

OPENING OF THE NEW TYNE THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.

Yesterday evening, this magnificent building, the progress of which we have noticed at intervals during its erection, was opened with the most brilliant success, an immense audience crowding the spacious interior from floor to ceiling, and continued applause greeting the proceedings of the night. This occasion may be said to mark the commencement of a new epoch in theatrical matters in Newcastle, for undoubtedly by far the largest number of persons ever present, at one time, at a dramatic performance in this town, assembled together last night, to witness Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the other entertainments provided, and the extraordinary capabilities of the new theatre were tested most successfully in the presentation of one of the most difficult of modern dramas to put upon the stage, and also before the footlights in the accommodation of the immense audience which occupied the auditorium. Two hours before the time fixed for opening the doors crowds had assembled in front of the Theatre, some waiting their time to get front seats, and others busy watching the labour still in progress on the building. Bunting was displayed in gay profusion from the front windows, and lines of flags also spanned the street. A few minutes after the time appointed the doors were opened, the great pressure outside rendering the step absolutely necessary. A tremendous rush at once ensued, but so ample are the means of ingress to every part, and so excellent the arrangements for receiving the money, that a continuous stream was in a few minutes pouring into every door of the Theatre, without hitch and with scarcely any pressure. Passing into the interior the audience were as quickly seated, and then came the moment for a look around. The result was, without exception, a burst of delighted approval from all. Exclamations of "What a glorious house," "How wonderfully bright and rich in colour," and "How light and elegant it is," circulated from side to side, and a most appreciative verdict was given upon the arrangements before the curtain. The house, indeed, did present a most magnificent appearance. The grand sunlight in the centre of the ceiling cast a flood of softened brightness into every nook and corner of the building, and set it to great advantage the exquisite harmony of colouring which prevails throughout the interior. The delicate lace-like pattern covering the front of the dress circle, upper circle, and gallery, the bright scarlet coverings of the seats in the lower tier of boxes, the crimson hue of the walls behind, the soft blue tints of the gallery walls, ceiling, and interior of the private boxes, were seen in all their beauty and freshness, and the effect was unanimously pronounced to be one of unrivalled gaily and magnificence. Quickly the audience poured in and took their seats, and by seven o'clock there could not have been far short of 3,000 persons in the house. The dress circle was completely filled by a brilliant and fashionable company, mostly in evening costume. The pit presented one dense mass of occupants, numbers standing at each side throughout the entire performance. The spacious gallery was packed to its fullest extent, and the only part of the house where accommodation was to be had was the upper circle, which, although well filled, still had room for more. Within a few minutes of the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings of the night,

