

FORSAKEN.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

Young summer, that strengthened the faltering shoot,
The last sap sucked from the mouldering tree.
Is there no hope for the slip with its yesterday's root?
For the shallopadrift on a threatening sea?
Yes, kindly's the strange earth, the strange shelter's warm;
The root lives afresh in its alien home.
The boat blindly drifts until dawn, without harm—
One terrible billow! then over the form
'Tis carried to port! O desolate maid!
Was there ne'er a beyond to that desert of rain?
Grief-dazed, wounded nestling! she cowered and prayed
A bow might illumine the darkness—in vain!
None now to divine the huge yearning within;
Unmothered!—how sorely she weepeth without!
It were seemly to whisper, repining its sin,
To tell her God's mercy 'tis wicked to doubt,
If glibly spun Pharisee-phrases like these
Would raise her prone forehead and sweeten her eyes.
Poor heart! ere the autumn 'twas beating at ease;
Calm heart! touched in silence by Him, the All-Wise.
As a mother will wile her child healthward, He led
His child through the sunshine to forests and fields.
The glow of her past on her present He shed—
Her future white harvests of happiness yields!
New joy in the dance of the brooks, in their rhymes
New meaning and music; the clouds as they pass
Are nothing but silver! the bees in the limes
Drown with mellower droning the chirps in the grass.
Forgoing their shyness, the human-eyed fawns
Claim the mourner for mistress; their bosoms of snow
The hares never stir as they doze on the lawns;
And the talk of the linnets is neighborly—low.
The lark hears her footsteps, and flutters in rings
About her ere gurgling his way to the sky;
The swallow floes down on his wonderful wings,
And scorns the blue arch that spreads windily high.
There are fays in the woodland and eives in the air;
Velled voices that speak to the answering shore;
So she fancies, nay feels!—'tis the death of despair!
In her heart no more room for the plaint—
Nevermore!
Let the sapling drink rain and the lily breathe dew;
To him words of comfort; her sobs never heed.
As the prophet was fed by the ravens, she drew
From Earth's humbler creatures the food of her need!

For the Favorite.

MR. FITZ-BOODLE'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

OF MONTREAL.

"Fitz," said my friend Billy Fuddles, calling at my office one evening about a year ago—"Fitz, if you have no engagement this evening, come with me to our last rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet; you know the first entertainment of my Dramatic Club is to take place on Friday, and as you take such an interest in us I will take you to rehearsal. Oh, such a Juliet as we have! Young, beautiful, and a finished actress. I'm sorry, old fellow, you don't belong to the Club; but come up and look on to-night, and if you like I will propose your name for membership."
Of course I consented. I had always been passionately fond of theatricals and had assisted at several private entertainments, so that an invitation to join an association which I had every reason to believe first class was most acceptable.
We arrived at the place of rehearsal about 7½ o'clock, and then for the first time I became acquainted with the gigantic size of the proposed performance. "Romeo and Juliet" was to be the play, then, as an interlude "A Morning Call," after which the farce of "Toodles," the part of Timothy to be played by a very stout young gentleman, who, on account of his obesity, and a fancied resemblance to Blake, thought he could take the part to perfection.
The rehearsal of the evening was rather a mystery. He had only attended one rehearsal, but

Miss Filmsey (Juliet) had declared she would play with no one else, and as she was the "bright particular star" of the company, of course no one opposed her.

My friend Billy Fuddles, who was a lantern-jawed, sanctimonious-looking fellow, had been selected as Friar Lawrence. With the rest of the cast I was not acquainted, but from sundry hints and expressions used I gathered the information that they would all be "good" in their parts, when they put in a few "gags," which each actor was very industriously practising. Romeo was to accompany the lovely Juliet, and the rehearsal should have commenced at half-past seven; but Juliet was late, and we waited until eight, half-past eight, a quarter to nine, and still no Juliet. Every one was angry, even my friend Billy swore a small oath, and we were about to rehearse "Toodles," when there was a ring at the door and we heard the gratifying announcement that Juliet had arrived.

