

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "D" Company 1881 (New Company)

1st – 6th August: Scarborough

LONDESBOROUGH THEATRE. – Proprietor, Mr. W. A. Waddington. – The latest production of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, an æsthetic opera in two acts, entitled *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*, through the energy of the proprietor, was placed upon this stage for the first time on Monday evening by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's opera company in a style which far surpassed any previous efforts. A full house showed their approval of the performance by frequent outbursts of applause and the recalling of the most prominent characters, while the sparkling music and humour which runs through the piece gave infinite delight. The chorus of officers of Dragoon Guards had a capital effect. Mr. Geo. Thorne was excellent as Reginald Bunthorne, and Miss McAlpine was a charming Patience. Miss Elsie Cameron, Miss Clara Deveine, Miss Ella Chapman, and Miss Fanny Edwards as the Rapturous Maidens met with their due share of applause. The opera has been performed during the week, and has been one of the greatest successes this season. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, August 6, 1881; Issue 2237.]

The Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Patience" was very successfully produced for the first time in the provinces at the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, on Monday week, August 1st. Mr. Arthur Rousbey is the "idyllic poet," Mr. Geo. Thorne the "fleshly" one, Miss Ethel McAlpine the heroine, Miss Fanny Edwards the *Lady Jane*, and Misses Ella Chapman, Elsie Cameron, and Clara Deveine the chief rapturous maidens. Mr. Rousbey, Miss Edwards, and Miss McAlpine have long been members of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "Pinafore" and "Sorcerer" companies. Miss Ella Chapman used to be a member of Lydia Thompson's troupe; Miss Elsie Cameron played the chief lady in the provincial "Upper Crust." [*The Sheffield & Rotherham Independent* (Sheffield, England), Saturday, August 13, 1881; pg. 12; Issue 8375.]

8th – 13th August: Hull

THEATRE ROYAL

Upon acquaintance Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan seem more and more to improve. Those who were charmed with "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury" were glad to renew their pleasure over "The Pirates," and now in "Patience" is found further cause for eulogising the twin dramatists. It was only in February last that "Patience" for the first time was presented to the criticism of London play-goers, and here in August we have it in Hull. This is a piece of enterprise for which we are indebted to Mr. Wilson Barrett, and for which his patrons should thank him in a substantial manner. The "people who book" might, for instance, by way of gratitude and encouragement, put in a more frequent appearance when comic opera is not billed. Like all the compositions of the two partners, "Patience" must be seen more than once to be thoroughly enjoyed. After a second or third hearing the airs begin to "grow upon one," and the beauty of both libretto and music is then more completely appreciated. The company which is now on tour with the piece has been, we believe, travelling but few weeks, and greater credit is therefore to be given them for the style in which the whole representation is worked. In acting, dress, chorus, and stage management, everything deserves genuine praise. Mr. D'Oyly Carte is evidently awake to the correct idea that a troupe to be successful must be well dressed, well treated, and well paid. To enter into a detailed criticism of "Patience" would be to spoil the expectant

pleasure of – let us hope – many hundreds yet in Hull alone, but it may be broadly stated that a more enjoyable evening at the theatre than is to be spent this week, has not presented itself for some time, and this may be said without any suspicion of disparagement towards the many excellent entertainments which have during this season and the last been provided. In Miss McAlpine, Miss Elsie Cameron, Mr. Arthur Rouseby, and Mr. George Thorne old friends will be recognised, and pleasant memories will be aroused of "Pinafore," the pantomime of "Red Riding Hood," and "Flying Scud" in each of which the ladies and gentlemen mentioned have prominently figured. Supported as the principals are by talented collaborators, the rest of the tour may simply be set down as one of triumph.

THEATRE ROYAL. – Lessee, Mr. Wilson Barrett; General Manager, Mr. Alfred Cuthbert. – Before it crowded and fashionable audience, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* made her first bow on Monday last. The crushing satire on the "too-utter" portion of the B.P., as conveyed in the above-named opera, is admirably carried out by one of the finest companies we have seen brought together, principals, chorus, and band working well together under the skilful *baton* of Mr. W. P. Halton (sic). Several of the characters of this opera are but reproductions of those so well known in *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. Nevertheless, they are well conceived; the music, too, compared with that of *The Sorcerer* and *Pinafore*, is perhaps not so effective, but is at all times good, and occasionally the airs are of the "catchy" order. Mr G. S. Thorne is excellent as Reginald Bunthorne. His burlesque of the mannerisms of a certain well-known tragedian is admirably carried out. Mr. A. Rouseby is exceptionally good in the part of the aesthetic poet, Archibald Grosvenor; and, though but having little to do, Mr. Sydney is to be commended for his Duke. Miss Ethel McAlpine leaves nothing to be desired, both in acting and singing, as *Patience*; and special comment must be accorded Miss Fanny Edwards for the portrayal of the "massive" aesthete Lady Jane. The scenery and dressing of the piece are indeed excellent, and reflect the greatest credit on the Management. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, August 13, 1881; Issue 2238.]

15th – 18th August: York

YORK THEATRE ROYAL

Every theatre goer is familiar with the opera book-writing of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the music of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and as we have been favoured in York, by the commendable judgment and enterprise of Mr. Waddington, with the recent production of several works from the pens of the gentlemen named, it is only necessary to say that the new and original æsthetic opera, in two acts, entitled "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride," produced on Monday and last night on the York boards by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, was by the playwrights named, and was received, as their works generally are, with the greatest satisfaction. The title, "Patience," gives the remotest possible idea of the fun in store in the course of the performance of the opera, which may be probably best defined as a very near approach to the other popular compositions of the combined talent of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, such as the "Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," and the "Sorcerer." As a matter of taste, possibly the earlier works of the composers will please many, but there is no doubt that "Patience," with its laughable episodes, charming choruses, and picturesque groupings, will require a powerful rival to displace it in the public favour. The first act opens with an assemblage of young ladies dressed in æsthetic draperies, grouped about the stage, and playing lutes, mandolins, &c., as they sing, all being in the last stage of love-sickness. *The Lady Angela* (Miss Elsie Cameron), the *Lady Ella* (Miss

Hetty Chapman), and the *Lady Saphir* (Miss Clara Deveine) lead them in their chorus of miserie and tokens of love for one *Reginald Bunthorne*, "a fleshly poet" (Mr. George Thorne) who is in love with *Patience* (Miss McAlpine), the village milkmaid, but whose love remains unrequited, *Patience* boasting that she has never loved anyone but her great-aunt, and she looks with pity on the despondent ladies. The 35th Dragoon Guards next come on the scene, "fleshly men of full habit," and their smart military appearance was provocative of much applause. The *Colonel* (Mr. G. B. Browne) sang, with chorus, "The Heavy Dragoon," which was received with great enthusiasm, and then followed an amusing dialogue between the *Colonel* and *Major Murgatroyd* (Mr. J. B. Rae), and *Lieutenant Duke of Dunstable* (Mr. James Sydney). *Bunthorne*, the "fleshly poet," then enters, followed by the ladies playing harps, but he is too absorbed in composing a poem to take notice of them, and the dragoons are indignant that they escape notice. The poet slyly observes all, and ultimately treats the ladies to some of his doggerel rhyme, with which they are enchanted. He then becomes intensely melo-dramatic, and, having changed his manner, confesses that he is "æsthetic sham," and unbosoms his love for *Patience*, but *Archibald Grosvenor*, an idyllic poet (Mr. Arthur Rousbey), who is "gifted with manly beauty which has no rival on earth," outshines every one in *Patience's* eyes, and she begins to fancy she is in love with him, who was the four-year-old friend of her youth. There is such a complication of circumstances, however, that the pair do not agree matrimonially, and *Bunthorne* again appears crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. A procession of maidens accompany, dancing classically and playing on cymbals, &c. The military are surprised at the proceedings, and the question arising who shall be *Bunthorne's* bride, he, feeling heart-broken at *Patience's* coldness, offers himself to be raffled for. A symphony and kneeling chorus by the dragoons and ladies follow, and is very amusing, and the maidens having got tickets for the raffle *Lady Jane* presents herself, but *Bunthorne* refuses her proffered aid in his single difficulties. Other circumstances follow, and the first act drops amid a scene of complication between the idyllic poet, "fleshly" poet, and *Patience*. The second act reveals a glade in which *Jane* is seen accompanying herself on a violoncello and relenting the desertion of *Bunthorne*. Shortly after this she sang with great effect "Silvered is the raven hair," and was awarded an *encore*. After *Grosvenor*, the idyllic poet, has recited to the ladies some amusing lines amidst great laughter, and proved to them that he is an admirer of the æsthetic, he pays his attentions to *Patience*, but she alternately repels and encourages him. Mr. Rousbey was in excellent voice and was well received. The *Duke*, *Colonel*, and *Major* next endeavour by adopting æsthetic dresses to captivate the maiden[s] and notwithstanding their acknowledged grotesqueness the young ladies are satisfied, and ultimately all pair off with the exception of *Bunthorne*, the "fleshly poet," who is left out in the cold to console himself "with a tulip or a lily." The whole of the characters were well filled, and Mr. Geo. Thorne, who was immediately recognised as an old favourite here, met with his usual good reception. The performers were all in good voice, and the music throughout was capitally rendered. The scenery and dresses were all that could be desired. The house was crowded in every part, the seats in the dress circle having all been booked beforehand, as they are for to-night. "Patience" will be repeated to-night and two following evenings. [*The York Herald* (York, England), Wednesday, August 17, 1881; pg. 7; Issue 7644.]

THEATRE ROYAL. – Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. A. Waddington. – D'Oyly Carte's *Patience* company has been appearing here since Monday. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, August 20, 1881; Issue 2239.]

(Note: 19th- 20th August: Royal Spa Concert Rooms, Harrogate – Advertisement. [*The York Herald* (York, England), Wednesday, August 17, 1881; pg. 1; Issue 7644.])

