



BLOCK HOUSE AND PART OF OLD BARRACKS, FORT EDWARD, WINDSOR, N. S.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, May 9, 1891.

There has just died at Brighton, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, an actor who was world famous only a few years back, but now, alas, almost forgotten. It was in 1840 that Barry Sullivan first appeared, but it was not until fifteen years later, in 1855, that he first made a hit and became known in London. And then, instead of remaining in London and following up his hard earned and certainly well deserved popularity, he needs must go touring in America and the provinces, so that when he returned to town as the lessee of the old Ho'born Theatre in 1868, he found that he was comparatively unknown among the younger generation of playgoers, and that he was altogether out of touch with the dramatic feeling and demands of the time. But he was the idol of the provinces and of the colonies, where he played many parts and was universally admired. Barry Sullivan was decidedly an actor of the old school. He felt that although he had made money he had never received due recognition from the hands of the play-going public, and he was correspondingly jealous of those younger and perhaps cleverer men who had outstripped him in the race for dramatic honours—Irving, Beerbohm Tree and the rest.

Death has been unusually busy among our famous men this week. Dr. Magee was born at Cork in 1821, and was already seventy years of age when appointed, three months ago, by Lord Salisbury, to the Archbishopric of York, so that it could hardly have been expected that he would hold the post long—the work in connection with the diocese being exceedingly heavy. It was influenza that carried Dr. Magee off,—influenza of a particularly violent type is playing sad havoc, both in London and in the provinces. Indeed the list of eminent men who are down with it is quite alarming.

Mr. William Westall, a novelist, who is rapidly making a name for himself for imaginative work, has just published a new "shilling shocker," entitled, "Back to Africa" (*Ward and Downey*), which is almost sure to create a great sensation. It is a mere sketch, being somewhat shorter than the general run of novels of its class, telling the story

of a doctor who has lived for some years in Central Africa, where he has become so used to the shedding of blood (he has been appointed executioner in-chief to a large tribe, of cannibal propensities) that it has lost its horror for him. He escapes, however, and finds his way back to London, where he finds the craving for blood still so strong upon him that he cannot subdue it, and he commences a series of crimes in the East end of a type similar to the now historic Whitechapel murders. Written with a great deal more care and power than the ordinary shilling novel, Mr. Westall's work deserves to succeed, and I can recommend it to all lovers of one hour's sensational fiction.

Mr. F. C. Phillips, the novelist, has just been trying his hand, in collaboration with Mr. Percival Fendall, at play-making, and with no small measure of success. His farce, "Husband and Wife," was produced at a trial matinee at the Criterion last week, and went remarkably well. It has the merit of being very much up-to-date and opportune just now when the Clitheroe abduction case is in everyone's mouth. The play has also some novel situations and smart dialogue, and I hope will be seen before very long in the evening bill of some well known theatre.

The American edition of Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews* is now in full swing, and he consequently has had more time to improve the London edition. This month (May) it is better than ever. The character sketch is Pope Leo XIII., written from two points of view, by Mr. Stead himself, and one of the best known journalists in Rome, and one who is privileged to have constant access to the presence of the Holy Father. Mr. Stead has always been severely criticised for his leanings towards Rome, and this new article is sure to provoke an extraordinary amount of criticism and attention. The "book of the month" is Mr. William Morris's "News from Nowhere," of which Mr. Stead gives a very clever abstract. By the way the *Religious Review of Reviews* has been attacking Mr. Stead in a series of articles, entitled, "Christ or Anti-Christ? Is Mr. W. T. Stead a Representative of Christianity?" Apart from the right and wrong of the question, surely such an article comes with a very bad grace from a magazine which has borrowed (to use no harsher term) Mr. Stead's title and

idea, and even copied with great exactitude the general get up and appearance of the real *Review of Reviews*.

Mr. Cecil Raikes, the much abused and the much hated Postmaster-General, who, a month ago, was so very averse to giving the public any convenience, of any sort, seems to have entirely changed his front. He has allowed a new company, styling themselves the "Stamp Distribution Syndicate (limited)," to attach an automatic machine to each pillar box, in order to supply the public with a penny stamp when needed. But it is not only the stamp which one will get for a penny, for one will also get a small note book (which can be used for note paper) and an envelope. Of course every stamp will cost the company a penny, but they hope to get a return for their outlay by filling the pocket-book with advertisements.

"Ex Commissioner" Frank Smith, not content with severing his connection from the Salvation Army, has just started a paper which is run more or less in opposition to, and certainly in imitation of, the *War Cry*. He calls his paper *The Worker's Cry*, and he advocates the establishment of a Labor (why not "labour") Army, which will be modelled in some degree on the Salvation Army and on Mr. Stead's Association of Helpers; but whereas existing organizations have only attempted to grapple with the results of our rotten social system, the Labor Army would attempt to deal with the causes. Mr. Smith sees a time when the Army will be all-powerful in the correction of abuse and the furtherance of the claims of the *Worker*, but, he says, before even a beginning can be made "the hatchet of party strife must be buried, and individual claims must be surrendered in the interests of the majority." A noble scheme, Mr. Smith, but surely somewhat Utopian. The *Worker's Cry* is full of matter of importance and contains articles by J. Morrison Davidson, Shaw Makwell, Lady Dilke (who commences a series of articles on "White Slaves," by writing on laundresses), and James Runciman. In size the paper is very like the *Labour World*, which, by the way, will in future be edited by Mr. H. W. Massingham (late editor of the *Star*), as Mr. Michael Davitt has had to go to California for the benefit of his health.

GRANT RICHARDS.