Oh! how beautiful she was. I was captured instantly, and felt that I would willingly go through the hottest fire or jump into the coldest water to serve so beautiful a creature. She came, but she came alone, and was the bearer of direful tidings. Romeo would be unable to play. He had met with an accident. In jumping from a stage before it had stopped he had fallen on his nose, and damaged that organ to an extent that would require two or three weeks to repair it.

Here was a catastrophe! What was to be done? Some proposed that he should still take the part and wear a mask or a false nose. Little Fitz-Quirk, who played Tybalt, proposed that he and Romeo should open the play with a new scene—a P. R. Exhibition; Romeo keeping his back to the audience and in that way fighting out R. U. E., when Tybalt would throw a tremendous "smasher" just where Romeo's nose ought to be, which would of course account for the damaged condition of that feature during the remainder of the play; and by way of finishing the scene Fitz-Quirk—who considered himself "some" on the double shuffle—would perform the war dance of the "Rum-fuddy-tangalore" Indians, and sing "John Brown's body" in triumph over his victory.

After some discussion it was determined not to accept the proposition, as the play was supposed to extend over a period of some months, and Romeo's nose would have time enough to get well. Sniffin thought that Romeo might be left out and the play called simply "Juliet," but that was overruled, and at last it was decided that another Romeo must be found; but who would take the character? Every one had a part, and no one felt inclined to saddle himself with another. After it had been offered to two or three and refused, Fuddles said that he had a friend whom Nature had framed to shine on the stage, who had had a great deal of experience in these matters, and he was sure would help them out of their difficulty; then, to my great astonishment, he begged to introduce as the person he referred to, his friend "Fitz-Boodle!"

"Me! The thing was impossible. I had no time to learn my part, and no rehearsals. It was ridiculous, nonsensical, not to be thought of!"

"Oh! you must, or spoil our play; now do try to be obliging, there's a good fellow."

"It's not much to learn," said Jones, who played Peter. "I learnt my part in two hours." His part was five lines, and mine nearer 1,500.

"Do take it," said Juliet, "just to oblige me;" and she looked at me so sweetly, and leant on my shoulder in such a charming, bewitching manner, that I would willingly have jumped off Niagara like Sam Patch to oblige her.

"Well," I said, "I will try it; but you must postpone the performance to give me a chance to study."

"Oh, no! that won't do; the music is engaged, the guests invited, the costumes and scenery hired, and we must have it next Friday."

"Oh, do, please!" said Juliet, in her charming manner, and of course I consented; and it being then too late for rehearsal, it was agreed that we should meet at 7 o'clock on Friday, so that I might have one rehearsal.

The next three days passed like a dream. I kept Shakespeare in my desk, and every moment I could spare from business was devoted to study.

I recited my principal speeches to a select audience of the store porters—I was in the pork and butter business at the time—and spouted until I was hoarse to an assemblage of pork barrels; I astonished our staid old book-keeper by addressing him as "Sweet Juliet," and offended the head of the firm by telling him "Peace, peace, thou talk'st of nothing."

I broke the best office rule in a "grand combat" with the janitor, and bruised myself in all manner of uncomfortable places practising a "new fall;" and at last, having lamed myself learning to drop suddenly on one knee, for the garden scene, I arrived, tired and fagged out, on the evening of the performance, at the house of Mrs. Bumpus, who had kindly loaned her parlors for the occasion.

I have always said, and I still affirm, that innovations spoiled our play; for without them—a few mishaps excepted—a more perfect success could not have been desired.

Our company made a mistake; they were too operative, and should have selected "The Bohemian Girl" or "The Rose of Castile," or some other light English opera, and then each one could have had as much singing as he or she desired without taking liberties with the "Divine bard."

