Illustrated Interviews.

NO. XV.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

From a Photo. by] IN THE STUDY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

GRAFTON Street, Bond Street, is not a particularly attractive thoroughfare, yet the opening of the door of No. 15A secures admission to one of the most interesting domiciles in the country. It is the home of the leading actor in the land. Here lives a man whom to meet and talk with means a real privilege. One whole long day with Henry Irving is something to be remembered. He is the worst possible actor in his own home—there is no suggestion of the theatre whilst sitting talking with him; yet the romance inseparable from the player's life pervades every nook and corner of his house. He tried his utmost to deceive me—he worked hard to conceal the kindly nature which is written in every feature of his face. It was a failure. I remembered those "little cheques." I thought of his pensioners; of folk who were kind to him in those struggling days—of the story of the Christmas dinner which a worthy old Scotch couple gave him when, on that day of goodwill and good things, he was almost without one, and innumerable small but welcome acts which to-day are being repaid back a hundredfold. I never met a man who talked less about himself and more about other people than Henry Irving. With delightful diplomacy he evaded my questions which would incriminate himself of kindliness. My description of the great actor is of the simplest character. He has the kindest face you ever saw, but—you must look into it first.

I passed with him one long day, first at his home and then in a convenient four-wheeler to the theatre. The staircase of his house is replete with grand bronzes. One of Don Quixote is just opposite the dining-room door. Here, too, are many views of Venice, and a number of sketches by Seymour Lucas. The dining-room overlooks Bond Street. It is a distinctly comfortable room. A bust of Kemble is over the bookcase, with another of

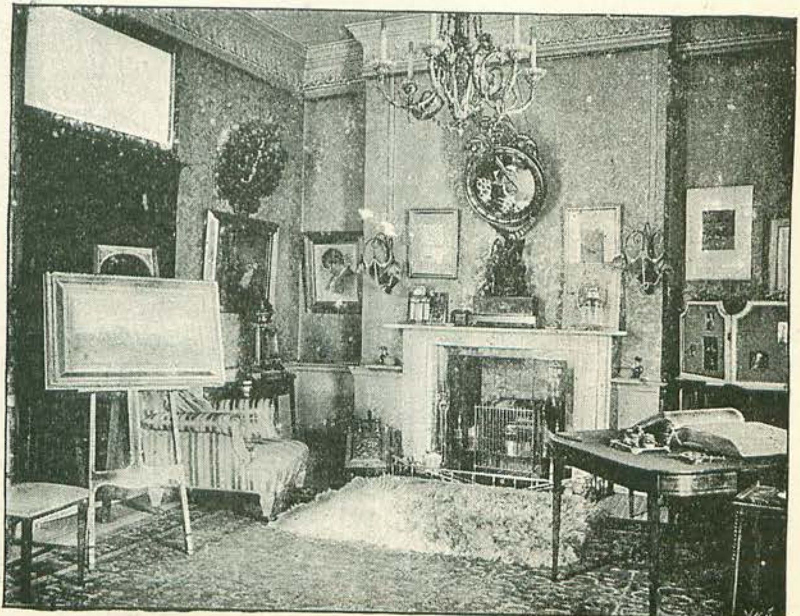
From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. [Elliott & Fry.

here, together with a fine engraving of Charles I. A bronze of a French harlequin stands just in the shadow of the light from the window, quaint old books fill corners, and over the mantel-board are examples of the Venetian school.

There is much of deep interest in the drawing-room and small reception-room upstairs. An old Empire clock has retired from work for some time. It now rests on the white enamel mantel-board. In the bookcase are some very fine and old editions of Shakespeare. Mr. Irving possesses over thirty different editions, all told. Every one is dated. Here is the third edition of the Bard—once the property of the Duke of Bedford. Another, originally in the possession of the Earl of Aylesford, in red leather and gilt binding, could not be purchased for £500. The

Dante. The exquisite Spanish ware is to be envied. On one side of the mantelpiece is an interesting reminiscence of Mrs. Siddons—a picture of "The Shoulder of Mutton Inn," Brecon, South Wales, where she was born, an excellent portrait of the famous actress herself, and a letter from her to Lord Avon. The latter is in very tiny running writing, and reads: "Thank you for your kind note, my dear Lord Avon. We shall be most happy to attend you at dinner. Alas! Alas! that these delightful summers are so soon to end." The pattern of the chairs in this apartment is highly suggestive of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The little cigar-room adjoins this. The boxes cf weeds are many and are stored in a huge cabinet. The last portrait ever taken of Charles Mathews hangs



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. [Elliott & Fry.

lives and memoirs—marvellous in their completeness—of Edmund Kean, Garrick, and Macready here also find their place.

