

grub together. I would, if an absolute Satrap, condemn such gentry to wear in perpetuity the article of costume which you only assumed *pro tempore*.

DOCTOR.—In connection with this subject, permit me to read you a few passages from a recent number of one of our Canadian journals. The writer after detailing how a certain editor made public capital, out of some expressions dropped by a brother of the big "we," thus proceeds:—"Let the precedent be generally followed, and what an unmitigated Pandemonium would society become, so far at least as the editorial profession was concerned. Men would be constrained to talk continually on the square, when meeting in the street, or at the convivial board. In fact their conversation would be neither more nor less than *recited editorials*, and each word would be painfully weighed before being uttered, from a dread, if not a positive conviction, that it was destined to obtain typographical publicity."

LAIRD.—Gie us another preeing o' Sir Jonah, to put the grewsome taste o' sic a fouty topic out o' our mouths.

DOCTOR.—Queer places must the Irish theatres have been in the worthy knight's calf days.

"The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very *droll*. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle; while the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the university occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body; on which occasions, all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the rest of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great, that (coupled with the impossibility of selecting the guilty), the college would have been nearly depopulated, and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled or even rusticated."

LAIRD.—Does he say any thing about the actors?

DOCTOR.—Yes. Listen.

"I remember seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of *Cato* at one of the Dublin theatres; I

do not recollect which: but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armor under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig (like Dr. Johnson's) over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armor before he performed that operation. I also recollect him particularly (even as before my eyes now) playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fottrel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer in preference to his friend *Clytus* (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter), and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end according to dramatic custom time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death*; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralyzed even the people in the galleries, while the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.

"Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fottrel was in the end, more clapped than any *Clytus* had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing most heartily at the incident.

"The actresses of both tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backward and forward, like a shuttlecock, during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till very lately.

"I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably handsome man, and his lady (formerly Mrs. Dancer); also Mr. Digges, who used to play the *ghost* in 'Hamlet.' One night in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot on appearing as the *ghost*, previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermillioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the cock that crew to call off the *ghost* when Hamlet had done with him: this performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best cock that ever had been heard at Smock-Alley, and six or eight other gentry of the daughill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who on hearing him, mistook him for a brother cock, and set up their pipes all together: and thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the *ghost* glided back to the other world in the