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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

MRS. F. W. LANDER,

FORMERLY

MISS JEAN M. DAVENPORT,
TRAGEDIENNE,

WITH CRITICISMS OF THE PRESS ON HER RENDITION OF

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

MRS. LANDER WILL COMMENCE A BRIEF ENGAGEMENT AT THE FRENCH THEATRE, (FOURTEENTH ST.
AND SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,) ON THE 19TH OF AUGUST, WITH A COMPANY OF
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF HER OWN SELECTION.

THE LANDER HISTRIONIC COMPANY,
T. B. PUGH, MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA:

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

MRS. F. W. LANDER,

(FORMERLY MISS JEAN M. DAVENPORT.)

TRAGEDIENNE.

THE profound impresssion which the genius of this great artist has created in the mind of the intelligent and cultured public of America since her return to the stage in 1865, and particularly by her impersonation of the character of ELIZABETH, has had no counterpart since Rachel gave her last performance in this country. Public feeling has been so greatly aroused regarding her, that the antecedents and facts of her life have been eagerly sought for, and whatever is known of them have been the most engaging themes of refined society. We purpose, herewith, to present such authenticated facts of her remarkable career as an artiste as have come within our knowledge, and which go to show her excellence not only as an actress, but as a pure, elevated, and gentle woman.

Her father, an English gentleman, received a liberal education and practiced law in Edinburg, in which pursuit he was eminently successful, when his attention was first attracted to the stage by witnessing the acting of the elder Kean.

Mr. Davenport succeeded Mr. Kean in the management of the Richmond Theatre, and it was here that the marvellous talents of his young daughter were discovered. Mr. Davenport not being disposed to permit his child to adopt the stage as a profession, discouraged her youthful attempts, but at even so early an age, she discovered such ample fitness for it, and her predilections were so strongly bent in that way, that her family did not consider it advisable to further oppose her inclination or to debar the public from the pleasure her rising genius would undoubtedly bestow. She accordingly made her first appearance on the stage, at the age of seven years, at the Richmond Theatre, in the character of Little Pickle in the "Spoiled Child." Her *debut* was artistically and peculiarly a success, and directed by the judicious advice of friends she immediately essayed other and more pretentious parts, in which the same triumphant success crowned her efforts.

After playing protracted engagements in all the principal cities of England and Scotland to large and enthusiastic audiences, she crossed over into Ireland, and in the city of Dublin each night of her performance was an ovation to her genius such as only the impulsive, sympathetic Irish Nation could bestow. From Dublin without previous preparation or long fore-heralding she sailed for America, where her eminent services were immediately secured by that grand old artist Mr. James Wallack, who was at the time manager of the

old National Theatre in New York. The fair young face he looked into glowed with beauty, genius and strength, and in the rare sweetness of her voice, her natural grace of form and manner, he, the great artist, recognized the woman who ere long would adequately represent the heroines of the Drama; heroines which for so long had had no representative. Mr. Wallack was not disappointed in his predictions, her career of twelve nights at his theatre was one continued triumph, and this grand old veteran of the stage lived long enough to see his protege, the foremost actress of them all.

Wherever she appeared the same admiring multitudes crowded the theatre, the same cordial greetings met her, the same hearty, earnest welcomes were accorded her, and which so impressed her mind that she resolved to make America her home.

From that day of her infantile successes until the present, as an actress of certain great parts Mrs. Lander has stood alone upon our stage, without a single rival to dispute her right. She is indeed, (although still young and in the very zenith of her superb powers) the founder of the American School of Acting. Not of that new sensational, tawdry, tinselled school, which substitutes liberal display of person, stilted declamation and startling pose in the absence of genius to conceive and mind to execute, but of that older method which is distinguished by its superlative finish, a high and conscientious regard for the dignity and honor of the drama, by simple grace and generous culture, by profound feeling, judgment and emotion. Mrs. Lander's genius cannot stoop to tawdry trickery to catch the momentary applause, it is pure, noble as her woman's nature is, as her beautiful life has ever been, and only in pure conceptions and in noble actions can it find expression. It is broad and generous as the air, not hampered by any musty traditions of the theatre, but fresh, strong, original; it is always correct, repressed, classical, yet it ever glows with a tropical warmth; it is not confined within any narrow limits, but it embraces all the great parts of the Masters of Comedy and Tragedy alike. There are upon the American stage but few capable representatives of those profoundly charming creations, the women of Shakspeare; there is not one who approaches Mrs. Lander in portraying the graceful, elevated natures of these characters. From her genius they have caught a suppler grace and a more tender beauty of person and mind. Her own subtle spirit, dainty, pure and simple as Ariel's, infuses itself into them and they become to her audience real and true as any living creature among them all, gliding before them in a halo of impassioned splendor. Mrs. Lander's exquisite taste, her great culture and her delicately refined instinct, all contribute to render her performances rarely beautiful and satisfying.

But-however ample her reputation had grown through her artistic elimination of the more ordinary characters of the drama, it was not until the last year that the full breadth and extent of her genius were developed. As the impassioned *Adrienne Le Couvreur*, Mrs. Lander was only distanced by the sublime genius of Rachel, whose fiery spirit seemed to enter into and inspire it, and Mrs. Lander's delineation was so little behind that of her imperial French rival, that although Ristori essayed the part, it was confessed by her friends that the American artiste still held the second place. But the very height and culmination of her talents, were only reached when she within the last few months produced her great part of Elizabeth. Ristori, the wonderfully gifted Italian artiste had excited the furor of eager audiences to witness her impersonation of this character. On one occasion Mrs. Lander was among the audience, and she then and there resolved to play the part. She felt that to do it properly, required a nature that could, through its sympathies and traditions, come closer to that great Elizabeth of Shakspeare's age and country than any foreigner, however richly endowed, could do. These two great artistes are of different methods, widely dissimilar in many things, yet it is not unfair to either to place their works side by side and say which is best done. They each gave to the elimination of the character of Elizabeth their best of genius, talents and study, and when the pictures were satisfactorily completed to their own senses, they invited the public to see, to criticise.

