Geoffrey Rowe  
Anne Oldfield  
Tho. Doggett  
J. L. W. Booth  
Dorothea Jordan  
Colley Allar  
Ann Stansall  
Sam. Foot  
Eliza Farren  
J. Kemble  
Dr. Mackby  
Tate Wilkinson  
Ann McDougall  
William H. Cowell  
N. Whiting
DRAMATIC

TABLE TALK:

OF

SERIOUS, SITUATIONS & ADVENTURES,

SERIOUS & COMIC,

IN

THEATRICAL HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY.

VOL. II

LONDON:

JOHN WILCOX & HENRY LACET.

1854.
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THE

"De M. for murt who resi the happl ed in his murder, call Mr. his old e that par with ap vited his mansion, morning. B. was vol.
THEATRES & THEATRICALS.

DE MONTFORT.

The story of Miss Joanna Baillie's play of "De Montfort" is founded on an interesting trial for murder, in the last century, of a gentleman who resided near the sea shore, and with whom the hapless victim had been intimately acquainted in his youthful days. On the evening of the murder, the resident in question, whom we will call Mr. B., was surprised by the entrance of his old comrade, who had been shipwrecked on that part of the coast. Mr. B. welcomed him with apparent cordiality and delight, and invited him to spend a month or two at his mansion. The guest consented, and, the next morning, was found murdered in his bed. Mr. B. was arrested and tried, but nothing could
be proved against him, as he had the gout at the time, until his servant deposed that, at midnight, she heard the door of his chamber open, and, in two or three minutes afterward, that of the stranger. Upon this he confessed, and acknowledged, that what prompted him to commit the horrid deed was, that once, at school, the other had contended for a prize, and won it. He was executed shortly after.

MISS MUDIE’S DEBUT.

On the 23rd of November, 1805, Miss Mudie, called The Theatrical Phenomenon, a child apparently about eight years old, with but a comparatively diminutive figure even for that age, who, in the preceding season, had played the first rate comic characters at Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, and other theatres, made her debut at Covent Garden, as Miss Peggy, in “The Country Girl.”

It is true, she repeated the words of the part correctly; her deportment was confident, unembarrassed, and sprightly; her voice, for her age, powerful; and her acting evinced intelligence and industry; in truth, considering her performance as that of an infant, it was surprising: but, regarding it as a dramatic personification, it
had the gout at osed that, at mid-
his chamber open, afterward, that of
ssed, and acknow-
 to commit the
 school, the other.

BUT.
805, Miss Mudie, enon, a child up-
with but a compa-
for that age, who,
dayed the first rate
, Liverpool, Dub-
er debut at Covent
he Country Girl." the
words of the
rt was confident, her voice, for her
; evinced intelli-
considering her
it was surprising: personification, it

was contemptible. In the first scene, the sense of
the house was goodnaturedly expressed; for, when
Moody promised to send her back into the country,
the audience very cordially expressed their con-
currence by loud applause. In the succeeding
scenes, they were less equivocal; for, when she
came to be talked of as a wife, as a mistress, as
an object of love and jealousy, the scene became
so ridiculous, that hissing and horse-laughing en-
sued. The little child was also contrasted with the
fine person of Miss Brunton, (now Countess of
Craven,) as Alithea, with a plume of three up-
right ostrich feathers on her head, the whole con-
stituting a figure nearly seven feet high.

When Peggy was with her guardian, Mr. Mur-
ray, no very tall man, she did not reach much high-
er than his knee; he was obliged to stoop even to
lay his hand on her head; to bend himself, to kiss
her; and, when she had to lay hold of his neck-
cloth to coax him, and to pat him on the cheek,
he was almost obliged to go on all-fours. In
the third act, Miss Peggy is seen walking in the
Park, dressed in boy's clothes, under the care of
her jealous guardian. Miss Mudie, instead of
appearing a fine young man, who ought to be
shown the town,” looked shorter than before, and even too little to be safely put into breeches. Yet Brunton, as her lover Belville, pursued her, and was transported to find her under this disguise; and Mr. Murray, her pretended husband, was thrown into an agony of despair, at the idea of another man taking her by the hand. The absurdity was now too great to be endured, and there was a burst of censure from all parts of the house. At last, Charles Kemble, as Harcourt, exclaimed, “Let me introduce you, nephew; you should know each other, you are very like, and of the same age.” The whole effect was so out of character, so very ludicrous, that the audience soon decided against Miss Mudie.

At first, the audience did not hiss when she was on the stage, from delicacy; but, in her absence, they hissed the performance, to stop the play, if possible. Yet, as she confidently persevered, they, at length, hissed her, and called, vehemently, off! off! Miss Mudie was not, however, without a strong party of “warm friends,” to support her; and to such a degree did the noise increase, in the latter scenes, that not a word could be heard: on which, Miss Mudie (who had, hitherto, appeared entirely occupied with the business of
shorter than before, by put into breeches, and in her under this dis-pretended husband, despair, at the idea of the hand. The abs-ondured, and there parts of the house, exclaimed, shew; you should y like, and of the was so out of cha-the audience soon his when she was t, in her absence, to stop the play, ently persevered, led, vehemently, however, with-friends," to sup-did the noise in-ot a word could who had, hither-the business of the scene, and whose energy had not in the least been damped by the marked disapprobation of the house,) walked to the front of the stage, with great confidence and composure, though not without some signs of indignation, and said,—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I have done nothing to offend you; and as for those who are sent here to hiss me, I will be much obliged to you to turn them out."

This bold speech, from such a baby, astonished the audience: some roared with laughter, some hissed, others cried off! off! and many applauded. Miss Mudie did not appear to be in the slightest degree chagrined or embarrassed, but went on with the scene, as if she had been com-pletely successful. At the end of it, the uproar was considerable; and a loud cry arising of Manager! Manager! Mr. Kemble came forward, and said,

Gentlemen,

"The great applause with which Miss Mudie has been re-ceived at several provincial theatres, encouraged, in her friends, a hope, that her merit might be such as to pass the tribunal of your judgment. (Violent hissing.) Be assured, however, Gentlemen, that the proprietors of this Theatre by no means wish to press any species of entertainment upon you, which may not meet your approbation.—(Loud applause.) If, there-fore, you will permit Miss Mudie,"—(No! No!)
THEATRES

Mr. Kemble could not be heard for some time; but, at last, neatly resumed,

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give!"

"We hope, however, that, as the play has proceeded so far, you will allow Miss Mudie to finish the character."

No! No! was vociferated from various parts of the house. Finding this of no avail, Mr. Kemble tried his success with the female part of the assemblage, by saying, with emphasis,

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Let me entreat, that you will allow Miss Mudie to finish her part. Perhaps, when you are informed, that, after this night, Miss Mudie will be withdrawn from the stage, you will be induced to comply."

This last appeal seemed to produce the desired effect, but the calm was deceitful; for, upon the next appearance of the child, the uproar broke out with such violence, that she was compelled to retire. Mr. Murray then came forward, and requested to be heard for a few words, when he spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"If you will have the kindness to allow me to trespass upon your patience five minutes, Miss Searle, with your indulgence, will play Miss Mudie's part, from the commencement of the fifth act."
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Order was again restored: but, upon the appearance of Miss Searle, hostilities were ungenerously renewed between the partisans of Miss Mudie, and the Anti-Roscianites. All was noise and confusion. When it was found that any interference would but “more embroil the fray,” the remainder of the comedy was converted into pantomimic show, not a word being heard; and the curtain fell on the most imperfect performance ever witnessed on a London stage.

THEATRICALS INTERDICTED AT CAMBRIDGE.

Copy of a Letter from Lord North, respecting a Shawman.

“To the Right Worshipful, my loving Friende,

Mr. Dr. Hatcher, Vice Chauncelour of Cambridge.

“If your neighbour Robinson, good Mr. Vice Chauncelour, have told you that he hath licence from me to shew certayn games, suerly I must needs confesse that he abuseth me therein, or els, I have to muche abused myselfe in consenting to as great vanitie. Howbeit, I do assure myselfe he hath nothing to shew under my hande for any games, or if he have, it is for lawful games, which neither you nor any justice can restrayne;
THEATRES

seeing the lause doth alowe them. Sir, I do so muche mislyke theis vayne and idle stories, as I wyll consent to none of them. I do utterly mislyke any assembly of people, without the servis of God, or her Majesty, and therefore gyve my consent to withdraw hym from any of his showes, although he have warrant for the same, which you shale not find treue.

"Concerning my man and usher, though all things be not treu, according to the informacion gyven me, so do I not leave all to be untreu; and therefore leave the order to your good consider-ation, who I, heare, hath already handlid the matter with good wisedome; for which I hartily thank you, and howe muche more easely you shall deale with me and my man, so muche more a cause I have to thank you, and shall be the re-dier to requite it to your bodye; but if you fall to accusashuns of slander, I trust you wyll gyve me justice, which will appeale for the same, even in greate and grievous slanders ministered agaynst me. So I leave you to the mercies of our Heavenlie Father, whoe ever bless you."

"In haste, from Kirtling, 20th Sept. 1580,
"Your treue friend,
"Roger North."
them. Sir, I do so idl stories, as I do utterly mislyke the servis of herefore gyve my any of his showes, the same, which

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th Sept. 1580, the friend,
Roger North."

AND THEATRICALS.

MADAME CLAIRON.

This celebrated lady, destined to be so dis-tinguished, was of the lowest extraction: the daughter of a violent and illiterate woman, who, with blows and menaces, drove about the child, all day, to manual labour. "I know not," said Clairon, of herself, "whence I derived my disgust, but I could not bear the idea to be a mere work-woman, or to remain inactive in a corner."

In her eleventh year, being locked up in a room, as a punishment, with the windows fastened, she climbed upon a chair, to look about her. A new object instantly absorbed her attention: in the house opposite, she observed a celebrated actress amidst her family, whose daughter was performing her dancing lesson: the girl Clairon, the future Melipomene, was struck by the influence of this graceful and affectionate scene—"All my little being, (she relates) collected itself into my eyes; I lost not a single motion: as soon as the lesson had ended, all the family applauded, and the mother embraced the daughter. That difference of her fate, and mine, filled me with profound grief; my tears hindered me from seeing any longer; and when my beating heart allowed me to re-ascend the chair, all had disappeared."
This was a discovery!—From that moment she knew no rest; she rejoiced when she could get her mother to confine her in that room. The happy girl was a divinity to the unhappy one, whose susceptible genius imitated her in every gesture and motion; and Clairon soon shewed the effect of her ardent studies, for she betrayed all the graces she had taught herself, in the commonest concerns of life. She charmed her friends, and even softened her barbarous mother; and, in a word, she became an actress, without knowing what constituted an actress.

FOOTE, AND THE MAYOR.

This humourist, travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an Inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't."—"You must."—At length, the strife ended, by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the Mayor, who observed, it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to
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Foote before the
been customary in
of years, always to

except the Mayor, and, accordingly, fined him a
shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom.
Upon this sage decision Foote paid the shilling,
at the same time observing, with great shrewdness,
that he thought the landlord was the greatest
fool in Christendom, except—the Mayor.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON MACKLIN.

Several years before his death, Mr. Macklin
happened to be in a large company of ladies and
gentlemen, among whom was the celebrated Mr.
Pope.—The conversation having turned upon
age, one of the ladies addressed herself to Mr.
Pope, in words to the following effect:—"Mr.
Pope, when Macklin dies, you must write his
epitaph."—"That I will, madam," said Pope;
"nay, I will give it you now."
"Here lies the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

THE ACTOR AND THE DAISIES.

A son of Thespis, who had been some time
upon the stage, was walking in the fields early in
the year, with a young man who had just entered
the profession; suddenly the veteran ran out of
the path, stopped instantly, and putting forward
his foot on the grass, exclaimed, with ecstasy,
"Three, by Heaven! that for managers!" at the same time snapping his fingers. "Three," said his astonished companion; "what do you mean by three?"—"What do I mean, you hungry hunter of turnips! you'll know, before you have strutted in three barns more (three was, no doubt, in this case, an ominous number.) In winter, managers are the most impudent fellows living, because they know we don't like to travel, don't like to leave our nests—fear the cold—and all that:—but when I can put my foot upon three daisies, managers may whistle for me."

PRINCE HOARE AND THE DRURY LANE MANAGERS.

At Florence, this ingenious dramatist, at the solicitations of Stephen Storace, produced that clever piece, "No Song, no Supper." When both parties returned to England, neither the merit of the piece, nor yet the delightful compositions of Storace, were sufficient to recommend it to the managers of "Old Drury." It was, consequently, brought out by Kelly, at his benefit, and not acted for the house, till its success was established.

Having thus experienced their liberal treatment
AND THEATRICALS.

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DRURY LANE

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with a farce, he took the liberty of getting his next production, (a tragedy,) performed at Bath. Mrs. Siddons honoured him by an application to him to perform it for her benefit at Liverpool.

Notwithstanding his success, the managers of Drury-lane were still inaccessible, and his next production, "The Cave of Trophonius," was produced for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch, and was universally successful. This influenced him to future efforts; and he wrote his admirable farce, called "The Prize,"—presented it,—it was refused; but Madam Storace brought it forward at her benefit. Its success was highly flattering; and the managers condescended, in the most obliging manner possible, to pour the profits into their treasury;—that the author received any thing, would be absurd to imagine.

WILLIAM SMITH.

This gentleman was, for more than thirty-five years, a performer on the London boards, having made his first appearance on Covent Garden stage, January the first, 1753, in the character of Theodosius. He retired from Drury-lane at the end of the season, 1788. He was educated at Eton School and St. John's College,
Cambridge. His taking to the stage was occasioned by some youthful irregularities; but he maintained, throughout his theatrical career, the name of "Gentleman Smith." His first wife was a sister of the Earl of Sandwich, first lord of the Admiralty;—she lived but a short time, and he married again. On Mr. Smith's retiring from the stage, he went to live at Bury St. Edmund's, where he was universally respected, and his company courted. His manners were those of the polished gentleman: though educated in a certain school of acting, and living to a great age, Mr. S. was no bigot to his own times and manners, but he went up to London, at different periods, to witness the vaunted powers of Betty, and of Kean, and pronounced the latter superior to all former professors of the art. Mr. Smith never published or brought out any piece; but he had altered the "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and had begun an alteration of Shakspeare's Plays, omitting the exceptionable passages.

He died September, 1819, aged 89.

THE FIRST SUPPRESSED PLAY.

"The Game of Chess," by Thomas Middleton, has the merit of being one of the first, if not the very first play for political...
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Thomas Middleton,
the first, if not the
very first play, that was suppressed by authority,
for political reasons. The game was played,
as we are told by Langbaine, between one of the
church of England, and one of the church of
Rome, in the presence of Ignatius Loyola. This
account of it does not promise much amusement,
yet a MS. note, taken by Capell from an old
copy of the play, describes it as exceedingly
popular. "After nine days," adds the writer,
"wherein I have heard the actors say, they took
fifteen hundred pounds, (this is an incredible
sum,) the Spanish faction got the play suppressed,
and the author, Master Thomas Middleton,
committed to prison, where he lay some time,
and, at last, got out upon this petition to King
James:

"A baseless game, coined only for delight,
Was play'd betwixt the black house and the white;
The white house won, yet still the black doth brag
They had the pow'r to put me in the bag.
Use but your Royal hand, 'twill set me free;
'Tis but removing of a man—that's Mr."

Calderon de la Barca.

Calderon de la Barca, in one of his pieces,
called "La Scisma d'Anglaterra," has taken the
divorce of Henry VIII. as a subject, and, accord-
ing to Davies, not till sustained the characters of Henry, Wolsey, and Catherine. He paints the King as conscious of criminality, and Anne Boleyn as proud, insolent, ungrateful, and lascivious. By a fiction of his own, he causes her to intrigue with the French ambassador. The king, too, overheard their discourse, sent her to the Tower in a rage; and she being there beheaded, her dead body is afterwards brought upon the stage.

QUIN, AND MRS. BELLAMY.

Quin, the player, who blended with his gluttony, and other sensual appetites, the virtues of generosity and kindness, gave Mrs. Bellamy a singular proof, that he could feel for others, and did not, as was thought by many, live for himself only. During the time that he had the chief management of Covent Garden Theatre, he revived Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Maid's Tragedy," in which he performed the character of Melanthes; Mrs. Pritchard, that of Evandra; and Mrs. Bellamy, that of Aspasia. One morning, after the rehearsal, he desired to speak with her, in the dressing room; she was not a little surprised at so unexpected an invitation; and was fearful she had offended a man whom she esteemed by the dear & not let...
she esteemed and loved as a father. As soon, however, as she entered the room, her apprehensions were dissipated, for he cordially took her by the hand, and, with a smile, said to her, "My dear girl! you are vastly followed, I hear: do not let the love of finery, or any other inducements, prevail upon you to commit an indiscretion. Men, in general, are rascals; you are young and engaging, and, therefore, ought to be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me, and say, "James Quin, give me such a thing; and my purse shall be always at your service."

This fact was related by Mrs. Bellamy herself.

MARMONTEL'S TRAGEDY OF "CLEOPATRA."

In this tragedy, which was much hissed, a mechanic had constructed an asp, so naturally, that it seemed perfectly alive; and as it approached the heroine, the eyes sparkled like fire, and it began to hiss. After the scene was over, one of the auditors asked a critic, who sat near him, how he liked the Play. "Why, 'faith, (replied the other,) I am of the same opinion as the asp."

VOL. II.
KEMBLE'S ADHERENCE TO THE SCENE.

Of all actors who loved to see things well done, or done in earnest, there were none more conspicuous for this laudable partiality than the late John Kemble. One night, performing his favourite part of Penruddock in "The Wheel of Fortune," in one of the scenes he ought to have been shaken violently by the party representing the character he has wronged. This, on the night in question, was done so feebly, although the representative was an actor (Mr. Truman) who had been a plodder in the Covent Garden Company for many years, that, when the scene concluded, the Manager sent for him to his dressing room, and gave him the following sensible piece of advice.—"Mr. Truman, you did not shake me in that scene so roughly as I expected; I fear, sir, you remembered at the time that I was Manager. Sir, when you are playing with me, you must forget that: the next time we play that scene together I hope, sir, you will use me roughly, pull me about violently, and tear my clothes: 'tis proper, sir, and keeps up 'the cunning of the scene.'" It is almost needless to add, that Mr. Truman promised obedience, and left his Manager well satisfied.
SUCCESSFUL EQUIVOCUE.

In the Theatre of La Comedie Francaise, at Paris, while under the management of Moliere, a violent riot took place from a stop being put to the free admission of almost all descriptions of the military. These ferocious personages forced the doors of the theatre, knocking down the door-keepers, and sallied after the whole company, to treat them in the same way. A young actor, named Bejart, who was dressed to play an old character, presented himself to the rioters; and, as no argument is so powerful to a French-man as a bon-mot, he disarmed their rage by thus addressing them; "Gentlemen, spare an old man of eighty, who has but three hours to exist."

THE GRANDFATHER OF MRS. SIDDONS.

Mr. Ward, the grandfather of this illustrious actress, was a performer in the time of Betterton. He was the original Hazeroth in Fenton's "Marriott," which was first acted in 1723. On the 22nd of April, 1760, he had a benefit in Dublin, when Miss Woffington made her debut in Sir Harry Wildair.

GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH received £1300 for the only two
plays he ever wrote: viz. £500 for the “Good natured Man,” and £300 for “She Stoops to Conquer;” a sum very seldom obtained by dramatic authors.

**Molière and Racine.**

When the “Misanthrope” of Molière was first performed, Molière and Racine were, unfortunately, at variance. A parasite, thinking to please the latter, told him, after the representation, that the piece had failed. “I was there, and can assure you nothing can be more cold.” Racine replied, “You were there, and I was not; yet I do not believe you. It is not possible for Molière to have written a bad piece. See it again, and consider it better.”

**Fair Advertisement.**

The following is copied from a *Daily Advertiser*, of the year 1741.

“At Lee and Woodward’s Great Theatrical Titre Booth, near the Turnpike, during the time of Tottenham Court Fair, (which began on Tuesday the 4th inst. and will end on Monday the 17th,) will be presented,

**The Generous Freemason**;

On the Constant Lady;

With the comical humours of Squire Noodle & his man Doodle. Squire Noodle, Mr. Woodward; Clermont, Mr. Cross; Doodle, Mr. Vaughan; the rest of the characters from both the Theatres.
To which will be added, a new Pantomime entertainment, in grotesque characters, called

HARLEQUIN SORCERER.

Harlequin, Mr. Woodward; Columbine, Miss Robinson, being her first appearance on any stage.

N. B.—During the time of the fair, we shall begin at ten in the morning, and at nine at night.

August 10, 1741.”

MONCRIFF.

After the appearance of “The Abderites,” a comedy of one act, performed in 1732, written by the academician Moncrieff, a critic, addressing himself to the author, said,—“The comedies of Moliere made us laugh; and we cry at those of La Chausée: but we neither laugh, nor cry, at your ‘Abderites.’ Like Theogenea, called, by the Athenians, the Poet of Snow, you keep us in perfect apathy, without exciting the least emotion, either of grief or joy.”

A MANAGER’S BULL.

Among the MSS. sold with Kemble’s library, was a list of the performances at Covent Garden for several seasons, during the management of Rich. On the 17th December, 1748, the following entry was made:

“'The Merry Wives of Windsor,” and the “What d’ye call it?’ by command of the Prince of Wales: Prince George, Prince Edward, and three more Princesses, were at the house this night.”
DROLL INCIDENT.

In a French comic opera of one act, entitled "L'Abondance," one character in the piece personified Virtue. The first appearance of it being deferred, and the manager being requested to say how that happened, he replied, "Mademoiselle Rosette, who is to play the part of Virtue, has just been brought to bed, and we are obliged to wait for her recovery." The answer becoming public, the part was necessarily suppressed.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF "OLD DRURY," IN 1741.

"On Saturday night, of a gradual decline, and in the 117th year of her age, died "Old Madam Drury," who existed through six reigns, and saw many generations pass in review before her. She remembered Betterton in his declining age; lived in intimacy with Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber; and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling. Her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in the early days of festivity, having, almost through the whole of her life, entertained from one to two thousand persons of both sexes, six nights out of the seven in the week. She grave and (catching could be d memory was on such a was allowed four last y her prime. She had s her house old s! fell gent out a gt Physician and announ Spoken by

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of one act, entitled in the piece per- p
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adual decline, and d "Old Madam six reigns, and review before her. his declining age; Booth, and Cib-when he was a seded that of the early days of festi- the whole of her thousand persons f the seven in the week. She was an excellent poetess, could be grave and gay by turns, and yet, sometimes, (catching the disorder from intrusive guests,) could be dull enough in all conscience. Her memory was most excellent, and her singing kept on such a gradual state of improvement, that it was allowed her voice was better the three or four last years of her life, than when she was in her prime, at the latter end of the last century. She had a rout of near two thousand people at her house the very night of her death; and the old lady found herself in such high spirits, that she said she would give them "No Supper" without a "Song;" which being complied with, she fell gently back in her chair, and expired without a groan. Dr. Palmer (one of the Family Physicians) attended her in her last moments, and announced her dissolution to the company."

EPILOGUE TO "TYRANNIC LOVE,"

Spoken by Nell Gwynn, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers, 1672.

BY DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

Hold! are you mad, you d—d confounded dog? I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.
THEATRES

To the Audience.
I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighten'd,—I'll be civil;
I'm what I was—a little harmless devil;
For, after death, we squires have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to it; you say, there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And, 'faith, you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking:
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, d—d dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love;
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in my prime,
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
T' excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen! make haste to me;
I'm sure, 'ere long, to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:
"Here Nelly lies, who, though she liv'd a slattern,
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine."

CHARACTERS IN THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

As these profane spectacles were, for the most part, founded on the characters and events of Sacred Writ, or on the superstitions with which the fair form of religion was defaced, the introduction upon the stage of the most holy as well as of the most unholy personifications, followed as a matter of course. On the personification of the Deity, and of each of the Personages of the Trinity, in particular, and on the representation of the Incarnation, the Passion, the Resurrection, and Ascension, it would be needless to offer any comment; neither is the appearance on the stage of Adam and Eve, naked and not ashamed, a very tempting subject for criticism. The Devil, a personage with whose character our ancestors thought proper to make very free, was a particular favourite with the audience; he was usually represented with horns, a very wide mouth, large eyes and nose, a flame-coloured beard, a
cloven foot, and a tail. The Vice, his uniform attendant, was also in high favour, and never failed to call forth roars of laughter, by the practical jokes which he inflicted upon the poor Devil, who was, on all occasions, the scape-goat of the piece. His wit consisted in jumping on the Devil's back, and in the buffoonery of chastising him with a wooden sword, till his satanic Majesty bellowed lustily under the infliction, to the no small amusement of the spectators. Of the treatment which sacred subjects underwent, in their metamorphosis into Mysteries, the following portion of a dialogue, between Noah and his wife, affords a tolerable specimen.

"Welcome, wife, into this boat," exclaims the affectionate husband, as he politely hands his lady into the ark. "Take thou that for thy note," retorts the amiable mother of the post-diluvial world, suiting the action to the word, and accompanying the latter by a dutiful box on the ear. Wretched and impious as these productions appear to us, at the present day, they were then deemed serviceable to the cause of religion. Festivals and Saints' days were selected for their

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The Vice, his uniform high favour, and never so slight occasion, the same which was insisted upon the buffoonery of the motto of a dialogue, affords a tolerable performance; and such was the importance attached to them, that a pardon of 1000 days was granted by the Pope, and 40 additional days by the Bishop of the Diocese, to all who should resort to the representation of the series of Mysteries at Chester; "beginning with the Creation and Fall of Lucifer, and ending with the General Judgment of the World," of which we have given a fuller account elsewhere.

GARRICK AND BARRY.

When Garrick and Barry became declared rivals, "Romeo and Juliet" was performed at both houses, till the town was thoroughly tired; and loud complaints were made, that no theatrical entertainment could be procured, except "Romeo and Juliet." Garrick, wishing, himself, to put an end to a contest which was become absurd, wrote the following epigram:

"Well, what's to night?" says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses:
"Romeo again!" and shakes his head:
"A plague o' both your houses!"

On the rival Lears, by the same performers, the two following were written:—
The town has found out different ways,
   To praise the different Lears;
To Barry, they give loud huzzas;
   To Garrick,—only tears.

Another.
A king! Aye, ev'ry inch a king!
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite a different thing—
   He's, ev'ry inch, King Lear.

"She Stoops to Conquer."

When Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" was to be brought out on the stage, he was at a loss what name to give it till the very last moment, and then, in great haste, called it, "She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night." Sir Joshua Reynolds, who disliked this name for a play, offered a much better to him, saying; "You ought to call it, 'The Belle's Stratagem,' and if you do not, I will d---n it." However, Goldsmith chose to name it himself as above, and Mrs. Cowley has since given that name to one of her comedies.

Goldsmith was in great anxiety about its success; he was much distressed in his finances at the time, and all his hopes hung on the event; at the dinner preceding the representation of his play, his mouth became so parched and dry, from the agitation, unable to swallow a toast themselves had but contrary to the received with great large party of friends supporting it, if not which took place a musily described by took the head of the Burkess, C &c. &c.

"I remember," note, "Dr. Goldsw with which I went time I saw him, opinion was of it presume to be a ju "Did it make ye exceedingly."—"Tt all I require."

"To the Sover of the Eternal Spain—to the co
dry, from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. The actors themselves had great doubts of its success: but, contrary to their expectations, the play was received with great applause; Sir Joshua and a large party of friends going for the purpose of supporting it, if necessary. The dinner party, which took place at the Shakspeare, is humourously described by Cumberland. Dr. Johnson took the head of the table, and there were present the Burkes, Caleb Whitefoord, Major Mills, &c. &c.

"I remember," says the relator of this anecdote, "Dr. Goldsmith gave me an order soon after, with which I went to see this comedy, and the next time I saw him, he inquired of me what my opinion was of it. I told him that I would not presume to be a judge of its merits. He then said, "Did it make you laugh?" I answered, "Exceedingly."—"Then," said the doctor, "that is all I require."

SPANISH PLAY BILL.

"To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the comforter of all Spain—to the
faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—to the honour and Glory of the most holy Virgin Mary, for the benefit, and for the propagation of her worship, the company of Comedians will this day give a representation of the comic piece called ‘Nanine.’

“The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the Theatre will be superbly illuminated.”

SCARAMOUCH, AND MOLIERE.

In the reign of Louis XIV. an Italian actor, who named himself Scaramouch, was so popular, that he saved money enough to buy an estate, and asked leave to return to his own country. Finding himself ill-treated there, he petitioned, and was permitted, to return. At this, though he was publicly blamed, the public rejoiced; and, for more than six months, crowded to see Scaramouch again. Moliere and his excellent company fell into neglect; the comedians murmured and reproached Moliere, on whom they depended as author and manager.—“Why don’t you write for our support? Must impotence and buffoonery carry all before them? Is there no way to rouse the public to common sense?”
Spanish Nation—the most holy Virgin for the propagation of Comedians will also dance the will also be superbly ill-timed. Molière, an Italian actor, was so popular, it to buy an estate to his own country there, he petitioned. At this, though the public rejoiced; and, for crowded to see Scaramouche his excellent comedians murmured whom they depended. "Why don't you Must impotence and them? Is there no to common sense?"

Weary of such remonstrances, Molière told them they must retire, like Scaramouch, till the town should wish for their return; but that, for his own part, he should suffer things to take their natural course; the public would not be always Scaramouch-mad; they would be tired with bad things, as well as with good.—Molière had sagacity, and was a true prophet; the very next comedy he wrote, the concourse was drawn to his house, and popularity was once again the friend of merit.

Parody of a Poacher.

A poor strolling player was once caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the Magistrates, assembled at a quarter sessions, for examination, one of them asked him what right he had to kill a hare? When he replied in the following ludicrous parody on Brutus's speech to the Romans in defence of the death of Caesar.

"Britons, Hungry-men, and Epicures! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for my honour; and have respect to my honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom—and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in

...
poacher's love for hare is no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why a poacher rose against a hare, this is my answer,—not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you had rather this hare were living, and I had died quite starving—or that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was plump, I honour him; as he was nimble, I rejoiced at it; but, as he was eatable, I slew him. There is tears, for his beauty; joy, for his condition; honour, for his speed; and death for his toothlessness. Who is here so cruel, would see me a starved man? If any, speak, for him have I offended—who is here so silly that would not take a tit-bit? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so sleek that does not love his belly? If any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, Sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience at this long and strange harangue, which began to invade the time that had awakened his appetite. "Then, (cried the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench,) since justice is dissatisfied, it must needs have something to devour—Heaven forbid, I should keep any gentleman from his dinner—so, if you please, I'll wish your Lordship a good day, and a good appetite."

The magistrates, eager to retire, and somewhat pleased with the fellow's last wish, gave him a reprimand in exchange for his hare, and let him go.
less than his. If, then, the hare rose against a hare, that hare was less, but that I love the other this hare were living, or that this hare were dead.

As this hare was pretty, I honour him; as he was eatable, I slew him, for his condition; for his toothlessness. Who a dead man? If any, speak he were so silly that would not for him hare I offended, I love his belly? If any.

Sirrah," cried Sir John, the physician, which began to roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and, most probably, suffered as much from their exertion." A gentleman once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply:—" Pooh! he suffer from his feelings! Why, sir, I was playing with him one night in Lear, when, in the middle of a most passionate and affecting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered—" D—n me, Tom, it'll do."—So much for stage feeling.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL CLUB.

It was once proposed, by some wits, to establish a club, thus entitled, the members of which were to consist of those who had failed in dramatic writing. One damned harlequin entitled "a Man to be a Member," instantaneously. If an author's comedy was withdrawn after the second night, he must be balloted for; but if his tragedy was hissed off, during the first act, he came in by acclamation, and might order what dinner he pleased.—A perpetual president was elected, who had attained that eminence by a long course
of condemnation—He could boast that, during a seven years' probation, his most endurable dramatic bantling was a melo-drama, that set every body to sleep. He wore a silver catcall at his button-hole, and expressed his hopes that he should grow more stupid as he grew older; and that, some night, if the acting was as intolerable as the dialogue, he should have to boast of the people in the pit tearing up the benches, and trying what was the thickness of skull possessed by acting managers.

**CAPRICE OF GABRIELLI.**

**The** Viceroy of Sicily once invited the famous Gabrielli, (during her engagement at Palermo,) to a dinner given to the principal nobility. As she did not appear at the hour appointed, a messenger was sent to say, that the company waited for her. She was found reading in bed. She desired the messenger to make her excuses, and to say, that she really had forgotten her engagement. His Excellency was willing to overlook this impertinence, but when he repaired, in the evening, with his guests, to the Opera, Gabrielli played her part with the utmost negligence, and sang all her airs in an under tone. The Viceroy, who was passionately fond of music, threatened to punish her, declared never she this declare her to praise, she gave the poor charity, and she clamatic. With because was the only why, come ri.