The memoirs of Kean filled a quarter of the room when laid out on the floor. Mr. Irving bought up the innumerable sheets, engravings, and what not, including priceless letters and the like, pasted eight and nine of them on top of one another on a single sheet. It was an unwieldy mass cf hidden treasure, and Mr. Irving requested an obliging friend to "amuse himself" with sorting them out, whilst he was in America. On his return the thing was done.

A small case contains the russet boots which Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.*, and the sword he used as *Coriolanus*. A companion cabinet is in the drawing-room. One by one the treasures are taken out and talked about. Here is David Garrick's ring, which he gave to his brother on his death-bed. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented it to Mr. Irving. Two watches are here. One is the gold timekeeper of John Philip Kemble, the other a silver one which formerly belonged to Edwin Forest. As I held the latter in my hand, Mr. Irving said quietly :—

"Do you notice the time by it ?"

It was thirty-eight minutes past five.

"That watch stopped at the very moment Forest breathed his last!" said Mr. Irving, as he gently replaced it.

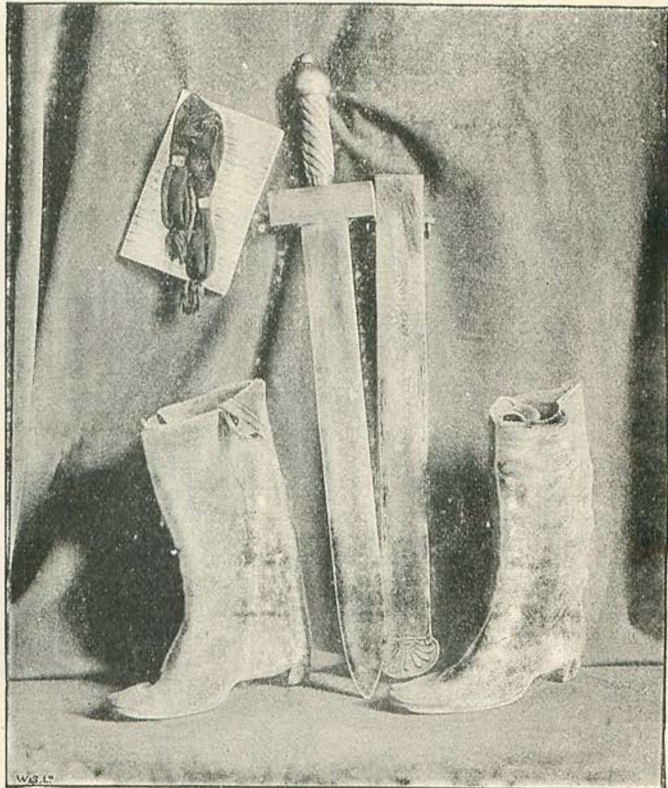
But the treasures of the case are not exhausted. You can handle the silver dagger worn by Lord Byron, a pair of old sandals worn by Edmund Kean, a pin with a picture of Shakespeare, once the property of Garrick, an ivory tablet which belonged to Charles Mathews. Do not overlook this little purse of fine green silk thread and silver band. It was found in the pocket of Edmund Kean when he died. There was not a sixpence in it! It was given to Henry Irving by Robert Browning.

There are some fine pictures in the drawing-room. A bust of Miss Ellen Terry is in the far corner. The silver shield which was presented to John Kemble in Edinburgh hangs on the wall. It is still surrounded with the wreath of laurel leaves—now faded—which Mr. Irving had thrown to him the last night of the season.

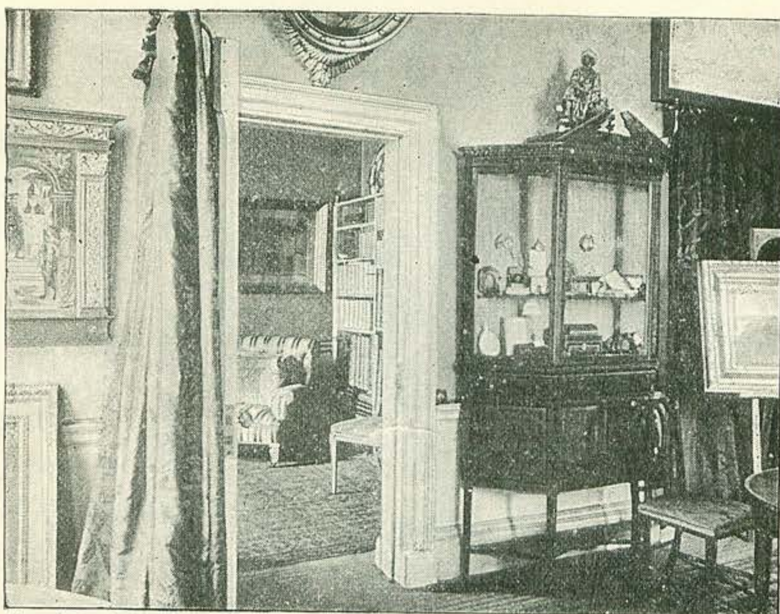
Then the name of Toole is mentioned. If you want an example of friendships, "Partners for Life," link the names of Irving and Toole together. Their companionship is just as real as it is delightful. John L. Toole's delight is to surprise his friend Irving. On a table stands a fine silver-gilt trophy presented to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage. A part of its inscription reads : "Bought from Robert Tait, Esq., and presented to Henry Irving, Esq., by his old friend J. L. Toole, 5th July, 1884."

