

Jissen Women's University Rare Books
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 4

Saturday,
 September
 22.
 1894.

MR. IRVING AT BRISTOL.

"A STORY OF WATERLOO."

"A Story of Waterloo," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, produced by Mr. Irving in Bristol, is not, as in the short speech wrung from him at the close of the representation Mr. Irving stated, its author's first dramatic essay. "Foreign Policy," a one-act play by Dr. Doyle, was given on June 3rd, 1893, at Terry's Theatre; and one other piece, at least, bears traces of the subtle humour of the same delightful author. With "A Story of Waterloo," however, Dr. Doyle puts in his first claim to be considered a serious aspirant for dramatic honours, and the announcement of his appearance in that character was sufficient to give the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, the look of a London house on a first night. Considered, as it should be, as a sketch of character rather than a play, "A Story of Waterloo" is entitled to consideration. It is not particularly happy in construction, the exits and entrances of one character at least being positively clumsy. It is brightly and humorously written, however, and at the close has a touch of genuine pathos.

Of the 3rd Grenadiers, 1,000 strong, who, under Maitland, held the farmhouse of Hougoumont during the battle of Waterloo, and in so doing secured the

ultimate triumph of British arms, one only, in the year 1876, survives, and his last day has been reached.

He is a certain Corporal Brewster, who, during the fight, has exhibited a singular trait of heroism, driving through a wall of flame, at the imminent risk of his life, the waggon containing the ammunition, without which the continued defence of the position was impossible. For this deed the Regent, the "first gentleman of Europe," has fastened on his breast a medal. "The regiment is proud of you," says the Prince. "And I'm proud of the regiment," replies the undaunted Corporal, winning from the laughing Regent the response to Lord Hill, "And a damned good answer too." Proud of Brewster have been not only the 3rd Battalion of Guards now in the new-fangled spirit rechristened the Scots Guards, but other regiments, and though promotion has somehow passed him over, and he remains but "good master corporal," men in the line and in the artillery sixty years later find their way into the little Woolwich cottage to gaze on or chat with the hero of Hougoumont. The last day of his earthly career brings with it a species of "lightning before death." Knowing him alone, his pretty grandniece Norah has come from Essex to attend upon him. Sergeant McDonald has paid more than one visit, allured partly thereto by the bright eyes of Norah, has given him a handsome pipe with an amber mouthpiece, and a pound of tobacco, and an invitation to the mess of the Royal Artillery. Greatest honour of all, the new colonel of what was his own regiment has come to slip a "fiver" into his purse and ask for his reminiscences of Waterloo. These consecutive and "violent delights" are too much for the enfeebled old man. He falls into a state of lethargy, partly sleep, partly syncope, from which he rouses himself a moment. Rising erect from his seat he cries in a voice loud, audible, and almost rotund, "The Guards want powder and by God they shall have it," and slips back into his chair, and the muster-roll of the Guards who fought at Waterloo is complete. This is the outline of what can scarcely be called a story. In the filling up is what is really valuable. The details of the character have remarkable significance and truth. Brewster is, of course, a praiser of past times. The erudition of his niece, who is able to read, impresses him, and her journey of forty miles by rail is a feat all but demanding a medal like his own; the musket which breaks apparently in half to admit of being loaded at the wrong end is an ingenious toy, but he guesses they will have to go back to "brown Bess" when there is work to be done. All modern changes and appliances are measured by what they would have appeared to "the Dook," and when consolation for modern non-combativeness is found in the prospect of the promised and first battle of Armageddon, he guesses the 3rd Guards will be there, and "the Dook" will have something to say. In the description of the fight the

senility and garrulity of the old man are most vividly portrayed. By the aid of a thimble, a pill-box, and a bottle of paregoric, which last is very good for the "toobes," the position of the allied forces and their assailants is exhibited. Brewster's own recollections of the fight are nebulous. There was a deal of smoke, that, at least, he knows. What most dwells in a mind tenacious of trifles is that at Brussels he lent Jabez Smith, his rear-rank man, three half-crowns, the repayment of which had been faithfully promised. A French spear at Quatre Bras had, however, exempted poor Jabez from pecuniary responsibility, and now, after sixty years, Brewster has good reason to regard "them three half-crowns as good as lost." For the rest, Brewster is exigent as regards his rations, has strong views on the virtues of tea,

and bursts into fits of unmanly and almost idiotic weeping when he breaks his pipe.

With much care Mr. Irving indicates the characteristics of this sympathetic, though not very dramatic, old man. From the outset death has set his seal upon him. The cord is loosened, the familiar and scarcely-regarded discomfort in the "toobes" is arresting the breath, the tottering limbs are losing their last remnant of power, and the querulous spirit is passing slowly, but surely away. To show successive phases of demolition and decay, to begin in a pianissimo, to end in silence, is a difficult feat, in the accomplishment of which Mr. Irving carried away the public. In one or two scenes a delivery more conventional and less realistic would have augmented the poetry, supposing poetry to be desirable. Action less feverish and constant would, moreover, have produced a stronger impression. Granting, as one is bound, the actor's conception, the whole exercises a marvellous influence upon a public which is indeed stirred to ecstasy. Mr. Irving was summoned before the curtain four times. Miss Annie Hughes was delightful as a rustic maiden. Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. Haviland were seen in other parts. "The Bells" followed.

Liverpool Daily Post.

Monday,
 October 15
 1894

It is said that Mr. Willard means to take almost a clear year off duty when he has finished his season at the Garrick and played for the week or two at Liverpool, Birmingham, and Brighton. His American tours have meant several years of exceedingly hard, if exceedingly profitable, work for Mr. Willard, and he now intends to rest until, in the autumn of 1895, he starts again in the United States.

Punch.

Season
 1894.

"IZEÏL."

WHAT extremely funny names these are!
IzeÏl,
Harastri, Yoghi, Siddarathra,
 They reveal
 Oriental birth like *Soyndia*;
 But we feel
Tukkututti takes the cake, ha, ha,
IzeÏl!
 What's a "*Tukkututti*," *qu'est-c' done ça*
IzeÏl?
Tiens, c'est un drol' de nom, n'est-c' pas?
 Sounds a deal
 More like some wild comic opera,
Vauderville,
 Than a drama mixed up with *Bouddhâ,*
IzeÏl.
 You are far from comic—very far!—
IzeÏl!
 In the clutches of the King's mamma,
 How you squeal!
 Mais "*le Tukkututti*," oh, la la!
C'est vrai qu'il
Est un nom charmant. Farewell! Ta-ta!
IzeÏl.

Liverpool Daily Post.

Monday.

October 15

1894

It is said that Mr. Willard means to take almost a clear year off duty when he has finished his season at the Garrick and played for the week or two at Liverpool, Birmingham, and Brighton. His American tours have meant several years of exceedingly hard, if exceedingly profitable, work for Mr. Willard, and he now intends to rest until, in the autumn of 1895, he starts again in the United States.

Punch.

Season

1894.

"IZEÏL."

WHAT extremely funny names these are!

Izeïl,
Harastri, Yoghi, Siddarathra,
They reveal
Oriental birth like *Scyndia* ;

But we feel
Tukkututti takes the cake, ha, ha,
Izeïl!

What's a "*Tukkututti*," *qu'est-c' donc ça*
Izeïl?

Tiens, c'est un drol' de nom, n'est-c' pas ?
Sounds a deal
More like some wild comic operà,

Vaudeville,
Than a drama mixed up with *Bouddhâ,*
Izeïl.

You are far from comic—very far!—

Izeïl ;
In the clutches of the King's mamma,
How you squeal!
Mais "le Tukkututti," oh, la la!

C'est vrai qu'il
Est un nom charmant. Farwell! Ta-ta!
Izeïl.

The Daily Chronicle. "The Case of Rebellious Susan"

"REBELLIOUS SUSAN" AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a dramatist to whom critics give attentive ear, and Mr. Charles Wyndham is one of our most fascinating stage favourites. Hence it is not surprising that all the world of art and letters and some of the best society flocked to the Criterion last night to see the new comedy which it was rumoured would show the author at his best and give the actor a chance that seldom falls to one of his craft. The house was crowded; the audience listened with ever deepening interest to three acts of clever dialogue, and watched with admiration the delicacy, the finesse, with which expert players handled parts that fitted them as gloves, and they came away at last with a catch phrase of the piece that seemed to ring in their ears and express all that could be felt or said of the comedy—"And the sermon was a long one." For a sermon, a relentless, merciless sermon, indeed, is "The Case of Rebellious Susan"—a sermon on a familiar text, a sermon in which human nature is condemned beyond all redemption, in which men and women alike have their masks torn from them, and are exposed and withered with bitter cynicism from that high standard of judgment, the Divorce Court. For it is a barrister of twenty years' standing in that estimable section of the High Courts who is the mouthpiece of the modern Diogenes, and who trots out his puppets one after another to show what a living lie all life is, especially married life, and how utterly repulsive all men and women ought to be to each other when they come to reflect that if Mr. Jones be right they cherish the hidden sin, the ready deceit, the impulse to wrong, in fact, the whitened sepulchre. We care not to enter into any question of whether or not society is rotten to the core, we only question if the stage is the proper place for brutal dissection of it, or that the best way to elevate the tone of it is to represent immorality as a weakness to be lightly condoned, or breezily dismissed in an epigram. We hope, clever as Mr. Jones's new play is, that it does not truly depict the moral average of English society, and we take leave to cherish a very ardent belief in the continued existence of true men and women. His rebellious Susan is a high-spirited young woman married to a noodle. The latter has broken his marital vows and has been found out. Lady Susan Harabin does not go to the Divorce Court, but she vows she will leave her husband's roof and show by her imitation of him that she can be as wicked as he is. Her uncle, Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., tries to act as peace-maker, and delivers himself of cynical reflections on the way of men and women—according to the gospel of the Divorce Court. He advises his niece that it is a case for pardon, and the noodle is contrite enough, but she will have none of him, and it is only by the intervention of a good-natured widow equally cynical, that she is induced to go abroad and keep out of temptation, but at Cairo she encounters a handsome young stranger, with whom she falls unmistakably in love. A temporary separation only makes the passion more intense, and Lady Susan is on the brink of imitating her noodle husband in deed, when her guardian spirit, Sir Richard, guessing the state of affairs, saves her by a resolute intervention. The love-sick young man is compelled to go to New Zealand to take up an appointment conferred upon him, and Lady Susan is placed under her uncle's strict espionage. Fifteen months pass, and with time comes the old, old story, told, it will be remembered, in Mr. Gilbert's delightful comedy, "Sweethearts." The young man after three weeks' pining for his lost love, finds a fresh mate on ship-board, marries, and sends to Lady Susan a piece of wedding-cake and the ring she gave him as a love token. Then she goes back to her noodle husband on a strict understanding that there being much in their separate experience that had best not be spoken of, bygones shall be considered bygones. To strengthen the disagreeable side of the piece there hovers about it a wicked old admiral, who is ever boasting of his love for his wife and

August 4th 1894.

comically deploring the many occasions on which he has been untrue to her. But it is from the Q.C., the good-natured but ever cynical bachelor, that we get the continuous sermon, the persistent philosophy of disbelief in the salvation of man. For Mr. Wyndham, who plays with rare judgment and at times exquisite humour, this is a great opportunity, and he charms even those who cannot accept the doctrine he preaches. Very delightful, too, is the battle of words between him and the pretty widow who helps him in the peacemaking, and there never was so piquant a love scene as that in which the two come to an understanding on a question of the heart. While the case of Lady Susan is under review we are shown another case of marital failure in a young couple who come to cross-purposes from incompatibility of temper, and here we have Mr. Jones bringing his philosophy to bear upon the question of progressive women. The gentleman is an impressionist, and a very amusing one in the hands of Mr. Fred Kerr, and the lady is a passionate advocate of women's rights, who is told in the "thirdly" or "fourthly" of Sir Richard's sermon that woman's case was settled in the garden of Eden, and that her rights are comprehended in the cultivation of the domestic virtues. Very laughable was Miss Nina Boucicault as the fiery young lady who incites lady telegraphists to strike, and heads a raid on the Clapham Post-office, and very funny was the exultation of her husband when she went to trial as a martyr to woman's cause. Miss Mary Moore is the Lady Susan, an arduous part admirably played, and Miss Gertrude Kingston shares the honours with her as the worldly widow, Mr. C. P. Little is the noodle husband, a pitiable object in his dejection, and Mr. Kemble is the somewhat excessive Admiral whose reminiscences are suggestive of propriety. Miss Fanny Coleman is the admiral's forgiving wife, and Mr. Ben Webster the ardent young gentleman who becomes so much to Lady Susan at the critical point in her life. The piece was, on the whole, well received. It is true when the time came for the verdict there were dissentient voices, but the "Ayes" had it, and the players and the author were demanded again and again. It is impossible to deny its cleverness, or the possibility that it will attract much public attention, but that its philosophy is agreeable or its odour good we cannot for a moment concede.

Amongst the audience were his Highness the Maharajah of Kuch Behar and suite and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.

The Era.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S WILL.

Mr Edmund Hodgson Yates, of 1, York-street, Covent-garden, and 2, Eaton-gardens, Hove, who died at the Savoy Hotel, on May 20th last, aged sixty-three years, leaving personal estate of the gross value of £31,719 11s. 2d., by his will appointed as executors his wife Mrs Louisa Katherine Yates, of Oakwood, Haywards Heath; Mr Joseph Charles Parkinson, of 17, Great George-street; Mr Squire Bancroft Bancroft, of 18, Berkeley-square; and Colonel Arthur Griffiths, by the last named of whom probate has been renounced. Mr Yates desired that immediately after his death his jugular vein should be opened by his medical attendant, or some other surgeon, and that a fee of 20 guineas should be paid for the operation. He desired that his body should be cremated. He bequeathed to his faithful friend and secretary, Edwin Thomas Simpson, £100; to his secretary, Thomas Laker, £50; to his coachman, £50; to his wife's maid, £50; and to Mrs Yates, £500, his plate, pictures, furniture, and household effects, horses, and carriages, and three-fourths of the income of his residuary estate. The remaining one-fourth of the income is to be paid in specified proportions to the testator's four sons. His books are to be sold by Christie and Manson, and Sotheby and Co., or some other firm of auctioneers. It was his wish that the *World* should not be sold. He bequeathed all his interest in that periodical and the properties connected therewith to trustees who are to carry on the publication for twenty-one years and are to receive liberal remuneration in each year when the profit exceeds £4,000, and are also to accumulate a reserve fund for the equalisation of dividends.

Henry Irving in "A Story of Waterloo" Liverpool Daily Post.

MR. IRVING IN A NEW CHARACTER.

Records and remembrances of the great French stage may be ransacked in vain for anything to excel Mr. Irving's performance in Mr. Conan Doyle's sketch "A Story of Waterloo," which was played before an enraptured audience at the Court Theatre on Saturday night. We pay our tribute of honour to it in this form because the quality of the acting is that which is identified with the most distinctive glories of the French theatre. The fine features of fine character-acting are, of course, the same in every age and country, and we are never delighted by an impersonation strikingly conceived and executed without being reminded of traditions of Garrick and other great actors whose mimetic powers literature has celebrated. We may also recall, nearer our own day, exceptional achievements of Webster, Wigan, and other character-actors of genius. But the type which most easily and naturally classifies such a performance as that of Corporal Gregory Brewster by Mr. Irving is the type of Lafont and Regnier and Got. Finish founded on intense realisation: finish which supplies every detail of physique, of habit, and of speech in minute and vivid perfection; realisation which goes to, or rather comes from, the very core of the being.

The only fault likely to be found with the representation of the veteran is that he is made too old. His age in the bill is eighty-six. Our ideas of age in these days have very much changed. Montaigne considered himself old at fifty-nine, and noted as remarkable that his father had lived to be sixty-seven. In those days when aged statesmen walk to early church in the wet at eighty-four, or write letters to the *Times* with all their pristine force at ninety-two, and when in every walk of professional and commercial life examples of vigour at fourscore abound, it is difficult to accept the grotesque self-centredness, the shambling gait, the half-dazed faculties, the faltering accents, the ploughed, pallid visage, and the fallen mouth of this old corporal as representing what really is. It should be remembered, however, that extreme longevity is still comparatively uncommon in the humbler classes. We may be sure that where men of Brewster's rank live to be eighty-six many of them are as senile as he. And at all events so perfect a simulation of senility is very high art indeed, and if anything were necessary—as nothing is—to make such bodily decay probable, it would be easy to clap a few more years on to poor old Gregory's age.

What a touching picture he presents as he ambles, angularly, with loose frame and stiffened joints, into the room, intent on his rations, from which he is conscious he derives warmth and strength! His hearing is dull. His sight, though apparently good, is not uniformly directed with full strength of will. His temper you can see would tend to the irascible if crossed. But he is on good terms with himself on the score of his honourable recollections of old service. Except when troubled by his "tubes," he is prepared to enjoy everything, especially the warm air, if the flies are not too "owdacious;" and he is keen for the pleasure of being esteemed and talked about by the members of his old regiment. The author will expect to be told by everybody in a patronising tone that he has written a sketch, not a play; but it were to be wished that the dramatic action of every play were as deftly handled. Mr. Conan Doyle has told just such a slight little story as serves to bring out naturally every point of the character, and he has told it in a manner which gives brightness and crispness to every incident in a scene which under conditions of absolutely reality must tend to be sombre. As to Mr. Irving's share in the result, apart from the intense delight of witnessing

October 1894.

what is so true to human nature and so irresistible in its sudden appeals to the feelings, we value this remarkable achievement especially because of its convincingness. Actors when they speak of their art often do so in terms difficult to accept as literally true. They tell us how carefully and in what detail they have to build up characterisations which when we see them complete seem the natural, easy, overflowing outcome of a hearty absorption in the general idea of the personages being played. But the very nature of the case of Corporal Brewster renders it impossible for the art to be concealed. Only by the most artistic perfecting of an infinite multitude of details could this true embodiment of the frail old soldier be accomplished; and evermore who sees it must know this, and appreciate great acting then it never before.

The points are very fine, very numerous, and very various—some merely senile, many humorous, many pathetic. The one story, several times repeated, of what the Regent said to the old fellow in recognition of his valour, and what he said in reply and how the Regent said it was a "damned good answer, too," and how the Regent and Lord Hill both laughed—is a gem in the way of truth to life. The limitations of the old man's points of view are made very effective—his treating a forty miles ride by train as remarkable; his surprise at muskets being loaded at the wrong end; his recollection that he lost three half-crowns on the battle of Waterloo, and his conclusion that he will probably never see them now; his decided preference for the Old Testament—which "has more bite in it"—and for "them wars" as Bible reading; his interest in Armageddon, and his certainty that the 3rd Guards will be there, and that "the Duke will have a word to say." In the simulation of extreme senility one of the most daring touches is the old man's weeping at the breaking of his pipe, and being childishly delighted all in a moment by the gift of a new one, and this is most boldly and strongly played. The pathos of the part is the truer because never unctuous, never indicated with more than natural emphasis. When the old man is sitting in the sun at the open window he murmurs, "It's fine. It makes me think of the glory to come," and one feels that it is sincerely said and deeply felt, but not with a depth that would be in excess in such a simple and altogether secular character. So, again, when the old Corporal says he has not had his call, and cannot leave his post without it. There can have been few dry eyes when he begs that they may not grudge him a firing party when he dies. But the crowning effect is when, on learning that he is speaking to the colonel of his old regiment, he leaps to his feet, saluting, and totters, almost falling with the effort. This produces a thrill that almost stops the breath. All the conversation with the young soldier who comes to the veteran with kind messages from the regiment is full of interest and charm. At last the old warrior sinks fatigued into his chair, and the picture of weary slumber, hardly to be distinguished from death, is wonderfully real. He arouses himself again, slumbers again, awakes in a turmoil of excitement, shouts in a terrible voice, "The Guards want powder, and, by God, they shall have it!"—a reminiscence of the feat of bravery by which at Hongoumont he won his celebrity—then falls back heavily into his chair, and speaks no more. The muster of the old Third is completed. The wonderful performance is beautifully rounded off by this peaceful death scene.

Although the interest of the story centres of necessity in Mr. Irving's wonderful impersonation, Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Mr. Haviland give real life to the characters in which they support the great actor. The incipient love passages between Sergeant McDonald and

"REBELLIOUS SUSAN" AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a dramatist to whom critics give attentive ear, and Mr. Charles Wyndham is one of our most fascinating stage favourites. Hence it is not surprising that all the world of art and letters and some of the best society flocked to the Criterion last night to see the new comedy which it was rumoured would show the author at his best and give the actor a chance that seldom falls to one of his craft. The house was crowded; the audience listened with ever deepening interest to three acts of clever dialogue, and watched with admiration the delicacy, the finesse, with which expert players handled parts that fitted them as gloves, and they came away at last with a catch phrase of the piece that seemed to ring in their ears and express all that could be felt or said of the comedy—"And the sermon was a long one." For a sermon, a relentless, merciless sermon, indeed, is "The Case of Rebellious Susan"—a sermon on a familiar text, a sermon in which human nature is condemned beyond all redemption, in which men and women alike have their masks torn from them, and are exposed and withered with bitter cynicism from that high standard of judgment, the Divorce Court. For it is a barrister of twenty years' standing in that estimable section of the High Courts who is the mouthpiece of the modern Diogenes, and who trots out his puppets one after another to show what a living lie all life is, especially married life, and how utterly repulsive all men and women ought to be to each other when they come to reflect that if Mr. Jones be right they cherish the hidden sin, the ready deceit, the impulse to wrong, in fact, the whitened sepulchre. We care not to enter into any question of whether or not society is rotten to the core, we only question if the stage is the proper place for brutal dissection of it, or that the best way to elevate the tone of it is to represent immorality as a weakness to be lightly condoned, or breezily dismissed in an epigram. We hope, clever as Mr. Jones's new play is, that it does not truly depict the moral average of English society, and we take leave to cherish a very ardent belief in the continued existence of true men and women. His rebellious Susan is a high-spirited young woman married to a noodle. The latter has broken his marital vows and has been found out. Lady Susan Harabin does not go to the Divorce Court, but she vows she will leave her husband's roof and show by her imitation of him that she can be as wicked as he is. Her uncle, Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., tries to act as peace maker, and delivers himself of cynical reflections on the way of men and women—according to the gospel of the Divorce Court. He advises his niece that it is a case for pardon, and the noodle is contrite enough, but she will have none of him, and it is only by the intervention of a good-natured widow equally cynical, that she is induced to go abroad and keep out of temptation, but at Cairo she encounters a handsome young stranger, with whom she falls unmistakably in love. A temporary separation only makes the passion more intense, and Lady Susan is on the brink of imitating her noodle husband in deed, when her guardian spirit, Sir Richard, guessing the state of affairs, saves her by a resolute intervention. The love-sick young man is compelled to go to New Zealand to take up an appointment conferred upon him, and Lady Susan is placed under her uncle's strict espionage. Fifteen months pass, and with time comes the old, old story, told, it will be remembered, in Mr. Gilbert's delightful comedy, "Sweethearts." The young man after threeweeks' pining for his lost love, finds a fresh mate on ship-board, marries, and sends to Lady Susan a piece of wedding-cake and the ring she gave him as a love token. Then she goes back to her noodle husband on a strict understanding that there being much in their separate experience that had best not be spoken of, bygones shall be considered bygones. To strengthen the disagreeable side of the piece there hovers about 2019-03-16 an old admiral, who is ever boasting of his love for his wife and

comically deploring the many occasions on which he has been untrue to her. But it is from the Q.C., the good-natured but ever cynical bachelor, that we get the continuous sermon, the persistent philosophy of disbelief in the salvation of man. For Mr. Wyndham, who plays with rare judgment and at times exquisite humour, this is a great opportunity, and he charms even those who cannot accept the doctrine he preaches. Very delightful, too, is the battle of words between him and the pretty widow who helps him in the peacemaking, and there never was so piquant a love scene as that in which the two come to an understanding on a question of the heart. While the case of Lady Susan is under review we are shown another case of marital failure in a young couple who come to cross-purposes from incompatibility of temper, and here we have Mr. Jones bringing his philosophy to bear upon the question of progressive women. The gentleman is an impressionist, and a very amusing one in the hands of Mr. Fred Kerr, and the lady is a passionate advocate of women's rights, who is told in the "thirdly" or "fourthly" of Sir Richard's sermon that woman's case was settled in the garden of Eden, and that her rights are comprehended in the cultivation of the domestic virtues. Very laughable was Miss Nina Boucicault as the fiery young lady who incites lady telegraphists to strike, and heads a raid on the Clapham Post-office, and very funny was the exultation of her husband when she went to trial as a martyr to woman's cause. Miss Mary Moore is the Lady Susan, an arduous part admirably played, and Miss Gertrude Kingston shares the honours with her as the worldly widow. Mr. C. P. Little is the noodle husband, a pitiable object in his dejection, and Mr. Kemble is the somewhat excessive Admiral whose reminiscences are suggestive of impropriety. Miss Fanny Coleman is the admiral's forgiving wife, and Mr. Ben Webster the ardent young gentleman who becomes so much to Lady Susan at the critical point in her life. The piece was, on the whole, well received. It is true when the time came for the verdict there were dissentient voices, but the "Ayes" had it, and the players and the author were demanded again and again. It is impossible to deny its cleverness, or the possibility that it will attract much public attention, but that its philosophy is agreeable or its odour good we cannot for a moment concede.

