

KENWARD PHILP.

OF THE "CHINESE LETTER FORGERY."

Kenward Philp, whose portrait from a photograph we print herewith, is one of the best known of the younger journalists of New York. He was born in London thirty-three years ago, his father now one of the editors of the *London Standard*, being then a newspaper man, as had been his grandfather and great-grandfather. If there be such a thing as hereditary adaptability to a profession, therefore Mr. Philp is clearly entitled to rank as a journalist by descent.

Before coming to America in 1855, he had already entered actively upon the duties of his profession, contributing to a monthly magazine and filling the post of London correspondent of more than one provincial paper. In New York City his first employment was upon the *Daily News*, then a morning daily. The Fenian agitation was at that time at its height, and with a grim humor that on one occasion came near costing Philp his life, the city editor assigned the young Englishman to report the fiery speeches of the Irish patriots. At a crowded meeting at Military Hall in the Bowery, the unmistakable English look and dress of the *News* reporter attracted the attention of one of the orators, who forthwith denounced him as a spy. But for the prompt intervention of Captain Hogan, one of the staunchest of Fenians and himself a journalist, there would be no occasion now to publish Philp's portrait.

From the *Daily News* he went into the service of the *New York Herald*, where he was for some time the preferred descriptive writer on the staff, attending races and regattas, going up in balloons and winning encomiums from the elder Bennett and Mr. Frederick Hudson, then in charge of the paper. On one occasion he was sent from New York to St. Louis to report a prize-fight for the championship. When he arrived he found the fight had been postponed for a week. To return to New York and immediately start back again for St. Louis would have been absurd, so wanting something to send to his paper, he invited the Press of St. Louis and the Mayor and Corporation to a dinner in the name of the *New York Herald*. The affair occurred at the Lindell House, and cost Mr. Bennett six hundred dollars. "However," said Mr. Philp, "I had to keep up the credit of the paper, you know." When the fight did occur, the *Herald* had five columns of it and not another paper in the country east of Cincinnati had a line—a triumph that was the result of a little arrangement between a telegraph-operator and the *Herald* correspondent. Mr. Bennett senior declared with muchunction that the six hundred dollar dinner was by no means wasted. Mr. Philp resigned from the *Herald* in 1867, and became an editorial writer for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a post he quitted to become managing editor of the *Brooklyn Union*, under Theodore Tilton. His success in this position was admitted, but the Beecher scandal broke out, and Philp, who at that time lived in Tilton's house, conveniently went to Europe. Returning, he became dramatic critic and editorial writer for the *Eagle* once more, and was one of the five original promoters of the *Brooklyn Sun*, which became so marked a power in Brooklyn that the *Eagle* people bought it. Relieved of daily newspaper work by the change, Mr. Philp turned his attention to dramatic matters, produced four or five successful burlesques in rapid succession, and became business manager of the Madison Square Theatre. Subsequent to this, he wrote regularly for the *Dramatic News*, and became one of the editors of *Truth*, to which journal he has contributed hundreds of political articles.

During his fifteen years' sojourn in this country, Mr. Philp has written thirty-seven complete novels of from fifty to two hundred columns each, contributing at one period no fewer than three "instalments" a week to the story papers. Some of these stories, though not of a high imaginative order, have been very popular. During each summer, for the past four years, he has also edited the *Coney Island Sun*, and throughout his career has been constantly employed in dramatic matters. He wrote the "opening" to "Humpty Dumpty," in which Fox, the clown, was so successful and is credited with a new piece for the Salisbury Troubadours. Add to these various employments stories and sketches for various journals, the night editorship of the *Star* for two years, the establishment of a paper called the *Brooklyn Sunday News*, contributions to the *Boudoir*, the *People*, "Eminent Americans," and a score of minor engagements of a literary character, and one will not be able to deny to Mr. Philp a tolerably busy record as a newspaper man.

A great deal has been said during the Chinese letter trial concerning Mr. Philp's penchant for practical joking. An attaché of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* met the subject of this sketch a few days since, and questioned him concerning it.

"Oh, that's all in the sweet long ago," said Mr. Philp. "I have had my day as a joker. I'm married."

"What do you think will be the result of the trial?" he was asked.

