This edition is limited to Five hundred copies, all of which are numbered

No.

COX THE MASTER

To

ELEANOR

whose great-grand-uncle

knew and sketched with

DAVID COX

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE NUDE FROM CRANACH TO ETTY AND BEYOND
CORONATION CAVALCADE
SPORTING PRINTS
DAVID COX
DICTATOR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
CHARLES BENTLEY
HENRY BRIGHT OF THE NORWICH SCHOOL

With WILLIAM GAUNT

ETTY AND THE NUDE

With C. REGINALD GRUNDY

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES AND DRAWINGS IN THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK JOHN NETTLEFOLD

In preparation

ROWLANDSON

THE LIFE AND ART OF A BRITISH GENIUS

COX THE MASTER

The Life and Art of David Cox (1783-1859)

BY

F. GORDON ROE

Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London
Fellow of the Royal Historical Society
Sometime Editor of "*The Connoisseur*"

F. LEWIS, PUBLISHERS, LIMITED
THE TITHE HOUSE, LEIGH-ON-SEA, ENGLAND

PRINTED AND MADE IN ENGLAND

FIRST PUBLISHED 1946

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHERS BY W. S. COWELL LTD., IPSWICH.

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ADDENDA

Page 9, 7th line of 5th paragraph:—for 'true to heart' read 'true to the heart.'

Page 38:—I have found among my papers a somewhat more definite note bearing on the anecdote of Mr Reynolds offering to take some of Cox's drawings by way of 'change', as follows: 'A correspondent has informed me that he possesses a few small drawings by Cox which might be the fruit of this transaction. At any rate, a forebear of his, named Reynolds, came from Hereford, and "had something to do with David Cox".' I have not seen the drawings concerned.

F. G. R.

PREFACE

Many years ago, Mr. Kaines Smith invited me to contribute a book on David Cox to the 'British Artists' series he was then editing for Messrs. Philip Allan. Though complimented at the idea of my work appearing in company with that of older and, in some cases, indisputably distinguished writers, I doubted my capability for the task. My knowledge of Cox was, I felt, inadequate for the purpose. However, encouraged by C. Reginald Grundy, then Editor of 'The Connoisseur,' I accepted the commission. The knowledge that Grundy had himself inherited a direct 'Cox' tradition from two sources—through his own grand-uncle (R. H. Grundy) and a friendship with the Radclyffe family—was a strong incentive.

So it was that in 1924 my original book on 'David Cox' was published. A deal of labour went into it and maybe it served its purpose, but between it and the present essay there are differences of mood and outlook; all available material has been re-studied, and far more stress is placed on heredity and environment. (Parenthetically may I remark that my slightly old-fashioned belief in heredity is retained on the basis that environment does not and never can be made to cover all the facts.)

As for the rest, this book must serve as its own definition, and it merely remains for me to express my indebtedness to all who have in any way helped me to bring it into being. C. Reginald Grundy, since passed away, must receive pride of place; and a special debt of gratitude is owed to my friend, Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt, whose name as sole compiler of the list of Cox's exhibited works, should really share the title-page with mine.

To another valued friend, Mr. H. Granville Fell, Editor of 'The Connoisseur,' I owe my sincere thanks for his advice and for his permission to utilize certain material on Cox which I wrote for that magazine. I am also much indebted to Mr. Walter Turner, as I am to Sir Robert Clermont Witt, Mr. F. J. Nettlefold,

Mr. C. Gerald Agnew, Mr. Charles Burton, Mr. Geoffrey Burton, Mr. Robert Worthington, Mr. John C. Neve (a descendant of Cox's friends, the Everitts), Mr. C. Boxall—in short, to all those, whether authorities of public galleries or owners of private collections, who have in any way helped me or have permitted the reproduction of works by Cox in these pages.

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I

COX THE MASTER

JUNE evening in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria adorning the Throne of Great Britain, and Albert the Prince-Consort still living, though with but thirty months between him and colder splendours. Public Thanksgiving for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny offset by anxiety concerning the Italian war and Britain's declaration of neutrality. Neutrality itself offset by the raising of the Volunteers—Home Guard of the period. All of which, coupled with the collapse of the Derby ministry over the new Reform Bill introduced by Mr. Disraeli, was making this eighteen hundred and fifty-nine a busy year of grace.

Not that these and the thousand-and-one other swirls and eddies in current history were any longer of much consequence to an old artist dying at Harborne: an old artist, whose name, though fairly well reverenced then, was to out-lustre many of seemingly far greater consequence. He had made his contribution to the scheme of things and was slowly passing into the shadows.

About a month before, he had received a signal tribute: a tribute from none less than the genial sage of Fleet Street, from 'Punch'* then still in its later 'teens.

'Dear old David,'—ran this moving testimony; 'Dear old David,—and next to nature who can Mr. Punch have better than David Cox?—I feel as if you and I were shaking hands for a long, long parting. Is it the wavy mist of tears in my eyes, or the dimness of years in yours, that blears those Welsh mountains and wild western moorlands, the last, I fear, that your glorious old hand—true to heart as ever, but now trembling—will create for the pleasure of all that have ever looked nature lovingly in the face? Alas! and is time drawing the veil between you and the looming hills and gusty skies? In brain and heart you see them still—bright and fresh as ever—perhaps brighter

* Thus Solly, from whom the quotation is taken, though I have to admit my inability to trace the reference in the 'Punch' volume for 1859, or (after a more cursory search) in those of sundry adjacent years.

and fresher. But the eye will grow glazed, and the stiffening finger will flag, for all the wind's bidding, and the inward beauty and glory will pass faintly and more faintly into shape and colour, till what used to be noble, free, and generous transcripts of earth, and sea, and sky, are now hazy and indistinct landscapes of dreamland!

'All who have ever loved nature must love David Cox. How!—not love the man who for fifty years has done liege suit and service to the solemn purple of far-off hills, the sudden gleam of golden cornfields, the stately march or wild glee of summer clouds, the tossing of meadow grass on the uplands, or the flush of heather-bells along the moor!

'Well, let those who love him take their leave of him; for there hang his last works in the room of the Old Water Colour Society, touching in their mellow indistinctness, but honestly beautiful to the end. He leaves many good men behind, but no equal . . .

'In one of Mr. Punch's country excursions—and where may not Mr. Punch set up, that is, set down, his pavilion, and sound his roo-too it?—he came after a successful pitch at Llanrwst to the bridge at Bettws-y-Coed . . . , and looking round him exclaimed to himself, "I know this country!" He did know it in David Cox's drawings, for it was to this very spot, as Mr. Punch found out in a confidential chat with the artists at the Oak that night, the faithful old man had resorted year after year, loving the place like a mistress, both hill, and field, and river, till they laid their hearts bare to him, and told all they had to tell—every year something new and always worth telling, and whispered to none, but to old David.

'So go, my dear young friends, reverently and tenderly, and give your farewell and God-speed to old David Cox, for he will draw no more. He will divide the shattered weather-stained, wind-rent old mantle among many, for whom the rags and tatters will make whole suits, wherein they will array themselves very proudly, and make no small figure in many exhibition rooms.'

Above the foothills of Twaddeday, where all the little people in the world 'write all the little books in the world, about all the other little people in the world,' those few paragraphs tower mountainous. They have truth, knowledge and sympathy.

The old artist had loved Bettws, as he loved nature, 'like a mistress' and that is the road royal to a living art.

But now he was too old and ill to seek his mistress any more. He had been very poorly, and his breathing distressed him. In May he rallied, but come June he again caught cold, developed bronchitis, and was no longer able to go downstairs.

On a previous evening, he had gazed wistfully round his walls, and said mournfully, almost to himself, "Good-bye, pictures! good-bye, I shall not see you any more!"

It was the end. At about 10.30 on the night of June 7th, 1859, the old artist murmured 'God bless you!' and was one with the mists of the hills.

. . . .

To praise Cox without lip-service, one must understand and admire the glorious illogicality of British Genius. In Britain, and none the less in England, art at its best is less a process than a blend of inspiration and evolution. It grows as a tree grows, and exists in its own right as much as a rock or a ravine exists. But, for all that, it is conscious of method and growth. It is a natural system of development backed by a mind.

Cox was a master, but he was not always a master. One of the most English of painters, he did not emerge with the dangerous ease of a Thomas Lawrence. His talent was in nowise precocious. Had he died young, we might have ranked him with painters of no great importance. He would not have shared place with Girtin. Much that he painted in youth and thereafter was trivial, much merely 'pleasing'. It is not until his performance is seen in its true perspective that the man's variety and greatness is properly apparent; but once discerned the integrity of his achievement is unmistakeable. Not for us, in these days, are some of the prettier pieces that caught the Victorian fancy. To us it is the profound understanding of his vision and statement that appeals. In imagination, we visualize Cox as a spirit brooding on the rocks and trees, the wind-swept moors and the scudding rain-clouds of his native land.

That Cox did not emerge more swiftly and surely from the chrysalis stage was partly due to economic pressure. Triviality was to some extent forced on him by the sheer necessity of earning a livelihood. Before we blame an artist for producing

bread-and-butter work, we should remind ourselves of his need of bread-and-butter.

True, the greater the genius the greater the force; but though an artist can learn by adversity, his belly must be filled in the learning. The enlightened at least ask themselves why the prostitute plies her profession? Shall we not do as much for the most honest of all prostitutions?

For much of his life, Cox was a poor man who taught whatever pupils he could get and painted whatever he could sell. Such things are harmful to development. That he still contrived to develop his powers, to produce work that was lovely and sincere, is a tribute to his integrity.

Were all his trivialities out-of-mind, leaving nothing but what has the true breath of life in it, the greatness of Cox would be as unchallengeable as Snowdon. It is with the purpose of asserting that greatness, of showing how it triumphed over soul-scorching hardship, that this book is written.

. . . .

Of the legion of artists who glittered in the Victorian firmament, he whose character matched most closely with Cox's was William Etty. True, there were differences: Etty the predestined bachelor and Cox the happily married; Cox the painter of landscapes, Etty the painter of nude figure-scapes; Etty the Royal Academician, Cox whom the Royal Academy failed to honour. But there was a harmony between their natures, despite these and other distinctions.

Both were men of genuine integrity and single-mindedness. Though each lived, in a sense, for his art, and each put every ounce into it that the outer world would permit him, neither had any false pride in his powers. If he looked on his work and saw it was good, he did so humbly and in a mood of thankfulness. Spiritual humility was inherent in both men; not a smug self-satisfaction masquerading as a Heep-like 'umbleness, but something of that glorious self-knowledge that impelled Newton to liken himself to a child gathering pebbles on the seashore. Whatsoever was great in them—and neither Cox nor Etty had any conception of his own stature—they unhesitatingly ascribed to God. Two men whose minds and modesty were as those of

little children gave of their bounty to a world not over-ready to requite it.

Nowadays we should call them 'insular.' It is the current term of contemptuous reference to those who love their own land first and foremost. That is, of course, when the person so stigmatized happens to be a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. When he is not, 'patriot' is the description. If Etty and Cox found foreigners strangely un-English—a fairly general complaint of the Briton abroad in their day—it must be conceded that a good many of those same foreigners returned the compliment in kind. If to the English the foreigner was depraved, to the foreigner the English were mad. It was six of one to half-a-dozen of t'other. But this question may fairly be asked: had Etty and Cox been less insular, would they have been as great as they were? To say, as do some of our wiseacres, that British art is provincial is not only to misunderstand its peculiar character, but to ignore that localized individuality which is one of art's greatest attractions.

If Etty revered Rubens and Paolo Veronese, his art was pure Etty and English. Cox, whose few trips abroad left no perceptible influence on his art, drew every whit of his inspiration from the hills and dales, the moors and cornfields of his native land. His sole desire was to express it. No more English painter—I say 'English' advisedly—has ever lived; and, whatever glories are derivable from alien sources, surely we can agree that for any artist, of whatever nationality, to realize and express the beauty of his homeland in a purely native idiom is enough. Thousands have essayed as much without achieving a tithe of his success.

Nobody has ever drawn out a pedigree for old David Cox. He, like Etty, came of unexalted parentage. Etty's father was a miller and gingerbread-baker; Cox's, a blacksmith and whitesmith. In both cases, the mother was a woman of superior intellect—in Etty's case, of superior origin. But whereas Etty's mother had gentle blood in her veins,* calling cousins with a line of royalist baronets,—little is known of 'old' Mrs. Cox's antecedents. Beyond the fact that she was born a Walford and that, genealogically, Walford is not prima facie an unpromising

* For Etty's descent, see 'Etty and the Nude,' by William Gaunt and the present writer. (F. Lewis, [Publishers] Ltd., 1943).

name, we have scarcely any available data from which to pursue the comparison. Whether intensive research would place the problem on a different footing is a matter that must be left in abeyance so far as this book is concerned.

At the least we can say that both Cox and Walford are good old English names. Cox is one of those with (to quote L'Estrange Ewen) the English form of genitive case endings that entered official use in the Thirteenth Century. 'John, Robin's son, would be called John Robin, but Margaret, Robin's (daughter), would be known as Margaret Robines'; and similarly Cock would yield Cocks or Cox. Which of the numerous derivations of Cox—a word of varied significance—applies in the present case we have no manner of knowing. Suffice to say that, for many centuries, persons named Cox or Coxe had lived in or near David's birthplace, and some of them may have been his kindred.

We are, therefore, left with two outstanding facts which have a bearing on the problem of assigning the responsibility for genius. Both Etty and Cox were sired by men who, in one sense or another, were craftsmen; both had for mothers women whose standard of intelligence was higher than the husbands'. Is it arguable that the fusion of skilled and honest toil with a spirit unexpressed in made things but in kindliness and the vision of God can kindle the flame of art?

Was it thus that Arden struck the flint and gave us William Shakespeare?

. . . .

June evening in the year of grace, 1859.

Old David Cox bids farewell to the works of art on the walls of his parlour at Harborne; bids them farewell mournfully, for next to nature he has loved the art with which he wooed her. Toils upstairs to the bed he is never to quit again in life, with all the while a veil closing in on him—not of unconsciousness, for he is later to ask affectionately after his grandchildren, but of that separation from the outer world that comes to the very sick.

And so, till the gathering darkness is cleft by the Light . . .

II

COX THE CHILD

ON April 29th, 1783, the news went abroad in Deritend that Joseph Cox's wife was out of her labour and delivered of a son. She had had one child already, a daughter named Mary Ann, and this boy was her second and last. Thus it was in the year after that when Great Britain and the United States of America agreed to shake hands, that David Cox was born in a suburb of Birmingham.

Though much short of its present immensity—in 1801 it had a population of 60,822 as against the million and more of to-day—Birmingham had long been famed as an industrial centre with especial reference to smithing and the toy trade, with both of which young David Cox was more or less directly associated. For the 'small house near the bridge, in Heathmill Lane,' where he was born, was 'surrounded by workshops and small forges', and it was there that his father plied his craft.

To search for Cox's birthplace nowadays is hopeless. When Hall wrote his biography of the artist (between 1869 and 1880), that humble dwelling, even the street itself, had been swept away, leaving nothing 'but its name, and the picturesque half-timbered, heavy-gabled, ancient inn', for long 'a conspicuous object at the southern corner'.

Joseph Cox seems to have been one of those all-round craftsmen whose very adaptability smacks of a link with the mediaeval past. In the Middle Ages, your blacksmith would not only shoe your horse for you, but might, if put to it, turn out a presentable set of hinges for your food hutch. By which is meant not merely hinges that would function, but hinges with some sort of style to them.

Joseph Cox was not a blacksmith alone; he was whitesmith too, an you will armourer, bladesmith and gunsmith into the bargain. 'Smith & Blade Forger' is his description in the Birmingham Directory of 1770.* For Joseph 'forged gun-barrels, bayonets, horseshoes, and other similar articles during the war', by which Solly presumably meant that which ended in

* See my earlier book on 'David Cox' (Philip Allan, 1924).

the Napoleonic collapse, though Joseph Cox was certainly plying his craft before the Boston Tea Party.

Such things Joseph stamped with what Hall describes as his 'private mark'. After David Cox first came to London in 1804, and perhaps on later occasions as well, 'he sometimes held in conversation the sentries who patrolled before the Government Offices', or (as Solly has it) 'in the London parks', with the aim of detecting the paternal mark on their muskets or bayonets. 'On one occasion', adds Solly, 'he derived much pleasure, when out on a journey, by discovering a horseshoe with his father's initials stamped upon it.' In short, Joseph Cox 'appears to have been an industrious and thriving artificer in iron', not to mention steel, 'but without much mental cultivation.'

This fallowness was to some extent compensated by Joseph Cox's marriage. His wife, born Frances Walford, was daughter of a miller and farmer whose windmill stood 'on a high gravelly hill, which existed formerly on the left-hand side of Holloway Head, as you go up from St. Martin's Church, and in the vicinity of St. Thomas's Church.'

Now Frances Cox was, 'in some respects, a superior woman, with highly religious feelings, better educated than her husband, and with a good deal of force of character and natural good sense.' Put thus, excellent Mrs. Cox sounds slightly formidable, but we must bear in mind the idiom of the time and concede to her the literal possession of all the virtues claimed for her. Indeed, there is no cause to doubt that David Cox, himself a man of a singularly beautiful nature, was right in attributing to his mother's care, judgment and probity, a good deal of such success as he enjoyed in life.

About the year 1810, however, Frances Cox went the way of all flesh, and her husband, who had previously moved to Hill Street, married again and 'went to live in a cottage at Saltley, not far from Aston.' He recedes from view, does Joseph Cox, enjoying for many a long year the annuity which David was eventually able to allow him.

But if David's integrity was fostered by his mother, it was his sister Mary Ann who inherited the maternal 'force of character.' Not to put too fine a point on it, Mary Ann was 'fond of having her own way.' But (though she married an organist named Ward, who kept a musical academy at Manchester)

strongmindedness did not bring her a family. She had helped to rear David, and, after her husband died, she and her brother were often in each other's houses. If she had no children of her own, she always had one in the brother who loved her.

Probably most artists shape early. Cox was no exception. Solly tells us that it was about the age of six or seven that Cox was sent to a 'very elementary' day-school in Birmingham. That would put the date at about 1789 or '90—not much short of the great riot which terrorized Birmingham for several days in the July of 1791, destroying property to the tune of £60,000. Shops stayed shut, windows were smashed, and honest folk went in fear of their lives, what time Edgbaston Hall was plundered, Dr. Priestley's home and meeting-house burned, Bordesley Hall, Moseley Hall, and various other mansions and houses fired, as well as the 'truly respectable' Mr. Hutton's 'stock in the paper trade, books, furniture, &c.' *

Whether Cox saw anything of this hellish business is not recorded; but that he must have known of it is obvious. There is a gap in the story of his external life about the time that he went to that very elementary day-school in Birmingham—a gap of uncertain duration. Solly says that it was 'at this time' that David fell over a door-scraper and broke a leg. 'At this time' suggests that the accident happened soon after David went to the school, but we need not argue the point. What really matters is that we have to thank that scraper, plus a good angel, for making an artist of David Cox.

The angel's name was Allport and he carried a box of paints. We do not know enough about Allport, except that he was David's cousin and probably the son of John Allport, a Birmingham 'general painter.' If so, his gift was no chance success.

With that box's contents, David commenced painting paper kites. From kites, he went on to making coloured copies of prints. Art had entered his life. Meanwhile he was, on his recovery, sent to the free school at Birmingham, only to be removed from it as soon as his father saw in him a potential assistant. His schooling was over; but smithing was too heavy work for the thin and lanky lad, and, as he persistently coloured pictures, a calling more suited to his tastes was sought for him. The Birmingham toy trade suggested a suitable outlet.

* 'Beauties of England and Wales,' (1814), XV, 280 ff.

'Toy' is a word of many meanings. Strictly, the things our youngsters play with are 'children's toys', just as small steel things are 'steel toys'. The branch of the trade that David entered is best summed up by the word's seventh definition in the O.E.D.: 'a small article of little intrinsic value, but prized as an ornament or curiosity; "a pretty thing" . . . knick-nack, trinket, gewgaw.' Under such headings, painted brooches, snuff-box lids and the like would proffer a fair field for David's talent.

First, however, he was sent to train at the school kept by Joseph Barber, a well known Birmingham art-master who always enforced on his pupils the admirable principle of 'correct drawing'. It is not until an artist has learnt and absorbed drawing that he can afford to forget its more academic properties; and it testifies to Barber's efficient strictness in this and other respects that many of his pupils went as far as they did. Among them were his sons, Charles and Joseph Vincent Barber, painters with both of whom Cox formed lasting friendships, and Samuel Lines, the designer and landscape painter who, in like wise to Cox, had been apprenticed to a Birmingham clock dial enameller before becoming well known as an art master. 'There is no doubt', says Solly, 'that David made great progress in drawing at this [Barber's] school, and laid the foundation for much of his after success.'

After spending some time at Barber's, David entered the toy trade. He was now 15, which puts the date at about 1798, when he was apprenticed to a locket and miniature painter called Fieldler. It has been suggested* that the texts are corrupt and that 'Fieldler' was possibly Fielder. Anyhow, David 'soon overcame the difficulties of the work, and eventually learned to paint lockets in miniature very well indeed.' Scanty as are the means of checking what may have been an enthusiastic opinion, they at least suggest that David showed a proficiency commendable in one of his years. Haseler, his fellow apprentice, recalled having seen 'lockets that had been painted [by Cox] at Fieldler's, with cupids and subjects of Heathen Mythology, besides heads.' Hall extends the catalogue with a recital of genre subjects and views after various of the Dutch masters, though it is perhaps not clear whether he is speaking primarily

* Basil S. Long: 'British Miniaturists' (1929).

of Cox's own efforts or what was a pretty general characteristic of the toy trade of the period.

Doubtless some of Cox's early efforts survive unidentified, but apart from a miniature portrait and a miniature landscape or so* no examples of David's work in the toy trade have come my way; nor is there any particular reason to dwell further on this phase of his life which, according to Solly, lasted for 'rather more than eighteen months.'

If we know next to nothing of Fieldler-Fielder, we are at liberty to argue in him a lack of contentment with the world. One day in the year 1800—the date is so given by Long—David was going upstairs at his master's, when he found a horrid something hanging on the landing. It was the body of Fieldler, who had taken his own life.

Thoroughly shocked by the experience, David was again at a loose end. Fortunately for him, Allport again played the guardian angel, and found him a job in the Birmingham theatre.

Allport, who knew the manager, had sometimes taken Cox 'behind' to see the scenery at close quarters. 'The broad and effective style of scene-painting took a great hold on his imagination, and he was much pleased when Allport got an engagement for him to grind colours and wait on the scene-painters.'

For a time, too, he was able to resume the evening classes at Barber's.

* See my earlier book on 'David Cox' (Philip Allan, 1924).

III

COX AND THE THEATRE

IT was the old Theatre that thus, for a time, absorbed the major part of Cox's energies. In many respects it was a Theatre very unlike that of to-day.

Acting was emphatically acting—on an apron-stage. The proscenium still had its side-doors through which the leads entered to take their curtain-calls, and with the brass knockers of which Clown would trifle in pantomime. Box sets—anticipated, if you like, by the inner stage of the Elizabethan drama—were unknown, and scenery consisted of painted flats, or flats with side-wings for the more important episodes. When, in modern pantomime or revue, a flat is lowered for a minor scene, while the stage is being dressed behind it, we have an echo of something familiar to Cox. Realism, now carried to such a pitch that one instinctively looks for discrepancies, scarcely existed. One entered the realm of illusion and fancy.

Nowadays, for instance, a built set with practicable doors, windows, and goodness knows what, may be decked out with all the resources of the most up-to-date furniture-maker or the antique dealer's stock. Framed oil paintings (or whatever is called for) hang on the walls; there are lamps, clocks and every conceivable gadget, all too 'lifelike' for anything. In Cox's young days and much earlier, such things were mostly painted on the scenery, sometimes with curious results. It is known that in Dr. Knipe's period as Head Master of Westminster (1695-1711), that traditional affair the Westminster Play possessed 'a simple scene, which seems to have represented Covent Garden, the ancient possession of St. Peter's Abbey. A prologue of the time refers to the yearly appearance of the same scene with the square and colonnade. A sundial or clock marked an unchanging hour, but other furniture—a mirror, a table, and a clock—seems oddly placed in the open air.'* Apart from any compositional value it may have possessed, the pictured furniture probably had the advantage of suiting that portmanteau scene for both outdoor and indoor situations.

Even in actual theatres, where the range of effects was less limited, anachronisms were frequent. Spectacle, however, was

*John Sargeaunt: 'Annals of Westminster School,' (1898).

known in some fashion, and (especially somewhat later than Cox's time in the scene-loft) valiant attempts at realism by the use of water and suchlike devices were not lacking. Much, however, was left to the scene-painter, the measure of whose resourcefulness can be gauged by reference to the scenes of the Juvenile Drama, which faithfully reflect prevailing tendencies of the earlier part of the Nineteenth Century.

In his admirable introduction to the 'Barnstormer Plays' edition of 'Sweeney Todd' (1928; reprinted 1937), Mr. Montagu Slater quotes a dramatic criticism of 1825, which says of a production at Covent Garden that 'this house is gradually adopting the French manner of arranging the stage—making a room appear like one by disposing about it articles of furniture.' Mr. Slater's comment is to the effect that about this time 'furniture was making its first appearance on the London stage'; but surely this, as it stands, is not quite correct. For a long time, certain necessary pieces of furniture must have been in evidence—the King's throne, let us say, or the miser's chair and table; presumably what the dramatic critic of 1825 really referred to was the more or less wholesale dressing of the stage with articles of furniture, instead of having much of it painted on the scenery. The latter was the sort of stage to which David Cox had been accustomed and which, as will appear, he had played his part in decking out.

Cox, then, got a job as a scene-painter's assistant at the Birmingham theatre, thanks to cousin Allport's acquaintance with the manager and actors there. When we learn that the manager and lessee of the theatre was named Macready, and that this Macready's son was afterwards the celebrated tragedian, we begin to get the matter in perspective. According to the ideas of the time, the elder Macready believed in well-mounting his productions and to that end engaged James De Maria from the London Opera. It is in De Maria, a friend of J. M. W. Turner, that we recognize the man who was, perhaps, David's most significant master.

Characteristically, David was at first too shy or modest to advance himself from the colour-grinding and general chores of the scene-loft. But he did confide his ambition to the friendly chief carpenter who passed word to De Maria. Cox had thought that he could assist the great man with the side-scenes, and as

these would have been relatively unimportant, De Maria consented to try him out. In this particular case, not furniture but human figures were involved—'some groups of village folk . . . at a country fair, with a rustic having his pocket picked.' Such a device as this eked out the 'crowd' and helped (if not for long) the effect of a bustling stage. One is parenthetically reminded of the army played by one man with a black eye who kept rushing on and off the stage with the most picturesque results; but Macready senior may well have been better off than that for resident supers . . . Anyhow, Cox's efforts with the wings of the Village Fair scene were successful enough to secure him other work of a like nature, and sometime later an event occurred which further enabled him to prove his worth to Macready.

A play was in production in which the plot turned on the appearance of a portrait of the heroine. This portrait had to be recognizable from in front; the chief scene-painter was away, and nothing suitable could be found which could be pressed into service as a 'prop.' Cox ('having painted so many heads on lockets') was overheard to say that he could fill the breach, and Macready, informed of it, gave him the chance at short notice. Cox was told to watch the Leading Lady—none other than the fascinating Miss De Camp herself—at rehearsal. He did so; commenced the portrait immediately; had De Camp to sit to him; and 'got away' with the job. This led to his appointment as the elder Macready's chief scene-painter at about eighteen or nineteen years of age, which meant travelling about with the company from one to another of Macready's chain of theatres; and it is even said that, besides playing an occasional minor part, Cox once filled a gap by acting Clown* at a small country town. For diversionary exercises, too, he would sometimes 'take a harlequin leap' with friendly carpenters holding the blanket to catch him. Those were the days when almost anyone in a company could turn his or her hand to almost anything if needs be, with the result that actors received a training in the school of experience that, perhaps, has yet to be surpassed. Nowadays, we call the results of this sort of thing 'Ham acting'; but the sooner we have a little more of it again, the better some of us will be pleased. It gave us Garrick and Siddons, Irving and Ellen Terry.

* Hall says 'pantaloon.'

At the time of Cox's promotion, one also destined to be an illustrious 'Ham actor' and the leading stage romantic of his day, was still a youngster. This was Macready's son, the great W. C. Macready who, like many a boy of his time, had a liking for what became known as the Juvenile Drama. For young Macready, born with the grease-paint-and-orangey smell of the Stage in his nostrils, a miniature theatre was a very appropriate gift. Though they had not yet reached the state of commercial development as represented by the typical printed 'Scenes and Characters' and stage fronts, toy theatres—often home-made—were no innovation, though to own one was any child's dream of delight.

For W. C. Macready, a toy theatre was specially made, 'probably by one of the carpenters', and for it Cox painted a full set of scenery for various dramas. Among the effects was one of a flock of sheep, painted on a continuous belt of paper running on rollers. By manipulating the rollers, young Macready could make that procession of sheep cross the miniature stage until he and everyone else were sick of the spectacle. Such devices as this may seem commonplace, but to youngsters they are irresistible. Macready never forgot his toy theatre. All the same, it did not save Cox from parting brass rags with the elder Macready, whose hasty temper eventually caused an open breach.

There may have been a series of provocations. We know from Hall that David was cut to the quick by seeing his beautiful scenery billed as the work of the unrivalled 'Mr. Daubeney, of London.' When he spoke to Macready père about it, the great man flew into one of his rages and told Cox to go and be hanged. 'Who was he? Did he suppose that his name would draw the public?' Either then—or later, Macready told David that a certain scene was far better than anything he could paint. As Cox had in fact painted it, and, what is more, signed it, the fat was in the fire. Even the mildest of natures will turn; David's did so; and after some negotiations engineered by his mother with Mrs. Macready, the young man found himself free again.

For a while he went about sketching; but there came an occasion when the great Astley of Astley's Circus was in Birmingham and offered David a job at Lambeth. This was just what the young man had wanted. Scene-painting to him was a

means to an end, and London meant to him the possibility of realizing his higher ambition.

So to London he went in 1804, lodging at 16, Bridge Row, Lambeth, 'in a quiet road, near the back of Astley's Circus', at the home of a certain Mrs. Ragg. As all this was arranged by David's mother, we can believe that she accepted the widow Ragg's ménage as suitable for a modest young man. For the widow Ragg had two (unmarried) daughters on the premises, and another already married to a Mr. Hills. Afterwards the youngest daughter became Mrs. Gardener (or Gardiner), while Mary the eldest—but of that more anon.

Meanwhile Cox had made his way to Astley's, but finding 'that there were already several painters employed, and, it being the end of the season, he felt a delicacy as to forcing himself in their way.' The arrogantly successful may contemptuously eye such diffidence, though others of us can entertain a higher opinion of Nature's gentlemen. The fact remains that Cox, with his innate dislike of pushing himself, never took up a job at Astley's, though a story is told to the effect that the youngster lost his chance by failing to comply with Astley's wish for a drum to be represented so as to show both its ends at one and the same time. Not having had the advantage of studying under Mr. Picasso, David held to his own simple method of representation, and was given the key of the street. It is known, however, that he did some scene-painting for the Surrey Theatre, for Swansea, and, as we shall see, for Wolverhampton.

But this phase of David's life was passing away. The tabs were falling and the lights expiring on his theatrical adventure, and he was looking around for another means of livelihood.

It so happened that more than one of his friends had followed him to London: Charles Barber for one, and Richard Evans, afterwards an assistant to Lawrence, for another. Thus, though Barber eventually found success not in London but in Liverpool, where he became President of the Liverpool Academy, there was already a nucleus of young associates determined to assault fortune with their art. Behind them in Birmingham, they had left that amiable dealer in artist's materials, Allen Everitt, whose son Edward was one of Cox's earliest pupils. In Town, too, he was to meet a young artist named Samuel Prout, on

whom Fame had an eye; and between Cox and Prout an arrangement for mutual protection was made, not to sell their drawings at the same shops. It was with such associations and under such influences, that Cox finally turned his undivided attention to the more orthodox forms of picture-making.

Meanwhile let it be noted that his scene-loft experience was no mere interlude. If old Mr. Barber had taught him the importance of correct drawing, it was surely De Maria who gave him his first real insight into breadth, handling and effect, and if some of these qualities were to be overlaid for a time, it was doubtless the recollection of them that aided Cox in his later exploration of the moods of Nature. We shall not go far wrong if we decide that De Maria was an outstanding master for Cox.

Solly tells a charming anecdote of how in 1813, after Cox had joined the Society of Painters in Water Colours, he recognized in a visitor to the exhibition his former 'chief'. With his unfailing courtesy, Cox re-introduced himself with some acknowledgment of his great indebtedness to De Maria in art matters.

'What!' returned old De Maria. 'Are you the David Cox, the painter of this picture, the same young lad who used to grind my colours at Birmingham? Then, indeed, I assure you that, if I taught you something formerly, I have now learnt a great deal more from you.'*

A distinguished courtesy and that of a true artist!

* Though substantially the same, Hall's version of the anecdote is phrased somewhat differently from Solly's.

without any particular means, ten shillings can be a lot of money. In fancy, we can see Varley's covert glances at his new pupil, and sense his growing realization that here was a genuine case for assistance in more than a purely instructional way. Doubtless, Cox had let fall some remarks on his work in the Theatre and out of it, which had filtered through to his master.

Said Varley one day:—

'I hear you are an artist, Mr. Cox.'

'No, Sir, I am only trying to become one.'

Few things are more gratifying to an artist than to be recognized as such by one with an undoubted claim to the title; and Varley's next words showed that his was no empty compliment.

'Well, however that may be, I shall be happy to give you any advice or assistance in my power, and I hope you will come here and see me draw as often as you please; but I cannot take any more of your money.'*

Of the hundred ways of doing a kindness to someone who truly deserves it, Varley had chosen the right one. From pupil, Cox was promoted to guest.

Judging by the context of the anecdote, Cox entered Varley's academy, then at 16 Old Broad Street near Golden Square, and in what was later to be 'Ralph Nickleby country', not so long after he had settled in London. This, as we know, was in the year 1804. In 1805, many things happened besides the Battle of Trafalgar. It was then, for instance, that the Society of Painters in Water Colours opened its first exhibition in Lower Brook Street. Then, too, Cox had two landscapes hung at the Royal Academy—his first exhibits there—and made the first of his many visits to North Wales, the scenery of which was to be his constant delight. Of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, senior of the great London societies now wholly concerned with this peculiarly British medium, it must be remembered that the need for its popular title of 'Old Society' had not yet arisen. That came after the ferment of 1831, when a number of painters, discontented with the Society's policy and methods, formed a body of their own, the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, which held its first exhibition under

* Again Hall's version differs slightly in the wording.

good Queen Adelaide's patronage in 1832. Nowadays, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours and the New Society's direct descendant, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, are the friendliest of rivals, though an unwritten law survives from the stormy past to deprecate dual membership of the bodies.

With the Old Society (so to call it) Cox was to be closely connected; but the time was not yet. In 1807, however, an earlier rival of the Society made an appearance: a rival which lacked the Institute's survival power. Curiously, though not unnaturally, this also commenced as a 'New Society'—the 'New Society of Painters in Miniature and Water Colours, instituted in London', though by the time of its first exhibition in 1808 it had re-christened itself 'The Associated Artists in Water Colours'; and in 1810, 'Artists' was altered to 'Painters'. Another two years saw the end of it.

Though it enjoyed some success at the start, the Associated Artists lacked cohesion, and its latter days found it so much in debt that its final exhibition was foreclosed on to defray the rent of the gallery. Among the principal sufferers was poor David Cox, who had begun to exhibit with the Society in 1809, and had been its President in 1810. To him the loss of his drawings was a serious blow, for in 1808 he had married Mary Ragg, his landlady's daughter, and moved from Lambeth to a cottage 'at the corner of Dulwich Common, just passing the College on the road to the right.' It was there that his only son, David, was born in 1809. Of David Cox, junior, little need be said. He was one of those respectable painters, legion in England, who succeed in saying nothing very much in a more or less competent way. For a while he was with the New Society—that which is now the Royal Institute—later becoming an Associate of the 'Old'. He married, had issue, and died (at Streatham Hill) in 1885, and it is, one fears, principally as his father's son and pupil that he is remembered.

Let us not be unfair to the younger Cox and those of his kidney. If they said nothing very much, they at least said it better than thousands of others. One of the troubles with British Art is that it is, or has been, so generously furnished, not only with first-rate men, but with second- and third-rate and so on, that we can afford to be 'choosey'. In nations less liberally

endowed, artists have been highly extolled for the possession of talents no better than those of some of our 'also-rans'.

David junior, however, was still a baby in those days when the Coxes were in the cottage in the wild and lonely neighbourhood of Dulwich Common. Of Mary Cox, his mother, he had an early memory as the 'pale lady who could just walk round the garden.' She was a 'slight, gentle, delicate woman, and never had very strong health, especially in early married life.' But she was cheerful, intelligent, much interested in art, herself something of an amateur artist, and blessed with good taste in literature. To Cox, she would often read aloud from the biographies, books of travel, or occasional novel that he liked to hear. What is more, he not only sought but valued her opinions of his work. To have her sitting near him while he painted was one of his notions of happiness. Often she rescued from destruction some drawing which the artist was about to tear up in his mood of self-criticism; and works which she specially admired might have 'Mary Cox' written on the back, by way of reminder that they were not for sale. Not every artist feels that way about things in this sorry world of ours.

Thus, if Cox had doctor's bills to pay, his fragile wife was his constant love, than which he knew no other save that for the greatest mistress of all.

For if Nature is Mother Nature, she is also child, lover, wife and nurse—and friend and traitor—rolled in one. In her is all the calm and storm and lightning brilliance of the essential feminine.

V

COX AS DRAWING MASTER

ONE result of Cox's liaison with the art dealers was his emergence as a drawing master. In a sense, it was an important result, for it was to have a definite influence on his own work—an influence which may well have retarded his aesthetic progress. There are and have been artists whose ability to instruct has not impeded their own expressive power; and nowhen was this more evident than under the old system of apprenticeship. In days when pupilage commenced—as Cox's had in the Theatre—with grinding colours and helping to set the master's palette, there was little chance of the instructor being put out of his stride. If such helpers survived the preliminary ordeal, they learnt their business in the most practical manner possible, eventually becoming assistants in the less important parts of the work in hand, and, may be, artists on their own account.

It was not, however, in such a field that David now adventured. To pay his bills, if for no other reason, he became the typical drawing master, ready to teach anyone who would pay for lessons, whether would-be professional, titled amateur or the young person in process of acquiring the usual polite accomplishments. Granted luck, the right kind of personality and the talent that appeals, a hard-working instructor had a chance to expand his calling into a lucrative business; moreover many an artist contrived to use it as the financial prop and stay of his more 'serious', personal or ambitious art. All too often, though, it remained an existence, with all the drudgery and disappointments attendant on unsatisfied ambition. It had, too, its humiliating moments, as when in a 'Punch' joke of the year of Cox's death, a nervous drawing master, in the top hat of respectable convention, is being admitted 'to give a First Lesson in Oil Painting to a Noble Lady in Berkeley Square'. Contemptuously remarks the gorgeous flunkey: 'Are you for the Nussery?'* Poor Cox must have experienced equally trying moments, though at other times he had cause to thank his clients.

At Palser's shop, Colonel the Hon. Henry Windsor, afterwards

* 'Punch,' April 16th, 1859, p. 160.

the 8th Earl of Plymouth of the creation of 1682, had noticed with pleasure some of Cox's drawings, and asked for the artist's address. This, Palser was reluctant to give. As one of Cox's agents, Palser doubtless felt that any business should pass through his hands. Perhaps, too, he felt that to unveil the obscurity of an artist with no particular status or background was neither seemly nor calculated to promote his business reputation.

But when Colonel Windsor persisted, Palser confessed the horrid fact that Cox was 'a young man from the country', living in a cottage on Dulwich Common, 'a long way out of town'. Some amateurs would have blenched at this disgusting recital, but Colonel Windsor was made of sterner stuff. Besides knowing his own mind, he drove in daily from Beckenham. Dulwich was on his way; the Colonel was aware of Dulwich, and with Napoleonic decisiveness he visited Cox.

He found David at home. Not to put too fine a point on it, David was fit for his dinner, then almost ready for dishing up. There and then, the Colonel either discussed or received his first lesson amidst the fumes of the roast which was burnt to a cinder. But if Cox lost his meal, he gained a valuable friend, for Windsor recommended him to various ladies of distinction who also took lessons from the 'young man from the country.'

To Cox, the mere fact that 'his new style in art was appreciated gave him confidence'. He thought nothing of walking from Dulwich to the West End and back, a matter of some miles each way, to the town houses of a growing and distinguished clientèle. He had, too, the gratification of being able to raise his scale of charges. At the first, one could have an hour's lesson from Cox for a fee of five shillings. Somewhat later, he was able to trudge back to Dulwich serenely conscious of commanding half-a-guinea an hour for his services. Hall, who cites the increased fee as ten shillings, says it was due to the advice of Colonel Windsor's mother, widow of the 4th Earl of Plymouth, who was Lord Archer of Umberslade's daughter.

So small was Cox's sense of his own importance at this time that, says Solly, he generally left his work behind with his pupils. In after years, 'some of these little drawings'—either made for demonstration or brought along with him as 'copies'—realized handsome advances on the ten shillings apiece they

had cost their owners. That the said handsome advances did not go into Cox's pocket has nothing to do with the case. He, poor fellow, was struggling along with his seven- or ten-shilling lessons and the sale of drawings at anything from ten shillings to the occasional dizzy height of five guineas a time; and, try as he might, ends simply would not meet. To ease his worry, Mary Cox suggested that he should enlarge his practice by teaching perspective. Up went a card with 'Perspective taught here' in the window. To Cox's own embarrassment, the announcement was all too promptly answered by a small builder or carpenter, possessed of a wild idea that perspective might help him in his business. Hastily, Cox, who then knew little of the science, tried to read it up. 'Euclid's Elements of Geometry' was, he was told, the best book to consult. Cox hurried to London and back again to Dulwich, in the epic intention of studying the subject before the next morning. Not unsurprisingly, he failed entirely to make anything of what doubtless to him were so many ill-drawn abstractions. Finally, he hurled the book at the wall, which it pierced, falling irrecoverably down behind the lath and plaster. However, says Solly, the experiment was not altogether fruitless. If not then proficient in perspective, Cox acquired a rule-of-thumb knowledge of the science, and was able to teach its elements to 'builders, and the more respectable class of artizans, who,' says Solly, 'required to make drawings and elevations in connection with their work'. Why perspective is necessary to the drawing of architectural elevations is not apparent.

Despite all this drudgery, Cox's life at Dulwich was on the whole happy, though at one time it was threatened by complete disaster. There came a day when he was drawn for the militia, and anything approaching the regimentation of a military life was utterly repugnant to him. More important still was the problem of what was to happen to his little household. Army life then was not army life now. There was no real attempt to enforce equality of sacrifice, no real attempt to provide for dependents. To be torn from his art meant for Cox utter ruin.

When he went to be sworn in he heard all manner of excuses from those whose names had been drawn with his. The man immediately before him told a good thumping lie and got away

IV

COX ENTERS THE ART WORLD

THE tabs were down and the lights of the Theatre were out. Cox came out into the open air and the daylight. The winds of heaven that were to be so truly expressed in his art were fanning his cheeks. Meanwhile the awkward fact had to be faced that one cannot exist on the winds of heaven.

For the time being, David found a refuge of sorts in the art dealers' shops. In a sense, no great change was involved. All along, he had contrived to keep his hand in at sketching, so far as his duties allowed him to do so. Not at first was the break with the Theatre complete. As late as 1808, he is found painting 310 yards of scenery for a Mr. Stretton, who is believed to have been lessee or manager of the Wolverhampton Theatre: which scenery, says Solly, 'was probably painted in the summer or autumn of 1807 in the carpenter's yard at Lambeth'—presumably the yard belonging to the builder's business carried on by Mrs. Ragg's son-in-law, Hills. At four shillings per square yard, that commission was worth sixty-two pounds to David Cox.

Meanwhile, as previously said, he had formed a connexion of sorts with some London art dealers: Simpson of Greek Street, Soho, and Palser, then living in the Westminster Road, near Astley's. It must have been a poor living—Simpson's two guineas a dozen for drawings was no highroad to fortune—but the entrepreneurs would with some justice have pleaded normal business. They had to find a market. A good deal of such work was bought up by country drawing-masters in need of 'copies' for their pupils, and it had to be suitable. In those days, handing out drawings for pupils to copy was a recognized method of training, and the academies were not prepared to pay much for them. Meanwhile Cox was himself doing copying of a different sort, for Simpson had encouraged him to improve his method by copying old masters. There was in the shop a landscape by Gaspard Poussin, which Cox interpreted in water colour, and had its influence on some of the young artist's more personal work at the time.

At Palser's, too, Cox saw drawings by John Varley and

other contemporary artists, which further opened his eyes to his own shortcomings. Whether they opened his eyes in quite the right way is, perhaps, arguable; but Cox was sincerely desirous of advancing his art and was not at all that sort of student who contemns his seniors as dotards. To young Cox from the Provinces, these were 'London artists' and wonderful. Not for many a long day were the Provinces to show that measure of recovery from the Industrial Revolution which would enable them really and truly to fancy themselves the equals if not the superiors of London in matters of art. Manchester might claim to do to-day what England does to-morrow, but in art its conscience was restless.

Though Cox was not ungrounded in water colour, he saw the advantage of having that more regular training which (one might say) would enable him to become a 'real artist.' There were all sorts of technical tips to be learnt in the schools—tips that would help to differentiate him from mere amateurs. To a young man intending to live by working for the dealers—which was more or less Cox's position at the time—such a distinction was highly important. It took him some little time to decide between Varley, John Glover and William Havell, but eventually it was to Varley that he applied for instruction, to his own lasting satisfaction.

To discuss the Varleys at any length here would be superfluous, more especially as Mr. Lewis proposes to publish a volume on them from the practised pen of my valued friend, Adrian Bury. As a subject it is replete with interest, though all that need be stressed in this place is the fact that we have in John Varley not only an accomplished artist but one of the most important of all British art instructors. The man whose long list of pupils included such names as those of Samuel Palmer, Copley Fielding, William Turner of Oxford, John Linnell, and W. H. Hunt, to say nothing of Cox himself, is not to be sneezed at. From the first, the relations between Cox and his new master were of the pleasantest; and it was not long before Varley recognized the young man's promise in the most kindly manner possible.

The agreement was that Cox should take some lessons in water colour at the rate of ten shillings—Hall sets the fee at the more professional half-guinea—a time. To a young man

with it. When Cox's turn came, he was told he must serve. His pleas and arguments were unavailing; he must SERVE.

'You would have let me off if I had told you a lie!' he exclaimed to the officer, and rushed from the room.

Those were the days when freedom from service could be purchased by finding a substitute. Hall surmised that Cox could not afford this manœuvre, though Solly (who seems better-informed on the point) declares that Cox actually paid for a substitute at Croydon, 'but for some cause he was refused.' It looks as though, in his simplicity, he had got on the wrong side of someone. The Gordian knot was tied fast. In desperation, Cox cut it by taking French leave. For a time, he decamped, no man knows whither, but 'hiding', says Hall, 'in various parts of the country, until he considered it fairly safe to venture back again'. For long, the dread of being arrested for desertion stayed with him. Luckily, it was never to be.

In noting this episode in Cox's life, one is obliged to consider the circumstances. The earlier part of the nineteenth century was not the earlier part of the twentieth. That which might be adversely interpreted in two great world wars, was not necessarily so when the menace of Napoleon was still looming across the English Channel. Cox was a needy man, and now he was living in dread. Without excusing him, we can at least grasp the nature of the problem with which he was faced. As will become clear, his patriotism was of a different order.

It may be, too, that the military authorities were not much perturbed over one young man who had evaded their clutches. As previously said, equality of service was not understood in those days. Those who went into the army either wished to go into the army or happened to be caught up by a somewhat irregularly functioning machine. No awkward questions seem to have been asked when in 1813—two years to Waterloo—Cox applied for the post of drawing master at the Military College at Farnham. He received the appointment; broke up his home at Dulwich; sent his wife back to Mrs. Ragg, then at Camberwell, and his son first to old Joseph Cox at Birmingham, and then to Mrs. Ward at Manchester; himself going into residence at Farnham.

There, he ranked as Honorary Captain with a batman to do for him; the pay was good; he was well treated, associated

with 'gentlemanlike companions' and taught, among others, the future historian of the Peninsular War, (Sir) William Napier. But men—and especially artists—do not live by bread alone. 'The mechanical drawing and military mapping . . . were very irksome, but the restraint and discipline were still more so.' To go to London without leave was impossible, and before long Cox had tendered his resignation, which was accepted with a perfectly genuine regret. The mad adventure was over. Cox himself thought that it had strengthened his character, but it had certainly impeded his progress in art. There are things which cannot be advantageously sold for money, even when one is in want of it. Yet it was exactly that same want of money which drove Cox to teaching through much of his life. Are we to blame him or the 'system'?

From the mechanical drawing and mapping, Cox went back to Nature—or as near as he could get to that adorable mistress. Meanwhile he rejoined Mary Cox at Camberwell, working and sketching 'for exhibition and sale.' Having been able to put by a little of his pay, he indulged himself in this way for about a year, before the 'system' again forced him to take up employment. Then seeing an advertisement in 'The Times' for a drawing master at Hereford, he answered it and in due course was accepted.

VI

COX AT HEREFORD

IT was late in 1814 that Cox moved to Hereford. He was already a Royal Academy exhibitor and in 1812 had been elected successively associate and member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. In 1812, too, was published 'Ackermann's New Drawing Book of Light and Shadow in Imitation of Indian Ink,' for which Sutherland and Bluck had aquatinted a number of his subjects; and 1814 is the date on the title-page of Cox's own well known 'Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect.' Furthermore, in 1816, he was to issue his 'Progressive Lessons in Landscape for Young Beginners'; and if it is difficult to associate Cox with the plates in the first edition of T. Clay's 'Series of Progressive Lessons intended to Elucidate the Art of Landscape Painting in Water Colours' (1811), it is at least evident that he was associated with the 'reputed fifth edition' of 1823. As these instructional works are discussed in the present writer's previous book on 'David Cox' (1924), they need merely be mentioned in passing. The point is that when Cox went to Hereford, he already had some reputation as artist and teacher—a reputation earned by sheer hard work and self-sacrifice. Doubtless Miss Croucher felt that the 'liberal salary' mentioned in her advertisement was well bestowed.

Miss Croucher was the principal of an academy for young ladies at The Gate House in Widemarsh Street. She had interviewed Cox in London; had 'approved of his specimens—liked his appearance and manners—and . . . [was] quite satisfied as to his character and respectability'. The 'liberal salary' was £100 per annum (which meant a deal more then than it does now) for teaching twice a week at The Gate House, without restriction as to any other teaching which Cox might undertake when he was not required at the school. In other words, the business arrangement seems to have been fair to all concerned; and Cox was enabled to supplement the £100 by teaching at the Hereford Grammar School as well as at schools in neighbouring towns. In addition, he took private pupils, among them being Joseph Murray Ince who went under Cox in 1823, and afterwards attained a certain distinction as an aquarellist.

At first, Cox went solus to Hereford, bringing down Mary Cox and young David as soon as he had settled in. That he could do so at all was due to the kindness of a Town pupil, Lady Arden, who lent him £40, which he repaid by painting 'A Fish-market at Hastings' for her, and one or two works for other individuals. On a previous visit, he had seen and admired a picturesque cottage at Lower Lyde, Holmer, near Ailstone Hill. It was just the cottage to paint, and therefore to live in. Situated on the edge of a small wood through which the wind moaned eerily on winter nights, it had stone floors and was generally old, damp and chilly.

Somewhat disillusioned, Cox decided to move again, and in the spring of 1815 took George Cottage, a more cheerful place on the north side of Ailstone Hill, where he and his family remained for a couple of years.

In the spring of 1817, however, Cox had a serious illness which kept him from exhibiting at the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in the same year he again removed to a prettily situated cottage in Parry's Lane (Holmer Road), Ailstone Hill—a thatched building which Cox called 'Parry's Cottage' after its owner. Mr. Parry was a sensible man. When Cox pointed out that the cottage was neither large enough nor had any room suited for a studio, he replied 'that, as artist's ideas did not always agree with those of other people, instead of making the alterations himself, he would give forty pounds towards any change or additions that Cox might desire', and which Cox might do in any way he pleased. Furthermore, the rent of £8 per annum would not be increased. One could wish for more Mr. Parrys.

Adding £20 or £30 of his own money, Cox made a studio-cum-parlour with a bedroom above, and further improved the building. Here the artist lived for some years, enjoying his favourite hollyhocks with which the garden abounded. It was here, in 1819, that a young woman named Ann Fowler entered David and Mary Cox's service. She was one of those blown-in-the-glass 'treasures' who merit a place in any biography—a faithful servant and friend who devoted the whole of her life to her employers' comfort. When in course of time Mary Cox died at Harborne, it was Ann Fowler who became David's housekeeper; it was her honest arm on which the old man

leaned on that final, wavering journey upstairs. But that was not yet—.

Prosperity of a sort came to David at Hereford. He took various pupils besides young Ince, and was able to charge them sums ranging from £70 to seventy guineas apiece for board and lodging and teaching. For his outside tuition, he saw fit at one time to purchase a pony to save his legs. It was not a bad pony, though it had its defects. Having previously belonged to an apothecary, it insisted on stopping at every door where it thought that pills and potions ought to be delivered. This hindered progress, as Cox had often to dismount and make play of delivering medicines before the pony would consent to proceed. As moreover Cox was in danger of losing his seat whenever the pony unexpectedly changed direction, he decided to resume Shanks's mare.

By 1824 Cox had made enough money to embark on building a house. His estimate of £317 10s. 4d. was put into effect, on a plot of land purchased on the brow of Ailstone Hill. Here arose the thatched building called Ash Tree House, which he designed himself and of which he superintended the erection. The thatch subsequently disappeared in a fire, being replaced by tiles; but this was after Cox's time there. Towards the end of 1826 he had an offer for the house by a merchant named Reynolds, returned from the West Indies to his native town. As the agreed price was in the neighbourhood of £1,000, Cox did well enough out of the deal; and thereby hangs a tale. In concluding the sale, Cox had to give Reynolds a few shillings change. He was searching his pockets for the coins, when Reynolds obligingly broke in:—

'Never mind the change, Mr. Cox! You can give me five or six of your little drawings for the balance!'

'And', said Cox, 'he really meant what he said!'

That much is known, but what is not generally known is that drawings by Cox have actually survived in Mr. Reynolds' family—or so I have been informed by a correspondent whose courtesy I would further acknowledge, were it possible to discover his letter among the accumulations of years.

Anyhow, good Mr. Reynolds bought Ash Tree House—that pretty name—and (as befitted a retired West Indies merchant) changed its style to 'Berbice Villa'. Wealthy merchants homing

from our far-flung Empire were apt to such whimsies in those days.

Already the great suburbanizing impulse to set, say, 'Hatfield House' (four storeys) beside 'The Laurels' (three), and in our own day 'Kosykot' (bungalow) against 'Numberwun' (anything), was afoot; and at least we can agree that Mr. Reynolds' particular choice of a name was not groundless. Is not Berbice the easternmost division of British Guiana, drained by the 350-mile River Berbice, with Berbice (or New Amsterdam) as its principal town? Let us leave Mr. Reynolds at peace in his 'Berbice Villa.'

From a material viewpoint, Cox's Hereford period was not unproductive. Financially, his condition had improved, though at the cost of much irksome teaching, often at fees still ranging from 7/6d. to 10/6d. a lesson. At Miss Croucher's school for young ladies, which he quitted in 1819, he was the typical general utility drawing master, even to working 'on white wood in Chinese fashion, including bronzing!' Here, as we have seen, his fee was £100 per annum; but at the Hereford Grammar School his annual stipend was a beggarly six guineas; and at Miss Poole's in 1816 his bill for a half-year's instruction to five young ladies at three guineas each, was for £15.15.0, plus £2.2.0 entrance money, and £2.12.6 for five drawings. Private tuition, including the taking of resident pupils, was more profitable, and Cox's unassuming manners—he was 'always the gentleman'—stood him in good stead. Doubtless young Mr. Turton, the Duke of Beaufort's agent, who studied under Cox for two years, proved a useful connexion; and a great and enduring friendship of another sort was formed with Charles Birch, to whose judgment Cox attached much importance; but the fact remained that teaching, however conscientiously performed, was a stumbling block to the artist's development. Already he was looking forward to a golden age in which he could paint for himself.

