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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 4

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.

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 an 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 gentleman, I bid you a grateful and affectionate adieu, hoping to meet you here 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. Heredity, with the insensate pride of a showy highborn name, was the substructure. 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 steels 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 eaves-dropping maid, Edmé, who has been bribed by Cantagnac, but who reveals everything to her master. In the last scene the wronged husband shows 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 presentments 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

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

Of the entertainments given in music-halls, the Council says nothing. It feels, no doubt, that it can 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, Charles Brighten, Charles Morton, and many others—are responsible only to the great British public.

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

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

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To. Day

May 19. 1894.

MY DEAR DICK,—By constant care, unwearying 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 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 weathercock, 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. 164 allows plays to be performed in French that he won't allow in English,

Raymond—
...ed by the late Paul Bert for
his bitterness towards the conquered, said that
he was ready to go on his knees from the Made-
leine to the Bastille in order to expiate his hostile
utterances.

While Mademoiselle Reichenberg of the
Comédie Française was giving a fête last night
in honour of her brother, an artillery officer, in
one part of the Villa Saïd, a row of residences
near the Bois de Boulogne, a terrible tragedy
took place in another house of the same square.
M. Paul d'Avenary, who was about to dine with
Madame Delvart, an actress, shot himself in one
of her upper rooms. He was found lying dead
on the carpet, and only a few moments before
he had answered in response to the call to dinner
that he was coming down at once. The deceased,
whose real name was Allmayer, which he
changed, owing to the imprisonment of his
brother, had lost heavily at play, and was also
afflicted with a serious malady. The affair caused
great excitement in the whole square, which is
tenanted by a veritable colony of artistic and
literary people.

On the Bourse yesterday the last quotations
were: Three per Cents., 102f 60c (a rise of 15c);
Three and a Half per Cents., 107f 57½c (a fall of
7½c); Italians, 89f 95c; Turks, 26f; Spanish
Exteriors, 72f 80c; Egyptian Unified, 104f 90c;
ditto Preference, 102f 60c; Suez Canal shares,
3,255f; Ottoman Bank, 726f 25c;
410f 62c. Home Three per Cents.
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 moor: Peat and Iron
 —In re J. King and rnoyts v Dewnap—Smith v
 Company of Mexico—Davies v Vale of Evesham Preserves (Li-
 mited)—Donaldson v Eden—Chester's Brewery Company (Li-
 mited) v Greatorex. Petitions, unopposed: First: Kenil v Hodg-
 son.—In re Chawner's Trusts—Sturtin v Dewker.—In re Harrison,
 deceased, and Haslam v Harrison. Adjoined summonses:
 In re Williams and Parry and Vendors and Purchasers Act,
 1874, part heard.—In re Glover and Skelton and Co. v Glover—
 In re Dallmeyer and Dallmeyer v Dallmeyer.—In re Smith and
 Smith v Smith—Neilson v Dominica Plantations Company.—In
 re Harrison and Massfield v Aylmer.

Queen's Bench Court 4.—Before Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams
 (sitting as an additional judge of the Chancery Division), at 10.55.—
 Companies (Winding Up). In Chambers.—In his Lordship's
 Private Room, No. 573: South American and Mexican Company
 (Limited). In Queen's Bench Court 4, at 11: George Newman
 and Co. (Limited).

Lord Chancellor's Court.—Before Mr. Justice Stirling.—In
 Court.—At 10.30.—Chamber summonses. To-morrow his lord-
 ship will take the following business, at 10.30.—For judgment:
 Gill v Wigmore. Short causes: Harrison v Russell—Charsley v
 Davies—Linnett v Bates—Wyley v Overstone Cycle and Rim,
 &c., Company—Carr v Lavey—Hunt v Trotman. Petitions, un-
 opposed first: Jagger v Jagger, part heard—Wornell v Dix—
 In re Miller's Settled Estates and S. E. Act, 1877.—In re Groome's
 Trusts.—In Hughes's Trusts.—In re De Houghton and De Houghton
 v De Houghton—Green v Owen, part heard. Motions continued.
 Further considerations: In re Cossham and Burgess v Cossham—
 In re Firth and Buns v Benevolent Society for relief of the aged
 and infirm poor. The last motion day these sittings will be
 Thursday next, and notice may be served for that day.

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

Queen's Bench Court 1.—Divisional Court.—Before Mr. Justice
 Charles and Mr. Justice Wright at 11.—Ex parte motions on the
 Crown Side.—Crown paper: Indies v Hedges, S. S. Hedges
 claimant—Heath v Sanders and another—York v Sharpe—Neal
 v Minter—Hart and another v Brandst—Dolan v St. Helen's
 District Trans Company—Baglan Bay Tin Plate Company v
 John and David and another, justices—Buckler v Wilson—Ed-
 wards v Thomas—(88) Brooks v Bertram, Brown claimant.

Queen's Bench Court 5.—Before Mr. Justice Hawkins, at 10.30.
 Middlesex action, special jury: (3,874) Sailsbury v Rawson, part
 heard.

Queen's Bench Court 9.—Before Mr. Justice Mathew, at 10.30.—
 For judgment: (2,247) Manchester Trust (Limited) v Furness,
 Witham Commercial list: Asfar and Co. v Blundell and
 Sumford and others v National Bank and Rail-
 way Commissioners v Clayton.

—Before Mr. Justice Cave, at 11.—Mid-
 dlesex: Siggs v Smithers—Crawley v
 Mulford v London General Omnibus

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apparently on the ground that if an audience understands a foreign language its morals may be corrupted with impunity. He is a very nice, amiable, academic, gentle gentleman, but he is about as much fitted to look after the music-halls as he is to command the Channel Squadron.

His office exists in virtue of an Act rushed through Parliament by Walpole during a political scare. This was in 1737, more than 150 years ago. The great Lord Chesterfield protested against it in words which I commend to all music-hall managers in face of the new censorship which Pigott is seeking to impose upon them.

Lord Chesterfield said, "But granting it necessary, which I am far from thinking, to make a new law for restraining the licentiousness of the stage, yet I shall never be for establishing such a power as is proposed by this Bill. If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Let us not subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of a single man, to judge and determine, without limitation, control, or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, and inconsistent with our constitution; it is higher and more absolute a power than we trust even to the king. I must therefore think we ought not to vest any such power in His Majesty's Lord Chamberlain."

A MADAME SANS-GÈNE.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
If my laundress only were
Aussi bonne et gracieuse,
Should I ever growl at her?

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars surely should be white;
Mais elle est si paresseuse!
Mine are yellow—is that right?

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Home to other folks she sends—
Elle est vraiment généreuse!
Clothes I love as dear old friends.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Socks and handkerchiefs depart;
Elle n'en sait rien, trompeuse!
Wring? She wrings my very heart.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Shirt-fronts, wristbands, collars frayed!
Ruine calamiteuse
In my wardrobe is displayed.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Banging, brushing, done in a
Facon si laborieuse,
Wash my washing clean away.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Would that you indeed were mine,
Toujours bonne et vertueuse,
I should never more repine!

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars ironed by your sweet touch—
Votre main délicieuse—
Would delight me very much.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
What a truly happy state!
Espérance trop flatteuse,
That can never be my fate.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
I must weep, and, weeping, see
La méchante déchireuse
Heeds not ETUOLD, woe is me!

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Handkerchiefs are spoilt in shoals;
Je n'en ai pas, la railleuse
Makes them parts, and also holes.

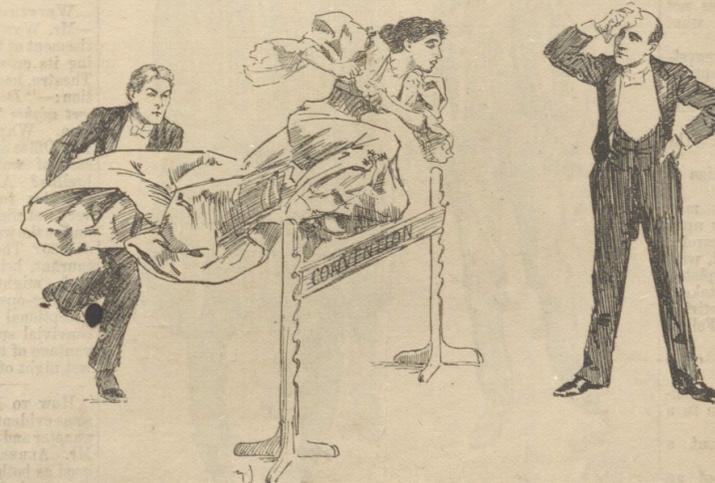
QUITE THE FIRST MRS. TANQUERAY.

