led in such silent chains of eyes and ears,
 As none, whilst he on the stage his part did play,
 Had power to speak or look another way.”—FLECKNOE.

It has been said that Burbage, who was the original “Richard III.,” Lowin, the first “Hamlet,” and “Henry VIII.,” and Kempe, who was inimitable in the clown’s parts, as much surpassed the school of Hart, Lacy, and Mohun as that school surpassed that of Betherton. To judge from what has been written of him, Richard Burbage was the greatest actor the English stage has ever known, except Garrick.—W. CLARK RUSSELL.

THE DRAMA IN THE DAYS OF BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CROKER speaks of the *Clandestine Marriage* at Drury Lane with Miss Pope’s “Mrs. Heidelberg,” King’s “Lord Ogleby,” and Wewitzer’s “Canton.” Those that have enjoyed such a dramatic treat as the performance of that brilliant comedy, with such a cast, may be able to give an idea of how plays were acted in the days of Brinsley Sheridan.

THE DRAMA IN ITS BEST DAYS.

IN the good old days of the legitimate drama, the “Comic Old Woman” was a particular person in the theatre. London could boast of two great actresses in Miss Pope and Mrs. Mattocks. Those celebrated women were succeeded by Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Sparks, and the *beau ideal* of an actress, Mrs. Glover.

OLD PLAYERS.

—:o:—

THE earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff. The precise season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when the "Queen's players" (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her "Interlude players," retained under that name by her father and grandfather), received 9s. out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 1s. In 1573, just before the grant of the royal license to them, the Earl of Leicester's players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, received 6s. 8d.; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17s. and 5s. 7d. respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the sums disbursed at various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses; but we may notice that in 1577 the players of the Earls of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronised by one of the female nobility (a very unusual circumstance), the Countess of Essex. "Lord Strange's men" (at this date not players, but tumblers) also exhibited in the same year; and in 1580 the Earl of Derby's players were duly rewarded. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earls of Worcester and Berkeley in 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester's actors having been in the town. In 1583 the Earl of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Chandois, performed in Stratford, while, in the next year, three companies appear to have visited the borough. In 1586 "the players" (without mentioning what company) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded; viz., the Queen's players, and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with "another company," the nobleman countenancing them not being named.

GARRICK.



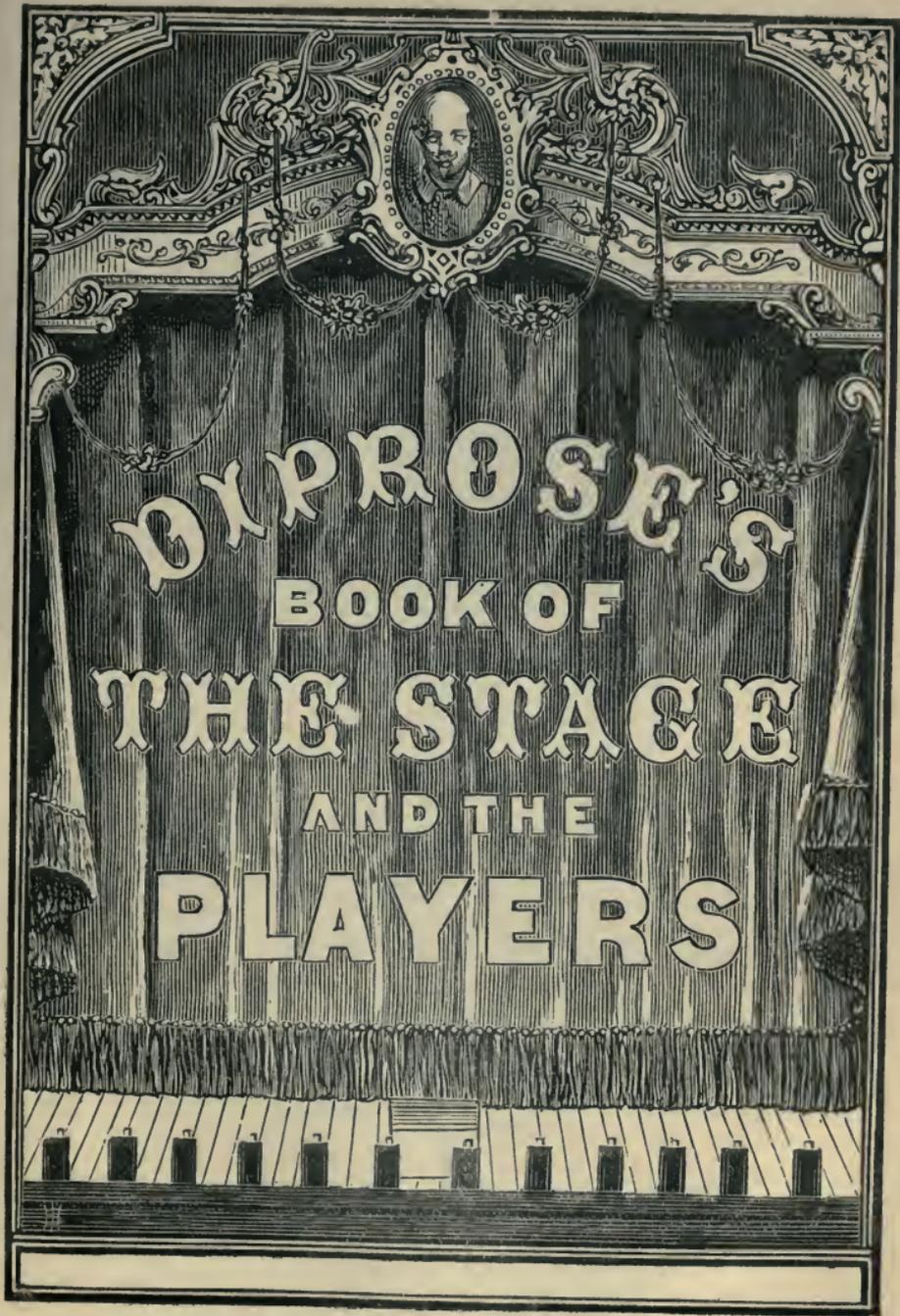
MACKLIN.



BETTERTON.

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE PLAYERS.



PART THE SECOND.

PART II.

THE PLAYERS.



MRS. GOODALL

In "The Constant Couple," from a Drawing by De Wilde, 1792.



MISS FARREN

In "The Gamester," from a Sketch by De Wilde, 1792.



MRS. MATYR

In "The Recruiting Officer," from a Drawing by De Wilde, 1792.



MRS. BILLINGTON

In "Love in a Village," from a Drawing by Westall, 1790.



MRS. ABINGTON

In "The Way to Keep Him," from an old Engraving, 1792.



MISS STORAGE

In "Comus," from a Drawing by Corbould, 1791.

THE PLAYERS

“A poor player,
Who frets and struts his life upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.”—*Shakespeare.*

HOW TO PLAY.



ARRICK showed the world how the drama might be played, and so far paved the way for a future representation of the stage.

THE PLAYER IN PRIVATE LIFE.

THE player leaves his home, and forgets every domestic exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time, likewise, not spent on the stage, is passed in preparation for the night; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our player like swan-shot from an elephant. If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones and quiver in the marrow. The player knows everything, yet has learned nothing; he has played at ducks and drakes over every

rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into anything beyond a play book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture a scrap of Latin, be sure there is amongst his luggage a dictionary of quotations; if he speak of history—why he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him, the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves; there is nothing worthy of a moment's devotion one hundred yards from the green-room.

ACTORS IN PETTICOATS.

AMONG those who are remarkable for their apparent effeminacy was Stephen Hammerton, who is said to have been "a most noted and beautiful woman actor," and who played at Blackfriars in the age immediately succeeding Shakespeare. Two men of the names of Hart and Clun, who had been bred up to the stage, also played womens' characters; Hart played "The Duchess" in *The Cardinal*, and one Burt also distinguished himself as "Clarina," in *Love's Cruelty*. Alexander Goffe, the jackall of the poor players, during the suppression, was also a woman actor. These male representatives of the softer sex occasioned some inconvenience. A ludicrous anecdote is related that occurred when Charles II. visited the theatre. The performance not commencing at the usual time, "the merry monarch, scandalous and poor," sent to know the reason of the delay, when the manager came forward and begged the indulgence of his majesty for a few minutes, as "the queen was not yet shaved." We hear of Kynaston (before 1700), the last beautiful youth who figured in petticoats on the stage, having been carried about in his theatrical dress by ladies of fashion in their carriages.

WOMAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

It is conjectured that the first appearance of an actress on the English stage, to the scandal of the Puritans, and with many apologies for the "indecorum" of giving up the performances of female characters by boys, took place in the theatre in Vere Street, on Saturday, Decem-

ber 8th, 1660. The part first performed was certainly that of "Desdemona;" a very fit one to introduce the claims of the sex. Mr. Malone has given us the prologue written for this occasion by Thomas Jordan; which, as it shows the "sensation" that was made, sets us in a lively manner in the situation of the spectators, and gives a curious account of some of the male actors of gentle womanhood, we shall here repeat. It is entitled, "A Prologue to introduce the first Woman that came to act on the Stage, in the Tragedy called the *Moor of Venice* :—

“ I came, unknown to any of the rest,
 To tell the news; I saw the lady drest :
 The woman plays to-day; mistake me not,
 No man in gown, or page in petticoat ;
 A woman to my knowledge, yet I can't,
 If I should die, make affidavit on't.
 Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
 You will be censuring : do it fairly, though ;
 'Tis possible a virtuous woman may
 Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play ;
 Play on the stage—where all eyes are upon her :
 Shall we count that a crime France counts an honour ?
 In other kingdoms husbands safely trust 'em ;
 The difference lies only in the custom.
 And let it be our custom, I advise ;
 I'm sure this custom's better than th' excise,
 And may procure *us* custom : hearts of flint
 Will melt in passion when a woman's in't.
 But, gentlemen, you that as judges sit
 In the Star-chambers of the house—the pit,
 Have modest thoughts of her ; pray do not run
 To give her visits when the play is done,
 With “ *damn me, your most humble servant, lady ;*”
 She knows these things as well as you, it may be ;
 Not a bit there, dear gallants, she doth know
 Her own deserts—and your temptations too.
 But to the point :—in this reforming age
 We have intents to civilise the stage.
 Our women are defective, and so sized,
 You'd think they were some of the guard disguised ;
 For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
 Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen ;
 With bone so large, and nerve so in-compliant,
 When you call “ *Desdemona,*” enter giant.
 We shall purge everything that is unclean,
 Lascivious, scurrilous, impious, or obscene ;

And when we've put all things in this fair way,
Barebones himself may come to see a play."

In Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, we read that "Mrs. Coleman was the first actress on the stage; she performed the part 'Ianthe,' in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656.—Victor." Also, that the "Queen of James I. had previously performed in a piece at Court."

AN ACTRESS IN BREECHES.

ON Peg Woffington's first appearance in England, she had the following lines addressed to her on her playing "Sylvia" in the *Recruiting Officer* :—

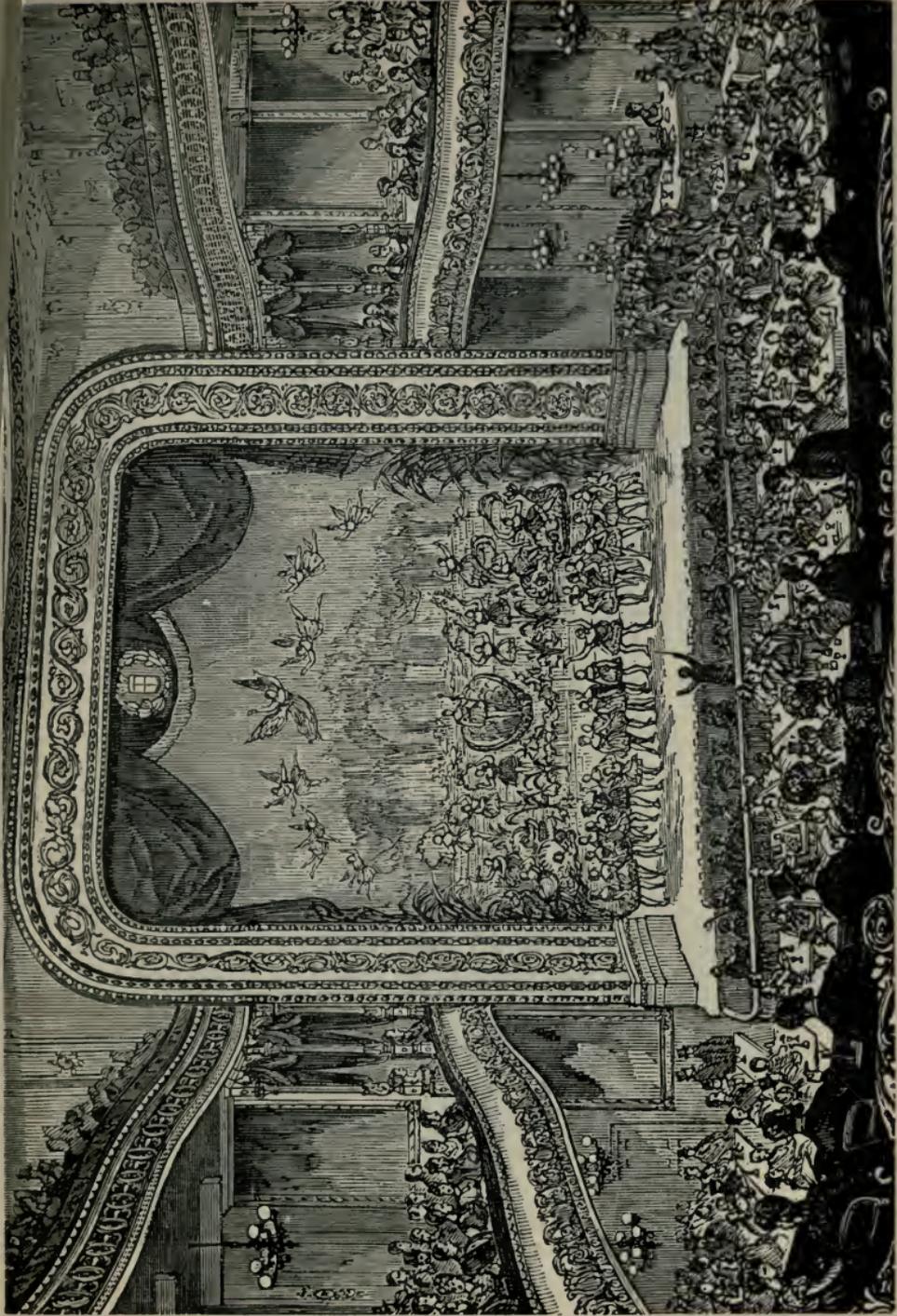
"When first in petticoats you trod the stage,
Our sex with love you fired—your own with rage;
In breeches next so well you played the cheat,
The pretty fellow and the rake complete;
Each sex were then with different passions moved,
The men grew envious, and the women loved!"

THE PLAY AND THE PLAYER.

TARLTON, who produced, in 1590, a play called *The Three Lords and the Three Ladies of London*, took upon himself the defence of his brother players, and published a tract, in which he says, "Myself, once a player, I now speak in soberness. Everything has in itself its virtue and its vice. From one self flower, the bee and spider suck honey and poison. In plays, it fares as in books; vice cannot be reprov'd except it be discovered. Neither is it any play discovered, but there follows in the same an example of the punishment. Now, he that at a play will be delighted at the one, and not warned in the other, is like him that reads in a book the description of sin, and will not look over the leaf for the reward."

THE PLAYERS.

"THEY are the *abstract*, and brief chronicles of the time."—HAMLET.



THE MODERN STAGE.—(See page 9 for Stage in the Olden Time.)

THE PLAYERS BY NAME.

T he Drama called his friends around
 H is couch, where he in suffering lay ;
 E xpect no more from me, he said ;
 P ast is my active labouring day ;
 L ook on my wasted form. What noise !
 A beauteous boy appeared in view.
 Y ou shall not die, old friend, he said ;
 E mployment yet you'll long pursue ;
 R ouse up, I'll heal your drooping frame,
 S ince I "THE PLAYERS" am by name.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ACTRESSES.

Helen Faucit is ideal,
 Mrs. Stirling is most real ;
 Isabella Glyn is strong,
 Mrs. Kean is seldom wrong.
 Graceful, fair Miss Vandenhoff,
 Charlotte Cushman somewhat gruff.
 Mrs. Keeley, always clever,
 Wee Miss Saunders, live for ever !
 Edith Heraud, poet's daughter,
 Amy Sedgwick—Nature taught her.
 Genius smiled on Fanny Kemble,
 Shall we genius' faults dissemble ?
 Rare the genius, rare and great,
 When will such rise again, O Fate ?

CHARACTERISTICS OF ACTORS.

Samuel Phelps is good and ready,
 Old John Cooper always steady ;
 Mr. Kean, an artiste—Dutch !—
 Anderson is never such.
 Robson, clever, shrewd, and fine,
 Wigan in French parts doth shine ;
 Webster is so good—and yet
 Walter Lacy betters it.
 Charles Mathews, rattling, free,
 Don, Sir William, six feet three ;
 Many good and hardly great,
 But, in a transition state,
 We must take what we can get,
 And past greatness must forget.—*ETA.*



CHARLES MATHEWS AS THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND IN "MARRIED FOR MONEY."

THE VOKES FAMILY.

THE wondrous elasticity of Mr. Fred Vokes' limbs has quite astonished London. He and his accomplished sisters, with the dapper Fawdon Vokes, have won a very wide circle of staunch admirers in America as well as in England.

BLONDIN.

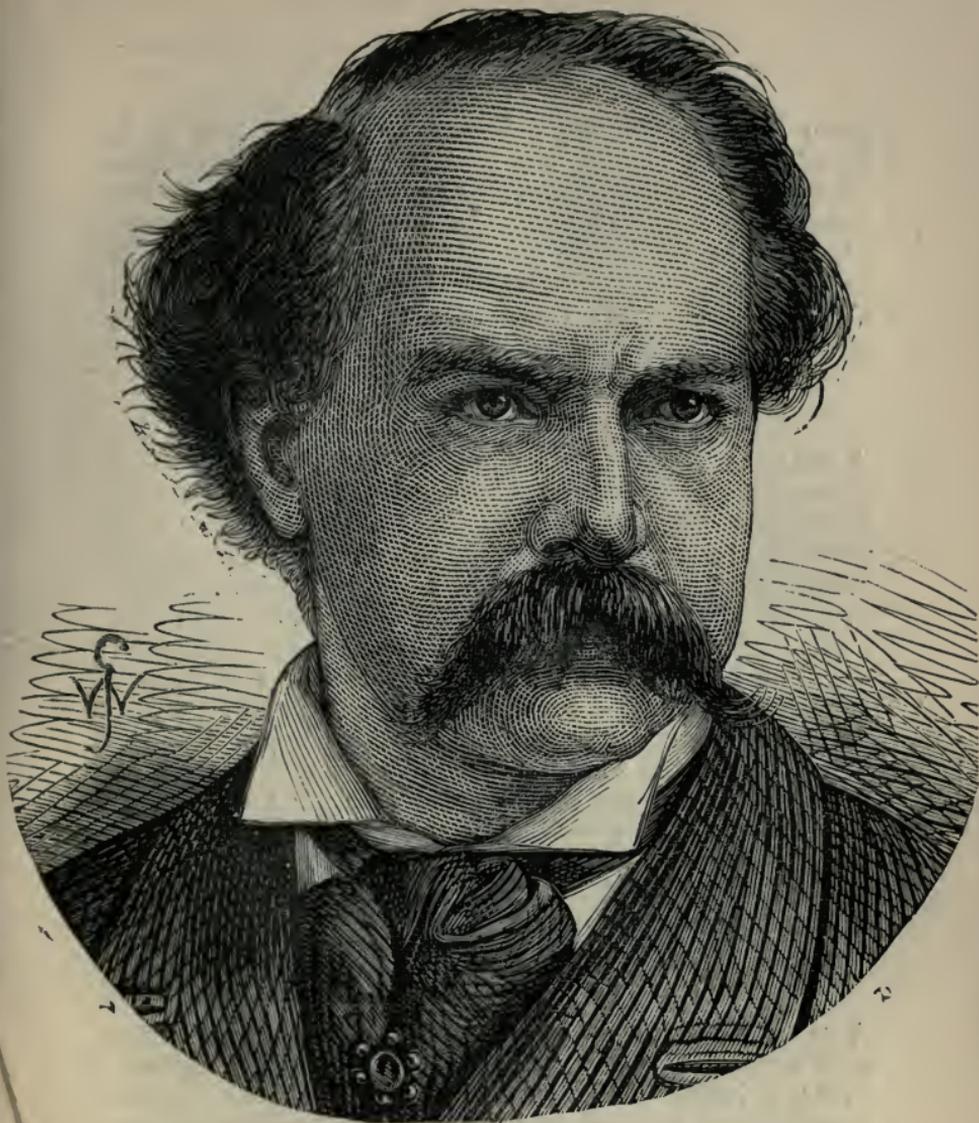
BLONDIN's memorable caution to the nervous man whom he was carrying on his back across the falls of Niagara was as follows:—"Sir, I must request you to sit quiet, or I shall have to put you down." The idea of being lifted from the performer's shoulders and left on the rope to shift for himself, kept the terrified rider in obedience to him by whom he was carried, and they reached the desired goal in safety.

MISS CUSHMAN.

CHARLOTTE SAUNDIN CUSHMAN possessed a fine voice and much musical taste. Miss Cushman was accustomed to take the chief male parts in the plays in which her sister appeared; in fact, she played many parts, and after her last professional tour in England she returned to America, and, having accumulated a fortune by her profession, took a formal leave of the American stage. She subsequently acted a round of engagements in England, and appeared again in the United States 1857 and 1858, after which she returned to Rome, where she had previously resided. In 1871, she again returned to the boards, and also appeared as a reader. In 1874, she took her final farewell of the stage in New York. She died February 1876.

BANNISTER.

CHARLES BANNISTER, being one evening in company where a Mr. *Nix* gave imitations of the actors of the day, was asked what he thought of the likenesses. He replied, "Though I scorn a bribe, yet I cannot declare my opinion for *Nix*."



SIGNOR SALVINI.

WHEN Italy sent us Ristori, she sent us, next to Rachel, the finest actress of the last half century. Now she sends us Salvini, who is, without doubt, an actor of surprising merit.

DION BOUCICAULT.

DION BOUCICAULT, the youngest son of the late S. S. Boucicault, of Dublin, was born in that city, December 26th, 1822, and was educated under his guardian, Dr. Lardner, and at the London University. He commenced his career as a dramatic author in March, 1841, with the production of that popular play, *London Assurance*, at Covent Garden. Mr. Boucicault is the author of a great many theatrical pieces.—E. WALFORD.

J. W. ANSON AND THE PAWNBROKER.

A CELEBRATED pawnbroker in the Strand, taking a stroll towards the Adelphi, met J. W. Anson, who was returning from Ransome's, at Charing Cross.—*Pawnbroker*: Can you tell me, sir, am I in the right direction for Moody and Sankey (the Revivalists who were at Exeter Hall)?—*J. W. Anson*: Yes, sir; about one hundred and fifty yards farther on (pointing to Exeter Hall). You will see some Corinthian pillars: that is Exeter Hall, where they hold forth, and on the curb stone, for one penny, you can purchase the words of Sankey's hymns; and if you peruse their contents carefully, you will be a better man than I take you for.—*Pawnbroker*: If I am so bad, do you think they will admit me?—*J. W. A.*: I am positive they will admit you.—*Pawnbroker*: But why so positive?—*J. W. A.*: Simply because they know you *look after the unredeemed.*

MADAME VESTRIS.

A PAIR of lips that look like twin roses; eyebrows that give a meaning to every lustrous look of the brightest eyes; a hand, small, white, and delicate, with fingers tapering and rounded, like those which the Venus of the Greeks gathers round her timid form—the unwilling drapery; a foot such as no sandal-shod goddess of the golden age could match; and a form which would have left the sculptor nothing to seek in other beauties but herself.—G. P. R. JAMES.



Miss ELLEN TERRY.

ROBERT KEELEY.

THIS actor was the most genuine comedian who made his appearance for years. His performances were finely executed little bits of the good old school of acting. In the farce of *The Duel*, he played a Cockney tailor to the life, and almost excelled the famous Jerry Sneak, of Russell. He showed all that could be done within the compass of his parts, and never attempted to go beyond them—a very rare excellence in comedians of these days.

—TALFOURD.

TO JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq.

'Tis not alone as mimic you excel,
 Yours is the power which can combine so well
 The source of tear and smile, and will impart
 The bright true goodness springing from the heart.
 'Tis not alone the player whom we view—
 The genius of the mind has smiled on you—
 Peers through *Green Bushes*, and in *Forest Flowers*,
 At *An Alarming Sacrifice*, its powers
 Are varied now, and spring into *Leap Year*,
 Whence does the *Ladies' Privilege* appear ;
 Or in a *Dream at Sea* our senses steep,
 Making us wonder, till we turn to weep,
 Or wake our sympathy for *Victorine*,
 Or in the *Christening* paint the mimic scene ;
 The pleasant partnership or mutual strife
 You show in *Single* and in *Married Life* ;
Poor Pillicoddy claims our sympathy,
 And the *Rough Diamond* needs no lapidary.
 These, and far more than memory recalls,
 You have produced within a theatre's walls ;
 These, and far more, of wit and pathos, too,
 Whose authorship we proudly own in you.
 We have our Compton, Robson, Clarke, and Toole ;
 But, ah ! none other of our famous school,
 Who, 'neath the mask of Momus wields the quill,
 Or doffs the buskin for the bay at will ;
 One who is formed on nature's choicest plan,
 Worthy as Author, Actor, and as Man.—CELINE.



MR. CRETCHICK AND MISS FOWLER IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

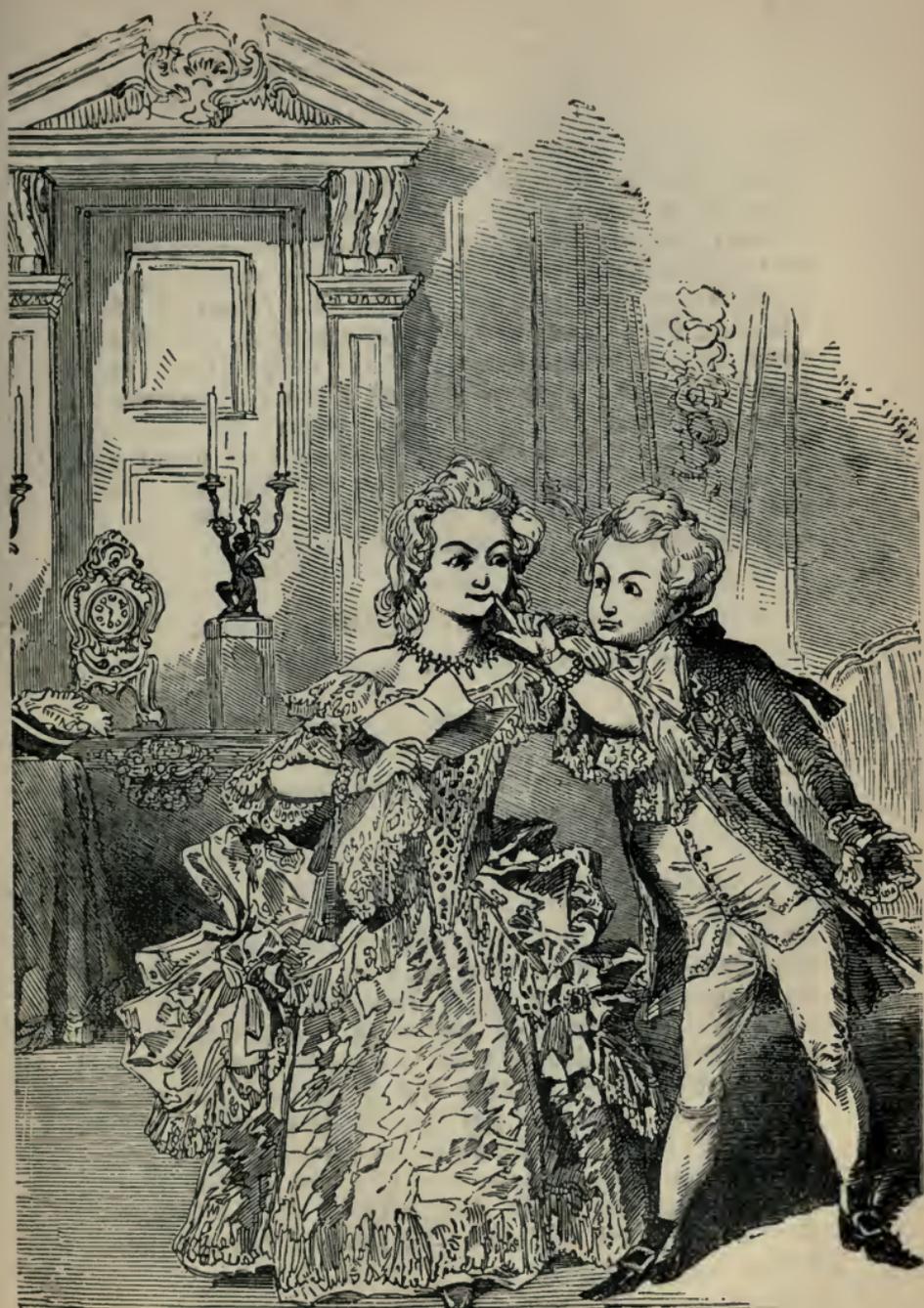
MRS. SIDDONS.

HER farewell performance was given on the 29th of June, 1812. The play was *Macbeth*. The crowd was immense. At the sleep-walking scene the excitement was so great that the audience stood on the benches, and demanded that the performance should end with that scene. The curtain was then dropped for twenty minutes. When it rose, Mrs. Siddons was discovered at a table dressed in white. She came forward, amidst a perfect thunderstorm of applause, which endured many moments. Silence being obtained, she recited an address, towards the conclusion of which, it is said, she exhibited deep emotion. The closing lines were:—

“Judges and friends, to whom the magic strain
Of nature’s feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her whose lips have poured so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakespeare’s song;
On her who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but *seem’d* before;
Herself subdu’d, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last Farewell.”

GEORGE W. ANSON AND THE RIVAL SHOEBLACKS.

WHILE George W. Anson was a member of the Olympic company, he had been at the Gaiety Restaurant, and, finding a shoeblack crying, and inquiring the cause, found that the rival boy had mischievously put his brushes down the grating of the sewer close by, thus depriving the poor boy of the means of earning his livelihood. George W. Anson, having heard the poor boy’s pitiful story, and a crowd having gathered round, he proceeded to address them on the boy’s behalf, and then went round with his hat, and the collection, which he commenced himself, amounted to 7s. 6d. This was announced amidst much cheering. A new set of brushes could be purchased for 2s. 6d., so the boy gained 5s., for which he was most grateful for the unexpected prospect of recommencing business.



KATE AND ELLEN BATEMAN IN THE "YOUNG COUPLE."

CHARLES MACKLIN.

THIS celebrated, one morning, while at breakfast, was waited upon by Lord —. After praising the talent of Miss M., he said, "I mean to be her friend—not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which means nothing more than the vanity of patronage; I mean to be 'her friend for life.'" Macklin, with an expression of countenance, demanded a more explicit declaration. "Well," replied the "noble lord," "I make you an offer of £400 per annum for your daughter, and £200 per annum for yourself." Macklin started from his chair with such an awful look of rage, that the noble rascal took but one jump from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and got into the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

CELEBRATED PLAYERS LOST AT SEA.

THEOPHILUS CIBBER, going to Ireland to join Sheridan, sen., 1758. Tyrone Power, returning to England from America. Mrs. Cargill, on the Rocks of Scilly, returning from India. H. W. Harvey, from Copenhagen. G. V. Brooke, going to Australia. Monk Lewis, near Jamaica. Shelley, Percy, Leghorn.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

It is a singular fact, that nearly every great musical composition was written at an early age. Rossini was not twenty when he wrote *Tancredi*. Mozart's chief works were the fruit of his youth. Mendelssohn died ere middle age. Beethoven wrote his finest compositions when quite young. Weber ended his career at an age when many are just starting on the voyage of life. Schubert's fine songs were written when he was a young man. The exceptions to the rule are so few that it would appear as if the buoyancy of youthful feelings was a necessary ingredient in musical composition.—
"ERA."

