immediately contiguous province of Ajlun, from the Beni-Sakhr, and recovered arrears of taxes from the most refractory of the local Arab sheikhs. These incidents, coupled with the facts that Mr. Oliphant was able to traverse almost the whole district of Gilead without paying a farthing of blackmail, and that a Protestant farmer was already settled in security in the wildest part of the country—making a large income out of land for which he had never paid, and for which he held no title—seem to afford abundant evidence that the Arabs are becoming reduced to order, and that the Turkish Government could, if it chose, protect any settlers who should come to colonize the country under its auspices.

But will the Porte lend its countenance to a scheme of Hebrew colonization in Palestine? That is, of course, the final inquiry, for which the discussions and researches recorded in this volume have laid a solid basis, and to which Mr. Oliphant sought an answer at Constantinople, after concluding his investigations in Palestine. He laid his project before Khaireddin Pasha, at the time Grand Vizier, and there is little doubt that had that enlightened and patriotic statesman been able to maintain himself in power it would have received the sanction of the Porte. Mr. Oliphant explained that the proposed colony was in no sense a scheme of disguised annexation, conceived in the interest of a Western power. He showed that, on the contrary, its successful establishment would signally benefit the Ottoman Government by increasing its revenues, by adding to the number of its industrious and law-abiding subjects, by forming a nucleus of production and prosperity on a desolate and exposed frontier, and by permanently occupying a strategic point of great importance, commanding as it does the high road between Syria and Egypt. He added that nothing more would be requested of the Sultan by the company which might undertake the work of colonization than such a concession of unoccupied crown lands as had repeatedly been granted, and such guarantees of order and partial self-government as had already, with satisfactory results, been assured to the inhabitants of the Lebanon. Khaireddin Pasha, it appears, perceived at once the merits of an experiment that might be made susceptible of further application if its success should be proved on a small scale, and might afford at once a pretext and a model for the decentralizing process, which alone can remedy the abuses of existing Ottoman rule. With the fall, however, of that statesman, the reform element in Turkish politics was again eclipsed, and the worst exponents of bureaucratic corruption became predominant in the council and the palace. To such men the faintest suggestion of decentralization and local autonomy meant the thin edge of a wedge aimed at the root of their system of bribery, favoritism, and embezzlement. From them, accordingly, Mr. Oliphant, although his plan had received the unofficial approval of the English and French Governments, had nothing to expect, and after some months wasted in a fruitless attempt to obtain some definite concession, he returned to England.

It should be borne in mind, however, that in this preliminary stage of negotiation with the Turkish Government the author of this volume was alone and comparatively unaided. So far from being discouraged, his late experience, he tells us, more than ever convinces him that the scheme is, in all respects, practicable. It is only necessary, he thinks, for the English people to take it up, supported by their Government, in order to overcome the resistance which the author encountered at Constantinople, and which seems to have been due to an altogether exceptional combination of adverse influences. Mr. Oliphant considers it impossible, under any circumstances, that "the region which comprises within its limits the luxuriant pasture lands of Jaulan, the magnificent forest-clad mountains of Ajlun, the rich arable plains of Moab, and the fervid sub-tropical valleys of the Jordan can remain much longer neglected. Whether," he concludes, "we regard it from an archæological, a commercial, or a political point of view, this territory possesses an interest and importance unrivalled by any tract of country of similar extent in Asiatic Turkey." It will be observed that here, as throughout his book, the author, with an austere continence, refrains from urging any of the considerations which appeal to the religious feelings and imaginative sympathies of his readers. He could indeed safely trust his theme to suggest those considerations, to touch those springs of patriotic or generous emotion, which are the great motors of mankind. No man can ponder without a thrill a project whose large scope contemplates nothing less than the vindication for the House of Israel of its birthright among the nations. We do not wonder that Mr. Oliphant's plan of colonization in the land westward of the Jordan has been hailed by many Israelites with something like enthusiasm. Here, at last, the disinherited nation discerns something more substantial than a dream. Here they have assurance that for the hardship and heartache, from which too many of their race in Russia and Galicia still suffer, there are solace and balm in Gilead—that for the outcasts of Roumania there is a home in the broad heritage which Joshua allotted more than 3,000 years ago unto Reuben, and unto Gad, and unto the half tribe of Manasseh.

M. W. H.

A New Life of Wordsworth.

