

last. Our Western military swords are a compromise between the two. The leaf-shape, familiar in the classical monuments of Greece, is represented in modern times only by a few eccentric patterns of short swords and sword-bayonets, and possibly, by no means certainly, by the yataghan. The common yataghan form of sword-bayonet, by the way, is much disparaged by Captain Burton, and we fully agree with him. Probably the yataghan is the most formidable of short hand-weapons; but at the end of a rifle, which it spoils for shooting and makes top-heavy for a pike, it is hopelessly out of place. It is tempting to see, with General Pitt-Rivers, the original type, developed in metal from the hint of a stone spear-head, in the symmetrical leaf-shape. Straighten out the edges and lengthen the point, and we have the broadsword, and are on the way to the rapier. Give the preference to one edge and incline the axis of the blade in its direction, and we have the doubly-curved yataghan shape. Lengthen this blade in proportion to its width, and transfer the cutting edge to the unbroken convex curvature which forms the back of the yataghan, and we have the Eastern sabre, preserving in the old Turkish scimitar, now rare, and in the common tulwar, with their broadening near the centre of percussion, a trace of the original model. This, we say, is tempting. But the historical evidence is none of the most encouraging to this or to any other simple theory of origin. On the Assyrian monuments we find a tapering, pointed sword with straight edges. Bronze weapons of the same pattern, only longer, have been found in considerable number by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. The like form occurs in Egyptian bronze daggers, and in several iron swords found in Etruscan tombs, to which Captain Burton justly calls particular attention. Egyptian monuments abound in a particular cutlass or hanger, shaped somewhat like a broad sickle, the name of which is written Khopsh by our author, and connected by him, after Meyrick (with doubtful warrant, we conceive), with the Greek *κοπίς*. The leaf-shaped bronze sword has also been found in Egypt, we are not told with what indication of date, or whether, in particular, under such circumstances as to exclude its being a Greek importation. Of the earlier history of the Eastern sabre there is not forthcoming, that we know of, any positive evidence whatever. Thus we have no proof that the leaf-shaped pattern was in fact earlier than the others, but rather a certain amount of presumption to the contrary.—*The Saturday Review on "Burton's Book of the Sword."*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE second concert given by the Toronto Philharmonic Society this season was so well received that we may hope the promoters feel encouraged to persevere in their laudable efforts to produce a first-class programme in finished style. The capacious Pavilion presented a brilliant appearance, the white-and-black draped artistes on the orchestra being faced by the *élite* of the city. Dr. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful pastoral cantata "The May Queen" was cast for the first part of the programme, the second half consisting of "selections." The *pièce de resistance* is too well known to need detailed description, especially so as the Society gave it some years ago. Mrs. Caldwell accepted the soprano rôle of Queen of the May; Mr. F. Jenkins, as tenor, of course portrayed the rustic lover; his rival, "Robin Hood," was assumed by Mr. E. W. Scuch; whilst the part of "The Queen" was taken by Mrs. Petley. Succeeding the opening chorus, Mr. Jenkins' rendering of the air "O Meadow Clad" left little to be desired, except that he looked so uncomfortable whilst singing it. But he sang well in tune, correctly, and with expression, though it is apparent that his is a comparatively untrained voice, and he occasionally gets throaty and brazen in his upper range. The villagers' sympathetic chorus, "O Melancholy Plight," succeeded by the inspiring "With a laugh as we go round," were faithfully given by the choir, who, with one exception, got through with great credit, being well under command, fairly well together, and conscientiously painstaking. Mr. Torrington will, no doubt, in time be able to get it better balanced, and if he could persuade *all* his ladies to wear white dresses the effect upon the eye from the auditorium would be much improved. But to return. "The May Queen" then sang a solo rejoicing in her coronation, but did it in a mechanical manner. The same remark applies to the duet between her and her lover, there being a lamentable want of expression on both sides. This lack of feeling, of sympathetic tone, indeed, is Mrs. Caldwell's principal weakness. Possessed of a voice of extraordinary range and flexibility, and well under control, she yet fails to move her audiences. She compels their admiration by her pleasing manner, she gratifies their ears, but she does not touch their hearts. And Mr. Jenkins, comparatively at home in oratorio, is lifeless and almost expressionless in operatic music. All too little was heard of Mr. Scuch, but in the air "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight" he acquitted himself like an artist who understood both the music and the words he sang. The trio in which the queen hears the impassioned appeal of the forester and the warning notes of her lover was very successfully given, as was the following recitative and chorus, which leads up to the pageant music announcing "The Queen." The instrumental work here was very good, but, as in several other parts of the programme, the brass was too pronounced. Mrs. Petley was not in her best voice, and after the cantata met with a slight accident which prevented her from taking part in the second half of the programme. When "The Queen" dismisses "Robin Hood" and admonishes the "May Queen" to be more circumspect, Mrs. Petley was feeling more at home, but the band completely drowned her, as it did even the chorus, powerful as it was, in the final soli and chorus, the cornets, as usual, being the principal offenders. To Miss Dervieux and Mr. Jenkins was entrusted the opening of the

