

## TRAITS OF MACREADY.

Macready's irritability of temper was excessive; indeed he himself, in his diary, has admitted and deplored the unfortunate infirmity to which he was subject. He was, too, a great stickler for historical accuracy, as regards both scenery and costume, in any play in which he appeared; and he invariably insisted upon the other performers, male and female, dressing the characters they represented in strict conformity with his views. On one occasion he was to play "Virginia" in New York, a favorite part of his, and undoubtedly one of his finest impersonations. Mrs. Pope was to be Virginia; and, thinking to give herself a more juvenile appearance, she intended to wear ringlets, for which purpose she put her hair in curl papers. During the morning rehearsal, the season being winter, and the theatre rather cold and draughty, she kept on her bonnet. Bonnets were bonnets in those days, covering the whole of the head, and coming well forward over the face. Macready consequently did not observe at the time the condition of her hair. When night came, however, and he met Mrs. Pope in the green room dressed as Virginia, and perceived the ringlets he was horrified.

"My dear madam," he burst out in his nervous, excitable manner, "this will never do! No Roman woman, maid or matron ever wore her hair in that style. It must be altered at once!"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Macready, that it does not meet your approval," was the reply. "But what am I to do? It is too late to make any alteration now. It will curl."

"But it must not, I tell you, madam!" retorted the great tragedian angrily. "You cannot go on the stage as you are. Ah, I have it!" he continued after a few moments' pause; "let some one get a bowl of water, put your hair in it for a few minutes and it will no longer curl."

Mrs. Pope was not a little indignant at the suggestion; but Macready was an autocrat from whose decision there was no appeal, and his request, or rather command, had to be complied with, the result being that the lady caught a pretty severe cold.

Macready, however, on one occasion met with his match. He was to play Macbeth at the old Park Theatre in New York, and the actress who was to take the character of the Thane's wife—a Mrs. Hunt—he met for the first time at rehearsal. As was his wont, he gave directions as to the manner in which he wished the "stage business" to be conducted in those scenes in which they appeared together. The whole scope and tendency of his instructions were such that, if strictly followed, the lady would, as the French say, have "effaced" herself. Indeed, in desiring that in the banquet scene she should keep well to the back of the stage, he with unconscious egotism, added:—"So that the attention of the audience may in no way be distracted from me." Mrs. Hunt rather allowed him to infer from her silence that it was her intention to comply with his request, but she was careful not to explicitly promise to do so. She went, too, through her part so tamely during the rehearsal that Macready did not anticipate that there was any danger of her attempting to make her rôle a very prominent one. What then, was his astonishment and disgust, when the evening performance took place, to find that Mrs. Hunt—who was in reality an excellent actress—not only systematically disregarded his previous injunctions, but played Lady Macbeth so admirably, as to fairly divide with him the applause of the audience.

Macready, after the piece was over, remonstrated angrily with Mrs. Hunt for her non-compliance with his wishes, and intimated that he should require the manager to insist upon the instructions given her being followed for the future. The lady heard him to an end without interruption, and then quietly replied:—"In my contract with Mr. Simpson (the lessee), I find no mention of any conditions that I am to be instructed by Mr. Macready or any one else as to the manner in which I am to play the characters for which I am cast; and I distinctly decline to submit to any dictation in the matter."

Then, without waiting for a reply, Mrs. Hunt quitted the green-room, leaving Macready speechless with anger and mortification. He was for once fairly beaten, and having the good sense to recognize the fact, he made no further attempt during the remainder of his engagement to interfere with the lady's rendering of the parts she played with him.

