

fancied I could smell the savoury odour. I was not mistaken, for presently the doctor began to 'sniff,' 'sniff,' 'sniff,' very suspiciously. He approached the school-room door, opened it, and again exercised his olfactories, at the same time observing to one of the teachers that there was a 'strong smell of cooking somewhere.' The odour became so great that there was a general sniffing among the boys, and I could hear the whispered exclamation: 'I smell it;' 'So do I;' 'Don't it smell prime?' etc. The doctor, failing to trace the cause from which the delicious perfume came, closed the door, and returned. As he passed my desk, he suddenly halted, and giving a long sniff, exclaimed: 'Bless me! the smell is very strong hereabout.'

"Whether my guilty looks betrayed me I don't know, but all eyes were fixed upon me. The doctor, supposing I had something contraband in my lap, leaned over to see, in which act, to assist himself, he placed his right hand upon the next boy's shoulder, and his left directly upon the sausages under my coat. I writhed terribly, for the pressure was exceedingly painful upon the blistered skin. He quickly withdrew his hand, lifted up my jacket, drew forth our prospective supper, placed it upon the desk, opened the saturated napkin, and gazed a moment in silence. Then the anticipation of pleasure he was about to receive in the indulgence of the rod made him facetious. 'So,' said he, here is a pattern of a Greek scholar. Not satisfied with learning the language, he must also live in grease (Greece).' There was a general titter among the boys, which was suddenly stopped by the doctor exclaiming in loud tones, 'Take him up! I'll execute a map of "Greece" for him.' I was mounted upon the back of a lad in a twinkling; the doctor flourished his rod, and brought it down with a hearty will. Remembering his leniency towards shouting boys, and having excellent lungs, I roared louder than any boy ever did before. It being nine o'clock and a quiet evening, it was said they heard my cries over the entire village. I imagine that recollections of my dreadful roaring ever after saved me from punishment, for the doctor got finely rated for cruelty to his scholars, by the villagers who heard my yells. While I remained in school, I was frequently pointed out by the scholars as the 'great traveller; one who had been all over grease.'

#### THE BARON OF BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Sothern also related the following incident in connection with the above:

In May, 1817, George Holland was en-

gaged by R. W. Elliston, then the manager of the theatre at Birmingham. Holland's salary was fifteen shillings per week, he having at this time but little experience as an actor. His first appearance during this engagement, happened as follows:

The opening pieces were "Bertram," and "The Broken Sword." Holland was cast for one of the monks in "Bertram," and the Baron in the "Broken Sword." After reading the parts he went to Mr. Brunton, and stated that he was quite a novice in the profession, having only played two comic parts at the Olympic, and felt that he could not play the parts assigned to him, either with credit to the establishment, or pleasure to himself, being convinced that if he had any ability for the stage, it was quite in another line of business.

Mr. Brunton replied; "I know nothing of your engagement, or your theatrical abilities; you must do the best you can with them, for I shall not alter the cast." Finding it useless to argue the subject, Mr. Elliston being absent, he concluded to take Mr. Brunton's advice, and do the best he could until Mr. Elliston's return; and then have a full understanding respecting the particulars of his engagement.

The following is Holland's description of the manner in which he personated those characters: "I studied the parts of the Monk and the Baron, but had not a single theatrical property. Bodie told me he would get the wardrobe-keeper to select the dresses, and he would assist me at night. This he failed to do, but requested a gentleman who played one of the Monks, and shared my room, to aid me in dressing. The latter did so, and I flattered myself that I made a fair appearance, and got through the performance without particular fault. The gentleman who played the first Monk, said I had a very good voice, but my articulation was so d——d bad he could only make out a word here and there. This was correct, for I remember speaking in what I called my tragedy voice, a deep tone. 'Bertram' being a tragedy, I thought it requisite, and not being perfect in the lines, I didn't stick for words, but kept 'wha-whaing' some rambling deep tones, until I gave the cue, which I took care to remember. This was the cause of the gentleman's remarks.

"After the play I hurried to my room to prepare for the Baron. I found a queer-looking dress, red stockings, and an old pair of russet shoes with large white rosettes lying on my table. I had to stuff the shoes to keep them on my feet. My friend, the Monk, dressed me, completing the costume with a large ruff around my neck; then surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed: