

1292



MEMOIRS  
OF  
MRS. CROUCH.



VOL. I.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster-row.



MEMOIRS  
OF  
MRS. CROUCH.  
INCLUDING A  
RETROSPECT OF THE STAGE,  
DURING THE YEARS SHE PERFORMED.

BY M. J. YOUNG.

---

“ Sweet bird, that shun’st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Anna rejoic’d to hear thee sing  
On the hawthorn’s bough *last* spring !  
Now—Ah ! leave its vernal bloom,  
And mourn, sweet bird, o’er Anna’s tomb !

“ The Poet designs for Representation, but it is the  
Performer who gives to the draught a form, a spirit, a  
countenance, and a mind.”

*Murphy’s Dedication to The Way to Keep Him.*

---

VOL. I.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES ASPERNE, AT THE BIBLE,  
CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION, CORNHILL.

1806.

TO THE  
DRAMATISTS AND PERFORMERS,  
WHOSE COMBINED TALENTS  
ENRICH AND ADORN  
THE STAGE  
AT THE PRESENT PERIOD,  
THESE VOLUMES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY THEIR TRULY GRATEFUL ADMIRER,

M. J. YOUNG.





## THE READER.

---

MRS. CROUCH, not long before her death, expressed a wish to have her memoirs regularly written and published during her existence. She then said, " My Father deserves a biographer more than many whose lives are daily given to the public, and it is my earnest wish that a sketch of his life may be prefixed to mine, in which he must of course be frequently mentioned, that the readers may be perfectly acquainted with his public and private character, previously to his being introduced to them merely as *my* father. This is a respect which is certainly due to his memory." The intention of Mrs. Crouch in regard to her memoirs was not given,



## TO THE READER.

given, but only postponed until a dramatic piece, of which she had formed a skeleton, was completed.

The fulfilling her dutiful wish, concerning her father, has afforded a variety to the present work which cannot be uninteresting. The dramatic retrospect is introduced to give it still *more variety*; and those who have taken a delight in theatrical performances will feel pleased with every little tribute of gratitude to existing characters, who exert their fine talents for the amusement of the public. Nor will such readers be less pleased with the tribute of gratitude sacred to the memory of those who are no more; for it is the glory of grateful Britons, not only to crown the brows of their living favourites, but to hang never fading garlands on the sepulchres of those who are no more.



MEMOIRS  
OF  
MRS. CROUCH.

---

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS, the father of Mrs. Crouch, was descended from the younger branch of a respectable and ancient family in Wales, the elder branch of which was graced by a long line of baronets, the last of whom was created a peer of Ireland in the year 1776. His mother was a native of France, the daughter of a Monsieur Cordé, who was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse on

the Pont-Neuf, as he was one day riding in the suite of Louis the fifteenth. If a drawing in black-lead of this gentleman may be credited, he was certainly one of the most handsome men of his time; a grand-son of Mr. Phillips, Henry Horrebrow, bears an astonishing resemblance to that picture, which is now in the possession of Mr. Kelly.

The marriage of Mademoiselle Cordé with a protestant, and her residence in England, separated her totally from her family, and Mr. Phillips, her son, knew no more of them than that his uncle and his first cousin lived in the house of his grandfather Cordé, and his knowledge of its situation\* left him no doubt that Charlotte Cordé, who rendered herself so famous by killing Marat, was the daughter of the cousin before mentioned. The con-

\* Near Caen, in Normandy.

duct of this intrepid heroine is too well remembered to be repeated here, as it was fully related in all the public prints which appeared at that period.

Mr. Phillips was not blessed with a *very* tender mother: he was sent out to nurse immediately after his birth, and during his infancy was seized with the small-pox, which he had in such an inveterate manner, that his mother could scarcely believe him to be her own child; he was very handsome before he caught that fatal disease, and his altered appearance made her behold him with disgust: her husband, however, was convinced he was their son; and thinking that good sense and an agreeable disposition might very well compensate for the loss of beauty, did every thing in his power to render the poor little Peregrine amiable and happy; he gave the boy a good education, and paid him every necessary attention.



Peregrine was not ungrateful to the parent who loved him, yet still the want of maternal tenderness made his home appear cheerless: he felt a strong inclination to visit other climates. His wish was indulged: he made several voyages to various parts of the world. The last was to North America, and there he resided for some years.

At the early part of his residence in North America, he was introduced to the celebrated Doctor Franklin, of whom he soon became an enthusiastic admirer; he regarded him as a father, and, as he listened to the precepts of his venerable instructor, like a docile pupil, he imbibed his principles, nor were those *principles* ever eradicated.

Yet neither his affectionate admiration of Dr. Franklin, nor his regard for the Americans, particularly the Bostonians, prevailed over his natural love for his



own country, in which he was determined to spend his days; he returned accordingly to England, and articted himself to a very respectable attorney, and left to his own guidance, by the death of his parents, he very soon after married a Miss Gascoyne, the daughter of a reputable farmer in Worcestershire.

By this lady, with whom he was extremely happy. Mr. Phillips had six children; Mary Anne, who married Mr. Schedgel, a builder, and died in the 43d year of her age; her husband died soon after; they left two children;—Peregrine, who married, and died without issue, in the 25th year of his age;—Henrietta, who married a Mr. Saunders, an eminent taylor, and died without issue in the 22d year of her age;—Anna Maria, the subject of these memoirs;—Sophia, married to Capt. Horrebow, since deceased;—and Edward Erasmus, who died an infant.

Mrs. Phillips died in the prime of her life, leaving her husband the charge of three very young daughters; the eldest daughter was just married, and the son apprentice to a capital seal engraver. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Phillips had a son, to whom he gave the name of Peregrine Phillips.

A lucrative place in the Wine Licence Office, added to the emoluments of his profession, rendered Mr. Phillips able to support himself and family in a very comfortable manner; yet such was the humanity of his disposition, that in the whole course of his practice he was never known take part with the rich against the poor; but has frequently given up a cause wherein he thought his client an oppressor, and more frequently supported with his advice, his interest, and his purse, the oppressed indigent.

Even

Even in his politics he was actuated by the same principle. He considered the late Mr. Wilkes, as the true friend of his country, and the glorious cause of liberty; injured in his rights, as a British subject, and persecuted by arbitrary ministers; he therefore became one of his truest adherents; and when the house of Mr. Wilkes was ransacked by virtue of a search warrant, he exerted his eloquence in company, and his pen for the public prints, to prove that the injuries sustained by Wilkes were injuries which shook our glorious constitution. In the contested election for Middlesex, which succeeded this period, Mr. Phillips was an ardent and indefatigable canvasser on the side of Wilkes, and his persuasive eloquence, spirit, and knowledge of mankind, rendered him, even independently of his literary talents, an acquisition to the candidate whom he wished to support. His



manners were those of a gentleman; he was a very entertaining companion, and perfectly understood the art of suiting himself to his company, without losing for a moment the independent spirit in which he gloried. He had a very agreeable voice, and, during the various elections in which he busied himself, gave great pleasure by singing to popular and favorite tunes, witty ballads, written by himself for the occasion.

It was during one of the elections, in which he took an active part in interesting the freeholders for the celebrated Son of Liberty, that he was dismissed from the Wine License Office. When he went as usual to attend his duty at that office, he was presented with a note, which, in a few words informed him, that another gentleman was appointed to supply his place, who did not devote too much time to elections, but who would attend punctually



usually to the official duties. This dismissal for his patriotic principles was a far greater object for triumph than regret to a man so perfectly disinterested as Mr. Phillips, for although he never obtained the least pecuniary advantage whatever from his adherence to the leaders of the opposition, he still maintained their cause to the utmost of his abilities.

The long contest between Great Britain and her colonies afforded Mr. Phillips an ample field for the display of his literary and political talents; *then* the pupil of Doctor Franklin proved himself not unworthy his master, for his letters, published under the signature of "An Old English Merchant," were supposed to be written by that celebrated Doctor himself. He acknowledges the compliment, but, as the *Old English Merchant*, denies all acquaintance

tance with the Doctor; for that sacrifice to friendship, the exigency of the time required. These letters were printed in the papers, and then in a pamphlet, under the following title:—

TWO CHAPTERS  
OF THE LAST  
BOOK OF CHRONICLES:  
*SIX LETTERS*  
TO THE  
GOOD PEOPLE OF ENGLAND;  
AND  
SEVERAL OTHER PIECES,  
RELATIVE TO THE DISPUTE BETWEEN ENGLISHMEN  
IN EUROPE AND IN AMERICA.  
BY  
AN OLD ENGLISH MERCHANT,  
AND  
A FRIEND TO THE KING.

This publication contains 34 pages,  
and no doubt was extremely interesting  
to

to the politicians of the time in which it appeared. This is the only political work which has been preserved by the family, although it is supposed he wrote several, which were published without his signature.

In 1756 he published a poem, intitled, *Covent Garden, a Satire*, the vignette to which is a fool's cap with bells, and a hobby-horse on a cushion, with this motto, "*Qui capit, Ille habet.*" This poem was a temporary satire on the times, and was published anonymously; but a copy, with explanatory notes in Mr. Phillips' own hand-writing, is in the possession of the writer of this memoir, to whom he gave it some years ago, and acknowledged it to be his own.

In about 1778 or 9, he published a pleasing and interesting prose work called *The Diary*, something after the manner



of Mr. Keate's "Sketches from Nature." Mr. Phillips describes Brighthelmstone; Mr. Keate Margate.

In 1785 he published a selection of poems from the English and Latin works of Richard Crashaw, who died a canon in the chapel of Loretto in 1650, with an account of the author, and an introductory address to the reader. The beauties in these poems certainly do great honour to the taste of the selector. In his address to the reader, Mr. Phillips quotes these words from the General Biographical Dictionary of 1784: "He was *honoured* in his life-time by the friendship of Cowley, and since his death by the praise of Mr. Pope, who *condescended* both to *read* his poems and to *borrow* from them." The editor in a note makes a judicious remark on the *condescension* of Mr. Pope; and it is rather a wonder, that a man so well read as Mr. Phillips



Phillips should not have noticed in *that* place the poem written by Cowley on the death of Crashaw, from which the following lines would have proved that Cowley thought *himself* honoured by the friendship of Crashaw.

“ Ah! wretched *we*, poets of earth! but *thou*  
Wert *living* the *same* poet thou art *now*,  
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as *thine*.  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou needst not make *new* songs, but say the *old*.”

From the same poem :

“ Thou from low earth to nobler flames didst rise,  
And like *Elijah* mount *alive* the skies.  
*Elisha*-like, but with a wish much less,  
More fit thy *greatness*, and my *littleness*.  
Lo, here I beg, I whom thou once didst prove  
So humble to *esteem*, so good to *love*,  
Not that thy spirit might on me *doubled* be,  
I ask but *half* thy mighty *spirit* for me ;  
And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a wing,  
’Twill learn of things *divine*, and first of *thee* to sing.”

After

After reading these lines, *cold* indeed is the praise which Pope bestows on Crashaw. In the title-page to Crashaw's poems Mr. Phillips mentions himself as the author of the Brighthelmstone Diary, and *many* tracts relative to the disputes between Great Britain and North America.

Having given this slight sketch of the professional, political, and literary characters of Mr. Phillips, it may be added, that he was reckoned an excellent orator by the debating societies of his time, and that he read publicly at Freemasons'-hall, with great applause, for several nights. His voice was so extremely harmonious, and his judgment so correct, that he seemed to give new beauties to every thing he read, particularly to poetry. He made the most critical observations on all the finest orators who graced the senate, the bar, and the church. The stage also  
afforded

afforded him great amusement and instruction: he never suffered his prejudice in favour of performers, who were no more, to blind his judgment to existing merit. Of Mrs. Siddons he said—"She neither possesses the beauty nor the exquisite tones of voice by which other actresses have fascinated my eyes and ears; but she *fascinates the heart*, she affects its feelings with manners all her own. The expression of her looks, and the dignity of her actions, make her appear the Tragic Muse displaying her sublimest powers to the world."

He spoke also very highly of Mr. Kemble's merit as an actor, and said, that if he had Barry's voice and Garrick's ease, he would excel them both in many of their characters; and *this* was saying a great deal in his praise, as Mr. Phillips was an enthusiastic admirer of those celebrated performers, and remembered them  
in



in the height of their dramatic excellence.

Although he well remembered Woffington and Clive in all their comic glory, yet Mrs. Abington was the goddess of his idolatry. After that lady quitted Drury Lane for Covent Garden theatre, Mr. Phillips said—"Poor Drury has lost her Comic Muse, who *alone* could sustain characters which now require the aid of *three* persons to support them." Her fine Ladies were given to Miss Farren; her Soubrettes to Miss Pope, and her Hoydens to Mrs. Jordan!

Several other performers are now on the stage, and several authors alive, who might be pleased to hear the liberal praises bestowed on their respective abilities by so good a judge as Mr. Phillips, whose taste was too well formed by the works of authors who were dead, to neglect the beauties in those of the living; and he  
was

was too well acquainted with the *old* dramatic school not to make very judicious remarks on the *new*.

He read, as he would travel, in search of beauties, and without expecting the sky to be cloudless, or his path continually enamelled with flowers; he used to say—“ Faults in mankind, like weeds in the vegetable world, spring up even in the most cultivated soil. They are the blemishes of Nature, and the fewer we see the better; but what can one think of a person who loves to magnify and multiply the errors of a fellow-creature, and is wilfully blind to his perfections? Surely the mind of such a person is overrun with the deadly night-shade of envy and ill-nature. If, therefore, we cannot find perfection in *men*, it is absurd to look for it in their *books*; and it is equally illiberal to expose *the* faults and overlook *the* beauties of the one, as it is to do the same

by

by the others. *I* am rejoiced to fix my eyes on any thing like a beauty, and when *I* 'look through Nature up to Nature's God,' it is not through her *deformities*."

As a politician, an orator, and a dramatic author, Mr. Sheridan stood very high in his favour; and he *first* gave him, for the School for Scandal, the appellation which he still retains, of "our modern Congreve." He admired the elegant Cumberland, and laughed with O'Keeffe; in short, every species of merit, serious, gay, or witty, charmed him in their turns; and even novels came in for their share of his applause. Many a time has he soothed the pangs of a gouty disorder, by which he was frequently confined to his bed, with the interesting stories of modern novelists; the gentle Heroines of a Smith, a Bennet, the Mary of Mrs. Gunning, and many other amiable off-  
springs



springs of Fancy, have alleviated his sufferings. "Miss Burney,"\* to give his own words, "comes like the powerful Queen of Fashion; and, surrounding me with her elegant throng, introduces me to characters so new and entertaining, that I seem to be in the full-bloom of youth and health, making one among them. Mrs. Radcliffe takes another method; she comes wrapped in all the terrors of an Enchantress, waves over me her ebon wand, and conveys me to scenes of midnight horrors; and, like an old knight-errant, I am doomed to encounter, within the dreary recesses of some ruined castle, flights of ill-omened birds; fierce banditti, rushing by torch-light through the gloom, to search for prey; and, more appalling still, a host of spectre forms. I feel unnerved by fear—a pang rouses me,

\* Now Madame D'Arblay.

and I rejoice to find myself in my bed laid up by the gout, rather than in the scenes she presents to my imagination ; and well do my feelings confess the strength of her powers. Nor is it in the terrific *alone* that Mrs. Radcliffe excels ; in the tender scenes of domestic distress she interests the heart, and inculcates lessons of filial duty."

As the father of five children, well did Mr. Phillips know the value of those lessons. The natural inclinations of youth impel them early to throw off the restraint of those who have the care of them, and too many novels and plays encourage them to do so by representing guardians, uncles, aunts, and parents as ridiculous, rigorous, or mercenary characters, who are derided and outwitted by the young lovers. Such writings certainly help to mislead youth from the paths of duty, and to make them treat the most prudent advice

vice

vice as the dictates of formal particularities, or interested avarice, if it thwarts their inclinations.

The amiable Emily, in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, has caused this digression; for she is not only represented as a dutiful daughter to a father who loved her, but also equally dutiful to an aunt, who shewed little regard for her; nor has Mrs. Radcliffe confined her lessons of duty solely to *this* work; they embellish *all* which she has written.

Conversing on this subject one day, Mr. Phillips said—"Since Mrs. Radcliffe has published her Romances, I have met with several novels with long prefaces, wherein the authors inform the readers that they shall carefully avoid writing after the manner of that lady. Now this prefatory information was absolutely unnecessary to these books, as a few pages of the main work evidently declared that  
they



they did *not* indeed write *after her manner*, nor after Burney's, nor Smith's, &c. &c. No, they were very quiet harmless authors, who *carefully avoided* every thing which was likely to agitate the feelings, and therefore wrote only *after* the *manner* of a celebrated personage called *Somnus*, who, in return for the compliment, has consigned their works to the care of oblivion."

It is as wonderful as any thing in Udolpho, that authors should attempt to recommend their *own* productions by declaring them to be *unlike* those which, after passing through many editions, still continue to be the admiration of the public. Although reason and good sense may find several exceptionable passages in the most admired romances of our day, yet *reason* and *good sense* would confess, that those errors were nearly concealed by the resplendent beauties which surrounded them;

them; but it is only by the finger of *envy* that *faults* are pointed out, and *beauties* disregarded. Authors should be particularly careful not to condemn other *authors*, except by the superior *excellence* of their *own* works. The following fable being very applicable to these remarks, will not, perhaps, be unpleasing to the reader.

## THE PEACOCK, THE SWAN, AND THE MAGPIE.

A grove, with golden nets entwined,  
An aviary of birds confined;  
Where two, superior to the rest,  
In all the pride of beauty drest,  
Crowds of admirers round them drew,  
Who praise the more, the more they view.  
A chatt'ring Magpie, hopping near,  
Cried—"Heavens! what a fuss is here  
About that Peacock's gaudy train,  
And that great Swan, so proud and vain!  
While *I* talk *wisely* all the day,  
Yet scarcely one hears what I say.

Such

Such tawdry plumes—such dazzling white,  
May give some thoughtless fools delight;  
But *I*, who see with keener eyes,  
Find hideous faults, which I despise,  
And so must *all*, when pointed out.”  
Then ’midst the crowd she hopped about,  
With many Magpies in her rear,  
Who follow’d, to find fault and sneer.  
“What frights! what frights!” at once they cried,  
“By idiots only deified!  
Behold their legs—can these birds shine!  
Thank Heav’n!” scream’d each, “such are not *mine*!”  
Pilpny, who gazed among the throng,  
Said—“Magpies, cease your clam’rous song;  
And learn, the faults you scorn, are seen  
*Only by Magpies*, low and mean,  
Who around Swans and Peacocks creep,  
And at their feet this clamour keep.  
But feeble birds, who cannot rise  
To see the beauties others prize;  
Birds who can soar, could ne’er behold,  
Beneath that robe of gems and gold,  
The faults its splendid folds conceal,  
Or if *they saw*, would *they reveal*?  
No! *they* would every *beauty* trace,  
And hail with songs each matchless grace

Or



Or would they ever stoop so low,  
To seek for spots beneath the snow?  
*They* see in Beauty's spotless pride  
The Swan, whom *you*, mean birds, deride.  
Now, as in majesty she sails,  
Her plumage swell'd with fav'ring gales;  
Go—venture in the rimped tide,  
With dusky wings the waves divide;  
The feet you scream at, *now expose*—  
You sink—the waters o'er you close—  
'Oh! for her oary feet!' you cry—  
She still glides on—you *sink* and *die* !"

## THE APPLICATION.

Magpies attack a Peacock's feet in vain,  
He only wider spreads his starry train;  
And, while admired, in state he sweeps along,  
In dust it rolls the little envious throng.  
Thus L——s more and more his genius spreads,  
Sweeps down his foes, and passes o'er their heads;  
And graceful as the Swan shall R—— glide  
Down Fame's clear stream, where Sense and Fancy  
    guide:  
No envious swarms can e'er retard her way,  
Sully her plumes, or darken her bright day.

Mr. Phillips had read much, was blessed with a good memory, and was perfectly acquainted with men and manners. His quotations, his anecdotes, and his stories, were always applicable and well introduced; he selected them with taste, and, before females, with the strictest adherence to delicacy: he recited and told every thing in such a just and pleasing manner, that it always rendered them new and agreeable. If his person, which was short and thick, had not been against him for the theatrical line, he would certainly have been a most excellent actor.

In his private life Mr. Phillips was a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good brother, and a most sincere friend. He was not only compassionate to his fellow-creatures, but humane also to every thing which has feeling. By him his children were instructed in the lessons of pity and tenderness in life's early day;  
and

and those lessons were never forgotten by any of them in their years of maturity.

His wife was an excellent manager of his house, and paid the truest attention to her maternal duties: he was blessed with a family of fine and sensible children; and, even after he lost his place, he found himself enabled by his profession to provide for them plentifully, if not luxuriously; and when surrounded by them, and two or three select friends, no man was ever more cheerful; and although the bottle or the bowl always enlivened his board, yet it was "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," that gave him most delight.

At first sight he was far from prepossessing, particularly to young people, who seldom look beyond the exterior; but when he entertained them with conversation suitable to the gay season of their  
C 2 years



years, when he instructed them by fables, and enlivened them with songs, when he hailed the feeblest dawn of genius with the most encouraging praise, it was then that the *friends* of his *children* regarded him with filial affection nearly equal to their own. One of those friends, who delighted to play at gathering wild flowers in the vale beneath Parnassus, used to throw the little heaps carelessly together, and carry them to Mr. Phillips, that he might discard what he deemed worthless, and assist in the arrangement of the best: for this purpose they have been laid in his lap, when his legs, enveloped in flannel, were supported on a cushion, or strewn upon his pillow as he sat up in his bed; and this indulgent privilege, added to early encouragement, introduced a scribbler to the literary world who has burthened it with many volumes of original composition, and many of translations.

tions. But, alas! before any of those, except one volume of poems, were written, he was rendered incapable, more from a complication of disorders than his advanced age, of attending to any thing beyond the daily news: their few merits never received *his* encouraging praise, nor their many errors *his* judicious correction; yet they have been introduced among the *crowd* of \* Indians dressed in feathers, which have appeared for the amusement of the public.

To

\* Doctor Young, in his letter to the author of Sir Charles Grandison on Original Composition, thus remarks—"We read imitation with somewhat of his languor who listens to a twice-told tale: our spirits rouse at an original, *that* is a perfect stranger, and all throng to learn news from a foreign land; and though it comes, like an Indian prince, adorned with *feathers* only, having little of weight, yet of our attention it will rob the more solid, if not equally *new*. Thus every tele-

To the praises which Mr. Phillips bestowed on his infantine productions, another candidate for literary fame owes, perhaps, that which he has already obtained, and the world an author, whose extra-

scope is lifted at a new-discovered star; it makes a hundred astronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the sun. But if an original, by being as *excellent* as *new*, adds admiration to surprise, then we are at the writer's mercy: on the strong wing of imagination we are snatched from Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleasure to pleasure; we have no home, no thought of our own, till the magician drops his pen; and then falling down into ourselves, we awake to flat realities." How few such potent magicians, comparatively to the number of Indian princes, have appeared since the foregoing remark! Yet, were it not for the avidity with which novelties are sought for by readers, and public fame by authors, many enchanters and enchantresses would have reposed in their cells, who have exerted the magic influence over their fascinated readers, alluded to by Dr. Young.

ordinary



ordinary abilities, cultivated by the most liberal education, promise to render him one of its brightest ornaments.

And to his watchfulness of dawning talents was the world indebted for one of the finest singers and actresses that ever graced the stage. From the moment that the 'silver bell,' as he used to call the finest tone in the voice of his daughter, caught his ear, he paid every possible attention to the improvement of so fine a gift, and impressed upon her young mind the necessity of adding expression to harmony, by perfectly understanding the *sense* of what she sung; and when it was fixed that she was to be an actress, he made her perfectly sensible that operas, particularly on the English stage, required something more than fine singing; that the sense of the dialogue, as well as the song, was to be studied, and the business of the scene attentively observed. How

well she profited by his instructions must live in the memory of all who ever saw her upon the stage.

The domestic happiness of Mr. Phillips was quite destroyed by the death of his wife; for when that melancholy event took place, he broke up housekeeping; his children were dispersed; and the father, who had so much enjoyed his home and their society, became unsettled, which of course was very uncomfortable to a man of his disposition. A scorbutic disorder, to which he was subject, made him pass most part of his summers near the sea: in the winter he resided in chambers, where he divided his time between his children and his profession.

During this period an attachment was formed between the son of a Mr. Sanders and Henrietta, the second daughter of Mr. Phillips; but owing to some, as was supposed, pecuniary dispute between the fathers,

fathers, all intercourse was broken off, until the affectionate father of Henrietta beheld his lovely girl, for such in reality she was, rapidly hastening to an untimely grave. Her danger, evidently caused by grief and disappointment, brought the fathers once more together, and terminated their dispute. The lovers were married with the full consent of both parties, and were as happy as affluence and mutual love could make them. But, alas! this felicity came too late: the health of Henrietta never was completely restored; she lingered for a while, and strove to flatter her friends with the hopes of her recovery; but deceitful were her smiles, with the hectic glow which frequently accompanied them, and seemed to confirm those flattering hopes. She expired in the twenty-second year of her age, to the great regret, not only of her husband and family, but of all who knew her, as every



one also *knew* that the apprehension of losing the object of her affections was the sole origin of her disorder, and therefore felt the more, from the melancholy idea that it might have been prevented.

This loss, as may easily be imagined, was a severe trial to Mr. Phillips. His only son also, then nearly, if not quite, out of his apprenticeship, and who had evinced a great genius for drawing and engraving, had every symptom of a pulmonary disease, but lingered, however, sometimes apparently well, at others too ill to follow his profession, until he reached his twenty-fifth year, at which early age he expired. He was a young man of genteel manners and person; he was extremely thin and pale, owing to his ill health; but his features were regular and handsome, and his conversation sensible and pleasing. Of his marriage little was  
said

said by his family. He died in Ireland, in the year 1785, and left a widow.