"I am sure I don't know," he replied, "and I am getting so that I don't much care. But kindly mention one thing in any little notice you may write about me. That is, that nobody has shown the smallest incentive to, or consideration for, such a crime as I am charged with. If, in addition to doing an ordinary newspaper man's work for an ordinary newspaper man's salary, I have got to throw in an

occasional forgery, I think I shall get out of the business."

Whether Mr. Philp is in fact the author of the celebrated "Chinese Letter" is yet to be known.

GENERAL BROCK.

Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the illustrious British commander who captured General Hull's army at Detroit, in the war of 1812, fell at the head of the troops in the battle of Queenstown, November 13th of that year, and at this late day Robert Walcot, a centenarian, of 913 Morris street, who has been brought to his bed through weight of years and infirmities, claims, under oath, to have fired the fatal bullet. The story gleaned from the old warrior is interesting, though, with the exception noted, not extraordinary. At the beginning of hostilities in the war of 1812, Walcot, at the age of thirty-one, was employed as a blacksmith at Newtown Roads, Massachusetts. It was not until the campaign was well under way that he joined the army, and then under the pressure of a draft. General Hull and his entire army had surrendered to General Brock, and recruits were briskly mustering for the army of the centre on the Niagara River, which was contemplating the invasion of Canada under Gen. Van Rensselaer. Walcot left Charlestown Neck in September for the frontier, and under Lieut.-Col. Christie's command arrived at Four Mile Creek the day before the battle of Queenstown. Being robust and athletic, he was assigned to the Concord Artillery, then of the Thirtieth Regiment and under command of Captain Leonard. That morning an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Americans to cross the Niagara River from Lewiston, but Walcot was in time to take part in the invasion that followed. He has a distinct recollection of the memorable events attending the raid on the 13th of October.

A violent storm had been raging for forty-eight hours, in the midst of which a march was made from Fort Niagara to Lewiston. Here Walcot was selected as one of the forty artillerymen to accompany Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who was in immediate charge of the invading troops and who took the first boat across the river in the darkness of the early morning. The object of attack was Queenstown Heights, a point commanding the approaches to the town hard by. The invading party were warmly received by the British forces, who were routed, however, from the foot of the heights. Of the first shots fired Walcot received one in the right leg, and in a subsequent engagement he sustained a wound in the left thigh. The commandant, Van Rensselaer, was also disabled, and Lieut. (afterward General) Wool succeeded in command. Under his direction the band of Americans began an ascent of the heights toward a redan battery located far up the acclivity, the way being led by the forty strong artillerymen, notwithstanding the fact that many of them were wounded. Walcot remembers seeing the blood trickling from the shoes of their commander, Wool.

In the meantime General Brock whose headquarters were at Fort George, seven miles from the scene of battle, was hastening to the spot. "Our troops," says Walcot, "were waiting the attack. I could see General Brock as he approached, leading the charge, and by his side rode another general officer. Brock was a fine-looking man, and I understood, very well liked. Up to this time I had not fired a shot at the enemy, although I was considered an excellent marksman. When the English began their ascent I left my post and went to an infantryman and asked him to lend me his gun. He did so. I asked him 'How many balls are there in this?' He said there was one. I asked him for another and rammed it in the gun. I went to the edge of the line and, taking aim, fired at Brock. His face was partly turned to the troops as I fired. He fell almost instantly, and I hurried back to my post.

"It was some time after I fired before the attack of the English was made. They fought but a few moments and then retreated. My captain met me coming into line after shooting Brock and he ordered me under arrest, and then pointing to the gun told me to take charge of it. I attempted to inform him what I had done, but he would not listen. When the fighting had ceased I was sorry for my part in the affair. The main body of the English, from Fort George, coming up, routed us in every direction. A large number of our militia could be seen on the American shore, but they refused to come to our assistance. The English were infuriated because of the death of Brock, and showed no mercy. With several others I reached the river and swam across. While swimming three of our party were shot dead, and I was wounded in the back of the neck. When able for service I was promoted to a captaincy. I was in service at Sackett's Harbour until the close of the war."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HALLECK'S FRENCH OPERA COMPANY.—This company closed a short season here on Saturday night, when the *Chimes of Normandy* was played by request and put on the boards in tolerably good style. They do not seem to be as well patronized here as in Quebec, for what has taken well there has fallen quite flat here. Their place is taken this week by the Soldano Opera Company who have prepared a very good programme.

