

THE THEATRES

HAYMARKET.—One of the most exciting events chronicled in the annals of the British or any other stage occurred within these walls on Tuesday evening. The first comic "troupe" of the day abjured, for the nonce, their allegiance to Thalia, and the sock was exchanged for the buskin. The highest quarry, too, was aimed at in the resuscitation of Shakespeare, not in the garbled text of adaptors and interpolators, to be purged in the alembics of Cibber and Garrick, but in the undiluted Castaly of the Swan of Avon. The fiercest "furore" of curiosity was excited to witness Romeo and Juliet impersonated by two American sisters—Miss Cushman, who was known by her transit through a season at the Princess's, and Miss Susan Cushman, who was perfectly unknown to the Cis-Atlantic world, with the exception of the good folks at Southampton, where she presented herself last week, as noticed in our country theatrical correspondence. Of the former lady it may suffice to remark, that, despite the genius, which we stood all but raving in the Press to assert that she possessed, and the acclamations which she at times extorted from her audiences in Oxford-street, she did not shine forth the star upon which Mr. Maddox, the manager of that establishment had reasonably calculated, and the most immensely endowed actress since the days of a Siddons and an O'Neill (as we stated at the time) was suffered to light up the provinces with fitful brilliancy or palling light. Nay; the American exponents of the public voice and taste exulted in her semi-ovations, and rejected, in the humility of pride, that she had ever been sought more amongst them than a certified stage votress of the second class! Hence there was no flourish of trumpets to herald the advent of "The Siddons" of America to her second essay on our metropolitan boards; but, with the inducements above stated, and the double novelty of a lady "doing" the masculine action of the head of the Montagues, and her fair sister "debuting" as the daughter of the fiery Capulet, an immense audience was collected. It is not our intention to discuss the contro-versialisms as to the source whence our immortal poet drew his legend; whether from Masuccio, or Luigo da Porta, or Arthur Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," but the tale had attained a popularity in cruder shapes for upwards of a century prior to the appearance of the present tragedy, which possesses in it all the elements of the profoundest misery based upon the finest exemplification of the senseless folly and imminent danger of nurturing hereditary feuds. To play Romeo as he ought to be depicted is one of the greatest ordeals to which an actor could be subjected; helplessly enamored of Rosaline, he shuns the light, and shuts himself in his chamber, moping like an owl before the garish day; his advances have been repulsed, as we infer—

"She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow Do I live dead, but live to tell it now."

Rallied by Benvolio, and lured with the promise that at "the feast of Capulet"

"Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest," aided by the volatile Mercutio, after his invocation to Queen Mab, he consents, though his "mind misgives," and he has the inward warning that there shall

"Expire the time Of a despised life, closed in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death."

How Garrick could have erased this artistic preparation by the mighty Master, for his puling, craven-hearted hero, rushing into the daring and hot battle-field of true love, which would seek its object "e'en at the cannon's mouth," seems almost a blasphemy on the shrine of taste. Exquisitely was this part rendered by Miss Cushman, serving as the foil to the first soul-gushing outburst at the masque;

"Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright; Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

Ere the passage was rendered, we felt, and the whole house felt it too, that the wand of the enchanter was amongst us; that it was no affectation for "bizarrie," but the consciousness of innate qualification, backed by sisterly affection, which induced an actress to transmute her sex. The deep rich tones, and thick subdued struggles for enunciation, bespoke the inward volcano, which burst as the fuel heaped, and disgorged its lava in hot and withering desolation.

A new light and life had sprung up within the impetuous Veronese, and exquisitely was it conveyed in the Garden scene—

"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" not earth, but sea and air and heaven, and things animate and inanimate, teeming with the new creative impress.

To follow Miss Cushman through her perfect delineations of the phases of this oft attempted, but so seldom portrayed part, would be to dwell on nearly every scene; the quiet submission to the rebuke of the friar for being light of love in discarding the image of Rosaline, so that he will but wed him to his new love; the ecstasy of bliss after the union—

"Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine—"

the consciousness that life has its one absorbing tie, which causes him to spurn the opprobriums of the "fiery Tybalt," was like the calm sea ruffled to the tempest when he sees his kinsman slain; with vivid and electrifying power was the line given

"Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again," and so perfect was the illusion, that for an instant could we not fancy that the mortal thrust was given by female arm. Then again how fine was the transition from hot wrath to intense anguish, when summoned from the friar's cell to hear his doom for the rash act of homicide; Romeo did indeed "Come forth, the fearful man;" the anguish was harrowing at his reception of what the narrator deemed the doom of mercy,

"Ha—banishment! be merciful; say death." With unflinching power was the desperation of Romeo made horrible;

"Hold thy desperate hand, Art thou a man?" as again the relapse to bowed submission in the presence of his lady:—

"Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so."