A BON-MOT OF QUIN.

ONE summer, when the month of July was very wet and cold, some person asked Quin if he ever remembered such a summer before? "Yes," replied he, very seriously, "last winter."

AUTHOR AND MANAGER.

ON one occasion a Mr. Winstanley called on the manager of a theatre, and informed him that he had a comedy ready for representation, which would "draw twenty full houses in succession." "That is very desirable, sir," said the manager. "Well, sir," said the embryo Sheridan, "what terms do you offer to successful authors?" "Half the profits of the third night's performance," was the answer. "Oh, that's nothing, sir, for a piece that will overflow your treasury—nothing, sir, nothing." "It is the established custom of my theatre, sir." "Well, sir, when will it be played?" "I must first read it," said the manager, "and, if I think it will do——" "Oh, sir, there's no doubt of that; it has been approved of by the first men in the country; it will draw during all your season." "I must judge of its merits for myself," was the answer, "and if I think it fit for representation——" "Fit!" "If I think it fit for representation, it shall be put in train." "And how long will it be before it can be performed?" "Under favourable circumstances, sir, three or four weeks." "Too long, sir; I wish to offer it to Wignell and Reinagle: after its run here, I intend to sell it to all the theatres on the Continent. You will have it performed in three weeks?" "The first step must be my approbation of it; I make you no promise." "Well, sir, I will read it to you." "Excuse me, I must read it myself, and at my own time." "But you can't read it; it—it—I must explain. If you will come to my lodgings I will read it to you; you will be delighted with it." Whether to get rid of the importunate bore, or from a vain hope that the treasury might be filled, the manager consented to hear

the author read his comedy next morning. Need we say that it was beyond measure too long, as tedious as it was long, and as totally unfit for representation as it was long and tedious?—DUNLOP'S "AMERICAN STAGE."

FOOTE AND THE SCOTCH.

FOOTE having satirised the Scotch pretty severely, a gentleman asked, "Why he hated that nation so much?" "You are mistaken, sir," replied Foote, "I don't hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs, but I would have everything keep to its native element."

THE ELDER MATHEWS' ECCENTRICITIES.

THE commonest purchase puzzled him, and he would come home after any attempt to supply himself with a pair of gloves, shoes, hat, or other trifling article, and convulse his wife with laughter by his serious account of the difficulties he had gone through in obtaining what he had bought; and the bad quality and fit of his purchase was equally laughable. He gave the drollest description of the tradesmen, who always accused him of being different in his proportions from other people—nothing would fit him that was made upon general principles; neither hat, shoe, glove, neck-cloth, nor stock; nothing did for him that was suited to other men of similar height. This was, in fact, true; for if the collar of a shirt fitted, for instance, the wrists were wrong, and *vice versâ*. His hands and feet were so small that neither stockings, shoes, nor gloves could be obtained ready-made to fit him. "Sir," a shoemaker would say, as if reproaching him, "you are not made like *other* gentlemen; your feet are too short for your height." This would excuse a pair of boots brought home two or three inches too long, although he had been measured for them. "Sir," said the haberdasher, "your throat is *larger* than that of *other* gentlemen." If he asked for a hat, the latter would shake his head—"No, sir, your head is smaller than any ready-made hat:

you *must be measured.*" All this used to fret him for the moment; and he once asked a friend, if he thought his hatter knew him, for he wished to *try* to obtain a hat of somebody who would not twit him with his "peculiar make." His friend advised him to drive to a hatter's in Bond Street. His wife waited for him at the door, and watched the process of putting on and taking off a great many hats. At last, he hastily re-entered the carriage, and ordered it to be driven home, observing to his wife, with a half sigh, "Ah! it's of no use; I was found out. No hat to fit *my* head! *Hatter* very much offended at my *expecting* such a thing. In fact, it appears that I am very much to blame. They're all *angry* with me when I go to buy anything; and I feel as if I ought to apologise for my mal-proportions."

JOHN PALMER, THE ACTOR.

IN the summer of this year (1797) the awfully sudden death of John Palmer, the circumstances of which are too well known to be recapitulated, took place during the performance of *The Stranger*, on the Liverpool stage. The subject of this memoir (Munden) always stated that John Palmer was the best general actor he had ever seen. Palmer played everything, and everything equally well. He possessed the advantages of a tall and well-proportioned figure, an expressive countenance, melodious voice, and most persuasive manner. Mrs. Siddons once observed, that so naturally insinuating was he in "Stukely," she felt at times off her guard, and, for a moment, could hardly help fancying that his propositions were real. He carried this quality with him into private life; which obtained for him the name of "Plausible Jack." It is said that on one occasion, having an invitation to dinner, he knocked by mistake at the next door, where he found a large party assembled in the drawing-room. Not perceiving his host and hostess, he concluded they were in some other part of the dwelling, and commenced conversing familiarly with the company. The master and mistress of the house

plainly perceived there was a mistake, but was so fascinated by his powers of conversation, that they suffered him to proceed until dinner was announced, when they pressed him earnestly to let it be no mistake, but to remain and be their guest. Jack Palmer was improvident, and always in difficulties; he, however, contrived to keep the bailiffs in good humour by orders for the theatre.

SOMETHING LIKE A CRITICISM.

THE following enthusiastic eulogium on Mrs. Siddons, appeared in an Irish paper, on one of the occasions of that lady's visits to the sister isle:—"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, made her first appearance here in the all-tearful character of 'Isabella.' From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London papers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators that went without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakespeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosé, sweetbriar, furze blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary! In short, she was the banquet of Parnassus! When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, the very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' blubbered, like

hungry children for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon player's eyes in such plentiful showers that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the fiddler's books, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played it in one flat! But the sighs and sobs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistake being discovered! One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! Future ages will scarcely credit the truth, when they hear, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common councilmen, were drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, into the pit! And what is more melancholy their bodies have not yet been found! An Act of Parliament should certainly be got to prevent her from acting!"

VOLTAIRE AND MADAME VESTRIS.

At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris of that day, who sustained a principal character, to repeat a couplet, which he thought not well delivered. She did so several times, but Voltaire was not satisfied. At last, a lord who was present, said, "Indeed, you tease the lady; I think she has delivered the passage very well." "It may be very well for a duke," replied the wit, "but it is not very well for me."

CHARLES I.

QUIN sometimes said things at once wise and witty. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I., "But by what laws," said his opponent, "was he put to death?" "By all the laws that he had left them," was the immediate answer.

 CONSOLATION.

A BAD actor, who had been accustomed to be hissed in every town where he played, finding himself one night treated even worse than usual, turned quietly round as he made his exit, and said to the pit, "Gentlemen, you will tire by and bye, as others have." The coolness and *naïvete* of the remark occasioned a laugh, and the actor in future was more favourably received.

 MACKLIN'S LAST APPEARANCE.

MACKLIN'S last attempt on the stage was "Shylock." He came ready dressed for the character into the green-room, where all the performers were assembled and prepared. Looking round, he said, "What! is there a play to-night?" All were astonished, and no one answered. Again he said, "Is there a play to-night?" "Portia" remarked, "Why, sir, what is the matter? The *Merchant of Venice* is to be played to-night, you know." "And who is the 'Shylock?'" asked Macklin. "Why, you, sir, you are the 'Shylock,'" answered the lady. "Ah!" said he, "am I?" and sat down in silence. Every one was much concerned and alarmed; however, the curtain went up, the play began, and he got through the part, every now and then going to the side of the stage, lifting up his hairs with one hand, and putting his ear down to the prompter, who gave him the word. He then walked to the centre of the stage and repeated the words tolerably well: this occurred several times throughout the play, but occasionally he said to the prompter, "Eh, what is it? What do you say?" The play was got through; but from that night Macklin's great talents were lost to the public. For some time before his death he never went into a bed, but slept in an arm-chair. He died at his house in Covent Garden, the right hand corner of Tavistock Court.

 FOOTE AND TATE WILKINSON.

WHEN Foote first discovered Tate's ability at mimicry,

he determined to make his introduction to the public a source of amusement to himself. Being advertised for a popular character, he rehearsed Wilkinson in it, not merely with the view of the latter's playing it instead, but in imitation of himself. This design was kept profoundly secret. At night the house was full: Wilkinson was dressed; and Foote retreated to his box, to lie in ambush, and watch the result. The great attraction was Foote, and expectation was in pangs for his appearance. Tate at length entered, and walked, talked, shuffled, snuffed, hitched, and fidgetted so like the real Simon Pure, that the hoax completely succeeded, and "Bravo, Foote! What fine spirits Sam's in to-night!" were the general acclamations. Foote at that time experienced some enmity from the press, and the critics, as usual, lashed him for his performance; but on the same morning he divulged the joke, and at night led Wilkinson on to the stage to introduce him to the public, saying, "as they had received his Foote so favourably, he hoped they would take him by the hand." Thus Tate rose immediately into notice, and Sam raised a laugh against his judges.

BANNISTER AND GARRICK.

IN his *Memoirs*, Bannister thus describes an interview with Garrick:—"I was a student of painting in the Royal Academy when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and flourished beyond all former example. In my first interview with him, I expressed my desire of quitting the study I then pursued for the stage. After frequent visits to him, he was pleased to say that he perceived a—a—a something in me which conveyed a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent; and here I am led into an imitation—I beg pardon, I mean an humble attempt at imitation—of his manner in private. He had a sort of a—a—a kind of a—a hesitation in his speech, a habit of indecision which never marked his public exertions. One morning I was shown

into his dressing-room, where he was before the glass, preparing to shave; a white night-cap covered his head, his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds, a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a barber at the Horse Guards, and shaved for a penny; and I longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor. 'Eh! well—what! young man—so, eh?' (this was to me) 'so you are still for the stage? Well, now—what character do you—should you like to—eh?' 'I should like to attempt "Hamlet," sir,' 'Eh! what? "Hamlet," the Dane? Zounds! that's a bold—have you studied the part?' 'I have, sir.' 'Well, don't mind my shaving,—speak the speech—the speech to the "Ghost"—I can hear you—never mind my shaving.' After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, 'Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed 'cap-à-pie,' and off I started:

'Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!—'

He wiped the razor,—

'Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,—'

He strapped the razor,—

'Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,'

He shaved on,—

'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee!—'

He took himself by the nose,—

'I'll call thee "Hamlet"'

'King, father, Royal Dane.—O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance.'

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my attitude, expecting prodigious praise; when, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was more

frightened at him than at my father's ghost. He exclaimed, in a tone of ridicule, 'Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!—Yaw, waw, waw, waw!' The abashed 'Prince Hamlet' became sheepish, and looked more like a clown than the grave digger. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good nature, took me by the hand, and said, 'Come, young gentleman—eh! let's see now what we can do.' He then spoke the speech; and how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget."—ADOLPHUS' "LIFE OF BANNISTER," 1839.

A SENSIBLE ACTOR.

A CERTAIN actor was engaged at a provincial theatre for a particular line of business. On the occasion of the visit of a distinguished star, he was cast to perform "Rosse" in *Macbeth*, which he considered derogatory to his professional status. He went to the manager, and said, "What is the meaning of this? 'Macduff' is my part." "No," replied the manager, "I have cast it otherwise." "Then," said the actor, "I don't play 'Rosse.'" "Very well, sir," said the manager, "then you leave my service in a fortnight." "In that case," said the actor, like a wise man, "I do play 'Rosse.'"

THE WORTH OF A TAIL.

A MONKEY-FACED fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "I cannot engage you at present," said David; "but if you had a tail no money should part us."

THE REASON WHY.

WHEN Miss Tree was playing "Juliet," in Philadelphia, Mr. Hamilton, in the rôle of "Romeo," was suddenly taken ill, just as the balcony scene was about to commence. When she said to Mr. Lindsey, who relieved Mr. Hamilton, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" a Yankee in the pit cried out, "'Cause t'other man's sick!"

 READY-MADE LOVE.

"PRAY, Mr. Quin," said a lady, "did you ever make love?" "No, my lady," replied Sir John Brute, "I always buy it ready made."

 CHARLES MATHEWS' (THE ELDER) INTERVIEW WITH GARRICK.

HE (Garrick) took me in his arms! Yes, I was touched, fondled, and embraced by the immortal David! That I cannot describe my sensations will easily be believed when I state that I could not by possibility have been three years old, inasmuch as I was born on the 28th of June, he having made his final bow to the public on the 10th in that same year (1779)—a fact I would impress on the numerous persons who, during my life, have pestered me with the question, "Do you remember Garrick, Mr. Mathews?" my answer having always been, "No, sir, I can prove an *alibi*!"—Well, he took me in his arms, and, like a near-sighted lady, who said, when a coal-scuttle was brought into the room instead of the expectant infant, "Dear me! how like its father!" no doubt made some common-place observation. But my father often declared afterwards, that on Garrick taking me into his arms, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Why, his face laughs all over, but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth!"

 A PUNGENT PRACTICAL JOKE.

ON the Leger night, at the Theatre Royal, Doncaster, in 1863, some foolish person played a practical joke, which was rather cruel, although exceedingly funny. Just after Fred Olivier had sung his comic song, and the curtain had risen for the last piece, nearly every person in the theatre—actors, musicians, and audience—began sneezing and coughing. The cause was soon discovered—some one had dropped cayenne pepper about the house. The manager came forward, and offered ten pounds reward for the offender; but he was never found out.

VENTILATORS.

GARRICK told Cibber that his pieces were the best ventilators to his theatre at Drury Lane; for as soon as any of them were played, the audience directly left the house.

THE ELDER MATHEWS' POWERS OF MIMICRY.

I MUST give you a little anecdote, in general circulation, which is rather amusing, more as a picture for the fancy to realise, than a story of point. It is told as an instance of my "wonderful powers." There is a physician here of the name of Chapman, to whom I had a letter from Washington Irving. I saw him in September last, and had him instantly, and indulged in imitating him. When I went through in October, I gave this imitation at a party here; for like P——s at Liverpool, everybody knew him and it was equally droll. A gentleman not only laughed then, but when he went home he laughed again at the recollection so immoderately that his wife really thought he had a fit of hysterics. In perfect alarm, she sent for the family physician. He was from home; and the servant thinking that his master was dying, did not stop till he found a doctor. Just as the patient was recovering from the counterfeit doctor, in came the real Dr. Chapman; and when the patient heard the sound of his voice, he was off again, and was actually very near being bled while in his second fit.—A FACT!

PRIGMORE AND THE BREECHES.

MR. PRIGMORE was an actor who performed the parts of old men in America; and the following amusing incident is told of him as having taken place during a sojourn which he made in England. He was a man of some little merit and of great vanity, and his opinion of himself was in the inverse ratio to that of the public. One of his chief peculiarities was to suppose that—though he was neither handsome in person or insinu-

ating in manners—every lady with whom he came in contact, through some mysterious fatality, fell in love with him. While engaged at Plymouth, there was a very benevolent widow lady living there. She was in good circumstances, and, in addition to frequently attending the theatre, took considerable interest in the personal welfare of the performers. On Prigmore making his first appearance she was struck with his, apparently, poor appearance, and inquired who he was? A wag, standing by, knowing the lady's benevolence, and also the character and chief peculiarity of the gentleman she inquired about, said, in an innocent manner, "Oh, ma'am, he's a poor unfortunate member of our profession from America; he certainly makes but a poor appearance, and works hard; but he has a very small salary." Hearing this, the lady, ever anxious to do good, remembered that she had a pair of her late husband's trousers at home, and she at once made up her mind to present them to Prigmore. In due time, the lady reached home and dispatched her servant to the actor whom she had seen, asking him to inform Prigmore that she would be glad to see him at his convenience. The actor-wag went in search of Prigmore and of fun at the same time. Finding the former, and, as a prelude to the latter, he exclaimed, "Prigmore, my boy, here's your fortune made at last; here's a rich widow has fallen in love with you, and wants to see you." The worthy American believed him on his word, and, unsuspectingly, allowed himself to be led to the servant in a state of bewildered rapture, and was informed that the widow would be glad to see him as early as he possibly could. Prigmore, overjoyed at the invitation, and innocent of any trickery, said that he would make a point of seeing the lady the first thing in the morning; and went home to his lodgings to indulge in a glorious dream of golden independence. His friend, in the meantime, whispered the truth through the green-room, where there were two or three wicked enough to join in the conspiracy by walking to Prigmore's house to tender their congratulations. Prigmore, as may be supposed, passed a sleepless night, and spent an hour extra at his

toilette next morning in adorning himself with a clean shirt and *et ceteras*. He then sallied forth, and, on reaching the widow's, was shown into her parlour, where, casting his eyes around on the substantial sufficiency of the furniture, he began to felicitate himself on the aspect of his future home. The lady at length appeared: she was upon the verge of forty; a very fashionable age at that time, which resting upon the shoulders of a very comely-looking woman, seemed to be in character with her comfortable dwelling. Prigmore's satisfaction and her benevolence operated equally in producing some confusion: at length a conversation commenced. The widow observed that she had heard that his situation was not so agreeable as he could wish—that his income was limited, and so on—she was, therefore, desirous of rendering him all the assistance in her power. Prigmore, considering this as an express declaration of her affection, was about to throw himself at her feet, when she suddenly summoned her servant, and exclaimed, "Rachel, bring the breeches!" This order astonished Prigmore. The widow, on receiving the habiliments, folded them carefully, and, remarking that they were "as good as new," begged his acceptance of them. "And was it for this, ma'am," said the astonished comedian, "that you wanted me?" "Yes, sir." He put on his hat and walked to the door indignantly. The good lady, as much astonished as himself, followed him, saying, "Won't you take the breeches, sir?" Pausing at the door, he exclaimed vehemently, "No, ma'am! wear them yourself, ma'am!"

A FELLOW-FEELING.

A JEALOUS rival of Sheridan being asked his opinion of *The School for Scandal*, said, "I am astonished that the town can be so duped! I went to see his comedy, and never laughed once from beginning to end." This being repeated to Sheridan, "That's ungrateful of him," cried he, "for I went to see his *tragedy* the other night, and did nothing *but* laugh from beginning to end."

NO HYPOCRISY.

A GENTLEMAN, newly married, telling Foote that he had that morning laid out £3,000 in jewels for his *dear wife*, "Faith, sir," said he, "I see you are no hypocrite: she is truly your *dear wife*."

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

THE following story is told of Forrest, the American tragedian, and an eminent judge. When they were both young, and unknown to fame and each other, they met at a modern inn; by chance they were put to sleep in the same room. Both retired in the dark, each suspicious of the other. They slept pretty comfortably, so well that they refused to rise in the morning. They were lying, eyeing each other with ferocious looks until noon, when Forrest, making a desperate effort, called out, "Stranger, why don't you get up?" "What is that to you?" "I have a particular reason for asking," muttered Forrest, and plunged his head beneath the clothes. Presently the other raised his head and said, "I say, my friend, perhaps you will answer me, if I put the question, to which I refused to reply to yourself?" "Well, then," said Forrest, rolling the clothes off slowly, and striking his heels upon the floor, "I have no shirt, and did not care to expose my poverty." "Oh!" said the other, leaping with a greyhound-like bound into the middle of the apartment, "why didn't you say that before?—that is just my predicament."

TALMA.

ON the 19th of October, 1826, the celebrated French actor, Talma, died at his house in Paris. His age was supposed to be sixty-three (63), but on that point he was mysterious. Whenever questioned about his age, he replied, with a smile, that "actors and women should never be dated. We are old and young," he frequently added, "according to the characters we represent."

FILIAL AFFECTION.

FOOTE'S mother bore a strong resemblance to her son, both in person and disposition. From her he inherited his mirthful, as well as his extravagant propensities. Though she was heiress to a large fortune, her carelessness in pecuniary matters involved her in such embarrassments that she at last became dependent on the bounty of Samuel, who allowed her a hundred a year. On one occasion she wrote him as follows:—"Dear Sam,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother, E. FOOTE." To this brief note he replied:—"Dear Mother,—So am I, which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, SAM. FOOTE. P.S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the meantime let us hope for better days."

GARRICK AND THE BISHOP.

GARRICK used to employ a man named Stone to pick up actors for him: he was to find him a "Bishop of Winchester," and had engaged one. Not long before the play began he sent the following note to Garrick:—"Sir,—The 'Bishop of Winchester' is getting drunk at the 'Bear.' He swears d—n his eyes if he'll play to-night.—W. STONE." To which Garrick replied:—"Stone,—The 'Bishop' may go to the devil. I don't know a greater rascal, except yourself.—D. GARRICK."

THE MISHAPS OF CHARLES MATHEWS THE ELDER.

THERE seemed indeed a fatality attending all his movements from home. How many severe and dangerous accidents did he encounter in the course of his life? First in Ireland, in 1794, he was almost drowned, and was taken out of the water in a state of total insensibility. In 1801 a heavy platform fell upon him while acting, and he was taken off the stage as dead. In 1803 he was violently thrown from his horse at a review, and felt the consequences ever after. In 1807, at a shooting

party, his gun burst and shattered his hand, and he was many weeks under the surgeon's care. In 1814 he was thrown out of a tilbury and lamed for life. In 1817 another horse fell going down a steep hill in his tilbury, and he was thrown over its head, and severely cut and bruised. In 1827, while in a floating bath at Brighton, the "life-preserver" turned round and forced him upon his face, in which position he must have been suffocated had not a gentleman witnessed the accident, and rescued him from the danger. In 1829 the roller of the drop-scene on the Plymouth stage fell upon his head while "At Home" there, and he was taken up to all appearance dead. Four years after this, precisely the same accident occurred in the Devonport Theatre, and with a similar result. In 1833, while returning from an evening walk, a large dog ran between his legs, and knocked him down with a violent shock. This accident again placed him under the hands of the surgeon. A few weeks after, while recovering from this hurt, another dog threw him off a garden-seat, and painfully injured his hand and wrist.

THE ART OF SHOUTING.

"CAN you shout?" was the question once put by a country manager to an ambitious novice. "I flatter myself I can," replied the "Macbeth" in embryo. "Then learn to shout in the right place, and you'll do," was the comforting rejoinder.

HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT ACTOR.

MONVEL, the famous French actor, was very sensitive, possessed great sensibility, but had no advantages of person or face. La Rive, another equally famous actor, was handsome in every way, but impassionate and cold. It was said of Monvel that he was a soul without a body, and of the second that he was a body without a soul. "To make a perfect actor," said Champfort, "La Rive should be compelled to swallow Monvel."

NOT AT HOME.

CIBBER once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, although the servant denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when, a few days afterwards, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out to him from the first floor that "he was not at home." "How can that be?" answered Booth; "do I not hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber, "but what then? I believed your servant-maid the other day, and it is very hard you won't believe me."

KEMBLE (STEPHEN) AND LISTON.

LISTON, during his apprenticeship at Newcastle, quarrelled with Stephen Kemble, his manager, and threatened to throw up his engagement unless relieved from an inferior part. Kemble told him that he might go if he wished, as "good actors could be found under every hedge." A day or two after, Kemble was taking a country walk in the fields, and observed Liston seated at the side of a ditch, earnestly watching the hedge opposite. "What are you doing there, Mr. Liston," said he, "when you ought to be at rehearsal?" "I am looking for actors, sir," replied the son of Momus, "but I haven't found any yet."

THE VALUE OF A VOICE.

A LEADING actor at the Opera having fallen sick, the first night of the representation of a new piece, an inferior performer was selected to supply his place. He sang, and was hissed; but, without being disconcerted, he looked steadfastly at the pit and said, "Gentlemen, I don't understand this. Do you think that for 600 livres per annum, which I receive, I can afford to give you a voice worth 2,000?" The audience was so pleased with this sally, that the actor was allowed to proceed with great applause.

GARRICK'S FEELINGS.

"My dear sir, don't disturb my feelings," said Garrick to Johnson one night, behind the scenes; "consider the exertions I have to go through." "As to your feelings, David," replied Johnson, "Punch has just as many; and as to your exertions, those of a man who cries turnips about the streets are greater."

"THE WAY TO MANAGE THEM."

ONE morning Colman came hopping upon the stage, during the rehearsal of *The Spanish Barber*, which was shortly to be produced. The performers were busy in that scene of the piece where one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder. "Well," said Foote, drily, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer; "but I can't teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" cried Foote; "read him your last comedy of the *Man of Business*, and he'll yawn for a month!"

REPAYING A LOAN.

PETERSON, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, "Hang it, I'll pay you to-day, in some shape or other." Peterson good-humouredly said, "I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can."

A MUSICAL WEDDING.

JOHN PALMER—"Plausible Jack"—appeared one day at rehearsal in a state of great agitation. Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy. "Why, sir," said Jack, "my puppy of a brother has made as bad a match as he possibly could make; he was married yesterday to a poor pennyless girl of the name of Sharp." "My dear friend," replied Bannister, "I don't see why you should fret so; it was a musical wedding—there was a *flat* and *sharp*—quite *natural*."

 HALF SALARIES.

WHEN business was bad at one of the winter theatres, a pompous would-be-tragedian, on receiving but half his week's salary, said, with the utmost dignity, "Well, if this be the remuneration, I shall know how to *act better* in future." "I am glad to hear it, sir," observed the treasurer, drily.

 OPENING THE CHEST.

BARRYMORE happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when to heighten his perplexity the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," said Bannister, coolly, "if you have, it will serve to open your chest."

 A CONVENIENT COUNTENANCE.

THE actor Beauberg, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of "Mithridates," in Racine's play, Madame Lecouvreur, who played that of "Monime," said, "Ah, sire, you change countenance." A wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so, madame; don't stop him."

 MATHEWS AS CURRAN.

MR. PLUNKETT and about forty other gentlemen, after dinner one day, had grown rather warm upon Queen Caroline, when Mr. Shehan, wishing to turn the conversation and to draw out Mathews, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran. "Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Plunkett, "the man's dead!" "I differ with you entirely," replied Mr. Shehan, "and return to my toast." "Then may-be you'll back your assertion with a bet?" rejoined Plunkett. "With all my heart—how much?" "I'll bet you five pounds that John Philpot Curran is dead." "Done!" added Mr. Shehan; "I'll bet five pounds he is *not*." The health of Mr. Curran was accordingly drunk with cheers, upon which Mathews rose and returned

thanks in the tone, look, and manner of Mr. Curran, for the "honour done him;" delivered a speech on the trial of Queen Caroline, a subject on which Curran could never have spoken; and gave altogether such a personification of Ireland's celebrated wit, that his hearers were impressed with the actual presence of the man: and Mr. Plunkett, in an enthusiasm of wonder, pushed over the bank-notes to Mr. Shehan, exclaiming, "I've lost!—fairly lost! Curran is *not* dead, nor will he die while Mathews lives!"

IRISH POLITENESS.

THE following instance of Irish politeness is irresistible. We must suppose the party on the Limerick road:—"To perform our journey, Brereton and I (O'Keefe) had a handsome post-chaise, and for driver a smart, clever, intelligent youth. When we arrived at the inn at —, our landlady, coming through the passage to receive us, with curtsying formalities, our post-boy walking on before us: she looked at him, and exclaimed in a voice pregnant with surprise, 'Why Tim, you divil, and do I at last see you sober!' Tim, hat in hand, made her a low bow, and said, 'Yes, madam, you do, and I'm sorry I can't return the compliment!'"

FAR BEHIND.

HAVING once paid a professional visit to Scotland, where he was well received, Foote was one day dining at a gentleman's house, when an old lady present was called on for a toast, and gave "Charles the Third." "Of Spain, madam?" said Foote. "No, sir," she replied, somewhat tartly, "of England." "Never mind her," said one of the company, "she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices." "Oh, dear sir, make no apology," cried Foote; "I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution."

A QUESTIONABLE APOLOGY.

QUIN played "Cato" very well, which I (Bernard) attribute to some constitutional resemblance between the two. He was generally "as cool as a cucumber." A person who he had offended met him one day in the street and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand, sir, you have been taking away my name!" "What have I said, sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Keep your name," said Quin, and walked on.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

MR. MURRAY, of Covent Garden, telling a strange and improbable story in the green-room, and observing Fawcett cast a doubtful eye, said, "Zounds, sir, do you not believe me? I saw the thing happen." "If *you* did, I *must* believe it—but I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself," replied Fawcett.

THE BURNING OF THE RICHMOND (U.S.) THEATRE, 1811.

A NEW play and pantomime had been advertised for the benefit of Mr. Placide. The house was fuller than it had been on any other night of the season. The play was over, and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and last had begun. All was yet gaiety; all so far had been pleasure, curiosity was yet alive, and further gratification anticipated—the orchestra sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy—when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above. Some were startled, others thought it was a part of the scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials from on high, and it was perceived that others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage that there was no danger. Immediately afterwards Hopkins Robinson ran forward and cried out "The house is on fire!" pointing to the ceiling, where

the flames were spreading like wildfire. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for their escape. The cry of "Fire! fire!" ran through the house, mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life. The general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door not more than large enough to admit three persons abreast. This outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street, it was necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and the deaths fell upon the occupants of the boxes, who, panic-struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to gain the crowded and tortuous way by which they had entered. The pit door, as we have said, was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit among the last saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back upon the general entrance to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and a lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit, and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes and sought that avenue to the street. But all darted to the lobbies. The stairways were blocked up. All was enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapour, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy for a moment were those who gained a window and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had reached the street cried to the sufferers at the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the apertures to inhale the fresh air.

Men, women and children, precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unhurt, others were killed or mangled by the fall. Some, with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies. "Who can wonder," said a writer in the *Mercury*, "the distress of those who, unable to gain the windows, or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long narrow passages?" The cries of those who reached the upper windows are described as being heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot after reaching the outer door. Add to this mass of suffering the feelings of those who knew that they had relatives or friends who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot with the crowds of citizens from all quarters—while the tolling bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror. "As my father was leading me home," said Henry Placide, "we saw Mr. Greene, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on a fence, and looking at the scene of ruin. For all was now one black mass of smoking destruction. 'Thank God!' ejaculated Greene, 'Thank God! I prevented Nancy from coming to the house to-night! She is safe!'" Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. Gibson, and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination could picture. Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening, and Nancy Greene asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused—but, unfortunately, added his reason—"the house," said he, "will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for." On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence and beauty. "I will pay for your ticket," said the kind instructress; "we will not leave you behind." The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child.

When he returned to his home, he learned the truth. An instance of the escape of a family is given. The husband, with three children, were in the second boxes; his wife, with a female friend, in another part of the house. The wife gained a window—leaped out, and escaped unhurt. Her friend followed and was killed. The father clasped two helpless girls to his breast, and left a boy of twelve years of age to follow—the boy was forced from the father, and to a window—sprang out and was saved. The parent, with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those behind him, and those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them—he became unconscious, but was still borne along—he was taken up, carried to his bed, and opened his eyes to see all his family safe. On the contrary, Lieut. Gibbon, of the navy, as exemplary in private life as heroic in the service of his country, and on the point of being united with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond for every accomplishment and virtue, was swept into eternity while exerting himself to do all that man should do under such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety—then rushed back to save her in whose fate his own was bound up—he caught her in his arms and had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way, and they were precipitated into the flames. Friday, the 27th of December, 1811, was a day of mourning to Richmond. The banks and stores were closed. A law was passed prohibiting amusements of every kind for four months. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. A monument was resolved on—to be erected to the memory of the dead and the melancholy event.—DUNLOP'S "HIST. AMER. THEATRE," 1833.

"THE AGE."

