

of sublime faith, and of devotion to her lover; she then staggered slowly to her couch, sank on it, composed her body and limbs into the rigidity of death, settled her head back into the hollow of the couch, and lay, with eyes wide open and staring blindly, as pathetic a stage picture as was ever witnessed. Her present interpretation, which is to drink off the potion in a continuation of the desperate frenzy produced by the sight of Tybalt's ghost, and to fall to the ground, with upturned countenance, and with the mouth and facial muscles working violently, as though from the after effects of the previous frenzy, though requiring a greater expenditure of physical force, does not produce nearly so powerfully moving an effect as her former one. Taken as a whole, however, and with the exceptions we have indicated, Miss Neilson's Juliet is as great a piece of acting as ever. The ball-room and balcony scenes, the scene with the nurse, the parting scene with Romeo, the scene where her father and mother cast her off, and the potion and death scenes, were acted as no other woman can act them. Perhaps, however, the greatness of the actress is best displayed in the scene where the Friar gives her the potion. One actress may come near to her in one particular scene, and another actress in another, but not one approaches her in this wonderful little scene.

In her other parts, Miss Neilson showed improvement, except in *Rosalind*, which appeared to us to have lost some of its old charm by reason of having become something artificial and mechanical. Her *Viola*, on the other hand, is altogether stronger and deeper. There is far more of the feeling and loving woman, and far less of the pert and perky page. In particular, the first scene with *Olivia*, where *Viola* urges the suit of the Duke with such moving eloquence, was very nobly acted. In *Pauline* also, there was improvement. In the second and fifth acts, the actress's interpretation was always so good as to leave little room for emendation; in the third, however, there is now more reserve of force, and consequently more real strength. But the fourth she still over-acts and makes too tragic. The violence of emotion displayed here would be all the better for a little restraint. The actress would do well to remember the advice of Hamlet, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and

the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

The company which came with Miss Neilson was a fair average one. The young English actor, Mr. Compton, was a passable *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte*; and a more than passable *Malcolio*. *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, were all exceedingly well played; and the *Mercutio* was especially good, notwithstanding that he robbed his dying jest of its point by leaving out the words, 'You were wont to call me a merry fellow.' Miss Morant (who, by the way, was a member of the stock company at the Royal here, during its first season), despite a certain unpleasant shrillness of voice, made an excellent *Celia* and a charming *Olivia*; and Mrs. Tannehill gave an admirably natural rendering of the *Nurse*.

Since Miss Neilson's departure a good deal has been said in the press and elsewhere in deprecation of the enthusiasm and excitement manifested during her visit. The inhabitants of London have been held up to us as a bright and shining example of a people who never go wild over an actor or actress. The truth is that there is no populace who are more apt to go into fits of enthusiasm in such matters, as any one may know who will read the descriptions of such scenes as that which took place, for instance, when John Kemble took leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*, or, to come down to our own times, when Kate Terry made her final exit in *Juliet*. Neilsonomania may not be the highest form of enthusiasm. For ourselves, however, we think it a hopeful sign for the people of Toronto, that they are capable of being stirred into excitement by other things than party politics and faction fights, or even an aldermanic election. So thinking, we are not inclined to find fault, if, when the gifted actress, who has given us so much pleasure of the best and purest kind, came in front of the curtain at the close of her last performance of *Juliet*, and with a face quivering with emotion, with eyes bedimmed with tears, and in a choking voice, bade a heartfelt good-bye to the vast audience standing to do her honour, that audience did manifest some corresponding excitement and emotion at the thought that they were taking a last farewell of one whose like they would not soon look on again.