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GUILDHALL MEMORIES

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A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A.

Dover Street Studios.

[Frontispiece.]

GUILDHALL MEMORIES

BY A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A.

DIRECTOR OF THE GUILDHALL GALLERY, LONDON

AUTHOR OF "MODERN SPANISH PAINTING," "BRITISH PAINTING
IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN," ETC., ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Walter Crane ^{Sketches} *by the artist*

MacKenzie Bell

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1918



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DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE
ELIZABETH MARY HARRIOT TEMPLE

PREFACE

THIS record of my experiences may seem somewhat disjointed, by reason of the many omissions I have deemed it wise to make, chiefly on personal grounds, in respect to living individuals. When I first put to paper a word of it, it was on the Leas at Folkestone in the peaceful summer time of 1913, before the disaster of this war had come upon the earth. No aircraft was to be seen in the skies, no sign of the submarine on the sea; the innocent waters lay blue and sunlit before us. I was thinking of Disraeli at the Sultan's Ball at the Guildhall many years before, and making a note of it, with no particular object, and certainly without a thought that a volume of this kind would come about; but the note of one circumstance led to another, and they have now all so arranged themselves as to develop into this. If it yield to the reader but a trifling proportion of the interest I have experienced in writing it, I shall be sufficiently pleased and abundantly grateful.

A. G. T.

181 QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.,
18th March 1918.



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GUILDHALL MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

THE name of Temple is the oldest name at the Guildhall. I have served the Corporation for forty-nine years; my father, Josiah Temple, who quitted it in the year I entered, served it for forty-four years; and my grandfather, George Temple, and his brother Frederick had been in office there, in the aggregate, for forty-one years previously. Hence there has been an unbroken length of service on the part of one family of one hundred and thirty-four years.

To pass so long a period as I have with one body is to witness many changes in the ways and customs of this long-standing Corporation of London, for in these progressive times no public body can be permitted to stand still for long; if it do not move, it is swept aside or reconstituted out of all recognition.

Of course I was befittingly educated—my revered and careful parents saw to that; but what one learns in one's years of tuition, fraught with happy memories as I look back on them, is as nothing compared to what one learns after. Obstacles and defeats are only so much education, for which the years of tuition, be they what they may, have but ill prepared us. Experience is the only effective teacher.

The last five years of my education were passed at the Denmark Hill Grammar School, an establishment which has been responsible for many men who have done good and useful work in the world. Among them may be mentioned Farrer Herschell, who rose

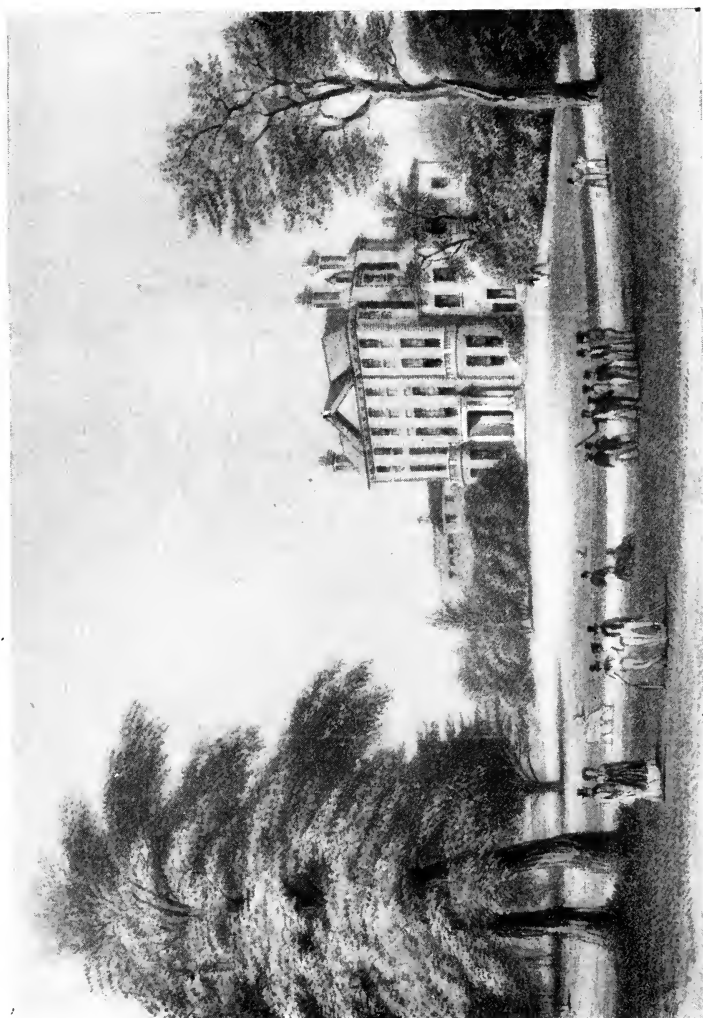
to the highest legal position in the kingdom, that of Lord Chancellor, and Sir Robert Hunter, who became solicitor to the General Post Office, and distinguished himself further by organising, in conjunction with Canon Rawnsley, that excellent society known as the National Trust, the functions of which are to preserve open spaces and ancient buildings for the permanent possession and use of the people. Here, as a member of the governing body which I now am, I was again associated with Sir Robert after having lost sight of him for many years. Sir Edwin Burls, C.B., C.I.E., so long identified with the India Office, was another pupil at this school, as was Denison Allport, the able and popular lecturer on historical subjects and personages throughout the country.

It was a school under the headmastership of Mr Charles Peter Mason, a man who enjoyed a great reputation in that capacity. In his earlier years he had been Professor of Classics at the Lancashire Independent College, and he was really the pioneer of systematic English teaching. Among the boys he was always known irreverently as "Peter." "Cave, Peter" was heard from morning till night. He was justly held in awe.

The school was an imposing mansion of large size, built, about 1656, of red and white brick, panelled and picked out with Portland stone, and standing in grounds of many acres in extent. The pillars of the front porch were Ionic and of the back porch Corinthian.

A mass of tall trees nearly hid the mansion from the road, and in the rear, the garden, raised above the surrounding ground, described a half circle from each end of the house.

This surrounding ground was a great expanse of almost level grassland, where enormous elm trees raised their lofty heights, but sufficient open space was left to allow for three wickets for cricket. Among the old oak and beech trees which shadowed the lawn



DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



were two great cedars, which always seemed to my boyish mind as giving everlasting benediction to the gay flower-beds, huge classic vases, and broad paths beneath them.

At the centre of the half circle was a flight of wooden steps into the level grassland, and on match days this raised garden would be thronged. Round the whole estate, which was enclosed by a high brick wall, was an avenue of old and stately trees. It was known as the "long walk," and no one but the masters was permitted to enter it. It was their sanctuary, and in its cool and leafy seclusion was often sought, at the termination of lessons, that peace which boys cannot give. Dr Johnson has been said to have been a frequent visitor to the house, and this walk became a sacred spot and was known for a century or more as "Dr Johnson's Walk."

It is strange now to think of a miniature park like this being within four miles of the Royal Exchange.

Unhappily the house was pulled down in 1871, and nearly two hundred houses have been erected on the ground thus thrown open for building.

I took some prizes at this school, but prizes of youth are of little use save in giving pleasure to one's parents; and I made and retained many friendships.

The boys had a rare mother (I can call her by no other name) in Miss Hearne, for thirty years the Matron. She loved every one of us, and to her we turned when mishap overtook us. The ordinary ailments of boys she treated with care but resolution, and her efforts were never ineffective. The dear old lady retired from active life at the age of seventy, to a charming village near Mapledurham, and in 1903, on her reaching her hundredth birthday, many of the old scholars, at the instigation of Sir Edwin Burls, subscribed together and purchased for her a bath-chair and a donkey, so that she could take the air without undue exertion. She lived for four years after that, dying on the 9th August 1908 in her

104th year. She used to say that her boys and the memory of them kept her alive.

The first two years of my working life were spent at Lloyd's. For nearly a year I was with F. C. L. Rasch, then with W. H. Byas, and lastly with W. D. Ryrie. Rasch was a languishing dandy, who left everything to his clerks. He dawdled down to the Royal Exchange about noon from his suite of rooms in the West End, taking his place at the outside seat of one of the tables in the underwriting room, and passing the underwriting proposals as they came along to his clerk, Percy Reid, an old school-fellow of mine, leaving it to him to accept or decline them according to his discretion. He was known to me chiefly as a man who, by report, had some five-and-twenty frock-coats of faultless cut hung about his dressing-room, and had his fair hair dressed and curled every other day in Bond Street.

Byas was totally different—a genuinely kind fellow, who thought about others first and himself afterwards. I had a lazy, wasteful time with him, for the amount of his business was not great, and in due time I transferred myself to Ryrie, a fashionable Scotsman, a bachelor who lived in style. He did his own underwriting, being from over the border, depending on no one; he warily weighed every risk that came before him. He had an objectionable clerk named Hawkes, who had been with him for years, and was given to bullying. Hawkes so irritated me one morning that I took up a ledger and hurled it as hard as I could at his head. This led to things volcanic, for the heavy book struck him fairly, and I was obliged to quit. This I readily did, for at no time had I had any heart in the business of Lloyd's, save in its geographical aspect. That was absorbingly interesting to me always, but I was clearly not the man to make money or "get on" in that direction, and I was glad to be clear of it. I was still barely eighteen and life before me seemed illimitable.

At Lloyd's there was a certain underwriter of the name of Thomas Gaskell. He sat at the table nearest the entrance, in the centre row. It was said he had come into a considerable fortune, and though it was amply sufficient for his requirements on a luxurious scale, he still decided to endeavour to increase it by underwriting.

He underwrote with a recklessness which made him notorious. If any exceptionally risky venture presented itself, it was always, "Take it to Tommy Gaskell." He did not have luck, except very occasionally. For example he took a £300 risk, at 60 per cent., on a ship seven weeks overdue, and it was reported safe in a distant port two days afterwards. His fine fortune approaching £100,000 dwindled until it came to selling some of his belongings, and here a humorous incident occurred. His friends who sat near him, and liked him as much for his uprightness as for his daring, put up for him his diamond horse-shoe pin to raffle. Fifty shares at a guinea apiece was decided on, and when forty-eight of these had been taken up, the organisers of the raffle came to him and said that he too must take a share. He thereupon paid over two guineas and took the two remaining shares. While he went on with his business the raffle was taking place in the captain's room close by, and, to the delight of all, Gaskell won it. He replaced the pin in his scarf, and joyfully pocketed the £50, 8s.

He had a great fondness for flowers, and always on his table was a large bowl of fragrant blooms, however ill he could spare the money for them. Some years afterwards I had need of a buttonhole to wear at an evening party. I entered a flower-shop in the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road, to which a small market garden was attached. I looked at the man who served me; he was in his shirt sleeves and had no shoes on, only his socks; it occurred to me I had seen him before. He had to leave me for a

moment to go to an adjacent hot-house to get what I wanted, and while he was gone a bright little woman took his place. I ventured the inquiry, not knowing it was the man's wife, as to whether the man who had just left me was Mr Thomas Gaskell. She replied in the affirmative; and then, with a sigh, as if my question recalled vividly the misfortunes through which she had come, said they would have to go to some other part as so many had recognised her husband, but "you may have known, sir," she said, "he was always so fond of flowers, and he really is, I think, as happy now as he has ever been."

Another episode I remember at Lloyd's was in relation to the little midshipman of the ill-fated ship, the *London*, lost in the Bay of Biscay one January, with only nineteen saved from those on board. This brave little fellow was the nineteenth. As the huge seas rolled about the doomed vessel, he was the only living thing to be seen on the big ship's deck, and he chanced a long leap as the crowded boat which contained the eighteen others swung sufficiently near. He fell soft and safe among them. It was a plucky thing to do, and in the mountainous waves and hurricane of wind the chances were not with him.

The little chap now came swaggering into Lloyd's with his hands in his pockets, and in no time they had hoisted him on to one of the tables, the better for everyone to see him, and were cramming his pockets with gold and bank-notes.

Though the loss to underwriters was great by the ship sinking, their hearts went out to the boy, and they let him know it in their open-handed way.

Now ensued for me a long period of delightful freedom, in which I pursued studies in art and literature. I amassed knowledge simply for the absorbing pleasure of it, knowledge which proved of signal service to me in the directorate of a public Art Gallery which subsequently came to me. I became familiar with works which twenty years later I began

to assemble at the Guildhall for the Loan Exhibitions. Seed idly sown in bygone years bore fruit ; the element of intention was not in it, it was luck, for what that may mean.

For some six months I led this happy, unfettered life, and then, at my father's persuasion, I entered the department of the town clerk, at the Guildhall. From the first my heart was not in the work, any more than it had been at Lloyd's, but there, to me, was a sentimental interest in taking the position to which my father had got me elected, which strongly appealed to me, inasmuch as I was born at the Guildhall, and my father and grandfather had passed so great a portion of their lives there.

For a considerable period, as soon as business was over, four evenings a week at least, I betook myself either to the Lambeth School of Art, presided over by the late John Sparkes, a gifted man, responsible for the training of many artists who have since become celebrated, or to the studio of the late Robert Collinson ; and lastly, to the Schools at the South Kensington Museum, studying until 10 P.M., and passing in due course through the antique and life classes. That practical experience has proved of enduring usefulness to me, and has enabled me to take a very different position from what I otherwise should have done in the administration of a public Art Gallery.

CHAPTER II

FOR several years I was in the department of the town clerk, and in close association with a remarkable man, Frederick Adam Catty. He was more than fifty years my senior, and had an exceptionally wide and varied experience in life. In his younger days he had been medical attendant to the family of the then Countess of Warwick, travelling with them in various parts of Europe, and staying in most of the chief continental cities. This not only gave him an intimate knowledge of the places he visited, and the peoples of the various countries, but brought him in contact with many distinguished persons, such as Talma, the actor, and Louis Kossuth. He had a faculty for languages and fluently spoke several. We occupied for years the same official room, and it can be readily understood that frequent opportunities occurred for conversation, greatly to my profit and enjoyment. He had been private secretary to the Lord Mayor for some time, and relinquished that post to take the chief clerkship in the town clerk's department. He was greatly liked by the Corporation. Coming into the department somewhat late in life, he was not straitened and trammelled by stringent rules and customs, through which the trained bureaucrat becomes in time a piece of human machinery. He treated affairs that were wont to run in grooves with an originality unfamiliar to the customary practices at the Guildhall. It gave to the hard routine of things a vitalisation, which paid small regard to precedent, on the obstinate observance of



FREDERICK ADAM CATTY,
Chief Clerk in the Town Clerk's Department, 1859-1881.

[Face page 8.]

which so many reformable courses are continued. His breadth of outlook, resulting from his prolonged experience, was such as enabled him to appraise official details at their proper value, and to gain by the shortest cut, instead of as hitherto the longest run, the object for which those details existed.

Many gifted men were accustomed to come to our room for a chat. Colonel William Haywood was one. He was the city engineer, and carried through for the Corporation the construction of the viaduct at Holborn. I well remember when the roadway dipped from Newgate Street down to the present level of Farringdon Street, and rose steeply to where Holborn Circus now is. It was a terrible place for vehicular traffic, and the trials to which horses were put, and the accidents which occurred, called loudly for the bridging of the great dip. It was a vast work costing nearly two millions of money,¹ and stands to-day an enduring monument of Haywood's engineering skill.

Only a few days after its formal opening by Queen Victoria, something approaching a fracture, or a crack, was observed in one of the granite pillars supporting the bridge. It pointed to a settlement on the treacherous foundation where once the River Fleet had run, and the concern was great as to what had caused it, and what remedy was at the command of the authorities. This irritated Colonel Haywood, who knew well that he had taken into account all possible eventualities, and it gave cause for wide discussion in the Corporation and the Press. It was determined, in spite of the thousands of views and suggestions, to do nothing, but to let the defaulting pillar remain as it was; nothing was done, and how many millions have passed over that bridge in the nearly fifty years gone by!

Colonel Haywood, as I have said, was under great irritation at the time, and it was precisely when

¹ Paid, not out of the rates, but out of the City's Corporate Funds.

this was at its height, one afternoon while I was talking to him, that a certain member of the Corporation, Deputy H——, called in, and, seeing us, incautiously thought fit to cross-question Haywood upon the matter. The deputy said he had been down to Farringdon Street that morning and seen the pillar, and he had come to the conclusion . . . Before he could go further the colonel, with a glare in his eyes, whipped out the words, "You saw what you saw, Mr Deputy. I have no doubt you have formed your own conclusion, good-day," and flung himself away, leaving the deputy awe-struck and staring vacantly. It was, to say the least, somewhat presumptuous that a man, who all his life had been a retail chemist in the city and knew really nothing about engineering, should venture to put forward to a professional man of Haywood's eminence an opinion on so very technical a matter, which involved so many considerations on which possibilities might hang, and I could not but feel that the man had his deserts.

The colonel was a man of fine manners, brilliant address, and courtesy. He had seen pretty well all worth seeing between the Black Sea and the Atlantic, and participated in every pleasure which opportunity presented in the course of his travels. The more expensive the pleasure the better he liked it, so he was wont to say. It was always enlightening to listen to his talk.

Mr Robert Malcolm Kerr, the Judge of the City of London Court, was another frequent caller. He was a man of rapid perception and clear insight, and seemed to seize the kernel of a question in a moment. From the time he entered the Corporation service in 1859 until his retirement in 1900, he waged incessant conflict with the Corporation over the matter of his salary. Beginning at £1250 per annum, he contrived to push it up to £3300. Whenever he was thwarted, or the attainment of his aim was unduly delayed by, as he invariably averred,

“the lawyers on the Court of Common Council,” he resorted to pressure which took the form of militant letters not easily combated, by reason of their sound and wary legal logic, and by an almost open rudeness when he encountered those members whose hostility to him he suspected. He had a sharp and ready tongue, the exercise of which he delighted in whenever chance came his way, in the reading-room chiefly, and not one of those he assailed was his equal in repartee; he sent the victim of it away nurturing evil in his heart. Once in 1874 he failed to get his way, and resorted for his self-satisfaction to a step which brought him no personal advantage, but hit and vexed the Corporation, and especially those whom he termed the “clever lawyers” in the Court of Common Council.

He suggested the insertion, or in some way manœuvred so that their insertion came about, of the words “for the use of themselves,” in a clause in the Act of 1875, regarding certain new fees which were to go to the registrars of County Courts. The application of the clause with those words in it would, he foresaw, be bound to cause annoyance and perplexity to the Corporation. The then registrar was Mr Thomas Speechly, a gentle and delightful man, weak enough, however, to be easily persuaded by the Corporation if left to himself, but with Kerr at his elbow, not so easily. Speechly was in receipt of a commuted salary embracing all the then established fees, of £1200 a year, and when this Act of 1875 came into operation he acted under the judge’s guidance and appropriated to himself these particular fees, which in no time mounted up to some thousands of pounds. When the Corporation learned how this new Act was operating they demanded the payment into the Chamber of London of these new fees. This was resisted by Mr Speechly, and rather than force his hand by litigation the Corporation sought the opinion of its Law Officers.

Their opinion not being of a decided character, the opinion was obtained of the Law Officers of the Crown, which proved so ambiguous as to leave it open to doubt whether Speechly were not entitled to the whole of these fees, and the end of it was a compromise. Speechly agreed to pay into the Chamber the accumulated fees he had received (£3800), and his salary was to be raised from £1200 to £1800 per annum, dating back for nearly three years—from the date, in fact, when the Act came into force. The judge clapped his hands and exulted, for had he not made the Corporation give up far more than any increase of emolument to him would have amounted to.

The business of the Court was carried on with great rapidity when he was judge, and the Court Fund which he instituted rose substantially every year, standing at the date of his resignation at £76,454. He was very proud of that fund, and well he might be, for its growth was largely due to the number of sittings he held, and his expedition in dealing with the cases that came before him.

He was a man who knew his power to a nicety, and how far he could push any case he had without prejudicing his position; he would almost always push it to the point where further pursuit would have been unwise for him, but all the lawyers in the Corporation were timid of him, as he knew; and invariably in the end he got his way.

I was seated in his room one day when the usher came in and said that a case was waiting.

“What is it?” he said. “Ask it in here.”

I at once rose to go. “No, don’t go,” he said, “it won’t take long”; and in the parties came, plaintiff and defendant, each with his lawyer. After a few questions and answers the judge turned to the plaintiff and told him, loud enough for all to hear, that he had got into the hands of a couple of dishonest lawyers. There they stood, each urging the

other to retort; but they dared not. "What shall I do?" said the poor plaintiff. "Find an honest lawyer," replied the judge. "I don't know one, your Honour," said the plaintiff. "Neither do I," ejaculated the judge. When they had all left the room Kerr observed to me it was a sad case, that the poor man had lost his money and that he could do nothing for him, that he was bound on the facts to find for the defendant.

In the course of my official duties it fell to me once to prepare a résumé of his career since entering office, and of the times and circumstances under which he had approached the Corporation on the subject of the terms of his appointment, together with the decisions resulting. It was a document he was not supposed to see, or to know of, but was for the confidential use of the committee dealing with his affairs. It was plain and straightforward, and admitted of no ambiguity whatever—the kind of document Kerr did not like. In some way he got possessed of a copy, and came excitedly into the office, flourishing it high above his head, with the loud demand addressed to all who were present as to who had prepared that "most infamous statement." I admitted at once it was my work, when his face changed, and something approaching a smile came over it, for he knew that I should do nothing willingly that would be calculated to prejudice him. He came into my room with me, closed the door, and we then chatted about it, and how it had come about. For a wonder he could find no fault with it; it was merely a statement of fact, and he recognised that I had had no alternative (since I was directed to prepare it) but to do it accurately.

He was very amused once at the petition one of his copying-clerks presented for the alteration of the title of the appointment he held. He prayed he might be termed merely a clerk, or an assistant clerk, the fact of his being known as a copying-clerk having

had the effect of losing him "a very advantageous matrimonial alliance."

It was always interesting to me to hear Kerr sum up in conversation the merits of the judges of the High Court. I can recall only one for whom I heard nothing but unqualified praise, and that was Sir Henry Hawkins, afterward Lord Brampton. For every other judge on the bench he had something to say of a disparaging kind.

His wide knowledge included a cultivated acquaintance with art. It was this, perhaps, that led to the friendship I had the privilege of having with him.

Catty had two grandsons, pupils at that time, one at the St Paul's School, St Paul's Churchyard, the other at Merchant Taylors' School, and they frequently came to lunch with their grandfather in our room. One was John Shearman, now the well-known solicitor of Serjeant's Inn; the other Montague Shearman, now the Hon. Mr Justice Shearman. The first was known as Jack, the other—though why, I never knew—as Tont.

They were a terror to the department, continually playing practical jokes on us. If you were crossing the gloomy Guildhall, for example, one of them would come stealthily from behind and take a flying leap over you in the manner known among schoolboys as leap-frog, and was gone before you had gathered your startled wits. Their worst joke, and one that gave annoyance to many, was the insertion by them in the obituary column of the *Times* of the announcement of "the death of Magog Catt, of the Town Clerk's Department, Guildhall, London, E.C.," the old black cat, on which they were wont to play so many tricks, having died. For several days afterwards, people called to condole with us on the loss of "good old Catty," who all the time was in his room busy at work, hale and hearty.

As time went by it fell to Catty to retire, and most of the committees of which he acted as clerk

fell to me. This involved my promotion over the heads of two of my colleagues, old and close friends, an unpleasant circumstance, which for a time affected our relationship.

The Corporation bestowed a liberal pension on Catty,¹ and he enjoyed it for several years, reaching the great age of ninety-one. It was a great pleasure to me, after our long and close association together, to see him at the first Loan Exhibition I arranged at the Guildhall in 1890, and to listen to his warm congratulations. He died in April 1892, just before the second Loan Exhibition opened, vigorous to the last, reading the latest novel of Ouida, as he told me, aloud to his wife in the evenings, and actually pursuing at odd moments a more complete study of the Italian language.

It is difficult now to realise that committees dealing with such subjects as the police of the city, the gas and water supply, the operation of the Tithes Act, the city law courts, or the purification of the water of the Thames, could command my enthusiastic interest. They certainly did not, but I dealt with them to the best of my ability.

The end of this irksome toil came for me in 1886. The Corporation decided to establish a public Art Gallery at the Guildhall, and I sought the controlling position in it. It was intimated to me that the Corporation would not attach to the new appoint-

¹ It is a curious coincidence of the Catty family that Louis François Catty was driven out of France on the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, and sought refuge in England, where he became a professor of French. His son, Frederick Adam Catty, my friend, a medical practitioner at Ems and Baden-Baden in their respective seasons, was likewise driven out of the country in 1848, when, under William, King of Prussia, practically all foreigners were called upon to leave Germany; and now (1914) Arthur B. Catty, son of Frederick Adam Catty, has been driven out of Germany, where he was conducting a college at Heidelberg, and all his property confiscated by the Germans. Thus three generations have been compelled to quit the continental cities in which they had settled.

ment the emoluments I was at that time receiving. I was content to take less, and I gave up nearly half my Corporation income to become Director of the Guildhall Gallery; the duties would be more to my taste, and my association would be with those whose sympathies and interests were such as I loved, and not with those who had ever in their minds police and gas, water tithes and law. The opponent I had most reason to fear in my candidature for the appointment was the then town clerk. I was not unmindful of the compliment he paid me by this opposition. Of course he did not wish to lose me; my loss would throw upon him, for a time at least, additional responsibility in the work of eight important Corporation committees; so, taking no chances, I contrived, with the assistance of trusted friends, members of the Corporation, to get elected to the position unknown to him, seven weeks before the date he had in his mind that the election would take place. Had those seven weeks been at his disposal, I feel sure I should never have been appointed. Later on, when it was all settled and I was comfortably in office, his amiable nature showed itself, and continued to show itself in many acts of warm kindheartedness towards me, the remembrance of which gives me pleasure now to dwell upon.

But I am anticipating; and before I deal further with the new art development at the Guildhall, I must touch upon a few occurrences that came to me in the course of my official life in the town clerk's department.

CHAPTER III

To this old Guildhall, hoary with age, come kings and rulers, and those in every walk of life who have risen supreme above their fellows. The heart of the nation is the City of London, but it would seem there beats within that heart another heart, the City's very own, pulsating with the medieval chivalry of past ages, the voices of which come down to us through the centuries, and find their echoes still in this ancient Guildhall, with its jewelled sceptre of Saxon origin, and its one hundred and twenty charters, the earliest and most precious of which is that given to it by William the Conqueror. Thither wend, as occasion befits, potentates from all parts. Why? Because it is a spot identified in all eyes as the centre of what is great and uplifting, in the human sense of those words. To it the greatest gravitate, come, go, and—report.

No President of the United States of America has yet entered its venerable walls,¹ nor any Emperor of China or Japan, but I myself, in a comparatively brief term, have seen the Sultans of Turkey and Zanzibar, the Shah of Persia, the Shahzada of Afghanistan and the King of Siam, the Czar Alexander II. of Russia, the Kings of Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Greece, and the Netherlands, two Kings of Portugal, two of Denmark, and three Presidents of the Republic of France, and also, on two occasions—one thinks of it now with indignant regret—the perfidious Kaiser of Germany.

¹ Ex-presidents have—General Ulysses Grant and Theodore Roosevelt.

For these the banquet has been spread, traditional hospitality in its most studied and complete form has been offered, and while honouring its guest the Guildhall has itself been honoured.

I will touch for a moment on two of the great receptions of foreign rulers, those of Abd-ul Azez Khan, the Sultan of Turkey, in 1867, and Nasr ed Din, the Shah of Persia, in 1873, because nothing approaching either in splendour has since taken place at the Guildhall. They were both the outcome of care, foresight, and lavish expenditure. No restriction was placed upon the controlling committees, and the sum expended for the one evening to the Sultan was £21,641. The whole of the Guildhall, with its courts and offices, its committee rooms, lobbies and passages, specially decorated, upholstered, and adorned with tropical plants, was devoted to the convenience of the 3000 guests, besides the spacious temporary structure erected in the Guildhall Yard.

Apart from the Sultan's personal suite and attendants, all gorgeously attired as became those of an Eastern nation, there were many others from that ever-deteriorating country, of which great statesmen, even Disraeli himself, long indulged high hopes. The dazzling lights of a thousand lamps quickened the happy scene into one of ever-shifting movement and life.

A throne had been erected for his Turkish Majesty on a dais some fifty feet in width and thirty-six in depth, at the eastern end of the hall; and on either side of the Sultan seats were placed for the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) and the Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Gabriel, Bart.). To the left of the throne a small platform had been provided, close to the Beckford monument, and as the Sultan took his seat there appeared on this platform some of the most eminent of the vocalists of the day—Mesdames Pauline Lucca and Lemmens-

Sherrington, Mademoiselle Morensi, Signors Naudin, Graziani, and Ciampi, and Mr Sims Reeves.

Sims Reeves had just sung "The Pilgrim of Love," and the lovely quartette from *Rigoletto*, "Un di, se ben rammentomi," was about to begin, when something unusual was observed taking place; the Lord Mayor, seated close to the Sultan, was being consulted, and he in turn conferred with others, among them the Prince of Wales; eventually it came about that the further conduct of this beautiful concert was stopped, the Sultan had expressed himself as not interested in it, and was desirous of witnessing the dancing, which according to the arrangements was to follow the concert.

It was heartbreaking to those who had been anticipating this concert as the most attractive feature of the evening. To hear Ciampi sing Rossini's "Miei rampolli," or Pauline Lucca Engel's beautiful valse air "La Rosa," or Sims Reeves "Come into the Garden, Maud," or beyond all, Naudin, in Donizetti's touching and most beautiful romanza, "Spirto gentil," from *La Favorita*, were delights worth going miles to hear; but at the bidding of this obese, Eastern potentate they were wantonly swept aside, to the amusement, it must be admitted, of Pauline Lucca and Ciampi, for I was standing close by and saw them heartily laughing; but to the grievous vexation of poor Sir Julius Benedict, who had taken so much trouble to put forward as perfect a display as possible.

Among many interesting sights that evening was Mr Disraeli, returning from the State supper-room in the old Council Chamber, now pulled down. He had on his arm the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the mother of our present queen. He was in the best of spirits, and his face was flushed. I watched the sardonic face with its weird smile, and noted the conscious power of the man. Whatever Disraeli might know about others, one thing he knew—his

own capabilities. This is the man who, at the age of twenty-five, wrote to his friend Benjamin Austin, "I advise you to take care of my letters, for if I become half as famous as I intend to be, you may sell them for ten guineas apiece"; and here he was, thirty-seven years later, nearing the highest goal of his ambition. "Difficulties are sent us to be got over," is what he once observed, and by courage and persistence, joined to his peculiar faculty for political life, and to that foresight which is the most precious gift with which a statesman can be endowed, they had won him along into this now straight road to the summit. Life was a chessboard before him, and he conceived no move upon it which he could not beat. What a position to attain! and when I reflect on this, one of my earliest experiences of him, and then of the last time but one that I saw him—on the 10th November 1879, when he came as Prime Minister to the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall, and was received with an ovation never before or since accorded there to any Prime Minister—the impress is deep of what a man standing practically alone can do when highly gifted, clear of purpose, and of abnormal strength of character.

Mrs Disraeli was with him at this reception to the Sultan. She was wearing a yellow gown, and abundantly adorned with jewels, chiefly diamonds and emeralds; she was short of stature and inclined to stoutness, and wore her hair in grey curls hanging down on either side of the face, in early Victorian fashion. Her popularity was as great, apparently, as that of her husband, and she invariably received an outburst of welcome at the Guildhall. I had the pleasure of seeing her many times, "Mary Anne," termed by Disraeli when he first met her, "a flirt and a rattle."

So exceptional had been the princely arrangements for this reception, that the public were allowed by ticket on the three succeeding days to view them; and over fifty thousand were admitted.

In those days (1867) there was no such reception room for the guests on Lord Mayor's night or at other great functions as there is now. The Guildhall Library as it exists to-day was not built. It consisted then of a narrow strip of accommodation on the site of the present corridor of the library leading from the Guildhall porch to the entrance to the newspaper room. The reception room was then the old Council Chamber, now pulled down, which stood where the new Court Room stands, and the guests alighting at the porch in Guildhall Yard had to pass through the hall itself between the dinner-tables, up the stone steps, through the long narrow lobby to the distant apartment where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were waiting to receive them. It was a long journey, but how many notable men have I seen run that gauntlet of public opinion. With the earlier arrivals standing on either side, there was only just room enough for fresh arrivals to pass, and with loud cheering, moderated applause, or cold silence, each guest was received according to his deserts, and took his way onward.

There is no mistake about the ordeal of this reception. I have watched it for forty years, and in it a man receives just what he is entitled to and no more—likewise no less. It is a test of what the world thinks. Wealth counts for nothing in the absence of some noble deed or initiative. I am not aware of there having been any demonstration of actual hostility to any guest—such would be discourteous; but I have known silence to be immeasurably worse. It all hangs on what a man has *done*, not on what he has contrived to get advertised about himself. And one must remember that the adjudicators are the picked citizens of London, the merchants and traders, the watchers of the times, the close readers of current affairs, and are well able to judge a man and his merits, and the verdict is all the more telling, and it is invariably correct.

I remember, at a banquet in the sixties, seeing the great Lord Brougham, then in his eighty-seventh year, preceded by the gentlemen with wands, followed all through the hall and up the staircase by one of his liveried servants, who was endeavouring to get speech of him. It was when the two were passing where I was standing that he gave any attention to his servant. He turned on him in the most disagreeable manner, quite regardless of the spectators congregated near, and loudly and angrily demanded what he wanted. He only wanted to know at what hour Lord Brougham would have his carriage. Almost with a bark came out "Half-past nine," as, with a scowling face and a thick lock of almost white hair falling untidily over his forehead, he proceeded on his way. Now, he knew well enough that, having to speak to a certain toast, he could not be free to leave the hall until certainly near eleven o'clock, and it was deliberate unkindness to keep his servants in the Guildhall Yard for a useless hour and a half on a cold November night.

I recall that during the speeches that night something unusual happened. Being young at the time I did not concern myself about it, but years afterwards I learnt what had taken place. Lord Brougham, although not a member of the Government, and present only as a distinguished guest, in replying to the toast of the House of Lords, expressed the belief that before another Lord Mayor's Day the existing parliament would have come to an end.

Something in the nature of consternation was observed to stir the whole assembly, and when shortly afterwards Mr Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose, he made a point in the course of his speech of taking Lord Brougham to task for committing himself to such a statement in so public a way. He said, "I doubt if it was kind on the part of my noble and learned friend, at a moment too of

convivial harmony and exultation of mind, to bring to the minds of Members of Parliament the idea of the inevitable term of dissolution—and even after the genial effects of your hospitality, to disturb the interior of our breasts by thoughts connected with the insecurity of all human things, and among other human things, of seats in Parliament.”

At this there was a loud “No, no,” from Lord Brougham, which Mr Gladstone at once turned to account by continuing: “My noble and learned friend feels the gravity of the charge I am making against him, and he is endeavouring to defend himself. The country has of late been grievously disturbed by rumours on that subject. Now, no doubt it is a mere truism to say that the House of Commons is travelling toward ‘that bourne from which no traveller returns.’ But at the same time much has been said on the subject of immediate dissolution, and many have asked who was the author of this rumour of immediate dissolution, and I must say I entertain a serious suspicion, after hearing that speech of my noble and learned friend, that he is the man who has been sowing mistrust and misgiving from one end of the country to the other, and disquieting the minds of all those who have hopes about gaining seats, and fears about losing them.” After disclaiming all knowledge of any dissolution, he continued his speech on other matters; but on resuming his seat, Lord Brougham again rose, and vehemently deprecated being supposed to be the author of any rumours of an immediate dissolution of Parliament. On the contrary, he gave the existing Parliament another twelve months to run.

Attack and defence of this kind between two statesmen at the banqueting table in the Guildhall was wholly without precedent.

The tables in those days were arranged differently from what they are to-day. The chief table was at the east end of the hall, and the other tables ran

down from it to the gallery opposite. I can recall the tall figure of Lord Palmerston, as he addressed the company, standing almost at the northern end of that chief table. Although I was a great distance from him, every word he uttered was clear to me.

The chief guests reassembled after the banquet in the old Council Chamber, where dancing took place, not dancing of the character which is now the practice in the spacious library, but of a far more stately kind; square dances, with the dignified movements of the old-time minuet. They were joined in, not by the younger members of the company as now, but by the elderly ladies among the most important guests, who brought to the pastime the manner and demeanour characteristic of the circle to which they belonged. I have seen both Mr Disraeli and his wife taking part in a quadrille.

There was no undue excitement in those dances, only the gentle strains of the music, the softly lit room, not too brilliant, and the slow, stately movements of these illustrious people. How few now remember it!

CHAPTER IV

I WAS very interested in politics, and one evening about 11 P.M. (it was in the seventies) I was in the lobby of the House of Commons, hoping to see some member who would give me a pass to the strangers' gallery, when who should come by but the late William Corrie, the City Remembrancer. He said, "Come with me," and took me to one of the gowned ushers who have control of the entrance to the gallery, and asked him to pass me up whenever I wished. Thereafter I was frequently in the House, and had the privilege of witnessing several of the encounters between Disraeli and Gladstone. We are not likely to see again such a formidable pair, so equally matched. With the greatest decorum and courtesy the weighty blows were delivered, and if personalities were intended, they were so wrapt up they were never outside the limitations of parliamentary speech. For example, Mr Disraeli on one occasion was bringing Mr Gladstone to book for a statement he considered lacking in accuracy. In the House of Commons at the present day, a member, I suppose, would deny it with angry bluntness. On this occasion Disraeli deferentially ventured to observe that the honourable member appeared to have so high a regard for the truth that he could not but remark he used it very sparingly.

Often have I seen Mr Disraeli the sole occupant of the front opposition bench. Hour after hour he would sit there, missing nothing, sitting low back

with his legs stretched out ; only as the door swung open would his eye-glass go up to see who was entering or departing. Every time the door swung he did this, and once when he was in office he rose to reply to a lengthy speech Mr Gladstone had made, which had concluded with a peroration, the solemnity of which cast a spell of awe, as it seemed, over the assembly. As he rose to his feet, all eyes were upon him, and impressive silence prevailed. He glanced at the Speaker, he looked furtively across to Mr Gladstone, he turned to the body of members anxiously awaiting his utterances, then, with a curious grimace, or as it seemed to me a turn of the mouth, he shrugged his shoulders in such a manner that certain members near him tittered, and the next moment the whole House broke into uproarious laughter. And he had not uttered a word. What he had done was to take every particle of serious reflection out of Gladstone's impressive peroration. Gladstone saw it, and his whole frame quivered with agitation, his angry face seemed to give the one telling touch to his adversary's success.

I once heard my father say that it was Daniel Whittle Harvey, the Commissioner of the City Police, and for some time Member of Parliament, who, on the night of Disraeli's maiden speech in the House of Commons (7th December 1837), followed him out and overtook him, downcast and depressed, in the lobby, and placing his hand on his shoulder said, "Never mind, don't be disheartened, you are destined to be a great man."

This Daniel Whittle Harvey was Member of Parliament first for Colchester, afterwards for Southwark. He appears to have been a troublesome member of his party, for when the City Police Force was instituted the Government of Lord Melbourne seized the opportunity of preventing his future presence in the House by designating him as the first Commissioner of the City Police, at the same time

procuring the insertion of a special clause in the Police Act of 1839 making it impossible for a police commissioner to be elected Member of Parliament. He was Commissioner of the City Police until his death in 1863, and occupied officially as his residence the house in the Old Jewry, now devoted to general police purposes.

In the Mayoralty of William Ferneley Allen, he being a widower, his daughter, Miss Allen, took the position of Lady Mayoress. The Tories were in office, and at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th of November the chief member of the Government present was Mr Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, being unable to attend. Miss Allen was wont to tell how from the moment of Mr Disraeli's introduction to her, his entertaining humour was never at fault. Something fantastic or amusing appeared to be in everything which caught his eye. She was, of course, escorted into dinner by him, and as they were passing from the old Council Chamber, where the reception of the guests had been held, she either touched or got unduly near one of the red fire-buckets which were about, and but for his arm she might have fallen. In a moment came the words, "Come, come, you must not kick the bucket to-night; have your year's pleasure first." She said it was impossible to reproduce the manner in which he said this. On a face which should have been so grave, there was a total absence of gravity, for in the passing hour elation had taken its place, an elation which had abandoned itself to the spirit of the evening, the brilliant lights, the strains of the music, the animated voices, and, above all, the felicitous consciousness of his own great popularity. Later, he was finishing some light remark to her while actually in the act of rising to his feet to speak, and under cover, as it were, of the applause which greeted the announcement of his name. The next moment he was moving along

in those measured utterances for which the whole country was waiting.

A dinner was given at the Mansion House in 1868 soon after Mr Disraeli's first appointment to the Premiership, and the Lord Mayor, in proposing the toast to his health, referred to his long political career and his attainment at last to the highest official post in the realm; he concluded by quoting the words Banquo uttered in soliloquy to Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan: "Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all as the weird women promised," and resumed his seat amid loud applause. Disraeli afterwards told a friend that he felt most uncomfortable while this quotation was being uttered, for he thought the Lord Mayor was going on to commit himself to the utterance of the immediately succeeding line, which runs, "and I fear thou play'dst most foully for't."

It was on the 9th November 1878, after the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall, that, on making my way to the reception room to which the guests were all moving for conversation and dancing, I discerned Lord Beaconsfield, as he had then become, leisurely pacing up and down alone, in the crush room, close to the entrance. Only a short time had elapsed since he had been delivering the momentous speech in response to the toast to Her Majesty's Ministers, which at that moment was being telegraphed all over the world. His eye caught mine as I passed him, and on reflection I retraced my steps and ventured to go to him with the observation that he was in a very draughty place, and would he allow me to conduct him into an apartment close by, which would certainly be more sheltered for him. He replied that he had agreed to meet Mr Corry, his secretary, at the entrance, and was awaiting him. I said I knew Mr Corry by sight, and if he would permit me to take him to his carriage I would return and wait for Mr Corry. He was very grateful to me

for the suggestion, and putting his arm through mine we proceeded together to the entrance. It was a raw night. His carriage was at the door, and having placed him in it, and seen that both windows were up, I left the tired old gentleman with a warm rug over his knees and quite comfortable. Returning to the spot where I had found him, I waited for about twenty minutes when Mr Corry came up, and I told him what I had done. We went together to the carriage, and as I saw him into it the great statesman reached out his hand to me and with a warm grasp said, "Thank you, sir, for your great kindness to me." That was the only time I had the honour of personal contact with him.

On the last occasion of his coming to the Guildhall, 10th November 1879 (Sir F. Wyatt Truscott, Lord Mayor), I saw him as he sat at table during the speeches. The pale face looked very worn, and there was something wrong with his eyes; the eyelid of one seemed to have fallen right over the eye, almost obscuring it, while the other eyelid was unduly raised. He wore the aspect of a man who was ill. Indeed a medical practitioner at my elbow whispered to me, as we both were looking at him, that the man was dying. He did not talk to either of those at his side, but kept picking up and eating the crumbs of bread at the side of his plate by pressing two of his fingers on them. He was absolutely impassive at the Lord Mayor's eulogy of him, and at its close he rose to his feet with an appearance of great weariness and little physical strength.

Poor man, I thought, to this has your long and strenuous life of perpetual effort, untiring vigilance and combat, brought you! All he had succeeded in obtaining he richly deserved. One could see that the vehement plaudits of the company fell with satisfaction on his ears, despite the impenetrable, smileless face, and one could only wish that Nature

could have infused into his being that elixir which would have prolonged the life so precious, which indeed then seemed drawing to its close.

The last time I saw him was on Sunday the 20th March 1881. I was on my way to the late Commissioner Kerr's for the morning service at Munster Square, and to spend the rest of the day with him in Chester Terrace. It was a bleak morning, and near the bottom of St James's Street I saw the great man coming towards me, arm in arm with, I think, Sir Philip Rose. The two were walking briskly along with a fine easy spring, and it being Sunday the pathway was clear. His appearance in point of dress was striking, just as it had been, but in a different way, in his younger days. An overcoat of quite pronounced blue, with deep astrakan collar and cuffs; light brown trousers, shining patent boots with white gaiters, and light lavender gloves with broad black seams; he carried an ebony walking-stick with a large gold knob to it. At the entrance leading to the Chapel Royal stood two or three gentlemen, among them the late Archbishop Tait. To him Lord Beaconsfield familiarly nodded as he passed, and betook himself to the service. The vigour of his walk was not like that of a man of seventy-seven, and who could have thought that a month from that day he would be dead.

I must here relate an interesting incident concerning him which once occurred at the Guildhall.

Early in the nineteenth century the Corporation of London raised the sum of £100,000 for a special public purpose by means of life annuities, and amongst the earliest of those to avail himself of this form of investment to the extent of £1000 was Isaac Disraeli, the father of the statesman; he afterwards attended every half year at the chamberlain's office at Guildhall to receive the amount at the time due to him.

He was invariably accompanied by his daughter

Sarah. The late Mr Francis Nalder, who served for sixty years in the chamberlain's department, vividly recalled those periodical visits. At Isaac Disraeli's death on 19th January 1848 the annuity of course ceased, but there was yet one more visit to be paid in relation to it, and in due time Benjamin appeared to receive the sum due to the date of his father's death. On that occasion his appearance was so fantastic, with the dark, shining ringlets falling grotesquely on either side of the pallid, impassive face, that Mr Nalder, who was making the payment to him, was taken aback, absorbed it may be by the strange vision, that he forgot to make the customary deduction of income tax, and "Dizzy" went away with £1, os. 10d. more than he ought to have had, the Corporation being that sum the poorer. As he moved away someone was overheard to observe in a contemptuous tone, "Fancy that fellow being Chancellor of the Exchequer," for he was at that time talked of as a probable occupant of that office.

I have always understood he was proud of his Jewish blood. It may not be out of place to repeat here the angry retort I understand he made to a certain ducal personage who passed some disparaging remark on the race to which he belonged: "*My* ancestors were princes in Israel at a time when yours were living in caves and painting their bodies red and yellow."

CHAPTER V

THE reception and ball given at the Guildhall by the Corporation of London on the 20th June 1873, in honour of Nasr ed Din, Shah of Persia, proved the last of its kind—no other at all resembling it for effectiveness and brilliancy has since taken place. Royalty, diplomacy, politics, religion, law, art, science, and literature, as well as the high commercial banking and trading interests, were all represented. Ministers and ex-ministers were present, as also were Cardinal Manning and C. H. Spurgeon, Maconochie and Newman Hall, Dr Parker and the Chief Rabbi. It was a function which, for human interest, has left a deeper impression upon me than any other. I do not suppose many of those present realised that the chief guest that evening was the sovereign of a country which had given to the world Darius and Xerxes, a nation which was the terror of that part of the globe at that time, but now not so; it was a thought that passed through my mind as I watched him in his luxurious ease, and self-sufficient, almost barbaric, but really empty splendour.

It got abroad that the occasion would be one of peculiar interest, and in addition to the hundreds of applications for tickets, odd measures were resorted to to gain admission. One of the officials charged with the delivery of tickets was offered as much as £25 to drop one accidentally in the street. The most curious device of all, perhaps, was that played upon the town clerk by, I am sorry to say, one of the English nobility. He entered the chief clerk's

room about three days before the date of the reception with the most sorrowful of countenances, to say that his wife's little Pomeranian dog had, that morning, by some mischance got hold of the package containing the two tickets with which the Corporation had honoured him, and torn them into fragments ; could he be furnished with two others to take their place? He was asked (I was present at the time) if he would kindly have the remnants of them sent down to the town clerk, so that they could be thus accounted for. The reply was that was impossible, they had been absolutely in little pieces, swept up and thrown away by the housemaid. On this representation coming from such a source, the position was accepted, and two more tickets were issued to the noble lord, but on the examination of the tickets on the day following the reception, they being numbered, it was found that no Pomeranian dog had been guilty of the outrage attributed to it, for all the four tickets granted to this lord had been presented.

During the reading of the Corporation's address to the Shah and the Shah's reply, a careful observer might have noticed a telegraphic instrument at work in a recess a few yards away. It had been brought there by the Indo-European Telegraph Company, who had arranged to keep the line that evening clear to Teheran, and both the Corporation's address and His Majesty's reply were known in the Persian capital, nearly 4000 miles away, hours before their publication in England. The Shah himself also sent a message over the wire to Teheran and received an answer while still at the Guildhall.

Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), thoughtfully wearing the diamond necklace and earrings presented to her by the Corporation on her marriage, walked with the Shah, and was by his side the entire evening ; and just at the Shah's elbow was the well-known Oriental scholar, Sir Henry Rawlinson. He interpreted into Persian to the Shah the

Corporation's address as it was being delivered, and into English the Shah's reply.

One observed, too, another remarkable man, pale of countenance, frail and slight of build, who wore a curious Eastern cloak and an Oriental fez, Edward Henry Palmer, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, a fluent Persian scholar, and master besides of a score of other languages.

The reception of Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, in May 1874, while not lacking in magnificence and dignity, was not possessed of that dazzling brilliancy which characterised those of the Sultan and the Shah, due undoubtedly to its being a morning function. The presentation in the Great Hall, where a company of over two thousand were assembled, of an address to the Emperor, in a gold box costing three hundred guineas, was followed by a *déjeuner*, the table for the royal and more distinguished guests being set in the old Council Chamber. The Prime Minister (Mr Disraeli) was not present, but many of his cabinet were there. Among them were Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Salisbury, the Secretary for India, the latter destined to take Lord Derby's place four years later as Foreign Secretary, and to display by a vigorous letter at a critical time the definite attitude of this country, when we appeared to be on the verge of war with the very nation whose sovereign was now being entertained.

His Imperial Majesty's open carriage, drawn by four horses and preceded by a company of Life Guards, swept up to the Guildhall with an impetuosity that carried the leading horses clattering over the footway before they could be thrown back on their haunches by the postillions, scattering the police and other attendants in all directions, but bringing the carriage itself skilfully to the precise spot at the entrance where, awaiting it, were the Lord Mayor

(Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart.) and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In the carriage with the Emperor was his daughter Marie, who in the preceding January had been wedded to Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh.

I can recall that, immediately on His Imperial Majesty alighting, there was an animated discussion as to the precedence of the Duchess of Edinburgh over the Princess of Wales in the formal procession, which, headed by the four City Trumpeters, was about to advance into the Guildhall. The order of precedence had been, of course, rigidly fixed, and there was no shadow of doubt on the point; but the decision, immediately given, that the Princess of Wales had priority, appeared greatly to surprise and vex the Duchess. I myself witnessed a display of feeling on Her Royal Highness's part very nearly approaching the unbecoming; but what was also noticeable was the attitude of the Princess. It was one of most stately quiet, awaiting events, if indeed she accurately comprehended what was taking place. Some idea, it was thought, was in the Duchess's mind that, as she was the Emperor's daughter, she would, as a matter of course, rank above all others, the Emperor alone excepted; but this was not so; it could not be. Both in the procession and at the *déjeuner* the Princess of Wales had priority, sitting at the Emperor's right at the *déjeuner* and second from the Lord Mayor, while the Duchess was third from the Lord Mayor on his left and on the left of the Prince of Wales. This little incident had an uncomfortable and disturbing effect at the time, and was the cause of talk for days afterwards. The position was simple: had the Duchess still been the unwedded daughter of the Emperor, her contention might have been valid; but she had become a British subject; she was the wife, not of the eldest, but of the second son of the Queen of these realms, and therefore ranked as such.

On the 17th March 1876, Mr Gladstone attended the chamberlain's parlour at Guildhall to sign the Roll as a Freeman of the City of London, he having been admitted previously to the Honorary Freedom and Livery of the Turners' Company. Few were present—the late Benjamin Scott (the chamberlain) with one of his clerks; the town clerk (Sir John Monckton); Mr John Jones, a past-master of the company; the master and clerk of the company; and myself. It was a cold March morning, and punctually to time the great man briskly entered. He was wearing no overcoat, but a morning coat with large deep pockets at the side, and round his neck, tucked into his buttoned coat, his wife's fur boa. I offered to take this and his hat from him as he entered, but he politely declined in his sonorous voice, "No, thank you, sir," and placed them on the floor himself, in a corner of the room. Then, in obedience to a sign from the chamberlain, he took his stand on one side of the hearthrug, the chamberlain being on the other in his customary robes of office, the welcome fire blazing brightly between them. The chamberlain, in briefly addressing him, ventured to give the advice and encouragement usually offered to those admitted to the Freedom of the City of London, qualifying it, however, by saying that in the present instance it was rather a form than a propriety. Mr Gladstone made an equally brief but entirely suitable reply, with dignified phrasing, and in deep, rich, guttural tones, significant of physical strength. He then signed the Roll. Formalities being over and the company standing round a small table, Mr Jones, whose business was that of a watchmaker and jeweller in the Strand, produced from his waistcoat pocket a diamond almost as large as a two-shilling piece. Mr Gladstone examined it carefully and observed it must be of great value, yet less, perhaps, than it would have been had it not had a slight tinge of golden colour. He then made reference in the most interesting way

to many of the notable diamonds found in various parts of the world—Brazil, Peru, India—naming the principal stones, and even their present possessors, and observed there was little doubt that Africa was rich in precious stones if they could only be got at. At that time not a diamond had been found in South Africa. Then the town clerk showed him the City Charters of William the Conqueror and John, and, taking up a medieval volume, told Mr Gladstone it was a treasure the city greatly prized. It was of the reign, he said, of Richard I., the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, in Latin and Norman-French, date 1188. Mr Gladstone examined it closely, and said he should have thought it was of much later date than 1188. The town clerk looked at it and begged Mr Gladstone's pardon; he had given him by mistake the *Liber Albus* of 1419. All this time I could not help noting his great eye, full of burning intelligence.

This John Jones who brought forward the diamond was a remarkable man. He was the dread of incoming Lord Mayors, and indeed of all who owed their election to the Liverymen of the City. He was the spokesman for the Livery, and a clever fellow. A good speaker, with an immense fund of knowledge, a classic scholar, a sound reasoner, he knew not the word timidity; and standing up in Common Hall, however great the uproar might be, stood there, a veritable rock, I never knew him shaken or in the least perturbed, in his determination to say what he wanted. In later years it was recognised that if he rose to his feet to speak the best course was to let him have his way, and he had it. He was a tall man, with a clear, resonant voice and most distinct articulation. His command of words removed all hesitation from him when he was on his feet, and the questions he put, particularly to those who were candidates for the chief magistracy, were always terribly to the point; he at all times insisted on having a full and distinct answer; anything in the

nature of prevarication might be put aside at once as wholly ineffective. Meetings of the Common Hall in those days were worth attending, alike for the animation he brought to them and for his oratory.

His persistent object was to assert the authority of the Livery, to re-establish its dignity, and to compel those who were beholden to it to realise that it was a power over them. He found it a quiescent body, ready to do the bidding of a few, who at times were prepared even to distribute bribes to gain their ends. His aim was to free it from all things of the kind and to restore its independence. He so drove his questions home on one occasion to an incoming Lord Mayor (Sir William Anderson Rose), that one of the sheriffs, encouraged by the shouting and uproar with which Jones's words were being received, stepped forward and threatened to arrest him if he continued to interrupt the proceedings. Jones was the very last man to submit to such a threat. He brought the matter at once before his company (the Turners'), who undertook to support him in the action he intended to take. He addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor fully setting forth his case, but the Lord Mayor declined to reply to him. His successor at the Mansion House, however, Sir William Lawrence, regarded the subject in a different light; he brought it before the Corporation, whose law officers gave their opinion that Jones was within his rights in questioning any candidates who came before the Livery for election.

It is said that Mr Gladstone had a high opinion of his speaking, and once told the late Sir James Whitehead that it was the finest he had ever heard in the City and only with some few exceptions outside it.

This redoubtable champion of civic rights, a Welshman by birth, lived to the great age of ninety-four, dying on the 9th of September 1909.



JOHN JONES,
Citizen and Turner.

[Face page 38.]