THE *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Mr. PINERO's latest, and far and away his best piece. The plot is simple, and intensely interesting; the characters marked, clearly drawn, and distinct; the situations natural and powerful; the dialogue appropriate, and spontaneously witty. Thus in construction and dialogue it is a model play. There is no waste of words, there are no sharp-sounding but pointless attempts at epigram dragged in neck and crop anyhow, no re-setting of old saws, no crackling of thorns to keep the pot a-boiling, no furbishing up of old Jo Millers, no attempt at passing

not happy—*Tanqueray* is a peculiar, but far from unfamiliar, name, associated chiefly, I fancy, with the wine trade. *Sir George Orreyed, Bart.*—pronounced "Orrid"—speaks for itself; the part of the sodden fool is capably played by Mr. VANE-TEMPER; the name of *Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.*, is a sort of compound of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.; *Gordon Jayne, M.D.*, is not very far off what it rhymes with, yept QUAIN, M.D.; and *Cayley Drummle* suggests at once to all who remember *Great Expectations*, the name, but not the person, of *Bentley Drummle*, to whom *Mr. Jagers* took so great a fancy.

Curious to note that, though this is the first piece on any English stage, within the last half century, in which a spade is most decidedly shown to be a spade, yet has Mr. PINERO been afraid to let his undisciplined heroine,—who does not stick at a trifle and who will blurt out anything that comes uppermost in her thoughts,—utter point-blank the most simple statement of fact either when she is making her confession to her husband, or when she is confronted with *Hugh Ardale* (a very difficult part, brusquely played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), her former lover-in-chief. No doubt he permitted the woman to retain this shred of delicacy for the sake of actress and audience. But in such a play as this, the dramatist who compromises is lost.

The *Second Mrs. T.* marks an epoch in our dramatic annals. It is every inch a play. Whether this dramatic food is too strong for "the young person," and whether, on that account, the elder persons will not patronise it, remains to be seen. But for Mr. PINERO, for Mr. ALEXANDER, and for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL this success is "a record."



Proceeding by leaps and bounds. The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a good first.

Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL told an interviewer once that her *confères* of the original *Tanqueray* cast were convinced of the impossibility of speaking some of *Paula's* lines without creating a laugh, so *outré* were they. But Mrs. CAMPBELL felt that she could make her audience realise the grim tragedy of the part, and, as history witnesses, she succeeded admirably.

There was more than ordinary interest displayed in the first night of *John-a-Dreams* at the Haymarket, on Thursday, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was to make her appearance under the banner of Mr. Tree. This alone was certain to attract a brilliant and representative audience. Among those in the front row of the stalls were Sir Frederick Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Labouchere, and Lady Harris. Mr. Harry Furniss discoursed with the new editor of the *Fortnightly* on their respective periodicals. The theatrical element was strong, being represented by Mrs. Bernard Beere, who was looking delicate, and wore a wondrous silken pelisse of old-world fashion, and had side-combs in her hair; Mrs. Charles Mathews, accompanied by Mr. "Willie" and his wife; Miss Marion Terry, and Mrs. Arthur Lewis. The law was represented by Sir Edward Clarke and Sir George Lewis; and among others present were Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Sir Edward Lawson, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. De la Rue, Mr. and Mrs. Heilbut, Mr. and Mrs. Tate, and Mr. Anderson Crichtett.

It may not be generally known that the charming and popular wife of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER was for a short period on the stage. She played in the *Caste* company, where she met her husband, under the name of Miss FLORENCE MERVYN, and was also for a time at the Prince of Wales's, London, when it was under the management of Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, playing in a piece called *Annie-Mie*.

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apparently on the ground that if an audience understands a foreign language its morals may be corrupted with impunity. He is a very nice, amiable, academic, gentle gentleman, but he is about as much fitted to look after the music-halls as he is to command the Channel Squadron.

His office exists in virtue of an Act rushed through Parliament by Walpole during a political scare. This was in 1737, more than 150 years ago. The great Lord Chesterfield protested against it in words which I commend to all music-hall managers in face of the new censorship which Pigott is seeking to impose upon them.

Lord Chesterfield said, "But granting it necessary, which I am far from thinking, to make a new law for restraining the licentiousness of the stage, yet I shall never be for establishing such a power as is proposed by this Bill. If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Let us not subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of a single man, to judge and determine, without limitation, control, or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, and inconsistent with our constitution; it is higher and more absolute a power than we trust even to the king. I must therefore 2019-03-06 Women's University Library 168 recommend that such power in His Majesty's Lord Chamberlain."

A MADAME SANS-GÊNE.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
If my laundress only were
Aussi bonne et gracieuse,
Should I ever growl at her?

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars surely should be white;
Mais elle est si paresseuse!
Mine are yellow—is that right?

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Home to other folks she sends—
Elle est vraiment généreuse!—
Clothes I love as dear old friends.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Socks and handkerchiefs depart;
Ell' n'en sait rien, trompeuse!
Wring? She wrings my very heart.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Shirt-fronts, wristbands, collars frayed!
Ruine calamiteuse
In my wardrobe is displayed.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Banging, brushing, done in a
Façon si laborieuse,
Wash my washing clean away.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Would that you indeed were mine,
Toujours bonne et vertueuse,
I should never more repine!

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars ironed by your sweet touch—
Votre main délicieuse—
Would delight me very much.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
What a truly happy state!
Espérance trop flatteuse,
That can never be my fate.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
I must weep, and, weeping, see
La méchante déchireuse
Heeds not EUCLID, woe is me!

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Hissed words and holes in my
Je n'en ai pas, la railleuse
Makes them parts, and also holes.



Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL told an interviewer once that her *confrères* of the original *Tanqueray* cast were convinced of the impossibility of speaking some of *Paula's* lines without creating a laugh, so *outré* were they. But Mrs. CAMPBELL felt that she could make her audience realise the grim tragedy of the part, and, as history witnesses, she succeeded admirably.

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QUITE THE FIRST MRS. TANQUERAY.

THE *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Mr. PINERO's latest, and far and away his best piece. The plot is simple, and intensely interesting; the characters marked, clearly drawn, and distinct; the situations natural and powerful; the dialogue appropriate, and spontaneously witty. Thus in construction and dialogue it is a model play. There is no waste of words, there are no sharp-sounding but pointless attempts at epigram dragged in neck and crop anyhow, no re-setting of old saws, no crackling of thorns to keep the pot a-boiling, no refurbishing up of old Jo Millers, no attempt at passing off paste for diamonds. A bold author is Mr. PINERO, being an English dramatist, to conceive such a play, still bolder to write it; and bolder still was the manager who, with all the audacity of youth, has dared to produce what I venture to think would not, some years since, and not so very long ago either, have passed the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Dramatic Licensing Office.

The story is of how a kindly-natured, somewhat eccentric widower, of between forty and fifty years of age, with an unsatisfactory experience of wedded life, becomes so enamoured of a courtesan, one of the upper *demi-monde*, that he determines to "make an honest woman of her," by marrying her. That is all; and enough too. She is not a French *Manon Lescaut*, nor a conveniently-consumptive Italian *Violetta*. No; she is "English, you know," a thorough, right-down Londoner, no matter where she was born and bred; and of her parentage, whether gentle or simple, there is scarcely a hint in the play. What was she? What was her bringing up? What ought by right to have been her position in life? Was she a waif and stray from the commencement? One allusion to her early youth gives her pause—so natural a pause, too! the perfection of art!—for a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, she dismisses the recollection. She has learnt the piano, that is evident; she has a refined taste, oddly enough, in music; she is loving, she is vulgar; she can purr, she can spit; she is gentle, she is violent; she has good impulses, and she is a fiend incarnate; she is affectionate, she is malicious; generous and trusting, selfish and suspicious; she is all heart and no soul; she is a Peri at the Gates of Paradise; she is a *bête fauve* that should be under lock and key.