22nd August – 3rd September: Edinburgh

THEATRE ROYAL – Lessees, Messrs. Howard and Logan; Acting-Manager, Mr. F. Sephton. – Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new æsthetic opera *Patience* was presented here, for the first time in Scotland, on Monday evening, and had the occasion been the first production of a grand opera, by the first composer of the day, there could not have been a larger or a more brilliant and appreciative audience present than that which filled the Theatre. The opera had a truly characteristic representation, and was listened to with marked attention, while the zest and spirit of the performers was also warmly recognised. There was a powerful cast, Mr. Carte having selected his company with much judgment from among the best of the large staff of artists that are always under engagement with this enterprising Manager. The work, too, has had adequate preparation, the late performances at Scarborough, Hull, and York familiarising the performers with their parts, so that an *ensemble* is now presented as near perfection as possible. One of the features of the representation is certainly the Reginald Bunthorne of Mr. George Thorne, who as the "fleshly" poet was admirable throughout. His powers of comedy are of the highest and most comprehensive order, and the enthusiasm with which he entered into his part was as hearty and complete as was the favour its clever rendering met with at the hands of the audience. He has just the voice to give due effect to the very ingeniously constructed patter songs that invariably embellish Mr. Gilbert's operas, and his telling enunciation of the song "If you're anxious for to shine" was as distinct as it was enjoyable. The song was, of course, several times encored, and has since been greeted nightly with much applause. Archibald Grosvenor, the "idyllic" poet, was an assured success, when coupled with the name of Mr. Arthur Rousbey, a comedian who never fails to impart preeminent distinction and artistic prominence to every character he plays. His performance on this occasion was one of the most exquisitely finished he has yet given us, and his singing was splendid throughout. In particular his charm of voice and cultivated style were apparent in the charming "Prithee, pretty maiden," with its delicious eighteenth-century flavour; and his duet with Bunthorne was also capitally rendered. As the Colonel of Dragoons Mr. George B. Browne looked very handsome, and acquitted himself well, rattling off the song "If you want a receipt" with appropriate dash and energy, and a musical skill that won it a hearty encore. Mr. J. B. Rae made an excellent Major, playing the character with that quiet drollery and originality of style which are the feature of all his performances; and Mr. James Sydney gave material assistance as the Duke of Dunstable, singing also with considerable effect. All these three artists, we may add, greatly distinguished themselves in "The Æsthetic Trio" which occurs in the second act. Miss Ethel McAlpine, who is a great favourite here, played *Patience* with a rustic grace and picturesque simplicity that fully realised the author's ideal of the character. Her singing was particularly satisfactory, and her interpretation of the song "I cannot tell what this love may be," and of the ballad "Love is a plaintive song," was in each instance eminently successful, and greeted with unmistakable approval. The "massive" Lady Jane, the most magnificently majestic among all the rapturous maiden, was impersonated with true theatrical skill by Miss Fanny Edwards, whose colossal performance, so large in idea, so immense in grasp of character, and so formidable in point of ability and artistic proportion, was equally tremendous in its

success. This accomplished lady's capacity for comedy, and her remarkable gifts of voice and finished vocalisation astonished and delighted the audience, her superb rendering of "Silvered is the raven hair" creating a *fuore* of applause that could not be silenced until the song had been repeated. Her duet with Bunthorne "So go to him and say to him," which followed, was similarly successful, and, in the hands of Mr. Thorne and Miss Edwards is unquestionably one of the hits of the opera. This had a double encore, and narrowly escaped a further demand. The other principal rapturous maidens were Miss Elsie Cameron, who spoke her lines with exquisite effect as Lady Angela; and Miss Hetty Chapman, who, as Lady Ella, revealed a voice of surprising beauty in her tastefully rendered song "Go, breaking heart," Miss Clara Deveine was the Lady Saphir, and Mr. E. Pearce completed the cast as Bunthorne's solicitor. The dresses, designed by the author, were beautiful in the extreme, and the æsthetic attitudes of the chorus of maidens cleverly assumed. The choral numbers were sung with notable spirit and effect, and the orchestra did its work well under the direction of Mr. Arnold, who had only joined the company that evening. The business is simply tremendous, the Theatre being filled to over-flowing each evening, and Mr. Vincent Oxberry and Mr. Sephton, each at his wits' end to find accommodation for the surging crowds imploring admission at any price. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, August 27, 1881; Issue 2240.]

THEATRE ROYAL. – Lessees, Messrs Howard and Logan; Acting Manager, Mr. F. Sefton. –*Patience* continues to be represented here with unbounded success, and the very crowded audiences that have attended every performance since the appearance of Mr. Carte's company mark, in an eminent degree, the unfailing popularity of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's charming works with the public. The principal artists have advanced as rapidly in favouritism as they have highly increased in success during their short stay, and the genuine and hearty expressions of approval with which everything and everybody have been received must be highly gratifying to all interested in the production. The two morning performances last week were largely attended, and we see another will be given on Saturday. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, September 3, 1881; Issue 2241.]

5th – 17th September: Glasgow

ROYALTY THEATRE – "PATIENCE."

Æstheticism, or latest social "fad," is having its day. In this respect it is not unlike the proverbial dog, but while our canine friend will doubtless go in and out amongst us till the end of all time, the days of the æsthete's Dado, and his kindred paraphernalia are evidently upon the wane. It may, indeed be doubted if the craze so humorously depicted in the pages of Punch can claim to have ever had the attachment of a baker's dozen of genuine votaries. Certain it is that the mania portrayed by the Jellaby Postlethwaites sketches has not extended to our own northern domains. We are as yet happily strangers to that alarming form of æstheticism which disports itself over the "too utterly precious lily," the "intense" mania of the Oscar Wilde school, the "consummate" beauty of a willow pattern soup plate, and all the other nonsense striving to establish for itself a sort of 19th century renaissance. That the stage should readily enough lend itself to mirror the more ridiculous features of the Burne Jones era goes without saying. In "Where's the Cat" we had probably the first attempt at hitting off the peculiarities of the new idealists – if they are worthy such a name. Mr. Burnand followed suit with "The Colonel," and those accomplished collaborators Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan had also their eye upon the funny folks who "flop" and

pose, the lank-limbed ones, and the woe-be-gone, who "must live up to his blue china."

The new opera "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride," which was last night produced at the Royalty by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company, and for the first time in Glasgow, is of course one form in which the author and composer of the "Pinafore" depict their sense of the æsthetic notions of the hour. Originally brought out at the London Opera Comique in April last, the work soon found its way to the provinces. So far its reception has been a highly favourable one, yet most musical folks, and amongst those Dr. Sullivan's best friends, begin to long for something from his pen of a more substantial nature. Comic opera is well enough in its way, but a plethora of even a good thing is not at all times desirable. We laugh, mayhap, immoderately, at the sparkling and pungent sayings of Dr. Sullivan's able librettist; we admire the versatile genius of the musician who can so cleverly interweave, say, a classical harmony amidst the surroundings of the grotesque and the comical. But when all is said and done one cannot forget that brilliant talents are, so far, overlooking the claims of higher art [*illegible*]. As enduring popularity for "Pinafore" and the other Gilbert-Sullivan comic operas may be questioned; it is a safe prophesy that "Patience," mainly because its subject is a "fad," will disappear when the clever pencil of Du Maurier seeks pastures new. At this hour most folks are doubtless acquainted with the "book" which Mr. Gilbert has written for his coadjutor. Briefly, it deals with the love rivalry of a couple of æsthetic poets – Archibald Grosvenor, an "idyllic" versifier, and Reginald Bunthorne, a poet of the "fleshly" persuasion. The latter acknowledges himself a sham:–

"This air severe is but a mere veneer,
This cynic smile is but a wile of guile."

He is adored of 20 rapturous maidens, who have, however, plighted their troths to a score of Dragoon Guards. Those amorous martinets hardly relish the devotion of the fickle beauties to the man of verse; they are scandalised at "the course of true love," which directs that Bunthorne on the advice of his solicitor, should set himself up "to be raffled for." Patience, a milkmaid, is meanwhile his enamorata, but she will have none of hi. Her heart is with Grosvenor, whom she eventually weds. The Guards win back the affections of a couple of the rapturous "damozels" by donning the character of æsthetes. Everybody at length resumes the manners and customs of the poor ordinary mundane being. Lady Jane, a "massive" member of the rapturous twenty, gives her hand to the Duke of some-place-or-another, and Bunthorne has no bride after all. There is abundance of humour in the versification which tells the story of this satirical extravaganza; indeed many passages are brimful of rollicking fun, sparkling dialogue, subtle rhyme and rhythm.