THE LATE LUCRETIA MOTT.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the well-known philanthropist, reformer and preacher, died at her residence in Cheltenham Township, Montgomery County, Pa., on November 11th, having attained the ripe age of eighty-seven years. She was born on the quaint little island of Nantucket, among a population of Quaker sailors and fishermen. Her father was Thomas Coffin, one of a famous race of sea captains, descended from the stock of the English Admiral Coffin, and her mother, Anna Folger, came of a line which included the family of that Boston tallow-chandler whose son was Benjamin Franklin. In 1804 her father removed to Boston, "and in the public and private schools of that city," says Lucretia, "I mingled with all classes without distinction." Her father was a plain man and a strict Friend. He desired his children to be brought up in the Order of the society and trained to habits of useful industry. When she was fourteen he sent Lucretia and a younger sister to a Friends' "boarding-school" in Dutchess County, N.Y., and there, pursuing her studies with patient zeal, she remained two years without once going home for holiday or vacation. At fifteen, a teacher having left, she was made an assistant, and at the end of the second year she was tendered the place of teacher, with the inducement, besides, that her services would entitle a younger sister to her education. In the Spring of 1809 she joined her father's family in Philadelphia, whither they had removed, and here, to the end of her remarkable life, she continued to reside. When eighteen years of age she was married to James Mott, then engaged in business with her father. At the age of twenty-five she began to preach in the meetings of the Friends, and she pursued then, as she diligently continued throughout her life, the habit of "searching the Scriptures daily," so that her acquaintance with them became wonderfully complete. In 1834 she took an active part in the formation of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slave Society, and travelled extensively to call attention to its work, holding meetings in some of the Slave States. From this time forward to the proclamation by Lincoln her part was one of the most prominent among the Abolitionists. Garrison was scarcely more famous or more abused than Lucretia Mott. In 1840 the World's Anti-Slave Convention was called to assemble in London, and the Pennsylvania Society sent over among its delegates Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, Abby Kimber, Elizabeth Neall and Sarah Pugh, the Massachusetts Society sending Emily Winslow, Abby Southwick and Anne Greene Phillips, the last named being the just-married wife of Wendell Phillips. The convention, however, adhering to English ideas, refused to admit women, after a hot debate, in which Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Bowring, George Thompson and Wendell Phillips earnestly advocated their cause, and they consequently took no part in its proceedings. William Lloyd Garrison was so indignant that he withdrew from the convention and remained only as a spectator. This was Lucretia Mott's only visit to England, but she established there many friendships that continued during life, and her home was the frequent place of a cheerful and refined hospitality to distinguished visitors from abroad.

She has always regularly attended the religious meetings of the Friends, and has been an unflinching speaker at all sorts of gatherings in the interest of peace, temperance, the Indians, the coloured people, women's progress, etc., etc., and seldom has been permitted to remain silent. In January, 1850, her husband, James Mott, himself a man of much character, force and intellectual ability, died, the wedded life of himself and wife having extended beyond the unusual period of half a century.

QUEEN'S HALL.

FISK UNIVERSITY JUBILEE SINGERS.—We had heard a great deal about the Jubilee Singers, therefore were led to expect a great musical treat on Friday evening, and are glad to say that our expectations were fully realized. The first piece on the programme "Steal Away to Jesus" was the finest, indeed words would seem inadequate to give a proper idea of the exquisite rendering of the piece, the almost imperceptible piano passages and magnificent harmony were beyond description. Those who heard the singers again on Sunday evening at Mr. Bray's church in the same piece were even better pleased with its second rendering. The chanting of the Lord's Prayer at the close is simply perfect, and could not be improved. Miss Jackson sang "The Swanee River" very finely, and showed a very powerful voice. Miss Lawrence was a decided success, and her voice is more cultivated than any of the other soloists. The solo "Queen of the Night" was warmly applauded and encored, as were all the soloists, who kindly responded. The best voice is Mr. Loudin's, a magnificent bass of great compass, who sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in good style, and was warmly encored; he then entertained the audience with "A Jolly Good Laugh," which brought down the house, he having to repeat it. Mr. Loudin spoke at some length, and spoke well. On referring to the hotels which had refused them admission as guests, owing to their colour, the audience loudly hissed when the names of the St. Lawrence Hall and the Ottawa Hotel were mentioned as the hotels who refused them accommodation, but cheered warmly when he said they were the guests of the Windsor Hotel, the

manager of which did not think his hotel too good to receive them, though it had at times been patronized by H. R. H. Princess Louise, the daughter of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and than which they have not seen a finer hotel or better accommodation in Europe or America. It is to be hoped they will not misjudge the hospitality of Montreal by the doors of any hotels being closed against them, and regret to say that such an action cannot be anything but conducive of evil results to the managers of such hotels.