And not SARA BERNHARDT herself, mistress of all feminine feline arts as she is, could play this part better than Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. It is a wonderful performance, most striking, most convincing, from the utter absence in it of all apparent consciousness of the effects she is producing. She is to be most sincerely congratulated; so is Mr. PINERO, most heartily, as indeed may he to be on the entire representation from every point of view. Mr. ALEXANDER has never been better, indeed has never been so thoroughly and entirely good. One word of friendly warning; the telling effect of his pauses is endangered by their being unreasonably prolonged. On the stage a second's pause, "as well he knows it," seems a good five minutes to an audience, and that five minutes' "wait" is fraught with danger to all; it is here "*momentum unde pendet aternitas.*" On the other hand, his great scene with his wife, where the action is rapid and impulsive, when at last the truth will out, and where he dominates her by his suddenly uncontrollable violence, is very fine, both for him and for her.

Is there a moral to this wretched history? Why should there be? Why should there be any moral except for those who contemplate taking such a step as did *Aubrey Tanqueray* in this play, and to them the advice is summed up in Mr. *Punch's* immortal advice to "persons about to marry," i.e. "Don't."

I cannot say that the title is an attractive one; perhaps, in its original form, it was intended to be so. It is a pity that the hand *Mrs. Tanqueray*." The names of his *dramatis personae* are

not happy—*Tanqueray* is a peculiar, but far from unfamiliar, name, associated chiefly, I fancy, with the wine trade. *Sir George Orreyed, Bart.*—pronounced "Orrid"—speaks for itself; the part of the sodden fool is capably played by Mr. VANE-TEMPKST; the name of *Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.*, is a sort of compound of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.; *Gordon Jayne, M.D.*, is not very far off what it rhymes with, yeleft QUAIN, M.D.; and *Cayley Drummle* suggests at once to all who remember *Great Expectations*, the name, but not the person, of *Bentley Drummle*, to whom Mr. *Jaggers* took so great a fancy.

Curious to note that, though this is the first piece on any English stage, within the last half century, in which a spade is most decidedly shown to be a spade, yet has Mr. PINERO been afraid to let his undisciplined heroine,—who does not stick at a trifle and who will blurt out anything that comes uppermost in her thoughts,—utter point-blank the most simple statement of fact either when she is making her confession to her husband, or when she is confronted with *Hugh Ardale* (a very difficult part, brusquely played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), her former lover-in-chief. No doubt he permitted the woman to retain this shred of delicacy for the sake of actress and audience. But in such a play as this, the dramatist who compromises is lost.

The Second Mrs. T. marks an epoch in our dramatic annals. It is every inch a play. Whether this dramatic food is too strong for "the young person," and whether, on that account, the elder persons will not patronise it, remains to be seen. But for Mr. PINERO, for Mr. ALEXANDER, and for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL this success is "a record."

PRIVATE BOX.



Proceeding by leaps and bounds. The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a good first.





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Played Out; or, The 252nd Mrs. Tanqueray.
(By our "Yellow Book" Impressionist.)



MISS JUBA NOLESON

LORD HALSBURY

MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL

MR. LEIGHTON

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW: SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES.

MR. FRANKER

MRS & MR. BANCROFT

MRS. FRANKLIN-BENNET

LADY MONTAGU

LORD & LADY COLERIDGE

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A distinguished audience gathered together on Saturday evening at the St. James's Theatre, to witness the first performance of Mr. Henry James's play. Lord and Lady Londesborough occupied the stage-box on the prompt side, and among others present were Sir Frederic Leighton, Lord Hothfield, Sir Frederick Haines, Sir George Arthur, the Hon. Maud Stanley, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Marion Crawford, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Parsons, Mr. George du Maurier, Mr. Edmund Routledge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. H. D. Traill, Dr. Playfair, Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, Mrs. Morris, Mr. H. F. Dickens, Q.C.

The stage dresses were very artistic and correct. Mr. Alexander looked a striking figure in the black dress of the young novice, with shovel hat and dress entirely black, only relieved by bright steel buckles on the shoes. Miss Marion Terry looked very interesting in her old-world dress. She appeared first in a gown of silver-grey, with the bodice laced across with black-velvet bows, terminating in a long bow and ends at the waist, the neck relieved by a white muslin fichu; a large straw hat tied down with black velvet strings completed the costume. The second dress was made in a somewhat similar style, only in white satin with panniers of brown gauze.

Bishops and actresses were the two things wanted to make the success of Saturday's private view complete. Actresses are not easily caught now that matinées are common, and on Saturday there was not even a dean, and very few of the "inferior clergy." On the other hand, there were plenty of judges: Mr. Justice Chitty, grave and preoccupied; Mr. Justice Day, airy and casual; Mr. Justice Hawkins, studying her Majesty's Velasquez and recording *obiter* his poor opinion of the Spaniard's sporting dogs. Then we had two ambassadors: the American, looking a size smaller than on Mr. Llewellyn's canvas, and the Russian, quite patriotic in his furs. Sir William Farrer was looked at with interest as owning so many old masters, but it was with a kind of hush and awe that Mr. McCulloch of Australia was mysteriously pointed out as a man who has bought modern pictures lately, and may buy more. The wedding at Kensington reduced the number of aristocratic visitors, but here at least were the Marquis of Granby, Lord Chylesmore, Baron Rothschild, Lord Halsbury, and Lord Playfair; while in literature we had Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Here too were Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, Lady Mary Foley, Lady Raines, Lady Monckton, and Mrs. Linley Sambourne, the latter much complimented on the beauty of her daughter, in her turn much complimented on the beauty of her fur.

Dress was dull—it is the season of wraps, which are cumbersome when they are conspicuous. Mrs. Patrick Campbell looked singularly unlike herself, weighed down by a clumsy coat of dull electric blue, with enormous sleeves like pleated bolsters. People did not seem to recognise her, especially as a large picture-hat, smothered in feathers, took away all the daintiness of her face. Colour, where it was tried, was chiefly coral or prawn, in one case relieved with pale violet rather successfully. A velvet cape of royal blue, crowned with a collar of white Mongolian fur like the mane of some glorified poodle, was another success; while a magpie effect, a cape in three tiers, black velvet, the first and last sandwiching a flounce of white moiré, was almost as much admired as any of the Sir Joshua's.



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COLERIDGE

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MY DEAR DICK,—There were two big excitements on Thursday last—a *matinée* at the Royal Courts of Justice and a *premier* at the Haymarket Theatre. The Empire appeal was the attraction in the former case, and the end was exactly what I told you to expect. Now it is all over you will, perhaps, admit that I have kept you correctly informed with regard to it all from the first. In a month's time we shall look back and wonder why on earth we were all worked up to a state of hysterical frenzy about a comparatively unimportant issue, and then the Empire promenade, like the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne, will be forgotten. It will then be found, I believe—and I am sure I hope—that the popularity of the Empire as a place of amusement, and the excellence of its entertainments, will continue to draw large and remunerative audiences, and the shareholders will feel all the happier when they begin to realise that their business is not built up on a lounging foundation which at any minute may slip unexpectedly from beneath them. A solid 20 per cent. is better than an uncertain 75.

Well, now to get away from the Empire promenade to the Haymarket. *John-a-Dreams* impressed me as a curious and interesting play. The influence of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was strongly marked in places, and I should think that Chambers began his work some time ago. When it came near to rehearsal, however, I fancy he reconsidered his original scheme, and having noticed that a certain amount of reaction had set in, he determined to leaven his problem with an infusion of drama. From a monetary point of view he was probably right, but the two don't mix quite comfortably, and the strength of the one rather detracts from the subtlety of the other.

