

JOHN, that which Miss Kemble is to Mrs. Siddons. On the evening after his return from Quebec, Mr. K. was announced as Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, out owing to the injury received in a fall, he was unable to perform the character allotted to him, and the play was changed to "the Merchant of Venice." We should be very sorry to assert that Mr. K's lameness was inflicted by the Gods as a punishment for wishing to defraud us poor natives of so much enjoyment, but still, as he is now well, or nearly so, we may say we are not very sorry that the climate of this country renders stoves necessary, and that the said stoves require certain tubes to carry of the smoke, yecept pipes, which pipes also require perforations to pass through; for in consequence of all this combined, we received, in news-paper phrase, a rich treat: Mr. Kemble, as SHYLOCK, shone forth on the dazzled audience, like a blazing meteor. To our individual self, the opportunity of witnessing this performance was really precious, having never before seen the part of the blood thirsty, but deeply injured Jew, enacted after any other than the Kean style. In the deceased Kean, his son, Mr. Maywood and others who performed this part, the same bad english, the slow step, the tones adapted to the different speeches, and even the same manner of whetting the knife is observable. But in the present instance a refreshing originality is conspicuous. As far as we can judge, the readings of the two great men are the same, but their manner of conveying the same ideas are different. We speak of Mr. K. senior as though he still existed, in his many close imitators.

Mr. Kemble's bursts of rage are really terrific, and who can listen to his recital of his wrongs, without deeply feeling, that although this case is a *fiction*, there has been too many among that persecuted race who were victims to a like oppression?—Even the *good* Antonio spat upon Shylock, and called him dog! The trial scene was one of absorbing interest, Mr. DeCamp did honor to his illustrious relatives, aiding to render the illusion so powerful, that we fairly hated him for his bitter mockery of the