From the time his daughter Anna Maria was engaged at Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Phillips became the master of her home, the cultivator of her talents as an actress, and an attentive guardian of his young and lovely charge, until he resigned her to Mr. Crouch, after which he chiefly resided at Broad-stairs, near Margate, in a cottage, which he rented, with one faithful domestic; but soon after her separation, Mrs. Crouch prevailed on him to visit her in town, where he was soon confined to his bed. His affectionate daughter, then, thinking that the town was too close for him, took a house at Battersea, where he fixed his abode until her charming cottage in the King's-road, Chelsea, was ready for his reception, and then that retreat afforded him a comfortable

home, where he was daily visited by his affectionate children, and amused by the innocent prattle of his playful grandchildren. Here also he was soothed by the tender watchfulness of his faithful attendant, whom he brought with him from Broad-stairs, and whom, with his accustomed tenderness of heart, he pathetically recommended to the care of Mrs. Crouch when he should no longer exist: but, previous to the dying injunctions of her father, she had resolved never to part with his faithful Mary, who, at his death, transferred her attachment from the father to his daughter, and was her personal attendant until *her death* also, at a much earlier period than could have been expected; and no doubt she experienced, in her last illness, the good qualities which she esteemed in Mary, of whom she said—"From her long attendance on my father, Mary has acquired



quired all the requisites of a nurse ; a noiseless step, low voice, and gentle, tender manners ; and, to complete her character, she is a most careful airer of beds and apparel, and as provokingly exact to the minute in bringing one an odious draught, as if she were *feed* by the apothecary."

This grateful tribute of praise bestowed on the faithful attendant of her father, evinced the amiable sensibility of her own heart, and how deeply it would have been wounded, when called from her filial by her professional duties, if not convinced that no attention would be neglected, which might in any degree promote his ease and comfort.

Thus, in his life's decline, was Mr. Phillips, blessed by filial affection, calmly lulled to rest, until Heaven liberated his soul from the bonds of mortality. This event took place on the 28th day of April,  
1801,

1801, and in the seventy-second year of his age. His remains are deposited in the ground belonging to a new chapel near the King's-road\*.

And now, having fulfilled the intentions of Mrs. Crouch of making the reader perfectly acquainted with her father previously to his being introduced in her Memoirs, they shall commence at the early period of her life, when the 'silver bell' announced her future fame.

It was impossible for the little Nancy, for so was Anna Maria Phillips always called by her family, to warble her wild

\* It should have been mentioned, that among the many instances in which Mr. Phillips took the part of the oppressed against the oppressors, was the case of Admiral Byng: he employed both his tongue and his pen in behalf of that unfortunate man, whose execution he could scarcely ever mention without a tear of pity.

notes to her dolls, or her kittens, for any length of time, without claiming the attention of her father, and one of his sisters, a lady who played and sung most delightfully even at that period, although her voice had lost much of its youthful power; yet such was her taste and expression, that her manner of singing many of her songs, but particularly the charming air in the Tempest—

“ Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,”

was never forgotten, even by her little niece, who would have listened for hours to the songs of her aunt. But of this pleasure she was soon deprived: her aunt was seized with a fever, attended by a delirium, in which, like Ophelia, she sung so delightfully, that her attendants and friends stood listening in silent wonder. She paused, and varied her tune frequently—



quently—once more she paused-- they still listened—but the last strain had borne away her soul, and the cold seal of death had closed her lips. This extraordinary circumstance, of her singing so near her death, was often spoken of by Mr. Phillips and his surviving sister, who was with the songstress when she made her swan-like end. Even the children seemed impressed with wonder and melancholy awe, whenever they heard this remarkable instance mentioned.

Mr. Phillips would have made no difference in the education of his girls, if their talents had been equal; but the peculiar gift which Nancy possessed by nature, demanded the assistance of art. Mr. Wafer, who had been for many years organist of Berwick-street chapel, and a teacher of music and singing, was well known to the family as a very diligent and skilful instructor, and Mr. Phillips engaged him  
upon

upon moderate terms as music-master for the little syren ; and although he was neither young, nor the least prepossessing, she found his instructions easy and agreeable, and she obeyed them with alacrity. Many of her early days did she spend with her master and a widowed sister, who superintended his house, where her lessons were never neglected.

Mrs. Barrow, the sister of Mr. Wafer, was a sensible, well-bred woman, and very highly esteemed by Mr. Phillips and his sisters: with the latter she had lived in the habits of intimacy for years, and they were pleased with the kind attention she paid to the little Nancy, who was soon introduced to many genteel families by her worthy instructor and his sister; and they had the satisfaction of seeing her admired and carest for her fine talents, and her engaging manners. Those who were judges of music and singing soon congratulated

congratulated Mr. Wafer on the abilities of his pupil; and on the evident attention she paid to him who cultivated them with such indefatigable care.

As no one was more sensible than Mr. Phillips of the advantage his daughter received from the unlimited lessons of this her first master, so he never failed to impress her mind with such a sense of gratitude, for the time which the good little old man bestowed upon her, that she always took a pleasure in convincing him that her avidity for learning should keep pace with his diligence in teaching.

Although her elder sister never evinced any jealousy of her superior talents, such was her unassuming and affectionate disposition, that she has often wished their voices equalled hers, or that nature had not bestowed on her such a gift, lest the pleasures she enjoyed in consequence of her singing, should in time maket hem  
dislike



dislike her. Often, when invited to be the entertainer of some agreeable party, she has said, with the tears of sensibility trembling in her soft eye — “ I should be very happy if my sisters were going with me ; but no body can tell how I grieve at leaving them at home ! Mary Anne, who is old enough to be my mamma’s companion, may not, perhaps, mind it so much ; but poor Henrietta, who is so near my own age, and who is my playfellow, she, I am sure, must feel *very sorry*. Well ! when I have any power of my own, my sisters shall know how I love them, for they shall share in all my pleasures.”

How well thus early did she know her own heart, for a kinder sister never existed. The cakes, sweetmeats, or any other treasures which she received in those early visits, were all carefully preserved for her beloved sisters, whom she was compelled to leave at home.

From

From what has already been said of Mr. Phillips, it may be easily imagined the care which he took in fostering these blossoms of an amiable mind; nor was he less careful of his other children; they equally shared his instructions, and equally profited by his lessons of affection to each other.

By her father, who was attorney to Sir Watkin Lewes, Miss Anna Maria Phillips was introduced to lady Lewes, who soon became her kindest patroness, and recommended her to the notice of many ladies, who afterwards, in her professional line, also honoured her with their patronage. At this period she was capable of accompanying herself on the harpsichord in

“ The soldier tired of war's alarms,”

and most of the favourite English airs of that time, when she was not more than  
ten

ten or eleven years of age. The graces of her sylph-like form, and the regularity and expression of her features, proclaimed the perfection into which they grew, and the unaffected ease of her manners evinced an understanding superior to her years. When she sung, it was in humble compliance with the request of the company, and not as if *sure* of their approbation. Her diffidence sprung from a strong and well-taught mind, and it inspired her with the ardent wish of increasing in favour by improving her talents: she said—"I am too conscious that the praises I *now* receive, are only given to encourage my diligence as a child, not to *endeavour*, at least, to deserve them in future, by continued application and exertion; for what signifies being an extraordinary little girl, if one loses all merit and admiration as one grows up?—Oh! I feel that I shall be quite ashamed to look back to my child-



childhood, if I shall not be thought worthy of applause when a woman !”

If every child, applauded for abilities which were rendered extraordinary *only* by the childish age of the performer, had been taught to think like the little Phillips, many would have increased in talents as they increased in years, and acquired by perseverance a brilliant and permanent fame, who from vanity, or carelessness, have gradually sunk from *wonders* into disregarded, every-day beings. May the young wonders of the *present day* strictly guard themselves from such a fall; let them not content themselves with being like a sky-rocket, which darts suddenly before our eyes, breaks into many dazzling beauties, and then is lost as suddenly: rather let them endeavour to emulate the progress of a summer's sun, rising with increasing splendor, from early dawn to meridian lustre; and, in the evening, retiring

retiring from the eyes of an admiring world, resplendent to the last. Such a *sun* in the dramatic world was GARRICK; and *such* may others be, if their abilities are accompanied by good sense and judgment; but if, on the contrary, vanity and self-sufficiency should be their dangerous companions, then, like the rocket, they will fade into nothing, or their most brilliant dawn be totally concealed by a noxious vapour.

It is greatly to be wished that the very promising children, which have since sprung up in the family of Mr. Phillips, may profit from this early account of their beautiful aunt, as it must help greatly to enforce the many lessons she gave them, calculated to establish their future fame, by teaching them the means by which she herself obtained, in so high a degree, the approbation of the public. If these wishes can possibly be deemed a digression from the

the subject, they are certainly too applicable to need any apology.

While the lovely little Nancy was dividing her time between her studies and her performances, and passing many happy hours with her kind patroness, lady Lewes, to whom a moment would convey her light steps, her paternal home being in Gray's Inn-lane, very near the King's-road, in which the house of Sir Watkin Lewes was situated, she became more and more the favourite and admiration of all who knew her, and gave many instances of affection and sensibility uncommon for a child of her age: one in particular deserves to be mentioned.

An officer, an old friend of her father's, and to whom, before he went abroad, the little songstress had been greatly attached, returned from some campaign in which we had obtained a signal victory, and was received with warm congratulations by  
the



the family of his friend Phillips, who soon desired Nancy to give the captain a specimen of the progress she had made during his absence. After asking permission to choose her song, she eagerly looked over her collection, selected one, and, with a smile of satisfaction, took her seat at the harpsichord, played the symphony to the celebrated martial air,

“ See, see the conquering hero comes !”

She commenced the words, and gave them uncommon expression ; but, before she finished the song, her fingers trembled, her voice faltered, and, if she had not been caught hastily, would have fallen from her seat quite overpowered by her feelings. This proof of sensibility in a child under eleven years surprised every one who witnessed it, and who knew her to be totally devoid of affectation.

The first serious trouble that wounded her young heart was the death of her youngest brother, Edward Erasmus, just as he became an engaging little prattler; he possessed also the attractive charm of beauty. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Phillips were handsome, yet all their children were remarkably so, except their eldest daughter, whose beauty had, no doubt, been destroyed by the small-pox, by which she was greatly pitted; yet her face was very agreeable, and her eyes were bright and expressive; she was also very lively and sensible.

The loss of little Edward was in a short time followed by one far more afflicting to the family, that of Mrs. Phillips, in her forty-third year. She was a very fond and careful mother, and early taught her children to love their father, and to set a high value on his abilities; and thus prepared their infant minds to receive his instructions

tions with attention and gratitude. She not only *loved* her husband, but she regarded him as a man of extraordinary understanding; yet she frequently endeavoured to correct, by prudent expostulation, his liberality, which she feared, and not without reason, was sometimes too great for their circumstances: yet she always took care, by her excellent management, to let his table correspond with his wishes, and received his guests with a cheerfulness which left them no doubt of their welcome. Mrs. Phillips possessed, in an eminent degree, the happy art of rendering herself entertaining, by those agreeable pleasantries of the moment, which can instantaneously chase away gloominess, and extort a smile even from the lips of gravity: often did she exert this talent to enliven her husband, and she generally succeeded, because she had



studied his disposition too well not to time her lively sallies properly.

One day, for example, he came home extremely dispirited by the idea that ministerial influence would prevail over what he thought the just prerogative of the people, and desired Mrs. Phillips to look for a paper, in which he had published a letter on the subject, that he might read it to a friend, who happened to be present. She went to seek for it in his office, adjoining the room where they sat, and he, with an impatience natural to him, said—"Have you found it? have you found it?" She replied—"No, my dear; but in the very place where you thought it lay, instead of the paper, I have found the Cap of Liberty, left there, no doubt, by the goddess herself, to inspire you with new ideas in her favour; so put it on immediately, and I'll engage for its inspiration." While she was speaking those

words she re-entered the room, holding up a red velvet cap, which he wore frequently in a morning, and put on his head with such engaging jocularly, that not only their friend\*, but also Mr. Phillips, lost their displeasure against ministerial measures in the mirth she had excited; and when her husband said — “This is usually the way that, by coaxing or playfulness, she endeavours to make a fool of me.” She retorted archly — “Have I made a *fool* of you *now*, my dear, by placing the *Cap of Liberty* on your head? No, no, you will not pay it such a *bad* compliment, I am sure.”

After this little tribute due to the memory of Mrs. Phillips, the affliction that her husband and children felt at her death may be easily imagined; and a wife and

\* A near relation to the writer of these volumes, and one who was nearly as warm on political topics as Mr. Phillips himself.

mother who, like her, takes a far greater pleasure in her domestic and maternal duties at *home*, than amusements and company can afford her *abroad*, is most painfully missed in every apartment of that *sad home*, where those, by whom she was tenderly beloved, will never behold her more. Such were the melancholy feelings which impelled Mr. Phillips to quit his house, to place his youngest daughter Sophia at a boarding-school, and the beautiful songstress under the protection of his sister; and this separation was severely felt by such an affectionate family. His eldest unmarried daughter Henrietta, before mentioned, resided with Mr. Phillips until her marriage.

Mrs. Le Clerc, the aunt who took charge of Anna Maria, was a very prudent and sensible woman: when she was young, a widow lady of fashion and fortune esteemed her so much, that in a long tour  
through.



through France and Italy, Miss Anne Phillips was chosen by this lady for the companion of her travels ; a great advantage for a keen observer, whose mind was open to all the beauties of art and nature ; and she must have amply repaid her kind benefactress, by her lively and judicious remarks, for the gratification and improvement which she acquired by the tour.

At Paris she became acquainted with Monsieur Le Clerc, and was attracted by his handsome face and pleasing manner : he was a well-educated man, and perfect master of several languages ; but this knowledge was his only fortune, and he acted in the capacity of interpreter to ambassadors, or other foreigners of distinction. He was captivated by the fair English woman, who no doubt must have been much admired in her youth, as her brother said that his daughter Nancy greatly resembled his sister Le Clerc,

when young, except in figure, the latter being lower in stature and very short-necked, but even when advanced in age, and grown extremely fat, her features retained sufficient beauty and regularity for the resemblance to strike every observer.

The match between Mr. Le Clerc and Miss Anne Phillips did not take place, however, at the above period: she returned to England with the lady who had taken her abroad; but on the arrival of Mr. Le Clerc, some time after, the attachment was renewed, and they were married. In this country he still continued his profession of interpreter, and a teacher of languages, which, particularly as they had no family, afforded a comfortable sufficiency; and as they were sensible and affectionate companions to each other, they enjoyed many years of felicity, until one day Mr. Le Clerc, being engaged as interpreter to some noble foreigners, had attended

attended them to see several places in the metropolis, dined with them, and in the evening set out to accompany them to Vauxhall ; but finding himself rather disordered in the carriage, he said that he would get out to walk the remainder of the way, and if the coachman drove at a moderate pace, he could be at the door ready to receive them.

The carriage accordingly drove on slowly, but when it arrived he was not at the door ; they waited long, yet no interpreter appeared—death had arrested his steps !—he was found lying in the road without any signs of life, supposed to have fallen in a fit of apoplexy, in which, being very corpulent, he had expired for want of immediate assistance. A letter in his pocket announced his place of residence, and the fatal news was conveyed to Mrs. Le Clerc, who, knowing that her husband was to attend the noblemen to

Vauxhall,

D 5



Vauxhall, had felt no uneasiness at his staying out to an unusual hour ; for the morning was far advanced before she heard that the beloved husband, who was apparently in perfect health, when, but a few hours since, he had quitted his abode, lay a corpse, exposed to public view, in the house of a stranger ! To go with the messenger, snatch her husband from unfeeling strangers, and bring him back to his home, where skilful physicians would restore him to her, was the first uncontrollable resolve of her distracted mind ; for she could not be convinced that he was actually dead — she arrived at the house—beheld his cold remains, and fell senseless by his side. Her brother, informed of the melancholy event, arrived soon after, took charge of his unhappy sister, and settled every thing necessary in regard to the deceased.

Although Mrs. Le Clerc was a very intelligent

ligent woman, and had the highest sense of religion, it was long before she could reflect on the manner and suddenness of her husband's death with resignation; as she was fully persuaded in her own mind, that if he had been under a friendly roof, when seized with the fit, timely aid would have preserved his life; and in this opinion she persevered even when time had mellowed her grief into tranquillity, except when speaking of this event. To divert her thoughts, and preserve her independence, the first proof which she gave of exertion was entering into partnership with a gentlewoman, who was a trimming maker, a business both fashionable and profitable when silks were universally worn. While her partner took the active, she employed herself in the more sedentary part of this business; and thus was she industriously occupied when she took charge of her niece.

Mr. Phillips, not foreseeing the rapid change of fashion, said to his sister — “ I conjure you not to let Nancy be idle the many hours in which she will not be occupied by her music : at present she thinks your business a playful and amusing employment ; endeavour to make her still think so, by permitting her to assist you, as an indulgence to herself, by which she will be of service to you while she is insensibly doing good to herself.” This hint was carefully observed by Mrs. Le Clerc : her niece after paying the accustomed attention to her music and singing, and rewarding the care of her good old master by the most rapid improvement, would cheerfully sit down to help her aunt, whose conversation always afforded her entertainment with instruction ; and who, by every mark of affection and indulgence, endeavoured to render her as happy in  
Princes-



Princes-street, Cavendish-square, as she had been in Gray's Inn-lane.

Nor did the young songstress find herself in the least neglected by any of her kind patronesses, from whom she received frequent invitations, and every visit gave her cause to triumph in gaining new applause, and new patronage. If asked to sing after supper, or at any other time, in an apartment where there was no instrument, she never hesitated, but complied immediately with the request in the most obliging and unaffected manner.

The rapid improvement of her vocal powers made Mr. Phillips begin to think seriously of introducing her to the public as a concert singer, through the means of some popular master, who might be glad of such a pupil; but this intention was laid aside by the persuasions of two sisters, very sensible women, to whom she had been introduced, and who were  
very

very anxious to see her better provided for, as they imagined that her beauty and accomplishments entitled her to look forward to an advantageous matrimonial establishment. These ladies invited her to spend some time with them in St. Alban's-street; and, as their conversation and behaviour were in every respect calculated to improve the mind of a young person, Mr. Phillips gladly complied with their invitation to his daughter, who soon found herself in a very agreeable home; for although their fortunes were far from large, the sisters contrived to live together in a very genteel style, and keep the most respectable company.

Being at this period of her life about sixteen, Miss Phillips could not long remain without admirers, among whom was a captain in his Majesty's navy, who soon made her a very serious offer of his hand; but, as he happened to be considerably older

older than herself, the proposal was not so agreeable to the fair songstress as it seemed to be to some of her friends, and she declined giving a decisive answer until the captain returned from a visit which he was going to pay to some relatives in the country; and feeling not the least uneasiness at his absence, her resolution was fixed long before his return; and the captain having been, as was supposed, half convinced, by his prudent relations, of the impropriety of marrying such a very young and beautiful creature, from whom his professional duty would oblige him to be frequently absent, evinced great fortitude on the occasion, "And went to sea again."

Miss Phillips, soon after this, was articulated to Mr. Linley, joint patentee of Drury-lane theatre, for three years, and engaged as first singer at the said theatre for six seasons, at a rising salary from



six pounds to twelve per week, out of which, during her articles, Mr. Linley was to have a stipulated share; and this celebrated master found his well-taught, docile pupil capable of undertaking the character of Mandane in the opera of Artaxerxes, before she had completed her seventeenth year.

She accordingly made her first appearance on any stage, at Drury-lane theatre, in that character, in the winter of 1780, and was received by an elegant audience with unbounded applause. Although her powers were greatly checked by her excessive timidity, the public beheld a very young and very lovely trembler humbly soliciting their indulgence; and, no less charmed with her modest diffidence than they were by her voice and beauty, generously encouraged her by the warmest marks of approbation throughout the opera.

. When

When her arduous task was over, she said—"How grateful do I feel for the indulgent applause which I have so undeservedly received to night! I am truly sensible that the audience might justly have hissed me for my bashful awkwardness; but instead of severe critics, whom I dreaded, I appeared before merciful friends, who pardoned my errors, and compassionated my fears; and they shall see, in future, the effect which their inspiring kindness will produce. My timidity will be overcome by my ardent exertions to render myself *deserving* their applause." Amply did she verify her prophecy, and the expectations which a judicious and liberal audience had formed of her abilities.

On the same evening that Miss Phillips made her *debut* in *Mandane*, Miss Prudom also made her's in *Arbaces*, in which character, notwithstanding her deficiency  
in

in the English language, she was well received as a singer of great promise. The beautiful Mrs. Badeley played Artaxerxes — Miss Wright, who afterwards married Mr. Blanchard, was the Semira — Mr. Vernon, Artabanes — and Mr. Dubellamy, Rimenes. Mrs. Blanchard alone survives of the performers, who supported the opera of Artaxerxes at its revival in 1780.

On February the first in that *year* came out The Widow of Delphi, or the Descent of the Deities, a musical drama, by Mr. Cumberland, at Covent Garden theatre. Messrs. Lewis, Quick, Wilson, Mattocks, Lee Lewes, Edwin, personified the male characters. Miss Brown, afterwards Mrs. Cargill, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Kenedy, and Mrs. Hartley, the female characters. How seldom is a new piece so well filled!

In that season, at Covent Garden, also came out Mrs. Cowley's comedy of The Belle's



Belle's Stratagem, which still maintains its ground as a favourite acting play. This play was not only received with uncommon applause, but Mrs. Cowley, upon entering one of the upper boxes during the run of her admired comedy, was perceived by the audience, and hailed with repeated plaudits. Grateful for this proof of public approbation, she leaned forward and bowed her thanks. Miss Younge, since Mrs. Pope, was the original Letitia Hardy, and Mrs. Hartley the original Lady Frances Touchwood. The above piece was not Mrs. Cowley's first claim to public favour; she had previously brought out a comedy called *The Runaway*; the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* and her tragedy called *Albina*.

A little piece, suited to the moment, called *The Siege of Gibraltar*, written by Mr. Pilon, was likewise produced at Covent Garden theatre in the spring of this year,

year. This little temporary piece was enlivened by songs, and adorned with beautiful and appropriate scenery.

These three novelties are mentioned as the productions of 1780, although the subject of these memoirs did not make her appearance until the winter season of that year.

Mr. Colman's theatre commenced with a prelude, intitled *The Manager in Distress*, written by Mr. Colman, in which Mr. Bannister, junior, took off several performers of the winter theatres. The next month Mr. Andrews produced a musical piece, of two acts, called *Fire and Water*, which was well performed, and consequently well received.

It is impossible to pass over the summer of the year 1780 without calling to mind the horrors by which it was marked. The confusion of the days; the conflagrations of the nights; prisons destroyed; felons

felons and murderers let loose to join in scenes of destruction; while the lawless mob, who had insulted the senators, derided the magistrates, defied the military, overturned the altars, and sacrilegiously invaded the rights of foreign ministers, entered forcibly into the houses, and consumed the property of British subjects, and boldly threatened to make themselves masters of the public wealth, reigned for some days, apparently despotic, in this metropolis!!!—Horrible was their progress, and awful its termination!—Those who had daringly defied the *civil* laws of their country, were compelled to obey its *martial* laws. Armed forces met them at every place which they had devoted to destruction.

Then was the dreaded nightly roar for “Lights! lights! lights!” which obliged the inhabitants of the houses, spared by the rioters, to illuminate, while the flames  
from



from every side seemed to threaten a general conflagration, changed to the most awful stillness; the streets were deserted, in consequence of a proclamation for every peaceable person to remain within doors, after eight o'clock in the evening; which order was so far obeyed, that very few people were seen abroad, beyond the stipulated hour, in the quieter parts of the town, and happy would the inhabitants have thought the change from riotous shouts to this tranquillity, if the appalling report of life-destroying bullets had not repeatedly broke through the solemn stillness of that awful night—those death-fraught sounds in the streets of London, and the sight of those streets deluged with human blood, was dreadful; and dreadful also were the numerous executions in all parts of the town, which immediately followed this alarming period; yet far more terrific scenes must have ensued, if

such

*such* measures had not been taken to stop the rapid progress of lawless depredators ; scenes, such as were exhibited in the streets of Paris some years afterwards, when Monarchy was overthrown, and Anarchy triumphed—

“ When Insolence and Barbarism triumph’d,  
And swept away distinction ; peasants trod  
Upon the necks of nobles ; low were laid  
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,  
And desolation covered all the land.\*”

May a description horrible as this never *again* suit *England* !—May no civil wars spread destruction over her land, and deluge the streets of *her* metropolis with the blood of her sons !—And may no foreign tyrant be ever suffered to annihilate *her glorious constitution*, and subjugate *her free-born sons* !—But that can

\* Rowe.

never be while every *free-born* Briton, true to his king, his country and his God, is firmly resolved bravely to repulse the ambitious invaders of their sacred rights.

When our brave defenders had restored order and tranquillity in London, they enlivened the terror-struck inhabitants by martial entertainments ; a large part of every public walk was adorned by a camp, and all those who had so lately trembled with the most dreadful apprehensions, now walked in happy security, surrounded by the faithful guardians of their safety ; while music inspired the soul with a transport of grateful joy, that blended the tears of sensibility with the smiles of heart-felt-delight ; even those who were children at that time cannot forget the blessed transition from terror to joy, nor their own sensations ; for terror makes a strong impression on the youthful mind, which it eagerly endeavours to obliterate by expanding



panding to receive every gay and fashionable novelty ; but the feelings experienced on those opposite occasions, are never forgotten by those who are blessed with good sense.

The first dramatic novelty which appeared, after tranquillity re-assumed her reign, was Miss Lee's very interesting comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, acted in August at Mr. Colman's theatre, and received with great applause. The late Mr. Palmer, Miss Farren, and all the principal performers, both male and female, engaged at that house, sustained the various characters with a spirit which established the fame of the piece, and it still remains a stock play. To this early encouragement of her literary abilities, perhaps, we owe the charming productions which this lady has since presented to the world.