Some four years later, in June 1880, it was my lot a second time to be brought in contact with Mr Gladstone, under circumstances not so pleasant. The City was entertaining the late King George of Greece at a Guildhall déjeuner. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present and many of the Ministers, among them Mr Gladstone, who was Premier. There had been talk for some days as to the list of toasts, and I knew a good deal of what had been going on. I had scarcely taken the seat allotted to me when I saw the Lord Mayor, Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, making signs that he wished to speak to me. I hurried round to him. He desired me to go to Mr Gladstone and ask him kindly to propose the toast to the Corporation of London, instead of replying to that to Her Majesty's Ministers, for which he was down on the printed list. I knew enough of the circumstances to be sure that Mr Gladstone would not like the variation, but on my mentioning this to the Lord Mayor, he replied, "Never mind that," and before he could say more the Princess of Wales, who was seated next to him, said the Prince did not wish any political toast, emphasising her words with a gentle tap on my hand with her fan. Thereupon I went to Mr Gladstone and told him what the Lord Mayor desired. He turned sharply round in his chair, his eye blazing; he was, one could easily perceive, angry. He urged that it was clearly understood he was to reply for the Ministers. I explained the altered circumstances, and reiterated the Lord Mayor's wish. He uttered something to the effect of his "having been enveigled down to the Guildhall under false pretensions." I was astonished at the feeling he showed, his face grew almost livid; and I remember wondering how one so accustomed to control his thoughts and feelings in political life could let go that control, even for a moment, so as to show them. It was evident he was very annoyed. Then suddenly, as if remem-

bering himself, he became deferential, and asked me in the most courteous manner to write down for him the title of the toast the Lord Mayor wished him to propose. I turned aside and tore off a small piece of a *Daily Telegraph* that was lying near and wrote on it, "The Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London." This I handed to him; he read it aloud, thanked me, and I returned to my seat. He of course carried out the toast agreeably to the Lord Mayor's wish, importing quite as much of the political element into his speech as he intended to have done had it been in response to the toast to the Ministers; but several letters subsequently passed between Downing Street and the Guildhall on the subject.

I have seen Mr Gladstone rise quietly in the House of Commons to speak, with his dark blue cravat tied in a neat bow, and quite in its proper place, and I have noticed that bow work itself round, by the animated and excited movements of the right honourable gentleman, to the back of his neck; and I remember once, when he resumed his seat, seeing the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who was occupying the seat next to him, pull it round to its proper position, the aged statesman submitting with the most childlike resignation, but with an expression on his face approaching wonder at what Harcourt was doing.

I also saw him once, when Disraeli was speaking, catch sight of a square envelope on the floor. He stooped and picked it up, and, although attentively listening, began to tear it in a square line all round. He had almost finished the complete square when Disraeli's speech came to an end; the envelope was dropped, and Gladstone rose to his feet and delivered a speech which lasted just over an hour. On resuming his seat his eye caught sight of the envelope he had been tearing, and he reached for it again and went on completing the tearing of the square. "He must

be doing something," said the individual sitting by me, "tearing something."

It was on this same evening, if I remember aright, that Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) left his seat on the front opposition bench, and seated himself on the Tory side, the better to hear a certain speech that was being delivered by a ministerial member, but he was loudly hooted back with jeers and angry cries, and he had to go, amid what resolved itself eventually into universal merriment. Courtesy, it would seem, like most things in this world, has its limits.

Mr William Payne, for years the chief clerk in the chamberlain's department at the Guildhall, held the position of one of the elders at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, in Southwark. He told me, in January 1882, that on the previous Sunday, at the close of the morning service, the deacons received a message delivered by one of Mr Gladstone's servants to the effect that the veteran statesman proposed attending the evening service, and asking if seats could be reserved for him and his son. He arrived at a quarter past six, accompanied by his son, Mr W. H. Gladstone, M.P., and was shown into Mr Spurgeon's private room, where the great preacher and a few of the deacons and elders were assembled. He conversed with much animation with Mr Spurgeon, especially upon Ireland, and spoke of his son Herbert (now Viscount Gladstone), being at that time in Ireland, and with much humour of his having been handed an apple there by an aged Irishwoman, with the request that he would take it and give it to his father in England; the interpretation of the gift in the eyes of Mr Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, being that it meant none other than the apple of discord. He spoke earnestly of the great anxiety Ireland caused him. At half-past six he was shown into a seat on the platform close by Mr Spurgeon. He joined heartily in the singing, one

member of the congregation some distance from him saying afterwards that he quite distinctly heard the sonorous voice. At the close of the service he returned to Mr Spurgeon's room, and the conversation turned on the subject of speaking in large buildings and to great audiences. He and Mr Spurgeon compared notes on this subject, and Mr Gladstone observed that the most difficult place in his experience in which he had spoken was in a temporary building at Leeds to 25,000 people. The odd coincidence was referred to by Mr William Olney, one of the deacons, that at the morning service that day Mr Spurgeon, not knowing then of the proposed visit of the illustrious gentleman, had made mention in his prayer of "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water." This amused Mr Gladstone very much, as he was addicted at that time to felling trees. Rising to go, he was told that a carriage belonging to Mr Olney was in readiness to take him back to Downing Street, but he politely declined this attention and said that he preferred to walk. He then put on a pair of old-fashioned galoshes which he had taken from his greatcoat pocket, and started briskly in the night air, with his son, in the direction of Westminster.

In the preceding year the Corporation of London had resolved to place in the Guildhall a marble bust of Mr Gladstone, and Mr Thomas Woolner, R.A., was commissioned to execute it. The intimation of its intention was conveyed to Mr Gladstone in the address presented to the right honourable gentleman in the Guildhall on the 13th October 1881, before an assembly of some 3000 persons. A letter was also read from the Greek Minister stating that the Greek company working the ancient marble quarries in the Island of Pharos offered to supply to the City of London the necessary block of marble for the bust as a token of the gratitude felt in Greece toward this country for the sympathy and practical help it had

extended at all times to the Greek nation, and to the great statesman then presiding over its Government. Some happy rhymester, presumably of Conservative principles (I have never yet been able to discover the actual individual), thereupon evolved the following lines :—

While Woolner's hand, in classic mood,
Shaping the Premier's pate is,
Hellas, in joyful gratitude,
Sends him the marble, gratis.
Oh ! could our country stone for stone
Return the gift genteelly,
We'd doubly grateful send our own
Glad stone to Hell-as freely.

The sculptor told me that Gladstone insisted on the character of the bust being severely classical, with no drapery whatever, and it was so carried out, presenting a totally different aspect from all the other busts in the lobby in which it is now placed. He also said that Gladstone gave him many sittings for it, and when the model was finished he literally danced round it in delight and satisfaction. It was just as he desired to go down to posterity, he said.

CHAPTER VI

IF the name of the Corporation be associated with an enormous amount of practical work, it is also associated with the pleasures of hospitality. The increased value of Corporation property is due, not a little, to the business capacities, loyally exercised, of those who conduct its affairs; and as from time immemorial it has dispensed hospitality of a most bounteous character, there appears no reason why that hospitality should not be continued.

Up to about 1829 the services of members of the Corporation were acknowledged by the payment, by way of attendance fee, of a guinea to each alderman, and half a guinea to each commoner, for their presence at committee meetings. As advantage was frequently taken of this custom by members, whose pecuniary avidity outweighed their sense of responsibility, and who dropped in for a few moments only, pocketed their fee, and departed, it was thought advisable to vary the practice. A fixed sum was allotted to each committee to be expended, at the discretion of the chairman, for the benefit of those, it was assumed, who stayed and did the work. This meant lunching or dining together, with or without outside guests. When it came to a dinner, a chairman would take his committee to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, or to Oatlands Park, at times to the Crystal Palace, or "The Ship" at Greenwich. The social intercourse engendered by these functions, in which ladies often took part, was productive undoubtedly of good, and conduced to the easier

working of the routine of Corporation activity. Occasionally the stately hall of a Livery Company was borrowed for the occasion, and until some twenty-five years ago the famous City barge was used for corporate festivities. The barge was large and imposing, and was named the *Maria Wood*.

It was painted in apple-green and white, with gilded balustrades and other embellishments in gold, which caught the sun's rays at a hundred points as it floated along. Internally the prevailing effect was a dazzling white, with red cushions. It was a hundred feet long, with a lofty saloon, and a level deck which ran the length of the vessel, with comfortable red covered seats on either side. It was the custom of the Corporation to keep high day and holiday from time to time on this inviting craft during the summer months. Besides its use by the several Corporation committees for this purpose, the entire body of members divided themselves into five sections, each of about forty-two members, and these, with lady guests, would assemble at some point on the river at half-past ten in the morning to breakfast. About eleven or so the barge would move, slowly drawn by patient horses along the towing-path, and the merry party, old and young, would dance to the airs of the Coldstream Guards or other well-approved military band. It was a novel sight, the ladies in afternoon dress and the gentlemen in frock-coats and silk hats. A guest once did venture to come in flannels and straw hat, but this appropriate attire was "taboo," and he suffered the live-long day from reproaching eyes. Specially designed programmes of about twenty dances were provided, together with expensive bottles of scent, or fans, for the ladies. At three o'clock the party sat down in the saloon to a repast, which concluded with speeches, interspersed with vocal music. Then dancing was resumed, and if in due course the moon rose, the strong common sense of the average corporator found itself capable of sinking itself into

sentiment. The relanding at the point from which the barge had started would take place at about ten.

The cost on each of these occasions was £150, provided from the City's private funds. If that sum were exceeded, the overplus was made up from the pockets of the members, termed "Providitors," in whose hands the details of the day's enjoyment had been placed.

These functions, which contributed to the easy working of the business side of Corporation life, were discontinued in 1892, in deference to the growing feeling on all sides against the expenditure of public money on such festivities.¹

¹ The *Maria Wood* was built by the Corporation in 1816 in the Mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., from whose wife "Maria" it derived its name—the shallop, or small boat similarly decorated as the barge, and which was drawn along in tow, being named *Pinder*, after Daniel Pinder, who was a member of the Corporation for the ward of Broad Street for fifty-five years. The builders were the then well-known firm of Searle, at Oxford, and it cost the Corporation £3751. In 1859, it was sold to a caterer for £630, from whom in later years it was acquired by a Mr Christian Ritter, who treated his customers so bountifully that he once said, being a foreigner, that he came to England, not for his own advantage, but for the benefit of this country. He relinquished the use of it when the Corporation's festivities on it were discontinued; it lay at Brentford for some years, and was then broken up.

CHAPTER VII

I WAS much interested about this time (1873) in an action brought against the Corporation by a Mr Alexander Leslie Melville, an artist of repute. He conceived the idea of painting a large picture of the ball at the Guildhall on the occasion of the marriage in 1863 of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Christian IX. of Denmark.

Mr Melville sought the good favour of the Corporation in his project, who directed that all possible facilities should be afforded him, and arrangements were made which enabled him to make rapid sketches and notes of the animated scene.

In the working out of his design it became necessary for many of those present to attend at his studio in Fitzroy Square for the purpose of sitting for their portraits. As a great number of those figuring in the work were members or officials of the Corporation, the trouble of journeying to Fitzroy Square was avoided by a room being provided, at the artist's request, at the Guildhall, in which, with greater convenience, members could pop in almost at any hour of the day and find the painter ready.

In due time the picture was completed, and it was put forward to the Corporation for purchase at the price of £5000. So many members of that exalted body had encouraged the painter in the course of their sittings, that he had reason for hoping the purchase would go through as a matter of course ;

but he had relied, alas, less upon the numerical than upon the artistic value of the portraits he introduced into his work, with the result that those members whose portraits were not in the picture resented it as a culpable oversight, and voted against its purchase. Unfortunately they were in the majority, and the picture was not purchased. The painter urged upon the Corporation that every encouragement had been given him by members for the execution of the work. The Corporation's answer was that encouragement by individual members did not constitute a commission from the Corporation as a body, and the artist thereupon had recourse to the law. An action was brought against the Corporation to compel it to purchase the picture, the case being sustained by the written testimony of certain eminent artists of the day, among them Mr W. P. Frith, R.A., as to the artistic merits of the work. Mr Melville lost the action, or, rather, was nonsuited in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court. The Corporation made no demand upon him for its costs, but paid his own and awarded him in addition a sum of three hundred guineas by way of solatium.

It was a bitter disappointment to the painter and to his talented wife, also an artist of considerable excellence, and who herself worked upon the picture. Mr Melville passed away many years ago, but his widow still survives, living, I fear, in straitened circumstances; the failure of this particular venture being followed through the whole of their after-life by a train of sorrows, and leaving a burden of responsibilities from which they never seemed to get free.

I was appealed to by Mrs Melville a short time ago, and regretted I could do nothing for her, as it was impossible again to introduce the matter to the Corporation. She was bearing her misfortunes with dignity, reserve, and not with supplication,

casting no reproaches in the direction in which she conceived her misfortunes to have arisen, but comporting herself in manner and speech as became an English lady. I felt deep sympathy for her at her advanced age of eighty-five.

A municipal body is composed usually in most part of business men fully acquainted with the nature of a contract, and here was no contract. It was a speculation on the part of the artist, based on the hope that lay in the associating elements of a wealthy Corporation; but the artist was standing on one ground, the Corporation on another; and between the two flowed a river which had not been bridged by any formal agreement. The Corporation acted entirely within its rights, while the painter, with true artistic negligence, failed to secure his position at the proper time, but sought when too late to establish it by force. It was altogether a sad occurrence.

On the 17th April 1874, I had occasion to call on the Royal Geographical Society, then in Savile Row. I was shown into a room where the gaslight was burning. The door was closed, and I was left alone for a short but solemn time, for on the long mahogany table lay an oak coffin. It contained the body of David Livingstone. Brought from the interior of Africa by devoted natives, a whole year's journey to the coast, there it was, a vase of scarlet geraniums, African palm leaves, and a few white lilies about the honoured remains, to be laid in a few hours in Westminster Abbey. No earthly fame had he sought. He would not come to England when he might, solely because he would avoid the glamour of the reception which awaited him. Stern in all he conceived to be his duty, his duty lay there, in vast wildernesses and unknown tracts, to discover, to enlighten; and time was short, life was drawing to its close, and he would not spend an hour of it in the plaudits of a world valueless to him when placed beside the great objects he persistently pursued.

CHAPTER VIII

IN my early years at Guildhall, Frederick Woodthorpe was the town clerk. He was a man whose dignified manners and deportment belonged rather to the period with which we associate the repose and courtesies of bygone times. As he entered the office in the morning where all the clerks sat, it was his invariable custom to remove his hat, and with cheery voice exclaim, "Good morning, gentlemen." He was a good reader in the Court of Common Council; its standing orders and modes of procedure were at his finger-ends, and his ruling was delivered with an authority which closely resembled that of the Speaker Peel in the House of Commons. There was no currying favour on his part with any member, however influential the member might be, but a strong independence in all his decisions.

He had an unfortunate predilection for gambling, and not a little of his leisure time, often until late at night, was spent within a hundred yards of the Guildhall where much of this kind of thing went on. It was this which detrimentally affected his domestic life.

He retired in the month of July 1873 on a liberal pension, which he enjoyed only for a few months, for he died in the December of the same year, aged fifty-nine, being succeeded in the town clerkship by Sir John B. Monckton.

Dr Sedgwick Saunders was a useful member of the Corporation and very prominent about this time. He had much to do with the erection of the present commodious Guildhall Library, which took the place

of the insufficient quarters which had served for library purposes since 1824. He was chairman of the committee at the date of the opening of the new building in 1872. Not very long afterwards he relinquished his corporate membership in order to become the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, and having been for many years the colleague of those to whom he now became the servant, he not unnaturally exercised a certain freedom in his dealings with them, which other officials did not feel at liberty to do. Here is an instance which has its amusing side:—At a Court of what is now the Public Health Department he reported having seized a quantity of flour in the east end of London which was being sold to the poor for bread. He had had it analysed, and a large percentage of it was found to be plaster of Paris. His statement was received with derision, as outside the range of possibility, and merely as that of a man anxious to show his zeal in the discharge of his duties. At the ensuing meeting of the Court, placed on the table immediately in front of the chairman's seat, was a hard, white, life-size model of a donkey's head, with abnormally large ears. When inquiry was made as to what it was and why it was there, the doctor stated it had been modelled by a young sculptor friend of his, out of the very flour on which he had reported at the last meeting, without the addition of any other ingredient whatever. "No step," he said, "was then taken; possibly one will be taken now."

Among the many duties, magisterial and otherwise, which fall to the aldermen of the City, one of the least pleasant is the control of the gaols. This brings them, of course, into touch with the criminal class in the periodical official inspections which have to be made, and the settlement of the constant questions which arise. At the time of which I am speaking there were three criminal institutions,

Newgate Gaol, Holloway Prison, and the Debtors' Prison, Whitecross Street. Every Saturday morning the three solemn governors, Jonas, Weatherhead, and Constable, attended before the aldermen at Guildhall with their accounts, for the weekly audit. Edmund Jonas of Newgate Gaol, a thin, small man, always looked dismal, as if he had had a bad week; not a smile did I at any time see upon his pallid face; had he been superintending executions every day, the skull-like face could not have worn a more haunted aspect. Weatherhead of Holloway, a big bluff Yorkshireman, standing six feet two, always came with a cheery smile on his rubicund face, as if he were rejoicing at having escaped, for such good company as ours, the depressing effects of his prison. He always stayed beyond the necessary time, glad of the relief of chatting upon any and every subject but his own. Constable of the Debtors' Prison was totally different from the others. He was gentle and docile, as if in absorbing sympathy with those he had in charge; he seemed to have no touch of severity in his disposition, and indeed no spirit of energy whatsoever. Jonas wielded a cold and sinister authority over his prisoners; Weatherhead, an open and commanding authority, to which the prisoners deferred as to one just and impartial, could be severe and kind; Constable, for all one could tell, seemed as if he had the debts of the universe upon him.

I can recall, one Saturday morning, various samples of rope with which criminals are hanged being submitted to the aldermen for their approval, and being struck and dismayed by it. It seemed to come so terribly home to one. When the conviction took place, at the Old Bailey, of the five Spanish seamen of the sailing ship *The Flowery Land*, for the murder of the ship's British officers, the aldermen expressed the desire that it would be found possible to execute them all at the same time, executions at that time being in public. With a view to this,



[By kind permission of Mr Frederick Hollyer.]

The Right Hon. RUSSELL GURNEY, Q.C., M.P.,
Recorder of London.

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M.

[Face page 54.]



Calcraft, the executioner, attended the aldermen, and the following week returned and reported that he had made careful measurements and could assure them that there was sufficient room and no difficulty whatever "for all of them to hang comfortably." The first time I saw Calcraft I did not know who he was. I could only think what a horrible looking creature he was. He was a strong man, very round shouldered, with a pale face, and a shocking cross-eye; his long white hair fell abundantly over his coat collar. He wore a kind of short black Astrakhan greatcoat and a large felt hat. In his sharp speech and contemptuous, callous way, one could comprehend how a prisoner would fare when given over to his rough, impatient hands.

No abler man ever served the City in the office of Recorder than the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C., M.P. His clear-cut, sensitive face, so finely rendered in the National Gallery portrait of him by the late G. F. Watts, and his tall, spare, upright form and gentle dignity of carriage, made his presence conspicuous wherever he appeared. He served the Corporation well for twenty-two years, and on his retirement in 1878 the Corporation withheld from him the retiring allowance to which he conceived he was entitled. At the bidding of Mr Lowman Taylor, a member for the ward of Cordwainer, a motion that no retiring allowance should be granted him was carried. He did not learn of this decision until the following morning, when, after breakfast, he was seated by the fire perusing the *Times* newspaper, when the paper dropped from his hands and he fell back in his chair with an ashen countenance. It struck him deeply; not the loss of the pension money, for that was of no moment to him, but the attitude taken by a body he had served so faithfully. Such a thing could not happen at the present day. Mr Gurney died a very few months after at the age of seventy-four.

This Deputy Lowman Taylor dominated the Court of Common Council; what he wanted was done, what he did not want was not, no matter who initiated it or who supported it. He was a disagreeable man, with disagreeable ways and manners, which might offend or might not, he did not care. Alderman Sir Charles Whetham, when Lord Mayor, nominated him for the Shrievalty and woefully offended him. At the meeting of the Common Council immediately following the nomination there was occasion for the Lord Mayor to say a few words to the Court on a certain subject, and all the members rose, as is customary when the Lord Mayor is on his feet, all with the exception of Mr Lowman Taylor. The Lord Mayor observed that he kept his seat and called upon him to rise. There was no response. The Lord Mayor requested him a second time, in kindly tones; but to no purpose. Then with some severity he said that if Mr Deputy Lowman Taylor had no regard for Sir Charles Whetham he called upon him to show respect to the office of Lord Mayor. Mr Lowman Taylor still remained immovable, whereupon Sir Charles, seeing that matters were to be pushed to extremes, said, "Well then, unless the Deputy rises I shall not say what I was about to say, and I shall dissolve the Court." Now the Deputy, as Chairman of the Markets Improvements Committee, had a certain report on the agenda paper, which in his view it was imperative to have dealt with that day. He therefore, with some show of reluctance, rose, amid acclamations of approval, in place of the groans and calls to him which had hitherto prevailed, and remained standing until the Lord Mayor resumed his seat.

He was a tall man, clean-shaven, given to stoop. He had no children, his wife was afflicted with an incurable malady, his home at Anerley was not happy, and his whole being seemed soured toward his fellow-men. As for me personally, I have only one

thing to say of him : he was always extremely kind, never said an ill word to me, and on one occasion walked from his office in Queen Street right into the Guildhall arm-in-arm with me, a thing he had never been known to do with any fellow-member of the Court, much less with any official. I think he may have liked me for the sake of my father.

He treated servants, as a rule, with great arbitrariness. There was a porter on the Brighton Railway at London Bridge Station to whom he must have shown at some time or another feeling of this kind. The man took the offence to heart and repaid him for it in the following way. On the day when the Czar Alexander II. came to the Guildhall, Mr Lowman Taylor attended in the brilliant scarlet-and-silver uniform of a deputy-lieutenant of the city, and on his way home passed the ticket examiner at London Bridge with many eyes fixed upon him. It was just at that time that Marshal Bazaine had effected his escape from the place of confinement to which the French Government had consigned him ; the papers were ringing with the details of the escape, and when one of the public inquired of this particular porter who this conspicuous man in scarlet was, he answered, " Marshal Bazaine." The information spread like wildfire ; there was a rush along the platform and on the rails, until hundreds of people were congregated round the carriage in which the Deputy had taken his seat. In his anxiety to ascertain the cause of the commotion around him, he unwarily let down the window and looked out for the purpose of inquiring of some official, when his appearance was met by a roar of applause, mingled with execration, and shouts of " Bravo Bazaine!" " Down with the Germans!" " A bas Bazaine!" " Vive l'Empereur!" and such. It was with the utmost difficulty the train was enabled to start, and not until the next morning, on his arrival at London Bridge, did he learn on inquiry the reason of the extraordinary excitement

of the previous day. The guilty porter sagely winked and showed more politeness than usual to the victimised deputy, who, it is said, was never again known to appear in public in the uniform of a deputy-lieutenant of the city.

Sir Charles Whetham, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1878-9, was not popular in the office, although the actual duties appertaining to the Mayoralty were discharged by him with dignity and efficiency. Apart from other matters, he dispensed with several of the customary banquets, and this was not liked. His reason for doing so was on the score of economy; he was not a rich man. Some years after the conclusion of his year of office he was elected in a remarkable way to the Chair of the Police Committee, the largest committee of the Corporation, consisting of some eighty members. It sounds paradoxical, but his very unpopularity procured him the position. The Chair had been occupied for years by a greatly respected alderman, who looked upon his annual election as certain so long as he was disposed to accept it. He much disliked Sir Charles Whetham, and was instrumental in bringing before the Privileges Committee of the Court of Aldermen, on more than one occasion, the manner in which Sir Charles was conducting the Mayoralty. It had no effect whatever on Sir Charles, who pursued his own course with irritating persistency.

So far was this feeling carried that when he and Lady Whetham attended the Lord Mayor's banquet as ex-Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the termination of his year of office, it was observed that, although well received by the general company of guests, he did not shake hands with either the Lord Mayor or the Lady Mayoress (Sir Francis and Lady Wyatt Truscott), but merely bowed and passed on, a circumstance never before known.

At this meeting of the Police Committee in January 188—, summoned, among other things, to

elect a chairman for the ensuing year, Sir Charles was put into the Chair *pro tem.*, and when the Order of the Common Council reappointing the committee had been read by the town clerk, and the next item on the agenda was the election of a chairman, the alderman in question, who was present, expected his usual nomination for the office, but Sir Charles rose, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Sir C.—“Before we proceed to the election of a chairman, I should like to ask the Police Receiver one or two questions.”

[*Profound silence as the Police Receiver rose.*]

Sir C.—“Mr Police Receiver, will you be good enough to tell me if a dinner of the Police Committee was given in November last?”

P. R.—“Yes, on the 30th of November.”

Sir C.—“Will you tell me who were invited to that dinner?”

P. R.—“Every member of the Police Committee with the exception of Sir Charles Whetham.”

[*Loud cries of “Shame.”*]

Sir C.—“And will you now tell me by whose authority the name of Sir Charles Whetham was omitted from the invitation list?”

P. R.—“By the instructions, Sir Charles, of the chairman, Mr Alderman ——”

[*Loud uproar and cries of indignation.*]

Sir C.—“Thank you, Mr Police Receiver, that is all I wish to ask you. We will now proceed to the election of a chairman.”

Promptly a member rose and proposed that Alderman Sir Charles Whetham be the Chairman of the Police Committee for the ensuing year. It was unanimously carried, and it was distressing to see the late chairman retire from the committee room crestfallen, never again to occupy that chair, from which his cool and dangerous colleague had so adroitly ejected him.

CHAPTER IX

ON the 31st October 1878 the Corporation failed to show its usual sagacity in an appointment it made to an important office in its gift, that of City Remembrancer, rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr William Corrie, who had held it for many years. Unduly influenced, it may be, by a volume of fulsome testimonials from men of high position in many walks of public life (which showed, as Commissioner Kerr at the time observed, what a number of people there were who wanted to get rid of him), it elected Mr Charles Henry Robarts, M.A., to the position. Its mistake was apparent at once. Mr Robarts fell out immediately with his entire staff, all of whom had been officials of the Corporation for many years, and had proved of the highest usefulness to the late occupant of the office. His animus was mainly directed against the chief clerk, Henry Howkins, a man greatly respected throughout Guildhall and at Westminster, a man of tall, attenuated frame, exceptionally strong physically, a major in the militia, and a most energetic worker, with a valuable experience of parliamentary procedure. Mr Robarts discovered, and was glad to discover, that Howkins had been annually receiving, in common with his fellow-clerks, certain discounts, by way of commission, from firms employed and paid by the Corporation. He lost no time in imparting his discovery to the Corporation, who with one voice expressed its condemnation of the practice, although it was a

common and universally acknowledged one in parliamentary circles.¹ Mr Corrie, the late Remembrancer, was perfectly aware of the practice, and he at once intimated to the Corporation that he not only sanctioned it, but himself annually apportioned the respective sums devisable among the members of his staff, thereby assuming entire responsibility for the practice. It would be supposed that this would have had the effect of exonerating the staff, but the intention to wound was too determinate on the part of Mr Robarts, who took dislikes, and his dislike to Howkins manifested itself the moment he entered office. Vigorously aided by the then city solicitor, the suspension, and ultimate dismissal of Howkins, was brought about. Before this serious step was taken of dismissing an officer who had served the Corporation long and faithfully, the whole matter was thoroughly gone into by a committee of investigation, and evidence taken with shorthand notes of it. This brought out no variation of the facts as above narrated, and the position resolved itself into a personal one as between Robarts and Howkins, and poor Howkins, the weaker party, had to go. He was a man who would not have thought of receiving these discounts had any question arisen in his mind as to its rightfulness (for there was no standing order at that time against it), and the termination of his long career in the Corporation service in such a manner had its effect upon his health. At first it appeared nothing more than a dry hacking cough, but, muscularly strong as he was,

¹ The practice was brought to Mr Robarts' knowledge by a member of a firm (himself a member of the Corporation) who did considerable business with the Remembrancer's Office in parliamentary matters. By so informing him he served himself in two ways: firstly, by ingratiating himself with a man with whom he desired to stand well, by providing him with what he knew would be an effective weapon against his staff; and secondly, in enabling his firm to escape further payments of this kind, which he well knew had been going on for forty years or more.

it was soon seen that he was bending under something more sinister than a mere cough.

The Corporation paid Howkins his salary up to Christmas 1880, together with a sum of £500 in lieu of notice, and in July 1882 a further sum of £450 in consideration of his then weakened physical condition; but the blow he had received was too severe, his nervous system broke down, rapid consumption set in, and he died at Plympton, in Devonshire, on the 6th November 1882.

And now, how did the Corporation fare with Mr Charles Henry Robarts? It treated him well, as it invariably does a newly-elected officer, making ample allowance for every little slip or inaccuracy, and extending to him most amiable indulgence. But the long rope it thereby gave him was by no means long enough. The rope he eventually grew to take brought the Corporation into that condition of mind which pauses and reflects. At first it was in the various committees that his inefficiency revealed itself, in minor details which suggested if it did not absolutely declare mismanagement. The papers in his office, liable to be called for at any moment, were at all times in a deplorable state of disarrangement. He evolved new ways of keeping vouchers for accounts he paid, which did not commend itself to the business-like men composing the committees. On a certain occasion he produced before one of these committees, in my presence, a patent file he had himself devised, and in which a number of vouchers had already been placed. A member ventured to suggest that they might all fall out and get disarranged. "Not at all," he said, "they were all quite firmly held," challenging the speaker with the test that it might be thrown across the room and it would remain absolutely intact. "Throw it, then," said the member, and Robarts threw it, high in the air, and most unluckily for him it proved unequal to the test: it came apart, and the multitude of vouchers

floated, with broad sidelong flights, leisurely to the floor, amid a loud burst of uproarious laughter.

Again, as the presiding officer of the arrangements for Lord Mayor's Day, in order, as he thought, to effect an improvement in the customary method of seating the guests at the banquet, he devised a large board, on which the plan of the tables was drawn, and in it were bored 855 holes for the reception of pegs to represent the guests. As a seat was allotted so a hole was filled up with a peg, and in due time nearly every hole had its peg; one could see at a glance what seats were still unallotted, and the idea seemed to work admirably. The committee contemplated it with interest, Robarts danced about it in glee, as if to convey the impression that if all other things connected with him were wrong this board was right. But at precisely the most critical time, about five days before the banquet, as he was reaching eagerly across it for some document or other, he overturned it, and when it was righted only about half a dozen pegs were retaining their places. The utmost confusion ensued, and no one ever knew how the great function went through without disturbance and conflict, for several of the guests, as it afterwards transpired, had one card and two seats, while others had two cards and no seat.

It was the city solicitor's department which did most on that occasion to save the situation. To Sir Thomas Nelson did Robarts rush, in his frantic embarrassment, and his whole staff, led by Nelson himself, was at once put on, to bring some measure of order out of the sea of disorder with which they were confronted.

In committees, something in the nature of this kind of incident was frequently occurring:—

Rem.—"These letters, gentlemen, are private, or quasi-private."

A Member.—"Are they on Corporation matters; are they upon the matter now before us?"

Rem.—"Please allow me to make a statement."

Chorus of Members.—"No, no; read the letters or make a report in writing."

Rem.—"The committee originally decided to go with the Metropolitan Board of Works."

Chorus.—"We do not want that; we know all about that!"

Rem.—"But I must preface the reading of the letters by a few observations."

A Member.—"I rise to a point of order."

[*General clamour.*]

Mr Robarts then read the letters without any preparatory remarks, on which the chairman stated they were conclusive in that the Remembrancer had undone everything the committee had decided upon.

Rem.—"Excuse me——"

Chorus.—"We have had quite enough of it, Mr Remembrancer."

[*General uproar and dispersal.*]

All this was very irritating to busy men in commercial life, who, giving up, perhaps, the most precious hours of the day to attend to Corporation business, had the right to expect it to be in some form correct and ready for them, and it had the effect of producing a growing dissatisfaction through the whole corporate body.

I should say it was financial extravagance which ultimately brought matters to a crisis. The opportunity placed in Robarts' hands was too tempting to deter him from extending patronage to his overwhelmingly numerous friends at the Bar. With the purse of the Corporation of London, and the wide discretionary power which was allowed him, he swayed the sceptre of that power royally. A prodigiously large sum was paid away in one year in counsels' fees. It was "Oh, let us be joyful" with the whole of the Parliamentary Bar. But the

Corporation were beginning to bethink themselves. Less than a fifth of that sum had hitherto been spent in a year. Side talks began, smouldering fires were breaking into flame, and when on the 3rd February 1881, less than two and a half years from the date of his appointment, he presented himself to the Corporation with other officers for the customary annual re-election, it was plainly seen that opinion had crystallised, that the mind of almost the entire Court of Common Council was made up, and ready for the bold and definite step taken by Mr Thomas Rudkin, who moved that Mr Robarts be not re-elected. It was almost unanimously carried. Like a thunderbolt it came on Robarts. He had not the eye to discern the way things were moving.

He staggered to his feet at the officers' table and endeavoured to speak, but so great was the uproar he could not be heard, and when it somewhat subsided it seemed as if agitation had paralysed the power of speech, for I saw him standing there gesticulating with his mouth open but no sound coming from it. Amid the resumed roar of deprecatory voices he took his way out of the Council Chamber.

An action was promptly brought by him against the Corporation for restitution of office or payment to him in lieu thereof of a large sum of money. It was defeated in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court, and on the 9th March 1883 this decision was upheld by the Court of Appeal.

Then began the long series of applications by him to the Corporation, not now dictatorial and defiant but subdued and supplicating; no rights being left on which he could stand, he showed no hesitation in prostrating himself.

His first application for compensation, read 26th April 1883, suffered the unenviable indignity of being ordered to "lie on the table."

The second effort made on 15th November 1883, praying that the whole case might have the Corpora-

tion's "generous consideration," met with no better fortune, for what is termed the "previous question" was moved and carried. On the 28th February 1884 he again importuned the Corporation by letter for some consideration in view of the losses his non-re-election had caused him, but it was negatived in an assembly of 161 members.

On the 24th April 1884, a member whose sympathies outweighed his judgment was got to move that his letter of the 28th February 1884 should be referred to a committee to report upon, but it was resolved not to put the question to the meeting.

Then on the 16th October 1884, as a last despairing act, he presented a formal petition at the Bar of the Court, that in the exercise of its customary generosity an award might be made to him, having regard to all the circumstances of the case (all the circumstances might be comprehended in the fact that he was an inefficient officer and not worth his salt, and had recklessly squandered Corporation money), but this petition the Corporation actually referred to a committee to consider and report its recommendation thereon, and it is difficult indeed now to believe even the written record that the Corporation could allow itself to be so successfully importuned by such a man, for on the 18th February 1885 it not only agreed not to enforce the payment of the large bill of law costs which still stood against him, but made him a present of 1600 sovereigns. He died not so very long ago; but during the last years of his life I occasionally saw him in Piccadilly, walking slowly along, trailing his umbrella upon the pavement, and his mouth almost always widely open, the complete personification of a purposeless man and therefore of a useless one, in fact a consummate human failure.

The Music Committee was another of the committees the work of which fell to me on the retirement of Mr Catty. I had been associated with it from its

initiation. It was not the large organisation of thirty-five members, which now controls the Guildhall School of Music—it consisted of only twelve members, men who by persistence, united to a zeal for music, had prevailed upon the Corporation to take up its tuition as one of its municipal trusts. It is looked on now as a branch of work entirely consonant with municipal effort, but at that time (1880) it was regarded as anything but that. “What are we coming to next, my Lord Mayor, dancing and deportment?” was one of the inquiries made by a member in the Court of Common Council. The movement was not exactly laughed at, it was smiled upon in a spirit of good-natured toleration, as on an enterprise which was only for a time and would not last. The Corporation allowed this committee of twelve the use of the commodious premises in Aldermanbury, now converted into offices for the town clerk and his staff. It was a disused wool warehouse which had been for some time unlet, and belonged to the Corporation.

Sufficient funds were furnished to allow of the fullest opportunity for starting and developing the novel venture. The committee appointed Mr Weist-Hill as principal of the school. He had been all along, as it were, in the side-pocket of the most influential member of the committee, and was now brought out, and Mr Charles P. Smith, who for long had been hand-in-glove with Weist-Hill, settled down comfortably as secretary. Both were excellent men. Weist-Hill, though erratic, and at times vexatiously unmanageable, was a good musician; and if he were provokingly indifferent to the details of the organisation of a school such as this, in flagrant disobedience at times to the distinct orders of the governing committee, no better man existed than he when, baton in hand, he was instructing his orchestra in rehearsal, or leading it in a formal concert. Of Smith the secretary, only one thing can be said: he was

loyal to the Corporation and to the school itself in the fullest sense of the term, and when he died in 1895, from what I saw and knew of him and of the irritation he had to bear from morning till night, attending to the everlasting inquiries of hundreds of students, without the remotest chance of fresh air or exercise, he was harried, hustled, worried, jaded into an untimely grave at the age of forty-five.

The school started with sixty-two pupils; and as time went on the enterprise was so responded to by the public, additional students pouring in from all parts, that early in its career it was found necessary to limit the number, and the limit was fixed at five hundred, the utmost the rooms in Aldermanbury could accommodate.

It was recognised that the movement which those twelve gentlemen had promulgated had come to stay; and inasmuch as the Corporation always, when it sees it is on the right road, gives a firm grasp to any problem, it now took the only steps which could be regarded as the right ones. It altered the constitution of the governing committee from the little "close borough" of twelve to a full ward committee of thirty-five. Its next step was to devote a piece of its land on the Victoria Embankment to the erection of a suitable building. This building was formally opened in 1886, and it has cost the Corporation's private funds, with the extensions which subsequently became necessary, upwards of £50,000.

The demand for musical education was apparent. In acting as it did the Corporation was supplying a want it had only just discovered; it was carrying out one of the chief canons of its existence as a corporate body, and accumulating to itself the approbation and goodwill of the public. It was affording sound musical tuition at the minimum of cost, and to the musical profession it was rendering signal service. Some eighty professors or teachers of music came within very little time on to the com-

mittee's books, several of them of considerable eminence, such as Sir Julius Benedict, Mr J. B. Welch, and Mr Albert Visetti, with payments from the Corporation varying from £40 to £800 annually, and this in place of, or in addition to, the precarious earnings in their private practice, on which till the school was established they had to rely. The number of students rose continually, until eventually, leaving the modest limit of five hundred of past years far behind, it reached three thousand, four hundred.

When I forsook my association with the institution it was still going from prosperity to prosperity, and to-day is one of the leading establishments in London for the tuition of music, under the experienced guidance of the present principal, Mr Landon Ronald, the gifted successor of Mr Weist-Hill, Sir Joseph Barnby, and Dr W. H. Cummings, the former occupants of that responsible position.

CHAPTER X

IN the course of my official work I had occasion once to pay a visit to Captain Shaw, the Chief Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, on a question in relation to the water supply. After the transaction of our business he took me over the headquarters of the brigade in the Southwark Bridge Road. As he was conducting me out he paused in a lofty shed immediately facing the roadway, where two fire engines were stationed in readiness to start on any sudden call of fire. It was a hot July day—not a sound scarcely was to be heard, nor a fireman to be seen. A strange stillness was over the place; one could almost hear the purring of the cat. Shaw said, "Here, take my chronometer, I'm going to touch this bell. Watch." He pressed the button of an electric bell, and in an instant sixteen men appeared from heaven knows where, all helmeted and in readiness, with four clattering horses harnessed. These were backed into the two engines, the drivers leaped to their seats, the others scrambled on as the wheels were turning, and with a rattle of hoofs the first engine was through the gates, out and away, with the second close at its heels. I caught sight of the captain's signal to the drivers, which he said meant "to the top of the street and back." I had kept my eye on the chronometer, and as the captain inquired "How long?" I answered 33 seconds the first engine, 42 the second. It was a smart piece of work.

He was one of the most popular heads of the London Fire Brigade, and a brilliantly efficient

officer. He fell out with the London County Council; the two authorities could not see eye to eye, and he resigned his position. He was unfortunate afterwards in losing one of his feet through some malady, and came to be drawn up daily to the park at Hyde Park corner in a bath-chair, where I frequently saw him, nearly always in the same spot, chatting with his friends in the sunshine.

When the Corporation decided in 1881, through its Port of London Sanitary Committee, to subject the water of the river Thames to examination for the purpose of ascertaining the extent to which its purification was affected by the obnoxious outfalls at Barking, it became necessary to engage scientific experts. One of these, Professor Charles Meymott Tidy, attended one morning at the Guildhall for the purpose of conferring in an informal way on the subject of the analysis which would have to be made of the water. The chairman of the committee asked Tidy what his fee would be. Tidy replied with alacrity that his retaining fee would be one guinea. The chairman turned to me with the observation that that "wouldn't hurt us," meaning the Corporation, and forthwith informed the renowned analyst that the City would be glad to retain his scientific services for the purposes of the inquiry. The retaining fee, as I said, was one guinea, which the careful chairman appeared to think would cover all that Tidy would be called upon to do; but his fee for analysing the water from, be it remembered, the neighbourhood of Teddington to as far down the river as the Nore Lightship was four guineas per analysis, and as he was required to make over five hundred analyses the account he ultimately presented for payment was close upon £2400.

He was a remarkable man, always interesting to converse with. He stood high in his profession as an analytical chemist. Tall and slight of build, livid of face, and with a shock of black hair falling over

his coat collar, he looked a weird being, as if his sustenance consisted of the sinister things he had to analyse. I remember being told that at an International Exhibition held in Vienna some thirty years ago, he was retained as one of the experts to test wines, several other notable experts from other European countries also being there for the like purpose, and in carrying out their operations considerable annoyance was caused by the almost invariable accuracy of Tidy's judgment in the tests he was called upon to make. Where his colleagues were frequently at fault, he rarely was; and so much irritation resulted, that they conspired together to practise a deception upon him, little knowing the extraordinary man with whom they had to deal. When the clarets were under consideration they contrived surreptitiously to mix two together, a Chateau Margaux and a Chateau La Rose, and Tidy, tasting it, smacked his lips, rolled the wine about in his mouth, and took two or three tastes, with an air of perplexity, and then he said: "Curious wine, don't recognise it; in this cheek it's Chateau Margaux, and in the other it's Chateau La Rose. Whose is it? Where did it come from?—never met it before."

In July 1875 an extremely popular and unprecedented reception was given at the Guildhall. The Prefect of the Seine and the Municipal Authorities of the various continental cities were invited to meet the representatives of the Corporations of the United Kingdom. The object was to promote a friendly feeling among those associated with local self-government. It took the form of a banquet on the 29th July to 600 guests, and a ball on the following evening to 4000.

At the banquet, confined unhappily to those of the male sex, an extraordinary spectacle presented itself, in the costumes of the prefects, syndics, burgo-masters, and mayors of the continental cities. In many instances they were gorgeous in colour, and

expressive in their medieval aspect, coming down, as many had, from far-away times. The company were seated in the Great Hall with its sombre Gothic roof. A small platform with a pianoforte had been thrown out over the stone steps opposite to the main entrance, and to where the Lord Mayor sat; and as soon as the assembly arrived at the dessert, three notable operatic singers presented themselves in the persons of Signor Campobello, and his wife Clarice—known to the world as Madame Sinico—and Madame Demeric Lablache. Madame Sinico enlivened the company at once with Meyerbeer's "Roberto, Oh! tu che adoro," the beautiful voice ringing throughout the spacious hall. Her enjoyment of it was apparent. It was followed after a time by Ardit's Cantata, "Il Bacio," strength and finish marking its execution. She held no music, the gloved hands just folded before her. Each time as she went forward to sing I drew her cloak from her shoulders, and restored it there when the song was over. Her task done, she abandoned herself to the liveliest enjoyment in conversation and repartee. Excitement at the applause she had had still flushed the olive cheeks. She had done her work as finely as it could be done, and she knew it.

To descend to the mundane, I took from my pocket an envelope containing two bank-notes, one for £100, and one for £5, which I handed to her in acknowledgment of the beautiful service she and her companions had rendered. She immediately held it up laughingly to her husband at the opposite side of the table, and then slipped it into her bodice.

As years went on she lost her big blonde husband. A fine fellow he was, and very handsome; and her voice beginning to falter presumably on the higher walks of excellence, she took to instructing others for a time—only for a time, a short time; and then she too passed away, leaving a memory, such as goes with others to enrich life. Would that those who go from us could sometimes know this!

The preparation for receptions of this character at the Guildhall was really capital fun. They were all conducted on practically the same lines. The Corporation Committee would determine the general points to be observed, and as far as possible to whom invitations should be sent, a subject always treated on broad lines, so as to ensure the gathering being representative. Then six or eight of us would stay—it did not matter how late in the evening, often, however, till the small hours—in dealing with the details, dispatching invitations, and recording the replies as they came in, substituting others according to our judgment for those who declined, guided by supplementary lists approved by the committee. We dined together bounteously at the Corporation's expense at seven o'clock, and then over coffee, cigars, or pipes, would leisurely, and often hilariously, go through the evening. There was much merriment tossed about, however close and serious the work might be, and if at times a note of severity came up at any slip in exactitude, it came all in good part.¹

There was at this time at Guildhall a clerk of the works by name Henry Weekes, of a convivial nature, and addicted to intemperance. After many warnings he was summoned before the General Purposes Committee for censure, and possibly dismissal from his post. Just when he was about to be called in, it occurred to a genially-minded member of the committee that it would only be fair to the man to hear what his chief had to say about it, and learn from him if any excusing word could be said concerning him. His chief was Sir Horace Jones, the city architect, and in obedience to the committee's request he came swaggering in, a large and very corpulent man, displaying a spacious white waistcoat

¹ I have more than once on these occasions spent the entire night at the Guildhall, breakfasting next morning at the Cannon Street Hotel; but one was young then.

and a massive gold chain, and swinging his hat in his right hand from side to side. He gathered what he was wanted for. He liked Weekes; Weekes was a useful man to him; always at his elbow, anticipating his momentary requirements, and he was loth to lose him, despite the man's frequent displays of weakness. When called upon for his views, he deferentially, but deeply, deplored the man's unfortunate failing, but he ventured to observe (and this with bounteous smiles, and not a little light jocularly) that no member of the Corporation could blind his eyes to the fact that everyone connected with it ought to be a two-bottled man. A unanimous burst of laughter greeted this astute remark. The threatening intentions were converted into commiseration, if not into sympathy. Poor, terrified Weekes was not even called in and reprimanded, and he served the Corporation faithfully for many years afterwards, with possibly only an occasional slip, of which no one took any notice, and he died in office.

Among the excellent works Sir Horace Jones carried through for the Corporation, was the present fine Council Chamber at the Guildhall. He was a man who married very late in life, and he was immensely proud of the son that was born to him. When this son was about five years old, he took him with him in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day, thinking it would amuse the child. The Press with its usual sagacity seized upon the incident, and recorded in their columns the following item in the procession: "The City Architect in his State carriage drawn by four horses, with the latest edition of Horace."

CHAPTER XI

AT this time the Act was in force for controlling those who were doing business in the city of London as stock and share brokers. It had been in operation since the reign of Queen Anne, undergoing certain modifications in 1817 and 1870. It was administered by the Court of Aldermen. Up to 1870 it was incumbent on a broker to enter into a personal bond with the Court of Aldermen to the amount of £1000, and to find two sureties in the sum of £250 each, for the proper performance of his business as a broker, and also to pay annually to the Corporation a sum of £5. He was then granted a parchment certificate, under the hand of the town clerk, by way of license. From the year 1840 a white-metal medallion had also been handed to him. In 1870 the bonds, sureties, and medals were abolished, but the annual payment of the £5 remained, as also the liability for a penalty of £100 for every transaction done by an uncertificated broker. Of course these regulations were evaded, but detections occurred from time to time and the legal penalty was enforced. To any one who gave information leading to the detection of any such offender a reward of £50 was given.

There was an elderly Scotsman of the name of Thomas Colquhoun, whose transactions in the stock markets had not, presumably, been attended with success, and to console himself, or animated perhaps by a spirit of retaliation against the body of stock-brokers, or in the hope, it may be, of recovering some

small moiety of what he had lost, he employed much of his time in seeking out and reporting those who were acting as brokers without the proper licence, claiming the reward for so doing. His practice when he had reason to suspect any man of being an offender was to call at the Guildhall to confirm his suspicion. His next step was to call upon the broker at his office, and in a simple-minded manner inform him he had a small sum of money to invest, and as soon as he had received the certificate for his purchase, to proceed to the town clerk's office and inform against him. I remember him well. Time after time he would come to the office with beaming countenance, flourishing high above him his new certificate, with the joyful exclamation, "I have got another." In due course the broker would be brought to book; and the reward paid to Mr Colquhoun. As far as my recollection serves me, he must have carried off in this way a considerable sum.

The Corporation's receipt from these £5 payments amounted to something like £9000 annually, but in 1884 an Act was passed, taking effect as from 29th September 1886, called The London Brokers' Relief Act, which abolished the Corporation's control over the brokers, together with the £5 tax and the penalty.

An effort was made to regain possession of the medals which had been issued in past years, and several scores of these are now in the custody of the town clerk. Specimens are on view in the Guildhall Museum. On the obverse was the Royal Arms in strong relief, and on the reverse the City Arms, with the name engraved of the individual to whom it was issued.

A certain member of the Corporation connected with the central markets, a clear-headed business man and a forcible speaker, became chairman of an important committee of which I was acting as clerk. I cannot say he was a gentleman, his vocation in life,

associated as he had been throughout his career with a rough element of mankind, almost forbade that he should be one, but he was kindly and considerate, and if his appearance were against him, that was not his fault.

The poor man, prosperous enough at one time, got into financial straits. Odd things came whispering round concerning him, and at one meeting of the committee he did not put in an appearance. There was a look of foreboding about this circumstance, seeing that he had to occupy the chair, and had sent no excuse for non-attendance. A short time afterwards his bankruptcy was announced, and later on, at a meeting held one hot July afternoon, a member had with him a list of the creditors of the unfortunate gentleman. It was eagerly scanned by all present, and when they came to an item on the list, "Temple—£70," there was a general exclamation of indignation. They all knew well enough that he and I had been in close association, consulting incessantly over the committee's affairs, but that he should have taken advantage of this association to draw £70 out of me was more than they could bear, I being at the time an officer with a moderate salary and slender private means. A good deal of talk went on among themselves; I was writing busily at the time, and did not pay much attention to it, but presently one of their number (a Mr Taylor) came to me, the others following, and said, "Look here, Temple, we are not going to let you lose this £70, we have made it up personally amongst us. Here is £60 of it and you shall have the remainder to-morrow or next day." "What do you mean?" I said, "I don't understand." "Well," said one of them, "you are down here as a creditor for £70 which Mr X. has had of you, and we do not mean you to lose it, that is all." "May I look at the list?" I said. I saw the position clearly then, and told them I scarcely knew how to express adequate appreciation of their warm-hearted kind-

ness. I said, "I am not the Temple referred to in this list. I have never lent Mr X. any money at any time."

There was once another member of the Corporation of the name of Edward Jex. He was a large man, of cumbrous build, with a heavy voice, a salesman at Billingsgate Market, and accustomed therefore to use his voice loudly. On one occasion in the Court of Common Council, he was speaking with unusual ardour, even for him, flinging about his arms in demonstration of the point he was urging, until those on either side of him bent away for safety's sake; and on his resuming his seat he was followed by a speaker of classic leanings, who remarked that the speech to which they had just been listening recalled to his mind the impressive spectacle of "E. Jex defying the lightning."

One kind old Common Councilman I am reminded of, a Mr R.—everyone loved him—invariably regarded the 9th of November festivity as something not to be missed in the way of unrestrained indulgence. At the conclusion of the evening, were it twelve or two o'clock, he both was and was not. Understanding he retained in a measure, sufficient apparently to guide his footsteps safely, as in his accustomed phrase he was wont to say to the watchman in Guildhall Yard, "Just turn my face westward, watchman, and I shall get home." He was a tall man, with a somewhat fierce aspect and a bushy black beard. He was never known not to get home safely.

The two Lawrences, Sir William and Sir James, will always be remembered with feelings akin to affection by those who were associated with them in the Corporation. Rising through the building trade to financial prosperity, to become by progressive elections representative citizens, each had spent his money freely in dignifying the successive civic positions to which each had been called. I mention them here in order to record an instance of the

warm-hearted concern for others which throughout their careers appeared to animate them.

On their retirement from business in 1879, they conceived and carried through together a scheme for its continuation, which amply shows the large and generous nature of them both. The whole idea was to work for the benefit of those who had served them faithfully for many years. The good-will of their business, together with all plant and undertakings in hand, were made over absolutely to nine of their employees, in whose hands the sum of £30,000 was left as working capital, and it was understood that only when the business allowed of it was any portion of this sum to be paid off, and none at all of it should the firm fail, until 20s. in the £ had been paid to the firm's creditors. It was the year 1906 which witnessed the repayment of the last instalment of this £30,000.

This was very different from another firm of two brothers I knew in the City, who had carried on a long-established business with great prosperity. A time came when they concluded that enough had been amassed to provide amply for themselves. Fair notice to leave was given to their staff, the business was closed down, the premises sold, and the wide connection, honoured and profitable, became of no use to any particular man or group of men, who knew it so well, but merely went to augment the business of those who had hitherto been their competitors.

In this same year, 1884, I was the plaintiff in a lawsuit in which a sum of £1800 was involved, which I considered was due to my wife. My solicitors thought it best to brief Frank Lockwood for the case, and on the morning of the trial before Mr Justice Stirling, I attended at the High Court. I had never seen my opponent, nor he me. By mistake I entered on the defendant's side of the Court, and stood there in the gangway waiting. Presently, I

observed an elderly gentleman in the well of the Court beckon to a pallid-faced individual a short distance away, who left his seat, and the two men came and stood close to me, so close indeed that I could not fail to hear every word that was said. The pallid-faced individual was my opponent, the elderly gentleman his solicitor, who, with bated breath, said to him, "They have got Lockwood, you had better settle." The two paid no attention to me and returned to their respective seats, talking as they went. Moving leisurely out of the Court, I re-entered on the plaintiff's side and immediately informed my solicitor what I had quite innocently overheard. The next thing I saw as the judge was entering the Court was four wigged heads close together, followed by the announcement on the part of Mr Lockwood that the case had been settled by mutual arrangement, the terms of which, as they affected me, being that I obtained the whole of the sum I claimed, together with costs.

Sir Polydore De Keyser was a generous and open-hearted man. He served the office of Lord Mayor in 1888. He was a native of Termonde in Belgium, the town which has suffered so grievously from the Germans in the present war. He once told me of an interesting incident which took place at the hotel of which he was the sole proprietor, the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars.

One evening in the month of July 18—, three gentlemen presented themselves at the hotel and took their seats at table for dinner. The waiter inquired if they were residing at the hotel, and on their replying in the negative, informed them that only resident visitors were served with dinner. Upon learning this they warmly protested, and the waiter, not knowing quite what to do, called in the manager who reiterated what the waiter had told them, and said it was a rule of the establishment that only residents were served. Upon this one of the three,

who happened to be a barrister, said that he knew all about hotel law, and that the hotel was bound to serve them with anything they required in the way of meat and drink. The poor manager felt himself unable to hold his own in the presence of the dread majesty of the law, and in view of the very resolute attitude of the newcomers thought it best to consult Sir Polydore De Keyser, who happened to be in at the moment. He at once came down from his room, and approaching the gentlemen with his characteristic courtesy, urged upon them the rule prevailing in his hotel; but seeing that all he could advance was to no purpose, and that if he insisted in this case on the observance of the rule a disturbance might be occasioned, instructed his manager to serve them with anything they wished. He behaved to them so deferentially that they could not but take some blame to themselves for forcing the position, and to ease, as it were, their conscience, they laid themselves out for an extravagant dinner, far beyond their original intention, with a plentiful supply of costly wines, bringing up the expense of it to nearly £5. Then they called for the bill. The manager approached them with the display still of every politeness, to inform them that there was nothing to pay, that Sir Polydore had instructed him to tell them that as they had gone so far as to insist on being supplied with dinner it left him no alternative but to supply them, but that he could not charge them anything. Remonstrance was useless, even the lordly tips which were proffered were loyally declined both by the manager and the waiter, and no three men ever beat a retreat with greater chagrin, or with a deeper sense of having occupied a most unsatisfactory position, than they.

While I am speaking of Sir Polydore De Keyser I must relate an amusing incident which occurred in 1888 when he was Lord Mayor.

