

**AN ACTOR'S DOWNFALL.**

How a Male Professional Beauty Went From Bad to Worse.  
New York Letter to the New Orleans Times Democrat.

If you recall him at all, it is as a splendid specimen of young manhood. He was only fairly expert in acting but was so remarkably pleasant to look at that audiences liked him. I had a slight acquaintance with him in those days. He was an educated fellow, refined in his tastes and inclined towards literary pursuits. He thought that he had natural talent in the direction of fiction, and was at one time at work on a novel, as to which I have no more distinct idea than that it was neither good enough or bad enough to make a lasting impression. I do not suppose it was ever published, though it may have found a place in ephemeral magazine pages. He was the object of distinguished regard by the girls of blithesome immaturity wherever he appeared. His daily mail was chiefly composed of sentimental missives. He was an actual Grosvenor, on whom the adulation of love-sick maidens palled. There was no affectation about it. George took no delight in the admiration which his beauty excited, but rather saw in it an indication that he was effeminate. He desired to play parts in which his face would be disfigured, but there were two business-like reasons why the managers would not gratify him. His good looks were too attractive to be wasted, and he lacked the skill of what was called character roles. Well, the other night in strolling up Broadway a friend suggested that we should inspect the newest of the wicked concert halls. There is always a worst one among this kind of New York resorts. The pre-eminence is short, because the proprietor gets into the penitentiary after a little while. Jake Berry, Sandy Spencer, Owney Geoghegan and Billy McGlory are illustrious names on the roll of infamy. Each prospered for a season in the maintenance of a theater in which the audiences were more offensive than the performances. Tom Gould's Souci theater—or Gould's Sassy, as phrased by its frequenters—is at present in the enjoyment of the patronage which ends in disaster. We found the place crowded by men and girls, who got their diversion by alternate attention to the beverages served to them at little round tables and to the singing and dancing that was being done on the stage. An architectural feature of the house was a row of boxes along three sides of the auditorium and in which seats cost half a dollar, the rest of the premises being free in theory, though in practice the waiters seemed to be making it unpleasant for those who did not disburse freely for drinks. We took places in one of those boxes.

"How do you do?" said a voice which manifestly was engaged in a resolute effort to be cheery; "how are you?" and it called me by name. I dropped my eyes and saw leaning against the front of the box, which was just high enough to bring his head to a level with the rail, a frowsy, bleary, sodden wretch.

"Come, come," exclaimed a waiter, grabbing him roughly by the arm, "you mustn't annoy the gentleman. Bounce right out."

The tramp drew himself up into a pose of dramatic dignity, but held it only for an instant, and then slunk down to abjectness.

"Don't you remember me?" he said, piteously; "I'm George Middleton."

So he was. The gallant Romeo of ten years ago had become this miserable outcast. He was in quest of employment on Tom Gould's stage, and he was willing to accept whisky in full payment for his services, but they wouldn't have him even on those terms. I subsequently saw him draining stale beer from kegs into a tomato can in front of a saloon, which, I believe, is a resort for members of his profession.

**Rejected Manuscripts.**

Chambers' Journal.

Thackery himself has told us how his "Vanity Fair" was hawked about from publisher to publisher, and its failure everywhere predicted. For a long period Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" shared the same fate. Again, Mr. Kingslake's carefully composed "Eothen," the labor of several years, was destined to go the weary round of publishers in vain, and it was only when its author induced one of that cautious fraternity to accept the classic little work as a present, that he at length enjoyed the gratification of seeing it in print.

The first chapter of "The Diary of a Late Physician" was offered successively to the conductors of the three leading London magazines, and rejected as "unsuitable to their pages" and "not likely to interest the public," until Mr. Warren, then a young man of twenty-three, and a law student, bethought himself of Blackwood. "I remember taking my packet," he says, to Mr. Cadell's, in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it; but shortly after I received a letter from Mr. Blackwood informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. He expressed his cordial approval of that portion, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited to his magazine, and calculated to interest the public."

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