The Genius of Nonsense came out next, and was extremely well received, not only because a pantomime was a rarity at the little theatre, but for its merit, which obtained the following encomium in a respectable publication of the time: "The wit, humour, and temporary satire with which the author has enlivened the whole, place it in so eminent a degree above every competitor, that it may be impartially pronounced to be the prince of pantomimes." Mr. Bannister, junior, was the vocal and rhetorical Harlequin, and also the Emperor of the Quacks, and was greatly applauded in both characters; as were Messrs. Edwin, Wood, and Bannister, senior, in a catch composed by Dr. Harrington. In a scene of Westminster Abbey they entered dressed like old women, sung a suitable trio, and upon reading a tombstone, this celebrated  
catch,

catch, with infinite expression, leaning on their crutch-sticks, and staring at each other :

## CATCH.

“ Look, neighbours, look !  
Here lies poor Thomas Day,  
Dead, and turn'd to clay !

Does he so !

What, old Thomas ?—No.

What, young Thomas ?—Ay.

Good lack-a-day !”

This little favourite was always enchored. Those who remember poor Edwin, although they never beheld him in old Dame Turton, will readily believe that the *droll* gravity of his looks would scarcely permit Goody Burton and Gammer Gurton to lament, with becoming *sorrow*, the untimely fate of *young* Thomas Day.

Having made a retrograde excursion, in order to pay a slight tribute to the



*fictions* of fancy performed since the commencement of the year 1780, and paused to reflect, for a few minutes, on the horrid *realities* acted in June; then paid a mite of gratitude to the brave protectors of their country at that critical period; looked up with confidence to the no less brave protectors of their country at the present time; paid another little tribute to a dramatic offspring of fancy, and even to the sportive *Genius* of *Nonsense*, we return to the winter season: but as the interesting subject of these memoirs played no other character during the year 1780 than that in the opera of Artaxerxes, already mentioned, all that can be said of Miss Phillips, as an actress, is, that she rose in favour with the public every time she performed, while the applauses she continually received inspired her with a confidence that by degrees relieved her from the fears which at first embarrassed her

her actions. When her theatrical engagement was fixed, she immediately arranged her domestic establishment.

She took the upper part of a genteel private house in Drury-lane, which was furnished by her father, who came to reside with her; and, with the true filial affection which so eminently graced her heart, she rejoiced at being once more happy in a paternal home. She also requested her aunt Le Clerc to live with them, as her business was going greatly out of fashion.

Thus, at her entrance into life, she put herself under the most respectable guardianship, and established an agreeable society in her house, of which she actually made her father the master, and her aunt the mistress; while she, the dutiful daughter and niece, never interfered in their management, but quietly pursued her studies with the same assiduity which

she did when a child. Her natural diffidence made her fear Mr. Linley much more than she had reason to do; she looked up to him with awe, and dreaded his displeasure, but she admired his talents, and revered his judgment; and she heard his praises with a delight bordering on exultation. Mr. Linley was at *that* time the happy father of three beautiful and accomplished daughters, and of as many promising sons; but, alas! in a very few years after, he lost them *all*, except one, in the bloom of their age: one son died of a fever, another was drowned in a pond by accident — Mrs. Tickel, Mrs. Sheridan, and Miss Maria Linley, faded by degrees, lingering on the margin of an untimely grave. — Poor Mr. Linley! — After the death of one of his sons, when seated at the harpsichord in Drury-lane theatre, in order to accompany the vocal parts of an interesting little piece taken  
from



from Prior's Henry and Emma by Mr. Tickel, and excellently represented by Mr. Palmer and Miss Farren: the tutor of Henry, Mr. Aickin, gave an impressive description of a promising young man; in speaking affectionately of his pupil Henry, the feelings of Mr. Linley could not be repressed, the tears of mental agony rolled down his cheeks; nor did he weep alone, the cause of his distress was too well known not to obtain the tears of sympathy from many who beheld *his* flow so fast. — The writer of *this* was in the pit close to the orchestra, and witnessed his paternal woe, and the effect which it had on those who perceived it. Mrs. Crouch has said, that after Miss Maria Linley died, it was melancholy for her to sing to Mr. Linley, whose tears continually fell on the keys as he accompanied her; and if, in the course of her profession, she was obliged

to practise a song<sup>e</sup> which he had been accustomed to hear his lost Maria sing, the similarity of their manners and their voices, which he had *once* remarked with pleasure, then agonized him to such a degree, that he has frequently been forced to quit the instrument, and walk about the room to recover his fortitude. What his truly compassionate pupil felt at those moments, when she so innocently caused his heart-felt anguish, may be easily imagined. Indeed, the *world* seemed to sympathize with Mr. Linley for the loss of his children, so known, and so admired! In speaking of Narcissa, Doctor Young says—

“ Ye that e’er lost an angel! pity me.”

Poor Mr. Linley lost *three* such angels as Narcissa, as beautiful, as exquisite in song! The bard of night also mourns for his

his Philander, whom he had seen, as he says in *Night the second*—

“ For twenty summers ripening by my side.”

Mr. Linley lost *two* filial friends, whom he had seen *ripening by his side*:—*five* times the peace of this unfortunate father was slain by the insatiate archer Death \*. These repeated shocks were too much; they deranged his intellects, and precipitated him into the grave. That Mrs. Linley should be better able to endure the loss of her sons and daughters than their father was, is no proof that they were less dear to her; it only strengthens the assertion of many, that women are, in general, more capable of enduring mental,

\* “ Insatiate archer! could not one suffice!

Thy shaft flew thrice, and *thrice* my peace was slain.”

NIGHT THOUGHTS.



tal, as well as corporeal sufferings, than the men. Is it that they are endued with superior fortitude, or a higher sense of religion? Or is it merely because, being of a weaker and more delicate texture than the males, they meekly bend, like feeble plants and flowers, beneath the rudest storms, droop for a time, and then revive again; while man proudly struggles, like a strong oak, to bear up against the storm, until it blights his lofty head, or tears him from the earth for ever? Or is it not more particularly owing to the relief which females find in cries, groans, loud lamentations, and floods of tears? the former being calculated to exhaust, and the latter to lull the most heart-felt sorrow to rest, which, however short its duration, helps to soothe the mind, and to lighten by degrees the oppressive weight of affliction; while the generality of men, ashamed to indulge in  
feminine

feminine weaknesses, lamentations, and tears, pass their sad days and sleepless nights in gloomy, silent, tearless grief, until the natural feelings of the soul, like an impetuous torrent, gathering force from restraint, overwhelm the proudest glory of mankind, celestial reason, and then impel them to deeds of desperation, or to commit, at *last*, those very weaknesses which they at *first*, in manly pride, disdained.

No proof of mental *weakness* were Mr. Linley's tears, in the foregoing instances; they flowed from nature and sensibility: the sacred oblations paid by a father's wounded heart to the memory of his children, and as such they were revered.

It has been asserted that Mrs. Crouch, when Miss Phillips, trembled at the sight of Mr. Linley: this she has certainly said—"There was never a greater contrast in human forms, than is evinced in

my first and last music-master. Mr. Wafer is of fairy race, light complexioned, and of meek appearance: Mr. Linley, in comparison, is dark, stern, and gigantic; I tremble sometimes when I look at him, for I actually believe that my poor, dear little, old master might go into the sleeve of Mr. Linley's great-coat." Those who knew both the gentlemen did not find the idea so *outré* as strangers to either of them may suppose it to be.

In these her youthful days Miss Phillips was very lively, and to her family and most intimate friends frequently displayed a great share of comic humour, particularly in her criticisms on the numberless paragraphs which praised her beauty. One morning she gravely laid a newspaper out of her hand, and placing a folio dictionary on the floor, stood upon it before the mirror. Her father exclaimed—



claimed—"What are you about, Nancy! Surely you are tall enough to look in the glass without standing on my books!"

"As Nancy Phillips, I am, papa; but now I am Vanity trampling upon Good-sense, that I may the better admire the *beautiful Grecian nose* which the newspaper has given me this morning."

"And pray how do you like it?" asked her father, laughing. "Why, in truth," she replied, stepping off the book, "not one bit better does your *Nancy* like it, than she did the true-born English nose which *you* gave her."

When she sat down, she wrote a few lines, and then giving them to Mr. Phillips, said—"There is a paragraph for tomorrow's paper: I have made it up like Mrs. Candour's cousin Ogle, in the *School for Scandal*, from various parts of the globe."

Mr. Phillips read as follows:

"Last

“ Last night the *English beauty* again adorned our *Albion* stage, as the *Persian Princess*, and weeping *oriental* pearls for her *Arbaces*, she, with a *French* cambric handkerchief, gracefully wiped her *Grecian* nose.”

Thus did the sensible girl deride all the compliments paid to her personal charms in her gayer moments; and when she treated them more seriously, she said—

“ All this nonsense is put in by my enemies, who hope, by flattering my vanity, to take off my attention from the stage; but I am not to be so easily caught. To *deserve* even the slightest praise for my acting or singing, gives me far greater pleasure than to know that I am as charming as *Venus* herself; for with all *her charms*, if I possessed them, I should appear most truly *despicable* to myself, and to others, if I were hissed for my negligence as an actress.”

In this idea she was continually encouraged by her sensible father and aunt, who, when she did not perform, accompanied her to the theatre, that she might make her own judicious remarks on the performances of other actresses of that time. Mrs. Abington had not then quitted Drury-lane theatre, of course Miss Phillips had frequent opportunities of observing that inimitable actress, of whom she said one day to a friend—

“ The more I see of Mrs. Abington, the more am I captivated, and the more I am resolved to follow her example, as far as my abilities will permit me. How graceful, yet how perfectly easy are all her actions! and although she never seems to exert her voice above its common pitch, yet from her perfect articulation of every word, she is heard, even when she whispers, distinctly over all the house; then in her various characters,

hoy-



hoydens, chamber-maids, or high-bred women of fashion, she is never Mrs. Abington on the stage before an audience, but the very being she represents, giving, whether speaking or silent, such natural animation to the scene, that the fascinated spectators almost believe it to be real. By these perfections Mrs. Abington has risen to the highest pinnacle of fame; and though I can never tread in her mazy paths, or rise so high, she may still be my guiding star: I may attain by care, and the assistance of my father, her distinct pronounciation, and perhaps I may attain, in some degree, the ease and dignity of her deportment. Oh! I wish I may! But *one*, and not the least of her perfections, is in my reach; that I *will* attain, her perfect attention to the business of the scene. In the first and second of my ambitious wishes I may certainly fail from want of abilities, but in

3 the

the *third* I can fail only from carelessness, and shall deem myself unpardonable."

Nature had given Miss Phillips a remarkably fine voice for speaking as well as singing; and her judgment, aided by early and excellent instruction, taught her how to manage it so as to give expression to every word. Nature had also given her a fine form, and she soon acquired in her actions and deportment correctness and ease. To the business of the scene, even from her first appearance, she was peculiarly attentive, a perfection not very commonly beheld in first-rate singers.

This winter Mr. Pilon brought out a farce called *The Humours of an Election*, at Covent Garden theatre, which being ably sustained by the whole comic strength of the house, was extremely laughable, and received with general plaudits.

At Drury-lane theatre, the Rev. Mr. O'Burne produced a comedy entitled *The Gene-*

Generous Impostor, from *Le Dissipateur*, ou *L'Honnête Friponne*, of Destouches. This piece was excellently performed by Messrs. Palmer, Baddeley, Dodd, Bensley, Burton, Vernon, and Parsons; Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Farren, and Miss Pope; and was enlivened by a Rural Fête, with dancing and agreeable music. It is a circumstance worth remarking, that the *Generous Impostor* was very nearly condemned, at the fourth act, for being much *too serious* for a comedy, consequently the performers, who knew the fifth act to be still more tragic, lost all hopes of its succeeding; but, to their agreeable surprise, that *tragic* act gave general satisfaction, and insured the success of the piece. A very lively prologue was written for this comedy by Mr. Pilon, and was spoken by Mr. Palmer. Miss Farren, spoke the epilogue.

In December came out, at Covent Garden



Garden theatre, the opera of the Islanders, taken also from the French, two three act pieces of St. Foix's, *L'Isle Sauvage* and *La Colonie*. The songs were written and composed by Mr. Dibdin, and sung by Messrs. Mattocks, Wilson, Edwin, Quick, Leoni, Reinhold, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Webb, Miss Morris, Miss Satchell, since married to Mr. Stephen Kemble, and Mrs. Kennedy. This opera was received with very great applause.

The same month came out, at Drury-lane theatre, *The Lord of the Manor*, an opera, written by General Burgoyne, and composed by Mr. Jackson. The performers in this piece were Messrs. Parsons, Palmer, Vernon, Bannister, Aickin, Dodd, Baddeley, R. Palmer, Du Bellamy, Suet, Miss Farren, Miss Prudom, and Mrs. Wroughton. The story of the Lord of the Manor, and several of the songs, were very interesting; the words and music of

Mr.

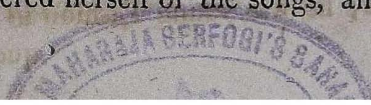
Mr. Bannister's songs were exquisitely plaintive, and he sung them in his most pathetic manner, particularly one which, after describing a beautiful and beloved wife, concludes with these expressive lines—

“What now shall fill my widow'd arms?

Ah me! my Anna's urn!”

could never be heard by those who possessed the least sensibility without tears. But if Mr. Bannister was quite at home in the plaintive songs of Rashby, Palmer the elder never appeared *less* so in any character than he did in young Contrast, a most despicable fop, who carries a rose-colour silk parasol to preserve his complexion. The majestic height, manly form, look, step, and voice of Palmer, all proclaimed his unfitness for the character of a fribble; he was young Fashion in masquerade,

querade, awkwardly aping the finical airs of Lord Foppington. How the managers came to embarrass Palmer with such a part, when Dodd could have played it so much better, is rather wonderful; the pretty, little, neat figure of Dodd was exactly suited by nature for *that* character, and any smart comic actor could have played Le Nippe: but to *embarrass* seemed the order of the night; for Mr. Suet was embarrassed with *petticoats*; Miss Prudom with English; and Miss Farren with *songs*. For making a fribble of Palmer there was *no* excuse; for giving Suet the part of Moll Flagon there was a good one, as no female of the least decency could have played it; Miss Prudom in Annette sung with great taste, and an apology for her broken English was made in the piece, by saying that she had been brought up in France: as to Miss Farren she soon disincumbered herself of the songs, and certainly





tainly performed Sophia so very prettily, that it was impossible for the audience to regret the songs, or wish for a more lovely, or more interesting representative of the character.

Out of the *thirteen* performers in the Lord of the Manor, how many exist now? *Only two!* The Countess of Derby, *then* Miss Farren, and Mr. Robert Palmer.

This is more extraordinary than the remark which Mrs. Crouch made last winter, that herself, the Mandane, and Mrs. Blanchard, the Semira, alone survived of those who performed in Artaxerxes, at her first appearance, for that was two out of *seven* only. Alas! how soon after making this remark was she herself numbered with the *dead!* Poor Mrs. Blanchard is now the *only* survivor of that harmonic groupe. She since her widowhood has struggled to provide for herself and two sons under the oppressive weight

weight of pecuniary distress, aggravated by repeated illnesses. But more, perhaps, on this subject may be said in the course of these volumes.

The last piece which appeared in the year 1780 was the pantomime of Harlequin Freemason, by Mr. O'Keefe. The music, composed by Mr. Dibdin, was greatly admired, and the whole was received with unbounded applause. This pantomime was the *sixth* new piece brought out at Covent Garden theatre that year; and *two* only were produced at Drury-lane.

As Covent Garden theatre ended the year by a pantomime, so Drury-lane commenced 1781 with another, called Robinson Crusoe: the name insured its success. Robinson Crusoe, his goats, his parrot, and his man Friday, had long been the familiar friends of youth, and as such they were most warmly received:  
the

the scenery, by Mr. Louthembourg, was appropriate; the music was selected, and, like the story, the more pleasant, perhaps, for being familiar, and never did a pantomime give greater satisfaction. It was invented by Mr. Sheridan.

Mrs. Brookes, author of *Emily Montague*, and of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, well known and deservedly admired novels, was the acknowledged author, also, of a tragedy, brought out at Covent Garden about that time, intitled *The Siege of Sinope*, in which Mrs. Yates and Mr. Henderson were the principal performers.

A tragedy, called *The Royal Suppliants*, written by the Rev. Dr. Delap, came out soon after at Drury-lane theatre. The performers were Messrs. Smith, Bensley, Farren, Aickin, Packer, Williams, Bannister, junior; Mrs. Crawford, and Miss Farren. This tragedy was well performed, and received with approbation. Mrs.  
Craw-



Crawford spoke the epilogue, and gave great effect to the following lines introduced to the memory of the brave Captain Farmer and his glorious fate :

“ —Yet even now, in these degenerate days,  
Heroic virtue still can merit praise.  
When round the ship, in the deep roaring tide,  
Devouring flames advance on ev'ry side ;  
Lo ! on the anchor, where the hero lies  
With look serene, and still the foe defies :  
He views the flame, he views the breaking wave,  
Then sinks—undaunted sinks in glory's grave !  
May *his* example every breast inspire,  
And kindle thro' the land our ancient fire ;  
For nought, as Shakespeare says, can make us rue,  
If Britain to herself will prove but true.”

The sense of these lines ought to be deeply impressed on every Briton's heart, therefore this repetition of them requires no apology.

The last dramatic novelty which appeared at Drury-lane theatre in the spring of 1781 was Mr. Andrews' comedy, called

Dissipation, in which Mrs. Abington performed the principal female character, Lady Rentless, and spoke a humourous epilogue, written by the author of the comedy. To prove that this play was inimitably performed, it is sufficient to add to the celebrated name of Abington, those of King, Palmer, Brereton, Aickin, Bannister senior, Baddeley, Suett, R. Palmer, Lamash, Waldron, and Parsons; Mrs. Cargill, Miss Kirby, Mrs. Love, and Mrs. Brereton, now Mrs. Kemble.

At Covent Garden, so late in the season as May 11th, Mr. Macklin produced his very excellent comedy, called *The Man of the World*, on that stage. This play had been performed in Dublin many years before, under the title of *The True-born Scotchman*. So much has been said of this comedy, in a recent publication\*,

\* The *Memoirs of Charles Macklin*, comedian, published by Mr. Asperne.

and of the merit of the author in the character of Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant; of Miss Younge, since Mrs. Pope, in Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt; of Mr. Lewis in Egerton; and of others who did justice to their respective characters, that any thing more might be deemed superfluous.

When the benefit night for Miss Phillips was fixed in April, 1781, all the elegant patronesses, who had encouraged her dawning abilities, graced her public performances with their presence, and those who had always received her, in her private character, with the most gratifying marks of kindness, then came forward, and proved themselves the sincere and active friends of merit and genius.

It may be remarked in this place, that Miss Phillips, by her theatrical engagement, did not forfeit the favour even of those ladies who had, previously, been the most against a public life. The ami-



able lady Lewes, then the lady Mayoress, had frequently honoured her young protégée with invitations to the Mansion-house, and exerted her influence to fill the boxes. The two amiable sisters before mentioned, although they had been peculiarly inimical to the proposal of a theatrical life for their beautiful young friend, yet her opposition to their wishes, on that point, did not in the least weaken their attachment; they continued to be her frequent companions both at home and abroad; and agreeable companions they were, being not only well educated and very sensible women, but they had also acquired an elegant fluency of expression, superior to the generality of their sex, which gave a fascinating charm to their conversation.

The opera of Lionel and Clarissa was chosen by Miss Phillips for her benefit, and, in the interesting character of Cla:  
rissa,

rissa, she first ventured to utter dramatic dialogue without the aid of music. Fearing that two characters might be too much for the memory of an actress so new to the stage, her father advised her to request the excellent farce of *Who's the Dupe?* written by Mrs. Cowley. The boxes were all taken, and the call for pit and gallery tickets added to the general run of the house, promised her an elegant and numerous audience; nor was she deceived, she had a brilliant and overflowing house.

In the stage-box, left of the pit, sat Sir Watkin Lewes, with his gold chain as Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and a large party. Many of the other boxes were *nobly*, and *all* were elegantly filled. Miss Phillips was received with the most encouraging plaudits. Her youth, beauty, and innate modesty, were exactly suited to the character of Clarissa, and she gave

it

it every charm of feminine delicacy, endeavouring to repress the various emotions of unrevealed affection, with all the firmness which the conscious rectitude of that affection impelled. How nobly did she sing the air composed by Vento—

“ Go—and on my truth relying—”

And how pathetically did she express the words of that, by Ciampi—

“ Why with sighs my heart is swelling,  
Why with tears my eyes o’erflow,  
Ask me not—’tis past expressing,  
Mute, involuntary woe!”

Throughout the whole she proved herself in this, her *second* character, not only a promising, but actually an excellent, actress, and she made her curtesy of thanks amidst the most gratifying applause. Mr. Mattocks was borrowed from Covent Garden theatre to perform Lionel that even—



evening. Messrs. Aickin, Dodd, and Parsons, were quite at home in Sir John Flowerdale, Jessamy, and Col. Oldboy. Mr. Bannister sen. in the honest Jenkins, did justice to Mr. Dibdin's music. Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Wrighten were excellent in Lady Mary Oldboy and Jenny. Miss Collet, and Mr. Fawcet, father to the present performer of that name, were the Diana and Harman.

Who's the Dupe? was too great a favourite to be deserted; the audience staid to see King, Palmer, Aickin, Parsons, Mrs. Brereton, and Mrs. Wrighten, the original Gradus, Granger, Sandford, Doiley, Elizabeth, and Charlotte, of this diverting farce, in the second act of which, Doiley, in speaking to Sandford, said as usual these words of regret—

“Aye, to be sure!—and I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that!—Lord Mayor of London!”

Before the repetition, Parsons raised himself on his toes, seemed swelling himself into a portly man, and then fixed his eyes on Sir Watkin Lewes, and with a look, which cannot be expressed, but well conceived by all who remember him, repeated his—" Lord Mayor of London." The eyes of Parsons directed those of the whole house; a general peal of applause was given to the actor, and then continued in honour of his lordship so pointedly, that he was obliged to stand up and bow his thanks for the unexpected and tumultuous salute, while the droll little Doiley enjoyed the success of his well-directed looks.

The Lord Mayor, when the opera was ended, sent for Mr. Phillips into his box, and both his lordship and Lady Mayoress kindly congratulated him on the merit and success of his daughter, and kept him in conversation with them for a considerable time.

time. This public mark of attention and favour to Mr. Phillips, on this occasion, reflected a brighter lustre over Sir Watkin and Lady Lewes, in the opinion of many observers, than annual or even hereditary titles can bestow, if the possessors of those titles want sense to discover abilities, or hearts to encourage them.

At the close of Drury-lane theatre for that season, Miss Phillips was engaged as first singer at the Theatre Royal at Liverpool, of which Mr. Mattocks was manager; and she accordingly set out, accompanied by her father and her aunt, for that sea-port, and with several letters of introduction to persons of great respectability who resided there.

Miss Phillips made her first appearance on the Liverpool stage, Monday, June the eleventh, in the character of Polly in the Beggar's Opera, and was received with the warmest marks of applause. To ap-



pear before a new audience, in a new character, must have been a task nearly as arduous as her first appearance at Drury-lane. An extract from a letter written to a friend at that period may not be unacceptable to the reader—

“ ——— We want words to express our hearty thanks to you for your recommendation of us to Mrs. L——, who is one of the most valuable of beings; so are her mother and sister, and indeed all their acquaintance. Your letter has been of infinite service to us, who have received every sort of civility in the power of friendly people to bestow; such treatment as can never be forgotten while a spark of gratitude exists. Mrs. L—— has had letters of comfort from Jamaica, and expects Captain L—— at the port of London in two or three months time, before when she will visit the metropolis to meet him;

him ; and you, who are her great favourite, will have the happiness, of seeing her among the earliest.—Nancy's performances are very much approved of here, and every one says, with *much* desert ; it becomes not me to say more.

——“ I have made an excursion, two Sundays running, about thirteen miles off, to Ormskirk, on horseback, which is the only relaxation or amusement I have had since my arrival ; and when we have the pleasure of meeting, may remember a sketch or two drawn in my passage, and coloured, as Mr. Keate says, from nature.—To the town's people it may be otherwise, but to us it is very dear living ; although, as the half-starved Porter in the *Duenna* declares, “ We ask no more than nature craves.”—I have received some proposals and receipts from Mrs. Crewe, and will do the best I can with them ; but slave-traders are not the most likely patro-

nisers of poor Sancho's memory or relicts.  
 —Well, never fear, we shall do better in  
 London \*.——I have subjoined a list of  
 Nancy's performances, and on what nights,  
 by which you may observe that she has not  
 been idle, and she is constantly received  
 with applause, and applauded at every  
 entrance and exit. And now, after re-  
 questing a continuance of your kind re-  
 membrance of us, I am, for self and co.  
 &c. &c.

P. PHILLIPS.

" Dawson-street, No. 1,  
 Liverpool, July 18, 1781."

#### THE SUBJOINED LIST.

" Monday, 11th June, Polly, Beggar's  
 Opera. — Saturday, 16th, ditto, ditto. —  
 Tuesday, 19th, Sabrina, (Bacchante song,

\* In regard to a subscription raising, at that  
 time, for the widow and children of Sancho, in  
 which Mr. Phillips took an active part.

" Would



‘Would you taste,’ &c. Pastoral Nymph, and Sweet Echo) Comus. — Thursday, 21st, Narcissa, Rival Candidates. — Friday, 22d, Patty, Maid of the Mill. — Monday, 25th, (song between the acts, in Cymbeline, ‘How imperfect is expression?’) Sabrina, and as before, in Comus. — Friday, 29th, Clarissa, Lionel and Clarissa. — Saturday, 30th, Gillian, Quaker. — Monday, 2nd July, ditto, ditto. — Wednesday, 4th, Clara, Duenna. — Monday, 9th, Clarissa, Lionel and Clarissa. — Friday, 13th, Roundelay of ‘Smiling love,’ &c. Dissipation. — Saturday, 14th, Rosetta, Love in a Village. — Wednesday, 18th, Clara, Duenna.

