

## Illustrated Interviews.

### XXI.—MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

**I**F one had waited for a few months, "The Kendals" would have been getting settled in their new home in Portland Place. But, then, the happiest associations are always centred around the old, and the pleasantest—and frequently the dearest—recollections are gathered about the familiar. That is why I went to them once more to their home of many years at 145, Harley Street.

It would be difficult to realize a woman of more striking characteristics than she who was for so many years known as "Madge" Robertson, and notwithstanding a very important visit one morning in August twenty-three years ago to St. Saviour's, Plymouth Grove, Manchester, when she became the wife of Mr. William Hunter Grimston, there are many who still know and speak of her by her happily-remembered maiden name. From that day husband and wife have never played apart—they have remained sweethearts on the stage and lovers in their own home. At night—the foot-lights; by day—home and children. Mrs. Kendal assured me that neither her eldest daughter, Margaret, nor Ethel, nor Dorothy—the youngest—nor "Dorrie," who is now at Cambridge, nor Harold, a "Marlborough" boy, would ever go on the stage. Home, husband, and children—home, wife, and children, are the embodiment of the life led by the Kendals.

Together with Mr. Kendal we sat down in the drawing-room, and were joined for a moment by Miss Grimston, a quiet, unaffected young girl, who looked as though she could never rid herself of a smile, either in her eyes or about her mouth—a young maiden who suggested "sunshine." She was carrying Victoria, a pet dog. The mother's whole thoughts seemed to go out to her daughter.

"Our Jubilee dog," she cried. "I bought her on Jubilee Day, and, curiously enough, Mr. Kendal bought one too, neither of us telling the other we were going to make such canine purchases."

Then, when Miss Grimston had left the room, her mother turned to me quietly, and said:—

"The image of my brother Tom. The same hair, the same expression of eyes, the same kind and loving ways. I think he lives in my girl. Come with me and you shall see his portrait."

It hung in Miss Grimston's boudoir—an apartment the walls of which were decorated with pictures of the Comédie-Française



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

MISS GRIMSTON'S BOUDOIR.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Company, the original designs for the dresses in "A Wife's Secret"; while over the mantel-board are Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," and many family portraits are about.

"It is so amusing to hear people talk and write about my eldest brother Tom and me playing together as children," she said. "My mother was married when she was eighteen, and my brother was born when she was nineteen; I was born when she was forty-eight, and was her twenty-second child! So my brother was a grown man with a moustache when I knew him. I was brought up with his two children—little Tom and Maude, my own nephew and niece."

What a delightful story it was! Little Madge Robertson used to dress up as a policeman and take Maude into custody before Tom, the younger, as the judge. And this was the trial:—

"What is the prisoner charged with, constable?" asked the judge.

"Murder, my lord," replied the representative of law and order.

"Prisoner, are you guilty?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the poor prisoner.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Yes, my lord. *I'm the daughter of the author of 'Caste.'*"

The prisoner always got off, and dear old

William Robertson would watch this little scene and roar with laughter.

"Yes," Mrs. Kendal said quietly, as we again looked at "Tom's" picture, "my brother was kindness itself, even from his infancy. I remember hearing how, when he was a very small boy and living with his aunt, he went out one summer's day with a new velvet jacket on. He caught sight of a poor little beggar child his own size, who was in tatters, and,

beckoning him across, at once divested himself of his new coat, put it on the wondering youngster, and ran away home as fast as he could. His aunt questioned him, and upon finding out the true circumstances of the case, and not wishing to damp the kind spirit in the little fellow's heart, said:—

"Well, we'll go and try to find the boy you gave it to, and buy your jacket back."

"Fortunately the search was successful, and the coat was bought back for no less a sum than half-a-sovereign.

"And in later years it was just the same with Tom. He could never pass by a common cookshop, in front of the windows of which was often a crowd of men, women, and children, looking on with longing eyes, without getting them inside and giving them a fill to their hearts' content. When out driving it was no different. He would stop the horse, and have all the watching hungry ones inside, and the next moment they would be revelling in the satisfying properties of thick slices of plum-pudding and roast beef."

