

meo," says Dowden, "must need steep his whole nature in feeling, and if Juliet does not appear he must love Rosalind."

Watch the action of these impulses throughout the play and see if I be not justified in calling him essentially unlucky.

With the opening brawl of the play he has nothing whatever to do, yet this lays the foundation of all his subsequent misery. Upon a fit of impulse he visits the mask at Capulet's house, and still further embitters Tybalt and hastens on the catastrophe of the 3rd Act. On an impulse he loves, on an impulse he marries. It is the same sudden ungovernable impulse which casts "away to Heaven respective lenity" and avenges itself in a moment on Mercutio's murderer to the destruction of his own hopes. Even here he is as usual the one blamed by both parties, "Why the devil came you between us," cries Mercutio, "I was hurt under your arm." Poor Romeo, as he excused himself before "I meant well in coming to this mask," so now all he has to say is "I thought all for the best," a motto which one commentator would have inscribed upon his tomb.

To continue our original strain Romeo's very death is the unluckiest part of his life, if we may claim the privileges of expression usually confined to the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. Had the poison been less quick, less deadly, all might have been well, but his impulses as ever lead him astray. His impatience throughout is marked by a series of passages. Even Juliet complains that the marriage is—

Too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning, which does cease to be  
Ere one can say "It lightens."

when he urges his marriage on the friar, the latter has to remind him that—

They stumble that run fast.

His metaphors throughout, as one can trace them, are of powder explosions, sudden lightning flashes and the like. His very first words complain of the length of the hours, his last praise the speediness of his death-giving potion.

Oh, true apothecary, thy drugs are quick.

Swift and rash has been every impulse of his life, swift is the ill-advised action that brings him to his grave. Gentle in nature he is on every occasion driven as it were out of himself by the force of circumstances to ill-advised fury and sudden murder and suicide. Both his duels are forced upon him, against his better judgment wish, while his death itself is the result of an entire perversion of his real nature.

There is only one more point which seems worthy to be touched upon in the few moments as I have at my disposal.

It is the remarkable way in which the language of Romeo, not the mere sense of his words, but the character of his speech is used to show the different phases through which his nature passes. I will only briefly notice three periods and leave it to others to elaborate the idea by more careful comparison.

Note then first his love for Rosalind expressed in sentences overflowing with the poetry and sentiment of the lover as Jacques describes him with a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow. Listen to his description of his own state.

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
O anything, of nothing first create!  
O heavy eyelids, serious vanity,  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still winking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I!

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs,  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes,  
Being vexed, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears,  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

She'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit.

So much for the sham passion. Note next the contrast, when a real love absorbs his whole soul. The sentimentalism and the metaphor are still there, but how much more of reality. There is the true ring in

"It is my lady: oh, it is my love,  
Oh that she knew she were."

There speaks the man out of his better self. Once more then, note the effect of the suddenness of Juliet's death. In a minute the dreamer is awakened, the metaphors are gone. He is face to face with death, and with a manliness we never thought him possessed of he cries—

"Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars."

Curly he gives his orders to the servant, who dares not withstand his evident purpose. Quietly he makes up his mind—

"Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night."

Maginn comments upon the plain "Juliet"—unaccompanied by any romantic epithet of love. "There is nothing about "Cupid's arrow" or "Dian's wit."

"Well Juliet."

After this he has leisure to reflect, but his mind is made up and his nature under its new aspect comes out in the philosophical way in which he reasons with the apothecary.

I might go at length into the scene with Paris, the gentle pleadings of the desperate man, gentle still, though with the gentleness of despair.

"Stay not, begone, live and hereafter say  
A madman's mercy bids thee run away."

Upon the final burst of passion, the uncontrollable impulse which has so often worked to his undoing. The

"Have at thee, Boy!"

"The "boy" is very noticeable. Romeo's own manhood has come upon him through much suffering, and Paris is but a boy to him.