Where Ristori, girded about and held down by the old palsied traditions of the Italian stage was icily cold, unimpassioned, yet sublimely classical, Mrs. Lander was profoundly emotional, equally classical, but portraying every phase of feeling, suffering and hatred with a sun-like warmth and glow. Just here the Italian might by a rare flash of her native spirit, or just there by some powerfully conceived device strongly impress the minds of her auditors, but the charm of Mrs. Lander's portrayal of the part is, that it appeals no less to the heart than to the mind; that it is of an even excellence, a beautiful whole, composed of a succession and combination of beauties following each other in perfect harmony. The tender womanly feeling, the hatred, engendered by jealousy, the cruel hypocrisy, the pathos and pain of the character, were all rendered with such exquisite judgment, repressed power and profound art, that those who had seen Ristori in the part, felt that here was her master in their own fair countrywoman.

With Mrs. Lander the production of Elizabeth was not a sudden impulse, prematurely developed. For many months she gave to the character the closest thought, the sincerest study, and it was not until she felt that she had mastered it in all its subtle details of thought, feeling and passion, that she ventured to produce it. The superb dresses which she wears, were made in Paris from historical studies made in London and at Windsor, and not only their correctness of detail but their great elegance excited the admiration of all who have been so happy as to see them worn by this great artiste.

Thus far Mrs. Lander has had but limited opportunities of presenting Elizabeth to the public. In the city of Washington, during a prolonged engagement, she performed the part every night to increasing audiences, composed of the best minds of the nation, gathered together at the Capital during a late session of Congress. In the city of Philadelphia, after performing the part for eight nights at the Walnut Street Theatre, that spacious house was found inadequate to accommodate the immense crowds which, each night of the performance, clamored for admittance; and in consequence the play was transferred to the stage of the Academy of Music, the largest building in America devoted to theatrical representations. The wonderful beauty of the delineation, and the marvellous powers of the actress, here attracted for six nights the largest audiences ever assembled in the Academy; and if Mrs. Lander had not been compelled, by previous engagements, to discontinue the production of Elizabeth in Philadelphia, her success would have continued to an indefinite period. Wherever, in fact, Elizabeth has been performed by her, the public, press, and her vast audiences, have vied with each other in attempts to properly characterize their appreciation of the grandeur of this latest and maturest effort of her genius. In it she has created a greater and more enduring impression than any similar theatrical triumph than the public has been called upon to assist at for many years.

Not only as the inspired and impassioned artiste does Mrs. Lander challenge our admiration and regard. Her wonderful genius is but one of the great charms of her mind and person. She possesses all the elements of character which fit her for the adornment of society or the delight of home. In personating the cultured, graceful and beautiful heroines of the Drama, she acts no alien part; she has simply to be herself; her pure, natural self, in whom beauty of form, feature and mind are exquisitely blended and combined. To express the emotion, humor or pathos of the characters she represents, she simply occupies their positions, and thereby excites our admiration, laughter or pity. All the grace and charm of perfect womanhood, enhanced by cultivation, profound study and art, are her's; and these she uses right royally as a beautiful, refined and noble lady should do, for the benefit of her elevating Art and the pleasure of an intelligent public.

Whatever her hands have been put to do they have done well. As an actress she has no peer, as a woman her life has been characterized by purity, gentleness and humanity. Previous to the war of the rebellion, she retired from the stage with the determination, as she believed, never again to return to it, to become the wife of Colonel (afterwards General) Lander, who early in the struggle lost his life, leaving his young wife alone with her loss

and pain. Her noble nature scorned to sit down in idle grief, and almost at once she began her humane services as Chief Matron in the hospitals, organizing *corps* of nurses, going day by day, night after night, to the couches of the wounded, sick and dying, bestowing cheering words to some, here binding up a wound, there holding up feeble hands in their last prayer, or decently composing the limbs of a dead hero ere the earth closed over him. Heroes from a hundred battle-fields were waited upon by her, no services rendered to them were too menial for her to do, no danger too great for her to dare in the cause of humanity, for not alone to the hospital and camp were her graceful, womanly labors confined, but amid the din and carnage of battle, her tenderness was felt and her work performed. And when at last the work of death was done, and dying men had said to her their last "God bless you," she returned again to her eastern home a widow, lonely, bereft and sorrowful. To one of her great energy action was necessary to prevent her sinking under great grief, and once again by the advice of friends, she returned to that stage which she had never trod but to elevate and adorn.

In this brief sketch we have but too feebly portrayed the character of Mrs. Lander either as an artiste or woman. But in the hope that an abler pen will hereafter do her great services to the drama and to humanity ampler justice, we can only commend this painstaking actress and good woman to the affectionate regard and consideration of all those who honor charity, and who would wish to see upon the American stage an elevated drama unmarred by grossness and without a tinge of impurity, a drama which with its sister arts of Painting, Music and Poetry, should strengthen and develop true and beautiful thought in the world.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[*Washington Chronicle, April, 1867.*]

MRS. LANDER AS ELIZABETH.—The National Theatre was the scene of an artistic triumph on Saturday night, when the character of *Elizabeth*, the most fortunate and illustrious of modern sovereigns, was given by Mrs. Lander with wonderful beauty and power. One of the most select audiences that we have ever seen in a Washington Theatre witnessed the representation, and to say that they were spell-bound by the genius of the great actress is but a moderate expression of the emotion everywhere evinced.

It were a waste of words to compare the *Elizabeth* of Mrs. Lander and that of Ristori.—Both are grand, but they are utterly unlike. The former is Protestant the latter Catholic; the one is from an English stand-point, the other from an Italian. Both are artistic conceptions, but, in our opinion, Mrs. Lander excels the Italian artiste in representing the stout heart and haughty temper, the strong self-will and energy, the love of courtly pomp and magnificence which characterized the great English Queen. Most beautifully, too, were the opposite traits of character portrayed by Mrs. Lander—the kingly, fierce and masculine traits and the tender, womanly and sometimes tearful emotions. In her love passage with Essex Mrs. Lander was incomparable. There her noble, gentle and sweet character, fully expressed itself, and in exhibiting the womanly traits of the Queen, she showed her own pure and loving soul. More than once did we catch glimpses of that noble devotion with which she loved her lamented husband, and of the lofty nature which gained for her the adoration of that noble and chivalric man. Want of space forbids us to enlarge. We could say much in praise, both of the artiste and the performance, which by the way was well sustained in most of the subordinate parts. But to those who like ourselves have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Lander personally, nothing we could say would increase their admiration, both for her ability as an artiste and her pure and winning character as a woman; and to those who have never seen her we only say, seize the earliest opportunity you have to witness her *Elizabeth*.