The latest edition of the series of "English Men of Letters," now publishing by the Harpers, is a monograph on *Wordsworth* by F. W. H. Myers. We avoid using the term "memoir," because this book, like most of its companion volumes, has a twofold aim, purporting to offer a critical estimate of the poet, as well as a succinct biography of the man. As regards the incidents of Wordsworth's life, no attempt is here made to supersede the comprehensive narrative prepared by the poet's nephew, the present Bishop of Lincoln. Some supplementary details, however, have been obtained by Mr. Myers from oral tradition, and certain curious or suggestive facts are more sharply accentuated in his brief sketch than in the more voluminous recital. In respect of criticism, the compiler of this volume may be said to assume the attitude rather of a reverend interpreter than of a cool, impartial arbiter. Indeed, the devout, unquestioning tone of hero worship which pervades the book sounds like an anachronism, and recalls the state of public opinion between 1830 and 1840, when Wordsworth passed, almost at a bound, from the apostle of a clique into the most illustrious man of letters in England. On the silly gibes and strictures of which the poet had been made the target at an earlier date, Mr. Myers dwells at some length, and of course finds it easy to castigate the purblind watchmen who were at that time posted on the critical Zion. He gives little heed, however, to the weighty objections which have since been raised, not only to Wordsworth's philosophical, political, and social opinions, but to his theories of the essential nature and right methods of poetry. The reader, for instance, would scarcely guess from Mr. Myers's discussion of the topic that Wordsworth's notion of poetic diction is diametrically opposed to the artistic principles which Shelley and Swinburne have exemplified, and of which Matthew Arnold has made himself the dialectical, though not the practical, expounder.

Few men who have reached so ripe an age—Wordsworth was in his 81st year when he died—and who have compassed in their lifetime so large a fame, have passed so sequestered and uneventful an existence. Some of Wordsworth's traits, however, well fitted him for active intercourse with mankind, and it seems to have been rather accident than choice which at first directed him toward a recluse life. Certain facts brought out with due emphasis by the present biographer indicate that the poet's instincts and youthful aspirations by no means impelled him to privacy and meditation. At Cambridge he was anything but a bookworm, and it is noted that he was probably the first English undergraduate who devoted a summer's vacation to a walking tour in Switzerland. After taking his B. A. degree, at the age of 21, his inclinations pointed rather to an active than a studious vocation. He did not feel himself, to cite his own words, "good enough for the Church," and he also shrank from the law. Military history, however, he had studied with great interest, and he always fancied that he had talents for command; and there is little doubt that if, at this time (1791), he could have procured a commission, he would have entered the army. It now seems to us almost inconceivable that the author of "The Excursion" might have been merged in a captain of dragoons; but to those who had been familiar with Wordsworth's childhood, there would have been nothing surprising in the phenomenon. His mother used to say that "the only one of her five children about whose future life" she was "anxious was William, who would be remarkable," she added, "either for good or for evil." He had, it seems, a stiff, moody, and violent temper, so much so that on one occasion, when some indignity had been put on him, he went up into the attic of his grandfather's house with the intention of destroying himself with one of the foils he knew were kept there.

We come to another turning point in Wordsworth's career during his residence in France in 1792. Nothing but the abrupt suspension of a stipend allowed him by a relative would seemingly have hindered him from publicly casting in his lot with the French Republicans, and seeking, like Tom Paine and Anacharsis Clootz, admission to the National Assembly. He has himself described the feeling with which he regarded the massacres of September, 1792, and his own agitation and dismay at the sight of such world-wide destinies swayed by hands, for the most part, incompetent. He was, he tells us, on the point of putting himself forward as a leader of the Girondist party, in the conviction that his single-heartedness of aim would make him, in spite of foreign birth and imperfect speech, a point round which the confused instincts of the multitude might not impossibly rally. It is by no means inconceivable that Wordsworth might have played a considerable rôle in the Convention, but he would certainly have recoiled from the red-handed measures demanded by the Jacobins, and such a course of action would have conducted him to the guillotine with his Girondist friends in May, 1793.

In his literary career Wordsworth was to find ample employment for that reasoned self-confidence and deliberate boldness which are most frequently exhibited in political or military life. No writer, probably, who has afterward achieved a reputation at all commensurate with his has been so long represented by reviewers as purely ridiculous. At least thirty years elapsed after the publication of his first volume, and his best work had long been done, before he began to be treated with adequate respect. There is no doubt that this first volume contained some trivial, not to say silly, poems, as, for instance, "The Idiot Boy," of which Byron said the reader would be apt to think the bard the hero of his story. Even "The Excursion" Byron characterized as a "drowsy, frowsy poem," and Jeffrey's well-known dictum, "This will never do," was by no means an extreme specimen of the current verdict pronounced upon that work. Mr. Myers thinks that in Wordsworth's manner of receiving the violent detraction which formed so large an ingredient in his life we may discover all the strength, and something of the stiffness, which his mother had perceived in her boy's nature. The biographer, however, does not recognize an ideal perfection in the poet's attitude under the shafts of unmerited obloquy. It is true that Wordsworth never alludes to Byron at all, and he seems never to have read Shelley's lampoon, while to all the violent attacks of the Scotch and English Reviews he opposed a dignified silence. But while Wordsworth could wholly forgive, and almost wholly forget, he did not take the further step of accepting such serviceable hints as almost any critic, however harsh or reckless, can afford. On the contrary, the perversity and persistency of the assaults upon him produced a recoil which aggravated the native stubbornness of his character, and led him to treat everything which he had once written down as if it were a special revelation. To the last he insisted on reprinting such trifling pieces as "The Idiot Boy" within the same cover as the remarkable "Lines Written About Tintern Abbey," which have become, so to speak, a consecrated formulary of the Wordsworthian faith. Mr. Myers suggests that a sense of humor is apt to be the first grace which is lost under persecution, and that much of the heaviness and stiff exposition of commonplaces, conspicuous in Wordsworth's later work, may be traced to a feeling that "all day long he had lifted up his voice to a perverse and gainsaying generation."

