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AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1836.

received and acknowledged as a genuine actor. *O imitatorès, servum pecus !*

On Mr. Matthews's death, Mr. Yates refused to manage the theatre for his late partner's executors, therefore the *Junior Matthews* was installed as director of this pretty little establishment. This young gentleman, from want of experience we suppose, made a sad losing affair of it; so much so, that the executors were glad to let the house (*corps dramatique* and all) to some Jew speculators, who lost much money without doing any good to the character of the theatre, in the estimation of the respectable part of the public. We are glad to see that Mr. Yates has this season resumed the directorship, with a company strong in talent. Amongst the principal *artistes* are Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Sterling, with the ultra-comic John Reeve, and quaint little Buckstone.

Matthews's executors have sold their share to the *ci-devant* treasurer of the theatre, Mr. Gladstone. (by-the-bye, the treasurership must be a lucrative situation to enable Mr. G. to buy a ten thousand pound share, when Matthews died very poor,) and the friends of the parties are sanguine of their success. Yates is one of the most industrious and spirited of our London managers: he had the misfortune to rupture a blood-vessel some short time since during some "violent exertions," and his medical advisers request him to act as seldom as possible. His own anxiety frequently causes little ebullitions of passion that may prove fatal, unless he follow the advice of the poet—

" Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum."

BARTLEY.

" Par negotiis neque supra."—TACIUS.

Mr. George Bartley, now of Drury Lane theatre, and formerly of the Covent Garden corps, is one of those persons who, by their private conduct, do credit to any profession that necessity or inclination induces them to embrace; that is not only our opinion, but that of our great English poet—

" A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

About the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, Mr. Bartley was born in the famed city of etiquette, scandal, and hot water, Bath—a city which has nated more actors and actresses than any other in the empire, (London excepted.) The father of the subject of our present memoir was, for more than a quarter of a century, the well-known and much-respected box book-keeper of the Bath theatre. The worthy old gentleman had several daughters and two sons. Edward, the eldest, was the far-famed "*Jouer des billards*," the dashing youth who challenged all Europe, and who realised a handsome fortune by beating French, Dutchman, and Spaniard, at the noble name; for, like a good actor, Edward Bartley was always ready at his cue.