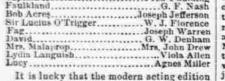
THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, FRIDAY, MARCH 7. 1890.



The cast last night was as follows: Sir Anthony Absolute ...



of the play is very much shorter than the original, or some of our readers might still be sitting in the Grand Opera House and laughing, without breakfast. Through an unfortunate failure to make connections on the journey from Cincinnati to this city, the Jefferson-Florence Company did not reach the city till about 9 o'clock, and the curtain did not rise upon the play till a minute before 10. During the long wait the audience was entertained by the orchestra, which worked very hard. Most of the audi-

when he came before the curtain in his traveling dress and "all out of breath." apologized for

waiting two hours-ave, and as many years-to see such a performance of "The Rivals." The Bob Acres of Joseph Jefferson is not a new creation of his. Pittsburg, we believe, though not in recent vears, has seen him as the mild-spirited country gentle-man following town ways be fore; and admired him immensely in the part. But it is reasonable to believe that Mr. Jefferson, like a diamond of the first water, is the better for fully set, among

other jewels. Florence as O'Trigger. There is not a great variety of emotions in Bob Acres for intepretation; the character is a superb sature upon weak hu-man nature, full of amiable conceit, blind to his own faults, and void of aggressive-ness in any form. Bob Acres' rural color, his newly adopted foppishness, the struggle incessantly in progress in his mind between vanity and rank cowardice-in fact, the character in all its subtle details is em-bodied, pictured and projected upon the stage by Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson, we dare to think, makes more of Acres than Sheridan put in him.

is the most broadly humorous episode, but the quieter comedy of Jefferson's in the earlier scenes is even more delicious to us. The character of Sir Lucius & Trigger is of course meant to contrast with Bob Acres most strongly, but the contrast never could have been made more absolute than Mr. have been made more ansolute than Mr. Florence as the fire-eating, rollicking Irish-man, contrives it shall be. The turn of Mr. Florence's tongue for the brogue is an an-cient accomplishment of his-faith, he must have been born with it His make-up-as does Mr. Jefferson's-Inust makes one think of Reynold's picture, the Colva Tree, Dr. Johnson, and the days when George the Third was King. One would swear Mr. Florence had worn small clothes and a wig all his days, and that his hand was as accustomed to the hilt of a sword as it is to the butt of a fishing pole. We do not know whether to admire Mr. Florence most in his delightful flirtation with Lucy or dictating the challenge to Acres, or upon the field of honor, doing his best to promote