Foretastes of this delight were afforded by his sketching expeditions in the valley of the Llug; to North Wales and other parts of Britain. Meanwhile he had to content himself with the consciousness of a measure of local celebrity. In 1820, for instance, he was prominent enough to form one of the committee which in that year welcomed Joseph Hume, the reformer, on

a visit to Hereford. Indeed, Cox and two others subscribed to present Hume with a hogshead of the best Herefordshire cider. It may be superfluous to state that Cox's opinions were then of an 'advanced Liberal order', though time was to modify such ardent enthusiasms. Indeed, a day was to come when he would take small interest in politics, his mind being absorbed in the pursuit of art, which is doubtless the wisest course for an artist of his temperament. Admitting the postulate that a little republicanism sits well enough on a young peer, we can also argue that a very little political consciousness suffices practitioners in the arts. They have their own specialized job to get on with, and no lifetime is long enough to cope with it.

More important for present purposes is the fact that, before leaving Hereford, Cox had been involved in the projected publication of the book called 'Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire,' eventually published in 1829. To enumerate all the publications in which Cox's work appeared at different times of his life is no part of my present plan. Those who wish to know more of the prints after Cox are referred to my previous book on the artist; but the 'Graphic Illustrations' is of some importance as, if Cox received no more than a guinea apiece for his drawings, they were engraved in company with works by De Wint, J. D. Harding, W. Westall, J. Vincent Barber and others—Barber, of course, being the son of Cox's first art-master.

This commission Cox owed to his friend, William Radclyffe,* the engraver, who afterwards translated other of his works, notably for Thomas Roscoe's 'Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales' (1836) and the companion 'Wanderings in South Wales' (1837). In these books, Cox was liberally represented in company with Creswick, Cattermole, Copley Fielding and other artists; but that Cox's position was insecure is shown by the publishers' reluctance to employ him, even at the four or five guineas apiece he received for his drawings. Fortunately, the success of the 'North Wales' volume showed them that Radclyffe's championship of Cox was no mere whimsy; and in the 'South Wales' volume they were at pains to insert a neatly worded testimony to Cox as 'a highly-esteemed artist and faithful delineator of scenery.' Some publishers are like that!

*I have heard it claimed that he was descended from the same stock as the extinct Earls of Derwentwater.

But this is anticipating; some ten years were to elapse between those two books and the close of Cox's Hereford period; and it is to the latter that we must very briefly return before taking leave of it.

It was in 1826 that Cox's brother-in-law, Gardener, 'then established at No. 163, Regent Street, as agent for the sale of Government Ordnance Maps', was commissioned to visit Brussels on official business, and suggested that Cox and young David should accompany him. The result was a trip across Channel to Calais, and thence to Brussels by way of Dunkirk and Bruges. At Brussels he fell in with the Hoptons of Canon-Frome, who knew Cox in his art-magisterial role, and invited him to travel with them. Sending young David home with Gardener, Cox then visited Ghent, Antwerp, and various cities in Holland, sketching on the way 'chiefly in pencil, as time pressed.' It was from such pencil notes that some of Cox's continental water-colours were later elaborated.

But though, like Etty, Cox was interested in what he saw of the Continent, he viewed continental life and manners with a similar lack of enthusiasm. Indeed, such continental travel as he undertook, left even less impress on him than on Etty, who at least profited by a close study of those Old Masters whose work appealed to him. If Cox returned to Hereford with full sketch-books, he returned with very little else. As apart from his garnered store of local detail, he might almost as well have never left England.

His return to Hereford was brief. Mr. Reynolds was in the offing; Ash Tree House was sold; and early in 1827, Cox and his family removed to London, settling in what were then the outskirts, at No. 9, Foxley Road, Kennington Common.

'He was anxious', says Hall, 'to fix his abode among the members of his profession, and to be nearer the purchasers and collectors of works of art. He also thought that he should be able to make more money by teaching in London . . . Above all, he had the interests of his son at heart, and considered that his chances of success as an artist would be materially increased by a removal at once to the metropolis.' There must have been, too, the problem of his delicate wife, for it is a fact that Mary Cox's health soon showed an improvement after the arrival at Kennington.

It was like Cox, and highly commendable in him, to consider almost everyone's interests before his own; for few problems are more distressing to an artist than the continual conflict between economic pressure and the utter necessity of self-expression and consequent development. Gauguin felt this and fled; but Cox slowly and stubbornly fought out the battle—at long last winning that battle in the face of the most desperate odds.

Oh yes! he painted bread-and-butter work. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Nobody who has ever taught art dare despise the second chapter of Genesis.

VII

COX AT KENNINGTON

IN 1827, the village of Kennington—it was scarcely more—was a very different place from the populous modern suburb. In one sense, it was a relatively handy address. Lying on the Surrey side of the Thames over against the village of Vauxhall, it was no very far cry to the West End or the Strand; but between it and them lay Vauxhall Gardens, to say nothing of the shabby remnants of Tothill Marshes—'Tuttle' as folk would have called them. Not for many a long year was the arid canyon of Victoria Street to come into dusty being. When I was a youngster I heard tell of days when my mother's father's grand-uncle would go, not without danger from footpads, to London from Islington. With somewhat the same sense of adventure, may Cox have 'gone to London' from Kennington.

When Cox knew it, Kennington Common was still common land, with certain grim memories. Not until 1852 was it enclosed and rendered respectable as Kennington Park; not until 1846, some five years after Cox had left the district, was a cabbage garden opened as a cricket ground under the title of Kennington Oval. Of this Cox knew nothing, but of Kennington Common he must have heard how it had been used as a place of execution before the erection of the new gaol in Horsemonger Lane. There on the Common certain brave gentlemen had been hanged and mangled for their share in the 'Forty-five, one of them, 'Jemmy' Dawson, being followed to the last by his distracted sweetheart who swooned on his headless corpse and died shortly afterwards of what would now be called shock, but for which the time-honoured term of 'broken heart' seems more appropriate. Young Dawson's heart was the last to go into the fire. As it went in 'the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout.'

Pass over just one hundred years, and other sounds are heard on Kennington Common: the mutter of the great Chartist mob gathered there on April 10th, 1848, with the avowed intention of presenting its monster petition to the Commons

in Parliament assembled: mutter of a revolution that never came off. But Cox, then, had long since left Kennington.

In his day there, Kennington Common must have been pretty much as described by Edward Walford in the sixth volume of 'Old and New London': 'a dreary piece of waste land, covered partly with short grass, and frequented only by boys flying their kites or playing at marbles. It was encircled with some tumble-down wooden rails, which were not sufficient to keep donkeys from straying there. Field preachers also made it one of the chief scenes of oratorical display. It consisted of about twenty acres.' Such was the shabby ruralism of Kennington when Cox set up house at No. 9, Foxley Road, in 1827.

By that time, as Solly puts it, 'the trade and resources of Great Britain, fostered by many years of peace, had greatly improved, and the pursuits connected with art had shared in the general return of prosperity. Cox himself was now possessed of a certain though very modest independence, . . . He continued his London teaching, and during the season he had as many pupils as he desired.' In one sense, more than he desired, though they ensured a supply of bread-and-butter to the little household at Foxley Road. 'He was,' says Hall, 'sought after far and near; was applied to by members of the aristocracy and upper classes at the West End, and ere long was enabled to raise his terms. Eventually he received a guinea for a single lesson.'

What matters it if much of his lesser work went into the albums without which no lady of the period was fully equipped? Cox said that many a time, when he had knocked at a pupil's door, 'he had not the faintest conception of what he should do as an example, but that, when he had taken his seat to begin, colours, paper, and pencils [i.e. brushes] before him, an idea had suddenly flashed across his mind, of some effect previously seen, which, coupled with a well-remembered subject, he dashed upon the paper, the result surprising even himself. On leaving, he received a guinea for the lesson, and afterwards sold the drawing for . . . perhaps five or ten pounds [Solly says "guineas"]'—as like as not for insertion in one of those tooled and gilt albums. In fact, the demand for Cox's drawings was increasing, though on one occasion a mild spasm of pride provoked him to have all his unpurchased works at the Society's

exhibition blue-labelled as 'sold', so that Copley Fielding and others should not have the pas of him. 'They [the public] shall not have another chance now,' remarked Cox.

He might be getting on after a fashion, but there was still a lukewarmness in the public esteem of his work. 'There are a lot of b—— fools who won't buy my pictures', a certain great artist of our time is said to have grumbled. 'There are a lot of b—— fools who do!' another great artist is said to have riposted. In Cox's case, the grumble would have been truer than the riposte. To some, whose taste in water colours was strictly limited to familiar methods, his drawings were 'curious'. 'Pray, Mr. Cox,' a lady once said to him, 'do you not think it would be worth while to take a few lessons from Mr. —— in finish?' The point is worth noting: it shows that already the essential Cox was beginning to break through the clouds. Small wonder that the artist began to dream of fresh experience. In 1829, he decided to go abroad again.

And so, that June, Cox and young David landed at Calais where he renewed acquaintance with Louis Francia; went on to Amiens and Beauvais, and so to Paris, where John Pye, the engraver, showed them the sights. Two days after their arrival, Pye took the visitors to the Palais Royal, where (says Solly with a certain severity) 'they must needs go up and see rouge-et-noir played in one of the gambling saloons.' Here Nemesis stepped in, for Cox going downstairs, slipped and sprained his ankle, spending much of the remaining six weeks sketching from a fiacre.

This accident ruled out a projected tour of the banks of the Loire, so Cox returned home. There was to be yet another visit abroad, merely for a week in 1832, when he visited Boulogne, where he saw a military review, and went on to St. Omer and Dieppe. His account of the review with 'its dust and brilliancy, and the many scampers to get out of the way of the troops' is faintly suggestive of Mr. Pickwick's similar experience at Chatham. It was all very funny, and if the 'French cookery' was not to his taste—he took a poor view of a 'portion of the belly of a small pig' masquerading as calves' head—he had been interested and found some fine subjects for his brush. Boulogne and Calais retained his sympathy for their effects of 'space over sands'; but, broadly speaking, if one showed him a

continental view, it was to be met with an 'Oh! that's foreign!' The Continent knew him no more.

'Bother Switzerland!' he was heard to ejaculate in a later year, when another artist was extolling the charms of that country to the detriment of his own. 'Wales is quite good enough for me, and I am sure it is for him!' What boots it that Cox had never seen Switzerland. He had seen Wales.

'Don't try to induce David [his son] to go on the Continent in search of scenery,' he quietly said on another occasion. 'Wales, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire have been good enough for me, and I quite believe they may yet do for him.' 'He thoroughly believed,' says Solly, 'in the superiority of English rural scenery to any other; he said he best understood English subjects;' and therein wisdom lay. Broadmindedness is not furthered by bowing in the temple of Rimmon; and those who habitually place their own land lowest on the list are merely suffering from an inverted insularity.

Meanwhile, in 1829 (to return to it), he went with his family to lodge at Gravesend, sketching on the banks of the Thames; in 1830, influenced by his friend, William Roberts, he made what Solly describes as 'one of his first excursions to Yorkshire', staying near Bolton Abbey; and about 1830 or 1831, he commenced his long-standing friendship with William Stone Ellis.

Ellis had first noticed Cox's work at Palser's, then in the Strand, about 1825, where some sepias had caught his eye. He had also bought some water colours by Cox from Clay of Ludgate Hill. In 1829, too, Ellis had himself been taking lessons in water colour from George Robson, to whom he extolled the merits of those same sepias.

'Ah! you mean Old Farmer Cox. Go and have lessons of him if you fancy it,' said Robson; and to Old Farmer Cox Ellis went. To his brother artists, Cox was always 'Old David Cox', or 'Farmer Cox'—affectionate recognition of his genuine character and the breath of the fields in his work; except, that is, to Turner who, for reasons best known to himself, insisted on calling Cox 'Daniel'.

Anyhow, writing in 1860 of those sepias, Ellis said that he would sooner meet with them 'than with the Turner sepias in Marlborough House'; and so another Daniel came to judgment.

VIII

COX AND SOME FRIENDS

UNAVOIDABLY, in the recital of these various matters, we have lost touch with the little household in Foxley Road, which continued to be Cox's head-quarters until 1841. We may conceive Foxley Road as the base of operations from which the artist travelled far and wide throughout his native land and Wales. Though he was not yet freed from teaching, his sketching tours became more numerous; and everywhere he went, he, all unknowingly, carried with him that quiet gospel of a kindly fellowship that steadily increased his tale of friends.

It is, for example, in 1835* that we first learn of Cox's growing acquaintance with a young man named Robert Hindmarsh Grundy, met, maybe, on one of his tours in Lancashire, who accompanied him on some sketching trips and was subsequently one of his supporters in another capacity. For Grundy, who was among the founders of the Printsellers' Association, carried on a business first at Manchester and later at Liverpool, which enabled him to handle a certain amount of Cox's work, as he likewise handled some of Prout's.

How cordial were the associations between the two men is well shown by a letter written by Cox to Grundy in a later year (1850), in which the artist says that on thinking over the price he had placed on six sketches, he found he had charged 'more than in my conscience I ought. I have therefore sent you three more to make the deal more agreeable to my feelings'. As Adrian Bury has remarked: 'It is pleasant to know that one who could write so altruistic a letter emerged from all his

* This corrects an error in my earlier book on 'David Cox' (1924), p. 50, where I cited the date of Cox's first known letter to R. H. Grundy as 'Sept. 12th, (18)30', instead of 'Sept. 12th, [18]35.' Similarly, the second letter (p. 51) should have been given as 'August 17th, 1835', instead of 'August 17th, 1838', as then stated. Cox's more cursive numerals are not always easy to decipher.

Further evidence of the friendly relations between Cox and the Grundys is given in a hitherto unpublished letter from David Cox, junior, dated from 'Brixton Hill /2 New Park Road/ Sept. 24. [18]70':

'Gentlemen

'I am glad to have been able to set at rest any doubts respecting the drawing of the "Rabbit Warren", and should not make any charge, considering the high esteem which my father always held for the late Mr. Grundy.

'Yours faithfully
'David Cox'

difficulties, his life replete with honour and achievement, to take a permanent place among the great visionaries and interpreters of the English scene.'*

But this was not yet. That typically altruistic letter was written from Harborne, where Cox in time's fullness was to find his haven. Meanwhile, he was meeting other artists at Foxley Road. Henry Gastineau would come over from Camberwell for an occasional evening at Kennington; or Cox himself would go over to Streatham to join in the 'pleasant gatherings' of artists at Norman Wilkinson's† cottage there. In the larger world many a younger artist, such as George A. Fripp, testified to the kindly encouragement which Cox knew so well how to give. To new associates of the Old Society, and others gloomily surveying their unsold works in the exhibition, Cox knew exactly how to temper the keen blast of disappointment.

'Don't be discouraged; don't be cast down; have patience', he would say with an unmistakable sympathy. 'The same has formerly happened to me many and many a time. I have had nearly all my drawings returned unsold; but it is better now than in those very early days, when the brunt and burden of the day‡ had to be borne by the earliest members'.

'It is better now—'. Slowly but surely Cox was winning through, but in so winning he did not pass by on the other side. Throughout a life of struggle, he never forgot the kindly word or, when he could contrive it, the generous action. His nieces, the Misses Hills, long remembered how, on their numerous visits to Foxley Road, 'he was ever ready to enter into all their games and little pleasures,' for in his own quiet way he never lost the high art of play. 'All his life he was fond of the society of the young,' and 'would exert himself' for their pleasure; but with all this honest fun, he knew how to inculcate a lesson in behaviour. Were a niece to enter a room shyly or awkwardly, he would leave and re-enter the room showing 'how to do it' by unobtrusive example. I have known at least one brilliant man who, for lack of similar training, had acquired a misleading habit of furtive entry.

Always, too, there was Cox's instinctive gentleness; never did he indulge in the 'cross word or sharp rebuke' that come

* 'The Life and Art of Thomas Collier, R.I.' (F. Lewis [Publishers] Ltd., 1944).
† Not to be confused with the distinguished marine-painter P.R.I. of our own time.
‡ Thus Solly, but 'fray' may be indicated.

all too readily from many of us. Solly tells of Cox's evident disappointment when one of the Hills nieces showed an insufficient appreciation of a water colour which the artist had given to her—a drawing which, no doubt, he could have sold.

Disappointment, yes! but offended dignity, no!

'Well, my dear, I think it is really a very nice drawing,' was all the comment of this gentle man. And that, in its unconscious dignity, taught her another lesson. Nor was he anything but tickled when a 'lady of rank', the mother of one of his pupils, remarked: 'Mr. Cox, I have been trying to imagine, but I cannot, where you sell all the pictures you paint.' Though she did not realize it, the 'lady of rank' was perpetrating a vast impertinence. Some artists would have told her more or less bluntly to mind her own business. Cox merely replied something to the effect that the best patrons of art were the merchants and manufacturers of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham: a fact of the time which might have given food for uneasy reflection to the 'lady of rank'. That it did nothing of the kind is shown by her next remark: 'Ah, indeed! I suppose those merchants must be very rich!'

Which again was a fact, though lacking its correct connotation. It says much for Cox's essential mildness that such gaffes merely amused him.

On the other hand, he was given the run of stately seats like Powis Castle or Hardwick Hall where Cox 'appeared to be quite at home, and well known to the stewards, gardeners, &c., who all seemed pleased to see him.' He might wander wherever he pleased, though the bloodhounds at Hardwick so terrified him that he would go half-a-mile out of his way to avoid them. Thus, though Cox, the smith's son, was not outfaced by the more peaceful ancestral splendours, one suspects that he was more at home with Mr. and Mrs. Severn, the kindly host and hostess of the Peacock at Rowsley, going thence to 'dear old Haddon' where he made many a sketch. At the Peacock, first visited in 1831 and revisited on many a later occasion, he might also meet William Roberts of Birmingham, an amateur whom he had known since about 1825, and who became one of his closest friends and associates. Though Roberts had studied under De Wint, it was from Cox that he gained his chief inspiration.

In contrast to such bachelor trips, we find Cox in 1838 happily holidaying with Mary Cox at a cottage called 'Millhouse' at Seabrook near Hythe; though in 1839, on another visit to Derbyshire, he was disappointed of John Sell Cotman's company as far as Birmingham. Cox had known Cotman in the days of the Associated Artists, and occasional hints in his work imply that he was not entirely unaffected by the East Anglian master. We note such a hint in two, or rather one of two, delightful little studies in a red-brown chalk, belonging to Sir Robert Witt. But most artists are influenced at this or that moment of their lives, and if Cox was 'inspired' by various masters—'by Varley, by Cotman, by Girtin, Bonington, Canaletto, Turner, &c., before he threw away the props'*—most of the phases were inconspicuous. The important point is that almost always he remains unmistakably Cox. All the same, one could have wished that Cotman had kept that engagement; but life is not planned for biographers.

* Mr. Walter Turner must forgive me for amplifying my text from his very quotable letter to me of May 26th, 1944.

IX

COX AND MÜLLER

TOWARDS the end of the Kennington phase of his life, Cox decided to give more attention to painting in oil. He is known to have used that medium as early as 1811 or 1812, and had worked in it on more recent occasions, but always more or less sporadically and without any great self-assurance.* Almost essentially a water-colour painter, he had found oil difficult in practice, though there were cogent reasons why he should become more proficient in it.

For one thing, oil paintings were selling better than drawings, especially in the provinces; for another, it can be assumed that he did not relish being beaten by what was, to him, a difficult medium. To these may be added a suspicion that Cox had by now made enough of a reputation to warrant him in hoping for an Associateship of the Royal Academy. Had he cherished any such ambition, he seems to have kept it to himself; but one thing he knew well enough—that as a water colourist alone, he was ineligible for election.

Only in quite recent times has this tremendous anomaly been abolished. Whatever one's genius, whatever one's proficiency as an aquarellist, one simply could not stand for election as an A.R.A. on such grounds alone. As an oil painter, a sculptor, an architect, or maybe an engraver one could take one's chance; but water colour was out of the question. Why, nobody quite remembered. It was simply a piece of stupid officialdom. Had Turner been 'merely' a water-colour painter he would never have entered the Academic fold; Girtin, had he survived, would not have 'stood an earthly'. Glance down the long list of those who have practised in what is perhaps the most English of all the arts, and note how few of them succeeded in adding 'A.R.A.', much less 'R.A.', to their names!

If Cox, like Cotman (who also painted in oils) and many another, was never officially adopted by the Royal Academy, it is reasonable to suppose that he understood the commercial advantages of belonging to that august institution. That such was his only interest in the matter is highly improbable. Cox

* 'David Cox' (Philip Allan, 1924).

was too much the artist to ignore the higher aspects of the question. We may fairly assume that his motives were mixed; delight in mastering a medium tied up with considerations of advancement and how better to sell what he painted.

Anyhow he decided to paint more in oils than he had done hitherto and was looking around for a means to that end.

Now it so happened that in 1839 W. J. Müller returned to England from a long tour in Greece and Egypt; and George Fripp, who knew Müller well, put the two men in touch with each other. If Cox's handling of oil paint needed 'loosening', Müller was just the man to set him right.

Müller's facility was abnormally pronounced. He must have been one of the most facile painters that ever lived. So far as the British School is concerned, he is in the class of men like P. A. de László or Frank O. Salisbury—that is, in respect of dexterity, for in other matters there are marked differences. Everybody has at least heard tell of the surprising speed with which Mr. Salisbury can produce not only a talented portrait, but (what is not quite the same thing) a likeness. This implies that, in one sense, his task is relatively more difficult than Müller's, who was not concerned with any sort of portraiture, but could interpret a landscape with absolute freedom. Moreover, Mr. Salisbury (as was de László) is a far more disciplined and responsible painter than Müller, with whom the following remarks are solely concerned. It is the lack of that same quality of responsibility that is all too apparent in much of Müller's work.

For one thing, W. J. Müller, though left-handed, was well nigh ambidextrous, and made no bones about painting with a loaded palette strapped on each arm, and with each hand filled with brushes. 'When interested in his work,' says Solly, 'he would paint with both hands at once'; and the ease with which he could scrap a picture and start it all over again was astounding.

The which is remarkable enough, though it gives us a pretty sound clue as to why Müller's work has not stood up better than it has to the test of time. In art, it is the result that counts; spontaneity of effect is not necessarily achieved by spontaneous utterance. Whistler, for instance, frequently achieved spontaneity in paint as the result of sheer hard labour. The spon-

taneous effect is that which looks spontaneous, however swift or however tardy its process of creation. A picture built up slowly but with no outward effect of labouriness may appear as fresh and convincing as the premier coup.

Undeniably brilliant, Müller was to some extent defeated by his own skill. A certain flimsiness, not to say carelessness, spoils the appeal of at any rate some of his work—work which is otherwise flashingly dexterous. One is conscious of cleverness—always a dangerous quality.*

Exactly when Cox had instruction from Müller is uncertain. For an obvious reason, it was not before 1839, and the fact that in May, 1840, Cox wrote to Roberts he 'was making preparations to sketch in oil, and also to paint,' may put the date somewhat later. What is known, however, is that at the very first lesson Müller loosed one of his pictorial fireworks, all but completing a small or moderate sized picture at a single sitting.

Away went Cox, duly impressed. But when he returned for the second lesson, it was only to find that Müller had wiped it all out. He then commenced another, 'The Ammunition Waggon,' on the same canvas, made great progress with it, and had it nearly finished—by the time of Cox's third visit.†

Greatly admiring, but maybe a trifle bewildered, Cox went no more for instruction. 'You see, Mr. Müller, I can't paint!' he had been heard to say; and though Cox was completely and admirably free of professional jealousy, his words conveyed an unconscious rebuke. It seems at least arguable that Müller's astounding facility had an inherent taint of exhibitionism.

That is as may be. The fact remains that the slower-minded Cox had learned something worth while from Müller, just as in earlier days he had benefited by the experienced methods of De Maria and Varley. Above all, he had proved the integrity of his own character. At the age of 56 or 57, and with a long career of painting and teaching already behind him, he had seen nothing derogatory in metaphorically sitting at the feet of a young man still some years short of 30. Like Etty, who as a

* If I have been too severe in my criticism of Müller, I look to my able and scholarly friend, Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt, to redress the balance in the 'life' of that artist which he has in preparation for Mr. Lewis. However one views him, Müller was a remarkable painter; so remarkable that it seems strange that no more than a single full-length biography of him has hitherto appeared—that by Solly, published in 1875.

† 'Ammunition Waggon,' according to Solly; 'Baggage Waggon,' according to Hall; but cp. Chapter XV.

wheezy senior continued to frequent the Life Class at the Royal Academy Schools, Cox knew well enough that an artist who can no longer learn is aesthetically damned. How he learnt mattered little to him. Throughout the rest of his life, Cox remained loyal to Müller, urging his friends to buy Müller's work and viewing it with the pleasure and respect that its powers demanded.

Note that 'urging his friends to buy Müller's work'. As between one artist and another, and without hope of personal benefit, it is a pretty sure testimony to the depth of Cox's sincerity.

X

COX AT HARBORNE

ABOUT midsummer, 1841, Cox left Foxley Road and removed to his native Birmingham for good and all. He had taken a lease of Greenfield House, a quiet old-fashioned building pleasantly situated 'in a lane leading to Harborne Church, beyond which meadows and open country stretched out in the direction of Hagley'.

Some such change had long been contemplated. 'He felt the yoke of a teacher in drawing to be galling him sorely', says Hall; 'and although by carrying it so long and persistently he had been enabled materially to improve his circumstances and to acquire a comfortable independency, still he was resolved to get rid of the burthen'. He had guided the plough through the heaviest soil till the end of the furrow was in sight.

Now that young David was married and established as an artist, he could take over some of the pupils while his ageing father exchanged the distasteful bustle of London for scenes where he could paint to his heart's content. So leaving young David in London, Cox (accompanied by Mary Cox and the faithful Ann Fowler) in due course removed to Greenfield House, in its setting of trees and flowers. There were filbert and nut-trees, his favourite hollyhocks and the Scotch thistles whose decorative shapes so delighted him. Young forest trees he planted, and also a favourite willow-bush which he raised from a slip of the willow by Napoleon's tomb in far St. Helena.

In the kitchen were 'plenty of hooks on which to hang bacon and hams'; and upstairs was a certain long room, calling out to be used as a studio, where he installed his mahogany easel. There he painted till the weather grew cold, when the easel went down to the dining-room. We may picture him with Mary Cox, now rather infirm, still sitting beside him in the room while he painted, with, maybe, his great friend, the cat. Of dogs there was none. Cox liked to be very quiet, and perhaps those bloodhounds at Hardwick still ferociously bayed at the back of his mind. And so, at length, David found peace.

At long last, he was face to face with his art, and, ageing man that he was, 'fully prepared for the struggle.'

'He was determined to leave a great name in the annals of British art', says Hall. Though he had known success of a sort, it did not suffice him. 'I will succeed!' was his cry; and God hearkened to him.

As soon as he could he set to work. Then followed painting in the studio, sketching in the neighbourhood of his home, and many a journey further afield—to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and back to Rowsley, Haddon and Hardwick. And then, in July, 1844, we find him making the first of a series of annual visits to Bettws-y-Coed, of which more must be said later. 'The inexhaustible wealth of nature, his genius and the love of his family and friends sufficed to fill his cup with more happiness than is allotted to most men.'* It was as though God extended that Cup to him.

What if some mistaken folk have stigmatized Cox as a mere bread-and-butter painter? As one of Cox's own calling has so feelingly written of him: 'With De Wint, Constable, Crome and many another, Cox could not look upon beauty without hearing the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Cox knew the love that suffereth all things in the arduous quest for beauty and truth.'†

After suffering, for him the earthly Paradise; and who shall say what beyond?

* Solly.

† Adrian Bury: 'The Life and Art of Thomas Collier, R.I.' (F. Lewis [Publishers] Ltd., 1944).

XI

COX AT BETTWS-Y-COED

THOUGH 1844 has often been cited as the year of Cox's first visit to Bettws-y-Coed, there are grounds for thinking that he had at any rate passed through that epitome of Wales on one or two previous occasions.* It was, however, in 1844, that he commenced the series of annual trips to Bettws that only ceased after 1856, when age and infirmity forbade him risking the journey.