Scene—Grafton Street. *Time*—morning. Enter Mr. Toole, meeting Mr. Irving.

Mr. Toole : "I've found something that will interest you, Irving. A vase presented to Kemble. Fine piece of plate designed by Flaxman. Come to Messrs. Blanks and look at it."



EDMUND KEAN'S BOOTS, SWORD AND PURSE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM. [*Elliott and Fry.*

dressed for the character, putting on his corduroy trousers, red vest, and a big overcoat to hide them.

"We were just leaving the stage door together when we caught sight of three little boys, who were standing there watching the actors come in and out. It always was, and always will be, a fascinating spot for little boys. Toole turned to me suddenly: 'Can't help it, old chap! Can't help it, must do it!' He rushed up to the youngsters.

"'Halloa! my little friends! Want to see Podgers? Come along. Look sharp—here he is!' and he displayed to the wondering youngsters his beautiful red waistcoat with the white pearl buttons.

"'Here, wait a minute! There's one for you, another for you, my little man. Why! I have got another left for you. Good-bye, God bless you!' He had given them all a penny each, and we rushed away to see Ristori."

A great black raven stands just over the door which leads to the study. This is an apartment suggestive of much of which one can write very little. The writing-table is placed near the window. Fresh flowers had been put in the tiny vases a few minutes before. The pictures are numerous; the works of reference on every conceivable subject can be counted by the hundred. I liked the simple picture of Miss Ellen Terry with two dogs on her lap. She has written on it: "We wish you many happy returns of the day, and shall ever remain your loving, faithful friends, Fussie and Ned, Feb. 6, 1889."

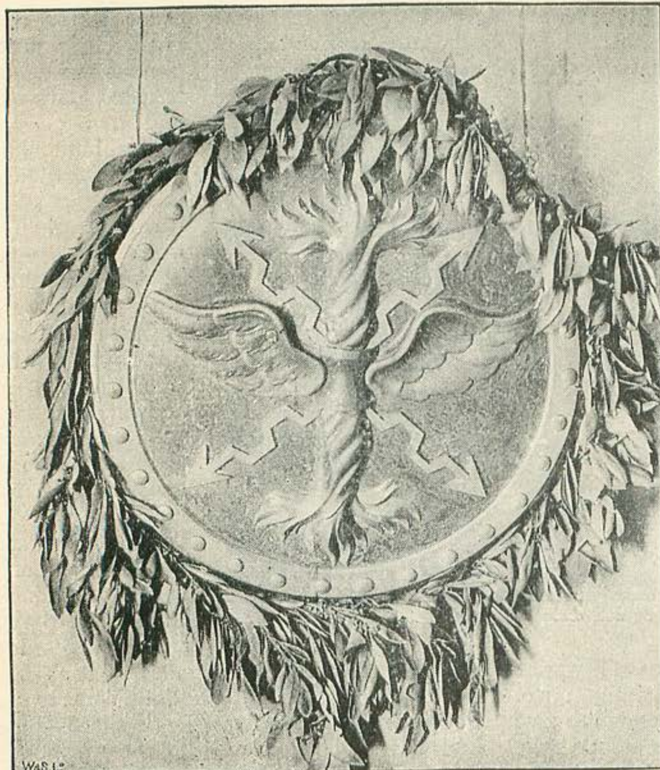
Here is Fussie, just come into the room. He has been following us about the house all the morning. Who is Fussie? A faithful little black and white fox-terrier, who goes with its master every night to the theatre, patiently sits on a mat in his dressing-room until the performance is over, and then hurries home again. He wakes everybody in the house, sometimes at five o'clock in the morning,

Exit together. Arrival at shop. Big price asked for it. Toole pooh-poohs the price. Thinks they ought to be only too glad to give it to Mr. Irving. Shopkeeper immovable. Toole won't have it—"only wanted his friend to see it," etc., etc. The two friends leave the shop. Toole induces Irving to go for a stroll. They return to Grafton Street. Toole departs. The vase was upstairs!

