

Music & Drama.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?

MISS AMY VAUGHAN's entertainment on Saturday was under the patronage of Mr. Tom Sullivan, the brilliant young oarsman, of whom Auckland is justly proud. The house presented a gladsome spectacle, being crammed in every part. On the stage a very striking and appropriate scene, elaborated with trophies of skulls fastened with broad ribands of diverse hues, offered a pleasing *coup d'œil*. The costumes were as usual brilliant and tasteful. A change in the corners has been made. Messrs. Diamond and Corbett now replace the Misses Vaughan, who, neatly arrayed in boating flannels, patrol the stage in *dolce far niente* style. In the first part, after the overture and opening chorus, Mr. F. Willis very effectively sang "Nourine Marine," and was followed by Mr. A. Diamond with a comic song, "All got 'em," which delighted the audience. Miss Cissie Earle next sang very sweetly a pretty lullaby, winning a well merited encore. Max Rinkle's comic song, "Susie Jane," convulsed the house, being irresistibly funny. Miss A. Wyniard made quite a hit with an extremely tuneful and touching ballad, "Lovers and Friends," and had to respond to the inevitable encore. Harry Cowan, that prime favourite, almost surpassed himself in "O, I say!" Misses Amy Vaughan and May Travers repeated the popular characteristic duet, "Rowing," more effectively than ever. In the laughable finale of the four old ladies, Messrs. Harry Cowan, Max Rinkle, Diamond and Corbett, scored a triumphant success. The most notable features of the second portion of the entertainment were Harry Cowan's comicalities, into which he invariably introduces some unexpected novelties; Miss Amy Vaughan's descriptive scena, "Ere the lamps are lit," capably illustrated by lime-light transparencies; Miss Daisy Thornton's clever "Sailor's Hornpipe"; excellent songs, dances and antics by Messrs. Cowan, Max Rinkle, Corbett and Diamond; and the favourite old Christy Minstrel glee, "Come where my love lies dreaming," sung as a duet by Misses Wyniard and May Travers. The whole performance concluded with the customary farce. Miss Vaughan announced that in future the Saturday Night's entertainment would be repeated on the following Monday evening, and this was carried out most successfully last Monday. I congratulate the company on the firm hold they have secured. They not only deserve success, but command it.

M. LEUMONE, the eminent flautist, who some time ago visited Auckland with Miss Amy Sherwin, is bringing a concert company to New Zealand. Madame Leumone (soprano), and Mr. Sherwin (basso), Mr. Stockwell (tenor), a contralto and a pianist whose names I do not know, will be among the performers. They will probably open at Wellington at an early date.

THE Auckland Amateur Opera Club are working hard at Princess Ida, and hope to produce the opera within a few weeks. Mrs. Cooper takes the title rôle.

ON Wednesday evening last week the complimentary concert tendered to Mr. Michael Lewis, the clever whistler, attracted a good attendance to the City Hall. Mrs. Cooper, Misses Warren, Rimmer, and Lorrigan were the lady vocalists, and Messrs. T. Jackson, Reid, G. Knight, and W. H. George sang good songs and a duet. Mr. Lewis again whistled splendidly, and Mr. W. H. Webbe accompanied with customary efficiency. The concert on the whole was a great success.

THE last two plays of the Kennedy-Dobson season came too late for notice in our last issue. Tom Taylor's "Ticket of-Leave Man," staged on Wednesday night, suited the company famously. Mr. Collet Dobson as "Bob Brierly" played his melodramatic best and

carried all before him. Mr. J. J. Kennedy's "Hawkshaw" is well known to be a powerful impersonation of the celebrated detective. He displays a cool, firm, quiet and self-reliant demeanour, which admirably realises the author's intention. As "Jem Dalton," alias the "Tiger," Mr. Frank Norton shows a careful and intelligent study of one of the strongest parts in the piece. His make-up in the various disguises assumed by the cunning burglar simply baffled detection. While masquerading as Mr. Wake, the respectable city merchant, Mr. Norton must be congratulated on his singularly clever change of voice. Jem Dalton's ringing baritone becomes the piping treble of a feeble old man, and the deceitful tones are admirably preserved through a long scene. When he is once more alone the sudden return to his natural voice makes a striking point. The final struggle between Hawkshaw and the Tiger is a fine stage tussle. Mr. A. Ingleson's "Melter Moss," the Jew fence, deserves very high praise. His make-up, accent, and comic vulgarity were admirable. As Mr. Gibson, Mr. Harry Saville acted with appropriate politeness and dignity. Mr. W. E. Jermyn as the landlord "Maltby," and Mr. R. D. Campbell as the waiter, were the right men in the right place. Miss Thornton proved her versatility by sustaining the rôle of "Sam Willoughby" with a genuine appreciation of the manners and modes of thought of a London larrikin. She introduced two capital songs of the music-hall type. As "Mrs. Willoughby" Mrs. W. E. Jermyn scored her success of the season, portraying the Mrs. Brown-like old lady and her interminable parentheses with life-like fidelity. Miss Lily Hill's "May Edwards" won everybody's sympathy. She both looked and acted the faithful, unselfish, grateful and loving girl to perfection. Miss May Vernon very satisfactorily filled the small part of Emily St. Evermoin.

