

OXBERRY'S
XXXIX. 25
DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY

AND

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES.

VOL. V.

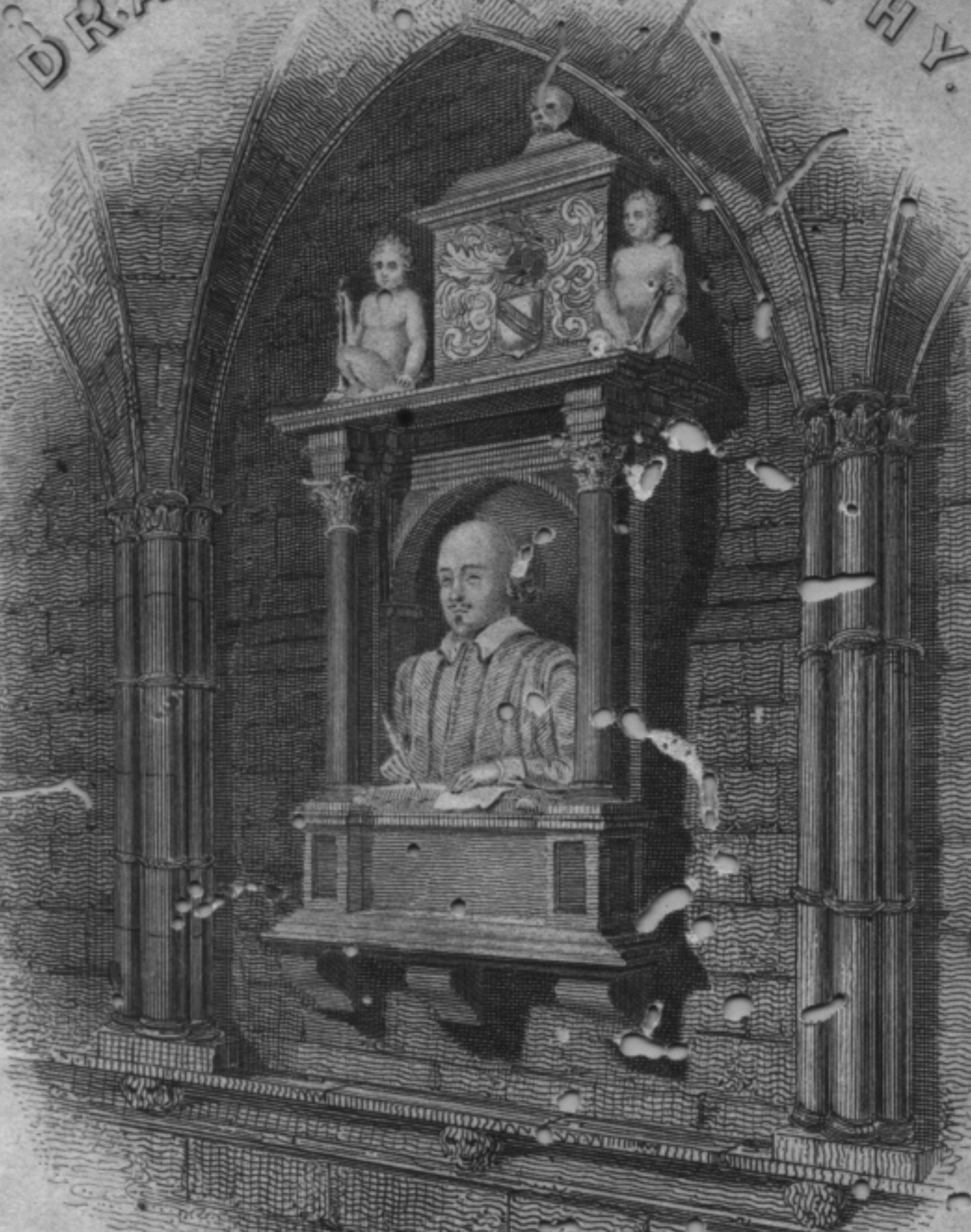
London:

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

1826.



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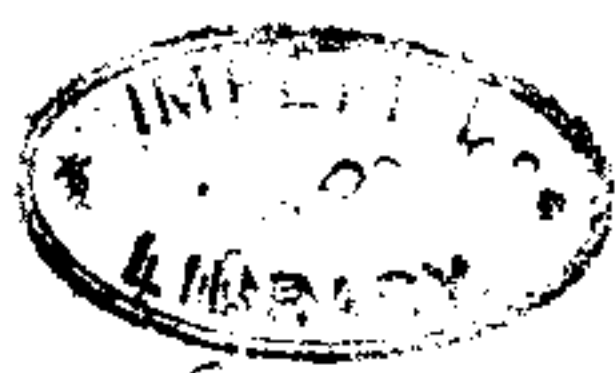


Shakespeare's Monument, Stratford on Avon. — R. Cooper Sculp.

Vol. V.

LONDON.

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C. BAYNES, Printer,
Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.



Drawn & Engraved by H. Meyer

MR. MATTHEWS

IN THE CHARACTER OF

MR. WIGGINS

MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES MATHEWS.

I'd a nod from all quarters, was ever *At Home*.

False Alarms.

What shall we call thee, thou amusing elf,
Who hast a host of beings in thyself?
Who canst variety in all infuse,
And changest like th' expiring dolphin's hues,
Or skies in April? Say, what terms would be
Appropriate, thou world's epitome?
Thou ambulating rainbow! fitful Hope!
Thou earthly moon! thou live kaleidoscope!
Thou twenty voices! antidote to woe!
Thou one plurality! thou single Co.!

HARRY SLOE VAN DYKE.

THOUGH entering upon a new duty, we do not deem it requisite to take up the time of our readers with an introduction; but, in the style of Mr. Mathews's own prologue to his *Youthful Days*, we shall say—"The Public, the new Editor—the new Editor, the Public." Let our works speak for us hereafter, for we shall make no professions; and thus, if we fail to fulfil expectation, we shall at least not cause a wilful disappointment.

CHARLES MATHEWS is the second son of Mr. J. Mathews, many years a bookseller in the Strand, and made his *first* appearance at home, on the 28th June, 1776. His elder brother, William, and himself, were educated at Merchant-Tailors' School. The former, who was intended for the church, was sent to Pembroke College, and took the degree of Master of Arts. Having finished his studies,

the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. Induced by a prospect of great success in his profession, he went to the West Indies, in 1801, and fell a victim, at Tobago, to the fever peculiar to that climate; dying in four months after his arrival. Mr. MATHEWS's father died in 1804.

Our hero was bound apprentice to his father, but contrived, during his visits to an evening school for the purpose of acquiring the French language, to form an intimacy with Elliston; and as that gentleman, then a stage-struck youth, was getting up the tragedy of *The Distrest Mother*, in a back room, on the first floor of a pastry-cook's, in the Strand, our hero was easily prevailed on to enact *Phœnix*, whilst his new friend strutted forth in the sandals of *Pyrrhus*. MATHEWS afterwards played the *Chaplain*, in *The Orphan*, and *Lovel*, in *A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*, with some applause. It is said, but with what truth we know not, that, up to this period, MATHEWS had never seen a piece performed in public. When he had once broken the barrier of parental authority, he became enamoured of the theatre, and particularly partial to the acting of Parsons; and, in the year 1792, he is said to have played *Old Doiley*, after the manner of that comedian.

In 1793, as an amateur, he appeared in *Richmond* and *Bowkitt*, at Richmond; which characters and *Old Doiley* he afterwards repeated at Canterbury, where, he says, he and *Richard* fought full five-and-twenty minutes.

A recommendation from Macklin is said to have obtained him an offer from Dublin. In his starting for which place, his father put twenty guineas into his hand, saying, "He would give him the same sum, if ever he chose to come back and resume an honest livelihood."

It is generally imagined that Mr. MATHEWS opened at

Dublin, in *Jacob Gawky* and *Lingo*; but our notes on this subject state differently. He appeared in that city in June, 1794, and subsequently obtained the part of *Lingo*, at his own particular request, he having said, "That if he could have a part in which he could wear a wig, he would make his fortune." Now, it is fitting that our readers should know, that a Mr. Cornelys, who, we think, was the original there, was considered by the Irish as the only *Lingo*, and that our hero accordingly met with considerable opposition, which so much exasperated him, that he actually threw his wig into the pit. Either in consequence of his failure, or of the exigent state of the theatre, Mr. MATHEWS did not retain any low comedy parts; but *Beaufort* (*Citizen*,) *Paris*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and even *Lamp*, in *Wild Oats*, were assigned him. Though considered of little or no importance in the theatre and of course very scantily remunerated, Mr. MATHEWS moved in very respectable society; and is said to have made friendships then, that have remained inviolate up to the present period.

At the latter end of August, 1795, the Dublin theatre closed under disastrous circumstances, and our hero shortly after set sail for England, determining to return to the counter, and claim the before-mentioned paternal donation; but the vessel being driven up the channel, he put in to Swansea, and made application for an opening part at the theatre. It was accorded to him, and he appeared as *Lingo*, in the month of October, in the land of St. David. He remained in this circuit (which comprised the towns of Caermarthen, Monmouth, Cardiff, Llandillo, and Swansea) three years, until Emery's engagement in London occasioned an hiatus in the York company, which our hero was called upon to fill. He opened at the city

of York, as *Silky** (*Road to Ruin*,) and *Lingo*, on the 17th August, 1798. MATHEWS's interview with Tate Wilkinson, who declared, "He never saw any one so thin, *to be alive*," (the "living skeleton" had not exhibited then,) is fresh in the recollection of every one, from Mr. MATHEWS's own description. A little previous to his engagement at York, Mr. MATHEWS entered into an engagement of a more pleasing description, with a very accomplished lady, Miss E. K. Strong, of Exeter, to whom he was united, about the close of 1797. This lady was the authoress of a volume of poems, and two or three novels, which have been represented to us as possessing great merit. Mr. MATHEWS and his young wife enjoyed the greatest conjugal felicity; he became rapidly a favourite at York, whilst his wife's connexions, and his education and conduct, secured him a reception into the best society. But death closed the scene of happiness, and Mr. MATHEWS had the melancholy task of laying a young wife in the grave, in less than five years after their union. She fell a victim to the English plague, (decline,) in May, 1802.

It will be remembered, that, in 1803, Mr. Colman determined upon having an independent company; and, in consequence, engaged our hero for the low comedy. He accordingly appeared as *Jabal*, in *The Jew*, (in conjunction with about five or six other first appearances,) and, according to custom, *Lingo*, on 16th May, 1803. His success was unequivocal; and his performance of *Old Wiggins*, the same season, stamped his fame with the town; whilst his *Risk*, and other characters written expressly for him, kept him continually before the public.

It was a curious and gratifying fact, that Elliston and

* Emery used to play old men, at York.

MATHEWS, who commenced their histrionic race in a pastry-cook's shop, in 1790, should, in 1803, reach the goal together, and be each in high repute in their respective lines of acting.

In the course of this year, Mr. MATHEWS led a second lady to the altar; Miss Jackson, half-sister to Miss Frances Maria Kelly, and an actress of very considerable talent, a sweet singer, and a pretty woman. Mrs. Mathews quitted the stage on the 15th September, 1810. She was the original *Fanny*, in *Killing no Murder*, and generally sustained characters of this description.

In 1804, Mr. MATHEWS and his wife were engaged at Drury-lane theatre, (he opened, on the 18th September, as *Don Manuel*, *She Would and She Would not*;) but here, singular to say, Mr. MATHEWS was by no means effective. He suffered so much from stage fright at this house, though he was the greatest favourite of the Haymarket, that he would willingly have thrown up his engagement; and, as Bannister and Downton had possession of most of the parts to which he aspired, his situation was by no means pleasing.

From 1804 to 1809, Mr. MATHEWS made no impression on the town, excepting during the summer season at the little theatre; and there, the effect of *Catch Him who Can*, &c., was but transitory; but in the latter year, *Killing no Murder* was produced. The peculiar circumstances that attended this piece, and the inimitable acting of MATHEWS, gave both him and it an astonishing celebrity; but as he could not take the farce with him to Drury, he was there again condemned to the oblivion of indifferent parts.

In 1809, when "the conflagrators," as he termed them, were enacting at the Lyceum, his *Cypher* gave a fresh impetus to his notoriety; and his performance of this in

Dr.olin, seconded by his driving the mail out of the town, on his departure, is remembered by the Patlanders still.

He quitted the Drury-lane company in 1811, and, on the 12th October, in the succeeding year, appeared at Covent-garden theatre, as *Buskin*, (*Love, Law, and Physic*;) and a host of other farces were instantly brought forward, in which he alone, or he and Liston conjointly, kept up the ball. *The Farce Worker*, *Two Dr. Hobbs*, *Invisible Bridegroom*, *At Home*, *The Sleep Walker*, *The Bee Hive*, and *Bombastes Furioso*, were amongst these productions or revivals.

At last these farces, the greatest portion of which had only a fortnight's run, palled, and Mr. MATHEWS ceased to attract, from mere lack of material. At the Haymarket, however, they managed matters better. The announcement of our hero, for *Rover*, with imitations, attracted immense houses; but on the appearance of the bill for *The Actor of All Work*, all London was alive. The cast stood thus originally:—

THE ACTOR OF ALL WORK.

Velinspeck, (a country manager,) Mr. TERRY.*

Multiple, (a strolling actor,) Mr. MATHEWS.

Multiple's Mercury, (a boy,) Miss CARR.

ASSUMED CHARACTERS.

Matthew Stiffy, (a prompter,) - - - Mr. MATHEWS.

French Tragedian - - - - - Mr. MATHEWS.

Scrawky, (a stage-struck apprentice,) Mr. MATHEWS.

Mr. M'Sillergrip, (a pawnbroker,) - - - Mr. MATHEWS.

Mrs. M'Sillergrip, (his wife,) - - - Mr. MATHEWS.

Fat Coachman - - - - - Mr. MATHEWS.

The money this piece brought to the treasury was immense; though, since that period, there has hardly been

* Terry threw up the part, and Conner played it.

an actor in the line but has performed something of the kind.

About this time, Mr. MATHEWS had the misfortune to be thrown out of his gig, whilst riding with Terry, and break his leg; since which he has declared, "He will never drive a horse, that will not let the rein pass under his tail without kicking."

After this accident, Mr. MATHEWS played *Capt. Bertram*, (*Birth Day*,) for his benefit, and gave a portion of his *Mail Coach Adventures* between the play and farce. He did the same thing at his next benefit at Covent-garden theatre.

We have omitted also to mention that he played *Captain Macheath* for his benefit, after the manner of Incledon, and dressed the characters as they appeared in the time of Gay.

At length it became rumoured that Mr. MATHEWS had resolved to secede from Covent-garden theatre, and that he had even refused an offer of £40 a-week. Shortly after, an announcement that Mr. MATHEWS would be found *At Home*, at the English opera-house, set the play-going fraternity on the *qui vive*. The house was well attended, and previous to the commencement of the entertainment, Jack Bannister entered the boxes. It will be remembered, that honest John had once given a similar performance himself. He was well received by the auditors, and bowed respectfully around him. After a tedious interval, MATHEWS appeared, and was most enthusiastically cheered. A short extract from his opening speech will elucidate his motives and his usage.

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—Appearing before you in this novel way, it will naturally be expected that I should give some explanation of the motive that has induced me to

make so bold an attempt, as that of offering you a whole evening's entertainment by my own individual exertion. It is simply this :—Public approbation has long since flattered me into the belief, that I have some pretensions to the title of a comic actor. The vanity of mankind is easily roused by the encouragement of popular applause; and I am not aware that actors, though proverbially modest, are more exempt from vanity than patriots and statesmen. Fully gratified in this particular, it has therefore been my highest ambition to appear before you in the legitimate shape of a regular comedian. Circumstances, however, which I could neither control nor account for, have deprived me of the opportunity of so doing; in the mean time, I have frequently been urged by my friends to attempt an entertainment by myself, and reminded with what success the celebrated Dibdin had, during several winters, kept audiences together by his single exertions; still I preferred the exercise of my profession as a member of the national theatre; and could I have been indulged in the first wish of my heart, that of appearing frequently before you in characters of legitimate comedy, in that capacity I should probably have remained."

He then alluded to the characters which were assigned him at Covent-garden theatre, and, from their weakness, to the castigation he, as the representer of them, received from the press; and concluded with saying, "His brethren might call him a mountebank, if they would; but if so, like a true one, he would have a stage of his own."

The success of this effort was wonderful; more particularly when it is considered that the material on which our hero was working was *all old*; and that the songs, particularly *Bartholomew Fair*, *Nightingale Club*, and *Mail Coach*, had been sung by him at least a hundred times in London.

As the terms on which Mr. MATHEWS performs have been variously stated, and particularly that he receives only £1000 a season, we affirm the following, which we have every reason to believe is correct. Mr. Arnold provides the entertainment, music, house-lights, scenery, dresses, bills, and advertisements, and takes the first £40, and shares the remainder with MATHEWS nightly.

The farewell address of Mr. MATHEWS, at the close of his first season, (15th June, 1818,) we also give a place. It will tend to show the persecution to which he was subjected.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—I now come to the only painful part of my exertions—that of bidding you farewell. So entirely have the great patent theatres exhausted the language of self-commendation, that they have left me no choice of terms that can express my gratitude for ‘overflowing and brilliant audiences;’ ‘rapturous, unanimous, and unbounded applause;’ ‘roars of laughter;’ ‘unqualified approbation;’ and ‘unprecedented success.’ I must therefore content myself with offering, in less pompous, but not less sincere phraseology, the humble tribute of my heartfelt thanks. Accept, Ladies and Gentlemen, this homely but genuine expression of my feelings, and believe that it will be the proudest recollection of my life, that, during the course of forty evenings’ entertainments, I have been honoured not only with full houses, but also by your approbation and applause. The question, whether I had done wisely in leaving the boards of what are called the regular theatres, and which was some time problematical, is now decided, and I may say (without more vanity than your encouragement will fully justify) is decided in my favour. I now, therefore, quit the metropolis with the cheering and flattering hope, that I shall be again wel-

comed on my return next spring, with new matter and new subjects for your amusement.

“ I am aware, Ladies and Gentlemen, and it is fit you should be aware also, that very serious efforts have been made by the proprietors and managers of the winter theatres to drive me from this asylum ; and, as I had declined to eat their bread, for which I had lost all relish, they wished to deprive me of the means of eating any bread at all : at least, so it appears. At all events, they have certainly ~~opposed~~ ^{opvied}, and endeavoured to prevent my reaping that plentiful harvest, which has ripened in the sunshine of your favour. But this I beg to state distinctly, that while I am advised that my performances are within the strict letter of the law, no fear shall deter me from proceeding ; and that I will resist strenuously and firmly any measures that may be pursued to support an unjust monopoly, to my injury ; and that I shall double all the energies of my resistance, from the recollection that I am contending in the cause of the public, who ought not to be curtailed of their lawful amusements, or to be told by patentees, ‘ If you won’t come and laugh with us, you shall not go to laugh elsewhere.’ That I shall make you laugh again and again, I sincerely hope, though I must choose a merrier subject than patent theatres and monopoly. I do not doubt I shall have the cordial satisfaction of meeting again, next year, as many smiling faces as have graced the theatre for the last forty nights that I have had the honour of receiving you *At Home*. With feelings of the most heartfelt gratitude, I respectfully take my leave.”

Mr. MATHEWS repeated his successes in the provinces, and the next year presented, with increased attraction, *The Trip to Paris* ; which concluded with the first regular monopolylogue ever performed in this country, in 1820.

he presented *Country Cousins*; the following year, *Travels in Air, Earth, and Water*; and, in 1822, *The Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews*; perhaps at once the best and most popular of his entertainments.

After this season Mr. MATHEWS visited America, where he had a rapid career of splendid success. There he provoked the malignity of a methodist, who, as MATHEWS said, in a letter of the time, "Points out the causes of the late scourge to the city, to the theatre, and me in particular; for, by a most amusing anachronism, he makes out that my drawing crowds together in November, was one of the causes of the pestilence that commenced in July." Mr. MATHEWS was subjected to another attack, while in America, from the editor of *The Philadelphia Gazette and Daily Advertiser*. It appears that the pursuits, and (as was stated in the announcement) the station of very many respectable persons, would not permit their visiting the theatre. This, we confess, we cannot exactly comprehend; however, to accommodate the individuals thus described, Mr. MATHEWS announced an *At Home*, at Boylston Hall, and selected an evening not appropriated for dramatic performances; the receipts were to be appropriated to "The British Charitable Society." The day previous to his intended performance, an article, from which we extract the leading points, appeared.

"After all this excess of grateful feeling, and the positive assurances that his benefit would be the last night of his public appearance in Boston, it was to have been hoped that Mr. MATHEWS would have left the city, without committing any acts of gross and unpardonable injustice towards the people of his profession; but it seems, to gratify certain ladies and gentlemen, who, 'from various causes, cannot visit the theatre,' Mr. MATHEWS is to be *At Home*

this evening. Mr. MATHEWS made a good bargain with the manager of the theatre. He must have known his visit must injure the house, both before he arrived and after his departure. He has repeatedly told the public, that Wednesday evening was the last night he could appear; and, on the faith of these assurances, the manager informed the public, that it was the last opportunity they could have of seeing him. But certain ladies and gentlemen could not visit the theatre to see him. Why could they not? Because they would not. They will not support a theatre and stationary company; but they encourage, with their countenance and money, an itinerant mimic. They will not go to a theatre, to see a tragedy of Shakespeare's, or a comedy of Sheridan's; but they are anxious to get into Boylston Hall, to see Mr. MATHEWS imitate a sea-sick rustic, and hear him retail old stale jokes of Joe Miller.

“If we hear of any of our learned professors, sage judges, wise legislators, or pious clergymen, being present, we shall not fail to report thereof to the public, and endeavour to hold up, to the admiration of our readers, those fastidious ladies and gentlemen, whose delicate stomachs cannot digest a play, but can gorge their cormorant appetites on the vulgarity and smut, which have been scotched from the stage as stale and unprofitable excrescences.”

For this libel Mr. MATHEWS commenced an action, and recovered very considerable damages.

After a career of unexampled profit and pleasure, Mr. MATHEWS bade farewell; an account of which we extract from an American paper.

“Mr. MATHEWS.—This celebrated hero of the sock took leave of a numerous and brilliant audience, on Satur-

day evening. He appeared in the farce of *The Review*, *Polly Packet*, and *Monsieur Tonson*. At the conclusion of the farce, Mr. MATHEWS came forward and thanked the audience for the flattering manner in which he had been received since his arrival in this city. He observed, that, notwithstanding the Atlantic would soon divide them, yet he would remember, with fond delight, the noble hospitality, generosity, and kindness, so often bestowed upon him; and, above all, the unbounded approbation he so frequently received from the crowded and brilliant audiences which repeatedly graced the theatre, would be cherished with gratitude to the remotest period of his existence. Here his feelings almost overcame him. Mr. MATHEWS said—'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will no doubt meet with many possessing more abilities than myself, but I do most sincerely assure you, none can feel more gratitude. I am unable to proceed—permit me to bid you all an affectionate farewell.' "

On the 25th March, 1824, the public jester returned to his native place, the English Opera-house, with a new entertainment. We should have premised that he returned to England about ten months previous, and had appeared in the drama at the English opera-house, with distinguished success. As the late Editor of this work, a gentleman of the most extensive theatrical research, has assured us he could never obtain a bill of one of Foote's performances, we shall occasionally present our readers with the bills of Mr. MATHEWS's entertainments, in our *Histrionic Anecdotes*, &c.

After the close of his *own* season, he engaged during a portion of Mr. Arnold's, and appeared in *Jonathan W. Doubikin*, in a lively farce by Peake, called *Jonathan in England*, which called forth an essay in *The European*

Magazine, to which our hero replied the following month; and to which reply the essayist rejoined. For which articles, see that magazine for 1825.

In that year he produced an entertainment, called *Mr. MATHEWS'S Memorandum Book*; and again performed in the drama, at the English opera-house; and once at Drury-lane, for Mrs. Bland's benefit; and in March, of the present year, he presented his *Invitations*.

Had we space sufficient, we should describe what we have barely room to allude to, i. e. his quarrel with Elliston in 1804, when that performer was really shamefully insolent to the Haymarket auditors—his visit to Bow-street, for provoking a legal gentleman to fight a duel; said legal gentleman having much discommoded Mrs. Mathews, by some proceedings which he took, whilst Mr. MATHEWS was in Paris—his remaining locked out, during a winter's night, at Calais gate—his donation to the family of Emery, with the peculiarly bad taste displayed in his letter on that occasion—his speeches, &c., at the theatrical club dinners—his dissensions with a Mr. Flemmington, who usurped his entertainments, &c. &c.; but as it is, we must pass directly to a summary of his talent.

Our summary of MATHEWS'S talent shall be short; because we could not do justice to our subject, whatever space we might occupy; and because the reiterated plaudits of millions in the Old and New World, must be his never-dying eulogy. As an actor, Mr. MATHEWS possesses the rare art of extracting his personal nature from his assumptions; and he is *Sir Fretful* or *Morbleau*, without one shade of *Mathews* about him. This, which we conceive to be the *acmé* of art, has been the occasion of some wittlings calling him a *mere mimic*. Now, let us analyse this expression. The word comes from the Latin *mime*, which

is literally the Greek *mimos*, and bears no other signification, than a person who imitates some thing that does exist, or has existed. In this sense the funereal attendants, the mimes of Rome, were properly distinguished; they imitated the tones or manner of the deceased; but where a man, by the power of his imagination, conceives a voice and a manner, and executes his conception, he ceases to be a mimic; because what he produces has no real existence. The distinction is as great as that between the landscape painter, who copies existing scenes, and the artist, who trusts to the warmth of his imagination, and paints from fancy. Let us, under this idea, behold Mr. MATHEWS *At Home*. Where are the originals from whence *Monsieur Zephyr, Longbow, Nat, Dr. Prolix, Daniel O'Rourke, Sassafras, Tourville, Hezekiah Hulk, &c. &c. &c.*, were drawn, to say nothing of the countless hundreds of beings that live their brief moment in his dialogue songs? Do they ever strike the ear or the eye as unnatural? No. We feel they might exist; but to track their likeness to individuals, is impossible. Much more impossible is it that he should have copied them from individuals. Such a course would have required a much longer servitude to society, than Mr. MATHEWS's life, quadrupled, would allow him to pay. The fact is, almost all the creatures forming Mr. MATHEWS's *dramatis personæ*, are creations of his fancy; and he is, therefore, as much an actor or artist as Garrick could have been, and much more so than any actor of the present day is.

Before he took to that course which will make his name remembered whilst the drama is memorable, he was generally the representative of Marley's cast of parts; to which he tacked, occasionally, Frenchmen, old men, and country-

that he was always least happy when he had nothing to assume; and that, in a plain straight-forward part, where he had only to speak in his personal character, he was scarcely above mediocrity.

We would willingly avoid the task of conclusion, lest we should be deemed eulogists, and not biographers; but, luckily, every voice will echo our sentiments. Mr. MATHEWS is himself alone; he never had, and probably never will have, a competitor. The admirable lines we have chosen for our motto, aptly describe him; and what Johnson said of the British Roscius will, with greater truth, apply to him—

“At his death the gaiety of nations will be eclipsed.”

Mr. MATHEWS, in private life, is highly esteemed; is received in the first circles; and is on intimate terms with many of the brightest ornaments of the arts and literature. He has a collection of dramatic paintings, unequalled for excellence or extent, which he takes a pleasure in showing to any person who brings a proper introduction. He is generous and humane; a good husband; a kind father; and an honourable man. “One little anecdote that really happened,” we record. A hairdresser in Dublin had accorded our hero many little kindnesses when he was there, unregarded and unknown; some years afterwards, when he came to star, with the metropolitan seal upon his talents, his first visit was to this friseur, to whom he immediately gave twenty guineas; and, when in America, he gave 1200 dollars to their theatrical fund.

Mr. MATHEWS is about five feet eleven inches in height; rather thin; with by no means regular features; his mouth is a little side-shortened; one of his legs, from the accident we have named, is shorter than the other, and he walks very lamely; but his eyes are peculiarly bright; and the expression of his face on the stage particularly pleasing.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1826.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Oberon.—Limited as we are to two pages for our first essay, it would be unpardonable to take up any space in preliminary observation. We must seek another opportunity of introducing ourselves, and turn immediately to our subject. This operatical romance, the plot of which it is needless to detail, has been produced with much splendour and much talent. Braham, Miss Paton, and the fascinating Madame, sing enchantingly, and the two latter act well also. Miss Lacy and Cooper do what is allotted to them respectably, and the gentlemen of the chorus laugh less and sing better than usual. Mr. C. Bland—"ah! there's the rub!"—he is, in fact, not fit for *Oberon*. Madame Vestris should play the part, and Miss Love would have ably filled the character she would by this arrangement vacate. Miss H. Caws does not please us. We are amongst those who can be pleased without cause. To the splendour of the scenery, and excellency of the style in which the opera has been produced, it is impossible to do justice. The music has been said to be below Weber's general productions; but it will, we think, be found, that though differing from his usual style, it is by no means inferior. There is more fancy—less depth: and this arises from the subject. It is not true that there is less melody; for the ballad, *Oh! Araby!*—the comic duett, and one song of Miss Paton's in particular, strike us as beautiful instances of Weber's power of producing effect by simplicity. A piece like *Oberon* cannot be fairly criticised, after once seeing; and we shall certainly revert to the subject

again. Fawcett failed in a desperate fight with *Time*. He is too old for the part; which, we are glad to hear, Duruset is understudying. Hawes is said to have given £1000 for the copyright of the music.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Macready's return brought a good house and a bad performance. His *Macbeth* is one of his worst efforts, yet it is far above Mr. Warde's effort at the other house. After the performance, Mr. Macready was loudly called for; which call, in imitation of Booth, he declined complying with. After a deafening riot, however, he appeared "in his habit as he lives," and bowed; and, as we take it, spoke and retired. This is all very foolish work; and was, in the case of poor Weber, at the other house, cruel, too. Why Mr. Macready, who could not feel any stage fright, kept the half-price visitors of the gallery so long waiting, we know not. He has been announced for *Jaques*; but that part has been played by Bennett. We did not witness the performance. A Mr. Webster has been assigned Fitzwilliam's part in *Oberon*, and plays with great spirit and considerable humour. We trust the talent he has thus casually displayed, will not be overlooked.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house opened for the season on Monday the 17th, with the oft-repeated *Paul Pry*. The success of this piece has induced Mr. Poole to prepare one of a similar description, in which, it is said, Mr. Liston is to have a very prominent character. How long these *funny pieces* are to be tolerated, to the exclusion of sense, sentiment, and wit, we cannot say.



Drawn by T. Wageman Eng^d by T. Woodmoth.

MISS PATON,
AS LYDIA IN
MORNING, NOON & NIGHT.

Pub^d April 29. 1826 for the Proprietor by G. Virtue. 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS SUSANNAH PATON,
(Of the Theatres-royal Covent-garden and Haymarket.)

*Some day perhaps thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.---MOORE.*

*And she did wed with one who did not love her better.---BYRON.
Say, are they married?---Sir Giles Overreach.*

SUSANNAH PATON is the eldest daughter of Mr. Paton, who, in the year 1802, the period of our heroine's birth, was the conductor of a mathematical seminary at Edinburgh. From her very cradle, Miss PATON gave indications of musical genius; and, in the year 1806, when little more than four years old, she performed on the piano and harp in a style of such excellence, that, says our informant, "I expected never to hear the like again; but the infant Lyra certainly equalled the precocious efforts of this astonishing creature." In 1807, some fantasias, &c., were published as her composition. We merely notice this fact; but with the memory of Mozart's juvenile efforts before us, we still say, the genuineness of these fantasias must rest between Mrs. Paton's "heart and the long day." That lady was always esteemed a tasteful singer and an exquisite musician. The infant talents of our heroine obtained the fostering patronage of the Duchess of Buccleugh, with whom, one of her biographers gravely asserts,

“she, at the age of five years, held a correspondence respecting the publication of some of her (Miss PATON’S) musical productions.” *Ohe ! jam satis !* But to return to our detail :—In the year 1810, Miss PATON appeared at several concerts in Edina, where she sang, played the harp and piano, and recited *Collins’s Ode on the Passions*, *Alexander’s Feast*, &c. Some of these concerts were patronised by the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Gordon, and other distinguished ladies. It is but justice to Mr. and Mrs. Paton to say, that the excellences their daughter displayed, were attained through their instruction solely, and that they were the result of incessant and elaborate attention on their parts, and unwearied exertion on hers.

Mr. Paton quitted Edinburgh for London, and about 1812, 1813, and the early part of 1814, we occasionally caught a glimpse of this young lady at the most fashionable concerts of the metropolis ; but the exercise of these duties, we have heard, militated much against her health, and her mental powers not having expanded themselves in a ratio proportioned to her musical ones, her friends were induced to withdraw her awhile from the view of the public.

Though removed from the busy gaze of the many, Miss PATON still delighted the few, and was occasionally heard in private parties. In 1820, too, she appeared at the Bath concerts, and made a very decided hit. After that she appeared at Huntingdon, at two concerts given by the organist of that dull town ; and she there “won golden opinions from all sorts of people.”

When the Haymarket opened for season 1822, our heroine was spoken of as a musical phenomenon intended to appear ; as a complete *bonne bouche* in reserve for the

idolators of Cecilia; and expectation stood on tiptoe, on the 3d of August, 1822, as our heroine curtseyed in the character of *Susannah*, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Never was success more decided or more deserved. She then performed *Rosina* (*Barber of Seville*;) *Lydia*, in an opera (now no more) called *Morning, Noon, and Night*, in which she introduced the Scotch ballad of *Mary of Castle Carey*, a ballad for which she had been celebrated for some years; and *Polly*, in *The Beggar's Opera*.

The two months that Miss PATON was thus before the public, obtained her an engagement at Covent-garden, and a notice in the farewell speech of the Haymarket manager, who made this observation in his valedictory address:—
“Among the new candidates who have adventured upon these boards, a young lady, whom your discriminate award has raised to the highest rank of musical pretension, will ever have to recollect, that her first efforts were encouraged by the friends and patrons of the Haymarket theatre.”

On the 19th October following, our heroine appeared at Covent-garden theatre, as *Polly*; and, after repeating that character two or three times, she was, it was said, seriously indisposed, and her name withdrawn from the bills, until the 7th December, when she appeared as *Mandane*, which she had hardly performed before the truth peeped forth. Miss M. Tree, it seemed, had absolutely refused to perform with Miss PATON. Now, though we approve of her fear, as it showed a just estimation of her own and that lady's talent, what must our readers think, when we add, that she would only perform with her, on condition of Miss PATON's playing second to her; a thing that the *quality* of their voices, as well as the nature of their pretensions, rendered equally absurd. The conduct of Miss Tree, and of her friends, on that occasion, was offensive in the

extreme. We subjoin Mr. Paton's letter upon the subject, and believe his statement to have been literally correct.

“ To the Editor of The Morning Post.

“ SIR,—If the performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* had now ceased at Covent-garden theatre, it was the intention of Miss PATON, my daughter, to have passed unnoticed the allusions to her conduct in that concern, which have issued from the press, under the confusing and muddling terms of jealousies, contentions, differences, &c. But as the piece is brought forward again, it is thought advisable by her friends, that a correct statement of the case should be published. Miss PATON was engaged expressly to perform the first characters only, in Miss Stephens's place. When it was strongly suggested by her, on that occasion, that obstacles were likely to occur, she was assured that no one whosoever would be allowed to oppose or thwart her employment in the first line; that even if the managers were disposed to alter that arrangement, they could not accomplish it, for that a certain extent of voice was indispensable to their first singer, in order to do justice to the established operas, and other unrestrained compositions which might be produced. After some time, the part of *Susanna* was assigned to Miss PATON, and announced in the bills accordingly; the managers informed her, that Miss Tree had refused to play the *Countess*. They requested that she would take those parts alternately, that the piece might be brought forward, and the other lady saved from the incurrence of a heavy penalty. To which arrangement Miss PATON assented, in this case only. She was afterwards informed by the managers, that the same difficulties remained, unless she conceded the part of *Susanna* the first night. That they could not directly ask

her to make this second concession, it being so much beyond what they had a right to expect. She however assented; and there a transaction closed, in which Miss PATON's conduct showed every thing the contrary of jealousy, contention, or any illiberal feeling whatsoever. To establish this point, by a statement of unquestionable facts, is the object of this communication, for which I have to crave your indulgence and that of the public.

“ I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

“ G. PATON.

“ P. S. The above arrangement was made.”

On her benefit night, this season, her sister, Miss I. Paton, (now of Drury,) made her appearance as *Letitia Hardy*.

Of her theatrical career from this period, we have little to record. By the interference of her father, she broke her engagement at the Haymarket, and some legal proceedings were the consequence. She has been at all the first-rate provincial theatres, at all the great music meetings, and was engaged at the English opera-house to execute the *Der Freischütz* music, when Miss Stephens's engagement concluded.

As we are now about to touch upon matter to which our motto applies, we shall first, in a very few words, put our readers in possession of our notions respecting the tender part of our task; and though, in our view of this subject, we differ essentially from that of the late Editor of this work, we beg to state, that we by no means wish to convey any censure upon him, in this our development of ourselves; for, in our range of literary acquaintance, we know no one person for whose talents, judgment, and independence, we have a more exalted respect. To our

task:—Our notions with regard to the detail of the private peculiarities of public performers, are these:—that a view of their habits should be taken, and such an insight had, that a peruser might see how far the real character swerved from the fictitious; and that where a female was the confirmed votary of vice, she should be described as such; but *not* that her individual aberrations should be made public, as they now are, less as warnings against vice, than as incentives to the vicious. We would reprobate, not expose crime; and we conceive we shall serve the cause of virtue more, by marking offenders with a general brand of infamy, than by tearing forth and exposing abhorrent vice to the sight, or shocking the eyes of morality, with a microscopic view of the morbid state of a wounded community.

We shall present a summary of an already published sketch of Miss PATON's conduct, ere we proceed to any observations of our own.

“This young lady's conduct affords an exemplary instance of disappointed ambition and the retributive justice which pretty generally attends breaches of the faith plighted in ‘first love.’ It is well known in the theatrical circles, that, some time since, she plighted her faith to a young gentleman of the name of Blood, a surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, of whom it may be necessary to give an account.

“He is a young man of respectable and ancient family, and, though perhaps he does not boast of that circumstance, he is, we believe, the lineal descendant of Colonel Blood, who stole (the wise, as *Pistol* observes, would say, *took*) the crown from the Tower, and did other bold things. Young Blood has the advantage of a tall, elegant figure, is highly accomplished, and devotedly fond of music.

He was very skilful in his profession, he moved in good society, and his prospects were in every respect most advantageous. He has great taste and skill in singing, and is a delightful singer for a room, but his voice is not sufficiently powerful for a theatre. He had, as the theatricals term it, "smelt the lamps," and he made his *debut* at the Lyceum, as *Don Carlos*, in *The Duenna*, which was performed for the benefit of a friend, and he was warmly applauded. He had also performed in Dublin and other places, with great success. He afterwards obtained an engagement at the Haymarket theatre, and made his *debut*, under the name of Davis, as *Captain Macheath*. His success, it must be confessed, was but moderate. MISS PATON was engaged at the same theatre, and performed with him in *The Beggar's Opera*, and became fascinated with his manners. A warm attachment took place between them; he made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted; and vows of eternal, unalterable love, fidelity, &c., until death, were mutually exchanged. She exerted her influence, in his behalf, with the managers of Covent-garden, and obtained for him an engagement at that theatre.

"No sooner did Mr. Paton learn the nature of the overtures that had been made by young Blood to his daughter, than he opposed them with vehemence. He threatened the managers, that, if he were permitted to come into the theatre to see her, she should not (*malgre* her engagement) be allowed to perform there. Blood, rather than prejudice the interests of the object of his affections, gave up his engagement. Now, we are far from saying that Mr. Paton did not, to the best of his judgment, act for his daughter's benefit. But she having, perhaps in consequence of the remissness of her friends in not preventing the intimacy which led to it, formed a positive engage-

ment, not with a 'scatterling,' whom no one knew or cared for, but with a young man of liberal education, of highly respectable connexions, who was well skilled in a lucrative profession, and who offered to make every arrangement in his power to satisfy her friends—we think it was ill advised to break it off, and reject what was certainly a suitable and a good match, for the *chance* of one that was better or more splendid. The young couple agreed to make a settlement of £200 per annum upon the parents, which some might consider as a fair recompence for the trouble, expense, and anxiety, which they had sustained in bringing their daughter forward, (especially when the great profit they had already derived from her exertions was taken into account.) 'You will now, if you marry him,' was the old man's strain to her, 'work for an adventurer; but if you must have a husband, wait, and you will no doubt get a lord.'

"Miss PATON, notwithstanding her father's opposition, manifested a determination to decide for herself in this case, and she said to a respectable friend of her lover's, 'Tell BLOOD—that I would marry him, even if he were a shepherd's boy, and had no more than a penny a day.' She exceeded him in her protestations of affection; a day was ultimately fixed for their marriage, and at no time were her declarations of constancy more fervent. On the very day that the marriage was to take place, she, for the first time, hesitated and declared, that prudential motives induced her for the present to recede. The next, and final intimation he received of the alteration of her intentions, was the return of some trinkets he had presented to her, with which she sent the contemptuous message, that he might shortly have occasion to put them to another use. Whether or not a coronet flitted before her sight at this

time, we will not pretend to determine; but when her lover approached her, she 'cut him dead.' She afterwards, in the most positive terms, refused to perform her promise.

"Young Blood was not the man who would, on such a matter, give twelve men an opportunity of finding that he 'died by the visitation of Cupid,' although, not being deficient in sensibility, the rejection of his addresses to her, for whom he had made so many sacrifices, was likely to cause an impression not easily to be effaced. Some of his friends advised him to bring an action for the breach of promise; but he wisely determined not to risk the world's dread laugh, but acted as if he was convinced that he had been deceived in the object of his choice. He determined to return to his profession, for which he has far higher talents than those he possessed for the stage. He offered his hand to Miss Dance, who showed that she differed in opinion from her fickle sister Thespian, and accepted it. She was married to him, and he went and commenced business as a surgeon at Bath, where he has now a very good and well-deserved practice. His subsequent conduct has been a complete refutation of all the surmises of those who opposed the match.

"Now that he was irretrievably gone, it was clear to some who observed her, that she began to feel most bitterly on the subject. About this time, she appeared to sink considerably in health; her person wasted, and her appearance excited the compassion of every one; care was ever depicted on her countenance; and whether she was on the stage or in the concert-room, every effort of gaiety was succeeded by a marked dejectedness, that appeared a perfect contrast.

"It was on an occasion when she was careless of herself

that she threw herself away upon that ornament of the aristocracy, Lord William Lenox.--She has now indeed 'got a lord.' It was supposed to be the pleasing obliquity of his lordship's vision that first fascinated the young lady. We do not presume to question the superiority of her last choice, and we dare not express any doubts whether it would not be better to be a poor man's wife, than the mistress of a lord, for his lordship might prove the contrary by his pistol. But mistress, we admit, is not a proper name for her, as a mistress is generally kept by her lord, and this she certainly is not. She has now broken from her father's control, and we apprehend that he has but little chance of obtaining that recompence which he doubtless anticipated from a marriage.

"Such are the leading features of her history, and if we have been incorrect, even on the slightest point, we shall be glad to rectify it. We are aware she wishes it to be believed that she is married to her noble lord, and invites persons to her house in the style of a married woman, telling them that 'Lord William' will be glad to see them, if they will call and look at her little one. We hope the fact is as she wishes it to appear, but it is in her power to set all doubt at rest by simply naming the time and place where the ceremony was performed; and, until this is done, the world will assume that nothing of the kind has taken place. Some of her friends exclaim against her marrying a man who cannot or will not own her as his wife, or who feels it dishonourable to have his wife on the stage; but certainly if his lordship be too poor to take her from it, that circumstance may be admitted as a fair reason for her not assuming his name, so long as she is compelled to remain upon it. In either case she is indeed greatly to be pitied; she cannot, under such circumstances, be admitted

into respectable family concerts; and her father is still more deserving of compassion. We hope that her misfortune and his error may have a beneficial example."

Without identifying ourselves with the sentiments contained in what we have extracted, we vouch for the correctness of its general details;—indeed, the affair between Blood and our heroine had gone so far, that post horses were ordered for a precipitate flight. The child alluded to in the conclusion of our extract died last March.

It is fit we should remind our readers that a provincial paper of much respectability positively asserted the marriage of Miss PATON and Lord W. Lenox to have taken place; that a green-room joke says they were married in Latin, and that Miss PATON did not understand the responses she made; that Mrs. Paton, if interrogated, bursts into tears, and declares she knows nothing about it; and that Mr. Paton speaks of it in the language used by *Lord Fitzbalaam* to *Sir Simon Rochdale*, in the last scene of *John Bull*.

Knowing as we do the jealousies and rancour of a green-room, we are aware that if Miss PATON was to own her marriage (presuming such to be the fact) she could hardly exist, from the hornet stings that would be levelled at her—"My lady, your ladyship, lady William, &c. &c." would ring around, accompanied by the titters of her sisterhood; and she would have infinitely more to dread from their envy, than she possibly can from their contempt.

We are well assured, too, and we speak it tenderly, that Miss PATON's mental powers were never very strong. Miss PATON has all her life had some one by her, to guide her every action; when once left to herself, it was scarcely to be wondered at, if she fell into error; but, after a patient investigation of a variety of documents before us, and on

the information of a person whose name it would not be prudent at present to disclose, **WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT MISS PATON IS THE WIFE OF LORD WILLIAM LENOX.** If it be not so, then are there **FORGERIES** of a very peculiar nature foisted upon us and upon **OTHERS**; if it be not so, then have persons of acknowledged respectability **PERJURED** themselves, in the face of man and of Heaven.

The levity of our heroine's conduct has been alleged as a reason for presuming her to be only the mistress of his lordship; but this is the invention of malice; levity forms no feature of our heroine's character,—it is innocence, ignorance, silliness, if you will; but it is neither vice, nor coquetry that actuates her conduct. Miss **PATON** is easily acted upon; she has all her life been under control, and if Lord **W. Lenox** carries her into vicious scenes and vicious company, the shame and the sin be upon him; even if she were not his wife, he has no right to contaminate the mind, he has already debased.

A few words more, ere we turn to the more pleasurable task of considering the public talents of this lady. Even supposing that documents, the truth of which have been vouched for upon oath, be false, and that we have been deceived, and that Miss **PATON** is only the companion of her lord, still we would maintain that she is not to be confounded with the mercenary herd, that, to quote our predecessor, "marl their smiles," and that, with the exception of this doubtful case, no question has arisen respecting the moral character of our heroine, either as a daughter, a sister, or a woman.

Miss **PATON** and Miss **Stephens** are the two greatest English singers that we now have, or that perhaps ever co-existed; (and we say this with a perfect remembrance of the claims of Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Dickons, Miss Tree,

and Miss Graddon;) and our heroine has the better ear and the more extensive voice; in bravuras she is decidedly superior to her rival, and in many ballads equal to her; witness, her *On the Banks of Allan Water*, &c. &c. Miss Tree's lower tones were spoken of as much superior to our heroine's, but any one who has heard the beautiful bell tone that she infuses into the monosyllable "saw," at the commencement of her celebrated Scotch ballad, must, we think, pronounce it equal to, if not beyond any effort of the lamented *Clari's*. Miss PATON's voice is more brilliant, but less soothing than Miss Stephens's; and this quality, which Miss Stephens possesses so abundantly, seems a part of her personal nature. Miss PATON has compass, power, smoothness, enunciation,—in fact, every thing that would constitute a great singer, as far as singing is an art; but there is something beyond all this, to be found where the personal nature is exquisitely blended with the effort of art. Miss Stephens has a honied sweetness in her tone, a richness that seems to spring from her heart to her lips, and which we have never found in any one else. In the ballad of *Allan Water*, the one line—

“ And the lover, false was he—”

will serve to exemplify the difference between Miss PATON's and Miss Stephens's style; our heroine gives it in a tone of mingled grief and indignation; Miss Stephens in that sort of girlish grief alone, that you would imagine the next moment she would burst into tears; but, be it remembered that this system occasionally causes Miss Stephens's enunciation to degenerate into a lisp, which Miss PATON's never does: but if it remains a question which of the ladies is the greatest *singer*, Miss PATON is, beyond all doubt, the best *musician*.

Not to carry comparison farther between two of the most delightful beings that ever graced the stage, we may say of Miss PATON as a singer, that she shines wherever she appears; that no singer that we have ever heard could throw her into a secondary station; and that she has been heard with Catalani and Stephens, and may be heard with Pasta, with delight unmixed with any feeling of her inferiority to those warblers—if they have peculiar qualities in which they exceed her, she has many others, in which she exceeds them; no singer of her own age, or in the same space of time, has ever so far entranced the public; for she has certainly created more emotion in the musical world in three years, than Miss Stephens did between 1814 and 1817. There is no vocal fame so splendid as to call for her envy; and when she speaks of the great singers of her own and other countries, she need only whisper to herself—“they are my equals.”

