

unequal, with false tones in her oddly modulated voice, exaggerating occasionally in gesture and movement, there is yet something in this actress that is immensely attractive to us, accustomed though we are to Miss Terry's perfect poetic performances, everything in tune, pleasing ear and eye alike, to Mrs. Kendal's skilful, ladylike, if somewhat monotonous sketches of decorous drawingroom humour and pathos, to that excellent artist Mrs. John Wood with her delightful touches of fun, and we have welcomed the hero Katherine as heartily as she deserves, leaving our old favourites in order to crowd to the Gaiety Theatre night after night. But genius though she is, she has been bred in a bad school with no traditions to go upon. In *The Railroad of Love*, whole scenes were spoilt by her love of exaggeration, bordering on the grotesque, and in this "merriest of Shakespeare's comedies" as the programme terms *The Taming of the Shrew*, there are moments when one feels how greatly Miss Rehan stands in need of some tutors who would teach her the art of self-control. And she is encouraged in extravagance by Mr. Drew, who, not to put too fine a point upon it, is simply at times outrageous. No one can seriously defend Petrucio, come into the town bent on living wealthily in Padua, "be she as foul as was Florentine's love, as old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd as Socrates' Xantippe," and whose conduct to Gremio when first we make their acquaintance is that of a surly ruffian, but most of the audience the other night must have felt astonished enough at the way in which this American actor has chosen to misrepresent the man who, passionate and a fortune hunter, nevertheless has certain good qualities. Mr. Drew's manner is, so to speak, chronologically incorrect, for he behaves like a Bully of the Borough of the year 1888, a very Ramsgate Ruffler of the Nineteenth Century, in no way resembling the quarrelsome swaggering Elizabethan, parcel tough soldier parcel gentleman, whose likeness Shakespeare undoubtedly meant to draw. The perpetual crack of that long lash, as if a coach-team had been driven, not a broken-kneed horse ridden, dance after the wedding, the pantomime rally in the supper scene.

I confess these things were revolting to me, and, not knowing what might happen next, I expected to see Miss Rehan trip from behind the chair she used as a barricade, having slipped off the long skirts to pirouette as Columbine, the room quickly transformed into the exterior of a butcher's shop, Gremio as Pantaloon ready R. C. to fall on a butter-slide, and the rest arrange themselves at a flap from Harlequin Petrucio's wand for the ordinary rough and tumble with the clown. I am lost in wonder as to why Petrucio says to his wife, "That cap becomes you not; off with that bauble, throw it under foot" (stage direction: *Katherine pulls off her cap and throws it down*), which is surely an insane remark at the Gaiety, considering that Kate wears only a leaf-crown. I should like to be told, too, why Bianca alludes twice to the fact of her hands being bound (in Act 2, scene 1) and yet comes on the stage with her wrists free; and I wish to know who wrote Petrucio's last hypocritical speech to Kate which contradicts his character, and is in no edition of Shakespeare which I have seen. But faults with which the Daly Company have certainly nothing to do puzzle one in this play. Sweet-tempered Bianca's disrespect to her bridegroom is hardly true to nature, and Katherine's sudden submission to her capricious, cruel, inconsequent, unreasonable husband must be only a feint; no one is really ruled, or at all events wisely ruled, by the fear of a whip-lash, by the loss of a dinner: tame a dog like that, if you like, but never a human being worthy the name. Neither a "heart" woman nor a "head" woman (do you remember Holmes' definition?) would stand it: such treatment would virtually kill the first, while the second would but scheme and scheme till she had turned the tables; then woe betide Petrucio when Katherine wields the whip, throws the mutton from the dish, cries black is white, that the sun is the moon. The faults that are in the play, the faults of taste continually committed by the actors, made the entertainment a disappointment on the whole for me, admirable though I acknowledge Miss Rehan to be in many a scene, delightful as is of course much of Shakespeare's handiwork, his worst being far better than other poets' best. Only I am sorry Miss Rehan and her company happen not to have had the advantages in training possessed by French actors to an immense extent, and by our own in a great measure; and I think (presumptuously I admit) that if the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had had time to reconstruct his comedy he would have made it a more truthful work of art—a work of art which, with all its faults Lawyer Bacon, taking into consideration his calm judicial mind and his ample leisure for re-writing, certainly could not, and probably would not, have given, so completed, to posterity.

In town it had never stopped raining from early in the morning of last Saturday, ("another wet day," we have said to each other for weeks, paraphrasing the young gentleman new to India, who is reported always to begin his conversation with "another fine day,") but over at Harrow on the contrary, where I went for the school concert, one would have been very ungrateful to have complained of the weather. For here, by contrast, it was quite beautiful though the colour of the atmosphere, the look of the country, reminded one of the late autumn, not at all of summer; and it seemed incredible with all these cold shadows on the fields and trees, with this chilly feeling in the grey air, that July really could be our month and not October.