## NATIVE STUDENTS IN INDIA.

Mr. W. B. Livingston, the principal of the Behampore College at Calcutta, in a recent interesting paper on Indian Schools, thus alludes to some peculiarities of the native students:

A large number of students pertinaciously hold that it is extremely wrong for a rich man to give anything to the poor, because, by so doing he actually fights against the Almighty, who never would have afflicted the poor with poverty, if He had not determined in His wisdom that they should remain poor. Whoever in fact gives money or help to the poor insults the wisdom of the Most High. I have frequently combated this monstrously and ingeniously selfish doctrine outside the walls of the college, for it is held with great tenacity by many good, intelligent, and humble-minded students. Both the Hindus and Mahomedan religions command liberality to the poor. I am, therefore, at a loss to ascertain whence this doctrine originated. The last time I had to combat it was,

cramping a first-year class of sixty students for an important examination. I asked one of the very best students in the class to explain the meaning of the phrase—"the princely liberality of Essex." This is a very easy question, and it is well occasionally to ask such, even of good students, because while they answer difficult questions with care and correctness, they often, through carelessness and over-confidence, make an awful mess of easy questions. The student answered the question with perfect correctness, but added that it was very sinful and wicked on the part of Essex to show liberality to the poor. I had no time then to take the matter up. But a few days afterwards I asked all in the class to stand up who held such a doctrine. A goodly number, comprising some of the best students, stood up. I next asked all to stand up who held that the Government of Bengal did a very wicked and very sinful thing in showing princely liberality to the famine-stricken natives of Behar in 1874, by saving them from death by starvation. Immediately there was a commotion. Those who had not stood up the first time now rose and protested vehemently against the monstrous doctrine that it was wrong to give to the poor, declaring, at the same time, that the conduct of the Indian Government towards the Behar ryots in 1874 was the noblest in their history.

Even Europeans hold monstrously absurd opinions regarding giving. I remember hearing a chaplain, whose pay was twelve hundred rupees a month, preaching, sixteen years ago, on the text "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy fruit-bins shall be pressed down with a great abundance of ripe grapes." And he declared twice with great emphasis, that we completely misunderstood the text if we thought it implied that giving to the poor would tend to make us rich. Now the verse most pointedly and most emphatically teaches, not only that giving to the poor tends to make a man rich, but that it tends to make him abound with wealth. And several members of the congregation declared, after the sermon, that the preacher had entirely misunderstood the text.

Another error that clothes native students with obloquy, when they converse with Englishmen, is that of thinking that swearing English oaths is a mark of politeness. A Principal of an important institution told me that he was glad that I had taken up this matter in my Manual of Manners, and he instanced the following case: A student came for admission into one of his classes, who brought along with him an umbrella of a new and improved pattern. The Principal was struck with its appearance, and on being told its price, he remarked that he thought it very cheap, in which opinion the student concurred by saying, "Yes, sir, it was indeed damned cheap." He evidently thought such an oath polite. And many similar cases might be quoted.

## LIVING BY HIS WITS.

A Gentleman, who is now one of the richest merchants in Paris, was so poor twenty years ago, that very often he was without the means of procuring himself a dinner. Nevertheless, he felt that he was on the road to fortune, and still cherished hopes of his ultimate success, if he could weather for a time the storm of adversity. The tactics of the future millionaire at that period were as follow:—The sole capital for investment in daily bread, was a pair of spectacles in gold frames, which he was obliged to wear on account of his being very short-sighted. When, therefore, the inside of his pocket was as empty as his stomach, he used to enter a restaurant and order a plentiful dinner. When his hunger was satisfied he would rise from the table, and putting his hand into his pocket, cry out, with well-acted surprise and agitation, "Good heavens, if I have not forgotten my purse!" Sometimes the landlady would be good-natured enough to say, "Never mind, you will pay me the next time." But if she became angry and reproached the unfortunate in terms devoid of compliments, he would say, "Calm yourself, my good woman, I will leave you a pledge well worth the value of your dinner;" and taking off his spectacles he would lay them down, and make as if it were his intention to gain the door. But, alas! he seemed as though he could no longer find it; he would tread on a lady's dress, tearing it from the band; stumble against a waiter, upsetting a pile of plates; throw down the chair of an old man who was blowing his soup; or fall against the panes of glass in the door, all the time begging a thousand pardons, and laying the blame on the loss of his spectacles. In this manner he never failed in securing the pity of all who were present, who murmured audibly, "Poor man! he will never be able to find his way home; he will be run over by the carriages at the crossings. It is taking away his eyes to take his spectacles." Hearing these murmurs of pity and indignation, the landlady, fearful of losing her popularity with her customers, would call back the poor man, and restore him his spectacles, when he would depart, promising to send the price of the dinner. He carefully wrote down all these debts, and when fortune at length smiled upon him, he scrupulously acquitted himself—the total number of dinners thus eaten, amounting to one hundred and eighty-three!