“To be performed, if God permit.”

Mr. Phillips said, with great truth, that his daughter had not been *idle*; for, according to this list, in fourteen nights performances

formances Miss Phillips appeared in *seven* different first-rate characters, besides the *three* characters, and the song of "Sweet Echo," in *Comus*, two of those nights; and a song and roundelay, in *Cymbeline* and *Dissipation*. This was an astonishing variety for so short a period; and the excellent manner in which she acquitted herself, established her fame in Liverpool.

Highly as Miss Phillips was admired in that city as a public singer, she was no less admired and esteemed for the rectitude of her deportment in private life; and many of the principal inhabitants in that mercantile town were happy to engage the lovely songstress and her sensible companions to be of their parties, and at her benefit they evinced their gratitude for the pleasure she had afforded them, not only as an actress, but as a guest. She had an overflowing house;  
and

and concluded her engagement for the summer, as she had begun it, to her own honour, and the entire satisfaction of the manager and the public.

During the summer season in the metropolis was produced, at the Hay-market theatre, a musical farce, called *The Dead Alive*, by Mr. O'Keefe; the overtures and airs composed by Dr. Arnold. This piece met with great success, and is one of the *five* which Mr. O'Keefe could not print in his dramatic works, published by subscription, in four volumes, in 1798. Those volumes were dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and have this prefatory address—

“ The author regrets, that an inconsiderate disposal of the copyright of his pieces, called, *The Son in Law*; *The Agreeable Surprise*; *The Young Quaker*; *The Dead Alive*; and *Peeping Tom*, to the late manager of the Hay-market theatre,



atre, prevents their appearance in this collection. However, should those of his compositions, which he is here enabled to give to the public, afford any gratification in the reading, it is derived from the kindness of Mr. Harris, proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in permitting the author to print them; the copyright of most of them he also having purchased.

“ To that gentleman, for this signal instance of generosity, as well as for many acts of friendship, the author thus publicly returns his most sincere and grateful thanks.

“ Teddington, Middlesex,  
June, 1798.”

The republishing this address may be a warning to dramatic authors in the disposal of their pieces to the managers, if any should read *this* work who have not  
seen

seen the volumes of O'Keefe's to which it is prefixed; but, at any rate, it is a grateful record of *generosity* and *friendship* which cannot be repeated, nor read too often.

The next piece which came out at the Hay-market was another musical after-piece, intitled *The Silver Tankard, or the Point at Portsmouth*, written by Lady Craven\* author also of *The Miniature Picture*, a comedy, *Poems, &c. &c.* This noble lady makes an honest-hearted British sailor the generous hero of a simple but interesting little story, adorned by some excellent songs, the music of which was partly selected, and partly new, by Dr. Arnold. It certainly not only evinces a correct knowledge of human nature, but also an excellent heart, when per-

\* This lady, celebrated for her wit and beauty, is now adorned with royal titles.

sonages of exalted birth condescend to amuse themselves and the public by displaying, in the characters of humble life, the most interesting and the noblest virtues of the mind.

On the evening of August the eighth, Mr. Colman entertained the town with a species of amusement as truly laughable as it was strange. A Preludio, as it was called, composed of various characters and three scenes, very humourously prepared the audience for a complete travestie of characters in the Beggar's Opera, which were performed as follows:—

Macheath, Mrs. Cargill; Peachum, Mrs. Lefevre; Lockit, Mrs. Webb; Filch, Mrs. Wilson; the Highwaymen, all *women*; Polly, Mr. Bannister, senior; Lucy, Mr. Edwin; Mrs. Peachum, and the Women, all *men*.

Mrs. Lefevre being but a slim woman, looked a little effeminate boy, more like  
the



the youthful clerk than like Peachum himself, and sung as she looked. Mrs. Webb, a gigantic masculine woman, was a portly looking Lockit; sung the songs and spoke the dialogue in a very manly style; played the part throughout with spirit, and actually took off all idea of the *travestie*. Mrs. Wilson also, though a very pretty little woman, appeared to be in reality as complete a young pick-pocket as could be found among the boys who lurk about the doors of a theatre, and sung her songs as if she had always frequented such society. Gay himself could never have wished for a better Filch. Mrs. Cargill looked short and thick, but appeared quite at ease in the male attire; acted the character of Macheath with great spirit in the gayer parts, and natural feeling in the more serious; and sung the songs as well as her truly feminine voice would let her, for she possessed judgment and taste.

taste. The rest were a strange looking gang of, not *highwaymen*, but little *pick-pockets*, and to see them armed to take the road was a laughable sight.

Yet, however laughable the *female* gentlemen were, Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Wilson excepted, the *male* ladies were far more so. Edwin's droll looks and awkward management of his petticoats, his love, his anger, and his distress in Lucy, the odd effect which his appearance, voice and manners gave the songs, was a combination of burlesque, which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; nor can it be conceived, even by those who knew Edwin in other characters, if they had *not* seen him in Lucy.

Any person who can recollect Mr. Bannister, sen. although they never saw him in the character of Polly, can easily imagine how his rough manly face must look in a female head-dress; and his tall, robust

robust form, in the delicate white robes of a young lady. His first appearance excited a tumultuous roar of laughter, while his grave, modest looks, and fine low curtsies, conspired to keep it up for a considerable length of time. Mr. Bannister, although he could take off Signor Tenducci in the song of "Water parted from the seas" very exactly, and performed Arionelli in *The Son in Law* throughout, both songs and dialogue, in falsetto, did not disguise his natural voice either in singing, or speaking, when he acted Polly: nor, except in holding up his train rather too high when he went off the stage sometimes, did he seem *wilfully* to burlesque the character. When he sung the songs all was silent attention, and the travestie was forgotten; he sung them *all* in his finest style, and the serious ones in his most pathetic; every word of the beautiful simile, "Virgins are like the fair  
flower



flower in its lustre," was heard perfectly, and his expression made every word reach the heart: in " Oh, what pain it is to part !" and several others, he was equally impressive, and received the warmest plaudits.

The evening's entertainment concluded with the grand ballet of Medea and Jason, most ludicrously burlesqued. Mr. We-witzer, in the figure of Punch, performed Creon ; Delpini made a droll Jason ; every character was rendered as truly ridiculous : but the laugh was kept up with comic ingenuity, and every being in the theatre seemed heartily to enjoy the fun of the night. The manager had the greatest cause to be satisfied with the success of his whim, which attracted immense crowds every night ; even their Majesties went to enjoy the laugh with their subjects.

The humourous O'Keefe alone could  
have

have succeeded, after such drollery, in keeping risibility alive; but *such* power had "The Agreeable Surprise;" another of the *five* farces not published with his works. Edwin's Lingo was found more naturally laughable than his Lucy; Mrs. Webb's Mrs. Cheshire superior to her Lockit; Mr. Bannister's Compton more in character than his Polly; to which was added the engaging simplicity of Mrs. Wells in Cowslip, and the delicate manner and charming vocal powers of Miss Harper in Laura; Mr. Wilson also claimed his share in the plaudits liberally bestowed on the performers; and the piece, which was the last novelty produced that season at the Hay-market theatre, met with unbounded applause.

Soon after the winter theatres commenced their entertainments, Mr. Holcroft brought out his *first* dramatic piece, the comedy of Duplicity, at  
Covent

Covent Garden theatre, with great success.

October the twenty-ninth, Allen Ramsey's charming Pastoral, called The Gentle Shepherd, altered by Mr. Tickel, was produced as an after-piece, and of course greatly reduced. Its interesting story was, however, carefully preserved, as were the Caledonian costume and phrases, as much as possible. Although Mrs. Cargill did great justice to the airs, yet she certainly did not *look* the Patie of Allen Ramsey; she appeared a short and clumsy figure by Mr. Du Bellamy, in Roger, who is supposed to be an awkward clown to Patie. It is impossible to read that Pastoral without forming an idea of the Gentle Shepherd: you are told that in all athletic sports he comes off the victor by Peggy, in these words, judiciously *left out*—

“For none can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee;”  
of



of course fancy presents to your eyes a tall, robust, but finely-formed young man; and The Caledonian Shepherd seemed far more burlesqued, in *appearance*, by Mrs. Cargill, than Captain Macheath was; for a little fat man may ride a good horse, and snap a pistol, when, if he attempted to putt the stone, wrestle, or run a race, he would lose for want of height and agility. In short, the Pastoral was *acted*, but the *Gentle Shepherd* was no where to be seen, while a little clumsy plough-boy sung his songs: nor can it possibly cast an improper reflection on the memory of that unfortunate and much lamented lady, to say, that although she sung and acted well, she could not look like a tall, robust Scotchman \*. A Miss

\* Mrs. Cargill lost her life at sea, being a passenger on board the Nancy East-India packet, when it was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, in 1784.

Wheeler, from the Theatre Royal, Bath, played Peggy; Mrs. Wells, Jenny; Mr. Dodd, Bauldy, excellently: indeed, it was well acted throughout, and received with general applause.

The Pastoral was followed by a farce, called The Divorce, written by Mr. Jackson, author of All the World's a Stage. This piece was extremely well acted, by Messrs. Palmer, Moody, Suett, Parsons, Mrs. Wrighten, Mrs. Hopkins, and Miss Farren, who introduced a very pleasing little air, and spoke an epilogue. Mr. Palmer spoke the prologue. The whole was very favourably received.

Miss Phillips, who had returned to her home in Drury-lane, and her engagement at the theatre, had given many proofs of the astonishing improvement she had acquired, as an actress, during the summer season. At this period she was representing the Goddess of Beauty in the masque

masque of King Arthur, which was got up in a superb style, and acted repeatedly. Miss Romanzini, now Mrs. Bland, was the Cupid to the Venus of Miss Phillips. Mr. Smith performed King Arthur; Miss Farren was a most interesting Emmeline: a dramatic critic praised her highly in this character, when he said—

“ But the sightless sweet Emmeline, that’s her *chef d’œuvre*.”

The following elegant compliment was inserted in one of the daily papers during the run of the masque—

TO MISS PHILLIPS, ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF VENUS, IN THE MASQUE OF KING ARTHUR.

“ Methinks I see you in your iv’ry car,  
Sparkling in gems, like the bright morning-star;  
In purple cloth’d, your head with roses crown’d,  
And your moist hair with golden fillets bound;



Drawn by your doves, as thro' the air you fly,  
The winds, enamour'd, breathe a gentle sigh,  
E'en Boreas faintly dims the glassy sky ;  
As, to the bless'd abodes, you floating move,  
All heaven, all earth, harmonious, sing their love."

In November, Mr. Jephson brought out, at Covent Garden theatre, his tragedy, intituled *The Count of Narbonne*, taken from the *Castle of Otranto*, and rendered a more probable story. *Father Austin* was performed by Mr. Henderson; *Theodore*, by Mr. Lewis; the *Count*, by Mr. Wroughton; *Hortensia*, by Miss Younge; *Adelaide*, by Miss Satchell; *Bianca*, by Mrs. Morton. This tragedy was indubitably well *acted* then, and continues to be a stock play.

At Drury-lane theatre, about the same time, came out the tragedy called *The Fair Circassian*, taken from Dr. Hawkesworth's *Eastern Tale of Almorán and Hamet*. It

was adapted to the stage, by Robert Pratt, Esq. was elegantly got up, and most interestingly performed. Almorán, Mr. Palmer; Hamet, Mr. Smith; Omar, Mr. Bensley; Ali, Mr. Packer; Osmyn, Mr. R. Palmer; and Caled, Mr. Farren. Almeida was performed by Miss Farren, and her attendant, Crisanthe, by Miss Simpson. It was received with very great applause. Two prologues were written for this piece; a very good one, which was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. and an elegant one by Miss Seward, which was given too late. The epilogue was written by the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and spoken excellently by Miss Farren, who never looked more lovely than in the character of the Fair Circassian: she gave also, to many of the speeches, all the pathos they required. In the seventh scene with Almorán she was very interesting; and spoke the

G 3

the following soliloquy in a most affecting manner—

“ Oh, barbarous, barbarous man!—inhuman tyrant!—

Then they must die!—Well, well, I will not weep—  
Am I not very patient, righteous gods?

Am I not very calm?—Yes, let them bleed,

The pitying heavens shall open to receive them.

Bleed!—who bleed?—My lord, my *love*, my father!

Oh, shrouding darkness, hide me from the sight!—

And I—I murder them!—What can I do?

Point out the path to me, some kindly power,

Instruct my staggering senses how to act,

And save the innocent from the assassin!—

It shall not be—I cannot bear the thought—

Oh! I will save their lov'd, their precious lives!

Prevent the fatal blow, or with them die!”

Yet, well as she could play the gentler parts in tragedy, she never seemed perfectly at home except in elegant and lively comedy; her face, “where Heaven had stamp'd a smile,” could not endure the restraint



restraint of gloomy sadness for five long acts.

This month also gave Miss Phillips an opportunity of shewing herself in a new character ; for, on the thirteenth of December, was performed *The Carnival of Venice*, a comic opera, written by Mr. Tickel. Many of the songs in this piece so perfectly resemble, in poetic beauty, those which adorn the *Duenna*, that they declare themselves to be the offspring of the same Muse. The song of Mr. Bannister, as a gondolier, was charming, particularly the change in the music, so perfectly adapted to these words—

“ And while the moon shines on the stream,  
And as soft music breathes around;  
The feathering oar returns the gleam,  
And dips in concert to the sound.”

Mrs. Cargill, as *Marrinetta*, a Venetian girl with a hurdy-gurdy, had two beautiful

ful ballads: one very gay, "In my pleasant native plains;" and one as sadly pathetic, "Young Lubin was a shepherd-boy." Mrs. Wrighten, and Messrs. Dodd, Suett, and Parsons, gave great spirit to the opera. Mr. Du Bellamy sung the following air, selected for its delicacy of sentiment, with great taste:—

" By adverse fate, when beauty sighs,  
A mingled claim our bosoms prove;  
'Tis virtue graced with gentler ties,  
'Tis pity soften'd into love.

" Bless'd, doubly bless'd, his transport glows,  
Whose pity can each joy refine;  
When from that god-like source it flows,  
The gen'rous passion is divine."

Miss Phillips, in the character of Emily, niece to Sir Peter Pagoda, Mr. Parsons, gave the most pathetic expression to the very tender air, "Ah! think me not unfeeling

feeling, love ;” and to the following simple beauty :—

“ The gentle primrose of the vale,  
Whose tender bloom rude winds assail,  
Droops its meek leaves, and scarce sustains  
The night’s chill snow, and beating rains.

“ ’Tis past—the morn appears—sweet spring  
Returns, and hills and vallies sing—  
But low the gentle primrose lies!  
No more to bloom—no more to rise!”

These little poetical beauties will harmoniously breathe the name of Sheridan to the ear of taste as an apology for their revival : but *taste* will require no *name* ; genuine *merit* is a sufficient passport. The Carnival of Venice was very gay, lively, and interesting, and excellently performed, therefore did not fail of success.

The Christmas holidays were enlivened with two pantomimes for the amusement of  
the



the rising generation, during their joyous recess. The Choice of Harlequin, or the Indian Chief, was a very pleasing and *moral* pantomime, as some natural scenes of distress follow Harlequin's wild pursuit of Pleasure, whom, until he is made sensible of his error by repeated misfortunes, he prefers to Virtue. Edwin sung a humourous song, as the Keeper of Bridewell. Virtue and Pleasure had their appropriate airs; and two good sea-songs, suited to the naval affairs at that period, were well sung in character. This entertainment was performed at Covent Garden theatre.

The Ghost of Lun, a pantomime, was exhibited at Drury lane theatre, and chiefly selected from the pantomimes of Mr. Rich, late patentee of Covent Garden theatre, famous for his compositions of pantomimes, and for his performance of Harlequin under the name of Lun.

The

The different success<sup>2</sup> of the two pantomimes will be explained by the following epigram, extracted from a respectable monthly publication of that time—

## EPIGRAM.

“Pr’ythee, Brinsley,” says Harris, “how fares  
Master Lun?”

Does the town seem to relish this *posthumous* fun?”

“Ah, no!” replied Congreve, “they crowd to you  
most;

YOUR CHOICE is the ton, so I’ll give up the GHOST.”

The year 1782 produced no dramatic novelty, until the ninth of February, when Mrs. Cowley brought out a comedy, called *Which is the Man?* excellently acted by the principal performers at Covent Garden theatre that season, and splendidly adorned by the manager with new scenes and dresses, which, added to the intrinsic merit of the comedy, obtained it universal applause from a brilliant audience.

Nearly at the same time a comedy, called *Variety*, written by Richard Tickel, Esq. was produced at Drury-lane theatre, and performed by Messrs. Brereton, Smith, Palmer, R. Palmer, Bannister jun. Parsons, Baddeley, Burton, and King; Mrs. Abington, Miss Farren, Mrs. Brereton, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Hopkins. This was the last *new* piece in which Mrs. Abington performed on the Drury-lane stage, as she shortly after went from that theatre to Covent Garden. The names of the performers in *Variety* sufficiently declare how well it was acted; therefore it is needless to say any more, than that the comedy supported its *name*, and acquired universal applause. The prologue was written by Mr. Tickel, and spoken by Mr. King, and the epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Abington.

Operas and musical after-pieces afforded Miss Phillips occasional opportunities of



of exercising her charming talents, and gaining continually on the favour of the public; while her increasing beauty, at that time nearly approaching its brightest lustre, attracted many admirers; but all their praises, all their assiduities, were in vain, her own heart remained perfectly free. An intimate friend, who had observed that a young gentleman entertained a very serious, but, at the same time, a very hopeless passion for Miss Phillips, addressed some lines to her upon the subject, which lines, though ninety-two in number, were inserted in a daily paper of that time: the name of the paper is totally forgotten; but so fashionable was the fair subject of those lines, that the paper was called for with such avidity, that a second edition of it was obliged to be printed in the course of the day. As the poem in question was not thought too long for a news-paper, it will scarcely be deemed

deemed so for this work. Every person who remembers Miss Phillips at that period of her life, will confess that the portrait is an exact copy from *nature*.

## TO MISS PHILLIPS.

“ When blushing morn had tinged with rosy dye  
The dark-grey mantle of the eastern sky,  
O’er the young grass, in yonder budding grove,  
I strayed, to hear the warblers chant their love.  
From spray to spray the wing’d musicians flew;  
When, lo ! a pensive youth appear’d in view ;  
His folded arms, slow step, and voice I knew. }  
’Twas hapless Corydon, the love-sick swain :  
Unseen I listened to this tender strain—

‘ Cupid, come, make no delay,  
From your Paphos haste away.  
Let, oh, let fair Anna’s charms,  
Bless your constant vot’ry’s arms !’

Thus he sung ; when, from above,  
Flew the little God of Love ;  
Who said—‘ Fond Shepherd, tell me why  
To me you call, to me you sigh ?

I can

I can give you no relief;  
For, alas! I speak with grief!  
I met one day that lovely thief:  
\* My mother's beauteous form she bore;  
Her bright celestial robe she wore;  
I, being weary, flew to rest,  
As usual, on her snowy breast.  
Her looks were soft, her accents mild;  
She kiss'd me—call'd me pretty child—  
With gentle hand untied my quiver—  
I scrupled not my bow to give her;  
And thus disarm'd, I fell asleep—  
But wak'd next morn, to sob and weep;  
When I discovered, to my cost,  
My bow was gone, my arrows lost!  
The *real goddess* stood beside me,  
And most severely did she chide me!  
She said—"It ne'er will be believ'd,  
That Cupid could be so deceiv'd;  
Was ever, say you, stupid elf,  
Mortal so lovely as myself?  
You've finely given away your darts!  
No longer styl'd the God of hearts;

\* Alluding to her performing Venus in the masque of King Arthur.



But baby's play-thing—trifling toy—  
A little harmless, whim'ring boy!

- Know, son, that from that luckless hour,  
'Tis Anna reigns with Cupid's pow'r,  
That fav'rite of Parnassus' God!  
You blockhead! you deserve a rod."

Then in a pet she flounc'd away,  
And I in sorrow pass'd the day.  
I knew you lov'd the charming maid;  
I heard you oft invoke my aid.  
Obedient to your call I came—  
Only a deity in *name*.

All power supreme, alas, has left me,  
Since Anna of my shafts bereft me!  
Then, gliding thro' the yielding air,  
He left the Shepherd in despair.

- ' Ah!' cried the fond, the hopeless lover,  
' No dawn of hope can I discover!

When Anna sings, Attention's ear  
Thinks 'tis the music of the sphere—  
'She looks, she moves, and I adore her,  
Without the courage to implore her.  
No giddy, light, fantastic airs,  
In her enchanting form appears;  
Sweet innocence, and artless grace,  
Heighten the charms of Anna's face:

Her

Her modest blush—her look serene,  
Thro' which the virtuous mind is seen,  
Conspire to captivate my soul,  
Nor reason can their power controul.  
Still must I sigh, and love in vain,  
And know no period to my pain;  
Since Cupid's darts, by Anna thrown,  
Will pierce all bosoms, but her own.'

He ceased—and sunk upon the dewy ground;  
With willows scarcely green his head was crown'd.  
' Alas ! poor Shepherd !' to myself I said,  
' Hard is thy fate to love this pow'rful maid ;  
Yet, was she kind to thee, how many more  
Would thus in lonely walks their case deplore ?  
With silent step, unseen I stole away,  
Leaving poor Corydon to grief a prey.  
Pleas'd with the adventure, to my pen I flew,  
In haste t' impart what Cupid said to you.  
Oh, never let him have his shafts again !  
So shall your heart be ever free from pain.  
Preserve them safe, lest the sly god should steal  
them,

And, in return, make your soft bosom feel them.  
While they are your's, tho' Envy oft may vex ;  
Love cannot triumph o'er the *female* sex ;  
They will have cause fair Anna's pow'r to bless,  
Tho' all mankind her potent charms confess."

This

This spring Mr. O'Keefe brought out his farce, called *The Positive Man*, at Covent Garden theatre, in which were introduced two songs: one sung by Mrs. Martyr, "Love, thy silken banners wave;" and the pathetic ballad, "Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear," by Mrs. Kennedy. Edwin spoke a very clever prologue in the character of Lingo; and played Rupee, a fashionable coxcomb, in the farce, which was well performed throughout, and well received.

At Covent Garden theatre, also, came out, about a month after, Mr. Mac Nally's farce, intitled *Retaliation*, which did him infinite credit, particularly as a first production, as it obtained the warmest plaudits; as did also a spirited prologue, spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes with great animation: it alluded to the war and British bravery, in lines calculated to inspire heroic ardour; among which were these:—

• " Britain,



“ Britain, secure from all *intestine* harms,  
Is confident against the *world* in arms.”

A most inspiring idea *this* for Britons—  
may it be ever verified!

So late in the season as either the end of April, or the beginning of May, Mr. Pillon's opera, called *The Fair American*, was brought out at Drury-lane theatre. The music of this opera was Mr. Carter's. The characters were as follow:—

Admiral Dreadnought, Mr. Bannister; Colonel Mountfort, Mr. Palmer; Summers, Mr. Du Bellamy; Bale, Mr. Parsons; Carbine, Mr. Suett; Swiss Servant, Mr. Waldron;—Angelica, the fair American, Miss Phillips; Charlotte, Miss Wheeler; Rachel, Mrs. Wrighten; Kitty Dreadnought, Mrs. Hopkins; Mrs. Summers, Miss Sherry.

What few songs there were in this opera, though sung well, had no very great effect,  
except

except Dreadnought's, which *then* and *now* were songs to fascinate a British audience. The first verse of one ran thus :—

“ Ye gallant souls, that beat so high,  
With England's glory in each vein,  
From *his* example learn to die,  
Whose honour never knew one stain.”

And another ended with these words—

“ Old England's wooden walls our toast shall be.”

Such songs, sung by Bannister, could not fail ; they were applauded, encored, and still applauded. The *Angelica* of Miss Phillips was very interesting ; so were her two songs, for she had but *two*, and a share in two duets. The *whole* opera contained scarcely more songs than *one act* of the *Daenna* ; and although Palmer looked and played Mountfort's character charmingly, yet songs were indubitably  
wanting

wanting to render the lover, in an opera, complete. It was, however, upon the whole, received with applause, as it was well supported both by the singers and the speakers.

This season Vauxhall opened with a tribute to the memory of Mr. Vernon, who had for many years been a favourite singer on Drury-lane stage in the first line. He came out so young, that he is styled, in some old books, Master Vernon. As the original Cymon, in Garrick's dramatic romance of that name; as Azor, in the fairy tale of Selima and Azor, and various other characters, he must be well remembered by many; and, also, as a singer at Vauxhall Gardens. He was a very pleasant and an agreeable singer, but not a *fine* one; and as an actor, he had great spirit. The writer of this witnessed two instances of cheerful goodnature, which cannot be forgotten:—  
Being



Being one evening at Vauxhall, when a very sensible and sprightly little boy was of the party, Mr. Vernon sung a song of humour, which delighted the child to a degree of rapture: he laughed, he applauded, he encored; and when he had heard the song a second time, he begged to go round to see Mr. Vernon descend from the orchestra; he was indulged in the wish, and Mr. Vernon no sooner beheld the boy at his side, than he said—"Young Sir, permit me to shake hands with you; though, in truth, you had like to have spoiled my singing by the extraordinary attention you paid to my song." Then turning to the parents of the child, he continued—"I could not help observing, with astonishment, that this little creature actually *led* the laugh, the applause, and the encore, with propriety and spirit. This young leader in public will certainly be an eminent character

when

when he grows to manhood." Mr. Vernon was known to the party *only* in his public character, and they were perfectly strangers to him: the boy was between five and six years of age, and had been raised in his father's arms above the throng, therefore was very conspicuous to Mr. Vernon, whose prediction in regard to the *young leader* is *verified*, as he now ranks high, though but a young man, in an honourable profession, and he remembers the pleasure he felt when Mr. Vernon sung, and when he shook hands with him.

