JOKERS AT LANERGAN'S.

PRICE WEBBER CONTINUES HIS TALKS ABOUT OLD DAYS.

Popular Plays at the Old Lyceum'and Who Took Part in Them-The Irrepressible Property Man has his little Joke with a

I said in my last article I would refer to the dramas written by Mr. J. B. Buckstone, some of which have always had a strong hold on the patrons of the theatre, and two of which-the Flowers of the Forest and the Green Bushes-are still tavorites.

It should be understood that Mr. Buckstone wrote principally for the Haymarket Theatre, London, and suited the pieces to the capacities and peculiarities of the stock company occupying that noted house; consequently it is very hard for an ordinary troupe to be able to give a perfect performance. The Haymarket Theatre then had for its leading lady Madame Vestris, who was not only an excellent speaking actress, but a fine pantomimist as well, and the characters of "Cynthia," in the Flowers of the Forest, and "Miami." in the Green Bushes, were written with a view to give her opportunities to show her great talent in both directions.

The comedy parts, too, were arranged to suit the eccentricities of Messrs. Wright and Bedford; and, as one was very tall and thin, and the other short and fat, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

It is a matter of fact that the language used by all the different characters in the above plays are more in keeping with each than any others in the English language, being simply perfect, and the late Mr. Lanergan was just the manager who could appreciate this fact; therefore he always gave the plays an admirable cast.

The first "Cynthia" I remember at the Lyceum was Miss Lucille Western, then in the zenith of her powers, and she certainly was a most fascinating woman. Here is the cast of the Flowers of the Forest, when she was at the Lyceum, as near as I can remember:

Capt.	Hugh La	vrock	
Alfred			 J. W. Lanergan
Chean	John		 J. Wallace
Lemu	el		 George Becks
Ishma	el		 W. H. Whaltey
The K	inchin		 M. W. Fiske
Gither	1		 W. F. Cu ter
Lintor	1		 H. R. Lampec
Cynth	ia		 Lucille Western
Starli	tht Bess.		 Lizzie Fiske
Lady	Agues		 Annie Hyatt
Hagar			 Susan Flood

Miss Western's appearance as the Queen of the Gypsies was magnificent, and undoubtedly helped her a great deal. Mr. Whalley was a great favorite in St. John, and at that time was the leading man at the Bowery theatre, New York, and was Mr. Lanergan's principal a tor for several sea ons. The inc d n al music to the piece is very beautiful, and the dances and choia es sia p'y ch rming.

In connection with this piece, I recollect a rather amusing incident, when my company were playing it. a few years ago. The actor who was doing "shmael." the leading male character forgot to have the dagger which he gives "Cynthia" in the last act, and which she stabs herself with. It is very essential, and cannot be done without. He commenced his speech:

"Cynthia, you see this knife-placing his hand to draw it from his belt, when to his horror he found it was not there. He backed up the stage to the upper entrance and called to the property-man.

"Harvey, give me a knife, for goodness sake!"

The property-man, John Harvey, dearly loved a joke, and he placed in the actor's hand what the latter supposed was the necessary article, and so he went on with

"Let your eye rest upon the point, and you will see a spot of rust." He had got thus far, producing what he supposed was the knife, when, to his utter astonishment, he found it was a massive barn door hinge, and instead of saying the rest of his lines, he made a rush for Harvey, shouting: "I'll kill that fellow, sure!

The Green Bushes; or a Hundred Years Ago, was placed on the boards of the Lyceum during the same engagement of Miss Western, and interpreted as tollows: Connor O'Kennedy, W. H. Whalley George O'Kennedy, J. Taylor
Wild Murtagh. J. J. Wallace
Muster Grinnidge, M. W. Fiske
Jack Gong, W. F. Cutler Capt. Dartois, George Becks
Little Bear, H. R. Lampee
Paddy Kelly, J. S. DeBonay Mjami, Lucille Western
Geraldine Anni Hyatt
Neily O'Neil, Lizzie Fiske

The Green Bushes is different from the Flowers of the Forest, having a great many difficult mechanical effects,-notably the boat set in the first act and the raft floating on the Mississippi river in the second. I met the stage carpenter of Mr Lanergan's theatre while playing in Amherst, last week. Nr Fred Dorman, now employed in the new St. John Opera house, and we we were speaking of how Mr. Lanergan never rectly, and the Green Bushes naturally came in as a case in point.

