

theatre, always a dreary place in the morning, seemed even more depressing than usual. Mr. Irving was rehearsing the first act of 'Richard III.,' possibly with a view to Baltimore or Chicago.

"With that infinite patience which some philosophers define as genius, Mr. Irving went over and over the lines of Richard and Lady Ann, and acted all the business of the scene. His street costume and tall silk hat appeared ridiculously incongruous with his sword and his words. He knelt upon the stage and showed Lady Ann how to take hold of the weapon and threaten to kill him. He rose and repeated her speeches with appropriate gestures. He knelt again, gave her the cues, and watched her from under his heavy eyebrows, while she again rehearsed the scene.

"Repeated a dozen times, this performance became as monotonous as the dripping of the rain without, or the slow motions of the cleaners in the front of the theatre. At last, with a few final kindly words, the Lady Ann was dismissed, and Mr. Irving sat down wearily at the prompter's table.

" 'Where shall you eat your Christmas dinner?' I inquired.

" 'At Baltimore,' replied Mr. Irving. 'Several of my company have brought their home-made Christmas puddings over with them, and are to carry them about,

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