Amateur verse makers may do well to note that while it cannot be said that any of Wordsworth's poems were written with a specific view to pecuniary profit, yet none, at all events, were published except from a hope of earning money. The poet was poor, and no silly vanity withheld him from confessing that he would have liked to augment his narrow income by his writings. He was sensible to the pecuniary loss inflicted on him by adverse criticisms, for he felt that the laborer was worthy of his hire. He referred with regret, in 1820, to the fact that the whole of his returns from the writing trade pursued for twenty-two years had not amounted to $600. On another occasion he declared that he should never have ventured to send forth any verses to the world if it had not been done on the pressure of personal occasions. Had he been a rich man all his productions would probably have been confined to manuscript, as was the case with those writings which he himself deemed the best and most original of all. It is well known that "The Prelude" was not printed until after the poet's death, while one book of the first division of "The Recluse" (whose second division we have in "The Excursion") is yet unpublished.

Mr. Myers perhaps almost too reverently, we think, for discriminative and suggestive criticism, the curious Pantheism into which Wordsworth was drawn by his profound and subtle sympathy with nature. In the poet's mystical nature worship he recognizes, however, a primeval instinct, the modified outcome of those impulses which prompted our forefathers to people earth and air with deities, or to vivify the whole universe with a single soul. It is to the workings of the mind of the child that this philosophic apostle who wishes to prove that science is not his religion, and that our recognition, for example, of geometrical truths depends on our having been actually familiar with them in an earlier world. The biographer points out that Wordsworth never wearies of commenting on the text, "Except ye become as little children," and of striving through the recollection and observation of early childhood to trace our spiritual ancestry. From the halo of pure and vivid emotions with which our childish years are surrounded, and the close connection of this emotion with external nature, which it vivifies and transfigures, Wordsworth infers that the soul has enjoyed elsewhere an existence superior to that of earth, but an existence of which external nature retains for a time the power of reminding her. Not content with merely recording and analyzing childish impressions, he implies, or even asserts, that these intuitions of childhood are right—that the child's view of the world reveals to him truths which the man with difficulty retains or recovers. Of course this is Pantheism, supplemented with the Buddhist deduction of a transmigration of souls, and those who turn from Wordsworth's sonnets and the musings ascribed to Gautama in the "Light of Asia" will be struck by the identity of thought.

Demonology and Devil Lore.

The student of comparative religion, comprehending, under that term, every form of worship from the grossest fetishism to the most austere monotheism, must have often wished that the Protean forms assigned to the principle of evil might be made the subject of specific and exhaustive study. Between the succinct generalizations on this theme, formulated in Spencer's "Principles of Sociology," and the vast mass of data compiled for the same author in the so-called "Descriptive Sociology," some intermediate treatise has seemed requisite which, while classifying and defining with scientific precision the phenomena of superstition, should interpret and illumine the more striking types by a distinctly literary and pictorial treatment. Just such a task has been undertaken by Mr. M. D. CONWAY in a work entitled *Demonology and Devil Lore*, of which a new and revised edition is published by H. Holt & Co. Mr. Conway has here produced a "natural history of the devil" which, for range of research, ingenuity of elucidation, and attractiveness of exposition, may be heartily commended to the special investigator and the reader. It may be opened anywhere with the certainty that the eye will light on something curious or suggestive, while those who give these volumes the close examination they deserve will be impressed by the grasp with which a great variety of matter has been handled, and all the intricacies and divergencies of a capacious theme pursued in strict accordance with the principles of orderly consecutive development. After discussing in a preliminary section such fundamental questions as the origin of deism, the dawn of dualism, the genesis of demons, and the causes leading to the degradation of deities into devils, Mr. Conway specifies the physical obstructions encountered by man in his progressive adaptation to his surroundings. These obstacles are classified under such generic categories as hunger, heat, cold, darkness, disease, and death, and a chapter is devoted to the numerous forms which each obstruction has assumed in the imaginings of men at different epochs and among different races. Subsequently the author investigates the decline of demons, their shrinkage into myths and folk-lore, their relapse into forces of nature, either through the increase of knowledge and quickening of the power of exact observation as with the Greek philosophers, or through the advent of a purer, simpler religious system, as in the case of Confucianism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, the later Judaism taught after the return from Babylonia, Christianity, and Islam. Of a special interest are certain chapters in the second volume—such, for instance, as those entitled "Witchcraft" and the "Curse on Knowledge," which trace the process by which outworn phantoms that once stood for physical obstructions now surmounted have been turned to account by the sacerdotal class, and made to do duty as promoters of technical wrongs, and artificial evils regarded as prejudicial to the interests of a priesthood. The process of transformation is often obscure, but Mr. Conway illustrates the not unfrequent outcome by reminding us how a simple word for misbeliever—"miscreant"—has come, under sacerdotal influence, to be the designation of a criminal.