As an actress, Miss PATON is very far beyond what singers usually are; we are inclined to put her talents on a par with Mrs. Orger's, and estimating Mrs. Orger's powers in the way our predecessor has done, (see No. 22,) our readers will own this is no mean praise.

Miss PATON's countenance is not very beautiful, when in repose, but, whilst singing, its expression is divine; her hair and eyes are dark; and she is about the middle size.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, REMARKS, &c. &c.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, at her Farewell Benefit.

The curtain dropt—my mimic life is past—
That scene of sleep and terror was my last :
Could I, in such a scene, my exit make,
When ev'ry real feeling was awake,
Which, beating here, superior to all art,
Burst in full tides from a most grateful heart.
I now appear myself—distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd ;
In acted passion, tears must seem to flow,
But I have that within that passeth show.
Before I go, and this loved spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take ;
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chased away,
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refined ;
Refined from grossness—not by foreign skill—
Weed out the poison, but be English still ;
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty—as to me—be kind :
To me, for many years, your favours flow'd
Humbly received, on small deserts bestow'd ;
For which I feel what cannot be exprest—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

Poetical Extracts from a Comedian's Common-Place Book.

STANZAS TO MARIA,

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.---MOORE.

Tho' worldlings desert or deride thee,
This heart shall assign you a home ;
Come, wanderer, hither, and hide thee,
From the tempest that roars as you roam,

Tho' sorrow thy soul is entombing,
My soul will not prize it the less,
Tho' blanch'd be the cheek that was blooming,
I may weep, but I still shall caress.

That eye, whose wild eloquent splendour
Once shot an electric dart,
Is more dim—but it still is as tender,
And brightens this desolate heart;
Those lips have grown pale, and they quiver,
Not as they once quiver'd to mine;
Yet tho' flown were their beauties for ever,
They are dear, love, because they are thine.

Tho' sickness and sorrows have faded
A form that was beauteous as light,
Yet, to me, thy charms only are shaded,
Like evening when soften'd to night;
And I gaze, as the mariner gazes
On the bark, that was all he could prize,
Whose wreck on the billow he traces,—
The only thing dear to his eyes.

I heed not the slanderer's story,
I seek not the scoffer's reply,
Who strive but to tarnish the glory
They've striven in vain to outvie;
Nor from custom's cold rules do I borrow
My tenets, my thoughts, or belief;
'Tis enough that I see thee in sorrow,
I ask not the cause of thy grief.

If guilt is upon thee, oh! never
By me shall that guilt be betray'd;
In this breast hide thy frailties for ever,
It may break, but it cannot upbraid:
If thy friends and thy kindred disown thee,
Come, share my last pittance with me;
If the finger of scorn be upon thee,
I can bear even *that*, love, with thee.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

No individuals should profess criticism, in our opinion, unless they could (to use the language of our judges, when charging a jury) “dismiss all they may have heard to the prejudice of the party” to be criticised, and look at the case as it appears before them. We commonly hear people say, when speaking of actors individually, “Don’t talk to me about so and so—I cannot bear him;” thus blending the actor with the man.

“Is this just dealing?”

Now we must confess, there is a certain style about some actors and actresses extremely disagreeable to us, but we do endeavour to conquer this feeling, or, at least, mar its operation to the prejudice of the candidate for public favour. We have determined to act like honest jurors, and pledge ourselves to well and truly try the issue of every production, be it tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, or pantomime, and look with a scrutinizing but a liberal eye on all bipeds and quadrupeds, produced or to be produced at our theatres.

“Do you think we had better say any thing more at present?”
We anticipate the readers reply—

“No, I think you have said quite enough already.”

To business, then. John Reeve at the Haymarket. First, we must congratulate him for being fortunate enough to find the press disposed to do him justice. The *Times* complains that the part of *Ralph* is not “good enough” for Mr. Reeve, and the managers have been since “good enough” to cast him *Mr. Wiggins*; but the public, by their disapprobation at the falling of the curtain, decided that that piece was not “good enough.” *Caleb Quotem*, *Popolino*, and *Somno*, in *The Sleep Walker*, have been since cast him. The two former he has played with considerable effect; and the manager is persevering in the proper course to make Mr. Reeve a great man. He is a good actor; and, in a week or two, will be quite at home in his new place. We will then follow him minutely through one of his best parts, but not until he has played

it three or four times; because, then he ought to *act it*. And we are aware that the study for the Haymarket, to an actor unaccustomed to having more than one or two characters to study in the season, must at first militate to his prejudice.

On Tuesday we looked in at Drury, and were surprised that the house was not better attended, it being the night for the Philanthropic benefit. We are sorry to hear that the funds of that society will not be much augmented by the receipts on the occasion. Mr. Pelby appeared as *Lucius Junius*, in the tragedy of *Brutus*. He looked the part well, and played it tolerably. We should advise Mr. Pelby to provincialize. We are great advocates for every thing being done in a business-like way. If Mr. Pelby was an American actor, (and not an American amateur,) why did he appear, until he had made his engagement, and signed articles? And as he has, in so doing, stepped out of the judicious, if not regular course, he had better take a trip into the country, until he sees an opening for him in town. We beg pardon for presuming to advise him, but we really wish him well. At the end of the play, according to the present fashion, Mr. Pelby was compelled to appear. He addressed the audience as follows:—

“*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—This is an honour which I really did not expect; and allow me again to repeat to you, the sense of gratitude I feel for the manner in which I have been received in this country. If it is your wish that I should again appear before you, then I must tell you, that is a question which rests entirely with the managers. If they are willing that I should do so, I assure you most sincerely, that nothing will give me greater pleasure.”

This address was delivered with applause, mingled with disapprobation. For ourselves, we were sorry that Mr. Pelby, calling himself an actor, should depart from those principles that should be a performer's first consideration. Great allowances, however, should be made for the state of excitement in which he must have been at the time.



T. Wageman, del^t. — R. PAGE, sculp^t.

MR. MACREADY,
AS
KING JOHN.

MEMOIR
OF
WM. CHARLES MACREADY,
(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.)

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what food does this same Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?---SHAKESPEARE.

I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak, let no dog bark.---*Gratiano.*

WE do not consider ourselves in any very enviable situation "at this present writing," as Dennis says; for we have reason to believe that a memoir of Mr. MACREADY, in our work, has been long anxiously looked for; and perhaps the more particularly, as our predecessor evinced an occasional hostility towards that gentleman. These recollections render our task irksome; because, knowing Mr. MACREADY as we do, we know we have much to condemn, much to censure, much to expose; and we feel a fear, that, in fulfilling our duty, we shall be suspected of treading in the steps of the late Editor, and taking up cudgels to fight his battle. However, we only request a patient investigation of our opinions, and a recollection that we do not connect ourselves with any criticisms inserted in this work prior to No. 65.

The reader will remember, that the late Editor gave a pledge, in his memoir of Miss George, that he would, when he devoted his attention to our hero, let the public

know somewhat of Mr. Macready, sen. It happened strangely, that circumstances should have arisen to prevent his writing the memoir in question; but, anticipating that that duty would devolve on us, he left a sketch of Mr. Macready the elder with us, for insertion in the life of his son. We have, however, thought it best to give it in a note;* and so, having avoided our first difficulty, let us proceed.

* Owing Mr. MACREADY a mention, we willingly accord it to him. It is now forty-three years since, by dint of debasing attention to poor old stupid Macklin, (then ninety-three years of age,) he got assigned a decent part in Dublin, and ultimately obtained a decent situation in London, where, as he still boasts, he performed *Flutter* before his Majesty. After that season, (1786,) he played some of the walking gentlemen, and was a kind of double for Jack Johnstone. He has been manager at a variety of provincial towns, and ultimately (1809) became a bankrupt at Manchester. With an effrontery really unparalleled, Mr. Macready has suffered his name to appear as the author of *The Village Lawyer*, a farce of which he never wrote a line, the real author being now alive in Dublin. His name is also attached as author! of a piece called *The Bank Note*, a thing cut & down from an old play of Taverner's; and as author ("that boy will be the death of us!") of *The Irishman in London*, of which he actually did write two or three scenes. The gentleman who had amused himself with so many efforts of humbug, was peculiarly fitted for the station of manager; and he has, within a few years, favoured the Bristolians with some extra scenes to *Tom and Jerry*. Mr. Macready, sen., is one of those actors, whom once seen is never forgot. One of his interesting peculiarities let us record. In *Teague*, (*Honest Thieres*,) he, during the whole night, continues calling off the wing, "I'm hired! I'm hired!" totally regardless of the change of scene, so that his voice is heard in Mr. Day's house, whilst he is supposed to be in the High-street with his master!!! Amongst many anecdotes of the same nature, we select these:---At Whitehaven, a young actor was discussing the merits of the

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, the eldest son of William Macready, manager of the Bristol theatre, was born in the year 1789; the month or day we regret being unable to ascertain. Mr. Macready, sen., was originally an upholsterer at Dublin, but embraced the stage; and having, through Macklin, obtained the part of *Egerton*, in *The Man of the World*, he so delighted the author, as to obtain his influence for a London offer, where he appeared as *Flutter*, in 1786; from whence he afterwards became manager of the Royalty; and, subsequently, of the New-

performers of the day---Young, Kean, and Macready---and gave the preference to the two former. The manager immediately discharged the actor, for not according precedence to his son!!! A Mr. Home came down to Mr. Macready, at Bristol: he was a novice in the profession, and was, by letter, engaged to lead. When Mr. Home arrived, the first information he received from Mr. Macready was, that he had engaged no such person. However, Home was not to be trifled with: he showed Macready his own letter: and the latter, at last, consented to his being considered a member of the company. On the evening of the day that Home joined Mr. Macready, and whilst he was sitting in the theatre, witnessing the performance, his kind manager came to him, and asked if he had ever played *Richard the Third*. Home replied he had. "Oh, very well, sir, you have to play it to-morrow night," and instantly left him. Home followed; but not knowing the theatre so well as the old gentleman, could not get a glimpse of him, and was, in consequence, obliged to attend the rehearsal next morning, at ten, and play it at night. Macready was on the stage, and, as soon as he had finished his first soliloquy, made the following liberal observation---"Ah! you're a d---d bad actor, but you can't help that!" We do not set ourselves up as arbiters of manner or expression, but we would remind this old gentleman, that his habitual expression, "God's blood!" is blasphemous in the extreme; and that his age has more than once been his shield against the honest indignation of an insulted actor.

castle, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Bristol theatres. Mrs. Macready, who was likewise an actress, paid the debt of nature in 1804.

Of our hero's early days we know little. His brother entered the army; and he was, we understand, designed for the church; for which profession he is said still to retain a marked preference; but *circumstances* (and we use this word in its fullest extent) caused these pre-determinations to be abandoned, and WILLIAM fitted on the sock, and strutted in the buskin. By those who knew him in those days, he is represented as having been the best-tempered youth in the world—all life and gaiety, and an enthusiastic admirer of comic pantomime. A few years, however, altered the scene. Mr. MACREADY became the “great creature” of all the towns in which his father managed; and, at length, about 1814, went to Bath, where he instantly became a favourite.

His fame flew before him to the metropolis, and the announcement of his appearance at Covent-garden theatre attracted a crowded audience; amongst whom was the then idol, Kean, and a large party of theatrical friends.

On the 16th September, 1816, he stood forth as the representative of *Orestes*, in that dull prosy piece of classical bombast, *The Distrest Mother*. The following notice of his exertions are from *The Theatrical Inquisitor*.

“Mr. MACREADY's performance of *Orestes* is, in many parts, very fine. Not being used to such a large theatre as Covent-garden, an allowance must be made for his voice being occasionally too low. Some of his tones remind us of Mr. Elliston's, who, we apprehend, has been Mr. MACREADY's model. Those who recollect Mr. Holman in *Orestes*, will be delighted with the superiority of this young man's performance: his love, his apprehen-

sions, his hopes, and his despair, were admirably depicted; and his mad scene was a natural picture of insanity."

The choice of such a part as *Orestes* was the subject of much observation, and the prudence of appearing in a character that no one had played since Betty's era, was obvious; for the Keanites were at that period "a tower of strength."

Mr. MACREADY's success was unquestionable; yet there was little subsequent sensation excited, and the play being in fact poorly cast, (*Andromache*, Mrs. Glover; *Hermione*, Mrs. Egerton,) it did not, on its second representation, prove attractive.

It is but right we should mention, that the announcement of Mr. MACREADY's name for re-appearance, was received by three distinct rounds of applause. The custom of calling for the successful performer was not then in fashion.

The Italian Lover was revived, to give Mr. MACREADY another chance in an *uncomparative* part—*Mentevole*. He then tried, with various success, *Othello*, *Iago*, *Gambian* (*Slave*,) *Beverley*, &c. After that period, our hero was for some time shelved, or only brought forward, in conjunction with Young and Charles Kemble, in *The Apostate*, *Fredolpho*, *Castle of Paluzzi*, *Evadne*, *Heart of Mid Lothian*, and many other pieces, that came like shadows, and departed after the same fashion, between the years 1816 and 1820.

Rob Roy, (with its amazing run,) however, brought Mr. MACREADY fairly into play; after that, he created no small sensation in *Coriolanus*; and, perhaps, never was there a more anxious assemblage, than when he made his bow as *Richard the Third*. But bitters were mixed with these sweets; for, when Covent-garden theatre borrowed

Booth from the Coburg, for *Lear*, our hero was sent on for *Edmund*, decidedly a third-rate part. To enumerate his performances thenceforward, would be tedious; suffice it to say, that *Virinius*, *Mirandola*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, and *Pierre*, were amongst the number.

Disgusted with the Covent-garden management, and in particular dudgeon with Mr. Charles Kemble, he left that establishment, and appeared at Drury, where he brought out another tragedy of Knowles's, called *Caius Gracchus*, a little flutterer, that met a premature death; and also played *William Tell*, in a piece of that name; and the hero of *The Fatal Dower*, a fine old play, that Mr. MACREADY altered and adapted to the stage himself. The run of this piece was unhappily interrupted by his illness.

After a very long absence from the metropolis, he again appeared at Drury, on 10th April, 1826, as *Macbeth*. He has, on his benefits, attempted the parts of *Almaviva*, *Delaval*, and *Sir Charles Racket*. We never saw any of these performances, and can only record the tale of the theatre, i. e. that they were failures—dreary, flat, and unprofitable ones.

Mr. MACREADY's habits are very peculiar. He is one of the proudest men perhaps existing; and we were told by his landlady, at Bristol, that during ten days' stay in her house, she never heard him speak. His arrogance and insolence to the members of provincial theatres is annoying in the extreme, and has been frequently visited by severe tokens of indignation. A Mr. Lascelles is said to have taken MACREADY's hat off his head at rehearsal, and kicked it off the stage, in indignation, at some affront. Mr. S. H. Chapman once nearly pulled him down, head first, in *Virinius*, in requital for some insult conveyed by MACREADY to him, in the course of the scene. He once

told a Mr. Butler, who was arranging some business in *Brutus*, that he would "thank him not to act," he would do the business of the scene himself. And when, at the Birmingham theatre, playing with Mrs. Saville, a delightful and talented woman, he broke her bracelet from her arm: when the curtain fell, she naturally expected he would raise it from the ground; and, as he did not, she quietly said, "Mr. MACREADY, had not some one better be sent for, to pick up that bracelet?" "Why, aye! madam; you had better tell the call-boy!!!"

Poor Clarke (author of *Ravenna*) gave the late Editor a letter of Mr. MACREADY'S, wherein, speaking of some tragedy Mr. Clarke wished to produce, he said, "He wished to avoid any thing that would bring him into collision with a person, for whose talents and judgment he had such contempt, as he bore for those of Mr. Charles Kemble."

At the time of John Kemble's death, the Philanthropic Society were about taking a benefit at Covent-garden theatre; *Don John* was to have been the play; the tidings of the great actor's death, of course, prevented Mr. Charles Kemble's enacting, and the deputation waited on MACREADY, opened their business with fear and trembling, for our hero is awful in his own dwelling, and had hardly got so far as—"Mr. Charles Kemble's illness," when MACREADY exclaimed—"So, sir, because the CORPORAL refuses to do his duty, you apply to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF!!!" As *Dr. Prolia* exclaims—"Now that we heard." The worthy gentlemen of the deputation explained to the tragedian, who was in deep though petulant conversation with his tailor, about a pair of trowsers, that they wished him to appear for them, not as a substitute for Charles Kemble, but in *Hamlet*; at which he relaxed his features into a smile, and the deputation retired, bowing. They then

issued a placard, in which they stated, that "Mr. MACREADY had kindly condescended to perform *Hamlet*;" which was thus remarked upon by *The London Magazine*, in a memoir of Kemble.

"It appears by a play-bill, very lately put forth by the committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor, that Mr. Charles Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in *Don John*, Mr. MACREADY had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, condescended to perform the character of *Hamlet*. Condescended!—Condescended to play *Hamlet*!—Well! what comes next, Mr. Merriman?"

This produced the following letter from our hero.

"To the Editor of the *London Magazine*.

"69, Berners-street, April 20.

"SIR,—Accident made me acquainted, a day or two since, with your biographical account of the late Mr. Kemble, in which I perceive you have, neither in a gentlemanly nor candid spirit, amused yourself, and endeavoured to prejudice your readers, by the introduction of my name. I am perfectly aware, that the ill fate which condemns me to my profession, has rendered me liable to the abuse of any person who, from interest or splenetic motives, may seek opportunity to decry me, and torture circumstances over which I have no control, into matter of defamation. The vindication of my professional character, I leave to the independence of the leading journalists, to whose criticisms I proudly and gratefully appeal, from the attacks of *The London Magazine*, which has, (with other less respectable publications,) since the accession of Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, to the management of Covent-garden, most industriously laboured to distinguish

me by its censure. I am not weak enough to dispute your right to free animadversion on my different performances, but you have stepped from the limits prescribed you by your office, to misrepresent and to injure me. You have chosen to assert, with a commentary worthy the truth of your statement, that I have been so stupidly absurd, as to announce, by public advertisement, that I would 'con-
descend to play the character of *Hamlet*;' thereby exposing me to the indignant censures of every individual possessed of judgment, taste, or even natural sensibility.

"It has so chanced, sir, that I have never read the advertisement to which you allude, on which you found your right to traduce, and hold me up to ridicule and contempt. Even had I been guilty of such more than childish folly, as to authorise its publication, I cannot discover what appliance the sin could have to your subject; nor why it was indispensable to the funeral honours of your friend, that his successors, however unworthy or incapable, in your estimation, should be dragged forward for immolation on his pyre. A generous regret might have erected a noble trophy to the merits of the highly talented deceased, without founding it on the slander of the living. You have chosen to leave an honourable employment for a base one—you have gone out of your way, for the mere purpose of misrepresentation—you have put a false construction on an advertisement, for which I was in no manner responsible, and which nothing but most vulgar obtuseness, or most wanton malice, could affect to misunderstand.

"I leave you all the satisfaction you may be able to reap from the indulgence of your gentlemanly feelings; and, as you have proclaimed one point of condescension to which I can submit, permit me to tell you those to which I cannot. I cannot condescend to the infamy of publish-

ing a known falsehood—I cannot bow myself down to the dirty work of levelling a secret blow at the reputation of an unprovoking individual—nor can I degrade myself to the palling gratification of triumphing in the success of such an unmanly expedient.

“ I am, &c.

“ W. C. MACREADY.”

For some very just remarks upon this extravagant epistle, see Taylor and Hessey's *London Magazine*, “ Lion's Head, May, 1823.” Our readers will, however, without reference, perceive that Mr. MACREADY'S invectives were uncalled for, as the remarks were directed, not against him, but the authors of the advertisement.

About this period, too, *Julian* was produced; which, it will be remembered, struggled a few nights. Miss Mitford, a lady,

“ Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,”

published the play, with a dedication. We say a dedication; and here followeth the same, with some just observations upon it, extracted from the volume to which we have referred our readers.

TO

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, ESQ.

WITH HIGH ESTEEM FOR THOSE

ENDOWMENTS WHICH HAVE CAST NEW LUSTRE ON HIS ART,

WITH WARM ADMIRATION FOR THOSE POWERS

WHICH HAVE INSPIRED,

AND THAT TASTE WHICH HAS FOSTERED, THE TRAGIC

DRAMATISTS OF HIS AGE:

WITH HEARTFELT GRATITUDE, FOR THE ZEAL WITH WHICH

HE BEFRIENDED

THE PRODUCTION OF A STRANGER,

FOR THE JUDICIOUS ALTERATIONS WHICH HE SUGGESTED,
 AND FOR
 THE ENERGY, THE PATHOS, AND THE SKILL,
 WITH WHICH
 HE MORE THAN EMBODIED ITS PRINCIPAL CHARACTER,
 THIS TRAGEDY
 IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY
 THE AUTHOR.

“Mercy on us! ‘Endowments!—casting a new lustre on the art!—powers which have inspired’—aye—and ‘fostered the tragic dramatists of his age!’—*his age!*—‘gratitude for befriending a stranger!—judicious alterations!—energy, pathos, skill!’—and so on. What! did Mr. MACREADY inspire Knowles, and *foster* Maturin? Did Mr. MACREADY inspire Shiel, and *foster* Barry Cornwall? Does the age belong only to Mr. MACREADY? We must say, that Miss Mitford has as much over-acted her dedication, as her patron exaggerated her *hero*; and, perhaps, this was her delicate way of reminding him of his error. We are sincere admirers of Mr. MACREADY, and think him a gentleman of great talent, and acquirement; but we cannot conscientiously subscribe our names to the address which Miss Mitford would present to him.”

Proceed we to our hero's domestic history. Mr. MACREADY had long been attached to a Miss Kitty Atkins, an actress in his father's company, and formed the singular resolution of framing her mind to his own bias. For some years he was in the habit of forwarding books to her, and holding a correspondence upon their merits, and pointing out to her such passages as he thought calculated to create those mental impressions he desired. This lady, we are told, was discharged by Mr. Macready, sen., when he dis-

covered the attachment. We have said much to the prejudice of our hero—truth has compelled us to do so—but it is a sincere gratification to pay a tribute to the greatness of his mind, in forsaking all allurements of wealth and fashion, to “garner up his heart” for one, whom he had loved in less happy days, and who had no dowry but her smiles, her virtue, and affection. Mr. MACREADY may think that we have sought opportunity to traduce him, or have raked petty provincial detail, to lower him in public estimation; but we have only related a few, where we might have placed an hundred anecdotes; and whilst recording circumstances that do no credit to his head, we are most happy to mention one fact, that does the highest honour to his heart. Mr. MACREADY was, at one period, a visitor at the Marchioness of Londonderry’s, and his union with a lady of title was talked of, as more than a probability. He was married to Miss Atkins, about two years since.

Respecting Mr. MACREADY’S histrionic talents, there is a considerable diversity of opinion. About five-eighths of London declare Kean to be the first English actor, two of the remaining three perhaps vote for Young, and one-eighth for MACREADY; but, singular to say, all the Keanites say MACREADY is next to their favourite, and all the Youngites rank MACREADY above Kean: so that, in fact, Mr. MACREADY is more generally considered a great actor than either Kean or Young. If you examine an actor by particular parts, however satisfactory this sort of criticism may be to the million, you never arrive at any real conclusion. *Othello*, *Richard*, for instance, are decidedly Kean’s; yet in *Iago*, (who contains a touch of the *Richard* quality,) Young (failing in *Richard*) succeeds eminently. Macready, though peculiarly great in declamatory parts,

fails in *Nolla*. It is said that Mr. Kean deems *Lear*, and Messrs. MACREADY and Young reckon *Hamlet*, their best personations. If so, they are all mistaken. *Pierre* is Young's *chef d'œuvre*; *Othello*, Kean's; and *Rob Roy*, MACREADY'S. To come immediately to our subject—Mr. MACREADY is not generally successful in Shakespeare. *Othello*, *Iago*, and *Juques*, prove our assertions; and his *Hamlet* is not satisfactory; though his *Coriolanus* and *Richard* were excellent indeed. Such was the vivid impression his performance of the latter part made on us, that we could have parodied the remark on *Paradise Lost*—"It was only not the greatest *Richard*, because it was not the first." Our limits will not permit us to descend to particulars; but we must hasten to a summary. Mr. MACREADY, like Kean, succeeds best where he has much to do, much to imply, little to enunciate; for, though a fine speaker, he ceases to act when he begins to declaim. There is a catching of the breath, and somewhat resembling a burr in his enunciation, that is painful to the hearer; and however skilfully he makes these defects turn to advantage, in the dagger scene of *Macbeth*, they destroy the points of *Hamlet*, and lessen the effect of *Virginius*. Mr. MACREADY has adopted from his Rival, within the last four years, a system of sudden transition, and carried it to a degree of painful imitation. His familiar and hurried tones in

"Will she not swear?---Is she not his slave?"

and passages of this sort, remind us forcibly of Kean; and that, too, in a way that we do not wish to be reminded—Kean in his worst peculiarity. Unfortunately for our hero, these children of adoption evidently appear strangers to his heart—they seem not to come from him—and only

give occasion for regret, that an original actor should degrade himself with seven-eighths of the house, to please some score rabble in the gallery, who like to hear the voice suddenly rise and drop, like the water-spout in the Temple.

In our opinion, Mr. MACREADY is the second actor on the stage; for Kean's genius raises him, spite of all his errors, in the throne of supremacy. That Mr. MACREADY might hurl his rival from that throne, we conscientiously believe; but Mr. MACREADY must first relinquish pride, conceit, nervous sensibility, and mannerism—four attendant graces, that he will not find it quite easy, or perhaps pleasant, to shake off. If Mr. MACREADY suffers the flattery of Miss Mitford, a very agreeable, corpulent lady, who knows little about the stage, or of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who was himself but an indifferent actor, to raise him above veterans of famous service, he does foolishly. Let him remember, that there is only one part in which the town allows him to surpass all rivals; and that is not a character of Shakespeare's, but Sir Walter Scott's—a kind of romance hero, common for centuries. *Virginius* has not yet been tried in town by any one but himself; but Edinburgh speaks of Vandenhoff, and Manchester of Salter, in this part—which, let Mr. MACREADY's "wisdom fear." We recommend *Timon* to the study of Mr. MACREADY; and, as he has successfully tried his hand at an alteration, what if he were to re-model the fine old play, called *'Tis pity She's a Whore*, (Dodsley,) the hero of which we think peculiarly adapted to his powers.

"A few words at parting," as our friend said. It is not by imitating one, and professing to despise another, of his competitors, that Mr. MACREADY can reach the pinnacle of dramatic excellence. He may take our word for

it, he is as far below Mr. C. Kemble in many parts, as he is superior to him in others; and that, as an equable and general actor, he cannot, for a moment, be compared to the Covent-garden manager. That, instead of wasting his energies on the milk-and-water diet of Proctor, or the rubbish of Knowles, he would please the town more, and do greater justice to his own genius, by grappling at once with our elder dramatists. If sweet Willy fright him, there is the mighty "*duo juncta in uno*"—there is Massinger, Otway, Marlow—but let him avoid Dryden and Lee. — *Richard II.*, *Lear*, *Kitely*, *Luke*, (*Riches*,) and *Shylock*, are parts in which he might try a fall with Kean. He could sustain no disgrace from defeat in such attempts—and, oh! how glorious would be victory! Whatever Mr. MACREADY may think, we are amongst the most ardent of his admirers; and, though we do not puff him, like Miss Mitford, or present him with a piece of plate, like the York manager, we honor his genius, and are delighted with his talents. We wish him success as an actor, and that future years may enable him to check an unhappy, hateful temper, that overclouds the workings of a naturally benevolent heart.

Mr. MACREADY is about five feet seven inches in height; with a flat Hibernian countenance, amazingly expressive; large blue eyes; and rather light hair. No one, to look at his face in repose, could imagine the volume of expression it possesses.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS, &c. &c.

MADemoiselle ST. CLAIR, OF LYONS.

A gentleman was arrested for numerous debts, which he had incurred by living in a very extravagant manner with Mademoiselle St. Clair, an actress of great celebrity and some beauty. She had fascinated the gentleman so completely, that he had lavished upon her all the money, and had exhausted all the credit, which he could command. Tradesmen to whom he was indebted, becoming acquainted with his situation, found it necessary to enforce payment, by securing his person. None of the English came forward to his assistance, and he was actually placed in confinement. He was not, however, left long in this situation; for Mademoiselle St. Clair sold her plate and jewels, and released him. When her lover flew to her, to express his gratitude, he was astonished to find a reception very different from what he expected; after expressing in the fondest manner her affection, she declared it to be her fixed determination, to live with him no longer. In vain he pleaded his constancy, his entire devotion to her wishes. She acknowledged all his claims, but steadily refused to continue a connexion, which must necessarily end in his ruin. She had given such a signal proof of her disinterestedness and affection, that no mercenary motive, or any caprice of sentiment, could be attributed to her conduct; she therefore claimed the merit of the greatest sacrifice in giving him up, to preserve him from himself. All the Lyons world applauded her generosity; she was caressed and invited to some of the best houses in the best city. I have dined with her at Madame de Verpillier's, with a large society of the best company. Had I not known that she was an actress, I could not have discovered her situation by any thing in her manners or conversation.—
Edgeworth's Memoirs.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MR. ELLISTON returned to the practice of his art on Tuesday night last. He appeared as *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*; and, as a lesson to a young actor, his performance was a complete masterpiece; but if we look upon it as a performance to delight the general visitors of a theatre, who look at the thing produced as it acts upon their passions and feelings, it was a complete failure. We hope, however, that Mr. Elliston will continue to give lessons, occasionally, for the remainder of the season. Great credit is due to him, for he had a rehearsal of the comedy on the Saturday previous to its being played. Mr. W. Bennett, in the part of *John Dory*, seemed to under-act. Why not "let the vessel be what some call weak—let it ouze a little." He is almost too cautious. We are far from recommending stimulants to any man, but brandy is sometimes prescribed as a medicine. Some of the public journals tell us, that Mr. Elliston, whom they allow to be unfitted, from his age and appearance, to personate the character he assumes, must be endured, as there cannot be found any efficient individual to supply his place, should he retire. We perfectly agree with the sentiments of our predecessor in this work; those who could successfully succeed Mr. Elliston, are not allowed the opportunity. Nor do we blame Mr. Elliston, for keeping talented men in his own line out of the chance of showing themselves. Would the late editor of this work have recommended a man to his situation, as long as it suited his convenience and inclination to keep it. If he would, he must have been a more strange creature than we gave him credit for. We cannot think but Williams might have been of service in this comedy. We have seen him play many of the characters in it with pleasure, in the country. But, of course, the manager knows what is most to *his own interest*, and he tells the committee what is best for the *interest* of the establishment. We must defer our notice of *Aladdin* until next week.

COVENT-GARDEN AND THE HAYMARKET THEATRES.

Oberon and *Paul Pry* are still performing with increased

attraction. Duruset has succeeded Fawcett ; and if Pearman was to supersede Braham, the opera would benefit by it.

The Cobourg have had great houses to a *Paul Pry*, written by a Mr. Jerrold. The Surrey are doing very badly, while Mathews and Yates are drawing nightly crowds.

PRIVATE THEATRE, CATHERINE-STREET.

Richard the Third, &c.

We remember reading, in a previous Number of this work, a notice of the conduct of the visitors to this theatre, which we, ignorant of the fact, thought an exaggerated account ; but the proceedings of Wednesday (26th,) convinced us that it was not so. We do verily believe that even notorious theatrical ruffian in London had assembled—fellows, illiterate and ragged, and whose looks were so expressive, that we instinctively kept our hands upon our watches and pockets. Before such a “gang,” by whom the respectable visitors were insulted and annoyed, to perform the play was out of the question. It passed through, *Richard* evincing an accurate knowledge of the text, and an apparent understanding of his author. Then followed the screen scene from *The School for Scandal* ; after which, a pause of full half an hour occurred ; during which time the dresser had, “in consequence of a certain sum of money, to wit, the sum of 10s., not having been paid to him,” taken away the dresses. Then *The Vampire* was attempted. *Robert* wore a round hat, trowsers, Wellington boots, and a tunic ; and *Lord Ronald* walked away, “leaving them to settle it how they liked ;” Mr. Harding, of the East London, however, consented to read it, *after an apology by Miss Roberts!!!* Scenes like these should not be permitted ; and magisterial interference would be well directed towards a place more disorderly than a cockpit or a bull-bait, and more injurious, because females frequent it.

ERRATUM.

In No. 66, page 34, line 18, for “*I seek not,*” read “*I reck not.*”



Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MRS YATES,
AS VIOLANTE,
IN THE WONDER.

London, Pub. May 13. 1826. by G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. YATES,

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

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.--SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

Now, plague upon thee! why would'st marry?--thou mightest have had a score of lovers---ah! brave ones, too!--sighing to thee, girl!--true worshippers, whose only faith is beauty!--and this thou'st lost---for what?--a husband. Well, well, thou hast him now---and so 'tis vain to chide.--My blessing on thee, wench.--*Old Play.*

THE name of BRUNTON (our heroine's maiden appellation) has been familiar to theatrical readers, for many years. The paternal grandfather of the subject of our present memoir was at Covent-garden theatre in 1774, and ultimately became manager of the Norwich theatre. His son, our heroine's father, was born in 1775, embraced the stage in 1795, and made his bow at Covent-garden theatre, as *Frederick*, in *Lover's Vows*, on 22d September, 1800. As no opportunity will, in all probability, present itself for making any mention of Mr. Brunton, we may perhaps be here excused, for dedicating a little space to a consideration of the talents of the father, ere we proceed to the memoir of his child.

Mr. Brunton, from the period we have named, took possession of the line of juvenile tragedy, and a considerable portion of the light comedy; and being extremely

young, and having great personal advantages, as well as very considerable histrionic talent, he became a great favourite. The talents of his sister (Mrs. Merry) had paved the way to his preferment; and ere three years had elapsed, his sixth sister came forward at Covent-garden theatre, as *Lady Townley*. To make any remark on the talent of Miss Louisa Brunton would be superfluous. From the retirement of Miss Farren, (8th April, 1796,) no actress in the prescriptive line of genteel comedy, had so much entranced the town. Her person was tall, lovely, and commanding; and the pleasure her friends felt in her being raised to the rank of countess, by her marriage with the Earl of Craven, was exceeded by the regret with which the town relinquished such an actress. Mr. Brunton's talent was not given proper opportunities of display; and Betty, C. Kemble, and Jones, at different periods, deprived him of parts in which his excellence was undisputed. Mr. Brunton, who had, at intervals, previously managed the Brighton theatre, at length resigned his metropolitan engagement, and subsequently became manager at Birmingham, Lynn, &c. Of Mr. Brunton, many curious anecdotes are told; amongst which is the following:—"For his benefit, at Birmingham, he got up *The North Pole*, and played the hero; but being called to London, had really never read the piece when the night came. 'No matter,' said he; 'what's the plot?' He was informed of that, and how each scene ended. 'That 'll do,' said Brunton, and down stairs he went. Mrs. Saville, the heroine, was in the greatest trepidation about her cues; which was not much relieved by Brunton's saying, 'When I can't say any more, I shall pinch your hand, and *then do you begin.*' But, wonderful to relate, under all these circumstances, the piece was played, and Brunton got as much applause

as any one concerned in it." In addition to the country theatres we have named, he was, at one period, proprietor of the West London theatre. This house has been facetiously called the worst London theatre; but it certainly did not deserve any such title, during the proprietorship of Mr. Brunton. Miss BRUNTON was born in the city of Norwich, (a place famous for good living,) on the 21st January, 1799; and, although we have no doubt that the young lady worked very pretty samplers, hemmed her papa's handkerchiefs, &c. &c., in a surprising neat manner, yet, as the lawyers say, we have no evidence before us of the fact; we shall therefore proceed to the more advanced and important period of her biography. Thus, then, her fifteenth year scarce over, the young lady did what few ladies of that age do—she reflected as to the best mode of being serviceable to her family. Her father then managed the Lynn theatre, and she proposed to try her fortune as an actress in that town; and she certainly had one great advantage over the rest of the profession, *viz.* the ear of the manager. Doubtless there were many family dialogues as to the best character for the *début*; and it was at length arranged, that *Desdemona* was the best, particularly as Mr. C. Kemble was at Lynn, starring, and would play the *Moor*. Accordingly, on the 15th March, 1815, the gentle *Desdemona* appeared before an audience infinitely superior, as judges of acting, and as to number, to what is generally seen in country theatres. Lynn is a very theatrical town; and, as the best proof we can give of the taste of the inhabitants, a good comedy will always bring a better house than any thing that a manager can announce. The theatre itself is superior to any country theatre we have ever been in. Our heroine was most rapturously received, and Mr. Kemble declared, that he had never witnessed so success-

ful, so promising a *début*. This observation has been made upon first appearances, since the time of Noah. In fact, people must say something, and it is as well to say pleasant things as not, particularly to a lady. Brunton, who watched his daughter's performance with the discriminating eye of a good actor and a sensible man, conceived she was more calculated for comedy than tragedy, and advised her studying *Letitia Hardy*; in which she also appeared at Lynn, with such complete success, that Elliston engaged her to play at Birmingham. She afterwards appeared at Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Leicester, and rapidly established her reputation as an actress of superior attainments. Mr. Harris, having witnessed her performance of several parts, proposed terms for an engagement at Covent-garden, where she opened in *Letitia Hardy*, on 12th September, 1817. Thus, in two years, this young lady accomplished that, which many have spent a life in trying to obtain. The daily papers were loud in their praises, and the harshest critique of the day contained the following observations:—

“Miss BRUNTON has advantages of youth and figure, that operate very powerfully upon the general taste, and her toleration in important business is no mean specimen of the value attached to those requisites. Her *Letitia* was just such a performance as candour could attend without disgust. She seizes the broad and vivid points of the character—its hoyden airs and masquerade dancing—with that celerity which experience would enable her to command; but, as to any deep and scientific management of its duties, we loudly disclaim the imputation which has been so lavishly heaped upon her exertions, by the shameless venality of the diurnal press.”

She then performed *Rosalind* with equal success. In

Letitia Hardy, she had danced the *minuet de la cour*, instead of singing a song, and it had therefore been presumed that she could not sing. The bills which announced her for *Rosalind*, made no mention of the *cuckoo song*, incidental to the character, and the audience therefore did not expect it. When the symphony was commenced, a pleasing surprise was excited amongst them, which her execution of it converted to the most rapturous applause. Sweetness of voice, correctness of execution, depth of feeling, and delicacy of taste, are the distinguishing traits of her vocal performance. *Violante, Olivia, Beatrice, Miss Hardcastle, &c. &c.*, followed in quick succession; and our heroine had the usual run of a successful novelty.

“Then comes a frost, a chilling frost.”

The managers of our theatres ensure this by their outrageous eulogies. Miss BRUNTON's fame wanted not the impetus that managerial paragraphs could give it; and when, through their folly, a girl of eighteen was named as the successful rival of Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Edwin, disappointment was the certain result.

After the first heat was over, Miss BRUNTON consequently appeared but little, and her friends were left to lament that she had come to town too soon; and that her youth had been injudiciously laid hold of by the cupidity of a manager, to ground the improvement of his property, on the injury of her prospects. We should not omit to mention her very excellent performance of *Fanny, (Clandestine Marriage,)* after Covent-garden theatre had long ceased to afford their managerial patronage to her exertions.

After her inactive service at Covent-garden had expired, Miss BRUNTON went into the provinces, from whence she

returned to town, and was introduced, on 9th September, 1822, to the notice of the public, at the West London, in the following lines, part of the opening address spoken by her father on that occasion.

“The *Comic Muse* may here erect her throne,
 And claim her humble votaries for her own;
 One of her favour'd daughters will be found,
 Who held her train on neighbouring classic ground:
 Hither she brings *Thalia's sportive wiles*,
 And hopes, as *there*, to court and win your smiles.
 The flower transplanted from its parent bed,
 On other soil may still its fragrance shed;
 With tint as vivid deck its *new parterre*,
 And with luxuriant freshness flourish here.”

At the West London theatre, where Hooper, (now the light comedian of Liverpool,) Loveday, Lane, (a good low comedian,) Miss Holdaway, were also engaged, we then passed many delightful evenings; and *Three Weeks after Marriage*, *Rochester*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, were played in a style far superior to what we generally see even in our national theatres. The improvement Miss BRUNTON had made was evident, and her ardour in her father's theatre was no less praiseworthy.

The West London scheme ended disastrously, and Miss BRUNTON “retired to the glades.” Her provincial success was very great; but, in the country, she found something more gratifying even than applause, in the person of a lover. Whilst Miss BRUNTON was a member of Covent-garden theatre, Mr. Yates appeared there; but, we are informed, that nothing but admiration on the gentleman's part was the result of that collision; that they met afterwards in the country; that Mr. Yates, who has played *Romeo* as well as *Buskin*, pleaded his cause with all the

Yervency of passion, and succeeded so well, that, in a very short period, the bills of the theatre announced *Rosalind* by Mrs. YATES, (late Miss BRUNTON.)

This marriage occasioned a schism, at the time, between this lady's family and Mr. Yates. We are happy to hear that they are now reconciled. Mr. Yates is gentleman as well as a man of talent, and the lady could not probably have made a happier, though she might have made a wealthier choice.

Whilst Mr. Yates managed the Cheltenham theatre, Mrs. YATES performed there; and, during the races, (1824,) she was robbed, on the course, of her reticule and its contents: on which occasion, some witlings were exceedingly jocose on the extraordinary circumstance of a married couple being so engrossed by each other, as not to notice their loss.

Mrs. YATES made her appearance, two seasons since, at Drury-lane, and played many leading characters in comedy with great effect; but the policy of that house has lately excluded "comedy" altogether, and our heroine has therefore fewer opportunities of display, than the town or her friends may desire. She has been cast some weak parts, in some puerile farces, that have scarcely existed their moment at Drury; but, acting on the admirable maxim of doing ever so little, well, she has retained the bright estimation of her auditors, notwithstanding the leaden weight of inefficiency by which she was encompassed.

The following remarks, made upon her talent in 1818, are applicable to their farther development now; and we therefore give them a place, before we proceed to state our own opinions of her talent.

"Her principal claim to general approbation is founded

on her natural and spontaneous adoption of the best school of acting; too young to play from imitation, she brings to mind strong recollections in the old admirers of Mrs. Abingdon and Miss Farren. That chaste, lady-like style of acting, which displays all requisite vivacity, removed from forwardness and flippancy, a natural and fascinating playfulness, an interesting *naïveté*, and a refined vivacity, combined with all necessary energy and correct feeling, are the qualifications we admire in Miss BRUNTON; and there is added to this, a charm, which we can resolve into no other than the old expressive French epithet of a *je ne sçai quoi*, which pervades her acting, and distinguishes it from any other performer of the present day."

Such was (with some allowances for over-colouring) Miss BRUNTON, eight years since. She now breaks upon us, improved in her person, in her knowledge of the mechanical part of her profession, and in self-possession.

Since Drury has been enlivened by the presence of our heroine, few, very few opportunities have been afforded her of appearing in comedy. Indeed, it is reported of the establishment to which her talent is devoted, that one of its managers declared, "they would never engage a comedy company again." In the limited appearances of Mrs. YATES, she has contrived to make an indelible impression on her auditors; and is, without any exception, the best actress of genteel comedy now on the boards, whose age corresponds with the character she represents. She has not the humour or the tact of Mrs. Davison; she has more elegance—she has more virtue, and infinitely more real vivacity, than Mrs. Chatterley; and is, by many many degrees, a better actress than Miss Chester.

Had Mrs. YATES existed in days gone by, before the

furor operandi had banished Thalia and Melpomene to the provinces, and turned our national theatres into little better than splendid concert-rooms, she would speedily have become a star of attraction in the metropolis. She is now just what we remember her aunt to have been, except that Lady Craven, from her height, had a more commanding air, and, if we may so term it, a haughtier style of acting.

Some observations that appeared in the early numbers of this work, (see Browne and Sherwin, Vols. I. and II., and particularly the Memoir of Miss Lacy, Vol. IV.) are applicable to the case of our heroine. She has not practice enough in her art, to enable her to retain all that flourish that she has lately acquired. We never pass those enormous buildings, licensed to perform tragedy and comedy, but we sigh to think of the talent that is immolated at the shrine of splendour; and cast back our view on the days when Jordan, Munden, or Quick, were attractions enough, without having the bills infested with notices of the exertions of "Grieve, Marinari, and assistants." It is not to deprecate the exertions of artists that we say this. When they are employed to *aid* the drama, we rejoice at the success of their efforts; but it is with real sorrow that we see their genius employed in *exploding* it; and that where we formerly went to enjoy the wit of Congreve, Wycherly, and Farquhar, and witness the unveiling of nature by the powers of mind, we now go to gaze at productions on canvas, (which, however beautifully executed, cannot, from many causes, stand the test of examination as real works of art,*) and to have our ears tickled with the

* We need not remind our readers of the sacrifices of nature to effect, and of beauty of tint to show, necessary for

mysteries of music. This is the era of education; and let us hope the drama may yet regain its pristine station, as the intellectual amusement of the people.

Mrs. YATES sings pleasingly; dances delightfully; is about the middle size; with pleasing and expressive features, and is, in private life, as amiable and unassuming, as in public she is talented and entertaining.

productions of an immense size to be executed quickly, and ultimately exhibited by gas-light to persons, numbers of whom sit at the distance of two hundred feet from the object displayed.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS, &c. &c.

THE following lines are the production of a gentleman, now of some repute as a dramatic writer, and ~~we~~ we think, worthy of a reprint.

TREATRICAL ALPHABET. 1816.

A stands for Abbott, who, though he yet *procul est*,
One day will gain a high rank on the stage ;
And B denotes Braham, the sweet little vocalist,
Born to delight and astonish the age.
Then there's Blanchard, with mirth and dry humour
abounding ;
And Booth, who, though small, ~~as~~ an actress is great ;
With Burrell, whose melody sweetly is sounding ;
And Bartley, whose talents they much overrate.
Let C stand for Conway, whose person and high rant
Have crazed half the heads of the women in town ;
And Cobham, who made his *debut* in the tyrant,
But couldn't contrive to make *Richard* go down.
Sure D denotes Downton, the first of comedians ;
Duruset and Dickons, for melody known ;
Decamp, who's the vilest by far of tragedians ;
Davison, mark'd by Thalia her own.
And Davenport too, whose *Old Woman* surpasses
All that the *Dangles* of former days knew ;
With poor Mrs. Dobbs, whose renown all a farce is,
Light as a bubble, and transient too.
E denotes Emery, blunt and unpolish'd,
His equal you'll ne'er in a *Countryman* meet ;
Elliston, who his own fame has demolish'd ;
And Edwin, brimfull of false pride and conceit.
F must mean Farley, with accents of thunder,
Tearing a passion to tatters and rags ;
Foote, whose sweet face claims my homage and wonder ;
And Fawcett, who ne'er in activity flags.

G denotes Glover, a pattern for actresses ;
 Gibbs, who in *chambermaids* ever must charm ;
 Grimaldi, who makes our sides ache at his practices,
 Comical face, and distortions of form.
 H stands for Harley, eternally bustling ;
 Horn, with the face of an angel of light ;
 Harlowe, with humour each limb and each muscle in ;
 Hughes, whose *Urganda* must ever delight.
 I denotes Incledon, lip-licking quaverer ;
 Jordan, of Nature the darling and pride,
 Tho' Age his stern wand is beginning to wave o'er her,
 Still she's unrivall'd, it can't be denied.
 Then Johnstone comes next, who in *Pats* and in *Dennis*
 Pival ne'er met, and no rival need fear ;
 And Jones, who so vastly familiar at Venice is,
 The *Doge* at his benefit deign'd to appear.
 Then K denotes Kean, who, although he has merit,
 Must yield to great Kemble the palm of renown ;
 And Knight, who pert characters plays with such spirit,
 As is only excelled by his simpleton clown.
 Lo ! Kelly appears—you may praise O'Neill's grace,
 sir !
 And swear that she's Nature's own dear little elf ;
 YC, surely, to *Fanny*, O'Neill must give place, sir,
 Since everyone knows that *she's* Nature herself.
 And now then for L,—but, Lord bless my poor head,
 sir,
 I'd nearly forgotten C. Kemble and spouse ;
 Tho' nought very strong in their praise can be said, sir,
 They're far from contemptible, all the world knows.
 L stands for Liston, in whose comic countenance
 Such wonderful fun and dry humour are seen,
 That were I e'en banished to some barren mountain hence,
 Thinking on't there would enliven my spleen.
 Nor let us forget his dear rib, who, though smaller
 Than any performer you'll find on the stage,
 Did height go by merit, would quickly be taller
 Than half her compeers, you may safely engage.