CLASSICAL CONCERT.

A grand classical concert will be held in Wesley Church (Congregational) during Christmas week, the music will be of a high order. Mrs. Leach; soprano, and Mr. W. Walter Denyer, baritone, have consented to sing, and others are promised. With this talent we anticipate a success for the concert.

If I were asked by a young journalist to furnish him with a list of books for a library that would be eminently of service to him in the daily pursuit of his vocation, the following would be about the library of reference that I should suggest. The Bible, Cruden's Concordance thereto, Shakspeare, with the Cowden Clarke Concordance; Burke's Peerage, Blackstone's Commentaries, De Lolme on the Constitution, Junius, Edmund Burke's Works (and as many of the Bohn's Edition of Anything as he can get hold of), Murray's home and foreign guide books (old editions can be picked up for a song at the bookstalls), Chamber's Book of Days as aforesaid, Chaucer, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Southgate's "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," Buckle's Miscellanies and Commonplace Books, Montaigne, Rabelais, Paterson's Book of Roads, Cobbett's English Grammar, Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery; Hone's Table Book, Year Book, and Every Day Book; Paley's Natural Theology, Wood's Natural History, and the Newgate Calendar. You see that I have omitted both Lemprière's Classical Dictionary and Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. I did so omit these two books of reference purposely. Try to get up, either in your head or your commonplace book, a Lemprière and a Haydn of your own.

It is stated in a letter from Rome that the Count de Chambord has presented a petition to the Pope praying for the beatification (the preliminary degree of canonization) of Louis XVI., and that Leo XIII. has referred it to the Congregation of the Rites.

MR. ERNEST GYE is travelling over the continent in search of fresh voices wherewith to charm us in the grand season at the other house. Mr. Gye is said to have found some treasures in Paris, and to be going through some other cities, Italian and Austria, to find more.

THE splendid example of Florence Nightingale is about to be followed by ladies of high degree. Two of them are princesses, and they intend to accompany the Russian army to Central Asia with well appointed ambulances to succour the sick, and should there be hostilities, the wounded too. All honour to them.

WHEN Mr. Irving proposed to adapt for the stage one of Mr. Tennyson's plays, the laureate proudly replied that he never went to the theatre. His practice of staying away, however, is likely, nevertheless, to be broken through. He is coming to London for the season of farce, and if the funds town sufferable will probably be present at the production of his own little tragedy.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AMBROISE THOMAS' "Francoise de Rimini" will soon be produced at the Paris Grand Opera.

THE performance of Wagner's "Percival," at Bayreuth, is definitely postponed till 1882.

Mlle. MINNIE HARK is at Prague, where she is singing in "Mignon" with extraordinary effect.

SARDOT's new comedy is a satire bearing on the divorce question as treated in the recent pamphlet of M. Alexandre Dumas. Its title is "Divorçons."

AN operetta is being arranged, called "Les Femmes d'Ozabach," which is to be a potpourri of all his favourite airs, and to include the principal heroines, from "Eurydice" to "Madame Favart."

THE Rev. Robert Collyer was present one evening recently at the Union Square Theatre, and was so pleased with "Daniel Rochat" that he wrote a letter to Manager Palmer, expressive of his admiration of the play and its performance.

IN London comic opera continues to thrive at the expense of the grave and grand. No less than five of the metropolitan theatres are at the present time devoted, and with no small measure of success, to this class of entertainment.

ROSSINI's comic opera, "Le Comte Ory," has been produced in Paris. It was highly successful. Though for intrinsic merit this work will not bear comparison with "Guillaume Tell" or "Il Barbiere." In finish and elegance of style it is perhaps superior to either.

Mlle. MARIE VANZANDT has made a successful first appearance in Paris as "Mignon." She was enthusiastically received, and sang charmingly. Her delivery of the recitatives written by the composer for Madame Nilsson was pathetic in the extreme. The American colony in Paris take great pride in their young country woman.

Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this! See "Truths."