

nity of demeanour, and a subduing influence of manner which lend an added charm to every personation. Other features of attractiveness are to be found in the graces of face and form, a voice adequate to the expression of nearly every shade of emotion or passion, and an elocution that gives suitable effect to every meaning to be conveyed.

Miss Booth's extensive *repertoire* bespeaks the range of her ability; and in none of her impersonations did she fail to satisfy by her thoroughly careful, intelligent, and thoughtful performances. The first three evenings of her engagement were devoted to Shakespearian representation:—"Romeo and Juliet," "As you Like it," and "King John." We have previously noticed her impersonation of *Constance*, in "King John," and it was repeated with gratifying result to the large audience which witnessed it. In the other two plays we had all the movement and animation that belong to them—the mingled sentiment and tragedy of *Juliet*, first in the tender scenes of the ballroom and balcony, and afterwards in the tragic ones of the bedchamber and at the Capulets' tomb. In the delightful comedy of love and dissimulation, in the forest glades of Arden, as the fair *Rosalind*, the actress presented to view the arts and *naïveté* which feminine sweetness can throw into the part, and gave colour and bloom to one of the most delicious creations that Shakespeare has bequeathed to us. Of the two characters, Miss Booth does herself more justice in *Juliet*, which part she personates with charming effect, being most happy in her conception and rendering of it. In *Rosalind* the true conception sometimes eludes her, and one or two of the finest scenes lose the soft richness of colour which Miss Neilson imparts to them. Much of the effect of the representation of "As you Like it," was also lost by Miss Booth's indisposition on the evening of the performance—the result, no doubt, of the undue ventilation of the Opera House, of which we have heard many complaints. Of the support given to Miss Booth, we are sorry that we cannot speak with unqualified commendation. With a good deal that was painstaking and effective, there was much that was slipshod and indifferent—to be explained, perhaps, by the near approach of the end of the season. A very noticeable cause for complaint was the unhappy assignment of parts in the cast. Among instances of this may be mentioned Mr. Sambrook's *Orlando*, in "As you Like it," and *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet;" and Mr. Davis's *Friar Lawrence*. We must except Miss Carr, as the *Nurse*, and to a certain extent also, Mr. Grismer, as *Romeo*, from these strictures. The rendering of their respective parts was exceedingly creditable and very satisfactory to the audience, except that Mr. Grismer's performance was marred by a very imperfect acquaintance with his lines, a

piece of carelessness the more inexcusable as he had played the part previously during the season. Moreover, it must be admitted that he was, perhaps, a little mawkish in the tender parts of the play, and that his unfortunate mannerisms detracted in this, as in other appearances, from the enjoyment we might otherwise experience from his acting. In several other members of the company defects in gesture and manner are obvious which a little pains would easily remove. Mr. Curtis's impotence of speech, and a habit of infusing the spirit of low comedy into parts in which it is out of place, may be cited as an instance of what we mean. Miss Davenport's frigidity of manner, and the incessant blinking of her eyes; and Mrs. Vernon's rapid and mincing gait, and her affected utterance may also be referred to. Miss Booth concluded her engagement with "Camille," "La Femme de Feu," and "Oliver Twist" and "Katharine and Petruchio." In "La Femme de Feu," Miss Booth personated *Diane Berard*, the heroine of a story which, though much modified in its translation and adaptation, is, with "Camille," a delicate one to interpret to an English-speaking audience, so as so keep within the confines desirable to be observed nowadays. The tragic earnestness of the character of *Diane Berard* was effectively brought out, though we found it difficult to sympathize with her hopeless passion for so insipid and indifferent a husband as *Lucien D'Aubier*. But in more respects than this the play was a puzzle to us; and so sadly did it lack in coherence, that we gave up the riddle long before the curtain fell upon its closing scene. It often happens in plays adapted from the French, that the details necessary to the explanation of certain situations are, for obvious reasons, omitted; and probably this was the case in the present instance. But in "La Femme de Feu," as in "Camille," we have a type of plays which, however much scope they afford for strongly-marked acting, and however much opportunity they present for scourging vice, it were better and more wholesome to refrain from representing on the stage. It is to be wished also that repulsive dramas such as "Oliver Twist," should be consigned to the limbo of contraband plays, never to reappear on the boards of any theatre. As *Katharine*, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Miss Booth bade a second farewell to Toronto, and left us with a high opinion of her manifold resources as an actress, and a pleasing memory of one of the most accomplished and attractive artistes to whom we have had the pleasure of bidding welcome at Mrs. Morrison's theatre.

The engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, which followed, was a dramatic treat which drew the most thronged houses we have seen, with but one or two exceptions, at the Grand Opera House. Rarely have Toronto playgoers indulged in such