For example, the scene between the old parson and Kate, the heroine, is excellent. She explains in admirably chosen phrases that her mother was an "unfortunate." But the mother fed and clothed her. Later on when the mother was sick and dying she earned money for the mother in the same way as the mother had earned it for her. It is a painful story. The parson pities her. She goes on to say that, after her mother died, she, Kate, met Mrs. Chant, and was "rescued." She found that she had a fine voice, became famous, met an honest gentleman who loved her and wished to marry her. Ought she, with such a past, she asks, marry such a man?

The parson says, "Yes," and adds, "Who is the man?"

"Your son!" is the reply.

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The Playgoers' Club meeting at St. James's Hall was the most sardine-like squash I ever was in. There must have been at least 500 members and guests on the stairs who never got near the door of the Hall at any time, and Carl Hentschel, Percy Howse, and their assistant stewards were nearly pulled to pieces by the surging multitudes. The audience was thoroughly representative, at least one Empire director being present, but the debate disappointed me. Mrs. Chant was very careful to treat the tenderest susceptibilities with every consideration, and naturally this tended to a certain vagueness of assertion. Her personality is pleasing, and her delivery is excellent, save only when it diverges into the sing-song of the pulpit. She does not exactly say, "Oh! my brethren," but she makes you feel that she would like to. Judging by the applause her remarks elicited, she impressed the Playgoers favourably.

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"It is possessed of little dramatic force, it is quixotic, it is mystical, and, above all, it is religious. And yet without it the play would be a comparatively poor one, and its peculiar significance and beauty would be entirely destroyed. It takes place in Remon's observatory in the South of France, whither he brings *Dulcie*. 'They are his wife and child now;' passion has broken down his quiet self-control, and he is half insane with exultation at his victory. But *Dulcie* is cold and unresponsive to his caresses, and when he tells her that this is their 'wedding-day,' the phrase arouses her to her position. It is not possible to describe the scene in which *David Remon* finds his cup of happiness dashed from his lips. *Dulcie*, in a previous part of the play, has declared her intention of 'thinking this'—marriage—'out for herself,' and the result of her thinking is revealed when she tells *Remon* brokenly that she cannot do as he wishes. 'Life with my husband was vile,' she says, 'no man and few women can understand how vile; but,' she adds, amid a storm of convulsive sobs, 'I seem to see that life with you would be even more vile.' Her determination, however, breaks down before his misery, and she yields herself to him. 'Do anything you like with me, anything you like, but kill me afterwards, or I shall kill myself.' Here there is a break. If *Remon* is going to Africa he must go at once, and if he does not go the observations over the whole world will be of no use. The contest must be fought out on the instant. *Nellie Larondie*, *Dulcie*'s sister, decides it. She is a good woman, and appeals to the good in *Remon*. If he loves *Dulcie*, she tells him in a fine phrase, his love will make for the best in her and in himself. 'There is her child,' says *Nellie*, with a touch of healthy prose; 'when she is a woman, is her mother to say to her, 'Take this man, and if you are not happy, leave him and take another; it was what I did?' Oh!' she appeals to him with a sob, 'I know that the woman who lives with another man while her husband is alive sins against her sex and is a bad woman. Keep her, Mr. REMON—keep her pure for her child's sake.'

Nellie has won. *Remon* goes to Africa. 'Our love will never grow stale,' he tells *Dulcie*, with a little touch of the *exalté*; 'it will always be to us a beautiful and a sacred thing, and—if there be anything which is so—an immortal thing.' 'But shall we not meet again?' wails *Dulcie*. 'Who knows?' says *Remon*, with a touch of fantasy; 'perhaps in that little world in the nebula of Andromeda.'

That description is reproduced in order that the reader may review by its light the extraordinary comment made upon the fourth act in the present issue of *Punch*. "He" [Mr. JONES], says the *Punch* dramatic critic—who may, or may not, be Mr. BURNAND—"shows us 'the rich astronomer, the unprincipled winner 'of the Wife and Nursery Stakes, the desperately infatuated and long-hungry lover, 'David Remon, suddenly converted by the copy-book morality of a nursing sister, seconded by the 'whimpering sentimentality of a foolish, vapouring 'younger brother.'"

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MY DEAR DICK,—There were two big excitements on Thursday last—a *matinée* at the Royal Courts of Justice and a *premier* at the Haymarket Theatre. The Empire appeal was the attraction in the former case, and the end was exactly what I told you to expect. Now it is all over you will, perhaps, admit that I have kept you correctly informed with regard to it all from the first. In a month's time we shall look back and wonder why on earth we were all worked up to a state of hysterical frenzy about a comparatively unimportant issue, and then the Empire promenade, like the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne, will be forgotten. It will then be found, I believe—and I am sure I hope—that the popularity of the Empire as a place of amusement, and the excellence of its entertainments, will continue to draw large and remunerative audiences, and the shareholders will feel all the happier when they begin to realise that their business is not built up on a lounging foundation which at any minute may slip unexpectedly from beneath them. A solid 20 per cent. is better than an uncertain 75.

Well, now to get away from the Empire promenade to the Haymarket. *John-a-Dreams* impressed me as a curious and interesting play. The influence of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was strongly marked in places, and I should think that Chambers began his work some time ago. When it came near to rehearsal, however, I fancy he reconsidered his original scheme, and having noticed that a certain amount of reaction had set in, he determined to leaven his problem with an infusion of drama. From a monetary point of view he was probably right, but the two don't mix quite comfortably, and the strength of the one rather detracts from the subtlety of the other.

For example, the scene between the old parson and Kate, the heroine, is excellent. She explains in admirably chosen phrases that her mother was an "unfortunate." But the mother fed and clothed her. Later on when the mother was sick and dying she earned money for the mother in the same way as the mother had earned it for her. It is a painful story. The parson pities her. She goes on to say that, after her mother died, she, Kate, met Mrs. Chant, and was "rescued." She found that she had a fine voice, became famous, met an honest gentleman who loved her and wished to marry her. Ought she, with such a past, she asks, marry such a man?

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The parson's face gives the lie to his Christian professions. Poor Kate reads the truth in his eyes. She feels that she must leave her lover for ever, but determines on one last interview. Then comes the opportunity of the villain, and also the drama. The hero, Harold, is an opium drinker, but he has abandoned the habit, telling Kate that if ever he returns to it she will know that he loves her no longer. He has also made a compact with a college chum Hubert, whereby they bind themselves to be friends for life. But Hubert, who is also the villain, says there is no room for a woman in the compact, and that it must be dissolved. He insists that Harold shall write on a piece of paper simply the words, "I release you.—HAROLD." Directly this is done, he drugs Harold, lays him on a sofa, puts an opium bottle in his hand, points this out to Kate, and finally gives her the paper, saying Harold wrote it for *her*. Then he says "Fly with me," and Kate flies.

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Now, it is worth while analysing this before passing any definite verdict upon it. Follow the development of the situation referred to. "Life with my husband," says *Dulcie*, "was vile, but I seem to see that life with you "would be even more vile." But "the desperately infatuated and long-hungering lover" (look at the hideous conception of love embodied in that phrase "long-hungering") is aghast at this, as he thinks, proof of *Dulcie's* changed affections, and prevails upon her to yield. And Mr. JONES touches a subtly true chord in the passionless surrender of the woman—"Do anything you like with me." But look at the addition: "Kill me afterwards, or I shall kill myself." Is all this "copybook morality"? True, however, the *Punch* critic (is it Mr. BURNAND?) speaks of "the copybook morality of a nursing sister" (see the evil sneer in the phrase). Well, take her "gospel"—if she be a moralist. "If you love her, your love will make for the best in her, as well as for the best in you." Is that copy-book morality? Then the great-hearted, sane purity of the daringly prosaic question about *Dulcie's* child—the Nursery Stakes as the critic (blasphemously enough) terms it—and the womanly appeal, "Keep her pure for her child's sake." Mere copy-book morality, according to the *Punch* critic. But there is another person concerned in the sneer. *Eddie Remon* (beautifully rendered by Mr. ESMOND) is the quaint, fantastic, but noble-natured brother of the astronomer, and in this last act his "whimpering sentimentality" takes the form of a humble kiss pressed upon *Nellie Larondie's* hand, and the broken exclamation to his brother, "It's the voice of God speakin' t' ye, DAVIE, dear." "Whimpering sentimentality!" "Foolish, vapouring, younger brother!" Effeminate purity, stupid chivalry, grotesque and unhealthy self-sacrifice! *Eheu, Punchinello!*

