Dramatic and Lyric.

Richard Mansfield's Engagement—The Choir Trip—Another Booth Coincidence.—Farewell to Old Drury.—Patti on the Wane.—Notes.

The somewhat protracted lull we have enjoyed of late—eclipsed in the west—will be broken Monday night by the return of that very admirable artist and very peculiar individual, Mr. Richard Mansfield. His Dean Brunnel is one of the great creations of the contemporaneous stage, and that we are to see Monday night. His own dramatization of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, spoken of as a rare work of artistic merit, will be the bill Tuesday night. Mrs. Mansfield is in the east, and we are promised an elaborate production as far as scenery and accessories can make it.

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The contemplated visit of the Tabernacle choir to Chicago in September continues to be the all-pervading theme in musical circles. Mr. Stephens is still absent in Chicago, where, on Wednesday evening last, he had the privilege of hearing Mr. Tomlins conduct the Messiah, in the same building where the great contests will take place. In the meantime Prof. Daynes has had charge of the choir, and has been piling some Tribune work, especially with the male voices, in the electrical difficulties of the central music. It is entirely probable that Mr. Easton, and Bessie Dean Alison will go with the singers, and it is hoped that the excellent force of soprano will be augmented by inducing Mrs. Drake Fugley to leave her retirement. Mr. Goddard and Viola Pratt, too, may run over from New York to join their old friends. The committee in charge will resume active meetings next week, when Mrs. Salisbury and representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, the Business Men's association and the Real Estate exchange will be present to aid in the biggest work of all—that of securing the necessary funds to make the enterprise a success. H. B. Clawson, formerly manager of the Theater, and H. G. Whitney, manager of the Home Dramatic club, are the two gentlemen in whose hands the general committee has placed the serious management of the tour, while Prof. Stephens has a consulting voice, and will be absolute monarch so far as the musical rules and regulations go.

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Mr. and Mrs. Leon Milton Royle remain quietly at home, and are seen very little abroad in consequence of society circles. Mrs. Royle is hard at work resting, and Mr. Royle is still poring over his new play, which the New York World, by the way, says is shortly to be tried in Chicago. They will remain in Salt Lake till the first part of August.

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Ada Dwyer, who now signs her name Ada Dwyer Russell, was one of the actors chosen to create the role in the new play called This Working Day World and recently produced in Buffalo. The press comments on the play were favorable, and Miss Dwyer received specially strong words of commendation. Frank Mayo was the leading man of the company. Miss Dwyer is now in New York where her husband is in the cast of The Girl I Left Behind Me at the New Empire theater.

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The tangled coincidence between the escapes of Booth's theater and the burial of Edwin Booth, is as nothing compared to the strange fact that Edwin Booth should have been the man who saved the life of President Lincoln's son. The story has often been told, and it is repeated in the following dispatch from Baltimore to the New York World:

John T. Ford says the story that Edwin Booth saved the life of Robert T. Lincoln, President Lincoln's son, is essentially correct. The occurrence was between March 1 and 5, 1876, and was published about ten years ago. It happened at Bowling Green, Ky., or at a station between that place and Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Ford had been traveling through the South with a company, at the head of which was Mr. Booth, and it was at the close of Mr. Booth's engagement. Mr. Booth and Mr. Lincoln were both waiting for a train. Mr. Lincoln was walking up and down the track absentmindedly and did not notice an engine backing down upon him. Mr. Booth pulled him aside when the engine was so near that it actually touched Mr. Lincoln's back. The latter was much overcome, shook hands with the actor, and expressed his profound gratitude. At the time Mr. Booth did not know the identity of the man he had saved.

Some years ago Edwin Booth erected a monument to his father at Greenmount cemetery. In the double family lot, surrounded by a granite curb, lie the remains of his grandfather, father, mother and brothers. At the foot of the monument is an unmarked grave. It is covered with moss, while all the other graves in the lot are hidden beneath growths of ivy. This grave is said to contain the body of John Wilkes Booth, who killed President Lincoln.

It was believed that Edwin Booth's body would lie by the side of his parents. As this is not to be it has been suggested that a fitting tribute for Baltimore—his birthplace—to pay to the memory of the greatest actor would be to erect a monument in one of the public squares in the form of a statue of Edwin Booth throwing flowers on Hamlet. John T. Ford has started the fund.

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"Old Drury!" With a tinge of real regret has the news been received in America that the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, is soon to be torn down. Probably the most historic of all playhouses, it is beyond dispute the national theater of England, and possesses a cosmopolitan interest from its long life of more than two centuries. We are indebted wholly or in part to the great actors and actresses the world has known. There Betterton, Garrick, Macklin, John and Charles Kemble, J. R. Reed, Jack and Charles Bernard, Edmund Kean, John Pallmer, Macready, Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Siddons, Kitty Clive, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Crouch, all played time and time again to appreciative audiences, and Brennan, the illfortunate lessee also first appeared on its stage.

The Chicago Tribune tells us that the long lamented has come at last. The exigencies of London street improvements have proved stronger than the claims of sentiment and tradition. Among Londoners laymen will soon cease to speak of "Old Drury" as a factor in daily life, and "the proscenium" will no longer of "Dear Lane" only as a fragrant memory. And yet the story of the condemned old theater will never lose its charm, the very ground where it has stood for 250 years is classic soil.

Drury Lane was a fashionable resort of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the theater dates from the time of Charles II, and it was on its stage that that monarch first fell in love with Nell Gwynne; the ubiquitous Pepys used to wander behind the scenes. Drury burned down in 1672, but Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, rebuilt it by the royal order in 1674, a prologue written by Dryden was recited on the opening night. The second theater lasted 120 years and in the time of Horace Walpole, that intimate said the house is so commodious that it enables people to attend a special performance there, just as it adjourns for Derby day. Garrick was manager of the theater in 1747. The old house was torn down in 1791, and the final performance was a very memorable one, the newspapers printing columns obituaries of "old mother Drury" just as if she had been a human being.

The Third Drury Lane theater was designed by Holland and opened April 21, 1794, nearly three years after the old house closed. John Kemble was manager and the inaugural play Macbeth, several innovations were noticeable in the production of Shakespeare's play. The ghost of Banquo did not appear in person, an idea adopted by the late lamented Barry Sullivan, and Charles Kemble made his professional debut. The new theater cost £200,000. The seating capacity was 3611. In length it measured 225 feet and in width 135 feet, the height being 110 feet. The proscenium was 36 feet high and 43 feet wide. The receipts of a full house, without deductions, reached £771. John Kemble spoke the prologue, written by Gen. Fitzpatrick, and Miss Farren gave the epilogue, by George Colman Jr. She said the audience need not fear fire, as an iron curtain could be lowered at an instant's notice, to cut off the stage from the pit, and further, that there was water enough to drown them all. The curtain was raised and a boatman was seen rowing to and fro in an immense tank. This Drury Lane was called the Apollo theater, because of the statue on its roof, but its existence was brief, fire completely destroying it Feb. 24, 1809, a Friday in Lent. On account of the season no performance had been held in the theater for a week previous, the water tank was empty, and when they tried to pull down the iron curtain it would not budge an inch. The chief owner at the time was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, for an epidemic of fires had prevailed in public buildings for some weeks previous.

The theater that stands today at Drury lane and Catherine street dates from 1812, and was erected from the designs of Benjamin Wyatt, executed to the order of a joint stock company established by act of parliament. The chief promoter was a Mr. Whitbread, and the shares varied in value from £100 to £500. A committee, with Lord Byron as its head, undertook the management and failed. Lord Byron wrote the prologue for the opening night. Through the efforts of Edmund Kean, the tragedian, the theater was extricated from the financial difficulties in 1814, and for four years afterward the committee accepted the offer of a Mr. Elliston to lease the house for Drury yielded an annual rent of £10,500, he also contracting to pay the taxes and expend £7,000 in decorations.

The decrease of Drury Lane Theater has been in the hands of the American Harris since 1879. He is known to American theatergoers through his plays, several of which have been produced here. The last was the great spectacular drama Human Nature, at the Boston, which had an immense run in Boston and was afterwards at the Academy of Music in New York for a considerable period.

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When Mr. Huey commented so frequently on the subject of "Swan" a few weeks ago in Salt Lake, it is probable he did not know that Mr. Jim Corbett's notoriety owed as much to the fact that he was walking period. Mr. Huey has not seen a score which is like Fitzsimmons—the home of the only Corbett, where it was counted his season, would make all other box office figures to pale in insignificance. A letter from San Francisco says:

"All signs fail," sir, is an old stage which has partly come true in the case of "our Jim" Corbett. He opened at the California Theater on May 27 to a great house and a popular reception. The entire force of his popularity is not yet known to me, but I saw the first night. It leaves out the old story that stars, either social, material or athletic, are laid things to "boom" by. They do well enough for stars while their brothers are at full pressure, but after that the sandy valley is very apt to be encountered and the parties are left at a normal condition of space. W. A. Brady, as well as Corbett, is at a loss to understand why San Francisco should be the first large city which has failed to recognize "Our Jim's" talents to an extent and his fame as a pugilist. It may be bad luck, but their information, that one reason for the "smash" lots is that nearly every one here knows Jim Corbett and has seen and conversed with him hundreds of times. He is not an attraction here as he is in other places. Another cause is that Jim has taken into the last block of lacking his tongue get away with him, and saying all manner of things against Fitzsimmons which would be better never to have been said. In an interview published in a local paper here yesterday he is said to have told his interviewer: "I'm what you call a matinee idol in Frisco—that's what I am—a dead solid idol," as an actor, a pugilist and everything else. They can't see me with a telescope." Now such talk as that is not likely to raise Jim to the admiration of his townspeople, and it is to be hoped that he has learned from the very people who made him, and that he starts them with smiling remarks. Manager Brady is said to have produced his books, which show the following receipts at the places named: Madison Square Garden, New York, one night five days after the fight, $8,000; New Orleans on Sept. 7, 1892, $10,000; a week at the Haymarket Theater, Chicago, $17,100; a week at Cincinnati, $9122; seven performances in Boston, $5600; St. Paul and Minneapolis, each, $5000 for a week; Kansas City, $5,500, seven days. The receipts on the opening night at the California Theater were $1252; on Tuesday, $134; Wednesday, $405; Thursday, $525; Friday, $440; Saturday matinee, $280; Saturday night, $803; and Sunday night a little over $500.