Let us hasten to a conclusion, and state that we never saw a more perfect rendering of the passions than in the final act, opening in Mantua, where the hero of the o'er sad tale, rejoicing in his dreams, exclaims—

"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne," to be again whirled like a fragile barque upon the torrent—or, like the peasant's home, to be swept by the avalanche,—or, like the proud embattled city, reeling to the earthquake, and sinking in the chasm; Balthazar tells him that his Juliet "sleeps in Capel's monument;" the "foregone conclusion" told itself in the flashing eye, and the quick fine gesture—

"And, hire post-horses, I will hence to-night," is akin to—

"Oh! mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!" Miss Cushman, instinct with the art which is the nature, and admirably philosophised when fortune had poured out her last vial, and

"I do remember an apothecary"— till she received "the cordial, and not poison," was most emphatically truthful. But ere he swallows poison, relentless destiny compels him to slay the "noble County Paris," which Miss Cushman did as if foredoomed, and in the recognition wildly and vocantly utters—

"He told me Paris should have married Juliet; Said he not so, or did I dream it so?" Thence, to the draught of "Here's to my Love," and "thus with a kiss I die," every motion, every action was sublime; and until Romeo, the unhappy, love-sick, frenzied, persecuted, deluded Romeo fell, a pin might have been heard to drop throughout the house. The death itself, however, was a signal for one of the most overwhelming and continuous bursts of applause that we ever heard within the walls of any house, or that ever was accorded, within our time, to any male exponent of the enmeshed Montague.

Referring to the Juliet of the evening, Miss Susan Cushman, our diffuse comments on her sister's acting must be our excuse for a brief appreciation of her capabilities, covering, as they evidently did, under a metropolitan debut. It has long been the fashion of maiden essayists to imagine that Juliet had but to deprecate the "inconstant moon," and to commend her love when dead to "raven night!"

"Take him and cut him out in little stars," Not so the young lady who now assumed the "role," for tender and impassioned as she was in the earlier scenes, she gave evidence of higher powers in her profession as the wife of the

banished Montague, which she first evinced when incited to second nuptials with Paris. She seeks the reverend go-between, the friar, and demands some "present counsel,"

"Or, behold Shall play the umpire."

The last passage, preparatory to the swallowing of the narcotic, as that she may "wake before the time," when fancy conjures up the horrors of the charnel house, and she may die strangled with the noxious vapors, not alone amid her mouldering ancestors, but

"— bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth," went home to those who heard it, nor could we but rejoice at the sacrifice of the dying scene, as written by Garrick, to impart a certain clap-trap. Taller in stature than her sister, we must crave to suspend our decided opinion until we see Miss Susan Cushman in some other character, for, to say sooth, we do not think that Juliet will be found to be her "forte." She satisfied us that she is a good, but not a great performer.

The rest of the "dramatis personae" were wretchedly represented, with the exception of Mrs. Glover, who is no unworthy successor to the delightful Mistress Davenport; the teasing, coaxing, pain-in-the-back scene with Juliet, fraught with the message from her Lord, was a priceless "cameo."

One little word in absolute finale; when Miss Cushman played her Bianca, Emilia, Lady Macbeth, and Rosalind, at the Princess's in the spring, we bore our unequal testimony, not to her talents, but to her genius. Will do we recollect the day when Miss O'Neill ceded her position to Miss Wallstein amongst the Irish critics, whilst Edmund Kean played to almost hesitating audiences on the pit benches of Drury. Pure taste, like truth (for it is truth), must prevail, and would that Miss Cushman were well advised enough to give the town a Belvidera, a Mistress Beverley, or an Isabella. That town is now prepared, and she may sweep the stage before her, wreathing herself with fame, and sinking (her pockets) under golden successes. If the fair and gifted American shall have received at the hands of the Era the first unqualified testimony of her genius, and shall have learned, as an Englishwoman, that it is not to be lightly, nor inconsiderately won, let her bear one strong rebuke; let her eschew Macreadyism, unclear, like Cleopatra, she would woo the asp. The first, last foe, Macready has, in himself; the idiosyncrasy of his Hamlet, Othello, and a host of other impersonations. Why does he excel in *Virginus, William Tell*, and that range of *rites*? because he shakes from his shoulders the incubus of "the man in the mountains." Once for all we assert, and "we pledge our reputation to the truth," that Miss Cushman has centered wholly in herself, in the present survey of English actresses, the exposition of the great and overmastering passions which ever must subdue the spectators, exacting an homage the most profound. She may need, and does, some of the grace and gait of the feminine, but it is amply atoned to her in the masculine "physique" with which Nature, and the poet, her interpreter, invest the softer, when invoked to the deeds of the sterner sex. Many months since did we say that which we now repeat—Miss Cushman has had no equal since the days of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill.