He arrived there in the company of Harry John Johnson, later well known as an artist, who had studied under Lines and Müller. They put up at the 'Swan'†, and Cox so enjoyed the experience that he decided to return. That in making this trip he had been guided by a Higher Power, we may gratefully believe, for on November 23rd, 1845, he suffered the unspeakable sorrow of losing his devoted wife and companion.

Never robust, Mary Cox had long been failing in strength, and the time came when she was struck down by a fatal illness. It was with the greatest distress that Cox laid this, the only woman he had ever wooed, and who had been his joy and solace through all his years of testing, to rest beneath the shade of a spreading chestnut-tree in Harborne Churchyard.

Though completely stunned, Cox again proved his mettle. He forebore to curse God. 'Being a truly religious man, he did not mourn as one without hope', and by December 21st, 1845, he was able to write to young David and Hannah, his son and daughter-in-law, in a way that showed him again to be looking on the world about him.

'I certainly was very much out of spirits when I wrote on Thursday, but I am much better now; and I believe I have no real cause to be otherwise, for all things I feel are ordained for the very best for my good. I have been at my work with more calmness, and shall, I have no doubt, do better and be

* 'David Cox' (Philip Allan; 1924).

† Hall says the 'Royal Oak,' afterwards Cox's main headquarters at Bettws, but Solly declares that when Cox 'first knew Bettws, that inn did not exist, far less the present large hotel of that name, which was erected . . . on the exact spot once occupied by the old inn.'

better in all ways, with God's grace and assistance'.* His earthly paradise might have developed a crack, as earthly paradises are apt to do, but there still remained faithful Ann Fowler to housekeep for him, with Mercy Tomlinson, another good friend, under her.

As for the rest, there was always Bettws.

Hall has left so vivid a pen-picture of Cox's life there that one can imagine the old artist, 'with ruddy complexion, a figure by no means slight, and "clad in a suit of sober grey" lounging before the "Royal Oak", smoking a cigar, or issuing from its then humble portal, sketch-book in hand, after an early breakfast, to jot down with rapid strokes the leading features of some lovely "bit" near at hand, or to trace the lines of some more extensive subject, more distant, in the Lledr valley, or by the side of the beautiful Conway River.'

To paraphrase an apt quotation: The country all around was Cox's land; and that Bettws became popular has been attributed to the interest aroused by his exhibited drawings of the place.

Though of necessity, Cox had occasionally stayed elsewhere, it was the 'Royal Oak,' then kept by Edward Roberts, that he preferred. It was for the 'Royal Oak' that he painted in 1847 the famous sign, later taken down and hung inside the house; and it was on the plaster of a bricked-up doorway in the parlour that, one wet day, Cox executed in water-colour a bold adaptation of Redgrave's 'Catherine Douglas barring the door with her Arm'—a subject which must have been dictated more by its position than by any other appositeness. 'Bacon and hams hung from the kitchen ceiling', where 'farm-labourers and other rustic guests, smoking pipes and drinking their ale by the fireside', would exchange greetings with the visitors on their way to the said parlour beyond. Such was the atmosphere of the 'Royal Oak' as it was when Cox knew it.

The place was virtually an artists' club. 'During the sketching season, Bettws . . . was often filled to overflowing with amateurs and artists. Their white tents and umbrellas, to be seen in whichever direction the eye turned, suggested the encampment of an invading army. In every road or lane, on every eminence or river-bank, the artist was encountered . . . ; whilst

* Quoted by Solly.

in the evenings, . . . he was seen chatting with his fellows at the inn door, smoking pipe or cigar, and enjoying the delicious calm of the closing day.'

Then comes a pleasant glimpse of Cox himself, when 'not unfrequently two or three resident artists would drop in at the "Oak", after tea, to pay their respects to "Mr. Cox", to talk over the doings of the day, and discuss a glass of whisky-toddy with their pipes. Many a delightful evening has been thus spent, and many valuable hints for future practice have been carried away from the small sitting-room in the old house, when the "Master" was honouring Bettws with his customary visit.' If genial and influential Thomas Creswick, R.A., was received with great deference and awe, it was homely old Cox who inspired the most affection of all; Cox who, 'by some who could see further into the secret places of art and nature, was held to be the possessor of "gifts" which in the end would secure for him such a reputation as his lucky rival would never obtain.' Poor Creswick! Not even the lad who carried his easel and colour box 'felt so elated and raised above his fellows' as did 'Mr. Cox's boy', who 'always looked upon himself as in the proudest position of them all.'

So we see old David Cox trudging off to some appointed painting ground, followed by ' "little John", . . . canvas on back and sketching-stool in hand.' There was, too, his 'Convenient Box', specially designed by Cox himself to hold everything needed on a sketching expedition, not excluding his pipe. And if he found a young artist—or even that amiable creature 'Fat' Hoyle, who had such a knack of getting Cox to paint his pictures for him—in difficulties, he would stop to give a timely word of advice or to take brushes and palette and show him how.

'I find nature a great deal too hard for me to imitate', said one of them to him, happily ignorant that a day would dawn when 'imitate' would be the wrong word to use.

A great deal too hard!

'And so it has been many a time for me', returned the old instructor who could not forget the teaching he had longed to abandon. 'I have often rubbed out my morning's work, disgusted with what I have done. Lend me your palette and brushes . . . '

A few skilled touches followed, and the picture was pulled together.

He had often rubbed out a morning's work. What his wife called his 'furiousness' would occasionally out. Was there not a time when he was sketching with William Hall in the 'big meadow' at Bettws? Disturbed by a flurry behind him, Hall looked round to find that Cox had dashed down palette and brushes and was starting to wipe his picture off the canvas.

'I can't paint at all to-day', he protested. 'Nature is a great deal too hard for me'.

Under persuasion, he spared the unfinished picture, only to exchange it for a tube of Indian yellow.

XII

COX AT THE CLOSE

SUCH flurries as that just recounted come naturally to most artists, though Cox's were of the mildest. On the other hand, there were times when he knew how to make a stand. An earnest churchgoer himself, and one who paid respect 'to all religious observances', he happened to notice some clever but irreverent caricatures with which certain irresponsible young artists had desecrated the church porch and lych-gate at Bettws. Cox saw them and grew as nearly angry as he was capable of being. ('I am the Resurrection and the Life' . . .).

'My goodness!' ejaculated Cox. 'What will these poor people think of us, who are supposed to be men of education, and to know what is right and proper? How much must it shock them to see sacred persons and things ridiculed and made fun of! And this done upon the wall of the church itself, and done, too, by one of us, who ought to have set a better example'!

That night at the 'Oak,' he called for a volunteer, set out with lanthorn, brush and water, and effaced the 'vile things.' And added Cox: 'If anybody should ask who rubbed them out, tell him I did!' There were no takers, so back went old David Cox to his evening's modest entertainment in a gentler mood.

Poverty he had known, and struggle and bitter grief, but even in these he had seen God's mercy.

'I am the Resurrection and the Life'.

He had known it when in the autumn of 1849, a girl named Roberts, related to the landlord of the 'Oak,' died and was buried, after the North Welch fashion, in the evening. In the foreground of the picture he made of it,* and at the tail of the long procession of cloaked mourners wending their way along the stone-walled road towards Bettws Church midst the rising mists and the setting sunshine, is the figure of a man with a crape band flowing from his hat. It is Cox himself. 'You must not think that those are common field flowers', explained the artist to someone. 'Oh, no! they are poppies symbolical of the sleep of death.'

In sooth, he himself was not so far from that sleep. His health

* There are several versions of 'The Welsh Funeral': the original water colour (1850) is n the Manchester Whitworth Institute.

was failing, and in 1857 he was too ill to go to his beloved Bettws. In 1855, his friends had got him as far as Edinburgh to sit to Sir John Watson Gordon for a presentation portrait. He sat, went to sleep in his chair, but doubtless heard Watson Gordon compare his head with Scott's and Brougham's. Cox himself doubted if he had such a long Scotch head as Watson Gordon had given him, though he afterwards wrote to young David that 'the portrait is one of the finest ever seen'.

On November 19th, 1855, the presentation was made in the picture-gallery at Metchley Abbey, Harborne, in the presence of an influential gathering presided over by Charles Birch who lived there. The portrait was crowned with a laurel wreath, and its prototype (who arrived late on the arm of Dr. Bell Fletcher) was duly honoured. A presentation address was read, kindly speeches were made and healths proposed and drunk.

Cox, too old to do more, silently bowed his thanks, leaving his speechifying to Dr. Fletcher. It was all very gratifying, overcoming and wearisome to one whose eyes were dimming. So he turned to the son of his old friend, William Radclyffe—C. W. Radclyffe who was seated near him:—

'Take me home, will you, Charles? I think it is time for me to have my milk.'

Another portrait followed in 1856, this time in London from (Sir) William Boxall's brush, and in the same year Cox wrote to young David mentioning a meeting with Rosa Bonheur, who had visited his studio and admired his 'Birmingham Horse Fair'. He was still painting, but just before Christmas, 1858, he had to write to young David that he could not 'see to work, paint, or at drawings'.

The shadows were closing in on him. Age and illness were having their way with him. Discomfort, pain, and feebleness took him, one by one drawing their veils between his old eyes and the face of Nature, his dearly beloved mistress. And so it was that on June 7th, 1859, he expired, being laid to his rest on June 14th 'in the family vault'* in Harborne Churchyard.

But there is something higher; and one likes to think that after that last painful toil up the stairs, on Ann Fowler's arm; after that final 'God bless you!' had quavered to silence; there came to his flickering knowledge the last of all certainties:—

'I am the Resurrection and the Life'.

* Memorial card in the Grundy archives.

XIII

COX IN NINE 'PERIODS'

COX lives for us in his art, and in discussing that art it is usual to divide his work into four Periods, commencing with the artist's arrival in London in 1804. That system was adopted in my previous book on Cox, but it has long seemed to me that one more expansive is called for.

Let us, then, make a start with an amended system, as follows:—

First Period (circa 1790-1798); that of Cox's first, childish essays in painting.

Second Period (circa 1798-1800): Cox in the Birmingham toy trade under Fieldler-Fielder.

Third Period (circa 1800-1808): Cox's scene-painting period under James De Maria and on his own, the scene-painting gradually giving way to the sketching from nature and easel work which were already in progress.

Fourth Period* (from circa 1804 and thus overlapping the Third Period): Cox comes to London and paints water colours, some of which, at any rate, are characterized by breadth and largeness of effect, buildings being depicted 'rather square and simple in form with decided shadows'. At Birmingham, the 'Old Westminster,' dated 1805, is an excellent example of his work of this Period, which reveals the impress of his scene-painting experience.

Fifth Period (ending circa 1815): Not so long after his arrival in London, Cox takes lessons from Varley, and his style begins to change. The old breadth of statement is replaced by a more trivial method. He now paints 'saleable' water colours on more or less conventional lines. His principles as a drawing master begin to be exemplified in published books like the 'Progressive Lessons' (v.y.) and the better known 'Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect' (1814). A reprint of the Treatise,' edited by A. Lys Baldry, was issued by 'The Studio' in 1922.

* This and the following Period together constituted the First Period according to the old system of reckoning.

Sixth Period* (circa 1815-1830): This roughly corresponds with Cox's life at Hereford, plus a hang-over of some three years after Cox's return to London. During this period, Cox's work gains—or continues to gain—in executive ability, increased attention being paid to detail and 'finish'—that dangerous quality which used to be so much admired and eventually worked itself to death by laborious fussiness. That 'finish' demands considerable executive ability to produce is undeniable: there are very few painters to-day who can even attempt it. The main trouble with it is that it so often destroys the truth of an effect. One cannot see the wood for the trees.

In striving for 'finish', Cox is at least in part meeting the popular demand. His important water colour of 'Llug Meadows near Hereford' (circa 1816), in the Victoria and Albert Museum, combines much detail with a certain breadth of effect; but, as the Period advances, too many of his drawings deserve no better term than 'pretty' or 'attractive'. Cox, in a full spate of teaching, is in the grip of the machine, though the 'Early Summer in the Meadows', at the British Museum, shows that he had not lost sight of his goal.

Seventh Period† (circa 1830-1840); Cox begins to emerge from the trivial phase. Though he still does 'close' work for a time, his handling is gaining in strength and breadth—not the old breadth of the Fourth Period, which is mainly a matter of design and washes, but a breadth in which brushwork is taking a definite part. Already highly experienced, Cox is gaining in confidence; he is beginning to let himself go. There are drawings which are all very well in their way, but 'lack devil'. They just don't come to life. Hitherto quite a lot of Cox's drawings have fallen in this category. It is, however, in this Period (1836) that Cox first uses the 'rough Scotch wrapping paper' which enables him 'to obtain power at once.'

In my earlier book on Cox, I cited the 'Warwickshire Lane,' in the British Museum, as an excellent example of his work at about the beginning of this Period. It is forcible and 'its finely suggested play of sunlight on rustling leaves' is irresistible. But that Cox could also combine 'finish' with a moving sense of mystery and an apt suggestion of profound depths is seen

* Old Second Period.

† This and the following Period together constituted the Old Third Period.

in his 'Rhaiadr Cwm, North Wales' (1836), also in the British Museum. Though pure 'Cox' it is, perhaps, slightly Turneresque in conception.

Eighth Period (circa 1840-1850). Though other styles continue to hang-over for a time, Cox's handling shows a continued increase of loosening and power. To some extent, this is aided by the instruction in oil painting he now receives from Müller, the effects of which are doubtless traceable in both the well known oil of 'Tending Sheep' at Birmingham, and the exceptionally forcible water-colour sketch of 'The Brocas, Eton,' at Bloomsbury, which, as I noted in my other book on Cox, 'rivals some of the most vigorous work of Peter De Wint.'

Ninth Period (circa 1850-1859): In this, Cox's Final Period, we watch his handling reach its peak of development, and its decline into vagueness. Old age and illness are telling on him, and the facility he has gained at so much cost is getting out-of-hand. Loosening and looseness are two different things.

Slowly but surely old David Cox is disintegrating—as some of the critics will tell him in cold, unfeeling print. Yet possibly as late as 1856, he can still exhibit such a masterpiece at the 'Old Society' as 'The Challenge—A Bull in a Storm on the Moor,' which represents the final triumph of Cox's lifelong appreciation of 'bad' weather in all its moods from pathos to grim grandeur.

From this last Period of his there emerge masterpieces and masterpieces that might have been. It is mainly on the latter that the less generous critics fell with tooth and claw. Sometimes it is impossible not to see a grain of truth in their disapproval; but the fact remains that it would have been better to keep silence. Yet even these most pathetic ruins of a noble mind and hand, 'rough' as Cox himself knew them to be, can be interpreted as continued researches into truth. Of all the paintings of stormy weather, of streaming skies and wind-lashed moors, there is nothing in the whole range of British art quite comparable to these weeping visions of Cox's eld. 'Black watery spongings' is what one forgotten critic called them; but the blackness was that of the night which even then was closing in on an aged genius who yet nursed his visions.

> In that he wanéd very old and dim,
> Saw men as motes

And trees as writhen spouts—
Upgushing fountains from an aery soil;
In that his mountains billowed into mist,
And mist to mountain, cloud with granite mingled,
And all his world seemed vague and loosely built
With gestured swirls of floating molecules—
Men said his senses failed him:
Pygmies without the wisdom that he had,
Missing the grandeur that his blear gaze saw
By vision piercing nigh the heart of Truth,
Knowing as fact what we can only dream!

XIV

COX AND SOME PICTURES

AS Cox's methods were discussed in detail in my earlier book on the artist, I propose to say little about them here.

We know that he was no slave to rules. Body-colour he used or not as occasion demanded. 'I don't care what I use', he once said to Solly who had questioned his use of emerald green, 'if I can but get the colour I want and see; it is time enough to think when one is working at home'. Similarly, if the specks in the rough Scotch wrapping paper interfered with his skies, he might 'put a couple of wings to them, and turn them into birds.' Like all truly great artists, Cox preferred resourcefulness to dogma; nor had he much patience with that type of observer who sticks a prompt nose into pictures 'to see how they are done'.

'I daresay I have not done it in a proper artist-like way', once remarked Cox, with perhaps an uneasy recollection of Müller's abounding facility. 'My pictures are not intended to be smelt! So come here, and tell me how you like the general effect.' He preferred less tutored comments such as that of the lady who said that she must put on her shawl—'There is always such a breeze in your pictures'.

And so there is in many of the best of them, though, as C. Reginald Grundy has said of him, 'his range of subject is vast, exceeded, indeed, by that of Turner, but far more comprehensive than that of Constable.'*

In other words, Cox understood the secret of variety, and knew that, whether or not he travelled overseas, his native land held inexhaustible treasures of mood and aspect.

Always it was effect—and truth to effect that most interested him. 'The fascination of his work largely lies', says Grundy, 'in the fact that he was no cold-blooded, scientific observer of nature, analyzing her features and structure with the disinterested impartiality of a professional expert, but regarded her as a lover his mistress, and finding something to admire

* C. Reginald Grundy: 'A Catalogue of the Pictures and Drawings in the Collection of Frederick John Nettlefold.' Vol. I (1933).

in her most wayward moods.'* It is in this sense that his art must be approached, though we soon find that his love of effect was not accompanied by a facile sacrifice of technical qualifications. Except by winsome chance, Effect is not to be successfully wooed by Ignorance.

To discuss the range of Cox's oeuvre is scarcely necessary. Some indication of it is given in the illustrations to this book; and that must suffice. Nor—and I think rightly—is it any longer fashionable to insist on the claims of this or that picture to be numbered among an artist's most famous works. One of the few good things that have emerged from contemporary criticism is the tendency to see an artist's work more as a whole than as a series of 'high spots.' Taste has changed since Cox's day, and though—with fickle femininity—it will continue to change, there is certainly room to believe that some of the older preferences have been upset for good and all.

For instance, there is little point in extolling the somewhat laboured poignancy of 'The Welsh Funeral' when so slight a sketch as the 'Scotch Firs' water colour at South Kensington strikes straight as a spear at the heart of an Effect that all of us can know and test. The tremendous truth that a 'mere sketch' may be vastly more important than a 'finished picture', and that questions of size, elaboration and—if you will—price are of merely relative importance, was almost completely unknown to the mass of Victorians. To them—as indeed to a good many people to-day—a large 'finished picture' was automatically more impressive than a small water colour. One could turn up the price and work it out at so much per inch. The detail that Cox himself never received more than £100 for a picture—the 'Rhyl Sands' at Birmingham—and was often content to take anything from £10 to £40 for 'finished' drawings, with much less for sketches, merely proved what bargains they were! In later years, many of them showed handsome profits—not, of course, for Cox, though he watched some of the appreciations from the other side of the hedge before he was comfortably dead and buried.

Of all the heresies that have sundered art, that which deems an artist to be 'honoured' by work of his fetching high prices after his death is among the least edifying. Actually, it is the

* Ibid. (see note p. 67.)

artist who benefits the interested parties. Have we not always before us the monumental example of Ruskin, who laurelled 'dead Turner' by getting for one drawing, his 'original price for the whole ten'—with the trifling addition of 1,095 per cent. profit for Ruskin himself.* Not until it is generally realized that the monetary price of what is often misleadingly called a retrospective work of art is an economic fact, a commercial fact, and maybe an historical fact, but nothing more, shall we progress very far on the road towards a fuller appreciation of art and its purpose. In such a connexion, documentary facts may help us to understand how and why a given work of art came into being, and its effect on the world. Per contra, art can shed a vivid light on history; but to confuse documentary data with aesthetic expression is an error destructive of their respective and relative values.

To cite an instance: it is not uninteresting that the original water colour of 'The Skylark'† (1848)—one of Cox's most belauded compositions—should have been described in catalogues with the sub-title of 'Anthurst Hill, Cumberland', whereas Hall and Solly specifically state that the somewhat different but equally admired oil version (1849)‡ was studied from 'rising ground in the neighbourhood of Harborne.' But such topographical problems do not of themselves prove any excellence in either work. They are fascinating incidentals.

Again, it is not without interest that these same works fetched this or that price at sundry outstanding auctions; but all that the figures really tell us is that, in those particular years, certain persons were sufficiently interested, for whatever reason, to pay them for an individual piece of material bearing certain marks in oil or water colour by an artist with a 'saleable' name. On the principle that 'money talks', we may, if we choose, argue from these facts the current degree of appreciation of Cox's work, though auction prices are never a wholly

* C. Reginald Grundy and F. Gordon Roe: 'A Catalogue of Paintings and Drawings in the Collection of Frederick John Nettlefold, Vol. IV (1938). The article on Turner was written by Mr. Grundy.

† F. J. Nettlefold Collection. Ex coll. J. L. Clare, 1868; Albert Levy, 1876; Frederick Nettlefold, 1913. Exhib. Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1848; Grosvenor Gallery, 1877-78.

‡ F. J. Nettlefold Collection. Ex coll. E. A. Butler (a Birmingham dealer); Mr. MacCarthy; E. A. Butler; Thomas Darby; Mr. Holmes; S. Mayou, 1859-72; Frederick Nettlefold. Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, 1849; Manchester Jubilee, 1887.

reliable guide to this. Interest in a particular lot can be artificially stimulated, or for commercial reasons the trade may decide to keep up an artist's prices. Not that there is any cause to doubt that 'The Skylark's' auction prices do actually represent the current esteem of his work in those circles with sufficient money to stand the strain, and in others as well. What we have to decide is whether C. W. Radclyffe and those of his kidney were justified in the somewhat extravagant claims they made for these pictures.

That the water colour is a memorable tour-de-force, the oil a gracious achievement, is indisputable; but to me, the water colour's foreground is fussy with brush-strokes, and both it and the slightly 'woolly' oil go a little astray in their sense of proportion. Somehow or other, the foreground trees lack importance, as they occasionally do in other works by Cox. Maybe they did so in fact; but only in absolute topography need the landscape painter accept every detail before him as being suited to the theme he is trying to express. It is one of art's paradoxes that a too close concentration on truth to detail may injure truth of effect. Again and again is one driven back to the outstanding reality that a picture is 'right' if it 'looks right'; in other words, if it convinces. Thus, though both these versions of 'The Skylark' are greatly admired and are justly memorable in Cox's oeuvre, it is rather in their backgrounds—that simply stated panorama of a vast, distant plain with the clouds rolling over it—that we find his true measure.

This is not to imply that Cox was incapable of sustained effort; that, as with Etty, detailed and 'finished' compositions imposed too great a strain on his powers. In the 'Stormy Afternoon on the Menai,'* he presents a vast panorama, in which not only the punyness of man, but the relative punyness of gnarled and ancient trees, as contrasted with the vaster manifestations of Nature, is impressively studied and expressed with authentic imaginative power. It may be that Cox had some vision of this in 'The Skylark' as well—that all three works are veritably essays in relative importance; but if this be the case, it seems to me that in the 'Stormy Afternoon on the Menai' he achieved a greater homogeneity. To put it more simply, that water colour 'hangs together'—thanks partly to the skill with

* Walter Turner Collection. Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, 1943.

which it is patterned in terms of dark on light and light upon dark. Even in an artist's vision of landscape, there is a species of natural heraldry—for heraldry, as most of us know, depends for much of its effect on a system of colour on metal, and metal on colour. Cox's understanding of the 'heraldry' of landscape is shown in many of his works. We see it, for instance, in his oil of 'Windsor Castle from the Great Park' (1846),* one of the most important of his paintings of the Castle. Another point is worth noting of this picture. In it, to the left, are two tiny equestrian figures, that of a lady in a blue habit being none less than Queen Victoria herself. A closer view of the group occurs in a free charcoal study for a related composition in Sir Robert Witt's collection:† a sketch of much interest as showing how Cox developed his themes. That there were no 'hit or miss' tactics in these is further demonstrated by some admirable water-colour studies of plant life in the same collection. That Cox's foregrounds often embody plant life rendered with evident knowledge and sympathy—as in the oil of 'Going to the Hayfield' (1853) at Birmingham—is due to the fact that he actually studied and drew it. 'I was out of spirits,' wrote he to young David in August, 1840, after a disappointing visit to Dent Dale; 'I really could not sketch, nor, in fact, was there anything worth going two miles for. I made one coloured sketch in water-colours of some dock leaves . . . '‡

In impressions or purely compositional sketches, he often adopted more summary methods of expressing foliage, as in so excellent a work as the drawing known as 'Black Jack's Cottage, Bettws-y-Coed' (1846), and the less excellent of similar name, both in the F. J. Nettlefold collection. In neither case has C. Reginald Grundy accepted the traditional title. Of the second drawing, which may have been done for teaching, he pointed out that the scenery is not that of Bettws-y-Coed, but 'corresponds in its general features to that near the mouth of the river Conway'; whereas the drawing of 1846 presumably shows the 'little inn called Tynllan', at Llanbedr, near Conway, where Cox stayed in 1844. Certainly there is a strong resemblance between it and the pen-and-ink sketch of the inn with which

* F. J. Nettlefold Collection. Ex coll. Frederick Nettlefold, 1913.

† 'Windsor: The Queen!' Ex coll. the artist's family, 1904. Exhib. Vienna, 1927.

‡ Solly.

Cox headed an undated letter to 'My Dear Friend Roberts'.* What, however, is more to our present purpose is that these and other drawings show that Cox's early taste for painting buildings 'rather square and simple in form with decided shadows' is not confined to the Fourth (old First) Period. Apart from anything else, it was a good way of teaching amateurs how to give firmness and solidity to the buildings they were painting.

It was, however, late in life that Cox brought to perfection his inimitable method of painting atmosphere: wind-swept beaches, heaths, moors, fields and forests, as seen in the National Gallery's lovely little oil 'A Windy Day' (1850), Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's 'The Cross Road' (1850)†—possibly showing Carrington Moss, near Sale, Manchester, his 'Flying the Kite—A Windy Day' (1851),‡ Birmingham's 'Going to the Hayfield' (1853), and 'Rhyl Sands' (1854-55), the superbly free water-colour of the 'Skirts of the Forest—Sherwood'—(1855), repr. in this volume, or the Victoria and Albert Museum's streaming vision of 'The Challenge—A Bull in a Storm on the Moor' (c. 1856). These and others—for it must be remembered that Cox explored many of his subjects through a number of versions—protest the truth with which in his latter days he painted not so much a land- or sea-scape as its atmospheric envelope. It is in looking at works like these that we realize how much was lost in the Pre-Raphaelite conception of an airless world. Nature abhors a vacuum.

Cox's range of titles was no more extensive than that of numerous other landscape painters. 'Stacking Hay' or 'Crossing the Moor,' let us say, were good titles for anything they would cover; but it is also true that they might cover more or less similar versions of a particular composition. As already stated, some of these versions were further explorations of a given theme—much as Monet studied and re-studied his Lily Ponds—while others were occasioned by the popular demand. Then, more than now, were connoisseurs inclined to commission versions or replicas of works they happened to admire, but

* Repr. Solly, f.p. 128. He, however, states that the letter is 'dated July, 1844.' No date is visible in the facsimile.

† Ex coll. Joseph Gillott, 1904.

‡ Cox's most famous work of this title. Ex coll. Holbrook Gaskell, 1909; Lieut.-Colonel James B. Gaskell, 1926. Exhib. Liverpool, 1875; Birmingham, 1890.

which were unavailable. 'Will you paint me a 'Welsh Funeral' like Mr. Chose's?' was a request not to be ignored by an artist with his livelihood at stake. Haystacks and hayfields were evidently popular, as they frequently occur in Cox's œuvre. Even as I write Mr. Geoffrey Burton tells me that he has the water colour of 'The Haystack' (1832), exhibited at Burlington House (Old Masters) in 1901. Similarly Bolton Abbey, Kenilworth, Haddon and other romantic scenes recur in his œuvre, though to identify more than a proportion of them with the works of similar titles in exhibition catalogues is a sheer impossibility. So too with romantic landscapes of a different order: those with hanging, threatened trees and great, piled rocks like tidal waves be-smitten by the Gorgon. Such congealed waves of stone are seen in Mr. Walter Turner's water colour, 'The Missing Flock,'* with its dramatically clambering figure; and less adamantinely in Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's oil of 'Pandy Mill' (1843), which, as C. Reginald Grundy says, 'was probably taken from a sketch' made during Cox's visit to Pandy in August, 1842. 'I have in many of my late studies been most fortunate in mountainous scenes,' wrote he to young David on November 18th; 'they certainly afford more scope for effect, and sentiment in the effect; and I have been three nights in studying one subject. In a short time I may alter my feeling, and be altogether as much pleased with very extensive views, as a short time ago I was for lane scenes. All are good, but each requires a good deal of thought.'†

Cox was then thinking in terms of water colour, but the remarks almost equally apply to oils of the 'Pandy Mill' variety. There is, too, another point of some interest. Cox, after taking lessons from Müller, exhibited some oils at the Society of British Artists in 1841, but the result was not to his liking. ' "They look chalky for want of glazing," &c.', he wrote to Roberts on March 28th, 'which could not be done, as the day appointed for the purpose of touching, &c., was during my short visit to Birmingham. However, I am prepared for some disappointments . . . '‡

'It may be noted,' wrote C. Reginald Grundy in 'A Catalogue

* Exhib. Birmingham, 1938 and 1943. Painted about 1852, a similar, but unfinished study on canvas is at Birmingham.