The bat's-eyed critic wonders at the *finale*. "And so the astronomer, passionately loving the woman he has won, who passionately returns his love, renounces her, gives her up "as if she were an insoluble riddle—which she "isn't, and saying, airily and astronomically, "We will meet again in Andromeda"—he "might just as well have said, 'We will go "and stay with my old friend the Man in the "Moon"—he departs on his astronomical "expedition." Blind dramatic critic of *Punch!* He cannot conceive how anyone passionately loving the woman he has won—the woman who passionately returns his love—should "renounce her" or "give her up." It is too much to expect a *Punch* critic to comprehend Mr. JONES's delicate imagery, but to fail also to be touched into nobleness by the pure self-sacrifice of *David Remon*, the spontaneous, genuine

goodness of *Eddie*, the simple, tender sanctity of *Nellie Larondie!* It is bad enough to be so foul, but why should a *Punch* critic write himself down, not ass, but swine? "Copy-book morality!" "whimpering sentimentality!" the sneer is only fit for the beery lips of a *souteneur*. It is like nothing in earth or hell save the hideous whine of *Boult*, the pander in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*.—"The nobleman would have "dealt with her as a nobleman, and she sent "him away as cold as a snowball; saying his "prayers, too!"

This is how I heard Sir Augustus Harris rehearse his pantomime a day or two ago:—
"Now then, Father Christmas, you come in and tell the cobby to stop. You, cobby, get off the box and ring the bell. Collins, tell those children if they don't keep quiet I'll be after them with a hick stick. Now, cobby, you say 'Cold night, sir.' See? Stamp off the snow. That's right. Put up those lights there; I can't see what I'm doing. Turn it up."

"That's better. Now, Christmas, you ring the bell. The door opens—so. You, Miss Delphine, come down and welcome him. Now, Christmas, go inside; there's a limelight here, so we can see your shadow through the window. Carpenter, don't you think we can have a rail along here? Yes, that linoleum will do. Glover, where are you? You know what I want here. Rumpy-tumpy, tumpy-tum—see? Yes, that's right."

"Now, my little girl, come along. You have to dance round Father Christmas, and he shows you all the toys. D'you see what I mean? Look, round and round, round and round, like me. That's right. Cobby, you ought to be off the stage. Yes, you drive away over there. Oh, wait a minute, Christmas, you'd better ask him what's the fare: 'Three shillings, sir.' Well, here's three-and-sixpence; it's Christmas time. Now, off you go."

"Come here, my dear; you open all the boxes. Collins, for goodness sake keep those people quiet. Now, dance round like me. Halloa, my dear boy, how are you? Now then, everybody, to-morrow at twelve sharp."

Alexandre Dumas—the present Alexandre—was fond of saying that an author enjoys immortality in his lifetime if he has the chance to read his own books in another language. And an actor surely may be called immortal by his friends if foreign readers are interested in the gossip about him. Here is what a French paper says about Mr. Irving:—"He possesses the qualities of bearing and appearance which the insulars so highly admire. His face has a marvellous mobility; his eye is large and deep and bathed in light; his features seem as if chiselled by a sculptor; and with this he has a grand air, an easy walk, a lithe supple figure of an elegant tenuity made for costume. He is the friend of the Prince of Wales, goes on distant yachting excursions with Lady Burdett-Coutts, once met Mr. Gladstone in the street, who spoke to him and was complimented by Lord Houghton on having endowed the usurer Shylock with the voice of a gentleman." But foreign interest is not limited to the great actor. The record continues thus. "His amiable secretary, M. Braw Stoker, had tea served out to the women waiting from early morning round the booking-office after the first production of 'Henry VIII.' Was it not charming of him?" adds the impressionable chronicler; and we certainly think it was.

MR. HENRY JAMES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

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Now, it is worth while analysing this before passing any definite verdict upon it. Follow the development of the situation referred to. "Life with my husband," says *Dulcie*, "was vile, but I seem to see that life with you " would be even more vile." But "the desperately infatuated and long-hungering lover" (look at the hideous conception of love embodied in that phrase "long-hungering"!) is aghast at this, as he thinks, proof of *Dulcie's* changed affections, and prevails upon her to yield. And Mr. JONES touches a subtly true chord in the passionless surrender of the woman—"Do anything you like with me." But look at the addition: "Kill me afterwards, or I shall kill myself." Is all this "copybook morality"? True, however, the *Punch* critic (is it Mr. BURNAND?) speaks of "the copybook morality of a nursing sister" (see the evil sneer in the phrase). Well, take her "gospel"—if she be a moralist. "If you love her, your love will make for the best in her, as well as for the best in you." Is that copy-book morality? Then the great-hearted, sane purity of the daringly prosaic question about *Dulcie's* child—the Nursery Stakes as the critic (blasphemously enough) terms it—and the womanly appeal, "Keep her pure for her child's sake." Mere copy-book morality, according to the *Punch* critic. But there is another person concerned in the sneer. *Eddie Remon* (beautifully rendered by Mr. ESMOND) is the quaint, fantastic, but noble-natured brother of the astronomer, and in this last act his "whimpering sentimentality" takes the form of a humble kiss pressed upon *Nellie Larondie's* hand, and the broken exclamation to his brother, "It's the voice of God speakin' t' ye, DAVIE, dear." "Whimpering sentimentality!" "Foolish, vapouring, younger brother!" Effeminate purity, stupid chivalry, grotesque and unhealthy self-sacrifice! *Eheu, Punchinello!*

The bat's-eyed critic wonders at the *finale*. "And so the astronomer, passionately loving "the woman he has won, who passionately "returns his love, renounces her, gives her up "as if she were an insoluble riddle—which she "isn't, and saying, airily and astronomically, "'We will meet again in Andromeda'—he "might just as well have said, 'We will go "and stay with my old friend the Man in the "Moon'—he departs on his astronomical "expedition." Blind dramatic critic of *Punch!* He cannot conceive how anyone passionately loving the woman he has won—the woman who passionately returns his love—should "renounce her" or "give her up." It is too much to expect a *Punch* critic to comprehend Mr. JONES's delicate imagery, but to fail also to be touched into nobleness by the pure self-sacrifice of *David Remon*, the spontaneous, genuine

goodness of *Eddie*, the simple, tender sanctity of *Nellie Larondie!* It is bad enough to be so foul, but why should a *Punch* critic write himself down, not ass, but swine? "Copy-book morality!" "whimpering sentimentality!" the sneer is only fit for the beery lips of a *souteneur*. It is like nothing in earth or hell save the hideous whine of *Boult*, the pander in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:—"The nobleman would have "dealt with her as a nobleman, and she sent "him away as cold as a snowball; saying his "prayers, too!"

This is how I heard Sir Augustus Harris rehearse his pantomime a day or two ago:—

"Now then, Father Christmas, you come in and tell the cabby to stop. You, cabby, get off the box and ring the bell. Collins, tell those children if they don't keep quiet I'll be after them with a thick stick. Now, cabby, you say 'Cold night, sir.' See? Stamp off the snow. That's right. Put up those lights there; I can't see what I'm doing. Turn it up.

"That's better. Now, Christmas, you ring the bell. The door opens—so. You, Miss Delphine, come down and welcome him. Now, Christmas, go inside; there's a limelight here, so we can see your shadow through the window. Carpenter, don't you think we can have a rail along here? Yes, that linoleum will do. Glover, where are you? You know what I want here. Rummy-tummy, tummy-tum—see? Yes, that's right.