The other instance of Vernon's good-humour was evinced at Drury-lane theatre, one evening, when he sat in a box conspicuous to the audience, while Mr. Bannister, sen. took him off in the song, "You gave me one day a young linnet," in Cymon, and he was one of the first to applaud his excellent imitator, and to join  
in

in the laugh excited at his expence, and  
“ Bravo, Bannister! —bravo, Vernon!”  
echoed from all parts of the house. Mr.  
Bannister was, indeed, an *imitator*; he  
sung *exactly* like the person whom he  
imitated; he strengthened no faults; he  
caricatured no peculiarities, and displayed  
his own imitative talent without the least  
ill-natured ridicule. Mr. Bannister, jun.  
followed, in this point, the example of  
his father, and imitated speakers in the  
same liberal manner; while many bur-  
lesqued *faults* and *peculiarities*, who  
wanted abilities to *imitate* any thing like  
*perfection*.

The tribute paid to the memory of Mr.  
Vernon was in a Prologue Cantata, writ-  
ten by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. author  
of various dramatic pieces, and sung by  
the gentleman who succeeded Mr. Ver-  
non as singer at Vauxhall Gardens, as we  
think, a Mr. Arrowsmith; the music to  
the



the cantata was by Mr. Barthelemon. The lines concerning Mr. Vernon were these—

## RECITATIVE.

“ With trembling voice, with fond, tho’ timid lay,  
Beneath these shades I make my first essay,  
An humble suppliant, favour to implore—  
Alas! your former fav’rite is no more!  
On this glad spot he tun’d his early song;  
Cheer’d by your fost’ring smiles, he tun’d it long.  
While life remain’d, your Vernon charm’d your ear,  
And his last grateful notes were echo’d here.

## AIR.

While, fraught with fancy, mirth, and whim,  
His genius did our cares beguile,  
Shall we not drop a tear for him,  
Who oft for us has rais’d a smile?

So jovial he join’d in the catch,  
So lively appear’d, and so mellow;

With ‘ Stop thief!—I’ve lost my watch!’—

Or, ‘ Sir, you’re a comical fellow!’

But well you rewarded his song,

And highly you honour’d his cause;

Attending each night in a throng,

And giving unbounded applause.”

In another recitative, and an air of four verses, the singer then pleaded for himself.

This season Miss Phillips chose the opera of *The Maid of the Mill* for her benefit, with the musical entertainment of *The Chaplet*. She performed *Patty* in the first piece, in which *Mr. Barrymore* was the *Lord Aimworth*; and *Laura* in the after-piece. Never had the *Maid of the Mill* a more charming representative; never was *Laura* rendered more interesting. *Mrs. Cargill* was the gay libertine *Damon*: she sung the songs *well*, except “*Push about the brisk bowl*;” in that, with truly feminine affectation, she turned out of the song the poor inoffensive *ass*, which for years had brought up the rear in every verse, and substituted an *ess* throughout, although they called from the galleries — “*Speak properly — what the devil is an ess?*”

Miss

Miss Phillips again accepted of an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, for the summer of 1782, where she was received with pleasure, acquired increased applause, and added new friends to those whom she had already obtained.

The novelties at the Theatre Royal in the Hay-market commenced that year with, *None are so Blind as Those who won't See*; an after-piece, with songs, written by Mr. Dibdin, the music by Dr. Arnold. This farce was much applauded, particularly the character of Caterpillar, a virtuoso, by Mr. Wewitzer, which satirized an extraordinary personage of that day, who called himself Doctor Katterfelto; nor was his wonderful Black Cat less celebrated.

This was followed by a comedy, called *The East-Indian*. The story is interesting, and it was extremely well performed. The principal characters were—



Edmonds, Mr. Bannister, junior; Col. Irnwood, Mr. Palmer; Savage, Mr. Bensley; Mr. Cecil, Mr. Wilson;—Emma Cecil, Mrs. Inchbald; Harriet Sidney, Mrs. Bulkeley; Mrs. Cecil, Miss Sherry.

Mr. Bannister, junior, was the East-Indian, and looked and played excellently. Mr. Palmer spoke a prologue, written by Mr. Colman, very appropriate to the name.

Soon after was performed a farce, called *The Candidate*, by Mr. Dent. This piece was well supported by the comic strength of the house, and excited repeated bursts of laughter and applause. Mr. Palmer spoke a very good prologue, alluding to the word *Candidate*, in which the famous Doctor Katterfelto was again introduced as follows—

“ In physic many Candidates we meet,  
Who bring the dead to life in every street:

A Can-

A Candidate, half lost in smoke and vapour,  
Great Katter-Devil, fills the morning paper;  
'Vonders!' he cries, 'Good peoples, Vonders!  
Vonders!

My solar microscope, hails, rains, and thunders!"

Much about the same time, also, was represented a pantomime, intitled, Harlequin Teague, or the Giants' Causeway, which exhibited several capital changes and very excellent scenery; and in *that* entertainment, among the various changes, the wonderful philosopher Katterfelto once more appeared upon the stage, in his exhibition, to the great delight of the audience, who most vehemently applauded Mr. Wewitzer, who, dressed as Doctor Caterpillar, again exactly personified that extraordinary character: they also bestowed loud plaudits on the instantaneous change of a noted gaming-table to a dove-house full of pigeons. Satirical humour, and the introduction of well-known.

known characters upon the stage, judiciously managed, never fails of obtaining applause, and it was hard to say, whether the Genius of Nonsense, in which were grouped another of the most *wonderful* doctors, his giants, his babies, and his goddess of health, or Harlequin Teague, with his Katterfelto and his black cat, received the most applause. It is amazing to see the machinery of pantomimic changes so extremely well conducted, on so small a stage, as it always is at the Hay-market theatre. The last mentioned entertainment concluded the novelties of the summer season.

Great alterations and improvements had been made in Covent Garden theatre during the summer; the roof was heightened eight feet, a ventilator, over the pit, agreeably refreshed every part of the house, and the audience expressed their admiration at finding themselves on  
its



its first opening in a new and beautiful theatre, which conferred equal honour on the liberality and taste of the manager.

No alteration took place either in the exterior or interior of Drury-lane theatre; but it possessed once more a treasure, of whose intrinsic value, a few years before, it seemed to have had no conception; this treasure was Mrs. Siddons, who appeared in the character of Isabella, in *The Fatal Marriage*, on the 10th of October, and such was her fascinating power, that the ladies were in fits, and the gentlemen in tears; yet so anxiously was the agony she caused sought after, that she played to crowded houses. But the inimitable excellence of this lady is too well known in the present day, and has been recorded so repeatedly, both in prose and verse, that what more can be said? only *this*, that in the winter of 1782, the public

lic voice pronounced Mrs. Siddons to be matchless in tragedy, and that in the winter of 1806, the public voice, with equal justice, still pronounces Mrs. Siddons to be *matchless in tragedy*.

Miss Phillips, who had been welcomed back to several of her old characters with the most gratifying applause, on November the 6th made her appearance in a new one, Nancy, in Mr. Dent's farce of *Too Civil by Half*. Two or three songs were merely introduced for Miss Phillips, who did great justice to Mr. Hooke's music, which was very pretty, and received great applause. Messrs. Palmer, Baddeley, and Parsons exerted their well known talents, as did Mrs. Hopkins. Mr. Palmer spoke a prologue to the piece, of a popular turn, which was very well received, and prepared the audience to give the farce at least a *civil* reception, but they seemed *enchanted* with nothing but the airs, particularly

ticularly the last, which was universally encored and applauded. Even Mr. Hooke declared that it was impossible for any person to have sung it better than Miss Phillips: this was not said to *herself*, but to a party with whom that admired composer was at the representation of *Too Civil by Half*.

At Covent Garden theatre, at that time, came out *The Castle of Andalusia*, a comic opera of three acts, written by Mr. O'Keeffe. The music was partly selected, and partly composed, by Dr. Arnold. The names of Wilson, Mattocks, Reinhold, Quick, and Edwin, as the leaders of many other respectable performers; Mrs. Kennedy, Signora Sestini, Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Harper, will prove how excellently it was supported. It was completely and expensively got up, and the whole performance did equal credit to the manager, the performers, the com-



poser, and the author, who were all amply rewarded by the repeated plaudits of an immense audience.

December the 11th, was performed, at Drury-lane theatre, a farce, entitled, *The Best Bidder*, written by Mr. Andrews, who has so happily portrayed his characters in the choice of their names, that in reading the one we behold the other.

Sir Tedious, Mr. Parsons; Count Bam, Mr. Palmer; Lord Beauboot, Mr. Dodd; Capt. Standard, Mr. Barrymore; Snare'em, Mr. Baddeley; Inkhorn, Mr. Suett; Skip, Mr. Chaplin; — Arabella, Mrs. Bulkeley; Mrs. Brocade, Mrs. Wrighten.

This little piece contained much bustle and humour, and gave great satisfaction to the audience. Mrs. Wrighten introduced a song, "A soldier, a soldier, a soldier, for me," which she sang with so much spirit, that it was encored, and loudly applauded. Mr. Palmer spoke a prologue,  
excellently

excellently written by Capt. Topham, with great humour.

About the middle of this month, Mrs. Abington made her first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of the Widow Belmour, as we think, and spoke a charming address on the occasion, in her truly elegant and expressive manner. She received, as usual, the most unbounded applause from every part of the crowded theatre; the brilliant appearance of the boxes shewed that fashion followed wherever *she* was to display her comic powers, and Mr. Harris had every reason to be pleased with his acquisition.

Miss Phillips was very sorry when Mrs. Abington quitted Drury-lane theatre, because she could not have so many opportunities of seeing that charming actress, for she had made it a rule to be at the theatre on the nights of her performing, and

and not having the freedom of Covent Garden theatre, she feared more difficulty would attend her going, as on the night's of Mrs. Abington's acting no orders ever were admitted but her own and the manager's. One day, speaking on this subject to a friend, Miss Phillips said—  
“ Mrs. Abington does not know how I love her ! she does not know how I have looked up to her for improvement ! if she *did*, such, as I have heard, is her delight in doing good, that I am sure she would give me an order every night she performed, that I might still pursue my study of her and nature. But no matter : thank Heaven, she is not gone out of my reach ! I cannot see her *gratis*, to be sure, but I can for a few shillings ; and my good father never yet refused to *pay* for my *instruction*, so see her I shall.”

The last novelty, in the year 1782, was the interesting little opera, called *Rosina*,  
written



written by Mrs. Brooke. The story is taken from the beautiful episode of Palemon and Lavinia, in Thomson's *Autumn*. The songs are remarkably pleasing: the music is by Mr. Shield. It came out at Covent Garden theatre, and was thus performed—

Mr. Belvile, Mr. Bannister; Capt. Belvile, Mr. Brett; Rustic, Mr. Davies; Irishman, Mr. Eagan;—William, Mrs. Kennedy; Phœbe, Mrs. Martyr; Dorcas, Mrs. Pitt; Rosina, Miss Harper.

The performers did every possible justice to their respective characters. Most of the songs were encored. The piece went off *then* amidst universal plaudits, and *still* maintains a powerful influence over the public whenever it is performed.

At the beginning of the year 1783, Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *The Scornful Lady* made its appearance at  
Covent

Covent Garden theatre, with excellent alterations, under the title of *The Capricious Lady*, and was very favourably received in its more polished form. In the preface to the altered play are these words, the repetition of which is due to existing excellence :

—“ In respect to the performers, I should feel myself deficient in common gratitude, were I to send this comedy into the world without acknowledging my very singular obligations to them.

“ To Mrs. ABINGTON I principally owe every degree of applause with which this piece has been honoured, as it was this lady, who combines an excellent understanding and great dramatic knowledge with her well-known theatrical talents, who first suggested to me the idea of an alteration ; and the success has fully justified her opinion. Her judgment did not rest here, but displayed itself more fully  
in

in the representation of the heroine, in which she discriminated a number of contending passions with an *ease of manners*, and a *delicacy of colouring*, as, if possible, have added to that reputation which has so justly placed her at the head of the comic line.

“ Mr. WROUGHTON conceived and executed the part of the Elder Loveless in the true spirit of the writing. In many places he did even more: like a skilful painter, choosing the most favourable situations to set off and embellish the portrait. Mr. LEWIS, likewise, not only did every degree of justice to his part, but shewed an attention in getting up the comedy that does him credit as a deputy-manager. In short, my thanks are due to the whole of the performers, who exerted themselves in such a manner as to hold out a pleasing assurance to every author



author that his talents will be well supported in their hands.

“ I lastly beg leave to make my acknowledgments to the PUBLIC for their very flattering and *uninfluenced* approbation, as by it they not only give a pleasing proof they still retain a proper relish for *strong character* and good old *English humour*, but that they think the *drama*, like the constitution, must be occasionally brought back to its original principles, to guard against the innovations of *frivolity* and a *false taste*.”

The prologue was written by the reviver of the comedy \*, and spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes, who also acted Welford. The epilogue was written by Mr. Colman, and spoken by Mrs. Abington. It begins by a description of the ladies in

\* Mr. Cooke.

“ Queen

"Queen Bess's reign," and mentions them, in this elegant simile—

"Their virtue nought could shake, no siege could alter;

A rock impregnable, as is *Gibraltar* !

In vain were sighs, and tears, and idle flatt'ry,

Their red-hot balls laid low each hostile batt'ry ;

While they, bright stars, above all weak comparison,  
Shone forth the female ELLIOTTS of the garrison."

Then, after describing modern wives and misses, concluded with these heart-felt lines—

"Would you a spotless maid or wife be known,  
Shew the young virtues, rip'ning or full-blown,  
Mark how they prop and dignify the throne !

Rival their goodness with a loyal strife,  
And grace with royal virtues private life."

January the twenty-eighth, the tragedy of *The Mysterious Husband*, written by Mr. Cumberland, was acted for the first time, at Covent Garden theatre, with great

great applause, and has continued a stock play. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes; the epilogue by Miss Younge, who also played the principal female character in the tragedy; Miss Satchell another interesting part; and Messrs. Henderson, Lewis, Wroughton, Aickin, and Yates, were the principal men in the piece.

The same month, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, came out also Lord Mayor's Day, or a Flight from Lapland, a pantomime, with airs, duets, chorusses, and a grand procession of the several companies, with their respective pageants and the chief magistrates of the city of London, from A. M. 2855 to A. D. 1566. In this procession, not only the famous Whittington, but his no less famous Cat was introduced: that noted good mouser was brought in, lying very comfortably upon a crimson velvet cushion, fringed with gold, to the great delight of the little spec-



spectators, who were rejoiced too see an old friend so highly honoured. The pantomime gave great satisfaction to the whole house, and contains such an excellent historical chronicle of city events, agreeably personified, that it might very well be performed annually, like the Lord Mayor's show. The music was composed by Mr. Shield, the pantomime by Mr. O'Keeffe.

Also, at Covent Garden theatre, February twenty-fifth, was performed the comedy called A Bold Stroke for a Husband, written by Mrs. Cowley. The story is Spanish, full of bustle and interest. The chief performers were, Messrs. Wroughton, Lewis, Wilson, Quick, and Edwin; Mrs. Mattocks, and Mrs. Wilson. The whole went off very successfully. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Whitfield; the epilogue, ending with a song, was well spoken and sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

March

March the 24th, Miss Phillips made her appearance in a new farce, called *The Adventures of a Night*, written by Mr. Hodson, and brought out at Drury-lane theatre. The names of Palmer, Barrymore, Bannister junior, Baddeley, and Parsons, tell how excellently the male characters were sustained. Miss Phillips, to whom, of course, a song was given, was a prominent character in the piece, and played and sung with taste and spirit. Mrs. Hopkins also did great justice to the part allotted to her; and the audience seemed entertained with the *Adventures of a Night*, which was the last *new* piece performed at Drury-lane that season; in the course of which one new tragedy, intitled *The Fatal Interview*, had made its appearance at that theatre, but even the powers of a Siddons could not support it long.

The last piece produced at Covent  
Garden

Garden that season was the farce of Tristram Shandy, well selected by Mr. Mac Nally from the popular work of Sterne, so called. The audience beheld their old friends thus excellently personified:—

Mr. Shandy, Mr. Hull; Uncle Toby, Mr. Wilson; Corporal Trim, Mr. Edwin; Doctor Slop, Mr. Wewitzer; Obadiah, Mr. Fearon;—Widow Wadman, Mrs. Kennedy; Susanna, Mrs. Wilson.

The piece was well dressed, well acted, and the characters received the cordial welcome of old esteemed friends. The marriage of Uncle Toby with his beloved widow concluded the farce, and was hailed with hearty congratulations. The prologue, written by Mr. Chalmers, and spoken by Mr. Whitfield, described the various hobby-horses of mankind. The epilogue was a song composed by Mr. Arne,



Arne, and charmingly sung by Mrs. Kennedy: it closed with a chorus.

This season Miss Phillips chose to try her power in a speaking character at her benefit, and fixed on Mr. Cumberland's excellent comedy, *The West Indian*, in which she played the very interesting character of Louisa Dudley; and as she possessed in *herself* every delicate charm which it required, she rendered it a highly finished portrait of polished nature, and attracted applause from every part of the crowded theatre. Miss Farren looked charmingly in the lively and elegant Charlotte Rusport. In the musical after-piece of the Quaker Miss Phillips played Gillian, and Mr. Bannister senior, for *that* night, returned to Drury-lane theatre, to take his old part of Steady, which he performed so excellently! for he was then engaged at Covent Garden theatre. The benefit of Miss Phillips, in 1783, evinced,

evinced, in every respect, that she increased in favour and fashion as rapidly as she did in her dramatic talents and her personal charms.

Never did *Time* glide more smoothly over any human being than he did over Miss Phillips, during these first seasons of her dramatic career: she was happy at home, cheerful abroad, and the approbation of the public rendered her perfectly at ease in her professional duties. She still continued perfectly indifferent to all admiration and praise, except what concerned her acting or her singing, and that she was always anxious to obtain. In those days, the lines in the *Children of Thespis* would have been more applicable to the tranquil state of her mind, than they were at the period in which they were written three years after—

“ When *Æolus* ruffles the wings of the wind,  
The sapphire-plum’d *Halcyon* flits to her mind,”

for

for then, indeed, it might have “ nestled with peace.”

Mr. Daly, the manager of the Theatre Royal in Smock-alley, Dublin, having heard of the fame of Miss Phillips, engaged her to perform the summer of 1783 at his theatre ; and she accordingly set out, accompanied by her father, for Ireland, at the close of the London theatres.

Among the many introductory letters which Mr. and Miss Phillips took over with them to persons of consequence in Dublin, was one from the celebrated Doctor Johnson, which was always mentioned with peculiar gratitude by both father and daughter. The Doctor's letter was afterwards printed in Mr. Boswell's life of that learned man, as one instance of the active benevolence of his disposition. *There* it stands, amidst a thousand things equally worthy the attention of the reader ; but if it be reprinted in this little



work, among so many inferior objects, it will shine with brighter lustre, and appear a more interesting tribute to the memory of those for whom it was written ; it shall, therefore, be inserted as a necessary appendage, and a brilliant adornment to this part of these memoirs.

“ TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.

“ SIR,

“ The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss Phillips, a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

“ Mr. Phillips is one of my old friends ; and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do any thing that can disgrace their benefactors, I take the liberty of intreating you to countenance and protect them ; so far as may be suitable to your station and character ; and shall consider myself as obliged by any favourable

notice which they shall have the honour of receiving from you. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

“ London, May 31,

SAM. JOHNSON.”

1783.”

Miss Phillips had also an introductory letter to Mr. Wilder, who had been for many years the first singer at Smock-alley theatre, and a very great favourite of the public: his first wife came out with him in the same line; they were the Macheath and Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*; and when Macheath says to Polly—“ I take Polly for life, for we were *really married*,” Mr. Wilder was always particularly applauded for the impressive manner in which he spoke those words, and for the affectionate look that accompanied them. Mrs. Wilder was reckoned a very pretty and a genteel woman: she was a pleasing singer, but had rather a formality

mality in her deportment and manners, both on and off the stage, which was ascribed, and no doubt very justly, to that lady having been brought up a Quaker, and that sect were in general far more precise in their dress and behaviour at that period than they are at present. Mr. Wilder was the second husband to this lady: her first, by whom she had one daughter, was a physician. Mr. Wilder's second wife was a lady of genteel fortune, and nearly related to nobility. In the career of his dramatic profession, he had the misfortune to break his leg; and the benefit which he had after that accident, evinced how highly he was esteemed in Ireland, and the grateful liberality of a people, ever ready to reward the talents which have been exerted to afford them pleasure; for on his benefit night such crowds thronged to the theatre, that an immense number of his tickets could not



gain admittance, from the immediate overflow of the house after the doors were opened; and the manager, equally grateful to one who was so useful a performer, generously gave another night for the free admission of all Mr. Wilder's unentered tickets.

Mr. and Miss Phillips found in Mr. Wilder and his second wife very kind and serviceable friends at their first arrival in the city of Dublin, although Mr. Wilder, from a defect in his gait, in consequence of his unfortunate accident, had given up the profession of acting for that of scene-painting, to which he had been brought up. In describing their first visit, Mr. Phillips used these words—"We were conducted through a pretty garden, and found this amiable man seated with his wife and children in a bower; and, in consequence of your kind letter, were received most cordially by him and Mrs. Wil-

Wilder\*, and we have every reason to be grateful for our introduction to a gentleman of whom the public in general speak with the highest regard."

The fame of Miss Phillips had preceded her; the Hibernians were prepossessed in favour of the English beauty; and when the night of her first appearance on the Dublin stage arrived, the theatre was crowded, and she was received by a generous people, who love to foster the blossoms of genius, with enthusiastic rapture.

Various were the compliments, in prose and verse, which appeared in the daily papers after she had performed: her loveliness and her singing inspired every bard to say something in their praise. One scrap of prose, selected at that time for its singularity, deserves, for the same rea-

\* Mr. Wilder's second wife.

son, a place here: it was printed in a paper called The Freeman's Journal:—

“ A theatrical correspondent advises all dramatic and musical connoisseurs, who propose to attend Smock-alley house on the nights Miss Phillips performs, to guard well their hearts, as so sweet a countenance, elegant person, and ravishing voice, are scarcely found in a century to unite so powerfully in one young lady. Our correspondent, likewise, advises all ladies, who are not perfectly secure of the affections of their *caro sposos*, and every Stella, who has not absolutely fixed the love of her Strephon, to apply immediately to parliament to except from the articles of free trade, by an *ex post facto* law, the importation of this captivating syren.”

Tragedy at this time was ably supported by Mr. Kemble, who had acquired great fame in Ireland by his excellent acting in



a variety of first-rate characters; and Mr. Phillips was too just an admirer of fine talents not to praise with ardour so bright a genius; he was also anxious to become acquainted with one whose professional judgment evinced an uncommon understanding. A sociability soon commenced between the two gentlemen. Miss Phillips profited by their sensible discourses on dramatic writings and performers; and surely the remarks of Mr. Phillips on former actors must have been rendered doubly pleasing to Mr. Kemble, by being made in the presence of a youthful beauty: as they were neither of them blind or insensible, it was impossible for them to meet without admiring each other for personal and professional attractions; yet there are various reasons which seem entirely to contradict the supposition of their having had a more serious attachment than *friendship* for each other, even at that period,

period, when the Dublin and London papers were continually adding their marriage to the lies of the day.

The Theatre Royal in the Hay-market opened, in the summer of 1783, with an occasional Prologue, written by Mr. Colman, and extraordinarily well spoken by Mr. Palmer. After running over the various novelties given to the public by his predecessors, including Mr. Foote, Mr. Colman closed the prologue with these humble and interesting lines—

“ Their humble follower feels his merit less,  
Yet *feels*, and proudly boasts, as much success.  
Small tho’ his talents, smaller than his size\*,  
Beneath your smiles his little *Lares* rise:  
And, oh! as Jove once grac’d Philemon’s thatch,  
Oft of our cottage may you lift the latch!  
Oft may we greet you, full of hope and fear,  
With hearty welcome, tho’ but homely cheer!

\* George Colman, Esq. the father of the present author of that name, was a very little man.

May

May our old roof its old success maintain,  
Nor know the *novelty* of your disdain!"

On the fifth of July was performed a comedy, called *A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed!* written by Mr. O'Brien, and supported by the strength of the house, powerful as the season before. The piece, being three acts, possessed a sufficient share of interest, business, and comic humour, to keep the audience in very good temper. The prologue, being sent too late, had the disadvantage of *reading*; yet Mr. Palmer *read* it *well*, and it pleased. It was written by Dennis O'Brien, Esq. and told the audience that the play—

"Once on *two* legs it *crept*, then *crawled* on *four*,  
And now it *limps* on *three*, as once before:  
Unfix'd its title too, as well as frame,  
For as its figure chang'd, it chang'd its name."

The epilogue, written by Mr. Colman, may be called an elegant and interesting poem,



poem, and was well recited by Mrs. Bulkeley.

Mr. O'Keeffe's comedy, intituled *The Young Quaker*, came out soon after. This is another of the five pieces not published with his works. A respectable publication, at the time the *Young Quaker* was first performed, spoke of it thus—"It exhibits an infinity of fun, arising from a pleasant mixture of ingenious equivoque, pointed witticism, and strong humour, the natural offspring of a pregnant fancy and a luxurious imagination." All that can be said after *this*, is, that the performers and the manager did it every possible justice which lay in their power, as did also the audience on *their* part. Both the prologue and the epilogue were written by Mr. Colman: the former, possessing great humour, was spoken by Mr. Palmer; the latter was spoken by Miss Frodsham, as Dinah, and was beautifully suited

suited to the character of an amiable Quaker.