Amongst the audience were his Highness the Maharajah of Kuch Behar and suite and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.

The Era.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S WILL.

Mr Edmund Hodgson Yates, of 1, York-street, Covent-garden, and 2, Eaton-gardens, Hove, who died at the Savoy Hotel, on May 20th last, aged sixty-three years, leaving personal estate of the gross value of £31,719 11s. 2d., by his will appointed as executors his wife Mrs Louisa Katherine Yates, of Oakwood, Haywards Heath; Mr Joseph Charles Parkinson, of 17, Great George-street; Mr Squire Bancroft Bancroft, of 18, Berkeley-square; and Colonel Arthur Griffiths, by the last named of whom probate has been renounced. Mr Yates desired that immediately after his death his jugular vein should be opened by his medical attendant, or some other surgeon, and that a fee of 20 guineas should be paid for the operation. He desired that his body should be cremated. He bequeathed to his faithful friend and secretary, Edwin Thomas Simpson, £100; to his secretary, Thomas Laker, £50; to his coachman, £50; to his wife's maid, £50; and to Mrs Yates, £500, his plate, pictures, furniture, and household effects, horses, and carriages, and three-fourths of the income of his residuary estate. The remaining one-fourth of the income is to be paid in specified proportions to the testator's four sons. His books are to be sold by Christie and Manson, and Sotheby and Co., or some other firm of auctioneers. It was his wish that the *World* should not be sold. He bequeathed all his interest in that periodical and the properties connected therewith to trustees who are to carry on the publication for twenty-one years and are to receive liberal remuneration in each year when the profit exceeds £4,000, and are also to accumulate a reserve fund for the equalisation of dividends.

August 4th
1894.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S WILL.

Mr Edmund Hodgson Yates, of 1, York-street, Covent-garden, and 2, Eaton-gardens, Hove, who died at the Savoy Hotel, on May 20th last, aged sixty-three years, leaving personal estate of the gross value of £31,719 11s. 2d., by his will appointed as executors his wife Mrs Louisa Katherine Yates, of Oakwood, Haywards Heath; Mr Joseph Charles Parkinson, of 17, Great George-street; Mr Squire Bancroft Bancroft, of 18, Berkeley-square; and Colonel Arthur Griffiths, by the last named of whom probate has been renounced. Mr Yates desired that immediately after his death his jugular vein should be opened by his medical attendant, or some other surgeon, and that a fee of 20 guineas should be paid for the operation. He desired that his body should be cremated. He bequeathed to his faithful friend and secretary, Edwin Thomas Simpson, £100; to his secretary, Thomas Laker, £50; to his coachman, £50; to his wife's maid, £50; and to Mrs Yates, £500, his plate, pictures, furniture, and household effects, horses, and carriages, and three-fourths of the income of his residuary estate. The remaining one-fourth of the income is to be paid in specified proportions to the testator's four sons. His books are to be sold by Christie and Manson, and Sotheby and Co., or some other firm of auctioneers. It was his wish that the *World* should not be sold. He bequeathed all his interest in that periodical and the properties connected therewith to trustees who are to carry on the publication for twenty-one years and are to receive liberal remuneration in each year when the profit exceeds £1,000, and are also to accumulate a reserve fund for the equalisation of dividends.

August 4th
1894.

MR. IRVING IN A NEW
CHARACTER.

Records and remembrances of the great French stage may be ransacked in vain for anything to excel Mr. Irving's performance in Mr. Conan Doyle's sketch "A Story of Waterloo," which was played before an enraptured audience at the Court Theatre on Saturday night. We pay our tribute of honour to it in this form because the quality of the acting is that which is identified with the most distinctive glories of the French theatre. The fine features of fine character-acting are, of course, the same in every age and country, and we are never delighted by an impersonation strikingly conceived and executed without being reminded of traditions of Garrick and other great actors whose mimetic powers literature has celebrated. We may also recall, nearer our own day, exceptional achievements of Webster, Wigan, and other character-actors of genius. But the type which most easily and naturally classifies such a performance as that of Corporal Gregory Brewster by Mr. Irving is the type of Lafont and Regnier and Got, Finish founded on intense realisation: finish which supplies every detail of physique, of habit, and of speech in minute and vivid perfection; realisation which goes to, or rather comes from, the very core of the being.

The only fault likely to be found with the representation of the veteran is that he is made too old. His age in the bill is eighty-six. Our ideas of age in these days have very much changed. Montaigne considered himself old at fifty-nine, and noted as remarkable that his father had lived to be sixty-seven. In these days when aged statesmen walk to early church in the wet at eighty-four, or write letters to the *Times* with all their pristine force at ninety-two, and when in every walk of professional and commercial life examples of vigour at fourscore abound, it is difficult to accept the grotesque self-centredness, the shambling gait, the half-dazed faculties, the faltering accents, the ploughed, pallid visage, and the fallen mouth of this old corporal as representing what really is. It should be remembered, however, that extreme longevity is still comparatively uncommon in the humbler classes. We may be sure that where men of Brewster's rank live to be eighty-six many of them are as senile as he. And at all events so perfect a simulation of senility is very high art indeed, and if anything were necessary—as nothing is—to make such bodily decay probable, it would be easy to clap a few more years on to poor old Gregory's age.

What a touching picture he presents as he ambles, awkwardly, with loose frame and stiffened joints, into the room, intent on his rations, from which he is conscious he derives warmth and strength! His hearing is dull. His sight, though apparently good, is not uniformly directed with full strength of will. His temper you can see would tend to the irascible if crossed. But he is on good terms with himself on the score of his honourable recollections of old service. Except when troubled by his "tubes," he is prepared to enjoy everything, especially the warm air, if the flies are not too "owdacious;" and he is keen for the pleasure of being esteemed and talked about by the members of his old regiment. The author will expect to be told by everybody in a patronising tone that he has written a sketch, not a play; but it were to be wished that the dramatic action of every play were as deftly handled. Mr. Conan Doyle has told just such a slight little story as serves to bring out naturally every point of the character, and he has told it in a manner which gives brightness and crispness to every incident in a scene which under conditions of ordinary reality must tend to be sombre. As to Mr. Irving's share in the result, apart from the intense delight of witnessing

October

1894.

what is so true to human nature and so irresistible in its sudden appeals to the feelings, we value this remarkable achievement especially because of its convincingness. Actors when they speak of their art often do so in terms difficult to accept as liberally true. They tell us how carefully and in what detail they have to build up characterisations which when we see them complete seem the natural, easy, overflowing outcome of a hearty absorption in the general idea of the personages being played. But the very nature of the case of Corporal Brewster renders it impossible for the art to be concealed. Only by the most artistic perfecting of an infinite multitude of details could this true embodiment of the frail old soldier be accomplished; and everyone who sees it must know this, and appreciate great acting then if never before.

The points are very fine, very numerous, and very various—some merely senile, many humorous, many pathetic. The one story, several times repeated, of what the Regent said to the old fellow in recognition of his valour, and what he said in reply and how the Regent said it was a "damned good answer, too," and how the Regent and Lord Hill both laughed—is a gem in the way of truth to life. The limitations of the old man's points of view are made very effective—his treating a forty miles ride by train as remarkable; his surprise at muskets being loaded at the wrong end; his recollection that he lost three half-crowns on the battle of Waterloo, and his conclusion that he will probably never see them now; his decided preference for the Old Testament—which "has more bite in it"—and for "them wars" as Bible reading; his interest in Armageddon, and his certainty that the 3rd Guards will be there, and that "the Duke will have a word to say." In the simulation of extreme senility one of the most daring touches is the old man's weeping at the breaking of his pipe, and being childishly delighted all in a moment by the gift of a new one, and this is most boldly and strongly played. The pathos of the part is the truer because never unctuous, never indicated with more than natural emphasis. When the old man is sitting in the sun at the open window he murmurs, "It's fine. It makes me think of the glory to come," and one feels that it is sincerely said and deeply felt, but not with a depth that would be in excess in such a simple and altogether secular character. So, again, when the old Corporal says he has not had his call, and cannot leave his post without it. There can have been few dry eyes when he begs that they may not grudge him a firing party when he dies. But the crowning effect is when, on learning that he is speaking to the colonel of his old regiment, he leaps to his feet, saluting, and totters, almost falling with the effort. This produces a thrill that almost stops the breath. All the conversation with the young soldier who comes to the veteran with kind messages from the regiment is full of interest and charm. At last the old warrior sinks fatigued into his chair, and the picture of weary slumber, hardly to be distinguished from death, is wonderfully real. He arouses himself again, slumbers again, awakes in a turmoil of excitement, shouts in a terrible voice, "The Guards want powder, and, by God, they shall have it"—a reminiscence of the feat of bravery by which at Hougoumont he won his celebrity—then falls back heavily into his chair, and speaks no more. The muster of the old Third is completed. The wonderful performance is beautifully rounded off by this peaceful death scene.

Although the interest of the story centres of necessity in Mr. Irving's wonderful impersonation, Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Mr. Haviland give real life to the characters in which they support the great actor. The incipient love passages between Sergeant McDonald and

Norah Brewster were delicately and pleasantly rendered, and are of distinct service to the little piece. Some may think that the love-making jars on the death episode, but the death is not expected, and the love-making is both natural and perfectly inoffensive. While the leaping of old Brewster to his feet at the salute is the great sensation of the sketch, and produces a more startling effect than the climax of many a tragedy—so magnificent is Mr. Irving's sudden spring to his full height, and the shock that follows it—there is no passage of "The Story of Waterloo" which is not possessed of a power and a natural fascination of its own.

The demonstrations of the audience abundantly proved how strongly the hold of the great actor on his admirers had been renewed by this new evidence of his genius. The plaudits were renewed again and again in tremendous volume, and the curtain had to be raised several times. The greater part of the evening was occupied by "The Bells," and this again was rapturously applauded. So many-sided is Mr. Irving's Mathias that it would not be by any means difficult to expatiate at length on features of his Saturday night's performance which struck us for the first time, or struck us newly. Perhaps it is true to say that the sardonic side of the haunted burgomaster—whom some call conscience-stricken, but who is never so—was more prominently illustrated than on former occasions. Or perhaps we happened to notice it more.

Mathias has love for his wife, and a still more tender love for his daughter. These are his only fine feelings. Mr. Irving's expressive and mobile

face tells us how purely self-interested is the mentality of the undiscovered murderer towards his shrewdly selected son-in-law; and the element of metaphysical tragedy which takes this play right out of its category of melodrama lies in the wearying out of the strong mind, and the rendering futile of its faultless scheming, by the continuous wear and tear of the great Nemesis Terror. We all know how unsatisfactorily other genius, even, has played this part. Mr. Irving's representation is placed on the highest level by intellectual profundity exhibited in the perfect representation of a worn and unstrung nervous system, associated with every indication of continued mental vigour and of customary self-possession; only qualified by occasional impatience and occasional hysteria; all the contrarities and incongruities being truly woven into one single consistent manhood.

While it is unnecessary to mention the members of the very efficient cast, old playgoers will recognise with delight the picturesque performance of garrulous Walter by that fine old actor Mr. Howe, who does everything well.

To-day.

If you are in town at Whitsuntide, don't forget to go and see Yvette Guilbert at the Empire. You may not like her, but you ought to see her. She is marvellously clever. But I wish she would devote her obvious talents to the illustration of comparatively healthy and cheerful subjects. I have no doubt that there are pathetic passages in the career of a sewer-rat, but I don't want to be bothered about them. Equally, the wretched women who earn a sinister and uncertain livelihood outside the fortifications of Paris may retain a few human emotions; but they don't interest me. What does interest me is Guilbert's genius. I wish it were diverted into other channels, but still I tell you go and see her. Her weird, gruesome, carbolic acidity is, in its own ghastly way, magnificent. She is a great artist, to her finger tips.

May 19, 1894.

"Faust"
Liverpool Daily Post.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

A house brilliant almost beyond expectation ushered in the second week of Mr. Irving's stay in Liverpool, the attraction last evening being "Faust." It is interesting to be reminded that this version of the first part of Goethe's poem is fast nearing its seven hundredth performance. Nor is this matter for surprise in the smallest degree when the wonderful nature of the representation is borne in mind. Mr. Irving as Mephistopheles is, of course, the pulse and focus of the whole play, and, often as it has been one's pleasure to see this impersonation in the past, additional experiences of it not only serve to deepen admiration of the points familiar, but open up fresh vistas of wonder and pleasure. This marvellous creation has been discussed at length repeatedly in these columns, and anything like detail is not proposed now.

From his first appearance in the study of the aged and discontented philosopher, Mr. Irving's supreme personality is at once felt, and the restrained, polished, but keen irony of his interview with the would-be student, who supposes himself to be addressing Dr. Faust, was greatly enjoyed. The Witches' Kitchen gives one of many opportunities for stage pictures, and its grotesque and hobgoblin effects, weird and uncanny, will not easily be forgotten. The last scene of the first act, "St. Lorenz Platz," shows the outdoor life of the Nuremberg of that day with what one instinctively feels to be verisimilitude—the citizens passing to their devotions, the organ pealing out an invitation, and the wine scene with the students, wherein Mephistopheles considerably astonishes those bibulous young men. Margaret is now seen for the first time leaving the cathedral and crossing the platz. The chamber scene of Margaret is the first opportunity for Miss Marion Terry, who plays with winsome grace and delicacy as she makes her preparations for the night, soliloquising, and showing in a quaint sonnet the bent of her thoughts. Then follows the discovery of the casket of jewels, and the question she asks herself, "Would it be wrong, I wonder?" and Mephistopheles peeping in at the door with one of his dilette laughs says, "She takes the bait; all women are alike." Mr. Irving is noticeable in the scene where Faust is assailed by pangs of remorse and would fain quit his quest, but Mephistopheles turns preacher, and gains his end by an elaborate assumption of not wanting it. When he has again fixed the vacillating Faust in the desired course, he turns aside, and with indelible accent and emphasis, says, "Alas, poor Satan, how are you daily wronged!"

Pass we over the garden scene, in which, whilst Faust and Margaret get deeper in the toils of love, Mephistopheles fools the silly and susceptible Martha to the top of his bent, with a grim humour greatly enjoyed by the audience, especially where he says, "Madame, your husband's dead, and sends his love." The ironical banter and pithy ejaculations of this scene are most telling. The Satanic jocosity of Mephistopheles and the frankly "coming on" disposition of Martha are in admirable and one might say tragic contrast with the fervent love-making of the younger couple. Later, there is a splendid moment when Faust, attempting to rebel against the domination of Mephistopheles, is crushed in a speech of marked change of tone and terrible import. Here Mephistopheles metaphorically towers over his victim, and his fiendish gloatin' laugh as the curtain falls remains in one's ears.

The cruel chatter of the girls at the wall, the heartbroken monologue and prayer of Margaret, whose heart is heavy with woe; the joyous life as the soldiers' return, and husbands and wives, fathers and children, and lovers are united;

the duel between Faust and Valentine; the curse and death of the latter, and the public disgrace of Margaret, need not be dwelt upon, although every incident and feature is illustrated with splendid effect. There is a remarkable scene where Mephistopheles tower over the prostrate Margaret, unmoved by her poignant grief and earnest prayers, pitilessly taunts her with conduct and acts, the while the organ peals forth from within the church. The Brocken scene is a piece of marvellous stage management. The uncanny dance and fiendish shrieks, the unearthly antics and gambols of the creatures on the Brocken, the weird lights, and the impassive Mephistopheles presiding over this unholy rout make a deep impression on the house. The dungeon scene and death of Margaret close this extraordinary and deeply impressive play.

Miss Marion Terry was effective in the last scene, as with reason unbinged by her miseries she dies on her pallet of straw after a brief interview with her lover. Indeed throughout, in her gentleness and sweetness, this lady showed a warm appreciation of the requirements of the part. Enough has been said of the commanding ability and subtle resource of Mr. Irving, as shown in his manner, gait, bearing, facial effect, and voice—each full of significance—to intimate unqualified admiration of this great creation. Mr. Frank Cooper made a gallant and acceptable Faust, and Miss Victor's Martha remains the ripe performance one long remembers it. Mr. Knight is telling as Valentine, and to advert to the splendour of the mounting and the faultless perfection of all details would be to tell a more than twice-told story. "Faust" remains in the bill to-day and to-morrow, and all should certainly see it.

The Westminster Budget

Friday May 4, 1894.

Certainly no one can approach Sarah Bernhardt for réclame. Even when we know her she imposes on us. Here is the very last. In "Fédora," when the curtain rises, Prince Wladimir, mortally wounded, lies in a room off the stage, seen by the audience, and Fédora rushes in twice, once in wild anxiety to see how he is, and again to fling herself in an agony of despair on the body of her beloved. It seems that this aristocratic corpse is a most coveted rôle in the play. All Sarah's admirers beg to be allowed to be wept over. In the whole range of the French drama there is not so desirable a corpse. There was quite a run on that Russian from the first night the play was produced. And now with the revival of the piece there is a revival, not of the corpse, but of his popularity. All sorts of eminent people write to Sarah, and offer themselves to be wept over, and Sarah writes back, "Impossible for to-night, or to-morrow; the poet A. is the corpse to-night, and Viscount B. to-morrow, but you can have the third night; wire, and don't be late."

Of course, there is an understudy, but she likes to grieve over the proper body. Her tears have dropped upon the corpse of Jules Lemaitre, of the great Blowitz himself, Bauer, the dramatic critic of the *Echo de Paris*. She likes weeping over journalists, which shows a sympathetic nature by no means general in these cynical days. She has also a *tendresse* for poets. Jean Richepin made a lovely corpse, and there was a celebrated doctor, Doctor Pozzi, who played the part with great sadness, as if he were one of his own patients. Curiously enough, women greatly covet the rôle, and there was a young Austrian peeress who did it to perfection, being very particular about her moustaches.

July 28, 1894.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

THIS GREAT ACTRESS is with us once again, and has brought with her this summer her very latest Parisian success, and a fresh store of tragic power and as great a charm of manner as ever. Her welcome last Monday night at Daly's by a crowded and brilliant audience was of the most enthusiastic character, and as the evening wore on the enthusiasm grew, for it was found that Mme. Bernhardt had not only brought us a novelty, but also one of her greatest successes. "Izeyl" as a play has many faults. It is undeniably powerful and picturesque, but like most French plays it is terribly diffuse, and too solemn perhaps in its vein to take a strong hold upon the public, whilst the great figure of Siddhartha is practically pushed into the background, and all the characters subordinated to that of the syren, Izeyl. But whatever fault we may find with the play itself there is none whatever to lay to the charge of the great actress who impersonates the fascinating Indian Princess. She has held us spellbound many times before by the charm of her incomparable voice, the marvellous power of her passion, her raptures, her swift changes of emotions, but in "Izeyl" she acts as she has never acted before. Whether she is portraying the full torrent of the Eastern woman's sensual love, her hatred or pity, resignation to death, or her purified love for Siddhartha, she is at her very best, but it is in the third act that her triumph is complete. Siddhartha's religion has overcome her seductions. The young Prince has given up his kingdom and the love of the beautiful Izeyl to devote himself to a pure and unselfish life; he has conquered even her passion, and sent her back into his worldly kingdom a convert, when his brother, now the reigning Prince, in turn tempts her. But the roses and the rubies he flings in her path she gives to the poor; to the love he offers she turns a deaf ear; her eyes no longer gleam with passion, but glow with religious ecstasy; and at last, to save herself from his embraces, she plunges a dagger in his throat. At once her heart is filled with pity and remorse, and it is hard to say whether her tender womanly care for the corpse of her rash lover, her horror for the deed she has committed, or her magnificent scene with the dead Prince's mother is played with the greatest art. On the first night she was recalled no less than six times after this third act, which stands unequalled even by the famous assassination scene in "La Tosca." In the last act the storm of passion and religious fervour is over. Mme. Bernhardt shows us in her exquisitely delicate and poetical way the death of the glorified woman whose soul has been purified by suffering. She dies in Siddhartha's arms; her last cry is "donnez-moi tes lèvres!" yet there is not a trace of the old Eve left. He is "Master" to her now, she the disciple. Siddhartha, as we have said, is almost a shadowy figure on the canvas, the Yoghi, who calls him to his life of sacrifice, a merely incidental character, whilst the murdered Prince Seyndia and his mother are mere outlines. It is Izeyl who is the play, and with Mme. Bernhardt as Izeyl there is nothing more to be desired. If Mme. Bernhardt had brought nothing else with her this season the English public would have been satisfied, but on Monday and Tuesday we shall be able to compare it with "La Tosca," and "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Phédre" are to follow.

To-day.

Tree made an excellent speech at the Haymarket, but it was oracular as well as epigrammatic. His future plans are shrouded in secrecy, if not in mystery. He will probably recommence business with a continuation of the *Bunch of Violets*. Beyond that—we shall see. It won't be the talked-of revival of *Fédora*, that is all I know. I believe that in his agreement with Mrs. Pat. Campbell there is a clause which gives her the final voice in the selection of plays during the term of her engagement at the Haymarket to this extent—she can refuse to play a part if she does not think that it will suit her. Tree, of course, can put up what he pleases, but naturally he will not care to pay anyone a big salary for "walking about," and, consequently, it is not likely that any new play will be produced unless it is approved of by the leading lady as well as the manager.

Norah Brewster were delicately and pleasantly rendered, and are of distinct service to the little piece. Some may think that the love-making jars on the death episode, but the death is not expected, and the love-making is both natural and perfectly inoffensive. While the leaping of old Brewster to his feet at the salute is the great sensation of the sketch, and produces a more startling effect than the climax of many a tragedy—so magnificent is Mr. Irving's sudden spring to his full height, and the shock that follows it—there is no passage of "The Story of Waterloo" which is not possessed of a power and a natural fascination of its own.

The demonstrations of the audience abundantly proved how strongly the hold of the great actor on his admirers had been renewed by this new evidence of his genius. The plaudits were renewed again and again in tremendous volume, and the curtain had to be raised several times. The greater part of the evening was occupied by "The Bells," and this again was rapturously applauded. So many-sided is Mr. Irving's Mathias that it would not be by any means difficult to expatiate at length on features of his Saturday night's performance which struck us for the first time, or struck us newly. Perhaps it is true to say that the sardonic side of the haunted burgomaster—whom some call conscience-stricken, but who is never so—was more prominently illustrated than on former occasions. Or perhaps we happened to notice it more.

Mathias has love for his wife, and a still more tender love for his daughter. Those are his only fine feelings. Mr. Irving's expressive and mobile

face tells us how purely self-interested is the geniality of the undiscovered murderer towards his shrewdly selected son-in-law; and the element of metaphysical tragedy which takes this play right out of its category of melodrama lies in the wearying out of the strong mind, and the rendering futile of its faultless scheming, by the continuous wear and tear of the great Nemesis Terror. We all know how unsatisfactorily other genius, even, has played this part. Mr. Irving's representation is placed on the highest level by intellectual profundity exhibited in the perfect representation of a worn and unstrung nervous system, associated with every indication of continued mental vigour and of customary self-possession; only qualified by occasional impatience and occasional hysteria; all the contrarieties and incongruities being truly woven into one single consistent manhood.

While it is unnecessary to mention the members of the very efficient cast, old playgoers will recognise with delight the picturesque performance of garrulous Walter by that fine old actor Mr. Howe, who does everything well.

To-day.

May 19.

1894.

If you are in town at Whitsuntide, don't forget to go and see Yvette Guilbert at the Empire. You may not like her, but you ought to see her. She is marvellously clever. But I wish she would devote her obvious talents to the illustration of comparatively healthy and cheerful subjects. I have no doubt that there are pathetic passages in the career of a sewer-rat, but I don't want to be bothered about them. Equally, the wretched women who earn a sinister and uncertain livelihood outside the fortifications of Paris may retain a few human emotions; but they don't interest me. What does interest me is Guilbert's genius. I wish it were diverted into other channels, but still I tell you go and see her. Her weird, gruesome, carbolic acidity is, in its own ghastly way, 2019-03-16 Missen Women's University Library 129 to her finger tips.