As the case stood, however, every one had

some little "addition" to make to his part, and in all cases it proved only an addition without any improvement.

"Fitz," said Bouncer, who played Paris, "have you a pair of boxing gloves?"

"No!" I replied, somewhat astonished.

"Why?"

"Oh! it does not much matter, I have a pair, and I'll give you one and fight you with the left hand."

"Fight me with the left hand! What do you mean?"

"For the last act, of course; you don't suppose I'm going to let you tilt at me with a long sword, do you? Oh, no! I can't afford to be killed in earnest; beside duelling is quite out of fashion in the present day, and it would have a much finer effect if we took the gloves and had a little scientific set-to. And there's another point: when you knock me out of time I will fall so as to open the door of Juliet's tomb, which will add effect to my request to be laid in there."

This was so ridiculous that I immediately rejected it, and Bouncer was so much incensed that he threatened to throw up his part, until Fuddles promise to spar with him after the play, which somewhat quieted him, although he still had a grudge against me for my "priggishness," as he termed it.

As I had not had a single rehearsal, it was arranged that I should "go through" my principal scenes with Juliet, which I did in a small back room up-stairs, with Fuddles and the family cat for an audience. What a lovely creature she was! And how splendidly she played Juliet; I was enchanted. Let the others do as they pleased, Juliet would introduce no innovations, nor would I, and their nonsense would only tend to show off our good play to greater advantage; so we were content.

According to our play-bills, we were to commence "at 7½ o'clock precisely," but owing to the thousand and one little difficulties which always attend Private Theatricals, we were not ready until 9 o'clock; meanwhile the audience, having got tired of stamping, etc., cleared away the seats, and started a grand game of "Post," which it took our stage manager a long time to stop. At last everything was ready, the curtain went up, and the play commenced. Everything went on pretty smoothly except that most of the gentlemen forgot their parts and had to be prompted audibly.

Our first serious mishap was in the second act, where Friar Lawrence goes on with the basket of flowers. It was then discovered that Fuddles, who played the part, had left both flowers and basket at home; and as no other basket could be found but the one with which Mrs. Bumpus did her marketing he was obliged to take that, and in the hurry and confusion of the moment, he went on without any flowers. How he would have got over the line, "in this small flower lies hid," etc., it is impossible to say, had not Bouncer with the greatest promptitude seized a bouquet from Juliet, with which I had presented her, and hurrying into the audience thrown it to Fuddles, striking him most artistically on the nose, and strewing the stage with flowers.

In the scene between Romeo and the nurse, the first innovation was introduced. Jones who played Peter, having a great idea of "by play," took on a little trained dog of his and made him perform lots of tricks, among them barking whenever nurse called Peter; and when she asked for her fan, Jones, who was something of a gymnast, stood on his hands and presented it with his feet, and in that ridiculous manner made his exit, the little dog walking gravely before him on his hind legs.

Innovation now became the order of the evening, each member striving to outdo the other by introducing some new effect, and the play was changed from a tragedy to a roaring farce.

In the third act, where Mercutio is killed, Tybalt (Fitz-Quirk) insisted on singing the "Rat-catcher's daughter" which he said was clearly what Shakspeare meant by making Mercutio call him a rat-catcher; and the only reason the song did not appear in the original was, that it was not written in the time of Shakspeare. As no persuasion could influence him, of course he sung it, introducing at the end of each verse the war dance of the "Rum-fuddy-tangalore" Indians, previously mentioned.

At this new rendition of the "bard of Avon" the audience were fairly convulsed with laughter, and as Mercutio could not bear to see all the honors carried off by his conqueror, he immediately sang "O boys carry me long," while supported out by Benvolio; and being tremendously applauded, he came on again and repeated it immediately after Benvolio had declared "the brave Mercutio is no more."

