DRAMATIC TABLE TALK;
OR
SCENES, ENTERTAINMENTS, & ADVENTURES,
SERIOUS & COMIC,
IN
THEATRICAL HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY.
VOL. III.

LONDON:
JOHN KNIGHT & HENRY LACK,
EASTON & CO.,
MIDLAND.
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Coventry and Lord Byron, a
William Mason
Persson's favor
Theatrical mischief
Grimaldi
Actors of female
Suppression of
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GARRICK

The attack on the theatrical press, this fascinating scene in the history of the time, has so far been

shrewdly forestalled. Possessing the fulness of a wit, and the

THEATRES & THEATRICALS.

GARRICK AND MRS. WOFFINGTON.

The attachment of the English Roscius to this fascinating actress was well known at the time both flourished. Garrick, it is said, went so far as to make her an offer of marriage, and the day was fixed. They breakfasted together on that "eventful morn," during which repast she observed her intended bridegroom had not that "alacrity and flow of spirits he was wont to have." She rallied him upon it, and he became still more serious. At length, finding it impossible to call to life again, his vivacity or cheerfulness, she addressed him thus: "I can guess," said she, "the cause of your dejection: you regret the step you are about to take." He made her no answer; and, after a pause, she continued,
"It is so.—Well, we are not at the altar; and if you possessed ten times the wealth, fame, and ability that the world gives you credit for, I would not, after this silent but eloquent confession, become your wife."

How this address was received by Garrick, we can only conjecture. Various counteracting passions agitated him so strongly, that probably he was incapable of any reply to the lady.

In one of those "sunny hours," which are often met with in "courtship's smiling day," Garrick addressed the following lines to her, and they certainly possess great sweetness, both of thought and versification:

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame, which Time can never quell,
That burns for lovely Peggy.

Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the radiant wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun, first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adore,
As does my lovely Peggy.
not at the altar; and if the wealth, fame, and you credit for, I would eloquent confession, be-

received by Garick, we Various counteracting strongly, that probably reply to the lady.

many hours," which are urship's smiling day," lowing lines to her, and great sweetness, both on:

vocal shell, passion tell,
in never quell, Peggy.
Large should hit; is more fit, ant wit Peggy?

the morn, aspangled thorn, day adorn, Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undress'd,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.

With her, a cottage would delight;
All pleases when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'ts endless night;
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day;
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flowers to flowers rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,—
Adieu, my lovely Peggy!
MRS. JORDAN.

The late Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender emotions, and these were called into action by the least approach of misery or distress. During her short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her Washerwoman, a widow, with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison: a small debt of about forty shillings had been increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney however pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated, as Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk, with her servant, the widow, with her children, followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever
bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin." The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold, but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes: however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and, in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there; now it's all over; go, good woman, God bless you; don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened, that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord, the world were all like thee!"

The figure of this man bespoke his calling; his countenance was pale; and a suit of sable,
rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his character and profession, and, with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you."—"Why?"—"Because you are a methodist preacher; and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!"—"The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister fulfil the commands of my Great Master, without feeling that spiritual attachment, which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?" "Well, well; you are a good old soul, I dare say;—but—I—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me, when I tell you who I am."—"I hope I shall."—"Well, then, I tell you, I am a player." The preacher sighed. "Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name."—After a short pause—he again extended his hand, and, with a complaisant countenance, replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou
His goodness is unlimited; He has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together: the offer of his arm was accepted; and the female Roscius of Comedy, and the disciple of John Wesley, proceeded, arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "Fare thee well, sister; I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be;—thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

PERSONALITIES OF GARRICK AND QUIN.

When Quin and Garrick performed at the same Theatre, and in the same play, one night, being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Garrick's chair came up first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lantern."—"By all
THEATRES

means," rejoined Garrick, "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in any thing."

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

William Lyon, a strolling player, who performed at the Theatre in Edinburgh, and was excellent in the part of Gibby, the Highlander, gave a surprising instance of memory. One evening, over his bottle, he wagered a crownbowl of punch, that the next morning, at the rehearsal, he would repeat a Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. At the rehearsal, his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining that, as he was intoxicated the night before, he must certainly have forgotten it, and rallied him on his ridiculous boast of memory. Lyon, pulling out the paper, desired him to look at it, and to judge for himself, whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of the advertisements, and the general chaos which marks the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake. Lyon died in 1748; at Edinburgh.
THE two most considerable collections of this ancient species of dramatic entertainment, which have survived until the present time, are in the Cotton and Harleian Libraries. The former, which is very extensive, is entitled, in the Catalogue, "Ludus Coventriæ," but upon what authority does not appear. That the Coventry Mysteries enjoyed considerable celebrity, appears from the following passage in the "Four P.'s," a sort of nondescript drama, printed in Dodsley's Collection, in which the Pardoner is made to say,

"This Devil and I were of old acquaintance;
For oft in the play of 'Corpus Christi,'
He hath play'd the Devil at Coventry."

This collection contains forty distinct pageants.

The Chester Whitsun-Plays, in the Harleian Library, are also very voluminous. They are said to have been composed by Ralph Higden, a monk of the Abbey of Chester, about the year 1320. For the following particular account of them we are indebted to the Harleian Catalogue.

"M. S. IIInd. 2013, &c. Exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of
that city, "The Fall of Lucifer," by the tanners; "The Creation," by the drapers; "The Deluge," by the dyers; "Abraham, Melchizedeck, and Lot," by the barbers; "Moses, Balak, and Balaam," by the coppers; "The Salutation and Nativity," by the wrights (carpenters); "The Shepherds feeding their Flocks by Night," by the painters and glaziers; "The Three Kings," by the vintners; "The Oblation of the Three Kings," by the mercers; "The Killing of the Innocents," by the goldsmiths; "The Purification," by the blacksmiths; "The Temptation," by the butchers; "The Blind Men and Lazarus," by the glovers; "Jesus and the Lepers," by the cowesarys; "Christ's Passion," by the bowyers, fletchers, and ironmongers; "Descent into Hell," by the cooks and innkeepers; "Resurrection," by the skinners; "Ascension," by the tailors; "The Election of St. Matthias,"—"Sending of the Holy Ghost, &c." by the fishmongers; "Antichrist," by the clothiers; "Day of Judgment," by the websters (weavers). The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play. God enters, creating the world; he breathes life into Adam, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. Adam and Eve appear naked, and not ashamed; and the Old Serpent enters, lamenting his fall. He converses with Eve. She eats part of the forbidden fruit, and gives part to Adam. They propose, according to the stage directions, to shake themselves, subjigacul a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda, cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with God. God's curse. The Serpent exits, hissing. They are driven from Paradise by four angels, and the cherubim with a flaming sword. Adam
AND THEATRICALS.

LORD BYRON ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

In a note to the preface to one of his tragedies, his Lordship says: "While I was in the Sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, I can vouch for my colleagues, and I hope for myself, that we did our best to bring back the legitimate drama. I tried what I could to get 'De Montfort' revived, but in vain; and equally in vain in favour of Sotheby's 'Ivan,' which was thought an acting play; and I endeavoured also to make Mr. Coleridge write a tragedy. Those who are not in the secret will hardly believe that the 'School for Scandal,' is the play that has brought least money, averaging the number of times that it has been acted since its production:—so Manager Dibdin assured me. Of what has occurred since Maturin's 'Bertram,' I am not aware; so that I may be traducing, through ignorance, some excellent new writers; if so, I beg their pardon. I have been absent from England nearly five years; and, till last year, I never read an English newspaper since my departure; and am now only aware of thea-

appears digging the ground, and Eve spinning. Their children, Cain and Abel, enter; the former kills his brother. Adam's lamentation. Cain is banished, &c. &c."
trical matters, through the medium of the Parisian Gazette of Galignani, and only for the last twelve months. Let me, then, deprecate all offence to tragic or comic writers, to whom I wish well, and of whom I know nothing. The long complaints of the critical state of the drama arise, however, from no fault of the performers.

"I can conceive nothing better than Kemble, Cooke, and Kean, in their very different manners; or than Elliston, in gentleman's comedy, and in some parts of tragedy. Miss O'Neil I never saw; having made and kept a declaration to see nothing which should divide or disturb my recollection of Siddons. Siddons and Kemble were the ideal of tragic action. I never saw anything at all resembling them, even in person: for this reason, we shall never see again Coriolanus, or Macbeth. When Kean is blamed for want of dignity, we should remember that it is a grace, and not an art; and not to be attained by study. In all not super-natural, he is perfect: even his very defects belong, or seem to belong, to the parts themselves, and appear true to nature. But of Mr. Kemble, we may say, with reference to his acting, what the Cardi-
na1 de Retz said of the Marquis of Montrose, that he was the only man he ever saw, who reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch."

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

This actor, who enjoyed so much celebrity in his day, fell, in the thirty-third year of his age, by the hand of an assassin, who cowardly murdered him, and fled from justice. As we imagine it will not be unpleasing to the reader, to be made acquainted with the most material circumstances relating to that affair, we shall here insert them, as they appeared on the trial of Lord Mohun, who was arraigned for the murder, and acquitted by his peers.

Lord Mohun was a man of loose morals, a rancorous spirit, and, in short, reflected no honour on his titles. He had contracted a great intimacy with one Captain Hill, a man of scandalous morals, and despicable life; and was so fond of this fellow, that he entered into his schemes, and became a party in promoting his most criminal pleasures. This man had long entertained a passion for Mrs. Bracegirdle, the celebrated actress. His passion was rejected with disdain by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and the con-
tempt with which she treated Captain Hill, fired his resentment. He prided himself on being a gentleman, and an officer in the army; and thought he had a right, at the first onset, to triumph over the heart of an actress; but in this he found himself mistaken. Hill, who could not bear the dislike shewn by Mrs. Bracegirdle, conceived that her aversion must proceed from having previously engaged her heart to some more favoured lover; and though Mr. Mountford was a married man, he became jealous of him, probably from no other reason, than the respect with which he observed Mr. Mountford invariably treated her, and their frequently playing together in the same scene.

Confirmed in this suspicion, he resolved to be revenged on Mr. Mountford; and, as he could not possess Mrs. Bracegirdle by gentle means, he determined to have recourse to violence, and hired some ruffians to assist him in carrying her off. His chief accomplice in this scheme was Lord Mohun, to whom he communicated his intention, and who concurred with him in it. They appointed an evening for that purpose, hired a number of soldiers and a coach, and went to the playhouse in order to find Mrs. Bracegirdle; but she, that night, did not go to the theatre. Hill, therefore, went to his mother, to sup at one of the houses on which they went, in the expectation of Mrs. Bracegirdle. She at last made her appearance, made a sign to the footmen, and they carried them from the coach, with resistance. They safely conveyed her to the street, in the same coach, and another manned the coach to desire Mr. Mountford to come to her.
AND THEATRICALS.

Mr. Bracegirdle; but she, taking no part in the play that night, did not come to the house. They then got intelligence that she was gone with her mother, to sup at one Mrs. Page's, in Drury Lane; thither they went, and took their stations in expectation of Mrs. Bracegirdle's coming out.

She at last made her appearance, accompanied by her mother and Mr. Page. The two ruffians made a sign to their hired braves, who laid their hands on Mrs. Bracegirdle; but her mother, who threw her arms round her waist, preventing them from thrusting her immediately into the coach, and Mr. Page gaining time to call assistance, their attempt was frustrated, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, her mother, and Mr. Page, were safely conveyed to her own house in Howard Street, in the Strand. Lord Mohun, and Hill, enraged at this disappointment, resolved, since they were unsuccessful in one part of their design, they would yet attempt another; and that night vowed revenge against Mr. Mountford. They went to the street where Mr. Mountford lived, and there lay in wait for him. Old Mrs. Bracegirdle and another gentlewoman who had heard them vow revenge against Mr. Mountford, sent to his house to desire his wife to let him know his
danger, and to warn him not to come home that night; but, unluckily, no messenger Mrs. Mountford sent was able to find him. Captain Hill and Lord Mohun paraded the streets with their swords drawn; and when the watch made inquiry into the cause of this, Lord Mohun answered, that he was a Peer of the Realm, and dared them to touch him at their peril. The night-officers, being intimidated at this threat, left them unmolested, and went their rounds.

Towards midnight, Mr. Mountford, going home to his own house, was saluted, in a very friendly manner, by Lord Mohun; and, as his Lordship seemed to carry no marks of resentment in his behaviour, he made free to ask him how he came there at that time of night? To which his lordship replied, by asking if he had not heard the affair of the woman? Mountford asked, what woman? to which he answered, Mrs. Bracegirdle. "I hope," says he, "my Lord, you do not encourage Mr. Hill, in his attempt upon Mrs. Bracegirdle; which, however, is no concern of mine." When he uttered these words, Hill came behind his back, gave him some desperate blows on his head; and, before Mr. Mountford had time to draw his sword, and stand on his de-
fence, he ran him through the body, and made his escape. The alarm of murder being given, the constable seized Lord Mohun, who, upon hearing that Hill had escaped, expressed great satisfaction, and said he did not care if he were hanged for him. When the evidences were examined at Hick's Hall, one Mr. Bencroft, who attended Mr. Mountford, swore that Mr. Mountford declared to him, as a dying man, that, while he was talking to Lord Mohun, Hill struck him with his left hand, and with his right run him through the body, before he had time to draw his sword.

Thus fell the unfortunate Mountford, by the hand of an assassin, without giving him any provocation, save that which his own jealousy had raised, and which could not reasonably be imputed to Mountford as a crime. Lord Mohun, as we have already observed, was tried and acquitted by his peers; as it did not appear, that he immediately assisted Hill in perpetrating the murder, or that they had concerted it before; for, though they were heard to vow revenge against Mountford, the word murder was never mentioned. Mr. Mountford, besides his extraordinary talents as an actor, was author of the following
dramatic pieces: 1. "The Injured Lovers; or, the ambitious Father." 2. "The Successful Strangers," a tragi-comedy. 3. "Greenwich Park," a comedy. Besides these, he turned "The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus" into a farce, "With the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch," acted at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Garden, and revived at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1697. Mr. Mountford wrote many Prologues and Epilogues, scattered throughout Dryden's Miscellanies; and likewise several songs. He was killed in 1692; and lies buried in St. Clement's Danes.

Cibber, in his Apology, says of him, "Of person he was tall, well made, fair, and of an agreeable aspect; his voice clear, full, and melodious; in tragedy he was the most affecting lover within my memory; his addresses had a resistless recommendation, from the very tone of his voice, which gave his words such softness, that, as Dryden says,

"'Like flakes of feather'd snow,
    They melted as they fell.'"

PORSON'S FAVOURITE QUOTATION.

PROFESSOR Porson constantly quoted the following passage from Sir Alexander (afterward

Lord) Sterling's "Tam o' Shanter," in the part of "Darius, of the Abbey." "Darius" 1603. The "Tem

"Let greatness of her
Not sceptres—no,
And let this worldly
All fades, and sea:
These golden palaces
With furniture, so
Those stately courts
Vanish"

A LATTER DAY.

Gibbs, at Coventry, 1823, in the part of Betty, in "Fanny's room, and the last scene of "Marriage,"" spoke of the "Married away the door" scene, as Mrs. Heide discribed...

"I prof

A hearty laugh, by
Lord) Sterling's tragedy of "Darius," as superior to Shakspeare's imitation of it in that celebrated passage in the "Tempest," and inscribed on his monument in Westminster Abbey. "Darius" was originally published in 1603. The "Tempest" in 1623.

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt;
Not sceptres—no—but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant:
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
These golden palaces, these gorgeous halls,
With furniture, superfluously fair;
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
Vanish, all; like vapour in the air."

THEATRICAL MISTAKES.

A LAUGHABLE blunder was made by Mrs. Gibbs, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the season of 1823, in the part of Miss Sterling, in "The Clandestine Marriage." When speaking of the conduct of Betty, who had locked the door of Miss Fanny's room, and walked away with the key, Mrs. G. said, "She had locked the key, and carried away the door in her pocket." Mrs. Davenport, as Mrs. Heidelberg, had previously excited a hearty laugh, by substituting for the original dialogue, "I protest there's a candle coming..."
along the gallery, with a man in its hand;" but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed to be so unintentional, so unpremeditated, that the effect was irresistible; and the audience celebrated the joke with three rounds of applause.

GRIMALDI.

The following witty tribute to his powers is from the pen of one of the authors of that once popular satire, "The Rejected Addresses."

"Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom,  
Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonair;  
Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,  
Can't brush the cobwebs from the brows of care;  
Our gallery gods immortalize thy song;  
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure;  
Thou bidst a Jew's harp charm a Christian throng,  
A Gothic salt box teem with attic treasure.

When Harlequin, entangled in thy clue,  
By magic, seeks to dissipate the strife,  
Thy furtive fingers snatch his faustion too:  
The luckless wizard loses wand and wife.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold;  
Thou sett'st the mind from critic bondage loose,  
Where male and female cacklers, young and old,  
Birds of a feather, hail the sacred goose.

And the

Even ploue souls, from the skies  
At Sadler's Wells applaud.  
Forgot old Care, while they  
"Laugh the heart's laugh."

Long may'th th'guard,  
Long hold thy court in  
And from the equipage of  
Exalt the lowly, and bear

ACTORS OF FEMALE

THE PAST

It is well known to previous to the middle the female character by boys, severe  
{sufficient  
however, broke  
the nations of the  
France, long before  
English stage. Nash in 1692, speaking in  
stage, boasts that the  
as the players beyond  
bawdrie comedians, to  
come courteous to
E'en pious souls, from Bunyan's durance free,
At Sadler's Wells applaud thy agile wit;
Forget old Care, while they remember thee;
"Laugh the heart's laugh," and haunt the jovial pit.
Long may'st thou guard the prize thy honour won;
Long hold thy court in pantomimic state;
And from the equipoise of English fun,
Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great."

ACTORS OF FEMALE CHARACTERS BEFORE
THE RESTORATION.

It is well known that, on the English stage, previous to the middle of the seventeenth century, the female characters were uniformly represented by boys, or young men. We also know, from several passages in classical authors, that the same practice prevailed in the Theatres of ancient Greece and Rome. This custom was, however, broken through, at an early period, by the nations of the Continent; and women performers were common throughout Italy and France, long before their introduction on the English stage. Nashe, in a pamphlet published in 1692, speaking in defence of the English stage, boasts that the London actors were "not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squinting, bawdie comedians, that have wh—s and common courtesans to play women's parts."
The famous "leg-stretcher of Odcombe," the simple Tom Coryate, gives the following account of a comedy, which he saw acted at Venice in 1608. "The house," he says, "is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neither can their actors compare with us for apparel, shows, and music. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before; though I have heard that it had been sometimes used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever is convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor."

The Puritans vehemently inveighed against the assumption, by men, of the female garb, citing and perverting many passages of scripture, for the purpose of proving that it was altogether sinful and abominable. It was, in fact, one of their grand objections against the stage. "My main argument against you," says Busy, "for the male among you putteth on the apparel of the female," and so numerous had the puritanical party become in Cambridge, that we are informed by Hawkins, that when the comedy of "Ignoramus" was to be acted there (in 1614),
many difficulties were encountered in procuring proper persons to act the parts of Rosabella, Surda, &c. solely from the unwillingness of the students to put on a female dress, which they affirmed it was unlawful for a man to wear. The worst is, that when women appeared in female characters, which took place on the English stage soon after the Restoration, the objectors were not a jot better satisfied than before.

SUPPRESSION OF STAGE-PLAYS.

"An Ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the suppression of public stage-plays throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.

"Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood, by a Civil Warre, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these judgments, amongst which fasting and prayer having been tried to be very effectual, have bin lately, and are still enjoined; and whereas publick sports do not well agree with publick calamities, nor publick stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity; it is therefore thought fit, and ordained, by the Lords and Com-
mons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation doe continue, publick stage-plays shall cease and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations.

"Die Veneris, September the 2nd, 1647."

"Ordered, by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, that this ordinance concerning stage-plays be forthwith printed and published.


"September 3, London: printed for John Wright, 1647."

This proclamation not being attended with the desired effect, and plays being still occasionally performed, it was thought necessary on the 3d of February, in the following year, to issue a still more severe ordinance, commanding the immediate and total suppression of the Theatres, under heavy penalties. By this it was enacted, that all players who presumed to follow their profession should be looked upon as rogues and vagabonds, and punished accordingly; and that every person, present as a spectator, should, upon conviction, forfeit five shillings to the poor of
the parish in which the offence was committed. It authorised, moreover, the Lord Mayor of London, and the magistrates of Middlesex and Surrey, to pull down all stage-galleries, seats, and boxes, used for the acting of stage-plays, within their several jurisdictions. These orders were strictly carried into effect; most of the Theatres were demolished; the players were completely dispersed, and never more dared to perform, except by stealth and under the pretence of less obnoxious exhibitions, till a short time before the restoration of Charles the Second.

**STATE OF THE THEATRE DURING THE CIVIL WARS.**

During the first years of the contest between the King and Parliament, the players were not unwelcome guests to those towns and cities which had espoused the royal cause; but in London, where puritanism bore the sway and carried everything before it, stage plays were treated as an abomination, and those who were bold enough to represent them exposed to all manner of persecution.
A few, indeed, of the nobility, who had contracted a passion for the stage, encouraged the players to act privately in their houses; but the watchful eyes of the zealots prevented all public exhibitions, except such, as the author of *Historia Histrionica* asserts, as were now and then given with great caution and privacy. Some time before the beheading of the unhappy monarch, from the wreck of the different companies of comedians, one was formed, which played three or four times at the cockpit in Drury Lane; but while they were acting "Fletcher's Bloody Brother," the soldiers, suddenly rushing in, put an end to the play, and carried the actors to Hatton House, then a sort of prison for royal delinquents, where they were confined for two or three days, and after being stripped of their stage apparel, discharged. Lowin acted *Aubrey*, and Taylor *Rollo*.

The governing powers, however they might exert themselves to suppress stage-plays by violence, did not, by any formal act of state, prohibit their representation until October, 1647, and the February following; at which periods the Long Parliament issued those two famous ordinances, by which ludes were absolutely severe penalties.

The players still exhibit occasionally, some other noble to the capital; and occasional appearance under the pretence of other entertainments. On the actor of women friars, was scattered theatricals, in which they were overlooked, and as the community the penalties were on those who took part, and those who took part.

DESTOUCHES THE
ordinances, by which all stage-plays and interludes were absolutely forbidden, under very severe penalties.

The players still, however, continued to exhibit occasionally at Holland House, and at some other noblemen's seats in the vicinity of the capital; and even ventured to make occasional appearances at the Red Bull under the pretence of other and not forbidden entertainments. On these occasions Goffe, the celebrated actor of women's parts at the Globe and Blackfriars, was the usual jackal to summon the scattered comedians together. The want of a theatrical wardrobe, and of those properties which they had been accustomed, was easily overlooked, and the taste for theatrical entertainments was still so prevalent among a portion of the community as to induce them to brave the penalties which were equally to be inflicted on those who were merely present at, as on those who took part in, such spectacles.

DETOUCHS THE DRAMATIST, AND BONAPARTE.

Among the dramatic writers for whom Bonaparte had conceived a decided aversion was Destouches. None of his chamberlains durst
ever think of suffering one of his pieces to be acted before his majesty. Those gentlemen, sixty in number, had also taken great pains to learn the titles of all the plays written by that author; that in case a manager should have permitted one of them to creep into his list, it might be immediately erased. They were not all, however, men of great literary attainments, so that the most ludicrous mistakes were sometimes made.

One day, Bonaparte being at Compeigne, inquired of his grand marshal what play was to be represented that night? "Sire," replied the officer, "Le Philosophe sans le Scavoir, will be performed before your majesty." "Who is the author of the piece?" asked the emperor. "Destouchés, Sire." "I don't like that Destouchés; let the Tartuffe be performed." "Your majesty shall be obeyed," rejoined the grand marshal in the most submissive manner, and without considering whether it were possible to comply with the command or not. He hastened directly to the chamberlain who was charged with the superintendence of this théâtre. "Sire," said he to the latter, "the Emperor will not have Le Philosophe sans le Scavoir perform..."
formed to night."—"No, indeed! and why not?"
—"Because he cannot bear Destouches."—"Gra-
cious heaven! the piece is not Destouches'; the
actors told me it was Sedaine's. The scoundrels
always behave in this manner. The Emperor is
right, he knows everything. And now I recol-
lect myself—'Le Philosophie Mari,' not 'Le
Philosophe, sans le Scavoir,' is Destouches'.
Well, such a thing shall never happen again.
But what can we have to night?"—"The Em-
peror desires to have 'Le Tartuffe!'—"'Le
Tartuffe!' How can that be done? We have
but very few actors at Compeigne. I expect
some this evening, but they will not arrive in
time, and I have here no Orgon and no Clean-
thes.'—"Never mind: let those two characters
be omitted: I'll answer for it, the court will not
perceive it."—"Very likely—but the Emperor!—
But a thought just occurs to me. The
players whom I expect will possibly dine at
Senlis; for as they were not to perform to-
morrow, they will not hurry themselves: I will
send for them, perhaps they might arrive in time
by travelling post?" No sooner said than done!
A chaise was immediately sent off on the Paris
road, and with it a gendarme, who had orders
to inquire of all the vehicles he should meet, whether there were any actors in them.

The gendarme reached Senlis, and went from one inn to another, every where asking if any actors were there. Two travellers dining quietly together heard the question and dropped their knives and forks with affright. These were St. Phal and Grandménil, two actors of character and talent, but who were not great admirers of Bonaparte. On hearing the inquiry of the gendarme, they gave themselves up for lost. Their apprehensions were redoubled when the gendarme, after asking their names, desired them, without further ceremony, to step into the post chaise. They conceived immediately that they were to be conveyed to the Castle of Ham, and were not convinced of their mistake till they reached Compeigne, and were informed by the grand marshal that it had been found necessary to hasten their coming, because his majesty disliked "Le Philosophe sans le Sçavoir," by Destouches; and "Le Tartuffe" (which he did like) must, in consequence, be performed. This explanation turned their fright into mirth, and every thing terminated to the gratification of all parties.
PHILIP Massinger, the immediate successor of Shakspeare, and second only to him as a dramatic poet, was often as majestic and generally more elegant than his master; he was as powerful a ruler of the understanding, as the Bard of Avon was of the passions. And yet, with such rare talents, Massinger appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity, and to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; life was, to him, one long wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," sat upon it.

There is a letter of his preserved, in which, he, with Field, and two or three others as necessitous as himself, solicits the loan of a few pounds, with as much humility and self-abasement, as if a mendicant asked alms. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and it does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone or inscription of any kind ever marked the spot, where lies the dust of Massinger; even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. It simply states: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."
"THE HOUR BEFORE MARRIAGE."

This petit piece, which was taken from Molière's "Forced Marriage" met with the following singular condemnation. When Mr. Shuter, in the character of Sir Andrew Melville, brought on two swords to demand satisfaction for Stanley's (Mr. Yates) refusing to marry his sister Miss Melville (Mrs. Mattocks); a candle was thrown upon the stage from the boxes as a signal of general censure, upon which the curtain dropped, leaving the piece unfinished.

THEATRICAL COSTUME.

It is a curious circumstance, and one which strongly exhibits the revolutions of fashion, that the identical coat in which Garrick first played Fribble, in "Miss in her Teens," in the year 1747, and which was, at that period, the very height of foppery, should afterwards be worn by the representative of a grave, close, stock jobbing, money-loving citizen; yet such was actually the case. The coat of Fribble was the very dress in which Quick played Consol, in O'Brien's agreeable farce of "Cross Purposes," in the year 1772; and which, such are the revolutions of taste, did not appear than in the former.

THEATRES

The late Richard Cooper, who attended the great at Drury Lane, is an abstract of those who attended for a shilling, and redeem it, which cost him or

VARIUS PIECES

Hamlet except tragical character truly to personate, gives in his "Miscellaneous" that part—Betters as being excellent in no particular, which he acted to afterwards obtain

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taste, did not appear more outré in the latter than in the former character.

THEATRICAL ECONOMY.

The late Richard Russel, Esq. had a renter's share at Drury Lane Theatre, where he used to go almost every evening; and, notwithstanding his immense fortune, his penury was so great, that rather than give a trifle to any of the women who attended in the box lobby, to take care of the great coats, he used constantly to pledge his for a shilling at a pawnbroker's, near the Theatre, and redeem it when the performance was over, which cost him one halfpenny interest.

VARIOUS PERFORMERS OF MACBETH.

Hamlet excepted, it is doubtful whether any tragic character is more difficult for an actor truly to personate, than Macbeth. The following is an abstract of the account, which Tom Davies gives in his "Miscellanies," of different actors in that part—Betterton is celebrated in the 'Tatler,' as being excellent in Macbeth; but Cibber makes no particular mention of him in that character, which he acted to the very verge of life. Mills afterwards obtained it of Wilkes; but he was
heavy and dull. Quin was monotonous, Mossop wanted variety and ease. Barry had too much amenity for the terrible agonies of *Macbeth*: Garrick, alone, could comprehend and execute the complicated passions of this character; from the meeting of the *witches* to the last scene, he was animated and consistent: the impressions made upon his mind by these unnatural hags were, at all times, visible.

Of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, in this play, Davies gives an animated picture:—The commission of the murder was conducted in terrifying whispers: what they spoke was heard, but more was learned from the agitation of mind, in their action and deportment. The dark colouring, given to the short abrupt speeches, made the scene awfully tremendous. The wonderful expression of heartfelt horror, when he shewed his bloody hands, only can be conceived by those who beheld him. Wilkes had improperly given the part to Mills, while Booth and Powel were doomed to the characters of *Banquo* and *Lennox*.

One evening, a country 'squire, being heartily tired with Mills, seeing his bottle companion, Powel, appear in the fourth act, loudly called—

"For God's sake, George, give me a speech, and let me go home."
WESTON'S WILL.

Weston, the comedian, a few weeks before his death, said to his friend, "If you will write for me, I will make my will." His friend complied, and Weston dictated, not piety, but strong sense and keen satire. "I, Thomas Weston, comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my will, but proceed more immediately to the explanation of my intentions. Imprimis. As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life; and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude, at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man: the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last."

"Item.—I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

"Item.—Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his Theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof, by drawing a Jew bargain at their signing
fresh articles), demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment. I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction, which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean, to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

"Item.—I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

"Item.—I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty; 'tis, indeed, a small legacy; but, being a rarity to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

"Item.—I leave Mr. Yeates all my spirit.

"Item.—I leave Mrs. Yeates all my humility.

"Item.—Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife; therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, peace, harmony, and good nature.

"Item.—Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to
AND THEATRICALS.

Therefore leave me, as one who wishes to satisfy, to do all that may be urging that, done for the public, and not for the profit. If the letter is made to the public, it is not to be done merely for the sake of making it public.

But that, I am afraid, would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to die.

"Item.—I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of modesty. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

"Item.—Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly waiting for dead men's shoes; I leave him two or three pairs (the worst I have); they being good enough, in all conscience, for him.

"Item.—Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend Baddeley, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it; it will increase not only his consequence with the public, but his salary with the managers: but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use, as a succedaneum, a small quantity of opinion, and it will answer the purpose as well.

"Item.—Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the public. The method he has taken is a vague one. The surest method to obtain his end, is to copy Nature: experientia docet.

"Item.—As I would not forget my friends,
particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait; to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck, as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

"Item."—Dibble Davis claims something at my hands, from the length of our acquaintance. I therefore leave him my constitution; but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own.

"Item."—I leave to the ladies in general, on the stage (if not in reality, yet), the appearance of modesty: 't will serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

"Item."—To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

"Item."—To the authors of the present day, a smattering of humour.

"Item."—To the public, a grateful heart."

MRS. FOOTE.