Ye Gods! who comes next, with that exquisite figure,
 That heavenly face, and that bosom of snow?—
 Young Cupid thus answers, whilst pulling his trigger,
 “ ’Tis Mardyn, the fairest of mortals below ;”
 And now I must notice, as sure ’tis my duty,
 Miss Matthews, the sprightly, the pretty, and good ;
 Whose eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
 Say “ only for *something* I certainly would.”
 See, Munden appears, with his visage distorted,
 His tongue hanging out, and his mouth all awry ;
 Since actors in ranks and in classes are sorted,
 He’s prince of the mummers, sure none will deny.
 To him succeeds Mathews, Thalia’s gay votary,
 Brimfull of fun, and of mimics the first ;
 His ludicrous tones, and his comical mouth awry,
 Make us all laugh till we’re ready to burst.
 In N I’ve but one name, but that one’s a thumper,
 ’Tis Nash, the sweet songstress, who wins every heart ;
 Her merits are doubtless deserving a bumper,
 So here’s to her health, in a brimmer of port.
 What odd fish comes next?—Why it surely is Oxerry,
 Dress’d up for Stephen, that exquisite ass ;
 Of all the comedians who strive to make folks merry,
 Certainly none this droll creature surpass.
 And now follows Orger, whose figure enchanting
 Dame Nature sure form’d in her happiest mood ;
 Then O’Neill, who, despising all raving and ranting,
 Makes a heart feel, though ’twere carv’d out of
 wood.
 See, here comes Miss Poole, in whose ringlets sly Cupid
 Lies shelter’d, and sad havoc makes ’mongst the
 beaux ;
 Powell succeeds her, who, drowsy and stupid,
 Quickly his auditors lulls to repose.
 Pope, too, I notice, a bird of the same feather,
 Boist’rous and silly, conceited and vain ;
 Who, taking the hint about “ be not too tame neither,”
 Splits the poor ears of the groundlings in twain.

He's follow'd by Palmer, a sturdy stage veteran;
 Pyne, a mere puppet, without sense or grace;
 From a turnip I think I could carve a far better man,
 Doubtless I'd put as much sense in the face.
 Of Penley the elder, and Penley the younger,
 I've little to say, either cruel or kind;
 As for poor Phillips, I see him no longer,
 He's gone, but has not left his equal behind.
 To P succeeds Q, but as never a name, sir,
 Commencing therewith can I find in my list,
 For what can't be help'd you the bard mustn't blame, sir,
 Set Q in a corner—'twill never be miss'd.
 What horrible clamour my ears is assailing?
 'Tis Raymond, who enters with hideous roar;
 Whilst Taste the intrusion is loudly bewailing,
 And poor Common Sense flies alarm'd to the door.
 To him succeeds Rae, whom scarce three on the stage,
 sir,
 In his well-deserved honours are fit to supplant;
 And yet there are times, when I'll boldly engage, sir,
 Not Raymond himself shall surpass him in rant.
 Renaud now approaches, all whimp'ring and whining,
 Monotony surely has mark'd her its own;
 Let her act what she may, be she glad or repining,
 'Tis all m-m-mur'd out in the same hollow tone.
 Be silent, ye gods, be attentive, ye doxies,
 Great Siddons advances, the drama's fam'd queen;
 What shouts of applause rend the pit and the boxes,
 To hail the proud boast of the grand tragic scene.
 And next follows Stephens, whose exquisite melody
 Sweetly beguiles us of trouble and woe;
 Then Sinclair, at whose approach girls cry out "Well-a-
 day,
 What a spruce man, what a sweet pretty beau!"
 Simmons I note, too, by no means a mummer vile;
 Smith's bass and tenor, a notable pair;
 Nor must I forget the delicious Miss Somerville,
 Women like her are confoundedly rare.

T stands for Terry, whom few can surpass, sir ;
 Lovely Miss Tidswell, as fair as the day ;
 Tokely, with visage well furnished with brass, sir,
 And Taylor, whose merit sure none will gainsay.
 With U and with V, I am in a predicament,
 Not a name 'gins with either, I vow and declare.
 O'er the lists of both houses, through thin and ~~through~~
 thick I went,
 But the devil a V or a U found I there.
 I'd much better luck with the next letter—W.
 There I found Wallack, a youth of renown ;
 And Wewitzer, too, than whose *Frenchmen* 'twould
 trouble you
 Better to find or in country or town.
 X again pos'd me, for there I found no name
 Of man or of woman, although I search'd long ;
 So to Y I proceeded, and there I found more game,
 For quickly I pitch'd on the excellent Young ;
 With him I conclude, and perchance my conclusion
 Will fill all my readers with eager delight ;
 So, begging your pardon for this long intrusion,
 Sweet gentles and simples, a very good night.

DANGLE, JUN.

ON ACTING.

Histrionic talent is not so rare a gift as some imagine :
 it is both over-rated and over-paid. That the requisites
 for a first-rate actor demand a combination not easily to
 be found, is an erroneous assumption ; ascribable, perhaps,
 to the following causes :—The market for this kind of
 talent must always be *understocked* ; because very few of
 those who are really qualified to gain theatrical fame, will
 condescend to start for it. To succeed, the candidate
 must be a gentleman by nature, and a scholar by educa-
 tion. There are many who can boast of this union ; but
 out of that many, how few are there that would seek or
 desire theatrical celebrity. The metropolitan theatre,
 therefore, can only be recruited from the best samples
 which the provincial theatres will afford ; and this is a

market, abundant as to quantity, but extremely deficient as to quality. Johnson told Garrick, that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other. "Your profession," said the doctor, "has made you rich, and you have made your profession respectable." Such men as Smith, Garrick, Kemble, and Young, might do honour to any profession; and would, perhaps, have succeeded in any; but their attempting success in this department, is much more extraordinary than their attaining it; for, in general, those who possess the necessary qualifications for an actor, also think they deserve to be something better; and this feeling dictates a more respectable arena. Neither is the title to talent, bestowed by the suffrages of a metropolitan audience, always unequivocal. Such an audience is, indeed, a tribunal from which an actor has no appeal; but there are many audiences who conspire to warp and to bias its judgment; and it often happens, that it is more difficult to *please a country audience* than a London one. In a country theatre, there is nothing to bribe our decisions: the principal actor is badly supported, and must depend solely on himself. In a London theatre, the blaze of light and beauty, the splendour of the scenery, the skill of the orchestra, are all adscititious attractions, acting as *avant couriers* for the performer, and predisposing us to be pleased. Add to this, the extended magnificence of a metropolitan stage defends the actor from that microscopic scrutiny to which he must submit in the country. We should also remember, that, at times, it requires more courage to praise than to censure; and the metropolitan actor will always have this advantage over the provincial—if we are pleased, our taste is flattered in the one instance, but suspected in the other.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Aladdin.

THE long-expected operatic romance has at length been produced; and produced, *at length*, it was; inasmuch as the very first act occupied two hours and a quarter. The piece was produced in a hurry, and represented in so imperfect a state, as to be an insult to the public, and a disgrace to the theatre. This is not the first instance, of late, of Elliston's cupidity getting the better of his prudence, or duty to the public. *Oberon* was rehearsing here on the very night of its production. The consequence of all this is, that the pieces have not a fair chance of success, and that the manager's avarice defeats itself. *Aladdin* hung heavily; and, perhaps, national feeling alone prevented its utter condemnation. It was considered that Messrs. Weber and Bishop had fairly entered the ring together; and John Bull was too good a second to say enough, after the *first* round. Weber's presence, (for he appeared in the boxes,) perhaps, aided the success of the piece on this very principle. Mr. Sinclair, it seems, by a letter he has addressed to the journals, had one of his songs sent him only twenty-four hours before the performance of the piece; and this song he very wisely omitted. Had he omitted the songs he did attempt, it would have been better for his reputation. Horn really astonished us: his voice has improved wonderfully, and he acted with great spirit. Miss Stephens brought all her faults to bear: we loved her for the very errors of her personation. Her *Aladdin* is one of the most feminine performances we ever beheld: it is no more like a wild truant boy, than we are like *Belvidera*: but it is the more beautiful, the more delightful, from that very circumstance. Mrs. Davison, out of her element, made us regret the prostitution of first-rate talent, to the delivery of rubbish below even derision or contempt. Mr. Harley and Mr. Browne laboured very assiduously to extract some humour from the dullest passages: their assiduity was thrown away—the thing being impossible. And now for the great performer of the night, Bishop. In the first place, never was composer shackled by such utter nonsense, as

the villainous lines to which he was condemned to put music. Secondly, he has evidently been the victim to managerial impatience. To do himself and the public justice, he should have taken more time. The circumstance of the overture being encored, is no proof of its excellence—that sort of thing is the rage now. This opera is decidedly inferior to his *Maniac*; and we are sorry to observe that he has gone out of his way, to imitate the peculiarities of Weber. This opera seems to have been composed with *Der Frieschütz* ringing in his ears. This is one of Mr. Bishop's weaknesses. We remember when Rossini was “up,” he did the same thing with regard to that composer. We regret that Bishop, who, in the real essential of opera composition, melody-making, is superior to either Weber or Rossini, should, by a servile imitation, fall below both. Shield never did this; and Shield would be a much better model for Mr. Bishop, than any German or Italian now in existence.

Aladdin was advertised for the 6th, but withdrawn from the bills, and *William Tell* announced by *special desire*. It is fitting this despicable trick should be exposed. Miss Stephens was, on the Friday night, exceedingly unwell; and her indisposition increasing, made it necessary to substitute another piece on the following evening. The special desire was, of course, Elliston's.

WHITSUN EVE.

A Concert will take place this evening, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, for the benefit of a Mr. Randall, whom our readers may remember as a favourite vocalist at Sadler's Wells. He is suffering under extreme ill health, and his professional friends have come forward gratuitously in his behalf. Pearman, Isaacs, Yarnold, Fitzwilliam, G. Smith, Tinné, Mears, and Hudson; and Misses Cubitt, Goward, Helme, Healey, and Tunstall, promise a delightful treat; and as tickets, at the moderate charge of 4s. 6d., may be obtained at the room, we trust the claim of this deserving gentleman will not be forgotten.

ERRATA.

In our last, by a strange inadvertency, the name of Braham stands instead of Bland, (page 54, line 2.) We have also made Mr. Macready four years older than he really is—that gentleman being only now in his thirty-third year.



Engraved by H. R. COOK from an original Painting by H. Drummond Esq^{re}

MR. COOPER,
AS
HOTSPUR.

London Pub. May 20. 1826. by G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

JOHN COOPER,

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

Correct, not striking---skilful, but not new,

In action graceful, and in judgment clear.---VAN DYK.

“*Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere.*”

Our present hero affords a glorious instance of the effect of industry and prudence, and its mastery over birth, education, and the lack of brilliant talent. JOHN COOPER was born at Bath, where his father was, at the period of his son's birth, (1790,) a journeyman locksmith. Young COOPER was sent to a respectable day-school, where he was taught the three graces of common education—reading, writing, and ciphering; and, at the age of fourteen, relinquished the academy for the counter, and was apprenticed to a mop and brush-maker. Two or three years passed away, and our hero seemed well contented with the humble sphere of life to which fate had consigned him; but as manhood began to dawn upon him, his mind expanded, and he sighed for loftier flights. About this period, a Mr. Williams; a printer at Bath, instituted a private theatre of much respectability, at which Miss Sarah Cooke, (now the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. West,) Williams, (now of Drury-lane,) Miss Cooke, (now Mrs. Waylett,)

and many others, did enact. To this dramatic institution JOHN COOPER gained admission. "He no sooner saw, than he loved" the profession of an actor, and immediately embraced an offer of trying his talent upon the stage. Of the freaks of his boyhood, our notes present us with a few anecdotes, one of the most amusing of which we shall record. Mr. Cooper, sen., it appears, was averse to his son's scenic studies, and obtaining information of his intention to perform on a particular night, resolved to disturb the community. The juvenile actors, in their ignorance of this fact, were proceeding with the *Lover's Vows*—*Amelia Wildenheim*, Mrs. West; *Baron Wildenheim*, by our hero—when, suddenly, an *entrée*, neither O. P. nor P. S., but right through the auditory to the stage, was effected by the father of our hero, backed by some worms and maggots of the law. Discretion, it is said, is the better part of valour, and good generalship is shewn in a retreat. So thought young COOPER; for, hastily gathering up his everyday costume, he escaped through a window, and, in the trunks of *Wildenheim*, and the coat of JOHN COOPER, returned to his master's dwelling, leaving the warmth of parental anger to relax at leisure.*

* Our readers may have had few opportunities of ascertaining what a London private theatre *really is*. We therefore deem the present a favourable opportunity of presenting a knowledge that may be useful to parents, as well as precautionary to youth. In 1814, there existed the Minor Theatre, in Catherine-street; one in Berwick-street; another in Gloucester-street, Tottenham-court-road; a fourth in Sutton-street, Soho; and a fifth, called The Dominion of Fancy, in the Strand. The system at each of these houses was precisely similar. You paid from £10 down to £4 for the houses, according to their respective repute; for which the proprietor furnished lights, dresses, and music. The person thus taking the house, then

7. Stage mania strengthens by opposition; and the more Mr. Cooper, sen., kept on remonstrating, the more Mr.

put up a cast of a play; a copy of one of which, as a curiosity, we subjoin.

MINOR THEATRE.

IRON CHEST.

<i>Characters.</i>	<i>Amount.</i>	<i>Name of person taking it.</i>
<i>Sir Edward Mortimer,</i>	£1 10	Mr.
<i>Wilford</i> - - -	1 1	Mr.
<i>Fitzharding</i> - - -	15	Mr.
<i>Adam Winterton</i> - - -	16	Mr. Barnes.
<i>Old Rawbold</i> - - -	7	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Samson</i> - - -	18	Mr. Barrett.
<i>Armstrong</i> - - -	10	Mr.
<i>Orson</i> - - -	12	Mr.
<i>1st Robber</i> - - -	6	Mr. Simpson.
<i>2d Ditto</i> - - -	5	Mr.
<i>3d Ditto</i> - - -	4	Mr.
<i>4th Ditto</i> - - -	4	Mr.
<i>Robbers' Boy</i> - - -	4	Mr.
<i>Servant</i> - - -	3	Mr.
<i>Lady Helen</i> - - -	-	Miss Byrne.
<i>Barbara</i> - - -	-	Miss Brown.
<i>Blanch</i> - - -	-	Miss Sloman.
<i>Judith</i> - - -	-	Miss Davis.

Thus it will be perceived, £7. 8s. was realised by the play; and, as the farce and interlude were calculated to raise £6 more, there was some profit connected with the trouble of getting up this sort of exhibition. These *casts* were publicly exposed in the theatre, and the merest stranger might put his name opposite the character, pay the deposit, and it would be his. This system needs no remark: it is its own commentary. The cast we have given, we had from the proprietor of "The Minor," and its date is 1815. Since that period, The Dominion of Fancy, Gloucester-street theatre, and that in Sutton-street, have closed, and their loss has been supplied by one in Rawstorne-place, one in John-street, Wilmington-square, and another in the vicinity

COOPER, jun., kept on acting. And it was evident that he was gradually improving; though, at this period, we are

of the Commercial-road. These places are not, cannot be, respectable; for any one bringing the necessary sum, may strut forth as *Hamlet*, and no enquiry into character or capability takes place. Of the females who appear at these places, we would speak tenderly; but our experience tells us, that if not vicious at first, they generally become so; and, out of eight ladies, who, some dozen years since, shone in these circles, *two only married*, whilst the remaining six embraced a path of life, the practice of which is horror, infamy, and degradation, and the end of which is disease and early death.* A noted frequenter of these places ended his days at the gallows, for forgery; another was transported, as one of the "rescue gang;" some of the stars of these theatres have been since reduced to mendicity; and the instances where any of them have risen in the profession they thus practised, are few indeed.

What we have described are public private theatres, *i. e.* theatres that any individuals may hire. Of a very different description is that highly respectable establishment in Wilson-street; the proprietor of which, Mr. Pym, never admits any subscriber under twenty-one, or without a proper enquiry into his character. A Mr. W----- has also established a private theatre in the metropolis, on the most respectable footing; but it is wholly devoted to the entertainment and exertions of his private friends.

At the "public private theatres," it is positively a rare thing to hear our language decently spoken. The grossest vulgarisms, substitutions of the *v* for *w*, aspirations, and mispronunciations, are invariable attendants. The words of the author are seldom learnt by the actors, and it is not unusual to see

* As, amongst our readers, there may be some who were acquainted with the theatre we have alluded to, at the period we name, we give the initials of the eight ladies. To put their names at length, would be to violate feelings already deeply probed. Miss B., Miss E. B., Miss W., Miss B., Miss I., Miss F., Miss S., Miss B.

told he did what is called "knock about the h's" with desperate perversity. Studious attention, however, conquered the effects of habit; and, at the age of twenty, or thereabouts, Mr. COOPER was a very fine young man, and a very promising actor. About this period he attracted the notice of the Bath manager, and about the close of 1810, made his first public attempt at the theatre of that city, as *Inkle*. He afterwards performed *Captain Urwin*, (*Every One has his Fault*;) and then, we think, went to Cheltenham; and from thence, at the instance of Mr. Diamond, he was transferred to the Haymarket theatre. His father, finding it useless farther to oppose his inclinations, advanced a sum of money, to induce his master to cancel the indentures, and COOPER gave over all his attentions to "mops and brooms," for the study of *Thalia* and *Melpomene*.

He appeared, on the 15th May, 1811, at the Haymarket, as *Count Montalban*; Jones making his first appearance there, the same night, as *Rolando*. Mr. COOPER remained but one season at the Haymarket, at a salary of £4 per week.

One instance of Mr. COOPER's early industry and unwearied attention is worthy of record. He is said to have been perfect in *four hundred parts*, previous to his appearing at the Bath theatre.

four parts read in one piece. The performers are annoyed by the interruptions of their brethren, who attend in front, to "LARK" the image of their own misdoings. This is an unexaggerated description of scenes occurring every week, at least, at two of the theatres we have named. They are mentally and morally injurious; and we do hope that parents, who read these pages, will look with an eye of scrutiny at the places their children frequent.

After the close of the Haymarket theatre, Mr. COOPER went, we think, to Reading; and subsequently to Croydon, to lead; and from thence to Swansea, where Cherry was manager. At Swansea he succeeded Vandenhoff, who, though subsequently a great favourite at Liverpool, made no impression at Bath, and had absolutely failed at Swansea. Mr. COOPER met that kind of reception there, that is known by the term endurance, and was acknowledged to be a respectable actor. After this, he appeared and led at Liverpool, until he was supplanted by the very man he had previously succeeded; Mr. COOPER then played seconds to Vandenhoff, and appeared in all the graver parts of comedy—*Doricourt, Falkland, &c. &c.*—Browne, now of Drury, playing *Flutter, Sir Brilliant Fashion, &c.*

Our hero also performed in Scotland, where, as well as at Liverpool, he played *Jaffier, Romeo, Hastings, Beverley*, and other characters, to Miss O'Neill, with whom he is said to have fallen in love; prudence, however, it seems, enabled him to get the better "of that cursed disease, that's cured without the doctor."

Two years previously to Mr. COOPER's appearance in town, he received an offer from Drury; but he refused to sign the articles, containing a clause for dismissal at the manager's option, at the end of the first season.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles secured provincial honours, ere he trusted his *Virginus* to the pitiless storm of the metropolis, and our hero was the original *Virginus*; a part which he performed so much to the author's satisfaction, that that gentleman gave him a strong letter of recommendation to Hazlitt, the dramatic critic; which letter, on his arrival in London, Mr. COOPER studiously sought to deliver in person, but Hazlitt very properly avoided the meeting, it being one of that gentleman's resolutions

“ never to meet a man in private, whom he might have cause to criticise in public.” We feel pleasure in giving insertion to this fact, as a lesson to those gentlemen who take their midnight cups with actors, and compose criticisms in the company of the very beings criticised. Had Mr. Hazlitt’s sentiments been more generally known, it must have raised the character of his criticisms, at least as far as impartiality is concerned; and it would have saved our hero several unsatisfactory walks to the lodgings of the critic.

Previously to bringing Mr. COOPER to London, let us relate a family anecdote, that occurred at Manchester. Whilst there, his father visited him, to pay over a small sum of money that came by bequest to our hero: amongst other subjects of conversation, his father declared his love for a very fine girl, who, unfortunately for his family honour, was his servant. COOPER was very indignant at the idea of this alliance; but, as the money was softening his prejudices, and filial duty was mellowing the tones of his displeasure, he added, “ Not, my dear father, that *I* ought to dictate to you——” “ No,” replied the father, “ ~~save~~ yourself that trouble—I married her ~~two~~ months ago.” This system of asking advice after action, is more common than most people imagine; though few, like Mr. Cooper, sen., are ingenuous enough to own it.

Mr. COOPER entered into a negotiation with the manager of Drury, and wished to have tried his footing in the metropolis, as *Rolla*; circumstances, however, prevented this, and he appeared as *Romeo*.

Mr. COOPER commenced and continued a career of active service at Drury; sometimes dividing the first business with Wallack and Booth; at other times playing light comedy. *Bremen*, *Tom King*—(of both of which charac-

ters he was the original;) and oftener playing seconds in tragedy.

Mr. COOPER joined the company at the Haymarket, where he played the few serious parts required in a house dedicated to farces; and was ultimately transplanted from Drury-lane Covent-garden theatre, at the particular instance of Mr. C. Kemble, at the large salary of £16 per week. Mr. Kemble, it is well known, felicitated the management upon the acquisition of such an actor as our hero. Why, we know not. Mr. COOPER has also been, for two seasons, at the English Opera-house; during one of which, we think, he only appeared three times.

Mr. COOPER, like his father, it seems, has more than once felt the tender passion. We have before alluded to his love for Miss O'Neill; he is said also to have owned the power of Miss Cooke's charms, ere Mr. W. West made her irrevocably his. At the period of his appearance at Bath, &c., the gossips of that city gave him to a young lady, a milliner, there; with whom, we are informed, our hero was really on the brink of that dangerous step, matrimony. But though he avoided this rosy precipice, we are well assured he has made arrangements which abundantly prove his approbation of that passage of scripture, that avers—"It is not meet that man should live alone."

Mr. COOPER employs his leisure hours in giving lessons in elocution to silly young gentlemen, who have imbibed an infatuation for the drama. This system of having pupils is carried on to a dangerous extent in London. Mr. Thompson of Drury-lane has several pupils; so has Mr. Buckingham of the Surrey, and many others. Now, what any one of the three gentlemen we have named, can possibly undertake to teach, we are at a loss to guess; and we have no hesitation in deprecating it as a mean

method of obtaining money, and as calculated to bring into a precarious profession many respectable young persons, who would be much more happy and much more respected behind a desk or behind a counter.

We have before hinted our aversion to enter so minutely into the details of private life as our predecessor, but in the case of Mr. COOPER it is pleasurable to do so. We should do injustice to our feelings, did we not declare, that, in every particular of conduct that can distinguish the gentleman, Mr. COOPER is scrupulously exact, and strictly honourable. No disgusting habits of profligacy and drunkenness (held out as the insignia of genius, when they are only occasionally its attendants) disgrace him: honest in his dealings—temperate in his enjoyments—he has left an unblemished reputation in every town to which his theatrical pursuits have led him. We know that the charge of excessive parsimony has been laid against our hero, but we must look from whence such a charge proceeds; and even admitting such to be the fact, we are not inclined to visit it with peculiar displeasure. Parsimony often builds an hospital, where prodigality provides inmates for it; and the man who was bred in poverty, is more deserving of praise than blame, if he endeavours to save that which by labour alone has been obtained. The writer of the preceding volumes was of that erratic disposition, that dispenses praise to those acts of apparent benevolence that are, in reality, rather *displays* than *proofs* of charity, and, as in the case of Mrs. Coutts, was apt to let his warm imagination convert ostentation into benevolence; but we, who have seen more summers, with pleasure record an approval of that path of prudence and rectitude, that made Bannister retire with competence—raised Johnstone from the lowness of his origin—blessed

Quick with a cot and plenty—and made Munden worth a plum. It would be hurtful to our own feelings to mention *names*, to illustrate the reverse of this picture; but of the heedless sons of pleasure, who enjoyed large salaries in London theatres, we cannot but remember, one died penniless in a foreign country—another lived and died in beggary—a third (yet as young as our hero) presents the appearance of a mendicant daily to our view—and the greatest favourite of the present century went to another quarter of the globe to declare, “that he was a bankrupt both in *fortune* and reputation.”

The even and respectable tenor of our hero's life has left us little to record. We have a note of a quarrel between Mr. COOPER and Mr. Browne, at Liverpool; but the parties were speedily (and without bloodshed) reconciled.

Mr. COOPER's study is not remarkably quick, but his retention is uncommon; and he is supposed to be now the best-studied man upon the stage. He is so extremely near-sighted, that, when fencing, he can scarcely see his antagonist.

His engagement at Covent-garden has not given him many opportunities of sustaining first-rate parts, though he has once or twice appeared as *Rob Roy* and *Cassius*; he played *Inkle* to the *Yarico* of Miss M. Tree, and sang the duet in a pleasing manner.

Our notions of Mr. COOPER's histrionic talent are not very great. He appears to us little better now than when he made his bow, a trembling candidate for metropolitan favour, fifteen years ago. His provincial practice has given him confidence, a knowledge of stage-business, and greater steadiness; but it has given him little fire, and no originality. To the class of the respectables he decidedly belongs; and those who turn to an extract from *The*

Examiner, contained in the Memoir of Gattie, No. 51, will find a portrait that exactly suits our notions of Mr. COOPER. When he first appeared at Drury, we compared his tragedy to what we remember Mr. Elliston's to have been; and it certainly bore some resemblance to it; but it wanted even Elliston's happy absurdities; for the monarch of Drury, blundering as he did, now-and-then struck a flash which convinced us that the real fire of tragedy existed within him, however difficult it might be to awaken it.

As it is a common error to class Mr. COOPER above his rank in the profession, we shall enter into a more minute view of his talents than our wishes or the importance of the subject might dictate; and we do so, because, if in error, we would show our readers it is not the error of inattention, but that we have really studied the artist, ere we attempted to reprehend him.

Just as good an actor as art, without one spark of genius, or any effort of the mind, could make, has been made in the person of Mr. COOPER. Coldly correct, scrupulously exact, minutely perfect, are his qualifications; he is about as much like a real first-rate actor, as a fine statue is to a living being; and we as naturally prefer the living object, though inferior in symmetry of proportion to the statue, as we do the genius of Kean and others, to the frigid propriety of COOPER. Our hero's mind is never suffered to run away with him—he has subdued it, to the mere mechanical task of weighing the proceedings of others, and of adopting the safe, the easy, the approved, and rejecting the new, the obvious, and the doubtful. It is a common error to compare COOPER to Wallack: they have nothing in common. Energy is one of Wallack's characteristics—want one of Mr. COOPER's. Wallack executes the technicalities of the stage like a finished panto-

mimist—COOPER is as exact, but he is slower; and you recognise the system even while it is being acted upon. COOPER and Abbott bore some resemblance; and we are inclined to think Abbott had the more nature and feeling. Yet with all this, perhaps, COOPER can play a greater number of parts satisfactorily, (i.e. without offending,) than any man upon the stage, or at least as many as any one; a praise, that at once pronounces an eulogium on the efforts of art in relation to the drama. If any one would ask us how this cometh about, we answer, by attention and retention. Mr. COOPER has seen how other actors do certain scenes, and, without strictly following any one, he adopts the manners of many. In *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Jaffier*, or any other first-rate part, Mr. COOPER would not presume to think for himself: he would reflect how John and Charles Kemble, and Vandenhoff and Kean, did each particular scene, and adopt such portions of the system of each as his judgment might deem best. The consequence of all this is, that Mr. COOPER never acts internally; and, on each additional performance, only produces a fac-simile of his former one. He is as completely the victim of a system, as the wooden puppet in the fantoccini, and feels about as much; though in the school of Young, he is not an imitator of him; and this is peculiarly observable in *Cassius*, which Mr. COOPER tears to rags. Yet, all the while that this apparent tempest is raging, he is only loud—there is no real fire—no appearance of passion—it is a storm without its terror—thunder without the accompanying flash—the effort is as noisy as the drum, and quite as empty. *Cassius* is almost the only instance where our hero totally departs from his line of “propriety;” and he is just as much too noisy there, as he is too tame in an hundred other personations.

In genteel comedy, we fear, we cannot speak even so favourably as we can of his tragedy: his appearance is invariably that of a man-milliner.

“ He looks like a squire of high degree,
When drest in his Sunday clothes.”

About his *Doricourt* there is neither elegance or ease. We see an hundred of *such* gentlemen every Sunday in Cheapside; and, upon the whole, they are the *jauntier* fellows, too. His *Joseph Surface* is better, but his *Harry Dornton* is, all the way through, a close copy of a banker's clerk. His scene of delirium degenerates into a brutal intoxication; and, as in *Cassio*, Mr. COOPER never gets drunk like a gentleman. We believe we are repeating what has been said already in this work, that the intoxication proceeding from wine and porter bears very different indicatives; and Mr. COOPER's delineations always bear a resemblance to the latter. Mr. COOPER cannot appear exhilarated: if he is to be drunk, he must be “shutter drunk.” This is an alarming error.

In characters of little passion, and where the orator, rather than the actor, is required, Mr. COOPER is calculated to excel. *Anhalt* (allowing something for his lack of feeling) would be nearly perfect in his hands. *Sir George Touchwood* he plays with ability, but he is really unequal to *Macduff* or *Edgar*. His Shaksperian assumptions are all unsuccessful, with the solitary exception of *Bassanio*, a part composed of long speeches, which our hero delivers “with good emphasis and discretion.” To Charles Kemble, it would be ridiculous to compare COOPER—he is essentially below Wallack in imagination and in fire—he is infinitely a worse actor than Rae was—but, from his attention, he perhaps, upon the whole, pleases

more than that performer did—he has more weight and force than Abbott had in tragedy—much less ease and gentlemanly vivacity than that performer had in comedy—he plays *Richmond* better, but *Lothair* much worse—and, perhaps, taken for all in all, may be said to be as good an actor as Abbott—no more.

There is a slight obliquity in Mr. COOPER's vision, which is displeasing to us, and he occasionally strains his voice peculiarly and disagreeably; but he has otherwise many advantages of face, figure, and voice, that are likely to render him an especial favourite with the million.

He is about five feet nine inches in height; stoutly made; with rather light hair; a florid complexion; and an appearance of remarkably good health, which, we understand, by the natural consequence of his habits, he uninterruptedly enjoys.

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

ON MR. KEAN.

Where'er a noble lord falls ill,
And needs the aid of doctors clever,
Whoe'er his proxy's place may fill,
The House goes on as well as ever ;
But when our Kean is indisposed,
The play stands still, the actors mute,
The tragic scene at once is closed,
For him there is no substitute.

MR. INCLEDON.

When he came on in the character of *Macheath*, in the last scene of *The Beggar's Opera*, it happened that the prisoners, whose part it was to call out a reprieve for the distressed captain, were absent ; Incledon finding this, exclaimed loudly to the visitors behind the scenes—“ For God's sake, gentlemen, call out a reprieve, or I shall certainly be hung.”

QUIN AND FOOTE.

Says Quin, “ A noise in my house I have heard,
And of late, when alone, I've been very much daunted.”
“ Say you so,” cried Foote ; “ you have cause to be scared,
For, I'm certain and sure, 'tis by *spirits* you're haunted.”

GARRICK

Was once dining in company with a few friends, when a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was, as customary, brought on table ; Garrick asked another where he should cut it. “ Any where you please,” answered the other ; upon which he handed it to the servant, and desired him to carry it to his house, observing, “ Then, with your permission, I will cut it at home.”

THEATRICALS AT MALTA.

"After we had completed our tour to the different churches, we formed a party, and in the evening (Sunday) went to the play. The theatre was small, but very grand, having four tier of boxes. They have an opera or play every night, Sunday not excepted. This evening the play was *Constantine the Great*. From the mixed nature of the jargon, we could but badly understand it, though we plainly perceived it was well executed. Then followed rope-dancing; skilfully performed by men, women, children, and monkeys. After the rope-dancing, we had a curious bit of fun with dogs—going through all the different movements of soldiers—such as marching, taking a deserter, trying him, condemning him to death, and shooting him, attacking a fortified castle, storming it by scaling ladders, and at length blowing it up."

WOLSEY.

It is a curious fact, that, in 1718, George I. fitted up the hall at Hampton Court as a theatre; and, after its being opened on the 23d of September, with *Hamlet*, a second representation took place on the 1st of October, when Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, or *The Fall of Wolsey*, was performed on this very spot which had been the scene of his greatest splendour.—*Howard's Wolsey*.

PLAY-BILLS.

The *play bills* were *anciently* affixed on posts in the public streets: hence the phrase '*posting bills*,' which is still retained. Taylor, the water-poet, has the following *bon-mot* on this custom:—"Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was to be played that day; he, being angry to be stayed on so frivolous a demand, answered, that he might see what play was to be played on every *poste*. "I cry your mercy," said the gentleman, I took you for a *poste*, you rode so fast."

OLD PLAY-BILLS.

By a reference to these theatrical documents, it will be seen that, during a period of twenty years, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Twelfth Night*, were acted in their original state, altogether only nineteen nights; but in the last three years, and since the introduction of his bewitching *sonnets*, these plays alone have been performed upwards of an hundred nights. This may be rather called the *restoration* than the *mutilation* of the dramatic god.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS..

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Elliston's Falstaff.

MR. ELLISTON, in our opinion, never made a more decided hit in his life, than he did on Thursday evening, in the character of the fat knight. The recital of his adventure with the two misbegotten knaves in Kendall green, and his delivery of the words—

“Why, do you think I did not know you?”

after *Prince Henry's* development, were most happily conceived and executed. Elliston has what is termed a laughing eye, and he certainly never used it with more effect than on this occasion. The house was well attended, and the piece altogether strongly cast. Macready and Wallack both seemed to exert their energies; and we should be doing an act of injustice, did we omit to mention Mr. G. Smith's *Bardolph*. It was a genuine and admirable performance.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

We last week paid a visit to Astley's; and had it not been for our desire to see Ducrow, we certainly should have made it a flying visit. Such noise and nonsense as that which composed the first piece, it never before was our unfortunate lot to sit amongst. The dialogue is a mass

of unconnected stuff; and as to the story, we have made many inquiries, but no soul can inform us what it is all about. Perhaps the author will drop us a few lines, and throw some light on it. The situations, the dressing the stage, the management of the scenery and horses, the judicious disposition of the characters, and the closing of the acts, were admirable. The actors did all they could with the wretchedly stupid words they had to deliver. Gomersal is a clever man, but appeared more of the soldier than the ambassador. Herring was, as usual, in the character of a sailor, which he played well. Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Cartlitch, and Mr. Lawrence, are also introduced into this precious piece, and do what is allotted them very creditably. But, oh, ye gods! players and play-goers, pray go and see Mr. Amhurst—"stare him in the face." To attempt to describe him would be fruitless. We should advise him to quit the stage, and go into business. Let him take a chandler's shop; or, if he has a mechanical genius, perhaps he had better conduct a mangle.

Our readers will augur, from the foregoing, that Astley's is not calculated to afford them much entertainment; but, notwithstanding all we have said on the performance, we are far from thinking our evening ill spent there. Ducrow's equestrian performances exceed any thing we could have imagined, and his talent is the single attraction and support of the house. Let the French praise their Franconia, we Cockneys will uphold Ducrow as unrivalled.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

There are some pleasing pieces tolerably played at this theatre. A man of the name of Williams, on being encored in his song, came forward, and said—

*"The cat's in the cupboard, the meat's on the shelf,
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself."*

If this Mr. Williams is a lunatic, he had better be locked up—if sane, he should be discharged. This effusion was, of course, received with a peal of hisses.





MADAME VESTRIS,

AS

PAUL.

MEMOIR

OF

MADAME VESTRIS,

(Of the Theatres-royal Haymarket and Covent-garden.)

"Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts."---*Ecclesiastes*, ix. 4.

* * *

"*Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, BORSA CHE PIANGE.*"

* * *

"Cheeks blushing at the insinuation of her tell-tale eyes; then her lips, Jack, lips sweetly smiling; or if not smiling, more lovelily pouting,---beautiful in sullenness; and then, Jack, her neck! Oh! Jack, Jack!"

The Rivals.

It is not possible to commence a memoir of one who has fascinated the whole kingdom, without feeling veneration and regret; fear that we shall inadequately describe the powers we appreciate, sorrow that we must record the frailties of the woman with the praises of the actress.

The name of Bartolozzi is endeared to the lovers of art by some of the finest specimens of engraving that any age has furnished. That celebrated man married a German lady, whose musical talents were highly appreciated, both here and on the continent, and the fruit of that marriage was our heroine, who was born in the parish of Marylebone, in January, 1797.

Miss BARTOLOZZI received an excellent education, and displayed great musical talent, and an extraordinary memory, at very tender years. She rapidly became perfect mistress of the French and Italian languages, and spoke

on Thursday, the 20th of July, 1815, as *Proserpina*, in Winter's beautiful opera, "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*." This was a bold undertaking, since the part had been composed expressly for Grassini, and her excellence was still vividly recollected by the town. The youth, the beauty of Madame VESTRIS atoned, however, for her deficiency in point of talent, and she made a most favourable impression upon a crowded audience; she was encored in the duet "*Vaghi colli ameni prati*," and warmly applauded in the airs "*Paga fugi lieta un di*," and "*O Giove onnipossente*."

She repeated the character on the following Saturday, when the Princess Charlotte of Wales honoured the theatre by her presence, and was so enraptured at the performance of the trio "*Mi Lasci*," by Madame VESTRIS, Madame Sessi, and Signor Graam, that she joined heartily in the plaudits of the house. So delighted, indeed, was her Royal Highness with the youthful debutante, that she again visited the house on Tuesday the 25th, when the same opera was given a third time; and, in fact, Madame VESTRIS so charmed the frequenters of the Opera House, that the piece was played repeatedly till the close of the season. Yet it was sufficiently easy to discover that the talents of the young performer had done little towards exciting this feeling in her favour. To confess the truth, they were not, at this period, of a very striking order. Her voice by no means possessed that richness and volume it has since acquired, and her acting was still less admirable; being limited to crossing her arms gracefully upon her bosom, looking like a pretty piece of still life, or giving an occasional gentle wave of the right hand, during the execution of a song. Her defects became more obvious in the course of the next season,

when she appeared in "*Così Fan Tutti*," *Susannah*, in "*Figaro*," and one or two other characters.

In the vacation of 1815, Madame VESTRIS went abroad with her husband, and returned in December, and, after the season of 1816, she appeared at Paris, (December 7,) as *Proserpina*, Mrs. Dickons, then at the *Théâtre Italien*, representing *Ceres*. At Paris, our heroine was not pre-eminently successful, and here begins her "eventful history."

Armand Vestris, known as a "gay man" in London, was trebly so in his own country; and his young and fascinating wife was left in solitude, whilst he mingled in all the dissipations of the metropolis. She was then under 20 years of age, "with all the wicked world before her," neglected, in a foreign country, by him for whom she had given up the protection of parents, and the attentions of friends, "'twas much;"—the sequel may be guessed. Vestris went to Naples; his wife stayed in Paris, launched into the pleasures of the city, and, if we may use an old quotation in a new sense, sought "that bourn *from which no traveller returns*.*" From the year 1816 to the day of the death of Armand Vestris, which took place about twelve months since, we understand he and his enchanting spouse "dwelt asunder," though they had once or twice met. He died, as he had lived, greatly embarrassed.

Let us return to Madame VESTRIS, whom we left enjoying all the enchantments of the enchanting (we had almost said *enchanted*;) city. Her performances at the

* The novelty of the usage of this sentence may perhaps excite derision; but if it be remembered how few, who have once ventured on the bourn of vice, ever return to virtue, we think we shall not have cause to blush for our quotation.

Italian Theatre were not very frequent, or very important; but she was the life of a certain sort of society. She also, we are informed, though we cannot ascertain the date, played in the drama at some of the French theatres, and was very successful.

In January, 1820, her name was announced as under an engagement at Drury, and, on the 19th of the following month, she appeared as *Lilla* (*Siege of Belgrade*), with the most complete success. She next performed *Adela*, in which her duet with Harley, "Will great lords and ladies," forcibly brought to mind Storace, all whose archness and vivacity our heroine possesses, without the grossness that distinguished that actress. *Artaxerxes* was her third performance, and her execution of "In infancy our hopes and fears," was much spoken of; and then, in a wretched musical jumble, called *Shakespeare versus Harlequin*, (for a notice of which, see Memoir of T. Cooke, No. 39,) she performed *Dolly Swiss*. She sang a Ballad, by Reeve, called "I'm sure I shall never forget him," in a style that enchanted every one. Her exquisite enunciation of

"Oh, dear! I don't know what it was that came o'er me,
Perhaps it was---something like love."

still lingers in our recollection. She then burst forth as *Giovanni*, on which occasion *The Theatrical Inquisitor* made the following remarks.

"We pity Madame VESTRIS, from every consideration by which her performance of *Don Giovanni* has been attended. The disgusting woman who undertook this libertine character at its outset, prepared us very fully for the only result that can ever be drawn, in the nicest hands, from its loathsome repetition; and we, therefore, feel

bound to treat it as a part which no female should assume, till she has discarded every delicate scruple by which her mind or her person can be distinguished. That any modern manager will bestow a single thought upon the tarnished virtue of his company, is not an event we are entitled to expect; but there is a reluctance, at least, to be evinced by the victim of his power, in discharging her nauseous duties, which should conciliate the judgment that decency has arrayed against her. We could not trace this reluctance in the efforts of Madame VESTRIS, who seemed to have swathed her slender form in rolls and bandages, to fill out the garb of the character, and testified altogether that sort of ease and gaiety against which, for the honour of the sex, we still deem it our duty to protest."

Without entering fully into the minutiae of *their* expressions, we agree entirely with the spirit of their remarks. The lady alluded to as the original personator of the libertine, was Mrs. Gould (formerly Miss Burrell); a lady of such masculine habits, as to bear the cognomen of "JOE GOULD" throughout the country.

A very few words will close our account of this lady's dramatic history. She appeared as *Macheath*, in which, both at Drury and the Haymarket, she drew immense houses. She also played that part one night at Covent-garden Theatre, for the benefit of Abbott. She has latterly assumed characters in comedy, *Letitia Hardy*, both at Covent-garden and the little theatre; and her present salaries are said to be 20 guineas per week *and an understanding** at Covent-garden, and 30 guineas per week at the Haymarket.

* By this is meant, certain emoluments, either at her benefit or otherwise, that shall increase the real amount of her salary;

We now, indeed, approach the painful part of our duty. We wish to avoid speaking harshly of the frailties of the weaker sex, and we would rather draw the curtain over their errors than expose them, but extreme cases call for extraordinary reprehension, and silence becomes criminal where vice is notorious; yet had we rather keep this our volume free from the contamination that seems spreading epidemically through periodical literature, and consent even to abate in interest, to excel in propriety. We are not exactly sure that this sort of inquiry is absolutely morally justifiable, though in daily practice. Virtue does not perhaps require all this help. Vice need not be immolated, and branded, and exposed every instant under our eyes, to teach us to avoid it. At least, of this we are sure, that in the editorial days of Addison and Steele, this was not deemed necessary.

A century back, when the age was assuredly to the full as moral as it is now, these delinquencies were not visited with such castigation. Mrs. Oldfield, who was alternately the mistress of Mainwaring and General Churchill, and who intrigued with half a score beside, lived respected, and was borne to the grave by Lords Harvey and Detwar, and Bub Doddington, and Westminster Abbey is the place of her rest. Forty years before this, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the funeral sermon of the notorious Nell Gwynne. Peg Woffington, the demirep of all London, was unmolested; and Ann Catley, after being the talk of the town, married a general, and was well received in the highest circles. Mrs. Billington, if we mistake not, was the first actress whose amours were brought before the public, during the lifetime of the frail fair; and then

and it is thus managed, because 20 guineas is said to be the "nil ultra" of that establishment.

it came through the medium of individual malice, in the shape of a pamphlet, and not from the persecution of the press.

It must be evident to any one that thinks at all, that to obtain correct information on such subjects as those involving female incontinence, is impossible. It is a subject on which courts of law cannot obtain accurate evidence, and the tales of the day are generally drawn from the disclosures or inventions of domestics, who distort truth to give a value to their communication. There is no story, however improbable, that will not be eagerly caught up by the venders of "interesting facts," who treat biographical statements, as *Puff* does farcical incidents,—things just so probable, that though they never did, they *might* happen. The mass of disgusting anecdote which has been brought before us, with regard to the heroine of our present biography, we can affirm, without affectation, made us shudder whilst we read. Is it not enough, that whilst on the stage, every look and action are subject to the sneers or hisses of an auditor, and the reprobation of a diurnal press, but that when seeking solace in private, they should be haunted by spies, who turn a dramatic existence into the living likeness of Ixion's punishment?

A very considerable portion of infamous intelligence now in our possession, was procured (*not by us*) from a discarded footman;—a menial, who betrayed the person who fed him, and who was, it seems, contented to be a tacit spectator of vicious scenes, whilst permitted to remain amongst them, but who "told the secrets of the prison house," the instant he was thrust from them. We should be ashamed of promulgating tales told or forged by such a being; and we do say, (and we say it with no

wish to screen our heroine,) that it would be more for the well-being of society in general, if these tale-bearers were totally discountenanced. If a crime be cognizable by law, punish it; if it be not so, it is better to consign it to oblivion, for its narration is more likely to beget imitators, than to work reformation.

If any of our readers imagine from this prologue, that we are about entering upon a defence of our heroine's conduct, they are mistaken. We only wish to express our conviction of the *incorrectness* of the tales upon town; such tales as are caught at by one horrible but happily obscure paper, and by another more powerful production; journals that print any lie, however odious, provided it is obscene, and who appear to value information as epicures do game; *that* pleases them best that most approximates to corruption. The editors of such works may be justly compared to Mithridates, for, like him, *they derive all their nourishment from poison.*

A woman of pleasure should be considered in exactly the same light as a man of pleasure; they both sacrifice their intellectual qualities to their passions. But the case differs where the female makes a sale of those pleasures, and sacrifices, not at the shrine of sensuality, but of avarice;—then she becomes trebly contemptible. Constitution, country, evil example, all may be pleaded in extenuation of the first offence; the latter cannot be extenuated. It is the grossness of vice, without its excitement—profligacy without pleasure—cold-blooded iniquity. In how superior a light does the wretched street-walker, who sins for bread, appear to her who thus sins causelessly; and who, with the means of living in splendour and respectability, reduces herself to the level of a prostitute! It is no matter where this odious vice exists; a bargain and sale of

caresses is as abominable and as horrible in a palace as a brothel, and cannot be ennobled by the rank of the parties, or the amount of the instigation.

MADAME VESTRIS has done more to degrade her profession, by suffering the impression to go abroad that she could be bought, than the talents of fifty such actresses could remedy. The ignorant (and this involves an immense portion of the rich) make general deductions from individual cases; and the amiable character of a West, a Smithson, and a Stephens, is scarcely sufficient to shield the whole profession from the suspicion created by one peculiar instance of delinquency. Had the lady, of whom it is our unpleasing task thus to speak, erred from the feelings of nature, had she even emulated Catherine in the number of her lovers, as long as passion had been her only incentive, we should have closed our pages to her errors, and cast a sigh, but no reproach, over her frailties.

Viewing MADAME VESTRIS in the light we do, it were perhaps best to close this memoir at once; but we have "a movement still for *Wilford*" we cannot conquer. We will, therefore, state at once the little we have to say favourable to her character. MADAME VESTRIS has had the misfortune to be more flattered than perhaps any woman now in existence, we might even say, any woman that ever existed. MADAME VESTRIS had an early *penchant* for jewellery and finery, that has grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. MADAME VESTRIS was of Italian-extraction, of a warm constitution; and a member of a family peculiar for the laxity of their moral observances. MADAME VESTRIS married when very young to a husband that neglected her.

Amongst the many charges against this fascinating woman, that of ruining a Mr. C. is the most notorious. We

happen to know the particulars of that affair well, and if ever a gentleman was determined to be ruined, and did take a delight in it, Mr. C. was the man. What shall be said for the folly of a being, who undertook to spend a month in Paris, and yet, on the first night of his arrival, hearing the name of his goddess mentioned at a *soirée*, exclaimed, "Ah! I must return to my dear little angel!" and actually set off instantly back to London? The conduct of Madame VESTRIS to that individual was neither selfish nor mercenary; on the contrary, in one instance, it was meritorious and generous.

With a Captain A. who had lavished a fortune in excesses, our heroine shared a prison; she did not desert her Leander in poverty; and these traits of character should be placed against the overwhelming weight of her errors. We have not yet heard of any instance of Madame VESTRIS intruding herself into the domestic circle, and deluding a husband from the arms of his wife*. She has robbed no mistress of her lover; and, indeed, she seems rather to commit the sins that fall in her way, than to seek occasion for the commission of them.

We have heard instances of generosity and kindness of heart in our heroine, that would do honour to any woman. Her manners are without any tincture of affectation; to the poorer members of the theatre, she is affable and kind. She is, in a provincial theatre, most conciliating and obliging; and, in whatever theatre she appears, her conduct is never such as to give the slightest offence, either to the delicacy or feelings of the other ladies of the establishment.

* The tales of Mr. C. Kemble and our heroine, we treat as absurd and infamous fabrications.

