

(Alma lisa), could be loaded again. Then when they were loaded, the *Aquidaban* started in, and it must have been her first shot which woke me the second time.

The *Paiz* of the next day had nothing to say on the subject, except that she went out—as they were going to press. A subsequent issue made many lame excuses for the *Aquidaban's* passing the forts.

The affair was well done. It is said that Floriano fainted on hearing of it.

George Heroult, editor of the *Echo du Bresil*, has been deported by order of the Vice-President, the reason given being that he was writing news unfavourable to the Government. The captain of the port publishes a notice that all ships must remove from the vicinity of Ilha Vianna, so as to be out of the danger zone.

On Sunday, Dec. 3rd, we had desultory firing all day. The *Tamandare* took the place of the *Aquidaban* as flag ship. Sailors in Villegaignon could be seen flying kites and sailing a small model of the *Aquidaban*—under fire. The *Tamandare* engaged fort Grogota on the Nictheroy side. On Monday word was received from Ilha Grande that the *Aquidaban* had been there, and after destroying the cable, taking all medicines, food, etc., had gone southwardly. Melo was reported severely wounded in the leg.

The *Rio News* was suspended to-day. Not a single opposition paper exists now. All was quiet on the 5th.

Rio, Dec. 6th, 1893.

C. B.

THE "ANTIGONE,"

AS PRODUCED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC BY UNDERGRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15TH, 16TH AND 17TH.

If a company of young ladies and gentlemen who had been for a year or so reading the works of Shakespeare were to intimate to the public their intention of playing "Othello, the Moor of Venice," there are some who might perhaps be tempted to apply to such intention some such word as, let us say, 'courageous,' even if not 'rash'; when, then, the Classical Association of University College announced its intention of playing the "Antigone" of Sophocles, it may be safely surmised that a very similar temptation presented itself to many of those to whom it was announced. "What," one would be inclined to say in the first instance, "do young ladies busied during the term with French and German, and during the vacation with housework and gaiety, know of such passions as Desdemona felt? And what can young gentlemen, engaged in the composition of Latin prose or the defence and attack of 'goal' or 'wickets,' know of such anguish as racked the heart of the Moorish general?" So, too, in the second case one might have been inclined to question how far it was possible for youths and maidens, only just, if even yet, in their twenties, to apprehend the spirit of perhaps the sublimest tragedy of the sublimest tragedian. Sophocles' "Antigone" is no easy thing to understand. It requires some effort to grasp the extreme significance attached by the Greek mind to the rite of burial; to appreciate the status of such a king as Creon in such a city as Boeotian Thebes; to feel the thaumaturgic influence upon the Theban community of such a seer as Tiresias; to follow the intricately suggested problem of the antagonism between laws human and laws divine at

that moment in Greek history when the former were gaining, and the latter were just beginning to lose, ground of implicit and unquestioned obedience. For we must remember that Sophocles was speaking truth to his countrymen: the Greek drama in his hands was no mere vehicle for amusement, to whatever depths the stage may since his time have sunk. One might have been inclined, we say, to question the ability of young undergraduates so to feel the spirit of this wonderful tragedy as that they should have been able successfully to produce it on the stage. If so, those so inclined must have been astonished at the measure of success attained last week. To say that at each of the four performances given the audiences were roused to enthusiastic expressions of delight is to say the simple truth. The University of Toronto may feel justly proud of its sons and daughters and the Classical Association of University College congratulate itself on an achievement which will not easily be forgotten.

The amount of hard work expended on the production must have been enormous. What Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the stage manager, accomplished must have been accomplished only by the most untiring energy, and the same is true of Mr. W. H. Robinson, the chorus master. To these the full meed of praise is due. But it is also due to all who took part in the project, especially Messrs. Gillespie, H. J. Sissons, Howell, all three prominent classical men in their fourth year at the University, and all three highly to be commended for the amount of untiring and thankless labour which they expended upon the preparation for this performance; and, perhaps, above all to Professor Maurice Hutton, the moving and informing spirit in the previous representation twelve years ago, upon whose time, knowledge, and (probably) purse, innumerable demands were made.