The house throughout is most artistic. Mr. Kendal is a painter of great merit, and he "knows" a picture as soon as he sees it. Pictures are his hobby; hence there is not a room in the house—even to the kitchen—which does not find a place for some canvas, etching, or engraving. The entrance-hall is at once striking, with its quaint thirteenth century furniture, bronzes, and Venetian ware. There are some fine engravings of



From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

terra-cotta, with a finely carved oak-panelling. It is a little treasure room of canvases, the gem of which is probably C. Van Hannen's "Mask Shop in Venice"—a painter of a school which Luke Fildes, R.A., has done so much to popularize. Macbeth is represented by a couple of delightful efforts, and there are samples of the skill of Eugene Du Blas, Crofts, John Reid, Andriotti, Sadler, De Haas, Rivers; a grand landscape

Miss Brunton—who became Countess of Craven—Kemble, Garrick, Phelps, and Mrs. Siddons. A picture of Mrs. Kendal in "The Falcon" was done at the express wish of, and paid for by, the late Poet Laureate. Tennyson said it reminded him of a woman he liked and admired. In the shadow is a fine bust of Macready, given by the great actor to the father of Mrs. Kendal; resting against the fireplace on either side are the two lances used in "The Queen's Shilling," and close by are two huge masks representing a couple of very hirsute individuals. They came from California, and represent "The King of the Devils" and "The King of the Winds."

The entrance to the dining-room is typical of all the other door-decoration in the house—a carving of cream enamel of beautiful design and workmanship. The walls of this apartment are

by Webb—nearly all of which are Academy works. The decorative articles are as artistic as in some cases they are peculiar. Running about above the oaken fireplace, amongst choice bronzes and blue ware, and a black boy who is trudging along with a very useful clock on his back, are many quaint animals of polished brass—even mice are not missing, with wonderfully long tails—that sparkle and glisten in the fire-light. Ascending the staircase you find etchings



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM,

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

after Alma Tadema, Briton Riviere, and others; the walls are covered with them.

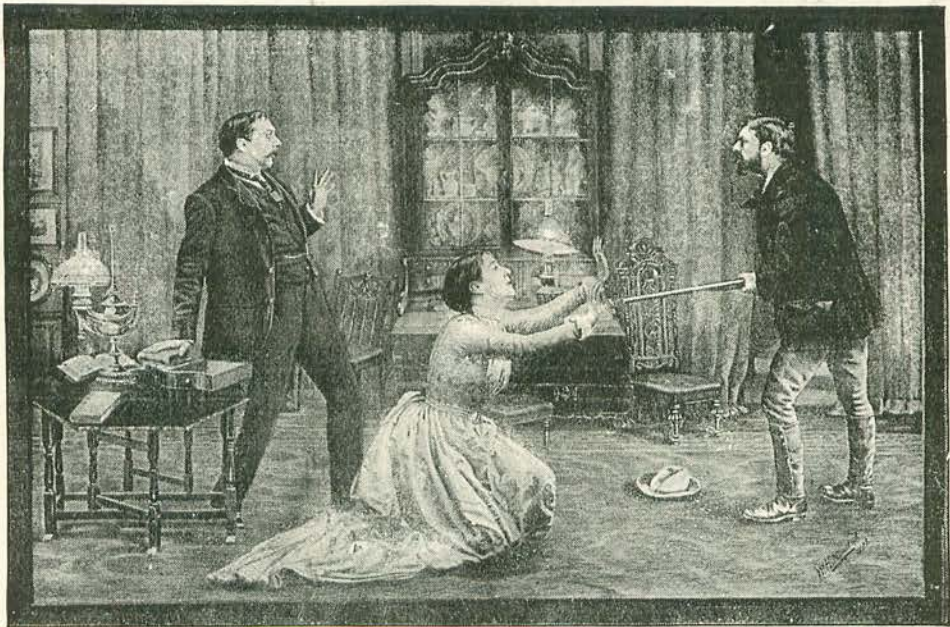
Here are a series of delightful pictures showing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in Gilbert's "Sweethearts," and I am reminded that the gifted actor and actress were the first to appear before the Queen after a period of five-and-twenty years, during which Her Majesty had never seen a play, the performance that night consisting of "Sweethearts" and Theyre Smith's "Uncle's Will." And as one takes note of many rare works—the bedroom is almost entirely given up to Doré's marvellous creations, though near the window is a splendid specimen of the photographer's art: a head of Miss Mary Anderson—one cannot fail to observe the family spirit everywhere—sometimes portraits of children, sometimes small and dainty pencil studies made of them by their

two-roomed apartment, the prevailing tone of blue, cream, and gold harmonizing to perfection. It is positively one huge collection of curios.

The screen at the far end is rather shuddery, not to say creepy, to those of nervous temperament. It is decorated with tomahawks of fearful and wonderful shapes and sizes, and other Indian implements of warfare.

"These came from California," Mrs. Kendal explained. "No sooner are you out of the train than the Indians tomahawk you! Look at this bow and arrow."

The pots of palms and ferns all hold American flags. These colours—the stars and stripes—once surmounted baskets of flowers and floral emblems—five, six, and even seven feet high—handed to Mrs. Kendal during her recent tour in the States; and



From the Picture by)

SCENE FROM "THE SQUIRE."