"Now, my little girl, come along. You have to dance round Father Christmas, and he shows you all the toys. Do you see what I mean? Look, round and round, round and round, like me. That's right. Cabby, you ought to be off the stage. Yes, you drive away over there. Oh, wait a minute, Christmas, you'd better ask him what's the fare: 'Three shillings, sir.' 'Well, here's three-and-sixpence; it's Christmas time.' Now, off you go.

"Come here, my dear; you open all the boxes. Collins, for goodness sake keep those people quiet. Now, dance round like me. Halloo, my dear boy, how are you? Now then, everybody, to-morrow at twelve sharp."

Alexandre Dumas—the present Alexandre—was fond of saying that an author enjoys immortality in his lifetime if he has the chance to read his own books in another language. And an actor surely may be called immortal by his friends if foreign readers are interested in the gossip about him. Here is what a French paper says about Mr. Irving:—"He possesses the qualities of bearing and appearance which the insulars so highly admire. His face has a marvellous mobility; his eye is large and deep and bathed in light; his features seem as if chiselled by a sculptor; and with this he has a grand air, an easy walk, a lithe supple figure of an elegant tenuity made for costume. He is the friend of the Prince of Wales, goes on distant yachting excursions with Lady Burdett-Coutts, once met Mr. Gladstone in the street, who spoke to him and was complimented by Lord Houghton on having endowed the usurer Shylock with the voice of a gentleman." But foreign interest is not limited to the great actor. The record continues thus. "His amiable secretary, M. Braw Stoker, had tea served out to the women waiting from early morning round the booking-office after the first production of 'Henry VIII.' Was it not charming of him?" adds the impressionable chronicler; and we certainly think it was.

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THE NEW LYCEUM PLAY.

INTERVIEW WITH ELLEN TERRY.

When Miss Ellen Terry is not rustivating in her little cottage at Winchelsea she occupies a cheerful red-brick house in Barkston-gardens, which is only a step from Earl's-court Station. The visitor is shown up to the drawing-room, and here the hostess advances towards her with the bright face and rapid movement which are characteristic of her, albeit she is a little paler than usual from the fatigue of constant rehearsals.

"Do tell me a little about the new play, Miss Terry," writes a lady representative.

"I always feel deadly anxious before a first night," replied Miss Terry; "I am almost worn out with anxiety and nervousness. It is not stage-fright—that is quite a different thing—but a peculiar nervousness which belongs to the artistic temperament, and which one would hardly wish to be without. Generally it is only on the last day, but it seems to be beginning earlier than ever this time—a week before the time. I never speak to anyone except my daughter on the day itself—I can't bear anyone else that day. We go out together for long drives, over Barnes Common or Hampstead Heath, or some place like that, so that I may be sure not to meet anybody."

"Is it not true that you get as many flowers at your house on the morning of the first performance as you do across the foot-lights at night?"

"Oh, yes, and I value them more. They are generally from older friends, or absent ones. Most of the flowers come from the country. I get all kinds of flowers and presents on the morning of a performance—as many as I do on my birthday."

"I hope you are pleased with your part in the new play?"

"It is a beautiful part, and a beautiful play," said Miss Terry. "Guinevere is a character I always wished to play. It is a very long part, and all in blank verse; still, verse is easier to remember than prose—one is forced to be exact."

"As to Mr. Carr's play; does he follow Tennyson?"

"No, rather Malory. The legends are much the same, but the incidents are more consecutive in the story of the older poet. Galahad is cut out, although there is a good deal about the Search for the Grail. Sir Bors is left out also, 'the only spotted one amongst the herd,' but I think all the other Knights are there. There is a prologue first, the Vision of Arthur and the gift of the sword Excalibur by the Lake Fairy. My first entrance is not particularly effective. I come into a room in the palace, attended by my maidens. My great scene is my love-scene with Lancelot (wonderfully played by Mr. Forbes Robertson, as you may imagine). This occurs in the scene called the Queen's Maying—it is such a pretty scene."

"'Twas in the boyhood of the year?" I suggest.

"Yes, it is about that," says Miss Terry, acknowledging the quotation with a bright smile. "My maidens are all dressed in white, and come in singing. The music is charming. Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing it specially. The May Song and the music for the Knights when they go out to search

for the Holy Grail are both very lovely. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is making drawings for them," says Miss Terry, "and Mr. Comyns Carr is designing the dresses. He is a great authority on outline."

"I suppose your dresses will be very beautiful?" I ask.

"My last one is simple enough," says Miss Terry, smiling. "It is a white dress, in which I am led away in chains to be burnt. You know the sort of thing it must be."

"Led away to be burnt? I thought you went into a convent!" I exclaim.

"Not in Malory," replies Miss Terry; "that was Tennyson's idea."

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PAGES ON PLAYS.

FABLES FOR CRITICS.

THE general interest in the stage has recently extended its circle. It has concerned itself not merely with those who act on the stage, and those who write for the stage, but with those who write about the stage. It is, perhaps, a healthy sign of theatrical activity that dramatic criticism and, in consequence, dramatic critics occupy a larger portion of the attention, bulk more largely upon the vision of the public, to whom the one is addressed by the other. Some of our critics, following a custom that has long prevailed in France, have taken to republishing their collected criticisms in volume form. This seems to be a proof that the public takes an increased interest in criticisms; proofs have not been wanting of late that the public takes an interest in the critics as well. Yet the interest is not, apparently, unaccompanied by a considerable amount of misconception. The world has been told a good deal about the critics, not always very accurately. Mr. George Moore some little time ago devoted himself to a series of articles on dramatic critics, which were not characterised by the realism we usually expect from that student of the human document. He painted pictures of critics occupying a large leisure, chiefly at the tea-tables of popular actresses and the supper tables of popular actors, and accepting with indifference, or rejecting with disdain, the solicitations of obsequious managers.

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scoundrels who herd together to destroy reputations, who plot for or against authors and actors, according to the veer of the financial weathercock, who employ such power as is placed in their hands to defame their personal enemies, and to fill their own pockets at the expense of decency, honour, and common sense. There may be such persons. I have never seen them. I have never heard of them. It has been my pleasure, and it has long been my duty, to pass a great part of my time within the walls of a theatre, to be present at a vast number of first nights. If these unblushing vampires of the press existed, I think I must have met some of them, have, at least, had some of them pointed out to me, have heard some of them, some time, scheming together in their noisy, ostentatious way to stab a victim in the back. I feel, therefore, that I may simply assume that dramatic critics are not, on the one hand, a crew of literary voluptuaries, or, on the other hand, a crew of literary brigands.

But there is a third point of view from which of late it has been the fortune of the dramatic critic to be regarded. A very able critic has lately expressed it as his opinion that the members of his brotherhood, instead of being a mutual admiration society, are far more inclined to be a mutual vituperation society, and to rejoice chiefly in flouts, and gibes, and jeers at each other's expense. I am glad to find that I am able to disagree with that point of view also. I am happy to think that dramatic critics do disagree, and disagree very strongly and decidedly. There would be no use for us at all if we were all of one mind. What use we may have, be it small or large, comes from the very conflict of our opinions, from the very jar of our testimonies. But I do not for one moment believe that those differences of opinion, differences wide as the poles asunder, have the slightest effect upon the personal feelings or the sense of collegueship of those who profess them. A man's opinions are his own; he has a right to them, and if he is called upon to express them, express them he must to the best of his ability with all possible candour. But he ought not to be, and I do not think that he often, if he ever is, annoyed if he finds that his opinions are not shared by this man and are openly controverted by that man. Controversy is undoubtedly one of the children of criticism, and controversy may often be a useful aid to criticism. But I am sure that difference of opinion, even when pushed into controversy, is entertained with no sub-flavour of bitterness in it. We have heard a good deal about the new criticism and the old criticism. The terms are inconvenient terms and misleading terms. Ever since

criticism began, ever since one cave man argued with another over a third's way of throwing the stone axe or snaring the wild beast, there has been, in some fashion or another, an old criticism and a new criticism. But even if we were to admit that there were two camps, however called, in modern dramatic criticism, the existence of those two camps would not at all imply a hostility, or even the semblance of a hostility, between them. A man is not necessarily endeared to us because he admires this author and actor, or rendered odious because he refuses to admire them. There are many persons who think and say that Ibsen is a tedious old fool, whose society might in other respects be more congenial to an admirer of the Northman than that of one who exalted Ibsen to the apex of the dramatic pyramid. It might, perhaps, be well to avoid the topic of Ibsen with such thinkers; but we need not feel that admiration of Ibsen is in any sense a test either of a man's intelligence or his good fellowship.

