

from a London letter  
ative Scotch sheet  
Evening Courant.  
n of this will give a  
ern's powers than any  
Heroltie.

en a prominent theme  
erious manipulations  
ern the other night,  
leinen have increased  
y house of Sir Michael  
evening assembled  
loyds; Mr. Wallace  
United Service Club;  
Carleton Club; Mr.  
Mr. Charles Mat-  
Rev. Charles Eaton,  
er Simpson, of the  
In the presence of  
Mr. Sothern exhibited  
which, to any but an  
sidered simply incre-  
the feats, were per-  
material agency, re-  
ery, the celebrated  
nlighten those pre-  
ks—for I refuse to  
—may be worth re-  
table stood in the  
He requested the  
e way, seven appears  
ber—to go into the  
d guarantee that he  
too heavy for their  
ey did as they were  
returned they moved  
greatest effort of the  
e fact that it was  
men's strength ap-  
Sothern. The next  
if they desired the  
art of the room. It  
avy instrument. A  
nd the piano began  
to the 'Mabel Walz,'  
r other upon its own  
similar nature were  
disappeared for a  
eared in his night-  
aid he, 'I will give  
if any of you will  
or the next room,  
the lights, I will  
indow, and while I  
d a little and then  
ou will please to de-  
to try, the test, not  
on the part of Sir  
ocle, who feared for  
Sothern gently bent  
floated out of a four-  
ghts had been turned  
rned up again in time

to see him entering, feet first, the window  
of the next room. Of course the thing was  
a trick. It has been done by Hume, though  
not in the full glare of gaslight. He never  
touched the window as he entered. As he  
came in full view, the gaslight gradually  
died away, and the company was left in total  
darkness."

The reading of the above made the com-  
pany nervous evidently. As soon as Harry  
Wall had ceased, each man excused himself  
and left the room:

#### THE DYING ACTRESS.

The following letter to the editor explains  
itself:

"DEAR SIR:—I understand that  
you are soon to issue a book  
of anecdotes and incidents about  
E. A. Sothern, the actor. Permit me to add  
one which will not detract from the fame of  
the great actor, but rather add fresh laurels  
to his crown. In looking over the morning  
papers some time since, my attention was  
attracted by a notice in one of them, calling  
for aid in behalf of a 'poor actress, sick and  
in need.' I determined to call in person,  
and see if the story was true, and did so.  
She lived in a tenement in one of our  
crowded streets. Upon entering the house  
I noticed a handsome carriage in front of  
the door, from which a man was taking an  
armful of variously sized bundles. These he  
carried upstairs, and I said to myself, some  
good angel has surely responded to this cry  
for aid. Climbing up the rickety steps and  
entering the musty apartment, everything  
was found that could exhibit poverty of the  
worst kind. Prone upon a rude bed was the  
sufferer, a pale, haggard woman whose fea-  
tures were pinched by hunger. Standing  
near her and in the act of raising her head  
to offer a glass of wine, was a tall, elegant  
looking man, in whose blue eyes one could  
read a world of sweet charities. He laid  
her back upon her pillow as tenderly as a  
woman could have done, and finished the  
story he had evidently been reading to her.  
Then, after taking the parcels from the  
man, and placing them within the invalid's  
reach, he put a slip of paper in her hand  
and wished her good-bye, saying, as he closed  
the door, 'I will send you a nurse as  
soon as possible.'

"I advanced towards the sick woman,  
who had unfolded the little slip of paper and  
was wiping the tears from her eyes, and  
said, 'You seem to have a kind friend.'

"A kind friend! oh, more; a good an-  
gel. And who would think, to see him in  
Lord Dundreary, that such a heart was con-  
cealed beneath that exterior?"

"Why, you don't say that is the man I

have laughed myself sick over in Dundreary  
and Brother Sam.'

"Yes, that is Mr. Sothern, the actor,  
and a kinder, truer friend, in sunshine or in  
sorrow, does not exist. See this cheque for  
\$50, and all these things which he has  
brought me; and I am only one out of  
many others who share his charities, and of  
whom the world knows naught.'

"Can a sermon say more?"

"MRS. G. W. M."

#### THE LATE GEORGE HOLLAND.

Mr. Sothern one day, while recalling some  
of his early associations with the old actors,  
turned to a worn and faded manuscript of  
Mr. George Holland, in which are detailed  
the following interesting reminiscences of  
that dead actor's school days. They have  
never before been published. By permis-  
sion of Mr. Sothern it is reproduced here.  
It says:

"About the year 1806 I used to attend  
school at Berhampstead, Hertfordshire, then  
conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dupree.

"The doctor was celebrated for his whip-  
ping propensities, and derived great pleasure  
in hearing his victim yell, during the opera-  
tion. He was more lenient to one who did  
so lustily. But his mode of punishment was  
peculiar. He would pace the floor, deliver-  
ing a salutary lecture upon the offence com-  
mitted, and, every time he passed the delin-  
quent, he administered a sharp blow, to  
make his language more impressive. Hol-  
land received his first and only punishment  
in the following manner, which he thus re-  
lates:

"One evening, just prior to bedtime, the  
outdoor fog was dispatched through a secret  
hole in the fence, to the tavern, for fried  
sausages, and I was deputed to wait in the  
yard, having previously asked leave of ab-  
sence from one of the teachers, to receive  
and convey them to our bedroom. Just on  
the stroke of nine the boy returned, carry-  
ing the sausages, smoking hot, in a platter  
covered with a clean, white napkin, handed  
them to me, and rushed into the school-room.  
I was slowly following, when the door was  
shut and bolted in my face. I listened a  
moment, and then heard the doctor calling  
the roll. Feeling secure from punishment in  
the knowledge that I had leave of absence  
from the teacher, my only anxiety was to  
smuggle in the sausages. A happy idea  
struck me. I rolled the napkin tightly  
around both platter and sausages, slipped  
them under my jacket up my back, knocked  
boldly at the door, was admitted, and took  
my seat at one of the writing-desks. In a  
few moments I became very uneasy; I felt  
hot gravy running down my back, and