second part of the programme. The "Miserere" scene from *Trovatore* was the first item, and "Leonora" sang so well as to give great promise of high rank as an amateur vocalist. Naturally, having only recently made her *debut*, she was nervous, but she really won the enthusiastic applause which followed. Mr. Jenkins' "Troubadour" left much to be desired. In the first place, it was a mistake to perch up in the top gallery instead of taking a position out of sight near the platform. That fact probably accounted to a great extent for him singing so flat in his upper register in this number. Miss Kerr's piano solo was a creditable piece of manipulation. Miss Torrington won golden opinions by her rendering of Donizetti's "Com'è bello," and "Si voli il primo." The "Fantasia Militaire" violin solo of Herr Jacobsen was a splendid piece of execution, and though this devotee of "the perfect instrument" has got far to go to attain pre-eminence, he is so evidently an enthusiastic student that he may probably make a wide reputation. The orchestra then played a waltz, and played it so well that the audience would have encored it but that Mr. Torrington wisely forbade repetitions. Mrs. Caldwell's aria from the "Magic Flute" was a very fine effort, and gave her an opportunity to show her phenomenal compass. The "Good Night, Beloved" of the choir was remarkably well done, and fittingly brought to a close a very successful concert.

THE CLAXTON CONCERTS.

THE two concerts given by Mr. Claxton's orchestra, assisted by several vocal and instrumental soloists, in the Toronto Opera House on Saturday afternoon and evening, were not attended by the success anticipated. In gathering into one band some forty local musicians, and giving them the opportunity of constantly practising together which alone will enable them to play good orchestral music, Mr. Claxton has undertaken a very praiseworthy task, and deserves the hearty encouragement of those who are "moved with concord of sweet sounds." Nor ought such to be too critical of the first performances of the band. Though there is as yet a want of finish in the executants, still, judged by the manner in which the "Claxton Orchestra" performed the *morceaux* allotted to them on Saturday, and making allowances for the comparatively short time it has worked together, that band reflects great credit upon Toronto, and is worthy of better patronage than it has hitherto obtained. There was much truth in Mr. Manager Sheppard's statement—that had the artistes down on Saturday's programme been imported from New York or Boston the Opera House would have been filled. But if Mr. Claxton is desirous to cater to any other part of a house than the gallery, he must not repeat the experiment of introducing buffoonery into his programmes. The vulgar and senseless antics of one "performer," and the inane exhibition of a quartette of others, were out of all keeping, and were an insult to the understanding of the audience as well as to the artistes engaged. The overture, "Semiramide," was very well played, as also was the waltz "Violet," in the second part. In accordance with the opinion expressed, it will be sufficient to point out to Mr. Claxton the absolute necessity of attending to the drums (!). We do not remember to have heard anything so hard other than two-inch boards. Miss Agnes Corlett is a self-possessed, capable soprano, and is very pleasant to see and hear. Her rendering of "May Blossoms," "The Return," and the portions of two duets for which she was down, amply merited the encores and applause given to her. Mr. J. F. Thompson found "The Toreador" too much for him. In addition to an awkward lisp, this gentleman, though he has a good voice, has a bad habit of straining after upper notes which are not in his natural compass. Herr Jacobsen repeated the fine "March Militaire" he gave in the Pavilion on Tuesday night. But what a falling off was there! Certainly, the difference in the accompaniments would account in great part for this. The concert was wound up by a performance of the overture "Niagara" (Böttiger) by the orchestra.

MODJESKA IN TORONTO.

THE brilliant performance of the countess-actress in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Mary Stuart," and "Romeo and Juliet," which were given in the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, supplied a dramatic treat not readily to be forgotten, well and favourably known as she was previously. Looking back to the earlier days of her dramatic career, to 1880, when Madame Modjeska first made her mark in Shakespearean characters—in the Court Theatre, London—one is struck with the advances made during that period, and more particularly with the great improvement in her English. The slight accent that now remains adds but piquancy to her elocution, whilst her greater familiarity with English enables her more thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the lines she speaks. It was not Modjeska, the accomplished actress, that one saw and heard, but *Rosalind*, *Mary Stuart*, *Olivia*, and *Juliet*. In each portrayal, her sweet, expressive features, and melodious voice, her cultured "concealment of art in art," her tasteful costumes, combined to a *tout ensemble* charming to the most *blasé* of playgoers. Her rare versatility enabled her to give a *Mary Stuart* worthy of Ristori, at the same time to play the child-mistress *Juliet* in a manner vividly recalling Neilson. It is not too much to say that she electrifies her audiences by the passionate manner in which—in the second act of Schiller's *unhistorical* "Mary Stuart"—she pours forth her torrent of reproaches on *Queen Elizabeth*. Madame Modjeska's exquisite rendering of *Rosalind* and *Ganymede* did much to draw attention from the extreme improbability of the plot of "As You Like It." The great master asks rather more than this matter-of-fact age is prepared to grant, when he would have us believe that an impassioned *Orlando* did not see through the disguise which his innamorata had adopted, especially as they were so much thrown together, and actually made mock love one to the