So soon as the twelfth of August did Mr. O'Keeffe bring out another dramatic piece, called *The Prince of Arragon*. This was written in compliment to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and as such performed on his birth-day. This little drama is extremely interesting, and is enriched by some very pretty airs, which were charmingly sung by Miss George and Mrs. Bannister. Mr. Palmer played the Prince. In O'Keeffe's works this piece is called *The Birth-day, or the Prince of Arragon*, and is distinctly dedicated to the Prince of Wales. The dedication contains some elegant compliments on his birth.

This was the first *new* performance in which Miss Harper took the name of Bannister, and to both names she has been an honour: her conduct while single was

irreproachable, and it has been equally irreproachable in the marriage state. On the stage she was a charming singer, and a very interesting actress. She soon quitted the theatre, to act the amiable characters of an excellent wife and mother at home.

“ To the duties of *social* life she's retir'd,  
Who, private or public, is prais'd and admir'd ;  
Who gladly proportions her will to her need,  
And to bless, and be bless'd, make the whole of her  
creed ;  
Thanks the gods that her measure of joy is complete,  
As the tumults of life lie in chains at her feet.”\*

Mr. Palmer spoke a prologue to the Birth-day, or the Prince of Arragon, which was an elegant tribute of loyalty from the pen of Mr. Colman.

On the next night, the thirteenth, a

\* Extract from her character in the Children of Thespis,

farce,



farce, called *The Receipt Tax*, written by Mr. Dent, was performed for the first time, a very busy whimsical little piece, full of laughable equivoque, extremely well acted. The prologue was written by Mr. Turner, alluding to the Receipt Tax, and gave scope for the droll humour of Wilson, who spoke it. This was the last *new* piece performed at the Hay-market theatre that season.

Covent Garden theatre, which opened at the usual time in the winter of 1783, with farther improvements in the lobbies and stair-cases, presented the public with a new musical farce, called *Gretna Green*, by Mr. Stuart, which, besides the run-away plot, introduced a record of General Elliott's celebrated and glorious conduct on September the thirteenth, in 1782, and the humanity of Curtis, in a song, by Mr. Bannister, senior.

Drury-lane theatre, at the opening, appeared

peared in new and elegant decorations; and on the thirtieth of September the stage was adorned with Mr. Kemble, in the difficult character of Hamlet; and he evinced such a just sense of the author, that he was applauded almost for every speech, from all parts of the crowded theatre; and the enraptured audience, when *he* had no more to say, insisted on the curtain being let down: a compliment scarcely ever paid to a performer. The extraordinary abilities of this gentleman for tragedy, added to those of his inimitable sister, rendered Drury-lane theatre the Temple of Melpomene.

When Miss Phillips returned to her professional engagement in London, she expressed herself warmly in the praise of Mr. Kemble's abilities as an actor, and professed a sincere friendship for him in his private character, which she always represented as very amiable; but she  
never

never appeared to have a more *tender* partiality for him. To the friend who wrote the lines, alluding to Venus and Cupid, she said—

“ You will be delighted with Mr. Kemble when you see him act, for he is astonishingly great—And I can tell you, that you would be very vain, if you had heard him praise the poem which you wrote on me.”

“ Indeed,” replied her friend, “ I should *not*, as I know that it is the *subject* alone which makes Mr. Kemble, and many others, think the lines worthy their notice ; therefore, if *you* escape vanity, I am in no danger. How felt *your* heart at his praises ?”

“ Perfectly calm, I can assure you. I admire Mr. Kemble, and I esteem him ; and I believe he may do the same by me ; but *love* is quite out of the question.”

There is every reason to believe the  
truth



truth of this assertion. From the first period of their acquaintance to the close of her days, an uniform friendship subsisted between them, in every change of situation; a circumstance which rarely attends the attachment of *love*, after it has been broken on either side.

Mr. Stephen Kemble, as well as his brother, visited her, at that time, on friendly terms, and continued to do so during her life. This gentleman, very soon after the above mentioned period, married Miss Satchell, a very amiable lady, who was a sweet singer, and an excellent actress.

One day, when the conversation turned on supernatural appearances in the night, when Mr. S. Kemble happened to be present at Mr. Phillips's, he said that he had once felt himself extremely surprised by a nocturnal visitor, when he lay at an inn. It was about three in the  
morn-

morning, and, being summer, light enough to distinguish objects, when he heard something moving in his chamber, and presently beheld at the side of his bed a dwarf, singularly habited, who gazed in equal astonishment at him: but as small objects are not so terrific as large ones, Mr. S. Kemble recovered first from his surprise, and raising himself up in the bed, asked the little figure what he was, and what he wanted in his room. The dwarf assuming courage, replied—"I am, as you may perceive, sir, a dwarf, come to be shewn at the fair to-morrow. I have mistaken the chamber, no doubt, and was frightened when I saw you; who are a giant, come, I suppose, to be shewn for a sight at the fair like myself."

Mr. S. Kemble told this little story with great humour. Miss Phillips was highly diverted at the time, and frequently repeated

peated the story, as she called it, of the Dwarf and the Giant.

She also mentioned frequently, with gratitude, the spirited conduct of Mr. John Kemble, when they were performing at Cork. Mr. Phillips being confined by the gout, had requested Mr. Kemble to conduct his daughter home after the play was over, during his confinement. One evening, however, some young officers, belonging to a regiment quartered in that city, chose to contend for the honour of seeing the beautiful Miss Phillips safe to her lodgings; and accordingly, when she went to her dressing-room, stationed themselves in the passage through which she was obliged to return, and as they were rather more elevated than, perhaps, they might have been *before* dinner, they disputed concerning their rights to the temporary honour of being her conductor



so loudly, that the fair subject of their dispute locked herself into her dressing-room; and when Mr. Kemble sent to inform her that he was waiting for her, she replied to his messenger, through the door, that she would not leave her room until the officers had quitted the theatre, as she was resolved not to pass them. Upon this they were politely desired to quit the passage, in which they had stationed themselves, as the doors of the theatre were going to be shut. They said they would not leave the house until Miss Phillips did, as they were waiting to attend her. Mr. Kemble, hearing this, took his sword, and, passing through them, said, with dignity and firmness—  
“Gentlemen, Mr. Phillips, who is confined by illness, has requested me to conduct his daughter from the theatre; and, as gentlemen, I trust you will not molest her; for be assured, I shall maintain the  
the

the trust reposed in me." He called Miss Phillips, and told her, that her father was anxious for her return, as it was late, and assured her that she would pass without interruption. The trembler, scarcely assured, ventured forth; but, when she beheld the officers, would have ran back to her room, if Mr. Kemble had not held her fast, and said—"Be under no apprehension, I am resolved to protect you from interruption. If any gentleman is dissatisfied with my behaviour, I will meet him, if he pleases, to-morrow morning, and if he can *prove* it to be *wrong*, I shall be ready to apologize for it." This firm and manly conduct rather checked the violent spirit of the contenders, who suffered Miss Phillips to pass with her calm and fearless protector. But in the morning, the commanding officer, having heard of the confusion his inferior officers had occasioned, called on Mr. and Miss Phillips,

Phillips, and told them that he was extremely sorry any persons under his command should act so unbecoming the character of gentlemen, and assured them that the aggressor or aggressors should make whatever public apology they required. Miss Phillips told him, that all she required was, that in future the gentlemen would go from the theatre with the rest of the audience, and leave her to go home quietly with her father, or whoever he should appoint to conduct her. This was promised; and, during her stay in the city of Cork, was strictly adhered to. Mr. Kemble's prudent, yet spirited conduct, on that occasion, was highly spoken of, even by those whom it restrained, when reason regained her dominion over their senses. This affair was in itself sufficient to raise the report of a particular attachment between Miss Phillips and Mr. Kemble.

The



The first appearance of Mrs. Siddons, that season, was in *Isabella*, by command of their Majesties. The canopies and all the adornments for the royal boxes were entirely new and very superb.

In October, a very grand and interesting dance, called *The Rival Knights*, a dramatic romance, was performed at Covent Garden theatre, with great success. And, soon after, Mr. O'Keeffe brought out, at the same theatre, his charming little opera of *The Poor Soldier*, which was most excellently performed.

Capt. Fitzroy, Mr. Bannister; Dermot, Mr. Johnstone; Darby, Mr. Edwin; Father Luke, Mr. Wilson; Bagatelle, Mr. Wewitzer;—Patrick, Mrs. Kennedy; Norah, Mrs. Bannister; Kathleen, Mrs. Martyr.

The music of this favourite piece is by Mr. Shield. It was received with unbounded applause, most of the songs were

encored, and it still continues to delight the public whenever it is acted.

November the third, at Covent Garden theatre, also, came out a comedy, intituled The Magic Picture, altered from Massinger, by the Rev. Mr. Bate, now Mr. Bate Dudley, who has modernised and refined the dialogue nearly throughout, and added new airs and choruses which had a fine effect, and were greatly applauded. Messrs. Wroughton, Quick, Wilson, and Edwin, represented the chief male characters. Miss Younge was the principal female.

At Drury-lane theatre, December the sixth, a comic opera, called The Metamorphosis, written and composed by Mr. Jackson, was brought out. In this opera Miss Phillips, Miss George, and Mrs. Wrihten, were the principal females. Messrs. Barrymore, Dodd, and Suett, the principal male characters. Several of the  
airs

airs were encored, and the piece was applauded throughout.

At Covent Garden theatre, on the thirteenth of the same month, came out *More Ways than One*, a comedy, written by Mrs. Cowley, who lost no fame by this play. The plots were well managed; the performers did great justice to their respective characters; and the comedy was received with every mark of approbation. Mr. Bonnor spoke a lively prologue, in the character of Mercury, and Miss Younge spoke the epilogue.

At Covent Garden, also, for the Christmas holidays, was got up a pantomime, called *Friar Bacon, or Harlequin's Adventures in Lilliput, Brobdignag, &c.* invented by Mr. O'Keeffe; and the satisfaction which the spectators expressed at almost every scene, gave him no reason to repent the playful indulgence of his fancy. The music was by Mr. Shield.



Mr. Bannister and Mr. Reinhold both sung in the pantomime, and the airs and choruses were much applauded.

Drury-lane theatre did not produce the pantomime of Harlequin Junior, or the Magic Cestus, until January the seventh, 1784. This piece exhibited a more regular, and consequently a more interesting story of Harlequin and Colombine, than is usual. But the last scene, representing the Siege of Gibraltar, and the destruction of the floating-batteries, by General Elliott, was gloriously terrific, and the plaudits of a British audience at such a scene of triumph for Old England could only be excelled in noise by the sound of her destructive guns. There were good airs and choruses introduced in this pantomime by spirits, magicians, and sailors; among which, one pretty air, alluding to the second title, "The Magic Cestus," ended thus—

"Good-humour's soft grace is the Cestus of Love."

And the following, which ought to be impressed on the minds of Britons, not only received shouts of applause, but the whole house joined in the chorus. It was sung by the performers, habited as British sailors:—

## AIR AND CHORUS.

“ Old England, to *thyself* be true,  
Firm as this *rock* thy fame shall stand;  
The sword that Elliott—Curtis drew,  
Be never wanted through the land.  
Join then this prayer—Our foes shall rue,  
Let England to herself be true!

“ Tho’ foes on foes contending throng,  
And dreadful havock threaten round,  
Thy flaming bolts shall whirl along,  
Throughout the world thy thunders sound.  
Nought then on earth shall make *us* rue,  
Let England to herself be true!

“ What tho’ no grand alliance share  
Each warlike, *envied* deed of thine,  
’Tis *doubly glorious* thus to dare  
Against the world in arms to shine.  
Nought then shall make Britannia rue,  
Let Britons to themselves be true!”

The

The alteration of a few words would render this song as popular *now* as it was two and twenty years ago ; and may British valour, and British loyalty, ever afford glorious scenes for the English theatres !

February the fourteenth was represented, at Drury-lane theatre, a new comedy, called *Reparation*, written by Mr. Andrews. Messrs. Parsons, Dodd, Brereton, Moody, Baddeley, Farren, Lee Lewes, Packer, and Bannister, jun. represented the male characters in this play ; and Miss Pope, Mrs. Brereton, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Farren, the female ; therefore it was certainly *well* performed ; and, except an expression which the town supposed to have a political allusion, the comedy was received with the plaudits of approbation. The prologue and epilogue were both written by Edward Topham, Esq. The former was spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes, in the character of an old wo-

K 2

man,



man, with great humour; the latter was spoken by Miss Farren, with charming vivacity.

Another pantomime, called Harlequin Rambler, came out at Covent Garden theatre about this time, with airs and choruses: the music by Mr. Shield.

At Drury-lane theatre, in March, was represented a musical after-piece, intituled The Double Disguise, written by Mrs. Hook, and composed by Mr. Hook. The characters were performed as follows—

Lord Hartwell, Mr. Barrymore; Sir Richard Evergreen, Mr. Parsons; Tinsel, Mr. Dodd; Sam, Mr. Burton; — Miss Dorothy Evergreen, Mrs. Hopkins; Rose, Mrs. Wrighten; Emily, Miss Phillips.

In this little opera were some very pleasing airs, and an interesting character for Miss Phillips, which gained her great applause, as she exerted her fine talents to do every justice to both the author and  
the

the composer. Mrs. Wrighten also performed her part of an Irish Chambermaid, and sung her songs, with spirit; and the piece was received with universal approbation.

Miss Phillips had not very frequent opportunities of exerting her abilities in *new* performances; and it was much regretted, that, with the author of the excellent opera of the Duenna for its manager, Drury-lane theatre had not afforded her a character and songs far superior to the generality of those new pieces in which she performed; but a member of the British senate had not time to play on the lyre of Apollo.

At the end of March, or the beginning of April, Counsellor Mac Nally produced his very entertaining opera of Robin Hood, or Sherwood Forest, composed by Mr. Shield,\* and thus performed—

Robin Hood, Mr. Bannister; Little  
John,

John, Mr. Quick; Ruttekin, Mr. Edwin; Fitzherbert, Mr. Booth; Scarlet, Mr. Brett; Allen a Dale, Mr. Davies; Bowman, Mr. Bates; Edwin, Mr. Johnstone;—Clorinda, Mrs. Martyr; Stella, Mrs. Kemble; Margaret, Mrs. Kennedy; Annette, Mrs. Wilson; Angelina, Mrs. Bannister.

This opera was a combination of old ballads, rendered extremely interesting by excellent music, scenery, and performers, and received the most deserved applause. This piece was the last novelty at either of the winter theatres in 1784.

Miss Phillips had as usual an elegant and overflowing house on the night of her benefit, on which was performed *The Clandestine Marriage* and *Comus*. In the first she played the interesting character of Fanny Stirling, and in the second, the Pastoral Nymph; sang "Sweet Echo,"



Echo," &c. as before mentioned. In the comedy, where Fanny is supposed to faint, from the inattention of those who were to have supported her, Miss Phillips fell, and her head struck with great violence upon the ground, and greatly alarmed those who were upon the stage and the audience; but although she severely felt the blow, she expressed no sign of uneasiness, and went through the character with all the interesting delicacy which it requires.

Besides this speaking character, Miss Phillips had performed Emily in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of *The Runaway*, and, as we think, Adelaide in the *Count of Narbonne*; and her fine speaking voice, beautiful figure, and interesting manners, rendered her very charming in every character she performed. At the close of the season she went again to Ireland, accompanied by her father.

It is worthy remark that Covent Garden theatre that season closed with a *poetical* address to the audience, written and spoken by Mrs. Abington, in these few expressive lines:—

“ The play concluded, and this season o’er,  
When we shall view these friendly rows no more;  
In my *own character* let me appear,  
To pay my warmest, humblest homage here.  
Yet how shall words those shadowy signs reveal,  
The *real* obligations which I feel?  
Here they are fixed, and here they ne’er shall part,  
*While memory holds her seat* within my heart!  
This for myself.—Our friends and chief behind,  
Who bear your favours with a grateful mind,  
Have likewise bid me, as their proxy, own  
Your kind indulgence to their efforts shown;  
Efforts, which, warm’d by such a fost’ring choice,  
Again shall doubly court the public voice;  
Till when, with duteous thanks, take our adieu,  
’Tis meant to all—to you \*, and you †, and you ‡;  
Hoping to find you here in the same places,  
With the same health, good spirits, and kind faces.”

\* Pit,

† Boxes.

‡ Galleries.

Mr.

Mr. Colman, upon opening his theatre, took the advantage of a late violently contested election for Westminster, to exhibit the hustings once more, in a prelude called *The Election of the Managers*, a little piece replete with temporary humour. And on June the 19th, Mr. Colman, junior, presented the *first* offspring of his fancy to the public, under the title of *Two to One*, a musical comedy, which was thus performed:—

Dupely, Mr. Wilson; Capt. Dupely, Mr. Bannister; Sir Thomas Townly, Mr. Baddeley; Young Townly, Mr. Palmer; Beaufort, Mr. Bannister, junior; Dicky Ditto, Mr. Edwin;—Charlotte, Mrs. Bannister; Tippet, Miss George.

The overture and airs were the composition of Dr. Arnold, and were greatly liked, as was the piece, for the first production of so young a man, as it certainly promised much in future from the genius



of its author, nor did it deceive the public. The prologue, written by his father, and spoken by Mr. Palmer, deserves a place here.

“ To-night, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,  
An untrain’d youth, a new advent’rer, sues;  
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,  
Takes his first flight, half-fledg’d, upon the stage.  
Within this little round the parent bird  
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;  
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,  
Your kind applause made music of his note.  
But now, with beating heart and anxious eye,  
He sees his vent’rous youngling strive to fly;  
Like Dædalus, a father’s fears he brings,  
A father’s hopes, and feign would plume his wings.  
How vain, alas ! his hopes ! his fears how vain !  
’Tis *you* must hear, and hearing judge the strain.  
Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name,  
Your frown’s a sentence, your applause is fame.  
If humour warms his scenes with genial fire,  
They’ll e’en redeem the errors of his sire;  
Nor shall *his* lead—dead ! to the bottom drop,  
By youth’s enliv’ning cork buoy’d up at top :

If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,  
Pleas'd with his spirit, you'll forgive his youth.  
Should sire and son be both with dulness curst,  
And Dunce the second follow Dunce the first,  
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,  
And damn him for *a chip of the old block.*"

July the 7th Mrs. Inchbald also brought forth her *first* dramatic offspring, *The Mogul Tale, or Descent of the Balloon*, an after-piece, in which she performed a character, being then engaged at Mr. Colman's theatre. This little piece possessed much humour, and was received with such general applause, that Mr. Colman was tempted to read a comedy written by the same author, which, from a neglect too common among managers, had lain nearly three years in his possession unregarded: he approved of the comedy, and promised to bring it out the next season. Therefore *The Mogul Tale,*

Tale, although the *first* which appeared, was the *second* drama written by that lady.

In August, Mr. Holcroft brought out an opera, called *The Noble Peasant*, something in the nature of *Robin Hood*, and was thus performed:—

Leonard, Mr. Palmer; Earl Walter, Mr. Aickin; Harold, Mr. Riley; Anlaff, Mr. Gardner; Earl Egbert, Mr. Parsons; Adam Bell, Mr. Bannister; Clym o' the Clough, Mr. Brett; Will Cloudeslee, Mr. Davies; Fool, Mr. Edwin;—Dwarf, Miss Brett; Edwitha, Mrs. Bannister; Adela, Miss George; Alice, Miss Morris.

The story of this opera is interesting; the performers, Dr. Arnold the composer, and the manager, did it ample justice. Some of the airs were very charming.

August the 18th the tragedy of *Lord Russel*,



Russel, written by Mr. Hayley, was performed for the first time, as follows:—

Russel, Mr. Palmer; Cavendish, Mr. Bannister, junior; Charles the Second, Mr. Aickin; Duke of York, Mr. Williamson; Spencer, Mr. Davis; Bedford, Mr. Bensley;—Lady Margaret Russel, Miss Kemble; Lady Russel, Miss Woolley.

This tragedy was received with approbation by a very brilliant audience. Mr. Palmer, who acted the part of Lord Russel remarkably well, spoke a prologue written by Mr. Colman.

It is rather extraordinary that another tragedy, on the same subject, written by the Rev. Doctor Stratford, was performed immediately after, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain at Drury-lane theatre, but with very little success.

A farce

A farce, called 'Hunt the Slipper, the first production of a young clergyman, Mr. Knap, came out on the twenty-first of August, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. It was a whimsical and pleasing trifle, well sustained by the performers. Songs were introduced for Wilson and Edwin, which they executed in their usual droll manner. Mr. Bannister, jun. spoke a very good prologue most excellently.

Mr. Hayley, so late in the summer season as September the second, presented the public with his comedy in *rhyme*, called The Two Connoisseurs, which far exceeded, in the representation, the opinion that the town had formed of it. Mr. Colman wrote a prologue to this play for Mr. Wilson to speak in the character of Bayes; and Mr. Topham wrote an epilogue for Miss Farren: both were appropriate, and extremely well spoken.

Mr.

Mr. O'Keeffe's farce of Peeping Tom was brought out on the sixth of the same month. *This is one* of the five pieces not printed with his other works. It was inimitably performed, and possesses interest as well as comic humour. Some very pretty airs enliven this entertaining after-piece, which was universally applauded *then*, and still continues to excite mirth, and obtain applause, whenever it is acted. Peeping Tom was not only the *last novelty* brought out at Mr. Colman's, but the last drama performed that season at the theatre, which closed at the usual time.

During the summer of 1784, Miss Phillips, then in her highest bloom of beauty, gained many admirers in Ireland; and two very serious lovers—one who, like a despairing maniac, followed her steps, actually endeavoured, not being able to win her affections by his vehement professions,



sions, to terrify her into loving him, by threatening to destroy both her and himself, if she persisted in refusing him, and said, that if he could not get nearer to her, he would shoot her from the pit when she was on the stage, and then shoot himself. The next night she was to perform, after she had heard this desperate resolution, she was told that he was in the pit, and near the stage. Proper officers of justice were sent for, and the unfortunate young man was secured during the time of her acting. Miss Phillips heard, some time after, that the friends of that unhappy man had prevailed on him to leave Europe. She always spoke of that distracted being with a mixture of terror and compassion.

The other lover, whose heart she had won, loved her with the purest and most disinterested affection: he was ardent, and sincere in his professions; he thought,  
and

and with reason, that she was formed by nature to grace the highest station, and formed the resolution of raising her to *his*. They were both under age: he was the heir to a great fortune and title; his father, of course, had high matrimonial expectations for him; but love, all-powerful love, overcame his filial duty, and triumphed also over *hers*. She suffered herself to be prevailed on to marry that young gentleman clandestinely; and with her brother, who was then in Ireland with them, and her own maid, she accompanied her lover to the altar of a Roman catholic chapel; but, the moment he declared his name, the priest refused to marry him without the consent of his father. Another was tried; but his name was too well known in the kingdom for any priest to marry him, as he was under age.

Disappointed, but not less determined, and apprehensive of a pursuit, the lover  
con-

conveyed his lovely prize, by the most unfrequented roads, along the coast, in order to take their passage to Scotland. Her brother and her maid, who had been her only confidants, still accompanied Miss Phillips in her flight.

They arrived safe in the port, but no vessel was ready to sail; and there they were obliged to wait for some time, and kept themselves as secret as possible. The vessel was laden, every thing was prepared for their voyage, and the time fixed for their going on board: they then thought themselves secure; when, behold, the father of the young gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Phillips, arrived at the inn with a numerous retinue! All hopes of concealment or escape were at an end; the house was surrounded: the two fathers entered the room, where the lovers were lamenting their fate; and their situation is easier to be conceived than described.



scribed. The lovers were separated: the minor heir was compelled to obey paternal authority, and tear himself away from the agonized object of his tenderest affections.

Mr. Phillips was not a rich man; he was adorned with no title, but that of an *honourable man*, who disdained the idea of his daughter stealing herself clandestinely into a family who would consider the alliance of the heir with an actress as a disgrace. He had observed the young gentleman's attachment; but as the season of her playing in that kingdom was nearly over, he hoped absence would obliterate the impression his daughter had made on so youthful a heart, as he never suspected that she would take the step she did, and was extremely surprised and alarmed at the disappearance of Miss Phillips and her attendant, for he knew not, at first, that his son was of the party; and

and, guessing the lover with whom she had eloped, he went immediately and informed his father, who, highly applauding the honourable and disinterested conduct of Mr. Phillips, set out with him in pursuit of their fugitive children with all possible expedition, and overtook them just in time to prevent their marriage—to rend two hearts asunder which pure affection had united, and to destroy at once all the bright prospects of conjugal felicity which mutual love had promised: and this was effected by a high sense of family dignity on the side of one parent, and the innate principles of *true honour* on the side of the other.

“ Let high birth triumph! what can be more great? Nothing—but merit in a low estate\*.”

Thus *justly* thought a noble English Earl, when he gave his hand to a beauti-

\* Young. The Universal Passion, Sat. 1st.

ful and virtuous young actress; nor has he dimmed the lustre of his coronet by his choice. But *he* was of *age*, and fortunately could choose for himself, and *insure* his own happiness.

Mr. Phillips loved his daughter too well not to say and do every thing in his power to alleviate her sufferings in the cruel situation into which his zeal for her honour had precipitated her: he made every allowance for the feelings of her wounded heart, and was far more angry with his son for encouraging and assisting her in taking such an imprudent step, than he was with his daughter, who was much younger, and who, blinded by *love*, had forsaken the paths of *duty*, from which, until that time, she had never strayed for a single moment.

Hoping that a change of scene would divert her melancholy, Mr. Phillips returned immediately to England with his daughter;



daughter ; and as the time for which they had taken their lodgings in Drury-lane was expired, he persuaded her to reside in Charles-street, St. James's-square, with the youngest of the agreeable sisters before mentioned, the eldest having married a clergyman, with whom she had left the kingdom, he being preferred to a chaplainship abroad ; and Mr. Phillips reasonably thought that so circumstanced, the friends would be an acquisition to each other, until he had suited himself and daughter with another lodging.

