Dramatic and Lyric.

Success of the New South—Bond Will Star—Mansfield's Latest—Marlowe's Marriage—Josh Will Follow Suit.

It is about three years ago since Mr. Joseph Grismer, seated in his dressing room between the acts of one of his successful plays, outlined to the writer something of the idea he had in his mind for a new play—something he thought out of the dramatic beaten path, and something for which he entertained very high hopes. At the close of that season he was to meet Cora H. Greene, the dramatist, in New York, for the purpose of laying the story before him and asking him to combine the sketches with a story. The meeting took place. Mr. Greene thought highly of the outline of the drama, and to our time he sent out to Mr. Grismer in San Francisco a drama constructed upon it. The story was not quite satisfied; he thought the writer had not evolved everything possible from his idea, and he took the liberty of returning the manuscript with his own ideas as to the construction of the play, set forth in a scenario—a sketch of each act. The result of it was that he and Mr. Greene, two heads were more than one, then, set to work on a manuscript and Mr. Grismer's suggestions, mentally boiled down together, went to work again, skimmed off a good deal of froth, and the result was the fresh, novel, breezy and original play of The New South given to a full Lake audience for the first time last evening.

Everyone and everything seemed to have contributed to make of the affair a distinctive event; the regular force of the first nighters failed to size man—and woman—to make up an old time jam. It was a night to make manager and player alike tremulous—after the unbroken record of empty chairs, innumerable tickets sold and counted, tickets that we have been treated to for so these many moons past. Everything was taken, even the galleries were well filled; the unusual sight of a policeman in the lobby was once more afforded the ticket buyers. But it is enough to say that all Jo Grismer and Pixie Davies' friends were out to cheer them—the friends they have made scores after season, for their sterling and conscientious work in Dead Made Grass, their Called Back, their World Against Her, and their many other successful productions. It was a beautiful audience, and without doubt one that will be duplicated this evening.

The play was greeted with the same sort of enthusiasm that has greeted it all over the land; it is something so new, fresh and unconventional, that it could not but be hailed with delight. Mr. Grismer's central idea, which he and Mr. Greene have worked out so well, that of having the heroine issue the hero—who is a convict—from the state authorities, and so free him from the persecutions to which he was being subjected, and at the same time afford him an opportunity of working out his innocence—makes a strong foundation for his play, and one that was immediately appreciated and responded to by the audience. A paragraph on the program gives the section of the Georgia law under which such a issue can be made. The idea of a new sort of stage villain—a negro uncle, who commits the murder for which the hero is arrested—is another fresh and well appreciated innovation; the suggestions in the first act, of the Furze hill, troops at the polls, the fight on the back box, and sore spots left in the South by the war—(the time of the play is some years after the late unpleasantness)—all made up a contemporaneous theme of human interest that aided the strong plot of the play to a decided degree and kept the interest of the audience at the highest pitch. The atmosphere of the South breathed through the play is most delightful, and the great amphitheatre southern mansion in the first act, with its semi-tropical surroundings, was quite a triumph of the scene-painters' art.

For the players, it is pleasant to be able to say that they were fully abreast of the play. Miss Davies makes the success of her successful career as the warm-hearted, brave and loyal southern girl, who is not afraid of relatives, friends or public opinion in daring to fight the wrongs of an upright man. If the play has a star part, it is that of the heroine rather than the hero. Mr. Grismer was the handsome, gentlemanly, manly officer in the line, his role hardly gives him the same opportunities for smashing dramatic heights that other parts in which we have seen him attack, but he plays it with an earnestness and a sincerity, free from any theatric air or exaggeration, that makes it most agreeable to his admirers. Both actors were awarded some curtain calls after the several effective curtains. Of the support, it can be said that two at least of the characters, if not three, were close up to the standard of the stars. The two were Mr. Cooper and Miss Vidlow. The latter gentleman, general of the Blue, very resplendent in those of Hobson's Colonel Moberly in Alabama, was a most admirable impersonation, and the rebellious little spitfire of a daughter was a counterattraction equally delightful. Mr. Ferguson's negro villain was outlined in the style of the true artist; your average stage duty is so apt to run in the extreme of inflexibility or rather unbelief, that it was thought to be risky to put one with so a villain, but Mr. Ferguson's abilities prevented his character becoming the fool, and so at his exit he took the sympathy of the audience to an extent. The remainder of the cast was capable, with only one or two weak spots.

All in summer time, save at the temples of the drama on Commercial street, now known as the Pavilion and Orchestra as the Centre, Lyceum Lessee has been doing enough apparently to pull the public to our direction, even with the two towns and "Lucius Fleer," and the future—the future is again obscure in uncertainty. Of Manager Lyceum's journey hence to give the place to some for an extension to stay one night after night. Were to the new Second South street to see a swing pushed, he it now, only at though the opening would not take place till fall.