† Quoted by Solly.

‡ Op. cit.

of the Pictures and Drawings in the Collection of Frederick John Nettlefold,' 'that the oil paintings Cox produced for some time after this exhibition, like the present example ['Pandy Mill'], are unusually deep and rich in colour, as though the artist was anxious to avoid repeating this fault.' If Müller could slap on the colour, why couldn't he?

It is, however, a fact that Cox found oil painting bothersome, and he had more to learn than merely to heighten his colour schemes. Handling the pigment was clearly a trouble to him, and though some of his oils are painted with firmness, others suffer from a woolliness that does not occur in his water colour.

Thus to criticize Cox may seem ungrateful, but the artist who cannot be criticized is seldom worth much. It is another way of saying that the man who never made a mistake never made anything. Because Cox was a master, because he painted some of the most vital landscapes that have ever been painted, we notice the more readily his lapses from grace; but in noting those lapses we must attribute at least a measure of the blame to others than him. If the system under which he lived compelled him, in pursuit of a living, to paint much that was trivial, thus greatly impeding his progress, we can but find the more praise for his triumphs.

Where many would have stumbled and fallen by the wayside, old David Cox plodded on through the dust and the mire, with the rain on his face and the wind in his hair; honest, uncomplaining and with never a thought that all the trumpets were sounding for him on the other side.

Because he loved much—and his love was unselfish . . .

It is only too easy to be selfish about one's art.

XV

COX AND PROGRESS

ARE we a little too apt to forget that many of the Old Masters were once regarded as 'moderns'? Fortunately for them, that abominable term was unknown before more or less recent times, and if some of the later of them happened to be described as 'modern' it was simply in the sense of 'modern' as opposed to 'ancient.' There was no art-political nonsense about it; nor, one suspects, did most of the artists themselves have any clear conception of existing in a state of 'modernity'. Daring innovators they might be, but there was on the whole a refreshing unconsciousness of anything more than a desire to probe matters which others had left untouched.

To suggest that Cox was a 'modern', in the current connotation of that piece of jargon, would be to exaggerate grossly. He painted the world as he saw it. But whereas Etty was in a state of mild revolt against the 'thousand smoking chimneys of Manchester', and the 'puff and fume, noise, smoke and turmoil' of 'our present steam-engine generation', Cox came to see that, pictorially, there was something in it. Beyond a profound appreciation of Nature, he showed a certain awareness of the contemporary scene. Though he loved the countryside in its silk-shot garment of sunshine, wind and rain; though he enjoyed the picturesqueness of ancient buildings and ruins; he could comprehend the dramatic value of modern inventions when they suited the purpose of his art. His painting-room, says Hall, was bare of all those antiquities, those objects of bijouterie and vertu, that cluttered up so many artists' studios. 'He could derive such inspiration as was needful to him from the contemplation of bare walls.'

So it was that Cox, in his work, betrayed no aesthetic animus against certain features of a changing age. Admittedly, he made what was, for him, the mistake of occasionally peopling his scenes of England's stately seats with figures clad in quasi-17th century dress—the bare walls of his studio were no help to him there!—but such limited concessions to a prevailing taste do not invalidate the argument. When he painted 'Rhyl

Sands,' he made no effort to replace a steamship on the horizon by some picturesque old windjammer. Like Turner, whose 'Rain, Steam and Speed' (1844) had once been an inspiration to him, Cox realized the pictorial possibilities of the railway, as can be seen in his water colour of horses on a moor, startled by 'The Night Train' (1849).* And in his famous drawing of 'Peace and War,' at Port Sunlight, Cox readily took advantage of the compositional value of a line of Martello Towers which, to some Romantics of the period, must have seemed well-nigh as preposterous as does the impressive mass of a gasholder to many of their descendants. Had Cox been living now, we need not doubt that he would have introduced an aeroplane or so in place of the birds with which he sometimes disguised the specks in his rough Scotch wrapping paper. Thomas Shotter Boys made no bones about showing that abnormality, a balloon sailing over the West End of London.

In 'Peace and War,' Pitt's Martello Towers, then no longer new, play a part in the theme as well as in the composition. Peace is symbolized by the group of yokels, the flock of sheep, the quiet countryside on the heights o'er-topping Romney Marsh—that Fifth Quarter of the Globe, with its own people and its own peculiar customs.

To this all-but-solitude comes War in the form of a column of red-coated infantry, with an artillery train at its head. On the flats beneath are the Towers erected when Napoleon's army lay across the Channel, awaiting the chance for an invasion that never happened. On the heights is a hint of ancient strife in the form of Lympne Castle—never a castle in the stricter sense of that word, but a fortified residence of the mediæval Archdeacons of Canterbury.

Napoleon's menace had passed away when Cox conceived this 'Peace and War.' It was in 1838 that he got his first idea of the work.† He was then staying at Seabrook, near Hythe, with Mary Cox, who had been ailing. Such is the story of the drawing's conception as told by Solly on page 86 of his life of Cox; but on page 259, he confuses the issue by stating that this

* F. J. Nettlefold Collection. Ex-coll. William Quilter. Exhib.—Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1849; Grosvenor Gallery, Winter, 1877-78. Two smaller versions, one of them called 'The Birmingham Express,' are at Birmingham. The scene is said to have been taken from Charles Barber's house at Wavertree, Liverpool.

† A view of 'Lymne (sic) Castle, Kent,' by Cox, 1840, realized £252 at Christie's in 1908.

water colour of 'Peace and War' was inspired by Müller's picture of 'The Baggage Waggon' (or 'Passage of Troops over a Common'), which was painted in 1845.

Probably the biographer was confusing the Lympne 'Peace and War' with an earlier work by Cox of similar title, of which more anon. Some confirmation of this is to be found in Solly's life of Müller, which clearly states that the 'Baggage Waggon' is believed to have 'suggested the subject of Cox's "Peace and War," which he afterwards painted in 1846.' The date of Port Sunlight's 'Peace and War' is 1848, and the two works have little in common. One depicts Lympne, the other Lancaster—and the compositions are different. If we are to admit that either work bears any resemblance to Müller's 'Baggage Waggon,' it is clearly the 'Peace and War' of 1846 that we are bound to select. This leads to a discussion of historical details, and, bearing in mind the distinction between art and documentation previously drawn in this book, we may permit ourselves the luxury. The 1846 'Peace and War, with Troops marching towards the Town of Lancaster,' was an oil, 18½ in. by 24 in. Cox gave it to a clergyman friend, repurchased it for £20, and resold it for the like amount. Joseph Gillott, the pen-maker, is said to have bought it with another picture for £650; but at the Gillott sale in 1872 it realized the then enormous price of £3,601.10.0. Mr. J. Cann, junior, lent it to the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester in 1887, and to the Cox Exhibition at Birmingham in 1890. It was again sold at Christie's in 1911 for £997.10.0, and in 1926 it figured in the Leverhulme dispersal at the Anderson Galleries, New York.

Having disposed of the oil of 1846, we next meet a water colour of the same theme, which realized £850.10.0 at the Leech sale in 1887, and £945 at the Holland auction, 1908—both at Christie's. There are slight differences of aspect and sundry variations of detail, but the inspiration is clearly the same as that of the oil painting. The water colour—'Lancaster; Peace and War' which measures 19¼ in. by 29½ in., was displayed at the Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, in 1873, at Liverpool in 1875, and at Manchester in 1878. It is also stated to have been exhibited at the 'Old Society' in 1842. Cox's exhibits at the Society in that year included No. 33—'Lancaster;' but that is as far as I get with it. If, however, 1842 can be accepted as the

date of this drawing, it follows that neither it nor the oil of 1846 can be based on Müller's picture of 1845.

There is, indeed, positive evidence that Cox was attracted by themes with a military motif long before Müller painted his 'Baggage Waggon.' In 1838, a year or more before he went under Müller, Cox's exhibits at the 'Old Society' included No. 125—'Rocky Scene—Infantry on the March,' and No. 345—'Stirling Castle—Cavalry on the March'; while in 1839 we find No. 94—'Cavalry on the March.' Thus it is plain that Müller's 'Baggage Waggon' stimulated, rather than originated, Cox's interest in subjects of this sort—an interest backwashing from his own vague 'military' career. In effect, the 'Baggage Waggon' —the facility of whose execution so greatly impressed him—inspired Cox to essay in oil a theme of a type which he had previously exploited in water colour.

Which brings us back to the 'Peace and War' at Port Sunlight; and of this it can be said that there seems to be no obvious reason why Cox should not actually have witnessed in 1838 the incident at Lympne which he was to immortalize in this water colour of 1848. Shorncliffe Camp is not far away, as the crow flies, from Lympne.

This Lympne 'Peace and War' was exhibited as No. 154 at the 'Old Society' in 1848.* 'You wished to know what my subjects were I was doing for the Exhibition,' wrote Cox to young David, from Greenfield House, Harborne, on March 16th; 'but, as I have only three in hand, and two are very backward, I do not like to make too sure, but I feel pretty certain to-day that I may finish them.'† 'Peace and War' was the third of this trio, 'though I don't think I shall call it by that name; "Dungeness Bay" is the real view. I have several small ones, but they are unfinished.'‡ Ultimately he succeeded in sending fourteen items to the Exhibition.

Though, as we have seen, novelty of titling was no stronger a suit with Cox than it was with the majority of landscape painters, his hesitancy over the title of 'Peace and War' can be assigned to the fact that he had already used it for earlier works of importance, and wished to distinguish the scene at

* Birmingham has a related, unfinished study in water colour, 10¾ in. by 1 ft. 6 in., assigned to circa 1848. Exhib. Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, 1908.

† Quoted by Solly.

‡ Op. cit.

Lympne from that at Lancaster. As he could think of nothing better, 'Peace and War' it was called. We sympathize with Solly, who for clarity, sometimes refers to it as 'Peace and War, with Yokels.'

Measuring 23½ in. by 33½ in., this, one of the best known of Cox's water colours, was afterwards displayed at Ventnor in 1871; and in 1875 at the Liverpool Art Club's Cox Exhibition, to which it was lent by William Quilter. In the same year, it figured in the Quilter sale at Christie's, where it received a final bid of £997.10.0. According to Redgrave's 'Art Sales' (Vol. I, 1888), it had formerly belonged to Mr. Bickerstaff, of Preston. In 1889, the drawing again appeared at Christie's in another Quilter auction, when it fell to Agnew for £735.* Finally it became the property of Mr. W. H. Lever, afterwards 1st Viscount Leverhulme, who lent it to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House in 1908, and subsequently gave it to the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight.

So much for our essay in documentation: a process which could be applied with varying success to many other works by Cox named in these pages. This, however, was not designed as a documentary book in the stricter sense of the term, and on this and other grounds it was felt that a sample or two of the method in its fullness would suffice. There are larger issues than the Homeric contests of the auction rooms: contests in which Homer's battling warriors are replaced by the less stimulating spectacle of silent bidders with Croesus-like nods. It is nice to think that poor Cox's memory should be post-humously honoured with cheques of a magnitude that would have made him blink; but it would have been far nicer had he actually done the blinking. For, as we shall see in a page or so, £100 was the most he ever received for a picture—and that picture one of his greatest.

To say that the 'Peace and War' at Port Sunlight is one of his greatest is also in some degree true. There are crisper, more homogeneous expressions of Cox's genius than this. But when all is said and done, we still have to admit that it is one of those things that are easy to criticize but extremely difficult to beat.

* According to Graves' 'Art Sales,' a drawing of the same title and dimensions was bought by Agnew for £472.10.0 at Christie's, in the Mrs. S. Kennedy sale, 1898. The date of the work is, however, given as 1844.

It has the right 'elemental' quality: not so much as water colour as something that has happened as Romney Marsh happened—or England and the English. To those who demand their art cast in a mould, such things can never appeal; but what Cox did in this water colour was to interpret, so truly that it seems accidental, the entire splendid, spacious, brave, and careless inevitability of a whole nation. And that, believe it or not, can only be done by a very great artist indeed.

Cox's 'Peace and War' is a bit of England.

XVI

COX AND RHYL SANDS

IF Cox's 'Peace and War' be a bit of England, Cox's 'Rhyl Sands' is more than a bit of Wales.

It is Rhyl; but it is, too, a hundred places on the coast of Britain: God's own sea and a shelving shore with the salt-charged winds blowing cleanly, wetly across it all from the ends of the earth. Not by the bedside in that upstairs room, listening to the laboured breathing of a dying bronchitic, shall we take our leave of David Cox. Better out here beside him on that shore, with the sound of the sea and the undertow's rattle in our ears, and a changing sky scudding overhead . . . .

He is painting . . . .

. . . .

Cox painted many things, landscape, seascape, and buildings —some of his freer architectural drawings are remarkably fine—individual, yet like haphazard Girtins—but above all he painted their atmosphere. Of his seascapes, little has been said as yet. They are not numerous, and some of the earlier are not of great consequence; but once Cox came into his own, and took to painting light and air, they become of tremendous importance. Of the best of Cox's seascapes, it is true to say that they stand unrivalled in the whole sphere of painting. That is not to imply that they are better than Turner's or Constable's or Boudin's. Considered as sea or beach painters, these men are not 'better' than each other. One may have a greater range than another—as Turner has an immensely greater range than Boudin—but that is all. As painters of the sea and its marges they exist, each in his own right, unchallengeable. We can oppose Constable's 'Weymouth Bay' to Cox's 'Rhyl Sands.' Apart from the obvious differences of mood and method, nothing whatever comes of it. They are utterly unlike each other; yet both are profoundly and poignantly true. Nor does the fact that about 1824 Constable knocked off a little oil sketch of a 'Coast Scene with Fishing Boats,' which has something in common with a water colour by Cox, also at South Kensington, of 'Rhyl Sands,' painted some thirty years

later, prove anything more than that the two artists happened to pick on a similarly aspected subject and express it in a more or less similar mood. Let us leave it at that.

Irritatingly, the documentation of Cox's picture of 'Rhyl Sands' mainly concerns itself with auction prices, without a tale of which no masterpiece seems quite respectable. But if the exact circumstances which evoked the 'Rhyl Sands' are less detailed than could be wished, certain salient facts emerge concerning it. We know, for instance, that it was painted in 1854-55—it is signed and so dated; and that Solly records it under the unwieldy title of 'The Sea-shore at Rhyl, with a distant View of the Town.' We know Cox was at Rhyl in the August of 1854, and it must have been then that he made the sketches for, and possibly commenced, the oil painting itself. We know, too, that though Cox had a stroke in June, 1853, he recovered, only to feel the winter of 1854-55 a good deal, and to suffer in his health during the spring. He was enfeebled, and Hall declares roundly that he was 'never the same man after this illness'. In a physical sense this was doubtless true, for 'his sight was injured, and his memory impaired,' though it does not follow that his expressive powers were detrimentally affected. The distinction between a sick man and a sick artist absorbed in his work is considerable. As we shall see, his expressive powers were never more expressive; but that he could tire is implied (if we had not known it from other sources) by a tradition passed on to me by C. Reginald Grundy to the effect that Cox's pupil, C. T. Burt, claimed to have had a large share in completing the 'Rhyl Sands.' Cox, as we know, always found oil painting an exacting task, and it may be that the 'Rhyl Sands' overtaxed his powers. If such be true, the picture itself must have been finished in strict accordance with his plan and wishes, as it does not reveal any patent symptoms of interference. Burt's share (if any) may well have been limited to laying-in parts of the picture for Cox to work upon: a process in no wise remarkable and such as was familiar to many of the Old Masters. Indeed, when the 'Rhyl Sands' was lent by Mr. R. Adams of Birmingham to the New Bond Street loan exhibition of David Cox's work in 1859, it was reviewed by 'The Art Journal' as 'A marvellously fresh and life-like representation. The subject little else than a large open bay with a line of sands traversed

by a few figures, and the small town in the distance; but the effect of light, the motion of the silvery clouds, and the clear grey waves, form one of the most beautiful representations we have ever seen. It is painted in a remarkably free manner, and must be looked at from a distance.'

It was this picture that brought Cox the highest price he was ever to receive for an individual work of his brush, Exhibited at Liverpool, it was sold by Cox to Mr. Croft for £100. It passed through several hands, including Mr. Adams' and Mr. Agnew's, and when it was again sold in 1864 its value had risen to £150. Ultimately (says Solly) it returned to Mr. William Agnew, who kept it for many years. When he parted with the picture in 1872 to Mr. Levy, of London, Mr. Levy had to pay £2,300 for it. This was its peak, for in the Levy sale of 1876 it did not exceed £1,995 under the hammer; but it cannot be over-emphasized that all this quibbling over pounds, shillings and pence has no essential bearing on the merit of the picture itself. Better it is to say with Solly that the 'Rhyl Sands' 'is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures painted by Cox. The sky and waves are so full of movement, and on the left a broad shadow is cast by the clouds over the sea, which adds greatly to the effect of light on the sandy shore; the figures seem to be blown about by the wind, and even the bathing machines are so massed together and treated as to add rather than detract from the general effect. Some sea-gulls skimming above the waves help to carry the light over the picture.'

One can but note the typically Victorian suspicion that somehow or other Cox was rather clever to have made anything of so dubious an object as a bathing machine. Mr. Leech or Mr. Keene might be jocose about such things in 'Punch;' but for a 'serious artist' to take any notice of them was another matter. But Cox knew, as many 'serious artists' of his day and every artist of our own time knew or knows, that any object, any feature has aesthetic value in its own particular cosmos. To the delicate fair, railway trains may have been 'horrible, dirty things', but Cox and Turner saw where beauty lay in them and they in beauty. Nor, at the opposite extreme, did that uncomfortable vehicle, the bathing machine, merely suggest the intimidating services of the renowned Martha Gunn. To Cox, as to Turner, a bathing machine was something necessary to

his composition, a mass, a shape, a tone, a spot of colour—but a mass, tone, or what-have-you that was of itself appropriate to the theme. Apart from the latter point, it might have been a bathing machine or anything else; but a bathing machine it was, and if its shape interfered with one's picture, one 'put it in its place' and 'made what one wanted of it'. It was necessary, but it need not obtrude; and so, in went the bathing machine, and everybody was satisfied except possibly the ubiquitous person who 'never saw one look like that!', and who, in all probability, had never 'seen' anything at all.

There is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a particularly beautiful water-colour of 'Rhyl Sands' which is of approximately similar date and in a closely similar mood to the Birmingham picture. Doubtless it was one of the sketches from which Cox 'worked up' the oil painting. It differs appreciably from the canvas in aspect and detail—though the position of the steamship on the horizon should be noted in both cases. Of the oil, I wrote in 1924 that its technique expressed 'more convincingly than could be achieved by other means the currents in the atmospheric envelope, and the effect produced upon it by the passage of light and moisture.'* These words are equally applicable to the South Kensington water colour. An excellent test of its quality is that, although handled with great ease and assurance, its technique does not force itself upon the attention, but remains the perfect vehicle for the expression of a completely assimilated concept. It is one of the achievements that indisputably stamp David Cox as a master.

There are other versions of the scene. In one of the many interesting letters written to me by Mr. Walter Turner, while this book was in progress, he vividly describes one of two sketches of 'Rhyl Sands' in his own possession. 'Half the picture is taken up by a breezy and rather stormy sky. The foreground of wet sand, and beyond, dryer sand of a glowing sandy texture. In the middle distance, a row of bathing machines, a boat and two figures. Nearer the spectator, figures rushing towards the sea, which is a luminous grey and takes up quite a small proportion of the drawing—all done in a hurry, and which only a lifetime of close observation and a real mastery of

* 'David Cox' (publ. Philip Allan). It should be noted that Cox exhibited a drawing of 'Sands at Rhyl' at the O.W.S. in 1843, and a 'Coast of Rhyl' at the same in 1853.

technique could achieve. It is an example of what an Englishman could do with Impressionism before the French invented the term, and without the drawbacks they met with owing to faulty technique.'

I quote this letter of Mr. Turner's not only because of its bearing on the 'Rhyl Sands' oil. I quote it because it leads up to the very important problem of the fate of Impressionism. As everybody knows, there is a general assumption that Impressionism carried within it the seeds of its own dissolution; and so far as French Impressionism is concerned this is more or less true. But that it is true of Impressionism as a whole is quite another matter.

The fact is that English Impressionism is older, more soundly based, and more enduring than the French. It suffers less from that enthusiastic behaviourism that, in the long run, seems to spoil every manifestation of French art worthy of the name—and, let there be no mistake about it, some of those manifestations have been epoch-making and noble.

Constable and Turner were the true progenitors of French Impressionism—Turner's influence on the art of Claude Monet is too obvious to need more than passing mention; but whereas in France impressionistic brilliance eventually decomposed into a sloppiness that pictured cathedrals as though made of half-melted wax, in England the equivalent expression held its own. That was because the English—or, an you will, the British—relied more on the eye and the heart than on a head that had become addled by pseudo-science. In a sense, impressionism is implicit in every quick sketch that has ever been made; but it was Turner and Constable who, never having heard of the term, brought 'Impressionism' into being; it was Cox and De Wint, at times all unconsciously 'Impressionists,' though consciously studying 'effects', who gave us some of its most noble manifestations in England; and it is Wilson Steer, Leonard Walker and others who have not only continued but enhanced the tradition—whether or not they intended to continue or enhance it, or merely to work with the gift that God gave them, and to tell the truth with the best that was and is in them. For that is the way in which most British artists of any consequence work. If you ask many of them to what 'school,' as apart from the generic British, they belong,

they simply don't know. Labels have no meaning whatever for them. They are not Impressionists, or Post-Impressionists, or Neo-Primitives, or Surrealists or this or that. They are just painters, or etchers, or sculptors, or whatever they may be, and trying to say what they have to say as well as each mother's child of them can say it. And that is as true of Cox as of anyone else. He was in his last years what we should now call an Impressionist and one of outstanding importance; but to himself he was just an artist, and that simple word of such high nobility remains his most fitting description. An artist and a master among artists, and one the vehicle of whose art was that love without which none of Art's exponents can hope to touch true greatness.

Not that Cox hoped for much; but the Power 'whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us' ensured that he should see and translate the spirit of his homeland.

Better, than in that bedroom, to leave him here on the wind-swept sands of Rhyl . . . painting . . . painting . . . painting . . .

APPENDIX

WORKS BY DAVID COX
EXHIBITED IN LONDON DURING HIS LIFETIME

Compiled by Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt, the following lists yield a grand total of 982 works as against the 973 given by Algernon Graves in his 'Dictionary of Painters'.

GRAVES		BUNT	
R.A. - -	13	R.A. - -	12
B.I. - -	3	B.I. - -	3
S.S. - -	4	S.S. - -	4
O.W. - -	849	O.W. - -	851
V.E. - -	104	A.A. - -	104
		French Gallery, 1859 - -	8
Total - -	973	Total - -	982

No attempt has been made to correct catalogue spellings.

ROYAL ACADEMY

(Graves' 'Dictionary of Painters' gives the number of works as 13, but in his 'Royal Academy Exhibitors' he only lists 12).

1805. No. 487. Part of Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire.
562. View on the river Mersey, near Liverpool.
1806. No. 559. Snowdon, North Wales.
1807. No. 564. A view from Nature.
1808. No. 326. Kenilworth Castle.
457. Gipsies, from Nature.
1827. No. 550. Boat on the Thames, Battersea.
1828. No. 614. The Grave.
1829. No. 830. A Sketch.
1843. No. 1189. Outskirts of a wood.
1844. No. 296. Going to the hay-field.
456. Caer Cennin Castle, South Wales.

BRITISH INSTITUTION

1814. No. 139. A Heath.
1828. No. 371. Sand Banks near the Ford [sic], Calais.
1843. No. 111. Scene near Bala, North Wales.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET

1841. No. 112. Water-mill on the Trent, Staffordshire.
543. Heath Scene.
566. Road-scene.
1842. No. 57. Lancaster Sands.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS
(The 'Old Water Colour Society')

1813. No. 9. Gravesend Fishing Boat.
10. Hay-Stack, Sketch from Nature.
64. Eton College.
101. View on the Banks of the Thames, near Chertsy.
107. Lane near Dulwich.
118. Hastings fishing boats, returning, on the approach of a Storm.
121. Westminster Abbey, from Battersea Fields.
122. Llanberis Lake.
123. A Heath Scene.
144. Corn Field, near Dulwich.
166. Edinburgh Castle.
167. A Barley Field.
168. Stacking Hay.
170. A Lee Shore, Coast of Sussex.
174. Cottage near Windsor, Sketch from Nature.
182. The Wrekin, Shropshire.
191. Westminster Bridge, from Lambeth.

1814. No. 26. Cottage near Windsor.
30. Oak Trees.
136. Sketch from Nature.
137. Twilight.
138. Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth.

1814. No. 142. Windsor Castle, from St. Leonard's Hill.
145. Mid-day.
146. Llanberis Lake, North Wales.
174. View on the Thames below Gravesend.
193. Millbank, Thames Side.
194. Morning.
241. Snowdon, North Wales.
261. Dulwich Mill, Surrey.
264. Beddgelert, North Wales.

1815. No Exhibit.

1816. No. 97. Sketch on the Banks of the Thames.
149. Wind Mill, in Staffordshire.
194. Hastings, Boats.
265. Cottages near Hereford.
275. Chepstow Castle, River Wye.
303. The Sands at low-water, Hastings.
312. Fish Market, Hastings.

1817. No Exhibit.

1818. No. 2. View on Sydenham Common.
20. View in the Vale of Festiniog, North Wales.
37. View on the Thames, near Gravesend.
210. View on the River Lugg, near Hereford.
266. Gloucester, from the Ross Road.
268. Heath Scene.
278. Early Morning.
280. Scene on the Beach at Hastings.
295. A Stack Yard.
302. Three Figures — Cottage Child — Hastings Fisherman—Beggar.
312. Ploughing, A Sketch.
316. Cottage in Kent.
345. Landscape, Morning.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1819. No. 157. Landscape—a Sketch.
219. Dindor Hill and Rotheros Woods—River Wye, near Hereford.
233. Windmill, a Sketch.
248. View, looking down the Valley from Dolgelly to Barmouth, North Wales.
249. Fish Market on the Beach at Hastings.

1819. No. 252. Hay Field.
271. Part of Hereford—a Sketch made on the spot.
284. Cader Idris, from the Machynlleth Road, looking towards Tal-y-llyn, North Wales.
307. Distant View of Goodrich Castle, on the river Wye.
310. Stacking Hay—a Sketch.

1820. No. 4. Coast Scene—Evening.
7. View in North Wales.
9. Coast Scene.
10. Hay-Makers.
21. Coast Scene near Hastings.
27. Ploughing Scene in Herefordshire, with Stoke Park and the Malvern Hills in the Distance.
221. Cottage in Herefordshire.
222. View in the Pass of Llanberis, North Wales.
228. View of the City of Bath from Beacon Hill.
232. Sketch from Nature.
257. Scene on the Sands at Hastings.
264. Hay Field.
275. Sketch from Nature—Lugg Meadows, near Hereford.
279. View on the Coast near Barmouth, N. Wales.
288. Ross Market House, Herefordshire—A Sketch.
292. Boy Angling—View on the River Lugg, Herefordshire.
296. Llanberis Lake, and Snowdon Mountains.
362. Cader Idris, North Wales.

1821. No. 33. Water Mill at Festiniog, North Wales.
113. Caesar's Tower, and part of Leicester Buildings, Kenilworth Castle.
120. Comb Martin, North Devon.
131. View on the Beach, near the Old Pier, Hastings.

