

COVENT GARDEN.

A new Tragedy, entitled "*Mirandola*," (which has lately been published) was last night acted for the first time.

The Duke of *Mirandola*, whose son is supposed to be dead, marries, for reasons of state policy, *Isidora*, a lady who had been betrothed to that son. *Guido*, recovered from his wounds, returns with the impatience of a lover to seek his *Isidora*, when he receives the afflicting news that she is married, sad to his own father. He is incensed at the conduct of both, and at first menaces the Duke and reproaches *Isidora*, but subsequently becoming more reconciled to his fate, he prepares to leave the scene of his fatal disappointment for ever. *Isabella*, the sister of the Duke, in consequence of the latter having named *Guido* his successor, to the exclusion of her son from the dukedom, is bent upon accomplishing the ruin of the heir, and assisted by *Gheraldi*, a monk, has kept back certain letters from *Guido* to his father and his mistress, which if delivered might have prevented their union. She now obtains a ring from *Isidora*, which she gives to *Guido*, and he consents to wear it for his mistress, now his mother-in-law, as a pledge of friendship. The ring is recognised by the Duke, and jealousy invades his bosom. He is, however, satisfied that his suspicions are unfounded, and *Guido* takes his leave. When just about to depart he is recalled by *Isidora*, who desires an interview, anxious to reclaim the ring which had given the Duke uneasiness. Through the contrivance of *Isabella* they are surprised in the garden by *Mirandola*, and jealousy and rage take possession of his soul. The son is ordered to death. *Isidora* attempts to explain, but the agitated husband and father is too much agitated to hear or to comprehend what she would say, and *Guido* is conducted to execution, while she is borne off in a senseless state. In the mean time *Costé* has discovered the treachery of *Isabella* and the Monk, and he now approaches the Duke with the proofs of their guilt, and of the innocence of *Guido*. *Mirandola* instantly revokes the order he had given: but before his new commands can be conveyed to those who have his son in their custody, the sound of musketry announces that *Guido* is no more, and, filled with horror at the thought that his innocent son has been sacrificed by his rashness, the unhappy parent expires.

Such is the plot of this play—a play which will not fail greatly to augment the author's literary fame. Men, capable of the higher flights of poetry, are as seldom found equal to the task of arranging a play, so that it shall be effective in representation, as fine singers are found capable of excellent acting. In both cases harmony is generally found at variance with the other qualities that the stage requires. Here we are gratified with their union. The early scenes are not consumed in mere dialogue, elegant but without interest, but a strong feeling of curiosity is excited in the course of the first act, which is nobly sustained till the close of the fifth. From what has passed before, each succeeding scene is the object of the deepest attention, which is well repaid by the intrinsic merit which the play is found to possess in almost every stage of its advance. The incident of the ring is not original, but we are reconciled to it by the use made of it in the latter part of the tragedy. There is perhaps some inconsistency in the rage which governs the deportment of *Guido* towards his father in the earlier scenes, and the dutiful submission which he is afterwards prepared to yield. This may easily be obviated by abating somewhat of his resentment in the first instance. The horror which the rivalry of a father and son might inspire, is happily diverted and subdued, and the catastrophe is skilfully managed, that while it is as deeply affecting as could be wished, it does not present all those terrible and appalling features which such a story might have furnished.

The characters are ably drawn. Those of the Duke and *Guido* are particularly striking. The dialogue exhibits a judicious mixture of prose and blank verse, the latter greatly predominating. The language is dignified and appropriate, and frequently swells into the purest poetry. We could agreeably occupy our columns with long extracts, had we spare, but we cannot resist the temptation of presenting our Readers with the following. The first is the Duke's description of *Isidora*:

"With what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor! How like a fawn,
Yet statelier. Hark! no sound, however soft,
(Nor gentlest echo) teleth when she trends;
But every motion of her shape doth seem
Hallowed by silence. Thus did *Hib* grow,
Amidst the Gods, a paragon; and thus—
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love."

"A month ago and I was happy; no;
Not happy, yet encircled by deep joy,
Which the 'twas all around, I could not touch.
But it is ever thus with happiness:
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes."

The acting was admirable. Nothing could be more awful than the wild aberration of *Macready* in some of the principal scenes. The fury of his jealousy was terrific, and the varieties of woe pictured in the last act set all description at defiance. C. KENELEY was excellent in *Guido*. His effort to dismiss dismal forebodings, and to lash himself up to gaiety and temerity, while waiting to hear of *Isidora*, was a masterpiece. His acting throughout was all that could be wished. *Edgar* appeared to uncommon advantage in *Gheraldi*, and *Miss Foote* obtained great applause in the heroine.

In addition to the attractions we have already noticed, we ought to add, that some very beautiful new scenery is introduced, and a most splendid banquet gratifies the lovers of spectacle in the third act.

A Prologue, explaining the situation and the hopes of the Author, was well spoken by *Chapman*. The Epilogue was pleasantly delivered by *Miss Foote*.