We never believed in the fascinating powers of the serpent, till we saw our heroine; and we mean this neither as a compliment or a censure. Without beauty, she allures—in spite of defects she attracts you. Madame VESTRIS has no one really fine feature; and when in an undress, has decidedly no claim even to the negative praise of being pretty. Yet, even so, such is the witchery that hangs around her, that he who converses with her for five minutes, and does not feel passion rising in his frame, is something more or less than man.

As an actress, Madame Vestris is decidedly the best amongst the singers. Her *Lydia Languish* and *Letitia Hardy* are respectable as specimens of art, delightful as personations. Her *Maria Darlington* has not the lightness of Miss Foote's, but it gives certainly a warmer, though a less pure delight.

Madame VESTRIS may fairly be said to be a second-rate actress, without regard to her musical pretensions at all. She is quite as good an actress as Miss Chester; and might, if she pleased, be a much better one.

Madame VESTRIS' personations have not been very numerous; and it is a curious and pitiable fact, that her representations of the other sex, have been the most popular of the number. *Young Malcolm*, in Rossini's edition of the *Lady of the Lake*; *Giovanni*, *Paul*, *Apollo*, and *Macheath*, have been her grand points of attraction, at different periods. To criticise her performance of these parts would be ridiculous, because her stature and her ~~sex~~ render it impossible that she should create any illusion in them. With all her boisterous gaiety, her fine spirit, and her powerful voice, Madame VESTRIS cannot disguise her sex half so successfully as many actresses less noted for the freedom of their manners. Miss Kelly, Mrs.

Davison, and Miss Booth, all exceed her in this qualification, if, indeed, it be a qualification. We will not deny, that Madame VESTRIS' *Macheath* is a very delightful thing, or that her *Paul* and *Apollo* are not pleasing; but we do deny that they bear any resemblance to what those characters should be. Her *Little Pickle* is not so good a delineation of the incorrigible boy, as is rendered by Miss Booth or Miss Clara Fisher, but it is more delightful than either of their attempts. We (and the public, too, if we are not mistaken,) take pleasure in seeing Madam VESTRIS gamboling about the stage in a scarlet jacket and white trowsers; and here appears, to us, to be the whole secret of her success. We are the more pleased, the less she adheres to the character, and the more she develops herself. If she ever permitted us to lose sight of Madam VESTRIS, we should see a bad performance; but we forget *that*, in the consciousness of beholding a beautiful woman. Our heroine's assumptions of the other sex have exactly the same effect upon us, that a mistress's dressing in boy's clothes, and gamboling in a drawing-room would have. We admire the symmetry of her figure, and the apparent ease with which she falls into habits with which we presume her to be unfamiliar. We say, "What a pretty fellow she looks!" but we do not, for an instant, think that we could mistake her for a man; and, if we did so, we should be as instantaneously disgusted, and all the pleasurable portion of the frolic would be at an end.

In a word, our heroine is a woman of wonderful endowments. The mere mention of the fact, that she can sustain comic characters in the language of three kingdoms, and in such a style, too, as to command applause in the capitals of France, Italy, and England, is sufficient

to gain her the epithet of extraordinary. As a singer, she is indebted to nature only; of singing, as an art, she knows absolutely nothing; she has received very little vocal instruction, and that little seems to have been of the worst order. Her singing, like her acting, is all impulsive; she possesses feeling and taste in herself; she has not learned these things, and never will learn them. In relation to the art itself, she is the worst singer on the stage; but, for effect, she is, after Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and Miss Graddon, decidedly the most delightful vocalist we have; and she is, perhaps, more generally pleasing than the latter lady.

To Madame VESTRIS we are indebted for the most delightful hours we ever passed; yet the pleasures derived from her performances may be compared to the intoxication caused by champagne—powerful and quick—but it is not lasting. Thoughts will intrude, that take from our delight. We gaze on the form “framed for the tender offices of love,” and just as rapture rises in our bosom, some wanton look reminds us, “that beauty without virtue, is like a flower without perfume.”

We cannot presume that our pages can have any effect on the mind of one so far lost in the vortex of enjoyment, but should this page meet her eye, we do entreat her to remember, that

“Time will come with all its blights!”

That the warm blood of youth must soon chill; that that voice must lose its charm, that eye its lustre. Where shall she look for solace then? Towards the partakers of her loveliness? No; they will flee from her, as from a pestilence. A youth of dissipation is the

she must end her existence (should she be cursed with longevity,) in indigence and misery. May Heaven avert such a calamity! Amongst her well-wishers, she has none more ardent than ourselves. We have met, we shall never meet again; though we may say to her, in the affecting language of Hazlitt, "When we entirely lose sight of thee, and for ever, no flower will ever bloom on earth to glad our hearts again."

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE holiday folks were certainly amply, if not judiciously, provided with amusements on Whitsun Monday. Mr. Elliston treated them to a sight of his *Falstaff*, and was so hearty in his endeavours to please, that he fell exhausted at the commencement of the fifth act. Rumour says that he had, however, previously exhausted a quantity of brandy and water, which (as we are informed) he drinks out of pewter pints during his performance. For our parts, we do not pretend to say what caused the hero's fall, nor do we assert as fact the story of the brandy and water being administered in pewter pints; we only say, we are credibly informed such is the case.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

At Covent-garden they did enact *Julius Cæsar*. C. Kemble's inimitable performance of *Mark Antony* was completely thrown away upon the noisy masticaters of oranges, sandwiches, &c. &c. Cooper, however, was determined to be attended to, and ranted more vehemently than usual. Warde walked through the part of *Brutus* with ease and propriety, reserving his energies for a more favourable occasion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed, which appeared to give universal satisfaction.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Peacock's Feather, or the Grand Caravan, and the Saddler of Cairo.

THE MUSIC BY VON NICHOLSON.*

Those who intend seeing this piece, ought to read the play-bill, in which the author assures the public, "that

he has endeavoured to render an original English melodrama as wonderfully inconsistent as the limited means of a minor theatre will admit," &c) &c.

We are far from thinking this piece one of Mr. T. Dibdin's happiest efforts; but the audience, who were numerous, seemed much pleased with it. Mr. Williams is the chief feature of the piece, and plays the part of the *Saddler*^d with spirit. The hero (a *Magician*) is sustained by Mr. Foster, a singer of considerable talent, and really a better actor than singing gentlemen usually are; and as Mr. Foster has the power of pleasing the eye as well as the ear, we beg to call his attention to this subject. Mr. Campbell plays a *Frenchman* very cleverly. Wyatt is certainly a melancholy comedian, and Mr. Starmer (nicknamed fretful Dick) has unfortunately little to do, but with that little he does all that can be done. One of the performers is introduced on stilts, so stuffed as to resemble a figure about ten feet high, and on Saturday, the 20th, the evening we were at the theatre, the poor fellow struck the end of the stilt against a small hole in the stage, and fell forwards with considerable force. We sincerely hope he was not hurt. Miss Healey, in the second act, delighted us with an excellent song, sung in her best style. Mr. J. S. Grimaldi has a part, but—"What a falling off is there, my countrymen!" Take it altogether, the performances are infinitely more calculated to please than the stormy dramas they play on the Surrey side.



Drawn & Engraved by J. Kennerley.

MR. YATES,
AS CORNET COUNT CARMINE,
IN PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

London, Pub. June 3. 1826, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

FREDERICK YATES,

(Late of the Theatre-royal, Covent-garden.)

"PERREAN DUM LUCEAN."

* * *

I know Thalia, and twig Melpomene, am up to melo-drame,
and down to farce. COLLINS.

* * *

"You received your wound in an ugly place."

"The same ugly place as your honour!"

Conversation between two Mimics.

It is our task to record the adventures of one of the most fortunate men now upon the stage; one who has enjoyed early celebrity, without purchasing it at the usual price of provincial endurance.

Mr. YATES, the son of a respectable inhabitant of London, was ushered into existence, on the 4th of February, 1797. He was at a very early age sent to school, where, it is said, he met with the equally noted John Reeve, but their intimacy was not of long continuance, for Master YATES was removed to the Charter-house, where he spent his time in devotions to the classics and the drama; in what proportions, those who know how much our inclinations get the better of our duty, will be enabled to judge.

At the age of 17, Mr. YATES was desired to choose a profession, and, after some demur, agreed to enter the Commissariat Department. Previously to leaving this

country, he happened to go to a masquerade, in the character of *Somno*, where he met the inimitable imitator. Mathews extended his friendship towards our hero, who, however, soon bid him adieu, to join in a more glorious scene. At the battle of Waterloo, Mr. YATES smelt gunpowder; and after the termination of that "bloody battle," gave the tent scene of *Richard*, in a tent on that plain.

Mr. YATES, "in piping times of peace," bethought him again of the stage, and, on Mathews's introduction, appeared at Edinburgh, where he performed tragedy and comedy with great applause. He had, a short time previous to this, been on a sort of continental tour with Mathews; and, as he says, made his first appearance on any stage as *Fustian*, to Mathews' *Sylvester Daggerwood*, at Boulogne.

For a great many anecdotes, founded on facts, though highly coloured, of our hero's early life, we refer our readers to his entertainment called *Reminiscences*. He will find them more pleasantly narrated there, than here; and we do not feel ourselves authorised in bestowing our tediousness upon our subscribers, by inserting anecdotes no longer new.

Mr. YATES's fame in Edina spread abroad; an offer from Covent-garden theatre was the consequence, and our hero, before the completion of his Scotch engagement, was underlined for *Iago* in town.

Mr. YATES's *Iago* "caused no great nausea, and did neither harm nor good;" it had no novelty to recommend it, no absurdity to injure it. After a lapse of considerable duration, he made a second essay, on April 13, 1819, as *Falstaff*, of which performance we extract the following brief notice.

“Mr. YATES (as far as we could judge from his characteristic disguise) is of the middle size, active, and well proportioned. In several passages he discovered great genius, and was altogether very favourably received. On his first entrance, he excited a strong prepossession in his favour. His dress and look were particularly happy; his manner of bowing his acknowledgments for the repeated applause of the audience was much relished. The scene in which he is detected in his lies, was very effective. His soliloquies were by no means his triumphs—they were laboriously executed. Indeed, his articulation in general wanted ease, it was too slow and studied. His laugh, although good, and much applauded, was violent, rather than jovial—rather the determination to be boisterously jocular, than naturally gay. His scene with *Percy* was well executed; and the audience were so well satisfied with his performance, that Mr. Connor was obliged to come forward, after the dropping of the curtain, and assure them that Mr. YATES would shortly appear before them again, both in tragedy and comedy.”

Mr. YATES was not called into action in any thing new, till the production of Maturin's ill-fated *Fredolpho*, in which he personated the abhorrent *Berthold*, in a style of unquestionable excellence. The piece failing, his performance was limited to one night, but that night left a vivid impression of his tragic powers.

On the 22d of May, a piece, by Beazley, written expressly for our hero, and christened *Cozening, or Half an Hour in France*, was produced. We subjoin a sketch of the plot, for the benefit of our grandchildren.

Richard Mutable, Mr. YATES, the son of an old citizen, is pursuing so wild a course at Paris, that his father determines to set out after him. The piece opens with the

arrival of *Alderman Mutable*, his maiden sister, *Miss Deborah Mutable*, and their niece *Julia*. Dick, who has heard of the old gentleman's intention, resolves to cause a little mirth at the expense of the travellers. He seems to be the only occupant of the hotel; and, on the arrival of the party, keeps them waiting in the court-yard till their patience is nearly exhausted, and then makes his appearance as *Ouvre Bouche*, (a gaping French porter,) and after yawning sufficiently, and answering their multifarious interrogatories, he mounts the staircase, and returns as *Tragic*, (an English actor,) in which he imitates Young; he retires, and re-appears as *Factious*, (a traveller from Greenland,) in imitation of Terry's *Green Man*; he then enters as *Grimacier*, a French tragedian. The travellers by this time are conducted up stairs, and here a very fair scene occurs, as he appears in each of his characters at each of the doors in the corridor, with great rapidity, as the party arrive at them; at the last door, however, the party gain admittance, the old Alderman much regretting having disturbed all the other inmates of the hotel. He now appears in a sixth character, as *Gilbert Glib*; here he very fairly hits off Mathews, and delivers an imitative lecture. This trifle concludes in the *Cafe de Milles Colone*, where Mr. Yates appears as an English farmer. He then gives two or three specimens of the principal characters he has assumed, and, to the surprise of the old Alderman and Miss Deborah, discovers himself as Dick Mutable, and the piece concludes by his receiving the hand of his fair cousin.

The success of this piece was great, and deservedly so, and towards the conclusion of this season, Mr. YATES was in all the benefit bills for imitations, &c. and possessed a great share of popularity.

He appeared as *Flexible*, *Somno*, and *Buskin*, (after the manner of Mr. Mathews,) and, we are sorry to add, in the words of a celebrated comedian, "a very long way after the manner of Mr. Mathews, indeed!"

He was also occasionally, in subsequent seasons, called into tragic scenes, as *Macduff*, *Glenalvon*, *Earl of Leicester (Kenilworth)*, and *Rob Roy* (during Macready's illness). He played *Richard* for one of his benefits, and *Shylock*, with a piece called *The Boyhood and Old Age of Mr. Yates*, on another occasion. He also went on for *Leperello*, during Liston's indisposition; and has appeared at different periods, as *Moses*, *Buckingham (Richard III.)*, *Lapoche*, *Gibby*, *Gratiano*, *The Apothecary*, *Boniface*, and is reported to have refused *Whimsiculo* (being afraid of the music), and to have been refused *Filch*.

Mr. YATES, notwithstanding his manifest utility, was getting forgotten, if we may be allowed this phrase. He was seldom seen and never spoken of, when *Pride shall have a Fall* introduced *Cornet Carmine* and FREDERICK YATES once more into the good graces of the town. The affair between the Waterloo heroes, the 10th Hussars, and Battier, was then fresh in the public mind; therefore nothing could be more fortunate for our hero than the part cast to him, for every line was, from local circumstance, sure to tell.

But we have been getting on considerably too fast, for between the forgetfulness and the revivification that we speak of, Mr. YATES was announced as follows.

"ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.

"MR. YATES AT VAUXHALL!!!

"The Proprietors of the Royal Gardens most respectfully announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, they have

engaged Mr. YATES, of the Theatre Royal Covent-garden, who will make his first appearance To-morrow Evening, Wednesday, July 24, in a Novel Entertainment, written expressly for him, by a most eminent and favourite Author, consisting of Recitations, Imitations, and Songs, entitled

"HASTY SKETCHES, or Vauxhall Scenery.

"PART I.—View of a Coffee Room—Sketch of an Actor disengaged, with a long Face—Ditto engaged, with his Face fore-shortened—Guy Vaux, hastily executed—Outline of Old Vauxhall—Musical Conversation with a Rook on a Tree-top, highly coloured—Family Portraits of Mr. Adam Starchington, Miss Lucretia Griselda, Miss Arabella, Poll, and Venns, caricatures—Diggery Crabb, the Gardener, on wood—Phœbus O'Dim, the Lamplighter, in oil—Storm of Thunder and Lightning, a flashy piece—Raining Cats and Dogs, and Wet through at a Concert, in water-colours—Singing and Catching Cold, in distemper—Handel and Hock, German subjects—Vauxhall at present, laid on with a pound brush.

"PART II.—View of the Pavilion Boxes in Vauxhall Gardens, and Preparations for a Masquerade—Old Waiter in Vauxhall, a be-coming portrait—Lady who has lost her Husband, larger than life—Likenesses of Actors coming to the Masquerade, in the following characters:—Dozey, in *Past Ten o'Clock*—Sir Edward Mortimer, in the *Iron Chest*—Dr. Camphor, in *Love, Law, and Physic*—Andrew (in the back ground) in Ditto—Bertram, in *Bertram*—Regule (as acted in Paris), in *Regule*—Hawthorn, in *Love in a Village*, &c.—all copied from the originals.

"Doors open at half-past Seven—Admission 3s. 6d."

This entertainment was said to have been the produc-

tion of George Colman; but, on the 24th of July, 1822, the day of performance, whilst engaged in a morning rehearsal, he fell through a trap, and broke his leg. Thus ended his Vauxhall engagement. It seems that he was not very long confined by the effects of this calamity, for on the 10th of September following, we find him entertaining the public in a performance by himself at Brighton, and shortly afterwards he re-appeared at Covent-garden.

We have little to add with reference to his engagement at a national theatre. He was so *ill* (the illiberal said intoxicated) in *Ranald of the Mist*, as to run off in the middle of a scene, and be actually sick at the side-wing. And one night, when advertised for *Flexible*, Mr. Fawcett came forward and informed the audience that Mr. YATES was no where to be found. His absence was never accounted for.

In 1825, Mr. YATES, in conjunction with Mr. Terry, purchased the Adelphi theatre.

It is curious to reflect that this theatre was bought for a very trifle originally, as under Mr. Holland it was never even reckoned a theatre; that Scott raised it from the most inferior minor, to be one of the best, and sold it for 25,000*l.*; and that Messrs. Rodwells realised a fortune by it in six or seven years.

It is, for fun's sake, worth recording lines like the following, which occurred in the opening advertisement, and were put into the mouth of Terry.

“To-night's a night, big with the fates
Of me, Terry, and you, Yates!”

The first season of Messrs. YATES and Terry's management, has been prosperous in the extreme. *The Pilot*, which was not expected to do any thing great, and was

contracted to be paid for at the rate of one guinea per night, ran upwards of 130 nights;—a very fortunate circumstance for Mr. Ball, the author. Perhaps one small minor theatre will never again boast of such names conjointly, as YATES, Terry, Wrench, Reeve, T. P. Cooke, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, not to mention others almost “equally notable, though not equally noted.”

Soon after the close of the season, Mr. YATES presented his *Reminiscences*. Circumstances prevented any notice of this performance in our first or second number, we therefore thought it judicious to incorporate our critique with his memoir. The entertainment consists of anecdotes of his life, many of which have occurred to others, and many more which never occurred at all. The tale of Munden’s umbrella is true, and was detailed in the enlarged edition of *Oxberry’s Biography*. The story of Macready and the wig is also veracious; every performer in the house brought the tragedian a wig, but not one would suit his elevated notions. The most obvious defect of Mr. YATES’s entertainment is want of connexion; and, as an actor and a gentleman, he would do well to expunge the illiberal remarks upon Claremont, in his *Theatrical Fund* song. Mr. Claremont is quite as respectable in his station, as Mr. YATES ever was in his; and is not, in fact, so fair a field for ridicule as Mr. YATES, with all his talent, might be; for as he (Claremont) only once attempted any thing great, he has not failed so often as our hero has. To compare YATES’s performance of an entertainment of this sort to Mathews’s, is folly, because it is very evident that Mr. YATES is not imitating certain persons in low life, &c. in his dialogue songs, but is imitating Mr. Mathews’s way of doing these things; and there is scarcely one tone produced by him in his *Reminiscences*,

the origin of which is not traceable to the mastery of Mathews. *Felix Fact* comes from *The American Joker*, *Jack Robinson* from *Topham*, *Damper* from *Dismal*, (*Trip to Paris*,) &c. &c. In the *Monopolylogue* Mr. YATES has an advantage in personal activity, and the smallness of his stage, besides having devoted much attention to this species of performance; his changes are wonderfully quick and well contrasted. There is one thing very distressing to the auditor—Mr. YATES's vocal inability. Now, that Mr. YATES cannot sing, is not his fault; but that he wilfully puts himself in a situation to expose that deficiency is a fault, and a fatal one. Knowing what study can effect, we strenuously advise Mr. YATES to give his attention to music.

In our Memoir of Mathews, page 15, we have drawn the line of demarcation between mimicry and acting, and on the principle there inculcated, we declare Mr. YATES to be, as relates to these sorts of entertainment, in the strictest sense of the word, “A MERE MIMIC.”

Previously to an examination of this gentleman's dramatic powers, we shall digress so far as to consider the talent of mimicry in its confined sense, i. e. that of giving imitations of popular performers, &c.

Perhaps there is no talent that has excited so much approbation in a theatre, and so much censure in the closet, as imitation. Though invariably applauded whenever practised, and received as an highly amusing art whilst performing, it has been visited with the severest reprehension by almost all critics. Surely there is something wrong in this? That which delights every one at the moment, cannot be so very contemptible on reflection. Imitation is even abused by the professors of it. One of the best imitators of the present day, has repeatedly expressed

to us his contempt for the art; and, we know, Mr. YATES asserts, that any one might give imitations after three weeks' practice. That a good imitator is invariably a bad actor, has been refuted in a thousand instances; and it is certainly singular that so absurd a prejudice should ever have arisen, when it is remembered that the great Garrick introduced imitations in his first comic character, *Bayes*, in which he mimicked Quin, Ryan, Delane, &c. Macklin, indisputably a good though confined actor, gave imitations; so did Foote. Henderson, the great *Falstaff*, and the successor of Garrick, started as an imitator, and nothing else. That sterling comedian, Jack Bannister, gave imitations for many years. Kean has done so once in public, and delights in it in private. Wallack's portraits of his contemporaries are acknowledged to be inimitable; and Oxberry, certainly one of the best comic actors in his line we ever saw, professed to be a mimic of his brethren. When it is also remembered that men of the greatest talents in other departments were mimics, it proves that it is not an art confined to the common mind. Dean Swift was, and one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses, and the celebrated Hooke, now are excellent imitators; so also was Peter Pindar. Mrs. Sumbell Wells, the original *Cowslip*, an actress whom those who remember laud, and whose excellence stands recorded in the journals of her day, was an admired imitatrix. Having thus adduced brilliant instances, where the talents of actor and mimic were and are combined, let us say a few words respecting the talent itself. One of the first proofs that it is an attribute of genius is, that, according to our belief, it cannot be acquired. We know many persons possessed of the strongest musical perceptions, and who enjoy the faculty called "ear" to an amazing extent, who

can no more imitate the tone of a biped, than they could fly; whilst many persons possess this faculty in an imminent degree, who have no musical perception whatever. Such is the case with Mr. YATES. We have heard that gentleman sing a song entirely through in one key, whilst the orchestra played in another, he beautifully, unconscious that any thing was amiss. Yet this individual nicely discriminates between the tones of the most opposite voices, and runs up the gamut of mimicry, from the depths of Macready to the height of Blanchard. Here, then, is evidence of "a gift," for it is pretty evident that "ear" can have nothing to do with the business.

Mr. YATES has studied tragedy in the school of Kean, and has many of that gentleman's defects; which, added to his unfortunate countenance and peculiarly short neck, renders him not a very appropriate representative of *Jaffier*, *Romeo*, or *Hamlet*; nor is it likely that in *Macbeth*, *Richard*, or *Shylock*, he would be much more successful, for he is essentially deficient in dignity and keeping. Give Mr. YATES an excrescence upon nature, and he is at home. Nothing could be more vivid than his *Berthold*. His *Ranald of the Mist*, too, was a beautiful performance; and it is in these romantic and undefined characters that he stands nearly alone. In *Dentatus (Virginus)*, too, and characters of that description, he has shown some talent; but that talent is of such a description, that we know not in what rank to place him. A first tragedian he never could be, and he was the worst performer of second tragedy we ever saw, though possessing powers of a higher order than second-rate tragedians usually do. We are inclined to think him equal to Bennett as a tragedian. He has more genius and fire than Cooper, but infinitely less equability.

As a comedian, he has no distinct place. In Mathews' range of parts, he cannot come in comparison with J. Russell, Harley, or Deuning, because he has always played them in professed imitation of their original personator.

In Frenchmen he is below T. P. Cooke, Farley, and Decamp, though above W. West.

His *Falstaff* was many degrees below Bartley's, was somewhat worse than either Fawcett's or Downton's, and was nearly as bad as C. Kemble's.

His *Gratiano* gave us a poor idea of his talent for light comedy.

Circumstances have given Mr. YATES an opportunity for a display of versatility deemed singular in London, though common in the country. To deny our hero the possession of great talent, would be to utter flagrant falsehood; to attribute to him genius, would be to pen panegyric. His station as a comedian is as hard or harder to be filled, than as a tragedian. He belongs to no decided line. He has not one jot of humour, not a spark of drollery about him; he can only provoke mirth by the means of imitation, but he can do that effectually. Mr. YATES would be useful anywhere, pleasing at most places, but great nowhere. It appears as if he could not do any one thing well, unless something like it had been done by some one else before; and if his *Berthold* and *Carmine* were adduced as arguments to the contrary, we should reply, that the first bore a marked resemblance to Kean's *Dwarf of Naples*, and the second, no inconsiderable likeness to Jones's *Contrast*.

In private life, we have always heard Mr. YATES spoken of as a gentleman; and, we believe, his behaviour as a manager, both in Cheltenham and London, has been exemplary.

Mr. YATES is about five feet seven inches in height; light haired, with a Jewish turn of countenance by no means pleasing. He walks rather lamely, from the effects of his accident at Vauxhall. He has a brother in great repute as a surgeon at Brighton, and another a major in the army.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,**&c. &c.****DIARY OF AN UNEMPLOYED ACTOR.****LEAF III.**

Tuesday.—Borrowed a paper and a penny-roll from the public-house—laughed heartily at the report of the recent robbery in the Haymarket theatre—marked many omissions—some of which should be thus supplied—N. B. Not improbable that the daily prints, eager to catch at novelty, have, as usual, forgotten correctness.

Theatrical Losses.

Haymarket.—G——e C-lm-n, who receives a pension for his *active* management, not having attended the theatre, in that capacity, for many seasons past, has *lost* nothing—~~but~~ *himself*. Mrs. G-bbs, however, having unluckily left an old property-reticule in her dressing-room, it is feared that the last note from Mrs. C—r-y's *Cecisbeo* may get into circulation; and as that dignified ducal enamorado has suffered too much already from the publication of his correspondence, should such a document be found, its restoration is earnestly requested *to the writer*, at his next appearance in the manager's box.

Mr. M-rr-s has lost a large quantity of blank orders, prepared, to annoy his colleagues, for distribution upon one of the few nights when an overflow might be fairly expected. To such lengths will animosity sometimes hurry men, not generally averse to a consideration of their own advantage.

Poor W-nst-n is dreadfully distressed by the deprivation of a brown-paper cap, in which he has been accustomed, for twelve years past, to dabble among the workmen. From extraordinary caution, his hair was but just

beginning to show through the top of it; and as its value must, of course, be made good from the treasury, it is reasonably conjectured, that so severe a loss will weaken many arrangements that have been made for profuse liberality.

Among the company we can trace but little lamentation, and accordingly presume that slight injury has been sustained. It is well known, however, that Mr. M-th-ws has lost his *fixed resolution* of never setting foot again upon the Haymarket boards, but that Mr. J-n-s continues in possession of his vulgar vivacity, and Mr. T-rry retains all his *original* propensities—to *imitation*.

Condolled with J--n K—e on the badness of last benefit—lamented the failure of attempt to detain him, and non-delivery of concerted speech—recommended Mrs. S-dd-n's plan—wou'dn't do, as the *blank* books, after three months' disappointment, were cut up for writing-paper.

Sauntered after breakfast to Hookham's—much small talk—Recommended by F-wc-tt to R--'s cousin and a laundress—partly promised to K—'s relation—Assured by H—y H—s that his concern was in the suds—Heard R-ym-nd's offer was ten thousand for Drury-lane—refused and made manager to keep the secret—Gathered from L--d E—x his intention to resign—real loss, if truth, talent, and attention, are valuable—Met the little L-c--m Tr-s-r-r—looking lofty, like the *Peak of Teneriffe*—successful piece—much merit and more alacrity—Found Ch-rl-s H—n in dudgeon—touched up by A-n-ld, and spelling *Macheath*—Congratulated new leader, and glad to hear that Mrs. *Suggest* was denied admittance to the scenes—Pounced upon G-tt-e—praised his great connexions—got invited home—dined upon mutton for venison, and called Perry Champagne—Joined a whist-party in the evening at Ch-rl-s K-mbl-'s, sighed over the new *Richard's* success, and his reported recommendation—Quizzed Th-lw-ll's lectures—poetry to a post-horse—Cried up *legitimate* acting—agreed that

K-m--e cou'dn't meet K--n at the Clarendon—promised a peep at T-lma—supped plentifully on radishes—diet regulated by Mrs. C. K-----e—won a week's lodging with Abb-ft's half-crown—walked soberly home—kept out of the puddles—and saved two-pence next day in my bill for blacking.

DANGLE, SEN

HART

Was an apprentice to Robinson, and great nephew to Shakespeare, and, like his master, performed female characters. The *Duchess*, in Shirley's play of *The Carnival*, first brought him into notice. After the Restoration, he joined the king's company, and appeared, April 8, 1663, as *Demetrius*, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, when that company opened in Drury-lane. He was instrumental in bringing Nell Gwynn upon the stage. His principal parts, were *Othello*, *Rolla*, *Amintor*, (*Maid's Tragedy*,) *Brutus*, (*Julius Cæsar*,) *Michael Perez*, (*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*,) *Hotspur*, and *Alexander the Great*. Towards the latter end of his career, if he acted either one of those, the house was filled as at a new play, especially *Alexander*; which he acted so inimitably, that one of the court thus expressed himself—"Hart may teach any king on earth how to comport himself." It is uncertain when he died, but I am led to suppose it was but a short time before the union of the two companies.

Hart's salary, after the restoration, was £3 per week; that is, about £90 a year; for the acting season did not, at that time, exceed thirty weeks. He had also, as one of the proprietors, 6s. 3d. every day on which there was any performance, which produced about £56. 5s. more; by which it appears that his annual income, as proprietor and actor, was about £146. 5s. Shakespeare, in his capacities of proprietor, author, and actor, did not probably receive more than £200 annually.

In the time of the civil wars, Hart was a lieutenant-horse, under Sir Thomas Davison, in Prince Rupert's regiment.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WE felt it our duty not to omit seeing Mons. Alexandre previous to his leaving England, and we certainly never saw him to more advantage than on Tuesday, 23d May. He has wonderfully improved ; but we cannot help thinking that he insists too long on the different points of his performance. He never seems to think he has done enough. When he had concluded his entertainment, he delivered the following address with much feeling, and was most warmly applauded.

*“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—*For the last time I present myself before a British audience, but it can only be with the last moments of my life I can forget the debt of gratitude I owe this country. It is now nearly six years that I came among you, as a foreigner, with all the disadvantages incident to such a position, but you deigned to receive my humble efforts to please. Your warm and generous patronage animated my exertions, and I have traversed the three kingdoms only to experience, wherever I went, the same fostering kindness which greeted me in this metropolis. I now, taking my most respectful and heartfelt farewell of you, my earliest friends, wish to include, in my grateful recollections at this moment, those more distant ones, whose patronage I have so largely enjoyed.

*“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—*I pray God to bless you all, and bid you a most affectionate farewell.”

Miss Kelly's benefit, on Wednesday, was much injured by the badness of the weather. The receipts, we are informed, notwithstanding the great attraction, did not exceed £400. The comedy was admirably acted. Wallack's *Harry Dornton* (one of the most difficult characters that ever was written) is decidedly the best on the stage. We can conceive no harder task, and consequently no greater test of the talent of an actor, than his succeeding in the scene with the *Widow Warren*, after he discovers the real situation of his father's affairs. The

author, in this scene, has left the actor an immensity to express; and any one but a finished actor, and one endowed with more than ordinary personal requisites, should not attempt it.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

On Wednesday last, the tragedy of *Fazio*, interlude of *The Rendezvous*, and the farce of *The Irishman in London*, were performed here, for the benefit of a Miss Courtenay. Notwithstanding the incessant fall of rain, the entire of the day, was calculated to damp completely all hopes of a good house, yet the boxes presented a very fair assemblage of most respectable company. A Mr. Ford sustained the character of *Fazio* with considerable energy, and received throughout repeated testimonials of well-merited applause. He was ably supported by Miss Courtenay in *Bianca*, and a Mrs. Wheeler in *Aldabella*. The other parts claimed no very particular notice, except the *Duke*, who certainly was rather a *rum* representative of judicial nobility. He was evidently relieved from the task of studying Feinagle's system of obtaining an artificial memory, as he had his character written, (not in his *face*, but on the *table*,) and delivered it with due emphasis and good discretion. The interlude excited much laughter, chiefly produced by the *Quaker* of Mr. John Robert Read, and the *Simon* of Mr. Smart. *The Irishman in London* closed the entertainments of the evening. But what shall possibly be said or sung respecting the gentleman who attempted, with such complacent hardihood, the character of *Murloch Delany*? He looked in dress exactly like a *Chelsea pensioner*; and, then, as to *brogue*, (*holy Moses!!!*) the gibberish he tried to foist off as the deep, rich, full-toned music of a genuine Patlander, bore a vast deal more affinity to the Burmese language, than to that of the Emerald isle. We, however, thank him most sincerely for the kind favour he volunteered, in *cutting out* the songs attached to the character, and only cordially wish that he had cut it part entirely.



I. Wageman, del^t

T. Woolnoth, sculp^t

MISS F. H. KELLY
AS
BELVIDERA.

London Pub. June 10. 1826. by G. Virtue. 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

MISS F. H. KELLY,

(Of the Theatre-royal Covent-garden.)

The self-same NAME, but one of gentler nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

Bring Juliet forth!--*Romeo and Juliet.*

THE generality of female memoirs present meagre subjects to the pen of the historian. A life of virtue is a life of little interest, speaking in a biographical sense; and even in the way of common-place occurrences, girls are less subject to moving accidents than the other sex. The life of our heroine might be despatched in three lines. She was born—educated—evinced a partiality for the stage—provincialised successfully—came to London—appeared, succeeded, and was shelved. But, as this compendious mode of narration may not exactly accord with the taste of our readers, we will venture into detail.

Our heroine, on the 30th June, 1808, relieved the anxieties of the lady of Capt. Kelly, of the line, by making her appearance—a fine healthy child, and the image of her father. Miss KELLY was brought up, and received an excellent education, under the superintendence of her parents; but, when very young, evinced a marked partiality for the profession to which she subsequently attached

herself. The Captain is said to have been very averse to his daughter's indulging her dramatic propensity; but won to consent, or neither granting or denying, this young lady was announced, and did appear as *Amelia Wildenhaim*, (*Lover's Vows*,) at Cheltenham, in the month of June, 1819. She was then and there stated to be only fourteen years of age, but we have reason to believe that our note of her age is correct. She next attempted *Amanthis*, a part better suited to her age and talents; but the impression she made was not very extraordinary; and, during the remainder of the season, she played nothing of any particular moment, if we except the part of *Belvidera*, which, we think, she did for a benefit, and which was spoken very well of by the critics of that fashionable place.

In the autumn of this year, Miss F. H. KELLY went to Paris, principally with a view to improve her pronunciation, and, if we can believe our informant, with some hopes on the part of her friends; that she would there get rid of her dramatic bias. Not so—for in the gay metropolis she met with the great Talma—recited passages of Shakespeare before him, and was honoured with his eulogium. This goes for nothing; for if a lady takes upon herself to spout in public company, it is as clear as noon-day, that the unfortunate spectators must compliment her. “They look for it as natural as life,” as *Buskin* says.

Miss KELLY returned to England the following year, and became a member of the Brighton company, where she played to empty benches, as that unfortunate company usually do. But, at Brighton, Miss KELLY's talents rapidly developed themselves. Her *Juliet* and *Cicely Homespun* were both pronounced inimitable, and in any part where she had to represent simplicity of manner, united with

Her countryman, Shiel, well known for his devotion to love and the drama, mentioned her name to Harris, and she was engaged at the Dublin theatre, where her success was very considerable. It is thus recorded in an Irish journal:—

“*Dublin*.—A Miss KELLY, whose age, I understand, is extremely tender, played *Juliet* (January, 1821) with brilliant success, though her merit, at present, consists more in purity and intenseuess of feeling, than the power with which her conceptions are expressed. In voice she bears a delightful affinity to Miss O'Neill, whose features she has also, in a slight measure, the happiness to resemble.”

At the close of the Dublin season, she joined Mr. Macready at Birmingham. And now we are upon tender ground. Mr. Macready, jun., came to his father's theatre as a star, and tendered his instructions to our heroine. They were thankfully accepted, and he taught her to sophisticate her style of acting—to forsake nature for effect—in short, to do what he himself does. Without breathing a word to the prejudice of Mr. Macready's talents, this, we must say, was injudicious. What may, in fact, be a beauty in a man's acting, would cease to be so, when practised by the opposite sex; and we must be bold to tell him, that all his burring and starting, and hurrying and snorting, which ill become him, are absolutely ruinous to an actress. However, Miss KELLY adopted it, and returned to Ireland to practise her new style of acting—which she did—and the “Yahoos” of Dublin applauded, her friends were contented, she was flattered, and Mr. Harris recommended her to the Covent-garden proprietors, at whose theatre she accordingly appeared on the 14th November, 1822, as *Juliet*. Of this performance we present a criticism which appeared in a work of limited circulation,

called *The Mirror of the Stage*, but the excellence of which might put the worthy writer of *The Times* a little to the blush.

“Shakespeare, in this his beautifully wrought conception, has, with a master-hand, depicted *Juliet* as the very slave of passion. She is presented to us, by the poet, at an age, too,* when love, if once imbibed, forms the only feeling of the soul. She has seen in *Romeo* what she considers the very perfection of a lover—young, handsome, ardent; like herself, he possesses those romantic feelings which make first love appear so blissful, that every other consideration sunk before its powerful influence. He sees nought else but *Juliet*—she occupies his every thought—existence without her is a blank—*Juliet* is his heaven. She, too, adores her *Romeo*—he is the ‘god of her idolatry’—she sacrifices for him her parents, her early associations, her all. Yet even such materials as these, in common hands, would have been insipid and tasteless, but Shakespeare has thrown over them so brilliant a light, that love with them seems the very ‘sunshine of the soul.’

“In the last scene of the first act, where *Juliet* commences her acquaintance with *Romeo*, Miss KELLY’s manner, when questioning the *Nurse* of her knowledge of the youth, displayed all the anxiety naturally attendant on the circumstances. The way in which she uttered—

“If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed,”

was so tender, so beautifully pathetic, that we in vain attempt to describe it.

* Fourteen, injudiciously altered to eighteen now; for an Italian girl at fourteen is marriageable; and to be in love at that age, is not at all remarkable there.

"In the garden scene, before she discovers the presence of her lover, she surprised us by the delivery of the speech,

'Tis but the name that is mine enemy.'

The sweetness of her tones seemed to harmonize with the solemn stillness of the hour. Again, where she says—

'My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound,'

her very soul appeared to hover round her lips, to breathe its wishes in her lover's ear. But really if we were to enumerate all the beauties, we should be obliged to quote every line in the scene.

"The next scene of any importance is that where the *Nurse* returns after her interview with *Romeo*. In this scene there were some beautiful touches of natural feeling. Her anxiety to hear the answer from her lover, was admirably blended with her affection for the *Nurse*, and the concern evinced for the supposed illness of her messenger; but the joy expressed on hearing of the intended meeting at the *Friar's* cell, was the very height of ecstasy: the brightness of her eye, and the rosy hue that overspread her cheek, together with the illusion of the scenery, made us for a moment forget we were in a theatre.

"Up to this part of the play, she was all that the most partial could desire; but in the following scene, where she is told of her *Romeo's* banishment, we must confess we were disappointed. Her conception of this part of the character was strictly correct, yet she seemed to want physical powers to portray the heart-rending sorrows of the wretched *Juliet*. As proof of our opinion, we would quote her delivery of the reproof to the *Nurse*, beginning with

'Blister'd be thy tongue for such a wish!'

We remember the excellence of Miss O'Neill in this scene, too vividly, not to discern the want of it in Miss KELLY. What we have said of this scene, applies also to the remaining part of the tragedy. She certainly can but faintly depict those dark shades of the character whose agonies seem to rend the heart in twain.

"In the last scene, however, she displayed great talent; and the fondness with which she clung to her husband, even in death, was beautiful and natural. To sum up her merit in a few words, we do not hesitate to say, that although very inferior to her great predecessor, Miss O'Neill, yet she is the finest tragic actress on the boards."

After performing *Juliet* a few nights with extraordinary effect, Miss KELLY was shelved. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the most strenuous efforts were made by her friends to bring her from banishment. The press, one and all, upbraided the manager—"Miss KELLY had not been tried—her parts in *The Huguenot* and *The Earl of Essex* were not of importance enough to prove her alleged lack of talent." This was rather curious argument; inasmuch as an actress, incapable of playing an easy part, may fairly be deemed inadequate to the sustaining a difficult one; but injudicious friends will not be answered even with the most palpable truths. This sort of literary friendship ruined Conway, by prelusive puffs—destroyed Kent, (the *Richard* of Covent-garden)—and, if the circulation of the work did not forbid it doing much mischief, the ridiculously-fulsome praises of the critic in *The New Monthly Magazine* must have ruined Serle. One of Miss KELLY's friends describes her thus:—

"A STAR, resplendent in might and majesty, arose, to chase from its chill and cheerless precincts, the pervading gloom; and as the fair *empress of the night* controls the

ocean, to restore the ebbing tide of popularity, to its long-forsaken channel." We need not say that these paragraphs had no effect, or only an injurious one on our heroine, from whom wonders were expected whenever she appeared. When the tragedy of *Ravenna* was produced, Miss KELLY was cast the heroine, *Giana*. When the night came, she was severely afflicted by a disorder (laughable in name, but extremely annoying,) called the *mumps*; but with a good feeling that cannot be too much praised, she consented to appear, though her face was so much swelled as greatly to disfigure her. To this, and the very bad acting of Young, the subsequent shelving of that piece is chiefly attributable.

Miss Lacy and Mrs. Sloman have rendered it improbable that Miss KELLY should ever fill the station of leading actress, at the theatre to which she belongs; and we strenuously advise her to turn her thoughts to such parts as *Virginia*, *Mary Thornberry*, &c. to practise incessantly, till she conquers the terrible monotony of her tones; for she may be assured, however sweet the sounds may be in which she doles out sorrow, they must be varied to be rendered effective.

Miss KELLY's *Belvidera* had all the faults that we expected. She can only adequately express fondness and simplicity; when she attempts grander flights, she becomes unnatural. If the theatre could afford to keep an actress for one part, we should certainly advocate the retention of this lady for *Juliet*; but if she is to take, with this, other leading characters, we must confess we had rather lose her entirely.

In the life of Mrs. West, (vol. ii.) some passages descriptive of that lady's style of depicting the soft emotion, are extremely applicable to our heroine. She, as well as

Mrs. West, represents the sensual blending with the more hallowed love with inimitable skill. Miss KELLY, with all her faults, presents so many germs of excellence, that it is with extreme reluctance we make up our minds to lose her. Such an actress as Miss KELLY might become, ought not to be lost; and if, in the circle of her acquaintance, she has one friend blessed with good sense, to him we address ourselves. Let him exert his influence, (and from the little we have seen of Miss KELLY, we do not think he will have a troublesome pupil,) and break her of acquired habits, which, like the silvering over gold, deteriorates that which it covers.

That Miss KELLY has sought a wrong preceptor, is the fault of inexperience; practice is the best preceptor, and the effect produced on the feelings of her auditors, the true criterion; let her go by that, and she will not be misled.

Acting is one of the many things that must be learnt, but cannot be taught: we defy any man, woman, or child, to show one instance, by book or by tradition, where a tolerably good actor was produced by tuition. Mr. Coveney, we have heard, was a pupil of Elliston's. Mr. Huckel received all his elocutionary instructions from C. Kemble; and we believe every one will own, that the only thing that Mr. Huckel really fails in, is that line of character that requires straight-forward gentlemanly deportment, and what is called level speaking. Miss Chester was upon the stage long before she received any instruction, and then was placed under the best instructor for the stage of the present day, Mr. Chapman; but has Miss Chester any pretensions to first-rate excellence? Our heroine, as we before mentioned, received lessons from Mr. W. C. Macready, a gentleman whose talent is undoubted, but

who is, as undoubtedly, the most confirmed mannerist on the stage. The consequence of his tuition speedily appeared; all the simplicity and nature of Miss KELLY's efforts disappeared, and were supplied by inward drawn breath, broken exclamations, and bad imitations of fervor and emotion: Mr. Macready found his pupil a good actress in what has been termed the tragedy of humble life; he left her a bad actress in first rate parts; and she is now improving in the exact ratio of her forgetfulness of her master's instructions. She has to thank him for his good intentions, certainly, for we understand his attention was entirely gratuitous; but she has to lament, and he should lament it too, that he threw her full five years back in her profession. It is indeed questionable whether she ever recovers the natural tone of her acting, and nothing but the continuity of practice that a provincial theatre can afford her, is ever likely to accomplish so desirable an object.

Let Miss KELLY leave London--go any where, but to Dublin--and we doubt not her speedy improvement.

Miss F. H. KELLY is of the middle size; her features are pleasing; her eyes peculiarly expressive; her voice is beautifully melodious, but wants cultivation, and is deficient in power.

The following lines, coming from so celebrated a pen as Barry Cornwall, are surely deserving of a place here. They were written after seeing our heroine perform *Juliet*.

“ Oh! lovers of Verona, fair and young,
Are ye indeed return'd? What spell sublime---
What effort, like the backward glance of time,
Hath borne thee hither!--Passionate still, and hung
Round with enchantment, like the days of yore,
When joy was one large dream, and life no more.

Hail! ever and for ever, lovers dear,
 Gentle magician, whom the starting tear
 Obeys---as water felt the prophet's rod,
 And music haunted where Apollo trod:---
 First, thou---fine amorist, whose deep talk betrays
 The better wisdom of life's earlier days---
 Stamp'd like the breathing marbles, with an air
 Which sculptors toil to win, and still despair:---
 And thou, oh earth! if still there lies

 Quiet in thy shadowy breast
 Another such, (or in the skies,)
 Gently let her rest.

For with peril arm'd she comes,
 Though no cymbals sound nor drums,
 Yet with love about her spread,
 And by music heralded---

(Tones that sting the heart, and eyes
 Wandering like stars along,
 Passion-bright)---and, oh! such sighs,
 Burthen'd with the soul of song!

How white, and like the cygnet sailing;
 She comes, o'er every breath prevailing,
 As Dian glances on the waves, until
 All is dumb and still:

And as the echoes of the night,
 Are startled by the rich delight
 Of some sweet bird, which shouts from out its sleep,
 So thousands on her charmed voice
 Hang, and when she smiles rejoice,
 And when she weeps they weep.

Oh, Pity! in what gentle hour
 Was this my lady born?

O Love! thy vestal eyes have power
 Beyond the lights of morn;

Dreams she that all the sighs she hears,
 Are uttered from the Italian's tears?

Ah! say that some are breathed for her,
 Thine own immaculate minister."

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

MACKLIN'S SHYLOCK.

Mr. Macklin's performance of *Shylock* drew one of the most crowded and brilliant houses ever witnessed. Before the curtain drew up, not a place was to be had for love or money, so anxious were the amateurs to behold the Jew that Shakespeare drew.

In the beginning of the second act, the Veteran, conscious of his defects, came forward, and, with a solemnity of emphasis perfectly fitted to the occasion, addressed the audience nearly in the following words:—

“*Ladies and Gentlemen,*—Within these very few hours I have been seized with a terror of mind I never in my life felt before;—it has totally destroyed my corporeal, as well as mental faculties. I must, therefore, request your patience this night—a request, which an old man of EIGHTY-NINE years of age may hope is not unreasonable. Should it be granted, you may depend this will be the LAST night, unless my health shall be entirely re-established, of my ever appearing before you in so RIDICULOUS a situation.”

To those who are at all acquainted with the temper of a British audience, we need not observe, that this affecting address from any man—but more especially from a venerable favourite, bending under the weight of indisposition and age, met with the most enthusiastic warmth of reception.

The play went on—and Macklin at times gave the most brilliant proofs, that old *Shylock* had not totally forgotten HIS BOND.

PONT ALAIS—FRENCH ACTOR.

Pont Alais was author, actor, and manager of the *Mysteries* in the fifteenth century. His repartees, and his manner of delivering them, procured him admission into the first families; nay, he had the honour of frequently approaching Louis XII. and Francis I. of France. He was deformed, and one day saluting a cardinal who was the same, he placed himself so as to touch back to back, and exclaimed—"You see, Monseigneur, that, in despite of the proverb, mountains may meet."

Before it was customary to print play-bills, an actor used to accompany a drummer to squares and other public places, make an eulogium on the piece, and invite the public to see it performed. One Sunday morning, Pont Alais had the audacity to cause his drum to be beaten, and a new piece to be announced, in sermon time, in the open place opposite the church of St. Eustache. The curate, seeing the people crowd out of church, left his pulpit, and went up to the actor, asking him who made him daring enough to beat his drum while he was preaching. "And who made you daring enough," replied Pont Alais, "to preach while my drum is beating?" This insolent repartee rendered the curate silent for the moment, but on application to the magistrate, Pont Alais was six months imprisoned.

ROBINSON.

Richard Robinson was the representative of female characters, in the time of Charles I. He served in the king's army, but not possessing that courage which it is probable he often assumed on the stage, or perhaps the feminine ideas he had imbibed in his profession, preponderating over associations of a more manly description, during a severe engagement with the Roundheads, he threw down his arms, and cried for quarter. The plea for mercy was disregarded by the ferocious bigots to whom it was addressed, and one of them, with barbarity

suited to their tenets, immediately shot him through the brain, at the same time exclaiming—"Cursed is he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" The puritanical ruffian was afterwards, on the restoration of Charles II., hung at Charing-cross.