I prefer to close with his own parting words, in themselves the history of his impulses, his longings, his ill-luck:

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favor can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To under him that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
These here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee:  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids: O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inconspicuous stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love!—O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The portraits of their new-married Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany, whose happy wedding took place recently in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and of all the Royal family, and of the bride's parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Prymont, are presented to our readers in this week's number of our journal.

His Royal Highness Leopold George Duncan Albert, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence, and Baron Arklow, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India, and Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, is the fourth and youngest son, but the sixth child, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and of the late Prince Consort. He is twenty-nine years of age, having been born, at Buckingham Palace, on April 7, 1853. He was educated by several private tutors until 1872, when he became a student of Christ Church College, Oxford, under the charge of Mr. Robt. Hawthorn Collins, M.A., C.B., now Comptroller to the Household of His Royal Highness. The Prince quitted his residence at the University in 1876, and made a tour in Italy, after which he lived some time at Boyton Manor, in Wiltshire; travelled again, in 1878, in Italy and Germany, visiting also the Paris Exhibition; in 1879 took up his residence at Clarendon, Essex; in the next year went to America on a visit to his sister, Princess Louise, and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada; and last year, while in Germany, visiting his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, met his future bride, with her mother, the Princess of Waldeck, and soon afterwards was betrothed to that young lady, to whom His Royal Highness is now so happily married. The Duke of Albany inherits from his lamented father, and has improved by assiduous culture, those refined mental tastes and talents which make an accomplished patron of all the liberal arts and sciences; while his thoughtful concern for popular and technical education, and for all sound plans of social utility and beneficence, has been shown by his public addresses on many occasions during the last three years, which are scarcely inferior to those of the late Prince Consort. In the presidency and advocacy of such undertakings as they will continue to arise, and in the exercise of his rightful influence as a Prince of the Royal Family, a Peer of Parliament, and one of the leaders of high English society, we may expect of the Duke of Albany increasing public usefulness, and we feel the more disposed to rejoice in his prospect of domestic happiness.

The Duchess of Albany, Princess Helen Frederica Augusta of Waldeck-Prymont, is eight years younger than her husband, as she was born on Feb. 17, 1861. She is the fourth daughter, now living, of George Victor, Sovereign Prince of Waldeck-Prymont, and of his consort, Princess Helen Wilhelmina Henrietta, who is a daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau. The Principality of Waldeck-Prymont is of small extent, with a population of 54,000 and a revenue of £78,000, but of high antiquity from the time of feudalism, though now under direct Prussian administration, and a component part of the German Empire. Waldeck, the larger portion of the Prince's territory, with a romantic old castle, surrounded by hills and forests, is situated to the north of Hesse-Cassel, bordering on Nassau and Westphalia; the residence of the Prince is at Arolsen, on the little river Aar, which flows into the Weser. The smaller Prymont territory, detached in situation, is thirty miles farther north, towards Hanover, and adjacent to those of Brunswick and Lippe-Detmold. Prymont, on the banks of the Emmer, is a favorite spa, and its chalybeate and carbonate waters have some medicinal repute. A sister of Princess Helen is Emma, Queen of the Netherlands; she has one brother, six years younger than herself.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

The intelligence that Engineer Melville's search for Captain De Long and his party ended in the mournful discovery of their dead bodies in the dreary delta of the Lena River was not unexpected. There was little hope that the heroic band would be found alive. But there is something peculiarly tragic in their fate.

They landed, it will be remembered, about September 17, at one of the mouths of the Lena, abandoning their boat, which they could not drag nearer than within a mile of the shore. De Long built a cairn, where he remained a day or two, in order to rest his men, and then pushed southward along the eastern shore of the Lena, leaving his log-books and some instruments on the beach. On the 25th of September he found himself on the end of a peninsula, where he waited until the 1st of October for the river to freeze over, when he crossed to the western shore.