The music, if unequal in its conception throughout, is thoroughly in sympathy with the text. It is Dr. Sullivan all over; it is replete with graceful and flowing melodies, piquant dance measures, reminiscent now and again of Offenbach, and of the composer of "Pinafore" himself. Strains similar to those in the popular nautical opera are met with in more than one instance, and the Frenchman's peculiarities are reflected notably in the jingling "Sing hey to you," an inimitably droll duet, which was last night honoured with a double encore. The [*illegible*] motif device is also employed, and with pretty effect. But the work probably excels in the construction of the choral numbers and concerted pieces. Of these may be instanced as a specially happy bit of writing the unaccompanied sestet which forms part of the lengthy finale to the first act. The simple harmonies of the morceau fall upon the ear gratefully, and as sung last night the effect upon the audience led to loud calls for repetition. But,

indeed, encores were the order of the evening, and marked interest accompanied the presentation of the leading numbers in the work. The character of Patience found an excellent representative at the hands of Miss Ethel McAlpine, her sweet soprano voice blending very nicely in the duet "Prithee pretty maiden," a charming imitation of the "Early English" style of composition, and in which she was ably joined by Mr. Arthur Rousbey (Grosvenor), who phrased the "Hey willow waly O," refrain with musician like skill. The "massive" Lady Jane was played by Miss Fanny Edwards with an evident appreciation of the drollery of the situation, comical in the extreme where, at the opening of act second, the portly, rapturous maiden is discovered in a soliloquy bewailing her fate in the "coming by and by." Here she is assumed to be accompanying herself on an overgrown violoncello, the recitative leading into an effective little melody, "Silver'd is the raven hair," which she sang with great unction. The Bunthorne of the opera is Mr. George Thorne, a comedian of great ability, and who enunciates his many nonsensical sayings with exhilarating humour. His vocal power is somewhat limited, yet his share in the "Sing hey to you" duet, already mentioned, contributed not a little to the effect of the number. Mr. G. B. Browne, as Colonel Calverley, is scarcely equal to the demands of the patter song, "If you want a receipt," his voice, however, doing excellent service in the concerted music. The band and chorus are fully equal to the requirements of the opera, the latter adjunct being indeed unusually complete, and particularly the female voices, which are fresh and tuneful throughout. The costumes, said to be designed by Mr. Gilbert himself, are sure to attract the attention of the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts," who will find their way to Mr. Knapp's house during the "Patience" visit. The sage green and the æsthetical flowing robe, the variegated tints appropriated by the new school of colour, and cunning devices in peacocks' feathers, sunflowers, poppies, and lilies are all there, and in their pristine beauty. We should add that the audience was a large and enthusiastic one. [*Glasgow Herald* (Glasgow, Scotland), Tuesday, September 6, 1881; Issue 213.]

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE OF "PATIENCE." – A special performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new æsthetic opera "Patience" will be given at the Royalty Theatre tomorrow afternoon, an arrangement which will suit country patrons and others who cannot conveniently attend the evening performances. The curtain will rise at 2 o'clock. [*Glasgow Herald* (Glasgow, Scotland), Friday, September 9, 1881; Issue 216.]

ROYALTY THEATRE. – Lessee and Manager, E. L. Knapp – In the presence of a large and well filled house, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new æsthetic opera *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*, was produced at this theatre on Monday evening. To gauge its success by the appearance of the house and the hearty welcome it received, this latest addition is in no whit behind its predecessors from the same hands, the reception accorded it being enthusiastic. The fleshly poet Bunthorne is played by Mr. G. Thorne, on whom the heaviest of the work falls. Mr. Thorne must be complimented on the manner in which he portrays the character. Archibald Grosvenor, the idyllic poet, was taken by Mr. Arthur Rousbey, whose fine voice told well in the duet "Prithee, pretty maiden," sung in conjunction with Patience, as in the other songs allotted to this character. Miss Ethel McAlpine made a charming Patience, acting and singing admirably. Of the rapturous maidens, the Lady Jane (Miss F. Edwards) takes the lead, her solo in the second act, with violoncello accompaniment, being encored. The other maidens – Lady Angela (Miss E. Cameron), Lady Saphir (Miss C. Deveine), and Lady Ella (Miss H. Chapman), were all good, both in singing

and acting. Among the three Dragoon officers the Colonel (G.B. Browne) has a capital patter song to which he does full justice. Mr. J. Sydney plays the Lieutenant, and J.B. Rae the Major. The setting of the opera is of high artistic finish, while the effect of the various posings and groupings on the stage are very fine. The two scenes are bright and well painted. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, September 10, 1881; Issue 2242.]

19th – 24th September: Belfast

"PATIENCE" IN THE ULSTER HALL.

THE latest comic opera of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, which is now in the full tide of its successful career at the London Opera Comique, was performed in the Ulster Hall last evening before a large audience, who received the piece with every demonstration of approval. The encores were certainly more frequent than in any performance we remember of either "Pinafore" or the "Pirates of Penzance," and the general expression of satisfaction at the conclusion of each of the acts was quite as enthusiastic as could be desired by the most ardent admirer of the distinguished librettist and the popular composer whose collaborations have done so much to divert the public during the past six years. We have become so accustomed to the excellence of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's comic opera companies, it is almost unnecessary to state that the production of "Patience" last evening was admirable in every way. The principals were thoroughly efficient, both as regards singing and acting, while the rendering of the choruses was more than adequate to the requirements of the piece. The dresses were exceedingly tasteful, and the mounting was all that could be wished, Mr. Bellair's castle exterior being one of the best of this young artist's productions that we have yet seen. Under such circumstances it can easily be understood that the performance should be brilliant, and that it should receive such unequivocal tokens of the favour of the public.

With respect to the piece itself a good deal remains to be said. The whimsicality of the libretto differs considerably from the whimsicality of its two predecessors. While "Pinafore" and the "Pirates" were a series of satires upon a condition of things with which everyone is acquainted, "Patience" is a satire upon other people's satires. It is remarkable how the notion became prevalent that there existed in London society a certain circle who made a craze of what has now become known as æstheticism. There are undoubtedly persons who furnish their dining-rooms and their drawing-rooms on rational principles instead of on the old-fashioned system of gilding and veneer; and there are certainly persons who prefer wearing sober hues to flaring colours; the admiration of the lily, the pomegranate and the sunflower, so far from being the result of any "craze," is as old as the pyramids of Egypt. The difficulty now-a-days would be to find anyone who would prefer the fashions of the early Victorian period to those at present in existence, but there is no such thing as an æsthetic circle, as commonly understood. The man who contributed most of anyone alive to the encouragement of the true spirit of decoration is Mr. William Morris, and it is certain that he is far removed in appearance from the individual usually accepted as a type of the æsthetic leader. The fact is, Mr. George Du Maurier, when he commenced his series of satirical sketches in *Punch* some years ago, found that his allusions to Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Messrs. Maudle and Postlethwaite were so favourably received by the public he continued his pictures *ad nauseam*, and there cannot be a doubt that he created the impression that there was a circle in society that had become seized with a high art craze. Just at this time, however, there came a young man to town, bearing the name of Oscar Wilde; he had shown a tendency when

at Oxford to become eccentric, and he was a good deal laughed at. When Mr. Du Maurier had got many of his first and best sketches published this aspiring young gentleman felt that his opportunity for fame had arrived, and by posing as Maudie he certainly achieved more notoriety than he possibly could hope to gain from his brains. Young Mr. Wilde has proved invaluable to the caricaturist of *Punch*, for when any sceptic now ventures to question the possibility of the æsthetic craze being really in existence the true believers are accustomed triumphantly to point to this Mr. Wilde. As for the curious parlance attributed by the satirists to the "æsthetics," it, strangely enough, had its origin in an article that appeared in the *Athenæum* a few years ago purporting to be a description of the picture "Venus Astarte," by Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, and the writer was thought to be Mr. A. C. Swinburne, the poet; for, like everything else that comes from that author's pen, it was wildly unmeasured in its rapturous praise of the work of the great poet-painter. This is the true history of the origin of the "æsthetic craze," which is confined to three individuals in England, though from the way it has been talked about one would be led to believe that it pervaded an entire circle in London. Mr. Du Maurier caricatured individuals in society, and his readers have taken for granted that he meant to refer to types of society.

In "Patience" Mr. Gilbert exaggerates the caricature with capital effect, only that when he brings his characters upon the stage we seem to be looking at the personages of a fairy extravaganza. It is a dream of what would be the result if the people of the world would carry out the teachings of their artistic instructors, and as such it is highly amusing. Its satire is not nearly so forcible as that of either the "Pirates" or "Pinafore," because it is, as we have already said, only a satire upon what might exist, but upon no actual condition of humanity. A number of girls are supposed to be in love with a poet of what Mr. Buchanan called the "fleshy school," and they offer him their worship in rhyme, accompanying themselves upon various old Florentine instruments. They have previously been engaged to officers in the Dragoon Guards, whom they have forsaken for the bilious pseudo-poet; but he rejects the several suits of the young ladies, and loves a milkmaid; and here Mr. Gilbert has an opportunity of exercising his whimsical fancies, and he certainly indulges himself, contriving to give the plot – such as it is – a touch of his own peculiar humour, for the milkmaid, having been taught that love is quite unselfish, rejects the man whom she would choose on the ground that as he is handsome there would be no self-denial in her act. Nothing could be more amusing than the embarrassing result that is brought about by this means. The dialogue and the verse are quite as clever as anything of the author's. The music is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Though the airs and choruses in the earlier part of the piece are scarcely so bright as those which we have become accustomed to associate with the name of the composer, yet the exquisite concerted music that follows is more than happy; it is interesting and brilliant in every number. The highest praise must be given to the manner in which the airs were sung last night, Everyone seemed careful and efficient, but particularly must the singing of the ladies be commended. Miss Ethel McAlpine, as Patience, acted with the greatest taste and cleverness, and proved her possession of an extremely pleasing soprano, of considerable compass and much sweetness. The singing of Miss Cameron as the Lady Angela, of Miss Clara Deveine as the Lady Saphir, and of Miss Hetty Chapman as the Lady Ella, was careful and correct; while Miss Edwards, as the Lady Jane, rendered her airs with cleverness and power, receiving more than one encore. Mr. George Thorne made a highly humorous Bunthorne, acting and singing with intelligence and good taste. Mr. Arthur Rousbey looked well and sang capitally as

Archibald; while Messrs. Browne, Rae, and Sydney, as the Colonel, Major, and Lieutenant respectively, were highly efficient. The choruses were also steady, and altogether the performance was well deserving of the favour which was bestowed upon it. [*The Belfast News-Letter* (Belfast, Ireland), Tuesday, September 20, 1881; Issue 20685.]

ULSTER HALL. – Manager, Mr. J. F. Warden. – Mr. Carte's *Patience* company is at present the attraction here, and commanding a very good business indeed. The engagement is for a week. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, September 24, 1881; Issue 2244.]