[*Philadelphia Press, May 4th, 1867.*]

THE WALNUT.—**MRS. F. W. LANDER AS ELIZABETH.**—We were safe in saying that the *Elizabeth* of Mrs. F. W. Lander would be magnificent. The *role* has been so thorough a study with Mrs. Lander as to demand that it should be thoroughly studied by the critic, before he shall presume to call his impressions rife. And for this reason, if for no other, we have comparatively little to say this morning of a performance whose power and beauty have rarely been equalled upon the modern stage. In the series of pictures with which the five acts of the historical drama abound, two stand prominently forth. These are the simultaneous dictation of the two letters in act first, and the marvellously conducted whole of act fourth, dedicated to the

signature of Essex's death-warrant. There is no other portion of the play, indeed, to which recollections will not cling, and tenaciously at that; but memory grapples on to these two more especially, and with all her vitality refuses to let them go. The dictation of the letters, one to Leicester and the other to Popham, was a wonderfully beautiful piece in declamation, which we do not remember to have ever heard equalled in the English tongue; the modulations of voice in the repetition of the signature, "*Elizabeth*," being the complete key and exposition of all that had gone before. The entire audience recognized the grand beauty of this passage, and applauded with lightning-like intelligence. The second of these two pictures, the entire fourth act, was a more thoroughly soul-subduing piece of acting than our knowledge of even Mrs. Lander's genius had prepared us to anticipate. We feel convinced that the more sympathetic among the audience felt the real power of this actress for the first time, at the moment when the death-warrant being signed, the great Queen's face got old in a moment, with that indelible aspect which such instantaneous age brings with it. Her endeavor to conceal the signature at the approach of Davison, the *clutching* expression of eye and limbs and lineaments, when the warrant is finally delivered into Davison's hands, and her final dismissal of her attendants, that she may be left alone with her remorse and with her God, were all conceived with the exquisite and subtle power of true genius, full of beauty of the most tender and agonizing type. But the entire *role* demands of the observer more elaborate thought than can be contained in these few generalizations, and we propose to return to the subject again and again.

[*The Philadelphia Press, May 5th, 1867.*]

THE WALNUT.—Having witnessed Mrs. Lander's *Elizabeth* but once, we can only repeat today the substance of what we yesterday said, viz: that before arriving at the ultimatum of opinion, it is necessary that the observer should bestow upon Mrs. Lander's *portrait* of the character a degree of study bearing some relation, at least, to that which Mrs. Lander has herself bestowed upon the *subject* of the portrait. For, throughout every scene of the drama, which, commencing in 1585, with the Queen's quarrel with Leicester, on account of his presumptuous conduct in the Low Countries, ends only with her death at the age of seventy, it is evident that Mrs. Lander has not only studied what the character innately was in itself, but that she has estimated the stages of development which the progress of years would effect. Of the series of pictures which so elaborate a study enables her to present, two, in our opinion, appeal most strongly to the memory. These are the Dictation of the Letters, in act first, and the Signing of the Death Warrant, in act fourth. In the first instance, the Queen is represented as dictating two letters at once.

One is to the Earl of Leicester, with whom she is offended for his having aspired to the Crown of Belgium; and the other is to Chief Justice Popham, directing him to pay Shakspeare's debt, and to set the poet at liberty, so that "Henry the Eighth" may be produced at the Court Theatre, at Windsor, within fifteen days. The entire scene is an exquisite piece of declamation, and its beauty consists in the perfect symmetry with which the modulations of the Queen's voice correspond to her antithetic moods, as she moves her head first to one secretary, then to the other, until the final name, *Elizabeth*, is pronounced, but with such vast space between the intonations, that in those two tones the spirit of the entire dictation lies. The Iliad of the scene is in that nutshell of a word. But, perhaps, a better idea can be given of the degree of art necessary to the just rendition of such a scene, by placing before the reader the two letters, each complete in itself. That to Leicester reads thus:

Most Arrogant Earl: Crowns are not made for heads like yours, far less that of Belgium, which has already been refused by your sovereign. Resign forthwith the command of the troops in favor of Sir Walter Raleigh. Otherwise we shall order a despatch of cavalry to arrest you; and Chief Justice Popham, to whom at this moment we are inditing a most gracious epistle, will place on your head a crown of thorns.

Yours, according to your deserts,
ELIZABETH.

And the letter to Chief Justice Popham runs in this wise:

Dear Popham: I have permitted the performance of Henry the Eighth. But as Shakspeare is now in prison for debt, you will therefore have the honor of paying those debts for him, in virtue of the order which Sir Francis Bacon will present to you. I hope that another time you will put on your spectacles, in order the better to distinguish white from black. Your most gracious sovereign,
ELIZABETH.

Let the reader imagine these two very different letters dictated at once, the alternate sentences of each dovetailing with those of the other, and he will comprehend the quality and degree of art which may be evinced in the Dictation Scene.

The second phase to which we have referred as demanding especial admiration, is the signing of the Death Warrant, which, with its accompanying incidents, occupies the whole of the fourth act. And throughout the agonizing situations with which that act abounds, Mrs. Lander was great; great, not in the paltry sense in which that word has come to be used, as signifying something merely above the ordinary level, but great as towering a head and shoulders above the efforts of almost every other actress in the English tongue whom we have ever seen. True poets are said to paint by words, and their language is sometimes called word-painting. Mrs. Lander, when she does not paint by words, gives us act-paintings; and when she does not paint by acts, gives us the subtler, grander thought-painting, upon the glowing canvas of mute expression. All the tortures that a mighty Queen like *Elizabeth* could feel, at the moment which, cutting off the ripe, golden life of one she loved, gave the death-blow to her own old age, became photographed upon the face of the actress, throughout that superb fourth act. Her disgust and abhorrence of Sir Francis Drake; her dreadful anxiety after intelligence from the tower; her reception, perforce, of the death-sentence of Essex, handed to her by Burligh; the fierce, brief, solitary conflict between love and pride, to which she puts a desperate end by the attachment of the fatal signature; the instantaneous

deepening of the look of age into the aspect of horrible decrepitude, when once the deed is done; her frantic, involuntary effort to conceal the fact from the jealous eyes of Davison, sent by the Lord Chancellor to receive the warrant, signed: the final delivery of it up into the hands of the Keeper of the Seal; the moral agony, in look and attitude, which thirst and hunger to have it back again, as it is borne away; the dreadful speed she urges upon Hudson when she learns, too late, that Essex *did* send the ring; the look of death settling upon the face, never to leave it again, when the boom of the cannon is heard, and word is brought her that her favorite is no more; her frenzied dismissal of her attendants, and final falling forward upon her features, arms outstretched and body writhing, alone with her remorse and God—these are the prominent figures in a tissue of acting almost, we believe, unparalleled for truth and beauty.