AT the close of the year 1829, a poem called "The Age," and which was said to be written by a London tailor,

was published. In the course of his poem the tailor thus spoke of the theatre :—

“ Among them, the most prominent appears,
And is, perhaps, productive of the most
Depravity in man,—the theatre ;
That den of thieves, that ultimate resource
Of all the wanton, profligate, and vile—
That haunt of harlots—nursery of vice—
Grand focus of iniquity, which draws
Within its circle all impurity,
Profaneness, gross impiety, and crime—
Temple of Satan——”

In the course of a review of “The Age,” which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* shortly afterwards, the reviewer stops short at this passage, and comments as follows :—“Stop, Snip. Do you mean that, you tythe, for a description of our Edinburgh Theatre? If you do, down with your trousers and take a taste of the knout. Look at the pit, you vulgar fraction. A more decent set of people never sat in a church. ‘Haunt of harlots,’ indeed! How dare you, you ninepin, to calumniate the citizens, the citizens’ wives, and the citizens’ daughters of Modern Athens? ‘Nursery of vice!’ Why, you flea, every countenance there is mantling with a harmless happiness, while Murray or Mackay is diffusing mirth over the smiling semi-circle! ‘Grand focus of iniquity!’ Confound your impudence, you louse—not a householder there who does not pay his taxes, please his wife, educate his children, and go to church twice every Sabbath. ‘Temple of Satan!’ Were Satan, you ‘jag-the-flae,’ to dare to show his face on the critic row, these two strapping students of divinity would kick him into his native element. ‘Within its circle all profaneness, gross impiety, and crime!’ You bug, you must have dined to-day off poisoned cabbage, and the fumes have wrapt your brain in delirium. But list! You must keep a better tongue in your head, else even your profession may not save you from punishment; and with nice adaptation of instrument to criminal, some cit will apply the little toe of his left foot to your posteriors, and make you jerk along Shakespeare Square

like a bit of Indian rubber. Or look at the boxes. 'Ultimate resource of all the wanton, profligate and vile!' What do you mean, you miscreant? Why, that beautiful young bride is yet in her honeymoon, and the angel on her right hand is to be married on Thursday to that handsome hussar, whose inexpressibles you yourself made, and they do you infinite credit. A hundred, fair and innocent as she, are all shedding such tears as angels weep for

'The gentle lady married to the Moor,'

so gently personified by the gentle Miss Jarman.

'Fling him ower—fling him ower!'

Such is the cry of all the gods in the gallery, and Snip plays spin at half-price from heaven, and loses his life for sixpence!"

THE AMENDE HONOURABLE.

WE, yesterday, spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as a thing. Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, is *nothing*.

GARRICK AND SENSATIONALISM.

"A GOOD play is 'the roast beef of Old England,' and song and gaudy decoration are but the horseradish round the dish."—GARRICK, 1751.

REASON TO BE THANKFUL.

WHEN a former Duke of Argyle was one night at the theatre in a side box, a person entered the same box in boots and spurs. The duke rose from his seat, and with great ceremony expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason he received those thanks. The Duke gravely replied, "For not bringing your horse into the box along with you, sir."

WIT AND IMPUDENCE.

At the "Cock and Hen Club" of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre, Fawcett was entering very slowly, when Mrs. Harlowe, coming in behind him, said, "Advance, thou harbinger of impudence." "True, madame," replied he, turning about and bowing, "I precede you."

NOT HIMSELF.

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke. "Not at all myself," said the tragedian. "Then, my dear sir, I congratulate you," replied Fawcett, "for, be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

THEATRICALS ON BOARD SHIP.

"PROMPT-BOY, pass the call for the Earl of Westmoreland." "He's sarving out the candles for the play-night, sir." "Prince John of Lancaster, stand by." "He's making a nose for Bardolph, sir." "Then send the drummer, who's to play *Damie Quickly*." "He's drunk, sir!"

TWO BITES OF A CHERRY.

MR. A. CHERRY, the performer, was once written to with an offer of a capital engagement from a manager, who, on a former occasion, had not behaved altogether honourably. Cherry sent him word that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make two bites of a cherry.

WHICH BOX ?

A POET and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening to have a quarrel with Powell, another actor, received from the latter a smart box on the ear. A few days afterwards, the poetical player, having lost his snuff-box, was making strict inquiry if any person

had seen his box. "What?" said another of the theatrical punsters, "that which George Powell gave you the other night!"

CHARLES MATHEWS (THE ELDER) AT SCHOOL.

THE usher, Shaw, a lank, bony Scotchman—how can I describe him?—squinted "more than a gentleman ought." He had a barbarous accent, and therefore, I suppose, was selected to teach the "Breetish languitch in its oreiginal peurity" to us cockneys. He was a quaint man—thin as a pitchfork. He used to shamle up and down the school by slow fits, rubbing his gamboge chin with his burnt-umber fingers, and directing little bits of broken unintelligible advice to the leering, sheepish, idle little animals who sat in rows up the room, walking before them like Aaron with his rod. I was at that time particularly fond of carrying a bit of a broken looking-glass to dazzle Shaw's "queer optics" with. Many were the convulsive, painfully-smothered laughs I and my wicked coadjutors writhed under, while I remained undiscovered, at his simplicity and patience, enduring this infliction day after day, squinting up to discover through what cranny in the blind it was that the sun came in to occasion this annoyance. But at length I was caught in the act, for one day, while I thought he was looking in a different direction, he was looking steadfastly at me and my bit of glass. I was horsed, and now *really* flogged—barbarously birched, while Pompey Pownall roared out, with a voice of thunder, this facetious moral:—"That, sir, will teach you, I hope, not to cast reflections on the heads of the school!" Here may be traced my first attempts at mimicry. I remember the flogging fellows to this hour—their voice, tone, and manner, and my ruling propensity was thus called into action at their expense.

THE HUMOURS OF AN IRISH THEATRE.

OUR amusement commenced the moment we entered the house, in listening to a conversation that was going

on between the gallery and the orchestra, the latter composed of a performer on the violin and one on the big drum. "Mr. Patrick Moriarty," shouted the combiner of horse-hair and cat-gut, "how are you, my jewel?" "Asy and impudent, Teddy O'Hoone; how are you? How's your son?" "Mischievous and tender, like all of her sex. What tune would it please you to have, Mr. Patrick Moriarty?" Mr. Patrick was indifferent, and referred the matter to a committee of females. In the meantime, Teddy began to tune up, at which another of his divine companions above assailed him. "Arrah, Teddy O'Hoone! Teddy you devil!" "What do you say, Larry Kennedy?" "Tip us a tune on your fiddle-de-dee, and don't stand there making the cratur squake like a hog in a holly-bush. Paddy Byrne" (to the drummer). "What do you say, Mr. Kennedy?" "An't you a jewel, now, to be sitting there at your ase, when here's a whole cockloft full of gentlemen to hear you thump your big bit of cowhide on the top of a butter tub?" A popular air was at length decided on in the gallery, and a general dance ensued, as a sort of active preliminary to the amusements to come; but which proved highly unpleasant to us, who did not participate, inasmuch as the cockloft being rather wide in its seams, our hats and coats were presently covered with as thick a layer of dust as might have been accumulated in a hundred miles "ride on the dicky of a coach." The exhilaration of the gods, moving through their peculiar measure on "Olympus' top," and uttering their wild shrieks and cries, would have been rather amusing, had we not feared every moment that the loft would come through. The unfortunate fiddler, however, who was ministering with great diligence to their diversion, at length broke a string and suspended it; but they were now in a state of too high excitement to permit accidents, or inquire into causes; and the musicians' sudden defalcation from duty could only be looked at in the light of a personal affront. The gentlemen upstairs had not brought pistols, but they had got *potatoes*; and my reader may imagine how they revenged themselves. A hurricane of epithets—too

delicate to be repeated—broke from their lips, and then each saltator grasped his potato, and, like a skilful body of engineers, directed a discharge at the pericraniums of the “band.” This active expression of their feelings was managed with such true aim and vigour, that the offender and his companion made a speedy retreat behind the green curtain. The potatoes being boiled, however, instead of inflicting any injury, conferred a benefit; the fiddler was enabled to *pocket* the affront. A terrible uproar now ensued, and the manager was called for, who, after some delay, put his head out at the first wing, to inquire the ladies’ and gentlemen’s wishes, fearing, as it seemed, to trust his body within their reach. He had then to assure them that the breaking of the string was purely accidental, and that Messrs. Thadeus O’Hoone and Patrick Byrne were willing to come forward and make an apology. Their enthusiasm had now passed away, and the “ladies and gentlemen” were open to reason and benevolence. The musicians appeared, were received into favour, the curtain went up, and all was forgotten.—BERNARD’S “RETROSPECTIONS OF THE STAGE,” 1830.

A GOOD REASON.

A VERY polite Frenchman applauded vehemently at the close of an exceedingly tedious performance by a fair but wretched musician. “Why do you applaud?” asked a bystander. “Because it is ended,” replied the Frenchman.

STEPHEN KEMBLE AND THE SAILOR.

KEMBLE was performing with a company in a seaport town somewhere on the coast of England, when a ship, which had been long at sea, came into port, and sent her crew ashore, with plenty of money, and full of fun and frolic, to enjoy themselves, after their long cruise, according to their various tastes and pursuits. “One of this kidney” found his way to the box-office of the

theatre, which at this time was open only three nights a week, and, inquiring for the manager, told him, with all the characteristic bluntness of a British sailor, that he "wanted a play!" "Very well," replied the manager, "come to-morrow evening, my good fellow, and you shall have two plays." This, however, did not at all accord with Jack's fancy. He was not disposed to wait till to-morrow evening; he wanted his play performed that night. After a good deal of wrangling, and seeing that the sailor was bent on having his own way, the manager touched upon the expenses, telling him that it would require a considerable sum of money "Money!" said Jack, with a look of the most infinite contempt, "Damme, how much will it take?" "About thirty pounds," answered Stephen. Jack said not a word, but drawing his purse from his bosom, counted down thirty guineas in the calmest manner possible. The bargain was now of course fairly concluded, but a question remained to be asked. "What play should you like performed, sir?" said the obsequious manager, as he pocketed the gold pieces with evident satisfaction. "Play!" said Jack, chuckling at the idea of being "sir'd." "Let me see. Ay, ay, give us Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff—you have a fellow here who does that devilish well. Ay, ay, sir," said the tar, with increasing good humour, as he ran over his theatrical reminiscences. "Let me have the old boy with the round forecastle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galloon in a heavy sea. Damme, give me Sir John Falstaff. What a prime commodore the old fellow would have made had his worship lived in them times! Shiver my timbers! but I would have sailed the whole varsal world with him, and stood by him in wreck or fight, damme, to the last plank!" Having pronounced this eulogium on the character of stout Sir John, the affair was closed, and all the arrangements made to Jack's complete satisfaction. One clause in particular was most pointedly urged, that not a single soul was to be in the house but himself! "Remember," said Jack, "not a lubber of them must be seen, either in the hold, the shrouds, or the tops, or, by the Diomedé!

I'll have him keel-hauled by the fiddlers!" So saying, the tar departed, mightily pleased with his bargain, with himself, and with the whole world. Night came; a few of the orchestra people took their accustomed places; the house was well lighted, and everything in readiness, when, just at the hour, Jack burst into the lower gallery, and, running across the seats, much in the same way in which he would have run along the jolly boat, he placed himself, with hat on one side, and arms akimbo, in the centre of the front bench. By way of overture, he called for "Jack's Delight" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe;" and these being played to his liking, he bawled out, "Now my lads, clew up your mainsail, and pipe all hands aboard!" The curtain immediately drew up, and the play of *Henry Fourth, Part First*, commenced. Jack sat out the first scene with a good deal of patience; but when his favourite made his appearance in the second scene, along with the prince,

"Three cheers our gallant seaman gave!"

in a tone which would have drowned a dozen Brahams. Sir John bowed low to this token of marked approbation, and the play proceeded, while Jack sat with his whole soul in his eyes, enjoying the rare humour of the "un-imitated and inimitable Falstaff." He continued in evident delight as long as Sir John remained on the stage, but whenever he made his exit, the play was performed in dumb show, and amid a torrent of reproaches from "the audience," who kept bawling at the top of his voice to his Grace of Northumberland, and other distinguished characters, "Avast there! sheer off, you lubbers! Belay your jawing tackle, you there with the carving-knife! sheer off! sheer off! Bring Falstaff in and be hanged to you!" Thus did Jack alternately applaud and condemn during the whole performance. When it was finished, and the green "mainsail" had been once more dropped "on deck," he rose and was preparing to depart, when one of the players met him at the door of the gallery, and informed him that all was not over, for that the "afterpiece" was yet to be performed. "Is Falstaff to be

in it?" "No, sir." "Oh! then, damn your afterpiece! Good night! good night!" And so saying, he walked out, perfectly satisfied with his thirty guineas' worth. Stephen Kemble used to relate this anecdote with infinite glee and humour; and it certainly affords an amusing trait illustrative of the character of a class of men whose equals in bravery and absurdity cannot be found on the face of the earth.

THE LAWYER'S END.

A COUNTRY gentleman, whom Foote was visiting, was complaining to him of the great expenses to which he had been put by the funeral of a relation, an attorney. "Why," said Foote gravely, "do you bury your attorneys here?" "Yes, to be sure," replied the other, "what should we do?" "Oh, we never do that in London." "How do you manage then?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him in a room overnight by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed," said his friend, "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning!"

NO REST HERE.

OLD Astley, one evening, when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest," said the manager, "I'll have nobody rest in my company; I pay you for *playing*, not for *resting*."

A SQUALL.

AT a concert, after Madame F — had sung an Italian bravura, Phillips sang the beautiful scena "The Tempest." "Ay," said one of the auditory, "this is true to nature: a tempest properly preceded by a squall."

A CURE FOR LOVE.

WHEN Mrs. Rogers, the actress, was young and handsome, Lord North and Grey, remarkable for his plain and homely face, accosted her one night behind the scenes, and asked her, with a sigh, what was a cure for love? "A sight of your lordship's face," said she, "is the best cure in the world that I know of."

INCLEDON'S SIMILES.

DURING the O. P. war, while a terrific tumult was raging in front of the house, the management, in their dilemma, popped upon Incledon, as "everybody's favourite," to go and pacify the audience. "I, my dear boy," replied Charles, "I attempt to stop that riot! I might as well bolt a door with a *boiled carrot*." Wishing to give a stranger an idea of a man who was extremely thin, he said, "his leg, now, is a capital thing to *clean a flute* with."

A GOOD PAINTER.

OLD Johnston, the player, who was not only a very good actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making dry jokes, was shown a picture, done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and asked his opinion of it. "Why, truly," said he, "the painter is a very good painter, and observes the Lord's commandments." "What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnston?" asked one who stood by. "Why, I think," answered he, "that he hath not made to himself the *likeness* of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

A LADY CANDIDATE FOR THE STAGE.

THE following letter was actually received by the late Mr. Charles Kean during his management of the Princess's Theatre:—"I have long resolved on a plunge which will

determine the colour of my future life. The stage is my passion, and I am well read in the best dramatic authors. I have never acted, but have rehearsed before good judges, who assure me I shall soar above all competition. I wish to know what I am to expect for three performances of "Lady Macbeth," "Julia" in the *Hunchback*, and "Ophelia;" the three plays altered and rewritten by myself to suit my own conceptions. I am twenty-three, my figure is *petite*, and has been pronounced faultless. My features are expressive, my eyes and hair of the raven's hue, and my voice melodious. I do not think much of any actress now on the stage, and have formed ideas of my own, which I shall be happy to communicate on a proper understanding, if this letter leads to what I expect, an interview. The bearer waits for your reply."

STAGE TRICKERY (GARRICK).

GARRICK, though a professed reformer of the stage, indulged freely in stage trickeries. It is recorded that in the closet scene with the "Queen" in *Hamlet*, he had a mechanical contrivance by which his chair fell, as if of itself, when he started upon the sudden entrance of the "Ghost." Henderson, his immediate successor in the part, rejected this practice, and his doing so was called by the critics of the day, a daring innovation. Garrick, with all his brilliant genius, was a very methodical actor; when he had once settled in what is technically called the "business" of a part, he never altered it. In the play scene of *Hamlet*, when he satisfies himself that he has detected the guilt of the "King," he wound up his burst of exultation at the close by three flourishes of his pocket-handkerchief over his head, as he paced the stage backwards and forwards. It was once remarked, as an extraordinary deviation, that he added a fourth flourish.

YATES AND HIS ORDER.

THE day before the death of Yates, he complained to a friend that he had been extremely ill-used by the

managers of Drury Lane Theatre, who actually denied him an *order*! "That was unkind, indeed, to an old servant," rejoined the friend. "Yes," replied the dying comedian, "particularly when my admission could have kept no *living soul* out of the house; for I only requested an order to be *buried* under the centre of the stage, and they were hard-hearted enough to refuse me."

EPIGRAM ON "THE STRANGER" OF MACREADY AND
CHARLES KEAN.

On these cocks of the walk,
About which are much talk,
We thus may decide without danger;
Throughout all its range,
Though Macready is strange,
Yet Kean, of the two, is the "Stranger."

THE MISERIES OF A POOR ACTOR.

THE jest on the lip, and the tear in the eye, the merriment on the mouth, and the aching in the heart, have called down the same shouts of laughter and peals of applause a hundred times. Characters in a state of starvation are almost invariably laughed at on the stage. The audience have had their dinner.—DICKENS.

DILIGENT STUDENTS.

A STRANGE contrast to the refined power of conception necessary for a great actor is presented by the habitual carelessness of Mrs. Pritchard, a tragic actress, who, until Mrs. Siddons appeared, stood first on the list. It is recorded of her that she never read more of the play of *Macbeth* than her own part, as furnished by the prompter, and was perfectly astonished when Garrick purified it of the interpolations of Davenant, and restored the original text. Quin also observed with indignation, "What does little Davy mean by all this nonsense about a new version? Don't I act Shakespeare's *Macbeth*?"

GARRICK AND JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON, who lost no opportunity of finding fault with Garrick, thought that his acting in the "Ghost" scene of *Hamlet* was both exaggerated and unnatural. "Do you think, sir, if you saw a ghost," said Boswell, "you would start as Garrick does in *Hamlet*?" "No, sir," replied the cynical philosopher. "If I did, I should frighten the ghost."

SPECIMENS OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM FROM HAZLITT'S

"VIEW OF THE ENGLISH STAGE."

"MR. YOUNG'S 'Prospero' was good for nothing, and consequently, was indescribably bad." "Mr. Emery had nothing of 'Caliban' but his gaberdine, which did not become him." "Mr. C. Kemble seemed to be rehearsing 'Don Felix' with an eye to 'Macduff,' or some face-making character." "Mr. Incedon both speaks and sings as if he had a lozenge or a slice of marmalade in his mouth. If he would go to America, and leave his voice behind him, it would be a great benefit to the parent country." "Mrs. Dickens never appeared to us anything but an ordinary musical instrument, and at present she is very much out of tune." "Mr. Jones acts as if he was moved by wires. He is a very lively automaton." "Mr. Jones is no favourite of ours. He is always the same Mr. Jones, who shows his teeth, and rolls his eyes, and looks like 'a jackdaw just caught in a snare.'" "Of Mr. Conway's 'Romeo' we cannot speak with patience. He bestrides the stage like a colossus, throws his arms into the air like the sails of a windmill, and his motion is as unwieldy as that of a young elephant. Query: Why does he not marry?" "Mr. Kemble has been compared lately in the *Times* to the ruins of a magnificent temple in which the divinity still resides. This is not the case. The temple is unimpaired, but the divinity is sometimes from home."

MADAME RACHEL AND CHARLES KEAN.

ON one of the most triumphant repetitions of *Macbeth*

at the Princess's Theatre, Charles Kean received a compliment equally unexpected and agreeable. Mademoiselle Rachel happened to be present in a private box. He knew that she formed one of the audience, and played his best in consequence. When the play ended, she came round to his dressing-room for personal introduction. Her praises were poured forth with all the ardour of appreciating genius, and wound up with this enthusiastic ebullition—

“Permettez que je vous embrasse !”

Such a request demanded instant compliance, and the fraternal salute was most cordially exchanged between the two great artists. This incident recalls a similar one that happened to Garrick when visiting Paris. In a private party at the house of Mademoiselle Clairon, the Rachel of her day, he was asked to gratify the company by a specimen of his powers. He rose at once and gave the dagger soliloquy from *Macbeth* without preparation or arrangement. The spectators were electrified, and Clairon, though unacquainted with the English language, was so excited by the expressive action and features, that she caught Garrick in her arms and kissed him. Mrs. Garrick, who was present, and frequently related the story, invariably added, “All were surprised, but David and I were delighted.”

BANNISTER AND WALDRON.

TWENTY-FOUR years after Bannister had revived *Hamlet* at Drury Lane, he happened to fall into conversation on that event with Waldron, an enthusiastic admirer of Garrick, in the green-room at the Haymarket. “Do you know, Waldron,” said he, “who first restored the scene of the grave-diggers, and played ‘Hamlet’ on the occasion? It was I.” “Yes,” Waldron answered, “and you ought to have known better; had Garrick been alive, he would have been justly angry with you;—and I’ll tell you what—when you go to heaven, Bannister, and meet Garrick, his first expression will be, ‘I am

very glad to see you, Jack!—but why did you bring back the grave-diggers?”

THE DUBLIN GALLERY.

ON one occasion—a benefit—the “gods” were overcrowded, and a loud clamour arose for relief or more accommodation. After a becoming diplomatic delay, the tardy manager appeared, and addressed them with the usual formula, “What is your pleasure?” “None at all!” roared out a dozen voices at once; “but a devilish sight of pain, for we’re all smothering here!”

A NEW piece by Tyrone Power, who, poor fellow, went down in the “President,” had not made a very successful impression; however, as usual, he was vociferously called for at the close, and announced it for repetition with the customary plaudits. As he was retiring, an anxious admirer in the gallery called out, in a confidential tone, “Tyrone, my boy, a word in private—don’t take that play for your benefit!”

JOHN KEMBLE was once performing “Hamlet” at the Dublin Theatre, and was called upon by the “gods” to “speak up.” Finding it impossible to comply with this request, as his asthmatic tendency always compelled him to husband his lungs, he came to the front of the stage and said, “Gentlemen of the gallery, I can’t *speak up*; but if you won’t speak at all, you’ll hear perfectly every word I say.”

ON the first night of a new play by Sheridan Knowles at the Dublin Theatre, a heavy explanatory scene was “dragging its slow length along,” between two still heavier actors, who had no effects to produce, or were unable to produce them if they had. The audience were evidently tired, though patient from respect to the

author, and now and then they relieved themselves by an expressive yawn. There happened to be a momentary pause, when a voice from one of the gallery benches called out, in parliamentary cadence, "I move that this debate be adjourned to this day six months." This woke up the house, and prepared them to enjoy the more telling scenes which were about to follow.

A NEW CHARACTER IN "RICHARD III."

A LUDICROUS incident occurred at Exeter during one of the visits of Charles Kean. That gentleman had a favourite Newfoundland dog named Lion, who accompanied him everywhere, and usually remained in his dressing-room while he was on the stage. One evening when Kean played "Richard," the door of the dressing-room happened to be left open, and Lion heard the well-known voice in loud excitement. He trotted out, and appeared at the wing just as "Richard" and "Richmond" were on the point of engaging in the last scene. Lion growled at his master's antagonist, exhibited his teeth, and rushed furiously forward, whereupon the terrified "Richmond," deeming the odds too serious, fled from the field and was seen no more. Kean, being left without an enemy, was obliged to fall and die unwounded. Lion bestrode his master in triumph, licking his face, and barking vociferously while the curtain fell, amid a roar of laughter and applause.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

ABOUT 1635, theatres and plays had become so popular and licentious that they excited the ire of the puritanical Prynne, who denounced them and their frequenters in a monstrous *helluo librorum* entitled "Histriomastix; or, the Player's Scourge and Actor's Tragedie," a quarto of one thousand and twelve close pages (which no one ever read through), which took him seven years to compile, and seven to print, and cost the author his worldly substance, his ears, and his liberty.—COLES.

A CAUTION TO CRITICS.

ON Saturday, the 5th of October, 1805, a revival of Farquhar's *Constant Couple* was announced at Drury Lane, but postponed on account of the illness of Elliston. A Sunday paper, however, contained the following account of the performance which did *not* take place:— "Last night, Farquhar's sprightly comedy of the *Constant Couple* was most laboriously and successfully murdered at this theatre. Elliston tamed down the gaiety of 'Sir Harry Wildair' with a felicity which they who admire such doings can never sufficiently extol. The gay knight was, by the care of his misrepresentative, reduced to a figure of as little fantastic vivacity as could be shown by 'Tom Errand' in 'Beau Clincher's' clothes. 'Beau Clincher' himself was quite lost in John Bannister—it was Bannister, not the 'Clincher' of Farquhar, that the performance suggested to the audience. Miss Mellon was not an unpleasing representative of 'Angelica;' but criticism has not language severe enough to mark, as it deserves, the impertinence of Barrymore's presuming to put himself forward in the part of 'Colonel Standard.' We were less offended, though it was impossible to be much pleased, with Dowton's attempt to enact 'Alderman Smuggler.' But the acting was altogether very sorry." The maligned actors brought an action against the authorities of the paper, who compromised the matter, and got off cheaply, by paying fifty pounds to the Theatrical Fund.—COLES.

DOUBLING THE STAKES.

A DRAMA had been having a very successful run at one of the principal theatres, when one morning a "super" presented himself to the manager with the following complaint:—"Sir," he said, "I have been playing my part now for a hundred consecutive nights, with the utmost zeal and care. Can't you manage to give me a rise?" "What part do you play?" asked the manager.

"I am in the fourth act. I have to stake twenty pounds in the gambling scene." "Your claim is very fair," returned the manager. "From to-morrow you shall double your stakes."

JOHN KEMBLE AS "CHARLES SURFACE."

IN 1791, John Kemble chose to act "Charles Surface." Some time afterwards, Reynolds and Kemble met at a dinner; the flattering host asserted that "Charles" had been lost to the stage since the days of Smith, and added, that Kemble's performance of the part should be considered as *Charles' Restoration*. On hearing this, a less complimentary guest observed, in an undertone, that it should rather be considered as *Charles' Martyrdom*. Kemble overheard the remark, and said, with much good humour, "I will tell you a story about this, which proves that you are right. Some few months ago, having, unfortunately, taken too much wine, I inadvertently quarrelled with a gentleman in the street. Next morning, when I came to my senses, I felt that I was in the wrong, and offered to make him any reasonable reparation. 'Sir,' interrupted the gentleman, 'at once I meet your proposal, and name one condition—promise me never to play "Charles Surface" again, and I shall be perfectly satisfied.' I gave the promise, and have kept it; for though Mr. Sheridan was pleased to say he liked me in the part, I certainly do not like myself."—COLES.

AN INDEPENDENT CRITIC.

A TROUBLESOME customer in a thin pit once adopted a strange mode of vindicating independent opinion. He amused himself and disturbed the rest of the audience by lying nearly at full length, and hissing and applauding every speech from every actor at the same time. After a desperate struggle he was removed to the police office, and when interrogated as to why he had interrupted the performance, he said, "He didn't know, he meant no

offence ; but he had always understood that any one who paid his money in a theatre had a right to hiss or applaud according to his taste ; and he thought that the fairest way of exercising his privilege was to keep on doing both together.”—COLES.

EDMUND KEAN'S LAST APPEARANCE.

EDMUND KEAN and his son Charles acted together for the first, and, as it was so fated, for the only time, in London, on the 25th of March, 1833. The play was *Othello*. The “Moor,” as usual, by Edmund ; “Iago” by Charles ; “Desdemona” by Miss Ellen Tree, who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Kean. This eventful performance was thus graphically described by Barry Cornwall :—“There was no rehearsal, nor any arrangement as to the mode of play ; but when the son arrived at the theatre in the evening, he was told that his father desired to see him. He went accordingly to his dressing-room, and found him shivering and exceedingly weak. ‘I am very ill,’ he said ; ‘I am afraid I shall not be able to act.’ The actors who were present cheered him up ; but, to provide against the worst, a servant was desired to air a dress, such as ‘Othello’ wears, in order that Mr. Warde might take up the part, in case Kean should actually break down before the conclusion. The play commenced. After the first scene, Kean observed, ‘Charles is getting on to-night—he’s acting very well ; I suppose that’s because he’s acting with me!’ He himself was very feeble. He was, however, persuaded to proceed, and brandy and water was administered to him as usual. By this help he went on pretty well until the commencement of the third act ; but before the drop-curtain rose, he said to his son, ‘Mind, Charles, that you keep before me ; don’t get behind me in this act. I don’t know that I shall be able to kneel ; but if I do, be sure that you lift me up.’ Still, he pursued his way without faltering. He went off with ‘Desdemona,’ and no one observed any change. But, on entering again, when he says, ‘What,

false to me,' etc., he was scarcely able to walk across the stage. He held up, however, until the celebrated 'Farewell,' which he uttered with all his former pathos; but on concluding it, after making one or two steps towards his son—who took care to be near him—and attempting the speech, 'Villain, be sure,' etc., his head sank on his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end! He was able to groan out a few words in Charles' ear, 'I am dying—speak to them for me;' after which, the audience refusing in kindness to hear any apology, he was borne off the stage. His son, assisted by other persons, carried him to his dressing-room, and laid him on the sofa. He was as cold as ice; his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he was unconscious of all that was going on around him. In this state he remained some time, when the remedies, which were applied, having restored him to his senses, he was taken to the 'Wrekin' Tavern, near the theatre, and Messrs. Carpue and Duchez, surgeons, were sent for." After a week's stay he was removed to Richmond, when he rallied a little, and was soon able to go out in a carriage. But the weather was cold, and he fancied that this airing gave him his death blow. On the 15th of May he died.

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

"WHEN I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans (née Miss Mellon), "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during my holidays, where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres, and in my character I represented a poor friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you, to save you from going to prison?' asked the stern creditor. 'I have told you I

have not a friend on earth,' was the reply; but just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance, 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you,' turning to the frightened actor, 'if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I get athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable—peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny mess-mates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic prosecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank notes."

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. SIDDONS.

WHEN Mrs. Siddons, in the zenith of her success, called upon Dr. Johnson, he asked her "Which of Shakespeare's heroines she liked best?" She answered, without hesitation, "'Queen Katharine,' because it is the most natural and feminine." "You are right, madam," replied the burly critic, "and when you appear in that part, old and infirm as I am, I will endeavour to hobble out and see you."

FEAR AND DANGER.

AN amusing incident occurred during one of the rehearsals of *Schamyl* at the Princess's Theatre while under the management of Mr. Charles Kean. A particular scene represented a cataract, above which, at a considerable elevation from the stage, a raft had to pass, occupied

by three or four persons, one erect, and the others in stooping or recumbent positions. A considerable delay took place. Mr. Kean, who superintended the rehearsal, called loudly to demand the cause. No answer. "Why does not the raft come on?" Again no answer. The question being repeated, one of the actors who should have been at his post, at last appeared from the back of the stage, and exclaimed with excitement, "The raft is unsafe, sir, it would endanger a man's life to venture on it! I really cannot incur such a risk." Some further discussion then arose, which was suddenly interrupted by a loud burst of applause from all who were looking on. This was occasioned by the appearance of the raft passing steadily across the stage with Mrs. Kean. Standing in the centre, occupying the position of the apprehensive remonstrant. We need scarcely say that he was silenced by this eloquent reply.

ELEMENTS OF THEATRICAL SUCCESS.

WHAT Montecucule said of war is quite as applicable to theatrical management. The three most essential ingredients of success are *money!* MONEY!! MONEY!!!

EDMUND KEAN AND MRS. GARRICK.

EDMUND KEAN essayed the part of "Abel Drugger" for his first benefit on the 24th of May, 1814, which drew the following laconic note from Mrs. Garrick:—

"Dear Sir,—You cannot play 'Abel Drugger.'
"Yours, EVA GARRICK."

Kean replied:—

"Dear Madame,—I know it.
"Yours, EDMUND KEAN."

But he balanced this inferiority by discovering that David was unable to sing, while he warbled melodiously.

A CONSIDERATE AUTHOR.

BARTHE, the French dramatic author, was so thoroughly vain and selfish as to be utterly insensible to the wants

and feelings of others. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him dying, but, nevertheless, proposed to him to read his play. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthe; "but I can read the comedy in half an hour."