The truth is that English dramatic critics are—and in this they resemble all other English journalists—an honourable, earnest, upright body of men, loyally striving to do their best with the work which has been given into their hands to do, honestly and fearlessly expressing their opinions, and erring—if they err at all—in an exaggeration of what is, after all, the main purpose of criticism, the discovery of merits rather than of defects. They are sometimes over generous; they are never malicious or venal in any sense of the word; they are a body of men to whom writers for the stage and actors on the stage owe a great deal, men who work very hard for what they believe to be right, and whose reward, in the main, is their own virtue.

Dramatic critics cannot complain that, at the present moment, they suffer from any lack of advice or advisers. It would seem to be just now the cue for all sorts and conditions of men to exhort dramatic critics, and to preach to them, upon conflicting texts, sermons that lead to conflicting conclusions. It is not very long since Mr. Pinero amazed his world by his eloquent advice to the students of the drama, advice which, if it were accepted in its bald and naked form, might prove misleading, which, if interpreted literally, might very well prove mischievous. "If," said Mr. Pinero, tempering advice with humour, "if a fond mother came to me with her son and asked me to recommend her to an old-established firm of dramatic critics to which to apprentice him, I should respond, 'Madam, the breath of life of any art is drawn in an atmosphere of praise.'" On this amazing theme Mr. Pinero spoke at some little length. Praise was the vital need of the artist. Only those critics were remembered whose criticisms had

been the expression of praise. It was mere journeyman's work to condemn, but the critic rose nearest to the level of the artist who knew how rightly to praise. After a succession of such assurances, Mr. Pinero concluded with a dramatic earnestness by conjuring his hearers to remember that, in a time of struggle and stress for the drama, it was only to be fostered by "praise, praise, praise."

It has been urged that it would not be reasonable to pin Mr. Pinero to the most literal interpretation of a doctrine that has stimulated considerable discussion. But the doctrine, even in a modified and qualified form, is a dangerous doctrine for Mr. Pinero to back with the weight of his name and the strength of his influence. The "atmosphere of praise," for which Mr. Pinero calls, has often been fatal to art. It might be fairly contended that dispraise had done as much for the cause of art as ever praise had done, and this not altogether paradoxically. It is by no means "mere journeyman's work to condemn"; it might with more reason be urged that it is mere journeyman's work to praise, if we think of the loose, ungovernable way in which praise is too often exhibited. It is journeyman's work to dispraise for the sake of dispraising, if you will; but no sincere critic ever does dispraise for such a purpose. He has a natural and an honourable reluctance to dispraise, but it is as much his duty, if he have any regard at all for the gravity of his office and the effect of his words, to condemn where he believes condemnation to be deserved, as to applaud when he can applaud with all his heart and soul.

The advocates of "praise, praise, praise" in criticism have been advised to study some words that appear in the first number of the *Revue de Paris*. The words are written by Émile Faguet, the well-known critic, in his article on another conspicuous critic, Ferdinand Brunetière. Criticism, according to M. Brunetière, as interpreted by M. Faguet, is not necessarily fecund when it praises and sterile when it blames. Brunetière maintains that the main business of criticism is to distinguish between the beauties and the faults of a work of art. These faults are more often than not less obvious than the beauties, and call for a greater effort to discern them. The merits, as a rule, are patent, and have but to be recorded; the public taste generally discovers them at once. The defects, on the other hand, are those weak points that are scarcely noticed in the novelty of the work, but which will make their appearance in time, like wrinkles, and prove its destruction. To criticise defects, therefore, is quite as fertile as to accord praise, and may be even more fertile, especially when it is borne in mind that these defects may be false

beauties capable of deceiving for a time the observation of the public. Brunetière is no unimpeachable authority, but here he teaches a wholesome lesson.

A lesson no less wholesome, but surely much more unnecessary, comes from one who is himself a dramatic critic. Mr. William Archer transmutes Mr. Pinero's exhortation to "praise, praise, praise," into "think, think, think." The counsel is kindly meant; it is to be hoped that it is superfluous. Indeed, it is reasonable to assume it to be superfluous, for an enterprising interviewer in the pages of a monthly magazine has listened to the confessions of a number of dramatic critics, from which it would appear that "think, think, think," has always been their watchword, and that there was no need for one of their company to advance it as a counsel of perfection. But, as has been said, it is pleasant to think of the counsellor reclining in some green corner of the world "a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng," and refusing to be lured by the "birde upon the spraye" from his meditations upon the latest glory of the London stage.

When Mr. Pinero assured his hearers that only those critics were remembered whose voices were the voices of praise, he was rightly reminded that Lessing was a great German dramatic critic, and that the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" is not all untempered praise: that Hazlitt was a great English dramatic critic, who could and did write often enough with a ferocity unknown to our more amiable manners. There are pages of his criticisms which could scarcely be written, scarcely be printed now. But it would be vain to extend the list, vain to press the argument. The root of the matter, we read, is that the aim of art is beauty, and of criticism to discover beauty, and that the duty of the critic is to praise when he can and to dispraise when he must, according to his heart, his mind, and his knowledge. It is not a very jovial affair at the best; it would certainly not be bettered by being converted into a mechanism for the promulgation of praise. Excessive and exuberant praise becomes in time as valueless as a smoothworn token or a bankrupt assignat. Its value depends, like the value of precious metal or of precious stones, upon limitations; it is the more valuable when it is not too lightly gained. Praise is a splendid stimulant, but art, like life, is not to be sustained on stimulants.

It has been truly said that when the dramatist and the critic combine to counsel the dramatic critic, it is scarcely to be expected that the actor should keep out of the business. And the actor has not kept out of the business. Mr. Charles Wyndham has his plan,

too, for the amelioration of criticism. He does not say "Praise, praise, praise," with Mr. Pinero. He does not cry out "Think, think, think," with Mr. Archer. His modest demand is "Unmask, unmask, unmask." He yearns to look upon the countenances of those who criticise him, and for him "the vexed problem of the anonymous in journalism presents no perplexities. As with all other problems that trouble humanity, this problem kindles irresistible arguments on both sides. In the meantime, however, Mr. Wyndham may find a measure of consolation in the fact that a considerable proportion of contemporary criticism is signed. It is true that the signatures are generally initials, which may or may not be cryptic to the general, but which have at least the effect which Mr. Wyndham so ardently desires, of asserting an individual responsibility for the utterances they end." If the dramatic critic, thus lectured, advised and counselled from all sides, does not learn how to mind his own business, it is no fault of the busybodies.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

is a fine unfinished sketch of Mr. Irving by Bastien Lepage, one of the last things the painter ever did. On the other side is a portrait of Ellen Terry herself—painted by Watts—a picture of the young girl in profile, with sunny hair and a blue dress, leaning forward with such a look of eagerness as though she would leap out of the frame.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN "IZEYL."

"Izeyl," the play in verse by MM. Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand, in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt was last night welcomed back to London by a crowded and fashionable audience in Daly's Theatre, may not be destined to become one of the most popular works in her repertoire, but her impersonation of the heroine is instinct with such intensity and command of every phase of human passion as to warrant recommendation to the admirers of the great actress. Although some dull moments have to be set against these splendid emotional outbursts in which Sarah Bernhardt excels, the play as a whole is interesting. The theme is novel; its treatment is stacy. The English public were, of course, bound to see "Izeyl," but Messrs. Henry Abbey and Maurice Grau do not depend upon this novelty for the success of their season. Next week Madame Bernhardt will appear in "La Tosca," in "La Dame aux Camélias," and in "Phédre." Afterwards we are to have at least a couple of plays fresh to this country.