(Mrs. Kendal,

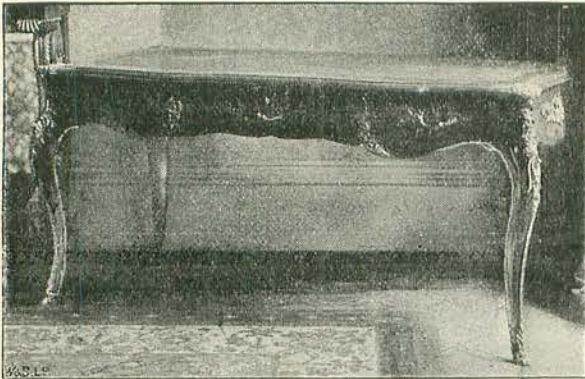
father. Occasionally theatrical sketches by Mr. Kendal appear. Here are some of the principal members of the old St. James's Company, who used to give Mr. Kendal sittings between the acts—here a capital bit of artistic work depicting a scene from "The Squire," made from stray memorandums and with the aid of a looking-glass for securing the actor-artist's face.

Leaving Mr. Kendal for a time, Mrs. Kendal and I returned to the drawing-room. It overlooks Harley Street and is a handsome

amongst the sweetly-perfumed blossoms diamonds, pearls, and other precious gems have glistened in the shape of ornaments. A table near the window tells you of the generosity of the Americans. It is crowded with silver ornaments and mementos. You may handle the diminutive silver candlesticks to light "The Kendals" away—silver jugs, souvenir spoons, frying-pans, coffee-pots—all in miniature. This silver dollar is only one of a hundred. You touch a spring, when, lo and behold! the portrait of the donor

appears. All American women have dainty feet. These little ebony and silver lasts for your boots remind you of this. On this table is a letter from the Princess of Wales, thanking Mrs. Kendal for "the lovely silver wedding bells and flowers which you so kindly sent me on the tenth." You may examine George IV.'s cigar-case—a silver tube in which the King was wont to carry a single cigar. It is

collecting of the tiniest of tiny things. If her intimate friends come across any curiosity particularly choice and small, it is at once snapped up and dispatched to Harley Street. I had some little leaden mice in my hand the size of half-a-dozen pins' heads. Handkerchiefs an inch square, babies' woollen shoes, pinafores, shirts, all of the tiniest, but perfectly made, with buttons and button-holes complete, and even buns with currants no bigger than a pin's point. Sheep, dogs, cats, monkeys, pigs, giraffes—in short, convert the entire Zoo into miniature china knick-knacks, and you have a considerable portion of Mrs. Kendal's collection realized. One must needs stand for a moment at Napoleon's writing-table, near which rests a characteristic clay by Van Beers. The pictures here are many. Millais' work is well represented by several etchings, and a remarkably clever thing by Emslie, entitled "Shakespeare and Bacon," suggests the two extremes of taste to a nicety. Whilst a young enthusiast is declaiming Shakespeare, one of his listeners—doubtless, equally enthusiastic, but with an eye for victuals—is interrupting a soliloquy with the remark: "Now! who says bacon?" Every portrait has a history—Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg in their wedding gar-

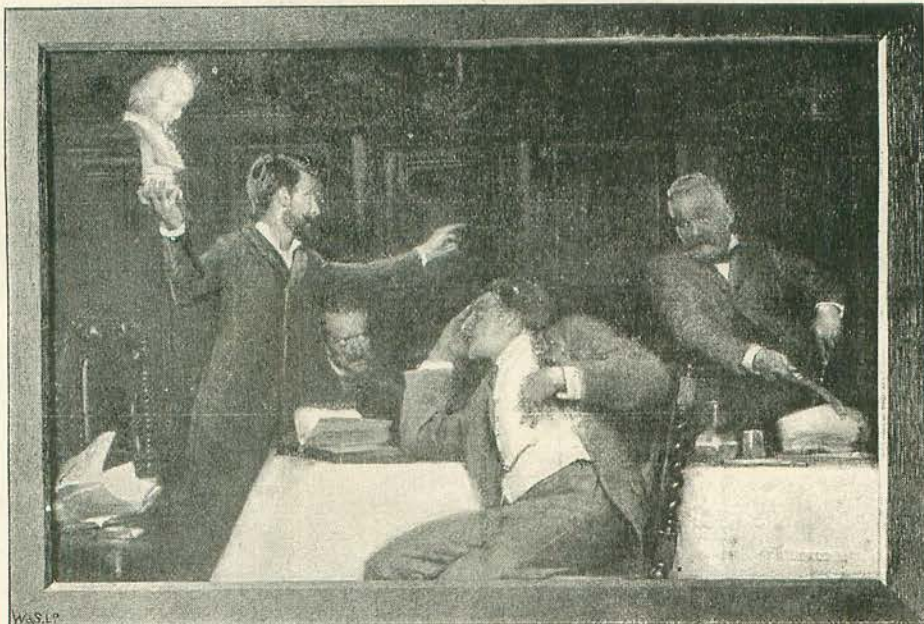


From a Photo. by] NAPOLEON'S WRITING-TABLE. [Elliott & Fry.

impossible to number all the treasured odds and ends, but still more difficult to total up the miniature articles set out in a pair of cabinets.