**THE** general man's, no which he his enjoy as he old, was at I despatch.
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...and to punish her. She became more obstinate, and declared that they might make her cry, but they never should make her sing. His Excellency, at this declaration, grew enraged, and actually sent her to prison for twelve days. During this time, she gave sumptuous repasts, paid the debts of the poor prisoners, and distributed large sums in charity. The Viceroy was obliged to give way, and she was, finally, set at liberty, amidst the acclamations of the poor, whom she had relieved.

With Gabrielli in some degree we sympathize, because her punishment was absurd, and she was the wonder of the age she lived in. It is only when similar airs are assuaged by artists of second or third rate importance, that they become ridiculous and contemptible.

ROYAL THEATRICALS.

The princes of the House of Brunswick have generally been partial to theatrical entertainments. George II. frequently visited the theatres, notwithstanding the imperfect knowledge which he had of the English language prevented his enjoying the beauties of the drama, as much as he otherwise might have done. This monarch was at Drury Lane Theatre, when the Culloden despatches were presented to him from the Duke...
of Cumberland, his darling son. The instant his Majesty had opened them, and collected the substance of the contents, he started up, while the tears streamed from his eyes, and in some glorious ejaculation, thanked his God, and announced the victory. Garrick immediately caught the transporting sound. The orchestra, by his orders, struck up "God save Great George our King," and the whole audience, in rapturous enthusiasm, joined the chorus.

Prince Frederick of Wales possessed a taste similar to his father, and was very fond of instructing his children, at an early age, to repeat moral speeches out of plays; and, with this view, he desired Mrs. Devenish, whose first husband was Mr. Rowe, the poet, to have a correct edition of Rowe's works printed, which that lady accordingly did. The press was corrected, and the dedication was written, by Mr. Newton, afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

While his family were still very young, the prince had plays at Leicester House, in which the children of his Royal Highness sustained the principal characters. These were under the direction of the celebrated Quin; and it was in reference to the instructions he then gave Prince
George, that, on hearing of the graceful manner in which he delivered his first speech from the throne, he exclaimed, with pride and exultation, "Ah, I taught the boy to speak."

On the 4th of January, 1749, the children of his Royal Highness, with the aid of some of the juvenile branches of the nobility, performed the tragedy of "Cato," before their royal parents and a numerous audience of distinguished personages. The following were the *dramatis persona* on this interesting occasion:

- Portius: Prince George
- Juba: Prince Edward
- Cato: Master Nugent
- Lucius: Master Montagu
- Syphax: Lord Northson
- Sempronius: Master Evelyn
- Decius: Lord Milshington
- Marcus: Master Madden
- Marciia: Princess Augusta
- Lucia: Princess Elizabeth

Previous to the rising of the curtain, Prince George, then eleven years of age, came forward, and delivered an appropriate prologue. After the tragedy, Prince Edward delivered a clever epilogue, which concluded this juvenile histrionic display.
JAMES MILLER.

JAMES MILLER, a dramatic writer, who died in 1744, was the author of ten plays, three of which were performed for thirty nights each in succession; yet he was left to starve, unless he would purchase competence at the price of his independence, which he nobly refused.

THE ROASTED GHOST.

When Garrick performed in Goodman's-fields, the stage was what might be called a rapid descent to the pit, and was very difficult to walk on. As fate would have it, it was the practice of all the ghosts to appear in real armour. The dress for this most august personage had, one night, in honour of Garrick's Hamlet, been borrowed from the Tower, and was somewhat stiff, partaking of the nature of its material. The moment the King of Denmark was put up from the stage door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down to the lamps, where he lay confined in fires somewhat too lasting, until a wag, in the pit, drew the attention of the other performers to the pitiable object, by crying out, "The ghost will be burned."
FARCES

SNELLER.

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SHOP GHOST.

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KOTZEBUE.

The best dramatic productions of this unfortunate author were written when he was in his 26th year; after which time he sunk, without any assignable cause, into a depression of spirits, which soon degenerated into a confirmed melancholy.—His passion for the drama alone preserved its empire over him, and it was during that period that he wrote "The Stranger," and "Lover's Vows." The former, he wrote during the height of his disorder. "Never, (says he,) either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of thoughts and images; and I firmly believe, that there are some maladies, especially those by which the irritation of the nerves is increased, which stretch the powers of the mind beyond their usual reach; just as, report says, diseased muscles' shells produce pearls."

"THE MAN OF THE WORLD."

This comedy, by Macklin, was long performed under its original title of "The True-born Scotsman;" (bear in mind, Macklin was an Irishman;) and was so announced at the Capel Street Theatre, Dublin, 1771; when the author played Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant.
FRENCH SPECTACLE.

About ten years ago, this volatile nation dramatised the Episode of "Sampson."—They turned his adventures into a very diverting Ballet:—Sampson danced a *Pas Seul*, with the Gates of Gaza on his back, Delilah cut off his hair in the intervals of a tasteful *Hornpipe*; and the Philistines surrounded and seized their victim, amidst the evolutions of a *Country Dance*.

"THE BUSY BODY."

This play, by Mrs. Centlivre, was decried, before its appearance, by all the players; and Wilks, the original *Sir George Airy*, refused, for some time, to accept a part in it. The audience, who went to the theatre, was so predetermined against it, as to contemplate its condemnation; and yet it was received so favourably, that it had a run of thirteen nights.

POINSINET, THE FRENCH DRAMATIST.

This author was, like many of his brethren of the profession, obliged, sometimes, to make the payment of his tradesmen's bills depend on the caprice of an audience. He used to tell the following ludicrous anecdote, that arose out of this circumstance.

"Tom Jones had gone th their station was heard, squire, "Sir I were under and they w expected change point of charge, wh cut-purse of sup ordered pro t of drum, I I is un how good, and

*Me too."

Suddenly,"

The wit an acted hit.
On the first representation of "Tom Jones," his tailor, attended by his foreman, had gone that night to the theatre, and were apprehended as pickpockets. They had taken their stations in the pit, and the crafty tailor was heard, from time to time, whispering to his squire, "Shall I cut? shall I cut?"—The words were understood to refer to the cutting of purses, and they were handed over to the sentinel as suspected characters: they were, accordingly, on the point of being conducted to prison, on this charge, when the master cried out, "We are not cut-purses, we are only tailors; I have the honor of supplying clothes to M. Poinsinet. He has ordered from me a coat, to be paid for out of the profits of this piece; and as I am not skilled in the drama, I have brought with me my foreman, who is un homme d'esprit, to tell me if the piece is good, and if I may safely cut my cloth."

SHERIDAN VERSUS CUMBERLAND.

At the first performance of "The School for Scandal," Mr. Cumberland sat in the front of the stage-box, and evinced the most complete apathy. The wit and humour which it contains, never affected his risible muscles. This being reported to
Mr. Sheridan, he observed, "that was very ungrateful, for I am sure I laughed heartily at his tragedy of 'The Battle of Hastings.'"

**FINE FEELING.**

**Garrick,** in his performance of the venerable *Lear,* acted so powerfully on the feelings of one of the sentinels, (who were placed on each side of the front of the stage,) that the poor fellow fainted away during the last scene. After the play, flattered by this unsophisticated token of applause, Garrick sent for the soldier into the green room, and gave him a guinea. The man whose turn it was, the next night, to do the duty, hearing of the good fortune of his comrade, while Garrick was performing *Ranger,* made a sham faint, to the no small amusement both of audience and performers.

**EXTRAORDINARY RECOGNITION.**

The following event, though strange, is, nevertheless, true, and happened in the Glasgow Theatre, in the year 1793. Mrs. Cross, who played, in the previous winter, at Covent Garden Theatre, went, in the summer, to Scotland, to
d, "that was very unlaughed heartily at his Hastings.'"

RECOGNITION.

A scene of the venerable on the feelings of the poor fellow fainting. After the play, a token of applause entered into the green room. The man whose turn the duty, hearing of the aide, while Garrick was a sham faint, to the audience and performance.

play with Mrs. Esten. When the season concluded at Edinburgh, the company went to Glasgow. On one occasion, the Provost paid the Theatre a visit, and, as soon as Mrs. Cross came on the stage, he exclaimed, loudly, "Stop the play, 'till I speak with that woman." The anxiety he manifested occasioned the manager instantly to suspend the performance. The curtain was dropped, and the Provost went round to Mrs. Cross's dressing room. After a very few inquiries, he found her to be his wife! from whom he had been separated nearly twenty years. They each had supposed the other dead.—The husband immediately took her home; and, the next evening, by way of showing that she had not forgotten the profession by which she had formerly existed, she made her appearance in the Theatre as a spectator.

SEATS ON THE STAGE.

It was customary, in the earlier ages of the Drama in England, to admit that class of spectators, who frequented the boxes, on the stage, and to accommodate them with stools, for the use of which they paid sixpence or a shilling, according to circumstances. It would seem, however, that this absurd custom was confined to the
smaller houses, or Private Theatres, as they were termed; where the company was less numerous, and more select. Here, the fastidious critic; the wit, ambitious of distinction; and the gallant, studious of the display of his apparel or of his person; were to be seen, seated upon stools, or reclining upon the rushes with which the stage was strewed, and regaling themselves with pipes and tobacco, supplied, either by their own pages, or by the boys of the house. Amidst such “most admired confusion” and indecency were the dramatic works of Shakespeare, and his contemporaries, produced; works, which we,

“With all appliances and means to boot,”

with every thing that can promote the reality of the scene, and invigorate the exertion, have never seen equalled, and very seldom, indeed, approached. The following quotation, from the induction to “Cynthia’s Revels,” is quite in point.

“And here I enter.”

1 Child. What! upon the stage too?
2 Child. Yes; and I step forth like one of the children and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir?
3 Child. A stool, boy!
2 Child. Aye, sir, if you’ll give me sixpence, I’ll find you one.
3 Child. For what, I pray thee? what shall I do with it?
Neatres, as they were was less numerous, fastidious critics; the; and the gallant is apparel or of his sated upon stools, with which the stage themselves with piping by their own pagers. Amidst such means to boot, the reality of the exertion, have seldom, indeed quotation, from the Is., is quite in point latter.

So? Take one of the children, sir?

Me sixpence, I'll find what shall I do with it.

A Child. O lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? Why, think yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir!

Seated then at their ease, they laughed, talked, and cracked jokes with each other during the performance, and had, as Decker says, "a signed patent, to engross the whole commodity of certainty; may lawfully presume to be a guider, and stand at the helm, to steer the passage of the scenes." The style and manner of the criticisms which they vented between the whiff of their pipes, are admirably ridiculed by Jonson, in the induction quoted above.

"Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado; and here I take my place, and sit down. I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin: [at the breaks, he takes his tobacco.] By this light! I wonder that any man is so mad to come to see these rascally thes play, here—they do act like so many wrens, or pensionaries;—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.—And then, their music is abominable;—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories; and then, their clitties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them.—Poets! By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco, I think—"the very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates—A man were better visit fifteen jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them."
The disgust which so ridiculous and absurd a custom could not fail to excite in the audience, at length, however, banished it from the Theatres; although an attempt was made, in comparatively modern times, to revive it, in favour of the Duchess of Queensberry, at the performance of the "Village Opera," at Drury Lane, in 1729. The ill success of this experiment was very elegantly alluded to by a wit of the day, in the following lines.

Bent on dire work, and kindly rode, the Town,
Impatient, kissed thy seat, dear Duchess, down;
Conscious, that there had thy soft form appear'd,
Lost all in gaze, no vacant car had heard.
Thy lambent eyes had look'd then range away,
And the relenting hiss, and snv'd the play.
Thus, not in clouds (as Father Homer sung),
Such as fair Venus round Æneas slung,
Had our dull bard escap'd the dreadful fright,
But sunk, conceal'd, in an excess of light!!

TRUTH WILL OUT.

The late John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and whose son occasionally practised in the same humble though hereditary occupation, strutting about, one evening, in the Green Room, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman pre-
sent remarked, that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor, with much warmth, "I would have you to know, I never wore anything but diamonds." "I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman; "I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste." This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging the ci-devant bill-sticker on the elbow, and dryly saying, "Jack, why don't you stick him against the wall?"

GRIMALDI'S GRANDFATHER.

The grandfather of Grimaldi was a dancer of great celebrity on the French and Italian stages, and was generally called, for distinction, Iron legs, being considered the best jumper in the world. He once jumped so high, that he broke a chandelier; a piece of which hitting the Turkish Ambassador, who was in the stage-box, he considered it was a premeditated affront, and complained to the French Court of the outrage. But the most extraordinary circumstance concerning him, was his being put in prison for indecency on the stage, which is a circumstance (when we consider the license at that time used there) most extraordinary. The French were, for a time, infatuated with Gri-
maldi, but, after this unlucky business, he began to lose ground; and, at length, was obliged to stroll into Flanders, where, however, he proved a source of riches to his companions; for the Flemings, as he added legerdemain and other tricks to his jumping, thought him a supernatural being.

A laughable accident is related to have befallen him on his journey into Flanders. He and his troop were attacked, near Brussels, by a banditti; the baggage waggon was ransacked, their pockets turned inside out; and, according to their usual custom, the thieves were about to despatch their prey. It should be known, that Grimaldi, wanting money for his expedition, enticed one Flahaut, a bookseller, to follow his fortunes. Flahaut, having learnt Latin, took it into

* "I copy the following circumstance (says Mr. Dilandin, in his History of the Stage,) from a French author. Iron legs had, for a partner, either his wife, his sister, or his daughter; for so equivocal was the lady's character, that no one has been able to ascertain the precise degree of relationship. This nymph was thought to be his sister, or his daughter, for she was remarkably like him, being a squat, thick, strong figure, and endowed with so much agility and strength, that she could break chandeliers almost as well as himself. She cohabited with him as his wife."
ky business, he begged length, was obliged however, he proved companions; for th egerdemain and others sought him a supern is related to hav into Flanders. He ed near Brussels, by; paggon was ransacked he out; and, accord thieves were about should be known, time for his expedition, t seller, to follow his tarent Latin, took it in instance (says Mr. Dibdin, French author Low legate sister, or his daughter, character, that no one has to degree of relationship. Th sister, or his daughter, for a squat, thick, strong leg and strength, that she was l as himself. She asked his head, that it would be a good thing to introduce the ancient chorus on the stage, by way of explaining Grimaldi's dances. Grimaldi appeared to approve of the scheme; but told him, as it was a kind of improvement that could only be brought about by degrees, he had better learn to dance first, which would make him immediately useful. Flahaut set to work, and Grimaldi promised to make him a capital dancer. In the end, he got as much money together as he could; left his family; and, as before said, followed Grimaldi. When the sabres of the banditti were drawn to despatch the troop of dancers, Grimaldi, who, at the danger of his life, would have his joke, whispered Flahaut to talk Latin to them. The enthusiast, Flahaut, began; and, for a few seconds, the sabres were suspended. Presently loudly vociferating dixi, one of them, aiming a blow at his head, cried fe ci; which blow, had it struck him, must have silenced the orator for ever.

But the most extraordinary part of the adventure remains to be told. Grimaldi's partner, the lady before mentioned, in all the furor of romantic heroism, just as the word despatch had been uttered, stepped forward, and, in a scream of des-
pair, implored the banditti to have mercy on her comrades; offering, that if they would be merciful, she would yield herself up a sacrifice, and devote herself to their pleasure. She described how many ways she would be useful to them, that she could dance to amuse them; she could cook for them; and, to be brief, intimated, in the language of Deborah Woodcock, "that she had no objection to any work they could put her to." In short, the thieves were appeased, and carried off the lady in triumph, but not till they had stripped the whole troop stark naked; leaving them nothing but the refuse of what they had pillaged from the baggage waggon, consisting of a few odds and ends of pantomime dresses. Grimaldi put on an old Harlequin's jacket; poor Flahaut contented himself with the trowsers of Scaramouch; and, in this agreeable plight, they begged their way to Brussels.

BETTERTON'S DEATH

Was caused by want of caution, in a violent fit of the gout. His activity kept off the disease longer than usual; but the fit soon returned upon him with greater violence, and it was the more unfortunate, as it was at the time of his benefit.
The play he had fixed upon was "The Maid’s Tragedy," in which he was to enact the part of Melanthes; and notice was given thereof by his friend, Sir Richard Steele, in the "Tatler;" but, the fit intervening, that he might not disappoint the town, he was obliged to submit to external applications, in order to reduce the swelling in his feet, which enabled him to appear on the stage, though he was obliged to use a slipper. He was observed, on that day, to have a more than ordinary spirit, and met with suitable applause; but the unhappy consequence of tampering with his distemper was, that it flew into his head, and killed him.

Mr. Booth, who knew him only in his decline, used to say, that he never saw him, off or on the stage, without learning something from him; and frequently observed, that Betterton was no actor; that he put on his part with his clothes, and was the very man he undertook to be, till the play was over, and nothing more. So exact was he in following nature, that the look of surprise which he assumed in the character of Hamlet, astonished Booth, when he first personated the Ghost, to such a degree, that he was
unable to proceed with his part for some moments.

THEATRE OF PUPPETS.

"Among other sights in Milan," says a traveller, "I went to Girolamo's Theatre of Puppets (Les Marionettes), and laughed more than at any exhibition I ever beheld. You may, perhaps, think this entertainment was childish enough. But you don't know it; nor have you ever seen any thing like it, nor any thing so superlatively ridiculous. The puppets were about five feet, or, perhaps, less in height: and Girolamo, the master and owner of the Theatre, was the animating soul and voice of these grotesque images. He had to speak and modulate his voice to the characters of nine or ten different dramatis personae, male and female. He was, of course, invisible.

"After an overture from a most miserable orchestra, in which there was neither time nor tune, nor any thing like tolerable music, the curtain, on which was a very clever painting, drew up, and a little deformed black, in a suit of brown, with scarlet stockings, and an immense cocked hat, moved forward upon the stage, and began a soliloquy, which was interrupted by the
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PUPPETS.

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entrance of another strange figure, a female, who entered into a smart dialogue with the little black, whose gestures, grimaces, and contortions of limb, were amazingly absurd, although perfectly in unison, in point of tune and Italian manner, with the recitation, which seemed to proceed from his inflexible lips. Had it not been for a certain awkward rigidity in their sidelong motions, when moving from one part of the stage to another, and for the visibility of the wire attached to their heads, and descending from the roof above the stage, one might have been deceive
ed, for a short time, into a belief of the exis-
tence of these strange personages. They walked about very clumsily, to be sure; but then, they bowed and curtsied, and flourished with their arms, and twisted themselves about with as much energy and propriety of effect, as most of those living puppets who infest the stages of the little Theatres in London.

"There were also two skeletons, who played their parts admirably. They glided about, and accompanied their hollow-voiced speeches with excellent gesticulations, while their fleshless jaws moved quite naturally. Then, to crown all, there was a ballet of about a dozen
of these puppets; and they danced with all
the agility of Vestris, and cut much higher than
he ever did in his life. They actually did cut ex-
tremely well in the air. All the airs and graces of
the French opera-dancers, their pirouettes, spin-
ning round with an horizontal leg, &c., were ad-
mirably quizzed. One of these dancers, dressed
like a Dutchman, stopped short, after a few ca-
pers; and, drawing a snuff-box from his pocket,
took a pinch; then replaced the box, and set
off again with a most exalted example of the
entrechat. His partner helped herself, from a
pocket pistol, to a dram, and then recommenced
her furious exertion!"

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

The late amiable Mr. T. Warton, being at
Winchester, on a visit to his brother, was soli-
cited by a company of comedians, who per-
formed over the butchers' shambles, to write a
suitable prologue for the commencement of their
theatrical campaign. How well he succeeded,
in apt allusion and genuine humour, there can
be but one opinion.

"Who'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the Dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit, to beef—from Shakspeare, to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia’s means, to mutton chops!
While for Luthario’s loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here, Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There, in harsh chorus, hungry bull-dogs bark;
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below.
While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tunes;
Kidneys and Kings, mouthing and marrow bones;
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragic-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain;
Confusion reigns—Chaos is come again!
Hither, your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio’s blood must pay!
Hither, your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring, to be whetted by the worthless Jew.
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom’d to eat,
Cast a sheep’s eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve;
And, in the midst of beef—and mutton—starve.
But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near;
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant Queens for cutlets long in vain.

GARRICK'S READING BEFORE ROYALTY.

In the year 1777, Garrick was desired to read a Play before the King and Queen, at Buckingham House, in the manner of Monsieur Le Texier, who had obtained great reputation by reading them sitting at a table, and acting there as he went on. Garrick fixed upon his own Farce of "Lethe," in which he introduced, for the occasion, the character of an ungrateful Jew. There were present the King, Queen, Princess Royal, Duchess of Argyle, and one or two more of the Ladies in waiting; but the coldness with which this select party heard him, so opposite to the applause he had always been used to on the stage, had such an effect upon him, as to prevent his exertions, or, to use Mr. G.'s own words in relating the circumstance, "it was (said he) as if they had thrown a wet blanket over me."

DIBDIN.

In the dialogue part of one of Dibdin's entertainments, he observes something about fiddlers retiring, or concert, to with needle likewise re on one of by a prying door, sett bib; whic loved a ke served in young gi blind of former to her beir why di "

MACKE much so perform he saw said Ma foot on t head of stage.)
retiring, occasionally, during the course of a concert, to supply the chords of their instruments with needful rosin; following their example, he likewise retires for a few minutes. It happened, on one of his nights, that Mrs. D. was observed, by a prying wag, through the crevice of the stage door, settling the composer's neckcloth, or chin-bib; which done, the lady bestowed on her beloved a kiss. The same prying wight also observed Miss Dibdin, an amiable and beautiful young girl of about 17, through the Venetian blind of the opposite box, and said, on the performer taking his seat, unconscious, no doubt, of her being his daughter, "Dibdin, I say, Dibdin, why did not you take your rosin from t'other side?"

MACCLIN, AS "SHYLOCK."

MACCLIN was very particular in Shylock; so much so, that he requested Bobby Bates, who performed the part of Tubal, not to speak until he saw him standing on a certain spot; "nay," said Macklin, "not till you see me place my right foot on this nail," (pointing with his stick to the head of a large nail which was driven into the stage.) Bobby promised to remember the old
man's instruction; and, that he might have a better view of the nail, he marked it in a conspicuous manner with a piece of chalk. At night, Macklin had forgotten the nail; therefore, when Tubal entered, and remained, for sometime, without speaking, Macklin exclaimed, in an under voice, "Why the d—l don't you speak?"—"Sir," replied Bobby, "put your right foot upon the nail." This so disconcerted the veteran that it was with great difficulty he finished the part.

**LOUIS XIV., AND MOLIERE.**

Louis XIV. was informed, that the officers of his household had expressed, in a most offensive manner, how much they were mortified at being obliged to dine at the *table du controleur de la bouche*, with Moliere, *valet de chambre* to the King, because he performed as a comedian; and that celebrated genius had absented himself from their dinners. Louis, desirous of putting an end to the insults offered to one of the first men of the age, said, one morning, to Moliere, "They tell me, that you make meagre fare here, and that the officers of my chamber do not think you fit to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry; I wake, myself, with a good appetite; sit
down to table, and let us have breakfast.” Moliere and his majesty took their seats; Louis helped his valet to the wing of a fowl, and himself to another, and ordered the entrées familières to be admitted. The most distinguished and favoured of the household made their appearance. “You see,” said the king, “I am feeding Moliere, whom my valets-de-chambre do not think sufficiently good company for them.” From that moment, Moliere had no occasion to present himself at the table of persons on service, as all the court were pressing in their offers of service.

**EPITAPHS ON THE LATE J. P. KEMBLE,**

*When he superintended the re-building of Covent-Garden Theatre.*

*Actors, and Architect, he flies*
To please the Critics one and all:
This bids the private tiers to rise,
And that the Public tears to fall.

**GEORGE AND DAVID GARRICK.**

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

MRS. ROBINSON.

This lady has been no less distinguished for her genius as a writer in verse and prose, than for her exquisite beauty and personal misfortunes. She was the daughter of Darby, who, failing, and dying soon after, his widow took her lovely daughter to London, where, at sixteen, she was induced to marry a young attorney, of specious appearance, of the name of Robinson. Her husband, soon after, falling into difficulties, Mr. Garrick encouraged her to try the stage, for subsistence; and, at nineteen, she played several parts with success, when the beauty of her person created interest and favour.

One night, after she had played the part of Perdita, she received from the Prince of Wales, by the hands of Lord Malden, a lock of his Royal Highness's hair, enclosed in a billet, with these words, "To the adorable Perdita—Florizel; to be redeemed;" written in his own hand. The lock and the billet are now in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips. The vanity of a young woman in her situation rendered her an easy prey, and she soon after became the public mistress of the handsomest
prince of his age; living in a style of Oriental splendour. Some jealousies soon after caused a separation, when she obtained an annuity of £500 per annum, for the remainder of her life, with £250 for her infant daughter by Mr. Robinson. The habits of luxury which she had acquired, during her royal connexion, could not be shaken off, and she yielded to a sincere attachment to Colonel T——; and, in a journey by night, to render him a personal service, she caught cold, followed by a severe fever, and lost the use of the sinews of her knees, being then only twenty-two. This malady she never overcame, and was unable to stand upright, or walk, during the remainder of her life.

She now devoted herself to poetry and literature; and many of her pieces, in feeling and high-wrought sentiment, will never be surpassed. She maintained her personal fascinations, and might have been considered one of the loveliest women in England, till her forty-second year, when her sedentary life, joined to her incessant application to her pen, brought on a dropsy of the chest, of which she died.
JOY KILLS AS WELL AS GRIEF.

"Miss Smith, a young lady who played the character of Amelia, in the comedy of "The Twin Rivals," at Covent Garden Theatre, some years ago, died, last week, in this town (Norwich), in the following extraordinary manner. A young gentleman of a good family and great expectancy had long had a tendre for her, but did not make her any serious offers, because he feared his friends would object to the match, on account of the young lady's want of fortune, she having given up every shilling of some property which had been bequeathed to her, to rescue her parents from ruin. Her theatrical prospects not appearing very promising, the young gentleman generously told her, that if she would quit the stage, he would make her his wife, in spite of any objections of his friends; as she really loved him, the excess of her joy was such, that she sunk into his arms, and died immediately."

(From a letter, dated Feb. 1779.)

MR. HOLLAND AND MRS. E——LE.

Holland, the tragedian, who flourished about 1760, was a great favourite with the fair sex; and the distinction with which some of them
And the annals of gallantry. Among the chief of his amours, stands his intrigue with Mrs. E—le, which detail, we have little doubt, will amuse our readers.

Our tragedian had received many letters, signed “Leonora.” Some of them, replete with extravagant praise of him, as an actor; and others, declaring, “that the writer should have thought herself blest, if he had fallen to her lot as a companion for life; but, as fortune had cruelly denied her that extreme gratification, she should enjoy no rest till he had assured her, in the most solemn manner, that he would attempt nothing against her virtue, if he was indulged with an interview;” the letter, which contained this declaration, enclosed a present of four lottery tickets, and mentioned, that a servant would call for an answer in a few days.

Our hero’s curiosity being hereby worked up to the highest pitch, he sent a most loving answer. Near a month elapsed before the impatient actor received a reply; which, however, when it came, set his heart at rest. The fair one breathed the most tender sentiments, and assured him, that they remained unchanged. She had been ill,
and was ordered to the country for the recovery of her health. She desired him to accept a diamond ring, and wear it, constantly, for her sake. In about six weeks from this period, the Lady returned from the country; and, in a letter, penned in the usual strain, assured him, that she had now determined to venture on an interview, and that she would call on him at his lodgings on the Sunday morning. In this irksome interval, our tragedian's soul was continually up in arms, and formed ten thousand plans of the manner in which he should receive her Ladyship, or her Grace.

The happy moment at length arrived; and a plump well dressed female entered Holland's dining-room, when he exerted the utmost powers of his elocution in thanking her for the unmerited favour she conferred on him; calling up all the assistance of stage-trick, by counterfeiting confusion, terror, &c. &c., on which the lady accosted him in this manner: "Sir, you may spare yourself your declarations and transports for another person. I am not the lady who has been your correspondent, but an intimate friend, who can refuse her nothing; and, as she found herself incapable of meeting you alone, I undertook the
She desired him to adopt and wear it, constantly, six weeks from this time; and, in a state of great expected strain, assured him she would come to him at the house of a friend at the country; and, if you please, I will accompany you thither to dinner.”

This being arranged, they soon arrived at the villa. Holland was ushered into an elegant apartment and regaled with chocolate, while his fair inamorata was mustering up courage to meet him.

—Every preparatory step being taken, he was suffered to approach his princess; “when” (as Hume said of himself and Rousseau) “a very tender scene ensued.” We will pass over the under plots, &c., and proceed to say, that lodgings were taken in town, where the happy couple met, as they thought, in the most secret manner; but what was their surprise when they found, that an action was brought against Holland, by the enraged Mr. E. for Crim-con; and, above all, that the complaisant friendly go-between should receive her lady at length arrived; a female entered Holland’s, exerted the utmost pains in seeking her for the understanding then on him; calling upon him, by directions, on which the lady asked, “Sir, you may spare yourself and transports for the lady who has been an intimate friend, who has been, as she found herself, you alone, I undertake, task, from motives of pure friendship and compassion: her coach is now at the door; she has a villa near town; and, if you please, I will accompany you thither to dinner.”
his salary, and other circumstances, he was incapable of paying large damages. This precaution was, however, rendered unnecessary, by a message from Mr. E., who, convinced Mr. H. that it was his interest to make no defence; as, in that case, no more than £50 damages would be claimed, and even that sum not received.

What could poor Holland do in this exigence? Blank verse could be but of little use to him; he, therefore, submitted quietly to his fate, which turned out exactly as he had been promised; it plainly appearing, that her husband's sole view was, to get rid of a wife, for whom he had no regard, without refunding a shilling of her fortune, which was large; and, in this honourable pursuit, he effected his purpose by means of the virtuous lady who had insinuated herself into the confidence of the credulous Mrs. E.

Holland made his exit from the stage of life, on the 7th of December, 1769, in the 36th year of his age.

FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.

Tom Davis, one evening, related to the Doctor the intention of Foote to personify his figure, dress, and manner, upon the stage. "Well,"
unsustances, he was in damages. This procured unnecessary, by conviced Mr. H. that no defence; as, in the damages would be claim received.

I'd do in this exigency of little use to him; likely to his fate, which had been promised; his husband's sole visitor whom he had no shilling of her fortune this honourable place by means of the resided herself into the Mrs. E.

from the stage of the '69, in the 36th year.

JOHNSON.

related to the Doctor personify his figure, the stage. "Well, says the Doctor, "what is the price of a good stick?"—"Sixpence," said Tom. —"Then buy me a shilling one," added the Doctor; "for, on the night he does so, I'll be in the stage-box; and if the rascal attempts it, I'll do myself justice on his carcass, in face of that audience, who, witnessing my disgrace, shall also be spectators of his punishment."—Foote, on hearing this, very wisely abandoned his project.

"THE WAY TO KEEP HIM."

The characters of Sir Bashful Constant and his lady, in this play, are said to have actually been taken from real life. Mr. French, a cousin to Mr. Murphy, a gentleman of fortune, who resided in Hanover square, in the house afterwards occupied by Mrs. Piozzi, was much attached to his wife, but reluctant to show his conjugal affection. He amply supplied her with means, but affected to object to her numerous visitors of rank, though he never joined her evening parties; and was proud of seeing her looking-glasses adorned with cards of invitation from the nobility.
THEATRES

FARQUHAR'S LAST MOMENTS.

Farquhar died during the successful run of the "Beaux Stratagem." Mr. Wilkes often visited him in his illness. On one of these visits, Wilkes told Farquhar, that Mrs. Oldfield thought that he dealt too freely with the character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to Archer without a proper divorce, which was not a security for her honour. "To salve that," replied the author, "I'll get a real divorce,—I'll marry her myself, and give her my bond, she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight."

CARLINI.

Laughter is, by no means, an unequivocal symptom of a merry heart;—there is a remarkable anecdote of Carlini, the drollest buffoon ever known on the Italian stage, at Paris. A French physician, being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety; and, particularly, to frequent the Italian theatre: "And (said he) if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!"—"Alas, Sir! (replied the patient,) I
myself am Carlini: but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am, myself, actually dying with chagrin and melancholy!"

Immoderate laughter, like the immoderate use of strong cordials, gives only a temporary appearance of cheerfulness, which is soon terminated by an increased depression of spirits.