Climb the hill, pass the school buildings, and you reach the charming spired church, and so to a place where most visitors linger for a moment, a tomb-stone on which a lame, blue-eyed, handsome, lad used to lounge by the hour together watching the clouds, the sky, listening to the trees, and who died, hot-headed, undisciplined to the end, a quarter of a century later, for freedom in Greece. *Shut your Byron: open your Goethe*: so the modern youth is advised; but leave Byron only closed till that period which happily comes sooner or later to most of us, when, distinguishing between

the true ring and the false, between good counsel and evil, the evil and false are put aside and are known at last for what they are. Then, no longer susceptible to every sort of impression, one finds new beauty in Wordsworth's gentle, unworldly talk which gains many a fresh simple quality when listened to after an hour of brilliant Byron's feverish tones: then the Lake poets and those of their school still may please, but hear Byron's side, attentively, too. One cannot judge for others, of work or men; the next that is possible is to take from each that which helps oneself the best; a few words are all you want, and sometimes these will be found where you least expect them; rapped out with an oath from yonder rascal in the inked ruffles and stained coat with his excellent capacity for preaching, his incapacity for practising; from that country saint who has seen nothing of the great world, but who yet can tell of many a thing of which you have hitherto been ignorant; from this selfish town-dweller with his narrow culture who has seemingly never taken his eyes from the hard pavement all his life but who, nevertheless, may carry *The Complete Angler* in his pocket, and *Fair Daffodils* in his heart. It is as well to learn as quickly as possible, the sure and certain rule, how unsafe it is to despise one's fellow creatures. Dull enough to the dull town, society is wise to the wise one. However ignorant or foolish I may think my next door neighbour there is something he has learnt, I am sure, which I have not. Therefore when the time comes when one is fit to be a scholar—how many of us begin by lecturing and end by trying to learn the A. B. C. of life—it is best to open every book, to turn a deaf ear to no one's talk, not even to the verse of "those two bad young men" as a correspondent (is it Mrs. Oliphant, I wonder?) calls Byron and Shelley in the *St. James's Gazette*. *I'm not a-arguing with you; I'm a-telling of you*, (the *Daily News* reports this sentence in the speech of a "pothouse Ruskin") when I say it depends on one's self alone if Byron does one any harm: on the contrary, what a variety of lessons should his work and the story of his life not teach the attentive reader!

At my back, in the beautiful church, lies little Allegra, quiet enough now after the storms and sunshine of those unwholesome Italian days (by the way Allegra's mother died only the other day in Florence), and not far from her is the body of John Lyon, founder of Harrow School, on whose monumental brass is inscribed that he "hath founded a free grammar schoole in this p'she, to have continuance for ever: and for maintenance thereof, and for releeffe of the poore, and of some poor schollers in the universites, repairing and of high wages, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the Author of all Goodness, who make us myndful to follow his good example." Into the aisles have come uncounted generations of worshippers who have sat by the brass of Sir John Flamart, dead in the reign of Edward III., and near to the vaults of Sumner, once Head Master here, and Dr. Garth, author, says the guide book of "The Dispensary." Hither have strolled, in from the churchyard, idle sight seers, like you and me, to whom this dim religious house may preach a sermon full of eloquence, or to whom it may say nothing—that depends on one's own frame of mind. But if these hoary halls fail to touch one, sure the view unrolled at your feet, as standing by the Peachey stone you look towards Windsor, must please even the eyes, dulled to country beauty, of city-bred folk. It is said that thirteen counties can be seen from this height, for the truth of which statement I cannot vouch. I only know that as I waited on the hill for the summons to the Concert in the Speech-room down below in the town, there was before me on the plain an exquisite living Old Master, a Claude, a Poussin, what you will, alike in character, though not in colour, to the background of a Memling or a Botticelli—limitless, vague, stretching far away, touching the horizon of that other land, the wide mysterious sky with its mountains and valleys. Gradually the light paled and altered, and the sombre brooding shadows settled for the night on the woods and meadows, and then sharp the bell rang and it was time to leave the spreading trees on the brow of the hill, and the quiet bedflowered dead, and the grey church with its pointing spire, for the crowded gas-lighted concert hall in the heart of the streets.

All ready and waiting are five hundred boys in their places; here and there sit masters, the head master only in his black gown: to my right are benches full of Old Harrovians, steady and grave, magnificently dressed, any ages between twenty and thirty: round me are rows full of mothers and sisters, fond households waiting to welcome home those round-cheeked, troublesome lads, who, pushing, whispering, giggling, under the glare of the chandeliers, are totally unabashed by the presence of this large audience. The light, playing queer tricks with expression and outline, throws odd shades on these young faces, causing some to appear for a moment precisely as they will look in twenty years' time, as whiskered barristers or moustachioed soldiers, while others again are changed only as much as enables one to say with certainty how like they are to their mothers. There is not long to wait before the concert begins, when the boys, willing and reliable, work hard and admirably at what seems to be a task of love—Haydn's exquisite Symphony in G (do you remember the finale? With what delight must the musician-author have listened to it for the first time, when it came knocking at his brain) is played throughout, and forms the *pièce de résistance*, breaking off occasionally to enable the singers to chime in with some of the charming school songs, which once heard can never be forgotten. Have you the like of "Old Towler" in Canada, of "Willow the King," "When Raleigh Rose," or "Forty Years On"? Personally, I cannot imagine any reward given by the world in after life that can come up to the position of the Head Boy here (to add to his other tremendous honours, he has just won a Balliol Scholarship) who has been good enough to stand up in his place and sing a verse or two all alone, and who received the thunders of applause given him by this admiring company with a red-faced