This lady was kept so much in the background, by the gay, licentious life of her husband, that but little is known of her history, except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to have been the
leading features in her character; and these qualities would serve as a no-lasting check upon a man of his temper. Implicated as she was, however, in the fate of her husband, she was an excellent wife. The following is characteristic.

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised on hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened immediately, and found him in a dirty back room, up two pair of stairs, the furniture of which was every way suited to the place. The doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him, when Foote cut his discourse short, by turning the whole into raillery. “Why, is this not better,” said he, “than the gout, the fever, or the small-pox, and

This is a mere temporary confinement, without pain, and not very inconvenient; and not very uncongenial, let me tell you, to this sharp, biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain and confinement for a time,
but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from going into company again."

Laughing on in this manner, the doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time. "No, no," said Foote, "sit down; 'tis nothing but my Foote"—"Your foot!" said the doctor; "well, I want no apologies; I shall call another time."—"I tell you again," said the other, "'tis nothing but my Foote; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this, his wife put her head up from under the bed clothes.

CONNELLY, THE ACTOR.

This votary of Thespis, who was so famous as Lingo, on the Dublin stage, once purchased a lottery ticket; and, on being rated soundly by his prudent dame, for what she termed an act of great folly, he returned to the lottery office, and entreated the clerk to give him back the money. This was refused; but a gentleman who was present (the late Colonel O'Donnel, brother to Sir Neal O'Donnel), seeing his distress, purchased the share at the price which he had paid for it;
and, much to poor Lingo’s mortification, the number was drawn a capital prize; and thus he lost, by the prudence of his wife, a sum of money which would have insured him a decent competency during his life.

"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

When this celebrated comedy was first performed, the behaviour of some well-dressed farmers in the pit was very remarkable. During the progress of the screen scene, their emotions were so strong, that they could not stand still; and, when Sir Peter was left alone with Charles, they kept whispering to, and elbowing each other,—"He’ll have t’other peep!"—"No, he wont!"—"The youngster will find her out! He’s going! There! Now!" and when the screen was thrown down, they hallooed, stamped, and jumped with pleasure.

BEN JONSON, AND THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

It appears to have been as frequent a practice with the managers of former times, as it is among those of the present era, on the revival of an old play, to get it pieced and patched by some of the journeymen writers of the day. It was thus that Ben Jonson, as appears by the
MS. of Mr. Henslow, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre, was more than once employed to improve the "Spanish Tragedy," that eternal butt of all the wits of the age, and which they were never wearied of parodying and burlesquing. The article, as copied by Mr. Malone, was thus: "Lent unto Mr. Alleyn, the 25 of September, 1601, to lend unto Bengemen Johnson, upon his writing of his adycions in Jeronymo, xxx.s." In the following year it is also stated, "that Bengemen wrote more adycions." These attempts to improve the popular favourites of the times, were, at any rate, more excusable than the paltry and contemptible "alterations" which have been, in later days, made by Cibber, Tate, and others of still less note, in some of the noblest of Shakspeare's plays.

TRAGICAL ACCIDENT AT THE OLD THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

On the 3rd of February, 1794, when their Majesties went to this Theatre, the crowd was so great, that, on the opening of the doors, in going down the steps leading to the pit, one or more persons fell, and others were precipitated over them, as the throng pressed on, not knowing
what had happened. Fifteen respectable persons were unfortunately trampled to death! Twenty were taken up with fractured limbs, and other severe injuries, of which several did not long survive. This fatal accident was kept, as much as possible, a secret in the house; and their Majesties were not informed of it until the conclusion of the performances.

MEMORY.

At the seventy-second performance of "The Beggar's Opera," during its original run, Walker, who played Macbeath, being rather imperfect in his part, Rich, the manager, observed, "How's this, Mister Walker? I thought you had a pretty strong memory."—"So I have," replied the actor; "but you can't expect it to last for ever."

HENDERSON.

When Henderson, the celebrated performer, first made application to Garrick, and gave him "a specimen of his quality," Garrick assured him, that he could not possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any Theatre. Foote said nearly the same. Colman at length took Henderson by the hand; and such was the success of the man who could not possibly convey an articulate
sound, that, during the first thirty-four nights of his performance at the Haymarket, the receipts were computed at no less than £4500.

FIRST FEMALE ACTORS.

The received tradition is, that Mrs. Saunder-
son, who belonged to D'Avenant's company, was the first English actress. She performed Ianthe, in the "Siege of Rhodes," when it was first acted as a regular drama, on the opening of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in April, 1662; on which occasion, painted scenery was also, for the first time, introduced upon the English stage. The part of Ianthe had, indeed, been performed as early as 1656, when that entertainment was first produced at Rutland House, by a Mrs. Coleman; but at that time, through dread of the ruling powers, the dialogue was cut short, and entirely spoken in recitative, so that it was rather (as it was called) a "musical entertainment" than a play. Mr. Malone, however, asserts that the first woman who appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona; but he has not been able to ascertain who the lady was. In order to claim precedence of Mrs. Saunderston, she must necessarily have
played that character before April, 1662; and
the only mention which we find of the performance of "Othello," from the period of the Restoration, until that time, is in the MS. of Sir Henry Herbert, from which it appears that "Othello" was performed by the Red Bull Company (who afterwards opened Drury Lane, and obtained the title of His Majesty's Servants), at their new Theatre, in Vere Street, Clare Market, on Saturday, December 8, 1660, for the first time that winter. From this, Mr. Malone concludes that it was on that day, that an actress first appeared on the English stage. On the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1663, Desdemona was acted by Mrs. Hughes; but it does not appear whether that lady had previously performed with the company at the Red Bull, or in Vere Street.

In proof that Desdemona was the first character performed by a female, Mr. Malone quotes, from a "very scarce miscellany," a prologue, written by Thomas Gordon, to introduce the first woman that came to act on the stage, in the tragedy called the "Moor of Venice." The following extract from the prologue will shew the necessity of the innovation, and the plea put forward to justify its adoption:—
"Our women are defective, and so siz'd,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd,
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bones so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call Desdemona, enter Giant."

The following passage from a "Prologue to the King," in Jordan's Royal Arbor, is to the same purpose:—

"For, doubting we should never play again,
We have play'd all our women into men,
That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
They'll rather taken be for Amazons,
Than tender maids."

**QUIN AND GARRICK.**

In the agreement between these celebrated performers, in 1746, to assist each other with their abilities in several select plays, Quin laid his hand upon Shakspeare’s "Henry IV." and called upon Garrick to give him his assistance, by exerting his talents in Hotspur; "For you know, David," saith he, "Falstaff is so weighty, that he cannot do without a lever." The other complied, though very reluctantly; for he well knew that the portion of Hotspur, best suited to his animated style of acting, would be exhausted.
in the first scene of the part. The veteran Quin, by this piece of histrionic manœuvreing, surprised the caution of Garrick, who was the most juvenile and unsuspecting of the two.

SHYLOCK.

In the "Merchant of Venice," this malevolent Jew should undoubtedly wear a large red cross, the senate of Venice having passed an edict, that no Israelite should appear upon the Rialto, without the emblem or badge above specified. This was done to mortify the Jews, many of whom, in consequence, quitted their territory to avoid its infliction.

ADMITTANCE BEHIND THE SCENES.

The custom of admitting strangers behind the scenes appears to be abolished by Queen Anne. In "A Letter in answer to some queries relating to the stage," published during her reign, it appears, that her majesty was pleased to send a strict and solemn order, prohibiting whatsoever was offensive on the stage, and all other disorders and ill customs: such as admitting masks, and gentlemen's being behind the scenes, &c., which order, according to royal direction,
was read before the audience; and both the order and actor were hissed off the stage.

MIMICRY.

Many excelling comedians have been gifted with this natural talent. Mr. Rymer, that great critic, tells us, that Mr. Mountford was so excellently gifted in this way (if it may be called excellence), that when he was train bearer to Chancellor Jeffries, in the reign of King James II., at an entertainment given to the most eminent lawyers, his master ordered him to come before him, and plead a feigned cause, which he performed with great eloquence; and, in his pleading, to the admiration of all present, assumed the manner and voice of several of the best pleaders then at the bar, and even of some of those who were present at the entertainment.

SHERIDAN.

On one occasion, Mr. Sheridan was wantonly insulted on the stage, at Dublin, to which he replied with spirit and propriety. A ringleader was so exasperated by the reply, that he rushed behind the scenes, uttered the abuse which passion suggested, and received the
chastisement which he deserved. Mr. Sheridan was indicted for an assault. No one, in Dublin, supposed that a player would find support,—not even in a court of justice, against a gentleman. This was a mistake: Lord Chief Morlay presided, and would not suffer packed juries to be empanelled. Mr. Kelly was the plaintiff, and his abusive and provoking language being proved, the jury acquitted Mr. Sheridan, without leaving their box.

During the trial, he was called on the table, to answer questions, by an eminent, though not a well-bred counsellor in behalf of the plaintiff. "I want," said the lawyer, "to see a curiosity. I have often seen a gentleman soldier, and a gentleman sailor, but never a gentleman player." Without the least embarrassment, Mr. Sheridan modestly bowed and replied, "I hope, Sir, you see one now." A loud murmur of applause ran through the court, and the counsellor, impudent as he was, slunk to his seat and never asked another question. The behaviour of Mr. Sheridan afterwards was still more to his honour. This Mr. Kelly had foolishly imagined that his gentility would be supported, and subscriptions raised, to pay the fine of £500 in which he was
cast for his conduct in the riot. He was wholly deserted, lay some time in confinement, and, at last, knew no better means than to solicit Mr. Sheridan, who immediately petitioned government to relinquish the fine; and became, himself, both solicitor and bail to the Court of King's Bench, for the enlargement of Mr. Kelly.

A DRAMATIC REPARTEE.

The duke of D——, on his return from Hyde Park one morning, met Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage. They had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up to inquire after his lordship's health. "Well, Sam," said the Earl, "what part do you play to-night?"—"Lady Dowager Whitfield," replied the wag.—"I am going to cut a figure myself," said his lordship.—"You have long cut a splendid figure, my lord," said Foote.—"It may be so," said his lordship with a smile; "but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principal character in 'The Funeral.'"

RICH, AND THE RUSTIC HAMLET.

A COUNTRY actor so much persecuted Rich, that he permitted him to make his début at
Covent Garden Theatre, in *Hamlet*. The man shewed himself disqualified for the part, from the first scene; but when he came to the celebrated soliloquy of "To be, or not to be," he unfortunately wanted to blow his nose; but being as unfortunately provided with no pocket handkerchief, he had recourse to his usual habit of the fingers, which set the audience in such a roar of laughter, that it was with great difficulty the rest of the play could be got through. Rich, who stood upon tenter hooks, at the side of the scene, through the whole course of the representation, said nothing till the play was over; when, going up to the performer, he exclaimed, "Mr. ——, I believe you to be a very good kind of a man, and know you to be a good companion; but as to acting, Mr. ——, you must go and blow your nose at some other Theatre."

**SCOTTISH THEATRICALS.**

A company of performers announced in their bills, the opening of a Theatre at Montrose, with the farce of the "Devil to Pay," to be followed by the comedy of "The West Indian." Adverse winds, however, prevented the arrival of their scenes from Aberdeen, in time for the re-
presentation, on the evening appointed. It was, therefore, found expedient to give notice of the postponement of the performance, which was thus delivered by the town crier: "O yes! O yes! O yes! this is to let you know, that the play-actors havna got their screens up yet frae Aberdeen, and so canna begin thae night; but on Monday night, God willing, there will be 'The Devil to Pay in the West Indies.'"

HAPPY ANACHRONISM.

A son of Thespis, in acting the part of Barbarossa, got thunders of applause from the sailors who crowded the house (for the incident happened in a seaport town) by thus improving a speech in the tyrant's part.

"Did not I,
By that brave knight, Sir Sydney Smith's, assistance,
And in conjunction with
The gallant Nelson,
Drive Buonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores."

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

"The Lying Valet" being one night annexed as an afterpiece, to the comedy of "The Devil upon Two Sticks," Garrick, coming into the Green Room, with exultation called out to Foote,
AND THEATRICALS.

“Well, Sam! I see, after all, you are glad to take up with one of my farces.”—“Why, yes, David!” rejoined the wit, “What could I do better? I must have some ventilator for this excessively hot weather.”

MODEST MERIT.

A PLAYER applied to the manager of a respectable company, for an engagement for himself and his wife, stating, that his lady was capable of playing all the first line of business; but as for himself, he was “the worst actor in the world.” They were engaged, and the lady answered the character which he had given of her. The husband having the part of a mere walking gentleman sent him for his first appearance, he asked the manager indignantly, how could he put him into so paltry a part.

“Sir,” answered the other, “here is your own letter, stating that you were the worst actor in the world.”—“True,” replied the other, “but then I had not seen you.”

PERFORMANCES AT THE ARCTIC THEATRE.

The following dramatic jeu d’esprit is from “The North Pole Gazette,” a paper published in the Polar Regions.
"The Drama.—A new pantomime was last night brought out at the Arctic Theatre, entitled "The North West Passage; or Harlequin Esquimaux." Our limits will not admit of our entering into the plot of this piece at present. Of course there is a lack of scenery and machinery; but, in some instances, the local situation of the Theatre gives it an advantage over every other. Where, but in the Arctic Theatre, could a palace be exhibited supported by real icicles, forty feet high, bright as crystal, and thicker than the pillars of Covent Garden portico? Many of the tricks are very ingenious, and at the same time quite original. [We particularly admired that touch of the magic wand, which converted the Paphian Queen into a lump of "unsunned snow."

THE ACTORS.

A shabby fellow chanc’d one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,
(Garrick of whom our nation justly brags)
The fellow hugg’d him with a kind embrace—
"Good, Sir, I do not recollect your face."
Quoth Garrick,—"No!" replied the man of rags:
The boards of Drury, you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure."—
"When?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick,—"for
by G—
I never saw that face of yours before!
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"
"Lord," quoth the fellow, "think not that I
mock—
When you play'd Hamlet, Sir, I play'd the cock."

George Frederick Cooke and Mathews.
The abilities of Cooke placed him at the
head of his profession; nor were his talents
confined to that alone. Though his reading
had been desultory, he had read much and
had thought more. In his better moments,
he was a pleasant companion, full of wit,
whim, and anecdote, benevolent, and of great
suavity of manners. And yet this same man,
in his drunken hours, became noisy, savage,
and disgusting; a misery to himself, and a
terror to those about him. Of this, the follow-
ing anecdote affords abundant confirmation.
Cooke, while at Dublin, in the year 1795, one
night invited home Mathews, with whom he had
been pleased, and they sat down to drink. One jug of whiskey punch was quickly emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick, in his turn, thus commends young Mathews.

"You are young, and want some one to advise you: take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety—Mrs. Burns! another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns—you make it so good. Mrs. Burns, another jug."

"Yes, Mr. Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is too apt to be the bane of youth—'villainous company' leads them from studying their business, and acquiring that knowledge, which alone can make them respectable."

Thus he proceeded, drinking and uttering advice (not the less valuable because in opposition to his own practice), and assuring Mathews of his protection, instruction, and all his influence to forward his views. While the whiskey punch jug after jug vanished, and with it all semblance of the virtues so eloquently praised, though maddened by the fumes of the liquor, the chain of his ideas continued still unbroken, and he began a dissertation on the histrionic art, pro-
ceeding, from first principles, to a detail of the mode of exhibiting the passions, with a specimen of each by way of illustration.

It is impossible to describe, but the reader may, perhaps, imagine the ludicrous effect of this scene;—the power of the whiskey operating in diametrical opposition to the will, on his strong and flexible features, produced contortions and distortions of which he was insensible, while Mathews sat gazing with astonishment, and, at times, in an agony from the effort to restrain his risible faculties. Cooke began to question him, after each horrible face, as to the meaning of it, or the passion expressed; Mathews, totally in the dark as to Cooke's meaning, made every possible mistake, and when set right by Cooke, excused himself by charging his stupidity on the whiskey.

"There, what's that?"
"Very fine, Sir!"
"But what is it?"
"O—anger—anger to be sure!"
"To be sure, you're a blockhead—"
"—Fear! fear, Sir!"

But, when the actor after making a hideous face, compounded of satanic malignity, and the
brutal leering of a drunken satyr, told his pupil that was love, Mathews could resist no longer. Cooke was surprised and enraged, at this rudeness in his young guest, but Mathews had address enough to pacify him.

Mrs. Burns, in the mean time, had protested against making any more whiskey punch, and had brought up the last jug, upon Cooke's solemn promise that he would ask for no more.
—The jug is finished, and Mathews, heartily tired, thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.

"Not yet, my dear boy, one jug more."
"It is very late, Sir."
"Only one more."
"Mistress Burns will not let you have it."
"Won't she! I'll show you that presently."

Cooke thunders with his foot and vociferates, repeatedly, "Mistress Burns!" At length, honest Mistress Burns, who had gone to bed in hopes of rest, in the chamber immediately under them, answers, "what is it you want, Mister Cooke?"

"Another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns."

"Indeed, but you can have no more, Mister Cooke."
"Indeed, but I will, Mistress Burns."
"Remember your promise, Mister Cooke."
"Another jug of punch, Mistress Burns."
"Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mister Cooke, and so there's an end of it."
"We'll see that, Mistress Burns."

When, to Mathews's astonishment, he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of Mistress Burns, exclaiming, "Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?"

"Yes, I do, Mister Cooke."

He then proceeded to break the chairs one by one; after each, exclaiming,

"Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?" and receiving in reply,

"Yes, I do, Mister Cooke; and you'll be very sorry for it to-morrow, so you will."

He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking glass into the street, and the fragments of broken tables and chairs. Mathews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke: he now ventured on something like expostulation, on which his Mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after
him. Mathews having departed, George Frederick sallied out, and was brought home the next day, beaten and deformed with bruises.

COLLEY CIBBER AND POPE.

CIBBER, acting the part of Bayes, in "The Rehearsal," having occasion to speak of the manner in which he meant to have brought on his two Kings of Brentford, said, "I intended to have introduced them differently, in the shape of a mummy and a crocodile, but some of our wits, hearing of my intention, stole that thought and made use of it before me."

This tame allusion, neither remarkable for point, nor culpable for virulence, was received with considerable applause, but it highly exasperated Pope, who was present at the representation; he rushed, the moment the play was over, behind the scenes, and in a transport of rage, accompanied with coarse language, demanded of Cibber, how he dared to treat a gentleman in so unjustifiable a manner: indeed, so violent was his passion, that interfering friends found it difficult to prevent his attempting to collar Cibber, notwithstanding the disparity of his powers, his mis-shapen frame, and tender...
constituted, George! Brought home with bruises.

CELEBRATED PERFORMERS OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The earliest recorded performer of the fat knight, is supposed to have been John Lawin, whose excellence in numerous comic characters is loudly celebrated by the critics of his times. It has, however, been doubted whether he could, at the age of twenty-one, (for he appears to have been no more in 1597, when the first part of King Henry the Fourth, which contains the richest specimen of Falstaff's humour, was first performed,) have been sufficiently initiated in the business of the stage, to be capable of representing so peculiarly difficult a character. During a space of little less than fifty years, he
appears to have possessed a monopoly of the part, to the entire exclusion of every other actor; for no notice is taken of any other representative of Falstaff, previous to the suppression of the Theatres, which was accomplished by the influence of the fanatical party in parliament, in the year 1647.

The first actor of Falstaff, after the Restoration, of whom we have any account, was a bookseller in Holborn of the name of Cartwright, whose name is mentioned in Downe's "Roscius Anglicanus," but of whose performance nothing is known. He very liberally bequeathed his books to Dulwich College.

Cartwright was succeeded in the character of Falstaff by Lacy, the favourite actor of Charles II., who was so delighted with his performances, that he had his picture taken in three distinct characters, which may still be seen at Hampton-court. He is spoken of by Langbaine as the most perfect comic player of his time, and is described by Aubrey as being "of an elegant shape and fine complexion." He appears to have been one of the recruits picked up by the King's Company soon after the Restoration, as there is no trace of his having acted previous to the civil wars. Lacy wrote three plays, of no
great merit; he died in 1681, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin’s in the Fields.

The next actor of eminence, whose name has been handed down to us as the representative of the “doughty knight,” is Betterton, whose wonderful powers and admirable versatility formed an inexhaustible source of delight for the audiences of his day. This great master of his profession had been long accustomed to play Hotspur, with general applause; towards the latter part of his life, however, he determined to try his abilities in Falstaff, and speedily convinced the town that the most humorous walk of comedy was equally within the scope of his capacity, with the highest flights of tragedy. A singular circumstance is recorded by Davies as having influenced him considerably to modify the style of his personation of this character, which ought not to be passed over in silence, as it is strongly indicative of the modesty and good sense of this excellent actor. There was in Dublin a master pupil of the name of Baker, who excelled in several comic parts, and especially in Sir Epicure Mammon, in the Spanish Friar, and in Falstaff. Some singular anecdotes of this person are to be
found in "Chetwood's History of the Stage." A London actor, of the same name with the great dramatic poet, Ben Jonson, happening to pay a visit to Dublin, communicated to Betterton, on his return, Baker's manner of personating Falstaff, which, says Davies, Betterton "not only approved, but adopted, and frankly owned that the paviour's draught of Sir John was more characteristical than his own." This great actor died in 1710.

In the interval between Betterton and Quin, several actors were induced to attempt to bend this bow of Ulysses, but with very indifferent success. Barton Booth, at the express command of Queen Anne, ventured upon the character, for one night only, and then abandoned it in despair. The elder Mills also tried his skill in its representation; but, alas! the sober gravity of his face could never be made to express the inimitable humour of Falstaff. The fat figure, full voice, round face, and honest laugh of Harper, were more in his favour, but few gleams of intellect or genius beamed through his performance.

One of the earliest performances of Rich's Company at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields,
was the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in this, confessedly the feeblest portrait which our immortal bard has given of the merry knight, Quin gained such great applause, that he was soon induced to try his fortune in the more strongly marked delineation of the character, which is to be found in the First Part of Henry IV. He possessed a tall and bulky person, a strong and pleasing voice, a bold and manly countenance, and a piercing and expressive eye. His style of acting was highly animated, and his sarcasm poignant and biting. With these qualifications he could not fail to succeed in the representation of such a character as Falstaff, and in spite of some defects with which he was charged, he speedily gained the reputation of the most intelligent and judicious performer who had appeared in it since the days of Betterton.

Of Berry, Lowe, Shuter, Woodward, and Yates, who all in turn put on Falstaff's habit, little need be said, as none of them are considered to have succeeded in the delineation of that soul of mirth and good humour with which the boundless fancy and creative genius of Shakespeare have animated his unwieldy carcasse. Clever, as most of these actors were in their
respective lines, they were obviously unfit for the representation of a character so far above the common reach.

Henderson’s performance of the character is, however, deserving of more particular mention, as being, in the opinion of many excellent judges, equal to that of Quin. In fact, these two celebrated actors appear to divide between them the honor of being the best Falstaffs of the last century, so difficult is it to decide on which of them the palm should be conferred. Quin was decidedly the superior in figure, voice, and countenance; and in the impudent dignity of the character, no one could even approach him. The external deficiencies of Henderson were supplied by a most excellent judgment; and in the gay levity and frolicksome humour which he displayed, he completely distanced all competitors.

Since the days of Henderson, we have had a variety of Falstaffs of all descriptions, good, bad, and indifferent. Among these, George Frederick Cooke is, perhaps, entitled to rank highest. Some few have been led to the performance of the character principally in consequence of their extraordinary bulk. Of these, the most remark-
able was a Mrs. Webb, who enacted the part to
the no small entertainment of an overflowing
audience, for her own benefit, at the Haymarket
Theatre. The excessive corpulence of Mr. Ste-
phen Kemble also obtained for him the applause
of a liberal and discerning public. Of the Fal-
staff's who at present occupy the stage, in the
persons of Fawcett, Dowton, Bartley, and
Charles Kemble, the former, perhaps, is the
most equal in his performance, and the gross sensu-
ality of the character loses nothing in his hands;
Dowton is exceedingly rich in the delineation of
the ludicrous features of the character: Bartley's
voice and figure are well suited to the part, and,
added to the honest and hearty good humour by
which he is distinguished, render him a very ef-
ficient representative of the merry and mirth-ex-
citing knight; and Charles Kemble's personation
of the character is marked by a number of
clever points, and displays in several of the
scenes much talent and discrimination.

FATHER AND SON.

One evening Tom Sheridan, sitting with his
father over a bottle, was complaining of the em-
ptiness of his pocket. The Right Hon. Manager
jocularly told him to go on the highway. "I have tried that already," said he, "but without success."—"Aye! how?" said his father. "Why," resumed he, "I stopped a caravan full of passengers, who assured me that they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a penny of their salary."

**EASTWARD HOE.**

This play, written jointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, (in the Reign of James I.) containing some cutting sarcastms on the Scots, was the cause of the imprisonment of all three, and it was reported that they were to be pilloried, and deprived of their ears and noses. The throne was therefore supplicated, and, after strong intercession being made, they were liberated, when Jonson gave a feast in celebration thereof, in the midst of which his aged mother drank to him, and produced a paper of potent poison, which she declared, if the sentence had been passed, she would have infused in her son Ben's drink; and added, more like a Roman matron, then an English old woman, that she designed to have drank it first!
THE BOTTLE CONJUROR.

In the year 1749, the facetious Duke of Montague played off upon the good people of our Metropolis, a hoax so remarkable, that it has ever since been referred to, as a proof of human credulity.—This Nobleman being in company with some friends, the conversation turned on public curiosity, when the Duke said it went so far, that if a person advertised that he would creep into a quart bottle, he would procure an audience. Some of the company could not believe this possible; a wager was the result, and the Duke, in order to decide it, caused the following advertisement to be put in all the papers.

"At the New Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen, a person who performs the several most surprising things following, viz. first, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereof plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked
habits (if agreeable to them); and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d., boxes 5s., pit 3s., gallery 2s. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

** The performance continues about two hours and a half.

N. B. If any gentleman or lady, after the above performance, (either singly or in company, in or out of mask,) are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive; likewise, (if desired) he will tell you the most secret thoughts in your past life; and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; but will wait at any of their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time.

** There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.

The following advertisement was also published at the same time, which one would have thought sufficient to prevent the other having any effect.
"Lately arrived from Italy.

Signor Capisciuto Jumped, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco pipe; who can perform many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope: likewise he'll transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes, and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderfulllest wonder of wonders as ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in performance with that wonderful musician on Monday next, in the Haymarket.

He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven, in Golden Lane, every day, from seven to twelve, and from twelve all day long."

The bait, however, took even better than could be expected. The play-house was crowded with Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, and all ranks and degrees to witness the bottle conjurer. Of the result, we quote the following account from the journals of the times.

"Last night (viz. Monday the 10th,) the much expected drama of "The Bottle Conjurer," at the New Theatre in the Haymarket, ended in the tragi-comical manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the Theatre being lighted up, without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immedi-
ately followed a chorus of catcalls, heightened by loud vociferations, and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned; at the same time a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices the conjurer would get into a pint bottle. Presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this the greater part of the audience made the best of their way out of the Theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and swords also. One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces, the scenes, pulled down the boxes; in short, dismantled the Theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of a flag. A large party of guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his
fall into the pit with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot. 'Tis thought the conjurer vanished away with the bank. Many enemies to a late celebrated book, concerning the ceasing of miracles, are greatly disappointed by the conjuror's non-appearance in the bottle; they imagining that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing proof possible, that miracles are not yet ceased."

Several advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, some comical, relating to this whimsical affair; among the rest was the following, which we hope may be a means of curing such humours for the future.

"This is to inform the public, that notwithstanding the great abuse that has been put upon the gentry, there is now in town a man, who, instead of creeping into a quart or pint bottle, will change himself into a rattle; which he hopes will please both young and old. If this person meets with encouragement to this advertisement, he will then acquaint the gentry where and when he performs."

The reason assigned in another humorous advertisement, for the conjurer's not going into
the quart bottle was, that, after travelling all the taverns, not one could be found due measure.

**PLAGIARISM IN THE "HEIR AT LAW."**

**Pangloss** says to **Dick**, "At lover's perjuries, they say, Jove laughs;" to which, replies **Dick**, "more shame for him." This is without the slightest variation from Dryden's "Amphitryon," act v. where Phaedra makes the same reply to Jupiter.

**MISS HAWKINS' ACCOUNT OF FOOTE'S EXCURSION TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**

Foote, it is well known, went to Stratford purposely to laugh at and caricature Garrick's jubilee; and I never can forget the merriment excited in my mind, by the anecdotes of his manner of doing this. His meeting, early one morning, in the streets of Stratford, an Essex 'Squire full dressed in blue and silver, whose countenance expressed a kind of vagrant curiosity;—the 'squire's asking him, as if doubting of the worthiness of its object, in the present instance, what all this meant?—his unfortunate expression, nay, almost lamentation, that "he had been brought out of Essex," by the report of the jubilee; and Foote's cutting query, with a
stare that may be imagined;—"Out of Essex! And pray, sir, who drove you?"

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

Holman, while performing the part of Romeo, was seized with an involuntary fit of laughter, which subjected him to the severe rebuke of his auditors. It happened in the scene of Romeo and the Apothecary, who, going for the phial of poison, found it broken; not to detain the scene, he snatched, in a hurry, a pot of soft pomatum. Holman was no sooner presented with it, than he fell into a convulsive fit of laughter; but, being soon recalled to a sense of duty, by the audience, he came forward, and made the following whimsical apology:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I could not resist the idea that struck me, when the pot of pomatum, instead of the phial of poison, was presented. Had he, at the same time, given me a tea-spoon, it would not have been so improper; for the poison might have been made up as a lenitive electuary. But, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, we will begin the scene again without laughing."

VANDERMERR.

This performer was the most complete Harle-
quinn that ever trod the stage. His agility was, to the last degree, astonishing. He has been seen to leap through a window on the stage, when pursued by the Clown, at the height of full thirteen feet from the ground. Whenever his performance was announced in the Dublin playbills, it attracted a crowded house. One night, when he had a prodigious leap to execute, the persons behind the scenes, whose business it was to have received him in a blanket, not being duly prepared, he fell, of course, upon the boards, and was miserably bruised. This accident occasioned him to take a solemn oath, that he would never take another leap upon the stage; nor did he violate his vow; for when he played Harlequin afterwards, George Dawson, another actor, about his size, and of considerable activity, was equipped in the party-coloured habit, and, when a leap was necessary, Vandermere passed off on one side of the stage, as Dawson entered at the other, and undertook it. Vandermere then returned, and continued his business.

Prynne's Histriomastix.

William Prynne, the record of whose cruel sentence will for ever live to point out to uni-
versal execration the infamous Court of the Star-Chamber, and every individual of which it was composed, was cited before it, in the year 1633, for the publication of a libellous book, called "Histriomastix; or, a Scourge for Stage Players."

In this severe attack on the stage, he had collected a variety of quotations from authors of all ages, sacred and profane; with the assistance of which he proposed to write down plays, masques, dancing, hunting, public festivals, especially the keeping of Christmas, bonfires, maypoles, dressing up houses with ivy, the use of music in general, and especially of church music, new year's gifts, church ceremonies, &c., besides occasional attacks on altars, images, the hair of men and women, bishops, bonfires, and all other games, and even the wearing of perukes. One of the passages which peculiarly excited the court against him, inasmuch as it was alleged to contain a manifest comparison between Nero and his most gracious Majesty, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, was the following: "The multitudes of our London play hunters," says he, "are so augmented, that all the ancient devil's chapels, though five in number, are
not sufficient to contain their troops, when we see a sixth now added to them; whereas, even in vicious Nero's reign, there were but three standing theatres in Pagan Rome, though far more spacious than Christian London.” He adds, “that our English ladies, shorn and frizzled madams, have lost their modesty;”—“that plays are the chief delight of the devil, and they that frequent them are damned;” and “that princes dancing in their own persons, was the cause of their untimely ends.”