"Faust"
Liverpool Daily Post.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

A house brilliant almost beyond expectation ushered in the second week of Mr. Irving's stay in Liverpool, the attraction last evening being "Faust." It is interesting to be reminded that this version of the first part of Goethe's poem is fast nearing its seven hundredth performance. Nor is this matter for surprise in the smallest degree when the wonderful nature of the representation is borne in mind. Mr. Irving as Mephistopheles is, of course, the pulse and focus of the whole play, and, often as it has been one's pleasure to see this impersonation in the past, additional experiences of it not only serve to deepen admiration of the points familiar, but open up fresh vistas of wonder and pleasure. This marvellous creation has been discussed at length repeatedly in these columns, and anything like detail is not proposed now.

From his first appearance in the study of the aged and discontented philosopher, Mr. Irving's supreme personality is at once felt, and the restrained, polished, but keen irony of his interview with the would-be student, who supposes himself to be addressing Dr. Faust, was greatly enjoyed. The Witches' Kitchen gives one of many opportunities for stage pictures, and its grotesque and hobgoblin effects, weird and uncanny, will not easily be forgotten. The last scene of the first act, "St. Lorenz Platz," shows the outdoor life of the Nuremberg of that day with what one instinctively feels to be verisimilitude—the citizens passing to their devotions, the organ pealing out an invitation, and the wine scene with the students, wherein Mephistopheles considerably astonishes those bibulous young men. Margaret is now seen for the first time leaving the cathedral and crossing the platz. The chamber scene of Margaret is the first opportunity for Miss Marion Terry, who plays with winsome grace and delicacy as she makes her preparations for the night, soliloquising, and showing in a quaint song the bent of her thoughts. Then follows the discovery of the casket of jewels, and the question she asks herself, "Would it be wrong, I wonder?" and Mephistopheles peeping in at the door with one of his pitiless laughs says, "She takes the bait; all women are alike." Mr. Irving is noticeable in the scene where Faust is assailed by pangs of remorse and would fain quit his quest, but Mephistopheles turns preacher, and gains his end by an elaborate assumption of not wanting it. When he has again fixed the vacillating Faust in the desired course, he turns aside, and with indelible accent and emphasis, says, "Alas, poor Satan, how are you daily wronged!"

Pass we over the garden scene, in which, whilst Faust and Margaret get deeper in the toils of love, Mephistopheles fools the silly and susceptible Martha to the top of his bent, with a grim humour greatly enjoyed by the audience, especially where he says, "Madame, your husband's dead, and sends his love." The ironical banter and pithy ejaculations of this scene are most telling. The Satanic jocosity of Mephistopheles and the frankly "coming on" disposition of Martha are in admirable and one might say tragic contrast with the fervent love-making of the younger couple. Later, there is a splendid moment when Faust, attempting to rebel against the domination of Mephistopheles, is crushed in a speech of marked change of tone and terrible import. Here Mephistopheles metaphorically towers over his victim, and his fiendish gloating laugh as the curtain falls remains in one's ears.

The cruel chatter of the girls at the wall, the heartbroken monologue and prayer of Margaret, whose heart is heavy with woe; the joyous life as the soldiers' return, and husbands and wives, fathers and children, and lovers are united;

the duel between Faust and Valentine; the curse and death of the latter, and the public disgrace of Margaret, need not be dwelt upon, although every incident and feature is illustrated with splendid effect. There is a remarkable scene where Mephistopheles towers over the prostrate Margaret, unmoved by her poignant grief and earnest prayers, pitilessly taunts her with conduct and acts, the while the organ peals forth from within the church. The Brocken scene is a piece of marvellous stage management. The uncanny dance and fiendish shrieks, the unearthly antics and gambols of the creatures on the Brocken, the weird lights, and the impassive Mephistopheles presiding over this unholy rout make a deep impression on the house. The dungeon scene and death of Margaret close this extraordinary and deeply impressive play.

Miss Marion Terry was effective in the last scene, as with reason unbings by her miseries she dies on her pallet of straw after a brief interview with her lover. Indeed throughout, in her gentleness and sweetness, this lady showed a warm appreciation of the requirements of the part. Enough has been said of the commanding ability and subtle resource of Mr. Irving, as shown in his manner, gait, bearing, facial effect, and voice—each full of significance—to intimate unqualified admiration of this great creation. Mr. Frank Cooper made a gallant and acceptable Faust, and Miss Victor's Martha remains the ripe performance one long remembers it. Mr. Knight is telling as Valentine, and to advert to the splendour of the mounting and the faultless perfection of all details would be to tell a more than twice-told story. "Faust" remains in the bill to-day and to-morrow, and all should certainly see it.

The Westminster Budget

*
Certainly no one can approach Sarah Bernhardt for when we know her she imposes on us. Here is the "Fédora," when the curtain rises, Prince Wladimir, moles in a room off the stage, seen by the audience, and in twice, once in wild anxiety to see how he is, and herself in an agony of despair on the body of It seems that this aristocratic corpse is a most in the play. All Sarah's admirers beg to be allowed to In the whole range of the French drama there is not so des There was quite a run on that Russian from the first night produced. And now with the revival of the piece there is a the corpse, but of his popularity. All sorts of eminent people and offer themselves to be wept over, and Sarah writes back for to-night, or to-morrow; the poet A. is the corpse to-night B. to-morrow, but you can have the third night; wire, and

* *
Of course, there is an understudy, but she likes to get proper body. Her tears have dropped upon the countenance of Lemaître, of the great Blowitz himself, Bauer, critic of the *Echo de Paris*. She likes weeping over a corpse, which shows a sympathetic nature by no means general in these days. She has also a *tendresse* for poets. Jean Richepin is a corpse, and there was a celebrated doctor, Doctor Pozzi, who was a patient with great sadness, as if he were one of his own patients. Women greatly covet the rôle, and there was a young actress who did it to perfection, being very particular about her moustaches.

The Westminster Budget

Friday
May 4. 1894.

Certainly no one can approach Sarah Bernhardt for *réclame*. Even when we know her she imposes on us. Here is the very last. In "Fédora," when the curtain rises, Prince Wladimir, mortally wounded, lies in a room off the stage, seen by the audience, and Fédora rushes in twice, once in wild anxiety to see how he is, and again to fling herself in an agony of despair on the body of her beloved. It seems that this aristocratic corpse is a most coveted rôle in the play. All Sarah's admirers beg to be allowed to be wept over. In the whole range of the French drama there is not so desirable a corpse. There was quite a run on that Russian from the first night the play was produced. And now with the revival of the piece there is a revival, not of the corpse, but of his popularity. All sorts of eminent people write to Sarah, and offer themselves to be wept over, and Sarah writes back, "Impossible for to-night, or to-morrow; the poet A. is the corpse to-night, and Viscount B. to-morrow, but you can have the third night; wire, and don't be late."

* * *

Of course, there is an understudy, but she likes to grieve over the proper body. Her tears have dropped upon the corpse of Jules Lemaitre, of the great Blowitz himself, Bauer, the dramatic critic of the *Echo de Paris*. She likes weeping over journalists, which shows a sympathetic nature by no means general in these cynical days. She has also a *tendresse* for poets. Jean Richepin made a lovely corpse, and there was a celebrated doctor, Doctor Pozzi, who played the part with great sadness, as if he were one of his own patients. Curiously enough, women greatly covet the rôle, and there was a young Austrian peeress who did it to perfection, being very particular about her moustaches.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

THIS GREAT ACTRESS is with us once again, and has brought with her this summer her very latest Parisian success, and a fresh store of tragic power and as great a charm of manner as ever. Her welcome last Monday night at Daly's by a crowded and brilliant audience was of the most enthusiastic character, and as the evening wore on the enthusiasm grew, for it was found that Mme. Bernhardt had not only brought us a novelty, but also one of her greatest successes. "Izeyl" as a play has many faults. It is undeniably powerful and picturesque, but like most French plays it is terribly diffuse, and too solemn perhaps in its vein to take a strong hold upon the public, whilst the great figure of Siddhârtha is practically pushed into the background, and all the characters subordinated to that of the syren, Izeyl. But whatever fault we may find with the play itself there is none whatever to lay to the charge of the great actress who impersonates the fascinating Indian Princess. She has held us spellbound many times before by the charm of her incomparable voice, the marvellous power of her passion, her raptures, her swift changes of emotions, but in "Izeyl" she acts as she has never acted before. Whether she is portraying the full torrent of the Eastern woman's sensual love, her hatred or pity, resignation to death, or her purified love for Siddhârtha, she is at her very best, but it is in the third act that her triumph is complete. Siddhârtha's religion has overcome her seductions. The young Prince has given up his kingdom and the love of the beautiful Izeyl to devote himself to a pure and unselfish life; he has conquered even her passion, and sent her back into his worldly kingdom a convert, when his brother, now the reigning Prince, in turn tempts her. But the roses and the rubies he flings in her path she gives to the poor; to the love he offers she turns a deaf ear; her eyes no longer gleam with passion, but glow with religious ecstasy; and at last, to save herself from his embraces, she plunges a dagger in his throat. At once her heart is filled with pity and remorse, and it is hard to say whether her tender womanly care for the corpse of her rash lover, her horror for the deed she has committed, or her magnificent scene with the dead Prince's mother is played with the greatest art. On the first night she was recalled no less than six times after this third act, which stands unequalled even by the famous assassination scene in "La Tosca." In the last act the storm of passion and religious fervour is over. Mme. Bernhardt shows us in her exquisitely delicate and poetical way the death of the glorified woman whose soul has been purified by suffering. She dies in Siddhârtha's arms; her last cry is "donnez-moi tes lèvres!" yet there is not a trace of the old Eve left. He is "Master" to her now, she the disciple. Siddhârtha, as we have said, is almost a shadowy figure on the canvas, the Yoghi, who calls him to his life of sacrifice, a merely incidental character, whilst the murdered Prince Scyndia and his mother are mere outlines. It is Izeyl who is the play, and with Mme. Bernhardt as Izeyl there is nothing more to be desired. If Mme. Bernhardt had brought nothing else with her this season the English public would have been satisfied, but on Monday and Tuesday we shall be able to compare it with "La Tosca" and "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Pique" are to follow.

To-day.

July
28.

1894.

Tree made an excellent speech at the Haymarket, but it was oracular as well as epigrammatic. His future plans are shrouded in secrecy, if not in mystery. He will probably recommence business with a continuation of the *Bunch of Violets*. Beyond that—we shall see. It won't be the talked-of revival of *Fédora*, that is all I know. I believe that in his agreement with Mrs. Pat. Campbell there is a clause which gives her the final voice in the selection of plays during the term of her engagement at the Haymarket to this extent—she can refuse to play a part if she does not think that it will suit her. Tree, of course, can put up what he pleases, but naturally he will not care to pay anyone a big salary for "walking about," and, 2019-03-16
Missen Women's University Library
any new play will be produced unless it is approved of by the leading lady as well as the manager.

Sara Bernhardt

JUNE 30, 1894.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

301

A SARA-SCENIC SHOW.

WELCOME TO SARA as *Izejl*,—"with the dotlets on the y,"—and

welcome to SARA generally, whatever she may play. She may not, perhaps, be quite so ethereal as heretofore, she may be a trifle more solidified, but "for a' that and a' that," SARA IS SARA, the same incomparable SARA. There is nothing particularly new in *Izejl*, a poetical tragical drama in verse and four acts. Its first two scenes are as tranquillising as a scientific lecture, and as pretty as a pastoral dissolving view. Representing the converted courtesan, SARA is the same sweet, magnetising, purring person, with an occasional fit of tiger-cat just to enliven the otherwise drowsy proceedings.

It is not till we come to the Third Act that there is anything at all approaching a dramatic sensation. *Scyndia* (M. DENEUBOURG), the gay young spark, who, as his mother, the remarkably fine *Princess* (Madame MARTHOLO) thinks, goes to bed at eight, and remains there, comes to *Izejl's* palatial residence, and brings with him a handsome present for her of all sorts of, apparently, Palais Royal jewellery, and imitation coins in large boxes. These gifts the still fascinating but recently converted courtesan at once hands over to the poor, whom she has always with her, in the shape of a crowd of invisible beggars waiting outside, all cheering loudly, and no wonder, at the distribution of this largesse by the hands of one *Yoghi*, a sort of Bogie-man, well played by M. DE MAX. But the young *Scyndia*, being on pleasure bent, and evidently not "of a frugal mind," like JOHNIE GILPIN, has also ordered in, from the nearest Stores, a sumptuous supper, consisting apparently of "pine-apples for one," and several dishes of more or less ripe fruit, with a few empty goblets—"No Bottles to-day,"—all placed on a portable table, which is brought in by handy attendants, also probably hired from the waiter-supplying greengrocer's.

But *Izejl*, having turned from the error of her ways, is, so to speak, "living with mother now," and refuses the proffered supper. Moreover, she rejects with scorn the amorous advances of the gay young *Prince*, who, becoming still gayer and more amorous every minute, exclaims in the language of ancient melodrama, "I must and will possess her!" or words to that effect, and | of *Izejl*. Not exhilarating, but memorable.



Sarah (of the Soothing-Syrup voice). "Me voilà encore une fois, mes enfants! Toujours le même vieux jeu!"

incontinently rushes to embrace his victim. But *Izejl* recalls a situation curiously like this in *La Tosca*, table and all included, and so snatching a queer sort of triangular dagger from *Scyndia's* belt, she poignards him sharply, fatally; and from being all life and energy down goes *Scyndia* dead as the proverbial door-nail. With dramatic prescience he falls close to the table, and in a few minutes the distracted *Izejl* on hearing, like *Lady Macbeth*, "a knocking at the door," partly drags him underneath the table, partly drags the table over him, and as a "happy thought," being a person of considerable resources, she, at the last moment, manages to hide his legs, which are sticking out awkwardly, under the tablecloth.

Enter the stout *Princess*, who, in the character of the mother unaware of her son being out, has a pleasant confidential chat with the interesting convert to Buddhism, during which poor *Scyndia* has to lie under the table, (rather trying this for an actor who would be "up and doing,") and then she suddenly discovers the truth. The infuriated *Princess* orders *Izejl* off to be tortured, and to have a lot of pleasant things done to her previous to being publicly exposed—which no adventuress likes—in the desert.

In the last Act, all we see is poor *Izejl* gone to the desert with her eye out—both eyes out; but as there is no trace of hot irons, nor any sign of any cruelty having been inflicted on her body, she seems to be none the worse for whatever may have happened to her—indeed, she is just a trifle more purring and fascinating than ever. There she sits, in a light and airy chemise, which, considering her fragile form, may be described as "next to nothing," or almost so, while a few rude persons—idlers, of course—stand by and jeer at her. Then the mad enthusiast, the cause of all this trouble, enters, and pats her on the head, but the *Prince*, suddenly appearing, dismisses *Yoghi-Bogie*, has a love scene with the unfortunate *Izejl*, who still seems to be more of the courtesan than the convert, and who finally dies in the *Prince's* arms; whereupon some of his followers, having palms ready in their hands, (which, of course, anatomically, is quite natural,) enter, and there's an end

To-day.

June 30. 1894.

To-day.

MY DEAR DICK,—*Izejl*, or the Limelight of Asia, is a lump of Edwin Arnold's great Oriental epic turn'd into a talkative *tableau vivant*. It is poetic and it is picturesque, but I don't call it a play. It preaches the admirable morality of the high-class heathen Sunday-school, but it is not good drama. It is a beautiful "living picture," illustrating a Buddhist tract; in aim and in essence it is beyond reproach, but it stands in the same relation to a real play as *Faust* or *The Tempter*—that is to say, it is rather dioramic than theatrical.

Sarah Bernhardt plays in it admirably, and it is excellently mounted.

Madame Sans-Gêne, on the other hand, is a triumph of technical skill. There is nothing particularly interesting about the plot. The episodes in the career of Napoleon that are selected for treatment are sordid rather than exciting. But nothing is impossible to Sardou. As drawn by his pen the characters live and glow, the play rivets the attention of the audience, the touch of the master illuminates everything. Happy *Madame Réjane*, to find such a chance of demonstrating her ability; and happy author, to find his creation placed in such competent hands. No wonder play and actress together sent Paris into ecstasies.

The Masqueraders. Liverpool Daily Post

October 14, 1894

"THE MASQUERADERS" AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE.

If one had the gift of technical musical criticism and chose to describe Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "The Masqueraders," in terms of musical art, one might call it a Symphony in the key of Reverent Constancy. There might be the usual discussion whether "form" had been strictly observed. The Adagio passages would be noted as lengthy. The Episodes would be expatiated on for all they are worth. The Andante of the growing love between Dulcie Larondie and David Remon would be sympathetically admired. The strident vulgarity of the Scherzo, in which the brute aristocrat is the principal feature, would be singled out as daring and bizarre. And the finale—would it be pronounced an anti-climax or a sweet, pure, delicate innovation in which the theme, but lately all passionate, had been brought back into a mood of sane harmony, expressive of sweet submission to "the order of things." Whatever else might be said, the thread of Reverent Constancy running through the whole composition would be recognised as the Key of the whole, and all sorts of pretty things could be said of the fancy and the whim with which this main idea throughout was decorated and made various.

The constant, reverent hero is David Remon, a gentle eccentric, devoted to astronomy, to love and to a poetical mysticism which idealises for him the hollow unreality of life; and half comforts him with a fascinating belief that there is one spot in the universe, a star in the nebula of Andromeda, where there are no shams and everything is as it is. To such a man the quality of the divinity worshipped is not of the highest importance. He would be revolted by coarseness or vice. He is doubtless the more attached by beauty. But he is not dependent on superior excellence or repelled by frivolous disregard of his adoration. In the language of other days he would be described as a humourist, only with a very soft side to his humour. His fanciful versions of astronomy, his quaint love of good wine and plenty, but not too much, his frank avowal of the folly of such a mood as his—that is to say, a constant kissing of the hem of the woman's robe without hope of return—all these things mark him out as a whimsical hero, while the treatment of the character by the author suffuses all the whim with poetry, and imaginative passion, and playful satire, on the ways of ordinary people. It is this part which Mr. Alexander works out and lives up to with an effect most winning to all who enter with sufficient patience and cognisance into the spirit of the delicate creation. Others find the early scenes too long drawn out, and only begin to be really enthusiastic about the play when the great card scene in the third act is reached.

Such being the hero, who and what is the heroine? We make her acquaintance in the first act. The scene is laid at a hunt ball—a gay picture of moving life, rendered all the more charming by being set in the courtyard of one of those beautiful old inns in the South of England, which have lent themselves to the picturesque from the Canterbury Pilgrims downwards. Dulcie Larondie is a barmaid. She is a lady. She has adopted this way of life owing to the downfall of her family. She hates it, and hates still worse the hunt-ball mortifications incident to it. But she is really not superior at this time to the circumstances by which she is surrounded. She flirts, she jokes, she laughs, she avows to her sister that she longs to be in the great world, and to see life, and is visibly ready to marry anyone who will give her position. For this she is afterwards very bitterly punished. Her chance comes. A lively scene in which at the hunt ball, for charitable purposes, a kiss of hers is put up to auction, and fetches 3,000

guineas, owing to a fierce contest between David Remon and a wild baronet, ends with a proposal for her hand by the latter. There is a little playful consolation given to David by Dulcie for this to him painful incident, and she kisses his cheek at parting, but she is wrapped up in the glory of re-entering society as Sir Brice Skene's wife, and no one who saw the finish of the hunt ball would suppose that this eccentric lover would ever darken or brighten the door of her life again.

In plays it is different. Four years elapse and the second act discloses utterly wrecked happiness and relations of brutal estrangement between husband and wife, while the astronomer has been rendered famous by great discoveries. Lady Skene has come to realise his infinite devotion, and has been deeply touched by it. She evidently loves him, and the gained baronet, her husband, calmly and shamelessly proposes that as Remon has become rich by the will of a deceased friend he should contribute to their support. This incident closes a very brilliant act, chiefly occupied by dialogue of a modern "School for Scandal" sort, satirising the artifices, pretences, and sore places of Society—a miserable old theme, but treated brightly and with some freshness, especially with the aid of a voluble cycic, played admirably by Mr. Elliot, and a fatuous, inquisitive young gentleman, of whose character the idea has been well caught by Mr. Vane-Tempest.

David Remon goes away to France so that his aiding the Skenes with money may bring no actual reproach on the lady, but things are not destined to be quietly accommodated. Mr. Waring plays Sir Brice Skene, and aided by a most judicious, scarcely perceptible, and yet telling make-up, he depicts with rare power the rapidly increasing brutalisation of this typical bad husband. The third act takes place at Nice. Several of the characters—and especially Remon's brother (capitally played by Mr. Esmond)—have interesting "bits" here, but the great situation of the piece is led up to by Sir Bryce threatening to take away his wife's little child from her if she will not set more money out of her admirer. This deepest of his brutalities, except one, is followed by an outbreak of hysterical speculation by the maddened Dulcie, founded on the language of the marriage service. A more difficult episode to act cannot be imagined, and there can be no harm in saying that in giving it force and probability, and, so to speak, *fling*, Miss Evelyn Millard quite outshines the better-known lady who played this part in London. Similarly successful she had been in the first act, where an appearance of ladyhood and good character amid the innocent divagations of the barmaid greatly helped the piece. Miss Millard, indeed, plays the arduous and perplexing part of Dulcie Larondie with high intelligence, deep feeling, and entire success.

In the third act, however, Lady Skene's excitement is secondary to the struggle between the two men, which at last takes the desperate form of cutting cards—"two out of three"—for the wife and child, the other stake being Remon's fortune of £200,000. This remarkable incident might easily be transacted roughly, casually, without art and unheightened by significant and feverish detail. But all these are necessary to make it real. And real it is. The audience are breathless. Every point, every preliminary, every accident, every accessory touch is a vicissitude of the most agonising kind. The deadly decision of Mr. Alexander and the parched excitement of Mr. Waring create such feeling as is rarely shown in a theatre, and last night when the climax was reached the audience could not control its manifestations, and Mr. Alexander's fierce speech as Remon clutches Skene by the neck and hurls him to the ground passed almost unheard owing to the vehement applause.

A SARA-SCENIC SHOW.

WELCOME to SARA as *Izejl*,—"with the dotlets on the y,"—and welcome to SARA generally, whatever she may play. She may not, perhaps, be quite so ethereal as heretofore, she may be a trifle more solidified, but "for a' that and a' that," SARA is SARA, the same incomparable SARA. There is nothing particularly new in *Izejl*, a poetical tragical drama in verse and four acts. Its first two scenes are as tranquillising as a scientific lecture, and as pretty as a pastoral dissolving view. Representing the converted courtesan, SARA is the same sweet, magnetising, purring person, with an occasional fit of tiger-cat just to enliven the otherwise drowsy proceedings.

It is not till we come to the Third Act that there is anything at all approaching a dramatic sensation. *Scyndia* (M. DENEUBOURG), the gay young spark, who, as his mother, the remarkably fine *Princess* (Madame MARTHOLD) thinks, goes to bed at eight, and remains there, comes to *Izejl's* palatial residence, and brings with him a handsome present for her of all sorts of, apparently, Palais Royal jewellery, and imitation coins in large boxes. These gifts the still fascinating but recently converted courtesan at once hands over to the poor, whom she has always with her, in the shape of a crowd of invisible beggars waiting outside, all cheering loudly, and no wonder, at the distribution of this largesse by the hands of one *Yoghi*, a sort of Bogie-man, well played by M. DE MAX. But the young *Scyndia*, being on pleasure bent, and evidently not "of a frugal mind," like JOHNNIE GILPIN, has also ordered in, from the nearest Stores, a sumptuous supper, consisting apparently of "pine-apples for one," and several dishes of more or less ripe fruit, with a few empty goblets—"No Bottles to-day,"—all placed on a portable table, which is brought in by handy attendants, also probably hired from the waiter-supplying greengrocer's.

But *Izejl*, having turned from the error of her ways, is, so to speak, "living with mother now," and refuses the proffered supper. Moreover, she rejects with scorn the amorous advances of the gay young *Prince*, who, becoming still gayer and more amorous every minute, exclaims in the language of 2019:03-16 melodrama, "I must and will possess her!" or words to that effect, and of *Izejl*. Not exhilarating, but memorable.

incontinently rushes to embrace his victim. But *Izejl* recalls a situation curiously like this in *La Tosca*, table and all included, and so snatching a queer sort of triangular dagger from *Scyndia's* belt, she poignards him sharply, fatally; and from being all life and energy down goes *Scyndia* dead as the proverbial door-nail. With dramatic prescience he falls close to the table, and in a few minutes the distracted *Izejl* on hearing, like *Lady Macbeth*, "a knocking at the door," partly drags him underneath the table, partly drags the table over him, and as a "happy thought," being a person of considerable resources, she, at the last moment, manages to hide his legs, which are sticking out awkwardly, under the tablecloth.