SMOKING lectures are the latest London novelty.

## THE SENSATIONS OF A MAN WHO HAS ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE.

One Sunday at Montgomery we were talking about duels, and when the names of several parties who had gone out in past years to satisfy their honor were mentioned, the Judge knocked the ashes off his cigar and said:

"Gentlemen, it may be mentioned right here that I have been there myself."

"Were you challenged?"

"I was. It was over in South Carolina, and I called a man a liar. He sent me a challenge, and I selected swords as the weapons. We met at seven o'clock the next morning. It was just such a morning as this—bright, beautiful and full of life."

"And how did you feel?"

"Very queer. I shall never forget my sensations as I saw my rival, and he seemed to be as visibly affected. We couldn't either one of us say a word."

"Was it in a grove?"

"Oh, no; it was in the depot."

"The depot! Why, you didn't fight in the depot, did you?"

"Well, no. The morning express trains passed there at seven, and he took one and I the other."

## A TOUGH KIND OF WITNESS.

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef and one sheep" remained in front of the plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterwards carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued:

Counsel for Enos: "State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."

Witness: "Now I shoost cand dell that. I dinks 'bout twelve feet. I say not nearer as dat."

"You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store, and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

"Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der wagon he vas back up mit der side walk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You dell me how long side walk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

"I don't want to find out how wide the side walk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly), how—long—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

"Oh, dat! Vell, now I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks about dree feet." (Here the spectators and his Honor and the jury smiled audibly.) "I know not, shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, so good as I know."

"Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon."

Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel): "Now you try and get me in a scrape. Dat meat vas shoost so long in der wagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat vas dead meat. He don't go no longer in den dousen' year, not mooch."

Counsel: "That will do."

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AN agitation has been begun for the construction of another main thoroughfare between the West End and the city. Some urged the advisability of constructing an artery from Piccadilly, straight through to the north of the new Law Courts.

MRS. LANGTRY must have urgent business in town, and have done well in the North, as we are informed that she invested in an express train for herself the other day to bring her from Glasgow to London. The ticket for one was £100.

THE compliments paid to Mrs. Langtry in Scotland have been a little mixed. A firm of haberdashers are said to have offered her £100 a week for five years if she would take the position of head saleswoman in one of their establishments. This is testimony of a sort to Mrs. Langtry's personal attractions, but as a tribute to an actress it is dubious.

FASHIONABLE physicians would appear to have a very good time of it. A few days ago, Dr. Andrew Clarke was telegraphed to from Glasgow by a local medical man, to ask his terms for visiting a patient in that city. Dr. Clarke replied that he would go for 500 guineas, and immediately received a wire telling him to start at once.

MR. ISAAC HOLDEN, the new M.P. for the North West Riding, is a hale and hearty man of twenty-five. He has recently built himself a palace at a cost of £100,000. On a recent birthday he gave a feast to his family, and when they came to the table his daughters found in each of their napkins a cheque for £50,000.

EVERY morning, between seven and eight o'clock, may be seen in Regent street, and the side streets adjoining, two Swiss herdsmen, in blue blouse and brown breeches, driving a small herd of eight or ten goats, and blowing a small pipe-whistle to acquaint the rising inhabitants that they may have a little tinfal of fresh goat's milk for one penny.