Among the heads in the index of the work was, “women actors notorious whores;” and on this theme the commissioners were inexhaustibly eloquent, applying it to the Queen, who had, a short time before, acted in a pastoral, at Somerset House, although they well knew that Prynne could have had no such object in view, inasmuch as his book was published some time previous to this exhibition, and the passage in the body of the work to which it referred, was quite incapable of any such application.

The sentence passed upon Prynne for the publication of this work was, that his book should be burnt by the common hangman; that he should be excluded from the bar of Lincoln’s Inn, de-
graded from the university of Oxford, stand in
the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, and
lose an ear at each place, be fined five thousand
pounds, and imprisoned for life! And even this
barbarous sentence was not sufficient to satiate
the vengeance of some of the judges, who pro-
posed to add to it new punishments still more
revolting.

DRYDEN AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

In one of Dryden's plays, there was this line,
which the actress endeavoured to speak in as
moving and affecting tone as she could:

"My wound is great, because it is so small."
then she paused, and looked very distressed. The
Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the
boxes, rose immediately from his seat, and add-
ed, in a loud ridiculing voice,—

"Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all."

Which had such an effect on the audience, who
before were not very well pleased with the play,
that they hissed the poor woman off the stage,
and would not endure her appearance in the rest
of the play; and, as this was the second night
only of the play, it made Dryden lose his benefit night.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS."

On this acknowledged truism, the following lines were written in 1612, and possess that quaintness so characteristic of the age:

"What is our life? a play of passion;
Our mirth, the music of division;
Our mother's wombs the tyring houses be,
Where we are dress'd for this short comedy;
While thereon prying the spectator is,
That sits and mocks still who doth not amiss.
Our graves, that hide us from the scorching sun,
Are like drawn curtains, when the play is done;
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
Only we die in earnest—that's no jest."

THE ORIGINAL BOBADIL.

It is not generally known that Ben Jonson drew his Bobadil, in "Every Man in his Humour," from an officer of high rank in the army, whom haughty Philip sent to subdue the Netherlands. After the battle of Glesen, near Mons, in 1570, Strada informs us, in his Historia de Bello Belgico, that, to fill Spain with the
news, the Duke of Alva, as haughty in ostenta-
tion as in action, sent Captain Bobadilla to the
king to congratulate his majesty upon the vic-
tory won by his arms and influence. The osten-
tation of the message, and still more so of the
person who bore it, was the origin of the name
being applied to any vain-glorious boaster.

HOLYDAY'S "TECHNOGAMIA."

"TECHNOGAMIA, or the Marriage of Arts," a
comedy written by Barten Holyday, was acted
publicly in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, with
no great applause, 13th February, 1617. But
the wits of those times being minded to show
themselves before the King, were resolved, with
leave, to act the said comedy at Woodstock;
whereupon the author making some foolish
alterations in it, it was accordingly acted on a
Sunday night, 26th August, 1621. But it being
too grave for the King, and too scholastic for
the auditory (or, as some said, that the actors
had taken too much wine before they began), his
Majesty, after two acts, offered several times to
withdraw. At length, being persuaded by some
of those that were near to him, to have patience
until it was ended, lest the young men should be

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discouraged, 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 those mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—What, I pray?
He offered twice or thrice—to go away.

Several witty copies of verses were made on the said comedy, among which was that of Peter Heylin, of Magdalen College, called "Whoop Holyday," which giving occasion for the making other copies pro and con, Corbet, dean of Christ Church, who had that day preached (as it seems) before the king, with his band stark clean, did put in for one; for which he was reproved by the graver sort; but those that knew him well, took no notice of it, for they have several times said that he loved, to the last, boy's play very well.—Wood's Athen. Oxon.

THEATRE AT LIMA.

Captain Hall, in his "Journal of a Residence in Chili," says, "The Theatre, which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the new Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greatest part of a Chinaman's hat in the piece; and in that in which the graver sort were bidden, I suppose the place being the royal boxes. A signal firework being let off at the back of the stage, at the opening of the play, the stage, being at first, lighted up, the audience being in order to form theWelsh of the country, the scene to be curtailed outward, consisting of a gallery of some sort of sheet, at the distance of a few yards above the stage, and filling the space next the stage, which stood on a platform. A very important part in the piece was ascertained by two or three of the actors, and the rest of the audience was equally determined by the action of the audience.
part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed entirely of men, and that in the galleries of women (a fashion, borrowed, I believe, from Madrid); the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the Viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal, that he is to be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his segar, and puffs away, furiously, in order to make the most of his time; for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can be no longer any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances, which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic, than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes all smoke on these occasions, and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff, behind her fan. The viceroy's presence or absence produces no change in the gallery aloft, where
the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening.”

GARRICK’S EYE.

On my first coming to town, about fifty years since, (says Dr. Burney,) I solicited a seat in Garrick’s orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre. A musical friend kindly procured me an appointed interview with that little great man, at his house on the Adelphi Terrace. I had heard much of “Garrick’s eye” at my dear native place, Exeter; even to a proverb, of course, and I was prepared to have my eye on him. On being announced, this immortal, dapper, and compact personage, glided down stairs like a sylph, into his sitting parlour facing the Thames. But what was that prospect at the moment, with all its grandeur, compared to the man in whose presence I fully felt myself to be? He was dressed neat, like what he was off the stage,—always as a private gentleman, with a little black scratch wig, and a pair of green horn mounted spectacles to assist his vision. There was every gesture in him calculated to inspire confidence and even hope; but the green glasses were rolling on me. But they were only a pair of green spectacles, and no harm could
...they do a poor professor of music,—an aspirant for favour and protection. I had no fear of being put on my moment of trial, for music was not David Garrick’s forte, as I had heard: that department he confided to the Arnes, Arnoldis, and Dibdins of the day.

Indeed, I felt more dans mon centre, on seeing this extraordinary personage, than before I entered the enchanted seat of the Muses and the Graces. After many polite and easy questions, he concluded thus, on taking off his green glasses, “Why, I’ll tell ye, Mr. B.”—Gracious heavens, what a contrast!!! The glasses fell, but the eye rested! and such an eye as was surely equal to all Argus’s hundred, that could penetrate into the centre of the earth.

His common conversation was inspiring, and his tone of voice melodious and flexible. I have ever considered this interview as an epoch in my long musical life.

Every muscle in his face was expressive of all he said and felt. I think the best off-the-stage likeness, and gentlemanly one, is that where he is contemplating his own dear Shakspere’s medal, as steward of the Stratford-upon-Avon jubilee. Every painter must have experienced
some difficulty in portraying this illustrious object of extreme admiration, for he ever seemed to me to vary in look (agreeable, or I may say, disagreeable) according to the subject on which he was reflecting or pronouncing. No man, perhaps, ever blended Nature and Art so happily, take him all in all. As I lived then in Great Queen Street, I often had the pleasure of seeing him, early in the morning, marching with firm step towards Lincoln’s Inn Fields to meet the great Lord Camden, and they often encountered opposite my apartments. Oh, what a treat to have observed their mutual salutation!

Garrick, most undoubtedly, made the best set-out of a little figure, for even his legs seemed to speak; and I remember, after his retirement to Hampton Court, seeing him come to town, strutting through the Strand on a wet day, in a large horseman’s great coat, the very flaps and skirts of which seemed animated and in perpetual motion. But to have eyed him sitting in the orchestra of Drury Lane, on the debut of young Bannister (as it was then) anticipating every line and gesture, sometimes looking at his favourite élève, and sometimes giving a kind nod to his elegant friends in the dress boxes, in token
of approbation, and of future fame, every mortal must have been enchanted.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTER OF DOGBERRY.

That industrious antiquary, Aubrey, informs us, that our great dramatist took the humour of Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing," from an actual occurrence, which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journeys between Stratford and London, and that the constable was living at Crendon, when Aubrey first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

VOLTAIRE.

A few days after Voltaire had been at the point of death, he found himself so much recovered, as to be present at the meeting of the academy, and at the play-house. On his arrival at the academy, he found in the court of the Louvre, two thousand people, who, clapping their hands, cried, "long live M. de Voltaire." The academy proceeded in a body to meet him, gave him the place of honour, requested him to preside, pronounced him director, by acclamation; and, in short, omitted nothing, that might testify to this Nestor of literature, their veneration and
regard. He charmed them all, by his politeness, the graces of his understanding, and the singular urbanity of his manners. From the academy, he went to the play house, followed by a numerous concourse of people. The applause on his entering the house, and during the representation of his tragedy of “Irene,” was beyond all precedent. The actors came into the box where he sat, and placed a laurel crown upon his head, amidst the tumultuous applauses of the whole audience, crying, bravo! bravo! and thundering with hands and feet. Between the performance of the play and farce, they brought forward his bust crowned with laurel, and then it was that the acclamations of the house were redoubled.

FOOTE, AND LORD TOWNSHEND.

Foote dining one day with Lord Townshend, after his duel with Lord Bellamont, the wine being bad, and the dinner ill dressed, made Foote observe, that he could not discover what reason could compel his Lordship to take up arms, when he might have effected his purpose another way, and with much more ease to himself. “Why, how (replied his lordship) could I have acted otherwise?” “How! (replied the wit) why, you
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I and Philip have invited him to join our ship, as you have done.
should have invited him to dine with your Lordship, as you have done me, and poisoned him."

**PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER,**

*Drawn in the year 1690.*

He knows the right use of the world wherein he comes to play a part, and so away. His life is not idle; for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more disliked, and none more applauded; and hee has this misfortune of some scholars,—too much witt makes him a fool. Hee is like our painted gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldom in his own clothes, and hee pleases the better in counterfeit, except only when hee is disguised, with straw for gold lace. Hee does not only personate on the stage, but sometimes in the streete; for he is masked still in the habite of a gentleman. His partes find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse, and makes show with of a fashionable companion. Hee is tragical on the stage, but rampant in the tyring himself: and sweares oaths there, which he never could elsewhere. The waiting women, spectators, are over
eares in love with him; he is their chiefes queste and imployment, and the sole businesse that makes them afternoon's men. The poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charges. Shrove-Tuesday, he fears as much as the bawds; and Lent is more damage. He was never so much discredited as in one act, and that was of parliament, which give hostlers privilege over him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge; but to give him his due—one well-furnish'd actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen; and if he have a good body for size, and for resolution, he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely."

MILWARD.

Of this once celebrated actor, Davies, in his Life of Garrick, speaks as of one who was not without a great share of merit, but who was too apt to indulge himself in such an extension of voice, as approached to vociferation. He prided himself to such a degree, on the harmony and sweetness of his tones, that he was heard to say, in a kind of rapture, after throwing out some passionate speeches in a favourite part, that he wished he could salute the sweet echo. He formed
himself on the model of Booth; and, although decidedly inferior to his master, he was, in the opinion of Davies, "the only performer in tragedy who, if he had survived, could have approached our great Roscius." His Lusignan is stated to have been scarcely inferior to that of Garrick; and in Mark Anthony, he had every thing in his favour which nature and art could bestow. In the celebrated harangue over Caesar's body, he opened the preparatory part in a low but distinct and audible voice, and gradually rose to such a height, as not only to inflame the mimic populace upon the stage, but to touch the audience with a kind of enthusiastic rapture. "It is scarcely to be conceived," says a critic who had witnessed this performance, "with what acclamations of applause his utterance of the following lines was accompanied:—

"——— But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

This accomplished performer is said to have caught his death in rather a singular manner. He acted the King, in "All's Well that Ends
Well," when that play was revived at Drury Lane, in 1741, after having lain, for more than a hundred years, undisturbed upon the prompter's shelf. Having put on, after his supposed recovery, a too light and airy suit of clothes, he felt himself seized with a shivering. Being asked by one of the players, how he found himself? "How is it possible," said he, pleasantly, "to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington?" This elegant and beautiful woman was the Helen of the play. From the effects of this sudden chill, he never recovered, but died about a fortnight after Garrick's first appearance on the stage.

MRS. CLIVE.

Some extraordinary women, besides the regularity of their charming features, and besides their engaging wit, have secret, unaccountable, enchanting graces, which, though they have been long and often enjoyed, make them always new, and always desirable;—of this class was Mrs. Catharine Clive. This lady honours Herefordshire with her birth, and the name of Raftor by her maiden appellation. She was the daughter of Mr. William Raftor, a native of Kilkenny,
MRS. FIVE.
in Ireland. He was born in the year possessing a strong application to B(alm managers of the Iug she had a good proficiency in singing but had no high regard for it. In 1727 (sixty years after the birth of George III), there was a general appearance of Nell, the beautiful Pay. She was a great favourite among the people. There was a variety of lively, humorous, and intellectual nature among the people. She appeared in 1730.
in Ireland. He had been bred to the law. She was born in the year 1714. At the age of eleven, possessing a strong propensity to the stage, she applied to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, the then managers of the Theatre Royal, who, finding she had a good voice, and had made some proficiency in singing, gave her an engagement, but had no higher idea of her than as one qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts of the play, or to perform the part of some innocent country girl; and she first appeared before the public the next season, in 1727 (sixty years after Nell Gwynn, and in the year King George II. succeeded to the throne). There is an engraving of her, soon after her first appearance (to be found in the print shops), as Phillida, &c. One evening, through the indisposition of an actress, she undertook the part of Nell, the cobler's wife, in the "Devil to Pay;" her great comic powers were immediately manifest to the audience, and she soon became a great favourite with them. At the age of twenty-one, she married G. Clive, Esq., son of Baron Clive.

This lady was formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humorous,
affected, and absurd characters. She possessed such a stock of comic humour, that she had but little more to do, than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and leave the rest to nature; she created several parts in plays, of which the author scarcely furnished an outline; and many dramatic pieces are now lost to the stage, for want of her animating spirit to preserve them.

A more extensive walk, in comedy, than that which Mrs. Clive possessed, can hardly be imagined. The chamber-maid, in every varied shape to which art or nature could lead her; characters of caprice and affectation, from the high-laced Lady Fanciful, to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies; superannuated beauties, viragoes, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces. She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent consequence, and insignificant parade of the female Opera singer. She displayed her excellence in this stage mimicry, in the "Lady of Fashion," in Lethe. Her mirth was so genuine, that, whether it was re-
strained to the arch sneer, or the suppressed half-laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her. He must have been more or less than man, that could be grave, when Clive was disposed to be merry.

After Mrs. Clive retired from the stage, she resided near Strawberry Hill, not far from Twickenham; and her company was always courted by women of the highest rank, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. Her conversation was a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness; and she delighted in all opportunities of being universally serviceable. This amiable woman died at her house, near Strawberry Hill, December 6, 1785, aged 74, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN KANE, THE COMEDIAN.

This facetious votary of Thalia, when informed of the death of O'Reilly, who was a favourite comedian in Dublin, exclaimed, "Dead! poo! You mane dead drunk; faith and troth, no man living has been so often dead as poor O'Reilly." But having been at length assured
that he was bond fide gone, he cried, "By the powers, he'll never forgive me, he'll lay his death at my door,—I know he will, for I was the first man that taught him to drink whiskey!"

HIS SING.

In 1772, the King of Denmark prohibited hissing, or any equivalent marks of disapprobation, in the Copenhagen Theatres. This despotic order was occasioned by a riot at one of the houses, which arose from an author having exposed a critic on the stage, who had treated his productions with unmerited severity.

LOYALTY OF THE PLAYERS.

The adherence of the players, with scarcely an exception, to the cause of Charles I. has always been strongly insisted upon by our dramatic historians, and, no doubt, with perfect justice. Were the following paragraph, however, to be taken in any other light than that of a mere joke, it would tend to throw great doubt upon this asserted loyalty. It is extracted from a Mercurius Familosus of September 12, 1655. This was an indecent, bantering kind of paper, published during Cromwell's usurpation.
The players at the Red Bull, and all the jack puddings at Southwark fair, last Friday, listed themselves for Soldiers. A little after a great rout was given, and some prisoners taken, which, presently paying their ransom, were released.

"So were the puddings and the fiddlers,
The actors, and the hey-down diddlers,
Put by their action and their parts,
And led away with heavy hearts;
The reason was, as some do say,
"Cause they can't work, but live by play."

Theatrical Thunder.

The Play-house thunder was formed much in the same way, and from the same materials, from the earliest ages of the English drama, down to the reign of George the Third, as will appear from the following lines of the prologue to "Every Man in his Humour."

No creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afraid
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders, nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm is come.

The theatrical artillery of the sky appears,
in fact, during this long period of time, to have received no improvement whatever, if we except that of which the testy critic, John Dennis, claimed the invention. We are, unfortunately, ignorant in what this invention consisted; but so jealous was Dennis of the honour which this famous invention could not fail to confer upon the happy wit from whose brain it emanated, that we are informed by Pope, (whose testimony however, in a matter in which Dennis is concerned, should be received *cum grano salis,* ) that the critic, happening to be present at the representation of a tragedy, in which the audience were treated with an unusually loud clap of thunder, exclaimed, with a vehemence proportioned to the importance of the subject, “By G—d, that’s my thunder.”

When the fashion of representing heavy showers of rain, by rattling a vast quantity of peas together in rollers, first came into use, is also a point that remains to be settled by the stage-historian of future times. Perhaps we are indebted for this ingenious contrivance, to that same profound critic, whose thunder was so peculiarly his own.
ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MISS KELLY.

On Saturday night, January 17, 1816, while Miss Kelly was performing the part of Nun, in "Modern Antiques," at Drury Lane Theatre, a ruffian, sitting in the centre of the pit, took a pistol from his pocket, and discharged it at her. The greatest alarm and confusion was excited: the audience cried out—"Seize the villain—take him out!"—The police officers attending the house secured, and, after a violent resistance, dragged him out of the house.

It was with some difficulty that Miss Kelly finished acting her character in the farce. On her being informed of the young man's name, she recollected that it was the same name she had received several letters by, in the form of love-letters; some of them amounted to threatening letters if she did not accept his offers, &c. She, not knowing the person, treated the whole as a matter of indifference.

At the conclusion of the Farce, several voices called for Mr. Rae, when that gentleman appeared and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—The young man who fired the pistol has been taken to the Public-office, Bow-street, and
interrogated by Mr. Birnie, the Magistrate; and from the wild and incoherent manner in which he conducted himself, there is very little doubt of his being insane."

The scenes that were on at the time the pistol was fired, were then put up again and examined, when it was ascertained, that several shots had perforated through the left back scene, &c., and some had struck the back of the orchestra.

His name was Barnett, and he was tried for the offence at the Old Bailey, but it being proved on the trial that he was insane, he was doomed according to the law, in such cases, to be confined for life in New Bethlem.

**Performers Turning Pale.**

"I have lately been told, (says the author of the 'Lick at the Laureat,' a virulent invective against Colley Cibber, published in the year 1730) by a gentleman, who has seen Betterton perform *Hamlet*, that he observed his countenance, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act where his father's ghost appears, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, turn instantly, on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his
AND THEATRICALS.

Neckcloth; when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible; so that, had his father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was so strongly felt by the audience, that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise; and they, in some measure, partook of the astonishment and horror with which they saw this excellent actor affected."

A similar trait is recorded of Baron, the contemporary Roscius of the French Theatre; but whether the expression of the English or French tragedian was most consonant to nature, and appropriate to the circumstances of the scene, must be left to the judgment of the critics. That of Baron appears, at least, the most difficult of execution, but it does not follow that what is most difficult is the most deserving of applause. It is related in the "Anecdotes Dramatiques," that when this celebrated actor, after a secession of almost thirty years, returned to the stage, he made his first re-appearance, in the character of Cimna, in Corneille's tragedy of that name. His manner was so different from that to which the audiences of those days had been accustomed, that he was at first coldly received, until he re-
peated the following lines, which present a lively portrait of the conspirators in that tragedy:

Vous eussiez vu leurs yeux s'enflammer de fureur;
Et dans le même instant, par un effet contrai", Leurs fronts palir d'horreur, et rougir de colère.

It is said, that when he pronounced the last line, Baron's paleness of countenance was visible, and was rapidly succeeded by a flush of red; and that this extraordinary effort convinced the spectators, that the actor entered, by a kind of magic power, into the very spirit of the character.

Other players have been known to exhibit similar instances of this wonderful power of expression, but those two are fully sufficient to refute the assertion which Steevens has ventured to make, in a note to a passage in "Hamlet," "that no performer was ever yet found, whose feelings were of such exquisite sensibility, as to produce paleness in any situation in which the drama could place him."

GARRICK AND RICH.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick, at Drury Lane Theatre, to which he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world, while Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent
Garrick, met at the Bedford Coffee House. Having fallen into conversation, Garrick asked the Covent Garden manager, how much his house would hold, when crowded with company. "Why, master," said Rich, "I cannot well tell; but if you will come and play Richard, for one night, I shall be able to give an accurate account."

When Foote was tried in Dublin, for the libel upon George Faulkner, the printer, (whom he dramatised as Peter Paragraph,) the late Judge Robinson was one of the bench. This was an old, crabbed, peevish gentleman, who wore a wig of a singular shape, with his forehead very much disfigured with blots, which, when in an ill temper, he was in the habit of picking off and throwing down upon the clerks, attorneys, &c., beneath the bench. Shortly after his trial, Foote appeared upon the stage as Justice Midas, with a costume, wig, and countenance, so exactly like that of the judge, and with the blots which he picked and distributed, with gestures so perfectly according with the model, that the whole audience, by most of whom he was known (especially in the gallery), were convulsed with laughter, and many cried out Robinson! Robinson!
NORRIS

Was a man that seemed to derive the chief of his fame from the oddity of his little formal figure, and his singular squeaking tone of voice, which were so remarkable, that his entrance into a coffee house, and calling to the waiter to bring a dish of coffee, in his soberest strain, always raised a smile on the face of the gravest man present. When Farquhar brought out his "Constant Couple," Norris was so universally admired in the part of Dicky, that, to the time of his death, he retained the name of Jubilee Dicky.

Quite worn out with age, as he lay bedridden, his relations would send for a physician, although contrary to his positive order: when the doctor came to his bed-side, he asked the patient the usual questions, to which Norris returned no answer; but, being pressed to speak, he turned his head, and significantly said, in his intuitively comic squeaking tone of voice, "Doctor, pray can you tell how to make an old clock go, when all the wheels are worn out?"

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

This lady, who wrote an abundance of plays and poems, philosophical discourses, &c. &c,
was in the habit of keeping a great many young ladies about her person, whose business was to write what she dictated. Some of them she made sleep in a room contiguous to that in which her Grace lay, that they might be ready at the sound of her bell, to rise at any hour of the night, and note down any inspirations she might be favoured with.

Mr. Jacob says, that she was the most voluminous writer of all the female poets; that she had a great deal of wit, and a more than ordinary propensity to dramatic poetry.

Mr. Langbaine also tells us, that all the language and plots of her plays were her own, which (says he) is a commendation preferable to fame built on other people's foundation, and will very well atone for some faults in her numerous productions.

She died in London, in 1703, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLES TURE FIST, AT OXFORD.

While Archbishop Laud was Chancellor of Oxford, he entertained Charles I. his Queen, and many of the nobility, in St. John's College library, and, after dinner, a play was exhibited.

WILLIAM ADDISON.
before them in the College Hall. "The college," says Laud, "was at that time so well furnished, as that they did not borrow any one actor from any college in town. The play ended, the King and Queen went to Christ Church, retired and supped privately, and, about 8 o'clock, went out into the hall to see another play, which was upon a piece of a Persian story. It was very well penned and acted, and the strangeness of the Persian habits gave great content; so that all men came forth from it very well satisfied. And the Queen liked it so well, that she afterwards sent to me to have the apparel sent to Hampton Court, that she might see her own players act it over again, and see whether they could do it as well as 'twas done in the university. I caused the university to send both the clothes and the perspectives of the stage, and the play was acted at Hampton Court in November following. And, by all men's confession, the players came short of the university actors. Then I humbly desired of the King and the Queen, that neither the play, nor clothes, nor stage, might come into the hands and use of the common players abroad, which was graciously granted."
courteous Turk.”

A tragedy of this name, by Thomas Goff, was played by the students at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1632. Compared with the ranting absurdities of this piece, the tragedies of Lee are sober declamations. The hero, on the appearance of a comet, addressed the following question to the stars.

———“How now, ye heavens! grow you
So proud, that you must needs put on curl'd locks,
And clothe yourselves in periwig s of fire?”

Thomson and Quin.

Thomson, the poet, did not immediately enjoy a fortune equal to his merit and reputation. Upon his first arrival in London, he was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times distressed even for a dinner, and had been obliged to get into debt. On the publication of his “Seasons,” one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read “The Seasons,” but had never seen the author; and he was told that Thomson was in a sponging house in Holborn. Thither Quin went; and, on being admitted to his
chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me; my name is Quin." Thomson replied, "that though he could not boast the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name, or to his merit." Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, "Let us talk upon business now," said Quin; "now is the time." Thomson declared that he was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command (thinking he was come about some affairs relating to the drama). "Sir," said Quin, "you mistake me. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, "that as he was a gentleman whom he never offended, he wondered that he should take advantage of such an opportunity to insult him in his misfortunes." "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "upon my honour, that is not my intention, and to prove my sincerity, there it is;" (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Thomson, in astonishment, begged he would explain himself.
"Why," said Quin, "as to the debt which I have discharged, I'll tell you:—this is the way it has been contracted. I read, the other day, your poem of 'The Seasons;’ the pleasure which it gave me called forth my gratitude; it struck me that as I had some property, I ought to make my will, and to make those the legatees to whom I was under some obligation. Consequently, I have bequeathed a hundred pounds to the author of the poem of 'The Seasons.' This morning, hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as order my executors to pay it, when you would be no longer in need of it." A present made in so delicate a manner, and under such circumstances, did not fail to be accepted; and Thomson left the house in company with his benefactor.

THE BAD MECHANIST.

Hopkins, the Drury Lane prompter, once recommended to Garrick a man whom he wished to be engaged as a mechanist, to prepare the scenery for a new pantomime. To this application Garrick returned the following answer:—

"I tell you what, Hopkins, the man will never
answer the purpose of the Theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a moon. I would not give threepence for a dozen such moons, as he shewed me to-day; and his suns are, if possible, worse: besides, I gave him directions about the clouds, and he made such as were never seen since the Flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the rainbow to pieces, 'tis execrable; his stars were the only things tolerable. I make no doubt of his honesty; but until he can make a good sun, moon, and rainbow, I must dispense with his services.

"D. Garrick."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

The date of their first play is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; and it was probably acted some time before. He brought, however, into the firm, a genius uncommonly fertile and commanding. In all the editions of their plays, and in every notice of their joint productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's sincerity, the name of Beaumont always stands first. Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate, and, it would appear, at one time, very economical. Aubrey informs us, that "there was a wonderful consi-
milarity of fancy between Francis Beaumont, and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dear-
ness of friendship between them. I have heard Dr. John Earl, since Bishop of Sarum, say, who
knew them, that his (Beaumont’s) main business was to correct the overflowings of Mr. John
Fletcher’s wit. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the play house, both
bachelors; had one bench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same
clothes, cloak, &c., between them.

ARIOSTO.

It is related of this extraordinary genius, that
his father being one day very angry with him, he
reprimanded him in the bitterest terms; to which
Ludovico not only listened with patience, but
with the most respectful attention, not offering
a single word in his vindication; but, on the
contrary, seeming to wish that the admonitory
lecture had continued longer.

A friend of his, who was present at this most
interesting scene, asked him, after his father was
gone, what could be the meaning of his singular
behaviour? To which, Ariosto returned for
answer, ‘That he had been, for some days, at
work on a comedy, and, on that very morning, had been much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reprimanding his son; that, from the moment his father opened his mouth, it struck him that that was an admirable opportunity to examine his deportment with attention, that so he might paint the picture as closely as possible after nature; and that being thus absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, the face, and the action, of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth or the falsity of the charge."

GEORGE STEEVENS, MRS. SIDDONS, AND MISS KEMBLE. *

With his critical acumen, and inexhaustible stores of knowledge relating to bards of the olden time, George Steevens united at times a malice still more rare than his talents or learning. Woe to those who chanced to become the objects of his dislike! Mrs. Siddons, it would seem, was in this last predicament, though, at one time, he pretended to idolize her. The following curious letter, extracted from the recently-published

* Afterwards, Mrs. Twiss.
Memoirs of Hayley," to whom it was addressed, affords a proof. Its object, as it would seem, was to endeavour to mortify Mrs. Siddons, by magnifying the theatrical talents of her sister:

"Hampstead Heath, July 27, 1784.

"My dear Sir,—You have it in your power at once to confer a great favour on me, and do eminent service to a good and lovely girl. Your "Lord Russell," appears in the course of next week, at the Haymarket. Miss Kemble, who acted the very delicate part of Harriet, in "The Guardian," is to personate your "Lady Margaret;" and I will venture to promise she shall execute all you could desire within the compass of so small a character. If her natural timidity could once be overcome she would make a distinguished figure in her profession, as her mind is every way stronger and more cultivated than that of her sister. Her diffidence in herself is her chief enemy; and I know not how it can be dislodged, but by praise, when she has deserved it. If therefore you, whose approbation is fame, would bestow a dozen lines on her performance of Margaret, you will be guilty only of an honest stratagem to procure her that confidence in her own abilities, which I am certain will operate to her future advantage. You know what you should hope to find in the representative of old Bedford's daughter, and no one can describe it half so well. If you will oblige me with a few verses, which I may send to her in your name and in your hand-writing, the day after she has trod in your buskins, you will, as I observed before, prove the best friend she ever met with. You are one of the few people whom one can..."
venture to solicit in the cause of an honest woman. You have my assurance, that your lines shall not be printed without your immediate permission. I shall persuade her you came up in orig. to see your own play, returned into the country next morning, and, not knowing her address, intrusted me with the delivery of your compliment. I shall attend every representation of your play, and will transmit you a faithful account of its success, which I do not doubt of. Your "Lady Russell," though patronised by a number of clamorous friends, will prove only a piece of beautiful imbecility. I saw her in Sigismunda twice: her voice is hardly audible; and her face, though handsome, exhibits no variety of expression. If I can prevail on you to oblige me, let me beg you will write the lines on a separate sheet of paper, and inclose them in your letter. I shall pay with cheerfulness for a packet of a pound weight on such an occasion. With my best compliments to the fair Eliza, whom I entreat to back my petition,

"I remain your ever faithful and affectionate

GEORGE STEEVENS.

"P. S. On second thoughts, if you will allow the verses to go into The St. James's Chronicle, after they have been presented to the lady, you will do her cause more extensive service: but, without your leave, they shall be circulated only among her friends, in manuscript. I am sure she will be more flattered by your notice than by any present which could be made her.

"I hear you have re-purchased all your works from Dodsley; a circumstance I much rejoice in. Is it true? If it is, we may expect, I hope, a handsome edition. Pray
let me know how the Lord Russells went off at Chichester, I fear the Collins's did little justice to it. I have discharged Hernandez with better success than I expected; and most heartily wish our Marcella was to be your Rachel. I never heard a line so forcibly spoken as she spoke one of yours;

"And all the blazing ruin rushes on thee."

"Adieu.—My best wishes to nurse; she will see I have not forgotten an old friend, though I am soliciting for a new one."

Hayley, of course, modestly declined the proposal of Steevens.

**IMMORALITY OF THE STAGE.**

The attack of Jeremy Collier and Sir Richard Blackmore, on the immorality of the stage, was given during the most memorable era in the history of the English drama. In this honest and undisguised censure, the sublime poet and profound-critic, Dryden, experienced a considerable share of rough treatment; and although he retorted to the indiscriminate abuse of Blackmore, yet to the chastisement of the blunt Jeremy, he replied in terms becoming a gentleman:

"I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions
of mine, which may be argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

Soon after this controversy Dryden died, and on that event the following lines were printed, having reference to Blackmore and Collier.