"That was *his* way of doing it," said Mr. Irving to me.

Mr. Irving prizes nine volumes of "Dickens." The volumes are full of letters of the great novelist, bits of MSS. and drawings, all associated with his name. They are Foster's "Life of Dickens," interleaved with priceless mementos. Toole quietly left them at Grafton Street one day when Mr. Irving was out.

"Just one little anecdote to show you the wonderful goodness of dear old Toole for everybody. This will illustrate his fondness for children. Many years ago, when we were both young men, we were playing together at a theatre in Edinburgh. Ristori was appearing at another house in 'Marie Stuart.' Our programme consisted of three or four pieces; we had finished the opening piece and were free for the second, so we made up our minds to slip over and see Ristori for half an hour or so. It so happened that the last piece on the evening's bill was 'The Birthplace of Podgers.' As Toole has to appear in this very early he half


From a Photo. by] JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE'S SHIELD. [Elliott & Fry.

Against this lean a number of swords, all suggestive of interest, and many walking-sticks. The sword Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.* is in a crimson velvet scabbard; another is David Garrick's sword; and here is the one used by Mr. Irving as *Hamlet* for 200 nights, the crape with which it is covered being almost in tatters. There are a score of walking-sticks. One of them belonged to the late Frank Marshall, a cane he carried for years.

Then Mr. Irving sat down in his chair—a chair of incomparable comfort. We spent the afternoon together in "looking back." He spoke with earnestness about everything, and with gentleness about everybody. He seemed to me to always *think* before he spoke. His work has long ago told of the scholarly artist which he is, but you begin to understand it better after you have met the man.

then starts out for a tour of Bond Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the neighbourhood, returning in three or four hours' time. Fussie once belonged to poor Fred Archer, and was given to Mr. Irving by Miss Terry. Miss Terry was at Newmarket one day going over some stables, and Fred Archer gave her a little pup, which was appropriately christened Fussie. Mr. Irving assured me that if he went to America and forgot to take the little terrier, the latter would swim the Atlantic after him! Fussie specially sat to Miss Ellen Terry for the photo. reproduced. He was "caught" in the act of carrying his master's walking-stick.

From a Photo. by] "FUSSIE." [Miss Ellen Terry.

At the far end of the study is a great glass, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

One would like to write much about his brilliant career, a life which he has used to elevate the profession, of which he is the head, into the place it now occupies in the estimation of the public. Mr. Irving lives, and has lived, for his art; it will surely live after him. Suffice it now to talk about the many pleasant incidents of a well-spent day—which only ended when I said "good-bye" to him at the theatre late at night—and with them something of the work he has done.

John Henry Brodribb was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on February 6th, 1838. Although Irving was adopted as his *nom de théâtre*, it is now his legal name, he having had letters patent granted to him for this purpose. He passed the early years of his boyhood in Cornwall. At eleven years of age

he became a pupil at Dr. Pinches' school, in George Yard, Lombard Street, a locality rendered famous from the fact that it was at a chop-house in this neighbourhood that Pickwick partook of his chops and tomato sauce. It was at Dr. Pinches' academy that young Irving astonished both teacher and taught with a recital of that somewhat weird though dramatic poem, "The Uncle." From the school he went to the desk—to an East India house in Newgate Street, which is still in existence. Mr. Irving admits to learning poems and parts out of convenient books which he managed to hide between the pages of the ledger.

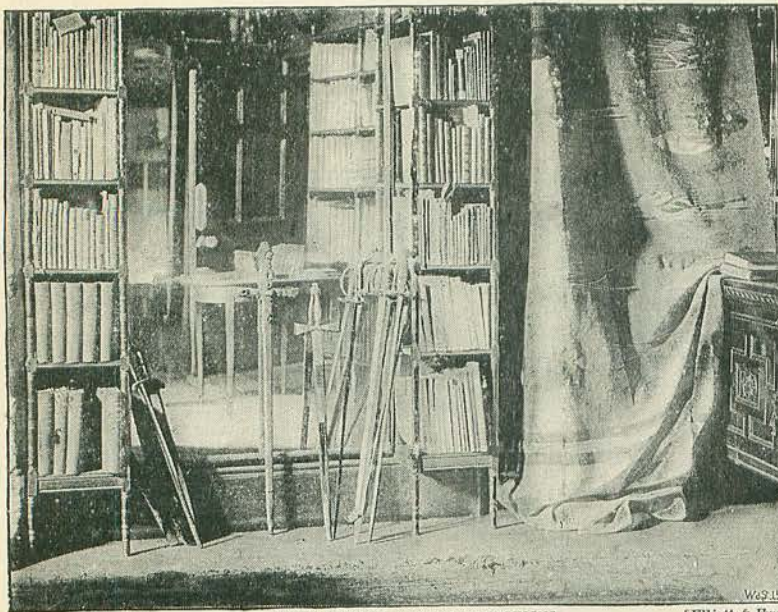
"I know, one day," said Mr. Irving, merrily, "I started to learn a piece on my way to the office. I couldn't leave it. Every moment when the manager's eye was not on me, out came my book. I made up my mind to finish it that day. During my dinner hour I went and hid myself in a huge wooden packing-case. The hour went by, and I knew it not. It appears they were searching all over for me, and it was just on six o'clock before they came across me in the box."

