

OPENING OF BAYLIS'S ROYAL COLOSSEUM.

The spacious and well appointed theatre erected by Mr Baylis in the Cowcaddens was last night opened for the entertainment of the public. Having already described the building, it is unnecessary now to do more than refer to the internal decorations. These are designed in a quiet yet effective style. The most prominent feature is the proscenium, the arch of which is painted white, the sides being relieved with colour and gilding. The three tiers of stage boxes are hung with red curtains, which contrast finely with the white expanse above. The front of the dress circle is painted in white and green, as is also that of the amphitheatre—the former being decorated with an elegant stencil pattern. In the dress circle the seats are cushioned with red cloth, which combines with the hangings on the stage to impart a general air of warmth and richness to the interior. When lighted up last night by the three crystal gasaliers in the ceiling, the house presented an exceedingly pleasing, and we may add imposing, *tout ensemble*. Nor is the ornamentation confined to the audience part of the building, for in the grand staircase leading to the boxes is fixed a beautiful transparency, with figures emblematic of Tragedy, Music, and Comedy. The stage also is well provided for in this respect. Instead of the usual baize curtain, there is a painted scene entitled "The Corsair's Isle," while by way of act-drop we have a pleasingly executed view of the "Lake of Menteith."

The opening performances last night attracted a very large audience. Shortly after 7 o'clock the cur-

tain rose, amid loud cheers, and disclosed the whole members of the *corps de theatre*, who joined in singing the National Anthem. Then followed the farce of "The Laughing Hyena," which, making allowance for the circumstances incident to an opening night, was passably performed—one of the actresses, however, being almost inaudible at the far end of the house. An hour was next devoted to singing, sentimental and comic, varied with dancing, and the performances of a "German Contortionist," which, though really marvellous in their kind, did not seem to be greatly relished by a portion of the audience. The *piece de resistance* of the evening was "The Sea of Ice," a drama poor in invention, and very stilted and tedious in dialogue. Bating some delay between the acts, which by the way was filled up with singing, the piece, which contains one or two lively sensations, was very well put on the stage. Of the set scenes the representation of icebergs was particularly effective. In fact, it was a pity to see so much effort thrown away upon so rubbishy a production. The acting was indifferent, but no acting could have made anything of scenes so hopelessly flat. Let us add that the scenery and stage appointments generally, so far as exhibited last night, seemed very satisfactory. The act drop and curtain are creditably painted, though we would rather have dispensed with the gilt borders; and the first exhibition of the former obtained for Mr Crawford several hearty rounds of applause. The musical resources of the establishment appear to be considerable, but in so large a house more volume of sound from the orchestra would not be amiss.