In reaching this spot De Long passed within a few miles of people and supplies of food. Only a short distance from his course was a hut containing sixteen reindeer carcasses, and at another place a village of one hundred inhabitants, where he could have found shelter had he known of its position. The details of his painful and laborious march, as given in the New York Herald of May 6, were discovered by Melville during his search, documents having been left at various points where the party halted. The men appear to have kept up their courage wonderfully in spite of their sufferings.

There were fourteen in the party when the landing was made. These were Lieutenant De Long, Surgeon Ambler, Mr. Collins, W. F. C. Ninderman, A. Gartz, Ah Sam, Alexai, H. H. Erikson, H. Knack, G. W. Boyd, W. Lee, N. Iverson, L. P. Noros and A. Dressler. All the party, including the captain, were badly frost-bitten, the doctor alone being in comparatively good condition.

On the 9th of October, De Long determined to send Noros and Ninderman ahead. The food had been quite exhausted, and the party was subsisting on brandy. The story of the parting is inexpressibly sad. Noros thinks it was a Sunday when they left. De Long held divine service, the men seated on the banks of the river. The men then shook hands, and some of them had tears in their eyes. Collins was the last to bid them good-bye. He simply said, "Noros, when you get to New York, remember me." Those who were left behind appeared to have lost all hope. Nevertheless they gave their parting comrades three cheers. "We told them," says Noros, "that we would do all we could for them, and that was the last we saw of them."

Noros and Ninderman pursued their weary march southward. They sighted deer once, but could not get at them. Sometimes they made a kind of tea from the bark of the arctic willow, and they managed to chew and swallow portions of their skin breeches and the leather soles of their moccasins. After several days of weary tramping they found two deserted huts, and a store-house in which there was a small quantity of mouldy fish. There they remained three days to rest. On the third day a native came to the huts, and Noros tried in vain to make him understand that there were other men to the northward. Ninderman's account is very pathetic. We give it just as written to the American Minister at St. Petersburg: "On the afternoon of the 23rd or thereabouts a native came to the hut, we tried to make him understand that there were eleven more men north, could not make him understand he took us too his camp where there was six more, also a lot of sleighs and reindeer they travelling at the time south, next morning brook camp came to a settlement on the 25th, called Ajakit there tried again to make the people understand there was more people north, did not succeed, Ajakit is lat 70 deg. 55 min. north, long, not known as the chart is a copy, sent for the governor to Bulun, came 27th he knew the ships name, and knew about Nordenshaw, but could not talk English, we tried to make him understand that the Captain was in a starving condition or probably dead, and that we wanted natives, reindeer and food to get them, as I thought that we could make it in five or six days to save them from starvation but the Governor made signs that he had to Tel-graph to St. Petersburg, he then sent us on to Bulun."

Acting on the information received from Noros and Ninderman, Engineer Melville proceeded on his search, with the melancholy result already known. It is one of the saddest tragedies of Arctic exploration.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL CALISTHENICS.—The calisthenics practiced in the public schools, if simple, prove the motive power to the most graceful posings of the tiny little scholars, whose infantile grace is quaintly and slyly developed by the various movements initiated by the teachers. Our illustration shows a class of these cherub-faced children in the act of going through their daily exercise in calisthenics. Cheeks are rosy; eyes are bright, eager and watchful; little forms are posed, and, at the word of command, up go the chubby little pink dimpled hands, or across the chest, or out in front, or one at a time, while a joyous ripple of compressed laughter lends music to their performance. Some follow the teacher with the most unswerving exactitude and the ardor of old soldiers, while others, deliciously shy, pop

up the left arm instead of the right, and then, covered with confusion, repair the error in a blush that would make the fortune of a Society belle. The little ones love this exercise, and, as it takes their tiny forms and laggard attention from their books and slates, it is regarded in the light of a festive occasion.