"John Dryden, enemies had three,
Sir Dick, Old Nick, and Jeremy:
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield,
The other two have kept the field;
But had his life been something holier,
He'd foil'd the devil and the Collier."

CHINESE THEATRICALS.

On the 1st of March, in China, dramatic pieces are performed on stages, in the principal streets of the different towns throughout the Empire, for the amusement of the poorer classes of people, who are not able to purchase these diversions. These plays continue for several days in succession, at the expense of the Emperor.
LA MOTTE'S MEMORY.

La Motte once terrified a young author, who had been reading a new tragedy to him, by accusing him of the plagiarism of one entire act, which he repeated to the distracted poet after hearing it but once read. When La Motte had enjoyed his joke, he put all to rights with the unhappy author.

FRENCH MYSTERIES.

During the reign of Francis I. of France, whilst the people were not suffered to read the sacred history in the books in which they are faithfully related, they were permitted to see them acted upon the stage, mixed with a thousand gross and ridiculous fables, expressed, for the most part, in a very low and burlesque style. Thus, in one of the mysteries written by Lewis Chocquet, in the history of the choice of an apostle in the room of Judas, it is there ridiculously supposed that they made the two candidates play at short and long; we present part of the dialogue translated. “Give us here two bits of straw, prepared as we have ordered it; one of them has a mark to it, as it appears; we have marked it for the sake of our companions;
the other is not marked. Now, Peter, to finish this business, take the two bits of straw in your hands; and they two who do not know which bit is marked, nor how it is marked, shall take each of them a bit; and he who happens to have that which is marked, will be admitted into the vacant place, as we have agreed.” When the cuts (of straw) were drawn, the apostles examined who had that which was marked, and cried out altogether, C’est Mathias, (i.e. Mathias); upon which, Peter expressed himself thus; (Englished): “God be praised! Now, Mathias, you shall be one of us to make up the number of the twelve apostles. I am heartily glad on’t: huzza! Be confirmed in your station.” The Devil naturally makes up a considerable portion of the mysteries; but, instead of inspiring horror, such was the taste of the day, laughter prevailed. In the work we have just quoted, Lucifer is made to summon up all the devils; at length, Satan comes, and this is his answer: “Prince of hell, you have bawled so loudly, that your cries have been heard even in the deepest place of this dark region, and have almost cracked the walls of our wretched habitation. What do you want? Are you going to hang yourself? Whole legions of
devils are gone out." Much more might be quoted of a similar nature. It may be observed, that there are numberless passages much more ridiculous and burlesque than these quoted.

SWEDISH MYSTERIES.

In the early periods of acting the moralities and mysteries, a very extraordinary incident is related in the history of Sweden, written in Swedish, by Dalin. It took place at the representation of a mystery of the Passion, under King John II. in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, (the soldier who was to pierce Christ on the cross in the side,) was so far transported by the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated the Christ; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the Holy Mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so exceedingly enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too-violent actor, became infuriated against their King, fell upon him in a throng and massacred him.
Le Kain (the Garrick of France) says, "A young and beautiful girl played with me the part of Palmire, in the tragedy of Mahomet, written by M. de Voltaire, and in his Theatre. This amiable girl, who was but fifteen, possessed not sufficient strength to give the requisite dignity to the imprecations she was to utter against her tyrant. She was so young, handsome, and interesting, that Voltaire assumed more than usual gentleness, while he endeavoured to convince her how distant she was from the spirit of the character. He said to her, 'Recollect yourself, my dear Mademoiselle, that Mahomet is an impostor, an atrocious villain, who caused your father to be assassinated, who had just poisoned your brother, and who, to complete all, would absolutely ravish yourself. If all this is a trifling treachery, or can give you any degree of pleasure, certainly your politeness to him is well-judged. But, if he excites in you the least disgust, this is the tone you should assume.' M. de Voltaire then repeated the imprecations, and gave the
innocent girl, who was blushing and trembling with shame and fear, a lesson the more precious, as it blended example with precept, and finally she became a very pleasing actress."

CHINESE DRAMA.

The Chinese have a theatrical piece called the "See-hon Pagoda," being the history of that temple, now in ruins. Several genii, mounted upon serpents, and marching along the margin of the lake, opened the scene; a neighbouring Bonze shortly after made love to one of these goddesses, who, in spite of the remonstrances of her sister, listened to the young man, married him, and became pregnant, and was delivered of a child upon the stage, who very soon found itself in a condition to walk about. Enraged at this scandalous adventure, the genii drove away the Bonze, and finished by striking the pagoda with lightning, and reducing it to the ruined state in which it now appears.

NEAPOLITAN PLAY.

The argument of one (as related by Mrs. Piozzi,) runs as follows, and perhaps may amuse the reader. An Englishman appears, dressed precisely
as a quaker, his hat on, his hands in his pockets, and with a very pensive air. He says, he will take that pistol and shoot himself; "For (says he) the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the ministerial party; so England does not please me. I tried France, but the people there laughed so about nothing, and sung so much out of tune, I could not bear France. So I went over to Holland; those Dutch dogs are so covetous and hard-hearted, that they think of nothing but their money; I could not endure a place where one heard no sound in the whole country, but frogs croaking, and ducats chinking. Muladetti! So I went to Spain, where I narrowly escaped a sun-stroke, for the sake of seeing those idle beggarly dons, that if they do condescend to cobble a man's shoe, think they must do it with a sword by their side. I came here to Naples, therefore, but ne'er a woman will afford one a chase; all are too easily caught to divert me, who like something in prospect; and though it is so fine a country, one can get no fox hunting; only running after a wild pig: yes, yes, I must shoot myself, the world is so very dull I am tired on't."

He then coolly prepares matters for the operation, and then fell on.
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rations, when a young woman bursts into his apartments, bewails her fate for a moment, and then faints away. Our countryman lays by his pistol, brings the lady to life, and having heard part of her story, sees her in a place of safety. More confusion follows: a gentleman enters, storming with rage at a treacherous friend he hints at, and a false mistress: the Englishman gravely advises him to shoot himself. "No, no," replied the woman Italian, "I will shoot them through, if I can catch them; but want of money hinders me from the search." That, however, is now instantly supplied by the generous Briton, who enters into their affairs, detects and punishes the rogue who had betrayed them all, settles the marriage and reconciliation of his new friends, adds something to the good girl's fortune, and concludes the piece with saying, that he has altered his intentions, and will think no more of shooting himself while life may in all countries be rendered pleasant to him who will employ it in the service of his fellow-creatures; and finishes with these words, that such are the sentiments of an Englishman.

Colman the younger founded his "Blue Devils" on the above.
MELPOMENE'S WILL.*

MELPOMENE, late,
Had a pain in her pate,
Her body was all in a tremble;
Her silence she broke,
Then, sobbing, bespoke
Her sable factotum—John Kemble,

"I give and devise
My tears and my sighs,
My poison and scrolls,
My daggers and bowls,
In trust for the following jumble:

My sighs turn to neighs,
To litters my plays,
To gee ho! my tragedy speeches;
My howls made for slaughter,
To buckets of water,
My buskins to brown leather breeches:

Desdemona forlorn,
With a sieve full of corn,
Shall soften the rage of Othello;

* This Squib made its appearance in the newspapers on the first introduction of the horses at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1811.
His jealousy check,
With a pat on the neck,
   And whisper 'so ho, 'my poor fellow!'

In hiring my actors,
In spite of detractors,
   Don't look at their features or eye balls;
Ne'er guide your selection,
By voice or complexion,
   But give a high price for the pie-balds.'

Melpomene died;
John Kemble replied,
   "I like the experiment vastly;"
So booted and spurr'd,
He now trots in the herd
   Of Merryman, Parker, and Astley.

HOLLAND'S FUNERAL.

The death of Mr. Holland of Drury-Lane Theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a warm friendship for him; being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of the pall bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there
very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to
his memory. On his return to town, by way of
alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford
coffee-house; when Harry Woodward coming
up to him, asked him if he had not been paying
the last attentions to his friend Holland? "Yes,
poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the
same time, "I have just seen him shoved into
the family oven."

POWERS OF MIMICRY.

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he intro-
duced into one of his pieces the character of
Faulkner, the printer, whose manners and dress
were so closely imitated, that the poor fellow
could not appear in public, without meeting with
scoffs and jeers from the very boys in the streets.
Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him,
Faulkner one evening treated to the gallery all
the devils of the printing office, that they might
hiss Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed him-
self in the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation,
but when the objectionable scene came on, the
unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to
find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being
heard, his gallery friends partook of the laugh.
The next morning he inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do we not know you?—sure 'twas your own swate self that was on the stage; and shower light upon us, if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy master."

GRIMALDI'S LAMENT ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

[Addressed to his Son.]

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that drew
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims.
Never shall old Bologna—old, aghast!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er,
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the matchless fling so loved of yore.
Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd—lean;—
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.
Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach.
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet fare;
"Sorrow hath ta'en my number;"—I encroach
No more upon the chariot;—but the chair.

Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
Sloth puts my legs into this tiresome cage,
And stops me for a toll,—I find, too late!
How Ware would quiver his mad bow about
His rosin'd tight ropes—when I flapp'd a dance!
How would I twitch the Pantaloons good gout
And help his fall—and all his fears enhance!

How children shriek'd to see me eat!—How I
Stole the broad laugh from aged sober folk!
Boys pick'd their plums out of my Christmas pie,—
And people took my vices for a joke.
Be wise,—(that's foolish)—troublesome (be rich)—
And oh, J. S. to every fancy stoop!
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
And roll thine eyes, as thou would'st roll a hoop,
Hand Columbine about with nimble hand,
Covet thy neighbour's riches as thy own:
Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.

Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forget not this:
As thou beat'st him, thou'rt poor, J. S. or funny!
And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz,
It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.

Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
And be an "absolute Joseph," like old Joe!

Clough and Shuter.

Clough had a very peculiar idea of amusement. The most diverting thing in the world to him, was a public execution; and he would sooner have failed in being at the play house on the night he was to act, than to have omitted attending the unfortunate culprits to Tyburn, and to be a spectator of the horrors of death in so ignominious a manner. One night, he
was at a coffee-house, when, hearing the clock strike eleven, he abruptly rose and paid his reckoning; an acquaintance of his, sitting by him, asked, "What is the matter, Clough; your hour is not come yet, you never stir till one?"

—Ay," replied Clough, "but do you not know that there is business to be done to-morrow, and Ned Shuter and I are to attend?" Ned, who had been up all night, with a jovial party, was only in his first sleep when Clough called on him, and could not be prevailed upon to rise: Clough set off for the scene of pleasure, by himself, vociferating loudly, "Was there ever such a fellow? He has no more taste than a Hottentot!" Clough's taste, after all, we believe, was not singular.

A BLIND TRAGEDIAN.

In a Wolverhampton Chronicle of December, 1792, the following paragraph appeared:—

"One Brisce, the manager of a small theatrical company, now in Staffordshire, though stone blind, plays all the heroes in his tragedies, and lovers in genteel comedies!"

MATTHEW LOCKE.

This celebrated composer of the music in
Macbeth," was, in his early days, a singing boy in Exeter cathedral, in the organ loft of which, on the stone-screen, his name is thus inscribed, "MATTHEW LOCKE, 1638." The characters are still distinctly legible, and their apparent antiquity leaves no doubt that they were cut by the young musician.

G. F. COOKE AND THE DIRTY BEAU.

After performing, one evening, at Manchester, Cooke repaired to a small tavern, near the Theatre, in company with a friend: mirth and good-humour prevailed till twelve o'clock, when his friend perceiving, as he thought, a something lurking in his eye which foretold a storm, anxiously endeavoured to get him home before it burst forth. The importunity of his friend, instead of having the desired effect, precipitated what he had foreseen; with a haughty, supercilious look, he said, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! Am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controlled by such a would-be-puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian!"—then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude, "Come out," said he, "thou prince of deceivers!—come out,
I say!" With some difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat.

There was a large fire in the room, before which stood a figure with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of buckism, very deficient in cleanliness and costume; his face was grimey, and his neckcloth of the same tint; which, nevertheless, was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted, and turned up under a worn-out hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of his head. Thus equipped, the fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized.

At length he caught the eye of Cooke, who, in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute examined him from top to toe; then turning to his friend, he burst into a horse laugh, and roared out, "Beau Nasty, by Heaven!"

Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former bluster, this insensible puppy took little notice. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his own coat in imitation of the beau, turned his back to the fire; and approaching him nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every one to hear, "Pray, sir, how is soap?"—"Soap!"—"Yes, sir,
soap—they say it is coming down.”—“I am glad of it.”—“Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance.” Here was a general laugh, which the beau seemed not to regard; but, nodding his head, and hitting his boots with a small rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and inquired if he could have any thing for supper. “What do you think,” said Cooke, “of a roasted puppy? because,” taking up the poker, “I will spit you, and roast you in a minute.” This had a visible effect upon the dirty beau; he retreated towards the door, Cooke following with the poker, exclaiming, “Avaunt, and quit my sight; thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed: avaunt! avaunt! I say:”—then, replacing the poker, and returning to his seat, he continued, “Being gone, I am a man again.”

MACKLIN’S DEFINITION OF ESQUIRE.

Macklin, going to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered: “Entered!” replied Macklin; “why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by Act of Parliament: but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles
Macklin, Esquire, as they are now synonymous terms."

**THE MAIN CHANCE.**

*WHEN* Whitley, manager of the Nottingham company, was enacting *Richard III.* he shewed a tolerable proof of having constantly an eye to his interest and to his audience. In the character of the crook-backed tyrant, he exclaimed:

"Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain,"

*(That man in the brown wig there, has got into the pit without paying,)*

"Richard's himself again!"

**LAW, AND THE SCOTTISH THANE.**

One evening, during the representation of "Macbeth," an eminent special pleader graced the boxes of Drury Lane Theatre, to see it performed. When the hero questions the Witches, as to what they are doing; they answer "a deed without a name." Our counsellor, whose attention was at that moment directed more to Coke upon Littleton than to Shakspeare, catching, however, the words in the play, repeated, "A deed without a name!—why, 'tis void."

**TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.**

Rousseau makes this distinction between tra-
and comedy. In comedy, the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy, it turns on murder. The whole intrigue, in the one and the other, turns on this grand event:—will they marry? will they not marry? will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage; there will be murder; and this forms act the first. There will be no marriage; there will be no murder; and this gives birth to act the second. A new mode of marrying and of murdering is prepared for the third act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last, the marriage and the murder are effected for the benefit of the last act.

Dr. Barrowby, a famed dramatic critic of that day, spoke of him, we are told, in the following terms:

"He came into the room in a frock suit of green and silver, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody knew him; but he soon entered boldly into conversation, and by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and his unembarrassed freedom of
manners, attracted the general notice. The buzz of the room went round—"Who is he? Whence came he?"—which nobody could answer, until a handsome carriage stopping at the door, to take him to the assembly of fashion, they learned from the servants, that his name was Foote, that he was a young man of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple."

**ILL-TIMED MIRTH.**

A great actress travelling with her son through a village, where they stopped for the night, in a journey to the north, by way of passing their time, they went to see the play of "Pizarro" enacted in a barn, and displayed their merriment on its representation rather ill-naturedly, and to the great mortification of the abashed performers. On the conclusion of the first act, the fiddler, who composed the orchestra, struck up very appropriately:

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother."

**SHERIDAN'S WAY OF SATISFYING ELECTORS.**

When Sheridan first stood for Stafford, he made abundant promises to procure places for such electors as would vote for him; and, won-
derful to relate! he kept his word, for numbers of them were appointed to offices in Drury Lane Theatre and the Opera House. By this munificence he gained his election; but, in a very short time, he found opportunities to oblige new friends, most of the others being obliged to relinquish their situations, from receiving no pay.

PUTTING BURLESQUED.

The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper:—"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight.

"This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic ex-
cellence! this star of Melphomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnelan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this June of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gillyflower, wall-flower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus!

"Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up!

"When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," blubbered like..."
hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon players' eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger stops, and making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between flats and sharps being discovered.

"One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass."
THEATRES

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

In an old Cambridge comedy of "The Returne from Parnassus," we find this indignant description of the progress of luxury in those days, put into the mouth of one of the speakers.

"Why, is't not strange to see a ragged clerke,
Some stammell weaver, or some butcher's sonne
That scrubb'd, a-late, within a sleeveless gowne,
When the commencement, like a morrice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman.

How then he 'gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwelt in a smokye roome,
Must take tobacco, and must wear a locke.
His thirsty dad drinks in a wooden bowle,
But his sweet self is served in silver plate.

His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legges
For one good Christmas meal on New Year's day,
But his maue must be capon-cram'd each day."

"THE GERMAN PLAY," AT VENICE.

An hereditary Prince made the tour of Italy; Venice was not left unvisited; and, during his residence there, he found himself in a social circle with the principal families. One thing, however, hurt him much;--as often as he was invited to any of the chief nobility's houses, some little Italian play closed the entertainments, and in these,
almost without exception, some German custom or other was represented in a ridiculous light.—

The prince took it amiss, but had discretion enough to keep his feelings to himself, and his example was followed by all his attendants, his chamberlain alone excepted.

The time of departure approached; and the prince, on the evening before, invited all the persons by whom he had been entertained. Supper being over, the gentry were proceeding to place themselves at the card tables, when the chamberlain addressed them to the following effect:—"They had," he said, "frequently charmed the eye and the ear of the prince, his master, by theatrical performances, which could not but be good, since they were Italian. It was, indeed, impossible for him to repay them in the same standard coin; yet, he flattered himself, if they, for a few moments, would vouchsafe him their attention, to represent to them a German piece, as good as it was possible to make one there."

The chamberlain then led the company to a great hall below, at the extremity of which was a miserable stage. At length appeared a German traveller, having round his waist a leathern belt, in which were stuck two pistols; he stared about
with that curiosity which is natural to a man on finding himself in some place quite strange to him. He was come, he said, late in the night to Siena; and was altogether uncertain whether or no he should find a lodging. He now drew a book out of his pocket, placed himself under the nearest lantern, and began to read.—Scarcely had he read a few lines, when another being, from one of the cross-streets, drew the attention of the audience. Seeing the German so intently employed in reading, he came up to him and looked over his shoulder into the book, and showed his astonishment by gestures.

The German soon put up his book, pulled out his repeater, made it strike. At every successive stroke, the astonishment increased, of the creature that stood behind, and the eagerness of curiosity was visible in his countenance.

"No later than twelve!" exclaimed the German; "that is not so very late: especially in a country where they are known to turn the day into night, and the night into day. Perhaps, I may, somewhere, be able to awaken either a compassionate or a self-interested soul."—He knocked at all the doors, but in vain.

"Well, then," said he, disgusted, "if knock-
ing will not awaken you, perhaps you may be roused at this." So saying, he drew out one of his pistols and fired it off;—the poor white thing started back with terror, and his shriek caused the traveller to look around him. He instantly asked, who he was? "Thou wert reading just now, in a packet, full of such crooked and extraordinary figures, as I never saw before, and yet it cannot have been written?"—"No, that it was not: don't you know it to be printed?"—"Printed! Printed! No; the idea is altogether foreign to me. Tell me, then, in what consists the difference between printing and writing?"—"In this; that one hundred and fifty men could not write, in a day, the half of what one single man can print within that space of time; that it is fairer, more uniform, and more lasting, than the other method; and that the price of it does not amount to one-sixth part of the former."—"Important advantages! indeed, very important!" exclaimed the inquisitive native.—"An invention by which literature, and the communication of the arts and sciences, must have great gainers, no doubt! And who was the inventor of this useful art?"—"A countryman of mine:—a German."—"He does the
honour, friend. He must have had a good head-piece, I would have given a great deal for such an one. But my curiosity is not yet satisfied. Thou hast there another contrivance which gave the hour with astonishing exactitude; what might that be?"—"What but a repeating watch!"—"A watch? Hum! in my time we only knew of water-clocks, sand-vessels, and sun-dials; but, not to mention their bulky size, their inconvenience and expensiveness, they were extremely deceptive and uncertain. I should think, that a thing so easily carried about in the pocket, and so exact in its notices, must be an excellent companion on long journeys, and must be of equal utility, both to the traveller and the merchant."—"I am glad to see that thou art so quick at guessing the utility of things, which, to my great surprise, thou seemest still unacquainted with—Who art thou then? Of what epocha dost thou pretend to be? Aye, what epocha!"—"Why art thou so curious? Tell me, first, who invented this?"—"Likewise a German."—"A noble race! It deserves my praise. A German! Who would have thought it of those blue-eyed barbarians? But let it be! Now that I have once begun to question thee, my old motto..."
comes into my mind. Thou hast yet another thing, that imitated thunder and lightning in miniature; and even struck into that door, though at so great a distance. What name dost thou give it?"—"A pistol."—"And the nature of it? The manner whereby it produces this effect?"—The German, who was now once entered into conversation, took out the other pistol, explained to him its construction, the quality of the powder, its force in great and little quantities, and gave him as good an idea of it, as could be done in few words. The wonder of the inquirer now rose to its highest pitch. "How useful must this be in war!" exclaimed he; "How serviceable in taking strong places! How quickly decisive in battle! Oh, I pray thee, tell me, who invented it?"—"Who else but a German!" The spirit—for why should we any longer conceal that it was a spirit?—here started."Always German, and again, a German! Whence, in all the world, did you come by so much wisdom? Know, that as sure as I stand here before thee, I was once the spirit of Cicero, the wisest man of his times, the father of his country, the—but who does not know me?
But in my times, to speak honestly, thy countrymen were the stupidest set of people that ever the sun shone upon; rude and even savage, destitute of even agriculture and arts, totally ignorant of all sciences, for ever hunting, perpetually at war, wrapped up in the skins of beasts, and they themselves no better than brutes; yet, to all appearance, you must have undergone a great alteration since.—When I now reflect on my ancient fellow citizens, according to the vast progress they had made beyond you; great both in peace and wars; or as actors, poets, historians,—lords of half the world, and the first nation under the sun,—Oh, for certain, they must, by this time, border on divine perfection!—That I could but see them! Yet, a few minutes, and the coming on of the first hour compels me back to the world below, from whence, perhaps, in the next eighteen hundred years, I may not be able to depart; and must only mutter by myself in some vast desert."

The German smiled. "Such as I am," said he, "are all my countrymen; or, at least, they may be such.—Does then the ap-
And Theatricals.

"The appearance we make in thy eyes, please thee?" - "Very much." - "And thou longest to see how thy countrymen, or, at least, the greater part of them, appear to us?" - "Oh, from my very heart!" - "Well, wait but a few minutes - I understand a little of the black art; I will employ it now to give thee satisfaction."

He gave a nod, and there presently appeared a Savoyard on each side of the street, crying "Raree-show, fine raree-show against the wall! Who sees? Who sees the galantee-show?" - "Behold," resumed the German, "behold, O Cicero, thus do they mostly appear to us. - Do they please thee?"

The spirit was petrified with silent astonishment. The clock of a neighbouring steeple struck one, and he seemed to vanish away in disgust; but, in much greater, did the noble Venetians rise up from their seats; they took their leave with forced smiles, and would have revenged themselves by assassination, had not the Prince and the Chamberlain disappeared the next day.
ITALIAN PLAY.

Spence, the friend and contemporary of Pope, in a letter to his mother, from Turin, in 1739, gives the following account of an Italian entertainment, which was thus advertised. "Here, under the porticoes of this charitable Hospital, will be represented this evening, 'The Damned Soul,' with proper decorations." "As this seemed to be one of the greatest curiosities I could possibly meet with in my travels, I immediately paid my threepence, was showed in with great civility, and took my seat among a number of people.

"At length the curtain drew up, and discovered the Damned Soul, all alone, with a melancholy aspect. She was (for what reason I don't know) drest like a fine lady, in a gown of flame-coloured satin. She held a white handkerchief in her hand, which she applied often to her eyes; and in this attitude, with a lamentable voice, began a prayer (to the holy and ever blessed Trinity) to enable her to speak her part well: afterwards she addressed herself to all the good Christians in the room; begged them to attend carefully to what she had to say, and heartily
wished they would be the better for it: she then gave an account of her life; and, by her own confession, appeared to have been a very naughty woman in her time.

"This was the first scene. At the second, a back curtain was drawn; and gave us a sight of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin, amidst the clouds. The poor soul addressed herself to our Saviour first, who rated her extremely, and was indeed all the while very severe. All she desired was to be sent to purgatory, instead of going to hell; and she at last begged very hard to be sent into the fire of the former, for as many years as there are drops of water in the sea. As no favour was shewn her on that side, she turned to the Virgin and begged her to intercede for her. The Virgin was a very decent woman, and answered her gravely but steadily, 'That she had enraged her Son so much, that she could do nothing for her:' and on this, they both went away together.

"The third scene consisted of three little Angels, and the Damned Soul. She had no better luck with them: nor with St. John the Baptist and all the Saints, in the fourth; so, in the fifth, she was left to two Devils; seemingly to do what
they would with her. One of these Devils was very ill-natured and fierce to her; the other was of the droll kind, and, for a Devil, I can't say but what he was good-natured enough: though he delighted in vexing the poor lady rather too much.

"In the sixth scene, matters began to mend a little: St. John the Baptist, (who had been with our Saviour, I believe, behind the scenes,) told her, if she would continue her entreaties, there was yet some hope for her. She, on this, again besought our Saviour and the Virgin to have compassion on her: the Virgin was melted with her tears, and desired her Son to have pity on her; on which it was granted, that she should go into the fire, only for sixteen or seventeen hundred thousand years; and she was very thankful for the mildness of the sentence.

"The seventh (and last) scene was a contest between the two infernal devils above-mentioned, and her guardian angel. They came in again, one grinning, and the other open-mouthed to devour her. The angel told them, that they should get about their business. He, with some difficulty, at last drove them off the stage, and handed off the good lady; in assuring her that..."
all would be very well, after some hundreds of thousand of years, with her.

"All this while, in spite of the excellence of the actors, the greatest part of the entertainment to me was the countenances of the people in the pit and boxes. When the Devils were like to carry her off, every body was in the utmost consternation; and when St. John spoke so obligingly to her, they were ready to cry out for joy. When the Virgin appeared on the stage, every body looked respectful; and on several words spoke by the actors, they pulled off their hats, and crossed themselves.

"There was but one thing that offended me. All the actors, except the Devils, were women: and the person who represented the most venerable character in the whole play, just after the representation, came into the pit, and fell a kissing a barber of her acquaintance, before she had changed her dress. She did me the honour to speak to me too; but I would have nothing to say to her."

LISTON'S WIT.

The following smart satire on dramatic piffery appeared in the public papers on the morning of the night fixed for Mr. Liston's benefit,
and is a favourble specimen of his wit and ingenuity.

MR. LISTON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—My benefit takes place this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, and, I doubt not, will be splendidly attended; several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform Tragum in “The Slave,” and Leporello in “The Libertine;” and in the delineation of those arduous characters, I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with much taste in my dresses and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify, by rapturous applause, their most decided approbation.

When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the loveliness of my person, and the fascinations of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never “pinched my children, nor kicked my wife out of bed,” there is no doubt but this puff will not be inserted in vain.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. LISTON.

28, King Street, June 10, 1817.

CHARLES HULET.

Charles Hulet was apprentice to the famous Edmund Curl, the bookseller, and learned, very early, the art of stage murders; for, acting the part of Alexander, in the kitchen, with an elbow-chair for his Clytus, and a poker for his javelin,
he was so transported with histrionic fury, as to demolish the chair, with such noise and violence, that Curi called from the parlour to know what was the matter. "Nothing, Sir," answered the apprentice, "but Alexander has killed Clytus." Such being the turn of his head and the strength of his arm, it is no wonder that, after serving two years of his apprenticeship, his master allowed him to try his fortune on the stage of Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he remained for several years under the patronage of Quin. His income, however, not equalling his expenses, he embraced an offer of a larger salary from Gifford, and acted, at Goodman's Fields, several principal characters, as Henry VIII. Falstaff, Othello, Clytus, and Cassius. His performance of Clytus is considered by Davis to have been superior to Quin's representation of the same character.

Hulet was exceedingly corpulent, and this has been attributed to his drinking large quantities of porter and ale. He was a great feeder, and indolent to excess; careless of his dress, not to say sordidly negligent of his person. In conversation he was lively and facetious, extremely good-natured, and a most excellent mimic; but this talent, unlike many of its possessors, he
never exercised to the disadvantage of his fellow-comedians.

This valuable actor was lost to the public in the thirty-fifth year of his age, in rather a singular manner. He was happy, says Davies, in a fine, strong, clear, melodious pipe, and acted Macbeth in an admirable style. His being too sensible of the great power of his voice, was the immediate cause of his death; he took an idle pleasure in stealing unperceived on a person, and deafening him with a loud hem, to show the strength and firmness of his lungs. As he was practising this trick one morning, at rehearsal, by an extraordinary effort he broke a blood vessel, of which accident he died at the end of twenty-four hours, his case being judged desperate, and two eminent physicians, who were sent for on the occasion, refusing (it is said) to prescribe.

Farinelli.

After this celebrated singer had left England, Philip, the then King of Spain, was languishing under a complaint for which there was no cure but music. Farinelli repaired to Madrid without delay, where he ingratiated himself with the Court to such a degree, that in a short time...
he received a pension of three hundred pounds per annum, with a coach and equipage kept for him at the King's expense.

Ferdinand continued that attachment so eminently displayed by Philip, and even went beyond his predecessor in liberality. This fortunate foreigner was honoured with the Cross of Calatrava, one of the most ancient orders of Knighthood in Spain. Whilst he was undergoing the ceremony of the investiture, and the spurs were being fixed to his heels, according to the custom of the knighthood, an old Spanish noble, disgusted by the prostitution of such honour, could not forbear exclaiming: "Well! every country has its customs—in England, they arm their game-cocks with spurs—in Spain, I find they put them upon capons."

INTERPOLATIONS OF ACTORS.

That particular class of actors, who have received the appropriate name of "low comedians," have, at times, been justly blamed, for adding to the author's text, and, in the words of Shakspeare, "speaking more than is set down for them."

Tarleton and Kempe, the two best Clowns of our early stage, were men of exceeding ready wit.
and flowing humour, which often carried them away from the business of the scene. Such, however, was the estimation in which they were held by the audience of those days, that this practice, which would at present be considered a gross indecency and an insult to the spectators, was then, and for many years afterwards, not only tolerated, but applauded.

Will. Pinkethman, of merry memory, who flourished rather more than a century ago, was guilty of this fault to a great excess, and held such full possession of the galleries, that he would frequently maintain a discourse with them of several minutes’ duration. To fine him for this offence was useless; he could not abandon his propensity, and the managers were too generous to curtail his income of “its fair proportions.” He and Wilks, at length, came to the following whimsical agreement upon the subject; that whenever Pinkethman was guilty of corresponding with the gods, he should receive on his back three smart strokes of Wilks’s cane.

This fine was in all probability never exacted. One instance of his unseasonable drollery will suffice.

In the “Recruiting Officer,” Wilks was the Captain Plume (one of his best characters) and...
Pinkethman, one of the recruits. The captain, on enlisting him, inquired his name, and instead of answering as he ought, Pinkey replied, "Why! don't you know my name, Bob? I thought every fool had known that!" Wilks, in a rage, whispered to him the name of the recruit, Thomas Appletree. The other retorted aloud, "Thomas Appletree! Thomas devil! my name's Will. Pinkethman;" and immediately addressing an inhabitant of the upper regions, he said, "Hark you, friend, don't you know my name?"—"Yes, master Pinkey (said a respondent); we know it very well." The play-house was now in an uproar; the audience at first enjoyed the petulant folly of Pinkethman, and the distress of Wilks; but, on the progress of the joke, it grew tiresome, and Pinkey met with his deserts, a very severe reprimand in a hiss. This mark of displeasure, he, however, contrived to change into applause, by crying out, with a countenance as melancholy as he was capable of making, and in a loud nasal twang; "Odso! I fear I am wrong."