A LOVE STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MR. BRADSHAW, then M.P. for Canterbury, fell in love with Miss Tree, the actress, and hearing she was about to perform at Birmingham, and had engaged a seat in the mail, he booked all the rest of the seats for himself in the name of Tomkins, and resolved to make the most of the opportunity offered him. Unfortunately, his luggage and the songstress went by one mail, while he, through a mistake, travelled by another. Capt. Gronow tells the rest of the story in his recently published *Reminiscences* thus felicitously:—"On arriving at Birmingham, early in the morning, he left the coach and stepped into the hotel, determined to remain there, and go to the theatre on the following evening. He went to bed, and slept late the following day, and on waking he remembered that his trunk with all his money had gone on to Manchester, and that he was without the means of paying his way. Seeing the bank of Birmingham opposite the hotel, he went over and explained his position to one of the partners, giving his own banker's address in London, and showing letters addressed to him as Mr. Bradshaw. Upon this he was told that with such credentials he might have a loan; and the banker said he would write the necessary letter and cheque, and send the money over to him at the hotel. Mr. Bradshaw, pleased with this kind attention, sat himself down comfortably to breakfast in the coffee-room. According to promise, the cashier made his appearance at the hotel, and asked the waiter for Mr. Bradshaw. 'No such gentleman here,' was the reply. 'Oh, yes, he came by the London mail.' 'No, sir; no one came but Mr. Tomkins, who was booked as inside

passenger to Manchester.' The cashier was dissatisfied; but the waiter added, 'Sir, you can look through the window of the coffee-room door, and see the gentleman yourself.' On doing so, he beheld the Mr. Tomkins, *alias* Mr. Bradshaw, and immediately returned to the bank, telling what he himself had heard and seen. The banker went over to the hotel, had a consultation with the landlord, and it was determined that a watch should be placed upon the suspicious person who had two names and no luggage, and who was booked to Manchester, but had stopped at Birmingham. The landlord summoned boots—a little lame fellow, of most ludicrous appearance—and pointing to the gentleman in the coffee-room, told him his duty for the day was to follow him wherever he went, and never to lose sight of him; but, above all, to take care that he did not get away. Boots nodded assent, and immediately mounted guard. Mr. Bradshaw having taken his breakfast and read the papers, looked at his watch, and sallied forth to see something of the goodly town of Birmingham. He was much surprised at observing a little odd-looking man surveying him most attentively, and watching his every movement; stopping whenever he stopped, and evidently taking a deep interest in all he did. At last, observing that he was the object of this incessant *espionage*, and finding that he had a shilling left in his pocket, he hailed one of the coaches that ran short distances in those days when omnibuses were not. This, however, did not suit little boots, who went up to him and insisted that he must not leave the town. Mr. Bradshaw's indignation was naturally excessive, and he immediately returned to the hotel, where he found a constable ready to take him before the mayor as an impostor and swindler. He was compelled to appear before his worship, and had the mortification of being told that unless he could give some explanation, he must be content with a night's lodging in a house of detention. Mr. Bradshaw had no alternative but to send to the fair charmer of his heart to identify him; which she most readily did, as soon as rehearsal was over. Explanations were then entered

into, but he was forced to give the reason of his being in Birmingham, which of course made a due impression on the lady's heart, and led to that happy result of their interview—a marriage, which resulted in the enjoyment of mutual happiness for many years.”

STANDING ON CEREMONY.

QUIN engaged a convivial party to sup at the “Crown and Anchor;” Garrick was one of the number. At a late, or rather early hour, the party broke up. Quin had some business to settle with Garrick, and detained him half an hour. When they were ready to go, a shower of rain came down in such a tempestuous manner that they could not think of stirring. There was no hackney coach on the stand. Two chairs were ordered. The waiter could only procure one. Garrick proposed that Quin should go first, and he would wait until the chairmen returned. “Pooh! that is standing upon ceremony,” said Quin; “we can go together.” “Together! that is impossible.” “Nothing more easy,” replied Quin; “I will go in the chair, and you can go in the lantern.”

A SERIOUS FARCE.

“HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—Previous to the production of the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, in London, the upper gallery of the theatres were free to the servants of those who had places in the boxes. The whole race of the domestic gentry, on the first night of this excellent little piece, were in a ferment of rage at what they conceived would be their ruin; and from the upper gallery to which they were admitted *gratis* came hisses and groans, and even handfulls of halfpence were flung on the stage at Philip, and my Lord Duke, Sir Harry, and others. This tumult was continued for a few nights, but ultimately it turned out a good thing for all theatres, for it gave Garrick, as manager, a fair occasion to close the gallery against the servants, and ever after to make

all pay who entered it." The above passage, taken from *O'Keefe's Life*, shows the result of the production of this famous farce; and the following passage from Murphy's *Life of Garrick* explains how the subject was suggested to the author of it:—"Early in October (1759) Garrick brought forward that excellent farce *High Life below Stairs*. For some private reasons he wished to lie concealed; and, with that design, prevailed on his friend, Mr. Townley, master of Merchant Taylor's School, to suffer his name to be circulated in whispers. The truth, however, was not long suppressed. The subject of the piece has an excellent moral tendency. The hint was, most probably, taken from the *Spectator*, No. 88, where we find the following passage:—"Falling in the other day at a victualling house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at window if she did not bring up more mild beer; and my Lord Duke would have a double mug of purl. On a sudden, one came running down and cried, "The House is rising!" Down came all the company together: the alehouse was filled with clamour, and scoring a mug to the Marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to an Earl, and three quarts to my New Lord for wetting his title.' From this sketch has sprung up in *High Life below Stairs* a most admirable dramatic satire on the vanity of servants, and the vanity of the fashionable world, which are rendered completely ridiculous, when they descend from the parlour to the kitchen."

NED SHUTER'S PROTEST.

NED SHUTER to the Printer, greeting:—WHEREAS, in a quotation from a book entitled *Theatrical Biography*, there is a circumstantial account of my family. I beg, for the credit of your book, and to avoid an imposition upon the public, in a matter which *so much concerns them* to be acquainted with, that you will correct a mistake the writer of those Memoirs has made. For WHEREAS the said writer does, with great confidence, assert, that my

“*Father* was a *chairman*, that my *mother* sold *oysters*, and that I, NED SHUTER, was born in a *CELLAR*.” Now, though I will acknowledge that my *Father* was a *chairman*, though I have no objection to own that my *Mother* sold *oysters* in the *winter*, and *cucumbers* in the *summer*, yet I do solemnly aver that I was *not* born in a *CELLAR*, but in a *front room*, up *two* pair of stairs, at one *Mr. Meril’s*, an eminent *Chimney Sweeper*, in *Vine Street*, *St. Giles’s*. Having thus discharged my conscience by rectifying any mistakes the public might fall into on so *important* a subject, I remain, with gratitude, their obedient servant, NED SHUTER.—THEATRICAL BIOGRAPHY, 1772.

A MEMORABLE INCIDENT.

ONE night, as Mrs. Siddons was playing “*Isabella*,” and had uttered the words by which she used to pierce all hearts, words spoken on discovering her first husband, in whose absence she had remarried, “*Oh, my Biron! my Biron!*” a young Aberdeenshire heiress, Miss Gordon, of Gight, sent forth a scream as wild as that of “*Isabella*,” and taking up the words in a historical frenzy, was carried out still repeating them. Next year this impressible lady was wooed and won by a Byron, the Honourable John of that name, by whom she became the mother of one more famous than the rest, Lord Byron, the “*lord of himself*, that heritage of woe!”

A TRUE ARTIST.

A QUESTION was once put to Congreve, by a court lady: —“*Why, Mr. Congreve, do you always, in your comedies, make so free with our sex?*” “*Because, madam,*” was the author’s reply, “*I draw all my characters from nature.*”

ALWAYS LEARNING.

It has been recorded that John Kemble wrote out one

part of *Hamlet* thirty times, and each time discovered some new and effective reading which had escaped him before. During his last season, he said, "Now that the failure of my physical powers has warned me to retire, I am only beginning thoroughly to understand my art." After Mrs. Siddons had left the stage, a friend, calling on her one morning, found her walking in the garden with a book in her hand. "What are you reading?" inquired the visitor. "You will hardly guess," replied she; "I am looking over 'Lady Macbeth,' and am amazed to find some points in the character that never struck me till now."

TO ASPIRANTS FOR THE STAGE.

Ye youths who velvet paths descry
 In the home of a Scenic King,
 For a sight of the *back* of the picture try:
 To judge of a player is "all my eye,"
 Unless you have "rubb'd the wing."

THE MOST FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

MRS. GARRICK frequently visited at the house of Edmund Kean, in Clarges Street, and one day, making a morning call, she found the tragedian in the drawing-room in a state of unusual excitement. He received his visitor rather abruptly, and retired. The old lady's eyes followed him with some astonishment, and turning to Mrs. Kean, she said, in her broken English, "What is the matter with your husband? He seems disturbed." "Oh," replied Mrs. Kean, "you mustn't mind him; he has just read a spiteful notice of *Othello* in one of the newspapers, which has terribly vexed him." "But why should he mind that?" said Mrs. Garrick; "he is above the papers, and can afford to be abused." "Yes," observed Mrs. Kean; "but he says the article is so well written: but for that, he wouldn't care for the abuse." "Then, my dear Mrs. Kean, he should do as David did, and he would be spared this annoyance." "What's that?" exclaimed the anxious wife eagerly. "Write the articles himself: David always did so!"—COLE.

A CLEVER HARLEQUIN.

ON the night of Edmund Kean's first performance in *Richard*, a knot of fashionable loungers and unemployed actors were canvassing his merits in the green-room: some loud in panegyric, others qualifying their remarks with sarcasm. "This is really a wonderful man," said a warm admirer. "Yes," replied a sceptic, "I understand that he is an admirable harlequin." "I am certain of that," retorted Bannister, who was present, "for he has jumped over all our heads."

ELLISTON'S LAST JOKE.

WHEN Elliston was in a dying state at his house in Blackfriars Road, his friend, Mr. Durrant, was near him, and being anxious his patient should take some medicine prescribed for him, said, "Come, come, Elliston, you must indeed swallow this. Take it, and you shall have a wineglassful of weak brandy and water!" Elliston raised his eyes, and, with a still comic smile, replied, "Ah! you rogue—bribery—and *corruption!*"

COOKE'S EFFRONTERY.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE told the people of Liverpool to their face that they were a disgrace to humanity, and that every stone in their city was cemented by human blood—a figurative mode of conveying that their commercial prosperity sprang from their encouraging the slave trade. The audience saw that he laboured under his "old complaint," and forgave the actor while they pitied the man. At Washington, U. S., when the President had come expressly to see him in *Richard*, he flatly refused to commence his performance or act before the "King of the Yankee Doodles," as he called him, until the band had played "God save the King," in addition to their own national air. And in this extravagance the stiff republicans actually indulged him!—COLE.

FOOTE AND GARRICK.

FOOTE used to say that, "He remembered Garrick living in Durham Yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant."

KEAN *v.* COBHAM.

EDMUND KEAN undertook a short engagement at the Victoria, formerly the Cobourg Theatre, on the Surrey side of the water. He opened in *Richard III.* to an enormous house, and all passed off with great effect. On the second night he appeared as "Othello," on which occasion "Iago" was personated by Cobham, a prodigious Victoria favourite. The house was crowded as before, but noisy and inattentive. There were nearly twelve hundred persons in a gallery built for about half that number. The best speeches in the most striking scenes were marred by such unclassical expletives and interruptions as a Cobourg audience were given to dispense, in those days with more freedom than politeness, by the incessant popping of ginger-beer bottles, and by yells of "Bravo, Cobham!" whenever Kean elicited his most brilliant points. The great tragedian felt disconcerted, and by the time the curtain fell he overflowed with indignation, a little heightened by copious libations of brandy and water. He was then loudly called for, and after a considerable delay came forward, enveloped in his cloak, his face still smirched, not more than half cleansed from the dingy complexion of the Moor, and his eyes emitting flashes as bright and deadly as forked lightning. He placed himself in the centre of the stage, near the footlights, and demanded, with laconic abruptness, "What do you want?" There was a moment's interval of surprise, when "You, you!" was reiterated from many voices. "Well, then, I am here." Another short pause, and he proceeded: "I have acted in every theatre in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, I have acted in all the principal theatres throughout the United States of America, but in my life I never acted

to such a set of ignorant, unmitigated brutes as I now see before me!" So saying, he folded his cloak majestically, made a slight contemptuous obeisance, and stalked off, with the dignity of an offended lion. The actors, carpenters, and property men, who listened to this harangue, stood aghast, evidently expecting that the house would be torn down. An awful silence ensued for a moment or two, like the storm gathering before the tempest, when suddenly a thought of deadly retaliation suggested itself, and pent-up vengeance burst out in one simultaneous shout of, "Cobham! Cobham!" Cobham rushed on the stage at once, bowed deferentially, placed his hand on his heart again and again, and pantomimed emotion and gratitude after the prescribed rules. When the thunders of applause subsided, he delivered himself as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is unquestionably the proudest moment of my life. I cannot give utterance to my feelings! but to the latest hour of my existence I shall cherish the remembrance of the honour conferred upon me by one of the most distinguished, liberal, and enlightened audiences I ever had the pleasure of addressing!"—COLE'S "LIFE OF C. KEAN."

EDINBURGH CRITICS.

EDINBURGH play-goers were formerly slow and cold when sitting in critical judgment on new candidates for their favour, but were warm and steady when once that judgment was pronounced. On the first appearance of Mrs. Siddons, the crowded pit sat in solemn silence throughout four-fifths of "Isabella." Point after point, which had electrified the more susceptible Londoners, fell upon them without kindling a flash, or exciting an exclamation. Eyes looked dull, and hands were quiet. The great actress was in despair, and had scarcely courage to go on. One burst more, with a concentrated energy, and she paused for the result. Still a moment of silence, when a dictatorial voice from the pit exclaimed in a business-like manner, "That's no bad!" This settled the

matter, and roused the whole house to applause, which rose fast and furious from that moment to the end of the play.

TATE WILKINSON.

THE celebrated Tate had sundry peculiar habits. During his career as manager, if any member of his company had obstinately neglected to listen to his advice on any particular point of acting, or the like, he would mount, on some future night, into the gallery, and hiss most strenuously, an expedient which generally brought the trifler to his senses. On one occasion, being more than usually indignant at some very slovenly exhibition on the stage, his hiss was remarkably audible. The delinquent actor, however, seemed to have friends around him, for on a cry of "Turn him out!" arising, poor Wilkinson was unceremoniously handed from his own gallery and ejected into the street. Notwithstanding this defeat, he still maintained this useful and very disinterested experiment.

ROAST BEEF AND MR. WRENCH.

WHEN Wrench made his *débüt* in the York company, Tate took his usual station in front of the house—for he went there to admire as well as to censure—and at the end of the play, which was *Speed the Plough*, wherein Wrench had acted "Henry," he hobbled into the green-room, exclaiming, "Where's Mr. *Drench*?" for he seldom called any person by his right name. "Here, sir," replied the young actor. "Sir, you're a clever *Wench*," continued Wilkinson, tapping him on the shoulder; "There's some roast beef in you, Mr. French!"—RAYMOND'S "MEM. OF ELLISTON."

"O DAY AND KNIGHT!"

WHEN "little Knight," as he was called, led his second wife to the altar, Tate Wilkinson said to her, "I wish you joy on your wedding-day, Madam; but I am sorry that you will have but a short Knight."

FOOTE.

FOOTE was one of those beings who seem to be born to be drolls, and whose irresistibly comic powers render it almost impossible to contemplate them in a moral or serious light. The following is Dr. Johnson's declaration regarding him, as related to Boswell:—"The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible." On another occasion, he thus contrasts him with Garrick:—"Garrick, sir, has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs or jumps over your head, and makes his escape." It must be recorded to Foote's credit, that he was very generous to his poor friends, authors, actors, and others, by whom he was always surrounded, and was really a man of considerable attainments, being both a good classical scholar and well informed on all subjects of general learning.

A SERIOUS FARCE PERFORMED BY STROLLERS.

WHEN the Spanish Armada was hovering about the English coast (*circa* 1587) a company of "vagrom" actors were performing a piece called *Sampson* in a booth, at Penryn. The Spaniards, having silently landed a body of men, were quietly making their way, at night, to burn the small town, when, fortunately, the actors, within hearing of the marauders, having in the booth let "Sampson" loose among the Philistines, signalled that event by a tremendous hubbub which they raised by means of drums, trumpets, shouting, and other noises.

This sudden commotion took the Spaniards by surprise; and, imagining that the whole town, with Beelzebub either leading or driving, was at their back, they took to their heels, and were soon on board of their own ships. The reader of *Tom Jones* will doubtless remember the incident where the sound of the drum of the puppet showman so terrified Partridge, that he fancied the chevalier, Jemmy Cameron, and all the rebels were at hand, and that his dying hour had come.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MACKAY'S "BAILIE."

WRITING to Joanna Baillie regarding Mackay's appearance in *Rob Roy*, Sir Walter Scott said, "He is completely the personage of the drama—the purse-proud, consequential magistrate, humane and irritable at the same moment, and the true Scotsman in every turn of thought and action. In short, I never saw a part better sustained." "The English," he also wrote to Lord Montagu, "will not enjoy it, for it is not broad enough, or sufficiently caricatured for their apprehensions; but, to a Scotsman, it is inimitable." Again, to his friend Terry, Scott wrote:—"The man who played the 'Bailie' made a piece of acting equal to whatever has been seen in the profession. For my own part, I was actually electrified by the truth, spirit, and humour which he threw into the part; it was the living 'Nicol Jarvie'—conceited, pragmatistical, cautious, generous, proud of his connection with 'Rob Roy,' frightened for him at the same time; and yet extremely desirous to interfere with him as an adviser. The tone in which he seemed to give him up for a lost man, after having provoked him into some burst of Highland violence—'Ah, Rab! Rab!'—was quite inimitable. I do assure you, I never saw a character better played." Such commendation from the *author* of a character to the *creator* of it, was no faint praise, especially when the author was Sir Walter Scott.

"THE OTHER WHITFIELD."

THE managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden played

to thin houses, while Garrick drew the town after him; and the actors beheld his prodigious success with an evil eye. Quin, in his sarcastic vein, said, "This is the wonder of a day; Garrick is a new religion; the people follow him as another Whitfield, but they will soon return to church again." The joke was relished and soon spread through the town. Garrick thought it required an answer; he replied in the following epigram:—

"POPE QUIN, who damns all Churches but his own,
Complains that Heresy infests the town;
That WHITFIELD GARRICK has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the Stage.
He says, that Schism has turn'd the Nation's brain;
But eyes will open, and to Church again.
Thou GRAND INFALLIBLE! forbear to roar;
Thy Bulls and Errors are rever'd no more.
When Doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not HERESY, but REFORMATION."—

MURPHY'S GARRICK.

NED SHUTER AND HIS "BOY."

ON one occasion when the famous Ned Shuter was in Ireland, he went to the market in Dublin to "buy him some fish." As it never entered into any part of his character to be an economist, he suffered himself to be imposed upon by one female fish-merchant to nearly double the proper amount. On buying the fish, he engaged a little boy to carry it home for him; but the fish-woman, dreading that the lad would explain the cheat to Shuter, offered him a few halfpence for himself. The boy disdainfully refused this bribe, and on the way home told Shuter how he had been imposed upon. The actor was so struck with the boy's honesty, that he immediately took him under his care, provided him with a new suit of clothes, had him taught to read and write, and took him across to England, where he continued in his service for many years.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

WHILE present one evening at the "Lectures on the

Ancients," adventured on by Charles Macklin, the lecturer hearing a buz of laughter in a corner of the room, looked angrily in that direction, and perceiving Foote, said pompously, "You seem very merry; pray do you know what I am going to say?" "No," replied Foote, "do you?"

INCLEDON AND MATHEWS.

INCLEDON and Mathews were travelling together on the outside of a stage-coach, soon after the death of Incledon's first wife, to whom he had been very much attached. A very consumptive-looking man was also a passenger, and Incledon's heart was touched by the sickly look of the poor fellow, and he entered into conversation with him. He inquired about his health, and learned that he was going home to his friends to be nursed. When the coach stopped, Incledon addressed the poor invalid for the last time, and said, "My good man, we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're *bespoke*; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker. In fact, you're *book'd*, so there's a seven-shilling piece for you; and when you go to heaven, and see my dear sainted Jane, pray tell her you saw me, and that I'm well." The poor creature stared, took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he, doubtless, supposed to come from a lunatic.—Mrs. MATHEWS.

KEMBLE AND MATHEWS.

WHEN Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of *Coriolanus* among his brethren. To Mathews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, for I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."

MICHAEL KELLY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

My father and mother were both excessively fond of

music, and considered to sing with taste; all their children, fourteen in number, evinced musical capabilities, and I, the eldest of the family, was, at three years old, daily placed, with the wine on the table, to howl Hawthorn's song in *Love in a Village*, "There was a Jolly Miller," for the entertainment of my father's company; for company, unfortunately for his family, he had every day; and no man in the city, so justly renowned for hospitality, gave better dinners or better wine.—KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

"A FELLOW-FEELING."

THE Pantheon Theatre was burned on the 14th of January, 1792. Sheridan, the manager of Drury Lane, and Michael Kelly, the operatic singer, were looking at the conflagration. Sheridan remarked that the flames were reaching the top of the building, and that it did not seem possible that they could be extinguished. An Irish fireman standing by, and who overheard Sheridan make the observation, said, *sotto voce*, "For the love of heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy. Sir, by the powers, it will soon be down; sure they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." Pat said this in the natural warmth of his heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon Theatre must have been gratifying to Mr. Sheridan as the proprietor of Drury Lane.—KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

MRS. CROSS, of Covent Garden Theatre, was performing in Glasgow in 1793. On one occasion, the Lord Provost of the City was present, and the lady had no sooner made her appearance on the stage than the civic functionary exclaimed, in an excited manner, "Stop, stop the play! I would speak with that woman!" Great was the consternation throughout the auditory at this highly dramatic *emence*, and the curtain being immediately lowered, the perturbed Provost made his way, at

once, into the actress's private room. After a few hurried words, he discovered her to be his own wife, from whom he had been separated for nearly twenty years. Each had supposed the other dead!—a *coup de théâtre*, which would have turned the brain of Congreve himself. The magistrate, hereupon, bore off the lady, arm in arm to his own house, and the next evening she took her place in the front of the theatre, among the patrons and patronesses of art, where she was quite as much a heroine as when sustaining the woes of "Calista" herself.—RAYMOND'S ELLISTON, No. 1,844.

GARRICK'S EPITAPH ON QUIN.

GARRICK had always a great regard for Quin. While the latter remained on the stage, the jealousy of rivals might occasion some reserve; but, after that period, they both lived on terms of intimacy and real friendship. Garrick expressed an unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a man whom he esteemed, and wrote the following epitaph, which is engraved on a monument in the Abbey-church at Bath:—

"That tongue, which set the table in a roar,
 And charmed the public ear, is heard no more.
 Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
 Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretched forth,
 At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
 Here lies JAMES QUIN;—Deign, reader to be taught,
 Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
 To this complexion you must come at last."—MURPHY.

THE DEATH OF MADAME DRURY.

THE following whimsical obituary notice of the closing of old Drury Lane Theatre appeared in a London newspaper two days after the event occurred. It took place June 4th, 1791, and the pieces performed were *The Country Girl* and *No Song no Supper*:—"Died, on Saturday night, of a gradual decay, in the hundred and seven-

teenth year of her age, old Madame Drury, who lived in six reigns, and saw many generations pass before her. She remembered Betterton in age, lived in intimacy with Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling. Her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in its earliest days of festivity, having almost, through the whole of her life, entertained from one to two thousand persons, of both sexes, six nights out of seven in the week. She was an excellent poetess, could be gay and grave by turns, and yet, sometimes catching disorder from intrusive guests, could be dull enough in all conscience. Her memory was excellent, and her singing kept in such a gradual state of improvement, that it was allowed, her voice was better the three or four last years of her life than when she was in her prime. At the latter end of last week, she had a rout of near two thousand people at her house the very night of her death; and the old lady felt herself in such spirits that she said she would give *no supper without a song*, which being complied with, she fell gently back in her chair, and expired without a groan. Dr. Palmer, one of her family physicians, attended her in her last moments, and announced her dissolution to the company."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "DYERS AND HATTERS."

ABOUT the year 1796, a tragedy, written by a hatter, was brought out at Drury Lane, and was most completely condemned. Towards the end of the play, Palmer and Bensley had, in their characters, to *die* upon the stage. A torrent of hisses accompanied their latter moments, and the curtain fell in the midst of the tumult. When the play was over, Palmer and Bensley came into the green-room; and Palmer said to Bensley, "You see, Bensley, the audience have settled *The Hatters!*" "So I perceive." answered Bensley; "and they did not spare the *dyers.*"

A SERIOUS MATTER.

JOHN KANE was a second-rate actor on the Dublin boards.

Though he afforded little entertainment on the stage, he was, for his drolleries and blunders, reckoned very diverting behind the scenes; and he was very fond of whiskey. When informed of the death of William O'Reilly, a favourite comedian in Dublin, he said, "Dead, pooh! you mean dead drunk; faith and troth no man *living* has been so often *dead* as poor O'Reilly!" But having been assured that he was gone *bonâ fide*, he exclaimed, "Och, by the powers, he'll never forgive me; he'll lay his death at my door—I know he will; for I was the first man that ever taught him to drink whiskey!"

FATALITIES ON THE STAGE.

ON the 2nd of August, 1798, the stage had an irreparable loss in the death of John Palmer. He actually expired on the stage when performing the character of the "Stranger," and while he was uttering the words:—

"There is another and a better world."

A similar melancholy event happened in the year 1758, when Joseph Pethren (Pethren *sic*), playing the "Duke," in *Measure for Measure*, dropped down dead, after repeating these words:—

"Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I loose a thing that none but fools would keep; a breath thou art."

A WARNING TO SOME PEOPLE.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Female Tatler*, 9th December, 1709:—"Dropt, near the play-house in the Haymarket, a bundle of horsewhips designed to belabour the footmen in the upper gallery, who, almost every night this winter, have made such an intolerable disturbance, that the players could not be heard, and their masters were forced to *hiss* them into silence. Whosoever has taken up the said whips, is desired to leave them with my Lord Rake's porter, several noblemen resolving to exercise them on their backs, the next frosty morning."

ELEGANT ERROR.

IN *Simpson and Co.*, Mrs. Fitzallen has this line:—"Does he still *retain his influence* at the India House?" An actress, at Aberdeen, once varied the reading thus,—
 "Does he still *maintain his infants* at the India House?"

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH."

A LUDICROUS incident transpired some years ago on the "Western Circuit." An aged actor, having pertinaciously clung to *light comedy*, long after he had been blessed with a numerous family, had, amongst them, a son of considerable theatrical ability; but it was in the line of *old men*. This youth made the first trial of his skill at Exeter, in the part of "Sir Anthony Absolute," and his father was the "Jack Absolute." The play must have afforded many points of absurdity not intended by the author, but when the enraged baronet had to exclaim, "I'll disown you—I'll unget you—I'll never call you Jack again!" it produced a roar in the theatre which far surpassed any indication of delight the talent of the young man was able afterwards to excite.—RAYMOND'S ELLISTON.

A SLIGHTED GENIUS.

A SHAMBLING, blear-eyed stripling, without a voice, and scarcely five feet in stature, once panted to come out as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," and who maintained that he could play these characters as well as Barry. It was remarked to him in reply, that Barry was singularly gifted by nature with physical requisites, such as are seldom combined in the same individual; and that without some external advantages, and, at least, moderate lungs, the case would be hopeless. "Oh," said the would-be "Hamlet," "genius can do without such paltry aids. Le Kain, the great French tragedian, was little and deformed with a cast in one eye, a defective utterance, and an ugly, inexpressive face. Henderson's voice was thick, he spoke as if his throat was stuffed with worsted,

had flat features and a clumsy figure. Garrick, diminutive and inclined to fat, and Edmund Kean was often husky!" Heaven only knows where he had picked up these rebutting facts, for he seemed perfectly uneducated, and spoke with a broad, provincial accent, which made the blood curdle.—COLES.

AN ACTOR OF THE RIGHT SORT.

MR. MOODY was a most natural and comic actor in Garrick's company. About 1763, a difference arose between the manager and his patrons about the "half-price" hour and rates; and, for a time, disturbances were of nightly occurrence. On one of these occasions, Moody saw a man setting fire to the scenes, and, seizing him at once, was fortunate enough to be able to prevent the incendiary's horrid design being carried into execution. This was a material service, even to the opposite party, who might have been involved in a capital offence; but, in their opinion, Moody's interference was a crime for which they required an apology. He was hotly called for; he did not hesitate to appear; and, conscious of his good intentions in the part he had acted, he made his appearance on the stage. His judges in the pit ordered him to ask pardon. To this imperious command, he answered, with great presence of mind, "Gentlemen, if, by hindering the house from being burnt to the ground, and saving many of your lives, I have given you cause of displeasure, I ask your pardon." This was deemed an aggravation of the offence, and the furious legislators commanded him to ask pardon on his knees. "Down on your knees," was the universal cry. Mr. Moody felt the indignity, and, with the spirit of a man, said, "Gentlemen, I will not degrade myself so low, even in your opinion, by such an act; I should be an abject wretch, unfit ever to appear before you again." He spoke these words with firmness; and, having made his bow, walked off the stage. Garrick received him with open arms; he applauded him for his due sense of honour. The riot did not subside until the manager went on, and, being

ordered to dismiss Moody for his insolence, he gave his word that Moody, though a most useful actor, should not perform any part on his stage as long as he remained under their displeasure. He then retired, and, embracing Moody, assured him that his salary would be regularly paid.—MURPHY.

A KIND-HEARTED SAILOR.

MRS. CROUCH, the professional friend of Michael Kelly, introduced a song in *No Song no Supper*, at the Haymarket Theatre, entitled "The Poor Little Gipsy." Mrs. Crouch sang it delightfully, and it became a great favourite. One night, while she was singing the line,

"Spare a poor little gipsy a halfpenny,"

a jolly tar shouted from the pit, "That I will, my darling," and forthwith threw a shilling upon the stage.—KELLY.

A PAINFUL OCCUPATION.

CHAS. BANNISTER was once caught in a shower of rain in Holborn, and took shelter in a comb-maker's, where an old man was at work. "Good heavens, sir, what pain you must be in," said Bannister. "Pain! I have no pain, thank God," said the man. "Oh, but you must feel pain, for I perceive you are *cutting teeth!*" replied Bannister.

A TAKING FELLOW.

REES, the mimic, once appeared in a court as bail for a friend. Garrow examined him, and said, "You are, I believe, an imitator, are you not?" "So they tell me," said Rees. "Tell you, sir! you know it; are you not in the habit of taking people off?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "and I shall take myself off the moment you have done with me!"

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

ON the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre, which replaced the building destroyed by the conflagration of 1809, and which cost £129,000, an address, spoken by Miss Farren, assured the public that such another destructive fire could never take place in that theatre, as they had water enough to drown authors, actors, auditory, and all—applause to boot—at the conclusion of which, a shower of real water was produced, and an iron curtain let down in sight of the assured spectators. The next fire, by which the Theatre Royal Drury Lane was destroyed happened on a Friday in Lent, when there was no play. It commenced in the coffee-room of the theatre, which fronted Brydges Street, and from which there was a direct communication to the first circle of the boxes. The workmen had quitted the house, leaving a flue overheated; and hence the origin of the calamity. The water which was to overwhelm the building in the event of such a catastrophe taking place had been allowed to escape, perhaps, unobserved; and, as to the iron curtain, there was no assistance at hand to lower it. The ruin was complete.

AN HONEST CRITIC.—“THE JEALOUS WIFE.”

WE quote the following paragraph from Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, 1801:—“In the beginning of February (1761), Mr. Colman, who had lately fleshed his maiden sword in the farce of *Polly Honeycombe*, came forward, flushed with success, and produced a comedy in five acts, entitled *The Jealous Wife*. I am not willing to enter into a criticism on this play, as, at that time, a quarrel broke out between the author and myself, and the breach was never healed. Mr. Colman had entered into a league with Churchill and Bob Lloyd, and that triumvirate, he thought, would be able to bear down all before them. Some certain artifices in Colman's conduct came to this author's (Murphy) knowledge, and, as they appeared to him in a bad light, he never listened to any terms of a

reconciliation. He saw evident symptoms of a bad heart, and, with such a man, he thought a state of war much better than a bad peace. At this distance of time, he does not harbour anything like resentment. All he will say of *The Jealous Wife* is, that there was between Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard a scene most happily imagined. They were seated on a sofa, each jealous of the other, and both endeavouring, in short artful sentences, to hide their private views, and warp with cunning into one another's secrets. A more just imitation of nature was never seen. The play met with great applause, and has, from time to time, kept its rank on the stage."

AN ACTOR AND HIS INCOME TAX.