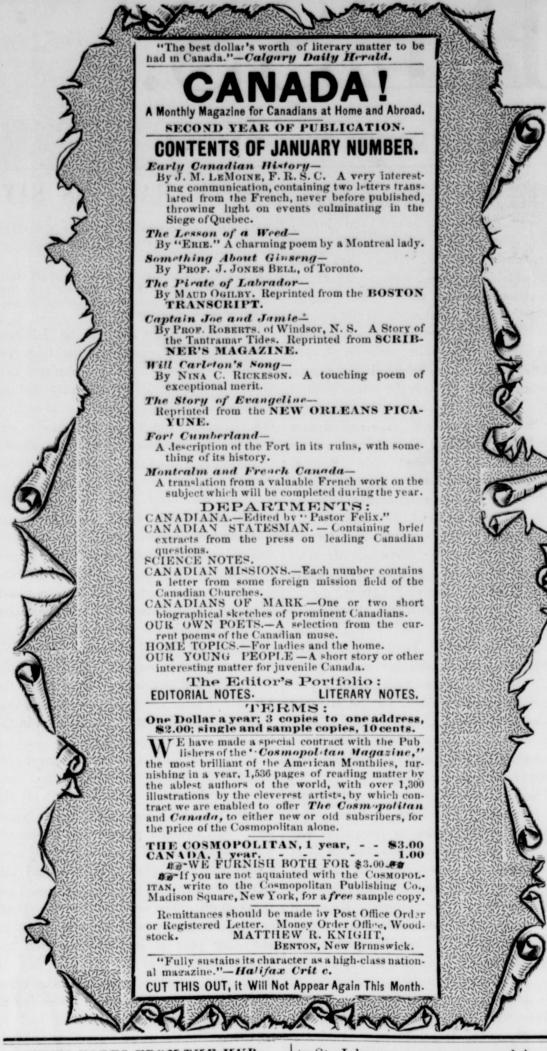
Many of the old theatre-goers will recall with pleasure the laughable comedy of the Serious Family, but, perhaps, are not aware that it was written by Mr. Buckstone. It abounds in pure fun,-bright, crisp and sparkling. What a packed house it always drew at the Lyceum, and what a fine "Capt Murphy Maguire" Mr. Lanergan was. The last time I saw it played under his management, it had the following cast: Aminadab Sleek. J. B. Fuller Capt. Murphy Maguire. J. W. Lanergan

Who can torget Mr. Fuller's "Amina-

fant !" It was something to remember while H. PRICE WEBBER. memory lasts.

It Wasn't Annapolis.

It happened on the evening that The Bohemiaa Girl was sung at the Opera very much taken with Mr. Chidley's fine



NEWS NOTES FROM THE HUB. What a New Brunswicker Sees and Hears

in Boston. Boston, Dec. 16.—Business is in a quiescent state. The failure of the Maverick bank made bad work among business men. Its effects will be seriously felt for some time to come. Money is scarce and speculators are shy. A visit to the new stock exchange is interesting and one unaccustomed to the mode of doing business in such a place is simply bewildered and amazed to know how it is done. A frantic

screaming, hustling, noisy, mass of humanity shouting at the top of their voices, is about all one can observe, yet in those few moments probably hundreds of thousands of dollars have changed hands-some one is better off and some one is so much the poorer.-The life of a stock broker in the exchange may be interesting and profitable but it must be wearying and hard upon the brain and constitution.

Building operations are always lively as a rule, and particularly is this the case in the suburban towns, where new tenement houses, and new streets, and new sidewalks, and a dozen other improvements are constantly noticeable. Out on the Saugus branch of the Eastern road is this observable, and on standing on high ground, looking towards Malden and Boston, the whole distance is rapidly being buted among five separate and wholly disbuilt up out as far as Broadway, Cliftondale, &c., and it is safe to say that in 10 or 15 years this district will probably be one continuous mass of buildings.

A Service of Song in Tremont Temple, which is held regularly every Sunday p.m. at 3 o'clock, and when I attended it last Sunday, the immence hall was literally autograph album of a girl from the wild crowded. There was, I should judge, over and wilful west. It reads as follows: 5,000 persons present. The music of the big organ, with a most excellent orchestra, and some selections by a quartette was exceedingly good. In the general congregational singing of gospel hymns the volum of music from this immense audience, for every one sings (or tries to) led by the organ and the orchestra, can better be imagined than described. Seats are free, spared expense in having his stage set cor- all are welcome, and these splendid services are conducted by voluntary offerings. or collections. That they are appreciated, may be gathered from the fact, that the leader, who can boast of extreme slimness and exceeding length, and who is a typical Yankee with a good square twang in his voice, informed us that over \$22,000 had been taken in at these collections during the past year.