Mrs. Kendal has a hobby—it lies in the

impossible to number all the treasured odds and ends, but still more difficult to total up the miniature articles set out in a pair of cabinets. Mrs. Kendal has a hobby—it lies in the



From the Picture by] "SHAKESPEARE AND BACON," [J. E. Emslie.



GROUP IN CLAY, BY JAN VAN BEERS.

ments, the late Duke of Albany, Professor Huxley, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. Pinero, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and many others. Three suggestive pictures, however, cannot be passed by. This dear little fellow is the son of Mr. B. J. Farjeon. Mr. Farjeon married "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson's daughter, and the youngster is pictured dressed in the tattered garments of merry, rollicking *Rip*. You know how *Rip* always drinks your health? He holds the glass of hollands high up and cries, "Here's your health and your family's good health, and may they all live long and prosper!" but Mr. Farjeon's little boy cries out, "Here's your health, and your family's good health, and may you all live long and *proper!*"

A photo. of Dr. Pancoast stands near a bust of Mrs. Kendal as *Galatea*, done when she was seventeen. Dr. Pancoast—a celebrated American physician—saved Mrs. Kendal's life when her maid accidentally administered a poisonous drug to

her mistress. The poor girl herself nearly died of fright.

But perhaps the portrait of the late Duchess of Cambridge, which Mrs. Kendal now holds in her hand, is more interesting than them all.

"Her late Royal Highness," Mrs. Kendal said, "always addressed me and wrote to me as Mrs. Grimston. She was paralyzed in her right hand and wrote with her left; perhaps that is why this letter, written in pencil and with great effort, is treasured more than it otherwise would have been."

It was one of the last letters written by Her Royal Highness. The letters and words were wonderfully legible; it read:—

"DEAR MRS. GRIMSTON,—One line only to thank you for sending me the stalls for my dressers, who enjoyed your and Mr. Grimston's charming acting immensely. My first deaf one was able to follow perfectly, thanks to your having kindly let her have the book previously. Again thanking you,

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"AUGUSTA."

And in a little cabinet in the far corner is a beautiful Sèvres bowl. In the bowl is a telegram from "Princess Mary," asking Mrs. Kendal to come to St. James's Palace at once. Written on a black-edged envelope were these words: "To dearest Mrs. Grimston Kendal. A little souvenir. Found amongst

the last wishes of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge."

It is only just possible to hasten through the collection of substantial reminiscences which add to the charm of this corner of the house. The quaint white china hare was given to Mrs. Kendal many years ago by Mr. John Hare, when playing together at the Court. A curious but vividly suggestive idea of Japanese wit, in the shape of a couple of characteristically dressed figures, typifies "Health" and "Wealth"; the figure, representing "Health" has a countenance of the deepest red, the other a face all golden and as resplendent as the sun. In a small frame is the



MRS. KENDAL AS "GALATEA."

letter from the Goethe Club of New York, making Mrs. Kendal an honorary member. She is the only woman member of this club. And this pretty little doll dressed as a Quakeress—a charming compliment to the recipient—was presented by the Quakeresses of Philadelphia, who never, never, never go the play, yea, verily! So they sent this as a tribute of their admiration for the talents and character of the woman who has been called “The Matron of the Drama.”

We sat down on a settee in front of the fire. The cushions were of white lawn marked with the initial “M.,” and were worked by the late Lady Eglinton.

Mrs. Kendal's happy and homely face is familiar to all. She has a truly tender and sympathetic expression there at all times. Her hair was once that of the fair one with golden locks, now it is of a rich brown colour—very neatly and naturally trimmed about her head. She is very kind—very motherly; just the woman you would single out in time of trouble and ask, “What would you advise me to do?” I gathered these impressions whilst listening to many things she said of which I need not write. Her views on theatrical life are strong, nay, severe. She is not afraid to speak, and she hits hard and sends her shots home. But you cannot mistake the earnestness of her manner, the true intent of her motives.

“I am only a common-place woman,” she said to me. “I used to be ever so light-hearted—now, I'm a morbid creature. Here we are sitting down by the fireside. I may tell you happy reminiscences that may make one merry, and all the time I should be thinking about—what? Cancer! I return to my dressing-room from the stage at night. As I am passing along a fellow player may turn to me and say, ‘How well the play has gone to-night!’ I am only thinking of those who have trod that same stage before me. What are they now? Dust—earth—worms!”

