

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITTO.

"PARTNERS" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

BORGFELDT'S
BUTLER.

should the specimens of quartz-bearing reef selected for dealing with represent the average quality of that substance—which, by the way, I am told they very seldom do—but the resulting yield can only be obtained after careful manipulation and assay. As a conscientiously captious critic I have always elected to deal thoroughly and exhaustively with the merits and demerits of the theatrical productions on which it has been my fate to sit in judgment. No matter how I might fail to enjoy or appreciate them, I have ever set them out to the, in many instances, literally bitter

SAMPLING is, I fear, sometimes a deceptive process. It works out all very well in some things, but in others the equation is not easy to solve. In a cheese, say for instance, the operation is speedy and simple, and the result easily arrived at, and the same remark applies to many other commodities. I should think, too, that as regards Jem Smith or John L. Sullivan a very little sampling would go a long way. But, on the other hand, when it comes to such a thing as a Welsh gold mine, the matter seems one over which even experts agree to differ. Not only in that case

they were couched less highflown and stilted than that I have known the author make use of on other occasions when presumably writing with a J pen. Perhaps, so far as I could judge, the vindictive woman of fashion, bent on leading the heroine astray from her conjugal duties, smacks a little too much of the good old serpent in satin, a whole brood of which sprung into existence in cheap fiction after the appearance of "Lady

HEINRICH
BORGFELDT.

Audley's Secret." She savours somewhat of the old *London Journal*, and is one of those beings doomed to tread the stage and make an open secret of the iniquities of their nature in "asides."

It is with the acting that I prefer to deal, so far as lies in my power. There was one point about the Heinrich Borgfeldt of Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree that especially impressed me. It was

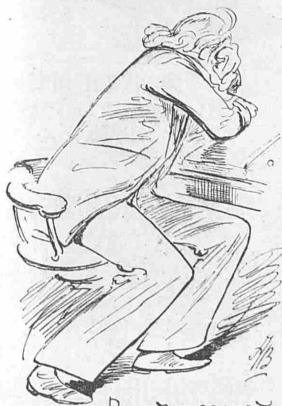
managed to concentrate the entire attention of the audience upon himself, to reveal to them as plainly as if he had recited aloud whole pages the inner workings of the mind of the unfortunate senior partner, to enable them to trace clearly for themselves every detail of the mental struggle waging within him, and to keep them in hushed suspense and expectation till the fall of the curtain with a touch of rant or exaggerated action. This was fine acting.

As Charles Derwentwater, the peccant junior partner, Mr. Laurence Cautley had to make enthusiastically illicit love and utter audible soliloquies on the result of his financial evil-doings, after the fashion which Mr. Buchanan deems essential to villainy. His love-making was, under the circumstances, fair, but lacked the gusto of his confessions of wickedness to the audience. As to the Mr. Parr of Mr. H. Kemble, all I can say is that if I had been either the senior or the junior partner of a firm, and my head clerk had addressed such remarks to me, and had further emphasised them with such an aggravatingly ultra-judicial delivery and such sternly monitory gestures, I should have either gone down on my knees to him at once, or have knocked him down for his impudence. Mr. Charles Brookfield as the retired actor, Mr. Algernon Bellairs, bases his impersonation on a type which I fancy—and hope—is rapidly approaching extinction, and carries it out, perhaps, a little too consistently to fit in with his colleagues. Mr.

BORGFELDT
ROUSED.

A GOOD FAIRY.

end. Last week, however, circumstances over which I had no control, or rather which in point of fact were controlling me, compelled me to confine myself to merely sampling a piece set down for criticism. I cannot, however, regard it in the light of a cheese, a sack of wheat, a cask of whisky, or anything of the kind in which a very small specimen will enable you to form a pretty accurate judgment of the quality of the whole. Hence I am really unable to give such an exhaustive judgment as I should have liked upon the New Comedy Drama, in Five Acts, entitled *Partners*, written by Mr. Robert Buchanan, and lately produced at the Haymarket Theatre.



POOR BORGFELDT.

I was only able to see part of the second and the whole of the third act, and must perforce base my judgment, such as it is, on these. I will shortly say, therefore, that their construction appeared to me to be fairly natural, and the language in which

neither his make-up, which was careful and characteristic, nor his accent, which was notably and consistently Teutonic, nor his adopted mannerisms, which gave evidence of some time spent in observing the ways of Borgfeldt's countrymen. But it was the manner in which, in a situation fairly strong, but by no means exceptionally so, and with lines allotted to him by the author of by no means marked force or pathos, he yet

BORGFELDT'S
FATHER-IN-LAW.BORGFELDT'S WIFE'S
FRIENDS.

Stratton Rodney was, on the other hand, up to date as the clerk, Boker.

Miss Marion Terry was a little manneristic as Claire, and I did not quite like the backfalls on the sofa in which she from time to time indulged. Miss Achurch continues to promise rather than perform as Alice Bellairs, being stiff and inexpressive rather than naturally unconscious in her scene

BORGFELDT'S
CONFIDENTIAL
CLERK.

with her sister. Miss Gertrude Kingston, on the other hand, played closely and keenly in the by no means pointless part of Mrs. Harkaway. Miss Minnie Terry did what was required as the child Gretchen.