The *Elizabeth* of Mrs. Lander, then, is the dramatic event of the day. We shall have more to say of other portions of her acting on a subsequent occasion, when we shall expect to apply subtler and acuter tests. At present we can only add that the Walnut Street Theatre will, without a doubt, be crowded with intellectual audiences so long as Mrs. Lander chooses to retain this part upon the stage of that establishment. * * * * *

It would be extremely unjust to close without asking attention to the unusually spirited acting of Mr. J. H. Taylor in the part of Essex. It is a *role* which suits that fine actor to perfection, and his performance throughout the third act elicited peal after peal of wholly unrestrainable applause.

[*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, May 6th, 1867.]

THE WALNUT.—Mrs. F. W. Lander gave a performance of *Elizabeth* last evening at the Walnut to a large audience. If Mrs. Lander had no other claim to the title of a great and true actress, this alone would suffice. Not only is her conception of the character true to history, but her bearing, her noble and dignified action, and her impressive and forcible, but yet subdued delivery, were true in the minutest particular to the queenly character which she assumed. The great monarch, the vain, weak woman, and the tender lover were depicted by turns in her performance with surprising grace and skill.—The fiery impetuosity of the Eighth Henry and the gentleness and sweetness of Anne Boleyn were mingled in the character which was so graphically drawn by Mrs. Lander last evening. Those who were familiar with the personal history of England's greatest Queen saw before them a true representation of those traits of character and peculiarities of temperament and disposition which combined to make her at once a true woman and a mighty sovereign; while those who knew her history but imperfectly, learned more of it, and learned it more truly and fully than they could have done from the pages of history. * * * * *

Taking the representation as a whole, it has rarely been equaled upon the modern stage.—There was no rant, no violence, nor untruth to nature; even in the moments of deepest and fiercest passion, the actress was quiet, and eloquent from the very fact that her emotion was repressed and subdued. In the scene in the first act, where she dictates a fierce and bitter letter to Leicester in Holland, and at the same time a tender epistle in behalf of the imprisoned Shakspeare, the change of tone and the play of countenance were very fine, and called forth well-deserved applause. The love passage with Essex in the second act was also excellent. The

artist depicted most eloquently the struggle between queenly pride and womanly affection, as in the scene where she signs the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, she expressed her jealousy of her rival and her pain at doing what she felt to be a necessary, but a cruel and dreadful deed. Her interview with James VI., in the same act, was also very fine, and was worthy of her great reputation. The scene in the third act, where Essex returns from Spain and is rebuked for his disobedience, was admirably performed. Throughout the episode Mrs. Lander, although wrought to a frenzy of rage and striving to find suitable expression for her insulted dignity, was subdued and womanly. There was none of that boisterousness, that "tearing of passion to tatters" which we are accustomed to hear from actors and actresses upon like occasions, and in just the same proportion as her anger found a natural expression, was her impressiveness strengthened. * * *

For the two last acts, however, were reserved the finest and most effective scenes in the play. In the fourth act, where the Queen looks anxiously for the ring from Essex so that she may have some excuse for pardoning him, Mrs. Lander was truly great. The death-warrant lay upon the table awaiting her signature, and the struggle between duty and love, between pride and tender affection, and the eagerness of hope, that gives way at last to anger that her love has been slighted, were drawn with intense and vivid power. When the booming cannon echoes forth the tidings of the Earl's death Elizabeth is overcome, and she falls fainting and gasping for breath upon the chair. This was given with surpassing grace and fervor and has rarely been excelled by any popular actress. The reproaches heaped upon the head of Bacon were also given with powerful emphasis.

In the last act, the Queen has grown old and infirm; the forehead is wrinkled and her cheeks are pale and sunken; but she wears her crown with all her old queenly grace and dignity, mingled with a sweet pathos as her memory reverts to the fate of the loved Essex, and as she totters to the couch and falls upon it, his face and that of Mary Stuart's rise up before her failing vision and, seeming to upbraid her, fill her with horror and remorse for her part in their deaths. This was the finest passage in the play. The agony of fear which Mrs. Lander displayed as she drew her robes about her and shrank back cowering upon the bed, was inexpressibly grand and affecting. It could only have been given by an artist who forgot self entirely and felt herself to be the character that she personated. And this is true, also, of the closing scene, where she snatches the crown from James and, placing it upon her own head, proclaims herself still the Queen. * * *

[*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*, May 12th, 1867.]

At the WALNUT, Mrs. Lander has appeared every evening during the past week as *Queen Elizabeth*, in an excellent translation of the play by Signor Giacometti, which Ristori has been acting with so much success in all parts of the country. It was certainly a bold undertaking for an American actress, no matter how great her talents might be, to attempt what has universally been considered one of Ristori's finest characters, before the great Italian has left the country, and before the recollections of her performances have had time to grow dim in the minds of her auditors. The result, however, proves that Mrs. Lander did wisely; and, making due allowance for the fact that she has

the advantage of addressing her audiences in a language which they can understand, the unanimous opinion of all who have seen her *Elizabeth* is, that it will in every way compare most favorably with the carefully studied effort of the Italian actress. Unfortunately we failed to witness Ristori's performance of this *role*, consequently we are unable to speak in regard to the relative merits of the rival artistes; but persons who have seen both, and in whose judgment we have entire confidence, assure us that Mrs. Lander's personation is in no respect inferior. At the same time she is not by any means a copyist; her conception of *Elizabeth's* character is her own, and it differs materially from Ristori's in many respects. For our own part, we can say without any hesitation that it is undoubtedly one of the finest and most thoroughly artistic efforts that has been given on any stage in this city for a longer time than we care to remember.