26th September – 1st October: Dublin

THE GAIETY THEATRE

"Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride," by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, was produced last night before a crowded audience. The fame, or at least the name, of the work has become familiar enough to the Dublin public. It was first presented on the London stage about six months ago, and the interest which its performance there created has made its representation here an event looked forward to with much curiosity. Its principal peculiarity is that it is intended as a satire upon the æsthetic craze which we are told is one of the prevailing passions of the period. What this æsthetic mania really is would be difficult enough properly to define. That artists and poets whose genius and works entitle them to be so-called are to be included under the head of "æsthetes," as the phrase is now accepted, would scarcely be the fact, and it would appear that Mr. Gilbert's design was rather to hold up to ridicule those wild and weak-minded youths, who aping whatever personal peculiarities poets may possess, and by singularities of dress, language, and manners, seek to fix admiring attention upon themselves, but who in reality only succeed in making themselves supremely ridiculous. Fortunately the æsthetic business cannot be said to have reached, or at least to have secured, any foothold on this side of the Channel, and in a sense this fact is rather against the chances of "Patience" being appreciated here to the very fullest extent – in fact, one or two of what Mr. Gilbert would very possibly consider the best points quite missed their mark last evening, for this reason. Readers of "Punch" will have perceived that Du Maurier and Burnand have long since occupied with marvellous effect the ground now taken in a vocal form, and have held up to laughter and contempt the antics and the jargon of this latest development of English fashion and folly. It was, indeed, a splendid subject to be handled by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, who may be called the Siamese twins of satire and song, and in "Patience" they have worked with harmony and a success which must be particularly galling to those languid ladies and gentlemen whose æstheticism is, in their own phrase, so "consummately utter," and so "earnestly precious." Before speaking of the merits of the work and its performance, it might be well to say a word or two about the plot, although, indeed, to apply the word plot at all under the circumstances savours somewhat of absurdity. Reginald Bunthorne is an æsthetic poet – a "fleshly poet" he is called. He is surrounded by rapturous maidens, who are usefully employed playing lutes, mandolins, and other musical instruments. They are in the "last stage of despair," for they all love Reginald, and their love is hopeless. These fair ones are dressed in fantastical æsthetic costumes, and flop about like "drooping lilies." Bunthorne describes his view of the tender passion by saying that it is simply a form of indigestion "curable by colocynth and calomel." He moreover makes love to Patience, a dairymaid, who, however, does not appreciate his raptures, and who, having heard that love should be unselfish, declines to marry him, inasmuch as to do

so would entail no self-sacrifice. One of the æsthetic maidens tells her that if she has never loved she has never known true happiness, to which Patience replies – "But the truly happy seem to have so much on their minds – the truly happy never seem quite well." This statement is answered by another of the fair maidens in the following exquisite and convincing form – "There is a transcendentalism of delirium – an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy which the earthy might mistake for indigestion. But it is *not* indigestion – it is æsthetic transfiguration." Archibald Grosvenor, an "idyllic" poet and another type of æsthete, comes on the scene. He has made the simple and pastoral his speciality, and a specimen of his style delivered to the enraptured maidens commences –

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy,
A great big squirt was his favourite toy.

Bunthorne is so persecuted by the ladies that he at last puts himself up to be raffled for, but Patience declares that she now loves him because he is ugly, and the ladies then, without much ado, transfer their affections to Grosvenor, and Bunthorne, who has grown jealous of him, insists upon his giving up æstheticism, and threatens, in the event of a refusal, to hurl upon him "a nephew's curse." Grosvenor consents to become like other mortals, whereupon Bunthorne expresses his joy in song –

A most intense young man –
An ultra-poetical, super-æsthetical
Out of the way young man.

A body of bold dragoons who have been engaged to the maidens supply much of the fun. They have been rated by the ladies for being so unæsthetical – for failing, in fact, to be "Empyrean, de la Cruscan" or even "Early English;" but in the second act the colonel, major, and lieutenant discard their uniforms and assume the garb of æsthetes, by which plan they gain the hearts of the fair ones, who are glad to recognise that the heroes have at length become "perceptibly intense and consummately utter." The colonel determines to "act up to his blue china," gives the word of command "By sections of threes – Rapture." The "massive Lady Jane" is the only maiden who for a while remains true to Bunthorne, and impressively alludes to what she describes as "the wealth of golden love stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine." Grosvenor marries Patience, Lady Jane gives her hand to the Duke of Dunstable, who selects her because she is "distinctly plain," and the lean and languid Bunthorne is left out in the cold. Now for the way in which the strange absurdity is worked out. Neither Mr. Gilbert nor Mr. Sullivan can be said to have in "Patience" accomplished anything from a literary or musical point of view surpassing, if, indeed, they have equalled, their previous performances. It would, however, have been scarcely possible to have handled the subject much better. The keen sense of humour which pervades every line of Mr. Gilbert's text renders it quite irresistible. It contains some very spicy, and indeed very clever, parodies of the Swinburnian style of poetry, and one or two bits that are so silly as to be clearly intended as an indication of what Wordsworth might have done. Then there are some passages that in the drollest imaginable way caricature the peculiarities of melodrama. One scene indeed irresistibly suggests one of the many melodramatic incidents that in "Paul and Virginia" recently convulsed a Dublin audience. No doubt many of the songs are worded so much in the same style as songs in "Pinafore," "The Sorcerer," "The Pirates," and "Trial by Jury," that they may all be said to bear the very closest possible family likeness – the likeness of twin brothers and sisters in fact. Indeed that is the one fault to be found with the work of Gilbert and Sullivan – the absence of variety. The same old kaleidoscope gets a turn, and we have familiar old friends back again in a new form or dress, but still our old

friends. In "Patience," as in the previous operas, Mr. Sullivan has made it his object to mould his music to the peculiar shape and meaning of the text, and he certainly has succeeded to a marvel. As Mr. Gilbert has given us some clever parodies of the poets, Mr. Sullivan has done likewise for the music of the masters. Take the finale of the first act, for example: it is a wonderful caricature of the conventional operatic finale, though indeed to call it a caricature in any sense is almost a misdescription, for it is really as clever from a purely musical point of view as the work which it may be supposed to imitate. The overture, it should be mentioned, is made up of themes from the opera very ingeniously strung together. Most of the music recalls unmistakably what we have heard from the composer in his previous works. But there is some of it far and away better than anything he has done of a similar kind, and much too good for the subject. Perhaps the prettiest melody of all is the song for Patience in the second act, "Love is a plaintive song," and then she also has a charming air, "I cannot tell what this love may be." The duet for Grosvenor and Patience, "Prithee, pretty maiden," is also very clever, and a solo for Lady Jane, "Silvered id this raven hair," [sic] is one of the most characteristic numbers. It is preceded by a recitative with violoncello accompaniment, and is clearly a caricature of the style peculiar to grand opera. A very humorous song, "When I go out of door," is sung by Bunthorne and Grosvenor, and took wonderfully with the audience, and was encored, as indeed were most of the principal airs. Of the performance it may be said that each part was capably filled. None of the performers displayed very exceptional powers, but all were satisfactory. Miss McAlpine was extremely good as Patience, and Miss Cameron and Miss Edwards as Lady Angela and Lady Jane respectively sang fairly and acted with grace and intelligence. Mr. Rousbey both vocally and otherwise was excellent as Bunthorne. In some respects Mr. Thorne was a very satisfactory Grosvenor. [sic] He sang generally very well, suggesting in a remarkable manner the voice of Mr. Royce; but he takes quite a mistaken view of the part, and acted as if the character were Quilip or Uriah Heep. The opera was received with applause throughout. It was most admirably mounted. The dresses were splendid – those of the dragoon officers being quite perfect. The scenic arrangements deserve a special word of praise. Nothing could have been better than the two scenes. The painting was perfect, and the details arranged with harmony and excellent taste. In conclusion, we recommend every one who would have a hearty laugh and enjoy good music to see and hear "Patience." [*Freeman's Journal and Daily Commercial Advertiser* (Dublin, Ireland), Tuesday, September 27, 1881; Issue N/A.]

* Thorne played Bunthorne while Rousbey was Grosvenor.

GAIETY THEATRE. – Proprietor, Mr. M. Gunn. – The new æsthetic opera, *Patience*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, capitally represented by the members of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company, has been in possession of the stage during the week. Miss Ethel McAlpine is, vocally and histrionically, excellent as Patience. Miss Fanny Edwards efficiently interprets the *role* of the "massive" Lady Jane, and the other "rapturous maidens" are cleverly impersonated by the Misses Elsie Cameron, Marion May, Clara Deveine &c. Mr. Geo. Thorne is an amusing exponent of the part of Reginald Bunthorne; Mr Arthur Rousbey acts admirably as Archibald Grosvenor; and Messrs Jas. Sydney (the Duke of Dunstable), G. B. Browne (Colonel Calverley), and J. B. Rae (Major Murgatroyd) are excellent in their respective parts. The opera has been placed upon the stage with every attention to detail, and the band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Geo. Arnold, leave nothing to be desired. [From *The Era* (London, England), Saturday, October 1, 1881; Issue 2245.]

3rd – 8th October: Cork

THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE. – Managing Director, Mr. James Scanlan. – Judging by the extent of the booking and the extraordinary enthusiasm which was exhibited by a crowded house on Monday evening last at the first performance of *Patience*, it bids fair to more than rival in popularity here either *The Pirates of Penzance* or *Pinafore*. Of the artists little need be said, they are each so good in their respective parts. Mr. George Thorne's clever and artistic assumption of the part of the poet Reginald Bunthorne was the cause of great laughter which had the genuine ring. Mr. Arthur Rousbey was no less successful in his performance of Archibald Grosvenor, and Miss Ethel McAlpine was greatly admired and applauded as *Patience*. Miss Fanny Edwards, as Lady Jane, and, indeed, all the artists engaged in the representation of the clever and captivating opera are above adverse criticism. The management is quite safe in the clever and experienced hands of Mr. Herbert Brook. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, October 8, 1881; Issue 2246.]