I stirred the fire, and the bright glow from its burning embers lit up the corner where we sat. And we talked together.

Margaret Brunton Robertson was born at Great Grimsby on March 15th, 1849—curiously enough these lines will be read on the anniversary of her birthday. Her grandfather, father, and uncle were all actors.

“I lived alone with my father and mother,” she said, “and the only real recollection I have of my father is his fine white beard, which he grew towards the latter days of his life, and a little advice he once gave me.

“‘Always count twenty,’ he said, ‘when you are walking across the quay at Bristol, then you won't hear the sailors swear!’ Yet he would use very bad language to me when he was teaching me my parts; for you know I commenced acting at a very early age. I was only three when I made my first appearance—and I ruined the play. It was at the Marylebone Theatre in the ‘Three Poor Travellers,’ and I was a blind child. My nurse was in the front row of the pit—that is, in the very first row, for there were no stalls. All I thought about was my new shoes—a very pretty, dainty little pair, and as soon as I stepped on the stage, I opened my eyes, caught sight of the delighted face of my nurse, and cried out:—

“‘Oh! nurse, dear,

look at my new shoes!’”

“I played at Chute's Theatre in Bristol in many child's parts. When my father went to the wall over the Lincoln Circuit, Mr. Chute engaged him as an actor, and I went with him. I remember in ‘A Midsummer Night's Dream’—I was *Mustard Seed*, I think, or *Peas Blossom*; at any rate, some small character that required very prettily dressing, and plenty of flowers on my little costume. I am as fond of flowers to-day as I was then. Well, when once I got on the stage in my pretty dress—of which I was particularly proud—before I would leave it, I had to be bought off with apples and oranges! There they would stand at the wings, and the price



MRS. KENDAL'S LITTLE QUAKERESS.

would go up—up—up—two oranges, three oranges, three oranges and two apples—until I inwardly murmured a childish equivalent for 'sold,' and toddled off.

"I acted *Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' when I was eight. I think I was always a sad child—I looked forty when I was fifteen. After little *Eva* I used to play anything."

And they were hard times for little Madge—she worked like the brave little woman she was. Her childish thoughts were constantly with her parents—how best could she add to the weekly income. And this is what the same little Madge would do. Night after night, after playing in a serious piece, she would appear in burlesque, sing, dance, and crack her small jokes with the best of them. It was hard work that made her a woman—it was dearly-bought experience that gave birth to the sympathetic heart she has to-day.

So at fourteen she was a woman grown—and at fifteen at Hull played *Lady Macbeth* to Phelps's *Macbeth*!

"I was dressed in my mother's clothes," Mrs. Kendal said, "and I fear I must have looked a fearful guy!"

At rehearsal Phelps looked upon the young woman.

"And who—-who is this child?" asked the great actor.

"Madge Robertson," the manager answered; "a rare favourite here."

It was a choice between her and a very old woman, Mr. Phelps.

"Then let the young woman play, by all means," Phelps said. "What a night it was! At the end of the play they wanted her on again, but Phelps was obdurate. A party of men came round, and threatened to throw Phelps into the Humber! Phelps remained firm.

"He was kindness itself through it all," Mrs. Kendal assured me, "and though I did not go on again, he proved his thoughtfulness a little later on by sending for me to play *Lady Teazle*. I played the leading parts during the three nights Phelps remained in Hull in 'The Man of the World,' 'Richelieu,'

and 'Macbeth.' On July 29th, 1865, I made my *début* in London, at the Haymarket, as *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of Walter Montgomery. Poor Montgomery! He was what you would call a 'lady-killer'—very conceited, but, withal, very kind. He once wrote a letter to my father, and added a postscript, saying: 'Keep this letter. Should poverty fall upon you or yours, your great-grandchildren may be able to sell it for a good sum of money!' I was only with him six weeks."

The only play of her brother's in which Mrs. Kendal has appeared was "Dreams," when the Gaiety first opened. At this time the managers always tried to induce Mrs. Kendal to appear in a riding habit—a costume in which she looked strikingly handsome.

"Alfred Wigan played in 'Dreams,'" continued Mrs. Kendal. "His wife was one of the kindest women I ever met. She gave me a gold bracelet for a very curious little service I used to render her husband every night. He had to sing a song in 'Dreams,' and one or two of the high notes were beyond his reach. I used to take these notes for him, and the audience never guessed the truth."

"And have you not played *Desdemona*?" I asked.