In view of the success which has attended both Mrs. Lander's and Madame Ristori's representations of *Elizabeth*, it seems somewhat singular that a character so essentially dramatic, and which presents so many striking points for an actress of first-class talent should not have been made the subject of a drama before this. Signor Giacometti's play is a tolerably good piece of work, although strictly speaking it has no plot, and merely presents a number of striking scenes with very little connection between them, in which the great English Queen is the prominent figure. The other characters are merely accessories brought in to fill up the picture, and in his delineation of them the author has not apparently thought it necessary in all cases to adhere strictly to historical truth. Being essentially a "one-part" play, the entire interest of course centres on *Elizabeth*, and the actress has a fine opportunity for the display of her best abilities. Mrs. Lander's performance certainly gives a vivid and lifelike portrait of the Queen as common tradition represents her. The lights and shades of her many-sided character, her masculine spirit and love of power, her feminine weaknesses and ridiculous vanity, are all portrayed with a power and effect that we have rarely seen equaled; and this performance alone would be sufficient to establish Mrs. Lander's fame as an artist of extraordinary merit, even if she had no other claims to notice in that respect. * * *

[*Philadelphia Sunday Times*, May 12th, 1867.]

MRS. GENERAL LANDER.—It is not often an actress succeeds in impressing the public by the performance of a single part so deeply as Mrs. Lander has done by her impersonation of *Queen Elizabeth*. It seemed a hazardous step for any lady, however highly gifted, to essay a character identified with the name of Ristori, but it proved a triumph. Avoiding any servile imitation of the great Italian, the points of similarity were merely such as must result from the play itself. Certain stage business is demanded by the author, whose conception of the character of *Elizabeth* penetrates its performance by both the ladies; but Mrs. Lander studied from the English standpoint of history, Ristori from the Italian. The latter, while exciting a certain degree of sympathy for *Elizabeth* never suffered the audience to lose sight of the imperious, arrogant nature of the Virgin Queen, by which she appeared to draw her sufferings upon herself; but Mrs. Lander shows the woman's heart beneath the mask of pride, and makes her audience sensible of the fact that the daughter of Henry VIII. was not devoid

of human tenderness, and that she was driven by circumstances to many acts she disapproved in her inner self. At the same time our actress does not pretend to make *Elizabeth* a saint or a martyr, she does not disguise her inordinate vanity, her foible, nor her dissimulation; she merely endeavors to atone for them by displaying the sincerity of her love for Essex, her struggle against its sway, her endeavors to be blind to the faults, treacheries and schemes of the ambitious Earl, and her endless remorse for his execution, well merited, as it was, by his plots and machinations. * * * *

Mrs. Lander has evinced marvellous power in the arduous character of *Elizabeth*, and has commanded the attention of the public to an unwonted degree. So highly has her acting of the part been appreciated, that a letter has been sent to her, signed by very many of the stockholders of the Academy, by the Mayor, General Meade, and a large number of our most prominent citizens, whose names rarely appear in such cases, earnestly inviting her to return to Philadelphia, at the earliest possible day, and to perform *Elizabeth* on the stage where Ristori presents it first to our public. So high a compliment has never—in our recollection—been paid to an actress; it is most fully merited, and the invitation has been accepted in the spirit in which it was sent. * * * *

Mrs. Lander will now become known to a new circle, and one better able to appreciate and reward her surpassing genius. Her acting appeals to the same audience as does Ristori's, and it is most fitting and just that she should play *Elizabeth* on the same stage, for not only is she the compeer of the great tragedienne in public, but possesses the same estimable qualities and elevated position in private life.

[*Philadelphia Sunday Times*, May 19th, 1867.]

MRS. F. W. LANDER.—There is a genuine and wholesome excitement in regard to the approaching representations of *Elizabeth* at the Academy by Mrs. Lander. The high encomiums passed upon the performance by those who were so fortunate as to witness it at the Walnut last week, have been spread throughout the city, and the name of the actress is on every lip. There has already been a great demand for seats, and the prospect is that she will act before larger audiences than Ristori commanded in the same part. All who saw the great Italian are anxious to see Mrs. Lander, and those who saw *Elizabeth* at the Walnut, are eager to see it again with the powerful cast secured for the Academy. The play is one of absorbing interest; it is an accurate historical representation; the leading celebrities of Elizabeth's reign move before us, and we seem to be transported to her court, and to behold the secret springs of action which worked such influences in Europe. The illustrations of character are admirable; and although the Queen naturally demands the chief attention of the audience, the minor parts are all marked by faithful adherence to history. Mrs. Lander's impersonation of *Elizabeth* is her very greatest effort, and her genius will be recognized immediately by those who see her for the first time in this play. * * * *

[*Philadelphia Press*, May 20th, 1867.]

CONTRIBUTED BY A DISTINGUISHED
YOUNG LADY.

MRS. JEAN DAVENPORT LANDER.—No more delightful task can be found than that of writing the truth about a public character and his

or her work, when truth is sweeter than any praise and higher than any eulogy. To say, then, that it is a peculiarly pleasant labor to utter a few words in regard to Mrs. Lander and her rendering of *Queen Elizabeth* is to be most readily believed by all who have had the rare and fine pleasure of witnessing this impersonation of the great actress.

In this country, with our passions for everything strange or foreign just roused to the greatest enthusiasm over the first *artiste* of Europe, with every one's eye and ear full of the sight and sound of Ristori, and of Ristori in her grandest personation, it required matchless effrontery, or the quiet self-assurance of pre-eminent power, in any one who would dare to court comparison with the great Italian by essaying the *role* in which she had achieved her largest triumph, and which was so peculiarly identified with her as to seem almost a part of herself. Effrontery would have had a brief career of shame and a death of oblivion—fate well merited. Power, nobly and beautifully enshrined in the majestic presence of Jean Davenport Lander, has everywhere received the admiring recognition of the critical; has made for itself a career of pre-eminent brilliancy, which will shine in memory long after the queenly face and form have passed from sound and sight.

So much has been written, and so much more will be said in critical review of Mrs. Lander's rendering of *Elizabeth*, by pens better fitted to the work than that of the writer, that no minute observance of its "points" and "situations" will here be attempted. Suffice it to say, if you would read history by a dazzling illumination—would behold the *Good Queen Bess*, with all her foibles, her passion, her glitter, her power, "with all her imperfections (aye, and all her majesty) on her head"—if you would for a little while look upon the most marvellous woman of the sixteenth century—go to-morrow night—any night, all the nights of this week—to see Mrs. Lander, for to witness the one is but to behold the other.

So much has been said by refined people, especially in this fastidious city of Philadelphia, about supporting the drama when worthy such support—about gathering with admiring recognition around any actor who could indeed "hold the mirror up to nature," that the honor of such talkers is at stake in the matter of full or empty houses to greet this gifted woman.