PRINCESS'S.—On Thursday evening this theatre did a Lyceum ditto of "The Cricket's Chirp." The vision is managed through a gauze transparency, and is a decided improvement. The distribution of the parts may be easily guessed by those who are conversant with the members of Mr. Maddox's company. That Mrs. Stirling would personate *Dot*, would be the universal supposition; and who more fitting to delineate the good humor, the tenderness, the enjoying domesticities of this most engaging of conceptions than herself? And little Miss Marshall's blind girl could not be otherwise than a performance of merit, for this young lady has given several instances lately of considerable power and feeling as an actress, and every fresh attempt strengthens the faith in her tact and intelligence. Mr. Compton's *Caleb* is not inferior to Keeley's; the guilelessness of the old man is presented with equal truth, and the simple fictions he invents to deceive his child have a touching air of doubt and misgiving. Mr. Ryder is a brusque and plain-spoken carrier, but he is out of his element; while Miss Somers endeavors to fill up the sketch of *Tilly Sloubby*, the unwashed, uncombed, and untidy dangle of the baby, with literal and characteristic gracelessness. Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. Courtney, and Mrs. Fosbrooke sustain the other parts. The vision is managed differently to what it is either at the Lyceum or the Adelphi; and the plan of exhibiting the fairies and their configuration through a gauze medium is undoubtedly for the better.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Madame Albert commenced an engagement here on Friday night in Desforges' comedy of "La Femme Jalouse." We need not add that her reception was as warm as it was deserved, for Madame Albert is an actress of rare merit, and possesses a versatility of talent enjoyed by but few: she is, by turns, pathetic and gay—commanding, with equal facility, the hilarious laugh or the falling tear. The merest vaudeville she raises to the dignity of a drama; and, either as the heroine of keen sensibility—the lady of *haut ton*, the *soubrette* of middle life, or the rustic peasant of the cottage, she is truthful and felicitous. If to this are added her charming voice and vocal taste, we are safe in assuming there are few artists who possess so many qualifications for the stage. "La Femme Jalouse" is a comedy written in 1785, and much of the dialogue that reflected the phases of society of that period has now become silted and antiquated. Madame Dorsan is the jealous wife, mistrustful, suspicious, and loving. Driven by her mistaken passion she opens the secret drawer of her husband's escarotiere, and discovers a gold box containing a miniature. Maddened by the sight of the likeness of a young and pretty girl, she seeks her husband, and vents her fury upon him. M. Dorsan, previously to his marriage, has become the parent of a natural daughter, and, fearing to injure the delicacy of his wife, has carefully kept the circumstance a secret. Upon this incident the comedy is sustained, and without entering into a curious analysis of the various ins and outs of the intrigue, the denouement will be easily guessed, that the "jealous wife" becomes sensible of the futility of her suspicions—that after a lengthened continuance of fretting and fuming, the husband threatens a separation—the wife is heart-stricken and repentant, and M. D'Arnaville, an old bachelor friend of the husband, marries the natural daughter, and thus casts the oil of peace on the storm-tost billows of the matrimonial existence of M. and Madame Dorsan. The comedy wants light and shade; the interest throughout is sombre; there is not a ray of sunshine or a glimmer of wit to illumine the dense gloom of the five acts—the verse falls torpidly on the ear, and the impassioned acting of Madame Albert alone made it sufferable. Cartigny was excellent as *D'Arnaville*, and Mlle. St. Marc interesting and ingenious as *Eugenie*. Madame Albert was frequently applauded, and at the end of the comedy was called enthusiastically before the curtain. The house was fashionably attended.