GRATEFUL RETURN FOR A THOUSAND POUNDS.

The following very agreeable detail is ex-
tracted, verbatim, from the 1st vol. of "The Monthly Mirror."

"Reynolds began, like most other dramatic writers, with tragedy. "Werter," which he produced at a very early age, was presented to Mr. Harris, for the Covent Garden stage; but, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject, it was returned to the author, who took it with him to Bath, and there it was first performed, for the benefit of the Theatre. The money it brought at Bath was so inviting, that Mr. Harris began to think he was out of his reckoning, and, accordingly, had it cast with all expedition. The run was very considerable, and the manager got many hundreds by a play, which he had originally rejected as unfit for representation. As a transfer merely from Bath to Covent Garden, the author had no right to his nights, the profits of which were little short of one thousand pounds! But though he got no money, he got, what no doubt he thought an equivalent, a footing in the Theatre; and immediately produced a second tragedy, called "Eloise," which went but three nights, and brought him eight pounds!"

Such was the encouragement he met with, at the commencement of his dramatic career;
and he certainly must have been very difficult to please if he was dissatisfied with it: as he appears merely to have had his property made use of, when it was indisputably proved to have been good for something; and, in return for this great favour, and the trifling profit of a thousand pounds, he was treated with great civility: he might also have had (for what we know) a few orders to boot.

This incident ought to be made as public as possible, as it might operate as an encouragement to rising geniuses to devote their talents to dramatic compositions. If this was but known, what shoals of Farquhars and Sheridans the town would be deluged with; the recompense is so much beyond the labour, that we think a new Shakspeare might be calculated upon, while Ben Jonsons and Massingers might be reasonably expected to spring up by dozens.

PLAYS IN THE TEMPLE.

The societies of the two Temples gave grand entertainments, at their halls, to the Lord Chancellor and many of the nobility, in February, 1715; but the most remarkable accompaniment to these convivial meetings was the representation of the comedy of "The Chances," performed within the
greater hall, by the comedians of Drury-Lane Theatre.

FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

Among the numerous instances of this nature, adduced by Thomas Heywood, in his excellent "Apology for Actors," published in 1612, the following is, perhaps, the most striking.

"The comedians, belonging to the Earl of Sussex, acted a play called "Friar Francis," at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, in which the story of a woman was represented, who, to enjoy unmolested the company of a young fellow, had murdered her husband, and she is brought on the stage as haunted by his ghost. During the exhibition of their play, a woman, who was an inhabitant of Lynn, was struck with what she saw upon the stage, and cried out, "Oh! my husband! my husband!" On the people's enquiring the reason for this exclamation, she confessed, that, several years before that time, to secure the love of a certain gentleman, she had poisoned her husband, whose fearful image seemed to appear before her in the shape of the ghost in the play. The woman was afterwards tried and condemned for the fact."

For the truth of this singular story, Heywood
refers his readers to the records of Lynn, and to many living witnesses. It is thus referred to in "A Warning for Fair Women," published in 1599.

A woman that had made away her husband,
And sitting to behold a tragedy,
At Lynn, a town, in Norfolk,
Acted by players travelling that way,
Wherein a woman that had murder'd her's
Was ever haunted by her husband's ghost;
The passion written by a feeling pen,
And acted by a good tragedian,
She was so moved with the sight thereof,
As she cried out, the play was made by (of) her,
And openly confess'd her husband's murder.

SPRANGER BARRY'S POWERS OF PERSUASION.

This gentleman, besides the splendour of his dramatic talents, possessed, in a very eminent degree, the fascinating powers of polite address and persuasive insinuation. At no period of its history, could the Dublin stage boast so powerful a combination of talents, as when under the direction of Mr. Barry; and, although the salaries of the very best actors in that day bore no sort of comparison to that of very inferior talents in this, yet his receipts were frequently inadequate to his expenditures: and he was, in conse-

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quence of that, and his style of living, constantly embarrassed. He had, of course, a crowded levy of importunate claimants, but no man ever possessed, more eminently, the power of soothing that "horrible monster, hated of gods and men,"—a Dun! for though most of them were sent empty away, none departed with an aching heart, for he adorned his impunctualities with such witching politeness, and so many satisfactory reasons, and cherished hopes with such encouraging prospects, as reconciled disappointments and silenced the most rude and determined importunity. Numberless are the instances related of his management in this respect: one or two specimens may serve to illustrate his talents.

His stage tailor, at Dublin, had agreed, in order to secure to himself all the profits of his contract, to furnish materials as well as workmanship; but the manager, in process of time, had got so deeply into his books, as to expose him to much embarrassment from his own creditors: unwilling to offend so good a customer, the man had worn out all patience in the humilities of civil request and pressing remonstrances: at last, he was determined to put
on a bold face, and become quite gruff and sturdy in his demands; but the moment he came into the manager’s presence, his resolution failed him, for he was assailed by such a power of bows and smiles, and kind inquiries after his family, such pressing invitation to sit in the handsomest chair, take a glass of wine, partake a family dinner, or spend a Sunday at the manager’s Villa, and all that he intended to say, in urging his claim, was so completely anticipated by apologies and feasible excuses for non-payment, that he could not find courage to pronounce the object of his visit; and if he betrayed any symptoms of a disposition to reply or remonstrate, the discourse was so agreeably turned in an instant, that he could not venture to urge so disagreeable a topic, and he retired under an escort of the manager in person to the stairs’ head, descended to the hall under a shower of kind expressions, and was ushered to the door by a brace of liveried footmen, rung up for the very purpose.

On his return home from these visits, his wife, who was of the Xantippean school, failed not to lecture him severely, as a ninny, who
had not the courage to demand and insist upon his right as a man, assuring that "if she had the management of the affair, she would soon have the money in spite of the manager's fine ways:" the husband acknowledged his weakness, and said he should cheerfully resign the business to her care, but predicted that, with all her fierceness, she would be conquered also.

The good lady chose a morning for her purpose, advanced against the manager, attired in all her finery; and, armed with all her ferocity and eloquence, reached Barry's hall door, where her presence was announced by a thundering sonata on the knocker. The footman, guessing the nature of her errand, and anticipating a storm, from the fury of her countenance, said his master was not at home; just at this moment, however, the voice of Mr. Barry was heard on the staircase, calling to one of his servants, and betrayed the official fib of the lacquey. She immediately ran up stairs. Mr. Barry, who had seen her before, knew, at a glance, the object of her mission, and met her at the stairs' head, with a smile of ineffable kindness, welcomed her to his house, took her politely by both hands,
led her into the drawing-room; made a thousand kind inquiries about her good kind husband and her dear little children, shewed her his pictures, consulted her judgment as to the likeness of his own portrait, lamented her fatigue in walking so far in so cold a morning, rang up his servants, ordered fresh coffee and chocolate, would hear no excuse, but insisted that she should take some refreshments after so long a ramble. The table was spread with elegancies, preserved fruits, honey-combs, liqueurs, and cordials; a large glass of excellent cherry-brandy, pressed on her with persuasive kindness, banished from her countenance all the stern array of the morning, and attuned her heart to such kindness, that all debts were forgotten, and all demands rendered quite impossible. The lady, overwhelmed with politeness, was about to depart, but Mr. Barry could not suffer this in an ordinary way; he insisted on giving her a set-down at her house in his own carriage, and backed his request with another small glass of cherry-brandy, to fortify her stomach against the cold air; the carriage was ordered, and after a circuit of three miles, through the principal streets
of the metropolis, he set the lady down at her own door with the kindest expressions of politeness and respect, and the highest opinion of his person and character.

The husband, who awaited with eagerness the return of his wife, drily asked, "Well, my dear, I suppose you have got the money." But the lady, finding, in her own failure, an ample excuse for the former weakness of her husband, fairly owned herself vanquished, and said that it was impossible to offend so sweet a gentleman by dunning him for money.

The other instance was in the case of an eminent mercer, named Grogan, to whom the manager owed a large sum for the finery of his tragedy queens and fashionable personages of the drama; he was admitted to be not only an accomplished miser, but one of the most persevering and inexorable duns in Europe. His importunity with the manager having failed in Dublin, he actually followed him to London, with no other purpose than to elicit the amount of his debt, by the combined forces of entreaty and menace. Defeated in his first approaches, by the usual influence of Barry's urbanity, he...
AND THEATRICALS.

rallied again, and during the month he continued in London, renewed his attempts by a dozen advances to the charge, but with the like success: Mr. Barry's irresistible politeness, the cordial suavity of his manners, his hospitable invitations to dinner, his solicitude to procure for his good friend tickets for admission to all the places of public amusement, and his positive determination to accommodate him on those occasions with the use of his own carriage and servants, rendered it quite impossible for Mr. Grogan, even so much as once to mention the subject of his debt, and he returned to Dublin to tell the story of his utter defeat by so consummate a master in the science of finesse.—Ryan's "Worthies of Ireland."

JOE HAINES, AND LORD SUNDERLAND.

In the winter when Garrick and Quin were engaged together at Covent Garden, the former was speaking in the Green-Room of his acting the part of Orestes in "The Distressed Mother," at Dublin. "In order, (says he) to gain a more accurate knowledge of the character, I waited on the author, Ambrose Phillips, who lived not far from the Metropolis. I begged him to inform me particularly concerning his intention in
the mad-scene of *Orestes*. Phillips told me that, during his writing that part of the play, he was like a person out of his mind; that he was so carried away by his enthusiastic rapture, that, when his friend Mr. Addison came into the room, he did not know him; and that, as soon as he recovered from his fit, he said to him—what, Joe, is it you?" "That, (said Quin) was to let you know how familiar he was with Mr. Addison; and this puts me in mind, Mr. Garrick, of a story I have heard related of a predecessor of ours, that witty and wicked rogue Joe Haines.

"In the reign of James the Second, the Court was busy in making converts to the Roman Catholic Faith, in which they had some success. Some of the new Papists pretended to have seen visions and dreamt dreams; and, among the rest, Joe Haines, who professed himself a convert, declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him. Lord Sunderland sent for Joe, and questioned him about the truth of his conversion, and whether he had really seen the Virgin?—Yes, my Lord, I assure you it is a fact.—How was it, pray?—Why, as I was lying in my bed, the Virgin appeared to me, and said, *Arise, Joe!*—You lie, you rogue, said the Earl; for if it had
really been the Virgin herself, she would have said Joseph, if it had been only out of respect to her husband."

Joe's recantation-prologue, on his return from his travels, is well known: It was written for him by his friend Tom Brown, and spoken by Haines in a white sheet, and with a lighted taper in his hand. The following lines from this address of the penitent, will probably satisfy the reader.

As you dislike the converts of the nation,
That went to Rome, and left your congregation;
By the same rule, pray kindly entertain
Your penitent lost sheep return'd again;
For reconverted Haines, taught by the age,
Is now come back to his primitive Church, the Stage.
I own my crime, of leaving in the lurch
My mother—Play-house:—this my mother-church.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

This favourite sentiment is echoed from mouth to mouth, but how little it proceeds from the heart is proved by two singular facts. After Sir Richard Phillips had visited the destitute survivors of the Shakspere family, in 1819, he proposed a public subscription for their relief, and expended at least twenty pounds in public ap-
peals of various kinds on the subject; but received only a solitary five guineas from an honest poet of the name of Woolcot, in Dorsetshire; and Charles Mathews having, two or three years afterwards, proposed a subscription for a national monument to Shakspeare, with the King and a dozen of the Nobility as its Patrons, after expending fifty pounds in advertising, received only a single guinea! Such is the value of professions, where they are to be supported in pounds sterling.

GARRICK AND SMITH.

It is said that Garrick loved flattery, (says the late Mr. Smith in a letter to a friend in 1798,) I am sure he had sufficient reason to loath it. Walking with him behind the scenes, one morning, a person in a low situation in the Theatre, came up and complimented him on his performance the preceding night, with much adulation;—he was not pleased, and turned from the man, saying, "you do it too clumsily, but the cursed trick pervades them all. Now you shall see," continued he, pointing to a boy of about thirteen years of age, who waited on the prompter, "that this little bastard will do the same, the better, man, or not,"—"yes, you poor fool, your hundred pounds is higher, the dearer for it."
Come hither, boy! Which is the best actor, this gentleman, or I?"—"O Lord, your honour, to be sure."—"Which is the handsomest?"—"O, you sir, you."—"Which is the tallest?"—"I think your honour rather has it."—I was half a head higher, observes Smith.

ADDRESS,

Written by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Garrick, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose,
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisting Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule.
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, assail'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom;
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.

Themselves they studied: as they felt, they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long.
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her antient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill should distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has ravin'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps, (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)

Here Hunt* may box, or † Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage.
† Mahomet, a rope dancer, who had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre the winter before;—said to be a Turk.
Tis your's, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

WOODWARD'S BOBADIL.

As no man had a more perfect acquaintance
with the various characters of the Drama than
Garrick, his reading, of a new or a revived piece,
was a matter of instruction, as well as entertain-
ment, to the players; for he generally seasoned
the dry part of the lecture with gay jokes, acute
remarks, or shrewd applications to the company
present. As he took infinite pains to inform, he
required, in return, implicit obedience to his in-
structions; a compliance which could hardly be
expected from men of great professional abilities,
such as Woodward and Yates, who, although
they might adopt his view of the outline, and
thank him for a few hints toward the colour-
ing of a character, had certainly a right to
finish and heighten the sketch according to their own notions of propriety.

On the revival of "Every Man in his Humour," in 1750, Garrick was particularly anxious for the success of the piece. He was well aware of the state of the public taste, and dreaded that this sterling comedy, one of the best in our language, would prove unpalatable; he therefore endeavoured, by frequent rehearsals and careful tutoring, to render every performer, if possible, a perfect master of the intricacies of his part, in order to preclude the possibility of a failure.

During the greater part of the rehearsals, Woodward had shown himself very attentive to Garrick's ideas of Bobadil; but one morning, in the manager's absence, he indulged himself in the exhibition of his own intended manner of representation. While the actors were laughing, and loudly applauding his delineation of the character, Garrick entered the play-house unperceived. After waiting for some time, he suddenly stepped upon the stage, exclaiming; "Bravo! Harry, bravo! upon my soul, bravo!—Why, now this is it—No, No, I can't say this is quite my idea of the thing—your's is, after all—
to be sure, rather—ha!" Woodward, perceiving
the manager a little embarrassed, answered with
much seeming modesty; "Sir, I will act the
part, if you desire it, exactly according to your
notion of it."—"No! No! by no means, Harry;
D—n it, you have actually clenched the matter—
But why, my dear Harry, would not you com-
municate before?"

THEATRICALS AT HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

A DISTURBANCE took place in 1815, in the The-
atre at Havre-de-Grace, in consequence of one of
the actresses having appeared on the stage, in
a state which rendered her unable to per-
form her allotted character in the Drama of the
evening, from the effect of the Noyeau she had
previously taken. For this offence she had been
imprisoned by the Commissary for 14 days. On
the evening of her re-appearance, she was led on
the stage by the manager, to apologize to the
audience, who loudly hissed her off: she was
brought on a second time by the Commissary,
but with no better success. A file of soldiers
were then introduced with fixed bayonets into
the pit. The whole audience took the alarm at
this arbitrary measure, and a general cry of
Shame! shame! withdraw the guard! turn them out!” took place. This was at length done: the Lady was again introduced by the Commis- sary, and was suffered to express her sorrow for the offence which she had publicly committed, and peace was restored.

STAGE PERFIDY.

OLIVER Cashel, an actor of some promise about the middle of the last century, was by birth an Irishman, well educated, and of a good family. His first appearance in London was on the boards of Drury-Lane, which he afterwards quitted for Covent-Garden, where he met with so much encouragement from Rich, that he excited the jealousy of an actor, who had previously been advancing greatly in the manager’s favour. Cashel had been bred in high Tory principles, which, with the characteristic openness of his countrymen, he took no pains to conceal, but indiscreetly avowed his notions of government and politics on all occasions. He was entirely free from any intention to disturb the state, but rash in the use of expressions that might be interpreted to his disadvantage.

The nation was just at this period (1746) in
volved in a war with France, and a rebellion had broken out in Scotland, and extended itself into England. Under these circumstances of alarm, the rival of Cashel, taking advantage of the unguarded warmth of his temper, laid an information against him, in consequence of which he was taken up by a general warrant, and examined by the Secretary of State; but nothing worthy the notice of government appearing in his disfavour, he was set at liberty. The first place to which he resorted after his liberation, was the Bedford Coffee-house, where he found his secret and perfidious enemy waiting the issue of his information. To him Cashel was about very innocently to relate his unexpected adventure; but the scoundrel, shocked at the sight of the man whom he had so basely attempted to ruin, fled out of the coffee-house with all speed.

Soon after this transaction, news arrived of the battle of Falkirk, in which the rebels had gained some slight advantage, and the King was advised to show himself at the Theatre, and to command the tragedy of "Macbeth." As Cashel's examination before the council had become public, Rich felt some doubt as to the propriety of his performing the principal character before the
a rebellion ..., had itself ... advantage of ... laid an ... piece of which ... important, and in ... for; but none of it appeared very pretty. They ... for his liberality ... where he had been waiting their ... wheel was ... expected at ... at the ... by attempt ... with all ... was arrived ... he had so ... King, with ... verse, and the ...s, "As Chaucer had excess in the proper ... character, he ... King, and Quin very liberally offered his services as a substitute. The King, however, being asked if he had any objection to Cashel's acting before him, answered, "By no means, he would be altogether as acceptable as any other player."

Cashel did not survive this transaction many months; he was seized with an apoplectic fit while acting at the Norwich Theatre; and his enemy is said also to have died much about the same time.

THE CLERGY, AND THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES.

Mr. Godwin, in his Life of Chaucer, tells us that the violent antipathy of the clergy to theatrical performers is of so long standing as the time of the holy mummeries of Mysteries and Miracles, in the middle ages; and was occasioned by the first institution of secular dramatic representations, which the clergy strenuously opposed, both with ecclesiastical denunciations, and (by their influence) with civil disabilities and punishment, from jealousy of this encroachment on a then-established branch of their profession, and "from the desire," as Mr.
Godwin expresses it,) "of being themselves the sole source of amusement to the people."

WOODWARD, AND SIR JOHN HILL.

Sir John Hill, the Atall, of his day, having occasion, in his "Inspector," to mention a riotous disturbance, which had taken place at the Theatre, in which he experienced personal violence, and where Woodward, the comedian, was a party, in a petulant and ill-natured way added, that a player was the meanest of all characters. The Knight forgot, or did not wish others to remember, that he had, himself, been a candidate for theatrical fame, in the various parts of Harlequin, Oronoco, Blandford, Constant, Lothario, and the Apothecary, in "Romeo and Juliet;" "in all of which," said Woodward, in reply to the illiberal censures of Hill, "you grossly failed, except the last, although your associate in some of the characters, the lovely Peggy Woffington, might have called forth the talents of any man who really possessed them." Woodward, stimulated and assisted by the numerous enemies of Hill, afterwards attacked him, in a spirited pamphlet, which recalled many unpitiful passages of "the Inspector's" life to pub-
lic notice.—In this publication, the following imitation of the language, style, and manner of Hill, may be considered as a literary curiosity,—a fac simile of his hand writing.

"Epictetus somewhere says, that a man of wit should rise early in the morning, and Aristotle confirms this opinion: I do not pretend to learning, and yet, if I did pretend to that character, the public has given me sufficient foundation for the pretence.

"I rose, the other morning, and rung my bell: my valet presently appeared, and I ordered him to buckle my shoes.

"It is fit the reader should know, that I have lately purchased a new pair of buckles; it is fit he should know, I bought them of Mr. Deard. I do not, I need not, say, that Deard has informed me, he has sold several dozen pair of the same pattern; the desire of imitating a man, whose taste is fashionable, is natural, is common, I will add, it is decent.

"When I was dressed, I stepped into my chariot, and bid my footman order my coachman to drive to the Bedford; here I diverted myself till dinner, with some of the first wits of the age."
"At seven, I retired from champagne, and toasting Lady ***, in a box, at Drury Lane;—I do not name the lady, I will not name her; the world, without my naming her, will guess; I am not ashamed that they should; the lady is not ashamed.

"Between dozing and chatting, to three or four women of fashion, I whiled away the idle hours till ten: idleness is the privilege of business; few know this, fewer know the reason of it; but I know both, though I will tell neither.

"At a route, I finished the evening, where brag and fortune deprived me of fifty guineas; I lost them with unconcern; I have fifty more at home.

"At one in the morning, I returned to my own house, in my own chariot, drawn by my own horses, driven by my own coachman, attended by my own footman; such circumstances, in the history of some men, are immaterial; in mine, they are otherwise; the public is desirous of knowing every particular in my life; they have obliged me, and shall be obliged, they are my readers, I am their humble servant.

"One servant knocked at my door, a second opened it, and a third lighted me up stairs;
above, I found the charming Amanda; under that name I shall disguise a woman of the highest quality, for there is an indelicacy in discovering too much; there being in man an inconceivable delight in displaying the amiably decent, the elegantly lewd; as in those pictures of Venus, where there is something undisclosed to the eye, something which I will not express, this something engages the sagacious and discerning faculties of the mind in the most agreeable pursuit.

"At breakfast my valet brought me cards of invitation to dinners, suppers, routes, and drums."

This humorous and clever imitation produced considerable mirth at the Doctor's expense, and he is said to have joined heartily in the laugh himself.

GOODMAN.

GOODMAN, who was one of the favourites of the celebrated and licentious Duchess of Cleveland, was a very gay handsome fellow, as well as a very clever performer on the stage. His passions, however, were stronger than his reason, and his appetites larger than his very moderate income of thirty or forty shillings per
week could satisfy: To procure, therefore, such pleasures as he most delighted in, he was reduced, says Colley Cibber, to try his fortune on the highway, and narrowly escaped hanging.

It is not clear whether this road-adventure took place before or after his introduction to the favour of his ignoble mistress, but it seems hardly probable that it could have occurred subsequently, as the Duchess is well known to have squandered vast sums of money on those who contributed to the gratification of her vices. At the same time it appears difficult to account for his obtaining his pardon from King James, without the intervention of some such powerful friend at Court.

Be this, however, as it may, for a considerable period before his death, Goodman was so happy in his finances, that he acted only occasionally, probably only when the Duchess was desirous of seeing him in a principal character; for it was his boast, that "he would not act Alexander the Great, except he were certain that his Duchess would be there to see him perform."

Among other traits, in the character of this worthless scoundrel, Cibber relates that Goodman
entered into a plot to assassinate King William, out of gratitude, he supposes, to James the Second, who had pardoned his robbery on the highway!

**UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.**

In the early display of Garrick’s powers at Drury Lane, a tragedy was brought forward, in which he sustained the character of an aged King. Though there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play, it proceeded without opposition till the fifth act, when the dying monarch bequeaths his kingdom to his sons, in this line—

"And now, between you, I bequeath my crown."

A wit in the pit exclaimed:

"Ye Gods! he’s given them half-a-crown a piece."

The house was immediately thrown into such a comic convulsion, that not another word of the piece could be uttered.

**MRS. BOUTELE AND MRS. BARRY.**

Mrs. Bouele, the original actress of Statira, was low in stature, had very agreeable features, a good complexion, and a childish look. Her voice was not strong, but pleasing and mellow,
and she generally acted tender and innocent young ladies. Like most of the actresses of her day, she owed more to the generosity of her lovers than to the liberality of the manager, and was enabled to quit the stage, before the approach of old age disqualified her for retaining her station upon it.

The original Roxana was Mrs. Marshall, but, after her retirement from the stage, and the union of the King's and Duke's Companies into one, which happened in 1682, the character came into the hands of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Barry, between whom and Mrs. Boutele, a quarrel occurred relative to a veil, to which each of them laid claim, as an appendage to their several characters, which had nearly produced the most serious consequences to the fair representative of Statira, who had contrived to carry off the disputed prize, and wore it triumphantly throughout the play.

The Rival Queens acted their parts with great spirit, and evinced violent animosity towards each other, especially in the last act, in which Roxana struck Statira with such unusual force with the dagger, that it penetrated
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some distance into the flesh. This circumstance of course became soon known, and as the public were perfectly aware that the ladies were neither of them Vestals, it was strongly suspected, that jealousy had contributed to give force to the blow.

A similar occurrence has, however, taken place, where no malicious passion has interposed, as in the case of Mrs. Crawford, who was so vehement in the character of the Grecian Daughter, when she stabbed Dionysius, that Palmer, who acted the Sicilian tyrant, felt the effects of the blow for some months after.

ORIGIN OF SOLDIERS DOING DUTY AT THE THEATRES.

In the reign of George II, when Quin acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields' Theatre, it occurred that, one night, during the performance of "The Beggar's Opera," (it being then a prevailing custom to admit noblemen and gentlemen behind the scenes,) one of them, when intoxicated, in a very interesting scene in the opera, crossed the stage in the midst of the performers. Mr. Quin was behind the scenes, and expostulated with the nobleman on
the impropriety of his conduct. The latter, on this, struck Quin in the face, who returned the blow. This being witnessed by the nobleman's companions, they drew their swords, and a general fight ensued. The police of the town not being under such strict regulation as they are at present, the proprietors called in the assistance of the district watchmen, such characters as Dogberry, Verges, &c., and the noblemen were given in charge to them. They were kept in custody all night; and examined, the next morning, before the magistrate, and held to bail, when they made restitution. His Majesty, hearing of the outrage, sent privately for a few of the ringleaders, whom he lectured rather severely on their improper conduct. And the King was pleased to order that the guards should do duty every play-night, which custom has never been dispensed with.

COLEY CIBBER.

Macklin says, Nature formed Colley Cibber for a coxcomb; for though, in many respects, he was a sensible and observing man, a good performer, and a most excellent comic writer, yet his predominant tendency was to be consi-
ordered, amongst the men, as a leader of fashion; amongst the women, as a beau garçon. Hence, he excelled in the whole range of light fantastic comic characters. His Lord Foppington was considered, for many years, as a model for dress, and that hauteur and nonchalance which distinguished the superior coxcombs of that day. The picture of him in this character, with a stiff embroidered suit of clothes, loaded with the ornaments of rings, muff, clouded cane, and snuff box, exhibits a good lesson, to a modern beau, of the versatility and frivolity of fashion.

A DEVIL TOO MANY.

The belief in the possibility of a supernatural appearance on the stage, existed, about the beginning of the last century, even in London, where, at this moment, it is not wholly extinguished. In "The Sorcerer," a celebrated pantomime produced by Rich, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, a dance of infernals was exhibited. They were represented in dresses of black and red, with fiery eyes and snaky locks, and garnished with every appendage of horror. They were twelve in number. In the middle of their performance, while intent upon the figure in which they had
been completely practised, an actor of some humour, who had been accommodated with a spare dress, appeared among them. He was, if possible, more terrific than the rest, and seemed to the beholders as designed by the conductor for the principal fiend. His fellow furies took the alarm; they knew he did not belong to them, and they judged him an infernal, in earnest. Their fears were excited; a general panic ensued, and the whole group fled, different ways; some to their dressing rooms, and others, through the streets, to their own homes, in order to avoid the destruction which they believed to be coming upon them for the profane mockery they had been guilty of. The odd devil was non inventus. He had invisibly fled away, through fears of another kind. He was, however, seen by many, in imagination, to fly through the roof of the house, and they fancied themselves almost suffocated by the stench he had left behind. The confusion of the audience is scarcely to be described. They retired to their families, informing them of this supposed appearance of The Devil, with many of his additional frolics in the exploit: so thoroughly was its reality believed, that every official assurance which could be made
the following day, did not entirely counteract the idea.

This explanation was given by Rich himself, in the presence of his friend Bencraft, the contriver, and, perhaps, the actor of the scheme, which he designed only as an innocent frolic to confuse the dancers, without reflecting on the serious consequences which succeeded.

PRICES OF ADMISSION, AND RECEIPTS OF THE THEATRES, IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIMES.

No distinction seems to have been made in any of the Theatres, between the company frequenting the upper galleries or scaffolds, and the pit or yard. The "groundling," and the "gallery-commoner," paid, alike, for admission to the places which they severally occupied, though their price varied with the rank and reputation of the Theatre; at the Blackfriars and the Globe, they gave sixpence; at the Fortune, two-pence; and, at some of the inferior houses, as little as one penny. Thus Dekker sneers at "the groundling and gallery-commoner buying his sport by the penny." The best rooms, or boxes, at the Globe were a shilling; at Blackfriars, apparently sixpence more; and the price
was, subsequently, raised even as high as half a crown. Such were the ordinary prices of admission; but, on the first night of a new play, these were doubled, and, occasionally, if the author was particularly popular, trebled. As is still the custom in the French Theatres, at the actor’s benefits, dramatic poets were admitted gratis.

Nine or ten pounds appears to have been the average, and double that sum, an extraordinary receipt, at the Globe or Blackfriars; for, although the former was much the larger house of the two, the prices being less, the receipts were nearly equal. That the expenses of the Theatre were very trifling, appears from the following entry in Sir W. Herbert’s office-book, under the date of 1528. “The King’s Company (which acted, indifferently, at the Globe and Blackfriars,) with a general consent, have given me the benefit of two days in the year, the one in summer, the other in winter, to be taken out of the second day of a revived play, at my own choice. The house-keepers (proprietors) have likewise given their shares, their daily charge only deducted, which comes to some 2l. 5s., this 25th May, 1628. The benefit of the first day being a very unseasonable one, in respect of the order, cost...
weather, comes but unto 4l. 15s." This agreement subsisted for five years and a half, during which time Sir Henry had ten benefits, the most profitable of which produced 17l. 10s. net, at the Blackfriars; and the least of which, at the Globe, amounted to no more than 1l. 5s. after deducting the nightly charge above-mentioned. In 1633, a new agreement was entered into, by which the King's company bound themselves to pay him the fixed sum of 10l. at Midsummer, and the same at Christmas, annually, in lieu of his two benefits, and this agreement continued in force till the breaking out of the Civil Wars. The customary sum paid to Heminge and his company, for the performance of a play before James the First, was twenty nobles, or 6l. 13s. 4d.; and it appears, from a passage in Alleyn's Diary, that the whole receipts of The Fortune, on one occasion, amounted only to 3l. and some odd shillings.

THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

When Theophilus Cibber was requested to contribute to the relief of Mrs. Willis, once an excellent actress, but then old and poor, he urged he had too large a family. "Dear, sir! How can that be? you have neither wife nor child."—
"That may be," replied he; "but I have a large family of vices."

**BETTERTON.**

An extravagant manner of praising actors is by no means of modern date: Betterton was compared to a "stately spreading oak, which stands fixed, environed round with brave, young, growing, flourishing plants;" and Dryden, alluding to him when old, in a prologue, says,

"He, like the setting sun, still shoots a gnm'm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay."