Miss Roberts was repeat Pygmalion and Galatea at Theatre Hall Tuesday evening. The hall was been very handsomely fixed up as a temporary theater, and it makes an admirable place for the presentation of such plays as the one mentioned. The art has to do with theatric memories, for it was there that Thespis reigned supreme so many years where the drama was young in Utah and there the pioneers were wont to somewhat to chase away the hobgoblins and care of the day in the joys of the play, the song and the dance. The entertainment given by Miss Roberts's pupils and assistants is an admirable one and it ought to draw a second large house.

Mr. Frederick Read, an actor well known in Salt Lake, is one of the prominent men not re-engaged for next season by Freeman. Mr. Read has thoroughly enjoyed his stay in Utah, and is now looking for a play. We trust Mr. Read has made no mistake, but we confess we have our misgivings.

The latest story on Richard Mansfield comes from Washington, and though unauthentic, it sounds correct, for as it is printed it is less an authority than the New York Sun, however, we reproduce it. Whenever the actor plays there he develops into a social lion. During his last visit there a dinner was given in his honor by a man who for years has been the most important of all the government offices around. Mr. Justice Pumpwater and many of the other foreign ministers were there, and everything went off swimmingly until the champagne appeared.

Mansfield, who is rather an epicure, watched the waiter eagerly as he approached. As the waiter filled the goblet to fill his glass, Mansfield leaped into.

"One moment!" he exclaimed. "Let me have a look at that bottle."

The waiter, startled with astonishment, handed him the bottle without a word. Mansfield, removing the cork, put his eyeglass in place, and began to scrutinize the label. By this time every eye at the table was fixed on him. There was a moment's pause, and then Mr. Mansfield handed the bottle back to the waiter.

"Some for me, thank you," he exclaimed, "I never drink sheep wine."

Ned Holbert is one of the few actors whom a hard season does not seem to have phased. On Wednesday last he and Daniel Frohman set sail for Europe, returning in time for Holbert's regular annual season at the Lyceum in August. On the same steamer E. S. Willard and the principal members of his company were passengers. Willard, by the way, will begin a five weeks' season at the Columbia theater, Lessee, on June 18, opening in The Middleman. The entire box receipts on the second night will be divided between the actors' funds of America and England. After the Columbia season Willard will not fulfill his engagements.

The announcement that Pauline Rice, in private life Mrs. Paul, has just given birth to a daughter reminds a New York writer of the long list of actresses now on the stage who are the mothers of sons and daughters well on to their teens. Both Lillian Russell and Marion Manola have daughters who have attained to the dignity of plaiting. Kate Bynum's boy has already made his first success as a leading juvenile. Grace Fulton has a daughter who is almost as tall as she is herself. May Irwin has a team of as stalwart and manly lads as can be found to a day's walk, and May Robson's son, having attained his majority, has gone to Europe to complete his studies and started for a tour of Europe. Among the actresses on our stage who have reached the dignity of grandmotherhood are—but a truce to personalities.

The action of the marriage of Julia Marlowe and her leading man, Robert Taber, in Philadelphia on May 30th, caused some surprise here, where it has been reported that the event had taken place some time before. Miss Marlowe's real name is Fanny Brough. Her husband is twenty-eight years old, and was born on Staten Island. He is a handsome man, with clear-cut features and dark brown hair. He is considered one of the most intelligent and capable of the younger American actors now before the public. He is a member of the Players' Club.

It will be with a genuine feeling of [illegible] that the many friends of Lucius Judd, will see his name is to be matched in the [illegible] with the present month. Francis T. [illegible], assistant district attorney of New York City is the man, and Stamford, Ct., will be the place. There had been a very prevalent impression that Miss Judd was very much addicted to Charles E. Hyde, and the manner in which she continued to entertain fondness to that manager of Jones and general allegory, caused many sighs to be heard. Hence we all broke at the news of her matrimonial plunge. In fact in the question "Will you take Cora for your lawful wedded wife?" Miss Judd replied, "Practically, though I may answer ceremonially in months and years, yes." My vote was never better, and I can not refrain myself to give up singing allegories."

An Australian Herring Monstrosity.

At Wingen, in New South Wales, 264 miles from Sydney, is a herring monstrosity, one of the most remarkable specimens to be found in Australia. It is 1,020 feet in height, and is supposed to be a large coal seam which has in some unmeasurable way become ignited, and has been burning for many years, certainly long before the advent of the white man in that portion of the colony. The course of the fire can be traced a considerable distance by the numerous depressions or chasms occasioned by the falling in of the ground from beneath which the coal has been consumed. It is also literally issuing from the side of the mountain, and in the vicinity of these openings the surface is hot, and has a dry, parched appearance, while sticks thrust into these openings are readily ignited.

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