10th – 15th October: Wolverhampton

THEATRE ROYAL. – Lessee, Mr. Lindo Courtenay; Manager, Mr. Charles Courtenay. – Just as Mr. Sims's *Mother-in-Law* had ingratiated herself with local playgoers, and was largely securing their favours, Mr. Courtenay was obliged to turn her out to enable him to fulfil an engagement he had made, to show his patrons what a really good thing *Patience* is. There are few entrepreneurs who possess greater "patience" than our energetic lessee, and we are delighted to record the fact that the production by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's talented company of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's æsthetic opera bids well to prove one of his most successful ventures. The boxes have presented and unusually bright and animated appearance, and the other parts of the house have been largely patronised. The opera has been magnificently staged, the dresses being pretty and attractive, and the scenery uncommonly good. The band and chorus were everything desirable. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, October 15, 1881; Issue 2247.]

17th – 22nd October: Liverpool

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. "PATIENCE."

If it be the function of the dramatic satirist to "shoot folly as it flies," no one has more skilfully accomplished it – at least, of recent years – than Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert. With wonderful aptitude, they "catch the manners living as they rise," select their ridiculous phases, and in tuneful melody and brightly-written and witty libretto present them effectively on the stage. One of the most absurd of modern manners is the craze after ultra-æstheticism. This has been caught most adroitly by Sullivan and Gilbert, and in their latest joint production, "Patience" – an ambiguous title for stage purposes – they satirize very cleverly, and without offence, the "acute accentuation of the supremest ecstasy" of the "utterly-utter" school. The lines upon which the plot of "Patience" runs are these – A fleshy poet, Reginald Bunthorne (Mr. George Thorne), who for a time ranks as an "apostle in the high æsthetic band," is the admiration of all the village maidens, who dote upon him and his transcendental terms to the disgust of a troop of dragoons who are stationed in the neighbourhood. But the soldiers – the "fleshy men of full habit" – follow the example of Bunthorne. To them it becomes clear that "mediæval art alone retains its zest." and they too become "jolly utter." But another poet, an idyllic one, Archie Grosvenor (Mr. Arthur Rousbey), appears among the maidens, and all of them – particularly an unsophisticated dairy-maid "Patience" – immediately transfer their affections to him. Bunthorne, too, in a

weak moment, confesses that his æstheticism is a sham, and that his attachment, à la Plato, to a bashful young potato," is all put on. The result is that Grosvenor, who wooed Patience when a little boy, marries her, and the officers of the dragoons each gets the lady he loves, while the pretended poet, Bunthorne, is discarded all round. Upon such flimsy materials as these, an opera of exceeding merit, both from a musical and literary point of view, has been worked out, and its production at the Prince of Wales Theatre last night met with the unequivocal approval of a large and fashionable audience. The piece abounds with some of the smartest writing that has ever come from Mr. Gilbert's prolific pen; and there is also occasionally examples of pretty versification in it. The melody has all the charm that attaches to Mr. Sullivan's compositions, the concerted passages are skilfully arranged, and some of the solos are of rare beauty. The songs, "I cannot tell what this love may be," "The Heavy Dragoon," "If there be pardon in your breast," "Silvered is the raven hair," "The Silver Churn," "Love is a plaintive song" are charming compositions, and their rendering was much applauded. The company is an unexceptionable one, the following ladies and gentlemen who compose it acting and singing with the finish and ability of thorough artists:— Reginald Bunthorne, Mr. George Thorne; Archibald Grosvenor, Mr. Arthur Rousbey; Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor, Mr. E. Pearce; Colonel Calverley, Mr. George B. Brown; Major Murgatroyd, Mr. J. B. Rae; Lieutenant the Duke of Dunstable, Mr. James Sydney; the Lady Angela, Miss Elsie Cameron; the Lady Saphir, Miss Clara Deveine; the Lady Ella, Miss Marion May; the Lady Jane, Miss Fanny Edwards; and Patience, Miss Ethel McAlpine. The chorus is numerous, the voices fresh and well balanced; there was a specially augmented orchestra, and the opera was conducted with much ability by Mr. George Arnold. The opera is beautifully mounted, and the stage management, arrangement, and the scenery does infinite credit to Mr. Emery's skill and judgment. [*The Liverpool Mercury* (Liverpool, England), Tuesday, October 18, 1881; Issue 10537.]

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE. — Lessee, Mr. F. Emery. — The musical caricature of certain fashionable foibles has been for several years most genially and cleverly carried out by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and the latest instance of their keen combined sense of humour as embodied in *Patience*, although hardly equal to *The Sorcerer* or *The Pirates of Penzance*, was sufficient to tickle the fancies of a crowded audience at Mr. Emery's theatre on Monday and throughout the week. Extra stalls were necessary to accommodate the "fashionables," and it is currently reported that the booking for *Patience* has not been equalled for a long time. This was the first time the Gilbert-Sullivan æsthetic opera had been performed in this city, but it was quite astonishing, in the course of general consideration, to find the great proportion of those who were present at the "Prince" on Monday, had already seen it in the Metropolis. The musical merits of the opera need not here be discussed, but it is only doing Mr. Gilbert justice when we state that anything more comically original than the *Patience* libretto has never yet been brought into being by his prolific pen. The extravagances of a class of the community, which has been snuffed out almost as soon as it was brought into existence, furnished the author with a fitting subject, and if Mr. Sullivan's illustrative music is not so thoroughly original as one could desire, there is no doubt it catches the popular ear most readily. The mounting of *Patience* at the "Prince" is not inferior to the London version, and Mr. Emery merits much praise for having so artistically met the requirements of the performance. Gilbert's funny ideas are sufficient to insure the long life of the musical æstheticism, and the audience on Monday showed the realisation of thorough enjoyment by frequent applause. The chief place in the cast is justly due to Mr. Arthur Rousbey, whose idyllic poet was a

study and a success. Mr. George Thorne also secured legitimate appreciation by his comical conception and realisation of Reginald Bunthorne. Mr. J. Sydney sang and acted with considerable spirit as the Lieutenant Duke. Miss Ethel McAlpine looked and acted charmingly as Patience. Other roles in the opera were filled by Miss E. Cameron, Miss C. Deveine, Miss M. May, Miss Fanny Edwards, Mr. E. Pearce, Mr. G. B. Browne, and Mr. J. B. Rae. Mr George Arnold piloted the musical forces with much success, and the general representation was highly successful. A morning show will take place today (Saturday). [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, October 22, 1881; Issue 2248.]

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE. – Lessee, Mr. F. Emery. – *Patience* proves the biggest "card" Mr. Emery has played for a long time, and it will cease for a time tonight in the midst of undoubted success. So great was the crush at the matinee of *Patience* last Saturday that Mr. Emery resolved to give an extra morning "show" on Wednesday, when there was again a very large audience, and another morning performance will be given today (Saturday). *Olivette* is underlined for Monday. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, October 29, 1881; Issue 2249.]

31st October – 2nd November: Blackpool

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE. – Manager, Mr. Sergenson. – On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, *Patience* was presented here. Although the season is virtually over, the residents were not slow to patronise what has undeniably been the best of the many good things Mr. Sergenson has during his spirited lesseeship introduced to the Blackpool theatre goers. The artistic rendering of the music, the brilliant costumes, the appropriate scenery, together with a large and thoroughly efficient band and chorus, have called forth the highest encomiums. Mr. Grover's *I.O.U.* company opened the winter tour here on Thursday. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, November 5, 1881; Issue 2250.]

3rd – 5th November: Southport

THE WINTER GARDENS. – Mr. J. Long, Manager. – On the 3rd, 4th and 5th, Mr. D'Oyly Carte's *Patience* company occupied the Pavilion Theatre, and three more crowded nights there have not been this season. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, November 12, 1881; Issue 2251.]

7th – 12th November: Leeds

THE GRAND THEATRE. – Lessee, Mr. Wilson Barrett; Acting Manager, Mr. Lee Anderson. – The long expected and eagerly anticipated æsthetic opera of *Patience* was produced here on Monday last to a large and appreciative audience. They seemed thoroughly to enter into the keen satire of Mr. Gilbert's witty lines and the nonsense verses wedded to Mr. Sullivan's melodious airs. Several of the numbers were encored, and what many consider to be the gem of the opera, "Hey, Willow Waly O," barely escaped being repeated thrice. The cast is a good one. Mr. George Thorne's Bunthorne was excellent, and Mr. Rousbey's performance was a perfect realisation of Archibald Grosvenor. Mr. James Sydney was heard to advantage in the role of the Duke, and Mr. J. B. Rae acted the part of the Major with his usual intelligent perception of the humorous. Mr. Geo. B. Brown was a good Colonel. Miss Ethel McAlpine is the patience, and her acting and singing were equally admired. The Lady Angela and Lady Jane of Miss Elsie Cameron and Miss Fanny Edwards, and the other two chiefs of the æsthetic "rapturous maidens," Misses Clara Deveine and Marion May, did ample justice to the words and music. The band and chorus were

thoroughly up to the work, and everything went off satisfactorily, the principals being recalled. The authorities contributed two exquisite scenes for the two acts, which were greatly applauded, and, with bright and pretty dresses, the *tout ensemble* may be said to be complete. The opera was preceded by the musical comedietta of *Quite an Adventure*, in which Miss Elsie Cameron and Messrs. E. P. Temple, Leonard Vincent, and Jessie Smith did ample justice to Mr. Frank Desprez's songs, set to characteristic music by Mr. Ed. Solomon. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, November 12, 1881; Issue 2251.]

14th – 19th November: Sheffield

THEATRE ROYAL. – "PATIENCE."

