

Macbeth, his method wants both depth and variety, and without the exhibition of these qualities in a striking degree, an audience can never be stirred, much less thrilled, as the great author intended them to be. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is acting on the right lines, and likewise displayed much more power on the second night, partly, no doubt, from feeling less fatigued by rehearsal, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of the criticism which had already appeared; but she still needs a knowledge of how to make her points, and how to make the most of the tremendous dramatic opportunities which Shakespeare has afforded to her, in delineating Lady Macbeth. In her reading of the famous opening letter, and of the terrific invocation which follows it, in her delivery of the taunts, which Lady Macbeth hurls at her reluctant husband, in her enunciation of the passages which mark the memorable courtyard scene after the commission of the murder, and in her treatment of the wonderful utterances in the unique somnambulist outburst, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has fallen far below the requisite tragic standard, and has certainly not risen to the height of her author's text! Possibly, no actress in modern times, except Mrs. Siddons, ever did so! Historic ambition should, however, always keep the highest goal before it. As Macduff, Mr. Robert Taber has peculiarly distinguished himself, though he curiously enough, was finer on the first night than on the second. Not to have drawn his sword, however, when at the close of his famous scene with Malcolm and Ross, he prays that Macbeth, the detested tyrant, should be brought within its length, and which has been the traditional practice with all Macduffs, was certainly a business error, and diminished the just effect of his exit. And here I may say, that this scene, as in the case of Sir H. Irving's production, was altogether erroneously mounted, and, in fact, rendered inconsistent and almost unmeaning thereby, since it is made by Shakespeare to take place in front of the palace of the English King Edward the Confessor, and not, as at the Lyceum, in the midst of a wooded landscape which does not signify anything! The Lyceum version, also, is guilty of excisions, not merely of important lines, but of entire scenes, which are essential to the due development of the plot. Not to speak of the exquisite and thoroughly Shakespearian one, between Lady Macduff, her son and Ross, which, for some inscrutable reason, unless it be to save expense in the cast, is rarely played; the collaterally explanatory Sc. 4, Act II., between Ross, an Old Man, and Macduff, is omitted, as likewise Sc. 6, Act III., which contains so much masterly satire, and makes Lennox a prominent part and the grand character of Hecate.—the Mistress of the Witches, is treated even worse than she was by Sir Henry Irving, for she is banished altogether from the piece. Through several excisions too, the very sense is destroyed, and the grammar of Shakespeare violated, as in Sc. 2, Act I. where the words "The merciless Macdonald" are mercilessly left without grammatical connection, and no one, consequently, can tell what he did or was going to do, or, indeed, why he is mentioned at all! Job wished his enemy would "write a book." I, as a friend to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, could wish he had not published one. Mr. Beerbohm Tree was wiser in his generation, and contented himself with a pictorial souvenir, instead of an acting text. Otherwise, he would scarcely have dared to compress the five acts of "Julius Cæsar" into three.

E. GILBERT HIGHTON.

## A Book of the Week.

### "THE TERROR."\*

I HEARD, the other day, of an Englishman who learned Provençal solely for the delight of reading the works of Félix Gras in the original; and I can fully enter into the feelings of that lover of literature. Even in the translation, the style of M. Gras has something about it which is quite irresistible. He is of those wonderful souls, who, by simply telling you a story, in their own way, can charm, and hold, and move you at their royal will and pleasure. The first translation from his work, was "The Reds of the Midi," a truly marvellous account of the march of the men of Marseilles from Avignon to Paris to take the Tuileries. That book, like life itself, was left unfinished. In Paris was left the strange little group of people we cared about,—in whose fates we were interested, the republican Marseillais sergeant, Vaclair—his brave wife Lazuli, their little boy, Clairét, and the sweet little aristocrat, Adeline, daughter of the Marquis d'Ambrun.

Adeline has been sent to Paris by her horrible mother, the Marquise who has fallen, by reason of a guilty passion, completely under the power of a German steward, Surto, at whose instigation she connives at the murder of her husband and children, that she and Surto may inherit the family wealth and estates together. Surto puts the little innocent, loving Adeline into the charge of one of those female furies who did most to make the French Revolution the ghastly spectacle of blood and horror that it was. This awful being—La Jacarasse—a pig sticker by trade, has the poor little girl in her clutches when we first meet her. Vaclair's wife takes pity on her, and she is rescued from La Jacarasse, and sheltered in the house of the Provençal joiner, Planchot, who, with his wife, also falls under the spell of her innocent sweetness.

But her life is a danger to Surto and La Jacarasse. By a curious accident, they find out where she is; and the whole of this story of the "Terror," deals with the heroic sacrifices of this little group of Provençals—red republicans every one of them—for the safety of the little aristocrat whom they love. Never for one moment does Adeline doubt or mistrust the fidelity of these good people. The book is written from a fiercely revolutionary standpoint; so fierce that here and there it revolts the reader by its savage exultation in the murder of the King, its indifference to the sufferings of the nobility, many of whom were, of course, entirely blameless, except in so far as they suffered for the sins of their fathers. But through it runs the golden thread of all that the loving and courageous Lazuli dared and went through for the safety of the girl, who was bound to her by no tie but that of helpless innocence, and for whose sake she and Vaclair were denounced as traitors even in their own beloved Avignon. A new actor comes on the scene in the person of Calisto La Sablée. He is of the very worst of the demons of wickedness to whom the Terror gave their opportunity. The illegitimate son of a Canon, he is abandoned at three days old, and brought up almost as a son by the good old Marquis de la Vernède. When the Terror begins, he persuades the dear old man that the only way to protect his estates, is to execute a deed of gift to him, Calisto, and then,

\* "The Terror." By Félix Gras. Translated from the Provençal. By Catherine Janvier. Heinemann.

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