THE ADELPHI.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Stirling placed his version of "The Cricket on the Hearth" upon these boards, being the second Richard in the field; how many there will be appears to be dependent alone upon the number of dramatic establishments. Were an inquest to be held on the remains of "The Cricket," the verdict would be—Died of reptile. The public is so familiar with the tale, that to give the plot would be of itself superfluous, irrespective of our having done so fully in our notice of the Lyceum, where it first put in a stage appearance. Miss Woolgar's *Bertha* was a chaste, delicate performance, so replete with pathos, that one could have scarcely imagined her to be the child of mirth, with whom we have established a long acquaintance. The scene where her affections are laid bare, and her heart is desolate, was a gush of feeling, and made one's heart bleed for the sufferings of the poor innocent, when light was not alone shut out at the portals, but broke, for the first time, in sudden and whelming flood upon the sanctuary. Mrs. Fitzwilliam looked *Dot*, and played it with gusto and naivete. As to Wright's *Tilly Sloubby*, it is clever and grotesque for making the people laugh; but give us Miss Turner, who is the "cretur" itself, instinct with the slattern, from her red matted locks to her greasy-hosed kibe. The end of it will be, that Mr. Dickens's work will be killed with kindness. O'Smith dressed and looked the *Carrier* to perfection, and his rough energy was admirably adapted to delineate the rough passions which agitated his honest bosom; but he failed in the under current of tenderness; the husk in its roughness he could do, but not the softness of the kernel within. Lambert's *Caleb Plummer* was a poor attempt, and the same may be said of Cullenford's *Tackleton*; it needed "tackle" of another quality.

PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

BIRMINGHAM.—The name of the pantomime here is "Guy, Earl of Warwick," and all that could be done by the way of scenery, dresses, properties, and tricks, was done by the spirited manager, Mr. Simpson, who, on the present as well as on former occasions, has proved himself capable of catering for the public's amusement. The merry group were admirably personated by Mr. and Mrs. J. Ridgway, Mr. W. H. Kemp, and Mr. Bonnoker, who, as Harlequin and Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon, afforded infinite delight.

CANTERBURY.—The Theatre, under its present manager, G. Smith, bids fair to be highly popular. The company is numerous and good, and the selection of pieces well calculated to please.

CARLISLE.—The Theatre Royal opened on Monday evening the 29th, with the "Rights of Woman," "The Irish Tutor," and "The Railway King," under the popular management of Mr. Daly, who enjoys the respect, and who is very likely to command the support of the inhabitants of the "Merrie Citye." The company is not so numerous as that of last season, but in point of talent far superior, if we may judge by the applause bestowed on the efforts of the new candidates on Monday evening. Mr. R. F. Smith, the low comedian (who belonged to the former company) received a hearty welcome, and is deservedly a favorite; while Mr. Stephens, Mr. Wynne, and Mr. Wright (new candidates), received much and well-merited applause. Mrs. Daly met with a hearty reception, she being a general favorite, and, perhaps, one of the most versatile, as she is decidedly one of the cleverest provincial actresses of the day. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Browne, from the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, made a very favorable impression as *Mrs. Pontifex*, in "Naval Engagements." Herr Schmidt, the celebrated cornet & piston player, is nightly encored in his solos on that very difficult instrument. A young lady named Morgan, from the Dublin Concerts, has taken the citizens by surprise, and bids fair to outstrip all former favorites. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm which hailed the worthy manager on his appearance each evening. His representation of Irish character is a treat, while in private he is held in the highest estimation by all classes, not only in Carlisle, but throughout Cumberland. The theatre has been newly painted and decorated, and brilliantly lighted. Engagements have been formed with various stars, who are to shine in succession.

EDINBURGH.—Miss Helen Faucit has produced an immense impression among the play-goers of "Auld Reekie" by the performance of *Antigone* at the Theatre Royal, which has been got up with great care and attention by Mr. Murray.

EXETER.—The Theatre Royal has been opened for the season, and the reception given to Manager Harvey and his company, after their supposed shipwreck, was highly gratifying, and proved in what high estimation they are held. The patronage bestowed upon the theatre has most flattering.