"Oh! yes—and to a real black man, and so he did not have to put his head up the chimney to make himself up for the part! His name was Ira Aldridge, and scandal said he was the dresser of some great actor whom he used to imitate. But he had very ingenious ideas as to the character of *Othello*. He thought him a brute, and played him as such. His great notion was to get the fairest woman possible for *Desdemona*—and I was selected, for at that time my hair was quite golden.

"In one part of the play he would cry out, 'Give me thy hand, *Desdemona*!' and certainly the effect of my hand in his huge grasp was impressive. Then in the last act he would pull me from the couch by the hair of my head. Oh! there was something in his realism, I can tell you!"



From a Photo.]

MRS. KENDAL.

(by Bassano.)



Miss Robertson made a great sensation when she appeared as *Blanche Dumont*, in Dr. Westland Marston's "Hero of Romance," when it was performed for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, on March 14th, 1868. Seventeen months after this, on August 7th, 1869, she was Madge Robertson no longer. On that day she was married to Mr. William Hunter Grimston, whose stage name is Kendal. It is a charming little story.

It occurred at Manchester. Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson were on tour with the elder Compton, and they were—sweethearts. A convenient time seemed to have arrived for their wedding day, for on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights pieces were to be played in which neither of them would be required. This would mean a nice little honeymoon—and the two lovers would re-appear on the Monday night. So the day was fixed—Thursday; the church chosen—St. Saviour's, Plymouth Grove; and the best man booked—Walter Gowing, who used to play under the name of Walter Gordon.

Then bad news came. Compton's brother was taken ill, and he had to hurry away from Cottonopolis. Another play had to be put in the bill, both Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson would be needed—for it was "As You Like It," and the one would be wanted for *Orlando* and the other for *Rosalind*. Still, the wedding was proceeded with on Thursday morning, quietly and happily, and in the

evening husband and wife met on the stage in the Forest of Arden. There, with *Celia* as the priest, amidst the leafy trees and grassy pathways, *Orlando* turns to the merry *Celia*, and pointing to the far, far happier *Rosalind*, cries out:—

"Pray thee, marry us!"

"Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?"

"I will."

"Then," *Rosalind* pertly remarks, "you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'"

"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife," said *Orlando*, earnestly.

Then *Rosalind* asked, "Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?"

And *Orlando* replied—both in the words of Shakespeare and in the language of his own heart—"For ever and a day!"

That is the true story of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. It was a natural desire of each never to play apart from the other, and from that day they have never separated. For some seven years Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played at the Haymarket, under Buckstone's management, and the gifted actress merrily referred to the little jokes played on "Bucky" by some of the actors. He was stone deaf, and could only take his cues when to speak from the movements of his fellow-actors' lips, so they would annoy him by continuing the lip movement, and "Bucky" sometimes got "stuck."

Little need be said of Mrs. Kendal's



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

subsequent work—her acting at the Court, the Prince of Wales's, and her labours at the St. James's, when, in 1881, she appeared there under the joint management of Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare. Not only in this country has her name become fondly familiar in the homes of those who "go to the theatre" and those who "never would," but in America the artistic acting of herself and husband has been instantly and enthusiastically recognised.

I left the drawing-room—pausing, before entering Mr. Kendal's study, to admire the aviary—a veritable home of song—and to notice one diminutive member of the feathered tribe in particular, who has been taught by Miss Grimston to perform tricks *ad lib.*, in addition to giving forth the sweetest of notes.

The study is a very delicate apartment in terra-cotta and gold—here and there are quaint blue china vases and many exquisite bronzes. The window in the recess where the table is—a typical study table, suggesting plenty of work—is of stained glass, the quartet of divisions representing the four seasons. A glance round the walls of this room at once reveals the substantial side of Mr. Kendal's artistic hobby—pictures. In this apartment there is nothing but water-colours, save a very clever pen-and-ink sketch by a New York artist, called "Six Months After Marriage," which Jefferson caught sight of at the New York Dramatic Bazaar, and reminded Mr. Kendal to "keep his eye on," and a portrait or two of Mrs. Kendal and the children. "Hetty Sorrell" at her butter pats, with her thoughts very far from the churning-pan, is a gem. "The Last of St. Bartholomew" is a magnificent bit of painting, and the Venetian views at once carry one back to the home of the merry gondolier and perfect moonlight nights. This picture of

Salvini—who its possessor assured me was the finest tragedian he had ever seen—was painted by Mr. Kendal himself. The bookcase, running along opposite the window, contains many rare first editions, of which Mr. Kendal is a very persevering and successful collector, and a bound manuscript copy of every play produced by him, together with the original sketches for the scenery. You may look over the "Scrap of Paper," "The Falcon," "Queen's Shilling," "Ladies' Battle," "Clancarty," "The Ironmaster," "The Money Spinner," and "The Squire"—Pinero's play, of which somebody wrote that it wafted the scent of the new-mown hay across the footlights.