This opera, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Dr. Sullivan, as a satire upon the modern development of æstheticism, was produced at the Theatre Royal last evening by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company. The latest of their efforts, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" is in many respects superior to "The Pirates of Penzance," and certainly greatly superior to "H.M.S. Pinafore." The opera is indeed one of the most delightful that has ever been seen here; and its production will rank amongst the most interesting features of the present season. Charming music, a sparkling libretto, beautiful and effective scenery, and a company which is essentially artistic and evenly balanced – these are all to be found in "Patience," and as it is represented at the theatre. The opera was witnessed last night by a house that was both large and appreciative. Appreciative the audience could indeed hardly help but be. Were the music less charming than it is, Mr. Gilbert's libretto is so witty and pungent that it would be impossible not to be amused. In thus satirising a folly of our times, Mr. Gilbert is as successful as Fielding was 150 years ago, when, in his "Tragedy of Tragedies," he caricatured the plays which held the stage at that present. With "The Colonel" on the one side and "Patience" on the other, æstheticism – not the real, but the false and the exaggerated – must inevitably be scotched and killed. Ridicule is oftentimes the most powerful of weapons; and Mr. Gilbert's winged shafts are none the less keen though the bow be drawn by gentle hands. The opera is in two acts, and its plot may be thus told. The worshippers of æstheticism are Reginald Bunthorne, a fleshly poet; Archibald Grosvenor, an idyllic poet; and their twenty fair disciples and admirers. In the opening scene the latter are at the gate of Castle Bunthorne, and the rapturous maidens are vainly sighing for the love of the fleshly Reginald, who in his turn presses his hopeless suit upon pretty Patience, the heart-whole milkmaid. In mournful, semi-religious strains, they sing "Ah, miserie!" and explain to Patience how it is that if she has never loved she can never have known true happiness. "The truly happy," says Patience, "never seem quite well;" and they patronisingly tell her how "There is a transcendentalism of delirium, an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy which the earthy might easily mistake for indignation." [*sic*] When the dashing 35th Dragoons make a halt in the village to claim their lady loves of days gone by, the rapt creatures refuse to listen to them, and hang upon the lips of Reginald Bunthorne. The fury of the bold Dragoons finds vent in the chorus:–

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous,
A thorough-paced absurdity – explain it if you can.
Instead of rushing eagerly to cherish us and foster us,
They all prefer this melancholy literary man.

Bunthorne confesses to Patience that he is a humbug. He does not really care for dirty greens, and everything that's Japanese, and proceeds to explain how he has worked up his reputation. After this the rival poet comes upon the scene, and he, too, makes love

to the bright eyed dairymaid. But the idyllic poet and the milkmaid, though they were lovers when they were four years old, and though Patience has suddenly found her heart, are not yet united. The motive which for a while separates them is ingenious. Archibald Grosvenor is cursed with a fatal gift of perfection. The apostle of simplicity, he is, he says "a trustee for beauty," and, embarrassing though his course may be, he must on no account abandon it. All women adore him, but he must suffer – and let them suffer – and be strong. Patience is determined that her new-born love shall above all things be pure. To be pure it must be self-sacrificing – and there can be no sacrifice in loving a perfect man. So they must part, and they do so heroically, just in time for Patience to bestow herself upon Grosvenor's rival, Bunthorne, whom she detests. Bunthorne was just about to be raffled for by the fair Ladies Angel, Saphir, and Ella, and by the buxom Lady Jane. He eagerly escapes the peril of marrying one of his languishing admirers, and when he embraces Patience, the ladies return to their allegiance and embrace the Dragoons. On perceiving, however, the beautiful Grosvenor for the first time, they all desert their "old, old loves," and press admiringly around the Apostle of Purity. This ends the first act. In the next Bunthorne, who has lowered himself by his choice of the milkmaid, is deserted by the fickle æsthetic ladies who have gone over to Grosvenor, excepting the faithful Lady Jane, a high-art dame, older and more startling in her proportions than the rest. Bunthorne sighs for the time when he was the admiration of the æsthetical young ladies; and in the course of a very amusing scene, he induces Grosvenor to abandon æsthetic pretensions, "to cut his hair, to wear a suit of dittoes;" in short, to become –

An every day young man,
A commonplace type
With a stick and a pipe
And a half-bred black and tan.

The change is made, Patience finds no difficulty in returning Grosvenor's love, for he has ceased to be a perfect man. Bunthorne, disappointed in obtaining the woman whom he loved, falls back upon Lady Jane, who has followed him with a devotion that at times proves embarrassing. But, as he himself says, he is "sold again," for the Lady Jane becomes the chosen of a dashing officer in the Dragoons, who is moreover a duke to boot. Of the company it is impossible to speak except in terms of the warmest commendation. The character of Patience is sustained by Miss Ethel McAlpine, the fortunate possessor of a voice of much purity and sweetness, and who uses it with no little artistic skill. She is not merely a vocalist and nothing more, but an actress as well; and her rendering of the character throughout was as successful as could well be desired. Miss Edwards's Lady Jane, too, was a very careful piece of acting, and after hearing her rendering of the very beautiful tune, "Silvered is the raven hair," it was difficult to restrain a regret that the character does not make greater demands upon Miss Edwards's voice. So splendidly did she sing this air that an encore was enthusiastically demanded. The idyllic poet, Archibald Grosvenor, found a most fitting representative in Mr. A. Rousbey; and to no inconsiderable degree is the success of the opera due to his splendid voice and capital acting. He appears to be the very beau ideal of an æsthetic poet. The Reginald Bunthorne of Mr. G. Thorne was in every way admirable; and the characters of the Colonel, Major, and Lieutenant of Dragoons were excellently portrayed by Mr. G. B. Browne, Mr. J. B. Rae, and Mr. J. Sydney. The "rapturous maidens" were as rapturous as their parts required, and moreover sang most sweetly. [*The Sheffield & Rotherham Independent* (Sheffield, England), Tuesday, November 15, 1881; pg. 2; Issue 8455.]

THEATRE ROYAL. – Lessee, Mr. E. Romaine Callender; Acting Manager, Mr. John Cavanah. – Mr. Callender has had one or two good weeks lately, but seldom has the house known such business as is being attracted by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's *Patience* company this week. *Patience*, in fact, appears to have struck a commendatory chord in the Sheffield breast to a greater extent even than did its predecessors. Probably this is owing to the extreme sweetness of the music as much as to the delicate, but severe, sarcasm of the libretto. Perhaps, however, it is still more likely that the excellence of the vocalism and the general power of the company contribute in the main to the remarkable success of the engagement. Mr. George Thorne as Bunthorne is very droll, and Mr. Arthur Rousbey both vocally and dramatically does justice to the part of Grosvenor. Miss Ethel McAlpine as *Patience*, Miss Fanny Edwards as the Lady Jane, and Miss Elsie Cameron as the Lady Angela, all help to make the production as near perfection as possible. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, November 19, 1881; Issue 2252.]

21st – 26th November: Newcastle

LOCAL NOTES

"*Patience*," the satirical opera at the Theatre Royal is not a particularly lively piece, and the other night we detected two persons yawning before the curtain had been up half an hour. The ladies are wonderfully like those on the got-up façade of the Public Library. The singing is good, but the music is not up to Pinafore and Mr. Sullivan's other works. The piece is, however, drawing wonderfully, the dress circle being crowded every night. [*The Newcastle Courant etc* (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England), Friday, November 25, 1881; Issue 10795.]

THEATRE ROYAL — Lessee, Mr. Charles Bernard — The engagement of Mr. Carl Rosa's opera company was brought to a most successful termination at this theatre on Saturday evening with a performance of Gounod's *Faust*, which was received with much enthusiasm. There was a crowded attendance in every part, the receipts, we understand, for this night being the largest of the week. On Monday night there was another crowded attendance to witness the first performance in Newcastle of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's successful æsthetic opera *Patience*, supported by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company. The opera was capitally cast, the principal members of the company being received with much favour. The work was mounted with the usual care that has characterised Mr. Carte's previous productions, and it was throughout received with much favour. The eccentricities of the æsthetic poet Bunthorne were cleverly "hit off" by Mr. George Thorne, whose humorous singing and grotesque attitude created much amusement. The rival poet, Reginald [*sic*], was enacted with much success by Mr. Arthur Rousbey, and, in conjunction with Miss Ethel McAlpine, he sang the charming duet "Prithee, pretty maiden," with much artistic feeling and taste, the rendering of the song "I cannot tell what this love may be" by the last named was also deserving of mention. Lady Jane was cleverly personated by Miss Fanny Edwards. Mr. James Sydney, as the Lieutenant, was well deserving of praise for his singing and acting; and Mr. G. B. Browne, as Colonel Calverley, Mr. J. B. Rae, as the Major, were equally successful. The leading love-sick maidens, Lady Angela, Lady Saphir, and Lady Ella were personated in the most creditable manner by Misses Elsie Cameron, Clara Deveine, and Marion May. The vaudeville *Quite an Adventure* preceded the opera, supported by Messrs E. P. Temple, L. Vincent, J. Smith, and Miss Elsie Cameron. The opera has been played throughout the week to crowded and delighted houses. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, November 26, 1881; Issue 2253.]

28th November – 3rd December: Nottingham

THEATRE ROYAL. – Manager, Mr. Thos. W. Charles. – The anxiously looked for visit of *Patience* took place on Monday last, when an appreciative assembly, that filled every corner of the house, was present to welcome it. Applause, and indeed, enthusiasm, was the order of the evening, a condition of things not to be wondered at seeing that the polished whimsicality of the opera was rendered in its full meaning by the clever company. The heroine was charmingly played by Miss Ethel McAlpine, whose singing also was lovely. Archibald was admirably acted and sung by Arthur Rousbey. Mr. George Thorne was intensely quaint as Bunthorne. Miss Elsie Cameron was a remarkably good Lady Jane; Mdlles. Clara Deveine and Marian May, as the Ladies Saphir and Ella, were rapturous maidens indeed; and Messrs. James Sydney, G. B. Browne, and J.B. Rae, as the Lieutenant, Colonel, and Major respectively, were all excellent. The opera was picturesquely mounted, the management having evidently "spread itself" for the occasion. A stupid and poorly acted farce, *Quite an Adventure*, has preceded the opera on each evening, to the unnecessary lengthening of the performances. All "bookable" seats have been secured at raised prices for a fortnight past, and a morning representation for (this) Saturday has been announced in order to meet the great demand for places. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, December 3, 1881; Issue 2254.]