The late Mr T. J. Barratt, the head of Pears,

Limited, took especial care to make a conspicuous, not to say imposing, feature of the firm's commercial commodities at the International Exhibition held in Paris in 1888. Sir Polydore De Keyser was the president of the British section of that exhibition, and a day or two before the opening he proceeded with the executive committee to make a formal inspection of the various stalls in the British department. On coming to the exhibit of “Pears, Limited,” it was observed to be so stupendously prominent that the Lord Mayor insisted vehemently on a representation being made to the firm to effect modifications. Mr Barratt, who had exercised the greatest care in the construction and picturesqueness of his firm's display, resented this criticism, and impulsively addressed a reply which, while couched in courteous terms, was calculated to hit hard a man who was known to live well and seldom to deny himself. The letter was so bound to give offence that the Lord Mayor's representative, who opened it, decided to keep it from his lordship, who, however, accidentally came upon it a few days later. In his indignation he at once intimated by letter to Mr Barratt that unless his communication were instantly and unreservedly withdrawn he would take legal proceedings against him for libel. The answer which Mr Barratt sent to this was characteristic of the man, enterprising as he was: “My dear Lord Mayor, fire away; capital advertisement for Pears.” Although several letters were subsequently interchanged no apology was tendered on the part of Mr Barratt, nor was any action brought, and the matter eventually passed into forgetfulness.

I mention here a journey I took for a few days about this time into Warwickshire with my old and esteemed friend Mr H. C. Overall, because during it there was an occurrence which nearly cost me my life. Among many most interesting things we saw at Coventry (which by the way still teems with the

legend of Lady Godiva) was a large piece of tapestry which hung in the Guildhall. Groups of angels were represented on either side moving in adoration towards a central figure. This central figure was said to have once been the Virgin Mary, but in puritanical times it was torn out and replaced by the austere figure of Justice.

Having seen much of interest in the towns of Warwick, Coventry, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon, we started on the day before our return to walk to Kenilworth. It was a crisp April morning. Our way lay through the park of Stoneleigh Abbey, and when about half-way we noticed, some distance from the path, a large elm tree being felled. Some dozen men were at work, and by the time we arrived on the scene the axes had made the usual peg-top of the thick base of the trunk and the tree was ready to fall. My friend and I stood at the base, as the men, out of the radius of the tree's fall, began pulling the rope, already attached to a lofty branch. The tree swayed but slightly, and the base creaked and groaned, but the strength was not sufficient. My friend thought perhaps that one more hand would do it, and went across to where the men were gathered, but the assistance he afforded had no effect, he was merely lifted into the air. Possibly, I thought, just one more might make all the difference, and I left the base of the tree and was leisurely making my way toward the group, when I heard a shout as if the earth were opening and beheld the huge mass of branches, like a mighty cloud, coming right on to me. I sprang, and then I fell on my face on the turf. An instant only was left to me to know whether I were saved or not. A shower of twigs lashed my back and legs like so many whips, and then a mighty roar, and all was still. I rose to my feet and saw my friend and the men racing towards me. Blood was flowing from my nose and ears, but I was alive. I was impressed with the narrowness of my escape

when one of the men brought me my dogskin glove which he had found lying half underneath a bough sixteen inches in diameter, which he said would have crushed me a foot into the ground. After the dazing effect of it had somewhat subsided we resumed our way to Kenilworth, and after lunch sat smoking in the porch of the rustic inn, I musing for what things better or worse I was reserved in this world of accidents and calamities.

That summer, at the top of a notable pass in Scotland, and towards midday, I started to walk through the pass, about sixteen miles. There were three men with me whom I had met for the first time the evening before. They too would like to see the pass. When about half the way through, they thought it monotonous and turned back, leaving me to journey on alone. I did not hurry, and the dusk was deepening by the time I arrived at the further end and caught sight of the lonely little inn there, which stood facing an expanse of moorland, with the black frowning crags of the last mountains of the pass behind it. I was ready for a rest, and hungry, but dismayed beyond measure when I was told the inn was full and that no possible corner was available for me. However, they could give me some dinner, after which I saw there was nothing for it but to walk a further ten miles to the nearest village. While I was heartily enjoying the repast, the welcome news came that they could give me a room. I therefore soon after settled down comfortably to my pipe until the hour of retirement. About ten o'clock I went to my room, which was at the end of a lonely corridor, but on entering and putting my candle down, I was struck by a curious odour. At first I thought it was dampness, and then I recognised it as the unmistakable odour of a corpse. I went to the door to lock it, but there was neither key nor bolt. I examined the various articles of furniture, looked into the cupboards and under the bed, and then sat

down gloomily and thought. What could it mean? Tired as I was I felt I could not undress, and certainly could not enter that bed and sleep; my whole nature seemed to revolt against some forbidding and inexplicable thing. Fortunately my candle was a fresh one, and would burn for several hours, and the nights were short. It may be I dozed off in the armchair, but it was never for more than a minute or two. Short as the night was it was the longest I ever spent. With the first gleam of dawn, with the candle still burning, I arose, refreshed myself with a good wash, and went out to the front of the inn. No one was stirring, but daylight was gathering quickly and the sun would soon be up. I wandered about on the near moorland, fully resolved to quit the place at once, much as I wished to spend a day or two, as I had intended, amid that desolate scenery. Very soon after breakfast I had paid my score and was on the white roadway. The day was Sunday and I noticed the shepherds coming from several distant points over the moor to what was an appointed meeting spot, each with his dog. When I arrived in the afternoon at M—— I was greeted at the inn door by the landlord. I told him from whence I had come.

“Ah,” he said, “they have had sad doings there.”

“Indeed,” I said. “What?”

“The landlord has just died; killed himself—last Thursday.”

“Oh,” I observed, “then he is not buried yet?”

“Oh, no,” he replied, “he is to be buried next Tuesday.”

“His body is still there?” I inquired.

“Oh, yes. I am going on Tuesday to the funeral.”

I could see it all clearly now. When I arrived at the inn the corpse was in that room, and it was removed to make room for me.

CHAPTER XII

THE Guildhall Art Gallery was established by the Corporation of London in 1886, and in accepting the directorate to which, against six other candidates, I was elected unanimously, I gave up, as I have before stated, half the income I was then receiving from the Corporation ; but my work would be congenial, and I should be in the position referred to not long ago by Mr Winston Churchill, who said, "The lucky, fortunate, happy people in the world are those whose work is also their pleasure."

I should here mention that I owed my election not a little to two well-known artists. One was Mr W. W. Ouless, R.A., the portrait painter, the other Frank Holl, R.A., whom I had first met some five years before.

My first meeting with Holl is worth recording, showing as it does the geniality of the man. It was summer time, and at the Tan-y-Bwlch Hotel, North Wales. My wife and I had arrived late on the Saturday evening, and on the Sunday morning, resorting to my accustomed pipe, I found I had come away without tobacco. I inquired of the waiter and found there was none to be had nearer than Bettwsy Coed, six miles away. From the room in which we were, we could hear men's voices in the hotel porch, from which clouds of tobacco smoke were issuing into the sunlit air, and then a voice, evidently to the waiter of whom I had been inquiring, "A man without tobacco ; here, waiter, take him my pouch." The voice was Frank Holl's, and the incident led to

our acquaintance. For nearly three weeks we were in companionship, one of the others being Leader, who was always at that time painting in that district. Holl's poor heart was giving him trouble then, for one Sunday evening we essayed the ascent of Moel Siabod, and were scarcely a quarter of the way up when he shrank from going farther, and returned leisurely to the hotel. Eight years after this he died, at the early age of forty-three, at the height of his power as a painter of portraits. It was a genre work which in 1869 first brought him into notice—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away" (a work bequeathed to the Guildhall Gallery in 1916 by the late Mr F. C. Pawle of Reigate); and but for the chance painting in 1879 of the portrait of his old friend, Mr Cousins, the Curator of the Royal Academy Schools, he would probably never have forsaken that phase of genre painting; but the portrait in question unmistakably revealed his true vocation, and the possession of a rare capacity and insight into character, which "through all hindrance finds the man"; this, united to his remarkable facility in handling, brought him on all sides commissions.

He told me that when he was painting the portrait of the late Duke of Cleveland in 1886, the Duke used to come to his studio in Fitzjohn's Avenue in a four-wheeled cab, and would roam about the studio, peering here, there, and everywhere, while Holl was waiting, palette and brushes in hand, for him to take his seat on the platform. He would give Holl no warning of the termination of a sitting, but simply say he should not sit any more then, and get up and leave, more likely than not, just when Holl was at some all-absorbing and critical piece of modelling. Once during a sitting a brilliant equipage drove up to the house, and the next moment the Duchess was ushered into the studio. She inspected and commented very favourably upon the portrait, but took no notice of the Duke, and when presently Holl

glanced in the direction of the platform, there was no Duke there; he had quietly slipped out while they were talking and driven off in the dilapidated vehicle which had been kept waiting for him. This portrait is one of Holl's greatest.

Speaking of the Duchess of Cleveland, I am reminded of an amusing occurrence in relation to her. Her attention was once drawn to a magnificent staircase, which constituted one of the chief features in a residence recently erected in Park Lane for a certain South African magnate, and she was asked if she would like to see it. On her replying yes, a day was arranged, and she went. What met her eye was grandeur, state, spaciousness, and, in the common acceptation of the term, beauty. But it did not appeal to her, with its immense slabs of white marble, the colossal supports, the varied inlaid work of divers patterns, and its superabundant room for ascending and descending, but she endeavoured to disguise the true effect it made upon her mind when appealed to by its proud owner; she confined herself to one observation, as, with something of a sigh, she said, "How different to my old staircase at Battle Abbey; that, you know, is all worn away by the mailed feet of the Crusaders." This rebuke was wholly lost on the individual to whom it was addressed; he inquired if she were not going to have it repaired.

In founding the Guildhall Gallery it was felt that the great City of London should possess a public Art Gallery, and it trusted that additions would be made to it from time to time by the generosity of the citizens. It possessed at the date of the establishment of the gallery 288 works of art, represented by paintings, statuary, miniatures, and engravings. It had increased to 937 works at the close of 1916, the additional 649, with the exception of about 30, having come into the Corporation's possession by gift or bequest, estimated at a value of about £114,000.

On the inauguration of the gallery a banquet was given and attended by the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, who in the course of his reply to the toast of prosperity to the gallery made the following observation: "The gathering which has brought us together to-night is, it seems to me, a very distinctive and gratifying one, for we are not met to profess a sentiment, but to celebrate a fact. . . . I regard what has been achieved only as a herald of things to come, only as the forerunner or the commencement of an undertaking conceived on bold lines. As such I hail it with deep satisfaction. . . . The Corporation will not be content with a collection which is almost wholly of a retrospective character. Those who come after us will look back with gratitude to the initiative now taken, which I venture to prophesy will have very far-reaching effects."

His predictions were not ill-founded. Between that time and this, nearly six millions of the public have been attracted to the gallery.

Not until four years later, viz., in 1890, was the Corporation prevailed upon to vitalise and give publicity to the gallery by the holding of Loan Exhibitions. In the intermediate time it was lying quiescent. A few unimportant presentations were made, and a total of 154,000 visitors was recorded, but it did not demonstrate itself in any way as a factor of consequence in the art world.

With the projection of the first exhibition in 1890, no one imagined that a long series of great gatherings of works of art was about to take place. It was regarded as an exceptional venture, by no means deliberate, but rather to propitiate a small number of persistent councillors, who, amid a large and miscellaneous body, were interested in art. It was indeed very much a repetition of what had occurred ten years previously in regard to music. This new effort might be successful as the other had been, or

it might not. If not, no great harm would have been done.

The gallery had been rebuilt, and this first exhibition was to inaugurate the new structure. Instead of a picture-line of 190 feet it had now 412 feet, and there was ample space to allow of a serious display. I intended, if it were possible, to make it a momentous one.

In its preparation my eye ranged mentally over the fine things which had impressed me in past years, and it was a joy to me to single out the best of these and to endeavour to trace their owners. Pictures are continually changing hands, and in many cases I failed to trace certain works, but in the great majority of instances I succeeded. In my past catalogues of the Royal Academy I came upon one with copious notes in it on the pictures which had attracted me, made when I was only eleven years of age. Of course my judgment on most of these had undergone considerable modification.

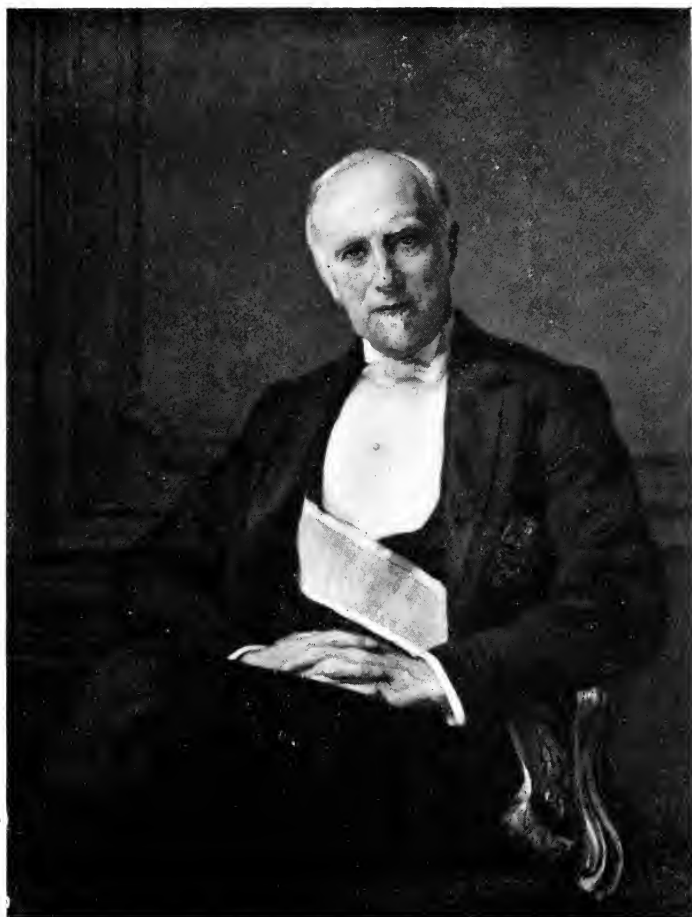
Prominent dealers in London and the Provinces lent me aid in locating the works I desired, and, in doing so, displayed much kindness and unselfishness; for when a dealer has sold an important picture to a man, he naturally likes to keep that man to himself, and not let others know of his particular leaning in art.

That first venture of an exhibition at the Guildhall met with difficulties which subsequent exhibitions did not encounter.

It is curious now to remember that the one man who has done so much for modern British art, the late Sir Henry Tate, discouraged the enterprise. When I asked him to lend to this exhibition two important works from his collection, his reasons for refusing them were that within a penny bus ride from the City was the finest selection of pictures in the world (he meant the National Gallery), and that no one would think of coming to the City to see pictures,

the West End was the place. He was mistaken in his assumption. In nine weeks, without printed advertisement of any kind, 109,000 people found their way to the Guildhall Gallery. It was soon spread abroad that works were to be seen there difficult of access save under some such auspices as those commanded by the Corporation of London. Many of the finest works of Millais, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti were included, with a wide selection of important examples by the leading painters of the day. Call it a resurrection if you will, it was a calling back of many works which in their time had taken strong hold on the public mind, and the public were delighted to renew their acquaintance. It was not a collection for any lover of art to miss. Sir Bernhard Samuelson reluctantly declined to lend Leighton's "Hercules and Alcestis," but Leighton was so good as to see him upon it, and this striking and uplifting work appeared. By the late Mr George Rae, the generous but also the fortunate patron of Rossetti, three of that painter's chief works, of his very best period, were contributed—the "Monna Vanna," the "Beloved," and the "Sybilla Palmifera," all now happily the property of the nation. Millais' "Ophelia" and "Chill October" were there, together with Burne-Jones's most poetical and absorbing "Chant d'Amour," Holman Hunt's "Valentine and Sylvia," and Burton's "Wounded Cavalier," the last since added to the Guildhall permanent collection. All these pictures the public had well in its remembrance.

I recall with gratitude the great number of people who gave me kindly help in relation to this first exhibition. I was very earnest in my endeavours, and this earnestness on my part not unfrequently affected their decisions and gained me their compliance. Several were especially kind, and I single out one in particular, the first Earl of Northbrook, because the extent of the aid he afforded me in the



The Right Hon. THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK, G.C.S.I.
From the portrait by Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A.

important direction of the early masters was as generous and public-spirited as it was unanticipated. When I called upon him by appointment at his residence in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, I was in the position of one who had an entirely new enterprise to unfold. Nothing in the nature of such a display had ever been held in the City, but then it was the Corporation of London who was organising it, and the Earl was a Baring, whose family fortunes had been built up in and for a century associated with the City. These I felt were points in my favour; but as I looked round at the gathered treasures on his walls I could not but feel that those I would desire to show at the Guildhall could scarcely be allowed to leave their places during practically the whole of a London season, rendering the rooms unsightly by their absence; but when, in his company, I had completed a general survey, I was rejoiced at the question he put, as to which of them I would like to have. He lent me eighteen of his choicest works, several of them originally from the famous Baron Verstolk de Soelen collection at the Hague, which was dispersed in 1848. There was no doubt of his earnest desire to assist the undertaking, and his doing so operated on other owners. I can never be too grateful to Lord Northbrook for this kindly and trusting help, brought further to completion by his inviting me down to his country place near Micheldever in Hampshire, and allowing me to select such works there of a more modern character which I might desire to have.

I remember on one occasion telling Lord Northbrook of the verse my father wrote in 1859 when his lordship, as Mr Thomas Baring, was reported as about to contest with Lord Stanley one of the seats in Parliament for the City. It ran:—

Lord Stanley and Baring, the more is the pity,
Are striving to represent London's great City.
Should his Lordship, however, in this act of daring
Get ahead of his friend, he will then be past bearing (Baring).

One of the pictures in this exhibition was the famous portrait group by Reynolds of "The Ladies Waldegrave," lent by the late Mrs Thwaites.

One of these ladies was the Lady Anna Horatia Waldegrave, the great grandmother of the fifth Earl of Portarlington, who made a special journey from his Leinster seat in Ireland for the purpose of seeing her portrait. He sat before it for a long while, I at times with him, and listening to many details he had to tell me of her life.

Towards five o'clock on the private view day, Sir Frederick Leighton came in, and while we were engaged in looking through the collection, and were talking together, my little son, then aged eight, approached us, moving rapidly. He was in a black velvet knickerbocker suit, with lace collar, broad purple sash, and long fair hair over his shoulders. He caught Leighton's eye at once, and in response to his inquiry as to who "this little gentleman" was, I told him he was my only child, and on his reaching us I said to him, "This is Sir Frederick Leighton, Monti,¹ the great artist; you must remember that you have met him and spoken to him." The child looked up into Leighton's kindly face, then the words came, breathlessly almost, "Yes, I know, father, but Cave" (the senior attendant) "says he will take me on to the roof of the gallery; may I go?" The incident greatly interested Leighton, who gazed at him with that beautiful smile of his, as almost with affection he patted him on the head, and sent him off with a "God speed" to the roof.

It was during this exhibition there was a gentle tap at my door, and a small, delicately-made lady, fashionably dressed, presented herself. She came briskly in, and effusively greeted me, saying that she could not leave the gallery without assuring me of the delight it had given her to see the beautiful

¹ Now Lieut. Montagu Temple, B.A., A.S.C., Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple.

red walls of the gallery on which the pictures were hung. They were, she said, exactly the colour of the walls of Jericho. She was there when they fell down. "Indeed," I replied, "how interesting; let us go and look at them together." She at once concurred, I on my part being anxious to get her out of my room as speedily as possible. I gave her my arm and together we walked down the gallery, she expatiating loudly on the "beautiful walls," but never noticing a single picture. At a convenient moment I handed her over to the care of my senior attendant, with a quiet word. To him, I understood afterwards, she was silent, but commenced humming loudly, so loudly indeed that it became disturbing to the other visitors, so that, leading her gently towards the entrance, he persuaded her to take her departure.

Robert Collinson, my old master, sent to the Academy in 1875 a small picture entitled "Sunday Afternoon," and it was hung in a very good position on the line. It was the last occasion on which John Ruskin wrote notes of this annual Academy Exhibition, and when he came in front of this picture he instantly discerned its merits and accorded great praise to it. He said, "Whatever day it be, here at all events are peace, light, cleanliness, and content; luxury even of a kind. The air coming in at that door must be delicious, and the leaves outside of it look like a bit of the kitchen-garden side of Paradise. The management of the luminous shadow throughout is singularly skilful—all the more so because it attracts so little attention. *This* is true chiaroscuro; not spread treacle or splashed mud, speckled with white spots—as a Rembrandt amateur thinks." Collinson's contributions to subsequent Academy Exhibitions were not treated so indulgently by the hangers, but this may have been quite conceivably by reason of their subject or shape, and not, as many of his friends were ready to infer, from motives of

jealousy at the honour he had had of being singled out by the eminent critic for so special a notice. I made a point of securing this excellent example for this first Loan Exhibition, being able to discover its possessor in Mr Morley Pegge, a gentleman living at Brighton.

An impressive work called "Worn Out," by the late Thomas Faed, R.A., was also in the collection. It is now in the possession of Mrs Yerburch. It showed a carpenter tending his sick child through a restless night. Dawn finds him worn out with watching, and both he and the child have sunk into sleep. Two factory girls were looking intently at this picture one day; as I was passing them I paused for a moment. One of them was reading aloud the descriptive note in the catalogue, at the conclusion of which they both resumed their silent gaze at the picture. Presently one of them said, "It isn't always the clothes that show the heart, is it?" I should have liked Faed to have known of this.

An exceptionally well-painted and effective portrait by one of our leading Royal Academicians was in this collection, and one morning a well-known painter of poetical subjects, an ardent follower of Sir E. Burne-Jones and devoted to laborious finish, remarked as he stood before it that he could not imagine how anyone could call it painting, and that it seemed to him to have been ladled on with a spoon. On the very afternoon of that same day the painter of the portrait came into the exhibition, and as we stood together before the example which happened to be there by the poetical painter, observed that he did not know how his painting appealed to me, but that it always looked to him like Berlin woolwork.

I should here say that in the formation of this exhibition, and of all subsequent ones, the committee controlling the gallery left the work entirely in my hands, with liberty to do as I pleased. Those who

have formed, or taken any part in forming exhibitions of this kind, know well what this means. It means an absence of irritating criticism. Instead of my work being a toil, it became a pleasure.

It was gratifying to me to read what the *Daily Telegraph* said of this first exhibition: "It was agreed on all sides at the private view on Tuesday that outside the national museums it was as magnificent an exhibition of dead and living masters as had ever been gathered together in the Metropolis."

I cannot but recall the aid which Colonel J. Lewis Rutley afforded me in the hanging of this first exhibition, by which I gathered from his own lengthy experience the general principles which govern the arrangement of a collection of paintings. All he knew, and he knew much, he freely imparted to me, and it has been of enduring service to me. Possessing a true love of art, its monetary value was a secondary consideration with him. He resided until recently in the very house in Great Newport Street which for long was tenanted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many must have been the famed and beautiful sitters who had passed in and out of those rooms I grew to know so well. His father, to whose practice as an art'expert he succeeded, had the credit of forming some of the most notable collections of old masters about the country, at a time in the early Victorian period when wondrous examples were available at a twentieth of their value at the present day. To several of these collections I was guided by Colonel Rutley, and one of the best, that of Mr William Harvey of Leeds, who inherited it from his father, has just been made a gift to our National Gallery.

On the closing day the crowd attending was so great that at one time during the afternoon it completely filled the Guildhall Yard, and it became necessary to regulate those admitted by those who left. As fifty passed out then fifty were allowed through the turnstiles. It was impossible to observe

the regulation as to giving up sticks and umbrellas, the total number passing in being 5420, the preceding day's record having been over 4000.

The Corporation were pleased and flattered at the success attending this first art effort on their part. They gave me a vote of thanks and a money grant, and resolved to hold a second exhibition in 1892.

CHAPTER XIII

IN the formation of the 1892 exhibition I was on a stronger platform. I had become known; the 1890 display had gathered to itself a popularity that was remembered, and many of those who possessed works I desired regarded it as a privilege to help at the Guildhall.

I resolved to have a strong representation of modern British painting, and was successful in acquiring some of the veritable gems of our school. One in particular I greatly desired, and had endeavoured to obtain for the 1890 exhibition, Millais' "Huguenot." I wrote again to Mr T. H. Miller, of Singleton Park, Preston, but again without success. I then saw Millais, and he wrote urgently—only to meet with a like denial. I then gave it up, being too closely occupied to pursue it further; but a few weeks after, being in the neighbourhood of Preston, I wrote and asked Mr Miller if I might come over and see his pictures. He gave me a cordial welcome. I found he had placed "The Huguenot" in an exceptionally good light, and as we stood before it after luncheon I turned to him and very quietly said, "You are going to lend it to me for the Guildhall, aren't you?" He delighted me by inquiring for how long I should want it. I told him the exhibition would be open for three months; he said he would lend it me for a month, and I was pleased. On the third day of the exhibition he came to the gallery and could not get near the picture for the people, eight or ten deep, who were

before it. He came hurrying excitably into my room to tell me there were crowds round his picture, and that I might keep it for the duration of the exhibition.

Millais came several times to see that exhibition, and in a letter he wrote me, after reaching home on one of these occasions, said, "I congratulate you *heartily* on the success you have obtained and I shall always be delighted to aid you in such exhibitions. All my early pictures were *universally* abused, and now critics say I have not fulfilled their promise. It makes me sad to see them, although they are so much admired now."

He very much wanted to work on his picture of "The Huguenot" while it was down in London, to give a few slight touches, it may be, which his matured experience suggested to him, and at his request I spoke to Mr Miller about it, but he naturally shrank from the idea. The Millais of 1851 and the Millais of 1892 were two different men, and the painting was happily left untouched.

How vividly I recall Millais' childlike portrait, painted in 1869, of Miss Nina Lehmann, in short white muslin dress with a string of blue beads round her neck and a sparkling red camelia in her hand, sitting on the edge of a garden seat with a background of laurels, as if she had just alighted there in a momentary pause in her buoyant activity. I now endeavoured to find where this pretty picture was, and when I found it it was to come face to face too with the fact that there was now no Miss Nina Lehmann, it had grown to be Lady Guy Campbell, and as such had been painted also by Millais fifteen years later. This was likewise lent to me, so that I could show both the child and the woman—carelessness and irresponsibility against the now settled consciousness of life's demands. Millais was always very fond of this child portrait and thought it one of his most accomplished of spontaneous efforts.

Holman Hunt also visited this exhibition many

times. On one occasion we sat a long time talking in my room, and then went together to this picture of "The Huguenot," in reference to which he said he was painting "The Hireling Shepherd" at Ewell, while Millais was at work at his "Ophelia" (now in the Tate Gallery), and that it was while Millais was nearing the completion of this beautiful work that he came across an old garden wall with ivy. He told Hunt he was going to paint it, and put two lovers in, in illustration of Tennyson's line, "Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall." Hunt thought such a subject too trivial for the amount of work he knew he would put into the wall and ivy, that there would not be adequate meaning in the picture to carry out the principles under which the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren worked. Merely two lovers would be too restricted in subject and essentially selfish in its meaning, and he suggested to Millais a Yorkist lady, with red gown and white-embroidered roses, with a Lancastrian lover. Millais thought a Roundhead lady and a Cavalier would be better, and settling this in his mind he bought the canvas and began the painting of the ivied wall, leaving a blank space for the figures. It was later on that he recalled some scene in Meyerbeer's opera of *Les Huguenots*, in which a badge was worn in token that the wearer was a Roman Catholic, and he said he would write to his mother in Jersey, who would know all about it. The next morning when Hunt came down to breakfast he found Millais had risen early and had already gone to his work, but Charlie Collins (a brother of Wilkie Collins) was there, and said, "I say, Hunt, do you know of this idea Jack has got hold of; he has written this morning to his mother about it." So the telling subject for the wall and ivy leaves came about.

Holman Hunt told me that Millais first covered that canvas thinly with white paint, and made an outline of the background firmly drawn with a dark

pencil. Then into a ground of white and copal he would work the colour, both lights and shadows. He seldom did more than three square inches a day of this background, but these square inches were then completely finished and not touched afterwards, were in fact as we see them now. In the same manner he went steadily through the figures, even with the dark shadows of the purple, which, however, were just thinly glazed over as soon as the colour was fast. There was no laying in broadly to see the general effect, it was all done inch by inch and with sable brushes—no hog-hair brushes were used at any time. Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" was painted precisely under the same method; we examined that picture afterwards, it was hanging close to "The Huguenot." There are now across the purple coat of the man in Millais' picture a few unimportant thread-like cracks, and plainly can be seen the white ground Hunt spoke about.

From the first I have not been content to furnish to the public by way of catalogue merely a barren list of the pictures. I considered that something more was needed to make an exhibition really intelligible and profitable, and I have therefore bestowed great pains in writing for all the exhibitions a descriptive note to each picture, and also some information of the career of the man who painted it. Not only has this been serviceable to the public, but the sale of these catalogues has served to recoup to the Corporation a considerable sum towards the expenses of the exhibitions. In the fifteen exhibitions 350,760 copies have been bought by the public which have realised £8769.

The public had now got to know what they had to expect from a Guildhall Exhibition, and came to the 1892 one to the number of 236,000, thus more than doubling the previous record, which was still further increased to upwards of 300,000 at the display in 1894. I threw myself heart and soul

into each of these efforts, never sparing myself, and working often until midnight in their preparation, the voluminous correspondence and the writing of the descriptive catalogue necessitating close application, and I had no clerk or assistant then. I made it a rule to treat every owner from whom we borrowed as if he were the only one lending; we were seeking a favour, he was conferring one, and the obligation I regarded as wholly on our side.

I still met with boundless kindness on every hand; rarely was my experience otherwise. Once certainly it did occur. I had received no reply from a certain baronet to the request I had made, and I called upon him at his house in Belgravia. He was in his morning-room, lying on a sofa. He received me courteously, but when he realised the object of my call he broke out into most violent speech, demanding to know for what reason he should be called upon to assist that d——d Corporation. It came so unexpectedly on me, I was nonplussed for the moment. I then told him it was merely for him to say "Yes" or "No," and that I did not require a reason, and indeed had no right to ask one. He then shouted at the top of his voice, "No, then," and I quietly withdrew with such grace as I could command. I did not know that the poor man was suffering from cancer and within a few months of his death. I did not know it for some years afterwards, and I cannot but think kindly of him when I recall the letter I received from him the day following this stormy interview, in which he humbly excused himself for his behaviour, that he was in great pain at the time (he did not say from what), and that the picture I desired was most certainly at my disposal. It accordingly appeared in the exhibition.

In this 1892 exhibition was a famous Romney, a portrait of Lady Hamilton as "Circe," and the owner of it calling one day upon me, told me that a

few nights previously he was dining out, and that one of the guests who had been to the exhibition was talking to the whole table in the most excited manner about this particular picture, exhorting everyone to go and see it. When he stopped for a moment to take breath, as it were, the owner quietly murmured, "It's my picture," and he told me the man seemed dumbfounded, stared vacantly at him, and looked suspiciously at the decanter at my side, as if that were responsible for his observation.

Many distinguished people came to this exhibition, among them King Carlos of Roumania, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince (the present King Ferdinand), the Princess Marie (now Queen of Roumania), and her mother the Duchess of Edinburgh. They stayed nearly two hours, and were all extremely affable, conversing freely about the pictures. Those which particularly interested the King were the early Flemish works, while the Duchess of Edinburgh was drawn to the pre-Raphaelite work, especially Millais' "Huguenot," and talked with me a great deal about them, the Princess Marie joining in. The Duchess recognised several people in the gallery, which was greatly crowded at the time, and shook hands with them.

I had the pleasure one morning of accompanying Sir (then Mr) Rider Haggard and his wife through the collection. He asked me to point out to him the chief characteristics of the small Ince Hall Van Eyck that was so highly talked about, and to explain to him what constituted its great value, which I did. The work which in the whole gathering most impressed him was Paul Delaroche's "Vendredi Saint." Delaroche painted four subjects of the same size, of scenes relating to the Crucifixion, and this one was perhaps the most solemn of them. It showed two of the disciples and the holy women looking through a window at the procession passing to Calvary. It was wholly sad, sombre in tone, with

deep shadows throughout. Of it the painter had said, “When I think of what is due to the portrayal of that scene, and of what passes in that room at the moment when the noise of the procession is loud in their ears, it is easy to understand that my head and heart fail me and I am ready to destroy my canvas.” It was just the work which would appeal to the mind of such a man as Sir Rider Haggard for its intense pathos and meaning. I had great difficulty in tracing its whereabouts, and discovered at last that it belonged to Admiral D’Eichthal in Paris. He also had in his collection the famous “Martyr in Diocletian’s Reign” by the same artist, the dead body of a young girl with tied hands floating in the Tiber. The picture attracted more people than any other at the great exhibition in London in 1862; it was of world-wide repute, and I was very pleased at his lending it to me for the Guildhall. There are two or three smaller versions of it, but this was the great original. On the Admiral’s death it was found he had bequeathed it to the Louvre, where it now is.

Burne-Jones’s beautiful “Love among the Ruins” was also in this exhibition. It went to Paris afterwards to be reproduced, and the photographer, not detecting it was a water-colour, used a wet rag on its surface to clear it, as he thought, for the camera, and wrought irreparable damage to the lovely face of the woman. The picture represents a palatial habitation in ruins, yet human tenderness and passion remain. The man is taking to his heart the frail woman whose heart’s fulfilment is in her eyes. It is this face in which Burne-Jones strove so hard to convey, and ultimately succeeded in conveying, the utmost that art could of human feeling, which was almost smeared away—so much so that its restoration to its former state, even by the artist himself, was not possible. The best that could be done with it was done, and the painter subsequently repeated the subject in oil, but it was not the same thing. The

wide haunting eyes are not there as in the water-colour, and with the remembrance of them I have no desire again to dwell on the oil. The lovely face I knew is gone for ever.

Another work which commanded great attention was Sir Luke Fildes's "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward"—"dumb, wet, silent horrors, sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the general overthrow." It made a deep impression in the Academy of 1874 and had not been seen since by the public. It appealed to the multitude, as could be gathered by the crowds continually before it.

In preparing for this 1892 exhibition it fell to me to visit many great collections throughout the kingdom. Among them was that of Lord Armstrong at his country seat, Cragside, Rothbury. His carriage was awaiting me at the station. A remarkable man, then eighty-one years of age, tall, upright, and extraordinarily active. We went through the pictures together, and he readily consented to allow the Guildhall to have those I desired. I went for long walks with him while I was there; he told me he owned thirteen thousand acres around his house, that he was a solicitor until he was thirty-seven, and then devoted himself to engineering, in the manufacture of the breech-loading gun, known now as the Armstrong gun, being stimulated in its invention by the dire disadvantages disclosed of the muzzle-loading weapon in the Crimean War. His works at Elswick extended along the Tyne then for three miles, thirteen thousand men always at work, and £28,000 paid weekly in wages. He talked much in detail of the almost overwhelming difficulties he had encountered, to which he would certainly have succumbed but for his wife. I understood him to say he had never taken out a patent or paid a sovereign to the Patent Office. Foreign nations, for which his firm did much work, might get their guns or armaments elsewhere

if they liked ; they would not believe in them, so it was waste of money to protect his inventions by patenting them. He was everlastingly, for his own amusement, making calculations ; one of the latest he had made was his calculation that the motive-power he was using at the present time at his works was sufficient to put up the great pyramid in Egypt once every week. I did not observe that he took anything to drink save milk at every meal. Frequently in walking I was obliged to ask him not to go so quickly. He strided on with long steps and an energy belying his years, stepping from rock to rock with the agility of a boy. He loved that country retreat of his, which from a modest little habitation and very small tenure of land had grown by repeated additions into a stately pile and a broad estate. On all sides there was lovely scenery, with the loud rush of the full stream and the fall of water near by, and the rugged line of deep blue hills in the distance. On one occasion, some distance from the house, the carriage picked us up, and we drove back past the home-farm and by three broad lakes which he himself had made, and came thence on to the high breezy moorland where were grouse and blackcock, herons, and hares in plenty.

It was a great pleasure to me also to visit the late Mr George Rae, then somewhat of an invalid, at his home, Redcourt, Birkenhead, a notable man of his time, one of the few who had perceived the inherent qualities of Rossetti's work and sagaciously acquired many examples of it while yet to the world in general they were unknown. Assembled around him were some of the very highest of his works, happily now the property of the nation. The room they adorned, with its dark oak furniture, presented a beautiful spectacle. After his arduous banking business all day, it must have been a solace to him to pass the evening hours in such a surrounding. His collection of Rossetti's water-colours was of the finest.

Among many matters of which we talked was a regrettable experience he had with Ford Madox Brown, of whose work he possessed some excellent examples. He had invited him to come to Redcourt, and the sensitive painter, ever, it would seem, on the alert to detect a slight where none was intended, arriving at the appointed time was told that Mr and Mrs Rae were in the garden, the afternoon being hot; and because they were not waiting in the house to receive him, he abruptly turned away, back to the station, and thence to London, feeling grievously hurt. From all I could gather, this step on his part hurt his kind host and hostess far more, and the incident was told to me with every feeling of regret and disappointment.

It was at the private view of this 1892 exhibition that Mr Edmund Yates introduced me to Mr Joseph Chamberlain. He at once asked me what kind of an art committee I had at the Guildhall, "for," said he, "we have a most cantankerous one in Birmingham." I replied that the committee controlling the Guildhall Gallery was a most agreeable one; it believed in its officer, and it left him alone. "What truly sensible men," he rejoined. He visited, I believe, every one of the Guildhall exhibitions, not casually passing through, but staying for two or three hours, studying with the catalogue. I asked him once how he could find time for pictures, and he answered that it was his relaxation. He at that time was in the plenitude of his power, standing very upright, every sinew seemingly braced, a terror to his opponents.

When he came to the Turner Exhibition in 1899, and was looking at the late Sir Donald Currie's fine picture of "*The Victory* returning from Trafalgar," I asked him if he noticed that the flag of the ship bearing Nelson's body was not half-mast high. He had remarked it, but he explained it by the fact that Nelson was returning a victor though dead. He was much amused when I told him of a Yorkshire collector

I had visited who for four years, indeed ever since that he had purchased it for £4000, had a fine Turner hanging topsy-turvy on his wall. Sea and sky, it looked fairly well either way—but nevertheless when placed in its proper position it was a revelation to the owner.

The last time I saw Mr Chamberlain was in the summer of 1905 at an evening party at Mrs Bischoffsheim's in South Audley Street. I was struck with his appearance. Physically he looked a ruin. With Mrs Chamberlain (now Mrs Carnegie) close at his elbow, he moved about the room, his arms hanging idly at his side, as if the hands were too weighty to be carried in any other way. The figure was bowed, and seemed to have shrunk. As he caught my eye he extended his hand, and said he knew my face, but had forgotten my name. I reassured him by replying that he need not be alarmed, that I was neither politics nor diplomacy, only pictures. He laughed, and thought for an instant, and then said, "Oh I know, Guildhall." Then after a few pleasant words in relation to the Guildhall Exhibitions, he passed on to others. A great man, one of whose marked features, it appeared to me, was the mouth. The dominant characteristic of his nature seemed to be indicated there, that of persistent and perpetual warfare with those who opposed his views and aims. It suggested what his opponents might expect if they ventured into conflict with him.

George Augustus Sala was also present that day. I had come across him several years before over the statue, then in contemplation, of Lord Byron, which was subsequently erected just inside the gates at Hyde Park Corner. He exerted himself much to obtain the necessary funds for this statue, and the Corporation contributed towards it a hundred guineas on his representations. He had had a varied career. From an early age he wrote for the current periodicals; he reported for the *Daily Telegraph* during a

great portion of the Civil War in America, and he was one of those who helped to found the Savage Club. He humorously signed his articles G. A. S.

He once showed me a writ which had been served upon him, and drew my attention to its old-time wording—that the sheriff was charged to arrest him “if he were found running up and down his Bailiwick.” Those last words seemed specially to touch him, as, being large and corpulent, the idea of his running up and down anywhere was too ridiculous. His ever ready speech may be illustrated by the following:—Two days after the public announcement that a knighthood had been conferred upon Sir John Bennett, the well-known watchmaker of Cheapside, Sala met him in Pall Mall and greeted him with the witty words, “Well, Watchman, what of the night?”

CHAPTER XIV

AT this time (1892) there was much talk going on in regard to the establishment by the Government of a National Gallery devoted exclusively to British Art. It brought me for several months into close contact with the late Lord Leighton, then the President of the Royal Academy. It was one of the happiest associations I can recall.

He frequently said that he ought to have been three inches taller than he was, but he carried himself so well, and with such ease of movement, that he made the most of his natural height. He was the princeliest conception of a man it has been my lot to meet. His whole frame seemed to glow with the warmth of a far-reaching sympathy with whatever was high and ennobling in nature or art. And it was by no means acquired, it was no supplemental possession consequent on his education and his association with artistic life. It was born with him, just as his hands and feet were. You were conscious of it as he approached you, conscious of the honesty of the man's whole nature, and how it worshipped at the altar of what was great and beautiful, just and deserving. And his heart and mind shaped themselves on his handsome face, in the mellowness of the voice, and in the spontaneous generosity with which he gave welcome to the humblest and to the least successful in life.

It was the year before that a great effort had been made, instigated by myself—I freely admit it now—to bring the proposed National Gallery of

British Art within the precincts of the City of London. In June of that year I had had some serious talk with the late Sir Henry Tate at his residence on Streatham Common, as to the gallery being established somewhere within the precincts of the City, and he was disposed to give this question favourable consideration.

If an official of a public body like the Corporation of London takes no personal interest in its public work, or in its advancement as a public body, his usefulness becomes of a distinctly restricted character; he is merely a ten to four automaton. To a man of intelligence and loyalty opportunities are seized which do not present themselves to the annually elected members of the body. He is always on the spot, and I conceive it to be no other than his plain duty to be alert to seize these opportunities, if by doing so he can add even one more brick of stability to a structure on which time and change have hitherto beaten only to consolidate. It was this new move which brought me for a time into confidential touch with Leighton. Interviews, frequent, either at his house or at Guildhall, took place, and scarcely a day passed without the interchange of letters. The scheme was that the Corporation of London might be induced to place at the disposal of the Government a piece of ground adjoining the Temple Gardens, and fronting the Victoria Embankment, just on the threshold as it were, but not within, the busy life of the City, one of the chief conditions being that the Corporation should so be identified with the institution as to have a strong representation on the Board of Control. The site was unique for the purpose, and Leighton saw it at once. Its market value approached £200,000. Sir Henry Tate (then Mr Henry Tate) was to transfer his offer to erect the building and present his collection of pictures to the Corporation, who with the Government were then to proceed to constitute the governing

body. The late alderman, Sir Frederick Alliston, was in close touch with Mr Tate, and for one entire week I sat in my room expecting him to enter with Mr Tate's formal offer to the Corporation, but in that week the long-delayed decision of the Liberal Government took place, and the offer was made to Mr Tate by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, of the site at Millbank, rendered vacant by the demolition of the prison, which for a century past had stood there. Mr Tate, leaning rather to the Government of the country than to a municipal body, although that body was the powerful and wealthy Corporation of London, accepted the offer, and the gallery was lost to the City. One great disadvantage of this to the artistic community was, that had it come within the precincts of the City it would have had the support, not only of the Corporation, but of the wealthy Livery Companies of London, for during the progress of the matter between Leighton and myself I had made myself acquainted with the views of certain of the more substantial companies, and had secured what were virtual promises from them to the extent of £34,000 for the purchase of modern British works if the gallery were located in the City, if outside the City, nothing. The concluding words of Leighton's last letter to me on the subject were, "The City has lost a great opportunity," as it undoubtedly had.

I must give one instance here of the kindly nature of Leighton, as witnessed by myself. It was at the distribution of prizes on the Turner Gold Medal night in the November of the year (as far as I can remember) 1880. The prize-giving was over, it was growing late and I was about to leave, when I saw a slight, emaciated figure in a tight-fitting shabby frock-coat (most of the company were in evening dress) making his way towards the staircase on his way out. Disappointment, if nothing worse, was written on the man's face; it might have been despair,

so downcast and worn did he look. He was just about to descend to the entrance hall, when I saw Leighton and Millais leisurely approaching through the octagon room, arm-in-arm. Leighton caught sight of the retreating figure, recognised him doubtless as one of the unsuccessful competitors, disengaged himself from Millais and hurried after him, bringing him back from the few steps he had already descended, and, linking his arm into his, led him to No. 2 Gallery, where, seated on the couch there, Leighton talked to him earnestly for quite twenty minutes. People came and silently went away, loth to disturb them. Then Leighton walked back with him to the top of the stairs—light was in the poor man's eyes, vigour in his step, hope in his heart. It was one of the kindest things imaginable which Leighton had done, just of the sort he was always so happy in doing.¹

Yet this splendid man, as a Royal Academician once told me, had envy, hatred, and malice circling round him from certain quarters, during the whole of his brilliant career.

When I dined at the May Dinner of the Royal Academy in 1893 in response to the invitation which I know had been sent to me through his own personal instrumentality, he caught sight of me as I reached the top of the staircase. He was talking at the moment to the late Duke of Rutland (Lord John Manners that was), but he left him and came quickly to me, linked his arm into mine and said he would get my plan for me. With alacrity the attendant handed him the plan, which he handed to me. Later on, when dinner was over, he came to me and said, "Come, they are going to play Schubert's 'Ave Maria,'" and he stood by me as the late Duke of Teck (father of our present Queen) took the baton

¹ I gave Mrs Russell Barrington leave to mention this incident in her exhaustive *Life of Lord Leighton*, but I have told it here in fuller detail than it is there narrated.

from Cavaliere Zaverthal, and conducted the famous piece. Never can I expect to hear it so played again. Musical, artistic, dramatic, and literary talent of the highest order was standing around; the performers knew to whom they were playing, and rendered the splendid piece with whole-heartedness.

At the conclusion of dinner I was introduced to Bret Harte. He had only a short time before published his charming story *A Waif of the Plains*, in which, making reference to a North American Indian, he used the words, "He did not know that in that puerile phantom the awful majesty of death had passed him by." As we walked along he put his arm through mine, and before he had time to make any observation I said, "He did not know that in that puerile phantom the awful majesty of death had passed him by." He started back. "You have read it already?" he said. "Yes," I replied, "every word of it, within forty-eight hours of publication." His delight was unmistakable, and it was a pleasure to me to see him so appreciative even of so small a tribute to his literary gifts. He would much like, he told me, to write a long story of Indian life, but the obstacle to his doing so was, that to do it properly he would have to live among the Indians for months, and it would be so uncomfortable physically. He saw, he said, much of the Wild West Exhibition in London in the previous year, and was deeply interested in watching the Indians there; but that a much wider experience was necessary to enable him to write a book about them.

I too had seen that exhibition, and we talked much about it. I was there one evening, not to see the performance, but to watch these strange beings from the distant West, when someone introduced me to Miss Oakley, the famous shot. She at once invited me into her tent, showed me all her guns, and we sat talking for a long time. She had finished her display, but the performance in the arena was still

going on. She told me she was never in the least nervous when exhibiting her shooting in public, gave my son her photograph, and we signed our names in a book she had, where were also a great many distinguished signatures, that of the late King Edward among them. She was a simple and tender-hearted woman, not without attraction in manners and speech, and had a broad American accent. Talking of the Indians she said she looked upon them as "poor things," that they were not really strong, and suffered much from lung disease; they had all her life been very kind to her. She had just been oiling her guns, which she did every evening, and she now locked them up. It was growing dark when we were leaving, and the performance was just over. The Indians came hurrying by us in single file, no sound in their footsteps, only in the clanking of the weapons they were carrying. In the half light it was impressive to me—the dusky faces, the speechless, shadowy forms with their tawdry embellishments, moving swiftly to their respective tents, with an evident sense, each man, of his importance.

Among the last of them came John T. Nelson, the famous Indian Scout, who for nearly fifty years had led a wandering life, in continual peril, on the fringe of civilisation in the west of America. I had often heard of him and was pleased when Miss Oakley introduced him to us. A more eventful or adventurous life no man could have had. He was a handsome fellow, with aquiline features, hair all over his shoulders, and a long grey-brown beard. I asked if he were not afraid of the Indians, and he disdainfully replied, "Not mooch." He was then sixty-six years of age, and looked a worn man of eighty, to which age he had attained when he died in 1906.

An interesting incident, it appeared, had taken place the day before I was there. Mr W. E.

Gladstone had been paying a visit to the exhibition, and Colonel Cody had got together three or four of the leading Indian Chiefs and brought them to the right honourable gentleman, who at once entered into conversation with them, through an interpreter. They were stalwart fellows, tall and sinewy, much adorned with feathers and with trophies of their prowess, and they drew themselves up to their full height before him, with no lack of dignity in their free and supple bearing, as if proudly conscious of the achievements which lay to their credit in the eyes of their tribes. In their own view their greatness was no less than that of the great Englishman before whom they were standing. All went well for a few moments, when the Indians detected something they did not like. There was an amused expression on the faces of some of the bystanders, and presently one of them laughed, presumably at the strange spectacle of the great statesman, the personification of the most advanced civilisation, in direct juxtaposition to these representatives of a savage and uncivilised race. Instantly the scene changed. Without further word the Indians brought the interview to a close; they threw their blankets around them and abruptly turned away, back to their tents, leaving Mr Gladstone standing surprised and pained. He could not but feel vexed also at this deserved rebuke by a savage nation to a people professing to be civilised, yet lacking in such ordinary courtesy as was here demanded.

Talking with Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema that same Academy evening, he told me, when I expressed regret that he had discontinued painting Egyptian subjects, that he had done so because his wife objected to go to the workhouse. The example of that character which impressed me more than any of them was "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," in the Academy of 1874, and now in

the possession of the Vanderbilt family, in New York. There sits Joseph on a small authoritative dais, the conscientious overseer, simple of mien, yet with assertive dignity, listening to the account of produce a scribe is reading to him, while the money received for wheat sold lies on the floor ready to be counted, where samples of grain are also deposited. His straight, black hair, curious garb, and staff of office, ascertained in their design from monumental paintings, bring the scriptural record realistically home. Joseph has often been painted during the last three centuries, but never so near as this to what he probably was.

Leighton's masterly but severely academical work of "The Sea giving up her Dead," a work with which in some way I never could bring myself to sympathise, was on view at the time in No. 3 Gallery; and when its purchaser, Sir Henry Tate, asked me as we stood before it what I thought of it, I replied, "No wonder the sea gave them up."

CHAPTER XV

No special exhibition was held at the Guildhall in 1893, but in compensation for it, as it seemed, the Corporation had a considerable and welcome addition to its permanent collection of pictures. It was in the month of May 1893 that I received a communication from the then Lord Mayor, Sir Stuart Knill, Bart., in consideration of which I called upon him at the Mansion House. He showed me a letter from Sir John Gilbert, R.A., stating his intention to distribute certain of his pictures and water-colours as gifts among the public galleries in the kingdom, and suggesting an inspection of them with a view to some of them coming to the Guildhall Gallery. The Lord Mayor observed that he and I would go down in a few days and see them. I inquired if he could not arrange to go that day, but it appeared he had an engagement for the afternoon. I wondered if the engagement could not possibly be put off, and on his asking me why, "Because," I answered, "it appears to me there is no time to be lost. If a similar offer has been made to other galleries, they may be there before us, probably are before us already." On that, his afternoon's engagement was cancelled, a telegram was dispatched to Sir John Gilbert that we were coming, and between four and five we arrived at his house at Blackheath. As good luck would have it we were the first representatives of a public gallery to appear on the scene. We lost no time in making the inspection he invited us to make, and selected, with his warm approbation,

five important oil paintings, thirteen water-colours, and thirty exquisite drawings or sketches. Making a list of these, and leaving a duplicate list with Sir John, we drove back to London well pleased with the result of our expedition. We afterwards learnt that not an hour after we had quitted the house the authorities of the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery arrived, and having, as we had done, made a survey of the pictures, and been shown those which had been put aside for the Guildhall, Sir William Forwood, the Liverpool Lord Mayor, smilingly observed that London seemed to know what it was about, for we had certainly secured the best examples.

Sir John told me it was Lord Leighton who, at the Athenæum Club one afternoon, suggested to him not to omit the Guildhall Gallery from his proposed gift; that the two Loan Exhibitions recently given there indicated a vitality in the City in regard to art which could not be too warmly encouraged, and that on this representation to him he had written to the Lord Mayor.

He called at the gallery shortly after the works had been received by the Corporation, to see my arrangement of them on the walls, and was pleased at the aspect they presented. Talking of some of the Shakespeare drawings comprised in the gift, I told him I had his illustrated Shakespeare. He said he had no models for any of those illustrations. He took generally about a month over each play.

The City was greatly gratified at the gift, and in acknowledgment of it presented Sir John with the honorary freedom of the City in a gold box. This was conferred on the 26th September 1893, the first occasion of a member of the artistic profession receiving that distinguished honour.

A close friendship sprang up between us as the sequel to this gift. My wife and I were frequent visitors to him, with whom also resided his sister,

Miss Ellen Gilbert, and his brother George. It was a happy and tranquil home. Old-fashioned early Victorian habits were preserved; dinner was at three o'clock, after which Sir John and I would betake ourselves to the studio with a decanter of old port and a box of cigars, and chat till tea-time, which was six. This was the invariable custom. Poor old man, I often wished he had been younger, or that I had come into his life earlier. He nearly always walked, feeble as he was, to the end of the road with us, when we left at about seven o'clock, standing there waving his hand till we were out of sight.

Our talks together ranged over incidents in his career. He loved the Royal Water-Colour Society, of which he was president, and cancelled by his will the loan of £800 he had made to it. The mutual antipathy which existed between Sir Francis Grant, when he was president of the Academy, and Leighton occasioned Gilbert great concern, and he did much to alleviate it. He was on the best of terms with both men, but there was no disputing the superiority in many ways of one man over the other. He was wont to recall, at a meeting once at Marlborough House with King Edward (then Prince of Wales) presiding, when Leighton so outshone the president in practical sense and influence that Sir Francis excused himself to the Prince and abruptly left the meeting with a display of irritation which was observed and remarked upon by the Prince. Sir John, seeing that something was wrong, hurried after him and found him at the Royal Academy, seated in the hall with Eaton the secretary, and raging furiously. Asking what was the matter, the answer came, "That Leighton, I can't stand him." Should Sir John speak to him? "No, no, let him alone, d—— him," said Grant.

Sir John passed from this life in October 1897, leaving, among other property, £210,000 in consols, all of it the fruits of his art work.

His brother George lived for another six years, and in his will the promise he had made to me was carried out by the bequest of such of his brother's paintings, sketches, and studies as I might wish for the Guildhall Gallery, and fifty-three further works by Sir John were consequently added to the Corporation's art possessions.

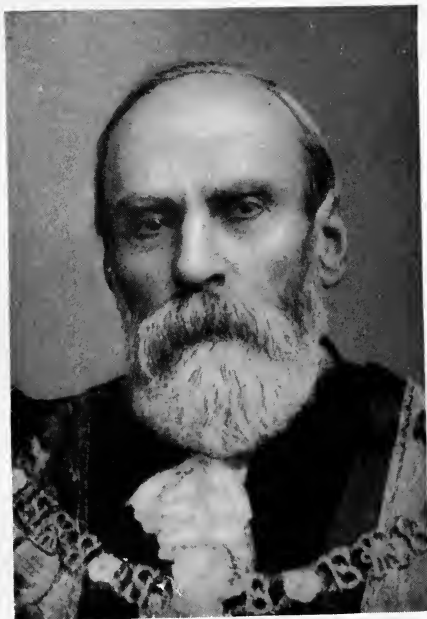
George Gilbert was a rabid Tory, as was clearly indicated one morning, when on arriving at his house I found him kicking what appeared to be some illustrated newspaper along the path which led from the front door to the garden entrance. "Don't touch it," he cried, "there's a full-page portrait of Gladstone in it."

Lord Mayor Sir Stuart Knill, Bart., was universally beloved. He was elected to the Mayoralty on 29th September 1892. His election was strenuously opposed by various Protestant bodies, he being a Roman Catholic. The uproar in the Great Hall was tremendous; one might have imagined that efforts were being made to convert the whole nation by force to Roman Catholicism; and in face of it all he stood calmly there, with his hands firmly grasping the wooden rail before him, verily like an old Cranmer, patient and unshakable, but withal the gentlest demeanour. No hearing would they give him in the speech he endeavoured to make in returning thanks for his election. He did not seem to take that greatly to heart, and the tall, thin figure moved away slowly to the rear, self-composed, and with dignity.

It was a Mr Beaufoy Moore who took the most prominent part in organising this Protestant opposition, and *Punch* humorously made reference to its non-success in the following words:—

Beaufoy Moore is now no more,
He is practically nil (Knill).