From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

He made his first appearance at the new Sunderland Theatre on September 29th, 1856. Then he worked hard in the provinces, often learning seventeen and eighteen parts a week. The early hours in the morning he passed with wet towels round his head, working at his lines, would astonish the most enthusiastic college "cram." From Sunderland he went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Toole practically obtained the first London engagement for Mr. Irving. They had met some time previously in Edinburgh. But a small part in "Ivy Hall," at the Princess's, on September 24th, 1859, did not content the young actor. Away he went to the provinces again, working harder than ever, and not for another seven years did he return to London, as leading man at the St. James's, playing *Doricourt* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His marvellous character-acting as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," at the Vaudeville, is still remembered, and his "little cheque" rings in the ears of many. He played *Grant* for 300 nights. He was not regarded as a tragic actor then, and his magnificent performance of *Mathias* in "The Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, under H. L. Bateman, came as a revelation, only to be intensified—after appearing as *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Richelieu*—when he appeared as *Hamlet*. He represented the Dane for 200 nights, the longest run of the play on record. More Shakespearean and other work followed, until Mrs. Bateman retired from the Lyceum. On December 30th, 1878, the Lyceum Theatre opened with "Hamlet," which was played another hundred nights. On the memorable 30th December, Miss Ellen Terry commenced her work at the Lyceum. The actor had now become a manager, and no management before or since has been attended by such brilliant results. His productions have been watched and waited for — "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Macbeth," "Faust,"

"The Cup," "Othello"—in which he alternated the parts of the *Moor* and *Iago* with Edwin Booth — and his last, "Henry the Eighth," which as a spectacle has never been equalled; and now we are promised "King Lear" and Lord Tennyson's "Becket."

Three times has Mr. Irving, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company, crossed to America. As in this country so in America—his genius was instantaneously recognised. Mr. William Winter, the eminent dramatic critic, said: "He speaks to the soul and the imagination." But little has been said here of Miss Ellen Terry's share in the Lyceum triumphs. Mr. Irving impressed upon me the work she had done—but, I have a little note on my table as I write now. It bears the signature of Ellen Terry. For further information see a future number of this Magazine.



From a Photo. by] SOME FAMOUS SWORDS AND STICKS. [*Elliott & Fry.*

We spoke of many things that afternoon—on matters merry and subjects solid. Mr. Irving is never happier than when telling a story against himself.

"Many years ago," he said, "I was playing in Dublin. I was suddenly called upon to undertake a heavy part—the actor who was cast for it having been taken ill. In those days your gallery boy was a much greater conversationalist than he is now—I mean, if a couple of gallery friends were separated, they thought nothing of holding a conversation across the house whilst the play was in progress. Well, I made my first entrance.

"'Is that him?—eh?' shouted one youth to another.

"'No,' came the reply, 'them is the young man's clothes; they'll shove him out later on!'"

The drift of this little story will be understood.

"Have I ever had any accidents? Only one serious one. It was in the first run of 'Hamlet.' The sword slipped out of *Laertes'* hand and cut me near the eye. A dear friend of mine, Dr. George Critchett, was in front; he came round and stopped the bleeding by twelve hours' application of ice. Fencing? You saw my foils downstairs on the table? I never practise now, for if once learnt the art is never forgotten. I took my first lessons from a man named Shury, in Chancery Lane, afterwards from Roland, in Edinburgh, and also from McTurk at Angelo's. Have I ever forgotten my part? Yes, I have. It is a curious thing that the more perfect you are in a part, the more likely you are to 'stick.' It is often the case after you have been playing the same character for a hundred or more nights. The worst part of it is that when you want the prompter he is never there.

"'Give me the word,' says the actor.

