the memory, with Mr. George Davison's "Thistles," and several of Mr. Horsley Hinton's. There is one beautiful portrait of a girl—"Sybilla," by J. Craig Annan.

Those artists who have gone in for studies from the nude, have been unfortunate in their models; indeed, most representations of the modern woman without her clothes, come very near to make us take sides with the champions of "Sans-corsetism!" But would the ceasing to wear these vanities lessen the thickness of the ankles, which is such a distressing feature of the Cockney studio model?

This is a fine physiological dilemma for our hygienists. We know that the stays and boots which we madly persist in wearing, are fatal to health, and the cause of all the ills that flesh is heiress to—but surely they cannot have thickened our wrists and ankles? Somebody, please reply.

Dramatic Notes.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

The conspicuous change of name with which this house—hitherto known as the Trafalgar—opens, under the management of Messrs. Charles Cartwright and Henry Dana, is happily accompanied by the production of a piece which, both from its intrinsic interest, and from the admirable manner in which it is mounted and performed, can scarcely fail to prove a success. The story itself is new rather in the manner of telling it than in its conception or construction. It is the old melodramatic idea, indeed, of the false attribution of a capital crime. The heroine is a widow lady who, through pressure of circumstances, has entered upon the self-denying function of a nurse, and in the discharge of this function is accidentally called in to attend a patient afflicted with mortal illness, in whom she discovers a former dishonourable suitor. At first she is inclined to withdraw from her melancholy task, but, yielding to the earnest solicitation of the dying man, she consents to remain with him, and in consequence, though without her knowledge, he revokes an existing will and makes a new one in her favour. The doctor who is in attendance, and who is a relative of the patient, finding that he is a loser by this last will, immediately takes proceedings to get it set aside, and failing to effect a compromise which he proposes, does not scruple to accuse the nurse of poisoning the patient. Upon her arrest, however, he conceals himself, and neither makes any deposition before the magistrate, nor offers himself as a witness for the prosecution. Meanwhile the unhappy woman has placed herself in the hands of an eminent counsel, Mr. Abinger, Q.C.—splendidly impersonated by Mr. Charles Cartwright—who instantly falls in love with his client, and declares that he will maintain her cause throughout. Somewhat inconsistently, she at first resolves to plead guilty, but, after an interview in prison with her counsel, renounces that intention, and relies upon him to procure an acquittal, giving him to understand at the same time that she is passionately attached to some person whom she calls "Frank," but who is unseen in the play. Notwithstanding this terrible shock to his feelings, Mr. Abinger chivalrously proceeds with her defence, and finally succeeds in obtaining a triumphant verdict in her favour, chiefly through the breakdown in the witness-box of the conscience-stricken doctor, who has at the eleventh hour placed himself in the hands of the prosecution. This is the sum and substance of the Plot proper, but it is made far more interesting by the introduction of some well-drawn subordinate characters and well-contrived scenes. Thus, there is the *fiancée* of Mr. Abinger, Blanche Ferraby, the sister of Douglas Ferraby, one of the junior counsel, tenderly pourtrayed by Miss Henrietta Watson, who, despite the defection of her lover, still retains and manifests the most devoted attachment for him. There is likewise an exceedingly comic sketch in the person of Michael Dennis—admirably embodied by Mr. J. H. Barnes—a jovial Irishman, and still a member of the junior bar, though he has arrived at the mature age of sixty. The scene in which this gentleman and Mrs. Melcombe, the wife of a wealthy "junior," chiefly figure, and which takes place at breakfast-time at some circuit lodgings in Manchester, is remarkably droll and piquant; whilst the scene between Mr. Abinger and his client, when he persuades her not to plead guilty, is a striking example of pathetic power, especially illuminated as it is by a fine apostrophe to Spring, excellently given by Mr. C. Cartwright, as its sun shines into the prison chamber. There is also a skilfully drawn "part" of Mr. Abinger's old clerk, graphically impersonated by Mr. Cecil Ramsey. The author's effort is so praiseworthy that we are very reluctant to test it by the recognised canons of criticism. Still, without adverting to comparatively minor errors, we are bound to point out that a serious defect in his plot consists in the fact that he has made his heroine a widow—and this of only about three years' standing—instead of a woman who has never been married. Under these circumstances, her unexpected avowal of so strong an attachment for an unknown and unseen person, spoken of only by her as "Frank," seems wholly unnatural; and notwithstanding the impassioned action of Miss Gertrude Kingston, who does her utmost to impart reality to the situation, has an artificial ring about it, which prevents the audience from according to it their full sympathy. Had this outburst of passion been that of a woman for her first and only love, the effect would have been quite different, and there is no dramatic necessity for not adopting this course. In fact it is a dramatic as well as realistic impossibility that Mrs. Field—the accused nurse—should not perceive what her advocate, Mr. Abinger, meant when he so pointedly told her that "her lover is here!" Much dramatic licence, as the *Times'* critic has pointed out, must be allowed to the author in his mode of dealing with the practice and etiquette of the legal profession, but we may add, in the author's defence, that the discrepancies therein visible are greatly counterbalanced by a visible acquaintance with the demeanour, traditions and *personnel* of the Bar and even of the Bench. Some pretty little wit has been cut out since a "*lever de rideau*" has been played in advance, but "Her Advocate," as now presented—particularly in the great closing scene of the trial, where the Assize Court is so cleverly depicted, and where the startling hallucinations of the doctor in the witness-box are so powerfully pourtrayed by Mr. C. W. Somerset—becoming as his author consciously or unconsciously makes him a sort of modern Macbeth—is a drama which must attract no common amount of play-going interest.

E. G. H.

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