This book may be said to have a polemic as well as a philosophic purpose. It is because there are not a few survivals even in enlightened countries of the old artificial spectres, of the hideous delusions which once lay like an incubus on the soul of man, that the author has thought it worth while to prosecute the labors whose results are recorded in this volume. He is careful to distinguish the pitiful spectres conjured into being by our own times. Mr. Conway places the dread of science too often exhibited by the Protestant as well as the Catholic priesthood, and the general tendency evinced by the sacerdotal class to describe intellect as a "snare." He reminds us that in Van Lerden's picture of Satan tempting Christ, the fiend is represented in the garb of a university man of the time. From his head falls a steamer, which coils on the ground to a serpent. From that serpent to the skeptical scholar with his pestilent demand for a miracle, Mr. Conway thinks the process of evolution may easily be traced. He recalls, also, how the Bishop of St. Asaph during the Shakespeare tercentenary festival at Stratford-on-Avon, declared that there is not a word in the Bible warranting homage to intellect. Now, as a matter of fact, the homage paid to Solomon was certainly not rendered on account of his moral character. The author suggests that if the bishop, whose hostility to graves of the most intellectual Englishman was, in itself, a survival, for which Christians rather than Hebrews are responsible, of the curse alleged to have been hurled by a jealous Jehovah on man's first effort to obtain knowledge. Referring to the traces of belief in witchcraft found in our own day, the writer says that he remembers the terrible persecutions to which, in a small Virginian village, scarcely more than thirty years ago, an old white woman was subjected because of her reputation as a witch. So intolerable were her sufferings that one morning she crept into the Rappahannock, River and drowned herself. We hardly need to add that the poor creature's suicide was commonly interpreted as a confession, in accordance with the dictum of Daniel Webster.

Shakespeare's Mind and Art.

Under the above title the Harpers have published in its complete and original form Dr. EDWARD DOWDEN's critical study of Shakespeare, whose main conclusions were briefly set forth in a Shakespeare primer from the same hand, issued by the Appletons. In a notice of that handbook we indicated some of the author's attempts to trace in his works the widening and deepening of Shakespeare's mind and the gradual perfecting of his artistic methods. The principles of criticism adopted by Mr. Dowden in these researches, which have placed him in the front rank of Shakespearean scholars, are summed up by himself in a couple of sentences. He begins by accepting the dictum of Matthew Arnold, that all works of art are to be first tried by their art qualities, to wit, their image-forming power and their dramatic, pictorial, plot-constructing, euphonious, and other talents. But he asserts further, that whenever claiming to be first-class works they must be tried by a second standard, after the first test concerning technical perfection has been successfully met. They are next, in other words, to be "strictly and sternly tried by their foundation in and radiation (in the highest sense and always indirectly) of the ethical principles and by their eligibility to free, arouse, dilate." As regards Shakespeare's radiation through art of the ultimate truths of conscience and of conduct, Mr. Dowden finds an admirable exposition of his own views in a sentence by Emerson: "A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain and think from thence, but not into Shakespeare's. We are still out of doors." In connection with this culminating thought of Mr. Dowden's, we may note one or two points in the parallel which the author draws between Bacon and Shakespeare, and which should suffice to refute from internal evidence the grotesque theory of Bacon's authorship of the plays. We are reminded that while Bacon's sense of the presence of physical law in the universe was for his time extraordinarily developed, he seems practically to have acted upon the theory that the moral laws of the world are not inexorable, but rather by tactics and dexterity may be cleverly evaded. Their supremacy, on the other hand, was acknowledged by Shakespeare in the minutest as well as in the greatest concerns of human life. Again, Bacon's superb intellect was neither disturbed nor impelled by the promptings of his heart. Of perfect friendship or of perfect love he is pronounced incapable, whereas Shakespeare, according to our author, "yielded the utmost being to boundless and measureless devotion, reaching to the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination, and thought."