"'What word do you want?' replies the prompter."

The day was going quickly. Mr. Irving suddenly jumped up.

"Half-past six! we must be off. Excuse me whilst I just write a line. Look at that," passing me a letter; "it came this morning. I get many more like it."

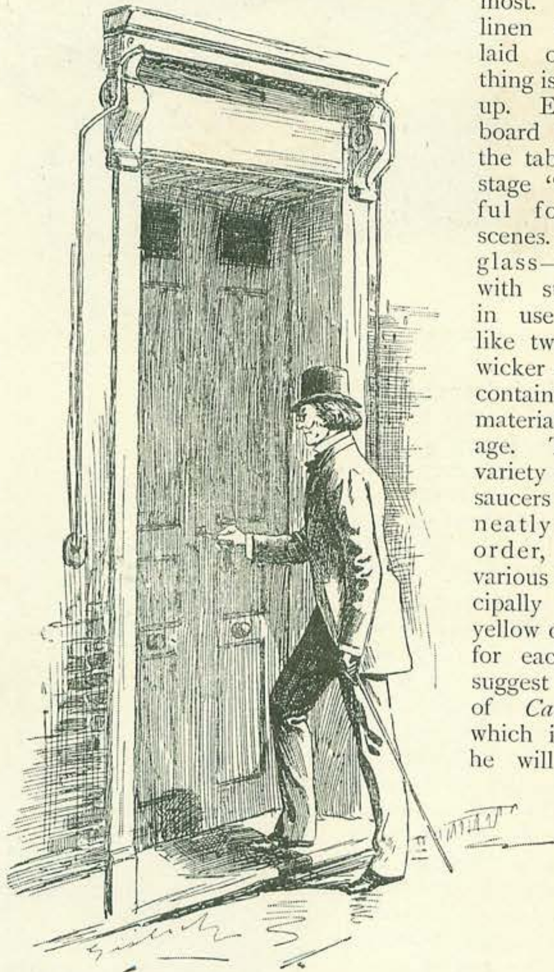
It was a letter from a footman inviting Mr.

Irving to produce an original play in blank verse which he had written!

During our drive to the theatre he told me many things of interest. On the question as to whether Mr. Irving thought a school of acting necessary, he said that one could never make an actor. You can teach him elocution, technique, but there is no *making* an actor. Even technique is a life-long study. The fashions in hand-shaking change every day. He studies his parts everywhere; many of the characters we are seeing to-day he had within his mind years ago, and they have been developing and growing ever since. Then, after years of playing, there is still always something to learn in a character.

Mr. Irving is one of the few actors who, at the conclusion of a death scene in a tragedy, always fall forward. Mr. Irving has taken the opinion of physicians and many old soldiers on the subject, and it is the only natural way with those suddenly overtaken by death. When a man was shot his head fell on his breast, and the body always fell in the direction indicated by the head.

Just as we drove up to the private door of the theatre in Burleigh Street, Strand, I asked Mr. Irving if he had ever met the late Cardinal Manning. He never had. Yet as *Cardinal Wolsey* in "Henry the Eighth," when the actor smiles, his expression is the exact counterpart of that of the late Cardinal.



THE PRIVATE DOOR OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Fussie follows us in. Passing through a passage, which leads direct on to the stage, at the end we find some stairs. The walls just here are covered with Indian matting. A very few steps, and you have entered the dressing-room. It is just as cosy as it well can be. The walls are covered with pictures and prints, including one by Maclise, and Edmund Kean by Clint. Pictures of the actor himself are not wanting, and portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and John L. Toole are in prominent positions. The place of honour is a huge "King Arthur" chair. Here princes, poets, and politicians, men of learning and of all nationalities, have sat.

But it is the table which fascinates one most. A clean white linen cloth has been laid out, and everything is ready for making up. Everything on the board is time-worn—the table itself being a stage "prop," and useful for banqueting scenes. The looking-glass—tied together with string—has been in use for something like twenty years; the wicker-basket, which contains the making-up materials, is of a good age. There is quite a variety of puffs. Tiny saucers and plates are neatly arranged in order, containing various powders—principally a mixture of yellow ochre and whi e, for each will help to suggest the complexion of *Cardinal Wolsey*, which is the character he will play to-night. The chair—placed in front of the table—is old and rickety, but he who has just sat down keeps it for associations' sake, and it gives more comfort than a Turkish ottoman.

Fussie never stirs from the spot.