MRS. DAVIS,

Was a celebrated actress in the time of Charles II., who was so enraptured by her style of singing in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of *The Rivals*, that he took her off the stage, and made her his mistress.* He had one daughter by her, Mary Tudor, who was married to Francis Lord Radcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater.

THE PUPPET SHOW.

To such of our readers as delight in the pleasantries of Master Punch, the following article, extracted from *The Drama*, may prove amusing—

"I think it is Lord Chesterfield who defines laughter to be the characteristic of ill-manners; and I have met with very learned reasons why a man should preserve a perpetual gravity of countenance. But, in sober truth, I am inclined to imagine, that laughter is not to be regulated by rule; and that there are some circumstances in every one's life, which, in spite of habitual self-command, will compel him to yield to the temptation.

"Were it possible, indeed, before we expanded our risible muscles, to hesitate whether we should laugh or not, the democratical philosophy would probably have few disciples. The excitements to laughter are often of so trifling a nature, as to shrink from the ordeal of rational inquiry; and the most contemptible causes have often produced the strongest effects. A man of tolerable sense, who would honour a sparkling effusion of wit, with merely a well-bred smile, or, at the very utmost, a plea-

* No very unusual thing, however, with the merry monarch.

sant grin, shall, at some ridiculous nonsense, burst out into a sardonic fit of uncontrollable laughter, and be ashamed the next minute for having made himself a fool. The truth is, that laughter is neither a passion nor a sentiment. It is an *impulse*, which we cannot subdue, and over which reason has no control. The gravest folks have been caught tripping; and I question whether even Quakers have not sometimes laughed as loudly as their less guarded neighbours.

“In minds of habitually serious temperament, the exciting causes must no doubt be stronger, than with those hey-day, careless, lack-brained sons of merriment, whose mouths expand into a grin at the holding up of a finger; but, I repeat, there are circumstances and situations in which the demurest physiognomies would not be proof against the temptation. At all events, I cannot consider laughter a crime. The bright spots of a man's life are few enough, without blotting any out: and since, for a moment of mirth, we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day,—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

“My ‘sunny hours’ have been few enough; yet I have been so vulgar as to laugh, and heartily too; and I hope to have many more causes of merriment, before the time, when (like Yorick) I shall not have a jibe left ‘to mock my own grinning.’ Now I am not very diffident of acknowledging (let the confession detract as it may from my intellectual reputation) that there have been few occasions when I have laughed louder or longer than at *Punch's Puppet Show*. I remember, (spite of maternal remonstrances and predictions of caned shoulders and strapped hands) throwing down my dog's-eared Virgil, sixty of whose harmonious, but to me discordant, lines I was destined to repeat at the morning's lesson, on peril

of corporal punishment, and mental degradation ;—I remember, I say, throwing down the Prince of Poets, starting up from my seat,—all on the *qui vive*, at hearing the grateful, well-known sound of the trumpet, which in sonorous tones of asinine shrillness, summoned a gratuitous audience to this most delightful of exhibitions. I say a gratuitous audience, because the spectator might see it for nothing, if honour would let him slink away without dropping the well-earned mite into the hat of the petitioning Fantoccinist. Yet who could refuse so trifling,—so humble a tribute to genius? Who could shrink from the entreating rim, pressed by the ingenious solicitor against the hearts of his audience, as the most vulnerable part after so touching a display of feeling,—who, I say, could resist the plea with a ‘ Really I have no halfpence,’ when conscience was whispering all the while, as generosity did to Sterne, ‘ You know you have a thousand?’ I recollect that, young as I was, I gladly gave the penny destined to the purchase of nuts and apples, and heartily wished it had been more.

“ Yes, I well remember, that in defiance of all the dreadful anticipations of the morrow ; the awful magisterial frown of the trencher-capped arbiter of my destiny ; and the prophetic visions which would crowd upon my soul on the very threshold of my transgression, like *Macbeth’s* air-drawn dagger, or the perspective rope, supposed to haunt the predestined murderer :—spite of all these awful consequences, when the trumpet has sounded, I have seized my hat, and followed through street, lane, and alley, the itinerant showman. And ah ! what anguish I have felt ! how keen, how bitter has been my disappointment, when (and often has it been the case) after tracing the footsteps of *Punch’s* master till I was tired, I have found it a wild-goose chase, and a mere *ignis fatuus* at last. The man who has forged a cheque, and is detected in the very act of presenting it ;—the thief, who suffers the penalty before he has had time to enjoy the fruits of his crime,—can alone be adduced as parallels ; for I was

doomed to encounter all the consequences of the time I had wasted, all the penalties of neglected lessons, without the satisfaction of reflecting that the temptation to which I had yielded had ended in actual enjoyment.

"But if my *Punch's* chase has sometimes proved fruitless, it has been more than counterbalanced by the many happy hours I have spent in his company; the remembrance of which I always found strong enough to make the dread of the morrow kick the beam. I think I see the Fantoccinist now. He was an Italian; a little thick-set man, with a red, humorous-looking countenance. He had lost one eye, but the other made up for the loss of its fellow by a shrewdness of expression sufficient for both. He always wore an oil-skin hat, and a rough green coat. At his back he carried a deal box, containing the *dramatis personæ* of his little theatre; and in his hand, the trumpet aforesaid, at whose glad summons, hundreds of merry, laughter-loving faces flocked around him, with gaping mouths and anxious looks, all eager to renew their acquaintance with their old friend and favourite, *Punch*. The theatre itself was carried by a tall man, who seemed a sort of sleeping partner in the concern, or mere *dumb waiter* on the other's operations."

(*To be continued*).

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Most important changes are spoken of, as likely to take place in this establishment. Since Mr. Elliston has acted *Falstaff*, the committee imagine, we presume, that he has grown too great for the concern, and a price is offered from another quarter of the globe. All we hope is, that there will be only one general in the field. Protect from a plurality of management! If an example be wanted of how little is accomplished by a combination without a

leader, we refer our readers to the precious planners of the benefit that was to have taken place for the sufferers by the fire at the East London theatre. Had the gentlemen who composed that committee selected one man of common sense, and given him permission to exercise his discretion, £1000 might have been made for the unfortunates. As it is, after spending several days, the business of which was to compliment one another, (if any one can state any thing else they did, we shall feel obliged,) that committee have left the company to shift for themselves.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

It is rumoured that Mr. Harris will resume the management here, vice Mr. Charles Kemble. Now, although we have the greatest respect for Mr. Kemble, both as an actor and a gentleman, yet we must confess, we never wish to see any performer at the head of a theatre, at least whilst he continues in the exercise of his profession. "Nothing explains like comparisons," as *Sancho* says; and we ask, would any man holding a situation, seek for an individual to succeed him? Yet a manager, to do his duty by the public, ought always to be on the watch, to secure the greatest talent the market affords. Now, if a manager is an actor, he will at least avoid bringing out another in his own line, that is likely to surpass him; to say nothing of his objecting frequently to playing pieces in which he is not employed, and casting parts to ladies that, perhaps, he admires more off than on the stage.

"Nature will be nature still;"

and until we can find a man dead to the fascinations of beauty, insensible to the applause of the multitude, and one who turns a deaf ear to the whispers of the flatterer, justice will not reign within the walls of a theatre; but there cannot exist even the semblance of it. When a theatre is under the management of an actor,

"It is not, nor it cannot come to, good."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The *Paul Pry* mania having, in some degree, subsided, we ventured to make one among the good-humoured visitors of this theatre, and felt really a pleasure to sit with persons who have sufficient good sense to enjoy the scene before them. How heartily do we despise that owl-like affectation of wisdom, which some persons assume, and which too frequently checks the natural impulse of their neighbours' feelings.

The performances went off with their accustomed *éclat*. The novelty of the evening was Mr. John Reeves, as *Major Sturgeon*, in *The Mayor of Garratt*. The exploits of that martial hero were admirably described by Mr. Reeves, who has all the requisites for the due personation of that character; and he embodies it with more effect than we ever recollect to have seen produced by any other actor. Mr. W. West was quite at home in *Jerry Sneak*.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews finished his performances for the season, on Thursday, the 1st instant, to (we were sorry to observe) a very indifferent house. We went chiefly to hear Mr. Mathews return his accustomed acknowledgments; and, at the close of his monopolologue, he delivered about half a dozen common-place sentences, in which he repeated one word three times. We certainly give Mr. Mathews credit for the address being *extempore*, but really we expected something more from Mr. Charles Mathews, on such an occasion. Whether the dampness of the night had affected the great mimic's spirits, we know not; but he completely waded through the latter part of his entertainment. We can make every allowance for that feeling of lassitude that evinced itself throughout Mr. Mathews's task on this occasion, when we reflect on the number of nights he had delivered the same jokes; but it was his duty to assume good humour, though he felt it not; and protect his auditors from ennui, with which the whole assemblage seemed infected.



MR. KEELEY,
AS
INNOCENT LAMBSKIN.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT KEELEY,

(Of the Theatre-royal Covent-garden.)

“ My name ’s Tippy Bob.”

* * *
Feyther and mother they used to control
SIXTEEN of us bairns, all red in the pole;
We all were merry and happy as *Punch*,
But I was always the pride of the bunch.

Oh, dear! oh, dear!

I'm a quaver little comical soul!

And if you'll believe me, tho' I think you may see,
I'm the lad with the carrotty pole!---KNIGHT.

MR. ROBERT KEELEY was born at No. 3, Grange-court, Carey-street. He is one of a small family of sixteen brothers and sisters, seven of whom are now living. Whether little BOBBY was intended for the grenadier guards or not, we cannot determine, but his first suit consisted of a scarlet jacket, *a la militaire*, and nankeen trowsers; and “ he was the ladies’ darling.” He was sent to boarding-school, but at the death of his father, his mother apprenticed him to Hansard, the printer, with whom he dragged out an uncomfortable existence for about three years. At length, oh, lucky crisis! he obtained permission to sing Davy’s song, *The Bay of Biscay*, O! at the Surrey, on a benefit, paying the usual penalty of taking a quantity of tickets, to give to aunts, cousins, &c. &c.

As to his success as a vocalist, at this period, we cannot speak very favourably. He commenced, after a rapturous reception—stuck—looked wildly round, like *Octavian*—re-commenced—and ultimately ran off, leaving the orchestra to finish the rest with lengthened symphonies. After this he commenced printing, in a friendly way, with Oxberry, who endeavoured to induce him to relinquish his theatrical notions; but BOB felt he must retrieve the “wreck of his lost honour.” And although he had explained fifty times to every one, he knew how it was that he failed in the song, yet the sages would argue, that he was not at all calculated for the stage—he did not look like an actor. And, certainly, if there be such a thing as looking like an actor, he was, and is, the very reverse of the picture fancy could create: his voice was singularly weak, his figure singularly small, his memory singularly bad, and his love of pleasure singularly great.

We have carried on this memoir rather irregularly, inasmuch as we have omitted the date of our hero's birth; but the fact is, that though we can remember seeing Master ROBERT clad as aforesaid, in martial trim, trundling his hoop up and down Grange-court, we being then occupiers of an adjacent garret, yet we cannot tax our memories as to the fact of the year of his birth. He was always a little one; and looked, for years, so much like a child, that we cannot remember when he was a baby. Was it 1793, or 1794, or 1795? It was one of the three years, however; and as either period places our hero over the sober bounds of thirty, we shall leave the important question undecided.

We left Master ROBERT in the printing-office of Oxberry, where he did not long remain; for, in the summer of 1813, he went forth to the *Harp*, shook Mr. Sims by the hand, placed seven shillings into the “*manus*” that

he squeezed, and was enrolled as one of the Richmond corps; and to Richmond he accordingly went. This beautiful spot is a favourite starting-post for the sons of Thespis, which the beauty of its walks, and its contiguity to the metropolis, may account for; as it is easy for the repentant or repulsed performer to return to the hospitable shelter of a parental roof; or, at all events, to pay a weekly visit to a larder, better filled than that of a country comedian's can be. These thoughts weighed with KEELEY; and, in addition to such imaginings, he knew the distance was a convenient one for a friendly dramatic star to come down by the coach, and shed his beams on a benefit, brightening the theatre and the prospects of the actor together. Master ROBERT, all things taken into consideration, acted wisely, if he *acted* not well; and of his acting, we have heard it said, that though he exercised it so near the Thames, there were no apprehensions of his setting it a-fire.

MR. KEELEY was now fairly launched into the ocean of the drama, and went through all the privations attendant upon itinerancy. He was successively under the banners of Brunton and Elliston, and was a favourite at Lynn in 1817. By what train of circumstances we are unable to record, but in consequence of *circumstances*, Mr. KEELEY joined Mr. Beverley, at the West London, and there, for two seasons, he divided the low comedy with Mr. Henry Beverley, an actor who, with many things to forget, possesses more genuine humour than half the comedians of our national theatres. From thence he was again upon the country; but not to detain our readers with stories of starvation, let us turn to the Olympic, when, at the period of the production of *Gionanni in London*, (long before that fatal fascination, Madame Vestris, set the town in a fer-

ment, by her blue surtout,) Mr. KEELEY made his bow to the Londoners, we think. KEELEY was the original *Leperello*; but be that as it may, he there played several low comedy parts, in a manner that ensured his favouritism with the public, and his estimation by the manager. Perhaps a man of nicer discrimination, with regard to histrionic talent, than Elliston, does not exist. He accurately extracts the gold from the dross, and, when he pleases, puts forth the respective talents of a whole company, in the very way in which each individual is calculated to shine the brightest. He may be said to so arrange his "bouquet" of dramatic talent, that, like the feathers in an Indian's crown, every one reflects its own brightness on its neighbour. Mr. Elliston appreciated KEELEY's talent, though we cannot say he rewarded it.

When Elliston opened Drury, (Oct. 1819,) Mr. KEELEY was engaged—but, alas! no opportunities were afforded him—he was the two-line man of the theatre—and he and M'Keon, who had been lording it as first singer and first comedian at the Olympic, became dummies at Drury. Mr. KEELEY, however, was content to endure; and chance, that ambiguous awarder of fortune, that foe to riches, that friend of poverty, sent J. P. Harley to Liverpool as a star, and left little Knight as his substitute in *Leperello*. And what of that? say our readers. Why, gentle friends, have you not heard that Knight, that inimitable *Blossom*, was querulous and fanciful? Well, Knight was (or fancied he was) ill, and the run of that interesting and classical production, *Giovanni in London*, stood a chance of suspension; but Mr. Elliston, who did not engage our hero for nothing, (we speak in allusion to his talents, not his salary, for in that sense we fear the remark would

• KEELEY, who was ready at an instant's warning, and who played *Leperello*, at Drury, so much to the satisfaction of the town and the manager, that the next morning the following notice was appended to his name:—" *Leperello, Mr. KEELEY, whose performance of this character, last night, was received with unmingled approbation.*"

• We had forgotten to mention, that in this piece Mr. KEELEY had played the little part of the *Tailor* in a style of excellence, that those who have since witnessed his *Rumfit* can best judge of. Mr. KEELEY, however, reaped nothing but fame from his exertions in *Leperello*; and Knight's convalescence and Harley's return sent him back to his obscurity.

In 1821, Mr. KEELEY made his appearance at the Adelphi, in a part called *Dash*, that was by no means calculated for his powers; but in that memorable season was produced the never-to-be-forgotten *Tom and Jerry—Green* by our hero. The run of the piece is in every one's recollection; and it may be fairly said that *Green*, notwithstanding its brevity, became, in Mr. KEELEY's hands, of as much importance as either *Tom*, *Logic*, or *Jerry*. At the close of this season Mr. KEELEY went to Sadler's Wells, and refused to rejoin the standing army at the Adelphi, for which he was threatened with an action by Messrs. Rodwell and Jones; but which threat, for manifold reasons, was never put into execution.

At Sadler's Wells, Mr. KEELEY, amidst a diversity of parts, performed *Jerry*, in Pierce Egan's own version of the successful volume; and this performance attracted the notice of the Covent-garden management. From, as we have heard, the representation of Egerton, then manager of Sadler's Wells, Mr. C. Kemble witnessed Mr. KEELEY's exertions, and the consequence was, a message

from the upper to the lower house, for the member of the latter to wait upon their lordships of Covent-garden. A summons like this our hero was not slow in complying with, as may be readily imagined. He was immediately engaged, though he did not immediately appear, but “served out his time” at Sadler’s Wells, and then remained awhile aloof, as he is reported to have said, “to let the people get the taste of the minor theatres out of their mouths.”

His engagement, however, was no secret. Mr. KEELEY let the intoxication of good fortune run away with him; and babbled eternally; and, not to recal many unpleasant facts of this period to his recollection, we would whisper to him, that he should not have asked, in a tone of insulting irony, a brother-performer, whether “he was sent for to Covent-garden?” in a public room.

On the 26th October, 1822, Mr. KEELEY appeared as *Darby*, under circumstances peculiarly auspicious; for *Douglas* had been the play, and Mason had been the hero. The farce came like a relief in distress to the auditors, and was hailed accordingly. Mr. KEELEY’s next part was one of no great importance, in the opera called *Maid Marian*—he then played *Hodge*, to Larkin’s *Young Meadows*—two decided failures. But ere this injurious “taste of his quality” had time to rankle in the public mind, that prop of mannerists, R. B. Peake, brought forward his inimitable farce of *The Duel*. The *London Magazine* has done justice to actor and author in these words:—

“No one understands the stage, or what is technically called situation, so well as Mr. Peake.

“He shuffles Farren, Jones, Connor, KEELEY, (a most amazing minor!) and Blanchard, together, with admirable sleight of hand, and turns them all up—trumps.

“ He measures KEELEY for such a suit of clothes as no dramatic habit-maker ever before fitted him with. KEELEY, in *The Tailor*, was the sublimity of impoverished manhood—the true ninth part of a man.”

Thus established in public favour, Mr. KEELEY had nothing to do but to float down with the tide of favour; which he did with peculiar complacency.

At the close of Covent-garden season, he went to the English opera-house, where Mr. Peake had prepared the character of *Fritz*, in *Frankenstein*, expressly for him, and where, subsequently, he performed the part of the *Gardener*, in *The Frozen Lake*, written with a view to his peculiar style, by Professor Planché. We say professor, because he is a getter-up, not a writer, of pieces.

Besides characters in farces that have come to an untimely end, Mr. KEELEY has had parts written for him in *Twos I*, *Jonathan in England*, and another farce of Peake's, the name of which we have forgotten.

The gentleman whose station we now occupy, and who possessed an extensive knowledge of the British stage, and of many of the artists of Italy, Germany, and France, has often observed to us, that mannerism was peculiar to our English comedians, and that the Germans and the French boasted of many actors who did not perpetually repeat themselves—that Potier (commonly called the Parisian Liston) had the mutability of Mathews, with the drollery of Liston. Unacquainted as we are with the artists of any country but our own, save by the smattering we gather by an occasional peep at the Italian opera-house, we yet see enough to convince us that mannerism, if not a peculiarity, is at least a general feature of our comic talent. Harley, Knight, Farren, Munden, Fawcett, and Wilkinson, are all inveterate mannerists; and we might name greater

creatures, who are infested with the same failing. Is not Kean a mannerist? and Downton and Macready? Assuredly so. And herein lies the secret of the success attending imitations of popular actors. Each actor is so perpetually the same, that a mimic, hitting any of the common points of his style, will assuredly succeed. Why do not imitators attempt to represent Wallack or C. Kemble? Because these gentlemen are not mannerists, or at least not to such an extent, that a person having only casually seen them, could recognise any peculiar method of acting.

We were led into the foregoing digression, by a recollection of our hero, who is the most decided mannerist upon the stage. However he may multiply his characters, vary his dresses, his wigs, or his words, it is ROBERT KEELEY, and nothing else.

We shall pass over this glaring fault, as it would appear to be peculiar to the air we breathe, nor involve our hero in a censure that also attaches to Liston and to Blanchard, and that did attach to Edwin, and Suett, and Quick, and (we speak traditionally) to Parsons, and proceed to estimate his talent, as it has displayed itself in his various dramatic assumptions.

In the first place, it must be remembered, that all Mr. KEELEY's celebrated assumptions have been written expressly for him, fitted to his failings. Firstly, *Rumfit*—a more finished picture of inanity could not be conceived—but is his *Rumfit* likely to have been tailor to *Augustus Buoyant*, and to have given credit to the amount of £800? No. Mr. KEELEY brought his tailor from a garret in the Minories—not from a shop in Bond-street. If we could reconcile this incongruity, Mr. KEELEY's performance

must say he has produced an imbecile vulgar dog, instead of a would-be fashionable puppy.

In *Fritz* (could we believe a Swiss peasant to be such a victim to nerves) he is excellent, but he is not comic; the creature he creates, shocks us; and we feel too much for the degradation of human nature, to be amused.

In *The Frozen Lake* he is certainly inimitable; and we cannot call to mind any scene more irresistibly ludicrous, than that one in which he attempts to tell his tale to the *Duke*. Pusillanimous fear never had so excellent a representative. The tone he gives to the equivocation—

“No, no---not a woman---a female---”

must be heard to be appreciated.

His *Natty Larkspur*, (*Jonathan in England*,) is the very same part in another dress; and we recollect, with admiration, his enunciation of—

“He has got some money, though, however;”

and his reply to his brother's information of the “place where they put the victuals”—

“I found that out long ago;”

but we must remark of this performance, as of his *Fritz*, that it is a painful one; and Mr. KEELEY may recollect, perhaps, getting hissed in his song, where he carried his acting to the verge of the horrible. It is bad taste thus to expose the wants of mankind, as food for laughter; and that which extracts a sigh from the sensitive, and smiles only from the brutal and depraved, may be good acting, but it is not comedy, and it is not in good taste.

We may conclude our summary with a fact obvious enough to us now, but which certainly never struck us until noted by the acuteness of our predecessor. Mr.

KEELEY's style of acting is borrowed entirely from one performance—that of Mr. Samuel Russell, in *Jerry Sneak*. And any person who will take the trouble to compare their recollections of that gentleman with the efforts of Mr. KEELEY, will find that, in manner and in tone, KEELEY has completely followed the track of the Brighton manager.

As the personator of parts written for him, Mr. KEELEY is very entertaining: as an actor under less advantageous circumstances, or, in fact, as an actor at all, fitting himself to characters, instead of having characters fitted to himself, Mr. KEELEY is not of second-rate importance. We presume the warmest of this gentleman's admirers would tremble at a Shakesperian assumption by him; and we should dread extremely any attempts of his upon Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher. We saw him in *Verges*, one of the few caricatures to be found in the writings of the immortal bard; and that attempt was not discreditable; but then the part is itself no criterion of power to execute the real conceptions of the Swan of Avon. What would become of KEELEY in *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, or the *Clown*, (*All's Well that Ends Well*)—time will shew.

Our hero, in farces, (to which his efforts are usually confined) deserves the title of an entertaining actor, and we presume he aspires no higher:

In private life, Mr. KEELEY is a *bon vivant*—a votary to Bacchus and Venus; and many tales of love are recorded of him; but as we abjure these sort of relations, we close our common-place book, and consign the fate of divers frail fair ones to oblivion.

Mr. KEELEY is, we apprehend, the smallest man on the stage, his height being about five feet two inches; his hair

is red ; his complexion florid, and his countenance handsome, though inexpressive ; he has generally an appearance of lameness, occasioned by gout and rheumatism, to which all his family are, we believe, peculiarly subjected ; he is a single man,—that is to say, he has no regular wife.

Mr. KEELEY's conversational talents are of no very entertaining nature ; he sings pleasingly, though his voice is totally destitute of power.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

THE PUPPET SHOW.*(Continued from page 142.)*

“Whether this favourite of my juvenile days is still living, I know not. It is many years since I last saw him, or heard the cheering sound of his brazen trumpet; and I began to think that *Punch’s* glories had shared the fate of all terrestrial things, and had faded away for ever. But how shall I describe my astonishment, and (shall I confess it?) my delight, a few days ago, casting my eyes up the long perspective of Blackfriars’ Road, I distinctly discerned the well-known theatre, borne on the shoulders of a man, and attended by a numerous troop of followers, young and old. I had been vain enough to imagine, that with increase of years, I had gained increase of wisdom; but I had flattered myself egregiously. Hear my confession. No sooner did I catch a distant glimpse of *Punch’s* glory, than all the recollections of youthful delight rushed into my mind. I mended my pace, and overtook the itinerant, just as he had set down his burden on a convenient spot for exhibition. I looked in his face, — it was not my old acquaintance; but a stout comely-looking young fellow, who, having on a smock frock and a dog’s hair hat, had the appearance of a rustic, and seemed of all people in the world, the least worthy to tread in the shoes of his great prototype, the inimitable Italian. However, though with this drawback on the enjoyment of the treat, and with the prepossession that it would be a sorry sort of affair, after what I had seen some twenty years ago, I took my stand, and with more

liberality than usually falls to the share of a dramatic critic, I must confess that I found Master *Punch* every whit as merry a gentleman as when I had last the pleasure of falling into his company.

“Nor was I the only ‘child of a larger growth,’ who was tempted to witness the exhibition. Young and old flocked round *Punchinello*’s standard, and mingled *en masse*, without distinction of rank, all animated by the same sentiment of joyous expectation. I had the curiosity, during the performance, to look round upon the motley group. There was not a face but smiled; and many burst out into shouts of uproarious laughter. It was curious to remark the risible gradations. ‘Eh! help us!’ said an old woman, ‘that folks should laugh at such nonsense!’ And her mouth was expanded to a full semi-circular grin. Those of the throng, who appeared least burthened with this world’s goods, seemed the most vociferous in their sympathy. A few decently dressed personages, who formed the outskirts of the crowd, appeared less boisterous in their mirth: but in any other company they would have laughed outright, as was manifest from the frequent applications of their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and the audible, though half-stifled, titterings, and tears of pleasure, which proved how arduous was the struggle between nature and good-breeding. Two or three of a superior class kept at a still farther distance, and only stole furtive glances at *Punchinello*: as if they would have it understood, that they had merely stopped by accident,—or were waiting for some person, —or were looking at something else; yet even these betrayed the truth, by their awkward attempts to conceal their risibility. One or two coarse jests and miserable puns produced thunders of applause; they could not have been better received within the walls of Drury; and the last scene, where *Punch* tricks the hangman, by getting his neck into the halter, instead of his own, ‘was received (as Elliston would say) with loud and reiterated bursts of laughter and applause, from all parts of a crowded and brilliant’—mobility!

"I cannot help thinking there is a great resemblance between the character of *Punch* and that of *Falstaff*.

"*Falstaff* has scarcely a virtue (strictly so called) in the whole of his composition. He robs on the highway, cheats his hostess, slanders his prince, and abuses his office. He is a drunkard, a glutton, a thief, a liar, and a coward. Yet, with all these drawbacks, we love the rogue; and such is the magic of his humour, we forgive all his faults, and would forgive them, were they ten times more numerous. *Punch* is a scion of the same stock, but with still darker shades in his character. He intrigues, beats his wife, and kills his child. The scoundrel has no conscience: for his ill-deeds never disturb the jollity of his humour; and his grief, when he expects to be hanged, has so little of penitence in it, that it is the mere compunction of detected guilt anticipating its punishment. Yet who does not feel rejoiced at his outwitting the hangman? Who could wish so merry a fellow the fate he deserves; or help exclaiming with the poet:—'Oh! *Punch*! with all thy faults I love thee still?'

"In conclusion, I advise nervous folks, by all means, to see *Punch*'s puppet show: it is a finer specific for the blue devils than vegetable syrup, nervous cordial, or steel pills. Ennui and vapours shrink from its potent influence, and it would transform the veriest hypochondriac into another Democritus."

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

"The following extract of a letter from Mr. Raymond, in answer to Mr. Moore, on the management of Drury-lane theatre, will, we think, prove interesting to our readers.

"I now proceed to answer what appears to be the most particular part of your letter—namely, *orders*. I am sorry that, for the first time, we differ very widely in our opinion on this subject.

"It has been my good fortune, during my summer

attendance and duty at the theatre, to have had your full and friendly concurrence in every thing I suggested for the improvement, credit, and character of the theatre; and however we may differ on one point, I trust it will not disturb any good opinion you may entertain of my zeal, nor change the belief you have in my promptitude, to labour assiduously for the interest and prosperity of the establishment; and I shall proceed with the same undisguised freedom I have hitherto assumed on other material matters of discussion, where you have yielded to what you have liberally termed my more experienced judgment in theatrical affairs. ●

“ During the many conversations I had with Mr. Lamb, on the subject of my undertaking the management, and when I acceded to his request, I never varied from my determination on this score—which was, to have a discretionary power of writing orders, and to be responsible to the committee for the exercise of that power. This was acceded to: I claim it as my agreement, and you will find it recorded in the last minutes of a full committee, in the very words I have now made use of, when I entered upon my official duty. How, then, my dear sir, am I to consider your order at the present moment, to abstain from writing any, after exercising the power voted to me, for the space of six weeks, during which time you have almost been a daily visitor at the theatre, without stating one objection to the former resolution of the committee? Can I consider this order, issued during your very short absence from town, in any other light than in that of a direct accusation of my conduct, in the abuse of the power with which I have been invested? I am certain you do not intend to convey such a meaning, yet your order will bear me out in considering it in this point of view. I am aware you have an opposite feeling to that which is to render your manager a mere automaton—without power or privilege—without consequence or respect—without the power to control or to regulate others—for this would be the case, (having exercised an authorised privilege,) were your order to be enforced.

What I have done in this respect, I will justify before the fullest committee that can be assembled, as a sound policy, and prove, upon the responsibility I am pledged to, to their satisfaction, that the exercise of any privilege in this respect has been in every circumstance highly beneficial, not detrimental, to the theatre. Having stated thus much in vindication of my own conduct, in the exercise of that which I consider as a right by agreement, (and were it debarred me, I could not for a moment hesitate in the course I ought to pursue,) as well as to uphold the necessary consequence and authority of a manager, which I should conceive you ought rather to increase than diminish; I will join my opinion with yours thus far—were both theatres to embrace one mode, and be honourably scrupulous not to deviate from a positive reciprocal law, binding each other by a penalty—then, I say—with the grace of God—*banish all orders and all privileges*; but until that shall be done, it would be folly—nay, ruin—to attempt it.

“The arguments you have made use of are theoretically right, but practically wrong. The government of theatres has been too long established on its present system, to enter, in times like these, and under depressed circumstances, on speculative plans; and he who is daring enough to aim at reform in this particular, may chance to lose his fortune with his wisdom, and retain only the reflection, that he has paid dearly for the weakness of his nature and the boldness of his attempt. - History will bear me out in this conjecture, and the experience and lives of the greatest professors of the histrionic art will prove, that during two hundred years, the same evil we complain of has existed—the same means have been pursued to counteract it, and the same policy, after fruitless endeavours, has again been resorted to—fictitious means—to preserve appearance and secure character: it is an evil, but a necessary one, and as it cannot, but by a joint observance, be remedied, do not let us singly suffer by the attempt.”

(*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN OF THE DRAMA.

HAVING lately visited Sadler's Wells and the Amphitheatre, near Westminster-bridge, we purposed looking into the Surrey in the course of the week; but "how foolish are the great resolves of man!" The evening was selected, as we were walking along the Blackfriars-road, one of Sir Robert Wilson's committee espied us from a window, and all attempts to pursue our play-going design were fruitless. Still, however, we remembered we could perform our duty to the public—we recollected the promise made in the preface to the first volume of this work—"The child of Thespis will be tracked in his WANDERINGS, and the steps that led from the barn to the boards faithfully delineated," &c. &c.—Therefore, at half-past eleven, we set forth for Johnson's and Honeyman's, the houses on each side the Surrey theatre, (they are both devoted to the selling of hot and rebellious liquors,) to observe the wanderers dropping in, to recruit exhausted nature. The first object that attracted our attention, was that wreck of mortality, poor H——, a man of genius and an excellent actor, who, from a love of intoxication, has reduced himself (although a young man) to a state of pauperism. Next him, three or four persons, striving, with all their might, to destroy themselves in the same way. It is said, "Example does more than precept"—so it would seem. We observed T—B——, in a corner—he appeared to have just entrapped a listener, and was quite in his glory.* One of the principal performers of the Coburg was also standing at the bar, where, we are informed, he, with many others, have spent their evenings for years.

We next turned our attention to P——, (in our opinion the best clown on the stage;) and to his credit be it

* It is common for B----- to commence one of his little anecdotes at nine o'clock, and make it last until one the next morning. The only chance his victim has of rest, is by handing him some grog; and this only serves to refresh his spirits, and he renews the story with increased vigour.

spoker- that he is a very sober man; his pursuits are not of an intellectual nature, at least as far as regards his business on the stage. And, assuredly, if any persons have an excuse for indulging at the shrine of Bacchus, it is those who are engaged in pantomime: the exertions they are compelled to make, require that they should resort to the use of stimulants. P—— has an infinitude of humour: he had been voting for Polhill, one of the candidates for the Borough; and although his speeches in favour of Mr. Polhill were not delivered from the hustings, nor in the lofty style adopted by the barkers on those occasions, yet there was more sound reasoning and ingenuity about them than many of the parliamentary candidates we have heard. Whilst surveying the emaciated countenances of the dramatic group, in hobbled a non-descript, in male attire, lame of one leg, with one of Nature's commonest finished faces, and lank locks to correspond. *It* was accompanied by a lady, who, we presume, from her appearance and manners, could have been no other than one of the members of the cinder-heap that lately stood at the end of Gray's-inn-lane. Reader, judge our astonishment, upon hearing that this couple was Monsieur and Mademoiselle G——.

To describe the vulgarity and ignorance of this pair would be impossible. Monsieur G——, some months back, exhibited in public-houses. He is now in the receipt of a good salary, and appears very careful of the proceeds of his exertions. It is but fairness to add, that his performances are really wonderful.

We could not look at this conglomeration of genius, talent, and humour, with all its alloy of dissipation and vulgarity, without feeling a sincere regret both for manager and performer. How completely is the respectability of a theatre compromised by such scenes, and how wholly unworthy is it of men holding a respectable rank in a theatre, to subject themselves to be recognised as the companions of a mender of saucepans, and even drinking out of the same vessel with a superannuated barber!



Engraved by J. Roget's from an Original Drawing.

MRS BUNN.
AS
ELVIRA.

London Published June 24, 1828, by C. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MRS. BUNN,
(OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.)

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the *days that are over*;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time,
For the *long-faded glories* they cover.---MOORE.

Love for any profession is almost sufficient to ensure a respectable rank in it, unless Nature has erected some insuperable barriers to the attainment of our object; for we certainly do not intend to argue that desire, however inordinate, could make a blind man an optician, or a lame one a dancing-master. A person, whose face and figure are tolerable, and whose voice has no absolute defect, may reckon upon attaining the rank of respectability in a theatre, with as much right as any one on earth might expect to become, by labour, a tolerable shoemaker, or a decent tailor; but it unfortunately happens, that though the acquisition of the art, thus far, is in every one's power, the field for the display of that art is not. In one word, to come to London, an actor must have extraordinary talent, extraordinary luck, or extraordinary interest. Here, then, exists the difference between acting and almost every other trade; for, depending as it does upon

conjunction, if any of the established stock companies will not receive the candidate as a member, he must starve; for he cannot, like a butcher or a baker, set up a shop for himself. This may appear a very vulgar view of the question, but, if we are not mistaken, it is a very just one; and it is matter of much regret, that there is no committee of taste to which the claims of dramatic candidates can be submitted; so that talent should be encouraged, and not doomed to abandon the field of exertion, or perish in obscurity. How many persons of more than respectable talent have been driven from the stage by the difficulties of approach! How many have drank themselves to death, the victims of disappointment! The truth of the state of our London theatres is, that all the performers, knowing the difficulty they themselves experienced, are anxious to keep their country brethren *out*; and the contention for *places* is as great as in the great theatre of existence. Kean made fruitless applications for years—he was not even answered by the managers. Cooke was also thus neglected. And of men crushed by managers, we could adduce an hundred instances; one, however, will answer our immediate purpose. Our readers may recollect a Mr. Parry appearing at Drury-lane theatre, as *Lubin Log*, and appearing successfully; now we would ask Mr. Winston, whether it was not distinctly promised, that that gentleman should be engaged, if he was favourably received? He appeared, *was* favourably received, and they refused to engage him, and that too after inveigling him from the other house. We have seen Mr. Parry act, and we ask the managers of Drury, whether he is not as good an actor as (not to say a better than) any one ever engaged at either house as a substitute for Liston? Well, say our readers, if so, Drury would have retained him—it would

have been their interest to do so. Gentle reader, you know little of managerial policy. They did not want the expense of Parry as an ally, though they feared him as an enemy—they wanted him not themselves, but they wished to spoil him for the other house; they, therefore, suffered him to appear, and then totally withdrew his name from their bills, that *their* silence might convey the imputation of *his* failure. This is a fact; and let Elliston, Winston, and Dunn, refute it if they can. We know nothing of Mr. Parry—we think him a good actor—and, we understand, disgusted at this usage, he has relinquished all thoughts of the stage. For himself, this may be a happy resolution, as he will avoid all the tumults of that unhappy and disgraced profession—but how is it with the public? Are their amusements to be thus made the instrument of managerial cabal? Are their pleasures to be thus subverted by marketers? They are, unless that public makes a speedy and a positive effort. Mr. Pelby's case is another instance of outrage upon the will of the public. *They* (whether wisely or not is no matter) called for the actor to receive their plaudits, after his performance, thereby tacitly but strongly expressing their desire of seeing him again. That opportunity was afforded the public by accident, and after much contention and opposition on the part of these managers. Again, the public repeated their compliment, and yet Mr. Pelby is not suffered to play any more—actually not allowed his stand in the dramatic market-place, where all talent should have their equal chance of exposure and sale. If this be not tyranny and oppression, then those words convey a meaning that is beyond our comprehension.

Our heroine was only for a limited period the victim of this sort of tyranny, and it was exercised in her case more

from ignorance than wilfulness—in one word, by a mistaken amateur, instead of a cold-blooded manager. We have shot our arrow rather out of place, and have now to recover our breath, to relate the story of our heroine, who is the eldest daughter of a Mr. John Somerville, a biscuit-baker, in Mary-le-bone. Mr. Somerville is a native of Scotland, and was a resident at Lanark at the time his infant daughter, MARGARET AGNES, was ushered into life, (26th October, 1799.) We know not whether our readers are aware of the fact, but fact it is, that the juvenile inhabitants of the Land o' Cakes are peculiarly theatrical; and though the Scotch themselves are no encouragers of public players, it is astonishing to remark the number of stage-struck youths in Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c. The mania was at Lanark, and (whisper it not in a certain drawing-room!) a hayloft was the arena for display chosen by the juvenile friends of Miss MARGARET AGNES SOMERVILLE. *Cato* was the play, and *Marcia* was her character; which, making allowance for rather a broad dialect, she is said to have sustained excellently well. She was then in her eleventh year.

Miss SOMERVILLE's growth was precocious: her intellects were considered so: and when only sixteen, she was introduced to the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, then one of the sub-committee of Drury-lane. Miss SOMERVILLE rehearsed some scenes from *Belvidera*. Mr. Kinnaird "thought" (that is, presuming he gave himself the trouble to think about it at all) "she would not do." One word on these sort of hearings. A performer is introduced into a room, with no advantages; the cues are omitted, or read listlessly to him or her; and yet it is expected that that performer shall produce as much effect as he or she could, aided by dresses and scenery, and under the excite-

ment of applauding auditors, and with the assistance of fellow-performers. The expectation is too monstrous to need one word in exposure of its utter absurdity. Well, Mr. Kinnaird thought she would not do, and Mr. John Kemble "thought she would not do;" and yet, six months after that, she appeared, and "did do;" and thereby proved that Mr. Kinnaird knew nothing about the matter, and John Kemble just as much. Mr. Kinnaird, as an amateur manager, we excuse, but John Kemble must have known that the ordeal by which he tried the talents of Miss SOMERVILLE, was not a just one, and his conduct, therefore, was the more reprehensible; but his errors, whether of judgment or otherwise, are now irremediable; let us, therefore, consign the reflection of them to oblivion.

Miss SOMERVILLE and Miss SOMERVILLE's friends were dissatisfied with the verdicts of these two luminaries; and Mr. Hayter, who had originally introduced our heroine to Kinnaird, once more conducted her to that gentleman; and, accordingly, in April, 1816, this young victim to managerial dulness again went through her scenes from *Venice Preserved*. On this occasion, Lord Byron, as a member of the committee, chanced to be in the pit of the theatre; and as soon as Miss SOMERVILLE had rehearsed the second act of the play, his lordship united his opinion with that of Mr. Kinnaird, in pronouncing it a most promising performance. It was therefore immediately determined to bring her out on the stage. The plain English of which is, that the moment a man of genius saw her, he discovered her talent; and the moment he delivered his opinion, Mr. Kinnaird coincided with him.

In a few days afterwards, Mr. Kean suggested the immediate production of a new tragedy, then in the theatre, for

the express purpose of introducing her to the public, it accordingly took place; and a few days afterwards, (9th May, 1816,) this lady made her first appearance on any stage, at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, in the character of *Imogene*, in the tragedy of *Bertram*. The success, the unprecedented, brilliant, and decisive success, that marked her appearance, will be fresh in the remembrance of our readers.

Bertram was performed twenty-two nights during the remainder of this season, and four nights the season that followed. This lady's success induced the management to offer her an engagement for three years, on very advantageous terms, commencing from the following season, (1816, 1817;) and they made her a liberal present for the performance of *Imogene*. The public were led to expect that Miss SOMERVILLE's success in *Bertram* would have induced the management, at all risks, to have brought her forward in the leading characters of tragedy. In the early part of the ensuing season she re-appeared, with increasing effect, in the tragedy of *Bertram*; and a long list of characters was immediately sent her to prepare herself in, to represent conjointly with Mr. Kean. Several of these she actually rehearsed in September and October; after which she was suddenly withdrawn from public notice, unexpectedly and imprudently, without ever appearing in any of them. Miss SOMERVILLE was seen no more at Drury-lane, until Mr. Kean's absence from town in the winter, when she appeared in the part of *Alicia*, in *Jane Shore*.

The statement we have just made, has been before known to the public; but the why and the wherefore are left to us to disclose. Will it be believed that Edmund Kean had the effrontery and injustice to declare, that he

would not perform with our heroine, except in *Bertram*, as she "was too big for him." How a man, who we know to be possessed of generous and ardent feelings, could reconcile it to his feelings, thus to injure a young and talented creature, to whom he at first had extended some instructions, and of whose talent he had spoken in the highest terms of commendation, we know not: such, however, was his conduct.

Mr. Kean modified his determination, and Miss SOMERVILLE performed *Imoinda*, and also appeared in the tragedy of *Manuel*;^{*} but first-rate parts were denied her, and she was consequently driven into obscurity.

At the close of the season, Miss SOMERVILLE went to Bath for a few nights; from thence to Cheltenham; and then to Birmingham, where she made a considerable stay, and became a prodigious favourite. Though she had only played thrice at Bath, the impression she made was so extraordinary, that Mr. Dimond made her an offer for two months. This she at first refused, but subsequently obtaining leave of absence from Drury-lane theatre, she went to Bath, where she remained ten weeks, playing all the principal business with Conway, who, it is presumed, being of uncommon altitude, did not find our heroine "too big for him."

The most remarkable feature in her Bath engagement, was the production of Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*, which took place towards the close of her arrangements in Bath. The circumstances that attended this tragedy are peculiar. It was originally offered to Covent-garden theatre, and refused; after which it was printed, and went into a second edition, and Mr. Dibdin, of the Surrey

* See some remarks on Kean's conduct, *Life of Rae*, No. 61.

theatre, *Ciclo-dramatised* it. Miss SOMERVILLE had, we are led to understand, long read the work with delight, and suggested the play to Mr. Dimond, who immediately entered into her ideas. They accordingly cut the book, and arrangements were made for its production, which took place on Tuesday, the 6th of January, 1818. The house was crowded with literary characters, numbers of Oxford collegians, drawn thither to see Mr. Milman's work, who is a Fellow of Brazen Nose, and with a great show of rank and fashion. It was repeated twice to, literally speaking, overflowing houses. The literary, the gay, the great, the middling, and the lower order of society, equally thronged the theatre on the occasion; and it created throughout the city of Bath a very strong sensation. On her return to London, it was suggested to the committee of Drury-lane theatre to bring forth this tragedy, on her account. This advice proved fruitless: the committee had, as usual, no power in the theatre; and the consequence was, that it was produced at Covent-garden theatre (where it had been previously refused) with great success.

The committee had now gone too far. They had reached a point beyond which endurance on her part would have ceased to have been a virtue. Justly indignant, Miss SOMERVILLE requested the management to surrender her articles, which request they, in their subserviency to the little hero of their theatre, willingly acceded to. An offer at Covent-garden theatre was immediately made, and Miss SOMERVILLE would have instantly crossed the vortex of Russell and Bow Streets, but that Miss O'Neill was in possession of the part in which our heroine desired to open. Baffled in this expectation, she went for some months into the country; and returning in October, 1818,

appeared as *Bianca*. Notwithstanding the recollection of Miss O'Neill's excellence in this part, (and she had the advantage of being the original *Bianca* in the metropolis,) our heroine made a decided hit, and, on the 9th of November following, appeared, in conjunction with the star of Hibernia, as *Alicia* to her *Jane Shore*. All this was a proud source of triumph to her friends, one of whom ventured to predict as follows. The extract is of some length, but though containing an overcharged picture, it is worthy of preservation.

“ Miss SOMERVILLE's appearance on the stage will furnish the records of the drama with a singular and memorable instance of the efforts and assiduity of a very rare genius. Her *début* is the only one, on recollection, that has substantiated a claim to high ability, from making a first appearance in London—unknown—unskilled—inexperienced. It is great as it is singular; it is the effort of unconquerable powers of mind—of rare and astonishing capacity—with the assistance of the fullest bounty of nature. The situation to which her abilities have at length exalted her, is the highest and proudest station of literary ambition; and the means by which she has attained it most praiseworthy and honourable. This lady, as the only tragic heroine born in Scotland, is risen, as it appears, to redeem the histrionic character of her country's stage. Mrs. Siddons has represented the English, Miss O'Neill the Irish, and Miss SOMERVILLE now comes forth the Melpomene of the Caledonian stage. It must be gratifying to the public, and a peculiar pride to her country at large, to see so young an aspirant already crowned with the highest honours of her profession; and, from a reflection on the singular ordeal through which this lady has so rapidly passed, in her short theatrical career, we

may draw the favourable inference, that there are many other gems of talent still reposing in the shade; for, on referring to her age, where we find that she has only just reached her nineteenth year, it is natural to suppose that her after years will consummate the perfection of dramatic talent."

Miss SOMERVILLE has not reached this consummation devoutly to be wished; but that is matter for inquiry at another page, and so let us proceed with her history.

Soon after this period, she met with Alfred Bunn, a little gentleman, peculiar for nothing that we have ever heard of, except excessive irascibility, who was early in life in a public office, and who, by giving imitations of performers, indicated that he had a *penchant* for the stage. How the gentleman prevailed is beyond our ken, but MARGARET AGNES became the spouse of Alfred, who undertook the management of the Birmingham theatre.

Friend Bunn, it will be remembered, was one of the seven managers of Drury during one season, and, by dint of debts and authorship, managed to scramble into some kind of notoriety. Meanwhile Mrs. BUNN performed very frequently at Drury, though the old feud subsisting between her and the "admirable Kean," *they* seldom appeared together.

Some two or three months since, it was positively asserted in the green-room of Drury, that Elliston had written to Colonel Berkeley, to grant permission for Mrs. BUNN to come to town, as the theatre was much in want of her services. We do not know what Alfred Bunn, Robert Elliston, or Fitzhardinge Berkeley may think of this, but we presume to think that it is due to the public, that one of them should refute this slanderous imputation, if they can.

We dare not trust ourselves to make any observation on the conduct of the individuals with whose odious names we have soiled our pages. For Mrs. BUNN we indeed feel deeply: we too well know the injuries she has endured; but she has chosen a wrong method of redressing them, and, assuredly, a wrong redresser. She is one (amongst the many instances in the female world), of how low a superior mind can stoop.

Mrs. BUNN appears little before the public at the present moment; and in consequence of her sudden absences, Mrs. W. West has occasionally been her substitute as *Elvira*, *Meg Merrilies*, &c. The usual effects of loss of practice may be traced in her acting; and she is decidedly not so good an actress now, as she was some few years since.