Curiously enough Sir Stuart did not see these lines, and no one seemed to have drawn his attention



Sir STUART KNILL, Bart.,
Lord Mayor, 1892-1893.



to them until the August in the following year, when on the Leas at Folkestone I told him of them, and he was extremely amused.

On the first occasion of his attending early Mass at the church in Moorfields after his entry into office, he found the great central door thrown open specially for him, and other exceptional preparations made, he being Lord Mayor. It did not please him, and he said that if it were done again he would not come; he preferred to enter quietly by the side door as he had always done.

In the month of July, during his year of office, he exercised the hospitality of the Mansion House in an exceptional but popular way. He invited to a banquet the representatives of art and literature; with these he included the collectors of art, and also a selection from among the chief firms of those who dealt in pictures. Over two hundred sat down. There was one matter in relation to this banquet I shall never regret. When I observed that the invitation to it had been accepted by Ford Madox Brown, I took care to acquaint the Lord Mayor of some details of his career, and that he was one to whom the world had withheld that recognition which many felt to be justly due, and I suggested that on the present occasion his seat should be at the chief table, and there, not below the level of Millais or Holman Hunt. This was adopted, and a few weeks afterwards I learnt from his intimate friend, the late Mr John Forbes Robertson, that the recognition of him in this way by the City of London was the source of constant gratification to him during the remaining months of his life.

The absence of Leighton from this banquet, through indisposition, was deeply regretted on all sides, and the toast of "Prosperity to Art" was replied to by Mr Horsley.

It was amusing to see Millais dancing later in the evening. He was then sixty-four years of age; the

evening was warm, and pausing for a moment to mop his streaming face, on he went again, with the heartiest enjoyment, like the boisterous boy he was and continued to be to the last.

Sir Stuart carried through the Mayoralty with independence and dignity, lending by his commanding figure and refinement of address a great distinction to the banquets and ceremonies over which he presided.

He had at times a humorous touch, when, for example, with the most forlorn of expressions, he told me that he hoped to-morrow to have induced Ring and Brymer (the purveyors of the Mansion House) to allow him to have an egg for breakfast. Everything, he said, in creation was placed before him, but the only thing he could take was not forthcoming. He had now represented it in a formal manner to the swordbearer and to Sir William Soulsby, and hoped to be successful.

At his death in 1898 the inscription on the plate of his coffin may have been of the customary phraseology, but it appealed to me with exceptional pathos and beauty, knowing the man as I did:—

OF YOUR CHARITY

Pray for the repose of the soul

of

Sir JOHN STUART KNILL, Bart.,

Who departed this life on 19th November 1898.

On whose soul, Sweet Jesus, have mercy!

During Sir Stuart's Mayoralty it was resolved to place at the Guildhall a marble bust of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, who had died in the previous October, and Mr F. J. Williamson, of Esher, was commissioned to execute it. He called to see me several times about it, and on one occasion, at a time when he was doing some special work at Windsor Castle, for which a room had been allotted

to him, he told me that Queen Victoria often came into the room with just a quiet tap at the door, and without any formality; she was so gentle and considerate.

Before the commission was given to Williamson, there was some idea of seeking the opinion of Mr G. F. Watts, R.A., on the models which had been sent in for competition, as he had an intimate acquaintance with the head and face of Tennyson. I saw Mr Watts upon it one June morning. He was busy at work and went on with his painting, as Mrs Watts and I sat by, all of us talking. He did not seem to like the idea of adjudicating on the models, but would do it as a duty if I wished. I, of course, went no further with the proposition.

In the course of conversation, he told me that he never painted his subject-pictures from models; he would not even if he approved of it, which he did not. Such nude figures which were introduced into his works were not intended to be "academical accuracies," but the expression of ideas; that if his forms were realistic they would probably approach the vulgar—the abstract form was sufficiently accurate for the expression of what he aimed at conveying. The figure of "Love" in "Love and Death" was painted from no model, but from pure feeling. If puzzled at all as to the position of a limb, he would look at himself in the mirror after his morning bath, and jot down a note or two in pencil. He said he worked mostly in pure colour, with only a very occasional use of linseed oil. I spoke of the quietness which prevailed in his life, with the room it gave for thought and the development of ideas; and apart altogether from the rush and hurry of the present day. He said he never went into society, that he and his wife were abstemious and careful, and that neither of them spent much on dress. He was always, he said, painting by 4 A.M. in summer time, and retired to bed at 8 P.M. I thought he was

looking feebler. The tall, slightly-built figure seemed to vibrate with sensitiveness, as of one with feelings and emotions ever on the alert to express themselves. His light grey clothes, maroon skull-cap, the frilled unstarched cuffs to his shirt, the loose collar and narrow scarlet tie, presented a personality suggestive of Titian.

Lord Rosebery called for a sitting just as I was leaving, and I met him on the stairs on my way down—the country's only hope, I remember thinking, as a counteracting influence to the great disunionist who was then in office.

Later that same day I caught sight of Mr Gladstone in Palace Yard as he was on his way to the House. People were showing their disapprobation of him loudly; a disagreeable, almost savage look was on his face, and his head was sunk deep into the shoulders as he sat back in the carriage. Beyond stood the Beaconsfield statue, imbedded in primroses, the offering of a loving and unforgetful people. It may be his eye caught sight of this, and of words in large letters, "Peace with Honour," and accounted for his angry expression, as he reflected on the course to which he had committed himself in his policy of disunion with Ireland, with all the conflict which was bound to follow in its train.

When the clay model for the bust of Tennyson was sufficiently advanced it was brought up to the Guildhall, for the purpose of being submitted to the then Lord Tennyson for his opinion and criticism. He came one morning about eleven and stayed for a long while, greatly assisting the sculptor in improving the portraiture of the model, appearing to know exactly what was needed in the adding or taking away of clay here and there.

He interested me greatly by all he told me of his father. He said he practically valeted him for five years, and knew his every feature; that the great man was seldom irritable, save at the mention of some

stirring subject such as the Irish Home Rule Bill, or any projects of that kind with which he disagreed. He was by nature too calm. He further said that the life of his father, on the writing of which he was at that time engaged, was not an easy one to write, it was so uneventful.

In due course the marble bust was completed by Williamson, and it now stands where it should, among books in the Guildhall Library, opposite to the bust of his revered Chaucer.

The mention of those two great names recalls to me that, during the same month that Lord Tennyson came to see the clay model, we met at dinner Sir Edwin Arnold, who told me that the Poet Laureate once said to him that he lost heart when he thought that five hundred years hence his poetry would be as difficult to read as Chaucer's; the English language was so continually changing.

In November of this year I had occasion to see the late Mr Holman Hunt at his charming home at Fulham, Draycott Lodge—now, alas, pulled down. He had asked me to come and see his "Lady of Shalott," so far as it had then gone. It was a much developed design of a drawing which appeared in Moxon's illustrated edition of Tennyson published in 1860. He seemed to me to be a delicate man; he spoke very despondingly to me of his career, as if the world, in its hurry and noise, had forgotten him. Indeed the world does forget, unless evidence be continually before it, and Holman Hunt's pictures, broodingly studious as they were, and requiring much time for their production, were, as all the world knows, few and far between. I recalled to him the fine work he had done, the long years of incessant toil: an enduring monument of his industrious life.

The picture, which resembled all its predecessors in the evidence it presented of stupendous labour, was not completed until twelve years afterwards.

It was only in monochrome at this date of my first seeing it. He was really an exceedingly slow worker, and cared not how long a picture occupied him, so long as he brought it to his own desired pinnacle of excellence.

It was then exhibited in a room by itself in the galleries of Messrs Arthur Tooth & Sons, in the Haymarket, who published a fine mezzotint of it executed by John D. Miller. It was a painting of exceeding beauty and poetic symbolism.

CHAPTER XVI

THE 1894 exhibition was exceptionally rich in modern British work and early Dutch paintings. These were the two main characteristics of it. In the latter category was Lord Bute's most beautiful Cuyp, a symphony in silver Whistler would have called it. It was entitled "A Landscape with River." "Surely," as *The Times* said, "one of the best of all Cuyps, full of cool air and beautiful distance"; there were several figures and some cattle dexterously introduced, and it was eight feet long. It was pleasant to hear the late Mr T. H. Woods of Christie's, that eminent expert and connoisseur, tell me it was worth going a thousand miles "to see Lord Bute's Cuyp at the Guildhall." Lord Yarborough's "Winter Scene," by the same artist, a superb work, was also in the collection. A great connoisseur called to see me while I was hanging the pictures, and I casually pointed to this Cuyp, then standing on the floor, and asked him what he thought of it, as if I doubted its authenticity. He went down on his knees to look at it, and quickly came to me, uttering "What a magnificent Cuyp." There was also the "Jewish High Priest," by Rembrandt, lent by the Duke of Devonshire. When I first saw it at Chatsworth it was hung in a dark corner over a door, ten feet at least from the ground. I told the Duke of its great merit, and my wonder at its occupying such a position. It was soon afterwards moved to the centre of a well-lighted wall, and placed only four feet from the floor, where it looked well.

Most of the pictures of early masters in this and

the former exhibitions were intimately known to connoisseurs, and had formerly been in renowned collections such as those of the King of Holland, William Wells of Redleaf, Lord Dudley, Baron Verstolk van Soelen, Van der Slinglandt, and Mr Munro of Novar, and most of them had been engraved in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries.

I had been very fortunate in securing many of the foremost examples of the British School—Poynter's "Israel in Egypt," Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen," Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella," Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus," Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," and Whistler's "Miss Alexander"—and I wanted for a particular reason to include a work by Edward Armitage, R.A., and I went to see him at his house in the Hall Road. He was kind, gentle, and considerate. He showed me many large canvasses. I did not like a huge Coliseum picture, and I think he must have noticed my expression, for he moved away into the billiard-room, where hung a fine work of his, "Herod's Birthday Feast," which I remembered well in the Academy of 1868, when the annual exhibitions were held in Trafalgar Square. It was a large work, 61 by 109 inches. I was glad to see it again and freely admired it, and on my asking him to lend it to the coming exhibition, he said he would give it me. It was with great pleasure I reported the gift to the Corporation, who gladly and gratefully accepted it, and it now forms part of the permanent collection at the Guildhall.

Leighton was represented by "An Idyll," painted in 1881, lent by Mrs James Watney, the owner of several of his more important works; in her new house in Princes Gate she arranged them in one room. This adjoined the one which contained Whistler's famous Peacock decoration, retained by her for a time, but now unhappily transferred to the house of an American collector.

Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" had had an exceptional career. It was painted in a nearly square shape to fit a panel in the Peer's refreshment room in the then new Houses of Parliament, as one of three subjects indicative of the chase. It was sent in on approval, but rejected by a vote of the House of Commons, and Landseer, being anything but unmoved at this proceeding, the more especially since he had offered the majestic work to the nation for only £300, sent it to the ensuing Royal Academy. This was in 1857. It evoked universal admiration, and was promptly purchased by Lord Londesborough for £840, a further £500 being obtained by the artist for the copyright of the picture. It passed later into the possession of Lord Cheylesmore, and at his death was bought at Christie's, after a lively competition, for upwards of £7000, by the late Mr T. J. Barratt, at whose death in 1914 it was purchased, again at Christie's, by Sir Thomas Dewar.

While I was getting together these fine works, I chanced to go to the private view at the Grafton Gallery of a gathering of works by the advanced Impressionists. Many of these were hideous and audacious things, with a total absence of the fundamental attributes of fine art, the only impression left on the mind being one of repulsion; rather are these men suggestivists, and gross at that. A great painter suggests and finishes, these men suggest and stop. Let no man think they would not finish if they could; they cannot—not, you may be sure, from lack of paint, that in all conscience is abundantly there, but from lack of capacity and appreciative refinement. In nine cases out of ten the paint is floundering about on the canvas before they have any idea of what they are doing, or hoping to do, if definite aim at all they have, and then when by some accidental condition it gets shaped into anything at all, they give it some title and bid it stand forth as the worked-out idea of a deliberate design.

Before they venture into colour surely they should condescend to learn to draw. We met G. H. Boughton, R.A., coming away as we were entering; with humorous smile he held up his hands, and said in his dry way, "See you when you've recovered."

I remember the late E. A. Abbey's definition of an impressionist painter: "An impressionist," said he, somewhat humorously, "is an artist who has not got time to paint finished pictures."

Sir Edward Poynter also once astutely said they always seemed to leave off where the difficulties began; and the late Lord Carlisle, when he saw one of the earliest displays of this kind in London, stepped back shocked as he exclaimed, "This only shows what Impressionism leads to."

I cannot bring myself to understand how those who have made art a study, and are possibly acquainted with the great works the world has produced in this and continental countries, can be sincere, not merely in their toleration of this form of expression, but of their open advocacy of it. To me, these works are in the main the product of the ill-guided brain and the untutored hand, and those who by their writings or speech uphold them necessarily fall into the same poor, pitiable category. If such ever find their way in an administrative capacity into a public gallery, so much the worse for the gallery. If, say, the "Mona Lisa" be taken as a standard, and it must be acknowledged to be so by all properly constituted minds, termed, as it was by Ruskin, the finest portrayal of any face, by any painter, at any time, one feels inclined to look around for convenient spots whereon to cast the lamentable and unnumbered exploits with paint one has now to encounter, advocated, one cannot help suspecting, by an interested critic and an undiscerning Press.

Impressionism, as it has been put before us by a Manet or a Whistler, is not of the kind I am speaking

about ; I am referring to that where distortions of form, mismanagement of colour, and babe-like innocence of design are the characteristics. Ruskin said, "The word Truth as applied to art signifies the faithful statement, either to the mind or senses, of any fact in nature." Can anyone term these crazy ventures faithful to anything? Not being faithful, they are false. It is argued that one never knows what good may not come out of every art expression if not discouraged ; lurking amid it may be some genius yet to be discovered. This particular phase has had a most indulgent trial and has produced nothing of the kind yet. Why tolerate any more displays of it?

I was wishing to borrow certain works from New York for this exhibition, and one morning I called to see Mr Bayard, the American Ambassador, to seek his assistance on the question of the payment of customs duty on the return of the pictures to America, the duty at that time being 20 per cent. of the gross value of any works of art entering the States. I certainly thought that if anyone could guide me accurately in that direction it would be Mr Bayard, but his smiling reply was disconcerting. "Heaven forbid," said he, "that I should venture to offer an opinion upon American tariff." Change as that tariff might, I think I had some justification for concluding that such a fountain-head of information as the American representative in this country would be aware of existing conditions, but obviously he was not. All, however, which he could do he did, in writing a personal note to the secretary of the Treasury in Washington, and when the time came it had all the effect I was desiring.

I was much interested when the gifted pre-Raphaelite painter, W. L. Windus, was shown into my room one morning. I had been doubtful if he were still alive, and was exceedingly glad to see him ; a short, slight man, apparently in frail health. This painter of beautiful things, the "Burd Helen,"

and the "Too Late," and prolific of ideas, told me he had painted nothing since the death of his wife thirty years ago—what a loss to British art!

Simeon Solomon, the painter of poetry and symbolism, was another richly gifted man who called in to see me about this time; a short man, inclined to stoutness. I was sorry to see him in a very dilapidated condition in regard to his apparel, which indicated straitened circumstances. Two of his most beautiful works were in the collection, "Love in Autumn," painted in Florence in 1866, and "The Sleepers, and One that Awaketh," and to see these again had drawn him to the Guildhall, and happily to call on me. I was pleased to be able to give him an introduction to a firm of art publishers in the West End, which led to his employment by them almost continuously until his death a few years ago.

One picture I greatly wished to obtain for this exhibition was Holman Hunt's impressive work, the greatest religious picture of the nineteenth century, "The Light of the World," given to Keble College, Oxford, several years before, by the late Mr and Mrs Coombe of the Clarendon Press. The artist was as desirous as I of its being shown at the Guildhall. He wrote urgently to Mrs Coombe (then a widow, and over eighty), and I made a special journey to Oxford to see her, intending afterwards to visit the then warden of Keble. I found the good lady entirely with me in my wish, and after luncheon, armed with her views, I proceeded to the College to keep the appointment I had made with the warden. I found him distinctly opposed to the picture coming, and despite the reasons I advanced, I was unable to move him. I fell back, as I thought, upon one more strong argument. Having ascertained from him the number of people who annually came to the College for the purpose of seeing the picture, I said that at the Guildhall quite three thousand would see it every day, more than would

see it at the College in ten years. Came the astounding reply, "Really, do you think that is desirable?" This was a knock-out blow, for I saw at once I had to contend with the insurmountable. It was not the risk of the picture in transit to and from Guildhall that he feared, or the deprivation to the College of the beautiful thing for a short time, which were the obstacles, it was his theological views of the picture.

One point I may mention, among several which the warden advanced: the rosy apples lying about the orchard. Some of these had caught the light from the lantern our Saviour is carrying. The intention of the artist by this, was to remind us that it was from hereditary as well as from committed sin that He came to deliver the world. The warden, not without derision, said, "as if the light of Christ fell only on a few apples lying about an orchard." Had he given even a small amount of careful devotional attention to the picture he would have perceived the deep meaning the artist intended to convey. He would also have discerned that the door, all choked up with weeds and brambles, was meant to be the door of the human heart, and that Christ had approached it in darkness, symbolical of the darkness in which that heart was existing; and that while, as he contended, the light of Christ was shed everywhere, it fell in this enlightening picture with particular illumination on certain objects on which the whole religion of Christianity was reared. All these fine points he had not seen, or having seen, chose to pervert them.

When Holman Hunt first thought of this beautiful subject Millais at once saw the splendour of it—the evening sky and the lamp, the closed door and the suspense it engendered in the mind of the onlooker of the figure waiting for a response—and he said he would do it himself, and he actually bought the canvas for it, relinquishing it only when Hunt

represented to him the obvious unfairness of so appropriating his idea.

It is very conducive to a picture's popularity if the element of suspense be brought into it. This telling attribute was in Millais' "Huguenot," for it left the beholder in doubt whether the life of the Protestant lover would be saved or not.

I should tell here that in Mrs Coombe's little parlour I was drawn to a vivid little pencil-drawing hanging over the mantelpiece. It was somewhat damaged, and Mrs Coombe explained this by saying that it was a drawing Millais made when he was staying with them. He was about twenty-two at the time. He thought nothing of it, and tore it up and threw it into the fire. She rushed forward and snatched it away just as it caught alight, and so patched it up that here it was—a lovely little bit of free work by the clever hand.

While this exhibition was running its course a dinner was given in relation to it, presided over by Sir John Baddeley, at that time chairman of the Gallery Committee, at which many distinguished representatives of Art and Literature were present, and the late Mr Holman Hunt was put up to respond to the toast to "Art." He was getting on in years, and being a man of deep feeling, approaching affection to those he had known for long, he spoke in most touching words of several at the dinner-table. Among these was that much-beloved sculptor, Onslow Ford, R.A. Of him he said, "And I see also that dear and valued friend of mine, that eminent sculptor, Dr Forbes Winslow." Poor Onslow Ford, I saw him glance in amazement at his next neighbour, with a look in his eyes akin to indignation that he should be so mixed up with a brain specialist; but poor Holman Hunt went meandering on, entirely unaware of the slip-of-the-tongue. All at the table knew well that the slip was innocent, for he was a man who would not for the world have hurt any living creature.

At the same dinner was the late Charles Butler, whose beautiful "Pandora," by Rossetti, was in the exhibition. He was a figure of note in the Art world. For many years he spent bountifully in his efforts to acquire what was beautiful and attractive, and bought as freely on the Continent as here. He had no idea where any new acquisition would be put. There was certainly no place available, nor had been available for years past, at either of his residences. When you entered the hall at Connaught Place it was not easy to get through it for the congregation of marbles, crowded there, with no attempt at any arrangement. The pictures occupied every wall from floor to ceiling in the rooms and on the staircases; and in addition were stacked a dozen deep in drawing- and dining-rooms, face to the wall. Of course, when a dinner-party was given there was a great shift. Where they all went to was a marvel; but they were all in their old places again, in long stacks, the next morning.

At this particular dinner a rather sad-looking lady, in a poor dress, sang two songs by Schubert, with marked effect. The following day I received a letter from Butler, enclosing a cheque for £10, with the request that I would forward it to her for him, as he did not know her address. I do not suppose her business fee for singing was more than a guinea or two, so the additional sum was doubtless a most acceptable surprise.

He was wont to gather to his table many talented people in art, literature, the stage, and science. I remember being seated on one of these occasions by the side of Mrs Haweis, wife of the Marylebone preacher, when the subject of Death arose in conversation. She assured me she was looking forward to death, indeed longing for it. I inquired if she were unhappy, or in such a position in life from which there was no honourable escape. "Not in the least," she replied; "all my earthly surroundings are of the

happiest kind. I suppose I should be considered, in that respect, as one to be envied, still this life never seems to me, nor has seemed, anything more than the threshold of the next, and that the sooner we are over that threshold the better." It surprised me, since she was comparatively young, with, in the ordinary course of life, forty years at least before her, and it was with strange reflections that I noticed in *The Times*, scarcely eighteen months after, that she had passed from this life.

Lord Cheylesmore was so kind as to lend to this exhibition a small picture of a dog surrounded by objects of still life, by Landseer; it was called, "All that remained of the Glory of William Smith." It was painted in 1829, and John Rye, who engraved it, recorded some interesting facts in connection with it. William Smith, it appeared, enlisted in 1814 in the 105th Regiment of Foot, and at the battle of Waterloo a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs, and left him helpless on the field. A foreign dog, blind with one eye, and lame with one leg, came and lay beside him, as if moved by sympathy. On William's removal from the field he sought, and obtained, possession of the dog, which became the solace of his remaining years. When a grateful country brought William home, and rewarded his services with a pension and a wooden leg, he stumped about the country, accompanied by this dog, and often made listeners joyous by narrating his military career. It was our great animal painter who made good the omission in the *Military Gazette*, by commemorating him in the painting of his dog, together with all other objects by which he was surrounded at the time of his death.

On the 22nd April 1894, the Guildhall Gallery was open for the first time on a Sunday afternoon, after many ineffectual attempts on the part of Sir William Treloar to obtain the Corporation's concurrence to this step. Representatives of the Press

attended, and Guildhall Yard and the adjacent streets presented an unusual spectacle; people crowding in, the patient queue reaching to Basinghall Street round to Gresham Street, and almost to the Bank of England. It was the prelude to all the other museums and galleries in London being opened to the public on Sunday afternoons.

The late Duchess of Connaught and her three young children came one morning and stayed nearly two hours. Her Royal Highness, with the aid of a catalogue, explained the pictures carefully to the children, and one Sunday morning, in the month of May, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Cambridge came to the gallery as the guests of Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips. We all lunched together afterwards at the Irish Chamber, a small party of ten, Sir George being at that time Governor of the Irish Society, the property and functions of which are administered by the Corporation. Both the Prince and the Duke congratulated me warmly on the success of the display.

Later on, in June, also on a Sunday, the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) came to the gallery privately, with Sir Seymour Fortescue and Sir Arthur Ellis, the latter of whom presented me to His Royal Highness, and I accompanied him through the collection. He conversed freely upon many of the pictures, evincing a remarkable familiarity with them. He would not hurry, and stayed nearly an hour and a half, warmly congratulating me on leaving. I received on the following day a kind letter from Sir Francis Knollys, expressive of the Prince's appreciation of the privacy which had been observed in his visit of the preceding day. The Prince told me that Sir Frederick Leighton had spoken of the exhibition to him on two occasions, and commended it highly; that was why he had come.

I had the privilege at this time of paying a visit of

a few days to Belvoir Castle, by the kind invitation of the late Duke and Duchess of Rutland. The Duke told me after dinner one evening, that once, in the autumn of the year, at a time when he was Lord John Manners, he was in residence at his place, St Mary's, near Dunkeld, when Beaconsfield, on his way to Balmoral to be Minister in attendance on Queen Victoria, broke the journey and stayed a night under his roof. Millais, who was staying not far away, was invited with his wife to join them at dinner. Throughout dinner, what with comment and anecdote, Millais so monopolised the conversation that scarcely a word was heard by anyone else at the table. The Duke felt uncomfortable, but indulged in the hope that it might be better after the ladies had left. It was not so; Millais rattled on just as before. In the drawing-room, when they rejoined the ladies, His Grace felt he could safely assume things would improve. Not in the least. The same torrent of light but certainly interesting talk flowed on, with astounding volubility, and neither Lord Beaconsfield nor any of the others had a chance of saying a word. After Millais and his wife had quitted the house, so marked had been the monopoly exercised by Millais that the Duke felt constrained to excuse his guest in almost apologetic terms to the great statesman, who with his customary tact assured his host that he had seldom spent so idle and pleasant an evening, and that all he had heard from the lips of Millais had greatly interested him. But, as the Duke told me, he nevertheless felt anything but relieved by this courteous assurance. "And," said the Duke, "that was not all;" meeting Millais about two months afterwards in Piccadilly, the painter broke out with the words, "How can I thank you, my dear Lord John, for that delightful evening at St Mary's; it was a privilege, indeed, to hear that great man talk."

The Duke never missed an exhibition at the

Guildhall, and seemed positively to like to find himself jammed in a crowd. He loved London and its busy people.

He talked much at Belvoir of the Corporation of London and of the excellent work it did, and of the sensitive pleasure it gave him when he recalled the manner in which he had been received at the Guildhall, at the various functions he had attended when he was in office.

He told me that he considered one of Lord Beaconsfield's greatest qualities was courage. At Cabinet Councils they would almost tremble at times at the proposals he put forward, but they were invariably adopted, for it was felt he could extricate them creditably from the effects of any misadventure, owing to his great tact and the infinite resources at his command.

At Belvoir the old-time custom was still in practice of the watchman coming his rounds periodically through the night and telling the hour. He was occasionally on the terrace just under my window.

The late Earl Spencer, like this seventh Duke of Rutland, was a stately gentleman of the old school, instinct with courtesy. I chanced to be at Althorp when the renowned library was being packed in large tin-lined boxes for conveyance to Manchester, for which city it had been purchased of him by Mrs Rylands, and the tall figure was stalking about the rooms, sad of aspect at the severance from the house of that great possession. The last time I was there was in March 1909. The train by which I travelled from town was late, and I found the tall red Earl keeping luncheon waiting for me. We sat down alone. The talk throughout was more of politics and statesmanship than of anything else. His free, outspoken references to the great political minds with which he had been associated was of absorbing interest to me, and I listened eagerly. He was not well, and appeared to be a very lonely man, all the brilliance of

life for him having gone out with the death of his gifted Countess. His health seemed to give way just when he was on the threshold of the premiership. The chance had come too late, and he knew it, and he accepted the position with the equanimity with which he was wont to encounter all the important moves in life. Into the range of his vision nothing small or paltry entered. It was all great and spacious, tolerant and forgiving; yet there was strength.

We spent a short time among the pictures, and then he excused himself for his daily ride and left me to indulge in them alone; but we were in the drawing-room later at tea, he and I together, resuming the talk, still chiefly upon parliamentary affairs, he pouring out tea for both. An impressive man, with his vast red beard, now sorely streaked with grey, and his sad eyes, holding, as it were, the consciousness that he was nearing the end. I thought, as I looked at him, of his courage when he held the post of Viceroy of Ireland at a time when the Crimes Act was put into force and the Fenian element was in so dangerous a condition for those in authority; and of his princely hospitality and lavish expenditure from his private purse to dignify to the utmost that high position. It was this, it is said, which brought about the sale of his library. Here was a great Englishman, who, with those like him, leavened by their example the mass of the people by imparting to it the dignity of self-respect and the belief in individual power.

At Althorp the furniture and pictures presented, I was told, precisely the same appearance as when the famous Georgiana was living there. Over the whole place there reigned a stately quiet, as of the consciousness of a beautiful past. During Lord Spencer's Viceroyalty of Ireland it was always in the watchful care of detectives.

CHAPTER XVII

I WAS shortly afterwards invited by the late Colonel North, who owed his wealth to his speculations in nitrate mines in South America, to see his pictures at Avery Hill, Eltham, a colossal place of red brick and glass. Some twenty people sat down to luncheon, and I was between Mrs North and the Hon. Mrs Brand, daughter-in-law of the late Speaker of the House of Commons. Luncheon over, the Colonel asked me if I would like to see the stables, and invited Mrs Brand to accompany us. As we approached them the Colonel said to me, "Temple, I'll take a hundred pounds for what's in the first box we come to. I don't know what's there." In a hushed whisper Mrs Brand shot the words sharply to me, "Take him," but at that time I was not prepared to risk a hundred pounds. The box might contain only a donkey, or a goat, or possibly nothing at all, so I lightly and laughingly replied, "No thanks, Colonel." When we arrived there and the door was opened we found a racer worth £3000.

Later on, referring to his greyhounds of which he had some two hundred, he asked me if I would like to see "Fullerton," the recent winner of the Waterloo Cup, and he was brought up to the conservatory where we were sitting. He had been the means of winning several thousands of pounds for the Colonel.

"He looks hungry," said the Colonel, and rose and went back to the luncheon room, reappearing with an uncut leg of lamb in one hand, and in the other a carving-knife, and into Fullerton's hungry

mouth he sliced the meat off in long strips. Wasteful man, I thought, for waste it seemed to me, although I am aware that these fine pedigree animals are given always of the best. Three sinewy Russian wolf-hounds with their white, silky coats were eager for some, and when Fullerton had been indulged with a sufficiency they too came in for a share. One of these wolf-hounds, which I was told had killed sixteen wolves, was a present from the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

North was a jovial, kind-hearted fellow with no real perception in art, as was testified by the examples hung about his rooms. He never would believe that the game of pool we played (he, Mr Brand, and I) that afternoon was the first I had ever played, but as a matter of fact it was. I won everything there was to win, and I have never played since.

A day or two after this a Signor Ernesto Zuccani called to see me, and a few days later I went to lunch with him at 14 Endsleigh Gardens. He was courtly, and had been a friend of Garibaldi, whose cloak, grey and red, he showed me, a gift to him by the great Italian. He told me he lost £400,000 in the Baring crisis, and was about to retire to a villa he possesses on Lake Como, where he finds amusement in keeping silkworms.

In January of the following year I was asked by Commissioner Kerr, who had given to the Guildhall Gallery not only an excellent portrait of himself by his son Charles Kerr (a frequent exhibitor at the Academy), but a fine little bronze head of a boy, by J. Nesfield Forsyth, to go and see the sculptor. I was glad I did, for I saw a fine piece of statuary he had just completed for the tomb in St Albans Abbey, of Bishop Claughton, the first Bishop of St Albans. It was the recumbent figure of the Bishop.

I was much interested to learn from Forsyth

details concerning Raffaele Monti, the Italian sculptor, who, among other poetical and beautiful works, conceived, and carried out in marble, the group that made so great an impression in the International Exhibition of 1862, entitled, "The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy." It eventually came into the possession of a Mr Dering, an eccentric man of reclusive habits, one of whose residences was a lovely and lonely habitation standing in its own grounds and covered in foliage, outside the village of Welwyn in Herts. Poor Monti, though so richly endowed by nature, passed the last years of his life in poverty. He lived in London, and never went out until after dark on account of his liabilities. Even the tools with which he worked he was compelled to part from for the small sum they would realise. Had he only been free for a few months, and able to obtain the necessary marble, he could have severed himself from his distressing troubles. Forsyth told me he bought up all his small models after his death, and what gems they are! Save for Forsyth's father, no one was with him when he died, on the 16th October 1881, at the age of sixty-three. I recall that in 1878 the Corporation of London were providing a costly piece of massive silver for the chief position on the banquet table at the Mansion House, and application for designs was made to Garrards, the famous silver-smiths. Among those submitted was one by Monti, in which, besides the central group, were four figures, placed at the four corners of the large oblong design. They were simply beautiful in dignity and poetic feeling. One of the firm told me that Monti drew those designs off-hand while he was in their place in the Haymarket, without any models, just handed them over and walked out. His design, I lament, was not that selected—there was too much of the inspired and impulsive Cellini in it! By the firm's permission, I took tracings of the lovely figures, and these I still have.

Later in the month I was calling at Christie's. It was a cold day, and I was warming myself at the stove talking with Mr Woods, then senior partner, and two others, when a shabbily dressed man entered, and not seeing Mr Woods, turned towards the office. In a minute or so one of the clerks came and said that a gentleman had called to see Mr Woods, who at once left us and we chatted on alone. Presently the shabby individual reappeared and passed out, but with more elastic step and brighter mien. Mr Woods immediately rejoined us, and asked if we had noticed the man. He then told us of the interview he had just had—that he had not seen that man for forty-two years; they were at school together, it had gone hard for him, he was terribly down in circumstances, “while I,” he said, “have prospered. He called in to borrow £10. I gave him an open cheque for £500 for old friendship's sake.”

Pending any fresh exhibition being decided upon, it was my habit to see what I could, with a view to further displays, and one morning I was taken by my old friend Colonel Rutley to Sir Wager Watson's. He was a genial old bachelor residing in a flat in Victoria Street. He seemed most comfortably quartered, the windows facing south, and the winter sun pouring cheerily in. Portraits of his ancestors were hung all round the rooms, and among them two sweet faces by Romney, the prettier being that of Lady Abercorn. His inlaid and buhl furniture was very beautiful, as also were his china and bronzes. He humorously showed me the photograph of an old gentleman, who adopted a curious device with his umbrella. He had a handle made that unscrewed, and whenever he had to leave his umbrella anywhere he would unscrew the handle and put it in his pocket. “No one,” he said, “cares to steal an umbrella without a handle.”

I had a great friendship at this time with Mr Martin H. Colnaghi, the art expert, truly an enter-

taining and interesting man. His knowledge of art was wide, particularly of Italian and early Dutch art.

He was a good teller of stories, and one he was fond of telling was of when Charles I., to whom the news had come of a talented portrait painter in Flanders of the name of Hals, deputed Vandyck to journey across to Antwerp, and ascertain for him the truth, or otherwise, of the report. Under an assumed name Vandyck presented himself at Hals's studio, as an emissary from King Charles, and was received with every mark of consideration and courtesy. Hals, having not the least idea who he was, submitted several of his works to him, and finally offered to paint a portrait of him then and there, and to bring it to completion in forty minutes. He could then take it back with him to the King. Patiently Vandyck sat, and at the end of the stipulated time was invited to see the work. He discerned at once the hand of a master, but instead of breaking forth into a transport of laudation, which it truly deserved, affected disparagement of it, both as a portrait and as a work of art, declaring he could do better himself. Dumbfounded, as dealing with an opinionated amateur, Hals laughingly surrendered to him his palette and brushes, and took his patient seat where Vandyck had been. At the appointed time Vandyck bade him come and see what he had so far done. Hals stood before it, gasping for breath. "Mon Dieu," he cried, "it is the devil, who are you? Ah, it is Vandyck," and the two men were locked in a brotherly embrace.

There were several great collectors who relied on Colnaghi's judgment in the purchases they made, and some of these collections I know to-day. Their value in every instance has since quadrupled. He was known almost as well on the Continent as in London. He could converse fluently in three or four languages, and this of course was of great advantage to him in his business; but what was perhaps more, was his

manner and his polished address. He was not all for making money, he valued friendships; he had the warmest of hearts, and gained almost the affection of those who consulted him. Once his intimate, it was never anything else afterwards.

I remember he once told me of a picture by Franz Hals in Stockholm, about which a distinguished member of the Swedish nobility had written to him. He started the same evening for Sweden provided with funds for a possible purchase. He found the picture was the famous "Le Joyeux Buveur," and the owner was desirous of disposing of it for a thousand pounds. This Colnaghi promptly and joyously paid, and the following morning left the Swedish capital, not for London, but for Paris, carrying the precious work with him. He at once found a purchaser for it in Monsieur L—— at £4000, and returned to London. Some months afterwards Monsieur L—— called upon him in Pall Mall, and spoke of disparaging remarks which had been made about the picture, some of his friends questioning its authenticity, and certain German authorities greatly underrating its value. Eventually it came again into Colnaghi's hands, and when I last heard of it, it was in Paris at that venerable dealer's, M. Sedelmeyer's, where its former purchaser, Monsieur L——, was endeavouring to recover possession of it at a very much higher figure than he had originally paid. Its value to-day would be quite five times that £4000, the fine work ranking in a line with the famous "Guitar Player," now in the collection of Mr Otto Beit.

Colnaghi lived to the age of eighty-two, leaving a fortune of over £90,000, the use of which is given to his widow for her lifetime, and then reverts to the trustees of the National Gallery for the purchase of works out of the income thereof. Apart from this provision for the nation he bequeathed to it certain specific pictures which are now in the National Gallery.

He was at all times ready to assist me in any of

the exhibitions at the Guildhall. I could point to several great works I might never have secured from their nervous owners but for his kind and always energetic efforts. He seemed as interested in the success of my Guildhall work as was I myself, and would take great trouble to further my ends. He was one of the interesting ones of earth, and my wife and I felt his death keenly when he passed away in 1908.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE fourth exhibition at the Guildhall, held in 1895, was somewhat suddenly decided upon, and much less time than usual was at my command for its preparation. The chairman of the committee that year was a well-known architect in the City, Mr J. Douglass Matthews, who entirely shared my anxieties in the most sympathetic and helpful manner, to bring the display to the level of its predecessors in point of public interest. Apart from a careful selection of British work, there was included in this collection a small gathering of rare examples of the early Dutchmen.

I was much interested when I borrowed Frith's pretty "Dolly Varden" from Lord Burton. In endeavouring to find something about it for my descriptive catalogue, I saw Frith and discovered he had painted six versions of the subject. The first was in 1842 and is known as "Dolly with the Bracelet." This was sold in the Gillott sale for £735 and is in America. The second represented her leaning against a tree laughing; it was painted immediately after the bracelet one, and is now lost sight of. The third was a replica of this, expressly painted for Frank Stone, R.A., who gave it to John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, who bequeathed it to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it now is. The fourth and fifth were also replicas of that, and painted respectively for Thomas Creswick, R.A., and a Mr Phillips. The sixth is Lord Burton's, and its painting came about in this way:—In 1843 Charles

Dickens chanced to see Frank Stone's, and at once commissioned Frith to paint a "Dolly Varden" for him, and when it was finished he said it was "exactly what he meant." He paid Frith £20 for it, and at the sale of Dickens's effects in 1871 it realised a thousand guineas. It is regarded as by far the best of the Dolly Vardens.

Some beautiful Rossettis were in this exhibition, also Alma Tadema's lovely "Expectation," Henry Wallis's vivid "Death of Chatterton," now in the Tate Gallery, and Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat."

Poor Leighton was very ill that year. It was the first Guildhall Exhibition to which he failed to pay a visit. He would have rejoiced to have seen there his beautiful "Moorish Garden—a Dream of Granada." He took an interest in its being there, for he went twice to Buttery's (the restorer) to see it, the second time to varnish it, before it was delivered at the Guildhall. He would have liked also to have renewed his acquaintance with many works he knew so well, not the least important of which was Landseer's wild and lordly scene of "A Swannery invaded by Sea-eagles," from the famous collection of Lord Masham. I can recall this picture occupying the chief place in the large room at the Academy of 1869 at its first exhibition at Burlington House. It was begun many years before it was brought to completion. It is the largest canvas Landseer ever painted, and the last he exhibited.

Among the earlier British works was the beautiful portrait of the Hon. Mrs Charles Yorke by Reynolds, acquired some years later by the late Mr Charles Wertheimer, and not long ago cut from off its stretcher and stolen one night from his house in Norfolk Street.

To the early Dutch section the late Lord Spencer lent a portrait of the artist's mother by Rembrandt, and wished it insured for £400. He called upon me shortly after I had received his kind consent, and I

drew his attention to that figure of £400, acquainting him with the fact that £8000 was nearer its value. He was very obliged to me, saying he had no idea so great an increase had taken place in the value of Rembrandt's works, and that he would have his own insurance policy altered at once.

There was a special feature in this exhibition by the inclusion in it of a rare and costly collection of works illustrating the beautiful art of the sculptor-goldsmith and gem-engraver of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It embraced nearly three hundred objects, the property of the late Sir Charles Robinson, once the surveyor of the Royal pictures. A display of somewhat similar character, but taking a wider range, was held at the ensuing winter exhibition at Burlington House, and the Corporation was asked to contribute to it the unique and precious jewelled sceptre, said to have come into its possession directly from William the Conqueror; and Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and other Royal Academicians attended at the Bar of the Court of Common Council to beg for its loan, but the Court felt it incumbent, perhaps excusably so, to refuse to allow this unique and most cherished possession to leave the Guildhall.

I was with Alfred Gilbert one long summer morning, and we talked about his wonderful achievements. Shortly afterwards he did me the kindness to send me a reproduction in bronze of his beautiful statuette "Victory," which he said he happened still to have by him. On its ebony pedestal he had cut the words, "Souvenir of deep regard to A. G. Temple, from A. G." Since then I have been so fortunate as to come into possession of his larger bronze of "The Kiss of Victory," one of his earliest and most poetic conceptions.

There was a curious incident in relation to the forming of this exhibition. It came to my knowledge that Henri Rochefort, the notorious Frenchman, of unenviable record in his association in 1871 with the

Paris Commune, possessed some excellent examples of early Dutch painting at his residence at Clarence Gate. I accordingly, though somewhat thoughtlessly, placed myself in communication with him, and an appointment was fixed for me to call at twelve o'clock on the following Saturday. I thought nothing more of the matter until I was standing at his door, and about to ring the bell. Then I paused, and for the first time the position flashed upon me. What was I doing? I was about to ask an individual whose ardent energies had been given up nearly all his life to the oversetting of order and authority, whose hands were stained with the blood of innocent persons, and who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, one who had fled from the justice of his own country to find a sure refuge among our indulgent people; I was about to ask such an individual to lend his assistance, in its public work, to an ancient and honoured Corporation, which had for centuries been renowned for its upholding of order and authority. It would not do. I rang no bell. I turned away, and within half an hour had dispatched to M. Rochefort by hand a courteous letter of regret at not having kept my appointment, and subsequently a further and more formal communication acknowledging his kind readiness to assist the Corporation in its enterprise, but that the examples already at its disposal obviated the need for me to trespass on his indulgence.

I heard about this time of a piece of adroit behaviour on the part of a certain picture-dealer in the West End of the name of S—. He had sold works to the amount of some £1200 to a peer in Mayfair, who wrote to him that if he would call on the following Saturday at half-past twelve a cheque would be awaiting him. He called and was shown into the library, where his lordship was seated at a writing-table with his cheque-book before him. His bankers were Coutts & Co. "Shall I cross the

cheque?" said his lordship. "If you please, my lord," replied Mr S——. "What bank?" inquired his lordship. "Coutts & Co., if you please, my lord," said Mr S——. Lord H—— put down his pen, turned in his chair, and looking up at Mr S—— who was standing by, said, "I thought only gentlemen banked at Coutts's." But Mr S—— was equal to the occasion. "And I, my lord," said he, "was of the same opinion until this moment."

There was an effort made in the spring of this year to obtain for the Guildhall Gallery, by purchase from the Barber Surgeons Company, the large picture by Holbein of "Henry VIII. granting a Charter to the Barbers Company," one of the few works of art in the City saved from the Great Fire. The purchase price was agreed upon, and a circular letter, signed by the late Sir Stuart Knill, sent out to those who might be considered sympathetic enough to support such a step by a contribution, but the response was not satisfactory.

One of the most sympathetic was the late Sir Francis Cook. He called upon me in acknowledgment of the circular sent to him, and we went round to Barbers' Hall to see the picture; we afterwards lunched together in his room at St Paul's Churchyard; a gentle and considerate man, generous in his ideas and intentions, his desire ever evident to do good. He intimated to me his readiness to subscribe £500 to the fund we were endeavouring to form.

One of the objects of the removal of this celebrated and historical picture to the Guildhall Gallery was its preservation. At Barbers' Hall, situated among narrow streets and encompassed by over-towering warehouses, its danger from fire was ever-present. The chances of the rescue of such a heavy oak panel, ten feet by six, in such an event were small. The contrivance adopted by the thoughtful and anxious Court of the Barbers Company for quickly removing it was as excellent as could be; but

I have in my recollection the fire some fifteen years ago at Olantigh Towers, near Wye in Kent, where there was a superb work by Paul Potter of great value. It was not large as this Holbein was, and had been so hung as to be easily lifted off and carried away on the first alarm of fire ; but when the fire did occur there was no room for thought of pictures, and this lovely gem perished. This was a small work that could have been carried away in one hand, but for the Holbein eight men at least would be necessary to move it a yard. In the Guildhall Gallery its safety, it was felt, would have been assured. It still hangs in its accustomed place at Barbers' Hall.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) rarely omitted seeing any special exhibition at the Guildhall. His custom was to come on a Sunday morning soon after twelve o'clock accompanied by one of his equerries. It was Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips who arranged these visits, and they were wont to invite a small and carefully chosen company of ten or twelve, whose names had previously been submitted to and approved by the Prince. No casual inspection of the pictures was made, but a careful study of them with the descriptive catalogue, with observations and criticisms freely made, and questions put to me concerning many of them. Shortly before two o'clock we adjourned to the court room of the Irish Society, where Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips had provided luncheon. Most heartily did His Royal Highness enjoy this part of the day's arrangements, and the subsequent cigar, over which he would linger, on nearly every occasion, until close upon five o'clock, seeming to be loth even then to rise from the table. A real relaxation it appeared to be ; he was always throughout in the best of spirits. On one of these occasions I remember his saying good-bye ; he kept my hand a long while in his, addressing me all the time in most

complimentary terms. I wish I could remember precisely what he said, but it came upon me so unexpectedly that I lost all remembrance of the actual words. I only know it was exceedingly pleasant to hear them, and that those who were standing by, and who also heard them, warmly congratulated me after he had gone.

On this occasion, as we were leaving the gallery for luncheon, Sir George and the late Duke of Abercorn were bringing up the rear of the party with the Prince and me. At the bottom of the stone steps I was recalled to the fact that I had overlooked certain instructions I had intended to give to the officials about the afternoon opening to the public, and I excused myself to the Prince saying I would follow on directly. I imagined His Royal Highness was joining the two who were only just a yard or so in front of us, and I proceeded to do, without hurry, what I had returned for, but when leisurely making my way again to the entrance I was dismayed to hear a voice calling, "Mr Temple, are you not coming to lunch?" and there I saw the Prince, who had not gone on with the others, but had come right back to the top of the steps for me, and was waiting there alone. I was really very vexed and could only offer expressions of sincere regret, and there was nothing but smiles and good humour on the kindly face as we walked together across Guildhall Yard to the luncheon room, where the party were waiting for him.

There was no formality about these visits, and they were kept as private as possible, by the Prince's desire. I nearly always received a letter on the following day from Marlborough House, conveying the expression of the appreciation of His Royal Highness at the quiet and privacy which had been observed.

Sir Henry Irving was knighted in the summer of this year, and on his attending the reception at the Guildhall shortly afterwards, given in honour

of the Shazada of Afghanistan, he had a great reception. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him by Sir George Faudel-Phillips, and we conversed together over several of the pictures. One in particular struck him, "A Cavalier," by Albert Cuyp, lent by the late Earl of Crawford, the costume of which might be very serviceable to him, he said, at any revival of his play of *Charles I.* With the permission of the owner of the picture, I had a photograph taken of it and it pleased him much when I sent it to him.

His lifelong friend, Bram Stoker, told me that the first evening after the knighthood had been conferred on Irving, they were dining *tête-à-tête*, and Bram, imagining that it behoved him to address his chief in terms of more formality than had hitherto prevailed, said, when it came to the wine, "What shall we drink to-night, Sir Henry?" Down went Irving's knife and fork as he fell back wearily in his chair and ejaculated, "By God, you *too* Bram?"

It was towards the end of 1875, on Irving's first production of *Othello* at the Lyceum Theatre, that a weekly humorous publication entitled *Fun*, now non-existent, published a criticism of his acting headed "To a Fashionable Tragedian," of a nature which brought it clearly within the lines of libel. Irving had patiently borne several disrespectful, not to say opprobrious articles of a similar kind from the same journal, and this present criticism of him in the character of the Moor, in which he was held up as degrading the profession, whereas all his life he had done his utmost to raise it, pointed directly to an almost savage vindictiveness. At the instance of numerous friends he decided to take criminal proceedings against the printer of the publication. The case came before Sir Robert Carden at the Guildhall Justice Room on the last day of December 1875, the adjourned and concluding hearing being on the 3rd January 1876. I was present on both occasions.

It excited great public interest ; not only was the Court itself densely packed, but the greater part of the Guildhall Yard was thronged by an eager crowd hoping to gain admission. Loud cheering heralded Irving's arrival and departure.

The charge against the printer, Mr James Judd, an honourable man and member of the City Corporation, was withdrawn early in the hearing, he not being the man who had really "done the deed," and the writer of the article and the editor of the publication took his place as defendants. This gave Sir Robert the opportunity of remarking that no blame whatever attached to the printer, but it was necessary to hold him responsible in order to get at the writer of the article.

Besides Irving himself appearing in the witness-box, the late J. L. Toole and Dion Boucicault gave evidence supporting their old friend.

I can well recall Toole in the witness-box ; he kept the whole Court in roars of laughter.

Sir Robert.—"Do you think, Mr Toole, that Mr Irving at all resembled 'an infuriated sepoy' in his impersonation of *Othello*?"

Toole.—"No, my lord, certainly not."

Sir Robert.—"Not in the least?"

Toole.—"No more than yourself, my lord."

This to the white-haired and gentle-minded Sir Robert convulsed the Court, not the words merely, but the way in which they were uttered and the curious twinkle on Toole's smileless face. I noticed Irving shaking with laughter.

On Toole being asked if the libellous article might not be taken as an earnest entreaty to Irving to adopt another line in his acting than that of tragedy, in which murders and such events occur, he termed such a suggestion an impertinence, as great as if he himself were asked not to play comedy again.

Sir Robert.—"Ah! no one ever shed a tear who saw Mr Toole play."

Toole pathetically remarked that he was sorry to hear Sir Robert say that.

Great regret was expressed by the defendants that the article had been written and published, on which Sir Robert somewhat tartly observed that he had scarcely ever had a criminal before him who had not expressed regret, and that, in his opinion, the only regret they felt was in being found out, not of course that he regarded the defendants then before him as criminals—far from it.

The charge was about to be sent for trial at the Central Criminal Court when Irving interposed, with his known magnanimity and large-heartedness, to represent through his counsel that as he had heard from the lips of each defendant a full apology, with expressions of regret that the article had ever been written, and personally repudiating any malicious motive, he desired to accept those apologies and to prevail on Sir Robert to refrain from sending the defendants for trial. To this request Sir Robert acceded and the defendants were discharged.

Alderman Sir Robert Carden was very popular on the bench; his big heart leaned toward lenient sentences. His picturesque presence with his pile of white hair attracted the attention more than once of Queen Victoria on those occasions when he accompanied deputations to Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. He was bowed somewhat in his later years, but his vigour seemed ever the same, and it was attested in one instance by no less an authority than *Punch*, when, his having been knocked down in Cheapside by a hansom cab, it addressed to him the following lines:—

Oh! Sir Robert Carden,
You're a tough 'un and a hard 'un,
Cabs knock you down,
You rub your crown,
And don't care one brass farden.

It was on the occasion of the Mayoralty of Sir

Robert Carden, 9th November 1857, that the famous processions to Westminster by water, in the State city barge, with the sheriffs' barges and those of the Livery Companies of London, were discontinued and the route by road substituted.

Many people know how the execution of the marble statue of Irving by Onslow Ford came about, how Irving one day received a letter which he handed to his *fidus Achates*, Bram Stoker, from, as he said, a man of the name of Ford about doing a statue of him, and would Bram see him when he called. Bram saw him and told him at once it would be impossible for Irving to give sittings. Eventually to develop into one of the foremost sculptors of the day, Ford was at that time practically unheard of; but the dormant genius was about to break into light. He had seen Irving in Hamlet, and conceived what a fine thing it would be to put into marble some characteristic attitude of the famous actor in this greatest of Shakespeare's creations. He went several times to the play and made slight rapid sketches of such positions as struck him, and when now met by Bram with what was really an insurmountable barrier, proceeded to undo a parcel he was carrying, which proved to contain a rough study in the clay of what he had in mind. Bram was impressed with the fine art of it, and urgently recommended Irving to give a few sittings, which he did, and the fine thing in marble came into being. When it was finished Ford proposed to send it to Irving's rooms, then in Grafton Street. "For heaven's sake, don't do that," said Irving; "the staircase would never stand the weight even if it were wide enough, nor the floor of my room either if it ever got there." Ford inquired then what he should do with it, and Irving, after reflecting a moment, said he had better give it to some public institution—to the Guildhall Gallery, for example, where a fine exhibition had just been held, "but not as a gift from me, you know.

Hang it all, Ford, a man cannot give his own statue ; give it from yourself. I have paid you for it, so give it as a gift from you ; I authorise you to." So the statue came to the Guildhall bearing the inscription, "Presented by the Sculptor, 1890" ; but, of course, it was really the gift of him who lies in Westminster Abbey.

It was at a small dinner which Bram Stoker and his wife gave at the Hotel Cecil that my wife and I met W. S. Gilbert. It gave us much amusement to hear him tell of the invitation he accepted to dine at the Mansion House one evening. Between the date of his acceptance and that of the dinner he had been knighted by King Edward, and his wife instilled into him the importance of remembering that he was now no longer W. S. Gilbert, but Sir William Gilbert, and all the way up to Euston from Graemes Dyke he kept repeating to himself, "Sir William Gilbert, Sir William Gilbert," and in the hansom from Euston to the Mansion House, determining to make no mistake, he continued the repetition, "Sir William Gilbert, Sir William Gilbert." On arriving at the Lord Mayor's residence—amid all its light and music—he gave up his hat and coat to the attendant, and advancing to be received, was met by the toastmaster, to whom he promptly jerked out his name as heretofore, "W. S. Gilbert." But the toastmaster knew better, as he replied, "Sir William Gilbert, I think, sir."

I dined at Skinner's Hall in the November of that year, and found my seat next to that of Mr R. K. Causton, M.P. (now Lord Southwark). He told me that Gladstone could never trust Chamberlain, else he would have confided to him his Irish Home Rule project. If Chamberlain had been with Gladstone in that it would have been carried.

The Corporation and the public were now seeing year by year these selected pictures on the walls, never thinking but that all one had to do was just

to collect them. It did not occur to anyone that difficulty was ever encountered. I wonder what kind of collections they would have been if we had proceeded on the lines of asking well-known collectors for merely "pictures," without specifying any in particular. The principle upon which I have acted throughout has been to formulate the collection in my mind, of works of distinctive merit, with which I was acquainted, and then by hook or by crook trace the owners; and, possessed with that information, use my utmost efforts to procure the loan. This tracing of a picture is often no small matter, entailing a great deal of time and correspondence, and not infrequently has been time and trouble wholly lost. I once traced an important work through five different collections, and then, when I thought my hand was upon it, found its latest purchaser had transferred it from Paris to a house he had in San Francisco, of course beyond our reach.

I was once entering the porch of Guildhall when I encountered a good-natured corporator, who was eloquent of the special exhibition then on view. He airily said that he supposed I had no difficulty in obtaining any of the pictures. I replied, "Not the slightest. I just stand here where you and I are now and give a gentle whistle, and you see them presently trooping up King Street of their own accord, and they go into the gallery, and know exactly where they have to be placed. No, it's not the remotest trouble to *me*."

CHAPTER XIX

I WAS now seeing before me a lengthening prospect, and beginning to discern what would be expected by the public and the Corporation of London in the future, and I concluded it best, if it were practicable, to give each coming exhibition a distinctive character. So it was that in 1896 the display assumed the form of British water-colour painting. It was an art, the individuality and practice of which no other country could claim priority of. In some sense it was really the oldest form of pictorial art. It was employed in Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Italy; and in the Middle Ages, in the form of illumination, had been carried to a state approaching perfection. Certain of the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century painters in Europe adopted it in a manner exemplified in some of the drawings of the early masters, and carried out later with no slight amount of finish by the great painters of the Dutch School; but as an independent art it may certainly be said to be of English origin and development. Its practice had existed in this country for considerably over a century.

There was scope for an entertaining and instructive display ranging from Cozens and Girtin down to Fred Walker and Whistler, and variable enough to command the ordinary and reach the exceptional taste. It embraced one hundred and seventy-eight works, ample to carry out my aims. Mr W. O. Clough, at that time Member of Parliament for Portsmouth, occupied the chair of the committee and rendered me sound help in many ways.

No exhibition passed without some incidents of note in connection with it. I particularly wished to include two works belonging to a connoisseur I knew fairly well, and on calling upon him and requesting their loan, he at once acquiesced. Just, however, as I was leaving, it bethought him to ask me whether the gallery was open on Sundays, and when I replied in the affirmative, he said he could not then lend his pictures, he did not approve of the Sunday opening of museums and galleries.