THE other day there was a curious instance of the way in which the Mercer's Company, which is right proud of its loyalty, took the opportunity of Prince Leopold's marriage to distribute wedding cakes among the members of the livery—not meagre specimens of the confectioner's art, but cakes which stood three feet high, and which were as handsome as they were tall.

IN consequence of a rumor circulated some time ago as to the religious views of the Princess Louise, it may be interesting to note that Her Royal Highness attended morning service at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, for four or five consecutive Sundays previous to her departure from London. The incumbent of this chapel is the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who lately resigned his position as a clergyman of the Church of England.

WE are to have the battle of Temple Bar Memorial fought over again. Apart from the vexed question, whether it is or is not of artistic merit, of course every one will admit that although it blocks the centre of the roadway, it is a one-sided affair, with its refuge for foot passengers, and its lamps on the east-end, and nothing on the other. At the next meeting of the Strand Board of Works it will be proposed to extend the pavement on the Strand side.

AT the Metropole Hotel, which is to be built in Northumberland avenue, all sorts of improvements are promised, and salt-water baths will, amongst other attractions, be offered to the visitor. The opening of the building will be in the spring of 1884. And one innovation proposed, and perhaps even more important than that of salt-water baths, is the introduction of the American system of a uniform tariff, the guest thus at once knowing all his possible liabilities. Nothing would make the new venture so successful both to foreigners and Americans.

A STORY of good in more senses than one is told of Mr. Millais, by Mr. Harry Quilter, in the *Contemporary Review*. It happened more than twenty years ago, says Mr. Quilter, that an artist, since become very famous, who was a friend to Mr. Millais, came to him and announced his intention to give up painting. He could not sell his work, would not live on his father, and was going as a farm pupil. "No," said Millais, "nothing of the kind, I've saved £500; draw on it until it is gone. You're sure to succeed." The help was accepted; and "The Light of the World" resulted. Mr. Holman Hunt owes his art life, in fact, to Mr. Millais.

THERE is a certain nobleman who, although a Whig himself, has a mother living whose opinions are decidedly Conservative, and whose pet aversion is the Prime Minister. The following epitaph—n anticipation—was credited to her the other night at a dinner party given by a distinguished *littérateur*:—

"Farewell to Gladstone, pamphlet, post-card, speech;  
To your sweet care ye guardian angels take him!  
He sleeps, of Tory foes beyond the reach,  
If you want peace in Heaven, do not wake him!"

And then one of the guests present immediately "capped" it by the following:—

"Farewell to Truth, if poets thus can write,  
To sacred justice bid a long farewell;  
Not from the earth does Gladstone speed his flight  
To sleep in Heaven—"

THE promptness with which many of our public servants are prepared to take posts of difficulty and danger was shown by a statement made by Lord Northbrook at a dinner recently. In acknowledging the toast of the Navy his lordship explained the manner in which Mr. Hamilton was appointed to fill Mr. Burke's place at Dublin. He stated that on the Monday following the Saturday on which the deplorable catastrophe happened in Dublin he sent for Mr. Hamilton in the morning and said to him, "It is possible you may be thought to be the right man to go to Dublin in the place of Mr. Burke." The appointment in Dublin is of precisely the same value, and perhaps of a little less importance in the official hierarchy than that Mr. Hamilton held. Still, there was not a moment of hesitation. He told Lord Northbrook that if he was the man thought fit for the post he would go. In the afternoon of that day his services were accepted, and Mr. Hamilton went to Dublin by the mail train that night. This story reminds us of the readiness of the late Lord Clyde to go out to India to suppress the Indian Mutiny. When he had consented to take the post offered him, he was asked when he would be ready to start. His characteristic reply was "To-night," and he actually set out on his long journey on the same day that he was selected for the appointment.