

night. The hospitals came smiling to his door, and took away a tenth part of what he possessed not. "Thou hast," said they, "a hundred francs—give us ten." "But out of those hundred francs I owe a hundred and fifty." "Then pay us at once," replied the beggars, "thou wilt owe us the remainder." He was also made to endure the most varied pangs. On the very same day that his unpaid landlord had his furniture seized, he would build for his theatre a palace of marble and gold, order of the decorator a hall resplendent with gildings, organise concerts and fetes of every description, and have dramas performed in which gold flowed from the beginning of the first to the end of the fifth act. One morning his tailor would deny him a coat in which he stood, of the utmost need: on the same evening he would dress from head to foot the whole court of Louis the Fourteenth—with satin and velvet, floating plumes and embroidery, red heels and lace. He would buy new boots for Napoleon Bonaparte's whole army, and his hands behind his back, go and behold the marching of a whole host thus clothed at his expense, whilst he had not a pair of boots to his own feet. After some of those frantic revels, the wine and roses of which he paid, when the Italian sensualist had torn the gauze dresses and snow-white shoulders of their mistresses (always at his expense), our hero would sadly betake himself to some obscure tavern, too happy when he could sup on wine and cheese. Thus has he lived on cruel contrasts; thus has he amused the public at his cost, without being either a consul or a proconsul; thus has he been frustrated in all his speculations upon the wit of his contemporaries, whom he employed despite of himself, for he himself possessed as much wit and imagination as all those who sold theirs to him at so high a price.

How such woful labours could have endured so long is a problem. The man's theatre resembled those coal mines which fire devours, and about which one daily asks, "Have you seen the smoke?" Every morning the fete he gave to his people was announced at every nook and corner of the town. The theatre opened nightly, and he, standing at the threshold, would calmly look at so many unconcerned folks go by, who suspected not the quantity of thefts, robbery, all manner of crimes, and love scenes perpetrated in the place to afford them an hour's amusement. One of the man's miseries we have not yet recorded. He has spent his whole life in wishing for cold weather, storms, hurricanes, winter snows, summer rains; or, at least, the dense clouds that veil the heavens. The sun has been his deadly enemy; he has from morning to night uttered ravings against spring—the sweet season that wakes flowers in their bud; a clear blue sky has been a horrible sight to him; the birds' notes have torn his ears; he has borne equal hatred to the green foliage of trees, the flower on its stalk, the sweet chat on the grass beneath the shade of the blossoming hawthorn—for verdure and spring, all that loves and all that sings, the blue sky and echo of the woods, the meadow and silvery lake, have proved so many foes to his theatre, whither one scarcely found one's way except in frost or rain, and when the storm raged without! What a sad speculation is that which makes you hate the mild breezes of summer, the fruits of autumn, and the smiling and glad return of spring!

He has fortunately succumbed, exhausted. Being at the end of his boldest contrivances, he addressed to him who is just now foremost among those who amuse the public. He would see whether that man, who had never written the smallest drama, the slightest comedy, would not at length catch and detain the flying crowd. At the same time he summoned to his aid one of those gifted comedians who settle nowhere, but leave a recollection of them wherever they pass. From that singular association of a noble writer and a plebeian actor—of the former's perfumed talent, and the latter's pretty highway tricks—our hero might well expect a *chef d'œuvre*. The *chef d'œuvre* was achieved, but, alas! both criticism and the Home Minister interposed, and our player's last game was lost. It is now all over with him; farewell to the theatre, to the daily struggles, to the agitated life of every minute. Our hero is alone and left to himself. He is pitied, but would be pitied much more still, if the public knew what wit, what perseverance, and what courage he has wasted in that game of many a year.

JULES JANIN.

A tenth part of the gross receipts of the theatres and concerts of Paris is deducted for the benefit of the poor.

In "Lucrece Borgia."

Balzac. § Frederic le Maître.

"Vacetria," a drama prohibited by Government after the first performance.

### LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

The fatal accident happened about ten o'clock in the morning, Admiral Kempenfeldt was writing in his cabin, and the greater part of the people were between decks. The ship, as is usually the case upon coming into port, was crowded with people from the shore, particularly women of whom it is supposed there were not less than three hundred on board. Amongst the sufferers were many of the wives and children of the petty officers and seamen, who, knowing the ship was shortly to sail on a distant and perilous service, eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting their husbands and fathers.

The Admiral, with many brave officers, and most of those who were between decks, perished; the greater number of the guard, and those who happened to be on the upper deck, were saved by

the boats of the fleet. About seventy others were likewise saved. The exact number of persons on board at the time could not be ascertained, but it was calculated that from 800 to 1000 were lost. Captain Waghorn, whose gallantry in the North Sea battle, under Admiral Parker, had procured him the command of this ship, was saved, though he was severely bruised and battered; but his son, a lieutenant in the Royal George, perished. Such was the force of the whirlpool, occasioned by the sudden plunge of so vast a body in the water, that a victualler, which lay alongside the Royal George, was swamped; and several small craft at a considerable distance, were in imminent danger.

Admiral Kempenfeldt, who was nearly 70 years of age, was peculiarly and universally lamented. In point of general science and judgment, he was one of the first naval officers of his time; and, particularly in the art of manœuvring a fleet, he was considered by the commanders of that day as unrivalled. His excellent qualities as a man, are said to have equalled his professional merits.

This melancholy occurrence has been recorded by the poet Cowper, in the following beautiful lines:—

Toll for the brave!

The brave, that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset;

Down went the Royal George,

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfeldt is gone;

His last sea-fight is fought;

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;

No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak;

She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,

His finger held the pen;

Which Kempenfeldt sent down,

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up!

Once treaded by our foes!

And mingle with our cup,

The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again,

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfeldt is gone,

His victories are o'er;

And he, and his eight hundred,

Shall plough the wave no more.

### WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor, or, as it was anciently called, Windelshora, is situated at the East end of the County of Berks, on the banks of the Thames. The place was given to the Monastery of St. Stoter at Westminster, by Edward the Confessor. They kept it but a short time,—William the Conqueror exchanging for it certain mansions and lands in Essex with the Abbot. William built a castle on the hill, which was afterwards much enlarged by his son Henry I., who encircled it with a wall, after erecting a chapel dedicated to King Edward the Confessor.

Though inhabited frequently by succeeding Kings, Windsor Castle did not attain to much grandeur, until the birth of Edward III.—the hero of Cressy—who destroyed the old fortress, with the exception of three towers at the West end, in the lower ward, built the present fabric, and made it the seat of the noble Order of the Garter. Additions, improvements and alterations have been made in the building, from time to time, during succeeding reigns, particularly by the Henry's VII and VIII, by Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and by Charles. Superb repairs and beautifying additions have taken place in the reigns of George III. and IV. The interesting points of the Castle are, the Terrace on the North side, made by Queen Elizabeth, and carried round the end and South side, by Charles I.; the Round Tower, or Keep; and St. George's Chapel. The Terrace is 1900 feet long, and is, perhaps, the finest promenade in Europe. The prospect from it is thus described by the quaint but faithful Camden. The improvements since his time, however, in the prospect, will make his description applicable only to the country itself:—

For, from an high hill, which riseth with a gentle ascent, it

commandeth a most delightful prospect round about; for right in the front, it overlooketh a vale lying out far and wide, garnished with cornfields, flourished with meadows, decked with groves, on either side, and watered with the most mild, and gentle river Thames. Behind it, arise hills every where, neither rough nor over high, attired as it were with woods, and even dedicated as it were by nature, to hunting and game.

From the top of the Round Tower, the constable's residence, twelve Counties may be plainly seen. Here the Earl of Surrey was confined; and composed some of his most beautiful songs. Two Chapels have been built on the site of the original one, dedicated to the Confessor—the last St. George's—a splendid edifice, by Edward IV. A large tomb, intended by the ambitious Wolsey, as a receptacle for his remains, was converted, in 1810, into a Royal Cemetery.