MRS. MONTAGUE.

A LADY of this name was formerly an actress at the Hull Theatre, and between her and Mrs. Hudson, of the same company, violent quarrels and disputes were continually arising; so much so, that each had a party distinguished by the appellations of the "Montagues, and the Capulets." On January 3, 1777, "Henry II." was appointed to be performed for Mrs. Hudson's benefit; Rosamond by Mrs. Hudson, and the Queen by Mrs. Montague. This was so repugnant to the inclination of the latter lady, that she sulked, and would not study the part. When the play was to have begun, an apology was made, stating that "illness had prevented Mrs. Montague from studying the part of Queen Elinor, and, therefore, she begged
to be permitted to read it.” Mrs. Hudson’s friends were instantly inflamed; and, indeed, the whole of the audience declared that Mrs. M. must appear, and give an account of her conduct. At last, after a continued uproar and confusion, Queen Elinoir appeared in a rage. She said, she would read, or she would not perform the part at all; illness, and study for her own benefit, had prevented her. The audience, with one voice, told her, that if she did not perform the part, as was her duty, she must depart that instant; for, rather than submit to such intentional insult and effrontery, they would desire the cook maid from the ale house to read it!—On which she placed herself in a tragic attitude, and having obtained, by this stratagem, a moment’s truce, said aloud, “So, I may not be permitted to read the Queen?”—“No, No, No! Off, Off, Off!”—“Well, then,” said she, “curse you all!” Upon this, she threw the book into the pit, and made her exit, amid showers of disapprobation; but not entirely without laughter from those who “smiled at the tumult, and enjoyed the storm.”

“Dido.”

Of this tragedy, the production of Joseph
Reed, author of the “Register Office,” Mr. Nicholls, in his “Literary Anecdotes,” gives some curious particulars. He also relates an anecdote of Johnson concerning it. “It happened that I was in Bolt Court on the day that Henderson, the justly celebrated actor, was first introduced to Dr. Johnson; and the conversation turning on dramatic subjects, Henderson asked the Doctor’s opinion of “Dido,” and its author. “Sir,” said Johnson, “I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his tragedy to me.”

HELVIOt, THE FRENCH ACTOR.

Helviot, a celebrated French actor, was one day walking on the Boulevards at Paris, accompanied by Baptiste and his lady, when they were attracted by the sounds of a harp, played by an old beggar. As the talent of the harper was not of the first order, he obtained but little notice from the Parisian promenaders. Helviot, however, was so much interested for him, that he stepped aside with his companions, to propose rendering him a service. Madame Baptiste lowered her veil, and sat down to the harp; while her husband and Helviot accompanied her in a trial of their voices. The excellence of the performance
soon attracted an immense crowd, who expressed their admiration, by filling the hat of Helviot who held it for the benefit of the beggar, with pieces of silver. The joy of the old man may easily be conceived.

SCENERY.

The presence of Scenery in the booths and temporary erections in Inn-yards, where the first rude companies of comedians exhibited, is not to be supposed; and the evidence collected on the subject goes, for the most part, to prove, that the first regular Theatres were nearly as destitute of scenic decorations as their beggarly predecessors. The absence of this essential article of theatrical furniture affords a decisive proof of the excessive poverty of the first dramatic establishments; since the account-books of the Master of the Revels, for 1571, and several subsequent years, clearly point out the use of four varieties of scenery, in almost every play or masque exhibited at court. 1, temporary erections on the stage; 2, painting on canvas, stretched on frames; 3, mechanical contrivances; and 4, furniture and properties generally. The following are extracts from the office books:
AND THEATRICALS.

One hundred and fifty ells of canvas, for the houses and properties made for the players."

"A painted cloth, and two frames."

"Wm. Lyzarde for size, collars, pots, nails, and pensills, used and occupied upon the painting of seven cities, one village, one country-house, one battlement, &c."

"One city and one battlement of canvas."

"Wm. Lyzarde, for painting by great, CCX. yards of canvas."

Six plays "furnished, perfected and garnished, necessarily, and answerable to the matter, person, and part to be played; having apt houses made of canvass, framed, fashioned and painted accordingly, as might best serve their several purposes."

In fact, all sorts of scenery and machinery were put in requisition for the "garnishing" of those representations which took place in the royal presence: castles, battlements, houses, arbours, prisons, altars, tombs, rocks and caves, devices of hell and hell-mouth, and, on one occasion, a church is specified, which appears, from another item, to have contained a light. Trees, hobby-horses, lions, dragons, and fish, also frequently recur in the accounts. With respect to machinery, the sun suspended in a cloud; "flakes of yse, hayle stones, and snow-balls," delicately composed of "sugar plate, musk cumfetts, corianders prepared, clove cum-
fetts, synnamon cumfetts, &c.;" thunder and lightning; "a charrott of 14 foote long and 8 foote brode, with a rocke upon it, and a fountain therein, for Apollo and the Nine Muzes;" are striking instances of the complicated nature of many of the contrivances made use of at Court.

On the public stage, however, at the same period, a simple hanging of arras or tapestry was all that appeared in the way of ornament; and this, as it became decayed or torn, was clumsily repaired by the display of pictures over the fractured places. A plain curtain, suspended in a corner, separated the most distant regions; and a board, inscribed with the name of a country or city, indicated the scene of action, the change of which was marked by the removal of one board, and the substitution of another. A table, with pen and ink, thrust in, signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it became a Tavern. When the Theatres were entirely destitute of scenery, the protruded board indicated that the empty stage was to be considered as a city, a house, a wood, or any other place; and when scenes were first introduced,

the board was used to de- represented such
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" Cymbeline
the board was not immediately discontinued, but was used to denote, that the painting exhibited represented such a particular city, house, or wood.

It was long before the Theatres became rich enough to afford a change of scenery for every change of place throughout a play, so that it was frequently the lot of one painting, in the space of a few hours, to represent the metropolis of several different countries. Temporary erections for the purposes of the scene were, however, not uncommon: the tomb, in the last act of "Romeo and Juliet;" and, in the early historical plays, the frequent recurrence of the walls of towns, attacks upon the gates, the appearance of the citizens and others, on the battlements, &c., rendered some representation of these places indispensable. A very rude contrivance in front of the balcony would, however, generally be sufficient for the purpose. Very complicated machinery was also necessary in the representation of many of the old dramas. In proof of this, we need only refer to two or three stage directions, in Shakspeare. In the "Tempest," Ariel enters like a harpy, claps his wings on the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes."—In "Cymbeline," Jupiter descends in thunder and
lightning, sitting upon an Eagle.—The caldron sinks, and apparitions rise, at the bidding of the witches, in "Macbeth," &c. &c.

ADDITION'S "CATO."

ADDITION planned this tragedy during his travels, and wrote the first four acts many years before it was produced. These were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration, although it was much doubted if he would ever have sufficient courage to subject the play to the criticism of a British audience.

The time, however, arrived, when those who affected to think liberty in danger, imagined that a play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal, by finishing his design. To resume his work, he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; he, at length, wrote the fifth act, like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion.

Dennis attacked the tragedy with great severity; and charged him with raising prejudices in his favour, by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with poisoning the town, by contra-
Eagle.—The edict, in the “Spectator,” the established rules of poetical justice; because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant.

At length, “the great, the important day,” when Addison was to stand the hazard of the Theatre, arrived. That there might, however, be as little hazard as possible, Steele undertook to pack an audience. This, says Pope, had been tried, for the first time, in favour of the “Distressed Mother,” and was now, with more efficacy, practised for “Cato.” The danger was soon over; the whole nation was, at that time, on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every cheer, to show that the satire was not felt. Bolingbroke called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas, for defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual Dictator. The play, thus supported by the emulation of factious praise, was acted, night after night, for a longer time than the public had allowed to any preceding drama; and the author displayed, through the whole exhibition, a restless and unappeasable solicitude.
The thought with which "Cato" opens, appears to have been borrowed from Lee's "Alexander."

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

Cato.

"The morning rises black; the louring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on."

Alexander the Great.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, and the American Puritans.

A curious instance of the laudable spirit which governs some of the Puritans in America occurred at Hertford, (the capital of the state of Connecticut,) during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Bartley. It happened, as they were going their first journey from New York to Boston, that they halted to breakfast at the principal hotel in Hertford. It was soon known that they were in the city, and before Mr. Bartley had finished his meal, the landlord informed him that several gentlemen were in an adjoining room, and requested to speak with him. Mr. Bartley waited upon them, and they explained to him that the fame which had attended Mrs. Bartley in New York, made them most anxious to have an opportunity of witnessing her performance. The landlord, who had no theatre room, which to him it appeared that she deserved, suggested that she might repeat the piece, and he would be pleased to lend the place to her. The suggestion was liked by the gentlemen, and they all agreed to lend their assistance in every way; but, no sooner had they set up a subscription than the rigor of the law put an end to all the plans. Attorney-Germaine was called into execution against the pair; but, no sooner had the warrant been taken out, than the Puritans, having appointed...
CATO opens, approvel.

Lee's "Alexander" was a success for Cato.

on the day."

Cato.

ne louring sun, foreknew, on.

SANDER THE GREAT.

AND THE AMERICANS.

the laudable spirit of the Puritans in Amster-
dam, one of the critics of the state's sit of Mr. and Mrs. Bartley. The room was going to be filled with people for the performance of Shakspeare and Milton. Mr. Ebenezer Huntington, the Attorney-General of the State, resolved to put into execution a dormant act of the legislature, against the performance. In the mean time, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley (wholly unconscious of what had been threatened) arrived, and were received as warmly as ever. The hour of performance having approached, the room was again crowd-
ed, and all was on the eve of commencement, when a letter, addressed to the landlord of the hotel in which the assembly-room was situated, came from Ebenezer Huntingdon, stating, that if Mr. and Mrs. Bartley proceeded in their unlawful practices, he would prosecute them under the existing laws of the state. The contents of this letter were concealed from Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, and the performances went off with great eclat.

Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Bartley had retired to rest, that night, the myrmidons of Ebenezer came with a writ, to serve it on the unconscious offenders. The singularity of the proceedings, together with the indelicacy of selecting the hour of midnight, as the proper period for the execution of such a process, roused the indignation of several gentlemen, who were still in the hotel, and they gave their personal securities to produce Mr. Bartley the next day, or to answer the consequence; at the same time depositing 500 dollars, to meet the expenses of the suit.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered the roads impassable on the following day, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were, consequently, detained. Still, the whole transaction was carefully kept from their knowledge; but some legal persons, who inter-
ested themselves greatly in the matter; and, differing as to the construction of the law from the Attorney-General, put the question in a train of judicial hearing, and were adventurous enough to invite Mr. and Mrs. Bartley to repeat the entertainments that evening, as the weather was so unfavourable to the prosecution of their journey to Boston. They were still unconscious of what had happened; and it was not until after much grave argument in the court of justice, and a decision favourable to the accused, that Mrs. Bartley was made acquainted with all that had occurred, by the gentlemen who had so spiritedly defended the prosecution at their own risk.

M. HARDY was an author who flourished in the seventeenth century, shedding upon France (his native country) the glories of a Muse prolific and copious almost beyond the powers of belief. It has been said, that he was often heard to declare, with a great deal of pompous self-sufficiency, that he was author of seven hundred pieces. On one occasion, when he was making this foolish and unbecoming boast, a critic, to whom his productions were but too well known, replied, "Sir,
those who see your plays, do not wonder that you write so fast; and those who read them, heartily wish you had never written at all."

It is not impossible that such attacks as the above, which were not unfrequent, might, at length, have restrained or checked the propensity to write, which influenced our hero; but, unfortunately, his circumstances would not allow of his giving up the only means he possessed, of subsistence for himself and family. He continued, for several years, writing two thousand lines a day, for a salary little better than that of a journeyman tailor, in consequence of an agreement with a dramatic company, whom he undertook to furnish with all they wanted.

Fortunately for the libraries of those who possess the works of Hardy, as well as luckily for his own fame, only forty or fifty of all his dramatic host remain; nor can it be said, that a perusal of these occasions any regret for the loss of their departed companions.

He would frequently reply to those who censured his Plays, "What faults soever my dramas may possess, it cannot be denied they are just pictures of human life." Grossly violating manners and decorum, he fairly put his characters to

The Death

The Death
The Death of Achilles, or a Tradesman's wife caught by her husband with another man, afforded, alike, to Hardy, subjects for tragedy.

In one of his pieces, the curtain draws up and discovers a fille de joie sleeping in her bed. The plot turns on the entrance of two of her admirers, who quarrel for the prize; they retire to settle the point, as such matters generally are settled; and a third, more happy, creeping from beneath the bed, carries off this second Helen. In one particular, the plays of Hardy may be said to bear a near resemblance to life; they turn on quarrelling and kissing, as Butler observes, in his Hudibras.

"He swore the world, as he could prove,
Is made of fighting, and of love."

In one of his performances, a princess is married. In the first act her son, the hero, is born; in the second, educated; in the third, a conqueror; an outrageous lover in the fourth; and, finally, married, in the fifth act. This, it may be said, is real life; for do we not every day see weddings where the lady is a bride and a mother within the space of eight and forty hours!

A gentleman of Paris, who fancied, that, with
all the absurd improprieties of Hardy, he could perceive occasional sparks of genius, on a certain occasion, visited this dramatic writer, with the intention of advising him not to write so much. Inquiring, of his theatrical friends, where Hardy lived, this friendly critic was directed to a mean lodging, in the obscurest part of the city. Almost breathless with climbing, he at last found the dramatist in the attic story, busily engaged in his occupation, before a fire, on which a morsel of *bouilli* was preparing; he was rocking the cradle with his foot, and writing on a box, set on its end; dressed only in a loose coat; and the shirt, which he ought to have had on, his wife was washing in a corner of the room.

The critic, disarmed by a sight, very different from that which disarmed the angry lover of our poet (Prior*), forgot every word that he intended to have said; excused himself, by pretending that he had mistaken the name; and, dropping a purse of Louis d'ors on the floor, he hurried down stairs.

Had he entered on the subject, and given the intended advice, it would, in all probability, have been useless. It was the misfortune of Hardy, (as it al-

*A rose-bud in a lady's neck.*
of Hardy, he could fashion genius, on a certain poetic writer, with the intention to write so much for friends, where he was directed to the west part of the city, singing, he at last sat by, busily engaged, on which a man was rocking the cradle, a box, set on its end, and the shirt, which was washed.

sight, very different: angry lover of or that he intended, pretending that he had dropped a purse, turned down at once, and given the probability, have I... of Hardy, cast it off's neck.

ways is a misfortune,) to write for bread; and, in reply to the salutary admonition of his benevolent visitor, he might have said, *Bien obligé, Monsieur, mais il faut vivre.*—"Many thanks for your kindness, sir, but I cannot live without eating."

**FOOTE AND QUIN.**

This celebrated mimic had signified, in his advertisement, while he was exhibiting his imitations at one of the Theatres Royal, that he would, on a particular evening, take off Quin; who, being desirous of seeing his own picture, took a place in the stage-box, and, when the audience had ceased applauding Foote, for the justness of the representation, Quin bawls out, with a loud horse-laugh, "I'm glad on't; the poor fellow will get a clean shirt by it." When Foote immediately retorted, from the stage, "A clean shirt, master Quin!—a shirt of any kind was a very novel thing in your family, some few years ago."

**BARON, AND THE DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.**

The famous Baron was both an author and an actor; he wrote a comedy in five acts, called "Les Adelphes," taken from the "Adelphi" of.
Terence; and, a few days before it was performed, the Duke de Roquelaure, addressing him, said, "Will you show me your piece, Baron? You know that I am a connoisseur: I have promised three women of wit, who are to dine with me, the feast of hearing it. Come, and dine with us; bring it in your pocket, and read it yourself. I am desirous to know whether you are less dull than Terence." Baron accepted the invitation, and found two Countesses, and a Marchioness, at table, who testified the most impatient desire to hear the piece. They were, however, in no haste to rise from table; and, when their long repast was ended, instead of thinking of Baron, they called for cards. "Cards?" cried the Duke;—"surely, ladies, you have no such intention? You forget that Baron is here, to read you his new comedy?"—"Oh, no; we have not forgotten that," replied one of them; "he may read, while we are at play; and we shall have two pleasures, instead of one." Baron immediately rose, walked to the door, and, with great indignation, replied, "his comedy should not be read to card-players." This incident was brought on the stage by Poincinet, in his comedy of the "Cercle."
ays before it was performed, addressing himself to dine with us; and dine with us? I will not read it yourself, sir; you are less dull than I. The invitation of a Marchioness, however, in matters of this kind, was accepted with alacrity. 

Hereford, when their long, long days? cried the Duke: no such intention! Vittoria, to read you hist: we have not long to live: "he may read; shall have two phenomena immediately with great indignation; had not been read to ever." was brought on his comedy of:

A DRAMATIST of this name was the author of a comedy called "Technogamia, or, the Marriage of the Arts," which was performed at Christ-Church Hall, Oxford, in 1617. Antony Wood relates the following anecdote of subsequent representation of the same piece.—"The wits of these times being minded to show themselves before the King, (James I.) were resolved, with leave, to act the same comedy at Woodstock. Whereupon, the author making some foolish alterations in it, it was accordingly acted on a Sunday night, August 26, 1621; but it being too grave for the King, and too scholastic for the auditory; or, as some have said, the actors having taken too much wine before they began, his majesty, after two acts, ordered several times to withdraw. At length, being persuaded, by some one near him, to stay till it was ended, lest the young men should be discouraged, he sat down, though much against his will; whereupon, these verses were made by a certain scholar:

"At Christ Church Marriage, done before the King,
Lest that these mates should want an offering,
The King himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice—to go away.”

Dancourt.

When Dancourt gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself, he was accustomed to go and sup with two or three of his friends, at the sign of “the Bag-pipes,” kept by Cherit. One morning, after the rehearsal of his comedy called “Les Agioteurs, or Stock-brokers,” which was to be performed, for the first time, that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece; “Ah, papa,” said the girl, “you'll go to night, and sup at the sign of ‘The Bag-pipes.’”

“RECRUITING OFFICER.”

Foote relates that the characters of this play were taken, by Farquhar, from the following originals:

Justice Balance was a Mr. Beverley, a gentleman of strict honour and independence, then Recorder of Shrewsbury.

Another of the Justices was a Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of Shrewsbury.

Worthy was a Mr. Owen, who lived on the borders of Shropshire.

Captain Plume was Farquhar himself.
Captain Brazen, unknown.

Sylvia was Miss Beverley, the daughter of the gentleman of that name, above mentioned.

Melinda was a Miss Harnale, of Belsadine, near the Wrekin.

The plot is supposed to be the author's own invention.

FRENCH HORSE-PERFORMER.

Corneille wrote a tragedy called "Andromeda," with machinery, to divert Louis XIV. when a boy; the decorations of which were so grand, that they were engraved. The piece was revived, in 1682, with great success, and with the addition of a living horse, to represent Pegasus. The horse played his part admirably, and pranced as much in the air, as he could have done on terra-firma. The Italians have often brought on living horses in their grand operas, but they bound with such precaution, as to produce little effect. Other means were taken, in the tragedy of "Andromeda," to give the horse a warlike ardour: before he was hoisted, by machinery, up in the air, he was kept fasting so long that his appetite was extreme; and when he appeared, a groom, behind the scenes, stood shaking oats in a sieve.
Pressed by hunger, the horse neighed, pawed with his feet, and perfectly answered the end designed. By this stratagem, the piece had a great run, for every body was eager to visit this famed quadrupedal Roscius.

**Shuter's Reckoning.**

It is well known that this celebrated comedian, in the earlier part of his life, was tapster at a public house, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. A gentleman, one day, ordered him to call a hackney coach, which he did accordingly. It so happened, that the gentleman left his gold headed cane, and missing it, the next morning, went immediately to the public house, to inquire of the boy, Ned, (who called the coach,) whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied, "It was two pots of porter, a shilling's worth of punch, and a paper of tobacco." The gentleman, upon this, was as much at a loss as ever; till Ned took out his chalk, and thus scored down his reckoning:—4, 4, for two pots of porter, 0, for a shilling's worth of punch; and a line, across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which
DUFRESNY, AND THE ABBE PELLEGRIN.

DUFRESNY, a French author, having written "L'Amant Masqué," in three acts, had it reduced to one act by the performers; and his comedies of five acts were generally reduced to three.

"What!" said he, excessively piqued; "shall I never get a five-act piece on the stage?"—"Oh, yes," answered the Abbé, "you have only to write a comedy in eleven acts; six of which will be trencheted by the comedians." In France, the comedians are their own managers; except so far as government interferes.

MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL.

This lady, who was an actress at Paris, about the middle of the last century, was one evening performing the part of Cleopatra, where, in the 5th
act, her imprecations are almost too horrible; among others, she exclaims, in the excess of rage, "Je m'aurais les Dieux, s'ils me rendoient le jour."
"I'd curse the gods were they to give me life."
"Get to the d—l, vile hussey!" exclaimed an old officer, sitting on the front seat of the stage-box, and, at the same time, giving her a push on the back. For a while, this act of undue interference interrupted the performance. When the noise ceased, Mademoiselle turned, and thanked the officer for having bestowed on her the most flattering mark of applause she had ever received.

A SCOTCH BULL.
A party of actors played "Douglas" at the Trades' Hall, in Glasgow. The bills said, that "his histrionic powers had procured him the appellation of the 'Third Roscius';" but, nevertheless, added, "that this was his first appearance on any stage."

TRAGEDY IN EARNEST.
During a representation, at the Théâtre de l'Impératrice, at Paris, one of the principal characters, a young nobleman, distrusting the fidelity of his confidant, draws his sword, and is about to plunge it in his bosom, when the sub-

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missive attitude of the man, with the remembrance of his former services, darts across his mind, and disarms his anger. The play had gone on smoothly to this scene; in the progress of it, the nobleman's wrath is raised, he draws his sword, but his confidant, being deficient in his part, neglected to draw back, or fall upon his knees; and before the other could command his weapon, the point had inflicted a deadly wound. Assistance was afforded on the instant, but the unfortunate man expired before he could be removed from the stage. The result of this accident made so deep an impression on the survivor, that, after an illness of four days, during which he incessantly bewailed the deed, he died, bequeathing the greater part of his property to the family of him he had so unconsciously slain.

THREE AND THE DEUCE.

One night, in Dec. 1823, the audience of the Liverpool Theatre were roused from their apathy by the performance of two gentlemen, presumed to be their first appearance on any stage. The play-bill announced that, after "Damon and Pythias," a gentleman of Liverpool would be found At Home, in imitation of Mr. Mathews. Accord-
ingly, the amateur imitator came forward, and, at the same moment, a second gentleman jumped from the stage-box, in the person of his indignant, but respected father, armed with a huge ash-plant, which he so vigorously plied on the person of the young aspirant to dramatic fame, that he made a very hasty sortie.

The manager, unfortunately for himself, interposing, made up the trio, and had the honour of receiving from the injured parent a quantum-sufficit of castigation, in the presence of the audience then assembled.

**EPILOGUE TO A CONDEMNED FARCE.**

By the following slight detail, our readers will learn, that the would-be Charioteers of 1775 were thought as fit subjects for dramatic ridicule, as those who sported "the Buxton Bit, Bridoon so trim,—three Chasnuts and a Grey," but a few short years ago.

On February 20th, 1779, a new farce, entitled "Jehu," was attempted to be performed at Drury Lane Theatre, but it was received with such unwelcome sounds, and such unequivocal marks of disapprobation, that the manager ordered the curtain to be dropped in the middle of the second act. This, how audience, as manager. In made his appetized, deliver or epilogue, so farce, that mar ten in the sa could not succ not, we canno and runs thus
act. This, however, did not seem to satisfy the audience, as many voices called loudly for the manager. In the midst of the storm, Mr. King made his appearance; and, on silence being obtained, delivered the following poetical address, or epilogue, so very opposite to the fate of the farce, that many were convinced it had been written in the sagacious anticipation that the piece could not succeed. Whether this was the case or not, we cannot determine.—It is very ingenious, and runs thus:

(To the Gallery.)

Here's, "Long-trotting Tom," here's "Finger the reins;"
And tip all the go-by, from London to Staines.
I say, how d'ye relish my foul-weather rug?
My wig, too, is that all tight, clever, and snug?

(To the Pit.)

This is coarse kind of humour for you to connive at,
And you'll wonder, no doubt, what the d---l I drive at;
To be brief; 'tis at this:—when an authoring dreams
Of Parnassus's mount, and Perian streams,
He, in metaphor, utters his joys and his hopes;
Eats, drinks, coughs, and sneers, in figures and tropes.
In this style, our bard, with his comedy, came,
(For farce is a term modern authors disdain;)
'Tis true, that Miss Farce is Dame Comedy's child,
And all her manoeuvres are skittish and wild;
Much given to giggling and hoydenish airs,
While she's always a crying, or saying her prayers.
Why she whines thus of late, many things have been said,
Some pretend, 'tis because wit and humour are dead.
Be that as it may, says the Bard—'tis Mr. King;
My diligence, here, is a slight little thing;
But slight as it is, perchance, it may thrive,
Could I get such a coachman as you are, to drive.'
'First,' said I, 'let me ask, if your tackle's all tight;
If your cattle have wind to run through a third night?
For we know but too well, 'tis confounded dull working,
Where all must depend on our flogging and jerking;
Besides, on the road, there is nothing that cheers
Your tills, like a few jingling bells at their ears;
And the d—— I a crotchet have you of a song,
To help either driver or cattle along.
'Tis with coachmen, as well as with authors, the way
To whistle and sing, if they've little to say;
These are tokens of old, ever known to portend,
That the wit, on the journey, draws near to an end.
You, young scribblers, too, think you never can fail.
Gee up! off at once! all the way like the mail!
While the critics lie by, 'till you totter and reel,
When one of them sticks a d—— d spoke in your wheel;
Then over you go, 'tis in vain that you hollow
To the patron of poets and coachmen—Apollo.
Just as Cornishmen flock round a wreck on the shore;
In a trice you're surrounded by critics a score;
Who, while you are struggling, in vain, to get loose,
Will pluck you as bare as a Lincolnshire goose;

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MR. T.

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In that case, as you're whips, for one stage, I'll agree; But the d—I may drive it a second for me.

MR. T. F. COOKE'S NAUTICAL ADVENTURES.

This son of Thespis, when a boy of ten years old, in consequence of seeing a nautical spectacle at one of the Theatres, imbibed a predilection for the sea, which became very speedily gratified. In the year 1796, he embarked on board His Majesty's ship, "the Raven," and sailed immediately, via Gibraltar, for the blockade of Toulon. Being ordered to the Mediterranean, he was with the Earl St. Vincent, in the great and distinguished victory which gave the gallant admiral his title, and partook in many minor actions: the bravery he displayed in boarding an Algerine corsair, procured him the thanks of his captain, for his coolness and intrepidity. Accident alone prevented him from being present at the battle of Camperdown; for, having sprung her mainmast, in a violent gale, "the Raven" bore away towards Cuxhaven, and, upon the coast adjacent, underwent the horrors of being wrecked in a season of peculiar inimiceney.

For two days and nights the crew of this ill-fated vessel were subject to incredible misery; the cold
was intense; and while clinging to the fragments of the shattered ship, many brave seamen, wasted with toil, dropped, in the chillness of death, to a dark and stormy grave. Mr. Cooke contrived, by dint of great exertion, to reach the shore alive; when, being carried to a barn adjacent, he was recovered, and soon after was sent home. The fatigue he underwent during the calamity, had impaired his health, and he became severely afflicted with a rheumatic fever; which, from its long duration, had nearly proved fatal: when recovered, he listened to the wishes of his friends, was invalided, and left the Royal Navy.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Mrs. Mattocks, the Actress, was as much celebrated for the taste and elegance of her dress, as for her histrionic talents. Before her marriage, when Miss Hallam, she appeared in the character of Bertha, in the "Royal Merchant." Bertha was the niece of the Governor of Bruges, and Miss Hallam, with great judgment, dressed exactly in the style of Ruben's wife, (Helena For-}
The Flemish female costume, though common in England during the reign of the Stuarts, was, at this period, unknown to the English stage; and, therefore, the revival of the "Vandyke dress," as it is called by the ladies, who afterwards adopted it, came forth with all the attraction of novelty.

The metropolitan fashions did not, in the beginning of the late reign, take such rapid flight from the centre to the extremities of the island, as they have been accustomed to do in modern times; therefore, the various dresses of Mrs. Mattocks, after they had passed the ordeal of the female critics in the Theatre, and been there displayed to the admiration of the town, were frequently sent for by the principal ladies of Liverpool, and other towns in the country, who adopted and spread the fashion.

WESSTON.

This Comedian, being in the continual dread of bailiffs, was frequently obliged to make the Theatre his place of residence. When living in the Haymarket Theatre, he was accustomed to shut the half-door of the lobby, which had spikes at the top, and to bring a table and chair that he might take the air, and smoke his pipe. To
this door a bailiff, whose face was unknown to Weston, and who carried clothes under his arm, covered with green baize, as if he were a tailor, came, and requested to speak with Mr. Foote. Weston unwarily opened the hatch, and the bailiff assumed his true character and exhibited his writ. Disguising his emotion, Weston desired the bailiff to follow him, that Mr. Foote might either pay the money, or give security. The man did as he desired; and thus the deceiver was deceived. He had not made a legal capture, by touching Weston: the passage behind the side-boxes was very dark, and the bailiff was obliged to grope slowly along. Weston knew the way; gained the door, which, also, had spikes; bolted it, crossed the stage, ran through the adjoining house of Mr. Foote, and escaped.

MELANCHOLY SITUATION OF BOISSY, THE FRENCH DRAMATIST.

Boissy, the author of several dramatic pieces which were received with applause, met with the common fate of those who give themselves up to the Muses. He laboured and toiled incessantly; his works procured him fame, but not bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressure of hunger, and repeatedly fell a victim to their purse, who, having no more to give than their spare change, would ask, in a trembling voice, for the smallest alms.
ce was unknown to him; if he were a thief, under his name; if he were a taker, and exhibited in a public place with Mr. Foot. Weston designing to Mr. Foot to make him secure. The deceiver was a legal captive; the scaffold was obliged to bleed, and so; bolted it, in the adjoining house.

Of Boissy, the artist.

A dramatic piece, met with themselves unaided, no others; but not their child, under the pressure of the most extreme poverty. Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency. The shortest way to rid himself, at once, from all his misery, seemed to him to be death. His wife, who was no less weary of life, listened with a sympathising feeling when he declaimed of deliverance from this earthy prison, and of the smiling prospects of a futurity; and, at length, resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was, therefore, agreed to take the child along with them in their passage into another and a better world.

They chose—that of starving; and, accordingly, they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, for their deliverer, Death. Their resolution and fortitude were equally unshaken. They locked the door, and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled, trembling, into the corner, and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying, asked for bread, but they found means always to quiet him.
It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first, he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured to the contrary, he became more uneasy; he called several times in one day; always—nobody at home! At last, he burst open the door. He saw his friend, with his wife and son, on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to speak. The boy lay in the middle, and the parents lay by his side, with their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread. It was now the third day, and not a morsel of food had entered his lips. The parents lay still in a perfect stupor; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt not the embraces of their agitated friend. Their hollow eyes were directed towards the boy, and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the looks with which they beheld him, and still saw him, dying. Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance. They thought they had already done with all the troubles of the world, and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again. Void of either sense or reflection, they submitted to the ef-
Boissy's friends, that should never find these attempts to restore the family were at first unaccountable. At length, their friend hit upon the most efficacious means; he took the child from their arms, and thus called up all the latent feelings of parental tenderness: he gave the child to eat, who, with one hand, held his bread, and, with the other, alternately shook the hand of his father and mother; when his piteous moans at length roused them from their death-like slumber.

Their friend procured them broths, which he cautiously put to their lips, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored health was fully visible. Thus was their deliverance consummated.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and, at length, reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of Contrelleur du Mercure de France, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him.

Theatrical Dresses.

In the representation of masques and regular dramas at Court, at the latter end of the 16th
and beginning of the 17th century, the dresses worn by the performers were remarkable for their elegance and splendour. Gold, silver, silk, satin, velvet, and feathers, in every variety of colour and combination, were exhausted in adorning the actors, who were mostly persons of rank. Nor was splendour the only consideration; considerable pains were bestowed, and expense incurred, in the provision of dresses, attributes, and ornaments, appropriate to the characters represented. It appears, from the accounts of the Master of the Revels, that these performances frequently put the Court to an enormous expense.