GROUCESTER.—The pantomime, "Harlequin Jack and the Bean Stalk," was brought out on Friday evening, and attracted an overflowing house, numbers being unable to obtain admission. Of the pantomime itself, we cannot say much; it was decidedly "slow." The few hits were rendered effective by the clever acting of Mr. Sankey, who really made an excellent Clown, and who was well supported by Mr. Mellison, as Pantaloon. Mr. S. managed to keep the audience, despite the discomforts of the crush, in good humor from beginning to end, and the piece, we need hardly say, was successful. The other pantomimic characters were well filled, and the Ogre and his lady were great cards with the juveniles. We must not forget to notice a very nicely painted Panorama, by Parker, of Liverpool.

GLASGOW.—Mr. C. Mathews and Madame Vestris concluded their three nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop-street, on Wednesday week. There was little variety in their performances, "Used Up," "Loan of a Lover," and "Patter versus Clatter," being the entertainments each evening to crowded boxes and pit, but indifferent galleries, the high prices, we suspect, being the drawback. They return for six nights, commencing to-morrow (Monday). Meanwhile, Mr. Alexander is thrown on his own resources, and for want of effective force, has been compelled to play the old worn-out afterpiece of "The Broken Sword," three nights running, as the first card in the bills, and, to render his establishment yet more attractive than before, has contrived to quarrel with, and lose the valuable services of, his leading lady, Miss Laura Addison. Two new pieces, "The Miller's Wife," and "One Hour with Napoleon," were announced for the New Year's Night.

At the Theatre Royal Adelphi, we understand matters are going on indifferently, the company playing as a commonwealth since the manager went into the *Gazette*, and, though they have attempted to force the public by a series of announced benefits, in rapid nightly succession, the general attendance has, we are sorry to record, been stale, flat, and unprofitable.

HULL.—Novelty, novelty, has been the order of the week, which has turned us over from one year into another, and put 1845 out of date. "The Poor Soldier" of O'Keefe was well received on Tuesday evening, whilst the old year was seen out with the new drama of "Fatality," entirely new, at least to a Hull audience. New Year's Day, or rather its night, brought us the long expected "Cinderella," whose glass slipper is better known than any choicest curiosity in the Tower Armory, and would fetch a higher price for the museum of any antiquary if warranted "original." "The Cricket on the Hearth" is to chirp, we understand, next week, and a nautical drama, called "The Seal," is on the stocks. Let us hope that the marine monster may, like its earthly namesake, contain an unbroken interest for all who love the "belles lettres."

LIVERPOOL.—The three theatres are nightly crowded to the ceiling. At the Royal, the tragedy of "Douglas," the Danseuses Viennoises, and the comic pantomime of "Princess Battledore and Prince Shuttlecock," constitute the bill of fare for the past week. The latter has been got up with great splendor, especially in the scenic department, but its general success is considerably marred by the "opening," which is the worst of the kind we have ever witnessed. Mr. T. Ridgway's *Clown* is all that the lovers of fun could wish for; and the Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine, of Messrs. Charles and Williams, and Mlle. Carline, are also really good.

At the Liver, the burletta of "Sam Weller," admirably supported by Messrs. Hammond, Eaton O'Donnell, and Fitzroy, as *Sam, Fingle and Pickwick*, together with the new pantomime of "Harlequin Royal Charlie," have been received throughout the week with every demonstration of applause. The pantomime is replete with wit, burlesque, hits at recent public events, &c., and the scenery and properties are upon a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, equalled in the provinces. Messrs. W. Ryan, H. Blanchard, T. Holloway, and Mlle. Leon, are excellent representatives of Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine.

At the Amphitheatre, the grand equestrian spectacle of "The Bride of the Nile" has been produced with all the appointments, &c., used in its representation at Astley's last season. The professions, combats, hair-breadth escapes, and the wonderful sagacity of the "Horse of Pyramus," elicit vociferous acclamation. The feats of the arena, by Mr. Batty's company of equestrians, are of a most varied description, and introduce several talented professors of the "art," in the persons of Messrs. Emmidy, Alfred Cooke, Hemmings, Powel, and H. Brown, the grotesque.