There was still plenty of time to spare, as we had a reason for reaching the theatre early. It was to talk about dear Charles Mathews. Mr. Irving took down his picture. It was given to him by Mrs. Mathews, and represents the electrical comedian at seventy-six. It is a striking likeness; and the face

TABLE IN THEATRE DRESSING-ROOM.

of one of Mr. Irving's dearest friends brought many a happy reminiscence to mind.

"Ah!" said Mr. Irving, as he looked at the picture, "the brilliancy and exquisite style of Mathews have never been excelled. In my early days Mathews was a true friend to me—yes, and in the later days too. I remember when I first went to the St. James's Theatre; I went as stage manager, and there were a lot of old actors there—amongst them Frank Matthews and Walter Lacy. I was a young man amongst these old stagers. I admit to feeling nervous, and was fearful lest I might do something which the older men might resent. The first day came. All went very nicely, and we were just commencing to rehearse 'The Belle's Stratagem,' when who should skip on to the stage but Charles Mathews! Stopping the rehearsal for the moment, he rushed up to Frank Matthews and Walter Lacy.

"'Ah! Frank, my boy—Walter! One moment. My young friend, Irving—Frank, Walter. Be kind to him. Good-bye. God bless you!' And he was gone.

"Mathews had a tender heart. Here is another kindness of Mathews. I once played a part in London, and was very much cut up by the Press. Mathews was round at my rooms almost as soon as the papers were out. He talked to me for over an hour, cheered me up, and did more for me in that hour than I can tell. I heard afterwards that as soon as he read the notices in the papers at his breakfast, he got up there and then, left his meal unfinished, and hurried away.

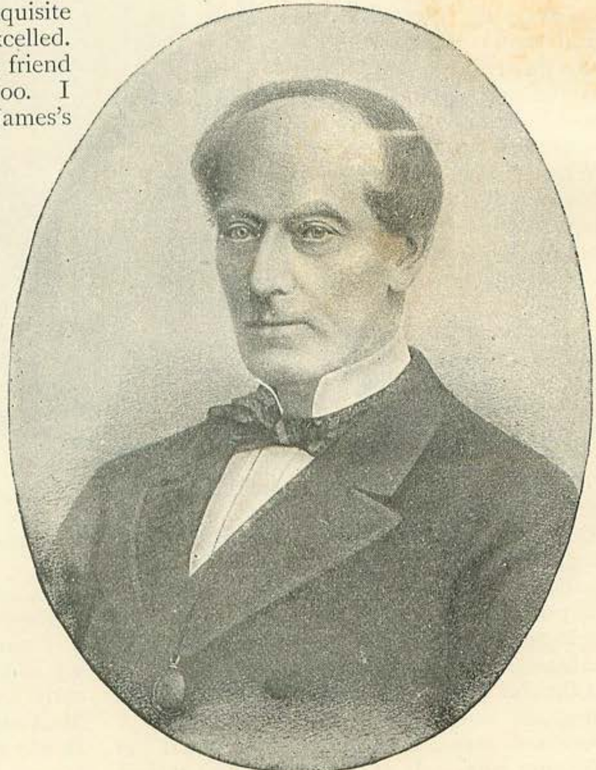
"Mathews and I were one day looking through an album, and came across a drawing of the back of a man.

"'Lafont!' I cried.

"Mathews cried out, 'What do you know about Lafont?'

"'I've seen him act,' I replied.

"Mathews turned to me very quietly, and said: 'To that



CHARLES MATHEWS.
From the Painting in Mr. Irving's Dressing-room.

MR. HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

man I owe all—I built myself up on him!' The fact is," continued Mr. Irving, "when I was playing at the St. James's, after I had finished I would often drop into the gallery of the Princess's Theatre and see the end of a French play. From that gallery I saw an actor, which caused me to say inwardly, 'That's my man.' He was great. That actor was Lafont. That is how I recognised him in Mathews' album.

"Mathews was always letter-perfect, and severe with the forgetful ones. Here is an instance. I was once playing at Edinburgh in 'Bachelor of Arts.' A certain actor was cast for the part of *Adolphus*. Mathews, in the play, was his tutor. It was necessary for the elucidation of the plot for *Adolphus* to tell the story of his life to his tutor. The scene arrived. He did not know his part. He started and stumbled, started again and stumbled worse, until at last, thinking to get out of it, he turned to Mathews and said: 'Well, er—if you'll come into the next room I'll tell you the story!'

"Mathews caught him by the coat.

"'Sit down, sir,' he cried, 'sit down. There are some ladies and gentlemen in this house to-night who would like to

hear you tell that story. Never mind me. Go on.'

"'Well, er——' began the youth.

"'Just so,' said the irrepressible comedian, 'you wanted to tell me that you were born——'

"'Yes,' faltered the youth.