IN January, 1804, *Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper*, was produced at Drury Lane. The scenery, machinery, and decorations were profusely splendid, and the play was performed for fifty-one nights. In the midst of all the *éclat* and success of this season, "I (Kelly) had returned my income to the Commissioners of Income Tax at £500 per annum, which it appeared they did not think sufficient, and sent me a summons to appear before them on their next day of meeting. Upon receiving this, I consulted a friend, who was my counsellor upon all occasions. He advised me, if I felt myself justified by the truth, to adhere firmly to the amount which I had formerly fixed. He promised to accompany me, which he did, and bore witness to the following conversation between the Commissioners and myself:—"So, Mr. Kelly," said one of the men of authority, "you have returned your income to us at £500 per annum? You must have a very mean opinion of our understandings, sir, to think that you could induce us to receive such a return, when we are aware that your income, from your various professional engagements, must amount to twice or three times that sum." "Sir," said Mr. Kelly, "I am free to confess that I have erred in my return, but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having £500 per annum, when, in fact, I had not

five hundred pence of certain income.' 'Pray, sir,' said the Commissioner, 'are you not stage-manager of the Opera House?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office: I perform the duties of it to gratify my love for music.' 'Well, but, Mr. Kelly,' continued my examiner, 'you teach?' 'I do, sir,' answered I; 'but I have no pupils.' 'I think,' observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, 'that you are an oratorio and concert singer?' 'You are quite right,' said I to my new antagonist; 'but I have no engagement.' 'Well, but at all events,' observed my first inquisitor, 'you have a very good salary at Drury Lane.' 'A very good one indeed, sir,' answered I; 'but it is never paid.' 'But you have always a fine benefit, sir,' said the other; and he seemed to know something of theatricals. 'Always, sir,' was my reply; 'but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, sir, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital—supported by voluntary contributions—and have even less certain income than I felt sufficiently vain to return.' This unaffected *exposé* made the Commissioners laugh, and the affair ended by their accepting my return."—KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

A COMPARISON.

GARRICK asked Macklin whether he thought Barry or himself the best "Romeo." He replied that the town had not settled the matter to their satisfaction yet, but that he intended to decide the question in next Lecture on Tragedy. Garrick, who was very vain, pricked up his ears, and said eagerly, "Ah, my dear Mac, how will you settle it?" "I will show your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud that, by —, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, sir,

after having fixed my auditors' attention to this part, then I shall ask, 'How does Garrick act this part?' Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him just *like a thief in the night.*" Garrick thanked him for his outspoken opinion, but begged that he would not embody it in his lecture.

GARRICK'S LAST APPEARANCE AND FAREWELL ADDRESS.

ON the 10th of June, 1776, the "English Roscius," as Garrick was called, made his last bow to the public. To him it was a moment big with regret, with sorrow, and heartfelt gratitude. The play of the evening was *The Wonder*, in which he enacted "Don Felix." The thought of parting from his "beloved public" was a heavy weight on Garrick's spirits. His mind was clouded and depressed by a number of reflections that occurred to a man of his sensibility; and yet he not only contrived to write a lively prologue, but, with an air of gaiety, delivered it in his usual manner. Having diverted the audience, and dispelled the gloom that hung over his mind, he went through the part of "Don Felix" with great humour and well-dissembled vivacity. The end of the play was the awful moment. He was then to take his final leave of the public, whose protection he had enjoyed during a number of years. With a countenance that plainly spoke what was working at his heart, he stepped forward, and after some pause addressed the audience in the following words:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue as I should be now of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness

and your favours were bestowed." [Here his voice failed him: he paused, till a gush of tears relieved him.] "Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful, humble servant." Having uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and in a slow pace, and with much hesitation, withdrew for ever from their presence.—MURPHY.

CUMBERLAND'S INSPIRATION.

THE following witty simile, contained in one of Tobin's comedies, is said to have been levelled at Cumberland:—
 "He sits there, in his closet, expecting inspiration, like an old rusty conductor, *waiting for a flash of lightning.*"

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

MRS. PORTER was an actress of celebrity in the beginning of the 18th century, and lived at Heywood Hill, near Hendon. Whenever she rode out in her one-horse chaise she always carried a brace of horse-pistols and a book. The dislocation of her thigh was attended with a circumstance which deserves to be recorded. In the summer of 1731, while taking an airing, she was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded her money. She had the courage to present a pistol at him; the man, who perhaps had with him only the appearance of fire-arms, assured the lady that he was no common thief; that robbing on the highway was not to him a matter of choice, but of necessity, and only to relieve the wants of his starving family. He informed her where he lived, and told her such a melancholy story that she gave him all the money in her possession, amounting to nearly ten

pounds. The man left her ; upon this she gave the whip to the horse : it suddenly shied, the chaise was upset, and the lady thrown out and her thigh dislocated. "Let it," says our authority,* "be remembered, to her honour, that, notwithstanding this unlucky and painful accident, she made strict inquiry after the robber, and finding that he had not deceived her, she raised amongst her friends nearly the sum of sixty pounds, which she took care to send him. Such an action, in a person of high rank, would have been celebrated as something great and heroic ; the feeling mind will make no distinction between the generosity of an actress and that of a princess."

PROVINCIAL ACCURACY.

AT a representation of *Pizarro* at Bristol some years ago, the person who performed "Gomez" was a "super," and unacquainted with the character. He entered, and spoke thus:—"On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we surprised an old *cask*" (cacique). "Have you, my good fellow?" rejoined the "Pizarro;" "then roll it in, and let us tap it!"

GRIMALDI'S (THE ELDER) SUPERSTITION.

GRIMALDI, the grandfather of Joe, had a vague and profound dread of the 14th day of the month. At its approach he was always nervous, disquieted, and anxious ; directly it had passed he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English : "Ah ! now I am safe for anoder month." If this circumstance were unaccompanied by any singular coincidence it would be scarcely worth mentioning ; but it is remarkable that he actually died on the 14th day of March, and that he was born, christened, and married on the 14th of the month.

COOKE AND HIS "ENEMY."

THIS unfortunate man, when nearly dying, asked a friend

* The *Thespian Dictionary*, 12mo., 1805.

who was at his bedside to bring him a glass of water, at the same time saying: "On our death-beds we must be reconciled to our enemies."

ELLISTON "AT THE DOUBLE."

ON one occasion Elliston made the extraordinary experiment of sustaining "Richard" and "Richmond" in the same play, and executed it with amusing dexterity. "Richmond" makes his *entrée* in the last act, when the scenes became alternate, in which the king and the earl are before the audience. On making his exit as "Richard," Elliston dropped his hump from his shoulder, as he would a knapsack, and straightening his leg with the facility of a posture-master, slipped into a bit of pasteboard armour, and, galeated with fresh head-gear, went through the heroic lines of the Tudor prince. Well might the interpolation have been forgiven—"Myself am to my own turned enemy!" Going off on the other side of the stage, he was expeditiously reinvested with his bison-shape, and was again the vindicator of the Rose of York. In this way he carried through the scenes until the last; and, when the field was to be decided by personal collision, shifted was the pasteboard to the body of a shifter of scenes, who, being enjoined to say nothing, but fight like a devil, was thus enabled to bring the play successfully to a close. Instead of there having been "six 'Richmonds' in the field," there had not been one; and, as to "Richard," if "deformed," he was, indeed, "unfinished," and not unfrequently "but half made up."
—RAYMOND'S ELLISTON.

GARRICK AND DR. HILL.

DR. HILL "of famous memory," was the author of a paper called *The Inspector*. He had, for reasons best known to himself, a strong antipathy to Garrick, and took every opportunity to detract from his merit. To do this more effectually, he wrote an elaborate essay, to prove that Barry was the greatest actor on the stage..

In the same critical essay he thought fit to mention that great actress Mrs. Porter, but, by a mistake, he talked of her as dead, though she was then, at an advanced age, living at Hampstead. Garrick availed himself of this blunder, and replied in the following epigram:—

“ O thou profound, polite, wise, gay *Inspector*,
Chosen by thy gracious self our taste's director!
Who lay'st poor Porter, yet *alive*, in earth,
And giv'st to Barry matchless fame and worth,
Thy pen we all must reverence and dread,
Which kills the *living*, and revives the *dead*.”

Shortly after this incident Garrick and Dr. Hill had another paper war, which, however, did not last long. The doctor published, in a pamphlet, a *Petition from the letters I and U to David Garrick, Esq.* This was a complaint of terrible grievances imposed upon these letters by the great actor, who frequently banished them from their proper stations; as in the word *virtue*, which they said he converted into *vurtue*; and in the word *ungrateful*, he displaced the U, and made it *ingrateful*, to the great prejudice of said letters. To this complaint Garrick replied in the following lines:—

“ If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and, I hope, for the better:
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*!”—MURPHY.

JACK MOODY AND THE SAILOR.

JACK MOODY, or “old Moody,” as he was generally called, was a member of the Drury Lane company, and also of the school of Garrick—a club formed by a few contemporaries of the British Roscius, who dined together once a month during the theatrical season. He was at times very entertaining, and told many stories of himself. Amongst others he used to tell that early in life he had been sent out to Jamaica, and on his return to England, went on the stage unknown to his

friends. Michael Kelly, who tells the story in his *Reminiscences*, does not recollect the name of the ship in which Moody came back to India; but was informed that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night, some time after he had been on the stage, Moody was acting "Stephano," in *The Tempest*, in "The Lane," when a sailor in the front row of the pit, got up, and standing upon a seat, halloed out, at the pitch of his voice, "What cheer, Jack Moody! what cheer, messmate!" This unexpected address from the pit rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, proved equal to the occasion, and stepping forward to the foot-lights said, "Jack Hullet, keep your jawing tackle aboard—don't disturb the crew and passengers; when the show is over, make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch; but, Jack Hullet, till that time, shut your locker." The rough son of Neptune obeyed his instructions to the letter, and Jack Moody and him adjourned, after the performance, to the "Black Jack," in Clare Market, and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack.

QUIN AND GARRICK.

QUIN was asked by a lady what he thought of Garrick's "Othello." "Othello, madam! Pshaw! no such thing—there was a little black boy, like Pompey attending with a tea-kettle, who fretted and fumed about the stage—but I saw no 'Othello.'"

RAE AND KEAN.

RAE held Edmund Kean's talents in little estimation, and it is said that upon one occasion, while rehearsing the fight between "Richard" and "Richmond," Rae, who was an excellent fencer, exclaimed, "Where shall I hit you, sir?" "Where you can, sir," replied the little tragedian, with much asperity.

"THE RECRUITING OFFICER."

AN anecdote connected with this play is related of Quin,

which shows that great as well as humble actors will occasionally trip. He was playing "Balance" with Mrs. Woffington, who performed the part of his daughter. Quin addressed her, saying, "Sylvia, how *old* was you when your *mother* was *married*?" "What, sir?" said the lady, tittering. "I mean, how *old* was you when your mother was *born*?" "I regret, sir," answered "Sylvia," "I cannot answer your questions; but I can tell you, if that be necessary, how old I was when my mother *died*!"

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

GARRICK once asked Rich how much money Covent Garden Theatre would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling, if you would play 'Richard III.' in it," was Rich's reply.

HOW TO RECOVER DEBTS.

JACK JOHNSTONE was once performing *Balthazar*, in Dublin, when a whimsical circumstance took place. Not being so much laden with cash as was necessary for his felicity, he had contracted a debt of ten shillings and a penny with one Jemmy, who kept a tennis-court in Dame Street, and who continually dunned Jack for the amount. Continued applications had proved unavailing, and Jemmy determined to ask for his money publicly on the night when *Much Ado about Nothing*, was performed. The time arrived, and Johnstone began to chant "Sigh no more, ladies," and went on uninterrupted until he came to "High down, high down, high down derry," when Jemmy, leaning over the railings of the two-shilling gallery, began thus to the same tune:—

"Jacky Johnstone! Jacky Johnstone!
Oh, you owe me, you owe me, you owe me,
Ten-and-a-penny!"

This odd incident created general laughter and amazement, but had the desired effect. The money was im-

mediately conveyed to Jemmy—the laugh subsided, and things returned to their proper channel.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.

At a representation of *Macbeth*, in an ancient city in the West of England, one person who attempted the hero of the tragedy was in such a state of inebriation, that, in the seventh scene, act I., when “Lady Macbeth,” says to him, “Was the hope *drunk* wherein you dressed yourself?” an auditor exclaimed, “Certainly it was, *and still continues so.*”

QUID PRO QUO.

THE wife of a country manager, in whose theatre Miss Farren was once playing, took an opportunity before the whole company of abusing her, and finished by saying ironically, “You are a very pretty young lady, indeed.” “And you, madam,” retorted Miss Farren, “are neither one nor the other!”

AN IRISH EXCUSE.

HENDERSON, the actor, inviting a gentleman to dine with him on new year's day, the latter, before he would accept the invitation, consulted his pocket-book to see whether he was engaged, and discovered new year's day fell on the first of the month! He therefore made the following curious apology:—“I perceive, my dear Henderson, that new year's day unfortunately happens on the first day of January, on which day I am engaged. I was in hopes that it would not happen till towards the end of the month, and then I would certainly have joined you!”

LA PETITE SOUPER.

AGLAIS, a dancer, who lived A.D. 200, would eat for supper ten pounds of veal, twelve loaves, and drink a large quantity of wine!

A WEEK'S WORK.

THE following letter is said to have been written by one Lijon, an itinerant actor :—" Dear Father—I write to you this day, which is *Monday*, and send it by the messenger who goes hence on *Tuesday* ; he will be in London on *Wednesday*, and you will receive this on *Thursday* ; you will please to let me have the money on *Friday*, or I must quit this place on *Saturday*, and be with you on *Sunday*.—Your son, R. L."

A GREAT DEMAND.

BLISSET was an actor long known and a great favourite in Bath, and famed for his impersonations of " Falstaff," " Lord Duberly," " Old Rapid," &c., and he was very eccentric. On one occasion he intimated to his manager, in terms sufficiently positive, that it was his intention of withdrawing from the company unless his salary was increased. " Nay, nay, my old friend," replied Dimond ; " not so, I trust. You already receive the highest salary which is given in Bath—three pounds a week ; we cannot exceed it, and I am happy in knowing that you do not want it." " It may be so," answered Blisset, doggedly ; " but unless I am complied with, I quit the theatre !" " You are somewhat abrupt," responded Dimond, evidently nettled ; " the season is already——" " ——I'll have it !" interrupted Blisset, striking the table with his hand. " What, then, do you demand ?" asked the manager. " *Three guineas !*" exclaimed the actor, with an energy irresistibly humorous. " I'll have them, or I go." " And so you shall," rejoined the manager, not a little amused,—" and in consideration of our new piece last week, the increase of salary shall begin from that time," saying which, he drew three shillings from his pocket, and paid them over to his peremptory friend.—RAYMOND'S ELLISTON.

MACBETH AND GARRICK.

THE tragedy of *Macbeth* is the greatest moral lesson

that ever was presented on the stage. It displays the power of conscience in the strongest light; it shows the fatality that attends wild ambition, and the folly of believing the false predictions of vile impostors, who pretend to have præternatural communications. The Greek, the Roman, and the French theatres have nothing to compare with it, and Garrick, to use Cibber's expression, "out-did his usual out-doings."—MURPHY.

"IRON LEGS."

"IRON LEGS" was the distinguishing appellation of the paternal grandfather of Grimaldi the clown. The following incident is related in Dibdin's *History of the Stage*, and is said to be quite true. Jumping extremely high one night in some performance on the French stage, possibly in a fit of enthusiasm, occasioned by the presence of the Turkish Ambassador, who, with his suite, occupied the stage-box, he actually broke one of the chandeliers, which in those times hung above the stage doors, and one of the glass drops struck the eye or face of the august visitor. The dignity of this great personage being much affronted, a formal complaint was made to the Court of France, who gravely commanded "Iron Legs" to apologise. He did so in due form, to the great amusement of himself, the public, and the Court, and in short of everybody except the exalted gentleman whose person had been so grievously outraged. The mighty affair terminated in the appearance of a squib, which has been thus translated:—

Hail, Iron Legs! immortal pair,
 Agile, firm-knit, and peerless,
 That skim the air, or vault in air,
 Aspiring high and fearless.
 Glory of Paris! outdoing compeers,
 Brave pair! may nothing hurt ye;
 Scatter at will our chandeliers,
 And tweak the nose of Turkey.
 And should a too presumptuous foe
 But dare these shores to land on,
 His well-kicked men shall quickly know
 We've "Iron Legs" to stand on!

BARON'S VANITY.

BARON, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession. He used to say that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a Cæsar, but that it required a thousand years to produce a Baron! The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes, which testified the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is still equally true. "Rules," said he, "may teach us not to raise our arms above our heads; but if passion carries them, it will be well done. *Passion knows more than art.*"

SUETT'S LAST JOKE.

A FEW minutes before his death, which took place in 1805, at a house in Denzell Street, Clare Market, Suett was attended by Robert Palmer. A common indication of approaching dissolution—a rattling in the throat, was perceivable in the expiring comedian. Palmer walked to the window to conceal his emotion, when Suett called to him, "Bobby, my boy, the *watchmen* are coming—I *hear the rattles!*" Another moment, and he ceased to hear for ever.

THE "SUMMIT OF THE CLIMAX!"

KEMBLE and Lewis happening to be in Dublin at the same time, were engaged to perform together for one night in *Leon*, and the *Copper Captain*. The bills announcing the event bore the following delectable note at the top:—"They never performed together in the same piece, and, in all *human probability*, they never will again. This evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavours to delight the public—beyond this it is not in *nature* to go!"

A VISIBLE WIND.

CHARLES BANNISTER, coming into a coffee-house one stormy night, said, "he never saw such a wind." "Saw a wind, whoever heard of such a thing?" said a friend: "what was it like?" "Like?" answered Charles, "to have blown my hat off."

CHARLES KEMBLE'S LEGS.

CHARLES KEMBLE, when he was about twenty years of age, had the most unfortunate pair of legs that could well be conceived. Bannister said of them, that Kemble, being a Roman Catholic, "had received a dispensation from the Pope to wear the calves of his legs downwards!"

SHERIDAN AND HIS WARDROBE.

ON Sheridan's physician remonstrating with him on his habit of drinking ardent spirits, and telling him that the brandy, arque busede, eau de Cologne, and other liquors which he swallowed, would burn the coat of his stomach. "Then, doctor," replied he, "my stomach must digest its waistcoat, for I cannot help it."

LEE AND L'ESTRANGE.

WHEN Nat Lee was confined as a lunatic, he was one day visited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, of whose poetical abilities Lee entertained no high opinion. Upon the knight inquiring whether the poet knew him, Nat answered—

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

CRITICISM ADJUSTED.

LORD ORRERY and Garrick were one day discoursing upon theatrical subjects, and the peer took occasion to speak of Mossop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting

only Garrick himself. "By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his *voice* is coarse and inharmonious." "Well, but excepting his *voice*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?" "No, his *action* has a feature of sameness in it, that must ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene." "Well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice* and *action*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?" "No; his conceptions are not governed by truth." "Well, well, Garrick, even excepting his *voice*, *action*, and *conception*, you'll surely allow him to possess all the other attributes?" "No! his person is to the last degree ungraceful." "Why, friend Davy," answered his lordship, "I certainly don't understand these matters as well as you do; but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his voice, action, conception, and person, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian?" "Yes, yes, my lord," said Garrick, "allow me these four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your encomium on Mossop."—OXBERRY'S "DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY."

ONE EVIL OF GOOD COMPANY.

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

A GOOD ANNOUNCEMENT.

WHEN Bartley announced the repetition of the petite piece *I will have a Wife*, he did so in a simplicity and

naivete, which caused the audience to laugh heartily. Stepping forward, as the curtain fell, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, *I will have a Wife* to-morrow and till further notice."

"THE LAST DAY."

Two boys were reading a theatre bill in Birmingham. One of them said, "Bill, I'll go to the play to-night, as it is 'positively' the last night." "You're a fool, Jack," said the other. "There is 'absolutely,' and 'positively and absolutely' to come yet; go to-morrow with me."

A LITTLE SHAVER.

A FRIEND presented Garrick with a dressing-case, and, at the same time, told him that in addition to the articles usually contained in such receptacles, he would find some other pretty little things in it. "I hope," said the Roscius, "that one of them is a pretty little barber, for I never could shave myself."

THE BREADTH AND LENGTH OF IT.

TWISS, of travelling notoriety, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me, Mr. Twiss," said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This, you will observe, gentlemen," said the actor to the company, "is not a round lie; it is somewhat different from his other stories—they are generally as broad as they are long."

TITUS ANDRONICUS IMPROVED.

THIS tragedy, which, we suppose, would be regarded as too bloody for the modern stage, appears to have been highly relished in 1686, when it was revived, with alterations, by Ravenscroft. Instead of diminishing any of its horrors, he seized every opportunity of adding to them. The following may serve as a fair specimen:—

Tamora stabs her child, upon which the Moor utters the following lines :—

“ She has outdone me, even in mine own art,
Outdone me in murder—killed her own child !
Give it me—I’LL EAT IT ! ! ”

PORTER AND ALE.

SUETT had accompanied a friend of his to the house of a duke. The hall-porter of his grace, being a methodist, did not relish the company of the comedian ; and, whilst they were waiting in the hall, enjoying a glass of good ale, the follower of Wesley exhibited his dislike in very open terms, sending the whole of the dramatic tribe to perdition in most unequivocal language. Dicky was anxiously waiting for an opportunity of retorting upon the *irate* menial, when his friend asked how he liked the duke’s ale ? “ The duke’s ale,” replied Suett, in a loud voice, “ is very good indeed ; but blow his *porter* ! ”

THE MILLER AND HIS MAN.

A SUBURBAN “ Grindoff ” put this question to his “ Golotz,” “ Is those sacks disposed of as I ordered ? ” To which the latter as elegantly replied, “ Yes, they is ! ”

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

STEPHEN KEMBLE, staying once in a provincial hotel, was surprised by hearing his bed-chamber door opened, and he observed a little figure creep over the room. There was light enough to see that the figure bore the form of man, but had a head of unusual dimensions, and large rolling eyes : in short, it seemed to all appearance a demon. Kemble, who possessed no small share of fortitude, got out of bed, and addressed the terrifying object, who replied, “ Oh, dear sir, don’t kill me. I’m only a dwarf come down to be shown at the fair here ; and I suppose you’re a giant come for the same purpose : I’ve lost my way on the stairs, and can’t find my bedroom.”

KIRBY THE CLOWN.

WHEN Kirby was engaged at the Surrey Theatre, he played occasionally in the regular drama. On one occasion it was his lot to have the pieces for the ensuing week's performance to give out, and one of his brother actors dared him to burlesque them. A wager was laid. The performance over, he went forward and gave out *The Invisible Witness; or, the Chapel in the Wood*, as follows:—"On Monday evening will be presented *The Miserable Wet-nurse; or, the Chapel in the Mud!*" He was fined a guinea."

A VALUABLE HINT.

ROCK, a comedian of Covent Garden, advised one of the scene-shifters who had met with an accident to adopt the plan of a subscription to assist himself. A few days afterwards he asked to see the list of names. "Sir," said the poor fellow, "won't you give something?" "Why, zounds, man!" replied Rock, "didn't I give you the hint!"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

IN a small strolling company, when *Pizarro* was the play, it was found impossible to muster more than one soldier. "Rolla" had not been apprised of this, and just as he was commencing his invocation to war, stopped short, but instantly, with admirable presence of mind proceeded thus:—"What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate, partner of my toils!" &c.

"AS LARGE AS LIFE."

WHEN Foote was on the point of bringing out his "Primitive Puppet Show," at the Haymarket Theatre, a lady of fashion inquired of him if his pasteboard figures were not as large as life? "Oh dear, no, Madam," replied the wit, "not much above the size of Garrick!"

 HARD TO PLEASE.

COOK once played "Shylock," but, being intoxicated, he was hissed; two nights after he was advertised for "Richard III.," but did not appear at all. On his next performance, he was received with much disapprobation, when he turned to Claremont and said, "On Monday I was drunk, and appeared, but they didn't like that; on Wednesday I was drunk, and didn't appear, and they don't like that. What the deuce would they have?"

 HANDEL'S MANAGEMENT OF SINGERS.

HANDEL'S government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic. Upon one occasion Cuzzoni refused to sing his admirable air, "False Imogen," in *Otho*. He at once told her that "he always knew she was one great devil; but that he now should let her know in her turn that he was Beelzebub, the prince of the devils;" and then, taking her round the waist, he swore that if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window!

 COLMAN'S "JOHN BULL."

WHEN George Colman wrote his best comedy, *John Bull*, he was very much pressed for money, and also very dilatory. Harris had long had possession of the first four acts, and Colman finished the fifth in one night, drinking gin and water, and throwing the paper on the floor as he filled each sheet. When the comedy, the gin, and the night were ended, he tumbled into bed and the curtain dropped.

 A MODEST ESTIMATE.

AN aspirant for histrionic honours once wrote to Henry Johnstone, stating his abilities, person, &c., and concluded with a desire to be engaged at his theatre. The manager returned the letter with the following laconic answer:—"If you are *half* as good as you say you are, I will engage you at once."

 THE PUFF DIRECT.

A FRENCH dramatist devised a singular method of alluring the public to the representation of his pieces. On the day for which any of them was announced, he set out in the morning, went through all the streets and squares of Paris, stopping at those places where the play-bills were usually posted, and when five or six persons had been collected, he would say aloud, so that all could hear him, "Faith, the Parisians will be treated to an excellent piece to-night. I'll be there for one." The peregrination was then continued, in the same manner, and its object became, in some measure, successful.

 A CONDITIONAL ORDER.

DURING Colman the elder's management, a poor gallery visitor, in his eagerness to secure a good seat, fell over into the pit. He broke his leg, and during the time he was unable to work Colman supported him, giving him also a small present when he had entirely recovered. The man waited upon him to express his gratitude; Colman received him with great good nature, and presented him with a free admission to the pit, saying, "I give you this on condition that you promise never to enter the pit in the same manner again."

 A STRONG MEASURE.

To Astley, the equestrian, Mr. Harris was once complaining of a performer who was rather given to grumble. Astley remarked, "Why don't you do with your performers as I do with mine? Never let them have anything to eat till they've done acting."

 J. P. KEMBLE.

BANNISTER used to say of J. P. Kemble "that he was as merry as a female, and as lively as an elephant."

WORD AND DEED.

MISS O'NEILL once played "Juliet" to Conway's "Romeo" in Dublin. In the balcony scene the "set" was particularly low, and when the gentleman, who was very tall, came to the lines—

"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

he laid his hand upon the balcony. A fellow in the gallery immediately called out, "Get out wid your blarney: why don't you touch her, then, and not be preaching Parson Saxe there?"

A GOOD APPEAL.

LINTON, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed. A benefit took place for his wife and children; and, on the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

'The widow,' said Charity, whispering me in the ear, 'must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box ticket.' 'You may have one for five shillings,' observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow. My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and my thumb, slipped out. 'Yes,' said I, 'she shall have my five shillings.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed Justice, 'what are you about? Five shillings! if you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value for your money.' 'And I shall owe him no thanks,' added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's house. Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand. 'Is your mother at

home, my dear?’ said I to a child who conducted me into a parlour. ‘Yes,’ answered the child; ‘but father has not been at home for a great while. That is his harpsichord, and that is his violin: he used to play on them to me.’ ‘Shall I play you a tune, my boy?’ ‘No, sir,’ answered the boy, ‘my mother will not allow them to be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry.’ I looked at the violin—it was unstrung. I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune. Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it could not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt. It was the spirit in unison with the flesh. ‘I hear my mother on the stairs,’ said the boy. I shook him by the hand—‘Give her this, my lad,’ said I, and left the house. It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.”

A LITERAL READING.

CHARLES BANNISTER being reprimanded for swearing, replied, “He did not know there was any harm in it!” A person present said, “Why, do you not know the commandment: Swear not at all?” “Why, I do not swear at *all*,” replied he; “I only swear at those who annoy me.”

DIBDIN AND HIS LANDLADY.

DIBDIN (J.) was one night engaging a lodging in a country town, for himself and wife. He mentioned that he was connected with the theatre. “Oh, then,” said the landlady, “you’re *theatrical*?” “By no means, ma’am,” rejoined Dibdin, “there’s only two of us!”

FAIR PLAY.

JACK PALMER, going home one evening after the business of the theatre was over, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him violently.

Upon this Palmer remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to allow his opponent to get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily said, "Faith, sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him up so readily!"

PRO AND CON.

A CERTAIN performer was complaining of the drunkenness of his (the performer's) wife to Foote. Her bad conduct, as is too frequently the case, had almost ruined him, and he concluded by saying, "And for goodness sake, sir, what is to be said for it?" "Nothing that I know," said Foote, "can be said *for* it, but very much can be said *against* it."

A FORLORN 'HOPE.

A SINGULAR manœuvre was practised at Salisbury by a member of a dramatic squad who had frequently performed in the town, but had never been successful with his benefit. He watched in the church porch, until the rector had dismissed the congregation. He then began to cover the tombstones in the churchyard with his bills. Excited by the oddity of the proceeding, many made inquiry into the cause. "I cannot get the *living* to come to my benefit," replied the discomfited actor, "so I am trying what influence I have with the *dead*!"

THE "O. P." RIOTS, 1809.

EVERYBODY knows that the O. P. row of Covent Garden Theatre originated in the indignation with which the play-going public regarded an increase in the prices of admission of one shilling each person to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit, with which was coupled a considerable increase in the number of private boxes; and everybody knows, moreover, that the before-mentioned play-

going public expressed their dissatisfaction night after night in scenes of the most extraordinary and unparalleled nature. The noises made by the audience utterly overwhelmed every attempt that the actors could make to render themselves audible. Not a word that was said on the stage could be distinguished even in the front row of the pit, and the O. P. (Old Price) rioters, fearful that the exercise of their voices would not create sufficient uproar, were in the habit of bringing the most extraordinary variety of curious and ill-toned instruments with them, to add to the noise and discordance of the scene. One gentleman, who constantly seated himself in the boxes, regaled himself and the company with the music of a watchman's rattle, which he sprang vigorously at short intervals throughout the performances; another took his seat regularly every night in the centre of the pit, armed with a large dustman's bell, which he rang with a perseverance and strength of arm quite astounding to all beholders; and a party of three or four pleasant fellows brought live pigs, which were pinched at the proper times, and added considerably to the effect of the performances. But rattles, bells, pigs, trumpets, French horns, sticks, umbrellas, cat calls, and bugles, were not the only vocal weapons used upon these occasions: Kemble was constantly called for, constantly came on, and constantly went off again without being able to obtain a hearing. Numbers of Bow Street officers were in regular attendance; whenever they endeavoured to seize the ringleaders, the ringleaders were defended by their partizans, and numerous fights resulted. Scarcely an evening passed without flaming speeches being made from pit, boxes, and gallery; sometimes half-a-dozen speeches would be in course of delivery at the same time. The greater portion of the time of the magistrates was occupied in investigations connected with the disturbances; and this state of things continued for nearly seventy nights! Placards were exhibited from every part of the house. The instant that the performances began, the audience, who had been previously sitting with their faces towards the stage, wheeled round to a

man, and turned their backs upon it. When they concluded, which, in consequence of the fearful uproar, was frequently as early as half-past nine o'clock, they united in singing a parody on "God Save the King," of which the first verse ran thus:—

" God save great Johnny Bull,
 Long live our noble Bull,
 God save John Bull!
 Send him victorious,
 Loud and uproarious,
 With lungs like Boreas;
 God save John Bull!"

Then followed the O. P. dance and a variety of speeches, and then the rioters would quietly disperse. When this had gone on for several nights, Kemble sent for Grimaldi, and said, that as the people would not hear dialogue, they would try pantomime, which might perhaps suit their tastes better; and, accordingly *Don Juan* was put up for the next night, Grimaldi sustaining his old part of "Scaramouch." He was received on his entrance with great applause, and it happened, oddly enough, that on that night there was little or no disturbance. Kemble was delighted at what he considered the success of the *ruse*; and, shaking Grimaldi warmly by the hand, exclaimed, "Bravo, Joe! we have got them now; we'll act this again to-morrow night." And so they did; but it then appeared that they had not "got them" either, for the uproar recommenced with, if possible, greater fury than before, all the performers agreeing that until that moment they had never heard such a mighty and indescribable din. Eventually, on the 15th of December, the famous O. P. rows terminated. The proprietors of the theatre lowered the price of the admission to the pit, removed the obnoxious private boxes, rescinded Madame Catalini's engagement. This lady, on account of being a foreigner, was very much opposed at this time. Brandon, house and box book-keeper, who had rendered himself greatly offensive to the O. P. people, was discharged; all prosecutions against offenders were abandoned, and a public apology offered. The ungracious

task of making the latter devolved upon Mr. Kemble, who, however, acquitted himself with great dignity and remarkable self-possession. It was received by the audience with great applause, and a placard was raised in the pit, bearing the words, "We are satisfied!" A similar announcement was made from the boxes, and thus terminated the famous and "never-to-be-forgotten" O. P. war, a war wholly unparalleled in dramatic, or, indeed, in any other annals.