However cramped by poverty, in the use of scenery, &c. various causes combined to enable the Theatres to emulate, in dress at least, the costumes of the royal stage. The customary habits of the noble and wealthy were extremely splendid; and their rejected wardrobes found a ready sale at the Theatres, where a slight diminution of their lustre was not very material, and casual soils were well compensated by the cheapness of the purchase. As plays or masques were not generally acted more than once at Court, little necessity existed for the preservation of the
dresses which were used in them; and they, of course, readily found their way into the possession of the only persons to whom they could be valuable. That particular pains were sometimes taken to prevent the dresses, &c., from falling into the hands of the players, appears from a passage in Archbishop Laud's history of his Chancellorship, in which he gives an account of a play acted before the King and Queen, at St. John's College, and which was so well liked by the Queen, that she desired the apparel to be sent to Hampton Court, that she might see her own players act it over again. With this request Laud complied, "humbly desiring of the King and Queen, that neither the play, nor clothes, nor stage, might come into the hands of the common players abroad, which was graciously granted."

The dresses of the different Theatres, of course, varied, in quality and variety, according to the opulence or poverty of their treasuries; but it is certain, that, at most of the principal play-houses, the apparel was various, appropriate, and elegant. The inventory of the properties of the Lord Admiral's Company, in 1598, affords sufficient proof of the fact. Kings figured in crowns,
imperial, plain, or surmounted by a sun; and globes and sceptres graced their hands; Neptune had his garland and his trident, and Mercury his wings. Armour was in common use on the stage. A great quantity of the theatrical wardrobe was of satin, velvet, taffety, and cloth of gold; ornamented with gold and silver lace, or embroidery, probably producing an effect little inferior to what is now witnessed. Greene introduces a player, in his "Groat's worth of wit," boasting that his share in the stage-apparel could not be sold for two hundred pounds; a very considerable sum, indeed, in those days; and as the number of shares varied from twelve to forty, the whole amount, according to the most moderate computation, must have been very great.

**Impromptu.**

*On an Apple being thrown at Mr. Cooke, whilst playing Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant.*

Some envious Scot, you say, the apple threw,  
Because the character was drawn too true;  
It can't be so, for all must know "right wee",  
That a true Scot had only thrown the peel.
GARRICK'S DEBUT, AND RETREAT.

A gentleman asking a friend, who had seen Garrick perform his first, and his last, character, if he thought him as good an actor when he took his leave of the stage of "Old Drury," as when he first played at Goodman's Fields, he gave for an answer the following

*Extremo.*

"I saw him rising, in the East,
In all his energetic glows;
I saw him setting, in the West,
In greater splendour than he rose."

MASTER BETTY.

The 1st of December, of the year 1803, forms an era in the annals of the British stage, as having brought before a London audience, a juvenile actor of very extraordinary acquirements, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Achmet, in "Barbarossa." We allude to Master William Henry West Betty, who had just attained his thirteenth year, but had, in his previous provincial course, obtained the imposing name of the Young Roscius. The eagerness of the public to see this phenomenon was such, that three Theatres might have been filled with the crowd that sought ad-
mission on that evening; and many very serious accidents happened, so great was the pressure. Such was his attraction, that he was soon engaged to perform, alternately, at Drury Lane, and Covent Garden; at the former of which the bills always announced him as the Young Roscius; at the latter, as Master Betty. This young actor was courted by noble Lords, was kissed and caressed by noble Dames, and even had the honour of being introduced to his Grace the venerable Archbishop of York. He, afterwards, performed Richard, Hamlet, Macbeth, Octavian, Romeo, Gustavus Vasa, Tancred, Osmyn, Orestes, Zanga, and several other first-rate characters, with various degrees of merit, but with astonishing success; receiving £50, and latterly, it is said, £100 per night for his performances. Master Betty took his leave of the public, with a benefit, at Drury Lane, May 17, 1806, after playing Tancred, and Captain Flash. He has, however, performed since he arrived at man's estate, but without any of that success which attended his former exertions.

**STEPHEN GOSSON'S PHILIPPIC AGAINST PLAYERS.**

Gosson was a contemporary of Spenser, and

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Sir Philip S officiated a business of down dram not satisfied in his paris of a vocifer thinking tl attacked tl 1579, "Th against Pa interpillar; highly finish (says Goss see such I get at the that they that no cl backs, th their ears smailing a ship, and man then part of t
many very serious was the pressure, he was soon en-
t at Drury Lane, and of which the was the Young Re-
Betty. This young Lords, was kissed, and even had his Grace the re-
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He has, however, man's estate, by which attended t-
PPIC AGAINST

Sir Philip Sidney; and, after his ordination, he officiated at St. Botolph’s Church. The chief business of his life appears to have been to preach down dramatic performances of all kinds; and not satisfied with assailing the “Poor Players,” in his parish pulpit, he gave them the advantages of a vociferous Philippic from Paul’s cross; and thinking the triumph incomplete until he had attacked them from the press, he published, in 1579, “The School of abuse, a pleasant invective against Papar, Players, Jesters, and such like caterpillars of the state.” In this work the following highly finished picture occurs. “In these places (says Gosson, speaking of play houses,) you shall see such pushing, shoving, and shoudering, to get at the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt, such nuzzling in their ears, to say, I know not what; such present-
ing of pippins, such toying, such licking, such smiling and smicking, such winkling, such rivalry, and out-generalling; in settling who shall man them home, that, in good truth, it is no small part of the comedie to mark their behaviour.”
ADVICE TO A DRAMATIST.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half; you pilfer'd, best;
But, sure, the drama you might mend;
Take courage, man, and steal the rest!

CIBBER, GARRICK, AND MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

This actress retired from the stage about 30 years prior to the appearance of our English Roscius, and, at that time, was visited by many persons of distinction, from whom she heard the most extravagant accounts of the young performer's merit. Colley Cibber, however, spoke of him with great contempt, admitting, that "he was well enough, but not superior to his son Theophilus." Mrs. Bracegirdle immediately reproved him, by saying, good-naturedly, "Come, Colley, tell me if there is not something like envy in your character of the new actor? The player who pleases everybody must be a man of merit."—The old critic felt the force of this judicious rebuke, and, taking a pinch of snuff, whispered, "Why, 'faith, Bracey, I believe you are right; the young fellow is clever."

CADORET, THE FRENCH MIMIC.

A person named Cadoret, known by the
DEDRAMATIST, read, my friend; it you pilfer'd, best; a you might mend; un, and steal their t

D MRS. BRACKENB: from the stage appearance of our Fiz, was visited by whom she head: cats of the young haber, however, & as, admitting, that at superior to his egirdle immediately od-naturally, "it here is not some of the new actors body must be mat the force of the a pinch of small: ssey, I believe well clever."

ENCH MIMIC, oret, known by anagram Terodac, was so perfect a mimic that the audience really imagined, that they saw, and heard, the actors whom he imitated. In his part of Metromane, he so finely caricatured the actors of his time, that this was an additional reason, for forbidding the actors of the comic opera to speak, and confining them to song. It was imagined, that, by this means, the scene of Metromane, which so highly offended the actors who were imitated, would have been suppressed. But the author here found but little difficulty; as the comedians, then, (as they do at present,) rather sang, than spoke, the author set their declamation to music; and the notes so nearly agreed with the inflexions, and routine of the tragic actors, that the difference was scarcely perceptible.

CHARLES BANNISTER.

This gentleman, who was equally celebrated for his ready wit, as for his histrionic abilities, once asked the dramatic writer, Miles Peter Andrews, when he intended bringing forth another Play. "Soon, very soon, (replied the author;) for my Muse is big, and will soon be delivered." — "Well, then, (rejoined the actor, very archly,) I'll come to the groaning."
Once, in returning from rehearsal, he was caught in a severe shower of rain in Holborn, and he took shelter in a comb-maker's, where an old man was at work. "Good Heavens! what pain you are in, sir!" (said the son of Thespis.) "Pain! I have no pain," replied the man, pursuing his vocation. "Yes, you must, (rejoined Bannister very gravely,) you are cutting your teeth."

PIRON.

Piron, discontented with the performance of Sarrasin, in his tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa," and knowing that actor had been an Abbé in his youth, called aloud from the amphitheatre, "That man, who was not worthy of being consecrated, at twenty-four, is equally unworthy of being excommunicated, at sixty." All actors in France used to be excommunicated. Sarrasin, however, is said to have been an excellent comedian.

At the performance of the same play, the Abbé Desfontaines met Piron, much too richly dressed, as he supposed; and coming up to him, said "Poor Piron! really, that dress is ill adapted to you!"—"That may be," answered Piron; "but really, in return, Mr. Abbé, you must allow you are as ill adapted to your own." (The cardinal wore the clerical habit.)
AND THEATRICALS.

MACKLIN'S LAST APPEARANCE.

This event occurred May 7, 1789, on which occasion, at the advanced age of ninety, he attempted his old character of Shylock, for his own benefit; but, in the middle of his part, finding his memory entirely gone, he was obliged to apologize, and request that Mr. Ryder might be allowed to supply his place; this was unhesitatingly granted, and the Veteran quitted the mimic art for ever.

NAT. LEE AND SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

The author of "Alexander the Great," whilst confined in a mad-house, was visited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, of whose poetical abilities Lee entertained no very high opinion. Upon the knight inquiring whether the poet knew him?

Lee answered—

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

RICH, AND FOOTE.

The education of Rich, the Covent-Garden Manager, had been much neglected, and his language was, in consequence, vulgar and ungrammatical. He had contracted a strange and rude

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habit of calling everybody Mister, which gave rise to the following bon mot by Foote. Rich having called him Mister several times, the mimic grew warm; and asked him the reason of his not calling him by his name.—"Don't be angry, (said Rich,) for I sometimes forget my own name." "That's extraordinary (replied Foote;) for, though I knew you could not write it, I did not suppose you could forget it."

**MADEMOISELLE FELIX.**

This celebrated French actress, who possessed great attractions, was engaged at Petersburg, where she performed in tragedy. One day, when she became the subject of conversation at the table of the Empress Catharine, the young Lans Koy, the reigning favourite, spoke of her with so much warmth, and launched out into such high praise of her graces, that, from that moment, it was noticed, the Empress no longer saw her with pleasure, and forbore to command the pieces in which this actress might have been seen with advantage.

On her side, Mademoiselle Felix felt piqued, spoke with much freedom, and, what will hardly be credited, between the Sovereign and the stage-
Mister, which was by Foote. Rich time, the minister of his own Don't be angry, forget my own till I aliied Foote;) for, while it, I did not wi.

LE FELIX.

actress, who engaged at Petersburg, tragedy, the subject of conversation.
Catherine, the favourite, spoke, launched outside, that, from the Empress might have forbore to actress might have.

Le Felix felt, and, what will the sovereign and th.
tic, she might have been punished with more severity. The Count, her lover, was exiled to one of his estates.

On her coming to Paris, after this sensible humiliation, she displayed all her loftiness of character, or, it may be said with more justice, her impertinence; for, having been coldly received by the public, in the character of Alzire, which was allotted to her, and the hisses having become general at the moment when she threw herself at the feet of Alvarès, she turned towards the audience, with a shrug of the shoulders, and an air of contempt, such as might have been punished by a residence of a few weeks in the Hôtel de la Force, if it had not been certain that she would never again make her appearance on the boards of the capital.

A SHIFT FOR A RUFFLE.

Once, in a barn, the strolling wardrobe’s list
Had but one ruffle left for Hamlet’s wrist.
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could, with one ruffle, but one arm display.
“What’s to be done?” the hero said, and sigh’d.
“Shift hands each scene, (a brother buskin cried;)

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A RUFFLE.

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Now, in the pocket, keep the left from sight,
Whilst, o’er your breast, you spread the ruffled right;
Now, in your robe, the naked right repose,
Whilst, down your left, the woeful cambric flows.
Thus, though half skil’d, as well as half array’d,
You’d make a change which Garrick never made.”

MRS. GARRICK’S WILL.

This lady left to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves which were Shakespeare’s, and were presented to her late husband during the Jubilee at Stratford, by one of her (Mrs. S.’s) family.

To the Theatrical Fund of Drury-lane Theatre,
two hundred pounds.

To Hannah More, one hundred pounds.

To Christopher Garrick, her nephew, the gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, given her late hus-
band by the King of Denmark.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, the snuff-box given to her late husband by the Duke of Parma.

To her nephew, Christopher Garrick, and his wife, all the plate which was bought upon her marriage; also a service of pewter, which her husband used, when a bachelor, bearing the name of Garrick, with a wish, that the same should al-
ways remain with the head of the family; also
the picture of her husband, in the character of
Richard the Third, which was purchased by her
after her husband's decease.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, a portrait, paint-
ed by Zoffany, of her husband without a wig,
which she bought, after his decease, of Mr. Brad-
shaw, to whom it had been given as a pre-
sent.

To Dowager Lady Amherst, her ring set with
diamonds, having King Charles's oak in it, and
a small gold box used for keeping black sticking
plaster.

To Lady Anson, wife of Sir William Anson,
hér déjeuné set of Dresden porcelain; and, to
the said Sir William Anson, her gold antique
cameo ring.

To the St. George's Hospital, Middlesex ditto,
Lying-in ditto, Magdalen ditto, Refuge for the
Destitute, and Society for the Indigent Blind,
one hundred pounds each.

To the London Orphan Society, fifty pounds.

Three hundred pounds to be invested in the
name of the Vicar of Hampton for the time being,
and the interest expended in a supply of coals
for the poor of the parish.
To Archdeacon Pott, two hundred pounds towards the education of the poor children of St. Martin's parish.

To the Rev. Mr. Archer, minister of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Warwick Street, one hundred pounds, and a further sum of one hundred pounds for the education of the Charity Children of Warwick-street Chapel. There were innumerable other legacies of articles of plate, jewels, linen, &c. and money to a considerable amount, but of no material public interest. Her executors were the Rev. Thomas Racket and Frederick Beltz, Esq. To the former, she left books and prints to the value of one hundred pounds; and, to the latter, fifty pounds in books and prints, and one hundred pounds in money. After discharging the numerous legacies, her debts and funeral expenses, Mrs. Garrick directed the residue of her estate, including a bond for six thousand pounds due from the late and present Duke of Devonshire to the late Mr. Garrick, to be converted into cash, and afterwards invested in Austrian securities for her niece, Elizabeth de Saar, wife of Peter de Saar, of Vienna, for her sole use and benefit, during her life; and, after her death, to her grandchildren.
SOON after the appearance of the "Robbers," the scholars of the school of Fribourg, where it was represented, were so struck and captivated with the grandeur of its hero, Moor, that they agreed to form a band, like his, in the forests of Bohemia. They had elected a young nobleman for their chief, and had pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents' house, to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of this purpose, they had bound themselves by the most solemn and impressive oaths. But the conspiracy was discovered by an accident, and its execution prevented.

QUIN'S "CORIOLANUS."

The following ludicrous incident occurred during a Rehearsal of "Coriolanus," while it was preparing for the benefit of Thomson's sisters. Quin's pronunciation was of the Old School. In this Garrick had made an alteration. The one pronounced the letter a open, the other sounded it like an e, which occasioned the following mistake. In the scene where the Roman ladies come in procession, to solicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, they are attended by the Tribunes, and
The Centurions of the Volscian Army, bearing fasces, their Ensigns of authority. They are ordered by the Hero, the part of which was enacted by Quin, to lower them, as a token of respect. But the men who personated the Centurions, imagining, through Quin’s mode of enunciation, that he said their faces, instead of their fasces, all bowed their heads together.

HENRY JONES, AUTHOR OF "THE EARL OF ESSEX."

This self-taught genius was a bricklayer, whom Lord Chesterfield patronized. His tragedy of the "Earl of Essex" obtained for him some celebrity, and procured him a footing in the Theatre, which enabled him to levy contributions upon players, by writing puffs, and praising them in verse.

The end of Jones was melancholy, for a man of ability. After being intoxicated for two days, he was found, on the night of the third, crushed by a waggon in St. Martin’s-lane, without his coat or hat. He was carried to the parish workhouse, and there terminated his career, in the year 1770. His papers fell into the hands of Reddish the player, who volunteered as executor;
but Reddish was, at first, negligent; and, afterwards, deranged, and they never were produced.

VERBRUGGEN.

Verbruggen was so passionately fond of acting "Alexander the Great," that instead of Verbruggen, in the *dramatis personae*, to many plays, he was called Mr. Alexander. Verbruggen was so warm of temper, that he had the temerity to strike an illegitimate son of Charles II., behind the scenes of Drury-lane. After so daring an insult, he was told that if he did not ask the nobleman's pardon, he must act no more in London. To this he consented, on conditions that he might express himself in his own terms; and, coming on the stage, dressed for the part of Oroonoko, having first acknowledged that he had called the Duke of St. A. a son of a wag, added—"It is true, and I am sorry for it."

THEATRICALS IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

Previous to the Restoration of Charles II., no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were personated by young men in female costume. The following anecdote, re-
lated by Colley Cibber, will give a tolerable idea of the ridiculous distress which occasionally arose from the absence of the now most attractive ornaments of the theatre. The King coming to the house rather before his usual time, found the *dramatis personae* not ready to appear; when his Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to inquire the cause of the delay. The Manager, knowing that the best excuse he could make to the "merry Monarch" would be the truth, went to the Royal box, and plainly told his Majesty, that the Queen had not yet shaved.

Charles, good humouredly, accepted the apology, and laughed heartily until the male Queen was effeminated, and the curtain drawn up.

**Bensley the Tragedian, and the Scotch Officer.**

Mr. Bensley, before he went on the Stage, was a captain in the army. One day, while loaing in the park, he met a Scotch officer, who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an "old companion of the war," but his chivalrous notions made him ashamed to be seen with a player; he, therefore, sagaciously hur-
ried Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, when he asked him very gravely, "how he could disgrace the corps, by turning play-actor." Bensley replied, that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, an actor, who conducted himself creditably, moved in the first circles, and kept the best of company.—"Weel, weel," interrupted his friend, "and what maun you get by this business of yours?"—"I now, (answered Bensley,) get about a thousand a-year."—"What, man! a thousand a year! (exclaimed the astonished Native of the Land of Cakes;) Hae you ony vacancies in your Corps?"

ROSS, THE CELEBRATED GEORGE BARNWELL.

When Mr. Ross performed the character of George Barnwell, in 1752, the son of an eminent merchant was so struck with certain resemblances to his perilous situation, arising from the arts of a real Milwood, that his agitation brought on a dangerous illness, in the course of which he confessed his error, was forgiven by his father, and was furnished with the means of repairing the pecuniary wrongs he had privately done
his employer. Mr. Ross used to declare, though he never knew his name, or saw the individual, to his knowledge, he received, for nine or ten years, at his benefit, a note, sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words:—"A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged and saved from ruin, by witnessing Mr. Ross's performance of George Barnwell."

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

This ancient Theatre, memorable, above all others, for its connexion with Shakspere, who first acted in it, and afterwards became one of the proprietors, was situated on the Bankside, nearly opposite to the end of Queen Street. It was originally a bear garden; but, about the year 1590, when the refined amusement of bear baiting began to yield, in fashionable estimation, to the attractions of the resuscitated comedy, it was converted into a Theatre; and, in the year 1596, the proprietors had the old edifice pulled down, and a more commodious building erected in its stead. The form of the new Theatre was hexagonal, externally; but Malone conjectures, that it was a rotunda within; and the following passage from Shaks-
peare's "Henry the Fifth" seems to confirm this opinion.

"Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? or can we cram
Into this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

The area was very spacious, and open above; the partial roof was covered with rushes; and, on the top of it, a silk flag, the usual sign of places of amusement, was displayed. In the front of the building was a figure of Hercules supporting a Globe, under which was written *Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem*, whence the building derived its name. The Globe was a Summer Theatre, and the exhibitions took place in the day-time. This seems to have been the most frequented house until about the year 1604 or 1605, when the private Theatres, as they were called, especially the Black-friars, began to attract from the public ones the more fashionable portion of the audience, and left them, almost entirely, to the citizens and to the rabble. Before this time, the resort to the Theatres on the Bankside, of which the Globe was the principal, was so great, that we are told by Taylor, the Water-poet, that, "about the year 1596, the players began to play on the
Bankside, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex for the most part. The number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and scull, cannot be fewer than forty thousand; the cause of the greater half of which multitude hath been the players playing in the Bankside."

JOE HAINES.

This son of Thespis was more remarkable for the witty, though wicked pranks he played, than for his acting; he was seized, one morning, by two bailiffs, for a debt of £20, as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here's my cousin, the Bishop of Ely, going into his house; let me but speak to him, and he'll pay the debt and charges." The bailiffs thought they might venture this, as they were within three or four yards of him; Joe now went boldly up to the coach, and pulled off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered him gently, "My lord, here are two poor men who have such great scruples of conscience, that, I fear, they'll hang themselves."—"Very well," said the bishop; so, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two
men, come to me to-morrow morning; and I'll satisfy you." The men bowed, and went away; and Joe, well pleased with the success of his stratagem, bade them "Good morning." Early on the following day, the bailiffs, expecting the debt and charges, paid a visit to the Bishop; when, being introduced, his lordship addressed them: "Well, my good men, what are your scruples of conscience?"—"Scruples! (echoed the bailiffs,) we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday, arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20; your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us to-day, and we cannot doubt but your lordship will be as good as your word." The bishop, on this, reflecting that his honour and name would be exposed, were he not to comply, paid the debt and charges.

Munden.

In the early part of this celebrated comedian's career, he suffered many and strange vicissitudes. At one period, having left Birmingham, he determined on a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, to view the birth-place of the immortal Bard.

About this time, the Warwickshire Militia,
were to be embodied, and great numbers of the
recruits were assembled from different parts of
the country, to join the regiment at Stratford.
Numbers presented themselves on the road, one
of whom, seemingly more intelligent than the
rest, our adventurer chose for his companion,
and to each other their mutual necessities were
imparted. Munden learned from his comrade
that the regiment would consist of a numerous
body of men, and that it would not be difficult
to obtain a night's lodging. His friend, whose
brain necessity had rendered fertile, suggested
a thought which was approved of, and put in
practice; it was to present himself before the
Sergeant as a recruit, and, by that means, obtain a
billet for the night.

After some time spent by his friend in search-
ing for the Sergeant's quarters, he at length
found him. The Sergeant inquired if Munden
was of the regiment who, replying in the
affirmative, he obtained, for the night, bed and
board, and, in every respect, was entertained
as a gentleman soldier. If the reader will call to
mind Falstaff's description of his ragged regi-
ment, then will he be able to form some idea of
this motley set of heroes, in number between

Warwickshire.
thirty and forty, assembled in a large room belonging to an aged tenement which time had nearly shaken to its fall.

After the cravings of nature were satisfied, his mind, in spite of its depression, became elated, and diffused its influence over the whole assembly. From the cherished stores of Shakspeare, Otway, Rowe, and the moon-struck Lee, our young actor drew forth a fund of entertainment, which enriched the evening, and rendered him The King of his company, who sighed, or smiled, as his effusions were mournful or merry. Nor was the tuneful Muse forgotten: many a welcome song, by way of interlude, heightened the entertainment, while heroes, fresh from the barn door, where, to its own strokes, the flail resounded, and who had taken the last leave of the ploughtail, listened with attention, and congratulated each other on the acquisition they had gained in a lively fellow, who would convert three months of duty into so many months of pleasantry. But, alas! all earthly enjoyments have their close; the hour of rest came on, and the call of the landlady must be obeyed. The mirthful crew repaired to a room allotted for the night; on the floor were spread beds of straw; but, at
the farthest end, a little more of dignity marked
the couch of the Serjeant. There, to the straw
was added a mattress and a quilt; and the enclo-
sing curtain guarded the spot where this great man
was to forget his marching and counter-marching,
in the arms of Morpheus. Each man at his weary
length—shall we say silence reigned around? not
so—full many a snore, which, to nicer ears, would
have "murdered sleep," interrupted the stillness
of the night.

In the morning, our Hero, who reposed next to
the superb pavilion before described, awoke to
behold the head of one of the recruits on the lap
of the Serjeant, a head which had taken its turn
to come under his adorning hands. Each aspir-
ing youth was making ready for a general muster,
and many a hair, taught by nature to lay upon
an humble level, was, by the ingenuity of the
Serjeant, furnished with soap suds, and armed
with the torturing tongs, turned from its
course. The important business of prepara-
tion over, the company went to breakfast;
about ten, the drum beat to arms, the regi-
ment mustered, and, with colours flying, repaired
to the field, where Munden was previously told
by his friend, to follow, in order to be enlisted;
but as he had a view only to what he had obtained, namely, a supper and a bed, he felt not the smallest inclination to dare "the tented field."

He, therefore, quitted his military friends somewhat abruptly, choosing rather to enlist under the banners of Melpomene than those of Mars, and, that evening, proceeded on his journey, and reached Woodstock. Here he applied at one or two public houses for lodging, but in vain; no doubt his appearance betrayed his poverty. Again his good genius relieved him from distress, as, at a house, where he was making his request, he was recognized by a person, who had left Liverpool a few weeks before, in consequence of a law suit, in which a verdict had been given against him. At Liverpool this man had followed the business of a gardener, which he quitted on the above occasion, and had fled to this place, where, in the magnificent gardens of Blenheim, he again wielded the spade.

Much pleased at meeting Mundon, owing to a grateful remembrance of services which our actor had rendered him, during the time he was a clerk to the gentleman who defended his suit, he ministered to his wants, and gave our adventurer a comfortable proof that good offices
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and a bed, he fell to
dare " the tent !"
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rather to enlist;
tan those of Mr.
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 are not always forgotten. In the morning he
 pursued his journey. Nothing material happened
till he fortunately met a friend near Acton, to
 whom he had written from Oxford, to meet him
 on the road with money,—fortunately, it may be
 said,—for a second day's travels and fasting had
 nearly exhausted his strength, and he was just
 sinking beneath the pressure of hunger and
 fatigue.

THEATRICAL TREES.

Of all the trees that I have known,
   Of pippin, nonpareil, and warden,
Give me that Tree so sweetly blow'n,
   The Vocal Tree of Covent Garden.

But would I choose a slender form
   That dances with the elfin train,
I'd shelter from the threatening storm
   And seek the Tree of Drury Lane.

RACINE AND THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

"Adherbal, Roi de Numidie," is a tragedy
written by La Graige Chancel, of which he gives
the following interesting anecdotes:

"When I supposed I had finished my tragedy,
I ventured to lay it before the Princess de Coati-
notwithstanding the many defects, the Princess
found enough in it to attract her attention, and therefore sent to the celebrated Racine, and kindly begged him to read a piece, written by a young gentleman, a page in her service, and freely and unequivocally to give her his opinion of it. Racine kept it a week, then returned it to the princess, and told her that he had read my tragedy with astonishment. That, to be sure, it was defective in many respects, but that if her highness would suffer me sometimes to come and advise with him, it would shortly be in such a state as to be successfully represented. I failed not, therefore, to be with him every day; and I can truly affirm, that I learned more from him than from all the books I had read. He sometimes took a pleasure in conversing on the different subjects, fabulous and historical, which he had considered, and in which he discovered interesting situations; failing not to acquaint me with them. My tragedy being finished, it was presented and received. Instead of "Jugurtha," under which title a tragedy, by Pechantré, had been lately condemned, it was determined to call it "Adherbal." The Prince de Conti, who was kind enough to be present at the first representation, placed me beside himself upon the stage,
saying that my youth would shut the mouth of criticism. Racine, who, from devotion, or from motives of policy, no longer frequented the Theatre, (the King having prescribed the same privation to himself,) was, however, present the first time of performance, and seemed to take extreme pleasure, every time I was applauded."

THE CURTAIN THEATRE.

If the Globe is celebrated for its connexion with the imperishable name of Shakspeare, the Curtain is no less honoured by the circumstance of Ben Jonson having acted there, before he attained celebrity as an author. One of the best of the clowns of the age of Elizabeth, the inimitable Tarleton, whose appearance was always hailed by the spectators with shouts of laughter, even before he had uttered a word, and who was famous for his extempore wit, also belonged to this Theatre. Notwithstanding their powerful attractions, the Curtain never seems to have attained above a secondary rank; for Aubrey, who wrote in 1678, speaks of it as "a kind of nursery, or obscure Play House, called the 'Green Curtain,' situated in the suburbs towards Shoreditch." Its situation, as well as that of another
house called, *par excellence*, the *Theatre*, is clearly ascertained by the following passage in Stowe's Survey, which appears entirely to have escaped the notice of Theatrical critics, who have, one after another, without rhyme or reason, assigned different and even opposite parts of the town for the situation of the latter. "There was," says Stowe, "formerly, in this neighbourhood, a famous well called Holy-well, (the name of which still survives in Holywell Lane,) and a very ancient building, called the Priory of St. John the Baptist, which being pulled down, on the suppression of the Monasteries, &c. in the reign of Henry the Eighth, many houses were erected there for the lodging of Noblemen; and near thereunto are builded two public houses for acting comedies, tragedies, and histories whereof the one is called the *Curtain*, the other the *Theatre*, both standing on the south-west side, towards the fields.

This *Theatre*, to judge from its name, was probably the first building erected in or near the metropolis, for the exhibition of plays; and the *Curtain* probably derived its name from its being the first to adopt that very necessary appendage to the stage. The *Curtain Road* took its name from this
ence, the Theatre, is following passage in Skelton entirely to have casual critics, who have rhyme or reason, opposite parts of the latter. "There was," s neighbourhood, after (the name of whom, me,) and a very story of St. John the Baptist, on the suppression of the reign of Henry ere erected there for and near them were scenes for acting comedies, whereof the one is the Theatre, both towards the fields. From its name was pitched on or near the plays; and the Criterion from its being the necessary appendage to took its name from the Theatre, but no remains of the ancient building are now extant.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

During the year 1778, their Majesties, in reviewing the summer encampments, visited Winchester, and honoured the College with their presence. Dr. Warton's house, at that period, was filled with men of exalted and acknowledged talents, among whom were Lord Palmerston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, T. Warton, and D. Garrick. To the latter a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse that carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose, and ran away. In this dilemma, assuming the attitude of Richard III. amidst the astonished soldiery, he exclaimed, "A horse! A horse! my Kingdom for a horse," which reaching the ears of the King, he said, "These must be the tones of Garrick; see, if he is on the ground." Mr. Garrick was immediately sought, and presently found, and presented to his Majesty, who, among many other compliments, assured him, that his delivery of Shakspeare would never pass undiscovered.
JACKSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

My visit to his Grace of York was so successful in its consequences, and so flattering in its tendency, both to myself, personally, and to the profession in which I was embarked—that I must relate it.

I found his Grace at breakfast, in his study. After desiring me, with great complacency, to be seated, he said, "You are, I presume, Mr. Jackson." I bowed. "You reside in the Temple." —"I do, my Lord." —"You belong to the Law." "No, my Lord." —"I judged so by the place of your residence." —No answer from me to this delicate mode of enforcing the question.

"I have a memorial from you, respecting your father, but I sent for you to know more fully from yourself the particulars respecting it."

I related every thing I knew, concerning the matter, minutely. His Grace listened to me with great attention, and promised to make immediate inquiry into the facts I had stated. I was on my legs, and on the point of departing, when I observed to his Grace, that when he asked if I belonged to the Law, I had continued silent. I now informed him, that I had no intention of con-
cealing my profession: "I am, my Lord, upon the stage."—A pause—

"Sir," said his Grace, "I know no distinction of persons; I respect worth, wherever it is found. Goodness may adorn the breast of an actor, as well as that of a divine; and I see no just reason, why I should discredit or disregard you the more for being on the stage, than if you were in the pulpit, provided you have kept your character. I shall inquire into your conduct, and if I find it such as I can sanction with credit, you shall always have my patronage and support; make my compliments to Mr. Garrick, and tell him, I expect he will use you well; I do not go to the Theatre myself; but let me know when your night comes, and I will send my family."

His Grace saw me to the door, and told the porter, that, whenever I called, he should be at home. He then again wished me well,

"Vowed me assistance, and performed it too."

**Dramatic Effect.**

It is related in the annals of the stage as a remarkable instance of the force of imagination, that when Banks's play of the "Earl of Essex" was last performed, a soldier, who stood sentinel on the stage, entered so deeply into the distress
of the scene, that, in the delusion of his imagination, upon the Countess of Nottingham's denying the receipt of the ring, which Essex had sent by her, to claim a promise of favour, he exclaimed, "Tis false! she has it in her bosom," and immediately seized the mock Countess, to make her deliver it up.

QUINAULT.

On the first night of the performance of "L'Amant Indiscret," Quinault, the author of the comedy, took a country gentleman, who came to Paris on account of a law-suit, with him, to see it, and with whom he had just been in search of his attorney. The country gentleman was greatly surprised, when the piece was over, to hear persons of the first rank congratulate Quinault, and to see them publicly embrace him; but his surprise was still more increased when he afterwards heard Quinault discuss points of law with his attorney, and state the case of the gentleman, his friend, so clearly, that he foresaw he should gain the cause.

