

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

"THE WHITE ROSE."

The *White Rose* goes very smoothly at the Adelphi and, although it is in some respects different from what the audiences here are supposed to like best, appears to satisfy the patrons of Messrs. Gatti. Those who are more difficult to please will



probably regret that two authors who are credited with skill and humour—one of them a countryman of Scott, too—did not find in "*Woodstock*" the elements of a piece more out of the common. The *White Rose* is absolutely devoid of fun, unless



the childish tremblings of the tiresome coward Jeremiah Holdfast—another edition of Jacques Strop—must be accepted as amusing. The dialogue, incident, and character—except the "new and original Cromwell," who is indeed a most surprising per-



sonage—lack that freshness of idea which, in departing from the novel, Messrs. Sims and Buchanan should have been able to find within themselves. In fact all that is not "*Woodstock*" in *The White Rose* is, on the trodden lines of every day,



MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL.



the daughter pleads, but I am still in doubt why the father in the end gives way. There are, of course, many reasons why he should give way, but the authors by utilising two or three make their meaning wobbly. It would have been better to have only one reason and that a good one. On the whole *The White Rose* acts very much like the work of an actor playwright with more of situation than of logic. The chief incidents are: Sir Harry Lee's repudiation of his nephew Everard on account of his politics. Courtship of Everard and Alice as soon as Sir Harry's back is turned. Arrival of the king and Albert Lee in disguise. Supper—scare—the commissioners are coming—scurry for the secret chamber. Entrance of the Commissioners. Colonel Yarborough, a slighted suitor, orders Alice and Sir Harry to wander homeless in the storm. Everard, commanding the Parliamentary troops, turns the Commissioners out instead. Act II.—Cromwell at Windsor Castle. Cromwell talks to Elizabeth about Everard, discovers state of her heart and offers to bring marriage about. Yarborough arrives, accusing Everard of treason,

romantic drama. Under the School Board nobody knows anything of history, and it does not matter greatly therefore that we should have a Lord Protector scheming, like the mother of ten, to get his daughter a husband, and mingling his tears with hers when the plan fails. Still it is important in a play which sacrifices history to its love interest that there should be no doubt about

Elizabeth defends him until he comes to defend himself. Yarborough sent off with a flea in his ear; Everard placed in command at Woodstock and told particularly to watch for the fugitive king. Before he goes explains to Elizabeth that he can only love her as a sister, leaving her disappointed but resigned. Cromwell, who does not go to bed at night, very



restless. Falls asleep at length, while the Salvationists of the period give a performance outside, and sees visions of the past and future in tableaux of Charles's execution and Elizabeth's early death. Wakes shrieking for his child, and falls upon her neck when she comes to him again still living. Act III. takes us to Woodstock again. Here we have: gallantry of king, notwithstanding neighbourhood of pursuers. Coquetry of Alice, jealousy of Everard, attempted abduction of the lady by the fugitive, rescues by Everard of Alice from Charles and of Charles from the Parliamentary troops. Act IV. Everard to be shot for betraying his trust, and the rest as described. The performance, as far as the principals are concerned, is mostly adequate. Miss Evelyn Millard, though a little too frequently making a group of herself, is a pleasing Alice. Mrs. Campbell, who is really showing herself an acquisition, is natural and sympathetic as Elizabeth; Mr. Boyne as Everard is successful with the audience, and until he grows too sentimental, when he supposes that death is near him, appears to deserve his success. The Cromwell, the tender and pathetic old gentleman—so like an old lady—of Messrs. Sims and Buchanan is very well rendered by Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Beveridge, in a pictorial make up, does very careful work as Sir Harry Lee. In the disguise of Kerneguy Mr. Mellish seemed to me more satisfactory than as the king. It is not a very agreeable part, however, and the artist is not alone to blame for the certain amount of vagueness which comes over it when the fugitive Prince is transformed into the villain of the piece. Mr. Cockburn plays with earnestness the melodramatic Yarborough whom no one could lift above the commonplace. It is more of Mephistopheles or of the "First Robber," than of the sly hypocrite Tomkins that Mr. Collette made me think. But Mr. Charles Dalton—rather boldly withal—gave something like the idea of Roger Wildrake. Upon Mr. Rignold, who has shown that he can act when opportunity offers, the trying duty falls of having to



MR CHARLES COLLETTE



tremble through four acts. He does his best, but it is often a hard fight for a laugh with Jeremiah Holdfast. Nor does it help much the effect of the spirited efforts of Miss Jecks as Phoebe that the authors have given her such a dismally comic lover. The piece is liberally put upon the stage, and the scenery and dresses leave nothing to be desired.