1822. No. 11. View near the Village of Pipe, Herefordshire.
64. Repairing a Vessel on the Thames, off Rotherhithe.
87. Morning Scene on the Thames, near Gravesend.
89. Evening Scene on the Thames.
96. Scene on the Thames, near Northfleet.
128. Scene on the Thames, near Gravesend.
149. Domestic Ducks.
163. Town and Castle of Hay, on the River Wye, Brecknockshire.
168. View in the Pass of Llanberis, North Wales.
169. Hay Field, Gloucestershire.
170. Distant View of Harlech Castle, North Wales—Morning.
173. Scene on the Beach at Hastings, Sussex.

1823. No. 15. Boats on the Thames—Morning.
16. Peter Boat on the Thames, above Westminster Bridge.
51.* A Heath Scene.
52. Rocky Scene, with Figures.
110. Hastings—Fishing-boats.
117. North Shore, Liverpool.
126. Hawkers crossing the Sands near Barmouth, North Wales.
135. Dock-yard—building a Sloop.
141. Gravel Pit.
172. Scene on the Thames below Greenwich.
177. Scene on the Thames, near Rotherhithe.
184. On the Medway.
195. The Pool of London.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1823. No. 202. View near Norwood.
206. Vessels on the Thames.
234. Embarkation of His Majesty George IV from Greenwich, Aug. 10th, 1822.
261. Boats on the Thames—Gravesend in the distance.
265. Boats on the Thames—Evening—Greenwich in the distance.
269. Village of Bullingham, Herefordshire.
271. Lane Scene, near Hereford.
272. Fishing-boat on the Thames.

1824. No. 2. A Hay Cart.
9. Early Morning on the Thames, near Battersea.
15. Cader Idris, from the Barmouth Road.
19. Fishing Boat, on the Thames.
39. Boys and Sheep—Scene below Gravesend.
48. Vessels coming up the Thames.
65. Shepherds collecting their Flocks—Evening, from Scenery in Herefordshire.
112. Interior of Tintern Abbey.
119. Gravesend Fishing Boats.
121. Passengers Landing at the Stairs—Gravesend.
129. Vessels on the Thames, by the Custom-House.
131. Boats on the Thames, near Gravesend.
140. Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth Palace.
146. Rocks on the River Wye.
153.* Part of Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire.
160. Windmill on a Heath.
167. Great Malvern Church, a Sketch.
182. Sands at low-water—Hastings.
195. Distant View of Harlech Castle—Morning.
240. Greenwich from Sydenham Hill.
248. Vessels at Rotherhithe.
250. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
294. Lambeth Palace, from Mill Bank—a Sketch.
296. Cows—Evening.
298. Hay Field—View near Hereford.

1825. No. 3. Boats on the Thames near Battersea.
73. Distant View of Greenwich.
75. Llanilted Vale, North Wales—Morning.
76. Vessels coming up the Thames, Gravesend in the Distance.
80. View on the Wye.
107. Carthage—Æneas and Achates.

"They climb the next ascent, and looking down,
Now at a nearer distance, view the town;
The Prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,
Which late were huts and shepherds homely bowers,
The gates and streets, and hears from every part
The noise and busy concourse of the mart."—
Eneid, Book I.

126. Aberystwith Castle—Evening.
134. Coast Scene, near Barmouth.
140. Evening.
160. Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire.
171. Cader Idris, from Kymmer Abbey, North Wales.
180. Corn Field, Herefordshire.
189. A Sketch.
206. A Heath Scene.
213. Near Rome.
214. On the Medway, Kent.
222. Lane near Hereford.
224. Hay Field.
234. Hay, on the River Wye.
242. Evening.
263. Billingsgate from the Custom-House Stairs, low water.
274. View on the Wye.
279. A Sketch.
283. Chester.
284. Boats on the Thames near Battersea.
285. Hay Field, from Nature.
288. Battersea Bridge.
291. Clifton, near Bristol.
295. Gravesend Boats.
297. On the Thames.
302. Morning.

1825. No. 305. Landscape, with Sheep.
308. Warwick Castle.
332. Hereford—a Sketch from Nature.

1826. No. 2. View on the Thames.
7. A Sketch.
33. Valle Crucis Abbey, Denbighshire.
64. Hay Field.
73. Coast Scene, with Fishermen.
83. Pirates' Isle.

"A Sail! a Sail! a promised prize to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?"
Lord Byron's Corsair.

94. Moelwyn, near Tan-y-bwlch, Merionethshire.
95. Evening.
111. Distant View of Cardigan Bay, from near Harlech.
113. Boats on the Thames—Greenwich in the Distance.
120. Snowdon, from near Beddgelert.
122. Westminster Bridge.
131. Kenilworth Castle—Evening.
133. The Inn at Talyllyn, North Wales.
175. View between Hay and Builth, Brecknockshire.
189. London from Herne Hill.
191. A Sketch.
193. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
204. Snowdon.
231. Lane Scene.
239. Westminster from Lambeth—Twilight.
240. Cottage Scene.
278. Hay Field, Harlech in the distance.

1827. No. 8. Dover, from the Sea.
17. Debarkation—Composition.
22. Hay Field.
63. Fishermen—Hastings.
65. Part of Kenilworth Castle.
72. Canal, Birmingham.
99. Festiniog—North Wales.

1827. No. 125. On the Coast, near Towyn, North Wales.
133. Great Malvern, from the Worcester Road.
136. East Cliff, Hastings.
184. London, from Nun-Head Hill.
264. View near Dolgelly, North Wales.
293. Shrimp Catchers going out.
309. Fishermen on the Coast, Hastings.
315. Corn Field.
324. Scotch Drovers.
334. Shrimp Catchers.

1828. No. 4. Hayfield.
62. View from Kymmer Abbey, North Wales.
64. Marine Palace—Composition.
121. London, from Greenwich Park.
131. The Grave.
136. Cader Idris—Evening—Storm clearing off.
155. Ulleswater—Morning.
167. Welch Drovers.
172. A Windmill.
209. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
212. The Dying Brigand—Evening.
274. A Heath Scene.
275. On the Beach, at Hastings.
277. Dolgelly, North Wales.
283. The Arun Mountain, from the Beddgelert Road.
289. Chelsea Reach.
294. Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.
297. Hastings—Boats returning, on the approach of a Storm.
310. The Moelwyn, North Wales—Misty Morning.
317. On the Coast, near Towyn, North Wales.
325. Scotch Drovers.
331. Cader Idris, from the Barmouth Road.
335. Snowdon—Twilight.
342. Boats on a River—Twilight.
352. On the Banks of the Thames—Battersea.
355. South Side of Cader Idris, North Wales.
358. The Arun Mountain, North Wales.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1829. No. 14. On the Thames below Gravesend.
122. Fruit and Flower Market at Brussels.
123. Road Scene, with Figures.
137. From Little Malvern Hill, Worcester in the distance.
138. Pastoral Landscape.
166. Entrance to Calais Harbour.
169. Landscape.
180. Shepherds.
186. Rocks, near Beddgelert.
199. Vessels off Gravesend.
201. Dutch Hay Boats.
208. Heath Scene—Afternoon.
210. Gravel Pit.
212. Calais Pier.
220. Returning from Market.
239. Interior of Maentraoog Church, North Wales.
287. Sand Carriers, Calais.
288. On the Coast, Boulogne.
289. Dutch Boats on the Scheldt.
291. Tintern Abbey.
296. Fish Market, Boulogne.
299. Millbank, Thames-side.
301. On the Sands at Hastings.
308. Hay Field.
309. Vessels on the Thames, below Greenwich.
320. Wandsworth Common.
321. Boats on the Thames, off Greenwich.
323. Westminster from Vauxhall.
327. Gipsies.
328. Convict Ship, Sheerness.
336. Beach at Hastings.
337. Coast Scene.
344. Gleaners—Afternoon.
372. Coast Scene.
397. Dover.

1830. No. 17. Cottages on a Common.
24. Bolton Abbey.
61. Cader Idris—Morning.
107. The Severn and the Wye, from Wyndcliff.
114. Village of Mansel, near Hereford.
115. Boats on the Thames.
116. Chelsea Hospital.
117. Shrimpers, Calais.
125. Shepherds.
126. Sand Banks, Calais.
128. East Cliff, Hastings.
154. London Bridge, in 1825.
163. On the Coast—Boulogne.
178. In the Garden of the Tuilleries.
187. Shakspeare Cliff.
205. Part of the Tuilleries, at Paris.
206. Pedmore Church, Worcestershire.
260. Gleaners.
261. On the Coast of Picardy.
264. Coast Scene.
269. Cader Idris, from the Barmouth Road.
287. Evening.
293. On the Thames.
294. Drovers.
297. Gleaners Returning—Afternoon.
301. Goodrich Castle.
303. Vauxhall Bridge.
313. Ferry House.
319. Coast, Hastings.
349. On the Lake—Tallylyn, North Wales.
357. Corn Field.

1831. No. 6. View on the Wye, near Chepstow.
85. Pont Neuf from the Quai de l'Ecole, Paris.
104. Brigands.
114. Harlech Castle—Evening.
115. Pont Louis Seize, Paris.
122. Lyn Dinas, North Wales.

1831. No. 132. A Sketch in Yorkshire.
173. Tal-y-llyn Lake, North Wales.
183. Interior of Hales Owen Church, Salop.
197. Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle.
202. A Saw-Pit.
216. Boats, Hastings.
234. Landscape, with Banditti.
240. Boats on the Scheld.
243. Ploughing.
246. Rue Vivienne, Paris.
289. Part of Greenwich Hospital.
290. Door of the Church of St. Roch, Paris.
294. Chelsea Reach.
298. Lane Scene, near Hereford.
305. Fort Rouge, Calais.
313. Dieppe Pier.
316. A Heath Scene.
325. Harlech Castle—Twilight.
334. The Arrival.
335. Whitehall.
337. Calais Pier.
338. Bridge in Warwickshire.
347. Cottage near Hereford.
363. Scene in Yorkshire.
364. Chamber of Deputies, Paris.
365. Wynd Cliff, on the Wye.
374. Goodrich Castle, on the Wye.
377. Sketch from Nature—Battersea Fields.
404. Cader Idris, North Wales.
419. On the River Ure, Yorkshire.
427. On the Wharf, near Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.

1832. No. 40. Bolton Castle, Yorkshire.
47. Antwerp—Morning.
49. Entrance to the Inner Court, Dudley Castle.
53. A Hay-field.
64. An Interior.
82. Peat Moor, North Wales.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1832. No. 100. The Great Hall, Haddon.
138. Heath Scene.
155. Corn-field.
160. A Rocky Glen.
163. Part of Windsor Castle.
169. Stacking Hay.
185. June.
197. Lane in Herefordshire.
213. Westminster from Vauxhall Bridge.
231. Harlech Castle.
241. Entrance to Haddon Hall.
245. Ploughing.
251. Windermere during the Regatta.

"But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring, or summer's ray,
Did the sweet valley shine so gay,
As now it shines . . . . . .
. . . . . .

The lake, too, like a garden, breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky."—
Lalla Rookh.

271. Langdale Pikes, Westmorland.
275. Westminster Abbey from Lambeth.
277. A rocky Coast, after a Storm.
281. Near Dolgelly, North Wales.
283. Bed Room at Haddon.
302. Pier at Dieppe.
304. Shrimpers on the Coast, Calais.
323. Bolton Abbey.
325. Calais Boats off Fort Rouge.
327. Coast, Boulogne.
350. Recess in the Drawing Room, Haddon.
362. Rowsley Bridge, Derbyshire.
372. Near Harlech—Morning.
397. Snowdon, North Wales.
403. The Garden, Haddon.
415. On the Coast near Barmouth.

1833. No. 5. Landscape—Showery Day.
16. Calais Pier.
20. The Causeway, Boulogne.
46. A Brig entering Dieppe Harbour.
68. The Music Lesson.
70. Landscape.
87. On the French Coast.
98. The Proposal.
100. On the Sands, Calais.
112. Coast near Boulogne.
139. Harlech Castle.
161. Rocky Landscape.
165. Dieppe Pier.
221. An Old House at Amiens.
271. Garden Scene.
281. Ploughing.
288. Bridge near Maentwrog, North Wales.
298. From Richmond Hill.
300. Boat on the Thames.
318. Hay Field.
324. Dieppe—Morning.
327. Pont-y-Cysylty, Vale of Llangollen.
329. A Landscape.
330. Returning from Ploughing.
335. Funeral of a Nun.
342. Fort Rouge, Calais—Morning.
350. Staircase at Haddon Hall.
359. Boats on the Scheldt.
361. On the Sands, Boulogne.
366. Melham Cove, Yorkshire.
376. Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.
379. Boats on the Thames.
389. A Road Scene.
399. Shakspeare's Cliff.
401. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.
411. Entrance to Calais Harbour.

1834. No. 21. Bridge over the Derwent near Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire.
64. On the French Coast.
71. Lane Scene, Staffordshire.
120. Rocky Landscape, with Figures.
140. Bolton Abbey.
142. Distant View of Bolsover, Derbyshire.
154. On the Castle Walls, Harlech, N. Wales.
162. Snowdon.
181. Landscape, Showery Day.
214. Part of Kymmer Abbey, N. Wales.
279. A Villa.
281. Barge on the Thames.
292. On the Coast, near Boulogne.
302. Near Cernioge, N. Wales.
304. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.
315. Penmaenmawr.
317. Heath Scene.
326. View near Ambleside.
328. Road Scene, with Figures.
339. Heath Scene.
349. The Lady of the Manor.
351. Lac de Gaure, Hautes Pyrenees, where, in the Autumn of 1832, W. H. Pattison, Esq. and his Lady were unfortunately drowned together, within one month of their Marriage,—from a sketch made on the spot by Mr. J. H. Bland.
378. Woody Landscape.
386. A Terrace, with Figures.

1835. No. 6. Ulverstone Sands.
145. South Downs, Sussex.
154. Waterfall of Pont-y-pair, North Wales.
157. Waiting for the Ferry Boat.
167. Showery Day—Bolton, Yorkshire.
168. Hope Green, Cheshire—a Sketch from Nature.
191. Returning from Ploughing.
199. Heath Scene with Figures.

1835. No. 244. Lane Scene.
252. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.
253. Lancaster—Morning.
265. Richmond Hill.
270. On the Thames, near Gravesend.
274. A Fresh Breeze.
281. Norwood, Surrey.
286. On the River Llugwy, North Wales.
304. Old London Bridge.
312. Market People crossing the Ulverstone Sands.
314. Holyhead Road, Nant Frangon.
325. Bolsover Castle.

1836. No. 33. Pass of Killicrankie.
100. Stirling Castle—Evening.
117. Ellerside Peat Moss, Lancashire.
119. Lancaster Sands — Market People returning from Ulverstone.
122. Haddon Hall.
135. Bridge near Capel Cûrig, North Wales.
138. Lane Scene.
147. Windmill, near Kenilworth, Warwickshire.
225. Harlech Castle, North Wales.
227. Cottages near Lancaster.
230. Landscape with Fern Cutters.
233. Market People crossing the Lancaster Sands.
237. Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire.
239. Bolton Castle, Yorkshire—Twilight.
241. Harlech Castle, from Tan-y-Bwlch.
243. Heath Scene.
261. Boats on the Scheldt.
263. Bridge near Coniston Lake, Westmorland.
271. Windmill—Morning.
275. Waterfall on the Luggy, North Wales.
281. Landscape.
292. Near Loch Awe, North Britain.
293. On the French Coast—Evening.
296. Lancaster Sands—Morning.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1836. No. 306. Road Scene with Figures.
309. On the Road from Temaddoc to Beddgelert, North Wales.
319. Cottages near Bettwas-y-Coyed, North Wales.
324. Cricaeth Castle, North Wales.
326. Evening.
327. Showery Day.
333. Aston Hall, Warwickshire.
335. Barden Castle, from Bolton Park, Yorkshire.
337. Snowdon and Moel Siabod Mountains, from Pentre Voelas, North Wales.
342. On the Road from Sheffield to Baslow, Derbyshire.

1837. No. 3. Cottage on Gills Heath, Warwickshire.
30. A Mountain Road—Infantry on their March.
138. Landscape—Showery Day.
139. Road Scene.
142. Near Harlech, North Wales.
151. Heath Scene.
152. Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire.
161. Windsor Castle—Morning.
168. Portrait Gallery.*

*(Note No. 167. Lane Scene—Evening, given to G. Barret. These Nos. and titles may have been mixed; but cp. 1840, No. 82, 89, 94.)

188. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
193. Water-Mill, near Dolbenmaen.
201. Lane Scene.
243. Landscape, Cattle and Drivers.
250. Pont y Cefn, near Capel Cûrig, North Wales.
263. Cottage in Surrey.
273. Vallis Crucis Abbey, near Llangollen.
274. Calais Pier.
302. Lancaster Sands—Evening.
306. Windsor Castle.
308. Entrance to Calais Harbour.
310. Cyssylte Aqueduct.
319. Haddon Hall, Derbyshire.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

325. Showery Day.
327. Windermere Lake.
329. Public House, side of Ulverstone Sands.
334. Road near Ulverstone.
335. Kenilworth Castle.
351. Ploughing.
362. Cornfield—Mid-day.
363. Evening—Gleaners returning.

1838. No. 18. Returning from Hawking—Haddon Hall.
73. Ulverstone Sands.
78. The Louvre and Tuilleries, from Pont Neuf.
86. Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.
87. Windmill, near Kenilworth.
103. Kenilworth Castle.
115. Boat on the Thames.
124. On the Coast near Aberdovey.
125. Rocky Scene—Infantry on the March.
139. Road Scene, with Gypsies.
145. On the Thames, near Gravesend.
148. River Scene, North Wales.
154. The Pier at Ulverstone.
155. Terrace in the Garden at Powis Castle.
166. Near Bolton Park, Yorkshire.
167. Gypsies.
170. Garden Scene—Powis Castle.
173. Dover Castle.
179. Ploughing.
193. Landscape, near Woodstock.
220. Lancaster Sands—Morning.
227. Harlech Castle.
265. Castleton, Derbyshire.
296. Powis Castle, the Seat of the Right Honourable Lord Clive.
302. Noon—Boys Angling.
309. Going to Market.
316. Penmaenmawr, North Wales.
323. Going out Hawking.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1838. No. 326. Barden Tower, on the Wharfe, Yorkshire.
331. Drovers.
336. A Mountain Road.
345. Stirling Castle—Cavalry on the March.

1839. No. 10. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
20. A Farm in Staffordshire.
22. Boys Angling.
34. Bardon, from Bolton Park.
60. The Town Walls, Conway.
71. Going to Market.
83. Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire.
94. Cavalry on the March.
96. Going to Hay Field.
100. View near Windsor.
104. Rocky Scene, with Brigands.
112. Cadir Idris, North Wales.
119. A Lane Scene.
125. A Hay Field.
156. Evening.
157. A Saw Pit.
164. A Summer Day.
166. On the Thames—Morning.
169. On the Holyhead Road, near Penmaenmawr, North Wales.
190. Bala Lake, North Wales.
224. A Hay Cart.
236.* Inverary Castle.
280. Battersea Fields.
287. A Mountain Road.
288. A Marine Village—Morning.
297. A Castle in the Olden Time.

1840. No. 3. From the Tremadoc Road, looking towards the Pass of Pont Aberglaslyn, North Wales.
15. A Brook.
23. A Forest.
75.* Boats on the Thames.

1840. No. 82. A Bay Window in the Portrait Gallery, Hardwick.
89. The Portrait Gallery, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.
94. Throne in the Portrait Gallery, Hardwick Hall.
108. A Farm Yard.
123. Mill on the Trent.
132. Water Mill in Staffordshire.
145. Mountain Road.
154. Rocky Coast.
172. Harlech Castle, North Wales.
218. Coast Scene.
244. Pier at Liverpool.
284. A Wood Scene.
290. Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire.
297. Hardwick Park, Bolsover Castle in the distance.

1841. No. 38. Noon.
43. Market People Crossing the Lancaster Sands.
53. Road through a Wood—Tan-y-bwlch, North Wales.
125. On the River Llygwy, North Wales.
210. Landscape — Composition — Brigands Reposing.
213. Lancaster Sands, from Hest Bank.
275. A Heath Scene.
315. Vale Crucis Abbey, North Wales.
317. A Brook Scene.
324. Windsor Castle, from Sandpit Gate.

1842. No. 5. Brook Scene.
33. Lancaster.
82. The old Holyhead Road, near Penmachno.
129. Twilight.
148. Distant View of Kenilworth Castle.
150. Corn Field—Kenilworth Castle.
158. Bolsover Castle.
171. Powis Castle.
208. Farm Yard, at Beckenham, Kent.

1842. No. 237. Lane at Harbourne, Staffordshire.
248. Bolton Abbey.
257. Gypsies.
263. Going to Plough.
271. Heath Scene.
294. Powis Park.
300. Gate Tower, Kenilworth Castle.
303. Fern Gatherers.
338. Breiddyn Hills, from Powis Park.

1843. No. 54. Sands at Rhyl, North Wales.
57. Penmaen Mawr, North Wales.
130. Cader Idris, North Wales.
133. Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire.
156. Stubble Field with Gleaners.
183. River Wrion, North Wales.
189. On the Wharf, near Bolton Abbey.
199. Sherwood Forest.
237. Wharton Hall, Yorkshire.
257. Chatsworth.
270. Lancaster Sands—Morning.
281. Harlech Castle, North Wales.
289. Kenilworth Castle.
303. A River Scene.
337. Vale of Conway from near Llanbedr.

1844. No. 16. Summons to the Noonday Meal—North Wales.
39. Scene in Bolton Park, Yorkshire.
62. A Mill near Bromsgrove.
103. Bala Lake, North Wales.
114. Lower End of Llyn Dinas, N. Wales.
141. Merivale—Seat of W. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P.
165. A Moor Scene, Yorkshire.
228. A Mill on the Trent.
275. Mountain Road, near Harlech.
280. River Scene, Derbyshire.
288. Powis Park.
309. On the River Llugwy, near Capel Cûrig, N. Wales.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1845. No. 32. Distant View of Kenilworth Castle.
59. Gipsies—Early Morning.
60. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
69. Distant View of Brough Castle.
101. Knaresborough Castle.
112. Cloudy Day.
132. Garden Terrace, Haddon.
146. River Wye, near Chepstow.
209. Mill, near Conway, North Wales.
248. Hampton Court.
250. Dryslyn Castle, Vale of Towy, South Wales.
262. Morning.
318. Evening.
335. Cottages in Cheshire.
338. Mid-day.
340. Going to Plough.

1846. No. 9. Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.
55. Outskirts of a Forest.
75. Vale of Dolwyddelan, North Wales.
87. Mill at Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
96. The Watering Trough.
149. A Brook Scene.
164. A Mountain Spring.
194. Knaresborough Castle, Yorkshire.
216. Cottages at Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
218. Near Atherstone, Warwickshire.
226. Harlech Castle, North Wales.
275. Corn Field, near Rhyl, North Wales.
278. A Weedy Bank.
289. Cottages at Rowley, Staffordshire.

1847. No. 45. River Llygwy, from Pont-y-Kyfyn, near Capel Cûrig.
76. Windsor Park.
83. George's Dock, Liverpool.
104. Mill near Llangadoc, S. Wales.
116. Bolton Abbey.

1847. No. 117. East Cliffs, Hastings.
122. Caer-Cennen Castle, S. Wales.
165. Vale of Dolwyddelan, North Wales.
186. Cottages at Bettws-y-Coed.
210. Mill in Staffordshire.
227. Near Atherstone, Warwickshire.
242. Moorland near Kirby Stephen.
281. Welsh Scenery.
310. Vale of Clwyd.

1848. No. 13. Lower end of the Vale of Clwyd, North Wales.
32. Going to the Hayfield.
45. A Green Lane, Staffordshire.
97. The Skylark.
114. Windy Day.
129. River Trent.
154. Peace and War.
206. Sherwood Forest.
213. Haymaking—Festiniog, North Wales.
254. Showery Day.
264. A Gravel Pit.
307. Mountain Stream, Trefrew, North Wales.
322. Village of Rowsley, Derbyshire.
341. Holyhead Road, near Pentre Voelas, North Wales.

1849. No. 27. Barden Tower, Yorkshire.
33. The Night Train.
86. Counting the Flock.
106. The Missing Flock.
138. Cross Roads.
158. Beeston Castle, Cheshire.
179. Shepherds Collecting their Flocks.
233. Lane in Surrey.
256. Going to the Corn Field.
268. Cottages at Rowley, Staffordshire.
278. Near Altringham, Cheshire.
305. River Leder—from Pont-y-Pant.

1849. No. 309. The River Machno, N. Wales.
320. Mill of Bettws-y-Coed, N. Wales.
340. Rainy Day.
348. From the Mountain above Bettws-y-Coed.

1850. No. 24. Summer.
28. A Rocky Glen.
35. Changing the Pasture.
81. Vale of the Conway—Evening.
133. Beaver Grove, Bettws-y-Coed.
141. The Blackberry Gatherers.
143. Cottages near Bettws-y-Coed.
152. The Water Tower, Kenilworth Castle.
171. The Vale of Conway.
212. A Welsh Funeral, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
295. River Machno, near Pandy Mill, North Wales.
296. Rocks near Bettws-y-Coed.
297. Flint Castle.
355. A Farm at Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
366. Near Pandy Mill, North Wales.

1851. No. 70. Rocky Scene, near Capel Cûrig, North Wales.
102. Going to the Hay-field.
111. A Gipsy Encampment.
124. Morning.
126. Shearing Sheep—Vale of Dolwyddelan.
132. Corn-field, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
135. Cutting Green Rye.
138. Laugharne Castle, South Wales.
248. Beaver Grove, Bettws-y-Coed.
265. Moel Siabod, near Capel Cûrig, North Wales.
269. Sketch near Llanrwst, North Wales.

1852. No. 10. Cottages at Harbourne, Staffordshire.
58. Part of Conway Castle.
62. On the River Conway, near Bettws-y-Coed.
129. Bettws-y-Coed Church, North Wales.

1852. No. 147. Besom Makers gathering Heath on Carrington Moss, Cheshire.
158. On the Llugwy, near Bettws-y-Coed.
198. Peanmean Bach, on the Coast between Conway and Bangor.
232. A Peat Bog above Bettws-y-Coed.
252. Lane near Llanrwst, North Wales.
264. Gipsies Crossing a Heath.
284. Mountain Path above Bettws-y-Coed.
286. Lane near Sale, Cheshire.
301. On the Coast near Rhyl, North Wales.

1853. No. 20. Rainbow.
58. Barden Castle.
78. Near Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
79. Mountain Rill.
91. Mountain Pastoral.
119. The Summit of a Mountain.
175. The Challenge.
222. The Old Road from Capel Cûrig to Bangor.
238. North-East Point of Great Orms Head.
242. Windy Day.
272. Coast of Rhyl, North Wales.
292. Lane near Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
294. Bathers.

1854. No. 107. Near Capel Cûrig.
254. Snowdon, from near Capel Cûrig.
304. Peat Gatherers.
320. Cutting his Stick.
329. Ludford Bridge.
335. Crossing the Downs.

1855. No. 31. Skirt of a Wood.
32. Flint Castle.
57. Snowdon from Capel Cûrig.
100. Hay Field.
106. The Coming Gale.

Society of Painters in Water Colours—contd.

1857. No. 107. Besom Makers carrying Heather.
108. Crossing the Heath—Moonrise.
236. Gipsy Encampment.
243. Going to Market.
248. Heath Scene.
250. The Old London Stage.
257. Asking the Way
286. Church at Bettws-y-Coed.
294. Near Ludlow.

1856. No. 128. Driving the Flock.
140. Peat Gatherers, North Wales.
143. Near the Coast.
171. Hay Field.
179. On the Moors, near Bettws-y-Coed.
233. Sultry Evening.
234. Twilight.
240. Wind and Rain.
260. North Wales.
267. Horses Drinking.
275. Dover.

1857. No. 29. Near Capel Cûrig.
60. On the Llugy, Bettws-y-Coed.
90. Gordal Scar.
117. Carnarvon Castle.
143. Shrimpers—Hastings.
173. Warwick Castle.
175. Near Ludlow.
183. Forest Scene.
207. Near Capel Cûrig.
220. On the River Conway, near Bettws-y-Coed.
226. Near Capel Cûrig.
274. Near Capel Cûrig.
299. Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire—Evening.
307. Near Rhwy, North Wales.