It seems to us that the weakest part of Mr. Dowden's book is his discussion of the English historical plays. He is not content with affirming that each of the prominent historical personages depicted by the dramatist was a distinct symmetrical conception in the poet's mind. He constantly evinces a disposition to search for Shakespeare's portraits a minute fidelity to the facts of history, instead of for those which, it seems to us, they in some instances have historical warrant. We may dismiss the case of King John, because, although Prof. Stubbs's estimate of that monarch differs considerably from Shakespeare's, materials are lacking for the formation of a decided opinion. Perhaps in Richard II. Shakespeare comes nearest to a correct intuition of a problematic character whose complex nature has been patiently unravelled by authentic history. That Shakespeare's sketch of Henry V. has been misconceived and idealized out of all psychological resemblance to the real character of the man is no longer open to dispute. Neither is it doubtful that the poet has altogether underrated Edward IV., seeing nothing but the surface traits of one who is now recognized as having been the most profound and subtle politician of his day. It was not the accident of birth, but the possession of superior intellect, that gave the Duke of York that which caused Gloster to remain eclipsed during his brother's lifetime. That Shakespeare took the traditional view of Richard III., and entirely failed to notice the large political and social ameliorations by which the usurper secured popularity and the condonation of his crimes is also undeniable. We think Mr. Dowden would regret more than any of his readers that the poet did not do better to acknowledge Shakespeare's divergence from the truths of history, as to which full information was not accessible in his day. The reader's attention would thus have been concentrated on the skill with which the poet's historically defective but artistically rounded conception is worked out. We regret also that the author, in his study of these plays, has passed over the interesting questions raised by Shakespeare's apparent want of sympathy with the mass of the English people, whose social miseries gave rise to violent upheavals during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The attitude of Shakespeare toward those agrarian movements and class enmities ought not to be overlooked in any attempt to measure his intellectual and ethical horizon.

SOME NOTES OF SOTHERN, THE ACTOR.

Sothern's real name was Sothern. He was of a highly respectable mercantile family in Liverpool, and in going on the stage took the name of Dugald Stuart, under which he came to this country, and played under the management of Barnum at the old Museum, and of the elder Wallack and Stuart at Wallack's, corner of Broome and Broadway, and Laura Keene at Laura Keene's Varieties, afterward the Olympic. He came out with a cage of monkeys imported by Barnum, and on the passage he is said to have caught many of the cunning qualities of these wonderfully mimetic animals, who in many of their attributes resemble the actor. He did not succeed, however, at first at Boston, nor here for some time, though his tasty mufti and gentlemanly presence always made him acceptable. His first success was as *Armand*, which he played to the *Camille* of Matilda Heron at the opening of her brief meteoric career. No one who had seen Fechter in the rôle could think of it as a good performance. But he looked the gentleman, played it as a gentleman, and he could not help catching some inspiration from his surroundings.

But he never was an artist. He was never regarded as such by any first-class critic or artist. Such artists as Fechter and Boucicault when questioned about his performances always answered with a quiet smile of contempt. He was simply a mimetic animal—a very amusing one. And the enjoyment he evoked was received the same as that created by a cunning monkey. He was full of pranks and kept everything alive at Wallack's and Laura Keene's before he ascended to the starry firmament. He frequently exhibited his talent for mimicry in the most amusing forms. On one occasion he was playing with James Anderson, the Macredian tragedian, at old Wallack's, in a piece styled "Clouds and Moonshine," or something equally appropriate, and, being left in the action of the piece alone with him on the stage, with the most charming audacity imitated him to the life in voice and manner, being verily his echo, and then with the same stilted stride marched across the stage. The audience were overjoyed. Anderson furious. Sothern escaped to his dressing room. In those days, when good old Harry Isherwood, for a confederate, he practised Spiritualism and affected to have the gift of magnetism. Some of the loveliest girls in New York were among his subjects. Mrs. John Wood and Agnes Boucicault being favorite and most fervent disciples. He was in the habit of getting his wife and Mrs. Boucicault to walk down Broadway, and when they met him with one of his victims, to train them on the signal of a few passings of the hand to stand suddenly motionless. Sometimes, on coming to, they would ask what matter was, and on their saying they could not move, relieved them with a few passes and walked on in triumph. One evening at a reception of the Boucicaults in London for the conversion of Sir Julius Benedict and Canon Teesdale, of Christ Church, Dublin, who had recently become Catholics, he hypnotized Mrs. Boucicault and Mrs. Edmund Yates to affect being in the mesmeric state, and under its influence dance the can-can and go through a variety of vagaries. Isherwood, like the disciples of all other impostures, believed in the foolery, and was occupied usually a great part of his life in exchanging messages with the spirits of Shakespeare, Bacon, Tom Hamblin, Helen Jewett, and like illustrious creatures of every class. On one occasion Isherwood, after a serious domestic calamity, came into Wallack's private room, and said: "Governor, you will be glad to hear that I have had a most beautiful letter from Johnson. It is a great consolation." "I am very glad, Harry," said Wallack, with one of his sweet, kindly smiles. "I did not think, to say the truth, that Johnston timagining a member of his company of that name was referred to." "Johnson, of Stratford-on-Avon, of course, sir." "Oh, I don't mean Tom Johnston," said Harry, "twas from Ben Johnson." Isherwood accompanied Sothern to Halifax, where he built a small theatre, during the two summers in which he played there with a portion of the Wallack company and played *Hamlet* and the two Shylocks, Sothern's *Macbeth* and *Othello* with unusual effect. Before leaving for Halifax on the first of these visits, Sothern, remembering that that great artist and most genial gentleman, the late William R. Blake, was a native of Halifax, went down to his dressing room, where he found Blake seated before the glass, with the usual embellishing auxiliries and his favorite companion, a glass of gin punch, before him. "Blake," said Sothern, "I am going to Halifax, and as you came from that place, I thought I would ask if I could be of use to you." "I did," said Blake, assuming the same awed tone which he used on state occasions, and speaking in the measured melancholy of a funeral bell, "and it was kind of you to think of this. My family are well known there. You will find they were much honored there. My father was buried there by moonlight, with the 119th Regiment of Blenkcker street. (Much affected.) I should like to unite their ashes. I would ask you, Sothern, to bring on—but it is perhaps too much to bring on—oh, no, it is too much; but I tell you what, my boy, there is some capital pickled mackerel in Halifax; bring me a barrel of them." (Exit Blake.)