"Well," I said, "I don't quite know what is to be done. I must have these two works."

"But you cannot," he said. "If you will not open on Sunday you may have them, not unless."

I thought for a moment. The pictures were really of consequence to me in the scheme I was forming, and after considering a moment I said, "I tell you what I will do—I will take them down every Saturday evening and put them up again on the Monday morning."

He laughed merrily at this, as he cordially agreed to the proposal, and on thirteen Saturdays these two pictures were conscientiously taken from the walls and placed in my private room, being returned to their places on the Monday morning.

The year had opened badly by the death of Leighton. We had seen him for a moment at the private view of the old masters at Burlington House on the 4th January 1896. He was looking, we thought, very ill; there was an ashy-grey hue on his face which foreboded the worst, and three weeks later he passed away. He was buried in the Crypt of St Paul's. A lordly piece of drapery by way of pall was over the coffin, just such as he would have liked, in colour a rich claret, heavily embroidered in gold. Sad was the aspect of those following, Millais, himself to quit this life in the following August, perhaps the saddest of them all. It was grievous indeed to think that Leighton, the fine

fellow with his grace and force, was gone. I recall vividly his start of genuine pleasure when our names were announced at the preceding year's soirée, and his warm shake of the hand as he congratulated me over the mark the Guildhall Exhibitions had made.

Before the room in which he died was touched, I made a drawing of it, that it might not be left unrecorded how simple were the surroundings—bordering on the commonplace when compared with the cultured and fine effect of every other part of the house. On the dark blue paper were chiefly photographs of the works of the great men, mainly of the early Italian schools, which had attracted him as possessing some peculiar beauty. One was a vigorous delineation of the features of Savonarola, another a reproduction of one of the marbles of Michael Angelo, above which was a photograph of the famous Botticelli in the Academy at Florence, the "Primavera," while equally familiar works of the Tuscan, Paduan, and Venetian Schools in dark green stained frames were placed about without apparently much care as to their order of arrangement. Fourteen were on the wall facing the window; quite twenty were on the wall where the fireplace was situated; while opposite were several others, among them a water-colour by Burne-Jones, of "Chaucer's Dream of Fair Women."

Millais was another great loss to the country's art in the August of this year. I met him not many weeks before his death one afternoon in St James's Street. He told me he had something wrong with his throat, and that he was afraid he was a "doomed man," and then came out his splendid ever-buoyant nature. Said he, "But you know, Temple, I have had a jolly time." It was right good to hear him, face to face with the ending of his prosperous career, grateful, not complaining.

An accomplished water-colour artist who has been somewhat overlooked is Henry Tidey. He painted

in an original style, more particularly in the general tone of his work, undertaking subjects chiefly of a poetic character from those poems of Byron, or Tom Moore, in which Oriental themes were treated. One of the best of his productions was "The Feast of Roses," a scene from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. This was first seen at the annual exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society in 1859, and was purchased by Queen Victoria as a birthday gift to the Prince Consort. Her Majesty was so kind as to allow it to be brought from Osborne for the Guildhall Exhibition. Tidey died in 1872, and one day at Guildhall, standing before this picture with his widow, a little old lady of upwards of seventy years of age, she drew my attention to one of the figures in pale grey, a lissome girl of twenty or so, with a face of much prettiness, gaily laughing in that glad scene, and said, "I was the model for that." His pictures were all well thought out in design, but the restraint in the expression of full and definite colour was the attribute in them which appealed to me.

I had the opportunity at this exhibition of bringing forward some examples of the water-colour work of Lucy Rossetti, wife of William Michael Rossetti, and a daughter of Ford Madox Brown. These were "Après le Bal" and "The Magic Mirror." Her "Romeo at the tomb of Juliet" I had included in the exhibition of 1895, lent me by Mr W. M. Hardinge, to whom she had bequeathed it. To my mind it surpasses in poetic intensity and agreeable composition anything her poor discontented father ever accomplished, and yet, although she lived to the age of over fifty, little notice had been taken of her productions. It is so on life's hurried pathway. Some of the best and most gifted are left by the wayside, and only those who see with independent vision descry the merits that lie neglected, and bring them forward as opportunity serves into

the light, where, indeed, they always should have been. She, no doubt, modest soul, thought lightly enough of her art attempts, and others around her were too busy with their own, so obscurity fell on them. She pursued art but intermittently, not as an ardent and continuous effort, otherwise who can tell what beautiful things might not have come from her hand.

Randolph Caldicott was another whose work was shown in a small delightful example called "The Rivals," lent by the late Mr Lockett Agnew. He was quite a distinctive genius, and stood alone in his manner of interpreting familiar themes, although now he has many followers. With no art education, his innate talent contrived to express itself in a way free of convention, and what is still more to be observed, with an accuracy in the delineation of any object he desired to represent, which the most cultured and best trained student in drawing could not have surpassed. His life was cut short at the age of forty, yet he left numberless works in which originality of expression united with a singular sense of grace.

In the course of my preparation of this exhibition I came in contact with the late Sir John Fowler at his house at Campden Hill—a fine, hearty, vigorous man; the engineer of the great bridge over the Firth of Forth. He had gathered about him an excellent collection of pictures, having been well advised in the purchases he had made, most of them, I believe, through the well-known firm of Messrs T. Agnew and Sons, who had formed practically all of the great collections of modern art throughout the kingdom. He readily lent me his "Tivoli" by Turner, and his lovely little Millais "A Dream at Dawn," now in the possession of Mr Barnet Lewis, and which Millais intimated to a friend of mine he would much like to have shown at the Guildhall. It was delightful to me to see the intense enjoyment which Sir John got out of his pictures, and it must have been a relief to him to sit among them after the strenuous and

anxious work of his daily life. He was a man of great ideas and tremendous force; just the man one would suppose to effect the spanning of the Forth by that huge iron structure, with its enormous cantilevers, where not only the space abridged had to be considered, but the various forces of the wind, and the action of heat and cold.

Touching the "Tivoli" which he lent me, a certain art critic, on the Press day, expressed astonishment that I had included it as a specimen of Turner's art, painted, as he said, in Turner's worst time. "Oh," I said, "you surely know when his best time was." "Yes, of course I do," he replied; "between 1810 and 1820." "Well," I observed, "that picture was painted in 1817." "Impossible," he cried. "Come and examine it," I said. By this time three other critics had joined us, and we all went across to the picture. One of them, Mr Humphry Ward, took out a strong glass and looked at the signature, and said, "Temple is right, there is 1817 plainly enough." Ever after that this particular critic said all he could in disparagement of the Guildhall displays. The Turner was an engraved picture and came from the well-known collection of the late Lord Ashbourne, and as a critic he ought not to have been unacquainted with it.

The exhibition was open freely for three months to the public, who attended to the number of 124,271.

A member of the Corporation at this time, characterised by a lofty opinion of his own capacity, and by an aggressive manner which gave offence to many, had for the loadstar of his corporate ambition the chairmanship of the premier committee of the Corporation, the "City Lands Committee," a body which had under its control all the landed property of the Corporation, representing a vast value. He was one to whom advertisement was the breath of life; to see himself in print atoned for many of life's shortcomings. When he was eventually elected to

this chair, he lost not a moment in letting all on earth or in heaven know of it. His main hope was in the *Times* newspaper; and that was the first direction to which he addressed himself, enclosing a careful paragraph. As ill-luck would have it the *Times* misprinted one letter, so that when the paragraph appeared it conveyed to all the world that he had been elected chairman of the City Bands Committee. Poor man, it was terrible. Everyone to whom he especially wished the notification to be conveyed of course thought that the Corporation possessed its own or several brass bands! While there were many who commiserated with him over this occurrence, there were more who were delighted; it was in their minds some set off to the unnumbered rudenesses which lay to his account.

CHAPTER XX

1897 brought the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the form the exhibition assumed that year was obviously that of the painters who had flourished, or come into prominence, during her reign. There was a wide and splendid field on which to work. Constable just came within its scope, as did Sir David Wilkie, and then that group of painters so patronised by the collector in the early Victorian days, William Collins, Etty, Mulready, W. J. Muller, David Cox, J. S. Cotman, and Webster. The last fourteen years of the life of the great Turner came into the reign, while the appearance of the group of pre-Raphaelite painters startled it ere it had traversed a dozen years. Landseer, Frith, and Thomas Faed attained an enormous degree of popularity; the pastoral school came into being in the persons of George Mason, Fred. Walker, Pinwell, and others; the group too in which Orchardson, Pettie, and Beavis shone, and individualities asserted themselves such as Watts, Leighton, and Alma Tadema; while landscape, animal painting, and domestic genre were ably dealt with by a variety of accomplished men.

A fairly representative collection was brought together of the best examples obtainable of one hundred and twenty-eight artists. In many cases the chief work of the painter was secured, as in Orchardson's "Young Duke," now owned by Lord Leverhulme; Abbey's famous "Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne" was there; and Mason's "Harvest Moon," that best and sweetest of English

pastoral pictures, owned now by Lord Faringdon; Millais' "Huguenot" again appeared. Altogether, it was an assemblage which could not well have been brought together in one collection save under some special plea as that associated with the Jubilee.

I first saw Abbey's picture in Sargent's studio. He was bringing it to completion, and I thought, and still think it, the finest oil production from his hand. The model for the Lady Anne was standing for him at the time, wearing the high headgear, which she was saying was hot and uncomfortable. The picture was bought by the late George M'Culloch, but the copyright of it I prevailed on the Art Union of London to acquire, and to publish in the form of an etching, for the annual plate presented to its subscribers. I was at that time advising that long-standing and excellent Art Society; it was etched by Leopold Flameng, the famous French etcher.

A popular work in this collection was Edwin Long's "Babylonish Marriage Market." The subject was based on a description by Herodotus of such a scene. It is said that when Whistler first came before this picture, and contemplated the long row of dusky girls waiting their turn for auction, he put into words one of his quaint reflections, "A long array by Long, R.A."

Queen Victoria allowed three of the Royal pictures to be shown in this exhibition, the most attractive being "The Roll Call" by Lady Butler. It was originally a work commissioned by Mr Charles J. Galloway, the great Manchester boilermaker, at the painter's own price, £100. So satisfied was he with the work, that when he saw it just before it left her studio he increased that price to 120 guineas. The congratulations which greeted the artist at the Academy private view were great. She, like Byron, woke to find herself famous; and in the course of the day Mr Galloway was informed that the Prince of Wales much desired to possess the picture. Mr

Galloway, however, felt unable to comply with this request, but, in acquainting the painter with his decision, generously made over to her the copyright of the picture, which she disposed of for £1000. A fortnight later Mr Galloway was told that the Queen desired to become its possessor at a price above that he had paid for it; but Mr Galloway's reply was that if he parted with it to Her Majesty it must be at the figure he had paid for it, and with the further stipulation that the painter should replace it by another of equal importance. Under these conditions the picture passed into the Queen's possession.

Mr Galloway's further generosity and public spirit must not be left unrecorded. They were again tried and not found wanting. The subject which Lady Butler suggested, and which Mr Galloway approved, to compensate him for the loss of "The Roll Call," was "The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras, forming into square to resist the charge of Ney's Cavalry." This was shown at the Academy in the following year (1875), and Mr Ruskin greatly exalted its reputation by passing the following criticism upon it: "I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing," and he went on to warn her of the perils that wait upon success, to remember in her day of triumph how it came to pass "that Atalanta was stayed and Camilla slain." But he withheld no word of praise for the work, passing in particular a warm eulogium upon the painting of the sky, "wrought with gradations of colour and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." The generous purchaser was so satisfied with the work that he gave her 1000 guineas above the agreed price, but public magnanimity on his part deprived him also of this picture.

The National Gallery of Melbourne desired to purchase it of him, and being of opinion that its exhibition in one of our leading colonies would remind the onlookers of one of the most glorious episodes in our military history, and tend to maintain a sympathetic feeling towards the mother country, he allowed the trustees of the gallery to have it. This fine work was specially brought from Melbourne for the purpose of its being shown in the Guildhall Exhibition in 1900.

The brilliant portrait of Mrs Hugh Hammersley, by Sargent, also figured in this collection. I understood Mrs Hammersley to say that the artist much wished this work, which had a very narrow gold frame, to be hung if possible on a white ground, and it was her own white bridal dress I saw which had been so arranged in her drawing-room as to fit a panel on the wall where the portrait was placed. It appeared to me to be a very effective arrangement, and when the picture came to the Guildhall a similar white background was provided.

A work of Landseer's, lent from the Royal Holloway College, was "Man proposes and God disposes." Before it was placed permanently in the College Gallery it was deposited with other works, as they accumulated, in the sanatorium there, and I was told that the valet of Sir George Martin Holloway, whose money founded the institution, was one day showing the pictures as they stood around on the floor, to an old cottage woman who lived close by. When he explained the subject of this picture to her, which was an imaginary sequel to the expedition of Sir John Franklin to the Arctic regions in search of the North Pole, and showed two polar bears pawing over some relics of the expedition, one of them dragging a Union Jack from beneath a heavy mast that lay right across the picture, the good old woman said, as she pointed to the mast, that she supposed that was the pole Sir John was trying to find.

Another beautiful work shown was one of the chief of the pastoral school, "The Old Gate," by Fred Walker. An old friend of mine, Mr W—, addicted to pictures, had a great liking for the works of Walker, and of this one in particular, which he coveted. Meeting the owner late one afternoon in Piccadilly in the ensuing winter, I ventured to ask if he ever had any thought of parting with the picture, and he replied that he had, but he would require a large sum for it. On my inquiring what figure he had in his mind, he answered £4000. I told him I had a friend who much liked the picture, would he let him have it at that sum? He replied, "Yes." On my seeing Mr W— the next day I told him what had taken place, and he said he would give £4000 for the picture. I said I would like to see and examine it again before he finally decided, and the following afternoon we called together at the owner's house in the West End of London. Being quite satisfied with the condition of the picture, my friend concluded the matter, and we came away with the owner's receipt for the cheque for £400 on account which was paid him, and four days later the balance being paid, the picture was removed to my friend's house in Kensington and hung in his dining-room. Some five years later, affairs not being very bright in the City, my friend informed me that he feared he would have to realise some of his pictures, and that he had been to H—, the well-known picture-dealers, who had occasioned him some concern by informing him that the top price for this large Fred Walker would not be more than £3000. Since I had allowed him to give £4000 for it, and it was a picture which in my opinion ought to have increased in value rather than diminished, I felt sure the valuation given him could not be correct, and I inquired if he were in any hurry to realise. He answered that he was in no immediate hurry, and that he was really only looking

ahead. I advised him to let the matter rest for the present.

Some six months went by, when it so chanced that one of the great Provincial Galleries asked me if I knew of any good example by Fred Walker, which could be obtained on loan for an important exhibition which was coming on in their city, and I at once bethought me of the one my friend possessed. I gave the Provincial Gallery his name and address. Two days later my friend called upon me with the application he had received, and said he did not mean to comply with it. On my observing that I thought he wished to dispose of it, he answered that so he did, but not to lend it away for three months. I told him if he lent it he would sell it. “Take this course: comply with the application on condition that it is insured for £6000” (which I considered was its proper value), “and that Messrs H—— be entrusted with its removal to and fro.” “Why?” he inquired. “Because,” I replied, “it will not be in H——’s hands twenty-four hours without being sold.” On a Monday it was removed from my friend’s house to be suitably packed, and sure enough on the Tuesday morning he called upon me with a letter from Messrs H——; they would like to see him. I told him to go, for it was assuredly its purchase on which they wished to see him, and not to close under £6000 without seeing me, as I had a shrewd idea who the private collector was who wanted it. The picture was sold that afternoon for £6000, just double what had been represented six months before by the same dealers as the top market price; and it was resold before the day was out for £6500 to the collector I had in my mind. Then it went to the Provincial Gallery for the three months.

At the sale of this collector’s pictures a few years back it was acquired by Lady Tate.

There was a certain owner who lived in the neighbourhood of Manchester who lent important

works to this exhibition. It appeared he was about to move into a new residence, and was anxious that his pictures should be sent there at the termination of the exhibition. Three times he wrote to me not to forget to return them to him at Pocklington Hall, Woplington, Yorkshire, and yet again on the day following the closing, a last reminder not to forget "Pocklington Hall, Woplington." If he be still living, I beg he will forgive me for recalling here the amusement these successive messages caused me.

The exhibition was very successful, and attracted 248,094 of the public during the three months it was open.

It was in this year that a proposal was kindly made to me by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., that he should nominate me to the Treasury for the Keepership of the National Gallery of British Art, the building of which at Millbank was completed and about to be opened. As my acceptance of the proposal would probably have involved my relinquishment of the Directorate of the Guildhall Gallery, a position I had occupied from its establishment, and for which I had many plans and projects in view, I felt impelled to decline the honour unless I were permitted to retain the appointment I held under the Corporation of London. In venturing to throw out a suggestion of that kind I conceived that the duties attaching to the position at the Tate Gallery would not occupy my entire time once the pictures were arranged on the walls, and that I should be able efficiently to deal with the work at the Guildhall. Sir Edward considerably brought this proposition before the Treasury, but the feeling there prevailed that to allow one individual to hold two appointments of that kind would not be popular; so I was thrown on the choice of leaving or staying with the Corporation, and I chose to stay. In doing so, I was not a little actuated by the scope for action which the Guildhall Gallery presented when placed

beside that of the appointment in question, in which I could discern only a very limited field for activity. This may be illustrated by the fact that since I made the choice I have organised at the Guildhall a further ten important loan collections which have attracted 1,700,000 people, and have shown in these, French, Dutch, Spanish, Danish and Belgian art, the early Flemish painters and the works of Turner, and been also instrumental in securing the bequest by Mr Charles Gassiot to the Guildhall Gallery of eighty-four thousand pounds' worth of modern works.

My wife and I paid a pleasant and entertaining visit to Whistler in the February of this year, at the very shabby quarters he was then occupying at 8 Fitzroy Street, a poor habitation for one so richly endowed. He was engaged at the time in painting a pretty child he had found in the neighbouring street, "a little London sparrow" he called her, "brought up on gin." He had made, so far as he had gone, a lovely picture of half tones that seemed vibrating all over the canvas. He humorously told us of the authorities of the Glasgow Gallery, who, being desirous of purchasing his well-known and impressive portrait of Thomas Carlyle, came down to London ostensibly to see the work, but in reality to obtain, if possible, some abatement of the price he was demanding. When the matter of figures was somewhat timidly broached, said Whistler, "You knew the price before you started, eh? Then let us talk about something else."

When Whistler was President of the Royal Society of British Artists he was wont to observe, so I have been told, a disdainful manner towards several of its members. Among these was the well-known architectural painter, Mr (afterwards Sir) Wyke Bayliss, and it expressed itself in Whistler making a point of referring to him at the Society's meetings, not as Mr Bayliss, but as Mr Bayley. "As to what

Mr Bayley has just observed," or "It's perfectly true what Mr Bayley says." It cannot be otherwise than presumed that this was intentional, for the purpose of hurting, with that peculiar skill which Whistler exercised with a child-like air of innocence, and it was a source of annoyance to Bayliss and his friends. It was met ultimately in the spirit of reprisal. Whenever Wyke Bayliss had occasion to refer to Mr Whistler he spoke of him as "Mr Whistle." "I quite agree with Mr Whistle," or "Mr Whistle is perfectly right." The mispronunciation of both names soon ceased.

I was at Alma Tadema's one afternoon in that year's month of May. When passing into the garden, a lady slight of frame, of intelligent countenance, and wearing a sable tippet, but to whom I had not been introduced, said to me with a total absence of formality, "Shall we walk round together?" I had observed her in the studio, where other visitors had assembled, and had exchanged glances with her; and again when she was looking down from the small gallery our eyes had met, and I now acceded to her kind proposal. Her talk soon engrossed me. On a variety of subjects she chatted on, as a bee goes from flower to flower. She never lingered long on any topic, but fled to such other as chanced to cross her versatile and vivid intelligence.

Half an hour went by as we paced the garden paths, and then we seated ourselves upon a stone bench of classic design, she rattling on in entertaining fashion. In a momentary pause, as if for breath, I seized the opportunity of quietly observing that I did not know in the least who she was, but that I should immensely like to know, to which she replied that she did not know who I was. I quickly acquainted her that I was nobody, simply Temple, Guildhall, pictures, on which she informed me that she was only a writer of stupid books, Marie Corelli. I observed to her that no wonder she was interesting,

and that it gave me great delight to meet her, and the conversation then went on with vivacity as before, the intense vital nature of the gifted little woman spreading out before me the varied fruits of her observations and experiences, with vigorous condemnations and subtle comparisons, in which the former largely preponderated. I was sorry indeed when the time came to say "Good-bye."

I did not see her for some years, when I met her at a big social function. I caught her eye, and as we met she said she knew me, but could not remember where. I replied that she ought not to expect me to tell her a second time who I was. She then inquired if I were not the man she met at Alma Tadema's—to which I answered that I might or might not be the man, but that she was the woman I met.

During this year Mr Henry Clarke, a member of the Corporation who had been extremely active in the original establishment of the gallery, offered to have painted for presentation to the gallery a picture of the value of £1000, illustrative of a certain imposing feature in relation to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. I wondered who would be the artist selected for the painting, but I made no inquiry. Mr Clarke was making his own plans, and if he required help or guidance from me he knew he had only to ask for it. But one afternoon he entered my room, and taking a seat, informed me he had fixed upon the painter.

"Oh!" I said.

"You do not appear very anxious to know who it is?" he remarked.

"No! I shall know, I presume, in due time."

"Well, it is Mr B——."

"Yes!"

"What do you think of him?"

"Whatever I may think, it would be too late, I fear, to be of effective use to you now."

"But I should like to know what you think."

"Would you? Then I will certainly tell you. A

good advertisement for him, and an indifferent picture for you."

"You don't mean to say that. But whom would you have suggested?"

"There is little use," I replied, "in asking me that now; but I should certainly have tried Gow, or Charlton, or Logsdail. Why did you go to B——? Did anyone recommend you?"

"Yes, a man I daresay you know—in a high position" (he mentioned his name).

"Yes, I know him; it seems to me a pity you imagined you would get sounder advice from that quarter than from your own constituted adviser in these matters?"

"But will you see Gow, and ask him about it?"

"By no means, how can I? I am on friendly terms with both Gow and B——."

On that he went away, dispirited; a week later he reappeared with the intimation that he was entirely off with B——.

"By verbal arrangement or correspondence?"

"By correspondence."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly." He handed me the letters which had passed between them since his last call upon me, and I saw that the ground was absolutely clear for any fresh negotiation.

He reminded me that I had suggested Gow, and asked me if I would see that artist upon it.

"Had you not better see him yourself," I replied. "You are paying for the picture; I am quite ready to give you an introduction to him."

He saw Gow, and to my surprise and delight he accepted the commission, and the work was most successfully carried out by him, a laborious undertaking, worth on completion three times what was being paid for it.

To enable Gow to form his composition, and to make a rapid sketch of the momentous but momentary

scene, a small enclosed platform—one might almost call it “pulpit”—was erected at the top of one of the narrow streets, known as Dean’s Court, running into St Paul’s Churchyard, with the grand entrance to the Cathedral on his right, and Ludgate Hill on his left. To bring this about there were several meetings on the spot between His Majesty’s Office of Works, the Police Authorities, the City Surveyor’s Department, and myself. It was completed the day before the eventful morning, and here Gow worked with amazing rapidity, over a four-foot canvas. He had but a few moments in this limited space to accomplish his task, with a photographer there taking negatives for him of the scene and interfering with his freedom of action. He had to seize the effect as the Queen’s carriage was halting at the foot of the stone steps, with a seething crowd of enthusiastic people packed closely around him. It enabled him to obtain correctly the local colour of the entire scene, but with of course no definite forms, only the very vaguest; there was no time. I have seen this study, which appeals to me as a most clever and impressive artistic effort, and I should like to see it one day added to the Guildhall collection, assuredly its proper place, if for no other than an educational purpose for students.

CHAPTER XXI

I HAD for long had in contemplation an exhibition at the Guildhall of paintings of the French School. I was cognisant of the works of the leading modern men, had followed them for years in the annual Salons in Paris, and knew many of them as brilliant exponents of the art, but I always had it in my mind, if such a display were held, not to omit a selection of the significant and beautiful works of the eighteenth century, full as it would be of most captivating charm. I prevailed on the Corporation to hold such an exhibition in 1898. All the works which then came from France were from private collections or from the artists' studios; none came from the State galleries.

The works of painters of the Barbizon group and of Meissonier and Rosa Bonheur were known well in England; those of such men as Gérôme, Cabanal, Henner, Béraud, Breton or Benjamin-Constant were by no means so well known. I felt that a display which included the work of these men would be extremely interesting, and in a large measure instructive.

Gérôme I had always regarded as a great and finished artist, of amazing industry. I wanted particularly to show his "L'Éminence Grise" (The Cardinal in Grey), a famous work, only 27 by 39 in. On inquiring in Paris from Gérôme himself, I learnt it was in Boston, U.S.A., in the collection of Mrs S. D. Warren. Nothing daunted, I addressed a letter to Mrs Warren, and that estimable lady at once consented to its coming to the Guildhall. It

shows the grand staircase of the old Palais Cardinal, now the Palais Royal, where descending on one side was the Capuchin monk, the powerful *alter ego* of Cardinal Richelieu, in quiet study of his breviary, while on the opposite side a troop of courtiers were ascending, with marks of servile obedience so long as they were within the range of his vision, turning with disdainful and insolent airs as soon as they were past him.

Then Monsieur Bessonneau, of Angers, was so kind as to let the Guildhall have his beautiful "Improvisatore," sometimes called "The Florentine Poet," by Cabanel, that fervent painter of poetical subjects, who coupled the expression of his ideas with a handicraft which showed his scholarly training and refinement of finish.

Benjamin-Constant, although he achieved considerable success as a painter of portraits (especially of ladies), shone best in his Oriental pieces. I determined to endeavour to obtain one of the greatest of these. It was entitled "Pastime of a Spanish Kalife," and it belonged to the Comtesse de Casa-Miranda, known better perhaps in this country as Christine Nilsson, the famous operatic singer. When in Paris I saw Benjamin-Constant, and he at once undertook to see the Comtesse upon it. On the following day he told me he had seen her, but that nothing would induce her to lend the picture.

I begged him to see her again, which he very kindly did, urging upon her my earnest wish, as neither he nor I knew of any other of his available work of this Eastern character equally important. It was of no use; she was immovable. He saw how strong my desire was to have the picture, and he, too, was of the same view, as he felt this fine work would fully represent him, and he suggested that I should write to her as soon as I was back in London. This I did, and in my letter was one expression which must have touched her. After stating that not only

was this work of the particular character desired (an Oriental scene), but that the fact that it would be lent by her would add greatly to its interest, "for," I added, "the name of Christine Nillson will never be forgotten by the English people." I truly meant what I said, for few artistes so gained the hearts of the British public as she did. The answer came quickly, compliance with my request in the kindest words.

While I was writing to her I could not but have in remembrance the times I had seen and heard her, and one occasion in particular was present with me. It was in the seventies at an afternoon concert on the grand orchestra at the Crystal Palace. She had sung the beautiful "Inflammatus" from the *Stabat Mater*, and the applause was so great that she turned back from the stairs she was about to descend, and I noticed she said a word to Sir August Manns, who was conducting, and who nodded assent, and then the whole audience broke out into cheering as it recognised from the orchestra the first bar of "Home, Sweet Home." I can see her now standing smilingly there, in pale mauve dress, with its hundred small flounces; a lace handkerchief in the folded hands before her. Then came the sweet voice with the familiar words. The popular enthusiasm was such that it would not let her leave, and almost laughing in her enjoyment of the vociferative insistence, she obeyed the sign from Manns, and repeated the beautiful melody. Later in the afternoon she joined Trebelli-Bettini in Rossini's "Quis est Homo," and one well knows how those two finished artistes could accomplish it. All this was in my mind when I was penning my letter to her, hoping and believing she would not say "No."

I remember having been much struck with a portrait in the salon by Léon Comerre, of the Marquise Consuelo de Grasse. Young and beautiful, she was attired in a light vivid blue satin gown, of the

time of Louis XV., with ornaments of pearls and silver. The pillar and curtains behind her were varied tones of this blue, as was indeed everything else in the picture, but the general effect was strangely lovely. I learnt from the artist that its possessor was the Prince Georges Stirbey, whose chateau was a short distance from Paris. He readily permitted it to be shown in the exhibition, but on the understanding that the name in the catalogue was printed "The Marquise C. de G." as he did not wish the full name to be generally known. This, of course, was done. So dazzling a work was very difficult to hang, for it disturbed everything near it.

There was an amusing incident in relation to this picture. I am sure Lady Bristol, now the Dowager Marchioness, will not mind my telling it. She liked the portrait much, and knew how much I liked it, and at the evening reception of the French artists, which took place at the gallery shortly before the exhibition closed, she came in a gown expressly made by her costumier, whom she had sent to the Guildhall to see the picture. It was of precisely the same tone of vivid blue as the Marquise's, with similar ornaments, and of a design as near as possible to that in the portrait as the prevailing modern fashion would permit. It startled me when I saw her. It seemed as if the Marquise herself had come to life and had stepped out of her frame.

Speaking of Lady Bristol, in the dining-room at Ickworth (the ancestral house) there hangs a three-quarter length portrait of a lady, which, whether you will or no, draws you with a singular sense of charm. In response to my inquiry as to who she was, Lady Bristol replied that she was "the wicked one of the family." When I had heard her story I failed to discern the wickedness attributed to her—in any case she was fifty per cent. better than Henry VIII. It consisted in her having been wedded three times.

She was Lady Penelope D'Arcy, daughter of

Thomas D'Arcy, Earl of Rivers, of Hengrave, in Suffolk. She must have been of singular attraction, for she had a host of admirers, and among them were three in particular who declared themselves, almost at the same time, as suitors for her hand—Sir George Trenchard, Kt., of Wolverton, in Dorsetshire; Sir John Gage, Bart., of Firle, Sussex; and Sir William Hervey, Kt., of Ickworth, near Bury St Edmunds.

As in chivalry bound, the three determined to contest the prize in battle with lance and shield, but this the lady forbade, on pain of her eternal displeasure on him who resorted to it; and jocularly promised she would wed all three of them, but in turn, in the order in which they had addressed themselves to her, provided she were spared and opportunity presented itself. Circumstances actually allowed the fulfilment of her promise. She wedded Trenchard very early, for she is recorded as having wedded Gage when she was but seventeen. He left her a widow when she had reached the age of thirty-nine, and at forty-eight she wedded Hervey, as his second wife.

Carolus Duran was another remarkable French painter whose work was known only slightly in London, although it was in his studio that our Mr J. S. Sargent received his early instruction. He painted a striking picture called "The Poet with a Mandoline." It was a portrait of his son. It appeared at the Guildhall, and in the following year was purchased by the French Government, and is now in the Luxembourg. He was luncheoning at the Mansion House the previous year, in the brilliant Mayoralty of Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips, and I was invited to meet him. To my mind he greatly resembled the late Lord Leighton in his polished manners and the charm of his personality. He sat down after luncheon at the piano, and played and sang with great taste, interesting to us all. At the evening reception to which I have referred, all the

French artists, who were members of the Institute of France, wore the green and gold Institute uniform; but when Carolus appeared one could see little of that for the decorations he was wearing. It seemed he was clothed with decorations, with something which might be a coat underneath them. I have never seen so many worn at one time. I should say fifty might have been counted. He was a great favourite wherever he went. At this time he was just over sixty, and I was grieved at his death in February of last year (1917), having reached his eightieth year.

At this luncheon there was also at the table, and seated next to me, a certain Baron —. He told me it was his custom every year to spend a fortnight with Bismarck. When the Egyptian question was commanding the attention of Europe in 1882, Gladstone, the Baron told me, addressed a lengthy personal letter to Bismarck upon it, asking his advice, and that Bismarck's reply was to the effect: "Go and take Egypt, keep it, and make yourself strong there. France is powerless, will make a noise, but can do nothing."

Meissonier's water-colour version of the famous "Friedland" was in this exhibition, lent by Mr John Balli, but now the property of M. Tauber in Paris. The late Sir John Murray Scott, to whom the British nation owes the possession of the Wallace collection at Hertford House, and who came frequently to the exhibition, was a great lover of French art in any form, and standing before this picture with me one day he told me that Meissonier once asked Sir Richard Wallace to commission him to paint a large picture in oil, as he wanted to provide a dowry for his daughter. The commission was at once given. The subject was to be "1807, Napoleon at Friedland" and the price £8000. Of this sum £4000 was at once paid on account by Sir Richard. Meissonier's progress with the work (which was

52 by 95 in.) was so slow that at last, after many letters of a docile character, irate ones began to pass from one to the other, and eventually it came about that Meissonier returned the £4000 to Sir Richard, and placed himself in the position to finish the painting how and when he liked. He finished it in 1875 and disposed of it to Mr A. T. Stewart of New York for £16,000. This same Mr Stewart early in life was a journeyman dealer in Ireland at wages of 16s. a week, but rose by industry and good fortune to the possession of great wealth. At his death in 1887 the picture was sold by auction in New York, with his other possessions, and purchased by Judge Henry Hilton for £13,200, and presented by him to the American nation. It is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Thirteen years later he completed the present replica of it in water-colour, which was slightly larger than the oil version, being 57 by 111 in., and this, a magnificent production, made the finest display possible of Meissonier's work at the Guildhall.

To show other difficulties which have to be encountered in forming an exhibition such as this, there was one work of Gérôme's I particularly wanted, and I made many inquiries but was unable to discover its whereabouts. At last I mentioned the matter to a well-known dealer from whom I was delighted to learn that the picture was in London, in the house of a notable collector whose name was not disclosed to me, but the dealer said he would speak to him and ask him to lend it to me. A fortnight afterwards he told me he had seen the owner, who was not disposed to lend the picture, nor to have his name imparted to me, lest I should endeavour to importune him personally. So there was nothing for it but to leave it. It was a lovely work, one of Gérôme's finest, depicting Cleopatra being disrobed before Cæsar, whose admiration of her beauty is evident. Not many days after the above occurrence

I was at the house of Mr H. J. Turner in Inverness Terrace, who possessed three fine examples by Gérôme which he readily let me have. I casually inquired if he happened to know who the owner was of the famous Cleopatra; I said I knew it was in London.

"Who told you that?" he inquired.

"Oh, a dealer in London," I replied, and I mentioned his name, and told him that the owner would not lend it or have his name known.

"Nothing of the sort," he said; "the picture is in New York. I saw it there myself about four months ago in the business parlour of Mr Ogden Mills."

"Are you sure it was the one," I said, "and not some small version?"

"Perfectly," he replied. "I have known it there for years."

He gave me an introduction to Mr Ogden Mills and I dispatched a letter to him. His kind consent was given at once, and the picture came across and was shown at the Guildhall.

On the private view day, I happened to run against the dealer who had misled me, and he was close to the picture. I pointed to it, his face reddened, but neither he nor I said a word.

In regard to the eighteenth-century paintings of the French School there was one important matter worthy of note. I received great help from a certain Marquise de Lavalette, who at her residence in Grosvenor Square had some beautiful specimens of the art of Watteau, Pater, and Lancret. It was through the kind interposition of Lord Lansdowne, who I believe was a relation of hers, that the Corporation were privileged to show some of these rare works with which the public were wholly unfamiliar.

A rare artist shown in the collection was L. R. Trinquesse, a pupil of Largillière. I have come across only two of his works, and am aware of no

example of his in any public museum with the exception of "A Young Lady with a Leaf of Music," in the Berlin Museum; yet he was a man who had much of the volatile spirit that animated the group of painters which had its founder in Watteau. In this exhibition an example was obtained from M. Charles Sedelmeyer. I happened to catch sight of it, where it had been put aside on the ground in the passage just outside his gallery, and at once seized upon it. It was by no means a valuable work, but had in it all the moving vitality one sees in the best of the group, with a rare touch of spontaneity in its expression, and a pleasant sense of colouring. Its title was "Scene d'Amour." Cases containing a beautiful selection of medals and *objets d'art* were included in this exhibition; the famous French medallists Oscar Roty and Auguste Patey were seen in some of their finest works, to the number of sixty-two examples. A gathering of fourteen works in pewter, most exquisite in design, and contributed by Messrs Susse Bros., was also shown.

The Lord Mayor (Sir Horatio Davies, K.C.M.G.) took advantage of the presence in London of many French artists and invited a large number to dine at the Mansion House, to meet the artists of this country. About two hundred and fifty sat down, and two days later the Corporation gave a reception in the Guildhall Galleries at which eight hundred were present. It was a brilliant gathering; it was pleasant to see the welcome given to the French painters, and men like Courtois, Cormon (whose great "Funeral of a Chief in the Iron Age" was in the exhibition), Comerre, Benjamin-Constant, Bonguereau, Carolus-Duran, the Dubufes, Béraud, and others mingling with the prominent painters here. I had arranged for the galleries to be decked only with La France roses, and for all the music to be by French composers. This greatly pleased the guests. At the close of the dinner at the Mansion

House I was handed by Monsieur Geoffray, the chief French official there, the Decoration of an Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France, which much gratified me.

I was unfortunately very ill during the early part of this year, necessitating two operations, and kept to the house for sixteen weeks. This interfered with the ideas I had in the developing of the exhibition. The date of its opening was fixed and postponed three times, but it was wholly unavoidable. When it came to the hanging of the collection I had a couch in the gallery on which I was obliged to lie, and it was moved about as occasion required from room to room. Not until 4th June was it possible to open the exhibition, the time hitherto observed in former exhibitions having been early in the month of April.

I can recall that on one occasion when I was laid by, the chairman and another member of the gallery committee were coming down to see me at six o'clock in the evening, with a view to determining if possible the date of opening, and on that very day it was suddenly decided that a further operation was necessary. At four o'clock Mr Beatham Robinson of Wimpole Street arrived with my own medical attendant, and there were two nurses. I inquired of Mr Robinson what the duration of actual pain would be—he replied about four seconds. I said I would have it done without anæsthetic, as I wished my mind to be quite clear when my Guildhall friends arrived. He demurred at first to this but ultimately consented, the result being that at six o'clock I was equal to business talk; but it was a bad, very bad, four seconds. I did not move a shade, which was what Mr Robinson most feared; all I did was to utter a fervent d—— as the tears flowed down my cheeks.

CHAPTER XXII

IT was Mr D. Croal Thomson, of the firm of Messrs T. Wallis & Sons, of the French Gallery, Pall Mall, who suggested to me an exhibition at the Guildhall of the works of Turner. It proved an excellent suggestion. The subject had great attraction for me. Turner was born but a short distance from the Guildhall, and his life's work held sufficient variety in it to dispose of any sense of monotony on the part of the onlooker. He who controls an exhibition should always think of that. Lest by any ill-chance it should be so in Turner's case, I determined to have a sure foil in a small selection of works by twenty-six of his contemporaries—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Wilson, etc.—and this gave me, as it were, a second string with the public.

I was not surprised when Sir Edward Poynter put to me the inquiry as to why the Academy had never done Turner at one of its winter exhibitions. It had, I assume, been overlooked. The Academy had done Rembrandt and several lesser masters, and subsequently did Vandyck, and would assuredly have eventually dealt with Turner had not the Guildhall essayed it.

It was a delightful exhibition to form; on every side I met with the most ready kindness. It seemed to all owners of Turner's works throughout the kingdom that, as Englishmen, they should support this public effort to show the greatest of all English landscape painters in as complete a manner as possible. Will it be believed that among the very

few who withheld their help were the descendants of those very three families (and there were but three) who in Turner's lifetime had helped him by purchasing his works. The collection eventually brought together was generally accepted as representative of the man in every phase of his practice, both in regard to oil and water-colours. The Press notices without exception were highly satisfactory; that of Sir Claude Phillips in the *Daily Telegraph* especially so. His opening words meant more to me than he perhaps imagined: "The general aspect," he said, "is one of sovereign beauty." That was precisely the aspect I had been endeavouring to convey. My plan had been to hang the oil paintings chronologically, according to the date Turner painted them, and in point of colour and degrees of force they fell most fortuitously. Beginning with the heavy sombre tones of his earlier work and passing gradually to livelier hues and tenderer expressions of colour, the man's whole matured nature became ultimately merged in the golden glows of his triumphant latest phase. Looked at as a whole, the eye taking in the works of all periods, certainly a beautiful spectacle presented itself.

The gallery was thronged every day including Sundays, for three months, from 11th April 1899, a total of 223,000 being admitted.

Mr Ruskin was so good as to allow nine of his choicest water-colour drawings by Turner to be included in the collection. His niece, Mrs Arthur Severn, told me he took the keenest interest in this comprehensive display of the work of his "beloved Turner." When he received a copy of the catalogue he expressed vast delight at one feature of it which instantly appealed to him—it contained no advertisements. He seriously thought of paying a visit to the exhibition. Indeed, matters had gone so far in that direction that I had arranged at Euston Station for a special saloon carriage to be attached

to the train by which he would travel, with certain inducing comforts therein to make the long journey from Coniston less fatiguing. This the management of the London and North-Western Railway Company were most considerately prepared to provide gratuitously, by the kind intercession of Mr Ralph Brocklebank, one of the Directors of the Company, and the contributor of several fine Turners to the exhibition. The day even had been practically decided upon, but at the last moment his medical attendant (but I am told his valet had more to do with it) became anxious and apprehensive of the effect of the long journey upon him, and it was reluctantly abandoned. Ten years had elapsed since he had last left Coniston. How great a joy it would have been to me to have received him, the great champion of the great painter, and to have listened to his passing observations as one after another of the world-famous works came before his eyes. It was a deep disappointment to me.

Speaking of Ruskin, I was shown once a letter from him to the late chairman of the London and South-Eastern Railway Company, in answer to an application he had received for the loan of some of his Turner drawings for an exhibition which was being organised at Folkestone.

I have a copy of this letter—it ran as follows:—

“I utterly detest railways. Your railway has cut through and spoiled some of the loveliest bits of scenery in the country, and if you want a loan exhibition, you should content yourselves with exhibiting advertisements of Pears’ Soap and Colman’s Mustard.”—Yours truly,

JOHN RUSKIN.

The late Stopford Brooke was one of the keenest sympathisers with Turner’s work, and pleasant were the conversations I had with him upon it in that little room he called his study on the top floor of

his house in Manchester Square. The first thing to do was to light cigars, and then we talked. He lent me two good impressions I needed from the "Liber Studiorum," and two excellent examples of his water-colour, which were serviceable in assisting my chronological arrangement.

There was some difference of opinion as to the genuineness of one of the Turner paintings for which the owner had given something approaching £4000. John Macwhirter the R.A. contended, by a letter to the *Times*, that James Webb was its painter; while others, acknowledged authorities on Turner's productions, maintained that, without question, it was by the hand of the master. One day Colin Hunter, R.A., the well-known marine painter, came up to me in the gallery and inquired which was the painting Macwhirter was "making all this fuss about." I was talking to two ladies at the moment and somewhat hurriedly said, "That painting over there with a castle." He went, not up to the painting I had pointed at, but to the Duke of Westminster's famous "Dunstanborough Castle" hanging next to it. I noticed he took out a strong glass and examined the picture all over, and then came hurrying back to me with the heated exclamation, "What a fool Macwhirter is making of himself, that picture is right enough." It was too good a game to undeceive him, to let him know he had been looking at the wrong picture, and I let him go. The result, as I afterwards learnt, was quite a vicious encounter between the two men, each of course talking of different pictures; and as far as I am aware the difference which consequently arose between them was never made up, for Colin Hunter died not very long after, and dear old Macwhirter has now passed away.

Another amusing incident occurred in relation to this disputed Turner. A friend of mine, Mr O'Halloran, then of the Colonial Institute, came one

afternoon to see for himself the picture over which so much discussion was taking place. As he arrived at the top of the stairs at the entrance, he came upon a great blond police constable on duty, a handsome fellow, and inquired of him which picture it was. The constable pointed it out to him close by.

"Well," said Mr O'Halloran. "What do *you* think of it, policeman?" "Well, sir," replied the policeman, "it's very difficult to say. Turner you know, sir, was a man of many moods."

Among Turner's contemporaries to whom I will refer for a moment was Opie, who painted a certain very attractive picture called "The Fortune-Teller." It was really a portrait of a young girl of the name of Pleasance Reeve, painted when she was seventeen, and a charming work it is. Many years before, I had seen a print taken from a photograph of her as Lady Smith, she being at the time at the advanced age of one hundred and four years, and I learnt then of the existence of this painting by Opie. It was by the merest chance that after long searching I discovered the owner. I was lunching one day at the house of a friend, and next to me was a lady who talked about pictures. I happened to mention this one, and the efforts I had been making to discover its owner. She knew the owner, a lady with whom she had been long acquainted, and a few days later took me to see her. I was very pleased with the picture. I thought it one of Opie's loveliest. The girl Pleasance Reeve was born in 1773, and at the age of twenty-three had married a young physician of limited means named James Edward Smith. He had the courage to purchase on his own judgment the collections and library of Linnæus, and became the founder and the first president of the Linnean Society, when a knighthood was bestowed upon him.

At the age of fifty-five she was left a widow, so that in 1877, when she died, she had lived in widowhood nearly half a century. It was strange to me,

when I had in my remembrance that portrait of her in her old age, to come face to face with this one of Opie's of youth and hope and sparkling vivacity, and only seventeen.

Another excellent work was Gainsborough's "View in the Mall, St James's Park"—ladies and gentlemen promenading among the trees. It belonged then to the late Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart., of Grittleton, Wilts, and so thoroughly English was it, in its aspect of fashionable London towards the close of the eighteenth century, that it is deplorable it could not have been preserved for our National Gallery, but the almighty dollar not long ago drew it across the Atlantic. As Hazlitt said of this picture, "it rivalled Watteau in his happiest moments, all in motion and flutter like a lady's fan."

I remember a day I spent with Sir Algernon over the loan to the Guildhall of this picture. After luncheon, we strolled about the grounds, and as we walked my eye fell upon what I took to be a distant herd of deer. He seemed amused at my thinking them deer. He told me to watch while he gave a gentle whistle. Every animal at once turned in our direction, and stood still looking at us. I inquired what they were. In answer he gave another and a louder whistle, and instantly the whole body were in motion, coming at amazing speed towards us with long strides and outstretched wings. They were ostriches, fifty or sixty in number. They were up to and all round us in a moment or two, and in obedience to Sir Algernon I kept close to his elbow, for although they all knew him they did not know me, and some of them, he told me, were capable of a vicious attack upon strangers. They soon calmed down and began to move slowly back to whence they had come.

There was a Reynolds in the collection, the portrait of Miss Theophila Palmer, a niece of Sir Joshua's, afterwards Mrs R. L. Gwatkin. He

painted it for her in 1781 as a wedding gift. Four years previously he had written to her, she being then nineteen, "I never was a great friend to the efficacy of precept, nor a great professor of love or affection, and therefore I never told you how much I loved you, for fear you would grow saucy upon it. I have got a ring and a bracelet of my own picture; don't you tell your sister that I have given you your choice."

I first saw this portrait at Mr R. G. Gwatkin's, at his place near Devizes, where I spent a very interesting day with him and his wife, who held in deepest reverence their gifted ancestor. The house was full of mementoes of the great painter: his studio cabinet, his palette and paint-brushes, his sketch books, full of ideas of positions of sitters and trial arrangements in composition, and even the very dinner plates he had had in use; these were hung about the walls; there were miniatures too which had belonged to him, and prints once his. When I left I felt I had been spending hours with the great man himself.

Another Reynolds in the exhibition was Mrs Abington, as "Miss Prue," which the late Lord Hillingdon contributed. Its vitality alone made it an attractive picture. Hers must have been no easy countenance to depict, but Reynolds has caught the impulsive spirit of the woman, the first comic actress of her day. Garrick, with whom she acted, once said "she was not unlike the miller's mare, for ever looking for a white stone to shy at." The painter has seized the moment when Miss Prue in her petulant way is saying to her wooer Ben, "You need not sit so near; if you have anything to say I can hear you further off. I aren't deaf."

Mr Laundry Walters, a notable collector of pictures, every work in whose fine collection at Wimbledon had been carefully chosen, showed always the greatest delight in supporting my efforts

by lending works, contributing three important Turners on the present occasion. When he passed away in 1904 his daughter, Mrs Mary Helen Penrose, and his two sons, Mr Roland Percy and Mr Harry Ernest Walters, in remembrance of the interest he always took in the Guildhall exhibitions, and "in acknowledgment of the great enjoyment he derived from them," conceived the idea of identifying his name with the gallery by the presentation of a picture from his collection. They generously gave his fine example by W. J. Muller, "The Slave Market in Cairo," which at the Albert Levy sale at Christie's in 1886 had realised £2898.

While the Turner Exhibition was in progress, a performance, or pastime, quite significant of a great city and the ancient Guildhall, was going on for a few nights only, close by in the Great Hall itself. It was a masque, which had for title "Beauty's Awakening, a masque of Winter and of Spring." It was organised by the members of the Art Workers Guild, and the Corporation of London had given permission for it to be held in its historic building.

The organisers in their address to the Lord Mayor said, in their quaint phraseology, "We have gone so far as to devise and contrive, invest, arrange, and finally bring forth this our masque, . . . and have ventured to ask leave and permission to set our entertainment before your Lordship, in the presence of the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and leading citizens of London, and in your own and ancient Guildhall."

It was an attempt to revive a custom which had prevailed in earlier times for the amusement of the people, but which had long fallen into desuetude.

In this carefully-prepared and beautiful enterprise, a comprehensive view was taken of the world's history and of certain historic cities, placed before the spectator in impersonations by men and women.

The most telling feature of the masque was the silence at times of the impersonators. For example, the fair cities of the world were personified by ladies, attended by gentlemen characterising the chief individuals with whom the city is identified, such as Dante and Cimabue with Florence, Titian with Venice, Rameses II. with Thebes. As each impersonation was called it came forward in silence, garbed according to the place and period. It stood there for a moment and then moved slowly to and fro with solemn step to the strains of slow music until the time for the allotted lines to be spoken. A most alluring symbolism was that of Thebes, as, costumed as an Egyptian, the sinuous form of a beautiful woman duskily stood or moved there in the low light, bringing forth the aspect, feeling, and far-away antiquity of ancient Egypt, and her lines ran, spoken like most of them in clear and penetrating tones :—

Young was the world that saw me, Thebes, arise,
 Serene in wisdom and in state serene ;
 Sphinx-like I sat, and watched with fateful eyes
 Myriad on myriad slaves salute me Queen.
 Deep to earth's core I tracked her secret ways,
 And charmed the majestic heavens to crown my praise.

The stage occupied nearly half the Great Hall.

Walter Crane it was who had devised and determined the affair. It was an effort after his own heart ; he, so timid and shy, had quietly worked it out in his mind, and with the help of an able committee brought it into being. All his life he had been devoted to the demonstration of beauty in one form or another, more particularly in the practice of his own decorative work in book illustration, title pages, and finales ; in these you found much quaint beauty of design, and clear intent expressed in the colouring he introduced. He was endowed with a distinct faculty for decoration and for originality of design, and the service he rendered

as head of the Arts and Crafts Association was the means of greatly increasing the public interest in the beauty and shapeliness of even the commonest articles of everyday use.

His arduous life ended early in 1915.

One of the acquaintances I made in the course of this Turner Exhibition was the late Sir Tollemache Sinclair, who invited me to see what he termed his few things in the rooms he occupied at 14 King Street, St James's. He was a slightly built man, with sharp features, and red hair, and appeared, when I called, in distinctly untidy attire, a Paisley dressing-gown and carpet slippers, although it was then on the stroke of noon. He seemed to me a man of purposeless aim, the accidental impulse of the moment being responsible for his actions. In a room 17 by 15 ft., I counted no fewer than thirty-eight life-size marble busts of authors of the Greek classics, and of Roman emperors, several of which were ranged high, on brackets near the ceiling. In addition to these, room had been found for a life-size marble statue of Venus. The walls and ceiling were completely covered with pictures, most of them in valuable carved wood frames, and among these I noted works by Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Van Loo, Vandyck, and Mignard, together with a sprinkling of the beauties of the court of Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely. Some were hung so close to the ground that one had to be careful when moving about, and among these were a Botticelli, a fine flower piece by Van Huysum, a portrait of Byron, and one of the famous Miss Gunnings, a half length, and in this instance almost undraped. Around all these pictures, where space allowed, were hung scores of miniatures, some most interesting, such as those of the Princess Lamballe and other Royalist and famous women of the time of the French Revolution. For want of room on the walls the doors had been resorted to, for the display of miniatures. Great

numbers were there placed, and whenever the doors were opened for entry or egress, these miniatures rattled in a disturbing way that made you glance anxiously back to see that none had been shaken down.

In the centre of the room, what appeared to be a large table was placed, but it proved to be a huge iron safe, with gilded doors on two sides. These doors were hidden by the ample Scotch plaid tablecloth, which reached to the ground. The greater part of this table was covered with loose papers, as of one who knew not the meaning of order; only a small portion, about 2 ft. square, at one end being left uncovered. This was reserved, as he informed me, for his meals, at which perforce he had to sit sideways owing to the iron sides. Between the two windows was a large organ, by the side of which were piles of music and heaps of letter books, and as if one music stool were not sufficient for a room of these dimensions there were three. He inquired if I liked music, and on my saying I did, he sat down and played, with the most delicate feeling, selections chiefly from Bach and Mozart, my eye ranging around as he played, and catching the stained-glass windows, quaint china swans, grotesque pots with the gayest of artificial flowers in them, and a ghastly mirror, that had the faculty of reflecting objects in a hundred different shapes.

Finishing up with something of a flourish, he conducted me to his bedroom. It was about 12 ft. square; the bed was pushed up into a corner of the room. I now saw what went far to convince me that reason was not playing quite its full part in the life of this vivacious and strenuous individual. Immediately over the pillow of the bed, held in position by a weighty iron chain, was a broad wooden shelf on which were actually placed two life-size marble statues, each representing an undraped woman. It sent a shudder through me. The shelf would not

be more than 15 in. from the sleeper's head; he would indeed have to duck his head under the shelf to get it fairly on the pillow, and if by any mishap the chain gave way, the descent of the mighty weight would bring certain death. What could be the object of the man in placing the statues in such a position, and how could he feel comfortable as to the security of the fastenings which held the shelf? A perpetual sword of Damocles, it seemed to me, hung over him, but when I expressed my concern about it he briskly assured me it was quite all right.

On the dressing-table by the bedside were certainly a score and a half of hair brushes, and dozens of combs of every sort and size, all in an extremely neglected and untidy state, while on the walls, for his quiet contemplation, were pictures of many kinds and periods. A large copy of the nude figure of Venus by Titian appeared to be the centre around which portraits of modern actresses were ranged, among them being those of Mrs Langtry and Maud Branscombe; close by which was another miniature of the Princess Lamballe, and one of the Duchess of Cleveland, and, as if placed there to make one sigh, were several fine examples of Cosway, and two superb Hilliards. We returned to the sitting-room, where a few moments after I bid him "Good-bye." What were one's reflections on going down the dark staircase into the open street? A sense of disentanglement from a web of incongruities, scales without balance, anchors without a hold, for the man at times seemed sensible, appreciative to the extent of adoration for the beautiful, but adrift, unconnected, lost amid the sloughs and quagmires of conflicting emotions and aims undefinable.

A boat without a rudder,
A ship without a sail,
On ocean's weary pilgrimage,
No compass and no trail.

William Sinclair, late Archdeacon of London, was some distant connection of Sir Tollemache. There was much in the Archdeacon which attracted me. His splendid vitality and boyish energy, no less than the wide range of his knowledge and most interesting experiences, made his companionship extremely pleasant. Although the exercise of a certain restraint was almost habitual with him, there were times when that restraint was put aside, and those were the times I like most to think of, when the man's big heart and generous nature lay open to you. I quite realise what was said of him, that whenever hard work was needed he could give as much as three ordinary men. "No matter what I give that man to do," said Bishop Creighton, "it is always done, and done capably."

After he had visited the War Exhibition at the Guildhall in the summer of 1915, he took the trouble to write to me upon it, and I cannot forbear giving the letter here, showing as it does his readiness of mind in discerning the aims and motives of others in public work.

SHERMANBURY RECTORY,
HENFIELD, SUSSEX,
30th August 1915.

