

In Aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, S. St. James's Hall.
 Mr. George Gear's Concert, 8, Portman Rooms.
 Madame Grimaldi's Pianoforte Recital, 8.30, Princes' Hall.
 Mr. Arnold Lohmetsch's Concert, 8.40, Barnard's Inn.
 Royal Engineers' Band Concert, 3, St. James's Hall.
 Russian Pianoforte Recital, 3, Princes' Hall.
 Musical Society, West to West and East to East.
 Mrs. Nora Hastings's Concert, 8, St. James's Hall.
 C. P. Ellis's Concert, 8, St. James's Hall.
 Mrs. Elsie Mackenzie and Mr. Arthur Appleby's Concert, 8, Steinway Hall.
 Lennart Lundberg's Pianoforte Recital, 8.30, Steinway Hall.
 Concert of the Rev. E. H. Moberly's Ladies' Orchestra, 8, St. James's Hall.
 Wind Instrument Society's Concert, 8.30, St. James's (Banqueting Hall).
 Mr. Ralph Stuart's Pianoforte Recital, 8.30, Steinway Hall.
 Madame Berthe Marx's Orchestral Concert, 3, St. James's Hall.
 Mr. E. H. Thorne's Annual Concert, 3, Princes' Hall.
 Recital of Chamber Music, 8.30, Drill Hall, Hampstead.
 Madame Essipoff's Pianoforte Recital, 4, Hampstead Conservatoire.
 Mr. George Ward's Concert, 8, Princes' Hall.
 Musical Society, Jubilee Fete, Crystal Palace.

DRAMA

Vanbrugh. Edited by W. C. Ward. 2 vols. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

amusement is created by successive gists for the Restoration dramatists. of them, it is known, Congreve andugh, undertook their own defence at the well-deserved, if indifferently istered castigation of Collier. In days liately succeeding, the world was not ocked with these airiest and naugh-f writers for the stage to flock to the mance of their comedies. Since then opinion has practically banished rom the boards, and all that the last ereabouts of the present century ne for them has been to give their the dignity of library editions. All ne, however, critics and editors have napologizing for and explaining what ctically inaneable of explanation or e. The world will continue to read enious casuistry of Leigh Hunt and and will admire the solemn, if y whole-hearted vindications of the editors. It is, perhaps, better to p the question and take a writer such hrough as he is. He does not openly its immorality; who does? The most able and horrible products of disease egradation are put forth with some led aim of benefiting virtue. Van's 'Relapse' is the sauciest and est play of a saucy and wicked epoch. ere names which he bestows upon ters whose whole aim in life is to h women shows that he has not the st intent to chide them or present as worthy of reprobation. One scene play is worthy of Astrea, who, ac to Pope, "fairly puts all characters," and more than one allusion carries k to the courts of the Cæsars. Is gh, then, to be expurgated or ed? A thousand times no. If there hing in which men are now in earnest, hat they will have the history of life and human thought in its y. In more senses than one the of the Restoration are, to employ an word, human documents. They v with wit, humour, vivacity, ey present the manners, if not of a, at least of a court; and they are a ry and indispensable chapter in our and intellectual growth. It has ll with those who have sought to the freedom of literature. Popo—

who lived near enough to the time of the Restoration, and was yet subject to the reaction that followed the establishment of a pure court and the philippic of Collier— puts the case fairly:—

Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed! What pettish dialogue has Farquhar writ! How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!

The present generation can know Vanbrugh only in books. Writing so recently as half a century ago, Leigh Hunt could still draw illustrations of the Restoration dramatists from the stage, and speak of "old Palmer, as Dick Amlet, asking his mother's blessing on his knee," and declare him "the very idea of a graceless son." He had seen, moreover, Mrs. Jordan as Miss Peggy, Miss Prue, and Miss Hoyden, and found the task hard, as she played them, to know which was best.

Taken as a whole, Vanbrugh is inferior to none of the dramatists with whom it is customary and natural to associate him. He had not the wit of Congreve—what writer had?—and he troubled himself little about the originality of his stories, most of which he took from the French. He is unsurpassable, however, in invention, full of animal spirits, and unequalled in description of character. Lord Foppington owes something to Colley Cibber, whose Sir Novelty Fashion supplied the idea and the outline. As Cibber played both parts, the resemblance must naturally be strengthened. The later character is, at least, immeasurably superior to the earlier, and is probably the most brilliant in the Restoration drama. Those fortunate enough to recall Grisoni's picture of Colley Cibber as Lord Foppington have always present with them a perfect picture of aristocratic assumption and affectation. Concerning the wives of Vanbrugh it is well not to speak. Love with them has an aspect less romantic than it assumes in the most realistic of modern novels. Vanbrugh's vulgar characters are, however, admirably drawn. The non-completion of 'A Journey to London' was a misfortune, though Cibber showed remarkable talent in extracting from it 'The Provoked Husband.'