Mr. George Stanley, the lessee and manager, stepped forward in front of the curtain, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Stanley, who had not had time to change his business suit for evening costume, delivered the inaugural address as follows:—Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud and happy to welcome you to this new theatre. It has been a long time in course of erection; but, when finished, will, I believe, in comfort and convenience, be fully equal to any theatre in the kingdom. (Cheers.) I have to apologise for my appearance, but I have been hard at work until the fifth minute of the eleventh hour, and am compelled to come before you as you see me. (Loud cheers.) Though all the substantial work is done, the building is yet unfinished, and I must ask you to suspend your judgment on the appearance and surroundings of the house for a short time longer. In a few days hence it will be completed, and I hope will give general satisfaction. Of the work of the architect, Mr. Parnell, I need not speak; the theatre itself is the best recommendation to his professional ability and skill. (Cheers.) To the enterprising contractors for the building, Messrs. J. and W. Lowry and Walter Scott, I am under deep obligations; not only for the substantial and workmanlike manner in which they have fulfilled their contract, but also for the energy and earnestness with which they have exerted themselves to enable me to keep faith with the public by opening to night. (Applause.) My best thanks are also due to the other tradesmen engaged in the erection of the building—Messrs. John Abbot and Co.; Messrs. Richardson and Co., painters and decorators; Mr. Preston, slater; Messrs. W. H. Walker and Sons, Percy Iron Works; Mr. Moor, cabinet-maker; Messrs. Walker and Emley, Neville Iron Works; Mr. Chandler, upholsterer; Mr. Alder, smith; and Messrs. Russell and Sons, gasfitters and plumbers. All these gentlemen have cheerfully exerted themselves to complete their different parts of the work in time, and I desire them to accept my public acknowledgments for their services. (Applause.) To the intelligent foremen of the contractors, Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. Atkin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Grisdale, and Mr. Nichol, I must mention my great obligations, as to their indefatigable labours I am chiefly indebted for being able to open to-night. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Day, the able machinist, and Mr. Middleton, the experienced foreman of Messrs. Jones and Co., theatrical engineers, have had the direction of the main portion of the works behind the scenes, and to their skilful labours and exertions I am indebted for what I believe is one of the best stages in any theatre in the United Kingdom. (Applause.) My old friend Mr. Fox and his son have placed me under deep obligations for the beautiful set drop you will shortly see; and to Mr. Browning, the chief scenic artist, and his assistants, I am greatly obliged for their cordial and valuable co-operation in prolonged labour of preparing the scenery for this first night. (Cheers.) It is not unusual in such a work as this for disputes and differences to arise—sometimes between the workmen and their employers, and at other times between rival tradesmen; I am glad, however, to say that not a wrong word or unpleasant observation has been exchanged during the progress of the work, but that one common feeling, from the humblest hod-carrier to the chief contractor, has been always evinced to complete it, not only soon but well. I look back on the exertions of the past three months with satisfaction, and shall ever remember with pleasure the cordial encouragement and support I have had from the intelligent artisans, to whose labours I am indebted for this large and handsome building. With respect to the future, I have only this to say, that I will do my utmost to make this theatre a place for pleasing instruction and amusement. (Cheers.) I will not weary you with a programme of my intended arrangements, but will rather leave my efforts to speak for themselves. I have secured the assistance of a numerous, able, and experienced dramatic company. I must ask your indulgence for the entertainments of this evening. The production of such a drama as "Arrah-na-Pogue," even in an old-established theatre, is no slight labour; but in a new theatre, and with a new company, the effort is greatly increased. (Cheers.) What you will see to-night will, I fear, be little more than a full-dress rehearsal. All I can promise is, that whatever is defective shall be rectified, and whatever is good shall be improved. I desire to say but one word respecting the position of the drama in Newcastle. I do not think there is in the United Kingdom a district like Newcastle, Gateshead, and their suburbs, which has but one theatre. It may be a matter of opinion how far two theatres can find support; but judging by what other towns do, and the intelligence and spirit of the people of Tyne-side, I believe that sufficient patrons of the drama can be found to support both theatres successfully. (Loud cheers.) I am certain, however, of this, that towards the other theatre and its respected lessee I have no feelings of antagonism. All I recollect of Mr. Davis is, that I have fulfilled three engagements under his management, and I never received anything at his hands but the most fair, courteous, and gentlemanly treatment. (Cheers.) I trust he may be long spared to conduct the Theatre in Grey Street with continued and increased success. (Continued cheering.) And I promise him and my brother shareholders of that establishment that they shall find in the Tyne Theatre a manly and generous rival. (Cheers.) Fair competition in theatrical, as in all other matters, is beneficial both to the parties engaged and the public. I cannot say that I am a native, and to the manner born, but for some years past I have been closely identified with Tyne-side. Thirteen years ago I played my first engagement at the Theatre Royal, and for the last ten years have been almost constantly engaged as actor and manager in the North of England. There is scarcely a town in the two counties of Durham and Northumberland that I have not visited in the exercise of my profession, and for the last seven years I have conducted a place of amusement in this town. When I first opened that establishment I was literally, as well as professionally, a poor player; though strong in faith, like many more, poor in pocket. To the prolonged and generous support of all classes of Newcastle citizens, but more especially to the intelligent and independent artisans, I am indebted for all I now possess. They not only enabled me to clear myself from the liabilities caused by previous unfortunate speculations, but also to maintain myself and family in comfort. The entire savings of my life are invested in this building, but I feel assured that if my management deserves your support it will continue to receive it. (Applause.) But whether granted or denied, the grateful recollections of the generous aid I have always received from the people of Newcastle will never be forgotten. Everything that contributes to the moral, mental, and material welfare of this energetic, independent, and generous population, shall always, to the extent of my means, have my warmest encouragement and sympathy, for I can truly say with one of your local poets—

"Tyne river, running rough or smooth, Bring bread to north and mine, Of all the rivers, north and south, There's none like ealy Tyne."

The address was received with rounds of cheering, and Mr. Stanley after repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments retired.