MR. BENNETT'S NEW YACHT.—The new iron steam yacht *Namouna*, just completed at Newburgh for Mr. James Gordon Bennet, is the largest steam-yacht ever built in this country, except the *Britagne*, which was built in Baltimore for M. Henri Say. The dimensions of the *Namouna* are as follows: Length on deck, 226 feet 10 inches; on water line, 217 feet; beam, 26 feet 4 inches; depth from base line, 15 feet; from top of floor, 15 feet 4 inches. She is propelled by a double tandem, vertical, compound, surface-condensing engine, with high-pressure cylinders 23 inches in diameter and 23 inches stroke, and two low-pressure cylinders, 42 x 28. The shaft is 11 inches in diameter. The wheel is 11 feet 6 inches, with suitable pitch for the guaranteed speed. A donkey boiler in one corner of the engine room runs a Baird condensing apparatus that is capable of making 500 gallons of fresh water daily. The engines are supplied with steam from two cylindrical steel boilers 13 feet in diameter and 11 feet long. In them there are 120 feet of grate surface, and 3,200 feet of fire surface. The shells of the boilers are seven-eighths of an inch thick. The interior arrangements are very complete. The woodwork in the ladies' cabin is of mahogany, in the main saloon of English oak, and in Mr. Bennett's private apartments of cherry. In the main saloon is a richly-carved mantel and fireplace. All of the apartments are richly frescoed. In one the ceiling represents a body of pale-blue water, in which many specimens of the funny tribe are seen. The walls are covered with cretone, with tile wainscoting. The officers' room and the apartments for the men are handsomely fitted up. Mr. Bennett's room is in rich Oriental style, with a carved bedstead and ceiling-piece over it costing over \$1,000; exquisite bookcases, escritoires, and a bewitching mass of beautiful decorations. Mr. Bennett's bath is beneath the floor of his room. Under the sky-lights will be placed silk curtains to mellow the light admitted to the saloons, and decorations will be so artistically distributed as to make the yacht below-decks look like an elin's bower. Every room is fitted with electric belts. Among the noted features in the *Namouna* is the fact that in every part of the vessel the fresh water used for drinking, washing or bathing is supplied to the various receptacles by a pressure engine, which is controlled so that when the pressure exceeds five pounds an automatic valve is lifted and the water flows back into the tanks, which together hold about twenty-five tons of water. The lower holds are ventilated by means of hot-air draught pipes connected with the kitchen funnels, thus insuring a perfectly ventilated vessel down to the keel and keelsons. Every particle of waste water from the kitchen-sinks, wash-bowls and bath-tubs flows into a special tight tank and is pumped overboard. She has about twenty-five tons of ice capacity in the lower hold. Light and ventilation are secured by means of over a hundred air-ports in the base of each of the companion and skylight hatches. In fact, nothing that skill, art or science could suggest has been left undone to make the *Namouna* a perfect steam-yacht. Her speed is set down as full fourteen knots an hour on a consumption of about a ton of coal per hour. She has the appearance of an excellent and easy sea-boat. The cost of the vessel is placed at \$200,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Irish detective force is to be reorganized. DAVITT goes to the United States shortly on a collecting tour.

THE Khedive appears to be practically master of the situation.

MR. TRAVELMAN has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE *Jeannette* survivors have left Cronstadt en route for England.

MR. FORSTER has received letters from Fenians threatening his life.

ENGLISH and French ironclads are to be despatched to Egypt immediately.

LORELLARD'S *Mistake* won the Newmarket Spring Handicap yesterday.

Eighty thousand coolies are at Hong Kong awaiting transport to America.

MANY Europeans are leaving Cairo in view of approaching trouble in the country.

THE Eastern Section Sale Bill has passed the Legislative Council by a small majority.

SEVERAL additional arrests have been made in connection with the Phoenix Park tragedy.

A CONVENTION between Turkey and Russia relative to the war indemnity, has been signed.

THE Spanish Senate has passed the measure providing for a commercial treaty with France.

PARSKILL, Davitt and O'Kelly have gone to Paris to consult with Egau on the position of the League.

THE Egyptian notables have refused to assemble, and Arabi Bey thereupon declares that civil war will ensue.

AN impression prevails in Cork that Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered by agents of O'Donovan Rossa.