The audience had now become uproarious. It made "the judicious grieve," but the majority enjoyed it highly. Juliet and I were voted "bores," because we followed Shakspeare's advice and "spoke no more than was set down for us." Each of the actors was called on by one of his friends for a song, which he almost always gave, and the greatest confusion prevailed.

Still we struggled on, Juliet and I, almost crazy with vexation, in vain appealed to the others to act with decency. We were told to mind our own business, and not to interfere with what did not concern us; that every one played his part after his own fashion, and that we may do as we please with ours.

The finale to this "new rendition" was in strict accordance with the other ridiculous interpolations, and occurred in this way:

Bouncer, who had not forgiven me for re-

fusing to substitute boxing-gloves for small swords, primed himself with innumerable "hot whiskeys," "Tom and Jerries," etc., and staggered on in the last scene, breathing the sanguinary determination to "finish me." Fiercely attacking me, he drove me about the stage, striking at me so savagely that I, fearing he really meant to kill me, was forced to dodge about in a very undignified and un-Romeo-like manner. Whether he would have finished me it is impossible to say, had not fortune befriended me, and caused his foot to catch in the carpet, throwing him violently on the ground.

This was of course too great an advantage for me to neglect it, and placing my foot on his chest I swore to kill him unless he promised to be quiet and die like a Christian. This he rather sulkily promised to do, but in place of requesting to be buried with Juliet, as Paris always does, he said, "when I die bury me with my father," and being near the tomb gave it a hearty kick, as if to show the resting-place of his father's ashes.

Now "the tomb of all the Capulets" was a very slight structure, being simply a screen placed across a window leading to an inner room, and it had been arranged that I should open it with my hands in place of using an axe; but Bouncer's kick spoiled it all, for, with a loud crash, down went the screen, and Juliet, startled from her propriety, forgot that she was dead, and running screaming out of her "last resting-place," threw herself into my arms, while Bouncer—the little wretch—beat his heels on the floor and shouted with joy at the mischief he had created.

This was too much; the last drop had overflowed the bucket of patience, and human nature could stand it no longer. I walked down to the footlights in as dignified a manner as my excited state would permit, and supporting Juliet with one hand, while with the other I waved my sword aloft, I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is utterly impossible to finish our play when we are interrupted by such a disgusting exhibition as that" (here I pointed my sword at Bouncer).

"What do you mean by that?" said he, starting up. "Who'se—hic—disgusting? You're drunk. Wait till I come back and I'll dis—hic—gust you;" and off he rushed, and in a few seconds returned with the boxing gloves, one of which he tendered me in a very defiant manner. What could I do? I was forced to put on the glove, and it was only after I had knocked him down half a dozen times that he would consent to leave the stage and permit Juliet to return to the tomb, so that the play may end in the usual manner.

It was now almost two o'clock, and as more than two-thirds of the audience had left, and all the actors were more or less "elevated," it was determined to postpone "The Morning Call" and "Toodles" until the next week. How that performance went off I cannot say, for I had had enough of Private Theatricals and did not attend; but I have no doubt it was very fine, as I was afterwards informed by Fuddles that "Romeo and Juliet" had been a "great success." So it might have been, but I confess to an inability to appreciate such an effort in "high art."

The Great Fairs and Markets of Europe.

BY R. H. HORNE.

(Concluded.)

Fairlop Fair (besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep) was a delightful fair in former years, whatever may be thought of it at the present time. Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described; but there were more glories, many of whom, no doubt, were residents in the vicinity of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at any other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater; but it is easily explained. Fairlop fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down, one day, for a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or waggon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on four wheels. Such a boat-load as this, full of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping Forest once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors may be also attributed to the grand and unique feature of this fair, viz., the famous Oak Tree, round which the fair used to be held. This tree was so enormous, that during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, hung with drapery (pea-green with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog. Now, the special attraction to British tars must have been this tree, into the topmost branches of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, at the imminent delightful risk of breaking his British neck! You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak without a Jack tar perched on one of the topmost branches. The tree stood