MOODY, AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Moody, the actor, was robbed of his watch and money. He begged the highwayman to let him have cash enough to carry him to town, and
the fellow replied, "Well, master Moody, as I know you, I'll lend you half a guinea; but, remember, honour among thieves!" A few days after, he was taken, and Moody, hearing that he was at "The Brown Bear," in Bow Street, went to inquire after his watch; but when he began to speak of it, the fellow exclaimed, "Is that what you want? I thought you had come to pay the half-guinea you borrowed of me."

MOLIERE'S ACTING.

THOUGH a man of so much wit, Moliere's deportment was serious, his manners grave, and his taciturnity remarkable; yet, on the stage, he performed many of the most farcical parts. One evening, having to personate Sancho Pancha, and enter riding on an ass, he mounted behind the scenes, waiting for his cue, but the ass, not understanding the prompter, would not wait; nor could Moliere hinder him from making his entrance. In vain did the distressed Sancho tug the halter; in vain he called to his favourite, Baron, and to his servant-maid, La Foreste, to come to his assistance. Seeing her master on the crupper pulling with all his might, the girl laughed so heartily, that she had not the power
to move; and Molière was at last obliged to hold by the side scenes, and let the ass slip from under him, who went forward, and presented himself to the audience.

**GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, AND THE LIVERPOOL MANAGERS.**

During Kean’s visit to Whitehaven, in 1823, he related the following anecdote of George Frederick Cooke. When George was playing at Liverpool, the managers found great difficulty in keeping him sober; but, after repeated transgressions, he solemnly promised not to offend again during his stay. In the evening of the day on which the promise was made, George was not to be found, when wanted for Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant; the audience grew impatient; the manager stormed, and all was in “most admired disorder.”

After a long search, one of the managers found him at a pot-house near the Theatre, where he was drinking, with great composure and perseverance, out of a very small glass. “Oh! Mr. Cooke,” exclaimed the irritated manager, “you have again broken your solemn promise. Did you not tell me you would give over drinking?” George surveyed the manager with the most provoking
at last obliged to et the ass shp cld, and presented

coolness, and said, "I certainly did make such a promise, but you cannot expect a man to reform at once. I have given over drinking, in a great measure," holding up the small glass, in exultation, to the Manager's nose.

**ASSERTION WITHOUT PROOF.**

Mr. Boaden, the author of several popular theatrical pieces, gave Drury Lane Theatre the title of *a wilderness*. This reaching the ears of Sheridan, he did not forget it, for when, a short time afterwards, he was requested to accept a tragedy, by Mr. Boaden: "No, no;" said Sheridan, "the wise and discreet author calls our house a wilderness—Now, I don't mind allowing the oracle to have his opinion; but it is really too much for him to expect, that I will suffer him to prove his words."

**COOKE'S EXPLANATION OF THE FAMILY PLATE.**

A boastful gentleman in America happened to mention to Cooke, when the latter was in one of his *Mac Sarcasm* humours, that his family was amongst the oldest in Maryland. Cooke asked him if he had carefully preserved the family plate? and on being questioned as to his meaning, replied, "The fetters and handcuffs."
GARRICK, AND DR. HILL.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled "To David Garrick, Esq. The Petition of I in behalf of herself and sisters." The purport of it was, to charge Mr. Garrick with mis-pronouncing some words, including the letter I— as firm, for firm—vurtue, for virtue—and others. The pamphlet is now forgotten, but the following epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved—

To Dr. Hill, upon his "Petition of I, to David Garrick, Esq."
If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen!
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for Yeu.

GARRICK'S EPIGRAM.

Written soon after Dr. Hill's farce, called "The Rout," was acted.

For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.
The disgusting and overstrained fastidiousness of our present licenser, whose delicacy cannot tolerate even passages of a decidedly loyal tendency, is not without example in the earlier times of our drama. These tasteless and officious personages have always been more ready to prove their authority than their judgment. The most delectable of them, Sir Henry Herbert, in his examination of "The Wits" of Davenant, had, it appears, marked a number of harmless interjections, which might have subjected the poet to some punishment; but Charles, who probably suspected his Master of the Revels of a tendency towards Puritanism; interfered, and Sir Henry has thus recorded his spleen and disappointment.

"The King is pleased to take faith, death, slight, &c. for asseverations, and no oaths—to which I do humbly submit as my master's judgment; but, under favour, do conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my submission and opinion."

Spranger Barry.

When the affairs of the Dublin Theatre took...
an unfavourable turn, and, unlike Mr. Sheridan, he left every department unpaid and unsatisfied, the angry tradesmen used to besiege his door, vowing, that though they had frequently been paid off with words, this time they would not depart without their money. Mr. Barry would then desire to see them. A single claimant was admitted at a time. After a conference of some time, he returned with a pleased and satisfied countenance, to the anxious and expecting crowd of creditors below. Judging by the reception he had met, what was likely to be their own chance, he was eagerly interrogated by the gaping crowd.—“Well, you have seen Mr. Barry?”—“Yes.”—“You have got your money?”—“No.”—“A part of it?”—“Not one shilling. But Mr. Barry spoke to me so kindly—seemed so distressed to keep me waiting—promised me so faithfully, that, the next time I called, the money should be forthcoming—that he has, I know not how, got the better of my anger, and I could not find it in my heart to press a gentleman any further.”

BARON, THE FRENCH COMEDIAN; AND DOMINIQUE, THE HARLEQUIN.

The actors of the French Theatre were de-
and, unlike Mr. Shent, unpaid and unsatisfied to besiege his door, had frequently been told they would not depend on. Barry would thereupon claim he was in the right; and satisfied negotiators, the obtaining crowd of enemies, exception he had met with, chance, he was acting crowd.—"Well?
—"Yes."—"Yes; or?"—"A part of what Mr. Barry spoke at length, to keep it in order, that the next would be forthcoming, got the better of it in my heart to;

OMEDIAN; AND

ARLEQUIN.

inch Theatre was

sirous that those of the Italian Theatre should speak nothing but French. The question was brought before Louis XIV.; and Baron and Dominique were appointed the advocates for each party. Baron was the famous actor, who had been educated by Molière; and Dominique was no less celebrated as a harlequin. When the former had ended his harangue, the King made a sign to Dominique to speak in turn. After various harlequinade antics, he addressed himself to the monarch, and asked—"In what language does your majesty command me to speak?"—"Speak as you please," replied the King.—"That is exactly what I wish," answered Dominique; "my cause is gained! I humbly thank your majesty." The King laughed heartily, at being thus entrapped. "My word is given," said he; "it cannot be recalled."

LINES

On Miss Paton's stipulation with the Covent Garden Manager, that she should never be required to appear on the Stage in Male Attire.

That Paton, whose enchanting voice
Th'admirers own bewitches,
Should, of her own free will and choice,
Refuse to wear the breeches.
Seems rather strange, and, at first sight,
    Might very well surprise one;
Though, if you judge the matter right,
    You'll own her scheme a wise one.

For, surely, every modest belle,
    Of wedded joys ambitious,
Must say that Paton acted well,
    And think her plan judicious.
For manly brogues 'tis best to wait,
    Till one great point is carried,
Then, Paton, lay your tempting bait,
    Nor wear them—till you're married.

A DULL COMEDY.

When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of "Bel-

lami" was performed, the roof of the theatre fell
down; by which, however, few people were hurt,
except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleet-

wood Shepherd to say, that there was so much
fire in his play, that it blew up poet, house, and
all. "No," replied the good-natured author,
"the play was so heavy, that it broke down the
house, and buried the poor poet in his own rub-
bish."

THE WHITEFRIARS THEATRE.

This appears to have been one of the most
ancient Theatres, as it is enumerated by an author
who wrote in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as one of the play-houses destroyed by the "cautious citizens" in 1580; at which time, the magistrates of the City obtained leave of Queen Elizabeth, to pull down all the Theatres within their liberties. From this time, there is a complete blank in the history of this theatre, until the year 1613, when a license was granted by James the First, for the erection of a new play-house on the spot; and it may, therefore, reasonably be concluded, it had remained, during the interval, in ruins. This license was not, however, acted upon till 1629, when a Theatre was erected under its authority in Salisbury Court; and a company, called the Prince's Servants, performed there until the suppression of the play-houses by the Puritans, in 1648. It was again opened after the Restoration, but soon sunk into obscurity and neglect.

**QUEVEDO.**

Don Francisco de Quevedo describes an incident in his life of Paul, the Spanish barber:—

"When I was writing a play," says he, "the maid used to bring up my dinner, and leave it there; and it was my way, to act all I wrote, and
talk aloud, as if I had been on the stage. As the d—I would have it, when the maid was coming up the stairs, which were dark and upright, with the dish of meat and plates in her hands, I was at the time composing a scene of hunting a bear; and being wholly intent upon my play, cried out, as loud as I could,

"Fly, fly the bloody bear! take heed, I say; 
Alas! I'm kill'd, and you'll become its prey."

The poor wench, who was a silly Gallician, hearing me roar that I was killed, and she in danger of becoming a prey to the bear, thought it had been a real matter of fact, and that I called out, to save herself. Upon this conceit, she took to her heels, and treading on her coats in the confusion, tumbled down all the stairs. The soup was spilt, the earthen pots broken, and she ran out, roaring in the street, that a bear was killing a man!"

**FOOTE AND MACKLIN.**

Foote, who was ever in the two extremes of fortune, now, exalted to the top of the wheel, and, anon, prostrated at the bottom, happened to be in the latter situation, when he and Macklin once happened to meet. They were in the Bedford
Coffee-house, when Foote, perhaps, to keep up the appearance of prosperity, at least, was every now and then displaying a fine gold repeater, which he kept dangling in his hand, or putting to his ear. At last, he suddenly exclaimed, “Zounds! my watch is stopped!”—“Pho! pho!” said Macklin, “never mind that, Sam; you may depend upon it, it will soon go.”

**ANACHRONISM.**

During Young's engagement at Bath, in the winter of 1820-1, “Henry VIII.” was revived, to exhibit him in the character of Cardinal Wolsey. The representative of one of the bishops, fancying that snuff-taking was a distinguishing characteristic of a churchman, indulged his nose freely throughout the play, forgetting that the scene was laid at a period of nearly fifty years before tobacco was brought into England.

**TRUTH WILL OUT.**

A Mr. Herbert, a country comedian of some celebrity, when a child, and just able to speak sufficiently for the stage, represented the part of the juvenile *Duke of York*, in “Richard III.” When he should have said—“Oh! mother, mo-
"Mother! you are not my mother—give me my leather breeches, and let me go home."

PUFF DIRECT.

A French dramatist devised a singular method of alluring the public to the representation of his pieces. On the day on which any of them was announced, he set out in the morning, went through all the streets and squares of Paris, stopping at those places where the play-bills were usually posted; and when five or six persons had collected, he would cry at once, in a vehement tone—"Faith, the French will be treated with an excellent piece to-night, and I'll be there for one."

This peregrination was then continued in the same manner, and its object became, in some measure, successful.

LETTER OF OLD YATES.

"To the Editor of the Public Advertiser.

"Sir,

Though it is not my profession to write, but to retail the writings of others, yet, I find the spirit..."
move me to hazard some observations on a very
good humoured, sprightly, elegant paragraph,
in your paper of yesterday. The facetious gen-
tleman is pleased to say, that "Yates, and his
wife, have retired from the stage, with 36,000l.
or 40,000l. and that they are remarkable for
their comely appearance, though one is, from the-
atrical dates, 70; the other above 60 years of age."
'Tis wonderful so wise a man should be mistaken,
but the facts are,

"They have not retired with 40,000l.
They have not retired at all."

"Theatrical dates do not prove them to be,
the one 70, the other more than 60 years of age.
"In respect to myself, that I am remarkable
for my comely appearance; that I can, though
not worth quite 40,000l. eat my mutton without
an engagement, and yet owe no man any thing,
are offences to which I am ready to plead guilty;
if comeliness is a sin, heaven help me! I say; and
as to owing no man any thing, in these days,
when it is the genteelest thing in the world to
pay no man any thing, I must c'en stand trial
before a jury of honest tradesmen, who, I dare
say, will acquit me from the singularity of the case.

"In respect to theatrical dates, I have, to be sure, told the chimes at midnight, some five and thirty years ago; which, as I find myself just as healthy and alert as in those delightful days, I do not think at all disqualifies me for my general cast of characters, in which I have pleased as good judges as your correspondent, nor is it absolutely necessary that the Miser, Fondlewife, Gomez, Don Manuel, Sir Wilful Witwould, &c. &c. should have the first down of a beard on their chins; but I will whisper something in the gentleman's ear, that whilst such writers, as he, are allowed to assassinate honest people in the dark, by abusive anonymous paragraphs, nobody that has mutton to eat will look out for theatrical engagements, but quietly let the stage fall into that happy state,

"When one Egyptian darkness covers all."

"So much for myself, and now for Mrs. Yates.

"That she is a pretty enough actress, as times go, and by no means uncomely, I willingly allow; but that she is more than 60, or will be these dozen years, at least, may bear something of a doubt.
of the singularity; from the theatrical dates, I have, at midnight, some first, h, as I find myself in those delightful years, qualifies me for my prediction, in which I have pleasure, and which is intended for the gentleman's trouble, as he seems a bad calculator. I will inform him, it was in Mr. Crisp's "Virginia," in the year 1754, (29 years ago) and that she was then as pretty a plump rosy Hebe as one shall see on a summer's day.

"She had the honour, (an honour never conferred on any other person) of being introduced as a young beginner by a prologue written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in which the following lines are to the present purpose.

"If novelties can please to night, we've two;
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em, as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favor show;
A female asks it—can a man say—no?
Should you indulge our novice yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic Queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart,
Assist each struggle of ingenious shame
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more, her whole ambition ends,
She hopes some merit to deserve some friends."

"And now give me leave, sir, to tell your correspondent a story on the first coming to England, of Signor Trebbi."
"A worthy gentleman, the editor of a newspaper, paid him a morning visit, and informed him he was a public writer, and had characters of all prices. 'I understand you, sir,' said Trebbi, 'and have heard of you; I have no guineas to throw away so ill; but I am a writer too, et voila ma plume! this is my pen;' showing him a good English oaken towel. Signor Trebbi was so good as to leave me his pen, the only one I shall make use of against malevolence in future, when the writer does me the honour of making himself known to me.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"RICHARD YATES."

"Saturday, October 18, 1785."

SHAKESPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakspeare, and used frequently (as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the plays of our bard were performed. One evening, when Shakspeare himself was personating the part of a King, the au-
The audience knew of her Majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it! When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character, to notice her: this made her Majesty think of some means by which she might know, whether he would depart, or not, from the dignity of his character, while on the stage.—Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and re-crossed the stage, which Shakspeare noticing, took up, with these words, immediately after finishing his speech, and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it:

"And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our Cousin's glove!"

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it.

Farewell Dinner to John Kemble.

The friends and admirers of Mr. Kemble,
anxious to mark his retreat from the stage with those honours which his high professional character deserved, invited him to a splendid banquet; at which it was intended to present him with a superb silver Vase, bearing a suitable inscription. The entertainment took place on the 26th June 1817, at the Freemasons' Tavern—but the Vase not being completed, its presentation was necessarily postponed to a future day.

At half-past seven o'clock, the Stewards (who were composed of the principal performers of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres) entered the room, ushering in Lord Holland, Mr. Kemble, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Erskine, Lord Petersham, the Marquis of Worcester, the Marquis of Lansdown, the Earl of Aberdeen, J. W. Croker, Esq., T. Campbell, Esq., the Rev. G. Crabbe, T. Moore, Esq., H. Twiss, Esq., B. West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy; —Flaxman, Esq., R. A., Mons. Talma, &c. &c.

Lord Holland took the Chair, supported on his right hand by Mr. Kemble, and on his left by the Duke of Bedford.

After the cloth had been removed, Non Nobis Domine was performed in a very superior style, by several singers of first-rate eminence.
from the stage to a splendid stand to present him with a suitable present in the shape of a present to the Prince Regent. The King and the rest of the Royal Family were drunk with the accustomed honours, and were followed by the usual airs.

Lord Holland then rose and said—"Gentlemen, in pursuance of the proceedings of this day, I hoped to have the honour and satisfaction of presenting to my friend, who sits near me, the piece of plate which it is your wish to bestow on him, as an indication of the high sense you entertain of his abilities. But, unfortunately, I am prevented from performing that grateful duty—the rich and beautiful work, designed for the Vase, not being yet completed. Here is, however, a drawing of the Vase, which will be handed round the room. I have also a copy of the inscription intended for it, which, if you please, I will read to you."

His Lordship then read as follows:

To J. P. Kemble, Esq., on his retirement from the Stage, Of which, for 34 years, he has been the ornament and pride; Which to his learning, taste, and genius, is indebted for its present state of improvement; Which, under his auspices, and profiting by his constant labour, most worthily directed to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of SHAKEPEARE,
THEATRES

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Has arrived at a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown; and which, from his high character, has acquired an increase of honour and dignity;

THIS VASE,

From a numerous body of his admirers,

As a mark of their gratitude, respect, and affection,

Was presented, by the hands of their President,

On the 27th of June, 1817.

After dinner, Mr. Young spoke the following Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Campbell.

Pride of the British Stage,
A long and last Adieu!
Whose image brought the heroic age
Reviv'd to Fancy's view.

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,
When the Sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past.

And memory conjures feelings up,
That wine and music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup,
To "Kemble, Fare thee well."

His was the spell on hearts,
Which only acting lends—
The younger of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can Poetr,
Full many a to
And Painting m
Steals but one
But by the migh
Illusion's wed
Verse ceases to
And Sculptur
Time may agai
But ne'er eff
When Cato sp
Or Hotspu
What soul wou
To the deep
What English
With him a
And yet a Mr
His transp
And to each
The Grace:
High were th
Ye consci
In words, to
Of Kemb
But who for
Those bu

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ATRES

And Theatre.

Flour and prose
its high character!
mour and dignity.
VASE,
body of his admirers.
side, respect, and art
hands of their Parson of June, 1817.

be the following:
Mr. Campbell.
Stage,
Adieu!

with dewy light,
nails his last,

resolves up
music need not wear.

feastal cup,
re thee well!

he hearts,

g the sister Arts,

tartly blend.

For all can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And Painting mute and motionless
Steals but one glance from Time.

But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er efface the charm;
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor!
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt?

And yet a Majesty possess'd
His transports' most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words, to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lea.

But who forgets that white disrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair?

If 'twas reality he felt—
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And Sister Magic came.

Together at the Muse's side
Her Tragic Paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.

And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause—
Save for the gallantry of Man,
In loveller Woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome
Robust and richly grac'd,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is giv'n,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven.
Cordelia's bosom shed,
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At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the Tragic page,
And what the Actor could effect,
The Scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth—
And must we lose them now?
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly pleasing brow?

Alas! the moral brings a tear—
'Tis all a transient hour below,
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review—
Pride of the British Stage,
A long and last adieu!

After the recitation of the Ode, the four last lines, set to music by Mr. T. Cooke, were admirably sung.

COLMAN, AND ONE OF HIS COMEDIANS.

An actor of little consequence having been engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, during the reign of the elder Colman, had the part of one of the scholars in "The Padlock," sent him. "Sir (said he, addressing the manager,) I am astonished at getting this part, so much beneath me; besides, how can a man of my size and figure look like a scholar?" "Indeed, (replied Colman,) you seem better fed than taught."
DUFRESNE.

Quinault Dufresne, who was born in 1692, at an early age became an actor on the French Theatre, and was acknowledged to have been the most able, and judicious, as well as popular, since the death of Baron.

Dufresne possessed a fine figure, a charming voice, and an air at once graceful and noble. Le Kain, on the other hand, who succeeded to his parts and reputation, in consequence of the early patronage of Voltaire, although possessing more eminent professional qualifications, was, perhaps, less successful for many years, for nature had been more sparing of her bounties to him; and it was long before the inhabitants of Paris could prevail on themselves to declare in favour of a man, who did not happen to be gifted with external attractions. Whilst Quinault Dufresne appeared in high tragic and comic characters, his elder brother distinguished himself, although in a less degree, in the same line of acting; while, of two sisters, both on the stage at the same time, the elder played the characters of waiting women to admiration, the younger affected the reputation
of being a woman of talents, and it was the business of her life to give dinners to all the wits of her day. It was observed by a French author, "it cost far more pains and trouble to gratify this species of ambition, than it did Cromwell to become Protector of England."

Dufresne quitted the stage in disgust, at rather an early period of life. Happening, one day, to commence his part in a low tone of voice, which was strictly suitable to the character he had assumed, the pit cried out several times "louder! louder!" on which the actor, who was extremely piqued at this unseasonable intervention, replied: "and you, gentlemen, not quite so loud." He was sent to prison, and obliged to apologize: but he immediately withdrew, after this painful ceremony. He died 25 years after, in 1767.

DEATH OF A PERFORMER ON THE STAGE.

On the evening of the 20th of June, 1817, during the performance of the tragedy of "Jane Shore," in the Leeds Theatre, Mr. Cummins, who played the part of Dumont, had just repeated the benedictory words:—
"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy, and such pardon, as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven, to show thee,
May such befall me, at my latest hour"—

when he fell down on the stage, and instantly expired. The shock inflicted upon the feelings of the audience soon spread through the town, and so general a tribute to departed worth, as was every where manifested, was seldom witnessed. The performance, of course, immediately closed. For some time Mr. Cummins, the circumstances of whose death so nearly resembled those of Mr. Palmer, had laboured under that alarming malady denominated an ossification of the heart; and to this circumstance, added to the strength of his feelings in the mimic scene, is to be attributed his death. Mr. Cummins held an elevated rank in the York company for nearly half a century.

MATHEWS.

This celebrated mimic once applied to the late Tate Wilkinson for an engagement, offering himself as a low comedian; Wilkinson, looking at his stature, replied, "low comedian?"—"Aye, sir," answered he, "low comedian." Every one who has seen Mathews, must have observed the singular habit of his mouth, when he speaks.
Tate, who was ignorant of this, replied, "that will do; that will do, so, pray, spare your ludicrous faces."

"THE CRADLE OF SECURITY," A MORALITY,
ACTED AT GLOUCESTER.

The following extract from a book entitled, "Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner," by R. W. Esq. 1639, will give the reader a more accurate notion of the old moralities, than a long dissertation upon the subject.

"Upon a Stage-Play, which I saw when I was a Child.

"In the City of Gloucester, the manner is, (as I think it is in other like corporations,) that when players of interludes come to the town, they first attend the Mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing: and if the Mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their Lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the Aldermen and Common-Council of the City; and that is called the Mayor's Play, where every one that will, comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called "The Cradle of Security," wherein was personated a King, or some great prince, with his Courtiers, of several kinds, whereof three ladies were in special
grace with him; and they keeping him in delight, and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors hearing of sermons and listening to good counsel and admonition, that, in the end, they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he sorted again, and, in the mean time, closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithall he was covered, a wizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fell to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing.

"While all this was acting, there came forth out of another door, at the further end of the stage, two old men; the one in blue, with a serjeant at arms his mace on his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along, with a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till, at last, they came to the cradle, when all the Court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow upon the cradle, wherewith all the Courtiers with the three ladies and the wizard all vanished, and the desolate prince starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits.

"This Prince did personate in the Morat the wicked of the world; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came to man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted."
DIEIL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Spoken at the Bath Theatre, Feb. 7, 1807.

Can none remember, nay, I know all must,
When the great Siddons gave her reasons just,
For quitting those whose approbation drew
Her wondrous 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 so plain appears
The 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,
Had, of this theatre, long hail'd me—mother.
Nay, whilst we've Garricks, infantile and raw,
I may be termed this stage's—Grand-mamma.

Twice twenty years ago, my lot was cast—
Here should my scenes of future life be past;

* This lady was daughter to a person of respectability, in Wales, and sister to Mr. Du Bellamy, of Covent Garden Theatre.
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 chamber-maids, I play'd;
And oft, transform'd by elegant attire—
Begg'd you her court-bred Ladyship admire!
And that my vanity would not refuse
The highest efforts of the comic Muse—
Your Townlys, 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 Heidelbergs, and matrons in brocades,
Your Mal-a-props, 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 generous aid.

Deem not my heart insensible, or cold,
That I no cambric handkerchief unfold;
With bosom throbbing, and with faultering 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 glee:
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 toil, to her ever's repose;
And with her faithful mate can thus retire,
Where thrift has piled, and leisure trims the fire;
Where life's rude care no more may intervene,
To mar their studies, for another scene.

**BARTON BOOTH, AND THE OXFORD MAN.**

In performing *Othello*, once, to a thin audience,
this celebrated tragedian cast such a languor
over several scenes in which he was concerned,
that nobody could discern their favourite actor. But, in the third act, as if roused from a lethargy, to the most animating vigour, he displayed such uncommon fire and force, that the players and the audience seemed to be equally electrified by this sudden exertion of his powers. The act being concluded, the Moor and his companions withdrew into the green-room, when Cibber, who personated The Ancient, said to him, "Pr'ythee, Barton, what was the charm that inspired you so all on a sudden?"—"Why, Colley, I saw, by chance, an Oxford Man in the pit, whose judgment I revere more than that of a whole audience." This Oxford Man (according to Davis, in his Dramatic Miscellanies,) was a Mr. Toolie, of Queen's College, Oxford, between whom and Mr. Booth there was an intimate and inviolable friendship. When Mr. Toolie went to London, those whom he chiefly visited were Dr. Rawlinson and Mr. Booth. He had a strong passion for the stage, from the indulging of which he was finally dissuaded by the latter, on account of his many personal defects.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

The subject of this comedy is attributed to
the following adventure of Goldsmith. Some friend had given the young poet a present of a guinea, on his going from his mother's residence in the town of Ballymahon, to a school in Edgeworth's town, where, it appears, he finished his education, of which he had received the rudiments from the Rev. Mr. Hughes, vicar of the parish of Ballymahon; he had diverted himself on the way, by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until night-fall, when he found himself a mile or two out of his direct road, in the middle of the streets of Ardagh.

Here he inquired for the best house in the place, meaning, an inn; but, being wilfully misunderstood by a fencing-master named Kelly, who boasted of having been the instructor of the Marquis of Granby, he was directed by him to the large old-fashioned residence of Sir Ralph Featherstone, as the landlord of the town; where he was shown into the parlour, and he found the hospitable master of the house sitting by a good fire. His mistake was immediately perceived by Sir Ralph, who, being a man of humour, and well acquainted with the poet's family, encouraged him in the deception. Goldsmith ordered a good
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supper, invited his host and the family to partake of it, treated them to a bottle or two of wine, and, on going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast; nor was it until his departure, when he called for the bill, that he discovered, that while he imagined he was at an inn, he had been hospitably entertained in a private family of the first respectability in the country. This story, the narrator says, was confirmed to him by the late Sir Thomas Featherstone, bart., a short time before his death.

This anecdote rests upon the authority of the poet's niece, Mrs. Catherine Hudson, daughter of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, of Lissoy.

BURNING OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

In June, 1789, the splendid fabric of the Italian Opera house, in the Haymarket, was totally destroyed by fire; and from the nature of its materials and its construction, a more awful conflagration has been seldom witnessed in the metropolis.

In September, 1806, Covent Garden Theatre was also totally destroyed by fire, with several adjoining houses; and a number of persons having assembled in the passage leading from the
and the family to a bottle or two of cordial; nor was it unimagined he was buried in the ruins.

In the February following, a similar catastrophe befell the splendid Theatre of Drury Lane, which had been built but a few years before. This being the largest and most elevated building in the metropolis, and being composed of materials peculiarly combustible, exhibited, during the two or three hours in which it became a prey to the flames, one of the most sublime spectacles ever witnessed. In every street within half a mile of the Theatre the light was intense, and the energy of the flames was so great, that pieces of burning wood of a foot superficial were carried, by the direction of a moderate wind, above two miles, the whole atmosphere in the same direction being filled with small pieces, in a state of combustion.

All the music in score, and hundreds of manuscript plays, and a great variety of theatrical curiosities, which had been preserved under
successive managements, were lost by these fires. In no case was it ascertained how they originated; but it was at the time feared that they were occasioned by some religious fanatic of that class who imagine that, in spite of their salutary effect in refining the taste, and improving the manners of the people. Theatres are merely temples of Satan, and, therefore, destruction is an acceptable service to God.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY, BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Man's life's a Tragedy,—his mother's womb, From which he enters, is the 'tiring room; This spacious earth, the Theatre; and the Stage,

That country which he lives in:—Passions, rage,
Folly, and Vice are actors.—The first cry, The prologue to the ensuing Tragedy:— The former act, consisteth of dumb shows; The second, he to more perfection grows; I' th' third, he is a man; and doth begin To venture Vice, and act the deeds of sin; I' th' fourth declines; I' th' fifth, diseases clog And trouble him:—then Death's his epilogue.
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CHARLOTTE CIBBER.

Colley Cibber had a daughter of the name
of Charlotte, who married a Mr. Starke. She
was brought up to the stage; but her subsequent
life was one continued series of misfortunes, aff-
liction, and distress, which she sometimes con-
trived a little to alleviate by the productions of
her pen. About the year 1755, she had written
a novel for the press, "which," says Mr. Samuel
Whyte, who relates the melancholy tale, "I
accompanied my friend, a bookseller, to hear
read. She was at that time a widow: her habi-
tation a wretched thatched hovel, situated on
the road to Islington, not very distant from the
New-River-head; where, at that time, it was cus-
tomary for scavengers to deposit the sweepings of
the streets. The night preceding, a heavy rain had
fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat
of the Muses nearly inaccessible, and we could
only approach, by wading almost knee-deep in the
mud. We did not attempt to pull the latch-
string, but knocked at the door, which was open-
ed by a tall, meagre, ragged, figure, with a blue
apron, indicating, what otherwise was doubtful,
that it was a female before us; a perfect model
for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady,

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that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in "Rule a Wife." She, with a trembling voice, and constrained smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser; clean, it must be confessed, but wretchedly furnished. To the right, we perceived the mistress of the house, sitting on a broken chair, under the mantle-piece, by a small fire. At the authoress' feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton, who saluted us with a snarl:—"Have done," said she, "Fidele, these are friends."

"The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humble and disconsolate, a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description; no wonder the creature barked! A magpie was perched upon the top ring of her chair; and on her lap was placed a pair of mutilated bellows—the pipe was gone. These were used as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure,—the manuscript of her novel; her inkstand was a broken tea-cup; her pen was worn to a stump; a rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience; on which, without further ceremony, we sat to sit

"The work was suggested, and wanted for the who had been forward her to expectation. l authoress eats had r some altercati bookseller do accepted."

Such is daughter of and patentee torn in affluence, and w talents, term dunghill!

THE PRINC

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AND THEATRICALS

contrived to sit down, and enter upon business.

"The work was read, remarks made, alterations suggested, and agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny neck, with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller offered five guineas; our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her incline callous; however, some altercation ensued, which terminated by the bookseller doubling his first proposal, which was accepted."

Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate, and patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre, who was born in affluence, educated with care and tenderness, and who, though possessing considerable talents, terminated her miserable existence on a dunghill!

THE PRINCE OF ANNAMABOO, AND STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen Kemble was manager at Newcastle, and the houses were rather flat, no less a person arrived in town than Prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate con-
sideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that, between the acts of the play, Prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would, likewise, give the Indian war-whoop, in all its various tones; the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet."

The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act, his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and rending the air, exclaiming, "Ha, ha! ho, ho!"

Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum: the Prince, with a large carving knife, commenced his scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds: lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk again, exclaiming "Ha, ha! ho, ho!" and made his
AND THEATRICALS.

GARRICK.

The diffidence of Garrick, at first, withheld him from trying his strength upon a London Theatre: he thought the hazard too great; and, therefore, commenced his noviciate in acting with a company of players, then ready to set out for Ipswich, under the direction of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Dunstall, in the summer of 1741. The first effort of his theatrical talents was exerted in Aboan, in "Oroonoko," and met with applause, equal to his most sanguine desires. Under the assumed name of Lyddal, he not only enacted a variety of characters in plays, particularly Chamont, in the "Orphan;" Captain Brazen, in the
"Recruiting Officer;" and *Sir Harry Wildair*; but he likewise attempted the active feats of *Harlequin*. In every essay he was gratified with constant and loud applause; and Ipswich has always boasted of having first seen and encouraged this memorable actor.