Some "robustious fellow," who will "tear a passion to tatters to split the ears of the groundlings," can "strut and bellow" on our stage to multitudes of his own ilk, who will respond to his rant with "thunders of applause;" some vulgar, handsome piece of humanity—in masculine dress or scarcely dressed at all—with just brains enough to repeat the words set down for her, parrot-wise, whose successes is commensurate with her loss of self-respect—such an one can have spectators, we will not say hearers, by the thousand. Let the polished and cultivated now see that this woman, who honors her womanhood by her womanly and delicate dress—this scholar and student, whose elocution and accent betray severest training and thought—this lady whose every gesture and movement carry the nameless something that marks refinement and social position—this actor, whose power, and sweetness, fineness and majesty are without rival on the American stage in the person of man or woman—let all who are capable of appreciating these "gifts of wit and ornaments of nature" show this appreciation by seeing that genius is as well sustained in our theatres as vulgarity and muscle.

A. E. D.

[*Phila. Evening Bulletin, Leader, May 21, 1867.*]

THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.—Ristori sailed away last week, filled with gold and praises. She is the climax of a long series of illustrious foreign artistes that have come hither, as to Australia or some other rich and half-barbarous country, caring less for our endorsement than our money. A nation that has never sent an actor or actress to continental Europe, if we except Aldrich the negro, and Menken the speechless, receives from the favorite of Florence, Naples, Vienna and Paris, the farewell encomium that here her genius attained its greatest triumph. Our large opera houses, closed three-fourths of the year, are crowded only when these foreigners come, preceded by their fame. And it is remarkable that at the period of Ristori's advent, the drama as a literature was almost defunct among us.—The fertile but sensational art of Mr. Boucicault and his imitators, has brought an inevitable thirst for even more exciting and voluptuous spectacles, and while Ristori revived the classical drama for a hundred and seventy nights, a single ballet in New York alone has attained its two hundred and fiftieth performance. Excepting the episodes of Mr. Forrest and Edwin Booth, the stage of the United States, for these ten years past, has steadily degenerated—no more a theatre of intellect, seeking to penetrate and embody the refined conceptions of literature, but an arena of merely physical competition, where male and female athletes aspire to no element of art but its nakedness; and carpentry puzzles its brain to contrive an avalanche or compress a horse-race into the superficies of a stage. A few months ago a play was produced in New York, the entire success of which was ascribed to a pig made to run behind the footlights. It is an old question as to whether this frivolous, feverish, and perhaps licentious drama, does wrong to our youth, our standard of beauty, and the repose of society; but it is a newer question as to whether our welcome of foreign actors is based upon appreciation or fashion, ecstasy or snobbery.

It is alleged of Adelina Patti that when Auber asked her some time ago, in Paris, whether the Americans were not passionately fond of music, she replied: "It is *la mode* there, not *l'amour*." That this was unjust, in a great degree, we can conscientiously admit; for music is a universal language, and there is no country where the science of music is so well cultivated as in ours; but the Italian and the French drama can have such attractions to but few of us. Ristori's pieces were, in the main, new to the American public. Splendid as was her presence—and her cadences were as beautiful—in the midst of her most thrilling passages, you could see mouths here and there wide open, not in transport, but to yawn; and all her classical magnetisms were fluttered by the turning of *librettos*. Fame blew her trumpet. Half her audiences went to see a notoriety; these must needs admit that she was wonderful, and were ashamed to admit that they had been wearied. So the rarest actress out of our language went triumphantly across the republic, and left to the thinking few who really loved her, and to our little scholastic patriotism, the problem as to why we can patronize legitimate art in a language we do not understand, and neglect it in our native tongue.

There were, happily for our hope of the American theatre, a few thinking artistes inquisitive upon the same problem. Among these was Mrs. Lander, formerly Miss J. M. Davenport, a lady of long and pure attachment to only the noblest compositions in our literature, and one of the few who had disdained to descend with the descending taste of these late

years, and become the embodier of ephemeral personages, born of a novel, living of a fever, and dying of inanition. She examined the plays of Madame Ristori, and found them to have inherent and fresh merits, apart from the magnificent talent of their interpreter. The most effective of these was the *Elizabeth*, and this Mrs. Lander had rendered into stronger and simpler English than the mere literal rendering of Ristori's *libretto*. After a careful study of the piece, she enacted it at the Walnut Street Theatre of this city, and with few of the adventitious opportunities of Ristori, gave so original and powerful character to the part, that it came upon us like a new and brilliant dispensation. Free from all imitation of her illustrious predecessor, Mrs. Lander, in a week, has nationalized the fine composition of Signor Giacometti, a play almost exhaustive of the great acts of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and making plainer than Sir Walter Scott's portraiture of this eminent monarch, the anomaly of her cunning, courage, jealousy and energy.

A week at the Walnut Street Theatre set the town to comparing Lander and Ristori, and this is still the great social debate of the day. Strong in her devotion to legitimate art,—Mrs. Lander, night after night, added new enthusiasm to her performance, and at last the Academy of Music, for the first time in its history, opens its doors to accommodate an American actress in a purely classical drama. Ahead of its commencement, the essay is a triumph; but this is a business consideration merely, and of little æsthetical note beyond the hope it gives of acclimatizing Ristori and Rachel among us, and leading us out of the fleshy infatuations of a merely sensual drama. The chance seems certainty that Mrs. Lander is to inaugurate the reaction. If Philadelphians, who have unjustly, we believe, the name of failing, in encouragement to genius of their own neighborhood, can infuse into this engagement the enthusiasm of its undertaker, we shall put Mrs. Lander into the galaxy of great actresses, of which Ristori is one, and send abroad, in classical competition, our mother tongue and our brilliant country-woman.

[*Philadelphia Age, May 22d, 1867.*]

MRS. LANDER AT THE ACADEMY.—The elements last night were unpropitious for pleasure-seekers, yet a large and brilliant audience was present at the Academy, and the well-selected toilets of the ladies added beauty, elegance and variety to the scene. Among the persons attracted by the reputation of the ruling star of the evening, were representative men of all the liberal professions, and ladies celebrated in the world of fashion and the realm of letters. Poets, painters, lawyers, judges, professors of music, prominent members of the theatrical profession and devotees of science, all were carefully noting the acting of Mrs. Lander, and their hearty approval was proof of the excellence of the effort, when viewed from different points of view, and tested either by the strict rule of historical accuracy or the more liberal interpretation of poetical feeling and sympathy.