5th – 10th December: Bristol

"PATIENCE" AT THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL.

Last night, a comic opera company, specially formed by that spirited and, we may add, very competent *entrepreneur*, D'Oyly Carte, commenced a six night's engagement at this house with Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and, we think we may say, happiest æsthetic comic opera, "Patience," As the reader may suppose, the piece is a satire on a pervading modern craze. It must not be thought that Mr. Gilbert has any war with those who are really enthusiastic in their admiration of beauty in nature and art. His evident object is to hold up to ridicule those "Brummagem" pretenders to æstheticism, who invade society without improving it, and who by their tinselly affectation lessen the respect which would otherwise be felt for those in whom the feeling is genuine. In its wit, fancy, and originality "Patience" will well bear comparison with any of its predecessors, whilst it soars in all those respects far above the great majority of the adaptations from foreign sources with which it has been the fashion of late years to supply the opera bouffe stage. The story of the piece is, of course, extravagant in the extreme, but all its extravagance is on the side of good humour, and the mirth it provokes is all but ceaseless. Its name is derived from a central figure in the plot, one Patience, a milkmaid. The story, briefly told, runs thus:— When the curtain rises on the grounds of Castle Bunthorne, a score of "rapturous maidens," in æsthetic costume, and each grasping a lute, mandolin, or other ancient or mediæval instrument, are seen grouped about in various graceful attitudes. They are all hopelessly in love with Bunthorne, a "fleshly" poet of the type rendered familiar through the pages of *Punch*. Bunthorne, who has been impressed by the charms of Patience, does not reciprocate their devotion; and his admirers bewail the hopelessness of their love in song, the refrain of which, "Ah miserie!" is rendered with pathetic feeling. Patience now appears with the information that the 35th Dragoon Guards have arrived in the village. The dragoons a year before had made a decided impression on the hearts of the fair ones of Bunthorne, but as the Lady Angela now declares, their tastes have in the meantime been etherealised and their perceptions exalted. The dashing officers, who have become "fleshly men of full

habit" in the eyes of their former admirers, now enter. Presently Bunthorne, a slim, angular individual, appears, and, oblivious to the looks of devotion of the rapturous ones, he proceeds with the composition of his "purely fragrant" and "earnestly precious" effusions. By and by he proceeds to read his poem, a "wild, weird, fleshly thing," entitled "Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow," The æsthetic ladies are in raptures, and more disposed than ever to throw the redcoats overboard. The gallant dragoons are soundly rated for not being "Empyrean, Della Cruscan, nor even Early English." When Bunthorne is left alone he admits that he is æsthetic sham and an egotist. He describes in a recitative how he neither loves lilies nor dirty greens, but that mediævalism, with its "stained-glass attitudes," pays. Bunthorne is now joined by Patience, who does not understand what the tender passion means. "What is love?" she queries when she has sent Bunthorne away discomfited. "Utter unselfishness" is the definition given her by the æsthetic Lady Angela. A second æsthete, Archibald Grosvenor, now puts in an appearance, and in him Patience beholds a "little boy" she loved in former years. The recognition is mutual, and the two without delay fall in love. But alas! Archibald, a poet of the idyllic school, is "incomparably beautiful in mind and body," and as true love is "utter unselfishness," it would never do for Patience to monopolise him, and they part in despair. Meanwhile Bunthorne, stung with Patience's rejection of his suit, has determined to put himself up to be raffled for in aid of a deserving charity. But, just as the lot is about to be drawn, Patience, "the slave of duty," interposes, and offers to marry Bunthorne because else detests him. The æsthetic ladies in a fit of spleen, pair off with the dragoons, but at that moment Archibald enters. The appearance of the æsthetic poet is too much for the fickle damosels, who crowd around him with undisguised admiration to the disgust of the dragoons. On this climax the curtain drops. The second act opens in a rural glade, the Lady Jane, who alone remains faithful to Bunthorne, being discovered. She is joined by Archibald, followed by the admiring maidens. He, like Bunthorne, is in the throes of composition, but, being an idyllic poet, he pours forth "decalets," commencing, "Gentle Jane was as good as gold," and "Teasing Tom was a very bad boy." Archibald, like Bunthorne, is deaf to the expressions of adoration and sighs he hears around him. Much as he loves the milkmaid, he discreetly retires on the approach of his rival, Bunthorne, who is closely attended by the Lady Jane, a damsel of mature and highly-developed charms. She alone of the fickle once has proved faithful; but, despite her pathetic pleadings to secure her ere she be gone too far (she is already ripe), Bunthorne refuses to smile on her. His thought[s] are con[cen]trated on Patience. The dragoon officers have meanwhile transformed themselves into æsthetic worshippers. Their long hair, quaint costumes, and angular attitudes prove irresistible, and the Lady Angela and the Lady Saphir at once succumb. Frightened by a threat from Bunthorne, Grosvenor consents to cut his hair, to doff the garb of the æsthetic bard, and to appear as an every day young man. Patience, still utterly unselfish, transfers her affection to the now "steady and stolid-y, Jolly Bank Holiday, everyday young man." Lady Jane is rewarded by becoming the bride of the Lieutenant – "a duke with a thousand a day." The dragoons finally regain their uniforms, and Bunthorne alone is left unblest, and the curtain falls on his unavailing moan, "Single I must live and die; I shall have to be contented with a tulip or a lily." There are minor complications in the plot, which, as provocatives of mirth, are irresistible, but the foregoing tells the main story. In fitting this amusing satire with music Mr. Sullivan has, we think, surpassed any of his previous efforts in the line. His march, indeed, is always an onward one, and "Patience" in real musical quality excels "The Pirates of Penzance" quite as much as the Pirates surpassed "Pinafore." It is not only that the

numbers generally are bright and tuneful, but there are passages so refined and tender that they seem out of place in connexion with a theme so farcical and humorous. This, it will be remembered, was to an extent the case with the Serenade to the Moon and the Madrigal in "Pinafore," and with "Oh, leave me not to pine" and the unaccompanied chorus "Hail, Poetry!" in the Pirates, and it is more markedly the case with some of the numbers of "Patience." Some of the æsthetic maidens' choral passages are especially good, and so are the sestet in the first act, Jane's song, "Silvered is the raven hair," and some other passages. A noticeable feature in the music, likewise, is the success with which, in aiming to provide a characteristic setting for a work which deals so much with the past, the composer has caught the style of some of the mediæval composers. It need hardly be said of Mr. Sullivan that his orchestration leaves nothing to desire. The overture, although to a great extent a reproduction of the airs in the opera, is bright and effective, and forms an acceptable prelude, and the accompaniments are admirable and full of character. The opera is cleverly acted and admirably costumed. Miss Ethel McAlpine acts the character of Patience as well as she sings the music, and to that her nice *mezzo soprano* voice and excellent musicianship enable her to do full justice. The Lady Jane of Miss Fanny Edwards is also excellent. The parts of the Ladies Angela, Saphir, and Ella are scarcely as prominent, but in them Miss Elsie Cameron, Miss Clara Deveine, and Miss Marion May acquitted themselves very effectively. The *rôle* of the Fleshy Poet (Reginald Bunthorne) was filled, and most satisfactorily filled, by Mr. George Thorne, who must be well remembered as the Sinbad of one of our Christmas pantomimes. He may not be a great singer, but his dry, quaint humour suits him admirably in the part of the æsthetic sham. His reading of the mock æsthetic poem, "Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow," was so amusing that an attempt was made to encore it. Mr. Arthur Rousbey both acts and sings capitally as the Idyllic Poet (Archibald Grosvenor), and Mr. George Browne, Mr. J. B. Rae, and Mr. James Sidney very efficiently portray the three Dragoon officers. The scene in which they have assumed æsthetic garb and sing an æsthetic trio was irresistibly comic. Wasted space compels us to draw our remarks to close, but we may say that there were several encores, and that the large and fashionable audience were exuberant both in their laughter and applause. [*The Bristol Mercury and Daily Post* (Bristol, England), Tuesday, December 6, 1881; Issue 10472.]

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, PARK-ROW. – Managers, Messrs. George and James Macready Chute. – One of the most popular engagements of the present season has been that of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company with *Patience*, and very large audiences have assembled. Mr. Arthur Rousbey, who has previously given us evidence of considerable ability in the operatic line, was an excellent Grosvenor. As Bunthorne Mr. George Thorne appeared on Monday night, meeting with the heartiest reception. Mr. Thorne being indisposed on Tuesday, the character was taken by the understudy. Mr. Ed. P. Temple, who played the part in capital style. As Colonel Calverley Mr. George B. Browne did well; and Mr. James Sydney was efficient as the Duke of Dunstable. The music of *Patience* is exceedingly pleasing, and was done full justice to by Miss Ethel McAlpine. The ladies Angela and Saphir were well represented by Miss Elsie Cameron and Miss Clara Deveine; the part of the Lady Jane being most humorously and effectively rendered by Miss Fanny Edwards. The band and chorus were most efficient, and the opera was capitally mounted. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, December 10, 1881; Issue 2255.]

12th – 17th December: Birmingham

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

"Patience; or Bunthorne's Bride," the last, and certainly not least, delectable of the lyric absurdities for which we are indebted to the art partnership of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, was produced here (for the first time in Birmingham) last night with a success and *éclat* which are of hopeful augury for the provincial career of the work, respecting which some doubts were previously permissible. For, unlike "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance," the interest of "Patience" is somewhat local and Metropolitan. The æsthetic craze, against which it is directed, can be scarcely said to have penetrated to the provinces, where it is known only by report, through the writings of Mr. Burnand and the inimitable sketches of Mr. Du Maurier. The creed of the lily and the sunflower, and the characters of Maudle and Postlethwaite, and the other *merveilleux* of the "utter" school who frequent the drawing rooms of the Cimabue Browns and their friends, and occasionally "live up to" a teapot, are, of course, familiar enough to the readers of *Punch*; but for the mass of the people they are still, we fear, merely words of sound and fury, signifying nothing; and much of the point and effect, therefore, of Mr. Gilbert's pungent satire must consequently be lost upon a large section of his country audiences. Nevertheless, the characteristic humour of the piece appeared to be thoroughly understood and warmly appreciated by the numerous and enthusiastic audience assembled last night, as was shown *inter alia* by the fact that no less than ten numbers were encored, two of them twice over, and that a running fire of applause and merriment furnished an *obbligato* to the performance throughout.

