

also a venerable beard of white tow. But for their bare legs and sandals the chorus might have been taken for a posse of ritualistic parsons with embroidered surplices. Our readers will recollect that in the ancient Greek theatre the chorus took position in the "orchestra," or dancing space, which occupied nearly the whole of what in modern theatres is the pit. The effect of the really good singing of the chorus was much marred by the performance not being permitted by the President of the University to take place at a regular theatre, where, at least, the stage would have been large enough to allow the chorus room to march about with dignity and effect. As it was, when not occupying the stage by themselves during the performance of one of the choral odes which mark out the scenes or acts of the play, the chorus had to withdraw to the small platform, almost among the audience, where the venerable Thebans in their white wigs and bare legs looked not a little incongruous beside so many fine ladies and gentlemen of modern life. It was a pity, too, for the English-speaking portion of the audience, that the libretto procurable in the Convocation Hall was the English version by Professor Campbell, of Glasgow, who translates the dialogue for the most part with admirable fidelity, but who makes no attempt to reproduce in the choral odes anything that recalls the rhythm of the original. Far better in this respect is the little-known version by Dr. Donaldson: for instance, in this first chorus, in the fine passage where the hostile army is compared to an eagle, the rhythm of the anapestic dimeter is preserved. We quote a few lines of it from memory:—

"When as an eagle terribly screaming,
With a soaring swoop he alighted,
White as the snow were the pinions that
bowed him,
And dazzling the gleam of his armour."

The ode sung, and the chorus withdrawing to their perches outside the stage, the central gate opens and King Kreon comes forward, attended by two soldiers, armed apparently for spearing the suckers which are now crowding the classic Don and the Humber. Kreon is dressed in a most graceful and classical-looking red vestment. Mr. Douglas Armour gave an admirable rendering of the part, which is that of a stage tyrant, who, in addition to other cruelty, makes unmercifully long speeches. The watchman then enters to announce that some one has buried the deceased traitor. The watchman wears what we are assured is the counterpart of an ancient Greek helmet: it is to us suggestive of the modern fireman. The watchman was

probably intended by Sophocles as a comic part—a caricature of the garrulity and affectation of philosophic language of the Athenian cad. The comic effect was very well given, being made more ludicrous by what would have sounded strange to an ancient Athenian audience—a strong Irish brogue. Then the stage was cleared for the chorus, who sing the ode beginning—

"Many things are subtle,
And nothing is more subtle than man."

Then follows the most striking scene in the drama, in which Antigone avows her deed, and in defiance of Kreon, who pronounces on her the doom of death by starvation, asserts her loyalty to a higher law—the eternal sanction of Duty.

Mr. Armour's characterization of Kreon was a really good piece of acting all through the play, and especially in this scene and in the next, where Hæmon, Kreon's son, comes to intercede for Antigone. Then followed the charming ode, "Love in Fight Invincible," admirably sung and well interpreted by the music. Then a scene where Antigone, like Jephtha's daughter, bewails her virgin life about to end, in a lyrical dialogue with the chorus, of great beauty. In the next scene, the terrible blind prophet, Teiresias, appears in his snow-white "imation" or mantle. By his threats Kreon is frightened into ordering the release of Antigone, and the chorus, once more having the stage to themselves, dance round the tripod, which holds a blazing fire; into it they throw incense, to the great danger of their white robes catching fire. Then comes the *denouement*: the suicide of Antigone, followed by that of Kreon's wife and son, whose bodies, exposed on the stage, make a not ineffective tableau. The curtain falls amid loud, long-sustained, and, we think, well-deserved applause. The least satisfactory part we hold to have been that of Antigone and Ismene. Not that Antigone did not declaim her speeches with perfectly clear articulation, but it is not derogatory to Professor Hutton to say that he did not look quite the type of young lady who should embody the ideal of a stately Greek princess, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." Antigone should be, above all things, dignified, sad, and sustained by a lofty pride. But this Antigone was Amazonian, and too massive about the ankles, and her muscular arm would have enabled her to make a clear sweep of the *dramatis persone*, including the watchman in his fireman's helmet, and the old gentlemen in the tow wigs.

Taken all in all, however, the representation was a success, and brings credit to the