MY DEAR TEMPLE,—I must not allow my visit to your brilliant collection at the Guildhall to pass away without congratulating you most sincerely on the splendid and remarkable result of your efforts. It was indeed a memorable collection, alive with interest from beginning to end, not only in intention and subject, but historic, personal, and ideal. Your catalogue is a great example of what such a document may be made in competent and sympathetic hands. It has so much information, and put in such an interesting manner, that I shall read it over again and keep it. The whole array, in its splendid rooms and effective arrangement, is well worthy of a great City, wisely, generously, and temperately at war.

This needs no reply. With kind regards and best thanks,—I am, sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Poor fellow! he passed on (one prefers it to the word "away") in December 1917, at Armadale Castle, in Skye. About three months before, in Queen Victoria Street, I had come suddenly face to face with him. I had not seen him for nearly two years. Our eyes met. "Sinclair," I exclaimed, for I was half in doubt, he looked so ill and changed. "Yes," he replied, "I have been very ill, but am better now." This was the last occasion of my seeing him, and I thought then the sands of time were surely running quickly away for him.

During this Turner Exhibition I was seated in my room one Monday morning, at a time the gallery was full of people, when there was a tap, and one of the policemen on duty presented himself, asking if he might speak to me for a moment.

"Yes," I said; "what is it?"

"The inspector has just been in, sir; he caught me sitting down, and is going to report me."

"Why were you sitting down, if you ought not to?"

"Well, sir, the day was hot, and the chair was there, and I sat down."

"How can I help you?" I inquired.

"I thought you might say a word to the inspector."

"Do you think that would help you? I do not. What do you imagine he would say to you for coming to me to assist you to get round police regulations?"

"Would you speak to the commissioner for me, sir?"

"Worse still; the commissioner would not tolerate my interference for a moment. I am afraid I cannot help you, but I will see. What does the report mean to you?"

"Marks will be put against my name, which will retard my promotion."

"I will think it over," I said. "I am really afraid I cannot see any way to help you."

That morning there was a meeting of the com-

mittee which controlled the gallery, and in the course of it a member, who was also a member of the police committee, inquired how the police in the gallery were going on.

I at once saw my opportunity to be of service to the constable, and promptly stated that the whole six of them were excellent men, and were giving me complete satisfaction. Further, I suggested it would be a kind and pleasant thing to do if the committee's appreciation of the commissioner's selection of the men were put on record by a resolution, as no better selection could have been made.

As soon as the meeting was over I asked that the resolution might be fairly transcribed at once, and signed by the town clerk, and that I would take it across to the commissioner myself, when I could explain to him the circumstances under which it had been passed.

Within half an hour I was seated with the commissioner, Colonel Sir James Fraser, in his room at the chief Police Office in the Old Jewry. I was well aware of the delicate ground I was on—as all who remember the commissioner will also know—but then I knew the commissioner. The slightest suspicion on his part of an attempt to affect the rigid discipline which prevailed in the force, even if put forward by his most intimate friend, would, I knew, render fruitless any idea I might have of helping the constable. To plead the man's cause would be fatal; to show undue interest in any particular one of the six on duty would be indiscreet. Dexterity was wanted, as well as watchfulness, and great care. What I relied on most was something I remembered saying to a group of two or three of the constables as I entered one morning, but it was not to this one.

He was exceedingly gratified at the committee's resolution; his face beamed with the pleasure it afforded him to receive it, and we then conversed on a variety of topics, the prominent pictures in the

present Royal Academy, and the popularity of the exhibition at the Guildhall, a genial atmosphere being diffused, and then I rose to leave. He accompanied me to the door, we shook hands and I was really out of the room, when, as if by an afterthought, I came back, reclosed the door and said, "Oh, by the way, commissioner, you do not mind the men sitting down at times in the gallery, they seem to get so tired and the place is so warm? I said something to the effect that they might if a seat were handy."

"You said that to them, do you say?"

"Yes. I hope I have not transgressed at all."

"Oh dear no; only I am extremely glad you have mentioned it. I have had one of the best men in the force reported to me to-day for sitting down in the gallery."

"Indeed," I said. "I hope it will not be the means of getting him into trouble. It is I, I fear, to whom some blame attaches, but I am indeed sorry if I have in any way interfered with regulations."

"Far from it," he replied. "I am only too glad to hear all you say, and to shift the responsibility away from the man. I will take no further step with the report."

The exhibition was honoured during its course one bright June morning by a visit from the Princess Victoria Eugénie (Princess Ena), daughter of the Princess Henry of Battenburg, and now the Queen of Spain. The Princess was at that time only a child of twelve. The visit, quite informal, had been made known to me beforehand, and I accompanied the Princess with her lady-in-waiting, Miss Cockerell, through the collection. She was at home with me at once, and talked freely, as she kept tight hold of my hand. Only when a water-colour drawing of Windsor Castle caught her eye did she let go my hand, as she cried loud enough to attract the attention of many, "Oh, there's darling Windsor," and ran towards it clapping her hands.

She was much delighted with the Council Chamber where I afterwards took her, and seating herself in the Lord Mayor's capacious chair, in which the child was almost lost, amused herself with the mace-bearer's heavy ivory hammer, which she used freely in mimic callings to order, laughing merrily all the time.

Six years later it was my happy lot to act as honorary secretary and treasurer of a fund which was got together by those in the United Kingdom who had been the recipients of Spanish decorations, for the purpose of offering a wedding gift to this same Princess Ena, on her marriage to the King Alfonso XIII. of Spain. The Duke of Wellington took the presidency of the movement, and through the instrumentality of Lady Llangattock, who allowed all our meetings to take place at her house at Rutland Gate, we were able to gather that a silver tea and coffee service of the early Georgian period would be a pleasing gift to the Princess. This we had no difficulty in obtaining through the well-known house of Elkington; and in due course its transmission to Her Majesty in Madrid was effected by the Marquis de Villalobar, at that time Minister at the Spanish Embassy in London; together with an illuminated address, bearing the signatures of every contributor.

To this a very gracious acknowledgment was received in due course.

One often wonders if a royal personage ever gives a second thought to a gift of this kind, which more frequently than not is prompted, as it certainly was in this instance, by warm and spontaneous feeling on the part of the individuals contributing; and whether, after all, it is not put away among the hundreds of other articles known as the Royal plate, and totally forgotten as to the origin and circumstances of its presence there.

Some years later, when King Alfonso XIII. of

Spain was on a visit to this country, he resided at Kensington Palace. He was very popular in England, and people were wont to assemble at the palace entrance about eleven in the morning, when he usually went out, in order to catch a glimpse of him. Passing one morning at about that hour I was making my way through the eager crowd when who should I see idly intermingling with them all and smoking a cigarette but the King himself. No one recognised him, and he seemed immensely amused that his identification was undetected, as he contemplated with satisfaction this display of interest in him by the British public.

It was during this Turner year, at an evening party at Mr Alfred de Rothschild's house in Seamore Place, that I saw Mr Cecil Rhodes. He was standing, hands in pockets, against a doorway in the drawing-room, leisurely talking to the man beside him. Mr J. S. Forbes, the chairman of the Chatham and Dover Railway Company, came to me and asked if I would like to be introduced to him. I demurred, feeling how irksome casual introductions of this kind must be to such a man; but Forbes insisted, and we crossed over the room together. After a few words, I ventured to ask if there were going to be war in South Africa. He looked at me with an amused expression on his face, and smiled as he slowly shook his head, but uttered no word. "I am very glad you think that," I said. "I should be sorry indeed," he replied, "to see war there." This was in the month of June 1899; within four months the Boer War was raging.

Mr Alfred should always be remembered for the part he took in conjunction with Sir John Murray Scott in securing the Wallace Collection at Hertford House for the British nation.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE 1900 exhibition at the Guildhall was devoted to a selection of examples of modern British painters; it attracted 201,456 people during the three months it was open. By this time there had appeared at the Guildhall, at one exhibition or another, the work of every Royal Academician or Associate of the day who painted, and several of them had been represented on more occasions than others.

It was a long way to bring works from the antipodes for the single purpose of an exhibition, but Poynter's elaborate scene of "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon" was brought from the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, and, as I have already mentioned, Lady Butler's "Quatre Bras" from the National Gallery of New South Wales at Sydney. One always seemed, on occasions such as these, to find friends eager to help; in this instance it was Sir Thomas Devitt, of the Orient Line of Steamers, who took trouble in regard to the carriage to and fro of these two large pictures, and in keeping down the cost to the minimum. Art has its friends and the Corporation has them also, though sometimes it knows it not.

A large work was shown belonging to Mr C. J. Lucas, entitled "Hypatia," painted by C. W. Mitchell, from Charles Kingsley's novel. One morning I was favoured by a call from Mr Mitchell, who had forsaken art as a profession, and was now a partner in Armstrong's. When he painted the picture he was glad to sell it and to have the money

for it, but now he had much money and he wanted the picture back. Did I think Mr Lucas would let him have it? I could not of course tell, but I assisted him by informing him of the sum for which the picture was insured, to enable him to form an idea of what might be required for it by Mr Lucas, to whom I gave him an introduction. As I afterwards learnt, Mr Lucas kindly met his wishes and restored him the picture on terms satisfactory to both.

Lord and Lady Wantage were among those who generously supported the Loan Exhibitions. It was a great pleasure to me in this (1890) and succeeding years to assist the Lady Wantage in the preparation of a descriptive and biographical catalogue of an exhaustive nature of their beautiful collection, which embraced examples of almost every school. Its formation was initiated by Mr Jones Loyd (afterwards Lord Overstone), father of Lady Wantage, as far back as 1831, and signally augmented fifteen years later by a portion of the celebrated collection of Dutch pictures of the Baron Verstolk Van Soelen, of the Hague. This collection, approaching a hundred examples, all of very high quality, was brought *en bloc* to London by Mr Chaplin the picture-dealer, who had effected their purchase on behalf of Mr Jones Loyd, Mr Thomas Baring (grandfather of the present Lord Northbrook), and Mr Humphrey Mildmay. The works were then submitted to private auction among their three selves and Mr Chaplin. The portions acquired by Mr Jones Loyd, ten in number, and Mr Baring, which numbered forty-two, remain intact in the possession of their descendants. Mr Mildmay's portion, consisting of twenty examples, was dispersed at Christie's in 1893 by Mr H. Bingham Mildmay, who had inherited them, and the twenty-seven acquired by Mr Chaplin passed into various collections. The chief pictures of the Wantage collection are at the town residence in Carlton Gardens

and at the country seat at Wantage in Berkshire, a few only being at Overstone Park, Northamptonshire, and at Ardington. Several notable examples were subsequently acquired by Lord Overstone, and since his death many others by Lord and Lady Wantage, among the latter being the two wonderful cassone panels by Pesellino, and the four most beautiful Corots, "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night," which, until his death, adorned Leighton's house in Holland Park Road.

The catalogue ran into nearly two hundred pages of print, and contained upwards of a hundred reproductions of the chief pictures, the entire collection consisting of two hundred and eighty works.

The late Lord Wantage, who for a short time watched the progress of the work with the deepest interest, did not live to see it completed.

I am reminded here of the excellent step taken by Lord Wantage, towards the close of his life, in purchasing and presenting to the town of Wantage the entire assemblage of pictures, forty-six in number, known as the "Victoria Cross Gallery." There was patriotism in the act, as the pictures represented the individual deeds of heroism of those of the military of the British nation who had gained this distinguished and coveted award. Lord Wantage was himself represented on one of the canvases, in the act of rallying the Guards at the Battle of the Alma, for which he received the cross. The pictures were painted by Chevalier Louis W. Desanges. I was instrumental in furnishing Lord Wantage with an historical volume, partly printed and partly in manuscript, which happened to come under my notice of this "Victoria Cross Gallery." It was prepared and augmented from time to time by the late Mr C. W. Wass, who for a long period had this collection in his custody. I conceived that the owner of the collection was the proper possessor of such a volume, of which there is no second copy.

Mr and Mrs Coltart of Woodleigh, Birkenhead, were among those whose pictures were always at the Corporation's disposal. Those who knew Mrs Coltart will not easily forget her. She must have been of exceptional charm when young, and she retained her charm all through her life. In and out of the studios of the notable pre-Raphaelite painters in her young days, she was one of them, and absorbed in their beautiful and poetic interpretations in art. She retained their friendship to the last—Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Du Maurier, Burne-Jones. The last-named she never would call by any other name than "Jones," the name she first knew him by; never did she use the word "Burne." How rich her association with these men made her life. William Coltart fell in love with her when she was in her teens, went abroad, hoping to make enough to justify him in asking her to wed him; but during his lengthened absence another man appeared upon the scene, a Mr Jonathan Tong of Manchester, a man of present means and future prospects, and she accepted him. It came as a blow to Coltart, on whose return to England the friendship was nevertheless allowed to be resumed, and for five-and-twenty years he, remaining a bachelor, never failed to dine at least once a week with the woman he had thought was his, and her envied husband. Then the husband died. He was a rich man and had accumulated, presumably at the instigation of his wife, a beautiful assemblage of pictures, mostly of the pre-Raphaelite order. He left all his property, pictures, money, furniture, and land to his widow, with liberty to marry again if she wished, provided it was not Mr Coltart. If Mr Coltart, not a shilling. "Never mind," said Mr Coltart, "I was a poor man when I first loved you, I am a rich man now"; and he purchased at the sale of her late husband's effects every picture and article of furniture which had endeared itself to her, and on the expiration of the

customary period he married her, she being then forty-seven and he fifty-three. Never were two happier than they; and when twenty-seven years later he died he was still worshipping the ground she walked on. All the light seemed to go out of her life when he left her, but she brightened up always at the mention of "her Will." He was indeed one of the best; as we knew him, a sound man of the highest integrity; and the centre around which every step of his life ranged was "Her."

On the occasion of a bust of the late Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins) being presented during this year to the Corporation of London, I had a visit from that distinguished man, accompanied by Lady Brampton. After the business upon which he had come had been transacted, some interesting talk took place concerning his career as judge. He told me that during the time he was trying any man on a capital charge he often had sleepless nights, his brain was exerted to the utmost in endeavouring to discover, however black the evidence, some loophole by which the man might escape the extreme penalty; but that as soon as the case was over, whether he were sentenced to death or not, his full sleep returned and the matter would go completely from his mind so far as his personal responsibility was concerned. I told him that in the winter of 1879 I was present at the Central Criminal Court when he was trying the case of a man who had effected a policy of insurance in his own favour on the life of a woman who had died almost immediately afterwards, it was alleged, by poison administered by the prisoner. "I remember it well," he said. "His name was Lewis James Payne—he was guilty; he ought to have been hanged." The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. "But," I said, "is it possible you can so remember his name?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I remember the name of every man who has been before me, in a case of such seriousness as that." I asked him if he would

write his name in a book of autographs I had ; and on his finishing the name "Brampton" I said, "Now will you write above it the name by which you were so dreaded by evil-doers?" and he laughingly wrote "Henry Hawkins."

In the summer of this year I was at a luncheon party at the house of a wealthy parvenu who had lent pictures to the Guildhall, and I was seated on the left of my hostess, a lady of stout physique, vulgar of speech, and opulent of jewellery, particularly diamonds. She was wholly uninteresting to me, whereas on the other side of me was a demure little lady in black, of intelligent countenance, and quick in repartee. To her my interest naturally leaned. The conversation ranged over a variety of subjects, and whether I allowed myself to be engrossed unduly by it or not I cannot tell, but presently my hostess leant forward and said to me, as if in confidence, words to the effect that the young lady was only her lady companion, and that she was not so young as she looked. Her words came as a shock to me. Here was a lady still young, compelled by family misfortune to go into the world, and so with dignity avoid any appeal for her support to her friends, an individual superior by birth to the one she was serving, subject to treatment such as this. I, of course, made a point of showing a little more attention to my hostess, and so right the position in her eyes, but I was glad when the party rose from the table. Later in the afternoon, when standing alone at a window overlooking the beautiful grounds, I heard a footstep behind me, and turning I beheld my friend of the luncheon table. She was carrying a cup of tea which she invited me to take, adding, "You know, Mr Temple, I am only Lady M——'s lady companion, and—and I am not so young as I look." "Is it possible," I said, "you heard it?" and the sweet eyes welled with tears. "Never mind," I said, "never mind, you are a thousand times more

attractive than such a woman as that can ever be. It has given me the greatest pleasure to meet you, and I hope we shall meet again." My words, spoken with feeling, were too much for her, and she broke down, sobbing. It was piteous, but eventually a smile lighted her face, as she seemed to bethink herself. Courage, not unmingled with hope, came to her aid, as it had often, I have no doubt, come before, as her eyes looked sadly but with a true woman's fortitude into mine. I have never seen her since, and have often wondered where she is and how she fares.

Sir William Treloar was one of the sheriffs in 1900, and being present at a certain dinner of the City Lands Committee, with his colleague in the shrievalty, Sir Alfred Bevan, a respected and energetic member for the ward of Farringdon, Mr James Judd, was put up to propose the health of "The Sheriffs." He made a humorous allusion to their personal appearance, as well as to that of the two who had immediately preceded them in office, which was turned back adroitly upon himself in Treloar's responding speech. Mr Judd said, "When we recall the two late sheriffs, Sir Frederick Alliston and Colonel Clifford Probyn, we can well remember how closely those two gentlemen resembled one another if you were walking behind them; and now in Sir William Treloar and Sir Alfred Bevan a similar characteristic presents itself. Both are tall, neither is bald, and really when one follows them in procession, in their robes of office it is not easy to say which is which," and after a few further remarks, intended to be humorous, he resumed his seat. Sir William Treloar, rising to reply, opened his speech with the dry observation that Mr Judd had been at some pains to tell them that after dinner he could not tell one sheriff from the other, and added with equal dryness that he had been wondering whether such information on his part were necessary.

Another instance of the readiness of speech of Sir William Treloar I can recall. It was at the annual dinner of the Irish Society, at which the governor, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, himself of alert and witty speech, who never let the occasion go by for a telling observation, proposed a toast, in the course of which he brought in, by way of illustration, the story from the *Arabian Nights* of "The Magic Carpet," and in conclusion called upon Sir William Treloar to respond. The reply up to a certain point was noticeably devoid of Sir William's accustomed humour; not a smile was seen from anyone throughout, and he was about to resume his seat when, as if recollecting himself, he said, "Oh, before I sit down I should like to thank Sir George Faudel-Phillips for that kind allusion to the Magic Carpet. It may be best for me to add there is no arrangement between us of any consideration for it." There was a burst of unrestrained merriment, which was redoubled when Sir George, again on his feet, in his own ready way but in serious tones reminded the company that this was an age of advertisements.

At one of those excellent dinners of the Fish-mongers' Company given from time to time to members of the Royal Academy and other prominent painters, I had the honour of being seated next to Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen), and in the course of conversation he spoke of what he termed the finest piece of wit he had ever known. This coming from such a source, all those about him leant forward eagerly to hear what it was, and he told us that while he was in New York on a recent mission for the Government, an American talked loudly at the luncheon table of the abnormal strength of Washington's arm, and that he was able to throw a dollar across the river Potomac, at a spot where it was several hundreds of yards wide. A facetious Englishman at the table ventured to remark that he had no doubt of that, for

a dollar went very much farther in Washington's day than it did now. At this the American said he would let the dollar alone, and uttered the telling words, that "Washington threw a sovereign across the Atlantic."

I think it was at this dinner, if I remember aright, that I met an old friend I had not seen for eighteen years; he had been in the antipodes, and quite away from civilised centres. Wishing to show him some courtesy, I asked him if he would come and dine with us one evening, and then, remembering that the House of Commons was sitting, and that he might be interested after his long absence from England in hearing some of our prominent men, I asked him if he would like to go to the House one night?

"What house?" he inquired.

"The House of Commons," I replied.

"Oh," said he, "is that old thing still going on?"

My friend Mr B— once told me he was playing whist at the St George's Club with the late Mr Charles Wertheimer and two others, when, as they sat down, Wertheimer said he would have to leave them shortly for half an hour or so, as he wanted to run down to Christie's to bid for a piece of antique silver. He suggested the three should go shares with him in whatever it cost, and divide the profits on the re-sale. To this they all agreed. On his return he reported he had secured the article for £800—£200 apiece. One of the party, Mr H—, demurred, and said he had no idea it would be of that amount, had imagined it would be £50 at most apiece. Wertheimer said there was no need for him to come in unless he wished, and inquired what the other two meant to do. They both replied that having agreed to come in they would do so, and one of them went to an adjoining table to write his cheque for the £200, while the other said he would send Wertheimer a cheque as soon as he got home. "Very well," said Wertheimer, "then you

have one share, Mr B——, and you one, Mr G——, and I have two—is that right? You will still stand out, H——?” To which H—— replied that he would. Whereupon Wertheimer informed them that on his way back he had met in St James’s Street the very man to whom he had intended showing this piece of silver, and that he had purchased it of him for £2750—£687, 10s. for each £200 share.

Mr George Salting was a millionaire. He did not use his money, his money used him. He occupied two rooms at the top of a house in St James’s Street, adjoining the Thatched House Club, an institution to which he belonged, and where he was accustomed to take his meals. The narrowest strip of carpet was on the bare deal boards at the side of the narrowest of beds. Cleanliness there might be, but there was an absence of all suggestion of comfort.

I went with a friend one Sunday afternoon to tea with him. There was a cake which required the muscular energy of Mr Salting to cut it, and he had to stand up to do it. Whether he needed more space for the free range of his arms, or attempted to penetrate the cake at a wrong angle, it is difficult to say, but the force he was employing when the slip occurred was sufficient to send the cake spinning along the bare boards to the farther end of the apartment, where it rolled under the beautiful carving of a seventeenth-century cabinet. But that was not the least disturbing to Mr Salting. Did he ring the bell for another cake? Not a bit of it. He went out into the hall and returned with a long stick, and the next thing we saw was the millionaire on his knees, raking out the fugitive cake. In due time it was again set upon the table, when the particles of cobwebs upon it made it an object of aversion to my friend and myself, but it proved by no means so unpalatable to Mr Salting.

When his death occurred in 1910 it was found

that he had bequeathed the whole of his valuable collection of works of art to the British nation.

About this time I came into contact with a man who was at the head of a great trading concern in London. He was brought to me by a member of the Corporation. He must have looked upon pictures and other works of art in a light similar to that in which he regarded any other marketable commodities. He spent a sum approaching £100,000 in acquiring a collection of pictures by the early masters, buying them, alas, on his own judgment, and erecting a gallery about 100 ft. long the better to accommodate them. His desire was that I should make a catalogue of them, to which I demurred, as I felt I could not attach to many of the works he possessed the names of the artists to which he assigned them. I made the catalogue. It was disappointing to him, as I had no option but to record as copies or imitations most of the works he had purchased as originals, and when I referred to certain of the originals as being at Munich, or in the Louvre, or in our own National Gallery, he regarded it as a mistake on my part, that the examples he possessed were the originals, and that those of which I spoke were copies. No evidence or reasonable explanation which I brought forward had any weight with him, he adhered to his own opinion. Even the visits of other experts who visited the collection did not operate in varying his views. He eventually resolved to realise them in the open market, but two at any rate of the leading firms of auctioneers were not disposed to undertake the sale. This he regarded as part of the conspiracy which he had known all along existed in the trade to force him to sell privately at low prices. He was prevailed upon ultimately, by I suppose some well-intentioned friend, to hold a sale of them by auction in his own gallery. An elaborate catalogue was prepared, extensive advertisements of the "Great Sale" issued, and a

vast parade of value made, but the first hour of the sale revealed the lamentable facts. One picture for which he had given £3000 was knocked down for something like £32, others at eighty or ninety per cent. below the price he had paid for them, so that when some twenty of the collection had been dealt with, with no better result, the sale of the others was withdrawn.

When I was forming the Spanish Exhibition at the Guildhall, the poor deluded gentleman came to offer me his portrait of the Infanta Mariana by Velasquez. I knew it was not genuine, but he begged so hard that it might be sent on approval that I concurred in his doing so provided no expense was incurred by the Corporation. Down came the picture, and I placed it with others on the floor against the wall, close to the King's Don Carlos, and the Duke of Abercorn's Velasquez. While in that position a notable connoisseur called upon me, and looking casually through the pictures pulled up at this "Mariana," took out his magnifying glass, and turning to me inquired to whom it belonged? I assured him, to a well-known collector in London, who had given a large sum for it. "Be careful," he said; "I do not think it is right, I don't like it." Evidently detecting a twinkle in my eye he seemed relieved, and I then told him the circumstances under which it was there.

Almost the same operation was gone through with two eminent critics, so that the old gentleman had extensive confirmation of my own views, and the picture was taken back. Judging from all appearances it had not been painted more than forty years, the great original by Velasquez being in the museum of the Prado.

In the spring of 1900, when the nation was engrossed in the progress of the war in South Africa, artists and sculptors of the United Kingdom came forward for the purpose of raising a fund in aid of the

army, entitled "The Artists' War Fund." Three hundred and thirty painters and sculptors placed their works at the disposal of the fund, and these were exhibited in the Guildhall Gallery. Twenty-seven who were unable to contribute works forwarded cheques in lieu thereof. At the close of the exhibition a sale by public auction took place at Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods, who waived all professional profit, and made no charge whatever upon the fund. Upwards of £12,000 was realised, an eloquent testimony to the generosity and public spirit of the artistic profession.

I was associated with a small committee for the hanging and placing of these works, and for the few days occupied by this work the Corporation extended its hospitality to those engaged, by providing luncheon for them in one of the upper galleries. I remember on one occasion, being in the position of host, I had on one side of me the late E. J. Gregory, R.A., and on the other a well-known landscape painter, reported to be of exceptional good fortune in the sale of his productions. At the table, too, were Lawrence Alma Tadema, Onslow Ford, and Mr Marion Spielmann (acting as honorary secretary to the fund), and when it came to the coffee and cigars the well-replenished landscape painter leant back indolently in his chair and began to speak of his early experiences: that for eleven wretched years he had been in business in Glasgow, but had then discovered his true vocation, and ever since had devoted himself to——. Before he could say the word "painting," Gregory stammered out the word "b—b—b—business." There was a wholesome roar of laughter, as with a start the landscape painter threw his serviette across the table into Gregory's face; nevertheless he took it all in good part and joined as heartily as any in the laughter at this sally of Gregory's.

On a Saturday morning the Prince of Wales

came privately to see the exhibition, and His Royal Highness made several purchases. To do this he had to inquire as to the prices at a table in the centre of the gallery where a Mr Burrington was officiating as curator. After he had consulted that gentleman for the second time, he said to me that he thought he had seen "that gentleman" before, that he had had some transaction with him several years ago, but not in England, it was somewhere on the Continent. On my asking if I should inquire he seemed pleased, and I learnt from Mr Burrington that the Prince was quite right, that he had sold to the Prince a small picture in Paris, about fifteen years ago. The Prince was delighted when told, and immediately went forward and shook Mr Burrington warmly by the hand.

In connection with the war a remarkable picture was painted by the late John Bacon, A.R.A. It was the reception in the Guildhall of the City Imperial Volunteers on the 29th October 1900, on their return from the South African War. The picture was not a commission but an inspiration, the painter had to put on canvas a scene that was without precedent. He carried it through well; it proved to be the finest example that ever came from his hand. It was placed on the line at the Royal Academy at the 1902 exhibition, and had much to do with his election soon after as an Associate of the Academy. It was purchased by Mr Charles W. Bartholomew; and through Sir Alfred Newton, Bart., by whose initiation the City Imperial Force had been raised at a cost to the Corporation of £25,000, its presentation to the Guildhall Gallery was brought about. It is one of the most popular works in the Corporation's collection.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE Exhibition of Spanish Art held in 1901 had occupied my mind at various times for some years past. Information concerning the earlier painters was ready at hand in abundance, but I could discover no book in any language which would assist me with the modern men. I had, of course, some knowledge of the prominent painters, and the only further help I could obtain was from the catalogues of the Paris Salon and those of the biennial exhibitions of modern art in Madrid.

I was met by kindly friends at the outset of my preparations by the ejaculation, "A Spanish Exhibition; you mean Velasquez, Murillo, Goya, and Fortuny; but who else?" But there were many others of the earlier school, and among the modern men there was a far wider field than the majority of people realised. Between the early and the modern there was the great connecting link, Goya. Surely here was an expanse of merit worthy of showing to the British public.

To Velasquez an entire apartment was devoted, and in it thirty-nine of his works were shown. The Queen Regent of Spain was one of those contributing, as also was our Sovereign, King Edward VII.

Among those paintings which attracted considerable attention, particularly from the critics, was a "Lady with a Mantilla." This I found at Devonshire House, and when taken through the pictures one morning by the late Duchess, and asking for its loan, she appeared surprised that I should wish to

have it, and readily assented, with the words, "Nasty, dirty, old thing." Truly it was in a most unsatisfactory condition when I received it at the Guildhall; little more than the lights on the head and hands were discernible; it had been allowed by time and London dust to get into a sorry state, it occurring to no one, I suppose, to give it any attention. As it appeared when the exhibition was opened it presented a magnificent appearance; all the bad effects had been removed, and the lights and depths of it proclaimed it a superb work of the great master. One thought as one looked that this mantilla, one of the most effective articles of a Madrilená's wardrobe, must have been a curse to husbands and fathers. By a simple movement of the fingers it could completely veil the face, or coquettishly show just one eye. No wonder it was denounced, and by Royal edict it was ordered that no woman should appear with her face covered, but that she should leave it exposed for recognition by her husband and her relations.

One of the works lent by the Duke of Wellington, the "Water-carrier of Seville," was captured by the British after the battle of Vittoria, from Prince Joseph Buonaparte, who had taken it as booty from Madrid. The Great Duke proposed later to restore it to Spain, but King Ferdinand VII. begged his acceptance of it, as a personal gift.

It was very pleasing to me to come into contact with Mrs Ford, then ninety years of age, and to lunch with her one day. She was the widow of Mr Richard Ford, author of the well-known *Handbook of Spain*. She possessed a fine Velasquez in the portrait of Isabel de Bourbon, which her love of everything appertaining to Spain at once impelled her to lend.

Success fairly attended my efforts to secure such of the works by the great painter which were in England. Only two of material consequence were absent from the collection: one was the Kingston-

Lacy sketch for the famous "Las Meninas," which the owner was unable to lend owing to a trusteeship; the other was the "Venus and Cupid" at Rokeby Park. There is a sad association with this last-mentioned picture. My letter applying for it was forwarded to its owner, Lieutenant Morrith, who was serving in South Africa at the time. His reply reached me only the day after I had seen a notice in the papers that he had been killed. In it he said he most gladly would have lent the picture had he been in England to arrange certain legal requirements, but that under the circumstances he was compelled to decline. This famous work has since been added to our National Gallery.

Eleven examples of Murillo were in the collection, some of which came from Spain; five by El Greco; and seventeen by Goya. This assemblage of Goya's work, thirteen of which came from abroad, was a revelation to many. No one seemed to know much about him. All save three were portraits, but they were presentments for all time, independent of the persons they represented. The largest of those, other than portraits, was "La Cucana," or climbing the pole at a Spanish festive gathering. It was very strong and vivid, and an effort should have been made to secure it for our National Collection, but it was quickly appropriated by the German Government, and is now in the Kaiser Frederick Museum. "Dr Peral" was certainly the most effective of the portraits, a man of sinister aspect, which seemed to insinuate "how the humour of the man lay wholly upon the evil side." In the words of Sir Claude Phillips, it was the picture of one who "might have looked on unmoved at the Noyades of Nantes, or the Fusillades of Lyons." This remarkable example is now in the National Gallery. Peral was a legal doctor, and became a financial representative to France of the Spanish Government at the time when the French Revolution was at its height.

With the modern Spanish painters the British public appeared to be uninformed. There were many artists, in genre and portraiture, landscape and historical subjects, who had attained to great positions in their own country and in Rome and Paris. Fortuny, of course, was a familiar name here; not so Pradilla, Palmaroli, Sorolla, Alvarez, Carbonero, and Zuloaga. With the exception of the last named, these and many others were effectively represented. It was arduous work, the lengthy correspondence with artists and friends in Madrid and Seville, which were the two most important centres where the works were to be found, and to this was added the perplexity of choice in the pictures placed there at my disposal.

I made a strong effort to show Fortuny adequately, first by his three greatest achievements: "La Vicaria," or "The Spanish Marriage," "The Selection of a Model," and "The Garden of the Poets." These belonged respectively to the Marquise de Carcano of Paris, Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, U.S.A., and the Comte de Herren of Paris; but I succeeded in tracing and obtaining them all, together with such other of his smaller works as would best illustrate the subjects to which his brilliant capacity was drawn. There were twenty examples of his work in all.

His art was scoffed at by such of the modern men as Sorolla and Zuloaga, and the latter subsequently wrote pages to me to demonstrate the enduring injury Fortuny's practice had been to the proper development of Spanish painting. I have often wondered if Zuloaga ever saw Fortuny's life-size head of a "Negro of Morocco," which I came upon one day in Chesterfield Gardens. It was a wonderful piece of free painting. The ebony skin of the man and his white burnoose and red cap were painted with a breadth and vigour that made it difficult to realise that the same hand had produced the other delicate works. This negro was shown at the Guildhall and made an astonishing impression.

Pradilla, Casado del Alisail, Checa, and Carbonero, whose huge historical canvases are in the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid, were each seen in smaller versions of these same great pictures. The well-known French picture-dealer, Eugene Gambart, then retired from business, lent considerable assistance to me in the formation of this modern portion of the exhibition. He was residing at that time at Nice; the interchange of letters between us was almost daily; not only had he no small number of Spanish pictures in his own collection, from which he lent me thirty-one, but he knew of the whereabouts of many pictures I was seeking.

Gambart will always be remembered as the man who gave Alma Tadema the first helping hand towards publicity and prosperity. Truly it was a matter of business with him, and the friend who took him up to the painter's studio on the third or fourth floor of a house in a dingy quarter of Paris had the greatest difficulty in dragging him there; he was entirely sceptical as to the truth of the representations made to him of the clever work and wondrous promise in that humble apartment. However he went, and, I believe, bought then and there everything that Tadema had to sell, and came to some arrangement in regard to his future productions advantageous to both parties.

When I was reflecting on particular works by certain artists, there was Don Luis Alvarez, who since 1898 had been the Director of the Museum of the Prado, in succession to the great historical painter, Francesco Pradilla. It occurred to me that some special consideration was due to him, and I invited him to name two or three of his works, one of which should represent him. He replied that he would like to be represented above all others by a work entitled, "The Seat of Philip II.," in the private possession of the Emperor, William II. of Germany. I imagined it

to be some moderately-sized work of exceptionally fine quality, and forthwith put myself into communication with the proper authorities in Berlin, through the German Ambassador here. I heard nothing for some time, no acknowledgment of my letter, nor any information from the Ambassador, and I was beginning to think over the other examples Alvarez had mentioned to me, when I received a telegram from Berlin to the effect that the picture was on its way to the Guildhall. That was distinctly embarrassing. Promptitude is an excellent thing at all times, but this was too prompt, with neither care nor caution, for no insurance had yet been effected on any of the pictures that were coming to London, nor had I any idea of the value which would be placed upon this particular one. I immediately, however, took out a policy upon it for the sum of £2000, which I estimated would be sure to cover its value.

Some days later, I was informed that two packages, each about 20 ft. long, were lying in Guildhall Yard, having just been deposited there by the Great Eastern Railway Company. I could not imagine what they could be, until the sum of £47 was demanded of me for carriage. I then realised that it was the picture dispatched from Berlin. I ought to have known that a man like the German Emperor, who never has much to do with anything unless it be big and imposing, would not have consented to lend this work, as he personally and readily did, had it not been big. One of the packages contained the rolled picture, the other its frame and stretcher in ten pieces. The whole of one wall was occupied by the picture. It was, nevertheless, a fine and broadly painted work, showing the high rocks known as the Silla del Rey, situated about thirty miles from Madrid and commanding wide views. Rough seats were cut in the rock, and hither it was that Philip was wont to betake himself to leisurely transact affairs of State, and at the

same time watch the progress of the building of the Escorial, on which incredible wealth and labour were being lavished.

There was one particular picture I was very desirous of including, by a notable Spanish painter of modern times. By dint of much inquiry I traced it through various hands to the ownership of a well-known American, a man of great wealth. I wrote to him to his New York address, and received a most courteous reply that he would consider my proposal that he should contribute the picture on loan to the exhibition, but that he could not decide upon the matter at the moment. Some three months went by and I heard nothing, so I addressed a second letter to him. This time the reply came from Paris, whither he had gone, but in much the same terms as the former one. As it also told me he was leaving in a day or two for the States, I wrote to two personal friends of mine in New York, both of whom saw him immediately on his arrival, and urged compliance with my request. They both wrote to me (neither of them knowing the other), saying they gathered he would lend the picture, but were unable to obtain a definite decision from him. I felt there was little more to be done, and practically gave it up. About three weeks before the opening of the exhibition, and some five months from the date of my first communication to him, my wife, seeing how much I regretted the absence from the collection of this particular work, suggested I should try a cable. It seemed like waste of money, but the next morning, having thought it over, I dispatched to him the following message:—"King of England, German Emperor, Queen of Spain all lending; will you not lend your picture? Temple, Guildhall." Late on the following afternoon the reply was received: "My picture leaves, *Teutonic*, Wednesday." Vanity won the day, and the picture came.

While the exhibition was running its course, I received an intimation from Sarah Bernhardt, at the time acting in London, that she would like to come and see it. She came punctually at the agreed time, 4 P.M., accompanied by two lady friends. It was a very close summer afternoon, but she looked refreshingly cool in a white lace gown that trailed upon the floor, and a short black cape, which she would not let me take from her shoulders; but as she threw it open, I noticed a multitude of antique ornaments, together with several long gold chains. As she entered my room, I was impressed with the force of her personality. Strength was the dominant factor. Though not large, there was a sense of weight about her, an imperious oncoming power, different altogether from the majority of women. Like the Nike of Samothrace, no opposing force could be calculated to stop her whithersoever it was her intent to go. In compliance with her wish I inscribed her name in the catalogue I gave her, adding the words, "With the homage of all men." In looking through the pictures, she became fixed here and there before particular works. One portrait quite riveted her. It was that of Dr Peral, by Goya, to which I have already made allusion. The costume in the portrait was of the time I have indicated, that of the French Revolution; and pointing to the cruel mouth, I asked her what she thought of that feature. Her answer came slowly, as if she were drawing it up out of the ground, "Oh, Mr Temple, it spells guillotine."

Crowds of people assembled in the gallery when it became known she was there, and when, on my arm, I took her to her carriage, it was through a lane of dense figures, heartily cheering her. This she liked, and pressed my arm to her in approbation; and as I handed her into the curiously shaped old-fashioned yellow equipage awaiting her, I gave her a large bouquet of La France roses, which during

her stay in the gallery I had had hurriedly prepared. To this I attached a card with the inscription, "To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, with the compliments of the Corporation of London." Oh, to see her face—it broke into surprise and inexpressible satisfaction. With an air of delight, holding the bouquet in one hand, she extended the other to me, and I pressed the slender fingers to my lips as she intended me to do. All this in presence of a crowd of some five hundred people, who again loudly cheered as she was borne swiftly away.

I here recall a curious incident in relation to a painting by a modern Spanish artist. It was purchased by a friend of mine, with little sympathy from me, for £140. I felt sure he would grow tired of it, although he would not have it that it would be so, but so it was. To buy a picture of that kind and to sell it are different things. He placed it for some months in the shop of a dealer who dealt in that kind of work, but to no purpose; no one appeared to fancy it. The owner at length expressed himself as prepared to take £50 for it and lose the £90, but even at this sum no purchaser was forthcoming.

Eighteen months went by in fruitless effort to dispose of it, even, one might say, at any price. As a last resource it was sent to Christie's. No place is more uncertain in its revelations and results than that far-famed house. If the impossible is to happen, it happens there. The picture was put up for auction. It was a fascinating portrayal of a Spanish girl, with the head turned slightly away to give effect to a deluge of auburn hair. The room was crowded, but there were two present who presumably must have discerned in the work something which the cool-headed buyer did not see—something which, it may be, brought in sentiment as the dominating factor against their better judgment; a remembrance perhaps, a similitude

possibly to one who in bygone days had brought a joy into life; and these two bid against one another until it was knocked down to one of them at seven hundred guineas. I was told afterwards that a dealer of high repute (Mr Tom Wallis), who was bidding on behalf of one of the competitors, declined to go further when the figure had reached two hundred guineas, as being injurious to his reputation to be known to advocate a higher sum for such a work, and the bidding was continued by the competitor himself.

The Spanish Exhibition proved extremely popular. After being open for three months, the time was extended by permission of the various owners for a further four weeks, and the total attendance of the public was found to have been 305,359, the average daily attendance being nearly 3000 persons. A step much appreciated was an edition of the catalogue in the Spanish language.

So much information had I gained in my preparation of this exhibition, information of an out-of-the-way and of course hitherto unpublished kind, that I was encouraged to write a work on *Modern Spanish Painting*, and this work was completed and published in 1908 at five guineas a copy.

I obtained my information of the living men by sending to each about a dozen questions in the Spanish language of particular facts in their career which would be serviceable to me. These, of course, were all replied to in Spanish. Reproductions of fifty-nine pictures representative of every phase of Spanish painting of recent times were included in the work. It was dedicated by special permission to His Majesty King Alfonso XIII.

The Art World in Spain was exceedingly gratified at this display of their country's art in the City of London and at the Guildhall, and the King of Spain bestowed on me the Knight Commandership of the Order of Alfonso XII.

During this year (1901) Mr E. A. Abbey, R.A., was bringing to completion the series of paintings on which he had for a long while been engaged for the completion of the decoration of the Public Library at Boston, U.S.A., the first five having been already placed in position. The whole interest of the series illustrative of the Legend of the Holy Grail concentrated on the personality of Sir Galahad, that type of the purest chivalry which so captivated the imagination of the Middle Ages. Abbey was very desirous they should be shown to the British public before they left our shores for our kinsfolk across the Atlantic, and I suggested to him that I should ask the Corporation to allow them to be displayed in the Guildhall Gallery. This was accordingly done, and the Corporation readily gave the necessary authority. Fifteen works were comprised of very nearly a uniform height of 8 ft., but of varying lengths of from 6 ft. to 33 ft.

This continuance of the series began with the realisation by Sir Galahad of the full consequence of his first failure at the Castle of the Grail, and ended in Joseph of Arimathea, with a company of angels, vouchsafing to him the true vision of the Holy Grail amid the seven-branched golden tree.

This exhibition was open freely to the public from the 28th October to the 19th November 1901, and was visited by 57,000 persons.

CHAPTER XXV

THE exhibition of 1902 took the character of French and English painting of the eighteenth century. There was scope for an attractive gathering. Since the French Exhibition four years ago I had made many friends in Paris, and access to their houses was of service to me. In forming the French portion of the collection I spent some time in France, and had the privilege of inspecting many attractive private collections, some of them hidden away in odd unfashionable places, and others in the most imposing thoroughfares. In an artistic sense the rare treasures were in the obscure quarters.

It was an unexpected sight to find under one comparatively humble roof thirty examples of that great individuality Jean Simeon Chardin, who left to the world the precious legacy of numberless works of peasant and middle-class life, executed with his own honest realism and incomparable handwork, but with a certain pronounced charm which stamped their author as French. Many pieces were here of his wonderful dealing with still life, and among his genre the complete picture of "La Benedicite" of which the work in the collection of Lord Wemyss but represents half. In the few rooms in which these pictures were scattered, and where they had hung for a century past, their lonely inmate led her solitary life. Quiet and demure, in sober black, she went with me from room to room, my exultation at the beautiful aspect they all presented, despite the shabby paper on the walls, and the time-worn furniture,

lighting up her face as with a ray of sunshine long foreign to it. I endeavoured to obtain some of these most admirable works for the Guildhall, and her son, who called in at the time I was there wished her to accede to my request, but I saw she was too wedded to their companionship, and too timid to release them from her possession, so I abandoned the idea. These earnest works by Chardin were lightened here and there by a small Fragonard or a Boucher, against which their solidity and singular strength asserted themselves in a marked manner. I noticed also an extremely pretty head by Prudhon. They all formed for Madame J—— a sufficiency, a fullness of life, which atoned for the shabbiness of all things else, including the apparent slenderness of her means of livelihood.

I was told that the Marquis de Ganay possessed some exceptional works by Boucher, and having been favoured with an introduction to him, I was invited to see them. This was, of course, in a different quarter altogether from the foregoing, in a highly fashionable part of Paris, the rue François 1. He had four finely typical works by the great painter of Pompadour times, very large, about 11 ft. high by 6 ft. in width, and four smaller cabinet works. I thought it would be a striking feature of the exhibition if these four large works could be obtained for the Guildhall.

On the afternoon I called I was received with considerable state in the drawing-room, in which they hung. Having been presented to the Marquise, who was lounging back on a broad settee, and to the other guests assembled around, I was drawn by the Marquis to where the pictures were hanging. They were truly magnificent—"The Love Message," "Love's Offering," "Evening," and "The Fortune-Teller"; pastoral figures, set in pastoral surroundings in such a way as Boucher, with absolute perfection, alone could carry through. I was indeed lost in

admiration, and turning to the Marquis I inquired if he would allow them to come to London and be shown at the Guildhall. He appeared to me to be agreeable to the idea, but said it would rest with the Marquise rather than himself. Turning to her, with such grace as I could command I unburdened my wish, but the answer came at once, "No, no, no, it is impossible." I could readily imagine it to be so, on account of their great size and value, and to the fact that they were let into the wall, into panels of their own precise measurements, and it was indeed almost too much to ask. Still I urged many reasons why they should be allowed to come, such as the public good, the fame of the artist, the advantage it would be to the English artistic community. . . . It was of no avail. With lively animation but unquestionable decision she smilingly said, "Not if you stand there all day, Monsieur Temple." I instantly detected the opportunity these words afforded me, and laughingly supposed she wished me to alter my attitude and go on my knees to her. There was silence over the whole room at this, and then a momentary amused glitter shone in the eyes of the Marquise as, with a smile and outstretched hand to me, she impulsively said she could not resist and I might have them. It was the right word at the right time, acting on the vivid French nature and prompted by the circumstances of the moment, which any suggestion of preparation would have imperilled.

So the pictures came to the Guildhall, insured for £20,000. Some years later, coveted by the South African magnate Sir Joseph Robinson, they passed into his possession, and hung for some time in the hall of Dudley House, Park Lane, which he at that time rented; and as far as I am aware he possesses them still, though not in that princely habitation, which happily has now been restored to its noble owner.

Curious indeed was my visit one wintry morning

to Madame B——. She lived in the squalid quarter of Paris, in the neighbourhood of the Rue du Temple. Up three flights of stone steps I mounted, until I reached the door of her apartments. The house was built before the great Revolution, and it was not difficult to imagine the people who had trod those steps in that turbulent time. Possibly Couthon or Camille Desmoulins had mounted them, or even the sea-green Incorruptible himself. The old-world look about the place impressed the mind. My friend and I were shown into a small ante-room, on the walls of which were hung several cabinet examples of Chardin. All the furniture was old, but made comfortable by cumbersome cushions. A demure little lady entered, and with grace and gentleness invited us to be seated; and after the interchange of the customary courtesies, observed, with an animation which belied her years, "But you want to see the Chardin?" and rising, she led us through an adjacent room or two. I suddenly pulled up as we entered a third room, in front of an astonishing example which hung at right angles to a high window. "What is that?" I said.

"That is the Chardin," she replied, and I had before me that magnificent work by the great master—his masterpiece, I should say—"Le Souffleur." What a work! Broadly painted, with extraordinary dexterity of brush, floating in colour, though apparently without effort in the handling, this noble work, little known except by the etchings done in the eighteenth century, came to my view for the first time. Unlike the smaller paintings of still life, and small interiors with figures, by which the painter is so much better known, here was a work 50 by 40 in. in size, executed with a Rembrandt-like mastery, a work to be coveted by the chief public gallery of any nation.

I begged her to allow it to come to the approaching exhibition. She said she would have to consult her son, and on descending with her a short flight of

narrow stairs we encountered the son, a slightly-built, sinister-looking man with an aggressive air, as of one who had been perpetually wronged, and with an aspect which suggested to my mind what an anarchist would be like. No, he would not consent to the picture being moved. Not if I insured it for £10,000, and handed him the policy? "No." But supposing I deposited the actual amount in cash with a French banking firm in London to be given back to me on the return of the picture? "No." Then would he sell the picture to me for £10,000? "No." There was nothing to be done, and we left the presence of mother and son with the feeling only of having seen the greatest work that Chardin ever painted, and having to be content with that.

The bulk of the productions of this patient worker and true-visioned man, and the best of it, has been, and I believe is still, within a stone's throw of the Louvre, and can be seen as nowhere else beneath the roofs of such collectors as M. Michel Levy, Madame J——, and Madame B——.

I learnt that a certain dealer of the name of Gavet owned some fine French pictures of the eighteenth century, so I called upon him one afternoon at his place on the Quai de Marche Neuf. He had paintings of a high order of other schools, notably of the early Italian, but my attention was arrested by a rare example of Lancret, entitled "Strolling Players."

It was of rather a darkish brown in tone, but captivating in its animation and masterly setting. He was disinclined to lend the picture to the Guild-hall, but said he was prepared to sell it to me for 65,000 francs (£2600). As soon as I was back in town I cast my eye mentally round to discover some lover of that particular school who might advantageously buy it, for it was a reasonable amount, and allow me to include it in the collection I was forming.

There was a certain well-to-do man with a

partiality for this delightful phase of French art who had already possessed himself of three or four examples of it under my advice. To him I wrote, and found, oddly enough, that he was just about to run over to Paris on financial business. I told him of the Lancret, and gave him my card of introduction to Monsieur Gavet. On his return a week later we chatted together over, it seemed to me, everything except the Lancret, and I was at last led to ask him what he thought of the picture. "Oh," he replied, "I mentioned it to S——" (a dealer in modern pictures), "and he told me he knew the picture well, and that it was not right." "But did you not go and see it?" I asked; and he replied, "No, I hadn't the time." A few weeks later he called upon me to ask me to come with him to see a fine French picture he had just bought. We went together to a famous dealer's in the West End, and in a private room into which he led me I saw before me this identical work. I merely said it was a fine example, the dealer standing by, and I expressed the hope that he would let me have it for the exhibition I was forming at the Guildhall, which he readily agreed to do.

When we were in the street again, I asked him how much he was paying for the picture, and he told me £4300. I believe I called him a "juggins" or some name of that kind, as with a flush on his face he appeared to me to be wondering what was coming next; and when I told him it was the identical work I had told him to go and see in Paris, I really felt pity for him, so dispirited and vexed did he seem. "Of course," I said, "if you like to pay £1700 more than you need have done that is your business; but why on earth, with your business experience, did you allow yourself to be affected by a man who was dealing in quite another class of art, and who naturally wanted your custom for himself?"

Mr Leopold Goldschmidt, a wealthy man, had

surrounded himself with many of the choicest works in his mansion in the Rue Rembrandt. He allowed me to make a long and careful study of his art possessions, and readily lent me his famous Fragonard "La Foire de St Cloud." The fine art of it might be taken as the sample of his entire collection. There was nothing I saw which a connoisseur would not covet. I never beheld so fine an example of Louis David as his "Head of a Young Man," with a broad black hat; and the large Gustave Moreau, painted expressly for him, of "Jupiter and Semele," some 9 ft. high, was a work that such a painter of imagination and detail would carry through only for a liberal patron. Here, too, I encountered that lovely Greuze "La Jeune Veuve," once in the possession of the late Marquess of Dufferin, but now belonging to the Count André Pastré; and never to be forgotten were the two busts by Houdon of Molière and Voltaire, worth a month's journey to see, so rare and lifelike, and with such consummate command of graceful finish had they been carried through.

M. Michel Lévy's taste ran almost entirely in French art, of whatever kind, of the eighteenth century. His own study in his stately home in the Avenue Montaigne was especially beautiful in the sole pictorial decoration it possessed of drawings, all superbly fine, of Watteau, Fragonard, and Boucher, in number about fifty. His small collection of paintings boasted only of those of the leading men of that time, and their setting was appropriate, for all the furniture throughout his habitation was of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. periods.

Of Monsieur Groult, of whom I had heard much, I was naturally eager to learn more. In his house in the Avenue Malakoff he had accumulated a vast number of paintings of varying merit, from the superb down to the questionable. I was disappointed with the works he possessed attributed to Turner, but his Fragonards and Lancrets, his Hoppners and

Gainsborough, were of superlative quality. One work above all others which riveted my attention was a life-size portrait of Julienne by Watteau, on a canvas about 60 by 40. This without doubt was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection. I tried hard to prevail on him to let me include it in the exhibition, but without success. He would not let it cross the water.

This exhibition was duly opened freely to the public from the 22nd April to the 26th July, and was attended by 171,913 persons. It was greatly enriched by the inclusion of the celebrated set of fourteen Fragonards which the late Mr Pierpont Morgan had recently acquired. These had been begun in 1772 for that royal courtesan, Madame Du Barry, to adorn her pavilion at Luciennes, but they never came into her possession. The Reign of Terror drove Fragonard to transfer them to the house of his friend, M. Maubert, at Grasse, with whom he took up his residence. Away from the distractions and developing perils of Paris, he could command, in this far-away spot, the quiet in which to evolve this splendid series of the "Romance of Youth and Love," a subject peculiarly his, bringing the lovely things to completion in the exercise of an untrammelled mind, giving here and there those vivid touches, the direct offspring of genius, of which a perception less gifted would not think, but which Sir Claude Phillips once aptly described as "a sting of crimson," startling the broad surface of the canvas with a living note.

Instead of the pavilion for which they had been intended, he set himself to adapt them to the walls of the chief salon of his friend's house, on the ground floor; and here they remained for a century or more, until 1898, when they were sold by M. Maubert's grandson, and brought to England. In the room in which they hung at Mr Pierpont Morgan's house in Prince's Gate the walls had been covered with a soft

grey silk, and when they came to the Guildhall, a background of a similar grey was provided, together with floor covering of the same tone, and a sense of completeness was attained delightful to the eye. The whole of Gallery No. 4 was devoted to them, and their insurance was not far short of £100,000. Unhappily they are now lost to this country, having been transferred to New York at Mr Pierpont Morgan's death.

CHAPTER XXVI

It was in this year (1902), on the 16th May, that Charles Gassiot of Elmwood House, Upper Tooting, a wealthy man, a trader in wines, and the possessor of a fine gallery of pictures, passed away.

I met him for the first time many years ago, through my father's old friends, the Medwin family. I was therefore in a favourable position to ask for the loan of some of his pictures when they were needed for a Guildhall Exhibition. His preference in pictures lay in those of the British School of about the middle of the nineteenth century, yet he sometimes gave reason for the belief that he might be tempted to favour some of the men of our own time. Like the old playgoers to whom no actor was ever so fine as Kean or Macready, none of the modern men really came up in his heart of hearts to John Phillip, Collins, Muller and Constable, Stanfield and Cooke. Most of his pictures had been in his possession for many years, bought out of love for the works themselves, and they had all along been a source of constant pride, delight, and relaxation to him. He took so much interest in my public work that I one day ventured to ask him what he intended to do with his pictures when he could not look at them any more. He was then about seventy years of age. He answered that he had left them to his nephew. I observed he had over a hundred works, would he not leave a couple to the Guildhall Gallery? "Any particular two?" he inquired. Yes, I said, the "Pyrrhic Dance" by Alma Tadema, and one of his

chief examples by John Phillip. He had not at that time acquired his great Constable. Yes, he would leave it those two he said. Whether he actually did so or not in his will I do not know ; but about eleven months later he came into my room, with his handkerchief in his hand, looking very miserable, and told me he had lost his nephew, who had died of pneumonia in the south of France. He did not know what to do with his property. He had left everything to this nephew—money, pictures, land, and business. He said he would like me to come down and lunch with him one day at his place at Tooting and talk it over with him. A week later I went, on the 25th March 1896, and after Mrs Gassiot had left the table and Mr Gassiot and I sat alone over his fine port, he began to talk about his pictures. He thought he would leave them to the Tate Gallery (a chill went through me), or send them to Christie's (shudder number two). I looked blankly at him. A long pause ensued, and in a silence which was almost distressing to me, it was flashing through my mind whether or not it would be prudent of me to rush in and speak boldly of what I had been nurturing in my thoughts ever since he told me of his nephew's death. The decision had to be quick ; I resolved to take what chances there might be, and I blurted out, " Why not do the grand thing and leave them all to the City? You and your family have made your money in the City. You yourself have been master of one of the great City guilds (the Vintners' Company), and were your pictures at the Guildhall your name, for all time, would have far greater prominence than if it were identified with probably a selection of them at the Tate Gallery." The idea evidently came fresh to him, and from a curious vacant look in his face I gathered it was one with which he did not sympathise. This was more than confirmed when he abruptly rose, and suggested we should join Mrs Gassiot in the drawing-room. I felt I had made an indiscreet

move, yet what could I have done otherwise? There was nothing to lose by my putting forward the idea, since it was clear to me it had never entered his mind, whereas there was much to gain. The works were going elsewhere, and only some fifteen seconds were left to me to decide whether it were rash or not to risk the effort. Well, I risked it and failed; and I went home that evening shrugging my shoulders it might be at my obvious non-success, and gathering consolation only from the thought that, at any rate, like it or not, he was aware now of what I was thinking. Upwards of three years went by, and although I was constantly seeing him no further mention was made either by him or me as to the disposal of his pictures, but our intercourse continued to be of the friendliest kind.