To descend now to details. The scenery was simple and good, the severe palace walls and the great loggion, empty but for its plain stone thumelè or altar, wreathed with ivy, being relieved by one or two busts and statues, casts from the antique. The stage effects were beautiful. The eye was wholly satisfied by the groupings and colourings and lines of the stage chorus. Great taste was displayed in the dresses, though this assertion must be to a certain extent qualified in the cases of those worn by Antigone and Ismene. These lacked a something not easy to define. At all events the himatia and the chitons of the two princesses did not give to their wearers that statuesque grace which one expects of a "robe-trailing Grecian woman." An experienced theatrical *costumière* might have remedied this defect, a defect which marred much of the pleasure afforded by the presence of those who acted in these two important parts. It must be confessed too that these two young ladies betrayed by their gait that they were unaccustomed to the heel-less Grecian sandal. Another admirable feature was the series of evolutions performed by the chorus while chanting their choral odes round the altar. These were well executed and much appreciated. A very minute piece of criticism might be suggested by saying that its members did not in these dances always remember that they were old men—for old men they were undoubtedly supposed to be, as we see by such phrases as: *σύγκλητον τήνδε γερόντων* (l. 159); *νεωτέρω τῷ τούτῳ βασιτάζειν πρόβες* (l. 216); and *ἰμὴ τῷ*

χρόνῳ κεκλόμενα (l. 681). But this was pardonable in the light of the pleasure which their nimble movements gave.

The part of Creon was taken by Mr. K. D. MacMillan, and on the whole a good Creon he certainly made. His kingly carriage and mien were enhanced by his splendid costume, and as he addressed and strode among his aged counsellors one forgot Mr. MacMillan in the despot of Thebes. This is high praise, but it is still higher praise to say that in that pathetic scene where Creon enters with blanched lips and open mouth (most telling details) and bewails his dead son, there were wet eyes in the audience—proof, surely, of good acting. Yet here and there were passages in which Mr. MacMillan did not take full advantage of the scope afforded him by his author. There were some *οἶμοι's* and *ἰὼ, ἰὼ's*, and *ἴτω*, *ἴτω's*, and *αἰαί's* with which he might have thrilled the house.

Miss Hunter undertook the part of Antigone. It is a difficult one and requires a combination of qualities that is rare. Miss Hunter's acting was thoroughly conscientious and careful, and if she did not wholly satisfy her critics this was due to the greatness of the task she attempted. There are passages in Antigone's speeches into which might be put a depth of passion—under control, of course—almost unlimited, yet of these advantage was rarely taken. That half-whispered—or what perhaps should have been half-whispered—*ὦ φίλταθ'*

Δῖμων, ὡς σ' αἰτιμάζει πατήρ, wrung from her by Creon's taunts, was uttered with tones and gestures not very dissimilar to those with which was uttered that *εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρεῖ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ* which she pettishly flings—or ought pettishly to have flung—at Ismene's head. Indeed Miss Hunter lacked facial expression. That she felt the part, too, keenly is questionable. Had this been the case, surely those truly heart-rending lines commencing with those three words—into which what exquisite pathos might there not have been pressed!—*ἄκλαντος, ἀφίλος, ἀνυμέναιος*, would have stirred her hearers more than they did; and as to that last piteous speech of seven sonorous lines, one sighs to think of what might have been made of them. Nevertheless, as we have said, to act Antigone is a gigantic task, and Miss Hunter's personality was so extremely pleasing that much was forgiven her.

Ismene was played, and played feelingly, by Miss Evelyn Durand, who had formed a most correct conception of her part. Her affection for her sister was well portrayed, and a most effective piece of acting was that in which she made a final mute pathetic appeal to Creon for her sister's life just as she ascended the palace steps in company with Antigone.

Mr. W. P. Reeve was Haemon, and a better Haemon, poetical and princely in appearance, in costume, and in acting, it would be difficult to find. It is a temptation to enter into an analysis of Mr. Reeve's finished and cultivated piece of acting, beginning with his dutiful speech and pose, and ending with his impassioned *οὐ δῆτ' ἔμοιγε, τοῦτο μὴ δόξης ποτέ*, shouted at his father with resolute attitude, flashing eye, and outstretched hand, but we must forbear. To Mr. Reeve certainly belongs the palm; and if this his success is a criterion of his abilities, his Alma Mater will yet hear of him.

Mr. P. J. Robinson took the part of the Prophet for the first three performances, Professor Hutton for the last. Both were