Miss Phillips did find herself as happy in the society of that lady as any situation in England could have made her ; but various exaggerated and false reports, concerning the affair in Ireland, had arrived before her, and were continually adding to her vexation, which was not a little increased by her happening to play Emily in the Double Disguise, the first night  
of

of her appearing on Drury-lane stage, by her imagining that Mrs. Wrighten, in the character of an Irish Chamber-maid, addressed a song to her in a more pointed and arch manner than she had ever done before, and that the audience enjoyed and applauded the joke. With this painful idea, poor Miss Phillips with difficulty supported herself on the stage while Mrs. Wrighten sung the song twice, for it was universally encored. The first verse runs thus :—

“ Each pretty young miss, with a long heavy purse,  
Is courted, and flatter’d, and easily had :  
She longs to be taken for better or worse,  
And quickly *elopes* with an *Irish lad*—  
To be sure—she don’t like a brisk Irish lad.”

Those who knew the susceptibility of a wounded heart, will not wonder that Miss Phillips should *feel* this trifle ; and it was certainly very unlucky for her, that chance should

should throw her into such an awkward predicament at her first appearance after an affair which rumour had spread, and envy blotted.

Miss Phillips had returned to England and her profession, but her mind appeared no longer the abode of tranquillity; she always seemed uneasy and depressed, and to her most intimate friends she has said—

“ If, too strongly impelled by love, I erred against the sacred laws of filial duty, has not paternal authority been exerted to punish me sufficiently without the aid of malicious Slander? Must *she* too set her venomous fangs into my heart, and blast my character with her infectious breath? How often do I think of Shakespeare’s words—

‘ Good name, in man or woman—  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who



Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,  
nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thou-  
sands :

But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.'

But I will endeavour to be patient under these severe trials. I know my father acted for the best, according to his own principles ; therefore I will not blame him, although I am very unhappy ; and when one is unhappy, it is dreadful to be talked of and stared at !—I wish I had not been a public character !”

Such were her reflections, and cruel indeed are the reports of slander to a delicate mind ! Too frequently do they render even virtue careless, and vice shameless ; for when the good opinion of the world is withdrawn, the nicest rectitude of conduct can scarcely recal it to

vindicate injured innocence; and circumspection cannot replace the veil which busy scandal has torn from the errors of vice; therefore, in both instances, they are of dangerous tendency: in the *first*, they make virtue appear a weak guardian of reputation; and in the *second*, they point out splendid examples of vice to youth, who are, in general, as eager to copy *fashionable vices* as they are to copy *fashionable splendour*. Yet still slander and scandal fly round the world, blighting the fair flower of innocence and exposing faults which propriety would conceal, lest, by growing familiar, they should cease to be repulsed with disgust from the mind.

As the winter advanced, Mr. Phillips took the upper part of a house, the corner of Charles-street, Covent Garden, for his daughter, who wished to be near the theatre; and in that lodging her father and her aunt Le Clerc again resided with her.

In

In Ireland, neither of the seasons that she passed there, had her aunt been her companion; for, poor woman, an unfortunate fall down a flight of stairs, in a house where she was visiting with her niece, had nearly deprived her of existence, and greatly impaired her intellects: she caught her foot in the carpet, and fell upon her head, which, being a very heavy woman, was so much injured, that she was taken up for dead, and remained for some weeks in a very critical situation. However, she survived the accident; but her memory failed her, and her conversation was not so entertaining as it had been before, nor were her spirits so good; therefore she chose to live more retired from company, and could not bear fatigue beyond the superintendence of domestic affairs; and, as the accident happened previous to the first season Miss Phillips went to Ireland, her aunt was thought incapable of en-



countering so long a journey and the voyage.

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, October the twenty-fifth, Mr. Holman made his first appearance in the character of Romeo ; previous to which he was recommended to the favour of the public in a very good and appropriate prologue, spoken by Mr. Hull ; it mentioned him as a young Oxonian, eager for dramatic fame, which

“ From letter'd ease, and academic grove,  
Seduc'd his steps, these shelvy paths to rove,  
In Shakespeare's car a giddy height to soar,  
Whence, if he falls, he falls, to rise no more.”

Thus prepared, the audience received him with encouraging applause, and allowed that nature had formed him to captivate a Juliet, as Shakespeare makes *his* captivated by Romeo ; and not only his youth and figure were suited to the character

acter of such an ardent lover, but his voice and manners were equally so, and he fully merited the plaudits he obtained throughout; for, on that *first* night, he evinced talents which promised to render him an acquisition to the stage, a promise truly verified.

Soon after, at Covent Garden also, Mr. Pillon brought a farce, called Aëros-tation, or the Templar's Stratagem, which was written to ridicule the rage for balloons, which was indeed the *rage* of that period, day and night, among men and boys. The little piece, a mere whim of the moment, was performed with all the comic humour for which it gave scope, and kept up laughter and applause. A prologue to the farce was spoken by Mr. Wilson.

Nearly at the same time came out, at Drury-lane theatre, a musical farce, en-  
L 3 titled

titled *The Spanish Rivals*, which was thus performed—

Don Narcisso de Medicis, Mr. Parsons; Don Gomez, Mr. Baddeley; Fernandez, Mr. Barrymore; Peter, an English lad, Mr. Dodd; Barto, Mr. R. Palmer;—Lucetta, Mrs. Wrighten; Roxella, Miss Phillips.

This trifle was a vehicle for some charming music by Mr. Linley. Several of the airs gave great satisfaction; but one, sung by Miss Phillips, was delightfully pathetic, both in melody and words, and she sung it with an expression which seemed to flow from her own heart to the hearts of her auditors; these were the words:—

“ Let the lark find repose  
In the full waving corn;  
Or the bee on the rose,  
Tho’ surrounded with thorn:

Ne’er



Ne'er robb'd of their ease,  
They are happy and free;  
But *here* gentle peace  
Cannot harbour with me."

Mrs. Wrighten also did great justice to her lively airs. A prologue, written by the author of the piece, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. and by judicious addresses, most *judiciously addressed* to each division of the audience, it obtained very great applause, and insured their good humour; it concluded with these pretty lines to the boxes:—

"Ladies—but fancy, sure, already traces  
A kind good-humour dawning in your faces,  
That says—'For two short acts you'll keep your  
places.'  
Your presence, sure, can shield the bard from  
danger;  
Protect him then, he's young, and he's a *stranger*."

Early in November, at Covent Garden theatre, was performed, for the first time, the opera of Fontainbleau, or Our Way in France, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, and composed by Mr. Shield. The principal characters were thus acted--

Lord Winlove, Mr. Davis; Sir John Bull, Mr. Wilson; Colonel Epaulette, Mr. Wewitzer; Henry, Mr. Johnstone; Sir Shenkin ap Griffin, *now* Tallyho, Mr. Edwin; Lapoche, Mr. Quick; Lackland, Mr. Lewis;—Lady Bull, Mrs. Webb; Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Kennedy; Miss Bull, Mrs. T. Kennedy; Nanette, Mrs. Martyr; Rosa, Mrs. Bannister; Celia, Miss Wheeler.

The dialect of the Welsh Baronet not sitting easy on the tongue of Edwin, the character was changed to that of a Yorkshire Esquire, which he supported with great spirit, as did Mr. Lewis that of the gay, bold Lackland. This opera  
o having

having maintained its influence on the stage to the present day, is too well known to require many words *here* in its praise; as it possesses more bustle and humour than interest, its strength depends on the performers; and, indeed, O'Keeffe studied their abilities, and relied on their success; nor was he deceived, when eccentricity or humour required their aid. In Fontainbleau he was, also, much indebted to the composer and the singers, who did the greatest justice imaginable to the airs he had introduced; for it cannot be called a regular opera; but whatever species of dramatic writing it may be, the audience never fail of being entertained during its performance.

At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, December the second, Mr. Cumberland brought out his tragedy of The Carmelite, with the names of Palmer, Smith, Kemble, and Siddons, as chiefs of the dra-



matris personæ, the manner in which the characters were sustained cannot be doubted, and the author had given them many interesting situations to display their dramatic powers. Mrs. Siddons, in Lady de St. Valerie, was *herself*—what praise can exceed that expression?

The prologue to this tragedy was spoken by Mr. Palmer. The epilogue, written by Mr. Cumberland, was spoken by Mrs. Siddons. But surely epilogues, exciting laughter by light flippant wit, ought always to be spoken by a comic actress. The fine impression which Mrs. Siddons made on the mind by her exquisite tragic powers, was weakened, though not obliterated, by her speaking a gay epilogue: it seemed a sudden fall from sublimity to mere mortality; to which, those who almost adored her in tragedy, could never be reconciled, and have frequently quitted the theatre rather than behold

behold their "Goddess, sage and holy, trip on the light fantastic toe!"—their divine Melpomene descend from her exalted throne to dance a jig, and whirl the tambourine of Thalia!—Nature formed Mrs. Siddons of a combination of perfections, to render her the most complete tragedian that ever trod the stage, and gave her *one* golden key, *that* which can unlock the gate\*

"Of horror, and of thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Thus made, by Nature, the supreme possessor of all the richest, the most sacred stores of tragedy, she always appeared acting against the will of her "Great Mother," when she *borrowed*

\* Gray's Progress of Poesy—the Character of Shakespeare.

the gay toys of comedy, and played the Trifler. An eminent physician, who is reckoned a very learned and sensible man, said that he never would go to see Mrs. Siddons in comedy; never stay to hear her speak an epilogue, nor go into company after seeing her perform; because he wished to hold her sacred in his idea, and dreaded lest the breath of laughter should for a moment dim the rays of her glory in the first instances; and in the last, he thought it was a respect due to her wonderful power of creating woe, to let it exist with contemplative silence, until annihilated by the irresistible magic of sleep.

December the fourteenth came out the Follies of a Day, a comedy, translated by Mr. Holcroft, from *Les Noces de Figaro, ou Les Folies de Journée*, written by M. Beaumarchais. This lively piece was performed at Paris with great applause;



applause; nor did it meet with a colder reception on the English stage, when it was thus acted at Covent Garden theatre—

Count Almaviva, Mr. Lewis; Don Guzman, Mr. Quick; Doctor Bartholo, Mr. Wilson; Antonia, Mr. Edwin; Basil, Mr. Wewitzer; Figaro, by the translator, Mr. Holcroft;—Hannibal, the Page, Mrs. Martyr; Countess, Mrs. Bates; Marcelina, Mrs. Webb; Agnes, Miss Wewitzer; Susan, Miss Younge.

The Follies of a Day was translated in *three* weeks, and read, studied, and performed in *two* weeks more; an expedition made known to the audience by Mr. Lewis, when he gave out the piece for the next night, as an apology for omissions and defects in the performance; but none had been observed of any consequence, and the repetition was announced with approbation and applause.

The

The performers seemed pleased with their characters, and of course did them justice. Mrs. Martyr played the Page, and sung the interesting air in a very charming manner. Mr. Holcroft wrote the prologue, and spoke it himself. After a very excellent introduction of the translated comedy, he pleaded for himself in these elegant lines—

“ Fain would I speak a word of what I feel  
My bosom hopes and fears; but I appeal—  
Not to your justice—that I dread to meet—  
But to the clement heart!—that gracious seat,  
Where melting Mercy sits enthron’d, sedate,  
Turning her eyes from errors, mild in state;  
Bidding this maxim in her mem’ry live—  
’Tis human to offend, ’tis godlike to forgive.”

There was no epilogue written for this piece, so hastily got up.

On the twenty-second of the same month, at Drury-lane theatre, was first per-

performed *The Natural Son*, a comedy, written by Mr. Cumberland, in which Mr. Palmer and Miss Farren rendered two very interesting characters all that the author could wish them to be. Moody again appeared before the public a Major O'Flaherty, and received the hearty welcome of an old beloved friend. The favourite names of Miss Pope, Messrs. King, Bensley, Baddeley, and Parsons, will declare how well the other characters were supported. The comedy was well received. The prologue was written by Mr. Cumberland, and possessed more good sense than droll humour, and was spoken extremely well by Mr. Bannister, junior. The epilogue, by Capt. Topham, did great honour to his Muse; and Miss Farren displayed its merit to the greatest advantage by her captivating manner of speaking it. These two lines contain a  
neat



great compliment to Mr. Holcroft, alluding to the *Follies of a Day*:—

“ And Beaumarchais, by foreign approbation,  
Now *rises*, like a bishop, by *translation*.”

Mr. Cumberland's comedy was the last drama that came out in the year 1784.

The scarcity of musical *first* pieces was regretted by Mr. Phillips, who, anxious for his daughter's fame and improvement, wished her to have a richer variety for the exertion of her talents. As a true admirer of witty dialogue and beautiful poetry, he continually lamented that the author of the *Duenna* and the *School for Scandal* could not be a dramatist as well as a politician. “ But,” said he, “ as a patriot, I rejoice that such a man as Mr. Sheridan adorns the British senate; for it is far more glorious to do *good* to his country, than to *amuse* it.”

In

In February, 1785, Mr. Dibdin produced a comic opera, in two acts, called *Liberty Hall, or the Test of Friendship*, at Drury-lane theatre. The fable of this piece possesses more interest than is generally found in an after-piece, and good acting characters were introduced to the young East-Indian at his English mansion, *Liberty Hall*: such as a proud Welsh Gentleman; a sentimental English 'Squire; a fribblish Lord; a Buck in the extreme of fashion; and a discontented Toad-eater. The above characters were supported by Messrs. Barrymore, Dodd, Bannister, jun. Stanton, R. Palmer, Fawcett. Mr. Suett performed the father of the East-Indian, who watches his son's conduct in secret. Miss George, his daughter, was a lively character; Miss Phillips a very interesting one. The music, by Mr. Dibdin, gave universal satisfaction,

tion, both in the overture and the airs, most of which were encoded.

At the time this little opera came out, the name of Crouch should have been put in the bills instead of Phillips, as the fair syren was then married to Mr. Crouch, although, for some family reasons, the marriage was a secret then, and kept so for some time after.

The first time that Miss Phillips beheld Mr. Crouch was in the stage-box, one night, when she was performing, and remarked him for being a very handsome man: another night, and another, she observed him situated near the stage, and soon this handsome man was introduced to her, became her lover, and before long obtained the title of her husband.

In this match neither of the parties could have been guided by interest. The gentleman, whatever expectances he might have,



have, was only, at that period, a lieutenant in his Majesty's navy ; and as for the lady, although she had a very good salary, it was well known that she supported, out of that salary, her father, subject to frequent and expensive illnesses, and also enabled him to provide for his natural son ; her aunt, whose health had been greatly debilitated since her fall ; and she had, from her first engagement at the theatre, kept also her youngest sister, Sophia Phillips, at a boarding-school at Hampstead, and, just before her marriage, had given a handsome fee with her to an eminent milliner in Jermyn-street, not so much with an intention for her sister to follow the business, but that her knowledge of it might be serviceable to them both. For her brother, the artist, she also did much, as his declining health required many indulgences,

gences, and she loved her family too tenderly to suffer any one of them to want the comforts of life, while she herself enjoyed them. With such a family upon her hands, she was more likely to have lived beyond her income, even benefits included, than to have kept within it: nor is it probable that Mr. Crouch, a gay young man, had lived *within his* income; therefore love, not prudence, appeared to have promoted the match, which was not made known beyond her own relations that season, during which she constantly performed as Miss Phillips, and made no alteration whatever in her domestic establishment.

At the end of January, or the beginning of February, Mr. Kemble brought out *The Maid of Honour*, which he had very judiciously altered from Massinger's *Tragi-Comedy*, so called. In this play it is scarcely necessary to say, that both him-  
5 self

self and Mrs. Siddons performed inimitably. Mr. Kemble spoke an elegant prologue, and his sister an epilogue, as elegant, written by Mr. Colman, alluding throughout to the subject of the play, and not too gay for the Tragic Muse herself to speak.

At Covent Garden theatre, a farce, called *Barataria*, or *Sancho turned Governor*, written by Mr. Pillon, was performed, March the twenty-eighth, with very great applause. Mr. Pillon avowed having taken this piece from D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*; but he has greatly altered and improved D'Urfey's drama on the subject of Sancho's government. That old dramatist wrote three plays on the adventures of the Knight of la Mancha. Mr. Quick was Sancho.

This season Mr. Cumberland gave his tragedy of *The Arab* to Mr. Henderson for his benefit. A prologue, spoken by  
Mr.



Mr. Henderson, gave the outline of the tragedy, and finished with a sublime compliment to Shakespeare, to which that truly excellent actor did as much justice as he had ever done to many of the first characters of that immortal dramatist. Admired Henderson! this was his *last* benefit!

April the second came out, at Covent Garden theatre, a comedy, intituled Fashionable Levities, written by Mr. Mac Nally. To say that the name was kept up, describes the comedy, which was ably supported by Messrs. Henderson, Lewis, Wroughton, Farren, Quick, Wewitzer, Edwin, and Miss Younge, the chief of seven ladies to match the *seven* gentlemen. Mr. Wroughton spoke a prologue, written by Mr. Chalmers; and Miss Younge an epilogue, of uncommon length, on the subject of *fashionable levities*, by Thomas Morris, Esq. The character

racter of Ordeal, in this comedy was the last *new* one which Mr. Henderson performed. The play was much shortened and altered after the first night, and had a good run.

At the same theatre, on the twelfth of the same month, Mr. Pearce brought out his first dramatic offspring, *The Nunnery*, a comic opera, of two acts, composed by Mr. Shield. The story is interesting, the songs poetical, and the music excellent. The performers were Messrs. Johnstone, Darley, Quick, Edwin, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Bannister, who all did ample justice to both author and composer. The piece was much applauded.

In May, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a farce, called *The Humourist*, or *Who's Who?* written by Mr. Cobb. It is full of whimsical business, and truly answers to its name. It was well acted,  
and

and obtained applause *then*, and is *still* frequently performed.

The same month, at Covent-garden theatre, was first acted in London, and performed by nearly the same personages as *The Nunnery*, a comic opera, called *The Campaign, or Love in the East Indies*, written by Mr. Jephson. It came out in Dublin. The music, originally good, was revised by Mr. Shield, who enriched the selection, and added some new airs. Mr. Pilon wrote the words of an air, sung by Mrs. Kennedy, which was greatly admired. The opera was well received throughout; and was the last new piece for that season.

At the beginning of the year, Mrs. Belamy, the celebrated actress, published her life in five volumes, entitled, "*An Apology for the Life of George-Anne Belamy*," of which work a very respectable publication speaks thus:—

"The



“ The life of a celebrated actress, who figured many years in a splendid career of extravagance and dissipation, may seem, at first sight, to promise little more than the theatrical anecdote, or the tale of gallantry. These memoirs, however, are uncommonly instructive. Vice appears not here in attractive colours: its pursuits are productive of dissatisfaction only, and in misery do they terminate. In short, the mind is irresistibly led to prefer the most humble competence of virtue, to the most shining allurements of guilt.”

The managers of Drury-lane theatre, in April 1785, gave Mrs. Bellamy a benefit. She chose the tragedy of Braganza, in which she took her final leave of the stage; as did also, but not intentionally, Mrs. Yates, who performed the Duchess for her; ill-health preventing that admired actress from appearing again upon the stage, although

she lingered until the spring of 1787, in which she died. Mrs. Bellamy survived until February 1788. Some lines were written, upon reading the life of Mrs. Bellamy, by the writer of this work, and as they have never appeared but in one publication, to which they were sent merely to assist in drawing the attention of the rich and liberal to the reduced situation of that once favoured actress, they may not be unacceptable here as a tribute to her memory.

ON READING MRS. BELLAMY'S APOLOGY.

“ How oft the tear of sympathy will flow  
At the recital of fictitious woe!  
These well wrote *real* scenes impart,  
And claim soft pity from the feeling heart.  
No *fancy'd* heroine demands the sigh;  
No *fancy'd* sorrows dim the moisten'd eye;  
She *lives*, she *feels* the pangs of deep distress,  
While age and poverty at once oppress.

Tho'

Tho' dissipation mark'd her youthful days;  
Tho' her frail steps have err'd from Virtue's ways;  
Ye rigid cens'ers be not *too* severe—  
Is there a mortal who from guilt is clear?  
For *you*, protected by a father's care,  
Perhaps, temptation never spread a snare:  
In private life the dangers are but few,  
In public, Vice *will* innocence pursue.  
When Bellamy first trod the fatal road,  
That leads to Pleasure, and her gay abode,  
The flow'ry path her lively fancy charm'd,  
Her heart the syren voice of flatt'ry warm'd;  
Unguarded, beautiful, by all admir'd,  
The love of praise her infant breast inspir'd:  
Too young to take grave Prudence for her guide;  
Dress, equipage, and festive mirth her pride;  
Luxuriant elegance her table crown'd;  
Her sprightly wit enliven'd all around.

“How great the change! the jocund hours are fled!  
Her gay, her *noble* guests, alas, are dead!  
'One woe doth tread upon another's heel,'  
The pangs of penury she's doom'd to feel:  
Hid from the world, a prey to silent grief,  
Forlorn she sat, asham'd to ask relief;  
In her sad heart Despair had found a place,  
And whisper'd, 'Seek for ease in Death's embrace.'"



The night was dark, the river's brink she sought,  
Trembling—irresolute—immers'd in thought.

The voice of misery assail'd her ears,  
The woes of others ever claim'd her tears :

Still Charity within her bosom glow'd,  
And her last mite on hunger she bestow'd.

Rous'd from the gloomy horrors of a dream,  
Hope draws upon her soul a cheering beam !

She trusts in Heaven, and quits the fatal stream. }

The guardian pow'r, who saves her, she adores,  
And mercy, for her rash design, implores.

Who can behold the prodigal's distress,  
And not the kind, forgiving father bless?

Who saw with joy the penitent's return,  
Nor would he longer let the suff'rer mourn.

May you, whose laps are fill'd with Fortune's  
store,

Like *him* forgive the faults which are no more !

To her, ye gen'rous few, your bounty give,  
Whose lib'ral hand was open to relieve !

May she those peaceful days in age renew,  
Which in her convent's walls so swiftly flew !

That convent, where her happiest days were spent,  
In friendship, innocence, and calm content ;

And where, no doubt, her infant mind was taught,  
Those sentiments with which her books are fraught.

Try'd

Try'd in affliction, may her soul arise,  
And look for happiness above the skies!  
No dire misfortune there can intervene,  
Nor disappointment cloud the glorious scene—  
There endless bliss the penitent will meet,  
While the glad angels hymns of joy repeat."

The marriage of Mrs. Crouch was not declared previous to her being in a situation which required the title of *wife*, as it plainly announced that of *mother*; therefore she was engaged to perform that summer at Liverpool, as Mrs. Crouch, and was accompanied to that city by her husband. As she had not performed there for two seasons, she appeared an unexpected acquisition, and the inhabitants received her with the most friendly pleasure, and thought her astonishingly improved in her acting and singing since she had last graced their stage. In short, Mr. Crouch had every reason to be pleased with the reception his lovely wife met

with in Liverpool, and the applauses she obtained.

Mr. Phillips went that summer to reside in a cottage at Broad-Stairs, near Margate, for the benefit of sea-bathing; and Mrs. Le Clerc to board in a farmhouse at Epping, where she was occasionally visited by her niece Sophia.

The first new drama, which came out at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, in the summer of 1785, was a dramatic proverb, called *The Beggar on Horseback*, in two acts, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, which was attended from the first scene to the last by "Laughter holding both his sides." Parsons was a very droll old codger in love with Mrs. Wells, a most beautiful and simple country girl; Edwin, her brother Corney, was the Beggar on horseback, and a mirth-exciting beggar he was. The equivoques are extremely whimsical in this piece, which has

no



no assistance from songs. Mr. Bannister, junior, had a very trifling part, but he knows the art of making trifles of consequence. The farce is in itself a very *trifle*, but O'Keeffe and *his* comedians had the power to make gravity laugh, and to fascinate good-sense, for who could ever condemn even the *nonsense* which *diverted* them. Mr. Edwin introduced one droll ballad on the curiosities which daily make their appearance in London, such as learned pigs, dancing dogs, balloons, &c. This farce is printed with O'Keeffe's works.

The next new piece was a musical comedy, entitled *Turk and No Turk*, written by Mr. Colman, junior, and composed by Doctor Arnold. It was thus performed :—

Sir Simon Simple, Mr. Parsons ; Sir Roger Ramble, Mr. Bannister ; Matt Moreo, Mr. Bannister, junior ; Young Ramble,

Ramble, Mr. Williamson; Waiter, Mr. Burton; Presto, Mr. Edwin;— Lady Simple, Mrs. Webb; Fib, Miss George; Emily, Mrs. Bannister.

This opera was a pleasing child of fancy, animated by wit and humour, and gave universal satisfaction; the music also was deservedly applauded. Mr. Bannister, junior, spoke a very smart prologue, written by the younger Colman, which received great applause, as did also the epilogue, written by Capt. Topham, and spoken in the most engaging manner, by Mrs. Wells, in the character of Cowslip, to which it was exactly appropriate. This farce came out in July.

In August, the elder Mr. Colman proved true to his word, and brought out Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, which had remained so long unnoticed by him, and to which he had given the name of "I'll Tell You What!" and had written both a  
prologue

prologue and epilogue; the former, spoken by Mr. Palmer, mentioned the comedy as the production of a female, who had also written *The Mogul Tale*. This being told in very poetical lines, the last were—

“ Behold!—I say too much—I quite forgot—  
And so, I’ll tell you—no—SHE’LL tell you what !”

The comedy was thus performed:—

Sir George Euston, Mr. Williamson;  
Mr. Euston, Mr. Parsons; Mr. Anthony  
Euston, Mr. Bensley; Charles Euston,  
Mr. Bannister, jun.; Sir Harry Harm-  
less, Mr. R. Palmer; Colonel Down-  
right, Mr. Aickin; Major Cyprus, Mr.  
Palmer; — Lady Cyprus, Mrs. Bates;  
Lady Euston, Mrs. Bulkeley; Bloom,  
Mrs. Reily; Mrs. Euston, Miss Farren.