To a decided and peculiar line of tragedy, Mrs. BUNN has every preference—it is that line that may be called the heavy tragedy, *i. e.* *Lady Macbeth*, *Elvira*, &c. She cannot represent what is generally understood by the softer passions, but she can represent those passions in their *intensity*. Nothing, for instance, can be more great than her paroxysms of love and of jealousy, in *Bianca*. Give her the extreme of any emotion, and she can render it faithfully; but she has no power of representing the medium, or the weaker qualities of those passions. The *fondness* of love is below her—her soul seems above such a weakness—her passion is the boiling of Etna—fierce, wild, and uncontrollable. *Juliet* and *Belvidera* are totally unfit for her—she could not endure such a being as *Jaffier*—she could not sigh and moan from a window—she could not set her happiness upon the constancy of a *Romeo*. All the strong passions, in their strongest mood, are Mrs. BUNN's—these she represents with force and effect. In

all but those she fails—and the failure is not her fault, but Nature's.

Her *Meg Merrilies* is the best after Mrs. Egerton's. It has as much force as hers, but it has not half so much romance about it. Her *Helec M'Gregor* is a good assumption. Some portions of her *Isabella* deserve praise, but to the full development of such a character she is incompetent.

Against all her attempts in comedy, we enter our decided protest, from her *Mrs. Simpson* to her *Mrs. Oakley*. In the latter, indeed, she is tolerable; for the character makes a nearer approach to tragedy, and to that kind of tragedy in which she excels, than any other; but her figure, voice, face, and action, are all decidedly against her success in this branch of the profession. In a limited line of the drama, Mrs. BUNN is the first actress now upon the stage. In *Belvidera* she is far below Mrs. W. West and Miss Lacy. In *Isabella*, Mrs. Sloman exceeds her; but in *Lady Macbeth*, *Elvira*, and *Katherine*, she is far superior to either of these ladies, and above what we remember to have been the efforts of Mrs. Bartley and Mrs. Ogilvie.

Mrs. BUNN is tall, and of rather a masculine form; her hair and complexion is light; her face is not beautiful, but interesting and expressive; and we may justly apply to her the oft-used epithet—"a remarkably fine woman."

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

KIRBY THE CLOWN,

When engaged at the Surrey theatre, 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 it. He offered to bet him a wager, which Kirby accepted. The pieces 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 Wetnurse, or the Chapel in the Mud!!*" He was fined a guinea.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellences of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate a deal board." "Aye," cried Wewitzer, "understand—what we call a *ginjel* EYE."

CURIOUS MISTAKE.

Mr. Morris, proprietor of the Haymarket theatre, when his application respecting that theatre was before the Court of Chancery, was constantly in attendance, to hear the decision of the chancellor; one day the clerk gave out, "*Ex parte Morris.*" "*That's me,*" exclaimed Mr. Morris, jumping up. Sir Samuel Romilly immediately proceeded—"My lord, this is a poor lunatic—" "*That's not me, my lord!—that's not me!*" reiterated Mr. Morris, and was down in an instant.

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

(Continued from page 160.)

“ From the reign of the great Betterton, fully exemplified in his life, to that of Cibber, Wilkes, and Dogget—from Sir Richard Steele to Lacy—from Lacy to Garrick, Harris, and Sheridan—all individual proprietors, the same necessity, the same policy, has been observed; and if such men could not banish the system, shall we, with our shoulders bending to the ground with difficulties, attempt it, unless, indeed, it be to make us sink under the burden, and so end our hopes and existence together?

“ As Cibber was the truest and best historian, so was he the most prosperous manager—taking into view the period of his government—the reign of Charles Stuart—his life is, perhaps, the truest picture of the times in which he lived. After the troubles of a civil war, and the many mischances of theatrical management, the period at last arrived, which he had so long languished for—the quiet government of a national theatre—with Wilks and Dogget. This triumvirate reigned prosperously twenty years; and in Cibber’s history of the period it will be seen, that each theatre exercised the same policy, to maintain the appearance of success and good houses, in order to keep pace with the show of their neighbours. From that period to the present, the same necessity has existed, and the same means exercised to obviate the appearance of an empty or indifferent house, which too often occurs under the best management.

“ Who so well knew this necessity as Garrick, and our lamented Sheridan? They both followed the example of their predecessors, when occasion required it; and I am certain, my dear sir, with such examples before us, and with our weakened means, you will not persist in a resolution, which, believe me, will, if pursued, prove detrimental to our interest, and ruinous to our prospects. I am well aware, that amongst a large body, there will always be found a few discontented growlers, who, think-

ing they have more wisdom than their neighbours, are determined to find fault with every action of those who govern; but such opinions ought not to operate on the minds of those who act with conscious rectitude. Sheridan, at a period when the theatre was threatened with executions, was upbraided by a body of grumbling auditors, who yelped out everywhere the same doctrine, which doubtless you have often been assailed with, that the theatre was filled with orders—that the money was wrongly appropriated—that it was badly managed—and that they would take possession of it, and manage it for the creditors. Mr. Sheridan, with great penetration, saw the drift of his sagacious brawling friends, and found a remedy for their roarings, and said—‘Gentlemen, I resign the management of Drury-lane to your better judgment—call a meeting—form a board of management, and pay yourselves by your wise and prudent government.’ They did so; and this board of management took possession of the theatre—one came on the stage to reform abuses; another examined the lamps and candles; another the wardrobe; another the carpenter’s shop; another the coal-cellar—this dress was too costly, that unnecessary; what was the use of this scene, and that property? &c. &c. At the expiration of two months, they found the task they had with eagerness undertaken, troublesome—in six months they were sick—and in nine they fled from their duty, and Sheridan was left in quiet possession of his theatre, and never after heard of bad management. Here was a cure indeed!—and as I am certain you must often be perplexed in the same way, I wish it could be practicable to impose the same remedy, and free you from all future insignificant intruders.

“I have wandered more into this matter than I intended to have done; but as the occasion has called for elucidation, it may not be considered unnecessary. I can have only one feeling about Drury-lane—its prosperity; I am bound too strongly to its interests, to maintain any other opinion, or uphold any other system, than that which is conducive to success, because my remuneration

ration for labour must spring from that source. You will have the candour to acknowledge, that the sum I receive from the treasury cannot be adequate to the anxiety, the duty, the responsibility and harassing labour of sixteen hours daily and nightly attendance! Allowing this, I must be absolved from harbouring any retrograde feeling against its government; and if the study of twenty-years in the management of theatrical property, with a close application to the history of former times, can qualify me to give a decided opinion, you will give me credit for thus freely and respectfully combating a proposed system, which my experience and judgment so forcibly point out to be fatal, and which, on a further and more serious consideration, you will, I may hope, abandon. I do not mean that orders are always to be admitted—this is the farthest from my thoughts and views of management: they ought only to be used as circumstances require them; but if they be permitted at one house and not at another, the consequence will be, that the public will crowd to the full, and abandon the empty, house—they will proclaim the success of the one, and the ruin of the other—the comfort of one, and the coldness of the other—the good management of Covent-garden, and the bad at Drury-lane. The public is a monster in this respect, and is generally guided in its opinion by appearances, not by truth. Those who are capable of judging for themselves, will not take the trouble to do so, but will quote the opinion of a rascally scribbler, who is too often biassed by party feeling, and paid for his abuse. When orders are necessary, I will prove they bring money to the house, instead of keeping it out; and that, on an average, two orders will bring a third person, who shall pay for admission, that is, when they are, as they ought always to be, properly distributed; besides, is it not better to have a respectable audience in the house, than to perform to empty benches, which, at particular periods of the season, like the present, when the town is empty, and we are performing every night, we must otherwise do? You speculate on

the free-list filling the places not occupied on weak nights—those are the very people who fly from a thin house, and will only enter it when there is a new play or a new performer, and will then occupy the places of those who would pay for the same accommodation; nay, they are the very persons who will prevent the run of a piece, (although a considerable portion of the public may not have seen it,) in order that they may be gratified by a quicker succession of novelties. Trust not to those, for any good they may do in this way, to support a thin house—they have been proved, and found light in the balance; there are some, doubtless, who may be considered lovers of the drama, and will generally attend, but they are too few to help our cause, or render us any benefit in the way we require and expect them.

“I hope, my dear sir, you will not consider what I have stated in reply to this particular part of your letter, as dictated by any untoward feeling of opposition to your views of management; although I claim the privilege as a right, I hope I have discretion enough to use it with caution, and for the good of the concern; I am also well convinced, it is not your wish to render me insignificant in my official capacity, nor place me in any unpleasant situation with the body I have to control and manage, by any abridgment of those privileges which give him some little consequence to so precarious and thankless an office as that of manager of a theatre.” *

It is supposed, that, having written thus far, he was struck by the hand of death—the pen having been found on the floor of his chamber, and himself fallen senseless on that bed—from which, alas! he was never more to rise.

His over-anxiety, incessant toil, and strenuous exertions for the success of his plans,* together with the

* That his plans were ably arranged, may be inferred from Mr. Secretary Ward's letter, begging the committee on no account whatever to fear any ill effects from his inability to

effort of answering Mr. Moore's letter, in his then debilitated state, were, no doubt, the combined cause of his sudden dissolution; indeed, his medical attendants gave this as their decided opinion.

QUIN AND MACKLIN.

Macklin having written a comedy many years ago, showed it to his friend Quin, and asked his opinion of it. Quin gave him some hopes of its success, but desired him to wait a little before he brought it out. His advice was complied with, and the next season he was called upon again for his interest with Mr. Rich, to have it performed; but Quin had the address to satisfy Macklin a second time, by recommending him to wait a little longer. *Shylock* retired growling, but complied. Next year he again applied, confident of success, but was astonished at receiving the same answer as before. Unable to contain himself, he pettishly asked his patron how much longer he would have to wait.—“Till the day of judgment, (replied he,) when you and your play may be d—d together.”

BON MOT.

Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden, having received a polite message from Lady Wallis, offering him her comedy for nothing, Mr. Harris observed, “That her ladyship knew the exact value of it.”

ROCK, THE COMEDIAN.

He advised one of the scene-shifters of Covent-garden, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription. A few days afterwards he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read over, he returned. “Sir,” said the poor fellow, “won’t you give something?” “Why, zounds, man!” replied Rock, “didn’t I give you the hint?”

attend, as his arrangements were made in so masterly and clear a manner, that it would be perfectly possible for them to go through the whole season without his personal attendance.



Wagman del.

J. Rogers sc.

M^r. WALLACK,
AS
CHAROLOIS.

Pub^d July 1, 1826, by G. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES WALLACK,

(*Of the Théâtre-royal Drury-lane.*)

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.---TERENCE.

* * *

Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd
Active, tho' not so sprightly as a page.---BYRON.

* * *

You ha' seen a bumbailly.---DAN.

“CRADLED in a theatre, nursed in a green-room, and suckled at a side-scene, was JAMES WALLACK.” So do we remember a veteran of the drama averring; and such, we believe, was the fact. Mr. Wallack, the father of our hero, was for many years a favourite performer at Astley's, at the time when the novelty of horsemanship, and the grimace of Johannot, made that a place of great resort. Mr. Wallack was particularly celebrated for his personation of sailors; and for him was composed the very celebrated nautical song of *Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman*. His wife, our heroine's mother, was the best actress that ever trod the boards of the Amphitheatre. To a noble person, she united a fine mind; and she was far, very far above the station into which fate had thrown her. JAMES was one of many children. Mrs. Pincott, late of the English opera-house, and Mrs. Stanley, of the Cobourg, are his sisters. He has also a brother, now in America. Our

hero passed his youth in poverty. He received a common education, accorded at intervals, and was only noticed as a remarkably fine boy, with a peculiar proneness for mischief.

Our hero was born in 1792. He imbibed dramatic notions with his mother's milk, and when a mere boy, was called upon to exercise his talents in a theatre, we think, in Princes-street, Soho, where different dramatic pieces were performed by children; and little WALLACK was recognised, not only for the remarkable beauty of his person, but for the genius that he displayed in conception and execution.

Mr. WALLACK's early day at Drury was marked by no brilliancy. *Courtall*, in *The Belle Stratagem*; *Captain Manly*, in *Honest Thieves*; and *Seymour*, in *The Irishman in London*, were the most important characters he sustained for some years; but however little Mr. WALLACK had to do, he invariably did that little well—a fact that did not escape the notice of the managers. In 1816, when *The Iron Chest* was revived for Kean, they were at a loss for a *Wilford*, and WALLACK was assigned the part. How he played it, it is needless to say. *Richmond* followed; and, during the illness of Rae, he sustained *Macduff*, and some other seconds, for which his salary was raised. Soon after the appearance of Bengough, who, amongst other things, tried *Iago* unsuccessfully, our hero obtained that part, and sustained it in a style of decided respectability, and in such a way as to give promise of a much further development of excellences; but bitters were mixed with these sweets; for even in September, 1817, we find him condemned to go on for *Harry Thunder*, beside such an actor as Mr. Stanley, who then made his first appearance in *Rover*. On the 26th November fol-

lowing, the benefit for the family of Mr. Raymond took place. Miss O'Neill, who was to have performed, would not play to the *Romeo* of Rae, and Kean would not play *Romeo* to her, but offered to do *Othello*, when she indignantly refused to go on for *Desdemona*. All this cavilling for parts, on such an occasion, was very disgraceful. At length, the parties concerned thought it better to trust their fate to the benevolence of the public, than the kindness of performers, and hope for that, from the charity of the town, that they could not gain from the exertions of their brethren. *Oroonoko* was the play, which had then been done by Kean many nights; but our hero was selected to represent the character. After this, Mr. WALLACK might have said to the managers, in the language of *Abel Day*, "You see I'm somebody, though you make nobody of me:" and certainly the alteration of the cast showed the superior estimation in which his powers were held. *Captain Absolute*, *Colonel Lambert*, and *Bassanio*, were successively assigned him, and each of them successfully embodied.

An offer for America now made Mr. WALLACK pause. There was fame and profit to be reaped, and characters of first-rate importance insured. The last words struck him, and to America he went. In that country he certainly made a much greater impression than any actor that had preceded him; and we much question whether the efforts of Kean or of Conway can now erase the memory of WALLACK's exertions from the mind of Jonathan.

Mr. WALLACK returned suddenly to his native country, at the period of Kean's departure for America, (September, 1820,) and appeared as the leading man of Drury. *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, *Richard*, *Hamlet*, (we think,) and *Rolla*, were his principal parts; but he made no decided

impression, except in the latter character. Booth, Cooper, and himself, were at that period in a kind of partnership of parts. He did *Gloster*, in *Jane Shore*, to Cooper's *Hastings*; and Cooper returned the compliment, by performing *Aufidius* to his *Coriolanus*; while Booth, as a set-off for playing *Richard III.*, condescended to perform *Pizarro* to the *Rolla* and *Alonzo* of Wallack and Cooper. The firm of Cooper, WALLACK, and Booth, however, was unsuccessful in trade: the bills issued with *their names upon them*, were dishonoured by the public—the general answer to all inquiries being “no effects.” And these bills having nothing to stamp their value, were like some other bills of the present day, not equal to the value of the stamp. The partnership was dissolved, and our hero once more crossed the Atlantic. In America it was his misfortune to break his leg, by a fall from a coach, the marks of which accident are very visible. Ere he had recovered from the effects of this disaster, he gave an entertainment (though supporting himself on crutches) of songs, imitations, recitations, &c. &c., which was very successful; he also appeared as *Captain Bertram*, in *The Birth Day*, with the support of a stick and a crutch.

We have now only to bring him back to London, where he re-appeared, and played a few first-rate parts—always sinking into seconds when the great creatures came to star. Of Drury-lane theatre he is now stage-manager; and, in addition to the duties of his situation, which he discharges with punctuality and talent, he plays the principal part of the lofty comedy, and occasionally the first tragedy, or the best seconds.

On his return, after his second trip, we think he appeared at the English opera-house, and played the *Singles Dick Dashall*, &c. &c.

The incidents of Mr. WALLACK's dramatic existence have not been very numerous, and his private life has been marked by no very extraordinary circumstances. He is said to have rather suddenly transferred his attentions from a daughter of H. Johnston's to a daughter of J. Johnstone's; that lady having fascinated him whilst he was engaged in escorting her home from the house of the before-mentioned Mr. H. Johnston. With the daughter of the Irish veteran, Mr. WALLACK at length ran away, having in vain endeavoured to obtain her father's consent to the match.

Mr. WALLACK's affairs, at one period, becoming much embarrassed, he took the benefit of the Insolvent Act; and on his release, it is said, with a foolish though noble sense of justice, summoned his creditors together, and gave them fresh securities; on which securities, we are informed, he was some time since arrested, and obliged to release himself, by having a commission of bankruptcy awarded against him.

We have the greatest respect for Mr. WALLACK's character as a man; but "be just ere you are generous," is a maxim that should be observed. Recollecting what Mr. WALLACK was, his extravagance becomes the more unpardonable; for, running into debt for any thing but necessities, and then by a subterfuge avoiding the payment of those debts, is at best but a genteel mode of robbery. Mr. WALLACK may perhaps plead the example of much greater men, but example cannot "sanctify a crime:" and let us also whisper to Mr. WALLACK, that he who, in 1804, ran nearly barefoot about Lambeth, should not, in 1826, forget his origin so far, as to declare he would not *dress*, unless his room was lit with wax. These are littlenesses to which he should not descend;

and of which should we succeed in curing him, he will owe us hereafter a debt of gratitude. Let him rest assured that these things must meet our eye, and give no farther occasion for an exposition as painful to us as to him.

In June, 1821, a feeling was created against our hero, on account of the late much lamented Queen Caroline, who had visited the theatre suddenly, so that the vocal corps were not prepared with the national anthem; on which occasion our hero apologised, and was represented by *The Times*, (then a great advocate for her Majesty,) to have spoken disrespectfully. The public took no notice of this until his benefit night, (June 11,) when the performances were—*Artaxerxes—Blind Boy*. The first part of the opera passed off peaceably until the conclusion of the first act, when, at the fall of the curtain, several printed bills were thrown into the pit and boxes, calling upon the audience to require of Mr. WALLACK an explanation of some words which had fallen from him on the evening of the queen's visit to the theatre. On the rising of the curtain, a general uproar ensued; the gods "belched forth their thunder," which was answered by the groans and hootings of the pit.

" The hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell,
With deafening shout, return'd them loud acclaim,"

with cries of "*Wallack! Wallack! Apology! the Queen! the Queen!*" These cries were vociferated from all parts of the house, in an indignant and most menacing manner, until the audience was in a state of utter confusion. Mr. WALLACK appeared amidst the "crush of elements," and after bowing repeatedly, (with the help of a gentleman

In the pit, who harangued the audience in his favour,) at length obtained a partial hearing. He stated, "that the words he had uttered on that evening were not through any political feeling, nor were they of a tendency to excite the displeasure of the public against him, had it not been for the gross misrepresentations of *The Times* newspaper, the proprietors of which refused insertion to his communications in refutation of the slander." Peace was instantly restored, and the affair speedily forgotten.

The rapid stride Mr. WALLACK made to favour, was during the administration of Rae. *Joseph Surface* was the first part of particular importance that he assumed; and, from that period, he stepped onward, until he reached the eminence on which we now behold him; and yet the town do not recognise Mr. WALLACK as a first-rate actor, and probably never will. The fact is, the London people do not foster actors—they cannot bear to admit the greatness of one who has grown great under their patronage. To be great in London—you must come great to London—fame acquired in the metropolis will never give you popularity in that metropolis. C. Kemble is another instance of the very same feeling. He has been schooled in London; and though all London admires the actor, his name is not a safe one to put up for any first-rate character. " 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Miss Kelly, under similar circumstances, is denied the title of first-rate actress, though there is no woman now on the stage with half her capabilities. To regret these things is unavailing. Actors, like the rest of mankind, must submit to fate and the customs of their country, however hard that fate may be; however absurd those customs may appear.

For the last fifteen years we have been spectators of Mr. WALLACK's performances, and if there is one artist

more than another to whose efforts we have paid attention, he is that one—the more so, because circumstances threw us in his way twice, many many miles from the spot where he now plays, and we now write. We do not much fear our readers suspecting us of partiality, but we may as well preface our remarks upon his acting with the fact, that notwithstanding the circumstances we have alluded to, we never spoke to Mr. WALLACK in our life.

We consider our hero the best *practical* actor in the world. He has all the acquirement of the pantomimist, without the display of that acquirement; and he has attained that perfection of art, the power of concealing his art. But whilst saying thus much, we are grieved to add, that genius and mind are attributes to which he has but slender claims.

We enumerate a few of the parts we have seen him play. *Hamlet*, the *Three Singles*, *Doricourt*, *Kera Khan*, *Rhoderick Dhu*, *Romeo*, *Brutus*, *Janus Jumble*, *Don Felix*, and *Three-finger'd Jack*. To deny the possession of talent, and great talent, to an individual capable of satisfactorily sustaining these parts, would be absurd: they carry their own commendation with them.

It may seem a singular assertion, yet it is one we have no hesitation in making, that Mr. WALLACK was a better actor in America than he is here. He has, in London, acquired a subdued tone of playing, that ill accords with the fire of *Rob Roy*, or the fervour of *Romeo*: he bridles his own nature, and underplays himself: at least such is the impression that his acting here has on us.

Mr. WALLACK possesses capabilities for becoming the first light comedian in the world; and he is certainly *now* above the vapid efforts of Elliston, and some of the clumsy attempts of C. Kemble; but his performances cannot be

compared with what Elliston's were, with what we recollect Lewis's to have been, or with the few performances we yet remember of Palmer. There is a something (indescribable though discernible) wanting to finish his pictures. His *Doricourt* delights, and dazzles, and pleases, but it does not satisfy you—you feel that *Doricourt* would have done some things differently—in fact, you may think you have seen *Doricourt*, but you feel you have not seen him to advantage. His *Harry Dornton* is much better; and this, we think, he plays as well as Elliston ever played it; which is tantamount to saying that he performs it admirably. But *Harry Dornton*, though actually in the line, contains, in fact, very little light comedy; therefore no conclusion can be drawn from the personation of such a part. *Captain Absolute* is one which WALLACK is very happy in, but he wants that delightful ironical gravity that others have charmed us with, in the reconciliation scene with his father. He is not so good a light comedian as we have seen, but he is the best now in London, and better than any provincial actor we know.* Having thus accorded him the palm under circumstances not very honourable, for the London stage never was so miserably destitute of gentlemen as it now is, let us proceed to an investigation of his tragic powers. His *Richard* is a lifeless reading—cold and ineffective—he has taken up all the faults of his predecessors—he has attempted nothing new—and even in the last act he failed to bring his melodramatic powers into play. His *Richard* is worse than Booth's, Young's,

* Our readers will be pleased to recollect that we speak strictly of light comedy, or, to speak more intelligibly, fine gentlemen---*Doricourt*, *Lovemore*, *Millamour*, &c. &c., and not *Flutter*, *Foppington*, or *Dashwood*.

and Bennett's. His *Hamlet*, though not original, is perhaps the second upon the stage; but the fact is, the present stage has no *Hamlet*. His *Romeo* is, beyond all question, the best of the day—so is his *Rolla*—but of his *Brutus*, we really can say nothing favourable. “Presuming Kean to be admitted as the first, Macready as the second, and Young as the third, tragedian of the day, WALLACK has more claim to the title of the fourth,” than Warde, C. Kemble, Booth, or Cooper; and for our own parts, we are inclined to think, on a fair range of the regular drama, setting aside parts peculiarly romantic or declamatory, that our hero is on a par with Macready and Young. If he has not so many beauties, he has fewer faults; and though he may not delight by starts, as Macready does, on the whole he will frequently please you more.

In the *higher* walks of melodrama he has now no competitor. His *Richard*, (*Innkeeper's Daughter*,) is an isolated and beautiful specimen of what may be done for a part; and in the characters he has been doomed to assume in *Enchanted Coursers*, *Chinese Festivals*, and other Bartholomew-fair drolleries, he has always distanced all competition.

“Conception is a blessing,” that our hero lacks. His mind is not capable of conceiving half what he is capable of executing; and as an acquisition of mental power is not very likely at his period of existence, it is fair to presume that he is now as good an actor as he ever will be. His warmest admirers cannot call him a perfect tragedian, but the bitterest critic must admit that he is a performer that is always seen with pleasure, frequently with delight; that his efforts, if not always perfectly satisfactory, at least are never offensive; and that, like Cooper, he can

play an infinitude of parts, so as to delight the million, without annoying the select few.

Mr. WALLACK is one of the many in his profession, to whom the phrase, *Faber suæ fortunæ*, will strictly apply. He had little aid from his parents or from friends—he has fought his way through difficulties, and made all the friends by whom he has been assisted. It is no slight proof of the estimation in which he is held, that a dramatic amateur, with whom he had only a casual acquaintance, lent him £600, one morning, in the green-room, though the request was made in a dubious, half-jesting way, upon the pressure of a sudden emergency.

As a man, Mr. WALLACK's character cannot receive too much praise. His generosity and goodness of heart are notorious. Hospitable and kind—gentlemanly in the discharge of his official duties—kind to those beneath him, and *not* servile to those above him. With his personal advantages, it may be reasonably presumed that his exploits in the field of Venus, especially in his early day, have been pretty numerous. To his honor be it remembered, that no man has laid his wife's seduction at his door—no father has accused him as the ruiner of his child. Mr. WALLACK is an affectionate husband and a kind father, and proverbially an actor's friend.

The other members of his family have been less fortunate than himself in life, and have not been, like him, deserving of the smiles of fortune. To them, we have heard, he has discharged all the duties of a brother.

Some years since, Mr. WALLACK gave imitations on his benefit; and he still, in private, entertains his friends in this way. His delivery of a scene from *Julius Cæsar*, in imitation of J. Kemble and Young, is a beautiful specimen of the art. After the death of poor Lovegrove, he an-

nounced that he "would endeavour to recall that comedian to the recollection of the public, by an imitation;" and he did so successfully; but there was too much real regret in the public mind for that actor's loss, to render this an amusing effort.

— Our hero is one of those persons who can do any thing, for he sang in *Wilford* and the *Singles*, though his vocal acquirements are rather slender. He is a jovial companion, and sings tolerably in a room; his conversation is lively and unprofessional—never egotistical or detractive. He is certainly the most handsome man upon the London stage; we having taken the opinion of our sage maiden sister, Selina, a competent authority on such subjects. His height is about five feet eight inches; he is built in perfect symmetry; his features are Roman, with a slight Jewish expression; his eyes and hair are dark.

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

1. Now in that day John the Kembleite reigned over the city of Babylon, and the multitude flocked around the gates of his palace, crying, "Oh, king! reign thou over us for ever!"

2. But it came to pass that the people of Babylon were in that day of a fickle and perverse nature, insomuch that they waxed weary of John the Kembleite, and took counsel how they might despoil him of his throne.

3. And behold there came from afar off a man with a white beard, called Hough, and he bore in his right hand the youthful Bettyadad, whose chin was guiltless of beard, neither was there whisker to his cheek.

4. And the people marvelled greatly, crying, "Oh prince, who art thou?" But the man Hough whispered the youth, "Answer thou, and say thy name is Norval."

5. And the youthful Bettyadad knitted his flaxen brow, and cried with a shrill voice, "My name is Norval." And lo! the people clapped their hands and cried, "Who is like unto the youthful Bettyadad, who in wisdom and understanding far exceedeth John the Kembleite."

6. And the nobles of the land brought unto him myrrh, and frankincense, and rich offerings, and arrayed him in purple and fine linen.

7. But such nobles were not of the family of Solomon.

8. Now it came to pass in that day, that a damsel called Fashion, held dominion over the city of Babylon, and she called unto her the youthful Bettyadad, and dandled him on her knee.

9. And behold the song of the minstrel was hushed, and

no man heeded the song of Dignumafat, who singeth in the hall called Vaux—yea, they even hardened their ears against the strains of Kellybeg the Hibernian, who chopped his thumb with an hatchet in the city of Bagdat.

10. And behold the youthful Bettyadad buckled on the armour of presumption, girding to his loins the sword of Thumb, and wielded the truncheon, and reigned in the place of John the Kemblesite.

11. But behold John the Kemblesite detached a centurion to the north, and detached a centurion to the south, and, like Herod of old, seized on all the infants of Egypt, to send one to depose the youthful Bettyadad.

12. And the little maid Mudie arose, and John the Kemblesite took her by the hand, and led her forth to the walls of the palace, and bade the multitude fall down and worship her.

13. And the maid Mudie cried with a shrill voice, “Bud, Bud:” but the people despitefully entreated her, crying, “Off, off,” and sent forth, from their tongues and their teeth, a sound, wherewith the bravest soldier in the armies of John the Kemblesite trembleth and turneth pale.

14. And the sound was as the sound of serpents.

15. Now it came to pass that the youthful Bettyadad rejoiced greatly hereat, and called unto him three witches, and demanded of them his future fate.

16. And one of the witches answered and said, “Oh insect of an hour! buzzing around the lofty brow of the mighty one, thy fame is as the mound of sand, which children in sport raise upon the sea-shore—the tide of the people setteth against thee, and bringeth thee to nought.”

17. And another of the witches said, “Seest thou that cauldron, from which an infant riseth, bearing on his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty? Thou art that baby, yea, like the youthful Daniel, shalt thou be cast into the burning fiery furnace.”

18. And they seized him in their arms, and cast him

into the cauldron, and the youthful Bettyadad cried with a shrill voice, "Dismiss me, enough!"

19. And behold the cauldron sunk, and thunder arose, and darkness fell upon the land, and the fame of the youthful Bettyadad became even as the bladder of soap, which children in sport blow from the bowl of the tobacco pipe.

LACONIC REPLY.

Manager M——y applied to a provincial actor, called Ratcliffe, offering him terms for the Bristol theatre; Ratcliffe received the letter whilst among a party of theatricals, to whom he communicated the contents, and asked the character and peculiarities of the manager. The replies of his brethren were not of the most favourable description, so he answered the note, by writing at the bottom of it, laconically enough, "YOUR HIGHNESS IS DISCOVERED!"

PIZARRO

In a strolling company, they found it impossible to muster more than one soldier. *Rolla* had not been apprised of this; and just as he was about 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.

DOUBLING.

The inhabitants of London scarcely understand this phrase. It denotes one performer playing two (or more) parts in one piece. We have seen a lady play *Mrs. Brutgruddery*, *John Burr*, and *Frank Rochdale*. *Mrs. Stanley*, of the Coburg, once played *Tressell*, *Lady Anne*, and *Richmond*; and incredible as it may seem, *Mr. W. Rede* performed *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, *Fag*, and *Mrs. Malaprop*,* in *The Rivals*, and *Murtoch Delaney* and *Ed-*

* The *entré* of the lady in the last scene was effected by the exit of *Sir Lucius*.

ward, in *The Irishman in London*, all in the same night. Dan and Tom Shuffleton are often doubled; Walter and Gabriel, (*Children in the Wood*,) and King Henry, Buckingham, and Richmond, in *Richard III.*; and we ourselves saw Adam Winterton and Armstrong doubled in such style, that we were wholly unconscious of their being performed by the same person.

GRAMMATICAL ACCURACY.

A Grindoff in a London theatre, put this interesting query:—"Is those sacks disposed of as I ordered?" To which Gotolz as elegantly replied—"Yes, *they is*."

CHARACTERISTIC SONGS.

This *jeu d'esprit* has been handed round in dramatic circles.

A kernel from an <i>apple's</i> core	- -	Mr. Pear-man.
How often thus I'm forced to trudge		Miss Foote.
Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder,		Mr. Wrench.
Goosey, goosey gander	- - - -	Mr. Taylor.
I'm a <i>poor</i> country lad	- - - -	Mr. Rayner.
Oh! the days when I was young	-	Mr. Young.
'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,		Madame Vestris.
Oh! the fool, the silly silly fool,	}	Miss Love.
To Guss what man could say,		
Softly sweet in Lydian measures	-	Mr. Fawcett.
Young I am, and sore afraid	- -	Mrs. Harlowe.
Little though I be	- - - -	Mr. Melrose.
Live and be jolly	- - - -	Mr. Pyne.
And why I'm so <i>plump</i> , the reason	}	Mr. Farren.
I'll tell		
A plague of the wenches, they make	}	Mr. Kean.
such a pother		
My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few,		Mr. C. Kemble.
Pretty mocking bird	- - - -	Mr. Mathews.
I keep a snug little shop	- - - -	Mr. Yates.

COPY OF AN OLD PLAY-BILL.

BY THE NORWICH COMPANY OF COMEDIANS,
Servants to his Grace the Duke of Grafton, Lord Cham-
berlain of his Majesty's Household,

AT THE WHITE SWAN PLAY-HOUSE,
This present Tuesday Evening, will be presented a Play, called
AMPHITRYON;

OR, THE TWO SOSIA;
With all the FLYINGS, SINKINGS, and DECORATIONS, proper
to the Play.

The Parts as follow:

Jupiter, Mr. PITT, Mercury, Mr. WOODWARD.
Amphitryon, Mr. PLATT. Judge Gripus, Mr. UPTON.
Sosia, Mr. BUCK.

Alcmena, Mrs. BUCK. Phædra, Mrs. PLOMER.
Bromia, Mrs. BRAY. Madam Night, Mrs. JACKSON.

To which will be added the late Dramatick Satyr, called
THE TOY-SHOP.

By Command, we begin exactly at Six.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

Norwich: printed by W. Chase. 1736.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Knights of the Cross, a very indifferent opera, by Soane, author of *Aladdin*, *Fisherman of Naples*, and several other dramatic pieces, was performed here, on Wednesday, the 7th of June, to an overflowing house, for the benefit of four box-keepers, six scene-shifters, and about a dozen bill-stickers and orange-women. Upon such an occasion, of course, the audience would not be very select, although we observed Mrs. Coutts and two or three sprigs of nobility, in the private boxes.

It would be quite as well, if the gentlemen playing on these nights would recollect, that whatever contempt they may feel for the audience, policy should prevent their showing it. Messrs. Archer and Bennett amused themselves with laughing and addressing each other in under tones, through the two first scenes of the opera. Poor Drury! thine olden days of mismanagement will return, and a theatre without a manager, like a state without a head, must be confusion and chaos. So is it at present with thee.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

It gives us pleasure to record the fact, that Shakespeare's admirable comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has been performed twice lately to excellent houses, thereby proving that the Londoners have not quite withdrawn their countenance from the legitimate drama. This comedy abounds with character—every part is a distinct creature, differing from his fellow. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is well acted at Covent-garden: even the more subordinate parts are in the hands of those who seem to thoroughly understand what they have to deliver. Farley is very clever in *Dr. Caius*, and we cannot help eulogising Mr. Turnour's *Rugby*, which, although comparatively a character of trifling importance, this gentleman makes effective. We have frequently observed the pains taken by this actor with the parts allotted to him, and we should not fear the result, were the management to impose upon him more important duties.

The following will, perhaps, check the ardour of those who wish to embark their capital in theatrical speculations.

Madame Pasta, PeUegrino, De Begnis, Cufioni, and several other vocalists of celebrity, were announced for Friday, 16th June, and absolutely appeared and performed to one of the thinnest audiences we ever observed within the walls of this theatre. Yet, we are told, opera is the rage!



MISS CHESTER.

AS

BEATRICE.

London Pub. July 8. 1826. by G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS CHESTER,

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

Her form
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

* * *
She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirits like a May-day breaking;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking.---BYRON.

BEAUTY or personal attraction, in this country at least, leads females to the height of fortune, whilst it leaves the other sex completely in the lurch. A handsome man gains nothing by the bounty of Nature, whilst handsome women are raised from the dregs of poverty to the summit of riches. Since the days of Catherine it would seem that the exterior of the male sex had deteriorated in value, whilst the attractions of woman have lasted since the period when Eve tempted her partner, down to the present day. Miss CHESTER is indebted to her beautiful face and form for all the sweets that she has tasted in this life—for affluence off the stage—for importance and emolument on it.

To very humble parents our heroine owes her exist-
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ence ; and she blest the eyes of an honest, industrious pair, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, in the early part of the year 1799. Her father was a market-gardener, and resided within a few miles of that town.

Miss CHESTER passed her early days in indigence, "like a fair flower set in the rude soil of surrounding ignorance, and smiling 'mid the blast of poverty;" but every day added fresh charms to her person, and, at the age of fifteen, she was the lowly beauty of Windsor.

Every town has its visitations from the children of the drama, and no village but at some time or other receives some wandering perpetrators of tragedy and comedy. Windsor, though now of no dramatic importance, was, some years since, a profitable speculation ; and, for a few weeks, a company annually performed there. Lying so near London, it was, in the days of the late king, a favourite lounge for stars from the metropolis : and thus Windsor saw as much good acting, or perhaps more, than any provincial town in the kingdom. And even when the days of its glory were past, a respectable company always performed there ; for the inhabitants, used to excellent acting, could not endure mummary. Mr. Penley's company visited the town during the years that Miss CHESTER was expanding in charms and person, and just at that period when her mind was most apt to receive impressions—the stage-lamps, the stage dresses, and all the glittering et ceteras, produced their usual effect.

“ Who is't remembers not the happy night,
When first the gay proscenium met his sight ?
When first his vivid wond'ring breath he drew,
At scenes for ever shifting---ever new,
When first his eyes were filled with 'pleasant tears,'
For woes that wrung the heart with doubts and fears,

But yet sustain'd it with a dear relief,
 Gave joy to terrors, and a balm to grief---
 Who can forget that night---when his young mind
 Pictured the players, '*the happiest of mankind?*' "

Our heroine felt the influence of the drama (a kind of minor moon, that makes men mad) to its full extent, but as no probability presented itself of her attaining the boards, she secretly harboured the passion.

About this time (we here speak merely from rumour) Mr. Calcraft saw Miss CHESTER. He was struck with her beauty, and the simplicity and elegance of her manners, and, ~~it~~ is said, immediately made arrangements to obviate the want of early education; and as our heroine possessed an acute mind and a docile disposition, her improvement was rapid.

Miss CHESTER was twenty years old when she first entered a metropolitan theatre; which she had no sooner done, than her former bias returned with redoubled ardour. There were no difficulties *then* to retard her. She was instantly introduced to Mr. Elliston, with all her imperfections on her head. He gave the usual answer—"Great capabilities—want practice—go into the country—get an instructor," &c.—with the attendant compliments served up to amateurs, from the days of Cibber and Wilks, to those of Elliston and C. Kemble.

Miss CHESTER was immediately put under the instructions of Mr. Chapman, of Covent-garden theatre; a gentleman perfectly conversant with stage business, a good speaker, and a sound judge of acting; one who has seen all the best artists of his day, and is therefore well fitted for a guide to a juvenile aspirant.

Mr. Chapman's lovely pupil studiously practised her

art, and was very shortly cheered with the intelligence, that she might appear when she chose at Drury. She delayed this for a few months, but at length (3d July, 1820) trod those boards as *Portia*. She then enacted the gentle *Desdemona*; and was then for some time shelved. Her friends were now persuaded that comedy was her *forte*; not bearing in mind the wholesome remark of one of our journals:—"A man's failing in *Richard* is no proof that he will succeed in *Jerry Sneak*." But, however, comedy Miss CHESTER sat down to study; and, on the 16th of the following January, appeared as *Lady Teazle*. We extract the critique of *The Theatrical Inquisitor* upon that performance.

"The most striking novelty is the appearance of Miss CHESTER in *Lady Teazle*; a part to which the rare beauty of her person communicates an irresistible charm, heightened as that beauty is by the buoyancy of her spirits, and the elegance of her demeanor. Since Thalia has been so propitious to this lovely follower, we advise a strict deference to her dictates; convinced that practice in the captivating line of characters Miss CHESTER has now assumed, will qualify her to rank with the brightest ornaments by which the stage has ever been embellished."

Miss CHESTER now discovered what amateurs invariably discover, that the kindness of an audience must not be construed into unequivocal success; and that studying one or two first-rate parts is not a sufficient qualification for a leading actress. Miss CHESTER, even supposing the town would have endured her, could not have sustained a line of comedy at Drury, from the mere fact of not having studied above one or two characters.

By the advice of her friends, though sorely against her

own judgment, she consented to go to York, to play comedy, and nothing but comedy; and Mr. Downe escorted the lady from London to York; in which circuit she sustained a large round of characters with very flattering success. She played some sentimental comedy, and a few parts in tragedy also, we are told, with applause.

Mr. C. Kemble saw her at York, and an arrangement was entered into; in consequence of which, our heroine's services were transferred to Covent-garden theatre, where she appeared at the close of the year 1822. There she has, to the exclusion of better actresses, sustained parts of the greatest importance; and there she is likely to remain. She has also been engaged at the Haymarket, though her performances there have been infrequent.

We must now consider our heroine in private life. It has been long matter of notoriety, that she was "the elect" of Mr. Calcraft; but, we believe, it is now generally understood that she is the wife of that gentleman. As such we know she has been received in very respectable circles—as such we shall treat her.

If we appear harsh in our subsequent strictures upon this lady, we beg our readers to call to mind, that in a pecuniary point of view we cannot injure, and we know not why we should not do justice to poorer members of the profession, by exposing the quackery of the richer.

When our heroine first came upon the stage, she was most insufferably affected; so much so, that we never saw her in a green-room, without having Chesterfield's axiom on the subject mounting to our lips. She was also (we cannot soften the word) vulgar. What shall be said for a lady, who, at a traveller's dinner, when helped by mistake to white sauce, took a leg of fowl up in her white fingers, and wiped the sauce off upon the table-cloth, close to the

plate of the next individual? We were Miss CHESTER's fellow²-travellers to York. We beheld this, and saw poor Downe blush fifteen different shades during the operation. This, and her spouting quotations inside the coach, and subsequently on board the steam-packet, made her company peculiarly interesting. We repeat, that our observations can do Miss CHESTER no injury; and therefore we are the more inclined to remark, that such a lady is not fitted for the representative of the dames of *ton*—the *Lady Belts*, the *Letitias*.

Of the quackery of her tragic system, we remember an odd instance. Whilst she was at York, she was observed, one night, sobbing and moaning, and beating her breast, behind the scenes. One of the performers begged her to acquaint him with the cause of her grief. She motioned him to be gone, and cried and moaned more enthusiastically and vociferously than before. The actor, really alarmed, entreated her to retire to her room—on which she exclaimed—“Leave me, Mr. H——; *I am working up my feelings* for the next scene.” This became a bye-word in the York circuit, during her stay there. It is due to our heroine to remark, that her conduct has always been scrupulously correct; and that, as she is now recognised as Mrs. CALCRAFT, it is unjust and illiberal to revive tales which, if they had their foundation in fact, were grossly exaggerated. Let us turn now to our critical duties.

It does appear to us, that dramatic criticism is either wholly misunderstood, or consigned to inefficient hands, in the present day. It is customary for most of our (*so-disant*) critics to state their own impression and conception of the part they criticise, and set that against the picture of the actor; thus pitting their one hour's reading of *Hamlet* against an actor's study of perhaps five years

Is this reasonable? No. Then how much more unreasonable does it appear, for one man to take upon himself to conceive *all* the characters in the range of the drama—generals, cobblers, heroes, footmen, ladies, and abigails—and pretend to take a microscopic view of the minds of these beings? How often are we favoured by observations in *The Times*, *The Bull*, and other papers, where an ignorant egotist

“Wields the stump he falsely calls a pen,”

in this style?—“*Romeo* is not a mere love-sick devotee, as represented by Mr. C——, but he *is*,” &c.—what he *is*—thus resting on the *ipse dixit* of a fellow who rests his foolish head in anonymous security. Even presuming one man to be so endowed with conceptive faculty, as to judge accurately of the male portion of the drama, how shall he dive into the mysteries of female character?—how shall he know what emotions the *Mirandas*, the *Peggies*, the *Isabellas*, &c. undergo? It is our belief, and fire will not burn it out of us—that to criticise acting, you must have *seen* acting. Employed upon one of our journals is a dramatic critic just twenty-three. Now, in the name of common sense, what acting can he have seen? He cannot pretend that he ever witnessed the efforts of Cooke, Kemble, Lewis, Bannister, Siddons, Jordan, Mountain, to say nothing of those that require a twenty years’ old memory, as Suett, Palmer, Kelly, Storace, Bensley, Dodd, &c. &c. What chance of criticism is left to such a gentleman? Say he is engaged to criticise Kean’s *Richard*—why, all his notions of *Richard* he has received from Kean,

* By the bye, *The Examiner*, it is said, had once a female dramatic critic, a Miss K-----; but this is the only instance we have ever met with.

or he pits it against Wallack's, or Macready's, or Booth's—all the *Richards* he can remember, and all of whom have imitated Kean, more or less. The value of this precious criticism, then, may easily be estimated. But where a man has seen all the artists of celebrity, and studied them for thirty years, treasuring their brilliant points, and even remembering their defects, he obtains a right to the title of critic; for it is much more easy to distinguish which is the right between two given points, than to decide right or wrong upon an isolated question. The soul of dramatic criticism is comparison—and comparison is, of course, denied to those wittlings who have never seen the great masters of the art.

It is upon this foundation that we ground our remarks. We have seen the leviathans of the stage. Alas!

“Seeing what we have seen, seeing what we see,”

we are not now to be taken with the glitter of costume, or the uproar of a mere declaimer. We have hearts steeled against the fascinations of beauty, when beauty comes as a solitary advocate.

The character of Miss CHESTER's beauty is voluptuous, and such is the character of her acting, though in a lesser degree. Hers is the school of Abington and Glover, but we fear she is upon the lowest form in that school. There is a breadth and fulness about all she does, that promises well; but yet all her efforts are at best but bold *outlines*. There may be in this style of acting great finish without great refinement, but Miss CHESTER never finishes—she leaves her pictures in a crude state—so that you can guess what they might be made, and lament that they are not that which your imagination supplies. Superficialists generally accord the term masculine to that which is bold in

design, or of magnitude—but this is an error. Masculine is a comparative term, that will frequently apply to the minutest objects of creation—and feminine, to things of the greatest magnitude. Mrs. Bunn's acting is decidedly masculine, and so is Miss Booth's. Mrs. West's and Miss CHESTER's are essentially feminine, though in different degrees. Mrs. West's is the genuine offspring of tender feeling—Miss CHESTER's, the *repose* of a more powerful nature. Mrs. West's efforts, at their height, are still feminine—Miss CHESTER makes no effort at all—she yields herself up, without exertion, to these very feelings, and her soul seems to repose in epicurean extacy—her passions are Persian—and the strongest feelings seem indicated without personal exertion.

Miss CHESTER has by no means a nice discrimination of character, and is decidedly a mannerist. There is a lackadaisyism about her general style, that palls the spectator. We know the lady imagines her *forte* to be in tragedy, but she is much mistaken. The *Estifanias* are most fitted for her; but ere she aspires to them, she has much to acquire—more to forget.

It has been one of the objects of this work, from its commencement, accurately to define the exact standing that each performer should have in the theatre, by a comparative criticism. We are not vain enough to suppose that the *dictums* we promulgate, will be received as absolute truth; but still we conceive this system likely to benefit the profession. It will drag forth obscured merit from the mantle of managerial tyranny, and thrust back presumptuous arrogance to its proper point of depression. A Mr. Webster and a Mr. Yarnold were unknown as actors at Drury, when the calamity that befel two of their brethren, called their powers into action. These two

gentlemen are both better actors than many who are performing lines of business in London. "GOOD PARTS MAKE GOOD ACTORS." Miss CHESTER is thought a good actress, because she has possession of *Mrs. Oakley* and *Lady Teazle*; but Miss CHESTER is by no means so good an actress as Mrs. Orger, though her remuneration may be more than double; and her reputation as an actress is much greater than Mrs. Orger's. When Kean was receiving, forty-five shillings per week at the Haymarket theatre, he was very nearly, if not quite, as good an actor, as when he afterwards received £60 during the run of *Brutus*. But the powers that were so splendidly developed in *Richard* and in *Othello*, could not be displayed in *Ganem* or "a servant." Booth, whatever opinion may be held as to his claim to lead, is decidedly a *respectable* actor. Booth was hissed off, as a messenger, in *As You Like It*, a few weeks before he set the town on fire as *Richard*.

There are some parts which, if "well dressed" and "well looked," (this last is an awkward but expressive phrase,) absolutely play themselves. Of many such parts Miss CHESTER has possession.

Her *Lady Teazle* is, in our minds, a decided failure. She plays in the style of Mrs. Jordan, but, oh! how unlike that bewitching creature, whose very defects we learnt to doat upon! Miss CHESTER's *Mrs. Oakley* is rather better, and is perhaps her happiest effort.

Her serious characters are pointless; and she performs a sort of mastication of her words, in serious speaking, as though she were "chewing the cud" of reflection over the sentences. This fault is a general one, but it is particularly displeasing in a lady.

With all her faults, Miss CHESTER is a very delightful

creature ; and, certainly, her exquisite form and faultless face excuse much. We wish she did not think so. We wish she would consult her glass less, and her tutor more. She can never attain a higher rank as a beauty ; she may easily deserve higher estimation as an actress ; and as twenty-seven, even for a lady, is not very old, we shall hail with pleasure every improving step she makes. With such requisites as she possesses, she ought to be *really* a first-rate actress. She may remember that Mr. C. Remble may not (most likely will not) long retain his influence, and future managers may accord her parts suited to her ability.

Miss CHESTER is above the medium height ; her face is full, commanding, and beautiful ; with a sleeping eye, that lies luxuriantly between the beautiful fringe of a long lash ; her figure is well proportioned ; and her movements peculiarly graceful.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,
&c. &c.

MRS. DIDIER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE BATH
 THEATRE, FEB. 17, 1807.