THE ACTOR'S BIBLE.

A CLERGYMAN having written some observations on Shakespeare's plays, carried them to Sheridan to let him read them. The dramatist was very *irate* at this presumption, and said, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; spoil your own Bible, if you like, sir; but pray, leave ours alone!"

SHUTER'S GENEROSITY.

THE facetious Harry Howard was one evening at Jupp's, wrapped in disconsolation; he called for a pint of porter, rested his head on the table, and continued in that position until Shuter surprised him. "What, Harry," said he, clapping him on the shoulder, "melancholy? What's the matter?" "A rapacious landlord," said Harry, has seized on my little effects for rent, to the amount of five guineas, which I would be able to pay in a few days. I left my wife and little ones lamenting; I could not stand it." "'Tis very unlucky," said Shuter, "I have the heart-ache this moment myself." "Ah! but, Ned, you have no wife and children!" rejoined the distressed author. "No, but I have four guineas though, which you must accept. My heart-ache arises from the want of a fifth; but I will borrow one. I am an enemy to set speeches, and you must sing me a song in return; it is all it merits. Come along, Harry!"

HANDEL'S TEMPER.

A MUSICAL wag who knew how to extract mirth from

Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra one night when the Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments. Handel, it may be mentioned, was so nervous that he could not stand the noise of the tuning, and it was generally done before he arrived. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal to begin *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord that the enraged musician started from his seat, and, having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader, that his wig came off with the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bare-headed, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude, he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amid a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he, with great difficulty, accomplished.

A SOLECISM.

THE representative of "Gloster" in *King Lear*, at Reading, was taken suddenly ill one evening. Another gentleman was found, who was "rough studied" in the character. He got on remarkably well, until the scene *where he has his eyes put out*, and then he was obliged to request permission to *read* the remainder of the part!

WHAT IS A JUBILEE?

FOOTE being asked his opinion of the Stratford Jubilee, replied, "A Jubilee is a public invitation, urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives; governed by a mayor and aldermen, who are no magistrates; to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal by an ode without poetry; music without melody; a dinner

without victuals ; lodgings without beds ; a crowd without company ; a masquerade where half the people appear bare-faced ; a horse race up to the knees in water ; fire-works extinguished as soon as they are lighted ; and a boarded booth, by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days and sold by public auction."

ACTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"BILLY COOMBES" once did a very ludicrous thing. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*, and he was cast for "Sampson." The wardrobe being very scanty, he was habited in a most absurd and ridiculous dress, every article of which had evidently formed a portion of a different suit, and which was, moreover, full three sizes too large for him, especially the coat, the cuffs of which, instead of ornamenting his wrists, dangled over his finger ends. In this disguise "Billy," who waxed extremely wroth at the queer figure he cut, presented himself to the audience, and was, of course, received with loud laughter. In the first scene, "Sampson" has to "bite his thumb" at "Abram," a servitor of the rival house ; but he very coolly omitted to do so. The actor, however, who played "Abram," desirous to carry out the business of the scene properly, thought it best to take it for granted that the stage direction had been complied with, and turning indignantly round, said, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" "No, sir," replied "Billy," in a clear and loud voice, "I would, sir, with pleasure, only my master puts me into such a queer coat, sir," holding up one of the long sleeves, "that I can't get up my fist for the life of me." The audience roared, the actors laughed, and for some minutes the stage business was at a complete stand still. "Billy" in the meantime was making many frantic and laboured efforts to uncover his hand ; after which he thought proper to succeed, and the play proceeded.

A NEW READING.

A DIVERTING instance of the misconception of inferior

actors occurred at Bristol. Moody had selected *Henry VIII.* for his benefit, and cast the part of "Surry" to Roger Wright, who, however, would not attend rehearsal. Moody was annoyed at Wright's indifference, and reproached him for his neglect of one of Shakespeare's best plays. "Come, come, Mr. Moody," said Roger, "you are wrong there, at any rate; it does not strike me as any such thing." "No?" said Moody, "give me your reasons." "Look in the title page," said the other, "and you will see that it was disapproved of from the beginning; see here, showing the book, "it is noted as one of Shakespeare's *hist.* plays," thus mistaking the abbreviation of the word "historical," for a mark of censure. After this blunder, Roger's phrase of "It does not strike me," became in vogue in every green-room in the kingdom.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE PLAYERS.

IN the *Sorcerer*, a pantomime by Rich, a dance of infernals was to be introduced. They were represented in dresses of black and red, with fiery eyes and snaky locks, and garnished with every appendage of horror. They were twelve in number. In the middle of their performance, while they were intent upon the figure in which they had been completely practised, an actor of some humour, who had been accommodated with a spare dress for the occasion, appeared among them. He was, if possible, got up more terrific than the rest, and seemed to the beholders as designed for the principal fiend. His fellow furies became alarmed, they knew he did not belong to them, and they unanimously set him down as an infernal in earnest; their fears were excited; a general panic succeeded, and the whole dozen fled different ways, some to their dressing-rooms, and others through the streets to their own homes, in order to avoid the destruction which they believed was coming upon them for the profane mockery they had been guilty of. The "odd devil" was not to be found. He took himself away through fears of another kind. He was, however,

seen by many, in imagination, to fly through the roof of the house, and they fancied themselves almost suffocated with the stench he had left behind. The confusion of the audience is scarcely to be conceived. They retired to their families, informing them of the supposed appearance of his satanic majesty, *in propria persona*, and explained all the frolics which he went through. So thoroughly was the reality believed, that every official explanation that could be made the following day could not entirely remove the idea. Many persons went purposely, more than once, to see if they could trace the repairs which were reported to have been made at the end of the house, where a portion of the wood work was said to have been carried away by a waft of the devil's tail as he made his escape through the roof.

A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

QUIN, having taken offence at some of Rich's arrangements, or thinking himself slighted by the manager, in one of his consequential moods wrote to Rich, and had an instant reply. The letter and answer were as follows: "I am at Bath. QUIN." "Stay there and be d——d. RICH."

NOT TOBY.

A CANDIDATE for the buskin, being desired to repeat the soliloquy in "Hamlet," began, "*To-be, or not to-be?*" The manager gravely said, "Toby may be a very good dog, sir, but he will not do for me. You need not trouble yourself further, sir."

"HOW NOT TO DO IT."

MR. SHEIL, author of *Bellamira*, was present at a rehearsal one morning, and gave a whimsical stage direction to one of the performers. "Mr. Young," he exclaimed, with genuine Hibernian accent and emphasis, "here you must draw your sword, and find you haven't got one!"

SHARP PRACTICE.

ALFRED BUNN once gave admission to a gentleman for himself and family; and, having some legal business to speak to him about, he went behind the scenes between the play and farce to do so, and then returned to his party. When his bill of costs was sent in some time after, one of the items ran thus:—"To attending you in your room at the theatre, 6s. 8d." (the night he and his household entered the theatre free); but then, as Dr. Johnson said, in reply to an inquiry as to who a certain gentleman was, "I am afraid he is an attorney!"

HOW TO COLLECT ACCOUNTS.

A CELEBRATED comedian, famous for acting "Sir Francis Gripe" *off* as well as *on* the stage, was once asked by the manager of a small theatre to "wait a little" for his salary as business had been very bad. The actor coolly took a chair and said, "Certainly, sir; I'll wait until it is paid."

A CANDID IMPOSTOR.

A JEW came to Bristol upon one occasion and advertised for personation the whole of one of Charles Mathews' entertainments. He attracted a large audience in one of the public rooms, and, shortly after he commenced his performance, gave such dissatisfaction, that there was a universal cry of "off, off! Swindle—Swindle!" The Jew, quite undaunted, and with a rare expression of candour that silenced the opposition and convulsed its creators with laughter, advanced with all possible humility and said, "Ladish and Gentlemen, I shall not dishpoot this business with you—*tish* a svindle!"

DUCROW AND HIS "SUPERS."

DUCROW was frequently very emphatic and amusing during rehearsals. On one occasion while getting up *St. George and the Dragon*, he could not get things

to his mind. The second act opened with the celebration of the nuptials of the Emperor's daughter, the ceremony of which is interrupted by the entrance of a neatherd, in great dismay, who announces the reappearance of the scourge of Egypt—the Dragon—on the coast. Ducrow had told the supernumeraries to rush, on hearing the intelligence, to the feet of their monarch, for advice; then to the chancellor, and from him to the altar of their gods as advised by the chancellor. He might as well have spoken as much Greek to them. They set off in a smart trot to one party, then to the other, without betraying the slightest indication of the alarm they were supposed to be suffering. Ducrow got into a positive fever of rage, and acting it for them, exclaimed, "Look here, you fools! You should rush up to the King—that chap there—and say, 'Old fellow, the dragon is come, and we're in a mess, and you must get us out of it!'" The King says, 'Go to Brougham,' then you all go up to Brougham; and he says, 'What the devil do I know about a dragon? Go to your gods'—and your gods is that lump of tow burning on that bit of timber there." He accompanied all this with splendid pantomimic action, and the effect was altogether perfect.

A SENSIBLE LETTER WRITER.

THE following characteristic note was received by Alfred Bunn during his management of Covent Garden:—"52, Poland Street, Oxford Street, London, April 4, 1839. Sir, I have written to you frequently for an engagement, and you have never given me an answer. Well, let that pass. I now write to you for an order to see *Farinelli*, for which I shall feel obliged; but if you will not give me that, I'm damned if I shall trouble you any more.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CLEMENT WHITE."

SHERIDAN'S "CRITIC."

It is a well authenticated fact, that two days before the *Critic* was announced to be played, Sheridan had not

finished the last scene. Everybody was anxious and nervous; Mr. Linley and Dr. Ford were in no enviable state—they were joint managers and responsible. The performers looked at each other with dread and dismay. King, who had the part of "Puff" to sustain, was the stage manager; it was his special duty to find out Sheridan, and to weary him with remonstrances on the backward state of things; but matters went on much as usual; Sheridan came to the theatre, made the customary promise that he was just going home to finish it; that in fact it was completed, and only wanted an additional line or two. His father-in-law, Linley, knew the only spur to his industry and genius; he, therefore, ordered a night rehearsal and invited Sheridan to dine with him, gave him a capital dinner, proposed a lounge to Drury Lane whilst the supper was preparing; Sheridan assented, and they sauntered together up and down the stage previous to the rehearsal, when King stepped up to Sheridan, requested a moment's audience, and went with him into the small green-room, where there was a comfortable fire, a good arm chair, a table furnished with pens, ink, and paper, two bottles of claret, a tempting dish of anchovy sandwiches, and the prompter's unfinished copy of the *Critic*. King, immediately Sheridan entered the room, popped out and locked the door, when Ford and Linley made their pleasure known to him, that he was to finish the wine and the farce, but not to be allowed to stir out of the room until they were both at an end. Sheridan laughed heartily at the joke, set to in good earnest and finished the work, to the great delight of all parties.

KELLY AND SHERIDAN.

MICHAEL KELLY, finding the world wag slowly on with him, had an idea of adding to his occupations as stage manager and music-seller that of wine-merchant, in consequence of there being such good vaults at the Opera House, close to his warehouse. He consulted Sheridan, who said, "My dear fellow, write over your door,

'Michael Kelly, composer of wines, and importer of music.' " Kelly has, in his own *Reminiscences*, a version of his own, and adds, as his own repartee, "I will take the hint, sir, and be a composer of all wines except old sherry, for that is so notorious for its intoxicating and pernicious qualities, that I should be afraid of poisoning my customers."

AN INTELLIGENT AMATEUR.

A STUDENT from the west of Scotland wished to perform in *Douglas*, in Edinburgh. The manager asked him to repeat any passage in the play he pleased. Without hesitation, he began:—

"My name is *Norval* on the *Grampian Hills*."

The manager requested to know what his name was elsewhere. He was silent as to the question, but replied, "Though I am not so well versed in stage business, no one understands the author better, as I have studied him thoroughly."

A LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

WYNNE was at one time a fiddler in the Drury Lane orchestra, and Mathews based many amusing sketches upon his eccentricities. Having gone to lay in provisions for a week, he purchased, among other articles, a bullock's tongue, and brought it home dangling on the edge of his plate, to astonish and delight the partner of his table. But the tongue had met in the way, it would seem, with a *lapsus linguæ*, for it was nowhere to be found. Off the poor scraper started, and, being nearly blind, ran against every person and thing he met. His first sally was against a huge cart horse, the stump of whose docked tail nearly blinded what little sight Wynne had left; he stood bowing and apologising, and, obtaining no answer, he consoled himself by moving on and exclaiming *sotto voce*, "No gentleman, that's pretty clear, or you would have said something." Rushing on then into the market, he learned from a little boy, that he had seen a dog run

away with the unfortunate tongue. The poor man became half frantic, and, in the wildness of his wanderings, nearly upset every person whom he chanced to encounter, till coming in full contact with a colossal gamekeeper, poor Wynne spun back a yard or two, and, under the rebound from his body, he recovered himself by respectfully saying, "I beg ten thousand pardons, I'm sure, sir; but do you happen to have seen a dog with a tongue in his mouth?" The unfeeling fellow, not knowing the cause of the inquiry, and supposing the querist to be joking, coolly answered, "You old fool, did you ever see a dog *without* a tongue in his mouth?"

SHAKESPERIAN EPITAPH ON SAMUEL FOOTE.

Here lies the body of
 The English Aristophanes!
 A fellow
 Of Infinite Zest,
 Of most Exquisite Fancy.
 Alas! where are his Gibes now?
 His Gambols, his Songs,
 His flashes of Merriment
 That were wont to set the Table in a Roar?
 Not one, now,
 To mock his own Grinning!
 We could have better spared a better man.
 He was one of the best actors in the world,
 Either for
 Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, or Farce;
 He held the Mirror up,
 And showed Scorn her own Image.
 He was the Abstract—and brief chronicle of the times—
 In short,
 For the law of Wit—and the liberty,
 He was
 The only man!
 OXBERRY'S "DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY," 1825.

KELLY AND HIS "BULLS."

KELLY, peeping through a hole in the curtain one night, turned to Sheridan, and said quite earnestly, "Mr.

Sheridan, you can't stick a pin's head into any part of the house, it is literally choke-full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the king comes!"

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

PLAYING in *Lodoiska* one night, an accident happened to Kelly and Mrs. Crouch, which nearly proved fatal. After he recovered, he put a puzzling question to Sheridan. "Suppose, Mr. Sheridan," said he, "I had been killed by the fall, who would have maintained me for the rest of my life?"

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

THERE was an actor named Norris, who died in 1776. His widow became Mrs. Barry, and the following singular story is told of her:—Twelve years after the death of her first husband, she appeared in the town in which that event took place, in the character of "Calista" (*Fair Penitent*). In the fifth act, where "Calista" lays her hand upon the skull, she was suddenly seized with an involuntary shuddering, and, fainting, was conveyed to her apartments. During the night, her illness increased, and on the following day, recovering her senses, she anxiously asked where the skull had been procured. Upon inquiry, the sexton told her it was the skull of "a Mr. Norris, an actor, who was buried in the corner of the churchyard." It was the skull of her first husband! The shock to her feelings was so great, that she died six weeks afterwards.

MACKLIN'S "MACBETH."

DURING the rehearsal of "Macbeth," by Macklin, when he was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, he was so prolix and tedious in his playing, as well as in his instructions to the other actors, that Shuter exclaimed, "The case was very hard, for the time has been that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end." Macklin, overhearing him, answered, "Ah, Ned, and the time was

that when liquor was in, wit was out ; but it is not so with thee." Shuter rejoined, "Now thou art a man again."

TERENCE IN IRISH.

MACKLIN, at a certain dinner party, being a little elevated with wine, violently clapped an Irish clergyman, who sat next him, on the back, and said loudly, "Now, sir, what is your opinion of Terence's plays?" The clergyman, taken by surprise at the question, and by the manner in which it was asked, answered, "What, do you mean his Latin edition?" "Do you think, sir," replied Macklin, giving him another hearty blow, "Do you think I meant his Irish edition, and be bothered to you?"

"LOVE A LA MODE."

MACKLIN was proud of the authorship of *Love à la Mode*. On one occasion, a country manager produced it without his consent, and the author wrote to him saying, that if he did not at once discontinue playing it, "he would send him sheets of parchment that would reach from Chancery Lane to John O'Groat's house." The provincial manager, nothing daunted, wrote back thus:—"Your *Love à la Mode*, sir? I'm not playing your *Love à la Mode*, I play my own *Love à la Mode*! I have twenty *Love à la Modes*. I could write a *Love à la Mode* every day in the week—I could write three hundred and sixty-five *Love à la Modes* in a year!"

QUIN'S IMPUDENCE.

THE consummate epicurism and coarse manners of Quin often rendered him a very disagreeable guest. Dining one day with the Duchess of Marlborough, her Grace, to his great surprise, helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch of venison which stood near her. "What!" said the actor, "does your Grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, sir," replied the lady. "Never, my lady duchess?" "Never, Mr. Quin, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "Well, I like to dine with such fools!"

"KEETO" OR "CATO?"

A SINGLE slip in the unlucky, but popular tragedy of *Cato* cost a little Welsh his life. His name was Williams. Playing "Decius" to Quin's "Cato," at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1718, he entered with, "Cæsar sends health to Cato;" but he pronounced the last name affectedly, mincing it into something like "Keeto." Quin, who gave a broad classical enunciation to the letter *a* in the name, was offended, and instead of replying,

"Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome,"

he exclaimed,

"Would he had sent a better messenger."

The fiery little Welshman was bursting with rage; and when "Cato" resumed with, "Are not your orders to address the Senate?" he could hardly reply, "My business is with—" it would come "Keeto!" Ten times in the short scene he had to repeat the name, and Quin nearly as often; but the latter gave it a broad sound, and delivered it with a significant look which almost shook the Welshman off his feet, and convulsed the audience with laughter. When they met in the green-room, the Welshman, triply armed by having just cause for complaint, accused Quin of making him appear ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. Quin said it was in their ears, and would have laughed the matter off; but the soul of Williams would not stoop to such treatment, and after the play he lay in waiting for Quin under the piazza. The older actor laughed as Williams drew his sword, and bade Quin defend himself. The latter would have sustained defence with his cane, but the angry Welshman thrust so fiercely that the other was fain to draw his rapier, which speedily, but without malice, or intention on the part of the wielder, passed clear through the poor player's body. "Decius" was stretched dead on the ground, and "Cato" looked on terror-stricken and bewildered. Here was a man slain, and all for the mispronunciation of a vowel! The tragedy brought Quin to the bar of the Old Bailey; but the catastrophe was

attributed rather to the fashion of wearing swords than to the drawing them with evil intentions. Quin was freed from censure but not from sad memories.

MRS. GARRICK'S PRESCRIPTION.

THE famous "Billy" Havard had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day, dining at Garrick's he complained of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. "No, no," said her husband, "that will not do, my dear; Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great complaint lies in his rib."

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.

BANNISTER employed his tailor to make him a pair of small clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, he complained that there was no fob. "I didn't think you wanted one," said Snip, "since I found the duplicate of your watch in the old pocket."

FOOTE.

FOOTE being in company, and the wine producing more riot than concord, he observed one gentleman so far gone in debate as to throw the bottle at his antagonist's head, upon which, catching the missile in his hand, he restored the harmony of the company by observing, that "if the bottle was passed so quickly, not one of them would be able to stand out the evening."

MACKLIN AND HIS MEMORY.

AT a tavern meeting one night, when Macklin was present, the conversation turned upon the employment of memory in connexion with oratory. Macklin took occasion to say that he had brought his memory to such perfection that he could repeat anything after once hearing it or reading it. A few minutes afterwards, Foote, who was also

present, handed Macklin a paper, containing the following sentences, with a request that he would read them, and then repeat them from memory:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What! no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garynlies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Macklin admitted that he had the worst of the joke.

PEG WOFFINGTON'S LAST APPEARANCE.

MRS. WOFFINGTON had held "Rosalind" as her own for ten years, when, on the 3rd of May, 1757, she put on the dress for the last time. She was then at Covent Garden. Some prophetic feeling of ill came over her as she struggled against a fainting fit, while assuming the bridal dress in the last act. She had never disappointed an audience in her life; her indomitable courage carried her on to the stage, and the spectators might have taken her to be as radiant in health and spirit as she looked. She began the pretty saucy prologue, with her old saucy prettiness of manner; but when she had said, "If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," she paused, tried to articulate, but was unable—had consciousness enough to know she was stricken, and to manifest her terror at the catastrophe by a wild shriek, as she tottered towards the stage door. On her way she fell, paralysed into the arms of sympathising comrades, who bore her from the stage, to which she never returned.—"CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

NED SHUTER.

THE parentage of Ned Shuter, the famous comedian, was involved in obscurity. Chapman, an actor and dramatist,

who died at an advanced age in 1757, was the only person who professed to know anything of him. Shuter, himself, used to say, "I suppose I must have had parents, but I never remember having friends."

PREMEDITATED POVERTY.

A FRIEND meeting Shuter one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? Why don't you get them mended?" "No, my friend," said Shuter, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman you will act like one, and walk rather with twenty holes than have one darn." "How do you make that out?" "Why," said the wit, "a hole is the accident of the day, but a darn is *premeditated poverty*."

THE OLD STORY.

OLD PHILIP ASTLEY (of circus renown), used to talk of a "Krockudile wat stopped Halexander's harmy, and when cut hopen, had a man in harmour in his hintellects." He also had a few favourite words, which, however, he invariably misapplied: "pestiferous" he always substituted for "pusillanimous," and he frequently observed that he would soon be a ruined man, on account of his horses eating so *vociferously*.

KEAN AT RICHARD THE THIRD'S.

KEAN was uncertain in his temper, and the associates of his lower carousals were always doubtful whether he would be offended or pleased with their familiarity. Higman, a bass-singer, who died many years since, was an acquaintance of the tragedian's; he took a public-house in Villiers Street, Strand, and changed the sign to "Richard the Third." At this house Kean at one time resorted much, and had on several occasions noticed one Fuller, a ventriloquist and mimic. Kean was told that Fuller imitated him, among others, admirably, but the

mimic (bearing in mind probably the story of Henderson and Garrick) always omitted *his* portraiture when he saw the great original present. One evening, however, Kean came into the room after Fuller had commenced his imitations, which were announced in a sort of concert-bill, to be of Mathews, Emery, Knight, Bannister, Young, Kemble, and Kean! The tragedian took his seat, and Fuller proceeded; Kean tapping the table ever and anon in token of approbation. Fuller paused before he attempted the *last* imitation, but Kean *looked* approval, and he essayed. Before Fuller had enunciated five lines, Kean threw a glass of wine in his face; a scuffle ensued, in the course of which Kean said, if he thought he was such a wretch as Fuller depicted, he would hang himself.

KEAN IN CLARE MARKET.

KEAN got into a quarrel with a powerful fellow one night at a house in Clare Market, and was at last stripped and fighting with one, his superior in strength, size, and science. His friends got him away to the "Bedford," and he sat down to supper; during which, one of the party said, "I'm glad we were there: the fellow you was fighting with is ———, who had a hard contest with the Gas-light Man." Soon after Kean was missed, and it ultimately appeared that he had left the "Bedford," sought out his antagonist, and fought with him in the streets, and that in consequence the guardians of the night conveyed them to St. Dunstan's watch-house, from whence they were bailed by Mrs. Butler, of Covent Garden Market. It is to be noted that Kean insisted on his adversary being bailed by *his* (Kean's) friends, with the express intent of going to fight it out in a room, to see if he could not beat this "terrible fellow from Oxford;" but he was at length pacified.

KEAN IN THE PROVINCES.

AFTER the trial, January 17th, 1825, *Cox v. Kean*, he was certainly insane; he went through the provinces talking

in the course of his characters to the audiences on the subject of his private affairs. At Birmingham, his benefit was a total failure; in the last scene of the play (*A New Way, &c.*, I think) an allusion is made to the marriage of a lady, he suddenly said, "Take her, sir; and—the Birmingham audience into the bargain."

KEAN AND THE EDITOR.

At Cheltenham, the editor of a journal animadverted severely on his character. Kean played "Sylvester Daggerwood" for his benefit, and performed the part with a horsewhip in his hand, saying aloud, "I keep this little instrument to punish cheating aldermen and lying editors." At that time he sold his wardrobe, affirming that he did so from the pressure of absolute want.

KEAN IN THE HAYMARKET.

KEAN received a violent blow on the bridge of his nose. The *danger* apprehended was disfigurement; however, in a short time, a slight bump was the only external relic of the injury. Of the affray in which he received this he refused to speak; but it is believed that he got into a row at the "Cock and Bottle" (Haymarket), Thurtell struck him in the face with a candlestick. Of Thurtell's talents he generally spoke in high terms, and could hardly be brought to believe that Thurtell could have been guilty of the cold-blooded and premeditated murder for which he was executed.

KEAN AND DOWTON.

THE veteran actor William Dowton undervalued the stage ability of Edmund Kean. He could never be induced to acknowledge any merit in his case. When a magnificent vase was presented to Kean by the committee and company of Drury Lane, he refused to subscribe, saying, "You may *cup* Mr. Kean if you please, but you shan't *bleed* me."

EDMUND KEAN.

KEAN, in applying for situations in London, referred to many persons besides Dr. Drury; and, at the close of 1813, had written to Elliston (Olympic Theatre), Caruthers (Royalty), and Branscomb (Surrey). Thus, then, stands the account:—To the fortunate circumstance of Dr. Drury being acquainted with Mr. Grenfell much was owing; but to the sound judgment of Mr. Arnold Kean's success was attributable; for, so anxious was he to appear, and so confident of his powers, that he would have played "Richard" and "Harlequin" the first night, if such an absurdity had been proposed to him. His first appearance in London (1814). The star of the British stage, 1814 to 1833. What may be considered most noticeable in the late Edmund Kean is, that his individual talents drew more, and for the exertion of those talents he himself received more, than any *three* performers that co-existed with him. His books show a sum nearly averaging £10,000 a year for eighteen years. How with his active life so vast a sum could have been expended—for he never gambled—is one of the things that those who knew him best can never cease to wonder at. He had some silly habits of display—such as travelling on all occasions in a carriage and four—but his household expenses were always on a moderate scale; yet, a few days before his death, he was in danger of an arrest for a sum not exceeding £100.

GEORGE MORELAND, COOKE, AND KEAN.

KEAN, when in the full possession of his senses, was a very unassuming man; when excited by wine or liquor, he was noisy, quarrelsome, and overbearing: his manner, under such circumstances, so strongly resembled that of the late George Frederick Cooke, that, strange as it may seem, there is little doubt he had imbibed it from that unfortunate genius. George Morland, Cooke, and Kean resembled each other so much in their habits, that any anecdote told of the one might as readily be cited as a

point in the character of the other. Kean was so sensitive to ridicule, that he often said he could see a sneer across Salisbury Plain.

KEAN AND HIS SECRETARY.

KEAN, probably imagining that, with the multitude, it might favour the fiction of his Etonian education, was prone to the quotation of classical commonplaces; and a story is told of R. Phillips (his Secretary) showing how much this weakness was remarked by his associates. Kean was at some nocturnal vigil, and Phillips waiting for him, when this colloquy arose:—

Time.—Two in the Morning.

Phillips: "Waiter, what was Mr. Kean doing when you left the room?"

Waiter: "Playing the piano, sir, and singing."

Phillips: "Oh, come, he's all right, then."

Quarter past Two.

Phillips: "What's Mr. Kean doing now?"

Waiter: "Making a speech, sir, about Shakespeare."

Phillips: "He's getting drunk; you'd better order the carriage."

Half-past Two.

Phillips: "What's he at now?"

Waiter: "He's talking Latin, sir."

Phillips: "Then he *is* drunk. I must get him away."

KEAN AND ANDERTON.

ANDERTON, visiting "The Harp" one evening, found Kean enjoying himself with his friends, and having played "Ratcliff" to his "Richard" at Manchester, addressed him, but Kean did not appear to know him. Anderton, being called upon, gave imitations, wisely omitting any attempt at the dramatic lord of the ascendant; the heroes of "The Harp," however, were by no means satisfied—"Kean, give us Kean!" echoed from all sides. Stung by Kean's nonrecognition, Anderton essayed and imitated him in "Bertram." Those who remembered the scene at Higman's anticipated a

row, and one of the tragedian's friends said he should leave the room, for he would not sit and hear the greatest living genius degraded by a mountebank. Kean *looked* at his friend with the most profound contempt, and then, in the very tone with which he was wont to enunciate "Winterton!" from behind the scenes, in the *Iron Chest*, exclaimed, "Anderton!" adding, "I didn't know you; why didn't you speak to me when you came in?"—and the imitator and the imitated finished the night in each other's company.

DAVID GARRICK,

Born February 20th, 1716; Died January 20th, 1779.

If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
 If pow'rs of acting, vast and unconfined;
 If fewest faults, with greatest beauties join'd;
 If strong expressions, and strange pow'rs which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye:
 If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 And which no face so well as his can show,
 Deserve the preference—Garrick, take the chair,
 Nor quit it, till you place an equal there.—CHURCHILL.

GARRICK AND WHITEFIELD.

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was building his tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, he employed the same carpenter that worked for Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre. The reverend gentleman was at that time short of cash, and the carpenter had remained unpaid for some weeks. Being one day in conversation with Mr. Garrick, he entreated the manager to advance him a little money, as he had been greatly disappointed by Mr. Whitefield. Garrick assisted the tradesman, and immediately waited upon Mr. Whitefield; when, apologising for his visit, he intimated to him what his carpenter had insinuated, at the same time offering him a £500 bank note. It was accepted; and thus the Tabernacle of the sectarian was raised by the monarch of the stage.

GARRICK'S PROPHECY, 1747.

Perhaps, for who can guess the effects of chance?
Here Hunt may box, and Mahomet may dance.
Ah! let not censure term our fate, our choice;
The stage but echoes back the public voice.

GARRICK'S GODSON.

THOMAS DIBDIN, son of the celebrated Charles Dibdin, jun., was born in the parish of Bloomsbury, on the 21st March, 1771; and, in 1775, was selected by Mr. Garrick to walk as "Cupid" with Mrs. Siddons as "Venus," in the *Grand Jubilee Pageant*, exhibited at Drury Lane Theatre in honour of our immortal bard.

MISS FARREN.

Miss Farren's Last Appearance on the Stage.

ON the 7th of April, 1796, Miss Farren took her final leave of the stage, in the character of "Lady Teazle," before a fashionable and crowded audience at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Wroughton advanced to speak a few lines written for the occasion, during which the interesting subject of them experienced so much emotion, that she leaned for support upon the arm of Mr. King, the "Sir Peter" of the play; while acclamations resounded from every part of the house, accompanied by the universal waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Finally, cries of triumph, mingled with regret, reached the ears of those upon the stage, as the curtain slowly and reluctantly fell before the distinguished object of the night, who, blinded by her tears, was led by her future husband from the scene of her many brilliant triumphs, in the zenith of her personal charms, and unimpaired in her dramatic attractions, to become countess—a character she afterwards supported, both as a wife and a widow, without a blemish. On the 8th of May following, Miss Farren was united to the Earl of Derby, by special license, at his lordship's house in Grosvenor Square, and duly presented at court (the fastidious court of Queen Charlotte!), and formed a grace-

ful addition to the procession at the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Duke of Wurtemberg.—“BENTLEY’S MISCELLANY.”

A LESSON TO ROYALTY.

JOHN KEMBLE had the honour of giving the Prince of Wales lessons in elocution. According to the vitiated pronunciation of the day, the Prince, instead of saying “oblige” would say “obleege,” upon which Kemble, with much disgust depicted on his countenance, said, “Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws, and say ‘oblige?’”

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

A YOUNG gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they were wanting to make a butt of him. “No, my good sir,” said Mr. Colman, who was present, “we only want to get a *stave* out of you.”

CHARLES MATHEWS IN CALCUTTA.