It is interesting to learn how Mr. Kendal first came across Pinero.

"I only knew him as an actor at the Lyceum," he said, "and had never met him. He wrote and asked if we would let him read a play to us. As a rule we never do that; but, remembering that Pinero was himself a player, we made an exception. So it came about that one day, after a rehearsal, the actor playwright read his piece to us in the *foyer* of the St. James's. We never expected anything at first, but the reading ended in our taking the play immediately, though we scarcely knew what we should do with it, seeing it was a two-act play. We

found an opportunity, however, and you know the success it was. It was called 'The Money Spinner.'

Mr. Kendal is a striking-looking man—the very ideal of a picturesque soldier, with a constitution of steel. He talks to you frankly, easily, for there is not two pennyworth of presumption about him. He lives and labours very quietly—he enjoys his days, and a good cigar. He divides his talents between the stage and the brush. His pencil and palette have been with him in far-off



PORTRAIT OF SALVINI, BY MR. KENDAL.

places, and there is always a corner in his bag for them if he only travels twenty miles from Harley Street. His peculiarity of painting—so to speak—lies in the fact that he never fails to chronicle the view obtained from any hotel where he may be staying. He showed me a book full of these hasty impressions—all of which were most beautifully done—many of them he could only give ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to. Two of these I brought away for reproduction in these pages; they are both unfinished, however—the pencil reminders of certain little additions tell that.

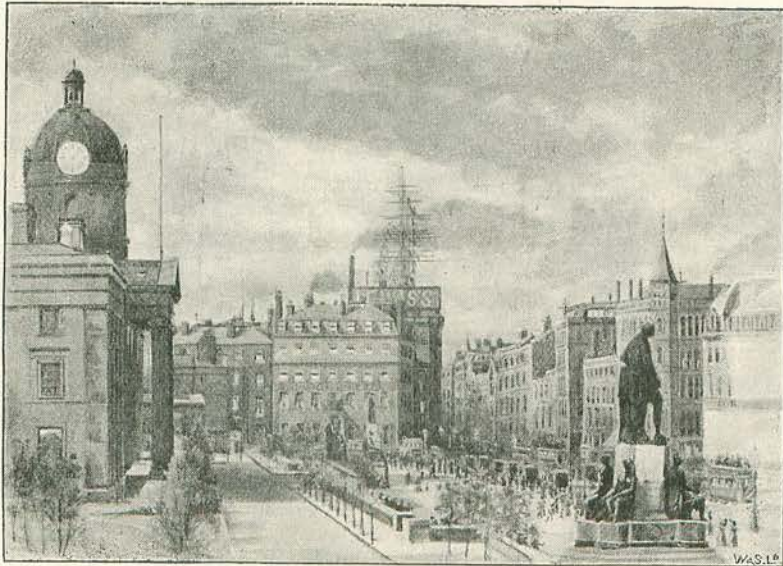
The first of these is a view of the Infirmary as seen from Mr. Kendal's window at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester; the second—done in a quarter of an hour—shows the way the Americans erect their buildings for exhibiting a cyclorama—popularly known here as a panorama. It was done from a back window in an hotel in Cleveland, U.S.A. The actor-artist never learnt drawing, save for a few hours' lessons he took at the Slade Schools under the tuition of Le Gros.

Mr. Kendal—William Hunter Grimston—was born at Notting Hill, and just outside the sound of Bow Bells, on December 16th, 1843. His parents belonged to the Low Church, and their views of the theatre in general, and on adopting the stage as a profession in particular, will be readily understood. Mr. Kendal was intended for the Army—how he came to "go on" the stage is best told in his own words:—

"I had only been to three or four pantomimes previously," he said, "and one night—I was about eighteen years of age at the time—I found myself in the stalls of the old Soho Theatre, in Dean Street, Soho, now known as the Royalty Theatre. My paper and pencil were out, and I was busily engaged in making sketches of the various actors and actresses. The piece was 'Billie Taylor.' Suddenly I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder from behind. I turned round.

"'Would you allow me to take those sketches round and show the 'parties' interested?' a gentleman asked.

"'Certainly; with pleasure,' I replied.



SKETCH FROM THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER, BY MR. KENDAL.

He draws everything that impresses him—his painting memory is remarkable. He sees a man's face in the street, carries it home in his mind, and it will be very faithfully put on paper or canvas.

We talked for a long time on "pictures"—he was so happy and earnest about it that it was some time before we made an attempt to tread the boards and get behind the footlights.

"'Perhaps you would like to come behind the scenes as well?'