Having thus vied his powers before a provincial audience, and taken all necessary steps for appearing to advantage upon a London stage, he made his first appearance before a London audience, October 19, 1741, at Goodman's Fields, when he acted *Richard III.*, for the first time. His acting was attended with the loudest acclamations of applause; and his fame so quickly spread through the town, that the more established Theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden were deserted. The inhabitants of the most polite part of the town were drawn after him; and, although the Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, was spoken of contemptuously, in the public journals of that time, "as a great ease to the Ladies of 'Rag Fair,' who were forced to trudge as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields, to mix themselves with the ladies of quality," this Theatre was now to be seen full of the splendor of St. James's and Grosvenor Square.
and Sir Harry Widerstteck, the actor, so much admired by the audience, was greeted with universal applause; and his first scene, as the manager, was met with rapturous applause, which lasted for a few minutes.

His powers before the audience are of such nobility that he could not fail to command the admiration of all present. His acting was perfect, and his delivery so natural that the audience was completely won over.

The performance was a great success, and the audience was so moved that they burst into tears, and the manager was loudly applauded for his performance.

The Theatre's splendor was remarkable, and the audience was completely captivated by the beauty of the performance.
We must not wonder that the players were the last to admire this rising genius; who, according to his biographer, (and surely he must know,) "are more liable to envy and jealousy than persons of most other professions." Quin and Cibber could not conceal their uneasiness and disgust at his great success. The patentees also of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres were seriously alarmed at the great deficiency in the receipts of their houses, and at the crowds which constantly filled the Theatre of Goodman's Fields; for Gifford, the manager there, having found the advantage from Garrick's acting, had admitted him to a full moiety of the profits; and Garrick, in consequence of his being perpetually admired, acted almost every night; and, to a long and fatiguing character in the play, he would frequently add another in the farce. Those patentees, therefore, united their effort to destroy the newly-raised seat of Theatrical empire, and, for this purpose, had recourse to law.

An Act of Parliament, the eleventh George II., co-operated with their endeavours; which were further aided by Sir John Barnard, who, for some reasons, was incensed against the comedians of Goodman's Fields; in consequence of which,
Garrick entered into an agreement with Fleetwood, patentee of Drury Lane, for £500 a year; and, soon after, Gifford and his wife made the best terms they could with the same proprietor.

THE BLACK-FRIARS THEATRE.

The situation of this ancient Theatre was close upon the spot where Apothecaries' Hall now stands, and there is still a place in the neighbourhood, called Playhouse Yard. The date of its erection is uncertain, but it was contemporary with the Globe, and belonged to the same company, who were called "The King's Servants," and who played alternately at each of them; that is to say, at the Globe in the Summer, and by daylight; and at the Black-friars in Winter, and by candle-light. The Blackfriars is stated to have been a private Theatre; but it is not easy to ascertain what it was that constituted this distinction. When it was first erected, it appears to have been proposed, that none but persons of respectability, or, in the phraseology of the times, "select and judicious citizens," should be admitted. To this the following passage from "Pasquil and Katharine," refers.
A man agreement was made in Wensley Lane, for a yard and his wife, to stand with the same.

Friars Theatre.

Apotheorists filled a place in the Yard. The doors but it was soon opened to the multitude of loose characters seem to have gathered around it, as round its more celebrated contemporary. At least, such is the complaint against it in the following dialogue between Bird and Flowerdew, "two of the sanctified fraternity of Blackfriars," taken from Randolph's "Muses' Looking-glass," which was first acted at this Theatre in 1630.

Bird. I have heard our friar
Call Play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

Flowerdew. Why then the city will, in time, be made
An university of iniquity.

We dwell by Black-fryers college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
Alleyn appears, at one time, to have been proprietor of this Theatre, as well as "The Fortune," and to have been at a considerable expense in rebuilding it, as we learn from the following entry in his diary, which is still preserved, at Dulwich College, under the date of September, 1618.

"Money disbursed for the building of the Bluchfriers for this year, and in anno 1617, when it first began, with the £00l. disbursed by my father; buying in of leases, charges in law, and the building itself, is £1105 : 0 : 2."

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

M. KOTZEBUE was the son of a counsellor of legation of the Duchy of Weimar. Having become, at the age of twenty, private secretary to General Bour, one of the best informed military men in Prussia, he gained the good-will of the Empress Catharine, for whom he composed some pieces, which were acted at the Theatre of the Hermitage.

Induced by a romantic attachment, he married a noble Russian lady. He was quickly raised to the situation of president of the civil government at Revel, in Esthonia, and to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was decorated with the insignia of several orders. The inde-
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pendence of his principles caused him, in 1795, to
send in his resignation. He accepted, in 1796, the
office of manager of the Theatre, at Vienna, but
was soon disgusted with a situation surround-
ed by embarrassment and unpleasantness. On
his return to Russia, in 1809, he was arrested
on the frontier of the empire, and conducted to
Kurgau, a pretty little town in Siberia, where he
enjoyed full liberty, and caused his dramatic
pieces to be acted by the inhabitants.

His numerous friends soon removed all im-
pressions against him from the mind of the Em-
peror Paul I., and this monarch recalled him to
court, and heaped favours upon him. During
the first years of Alexander’s reign, he travelled
through France, Italy, and Germany, and, after-
wards, apparently fixed his residence at Berlin,
where he undertook the management of a jour-
nal; but, after some years, having cause of dis-
pleasure against Buonaparte, he retired thence to
a small estate which he possessed in Estonia.
Admiration and hatred did not fail to pursue him
even in his rural retreat. While the thunders of
the Moniteur were levelled against him, the Agri-
cultural Society, of London, sent him some farm-
ing implements; and the English admiral, commanding in the Baltic, permitted the present of peace to pass unmolested. Kotzebue took part in the manifestoes and diplomatic notes of the Russian Cabinet, published in 1811 and 1812. The Emperor Alexander recompensed his services by naming him at first, in 1813, consul general of Konigsberg; and afterwards, in 1816, by connecting him with the department of foreign affairs, as counsellor of state.

In 1817, he received a commission to go to Germany, in order to send reports directly to the Emperor Alexander on the state of literature and public opinion in Germany. He settled for this purpose at Weimar, where he published, at the same time, a Literary Journal, in which he constituted himself judge of all writing in every branch of literature which he thought worthy of notice, and, at the same time, delivered his opinions on politics, and on the spirit of the times, in the manner which his opponents considered partial and illiberal in the extreme. His Cossack-like tactics, with which he made war upon all liberal ideas, especially the wishes of the people, for representative constitutions, freedom for the press, &c., in the name of sound
The English admiral, on
receiving the present
request, Kotzebue took
up diplomatic notes of the
felicity he had in 1811 and 1812,
and was recomposed his first, in 1813, consul.
Afterwards, in 1816, he was appointed by the
commission to go and report directly to the
Empress of Bavaria. He settled in Vienna,
where he published the Austrian Journal, in which
he established himself. At the same time, he delved
into the spirit of the time, and his opponents called
him the extreme. With which he held
especially the whigs.

The constitution
in the name of sound
reason, of which he considered himself the represen-
tative, gained him great applause with a
certain class of readers, but it drew upon him
the indignation of no inconsiderable part of the
nation, particularly from the ardent minds of
the German youth; and in this tendency of his
literary labours, we must, doubtless, look for
the chief cause of his violent and tragical death;
for he was assassinated March 13, 1819.

Although the public supposed him to be much
older, from the numerous writings which he had
published the last forty years, he was but fifty-
eight years old. He was twice married, and
left fourteen children; the eldest of whom is a
Captain in the Austrian service; another son, M.
Otto de Kotzebue, is a Lieutenant in the Russian
navy, and has already rendered himself celebra-
ted by his voyage round the world. A third son,
Maurice, also an officer in the Russian army,
published, some time ago, an interesting account
of the Russian embassy in Persia, to which he
was attached.—Thus, the talents of the children
seem likely to add a still greater lustre to
the name which the father has rendered so celeb-
trated.
IRELAND'S SHAKESPEARE.

The late Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk-merchant in Spital-fields, was led, by his taste for literary antiquities, to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several elegant Tours, which may be regarded as works of standard taste. One of them consisted of "A Tour on the River Avon," during which he was led to explore, with ardent curiosity, every thing that related to our immortal Bard. During the excursion, he was accompanied by his son, a sprightly youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's mania on the subject of Shakespeare. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his father attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some production of his own, in the language and manner of the time.

This idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS. professed to be in the hand-writing of Shakspeare, which he said had been given to him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers. This young man be-
ing article to a Solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in the first instance, a deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Fraser. The extacy which his father expressed, urged him to forge other documents, described as coming from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse, and, at length, commenced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of "Vortigern," which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with the paper of the period, being the fly-leaves of old books, and with ink prepared by a book-binder, no suspicion was entertained of deception.

The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such credit to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world, and all England, was drawn to it, insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was thus goaded into the production of the series he had announced.

The house of Mr. Ireland, in Norfolk Street, was crowded to excess by persons of the highest
rank, and of the greatest celebrity in the republic of letters.

The MSS. being generally decreed genuine, were considered of inestimable worth; and, at one time, it was expected that parliament would have given any required sum for them. Some amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was supported by some of the newspapers and public journals; but, at length, Mr. Sheridan gave 600l. for permission to play "Vortigern," at Drury Lane Theatre. Such a house was never seen, and ten-times more persons left the doors, than those who could gain admittance. The predetermined mal-contents began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast character converted grave scenes into ridicule, and a contest ensued between the believers and sceptics, which endangered the property. The piece, however, was got through. The juvenile author was now so beset, for full information, that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonder-fullferment, which his ingenuity had created, published a pamphlet, in which he confessed the entire fabrication. Besides "Vortigern,"
he also produced a play called, "Henrey the Second;" and although there were such incongruities in both, as were not inconsistent with Shakspeare's dramas, both plays contained passages of beauty and originality. The ingenuous admission of the son did not, however, screen the responsible father from obloquy, and the re-action of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland was the dupe of his zeal on such subjects; and the son never contemplated, at the outset, the unfortunate effect which took place, being partly consummated, by the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare, some of whom, as Drs. Parr and Warton, fell on their knees before the papers; and, by their idolatry, inspired hundreds of others with a similar enthusiasm. The juvenile author was filled with astonishment and alarm, but, at that stage, it was out of his power to check it. Mr. Ireland died about 1802: his son is still living.

MRS. SIDDONS'S FIRST RISE.

In 1775, Mrs Siddons appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, in Mrs. Cowley's insipid comedy, "The Runaway;" but, although she displayed talents, the piece did not succeed.
It was still confidently asserted, that she needed only to be brought forward in parts equal to her genius, to shine forth a theatrical star of the first magnitude; and her friends lamented the selfish policy of Garrick, who avoided bringing her forward, from a fear, that she would divide the public attention with him. As his jealousy, even of female performers, was well known, the truth of the assertion was never doubted; and an anecdote in particular was circulated, that on an occasion of dispute with Miss Younge, who had begun, as well as other actresses, to show a refractory temper, he had said, "I'll tell you this; you had better not give yourself airs, for there is a woman in the house, who, if I choose to bring her forward, would eclipse you all in youth, beauty, and talent."

These mysterious expressions were considered by Yates, Younge, and Abington, the three reigning female favourites, as merely an empty boast; and much mirth was excited by the idea of Garrick's "Green Room Goddess," for such was the name she had obtained, in consequence of the praises he had bestowed on her. Her attraction, however, was not sufficient to enable her to obtain a renewed engagement at the end of
confidently asserted, that he had brought forward in private lines for a theatrical talent; and her friends knew, that Garrick, who avoided the public, was on his way to a rival, that she would compete with him. As his performers were well known, it was never doubted that Miss Younge, with her boldness, and other actresses, to show how they had said, “I’ll tell you all in youth!”, expressions were excited Abington, the theatre, as merely an empress, excited by the idea of a Goddess,” for maintained, in consequence, her sufficiency to enable engagement at the end of the season. A few years after Richard Brinsley Sheridan had succeeded to the direction of the Theatre, the elder Mr. Sheridan, while at Bath for his health, was strongly solicited to go to the play, to witness the performance of a young actress, who was said to distance all competition in tragedy.

Though in general he had a dislike to provincial exhibitions, Mr. Sheridan was influenced by the warm commendations bestowed upon this young performer, to depart from his usual practice, and go to the Theatre to see her. He found, to his astonishment, that it was the lady who made so little impression on him, some years before, in “The Runaway,” but who, as Garrick secretly declared, was possessed of tragic powers sufficient to delight and electrify an audience. There prevailed at that time, and long afterwards, a very disagreeable clause in the articles of the Bath company, by which they were obliged to perform also at Bristol, and, in consequence, by some mistake in their frequent and hurried journey, the stage clothes of this admired actress were not arrived on the night Mr. Sheridan saw her, and she was obliged to perform in one of the dresses she usually wore in private life. But
no disadvantage of dress could conceal her transcendent merit from an eye so penetrating as that of Mr. Sheridan; and, after the play was over, he went behind the scenes, to get introduced to her, and to compliment her, in the highest terms, on her performance.

Such a distinction, from a judge of his acknowledged merit, could not fail of being highly flattering. Mr. Sheridan said, "I am surprised, madam, that, with such talents, you should confine yourself to the country; talents, that would be sure of commanding, in London, fame and success."—The actress modestly replied, that she had already tried London, but without the success which had been anticipated; and that she was advised, by her friends, to be content with the fame and profit to be obtained from Bath, particularly as her voice was deemed unequal to the extent of a London Theatre.

Mr. Sheridan, who had judged very differently of this actress's powers from what her modesty induced her to do herself, spoke, immediately on his return to London, to Mr. King, the acting manager of Drury Lane Theatre, strenuously recommending to him, if he had any regard to the interests of the Theatre, to engage a performer...
The kindness of Mr. Sheridan, which did not now terminate, shewed itself in every possible way in her behalf, and was gratefully acknowledged by the object of it; who, when at the height of her professional prosperity, was wont to term him "The father of my fortune, and my fame."

**FARINELLI.**

This Italian singer flourished in 1736. "One
God, one Farinelli," was the enthusiastic and impious exclamation of one of his female admirers, whose beauty, not animated by good sense, procured for her rank and fortune. The nett annual receipt of Farinelli, while in England, was, by his own confession, in an hour of gaiety, four thousand pounds; but Philip V., King of Spain, unwilling that England should possess such a treasure, enticed him to Madrid, by a pension of two thousand pounds a year: to this income was added the dignity and emolument of a knight of Calatrava.—After the death of his royal patron, this fortunate candidate for public favour retired to enjoy a splendid independence in his native country, and built a magnificent house near Bologna, where he was visited by several English travellers.

SHAKESPEARE'S REMAINS.

Shakespere has anathematized, in some lines on his tomb, any one who might disturb his bones; yet, about the year 1811, in digging a grave for a deceased ecclesiastic, the grave-digger proceeded so near to Shakspeare's coffin, as to break away a part of it: and Mr. Wheeler, the ingenious historian of Stratford, was tempted by curiosity, and stimulated by the anathema, to...
thrust his hand into the coffin, and take hold of the bard’s skull; which, however, he did not presume to disturb.

**EPIGRAM.**

On reading of a gentleman of the name of Lightfoot being robbed of notes to a considerable amount, at the door of Drury Lane Theatre, when going to see Mr. Kemm, in "A new way to pay old debts."

Lightfoot, perhaps, had walk’d some miles
To give the play his praise and penny;
To find ere he could see Sir Giles,
One Over-reach at least too many.

"Tis hard," he cried, "to be thus cross’d,—
By one’s own base relation robb’d;
For, doubtless, what Lightfoot has lost,
Lightfinger has that instant fob’d.

"But hence, vain grief!—Away from me!
That man is half a fool who frets;
My money gone, it’s time to see
This same ‘New Way to Pay Old Debts.’"  

George Frederick Cooke.

The late George F. Cooke had been performing at the old Theatre, Limerick. The last night of his appearance, he acted Petruchio, and, a little before the fall of the curtain, he had paid such constant attention to a little keg of whiskey, that the fumes overpowered his faculties, and in
bestowing the whip upon the unfortunate Grumio, he belaboured him so severely, that the miserable actor roared in downright earnest, every now and then threatening Cooke with a retaliation, who, doubly inspired on the occasion, both by the beverage he had drank, and the protection of the audience, persevered till he had made a clear stage for himself. The actor who had been thus treated vowed vengeance on Cooke, which he was determined to inflict the moment he had undressed himself. Somewhat sobered by these threats, Petruchio bethought himself of the advice of Hudibras—

"He who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Heedless of the strangeness of his dress, he instantly slipped down the back stairs, and sought refuge in one of the obscure alleys behind the Theatre. It was then just twelve o'clock, and as Cooke had rambled out of the high street, he did not even encounter a watchman asleep on his post. The sounds of woe, issuing with strange solemnity from an humble hut, presently attracted his attention; they proceeded from an assemblage of persons, who (according to a custom still continued in the Southern parts of Ireland, on the death of a relation; bed, round a howl, in mind the loss of Petr individual as a play; imagined horror on Frederic at ticket of the group, first encounter of the bed, was placed, with his eyes intoxication

"How ne What is Thunders and the ton the mourners creep remainder ferently, to devil, for George, w
and theatricals.

of a relation, or even acquaintance) were assembled round a dead body, chanting a dismal song, or howl, in full chorus. The reader must bear in mind the broad brimmed hat and whimsical dress of Petruchia, and that, most likely, not one individual assembled in that place had ever seen a play; imagine, then, if possible, the wonder and horror of the poor simple souls, when George Frederick applied his shoulder to the slender wicket of the cabin, plunged into the midst of the group, sword in hand, oversetting those he first encountered, and advancing up to the foot of the bed, on which the body of an old woman was placed, exclaiming, in his own rough way, with his eyes distended to the utmost extent by intoxication——

“How now, ye secret black and midnight hags, What is’t ye do?”

Thunderstruck by the figure of the apparition, and the tones which proceeded from it, some of the mourners sought shelter under the bed, others crept half way up the chimney, while the remainder sallied out into the lane, praying, most fervently, to be released from the visitation of the devil, for a human being none could suppose George, who, left alone with the shrivelled re-
mains of the old peasant, taking her parchment-coloured hand, pathetically exclaimed—

"O, my love! my wife!"

Death that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.

Thou art not conquered—beauty’s ensign yet

Is crimson on thy lips."—

"Beauty!—no, hang me, if it is thought;

Avant, thou horrid spectre!"

"But stop," said George, for his eye at that instant rested on a jug of whiskey punch, smoking in the chimney corner;—he eagerly grasped the handle and cried,

"Here’s to my love."

The affrighted company taking by degrees a little courage, ventured, one by one, to peep through the key-hole, and then observing George had thrown away his sword, returned into the apartment, when he, in order to encourage them, exclaimed—"Don’t fear me; ’tis only George Frederick Cooke; come, sit down, I’ll smoke with you, and drink with you, aye, and pray with you, my jolly lads and lasses." Thus re-assured, George became gradually a great favourite with them, and revelled in the delights of tobacco and whiskey, "until his eye-lids could no longer
wag." He was then quietly placed on the bed with his imaginary Juliet, until the next morning, when he was discovered in his retreat, and conveyed home to his lodgings in a sedan chair.

**FOOTE’S BURLESQUE OF THE GREEK DRAMA.**

Foote once told Lord Carlisle, that he had it in contemplation to bring out a piece, for the purpose of ridiculing the absurdities of the Greek Drama.

The plan was as follows;—He was to introduce but one character, who was to be a mock despotic monarch, to be attended by a chorus of tinkers, taylors, blacksmiths, musicians, bakers, &c. &c. The great personage was to strut about the stage, boast of the unlimited extent of his imperial power, threaten all with fire and sword, to take the city of London, storm the Tower, and even to threaten to dethrone the reigning sovereign himself. The chorus, terrified at these menaces and exploits, were then to fall upon their knees, tear their hair, beat their breasts, and supplicate his *Most Imperial Highness*, to spare the effusion of so much human blood; to which, after a conflict of contending passions, during the course of five acts, the hero was to
agree, and then the piece was to conclude with a full hymn of thanksgiving for the deliverance of so many individuals.

**Generosity of Mr. Kean.**

In the year 1817, when Mr. Kean was playing at Buxton, the prices were raised, and the house was quite full. Mr. K. was to have half of the money taken at the doors. Next day, the manager, as by agreement, carried the half to Mr. K.; but he being informed that the manager had experienced the frowns of fortune, refused to accept of it. “I'll have none of it,” (said he) “and my reason is this; you have nine children to maintain, and I have only one.”

**Plot of a Farce, Acted Before Charles IX. of France.**

The following story will give the reader some idea of the Ancient Farce.

“In the month of August, 1550, an advocate fell into such melancholy and alienation of mind, that he affirmed and believed himself to be dead. For this reason he would neither speak, laugh, eat, nor walk, but continued to lie in bed. He became, at last, so weak that it was every hour expected that he would expire, when a nephew of his wife hap-
pee was to conclude living for the delivery.

OF MR. KEAN.

en Mr. Kean was raised, and the house to have half of the light ed wax candles around him, in the chamber where his uncle was lying. Every thing was so well imitated, that no one who saw him could refrain from laughter; not even the very nurse of the sick advocate, afflicted as she was, nor the nephew himself, could forbear, he being moved by the strange grimaces of the persons around him endeavouring to contain themselves. The patient, for whom all this was done, asked his wife who was upon the table? and she answered, 'It is the corpse of your deceased nephew.' 'Nay,' answered the sick man, 'how can he be dead, since I have just seen him laugh till his sides ached?' to which the wife answered, that the dead laughed. The advocate was desirous of making the experiment upon himself, ordered them to bring a looking glass, and tried whether he could laugh. Finding the thing very possible, he was persuaded that the dead had that faculty; and, with this, his cure began.

AND THEATRICALS.
"The nephew, after having continued lying upon the table about three hours, asked for some food, that he might eat. A capon was presently brought to him, which he devoured, and likewise a pint of wine.

"Seeing this, the advocate asked whether the dead could eat? and being assured they could, and did, he then demanded some food, which was brought to him, and he ate with a good appetite. From this time, he continued to perform the actions of a man of sound understanding, and his melancholy went gradually. This history was made into a farce, then printed, and afterwards played before his Majesty, Charles IX."

MICHAEL STOPPELAER, THE ACTOR.

This votary of the mimic art was a native of the Sister Isle, and had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but imbibing a love for acting, he quitted those academic bowers for the stage, in which pursuit he attained but little eminence. He was more celebrated for his blunders than for his acting, and for a singular faculty he possessed of uttering absurd speeches, and disagreeable truths, without any design to offend the party to whom they were addressed: one
or having continued in three hours, the night eat. A certain man, which he described to some of his performers, when Stoppelar was present, concerning the very disproportioned agreement he had just entered into with one of his tragedians, named Halland, when Stoppelar stepped up to him and said, "Upon my soul, sir, he got the blind side of you there." Rich was somewhat nettled at this remark, and being apprehensive of hearing something from the same quarter still more offensive, he left the company. As soon as the manager was out of hearing, one of the party observed to Stoppelar, that his speech was exceedingly improper, and greatly affronting, as every body knew that Mr. Rich had a great blemish in one of his eyes. "Upon my word (replied the unconscious Stoppelar) I never heard of it before: I'll set the thing to rights, for I'll go immediately, and ask his pardon."

EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTION.

At the end of "Don Juan," there is an air sung by the Don, in embracing one of his fair ones. In this air the words occur, "Viva la Libertad!" not, of course, in the sense of politics, but in the sense of gallantry. It was thought
dangerous, by the dramatic censors of Paris, in 1821, to allow a viva to be raised to Liberty, even in an Italian song, and the actor was ordered to substitute the words "Viva la Hilarita!" against all the rules of sense and metre. In this manner it is always sung, to the great amusement of the sensible dilletanti, who know the liberty taken with the original.

DR. JOHNSON'S "IRENE."

In 1749, Garrick having become manager of Drury Lane, employed the theatrical power, with which he had just been vested, in bringing out Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," which had long been kept back; but in this benevolent purpose he met with no little difficulty from the temper of Johnson, who could not brook that a Drama which he had formed with much study, and which he had been obliged to keep for more than the nine years of Horace, should be reversed and altered at the pleasure of an actor; yet Garrick knew that without several alterations it would be unfit for the stage. A violent dispute having ensued between them, Garrick applied to the Rev. Dr. Taylor to interpose. Johnson was, at first, very obstinate: "Sir," said he, "the fellow wants me to make
Makomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands, and kicking his heels.” He, however, was prevailed upon to comply with Garrick’s wishes, and to permit a certain number of changes to be made, but still not enough to ensure its successful representation.

Before the curtain drew up, cat-calls were whistling, which alarmed some of Johnson’s friends. The prologue, written in a manly strain, awed the audience, by the extraordinary spirit and dignity displayed in some of its lines; and the play went on smoothly until it approached to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine, was to be strangled before the audience, and had to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out “murder! murder!” She attempted to speak, but in vain; and, at last, she quitted the stage alive.

This passage was afterwards expunged, and she was carried off to suffer death behind the scenes, as the play now has it. “Irene” was produced on the 6th of Feb. 1749, and performed nine nights. Johnson received £100 for the copy right from Dodsley, and netted £195: 17s. by three benefit nights.
THE COCKPIT, IN DRURY LANE.

This Theatre had originally been dedicated to the purpose which its name imports; it was also frequently called the Phoenix, from the circumstance of that fabulous bird having been chosen for its sign, when it was converted into a Play-House. It was situated opposite the Castle Tavern, and there is still in existence, a passage from Drury Lane into Great Wild Street, called Cock-pit alley; and Phoenix alley, leading from Long Acre into Hart Street, probably owes its title to the neighbouring Theatre. This house was pulled down by the populace on the 4th of May 1617; and, during the work of demolition, many persons were killed and wounded by the falling in of its walls.

It appears, from a letter sent, on this occasion, by the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor and Justices, that the mob consisted of many thousands of persons, who, smitten with the love of morality, began by pulling down the bagnios, and in the height of their zeal, extended their Reformation to this Theatre. The House was speedily rebuilt, and the performances were continued until 1648. Soon after the Restoration, Thomas Killigrew obtained a license for the building of
AND THEATRICALS.

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a new Theatre, which he erected on the site of the Old Cock-pit; and his company, who had now obtained the appellation of "The King's Company," removed to this Theatre, which was opened on the 8th of April, 1663, with Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of "The Humorous Lieutenant."

Mrs. Jordan.

This once inimitable actress, whose talents and amiable disposition will long continue to hold a place in the tablet of memory, while performing in Glasgow, was presented by the audience with a gold medal, which they enclosed in the following letter.—

"Madam,

Accept this trifle from the Glasgow audience, who are as great admirers of genius as the critics of Edinburgh."

On one side of the medal is the Glasgow arms which is a tree, &c. On the reverse, a feather, with the following inscription.

Buy's from our tree you could not gather,
No branch of it deserves the name.
So take it all, call it a feather,
And place it in your cap of fame.
LES TABLEAUX.

Some few years ago, the following singular bill of fare was distributed by the company of actors of the town of Offenburg, in the grand duchy of Baden.

"THE SEVEN WORDS ON THE CROSS, AND ASCENSION OF JESUS:

A Pantomimic Exhibition, in Seven Movements.

First Tableau. The taking of Jesus, and cutting off the ear of Malchus, in two movements. Persons: Jesus, Peter, John, James, Colonel of the Jews, Malchus, Iscariot, and the multitude of the Jews.

Second. — The accusation and blow in the face, in two movements. Persons: Jesus, Calaphas, several High Priests, and people.

Third. — The denial of Peter, in two movements. Persons: Jesus, High Priests, and Guard; Peter seated at the fire with servants.


Fifth. — The Scourging.

Sixth. — Pilate washes his hands. Persons: Jesus, Pilate, and Jews.

Seventh. — Erection of the Cross. Persons: Jesus, under the Cross, Veronica with the napkin, and people.


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seventh movement, 

prevails, till the place is illumined by a pale fire. The dead rise from their graves. The guard and people sink to the ground, terrified at the miracles. Jesus is pierced by Longinus.

Ninth.—The taking down from the cross. Persons: Jesus, Mary Magdalen, Salome, Joseph of Arimathea, people.

Tenth.—The grave of Jesus.

Eleventh.—The ascension of Jesus, in two movements. Persons: Jesus, and his disciples: accompanied with double Greek fire. Jesus ascends in a cloud to Heaven.

N.B.—New decorations.

GARRICK, AND PREVILE THE FRENCH COMEDIAN.

The last time that Garrick was at Paris, Preville invited him to his Villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French Theatre. Garrick being in a gay humour, proposed to travel in one of the hired coaches, that go to Versailles, on which road the Villa of Preville was situated. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered he would do so when he go his compliment of four passengers. A droll whim seized Garrick, and he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art.

While the coachman, therefore, was attentively
plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of
the door, went round the coach, and, by his won-
derful command of countenance, palmed him-
self upon the coachman as another passenger; 
this he did twice, and was admitted, each time, 
as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and 
admiration of Preville. He whipped out a third 
time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, 
was answered in a surly tone, "that he had al-
ready got his compliment;" and he would have 
driven off without him, had not Preville called 
out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very 
little man, they would, to accommodate the gen-
tleman, contrive to make room.

TOM D'URFEY.

This singular individual was a lively genius, 
and diverting companion, and a cheerful, honest, 
good-natured fellow. He was the delight of the 
best companies, from the beginning of Charles 
the Second's reign to the latter part of that of 
George the First. Tom shared the usual fate 
of those whose only merit is to contribute to 
merriment; and, towards the latter part of his 
life, he stood in need of assistance to prevent 
his passing the remainder of it in prison: to

speak in his more Odes and as many Com- 
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speak in his own words, "After having written more Odes than Horace, and about four times as many Comedies as Terence, he found himself reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song."

**SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE.**

This distinguished Dramatist discovered, at an early period, a propensity to poetry, and is said to have written a song before she had attained her seventh year. She was left an orphan at an early age, having had the misfortune to lose her father before she was ten years old, and her mother before she had completed her twelfth year.

Having been treated with a degree of harshness by those, to whose care she was committed after the death of her mother, she resolved, whilst very young, to quit the country, and proceed to London to seek her fortune. The circumstances of her life, at this period, are involved in much obscurity, and the particulars which are recorded seem somewhat romantic: it is said, that she attempted her journey to the capital alone, on foot,
and on her way thither was met by Anthony Hammond, Esq. father of the author of the Love Elegies: this gentleman, who was then a member of the University of Cambridge, was struck with her youth and beauty, and offered to take her under his protection. Either her distress, inclination, or inexperience, induced her to comply with his proposal, and she accompanied him to Cambridge; where, having equipped her in boy’s clothes, he introduced her to his college intimates as a relation, who was come down to see the University, and to pass some time with him.

Under this disguise, an amorous intercourse was carried on between them for some months; but, at length, being probably apprehensive that the affair would become known in the University, he persuaded her to go to London, which she agreed to; and he generously presented her with a considerable sum of money, and recommended her, by letter, to a lady in town, with whom he was well acquainted; assuring her, at the same time, that he would speedily follow her; this promise appears, however, not to have been performed; yet, notwithstanding her unfavourable introduction into life, she was married, in her sixteenth year, to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox,
er was met by Lady Anne, who was then a widow, and offered to be her husband; but she, possessing both wit and personal attractions, soon obtained the consolation of another husband, whose name was Carrol. He was an officer in the army, and was, unfortunately, killed in a duel, about a year and a half after their marriage; and she became, a second time, a widow.

It was at this period of her life that she presented herself before the public as a dramatic authoress, to which she was probably, in some degree, induced by the narrowness of her circumstances. Some of her earlier pieces were published under the name of Carrol. Her attachment to dramatic amusements was so great, that she not only distinguished herself as a writer for the Theatre, but, also, became a performer in it; though it is far from probable that she attained any great celebrity as an actress, as she appears never to have played at the Theatres of the Metropolis. In 1706, she acted the part of Alexander the Great, in Lee's tragedy of the "Rival Queens," at Windsor, where the Court then was; and, in this heroic character, she made so powerful an impression upon the heart of Mr. Joseph Centlivre, (yeoman of the mouth, or principal
cook to Queen Anne,) that he soon after married her, and with him she lived happily until her decease, which happened December 1st, 1723.

EMERY, THE COMEDIAN.

This admirable actor was, at one period of his career, celebrated for his personation of the incorruptible, but tender-hearted Sentinel, in "Pizarro."