MANCHESTER.—The proprietor of the Amphitheatre is determined not to be behind the march of theatrical go-a-head. We were present the other evening to witness the performance of a comic pantomime, entitled "Baby Bantling," produced under the able direction of Mr. Harwood; and we must say that the stage management has sensibly improved since the last season. The honors of *Clown* were divided between Mr. Henry Pearson and Mr. Jackson, the latter of whom would do well to eschew allusions to politics, unless he possess a *penchant* for a hornet's nest. Apart from this, each actor was decidedly successful in provoking risibility. Mr. H. Saunders was a sprightly dancer, as Harlequin; Mlle. Deulin a graceful Columbine. Mr. Hulme did some clever feats of equitation, especially the one of "trotting" along the stage upon a single pole; it was a daring attempt at equestrianism. The success of the piece was confirmed by the exertions of a first-rate harlequinade, rather than a dependence upon trickery, scenic effect, or a mere display of costly stage appointments.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Theatre Royal re-opened on Friday, the 26th ult., when we were much pleased to witness the exertions which had been made to render the scenery, dresses, and appointments of the stage as effective as possible, crowned with success. The performances commenced with the tragedy of "Douglas," *Norval* being sustained by a young gentleman of this town (his first appearance upon any stage), whose per-

sonation of this character was such, that we predict for him a station ere long in the *corps dramatique*. After which came the pantomime, which was cleverly put upon the stage, with Miss Mary Harvey (from the Royal Surrey and Victoria Theatres, London), as Columbine, who was as happy in her steps as was the Clown (Mr. Asbury) with his jokes. The scenery was painted by Mr. Meadows, and did the artist great credit.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The African Roscius has terminated a successful engagement, and the grand spectacle of "Aladdin" has been presented as a dainty Christmas dish. It has been magnificently produced, and bids fair to be highly attractive.

NORWICH.—The Theatre Royal opened on the 26th ult., and has been well attended, although a comic pantomime has not been the attraction. The company, though talented, is deficient in leading members; yet the pieces are nicely put upon the stage and not badly acted. The scenery has been newly painted, and many other judicious alterations made.

PLYMOUTH.—The good old pantomime of "Mother Goose" was the holiday production, and being well sustained by Mr. and Mrs. R. Power, Mr. H. Buckingham, and Mr. Anderson, and got up with every possible care, made a decided hit, and will no doubt have a long run. On Tuesday evening Mr. Paumier made a successful debut as *Claude Melnotte, Pauline*, being sustained by Mrs. Tyrrell, Mr. Clement White, and Miss Norman, late of Drury Lane, are also members of the company.

ROCHESTER.—The business of the Theatre is decidedly favorable. The manager and his company are much respected, and everything is done calculated to gratify the taste of the public.

SHEFFIELD.—The grand fairy spectacle of "The Seven Castle of the Passions," produced with scenery and appointments on a truly splendid scale, and rendered more attractive by the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, is nightly drawing houses, crowded to the ceiling. Mr. Stirling's new and popular drama of "Clarissa; or, The Merchant's Daughter," was also produced for the first time on Friday evening last.

WOOLWICH.—The Theatre, which for many years past has been looked upon as "a forlorn hope," is now the very "focus of attraction." The company is good, the manager is liberal, the pieces are attractive, and the public is satisfied. The Harlequinade is worthy of praise—no more being attempted than the performers can well accomplish.

WINDSOR.—During the past week Miss Davenport has appeared in several of those characters in which she has gained so much commendation. The theatre has been well attended, and the performances have gone off with *éclat*.

ENGLISH ACTORS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

A letter has been sent to us by a gentleman engaged by Mr. Davenport to form one of the company in the late theatrical essay in Holland. He complains, and not without justice, of having been enlisted, together with his "confères," on the specific contract for ten months, which were reduced to thirteen weeks, and not ten weeks of active salaried service. As the climax of misfortune, he states that the enterprise was abruptly terminated, and that himself and his confederates were left to beg their way home, or starve in a foreign country. By the generous interposition of Sir Edward Disbrow, our Minister at the Hague, and Sir J. Turin, the British Consul, either alternative was avoided, and by their munificence the outcasts of Thespis were restored to their native soil.