Shortly afterwards the curtain drew up, and unfolded to view the new drop scene, painted from original sketches by Mr. Charles Fox. The subject chosen is the mouth of the Tyne on a breezy afternoon. Tynemouth Lighthouse, Priory, and Castle, with the bold rocks towering above the famous "Black Middens," stand prominently out on one side, while behind and towards the centre the eye ranges up the harbour and takes in the Collingwood Monument, the High and Low Lights, North Shields, South Shields, and the pier on the extreme right. In front a variety of vessels are seen entering and leaving the harbour, including a Dutch schooner outward bound; a steamer going into port; an English brig tacking close in; and small craft, floating wreck, and busy sea-gulls surround the picture. A richly gilt semi-circular framework surrounds the picture, and at the base the Newcastle arms, with the motto, "Fortiter defendit transpirans," is displayed, supported at each corner by figures of Old Father Tyne and Neptune. The picture is bold and free in treatment, and the colouring harmonises admirably with the gay appearance of the interior. The audience broke out into peals of applause when the drop scene was uncovered, and in answer to the loud calls from all parts of the house Mr. Stanley led Mr. Fox to the front, and that gentleman received the warm congratulations of those present. After a short interval the drop scene was drawn up, and discovered the dramatic company. The audience rose during the reading of the notice, and loud acclamations greeted the lady and gentleman who took the principal parts. Upon the fall of the drop scene again,

Miss Juliet Desborough stepped in front to deliver a poetical address by Mr. Glynn. The popular actress received an ovation of extraordinary warmth, and it was some minutes before the repeated acknowledgments of the audience could be heard. She then read the address as follows:—

You'll feel, I'm sure, it all my courage takes To be the first who here the silence breaks, First to uplift my voice, where ne'er till now Was heard the tyrant's threat, the lover's vow, The light and ringing laugh, the captive's groan,

Mercurio's jest, or Hamlet's dying moan: Where never yet did mimic hosts engage, Kings "strut and fret their hours upon the stage," Nor love, war, wine, their maddening influence shed, "And send the hearers weeping to their bed." My heart would fail, my tongue its utterance stop, My like a criminal before the drop, (points to scene) But when I turn the scene behind to view, My heart warms to the place, and warms to you. Kind recollections, with kind thoughts combine, And bid me, once more, welcome to the Tyne. Not for the first time do you welcome here, Nor do I, for the first time, now appear. A sutor for your favour, constant ever, To honest, patient, faithful, true endeavour In art or science; and although our views Are but to interest, instruct, amuse, A leisure hour or two of well-earned ease, We pledge ourselves to do our best to please. We have no history to marshal forth, But since the Drama, in the hardy North, First found a home and shelter, what a roll Of glittering stars might all the blazing scroll Who held our grandfathers captive by the spell Of genius ever varying! I might tell Of Asmodeus, stalking through the senate hall, Fronted as "the noblest Roman of them all," Of Siddons, pale with grief, her white arms bare, Her step irreligious, dishevelled hair, Though fallen from her high estate, in mien, Thought, act, and gesture, every inch a queen. Nor should Macready be forgotten here, Rolla, Virginia, Erutus, Manfred, Lear: Here both the Keats, the father and the son, Fresh laurels gathered and new triumphs won; Subtle Iago's treacheries and wiles, Shylock's revenge, Gloucester's perfidious smiles, The Moor's blind outrage on his guiltless wife, Or Louis, crouching 'neath the assassin's knife, Have passed before you: Your applause to win, The gentle Faucit, and the stately Glynn, As Cleopatra, or as sweet Pauline Glyn, Lyons' fair flower, or Egypt's dusky Queen, Pass by in measured step. In olden times, What peals of laughter greet the merry mimic, Deighton and Munden; Johnson and his Nell; Crank in the "Turnpike Gate"; I need not tell Of Linton, as Paul Fry or Lubin Log, Of Mathews, or his son, a sad young dog, Of tongue so glib and spirit still so sprightly, English and French in turn amusing nightly; Of authors must I speak in hurrying tone, Here in Newcastle you have found your own, No mean ones either. Let me try to trace Some brief but bright examples of the race, Quit the Tyne, to Mercury's sportive page, Bitchell, easy the drama's noble rage, "Crookshank of the Bill-hook" now first appears, Of Irish drama, which in later years Drowns us in tears or keeps us pale with fright, Just like the drama which you'll see to night. Doubtless, too, whose words could sway the storm Of thousand voices raging for Reform, Whose volumes scattered broadcast o'er the nation, "Government," "Currency," or "Populism," Could yet find time to usher into life "Get Marins" and "The Italian Wife." Some brief but bright examples of the race, Quit the Tyne, to Mercury's sportive page, Bitchell, easy the drama's noble rage, "Crookshank of the Bill-hook" now first appears, Of Irish drama, which in later years Drowns us in tears or keeps us pale with fright, Just like the drama which you'll see to night. 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