One evening, "Pizarro" was advertised, and the audience, having waited beyond the usual time for the curtain to rise, became impatient; when, at length, an actor came forward, and informed the audience, that in consequence of the absence of a principal performer, they were obliged to request a few minutes longer indulgence. The actor was scarcely off the stage when Mr. John Kemble, dressed for Rolla, walked on and said,—"Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you, that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" The house received this explanation without any expression of disappointment. Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a
face red with haste, and wet with perspiration, on rushed the culprit. Emery staid some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated; and at length delivered himself to this effect—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had occasion to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me, shortly, to offer my excuse; when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant assemblage. Ladies, (for you I must particularly address) my wife!"—and here the poor fellow's feelings almost overcame him—"my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I"—thunders of applause interrupted the and I ran for the doctor."—"You've said enough!" exclaimed a hundred tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe."—"Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and, after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired; having first placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption, but it appeared that Emery had not forgotten his
obligation to Kemble; for, in that scene before the prison in which Rolfa tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:—

Rolfa. Have you a wife?
Sentinel. I have.
Rolfa. Children?
Sentinel. I had two this morning—I have got three now.

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long, that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

THEATRICAL CENSORSHIP.

Sir Robert Walpole has the reputation of being the contriver of the Act of Parliament, for submitting theatrical performances to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain, and, thereby, establishing a censorship on the drama, which would, at once, stop the voice of censure upon his long reign of power, from that quarter. The manner of effecting this purpose gave great offence.

An underling was procured to scribble a drama:
matic piece, under the title of "The Golden Rump," a farrago of obscenity, blasphemy, and political abuse; and, in short, a ridicule of every moral and religious institution. It was then presented to Gifford, (one of the managers,) who, previously taught his part, brought it to the Minister. He, shocked at such a mass of enormity, carried it down to the House, recited some of the most exceptionable passages; and an act for submitting the Drama, to the Lord Chamberlain's inspection, passed almost unanimously.

SHERIDAN, THOMSON, AND GARRICK.

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

DEATH OF JOSEPH MIELB.

An extract from a private letter from Lausanne, dated February 28, 1823, from which it appears, that he died in consequence of an attack of continued apoplexy, will best explain the particulars of the demise of this celebrated tragedian.

"Dear Sir,—I have not forgotten your request, that, on my arrival at Lausanne, I would present your best recollections to your friend, Mr. Kemble. I came here on Monday evening, the 24th inst. and he died on the 26th inst. Our great tragedian is no more, and he who, in histrionic art, could so well depict the final pangs of nature, has been called upon in turn to act the part in sad reality. On Sunday, the 23rd inst. he was, in his own estimation, so very comfortable, that he seemed, on that day, in particularly good spirits. The next morning he arose, apparently quite well, breakfasted at nine, and, subsequently, went into an adjoining room
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to speak to Mrs. Kemble; and then, returning to his room, was observed to totter in his gait. Mrs. K. noticed him with anxiety, and assisted him to his chair, and, when seated, he looked over a number of "Galignani's Messenger;" but, getting worse, his friend and physician, Dr. Schole, was sent for, who arrived instantly, and found him in the position described, but altered, and exhibiting very unfavourable symptoms; his left side had suffered a decided attack, and he could with difficulty articulate. He seemed extremely anxious to spare the feelings of Mrs. K.—Dr. Schole, with the assistance of his old and attached servant, George, helped him to his bed; and, while in the act of conducting him there, a second attack took place so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might the more easily be let blood. But nature was fast exhausting; nor could he even make use of his speech, after a few words, which he uttered on Dr. Schole's arrival; he, however, assented or dissented by signs of his head until within two hours of his complete extinction. In fine, a third attack, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., just forty-eight hours since the first, proved fatal; and though, to a stranger, he might appear to suffer, it is the opinion of the doctor, that he was long insensible to acute feelings of pain. The English clergyman was also present."

His funeral took place, as stated in the above letter, on the Saturday ensuing the 1st of March, in a piece of ground adjoining the cemeterie, on the Berno road, procured under the direction of Mrs. K.
The Dean of Raphoe, who was then living at Lausanne, read the funeral service at the house of Mr. K.; and Mr. Cheeseborough, the resident clergyman, performed the melancholy service of the grave. The age of 66 is recorded on the coffin. Mr. Cheeseborough read prayers to Mr. K., when he could attend to them, and was with him when he died. The death of Mr. K. was sincerely felt by all persons at Lausanne, and his remains were followed to the grave by all the resident English, and by many Swiss. The English had no parties during the week, and one foreign lady put off a splendid party on account of Mr. K.'s decease.

PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS.

At an inn in a market town, where a company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers, an Irish gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper. A tall meagre fellow stalked in, and, after an earnest melancholy look at the fowl, he retired with a sigh: he repeated the visit a second time, and exclaimed—"That fowl will never be done in time."—"What do you mean?"
who was then living at the house, melancholy said the Zrishman, "That is for my supper, and you shan't touch a feather o'it."—"Oh, (replied the other,) you misunderstand me; I do not want the fowl, but I am to play Oroonoke this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the jack-chain!"

"The Conscious Lovers."

Victor, in his letters, says, that "this comedy was the last blaze of Steele's glory. I sat by him in Burton's box, at the first performance; all the performers charmed him but Griffin, in the character of Cimberon. The comedy was received with unusual applause; and his royal patron, to whom it was dedicated, (George I.) sent the author a present of £500. Whilst the play was in rehearsal, the surly old critic, Dennis, published a scurrilous pamphlet, to prejudice the public against it; and, amongst other scandalous things, he called Sir Richard, in his preface, "An Irish twopenny Author," alluding to the Tatlars and Spectators. This base vulgar treatment enraged me, rashly, to enter the lists, as you have seen the very young puppy bark at and nibble the heels of an old mastiff. Sir Richard was pleased with the attempt, and only in-
sisted that his young hero should print his name in front of the epistle, as it was directed to him. This was done, and the impression was sold off with the comedy."

**EPITAPH ON AN ACTOR.**

From early youth, train’d to the Thespian art,
On life’s great stage, I’ve play’d my varied part;
My entrance was auspicious; never boy,
In his debut, received more flatt’ring joy:
My first and second act pass’d smooth away,
Alternately in study, and in play;
I then advanc’d more forward in the scene,
And oft neglect made forfeits intervene.
My passions drew me into tragic scrapes,
And ill-laid plots brought with them dire mishaps.

Comic events, however, were not scarce,
And past dilemmas then became a farce.
Though want of property I’ve often known,
My wardrobe slender never made me groan;
In various shapes, not always at my ease,
I managed still to bustle through the piece;
Though wrong behind the curtain I might do,
My inward prompter kept me still in cue.
John Hunnieman, the Woman-Actor.

One of the most celebrated performers of female characters, previous to the civil wars, was John Hunnieman, who was also the author of a play, even the name of which seems to be buried in oblivion; although there is reason to believe, that, on its first production, it was received with no small degree of applause by the public. It is not known whether it was a Tragedy or Comedy, or whether, like so many of the dramas of that age, it partook of the nature of both. In fact, the only mention of it, with which we meet, is in a copy of verses addressed to the author by Sir Aston Cockaine, which we shall here transcribe, observing only, that if, as Sir Aston suggests, Hunnieman was worthy of being at all put in competition with the great name with which he has coupled him, the public loss in this play is, indeed, to be lamented; although we must, at the same time, confess, that it appears to us extremely improbable, to say the least, that a play, which merited the character here attributed to it, should never have been published, and that an Author of such transcendent merit should have given birth but to one dramatic production.
TO MR. JOHN HUNNIEMAN.

On, hopeful youth, and let thy happy strain
Redeem the glory of the Stage again;
Lessen the loss of Shakspeare's death by thy
Successful pen, and fortunate phantasy.
He did not only write but act, and so
Thou dost not only act, but writest too.
Between you there no difference appears,
But what may be made up with equal years.
This is my suffrage, and I scorn my pen
Should crown the heads of undeserving men.

What became of Hunnieman, after the suspension of dramatic performances, cannot be learned; for, from this time we lose all traces of many of the most celebrated performers. Some, we know, took the field under the banners of their sovereign, others applied themselves to trade; but very few indeed of those who delighted the audience of the days of Charles the first, survived to appear before his son.

EDWARD ALLEYN, THE ANCIENT COMEDIAN.

This celebrated comedian, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth and James I., was born in London, on the first of September 1566, of respectable parents. He was contemporary with Shakspeare, and was an original actor in some of his inimitable plays. He was in the most inti-
mate habits with our immortal poet, as well as Ben Jonson. They used frequently to spend their evenings together at the Globe, in company with a few other congenial spirits. A letter from one of the club is still preserved, which contains a curious anecdote, and shews the estimation in which Alleyn was held by his contemporaries. An extract is here given, without adhering to the orthography:

"I never longed for thy company more than last night; we were all very merry at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirm pleasantly to thy friend Will. (Shakespearo) that he had stolen his speech about the quality of an actor's excellency, in "Hamlet," his tragedy, from conversation manifold, which had passed between them, and opinions given by Alleyn touching the subject. Shakespear did not take the talk in good sort: but Jonson put an end to the strife, with remarking,—"This affair needeth no contention: you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel; have you not seen him act times out of number?"—

Alleyn was, indeed, the Garrick of his day: and is equally celebrated with that famous actor for versatile genius, corporeal agility, lively temper, and powerful elocution. They also resembled each other in another respect, in which they differ from most of their professional brethren, prudence and economy.
Acting seems to have been a lucrative profession in Alleyn's time; for he left a large fortune, which he devoted chiefly to charitable purposes. It must, however, be remembered, that Alleyn was the proprietor of a Theatre, as well as an actor, and that he had the direction of another fashionable amusement in those days, viz. the King's Bear Garden, which is said to have produced him a clear profit of £500 a year. Alleyn, overflowing with riches, and satiated with public fame, prepared to close the scene with some eclat. For this purpose, he founded Dulwich College. The building was built from the plan of Inigo Jones, who was one of the witnesses to the deed of settlement; and the institution, as founded by Alleyn, still continues.

Alleyn expended about £10,000 in the building; and that it might be suitably supported, he appropriated lands to the amount of £800 a-year, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows. The master and warden were always to be of the name of Alleyn, or Allen. Six poor men, and as many poor women, were to be supported in the hospital; besides twelve poor boys, who were to be educated in
AND THEATRICALS.

good literature, till the age of fourteen or sixteen, and then put out to honest trades and callings. Alleyn was only forty-eight years of age, when he made this endowment, and he took care to see it carried into effect. But, what is still more extraordinary, after the hospital was completed, he was so pleased with the institution that he resolved to be, himself, one of the first pensioners. Accordingly, during the remainder of his life, he conformed strictly to the rules of the house, and appeared perfectly satisfied with the allowance which his bounty had made for the indigent. Along with this apparent self-denial he still displayed a laudable attention to his temporal interest: and either for his own gratification, or with a view to the public good, he continued, even after his establishment of the hospital, to draw considerable profits as manager of the Theatre. Besides the above, he founded several alms-houses in London and Southwark, with competent provision. This singular and estimable character died November the 25th, 1626, and lies buried in the Chapel of the College.

PONT-ALAIS.

PONT-ALAIS was author, actor, and manager
of the Mysteries, in the fifteenth century. His repartees, and manner of delivering them, procured him admission to the first families; nay, he had even 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 said, "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, thoroughfares, and 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 announced, in sermon time, in the open place, opposite the church of Saint Eustache. The curate, seeing the people crowd out of the church, left his pulpit, went up to the actor, and asked, "Who made you daring enough to beat your drum, while I preach?"—"And who made you daring enough to preach, while my drum is beating?"

* This has been done, in small country towns of England, in the memory of many persons, now living.
replied Pont-Alais. This insolent repartee rendered the curate silent for the moment; but, on application to the magistrate, Pont-Alais was for some months imprisoned. Pont-Alais's barber complained, that the parts given him to perform were too insignificant; on which Pont-Alais gave him the part of one of the Kings of the East, seated him on a high throne, and standing behind his shoulders, maliciously repeated:

Je suis des moindres le mineur,
Et n'ai pas vaillent un teston;
Mais le roi d' Inde, le majeur,
M'a souvent rasé le menton.

I'm the least of the least,
Not a sixpence to save me;
But this king of the East
Very often has shavèd me.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO SECRETARY WALSINGHAM, AGAINST STAGE PLAYS.

"The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great an hindrance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof; and not without cause for, every day in the week, the players' bills are set up in sundry places. Some, in the name of
Her Majesty's men; some, the Earl of Leicester's; some, the Earl of Oxford's; the Lord Admiral's, and divers others; so that, when the bells toll to the lectures, the trumpets sound to the stages. The play-houses are pestered, when the churches are naked: at the one, it is not possible to get a place; at the other, seats are plenty. It is woeful to see 200 proud players in their silks, when 300 poor people starve in the streets. But, if this mischief must be tolerated, let every stage in London pay a weekly pension to the poor, that ex hoc malo perveniat aliquid bonum. But it were rather to be wished, that players might be used, as Apollo did his laughing, semel in anno."

"THE SPANISH PRIAR."

This tragedy, which is by far the best of Dryden's dramatic efforts, was much decried, both by his enemies and the adherents of the Duke of York, on its first representation. The former said it was merely stolen from other authors; though it trenchcd too much on the Popish religion. The witty Charles, however, thought otherwise; he said, in regard to the latter, that knaves in every profession should alike be sub-

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ch is by far the forts, was much and the adherents of first representation. stely stolen from ed too much on the Charles, however, regard to the latter: sion should alike have ject to ridicule; and, as to the first, he exclaimed, "A word in your ear, gentlemen! Steal me such another play, any of you, and I will frequent it as much as I do "The Spanish Friar."

FOOTE'S CAT MUSIC.

When Foote first opened the Theatre in the Haymarket, amongst other ingenious projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of Cat-music: to accomplish this, he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicking the mewing of Cats. This person, from his possessing this singular faculty, was called "Cat Harris."—Foote, having fixed a rehearsal of this odd concert, Harris, from some circumstances or other, neglected to attend. Foote accordingly requested Shuter would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. Shuter, as in duty bound, sallied forth on this momentous expedition; and after wandering for some time, was directed to a court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived. He accordingly bent his steps thither, and having reached the place of his destination, not knowing the house, Shuter very sagaciously began a
Cat solo. This had the desired effect; for the other looked out of the window in a twinkling, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along, my lad," (holla'd Shuter,) "I want no better information than that thou art the man.—Mr. Foote stays for us; we cannot begin the Cat-Opera without you."

THE GERMAN BOURGOMASTER.

Formerly, in many of the Theatres of Paris, were to be seen workmen in the pit, with their aprons on, and women with their hair in curl papers, children at the breast, and poodle dogs.

A similar abuse existed at the Theatre in one of the towns of Germany. The better bred inhabitants complained to the Bourgomaster, who listened to their grievance, and issued the following order:—"Desirous that this town should be distinguished from others by the delicacy and purity of its manners, my paternal solicitude is first directed to this Theatre, which is the source of a thousand disorders. For example, there are mothers, who seek amusement with so much avidity, that they take their children to the Theatre, rather than be deprived of that spectacle.
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The same with dogs, whose affection for their masters makes them annoy the neighbours by their continual barking, on account of the absence of the owners, who, in order to obviate this inconvenience, take their quadrupeds to the play with them. What is the consequence? The insects which are hid in the coats of these animals, get to attack the legs of many of the community. Each person, feeling himself nipped by these subtle enemies of the human race, swears, and thereby incommodes his neighbour; who, receiving the point of the elbow of the malevolent, considers himself insulted; words arise, the actors are interrupted, and the audience become angry; who, in their ill-humour, often hiss a good piece and good actors, through the intruders who have crept into the house. The appearance of children at the breast is also a grave inconvenience; besides, that, in that age of innocence, they cannot be restrained from crying, and, perhaps, something worse, it is scandalous that they should be present at lessons of making love, and that they should hear, 'Chloë, I adore you:'—'Daphne, I shall die if I am not yours:'—'Your mother is cruel because she would separate
us: ' and other expressions of a like nature. Is it proper that a child, still at the breast, should suck in the poison distilled from these phrases, and learn already that its mother may be a cruel parent?—We order as follows:

"It is hereby positively forbidden, in future, to carry, or lead, any children, or dogs, into the Theatre. And we do further politely beg, that the inhabitants of this town will, henceforth, leave their infants in their cradles, and their dogs in their kennels."

CRIMS OF LONDON.

In the comedy of "The Three Ladies of London," 4to. London, 1584, there is the following poetical description of London Crics.

"Enter Conscience, with brooms on her back, singing as followeth:—

New broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
Come, mayden, come quickly, let me take a peny.
My broomes are not stupid,
But very well bound:
My broomes be not crooked,
But smooth cut, and round.
I wish it would please you,
To buy of my broomes:
Then it would ease me, if market were done.
AND THEATRICALS.

Have you any old bootes,
Or any old shoones:
Pouch ringes, or buskins,
To cope for new broomes?
If so you have, maydens,
Pray you, bring either,
That you and I, friendly,
May bargain together.

New broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
Come, maydens, come quickly, let me take a pery."

BEN JONSON, AND LORD CRAVEN.

Lord Craven admiring the plays of Jonson, and expressing a wish to be introduced to him, Ben, on hearing it, waited on his Lordship; but the porter, from the condition of his dress, refused him admittance, and some altercation ensued; which, upon his Lordship hearing, he looked out of the window, and asked who he was, and what he wanted. "I am, (said he,) Ben Jonson, come to wait on your Lordship." The peer, judging like his porter, exclaimed, "What! you the author of "The Silent woman! you look as if you could not say bo! to a goose." My lord declared himself to be fully convinced, on the poet emphatically repeating the monosyllable bo!
DRAMATIC ERRORS.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius are the heroes, and where necessarily, the scene is laid many years before the Christian æra, Demetrius is introduced discharging a pistol; an anachronism so very ridiculous and inconsistent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired with the true spirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to assert, "that the blunder was introduced on purpose to render the comedy still more burlesque!"

ROBERT COX.

When the Theatres were silenced during the civil wars, Robert Cox, whose name does not appear in any of the lists of actors prefixed to the early editions of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, employed himself in composing drolls, or light pieces, in a great measure, similar to those which, in the early part of the last century, were acted at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs, by regular companies of comedians. The most serious of these productions, which were afterwards collected in a volume, now
DRAMATIC ERRORS.

And Fletcher's "Humours" in which Antigone and Pericles, and heroes, and where the scene is laid many years before, Demetrius is introduced, an anachronism so consistent with the general dramatic burlesque, that no one the true spirit of theatrical burlesque, ventured to assert, "I was on purpose to ridicule burlesque!"

ROBERT COX.

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some exceeding sense in them, the situations of our Hobbinol, Sir Smith.

By the connivance of this zealous ingratiateditation elsewhere at the Theatre, the humour of rope-stiffness in these trifling parts acted by a gentleman, the most forgetful to sensibility.
The performer, a country gentleman in the evening for his joie de vivre a week except your honour a good night.

This comes with his consent.

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become exceedingly scarce, had a dash of the comic in them, though for the most part they were farces of one act, with singing and dancing, as Hobbinol, Singing Simpson, and Simpleton the Smith.

By the connivance of the licensers, into whose favour this zealous and adroit purveyor of amusement ingratiated himself, he contrived, as we have mentioned elsewhere, in our account of the Red Bull Theatre, to get his pieces acted under the colour of rope-dancing, &c. The principal parts, in these trifling substitutes for the regular drama, were acted by Cox himself, with such life, spirit, and nature, that he restored to the people their almost forgotten custom of widening their jaws into risibility. Such was the effect produced by his performance of young Simpleton the Smith, at a country fair, that the noted master of a forge in the village, very gravely offered to take him for his journeyman, and to allow him twelve pence a week more than the rest. "I would accept your offer," returned Cox, "but you see I have a good shop of my own."

This comedian travelled all over the kingdom with his company, which appears to have con-
sisted of himself, a man, and a boy. The universities themselves opened their arms to receive this master of merriment. When he went to Sturbridge Fair, he did not forget to renew his acquaintance with the heads of houses at Cambridge; and at Oxford he got so far into the good graces of a poetical butler, that he was pleased to oblige him with a prologue, that he might appear in form, as he had once seen the members of a college, when they acted a play at Christmas.

By pursuing this method of itinerant exhibition, and by never staying long in any one place, Cox acquired considerable sums of money, which there is no doubt that he shared with his old colleagues, many of whom were reduced to the most miserable condition, having no means of procuring their bread. There is perhaps no class of men more alive than the players to the feelings of humanity, and more ready to relieve one another’s wants.

Wyckerley, and the Duchess of Cleveland.

Wyckerley was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous Duchess of
If, a man, and a boy. They opened their arms to receive the presents. When he went by, he did not forget to remove the heads of horses which had adorned the hat of the coachman; he cut the head off the poetical butler, that he might give him with a prologue, and then fold them in form, as he had once done to a college, when they were very good friends. He never stayed long in any place, but left considerable sums to many of whom was a miserable condition, living their bread. He was a very hard man, more avaricious than just, but his feelings of humanity were borne out of another’s want.

Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day, as he passed by that Duchess’s coach in the ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you’re a rascal: you’re a villain!” Wyckerley from that instant entertained hope. He did not fail waiting on her the next morning, and, with a very melancholy tone, begged to know how it was possible for him to have so much disobliged her grace. They were very good friends from that time; yet, after all, what did he get by her? He travelled with the young Duke of Richmond; King Charles gave him, now and then, a hundred pounds,—not often.

—Spence.

THE MORALITY OF "MYCHE SCORNER."

This old "Morality" bears no distant resemblance to comedy, its chief aim being to represent characters and manners. The prologue is spoken by Pity, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplation and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity is then left upon the stage, and is presently
found by Free-will, representing a lewd debauche, who, with his dissolute company, Imagination, relate their manner of life, and describe the stews and other places of base resort with considerable humour. These are presently joined by Hycke Scorn, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and who, agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, and glorying in every act of wickedness; at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and then leave him. Pity then descents in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplation, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Free-will again makes his appearance, and after relating, in a highly comic manner, some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion, Imagination, from their vicious course of life; and the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue.

It would be easy to see in the portrait of the age a reflection of ourselves; for the characters of the libertines and profligates in the play are generally as they are in life. Therefore it is evident that we need not despise our own vices, for we shall see the like in the works of a thousand years to come.
AND THEATRICALS.

It would be superfluous to point out the absurdities in the plot and conduct of this play. They are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe that, excepting the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c., the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners, capable of forming the groundwork of a very excellent comedy.

QUIN.

Though that great performer, James Quin, made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1718, yet it was not till the year 1720, that he had an opportunity of displaying his great theatrical powers. Upon the revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which Rich was manager, there was no one in the whole company who would undertake the part of Falstaff. Rich was therefore inclined to give up all thoughts of representing it, when Quin, happening to come in his way, said, "If he pleased, he would attempt it."
"Hem," said Rich, taking a pinch of snuff; "you attempt Falstaff! why (hem!) you might as well think of acting Cato after Booth. The character of Falstaff, young man, is quite another character from what you think (taking another pinch of snuff). It is not a little snivelling part that, that—in short, that any one can do. There is not a man among you that has any idea of the part but myself. It is quite out of your walk. No, never think of Falstaff—never think of Falstaff—it is quite, quite out of your walk, indeed, young man."

This was the reception his first effort of stepping out of his trifling walk met with; and for some days he laid aside all thoughts of ever enacting Falstaff; or, indeed, speaking upon the stage, except it were to deliver a message. Ryan, who, at that time, had the ear and confidence of Rich, having heard Quin, long before he thought of coming out upon the stage, repeat some passages in the character of Falstaff, prevailed upon the manager to let Quin rehearse them before him, which he accordingly did, but not much to his master's satisfaction. However, as the case was desperate, and either "The Merry Wives of Windsor" must be laid aside, or Quin...
which, taking a pinch of snuff, why (hem!) you will. Acting Cato after Booth, Quin, young man, is quite from what you think (hem! snuff). It is not allowable that—in short, that you not a man among you but myself. It is not o, never think of Falstaff—it is quite, quite, young man.

heception his first effort; the thing walk met with; stop all aside all thoughts of it; or, indeed, speaking of it, were to deliver a very, a time, had the ear was hearing heard Quin, longing out upon the stage, the character of Falstaff, manager to let Quin here which he accordingly the other's satisfaction. It moderate, and either "Thine must be laid aside, you perform Falstaff, this alternative at length prevailed upon Rich to let Quin play the part.

The first night of his appearance in this character, he surprised and astonished the audience: no actor before ever entered into the spirit of the author, and it seemed as if Shakespeare had, by intuition, drawn the knight for Quin only to represent. The just applause he met with on this occasion, is incredible; continual clappings and peals of laughter in some measure interrupted the representation; which on that account was prolonged to a late hour. It would, however, be injustice to the other performers, not to acknowledge that they contributed to the success of this representation, which had a very great run, and was of eminent service to the company. Ryan was excellent in the part of Ford; Spiller, reckoned among the greatest comedians of that time, performed one of the strongest parts, that of Doctor Faustus; and Balthem, another very good actor, did Justice Shallow.

When Quin engaged at Drury Lane, about the year 1751, he succeeded the elder Mills, in all the capital parts of tragedy; and Delane sup-
plied his place in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, after
having performed for some time, with tolerable
success, at Goodman’s Fields. But it was upon
Booth’s quitting the stage, on account of his
illness, that Quin shone forth in all his splendor;
and yet he had the diffidence, upon the first night
of his appearance in Cato to insist, in the bills,
that the part of Cato would be only attempted
by Mr. Quin. The modesty of this invitation
produced a full house, and a favourable au-
dience; but the actor’s own peculiar merit
affected more. When he came to that part of
the play where his dead son is brought in upon
the bier, Quin, in speaking these words,—
“Thanks to the gods; my boy has done his
duty!” so affected the whole house, that they
cried out, with a continual acclamation, “Booth
outdone! Booth outdone!”

Yet this was not the summit of his applause;
for when he repeated the famous soliloquy, he
was encored to that degree, that, though it was
submitting to an impropriety, he indulged the
audience with its repetition.

There was at that time upon Drury-Lane
Theatre, a subaltern player, whose name never
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in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for some time, with Tan's Fields. But when the stage, on account of some modesty, upon the stage in Cato to insist, in Cato, would be only the actor's own pride; when he came to that dead son is brought to speaking these words; my boy has all the house, continual acclamation, "it's done!"

The summit of his skill, the famous and degree, that, though in propriety, he indulged in.

At time upon Drury player, whose name appeared in the bills. His name was Williams, and he was a native of Wales. He performed the part of the Messenger in the above tragedy; and in saying "Cæsar sends health to Cato," he pronounced the last word Keeto, which so annoyed Quin, that he replied, with his usual coolness, "Would he had sent a better Messenger." This reply so stung Williams, that he vowed revenge; and following Quin into the green-room, when he came off the stage, after representing the injury he had done him, by making him appear ridiculous in the eyes of the audience, and thereby hurting him in his profession, he demanded satisfaction as a gentleman. Quin, with his usual philosophy and good humour, endeavoured to rally his passion. This, however, only served to add fuel to the rage of his antagonist, who, without further remonstrance, retired, and waited for Quin under the Piazza, upon his return from the tavern to his lodgings. Immediately on seeing Quin, Williams drew and attacked him; but in the rencontre he himself received a mortal wound. Quin was tried for this affair at the Old Bailey, and the verdict was manslaughter.
WIGNELL, THE ACTOR.

One of old Mr. Sheridan's favourite characters was Cato, and on its revival at Covent-Garden Theatre, a Mr. Wignell assumed his old established part of Portius, and having stepped forward with a prodigious though an accustomed strut, began—

"The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers;
And heavily, in clouds, brings on the day."

The audience began upon this to vociferate "Prologue! prologue! prologue!" when Wignell, finding them resolute, without betraying any emotion, pause, or change in his voice and manner, but in all the pomp of tragedy and hackneyed declamation, proceeded as if it were a part of the play—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no
Prologue spoken to this play these twenty years—
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome."

This wonderful effusion put the audience in good humour: they laughed immoderately, clapped, and shouted "Bravo!" and Wignell still
continued with his usual composure and stateliness.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, AND VESTRIS.

Vestris, the opera dancer, used to say with all self-confidence, "There are but three great men in Europe; the King of Prussia (Frederic II.), Voltaire, and myself."

On Tuesday, July 16, 1784, the Count of Haga (Gustavus III. King of Sweden) was at the Opera for the last time. The Queen was also present. She wished to amuse the illustrious stranger with the performance of young Vestris, whom he had not yet seen, that dancer having but just arrived from England, where he had been gathering applause and guineas. She sent word to him to dance. Young Vestris, who had the same arrogance as his father, answered that he could not, because he had hurt his foot. The queen, being informed that it was a mere pretext, sent a message requesting him to dance, which he replied to in the same manner.

Vestris, who had thus violated all decorum, was slightly punished for his impertinence, by being confined for a few days in the prison of La Force; and his father, having been in-
formed of his son's misconduct, publicly expressed to him the indignation which he felt at it. "How, rascal," said he, "the Queen of France does her duty; she begs you to dance; and you do not do yours! You are but a blackguard: I will punish you effectually: I will deprive you of my name!"

**A Female Falstaff.**

In the summer of 1786, a Mrs. Webb performed the character of Falstaff at the Haymarket Theatre, for her benefit: as might be conjectured, it produced a crowded audience. This lady was induced to the attempt by her uncommon corpulence. She died November 24, 1793.

**The Mimic Reclaimed.**

In the beginning of the last century, a comedian, of the name of Griffin, celebrated for his talents as a mimic, was employed by a comic author to imitate the personal peculiarities of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, whom he intended to introduce on the stage as Dr. Fossile, in "Three Hours after Marriage." The mimic, dressed as a countryman, waited on the doctor, with a long catalogue of complaints, with which he said his wife was afflicted. The physician heard with
amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. The actor, having thus detained the doctor until he thought himself completely master of his errand, presented him with a guinea as his fee. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The mimic returned to his employer, who was in raptures at his success, until he told him, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity food for diversion.

MILTON'S DAUGHTER.

Milton's third daughter was named Deborah; and, to show the instability of all earthly things, she married Abraham Clark, a poor Spitalfields weaver. She kept a petty chandler's shop, first at Holloway, and afterwards in Cock Lane, near Shoreditch Church. They were so poor, that Queen Caroline (wife of George II.) sent her fifty guineas; and on the 5th of April, 1750, that unrivalled production of her father's, "Comus," was played for her benefit, and the
profits of the night amounted to one hundred and thirty pounds.

POWELL, AND WARREN, HIS DRESSER.

The first season of performing the "Fair Penitent," Mr. Powell represented the part of Lothario; he had a dresser named Warren, who claimed a privilege (which at that time existed) of performing the dead part of the Hero in the 5th doleful act. Powell, being ignorant of the station his man had taken, called loudly for him behind the scenes in the middle of the act. The sad representative of Death, hearing his master's voice, and knowing that he was passionate, instantly replied, "Here I am, sir." Powell, being still ignorant of the situation of his servant, immediately rejoined, "Come here, this moment, you son of a ———, or I will break all the bones in your skin." Warren now could no longer delay or resist, and jumped up, hung with sables, which (as it were to heighten his embarrassment) were tied to the handles of the bier. This, added to the roar in the house, urged his speed so earnestly, that, with the bier in his rear, he ran against and threw over...
Calista (Mrs. Barry), overwhelming her with the table, lamp, book, bones, and all the drear lumber of the charnel house, till at length he liberated himself, and precipitately took his flight. The play of course ended abruptly, but not without entertaining the audience, and putting them, for the most part, in high good humour.

THE HONEST THIEVES.

This Farce is confessedly altered from "The Committee," a comedy by Sir Robert Howard, and is divested of the peculiar satire directed against the fanatic parties of the reign of Charles I. The greatest merit of the piece is the character of Tongue, the faithful Irishman, a picture of real life, drawn from the following circumstance.

When Sir Robert was in Ireland, his son was imprisoned there by the parliament, for some offence committed against them. As soon as Sir Robert heard of it, he sent one of his domestics, an Irishman, to England, with despatches to his friends, to effect the enlargement of his son. He waited with impatience for the return of this messenger; and when he at length appeared with the agreeable news that his son was at
liberty, Sir Robert, finding that he had been then several days in Dublin, asked him the reason of his not coming to him before. The honest Hibernian answered, with great exultation, that "he had been all the time spreading the news, and getting drunk for joy among his friends." He, in fact, executed his business with uncommon fidelity and despatch; but the extraordinary effect which the happy event of his embassy had on poor Paddy, was too great to suffer him to think with any degree of prudence on any thing else. The excess of his joy was such, that he forgot the impatience and anxiety of a tender parent; and until he gave that joy sufficient vent among all his intimates, he never thought of imparting the news where it was most desired. From this Sir Robert took the first hint of that odd composition of fidelity and blunders which he has so humourously worked up in the character of Teague.

**MACKLIN'S CRITICISM ON BARRY AND GARRICK.**

Garrick's vanity once induced him to ask Macklin what he thought of the different modes of acting *Romeo*, adopted by Barry and himself.
"Sir," said Macklin, "Barry comes into the garden, strutting and talking aloud like a lord, about his love, that I wonder the Capulets do not come out, and toss the fellow in a blanket."