On nearly every one with whom he was at all intimate Sothern would attempt a practical joke. On his manager, Stuart, at whose and Boucicault's house he was a constant visitor, he essayed several, for which he once or twice made payment with interest. On his first visit to Halifax, which was afflicted with a Low Church miasma, he encountered a fierce opposition from the clergy. Anxious on his second visit to be fortified with some defence, he applied to Stuart, who furnished him with a number of strong extracts from the sermons of Jeremy Taylor, Sterne, and Blair, all of which with due references were invented. When Sothern reached Halifax, as he expected, the drum ecclesiastical was beaten. He answered proudly with a defiant blast from the dramatic bugle, unloading all his authorities. To his horror he found them the next day announced as very rosy fictions. He telegraphed on to New York again and again for explanation in vain. To this day he is regarded in Halifax as an impostor.

The story of the "American Cousin" has not been correctly told. The piece was sent over to this country by Mr. Tom Taylor, to the care of Bancroft Davis, then Correspondent of the *London Times*, and disposed of by him to Stuart, with the proviso that he should continue as manager, the following season for $1,500. On Mr. Wallack, however, resuming management, it was sold to Miss Keene for $800, with an additional $300 under certain results, and the American Cousin was originally a Kentucky backwoodsman, and was altered into a Yankee to suit Jefferson. Sothern never declined the rôle of *Dundreary*. He had seen Lester Wallack play a similar part in Boucicault's comedy of "Love and Money," and was always eager for such a part. Lester Wallack, to whom him has celebrated purple coat, and Boucicault something of the business to start with. Still he created *Dundreary*. Much of the fun derived its charm from its being propelled by an instinctive propensity—the innate love of having it like Virgil's bees. A spirit of genuine fun, even intellectual fun, ran through it. Still he could never make that impression on the feelings which Lester Wallack often does in parts from which comedy is not banished; but emotion is suddenly wakened by blunt and unexpected appeals to the exhibition of spontaneous sensibility. No actor can know by general anticipation the moment at which, even in the most ludicrous comic part, a single inflection of the voice, the forcible enunciation of a word, or a slight change in the gesture or deportment will by a sudden appeal to the moral affections of life and effect to passages which would otherwise fall stillborn and senseless; nor could he, like Jefferson, who plays one part because it is profitable, but who never touched one that he did not adorn, so change the outer and inner man that a transmigration of souls would be a weak comparison. Sothern had some peculiarities in any other personation, and there was always a roundness that might be called—*Dundreary*.

When Sothern went to London he did not at first succeed. It took a rather lengthy operation to get in the joke. At last he became, and to the last continued, the rage. For a long time he continued to occupy a charming establishment at the "Cedars," at Kensington, afterward the residence of the celebrated Monsignor Capel, where he dispensed a sumptuous hospitality, and numbered among his constant guests and companions the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Anglesey, Marcus Hill, Clanricarde, Aylesford, and others of the fast, flash nable circle of which the Prince of Wales is light and star. Mr. Sothern, on the death of his first wife in the island of Jersey, where he was engaged in his profession, married Miss Frances Stewart, whose family were staying there for the summer. She was of what is termed a high family, being the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stewart, a dignitary of the Established Church, related to the Marquis of Waterford, and was a niece of the eminent Irish lawyer and Master in Chancery, Edward Litton, from whom, and not from Bulwer Lytton, as stated, her eldest son takes the name. At his death she had forsaking her home for love of Sothern she was the beau ideal of a young Irish lady—gay, gentle, bright, and beautiful. He soon forgot all this. The sacrifice through life has, as usual, been the woman's. When did any of the great painters place a man at the foot of the cross? It is thought that he did not die wealthy. He has recently sworn in England that he was not worth more than $50,000 all told, and it is to be feared he has left even this away from his family to a sister, Mrs. Cowan, the widow of a clergyman, with whom he has latterly lived, and who was the chief instigator to his separation from his family. The sentiment his death has inspired is very much that spoken by *Hamlet* over another jester's skull. He died comparatively early, but Sothern forestalled much of his manhood in youth, and reaped as long and great a harvest of fame as many a comedian who had lived far more years. The moral is that nature but gives us so much of life, and that the end is proportioned to the rate at which we spend it.