"'And that after spending a few years——'

"'Just so.'

"So Mathews filed out the whole speech for him. When he had finished he turned to the young fellow and in a voice of thunder cried:—

"'Now you may go into the next room!'

"Here is a story just to show you the difference of opinion in two great actors. The ——— came to Birmingham, where I was engaged. The play was 'A Scrap of Paper,' and I was cast for the boy's part. In this I have to challenge a man of the world to fight. He treats it as a joke, and suggests that the duel should take place in Japanese fashion, which, according to him, is to each take a knife and rush. Boy gets very fidgety at this.

"I used to take out a pocket-handkerchief to wipe my face at my prospects in the duel, and manage, at the same time, to let an

CLEANING THE "PROPS."

orange fall. The audience were delighted at this little bit of business. Well, the play was over the first night. A knock at my dressing-room door—Mr. and Mrs. ——— wished to see me. I got a most severe lecture, and the orange business was forbidden. It didn't occur again.

"Some time afterwards I was at another theatre. Same piece was played; I was cast for the boy again, and Mathews was in it. As I didn't agree with the ——— on the orange business, I introduced it again, believing it helped the scene. The orange was dropped. Mathews stopped and coughed.

"'Good gracious,' I thought. 'I've bothered Mathews!'

"Still, after the play was over, no knock came to the door. On the second night, thinking I inconvenienced Mathews, I left the piece of 'business' out. That night there was a tap at the door. It was Mathews.

"'Well, young Irving, what's the matter with you to-night?' he said; 'you're as dull as ditchwater. Where's the orange? Let's have that orange, it's the hit of the piece.'"

Now Mr. Irving lays his glasses on one side—it is time to make up. By-the-bye, he considers it an advantage to the actor to be short-sighted—he doesn't see if the audience smiles at the serious parts and cries at the comic portions of the play.

The face finished, Mr. Irving resumes his glasses. The whole make-up has only taken a few minutes. That needed for *Mathias* in "The Bells" is the simplest of all such stage faces; *Shylock* is the most elaborate, occupying three-quarters of an hour, *Richelieu* and *Charles I.* ranking next. Now Mr. Irving dons the silken robes of the Cardinal—the biretta and book are close at hand. A ring is put on the finger; a final glance, and the great actor leaves the dressing-room.

I follow quietly downstairs — talking together until we reach the wings; a door opens in the scene; Mr. Irving hurriedly remarks: "I'm off," and the next moment a shout of welcome tells me that *Cardinal Wolsey* is on the stage. This wonderful change, so sudden and complete—for he had walked straight from his room to the stage, the entrance being cleverly timed — this sudden transition from the man to the player

was remarkable. It was so all the evening. Whilst on the stage he at once became another man; with his exit the Cardinal was completely forgotten. One moment he would be in the act of relating some merry anecdote, only to break away without a word of warning, in the midst of it, and the recollection of the story was soon lost in listening to some magnificent speech.

The opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the working of a veritable little army of stage hands behind the scenes. It is a perfect organization, and the enthusiasm displayed by the men, whether in setting a scene or brushing the crimson plush chairs in readiness for a change, seemed to tell that it was as much out of regard for the man under whom they labour as it was for wages. But, when not with Mr. Irving, I spent most of my time on a little wooden seat which has been let into the proscenium wall, and affords an excellent view of the stage from behind. It is the favourite seat of Mr. W. E. Gladstone when he visits the Lyceum, and many other eminent men have occupied it.

I was sitting there quietly. Mr. Irving had just made his exit, and was by my side.

"Comfortable seat?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "The Chinese Ambassador sat there one night. We were playing 'Hamlet.' Miss Terry was in the midst of her mad scene. I was just going round to see how my honoured Celestial friend was getting on. He was in the act of walking on to the stage—the playing of Miss Terry had affected him so that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. I was only in the nick of time to hold him back; another half a foot and he would have made his 'first appearance!' I wonder what the audience would have thought of the entrance of somebody in the most gorgeous of robes, whose name was not on the programme?"

HARRY HOW.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

[WE wish to draw attention to a mistake which inadvertently found its way into the Illustrated Interview, Mr. George Augustus Sala, on page 61 of our July number. It appears that Mr. Sala did not execute the bust of the baby which is given in the illustration by the side of the Dauphin's cabinet, but another one which is at Brighton. He was away from home when the photographer made the photographs for the illustration of the interview, and hence the mistake occurred of selecting Mr. Callcott's statuette, thinking it had been the one that had been described to Mr. Harry How. The one which appears in the Magazine was the work of Mr. Fred. Callcott, and was a gift by him to Mr. Sala.]