

finest which the present century has produced, for that were but a pitiful compliment,—but a tragedy, worthy alike of the British Drama, and of the rich and glowing fancy of its author.

Following our usual practice, we shall not mar the interest which the plot of this tragedy will excite, by detailing it to our readers, but merely observe that it is extremely interesting, though perhaps it may by some be thought rather too barren of incident; the characters are few, but well-drawn, and the ideas and language are throughout exquisitely beautiful. Amongst the personages of the drama, *Bertram* holds the foremost and grandest place; it is indeed a fine, a magnificent character; a character upon which the author has expended all his labour, and lavished all his skill; a character, which few minds have the power to conceive, and still fewer the ability to delineate. The remaining parts, though ably drawn, are necessarily subordinate to this; in the dazzling splendour of *Bertram*, less brilliant lights are lost, or scarcely perceived. This exquisite conception of the poet was as ably embodied by Mr. Kean. In the part of *Bertram* his defects are forgotten and forgiven; and though we are far from thinking him, in all characters, the “faultless monster” which his friendly enemies would assert, we willingly award him unqualified praise in this. The dark and deadly workings of a revengeful spirit were portrayed with admirable force and fidelity. The stage has nothing finer to shew than his demoniacal exultation in the second Act, where he imagines the object of his hatred within his grasp, and himself about to taste the sweetest of all gratifications—Revenge—“the attribute of gods.” We must pause here to remark upon the injustice done to the author by those who would insinuate that for the hint of this character he is indebted to an attentive study of Lord Byron’s poems. We have seen the idea started in an excellent Sunday paper (*The Champion*), but its correctness we positively deny. It is evident that the writer of the remarks in question has never seen Mr. Maturin’s “Fatal Revenge,” published long before Lord Byron’s poems were known to the world. When he has perused that work, he will be convinced that Mr. Maturin’s imagination needed no such aid. The critic would, perhaps, have been nearer the mark, had he said that the author had deeply studied Miss Baillie’s admirable “De Montfort.” He has evinced