"Current Cash," the farewell performance on Friday evening, drew a large house. The play itself is an olla podrida of ideas which have figured in other dramatic works, but the result somehow always catches on. It excited the audience throughout, and was most enthusiastically applauded. Miss Thornton found one of her own congenial parts in "Grace Milton," the distressed widow, and infused tenderness and sympathy into the rôle. Her emotional work was as usual first-rate. Miss Lily Hill played the bright and sparkling Delia Challis with dash, vigour, and grace. The part suits her splendidly. As the comical parson, Lincoln Green—a character not altogether unlike "The Private Secretary"—Mr. Kennedy was brilliantly funny. His gag, "Good grasshaws," is immense. The Hon. Henry Chafferton (Mr. Frank Norton), Delia Challis' lover, was excellent, and the love passages between the pair were quite a feature in the performance. Mr. Dobson's Mark Milton is another feather in the cap of a really fine and powerful actor. The part in every respect suits his fine presence and grand voice. Mr. Saville's Major Challis deserves a special good word. It was a perfect piece of acting, and further confirms the high opinion I have formed of his ability and experienced stage knowledge. Nor should Mr. Henry's "One-eye" be passed over. His impersonation was a capital one, and deservedly found great favour with the audience. Sybil Milton, although a much shorter part than Little Lord Fauntleroy, gave clever little Ruby Kennedy good opportunities, of which she availed herself, to the enthusiastic delight of her audience, with whom she is now an established favourite. As the dramatic action of the piece demands that Sybil should grow up, Miss May Vernon took the character after the prologue, and acquitted herself very well. I must not forget to mention Mr. Jermyn's villain and Mr. R. D. Campbell's Private Bowles, both of which characters were admirably sustained.

ORPHEUS.

TARANAKI SPORTING NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW PLYMOUTH, August 7.

THINGS are quiet in sporting circles, the chief topic being the show Jenny has in the Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdles.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

[BY OLD TURFITE.]

BOOKMAKERS.—NO. III.

I WILL now take two of the most celebrated Nottingham bookmakers. Hibberd is the first I will bring into notice. He commenced as a small ready-money man outside the ring; he then suddenly came into notice by being made a town councillor of Nottingham, and for his liberal donations for the benefit of the poor in his native town. Every Christmas Day he gives a good dinner to all the poor widows and children; the number averages two thousand. From the Nottingham papers I learn that he is one of the most respected men in the Council, and still continues his donations.

Billy Nicholl was one of the most curious men I ever came across. He commenced life as boots in a very low place in Nottingham; afterwards he started ready-money bookmaking. On the Heath at Newmarket he took up his stand just outside the ring, with an open cart and a curiously painted spotted horse, with white harness; there he did a great business. One night, coming down Mill Lane, he was garroted and robbed of a considerable sum of money. On this becoming known in the rooms a subscription was got up for him, and so popular was he that in a very short time some six or seven hundred pounds was subscribed; this set him on his legs again. A couple of years afterwards he was admitted a member of Tattersalls, and soon became one of the leading men in the ring. Billy was fearfully foul-mouthed at one time, but he soon got a polish on him, and became one of the most gentlemanly of his class. He was liberal to the extreme, and I will mention two instances that came under my notice. When Drew, the jockey, was killed at Brighton, he started a subscription for the mother, knowing that she was dependent on her son's earnings, and for a start Nicholl headed the list with two hundred pounds. The other instance was coming home from the Leicester races. A clergyman belonging to Nottingham got into the carriage where he and several of his kindred were. Billy kept on talking in his usual language. On getting out of the train he turned round and said to the clergyman, "You are not a bad sort; you have not rebuked me for my language. Take that for your poor." Jumping out of the carriage he put a hundred pound note into his hands—not waiting for thanks.

We now come to the four notorious Jew bookmakers, who did not confine themselves to the legitimate game. First comes Jonny Gideon. He was a quiet unassuming fellow, but he had a penchant for thrusting bets on you whether you desired them or not. He was a great man for the prize ring, always looking out for a good man to bring out. He was Tom Sayers' principal backer in all his fights. He brought out Jem Mace, but soon got disgusted with him, as he was the biggest cur that ever entered the ring. In his first fight with Bob Brittle it took Johnny all his time to keep him from bolting out of the ring; it was the same when he fought Sam Hurst, the "Stayleybridge Infant." Johnny is still in the land of the living, or he was so a short time ago, but he got disgusted with the present system of fighting. It is said that he is worth a very large sum of money, though he commenced with nothing.

The three Morris' were a regular mixture, and no one knew what they were worth. "Old Jelly"—after Crockford's and Charley Lily's—was done away—he used to keep one during the Newmarket, Chester and Doncaster meetings; also at Brighton for the Sussex fortnight. It is an old saying that a novice at the game always wins. An old farmer once found his way into the rooms at Doncaster, and was asked to play, and consented; he knew nothing of the game, so was taken in hand by two well-known noblemen, the result being that they broke the bank, much to "Old Jelly's" disgust, as it was the first time he ever had such a reverse. Another brother, Harry, did all the ring work, and was one of the first English bookmakers that started business in France. The third was the great money-lender in Regent-street—perhaps the hottest member of the tribe there ever was. Two officers of the Life Guards came to grief. Morris sued for £10,000, and it came out in court that they really only had £3,000 in cash, the rest being made up by interest. The father of these