Windsor Castle, though the residence of many monarchs, has only been the birthplace of two—its founder Edward III. and the ill-fated Henry VII. It has been greatly renowned by the institution of the noble Order of the Garter, by Edward III.

The little park on the east side of the castle, is four miles in circumference. Herne's oak, the tree immortalized by Shakspeare, which stood in it, was cut down several years ago. The Great Park now contains about 1800 acres in park only—the rest being arable land. The royal dominion of the forest is fifty-six miles in circumference, and includes in its circumference whole parishes and parts of others.

It is not more on account of the royal dames and kings of lineage long, who have nestled there, and swayed the sceptre of dominion, than from the charm of poetry and romance, which has been thrown about it, that Windsor Castle has been remembered. While Jack Falstaff and the Merry Wives are on living record—while the Ode to Eton College continues to stir the heart of man with boyish feeling—while the sweet music of Surrey's lyre continues to echo—we cannot fear that Windsor will be forgotten. It will arise upon the view of coming ages, surrounded by the undying lustre of history, of legend, and of song.

### STAGE PLAYING.

The succession of great artists has had the effect of turning the attention of players too exclusively to art, which predominated in all,—even in Mrs. Siddons, who gave the "gold touch of nature."

Those who cannot attain the perfection of art, readily acquire mannerism, and glitter in the east coil of departed greatness. If an original genius should make his advent next season, drawing all the town after him, and changing the fashion of stage mannerism altogether, the one great want in the present race of actors would be yet unsupplied.—What then is our conclusion? That the power to make an audience feel, consists in the actor, suffering the emotions he stimulates. In that lay the superiority of Mrs. Siddons over her stately brother. Keen had it by fits and starts, Macready only affects it; the mass of actors do not take the pains to do even that.

We have spoken only of tragedians, because it is in a great degree the business of comedy to be artificial; but the same principle holds good with comedians. We see the proof of it in Farren, who, though the most skilful and studious artist of the day, constantly makes wholesale mistakes, for the want of a thorough sympathy with the character he assumes; he relies on his art too exclusively, and finding that fail in moving people to laughter, he descends to grimace and buffoonery, and goes out of his part, to poke Mr. Farren in the face of the public. Native humour, as in John Reeve, as well as mimicry, like that of Matthews—the mimicry of character, and modes of thought and feeling, not of personal peculiarities merely—and the various forms and degrees of natural drollery, will always vary low comedy acting. Sheer buffoonery, such as we see in Buckstone and Harley, is a variety of humour; and the grimace of Liston and Munden obscured still finer qualities. Munden, by the way, was a remarkable instance of the force of sympathy in intensifying drollery; he had such faith in the doing of the absurdest things, that he always carried his audience with him.

Players are so voracious of applause, that they are apt to appropriate to themselves the whole merit of a scene that depends mainly on the dramatist; and thus miscalculate the effect of their own powers. So also they misjudge audiences; when, after a long interval of passive attention, the auditors burst into a shout at some ranting speech, the actor attributes this enthusiasm to his violence; whereas the previous excitement was the cause, the momentary stimulus of some very vicious piece of acting, perhaps roused them to vent their feelings. The tendency of all teaching of the art is to stifle genius, to repress spontaneous emotions and gesture, to restrain impulse, and to make the pupil put on the frame work of stage conventionalities with the dress of the part. If he were taught first to feel himself to be the character, all this apparatus would not be necessary. Nature would prompt him, and she is the only prompter worth relying on. But as the tendency of artists is to attach undue importance to their own doings, they come in time to substitute their peculiar skill and ingenuity for the suggestions of the mind, and cramp the powers they ought to strengthen and mature; the popular admiration of consummate art confirms them in the error, till at last the form only remains after the spirit has fled.—London Spectator.