1858. No. 15. Snowdon, from Capel Cûrig.
18. Snowdon.

1858. No. 25. Near St. Asaph.
117. Kenilworth.
141. Skirts of a Common.
146. Pont-Gyfyng.
147. Penmaen Bach.
178. Going to Market.
196. Near Capel Cûrig.
278. Coast at Rhyl.
303. Bettws-y-Coed.
316. Rhyl—on the Sands.
323. Changing the Pasture.

1859. No. 11. The Stepping Stones, Bettws.
24. The Mountain Tarn.
73.

"Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt."—Thomson.

84. Darley Churchyard.
86. Rocks near Bettws-y-Coed.
126. Penmaen Mawr.
167. Kenilworth Castle.
274. Twilight.

{ MEMORIAL EXHIBITS }

1860. No. 43. The Ride to the Hayfield.
98. Bodiham Castle.
111. On the River Mackno, above the Falls.
137. Chestnut Trees, Hurstmonceaux.

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS

1809. No. 4. Kenilworth Castle.
8. Landscape and Castle.
24. View near Birmingham.

1809. No. 31. View on the Banks of the Thames.
52. Heath Scene.
63. Cottage, near Dulwich.
64. Cottage, near Battersea.
82. Haerleech Castle.
106. Conway Castle.
129. Landscape; a sketch.

1810. No. 12. A Heath.
13. Sketch from Nature.
19. Morning.
21. A View near Camberwell.
22. A Water Mill.
31. Landscape.
42. View on Sydenham Common.
53. A Cottage near Bromley.
54. Conway Castle.
76. The Ouse Bridge, York.
78. Hay Field.
91. Windsor Castle.
115. An Old House near Birmingham.
125. Harlech Castle.
165. Dolbaddern Tower.
173. Sketch.
179. Caernarvon Castle.
193. Sketch of Battersea.
194. Sketch.
204. The Ferry House.
218. View near Croydon.
221. A Lime Kiln.
232. View on the Thames.
233. View in Birmingham.
239. A Sketch.
244. Sketch near Birmingham.
245. View in North Wales.
247. A Cottage at South End.
252. Evening.
273. Conway Castle.

1810. No. 290. A Sketch.
299. Llanberis Lake, North Wales.
309. Cæsar's Tower, Kenelworth Castle.
313. An Old House near Bromley, Kent.
319. A Corn Field.
323. Peter Boats.
325. Cottage near Dulwich.

1811. No. 10. Harlech Castle.
14. Cottage at Battersea.
15. Cottage in Warwickshire.
19. Afternoon, a Sketch from Nature.
23. Sketch on the Thames, Morning.
53. Dolbadern Castle, North Wales.
55. Corn Field.
68. Sketch from Nature, North Wales.
74. The Moelwyn, North Wales.
75. Cader Idris, North Wales.
103. Landscape.
105. Trees in Sutton Park, Staffordshire.
111. Cottage on the Severn.
118. The Manor House.
119. Aston Hall and Park, Warwickshire.
120. An Effect on the Sea Coast.
124. View near Beckenham in Kent.
132. Bath Minster, a Sketch.
138. Study from Nature.
147. Coast of North Wales.
148. Mill at Dulwich Common.
151. Inside of a Welch Church.
155. View of Warwick Castle.
160. A Corn Field.
169. A Rural Bridge.
206. Evening.
212. Cottage in Kent.
213. Holy Island Castle.
219. Morning.
245. Bethgellert Mill, North Wales.

1811. No. 249. Sketch, North Wales.
251. Cader Idris, from the Dinas Mouddy Road.
261. The Breddin Hills, near Welch Pool.
267. A Street in Lambeth.
278. Afternoon, a Sketch from Nature.
287. Morning, a Sketch from Nature.

1812. No. 29. Hastings Fishing Boats going out, Evening.
44. A Hay Stack.
47. A Lane Scene, near Norwood, Surrey.
55. Part of the Village of Westham, Sussex.
66. Hastings Fishermen Landing and Selling their Fish, Morning.
90. Windsor Castle, Morning.
126. A Scene near Bromley, Kent.
175. A Corn Field near the Coast, in Sussex.
176. Hay Field, Mid-day.
178. Sketch on the Thames.
190. Old House near Bromley, Kent.
197. Fish Market, at Hastings.
205. A Corn Field.
215. Hastings' Fishing Boat.
222. Cader Idris, from Dinas Mouthy.
224. Windsor Castle, Evening.
228. Looking down Llanelstid Vale, Twilight.
234. Conway Castle, Morning.
290. Study from Nature.
299. Study from Nature, at Hastings.
312. Willow Trees, Sketch from Nature, Morning.

FRENCH GALLERY

120, Pall Mall

(In the Exhibition of the Works of David Cox, held at 120, Pall Mall (The French Gallery) in 1859, the following pictures are mentioned which do not occur under these titles in the foregoing lists.)

No. 37. The Grey Fisherman. (Collection of David Cox, Jun.)

48. The Bridal of the Earth and Sky. (Collection of W. S. Ellis, Esq., Streatham).

50. Mischief. (Collection of W. S. Ellis, Esq., Streatham.)

92. Recollections of a Dutch Picture in Sir R. Peel's Gallery. (Collection of John Hollingsworth, Esq., Birmingham.)

101. Clapham, Yorkshire. (Collection of John Hollingsworth, Esq., Birmingham.)

123. Hunsmun's Ferry on the Wye. (Collection of S. Mayou, Esq., Birmingham.)

159. Sunshine. (Presented to N. Wilkinson, by the Artist.)

167. The Proposal. (Collection of N. Wilkinson, Esq., Red Hill.)

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J. Norris BREWER: 'Warwickshire' in 'The Beauties of England and Wales', Vol. 15. (1814).

J. Thackray BUNCE: See sub William Hall.

Adrian BURY: 'The Life and Art of Thomas Collier, R.I.' (F. Lewis (Publishers) Ltd., 1944).

CATALOGUES (Original): Associated Artists, Society of British Artists, Society of Painters in Water Colours, R.A., etc.

David COX: Holograph letters to Robert Hindmarsh Grundy (v.y.), re-examined for this book.

Algernon GRAVES, F.S.A.: 'Royal Academy Exhibitors;' 'British Institution'; 'Dictionary of Artists.'

C. Reginald GRUNDY: 'A Catalogue of the Pictures and Drawings in the Collection of Frederick John Nettlefold', Vol. I, (1933); Vol. IV, (1938).

Robert Hindmarsh GRUNDY: see sub David Cox.

William HALL: 'A Biography of David Cox', edited, with additions, by John Thackray Bunce (1881).

Basil S. LONG, M.A.: 'British Miniaturists' (1929); see also sub Victoria and Albert Museum.

A. P. OPPÉ: 'The Water Colours of Turner, Cox & De Wint' (1925).

F. Gordon ROE: 'David Cox', (Philip Allan & Co., 1924) 'David Cox and the Sands of Rhyl' ("The Connoisseur', December, 1931); 'David Cox's "Peace and War" ' ("The Connoisseur', July, 1932).
'A Catalogue of the Pictures and Drawings in the Collection of Frederick John Nettlefold' (with C. Reginald Grundy, q.v.).

N. Neal SOLLY: 'Memoir of the Life of David Cox' (1873).
(My own copy of this book is inscribed 'John Pettie Esq/1873.' on the title page. In that same year Pettie was elevated to the rank of R.A.—F.G.R.)

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: 'Catalogue of Water-Colours', by Basil S. Long (q.v.) and F. W. Stokes (1927).

INDEX

POSTSCRIPT.

As this book goes to press, Mr. John C. Neve informs me on the evidence of a kinsman of Mary Cox, that her maiden name was Agg, not Ragg as hitherto given by all Cox's biographers.

PLANT STUDY.

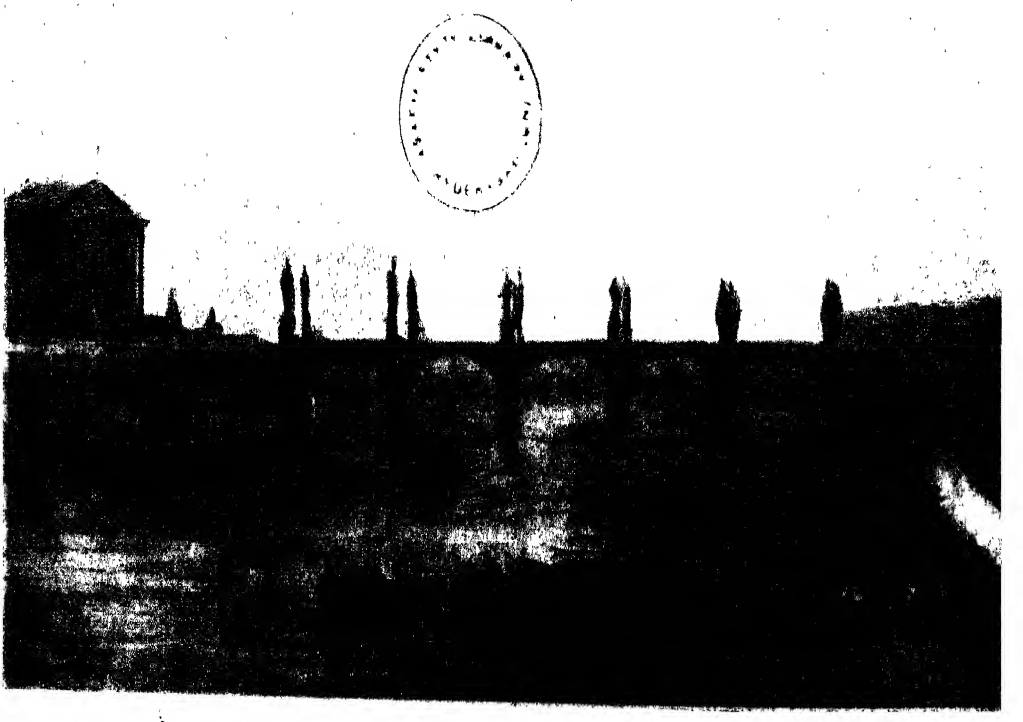
Water colour, 7 in. × 6 in.

Ex. Coll. The artist's family, 1904.

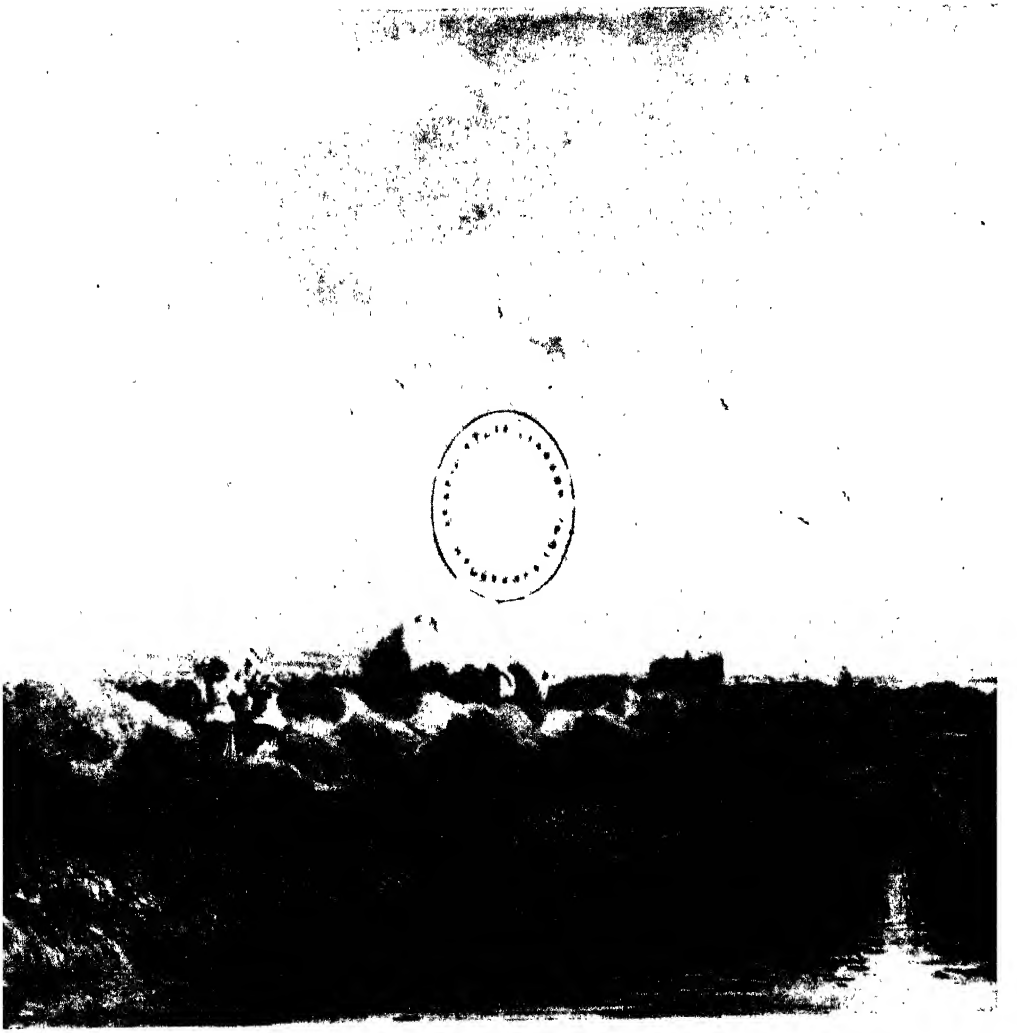
In the collection of Sir Robert Clermont Witt, C.B.E., D.Litt., F.S.A.

Cox's foregrounds often show his knowledge of plant life, and it was from such references as this sensitive and beautiful study—one of two in Sir Robert Witt's collection—that the artist could later refresh his memory.

PLATE 2.



LE PONT LOUIS XVI, PARIS.
Signed and dated 1832.
Water colour, 7 in. × 10 in.
Exhib. Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.
Now in France.
Cox visited Paris in 1829.



THE HAYFIELD.

Signed and dated 1833.

Water colour, 13¼ in. × 19¼ in.

Exhib. Whitworth Institute, Manchester, 1912;
Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.

Now in Cheshire.

A characteristic rendering of one of Cox's favourite themes.

PLATE 4

COUNTING THE FLOCK.
Signed and dated 1849.
Water colour, 25 in. × 30 in.
Exhib. Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.
In the Miller collection.

THE NIGHT TRAIN.

Signed and dated 1849.

Water colour, 20⅞ in. × 29 in.

Ex. Coll. William Quilter.

Exhib. Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1849; Grosvenor Gallery (Winter), 1877-78.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

Smaller versions of this interesting comment on the irruption of the machine into the fastnesses of nature are at Birmingham. One of these is known as *The Night Train*, the other as *The Birmingham Express*. It is suggested that the scene was taken from Charles Barber's house at Wavertree, Liverpool.

PLATE 6

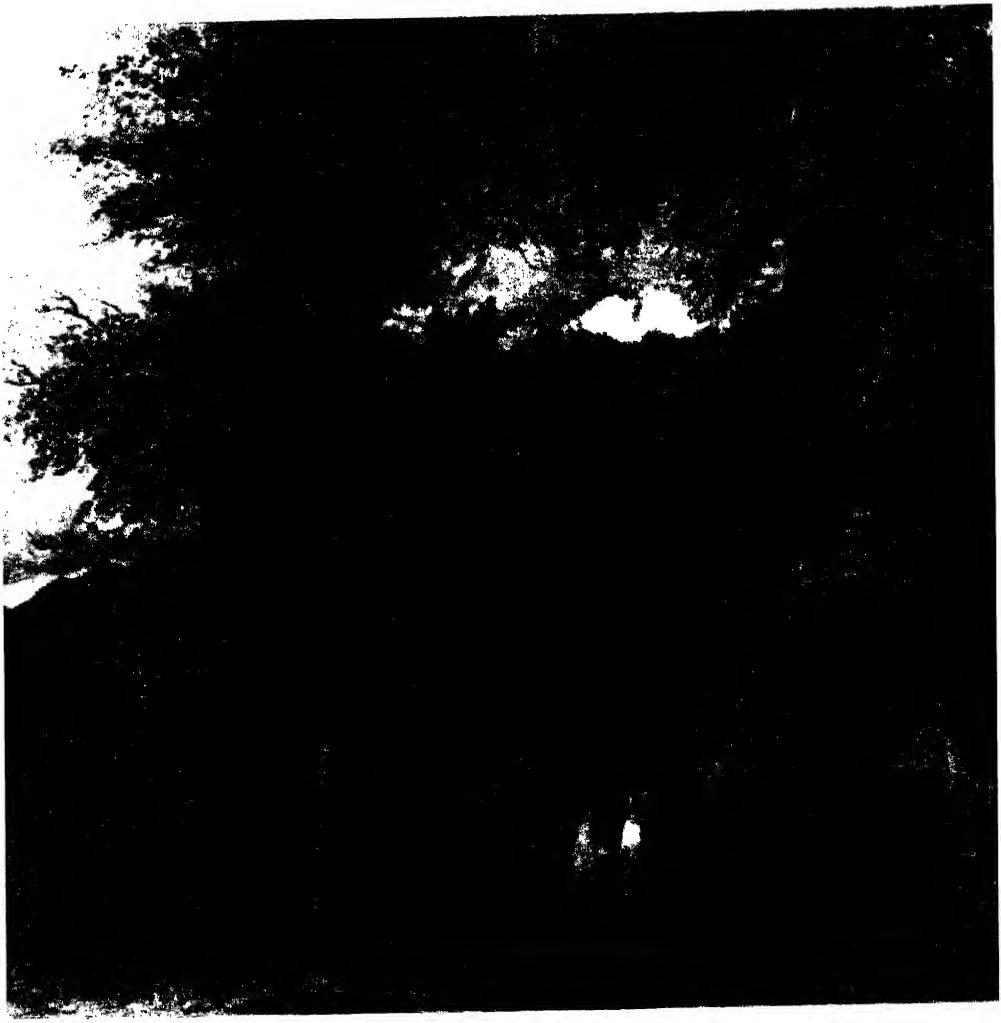
WINDSOR: THE QUEEN!

Water colour, 10½ in. × 14½ in.

Ex. Coll. Brocklebank, 1922; Cunliffe Lister.

Exhib. Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.

Cox's *oeuvre* includes a group of works, seemingly belonging mostly to the later eighteen-forties and early 'fifties, in which a small figure represents Queen Victoria riding in Windsor Great Park. Of this group, Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's oil of 1846, and an undated drawing belonging to Sir Robert Witt, are illustrated later in this book. (Compare with plates 30 and 32).



BETTWS-Y-COED CHURCH.

Dated 1852.

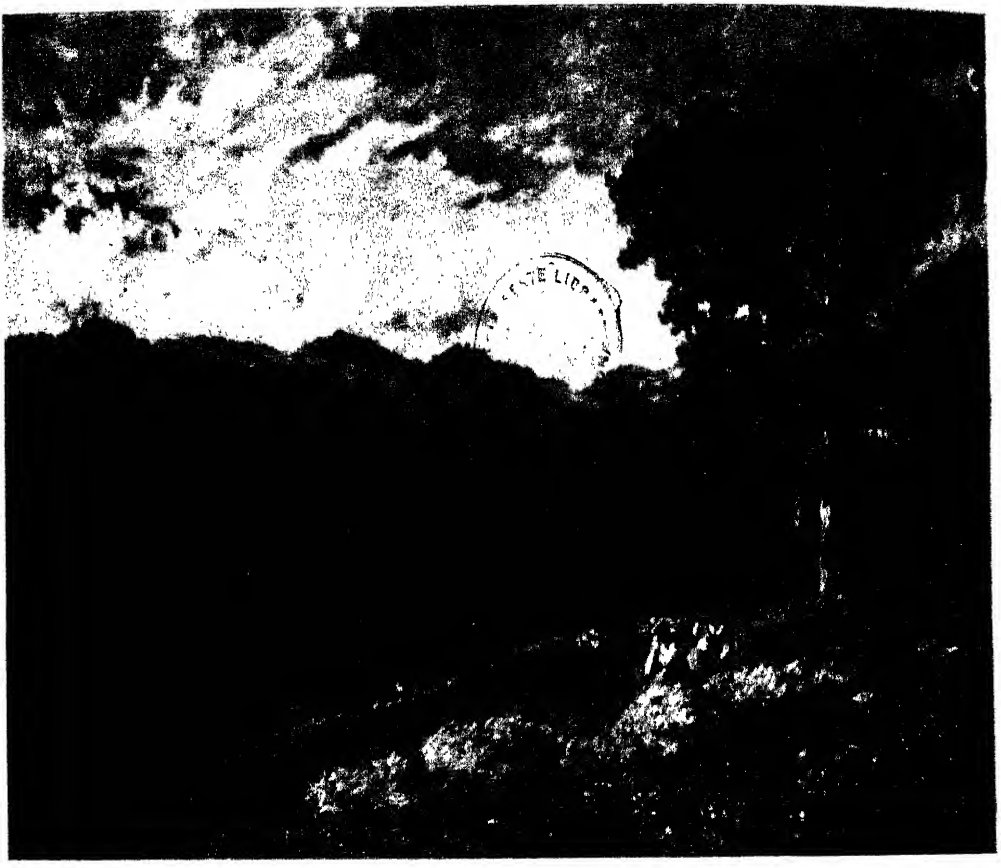
Water colour, 23 in. × 33½ in.

Exhib. Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.

In the Miller collection.

A near view of a church where Cox often worshipped, and which he immortalized in *The Welsh Funeral*. Cox *exhib.* a *Bettws-y-Coed Church* at the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1852, as mentioned in the *Appendix*.

PLATE 8.



HAYMAKING, NEAR CONWAY.

Signed and dated 1852-3.

Oil, 18 in. × 28 in.

Ex. Coll. Frederick Nettlefold, 1913.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

C. Reginald Grundy noted that, since the 'seventies, this picture has been regarded as the pair to *Windsor Castle from the Great Park* (1846), also in the Nettlefold collection, and may have been painted as a companion to it. A monochrome illustration of the *Windsor* is given later in this book. It should be also noted that in composition the *Haymaking* suggests a comparison with an unsigned and undated water colour by Cox, *Junction of the Llugwy and Conway*, (*exhib.* Liverpool Art Club, 1875), presented to Birmingham by J. Arthur Kenrick, 1925.

BOLTON ABBEY

Signed and dated 1850.

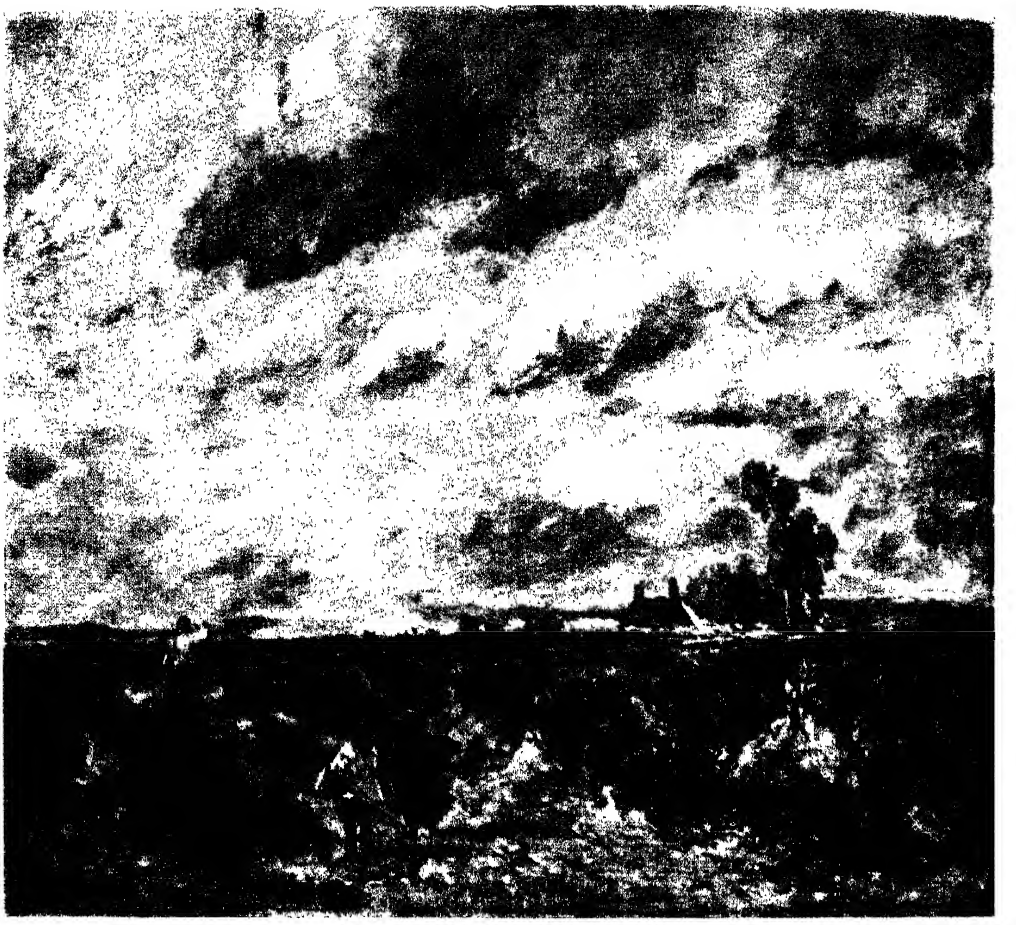
Oil, 14 in. × 20½ in.

Ex. Coll. Frederick Nettlefold, 1913.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

'The neighbourhood of Bolton Abbey was one of Cox's favourite painting grounds, and up to 1846 he had probably visited it more frequently than any other spot in the kingdom.'—*C. Reginald Grundy*, in *Cat. Nettlefold.*

PLATE 10.



FLYING THE KITE—A WINDY DAY.

Signed and dated 1851.

Oil, 18½ in. × 28½ in.

Ex. Coll. Holbrook Gaskell, 1909; Lieut.-Colonel James B. Gaskell, 1926.

Exhib. Liverpool Art Club, 1875; Birmingham, 1890.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

One of Cox's *Flying the Kite* subjects and a fine example of his skill in depicting windy weather, this painting incidentally demonstrates the artist's tendency to bisect his compositions horizontally or obliquely—a characteristic of sundry other works here illustrated.

THE BEACH AT RHYL.

Signed and dated 1854.

Water colour, 10¼ in. × 14½ in.

Exhib. Thomas Agnew & Scns, April-May, 1914.

One of the water colours associated with the famous oil of *Rhyl Sands.*

PLATE 12.

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

Painted in 1855.

Water colour, 18½ in. × 26 in.

Another drawing is on the back.

Ex. Coll. David Cox, junior; Holbrook Gaskell, 1909; Lieut.-Colonel James B. Gaskell, 1926.

Exhib. Liverpool Art Club, 1875; Birmingham, 1890; Thomas Agnew & Sons, April-May, 1924.

In a private collection.

Cox's favourite version of a subject which he painted several times. He (says Solly) 'was very partial to this drawing itself, and after it had been sold, bought it back at an enhanced price from Agnew.' Of other versions, that at Birmingham known as *The Frightened Flock* (1846), has been suggested to be identical with an *Outskirts of the Forest, exhib.* Society of Painters in Water Colours in that same year. The scene is Old Sherwood Forest.

OLD WESTMINSTER.

dated 1805.