“ Can none remember, nay, I know all must,”
 When the great Siddons gave her reasons just
 For quitting those, whose approbation drew
 Her wond’rous merits first to public view.
Three reasons only could that prop unfix,
 Whilst Dame Didier, alas! has *sixty-six*;
 Look in my face, and there too plain appears,
 Th’ unerring mark of *six and sixty* years.
My reasons are not little girls and boys,
 Their doating parents’ anxious cares and joys,
 But twelve long months (of good deeds or of crimes)
 Repeated over *six and sixty* times!
 Though I might boast that many a comic brother
 Has of this theatre long hail’d me—*mother*!
 Nay, whilst we’ve Garricks, infantile and raw,
 I may be term’d this stage’s *grand-mamma*.
 Twice twenty years ago my lot was cast—
 Here should my scenes of future life be past;
 And, ’tis with pride and gratitude I own,
 A happier fortune few have ever known.
 When first you saw me, by your partial aid,
 The romping girls—pert chambermaids—I play’d;
 And oft—transform’d by elegant attire—
 Begg’d you her court-bred ladyship admire!
 Ah! then my vanity would not refuse
 The highest efforts of the Comic Muse—
 Your *Townleys, Teazles, Rosalinds*, so gay,
 I had presumption, gentle friends, to play;

But ne'er did *this* ambition reach my heart,
I never squinted through a tragic part.

'Tis "long experience only makes us sage"—
By that we find our level on the stage;
In homely parts, with simple nature's aims,
Ashfield, and other rusticated dames,
Aunt Heidlebergs, and matrons in brocades;
Your *Malaprops* and antiquated maids,
My *forte* I struck on—and, with exultation,
Your laugh I construed into approbation.

A few more years, should health continue still,
This humble sphere I yet; perhaps, might fill;
But "blest Retirement, friend to life's decline,"
Bids me my labours and their fruits resign;
Content with pittance early toil has made,
The frugal savings of your gen'rous aid.
Deem not my heart insensible or cold,
That I no cambric handkerchief unfold;
With bosom throbbing, and with falt'ring speech,
Your kind indulgence for this step beseech—
This face I ne'er the form of woe could teach—
Nor do I think, with arrogance and pride,
That this, my place, can never be supplied!
I'm pleas'd to leave you thus brim full of glée,
You must be *pleas'd*, your bounty makes me free;
My worthy managers, whose gentle sway
Made forty winters one bright holiday,
Must too be *pleas'd* that an old servant goes
From anxious toiling to her eve's repose;
And, with her faithful mate, can thus retire,
Where Thrift has pil'd, and Leisure trims the fire,
Where life's rude cares no more may intervene,
To mar their STUDIES for ANOTHER SCENE.

MR. BURKE.

As soon as the intelligence of the surrender of Valenciennes to the Duke of York was brought to Mr. Dundas's

office, he sent off an express to Mr. Burke. When the secretary of state's messenger arrived at Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke was attending the performance of a strolling company in a barn, where, on receiving the despatches, he suspended the play, read them aloud to the players and audience, commented on every passage, paid the highest compliment to the Duke of York and his troops, pointed out the vast importance of such a conquest, which opened an inroad into France, and concluded with making the band, consisting of two blind fiddlers, scrape out *God Save the King*, and with giving the performers a guinea to drink the Duke of York's health, success to the British arms, and confusion to the *Sans-Culottes*.

He called the vote of expulsion in the House of Commons, "The fifth act of a Tragi-comedy, performed by his Majesty's Servants, at the desire of several persons of distinction, for the Benefit of Mr. Wilkes, and at the expense of the Constitution."

HANDEL, THE COMPOSER.

His government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic; for, upon Cuzzoni refusing to sing his admirable air, *False Imogene*, in *Otho*, he told her, that he always knew she was one great devil; but that he should now let her know, in her turn, that he was Belzebub, the prince of the devils; and then, taking her round the waist, he swore, if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

Carestini, Conti detto Gizziello, and Caffarello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. *Vera! Prati*, which was constantly encored during the whole run of *Alcina*, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for

him to sing; upon which he went, in a great rage, and in a way with which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a first singer, cries out, "You fool! don't I know better as your self vat is pest for your to sing? If you vill not sing all de song vat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver."

SPILLER.

The facetious Mr. Spiller being at rehearsal on a Saturday morning, the time when the actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. Wood, the treasurer of the house, had any thing to say to them that morning, "No, faith, Jemmy," replied the other, "I'm afraid there's no cole," (a cant word for money.) "By G—d!" said Spiller, "if there is no cole we must burn *Wood*."

TONY LEE.

A player, in King Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing, as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioned a great deal of noise and laughter in the house; he lifted up his head, and speaking to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for, she would often say that I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my porridge." This set the house in such good humour, that it produced a thundering clap of applause, and made every one pardon the solecism he had before committed.

CURIOUS MISTAKE.

Mr. Dennis was reduced to poverty in his old age, and being much in debt, he resided within the verge of the court, for security of his person. However, on Saturday night, he happened to saunter to a public-house, which in a short time he discovered to be out of the verge. As he was sitting in an open drinking-room, a man of suspicious

appearance entered, about whom Mr. Dennis imagined there was something that denoted him to be a bailiff; being seized with a panic, he was afraid his liberty was now at an end, and sat in the utmost solicitude, but durst not offer to stir, lest he should be seized. After an hour or two had passed in this painful anxiety, at last the clock struck twelve; when Mr. Dennis, addressing himself to the suspected person, cried out in an extacy, "Now, sir,—bailiff, or no bailiff,—I don't care a farthing for you—you have no power now." The man was astonished at his behaviour; and when it was explained to him, ~~was~~ so much affronted with the suspicion, that had not our author been protected by his age, he would probably have smarted for his mistaken opinion.

ARROGANCE REPROVED.

At a recent rehearsal of *Artaxerxes*, a celebrated singer, who sustained the principal female character, called out in a very peremptory manner—"Fellow, bring me ~~my~~ crook." The property-man immediately replied—"Madam, your fellow is not here." She felt the rebuke, and made the request more successfully, in more proper language.

MR. CUMBERLAND.

It was reported that Mr. Cumberland had received a handsome present from the Israelites, in consequence of the white-washing, or rather gilding, he had given them in his *Jew*. This report induced a gentleman to ask him the question. "No," said Mr. Cumberland, "they gave me nothing; and, to tell you the truth, I am glad of it; for if they had, in all probability I should have been indicted for receiving stolen goods."

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE Atlas of this theatre has at length seceded from his nightly labours; and when we consider the number of nights he has played one, and sometimes two, long parts in one evening, and that he is not blessed with a strong constitution, we can easily suppose his mental as well as bodily faculties need recreation. We are credibly informed, his performance of *Paul Pry* has netted Mr. Morris £1000 clear profit, weekly.

The performances at this theatre are truly legitimate. Here are no dogs sewn in tiger's skins, nor monkeys to attract; but the manager of this establishment finds it his interest to secure the strength of the London theatres, and the best actors that the principal provincial theatres afford. Most assuredly his plan is correct. The capital has a right to possess all that is excellent: it is there alone that excellence can be rewarded. We have visited this house twice last week, and cannot speak too highly of the actors generally. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, *Love and Gout*, and *The Scape Goat*, were played on Thursday, to a tolerably good house. Mr. Williams's *Totterton* was inimitable: his performance of *Rusty*, in *Love and Gout*, was equally good. Indeed, we never see this gentleman but with pleasure. Farren and Reeves's acting in the last piece command the highest praise. Mr. Vining was equally happy in *Buz*. We have only space to add, that to be really amused, the Haymarket is the spot—"Laugh when you can."

SURREY THEATRE.

At the Surrey they have been playing to indifferent houses, in consequence of the heat of the weather. Their

first piece is entitled *The Foresters*. Cobham plays the hero admirably. He has a most superior voice, and uses it with consummate skill. We perceive Mr. Cobham is the stage-manager. He really should employ a serjeant to drill his awkward squad of supernumeraries: they completely marred the effect of one scene. What has become of Mortimer? We think he used to act the lover in this drama, which is now in the hands of a young man who is really unequal to the part. We always pity those whose lot it is to play the amiable young gentlemen. These characters require an easy carriage, a playfulness of style, and innumerable little acts of bye-play, that a young actor has not the courage, if he has the knowledge, to execute. But it is useless telling managers these things: if they will not give good wages, they cannot expect good workmen. Vale is very humorous as a simple, good-hearted wood-cutter; but Buckingham has an utter lack of that quality; and he should bear in mind, that to show the wit of his author, it is necessary to study him. Of the ladies, with the exception of Miss Tunstall, we cannot speak very favourably. Mrs. Clifford wants expression and feeling: so does Miss Louis. The latter lady's dress is too much in the Bartholomew-fair style. We beg pardon for having overlooked the author; and as we have not given our readers much poetry lately, we subjoin an extract from a song sung by Mr. Vale.

“ Oh, when I am gone,
 Let 'em grave on my stone,
 Here lies one of Cupid's lost muttons;
 Six old maids, sour and tall,
 Shall bear up my pall,
 And my grave strew with bachelor's buttons.”



MR. BARTLEY.
AS
FALSTAFF.

Pub. July 22, 1826. by G. Virtue 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
GEORGE BARTLEY,

(Of the Theatres-royal Covent-garden & English Opera-house.)

—
“ And why I’m so plump, the reason I’ll tell,
He who leads a good life is sure to live well.”
—

WHENEVER we suffer ourselves to reflect upon the estimation in which the different members of the histrionic profession are held, we throw by our pens in disgust. A few mountebanks are elevated, by the voice of an ignorant public, into eminence and emolument, whilst the genuine efforts of genius are disregarded. Our theatres are arrived now at a blessed crisis. Amongst the members of one theatre-royal are more than one performer who cannot read the words of his character at sight. Ignorance fills the chair that has been vacated by ability, and the creeping flatterer drags his slow length into a station, that the upright man of talent gazes upon with hopeless anxiety. We have seen Mr. Evans play *Farmer Ashfield*, Mr. W. Farren play *Sir Anthony Absolute*, Mr. Fawcett do *Falstaff*, &c. &c.; whilst Mr. BARTLEY, who could play each of these characters immeasurably better than any one of these gen-

tlemen, was condemned to subordinate parts, or not brought forward at all.

We are heartsick at all this—we are tired of complaining of managers, and of exposing the machinations of private pique, or the shifts of professional confederacy. The fault lies not radically in those worms who wriggle into favour, (it is their nature to do so,) but with the inertness and utter stupidity of the British public. A London audience are easier gulled than any set of boors to be found in the most sequestered parts of the island—they look at the name, not the merits of the individual; and the tame insipidity of Young excites more applause than the animation and talent of Wallack. To say the English people are a thinking people, is a gross libel upon them. There is no metropolis in which headstrong folly predominates so much as in ours. London always preferred Munden to Dowton—Edwin drew twice as much as the chaste, the inimitable Parsons—and the rubicund idiot of Cornhill run in shoals, to roar at the contortions of Liston, whilst they overlook the exquisite acting of Blanchard. As to legitimate acting, the great mass of Londoners do not encourage it; simply because they do not understand it, and because it requires an exercise of that very faculty they are supposed to possess—the faculty of thought. The senses the Almighty has favoured them with—those of vision and hearing—they exercise; and opera and show pleases them; but the higher senses, which they must cultivate for themselves, they seek not to gratify; so that the legitimate drama and its professors appeal to them in vain.

Amongst the neglected geniuses of the stage, we can count many who are now sinking into their graves, weary of struggling to reach that goal from which impudent as-

sumption has thrust them. Amongst the minors, even, is there not Huntley and Cobham? The latter, especially, worth thirty such actors as Young, and perhaps, on the whole, scarcely inferior to Macready. There is Herring and Mrs. Brooks, (both *now* spoiled by yielding to the taste of St. George's Fields.) Whilst impudent mummers are rolling in their carriages, patient merit is mumbbling a crust. Liston sports his vehicle; Johannot and Lund each died in a workhouse. Duruset, with no more voice than a screech-owl, is retained at a good salary; Larkin, who has really a very fine one, was discharged after one season.

And now, gentle reader, if thou art a Londoner, having eased our stuffed bosoms, by telling you a little wholesome truth, we will proceed to detail a few particulars concerning the subject of the present article.

GEORGE BARTLEY was born (we take the medium of some conflicting statements) in 1782, in or near the metropolis. He and his sister (now Mrs. Klanert) early discovered a love for the drama, and our hero indulged his propensity at the age of seventeen. After some few skirmishes of no great importance, he obtained an engagement at Margate, where he led the business. At that watering place, the British Thalia, Mrs. Jordan, saw him, and, justly appreciating his talents, recommended him to the managers of Drury.

As Mrs. Jordan's recommendation could not be neglected, a situation was made for our hero, who appeared on 11th December, 1802, as *Orlando*, in *As You Like It*, and was engaged at the very moderate salary of £4 per week.

The management never contemplated Mr. BARTLEY's *sustaining* this line; and though his appearance gave every indication of talent, he was immediately removed to a

lower walk of the drama. The indisposition of principal performers, however, occasionally brought him from his retirement; and we well remember the bursts of applause that attended his personation of *Polydore*, when (was it Barrymore?) some greater creature was taken ill suddenly.

It has always been usual to reward such instances of attention and merit; and even in later days, we remember Wallack's salary being raised for performing *Macduff*, instead of Rae. But, in 1804, the Drury-lane managers had notions of more strict economy; and notwithstanding repeated applications on the part of Mr. Bannister, (who was stage-manager, and felt warmly interested for our hero,) nothing was done. The consequence of which was, that Mr. Bannister resigned his situation of stage-manager in disgust, and BARTLEY left the theatre. In the summer of 1804, Mr. BARTLEY went to the Haymarket, where he was extremely useful.

Mr. BARTLEY was, at this period, just such an actor as Abbott was, when he left us; perhaps with a jot more feeling than that gentleman possessed, and, unlike him, our hero was every day improving.

After quitting the spot where his talents had been so ill requited, Mr. BARTLEY joined Incledon, and gave serious recitations to his songs, in an entertainment given by that gentleman at the Lyceum, called *A Voyage to India*. He also accompanied Mr. Incledon in a provincial tour.

After this we lose sight of our hero, until we find him in Glasgow, accompanied by a Mrs. Bartley, a lady* "somewhat stricken in years." Mr. BARTLEY had hardly

* This lady had been known in the profession by the title of Mrs. Stuart.

arrived in the Scotch city, ere he was attacked by a violent illness. Mr. Beaumont engaged another performer, and our unfortunate comedian was left, without friends and without money, to do the best he could in Glasgow. He slowly recovered, and a situation was made for him; but under the then existing circumstances, he was forced to play characters far inferior to those he had first engaged to perform.

After a great deal more provincialism, during which he was stage-manager for Elliston at divers places, our hero appeared at Drury-lane theatre, as *Falstaff*; and even the public press, that notorious vehicle of malinformation, could not deny that his *Falstaff* was the best of the day; but Munden and Dowton were in possession of all the characters of importance in the line. Mr. BARTLEY had now adopted, and he in consequence appeared but seldom.

On the production of *What Next?* he performed the *Major*, to Dowton's *Colonel Touchwood*; and then that laughable farce was indeed adequately represented.

Mr. BARTLEY quitted Drury-lane, and repaired, we think, to Liverpool, (or Manchester,) where his great talents met due appreciation. The inhabitants of these commercial towns have a taste for legitimate acting, and our hero was an immense favourite.

Mr. BARTLEY was fortunate enough, amid all his variety of changes, to obtain the approval of Miss Smith, the once powerful rival and successor of "the Siddons;" and at length persuaded that lady henceforward to "glory in the appellation" of BARTLEY. The particulars of this happy occurrence we reserve for the memoir of that lady, as matter more fitting for female biography.

Mr. BARTLEY's next visit to the metropolis was at the instance of Mr. Arnold, (one of the few managers who

correctly appreciate actors,) who engaged him for the English opera-house, of which he also became stage-manager.

With an apparent love of change, we find him resigning this situation, to take a trip with his partner for life, to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. BARTLEY found their trip to America pleasing and profitable, and though the newspapers had given them both up, as food for fishes, they returned to London, to be once more greeted by the applause of overflowing houses.

On the demise of Emery, the Covent-garden proprietors engaged our hero, who appeared there as *Sir Toby Belch*, in *The Twelfth Night*, (1st October, 1822,) and was received with rapturous applause. Since that period they have assigned him little of importance, if we except *Dumont*, (*Jane Shore*,) *Hubert*, (*King John*,) and *Major Oakley*.

Mr. BARTLEY's first appearance at Covent-garden theatre was actually on the night devoted to the benefit of Emery's family, when he recited the address in an admirable manner. Our omitting that address, by mistake, in our memoir of Emery, will sufficiently plead our apology for introducing it here.

** Address* spoken by Mr. BARTLEY, 11th August, 1822.*

“ Friends of the Muse! who, in a polish'd age,
Support the morals of our British stage;
Who, when a public favourite gives birth
To feelings of respect for private worth,
With generous, and equal ardour, scan
The merits of the actor and the man;

* This address also serves to show the wretched loss to which the talents of the licenser are reduced.

Need we to-night express our grief---or tell
 Sorrows in which you sympathise so well?
 Poor Emery is gone! who play'd his part,
 Each day he breath'd, home to the very heart.
 True to the Drama's, as to Friendship's call,
 He charm'd us---for 'twas honest Nature all.
 How oft, when scarce an effort would appear,
 He drew the giant's bow of genius here!
 Seem'd like a random shooter in the dark,
 But never---never fail'd to hit the mark.
 Various his range;---but, in the peasant vein,
 'We ne'er may look upon his like again.'
 'Twas his, well studied in the rustic school,
 To show the arch, the vicious, and the fool;
 'Twas his, with matchless humour to pourtray
 The *Lumps* and *Dandie Dinmonts* of his day;
 'Twas his, in *Tyke*, with truth's resistless force,
 To fill the lowly villain with remorse;
 'Twas his to feel, too, with becoming pride,
 How talent can support its own fireside:
 'Till---in his prime, alas!--of life bereft,
 Life's dearest objects shelterless were left.
 Patrons of genius! guardians of distress!
 Friends of the destitute and fatherless!
 For you, his Widow will her prayer repeat--
 For you, his Children's grateful bosoms beat!
 And may his spirit now look down and view
 The succour they obtain this night from you!"

In addition to the regular duties of his profession, our hero has, for the last three or four years, delivered a lecture during Lent, at the English opera-house, on the "Structure of the Earth," &c.; and the excellence of the lecture is augmented by the beautiful style in which it is delivered.

During Mr. BARTLEY's transatlantic trip, Harley held his managerial station; which, however, he resumed on his return. Amongst the events of his stage-managership,

the memorable turn-out scheme should not be forgotten. We present the following sketch of it from the journals of the day.

On the 20th of September, at the conclusion of *Wanted, a Governess*, Mr. BARETT came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—

“ *Ladies and Gentlemen*,—The depressed state of all theatrical property, and the obvious decline of public interest in the once favourite amusements of the drama, are increasing evils, which have been ascribed by various conjectures to various causes. To comment generally upon these would, in this place, be impertinent; but, amongst others, a large portion of the public have advanced, that the *early* hour of commencing the performances, renders it impossible to attend an amusement which interferes with the late hour of dinner, or the protracted hours of business; and a no less considerable body of the community have complained, that the *late* hours to which the representations of the stage are extended, materially derange the ordinary habits of life to which they are accustomed. All parties, however, have agreed in condemning, as with one voice, the *length* of theatrical performances, in which the attention of the auditors can rarely be kept alive during a period of, at least, five hours; and never without fatigue both of body and mind.

“ In some degree to remedy the evil complained of by those whose habits of life or avocations would not permit their early attendance at theatres, the custom of taking half-price was introduced. But it must be obvious to every one, that this plan has been found incompetent to its object. Many persons who would be desirous to witness the early part of a performance, are indisposed to pay the price of a whole evening's entertainment, for that

portion of it only which they can enjoy; and it may reasonably be supposed, that thousands who might wish to enter the theatre at a later hour, (as at the usual time of second price,) are wholly excluded by the certainty of finding the best seats occupied. Thus, numberless persons, from the one or the other cause, are deterred from frequenting the amusements of the stage.

“ Long experience and much reflection on these contending difficulties, have suggested to the proprietor of this theatre a mode of reconciling them. It is obvious, that to accommodate one principal class of the patrons of theatres, the performances *must commence* at an early hour; and to gratify another, no less important class, they must be *continued* to a late one: and as the man of leisure cannot be induced to forego his present habits of dining at the old English *supper-time*; and as the man of business, and other persons of early and domestic pursuits, cannot be prevailed upon to abridge their hours of *sleep*, in order to compliment with their company the performance of a midnight melo-drame; it is become necessary, to the interest (if not the very existence) of theatres, that some measure should be adopted to meet the wishes and taste of both classes, on whom their prosperity so immediately depends.

“ With this view, it is proposed, as an *experiment*, for the few remaining nights of this season, to try the *plan* (so novel to a regular theatre) of dividing *every* evening's entertainment into two distinct parts or performances. Each performance to consist of a full three-act opera; or, of a short opera, with a ballet, or a musical entertainment.

“ THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

“ To begin at Six o'Clock precisely, and to last until about Nine,

“ The Doors to open at Half-past Five.

“ THE SECOND PERFORMANCE

“ To begin at Half-past Nine, and to conclude at Twelve.

“ Although, as the entertainments of theatres have increased *in length*, it has never been proposed, *on that account*, to increase the price of admission—yet, now that it is intended to limit their duration, it is respectfully and cheerfully proposed, that the following reductions shall take place.

“ THE PRICE OF ADMISSION

“ To either Performance will be—Boxes, 3s.—Pit, 2s.—
Gal. 1s.—Up. Gal. 6d.

“ The boxes and places will be taken for *either performance*; and the grand saloon, with its admired decorations, will be appropriated, by a new arrangement, to the use of the company visiting the boxes at the second performance, and as a promenade for the company to wait for their carriages, on leaving the boxes at the conclusion of the early entertainments.

“ We are fully aware that we shall have to encounter many professional jokes upon this occasion; and we believe it is pretty well known, that we have every thing to struggle against from rival theatres, that ingenious opposition could devise. We do not quarrel with opposition; because it is quite natural that every man should think *first* of himself, and study his own interest in preference to the interests of another; but we are alike prepared to smile at the good-humoured raillery of our friends, and the hostile attempts of our enemies; who may both, perhaps, be inclined, in different spirits, to call this ‘a Bartholomew Fair scheme.’ Let them call it what they will—we know that our sole aim is to exist by your favour,

and by devising all means for your entertainment, until we ultimately receive an honest reward for our labours.

“ This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the new plan which I have the honour to submit to your consideration. It is another effort on the part of the proprietor to promote the convenience and accommodation of the public: an object which he has never for a moment lost sight of, since he first engaged in your service; and in which he has thus far so proudly succeeded, that he has had to boast an ample share of favour and protection, so far as favour and protection depended on the public. Grateful, therefore, for your patronage, he trusts this new plan will be sanctioned, as a new endeavour to deserve it.”

The impropriety of admitting half-price in the early part of the season, now became obvious, and this plan of substituting for whole and half-prices, two distinct performances, was certainly more novel than politic. Some complained of the rise of the boxes to *both* performances, but when half-price was first taken at a summer theatre-royal, on account of the extension of the season, from September 15 to October 15, the price of admission to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six shillings. It would have been better for the concern, if the doors had been closed entirely for the season, than to adopt a plan which rendered it, apparently, inferior to even the minor theatres. If the Italian opera in London be encouraged at exorbitant prices, why should an English opera not be conducted in a manner worthy of native genius? In some respects the manager's exertions were commendable. On the 15th of July, the great room, hitherto occupied by the Society of Arts, was opened as a *shrubbery* for the accommodation of the public. This rural apartment, which appeared like a miniature Vauxhall, was appro-

priated to a lounging-place ; and on the present occasion received the company who were waiting for the second performance, where tickets were also sold. The new plan was adopted September 24. The manager probably derived hopes from his first performance, on account of the early hour of commencement, as the proprietors of the winter theatres (by mutual agreement) did not open their doors until six, and raise the curtain until seven o'clock. At its outset a few hisses were heard, in evident opposition to the arrangements, which were soon subdued by the applause of friends. The audiences to both performances were very thin, and *fortunately* to the first performance ; for how could it be supposed that a crowded theatre could be cleared in the course of *half an hour*, for the reception of another audience ? On the first night of trial, some obstinate persons refused to make room for their successors, though the stage-lights vanished, and they were threatened with total darkness. Mr. BARTLEY came forward, and informed them, that the first performance was over. One or two threw their money on the stage for the second performance, but finding that the malcontents were resolved to keep their seats, Mr. BARTLEY made his bow and submitted. These *double* performances continued only until October 3d.

Before we proceed to our estimate of this gentleman's dramatic qualifications, we think it necessary to correct a very general error, i. e. the mistaking a Mr. E. Bartley, now in a provincial company, for the son of our hero. Mr. BARTLEY brought this young man up, but he assuredly is not his father. We "only mention it, because right's right, you know."

Mr. BARTLEY is one of the greatest actors of the present day ; and when we consider his versatility, we may say,

inferior to no one. We grant ye, that he sometimes suffers his spirits to carry him farther than the chaste line of Nature marks; but he makes up for this dereliction, by the exuberant fancy that enriches it. To be the best speaker on the stage is no mean attribute, and that cannot be denied to Mr. BARTLEY.

For tragic assumptions, Nature has given Mr. BARTLEY few endowments. Even in his youth he was too dwarfish for the serious scene; and now, when years have thrown upon him a comfortable covering of flesh, he is still less fitted for the representative of woe. In *Dumont*, we felt this particularly; for though he performed the character admirably, his full-fed cheeks made a kind of practical burlesque upon his ebullitions of sorrow. In *Hubert*, too, his obesity was detrimental, and in Liverpool it utterly marred his efforts in *Macbeth*, and more especially *Rolla*.

As the representative of the *Oldboys*, *Absolutes*, &c. &c., we consider Mr. BARTLEY second only to Dowton. And, by the bye, he never forgets that the passionate baronet is a gentleman; a thing that Dowton more than once fails to remember. In *Old Mirabel*, Mr. BARTLEY is indeed inimitable; his fine mellow style is as far superior to the croaking of Farren, as the energy of Macready is beyond the coldness of Young.

In sentimental old men, or parts of a serio-comic cast, BARTLEY is beyond Dowton; and for this reason we prefer this gentleman's *Sir Christopher Curry*. His *Eustache de St. Pierre*, too, is admirable; and his *Fitzharding*, (*Iron Chest*,) a part generally but little noticed, is made of pre-eminent importance by his talent.

In low comedy, our hero is also original and entertaining. His *Jobson*, *Joe Standfast*, &c. &c., are instances at hand; and the London reader will readily remember his

Plush, the Alderman, (Jonathan in England,) and Capt. Gorgon, (Love among the Roses.)

Of his performances in *Free and Easy*, we know not how to speak. Such an union of gentlemanly ease and deportment, exquisite elocution, and high comic humour, knows no parallel upon the stage. The nearest approach to it is Downton's *Dorrington*; but that is neither so equable or so gentlemanly.

The few faults observable in Mr. BARTLEY are easily enumerated. One is a proneness to laughing on the stage—which adjunct Mr. BARTLEY, of all performers, stands least in need of; and the other, a straining of his voice in his old men, to an unnatural and disagreeable height. This, we know, is a natural effect of passion; but still it is unwelcome to an auditor's ear. Mr. BARTLEY, who can do every thing so well, should be content to know when he has done enough.

If we wanted a further proof than the evidence of our eyes and ears, to convince us that Mr. BARTLEY was an excellent and original actor, the circumstance that no performer attempts any imitation of him, would be sufficient. When we say imitation, we do not allude to mimicry; but our readers must be aware, that about half the actors of the present day found, what is termed, their school of acting, on some successful London favourite. Now, these gentry are perfectly safe in so doing, when they take Mr. Liston, Farren, or Wilkinson, for their models; for those gentlemen deliver every man's words after their own "flourish." Not so with the animated BARTLEY—he grasps the character to the core, and rolls himself so closely in it, that you lose Mr. BARTLEY, until he comes forward to announce the piece for repetition.

We wish all honour and happiness to the public fa-

favorites—those wooden idols of an ignorant and infatuated populace. It is said by the members of the treasury, that the public will not come to see the old comedies; yet we wish the Covent-garden managers would play our hero and Blanchard, for the sake of experiment, and let the mannerist of the theatre go into the pit, and take a lesson. We cannot think but that perseverance in this course would produce the most desirable change in the dramatic arrangements; at all events, if it did not mend the public taste, it would mend some of our comedians' acting.

We can never forget the pleasure we have experienced in witnessing BARTLEY's exertions at the English opera-house, although no man has less claim than himself to the title of operatic performer. It is remarkable, that a good voice for speaking is seldom accompanied by one for singing.

It gives us much satisfaction to conclude this Memoir with the pleasing information, that his high character as an actor is outstripped by the estimation in which he is held as a man.

Mr. BARTLEY is about five feet three inches in height; very stoutly made; with light hair and blue eyes. In his youth he bore some resemblance to Master Betty.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCIENCE.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had a considerable portion of scientific knowledge. Pope says that "*Whatever object of nature, or branch of SCIENCE, he either speaks of, or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge.*" And Theobald: "*With regard to his thinking it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of ALL THE SCIENCES;*" and did they, who are engaged in scientific pursuits, and who love and admire the writings of the immortal bard, examine with accuracy those passages in which allusions are made to subjects that have particularly engaged their attention, many beauties would be elicited, which have escaped the notice of the most erudite commentators, whose erudition is for the most part wasted in quarrelling with each other, or in seeking the footsteps of the poet in beaten ways, which happily he never trod. Cassius's account of the sickness of Cæsar, is a remarkable instance of minute accuracy.

"He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius.*"

An eminent physician and lecturer of the present day, refers his pupils to the above passage, as a perfect description of a *paroxysm of intermittent fever*.

COPY OF A PLAY-BILL.

The following bill will convince our readers of the slavery that actors are subject to, in what is termed *small schemes*.

THEATRE, HORSFIELD,
AT MR. THOMAS PEASCOD'S,
*On Saturday, July 18, 1807, will be presented the much
admired Comedy of*
THE BUSY BODY,
OR, THE GUARDIAN DUPED.

Sir Francis Gripe,	}	- - - - -	Mr. Johnston.
Charles - - - - -			
Sir George Airy -	}	- - - - -	Mr. Deans.
Whisper - - - - -			
Sir Jealous Traffic	}	- - - - -	Mr. Jones.
Marplot - - - - -			
Miranda - - - - -	}	- - - - -	Mrs. Deans.
Scentwell - - - - -			
Patch - - - - -	}	- - - - -	Mrs. Jones.
Isabinda - - - - -			

Songs, &c.

The Rushlight, Mr. Jones.
The Yorkshire Concert, Mr. Johnston.
The Cottage of Peace, Mrs. Deans.
To conclude with the laughable Farce of

THE LYING VALET;
OR, SHARP'S INVENTION.

Gayless - - - - -	}	- - - - -	Mr. Deans.
Justice Guttie - - -			
Drunken Cook - - -	}	- - - - -	Mr. Johnston.
Sharp - - - - -			
Melissa - - - - -	}	- - - - -	Mr. Jones.
Mrs. Trippet - - - -			
Gadabout - - - - -	}	- - - - -	Mrs. Jones.
Kitty Pry - - - - -			

Pit, 1s. Gal. 6d. To begin at Eight o'Clock.

* * Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE

OPENED on Saturday, 1st July, with *Tarrare* and *Free and Easy*. Mr. Sapio was sufficiently successful in the character lately performed by Mr. Braham, to leave little or no regret on our minds for the absence of that pillar of opera. *Free and Easy* was played with great spirit. Mr. Bartley, who never appears but he revives the dullest wretch that ever entered the walls of a theatre, and Wrench, who does the most provoking things with the most agreeable unconsciousness of being disagreeable, kept the house in the utmost good humour until the fall of the curtain; and, as a testimony of the satisfaction that was felt on all sides, the actors had the gratification of hearing the welcome peal of three distinct rounds of applause ringing in their ears, as they reached their dressing-rooms, to disencumber themselves of the different garbs in which they had earned the well-merited plaudits of their auditors.

CRITICISM ON MISS F. H. KELLY, COPIED FROM THE BRIGHTON GAZETTE.

“*Workington, May 14th.*”

“The several towns in the west of this county have been highly treated by the exertions of that excellent and admirable actress, Miss F. H. Kelly, who has favoured the theatre with a display of her talents, in a long range of characters, with universal applause. She has her myriads of admirers in comedy; but I would say, with the critics, that tragedy is the ‘mediterranean of her mind.’ She has also paid a second visit to Northumberland, and by the voluntary votes of all the freeholders in criticism, has secured her election there as the representative of dramatic excellence in the united boroughs of ‘Tragedy and Comedy,’ without a contest, and even without a canvass.”



J. Henley del.

J. Rogers sculp.

M^{RS} CROUCH,
AS
ROSINA.

London. Pub. July 29. 1826. G. Virtue. 26. Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
MRS. ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

(Late of the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane.)

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.—MOORE.

SUCH of our readers as are conversant with dramatic literature may have perused an ill-written work, called *Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch*, dated 1806, and purporting to be written by Mr. J. Young. Who this ill-judging friend may be, we know not, but certainly a more worthless attempt at biography, or a more complete piece of unmeaning patchwork, we never perused. Mr. Young, however, having the advantage of intimacy with our heroine's father, is likely to be correct in his statement of *dates*, however falsely he may have stated *facts*.

ANNA MARIA was the daughter of a Mr. Peregrine Phillips, known about 1780, not only as an attorney-at-law, but as a public reader at Freemason's Tavern, and pretty generally respected by the literary and theatrical characters of his day, and the fourth out of six children, that were the fruits of the connubial felicity of that gentleman and his wife, (formerly a Miss Gascoyne,) daughter of a Wor-

cestershire farmer. This gentleman died at the age of seventy-two, in the year 1801.

But ere we bury Mr. Phillips, we must usher his daughter into notice, who was born in Gray's-inn-lane, on the 20th April, 1768. In early life, her fine-toned voice became the subject of notice and admiration; and her father being the professional adviser of Sir Watkin Lewes, she was in infancy introduced to his lady. She was instructed, at a very tender age, in music, by Mr. Wafer; and, when ten years old, executed the *Soldier Tired*, vocally and instrumentally, with precision and effect; an instance of precocity which was then considered very remarkable. Patience preserve us! the Fishers, the Burkes, &c., have made us cease to think any infantine exertion wonderful.

Amongst the many speeches, and other instances of juvenile talent, that Mr. Young has afforded in his entertaining work, the following has the most point and probability. Being requested, when a child, to perform on the piano and sing, to an officer who had been engaged abroad, and concerned in an important victory, and who wished to observe the improvement she had made, she instantly commenced—

“ See, the conquering hero comes !”*

Little NANCY pursued her musical studies, her father intending her for the concert-room; and, at sixteen, she attracted the notice of a naval captain; but as she declined him for a commander, he crowded all sail,

“ And bade a long adieu to NANCY.”

In 1779 our heroine was articed to the celebrated

* To such of our readers as enjoy a hearty laugh at pedantic folly, or literary imbecility, we recommend a perusal of pages 50, 51, 52, and 53, (*inter alia*,) of the work we allude to.

Linley, patentee of Drury-lane theatre, for three years, and engaged (says her biographer) for six seasons, at a rising salary of from £6 to £12 per week. We are not able, at this period, to dispute our author's statement, though we deem it highly improbable that such an engagement could have been effected.

In the winter of 1780, she appeared in *Mai Mane*, and was received with distinguished applause. Her next character was *Clarissa*, in *Lionel and Clarissa*, for her own benefit; and in this she discovered considerable dramatic talent.

In 1783 she went to Ireland, and took with her a commendatory letter from the celebrated dogmatist, though erudite scholar, Johnson. We copy it, as every thing of his is (we really cannot say why) deemed valuable. Had he written such a commendatory effusion for us, we should have thrown it in his face.

“ SIR,—The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss PHILLIPS, a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

“ Mr. Phillips is one of my old friends; and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do any thing to disgrace their benefactors, I take the liberty of entreating you to countenance and protect them, so far as may be suitable to your station and character; and shall consider myself obliged by any favourable notice which they shall have the honour of receiving from you.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.

“ London, May 31, 1783.

“ To the Right Hon. William Wyndham.”

An extract from *Freeman's Journal* of that period, will serve to show that the puff *oblique* was sufficiently understood in those days.

“ A theatrical correspondent advises all dramatic and musical connoisseurs, who propose to attend Smock Alley house on the nights Miss PHILLIPS performs, to guard well their hearts, as so sweet a countenance, elegant person, and ravishing voice, are scarcely found in a century to unite so powerfully in one young lady. Our correspondent likewise advises all ladies, who are not perfectly secure of the affections of their *caro sposos*; and every Stella, who has not absolutely fixed the love of her Strephon, to apply immediately to Parliament, to except from the articles of free trade, by an *ex post facto* law, the importation of this captivating syren.”

At Dublin our heroine met with John P. Kemble, who (as all green-room gossipers know) was said to have fallen violently in love with her. Indeed, in this year and the following, their marriage was continually announced in those vehicles of correctness, the public journals.

In 1784, when she was again in Dublin, she had many admirers; one of whom, to prove the fervency of his affection, threatened, if she did not consent to accept him as a suitor, to shoot her; and declared his intention of going into the theatre the next night, for the purpose. On the evening, she peeped through the interstice of the curtain, and there saw her admirer snugly seated in the second row: not doubting that he intended to keep his promise, she had him secured and removed from the house. No weapons were found upon him, and he was liberated.

Invulnerable as she proved to the attacks of this desperate suitor, she yielded to the entreaties of the son of a

nobleman, and eloped with him. The young gentleman was a minor, and as he could not (*on dit*) prevail on a priest to tie him to his lovely companion, they set out for Scotland, where, as they say of stolen property, "no questions will be asked." The respective parents of the disobedient youth and the fair fugitive set out in pursuit, but did not overtake them for *some days*; they having been detained by contrary winds. They were instantly severed,

"Never more to meet."

The friends of our heroine took infinite pains to make the world believe that no impropriety had occurred between the lovers; but as the gentleman was a native of the Emerald Isle, and they were together for four or five days, our readers may perhaps be sceptical upon this point.

Her first appearance in London, subsequent to this affair, was as *Emily*, in *The Double Disguise*; in which Mrs. Wroughten had, as an Irish chambermaid, to sing to her a song, one verse of which runs thus:—

"Each pretty young Miss, with a long heavy purse,
Is courted, and flattered, and easily had;
She longs to be taken for better or worse,
And quickly elopes with an Irish lad."

These lines the audience, by their plaudits, evidently applied to our heroine, whose situation became, of course, more peculiar than pleasing.

Mobility of feeling appears to have been a part of this lady's character; for, in 1785, she fully resumed her tranquillity, and gave herself leisure to observe, that a very handsome man was always in the stage-box when she performed. This said handsome man was Mr. Crouch,

then a lieutenant in the navy, who led her to the altar a very few months afterwards. She, however, continued for some time to perform in her maiden name; proving, however, in that blest condition

“That ladies wish to be, who love their lords,”

she assumed her matrimonial appellation. Going to rehearsal one morning, she accidentally fell: though much hurt, she determined on playing at night, as it was for a benefit. She did so—but had scarcely returned home, ere she was taken ill—a premature labour was the result—and she for two days only enjoyed the title of mother.

From the effects of this illness she recovered very slowly; and her mental agony for the loss of her infant, (a loss never replaced in her after-life,) retarded her restoration to health. Her death was frequently announced, as her wedding had been before.

On her return to the stage she was warmly greeted, and again became the favourite of the public, until Mrs. Billington's appearance in 1786. That wonderful woman distanced all competition; and, from her *entree*, our heroine was of course considered as secondary only in talent.

Nothing material occurred to our heroine until 1787, when the celebrated Michael Kelly made his appearance at Old Drury. Mr. Kelly had been so long abroad, that he had nearly forgotten his native tongue, and Mrs. CROUCH bestowed infinite pains upon him in this respect, which he repaid by instructing her in the lessons Italy had taught him. Their ripening friendship was aided by the kindness of Mr. Crouch, who proposing Kelly's residing with them, he embraced the offer, and accordingly, in Tichfield-street, Cavendish-square, Mrs. CROUCH sat down, attended by her husband and her *cicisbeo*.

At the end of January, 1788, the public were for some time deprived of Mrs. CROUCH, by an accident that nearly proved fatal to her beauty. In going to the theatre in a hackney coach, it overturned, and her face was dreadfully cut by the glass. She had only the nurse, with her sister Horrebow's child, in the coach, and, by throwing herself between the baby and the window, to preserve him, when she felt the coach going over, she received the injury; but rejoiced, in the midst of her sufferings, to see the little creature perfectly safe. She was taken into a house, and a surgeon sent for, who assured her that no glass was in the wounds; and was going to bind them up, but she knew well, by the pain that she felt, he deceived her, and sent for Mr. Cruikshanks, who came immediately, and extracted many pieces of glass, which gave her great relief. It was long before the wounds healed sufficiently for her to appear on the stage: slight scars always remained, which rather injured the delicacy of her face, and they appeared more like a roughness in the skin than what they really were.

This unlucky accident caused many reports against Mr. Crouch, as false as they were scandalous; that he had thrown things at her, which had cut her face.

After this accident, Mrs. CROUCH had a carriage of her own, which she continued to keep, until the tax upon vehicles made her trust once more to the polite attention of hackney-coachmen.

Mrs. CROUCH and Mr. Kelly were inseparable. All their provincial engagements were made together; and Mr. Crouch, we presume, merely accompanied them *pro forma*.

In 1791, Mr. and Mrs. CROUCH parted; she agreeing to allow him a certain portion of her professional emoluments. What occasioned this separation we cannot state,

for there certainly was no more cause than had existed for four years before ; but even Mr. Crouch found, though he had so much cause for happiness with Mr. Kelly, for

“ What a blessing to have such a friend in the house ; ”

that still

“ Contentment ever was the lot of few.”

Mr. Kelly still boarded in Mrs. CROUCH's house ; naturally enough conceiving, that because her husband parted from her, it was no reason *he* should. In 1792, Mr. Kelly and herself gave those delightful musical parties at their house in Pall Mall, of which we have all heard so much ; parties, to which the talents of Mrs. Billington, Madame Mara, Mrs. Bland, Signora Storace, John Johnstone, &c. &c., were devoted, and where all the rank and fashion that could obtain admittance crowded. Indeed, our heroine found it necessary to seek a larger mansion to receive her friends ; amongst the foremost of which his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was reckoned.

The Prince was, at that time, said to have been enamoured of her, and Mr. Kelly *is said* to have felt the poignant pang of jealousy, and not without cause. Divers little agreeable tales and adventures are related, as having had their origin in the apartment of the lady in question ; but as we cannot substantiate, we had better not assert ; especially as the freaks of royalty are amongst those truths, that the more veracious are deemed the most libellous.

As a proof of the feeling of this lady towards Mr. Kelly, it may be recorded, that she has frequently said, “ SHE WOULD NEVER SING IN ANY THEATRE WITHOUT HIM.”

In 1793, they experienced a dreadful storm in passing from Ireland ; and the public prints, those laudable promoters of scandal and fiction, reported that they had been

drowned, and cast on the sands, locked in one another's arms. As to the latter end of this report, we will not undertake to dispute it; but that such experienced practitioners as Mr. Kelly and Mrs. CROUCH, chose the sands for such an exhibition, is more than even the editor of *The Times* would like to assert.

On their appearance together in town, they were particularly warmly greeted.

On the production of *Lodoiska*, in which Mrs. CROUCH performed the heroine, she had a narrow escape while standing on the turrets of the castle, which our readers will remember is in flames in the last scene. She was scorched, and Kelly, who played *Floreski*, flying to her assistance, fell from a considerable height on to the stage, and he uttered a loud scream as he fell;—but

“What shall oppose a man,”

actuated by affection? He recovered his footing, and bore his lovely charge to the front of the stage, in a fainting state.

It had been settled at rehearsal, that the concluding picture in this piece should be formed on the turrets of the castle; but such was the effect produced by this accident, that it has been adopted as the business of the scene ever since.

This memoir might properly have been headed “accidents and offences,” for we have yet another misfortune of our heroine's to record. Mrs. CROUCH, travelling in her own carriage, was overturned, when a weighty dressing-case, containing all her stage ornaments, &c., falling on her throat, had nearly put a period to her existence. This accident, which confined her for a considerable period to her house, materially injured her vocal powers.

The Prince of Wales is said to have sent the first medical men to her assistance; but their art proved vain; her voice never recovered its pristine power; and she was frequently obliged to apply leeches to her throat in a morning, previous to singing at night.

After this period, Mrs. CROUCH appeared but seldom, and she devoted her time to the instruction of a variety of pupils. Mrs. Liston and Mrs. Mathews (wife of the celebrated mimic) are two instances of her talent as an instructor.

She lived with Kelly, at his house, Saloon, Pall Mall. The injury she received from the accident we have last recorded, visibly affected her health: she was afflicted with violent spasms in her stomach; and knowing, through the medium of the old song, that

“Grog cures the Cough,
The asthma, and the pthisic,
And is to *all laddies*
The very best of physic,”

she tried it. We are by no means inclined to speak of illness with volatility, or speak of a sufferer with jocularity, but it is our duty to state the truths that her former biographer has concealed.

In 1804, she went to Brighton for her health, and partially recovered; but, after this period, she actually drank to excess, which ultimately deprived her of her reason. Her insanity was not, however, continual, and appeared to be more the result of the excitement we have alluded to, than any natural pre-disposition to lunacy. A few days before her death, she was restored to the perfect possession of her faculties. She had long wished to be buried in her father's grave, but feeling conscious that her

dissolution was approaching at Brighton, she determined on lying there, repeating the words—

“Where the tree falls, there let it lie.”

She lingered until the 2d of October, when she expired. The immediate cause of her death being represented by her medical attendants, to be an internal mortification.

Kelly was with her for the three last weeks of her existence incessantly, and she died within his arms.

The following memento is to be found in the church-yard at Brighton :—

HIC JACET

The Remains of

ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

During many years a Performer at Drury-lane Theatre.

She combined with the purest taste as a singer, the most elegant simplicity as an actress; beautiful almost beyond parallel in her person, she was distinguished by the powers of her mind. They enabled her, when she quitted the stage, to gladden life by the charms of her conversation, and refine it by her manners. She was born April 20, 1763, and died October 1805.

THIS STONE

Is inscribed to her beloved memory, by him whom she esteemed the most faithful of her friends.

e

Our notice of this lady's powers must be necessarily short. We never saw her in her zenith, and we have little medium of correct information. Her friends pronounced her faultless. When we beheld her, she was a chaste, impressive singer, with more sweetness than power; more sensibility than science—her enunciation was uncommonly distinct—her ornaments few, and more correct than brilliant. Her style appeared to us the reverse of florid. Mrs. Mountain much resembled her, both in singing and acting.

Of the character of Mrs. CROUCH we have many testimonials. • She was generous and affectionate—*she invariably sang for charities, without any remuneration*—to her relations she was always kind—to the poor she was benevolent—affability marked her general conduct;—and though recognised as an erring sister, she was universally beloved in the profession,—a pretty correct criterion of her excellence.

A woman who attracted, at different periods, so many noble lovers, and such men as John P. Kemble, Michael Kelly, and his present Majesty, who had each, in an extended sphere, seen all that England, Ireland, France, and Italy, could produce of beauty and fascination, must have possessed superior charms. When we saw her, she was excessively pleasing, though not in our estimation strictly beautiful. Though a favourite with the public, she had ceased to be an object of attraction; and was one of those performers whom every auditor is pleased to see, but to see whom no one especially goes.

Of her errors we say nothing—they lie with her in the grave—reprobation is useless, where the time has past for repentance—if she had some frailty, she had many excellences—and amongst the thousands that can boast of never having erred as she did, there are few that can also boast of having performed half so many extenuating acts of generosity or benevolence.

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

THE following will perhaps be found interesting to our readers.

" A letter, addressed to Mr. B. S. Nayler, Teacher of Elocution, on his Review of the English Performances; by H. H. Atkins, of the German Theatre, Amsterdam.

*' 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill,
Be seen in acting, or in judging ill.'---POPE.*

" TO MR. B. S. NAYLER.

" SIR,—Though I do not deem your review, as you are pleased to call it, of the twelve first English performances, worthy of notice or reply, yet permit me to say a little on the subject. It is a commonly received opinion, that every man who pays for his admission to witness a performance, has a right, publicly or privately, to express his sentiments as to the merits or demerits of the performers and performances: but, surely, this should be done with some feeling of liberality.

" You state that Mr. Newcombe is *'a nothing of a man,'* that Miss Grosett is *'a stick of a woman,'* and so forth. This is certainly not the language of a scholar or a gentleman; but, on the contrary, coarse, vulgar, and vituperative. An Englishman should have entertained a kinder feeling, surely, for his countrymen. I do not hesitate to say, you are totally incompetent to judge or criticise any theatrical performance; and I most heartily despise the contemptible feeling which suggested your remarks.