FORGER GRAY'S PRISON LUXURIES.

His Cell Transformed into a Parlor—In the Tombs Instead of in Sing Sing.

"Haven't you lost sight of William E. Gray, whose immense forgeries made so much noise in the world, a few years ago?" asked an official of the Court of General Sessions of a SUN reporter. "Yes? Well, I suppose that most persons have. There are a few persons that haven't, however, and they are very much interested in having everybody else forget him.

"Gray," the official continued, "is in the City Prison, and enjoys more privileges, probably, than any other prisoner ever confined there, excepting, possibly, Edward S. Stokes. He has been there, too, longer, I believe, than any other prisoner ever was after conviction and sentence. The records of the Court of Oyer and Terminer show that Gray was put on trial before Justice Barrett, on the 22d of May, 1879, under one of several indictments for forgery pending against him. The indictment that District Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps and Mr. Charles H. Winfield, the representative of the Attorney-General, chose to try him upon, set forth that he forged a certificate of indebtedness issued by the State of New York to provide for the payment of bounty to volunteer soldiers in the civil war from this State, for $10,000, and bearing interest at 7 per cent. The trial lasted for two days, and Gray was convicted of forgery in the first degree. Justice Barrett sentenced him to State prison for ten years, and he was taken back to his cell in the City Prison. Justice Donohue granted a writ of error and a stay of proceedings, pending an appeal to the General Term of the Supreme Court, on the 29th of May. But a decision of this court was not obtained until the 15th of May last. Notice of appeal was given, but, though the Court of Appeals has held several sessions, the appeal has not been put upon the calendar.

"All the while Gray has been comfortably lodged in the City Prison. His cell is well furnished, and he has many privileges. It is understood that he has been retained so long in the City Prison with a view to preparing the way for his release from any punishment for his offences through a pardon from the Governor. It is said that this pardon is now daily looked for. Of course, if the pardon is granted no announcement will be made of the fact that Gray has never spent a minute within the walls of State prison, and Gray and his rich and powerful friends can congratulate themselves upon the fact, and cite it as evidence that Gray was unjustly convicted. Absent from his rehabilitation of his reputation, Gray will then be able to return to England, where he sought an asylum after the discovery of his forgeries, and resume the career of splendid extravagance which made him the welcome companion of the Prince of Wales and his set, and which was interrupted only by his arrest and extradition to this country.

Wall street was startled some years ago by the discovery that bounty bonds of this State and other securities, which had been largely dealt in by leading houses, were clever forgeries. Gray, who is the only son of an ex-chaplain of the Houses of Representatives in Washington, now the pastor of a San Francisco church, was found to be implicated in these forgeries. His share of the profits is believed to have amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Before he could be arrested he fled to England. The injured brokers, hearing that he was living in fine style there, as the intimate companion of the Prince of Wales and the young noblemen who train with the Prince, who believed him to be a remarkably well bred young American of fine family connections and ample fortune, sent Detective Sampson of the Stock Exchange to arrest him under a warrant of extradition. Detective Sampson surprised Gray among his elegant associates, and, with the assistance of some English policemen, arrested him. But Gray gave Detective Sampson the slip, and the detective was obliged to return to this city without him.

In 1875 Detective, now Captain, Kealy went to England in pursuit of Gray. Many, who believed to be the failure of the extradition treaty to cover his own case, Gray attempted no concealment, and Detective Kealy arrested him. Gray secured counsel, and resisted the writ of extradition for months. The matter was a subject of diplomatic negotiations between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, and Gray was surrendered to Detective Kealy. He was brought to this city and lodged in the Tombs. He was not put on trial until May of the following year.

A reporter for THE SUN asked Warden Finn whether Gray had not been refused in the City Prison an unusually long time after sentence.

The Warden replied that Gray had, and that he could not remember any prisoner who had been kept there so long. Gray was admitted to the prison on the 14th of July, 1878. Mr. Finn added that he had, personally, no objection to Gray's remaining, for he was gentlemanly.

The turnkey of the second tier of cells in the prison was equally well pleased with Gray. He spoke of Gray as a model prisoner—the most polite of all the prisoners in the tier.

Gray's cell is the third one on the left of the stairway connecting the several tiers. He is the sole occupant. It was a pleasant sight, yesterday, to a person entering the prison from the dismal, slushy street. An oil lamp, covered with a shade of fringed silk, shed a mellow glow, and diffused a genial warmth. The fragrance of a large bouquet of flowers came pleasantly through the bars of the outer door. Upon the walls of the cell were hung so many pictures that its whitewashed surface was hidden. A warm-hued carpet was on the floor. Upon a projection of the wall were heaped many books. The iron pallet was piled high with mattresses, overlaid with a snowy quilt. The pillow was of down, in white silk slips, ornamented with knots of blue silk. Gray was neatly dressed in stylish black, with the exception of his coat, but he put this on before he approached the door to greet the reporter. He is a comparatively young man, of easy manners and pleasant address.