**CROWNE AND KING CHARLES II.**

John Crowne, the dramatist, was patronised by King Charles II.; and becoming tired with the fatigue of writing, and suddenly alarmed at the uncertainty of theatrical success, he requested the King to give him some office; and Charles, who loved Comedy above all other amusements, said he should be provided for, but he must first see another of his comedies. Crowne endeavoured to excuse himself, by telling the King that he plotted slowly and awkwardly; his Majesty replied, that he would help him to a plot, and put into his hand the Spanish comedy "Non Poder Esser." Crowne, thus stimulated, worked...
with new energies. The play was now ready to appear; every one present at the rehearsal was quite pleased with it, and Crowne was buoyed up by the flattering hope of independence for the remainder of his life. But on the last day of the rehearsal, he met Underhill coming from the play-house, as he was going to it, on which Crowne reprimanded the player for neglecting so important a part as he had in the piece, especially on a day of so much consequence, as the last of rehearsal. "Oh!" replied Underhill, "we are all undone."—"How!" cried Crowne, precipitately, "Is the play-house on fire?"—"The whole nation," replied the player, "will quickly be so; for the King is dead." The comedy writer, on hearing such dismal tidings, was driven almost to distraction; for he, who but the moment before had exulted in the thought of the pleasure which the performance of his play would afford the King, and the favours he was afterwards to receive from him, now found, to his unspeakable sorrow, that his royal patron was gone for ever, and, with him, vanished all his hopes. Coxeter says, that Crowne was living in 1703, but, as he was then very old, it is probable that he died soon after.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PREFIXED to the edition of this play, printed in 1609, is a preface by the Bookseller, shewing that the first impression was before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the Bookseller's hands. From this preface, we learn that the original proprietors of Shakespeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors' wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them than have been prayed," &c. By the grand professors were probably meant Heming and Condell, the managers.

It appears, that the rival houses at that time, made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the induction to the "Malcontent," written by Webster, and enlarged by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not "Malevolence," in folio, with us, as "Jerome," in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it "One for Another."
And Thomas Heywood, an exceedingly voluminous and very excellent dramatic and miscellaneous author, in his preface to "The English Traveller," 1633, says, "Others of them (speaking of his plays) are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print."

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors, for it stands on record against Robert Greene, the author of "Friar Bacon," and "Friar Bungay," and of "Orlando Furioso," and who was, perhaps, the most popular author of his day, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different Theatres. This charge is brought against him in the "Defence of Coneycatching," 1592, in the following terms:

"Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not "Orlando Furioso," to the Queen's players, for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain coneycatching, M. G.?

MADAME LINGUET.

This lady was a celebrated actress at the
Italian Theatre, in Paris; her husband, who was cashier of the Theatre, employed a party to hiss every actress, but Madame Linguet, and to applaud her "to the echo."—This went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by the following sad mistake.

Linguet, in his instructions to his men, said, "You must hiss the first actress who appears, and applaud the second—now, mind you make no mistake, hiss the first and applaud the second." They followed their instructions with the most implicit obedience; but, unfortunately for Madame Linguet, the play was changed, and in the new piece, she appeared first, when she was overpowered with hisses, to the great amusement of the audience.

The desire of being revenged for this unlucky circumstance, immediately determined Monsieur Linguet on making free with the money intrusted to his care; he, accordingly, collected all that he was possessed of, with which he absconded, and took refuge in "The Temple," then an asylum, where a person could not be arrested.

KOTZEBUE ON STAGE LANGUAGE.

"It has hitherto (says Kotzebue) been sup-
posed necessary for an actor to understand the language which he speaks on the stage, and many of our so-called artists have been reproached with their ignorance of German. The following fact, related by an eye-witness, proves these performers might, with great justice, reply, "We need not understand it, if we do but speak it."

"Count John Branicki, Generalissimo of Poland, was accustomed to give grand fêtes on St. John’s days, at his palace at Brulistock. The most illustrious were invited, and I was once there, with the Papal Nuncio, in the year 1762. We found a very numerous company, and were sumptuously entertained. After we had been treated with fireworks, balls and concerts, to satisfy us, a play was announced. The Theatre was erected in the Orangery of the palace; the principal actor was an Italian singer, tenor and buffo, who had recently come from Russia, and whose name was Comparsi. The piece was an Italian intermezzo, in which Comparsi performed the chief part, and, next to him, a young Polish female, who had a good voice, understood something of music, but not a single word of Italian. Comparsi had, with the assistance of an interpreter, instructed
her in her part. The orchestra was good, the singer pretty; and thus the opera proved a very pleasing interlude between the acts of a well known French comedy, by Destouches, entitled "The Nocturnal Drummer." In this piece, the only actor who understood a word of French, was a Bohemian, the general's secretary. He had taught two or three women, in the service of the general's lady, their parts, which they repeated like parrots, without understanding a single syllable of what they said. The whole went off extremely well, and I should scarcely have discovered the circumstance, if the actresses, to whom I would have paid a compliment after the performance, had not themselves acknowledged their ignorance.

"What a comfort for the performers, whose acting went off extremely well, though they understood not the language which they spoke. Twenty-six years after, the author witnessed also a similar circumstance. In the representation of Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," a Mr. Nabel was to personate Ricaut de la Martiniere. He was in the same predicament as the Polish ladies, before mentioned; he knew not a word of French. I wrote down the words for him according to
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their pronunciation, and also gave him real assistance. He had an excellent memory, spoke with great fluency, and obtained universal applause.

FOOTE AND GARRICK.

Foote's envy of Garrick, and his endeavours to lessen him in the public opinion, were unceasing. His favorite scheme was to introduce a paste-board figure of the Roscius in his celebrated puppet show, upon the stage of the Hay-Market Theatre, and one of the punchinello school was to repeat these lines:—

"A nation's sense depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too!"

The fac-simile of Garrick was to make no reply but—"Cock-a-doodle-do."

At a time, when this was in embryo, and everything about him "gave note of dreadful preparation," Garrick paid the satirist a visit, with the hope of inducing him to lay aside his design, by an apparent ignorance of the matter, and a display of his customary friendship. Upon being admitted into the presence of the wag, he was surprised to observe a bust of himself, placed upon a bureau. "Is this intended as a compliment to me?" said Garrick,—"Certainly."—
"And can you trust me so near your cash and bank notes?"—"Yes, very well, for you're without hands."

All Garrick's rhetoric and professions of esteem were, in this instance, unavailing, for, though his "tongue might wheedle with the devil," Foote was proof against its force; the interference, however, of a mutual friend of the parties prevented the exhibition, and its annoying consequences, both to the monarch of Drury and the votary of the mimic art.

**WILLIAM PEER.**

William Peer, at the time of the Restoration, was particularly distinguished in two characters, in which, it is said, no man ever excelled him. One was the speaker of the prologue to the play in "Hamlet," the other *The Apothecary," in "Caius Marius," as it is named by Otway; "Romeo and Juliet," in Shakspeare.

In the mock play, in "Hamlet," such was his masterly delivery of the words,

> For us, and for our tragedy,  
> Here stooping to your clemency  
> We beg your hearing patiently;"

in which, apparently, nothing of importance is expressed, that it gained him great applause; and
in that part where it is contrived to awaken the consciences of guilty princes, Peer spoke it with such an air, as represented that he was imitating an actor; so that the others on the stage really appeared to be great personages, and not representatives, in comparison with him: "this was a nicety (says his biographer) that none but the most subtle actor could have concealed."

The character of The Apothecary found a most admirable representative in Peer. To have some idea of the manner in which he played it, it will be necessary to read more from the play than he spoke. Marius, weary of life, proposes to himself a means to get rid of it:—

"I do remember an apothecary
That dwelt about the rendezvous of death;
Meagre, and very rueful were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone."

When the spectre of poverty appears, Marius thus addresses him:

"I see, thou art very poor:
Thou mayest do any thing: here's fifty drachms:
Give me a draught of what will soonest free
A wretch from all his cares."
When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges:

"Art thou so base, and full of wretchedness, 
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks; 
Need and oppression stare in thy eyes, 
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back; 
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law; 
The world affords no law to make thee rich; 
Then, be not poor,—but break it, and take this."

Without these quotations, the reader could not have a just conception of his visage and manner, when, in the most lamentable tone imaginable, he consents; and delivering the poison, like a man reduced to illness in drinking it himself, if he did not hand it, says to Marius,

"My poverty, but not my will, consents: 
Take this, and drink it off; the work is done."

It was singular that Peer's whole success in life should depend upon the speaking five lines better than any body else; but although his fame lay in so narrow a compass, the managers of the Theatre saw that he evinced in it a knowledge of propriety, which induced them to enlarge his sphere of action by the post of property-man. The duty of this officer is always to have ready, in a place
appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary to the performance of the play; and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false money, thunder-bolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the prompter. The additional profit arising from this situation rendered Peer's subsistence comfortable: but it frequently happens, that men lose those talents by prosperity, which rendered them shining characters in adversity.

Good fortune did not indeed sully the powers of his mind, but its consequences had not a very beneficial effect upon the body of Peer, for in his seventieth year he grew corpulent, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines before-mentioned. He had now, unfortunately, lost that wan distress, so indispensable to the countenance of the Apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with proper humility. He appears to have taken this calamity to heart, for it is said, that it contributed, in a great measure, to shorten his existence; and as it is designed that there shall be no real state of happiness in this life, Peer was undone by success,
and rendered unhappy, by arriving at what is the end of most men's pursuits, his ease.

**THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.**

This favourite piece, about thirty years ago, was translated into French, and successfully performed at Paris. It was also translated, about fifty years back, by Mr. Adam Hallam, an uncle of Mrs. Mattocks, the actress. Hallam was a man of education and talents, and a performer of some reputation, belonging to Covent Garden Theatre. When he had finished his translation, he took it to Paris, in hopes of bringing it forward on the French stage. The French managers agreed to have it represented, provided the translator would alter the catastrophe, and, according to his deserts, let the hero be hanged. Hallam, however, would not suffer the work of an admired English poet to undergo any change but that of the mere translation, and accordingly brought it back, with the indignation of patriotic pride.

"**THE WEDDING RING.**"

On January 7, 1773, a musical piece, in 2 acts, thus entitled, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. Previous to its representation, a report was spread, that Bickerstaff was the author. Mr.
successful

Kathleen, and

the auditors.
Dibdin thought proper to make an affidavit, that he was not; for, as Bickerstaff's name was then odious to the public, the fate of the entertainment seemed to depend upon the Town's giving credit to Mr. D.'s affidavit. Nevertheless, on the first night of the representation of the piece, part of the audience testified their displeasure for some time, till Mr. King came on and begged leave to read a paper, put into his hands by Mr. Dibdin, the purport whereof was, that Mr. D. had positively sworn that Mr. B. was not the author, and that the public should be made acquainted with the author's name in a day or two. The farce was then allowed to be performed without further opposition, and, at the conclusion, Mr. Dibdin was obliged to appear and declare "He was the author both of the words and music;" which asseveration appeased the audience and the piece was repeated several nights.

THEATRICAL EXPENSES.

The expenses of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres exceed 200l. per night. In 1765, those of Drury Lane were less than 70l. a night. The company consisted of about 160 performers, among whom were names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the head of the company, with a salary,
per night, of 2l. 15s. 6d.; Yates, the famous comedian, and his wife, 3l. 6s. 8d.; Palmer, and his wife, 2l.; King, 1l. 6s. 8d.; Parsons, 1l. 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Cibber 2l. 10s.; Mrs. Pritchard, 2l. 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Clive, 1l. 15s.; Miss Pope, 1s. 4d.; Signor Guistinelli, (chief singer,) 1l. 3s. 4d.; Grimaldi, and his wife, (chief dancers) 1l.

ARTHUR MURPHY'S NOSE.

The bust of this celebrated dramatic writer was executed by Turnerelli, who then resided in Greek Street, Soho. A gentleman, who had been long intimate with the deceased, happened to call, just as the cast, covered with a napkin, was brought into the shop, the clay being still moist. Being curious to see what was beneath the napkin, and finding, on inquiry, that it concealed the features of his respected friend, the covering was, at his request, moved. The resemblance was, in every respect, striking, except that the nose stood awry. The workman had, it seems, in removing it from the back premises, given it a fillip, and, with a dexterous fillip on the other side, the sculptor, to whom this was pointed out, set it right. But for this, it might have passed current in after times, among his admirers, on a view of
AND THEATRICALS.

the bust, that the fine, manly features of Arthur Murphy were somewhat disfigured by a wry nose.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

It is related by Goldsmith, that during the first performance of the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," he walked all the time in St. James's Park, in great uneasiness; and when he thought it must be over, he hastened to the Theatre. His ears were assailed with hisses as he entered the Green-Room, when he eagerly inquired of Mr. Colman, the cause. "Psha! Psha!" said Colman, "don't be afraid of squibs, when we have been sitting on a barrel of gunpowder these two hours."—The fact was, that the comedy had been completely successful, and that it was the farce which had excited those sounds so terrific to Goldsmith.

In the "Posthumous Letters" of Mr. Colman, there is a letter from Goldsmith, on the subject of the comedy, which, notwithstanding his merits and his own reputation, he felt some difficulty in putting on the stage. The letter is addressed to George Colman, the elder, who...
was then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and is as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I entreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense, in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play, I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges of its merits or faults, I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal, with indignation; I hope I shall not experience as hard a treatment from you, as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake, take the play, and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

I am,
Your friend, and servant,
Oliver Goldsmith.

"George Colman, Esq.

Old Grimaldi's Dream.

Mr. Grimaldi, senior, had a dream, terrific in its nature, and one that made such an impression on his mind, that nothing could efface it; and he used to relate it thus:—That the Devil
one night appeared to him, and told him that, on the first Friday in some month, he would come for him. He, therefore, the first Friday evening in every month, entertained company who sat up with him, thinking, thereby, (as some people say,) to cheat the devil. But it is very remarkable, that he did die on a Friday, and the first in the month, which, in some measure, verified his dream.

This strange man was so frightened at the idea of his being anatomized, that he left in his will a clause, that his eldest daughter, Mary Grimaldi, (afterwards Mrs. Williamson,) was, after his death, to sever his head from his body; and unless she did so, she was not to be entitled to a gold watch, worth seventy guineas, which he had bequeathed to her, as well as the residue of his property; and to fulfill his intentions in that respect, not willing to lose his bequests, she sent for a surgeon, who took it off, she touching the instrument at the time. He died at his apartments, up a court, within a door or two of 'The Pheasant,' Stangate Street, Lambeth.

BOWEN AND QUIN.

Bowen, who was a comedian of some merit
and played Seiter, in "The Old Bachelor," Jeremy, in "Love for Love," and Witwould, in "The Way of the World," with considerable talent, was remarkable for the loudness of his voice, and for his choleric disposition. He happened to fall into company with Quin, at a public-house much frequented by the players of that day, near Clare-market, and, whether from having drank too freely, or from the natural warmth of his temper, he launched forth into the most violent abuse. He reproached Quin with leaving Drury-Lane, and acting the part of Tamerlane, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, for one night only. Quin retorted, by declaring that Mr. Jonson, who had acted Iacmo, in "The Libertine Destroyed," for a single night, had greatly surpassed him, who had often played the part.

After some further altercation, Bowen retired to a neighbouring tavern, and sent for Quin. On his entering, Bowen shut the door, and drew his sword, desiring him to do the same. Against this sudden and desperate violence, Quin remonstrated, but in vain; he was compelled to draw, and, in defending his own life, mortally wounded his antagonist, who, when his rage was cooled, by the loss of blood, owned himself the ag-
and theatricals.

In a letter to Lord Berkley, the witty Duke of Buckingham desires him to tell a certain Lady, that he had resolved to swear by no other than Joe Ash; "and if that," says his Grace, "be a sin, it is as odd a one as ever she heard of." This Joe Ash was, it seems, a box-keeper of Drury-Lane Theatre; but it is difficult to understand by what means he could have merited this distinction from the Royal Favourite, unless, perhaps, by lending the Duke money to supply his necessities, which were often, in consequence of the dissipated life which he led, extremely urgent.

Box-keepers, it seems, in former days, whatever may be the case at present, were sometimes richer than their masters. Of this, the following presents a remarkable instance. Colley Cibber had, either in a prologue, or in some of his plays, given such offence to a certain great man in power, that the play-house was shut up for some time, by order of the Lord Chamberlain; and Cibber was arrested for the damages, which were
laid at the enormous sum of ten thousand pounds.

Of this misfortune, Booth and Wilks, who were joined with Cibber in the patent, were talking very seriously, in the presence of a Mr. King, the box-keeper, who asked if he could be of any service, by offering bail for Cibber.—“Why, you blockhead,” said Wilks, “it is for ten thousand pounds.”—“I should be very sorry,” replied the box-keeper, “if I could not be answerable for twice that sum.”—The managers stared at each other at this unexpected reply; and, after a silence of a few moments, Booth turned to Wilks, and said, with considerable emotion, “What have you and I been doing, Bob, all this time?”

MURPHY’S “THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.”

Of the capriciousness of the public taste, this piece affords a striking proof. It was first produced in 1784, under the title of “What we must all come to,” but met with so much opposition, that the audience would not hear it to the conclusion. Twelve years after, Lewis contrived to have it performed again at his benefit, with the new title, when it met with universal
applause, and has continued ever since to be a favourite on the stage.

VONDEL, THE DUTCH DRAMATIST.

VONDEL was born in 1587. His parents belonged to the Baptist sect, but he died a good Catholic, at the age of ninety-one. In his youth he sold stockings, but transferred, in a short time, that occupation to his wife, that he might entirely devote himself to the drama.

Vondel possessed genius, but he did not ascend Parnassus by the steps of regular education, for it was not until his thirtieth year that he learned Latin; afterwards he acquired the French language, and made himself master of the logic of those days; which had been better left alone, as it tended to obscure, rather than to enlighten the understanding.

The materials for most of his tragedies are borrowed from the sacred writings. Among his works are to be found, "The Passover, or the Deliverance of the People of Israel;" in which The Deity himself performs the principal part. In another tragedy, entitled "The Brothers," David delivers up the Children of Israel to the Gibeonites, who carry them into captivity. A
third is "The Rebellion of the Wicked Angels, and their Fall," occasioned by a violent passion conceived by Satan, for Eve. This piece was to have been performed with great pomp and solemnity; and a splendid scene, representing Heaven, had been painted; when the zealous Theologians found means to prevent the exhibition. In the works of Vondel it is printed with the title of "Lucifer."

The subject of a fourth piece, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," is one of the most extraordinary productions of an irregular genius. The title would seem to indicate that the taking of Jerusalem was the principal event in the plan. Not so, for Jerusalem is destroyed at the opening of the tragedy. It entirely consists of declamatory bombast, detailing the barbarities of the Romans, and cruelty of the Jews. Josephus pronounces a soliloquy, on which Titus comes forward, with his Centurion, Librarius, (a singular name for a Roman captain,)—merely to pay compliments to the conqueror. Titus does not even wait for the Centurion's incense, but panegyrizes himself in more than a hundred verses, to which the captain has nothing more to say, than
that the great Caesar dwindles to nothingness before the blazing glory of Titus. Next appears a great Jewish Princess, whose name is The Daughter of Zion, followed by a great number of blubbering attendants. The conqueror turns a deaf ear to her lamentations; The Daughter of Zion conceals herself among the ruins of the great city; and, from her place of retreat, the Roman soldiers drag her forth without mercy, to heighten the triumph of the clement Titus.

At length, the poet begins to get extremely embarrassed for a denouement. The whole fifth act consists of a single scene. Simeon, Bishop of Jerusalem, who had escaped from the city, returns, sighing, to the ruins of the church. A Centurion who meets him, takes him to be a spy, but is satisfied with the declaration, that he belongs to the quiet sect of Christians. On this, an Angel makes his appearance, and to comfort the pious prelate, informs him that the destruction of Jerusalem was long before predicted by the Prophets, and was a judgment of God, for the obduracy of the Jews. After this edifying harangue, which occupies, in print, no less than
nine quarto pages, the Bishop bows, and the curtain falls.

SUMS GIVEN FOR PLAYS.

In an old account book of Barnard Lintot's, the bookseller, the following information, respecting the prices usually paid, at that time, for the copy-rights, is gleaned. Dr. Young received for his "Busiris," 84l.; Smith, for his "Phaedra and Hippolitus," 50l.; Rowe, for his "Jane Shore," 50l. 15s.; and for his "Lady Jane Grey," 75l. 5s.; and Cibber, for his "Nonjuror," attained 105l. Tragedies were then the most attractive dramas, and obtained the best price.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF "HAMLET."

This play is founded on the story of Amleth, in the Danish history of Saxo Germanicus. It is to be found in Mrs. Lennox's Shakespeare Illustrated. The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities, and is such, altogether, as would have scarcely struck any imagination but Shakespeare's. Amleth, we are told, put on the guise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers of his hand. A repetition of the catastrophe is made, during the performance, in his imaginings, jumping snatches, and

SALIFORD.

Mr. Spen offer's tragedy of "Macbeth." For instance, Beckhurs, "is no man," 15l. 3s. 6d. Warton, who has been able to collect the stage records, pronounces the play ("Hamlet") superior
with his hands, &c. The Ghost is entirely the invention of Shakspeare. In the original story, the catastrophe is full of terrors. Amleth having made the nobility drunk, set fire to the palace, and, during the confusion, gone to the usurper's apartment, tells him, Amleth was there to revenge his father's murder; upon which the King, jumping out of bed, is instantly put to death, and Amleth proclaimed King."

QUALIFICATIONS OF A PRIME-MINISTER TO WRITE TRAGEDY.

Mr. Spence, in the preface to his edition of the tragedy of "Gorboduc," has observed, with reference to the situation of the author, Lord Buckhurst, in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, that "'tis no wonder if the language of kings and statesmen should be less happily imitated by a poet, than a privy counsellor." "This," says Warton, "is an insinuation, that Shakspeare, who has left many historical tragedies, was less able to conduct some parts of a royal story than the statesman, Lord Buckhurst. But I venture to pronounce, that whatever merit there is in this play ("Gorboduc") it is more owing to the poet, than the privy counsellor. If a first minister
was to write a tragedy, I believe the piece will be better, the less it has of the first minister. When a statesman turns poet, I should not wish him of the Cabinet. I know not why a king should be better qualified than a private man to make kings talk in blank verse."

"Could Richelieu write so good a tragedy as Corneille or Racine?" asks Mr. Ashby, who relates the following instructive anecdote on the subject. "Queen Caroline was fond of talking to learned men. One day she was earnest with Bishop Gibson to tell her, which he liked best, tragedy or comedy? The Bishop parried the question by alleging he had not read or seen any thing of that kind a long while. The Queen still persisting in her inquiry, he said, 'Though I cannot answer your Majesty's question, yet your Majesty can inform me in one particular that nobody else can.' She expressed great readiness to do so, and he added, 'Pray, do Kings and Queens, when alone, talk such fine language as on the stage?' This was enough."

BEN JONSON.

As the workmen, in September, 1823, were excavating a vault, to receive the remains of
the Lady of Sir Robert Wilson, in the North Aisle of Westminster Abbey, they discovered, at the head of it, a leaden coffin, placed in the ground perpendicularly, with the head downwards in a hole about two feet square. At the top of the hole was a square stone, about eighteen inches wide, on which were the initials “B. J.” cut in characters rather illegible: on inquiry amongst the old men of the Abbey, they state that the tradition is, that when Ben Jonson was seriously ill, he was asked where he would be buried? He said, “If I can get foot ground, in Westminster Abbey, I will be interred there,” and on the Dean of Westminster being applied to, he gave sufficient ground to admit the corpse in a perpendicular position, as it was found. The skeleton of the deceased was entire, and in a singular state of preservation.

**FOOLS’ PARTS.**

“My husband, Timothy Tattle,” says a character in one of Ben Jonson’s plays, “God rest his poor soul! was wont to say, *there was no play without a fool and a devil in it*; he was for the devil style, God bless him! “The devil for his money,” would he say. “I would fain see the
devil." "And why would you so fain see the devil?" would I say. "Because he has horns, wife, and may be a cuckold as well as a devil," he would answer. "You are e'en such another! husband," quoth I. "Was the devil ever married? Where do you read the devil was ever so honourable as to commit matrimony?"—"The play will tell us that," says he; "we'll go see it to-morrow." Staples of news.

"It was wont," says good master John Geb, (Coll. Ex.) "when an interlude was to be acted in a country town, the first question that an hob-nailed spectator made, before he would pay his penny to goe in, was, whether there bee a devil and a foole in the play? and if the foole get upon the divell's back and beat him with his coxcombe till he rore, the play is complete." The fool out of the snare. p. 68.

These extracts allude to the old moralities. The fool or clown of the new comedy, however, succeeded to all the celebrity of his predecessor, and was inquired after with equal impatience. Goffe has a pleasant passage in his "Careless Shepherdess," which gives a good idea of the delight which the audience never failed to express on the appearance of a favourite fool.
"Why, I would have the fool in every act, 
Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd 
Until I cry'd again, to see what faces 
The rogue would make. O, it does me good 
To see him hold out's chin, hang down his hands, 
And twirl his bawble: there is never a part 
About him but breaks jests. 
I had rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry, 
Than hear the gravest speech in all the play. 
I never saw Reave peeping through the curtain 
But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart."

Emanuel Reave, the Fool here alluded to, was one of the original actors, in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; these, however, could have afforded little scope for the fine acting which gave such delight to the good landlord in Goffe's *prelude*; and which, in all probability, was exhibited in some of those admirable clowns whom Shakspeare has delineated.

**THE FIRST COMEDY WRITER.**

The first comic writer, of whom we have an account, was no less a man than Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who produced, in 1575, that curious comedy, entitled "*Gammer Gurtou's Needle.*" He was the son of William Still, of Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and was ad
mitted a student in Christ College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts. He afterwards became Rector of Hadleigh, in the county of Suffolk, and was finally appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells, on the death of Bishop Godwin, in 1607.

The story of this play, which is written in the metre, and extended into five regular acts, is as follows:—Gammer Gurton has lost his needle; and in order to make a general search for it about the house, his boy is sent to hold a candle; but when he goes towards the chimney, he spies a witch in the grate, with two fiery eyes staring on him; whereupon he cries out, "the devil's in the fire; for when I puff it, it goes out, and when I do not, it is lit."—"Stir it," cries Gammer Gurton. The boy does as he is bidden, when, behold, the witch flies out amongst a pile of wood, and all hands are at work to prevent the house being set on fire. The witch, however, is at last discovered, by a priest, who seems to have a little more cunning than the rest, to be no more than a cat.

The catastrophe is equally good: Gammer Gurton, it seems, had, the day before, been mending his man Hodge's breeches; when
Hodge, in some game of merriment, was to be punished with three slaps on a *certain part*; by the brawny open hand of one of his fellow bumpkins: his head is laid down, for this purpose, in Gammer Gurton's lap, when, at the first slap, he bellows out, in great pain. A search is made, to find out the cause of it, when, behold, the needle is found almost buried up to the eye in the flesh of poor Hodge. Great rejoicing is made by all the parties for this discovery, and so ends this excellent comedy.

**ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF “THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.”**

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found, separately, in a collection of old stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of “Gesta Romanorum.” In the first of these, a knight borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting all his flesh for non-payment. When the penalty is enacted before the judge, the knight’s mistress, disguised as a man, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to soften the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, to all
which his answer is, "I will have my bond." The lady then addresses the judge, as follows: "My Lord, I demand a just judgment on what I am about to offer. You know that this knight never bound himself to anything but that the merchant should have the power to cut his flesh from his bones, without effusion of blood, of which nothing was said. Now let him lay hands upon him; but if he shed blood, he is answerable for it to the king." When the merchant heard this, he said, "Give me my money, and I discharge him from the action." But the damsel said, "Verily, I say unto you, that you shall not have a penny—therefore, lay hands upon him, but shed no blood." The merchant, seeing himself confounded, departed; and thus was the life of the knight saved, without payment of the money.

In the other story, which contains the incident of the caskets, a king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor, who says to her, "Maiden, thou hast sustained many adversities for the love of my son; but I will speedily prove whether..."
will have my son the judge, as I know that thing any thing but dull; power to cut his head. Now let him drink blood, he is armed on the merchant he shall have my money, in imitation." But the laws into you, that you fore, lay hands upon the merchant, enquir ed; and then we without payment to which contains the in f Apulia spits the legendary son of an elephant, ventures, (no drink on purpose,) what is he who says to God, "I my adversaries, but I speedily found thou art worthy to be his wife;" and he commanded three vases to be made. The first was of the purest gold, and adorned with precious stones, but full of dead men's bones; on the outside was this inscription, "Whoever shall choose me, will find that which he deserves." The second was of pure silver, and ornamented with jewels, but full of earth; on the outside was inscribed, "Whoever shall choose me, will find what nature desires." The third was of lead, and full of precious stones and the most noble gems; on the outside was the inscription; "Whoever shall choose me, will find what God hath appointed." These three he shewed to the maiden, saying, "If you choose from among these that which is proper and profitable, you shall have my son; but if you choose that which is neither fit for you, nor others, you shall not have him." The young lady fixed upon the leaden, and the emperor says, "Good maiden, thou hast chosen well—therefore, shalt thou have my son."

SHAKESPEARE'S CRAB-TREE.

Shakespeare's bench, and the half-pint mug out of which he used to take very copious
draughts of ale, either in Stratford-upon-Avon, or in the neighbourhood of that town, are well known to all our English Antiquaries, from their having been long in the possession of the late Mr. James West, by whose descendants, we have no doubt, they are carefully preserved, and will long be transmitted as heir looms in the family: but with Shakspeare's crab-tree, the Antiquarian Society, it is possible, are not so well acquainted.

There is a tradition, in Warwickshire, that our great dramatic bard was a very boon companion; and the fame of two illustrious bands of good fellows, who were distinguished by the denominations of the Topers and Sippers, is not yet forgotten in that county. The Topers, who were the stouter fellows of the two, challenged all England, it is said, to contest with them in deep potations of the good old English beverage, a challenge which Shakspeare, and a party of his young friends at Stratford, readily accepted; but going, on a Whitsunday, to meet them at Bidford, a village about seven miles distant, they were much mortified to find that the Topers had, that very day, (owing to some misunderstanding about the
place and time appointed,) gone to a neigh-
bouring fair, on a similar intent with that which
brought them there. Being thus disappointed,
they were obliged to take up with the Sippers,
whom they found assembled in that village, and
whom they held in great contempt. On trial,
however, the Stratfordians proved to be so un-
equal to the combat, that they were obliged to
yield; and while they had the power they
scampered off towards home. Unfortunately,
our great Shakspere's head, and that of one of
his companions, not being of quite so hard a tem-
perament as those of their companions in drinking,
they found themselves unable to proceed farther,
and, laying themselves down, they took up their
abode, for the night, under the shelter of a large
wide-spreading crab-tree. When they awoke in
the morning, his friend proposed that they should
return to the place of combat; but, probably,
being wearied of his company, he refused; there-
fore, he exclaimed,

"Farewell,
Piping Pechworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilbro', hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, popish Wakesford,
Beggarly Brome, and drunken Bidford."
The rhymes are, certainly, not so exact as he would have produced in his closet, but, as field measures, they are well enough; and the epithets are strongly characteristic of his manner, being peculiarly and happily applied to the several villages from whence the miscellaneous company of Sippers had proceeded.

This celebrated tree, we believe, is still standing, and is known, far and near, by the name of Shakspeare's Crab-tree. The anecdote was well authenticated by a clergyman, a native of Warwickshire, who died at Stratford above sixty years ago.

SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high station which he was thenceforward destined to maintain in the dramatic literature of our country, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, in fact, he had not altogether escaped even in his own days; but he had either the spirit or the policy to despise it. Mr. Malone has given a list of fourteen plays ascribed to him, either by the editors of the two later folio editions of his works (1664 and 1685,) or by the compilers of
ancient catalogues; but it was reserved for modern impostors to avail themselves, to an almost unparalleled extent, of the obscurity in which his history is involved, and of the unequalled popularity of his name.

In the year 1751, a book was published, entitled "A compendious or brief examination of certayne ordinary complaints of divers of our countrymen in these our days; which, although they are in some parts unjust and frivolous, yet are they all, by way of dialogue, thoroughly debated and discussed by William Shakspeare, gentleman." This book was originally published in 1581; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved, that the initials, W. S., the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant William Stafford.