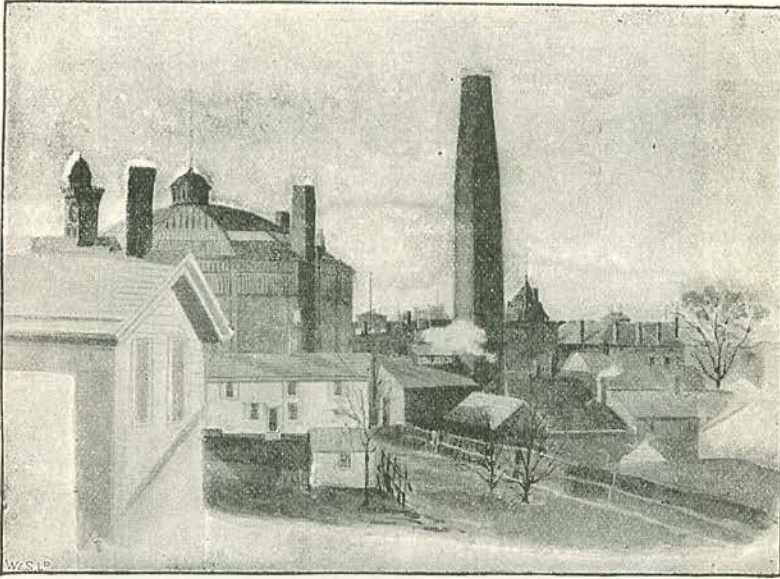
"It was just what I wanted, so I followed the person who had so kindly interested himself in my scribble. He proved to be Mr. Mowbray, the manager of the theatre. The picture behind the scenes that night was a perfect Elysium to me. I think Mowbray must have noticed the impression it made upon me, for

he asked if I would like to go on the stage. I did—as a sort of super.”

Mr. Kendal's first important engagement lasted four or five years at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Here he met and played with such people as Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), G. V. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Dion Boucicault, Fechter, Miss Bate-man (Mrs. Crowe), and the elder Sothern.

“‘Suppose I spend that amount of money on the place, will you take it?’ Lord Newry asked.

“My only reply was that I would think about it. In the meantime I went to the Court, from there to the Prince of Wales's to play in ‘Diplomacy’—it ran a year—‘Peril’ and ‘London Assurance.’ Then I returned to the Court again, and during this time Lord



SKETCH FROM HOTEL WINDOW, CLEVELAND, U.S.A., BY MR. KENDAL.

When Sothern left, the accomplished young actor played *Dundreary*, and found himself straying in the footsteps of the famous originator of the part, even to the hop. One would have thought that people would have praised the actor for taking such a worthy example—but it displeased Tom Taylor, and he wrote very wrathfully. Then Mr. Kendal went to the Haymarket, met Miss Robertson, and from their wedding day their lives may be said to have been the same in thought, word, and deed.

As an organizer and man of business his tact and judgment were tested and proved during his joint management of the St. James's with Mr. Hare in 1881. For some time previous to this Mr. Kendal had been on the look-out for a theatre, and his mind wandered towards the St. James's, but it required a large sum of money spending on it before it could be opened.

“One night I was talking to Lord Newry at my club,” said Mr. Kendal, “and happened to say that if £2,000 or so were spent on the St. James's I might feel inclined to take it.

Newry had practically gutted the old and unlucky St. James's, turned it inside out—John Hare, my wife and self entered, and we remained there nearly ten years.”

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal share the same opinion of America—it is the land of to-day, the land of the future. As to its theatres in comparison with ours, Mrs. Kendal—who had now joined us—was most enthusiastic. I had reached the pillars, from which hung curtains of intricate Japanese workmanship, leading to the hall. Victoria, the Jubilee dog, was barking a friendly “Good-bye,” and the lusty throats of Miss Grimston's two-and-twenty canaries forced their sweet notes from a far-away room into the passage.

“I will give you some idea of what an American theatre is like,” said Mrs. Kendal. “You reach your destination by rail at some small place for a one-night stay. If it is raining and the ground is wet, men in long jack-boots catch hold of you and gallantly take you across the puddles. You do not see a soul about—and you are in fear and trembling as to where your night's audience

is coming from. You get to your hotel, and then your next thought is—where is the theatre? You expect to find a little, uncomfortable, band-box of a place, and you set out to see it with a heavy heart. It is a palace—a marble palace—a positive poem! And your heart leaps happily—only to drop dull again, for you suddenly remember that

you have seen—nobody, not even the oldest inhabitant. You turn to the manager.

“‘Yes, yes—but, what about an audience, how are you going to fill it?’ you ask.

“‘Wall,’ he replies, ‘I don’t trouble myself much about that. I reckon that every seat in this theatre is sold for to-night, that’s all!’”

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by

MR. KENDAL Maurice Stephens, Harrogate