Mr. Gilbert's plots are of so fantastic and extravagant a character that they will seldom bear narration, or rather a mere sober narrative of incidents and motives fails to convey any adequate idea of their character and merits. This difficulty was never more obvious than in the present instance, the plot of "Patience" being more than usually extravagant even for Mr. Gilbert. It turns upon the rivalry of two so-called æsthetic poets – the "fleshly" or Rabelaisian – *Reginald Bunthorne*, a lean, cynical, cadaverous-looking young man, and the simple or pastoral rhymer, *Archibald Grosvenor*, whose personal advantages are in inverse ratio to those of his competitor. These grotesque and fanciful personages, both sham æsthetes by the way, who have adopted the jargon and methods of the craft for their own social advancement, both fall in love with a simple, unaffected milkmaid, named *Patience*, and are themselves beloved and followed by a bevy of twenty rapturous maidens of high degree, who have fallen under the æsthetic craze, and go about in a dreamy, melancholy manner in soft clinging garments of antique cut and faded colour, with lyres and other classic instruments in their hands. *Bunthorne* is the exclusive object of the eccentric devotion of these maidens until *Grosvenor* appears on the scene, when the fickle damsels at once desert the sallow and cynical for the blooming pastoral idol – all, that is, except the massive and matronly *Lady Jane* – "among the faithless, faithful only she" – who declares her intention of clinging evermore to *Bunthorne*. This strange infatuation of the high-born maidens is a subject of equal mortification and disgust to their former lovers, the officers of the 35th Dragoons, who, on returning to the ladies after a year's absence, are amazed to witness the transformation which has taken place in them, and learn that their tastes have been "etherealised," and their perceptions "exalted" under the influence of the high-minded *Bunthorne*, to whom love is about as "interesting as taxes," but not so obligatory. The dragoons remonstrate with the fickle fair ones, but to no purpose, and are finally driven, in self-defence, to adopt the so-called æsthetic garbs and manners in order to win from the lips of the loved ones the sweet

acknowledgement that they are "all but," "quite too utter," "Boticellian" or "Fra Angelican." Meanwhile the rival poets, regardless of the sufferings of their fair admirers, have been making desperate, but vain, assaults upon the heart of the milkmaid *Patience*, who will not have *Bunthorne*, because she does not like him, or *Grosvenor*, because she does – her notion of love being that it should be an unselfish sentiment, and that she ought not to monopolise a man whose perfections are calculated to inspire the admiration of her sex generally. At length, just as *Bunthorne*, in despair at her obduracy, is about to raffle himself among the young ladies, by the advice of his solicitor as for the benefit of a public charity, *Patience relents and agrees to have him; but before the marriage takes place* *Bunthorne's* jealousy of his rival becomes so overpowering that he insists, on pain of his curse, that the favourite youth shall abandon æstheticism and become "an every-day young man." *Grosvenor* reluctantly assents, and having donned the prosaic attire of the nineteenth century, and ceased to be an æsthetic paragon, the conscientious scruples of *Patience* are so far appeased that she consents to marry him, to the great disgust, of course, of *Bunthorne*, *Lady Jane* consoles the latter until one of the dragoons, a duke with "a thousand pounds a day," makes her an offer, which she gladly accepts thus leaving *Bunthorne* without a bride at all, the other young ladies of course pairing off in Gilbertian fashion with the other dragoons. It is unnecessary to say that the dialogue bristles with quips and cranks and humorous conceits of every kind, and that the verses generally are in Mr. Gilbert's happiest style. We cannot altogether concur in the terms "purely fragrant" and "earnestly precious," which the young ladies apply to some Rabelaisian verses of *Bunthorne* intended to suggest that love is all a matter of the liver to be treated with "calocynth and calomel," and the "decalets" in which the idyllic poet *Grosvenor* tells us how "Gentle Jane was good as gold," and "Teanny Tom [*sic*] was a very bad boy," are not of the highest order of literary art, or intended to be such, but some of the "patter" verses of *Bunthorne* and *Grosvenor* are as neat and finished as anything Mr. Gilbert has written. We may instance the lines in which *Bunthorne* expounds the philosophy of æstheticism, those of the song and chorus, "The magnet and the churn," and those of the duet in which *Bunthorne* and *Grosvenor* describe the rival types of young men – on the one hand,

"An every day young man –

A common-place type, with a stick and a pipe,
 And a half-bred black and tan.
 Who thinks suburban 'hops' more fun than Monday 'pops';
 Who's fond of his dinner, and doesn't get thinner
 On bottled beer and chops."

and on the other

"A Japanese young man, a blue and white young man,
 Francescani Rimini, Miminy Piminy
Je ne sais quoi young man."

Mr. Gilbert's satire, it should be borne in mind, is levelled throughout not at æstheticism proper, or at the love of the beautiful in art, but at the sham æstheticism which is so rampant among those who think they have only to assume the dress and jargon of old art to pass for true æsthetes.

One of the distinctive charms of these fanciful and fantastic productions is the invariable happy accord between the text and the music, which like sea and sky, or the ideal partners of married life, seem to exemplify the perfection of union without monotony and reflect and respond to one another's charming moods with a sympathy and fidelity which are never suffered to degenerate into slavish subservience. Here

and there the casual observer may fancy that he detects a misunderstanding between the poet and the composer, but on closer examination it will be found that those seeming differences are like passing discords in music, artfully calculated to heighten the effect by leading to some unexpected resolution, or, better still, by furnishing to independent commentaries on the same dramatic situation. That the music, on the whole, is subordinate to the text, as woman is to man in the ideal marriage before alluded to, is no evidence of the composer's inferiority, as some of the Wagnerites would have us believe, but the best proof that could be desired of his fitness for his task and his right appreciation of the limits of his sphere, seeing that in a humorous and satirical work more particularly, it is to the text far more than to the action or the music that we must look for subject and guidance. Mr. Sullivan, moreover, is able, not only to perceive his true role, but to fill it and play it to admiration. He is one of the few composers who have been able to impart a really humorous character and expression to their music, which in parts of "Patience" is so highly charged with the spirit of fun and drollery that it scarcely needs the grotesque verses to which it is wedded to provoke the mirth of the audience. Some of the music is simple to the verge of commonplace in keeping with the affected rustic simplicity of the verse; but even musical commonplaces in Mr. Sullivan's hands acquire a certain *cachet* of distinction, and reveal the musician in the trifler. That the score is running over with tune of the most sparkling and ear-catching qualities goes without saying. Some of the themes, it is true, are not free from suggestions and reminiscences of the composer's earlier works, but in these cases it will be generally found that it is the poet who is primarily at fault in repeating a conceit or a situation which he has previously used. The air of quaintness and mock antiquity imparted to several of the vocal numbers adds not a little to the piquancy and mirth-moving effect, whilst the orchestration and instrumental characterisation of the principal *dramatis personæ* attest at once to the scholarship and the dramatic feeling of the composer. Thus the dragoons are invested with military colouring by a flourish of trumpets on their entrance, whilst the utterances of the idyllic poet are appropriately set to motives of a pastoral character supported by the woodwind. The concerted pieces and finales are sufficient but not over wrought. The quintet is simply a tune harmonised without any attempt at canonical treatment, and the finale of the first act, which is intended to burlesque the conventional overture finale, exhibits the manner without the organic structure proper to such a number. Among the most successful numbers last night were *Colonel Calverley's* song, with chorus, "When I first put this uniform on;" the duet between *Patience* and *Grosvenor*, "Willow, willow, waly;" *Bunthorne's* exposition of æstheticism, his "Lottery" song, and a duet with *Lady Jane*, "So go to him and say to him," which won a double encore; the duet already described between *Bunthorne* and *Grosvenor*, which was similarly honoured; the duet between *Grosvenor* and *Patience*, "Prithee, pretty maiden, tell me," a sort of madrigal unaccompanied in the finale of the first act, and the first song of *Patience*, "I cannot tell what this love may be."

The performance, all things considered, was fairly satisfactory, but a somewhat stronger cast is needed to do justice to Mr. Sullivan's music. Mr. George Thorne as *Bunthorne* was the life and soul of the piece, admirable alike in make-up, acting, and singing. A finer example of the grotesque in art, indeed, has rarely been witnessed on our stage. As the idyllic poet, Mr. Arthur Rousbey was also very effective, and he fairly divided the honours with Mr. Thorne. Miss Ethel McAlpine, who played *Patience*, possesses an excellent voice and uses it generally with taste and discretion, though in one or two instances last night her intonation was at fault. For the dramatic realisation of the character, perhaps a more youthful representative might

be desired. The principal dragoons found competent representatives in Mr. George B. Browne, Mr. J. B. Rae, and Mr. James Sydney; and among the rapturous maidens the leading parts were judiciously bestowed on the Misses Cameron, Deveine, May, and Edwards. The band was fairly efficient, and the piece was in all respects admirably put on the stage. [*Birmingham Daily Post* (Birmingham, England), Tuesday, December 13, 1881; Issue 7314.]

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE. – Proprietor, Mr. J. Rodgers. – The æsthetic opera of *Patience* was produced by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's opera company, for the first time in Birmingham, on Monday night; and so successful has it proved that crowded houses have been attracted to the theatre during the week. The piece in every respect was admirably rendered, and from beginning to end kept the audience in a state of sustained delight. [*The Era* (London, England), Saturday, December 17, 1881; Issue 2256.]