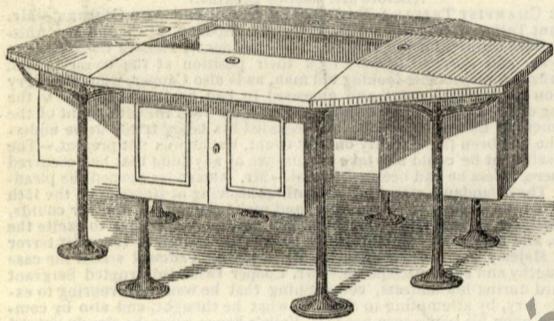


INTERIOR OF TATTERSALL'S.

TATTERSALL'S.

Just far enough west to enable nobles and gentles to enjoy an atmosphere in which they can "live and breathe," stands that fine point of our metropolis called Hyde Park Corner. Passing thence into Grosvenor Place, take the first stith lane that occurs on your right hand, and having arrived near the end of it, you reach a small building to the left, with iron rails in front—that is the new subscription-room. That is the famed Tattersall's, of which you have heard so much; a spot where honour is the sole bond between man and man, and where (to carry out the principle) the largest amount of sharp practitioners is to be found perhaps beneath the sun. It is early, probably, when you arrive, for your curiosity prompted you to visit it betimes. The scene is, as you will observe, *sombre* in the extreme; wait awhile, and—it being April or May—stirring things shall be done anon.



BETTING-TABLE.

The laws of England are the finest laws ever conceived since Solon began business in the legislative line. Foremost, for moral effect, stand the statutes against gambling—for small sums. It is wrong to bet on a ball of ivory running round a table,—honourable to do so on

a horse running round a course. The former is *roulette*, punishable by imprisonment, the latter is racing, rewarded as a patriotic demonstration. The room now fills fast, for it is five o'clock, and if you are in luck, a company that you have not often before met will surround you. On one side peradventure you see the gallant brother of the premier, on the other a group of gentlemen with faces that would compliment an execution. The subscribers to Tattersall's Room consist of three classes; the proprietors of race-horses and amateur betters, young men of fashion and sporting ambition; commission-agents, who bid for others, and legs who bid for themselves (so called because they run away when they lose and can't or won't pay). If the law of libel had been remodelled before this was written, it would have been a rich *morceau*; but the truth is *not* to be told at all times; the more is the pity. Were the hand not tied, what a history might be written of those who have for years dragged on their Damocles existence at Tattersall's! Men with honour in their hearts, and nothing in their pockets, who long have gazed on the dreary round of the circle there, brooding over what the next issue might bring about—a precarious provision or a pistol! Scoundrels—the most noisy and influential of the ring—notorious cheats—desperately defiled levanters—who take the lead, and keep it by the very force of their infamy. Efforts are being made to render Tattersall's—as well as the turf generally—becoming the presence and patronage of gentlemen. The improving spirit of the days in which we have the fortune to live will doubtless bring about this consummation so devoutly to be wished. The heavy betting, now common in racing speculations, will then give way to a more rational and a more enjoyable system, and causes shall cease to exist, which have too often driven the broken in spirit and fortune to seek a fearful refuge from his sufferings. Scrolling a few years since, on the occasion of a visit to Paris, along the Italian Boulevards, we saw a set of prints—meant, if our memory serve us, to depict a *settling day* for the Derby. The *dramatis personæ* are of course Englishmen. One was seated at a table with his elbows driven down on it like iron progs; his head grasped between his palms, and his eyes starting from their sockets in a paroxysm of despair. Another, unwilling to leave his friends in uncertainty, holds a pistol to each ear, to *report* the cause of his departure. A third is exhibited in all the agony of *suspense*—swinging from the bough of a tree: while a fourth—in exposition of the passage which declares that there is a tide in the affairs of men—is in the act of descending, head foremost, from the parapet of a bridge. These sketches may be somewhat highly coloured, it is true, but there are too many episodes in the history of the turf and of Tattersall's which they would in some wise serve to illustrate.

completed, Saturday, the 25th instant, is the day fixed for the interesting ceremony. Of its details we purpose giving an illustrated account in our next paper. The Duke of Wellington, it is arranged, will be present on the memorable occasion; his grace having, from the first moment that he had seen the plan, conceived a high notion of its practicability, and forwarded the undertaking as much as possible. Meanwhile, we subjoin a view of the entrance to the Rotherhithe shaft.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