Enter the stout *Princess*, who, in the character of the mother unaware of her son being out, has a pleasant confidential chat with the interesting convert to Buddhism, during which poor *Scyndia* has to lie under the table, (rather trying this for an actor who would be "up and doing,") and then she suddenly discovers the truth. The infuriated *Princess* orders *Izejl* off to be tortured, and to have a lot of pleasant things done to her previous to being publicly exposed—which no adventuress likes—in the desert.

In the last Act, all we see is poor *Izejl* gone to the desert with her eye out—both eyes out; but as there is no trace of hot irons, nor any sign of any cruelty having been inflicted on her body, she seems to be none the worse for whatever may have happened to her—indeed, she is just a trifle more purring and fascinating than ever. There she sits, in a light and airy chemise, which, considering her fragile form, may be described as "next to nothing," or almost so, while a few rude persons—idlers, of course—stand by and jeer at her. Then the mad enthusiast, the cause of all this trouble, enters, and pats her on the head, but the *Prince*, suddenly appearing, dismisses *Yoghi-Bogie*, has a love scene with the unfortunate *Izejl*, who still seems to be more of the courtesan than the convert, and who finally dies in the *Prince's* arms; whereupon some of his followers, having palms ready in their hands, (which, of course, anatomically, is quite natural,) enter, and there's an end



Sarah (of the Soothing-Syrup voice). "Me voilà encore une fois, mes enfants! Toujours le même vieux jeu!"

To-day.

MY DEAR DICK,—*Izeyl*, or the Limelight of Asia, is a lump of Edwin Arnold's great Oriental epic turned into a talkative *tableau vivant*. It is poetic and it is picturesque, but I don't call it a play. It preaches the admirable morality of the high-class heathen Sunday-school, but it is not good drama. It is a beautiful "living picture," illustrating a Buddhist tract; in aim and in essence it is beyond reproach, but it stands in the same relation to a real play as *Faust* or *The Tempter*—that is to say, it is rather dioramic than theatrical.

Sarah Bernhardt's play is not only, and it is excellently mounted.

To-day.

Madame Sans-Gêne, on the other hand, is a triumph of technical skill. There is nothing particularly interesting about the plot. The episodes in the career of Napoleon that are selected for treatment are sordid rather than exciting. But nothing is impossible to Sardou. As drawn by his pen the characters live and glow, the play rivets the attention of the audience, the touch of the master illuminates everything. Happy Madame Réjane, to find such a chance of demonstrating her ability; and happy author, to find his creation placed in such competition. No wonder they and actress together sent Paris into ecstasies.

October 14
1894"THE MASQUERADERS" AT THE
SHAKESPEARE THEATRE.

If one had the gift of technical musical criticism and chose to describe Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "The Masqueraders," in terms of musical art, one might call it a Symphony in the key of Reverent Constancy. There might be the usual discussion whether "form" had been strictly observed. The Adagio passages would be noted as lengthy. The Episodes would be expatiated on for all they are worth. The Andante of the growing love between Dulcie Larondie and David Remon would be sympathetically admired. The strident vulgarity of the Scherzo, in which the brute aristocrat is the principal feature, would be singled out as daring and bizarre. And the finale—would it be pronounced an anti-climax or a sweet, pure, delicate innovation in which the theme, but lately all passionate, had been brought back into a mood of sane harmony, expressive of sweet submission to "the order of things." Whatever else might be said, the thread of Reverent Constancy running through the whole composition would be recognised as the Key of the whole, and all sorts of pretty things could be said of the fancy and the whim with which this main idea throughout was decorated and made various.

The constant, reverent hero is David Remon, a gentle eccentric, devoted to astronomy, to love and to a poetical mysticism which idealises for him the hollow unreality of life; and half comforts him with a fascinating belief that there is one spot in the universe, a star in the nebula of Andromeda, where there are no shams and everything is as it is. To such a man the quality of the divinity worshipped is not of the highest importance. He would be revolted by coarseness or vice. He is doubtless the more attached by beauty. But he is not dependent on superior excellence or repelled by frivolous disregard of his adoration. In the language of other days he would be described as a humourist, only with a very soft side to his humour. His fanciful visions of astronomy, his quaint love of good wine "and plenty, but not too much," his frank avowal of the folly of such a mood as his—that is to say, a constant kissing of the hem of the woman's robe without hope of return—all these things mark him out as a whimsical hero, while the treatment of the character by the author suffuses all the whim with poetry, and imaginative passion, and playful satire, on the ways of ordinary people. It is this part which Mr. Alexander works out and lives up to with an effect most winning to all who enter with sufficient patience and cognisance into the spirit of the delicate creation. Others find the early scenes too long drawn out, and only begin to be really enthusiastic about the play when the great card scene in the third act is reached.

Such being the hero, who and what is the heroine? We make her acquaintance in the first act. The scene is laid at a hunt ball—a gay picture of moving life, rendered all the more charming by being set in the courtyard of one of those beautiful old inns in the South of England, which have lent themselves to the picturesque from the Canterbury Pilgrims downwards. Dulcie Larondie is a barmaid. She is a lady. She has adopted this way of life owing to the downfall of her family. She hates it, and hates still worse the hunt-ball mortifications incident to it. But she is really not superior at this time to the circumstances by which she is surrounded. She flirts, she jokes, she laughs, she avows to her sister that she longs to be in the great world, and to see life, and is visibly ready to marry anyone who will give her position. For this she is afterwards very bitterly punished. Her chance comes. A lively scene in which at the hunt ball, for charitable purposes, a kiss of hers is put up to auction, and fetches 3,000

guineas, owing to a fierce contest between David Remon and a wild baronet, ends with a proposal for her hand by the latter. There is a little playful consolation given to David by Dulcie for this to him painful incident, and she kisses his cheek at parting, but she is wrapped up in the glory of re-entering society as Sir Brice Skene's wife, and no one who saw the finish of the hunt ball would suppose that this eccentric lover would ever darken or brighten the door of her life again.

In plays it is different. Four years elapse and the second act discloses utterly wrecked happiness and relations of brutal estrangement between husband and wife, while the astronomer has been rendered famous by great discoveries. Lady Skene has come to realise his infinite devotion, and has been deeply touched by it. She evidently loves him, and the ruined baronet, her husband, calmly and shamelessly proposes that as Remon has become rich by the will of a deceased friend he should contribute to their support. This incident closes a very brilliant act, chiefly occupied by dialogue of a modern "School for Scandal" sort, satirising the artifices, pretences, and sore places of Society—a miserable old theme, but treated brightly and with some freshness, especially with the aid of a voluble cycic, played admirably by Mr. Elliot, and a fatuous, inquisitive young gentleman, of whose character the idea has been well caught by Mr. Vane-Tempest.

David Remon goes away to France so that his aiding the Skenes with money may bring no actual reproach on the lady, but things are not destined to be quietly accommodated. Mr. Waring plays Sir Brice Skene, and aided by a most judicious, scarcely perceptible, and yet telling make-up, he depicts with rare power the rapidly increasing brutalisation of this typical bad husband. The third act takes place at Nice. Several of the characters—and especially Remon's brother (capitally played by Mr. Esmond)—have interesting "bits" here, but the great situation of the piece is led up to by Sir Bryce threatening to take away his wife's little child from her if she will not get more money out of her admirer. This deepest of his brutalities, except one, is followed by an outbreak of hysterical speculation by the maddened Dulcie, founded on the language of the marriage service. A more difficult episode to act cannot be imagined, and there can be no harm in saying that in giving it force and probability, and, so to speak, *fling*, Miss Evelyn Millard quite outshines the better-known lady who played this part in London. Similarly successful she had been in the first act, where an appearance of ladyhood and good character amid the innocent divagations of the barmaid greatly helped the piece. Miss Millard, indeed, plays the arduous and perplexing part of Dulcie Larondie with high intelligence, deep feeling, and entire success.

In the third act, however, Lady Skene's excitement is secondary to the struggle between the two men, which at last takes the desperate form of cutting cards—"two out of three"—for the wife and child, the other stake being Remon's fortune of £200,000. This remarkable incident might easily be transacted roughly, casually, without art and unheightened by significant and feverish detail. But all these are necessary to make it real. And real it is. The audience are breathless. Every point, every preliminary, every accident, every accessory touch is a vicissitude of the most agonising kind. The deadly decision of Mr. Alexander and the parched excitement of Mr. Waring create such feeling as is rarely shown in a theatre, and last night when the climax was reached the audience could not control its manifestations, and Mr. Alexander's fierce speech as Remon clutches Skene by the neck and hurls him to the ground passed almost unheard owing to the vehement applause.

John - a - Dreams
The Athenæum.

But in the last act the bargain is not carried out. The woman in Lady Brice reasserts herself. She remembers, in spite of undoubtedly loving her long faithful and heroic adorer, that she is still a wife of a living husband. Aided by her sister, who is an excellent homilist, he resumes his intention of going to see the transit of Venus on a great and perilous exhibition and goes off persuaded that he will see his love no more—except in the little star in the Nebula of Andromeda, where all will be real. This act is most charmingly written and most true to life, and after all gives the powerful drama its most probable termination. Miss Granville played the sister beautifully, and Mrs. Saker's successful appearance in one of the "Society" parts was, of course, interesting to the Shakespeare audience. Miss Irene Vanbrugh played a merry, shallow part well, and, indeed, the whole cast was efficient, as the efforts of the whole company were entirely successful with the audience, who gave the play a most gratifying reception. It is a fine work—fine in feeling and fine in execution.

November 7,
1894.

DRAMA
THE WEEK.
HAYMARKET.—'John-a-Dreams,' a Play in Four Acts. By Haddon Chambers.
ST. JAMES'S.—Re-opening: Revival of 'The Masqueraders,' a Play in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones.

In 'Death's Jest Book; or, the Fool's Tragedy,' of Lovell Beddoes (a work written in the first half of the present century under the direct inspiration, it might seem, of Webster), two men who have made a compact of eternal friendship find that they love the same woman. They are, in fact, brothers-in-arms, a bond in mediæval times of supreme sanctity. Acting on the obligations thus established, Sir Wolfram departs to rescue his sworn brother, Duke Melveric of Munsterberg, prisoner in the hands of the Saracens. The rescue accomplished, Melveric recognizes in his preserver his successful rival, and plots against his life with poison. This snare Wolfram escapes, and, though conscious how basely he has been used, pardons, and once more saves Melveric, fallen afresh into the hands of his former foes, and menaced with death by torture. The answer of the duke, so soon as he is freed from his bonds, is to seize the sword of a fallen Arab and plunge it into the heart of the man who, whatever his claims, stands between him and the possession of his love. This is in the true antique vein. For Melveric read Sir Hubert Garlinge, and for Sir Wolfram, Harold Wynn, and we have the main lines of 'John-a-Dreams.' That one of the two heroes is a dreamer and eats opium, and that the heroine has a degraded past, are concessions to the spirit of to-day, and are otherwise unimportant. Once more we have two friends, one patient, meek, long-suffering, devoted; the other mad enough in love to proceed from treachery to treachery, and to pride himself upon abject deeds committed in the interest of absorbing and overmastering passion. So far as this strife is concerned, Mr. Chambers's play is a success. The manipulation of the theme is, however, less good than the theme itself. When the heroine, having received the avowal of love from lips on which it sounds sweetest, goes away for half an hour, for no purpose except to furnish the villain with an opportunity of drugging his rival, and when the hero deliberately turns his back on his arch enemy and writes a needless letter to a man he will see in a few minutes, so that the scheme of treachery may be carried out, our faith mutinies. The treachery itself, moreover, not too easily conceivable in action, is necessarily inoperative, and serves no purpose except to provide another act. These things are unmistakable blemishes, and show how difficult it is to fit great dramatic notions to the level of commonplace and conventional characters. We forgive all, however, because the action in its main lines is stimulating, the comic relief is pretty and effective, and the surroundings of the story are vivacious and beautiful. A good interpretation aids further to commend the whole. There is some resemblance to 'The Masqueraders' in the aspect of the two chief combatants to the

The Weekly Sun.

Mr. Tree has secured a popular success in "John-a-Dreams," produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday night—there can be no doubt of that. The play is in some respects Mr. Haddon Chambers's best work. If he had been able to finish the play with as firm a touch as he began it, "John-a-Dreams" would have been a very remarkable work; but unfortunately, it falls away into mere, middle-class melodrama. Again, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is called upon to play the part of a woman with a particular past.

In her girlhood Kate Cloud was a prostitute—a prostitute, it is hinted, of a more vulgar and sordid type than Paula Tanqueray. When we meet her, however, she is a popular vocalist, whom education has filled with shame and loathing of her past. She is beloved by two men—a dreamy, opium-eating poet, played by Mr. Tree; and a sturdy sensualist, who has been his firm friend through life, played by Mr. Charles Cartwright. Their quarrel about the girl is the first that has occurred; and it is a bitter quarrel.

Kate inclines to the poet. But can she honestly listen to a good man's courtship? In this difficulty she addresses herself to a discreet and learned minister of God's word, and in a scene of exquisite pathos, tells him the story of her life. He bids her hold up her head with the best of women—she is worthy of the best of men. And then Kate tells him one thing more—the name of her lover. It is the good priest's son! His face betrays his horror; but he quickly cries: "Yes; marry even my son." But the woman says "No; you gave me my answer ere yet you spoke. I am unworthy."

There are two acts to follow this splendid scene; but the interest in the play is at an end. The old clergyman is the dominant figure now; and brings the lovers together. Mr. Nutecombe Gould has probably done nothing better than his impersonation of the Honourable and Reverend Stephen Wynne. But the play is admirably cast throughout, and in no respect more admirably than of the comic episodes, which are natural and truly amusing. Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Edmund Maurice, and Mr. Herbert Ross distinguish themselves herein.

November 11,
1894.

John - a - Dreams.

heroine. One is, in each case, a visionary, and the other a man desperate and unscrupulous. Mr. Tree's acting bears accordingly a certain resemblance to that of Mr. Alexander, as Mr. Cartwright's does to that of Mr. Waring. One feels the more this resemblance (which, of course, is accidental, and involves no suspicion of intentional or unintentional imitation) inasmuch as the actress who plays in the new piece is the same that took part in the old. Mr. Tree's performance has, however, a species of subtlety which is wholly his own. Mrs. Campbell gives a pleasant performance of the heroine. The lighter portions of the play are portrayed with much vivacity by Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Ross. The piece is superbly mounted, and the scenes on shipboard are decidedly effective.

The Westminster Gazette. November 9,
1894.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS" AT THE HAYMARKET.
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S NEW PART.

It is easy to criticise the new play by Mr. Haddon Chambers—so easy, indeed, that one is surprised that the criticism was not made before the production, so that we might be robbed of an easy task. Before, however, dealing with the piece from the critic's point of view, it is only fair to speak of its impression on the public. It was decidedly favourable. After each act there was hearty applause, and at the end were cheers for everyone that drowned the feeble signs of discontentment. So Mr. Tree seemed justified in the observation which he made in a short speech—that he hoped the drama would run till the New Year. Yet another matter remains. Many were as curious to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell as to witness the play, since the result of her two last parts was to leave her position curiously ill-defined. Has she genius or is she a one-part actress? was the question. The answer is, perhaps, betwixt and between. Her part was set all in one key, so that to avoid monotony was difficult, whilst her most effective scene came very close to the first act of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," wherefore the actress was doubtless hampered by her desire to differentiate the characters. It may be admitted that at times she seemed a little deficient in power and tenderness, yet the general effect was impressive, and she showed a tact and reticence that belong to truly high art. One could imagine a more enthralling performance without wishing for one of greater skill or purer method.

The play is a curiosity. It is difficult to realise that it is the work of one hand. The first part seems to have been written by a dramatist sincerely anxious to deal with the difficult question of ante-nuptial chastity on the woman's part, to which Henry VIII. found such a cutting answer. It is earnest and interesting, and, though weak in characterisation and marred by the farcical nature of the humorous scenes, made one feel that Mr. Chambers really has the right metal in him. The second part appears to be the work of an ordinary melodramatist who does not believe that the public cares about problems, social questions, or psychological qualities, but merely wants stirring stuff. Harold Wynn, called "John-a-Dreams," is a wealthy poet—why a poet one must ask Mr. Haddon Chambers or the author of "The Masqueraders,"—and he has had a ten years' friendship with Sir Hubert Garlinge, the villain of the piece. They had made a compact of friendship when at college, which they called the Oxford compact, and it had been kept faithfully till Kate Cloud came between them. Both loved her, and they quarrelled. Harold was successful in winning her heart; his rival, though far more deeply in love, could not move her at all; yet he did not give up hope, but wisely kept off the stage during the second act. It is explained, somewhat needlessly, that Harold's family has a decided alcoholic tendency—in his case the craving for stimulant takes the now unfashionable form of laudanum-drinking. He had been in the habit for some years when his father

found it out, and asked him to give it up. He agreed that he would make a promise, but not to his father, and so when he met Kate he promised not to touch the drug again until he ceased to love her. She was in a cruel plight, for she loved him deeply, yet felt herself unworthy, so she sought his father—a clergyman—and told her tale. Her mother had been a "fallen woman," the daughter was brought up ignorant of right or wrong, and in undue course adopted her mother's career and was not even unhappy in it. However, she was rescued, and, as she had a fine voice, became a successful singer. It is remarkable that nothing in the conduct of the woman or her speeches suggests these startling circumstances, though Mrs. Campbell proved in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that she possesses a wonderful gift for showing the indelible stain of such a life upon a woman. The tale shocked, grieved, and eventually delighted the father, till he learns that his son loves her; then he makes a movement of horror and disgust which, despite his efforts to atone for it, causes her to feel that she ought not to marry Harold. Consequently she pretends to Harold that she is a flighty, whimsical creature and has fallen out of love with him; then she disappears. Up to this point, and even afterwards in the scene where she tells her tale to Harold and he reiterates his offer of marriage, the play, despite the want of individuality or even life in the characters, deserves encouraging praise. Then comes the change to rank melodrama. The villain resolves to separate the lovers. He determines to use the laudanum habit, so he puts the remainder of a very small bottle which Harold states that he had "almost finished" into the hero's brandy. Harold, not noticing the powerful smell and taste, drinks it and is immediately affected. Whilst in an exhilarated state, he writes "I release you," at Sir Hubert's suggestion, meaning it to be an ending to the Oxford compact, and then, after a mild fight with the villain, falls asleep on a sofa. Without saying that it was impossible he should have failed to notice the taste or smell of laudanum, or that such a relatively small dose should have overcome a persistent opium-taker—De Quincey used to take 8,000 drops in a day—we may assert that all this as presented on the stage seems inadequate and impossible. Sir Hubert gives Kate the "I release you," and she finds the bottle in Harold's hand and assumes that her love-dream is over, so she goes to Southampton with Sir Hubert, intending to take a foreign trip on the yacht of a friend of the baronet. He appears to be mindful of the famous line "Once on board the lugger and the girl is mine," for he comes to the yacht and tries to induce the captain to set sail, but he refuses on account of the stormy weather, so Sir Hubert makes an inopportune offer of marriage, and then, being refused, embraces Kate violently: there is a "lively round" between them, and she "breaks away." In the nick of time the hero and his father—unheralded, strange to say, by music—arrive. All parties are very forbearing to the brutal baronet, who leaves the yacht in a dinghy whilst the others somewhat recklessly sail off into the storm as the curtain falls. It is only fair to add that there is no evidence that there was a storm. This second half seems inexcusably commonplace and weak. The lighter parts consist of scenes between a Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn and Mr. Percy de Coburn. The young man makes love to Mrs. Wanklyn, who, vexed at her husband's indifference, encourages him with the idea of making her husband jealous. She succeeds, and the husband and wife become lovers again. The scenes are farcical, not irreproachable in taste, but funny, and contain some clever lines. Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "John-a-Dreams" had not a part that enabled him to show his gifts in a new light, so little need be said save that he played it with all the skill and charm that have rendered him popular: the scene in which he learnt the truth about Kate was his chief moment of passion, and here he really thrilled the house. Mr. Cartwright as the baronet had a highly coloured romantic part that hardly suited his powerful restrained style, and was compelled to raise his voice too often. Praise may be given to Miss Janette Steer for her performance in the part of Mrs. Wanklyn, which was an able piece of work; we venture to hint that the colour scheme of her dresses was painful. Mr. Herbert Ross, by his very clever acting as Percy de Coburn, made quite a "hit"; and great praise is due to Mr. Nutcombe Gould for his skilful work in the character of the father.

But in the last act the bargain is not carried out. The woman in Lady Brice reasserts herself. She remembers, in spite of undoubtedly loving her long faithful and heroic adorer, that she is still a wife of a living husband. Aided by her sister, who is an excellent homilist, he resumes his intention of going to see the transit of Venus on a great and perilous exhibition and goes off persuaded that he will see his love no more—except in the little star in the Nebula of Andromeda, where all will be real. This act is most charmingly written and most true to life, and after all gives the powerful drama its most probable termination. Miss Granville played the sister beautifully, and Mrs. Saker's successful appearance in one of the "Society" parts was, of course, interesting to the Shakespeare audience. Miss Irene Vanbrugh played a merry, shallow part well, and, indeed, the whole cast was efficient, as the efforts of the whole company were entirely successful with the audience, who gave the play a most gratifying reception. The production was interesting and fine in execution.

DRAMA

THE WEEK.

HAYMARKET.—'John-a-Dreams,' a Play in Four Acts. By Haddon Chambers.

ST. JAMES'S.—Reopening: Revival of 'The Masqueraders,' a Play in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones.

IN 'Death's Jest Book; or, the Fool's Tragedy,' of Lovell Beddoes (a work written in the first half of the present century under the direct inspiration, it might seem, of Webster), two men who have made a compact of eternal friendship find that they love the same woman. They are, in fact, brothers-in-arms, a bond in mediæval times of supreme sanctity. Acting on the obligations thus established, Sir Wolfram departs to rescue his sworn brother, Duke Melveric of Munsterberg, prisoner in the hands of the Saracens. The rescue accomplished, Melveric recognizes in his preserver his successful rival, and plots against his life with poison. This snare Wolfram escapes, and, though conscious how basely he has been used, pardons, and once more saves Melveric, fallen afresh into the hands of his former foes, and menaced with death by torture. The answer of the duke, so soon as he is freed from his bonds, is to seize the sword of a fallen Arab and plunge it into the heart of the man who, whatever his claims, stands between him and the possession of his love. This is in the true antique vein. For Melveric read Sir Hubert Garlinge, and for Sir Wolfram, Harold Wynn, and we have the main lines of 'John-a-Dreams.' That one of the two heroes is a dreamer and eats opium, and that the heroine has a degraded past, are concessions to the spirit of to-day, and are otherwise unimportant. Once more we have two friends, one patient, meek, long-suffering, devoted; the other mad enough in love to proceed from treachery to treachery, and to pride himself upon abject deeds committed in the interest of absorbing and overmastering passion. So far as this strife is concerned, Mr. Chambers's play is a success. The manipulation of the theme is, however, less good than the theme itself. When the heroine, having received the avowal of love from lips on which it sounds sweetest, goes away for half an hour, for no purpose except to furnish the villain with an opportunity of drugging his rival, and when the hero deliberately turns his back on his arch enemy and writes a needless letter to a man he will see in a few minutes, so that the scheme of treachery may be carried out, our faith mutinies. The treachery itself, moreover, not too easily conceivable in action, is necessarily inoperative, and serves no purpose except to provide another act. These things are unmistakable blemishes, and show how difficult it is to fit great dramatic notions to the level of commonplace and conventional characters. We forgive all, however, because the action in its main lines is stimulating, the comic relief is pretty and effective, and the surroundings of the story are vivacious and beautiful. A good interpretation aids further to commend the whole. There is some resemblance to 'The Masqueraders' in the aspect of the two chief combatants to the

heroine. One is, in each case, a visionary, and the other a man desperate and unscrupulous. Mr. Tree's acting bears accordingly a certain resemblance to that of Mr. Alexander, as Mr. Cartwright's does to that of Mr. Waring. One feels the more this resemblance (which, of course, is accidental, and involves no suspicion of intentional or unintentional imitation) inasmuch as the actress who plays in the new piece is the same that took part in the old. Mr. Tree's performance has, however, a species of subtlety which is wholly his own. Mrs. Campbell gives a pleasant performance of the heroine. The lighter portions of the play are portrayed with much vivacity by Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Ross. The piece is superbly mounted, and the scenes on shipboard are decidedly effective.