As to the conception and presentation of this character by Mrs. Lander, we have before spoken in terms of unqualified praise, and her effort last night strengthened our first impression. She follows the line of history with unerring accuracy. It is *Elizabeth*, ruler of England, that is before the audience, not the Elizabeth of fancy, of romance, or of dreams. This fidelity is carried into all the accessories of the piece, and the consequence is a work of art, full of truth and calculated to illustrate the spirit

and manners of the age in which the events took place, as well as the inner life and actual being of the daughter of royal Henry. *Elizabeth* was a mixed character. She was at once a great and a weak woman. She could command others, and yet at times was played upon by persons of much less pretensions to firmness and maturity of will and purpose. She could be generous, but in most cases was jealous, exacting and tyrannical, and so she was personated. Mrs. Lander was a Queen terribly in earnest when the royal prerogative was assailed, and filled with all the pride, ambition and memories of the proud and haughty race from whence she drew her blood and being. At other moments the woman predominated, and the voice, looks, and actions of the artiste, all betokened the change. The signature of the death-warrant of Essex was preceded by passages of great power and beauty, and the consummation of the act thrilled the audience from the reality which Mrs. Lander imparted to the event. The interview with Lady Burleigh may also be selected as affording a fine example of the peculiar ability of the artiste. The dictation of the letters to Popham and Leicester was an effort of elocutionary skill not often matched. The delicate shading of each expression, and the nice judgment displayed in suiting the voice to the feeling uppermost in the mind of the Queen and the woman, proved how thorough and critical had been the preparation of the artiste for the task in which she was engaged. The closing scene is terrible in its naked simplicity. All felt they were in the presence of death, so well had they been prepared for the catastrophe by the actions, looks and words of the artiste. In a word, as *Elizabeth*, Mrs. Lander was heroic, but she was tender: she was grand, but at the same time human; all the passions were aroused and exhibited, but they were all womanly, and hence her effort appealed to the heart, and was instructive as well as imposing and artistic. During the progress of the performance, each forcible presentation of a point by Mrs. Lander was appreciated and acknowledged by the audience, and at the close the applause was of the most flattering and complimentary character. * * * * *

[*The Philadelphia Press*, May 22d, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER AT THE ACADEMY.—The public has at last the opportunity, which it has long been needing, of ratifying a legitimate dramatic triumph, in the English tongue, at the Academy of Music. With the appearance of Mrs. F. W. Lander, last night, in her already renowned role of *Elizabeth*, commenced a dramatic season which, however short, will, we feel sure, be memorable in the history of the Philadelphia stage; for it is a triumph founded upon the correspondence between the unquestionable greatness of the principal character represented, and the genius, education, and research of the principal performer. The badness of the weather seemed to have very little changed the character of the attendance, every seat in the parquet, parquet circle and balcony, as well as in the boxes, having been secured. Nor did the gloom and depression of the weather influence in any perceptible degree the transport of the plaudits which resounded throughout the house. The performance of Mrs. Lander was witnessed with the most profound attention, every salient point—and it is bristling with salient points—being instantaneously seized upon, and an appreciation of it evinced either by breathless silence or tempestuous applause. The dictation of the letters, the signing of Mary's death-warrant, the scene with Essex in act third, the signing of his death-warrant in act fourth, and the

final scenes in the dreary splendor of the last act, were all applauded by an audience combining both intellectuality and demonstrative enthusiasm. * * * * *

[*Phila. Evening Telegraph*, May 22d, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER AS ELIZABETH.—The short engagement commenced at the Academy of Music last night by Mrs. General Lander, in which she personates the character of the *Virgin Queen*, promises, by its auspicious commencement, to be as brilliant as the warmest admirers of the lady could desire. A crowded house and excellent support lent their aid to call forth the highest genius of the talented artiste, and in the rendition she surpassed herself. * * * * *

It is the possession of talent of the most elevated kind which draws to see her the thousands who nightly listen to her voice. No one denies to her great ability as an actress. We take it that it is universally conceded that her *Elizabeth* is one of the finest, if not the finest, pieces of female acting that the American public has had an opportunity to witness. The character is one most difficult to accurately portray. Abounding as it does in the exhibition of opposite passions, the performer runs the danger of exceeding the limits of nature, and making what was a real character appear a monstrous combination of contradictions. It requires one who can fully enter into the spirit of the part, and catch the inspiration of the pride, arrogance and *hauteur* of the Queen, as well as the tender sensibilities of the woman. This Mrs. Lander has successfully attempted. In her the love for Essex, and the pride which let him die when she could save him by a word, do not appear impossible actions or even unnatural. Mrs. Lander has supplied us with the best commentary and key to history within our reach; and after witnessing her performance, we can understand more of the spirit of the Elizabethan era than by consulting Hume, wading through Lingard, or studying Froude. She is an actress in the highest of the word, and when we say that she has carefully studied all the surroundings of the age to which she carries us back, and conformed in all parts to its costumes, we complete our just eulogy of her play of *Elizabeth*. * * * * *

[*Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 23d, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER AT THE ACADEMY.—Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, the attendance at the Academy thus far, to witness Mrs. Lander's splendid impersonation of *Elizabeth*, has been very large, and the success she has achieved in the trying *role*, has surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of her warmest admirers.

In Mrs. Lander's able hands the character assumes a magnitude which has seldom invested it, and even Ristori, great and grand as she is in the part, fails at times in comparison with Mrs. Lander in giving it those nice touches of nature without which no true picture can be properly portrayed upon the stage. In the "tempest and torrent" of her passion, perhaps Ristori in a measure excels our favorite tragedienne, but this drawback, if drawback it can be called, is more than compensated for by the finish, fervor and sustained effect characterizing every scene in the play in which Mrs. Lander appears.

Never overstepping the bounds of nature, and in every look, gesture and intonation being true to the instincts of art, her impersonation as a whole is a creation that stands out in bold relief,

and gives one a better idea of the innermost soul and the peculiar idiosyncracies of the *Virgin Queen* than a whole history could. Her love for Essex, which, although "a consuming fire" within her breast; her pride, that would brook no rival near the throne, would strive to quench, was magnificently exemplified by Mrs. Lander. The same tender feeling for her favorite at the signing of his death-warrant, mingled with the arrogance of the imperious Queen, and the conflicting emotions of love and hate that, at that fatal hour, strove for mastery in her breast, were also vividly, even painfully portrayed, and furnished a specimen of genuine acting. The death-scene of Mrs. Lander is also one of terrible, truthful interest, and its absorbing power over the minds of the spectator exemplifies what genius can accomplish in the "mimic world."