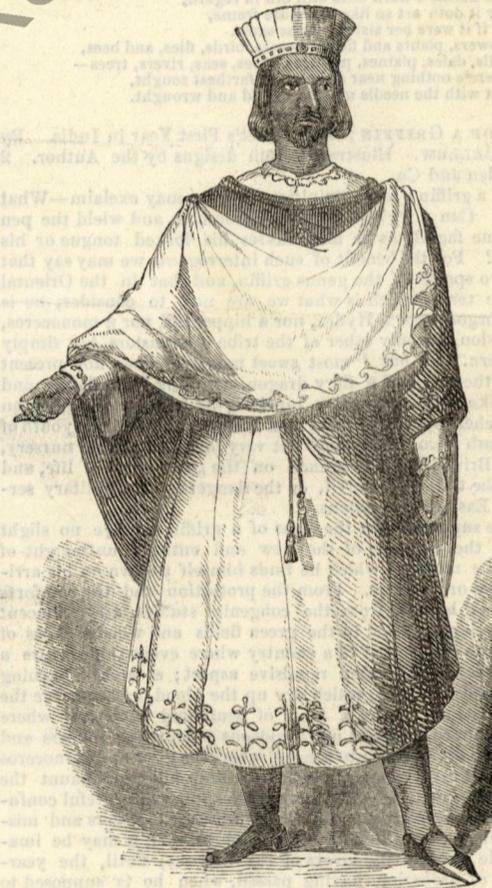
MR. ANDERSON.

Mr. Anderson has been performing the character of Othello at Drury-lane Theatre with a great deal of promise and success. It has afforded us pleasure to find Mr. Macready affording the opportunity of obtaining further distinction, in the eye of the public, to young actors who have already exhibited marks of decided histrionic ability; and we are ready to aid such emulous encouragement, in the case of Mr. Anderson, by a notice of the fact, accompanied with appropriate illustration. The best features of this gentleman's acting have been, hitherto, a certain grace of deportment—a confident walking of the stage—a smooth, yet sonorous, style of declamation—and a disposition to make the most of emphasis in the more passionate episodes of his part: perhaps, in his efforts towards the latter consummation, he has not been altogether successful, and has occasionally neglected Hamlet's advice to his craft, by attaining more of the extravagant than of the simply energetic or sublime. His manner, too, was once disfigured by too studied—or unstudied—an imitation of Macready—which, however, is gradually wearing away, and is, perhaps, less perceptible in his acting of Othello than in any other of his tragic characters. He has, altogether, made a strong and favourable impression upon the public, and is generally welcomed as one of the favourites of the house.

Mr. Anderson's impersonation of the jealous Moor is unequal, but still much worthy of commendation. Here and there it develops points of originality, and always a self-dependent conception, not a mere reliance upon precedent and the approved points of others. His delivery of the speech to the senate was a clever piece of correct and somewhat eloquent declamation. His bursts of passion, too, in more striking and animated passages, were full of impulse and power; and his adjurations of Iago under the torture of suspicion and disbelief—

If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.—

he imparted something of the concentrated firmness, and terrible



ANDERSON AS OTHELLO.

storm of heart which Macready pours out in passion with those burning, withering words. His death-scene is less effective, but the *tout-ensemble* of his performance pleased the audience, and won him no inconsiderable tribute of applause.

MR. LOVE, THE POLYPHONIST.

This gentleman has resumed at the Strand theatre those performances by which he has already made himself and his art so popular in many other places, and by which his reputation has not been confined to this side of the Atlantic, but has extended from one end of the United States to the other, setting our American brethren upon the task "to guess and calculate" by what process of the physical organization of the performer, and by what rare management of the powers with which he is endowed by nature, he can give utterance to such rare sounds, and so modulate, direct, and manage the faculty of enunciation as to persuade an audience almost out of their senses and produce illusions almost as strong as realities. This artist, for he may with the greatest propriety of language be called an artist, has very properly called himself a "Polyphonist," which being interpreted or rather paraphrased means one who speaks with many voices. Mr. Love does speak with many voices, and those voices so well managed, made to represent so well the voices he means to imitate, that the auditor can scarcely believe that the variety of sounds he hears can proceed from one pair of human lungs or be the effort to articulate of one set of human organs of speech. But this is not all, Mr. Love possesses, besides the power of imitating the voices of persons of all ages, grades, and professions, the art of diversifying the voices of their respective *genera* into an endless variety of species. He can imitate an "infant puling in its mother's arms" and an infant laughing on its mother's knee. He can represent an old crone chucking, or an old crone wheezing and uttering maledictions both loud and deep. He can depict a merry old man and a cross old man, a blustering boatswain and a solemn Quaker. The tones of the lover and his lass, when "whispering trees are telling tales of love"—that is, not of Mr. Love himself, but of his scarcely less universally potent namesake. In a word, he can, with the rapidity of thought, bring upon the stage such a numerous dramatic corps, so perfect in their respective parts, so diversified in character, and



ENTRANCE TO THE THAMES TUNNEL.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors of this stupendous work, held on Tuesday, March 7th, the completion of the Tunnel, as a thoroughfare for foot-passengers, and, with the exception of the descent, for carriages, was announced, and gave great satisfaction to the assembly. It was also stated that the Tunnel would be opened during the month; and, the formal arrangements being