The Westminster Gazette

"JOHN-A-DREAMS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S NEW PART.

It is easy to criticise the new play by Mr. Haddon—so easy, indeed, that one is surprised that the criticism made before the production, so that we might be robbed of our task. Before, however, dealing with the piece from the critic's view, it is only fair to speak of its impression on the audience, which was decidedly favourable. After each act there was hearty cheering, and at the end were cheers for everyone that drowned signs of discontentment. So Mr. Tree seemed justified in his observation which he made in a short speech—that the drama would run till the New Year. Yet another question remains. Many were as curious to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell witness the play, since the result of her two last performances had left her position curiously ill-defined. Has she genius as a one-part actress? was the question. The answer is, perhaps, neither yes nor no. Her part was set all in one key, so that the monotony was difficult, whilst her most effective scene came in the first act of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," wherefore the doubtless hampered by her desire to differentiate the two parts. It may be admitted that at times she seemed a little powerless and tenderness, yet the general effect was improved by the tact and reticence that belong to the art. One could imagine a more enthralling performance if she showed a greater skill or purer method.

The play is a curiosity. It is difficult to realise that it is the work of an ordinary melodramatist who does not take the public cares about problems, social questions, or political questions, but merely wants stirring stuff. Harold Wynn, in "John-a-Dreams," is a wealthy poet—why a poet one would not have thought. Mr. Haddon Chambers or the author of "The Masqueraders" has had a ten years' friendship with Sir Hubert Garlinge, of the piece. They had made a compact of friendship at college, which they called the Oxford compact, and they kept faithfully till Kate Cloud came between them. Both of them quarrelled. Harold was successful in his heart; his rival, though far more deeply in love, could not get her at all; yet he did not give up hope, but wisely kept the stage during the second act. It is explained, somewhat humorously, that Harold's family has a decided alcoholic tendency—in his craving for stimulant takes the now unfashionable form of lauding his rival. He had been in the habit for some years when

heroine. One is, in each case, a visionary, and the other a man desperate and unscrupulous. Mr. Tree's acting bears accordingly a certain resemblance to that of Mr. Alexander, as Mr. Cartwright's does to that of Mr. Waring. One feels the more this resemblance (which, of course, is accidental, and involves no suspicion of intentional or unintentional imitation) inasmuch as the actress who plays in the new piece is the same that took part in the old. Mr. Tree's performance has, however, a species of subtlety which is wholly his own. Mrs. Campbell gives a pleasant performance of the heroine. The lighter portions of the play are portrayed with much vivacity by Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Ross. The piece is superbly mounted, and the scenes on shipboard are decidedly effective.

The Westminster Gazette. November 9

1894

"JOHN-A-DREAMS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S NEW PART.

It is easy to criticise the new play by Mr. Haddon Chambers—so easy, indeed, that one is surprised that the criticism was not made before the production, so that we might be robbed of an easy task. Before, however, dealing with the piece from the critic's point of view, it is only fair to speak of its impression on the public. It was decidedly favourable. After each act there was hearty applause, and at the end were cheers for everyone that drowned the feeble signs of discontentment. So Mr. Tree seemed justified in the observation which he made in a short speech—that he hoped the drama would run till the New Year. Yet another matter remains. Many were as curious to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell as to witness the play, since the result of her two last parts was to leave her position curiously ill-defined. Has she genius or is she a one-part actress? was the question. The answer is, perhaps, betwixt and between. Her part was set all in one key, so that to avoid monotony was difficult, whilst her most effective scene came very close to the first act of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," wherefore the actress was doubtless hampered by her desire to differentiate the characters. It may be admitted that at times she seemed a little deficient in power and tenderness, yet the general effect was impressive, and she showed a tact and reticence that belong to truly high art. One could imagine a more enthralling performance without wishing for one of greater skill or purer method.

The play is a curiosity. It is difficult to realise that it is the work of one hand. The first part seems to have been written by a dramatist sincerely anxious to deal with the difficult question of ante-nuptial chastity on the woman's part, to which Henry VIII. found such a cutting answer. It is earnest and interesting, and, though weak in characterisation and marred by the farcical nature of the humorous scenes, made one feel that Mr. Chambers really has the right metal in him. The second part appears to be the work of an ordinary melodramatist who does not believe that the public cares about problems, social questions, or psychological qualities, but merely wants stirring stuff. Harold Wynn, called "John-a-Dreams," is a wealthy poet—why a poet one must ask Mr. Haddon Chambers or the author of "The Masqueraders,"—and he has had a ten years' friendship with Sir Hubert Garlinge, the villain of the piece. They had made a compact of friendship when at college, which they called the Oxford compact, and it had been kept faithfully till Kate Cloud came between them. Both loved her, and they quarrelled. Harold was successful in winning her heart; his rival, though far more deeply in love, could not move her at all; yet he did not give up hope, but wisely kept off the stage during the second act. It is explained, somewhat needlessly, that Harold had a decided alcoholic tendency—in his craving for stimulant takes the now unfashionable form of laudanum-drinking. He had been in the habit for some years when his father

found it out, and asked him to give it up. He agreed that he would make a promise, but not to his father, and so when he met Kate he promised not to touch the drug again until he ceased to love her. She was in a cruel plight, for she loved him deeply, yet felt herself unworthy, so she sought his father—a clergyman—and told her tale. Her mother had been a "fallen woman," the daughter was brought up ignorant of right or wrong, and in undue course adopted her mother's career and was not even unhappy in it. However, she was rescued, and, as she had a fine voice, became a successful singer. It is remarkable that nothing in the conduct of the woman or her speeches suggests these startling circumstances, though Mrs. Campbell proved in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that she possesses a wonderful gift for showing the indelible stain of such a life upon a woman. The tale shocked, grieved, and eventually delighted the father, till he learns that his son loves her; then he makes a movement of horror and disgust which, despite his efforts to atone for it, causes her to feel that she ought not to marry Harold. Consequently she pretends to Harold that she is a flighty, whimsical creature and has fallen out of love with him; then she disappears. Up to this point, and even afterwards in the scene where she tells her tale to Harold and he reiterates his offer of marriage, the play, despite the want of individuality or even life in the characters, deserves encouraging praise. Then comes the change to rank melodrama. The villain resolves to separate the lovers. He determines to use the laudanum habit, so he puts the remainder of a very small bottle which Harold states that he had "almost finished" into the hero's brandy. Harold, not noticing the powerful smell and taste, drinks it and is immediately affected. Whilst in an exhilarated state, he writes "I release you," at Sir Hubert's suggestion, meaning it to be an ending to the Oxford compact, and then, after a mild fight with the villain, falls asleep on a sofa. Without saying that it was impossible he should have failed to notice the taste or smell of laudanum, or that such a relatively small dose should have overcome a persistent opium-taker—De Quincey used to take 8,000 drops in a day—we may assert that all this as presented on the stage seems inadequate and impossible. Sir Hubert gives Kate the "I release you," and she finds the bottle in Harold's hand and assumes that her love-dream is over, so she goes to Southampton with Sir Hubert, intending to take a foreign trip on the yacht of a friend of the baronet. He appears to be mindful of the famous line "Once on board the lugger and the girl is mine," for he comes to the yacht and tries to induce the captain to set sail, but he refuses on account of the stormy weather, so Sir Hubert makes an inopportune offer of marriage, and then, being refused, embraces Kate violently: there is a "lively round" between them, and she "breaks away." In the nick of time the hero and his father—unheralded, strange to say, by music—arrive. All parties are very forbearing to the brutal baronet, who leaves the yacht in a dinghy whilst the others somewhat recklessly sail off into the storm as the curtain falls. It is only fair to add that there is no evidence that there was a storm. This second half seems inexcusably commonplace and weak. The lighter parts consist of scenes between a Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn and Mr. Percy de Coburn. The young man makes love to Mrs. Wanklyn, who, vexed at her husband's indifference, encourages him with the idea of making her husband jealous. She succeeds, and the husband and wife become lovers again. The scenes are farcical, not irreproachable in taste, but funny, and contain some clever lines. Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "John-a-Dreams" had not a part that enabled him to show his gifts in a new light, so little need be said save that he played it with all the skill and charm that have rendered him popular: the scene in which he learnt the truth about Kate was his chief moment of passion, and here he really thrilled the house. Mr. Cartwright as the baronet had a highly coloured romantic part that hardly suited his powerful restrained style, and was compelled to raise his voice too often. Praise may be given to Miss Janette Steer for her performance in the part of Mrs. Wanklyn, which was an able piece of work; we venture to hint that the colour scheme of her dresses was painful. Mr. Herbert Ross, by his very clever acting as Percy de Coburn, made quite a "hit"; and great praise is due to Mr. Nutcombe Gould for his skillful work in the character of the father.

To-day.

You must see Willard in *The Professor's Love Story*. It was a great evening at the Comedy on Monday. Everyone came to see the famous Barrie piece. Wilson Barrett, looking younger than ever, brought his pretty daughters, and hugely enjoyed his old comrade's success. The literary folk crowded up the gangways. Hall Caine and Conan Doyle were prominent among those who had come up specially to see the second big venture of the one and only literary dramatist—unless Oscar counts. Well, they didn't come for nothing. It's just the daintiest piece we've had. Reminds you a little of *Walker, London* in a way. Brings the scent of the hay over the footlights in sweeter whiffs even than Pinero in *The Squire*. And shows in the prettiest way imaginable—and that's not a way we've seen before for two consecutive seconds—how an old Dryasdust of five-and-forty, up to his eyes in volts and dynamos, and other dreadful scientific things, finds his youth again directly Cupid gets an arrow through those electrical defences. But the joke is that the old fellow doesn't recognise the delicious symptoms when they do appear. His doctor has to tell him, and then, horrified at the bare possibilities, he flies from the circle of infection, with fair perdition, his mischievous mouse of a secretary—demurely and very cleverly played by Bessie Hatton—on his arm! There's an underplot, of course, in which Henders and Pete, old friends from *Auld Licht Idylls*—or is it *A Window in Thrums*?—which first brought Barrie fame, crop comically up. They are well played, too, by Royce Carleton and F. H. Tyler, though being the only man of eminence who doesn't hail from the land o' cakes, I can't say if their accent would pass a jury of Henley, Stevenson, and Lang. But for once I wanted nothing but the main theme. Willard's Professor is a creation any actor might be proud of. We've been prating all the time he's been away about delicacy and subtlety and the like. Why, this prince of melodramatic darkness returns to teach us what these words mean. You can't imagine what a world of humour he gets into a twist of the pen, a cock of the eye, a smile and a frown. But why do I talk? Go and see him, and you'll find him the loveliest old-young fellow you ever knew, and among the haycocks—"at the rising of the sap," Thomas Hardy would call it, the scene of his finding his youth and heart again—such a compound of whimsical fun and tenderness as will keep you, as Lowell puts it, "all kind o' smilin' round the lips and teary round the lashes"; in fact, that's the sort of play it is. No problem—thank heaven!—but human sunshine, with just enough dew of tears to make the sunshine grow things wholesome and sweet. It will be a big go in these not-over-cheery days; but don't put off your visit, for Willard, I hear, is badly in want of a rest, and will put in another man soon if the play catches on. And to miss him is to miss the quaintest and most charming piece of acting you ever had the chance of chuckling over and, just now and again, furtively crying at.

June 30. 1894.

July. 1894.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

For his fourth American tour Mr. Henry Irving had a most enthusiastic "send off" from the densely crowded audience on Saturday night. Hearty expressions of goodwill for the actor-manager, who has served his art so faithfully, were not wholly reserved for the close of the performance, but were manifested after each of the more striking scenes of Tennyson's "Becket." It is almost unnecessary to state that several hours before the doors opened Mr. Irving's multitudinous admirers began to muster with the intention of showing that he held his place in their hearts as firmly as at any period of his memorable and brilliant career at the Lyceum. Notwithstanding the strain upon him during the past few months by so many notable revivals, he has never played the Archbishop who willingly goes to be sacrificed by his enemies with more feeling, dignity, and dramatic spirit. His acting towards the conclusion was indeed so moving that on any other occasion the applause of the audience would have been suspended until the fall of the curtain and the lights had been raised; but on Saturday the crowded assemblage was too eager to display undiminished friendliness for Mr. Irving to restrain greeting a second longer than was absolutely necessary. Mr. Irving, always completely in touch with his audience, was not slow in responding to the call. After he had appeared with Miss Terry, who had repeated her exquisitely sympathetic embodiment of Fair Rosamund, he came to the front and delivered the looked-for speech. Having quoted a few appropriate lines from "Becket," he proceeded as follows:—

This is an occasion on which I am bound by a custom of old standing to say a few words of grateful farewell. We have come to the end of a long and I am glad to say a prosperous season, in the course of which we have presented thirteen plays, and out of a total of 253 performances 122 have been devoted to Shakespeare. I trust you will pardon the seeming egotism of these statistics, which, as a simple matter of information, are not wholly unnecessary, when I tell you that I read somewhere a statement that during the last year Shakespeare had virtually been banished from the London stage, a little misconception which I have thought it might be as well to correct. Tonight you have witnessed the 122nd representation of Tennyson's noble play, whose present run is thus cut short by our departure; and I can but express my gratification that we have been instrumental in adding the dramatic triumph of "Becket" to the exceeding fulness of a great poet's renown. Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, is our last appearance in this theatre until next April, when we shall, if all be well, be back again to put before you a play which seven years ago you received with overwhelming favour, and which we hope to present to you again with increased picturesqueness and effect. I mean the tragedy of "Faust." That I hope to follow with a play written for us, at my request, by my friend Mr. Comyns Carr, and founded upon the greatest of our national legends, the immortal story of King Arthur, of Lancelot and Guinevere. During our absence I have arranged with Mr. Oscar Barrett for the production of a fairy tale for the younger generation of playgoers, and about next Christmas they will find on these boards the moving history of their young friend "Cinderella," and I need scarcely say that the reputation and experience of Mr. Oscar Barrett are a sufficient guarantee that the story will be told in a manner worthy of its classic character. And now, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my comrades, and of one whom we all love so much—Miss Ellen Terry—I have to wish you "Good-bye." You know that we are about to pay another visit to our American kinsmen and to carry the traditions, which for twenty-two years you have helped us to make, as far as San Francisco, where we hope to be by the end of next month, making our first appearance there on Sept. 4. Our little expedition will be under the pilotage of Mr. Henry Abbey, whose name is associated with so much honourable and successful enterprise, and with whom we made our first tour in America. That a friendly and hospitable welcome awaits us, we know by our past delightful experience. That we leave behind us the kindest friends players ever had is an equally strong assurance, and it is with the conviction that your great and constant goodwill can never be impaired by our absence that I once more thank you with all my heart for Miss Terry and one and all of us, and I respectfully and affectionately wish you "Good-bye."

The information concerning his intentions thus given by Mr. Irving was evidently acceptable to his admirers, who cheered the allusions to "Faust," to the new Arthurian play, and to the occupancy of the theatre by Mr. Oscar Barrett. After being once more called the curtain rose revealing the five or six principals in "Becket," with the exception of Mr. Terriss. For this popular actor a separate call was afterwards made, and finally Mr. Irving and Miss Terry appeared to receive renewed proof of the esteem in which they are held by all playgoers.

August 4. 1894.

The Era.

THE Rev. Geo. Wallace, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon, preached an extraordinary sermon on Sunday night, directed at Mr. Kyle Bellew and Mrs. Potter, who are acting at the Marquam Grand Theatre, and who were in church during the discourse. Mr. Wallace commenced by saying that he desired to emphasise the fact that a mass of impurity had been poured upon the city during the week by the performances at the Marquam Grand Theatre. So vile were they in their character that they ought never to be tolerated in any community. There was perhaps some talent in their performances—at least he gave them credit for that—but they had taken that talent and linked it with that which was vile and abominable in the production of a class of French plays that were an insult to the American stage and people. During the delivery of these remarks Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter were evidently ill at ease. They occupied a prominent place in the church, and all eyes were riveted upon them. At length both of them, after whispering together, left their seats, and walked down the centre aisle, and left the church. When they were almost half-way down the church the preacher called out, "These are the parties of whom I have been speaking."

John-a-Dreams in "The World".
November 14. 1894.

THE THEATRE.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS"—"A DOLL'S HOUSE"—"THE MASQUERADERS."

THERE is a slang phrase which I am tempted to apply to Mr. Haddon Chambers, though I do not quite know its meaning. It is commonly used in a disparaging sense, indeed almost as an insult; whereas it seems to me (and I certainly intend it in this case) to involve a high compliment. *John-a-Dreams*, I venture to say, proves Mr. Chambers to be "on the make"; therefore it interests me, and revives my interest in its author, which, truth to tell, had sadly languished of late. Of no man, or at any rate of no artist, can we say anything more hopeful or more encouraging than that he is "on the make." It implies, if he is young, that he is using the birthright of youth; if he is old, that he has escaped the curse of age. If we are not "on the make," be sure we are on the unmake. In art, a man is either going uphill or down—that is, if he has ever put his foot on the Delectable Mountain at all, and is not merely plashing about (and perhaps groping for guineas, with more or less success) in the Slough of Despond at the bottom. "What!" you say, "can he never stand secure and immovable on the pinnacle of perfect accomplishment?" Frankly, I doubt it, if his art have any larger scope than the mere carving of cherry-stones. And in any case, the impeccable master, the *Andrea Senz' Errori* of any art, very soon ceases to interest us. We leave him to reel out his monotonous masterpieces at his leisure, while we follow with eagerness every step of the man who is still struggling upwards. Half the fascination of Ibsen—a fascination which even those feel who like him least—lies in the fact that he is still "on the make." He never repeats himself, never pours new water on old tea-leaves. At an age when most men have lost all forward impetus, he is ever experimenting, ever "breaking out in a fresh place." To him, as to Wagner, was given that "nie zufriedener Geist, der stets auf Neues sinnt." And if you ask me what brings Ibsen to my thoughts in this somewhat unlikely context, why—I am sorry I cannot tell you.

To return to Mr. Haddon Chambers. The first two acts and a half of *John-a-Dreams* are not only much the best work he has done, but the only work, to my thinking, in virtue of which he can really claim a place in the little group of our serious playwrights. Soon after the production of *Captain Swift*, Mr. Pinero, being asked in some interview or other to mention any "coming dramatist" in whose future he had faith, singled out Mr. Haddon Chambers. I wondered at the time, and with every new production of Mr. Chambers's my wonder deepened—until Thursday night. Then I felt, up to about 10.15 P.M., that Mr. Pinero's penetration had been keener than mine. At 11.15, I was not so sure of this; the end of the play was not only a sad falling off, but seemed to drag the beginning with it in its fall. Things which had appeared interesting and significant as we looked ahead, now seemed, in retrospect, mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. But the whole upshot of the evening was undoubtedly to Mr. Chambers's advantage. The first two acts proved that he could write; the last two proved that he not yet think, or at any rate could not give consistent dramatic form to his thought. That power, however, may come in time; for the immense interval between the first two acts and the best of Mr. Chambers's previous work, shows clearly that he is "on the make." The man who could write the scene of Kate Cloud's confession and of Percy De Coburn's dismissal—the one strong, dignified, tactful; the other instinct with scenic humour—is certainly not a man to be despaired of.

If there was a Chair of Dramatic Criticism at one of the universities, the professor might find in *John-a-Dreams* an excellent object-lesson for his students. It illustrates to perfection the difference between a drama of character and a drama of mere mechanical plot. It promises to be a drama of character, and interests us keenly; it breaks its promise, and our interest drops like a bird with a broken wing. *John-a-Dreams!* The very title seems to throw a preliminary search-light into the hero's soul. In the first act, on board the yacht, we find this dreamer contending for a woman's love, against a man of concentrated purpose, and fierce, unimaginative, physical passion. The contrast is well imagined, the situation

is rich in possibilities—all the more so because the two men happen to be friends. Of course, it is as old as the hills, but that merely means that it is typical; and every typical situation is capable of a hundred fresh developments. The lady inclines, and much more than inclines, to the poet, the dreamer, who tells his rapture to the sky and sea, and "unpacks his heart with words" in a fashion which leads us, on the one hand, to doubt his constancy, on the other hand, to question his power of sustaining the battle against the sombre determination of his inarticulate rival. In brief, he seems fluid and shallow, and at the end of the first act, "the odds are on the deeper man." We feel sure that some flaw, some weak spot, in Harold Wynn's character is either to lose him his love or to go very near to it. In the second act, we find him an opium-eater (by the way, the scene between the father and son, in which Harold confesses and renounces his vice, is both well conceived and well written), and, unconvinced by his renunciation, especially as the astute old parent leaves the opium-phial under his very nose, we all the more confidently expect some trouble to arise from his weakness and irresolution of character. But now a new motive comes in, and bewilders us a little. The heroine, Miss Kate Cloud, who has let fall some mysterious hints even in the first act, takes the old Vicar apart and confides to him that her mother was a woman of infamous character, and that she herself was—well, her mother's daughter, until she was rescued, educated, and launched as a singer by some philanthropic lady. This seems an unnecessary complication; but, the Magdalen being now in vogue, we cannot quarrel with Mr. Chambers for following the fashion, and electing to work out his problem with this additional factor in it. When the second act closes, the character-study of *John-a-Dreams* has not got much further; but we still hope for the best. There are two acts to come, and much may be done in two acts. Alas! the third act brings us rapid disillusion. It is soon evident that there is no character-study at all, or, at any rate, that the character is to have no effect on the action; or, to put it quite precisely, that the only element of character which is in any way to influence the action is the mere Adelphi villainy of the saturnine Sir Hubert Garlinge. Harold Wynn is not a *John-a-Dreams* at all, but a veritable *John-a-Deeds*. His dreaminess, his rodomontade, his impracticality, are only skin-deep. He takes the pledge against opiates, and he keeps it like a man. Even when his Kate seems fickle, and he is very wretched, he feels no temptation, it would appear, to fly to the Comforter. His fortitude is nothing short of Spartan. He conquers his vice in the twinkling of an eye, and it takes him about two minutes and a half to overcome his prejudice against his lady-love's Past. In both cases he wins without turning a hair. There is no struggle, no drama. So far as the action is concerned, he might have been an ascetic engineer (engineers are always virtuous) instead of a self-indulgent poet. We see that his poetic vapourings of the first act were nothing but inert embroidery, mechanical decoration; and we are not slow to remember that, as decoration, they were rather cheap and tawdry. Nor is there any struggle between love and friendship, either on Harold's side or on Sir Hubert's. The moment love comes in at the door, friendship flies out at the window. It is needless to add that the heroine's past has left no trace whatever upon her character. The frayed hem of her garment has been mended to perfection, and is as good as new. She is all purity, all refinement, all magnanimity. Then why, you ask, has the author made all these preparations to no purpose? Why is Harold a poet and opium-eater? Why are he and Sir Hubert sworn friends? Why is Kate an ex-Promenader? I will tell you why. All this elaborate mechanism tends simply and solely to a single posterous Adelphi situation. That is the "one far-off sublime event to which the whole 'contrapshun' moves." Harold is a poet, partly because a poet is a decorative object and lends himself to declamation, but mainly because poetry and opium-eating are supposed to go together; and he is an opium-eater in order that the villain may find a bottle of laudanum ready to his hand when the great situation requires it. Villain and hero are sworn friends, and have, as is the common practice of the studious youth of this realm, entered into an "Oxford compact" of perfect amity,

To-day.

June 30.
1894.