It is not necessary for us to publish the impotent "caste" which was attempted to be foisted upon foreigners, to their detestation and disgust, as illustrations of our legitimate drama; the old tale of "the part of Hamlet for this evening omitted," ceases to be a satire upon our forefathers of the barn. Our correspondent says—

"Much has been said of the want of encouragement extended to English actors abroad. I assure you there was every disposition to support us, had anything like a company been taken out, and the pieces properly done; but what think you of eight men and two ladies, that is Miss Davenport and my wife; we certainly had Mrs. Davenport, but when she played *Volante, Lucretia*, and *Alicia*, it was too ridiculous, and we also had a Miss Reynolds, a novice, so I leave you to judge of the talent. After the first town two of the gents were discharged, so till we arrived at Amsterdam the English company were six strong, and acting in theatres where every department was complete; and then the way in which the pieces were done, for instance, "The School for Scandal" without *Snake*, and the picture scene cut out; "The Belles Stratagem," *Kitty Willis* and *Miss Oyle* being played by one and the same person; yet before the King of Hanover we played the "Hunchback," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Belles Stratagem." The King was perfectly satisfied after seeing one act of the "Hunchback," and asking if we were speaking English or German, immediately left."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER-HALL.—"The Messiah," which has already attracted two most numerous audiences, will be performed for the third and last time this season, on Friday next. The principal performers are, as on the former occasions, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Hawes, Hobbs, and Phillips.

STANGATE.—The Bower Saloon has been converted into a delightfully recreative spot, under the lesseeship of Messrs. Biddle and Lee. The new pantomime of "The Sleeping Beauty," with scenery by Grieves, is very amusing. Miss Mortimer, columbine; clown, T. W. Paulo; and pantaloon, C. Ridgway, who made his opening bow to any audience on these boards

LAUNCH OF AN IRON STEAM-FRIGATE.—A most magnificent iron steam-frigate, built expressly for the Royal Navy, was launched on the Mersey, on Tuesday, from a yard at North Birkenhead. This is the first large vessel of war ever built on the shores of that noble river, and therefore a few particulars respecting her may be interesting. Her dimensions are as follow:—Length between perpendiculars, 210 feet; breadth within paddle-wheels, 37 1/2 feet; breadth outside paddle-wheels, 60 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet; tonnage (carpenter's measurement), 1400 tons. She will be propelled by paddle-wheels, and the engines will be of 560-horse power. The engine-room, magazine, and shell-room, are all protected by iron encasements. The upper deck is flush, and of great area, and there are two other decks below, the height between which is ample. This fine vessel was, by command of the Admiralty, christened "The Birkenhead." Her armament will be two 96-pounder pivot guns, one forward and the other aft, and four 68-pounder broadside guns—so that, with the aid of her steam, she will prove a formidable opponent to any adversary. The launch took place exactly at twenty minutes past eleven, and the ceremony of christening was performed by the Marchioness of Westminster. After the launch, which was beautifully effected, the principal visitors sat down to a splendid *déjeuner*, at which the usual loyal toasts were drunk, and "Success to her Majesty's steamer 'The Birkenhead'" was proposed and responded to amidst loud cheers.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO CAPTAIN PYALL.—On Friday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, a serious accident occurred in Hyde Park to Captain Pyall, a gentleman, between fifty and sixty years, residing in Oxford-terrace, Oxford-square, Edgware-road. He was riding a spirited horse round the carriage drive in Hyde Park, and on arriving opposite Kensington-gardens the horse became restive, and shied suddenly against the wood railing, by which Captain Pyall was thrown with great violence to the ground, his foot hanging in the stirrup. The groom, observing the perilous situation of his master, rode up and secured the horse at the instant he was setting off into a gallop, and Captain Pyall was fortunately released. The fall caused some severe bruises on the head, but he was able to walk home.

AN ELOPEMENT.—A French paper states that on Thursday last week a young English lady, living with her mother at Louvain, was run away with by an officer of the 2nd regiment of Horse Chasseurs. A complaint was made to the authorities, but has since been withdrawn, all parties having been reconciled by a marriage.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—On Friday afternoon, about two o'clock, a most determined attempt at suicide was made by Mr. H. Thurstell, a gentleman residing in Albany-street, Regent's Park, who, from extensive losses caused by railway speculation, has been for some time past in a very desponding state of mind. On returning home on Friday, his landlady observed that he appeared more than usually depressed, and he had scarcely entered his room when she heard the report of firearms. She immediately ran to his room, when she found Mr. Thurstell lying on the ground, bleeding from a wound in his throat. Medical assistance was obtained, when it was ascertained that he had fired a loaded pistol into his mouth, but the ball taking a downward direction had come out through his throat, and some hopes are given of his recovery.

"THE THEATRES." Era, 4 Jan. 1846. British Library Newspapers, <https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/BA3202405022/BNCN?u=bayreuth&sid=BNCN&xid=031cb241>. Accessed 15 Oct. 2020.