"Well, my dear Mack," exclaimed Garrick, "go on."—"Now," said Macklin, "how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him just like a thief in the night."

JOE MILLER, JESTER AND COMEDIAN.

Many a would-be wit, who has Joe Miller constantly on his lips, might probably be induced to make a pilgrimage to his grave, if he knew that it was as near to him as the place called the Green Church Yard, or Burial Ground, in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, belonging to the parish of St. Clement's Dane, and close by the once celebrated Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, where Garrick became so famous. Miller's epitaph, by Stephen Duck, is on a handsome stone on the left hand side on entering the burial ground, nearly under the window of the workhouse. The inscription was originally on
another stone; but Time had taken such liberties with it, that, in the year 1816, the churchwarden for the time being, greatly to his credit, caused the present one to be erected. The following is the inscription on the present stone:

"Here lie the remains of Honest Joe Miller,
Who was
A tender Husband,
A sincere Friend,
A facetious Companion,
And an excellent Comedian.
He departed this life the 15th Day of August, 1738, aged 54 Years.

If Humour, Wit, and Honesty, could save
The humourous, witty, honest, from the Grave,
The Grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom Honesty, and Wit, and Humour, crown'd;
Could but Esteem and Love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death,
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.—

S. Duck."

"From respect to social worth, mirthful qualities, and histrionic excellence, commemorated by poetic talent in humble life, the above inscription, which time had nearly obliterated, has been preserved and transferred to this stone by order of Mr. Jarvis Buck, Churchwarden, A. D. 1816,"

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The attempts of Mathews to delight an audience by the mere force of his own genius and talents, are not without precedent. It was practised by Foote half a century ago, and with similar success; not for a few nights only, but for several seasons. Leaving the beaten paths of the stage, and disdaining to be the "parrot of the poet's thoughts," Foote struck out into a new and untrodden course, by which he added to the amusements of the town, and at the same time supplied the deficiencies of an exhausted fortune. The hint was borrowed from Worsdale, a comedian of that day, who used to entertain private company with a humorous exhibition of the foibles of his acquaintances, in which he united the powers of exquisite mimicry to a great knowledge of nature.

Foote, whose powers in both were enlarged by a more liberal education, and by keeping better company, resolved to entertain the town with mimicry more diversified, and less vulgar, than that of Worsdale; and with this view he, in the year 1747, opened the little Theatre in the Haymarket with a dramatic piece of his own writing,
and his own performing, called "The Diversions of the Morning." This piece consisted of nothing more than introducing several well known characters about town, who had little merit or much absurdity. For instance, Dr. Taylor, the oculist, and two or three more, whose lectures, conversation, and peculiarities, he had very happily hit in the diction of his drama, and which he still more exactly personified by a humorous representation. In this piece, in the character of a Theatrical Director, he satirized or imitated, with great accuracy and humour, the several styles of acting of every principal performer of the day.

Foote's mimicry being too personal to be permitted, he met with some opposition from the civil magistrate, supported by the act for limiting the number of playhouses, and licensing proper works for the stage. This induced him, therefore, to alter the title of his piece, so that, instead of inviting the town to see a play, he only entertained the favour of his friends to "Tea," giving his Tea, through a run of upwards of forty mornings, to a crowded and splendid company. The ensuing season, he produced another piece of the same kind, called "An Auction of
The piece consisted of nothing but several well-known characters who had little merit or much connection, Dr. Taylor, the college physician, whose lecture, comic, he had very happily transformed into a drama, and which he illustrated by a humorous epistle. The piece, in the character of a satirized or imitated play, and in the style of a burlesque, the several styles of the principal performer of the day, being too personal to be published, some opposition from the Government was expected by the act for limiting licentious plays, and licensing papers. This induced him, though of his piece, so that, instead of a sight to see a play, he only saw his friends to "vote" his piece through a run of upwards of twenty performances, crowded and solid ones. In the season, he produced another called "An Auction of
Pictures." In the character, part of the acting man, Cock, the celebratedless famous oration of the Picture Morning," having that they were Foote gained exhibitions in them in Ireland. "The Orator Paragraph, a letter, of Dublin completely in printer could.

* This gent opportune of escape. Having a certain destiny; next morning a tress of the he strate said, "A story."—"A Devil;" point
Pictures." In this he introduced several new characters, particularly Sir Thomas De Veil,* the acting magistrate for Westminster; Mr. Cock, the celebrated auctioneer; and the no less famous orator, Henley. Neither the "Auction of the Pictures," nor the "Diversions of the Morning," have been printed, and it is probable that they were only calculated for exhibition.

Foote gained a competent income by these exhibitions in the metropolis; he also repeated them in Ireland; and in one of his pieces, called "The Orator," introduced the character of Peter Paragraph, a counterpart of Faulkner, the printer, of Dublin, whose manners and dress he so completely imitated, that the poor persecuted printer could not appear in public, without ex-

* This gentleman's name afforded Foote one of those opportunities of displaying his wit, which he seldom suffered to escape. Having got into a drunken squabble, at a house of a certain description, with some of the Delavals, they were next morning taken before Sir Thomas De Veil. The mistress of the house appeared against them, to whom the magistrate said, "Good woman, stand before me, and tell your story."—"Aye," said Foote, "tell the truth, and face the Devil," pointing his hat to Sir Thomas.
periencing the scoffs and the jeers of every urchin in the street. But what most affected Faulkner, was a ludicrous story which Foote made him tell, of his passage with his wife from Dublin to Holyhead.

Faulkner, thus so cruelly exposed, became alarmed, and commenced an action against Foote, by which he recovered damages, to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back to England, where he was received with the favour to which he had been accustomed.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

The following account is told respecting the cause which gave rise to this popular piece, and the success which it afterwards met with:

Upon the accession of George II. to the throne, Gay was offered the place of a gentleman- usher to the then youngest princess, Louisa; a post which he thought beneath his acceptance; and resenting the offer as an affront, in that ill humour with the Court, he wrote the "Beggar's Opera," as a satire on the Italian Opera, then patronized by the Court. On its being brought upon the stage, Nov. 1727, it was received with greater applause than had ever been known before,
and the jeers of envy.  

But what most afford occasion for passage with his wife in cruelly exposed, elevated her above all damages, to the amount. This drove her he was received with the same he had been accustomed.

Gay's opera."

until told respecting it to this popular piece, and afterwards met with:- of George II. to the throne, as of a gentleman-sitter princess, Louisa; a man beneath his acceptation, as an affront, in that he wrote the "Reggio in the Italian Opera, the 1727, it was received with ad ever been known bein, on any other similar occasion; for, besides being acted in London sixty-three days, without interruption, and renewed the next season with success, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty times, &c: It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively; and, lastly, was acted in Minorca. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs, in it, on their fans; and houses were furnished with them on screens. The fame of it was not confined only to the author; Miss Lavinia Fenton, who enacted Polly, till then obscure, became, at once, the favourite of the town; her portrait was engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests; and, to crown all, after being the mother of several antenuptial children, she obtained the title and rank of a Duchess, by her marriage with Charles, third Duke of Bolton.

French tragedian and artist.

A French actor, accustomed to perform
the part of \textit{Achilles}, wished to have his portrait taken, and desired it might be in that character, stipulating to give the painter forty crowns for his work. The son of Melpomene had been a journeyman carpenter; and the painter, who was informed that he was a bad paymaster, thought proper to devise a mode of being revenged, should \textit{Achilles} play him any trick; he, therefore, painted the figure in oil, the shield excepted, which was in distemper. The likeness was acknowledged to be great; but the actor, that he might pay as little as possible, pretended to find many faults, and declared he would only pay half the sum agreed upon. "Very well," replied the painter; "however, I will give you a secret for making the colours more brilliant. Take a sponge, dip it in vinegar, and pass it over the picture several times."—The actor thanked him for this advice, applied the sponge, washed away the shield of \textit{Achilles}, and instead of that hero, beheld a carpenter holding a saw.

\textbf{ELKANAH SETTLE,}

In the latter part of his life, was so reduced as to attend a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by a Mrs. Myons and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, and received the part of \textit{Achilles}, which were obliged, in these \textit{Farces}, called a \textit{Dragon}, his own in-
AND THEATRICALS.

and received a salary from them for writing drolls, which were generally approved. He was also obliged, in his old age, to appear as a performer in these wretched theatrical exhibitions; and in a farce, called "St. George of England," acted a Dragon, inclosed in a case of green leather of his own invention. To this circumstance Dr. Young alludes, in the following lines in his epistle to Pope:

"Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread, in Smithfield, dragons hiss'd at last;
Spit streams of fire, to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape."

At last, he obtained admission to the Charter House, and died there, Feb. 12, 1723-4. The writer of a periodical paper, entitled The Briton, speaks of him as then just dead; and adds, "he was a man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, lived in the city, and had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen,—to survive them all."

NOSEY, THE FIDDLER.

Mr. Cervetti, the famous player on the violincello, so well known at the Theatres by the nickname of Nosey, one night, during his performance
in the Orchestra, received a violent blow on the nose with a potatoe, thrown from the upper gallery; being a man of spirit, he, with difficulty, contained himself till the conclusion of the piece, when running up into the gallery, and demanding who was the scoundrel that dared to assault him, the man being pointed out, Cervetti seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a hearty thrashing.

Some years after, when returning from a ride, he met, near Paddington, a cart-load of convicts going to Tyburn. One of them, recognizing him, cried out, Nosey! and telling the surrounding populace that he had something of importance to say to Nosey; Cervetti was stopped, and his horse led up to the cart, where he soon recognized the man who had thrown the potatoe, who told him that being just about to leave the world and wishing to die in peace with all mankind, he had taken the liberty of stopping him to ask his forgiveness for the offence he had formerly committed, and to assure him of his entire forgiveness, for the drubbing he had inflicted on him; then, wishing him a good day, he bid the carman drive on. This story was often related by Cervetti to his friends.
A set of strolling players, in Cardinal Richelieu's time, had met with success in performing farces of the lowest kind, so that the company of the Hotel-de-Bourgogne complained of them to the Cardinal; who, being fond of everything dramatic, sent for them to perform before him in the Palais Royal, which they did so much to his satisfaction that he would not forbid their performance.

The piece they exhibited before him is too curious to be omitted here. Gros Guillaume, one of the principal characters in this exhibition, who is represented to be as thick as he was long, and who often, by means of a dress with hoops stretched across, formed himself into the figure of a straw head; was, in this farce, supposed to be the wife of Thétispin; who, jealous of Gargulle, is determined to cut off her head. Infuriated with this idea, he seizes her by the hair, with a drawn sabre in his hand; while she, upon her knees, conjures him, by every thing that was tender, to abate his anger.

She first reminds him of their past loves and courtships—how she rubbed his back, when he
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had the rheumatism; and his belly, when he had the gripes; and how particularly charmed she was with him when he wore his dear little flannel night cap,—but all in vain! "Will nothing move thee?" cried this amiable fair one, in a fit of the last despair—"Then, O, thou barbarian! think of the bacon and cabbage I fried for your supper yesterday evening."—"Oh, the sorceress!" cried Turlupin,—"I can't resist her—she knows how to take me by my foible—the bacon!—the bacon quite unmans me; and the very fat is now rising in my stomach:—Live on, thou charmer—fry cabbage, and be dutiful."


The following is a succinct Analysis of this Morality; the main object of which was, to inculcate great reverence for Old Mother Church, and the superstitions which she had introduced.

The Subject of the piece is, the summoning of Man out of the World, by Death; and its Moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life, and the comforts of religion. This

Subject and (for that wa ancestors to Then, God i neral compl calls for De his tribunal sonage who man appear the marks. Death is w distress to Riches,) be forsake him himself to with his lo her sister, holy man, this he int then withd Priest. C and after l wits, have dually exp accompan;
Subject and Moralare opened by the Messenger, (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the Prologue, on their rude Stage.) Then, God is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror; and, when Death is withdrawn, he applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, and Goods, (or Riches,) but they all successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state, he betakes himself to Good-deeds, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her, introduces him to her sister, Knowledge, and she leads him to the holy man, Confession, who appoints him penance; this he inflicts upon himself, on the Stage; and then withdraws to receive the Sacrament, of the Priest. On his return, he begins to wax faint; and after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five-wits, have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires upon the Stage; Good-deeds still accompanying him to the last. Then an Angel
descends to sing his requiem, and the Epilogue is spoken by a personage, called Doctor, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral, as follows:

"This moral men may have in mind;
Ye heavens, take it if worth, both old and young,
And forsake Pride for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember Beauty, Fines-ants, Strength, and Dis-

They all, at the last, do Every-man forsake, [creation,
Save his Good-deeds, these doth he take.

But, beware, an' they be small,
Before God he hath no help at all.

More excuse may there be for Every-man,
Alas! how shall we do then?

For, after Death, amend may no man make,
For, then, Mercy and Pity doth him forsake;

If his reckoning be not clear, when he doth come,

God will say,—Ite, maledicti, in ignem aeternum:
And he that hath his account whole and sound,

High in heaven he shall be crown'd;

Unto which place God bring us all thither,
That we may live body and soul together.

There to help the Trinity;
Amen, say ye, for Saint Charity!"

HARRY ROWE, THE YORK TRUMPETER.

This well known genius was born at York, in the year 1726. He was a trumpeter to the Duke of Kincardine, in high Sheriffs of the assizes, was the many successes attended his parts of the winter.

In the yet edition of Sh...
Duke of Kingston's light-horse, at the battle of Culloden, in the year 1746, and attended the high Sheriffs of Yorkshire, as a trumpeter, at the assizes, upwards of forty-six years. He was the master of a puppet-show; and, for many successive years, opened his little Theatre, in that city, during the summer seasons; and attended his artificial comedians to various other parts of the kingdom, during the course of the winter.


The reason for this publication, he relates in the Preface;—the following are his words:

"I am master of the puppet-show; and as, from the nature of my employment, I am obliged to have a few stock plays ready for representation, whenever I am accidentally visited by a party of ladies and gentlemen, I have added the tragedy of "Macbeth" to my green-room collection. The alterations that I have made in this play are warranted, from a careful perusal of a very old manuscript in the possession of my prompter, one of whose ancestors, by the mother's side, was rush spreader and candle snuffer, at
the Globe play-house, as appears from the following memorandum, on a blank page of the manuscript.

"This day, March the fourth, 1598, received the sum of seven shillings and four-pence for six bundles of rushes, and two pair of brass snuffers."

Our commentator’s erudition likewise manifested itself in a dramatic piece which he wrote, entitled “No Cure, No Pay.” In the early part of his life he distinguished himself by his filial affection, in the support of his poor and aged parents, through the various means above detailed; will not, then, the feeling heart experience a pang at being informed, that, bowed down by age, poverty, infirmity, and a long and painful illness, Harry Rowe expired in the poor-house at York, many years ago!

DEATH OF JOHN PALMER.

The last engagement of this eminent actor was at Liverpool; and, on the morning of the day on which he was to have performed The Stranger, he received, for the first time, the distressing intelligence of the death of his second son, a youth in whom his tenderest hopes were centered, and whose amiable manners had brought into action the terrible Play, in consequent, during the interviews there required to calm the anger with which his own feelings doomed to wit, in truly melancholy...

In the fourth interview with John Rowe to be his old faithful the cause in this relation visibly much mentioned his ed (as in the a better work.

The audience fall was not to the part; deadly stifled terror became Hamerton, who conveyed
from the following manuscript.

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The Play, in consequence of this, was deferred; and, during the interval, he had in vain endeavoured to calm the agitation of his mind. — The success with which he performed the part called for a second representation (August 2, 1793,) in which he fell a sacrifice to the poignancy of his own feelings, and when the audience were doomed to witness a catastrophe which was truly melancholy.

In the fourth act, Baron Steinfort obtains an interview with The Stranger, whom he discovers to be his old friend. He prevails on him to relate the cause of his seclusion from the world: in this relation the feelings of Mr. Palmer were visibly much agitated, and, at the moment he mentioned his wife and children, having uttered (as in the character,) "there is another and a better world!" he fell lifeless on the stage. The audience supposed for the moment that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part; but on seeing him carried off in deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and terror became depicted in every countenance. Hamerton, Callan, and Mara, were the persons who conveyed the lifeless corpse from the stage.
into the Green-room. Medical assistance was immediately procured; his veins were opened, but they yielded not a single drop of blood, and every other means of resuscitation were had recourse to, without effect.

The gentlemen of the faculty, finding every endeavour ineffectual, formally announced his death. The surgical operations upon the body continued about an hour; after which, all hopes of recovery having vanished, he was carried home to his lodgings on a bier, where a regular inventory was taken of his property. Mr. Aickin, the manager, came on the stage to announce the melancholy event to the audience, but was so completely overcome with grief as to be incapable of uttering a sentence, and was at length forced to retire, without being able to make himself understood: he was bathed in tears, and, for the moment, sunk under the generous feelings of his manly nature. Incledon then came forward, and mustered sufficient resolution to communicate the dreadful circumstance.—The house was instantly evacuated, in mournful silence, and the people forming themselves into parties, contemplated the fatal occurrence in the open square, till a late hour next morning. Doctors Mitchell and Corry gav died of a brok family affliction

RIOT AT VICTOR'S following ac at the Hayme introduction the English of the former a authority, in that of Good the national

"People crowded in the centre of it were visited and Manners duct of the one of whor of English sung in the that purposed joining in tl huzzas. Th was a riot,
and Corry gave it as their opinion that he certainly died of a broken heart, in consequence of the family afflictions which he had lately experienced.

**Riot at the Haymarket Theatre.**

*Victor's History of the Stage* contains the following account of the contest, in 1749, at the Haymarket Theatre, upon the attempted introduction of French actors, at a period when the English ones were actually in want of bread, the former acting too, as per advertisement, by authority, in a time when the same Theatre and that of Goodman's Fields had been shut up on the national performers.

"People went early to the Theatre, as a crowded house was certain. I was there, in the centre of the pit, where I soon perceived that we were visited by two Westminster justices, Deveil and Manning. The leaders, who had the conduct of the opposition, were known to be there, one of whom called aloud for the song in praise of English roast beef, which was accordingly sung in the gallery, by a person prepared for that purpose, and the whole house, besides joining in the chorus, saluted the close with three huzzas. This, Justice Deveil was pleased to say, was a riot, upon which disputes commenced di-
rectly, which were carried on with some degree of decency on both sides. The justice first in-
formed us, that he was come there as a magistrate to maintain the king's authority; that Co-
onel Pulteney, with a full company of the guards, was without, to support him in the execution of his office; and that it was the king's command the play should be acted, and that the obstructing it was opposing the king's authority; and if that were done he must read the proclamation, after which, all offenders would be secured by the guards in waiting directly.

"To all these most arbitrary threatenings, and the abuse of his majesty's name, the reply was in the following effect: that the audience had a legal right to shew their dislike to any play, or actors; that the judicature of the pit had been acknowledged and acquiesced to, time immemorial; and, as the present set of actors were to take their fate from the public, they were free to receive them as they pleased. By this time, the hour of six drew near. The French and Spanish ambassadors, with their ladies, the late Lord and Lady Gage, and Sir Thomas Robinson, a commissioner of the excise, all appeared in the stage-box together. At that mo-
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stantial the curtain drew up, and discovered the actors standing between two files of grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, and resting upon their firelocks. At this, the whole pit rose and unanimously turned to the justices, who sat in the middle of it, to demand the reason of such arbitrary proceedings. The justices either knew nothing of the soldiers being placed there, or else thought it safest to declare so. At that declaration, they demanded of Justice Deveil (who had owned himself the commanding officer in the affair) to order them off the stage: he did so immediately, and they disappeared.

"Then began the serenade; not only catcalls, but all the various portable instruments that could make a disagreeable noise, were brought upon this occasion, and were continually tuning in all parts of the house; an attempt at speaking was ridiculous: the actors retired; and they opened with a grand dance of twelve men and twelve women; but even that was prepared for, and they were directly saluted with a bushel or two of peas, which made their capering unsafe. After this, they attempted to open the comedy; but, had the actor a voice of thunder, it would
have been lost in the confused strains from a thousand various instruments.

"Here, at the waving of Deveil's hat, all were silent, and (standing up on his seat) he made a proposal to the house, to this effect: That, if they persisted in the opposition, he must read the proclamation; that, if they would permit the play to go on, and be acted through that night, he would promise, on his honour, to lay their dislikes and resentments before the king, and he doubted not but a speedy end would be put to their acting. The answer to this proposal was very short and very expressive. "No treaties; No treaties." At this, the justice called for candles, to read the proclamation, and ordered the guards to be in readiness; but a gentleman seized Mr. Deveil's hand, stretched out for the candle, and begged of him, to consider of what he was going to do, for his own sake, for our's, for the king's; that he saw the unanimous resolution of the house, and that the appearance of soldiers in the pit would throw us all into a tumult, and must end with the lives of many. This earnest remonstrance made the justice turn pale and passive. At this pause, the actors made a second attempt, which continued their usual annunciation, after calling it fell."

*One of the Royal Dru in October* before the usual annexed, reading of, *The Porte de la Garde.*

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second attempt to go on, and the uproar revived, which continuing some time, the Ambassadors and their ladies left the box, which occasioned an universal huzza from the whole house; and, after calling for some time for the curtain, down it fell."

**CONDEMNED FARCES.**

One of Fielding’s farces having been hissed from the stage; when published, instead of the usual annunciation, in the title, of “As it was performed, &c.” he substituted the more correct reading of, “As it was damned at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.”

In October 1813, a very witty farce, entitled “The Nondescript,” was played at Covent Garden Theatre, and completely condemned before the end of the first act. The humour it displayed, however, was so striking, that it induced a bookseller to publish it on his own account; and the author very generously sent him a preface replete with facetiousness, and a sketch of a title in which it was stated it was not performed.

**EPITAPH ON JACKSON, OF THE NORWICH COMPANY.**

Thomas Jackson, who was a favourite provin-
cial actor, lies buried in the church-yard of Gillingham, Norfolk, with the following curious epitaph inscribed on the tombstone.

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, Comedian, who was engaged December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the Tragedy of 'Death,' on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal; when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock-debt for the love he bore to performers in general."

GARRICK, AND WHITFIELD.

When Mr. Whitfield was building his Tabernacle, in Tottenham Court Road, he employed the same carpenters that worked for Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre. The reverend gentleman was at that time short of cash, and the carpenter had remained unpaid for some weeks. Being, one day, in conversation with Mr. Garrick, he entreated the manager to advance him a little money, as he had been disappointed by Mr. Whitfield. Garrick assisted the tradesman, and immediately waited on Mr. Whitfield, apologizing for his carpenter for offering a £500 bond, and thus this sum was raised by the former's kind action.

When Chu was in London, he published a poem about his experiences, which he hoped would bring him new opportunities. The publication did not bring the results he had hoped for, and he ended up being disappointed. However, the publication was well-received by the local community, who wished to support him.
GARRICK, AND CHURCHILL'S "ROSCIAD."

When Churchill finished his "Rosciad," he waited on an eminent bookseller with the manuscript, but he had suffered so severely by the publication of poetry, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with any of the rhyming sons of Apollo, unless he were indemnified from sustaining loss. This condition Churchill could not comply with. The bookseller, however, recommended to him a worthy young man, who had just ventured his little fortune on the uncertain sea of ink, and who would probably run the risk of the publication. Churchill waited upon him, and found every thing as he wished.

The poem was printed, advertised, and, at the end of five days, ten copies were sold. Churchill was thunderstruck, and the bookseller was immediately waited upon Mr. Whitfield; when, apologizing for his visit, he intimated to him what his carpenter had insinuated, at the same time offering a £500 Bank-note. It was accepted; and thus this Tabernacle of the Sectarian was raised by the Monarch of the Stage.
little less chagrined. At the end of four days more, he found that six other copies were sold: the poet was almost frantic, and hurried away to a friend, to acquaint him with his hard fate. His friend, who was intimate with Garrick, posted to him the next morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abilities had just appeared in "The Rosciad." Garrick swallowed the gilded pill with avidity, instantly sent for the poem, read it, and sounded its praises everywhere. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left; and, in a few weeks, Churchill found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time on Parnassus, so extensive was the sale of the "Rosciad."

THE O. P. WAR.

On the 18th of September, 1809, the present magnificent Temple of Melpomene and Thalia, Covent Garden Theatre, was opened to the public; and, on that night, commenced a contest between the managers and the public, without any parallel in theatrical history.

The chief causes of disagreement were, in the first place, the alienation of an entire tier of boxes from put formed into pri of the prices of and pit; the for and the latter the engagement.

The opening the performance in the costum speak an add which had six years. He was hooting, gree speak the occasion, possible to w ring, but in w "No Catalar bolic watch in alarming aged him to d ring. The play was heard, slated tones o she seemed the progress.
AND THEATREICALS.

boxes from public occupancy, which were transformed into private boxes;—secondly, the raising of the prices of the entrance money to the boxes and pit; the former being advanced from 6s. to 7s. and the latter from 3s. 6d. to 4s.; and, thirdly, the engagement of Madame Catalani.

The opening play was "Macbeth." Prior to the performance of which, Mr. Kemble appeared in the costume of the Scottish Thane, to speak an address, written by George Colman, which had slept in the lap of oblivion for some years. He was received with volleys of hissing, hooting, groans, and catcalls. He appeared to speak the pointless address, announced for the occasion, but whether he did so or not, it was impossible to discern. His attitudes were imploring, but in vain. Cries of "No imposition,"—"No Catalani:" and, for the first time, the symbolic watch-word of "Old prices," resounded in alarming unison through the house, and obliged him to desist.

The play proceeded in pantomime; not a word was heard, save now and then the deeply modulated tones of Mrs. Siddons. On her entrance she seemed disturbed by the clamour; but in the progressive stages of her action, she went
through her part with wonderful composure. Mr. Kemble appeared greatly agitated, yet in no instance did his trouble interrupt him in carrying on the "cunning of the scene:" Perhaps a finer dumb shew was never witnessed. In the scene where C. Kemble, as Macduff, triumphs over the fallen usurper, the audience took considerable delight. Many cried out, "Well done, kill him, Charley!" and exulted in the ideal pangs of the dying Macbeth.

The performances of the evening closed with the entertainment of the "Quaker," who was as dumb as though "the spirit did not move him." The whole was over before ten o'clock.

After the curtain dropped, the audience kept their seats, in expectation of the managers coming forward. They were loudly called for, yet did not condescend to appear. The only excess in which the spectators indulged was a noisy disapproval of, what they conceived to be, unjustifiable innovations on their prescriptive rights; they continued clamorous even after midnight. There was a complete rivalry between the public and the managers, in exhaustion of patience.

When Mr. Kemble made his first appearance to speak the address, a paper was handed to him from the pit; composed, founded, and huddled, rounded and huddled, and sinned him. The disapprobation stood up with a rush through the audience. The candle was blown out before the performance opened.

When the cries of "The Quaker!" fell upon the ill-advised Constable's ear, he roused his company; in the upper gallery and evasively the under gallery.

By deputizing a loyal effusion, those who had cleared a stage.

The audience made a peace in the Covent Garden; and sample
from the pit; he glanced at it, and, as it is supposed, found it not to be friendly, for he blushed, and huddled it into his pocket. The audience singled him out as the object of their peculiar disapprobation, and in the entire second act, stood up with their backs turned to him. Indeed, through the whole play, they kept a standing position on the benches, with their hats on. A candle was thrown at Mr. Liston, during the performance of the "Quaker."

When the magistrates appeared, the indignant cries of "No police in a Theatre" induced those ill-advised men to make their congés, and retire. Constables attempted to clear the pit and galleries; in the former they met with opposition, and evasion in the latter; the tenants of the upper gallery dropping themselves quietly into the under.

By degrees, the uproar subsided into the loyal effusion of "God Save the King," when those who remained, retired, and the house was cleared at half-past twelve.

The above concise detail of the tumult that occurred on the first night of the re-opening of Covent Garden Theatre, may be taken as a fair sample of the diversions practised therein for
sixty-six nights in succession, when peace was proclaimed by both public and managers; both parties agreeing to the reduction of the pit-price from 4s. to 3s. 6d. the advancement of the boxes from 6s. to 7s. and the reduction in point of number of the private boxes, together with the non-engagement of Madame Catalani.

During this "Theatric War," it may be guessed the wits were not backward in showering down their lampoons on the hapless managers. Kemble, of course, came in for his full share of pasquinades, some of which are certainly worthy of being treasured here; from which we select the two following.

SOLILOQUY OF THE MOOR OF COVENT GARDEN.

I had been happy if th' united House, Pit, galleries, and boxes,—all had paid Their money cheerily, and riot we had none. Oh! now for ever farewell, ambition's hope! Farewell applause! and side-long glances From the boxes, thro' the sticks of fan, Or from behind the kerchief-veiled face. Farewell our golden hopes of swelling bags, And long account at banker's. Farewell, ye wanton toys of feather'd Cupid In th' anti-chambers of the private annuals! Hark! the loud twanging of the bugle-horn,
AND THEATRICALS.

Th' ear-piercing whistle, and terrific bell,
The plaguy placard, drum, and deaf'ning rattle;
The voice Stentorian, and the serpent's hiss!
Sibilant!—all, all awake me
From dreams delusive of eternal triumph!

And ye, ye catcalls, of infernal sound,
Whose barbarous sounds might even split the ears
Of Belzebub himself,—cease your horrific din.
No more the valiant Dan, with host of Israel,
Flank'd and supported by the Bow-street tribe
Of myrmidons, and bruisers squaring in the pit;—
No more the phalanx dares to face the town.
O'erwhelm'd by numbers and determin'd hate;—
No more the orders in the boxes now
Support the managers,—but placards wave,
And O. P.'s, shine from every box!—initials hateful:
All, all, our efforts are in vain, and fate decides
By the loud voice of the people,—irresistible,
That prices be reduced, and privacies
Thrown open.—
Farewell,—Othello's occupation's gone!

ANACREON IN BOW STREET.

By the author of "My Pocket Book."

As rapt I sweep the golden lyre,
To love I cry, "my notes inspire,
And let me sing of Rosa!"
But Theban wars fill all my strain,
Tom Harris, junior, hopeless swain!
John Kemble and Mendoza.
THEATRES AND THEATRICALS.

Then, if I to the stage belong,
O! let me sing the charms of song,
Of Billington and Braham!
In vain, again my wishes fail,
I sing of nought but heavy bail,
Of Townsend and of Graham.

The soul of harmony is dead,
And vilest discord reigns instead,
With rioting and battles.
To shrieking owls are turn'd my doves,
To O. P. men the little loves:
My lyre to horns and rattles.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL GHOST.

An unfortunate débutant who made his appearance as the Ghost, in "Hamlet," was so rudely treated by the audience, that, in the midst of the scene, he took off his visor, and put the audience in perfect good humour by saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it was my hope to please you; if I have failed, I must give up the Ghost."

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.
Dec 25 1750

Sir,

This has been cooling his heels at my door these two weeks, I have not had time to see him. The daily conversation of my friends have kept me so agreeably alive that I have not missed my time better a great while.

If you have a mind to make our memory up, I will order his to come Atherday.

To be serious I long to see you and hope you will take the first opportunity. And to wish as merry a Christmas, as many new years as your heart can hope for, I am yours.

Your real friend & ever.

[Signature]
London Oct. 17th 1783

Dear Sir,

How can I sufficiently thank you for your most friendly letter of the trust you have repaid to me — My hope too is full of her gratitude to you, for bringing her so soon acquainted with that most estimable personage, our Rowland Meredith.

The good Sir Richardson may rest assured that the two Vol. 2 he has made me happy with shall only move from Jupiter to my hands, or from my hands back again to their concealment under Lock & Key. — I wish from my soul that I could do easy procure your Justice & Reparation from the watchful Villains who have plundered
You of your Treasure at your leisure that you have reserved me with your utmost Clashed — I am most sincerely assured upon this subject, I would justify the Lord in His Behalf, my Lord & Friend, His Grace, not be a moment idle — Thus, that you or England to shew you that Lord Dorset's late great the Influence of Power in this Just Cause, I must advise you to preserve his Lordship's Letters for I think it does great honor to you, the last is of My Witt. The mistake made about of Titre was going to our Friend Draper, but it signifies little as my meaning of letters cannot be mistaken. I shall from the 20th know how of affairs proceed, Parliament's amuses me. I knew him to be an important fool, I therefore imagined that his false Consequence might keep his hands from the Dirt — Lord Dorset has most strikingly pointed out whole Group, it seems by the features as so far from imagination as Flattery — Let me once more thank you (in our own as well Gammie's name) for your great kindness to his I believe the most cordially, 

Your Friend &c. Weston

[Signature: J. Gomick]