You must see Willard in *The Professor's Love Story*. It was a great evening at the Comedy on Monday. Everyone came to see the famous Barrie piece. Wilson Barrett, looking younger than ever, brought his pretty daughters, and hugely enjoyed his old comrade's success. The literary folk crowded up the gangways. Hall Caine and Conan Doyle were prominent among those who had come up specially to see the second big venture of the one and only literary dramatist—unless Oscar counts. Well, they didn't come for nothing. It's just the daintiest piece we've had. Reminds you a little of *Walker, London* in a way. Brings the scent of the hay over the footlights in sweeter whiffs even than Pinero in *The Squire*. And shows in the prettiest way imaginable—and that's not a way we've seen before for two consecutive seconds—how an old Dryasdust of five and-forty, up to his eyes in volts and dynamos, and other dreadful scientific things, finds his youth again directly Cupid gets an arrow through those electrical defences. But the joke is that the old fellow doesn't recognise the delicious symptoms when they do appear. His doctor has to tell him, and then, horrified at the bare possibilities, he flies from the circle of infection, with fair perdition, his mischievous mouse of a secretary—demurely and very cleverly played by Bessie Hatton—on his arm! There's an underplot, of course, in which Henders and Pete, old friends from *Auld Licht Idylls*—or is it *A Window in Thrums*?—which first brought Barrie fame, crop comically up. They are well played, too, by Royce Carleton and F. H. Tyler, though being the only man of eminence who doesn't hail from the land o' cakes, I can't say if their accent would pass a jury of Henley, Stevenson, and Lang. But for once I wanted nothing but the main theme. Willard's Professor is a creation any actor might be proud of. We've been prating all the time he's been away about delicacy and subtlety and the like. Why, this prince of melodramatic darkness returns to teach us what these words mean. You can't imagine what a world of humour he gets into a twist of the

pen, a cock of the eye, a smile and a frown. But why do I talk? Go and see him, and you'll find him the lovablest old-young fellow you ever knew, and among the haycocks—"at the rising of the sap," Thomas Hardy would call it, the scene of his finding his youth and heart again—such a compound of whimsical fun and tenderness as will keep you, as Lowell puts it, "all kind o' smilin' round the lips and teary round the lashes"; in fact, that's the sort of play it is. No problem—thank heaven!—but human sunshine, with just enough dew of tears to make the sunshine grow things wholesome and sweet. It will be a big go in these not over-cheery days; but don't put off your visit, for Willard, I hear, is badly in want of a rest, and will put in another man soon if the play catches on. And to miss him is
2019-03-06
Jensen Women's University Library
ming 145
of acting you ever had the chance of chuckling over and, just now and again, furtively crying at.

The Era.

THE Rev. Geo. Wallace, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon, preached an extraordinary sermon on Sunday night, directed at Mr Kyrle Bellew and Mrs Potter, who are acting at the Marquam Grand Theatre, and who were in church during the discourse. Mr Wallace commenced by saying that he desired to emphasise the fact that a mass of impurity had been poured upon the city during the week by the performances at the Marquam Grand Theatre. So vile were they in their character that they ought never to be tolerated in any community. There was perhaps some talent in their performances—at least he gave them credit for that—but they had taken that talent and linked it with all that was vile and abominable in the production of a class of French plays that were an insult to the American stage and people. During the delivery of these remarks Mr Bellew and Mrs Potter were evidently ill at ease. They occupied a prominent place in the church, and all eyes were riveted upon them. At length both of them, after whispering together, left their seats, and walked down the centre aisle. When they were almost half-way down the church the preacher called out, "These are the parties of whom I have been speaking."

August 4.

1894.

July.
1894.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

For his fourth American tour Mr. Henry Irving had a most enthusiastic "send off" from the densely crowded audience on Saturday night. Hearty expressions of goodwill for the actor-manager, who has served his art so faithfully, were not wholly reserved for the close of the performance, but were manifested after each of the more striking scenes of Tennyson's "Becket." It is almost unnecessary to state that several hours before the doors opened Mr. Irving's multitudinous admirers began to muster with the intention of showing that he held his place in their hearts as firmly as at any period of his memorable and brilliant career at the Lyceum. Notwithstanding the strain upon him during the past few months by so many notable revivals, he has never played the Archbishop who willingly goes to be sacrificed by his enemies with more feeling, dignity, and dramatic spirit. His acting towards the conclusion was indeed so moving that on any other occasion the applause of the audience would have been suspended until the fall of the curtain and the lights had been raised; but on Saturday the crowded assemblage was too eager to display undiminished friendliness for Mr. Irving to restrain greeting a second longer than was absolutely necessary. Mr. Irving, always completely in touch with his audience, was not slow in responding to the call. After he had appeared with Miss Terry, who had repeated her exquisitely sympathetic embodiment of Fair Rosamund, he came to the front and delivered the looked-for speech. Having quoted a few appropriate lines from "Becket," he proceeded as follows:—

This is an occasion on which I am bound by a custom of old standing to say a few words of grateful farewell. We have come to the end of a long and I am glad to say a prosperous season, in the course of which we have presented thirteen plays, and out of a total of 263 performances 122 have been devoted to Shakespeare. I trust you will pardon the seeming egotism of these statistics, which, as a simple matter of information, are not wholly unnecessary, when I tell you that I read somewhere a statement that during the last year Shakespeare had virtually been banished from the London stage, a little misconception which I have thought it might be as well to correct. To-night you have witnessed the 112th representation of Tennyson's noble play, whose present run is thus cut short by our departure; and I can but express my gratification that we have been instrumental in adding the dramatic triumph of "Becket" to the exceeding fulness of a great poet's renown. To-night, ladies and gentlemen, is our last appearance in this theatre until next April, when we shall, if all be well, be back again to put before you a play which seven years ago you received with overwhelming favour, and which we hope to present to you again with increased picturesqueness and effect. I mean the tragedy of "Faust." That I hope to follow with a play written for us, at my request, by my friend Mr. Comyns Carr, and founded upon the greatest of our national legends, the immortal story of King Arthur, of Lancelot and Guinevere. During our absence I have arranged with Mr. Oscar Barrett for the production of a fairy tale for the younger generation of playgoers, and about next Christmas they will find on these boards the moving history of their young friend "Cinderella," and I need scarcely say that the reputation and experience of Mr. Oscar Barrett are a sufficient guarantee that the story will be told in a manner worthy of its classic character. And now, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my comrades, and of one whom we all love so much—Miss Ellen Terry—I have to wish you "Good-bye." You know that we are about to pay another visit to our American kinsmen and to carry the traditions, which for twenty-two years you have helped us to make, as far as San Francisco, where we hope to be by the end of next month, making our first appearance there on Sept. 4. Our little expedition will be under the pilotage of Mr. Henry Abbey, whose name is associated with so much honourable and successful enterprise, and with whom we made our first tour in America. That a friendly and hospitable welcome awaits us we know by our past delightful experience. That we leave behind us the kindest friends players ever had is an equally strong assurance, and it is with the conviction that your great and constant goodwill can never be impaired by our absence that I once more thank you with all my heart for Miss Terry and one and all of us, and I respectfully and affectionately wish you "Good-bye."

The information concerning his intentions thus given by Mr. Irving was evidently acceptable to his admirers, who cheered the allusions to "Faust," to the new Arthurian play, and to the occupancy of the theatre by Mr. Oscar Barrett. After being once more called the curtain rose revealing the five or six principals in "Becket," with the exception of Mr. Terriss. For this popular actor a separate call was afterwards made, and Miss Terry appeared to receive renewed proof of the esteem in which they are held by all playgoers.

THE THEATRE.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS"—"A DOLL'S HOUSE"—"THE MASQUERADERS."

THERE is a slang phrase which I am tempted to apply to Mr. Haddon Chambers, though I do not quite know its meaning. It is commonly used in a disparaging sense, indeed almost as an insult; whereas it seems to me (and I certainly intend it in this case) to involve a high compliment. *John-a-Dreams*, I venture to say, proves Mr. Chambers to be "on the make"; therefore it interests me, and revives my interest in its author, which, truth to tell, had sadly languished of late. Of no man, or at any rate of no artist, can we say anything more hopeful or more encouraging than that he is "on the make." It implies, if he is young, that he is using the birthright of youth; if he is old, that he has escaped the curse of age. If we are not "on the make," be sure we are on the unmake. In art, a man is either going uphill or down—that is, if he has ever put his foot on the Delectable Mountain at all, and is not merely plashing about (and perhaps groping for guineas, with more or less success) in the Slough of Despond at the bottom. "What!" you say, "can he never stand secure and immovable on the pinnacle of perfect accomplishment?" Frankly, I doubt it, if his art have any larger scope than the mere carving of cherry-stones. And in any case, the impeccable master, the *Andrea Senz' Errori* of any art, very soon ceases to interest us. We leave him to reel out his monotonous masterpieces at his leisure, while we follow with eagerness every step of the man who is still struggling upwards. Half the fascination of Ibsen—a fascination which even those feel who like him least—lies in the fact that he is still "on the make." He never repeats himself, never pours new water on old tea-leaves. At an age when most men have lost all forward impetus, he is ever experimenting, ever "breaking out in a fresh place." To him, as to Wagner, was given that "nie zufriedener Geist, der stets auf Neues sinnt." And if you ask me what brings Ibsen to my thoughts in this somewhat unlikely context, why—I am sorry I cannot tell you.

To return to Mr. Haddon Chambers. The first two acts and a half of *John-a-Dreams* are not only much the best work he has done, but the only work, to my thinking, in virtue of which he can really claim a place in the little group of our serious playwrights. Soon after the production of *Captain Swift*, Mr. Pinero, being asked in some interview or other to mention any "coming dramatist" in whose future he had faith, singled out Mr. Haddon Chambers. I wondered at the time, and with every new production of Mr. Chambers's my wonder deepened—until Thursday night. Then I felt, up to about 10.15 P.M., that Mr. Pinero's penetration had been keener than mine. At 11.15, I was not so sure of this; the end of the play was not only a sad falling off, but seemed to drag the beginning with it in its fall. Things which had appeared interesting and significant as we looked ahead, now seemed, in retrospect, mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. But the whole upshot of the evening was undoubtedly to Mr. Chambers's advantage. The first two acts proved that he could write; the last two proved that he could not yet think, or at any rate could not give consistent dramatic form to his thought. That power, however, may come in time; for the immense interval between the first two acts and the best of Mr. Chambers's previous work, shows clearly that he is "on the make." The man who could write the scene of Kate Cloud's confession and of Percy De Coburn's dismissal—the one strong, dignified, tactful; the other instinct with scenic humour—is certainly not a man to be despaired of.

If there was a Chair of Dramatic Criticism at one of the universities, the professor might find in *John-a-Dreams* an excellent object-lesson for his students. It illustrates to perfection the difference between a drama of character and a drama of mere mechanical plot. It promises to be a drama of character, and interests us keenly; it breaks its promise, and our interest drops like a bird with a broken wing. *John-a-Dreams!* The very title seems to throw a preliminary search-light into the hero's soul. In the first act, on board the yacht, we find this dreamer contending for a woman's love against a man of concentrated purpose, and for a friend's friendship against a man of concentrated purpose, and for a friend's friendship against a man of concentrated purpose. The contrast is well imagined, the situation

is rich in possibilities—all the more so because the two men happen to be friends. Of course, it is as old as the hills, but that merely means that it is typical; and every typical situation is capable of a hundred fresh developments. The lady inclines, and much more than inclines, to the poet, the dreamer, who tells his rapture to the sky and sea, and "unpacks his heart with words" in a fashion which leads us, on the one hand, to doubt his constancy, on the other hand, to question his power of sustaining the battle against the sombre determination of his inarticulate rival. In brief, he seems fluid and shallow, and at the end of the first act, "the odds are on the deeper man." We feel sure that some flaw, some weak spot, in Harold Wynn's character is either to lose him his love or to go very near to it. In the second act, we find him an opium-eater (by the way, the scene between the father and son, in which Harold confesses and renounces his vice, is both well conceived and well written), and, unconvinced by his renunciation, especially as the astute old parent leaves the opium-phial under his very nose, we all the more confidently expect some trouble to arise from his weakness and irresolution of character. But now a new motive comes in, and bewilders us a little. The heroine, Miss Kate Cloud, who has let fall some mysterious hints even in the first act, takes the old Vicar apart and confides to him that her mother was a woman of infamous character, and that she herself was—well, her mother's daughter, until she was rescued, educated, and launched as a singer by some philanthropic lady. This seems an unnecessary complication; but, the Magdalen being now in vogue, we cannot quarrel with Mr. Chambers for following the fashion, and electing to work out his problem with this additional factor in it. When the second act closes, the character-study of *John-a-Dreams* has not got much forr'ader; but we still hope for the best. There are two acts to come, and much may be done in two acts. Alas! the third act brings us rapid disillusion. It is soon evident that there is no character-study at all, or, at any rate, that the character is to have no effect on the action; or, to put it quite precisely, that the only element of character which is in any way to influence the action is the mere Adelphi villainy of the saturnine Sir Hubert Garlinge. Harold Wynn is not a *John-a-Dreams* at all, but a veritable *John-a-Deeds*. His dreaminess, his rodomontade, his impracticality, are only skin-deep. He takes the pledge against opiates, and he keeps it like a man. Even when his Kate seems fickle, and he is very wretched, he feels no temptation, it would appear, to fly to the Comforter. His fortitude is nothing short of Spartan. He conquers his vice in the twinkling of an eye, and it takes him about two minutes and a half to overcome his prejudice against his lady-love's Past. In both cases he wins without turning a hair. There is no struggle, no drama. So far as the action is concerned, he might have been an ascetic engineer (engineers are always virtuous) instead of a self-indulgent poet. We see that his poetic vapourings of the first act were nothing but inert embroidery, mechanical decoration; and we are not slow to remember that, as decoration, they were rather cheap and tawdry. Nor is there any struggle between love and friendship, either on Harold's side or on Sir Hubert's. The moment love comes in at the door, friendship flies out at the window. It is needless to add that the heroine's past has left no trace whatever upon *her* character. The frayed hem of her garment has been mended to perfection, and is as good as new. She is all purity, all refinement, all magnanimity. Then why, you ask, has the author made all these preparations to no purpose? Why is Harold a poet and opium-eater? Why are he and Sir Hubert sworn friends? Why is Kate an ex-Promenader? I will tell you why. All this elaborate mechanism tends simply and solely to a single preposterous Adelphi situation. That is the "one far-off sublime event To which the whole 'contrapshun' moves." Harold is a poet, partly because a poet is a decorative object and lends himself to declamation, but mainly because poetry and opium-eating are supposed to go together; and he is an opium-eater in order that the villain may find a bottle of laudanum ready to his hand when the great situation requires it. Villain and hero friends, and have, as is the common practice of perfect amity, youth of this realm, entered into an "Oxford compact" of perfect amity,

in order that the hero may be induced to write on a piece of paper, "I release you," which paper the villain may fraudulently represent as being addressed to the heroine. And the heroine has frayed the hem of her robe on the Piccadilly pavement to no other end than that she may insist on giving the hero half an hour for reflection before he pledges himself to her, that half-hour being essential to the execution of the villain's plot. If the villain even talked the hero into a relapse, as Iago seduces Cassio or Hedda Gabler Lövborg, there would be some meaning in the thing. John-a-Dreams would justify his name, and character would be the determining element in the action. But no! the situation is purely mechanical; Harold's weakness or strength of will, his temperament, his mental habit have nothing to do with it; unless, indeed, we hold it a John-a-Dreamlike infirmity in him not to recognise at a glance that in Sir Hubert Cartwright-Garlinge he has to do with an inveterate Adelphi villain. As for the last act, on board the yacht, it would scarcely pass muster even at the Adelphi. Words fail me to express my sense of its intellectual and dramatic feebleness. It is a mystery how it could ever proceed from the same pen which wrote the second act, and the really daring scene between Harold and Kate in the third.

Harold Wynn is not one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's good parts. He did not seem to believe in it himself, and to me, at any rate (though not, apparently, to the majority of the audience), remained unconvincing. Perhaps it was the somewhat windy insincerity of his poetising in the first act that led me to mistake a mere ideal personage for a genuine character-study. Mrs. Patrick Campbell lent her peculiar personal charm to the character of Kate, and, on the strength of it, made a marked success. The more dramatic scenes she distinctly underplayed, but that is a fault she will no doubt correct as the run proceeds. Mr. Charles Cartwright as Sir Hubert Garlinge was the very man the author seemed to intend, and that is, of course, all that can be required of an actor. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was admirable as the benevolent Vicar; Mr. Herbert Ross may almost be said to have leapt into fame by means of the delicate and skilful comedy of his Percy de Coburn; and Mr. Edmund Maurice and Miss Janette Steer were excellent as Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn.

The Athenæum.

November 17
1894.

Upon the revival of 'The Masqueraders' on Saturday last Miss Evelyn Millard took the part of Dulcie Larondie, the first exponent of which was Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The substitution had been made during the country tour of the play, and the new exponent of the heroine has won everywhere favourable recognition. This proves to be merited. Miss Millard's handsome face, good bearing, and soft and plausible manner suit her to the part, and while not wanting in power, she has a girlish lightheartedness, the effect of which is distinctly telling. The representation is necessarily other than that previously given, and may fairly be contrasted with it. That it is in the main superior would be unjust as well as ungracious to say. Mr. Alexander repeats the picturesque and passionate performance of the earnest, but too scrupulous and conscientious hero, and the entire performance of a fine and an original play remains admirable.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

The Shakespeare Theatre presented an animated appearance last evening, every seat being occupied, and it was "in the air" that a great treat was expected. The occasion was the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan." This brilliant and remarkable play is not a stranger to Liverpool, and it has been discussed in detail in this column, but there were last evening one or two features of special interest upon which perhaps a few observations may be offered. The chief of these was the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the part of Lady Windermere. This lady has achieved such a reputation in the part of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that curiosity was aroused to see her in a different rôle. Her performance of Lady Windermere was throughout fine, subtle, and distinctive. From the outset it was obvious that she had a firm grip of the part, and she speedily obtained an equally firm hold upon the audience. The opening scenes wherein she lays down such exalted notions of matrimonial conduct, with the confidence and the fearlessness of unknowing youth, were effectively played, and a contrast was made sharp when Lord Windermere's alleged falseness was broached to her. Her apparent slowness to grasp the purport of what she was told, the haughty incredulity and scorn with which she hotly repelled the insinuations, her change as apparent proofs accumulated, and the emotions she passes through, until she reaches the condition of fixed belief in the truth of the story, were admirably portrayed. The bank-book incident, and the indignation with which she meets her husband were alike admirable. Her freezing conduct towards Mrs. Erylne at the reception, and the strong scene with Lord Darlington, were marked features in the second act. The meeting of the two ladies at Lord Darlington's chambers was a magnificent piece of acting on the part of each, and the pathos and gratitude subsequently displayed were most interesting points in this delineation.

Miss Marion Terry repeated her clever and versatile performance of Mrs. Erylne with all her old grace and force. Miss Fanny Coleman delighted the audience with her Duchess of Berwick, and Mrs. Edward Saker, who was the subject of a most warm reception, was an effective Lady Jedburgh.

Mr. George Alexander played Lord Windermere with the finish and power to which he has accustomed us in the past; and Mr. Ben Webster's Lord Darlington was an excellent piece of work. The exquisite completeness of the performance was quite up to the St. James's Theatre standard.

The piece was preceded by a pleasant trifle entitled "Gentleman Jim," a dramatic sketch by Mr. W. R. Walkes, seen for the first time on any stage last evening, in which a highly imaginative young lady, who writes "Shilling Shockers" about burglars, works herself into a state of terror, having read of the depredations of a burglar said to be of gentle birth, with a partiality for doing his "work" in evening dress. Presently a gentleman arrives in orthodox evening costume. She immediately jumps to the conclusion that the visitor is "Gentleman Jim." Her trappation and alarm were cleverly simulated, and the misunderstanding is whimsically and humorously sustained. It was nicely acted by Miss Granville and Mr. Ben Webster, and proved a pleasant curtain raiser.

To-day.

Wilson Barrett

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S
AMERICAN REMINISCENCES.

June 20
1894

WHAT should we do without America? The journalist ought to bless Columbus every day of his life. For think what America does for him! When he wants the views and the news of some famous man, he has only to pick out one who has crossed that unheeding Atlantic which so "disappointed" Oscar Wilde, and his task becomes a pleasure. That is the pre-eminence use of the New World—to inure the eminent to the rat-tat-tat of the interviewer, to teach them to regard him with tolerance, if not affection.

Mr. Wilson Barrett had been to America many times. Moreover, he had just returned. There was a field for exploration here. So on Sunday to Mr. Wilson Barrett away up in Hampstead, where groves of trees embosom you in greenery, and tennis is possible upon your very own lawn, I went.

"Yes, I'm home for just a few months. I squeeze in a short tour round the big towns, and then open again in the States in November, on what they call Thanksgiving Day. My last tour was the most interesting of all. We went through the South, you know—a wonderful experience. A different world altogether from the North. For bustle and rush you exchange perfect repose and the stately courtesy of another age. I wish I could make you see a typical picture that I recall—miles of exquisite glades, looking loveliness itself in the purple haze, a long row of low wooden huts, the niggers lying about in heaps basking in the broiling sun, and on a bench near five grand-looking old fellows, with silver beards half-way to the waist, and fine old Roman faces—the 'boss' in the middle, with a tree to lean against, the others with nothing—all solemnly passing in review the affairs of the nation."

"Since Miss Wells came over, we, too, know something of the South—of the lynching," I remarked.

"Ah, there's a good deal to be said on both sides. The feeling between blacks and whites is extraordinarily strong. There's a good story told, which really hardly exaggerates the attitude, of some mythical 'Colonel Carter, of Cartersville.' The colonel appointed a nigger as postmaster, and soon after wanted a stamp. The nigger asked for payment. Whereupon the colonel, who knew what was due to himself, drew his revolver and shot the presumptuous fellow dead; and so the story runs, 'Would you believe it, sir, his friends took it so to heart that the colonel had great difficulty, great difficulty, sir, in avoiding litigation.' 'Litigation' is good, isn't it? But America's too big a subject. How many millions of miles has it? And every mile deserves some yards of 'copy'! So you see it's hopeless starting!"

"Is it very hard work, touring in the South?" I asked. "Hard work!" echoed Mr. Barrett. "What do you think of acting, say *Othello*, till eleven o'clock, entraining at half-past two, travelling through the night and day, reaching the next town at four or five, and playing *Claudius* the same evening? Or getting the grippe, as I did on Christmas Eve, and for four days, with a temperature of 104°, and the thermometer a few degrees below zero, going on for—I can't say acting—*Hamlet*, *Dan Mylrea*, and *Virginus*. What do you think of that?"

"Well, in the words of Mr. Willard, when Mr. Wilde asked him what did he think of the New Morality, 'I don't think of it.' Which reminds me; did you see *The Professor's Love Story* on the other side?"

"No; I'm looking forward to seeing it to-morrow for the first time. But I know what Willard does with it. He was a fine comedian fifteen years ago when I first saw him, 'supporting' Helen Barry in my own theatre in Hull. Why, his comedy was like whipped cream—it was so light and rich! His Tom Pinch would have sent Dickens crazy with delight. And he has come back a greater actor than he was then, an even finer artist than in the old Princess's days. We travelled home together, you know, on the *City of Paris*. When I got on

board late at night Willard had gone to his cabin, so I had to knock him up to talk over old times. Up and down we paced, discussing his *Hamlet*, my *Hamlet*, *the Hamlet*, until it got to half-past four, when he resolved to close the argument with a summary of his experience, and this was how he did it: 'Look here, old fellow, I thought I could play *Hamlet*; they saw me, and said I couldn't. I still thought I could, but when they wouldn't come to see me try, I thought it time to change my mind. Good night.' Next day I sent him a message that at midnight we would discuss *Othello*, but his reply was evasive and even menacing. So the second undress debate did not come off."

"And what have you seen since you got home?"

"Well, *The Masqueraders*, which I think quite the best thing Jones has done. It is bringing a fortune here, and I think will bring another in the States, for it has all the elements they like there, including some stinging satire of London society. By the way, in America they are developing a new kind of drama, and getting very clever at it, too, which will be quite a revelation over here. The plot goes for about almost nothing, situations don't exist, in fact the play consists in a number of characters being put upon the stage, very closely observed, and just set to live their single lives out before your eyes. The only piece to compare them to is *L'Ami Fritz*. But possibly Barrie's *Professor* will turn out to be in this same vein, and if so its enormous popularity will be to some extent explained, for these plays find huge favour everywhere."

"And what new things have you in preparation?"

"Oh, three, besides a dramatisation of Hall Caine's *Manxman*, a tremendously powerful book, which I think will make a very fine play. The other three I speak of are my own. To one, *The Sign of the Cross*, I'm pinning much faith. I'll just tell you this about it: that the scene is laid in Rome, a few years after Christ, that Nero enters into the scheme, and that the persecution of the early Christians and the growth of the faith are important features of the story. Another is modern of the modern, not altogether remote in theme from that masterpiece of Pinero's, *Mrs. Tanqueray*. On this I hoped to get Zangwill to collaborate, but his engagements will keep him busy for two years to come, and this story is one that at our rather startling rate of progress cannot afford to wait. What a remarkable man he is. I don't know a shrewder critic or a more original creator. The combination must be almost unique. No, it's not true that *The Prisoner of Zenda* is being dramatised for me. I did read the book in America, and was delighted with it. It's as fresh and audacious a piece of fantasy as could well be, and its author has true dramatic invention. But I should be afraid that as a play it would look like a string of episodes, and they don't carry you along on the stage, whatever they may do in a book. No, I don't think I shall come to London till next year. I'm not sufficiently sure what it is that London wants, and—"

Here a stream of visitors broke in on our chat, and, distracted by the conversation of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Hamish McCunn, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Mr. Zangwill, and a score more distinguished representatives of art and letters, I forgot to ask Mr. Wilson Barrett along what road that "and" was pointing.