It is rather remarkable, that out of the eleven characters in this play, *six* should



be of one name. Keen satire, humour, and pathetic interest, are judiciously blended in *I'll Tell You What!* which by turns amused and awakened the sensibility of the audience, who bestowed on it the warmest plaudits, while the performers did equal justice to themselves and the author. Miss Farren spoke an excellent epilogue, alluding to the very interesting character which she performed in the comedy, and rendered herself truly captivating in both.

Mr. O'Keeffe's farce; the musical comedy of Mr. Colman, jun. and Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, were the only novelties which came out that season, nor were any others wanted to fill the theatre.

While Mr. and Mrs. Crouch were pleasing themselves with the idea of being parents, an unfortunate accident destroyed their hopes. At the latter end of the season

son, one morning when Mrs. Crouch had attended a rehearsal, previous to a character which she was to perform the same night for a benefit, in turning round hastily, on the top of some steps at the theatre, to speak to a person belonging to it, she fell down, and hurt herself very seriously in the fall. She suffered greatly all the day, but was resolved, if possible, to play at night, as she was sensible how much it would distress the person, whose benefit it was, if she were to decline the character; therefore, but not without great difficulty, she supported herself through the character and sung all the songs incident to it, and got home to her lodgings pleased, even in pain, with the thought of not being the cause of a great disappointment.

At an early hour the next morning, when but eight months advanced in her pregnancy, she was delivered of a girl,

who existed only two days. The life of Mrs. Crouch was in danger for some time, and she recovered very slowly. The premature birth, and, in consequence, the death of this child, was certainly a misfortune to Mr. and Mrs. Crouch; if she had lived to have been a tender tie of affection between her parents, they might, perhaps, have lived happily together. Yet there are too many instances of separation where there are children. How unnatural for *parents* to part, to break the sacred filial chain which nature intertwined around their hearts, and rend those hearts asunder! A neglected wife, who has no children, by seeking for amusements and society, may, perhaps, involuntarily be led into dissipation and its consequent errors: but a *mother* can have *no excuse*; her children will afford her both amusement and employment, and maternal duties will occupy all her time,



time in the most pleasing, most gratifying manner; while the negligence of her husband renders *her* care and attention doubly requisite to their offspring. Mrs. Crouch would have been an attentive and a very affectionate mother; it is greatly to be regretted, that she was not blessed with that title for more than *two days*. Yet she has said—"I am so extremely fond of my sister's children, that I often think if my own had lived, I should scarcely have suffered her to have been out of my sight, and my profession must unavoidably have greatly interrupted my maternal duties, and that would have rendered me extremely unhappy. So, I believe, it is much better for me not to be a mother."

At their return to town, Mr. Crouch took apartments in Rathbone Place, and at that time they were apparently very happy. Her engagement at the Theatre Royal,

Royal, Drury-lane, was renewed in the name of Crouch, and she continued increasing in abilities and public favour, while in her private life she was respected and beloved by all who knew her.

The *first* dramatic novelty for the winter of 1785 was a farce, called Appearance Is Against Them, written by Mrs. Inchbald, whose comedy, I'll Tell You What! was the *last* at the summer theatre. The farce was performed at Covent Garden theatre.

Mrs. Webb, and Messrs. Quick and Edwin, kept up the laugh, and were the principal support of the piece, which was well received. A prologue, written by Capt. Topham, which announced the author of the farce, was well spoken by Mr. Wroughton.

October the 17th, Miss Brunton made her first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of Horatia, in  
5 the

the Roman Father, previous to which Mr. Holman spoke an introductory prologue, written by Mr. Murphy for the occasion, and is too elegant not to be inserted here, for the perusal of those readers who may not have seen it; and those who have read it before, will not pass it over as a *trifle*.

“ The Tragic Muse long saw the British stage  
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her rage;  
She saw her scenes with varied passions glow,  
The tyrant’s downfall, and the lover’s woe.  
’Twas then her GARRICK—at that well-known name  
Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his fame:  
To him great Nature open’d Shakespeare’s store—  
‘ Here learn,’ she said, ‘ here learn the sacred lore:  
His fancy realiz’d, the bard shall see,  
And his *best* commentator breathe in *thee*.’  
She spoke—her magic pow’rs the tutor try’d;  
Then Hamlet moraliz’d, and Richard died;  
The dagger gleam’d before the murd’rer’s eye,  
And for old Lear each bosom heav’d a sigh!  
Then Romeo drew the sympathetic tear,  
With him and CIBBER Love lay bleeding here.  
Enchanting CIBBER! from that warbling throat,  
No more pale sorrow pours the liquid note;

*Her*



Her voice suppress'd, and GARRICK's genius fled,  
MELPOMENE declin'd her drooping head;  
She mourn'd their loss, then fled to western skies,  
And saw, at BATH, another genius rise.  
Old DRURY's scene the goddess bade her choose—  
The actress heard, and spoke—'herself a Muse \*.'  
From the same nursery this night appears  
Another warbler, yet of tender years;  
As a young bird—as yet unus'd to fly  
On wings expanded, thro' the azure sky,  
With doubt and fear its first excursion tries,  
And shivers ev'ry feather with surprise;  
So comes our chorister—the summer's ray  
Around her nest call'd forth a short essay:  
And, trembling on the brink, with fear she sees  
This unknown clime, nor dares to trust the breeze.  
But here no unfledg'd wing was ever crush'd;  
Be each rude blast within its cavern hush'd:  
Soft swelling gales may waft her on her way,  
'Till, eagle like, she eyes the fount of day;  
She then may dauntless soar—her tuneful voice  
May please each ear, and bid the grove rejoice."

\* This alludes to the elegant and pathetic farewell, written and spoken by Mrs. Siddons upon her leaving Bath.

After

After such an introduction, Miss Brunton could not fail of the most encouraging applause the moment she appeared, which was kept up by her own merit throughout the tragedy, in which Mr. Henderson performed Horatius. Her talents were justly esteemed extraordinary for her age, which was not more than sixteen years and five months.

The last time that Mr. Henderson appeared upon the stage was November the third, in Horatius to Miss Brunton's Horatia. He died on the twenty-fifth of the same month, quite in the prime of his life, and was buried, where he deserved to lie, near Garrick, beneath the monument of Shakespeare. He was an excellent Hamlet, and as excellent a Don John, in the Chances; two characters so extremely opposite, that they prove at once his tragic and his comic talents. He was reckoned, by those who remembered Mr.

Gar-

Garrick in his best days, to come the nearest to that inimitable performer, of any one who had trod the stage since his time.

Some time in November came out, at Covent Garden theatre, a comic opera intitled *The Cholerick Fathers*, written by Mr. Holcroft, and composed by Mr. Shield. It was performed thus—

Don Julio Pimento, Mr. Quick; Don Salvador, Mr. Wilson; Don Fabricio, Mr. Palmer; Don Fernando, Mr. Johnstone; Don Valesco, Mr. Thomson; Fabio, Mr. Wewitzer; Pedro, Mr. Edwin; Donna Zelida, Mrs. Bannister; Donna Isabel, Mrs. Moreton; Jaquelina, Mrs. Martyr; Laura, Mrs. Kennedy.

The title of this piece explains the story, as two cholerick Spanish fathers must continually interrupt the felicity of their children. Pedro, an arch, clever servant, by humourous contrivances, keeps up the  
spirit



spirit of the opera, in which the situations are droll, the dialogue lively, and the songs very poetical and appropriate to the characters: the music also is extremely well adapted. Mrs. Bannister was an interesting warbler in Donna Zelida; and Mrs. Martyr played Jaqueline, and sung the songs with uncommon spirit. Mrs. Kennedy's simple airs were delightful. Mr. Johnstone also sung with his usual excellence. Mr. Quick, in the letter scene, surpassed even his best acting; and Edwih and Wilson played with great humour, and the audience were equally pleased with the performers, the composer, and the author.

At Drury-lane theatre, December the ninth, a comic opera, called *The Strangers at Home*, written by Mr. Cobb, was acted for the first time. This opera has much more business and interest than humour. It was thus represented—

Octavio,

Octavio, Mr. Dignum; Regnaldo, Mr. Williams; Firelock, Mr. Bannister; Laurence, Mr. Bannister, junior; Montano, Mr. Barrymore; Aldobrand, Mr. King; Rosa, Mrs. Jordan; Alice, Mrs. Wroughten; Laura, Miss Field; Viola, Mrs. Crouch.

In the dramatis personæ of the Stranger at Home we find Mr. Dignum, who made his first appearance on the stage that season in the character of Young Meadows, in *Love in a Village*, in which Mrs. Crouch was the Rosetta. Miss Field, since Mrs. Foster, of whom the author of the *Children of Thespis* most justly speaks thus—

“Who’s that laurel’d Honour is forcing along?  
’Tis *Field*, timid nymph, who exists but in song:  
Like the Medicis statue, to decency true,  
Her wishes seem bent to recede from the view.  
An air of mild elegance marks ev’ry motion,  
At Modesty’s shrine the coy nymph pays devotion;  
And

And should find the effects of such laudable duty  
A strong counterbalance for personal beauty.  
Her tones in sweet melody solace the ear,  
Like a riv'let that flows not too deep, but yet clear;  
Tho' her merits won't bear the stern critic's inspection,  
Her gentleness tacitly calls for protection."

It would be unjust to omit this very neat tribute to modest merit, when naming Miss Field, who was exactly what the lines describe her.

Mrs. Jordan, also, makes her appearance in this new piece, who had first appeared at Drury-lane theatre, that winter, in the character of the Country Girl: she fascinated the audience then, she has fascinated them ever since; and let her act what she will, she irresistibly gains your affection. You are blind to her faults, if she has any, and so partial to her merits, that admiration and applause attend her steps. She is not a beauty; her figure is



not elegant; she possesses not the polished manners of a fine lady, nor the skill of a fine singer: what is it then which never fails to captivate, whether she speaks or sings, is grave or playful?—

“ ’Tis the bewitching charm of *Jordan* all together!”

The *Strangers at Home* was the first *new* piece in which the name of Crouch took place of that of Phillips. Mrs. Crouch had a pretty character; and gained great applause for both her singing and acting. Mrs. Jordan’s was a lively part, in which she put on mens’ clothes, to pass for the husband of Laura. Mr. Bannister, senior, returned to Drury-lane, was no *stranger*, but quite *at home* in Firelock, the brave old British soldier. The opera was extremely well performed throughout, and universally applauded.

A pantomime, called *Omai*, or a Trip round the World, was got up at Covent Garden

Garden theatre for the Christmas holidays. The story of this pantomime was regular and pleasing, with some beautiful scenery of Otaheite, Kamptschatka, &c. and concluded with the Apotheosis of Captain Cook. Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Martyr, and other good singers, supported the airs and choruses, and the whole performance gave great satisfaction to the audience.

At Drury-lane theatre came out, at the same time, a pantomime, called Hurly-Burly, or the Fairy of the Well. In this piece there were two Harlequins, Lack and Clack; their mistresses were not Colombines, but Angelica and Nannette, who were continually mistaking their harlequin lovers. A Magician supported Lack; the Fairy of the Well, Clack: the two pair of lovers gave novelty to the piece; and, the scenery being good and well

well managed, it was received with applause.

At the beginning of this month, Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comic actress, died, after having retired from the stage sixteen years. She took leave of the public on her benefit night, April the twenty-fourth, 1769, when she performed Flora in the Wonder. Mr. King played Lissardo; Mrs. Barry\*, Violante; and Mr. Garrick, Don Felix. The farce was Lethe, altered by Mr. Garrick from a play of Sir John Vanbrugh's, called Æsop, in two parts. In Lethe, Mrs. Clive performed the fine lady, a part in which she had always been reckoned very excellent; she also spoke an epilogue, written for the occasion by the Hon. Horace Walpole, in which she bade adieu to the stage, at a time when she might still have appeared

\* Since Crawford.



with all her comic spirit in Mrs. Heidelberg, and many other elderly characters of humour, in which she left no substitute, Miss Pope being much too young for those parts. Mrs. Clive, then Miss Raftor, made her first appearance in a pastoral opera, called *Love in a Riddle*, written by Colley Cibber, under very disagreeable and intimidating circumstances for a young creature, only sixteen, who had never appeared before an audience, awful, at first, even when they are most tranquil; but she had to encounter them in a storm. A strong party had been raised against the opera, who began to evince their displeasure from the first scene. Miss Raftor entered in the midst of tumult; and, although very much terrified, begun her song, and charmed them into silence—they applauded—they encored—*she* was encouraged by every mark of favour: but the *opera* was still disapproved.

proved. It was performed a second night. The Prince of Wales, father to his present Majesty, that evening honoured Drury-lane theatre with his presence, for the first time after his arrival in England; yet even that circumstance could not silence the roaring of John Bull, who made even a louder disturbance than on the night before. Mr. Cibber was obliged to come upon the stage, and promise, that if the audience, in respect to the Royal presence, would permit the performers to go quietly through the opera that night, he would relinquish his benefit on the next, the *third* night, and totally withdraw the piece. This submission to their will was enough; they were tranquillized, and *Love in a Riddle* was performed without any farther interruption, and Miss Raftor was again loudly applauded. Mr. Cibber withdrew the opera; but selected a part, which he brought out afterwards as a ballad

ballad farce, called Damon and Phillida, with great success. Miss Rastor played also in the farce, which became a stock piece. From this period she preserved the favour of the public, and they beheld her departure from the stage with infinite regret. Churchill, in his Rosciad, gives the following character of Mrs. Clive—

“ First giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,  
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive.  
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,  
For humour fam’d, and humour all her own:  
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,  
Nor sought the critic’s praise, nor fear’d his rod;  
Original in spirit and in ease,  
She pleas’d, by hiding her attempts to please.  
No comic actress ever yet could raise,  
On Humour’s base, more merit, or more praise.”

Miss Pope, who came a child upon the stage, and was instructed by Garrick himself to perform the Lilliputian Lady Flimnap, an offspring of his own fancy, in



the farce of Lilliput, was beloved by Mrs. Clive, whose experience rendered her advice of great utility to so young a candidate for public fame, and whose comic abilities were excellent models for the youthful genius of Miss Pope. It is devoutly to be wished that this charming actress will not bid adieu to the stage, until she has left as good a copy of *herself* behind, as *she* was of Mrs. Clive.

No people in the world are more grateful to those whose talents have given them pleasure than the English. Had Mrs. Clive existed much longer than she did, and had returned to the stage in any character suitable to her years, she would have been welcomed back with joy.

A return to the stage, after a very long absence from it, is recorded of an actress who had been a favourite in the reign of King Charles the second, and who returned to the stage, merely by way of visit,

visit, in the reign of George the first, Charles Molloy, Esq. took a farce, called The Half-pay Officer, from a tragi-comedy of Sir William Davenant's, intitled Love and Honour, and prevailed on Mrs. Fryer to take once more her original character of Lady Richlove, which being that of an old woman, suited her years. Accordingly she was thus announced in the bills: "Lady Richlove by the famous Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years, and who will dance a jig at the end of the farce." A few remembered her, and went to the theatre to see an old favourite; but most went out of curiosity to Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre to see Mrs. Fryer, then, in the year 1720, eighty-five years of age. This extraordinary woman appeared in the character of a Grandmother before a crowded house, sustained the part with great spirit, and obtained the most gratifying

tifying applause. • But when she was to dance, she came on the stage, apparently quite exhausted by her exertion; and, scarcely able to support herself, made an attempt to retire, grateful for the applauses she had obtained, when the orchestra played the Irish Trot, and the animated old woman danced her promised jig, laughing at the surprise of the audience, with the nimbleness and vivacity of five and twenty, and the applauses she received were unbounded. Mrs. Fryer, after that, kept a tavern and ordinary at Tottenham-court, and her house was continually thronged with company, who went out of curiosity to converse with that extraordinary old woman.

This year, the day after Christmas-day, Mr. John Palmer, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, went, attended by a grand procession, to lay the first stone of the Royalty Theatre, and John Morgan, Esq.  
Re-



Recorder of Maidstone, read an appropriate inscription, which was afterwards deposited in a cavity, by John Palmer, junior. The inscription was thus worded:—

The Inscription on this Scroll is intended  
to convey

The following Information.

That

On Monday, the 26th day of December,

In the year of our Lord, 1785,

And in the 26th year of the reign

Of our Most Gracious Sovereign,

GEORGE THE THIRD,

The first Stone of a Building,

Intended for a Place of Public Entertainment,

was laid by

JOHN PALMER, COMEDIAN,

In the Presence of a numerous Party of

Friends to the Undertaking;

John Wilmot, Esq. being the Architect  
and Builder.

The Ground selected for the Purpose being  
situated within the Liberty

OF

HIS MAJESTY'S FORTRESS AND PALACE

Of the TOWER of LONDON.

It has been resolved, that in honour of  
the Magistrates, the Military Officers, and  
Inhabitants of the said Fortress and Pa-  
lace, the Edifice, when erected, shall be  
called

THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Sanctioned by Authority, and liberally  
patronised by Subscription.

In January, 1786, General Burgoyne  
presented a charming new year's-gift to the  
public, in his comedy of *The Heiress*.  
The first representation of this elegant  
play was brilliantly attended, and it re-  
ceived the most unbounded applause from  
every part of the crowded theatre. General  
Burgoyne took the idea of this comedy  
from

from a French play, called *Le Pere du Famille*, and also from a novel, and blended the parts so skilfully together, that they have formed a most pleasing whole. This play had such a run at the time it came out, and has been so repeatedly performed since, that all the lovers of dramatic performances know it almost by rote, as they do the *School for Scandal*; besides that, it is in every person's library. The first edition was sold the day it came out, and a second had nearly as rapid a sale; therefore, to give the *dramatis personæ*, or any account of the *Heiress* here, would be needless. General Burgoyne, in *The Maid of the Oaks*, wrote the character of *Lady Bab Lardoon* for Mrs. Abington, that in *one* part she might display her talents in two opposite lines, courtly elegance and rustic simplicity, giving as much scope for good acting in both, as the space would allow, and in both she was



inimitable. In the Heiress he was not less happy in suiting the characters to the performers; every one seemed at home in the persons whom they represented, both the males and females. No one can possibly regret the loss of the original Lady Emily Gayville, when she, who so excellently performed an earl's *daughter* in *fiction*, as excellently performs the character of an earl's *wife* in *reality*. Miss Pope still occasionally personifies Miss Alscrip, giving the highest finish to the character; and Mr. Bannister, jun. and Mr. R. Palmer, exist to support *better* characters. But the suspicious Sir Clement, the droll Alscrip, the flattering Chignon, the honest Rightly, the sensible Clifford, the elegant and handsome Gayville, and the beautiful and interesting Miss Alton, are, with one exception, no more! Those characters may never, perhaps, be *all* so well acted as they were at first.

first. King, Parsons, Baddeley, Aickin, Palmer, Smith, and Mrs. Crouch, are a group not easily replaced.

It was impossible for Miss Alton to have had a *better* representative than Mrs. Crouch; her beauty, the innate delicacy of her manners, and her captivating voice, exactly suited the character which she dressed with the most appropriate and becoming simplicity; and in her behaviour to the Heiress she evinced the true dignity and spirit of insulted worth, and the impressive manner in which she uttered the word "scorn," is never to be forgotten.

The Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick wrote the prologue to this comedy: it was spoken by Mr. King; and General Burgoyne, being disappointed of an epilogue, wrote one himself for Miss Farren to speak, which she did in her usual elegant manner.

Two or three years previous to the appearance of the *Heiress*, a female scribbler read a story which she thought would make an excellent drama; and accordingly, taking merely the plot, wrote a comedy of five acts, and called it "*The Heiress*." It was written for amusement, and read for the entertainment of friends, without any hope of its ever being acted. Mr. Theo. Forrest, being an old friend in the author's family, heard part of it, and, as an engagement prevented him from hearing more than three acts, he requested permission to take it with him to finish; which he did, and kept it for several days, and then returned it with his opinion, that some of the managers should see it, and promised to introduce it the next winter. Mr. Forrest died suddenly!—the comedy lay dormant. Another comedy, called the *Heiress*, was announced! the number of characters agreed in both, in both there

was



was a song in the same act — was it *another Heiress*, or had any one, unknown to Mr. Forrest, taken a copy while it remained at his house? The author of *Heiress* the first went to the theatre the *first* night of *Heiress* the second; was convinced it was not *her* comedy, but one far superior, which afforded her the greatest entertainment, and which she thought fully deserved all the applause it obtained.

In March, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a tragedy, called *The Captives*, written by Doctor Delap. It is a Scottish story from Ossian, and was thus performed—Erragon, Mr Smith; Connal, Mr. Barrymore; Hiadallan, Mr. Bensley; Everallan, Mr. Kemble; Minla, Miss Kemble\*; Malvina, Mrs. Siddons; and yet, so well supported, it could not maintain its ground for more than three nights.

\* Now Mrs. Twiss.

The prologue and epilogue were written by T. Vaughan, Esq. Both possessed much poetical merit, and were excellently spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. and Mrs. Siddons.

On the fifteenth of the same month, at Covent Garden theatre, was brought out a tragedy, from the Sorrows of Werter, which took his name. The principal characters were performed thus—Werter, Mr. Holman; Albert, Mr. Farren; Charlotte, Miss Brunton. The prologue and epilogue were both written by Mr. Meyler, of Bath, and spoken by Mr. Wroughton and Miss Brunton. They allude to the story of Werter, and to the performers, who were fostered at Bath to adorn the London stage. This tragedy was rejected by Mr. Harris; then performed with success at Bath, and brought out at Covent Garden this season, by Miss Brunton, for her benefit: it was the first dramatic attempt

attempt of Mr. Reynolds, who has since written many popular pieces.

At Covent Garden, also, on the nineteenth, came out a comic opera, called *The Peruvian*, taken from Marmontel's *Test of Friendship*, written by a lady, a native of Ireland, and composed by Mr. Shield. It was well received: the acting and the music were excellent. This is the first *new* piece in which Mrs. Billington performed: she had made her first appearance on the stage, as an *actress*, that season, February the thirteenth, in the character of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*. In the *Peruvian*, she played Coraly, and looked and sung charmingly.

Miss Younge, who had not performed that season, appeared as *Mrs. Pope*, in the character of Zenobia, for the benefit of Mr. Pope, and spoke an epilogue, written for the occasion by the celebrated



Peter Pindar, Esq.\* It was very appropriate to her *absence*, her *fictitious*, and her *real* character, and ended thus—:

“I’m POPE, and promise you—AN ABSOLUTION.”

In the course of this season, Mrs. Crouch had frequently performed Sylvia, in the dramatic romance of Cymon; Miss George was the Urganda; Mr. Dignum, Cymon; and King and Bannister, sen. took their original characters, Linco and Merlin. Mr. Dignum sung the air of “A thousand to one! I dare you to come on,” with great spirit, and was warmly applauded. Miss George did justice to the songs and character of Urganda, and a more lovely or more interesting Sylvia was never seen; she dressed the character with beautiful simplicity, and sung the airs in a most captivating manner; in many of them she was constantly encored.

\* Doctor Walcot.

At

At the beginning of the year 1786, Miss Sophia Phillips, then not above fifteen years of age, married Mr. Horrebow, a Dane, and the captain of a Danish East-Indiaman. This gentleman had been a page to Matilda, Queen of Denmark, sister to his present Majesty of England, and had attended her in Zell Castle until her death; after which he made several successful voyages. At the time he married, he reckoned himself worth, in money, vessels, and merchandize, sixty thousand pounds. His appearance was that of a weather-beaten sailor, old enough to be the father of his youthful bride; but he was rich, generous, and loved her, and she was too grateful not to esteem him very sincerely. This event was very pleasing to Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Phillips, and indeed to all Mrs. Horrebow's family, as she had at *that* time every prospect of permanent affluence.

Mrs. Crouch continued patronised and  
respected

respected by many ladies of fashion, which the crowded and elegant house on her benefit nights evinced. To ascertain the performances of every one of *her* nights, as she did not keep an account of them herself, would give much trouble, and be of very little consequence to the memoirs, as, after the first two or three seasons, she seldom took a new character, but some favourite piece.

Although married, she never appeared to be controuled in what she always considered as her *family* duties; nor in those acts of benevolence to such of her fellow creatures whose distresses were made known to her. She never was the dupe of professed paupers, because the sums she gave for a temporary relief could not injure her; it was her greatest delight to do *essential* service to the indigent, and, to that effect, she made particular enquiries into their circumstances and capabilities: if they evaded those enquiries, she



she had done with them, but if she found them real objects of compassion, she became an earnest and eloquent solicitor in their behalf to the rich and great: she was indefatigable; she lost not a moment, and through *her* interest has many a poor family been relieved, many children placed in schools, and boys in the Marine Society, who else might have been vagabonds and pickpockets, and in doing *this*, she was a friend to her country, as well as to the poor. Many, who have come to her, bending beneath the double weight of old age and poverty, have, through her means, enjoyed for the remainder of their days, retirement and tranquillity in those peaceful abodes, with which benevolence has adorned our metropolis. She used to say, that alms-houses environed London like a circle of glory, and that she never could look at those neat asylums for reduced gentility without shedding tears of pleasure.

pleasure. Nature had given her a feeling heart, “ a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.” She had also given her talents, which rendered her so known and admired, that every one, of whom she asked a favour, was happy to oblige her ; talents, by which she acquired sufficient affluence to indulge her benevolence. Her salary for nine months in the year was very high. She constantly sung in the Oratorios, and occasionally at the Oxford, Cambridge, and other celebrated Music-meetings ; for charities she always sung *gratis*. In her summer excursions, her salary, as a first-rate singer, was good, and her benefits, wherever she performed, were capital. Thus, therefore, was she blessed, not only with the *will*, but also with the *power*, of doing good.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.