"I cannot rise in abeyance," he said, "and I would very much rather have nothing written about me just now."

A moment afterward he passed the reporter on his way to the room in which prisoners are allowed to confer with counsel. It is the pleasantest room in the prison, opening on the courtyard, which is a miniature, as it is adorned by the playing of a fountain and the fluttering of many pigeons. It contains a library. Gray wore a fashionable, silk-faced overcoat. It was thrown open, and a costly watch chain shone upon his vest. His hat was a low-crowned Derby of the latest style. In his hand he carried a bundle of illustrated newspapers.

"Gray is a little less well-conducted than he was, except at night," said an attendant in the Court of General Sessions, whose duty it is to take prisoners to and from the City Prison. "He seems to be in the counsel room most of the time, reading, smoking, or chatting with friends. He is visited often by women."

A gentleman who visits the City Prison daily on business said that he had been informed that Gray operates in stocks in Wall street through a friend who visits him, and that Gray has made a good deal of money since he was sentenced to State prison.

The Trade in Nuts.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

It would surprise many people not engaged in trade to know what a variety of commodities that appear valueless are important articles of commerce. To the average boy and girl there is scarcely anything of so little worth as nut shells, yet the nut shells of American nuts, sold by the bushels of thousands of dollars are annually invested in them.

During the recent years the trade in foreign and domestic nuts has developed wonderfully. New York city has become the most important centre of the trade, the extent of which indicates that from some peculiarities in any other personation, and there was always a roundness that might be called—*Dundreary*.

When Sothern went to London he did not at first succeed. It took a rather lengthy operation to get in the joke. At last he became, and to the last continued, the rage. For a long time he continued to occupy a charming establishment at the "Cedars," at Kensington, afterward the residence of the celebrated Monsignor Capel, where he dispensed a sumptuous hospitality, and numbered among his constant guests and companions the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Anglesey, Marcus Hill, Clanricarde, Aylesford, and others of the fast, flash nable circle of which the Prince of Wales is light and star. Mr. Sothern, on the death of his first wife in the island of Jersey, where he was engaged in his profession, married Miss Frances Stewart, whose family were staying there for the summer. She was of what is termed a high family, being the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stewart, a dignitary of the Established Church, related to the Marquis of Waterford, and was a niece of the eminent Irish lawyer and Master in Chancery, Edward Litton, from whom, and not from Bulwer Lytton, as stated, her eldest son takes the name. At his death she had forsaking her home for love of Sothern she was the beau ideal of a young Irish lady—gay, gentle, bright, and beautiful. He soon forgot all this. The sacrifice through life has, as usual, been the woman's. When did any of the great painters place a man at the foot of the cross? It is thought that he did not die wealthy. He has recently sworn in England that he was not worth more than $50,000 all told, and it is to be feared he has left even this away from his family to a sister, Mrs. Cowan, the widow of a clergyman, with whom he has latterly lived, and who was the chief instigator to his separation from his family. The sentiment his death has inspired is very much that spoken by *Hamlet* over another jester's skull. He died comparatively early, but Sothern forestalled much of his manhood in youth, and reaped as long and great a harvest of fame as many a comedian who had lived far more years. The moral is that nature but gives us so much of life, and that the end is proportioned to the rate at which we spend it.

been successfully raised in the States on the Pacific coast. The Brazil nuts are a kind of "linked grease, long drawn out"—a few of them go a long way. For cocoanuts the demand is steady and so immense that dealers feel safe in buying them by the hundred thousand. The process of desiccating them has widened their family use, and they are now a favorite ingredient of pies, cakes, and candies.

It is probable that with the extension of railroads the trade in nuts will increase, and it is not unlikely that in remote regions people now unemployed will go into the business of raising nuts for market.

Garfield on Special Providences.

From the Cincinnati Herald and Presbyter.

From all we had learned of Mr. Garfield we concluded that he would be quite as willing to see a minister as a politician. We asked of the Rev. Isaac Errett, D. D., editor of the *Christian Standard* of this city, a letter of introduction. We were introduced in terms which, from the standpoint of our own consciousness, were quite above our own estimate. Thus prepared, in company with Dr. Spining, who had also a letter by a member of his church, a favorite friend and pupil of Mr. Garfield, we started for Mentor. We stopped at the hotel for dinner. The landlord gave us a good meal. We inquired if Gen. Garfield was a regular churchgoer. "Oh, yes," he said, and added, "Last Sunday he had more people than could get into his sleighs, and so, instead of using them, he put the body of his farm wagon on a rough farm sled and piled it full, himself among the rest, and came to church." About 2 o'clock we reached Mr. Garfield's house.

After some questions and pleasant allusions by our host in regard to his friends by whom we had been introduced, we said: "This new departure in your life is, no doubt, quite unexpected?"

He replied: "Yes, indeed, nothing could have been more unexpected to me and to all. The Convention was in a deadlock. There was no light anywh