MR. ARTHUR BROMLEY DAVENPORT, who appeared on Monday at the Trafalgar-square Theatre, had his stage training at the Margate Theatre and on tours conducted by Miss Sarah Thorne. He is engaged for another stock season at Margate, where Miss Thorne recommences business on the 20th inst. During the recess the theatre has been entirely redecorated and renovated; new seats have been added to the stalls; the saloons have been refurbished and hung with portraits of past and present actors; and a new act-drop and new scenery has been provided by Mr. W. T. Hensley and his staff of London artists.

in order that the hero may be induced to write on a piece of paper, "I release you," which paper the villain may fraudulently represent as being addressed to the heroine. And the heroine has frayed the hem of her robe on the Piccadilly pavement to no other end than that she may insist on giving the hero half an hour for reflection before he pledges himself to her, that half-hour being essential to the execution of the villain's plot. If the villain even talked the hero into a relapse, as Iago seduces Cassio or Hedda Gabler Lövborg, there would be some meaning in the thing. John-a-Dreams would justify his name, and character would be the determining element in the action. But no! the situation is purely mechanical; Harold's weakness or strength of will, his temperament, his mental habit have nothing to do with it; unless, indeed, we hold it a John-a-Dreamlike infirmity in him not to recognise at a glance that in Sir Hubert Cartwright-Garlinge he has to do with an inveterate Adelphi villain. As for the last act, on board the yacht, it would scarcely pass muster even at the Adelphi. Words fail me to express my sense of its intellectual and dramatic febleness. It is a mystery how it could ever proceed from the same pen which wrote the second act, and the really daring scene between Harold and Kate in the third.

Harold Wynn is not one of Mr. Bserbohm Tree's good parts. He did not seem to believe in it himself, and to me, at any rate (though not, apparently, to the majority of the audience), remained unconvincing. Perhaps it was the somewhat windy insincerity of his poetising in the first act that led me to mistake a mere ideal personage for a genuine character-study. Mrs. Patrick Campbell lent her peculiar personal charm to the character of Kate, and, on the strength of it, made a marked success. The more dramatic scenes she distinctly underplayed, but that is a fault she will no doubt correct as the run proceeds. Mr. Charles Cartwright as Sir Hubert Garlinge was the very man the author seemed to intend, and that is, of course, all that can be required of an actor. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was admirable as the benevolent Vicar; Mr. Herbert Ross may almost be said to have leapt into fame by means of the delicate and skilful comedy of his Percy de Courtenay, and Mr. Edmund Maurice and Miss Janette Steer were excellent as Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn.

The Athenæum.

November 17.

1894.

Upon the revival of 'The Masqueraders' on Saturday last Miss Evelyn Millard took the part of Dulcie Larondie, the first exponent of which was Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The substitution had been made during the country tour of the play, and the new exponent of the heroine has won everywhere favourable recognition. This proves to be merited. Miss Millard's handsome face, good bearing, and soft and plausible manner suit her to the part, and while not wanting in power, she has a girlish lightheartedness, the effect of which is distinctly telling. The representation is necessarily other than that previously given, and may fairly be contrasted with it. That it is in the main superior would be unjust as well as ungracious to say. Mr. Alexander repeats the picturesque and passionate performance of the earnest, but too scrupulous and conscientious hero, and the entire performance is a fine and an original play remains admirable.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

The Shakespeare Theatre presented an animated appearance last evening, every seat being occupied, and it was "in the air" that a great treat was expected. The occasion was the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan." This brilliant and remarkable play is not a stranger to Liverpool, and it has been discussed in detail in this column, but there were last evening one or two features of special interest upon which perhaps a few observations may be offered. The chief of these was the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the part of Lady Windermere. This lady has achieved such a reputation in the part of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that curiosity was aroused to see her in a different rôle. Her performance of Lady Windermere was throughout fine, subtle, and distinctive. From the outset it was obvious that she had a firm grip of the part, and she speedily obtained an equally firm hold upon the audience. The opening scenes wherein she lays down such exalted notions of matrimonial conduct, with the confidence and the fearlessness of unknowing youth, were effectively played, and a contrast was made sharp when Lord Windermere's alleged falseness was broached to her. Her apparent slowness to grasp the purport of what she was told, the haughty incredulity and scorn with which she hotly repelled the insinuations, her change as apparent proofs accumulated, and the emotions she passes through, until she reaches the condition of fixed belief in the truth of the story, were admirably portrayed. The bank-book incident, and the indignation with which she meets her husband were alike admirable. Her freezing conduct towards Mrs. Erlynne at the reception, and the strong scene with Lord Darlington, were marked features in the second act. The meeting of the two ladies at Lord Darlington's chambers was a magnificent piece of acting on the part of each, and the pathos and gratitude subsequently displayed were most interesting points in this delineation.

Miss Marion Terry repeated her clever and versatile performance of Mrs. Erlynne with all her old grace and force. Miss Fanny Coleman delighted the audience with her Duchess of Berwick, and Mrs. Edward Saker, who was the subject of a most warm reception, was an effective Lady Jedburgh.

Mr. George Alexander played Lord Windermere with the finish and power to which he has accustomed us in the past; and Mr. Ben Webster's Lord Darlington was an excellent piece of work. The exquisite completeness of the performance was quite up to the St. James's Theatre standard.

The piece was preceded by a pleasant trifle entitled "Gentleman Jim," a dramatic sketch by Mr. W. R. Walkes, seen for the first time on any stage last evening, in which a highly imaginative young lady, who writes "Shilling Shockers" about burglars, works herself into a state of terror, having read of the depredations of a burglar said to be of gentle birth, with a partiality for doing his "work" in evening dress. Presently a gentleman arrives in orthodox evening costume. She immediately jumps to the conclusion that the visitor is "Gentleman Jim." Her trepidation and alarm were cleverly simulated, and the misunderstanding is whimsically and humorously sustained. It was nicely acted by Miss Granville and Mr. Ben Webster, and followed by a pleasant curtain raiser.

10-day.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S AMERICAN REMINISCENCES.

June 20
1894

WHAT should we do without America? The journalist ought to bless Columbus every day of his life. For think what America does for him! When he wants the views and the news of some famous man, he has only to pick out one who has crossed that unheeding Atlantic which so "disappointed" Oscar Wilde, and his task becomes a pleasure. That is the pre-eminent use of the New World—to inure the eminent to the rattat-tat of the interviewer, to teach them to regard him with tolerance, if not affection.

Mr. Wilson Barrett had been to America many times. Moreover, he had just returned. There was a field for exploration here. So on Sunday to Mr. Wilson Barrett away up in Hampstead, where groves of trees embosom you in greenery, and tennis is possible upon your very own lawn, I went.

"Yes, I'm home for just a few months. I squeeze in a short tour round the big towns, and then open again in the States in November, on what they call Thanksgiving Day. My last tour was the most interesting of all. We went through the South, you know—a wonderful experience. A different world altogether from the North. For bustle and rush you exchange perfect repose and the stately courtesy of another age. I wish I could make you see a typical picture that I recall—miles of exquisite glades, looking loveliness itself in the purple haze, a long row of low wooden huts, the niggers lying about in heaps basking in the broiling sun, and on a bench near five grand-looking old fellows, with silver beards half-way to the waist, and fine old Roman faces—the 'boss' in the middle, with a tree to lean against, the others with nothing—all solemnly passing in review the affairs of the nation."

"Since Miss Wells came over, we, too, know something of the South—of the lynching," I remarked.

"Ah, there's a good deal to be said on both sides. The feeling between blacks and whites is extraordinarily strong. There's a good story told, which really hardly exaggerates the attitude, of some mythical 'Colonel Carter, of Cartersville.' The colonel appointed a nigger as postmaster, and soon after wanted a stamp. The nigger asked for payment. Whereupon the colonel, who knew what was due to himself, drew his revolver and shot the presumptuous fellow dead; and, so the story runs, 'Would you believe it, sir, his friends took it so to heart that the colonel had great difficulty, great difficulty, sir, in avoiding litigation.' 'Litigation' is good, isn't it? But America's too big a subject. How many millions of miles has it? And every mile deserves some yards of 'copy'! So you see it's hopeless starting!"

"Is it very hard work, touring in the South?" I asked.

"Hard work!" echoed Mr. Barrett. "What do you think of acting, say *Othello*, till eleven o'clock, entraining at half-past two, travelling through the night and day, reaching the next town at four or five, and playing *Claudian* the same evening? Or getting the grippe, as I did on Christmas Eve, and for four days, with a temperature of 104°, and the thermometer a few degrees below zero, going on for—I can't say acting—*Hamlet*, *Dan Mylrea*, and *Virginus*. What do you think of that?"

"Well, in the words of Mr. Willard, when Mr. Wilde asked him what did he think of the New Morality, 'I don't think of it.' Which reminds me; did you see *The Professor's Love Story* on the other side?"

"No; I'm looking forward to seeing it to-morrow for the first time. But I know what Willard does with it. He was a fine comedian fifteen years ago when I first saw him, 'supporting' Helen Barry in my own theatre in Hull. Why, his comedy was like whipped cream—it was so light and rich! His Tom Pinch would have sent Dickens crazy with delight. And he has come back a greater actor than he was then, an even finer artist 2019-03-16 old Princess's days. We travelled home together, you know, on the *City of Paris*. When I got on

board late at night Willard had gone to his cabin, so I had to knock him up to talk over old times. Up and down we paced, discussing his *Hamlet*, my *Hamlet*, *the Hamlet*, until it got to half-past four, when he resolved to close the argument with a summary of his experience, and this was how he did it: 'Look here, old fellow, I thought I could play *Hamlet*; they saw me, and said I couldn't. I still thought I could, but when they wouldn't come to see me try, I thought it time to change my mind. Good night.' Next day I sent him a message that at midnight we would discuss *Othello*, but his reply was evasive and even menacing. So the second undress debate did not come off."

"And what have you seen since you got home?"

"Well, *The Masqueraders*, which I think quite the best thing Jones has done. It is bringing a fortune here, and I think will bring another in the States, for it has all the elements they like there, including some stinging satire of London society. By the way, in America they are developing a new kind of drama, and getting very clever at it too, which will be quite a revelation over here. The plot goes for about almost nothing, situations don't exist, in fact the play consists in a number of characters being put upon the stage, very closely observed, and just set to live their single lives out before your eyes. The only piece to compare them to is *L'Ami Fritz*. But possibly Barrie's *Professor* will turn out to be in this same vein, and if so its enormous popularity will be to some extent explained, for these plays find huge favour everywhere."

"And what new things have you in preparation?"

"Oh, three, besides a dramatisation of Hall Caine's *Manxman*, a tremendously powerful book, which I think will make a very fine play. The other three I speak of are my own. To one, *The Sign of the Cross*, I'm pinning much faith. I'll just tell you this about it: that the scene is laid in Rome, a few years after Christ, that Nero enters into the scheme, and that the persecution of the early Christians and the growth of the faith are important features of the story. Another is modern of the modern, not altogether remote in theme from that masterpiece of Pinero's, *Mrs. Tanqueray*. On this I hoped to get Zangwill to collaborate, but his engagements will keep him busy for two years to come, and this story is one that at our rather startling rate of progress cannot afford to wait. What a remarkable man he is. I don't know a shrewder critic or a more original creator. The combination must be almost unique. No, it's not true that *The Prisoner of Zenda* is being dramatised for me. I did read the book in America, and was delighted with it. It's as fresh and audacious a piece of fantasy as could well be, and its author has true dramatic invention. But I should be afraid that as a play it would look like a string of episodes, and they don't carry you along on the stage, whatever they may do in a book. No, I don't think I shall come to London till next year. I'm not sufficiently sure what it is that London wants, and—"

Here a stream of visitors broke in on our chat, and, distracted by the conversation of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Hamish McCunn, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Mr. Zangwill, and a score more distinguished representatives of art and letters, I forgot to ask Mr. Wilson Barrett along what road that "and" was pointing.

MR. ARTHUR BROMLEY DAVENPORT, who appeared on Monday at the Trafalgar-square Theatre, had his stage training at the Margate Theatre and on tours conducted by Miss Sarah Thorne. He is engaged for another stock season at Margate, where Miss Thorne recommences business on the 20th inst. During the recess the theatre has been entirely redecorated and renovated; new seats have been added to the stalls; the saloons have been refurnished and hung with portraits of past present actors; and a new act-drop and new scenery has been provided by Mr. W. T. Hemsley and his staff of London artists.

MR ARTHUR BROMLEY DAVENPORT, who appeared on Monday at the Trafalgar-square Theatre, had his stage training at the Margate Theatre and on tours conducted by Miss Sarah Thorne. He is engaged for another stock season at Margate, where Miss Thorne recommences business on the 20th inst. During the recess the theatre has been entirely redecorated and renovated ; new seats have been added to the stalls ; the saloons have been refurnished and the theatre is in a splendid condition and present actors ; and a new act-drop and new scenery has been provided by Mr W. T. Hemsley and his staff of London artists.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER ON DRAMATIC ART.

In the small hours of yesterday morning, Mr. George Alexander was entertained at the Art Club, Upper Parliament-street, to supper. Alderman P. H. Rathbone presided, and there was a good gathering of members to meet Mr. Alexander.

The Chairman, in proposing the "Health of the Guest," said they were met together that night to do honour to Mr. Alexander, and to the members of the company he had organised. The theatre at the present day was a great institution, and all they had to consider was what was the best way to utilise that institution. Mr. George Alexander had in the plays he had produced shown them what he thought it ought to be. They ought to thank Mr. Alexander for having struck on a line of drama, which taught them something about the life that was going on about them, and pointed to a higher life than that which they lived day by day (applause).

The toast was very heartily received, and Mr. Alexander, in reply, said:—If I confess to you that I felt somewhat disturbed when I received your most gratifying and hospitable invitation, I must make the further admission that I have sat quite abashed while your chairman has unfolded his far too liberal catalogue of my good deeds. You are kind enough to testify your appreciation of the work I have done in the furtherance of the dramatic art, but as I listened to your chairman it seemed only the day before yesterday that I was a raw recruit in Liverpool, and only yesterday that I was a lieutenant, and, if I do not forget that, still less likely am I to forget whose lieutenant I was, and under whose guidance and inspiration I received so many valuable lessons in my profession. To name him is to name one of the greatest masters of our art, and at the same time to send across the ocean a message of affectionate goodwill from the Liverpool Arts Club to Henry Irving (applause). To his example I owe that desire for completeness in the representation of my plays. In that task I think no pains are too great, no detail is too insignificant. The art of stage illusion cannot in these times dispense with the accessories which harmonise the drama with its mechanical conditions. I know that some enthusiasts plume themselves on representing Shakespeare without scenery, and I believe that an excellent body of students (the Shakspearian Society) in London are very proud of what they call their costume recitals, with which, as I learn from Press opinions (even students, you see, cannot do without Press opinions), nothing to be seen at the theatre can compare. I presume the dresses are appropriate to the characters, and if the Shakspearian students' wits are not distracted from the poet's conception by appropriate dresses, I don't know why they should be distracted by appropriate backgrounds or suitable chairs. This is, however, a dispute which has only an artificial interest now. It is like the lament you will hear occasionally, that real tragic acting is extinct except on the French stage, and the only illustrious English actors are long since dead. Call no man great till he has been buried for two generations. But we are witnessing a development of dramatic art which raises a much more vital controversy. It is personally vital to me, for on my devoted head, during the last few months, have fallen the maledictions of outraged propriety (laughter). It has been my fortune to produce a play by an English dramatist who has handled a delicate social problem not only with masterly skill, but also with serious insight and broad humanity. Mr. Pinero has asserted, and successfully asserted, the claim of the modern playwright to deal with themes which make some of the moving tragedies in life (applause). He has been met by a perfectly futile ban, which if it could have been enforced three centuries ago, would have robbed us of priceless treasures in our dramatic literature. In the judgment of one critic, who has been an acknowledged leader of opinion for many years, Mr. Pinero's drama is "in essence irreligious and irreverent, and his art makes evil good upon the stage. It is no less than a crime," says this writer, "to present from the stage the ridicule of virtue, and the splendid courage of suicide." Gentleman, if any crime has been committed, I am an accomplice. My honour is impugned, my good name is at stake.

The answer, so far as I am concerned is, that I am proud to stand beside Arthur Wing Pinero in his fight. I am proud to be the interpreter, however inadequate, of his ideas. I am proud to have associates, led by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose brilliant abilities have helped to bring home terrible and pathetic truths to the hearts and minds of thousands. How any man can find in the story of Paula Tangueray the deliberate ridicule of virtue by the dramatist, and the deliberate panegyric of suicide, I cannot discover. I say, gentlemen, that any attempt to "cabin, crib, and confine" the drama is stamped with certain failure. I quite agree with what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has said in his most recent lecture, "that the physically repulsive is no legitimate subject for the stage." I am no devotee of Ibsen, but his influence on our stage is surely plain to every thinking man, and it is an influence which is not plunging us into degradation, as is suggested in some quarters, but is directing our dramatists to a serious and humane study of the realities in which we live. Such is the indisputable tendency of the dramatic movement which has become so perceptible during the last few years. It does not threaten us with the loss of plays which charm us with ideal pictures, or divert us with whimsical fancy. The fairyland of the stage can never fade away, and the romance of such stories as "Caste," "A Pair of Spectacles," "Liberty Hall," and "Sweet Lavender" is a wand which can never be broken. But there is no greater mistake than to suppose that we can exclude from the scope of the modern drama momentous questions of the social weal, the passions which make fissures in our complex civilisation, every serious subject which appeals to intelligent people in the infinite variety of human experience. Gentlemen, I am painfully conscious that I have inflicted somewhat of a lecture upon you, but the point is one of such vast importance that I trust you will forgive me if I have approached it with some warmth. The patience you have shown increases the debt of my gratitude, which has grown very large in Liverpool. If I am poor in thanks, it is because my heart is full. I have not travelled far upon the road—the thorny road—of theatrical management; but everywhere I look I see a friend and a helping hand. I am especially sensible, as every actor must be, of the value of the accomplished critic, which has done so much to direct and encourage ambition, and which has made the names of men like Sir Edward Russell household words not only in Liverpool, but amongst all lovers of the drama. Believe me, these are associations with which I nurse the hope that in days to come I may still retain the esteem so generously accorded to me to-night (loud applause).

Mr. Damer Harrison afterwards proposed the health of the ladies of the company, and to this an appropriate reply was made by Mr. H. E. Vincent.

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has at length prevailed upon M. Coquelin the elder to join her company at the Renaissance. One of the novelties to be produced will be Molière's "Amphitryon," in which M. Coquelin and his son Jean will act together, the part of Alcemène being taken by Madame Sarah herself. Another attractive novelty will be "Falstaff" drawn from Shakespeare by the late M. Paul Delair, the adapter of "The Taming of the Shrew." It would be difficult to find a better French exponent of Sir John than Coquelin. His humour is broad and subtle, and he has that spice of the quixotic which is essential for creations of this kind. But the most pleasing news of all is that Sarah Bernhardt is to play Prince Hal, or "Le Prince de Galles," as the illustrious actress styles him. M. Coquelin is very sanguine over his lawsuit with the Comédie Française. His counsel will be Maître Waldeck Rousseau, the ex-Minister of the Interior.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

BY
STANLEY CLARK.

YVETTE GUILBERT is more than a Parisian, she is a Parisianism, the greatest café chantant singer in the world to-day, a waif from the storm, a leaf thrown up against blasé Paris for her amusement.

She sprang into favour with a grimace directed at her companions in that vast emporium, the "Printemps," as well known to the modern feminine traveller as the "Louvre" or the "Bon Marché." She was born with a knowledge of the value of effect as supreme and distinctive as a song. A sudden awkward droop of a woman, no grace, no distinction, no taste; but she can be tragic with a lift of her eyebrows, comic with a shrug of her shoulders, and painfully realistic with a movement of her hands. She twits on the weakness of the greatest aristocrats of the day, she sticks her tongue into her cheek, and talks boulevard slang and twang until the oldest boulevardier is outdone; she imitates all the famous actors and singers with one stroke of her gigantic talent as clean-cut and acute as if she had made

an exhaustive study of her art all her life, instead of being, as she is, a worn-out shop-girl, with the odour of the streets in her clothes, in her dyed hair, in her "stock" expression. She throws sentiment to the winds, she mocks at love, she snaps her fingers at Fate, and she defies the higher powers with every breath she draws and almost every note she utters.

Her voice is low and coarse and unmusical, her lips are painted vermilion and coloured thick and out of drawing; but she is intensely human, and that is what the Parisians love. She is as typical a child of this generation as the dude or the female bicyclist, an off-shoot, the epitome of effete civilisation, the answer to the universal cry for more, a new *plat* offered to the jaded palates of the satiated.

Her length is awkward, her complexion pasty, her hair champagne yellow. She is as devoid of *chic* as a North American Indian, and her toilette is as non-suggestive of Paris.

It consists of a flimsy sulphur-coloured silk dress falling in unequal folds about her undaintly shod feet, her thin shoulders and hipless sides aiding and abetting it in its ungraceful flop to the floor. The yellow hair escapes in untidy meshes at the sides of her head, her eyes are faded, her mouth droops wearily a little sideways, and the long, shapeless arms fall from their sockets towards her knees in a line which must be as unstudied as it has hitherto, from its undesirability, been unthought of.

Stretched from the elbows to the ends of the long, thin fingers are the black gloves, by which all Paris and strangerdom has grown to recognise her on the bill posters, and which are to play so prominent a part in her presentation of nude facts.

The audience has shifted in and out—a lazy, sleepy, summer audience. They have been presented with the inevitable dance and song man and the unrepresentable song and dance woman. Eleven o'clock strikes, and the almost extinguished gas in the varied coloured bulbs bursts into new radiance, clubdom and snobdom loom to the fore, and, as Yvette shuffles awkwardly to the footlights, the audience bursts into rapturous applause, which immediately dies away into breathless silence.

The orchestra strikes up, the strange droop of a body quickens into life, the red-lipped mouth opens to let forth the song, the long arms point the moral to the tale, and suddenly it dawns upon us that here is the camera of to-day embodied in a slip of a girl who is famous. She rouses into speech, she winks into slyness, she shrugs into contempt, she talks like a street urchin or a grand dame or a stump orator, or any of the thousand and one types of Parisianism which are so incontestably unique, and

the black-gloved hands make the shadow and the yellow dress and hair the light, and she hints at untold depths with an "um," and suggests unfelt heights with an "ah," a whole lifetime of unusualness, of cunning, or of fun in everything she says and does. Her shoulders shrug out her innuendoes, her hands outline the lilt of the strange measure of her song.

She pokes fun at the Government and is as full of gags as the local politician. She turns human nature inside out with a twist of her tongue, a lift of her expressive brows, a droop of her unnaturally reddened lips.

They recall her again and again, and she returns to snap her fingers at their institutions and their constitutions, at their love of themselves and their love of her. She is abundantly antagonistic, but she idealises effect, and she is something new. When they are tired of her she nods her head at them, the limp hands fall at her sides, the flimsy, characterless gown droops into its usual ungraceful folds, the eyes dull, the body droops, the orchestra stops, and the curtain falls. She is her own version of her own life, is Yvette Guilbert, the spoiled child of the French public, so happily so while it lasts, so unhappily so when another fills her place.

"You see," said she the other day—and as she talked her elbows rested on her knees in their customary spiritless fashion, and the long, thin hands shot in and out to accentuate the high lights of her chat—"you see I was born ugly and anemic, but I had a prodigious memory. I used to carry home work to great ladies from my mother, who was a poor sempstress; but my mind, even then, was full of street songs, which I used to hum to myself in my to's and fro's. The time was when that big fat woman who runs the Eldorado would only pay me six hundred francs a month; that was at first, and of course I failed, for she put me on at the beginning of the evening and there was no one there at that hour who knew enough to appreciate me; it all depends upon the right audience, success. 'Listen,' I said to her; 'there's no pepper, no salt, no life in the things your people sing; let me try it,' but when I tried my best I failed. Finally, in a towering rage, she discharged me, but I screamed out to her, as I left her, 'Remember my name, madame: Yvette Guilbert. Paris will ring with it one of these days; and you, why, you will beg me to come at any price.' What do I make? From thirty to forty thousand francs a month, and they call me the meanest woman in all Paris because I save it. Why shouldn't I? I don't care for fine jewels and handsome clothes and tra-la's; I only care for the sun and my ugliness, for the latter helped me make my fortune, and the former is a craving for the warmth which God forgot to put with the blood into my veins. One of these days, I'll have a little house in the country, and a garden with sunshine in it, for I am a girl of the people, not a *grande dame*. One has to be educated up to gaslight; no more late hours, no theatre, no more of that awful breathless plunge which I take every night like a cold douche every time I face my audience.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER ON DRAMATIC ART.

