

Patterson, of American origin, but then Marchioness of Wellesley. As they entered they bowed to the right and to the left and all round the house, and were received with clapping of hands, cheers, and ear-piercing whistles, from the upper gallery. Their box was soon filled by pages, equerries, aides-de-camp, and other officers of the household, amongst others, Sir Stewart Bruce, of stately presence; Sir Charles Vernon, the best story-teller of his time; Bob Williams, afterwards Master of the Horse; and Jack Rich, then and since a gallant soldier at Sebastopol; then dear little pages, in full scarlet uniform, with their hair powdered. As soon as all were within the box, the man in black, Mr. Frederick Jones, lessee of the theatre, bowed himself out, no one taking any notice of him, and the green curtain was rung up, displaying on the stage the whole body of the performers, who proceeded to sing "God save the King,"—we were not blessed with a Queen at that time—in a strain far more vigorous than musical; then every one cheered, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the greater part of the audience joined in the chorus. During this uproar there were frequent cries from an individual in the middle gallery, of "Hats off!" and "Stand up!" evidently directed towards our Silent Figure; and this was soon taken up by others, who were annoyed at seeing a man sitting down with his hat on singing the National Anthem; but suddenly the man who was most vociferous in his anger got a smart crack on his cranium from a blackthorn stick, and a blow in the face from a powerful fist, and while in a state of obfuscation, from the suddenness of the attack, was dragged out of the gallery by three or four college-men, who loudly charged him with making a murderous attack upon an unoffending gentleman; and having thus removed him from the house, by the judicious administration of a couple of half-crowns to as many old "Charlies," they had him comfortably lodged in St. Andrew's-street watch-house for the night, when they returned to their evening's amusement at the theatre. In the meantime, to prevent further annoyance of the same description, Ottiwell and Jackson contrived to make their silent friend assume an erect position between them, and, taking off his hat, appeared to wipe from his brows the evidence of the cruel assault to which he had been so innocently subjected.

The singing of "God Save the King" came to a close, and then he was at liberty to resume his seat, until the repeated calls and shouts for the air of "Patrick's Day" were complied with, when he had again to be held upright, while the orchestra played that beautiful air three or four times, the occupants of the galleries beating time to it with their