

music out of those who never knew—and whose most intimate friends never knew—that they had any in them; but he never got any out of me. Yet the rehearsals of this chorus cost me many a tremor. We were all told that we must sing, so I used to open and shut my mouth in the way I thought it ought to be done, though I remained voiceless. And then the fear lest the director's ear, known to be so acute, would detect that no sound was coming from my vicinity, used to send cold shivers through my frame.

The hero of this play is now a curate in the environs of Boston. He was a capital actor, but not a giant physically. Part of his business was to knock down the sentry before the prison gate and wrest his arquebuse from him. The sentry was a broad-shouldered young Hercules, a member of the first fifteen let me call him "Tim." During the early rehearsals "Tim" was merely told to consider himself knocked down, but at last it became necessary to go through the struggle. So the hero grappled "Tim" right manfully but he might as well have tried to budge the College. "You must put him down!" cried the director, "You must put him down!" "He can't do it, father" said "Tim" with his provoking laugh. "Then I will do it!" In a jiffy his cape was thrown off and the director closed with "Tim." It was a great contest. "Tim" was not a bit daunted by knowing with whom he had to deal, but in the end he was laid upon his back on the stage laughing as heartily as any of us.

Another little incident of this play I remember very well. It occurred on the night of production and the culprit is now an M. D., in one of the Western states. He had done some important service for the hero and came on to make his report. He was a fine looking fellow and his costume trunks, and velvet doublet, with ruff—showed off his manly figure to perfection. Yet as he appeared there was a distinct tics from the audience, and a very emphatic *sac a papier* from the wing.

Horror of horrors! Topping off his Henri Quatre make-up was *his own brown Derby hat!*

A few evenings ago, in the house of a friend, I picked up a volume of a new edition of Bulwer Lytton's works. The frontispiece was "Mrs. Langtry as Pauline in the Lady of Lyons." Curiously enough Mrs. Langtry's was the only Pauline I ever saw, and thereby hangs a tale. It was in my later days at college—I was getting a big boy now—that a student of sporting proclivities was suddenly expelled for breaking bounds. He left behind him in the possession of the prefect an orchestra chair ticket for a performance at the Opera House where Mrs. Langtry was then playing. "Do you want to go to the Opera to-night?" the prefect aforesaid asked jocosely of "a certain individual of my acquaintance." "If you do, I'll give you a ticket." "All right, father, let's have it." It was handed over, still by way of a joke, for the prefect never dreamed of anything else. But when he saw two of us slip away from the table before supper was half over, a suspicion crossed his mind, and he followed in haste to tell us not to go, but we were gone. We went halves on another ticket and witnessed "The Lady of Lyons" to better advantage than the average student, who is usually well content if he can secure a seat in "the celestial region."

Turning over the leaves of the volume of Bulwer, I came upon Richelieu. What pleasant memories that called up! I don't know how or why it is that the thought of the rehearsals of this play is one of those I most love to dwell on. Perhaps it is the play itself. Shakespeare's are incomparably superior as literature—but I don't think anything can surpass Richelieu for stage effect. It seems to me that the scene where the old Cardinal, supposed to be breathing his last, leaps to his feet and in response to the king's piteous query: "The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens!—the Spaniards! Where will they be next