I attended the concluding part of a ladies political meeting I might call it, one afternoon recently, where the women of Boston had gathered to make nominations for the school board in the approaching civic elections. I was late getting there, but if the former proceedings were indicated by what I saw and heard, I simply wondered how they got the nominations made. Young women, middle-aged dab Sleek,"-the hypocritical, fawning women and elderly women were hopping Pharisee .- and the look he cast upon about and all talking at once. Nomination "Emma Torrens" when she says she is papers waved wildly through the air and going to darce, and his remark to her: occasionally the sound of the gavel on the president's desk called the crowd to order. but it was only for an instant, and the buzz of busy tongues again broke forth. I came away not much wiser than when I the city at the time, and though he

there earlier. I me' Editor Long of The British American Citizen who is energetic in his desire house. A rural couple in the house were to advance the interests of the provinces and make a good harmonious neighborly drop-curtain-"But," observed the man. feeling among the people of the New Eng-"I'll be dingbuttered if that looks like land States and the Bluenoses and who is 'Napolis!" "Hush!" said his fair com- ably seconded by Mr. Thos. F. Anderson ing. It bears internal evidence of being panion, "hush! 'Tain't 'Napolis. at all!" tormerly of the Globe staff. I also met without a doubt the production of the "Tain't nothin'! 'Tis 'Napolis, I tell you! Mr B. P. Palmer, of the Herald, formerly | Commodore. We are not rash enough to N-a-p-l-e-s.—Ain't that 'Napolis, I'd like connected with the Globe who entertains say that our brother is altogether guiltless.

to St. John some years ago, and the good reception and attention bestowed upon him by the St. John folk.

On board the Cumberland recently I had shake of the hand from W. M. B. Hammond well known to many St. John and provincial people.

THE CASE OF BROTHER STEWART. The Charge, the Evidence and the Acquittal of the Commodore.

The rumor that brother J. L. Stewart, commodore of the Miramichi Grappling and Diving club and editor of the World, is about to be married, causes, naturally, intense excitement wherever the Commodore is known. Of course where so many conflicting interests are at stake the wildest reports will get afloat. The necessity for calmness is imperative.

It does not appear to me, however, that the charge against brother Stewart is proved. To the legal mind the evidence is weak. In fact there would seem to be no evidence at all, but for the Commodore's fatal and seemingly uncontrollable habit of writing poetry.

The documentary exhibits are five in number. They would make out a clear case, possibly, if they had all been inflicted by the Commodore on the same lady. But when we find that they have been distritinct ladies, what are we to conclude? Would it not be a violent inference to say that the Commodore was purposing to cruise the sea of matrimony in love's frail shallop with a crew of five? Let us weigh the evidence. The first

exhibit was written by the editor in the I stood on Chamcook's mountain,

O'er looking land and sea, But on the mountain's summit - Was the fairest sight to me. For what are sun-kissed waters,
And what are sea-girt isles?
To the charm of woman's presence, To the sunshine of her smiles?

Now, I am obliged to admit that this would look very bad for the Commodore it it stood alone. But it does not stand alone. Look at exhibit Number 2, which is addressed to a Chatham belle. The Commodore has left his perch on the mountain now, and is soaring upward. He hints at unions not of this world, but of the next:

"Hello, Central!" the angel cries. "Hello!" the telephoniste replies, In tones somewhat un-teady.
"Put on your wings, prepare to rise."
"All right," the maiden gently sighs,
"I'm ready, Gabriel, ready."
She dropped the phone, her wings outspread,
Her brown hair floating from her head—
An angel pure and pretty. An angel pure and pretty; And like a flash electric flew,

HER LAST CALL

The clouds and starry azure through, To the Celestial City. Exhibit number 3 was found in the possession of a Newcastle charmer. There is a flavor of the brine about it that fastens its authorship beyond dispute upon the

"Paddle your own canoe" They told me long ago; In mine there's room for two-

Will you a boating go? Exhibit number 4 was received by a Fredericton lady from an unknown source. But Edit r Stewart was in went in, and regretted I had not been denies writing it, we tear that the conclusion is unavoidable that the commodore's muse had broken loose once more.

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss, That the soul in i s tulness of love, Would waver if bidden to choose between this And the Paradise promised above?

Exhibit No 5 is perhaps the most serious of all. In fact it borders on the damnfer to know?" Fact! Casey Tap. | warm and kindly remembrances of a trip | But may this not have been after all a

clever device on the part of Editor Stewart to boom his circulation?

If you did but love me, sweet, I'd lay the World at your little feet. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?

We have. Then what do you find? We find him not guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy BILDAD.

Still in Its Infancy.

On Monday morning the Halifax Creamery Co. made us a present of four glass jars of milk, each holding one imperial quart of a splendid quality of the lacteal fluid. The staff of The Critic took kindly to the contents of the jars, and only one was left to set for cream.—Halifax Critic, Vol. viii., No. 50.

No, We are Working for Love.

St. John Progress came to us last week as a twenty page paper, which we presume may be taken as a sign of prosperity .-Halifox Critic.

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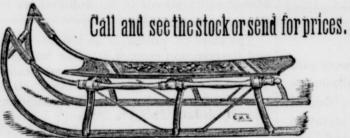
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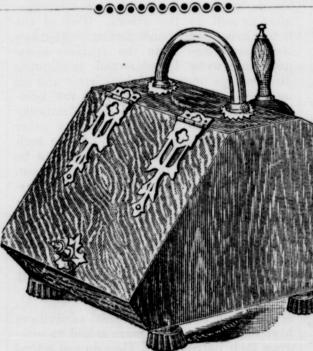
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