Then occurred some correspondence over one of his pictures by J. C. Hook, R.A., and I received from him the following letter:—

ROYAL ALBION HOTEL, BRIGHTON,
26th December 1899.

DEAR MR TEMPLE,—Your letter has been forwarded to me here. Let me know which day you will send for the Hook and my butler will have it all ready. I am *hors de combat* with varicose veins and cannot set my foot to the ground, so must grin and bear it in these four walls.

I want to see you if accident should bring you to Brighton. We always lunch about 1.30 if you could give me the choice of two consecutive days. I have not been quite right since the hot weather turned me up back in the summer, and two people talking at once upsets the few brains I possess, and somebody might have fixed the same day that you may to lunch here. With united and best wishes,—Yours sincerely, CHAS. GASSIOT.

This was a letter in which one reads between the lines. Of course I made occasion to go to Brighton, and Friday the 12th January 1900 was arranged. We chatted in his private sitting-room

at the Royal Albion Hotel for a while, and then went in to luncheon. As we walked along the corridor, with Mrs Gassiot somewhat in advance, Mr Gassiot put his arm over my shoulder and said, in his good-natured but gruff way, "I have done what you wanted me to." "Oh," I lightly said, "what is that?" It occurred to me that he had decided, perhaps, to leave to the Corporation some of the pictures which he knew I liked. "I have left you my pictures," he said. "What! not all of them?" "Yes," he replied, "all." It came as a great surprise to me, almost as a shock, and my appetite for lunch dwindled away in the joyous excitement which such an act on his part would be calculated to produce. "Yes," he said, "I have my draft will here, and we will go into it after luncheon." This we accordingly did, and of each modification which at his invitation I suggested (such as to the collection being all kept together in one gallery, to which there are always objections), I made at his bidding a note in the margin, and, as I subsequently learned, these were all embodied in the will itself. One of the suggestions I made was prompted by the knowledge I had of him, that he never cared to do things by halves. No glass was on any of his pictures; it would be necessary to glass them when they came into the possession of the Corporation, partly for their better protection from the public, and partly on account of the dust; would he authorise them to be glassed at the expense of his estate? "Certainly," he said. "Make a note in the margin;" and when the Corporation did come into possession of them, the account I incurred for the glass was passed on to the executors and paid.

The pictures, though bequeathed to the Corporation, were subject to Mrs Gassiot retaining them during her lifetime. She retained them only for a few months, and then expressed her wish that the Corporation should be put in possession of them.

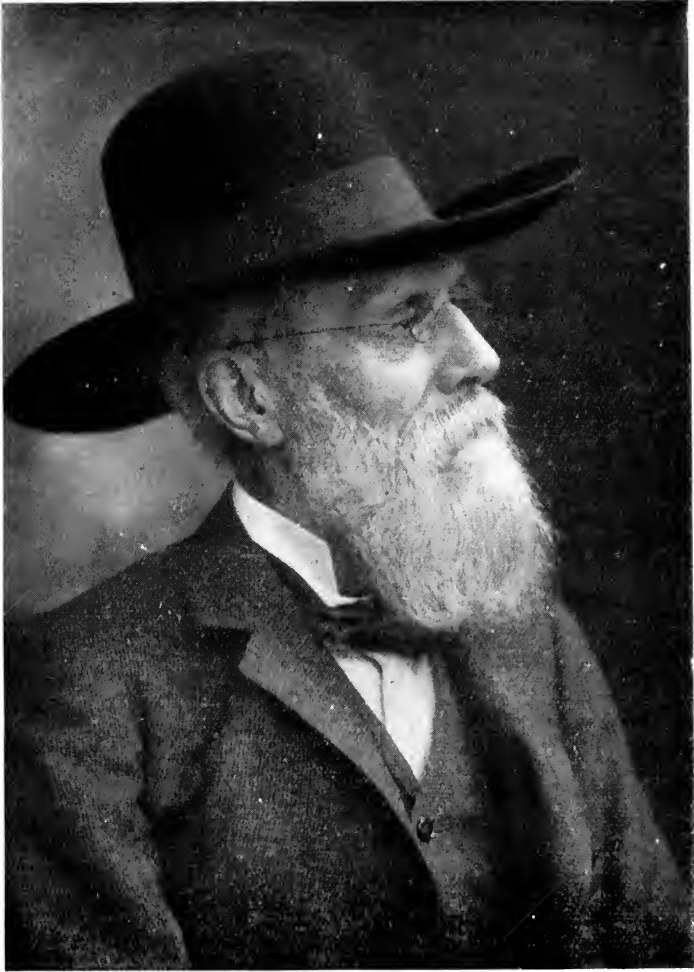
With the exception of four, which were specifically left to the National Gallery, and a few unimportant works kept for the decoration of the living rooms at Elmwood House, the collection, numbering one hundred and seven works, was delivered at the Guildhall, and it was formally inaugurated by the Lord Mayor, Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., on the 2nd December 1902. It had been valued for probate by Messrs T. Agnew & Sons at £84,000.

On the day before the inauguration Mrs Gassiot, though a great invalid, drove to the Guildhall, and was extremely pleased at the aspect the works presented, so long familiar to her. A day or two later she called at my home to bring me a very handsome antique silver bowl, and a gold coronation spoon, as a little memento of the occasion. I made a point of paying her a visit every now and again, and it was a pleasure to me to do so until declining health confined her to her room.

She lived until the autumn of 1909, and the remainder of the bequest was then duly handed over to the Corporation, a total of one hundred and twenty-seven works.

I was occupied closely at times during the earlier part of this year (1902) on a committee formed to organise an exhibition in Bruges of early Flemish art. We had many meetings either at the Belgian Minister's house or at the Arts Club. The acting president of the exhibition was the Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, whose residence, a storehouse of art literature, was just outside the medieval city, and each country besides Belgium had its own organising committee—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Holland. There was only one individual who sat on two committees, the late eminent authority on early Flemish art, W. H. James Weale. He was a member of the primary committee in Bruges, as well as of our English Committee.

When any English or continental collector desired

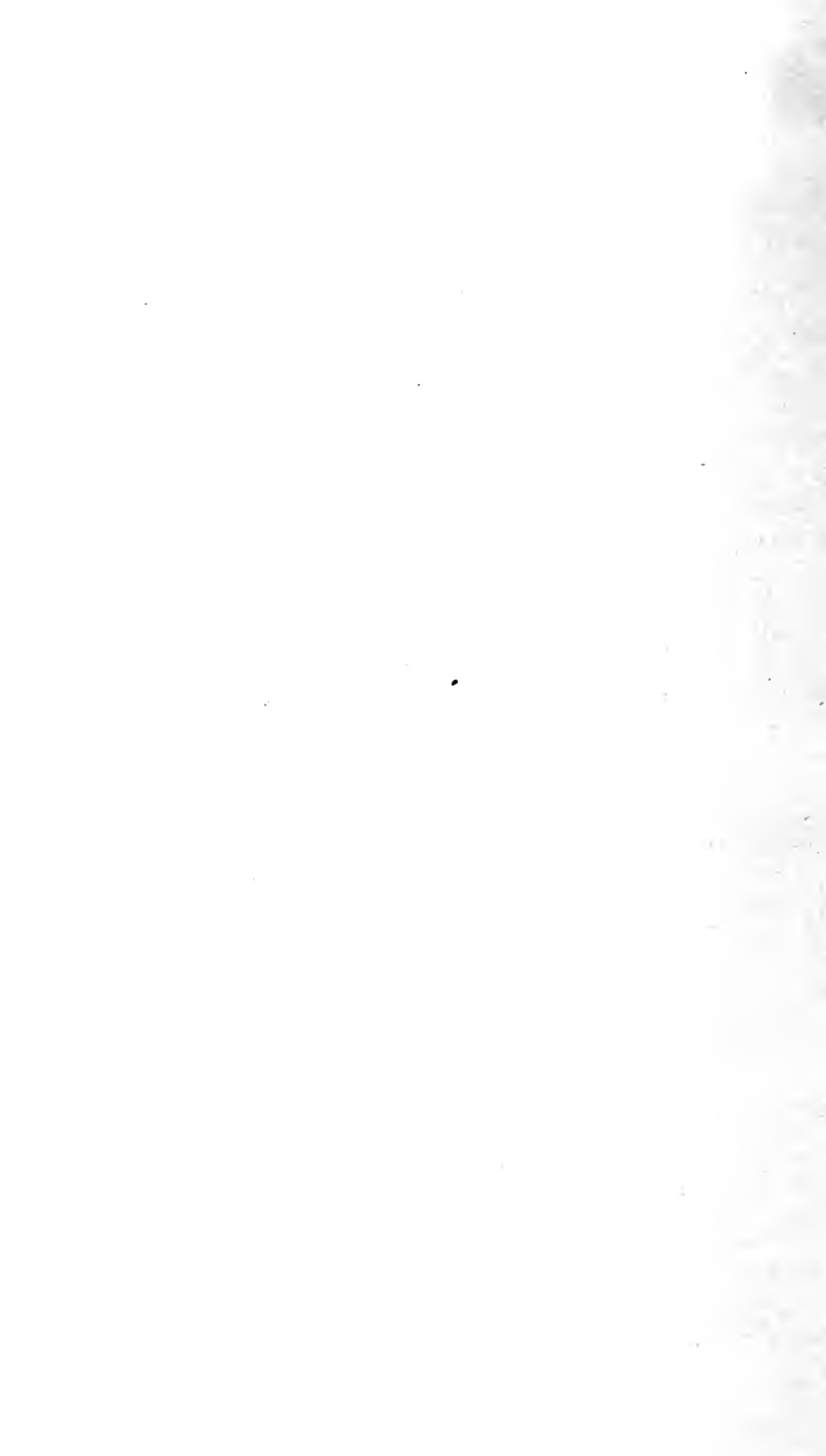


[By permission.]

W. H. J. WEALE.

From a photograph by Russell & Sons, 17 Baker Street, W.

[Face page 246.]



an opinion on any early Flemish painting, the man thought of was Weale. If he could not designate the painter of it, no one could. Before he was twenty he had visited every parish in Belgium, studying its art and archæology; and I know no better guide to that afflicted country for correct information of exact and detailed character than the one which was the outcome of these studies, published by Weale at the age of twenty-seven. The knowledge he acquired in writing it became, as may be imagined, enormously augmented by his subsequent sixty years or so of study and research. Early in life he mastered both the earlier and later phases of the Flemish language, and the past customs of the country were an open book before him; he knew them all, and himself looked like an old Fleming, as if he had talked to the brothers Van Eyck, with his tall, spare figure, keen, searching eyes, and broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat. We of the committee were all children beside him in his intimate acquaintance with the early art of the Netherlands. I was devoted to him as a friend for twenty-five years; and if one characteristic more than another asserted itself in him, it was his amazing modesty. He was ever protesting that he knew so little—he, who knew so much.

He was past seventy when he took the active part he did in this loved work at Bruges, and to him was wisely committed the writing of the ample and invaluable descriptive catalogue of the pictures.

A most comprehensive collection was brought together in which fifty-nine painters were represented, and the works, which totalled 413, were contributed by one hundred and forty-four owners, thirty-four of whom were in this country. The presence in the exhibition of thirteen works by the brothers Van Eyck, forty-two by Memling, and twenty-one by Gerard David, sufficiently testified to the seriousness of aim of the various committees,

and the substantial value of its educational and enlightening attributes.

In the previous year Mr Weale had written an article for me on Netherlandish missals, a subject in which his knowledge was wide; and we were often together at the British Museum, where he seemed more capable than the permanent officials in putting his hand on what he wanted; he knew pretty well everything they had of this kind, and selected the best for reproduction. The article was for a remarkable quarterly publication Sir George Newnes had projected, and I was editing at ten guineas per number; but the difficulty in obtaining the highly executed coloured reproductions with any regularity as to time led to the abandonment of the venture, which never got beyond the first number. It had for its title *The Ideal*. Sir George was very proud of this first number, and himself took the earliest completed copy down to the House of Commons the day it came to hand, and members clustered round it in the lobby with great interest.

It is said that only one man in the world was capable of properly cataloguing the liturgies at the British Museum, and that was Weale.

In this year of 1902, I also undertook to write the letterpress for the work which Messrs Manzi Joyant and Co. of Paris contemplated on the Wallace collection at Hertford House. The work was not completed till well on in the following year. It was bountifully illustrated by reproductions of the pictures in photo-gravure, with some in colour. It was published in two volumes at forty guineas a copy, with a limited edition of 240 copies. Every copy was disposed of, and I am gratified to learn that the work is now at a premium. Every facility was given to me by the authorities of the gallery, and by Sir Claude Phillips, who was then the keeper.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN 1903 the Corporation had only just come into possession of the one hundred and seven pictures, the main portion of the bequest of the late Charles Gassiot, but nevertheless, not to disappoint the public, it decided to hold an exhibition, confined to the three upper galleries, the larger gallery being occupied by the bequest. The exhibition took the form of early and modern Dutch painting. In the modern school it admitted of a rare assemblage of the works of Josef Israels, and the three brothers Maris. Both Mr J. S. Forbes and Mr Alexander Young, the two largest collectors of these modern Dutch paintings, vied with one another in rendering help, and from the former came fourteen works of the highest quality, and from the latter twenty-one. Mr Young's house at Blackheath was always to me a depressing spectacle. While it was his dwelling-place, it appeared to me something more, a receptacle for pictures. Not only was every wall covered from floor to ceiling, but there were stacks of them on every side. How could their possessor reap the mental pleasure which their quiet contemplation is supposed to afford? He appeared always to take the greatest delight in them, yet it could not but strike one that in these works of maturing fame, and increasing value, a direction had been found for the investment of the substantial profits of a business such as a partnership in the firm of Turguands, Young, & Co., the great City accountants, would afford; and truly the investment was sagacious. Mr Forbes, although he bought with judgment, was

not so cautious or fastidious in his purchases as Mr Young; still he had acquired several splendid works which Young greatly coveted, and it was good for the people to have the opportunity of seeing at one time the acquisitions of the best these two notable rival collectors had been able to bring to themselves, by the exercise of insight and judgment, united with the command of funds.

There was a third great collector in the quiet background whose name was familiar to many in Holland; but until I began to form this exhibition I had not encountered it. This was Mr J. C. J. Drucker, who warmly gave me his support. Neither of the two foregoing collectors had such examples of Mauve as he possessed; the beautiful "On the Heath at Laren," which to see is never to forget, was amongst them, and his works by Israels included some of the very latest from his brush, with all that veteran painter's experienced skill and wholesome feeling. His love of his nation's work (he was a native of Holland), and his readiness to be a help to the undertaking, manifested themselves in the words, "Here is my house, take what you wish," and forty of his rare examples appeared in the exhibition, several of them of especial value to me in the aim I had, inasmuch as they were by lesser painters of the school, who had not yet attracted in a serious way any English collector.

I had an idea at one time that his fine and comprehensive gathering of modern Dutch paintings might come to the British nation by gift, and I have a conjecture, it is nothing more, that it was not by any shortcoming on his part that they did not. I have been told that what might have been ours (and what an acquisition it would have been!) was transferred to the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam—masterpieces of Israels, Mauve, Jacob and Willem Maris, Mesdag, Poggenbeck, Weissenbruch, Neuhays, and De Bock, a total of ninety-four works, besides those

of other masters. His patronage of his country's art had been of the widest, as well as of the most discerning character.

But this great gift to the Rijks Museum by no means represents all of Mr Drucker's benefactions. Our National Gallery, and the modern museum at Dublin, have been the recipients of certain Dutch examples of the present day, and the Segantini Museum in Switzerland of others. The print room of the British Museum is the richer for the gifts he has made to it; and had it not been for his energetic action after the death of J. M. Swan, R.A., the drawings of that matured and famous artist would not now be adorning public galleries in the kingdom as they do. Here, it would seem, is a man spending much of his time in London, who without noise or ostentation does these kind and good things, to the lessening of his own possessions, but to the incalculable and lasting benefit of the general community, which in nearly every case has free access to his gifts. How few comparatively know of this!

In contrast somewhat to these three formidable collections, there was that of Sir John Day. Here was sufficient to adorn his rooms comfortably, and no more; but every work had been thoughtfully acquired, after careful meditation as to its merits and the position it would occupy. This is the way to secure enjoyment from one's art possessions. An intimacy springs up with every canvas, and its absence from its accustomed place, if it ever has to go, means a void, whereas its familiar presence solaces and gratifies, enriching itself in the eyes of its beholder with each succeeding year of possession: such were Sir John's pictures to him. He bought with great judgment—not a name, not because he was told he ought to have a certain work, but only if its seriousness, its beauty, and the fine art of it appealed to him. Then he willingly paid the price.

The exhibition at the Guildhall was remarkable

for the assembly of twenty examples by that strange recluse Matthew Maris ; ten of these had come from Scottish collectors, who with their customary perception had seized, years ago, upon some of his most beautiful things. One of his rarest works which came from Amsterdam, and recalled the best period of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, was entitled "Back Premises," lent by Jhr Neervoort Van de Pol, a veritable masterpiece, on a panel 15 by 11. Another impressive work was "The Outskirts of a Town," and in relation to this there was an amusing occurrence.

When I was forming the collection I wrote to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman asking him to lend this fine work, which I had been told was in his possession. He replied by return of post that he thought I had made some mistake, as he did not possess a work by that artist. I could not recall from whom I had received the information, but was conscious it was from a source on which I could confidently rely ; and his reply so perplexed me that on the following morning I ventured to call upon him at his residence in Grosvenor Place. He was at that time the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, and within a very few weeks of becoming Prime Minister. He came hurrying into the room where I was seated, his left hand full of papers, grasped in a moment my reason for calling, and at once began, "Really, Mr Temple, you know, I haven't any work by Matthew Maris." "Indeed," I said, "how curious. I have it firmly in my mind that you have, but, of course, you must know." "Well," he said, "come and look in the dining-room," and he led me across the hall. On his opening the dining-room door, displaying pictures, mostly of cabinet size, from floor to ceiling, "Stop," I said, "let me look round from here. There it is," and I pointed to a picture, with others above and below it, close beside the window. We walked up to it. "What a beautiful thing," I said. "Is that

really a Matthew Maris," he observed. "Certainly," I replied, "and a very fine and impressive example of that remarkable man." "Dear me," he said, "is it of any value? I gave only forty pounds for it many years ago?" "It is worth two thousand to-day," I replied. "You don't say so," he ejaculated. "Most certainly I do," I answered. "Will you allow the Corporation to include it in their coming Dutch collection?" "By all means," he said, and the picture appeared in the exhibition.

Later on, when I met him, he told me that on the day after the opening of the exhibition Mr Q——, a well-known picture-dealer, called upon him and made him an offer of £1500 for it, which, he said, he should most certainly have accepted but for his conversation with me.

I came in contact with him several times afterwards, and he nearly always referred to what he was pleased to term that interesting call of mine.

At Sir Henry's death the picture passed into the possession of his nephew, Lieut. Hugh Campbell of Stracathro, near Brechin.

J. M. Swan, R.A., who possessed a work by Matthew Maris, which he lent to the exhibition, was very intimate with this strange artist, who lived not far from him, and he wished one afternoon to take me round to see him, but I shrank from going, being sure it would be no real pleasure to so very retiring a man, and I did not intrude.

Never before in England had twenty-seven selected works of the finest quality by Josef Israels been seen together as they were at the Guildhall. The venerable painter made a special journey across from Amsterdam to see them, being then in his eightieth year. He saw them with delight, in the company of twenty-five carefully chosen works by Jacob Maris, twenty by the mystic brother Matthew, and twenty-one of the most tender and beautiful by Anton Mauve, with others interspersed by men of

lesser fame ; and the general effect they all presented, with no man at all striking a discordant note, spoke clearly of the uniformity of vision with which the staid and quiet worker of the Dutch School of the present day regarded natural effects in landscape, and the human life with which it is associated.

There was no bright colour in any of them, but quiet tones, the fruit of sensitive feeling, which approached nature with timidity, and hailed with devotion the intimacy which enabled them in time to penetrate into her secrets, and to interpret to others, with a strength that grew to be theirs, and was never put forward in mere display, the various aspects to which their minds and hearts were drawn ; and there is heart in all of them, else they would not touch us as they do.

A Press criticism of this modern portion of the exhibition, showing unusual perception, I cannot forbear quoting :—

“An environment endeared by long association, intimately known and lovingly commemorated on canvas, a land of grim and unremitting endeavour, well-nigh strangled by the embrace of the leaden tumbled sea, cowering beneath its canopy of menacing cloud. Homely and necessary virtues abound, but no gaiety enters there, and joy would seem a thing unknown. The stir, the life, the work, makes itself felt, but by no strength of colour nor dazzle of light and shade.”

A female portrait at variance somewhat with this assertion of “no strength of colour,” entitled “Lost,” was shown by Thérèse Schwatze (now Madame Van Duyl). She had gained great distinction by the excellent portrait she had painted of President Kruger, and also one of General Joubert. Carl Piloty, the famous Hungarian painter, had once said to her at Munich, “If you were a man you would accomplish many things ; your feminine want of self-confidence will always stand in your light, unless you learn how to throw off this timidity, and become

an independent being." Israels and Bosboom had helped her much, but it was Paris which taught her that broad composition and freedom of handling which drew her somewhat aloof from that identification with the aspect generally prevailing of the art of Holland.

On her visit to this country to see the exhibition she attended one of the Tuesday afternoon receptions at the Mansion House, and in the evening when we met her she told us in her broken English that "a most fonny thing" had occurred on that occasion. The music was beautiful, everyone was most kind, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave her much attention; but when she was leaving she was quite unable to find her way out, and that when she inquired of one of the footmen "ze vay out," he had promptly conducted her back to the Lady Mayoress, whom she only just left, and with due formality, as if she had been a fresh arrival, announced in a loud voice, "Madame Vayhout." "I look so foolish," she said.

The exhibition was opened for three months from 3rd May, and was visited by 134,880 persons.

To Rudolphe Kann I once did a signal service, and it resulted in a friendship which lasted until his death. Whenever he came to London I saw him practically every day, either at my place, or at Mr Alfred Beit's house, where he usually stayed. He was a man of rare perception in art matters, and Mr Beit owed his fine possessions in pictures mainly to Kann's sound judgment. His own mansion in the Avenue d' Jena was overburdened with beautiful things. Scarcely a picture had he which was not qualified to be in a national collection. The large room with the Boucher tapestries filled you with exultation at its amazing loveliness, and every object throughout was appropriately shown with a care and sense of completeness determined by the sensitive eye. He was a very wealthy man. I think he left

something like seven millions, but he was sadly afflicted, poor fellow, with a troublesome malady that eventually brought his life to an untimely close. All his wealth was of no avail against that.

I was dining with him once when Gustave Dreyfus, the well-known French art collector and connoisseur, and Léon Bonnat, the famous French painter, were the only other guests. Bonnat, it seemed, had had no object in coming to London other than a private one; but when King Edward incidentally heard he was coming, he sent him an invitation to Windsor for the day following his arrival, and he was much troubled at having to have a court suit made ready for him at something less than forty-eight hours' notice. He had got tired with his journey from Paris, and when he reached Windsor Castle on the Sunday afternoon, he felt more inclined to go to bed than anything else. The King, in company with Mr Lionel Cust, had just completed a rearrangement of the pictures, and was very proud of the whole appearance they now presented, and after dinner invited Bonnat to go through them with him. This being leisurely done, and with much conversation intervening, brought the hour of retirement to far past one o'clock, so that when Bonnat met us on the Monday evening he was little more, poor man, than half awake. But he was full of eloquence of the King's great kindness and cordiality to him, and had greatly enjoyed his visit, taking it as much an honour to the French artists as a body as to himself, which not improbably was what his most tactful Majesty had intended.

To the section of the earlier masters in the Dutch Exhibition, Kann came several times. He had cordially lent me two most distinguished works from his collection, a Rembrandt and a Vermeer of Delft. These were recorded in the catalogue under an assumed name, as he never lent his pictures for public exhibition, and was only doing so now as

an especial favour to me. Kann was suspicious of all men, and suspected you until he knew you, and then he was trusting as a child. I liked the man immensely ; his free outspokenness to me was pathetic almost when I thought of what he had encountered in his own career, things which I learnt from his own lips, and how what seemed to me dark things in life had been familiar to him. He told me much—things I would fain forget, but cannot ; it had all served to build up a strong nature with a heart of gold. That is how I knew him. His last letter was written to me four days before he died, as of one who in bed, sorely afflicted, knows he is on the threshold of another world ; and it was all about myself, not about anything affecting his affairs. I told him once he knew well enough I did not love him for his money, and the tears welled up in his eyes.

About this time a generous gift was made to the Gallery by Mr Briton Rivière, R.A., of a picture, "The Temptation in the Wilderness," 46 × 74 in., shown by him in the Academy of 1898. The landscape is one of desolation, but a telling accessory is the lithe form of a jackal slinking away in the shadow of the rocks. The indication in it of brute fear comes with ease from the practised hand of this now veteran delineator of animal life.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE Corporation had no exhibition in contemplation for the year 1904, and presumably one would not have been held, had not a serious representation been made from certain influential quarters, strongly supported by the late Mr George Wyndham, M.P., and Sir Horace Plunkett, advocating a display in the City of London of the works of Irish artists. The expenses of the exhibition were to be borne by the Irish authorities, and the Corporation having granted the use of the Guildhall Gallery for the purpose, I entered wholeheartedly into the project, supported strenuously by Mr Alderman George Briggs, the chairman at the time of the committee controlling the gallery. His interest in the project was of the liveliest nature by reason of his large business relations with Ireland as a silk merchant, and his sympathy at all times with the Irish people. Sir Hugh Lane, who at the time of his lamented death at the sinking of the *Lusitania* held the position of Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, had much to do with the undertaking and worked energetically with me in its organisation. Four hundred and sixty-five examples were brought together, the representative work of one hundred and twenty-two Irish painters from the time of Nathaniel Hone in the middle of the eighteenth century to most of the leading living artists. The exhibition was open for nearly two months, and was visited by 72,268 persons.

An amusing incident occurred on the day of the

private view. John O'Leary, the editor of *The Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood, was one of a committee of three who completely governed the brotherhood. In 1865 he was indicted for and convicted of high treason, a crime punishable with death, but the sentence passed was that of penal servitude for twenty years. After the lapse, however, of five years he was liberated on his promise not to return to Ireland until the expiration of his twenty years. He kept his promise and did not return until 1885.

There was a portrait of him by J. B. Yeats in the exhibition. It was a strikingly handsome face, stern, but with depths of gentleness in it, and being an excellent piece of painting, I hung it in a good position on the line. On the day in question I was standing near the entrance when my eye was attracted by a man of striking physique and countenance ascending the staircase. At the same moment Lady Gregory came to me to beg me to let her introduce me to Mr O'Leary, the man who had attracted my attention. As I grasped his hand, I said, "Oh, Mr O'Leary, I have just had the pleasure of hanging you," and I pointed to his portrait close by. "Oh! dear me, Mr Temple," he said, "I was once very nearly really hung." Of course I allowed him to assume I was ignorant of his past career, and when he explained it to me, I tendered him my humblest apologies, but for the life of me could not have stayed the little piece of raillery which came to my lips. When he did return to Ireland he took part in almost every Irish intellectual movement. His influence and courage were among the most powerful factors in shaping the policy of the Irish Nationalists, and many of its leaders met one another for the first time under his roof. "Are you still for Home Rule?" I asked. A fierce flash of the eyes lit up the tender expression of the face, as with vehemence the words came out, "Always have been; never shall be any-

thing else." He died on 16th March 1907, aged seventy-seven.

When Daniel Maclise exhibited his fine portrayal of the banquet scene in "Macbeth" at the Royal Academy in 1840, he was not long in finding a purchaser for it in the Earl of Chesterfield, who, it is said, paid £3000 for the picture, a large sum in those days. His play scene in "Hamlet," a work of similar dramatic force but not on so large a canvas, which followed two years after, is now in the Tate Gallery and familiar to all. I saw the "Macbeth" for the first time at the Crystal Palace Gallery, when I was about sixteen years of age, and I remember how it impressed me, with the shadowy ghost of Banquo in the foreground, paralysing with terror his crowned murderer.

At the sale of Lord Chesterfield's collection the picture was purchased by a Mr C—— for a sum approaching £2000. He bequeathed it to his son. It was a picture too large for the walls of any room in the comfortable London house in which Mr C—— resided, and when I desired to borrow it of him for this Irish Exhibition (Maclise being an Irishman), I called on him and asked him kindly to lend it to the Corporation, which he consented to do. When he commented to me on its inconvenient dimensions for a private house of the size he was inhabiting, and pronounced it more of a gallery work, which it undoubtedly was, I ventured to throw out the suggestion that he should make a presentation of it to the Corporation's permanent collection at the Guildhall. This he said he could scarcely do in present times. I then asked him if he would be prepared to sell it and would accept a sporting offer for the picture. He inquired what I meant by a sporting offer, and on my saying 200 guineas, to my astonishment he said he would accept it. Having a fund of just that amount at my committee's disposal at that time, I recommended them to employ

it in acquiring this remarkable work. They agreed to my recommendation, the money was paid to Mr C——, and the picture is now the property of the public at the Guildhall.

Although Maclise has passed out of fashion, the high artistic qualities in its composition, and general realisation of that momentous episode of the tragedy, are not gainsaid by even the most eminent judges of the present day, and one more qualified to judge perhaps than any other, Mr Abbey, stood before it on one occasion, and expressed his unbounded admiration of it as a finely arranged and most impressive depiction of the scene. This opinion was shared too by the late Mr Holman Hunt, whose view was imparted to me when we stood before it one day. "Thou canst not say I did it," strikes the beholder as the dominant key of this splendid production.

The late Sir James Knowles was often at the gallery; he was a man beloved by many. He was an architect by profession, but became the founder and editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, and the position brought him in contact with the leading brains of his day. There was the warmest personal friendship between him and Tennyson, whose house he erected at Haslemere on condition that he was allowed to refrain from charging any professional fee. Tennyson used at times to stay under his roof, in the long, low, one-storied house at Queen Anne's Gate, in those few and far-between visits he paid to the metropolis, and Knowles told me that on one occasion he was due there on a certain Wednesday, in the year 1886, when Mr Gladstone was engaged upon his Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, a political step which Tennyson viewed with the greatest disfavour. On the day before his arrival, Knowles accidentally met Gladstone in Pall Mall, and mentioned to him that Tennyson was coming to town and would be staying with him. Gladstone immediately expressed a wish to see him

again, and it was arranged that he should come to dinner on the Thursday evening. When Tennyson arrived Knowles told him Gladstone was coming in on the following evening. "I will not meet him," was Tennyson's reply. Knowles was sorely perplexed. He knew Tennyson well enough to see that he meant what he said, but he ridiculed the idea of his refusing to meet Gladstone. He said, "But you will just come down to dinner?" "No, I won't," replied Tennyson, "I will have my dinner upstairs in my bedroom." Knowles did not tell me what explanation he offered to Gladstone for the absence from the dinner-table of the very man he had come to meet, but the three, Knowles, his wife, and Gladstone, sat down by themselves, and Tennyson dined in his bedroom. Dinner over, Knowles went up to Tennyson, found him comfortable with a book and a pipe, and begged him to come down, if only for an hour, and see his old friend: "You are both old, and have been friends for so many years." For some time Tennyson resisted, but at last descended to the drawing-room, and the two great men, after an interchange of greeting, sat down on a couch at one end of the room, while Knowles and his wife made themselves comfortable at the other end. It was not long before it became obvious, from the energetic actions of Mr Gladstone, that the two had got upon the Home Rule Bill, and some two hours went by before they rose from their seats. Shortly afterwards Gladstone took his departure. "He has quite converted me," said Tennyson. "I see it all; it is the best thing if one looks at it from all sides." Knowles was astonished at Tennyson's change of front, but offered no comment.

The following morning when the poet came down to breakfast his first words were, "It is all right, he spellbound me for the time and I could not help agreeing with him, it was the extraordinary way

in which he put it all; his logic is immense, but I have gone back to my own views. It is all wrong, this Home Rule, and I am going to write and tell him so." Knowles told me it was always so with Gladstone. You could not help being brought to his view of things; the avalanche of argument, the hurricane of impetuous persuasiveness, were bound to have effect, however strong any opposing force might consider itself.

In April 1904, Mr Masefield from the Bradford Corporation Art Gallery called upon me to ask if I would afford the Art Committee of that city some assistance in hanging a collection of pictures which had been brought together for a special exhibition to be opened shortly to the public at their City Gallery. It occurred to me to be rather an unusual proceeding, for I had never before known of the authorities of one municipal gallery formally seeking the assistance of the director of another for such a purpose; but being in the service of a municipal body myself, was naturally not unwilling to be of service to another body similarly constituted, if so desired. I accordingly consented. Not being, however, keen to take the long journey to Bradford just then, I named, when invited to do so, a professional fee which I thought and hoped would operate as a deterrent, but the figure I put forward was agreed to without any hesitation.

On reaching the Bradford City Gallery on the following Saturday, I was taken aback to find already there three notable artists associated with a prominent art society in London, and with them, the chairman of the Gallery Committee, Mr Butler Wood the director, and Mr Masefield, who had called upon me. Until I encountered these three artists, I was under the impression that I was to be alone in the work of hanging the collection, and I could not all in a moment rightly gauge the situation. I detected at once that I was not *persona*

grata to them; but threw out a courteous remark to the effect that since they, such well practised and experienced hangers, were there, no great need existed for much assistance from me. Turning to the chairman of the committee I perceived that such was not the view which he, as representing the Corporation, took, and a moment's reflection led me to gather that Bradford was finding itself in rather a tight place, and that I had been invited there to pull it out. So be it. I had accepted the undertaking, and it would have ill become me not to do the best I could to meet their wishes, as I now began to grasp what they were.

I found the collection already half hung, and at once noticed the impulse or scheme which had been the governing factor in the hanging so far as it had gone. It had been to place in prominence the work of members of the particular society to which these gentlemen belonged, and to relegate to subordinate positions the works of other painters of acknowledged high merit and long-standing position. I could not admit that I was in accord with this, an attitude on my part which I saw had already been assumed by them, and one of the artists, I cannot recall which, taunted me with my obvious leanings towards the work of members of the Royal Academy. "It is always the Royal Academy," was the remark, said in a way which meant "in preference to any great and new awakening in art as manifesting itself by us." I was far, indeed, from wishing to underrate such work; some of it was excellent; but I could scarcely be expected to concur in the impolitic course of assigning to it nearly all the best places.

If a painting by an artist of reputation be of a character which does not appeal to your sympathy, it yet has a claim on your deference; and if that easily exercised attribute be somewhat tried, it should command your indulgence. In no case should it be

arbitrarily dealt with, merely because a momentary power to do so is placed in your hands.

They drove me hard by their intolerance, and in their ridicule of the contentions I put forward, till I was constrained to inquire (and it was really, I think, the only severe observation I made) whether any one of them, if he were elected an associate of the Academy, would carry his animosity to that body so far as to decline its membership. I can recall that a beautiful Millais, the "Vanessa," belonging to Mrs George Holt, was placed sky-high, and Leighton's scholarly and lovely "Return of Persephone," in what seemed a corridor. Eventually we came to an agreement, and at the end of the two days' hanging they themselves had little, if anything, to complain of; while I was content with the aspect the collection had then assumed, every man throughout being, from my point of view, fairly dealt with.

I cannot but admit that I regretted the whole occurrence. It is distasteful to me to be at variance with any man, or section of men, in a matter of this kind. Two out of the three from beginning to end observed a courteous and considerate demeanour towards me, although neither could entirely hide his regret that I had been brought in; but the third adopted a different course and uttered remarks calculated to irritate, such, for example, as he supposed I was going to put his work in the corner of the gallery up aloft, and so on.

Now the broad reason of my being called on was clear to me. It was to protect the interests of the gallery in view of future exhibitions. What would have been its position had all the notable painters in assured positions, Royal Academicians and others, found their works placed in the positions contemplated at the time of my arrival? Would they not have felt justified in withholding their works from any future exhibition at Bradford, and would not such a step on their part have been detrimental to

the City? It would have found itself boycotted, and it was to avoid such an issue that I was asked to intervene.

"You have saved us" were the words of the anxious chairman as he handed me into his carriage to take me back to the station on the Sunday night, and then I understood the whole position.

In March 1905 I received a communication from M. Jauvaul-Rymëyth, Burgomaster of Antwerp, countersigned by M. Max Rooses, the eminent expert on Dutch and Flemish art, asking me to serve on a committee for the exhibition in the city of Antwerp of a collection of the works of the Flemish painter, Jakob Jordaens, a citizen of Antwerp, in the seventeenth century. I, of course, consented. Advantage was taken of holding it at a time when Belgium was celebrating, by fêtes, the seventy-fifth anniversary of her independence, and it was held at the city's museum buildings. Its organisation was by the municipal authorities of Antwerp, and under the auspices of the Belgian Government. Committees were formed in France, Great Britain, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Germany, and associated with me on the British Committee were Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Sidney Colvin, Sir Claude Phillips, Mr Humphry Ward, and Mr Lionel Cust. It gave me great pleasure to assist in the gathering together of Jordaens' works, many examples of which, of first-rate quality, were in private collections in the United Kingdom. He was a painter chiefly of religious, historical, and mythological subjects, and scenes of revelry; but his remarkable efforts in portraiture, together with his studies and designs for tapestry, were also included in the exhibition. All the European capitals possess examples of his work. One hundred and seventy-one works were secured by the several committees, these being lent by seventy-seven owners. The exhibition was open from the 27th July until the 15th October, and attracted a

great number of visitors. I myself was happily able to visit it early in the closing month, and was greatly pleased with the aspect the display presented.

When the German Emperor, Wilhelm II., first came to the Guildhall in 1891 to receive an Address from the Corporation, his eye was attracted by the large picture in the gallery by Copley, illustrating a spirited incident at the siege of Gibraltar in 1782. I was informed that he never forgot that picture; and that when a work was required for the Provincial Museum at Hanover, to hang as a pendant to a work of a similar warlike character, and no one knew what to suggest, the Emperor, although fourteen years had elapsed, recalled this one by Copley at the Guildhall, and application was made to the Corporation for permission to have a copy executed of it. Of course permission was given, and a Mr G. H. Sephton was commissioned by the German authorities to make the copy on a canvas 15 by 18 ft., to fit the particular place for which it was intended. It was an inconvenient work to copy, and a third of the floor space in the large gallery had to be roped off for three or four months for the purpose; but the copy made was excellent.

I cannot but recall here the Kaiser's speech at the Guildhall *déjeuner* in 1907. He then prated of the blessings of peace, in the preservation of which he claimed the foremost place, when all the time he was sanctioning subsidy after subsidy for the strengthening of his iron navy, and the perfecting of his colossal war machine on land.

The last time I saw him was on the 20th May 1911. By the kindness of the late Mr Livesey, Secretary of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, I was allowed to be in a privileged place not many yards from where the Royal party were bidding him farewell on the platform of Victoria Station. I saw his cousinly embrace of King George, and the apparent fervour of the sincerity of his affection for

him. Verily the kiss was that of a Judas, for he knew well at the time that his nation was contemplating, at no distant date, the weakening, if not the downfall, of this country, and as likely as not was speculating in his sinister mind on the accession of power and profit he conceived was awaiting him. And how sincere our own King and Queen were to him, open-hearted English truth and honest friendliness, and he was covertly laughing at it all!

CHAPTER XXIX

THE exhibition of 1906 was one of the most interesting to me I had hitherto formed, for it contained a most important selection of the works of the early Flemish painters. The other portions of the display consisted of examples of the seventeenth century, and a comprehensive gathering, as representative as it was practicable to make it, of the productions of the modern artists of Belgium, who were now working on the very ground of their great forerunners.

The formation of the exhibition took me to Belgium, where I was given kindly access to nearly all the chief private collections. The greatest readiness to assist was shown by all who possessed the works I desired, and I cannot recall a single refusal of any picture for which I made a request. Out of two hundred and eighteen works comprised in the exhibition, one hundred and twelve came from abroad ; and of the modern section, of which ninety-six examples were shown, eighty-four came from Belgium. In this section the British public had the opportunity of seeing and studying some of the choicest productions of Baron Leys, Henri Braekeleer, and Alfred Stevens. These three painters stood out from the others. Excellent as many of these others were in their particular way, they could not claim that mark of distinction in their work which was commanded by these three. I have heard it said by artists and connoisseurs that unless one were well acquainted with the work of Baron Leys it was almost impossible to determine, without examining the back of the

canvas, whether it were painted at the present time or three centuries ago. This can be well understood, for every picture of his has an old-time aspect about it in theme, colouring, and touch. And who ever thinks of anyone but Peter de Hooghe when looking at the works of Braekeleer, with their solidity, quietude, and charm of light and colour? While Alfred Stevens, preserving breadth with the most detailed exactitude though essentially of the present day, was neither a pre-Raphaelite nor a James Tissot, but himself only, in his incidents of fashionable life or of domestic character, all of them with an original charm, the like of which had not been encountered before, with the most alluring attributes in point of fine art, dignifying in that direction the most commonplace of themes.

Long and studious application was involved in the formation of the early Flemish portion. Eighty examples were brought together, twenty-five from the Continent, ranging from the brothers Van Eyck to Lucas de Heere, and covering a period of something over a century. The only two indisputable works known by Hubert Van Eyck, other than the famed work at Ghent, were in the collection. One of these was the "Portrait of a Young Man," coming from so far afield as Herrmannstadt in Hungary, a veritable little masterpiece by him who taught us all what oil-painting was, and apparently in as faultless a condition, after nearly five hundred years, as when it left the painter's hand. There were five examples by Jan Van Eyck, five by Roger Van de Weyden, eleven by Memling, six by Quentin Matsys, four by Van der Goes, six by Gerard David, and seven by Mabuse, besides thirty-four by minor masters of the school. It was enough to draw thoughtful critics and eager connoisseurs, even from the Continent, and long before the day of opening, while many of the pictures were still unhung, several of these critics were there in long and patient study.

Among them were Monsieur Greville from France, and our Mr Weale. These two would come day after day at about ten in the morning, and remain until five or six. To them it was an opportunity not to be lost of handling these precious things, and examining the panels, and the signs and information which the backs of them might convey. Weale was astonishing in the profound knowledge he displayed. He seemed to be amusingly acquainted even with the daily habits of these men, as he now and again would say to us, "Oh no! Memling would not have done that," or "Gerard David would have done this."

Among many who helped me in Brussels was M. Charles Lèon Cardon, who lived at 63 Quai au bois à Bruler. He had many pictures of the early Flemish School and a multitude of other treasures. He lent me all I desired, and also took me to his relative, Madame J. Cardon, who lent me twelve, among them two by Baron Leys, and what is regarded as the finest picture by Alfred Stevens, "The Visit." In M. Cardon's collection was a small crucifix of the early part of the sixteenth century, of exquisite workmanship in its enamelling and gold modelling. It was in its worn case of the period. It made one thoughtful as you handled it, having been in existence in the reign of Charles V., that persecutor of the Netherlands. So pleased was M. Cardon at the display of his country's art at the Guildhall, that when he paid a visit to the exhibition, remembering how interested I had been in this beautiful little crucifix, he brought it with him as a gift to my wife.

While in Brussels I spent some time with that mystic painter Fernand Khnopff, at his newly-constructed habitation, 41 Avenue des Courses. A garden within a garden and the house within that, many locks and bolts intervening, such was the place in which he had designed to pass his days of mystic thought and contemplation. The interior of the house throughout, walls, floors, and ceilings, was of

white marble, with not a window-blind or a covering to the floor anywhere, or any fenders to the fireplaces, which were merely narrow recesses flush to the walls, with no mantelpieces. It was the month of October, and the place was so chill I was glad, whenever I could, to linger near even a fenderless fire. The decoration on the walls consisted of little more than the vivid dark or sometimes turquoise blue of a plaque, or a piece of enamel, hung here and there, always small in size. This was deemed sufficient relief and entertainment to the eye on the roving wastes of white. Certainly there was very little dust about, and if that were the chief return desired for this apparent sacrifice of personal comfort, I should say it was attained.

Khnopff's painting, sound in quality and perfectly finished, often stops short, as it were, in the completion of the design, leaving the beholder to carry it on in his own mind. This appeals to the beholder, who conceives himself complimented by it; it is an assumption of the possession of qualities on his part, which he does not perhaps possess. He likes it, and therefore likes the picture. Apart from this there is certainly a distinct and carefully-thought-out idea to be conveyed in every canvas he touches, of a poetical nature, one might say, of a kind akin to what Maeterlinck might produce were he a painter, deeply imbued with earnest intent, single figures sometimes, understood by titles such as "Incense," or "The Blue Wing," etc.; truly a strange and exceptional painter; for the few, not for the many. I was glad to be able to show six examples of his uncommon work at the Guildhall.

Two individuals, for whom I had a great regard, came more than once to see and study the early Flemish portion of this exhibition—Sir William Huggins, the famous astronomer, and his almost equally famous wife, who from her childhood had devoted herself to the same illimitable study as her

husband. On the occasion of these visits they each carried a strong magnifying glass, more closely to examine the early paintings to satisfy themselves as to where the original painting was, and where fresh paint had been applied for purposes of renovation. Being accustomed all their lives to see the objects of their studies through glasses, this came quite naturally to them. Their wonderful astronomical life together, of incessant study, had been passed for the most part in the south of London, at Upper Tulse Hill, where I visited them now and again. They were not brief visits but lingering visits of continual talk, greatly to my profit. Here, where he had built his own private observatory, most of his work was done, his wife being his sole assistant. He began his studies in mathematics and physics at the City of London School, devoting himself thereafter to the development of spectroscopic astronomy. He possessed a small but very interesting collection of pictures, and the early Flemish painters held a great attraction for them both. Their homely life was of the most tranquil character. For ever brooding on the great problems of the universe, seemed to me to have been productive in them of a gentleness, a patient toleration towards any ills which came to them. In the profound humility which appeared to be the true atmosphere in which they lived, might be found the direct reflex of the vast questions for ever occupying their minds, and against which the most momentous things in their individual lives were small. I loved the two dear, kind, and sincere friends, and great was the sense of loss when they were taken from us, Sir William in 1910 and his wife six years later. Each year, whether in the intervening time I had seen them or not, came a greeting from them at Christmas.

All his life Sir William retained a kindly feeling for the City of London School, where his early studies were commenced, and he bequeathed it the

sum of £2000 for the foundation of a scholarship or scholarships at either Oxford or Cambridge University, Cambridge in preference, in order to promote astronomical studies; and he furthermore left to it the entire residue of his property, the income derived from which is at present £140 per annum.

I am reminded here that a few years back, one fine Sunday morning in the month of June, when I had this exhibition under consideration, I was at the house of a gentleman at Richmond to see an exceptional example of the early Flemish School, just purchased from abroad. I was engaged to lunch with Lady Charles Beresford at Park Gate House, Ham, whither each Sunday she was wont to gather interesting men and women. I took a carriage from the Star and Garter, and told the driver to drive me to "Lady Charles Beresford's." I did not know the house or the direction in which it was, and when the carriage stopped at a somewhat imposing habitation, I alighted, paid him his fare, and went in. I was shown into a drawing-room, and informed by the footman that her ladyship would be there directly. In a few moments some dozen people entered, among whom I failed to discern my hostess; but a lady came quickly forward to give me kindly welcome, and said her husband would be in in a few minutes. I deliberated for a moment and then inquired for Lady Charles. "Oh," she replied, "this is not Lady Charles's, I am Lady Sudeley. It is some distance from here—you mean Park Gate House." The perplexity was most amusing to those assembled, and all joined in merriment at what was instantly seen to be a genuine mistake, and with such amiable apologies as I could command I took my leave. Hastening along the road in the direction indicated to me, I met a smart dogcart driven by a gentleman of whom I ventured to inquire the way. He politely begged me to get up and he would drive me there. Inquiring as we

drove along to whom I was indebted for this kindness, he replied, "Oh, I am Lord Sudeley." "What!" I said, "just now I was in your house, and now I am in your dogcart," and I told him of the amusing mistake which had occurred. He laughed heartily, as did all at the luncheon table afterwards, when I narrated what had befallen me.

While passing through the gallery at this exhibition one hot and crowded afternoon, I observed a lady, in dark blue, and I should say under thirty, who appeared intently to be studying each picture. Her toilet suggested to me a certain decadence, as of one who, wishing to attire herself fashionably, had not the means to do so. She was wearing no gloves, but carried them in her hand, and I noticed that while nearly everyone about her had a catalogue, she had none. It occurred to me that perhaps she could not afford the sixpence to purchase one, so, prompted by her evident interest in the works exhibited, I beckoned to the constable on duty and told him to go down to the entrance for a catalogue, and to take it to "that small lady in blue," pointing her out to him, and tell her it was with the director's compliments. "I wouldn't, sir, if I were you," he replied. "I have already seen her try three pockets, and two of our men in plain clothes are watching her now." It came as a shock to me. I was wholly misled by the interest she appeared to take in the pictures.

The two officers, it seemed, kept quite close to her, each with a catalogue, and each apparently very studious on the pictures, and I think she must have detected something which aroused her suspicion, for she eventually left the building without their seeing their way to arrest her.

This same year we were at a delightful party at the late Mr Wilhelm Ganz's in Onslow Gardens, where were many distinguished people in the musical world, among them the Baroness Cederström

(Adelina Patti). On being presented to her, I asked if she were going to sing that evening. She replied "No," and that she had come on this occasion to be herself amused. She was not only amused, but amused others by the way in which she listened to the humorous songs of that gifted artist, Miss Margaret Cooper. It seemed to fill her with delight; she could scarcely sit still, but kept starting forward with little gasps, almost ejaculations it seemed, of surprise and admiration as each point of humour was dexterously made. It appeared to me astonishing that one could have the courage to render these pieces of obvious triviality, however well performed, within three yards of the great prima donna, but I have little doubt that Miss Cooper plainly detected she was giving the greatest enjoyment and entertainment to her, and consequently she sang her best and made each point in her witty songs with the greatest possible effect.

At this Belgian Exhibition occurred the only accident which at any time has befallen a work entrusted to the Corporation for these exhibitions. Upwards of three thousand four hundred selected examples, not only from all over the United Kingdom, but from many cities on the Continent and in the United States, have been conveyed to and from the Guildhall, of an aggregate insurance value of not far short of four millions sterling, and up to the date of this Belgian Exhibition not more than £10 had ever been claimed under the insurance policies for damage in any one exhibition, and this merely in respect to the frames. In this particular instance the picture had been lent by the trustees of the Musée Communal of Bruges. It was a portrait of M. Ricart by Francisco Pourbus the younger, painted on a panel 30 by 42. It arrived safely at the Guildhall, and on its return journey was very carefully repacked in its case, properly fixed there and padded securely in, by the most experienced firm of packers in London, and

under my personal supervision. On its arrival at Antwerp, contrary to the arrangement I had made with the Belgian customs authorities, the case was opened, the picture unpacked and then carelessly repacked, and dispatched on the remaining short portion of its journey to Bruges, where it arrived with the panel in three pieces. The damage was not irreparable, but it meant without question a depreciation in the value of the work. It had been insured for £1400, but the claim made upon the Corporation by the Bruges trustees was settled at £500, which sum the insurance authorities at once transmitted to me.

For some years terminating with the outbreak of war, I acted as adviser to the trustees of the National Gallery of New South Wales at Sydney, in the purchase of works for that institution, and among those so acquired, all typical examples of their respective painters, were:—

- “Sunlight through the Trees, Pas de Calais,” by H. Hughes-Stanton, A.R.A.
- “Faust’s First Sight of Marguerite,” by F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A.
- “The Bath,” by C. H. Shannon, A.R.A.
- “Le Pont Rouge,” by Oliver Hall.
- “A Cloisonné Sky,” by Edward Stott, A.R.A.
- “Propping the Rick,” by George Clausen, R.A.
- “Le Matin, Côte d’Azur” (Morning on the Mediterranean Coast), by J. B. Olive (from the Paris Salon).
- “Le Livre de Paix,” by Eugene Maxence (from the Paris Salon).

CHAPTER XXX

THE artists of Denmark were desirous of having a display of their country's work at the Guildhall. Their art was practically unknown in England. It had a somewhat recent past characterised by careful attention to detail and most laborious exactitude and finish, seen in such works as Kobke's, Constantine Hansen's, and Eckersberg's, and others of freer handling such as Pilo's and Juel's. The present day men were those who in many cases had sought tuition in Paris or Rome, and in execution and design came more into line with schools familiar to us. But they were all names unknown in this country. Numerous packages of photographs were sent over from Denmark and submitted to me by my excellent friend the then Danish Consul-General, Valdemar Faber, but one and all left but one impression on my mind, to have no Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall until I had seen the actual paintings, and formed my own judgment as to the worth of the display.

With this object Faber and I journeyed to Copenhagen. We had much to talk about, and the time passed pleasantly. Arriving at Flushing about 7 p.m., we found that every sleeping-berth was taken for the twelve hours' journey to Altona, the only place available for me being the portion of a compartment, with a gigantic and ferocious-looking German as my only companion. I told Faber I would certainly not pass the night there; I would stay in the dining-car; I should be able to get a nap somehow. There was

great commotion, and the corridors were full of other people seeking for sleeping accommodation. Faber asked if I had a card with me. "Yes," I replied, "my official card." "Give it me," he said, "quick." What he did with it I do not know, but when he returned to me he said it was all right, and I was to come into dinner at once. As I afterwards found, a magical change had been wrought, the German's compartment was given up entirely to Faber and myself, and when I next encountered the tall German he bowed almost to the ground with the most profound respect, as he stood aside to allow me to pass. Who he thought I was, or who Faber had said I was, I had no idea, but the German's paraphernalia was all cleared out by the time dinner was over, and sound, refreshing rest was the consequence.

The most impressive sight I saw next day was the German fleet as we passed up the Kiel Canal. In the glitter of the morning sun there it lay, the grey monsters, numberless they seemed, waiting for the Hour to strike. Strike whom? Only England could offer resistance to such congregated force as was there. England knew it was there, but did nothing, till the time came for it to keep it there. This it is now doing as I write.

The following morning at ten o'clock Faber and I were at the Danish National Gallery, where the director, Herr Block, Professor Tuxen, the leading artist in Denmark, and three other prominent Danish painters, together with Karl Madsen, Government Inspector of Museums, and Th. Oppermann, the Government Inspector of the Carlsberg Glyptotek, were awaiting us. I was received with courtesy, but coldness. I knew what was in their minds. They conceived that they were the proper judges of Danish art, and that the selection should have been left to them, not to one who had seen but little of it, and who might, being a foreigner, fail to appreciate it. My journey, in their eyes, was a reflection on their

capacity. I saw it clearly, but it did not affect in the least the decision I had come to. I had seen other exhibitions selected in that way, and I knew what they sometimes meant. I preferred my own judgment.

When I entered the first room, my heart sank. Catalogue in hand, I glanced round the four walls and thought to myself that there would be no Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall. I went into the next room, which was somewhat larger, followed by the whole party in dead silence. Here I saw one, which I marked, and then another, both rather small but quite excellent; and by the time I had reached the third gallery, I had been able warmly to approve eighteen works. The eight spectres still kept silently at my heels, but here I turned round, and beckoning Tuxen handed to him the list I had marked. As he looked at it his countenance became suffused with a warmth nearly approaching delight. Handing it back to me he rejoined his companions, and thereafter a low conversation took place among them; it was an improvement on the silence. I had looked at nearly eight hundred works by the time the last gallery was reached, and had marked nearly fifty, a number beyond which I thought I could not with propriety ask.

When at dinner in the evening at the Hotel d'Angleterre with Faber and Tuxen, Faber jerked out, "You've scored to-day." "Indeed," I said, "how?" "Do you remember when you beckoned Tuxen and showed him your list? Well he came back and told us you had selected seventeen out of eighteen pictures which we wished should go to England to represent us." I was of course gratified; but then, as I told them, there was no question in my mind, nor could be in anybody's, as to the merit of those works I had noted. They were all extremely fine and highly interesting.