UPON the occasion of the Prince of Wales’ visit to India, Dr. Russell informs us in a telegram to the *Times*, that the Prince renewed his acquaintance with *My Awful Dad*:—“There was a dinner at Government House, after which the Prince, accompanied by the Viceroy, the Maharajah of Johore, Miss Baring, Miss Foulkes, and the members of the suites in uniform, visited the English theatre, where Charles Mathews played in *My Awful Dad*. The theatre was prettily dressed out. The Rajah Salar Jung and one or two more native princes had boxes provided for them. The house was only half full, the prices for large boxes being £100, and for smaller ones £50, pit stalls being £7.”

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

IN dramatic, as well as other literature, slips of the pen often lead to laughable blunders. Here is one: In the manuscript copy of *Oscar and Malwina*, "Chorus of Bards and Peasants" was converted into "Chorus of Birds and Pheasants." In the character of "Whimsicalo," in *The Cabinet*, he asks: "What! do you take me for a post, a porter, or a running footman?" At the rehearsal, Mr. Fawcett read his part thus: "What do you take me for, a pot of porter, or a running footman?" A stage direction in *The Birthday*: "Runs to embrace her and misses his aim," was changed to "Runs to embrace her and kisses her arm."

ABBREVIATION EXTRAORDINARY.

CHARLES MATHEWS, the younger, puts on record a laughable specimen of abbreviation. Going into an eating house for lunch, he heard, as he entered and sat down, seven orders given in quick succession by a throng of as many customers, one calling for a basin of ox-tail soup, two for mock-turtle soup, three for pea soup, and one for bouilli. The waiter, dashing to the speaking-tube that communicated with the cook, bawled out, with marvellous rapidity: "One ox, two mocks, three peas, and a bully."

EDMUND KEAN AND JOHN KEMBLE.

ALL London rapidly became excited about the new tragedian, concerning whom Lord Byron said, "It was like reading Shakespeare by lightning," and John Kemble went to see him, in company with several friends. The character was "Richard III." John Kemble paid the most profound attention, without uttering any remark. After a time, one of his friends ventured to say, in allusion to a peculiar huskiness that often gave a suppressed but rasping effect to Kean's voice, "Don't you think, Mr. Kemble, that he rather croaks it?" "Yes," replied the sententious and magnanimous John, "but he croaks it as no other man can do."

MATHEWS AT HOME.

REPRESENTING a hackney-coachman who has summoned a gentleman to the police office for his fare:—"Please, Sir, as I vas standing on the stand, this young man comes up to me, and says, says he, Coach un-'ired? says he—Yes, Sir, says I—Very vell, says he: you drive me to Pimlico, says he—Vell, I gets on my box, and drives him to Pimlico; and ven I gets there—I don't live here, says he—I did not say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No, I didn't, says I—Very vell, says he; then you drive me to Temple Bar—Ven I gets there, Vy, young man, says he, you don't know vere nobody lives, says he—Yes I do, says I—No you don't, says he—You drive me direct, says he, to 'Ammersmith Bridge, says he—Vell, I drives him to 'Ammersmith Bridge; and ven I gets there, he says, says he, Vy, I don't patronise these here bridges: I von't pay them tolls, says he—I didn't say you would, says I—Yes you did, says he—Vell, vere shall I take you to, Sir, says I?—Vy, take me to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly, says he—Vell, I takes him to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly; and ven I gets there, he says, Vy, young man, you're wrong agin, says he: I don't live here—I didn't say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No I did not, says I—Very vell, says he; you go to Knightsbridge Barracks, says he—No I shan't, says I; my 'osses is blowed—Then I von't pay you your fare, says he—Vy not? says I—Cos I ain't got no money, says he—Vot! ain't you got no money at all, says I—No! says he; so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse—Vell, then, vere am I to take you to, says I—Vy, take me to the Devil, says he. So I brought him to your Vorship."

PRICE OF A COMEDY.

MR. HARRIS, the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, having received a very polite note from a certain noble lady, offering him her comedy for *nothing*, observed, upon his perusal of the manuscript, that her ladyship knew the *exact value of it*.

A GOOD REASON.

BOOTH, the tragedian, had the misfortune to have his nose broken, and his appearance thereby considerably impaired. A lady said to him one day, "I like your acting and elocution, Mr. Booth; but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder, madame," said he, "the *bridge* is gone."

HOW TO SETTLE AN ACCOUNT.

ONE day, "Funny" Joe Haines, as he was called, was arrested by two bailiffs for a debt of twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding past in his carriage. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." The Bishop ordered his carriage to stop, whilst Joe whispered close to his ear, "My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves!" "Very well," replied the Bishop; and, calling to the men, he said, "My good fellows, call upon me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed and went their way. Joe, tickled in the midriff, and hugging himself with his device, went his way also. In the morning the bailiffs repaired to the Bishop's house. "Well, my good men," said his reverence, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples!" replied one of them, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for twenty pounds. Your lordship promised to *satisfy* us to-day, and we hope you will be as good as your word." The Bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid the debt and costs.

"DOTH MURDER MUSIC."

"WHY do you hum that air?" said Foote, one day, to a friend. "It for ever haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," he rejoined; "because you are for ever murdering it."

AN EXPUNGED PART.

ONE of the oddest surprises that ever met a comedian was that once reserved for Mr. Compton, the well-known popular actor, who (Mr. E. L. Blanchard relates), after vainly struggling to get from Epsom Downs on the Derby Day to the Haymarket Theatre, and being perpetually driven back by the pressure at the railway station, did not reach town till nearly ten o'clock, when Mr. Bayle Bernard's comedy of *The Evil Genius* was over. In this capital piece Mr. Compton played the part of a deaf postman, which had always been spoken of as the prominent character. Never in his life having encountered such a mishap before, Mr. Compton eagerly inquired what apology had been made for his absence, and what piece they had substituted. "No apology and no change at all," was the lessee's consoling, but not very complimentary, reply; "the deaf postman has nothing to do with the plot, you know, so we cut the part completely out, and nobody ever missed it."

THE "INTELLIGENT BRITISH PUBLIC."

As proof of the intelligence of the playgoing public of the present day (1873), on the revival of the comedy of *Love for Love* at the Gaiety Theatre, the author (Congreve), who died on the 19th of January, 1729, was called for at the termination of the piece to receive in person the congratulations of the audience.

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

THE father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

KEELEY'S CONUNDRUM.

CHELMSFORD is, or was, one of the worst theatrical towns in England. Keeley was fortunate enough to go there once as a star. The first night he played to a select audience; the second night the numbers were scantier than before; and the third and last night the auditors were "as scant as plums in a workhouse pudding." The last piece was *The Hundred Pound Note*, in which Keeley played the conundrum making Billy Black. In the last scene, he advanced to the lights and said, "I have one more, and this is a good 'un: Why is the Chelmsford Theatre like a half moon? D'ye give it up? Because it is never full!"

MORALS AND MORALS.

WHEN Jeremy Collier's book against the stage was occupying the public mind, a gentleman expressed his surprise at it to "Funny Joe Haines," saying, that he thought the stage was a mender of morals. "True," answered Joe, "but Collier is a mender of morals, too; and two of a trade, you know, never agree."

AN ACCOMMODATING AUTHOR.

MRS. ALDFIELD entered fully into the characters which she had to represent, and examined them closely, in order that she might grasp them effectually. When Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* was in rehearsal, in which she played "Mrs. Sullen," she remarked to Wilks, that the author acted too freely with that character in giving her to Archer, without such a proper divorce as would be a security to her honour. Wilks communicated this expression of her opinion to the author. "Tell her," said poor Farquhar, who was then lying upon his death-bed, "that, for the sake of her peace of mind, I'll get a real divorce, marry her myself, and give her my bond that she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight."—

Dr. DORAN.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

MACKLIN, going once to an insurance office to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would be pleased to have his name entered? "Entered," replied the veteran, "why, I am only plain Charles Macklin, a *vagabond* by Act of Parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may put me down as Charles Macklin, Esquire—they are synonymous terms!"

THE "VIZARD MASKS" OF LAST CENTURY.

"I REMEMBER the ladies were then observed to be decently afraid of venturing bare-faced to a new comedy, till they had been assured they might do it without insult to their modesty; or, if their curiosity were too strong for their patience, they took care at least to save appearances, and rarely came in the first days of acting but in masks, which custom, however, had so many ill consequences attending it, that it has been abolished these many years."—CIBBER.

A REPUBLICAN ACTOR.

MACREADY, while in America, was rehearsing "Hamlet" with a man who, in playing "Guildenstern," continually—as bad actors are apt to do—pressed too near him. Remonstrances had no effect. At length, he came so very close, that Macready exclaimed, "What, sir, you would not shake hands with 'Hamlet,' would you?" "I don't know," replied "Guildenstern": "I do shake hands with our own President!"

GARRICK IN HIS ELEMENT.

HOGARTH saw Garrick perform "Richard III.," and on the following night he again saw him play "Abel Drugger" in *The Alchemist*. He was so struck with these two impersonations, that he said to Garrick, "You are never in your element, David, unless you are begrimed with dirt, or up to your elbows in blood."

DEFRESNE'S APOLOGY.

SOMETIMES the noise made by the audience was so great that an actor's voice could scarcely be heard. "You speak too low," cried, on one occasion, a pit-critic to Defresne. "And you too high!" retorted the actor. This frank rejoinder roused the indignation of the pittites, and an abject apology was demanded. "Gentlemen," said Defresne, "I never felt the degradation of my position till now. . . !" and the pit interrupted the bold player with rounds of applause, amid which he resumed his part.

A TRAVELLED COOK.

ON his last journey to France, which he made for the recovery of his health, Foote, while waiting for the packet at Dover, entered the kitchen of the "Ship" Inn. Addressing the cook, who prided herself on her stay-at-home qualities, and on the fact of her never having been ten miles out of town, exclaimed, "Why, cookee, I understand you have been a great traveller?" She denied the charge indignantly, to which Foote replied, "Why, they tell me upstairs that you have been all over *Grease*, and I have seen you myself at *Spit-head*."

ONE TO THE "PIT."

ON one occasion, when Madame Duclos was playing the "Weeping Mez," in *Mez de Castro*, the audience laughed at her as she entered weeping with her two children. Turning suddenly round, she exclaimed, "Fools! It's the most touching part of the piece!" and then resumed weeping.

SHERIDAN'S HANDWRITING.

SHERIDAN, when manager of Drury Lane, was such a wretched penman, that an order which he had given to a friend was stopped by the door-keeper and pronounced a forgery, from the simple fact of that functionary being able to read it.

“WHAT THEN?”

IN former times, actors frequently took liberties on the stage which would not be tolerated now by either audience or manager. After Mrs. Bland had been confined for the first time, her husband, playing “Arionelli” in *The Son-in-Law*, had to say, “Marriage! oh, that is quite out of my way.” The actor, who was playing “Cranky,” responded with a speech at once, appropriate and out of place, but which was not written by the author. “What then,” said he, gravely, “about this little incident at home?”

A REASON FOR A LORD.

WHILE Elrington was yet a young actor, Cibber refused to allow him to play a certain character. A noble friend of the actor asked the manager his reason for so doing. Colley was not at a loss. “It is not with us as with you, my lord,” said he; “Your lordship is sensible that there is no difficulty in filling places at Court, you cannot be at a loss for persons to act their part there; but I assure you, it is quite otherwise in our theatrical world. If we should invest people with characters they were unable to support, we would be undone.”

“ADAPTATION” IN AMERICA.

A FAMOUS “Lady Macbeth,” “starring” in America, had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the approach of “King Duncan.” But what was her amazement to hear, in answer to her demand, “What is your tidings?” not the usual reply, “The king comes here to-night,” but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, “Hush: I’m ‘Macbeth!’ We’ve cut the messenger out. Go on, please!”

A TRIED RECIPE.

OLD HIPPISEY, who, from a candle snuffer became a favourite low comedian, owed much of his power of exciting mirth to a queer expression in his distorted face, caused by a scar from a severe burn. Having some intention of placing his son on the stage, he asked Quin's advice as to the preparatory steps. "Hippy," said he, "I think you should begin by burning him!"

A REMONSTRANCE WITH SHAKESPEARE.

"I SELDOM or ever puts any of you out, and takes as much pains as anybody can expect for two and six a-week extra, which is all I gets for doing such like parts as mine. I finds Shakespeare's parts worse to get into my head nor any other; he goes in and out so to tell a thing. I should like to know how I was to say all that rigmarole about the wood coming; and I'm sure my telling *Macbeth* as Birman Wood was a-walking three miles off the castle did very well. But some gentlemen is very particular, and never considers circumstances."

DRAMATIST VANITY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WHEN Heywood, the dramatist—he of the two hundred and twenty plays—on his return from banishment, presented himself before his royal mistress. "What wind has blown you hither?" asked Queen Mary. "Two especial ones," replied the comedian: "one of them to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but I pray you tell me for what purpose was the other?" "That your Majesty might see me," was the consequential answer of the self-conceited playwright.

HOW TO FILL THE HOUSE.

"WHAT PLAN," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the tart reply.

REAL MERIT.

A SMALL coterie of scene-shifters were discussing the various performers of "Hamlet." One admired Henderson, another Kemble, and each commented on his favourite. At last, one of them said, "You may talk of Henderson and Kemble, but Bannister's 'Hamlet' for me; he's always done twenty minutes before anybody else!"

MUTUAL COMPLIMENTS.

ON one occasion, Edmund Kean was so highly pleased with the performances of an "Iago," who had carefully attended to all his stage instructions, that he invited him home to supper; and while they were enjoying themselves with two or three other selected *convivæ*, the tragedian, suddenly addressing his ancient, said, "Fill your glass, and I'll tell you something. Here's your health: You are the best 'Iago' I ever played with." "Iago" bowed, and smiled; but being something of a wag, observed, in returning thanks, "I should value, beyond measure, such an unexpected compliment from so great an authority, only—" he hesitated. "Only what?" interrupted Kean, impatiently. "I can scarcely believe it, sir, for I know seven other 'Iago's' to whom you have said the same thing." "Do you?" retorted the host, thrown for a moment upon his beam ends; "then Edmund Kean is a greater humbug than I took him for!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL PLAYGOER.

A PARISIAN happened to be present at Talma's performance of "Hamlet," which, as usual, drew tears from nearly the whole of his audience. Being questioned by a person sitting near him, who was astonished to perceive that he alone remained unaffected during the most pathetic scenes, the Parisian coolly replied, "I do not cry, because, in the first place, none of this is true; and, secondly, if it was, what business is it of mine?"

A CHEAP RIDE.

SHERIDAN had one day been driving about for three or four hours in a hackney coach, when seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson, who was the very soul of disputativeness, always differed from him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and, accordingly, stopped the coach, got out, and left him. Richardson hallooed out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat! you're beat!" nor was it until the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out that he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's several hours' coaching.

A USEFUL ACTOR.

Richard III. was being played in a provincial theatre, where the company was rather small. The part of "Ratcliffe" was undertaken by the gentleman who played "Harlequin" in the Pantomime. Being very anxious to please, he rushed on the stage, unfortunately, before his time, and giving a regular pantomimic spin, exclaimed, "My lord! the 'Duke of Buckingham' is Ta'en!" "Not yet, you fool," whispered "Richard." "Oh, I beg your pardon, thought he was," said "Ratcliffe," and *exit* in a somersault!

LEARNED LADIES.

MURPHY, the dramatist, used to relate the following story of Foote's, the heroines of which were the ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis;" and "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizishun." Such was the imputed orthography of these three learned ladies.

BENSLEY'S WIG.

ONE evening at the Dublin Theatre, when Bensley came on for his first soliloquy in *Richard III.*, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his head, "shorn of its beams," advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. "Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey." "Bad luck to your politics, will ye suffer a *wig* to be hung," and so on. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have comprised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance and released his captured wig, with which he exited in pursuit of "Richard," to as loud a demonstration of approval as "Richard" himself.

PEACE OR WAR?

ONE night during the performance of *The Mysteries of the Castle*, Reynolds, expressing his surprise at the thinness of the house, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war?" "No," replied Morton, "It is owing to the *piece*."

THE BARREL ORGAN.

SPURZHEIM was lecturing one day on phrenology. "What," said the professor, "is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" "I should say the *barrel organ*," said Jack Bannister, who happened to be present.

GARRICK'S PARSIMONY.

FOOTE used to say of Garrick, that he walked out with the intention of doing a generous action; but, turning the corner of a street, he met with the ghost of a half-penny, which frightened him.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A PHYSICIAN, seeing Cooke about to drink a glass of brandy, exclaimed, "Don't drink that filthy stuff. Brandy is the worst enemy you have." "I know that," replied the tragedian; "but the Scriptures command us to love our enemies, so here goes!"

FIELDING'S LIKENESS.

GARRICK and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face," which he did accordingly. "For heaven's sake hold, David," exclaimed Hogarth, "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection, and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the author of *Tom Jones*.

A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN.

WHEN the late Mr. Henry Webb was the manager of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, the tragedy of *Macbeth* was very splendidly got up. The worthy manager was playing one of the witches, and, in the cauldron scene, ran round to the back of the boxes to see the effect. Seeing only two witches on the stage, instead of three, he rushed furiously back to the prompter, exclaiming, "Where is the other witch! put him down, fine him!" The prompter did so, for it was the manager himself who was the delinquent.

AN INNOCENT MURDERER.

WHEN Macready was playing "Macbeth," upon one occasion one of the company, at the last minute, was sent on as first murderer. When the tragedian came to the words, "There's blood upon thy face;" the poor fellow replied, "Is there? I'm very sorry, sir, some one's been having a lark with me then."

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

FOOTE, after a professional visit to the sister isle, was praising the hospitality of the natives. A gentleman asked him if he had ever been at Cork? "No, sir," replied Foote, "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

CHARLES MATHEWS (THE ELDER) AND THE IRISH
BEGGAR.

AN Irish beggar came up and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder*-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. Mathews, however, assured the applicant, who declared he was "making his way back to ould Ireland without bit or sup for days together," and that "a halfpenny itself would be a treasure to him," that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain: the beggar still importuned him. At last Mathews, with some impatience at his tiresome perseverance, told him that he was really serious in what he said; and so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself in a position to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (it was November, and he was shivering at Britton Ferry in Wales), compelled to remain where he was till some friend would frank him across the ferry. He certainly was right, but he knew friends were coming; however, he did not say so to his importunate friend. The poor beggar surveyed the mimic for a few moments with some doubt; but, upon a reiteration of Mr. Mathews' assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise he might leave his horse (he was on horseback) behind him as security—the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, "Then, your honour, I'll lend you the money!" "What, you! you that have been telling me of your poverty and misery for want of money!" "It's all true," eagerly interrupted the man; "it's

all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—divil the lies in it. I'm begging my way back to my own country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relafe? your honour's lame; now, I've got my legs, annyhow, and that's a comfort sure!" Then taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelve pence, and proffered them to Mr. Mathews, who, anxious to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, "How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it? My house is some miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed." "Och, thin," answered the kind-hearted fellow, maybe, when your honour meets a poor Irishman like mysilf, you'll pay him the *twelve-penny*; sure it's the same in the end!" Mr. Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but desirous to put it to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor and wished him a safe voyage to his own country. Some time after Paddy's departure, the comedian's friends came up and supplied him with the needful, and it was not long before the loan was amply repaid to the poor fellow; but not until the man was satisfied that the thing could be done without embarrassment to the whimsical actor, could he be prevailed upon to accept it.

BARON.

THE celebrated Baron, in the part of "Agamemnon," pronouncing the opening verse in a very low voice, a person in the pit called out, "Louder, louder!" The actor, with great coolness, replied, "If I spoke it louder, I should speak it worse," and continued his part.

COOKE'S MISFORTUNE.

GEORGE COOKE was announced to play the "Stranger" at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gestures. This, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting; but those who were acquainted with his failing, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced, "Yonder hut—yonder hut," pointing to the cottage; then, beating his breast and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent anxiety of mind. Still, this was taken as the very finest of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits and cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" At length he cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word; he came forward, and with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: "You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost for ever. My son, too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son, as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles, is slain—not many hours ago I received the intelligence; but, thank God, he died in defence of his king!" Here his feelings became so powerful that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed a thousand pounds in his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could conveniently retire; and the sequel of the business was, that he was sent home in a chair, while another actor played his part.

MRS. SIDDONS IN A DILEMMA.

THE evening was excessively hot, and Mrs. Siddons

was tempted by a torturing thirst to consent to avail herself of the only obtainable relief proposed to her at the moment. Her dresser, therefore, despatched a boy in great haste to "fetch a pint of beer for Mrs. Siddons," at the same time, charging him to be quick, as the lady was in a hurry for it. Meanwhile, the play proceeded, and on the boy's return with the frothed pitcher, he looked about for the person who had sent him on the errand, not seeing her, he then inquired for Mrs. Siddons. The scene shifter whom he questioned, pointed his finger to the stage, where she was performing the sleep-walking scene of "Lady Macbeth," replied, "There she is." To the surprise and horror of all the performers, the boy promptly walked on to the stage, close up to Mrs. Siddons, and with a total unconsciousness of the impropriety he was committing, presented the porter. The lady's distress may be imagined; she waved the boy away in her grand manner several times without effect; at last the people behind the scenes, by dint of beckoning, stamping, and calling in half audible whispers, succeeded in getting him off the stage with the beer, part of which, however, he spilled on the stage in his exit, while the audience was in an uproar of laughter, which the dignity of the actress was unable to quell for several minutes.

AN ATTENTIVE LISTENER.

A MERCANTILE friend, who imagined he had a genius for poetry, insisted one day on reading to him a specimen of his verses commencing with "Hear me, O Phœbus and ye Muses Nine;" then perceiving his auditor inattentive, exclaimed, "Pray, pray, listen." "I do," replied Foote, "nine and one are ten, go on."

AN OMINOUS DAY.

QUIN used to say that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on the thirtieth of January, viz., King Charles' Martyrdom, 1730.

A PREDICTION VERIFIED.

TONY LEE, a player in Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a severe cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioning much laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and, addressing himself to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often tell me that I would cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my porridge." This set the house in a roar, and every one pardoned the solecism he had before committed.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

CHARLES KEAN played "Hamlet" on one occasion at Dublin, when an amateur was permitted to perform "Rosencrantz." The young gentleman had neglected to study the words, or, what is more probable, had them *stage frightened* out of his head, and the result was that Mr. Kean was very much annoyed. On leaving the stage, the latter said to the aspirant, "Sir, you distressed me greatly." "Not more," was the cool reply, "than you did me, Mr. Kean, I assure you!"

AN INTELLIGENT CRITIC.

BOOTH'S "Othello" was much liked in America. An old Yankee, who had never seen a play, was taken to witness the tragedy; and on being asked, at the termination, how he liked it, he replied, "Oh, it was amazing; but I guess, I think, that the little nigger feller played as well as any of the white folks—if not better."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

STERNE, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you really think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

A MOTTO.

DAVENPORT, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from *Hamlet*," said the wit, "that will match to a button-hole: 'List! list! O, list!'"

THE REASON WHY.

FOOTE was once asked why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, and rich are rarely or never seen in the houses of the learned. "Why," said he, "the first know what they want, but the latter do not."

MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

DUCROW was once teaching a boy to go through a difficult act of horsemanship, in the character of a page; and the boy being timid, his master applied the whip to him with great severity. Grimaldi was standing by, and looked serious, considering his vocation. "You see," said Ducrow to Joey, "that it is necessary to make an *impression* on these young fellows." "Very likely," answered Grimaldi, "but it can hardly be necessary to make the *whacks* so hard."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE author of the farce of *High Life below Stairs* was the Rev. James Townley. I knew his son, a celebrated miniature painter, and an acquaintance of my brother's. When this piece was played in Dublin, Knipe, remarkable for saying smart things, and who also liked "the joys of the table," feasted by anticipation on the good roast fowl and bottle of wine in the last scene. But the property man, who provided it, was of a saving disposition. Knipe stuck his fork into the fowl with carving skill—it was a piece of painted timber! He filled his glass, as he thought with wine,—alas! it was but coloured water! "Ha!" said he, with a savage grin, "instead of our bottle and our bird, here is a fine subject for a landscape painter—*wood* and *water*!"—O'KEEFE.

A DIGRESSION.

THE celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

GIVING UP THE GHOST.

A PLAYER, performing the "Ghost" in *Hamlet* very badly, was hissed: after bearing it for some time, he put the audience in a good humour by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies, and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, the only thing I can do is to give up the Ghost!"

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

QUIN sometimes made occasional visits to Plymouth to eat John Dories, and for some time he lived very extravagantly. On one occasion he resided at an inn which was very much infested with rats. "My drains," said the landlord, "run down to the quay, and the scents of the kitchen attracts the rats." "That's a pity," said Quin; "at some leisure moment, before I return to town, remind me of the circumstance, and, perhaps, I may be able to suggest a remedy." In the meantime he lived expensively, and, at the end of eight weeks, called for his bill. "What!" said he, when it was presented to him, "one hundred and fifty pounds for eight weeks in one of the cheapest towns in England?" However, he paid the bill, and stepped into his chaise. "Oh, Mr. Quin," said the landlord, "I hope you have not forgot the remedy you promised me for the rats?" "There's your bill," answered the wit; "when they come again, show them that, and if they trouble your house again, after having seen it, I'll be d—d!" And he drove off, leaving the landlord to use the recipe or not as he pleased.

SWEET REVENGE.

WHEN Keeley was manager of the Princess's Theatre, he was telling a funny story in the green room one morning, at which every member of the company laughed heartily, save one. He gravely remarked, "I shan't laugh, I'm going to leave."

AN AMENDMENT.

"SHOULD I be discovered, *I am lost!*" exclaimed the hero of a Coburg melo-drama, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. "Should you be discovered, *you are found!*" was the amendment made by a wag in the gallery.

HOW TO COLLECT ACCOUNTS.

THERE seems to be a fatality attending the theatrical treasury. The following plan is, we think, a good one for rendering it solvent at times:—At a period when payments were not very ready at the Smock Alley treasury, one night, Mossop, in *King Lear*, was supported in the arms of an actor, who played "Kent," and who whispered him, "If you don't give me your honour, sir, that you'll pay me my arrears this night before I go home, I'll let you drop on the boards." Mossop, alarmed, said, "Don't talk to me now." "I will," said Kent, with firmness. "I will; I'll let you down." Mossop was compelled to give the promise, and the actor thus got his money, though a few of the others went home without theirs. Such was the effect of a hint, well timed, but desperate.

THE USE OF IRISH BEGGARS.

FOOTE, having made a trip to Ireland, he was asked, on his return, what impression was made on him by the Irish peasantry, and replied that they gave him great satisfaction, as they settled a question which had long agitated his own mind, and that was, what became of the cast-off clothes of the English beggars.

BITTER.

BURKE was telling Garrick one day, at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed, Mr. Burke," said Garrick, "then what do you think of bitter cold weather?"

NO QUESTION.

A PERSON applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the soliloquy of "Hamlet,"—"To be or not to be, that is the question?" Quin, indignant at the man's absurd presumption, exclaimed, very decisively,—"No question, sir, upon my honour!—Not to be, most certainly."

MARMONTEL'S "GARLAND."

THE little opera of the *Garland*, by Marmontel, is ingenious, but was indifferently successful. In 1751, when it was played, he had occasion to call a hackney coach. His opera was being played that night. "Coachman," said he, afraid of being detained, "avoid the Palais Royal." "Oh, don't be afraid, sir," said the coachman. "There is no great crowd there. They are only playing the *Garland* to-night."

A BROAD HINT.

A SCOTTISH comedian was once performing at one of the Dublin theatres in an extremely dirty pair of *duck*-trousers. The audience observed the state they were in, and a lad in the gallery cried out, "Och! mister, wouldn't your ducks be the better of a swine?"

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

WHEN Wemyss, a famous theatrical manager, had quitted the business, and opened instead a large shop for the sale of patent medicines, a friend drily remarked that he would no doubt be successful in filling both boxes and pit.

SANCHO PANZA.

IN *Sancho Panza*, a comedy by Dufrenoy, the Duke says, at the beginning of the third act, "I begin to tire of *Sancho*." "So do I," said a wag in the pit, taking his hat and walking out. This sealed the fate of the piece.

INCLEDON AND SUETT.

INCLEDON being one day at Tattersall's, Suett, who happened to be there also, asked him if he had come there to buy horses. "Yes," said Incledon, "but what are you here for? Do you think, Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?" "Oh, yes, Charles," said Suett. "If you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

THE LADY OF LYONS.

THERE has been some dispute respecting the origin of Lord Lytton's celebrated play of *The Lady of Lyons* in the United States, where it has long been as popular as in our own country. There appear to be several claimants for the English dramatist's honours, who forget that the merit does not lie in the invention of the plot, but in the skill of its development, and the beauty of the language. One writer contends that a Mrs. Helen Maria Williams published a version of the story, and another that the play is taken from a paper called the *Minerva*, which was published in New York about fifty years since. Mr. William Davidge, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has disposed of all these pretensions in a letter to the *New York Herald*. He remembers the production of the play at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and can recall a conversation between Bulwer (as Lord Lytton was then styled) and Macready, about the origin of the story. It is from the French, and a version of it, under the name of *Perorou, the Bellows-Mender*, was given at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, a few months after its production at Covent Garden; but it could not keep the stage, being far inferior to

The Lady of Lyons. As for Mrs. Helen Maria Williams, Mr. Davidge disposes of her claims by presuming that she published a translation of the French story, thereby placing herself in the position of Sheridan's author in the *Critic*, who excused a plagiarism from Shakespeare by observing that two great men thought of the same thing, and Shakespeare only thought of it first. "It is rather late in the day," says Mr. Davidge, "to attempt to deprive the author of the best acting play for the last hundred years of his fairly earned laurels."

JOHN KEMBLE AND LADY MORGAN.

THE description of John Kemble's sticking his claws into Lady Morgan's wig during the "first rout" of her ladyship, is thus narrated in the *Book of the Boudoir*, by the latter. "I had got into a very delightful conversation with my veteran beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as 'the late Mr. Kemble;' and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which scarcely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much preoccupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will but not the power to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head in jelly. Alas, no! The *bore* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish cathah head, dark cropped and curly, struck him as being a particularly well-organised Brutus, and better than any in his *répertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepul-

chral tones, asked, 'Little girl, where did you buy your wig?' Lord Erskine 'came to the rescue,' and liberated my head. Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, '*Les serpents de l'envie ont sifflés dans son cœur*;' on every side—

'Some did laugh,
And some did say, God bless us;'

While I, like Macbeth

'Could not say, Amen.'

Meanwhile, Kemble, peevish, as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the *Wild Irish Girl* (which he had brought to return to Lady C——k), and, reading, with his deep emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his fore-finger, with the look of 'Hamlet' addressing 'Polonius,' he said, 'Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? and where did you get all these d——d hard words?' Thus taken by surprise, and 'smarting with my wounds' of mortified authorship, I answered unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: 'Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's Dictionary.' The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the 'I'y Allois' of La Fontaine was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the naivete of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and, shortly after, Mr. Spenser carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head, inside or out."

CHARLES MATHEWS (THE ELDER) AT EDINBURGH.
SIR WALTER, 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. "How d'ye do, Sir Walter?" "Oh, hoo *are* ye?" "Wall, hoo have ye been entertained?" (I perceived he did not know 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 how 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 equivoque, and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me. An invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted joyfully.

THE CHINESE CONJUROR.

THE "Chinese Conjuror" was a figure which, by means of internal machinery, would not only walk, look, and move like a man, but speak also, being capable of answering any question which was put to it, upon two minutes' consideration; and whenever Jemmy Whitely, an eccentric manager of a travelling corps, found business declining, he introduced the "Conjuror," and generally with success. The figure was made of pasteboard, with very ample habiliments, rather exceeding in dimensions the human form, and was managed on the following system:—After taking off its head, pulling aside its garments, and opening its breast, to show that it contained no human being, it was placed over a trap, up which an actor ascended, and took possession of its interior unobserved. It then moved about, to the astonishment of the spectators, and sat down to be questioned. Meanwhile the company having studied a series of questions and answers with the unseen confederate, disguised themselves and mixed with the audience. By the variety and frequency of their inquiries, the mouths of the audience were sealed; and as each one, before he made an interrogation, took care to inform those about him of its nature,

the truth of the replies involved the assembly in a sentiment of profound astonishment. This took very well at first; but if the voice of the machine, or the persons of the confederates, did not betray the artifice, on a succeeding evening, some infernal Yorkshireman found his way into the pit, which answered the same end. On one occasion, a countryman who happened to be suspicious, hearing a good deal of Troy and Rome, and Greece and Shakespeare, asked after and answered, suddenly got up and inquired of the figure, "What was his mother's grandmothe-'s name?" Whitely, who officiated on the stage during this, was not confounded at the fellow's question, but whispered the image, which immediately howled out in Irish: "Ohil one Gruish kin agrany!" "There my darling," said the manager, "there's your grandmother's foldediddle for you!" All eyes were bent upon Tyke, who shook his head and replied, "Na, it beant; ma moother's graundmother's neam be Deborah Dykes!" "Well, you bog-trotter," replied Jemmy, "and isn't 'Ohil one Gruish kin agrany' the Chinese for Deborah Dykes? If you hadn't interrupted the jontleman wouldn't he have come to the dirty English of it presently?"—BERNARD'S "RETRO-SPECTIONS OF THE STAGE," Vol. i, 160.

