

Kate Claxton, which declared her success in the "Two Orphans" to be "owing almost entirely to her organic adaptation to a purely pathetic part," and censured her "assumption of a rôle of an entirely different character," such as *Constance* in "Conscience." The recent opportunity we have had of witnessing her in this play proved the justice of this remark, and showed that Miss Claxton possesses but few qualifications for emotional parts which demand powers more varied and more pronounced than the touching simplicity and the vivid realization of a physical misfortune which have gained for her, in the "Two Orphans," a success she is not likely to repeat. *Conscience*, at any rate, is not a play in which she will increase her reputation. It is without a spark of originality in plot or characters, and the sleep-walking expedient in the last act is almost identical with that in Simpson and Dale's powerful drama, "Time and the Hour." It is too late in the day to offer any remarks upon the "Two Orphans," except as regards its performance by Mrs. Morrison's company. Mrs. Allen had once more, in *Henriette*, a part for which, for physical reasons, it was obviously unfair to cast her, but she succeeded with it very fairly. Mr. Sambrook again played *Pierre* the cripple, and Mr. Vernon did justice to the part of *Jacques Frochard*. As *Picard*, Mr. Rogers chose his own invariable way of being funny; but neither acted nor looked the dapper and self-satisfied Parisian valet.

Miss Julia and Miss Jennie Beauclerc were the attractions last week at Mrs. Morrison's, in F. C. Burnard's lively burlesque of "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel." Madame Janauschek, who, as a tragic actress, has probably no living rival except Ristori, is now filling a week's engagement; but we must reserve our remarks upon her till next month.

At the Royal Opera House, the event of the month was the production, by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's "combination," from New York, of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," with Messrs. Davenport, Barrett, and Warde in the three principal characters. The leading actors were supported in the minor parts with that efficiency and that perfect smoothness which only long practice together can give. The costumes, as might have been expected, were, with some exceptions, very fine, and histrionically correct; and the *mise en scène* was excellent, the garden scene at Brutus's house especially so. As regards accessories, there was one curious omission. This was in the scene of Cæsar's murder, where Pompey's statue was conspicuous by its absence. Altogether, the performance was probably the most satisfactory presentation of any of Shakspeare's plays ever witnessed in Toronto. Of Mr. Davenport, who filled the part of *Brutus*, it is almost superflu-

ous to speak. His reputation as a sterling, if not as a great, actor, has been acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic for the past five-and-twenty years. Doubtless he has passed his best day; and although Time has dealt gently with him, still one cannot help seeing that his *Brutus* is not what it once was. In parts, noticeably in the well-known oration to the Roman citizens, it was even tame. Notwithstanding, however, the evident indications of failing physical energy, it is still a noble performance; the grand old Roman whom Shakspeare drew with so loving a touch, is made to live again in our presence. The exception to which the *Brutus* of Mr. Davenport was open, cannot be taken against the *Cassius* of Mr. Barrett, which displayed, if anything, a superabundance of fire and energy. Mr. Barrett possesses a powerful voice, which has a fine, manly ring about it, and is withal capable of considerable variety of intonation and expression. His elocution, too, is remarkably fine; and his magnificent delivery of the splendid speech beginning with the words—

"I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour,"

was perhaps the finest thing in the whole performance. Mr. Barrett was remarkably good also in the celebrated quarrel scene, and in that of his death; and altogether his *Cassius* was the best that we remember. His principal faults are a tendency to over-act, and a very disagreeable trick of snorting (or something very like it) in which he indulges, in order to indicate suppressed rage. The part of *Anthony* was filled by Mr. Warde, the young English actor who appeared in Toronto last spring with Mr. Edwin Booth. Mr. Warde has an evident liking for the part, and he threw himself into it heart and soul, and the result was a very effective performance. Mr. Warde's elocutionary method, however, is radically faulty; he crawls unpleasantly, and constantly emphasises unimportant words. The wonderful oration over Cæsar's body, though on the whole delivered with great spirit, was, to a certain extent, marred from this cause, and also from a misapprehension of the author's meaning in two or three places. Several of the other characters were well acted, but none calls for special mention.

On November 20th, this theatre was opened permanently for the winter season, with a new stock company, under the management of Mr. Joseph Gobay. The company is an excellent one, including, among others, Mr. Neil Warner, Mr. Couldock, Mr. Spackman, and Miss Sophie Miles. We hope to notice their performances at length next month. During the present week there is an extra attraction in the shape of a star—Miss May Howard, a rising young actress who has won favourable opinions in Australia and the United States.