Mr. Ward has supplied an admirable edition of Vanbrugh, to which he has contributed an able preface and useful notes. For biographical particulars concerning Vanbrugh he has applied to authorities not previously consulted, and he has settled some disputed points. We are not always in accord with him in his notes. Lord Foppington says concerning the trick played upon him by his brother, "He does, indeed, deserve to be *chartre*, stap my vitals," on which Mr. Ward has the note, "*I. e., mis en chartre*, sent to jail" ('The Relapse,' Act IV. sc. vi.). The letter of Lord Foppington to Coupler, Act V. sc. i., "I would have qualified him for the seraglio, stap my vitals," shows what was intended. In the phrase of Lopez, 'The Mistake,' Act V., "Why, madam, have you no pity, no bowels? Stand and see one of your husbands *stotered* before your face," no explanation is given of "stotered." We should, perhaps, read *stotered*=slaughtered. If it is not that, it must be *stotter*=to affect with staggers, a word used by Duffey. In the conversation between the players in the fragment of 'Æsop,' Pt. II., which deals, as Mr. Ward says, with the quarrel between

the Patentees and the actors, one of the players says, "Ay, sir, your humble servants here, w. were the officers, and the best of the sailors (little Ben amongst the rest) seized on a small bark that lay to our hand, and away we put to sea again." On this Mr. Ward has the note, "'Little Ben' is, of course, Betterton, the leader of the seceding actors." This is far from satisfactory. Why should Betterton, the leader, be included among the sailors, not the officers? Why should he be called Ben when his name was Thomas? Why "little" when he was majestic? Betterton was at this period at least sixty-two years of age, and little likely to incur such an appellation. It might more reasonably be supposed to apply to Dogget, who played in 'Æsop' and won great name as the original Ben in 'Love for Love.' Some allusion now lost, but then familiar to the audience, was probably intended. Putting aside these points, we have found Mr. Ward's work erudite and serviceable. As a library edition of Vanbrugh the book is satisfactory and attractive.

Les Époques du Théâtre Français (1636-1850). Par Ferdinand Brunetière. (Paris, Calmann Lévy.)—Under this title M. Brunetière has printed the series of *conférences* delivered recently at the Odéon. Considerable light upon the development and history of the stage is thrown by these essays, which begin with 'Le Cid' and close with the drama of Scribe and Musset. With the theory of evolution propounded we are not prepared wholly to agree, and a scheme which assigns to plays such as 'Rodogune' and 'Andromaque' the same space it devotes to the entire Théâtre Romantique is necessarily imperfect. Many of the views expressed have, or, much interest and value. The vindication of Scribe was necessary, and the estimate of Musset is just and eloquently expressed. Especially excellent is the species of parallel between Shakespeare and Musset which is attempted. It is due, perhaps, to the scheme that this work seems out of balance, but we should like to have had more concerning Hugo, Sedaine, Diderot, and Beaumarchais, even if we had to sacrifice something concerning Corneille.

THE WEEK.

TERRY'S.—Performance of the Independent Theatre: 'Alan's Wife,' a Study in Three Scenes. 'Theory and Practice,' a Dialogue. By Arthur Benham.

WHEN, as a protest against the office and action of the censor, the Independent Theatre was established, the fear—or was it the hope?—was that restrictions upon decorum were what it was sought to evade. Studies from Balzac or Guy de Maupassant, or even Zola, might "tickle the ears of the" privileged "groundlings," or some play of Ford or Heywood, whose very name is now an offence, might be dragged from its retirement, and set in all its crudity before subscribing maids and matrons. This gratification or outrage has been spared us. It is not the aspects of irregular passion that Independent dramatists seek to set before us; it is the squalor and revolt of poverty. The theme, as one of innumerable themes, is acceptable enough. It is as right of Morland to paint a pigsty as of Canaletto to depict a palace. But we may have too much gloom. Even on the West Coast of Ireland it does not always rain. We have been so often depressed and harrowed at the Independent Theatre that, if only as a