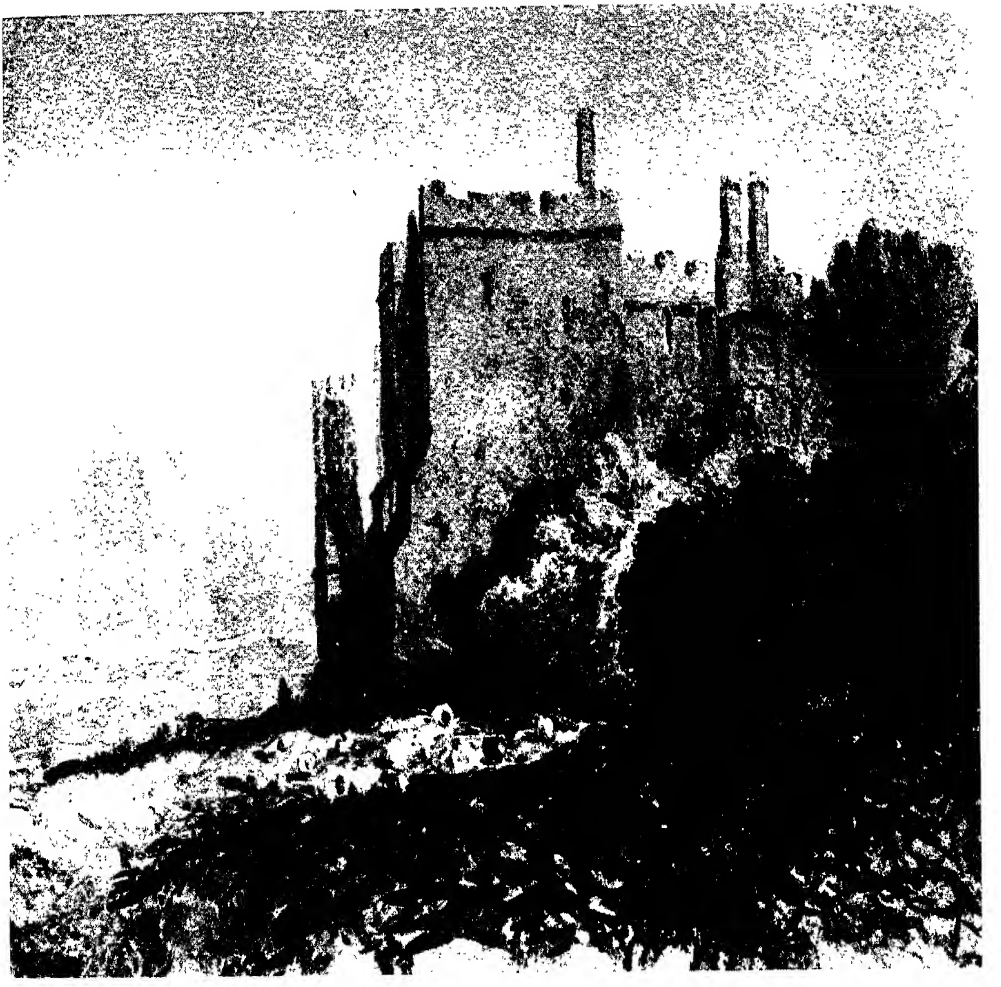
Water colour, 10 in. × 15 in.

Exhib. Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1919.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

'Rather square and simple in form with decided shadows'.—*Solly* on Cox's work of this period. The Victoria and Albert Museum has 'an almost identical drawing' by John Gendall (1790-1865), 'possibly . . . a copy of a finished drawing by Cox after the sketch at Birmingham' (V. & A. Mus.; *Catalogue of Water Colour Paintings*, 1927). John Gendall was a native of Exeter.

PLATE 14.



PART OF BATTLE ABBEY,

signed

Water colour, $9\frac{5}{8}$ in. × $13\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Reproduced in coloured aquatint in Cox's *Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect in water colours* (1814).

In Mr Robert Worthington's collection.

A WORCESTERSHIRE FARM.

Water colour, 17½ in. × 25 in.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

'Probably painted about the end of Cox's first London period, when, for the time being, he had dropped his natural style and was trying to follow the methods of Varley and of the earlier water colourists'.—*C. Reginald Grundy.*

According to the system advocated in the present book, this drawing would belong to the end of Cox's fifth period.

PLATE 16.

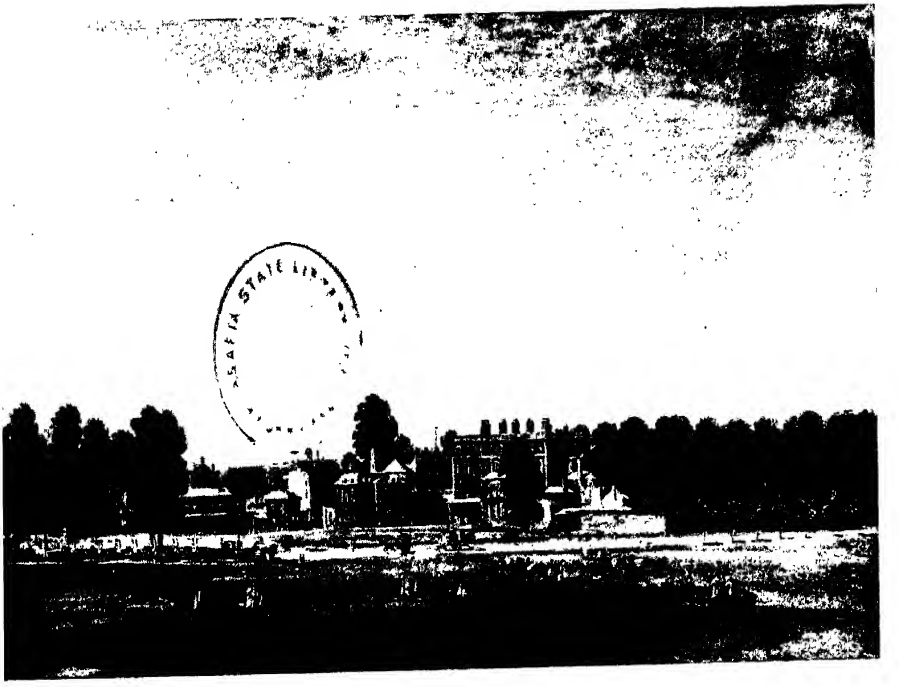
THE LLUG MEADOWS, NEAR HEREFORD.

Painted *circa* 1816.

Water colour, 17¼ in. × 30 in.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Similar drawings by Cox of this subject are known.



BUCKINGHAM HOUSE FROM THE GREEN PARK.
Signed and dated 1825.
Water colour, 8½ in. × 17 in.
Ex. Coll. J. Palmer Phillips, 1911
Exhib. Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1918-19.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

PLATE 18.

STORMY AFTERNOON ON THE MENAI.

Water colour, 20 in. × 40 in.
Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, 1943.
In Mr Walter Turner's collection.

PARIS.

Water colour, 13½ in. × 10 in.
Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, February 1943.
In Mr Walter Turner's collection.

PLATE 20.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Signed and dated 1832.

Water colour, $7\frac{3}{8}$ in. × $10\frac{3}{8}$ in.

Ex. Coll. J. Arthur Kenrick, 1925.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

THE HAYFIELD.

Signed and dated 1832.
Water colour, 7 in. × 10 in.
Ex. Coll. J. Arthur Kenrick, 1925.
Exhib. Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1832.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

PLATE 22.

AT WARWICK.

Pencil and water colour, 8½ in. × 11½ in.
Ex. Coll. The Artist's Family;
Augustus Walker, 1923;
F. Gordon Roe, 1925;
C. Reginald Grundy, 1944.
Belonging to Miss Cecelia Neville.

Reproduced under the title "Warwick Gates" in the present author's DAVID COX (1924). 'At Warwick' is pencilled in the artist's handwriting on the back of the drawing. A monogram pencilled at top right of the sketch may record a detail of the wrought-iron overthrow of the gateway.

PORCH OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.

Signed. Painted in 1836.

Water colour, 11 in. × 9¼ in.

Ex Coll. Sir John Jaffray; John Feeney, 1904.

Exhib. Cox Exhibition, Birmingham, 1890.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

On an occasion in the autumn of 1836, Charles Birch 'called at the Birmingham Society of Artists' Rooms, then situated in Temple Row, for Cox. They were to go over to Dudley to sketch, but on going out Cox saw before him such beautiful colour on the porch of St. Philip's Church, that he stopped and said that he hoped his friend Birch would excuse him, but that he really must make a study of it. He had his sketching materials with him, so he immediately set to work, and in a short time produced an "upright", very lovely in its variety of changing greys, and admirable as a specimen of correct and rapid work'.—*Solly.*

PLATE 24.

THE BIRMINGHAM HORSE FAIR.

Water colour on rough paper, $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. × $10\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Ex Coll. William Quilter; J. Palmer Phillips, 1909.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

'Date uncertain'.—*Solly*, who, however, illustrated it before a work of 1843. A good many of Solly's illustrations are arranged in their datal sequence. When Rosa Bonheur visited Cox's studio in 1856, he 'had in his possession his sketch of the Birmingham Horse Fair; he produced it from his portfolio, saying that he also was an animal painter, and the lady expressed her admiration of it. This I believe, is the same identical drawing as the one now [*ca.* 1873] possessed by Mr Quilter'.—*Solly*.

SUN, WIND AND RAIN.

Signed and dated 1845.

Water colour, 18¼ in. × 23¾ in.

Ex Coll. J. Arthur Kenrick, 1925.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Cox painted an oil of this composition in 1845. Turner's famous picture of 'Rain, Steam and Speed,' was *exhib.* Royal Academy in 1844.

PLATE 26.

LLANRWST, NORTH WALES.

Pencil and charcoal, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. × $10\frac{3}{4}$ in.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Inscribed "Llanrwst", this direct sketch shows Cox in factual mood. Note, among details of documentary interest, the butcher's shop, with its pent-roof, on the left; and, aesthetically, with what economy the artist has realized the essentials of the scene.

BLACK JACK'S COTTAGE, BETTWS-Y-COED.

Signed and dated 1846.

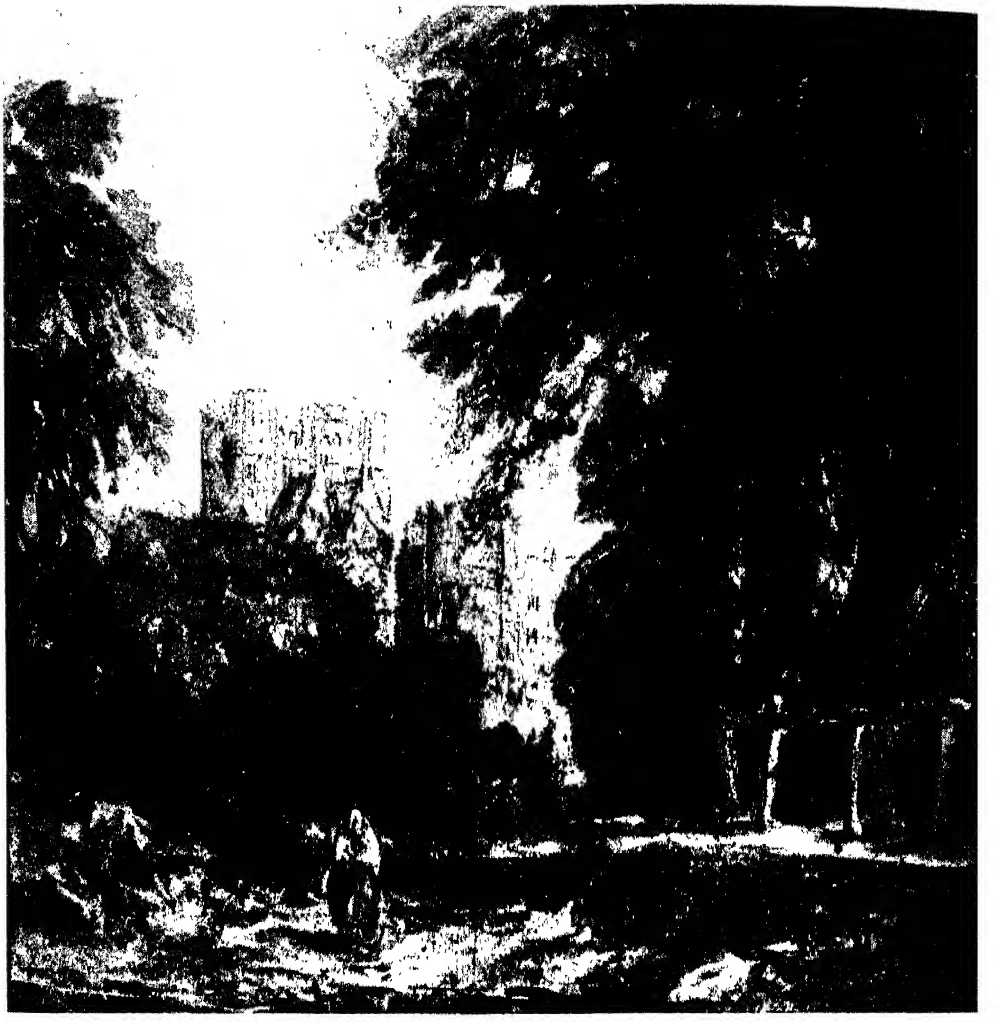
Water colour, 8¼ in. × 11⅛ in.

Ex Coll. Frederick Nettlefold, 1913.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

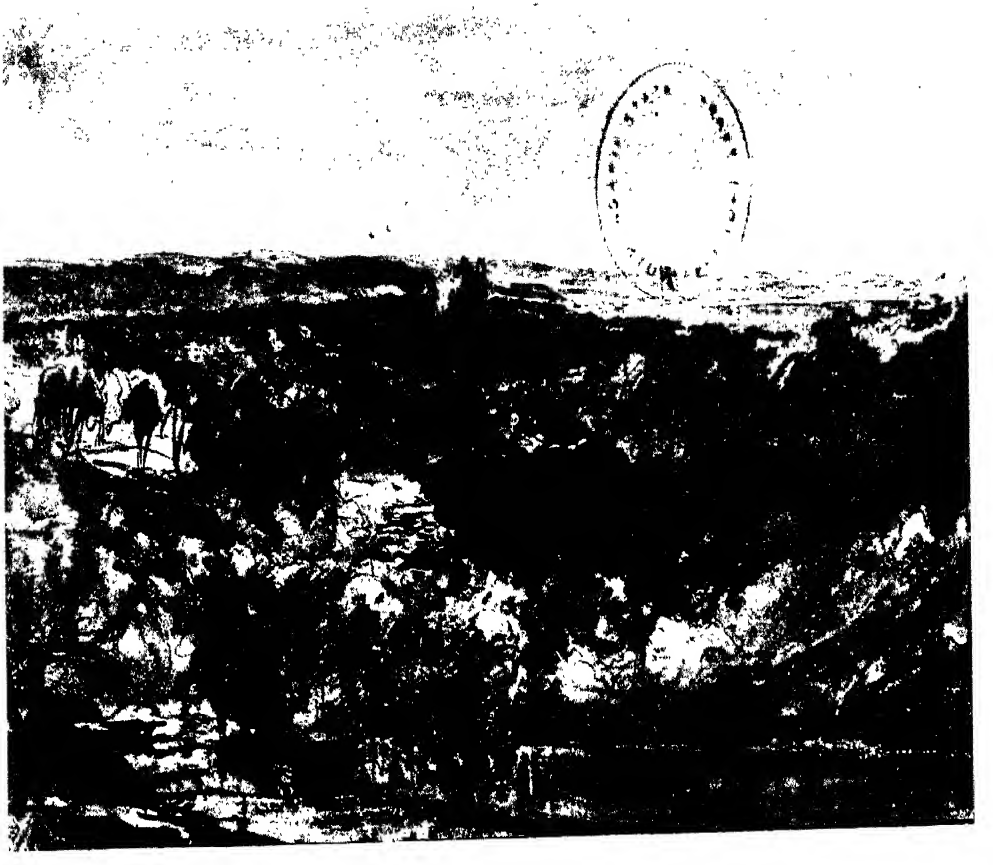
C. Reginald Grundy was the first to point out that the actual scene of this drawing may be "the little inn called Tynllan at the village of Llanbedr, where Cox stayed several days in 1844", and wrote to William Roberts.

PLATE 28.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Water colour and much crayon, 7¼ in. × 10½ in.
Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, February 1943.
In Mr Walter Turner's collection.



BARDEN TOWER.

Water colour, 10 in. × 14½ in.
Exhib. Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, February 1943.
In Mr Walter Turner's collection.

PLATE 30.

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE GREAT PARK.

Signed and dated 1846.

Oil on canvas, 17½ in. × 28 in.

Ex Coll. Frederick Nettlefold, 1913.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

Queen Victoria is seen riding on the left of the composition.

HADDON HALL.

Signed.

Water colour, 9½ in. × 12½ in.

Ex. Coll. J. Palmer Phillips.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

One of Cox's many views of Haddon Hall, this is on rough paper with specks, the charcoal showing strongly through the rich dark colour.

PLATE 32.

WINDSOR: THE QUEEN!

Study in charcoal.
Ex Coll. The Artist's family.
Exhib. Vienna, 1927.
In the collection of Sir Robert Clermont Witt, C.B.E., D.Litt., F.S.A.
Doubtless made in connection with one or other of Cox's paintings of this subject.

LANDSCAPE.

Study in red-brown chalk.
Ex Coll. The Artist's family, 1904.
Exhib. San Francisco, 1933; and at Suffolk Street, London, 1943-4.
In the collection of Sir Robert Clermont Witt, C.B.E., D.Litt., F.S.A.

PLATE 34.

CHANGING PASTURE.

Signed and dated 1847.

Oil on canvas, 18⅓ in. × 28½ in.

Ex Coll. Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.

Exhib. Liverpool Art Club, 1875; Nottingham, 1910-12.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

PEACE AND WAR.

Signed and dated 1848.

Water colour, 23½ in. × 33½ in.

Ex Coll. Mr Bickerstaff of Preston;
William Quilter;
William Hesketh Lever (1st Viscount Leverhulme).

Exhib. Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1848;
Ventnor, 1871; Liverpool Art Club, 1875; and
at Burlington House (Old Masters), 1908.

In the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight.

Cox painted several works of this title; this important water colour shows Lympne and Romney Marsh in the background. Refer to Chapter XV.

PLATE 36.

THE SKYLARK.

Signed and dated 1849.

Oil on canvas, 28 in. × 36 in.

Ex Coll. E. A. Butler (A dealer who bought the picture from Cox);
S. Mayou, 1872;
Frederick Nettlefold.

Exhib. Birmingham Society of Artists, 1849;
Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887.

In Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold's collection.

One of Cox's most belauded paintings; the equally celebrated water colour of 1848 also belongs to Mr Frederick J. Nettlefold.

SHEEP SHEARING.

Signed and dated 1849.

Oil on panel, 10½ in. × 15 in.

Ex Coll. Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.

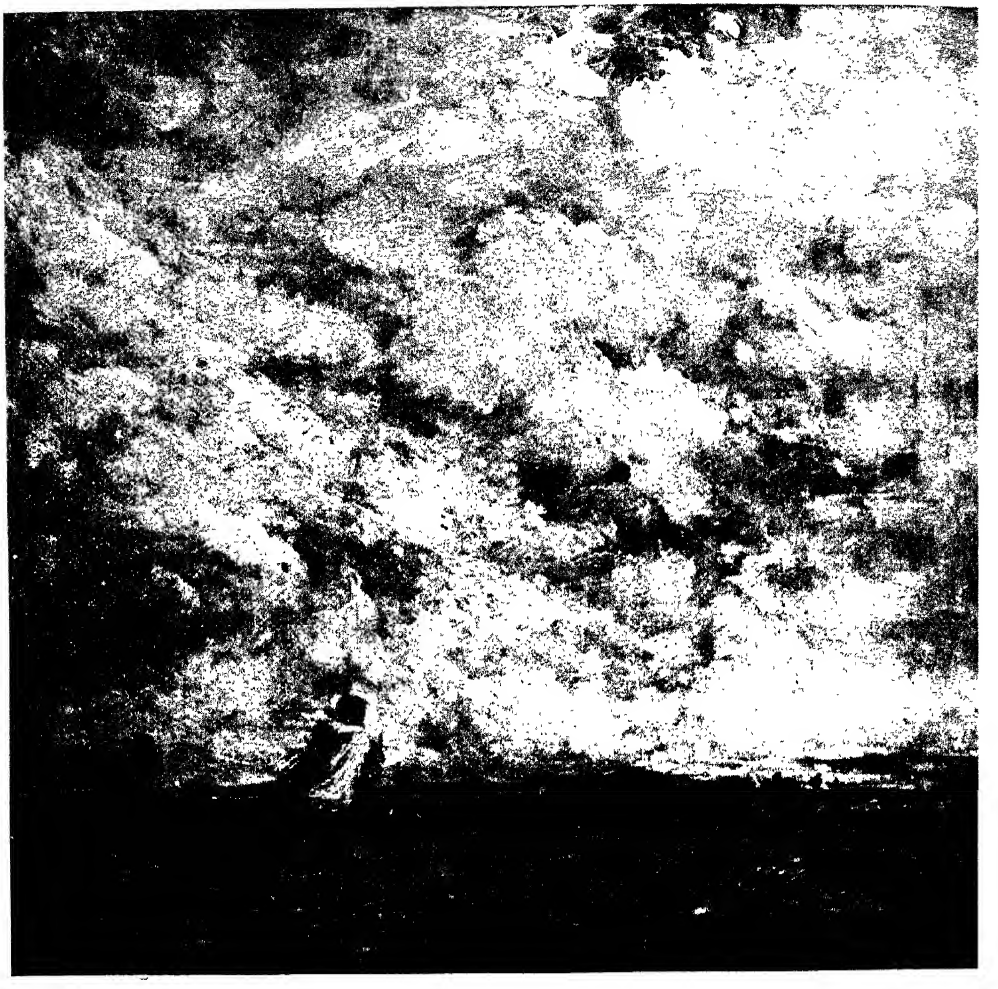
Exhib. Glasgow, 1901; Nottingham, 1910-12.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

A water-colour version of this picture is in the British Museum.

One of Cox's most firmly painted oils, this avoids the 'woolliness' of his less successful essays in a, to him, difficult medium.

PLATE 38.



A WINDY DAY.

Signed and dated 1850.

Oil on canvas, $10\frac{1}{2}$ in. × $13\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Ex Coll. L. Huth, 1905; Hains; Cuthbertson, 1909; Thos Agnew & Sons; George Salting, 1910.

Exhib. Birmingham, 1890.

In the National Gallery, London.

An excellent example of Cox's masterly realization of windy weather, this picture has also been known under the title of 'Crossing the Common'.

GOING TO THE HAYFIELD.

Signed and dated 1853.

Oil on canvas, 11 in. × 14⅜ in.

Ex Coll. Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.

Exhib. Liverpool Art Club, 1875; Nottingham, 1910-12.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Similar groups of figures appear in other of Cox's works.

Note the attention devoted to the plant-life in the foreground. Cox made studies of plants, an excellent water-colour being reproduced in plate 1.

PLATE 40.

THE MISSING LAMB.

Assigned to *circa* 1852.
Unfinished study on canvas, 27⅛ in. × 35⅝ in.
Ex Coll. Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Interesting as showing how Cox started his oils, this also exemplifies one of his adventures in romantic landscape. Perhaps Cox felt that the figure element was too centrally placed in the composition (cp. opposite plate).

THE MISSING FLOCK.

Water colour, 25 in. × 30 in.
Exhib. City of Birmingham Art Gallery, April 1938;
Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, February 1943.
In Mr Walter Turner's Collection.

A water colour of this subject was in Albert Levy's collection. Solly assigned it to *circa* 1858 (cp. opposite plate, from the unfinished oil at Birmingham).

PLATE 42.

RHYL SANDS.

Signed. Painted *circa* 1854.
Water colour, 10$\frac{5}{16}$ in. × 14$\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Ex Coll. Barnet Lewis, 1930.
In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.
Presumably painted in connection with the celebrated oil of Rhyl Sands (*cp.* next plate), and also related to an oil sketch in the Manchester City Art Gallery, this is not only one of Cox's finest water colours, but one of the greatest marine pieces of the British School. Compare also with plate 11.

RHYL SANDS.

Signed and dated 1854-5.

Oil on canvas, 29¼ in. × 53¼ in.

Ex Coll. Mr Croft (who bought the picture off Cox for £100—the highest sum received by him for a single work); R. Adams; Agnew, 1864; Agnew, 1872; Albert Levy, 1876; Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.

Exhib. Liverpool; Cox Exhibition, London, 1859; Burlington House (Old Masters), 1875; Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester, 1887; Thomas Agnew & Sons, 1903; Nottingham, 1910-12; British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, 1925.

In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

'The effect of light, the motion of the silvery clouds, and the clear grey waves, form one of the most beautiful representations . . . painted in a remarkably free manner.'—*The Art-Journal.*

PLATE 44.

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

Signed and dated 1855-6.
Oil on canvas, 27⅝ in. × 35⅓ in.
Painted for Mr David Jones (£40).
Ex Coll. David Jones; Joseph H. Nettlefold, 1882.
Exhib. Liverpool Art Club, 1875; Manchester, 1888; Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, 1903; Nottingham, 1910-12.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.
Cox painted several versions of this subject. The scene is in Old Sherwood Forest.

THE CHALLENGE: A BULL IN A STORM ON THE MOOR.

Water colour, 17½ in. × 25½ in.

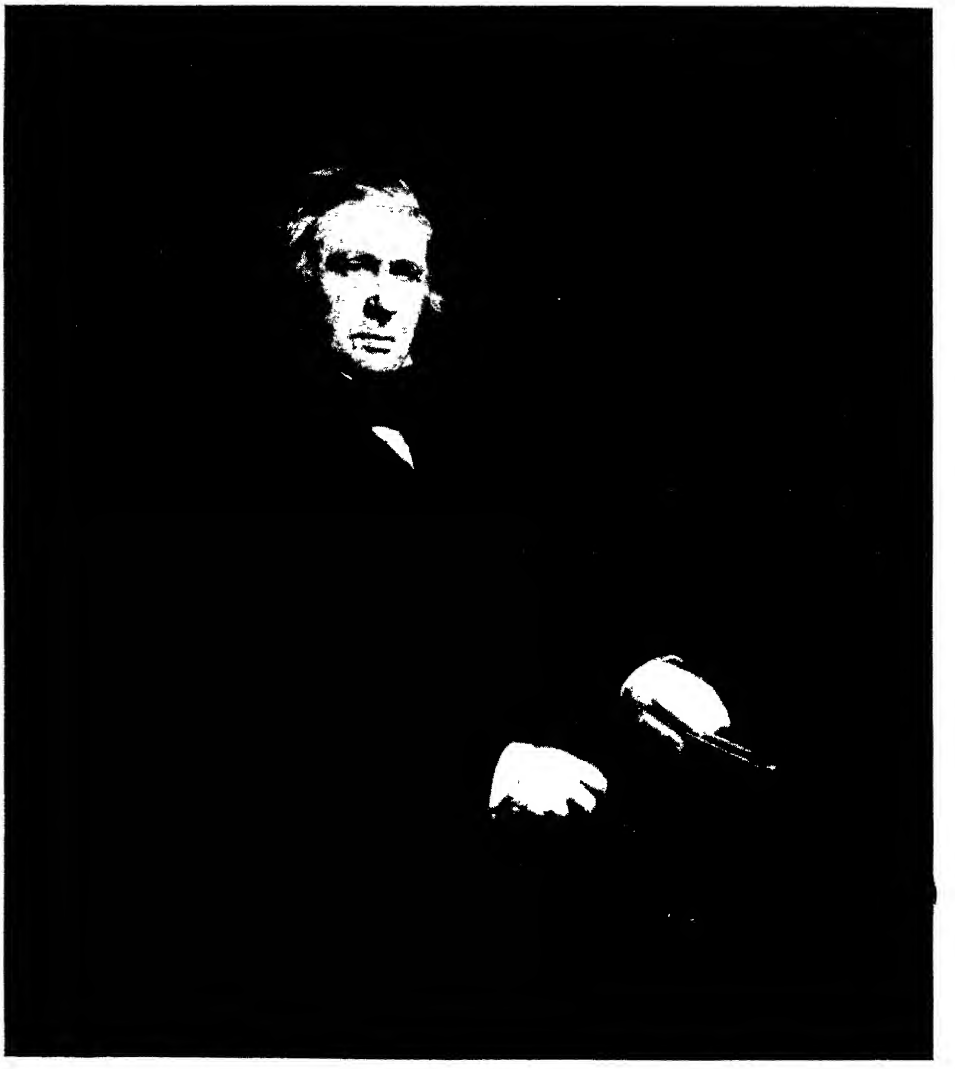
Ex Coll. Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Cox exhibited a work of similar title at the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1853; but Solly suggested that the present was identical with *ON THE MOORS, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED*, exhibited at the same, 1856. The words 'on the Moor, near Bettws.y.Coed—N.W.', are pencilled at the back of the drawing, which ranks with the greatest of Cox's realizations of rainy weather.

As an expression of elemental forces, this water colour is profoundly significant. Unsurpassed in its sphere, it is outstandingly important.

PLATE 46.



DAVID COX.

By Sir John Watson Gordon, R.A., P.R.S.A.
Signed and dated 1855.
Oil on canvas, 49 in. × 39½ in.
In the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, on permanent loan from the Council of the Midland Institute.
The portrait for which Cox sat to Watson Gordon at Edinburgh; and which was presented to him, at Metchley Abbey, on November 19th, 1855.