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Her scene with Essex at the end of the third act, was incomparably fine, and last evening created an immense enthusiasm among the audience. Her anxiety for the fate of Essex, in the fourth act, where she awaits with "dread suspense" the arrival of the ring, was also a splendid touch of genuine acting, and the climax reached at the termination of the act was a fitting *finale* to the beauty that characterized that portion of the interesting play.

Altogether Mrs. Lander's *Elizabeth* is an impersonation of which she may be justly proud, and one that will add materially to the abundant fame she already enjoys as one of the leading histrions of the present day.

Our limited space precludes the possibility of speaking of the other characters in the play, but in justice to Mr. Taylor, we must say that his Essex was a performance every way worthy of Mrs. Lander's *Elizabeth*. His acting generally, was in the highest degree effective, and many of his scenes were managed with consummate tact and skill.

[*Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 24th, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER AT THE ACADEMY.—The engagement of Mrs. F. W. Lander at the Academy of Music has proved, thus far, a complete and brilliant success. The vast edifice is nightly crowded with the *elite* of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Lander's matchless rendition of *Queen Elizabeth* electrifies the audience each evening. A brilliant assemblage was present last night, and the popular desire to see this gifted lady in this great character is unabated. Mrs. Lander's impersonation of the *Virgin Queen* is one of the greatest triumphs of dramatic art on the modern stage. But few more opportunities will be presented of witnessing this splendid intellectual treat, and those who do not embrace the present chance will have cause to regret it. Columns could be filled, containing just eulogies of Mrs. Lander's *Elizabeth*, and the lady is fully deserving of all the lengthy encomiums that she has been the recipient of on the part of the press of this city. Another full attendance will undoubtedly be present this evening, and it is only unfortunate that Mrs. Lander's engagement cannot be of a more protracted character.

[*Philadelphia Age*, May 24th, 1867.]

BENEFIT OF MRS. LANDER.—There is an additional reason why people should visit the Academy of Music this evening apart from the rich treat afforded by the acting of Mrs. Lander in the character of *Elizabeth*. That is to be found in the fact that the proceeds are to be

applied to the benefit of Mrs. Lander. This lady deserves a substantial token of public respect and approbation. She has labored hard to sustain the legitimate drama. "Among the faithless, faithful she." The current of false taste and perverted judgment has not been strong enough to carry her along with it into that wild river of sensationalism which threatens to undermine the whole fabric of our national love for the true, the beautiful and the pure in dramatic art. With a stout heart and resolute trust in the right, Mrs. Lander has struggled on in the chosen path, and at last the first beams of the rising sun lighted her path by the universal commendation bestowed upon her *Elizabeth*. Night after night this character has been repeated, and the people have crowded to pay their tribute of respect to the talents of the delineator. And now comes the occasion when the woman is to be aided in a material sense, and we are sure it will be improved. Mrs. Lander has brought to the stage talents of a high order, and a private character rich with all moral and womanly graces, and these offerings on the altar of dramatic art, entitle her to more than ordinary consideration.

[*Phila. Sunday Transcript*, May 26th, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER'S "ELIZABETH."—Mrs. Lander's success at the Academy of Music, last week, was decidedly great. The house was crowded every night with a brilliant and fashionable audience, which seemed heartily in sympathy with the performers, and applauded the fine points with unusual discrimination and great emphasis. Mrs. Lander has fully established her claim to the title of a great artiste. She has treated the public to a performance that possesses rare excellence, and which, in this day of sensational drama, will be retained in the memory of those who witnessed it as marking an era in the history of the American stage. Mrs. Lander will give her farewell performance to-morrow evening, and, in retiring temporarily from the stage in the midst of her triumph, she will leave the public appetite whetted, and keen for her reappearance.

[*Pittsburg Chronicle*, June 3d, 1867.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Those who had the good fortune and the good taste to visit the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, partook of a new pleasure in witnessing one of the most perfect and artistic dramatic representations which has been offered here in a long time. Mrs. Lander, in assuming the role of *Elizabeth*, has certainly reached the highest point which even her great genius has yet realized. The character gives a new scope to her powers, and in enacting it she develops capabilities of acting which have heretofore remained hidden from her most appreciative friends. The character seems as one fitted to draw out all her qualities in the fullest degree. It is one which Ristori was supposed to have made entirely her own; and so perfectly does she present it, that it seemed none other would have the courage to attempt it. In the English tongue and by an American artiste, however, it is given us in a style which makes cause to regret the departure of the Italian. Mrs. Lander, in some points, as in the famous scene with Essex, runs fully equal to Ristori. * * * * *

Mr. J. H. Taylor sustained the character of Essex in a most admirable manner, and drew forth the heartiest plaudits. His quarrel with the Queen is a splendid piece of acting.

[*New York Citizen*, June 29th, 1867.]

MRS. LANDER'S ELIZABETH.—Some months since the people of New York had the pleasure of witnessing Ristori's great impersonation of *Elizabeth*. Unquestionably great as it was, Ristori's *Elizabeth* suffered from the fact that very few of those who heard her were sufficiently familiar with the Italian language to understand a word that was spoken by the actress or by those who were with her in the cast. It was a matter of general regret that the first actress of the age should be unable to speak in a language intelligible to her American hearers.—But this regret would have been spared had New York at that time been acquainted with Mrs. Gen. Lander's magnificent rendering of the same character—*Elizabeth*. The name of this estimable lady is not new to New York theatre-goers.

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Mrs. Lander recently sustained the part of *Elizabeth*, in the tragedy of the same name, at Washington. Her impersonation was characterized by perfect finish, and quiet but intense strength. Those who heard her at once com-

pared her with Ristori, and almost without exception gave the palm of superiority to Mrs. Lander. It is difficult to compare the two, because of the wide difference between them: but it is safe to say, that while Mrs. Lander avoided those errors which marred the performance of the great Italian, her conception and rendering of the character possessed merits peculiarly and wholly her own, and which at once, in the estimation of her audience, placed her among the few really great tragediennes that the stage has known,

Will not the managers of our New York theatres give the people an opportunity of witnessing the superb acting of this incomparable *artiste*. There will then be no longer any reason to regret that Ristori's *Elizabeth* was rendered in a foreign language, for the *Elizabeth* of Mrs. Lander is not only in several respects a better conception of the character, but it has the further recommendation of being rendered in our own language, and by one of the most lovely and accomplished ladies of whom America can boast.