No half-measures mark the introduction here of the poetic drama which Sarah Bernhardt produced at the Renaissance in Paris early in the year. Its performance is accompanied by the picturesque scenery expressly painted for the work, by M. Pierné's specially composed incidental music, and by the appearance of the principal members of the original cast. In more ways than one "Izeyl" is a curious play. Its action is laid in an Indian city, six centuries before the Christian era. The name part, played by Madame Bernhardt, is that of a beautiful woman leading an abandoned life, who, to spite the Princess Harastrie, lays siege to the affections of the heir to the throne. But the Prince is not to be won. He has listened to a religious man dwelling in seclusion, and has become his disciple. He has learned to pity the sufferings of the poor and afflicted, and turns his back upon the luxury and self-indulgence characterising the lives of preceding monarchs. He resolves to find his home in the mountains, and to leave the throne to his younger brother Scyndia. Izeyl, from a balcony, learns this decision of the Prince while he is conversing with his mentor from the mountains, and determines to seek him where she is not likely to be interrupted. The second act is devoted to the fruitless attempt of Izeyl. Instead of leading him from the path of virtue, he succeeds in persuading her of the sinfulness of her life, and when she leaves him it is with the intention of putting aside all worldly pomp and henceforward following in his footsteps. Izeyl, in fact, is converted, and means very well indeed, but circumstances arise to interfere with the smooth carrying out of her plans. Scyndia, now in power, is anxious to resume his acquaintance with Izeyl, and when she repulses him he passionately seizes her. Thereupon she fatally stabs him, and he falls at her feet. His mother soon after enters, and learning that Izeyl has resisted temptation from a former admirer, applauds her for her courage, not knowing that the slain man is her son. When she identifies the body pity turns to indignation, and she furiously denounces Izeyl, who is then condemned to horrible torture. She is to be blinded, bastinadoed, and finally left in a forest to become a prey to vultures. In the last act Izeyl is brought into the forest by her persecutors to die. There she meets the hermit and the Prince who had converted her. In the arms of the latter she breathes her last, and the play terminates with her burial, accompanied by a dirge.

Of the four divisions of the piece the third is much the strongest, and does not suffer in dramatic effect by recalling a striking scene in "La Tosca." The incident referred to is the tragic death of Scyndia. The young reprobate has ordered a magnificent banquet to be served in the palace which Izeyl, after her conversion by the Prince, is about to hand over to the Princess as an asylum for the poor and stricken. She listens to the protestations of Scyndia with the utmost repugnance. He pleads to her to respond to his professed affection; she appeals to him to spare her. It is only to save herself that she slays him, and she does not realise the consequences of her terrible act until she kneels beside the body and discovers that the ardent young Indian is lifeless. She does not place candles near the corpse as does La Tosca, but she drags the table loaded with viands over the inanimate form and scatters roses around the spot. Madame Bernhardt's acting in this scene is rich in contrast. It is by turns full of desperate energy and of touching tenderness. Izeyl sickens at the spectacle, though she cannot feel poignant regret. This is a great chance for the tragédienne, and last night she did not ignore it. Indeed, throughout the evening Madame Bernhardt was at her very best. With her pathetic utterance and movements the last act held the audience until, at a late hour, the tortured Izeyl, while standing erect, and clutching at the man who had implanted penitence in her heart, dropped dead into his arms. It would be better, perhaps, were the curtain to fall immediately Izeyl succumbs to the effects of the cruel injuries she has received, but both the Prince and the recluse are allowed to speak and the chorus to deliver their mournful strains.

The reception of Madame Bernhardt was of the most enthusiastic description. She was called five or six times after the act in which Scyndia is killed, and there were hearty congratulations at the end, although everybody was anxious to get away. M. Guity was a dignified representative of the Prince, and M. Deneubourg played the impulsive Scyndia with discretion, but M. de Max was occasionally rather too strident as Le Yoghi, the ascetic who persuades the Prince to resign the throne for a religious life. The play is very well staged, and the groupings of the crowd are effectively arranged. A good word must also be said for the rendering of M. Gabriel Pierné's exceedingly expressive accompanying music.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, to a question put to her by an American interviewer as to whether she advised the stage as a livelihood for a young girl, replied yes and no. "For a girl of delicate health, yielding disposition, extreme youth, and no home influences or home ties—no. For a girl with an assertive disposition, a certain knowledge of the world, much dignity, and a certain amount of happy-go-lucky camaraderie—yes."

On the same occasion Mrs. Tree gave some particulars regarding the first appearance in public of her ten-year-old daughter Viola. It was when the company played before the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty gave Viola a dainty pearl and ruby brooch. Much amusement was caused among the company when after the performance the little actress was presented to the Queen, who, being pleased with the child and her pretty appearance, held out her hand for Viola to kiss. Viola, who was unversed in Court ways, did not kiss the hand, but took hold of it and shook it heartily.

By the way, when theatrical managers in London do hit the right thing there is not much difficulty in making a fortune. The week before last George Alexander took at the St. James's £1,900 in eight performances—six nights and two matinees.

THE NEW LYCEUM PLAY.

INTERVIEW WITH ELLEN TERRY.

When Miss Ellen Terry is not rustivating in her little cottage at Winchelsea she occupies a cheerful red-brick house in Barkston-gardens, which is only a step from Earl's-court Station. The visitor is shown up to the drawing-room, and here the hostess advances towards her with the bright face and rapid movement which are characteristic of her, albeit she is a little paler than usual from the fatigue of constant rehearsals.

"Do tell me a little about the new play, Miss Terry," writes a lady representative.

"I always feel deadly anxious before a first night," replied Miss Terry; "I am almost worn out with anxiety and nervousness. It is not stage-fright—that is quite a different thing—but a peculiar nervousness which belongs to the artistic temperament, and which one would hardly wish to be without. Generally it is only on the last day, but it seems to be beginning earlier than ever this time—a week before the time. I never speak to anyone except my daughter on the day itself—I can't bear anyone else that day. We go out together for long drives, over Barnes Common or Hampstead Heath, or some place like that, so that I may be sure not to meet anybody."

"Is it not true that you get as many flowers at your house on the morning of the first performance as you do across the foot-lights at night?"

"Oh, yes, and I value them more. They are generally from older friends, or absent ones. Most of the flowers come from the country. I get all kinds of flowers and presents on the morning of a performance—as many as I do on my birthday."

"I hope you are pleased with your part in the new play?"

"It is a beautiful part, and a beautiful play," said Miss Terry. "Guinevere is a character I always wished to play. It is a very long part, and all in blank verse; still, verse is easier to remember than prose—one is forced to be exact."

"As to Mr. Carr's play; does he follow Tennyson?"

"No, rather Malory. The legends are much the same, but the incidents are more consecutive in the story of the older poet. Galahad is cut out, although there is a good deal about the Search for the Grail. Sir Bors is left out also, 'the only spotted one amongst the herd,' but I think all the other Knights are there. There is a prologue first, the Vision of Arthur and the gift of the sword Excalibur by the Lake Fairy. My first entrance is not particularly effective. I come into a room in the palace, attended by my maidens. My great scene is my love-scene with Lancelot (wonderfully played by Mr. Forbes Robertson, as you may imagine). This occurs in the scene called the Queen's Maying—it is such a pretty scene."

"'Twas in the boyhood of the year?" I suggest.

"Yes, it is about that," says Miss Terry, acknowledging the quotation with a bright smile. "My maidens are all dressed in white, and come in singing. The music is charming. Sullivan is writing it specially. The May Song and the music for the Knights when they go out to search

for the Holy Grail are both very lovely. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is making drawings for them," says Miss Terry, "and Mr. Comyns Carr is designing the dresses. He is a great authority on outline."

"I suppose your dresses will be very beautiful?" I ask.

"My last one is simple enough," says Miss Terry, smiling. "It is a white dress, in which I am led away in chains to be burnt. You know the sort of thing it must be."

"Led away to be burnt? I thought you went into a convent!" I exclaim.

"Not in Malory," replies Miss Terry; "that was Tennyson's idea."

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