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The main musical event next season was supposed to have been the annual farewell tour of Adelina Patti; but from what the Mercury says of la diva's experiences abroad, it may be questioned whether the event will be all that is anticipated.

Patti's Italian engagements last season, says the editor, were unfortunate both artistically and pecuniarily. The critics discovered that her voice had gone to pieces, and even their respect for the artist's past did not prevent them from bluntly saying that it was high time for her to retire. This was not unexpected. Patti is fifty-five years old. Her voice has lasted long beyond the usual period in the case of a soprano, because she has taken the best of care of it and has never overworked it. But it seems to be a fact that nature is at last asserting itself and that the phonetical organ is breaking gradually. For her American tour next season Patti has a contract that guarantees her $5000 every time she appears. The question that naturally arises in this connection is whether, if the reports about her vocal deterioration are true, she will be the rare attraction Marcus Mayer has counted on in the United States next season.

STAGE AND MUSIC JOTS.

Jo Haworth is summering in Rexdale.

Henry Miller has rented for the summer a cottage on Pleasure Bay.

Broderick, the baron, is to be Francis Wilson's Revenues in his revival of Erminie.

Maria Tempest sailed for England the other day, carrying $25,000 with as her share of the season's profits in The Passing Master.

Fay Templeton and her husband, Howell Osborne, arrived in San Francisco from Australia by the mail steamer Alameda.

Charles Frohman has sailed from London that he had engaged Charles Wyndham for a tour of this country the season after next.

Ernest Clarke (Warde) a son of Frederick Warde, will assert light comedy roles next season. He made his debut with his father last season.

Leonard Boyne, the actor who played the Prodigal Daughter, receives $500 per week from Manager French for telling Bagshot in the burglar-chase scene.

Hoyt's Texas Steer has yielded to himself and pocket a net profit of $300,000, which is a much larger sum than they have made out of their farce-comedy, A Trip to Chinatown.

J. Travis Quinn, a well-known writer and poet, recently died at his home in New York, from pneumonia, after a week's illness, aged 39 years. At one time Mr. Quinn was editor and proprietor of the American Museum.

John Drew will have Nat Goodwin's new play by Henry Guy Carleton and one written by Henry C. DeMille had nearly finished at the time of his death. Mr. Drew resumes work in September, but does not return to New York until November.

Sarah Bernhardt has invaded Greece, and the reports state that her reception in Athens, where she played Camille before an audience that included the king and all the notabilities of the court, amounted to an ovation. While there she visited the grave of M. Dumas, her late husband.

The Bayreuth opera House at Covent Garden is the only important opera house in the world which is totally unmelodious. Here, at the Metropolitan opera House, the orchestra, although performing the Brobdingnagian feat of blowing out the Brooklyn Bridge every night, by means of a large amount of wind, is tuneful. The Paris opera is even less, with a lumber pile of $500,000 yearly from the state. La Scala, Milan, is melodious, and every little theater in Italy and Germany has to grant from the municipality.

Augustin Daly has astonished our British cousins by his persistent insistence that his London theater shall be completed at the time agreed upon in the contract. The business thought it would be impossible, but Augustin knew otherwise, and in consequence Miss Rehan will make the opening speech delivery on the date originally set. Daly's obstinacy was never more well illustrated than by his choice of Clement Scott, a London critic, to write the aforesaid address.

Belasco and Fyles' strong military drama, The Girl I Left Behind Me, as presented by Charles Frohman's stock company at the Schiller theater, seems to have scored a decided hit with Chicago theatergoers, as the business during the first two weeks has been exceptionally good. The work of Miss Armstrong, Mr. Morris, Mr. Mordaunt, Mr. Tyler, Miss Wallace, Mr. Thomson and the others of the company is deserving of the highest praise, and the general verdict of the public seems to be that The Girl I Left Behind Me is one of the best acted as well as the most interesting of plays seen in Chicago in years.—Chicago Tribune.

Manager T. Henry French and Lillian Russell part company at the termination of the present season. He says that he is tired of managing an opera company and endorses the prevalent opinion that musicians and opera singers are born cranks. It is stated that, although $26,000 was the amount received during the last San Francisco engagement, but $2000 of that was profit, and that the receipts of such an organization do not bear the proper proportion to the expenses as the expenses are born cranks. It is stated that, although $26,000 was the amount received during the last San Francisco engagement, but $2000 of that was profit, and that the receipts of such an organization do not bear the proper proportion to the expenses as the expenses are born cranks. It is New York and the enterprises Boston engagement demonstrate. Miss Russell will continue in the field under other management.—Music and Drama.

Mr. Chas. N. Hoover of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with eczema and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a crutch and cane. Everything was made to complete was done without good result, until he began taking

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