AN ACTOR OR A LORD?

QUIN and Foote associated with the best company; and Quin, like Foote, was distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society he courted, namely, the more noble, but less intelligent. Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin flashed and fixed his eye upon the person, with this reply: "What would your lordship have me be?—a lord!"

HONEST CRITICISM.

WHEN Dancourt gave a new comedy to the public, if it did not succeed, he was accustomed to console himself by supping at Cheret's rooms with a few friends. One morning after the rehearsal of his *Agioteurs*, which was to be played in the evening for the first time, he thought of asking one of his daughters, who was only ten years old, what she thought of the piece. "Ah, father," said the girl, "you will sup at Cheret's to-night!"

REAL TRAGEDY.

THE history of Sweden 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 personated our Lord; who falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented 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.

"THE CASTLE SPECTRE."

DURING the season when the *Castle Spectre* filled the exhausted treasury of Drury Lane, Sheridan, the manager, and Monk (M. G.) Lewis, the author, had some dispute in the green room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet Mr. S. all the money which the *Castle Spectre* had brought, that he was right. "No," replied Sheridan, "I cannot afford to bet so much as that; but I'll tell you what I will do: I'll bet you all that it is worth."

O'SHERIDAN!

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right, certainly, to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we *Owe* everybody."

A CAUTIOUS REFEREE.

WHEN John Reeve was playing "Bombastes Furioso" at Bristol, upon being stabbed by Artaxominous, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and, appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, is it?" A bald-headed gentleman, who, probably, took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom Reeve directed his glance, rose and said timidly, "Really, sir, I cannot say. I do not fence myself."

SUETT OR DRIPPING.

DICKY SUETT, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being able only to secure an outside place on the coach, arrived at his destination in such a bedraggled state from the incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired doubtingly, "Are you Suett?" "No," replied the wag, "I'm *dripping!*"

THE MORALE OF OTHELLO.

IN the first place, we learn from *Othello* this very useful moral, not to make an unequal match; in the second place, not to yield too readily to suspicion. The handkerchief is merely a trick, though a very pretty trick; but there are no other circumstances of reasonable suspicion, except what is related by "Iago" of "Cassio's" warm expressions concerning "Desdemona" in his sleep; and that depended entirely upon the assertion of one man. No, I think that *Othello* has more moral than almost any play.—Dr. JOHNSON.

EITHER WILL DO.

QUIN told Lady Berkeley, who was a beautiful woman, that she "looked blooming as the spring;" but, recollecting that the season did not look very promising, he added, "that is, my lady, I wish the spring would look like your ladyship."

THE THREE MEN OF EUROPE.

VESTRIS, the father, the celebrated opera dancer, used to say, with the most perfect sincerity, "I know only three men in Europe at the present day who are unique in their way—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself."

A PLAYER'S LESSON TO A PREACHER.

DR. STONHOUSE was one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders, he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the doctor what particular business he had to attend to when the duty was over? "None," said the other. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "when I saw you enter the reading desk in such a hurry. Nothing," he continued, "can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it again as soon as possible." He next asked the doctor, "What books he had in the desk before him?" "Only the Bible and Prayer Book," was the reply. "Only the Bible and Prayer Book!" said the player; "why, you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves over as carelessly as if they were those of a scroll-book or a ledger." The doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.

LE GRAND.

LE GRAND, who was both an actor and an author, but a man of a short and indifferent figure, after playing some tragic part, in which he had been ill received, came forward to the front of the stage to address the audience, and concluded his speech thus:—"And, in short, ladies and gentlemen, you must see, that it is easier for you to accustom yourselves to my figure than it is for me to alter it."

NOTES ON NURSING.

Toss the baby to Pantaloon, crying "Catchee, catchee!" Snatch it away from him, and hit him with it over the shins, knocking him down. Squat upon the ground with the baby in your lap, and begin feeding it out of a large pan with a great dripping ladle. Ram the ladle into the mouth of the baby, and scrape the lips with the edge of it, then lick them clean. Now wash the baby by putting it in a tub, pouring hot water on it from the kettle, and swabbing its face with a mop. Comb its hair with a rake; then put the baby into a mangle and roll it out flat. Set the baby in its cradle, and tread it well down. Make the baby cry; then take it out of bed to quiet it, and give it Pantaloon to hold whilst you administer poppy-syrup. Smear the syrup over its face. Take it away again, catch hold of its ancles, and swinging it round your head by the legs, thrash Pantaloon off the stage with the baby, and throw it after him.

PROMPTING THE PROMPTER.

ONE of the principal actors at the Comédie Française stopped short in a tragedy at this passage—"I was in Rome——." It was in vain that he began the passage several times; he never could get farther than "Rome." At last, seeing there was no help for it, and that the prompter, as embarrassed as himself, was unable to find the place, or to give him any assistance, he turned his eyes coolly upon him, and said, with an air of dignity—"Well, sir, what was I doing at Rome?"

PRACTICAL "UTILITY."

A PROVINCIAL actor named Cook, on one occasion was playing the part of "Achilles" in *Iphigenia*. He received immense applause, but in the last act his memory suddenly failed him. Instead of stopping to listen to the prompter, and thereby lose the effect of a brilliant exit, he continued to the close of the scene, uttering a succession of incoherent words in splendid declamatory style, and then rushed off the stage in the midst of thunders of applause.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

ON Thursday, December 16th, 1875, the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new National Opera House on the Thames Embankment, was performed by the Duke of Edinburgh, in the presence of one thousand five hundred spectators, who made the following reply to an address read in the name of the founders:—"It is with much pleasure that I take part in this day's proceedings, feeling, as I do, that the work which we have assembled to inaugurate is one which cannot but be productive of much benefit to the interests of the lyric stage of England. While there is every reason to believe that the new National Opera House will be in every respect worthy of this great city as a building, it is very gratifying to hear that, in connection with it, students of music will now find opportunities of instruction and cultivation which have hitherto been withheld from them, at least in their own land. There can, at the same time, be no doubt but that the announcement that the house will be devoted for many months to the production of the works of English composers, represented by English performers, will be the source of much encouragement and satisfaction to the musical profession. I lay, then, with pleasure, the first stone of the building, and sincerely wish success and prosperity to an undertaking which, initiated with such spirit and enterprise, promises so materially to promote the welfare of those who follow the art of music in this country."

MISCELLANY

OF

MUSIC, DRAMA, ACTORS, AUTHORS, &c.

A MUSICAL COMPLIMENT.

ROSSINI was prone to forget the names of persons introduced to him, and one day meeting Bishop, the well-known English composer, in London, he began, "Ah! my dear Monsieur"—but he had completely forgotten Bishop's name, and could get no further; but to show that he really remembered him, Rossini began merrily whistling Bishop's glee, "When the wind blows."—"ERA."

HAYDN.

THE celebrated Haydn composed, from his eighteenth to his seventy-third year, one hundred and thirteen overtures, one hundred and fifty-three pieces for the viola di gamba, twenty divertimentos for various instruments, three marches, twenty-four trios, six violin solos, fifteen concertos for different instruments, thirty services, eighty-three quartets, sixty-six sonatas, forty-two duets, two German puppet-operas (a performance which the Empress Maria Theresa was much attached to), five oratorios, three hundred and sixty-five Scotch airs, and four hundred minuets and waltzes.

SIGNOR ROSSI AND THE DRAMA.

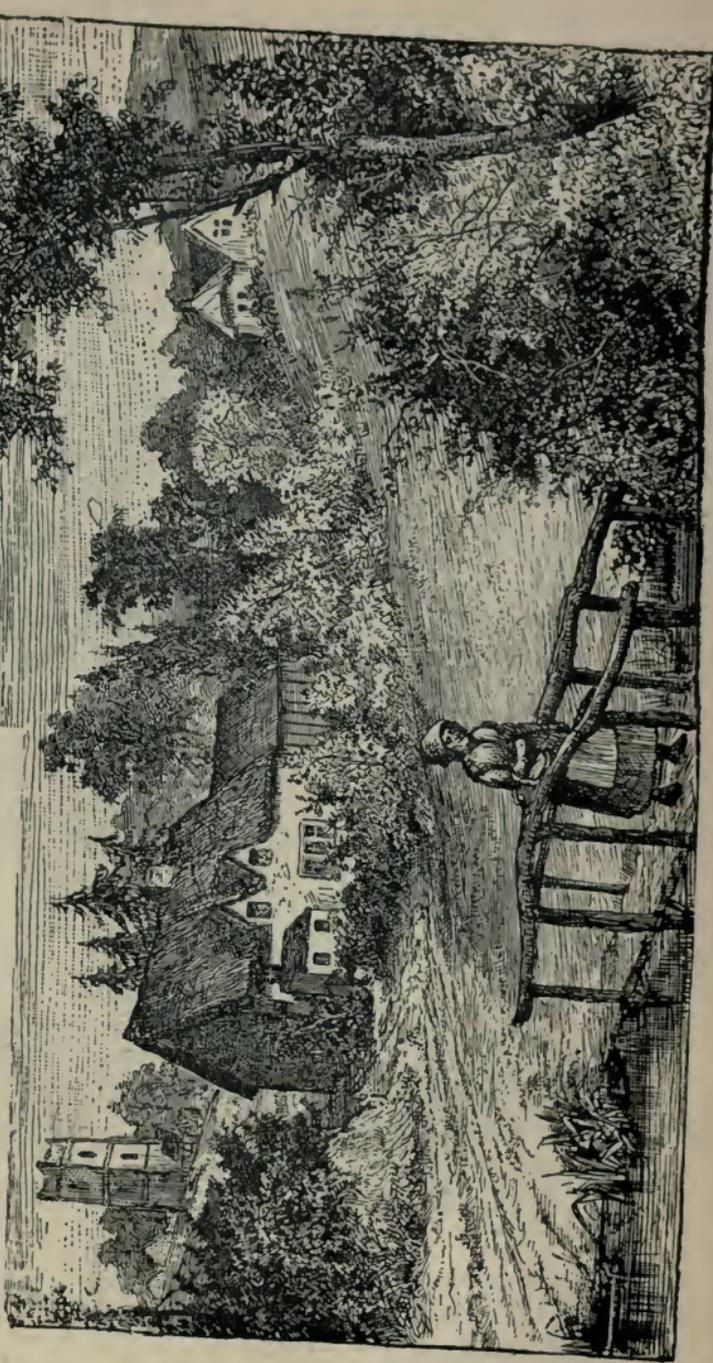
THE Lord Mayor, who presided on May 11th, 1876, at the First Anniversary Festival of the Royal Dramatic College, held at Willis's Rooms, gave the toast of the Drama, and Signor Rossi, whose name was coupled with the toast, replied, remarking that he wished he could speak to them in the language of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, but, failing this, he would address them in that of Dante. The dramatic art, according to Madame de Staël, was the first step in the ladder which led to civilisation. It was for this reason that Shakespeare and Dante held their great position in the hearts and minds, not only of their countrymen, but of the world. Those national poets held a position quite apart from ordinary national poets. And why? Because such men as Shakespeare never allowed themselves to express their personal sentiments, but, having conceived a great character, they lost their own identity in that of the creation which they evolved from their own glorious imagination. And just as an actor who played like a marionette was inferior to an artist who grasped an author's conception and portrayed it, so was the universal poet who made his characters speak their own sentiments. He would beg permission, therefore, as a member of Dante's country, to do homage to the great genius who would seem to have joined hands with Dante, as though he would say how much they understood each other and humanity.

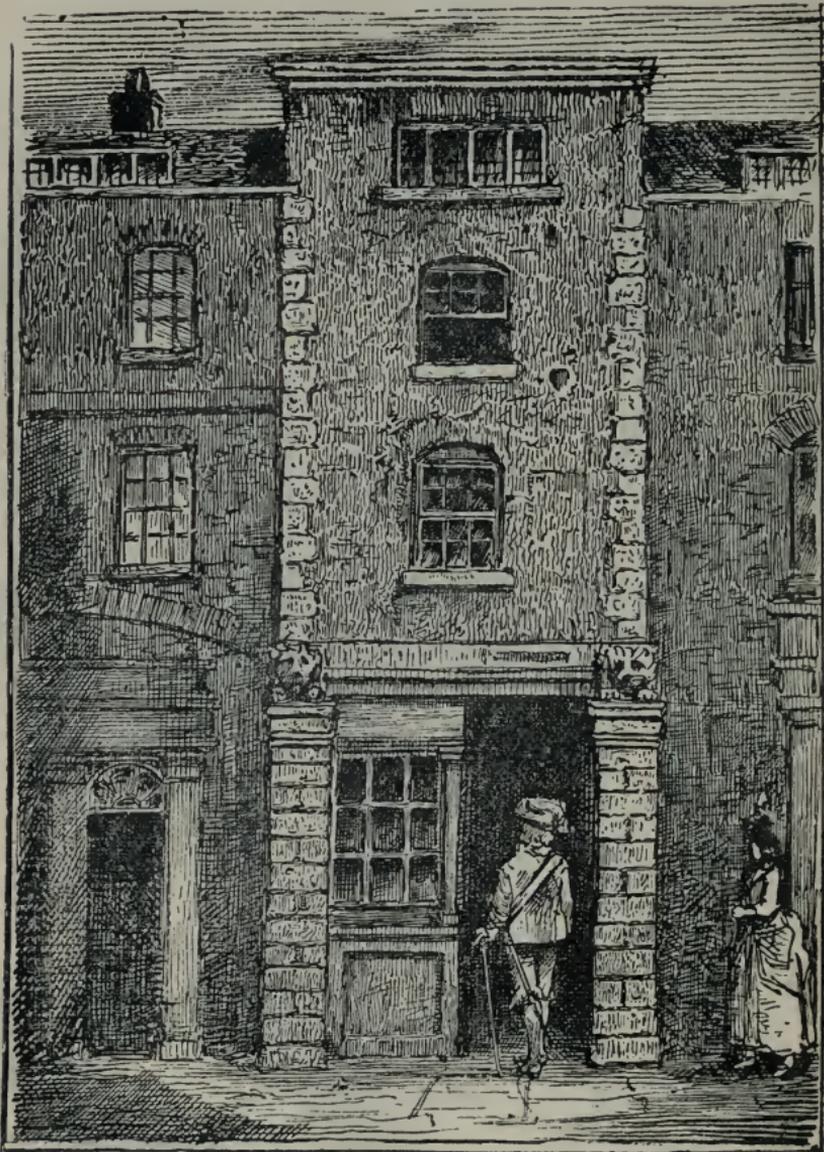
THE DRAMA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE was a time when dramatists and actors were accustomed to have their plays and their performances "damned." A study of old prologues and epilogues shows the fear and trembling with which new men faced a critical pit and a censorious gallery. No mercy was shown to weak performers or poor plays; hisses and groans drove them off the stage. An actor then required to be robust; and the best of them—Garrick, Elliston, Kemble, Kean—had to live down temporary disfavour. It would seem as if now we had a more timid or more susceptible generation, spoiled by indulgent audiences, soft criticism, and injudicious friends.—"DAILY TELEGRAPH," MAY 10TH.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH NICHOLAS ROWE WAS BORN.

JOHN ROWE, Esq., serjeant-at-law, had descended from an ancient family, famous for their bravery as Crusaders, and this house at Lamberton, in Devonshire, came down to him from them. In its day—humble as it now appears—it had been regarded as a somewhat stately and pretentious building, and in it was born, in the year 1678, the famous dramatist Nicholas Rowe. The house stood in the village of Little Beckford, about a mile and a half south-east from Eaton Socon, upon the borders of Bedfordshire.





THE HOUSE IN WHICH DRYDEN LODGED.

THE above sketch is taken from a house situated a little way down Fetter Lane, Fleet Street. Beneath it is a narrow passage now called Lion's Head, but formerly known as Fleur-de-Lys Court, into which looked the house of infamous Mother Brownrigg, who was hanged in 1767. There it stood, amidst trees and gardens, far back in the days of Charles II., when the lane was Fewter's Lane, so called after the idle persons who used to congregate in and about it as visitors to the pleasure houses and gardens to which it was the great thoroughfare.



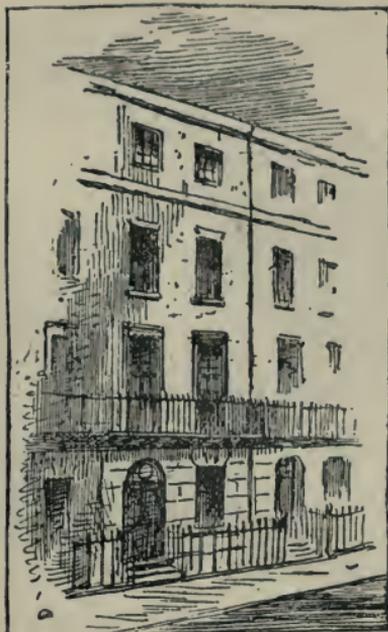
THE HOUSE IN WHICH GARRICK WAS BORN.

THIS old house was taken down early in the present or late in the last century, when it was still known as the Angel Inn, although it bore for its sign a nag's head. It stood in Widemarsh Street, Hereford. In the year 1716, Captain Peter Garrick, the son of one of those unhappy French Protestants who were driven into this country by the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the consequent horrible persecutions, came riding gaily into Hereford from Lichfield, beating up for recruits. His wife, who had been a Miss Clough, the daughter of one of the vicars belonging to Lichfield Cathedral, was with him, and the pair put up at this inn, where, in the month of February, Mrs. Garrick gave birth to a son, who was christened David. Captain Garrick was an amiable and genial fellow, whose agreeable conversation and affable demeanour had won him many kind, true friends.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER DIED.

THIS house, No. 22, Brompton Square, in the Fulham Road, stood in the midst of residences belonging to old actors, dramatists, and musicians. In "A Walk from London to Fulham," published originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, we are told of it that there, on October 26th, 1836, at the age of seventy-four, died George Colman the younger, having, about the year 1826, removed to this house from No. 5, Melina Place, Kent Road.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MACKLIN DIED

THERE are few lives more interesting or more intimately allied with the eventful fortunes of the drama than that of Charles Macklin, who was born two months before the battle of the Boyne was fought, in 1690, and died in 1797, aged one hundred and seven years. The old house, of which the above is a sketch, stood in Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, when that thoroughfare was a fashionable and famous one; and in it Macklin passed many of the latter years of his life, dying there, at last, of sheer old age.

In the life of the elder Charles Mathews we read how he went to this house by special appointment to recite before the veteran and glean his opinion and instructions. Macklin was then more than a hundred years old, had many pupils, and was still upon the stage. Mrs. Mathews tells the story thus:—

“There was Macklin in his arm-chair; and when the door opened, and the youth was announced, he did not attempt to rise, nor indeed take any notice of the stranger, but remained with an arm on either elbow of the chair he sat in, looking sour and severe at his expected pupil, who, hesitating on the threshold, paused timidly, which occasioned the centenary to call out, ‘Come nearer! What do you stand there for? You can’t act in the gap of the door.’ The young man approached. ‘Well,’ added Macklin, in a voice ill-calculated to inspire confidence; ‘now let me hear you; don’t be afraid.’ His crabbed austerity completely chilled the aspirant’s ardour. However, mustering all his courage, he began to declaim according to the approved rule of ‘speech days.’ Macklin, sitting like a stern judge waiting to pronounce sentence upon a criminal rather than to laud a hero, soon interrupted the speech with a mock imitation of the novice’s monotonous tones, barking out ‘Bow, wow, wow, wow!’”

There are numerous stories told of Macklin associated with the Tavistock Row house.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN KEMBLE WAS BORN.

THIS very humble dwelling, which was standing not many years since at Prescott, in Lancashire, was, in 1757, the head-quarters of a provincial theatrical manager, Mr. Roger Kemble.

The house in which Mrs. C. Kemble died in, near Chertsey, was left Mr. C. Kemble by Mrs. Whitelock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, who was for many years an actress in America, where she realised considerable property.

JOE GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AT DRURY LANE
THEATRE, JULY 27TH, 1828.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In putting off the clown's garment allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life and leave it prematurely. Eight and forty years only have passed over my head—but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe—John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition I have over-leaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced old age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my last sausage, and set it for retirement; not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the days of my clownship, for then, I dare say, some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket, and sauce for it in the other. To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time; it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever. With the same respectful feelings as ever, do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favourite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither, accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and believe that of one and all Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips, and a tear in his eyes. Farewell! that you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health, is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. God bless you all!”

MRS. KEELEY'S ADDRESS

On behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I wish to know
 If my part was not played long, long ago?
 But, if old birds may e'er hop off their shelves,
 'Tis to ask help for those who help themselves.
 They say the Drama's dead—the critics do,
 And what the critics tell us must be true;
 But the more dead the Drama, it would seem
 With more new theatres her ashes teem.
 The cry is, still they come—six at a go born,
 East, west, north, south—the New Queen's and the Holborn,
 The Globe, the Gaiety, Montague's, Charing Cross—
 All entered for the race of gain or loss.
 But, though new theatres be so the rage
 That all the Strand, like all the world's a stage,
 Not less the critic's sentence hath been said
 That dooms the British Drama dead, dead, dead.
 Black-edge your acting edition, Mr. Lacy;
 Write large on stage doors—*Requiescat in pace*,
 Or, epitaph of cheerfuller complexion,
Hic jacet, in the hope of resurrection.
 But, if dead Drama take up all this room,
 Must living Drama vainly seek a home?
 As her old 'Maid-of-all-work' I say 'No.'
 Call for her, and, like Topsy, 'Spec's she'll grow.'
 But one thing's clear, be Drama quick or dead,
 The actors are alive, and must be fed;
 And from their summer harvest store away
 'Gainst age's winter, and fate's rainy day;
 For this our bantling Fund, stout if 'tis small,
 Opens its plucky little arms to all;
 Says, 'Give your mite; that mite we'll save for you,
 And add what friendly hands may put thereto.'
 As 'many littles to a mickle' creep,
 Pile mites enough, they'll make a mighty heap;
 'Till in our banker's book at length we grow
 To four fat figures, in imposing show.
 Thalia's eyes in time will lose their twinkle,
 Melpomene be put up to a wrinkle,
 See the town's favours' ebbing tide forsake her—
 All *must* grow old, even to 'Betsy Baker.'
 Then comes life's quiet eventime—how blest,
 If, soothed by comfort, it lead on to rest,
 To crown that comfort and the rest to cheer,
 We, on these boards, you, on those seats, are here.
 For that a moment I resume my art—
 No, these aren't acted thanks; they're from the heart."

 MACKLIN'S EPITAPH.

SEVERAL years before his death, Mr. Macklin happened to be in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was the celebrated Mr. Pope. The conversation having turned upon Mr. Macklin's age, one of the ladies addressed herself to Mr. Pope in the words to the following effect:—"Mr. Pope, when Macklin dies, you must write his epitaph." "That I will, madam," said Pope; "nay, I will give it you now:—

"Here lies the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE'S EPITAPH,

Who died 6th September, 1812, at New York.

"Pause, thoughtful stranger, pass not heedless by,
Where Cooke awaits the tribute of a sigh;
Here sunk in death those powers the world admir'd,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various parts his matchless talents shone;
The one he failed in was, alas! his own."

JOHN EDWIN'S EPITAPH.

Covent Garden Church Yard, 1790.

"Each social which honours human kind,
The dust beneath this frail memorial bore;
If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
Subdue the weakness, and be vain no more.
A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
Ere icy death smote the child of glee,
And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
When heaven issued Edwin shall not be."

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

" SACRED

"To the memory of THOMAS JACKSON, comedian, who was *engaged* December 21st, 1741, to *play* a comic cast of characters in this *great theatre*, the WORLD, for many of which he was prompted by Nature to excel. The *season* being *closed*, his *benefit over*, the *charges* all paid, and his accounts closed, he made his *exit* in the tragedy of DEATH, March 17th, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to *rehearsal*, where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his *cast* of *parts* bettered, and his *situation* made agreeable by HIM who paid the *great stock debt* for the love he bore to performers in general."—*In Gillingham Church Yard, Norfolk.*

THE LAST SCENE.

"Our revels now are ended : these our actors
 (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all who it inherit, shall dissolve :
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded
 Leave not a rack behind ! We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep !"

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun,
 Are like drawn curtains when the play is done ;
 Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
 Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

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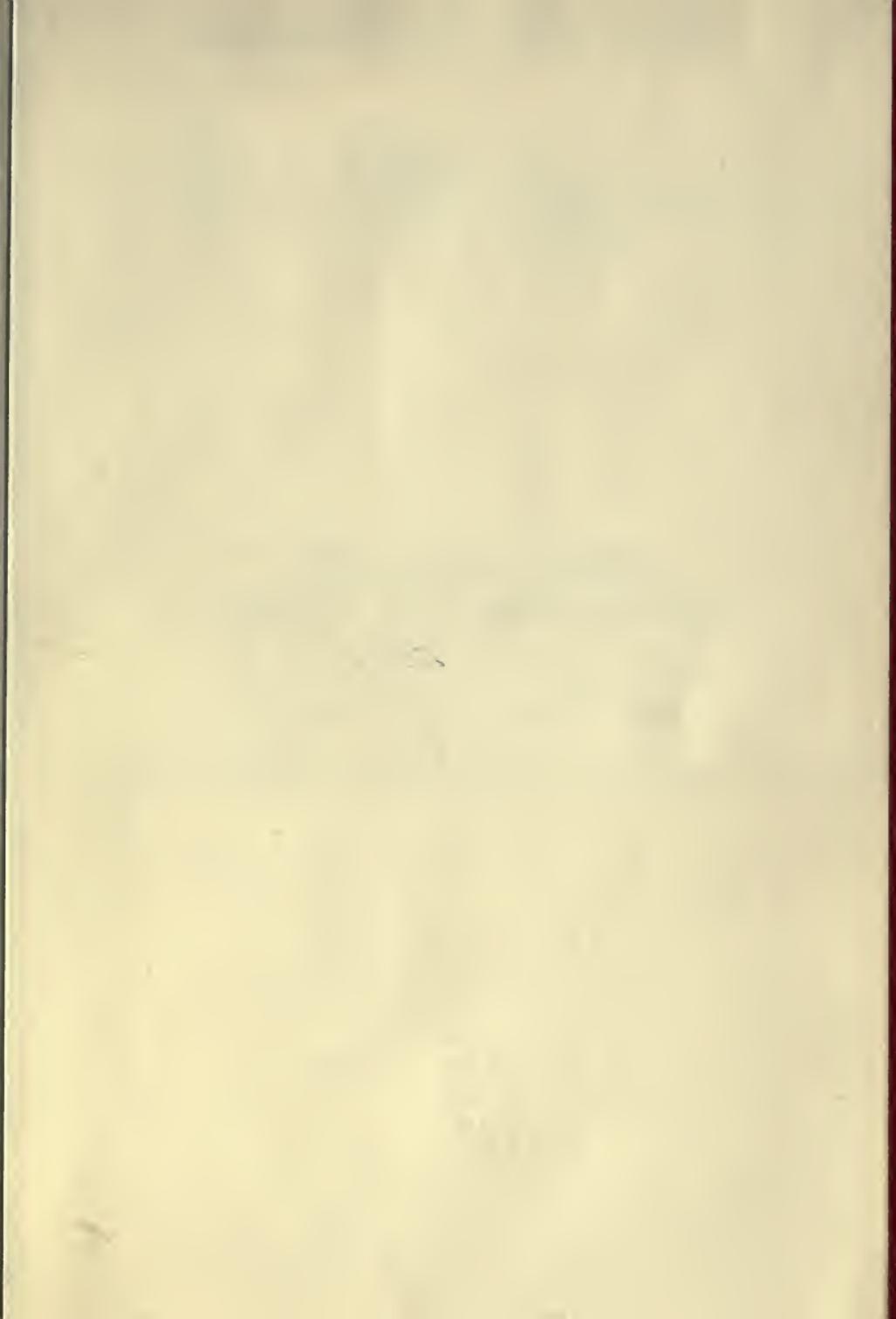
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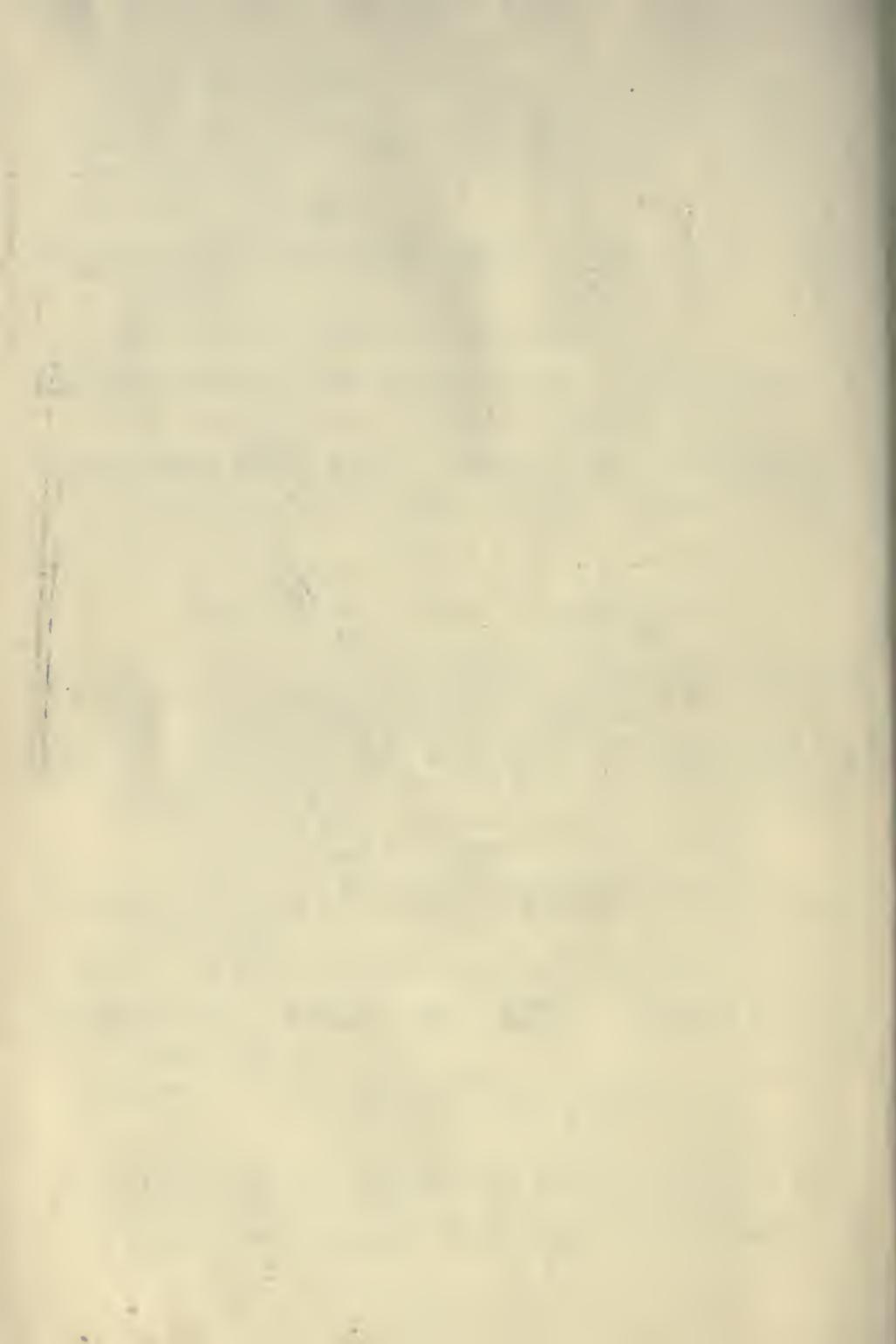
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