Theobald, one of the early editors of our immortal bard, and who, according to Dr. Johnson, "by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking," was desirous of palming upon the world a play, called "The Double Falsehood," as a posthumous production of Shakspeare. The arguments which he made use of with this view, are thus humorously
stated in the Scriblerian notes to the Dunciad; “First, that the MS. was above sixty years old; secondly, that, once, Mr. Betterton had it; or he hath heard so; thirdly, that somebody told him, the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his; but fourthly, and above all, “that he has a great mind every thing that is good in our tongue should be Shakspeare’s.” The celebrated author of the notes then goes on in a strain of ridicule, to assign new readings to various passages of the play, in a style very similar to that of Theobald himself, in his attempts on the genuine text of Shakspeare. This palpable imposition was, however, speedily detected; or, rather, no general impression of its authenticity was ever created.

In 1770, there was reprinted, at Feversham, an old play called “The tragedy of Arden of Feversham, and Black Will,” (on which is founded Lillo’s play of “Arden of Feversham,”) with a preface, in which, without the smallest foundation, it was attributed to Shakspeare, who certainly had nothing to do with its composition.

But these were trifles, compared to the attempt made in 1795-6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters, &c., pretendedly in
the hand-writing of Shakspeare, and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled, "Vortigern and Rowena," was not only brought forward, to the astonishment of the admirers of Shakspeare, accredited by the opinions of some of the most eminent literary men of the day, but actually performed on the Drury-Lane stage, whence the good sense of the audience speedily compelled it to take flight. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play, which Mr. Steevens has characterized as "the performance of a madman without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of this fraud, of which we have already given a sufficiently copious account.

It produced, between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, a very interesting controversy, which, although mixed with much personal asperity, was extended into inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future critics and historians have derived considerable information.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The stages and Theatres of the Greeks and
Romans were so immense that the actors, to be heard, were obliged to have recourse to metallic masks, contrived with tremendous mouths, in order to augment the natural sound of the voice. This mask was called, by the Latins, 
Persona, from Personare (to sound through); and delineations of such masks as were used in each piece, generally prefixed to it, (as we now prefix the name of the characters of our modern plays,) as appears from the Vatican Terence; hence, Dramatis Personae, (masks of the Drama,) which words, after masks ceased to be used, were understood to mean Persons of the Drama.

CONGREVE'S DEFENCE AGAINST COLLIER.

Before Congreve wrote his last comedy, "The Way of the World," he published a formal vindication of the four plays he had then written; first, the animadversions of Collier, which were principally directed against Dryden and himself. Dryden, who certainly knew what was right, although no man had been more frequently betrayed into acting wrong, candidly confessed the justice of the charge, with respect to his own dramatic productions; but not so Congreve, whose pride was hurt by Collier's attack on...
plays which all the world had admired and commended. The most hypocritical bigot that ever existed could not have exhibited a greater degree of rancour and resentment, when unmasked, than did this author, so celebrated for sweetness of temper and elegance of manners.

It must be confessed that Collier, in his View of the Stage, had gone too far; he had forgotten the old axiom of *Ab usum non valet consequentia*, and would listen to nothing less than the entire abolition of stage amusements, characterized, as they then undoubtedly were, by the grossest licentiousness of morals, and the most disgusting profanity. He denied the possibility of reforming the Stage, and therefore maintained the policy and necessity of entirely suppressing a scene that had been perverted to such base and mischievous purposes.

The following passage, from Congreve's Defence, is, however, worthy of perusal, as highly illustrative of the value and importance of those amusements, against which Collier had argued with so much good sense, learning, and temper.

"To what end has he made such a bug-bear of the Theatre? Why should he possess the minds of weak and melancholy people with such frightful ideas of a poor play, unless..."
to sour the humours of the people of most leisure, that they
might be more apt to misemploy their vacant hours? It may
be, there is not any where a people who should be less de-
barred of innocent diversions than the people of England.
I will not argue this point, but I will strengthen my obser-
ations with one parallel to it, from Polybius. This excellent
author, who always moralises in his history, and instructs as
faithfully as he relates, attributes the ruin of Cynethia, by
the Etolians, in plain terms, to the degeneracy from their
Arcadian ancestors, in their neglect of theatrical and mu-
sical performances.

"The Cynethians," says he, "had their situation the
farthest North of all Arcadia, they were subjected to an incle-
ment and uncertain air, and were, for the most part, cold and
melancholic; and for this reason, they, of all people, should
last have partake with the innocent and wholesome remedies
which the diversions of music administered to that sourness
of temper, and sullenness of disposition, which, of necessity,
they must partake of from the disposition and influence of the
climate; for they no sooner fell to neglect these wholesome
institutions, than they fell into dissensions and civil discord,
and grew, at length, into such depravity of manners, that
their crimes, in number and measure, surpassed all nations of
Greeks besides."

Time has, in some degree, demonstrated the
fallacy of the position on which the argument
of Collier, for the total suppression of the stage,
was founded, viz. the impossibility of effecting
a reformation of its abuses; but the great and
immediate good which his book produced, in the purification of that which he had declared incapable of amendment, while it overthrows his deduction, does the highest honour to his zeal and to his talents; and he will ever be remembered as the great reformer of the English Stage, from the indecency and profaneness in which the wits of the reign of Charles the Second had involved it.

**THE ENGLISH MYSTERIES IN GERMANY.**

On the arrival of the Emperor Sigismund at the Council of Constance, in the year 1417, at which Council the English Ambassador was present, the English represented a sacred Drama before him, which was quite a novelty in Germany. It contained The Adoration of the Magi, and The Massacre of the Innocents, by Herod.

**WYCHERLEY'S PECULIARITIES.**

WYCHERLEY used to read himself asleep at night, either with Montaigne, Rocheofoucault, Seneca, or Graciano; for these were his favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening; and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading; and have all the
thoughts of his author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one for a single thought in the whole poem. Pope experienced this in him, several times, (for he visited him, for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning,) and looked upon it as one of the strangest phenomena that he ever observed in the human mind.

CIBBER'S COWARDICE.

To that passive valour, for which Colley Cibber was notorious, Lord Chesterfield ironically alludes, in a weekly paper called Common Sense, in the following words:—"Of all the Comedians who have appeared on the Stage, in my memory, no one has taken a kicking with such humour as our excellent Laureat."

An instance of this excessive timidity is given by Davies, on the authority of Victor, which shews that the players knew how to turn this failing of the manager to their own advantage. Bickerstaffe was a Comedian, whose benefit-play, Steele, with his customary good nature, recommended to the readers of the Tatler, on account of his being (nominally) his relation. This poor fellow had an income from the Theatre of
four pounds a week, of which Cibber, in one of his economical fits, probably brought on by the loss of a considerable sum at the gaming-table, to which he was passionately devoted, determined to retrench one half. The man, who had a family, was shocked at this sudden diminution of his allowance; but, knowing whence his misfortune was derived, he waited on Cibber, and plainly told him, that as he could not subsist on the small sum to which he had reduced his salary, he must call the author of his distress to an account, for that it would be better for him to lose his life in that way, than to starve. The affrighted manager assured him that he should receive an answer from him on the next Saturday; and Bickerstaffe found, on applying for his week's salary, that his usual income was continued.

GARRICK AND LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield met Garrick at dinner, one day, in company with several others, upon county business:—his Lordship said to Garrick, that he had heard much of his performance of Macbeth, but had never seen him in that character, and begged he would favour the company with the dagger soliloquy. Garrick, with-
out refusing, observed, “It would not be easy, my lord, to repeat that soliloquy by itself; the dagger scene is the most impassioned scene in all Shakspeare; and the mind must be elevated to a great degree before the spectator can sympathize with the actor. It must be remembered that *Macbeth* is a nobleman highly honoured; that he has just received great favours from the king; that he is bound by gratitude to protect him as his guest, and yet he is on the way to his chamber, for the purpose of murdering him. ‘Is this a dagger, which I see before me?’”—continued the actor, sliding from his conversation into the way in which he usually pronounced the soliloquy, with an intention of giving it. “That's all very true,” said Lord Mansfield; “but, surely, you can give us a part of it.”—“Impossible,” answered Garrick. “Pray, my lord, when shall we hold our next meeting?”

**DOGGET'S DRESSING OF A CHARACTER.**

Cibber says, that in dressing a character to the greatest exactness, Dogget was remarkably skilful; the least article of whatever habit he wore, seemed, in some degree, to speak and mark the different humours he represented.
This," adds the writer of "A General View of the Stage," published in 1759, "I have heard confirmed from one who performed with Dogget; and that he could also, with the greatest nicety, represent all the degrees of age, most distinctly; insomuch, that Sir Godfrey Kneller took occasion to tell him one day, at Button’s, that he excelled him in painting; for that he could only copy Nature from the Originals before him, but that Dogget could vary them at pleasure, and yet preserve a close likeness."

In the part of Moneytrap, in the "Confederacy," we have a particular account of his dress, which perfectly corresponds with these statements. In this admirable representation of an old debauched usurer, he is said to have worn an old thread-bare black coat, to which he had put new cuffs, pocket-lids, and buttons, on purpose to make its rustiness more conspicuous; the neck was stuffed so as to make him appear round-shouldered, and give his head the greater prominence; his square-toed shoes were large enough to buckle over those he wore in common, which made his legs appear much smaller than usual; and altogether, his dress was calculated to give a proper idea of the character. 

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This great actor was, perhaps, the only one who made it his constant rule to confine himself to such characters as Nature seemed to have made him for. No temptation could allure him to step out of his own circle; and he reaped the full advantage of this self-denial in the never-failing applause with which his performances were uniformly hailed.

WIT OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

It is pleasant to hear Dryden and others of his age very gravely assure us, that it was impossible that the characters of our old Poets could talk like gentlemen, because the authors themselves kept low company. The Mermaid, the Devil, and the Boar, it seems, did not receive such pleasant and witty fellows, in the reign of Queen Bess, or of James the First, as those who frequented the Royal Oak, the Mitre, and the Roebuck, in the days of Charles the Second.

Beaumont, who, it must be allowed, was himself a gentleman, and no ill judge of mirth and good company, in an Epistle to Ben Jonson, talks with rapture of the rich banquet of wit and admirable conversation which they had at the Mermaid. Not merely of Ben Jonson, but also of dryden affects to do what he has been far, indeed, and Ben was at the head of, and Beaumont for occasionally joined by, afterwards Bishop Weller, and others; it is different these meetings to the mixed blasphemy, and contempt for the character, which the reader is given in the Division in the elegant action for the regulations. Beaumont's "Fine, following description of the "Delphic God, " prompts, I am full. Oucha, I am come from Apollo! "

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enjoyed at the Mermaid. Nor is it possible to think so meanly of Ben Jonson's club at the Devil, as Dryden affects to do; for that Society must have been far, indeed, from contemptible, of which Ben was at the head, with Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Beaumont for his associates; who were occasionally joined by Selden, Martin, Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, Edmund Waller, and others of equal eminence. How different these meetings must have been from the mixed blasphemy and profaneness, and sovereign contempt for all order and decency, which characterized those of Dryden's day, for which the reader is referred to Antony Wood's history of a merry bout, at the Cock, in Bow Street, given in the Diary of his Life, the single expression in the elegant rules, drawn up by Ben Jonson for the regulation of his Club, "Probae faminæ non repudiantur," will sufficiently evince. In Marmion's "Fine Companion," we have the following description of the meetings at which the "Delphic God," Ben Jonson, presided.

Careless. I am full
Of Oracles, I am come from Apollo.

Emilia. From Apollo! 
Careless. From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic God
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalia,
And has his incense, and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophesies; thence I came.
My brain's perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heighten'd with conceits. From tempting beauties,
From dainty music, and poetic strains
From bowls of nectar, and ambrosiac dishes;
From witty varlets, fine companions,
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
Sails thy brave Careless.

SHAKESPEARE COMMENTATORS.

The egregious gullibility of some of this plodding but useful tribe, (who, in spite of the many absurdities into which they have fallen, have still contributed much to rescue the text of Shakspeare from the errors and obscurities with which its was previously defaced,) is perfectly ludicrous; and, as the following instance will evince, has been carried by one, at least, of their members to an almost incredible pitch.

Most of our readers cannot fail to recollect that beautiful passage in "Hamlet," as excellent in the sentiment, as appropriate in the expression, in which the Prince exclaims,—

"There's a Divinity thatshapes our ends, / Whose tenacles we poor players grope after. / In other absurds, ridiculous, a sharer entered the trade of Shakspeare's butcher, and to follow'd the same by London, he actual hour of this supra quoted above, it wonder by his singular resolu, there copy his note in.

H. Farmer informs me, that a woodcarver, butcher, and to him, that his nephew is inscribed with the words, 'Obliged to shape their memories, i.e. to point them out as rough-hewn. It is of Shakspeare's father, a stranger to such terms, of wool pint'd up with his hardly possible b
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how he will.'"
was a man of great learning and judgment, was here playing off a joke upon the credulity of poor Steevens, little imagining that it could be taken seriously, that Shakspeare had put into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark, in reference to the superintending wisdom of Providence, a figure taken from the exalted occupation of a skewer maker. Be this as it may, the reader has seen how gravely this interpretation was adopted by Steevens himself, from whom, such is the force of imitation, it has been copied with equal solemnity, by Dr. Drake, in his "Shakspeare and his Times."

HENDERSON.

The father of this celebrated actor was an Irish factor in the city of London, and resided in Goldsmith Street at the time of the birth of this his son, who was baptized March 8, 1746-7. One year after his birth, the father died, and left his widow and two children, both sons, with a very slender provision. At the age of two years, he was removed, with his mother, to Newport Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, where he continued ten years, and afterwards went to a boarding-school kept by Dr. Sterling, at Hemel Hemp-
The eraing and judgment. 

Shakespeare had paid homage of Denmark, in return for the wisdom of Providence, to which exalted occupation, he was fit as it may be. And, however this interpretation is applied to himself, from what indication, it has been cited by Dr. Drake, in his "Shakespearian Heroines."

HENDERSOM.

Of this celebrated actor of the city of London, an account at the time of his birth was baptized March 25. At his birth, the father had two children, but each provision. At the age of 1, with his mother, in Hampshire, where, he afterwards removed, by Dr. Sterling, at 56.
From then having discovered, how to prune his thoughts, he reduced his impediments. An impatient, the theatre met with such so much style, on the stage, became inspired, and a volume, in the early Parnassian, about the Society of Arts and a draawing, while he reseed for a short time his having discovered, from there, where he resided.
stead, where he resided little more than twelve months. From thence he returned to London, and having discovered a taste for drawing, was placed for a short time as a pupil to Mr. Fournier. While he remained with Fournier, he made a drawing, which was exhibited at the Society of Arts and Sciences, and obtained a premium, about the year 1767.

In the early part of his life, his mother put into his hands a volume of Shakspeare, which he perused so often, and with so much delight, that he became inspired with a passion for representing, on the stage, characters which he read with so much satisfaction. His reception into the Theatre met with many and very extraordinary impediments. In 1768, he got himself introduced to Mr. George Garrick, who, on hearing him rehearse, gave it as his opinion, that his voice was so feeble, that he could not possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any Theatre. Not discouraged, however, by this repulse, he continued to pursue his favourite object.

A few years afterwards, having formed an acquaintance with Becket, the bookseller, through his means he obtained an introduction to Mr. Garrick, (the Manager.) At this gentleman's
levee he attended for a great length of time, both unnoticed and neglected, till, at last, he resolved to attempt, by other means, to exhibit himself before the public. Still, however, he experienced the mortification of being rejected every where.

In 1770, he offered himself to Mr. Colman, who would not condescend even to hear him.—It is said the first essay he made in public was by delivering Mr. Garrick’s Ode on the Jubilee in a room at Islington, for the benefit of one of the inferior retainers of the Theatre. At length, after more than two years attendance, Mr. Garrick was prevailed upon to hear him rehearse, but the opinion which this trial produced was by no means favourable. The manager declared, that his voice was not sufficiently melodious or clear, nor his pronunciation articulate enough; or, to make use of his own terms, “that he had in his mouth too much wool or worsted, which he must absolutely get rid of before he would be fit for Drury Lane stage.” However, not to discourage him entirely, he furnished him with a letter to Mr. Palmer, the manager of the Bath company, who, on this recommendation, engaged him at a salary of one guinea per week.
On his arrival at Bath, he assumed the name of Courtney, and his first appearance on the stage there was October 6, 1772, in the character of Hamlet. He met with universal applause, and after performing the character twice, repeated Mr. Garrick's Ode, and represented, in the course of the season, the following characters: Richard III, Benedick, Macbeth, Captain Bobadil, Bayes, Don Felix, Earl of Essex, Hotspur, Fribble, Lear, Hastings, Alonzo, and Alzuma. After he had repeatedly played the first nine characters, and found his reputation was fixed on a firm basis, he resumed his real name, and spoke an address to the town on the occasion, (Dec. 22.) He performed in the play and farce almost every night during the season, increasing in fame every time he appeared. At the close of the Bath season, he visited his friends in London; and, in the Autumn, he returned to Bath, and, during that year, added the characters of Pierre, Don John, Comus, Othello, Archer, Ranger, Sir John Brute, Belville, ("School for Wives," ) Henry II., Beverly, ("Man of Business," ) and Zanja, to those he had already represented. By this time, the managers of the London Theatres had seen his performances on the stage,
and knew the reputation he had acquired; but, steady to the opinions they had originally entertained, they could not think him worthy of being received into their service. During the course of this Summer, application was made both to Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote in his favour, but without effect. In the Autumn of 1774, he was obliged again to resume his former situation in Bath.

After many ineffectual efforts to appear in London, accident at last brought him forward without any application on his part. In 1777, Mr. Colman having purchased the patent of Mr. Foote, of the little Theatre in the Haymarket, and convinced of the necessity of novelty, engaged Mr. Henderson for that Summer. So advantageous was this union to the manager, that, in thirty-four nights' performance, no less a sum than four thousand five hundred pounds was taken. The first character Mr. Henderson represented was Shylock, ("Merchant of Venice," June 11. This was followed by Leon, Falstaff, Richard III., Don John, Bayes, and Falstaff; ("Merry Wives of Windsor.") The avidity of the public filled the Haymarket Theatre every night he performed. The manager, who derived so much advantage from benefit, which sum; and before was engaged by cease Mr. Garrick Theatre, at a salary as indemnification des with the Bath.

In the summer and was introduced kingdom. Jan. 1 Summer went onement of Covert Gard stipend. He was managers, as for them.

In the course of life, he performed very long and far times when he spiety in his be Horatius, ("Ro He was soon after seemed to have some time when his d
so much advantage from his success, gave him a free benefit, which produced him a considerable sum; and before the Winter commenced, he was engaged by Mr. Sheridan (who then succeeded Mr. Garrick) for two years, at Drury Lane Theatre, at a salary of ten pounds per week, with an indemnification from the penalty of his articles with the Bath manager.

In the summer of 1778, he went to Ireland, and was introduced to most of the literati of that kingdom. Jan. 13, 1779, he married, and that Summer went again to Ireland; and, at the commencement of the Winter season, removed to Covent Garden Theatre, with an increased stipend. He was now as much courted by the managers, as formerly he was despised by them!

In the course of the last three months of his life, he performed, several nights successively, very long and fatiguing characters, and sometimes when he should have been with more propriety in his bed. His last performance was Horatius, ("Roman Father," Nov. 3, 1785. He was soon after seized with a fever, which seemed to have submitted to medicines, but at a time when his disorder put on every favourable
appearance, he was unexpectedly seized with a spasm in the brain, and died November 25. He was interred at Westminster Abbey.

The fame of Henderson rests principally on his performances of the very opposite characters of Iago and Falstaff, in the former of which our portrait represents him. The following eloquent tribute to his merits in "The Facetious Knight," is from Boaden's Life of Kemble, and elicited our admiration so strongly that we could not forbear inserting it. After relating his decease, the Biographer says, "He had not completed the 39th year of his age, and yet had long been a perfect master in his art, the range of which he carried to an extent, that seems hopeless to succeeding actors. 'I will not,' said Mr. Kemble once to me, 'speak of Henderson's Falstaff; every body can say how rich and voluptuous it was: but I will say, that his Shylock was the greatest effort that I ever witnessed on the stage.' I remember it in its principal scenes, and I have no doubt whatever, that it fully merited so high a praise; but I respectfully insinuate, that Macklin, in the trial scene, was superior to him and all men. Yet it may be proper here to say, that in many of
his characters, Henderson's superiority may be disputed; but that his performance of Falstaff is as much above all competition, as the character itself transcends all that was ever thought comic in man. The cause of this pre-eminence was purely mental—he understood it better in its diversity of powers—his imagination was congenial: the images seemed coined in the brain of the actor; they sparkled in his eye, before the tongue supplied them with language. I saw him act the character in the second part of Henry IV., where it is more metaphysical, and consequently less powerful. He could not supply the want of active dilemmas, such as exhalilate the Falstaff of the first part, but it was equally perfect in conception and execution. I have already described his Falstaff at Windsor, which completed this astonishing creation of the poet. I have borne with many invasions on this peculiar domain of Henderson. It has, in truth, been an ungracious task to most of his successors; they seem all to have doubted their right of possession; to have considered themselves tenants only upon sufferance; and thus it was with King, and Palmer, and Stephen Kemble, and Ryder, and a whole tedious chapter of fat knights, who
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have roared and chuckled, at the slightest possible expense of thought; and, laughing much themselves, in their turns, perhaps, 'set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too.' Peace to all such! It was the strong sense of Henderson's excellence in Falstaff, that made me miserable whenever Mr. Kemble announced his intention of assuming the character.

vortigern and rowena.

The story on which this play is said to be founded, is thus related by Sir Richard Baker, the historian.

"When the Romans had left the country to take care of itself, King Lucius dying without issue, and the Picts and Scots destroying all before them by frequent invasion, the Britons made choice of Vortigern, Earl of Cornwall, one extracted from the regal line, to be their King; who, ill-advised by the sage Merlin, applied for aid to the Saxons, a warlike people of Germany.

"Hengist and Horsa came over with nine thousand Saxons, and were presented with the Isle of Thanet. Like Caesar, they came, saw, and overcame; and, shortly after, Hengist, erecting Thong Castle, invited Vortigern to a feast, who there fell in love with Rowena, the niece of Hengist, whom he married. Hengist presuming on this match, and the doating fondness of the royal bridegroom, grew intolerable and insupportable to the Britons, who, at length, deposing Vortigern, placed his son Vortimer on the throne.

Vortimer, during a short scourge to the country, was put to

end his days by poison; and, knowing the Britons to be his friends in his old age, retired into the South to laugh at his master, Aurelius Aurelius, who, according to the Auteurs, both within and without the work, were the

cardinal produced, composed of whom

of "La Commedia dell' Arte."

the Queen of France, was on a bench in the Green Room, who originated the notion of correcting the declamation of the tragedians, promising to give them instruction.
Vortimer, during a successful reign of four years, proved a fatal scourge to the Saxons; till at length the victor was vanquished by his fair mother-in-law, Rowena, who took him off by poison; and then, by the witchcraft of fair word, so enchanted the British nobility, that Vortigern, like old Lear, became a king again.

"Vortigern, his kingdom once more overrun with Saxon locusts, retired into Wales, building there a castle, strong enough to laugh a siege to scorn; which being at length beset by Aurelius Ambrosius, whether by wild-fire, or by fire from Heaven, both Vortigern and his castle, yes, all that were within it, were burnt to ashes."

**THE FIVE AUTHORS' COMEDY.**

Cardinal Richelieu caused a comedy to be produced, composed by five different persons, each of whom wrote an act. This play was called "La Comedie de Tuilleries, Par Les Cinques Auteurs." It was represented before the King, the Queen, and the Court of France, with great magnificence. The actors sat by themselves on a bench. The idea was thought to have originated with Chapelain. He, however, only corrected the piece in several places. The cardinal requested his assistance in the business, promising to give Chapelain his help on a similar occasion.
 Masks in the Play-House.

It is not very easy to determine the precise period of time when the fashion of females going masked to a play originated in this country. We may be almost certain, that no such practice existed before the Civil wars, for we find no allusions to it in the works of our older dramatic writers, and the same reason induces us to believe that it did not come into fashion for some time after the Restoration.

These masqued ladies are, however, referred to in a multitude of passages in the prologues and epilogues to Dryden's, Lee's, and Otway's plays. The custom was, doubtless, imported from France, and, in all probability, about the year 1666 or 1667. The many disturbances which these disguised females (whose characters may be readily understood from the nature of the allusions of which they are the subject,) continually caused in the pit and boxes, at length almost entirely drove the women of character and respectability from the Theatre; and such was the continual scandal arising from it, that the sober and grave part of the town were frequently, by the tumults and disorders to which it gave
rise, deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the theatrical entertainments.

Constant uproars and riots, which sometimes reached an alarming height, called loudly for public redress; and, at length, after this nuisance had been endured for nearly forty years, an accidental dispute, concerning one Mrs. Fawkes, which terminated in a duel, produced an entire prohibition (emanating, it is to be conjectured, from the Lord Chamberlain, whose powers, in controlling the Theatres, were, however, not so well defined in those days as at present) of women's wearing masks in play-houses, which took place about the year 1707.

EARLY PUBLICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

"Every writer on Shakspeare," says Dr. Farmer, "hath expressed his astonishment, that his author was not solicitous to secure his fame by a correct edition of his performances. This matter is not understood. When a poet was connected with a particular play-house, he constantly sold his works to the company, and it was their interest to keep them from a number of rivals." A favourite piece, as Heywood informs
us, only got into print when it was copied by the ear, "for a double sale would bring on suspicion of honestie."

Shakspeare, therefore, published none of his dramas; when he left the stage, his copies remained with his fellow managers, Heminge and Condell, who, at their own retirement, about seven years after the death of the author, gave the world the edition now known by the name of the first folio; and call the previous publications (of separate plays,) stolne and surreptitious, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors." But this (the folio) was printed from the play-house copies; which, in a series of years, had been frequently altered, through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nashe, called "Lenten Stuffe, with the prayse of the red herring, 4to. 1599," (reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany,) where he assures us, that in a play of his, called "The Isle of Dogs," foure acts, without his consent, or the leaste guesse of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players."

This, however, was not his first quarrel with them. In the epistle prefixed to Greene's Arcadia,
Soon after Garrick's appearance on the stage of Drury Lane, an elderly woman called at his apartments and desired to speak with him on
particular business. She told him that a young lady of great beauty and fortune, having seen him act Chamont and Lothario, and several other characters, was so charmed with his person and performance, that she was willing to give him her hand, with her portion, which was at her own disposal. "But are you sure, Mr. Garrick, that you can prove a good husband?"

His answer was, "He did not doubt of his proving to be such a husband as the young lady would wish to have. I beg to have the honour of waiting upon her." She promised to call in less than a fortnight, and to fix a day of meeting. In vain did Garrick wait for the performance of her promise; a considerable time had elapsed, when he met her by chance in the street, and then asked her the reason she did not keep the appointment. "Oh, dear!" said the good woman, "it is all over; the young lady has subsequently seen you play Abel Dragger, and her love is all gone."

**JAMES GRANT RAYMOND.**

This respectable performer and amiable and friendly man was some time manager of the Lyceum, in connexion with Mr. Arnold, and he...
He told him that a young lady, Lothario, and several other persons, were so charmed with his talent that she was willing to begin her portion, which was:

"But are you sure, Mr. Druggar, you may prove a good husband?" did not doubt of his probity being a common virtue of the young lady, saying to have the honour of her promise to fix a day of meeting for the performance of a considerable time. She promised to wait for the performance, by chance in the second time, the reason she did not keep clear! said the young lady.

Druggar, and his friends

Grant Raynorth

The performer was enabled, some time after, to proceed in his situation with Mr. Bennet, at

And Theatricals.

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afterwards had the management of Drury Lane under the Committee of the proprietors, between the years 1814 and 1817. In the latter situation he was, as might be supposed, like "a toad under a harrow," stimulated by his own taste and zeal on the one hand, and thwarted by the opposing interests and discordant opinions of the Committee. His integrity, in endeavouring to sustain his own reputation with the public, and in giving a proper direction to the Committee, rendered him a theatrical martyr. For many months he lived and slept within the walls of the Theatre, and often, for nights together, had no repose but what he snatched, at intervals, on the sofa, in the manager's room.

These labours, combined with unquestionable taste and ability, were, nevertheless, unequal to his position, and having, at length, made up his mind that he could not usefully serve so many masters, he retired to his house in Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, where he devoted the night to a letter of remonstrance to the Committee, and had proceeded through many pages, when his anxiety of mind and his exhaustion of body brought on a stroke of paralysis, and he was found extended on the floor, at an early hour of
the morning, speechless and dying! In truth, he never spoke again, but expired within eight-and-forty hours.

Such was James Grant Raymond, as a manager; and, perhaps, no man was ever more sincerely lamented by a more extended circle of zealous and anxious friends. He left a large family: one of his daughters was married to Mr. Sams, an eminent and fashionable bookseller.

But Mr. Raymond merits a passing notice as a man of literary acquirements, as well as a lover of virtu; his house was a cabinet, and he assembled many pictures, chiefly dramatic, in which were preserved the best portraits and most highly-wrought scenes. His generous patronage of the unfortunate Dermody cannot be too much praised, while his Life and Edition of the Works of this precocious genius will long remain in our libraries as an example of his taste and style: nor was Dermody the only instance of neglected merit, whose cause he espoused; he befriended, at her outset, Miss Owenson, since better known as Lady Morgan, who was the daughter of an Irish manager, in whose company Mr. Raymond had played. He was, also, the zealous friend of Miss Mellon, since so celebrated as Mrs.
rd dying! In truth expired within eight years; for as the man was ever more esteemed circle of friends, and he was a devoted one. Raymond, as a man of the provident counsel and skilful management, the agreeable result of that lady's fortunes may, in a considerable degree, be ascribed. The strength of her own mind was, doubtless, equal to any circumstances in which she might be placed; but, after all, it was the mind of a woman, subject to the frailties and temptations of which the amiable sex is too often the victim; but Miss Mellon had the good-fortune to have a counsellor in the energetic and liberal mind of her friend Raymond.

**ORIGINAL STORY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.**

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death, being first printed at Venice, in 1535, under the title of *Giuletta*. In an Epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savoignana*, the author gives the following account, probably a fictitious one, of the manner in which he became acquainted with the story.

"As you yourself have seen, when Heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of
my youth, I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and following therein many brave and valiant men, for some years, I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more, perhaps, than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I ever heard. It, therefore, chanced that departing from Gradisea, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two others, my servants, travelling, perhaps impelled by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary and entirely ruined and burned up by the war, wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the other, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus addressed me: 'Will you then forever live this melancholy life, because a cruel and disdainful fair one does not love you? Though I now speak against myself, yet, since advice is easier to give than to follow, I must tell you, master of mine, that besides it's being disgraceful to a man of your profession to remain long in the chains of love, almost all the ends to which he conducts us are so repiete with misery, that it is dan-
rous to follow him. And, in testimony of what I say, if it so please you, I could relate a transaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way less solitary and less disagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miserable and piteous death. —And now, upon my making him a sign of my willingness to listen, he thus began.—

This novel of Porto’s was several times reprinted; and, in 1554, Bandello published, at Lucca, a new version of the same story. Shortly afterwards, Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau’s novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Arthur Brooke. This piece was printed by Richard Tottel, with the following title, written, probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller; “The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constancie; with the subtell counsels and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.” This was reprinted in 1582. Painter, in the second volume of his “Palace of Pleasure,” 1567, published a prose
translation of Boistreau, which he entitled "Romeo and Julietta."