In the small hours of yesterday morning, Mr. George Alexander was entertained at the Art Club, Upper Parliament-street, to supper. Alderman P. H. Rathbone presided, and there was a good gathering of members to meet Mr. Alexander.

The Chairman, in proposing the "Health of the Guest," said they were met together that night to do honour to Mr. Alexander, and to the members of the company he had organised. The theatre at the present day was a great institution, and all they had to consider was what was the best way to utilise that institution. Mr. George Alexander had in the plays he had produced shown them what he thought it ought to be. They ought to thank Mr. Alexander for having struck on a line of drama, which taught them something about the life that was going on about them, and pointed to a higher life than that which they lived day by day (applause).

The toast was very heartily received, and Mr. Alexander, in reply, said:—If I confess to you that I felt somewhat disturbed when I received your most gratifying and hospitable invitation, I must make the further admission that I have sat quite abashed while your chairman has unfolded his far too liberal catalogue of my good deeds. You are kind enough to testify your appreciation of the work I have done in the furtherance of the dramatic art, but as I listened to your chairman it seemed only the day before yesterday that I was a raw recruit in Liverpool, and only yesterday that I was a lieutenant, and, if I do not forget that, still less likely am I to forget whose lieutenant I was, and under whose guidance and inspiration I received so many valuable lessons in my profession. To name him is to name one of the greatest masters of our art, and at the same time to send across the ocean a message of affectionate goodwill from the Liverpool Arts Club to Henry Irving (applause). To his example I owe that desire for completeness in the representation of my plays. In that task I think no pains are too great, no detail is too insignificant. The art of stage illusion cannot in these times dispense with the accessories which harmonise the drama with its mechanical conditions. I know that some enthusiasts plume themselves on representing Shakspeare without scenery, and I believe that an excellent body of students (the Shakspearian Society) in London are very proud of what they call their costume recitals, with which, as I learn from Press opinions (even students, you see, cannot do without Press opinions), nothing to be seen at the theatre can compare. I presume the dresses are appropriate to the characters, and if the Shakspearian students' wits are not distracted from the poet's conception by appropriate dresses, I don't know why they should be distracted by appropriate backgrounds or suitable chairs. This is, however, a dispute which has only an artificial interest now. It is like the lament you will hear occasionally, that real tragic acting is extinct except on the French stage, and the only illustrious English actors are long since dead. Call no man great till he has been buried for two generations. But we are witnessing a development of dramatic art which raises a much more vital controversy. It is personally vital to me, for on my devoted head, during the last few months, have fallen the maledictions of outraged propriety (laughter). It has been my fortune to produce a play by an English dramatist who has handled a delicate social problem not only with masterly skill, but also with serious insight and broad humanity. Mr. Pinero has asserted, and successfully asserted, the claim of the modern playwright to deal with themes which make some of the moving tragedies in life (applause). He has been met by a perfectly futile ban, which if it could have been enforced three centuries ago, would have robbed us of priceless treasures in our dramatic literature. In the judgment of one critic, who has been an acknowledged leader of opinion for many years, Mr. Pinero's drama is "in essence irreligious and irreverent, and his art makes evil good upon the stage. It is no less than a crime," says this writer, "to present from the stage the ridicule of virtue, and the splendid courage." Gentlemen, if any crime has been committed, I am an accomplice. My honour is impugned, my good name is at stake.

The answer, so far as I am concerned is, that I am proud to stand beside Arthur Wing Pinero in his fight. I am proud to be the interpreter, however inadequate, of his ideas. I am proud to have associates, led by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose brilliant abilities have helped to bring home terrible and pathetic truths to the hearts and minds of thousands. How any man can find in the story of Paula Tangueray the deliberate ridicule of virtue by the dramatist, and the deliberate panegyric of suicide, I cannot discover. I say, gentlemen, that any attempt to "cabin, crib, and confine" the drama is stamped with certain failure. I quite agree with what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has said in his most recent lecture, "that the physically repulsive is no legitimate subject for the stage." I am no devotee of Ibsen, but his influence on our stage is surely plain to every thinking man, and it is an influence which is not plunging us into degradation, as is suggested in some quarters, but is directing our dramatists to a serious and humane study of the realities in which we live. Such is the indisputable tendency of the dramatic movement which has become so perceptible during the last few years. It does not threaten us with the loss of plays which charm us with ideal pictures, or divert us with whimsical fancy. The fairyland of the stage can never fade away, and the romance of such stories as "Caste," "A Pair of Spectacles," "Liberty Hall," and "Sweet Lavender" is a wand which can never be broken. But there is no greater mistake than to suppose that we can exclude from the scope of the modern drama momentous questions of the social weal, the passions which make fissures in our complex civilisation, every serious subject which appeals to intelligent people in the infinite variety of human experience. Gentlemen, I am painfully conscious that I have inflicted somewhat of a lecture upon you, but the point is one of such vast importance that I trust you will forgive me if I have approached it with some warmth. The patience you have shown increases the debt of my gratitude, which has grown very large in Liverpool. If I am poor in thanks, it is because my heart is full. I have not travelled far upon the road—the thorny road—of theatrical management; but everywhere I look I see a friend and a helping hand. I am especially sensible, as every actor must be, of the value of the accomplished criticism, which has done so much to direct and encourage ambition, and which has made the names of men like Sir Edward Russell household words not only in Liverpool, but amongst all lovers of the drama. Believe me, these are associations with which I nurse the hope that in days to come I may still retain the esteem so generously accorded to me to-night (loud applause).

Mr. Damer Harrison afterwards proposed the health of the ladies of the company, and to this an appropriate reply was made by Mr. H. H. Vincent.

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has at length prevailed upon M. Coquelin the elder to join her company at the Renaissance. One of the novelties to be produced will be Molière's "Amphitryon," in which M. Coquelin and his son Jean will act together, the part of Alcmène being taken by Madame Sarah herself. Another attractive novelty will be "Falstaff," drawn from Shakespeare by the late M. Paul Delair, the adapter of "The Taming of the Shrew." It would be difficult to find a better French exponent of Sir John than Coquelin. His humour is broad and subtle, and he has that spice of the quixotic which is essential for creations of this kind. But the most pleasing news of all is that Sarah Bernhardt is to play Prince Hal, or "Le Prince de Galles," as the illustrious actress styles him. M. Coquelin is very sanguine over his lawsuit with the Comédie Française. His counsel will be Maître Waldeck Rousseau, the ex-Minister of the Interior.

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has at length prevailed upon M. Coquelin the elder to join her company at the Renaissance. One of the novelties to be produced will be Molière's "Amphitryon," in which M. Coquelin and his son Jean will act together, the part of Alcène being taken by Madame Sarah herself. Another attractive novelty will be "Falstaff," drawn from Shakespeare by the late M. Paul Delair, the adapter of "The Taming of the Shrew." It would be difficult to find a better French exponent of Sir John than Coquelin. His humour is broad and subtle, and he has that spice of the quixotic which is essential for creations of this kind. But the most pleasing news of all is that Sarah Bernhardt is to play Prince Hal, or "Le Prince de Galles," as the illustrious actress styles him. M. Coquelin is very sanguine over his lawsuit with the Comédie Française. His counsel will be Maître Waldeck Rousseau, the ex-Minister of the Interior.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

BY
STANLEY CLARK.

YVETTE GUILBERT is more than a Parisian, she is a Parisianism, the greatest café chantant singer in the world to-day, a waif from the storm, a leaf thrown up against blasé Paris for her amusement.

She sprang into favour with a grimace directed at her companions in that vast emporium, the "Printemps," as well known to the modern feminine traveller as the "Louvre" or the "Bon Marché." She was born with a knowledge of the value of effect as supreme and distinctive as a song. A sodden awkward droop of a woman, no grace, no distinction, no taste; but she can be tragic with a lift of her eyebrows, comic with a shrug of her shoulders, and painfully realistic with a movement of her hands. She twits on the weakness of the greatest aristocrats of the day, she sticks her tongue into her cheek, and talks boulevard slang and twang until the oldest boulevardier is out-done; she imitates all the famous actors and singers with one stroke of her gigantic talent as clean-cut and acute as if she had made an exhaustive study of her art all her life, instead of being, as she is, a worn-out shop girl, with the odour of the streets in her clothes, in her dyed hair, in her "stock" expression. She throws sentiment to the winds, she mocks at love, she snaps her fingers at Fate, and she defies the higher powers with every breath she draws and almost every note she utters.

Her voice is low and coarse and unmusical, her lips are painted vermilion and coloured thick and out of drawing; but she is intensely human, and that is what the Parisians love. She is as typical a child of this generation as the dude or the female bicyclist, an off-shoot, the epitome of effete civilisation, the answer to the universal cry for more, a new *plat* offered to the jaded palates of the satiated.

Her length is awkward, her complexion pasty, her hair champagne yellow. She is as devoid of *chic* as a North American Indian, and her toilette is as non-suggestive of Paris.

It consists of a flimsy sulphur-coloured silk dress falling in unequal folds about her undaintily shod feet, her thin shoulders and hipless sides aiding and abetting it in its ungraceful flop to the floor. The yellow hair escapes in untidy meshes at the sides of her head, her eyes are faded, her mouth droops wearily a little sideways, and the long, shapeless arms fall from their sockets towards her knees in a line which must be as unstudied as it has hitherto, from its undesirability, been unthought of.

Stretched from the elbows to the ends of the long, thin fingers are the black gloves, by which all Paris and strangerdom has grown to recognise her on the bill posters, and which are to play so prominent a part in her presentation of nude facts.

The audience has shifted in and out—a lazy, sleepy, summer audience. They have been presented with the inevitable dance and song man and the unrepresentable song and dance woman. Eleven o'clock strikes, and the almost extinguished gas in the varied coloured bulbs bursts into new radiance, clubdom and snobdom loom to the fore, and, as Yvette shuffles awkwardly to the footlights, the audience bursts into rapturous applause, and immediately dies away into breathless silence.

The orchestra strikes up, the strange droop of a body quickens into life, the red-lipped mouth opens to let forth the song, the long arms point the moral to the tale, and suddenly it dawns upon us that here is the camera of to-day embodied in a slip of a girl who is famous. She rouses into speech, she winks into slyness, she shrugs into contempt, she talks like a street urchin or a grand dame or a stump orator, or any of the thousand and one types of Parisianism which are so incontestably unique, and

the black-gloved hands make the shadow and the yellow dress and hair the light, and she hints at untold depths with an "um," and suggests unfelt heights with an "ah," a whole lifetime of unusualness, of cunning, or of fun in everything she says and does. Her shoulders shrug out her innuendoes, her hands outline the lilt of the strange measure of her song.

She pokes fun at the Government and is as full of gags as the local politician. She turns human nature inside out with a twist of her tongue, a lift of her expressive brows, a droop of her unnaturally reddened lips.

They recall her again and again, and she returns to snap her fingers at their institutions and their constitutions, at their love of themselves and their love of her. She is abundantly antagonistic, but she idealises effect, and she is something new. When they are tired of her she nods her head at them, the limp hands fall at her sides, the flimsy, characterless gown droops into its usual ungraceful folds, the eyes dull, the body droops, the orchestra stops, and the curtain falls. She is her own version of her own life, is Yvette Guilbert, the spoiled child of the French public, so happily so while it lasts, so unhappily so when another fills her place.

"You see," said she the other day—and as she talked her elbows rested on her knees in their customary spiritless fashion, and the long, thin hands shot in and out to accentuate the high lights of her chat—"you see I was born ugly and anæmic, but I had a prodigious memory. I used to carry home work to great ladies from my mother, who was a poor sempstress; but my mind, even then, was full of street songs, which I used to hum to myself in my to's and fro's. The time was when that big fat woman who runs the Eldorado would only pay me six hundred francs a month; that was at first, and of course I failed, for she put me on at the beginning of the evening and there was no one there at that hour who knew enough to appreciate me; it all depends upon the right audience, success. 'Listen,' I said to her; 'there's no pepper, no salt, no life in the things your people sing; let me try it,' but when I tried my best I failed. Finally, in a towering rage, she discharged me, but I screamed out to her, as I left her, 'Remember my name, madame: Yvette Guilbert. Paris will ring with it one of these days; and you, why, you will beg me to come at any price.' What do I make? From thirty to forty thousand francs a month, and they call me the meanest woman in all Paris because I save it. Why shouldn't I? I don't care for fine jewels and handsome clothes and *tralla's*; I only care for the sun and my ugliness, for the latter helped me make my fortune, and the former is a craving for the warmth which God forgot to put with the blood into my veins. One of these days, I'll have a little house in the country, and a garden with sunshine in it, for I am a girl of the people, not a *grande dame*. One has to be educated up to gaslight; no more late hours, no theatre, no more of that awful breathless plunge which I take every night like a cold douche every time I face my audience.

One day Zola gave a breakfast to his publishers on a little island in the Bois de Boulogne, and Yvette was there to amuse them. She sat in her usual drooping fashion under the shadow of one of the spring trees, and listened to Zola's pitiful account of his early struggles when he fought for bread and recognition. As he waxed eloquent she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her face in the palms of her hands.

When he had finished and he had called upon her for a song, she rose and sang it with all the *abandon*, the fling, the swing, the diabolical proficiency of her craft; and as she stood and sung, the sun, with its usual merciless irony, shone through the leaves full on to the painted face, into the weary eyes, and sought out the dye of her hair and the disorder of her gown.

Finally, it halted and rested on two great tear drops on her cheek, which had stood there since Zola's recital.

The World.

Nov. 14. 1894.

The run of *The Masqueraders* was resumed at the St. James's on Saturday night before an enthusiastic audience. Miss Evelyn Millard, as the heroine, has certainly this advantage over Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that her heart is entirely in her work. She is, perhaps, rather too much of the barmaid in the first act, and does not sufficiently indicate Dulcie's underlying distaste for her position; but in the subsequent acts she is all that can be desired. Mr. Alexander, Mr. Waring, Mr. Esmond, Mr. Elliott, and Miss Granville are as good as ever, and the sheer brute force, if one may call it so, of Mr. Jones's situations continues to work the audience up to a very high pitch of excitement.

W. A.

The Era.

ST. JAMES'S.

Before a very large and enthusiastic house, on the evening of the 28th ult., Mr. George Alexander and his clever company performed for the last time, previous to their taking a much-needed rest, Mr. H. A. Jones's most successful play *The Masqueraders*. Had the piece been entirely new, its interesting story could not have elicited closer attention or heartier applause. The celebrated Card scene was rendered by Mr. Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell with a power and artistic restraint that held the house in hushed silence, and the whole of the cast worthily contributed to a superb representation. At the conclusion of the play Mr. Alexander was the recipient of one of those remarkable ovations that the British public reserve only for their most cherished entertainers, and, after coming again and again to the footlights, he at length halted, and took his leave in the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I cannot refrain from thanking you, and my friends the public generally, for the more than liberal support you have bestowed upon me during the past season. It is one of the difficulties of theatrical management that any conspicuous success—gratifying as it may be—becomes a source of serious embarrassment when the next production has to be considered. I have no doubt that my friend George Copeland discovered, when he stood on the top of Mount St. Elias, that his position did little for him but to show him how many equally difficult peaks there were still to climb, and that his feelings must have been somewhat akin to mine when I had to consider a worthy successor to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Happily, by the skilful aid of Henry Arthur Jones, by the valuable co-operation of my old comrade Herbert Waring, and many members of my company, as well as by your kind favour, this arduous task was surmounted, and as the result I am happy to be able to report to you the most prosperous season in my experience as a manager. To-night we close the theatre, firstly for a much-needed rest, for since September we have given no fewer than 319 performances, and, secondly, for our annual visit to the great provincial cities. In November we shall resume the run of *The Masqueraders*, which is only broken to-night while, I am glad to say, in a most encouraging state of vitality. Until then, ladies and gentlemen, I bid you a grateful and affectionate farewell, looking forward hopefully and cheerfully to the renewal of those relations between us which have been, to me at least, so encouraging and so delightful."

August 4th 1894.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA FEMME DE CLAUDE."

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, MONDAY NIGHT.

To-night's revival of "La Femme de Claude" is eventful in a double sense. Quite apart from the longing of Paris to see her present idol in one of the niches where the great Aimée Desclée was worshipped, the score or so of years which have elapsed since the production of the much-contested piece have given it new life. Alexandre Dumas entered the arena with a code of ethics in his hand. His plays symbolised a thesis; and "La Femme de Claude" continued the brutal sanction of his new commandment, "Kill her," as applied to the treason of a faithless woman. The storm which broke out at the Gymnase on the first night is now forgotten. The chains of marriage in France have been unloosened by the Naquet divorce law; whilst the symbolism of Norwegian poets and dramatists has found right of welcome amongst the most jealous of French critics. To-night, therefore, there was no academic or pedantic revolt against Alexandre Dumas. There may be a rift in the conscience of Claude Ruper; but the lesson conveyed is telling if not opportune. Césarine Ruper is still a living type of vicious womanhood. Hereditary, with the insensate pride of a showy highborn name, was the structure. Weak and faulty parents, her own troublous beauty and a mania for exciting the flutter of love in every male heart did the rest. This was the creature who hypnotised the rugged and noble Claude Ruper, who not only gave her the first fruits of a husband's love, but who humanely forgave past sin, and being childless consented to cherish its offspring.

When the curtain rises, we are in the midst of these now hopeless surroundings. Claude is disenchanted. Césarine has once more left her home under the pretext of nursing her dying grandmother. Her real motive was a secret intrigue with a certain Richard de Moncabré, who, after having given her 200,000f.—the money of his employers—disappears. The guilty wife has a feeble hankering for home, and returns at daybreak. She is followed by an evil genius named Cantagnac. The latter is beyond her wiles. He knows all the ingoings and outgoings of Madame Ruper's guilty existence. Her husband is the inventor of a cannon and explosive which may revolutionise the world. The secret is only known to his disciple and adopted son, Antonin, who is loyally struggling against the intoxication of being over head and ears in love with Césarine. The wife, it is true, makes an effort to evade the proposed betrayal. Cantagnac, however, is ruthless in his vile purpose, and Claude steals his heart against the advances of what he not unnaturally considers mock repentance. Césarine baffled and at bay sinks once more into the mire of perfidy. By stratagem she persuades Antonin to place her money in the safe which contains the full analysis of Claude's invention. Her conspiracy has, however, been discovered by her eavesdropping maid, Edmé, who has been bribed by Cantagnac, but who reveals everything to her master. In the last scene the wronged husband shoots his wife just as she is achieving the design for which Cantagnac

is to pay her a colossal sum. Claude then says imperiously to Antonin: "Et toi, viens travailler."

It is needless to-night to refer to the secondary love story of Rebecca, who, with her father Daniel, is on a visit to Ruper, and whose maidenly and quite innocent love brightens up the desolate home. The Jewish maiden confides her idyll to her father, and the worthy pair resolve to forsake France and travel on a scientific expedition. The rôle of Rebecca was not so prominent to-night as when it was created by Blanche Pierson then in the zenith of young, womanly beauty. All eyes were, of course, fixed upon the enchantress, who evoked a new vision where poor Desclée had left us the memory of one of her most potent spells. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been predestined for the great creations where women unfold all the impassioned heroism or baseness of which they are capable. It is to be regretted that as the curtain falls her presentations are invariably strangled, poisoned or shot, when they do not like Joan of Arc die at the stake. There is every prospect that Victorien Sardou will bring the "Duchesse d'Athènes," the next creation of the great actress, to a deadly finish. One would certainly like to see Sarah sharing in the all-round happiness of a tearful but comforting piece. To-night her delicious wickedness, her power to decoy, and her violent death, were all wondrously depicted; and Paris has given its plenary consecration to a success which began far away from the land of the boulevards.

To. Day

May 19. 1894.

MY DEAR DICK,—By constant care, unwearied attention, remarkable enterprise, and lavish expenditure, the London music-halls have been elevated by their managers to a position of which they may well feel proud. They have made it evident that a clean, wholesome, and artistic entertainment can be provided, and can be splendidly supported. Their halls and their shows are alike creditable to them. The County Council at one time evinced a disposition towards meddling with them, but it has now very sensibly determined to let them alone, and it concerns itself, as it should, with nothing but the safety of buildings and the sale of drinks.

Of the entertainments given in music-halls, the County Council says nothing. It feels, no doubt, that it can very safely repose confidence in the men who have done so much to improve and beautify the London halls.

These men—men like George Edwardes, Newsome Smith, Charles Brighton, Charles Morton, and many others—have been responsible only to the great British public.

The reforms that they have effected seem scarcely credible to people who can remember what the music-halls were twenty years ago. The gorgeous ballets of the Empire and the Alhambra, the delightfully artistic *tableaux vivants*, that are now the rage of the town, and, above all, the short, bright sketches or farces, that appeal particularly to certain audiences, were undreamt of in the days of the Immense Baggs, the Chickaleery Champagne Blokes, and the Sisters Limejuice.

Both ballets and sketches are unquestionably theatrical entertainments within the strict meaning of the Act. Everybody knows it. Everybody has known it for years. Clement Scott laid particular stress on the fact in his lecture to the Playgoers' Club, and he very rightly lauded the London theatrical managers for leaving them alone, for tolerating them, for not seeking to suppress them.

Yet now all of a sudden the Lord Chamberlain wakes up, and a circular has been sent round the music-halls to the effect that all sketches must for the future be licensed as "stage plays." This circular is signed "Edward F. S. Pigott, Examiner of all Theatrical Entertainments."

I sincerely trust that music-hall managers will consider very seriously both the meaning of the circular and the significance of the peculiarly-phrased signature.

To begin with, music-halls are *not* places licensed for the representation of stage plays, and certain penalties can be recovered from music-hall managers who permit the representation of stage plays in their establishments.

Now Pigott boldly ignores this fact, and says that he is prepared to licence plays that are to be played in places where the law does not permit them to be played.

Now what I ask myself is this, What would Pigott do if a music-hall manager point-blank refused to submit a farce to him and played it unlicensed? As the Lord Chamberlain has no jurisdiction over the music-halls, it is evident that the manager would not risk the loss of his ordinary licence. Pigott, then, could do nothing, or he could prosecute the manager, *not* for representing an unlicensed play, but for representing something that was a play in a building not licensed for theatrical representations.

It should be perfectly plain to all music-hall managers that Pigott is claiming a jurisdiction to which he has no earthly right, which he cannot honourably enforce, and which is not demanded by expediency or justice.

Moreover, little as the County Council interfere with entertainments, Pigott's licence in no way binds or controls them, and despite the fact that he thought a play unobjectionable, they might think quite differently, and in an extreme case a music-hall manager might risk losing his licence merely because he had depended on Pigott's judgment instead of his own, and had played a sketch which the County Council considered reprehensible.

By giving way to Pigott, in fact, the music-hall managers would make for themselves two masters, and now, just at a time when the County Council is beginning to get control of the theatres, the managers would be helping the Lord Chamberlain to extend his sway to the music-halls.

For, mark the signature of the circular. It is not "Pigott,

Examiner of Plays," but it is "Pigott, Examiner of *all* Theatrical Entertainments." If the managers submit to one illegal exaction they may soon be face to face with another. They may be told that if they do not submit their songs, solo dances, monologues, and acrobats to Pigott he will not lightly licence their ballets and sketches. That pressure may be indirect, but it will come; indeed, it must come, because some day something of this sort may arise: Pigott may cut a song out of a sketch, thinking it too cerulean or too political; and the manager, not caring to lose it, may give it to a solo vocalist as a separate turn which did not require Pigott's permission. This anomaly would naturally annoy Pigott, the gradual pressure would soon be applied, and the licenser of plays would reign supreme over music-hall and theatre alike.

I assure you this is no exaggeration of the case.

Music halls, remember, are not like theatres. Their entertainment is changed almost nightly, and the expense, worry, and bother of rushing to Pigott for a fresh permission every five minutes would be intolerable.

Besides, Pigott is the last man in the world to be entrusted with music-hall supervision. He lives a retired life. He is altogether out of touch with the quick work-a-day world. Half the harmless slang of the hour, with which the music-hall reeks, is pure Greek to him. He vacillates like a weather-cock, for he explicitly forbade May Yohé to give even an imitation of the *chahut* at the Lyric, and he permitted Nini Patte-en-l'Air to dance the *chahut* itself at the Trafalgar, and after permitting the *Gaiety Girl* to be performed for fifty nights he suddenly insisted on a change that turned an English parson into an Irish doctor. He allows plays to be performed in French that he won't allow in English.