

MEN PROJECT

## McVICKER'S THEATRE.

This evening, "Nick of the Words; or, the Jibberishosay," will be given at McVicker's, and Mr. James A. Herne will also appear in the farce of "Handy Andy." Lucille Western is now convalescent and will shortly appear. The management of McVicker's has also effected an arrangement by which Fechter will appear for one week, the date of which will be announced hereafter. Apropos of Fechter, Grace Greenwood thus gossips about him:

The old town has been to a perilous degree excited by Woman's Rights, and the Revis-ites, and the Ream-ites, and now comes to us the man who, when I was in Boston last month, was shaking the "Globe" to its centre—Charles Fechter. I saw the fiery and freaky Frenchman in "Black and White," and in "Don Cesar de Bazar," the first plays in which I was able to make a comparison between his present acting and that of nearly twenty years ago, when I saw him in Paris in the *Dame Aux Camelias*, playing *Armand* to the *Marguerite* of *Madame Doche*. I had seen him since that time in *Hamlet*, but could not recognize him as the impassioned, melodramatic actor of the "Varieties." I now saw in his acting the same peculiar, magnetic, electrical quality of the passion and tenderness, the same marvellous mingling of fire and tears; but he does not look the lover as he did then. He lacks, after all, the charm of absolute-freshness and impulse, the ineffable grace and youth. His finest effects, grand and startling, though many of them are, seem to me worked up, as compared with the abandon and ease of that time. Then, it must be confessed that he is, as a Yankee would say, a little "hefty" for the ideal lover. As I remember him in his youth, he was slender, light, and nervous in his movements, with a pale, intense face; not a handsome, or an elegant, or graceful person, except in moments of grand passion, but wonderfully natural, and apparently unconscious. I have never seen him equal that first personation. I have never seen him so well-supported as he was by *Madame Doche*. I have never seen any acting that moved, that overwhelmed me as theirs did. The play had already run about as long as the *Arabian Nights* Entertainment, and still Paris crowded the theatre, to indulge in the luxury of grief, in concerted weeping and blowing of noses. The lachrymose symptoms early betrayed themselves all about us, and we, to whom the pathetic story of *Marguerite Gaudier* was unknown, were for a time highly amused by the scene.

ALLEN'S MUSEUM