Shakspeare had, probably, read Painter's novel, but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is decisively proved by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem, the Prince of Verona is called Escalus; so also in the play. In Painter's translation from Boistreau, he is called Signor &scala; and, sometimes, Lord Bartholomew of Escala. 2. In Painter's novel, the family of Romeo are called the Montesches; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo, to inform him where Juliet would awake from her trance, is, in Painter's translation, called Anselme; in the poem and in the play, Friar John is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called Villa Franca; in the poem and in the play, Freetown. 6. Several passages of "Romeo and Juliet" appear to have been taken from the poem, other than Painter's, and are not found in any other translation.

The story is related in the second part of Corte's History of England, in his Travels through Italy, in his Travels in England, and in the histories of the various nations, characters, and events."
appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boistean, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence.

The story is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona; and Breval says, in his Travels, that, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in names, characters, or other circumstances of his play.

MRS. OLDFIELD, AND GENERAL CHURCHILL.

Notwithstanding that the amorous connections of this highly distinguished actress were publicly known, she was invited to the houses of women of fashion, as conspicuous for unblemished character as for elevated rank. Her suspected intimacy with Farquhar, and her avowed connection with Arthur Mainwaring, and, afterwards, with General Churchill, by each of whom she had a son, did not even preclude her from paying her devoirs at the levees of the Royal Family.
George the Second, and Queen Caroline, when Prince and Princess of Wales, often condescending to converse with her. On one occasion, the Princess told Mrs. Oldfield, that she had heard that General Churchill and she were married. "So it is said, may it please your Royal Highness," replied Mrs. Oldfield, "but we have not owned it yet."

**Theatrical Elopedments.**

An extraordinary occurrence took place during the performance of "Barbarossa," at Covent Garden Theatre, Dec. 23, 1805, when Achmet was performed by the Young Roscius, as Master Betty was called, and Barbarossa by Mr. Hargrave. Murray, who played Othman, came abruptly forward at the commencement of the fourth act, and thus addressed the audience:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am directed to inform you, that Mr. Hargrave, in consequence of the disapprobation expressed by a part of the audience, [he had been hissed by a few persons,] has suddenly withdrawn himself from the Theatre, and cannot be found; it is, therefore, hoped that you will have the goodness to allow Mr. Chapman to read the remainder of the part.

A singular elopement once took place at the
Edinburgh Theatre. A fishmonger, named Stirling, who was ambitious of displaying his powers in the character of Hastings, obtained leave from the manager to gratify his vanity. When he had got nearly half through the part, amidst the din of catcalls, hisses, and roars of laughter, he retired, but it was supposed he would return to finish the part which he had so ludicrously represented; when, to the utter disappointment of the laughter-loving critics, Mr. Bland, uncle of Mrs. Jordan, made his appearance, and thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

Mr. Stirling, a very good fishmonger, has been so much mortified by your disapprobation of his performance in Hastings, that he has not only made his escape suddenly from the Theatre, but I vow to God, Ladies and Gentlemen, he has taken away with him Mr. Ross's best pair of breeches."

SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS AND CHARACTERS.

"Our great dramatist" (says Mr. Skottowe,) "almost invariably selected for the plot of his drama an event of history, a romantic tale, or some previous dramatic composition, and imposed upon himself an almost implicit adherence to his authorities, even in cases where great improvement might have been effected with little pains.
For the alterations which he chose to make, he is not often to be praised; his additions to his originals are, however, almost always excellent; and so beautifully has he blended the separate actions, that they appear always to have formed one consistent whole.

The characters of Shakspeare's absolute creation are as many as those which he prepared on previous hints; and, though his serious dramas far outnumber his comedies, his comic portraits are somewhat more numerous than his tragic. In point of importance, however, the preponderance is greatly on the side of the tragic characters, and the fact is easily accounted for: the materials borrowed were mostly serious fables, or grave historical events; the personages engaged in their transaction were of a corresponding tone of mind, and the poet was compelled to concede them a prominence on the scene in some degree commensurate with their prominence in the narrative.

Scarcely one of Shakspeare's tragic characters was conceived by himself; a singular fact, considering that his comic characters, with the exception of about half-a-dozen, were entirely his own. The conclusion is inevitable, that the bent of his mind was death a disposition, of objects selected by him, to indulge admiration for the for its display the tragic comic on subject of.

Sheriff

In 1799, Sheridan and the debts of the ordinary costume and ingenuity the shortest c School for was the one adapted printed at the same time, an object to a copy for use.
of his mind was decidedly comic. Why, with such a disposition, so large a majority of the subjects selected by him were serious, it is in vain to inquire; but it appears, that he eagerly sought every opportunity which such a selection left him, to indulge his fancy’s course. His predilection for the ludicrous required a wider field for its display than was afforded him in his few comedies; and, with the mask and sock, he gaily rushed upon the consecrated ground of the tragic muse, engrafting incidents purely comic on subjects the most serious.”

SHERIDAN’S “Pizarro.”

In 1799, Sheridan’s fortunes became desperate, and the debts of the Theatre were so overwhelming that something required to be done out of the ordinary course. Kotzebue was the most versatile and ingenious of modern dramatists, and the shortest course was for the author of “The School for Scandal” to dress up one of the most showy dramas. His “Spaniards in Peru” was the one adopted, and two translations were printed at the same moment. It became, therefore, an object to stop their publication, and get a copy for use. Hence the argument with the
publishers of one of them of which we have given a fac-simile, the conditions of which were not literally fulfilled. However, as publication was threatened, the fifty pounds were paid in bags of shillings, sixpences, and halfpence, the receipts on successive nights of the shilling gallery; but though 650 guineas was offered for the piece, Sheridan preferred publishing on his own account, and was to receive a net 80l. per 1000 from the publisher. It is said 45,000 were sold, but we do not know whether Sheridan got the 3600l. Indeed, it is reported that it was chiefly absorbed by a debt to a livery-stable keeper.

After all, the piece was nearly damned. It halted several times, and the curtain did not drop till half past twelve. Such was the inveterate indolence of the editor, that some of the performers only received their parts the day before: Mrs. Jordan did not get the words of the song in Cora, till the same evening. A friend carried Sheridan to an Inn at Bagshot, and there he composed Rolla's speech, plagiarism as it is. The piece, however, answered its destined purpose, and though it came out in June, it produced overflowing houses for several weeks.
WRITINGS ON THE WALL, IN SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-ROOM.

These, in 1818, had accumulated to such an extent as to leave no corner unfilled, and the names included all the genius and celebrity of the last fifty years. Indeed, they added so much to the interest of the premises, and brought in so many shillings and half-crowns to the Widow Hornby, who paid the Landlord of the Swan but ten pounds a year for them, that he resolved to turn her out, after she had been accumulating Shakspeare's relics, real or pretended, for five and twenty years. A few days before the visit of Sir Richard Phillips, the old widow had received notice to quit, and, to enforce it, of an advance of rent to thirty-pounds: she exhibited this, with tears in her eyes, and Sir Richard undertook to negotiate for her with the Landlord, but found him inexorable. Among other things, the Landlord quoted the value of the writings on the wall, when it luckily occurred to Sir Richard that Mrs. Hornby would be justified in white-washing the room, if she were obliged to leave it; and this power he afterwards mentioned to the widow, in the hope of strengthening her case. Nothing, however, moved Boniface; and as he persisted
in enforcing his notice, Mrs. Hornby, a few months afterwards, previous to her quitting the premises, actually caused the room to be entirely whitewashed, by which "fell swoop," she entirely cut off the means by which thousands had sought to hitch themselves into a connexion with Shakspere.

The widow then removed to an opposite house, taking with her the moveable relics of Shakspere, and opened a sort of rival shop: nevertheless, the curious travellers, of sufficient number, have since visited the real premises, and the same walls are re-covered with the scribbling of other candidates for immortality.

MRS. GARRICK.

Many whimsicalities of this nonagenarian are recorded, and the following deserves to be added to the number;—

In 1808, the Sheriff, Sir Richard Phillips, being in the City Barge, in one of the Corporation water parties, availed himself of the opportunity to solicit a sight of Garrick’s premises at Hampton; and, on sending in his card, was indulged with a sight of every relic but the lady herself. In a day or two, however, he as surprised by a vious epistle, wh

Sir,

My having par letter so soon as come to my hands or.

I am sorry not to stay in any of my picture can not be present.

I have great remi barge supposed have lea
ty supposed there ir their being adipendence to admi in my absence, was company must have aspe of being a house to be seen. a t thirty inn with the shat be shut up from ay way where they en

Hampton, August th
was surprised by the receipt of the following curious epistle, which deserves to be preserved.

SIR,

My having been from Hampton, I did not receive your letter so soon as you might have expected an answer had it come to my hands on Augst. the 9th.

I am sorry not to be able to comply with your request, as my stay in any of my houses is always uncertain; and the picture can not be trusted to be copied, without my being present.

I have great reason to complain of what my servant informed me of at my arrival at Hampton yesterday: that the pleasure barge stopped last Saturday; and the company pretended to have leave to land, and do as they pleased; as they supposed there was an agreement of an emolument for their being admitted. The woman who had the imprudence to admit them without an order from me, in my absence, was shucked of such a supposition. The company must have been composed of very mean people to suspect me of being capable to receive money for letting my house to be seen. I was told they left the house as dirty as a dirty inn with their dirty shoes: for the future, my house shall be shut up from them; and they may idle their time away where they can; for I am cured to show civility to strangers.

I remain, Sir,
Your humble servant,

Hampton, August the 20th.

M. Garrick.
The Sheriff, who had no jurisdiction in the case, so far complied as to entertain the next meeting at the Mansion House by reading it after dinner, of which fact he apprised the lady, and offered to give further publicity to her epistle; but in a subsequent note, while she thanked him, she reiterated her belief, that if he were in earnest he might afford her the protection which she sought; but it did not appear that the marauders' barge belonged to the Corporation, but to the fishing and to the pleasure and Sunday parties, who made Garrick's grounds their favourite rendezvous.

SHERIDAN AND SHAKESPEARE.

When Sheridan's goods were taken in execution, in Hertford Street, May Fair, Postan, the Sheriff's officer, waited upon him, as is usual in such cases, and told him that, if there was any particular article, upon which he set an affectionate value, he might secrete it, or carry it off from the premises. "Thank you, my generous fellow," said Sheridan:—"no,—let all go:—affections in my situation are out of the question:—however," said he, recollecting himself, "there is one thing which I wish to save."—"What is it?" said Postan, expecting him to name some cabinet or piece
AND THEATRICALS.

Don't be alarmed," said Sheridan, "it is only this old Book, worth all others in the world, and, to me, of special value, because it belonged to my father, and was the favourite of my first wife." Postan looked into it, and it was a dogs'-eared First Edition of Shakspeare.

CONDITION OF THE SHAKSPEARE FAMILY.

It is well known that the line of Shakspeare's own body terminated in his grand-daughter, lady Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton: but Shakspeare had a sister, Joan, who married William Harte, of Stratford; and this branch, partly under the name of Harte, and partly under that of Smith, may be regarded as the last remains of that family, which, as long as transcendent genius merits distinction, ought not to be suffered to pine in want, or to struggle against the miseries which beset poverty, however industrious.

In passing lately through Tewkesbury, Sir Richard Phillips was led, by a reported inscription on the tomb-stone of a John Harte, buried there in 1800,—which inscription described him as "a sixth descendant of the poet Shakspeare,"—to inquire whether there lived in that town.
any survivors of the family. After much search, he discovered a son of this Harte, who had been christened by the name of William Shakspeare. This poor man is a chair-maker by trade, and works as journeyman to a Mr. Richardson: and the contour of his countenance strikingly resembles the portrait in the first folio edition of the Bard's works.

In one room of the ground-floor of a wretched hovel, lived this man, his wife, and five children. In a corner stood a stocking-frame, in which the mother said she worked after her children were in bed at night, and before they awoke in the morning, adding thereby 3s. or 4s. per week to her husband's 15s. In answer to inquiries about the great Bard, Harte said his father and grandfather often talked on the subject, and buoyed themselves with hopes that the family might some time be remembered;—but, for his part, the name had hitherto proved of no other use to him than to furnish jokes among his companions, by whom he was often annoyed on this account. On Sir Richard presenting him with a guinea, he declared it was the first benefit which had ever arisen from his being a Shakspeare!
ily. After much search, his Harte, who had been of William Shakspeare, a hair-maker by trade, as also to a Mr. Richardson; an utterance strikingly in the first folio edition.

round-floor of a weaver's wife, and five child's stocking-frame, in she worked after her children and before they awoke, thereby 3s. or 4s. per week. In answer to inquiries, Harte said his father strived on the subject, at with hopes that the had remembered 3—has, in isitherto proved of an old cornish joke among his se was often used up in Richard presenting him al it was the first hat taken from his being a sho.
It appeared th...
It appeared that his father held the property in Shakspeare's two houses at Stratford, but they had long been under mortgage; and his mother, a few years ago, sold them by auction, deriving a balance, after paying the mortgage and expenses, of only 30l. The family pedigree he had preserved; but he had no other relic of the great poet, save a long walking-stick, which was given to him by his father, as one which had belonged to Shakspeare.

On inquiring after other branches of the family, he referred Sir Richard to the Smiths of Stratford, who were his cousins, and children of his father's sister; and also to an aunt, whom he supposed still to reside at Stratford. Sir Richard afterwards proceeded to Stratford; and, on applying to Mrs. Hornby, an amusing gossip, who then resided in the house in which Shakspeare was born, he was readily introduced to the Smiths, but the aunt had removed to Leamington. Of the Smiths, there are two brothers and a sister: one is a bricklayer, and the other had kept a grocer's shop, but had failed.

The sister is married to a bricklayer, who works under his brother-in-law. It was no play of fancy to be able to trace, in the faces of the two
Smiths, the same family resemblance which had been observed in Harte at Tewkesbury.

Having as yet profited nothing by their family-renown, they expected nothing; but they acknowledged they felt it hard that Stratford should profit so much by the name of their kinsman, and the country boast so much of his works, while his family were suffering every kind of privation; the very house of Shakspeare having fallen into the hands of strangers, by shewing which, the family might have been kept from want. At Stratford, Sir Richard received much aid in these inquiries, from the politeness of Mr. Wheeler, author of the History of Stratford. Owing, however, to a mistake in the published pedigrees, he and the inhabitants of Stratford had, to this time, lost sight of the Smiths, as connected with the family of their illustrious town's-man; and, till the visit of Sir Richard, they had supposed that every branch of the family had left Stratford.

From Stratford, Sir Richard proceeded to Leamington, where he found Jane, the aunt of Harte, of Tewkesbury, in the humble situation of a washer-woman. She had married a soldier of the name of Iliffe, by whom she has two girls, the eldest of whom is Jane Bissett, of the Museum, in her relationship to him of his distinguished family.

The surviving branch may be classed as under:

William Shakspeare Tewkesbury, son of Mary, January 22, 1800, and his five children.

John Hart, brother to W.

Jane Harte, of Leamington, who was son of the chair-maker, of Shakspeare's house, who has two children.

Joseph Mallison Harte, of Tewkesbury, who was daughter and his two children.

William Jones Shakspeare's militia of that county.

George Smith, of his three children.
the eldest of whom is kindly patronized by Mr. Bissett, of the Museum, and has been recognized, in her relationship to the Bard of Avon, by many of his distinguished visitors.

The surviving branches of Shakspeare's family may be classed as under:—

**William Shakspeare Harte**, chair-maker of Tewkesbury, son of John Harte, who died January 22, 1800, and grandson of George Harte; and his five children.

**John Harte**, a chair-maker, of Cirencester; brother to W. S. Harte.

**Jane Harte**, of Leamington, daughter of Thomas Harte, who was son of George Harte, turner and chair-maker, of Stratford, and resident in Shakspeare's house, which was his property; and her two children.

**Joseph Mallison Smith**, late grocer of Stratford, son of Mary Harte, who died December 1785, who was daughter of the above George Harte; and his two children.

**William Jones Smith**, of Gloucester, late in the militia of that county; and his three children.

**George Smith**, of Stratford, bricklayer; and his three children.
Sarah Smith, of Stratford, wife of a bricklayer.

Miss Mellon, otherwise Mrs. Coutts.

The name of this lady must necessarily be connected with dramatic history;—she played, for several years, on the London boards, with effect and considerable talent, in such lines of parts as Miss Sterling, in the "Clandestine Marriage," Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and was much esteemed by the connoisseurs in dramatic beauty, while her figure was among the best.

It was her good fortune to excite friendly feelings in Mr. Thomas Coutts, the richest banker and greatest ready-money Commoner in England. It would be gratifying pruient curiosity to pretend to detail the circumstances of the courtship of January and May; but as Mrs. Coutts had long been bedidden, a marriage was anticipated as the probable result. The lady's friend, Mr. Raymond, was understood to have the preliminary securities; and as delays are dangerous, that gentleman lost no time, on the demise of Mrs. Coutts, in bringing about the nuptials between the widower and Miss three day clergymans pended, repeated.

In all the lady, week, su least as in the most Europe, tically rec tune; she and anxio to entertain of the blo Her affine among the she resides binger of to be confi sify all wit she has be unwisely her wealth.
and Miss Mellon—in truth, it took place within three days, and was even so hastened, that the clergyman, for some irregularity, was suspended, and the ceremony was obliged to be repeated.

In all this, there was much of romance, for the lady, from the salary of a few guineas a week, suddenly found herself the heiress of at least a million sterling, besides the property in the most wealthy and most lucrative bank in Europe. To her credit it deserves to be emphatically recorded, that she did not abuse her fortune; she proved herself a most affectionate and anxious wife, and appeared to be qualified to entertain, at her husband's table, the princes of the blood, and the proudest of the nobility. Her affluence, too, has been liberally dispensed among the poor of the neighbourhoods in which she resides, by whom she is hailed as the harbinger of their comforts; at the same time, it is to be confessed, that she has been unable to satisfy all with whom, in her dramatic intercourse, she has been in contact, and some of whom unwisely calculated on becoming partners in her wealth. In such cases, it is difficult to distin-
guish between the alleged caprice of one party and the obtrusiveness of the other.

From all that we have heard, on good authority, we have reason to believe, that this lady has proved, in her example, that dramatic heroines are, sometimes, qualified to fill the higher stations in society with distinction, as well as the fictitious ones with éclat on the stage.

SHERIDAN.

Such were the talents and influence of this great dramatist, that when the Princes of the Blood Royal met at Carlton House, in 1811, to arrange the conduct and policy of the Regency, no subject was present but Sheridan;—he was the chief speaker,—and he advised a system which excluded his own party from power, and himself from place, though he was then living on the bounty of friends. Such was his disinterested loyalty; yet, within seven years, he died under execution for debt; and declined his protection, a seat in Parliament, rather than hold one to support a system which he had recommended, and which, though essential to the Prince, was not good for the people.

On another occasion, this magnanimous man, having rendered service, by getting of soldiers, the two guineas each to £60,000; he was moved for thirty names for the being named, keep my independent of a Captain and Fox, into the my return for my return for the I'll shew the But it never sl of a body of sul or honourable, I and I should ne
having rendered the publicans of England a service, by getting them released from the billeting of soldiers, they offered, as a body, to subscribe two guineas each, or as much as would amount to £60,000; but when addressed, by a deputation, with the proposal in due form,—he thanked them, and said, "Gentlemen, I have done my duty, and the consciousness of that shall be my sole reward."

On another occasion, Sir Richard Phillips, in consideration of his great talent and services, moved an annuity subscription, offering to give, himself, £100 per annum; and some friends seconding the design, it was believed easy to get thirty names for the like sum; but, on the design being named, Sheridan exclaimed, "No,—I'll keep my independence, and not fall, like Grattan and Fox, into the hands of subscribers. Secure my return for Westminster;—make me independent of a Carlton-House Borough, and then I'll show the people of England what I am. But it never shall be said, that I am the agent of a body of subscribers. However well disposed or honourable, I could not avoid being grateful—and I should not then be independent."
NEW PLACE;
The Residence of Shakspeare.

We are informed by Dugdale, in his History of Warwickshire, that New Place was originally erected by Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. temp. Henry the Seventh. It was, says that antiquarian, "a fair house, built of brick and timber;" and was probably the best in the town, being called the Great House, in Sir Hugh's will, in which it was devised to his great nephew, William Clopton, Esq. who died in 1521. In the year 1563, the Great House was sold out of the Clopton family to William Bott, who, before the year 1570, sold it to William Underhill, Esq. From the Underhill family it was purchased, in 1527, by Shakspeare, who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New Place, which appellation it retained till its demolition.

Shakspeare, by his will, dated the 25th of March, 1616, gave New Place, and the lands in this parish, (which he had purchased of William and John Combe, in 1602,) to his daughter, Mrs. Hall, for her life, and then to her daughter Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Barnard. On the 20th

of October, 1652, (second marriage,) Stratford field, (his possessions,) was selling a power in Medesham, in case of failure of the said trustees, Mr. I. Esq., to sell this estate on the 17th place, with the houses, was sold to surviving trustees and executor, Ed. Walker, Knt. who, sir John Clopton, was, became heir to Sir John Clopton, his younger son, S. esquire at Law, a gentleman, one of the bar of this borough.

New Place the late here in December, 1685. By this wortl
of October, 1652, (about three years after her second marriage,) New Place, with the lands in Stratford field, (formerly part of Shakspeare's possessions,) was settled to certain uses; reserving a power in Mrs. Barnard to dispose of them, in case of failure of issue. Mrs. Barnard soon after, viz. on the 18th of April, 1653, directed her trustees, Mr. Henry Smith, and Job Dighton, Esq. to sell this property; and dying without issue on the 17th of February, 1669-70, New Place, with the four-yard land and a half, (or 107 acres,) was sold on the 18th of May, 1675, by the surviving trustee, Henry Smith, and her kinsman and executor, Edward Bagley, to Sir Edward Walker, Knit. whose only child, Barbara, married Sir John Clopton, in this parish; who, by her means, became heir to Sir Edward's estates.

Sir John Clopton, by deed, gave New Place to his younger son, Sir Hugh Clopton, Knit. Barrister at Law, a Justice of the Peace for this county, one of the Heralds at Arms, and Recorder of this borough many years. He resided in New Place the latter part of his life, and died there in December, 1761, in the 80th year of his age. By this worthy gentleman, New Place was
not (as hath been erroneously stated) pulled down, but thoroughly repaired and beautified, and a modern front built to it.

In 1753, it was sold by his son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, Esq. brother to the late Lord Chancellor Talbot, to the Reverend Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire; who, if we may judge by his actions, felt no sort of pride or pleasure in this charming retirement, no consciousness of his being possessed of the sacred ground which the Muses had consecrated to the memory of their favourite Poet. The celebrated Mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare’s hand, became first an object of his dislike, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers, whose zeal might prompt them to visit it. In an evil hour, the sacrilegious priest ordered the tree, then remarkably large and at its full growth, to be cut down; which was no sooner done than it was clefed to pieces for firewood: this took place in 1756, to the great regret not only of the inhabitants, but of every admirer of our Bard. The greater part of it was soon after purchased by Mr. Thomas Sharp, of Stratford; who, well knowing what value it must have for history, preserved it in the gardens of his house, and restored it to the place to which it belonged.

New Place did not remain long in Mr. Gastrell’s possession, as his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Young, having declared the grounds insufficient for his family, soon afterwards put them up for sale. The site of New Place was then purchased by Mrs. Jane Greaves, widow of Francis Cocks, Esq. late of Stratford, the Rev. John Hu, of Gloucestershire, and...

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knowing what value the world had set upon it, turned it much to his advantage, by converting every fragment into small boxes, goblets, tooth-pick-cases, tobacco-stoppers, and numerous other articles.

New Place did not long escape the destructive hand of Mr. Gastrell; who, being compelled to pay the monthly assessments for the maintenance of the poor, (some of which he thought to escape, because he resided part of the year in Lichfield, though his servants continued in the house at Stratford during his absence,) in the heat of his anger declared that house should never be assessed again: and the demolition of New Place soon followed his declaration. In 1759, he razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials, and left Stratford amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants.

The site of New Place was afterwards added to the garden adjoining it; which, in 1775, was sold by Mrs. Jane Gastrell, (the widow and devisee of Francis Gastrell,) to William Hunt, Esq. late of Stratford; from whose eldest son, (the Rev. John Hunt, Rector of Welford, in Gloucestershire, and trustee of his will,) it was...
THEATRES

purchased, in 1790, by Charles Henry Hunt, Esq. and it is now the property of Messrs. Batterbee and Morris, Bankers, of Stratford.

GOODMAN'S FIELD'S THEATRE.

The Goodman's Fields Theatre, in Leman Street, was erected by Mr. Thomas Odell, in 1729, who, in 1730, waited on the King, George II., to request his license for acting there, but he met with a decisive refusal. In 1731, Odell's Theatre was purchased by Henry Giffard, who, in the following year, opened a subscription for rebuilding it, and obtained £2300 for that purpose. It would appear to have been raised by £100 shares, as Giffard, soon after, assigned twenty-three shares of the property, by indenture, to the subscribers, granting them free admissions, and 1s. 6d. per night, on every night's performance. He next contracted with Sir William Leman for the ground for 61 years, at an annual rent of £45: having so done, he proceeded with the building, on which, including dresses and decorations, he expended several thousand pounds.—Garrick first appeared there on October 19th, 1741, and whilst he continued on that stage produced "The Lying Valet," and "Lethe."
SHAKSPERIANA.

John Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's affection for his sister Joan was proved by his bequeathing her a life-interest in the houses in Henley-street, and his wardrobe; and also, by his leaving legacies of five pounds to each of her sons. That her descendants are the only legal heirs of Shakspeare is evident, from their being seized of the houses in Henley-street, after the death of Shakspeare's grand-daughter. It is probable, that the numerous Shakspeares in Warwickshire are descended from Shakspeare's ancestors. They may be of one original stock; but not descended from Shakspeare's father, as they would often mistake.

Letter of Shakspeare.

Mrs. Hornby used to shew a very small deep cupboard, in a dark corner of the room in which Shakspeare was born; and relates, that a letter was found in it, some years since, which had been addressed, by Shakspeare, from the playhouse in London, to his wife. She asserts, that this letter was in her possession, and that she used to shew it to visitors; and that, one morning,
a few years since, she exhibited it to a company, who went from her house to the church; but presently sent a message, to beg that she would send the letter for further inspection at the tomb, a request with which she complied. She saw nothing further, however, of her letter; but the parties, on leaving Stratford, sent her a shilling, and their thanks! Persons in Stratford doubt the truth of this relation; but the woman persists. If true,—who were the parties? and what has become of this sacred letter?

*Shakespeare's Seal and Ring.*

A few years since, at no great distance from the garden of New Place, Stratford, a massy gold ring was dug up,—on one side of which was a seal, with the characters of W. S. on it:—

This seal is now in the possession of Mr. Wheler.

*Shakespeare's Pencil-case.*

Mr. Kingsbury, of Tewkesbury, who is related to the Harts, has a common metal pencil-case; on which is engraven an old-fashioned double cypher. This last curiosity was lent him by W. S. Hart's father, at Tewkesbury.
Shakspere's Jug.

Mr. K. has also in his possession a handsome earthen jug, in the form of a large coffee-pot, fourteen or sixteen inches high. It has a very neat silver top or lid, on which is engraved a neat head of Shakspere; and under it is written, "William Shakspere, in his 40th year." It was given to Mr. K. by a great-aunt of Hart's; but the lid was added by a relation of the name of Richardson. This jug is affirmed to have been Shakspere's; and it has beautiful figures raised on it, representing the heathen mythology.

William Shakspere Hart's Account of himself and Family;

[Communicated by himself to Mr. Reddell, bookseller, of Tewkesbury.]

My grand-father, Thomas Hart, was by trade a chair-maker, in Stratford-upon-Avon. He afterwards married, and became a dealer in cattle.

I remember, about twenty years ago, he sold the back and bottom only of Shakspere's chair to a nobleman, who sent it from abroad.*

* In November, 1790, it was sold to Major Orloffski, secr.

secretary to her Serene Highness Isabella Princess Czartoriska,
A gentleman was commissioned to purchase them, he gave twenty guineas for them: the gentleman took a spider's web, that was under the bottom, and wrapped it up in a 20l. Bank of England note, and told my grand-father he would make double the money of his purchase. The gentleman, after purchasing the chair, invited all the relations of Shakspeare, then in Stratford, to a supper, to hear the jubilee songs. Even the little ones, that could not walk, were carried to the feast; and my brother John, who now resides at Cirencester, was one of the party;—the gentleman gave him five shillings.

The purchaser had a mahogany case made to contain the parts of the chair he purchased. The Rev. Mr. Spilsbury, (a dissenting preacher,) who now resides in Tewkesbury, lived at Stratford at the time the chair was sold. There was enough who, accompanied by an interpreter, (a Pole,) went to Stratford, purposely to purchase it; and some doubts having afterwards arisen respecting its authenticity, the interpreter was again sent there, in February 1791, to procure a certificate of its being the same chair the princess saw and sat in at Hart's house, in the Summer of 1790, which certificate was given, signed by—Thomas Hart—John Warillow—Austin Warillow—and John Jordan.
left of the chair to enable my grand-father to exhibit it to the curious. My grand-father used to obtain a great deal of money by shewing the premises to strangers who used to visit them.

My grand-father and father used to come to Tewkesbury, from Stratford, on visits, being related to the families of Richardson and Kingsbury. At such times, they used to amuse themselves convivially, by singing the Stratford jubilee songs.

My father, John Hart, went on board an East Indian man, when he was about fourteen years old, as captain’s servant,—his uncle being captain’s steward on board of the same vessel. My father went but one voyage.—His father afterwards, being desirous that he should learn a trade, was placed apprentice to Mr. Richardson, chair-maker, of Tewkesbury. After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he married Mr. John Richardson’s daughter. He then went into business himself, as a chair-maker, in Tewkesbury; but, being fond of company, he failed, and went to London,—where he worked for Mr. Thompson, chair-maker, in Clerkenwell, above seven years. Afterwards, he came to Tewkesbury again, went into business, and succeeded well,—till his death,
in 1800, in the 45th year of his age. He was buried in the abbey church-yard of Tewkesbury; a stone being erected to his memory, on which is an inscription,—of which the inclosed is a copy:—

In memory
of John Hart,
who died Jan. 22, 1800,
(the sixth descendant from the poet
Shakspeare,)
Aged 45 years,

William Shakspeare Hart, son of the aforesaid John Hart, was born in Tewkesbury; but was taken to London by his father, at the age of four years; and was with him during his residence in London. After his father died, he went into business himself; but was obliged to relinquish it for want of capital. He now works as a journeyman for Mr. John Richardson, chair-maker, of Tewkesbury,—to whose father, John Hart served his time. He has no relic of Shakespear’s, except the cane, which was given him by his grand-father, two days before he died,—who valued it very much. It is about five feet in length, with a joint or set-off about eighteen inches from the top. The metallic ornaments

have been removed, and, therefore, wants urgent purposes.

Hart confided to Richard Phillips, to regret to add, that, in elerctions on the part unsuccessful.
have been removed,—being, perhaps, of gold, and, therefore, wanted, by a needy family, for more urgent purposes.

Hart confided this case to the care of Sir Richard Phillips, to dispose of for him; and we regret to add, that, notwithstanding great personal exertions on the part of Sir Richard, he has been unsuccessful.

THE END.
Mr. Phillips will repay
Mr. Conder what he has paid
Mr. Conder for the services
in Rome and pay him more
fifty pounds more. Mr. I am taking
the order of the publication on
himself. Mr. Phillips is
still indebted to the Preference
in Publishing Mr. Hume's
Strangers, which Mr. Hume
wishes should be in Mr. Phillips'
Hand within a Trimester from
the Date of this
July 2.
Mr. Phillips is to return to the
Preface of the
London Office, and after the
Pay day call of the same shall be
performed as usual here.

- [Signature]
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