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DRAMATIC

MR. LAWRENCE F. RAPPERT.—Personified, in Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," was Mr. Barrett's sweet Saturday night to his many admirers, after a most successful engagement of three weeks. When last in this city, he was a promising young actor, and had a brilliant future upon before him. Today, he is a young actor who has grappled with the difficulties of his profession, and has made some of them yield to his tact and talent. He has not yet reached, however, the goal at which every true artist aims. There are still many metaphors to be wrought—still there positions to delight strongly, yet naturally. If Mr. Barrett comes short now, the responsibility will rest with him of having had the talent to rise, and having lacked the patience and earnestness by which alone he could rise.

MR. BARRETT seems to revel in a light heart, a pudgeted tongue and a twinkling mind; and his representation of such characters as *Benedick* and *Petruchio* are, among the best work of his presentations. He, however, of the undoubted ability which he manifests in his profession, we feel bound to assign the range of Shakspeare characters, in which he has shown himself equal during a long engagement, is strictly limited. We think it easy to trace the line. He shall be more in the soft century of love—the biting raillery of a sportive genius, or the calm of a meditative philosopher, than in the tumultuous, well sustained representation of those more fiery characters that fitly lapse into bloody thoughts and still more bloody acts. Let us be understood. We, in Barrett's Benedick, Petruchio, Mercutio, Orlando, Don Pedro, Don Caesar, Jaques, Duke Frederick, Mark Antony, Antonio, Bertram, Iago—philosophizing when he should act—quelling his wrongs when he should avenge them—in, as we have already had occasion to say, admirable. Hamlet is more in his element than a door—in fact, there is nothing of the door in him, and Mr. Barrett has proved rightly in giving greater force to the Melancholy Dane than to physical attributes. Of the lighter characters, too, we repeat, he has shown himself a most pleasing and accomplished actor. The *Gratiano*, *Mercutio*, *Benedick*, *Petruchio*—in more verse, so to speak, than prose, which is made to pass the interludes with the Shakspeare—fall in most apply with his humorous, yet, when with the subtle personality that belongs to him to the part.

But where we have mentioned these, we believe we have called the best of Mr. Barrett's marked Shakspeare characters. He is yet the Moor, an easy mastery of "Othello," "a King Lear," or "Othello." Richard III and *Shylock*, so lately produced, demanded and received favorably. They show evidence of unmistakable power, and of originality that does not degenerate into affectation; but they appear to us uncertain in conception, and irregular in execution. He seems to judge them in green, and not as most thoroughly studied he judged—in detail. Shakspeare's creations are essentially minute. He draws a character so sharply that he who runs may read; and it is left to the careful, pains-taking student with reverent eye, to catch those minute touches which lurk in the recesses of the character. Mr. Barrett's task seems to be, that he does not give the prominence to every phase of character in those great Shakspeare creations. Not to multiply instances, the marked emphasis relative of *Richard*—which shows thorough knowledge of himself upon him alone—is not sufficiently with the subtlety of the Duke of Gloster