" Speaking of Mr. S. Chapman's *Othello* and *Hamlet*, you say he was miserably imperfect. Pray, sir, how do

you know this? Mr. S. Chapman studied and played the parts, from copies marked (under the direction of the celebrated Mr. Kean) by the prompter of the Theatre-royal Drury-lane. I hold Mr. Kean's judgment, as to what should be retained or omitted in those plays, I assure you, in much greater estimation than yours. You probably have some edition of the plays, printed as they were originally acted. So much, sir, may be generally urged wherever you have been pleased to call Mr. S. Chapman imperfect. You abuse his performances of *Othello*, and *Hamlet*, yet Mr. Chapman received many well-deserved marks of approbation from the audience: they were satisfied, and appeared delighted. The vanity of a single individual is somewhat inordinate and contemptible, which, like yours, prompts a man to set up his own opinion in opposition to that of a large and enlightened audience, who so repeatedly expressed their approbation. You state, in your seventh letter, that Mr. S. Chapman is quite 'devoid of requisites for a tragedian;' and again, in your fourth letter, you say that he is 'favoured by nature and improved by art.' What mean these gross and apparent contradictions? You, sir, perhaps are not aware that the celebrated Mr. Kean, a man of great genius, is indebted to his excellence in melodramatic acting for a great portion of his success.

"Miss Grosett, who is a very young candidate for theatrical honours, you speak of in a most illiberal and ungentlemanly manner. Are you aware of the circumstances under which Miss Grosett was induced to attempt *Desdemona*? an arduous character, for which she was not engaged, and which she had not temerity enough to play—but from necessity? Do not the good people of Amsterdam (whom you are pleased to compliment on their gallantry) hold you in contempt for the want of gallantry which you express?

"Again, sir, in your fifth letter, you say that Mr. W. Chapman himself saved the farce of '*The Review from being hissed*;' and in the next line you say, that my per-

sonation of the Irishman 'was passable,' and Mr. Brooks, in *John Lump*, 'was truly excellent.' Are not these strange contradictions? Of your remarks on my own performances, I shall merely say, that my *Moses*, in *The School for Scandal*, (which you are pleased to call 'most pitiable,') was dressed and played after the manner in which it is always done by actors of considerable talent in the London theatres. Those of the ladies and gentlemen of the English company, who have been fortunate enough to obtain and deserve your *good opinion*, I assure you I do not envy; your praise or censure can elicit from me no feeling but contempt. Mr. Newcombe, I believe, will himself reply to your unmanly attack upon him; and it is not my intention to follow your absurd remarks through every page. I entertain too high an opinion of the good sense of the patrons of English theatricals in Amsterdam, to suppose they will suffer their tastes or opinions to be directed by one who, with a strong provincial dialect, professes to be a teacher of elocution.

"With regard to your postscript, I regret, as much as you, that the company was a badly selected one, as you term it. Mr. Smithson may have been (as you state) deceived; but I will tell you in what manner. He had too great a number of persons engaged in one or two specified lines of character, and too few in others. There are many talented performers in the company, who are thereby rendered nearly useless. But these things you do not understand.

"I am told, sir, that you are shortly to make your *debut* upon the stage. If I can possibly witness your performance, you shall then have my opinion of your merit or demerit. I do not doubt but you will find, that it requires many years of intense application, study, and practice, even with the finest requisites, to make what is termed a tolerable actor.

"I have now, sir, discharged a duty, which I conceived due to myself, as a member of the English company. If I have incurred blame for my temerity in thus

addressing a man whose years are more than my own, I have at least done justice to my own integrity of feeling.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ *German Theatre, Amsterdam,*

“ H. H. ATKINS.

“ *June 1st, 1821.*”

LITERARY PROPERTY.

“ According to the stupid law now in force, the heirs of an author lose their property in his works ten years after his death. The families of the great Corneille and of La Fontaine are in abject poverty; that of Racine is by no means in affluence; while the actors of France have accumulated a capital of two millions of francs by the representation of Corneille's and Racine's tragedies. The descendants of the former have obtained from the king a munificent pension of six hundred francs, (£24 a year,) while Talma spends fifty thousand francs a year in building.” So writes the ingenious grandson of Grimm, in the last number of *The London Magazine*; but if our vivacious Frenchman is indignant that, in France, the heirs of an author retain a property in his works for only ten years after his death, what would he say to the English law, under which the heirs of an author inherit *nothing*, and under which the child of a deceased writer might rot in a workhouse, while hundreds were thriving on the receipts of his parent's successful play!

GARRICK.

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.”

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Osbaldiston appeared in *Rolamo*, in *Clari*, on Friday, 14th July. We did not witness his performance, but will take an opportunity of noticing this gentleman next week. We give an extract from a criticism on his performance, copied from a London paper, which, although above our comprehension, may possibly be unriddled by some of our readers.

“ From this effort it is impossible to form any decided or favourable opinion of Mr. Osbaldiston’s merit. It is one of those melo-dramatic sketches, and the character is placed in so trying and really affecting a situation ;—the struggle on account of the daughter’s loss—the denunciation of her, when she is at his feet, and his ultimate reclaiming of her—that it may be said almost to play itself.”

The writer of the above has taken the pains to show and enumerate the difficulties of the character ; and having done so, says, it plays itself.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The chief attraction at the English opera-house, this season, has been a new melo-drama, called *The Last Guerilla* ; and we candidly confess, that we were never more agreeably disappointed in our lives ; for we did not expect any thing out of the ordinary course. It is impossible to describe the sensation that Bennett’s performance of the *Guerilla* produced. The exquisite feeling with which he hangs over his mistress, whom he has not met for years, and his fine acting whilst she is singing the song that enchanted him in their early love, we have seldom seen equalled. His lower tones are most beautiful—no

he rather imitated Macready. We hope this admirable actor (for in this character he has shown himself one, and we have not been fortunate enough to have seen many of his efforts in other parts) will fearlessly take the field, and adopt his own style and conceptions. He is evidently a man of mind, and he has a peculiarly delicate and touching delivery. We should like to see him in the *Romeos and Jaffiers*. Mr. Pearman has an indifferent part, which, however, he plays well. Mr. Thorne is dragged in, in an early scene, to sing a song, which is a sort of appeal (if we recollect rightly) to soldiers, to have compassion on the ladies. This song, from its nature, rather offends than otherwise. Mr. Archer has a most unprofitable part, and we really felt for him; he plays it very well. The ladies in this drama have little to do, except Miss Hamilton, who sings very sweetly. Mr. Sapio, in the opera of *Tarrare*, sang well; but really he should pay more attention to the acting of the part, which appears well written. His delivery is very defective. Mr. Phillips sings his music admirably. This theatre is rich indeed in bass singers;—Phillips, Atkins, G. Smith, and Sheriff. Neither of our patent theatres ever boasted such strength in this department.

COBURG THEATRE.

It is not long since a piece was produced at this theatre, entitled *The Reign of Terror*; but the present is the actual reign of terror at the Coburg. *Frankenstein*, *Alonzo the Brave*, and *Guy Fawkes, or The Gunpowder Plot*, is pretty well for one night; but Mr. Davidge knows best the taste of the patrons of this theatre; and as they are so fond of spectres and gunpowder, he is of course correct in giving them enough of it. We can only say, a comic burletta, in our opinion, would have been a relief. Not but the pieces are well got up, and those judicious actors, Rowbotham, O. Smith, and H. Kemble, all exert themselves effectively in their several characters.



MR. WARDE.
AS
BRUTUS.

London, Publ. July 29, 1826, by G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES WARDE,

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

Cedant arma (togæ) concedat laurea linguæ.---CICERO.

THE mantle of mystery, that so commonly envelopes the sons of the sock and buskin, has been wrapt round our present hero. Who, and what he is, and was, have been matters of serious conjecture. Now, all this concealment of facts, that must be notorious to many, appears to us to be sad stuff; but as there is no real occasion for us to unveil what some may deem a mystery, and as no good could result to our readers from elaborate detail, we shall content ourselves by stating, that the initial of our hero is P instead of W, and that some of his relatives hold exalted stations in his Majesty's service. And now, sinking the real, we will turn to his feigned cognomen, and proceed. Master WARDE came on the headlong race that leads to death, upon the 27th September, 1792; was reared in affluence and luxury; a little favourite of fortune, and looking forward to a bright existence, unclouded by want, he led that life of joy that youth, under such circumstances, invariably leads; scarcely knowing privation by name, and little dreaming that his after-life should lead him into the thorny and chequered path he has since

trodden. He received a classical education, and, after imbibing a due quantum of Latin and a little Greek, he was told to think of a profession. The bar, the pulpit, the lancet, and the sword, are the four points to which the youthful eye is directed; and, in nine cases out of ten, red coats and long swords carry the day. Young WARDE, too, was nursed amid the military—all his toys had been martial—a drum had been the solace of his infancy—a sword the pleasure of his boyhood. He chose to follow the steps of his forefathers, and was sent to spend the Christmas of 1806 at the Royal Military College at Marlow; from whence, in February, 1807, he was removed to the Royal Military College at Woolwich, where he remained until appointed to a lieutenancy in the artillery, which appointment he received in 1809. In 1810, he bade adieu to old England, and joined his detachment at the Cape of Good Hope, where he continued for three years; during which time his health was, we are told, much impaired; and this, combined with other reasons connected with his family, induced him to return to England, which he did in 1813.

Whether it was a dislike to the army, or a liking for theatricals; or whether it be, as we have seen in print, that a great alteration had taken place in Mr. WARDE's prospects, certain it is, that he resolved to relinquish the profession of arms for the stage; and he appeared at the Liverpool theatre in July, 1813. Our notes set forth, that Mr. WARDE introduced himself to the notice of the Liverpool manager, properly bearing in mind the maxim, "That if you want your business well done, you must do it yourself." He appeared as *Lord Townley*, and afterwards in the *Duke*, in *The Honey Moon*; and in each character was received in the most flattering manner. His

appearance being extremely youthful, had (as it invariably has) due weight with the audience, who always favour youth, particularly when it is aided by personal requisites, as was the case with Mr. WARDE. The management made an offer, which, however, our hero declined; in doing which, he showed more sense, and infinitely less vanity, than is usually the companion of aspirants. WARDE knew he wanted practice, and he was aware that Liverpool was not a place for him to commence learning his profession in; he therefore made a tour of the small towns of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c., and ultimately shaped his course for Bath, where, after playing *Achmet*, he made an advantageous engagement; at the conclusion of which, the proprietors found it their interest to retain him. In fact, he established himself a favourite with that audience; and, during the vacation, he made most successful and profitable visits to Cheltenham, Weymouth, and other places. In 1818, London, "Dear London, as *Archer* says," was open for a display of his powers; and, at the Haymarket, he commenced in that year, in the part of *Leon*, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*; he also performed *Octavian*, *Reuben Glenroy*, *Shylock*, *Duke Aranza*, *Don Felix*, *The Stranger*, &c. &c.

An engagement at the Haymarket theatre, to a tragedian, is about as complete a wet blanket as a fiery youth could be encircled in. First tragedian (*lucus à non lucendo*) in a theatre where tragedy is never performed, is not an enviable situation. The chances for such a person are limited to *Faulkland* and *Doricourt*. It is true, that in 1818, before Mr. Liston had taken the whole of the stage to himself, the thing was somewhat better; but even then it was not likely to advance a gentleman's professional reputation, whilst the lack of practice must prove de-

structive to the powers. Mr. WARDE did as much at the Haymarket as it was possible for a man to do, and made perhaps to the full as great an impression as Young did, under more favourable circumstances, in 1807. At the close of his London engagement, Mr. WARDE went back to Bath, where he became an immense favourite; in fact, one of the *twenty* greatest favourites they ever had. Our notions of "the most elegant audience in the world" are, we confess, not very exalted. Bath (and we say this with no allusion to our hero) tolerates and encourages some of the worst actors in the world. They are lovers of a certain mincing style—water-colours are the things for them—and a bold painter is disliked. They could not endure Vandenhoff, and they fostered such an actor as Hamblin. They carry this taste into their judgment of pieces—Diamond's sickening nonsense, called *Adrian and Orilla*, is just the thing for the Portland-stone folks. Their elegance is factitious—ceremony is their idol—and nature is sacrificed at its shrine. It will be said that Bath gave us Elliston. True—and Elliston, with all his talent, never recovered the false system of refinement that he acquired there. Bath taught him to walk like a dancing-master, and he has never forgotten it. It is commonly said in the profession, that five feet ten inches of tolerably well-made flesh, a pair of tight pantaloons, hessian boots, a frock coat, *frogged*, a new hat, white kid gloves, curled hair, and a tolerable countenance, will make a Bath favourite any day. Be that as it may, failure or success at Bath, in *these days*, proves nothing as to dramatic talent. Meadows was their Liston—the idol of their farces. What has he proved himself? Would so too, is their wonder—the eagle is a dove elsewhere. Begging pardon for this opinionative digression, let us proceed. Whilst at Bath,

Mr. WARDE received an offer to lead at Dublin, with which he closed—announced his benefit—and all Bath came to bid farewell to their hero. With a full heart and a fuller purse, he bade Somersetshire goodbye, and entered the Land of Ire, where he made his bow to the most loquacious gallery in the world, on the 20th June, 1819, as *Leon*. He made a hit—and Erin's sons are great "*first impression-ites*." He remained at Dublin, and divided the leading business with Cobham.

Certain persons, who are apt to form opinions, not by how a man acts, but by where he acts, seeing Mr. Cobham's name up at the Surrey and Coburg, for divers tomfooleries, are apt to hold his talent cheap; but we must tell our readers, that Mr. Cobham is a fearful adversary—such a one as Macready and Kean might tremble to encounter. Possessed of no advantages from face, figure, or education, he fights on the grounds of natural talent and acute mind—he conceives clearly, and executes well—his voice is extensive and powerful—and he copies no man. *Rob Roy* was, we think, the first part in which our hero and his little fellow-labourer came into comparative view, and the town was divided between them. Cobham's exit through the gate, and WARDE's reproach to *Rashleigh*, are spoken of yet.

Soon after this, we think, our hero was afflicted by a long and severe illness; the effects of which rendered him incapable of pursuing his profession, which he consequently relinquished; and he then set up as a professor of elocution. A naturally good constitution, and the unremitting attentions of a fond wife, (and who need be told how powerfully efficacious both to mind and body such attentions are?) completely restored him to health.

Again in the theatrical world, we soon find him at Bir-

Birmingham—that town of unpaved streets and uncultivated minds. There Mr. WARDE made a strong impression—was lauded to the skies—and was told, that if he came as manager the succeeding season, he should be supported. This mouth-honour, however, passed from the minds of the speakers as rapidly as the breath which gave it utterance. He came—he managed—was universally respected—but the theatre was nearly deserted. It has been frequently remarked, that good actors are not good managers; and it appears certain, that they are not successful ones. Mr. WARDE's losses at Birmingham are said to have been very considerable: they were, perhaps, somewhat alleviated by a fresh metropolitan offer. He bade farewell to the Birmingham public, and proceeded to London, where, on the 26th September, 1825, he appeared as *Brutus*, in *Julius Cæsar*. Covent-garden theatre, at the period of Mr. WARDE's engagement, was lamentably in want of a leading actor; and WARDE, Vandenhoff, and Salter, were the only persons whom provincial fame had given publicity. Of these three, from having succeeded so eminently at the Haymarket, Mr. WARDE was considered the safest; and he accordingly received the offer. In the way of actual rivalry, a man has little to contend with at present in the metropolis. Kean is away; Young is, as to all purposes of the stage, defunct—stale; and gone bye; Macready has entirely ceased to draw; and C. Kemble never did draw at all; Wallack is little estimated as a leading man; and Cooper, Berle, Bennett, &c., never were considered in such a light. But in the way of contention with the recollections of the public, the battle is severe indeed. Kemble is still fresh in the minds of most—Kean in the minds of all. A prejudice has gained ground, too, within these few years, in favour of that par-

particular style of acting that Mr. Kean originally borrowed from Cooke, and introduced as his own. All the actors of the present day seem to be more or less infected with Keanism. Macready's imitation is servile and distressing; nay, even C. Kemble now makes his points *a la Kean*. *Apropos*, of point-making:—The grand system of the Kean school appears to be, not to keep up the consistency of the character as a whole, but to act detached scenes. Kean does not appear to embody a part, but to execute different passages, which he arranges with a due regard to light and shade; and actually does play divers scenes in a slovenly, careless manner, to make the principal ones more prominent. Going to see a star play now, is not going to behold *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, but to see what tricks can be played with particular parts of those characters; and the whole performance amounts to little more than a series of experiments. Amid the other drolleries that belong to this school, a sudden stop in the midst of the stormiest passion, or a change from the highest to the lowest tones of the voice, are the most common and most applauded; though, at the same time, they are the most unnatural and ridiculous. Mr. WARDE has nothing of all this in his performance—his school has been that of Kemble—but he has divested his acting of the cold formality that belonged to the disciples of the illustrious *Coriolanus*. Mr. WARDE considers a character as a picture, and endeavours to give effect to the whole at once; and not, Rembrandt like, throw a strong light at one point, and leave the rest in darkness. His *Rob Roy* is an illustration of this. He attempts nothing in the early scenes that would be out of character for *Campbell*, and his “great heart” never seems to burst forth, until it beats beneath the plaid. Mr. WARDE's *Brutus* is a fine performance

—one that no man of the present day can exceed—but it is not what Kemble's was—and badly supported as he was by Cooper, we almost wonder at his success. The play is, in itself, heavy to a degree; and the principal character entirely depends on his coadjutor, in some long scenes, where *Cassius* plays the orator, and he is silent. Mr. WARDE possesses more grace, but infinitely less majesty, than Mr. Kemble did; and he cannot make his eye speak the volume of emotion that that great man was wont to display, whilst tempted by his brother soldier. The *Duke*, in *The Honey Moon*, has been another of our hero's assumptions, and a most talented one. His scene at the dance in the village is rich as acting, elegant as nature; nor must we forget the exquisitely tender manner in which he describes the dress he wishes *Juliana* to appear in; his *entrée* in the last scene, too, is beautifully managed, and has none of that repulsive boldness that even Elliston threw into it, as if *Aranza* knew he was honouring *Juliana*. This feeling should never display itself—there can be no condescension on the part of man to woman—the idea is offensive—they are the givers. The graceful humility with which he took her hand, and the delicate raillery with which he alluded to the Barbary courser, were both the touches of a master.

Mr. WARDE, see him in what character you will, always shows that he has been well bred. There is a style about well-bred people, that all the learning that Europe can afford, cannot give: nor is it to be acquired in schools: it is either the result of a mother's attention, or a son's good fortune and good sense;—good fortune, in the first instance, to be in the society of well-bred persons—good sense, in the second, to profit by such a circumstance. A great actor shows himself in the leading and more important points of the character he assumes; but if he is not a well-bred man, he ceases to interest you in the more

unimportant passages. It is there that WARDE shows the perfect gentleman—the little sentences are delivered with graceful ease, that at once shows the superior being. His attentions to the other sex are not acting—it is the nature of the man—he cannot fail to do that admirably on the stage, that he has invariably been in the habit of, in society. Why was John Kemble the model of every thing dignified and refined? Was it acting that made him the elegant creature? No. It was a long association with good society. In fact, Kemble has accustomed us to look forward to our first tragedian as a model—a something more than a mere actor; and while such men are at the head of theatricals, theatres will flourish.

WARDE's *Iago* is a peculiar instance of the elegance of his style; and, certainly, it is not to be presumed, that a man of such a noble nature as *Othello*, would chuse for a companion, a being without accomplishments and powers to please; if, therefore, his performance is not so great in some of the leading points, it is at least more in keeping; as a fascinating companion is more likely to steal upon our senses than an uncouth matter-of-fact fellow. *Iago* is only coarse in one scene: and be it remembered, that *Desdemona* is at one time entrusted to his care. No one gives a jewel to the keeping of a barbarian.

Our hero has, as yet, done too little for us to decide positively on his powers; but we may say thus much, that, seeing what we have seen, we do anticipate an infinite deal of delight from his future efforts; and we prognosticate that he will quietly gain upon the minds of the public; and a very few years will, in all probability, see him the greatest favourite of the metropolis.

Mr. WARDE is one of the most careful dressers on the stage, and is always "a picture" on the boards.

Of Mr. WARDE's private life, we have a few memorandums. His mother, we are informed, was about the person of the late Queen, and is said to have had one of the junior branches of the Royal Family under her superintendence. Our hero himself is, it is said, subjected to the following visitation :—A person, whose name and sex are unknown to him, has, for years, been in the habit of writing to him, giving advice as to his professional efforts, engagements, &c. ; but what is still more extraordinary, frequently sending him very considerable presents. It is no matter at what part of the country he may be, the same eye seems to watch over him ; for the observations made are frequently entirely local. Our hero has been given to understand, that this friendship is exerted with the greatest reliance upon his good sense, and that any attempt to discover the donor would be at once a bar to any future communication. This local Junius consequently remains in oblivion ; and we presume Mr. WARDE's prudence will prevent his curiosity creating a breach between himself and so estimable a correspondent. This circumstance is not without its parallel in the profession : for instances, see the Memoirs of Miss Stephens and Mr. Browne. It is indeed not altogether uncommon for persons of low standing in the profession, to have a " guardian angel" of this description ; and, of course, the usual inference is, that a lady is the giver, and that feelings of delicacy, or, perhaps, still stronger bonds, prevent the possibility of meeting.

Mr. WARDE is, in private life, unassuming, intelligent, and urbane. The voice of gratitude has spoken his praises as a man, — common report speaks in his favour as a gentleman.

Mr. WARDE is about five feet seven inches in height.

HISTRIONIC ANECDOTES, REMARKS,

&c. &c.

HOW TO GET WATER.

A CELEBRATED comedian dining at a tavern in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, after asking the waiter several times for a glass of water without obtaining it, rang the bell violently, and swore "He would knock his eye out, if he did not immediately bring some." A gentleman present remonstrated, and said, "He would be less likely of getting it, if he did so." "Oh dear, no, sir; for if you take eye (i) from waiter, you will get water directly."

MR. CRESSWICK.

Mr. Cresswick, though a teacher of elocution, was a most miserable orator himself, as he was incapable of pronouncing the letter R, which rendered some of his speeches truly laughable, particularly in *Venice Preserved*. "Yats die in holes and coyneys—dogs yun mad—man has a nobly yemedy than death, yevenge."

FRENCH DRAMA.

Valenciennes, Aug. 1, 1817.

On Tuesday, July the 15th, Messrs. Oxberry and Penley, from the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, were announced to perform at this theatre, but M. Talma arriving late on the Monday evening, the English company were compelled to give way to the French one,* and Talma made his first appearance upon this stage, in the tragedy of

My friend, Mr. Penley, and myself, have certainly grounds for complaint, were our talents much more humble than your *liberality* can estimate them; but whilst honoured by approving voices on the other side of the water, we can smile at every slight that may be cast upon them on this. You surely must know the performances in question were for the benefit of a lady, and, I believe, a lady of no mean talent, and of irreproachable moral character. In England, M. Talma, such a character is entitled to, and receives, the protection and support of every liberal mind. Surely the boasted gallantry of the French nation is on the decline, or M. Talma is not improved by travelling. When I shall tell this tale in the green-room of Drury, my brothers and sisters will scarcely credit the story, and my friend Downton must censure his credulity, and regret that *such things have been*.

“ I am, sir, your humble servant,

“ *English Hotel.*

“ W. OXBERRY.”

On Wednesday, July 16, the English company were permitted to perform *The Iron Chest* and *The Highland Reel*; Mr. Penley sustained the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer* with great ability, and Mr. Oxberry performed *Samson* in the play, and *Shelty* in the farce. They have since appeared in some of their most favourite characters, and if applause may be considered approbation, they have no cause for complaint.

JOHN BULL.

It is said, that of this, his best comedy, Colman wrote the last act when pressed for money, (and after long disappointing Mr. Harris, who had the other four,) the whole 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 dropt the curtain.

FOOTE

Praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork. “No, sir,” replied he quickly, “but I have seen many *drawings* of it.”

MISS FENTON (AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF BOLTON.)

This lady was first the duke's mistress, and in consequence of a quarrel, was dismissed by him; but, unwilling to lose his affection, she bethought herself of a scheme, as a last resource, to work upon his feelings, and bind him to her once again. She dressed herself in the habit of his favourite *Polly*,* (in *The Beggar's Opera*,) and standing before him in all the grace and simplicity of the character, spread her arms and sang—*Oh, what pain it is to part!* This stratagem had the desired effect—the heart of the duke was melted in a moment, and he took her to his arms, no longer to be his mistress, but his wife.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

The origin of this piece, which was written by Gay, in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, is related by Pope to have been as follows:—“Swift had been observing to Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a *Newgate pastoral* might make: Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards he thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to *The Beggar's Opera*. He began on it, and, when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Dean did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he shewed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, we neither of us thought it would succeed.

* She was the original.

We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it, said,
"It would either take greatly, or be d—d confoundedly."

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

The following exquisite "Impromptu on Mrs. Mountain's first appearance, after her return from Dublin," appeared in *The British Press* of December 27, 1809.

*"Sweet is the perfume of the Mountain rose,
 And pure the stream that from the Mountain flows,
 The sun's first beams with gold the Mountain spread,
 And its last rays are on the Mountain shed ;
 Vainly the tempest shakes the Mountain's brow,
 From storms the Mountain guards the vale below ;
 Nature has this pre-eminence to Mountains given,
 Of all her works the Mountain's nearest heaven."*

FARINELLI.

This Italian singer, whom the genius of a Hogarth has immortalised, who was honoured by our nobility of both sexes, and intoxicated by the foolish admiration of an infatuated nation ; this "cunning cunuch" scorned their adulation, repaid respectful solicitude by contemptuous neglect, and pocketing the gold of his admirers, retired to his native country, possessed of almost incalculable wealth.

"One God, one king, and one Farinelli!" in the warmth of her extravagance and impiety, exclaimed a female admirer of his, who was exalted through the magic influence of her personal charms to extreme rank and fortune. Our successful melodist doubtless believed himself deserving of such idolatrous encomiums ; and, on one occasion, having been prevailed on by a noble duke to sing at a public entertainment, while the amateurs were waiting in anxious expectation of his arrival, they were surprised by a rude verbal message, stating, *"that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly attend!"* His Grace, only happy when he could contribute to the pleasure of his guests, was severely mortified, and apologised to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of Modena, to whom the singer was a subject, happening

to be present, instantly sent a servant to our inflated minstrel, commanding his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon makes his appearance, a chair is placed for him near the noble host, and every person, except the Duke of Modena, respectfully stands up. The latter, surprised at such a reception of a person who had behaved so indecorously, indignantly and impatiently cries out, "*Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence? have the goodness to excuse my officious interference, but we manage these gentry better in Italy: Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this company, who honour you with their notice.*"

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, sang his song, made an obsequious obeisance to the company, and having a nod of approbation from the Duke of Modena, retired in humble guise from the brilliant assembly. The beaux doubtless were bewildered at this scene, and the ladies, of course, sympathised with the sweet fascinating creature, and conceived him horribly ill-treated; "but (to use the words of a friend, with whose cynical severity I can for once agree) experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of Modena's lesson to the English nation, who, in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers, and dancers, are so perpetually violating the necessary subordinations of society and rank." "Are we," continues my friend, "to be pestered or insulted by a motley dramatic crew of insolent prostitutes, and female quixots, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits, and half-gentlemen, who, trained in the infamy of the gaming table, the obscene jargon of the brogue, the technical cant of the green-room, the noisy nonsense of an eighteen-penny ordinary, and the uninteresting absurdity of some obscure coffee-house, reflect disgrace on a creditable profession, and on their infatuated patrons, who are not satisfied till they have dragged by the shoulders these unworthy interlopers into

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

No sooner is the run of a piece stopped, no matter from what cause, but a great portion of its attraction ceases in the minds of the public; they receive a check to their pursuit, and will not afterwards, when it is reproduced, return to the charge. The houses, since Mr. Liston has re-commenced his engagement, have been tolerably good, but by no means great. *The Children in the Wood* has been performed several nights, and appears to be a favourite with the audience. Mr. Cooper's *Walter* is, however, a very mechanical effort—there is an utter absence of soul about it. It is impossible to forget the hearty and manly manner in which Bannister, in the scene where *Oliver* is determined to destroy the children, exclaimed, “Look at them—have you a heart hard enough to kill them?” This is *Walter's* last resource to effect an amicable arrangement; and his feelings are then so completely absorbed in pity for the children, that every particle of his frame is nerved; for, at the time he is delivering these words, he has no idea but for their preservation. Bannister's delivery of this line, his fine open countenance, and inimitable expression, as he showed the imploring innocents to the ruffian *Oliver*, we never have, and we fear we never shall, see equalled. For the rest of the characters in this agreeable trifle, they are played in a business-like manner.

Mrs. Bland is now singing at the New Vauxhall, White Conduit Gardens, and we cannot perceive that her voice has at all deteriorated. The orchestra from which she sings is little calculated to assist a vocalist; and to this,

we presume, may be ascribed the opinion that some of the gentlemen of the press have formed, that her voice is not so powerful as it was. Mr. Ward, formerly of the Haymarket, is also engaged at these gardens. He sings with a considerable degree of point and expression, and is peculiarly adapted for the purposes of this place, from the extraordinary power of his tones.

We respectfully recommend to the male performers at the New Vauxhall, that a few minutes might be advantageously spent at the toilette, previous to commencing their professional duties.

“Dress does make a difference, David.”

SADLER'S WELLS.

The proprietors of this theatre have resorted to the old system of drawing houses, by engaging horses. The race-course opens at five, and has proved sufficiently attractive to answer their purposes. The performances on the stage commence with *Clari*, in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Campbell, as *Clari* and *Rolamo*, are really all that can be wished. Forster plays *Jocoso* infinitely better than *Duruset*, and sings the music sweetly. Mr. Williams, to our astonishment, has condescended to play a very trifling character; and really we find that he does not appear so great an actor, as when he has the only decent part in a piece. We are sorry that Miss Stewart is so seldom engaged in the busy scene; but there is in all theatres certain political principles to be abided by, and it is as ridiculous to try to fathom the motives of the managers of a playhouse, as it is to attempt to discover the ultimate object of a minister of state.



MRS CHATTERLEY.
AS
LADY TEAZLE.

London, Pub. Aug. 12, 1826 by G. Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane.

MEMOIR
OF
MRS. W. S. CHATTERLEY,

(Of the Theatre-royal, Covent-garden.)

“ Among a grove, the very straightest plant ;
Go, mount the stairs, and gaze your fill,
Where likenesses on canvas bloom :
Survey the pictures if you will,
But enter not the model room.
’Twere waste of time in you to stare
On finish’d forms of polish’d stone ;
Believe me, you’ll discover there
None half so finish’d as your own.”

LOUISA SIMEON, our present heroine, claims the metropolis as her birth-place ; for, on the 15th October, 1797, she relieved the anxieties of Madame Simeon, a milliner of extensive practice, and became alike an inhabitant of this world and of a house in St. James’s-street, Piccadilly.

At the tender age of three years, she was taken from her parental roof, and placed for four years in a convent near Liverpool ; from whence she was sent to a boarding-school in Bath, kept by Mrs. Habersham ; Madame Simeon being herself settled at Bath, at this period.

Of these excellent opportunities of improvement, Miss SIMEON availed herself ; and that nothing might be wanting to finish the education of a darling daughter, she was

finally sent to the seminary of Madame Florence, in Sloane-street. *There* her dramatic bias strongly developed itself; and how that bias was given to her infant mind, we shall now explain.

At the convent it was customary to perform Sacred Dramas, and the little LOUISA was selected to speak the prologues, &c., though her initiatory part contained merely a stage direction, *i. e.* to cry out at a particular moment. This part was *Moses*, in *The Bullrushes*. This laid the train of dramatic fire, and induced the love of a profession she has since ardently pursued, though she has resigned the part of *Moses* for the more congenial one of *Lady Teazle*.

Little occurred to fan the scenic flame, between the ages of seven and fifteen; but, about her fifteenth birthday, the lively LOUISA was at Bath, and there a young female friend, a devoted admirer of the drama, read to our heroine the character of *Angela*, (*Castle Spectre*.) The talent of the reader aided the effect of the part, in itself a showy one—and, from that moment, all was over—the stage was the destination of Miss SIMEON—and from that determination nothing could divert her. Alas! *that* resolution, so hastily formed, has proved fatal to the happiness of many. Mrs. CHATTERLEY, though a favoured actress, has been an unfortunate woman—the victim of detraction and envy—whilst she, who awoke the dramatic fire in her pupil, wisely avoiding the precipice herself, has lived loving and beloved, tasting of all earthly happiness, and fearless of the annoyances of enmity or the injuries of anonymous detractors.

Miss SIMEON was introduced to Mr. W. S. Chatterley, of the Bath stage, and, after a siege of many months, surrendered at discretion. They were united on the 11th

August, 1814; and ere we proceed with our heroine's history, we will lay a sketch of Mr. Chatterley's before our readers.

Mr. William Simmonds Chatterley was a native of London, and was born on the 21st of March, 1787. His father carried on business as a surgical-instrument-maker in Cannon-street; but inevitable circumstances compelled him to accept a situation in Drury-lane theatre, where his infant son made his *debut* upon dramatic boards, at the age of two years and a half, as the *King of the Fairies*, in *The Jubilee*, and *Cupid*, in *Arthur and Emmeline*. A whimsical incident occurred in the first personation, from little Chatterley's rising in his car, when it reached the centre of the stage, to salute the tiny queen, who was seated by his side, to the mirth of the audience, and the surprise of the performers. He followed the company to the Opera-house, during the erection of the late Drury-lane theatre; and, among a variety of parts, played the boy in *Isabella* to the heroine of Mrs. Siddons. He was noticed soon after by Mr. Bannister, who took him to Birmingham, where he played many characters of a boyish description. By the friendship of Captain Wathen, he was introduced to the patronage of Mr. Maddox, M. P. and a society of his friends, who employed him in their private performances, during which he experienced considerable kindness from the Margravine of Anspach. He continued in Drury-lane theatre until 1804, when he embarked for the summer season at Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leicester, but soon returned to London, and joined an itinerant company within a few miles of the metropolis. In the course of his subsequent peregrinations, he met and played with Mr. Kean, who, like himself, supported an active part in every department of the drama. This

scheme affording no superfluous actors, Mr. Chatterley has doubled the parts of *Octavian* and *Lope Tocho*, *Charles Surface* and *Crabtree*, *Sir Edward Mortimer* and *Old Rawbold*. On quitting this company, he joined Mr. Thornton, at Gosport, and after many of those vicissitudes so peculiar to a theatrical life, accepted an invitation from the late Mr. Watson, to perform at Cheltenham, in the chief tragic business and genteel comedy. *The School for Scandal* being commanded on a particular occasion, for the benefit of a fellow-performer, he volunteered to play *Sir Peter Teazle*, for which no representative had been provided. His brilliant success in the part induced him to try *Ogleby*, *Sir Francis Gripe*, &c.; in all of which he was eminently successful. He from thence went to Birmingham, and then to Bath, from which place he was transferred to the boards of the English opera-house, in season 1816. His success must be in the recollection of all our readers. Offers from the winter theatres succeeded; but poor Chatterley was more attached to his bottle than his profession, and never seized the "*mollia tempora furit*;" and when driven for a situation, hastily made terms at the Surrey, Adelphi, Olympic, and West London theatres. He was one of the best actors that have appeared within the last quarter of a century; but dissipation made a dreadful havoc upon his constitution, and he expired at Lynn, in Norfolk, in the year 1822, a victim to evil habits.

Let us return to the history of our heroine, who made her first appearance on a public stage in November, 1814, as *Juliet*, at Bath; and there divided the serious and comic business with Mrs. West, until the season 1816, when she appeared at the English opera-house. And as some of our readers are great lovers of "*first*" notices," we beg to

state, that *The Theatrical Inquisitor* thus records her appearance:—

“Tuesday, July 2, 1816.—*Is he Jealous?*—Mrs. CHATTERLEY, wife of the gentleman who lately appeared here, as *Fidget*, made her *début* in this piece. We envy Mr. Chatterley his wife amazingly. She is a charming woman, with a face full of smiles and dimples—she, moreover, possesses considerable abilities as an actress.”

After a season of very limited, though very successful, exertion, Mrs. CHATTERLEY, following the fortunes of her husband, performed at the Surrey, where her talents were comparatively wasted.

In 1820, (winter season,) Mrs. CHATTERLEY joined the Olympic company, of which Oxberry was their stage-manager; and here she appeared in the interlude that at once stamped her fame, and made her fortune. This was *Twelve Precisely*, with which, we presume, our readers are well acquainted; but for the benefit of our country friends, it may be as well to state, that the plot exhibits a variety of disguises assumed by *Amelia Wildlove*, to try the faith and secure the constancy of an erratic lover, upon whom she imposes herself as an *Irish Chambermaid*, a *French Marchioness*, a *Military Officer*, and the *Marchioness's Husband*. By fixing the settlement of the quarrels and intrigues into which she affectingly enters, for *Twelve Precisely*, she embarrasses her lover to a most amusing degree; and, on ultimately solving the difficulties that surround him, by showing the deceptions to which he has been subjected, he renounces his levity, and presents her with his hand. Mrs. CHATTERLEY sustained the various personations into which her part was divided, with a versatile power which few actresses of the present day are possessed of.

This interlude was amazingly attractive ; and Mr. Morris was so much delighted with our heroine's performance, that he immediately made her an offer for the summer season. She appeared there in the summer of 1821 ; and, in the winter of that year, joined one of the company at Covent-garden, where she has ever since remained, at a salary of twelve guineas a week.

We find ourselves unwillingly forced into egotism, in the few observations we shall deem it necessary to make, previous to diving into a portion of our heroine's history, that has employed the scandal-mongers of the metropolis some months past. Our work, in whatever scale it may be thrown on the score of literary merit, is noted and noticeable for containing some of the most extraordinary disclosures that were ever presented to the public ; and the best evidence of the truth of those tales is, *that they have never been impeached*, IN ANY WAY WHATEVER, even by those whose interests were most vitally concerned. To attempt to impose upon the public, by asserting that this immense mass of information was collated by *one* individual, would be absurd—it has been the united industry of many—and no trouble, no expense has been spared, to obtain accurate intelligence, where the *interest* of the memoir was commensurate to the task.

The name of Mrs. CHATTERLEY has been brought in collision with that of a Mr. Christmas, clerk at a celebrated banker's. Of the whole facts of *his* case, and hers, as it regards him, we are perfectly masters : of that we render the following account, for the correctness of which we vouch.

The police reports first introduced Mrs. Christmas to our notice, when she applied for a warrant against the brother of Mrs. CHATTERLEY, for an assault ; on the

ing of which, it appeared that Mrs. Christmas meditated immolating Mrs. Chatterley, at the instigation of jealousy. On enquiry, we found Mr. Christmas was receiving an annual income of £500, and allowed his wife £120; tho', having separated more than twelve months before Mr. Christmas ever beheld our heroine—that the lady was twenty-four years older than the gentleman, and was not, from her habits, calculated to render a quiet and *abstemious* man particularly happy. The noise caused by the assault died away, and an appearance of tranquillity reigned.

Mr. Christmas had been introduced at a party to our heroine, and visited her and her mother occasionally, and transacted some business for Mrs. Simeon. His visits became more frequent; but as Mrs. CHATTERLEY was a widow, and was living with her mother, she naturally imagined that the visits of a man, separated from his wife, could not be construed to her disadvantage.

Mrs. CHATTERLEY's health was declining, and country air was prescribed for her. And here the act of imprudence commenced. Mr. Christmas proposed to Madame Simeon uniting their incomes, and hiring a house and carriage together; the latter to be used for Mrs. CHATTERLEY's convenience in going to rehearsals and the theatre, at other times by Mr. Christmas, as his pleasures or occasion might require. Madame Simeon acquiesced in this arrangement. A house, about five miles from London, was taken and furnished—a carriage procured—Mrs. Simeon and her daughter occupied one portion of the house, Mr. Christmas the other. Mrs. CHATTERLEY advanced her average income, £700; and Mr. Christmas about £400. All other monies, which the productive benefits of Mrs. CHATTERLEY enabled her to lay by, Mr. Christmas

received, and gambled with in the stocks, unsuccessfully; and for those sums he is now a debtor to our heroine.

That ill-judging woman, Mrs. Christmas, had frequently written letters to the firm in whose employment Mr. Christmas was, but her efforts were disregarded, until an exaggerated account, traced to her, came, which described Mr. Christmas as living in a splendid house, and keeping his carriage. The firm, well knowing that upon his income he could not do this, intimated to Mr. Christmas their intention of dispensing with his services; and he retired from their employment, on the best possible terms with every member of the firm in question.

Some few weeks after this, in examining an old account, a mistake of about £600 was discovered in one of Mr. Christmas's accounts; which mistake was considered purely accidental, and which he immediately remedied by paying over the sum in question.

The one error having, however, begotten suspicion, his accounts were accurately examined, and alarming deficiencies discovered. A letter was sent to Mr. Christmas, to request him to wait upon the firm at nine o'clock on the following Monday morning. He did so. Not one of the gentlemen arrived until eleven, though their punctuality is proverbial.

The whole truth was now developed. Mr. Christmas had, for nine years, gambled in the stocks—partly on his own account, and partly for a lady of rank and title. Of the extent of his scheme, our readers will form an idea, when we say, that within six months, he hazarded £968,000 in *true* bargains!!! On this amount he lost £7000; which, we believe, was the whole of his deficiency. For the correctness of these details we appeal to the partners in the banking firm; nay, as far as she is

concerned, to Mrs. Christmas herself, who repented, too late, of her rashness.

This affair, however, bore an awkward colour; and the facts, upon a superficial-view to the public, seemed thus:—That he had conducted himself with industry, economy, and propriety, until he came under the influence of this enchantress—that he then launched out into extravagance—robbed his employers, to support her—was detected, and punished. But the fact is otherwise. In their new situation they *had been but a month or six weeks*; and the most unbounded and unheard-of extravagance, followed up in this short month, could not have produced the effect.

One thing it may be necessary for us to avouch—that is, that the servants of Mr. Christmas always treated Mrs. CHATTERLEY as his sister, and always received their wages from Madame Simeon. And if it were necessary to adduce any further proof of the fact, that Mrs. CHATTERLEY was, in a pecuniary point of view, a loser rather than a gainer by her acquaintance, it is in the fact, that that lady is now solely paying for the furniture that was placed in the house, for the joint accommodation of Mr. Christmas and herself.

The letter of Mr. Christmas, published in all our journals, fully cleared our heroine in the minds of the unprejudiced; and we have reason to know, that the greatest part of Mr. Christmas's regret was caused by the sorrow and vituperation he had drawn upon her head, and the pecuniary embarrassment he had caused her.

The public seem to have properly estimated our heroine. She has been it prudent—not criminal; and accordingly they received her, on her appearance, after publicly had been given to these disagreeable circumstances, without disapprobation, but without any extravagant testimonials

of applause; and she re-embarked in the pursuit of her profession, as if these occurrences had never been.

Mr. Christmas left this country under favourable countenance, and is not likely to be exposed to any of the hardships or disgrace common, attendant on the punishment to which he was subjected.

We profess ourselves enemies to the disclosure of "tales of the *ton*;" but it is notorious that our heroine indignantly refused the offers of a dashing nobleman, who tendered a life-provision for herself and son, of *more* than she can ever expect to make annually by her profession, even supposing her powers and charms to last to her latest moment of existence. On this refusal being named in the greenroom, and the offer of securing an independence to the son being particularly mentioned, a certain actress is reported to have exclaimed—"And she refused it! *What hearts some mothers have!*"

The acting of Mrs. CHATTERLEY is in the French school—chastened and sobered down by observation of English manners. She is a cold and artificial actress, though a very fascinating one; but this fascination is peculiar. Madame Vestris is fascinating—so is Miss Foote; but their fascinations not only differ with regard to themselves, but highly as regards our heroine—who has an archness—a coquetry of expression—completely *a-la-mode de Paris*, and quite removed from any thing of the luxurious or the sensual. Mrs. CHATTERLEY never appears to us to be in earnest—her heart never seems engaged—her eyes sparkle, but it is not with the fire of love, but the consciousness of internal power—rather with the pleasure of self-contemplation, than the rapture of contemplating any other object. Mrs. CHATTERLEY's acting, though in a

different line, is in the Siddonian school, and excludes all impulsive effort.

Her *Violante* and *Lady Teazle* are both talented assumptions—but they are assumptions. There is no appearance of self-abandonment—of giving way to the feelings of nature—and even in the reconciliation with *Don Felix*, when the whole soul of *Violante* is softened into love, Mrs. CHATTERLEY wears a self-approving smile, that speaks more of the feelings of the coquettish mistress, than the adoring wife. Her *Juliana*, in *The Honey Moon*, falls off in the fourth and fifth acts, and from the same cause. Her *Mrs. Lovemore* (*Way to Keep Him*) is the best we have seen; but then the acting of *Mrs. Lovemore* requires the suppression of feeling, and the artificial colouring of gaiety; and may be therefore said to be exactly in her line.

Of those parts in which she assumes male attire, we need not speak: she is too pleasing in the habiliments of her own sex, to please us much when she assumes others: and we refer our readers to our remarks upon *Madame Vestris* on this subject.

On her performance in *Twelve Precisely*, only one opinion can be formed—it is admirable. She is, beyond all doubt, the best Frenchwoman on the stage; and her puppyish officer (introduced in the only way in which a woman in boy's clothes should be introduced, as an assumed character) is very entertaining. She speaks the Hibernian dialect, too, with considerable precision.

About 1822 and 1823, Mrs. CHATTERLEY was very attractive in the metropolis; but she has now sunk into comparative obscurity; and though recognised as a talented actress, does not draw. But she need not regret this—it is the fate of her ill-fated profession. And when Ke...

and Miss Stephens cease to attract, Mrs. CHATTERLEY must not repine at her lot.

Mrs. CHATTERLEY is not so good an actress as Mrs. Davison, by many degrees; nor (though in the same style) does she possess so many qualifications as Mrs. Edwin; but she is superior to Miss Chestel, and, we think, equal to Mrs. Yates.

She is above the common height; with expressive and intelligent blue eyes; her face is too flat to be called beautiful, but it is certainly what is termed pretty.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Paul Pry has taken a new lease of attraction; and the Jew gentlemen who are usually in attendance, particularly on Saturdays, to pick up the actors' bones and the stray orders, find it utterly impossible to get a sight of the play, without parting with that which they most love—their money. By the bye, now we are on the subject of orders, we cannot help remarking on the unhandsome and illiberal manner in which they are disposed, and the numerous inconveniences attached to them. For instance, you apply to an actor for an order, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and he informs you he cannot tell whether they go or not that day, but if you will call at half-past two, when the rehearsal is over, he will let you know. You punctually attend at the appointed hour—the rehearsal not over, wait in the hall—and, at a quarter past three, are answered, "The orders do not go." The next day, however, after losing four hours, you succeed—go home—dine—swallow your tea—wait for the ladies—pay 4s. for coach-hire, and arrive at the door as the clock strikes seven—too late—no orders admitted after seven—what's to be done?—*PAUSE*. So much for orders. Covent-garden and the Haymarket theatres are superior to this trickery, and orders are admitted as late as nine o'clock. The new piece of *Thirteen to the Dozen* has been tolerably successful. Author have nothing to complain of at this theatre; for every thing that is necessary to secure the success of their productions, is here to be found.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. Arnold has again shown his unerring judgment in the engagement of Mr. G. Penson, who increases in the estimation of the town every night he appears. Mr. Arnold might be properly designated the experimental ma-

nager, not only as regards the number and train of provincial actors that he has introduced to the notice of the public, but from the extraordinary methods he has adopted to secure the public patronage. The new farce, called *Lying made Easy*, although not remarkable for its originality of plot, incidents, or dialogue, has, from the acting of Bartley and Wrench, been well received. There certainly is a great deal of talent employed on this establishment, but there are also some of the hardest bargains that a manager need wish to be blessed with. Cruikshanks might find plenty of scope, did he wish to produce original, instead of relying on his imagination, if he would take a peep at the choristers of the English opera.

COBBOURG THEATRE.

“On horrors head, horrors accumulate.” The good folks here still deal largely in the terrific. Mr. O. Smith has been a considerable acquisition. He has a most expressive face; and in some of his assumptions has no rival. But the most useful and judicious actor on this establishment is Mr. Rowbotham, and the manager takes care that he shall earn his salary. Eighteen long characters per week, through fire and smoke, in such warm tragedy weather, is no joke. *Timour the Tartar* has been produced here, in a superior style. Poor Miss Watson, in the heroine, received a severe injury, by her horse falling on the bridge. We can scarcely write with patience of these things. If horses must be introduced, why should the women have the task of riding them over the infernal gingerbread constructed bridges? Mrs. Rowbotham is now selected; and we sincerely hope that this lady may, unlike her predecessor in this character, have to “praise the bridge that carries her safe over.”

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