

2 Upper Terrace  
Hampstead,  
Thursday night.

My dear Mr. Blunt -

You must be pretty well tired  
of compliments by this time; but  
I cannot resist the desire to write  
till you had thoroughly, I hope  
this evening enjoyed your admirable  
performance in "Peril". I have  
watched the stage from my earliest  
period of consciousness, and a  
more finished piece of acting it

was never my lot to see. I would  
have the common speech about its  
reminiscent me of French acting -  
for I have seen certain French  
acting quite as bad as anything  
I have seen in England - but  
I will say that it reminded  
me of some of the best French  
acting that I have seen at  
the Theatre Francaise. It reminded  
me often of Got, in fact.  
I wish I sometimes saw  
you now. I wonder if you still

live in the Temple (one of our  
parishioners, so to speak), & ever  
come to hear me at the Church!

I hope our professions do not  
necessarily diverge; for I would  
fain do the able that lies  
in my power to keep them in  
friendly sympathy!

Forgive this random letter, &  
Believe me,

Yours & truly

Alfred Angus.