The effect of this incident was that I had no further trouble with the artists. They felt, I suppose, that they were in safe hands and left me alone.

That and succeeding evenings Fritz Thaulaw, the famous Swedish painter, joined us after dinner and sat with us talking until the time came to retire. Poor man he was looking very ill, in the last stages of a sad malady which took him off only a few months later.

The following seven days brought, I think, the hardest work I had ever experienced. I was taken by Tuxen, Oppermann, or Faber, to every private collection of any consequence in Copenhagen, and to every public institution which possessed pictures. One would be with me in the morning, another after luncheon; but as for me, I had to keep to it the whole day, till what with the mental effort and the cobbled stones of the roadways, so productive of fatigue, I was quite overworn by six o'clock, and prone for bed rather than dinner, where talking had to be kept up; on two occasions we had the opera afterwards. At the opera the enthusiasm of a Danish audience was worth exertion to witness, they being an extremely musical nation, absorbing themselves wholly in the performance.

Immediately on my arrival in Copenhagen I had left my card on the British Minister, Sir Alan Johnstone, and before the day was over received an invitation to dine with him the following evening. It was a lively party of six; the undertaking on which I was engaged was highly interesting to them all, and I was assured that Denmark was touched by this effort of the Corporation to show Danish art in the City of London at the ancient Guildhall. Among other things Sir Alan told me was the hope that the King of Denmark would be able to receive me before I left Copenhagen.

Another man I had the pleasure of meeting was Kammerheere Mildahl, a tall, slender man of eighty, very influential in high circles. He was entirely opposed to the exhibition, and since he was one of three trustees of Frederiksborg Castle, where were

three works I urgently needed, I was sorry and anxious. But his courtesy to me was charm itself. Moving, as he perpetually did, in court circles, this was an accomplishment in which he was peculiarly adroit. He showed me his many treasures, among them some good pictures, but was adamant about lending them. While I was with him he frequently had his arm round my shoulder, and on my leaving him, after a most interesting hour or two, pressed my hand in both his, and I felt that if I encountered opposition at all not much would come from him.

The Dowager Empress of Russia, at the Amalienborg Palace, regretted she was unable to receive me as she was confined to her room with a severe chill; but I was afforded every facility for seeing the pictures. Soldiers were on guard outside, and scarlet-liveried footmen at almost every door inside. I saw three works I desired to include in the exhibition, and these were graciously placed at my disposal. Before I left I was invited to see the rooms which Queen Alexandra usually occupied when she came to Copenhagen. The small gilded bedstead had behind it a dwarf screen, while another high Japanese one was in front to shield the window light. It was the room I was told which the late Queen of Denmark (Queen Alexandra's mother) usually occupied, and the air of comfort and homeliness was marked, as also was the case with the sitting-room adjoining, where many photographs were standing about.

Count Raben, the Danish Foreign Secretary, was another by whom I had the honour of being received. He occupied a stately dwelling, which he had had decorated according to his own taste, the prevailing effect being white; he took great pride in explaining it all to me. He entered heartily into the project of the exhibition, and assured me of his help in any direction I might seek it. It must have been he, in conjunction with the British Minister, who arranged for me an interview with the King. This took place

the day before my return. Shortly after breakfast Tuxen and I left the hotel and drove to the Bernstorff Slot Charlottenlund, where the King was in residence. Scarlet-liveried attendants were waiting at the open door to receive us, and after a brief moment in an ante-room, an aide-de-camp showed us into the presence. A most kindly reception awaited us, in what appeared a spacious drawing-room. His Majesty began with an apology for not being able to receive me before. He gave his patronage with delight to the exhibition, and listened with the greatest attention to every word I said about it, speaking then of the Empress Frederick, Queen Alexandra, and lastly of Mildahl, of whom he inquired if I had seen him; and on my telling him I had, and found him most charming, there was a twinkle in his eye, a sort of incredulous smile on his face, as he said he would tell him I had said he was charming; and I think he must have done so, for when I formally applied for the three pictures I wanted from Frederiksborg Castle, Mildahl did not withhold his consent. The King sat close in front of me, now and again emphasising what he was saying by a pressure on my knee. I think the interview must have lasted for more than half an hour, His Majesty acquiescing in every aim I had, and making notes on a sheet of notepaper of six special directions in which I greatly needed help. I may here say that in five of those directions my efforts, in consequence, met with success. When the time came to leave, he spoke of coming to London, probably in the following May, when he would see the exhibition of his country's art. He then accompanied us to the door, standing there and waving his hand to us as the carriage drove away.

In the following June he came to London, and was received during his visit by the Corporation of London at the Guildhall. My wife and I had just taken our seats at the *déjeuner*, when a message

was brought to me that the King would like to see me in the Art Gallery, where he was waiting with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and other distinguished guests until the general company were seated. He wished to give me the Order of Knight Commander of the Dannebrog, and I received it from his hands with great gratification. Later he caught my eye as he was leaving the Guildhall, and stepped out of his way to shake hands again with me, and to express his gratitude for what I had done for his country's art.

It was pleasant to me at this gathering to meet again Sir Alan Johnstone, Count Raben, and several others who had given me so warm a welcome in Copenhagen in the previous October, and also Monsieur de Bille, G.C.V.O., the Danish Minister in London, who throughout had extended to me the most encouraging sympathy and help.

A feature of the Danish Exhibition was the inclusion of nineteen of the works of Wilhelm Hammershoi, thirteen of which came from the collection of that most discerning connoisseur, Dr Bramsen, of the Admiralgade, Copenhagen. He it was who took me to Hammershoi's studio, where this shy man, of rare and most sensitive gifts, was busy at work. His artistic outlook appeared to be restricted to the use of warm greys, of infinite variableness of tone, the expressions of which were faultless in their conveyance of relative values. With so severe a limitation to his palette, it was remarkable what a sense of occupation and completeness he succeeded in attaining on each canvas. I asked him why he did not venture on colour, and he replied he had no feeling for it, but that perhaps it would come to him some day. I told him that with colour in his pictures, treated with that wondrous sense of harmonious gradations which so characterised his grey work, he would be a modern Pieter de Hooghe. He smiled at this and said he was content with the

sphere wherein he worked, and that although he might one day be led into colour he had no instinctive striving for it at present. He further said that the colour of red was a perplexing one to him, and he thought he would never be able to master its presence in a picture to his satisfaction. With his grey work, which we now know, he was completely satisfied.

I was touched, too, with the small genre work of Julius Paulsen, a famous Danish portrait painter, where the feeling in such works as "Summer Night," or "The Bedroom" was of a kind similar to that of Frank Holl, in powerful chiaroscuro, though with a depth of tenderness that at once held you; and Valdemar Irminger came very near him in aim, it being difficult, however, to convey by mere description any idea of such works as his beautiful "Wedding Trip," belonging to Professor Tuxen, or "The Children's Good-night to the Stars" from the Danish National Gallery.

A remarkably striking work also was "A View of London looking West from the Top of the Royal Exchange," painted by Neils Lund, a Danish painter trained in our Royal Academy schools. It was 6 ft. in length, and the grey buildings, steeples, and towers were cleverly introduced with telling accuracy, yet with no suggestion of the merely topographical. It was purchased the following year by the Ward of Farringdon-without and presented to its alderman, Sir William Treloar, as a mark of its esteem at his conduct of the Mayoralty.

Poor Lund, he had a difficult time after the war broke out, but in the spring of 1916 he unexpectedly experienced such a piece of good fortune by the sale of a certain work of his and its copyright, that the happiness of it all was too much for him. He was loudly exulting when he suddenly sat back in his chair and was dead.

In the house of Professor Tuxen in Copenhagen were three excellent examples which were most useful

to the collection, and against the wall of his studio were several large canvases, unframed. He appeared to set no store on any of these, but on my wishing to see them they were brought out, and among them was a sea-piece showing a heavily-clouded offing, and huge waves hurrying to the shore, the foremost ones breaking in broad masses of foam. He told me he had painted it at his place at Skagen, and that all the time he was working on it he had in his thoughts that sonata of Beethoven's known as "The Appassionata." It was so freely painted, and with such strong feeling, that I could not but wish to include it in the exhibition, so he had it framed and it came to the Guildhall. It was over 8 ft. in length by 6 ft. in height. A few years later, remembering how much the picture had appealed to me, Tuxen wrote to me from Denmark that if I were still of the same opinion regarding it he would like to present it to the Corporation. It was gladly accepted and is now placed in the permanent collection at the Guildhall.

One of the very strongest painters Denmark produced was Peter Kroyer. It was in Paris under the eye of Léon Bonnat that he laid the foundations of his art. He burst into my room one June morning like a breeze from the Baltic, having come specially across to see the exhibition. He was a fine fellow, broadly made, big and vigorous, in light grey knickerbocker suit, with scarlet waistcoat and a large yellow bow by way of cravat. His finest work was in the exhibition representing the committee of the French section for the display held in Copenhagen in 1888, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Christian IX. Carolus Duran was in the picture, and Gérôme, Besnard, Bonnat, and Kroyer himself, the last named modestly relegated to an obscure corner. This admirable example is among those acquired by the late Dr Carl Jacobsen, that eminent benefactor to Denmark, who established at his own

expense the famous Carlsberg Glyptotek at Copenhagen, and enriched it with artistic treasures.

On the 3rd July 1907, at four o'clock, Queen Alexandra and her daughter, Princess Victoria, came to the gallery to see this exhibition of the works of Danish painters, attended by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Lady Suffield, Colonel Sir Charles Frederick, and Sir Sidney Greville. She was received by the Lord Mayor and myself. Having had notice of the visit a few hours previously, I directed the admission of the public to be suspended at three o'clock, and by the time the Royal party arrived very few were present. Her Majesty was deeply interested in the pictures of her native country, and at times that interest was shown in the liveliest manner, when she noticed, for example, the portrait of someone she knew, and there were several such. The works of Hammershoi especially attracted her, and I drew her attention to the almost invariable practice of the painter of never showing the face of any female figure he introduced into the sunlit rooms he was wont to depict. To one entitled "Reading," in which the shapely figure of a young girl was shown, seated but still with her back to the spectator, she naïvely said, in reply to my remark that it was a pity her back only was shown, "Oh! she would turn round if she were good-looking."

Tea was taken in my room, and on my producing a scarlet-bound book, she asked me, before I could make any request, if I wanted her to write her name in it; and on my saying that was my hope, at once, before I could reach her a chair, she knelt at the table and did so. Having inscribed her signature, she inquired if her daughter might sign also, which the Princess kindly did. The visit was prolonged to nearly six, when she left with expressions almost of sentimental interest in the works and names so familiar to her on which she had been dwelling.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHILE I was busy over the preparations for the Danish Exhibition, I accepted the direction of an exhibition of British and foreign works of art to be opened in May 1907 in Dublin, for the Irish International Exhibition. The first meeting on the holding of this exhibition was held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the then Lord Mayor, the late Sir James Ritchie. I was assisted by a vigorous committee of practical men nominated by myself—Mr Lionel Cust, Mr C. F. Corbould-Ellis, Sir George Frampton, R.A., the late Sir Charles Holroyd, Dr Philip Norman, Sir Isidore Spielmann, and Sir Whitworth Wallis; they elected me chairman.

The exhibition comprised oil and water-colour paintings, black-and-white drawings, miniatures, sculpture and architectural designs, engravings and etchings by British artists, and oil paintings by continental and American artists. Nine hundred and forty-five selected examples were brought together.

In arranging the collection in the galleries, I spent a fortnight under the hospitable roof of Colonel Arthur Courtenay, C.B., who had the work of the Irish historical section in his hands. In that charming home circle at Newtownpark House, Blackrock, the pleasant evenings, following each long and hard day's work, will always be a happy recollection to me for the enjoyable relaxation they afforded; fresh friends each night at table, and music and occasionally dancing afterwards. Courtenay, Colonel of the 4th Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), had at that time well

recovered from the effects of the Boer War. He had come back a shadow of his former self by reason of his strenuous service throughout the campaign, and now, brilliant and hearty, was ready for any good work that came to his hand. He brought together for the exhibition a wonderful collection illustrative of Irish history, consisting of over twelve hundred objects, together with a gathering of Napoleonic portraits, bronzes, and relics, to the number of four hundred and forty.

The galleries were ready by the appointed day, and the exhibition formally opened by the Lord Lieutenant on the 4th May 1907. I was invited to dine the same evening at the Vice-Regal Lodge, and was interested to observe that the guests were received by no host or hostess, but were assembled in a large apartment by themselves, where at the proper moment the door at the further end was thrown open, and the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen entered, with becoming state, and greeted each guest in turn. I much enjoyed the honour of being present, and of receiving many congratulations on the work it had been a pleasure to me to carry out for Ireland.

A day or two before, Courtenay and I were dining at the house of Mr Murphy, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and I found myself seated between my host and Mr Timothy Healy, M.P., whose conversation on Parnell's characteristics, and generally about the Irish party in the House of Commons, was deeply interesting.

On the 10th July following, the exhibition was honoured by the state visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and it afforded me deep gratification to receive their Majesties at the chief entrance and conduct them through the collection. The beauty of the Queen, I must say, was quite compelling. She was like a star vivid in a cloud of mauve and white. It was only a week before, viz. 3rd July, that I had had the honour of receiving the Queen at the Guild-

hall Gallery, when Her Majesty came to see the Danish Exhibition; and she now made reference to that visit, of the restful quiet of my room, in the midst of the great city, and of certain of the Danish pictures which still dwelt in her memory.

There was much for their Majesties to see now in the various sections of the exhibition, and I can recall that the Lord-Lieutenant was justifiably anxious to keep the Royal visitation to each section within the prescribed limits of time; but the King was not disposed to hurry when he detected the notable examples which had been brought together, and intimated that he intended to see all. I was powerless to relieve the anxiety which His Excellency repeatedly expressed to me, and both the King and his Queen proceeded most leisurely through the gathering of works of art. I was heartily pleased at the appreciation they showed, seemingly forgetting altogether the waiting crowds outside, in the sense of quiet which the contemplation of these works afforded them.

The King was much interested when I told him of the letters I had received threatening the injury or destruction of one of the pictures in the collection, "A Lutheran Girl being taken to Execution," by the Belgian painter Willem Geets, it having aroused the indignation of certain members of the Roman Catholic community in Dublin, and that in consequence I had had a heavy piece of plate glass placed before it so that any attempt could not be effected without noise. I may here say that I had received letters of a similar character from members of the Roman Catholic body when Millais' "Huguenot" and Yeames's "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassador after St Bartholomew's Day" were on view at the Guildhall, upbraiding the showing of such subjects to the British public, and covertly threatening injury. It was not in either case the subject which accounted for the presence of the picture in the exhibition, it

was the fine art displayed in the painting of that subject. The King expressed astonishment at all this, and thought it trivial on the part of any section of his people to conduct themselves so.

Later in the day a garden party was given at the Vice-Regal Lodge, and here again their Majesties graciously gave me another kindly word. The afternoon was fine and warm, the gathering brilliant, and during their stay the Royal Standard floated over the Lodge.

The exhibition drew much warm criticism from the Press and gave great satisfaction to the public. Since I had declined to entertain the question of any remuneration for my services, the organising committee, conceiving that some recognition was due to me, kindly presented me with a large silver Irish cup, and to my wife a diamond pendant to mark their appreciation of the work I had so gladly done. These were accompanied by an illuminated address, which read as under :—

DEAR MR TEMPLE,—The Executive Council of the Irish International Exhibition, 1907, desire to place on record their high appreciation of the work done by you, and the Committee over which you preside, in obtaining for the Exhibition a display of British and Continental Fine Art seldom, if ever, equalled and never surpassed.

The collection, including as it does some of the best examples in Oil by British and Foreign Artists, and the Art of the British Sculptor, of Water-Colour Drawings by the British School, of Black-and-White productions, of the Miniaturist's Art, and of members of the Architectural profession, has more than amply accomplished the object you had in view, that of affording the people of Ireland an opportunity of seeing and studying some of the greatest and most attractive examples of modern Art.

The Executive Council feel that they cannot adequately express the gratitude entertained for your interest in the Exhibition, for the great work accomplished by you and your Committee.

They beg that you and Mrs Temple will accept the accompanying small tokens in remembrance of the Irish

International Exhibition of 1907, to the success of which you have contributed in a way which, we venture to say, will never be forgotten in Ireland.—Signed on behalf of the Executive Council.

ORMONDE, *President.*

WILLIAM M. MURPHY, *Chairman.*

JAMES SHANKS, *Chief Executive Officer.*

The presentation was made to me by the Marquess of Ormonde, the President of the Exhibition, on the 25th October 1907, in the presence of a large body of subscribers, and I made a grateful reply.

One occurrence in relation to the exhibition gave me especial pleasure. Before I had any thought of being associated with its formation I had been invited to be one of the guarantors of the expenses, and had entered my name for the sum of £100. On receiving later in the year a demand from the National Bank of Ireland of something like £65, a letter by the same post reached me from Mr W. M. Murphy, the chairman, asking me, in the event of my receiving any such demand, to pay no attention to it, as it would be impossible for any thought of such obligation on my part taking effect after the services I had rendered, and that the sum I had guaranteed had been otherwise provided for.

In this Dublin Exhibition there was one point worthy of note. Whatever the attitude of Ireland towards England might be, there was no question of England's attitude towards Ireland. It was one of prompt and spontaneous desire to help it in every way. Greatly prized and valuable works which I am sure would not have been allowed to leave their owners' residences for any other exhibition in the kingdom, were given up to me for Ireland with a sympathetic readiness which conveyed to my mind that whatever these works were, however precious to their owners, if Ireland needed them, they were hers. It was not the expression of the feeling of the



IRISH CUP,
Presented to A. G. Temple by the Authorities of the Irish International
Exhibition in Dublin, 1907.

political element, but of the homes all over the country. I do not recall that one single work was refused me for which I made application, despite the crossing of the water, always a serious deterrent to lending.

During this year (1907) there was projected by Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove of Bruges, and M. Beernaert, a Belgian Minister of State, a remarkable exhibition at Bruges over which they had pondered for some time, illustrative of the institution of the renowned Order of the Golden Fleece. It was the endeavour of the enterprise to gather together under the roof of that palace in the market-place of Bruges which was once the site of the old Waterhall, such an assemblage of portraits, tapestries, books, missals, and miniatures as would reincarnate, as it were, the splendours of this Order of Chivalry, and of that illustrious company which was first assembled in 1429 by Philip, Duke of Burgundy.

Committees were formed in Belgium, Great Britain, France, Spain, Austria, Germany, and Holland, to acquire on loan from private and public collections in their respective countries, such available material as had been preserved of high repute or perfect workmanship.

The members of the committee in this country were selected from among those long practised in art or archæological study. The Belgian Minister in London, the Comte de Lalaing, became its honorary president, and Lord Balcarres (now Lord Crawford) its president, with Mr Marion Spielmann, its honorary secretary. It was a pleasure to me to accept the invitation I received from the organisation in Belgium to join this committee. Our meetings were held at St James's Palace at the residence of Sir Guy Laking, Keeper of the King's Armoury.

We entered with zeal into our task, and it was observed by all with what zest Mr Weale, of course

one of our number, threw himself into the formation of the British contribution to the display, searching out and gathering together those portraits of notable men of that time, who were pictured wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Many of these portraits were by the great Flemings of the time—Jan Van Eyck, Roger Van der Weyden, Ambrogio de Predis, Hans Memling, Gerard David, Lucas Van Leyden, Ambrose Benson, and Adrian Isanbrant; and in addition to those examples which happened to be in this country, including several from our Royal collection, were paintings from the Louvre, the Museum of the Prado, the Hermitage at Petrograd, the Berlin Museum, the Royal Museum, Dresden, the Imperial Museum, Vienna, the Museum at Budapest, and, of course, from Belgian Museums, as well as from private owners in the United States.

Let it be remembered that among the painters of the time, the favourite of the founder of the Order was Jan Van Eyck. He painted many of the portraits with his devoted and inimitable skill, and several of these, known to have been executed by him, have drifted, alas, into untraceable paths. Almost priceless would they be if found; without doubt some have perished.

Apart from portraits, the display contained other objects of absorbing and almost reverential interest. To take one instance, the Duke of Alba permitted his royal collection of books, as well as works of art, to be included in the exhibition; and, to show how highly prized these were, they were insured for £260,000, and guarded day and night, while absent from Spain, by twelve Spanish halberdiers.

Costly robes of the Order worn by sovereigns, and the famous tapestries which formed the background to its stately gatherings, together with the jewels that were worn, and the seals, medals, and armorial bearings; manuscripts were also there,

recording the noble deeds of members of the Order, as well as the armour they wore, and the swords which won and held their claim to distinction—

Their bodies are dust,
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the Saints, I trust.

The united efforts and industry of the committees, far apart from one another as they were, resulted in what was practically a resurrection of the splendid memorials of vanished greatness, drawn from the dust of hidden archives, from the unregarded recesses of museums, or the half-forgotten depositories in the treasure-houses of kings. From the point of view of the connoisseur of art, as from that of the historian, it was a wonderful and impressive display, opened on the 30th June 1907 with becoming pomp and formality, in the presence of a company representative of art and learning, and it remained open for three months.

It was in 1598, the year when the scope of the period dealt with in the exhibition terminated, that Philip II. renounced his rights over the Netherlands; but the privileges and prerogatives of this great Order he could not bring himself to relinquish. He retained it for himself and his descendants, and to-day its head is King Alfonso XIII. of Spain.¹

☞ In this year also (1907), during the Mayoralty of Sir William Treloar, his mind ever on the question of

¹ A very handsome memorial volume of this remarkable exhibition was published by Messrs G. Van Oest & Cie. of Brussels. The text was written by the leading art writers of Belgium, and a learned and exhaustive introduction was contributed by Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, the president of the exhibition. The work contained many reproductions of the portraits, the magnificent tapestries, the robes, jewels, armour, enamels, and medals. Five hundred copies only were printed, at a subscription price of twenty guineas. The copy I possess, No. 431, bears the gratifying inscription, "Hommage à A. G. Temple, Esq., F.S.A., Souvenir l'Amitié, de son Dévoué, Ch. Léon Cardon."

bringing support to that home for crippled children to which his long and most strenuous efforts have been devoted, conceived the idea of seeking aid for the institution from the artistic profession in this country; and with the authority of the Corporation the use of the Guildhall Gallery was permitted for a brief period, to display for sale such works as artists might feel disposed gratuitously to contribute. The response to such an appeal was highly creditable to them, the more so as at a time by no means prosperous in the profession, they yet stretched forth a helping hand, and placed at the service of the Cripples' Fund works of sufficient merit and attraction readily to have found immediate purchasers for themselves.

They sent to the gallery 172 productions in oil, water-colour, and black-and-white, completely filling the upper galleries. The exhibition was opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany on the 12th February, and remained open until 26th February. Although I was deeply engrossed at the time in the preparation of the approaching Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall, to open in April, and in the International Irish Exhibition at Dublin, to open in May, as well as with the Golden Fleece Exhibition at Bruges, the call upon me for so commendable an object was not to be denied, and I most readily did my utmost to further it. The display had the effect of bringing a considerable sum to the fund, for a purchaser was found for every work exhibited, and in many instances at a price beyond that put upon it by its donor.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE one strong member of the Corporation, unhappily no longer with us, who stimulated the Loan Exhibitions at the Guildhall by his own conviction of their rightfulness, and by the force of argument with which he pushed the Corporation into holding them, was Mr William Rome, himself a sagacious connoisseur, not of pictures but of *objets d'art*; and having ample means for the purpose, he had gathered together a costly collection of coins, Tanagra figures, intaglios and the like, which realised a considerable sum when sold at Christie's at his death. This took place in 1907, and the exhibitions then ceased.

Arguments were brought forward against them which now had no such hurricane of demonstration to meet as Mr Rome was wont to bring forward, with an impetuosity which oftentimes moved the members to laughter. One of his repeated reasons why these exhibitions should not be relinquished was that they were the cheapest service the Corporation had ever rendered to the public. And this was so; fifteen special exhibitions had drawn to the Guildhall nearly three millions of people, and the average net cost of each exhibition had been but £750.

In 1905, when they were suspended for one year, the Press were unanimous in regret. The lament of the *Morning Advertiser* may be taken as a sample of the views of them all:—"Thus, let us hope only for a time, has been put upon one side one of the few really good things, from the artistic point of view, of

which London in recent years has been able to boast, one of the few things indeed that kept Cockneydom from hanging its head in shame before the artistic enthusiasms of such provincial towns as Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool. One can, in fact, hardly calculate the amount of good which these exhibitions at the Guildhall have done since their institution in 1890, showing as they do an unbroken annual recurrence after the third exhibition in 1895. Their influence has extended far beyond the City. In actual fact 2,389,891 people have either betrayed, or acquired by their presence at the Guildhall, an interest in fine painting. It is thus not merely a question of good done. Starting out to educate the clerk, the Corporation have found themselves the promoters of one of the most successful and widely and deservedly popular shows in the country. They have created a welcome taste for art in an enormous public, which they have now suddenly determined to starve."

Exhibitions were, however, held in 1906 and 1907, the former of works of the early Flemish and modern Belgian painters, and the latter of Danish art, upon both of which I have already touched. They were both exceptionally expensive, owing to the distance nearly all of the works had to be conveyed, with, of course, the additional cost of their insurance on account of the sea passage, and this undoubtedly had its effect on the already halting policy of the Corporation in respect to the continuance of the exhibitions. But it should be remembered that in both the above instances the Corporation was doing a rare work in education and enlightenment, for little was known in this country at that time of the work of the modern Belgian painter, and practically nothing at all of what Danish artists were doing. In going so far afield in their enterprises the Corporation did not perhaps realise the instructive elements it was bringing to bear on the people of

this country. However, such was its decision, and from 1907 until 1915, when a special war exhibition was organised, the old well-conceived and prosperous programme has been discontinued.

The Franco-British Exhibition was held in London in the summer of 1908 at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, and I was invited to join the committee for the art section. The enterprise had for its object the bringing the two countries more sympathetically together, just as with the two exhibitions of French art at the Guildhall in 1898 and 1902. Every effort was made to display in as fine a manner as possible the representative works in art of the two nations, both in painting and sculpture. Sir Isidore Spielmann acted as commissioner for the exhibition, under the Board of Trade, and on him the brunt of the work fell.

While taking part in the work, generally, of the British art section, I was more directly responsible, in conjunction with Mr M. H. Spielmann, for the works of the deceased British painters, from the time of Hudson and Walker to the most recently deceased artist.

An imposing and commodious gallery was erected for the purpose, the French occupying one side of the building and the British the other, the dimensions of each being the same, and covering together a superficial area of 65,000 feet.

A very valuable collection was brought together, and if among the deceased men Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" be mentioned, Turner's "Mercury and Herse," Romney's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," and Reynolds's "Lady Crosby," together with Millais' "Huguenot," Burne-Jones's "Chant d'Amour," and Madox Brown's "Work," an idea may be conveyed of the high level of excellence aimed at. One hundred and seven examples were shown, and their value for insurance was close upon £400,000.

The same discriminate care marked the selection

of the works of the living British artists, 317 of whose works in oil were displayed; and examples in water-colour and black-and-white miniatures, architectural drawings and sculpture, numbered a further 1049.

One thousand four hundred and seventy-three works of art of the British School were on exhibition, and 1053 of the French School, making a total in the Art Section of 2526. The value of the British Section was £637,000 and of the French £300,000.

It was regarded on all sides as a fine and comprehensive display of the artistic work of both countries.

To minimise the risk of fire, no artificial light was allowed in the building. Poor Mr Kiralfy, before it was realised how important and valuable the collection would be, had not, it is true, fitted it up for electric lighting; he had done what was perhaps worse, he had taken the wires carrying the electric fluid to other buildings through it. They of course had to come away before a picture was allowed to enter the building, and another route adopted for them, to the great annoyance of Mr Kiralfy, and a regrettable loss of hundreds of pounds.

In December 1908, at the request of a representative gathering held at Lord Plymouth's house in Mount Street, with his Lordship in the chair, I accepted the Honorary Commission for the British Section of an exhibition to be held at the Salle du jeu de Paume in the gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, of a selection of one hundred representative female portraits by the chief painters of France and Great Britain of the eighteenth century. It was really an epitome of the two schools of that time. It was an attractive scheme, and originated, I believe, with my friend Monsieur Armand Dayot, Inspecteur-General des Beaux Arts in Paris. The expenses of the exhibition had been guaranteed in France up to 100,000 francs (£4000), and insurance effected for £1,000,000,

which it was anticipated would be about the value of the collection.

The part which fell to me, with the aid of an excellent committee, was to determine upon and acquire the loan from private owners in the United Kingdom of fifty of these portraits, all of them to be by the great British painters of that period—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Laurence, Raeburn, and so forth. Very little difficulty was encountered. The fifty portraits we were permitted to secure by the public spirit and generosity of various sympathetic individuals, when they were arranged on the walls, well held their own with the rival fifty by the famous French painters of the time—Nattier, Van Loo, Largillière, Drouais, and others; the sedate calm of the one was a foil to the sparkling gaiety of the other. It was a delightful assemblage, and the French authorities, with the utmost taste, draped the walls with a subdued green plush, and set each picture with ample space around it.

The exhibition was officially and formally opened on the 22nd April, by Monsieur Fallières, the President of the French Republic, who was accompanied by Madame Fallières, and during light refreshments afterwards I was warmly congratulated by him, and he did me the honour of raising his champagne-glass high and clicking it with mine. In the evening a banquet was given at the Hotel Carlton, in the Champs Élysées, to a distinguished company, mostly French, presided over by the Baron de Courcy. I mourn now the loss of two who were then present, my friends of many years standing, M. Gustave Dreyfus, the eminent art connoisseur, and Sir John Murray Scott. It was my privilege to be called upon to reply to the toast given to the honour of the British contribution, and I remember observing in the course of it that “an *entente cordiale* among men was an excellent thing, but that an *entente cordiale* among women possessed the excep-

tional element of surprise, owing, perhaps, in the present instance, to the fact that the ladies were not able to get out of their frames."

The exhibition was very successful. It was open for seventy-one days and visited by a vast number of people, being especially popular on Sundays. It was productive also of a considerable sum of money, which, after deducting expenses, allowed of the balance, 54,712 francs (£2190), being devoted to the Société de Secours aux Familles de Marins Naufrages Français, as had been previously determined upon.

Queen Alexandra was the patroness of the exhibition, and the Earl of Plymouth the chairman. The honorary presidents were Earl Rosebery, the Marquess of Crewe, Viscount (then Sir Edward) Grey, and Viscount (then Mr Lewis) Harcourt—Lord Rosebery in accepting the position under the assurance that there was no financial liability, and no obligation to lend a portrait, observing "on the easy conditions mentioned in your letter I am ready to accept one of the presidencies."¹

M. Dayot, among other difficulties in obtaining pictures, told me of one instance of an elderly bachelor who possessed a rare portrait of a beautiful woman by Drouais, which he greatly wanted for the exhibition. He called upon this owner and was taken by him, with mysterious signs and looks, into the man's bedroom, where, pointing to the picture hanging over his bed, he said, "There she is, and you want to take her away from me! but I keep her for myself alone. I am no longer young; other women do not smile at me now, but she does still; do you think I am going to lend you her smile for two

¹ A beautiful volume was afterwards published at twenty guineas a copy, by Messieurs Georges Petit & Cie., of Paris, as a memorial of the exhibition. Every portrait shown was reproduced in the volume, and the critical text in relation to the French portion of the exhibition was written by M. Armand Dayot and of the British portion by Sir Claude Phillips.

months?" Dayot went away, unable to secure the beautiful picture.

At the house of Lord Rothschild at Tring Park, there hangs at one side of the mantelpiece in the billiard-room, neatly framed, a remarkable letter, written on a square sheet of now discoloured paper, in the handwriting throughout of Napoleon Buonaparte, and signed by him. But beneath the signature is that of another, preceded by three poignant words, and that signature is by no other than Nelson. It would seem inconceivable that the sign manual of these two great men, who all their lives were endeavouring to destroy one another, could appear together under any circumstances whatever, unless perhaps in the way of some temporary agreement or treaty, and this was anything but that; each man was breathing defiance in his signature.

When I had the privilege some years ago of spending a week-end at Halton, with the late Mr Alfred de Rothschild, I was driven over to Tring Park on the Sunday afternoon, and great and beautiful as were the splendid canvases by Gainsborough and Reynolds which adorned Lord Rothschild's spacious rooms, I came away with my mind dwelling deeply on this extraordinary letter.

When Nelson was in the Mediterranean in August 1798, shortly after the Battle of the Nile, he intercepted a French frigate bound for France, bearing this letter from Napoleon to General Massez at Malta. Dating from Cairo, Napoleon congratulated the General on his satisfactory possession of Malta, and expressed the hope that he would be able to hold that important conquest for the Republic. He furthermore stated, despite the great victory of Nelson at the Nile, that the position in Egypt was most satisfactory, and the French were masters of the country. On the letter being brought to Nelson, he hurriedly seized a pen, and in his broad square handwriting wrote beneath Buonaparte's signature,

“Mark the end. Nelson,” placed the letter in a fresh envelope and directed it to Lady Hamilton, at Naples, to whom a few days afterwards it was delivered.

Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, grandfather of the present peer, came into possession of this letter when he acquired the fine portrait of Lady Hamilton by Romney, which now hangs at Halton. It was part and parcel of the purchase. The portrait went to his son, the late Mr Alfred de Rothschild, but the letter was framed and hung up in the place where I saw it, and it there remains.

By the kindness of the present Lord Rothschild and of the Hon. Mrs Charles de Rothschild, I am permitted to give a reproduction of it here.

In the year previous to Nelson's victory at the Nile, the Corporation had conferred upon him the Honorary Freedom of the City of London. In remembrance of this distinction, he dispatched to the Lord Mayor, within eight days of the battle, the sword he had received from the Admiral commanding the French Fleet, accompanied by the following letter :—

VANGUARD,
MOUTH OF THE NILE,
8th August 1798.

MY LORD,—Having the honour of being a Freeman of the City of London, I take the liberty of sending to your Lordship the sword of the commanding French Admiral (Mons. Blanquet), who survived after the battle of the 1st, off the Nile, and request that the City of London will honour me by the acceptance of it, as a remembrance that Britannia still Rules the Waves, which that she may for ever do is the fervent prayer of your Lordship's most obedient servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

Right Hon. LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Both sword and letter are preserved in the Guildhall Museum.

In the January of 1909 I was invited to attend a

LIBERTÉ

ÉGALITÉ



Au Quartier-Général de la Seine le 11. fructidor
an 6 de la République Française, une et indivisible.

BONAPARTE, Général en Chef,

au Général Manuz, à Malte.

Je vous, Citoyen Général, votre lettre du 12
Mémorandum. J'apprends avec plaisir que vous êtes à
Malte dans une situation très favorable et que vous
ne manquez de rien de ce qui peut vous mettre à même
de conserver cette importante conquête à la République.

Nous sommes ici dans l'état le plus satisfaisant
et maintenons tout le pays.

Je vous envoie plusieurs relations des événements
qui ont eu lieu.

Je vous salue.

Bonaparte

mark the end
Nelson

meeting of the Court of the Painters' Company, at their old hall in Trinity Lane, for the purpose of receiving the Honorary Freedom and Livery of this ancient Guild. The Court had unanimously resolved to confer this honour upon me in recognition of the services I had rendered to the interests of Art, more particularly in the City of London. It was an act on their part I very greatly appreciated, the more so, when I reflected that this body, founded in 1581, and from which had sprung the constitution of the Royal Academy, had called to itself in this manner very few individuals during the long course of its existence.

An incident occurred at this time in Portland Place, which greatly pleased the late Lord Roberts, when, after a public dinner at the Hotel Cecil, I had the opportunity of narrating it to him. I was crossing that wide thoroughfare one morning, when a carriage and pair came swiftly along, and very nearly ran over three little girls, who, with their hoops in their hands, managed to reach the kerbstone safely, at a point at which I was standing. As the carriage flashed past, I noticed it was occupied by two gentlemen in military uniform, and I turned to the eldest child, and after reproaching her for not being more careful when playing in the roadway, asked her if she knew who it was in the carriage. "Yes, sir. Bobs, sir," was the prompt reply.

Attending Archbishop Temple's garden-party on one occasion with my wife, as our names were announced, and he grasped my hand, he said, very affably, "We are a very small family, Mr Temple." Now when an observation of that kind is made to me, I am not content, as a rule, to give merely a monosyllabic reply of "yes" or "no," I endeavour always to play up with something as appropriate as one's wits permit, often, it cannot be denied, at the risk of a *faux pas*. On this occasion I jerked out, I scarcely knew how, "Yes, your Grace, but I believe we are all more or less distinguished." The austere

and impressive face relaxed into a wonderful smile, as he laughingly said he would be sure to remember that.

How happy the remembrance is of Catherine Candelon, known better as Kate Vaughan, that inimitable dancer of Gaiety fame, when the dazzling quartette, never since excelled or even resembled, Nellie Farren, Royce, Edward Terry, and her own most graceful self, held London audiences, night after night, in admiration and merriment.

Her movements were captivating in their measured slowness and restraint. The brilliancy of a Pavlova or of a Genée was not hers. Like a fleeting cloud across the sky, she moved in her infinite circles to the very slowest of airs; but the unspeakable grace of it, and the mental mastery of the mechanism of the supple limbs, brought a sense of restfulness and delight to every beholder. No wonder that Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti were frequently to be seen in the front row of the stalls. Poetic or classical as their own art was, here was art of another order, but signally high, and they acknowledged it, as their eyes dwelt on the incomparable expression of the gifted artiste.

And a sweet face she had, with an aspect in which sadness had unmistakably played more than its wonted part—

Sad for a dreariness felt
And a weariness dreaded.

It interested me deeply when in the summer of this year (1909) I learnt for the first time from Edward Terry, the last survivor of the famous four, that he was in South Africa, some 600 miles from Johannesburg, when he heard she was lying grievously ill in that town. He put aside all his arrangements and hurried to her, his old comrade, his fellow meteor at that dazzling time, whose little hour was spent; but the links between them were sound,

not to be severed by time or circumstance. He found her not only very ill, but distressingly poor. He applied himself to do all in his power to make easy the sad lot to which the "river of years" had brought her. Tending her daily with the best that money could command, he remained with her to the last, despite the great dislocation of his own affairs. She died on the 22nd February 1903, and he was one of the four who lowered her into her grave. Over it has since been placed a simple white marble cross, on the base of which are cut her name and date of death, and the words, "All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity."

I have a beautiful photograph of her which she gave me, taken when she was about eighteen, which I greatly prize.

CHAPTER XXXIII

FOR four consecutive years, 1907 to 1910, I assisted the authorities at Toronto in obtaining examples of our leading British painters for their annual exhibition, and made careful selections for them. Great public spirit was shown by many owners in this country who entrusted their works to me for so distant a spot, but the most lively appreciation and enjoyment was shown of them by the Canadian public.

A selection of French paintings was exhibited in 1910, in addition to a gathering of notable British works, and also of certain objects in relation to gunnery which were readily contributed by our War Office. In relation to this portion of the exhibition, there were most vexing difficulties—what with one department and another, at Woolwich or elsewhere, and with one official or another—and I was obliged to make a call at the War Office on the subject, in order to clear matters up and to see my way with somewhat less of mist than at the time enveloped it. The objects had to be shipped by a certain date, and time was passing. On entering, I was accosted by an attendant, who handed me a piece of paper to fill up; having done which, and ascended some stairs, I was met by another attendant (we will call him No. 2), who politely led me to the end of a corridor, where I was handed over to another attendant (No. 3), who took me into a waiting-room, closed the door and left me. Presently he returned to tell me that the gentleman I wanted to see (Mr C—), and whose name I had written on the paper, was not in. It

took three able-bodied men to acquaint me with that fact, and close upon twenty minutes of time. Then a chubby little lad about fourteen presented himself and inquired if he could do anything for me. "Good heavens," I said, "you're the fourth; I want to see Mr C——." He said he would do his best to find Mr C——, and left me, but returned before many minutes had passed to tell me he would try and find the man I had seen on the lower floor. "What for?" I said. "I don't want to see *him*, I want to see Mr C——." He shot away, and when a sufficiently leisurely time had gone by, a tall man entered and very courteously asked me to "step this way." As I humbly followed him I observed, "You are the fifth I have been honoured with since I entered this profound building." He showed no resentment, but escorted me to a lift where he handed me over to a man who politely invited me to enter, and we descended to the ground floor. On the way I took the opportunity of informing him that he was the sixth with whose attentions I had been favoured since I arrived. He deigned to smile grimly, but uttered no word as he conducted me along a lengthy corridor to a room, into which he went, leaving me outside. A moment later a gentlemanly clerk came out and asked me to enter. "You are the seventh," I said, as I greeted him, with such deference as I could command after having been in the place nearly three-quarters of an hour. He told me that Captain Letheby would be there directly, that he was upstairs at the moment with the chief. "Good gracious," I said, "aren't you the one I want to see? Who is Captain Letheby?" He informed me he was the one who had charge of the particular matter about which I had come. At that moment a gentleman entered, and on his telling me he was Captain Letheby, and had charge of the loan to Toronto, I uttered an exclamation of joy, as I told him he was the eighth, and of my extraordinary experience since

I entered the building. He laughed heartily, and we both agreed it was very amusing, even the lounging officials at their room doors as we went out smiling good-naturedly as they smoked their short and fragrant briars in the comfortable corridor. One could not but try to realise what the country has to pay for officialdom, red tape, and such waste.

As to the business about which I had come, it was arranged with Captain Letheby, and I was away in less than five minutes.

A very fine gathering of the seventeenth-century art of the Netherlands was held in Brussels from June to December of this year. It was under the patronage of King Albert of Belgium and his Queen, and committees were formed, as on previous occasions of this kind, in Great Britain, Spain, the United States, France, Holland, Norway, Austria, and Germany. The Comte de Lalaing, then Belgian Minister here, was again the President of the British Committee, and the Honorary Commissioners were Mr M. H. Spielmann and myself.

A comprehensive view was taken of the display, and it embraced not only paintings, drawings, and engravings, but sculpture, medals, tapestries, and armour. The two great masters of the time, Rubens and Vandyck, were very strongly shown, the former by one hundred and twenty-eight examples, and the latter by ninety-nine, with carefully approved works by Brouwer, Philippe de Champagne, Gonzales Coques, Fyt, Jordaens, Teniers, and Snyders, which numbered together one hundred and forty-nine paintings, and these were intermingled with the productions of about sixty other painters of lesser fame, to the number of one hundred and thirty-six.

The exhibition made a great impression, its organisation being dealt with in the same thorough and exhaustive fashion as had characterised the great exhibition illustrative of the Order of the Golden Fleece of three years before. The part which fell to

this country in relation to it gave every satisfaction to the organising authorities in Brussels, and at its close His Majesty King Albert conferred on my colleague and myself the officership of the Order of the Crown of Belgium.

It was in the spring of this year (1910) that I joined a small community to obtain for the public galleries of the United Kingdom examples of the drawing of John M. Swan, R.A., who had recently died. He had left in his studio a considerable assemblage of excellent and most interesting studies in crayon, pencil, and water-colour. The effort was regarded as the best monument which could be raised to the memory of a most gifted and accomplished artist. It was piloted by Mr J. C. J. Drucker, of Grosvenor Street, who threw himself heartily into the undertaking, and not only lent material aid in obtaining subscriptions for the object in view, but undertook to contribute, and did contribute, ten per cent. on the total sum subscribed. The result of the effort was that many of the London and Provincial Galleries became possessed of drawings of this gifted worker, among them the Guildhall Gallery, which was able to secure eighteen in return for the amount I was able to get subscribed, about £700¹—a valuable addition, not only for their intrinsic interest, but as an element of instruction for students.

The International Exhibition held in Rome in 1911, with which I was closely associated, and for the organisation of which a royal commission had been appointed, contained a fine assemblage of British work in the spacious and dignified building which had been erected for it from the designs of Sir E. L. Lutyens, A.R.A. The chairman of our British Committee was Sir Edward Poynter, Bart., P.R.A., and the commissioner-general of the exhibition Sir

¹ Among the subscribers were the Corporation, Sir Frederick Cook, Bart. ; Sir T. L. Devitt, Bart. ; Lord Glenconner ; Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart. ; myself, and six of the leading Livery Companies.

Isidore Spielmann, C.M.G., honorary director of the exhibitions branch of the Board of Trade. He worked with difficulty at the arduous task, being in ill-health, but no less effectually than on previous similar occasions. While the exhibition was in progress he collapsed and was kept to bed, alas! in continual pain; but even then he contrived to hold the reins of the undertaking, to supervise the arrangements incident to the termination of the exhibition, and to prepare and publish the record of it in a large volume, abundantly illustrated.

The part which fell to me, again in conjunction with Mr Marion Spielmann, was the display of the works of deceased painters of the British School, and one hundred and fourteen works in oil were brought together as representing it.

Owners were extremely kind in allowing their art possessions to go that distance. The famous "Macnab" by Raeburn, for which Sir Thomas Dewar recently gave £24,000 at Christie's, occupied the centre of one of the walls. This and Turner's "Mercury and Argus," Reynolds's "Kitty Fisher," Orchardson's "Young Duke," and Burne-Jones's "Mirror of Venus," may be taken as samples of the excellence which prevailed, and which was put forward to the Italian nation as the product of British artistic effort.

By living artists two hundred and fifty-two works in oil were shown; water-colour drawings and black-and-white and architectural drawings and sculpture numbered a further seven hundred and ninety examples; and the art of miniature painting in England by the great deceased masters was beautifully displayed by sixty-five selected works by the leading men, among whom were Nicholas Hilliard, Peter and Isaac Oliver, Samuel Cooper, Engelheart, and Cosway, and it proved a feature of the exhibition. These were selected and arranged by Dr G. C. Williamson, a member of our committee.

My fortnight in the "Eternal City" arranging this excellent gathering on the exhibition walls was fraught with the deepest interest to me. It was strange to me to see these British works there, far from the distant northern isles, isles which were the home of barbarism, when the city in which they then were was in the full flush of its wondrous accomplishments in sculpture and architecture. Not for fifteen hundred years did the sensitive plant of art find root on our shores; and now, in this year of 1911, it ventured to give expression to itself in the centre which throbs with the glories of the antique, and with colossal structures, now, alas, in ruin, and which claims for its very own Michael Angelo and Raphael Sanzio.

It is not necessary for me to dwell on individual works. It was no haphazard collection which had been brought together, but one systematically formed, and ranging over the whole period of the practice of British art, in the effort to constitute it, at that great international festival, a convincing representation of the career of this country in its relation to art.

I chanced to meet Mr Pierpont Morgan in the arena of the Coliseum one Sunday in the early evening. Darkness was gathering as we silently stood there, and the mighty ruin presented an aspect solemn and more vast than in the light of day. The edifice looked truly immense. "You are not going to buy this, are you, Mr Morgan?" I said. He did not quite catch my meaning at first, but when he did the echoes of his laughter came to us from the remnants of the great structure towering around.

The exhibition was formally opened by the King of Italy on the 27th March 1911, and I had the honour on the occasion of being presented to His Majesty by the French ambassador, and on the following day of conducting him and the Queen through the special section on which I had been engaged. It was creditable to the British Committee

that the section under its control was complete in every detail by the day of opening. Indeed, it was the only section that was ready.

Some thirty-five years ago, I saw in Christie's salerooms for the first time a remarkable picture by W. S. Burton, entitled "The Wounded Cavalier." Its fine design, brilliant colouring, and patient workmanship ranked it amongst the best of pre-Raphaelite work. It was painted in 1856 at a time when that great movement had been in vogue for about eight years, and was spending its momentous effort, leaving in its track an ever-broadening splendour and influence, much as a vessel leaves upon the ocean its line of broadening foam. It was purchased at the Joseph Arden sale for a little under £500 by a Mr Albert Wood, a careful collector, who lived at Conway.

When in 1890 the first of the Loan Exhibitions was held at the Guildhall, this was one of the pictures I determined, if possible, to bring from obscurity, so that the public might see it, and by the kindness of Mr Wood it was shown.

Meeting the owner some years afterwards I asked him if he would be disposed to sell it, and he said not. "Not to a public gallery—to the Guildhall for example?" I said. "Ah," was his reply, "that would be different. Yes, I might in that case." "At the figure you paid for it?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," he said. "I do not wish to make profit out of a public gallery." I told the purport of this conversation to an influential member of the Guildhall Gallery Committee at a time when that committee had authority to spend £500 a year in the purchase of works of art, but his sympathies did not lie in the direction of pre-Raphaelite work. I found I had a vigorous opponent instead of a co-worker, and I let the matter drop.

Fifteen years afterwards, in the spring of 1911, I learnt that the authorities of two of our great

provincial galleries were contemplating approaching Mr Wood with the view of purchasing the picture, and two days later I took the train to North Wales. Mr Wood was not inclined to sell the picture to anybody, but in deference to my earnest representations he consented to consider the matter. Shortly afterwards he wrote to me saying he would meet my wishes if he were paid £750 for the picture. I did not stop to debate the amount, but sent him my own cheque for the sum required by return of post, and in due course came his receipt, followed a few days later by the picture.

The day after its arrival I looked in at one of the great art dealers in the West End, to inquire what value they would place upon the picture; everyone knew the work, and I was informed they would readily give £1500 for it.

Now this £750 had to be raised. I did not want to approach the Corporation for the sum, as only a short time previously they had contributed, at my suggestion, a substantial sum to obtain for the gallery some of the drawings of the late J. M. Swan, R.A., so I decided to endeavour to obtain it from certain sympathetic friends. Before I took any step, however, in that direction, I saw Lord Crawford (then Lord Balcarres), who was chairman of the Art Collections Fund, hoping that the fund, which was established for the very purpose of securing rare works such as this for the public, might contribute £200 or £300 towards the £750. He was deeply interested and wholly sympathetic, but on the matter coming before the committee of the fund it was decided that the whole of the £750 would be found if I would consent to give up the picture to the Tate Gallery. This was tantamount to refusing me any help whatever, as it was for the Guildhall Gallery my efforts were being exerted, and I at once sought the money elsewhere.

I cannot but regard this as scarcely right on the

part of the Art Collections Fund, for the Guildhall Gallery to all intents and purposes is a national gallery, administered by a public body, and daily open freely to the people, and it was the very opportunity for it to show a certain breadth of survey when dealing with the society's affairs, and not the view it did, which was narrow and constrained, and not in consonance, in my opinion, with the professed aims of the society.

As regards Lord Crawford, he, I learnt afterwards, acted throughout consistently with his expressions to me, but unhappily he was out-voted.

In the raising of the money, not one of those with whom I communicated sent me an unfavourable reply, and the requisite sum was subscribed by the kindness of the Lady Wantage, Lord Strathcona, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., Ald. and Colonel Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart., Sir Julius Wernher, Bart., Sir Richard Stapley, Mr Walter Morrison, Mr Henry Clarke, and the Founders' Company. I was in no hurry in obtaining these kind contributions; the picture was in my possession and delay did not matter. Six months passed before the sum was refunded to me. I was very much touched in particular by Sir Julius Wernher's reply, written, as was his cheque throughout, in his own now shaking handwriting, it being only a very few days before his lamented death; and the tone of the letter was of the kindest, and full of interest in and encouragement for the future of the Guildhall Gallery.

A word now must be said about the picture itself, and the painter. Burton was only twenty-six when he sent in this work to the Royal Academy. By some mishap the customary label became detached and it was thus disqualified for acceptance. There was nothing to show what the subject was or who was its painter. While, however, the accepted works were being hung, Mr C. W. Cope, R.A., one of the

hangers (father of the present Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A.), caught sight of it, and actually removed from the line one of his own pictures to give it a place, so impressed was he by its extraordinary excellence; and it was shown without title or name of artist.

It is unfortunate for all true lovers of art that this painter should be ranked among those known as a "one picture man." He never afterwards painted anything approaching it of so high a character in every artistic attribute.

The facts as he told me were these, to the best of my recollection. His father and mother had fallen out and he took the mother's part. The father died, leaving neither of them sixpence, but bequeathing his large fortune of upwards of £100,000 elsewhere. From a condition of life with luxury, mother and son were suddenly brought to penury, and although, through the American Law Courts, a few thousands (about £4000) were obtained after prolonged delay, the shock upon the son was so severe as to affect him mentally, to the extent of practically suspending all practice of his art for years. When he was able to resume it, his fine capabilities were found hopelessly impaired, and although he produced several interesting and carefully conceived works, none approached this particular work, on which alone his reputation will rest. Lamentable as it is to record, he passed most of his life in sad want, which did not improve as he neared the end, which occurred on 26th January 1916. He had then reached the age of eighty-six. One of the keenest pleasures he experienced was the knowledge that his one great picture was in the permanent gallery of the Corporation of London.

CHAPTER XXXIV

W. W. JACOBS was once put up to respond to the toast to "Literature" at a dinner at the Guildhall, at which I was present. It was in 1912, and it was the annual dinner of the Guildhall Library Committee, presided over by my friend Mr W. Phené Neal, and was held, not in the Art Gallery as customary, but in the great Library itself, where many distinguished men in art and letters sat down. The toast in question was proposed by Rev. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, and a beautiful speech he made. He began by talking about Homer and Sophocles and others of the classics, then of Dante, Petrarch, and Chaucer; and descending still later he dilated on Shakespeare, Milton, and Spencer, rounding off with Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Turning to the friend next to me I said, "How in the world is he going to link all this up with little Jacobs?" But the matter was in able hands. Discursive as he was in eloquent phrases of the merits of these great men of the past, he ventured at length to inquire what it was that each and all of them sought to teach us. "Was it not to hope? and how could we hope unless in some degree the element of cheerfulness were about us; and what could more readily be productive of that element of cheerfulness than to take up one of those concise and lively little stories by my friend Mr Jacobs?" It was adroitly done, without a swerve to right hand or to left; straight and deliberate along the inclined plane he had to travel to the desired goal, around which he had shaped so eloquently those far-reaching heights.

In the following year Mr Montague Shearman, K.C. (now Mr Justice Shearman), was among those invited to another of these annual dinners, and on his accepting the invitation he was asked if he would be so good as to propose the toast to "Science," to which an eminent scientist was down to reply. His answer was amusing and witty. It was to the effect that he detested after-dinner speaking, but that if he had to speak he infinitely preferred to speak upon a subject he knew nothing whatever about, and that he would therefore with pleasure propose the toast to "Science." Strange as it may seem, it was the speech of the evening for knowledge, speculation, and humour.

Another eminent judge, a year or two before this, had proposed the same toast at this annual dinner. It was Mr Justice Darling, and of course the humorous element was not absent. He said that as to science he had not the slightest idea of what it was, nor of what he lived in or why he lived. All he had the slightest curiosity about was where he was going to, and what he would have to do when he got there. Of that science told him nothing.

Talking of public speaking, the late Alderman Sir Frederick Prat Alliston during the term of his municipal career was regarded as the orator of the Corporation. United to original ideas and a decided inspiration in expressing their main points in the briefest compass of words were a powerful voice and a clear enunciation. It was truly an intellectual pleasure to listen to him on any subject. Let me give a sample. "Art," he once in an after-dinner speech said, "may be regarded as knowledge made efficient by skill; Literature as the means by which we preserve for all time the ideas of the great men of the past; and Science, as standing on the pillars of ascertained truth and established fact." Much, indeed, might be said on each of these three great heads, but he stopped there; he had the faculty

to stop; he had said sufficient to men who were lounging back over their comfortable cigars.

There was universal regret when on the threshold of the Mayoralty he succumbed to ill-health, and was compelled to relinquish corporate life. One imagines what the Mansion House would have been if this man of oratorical power, lofty outlook, keen practical sense, and knowledge of the world had been for twelve months in the City Chair.

An International Exhibition of Miniatures was held in Brussels from March until June 1912, under the patronage of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the auspices of the Belgian Government. As in the case of the exhibition at Bruges in 1902, committees were formed in the principal capitals of Europe, and I was invited to become a member of the British Committee. The Comte de Lalaing, then Belgian Minister in London, was its president, and Lord Hothfield the chairman, with Dr G. C. Williamson, the eminent expert on miniature painting, as vice-chairman, and Mr M. H. Spielmann as honorary secretary. Several European sovereigns contributed examples to the exhibition. Three hundred and eighty-eight specimens of the art were shown in the British section, representing ninety-eight of our miniature painters; and the rarest and most beautiful work was displayed by those great exponents of the past, Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac and Peter Oliver, John Hoskins, and Samuel Cooper, and coming to a somewhat later time, the work of John Smart, Richard Cosway, George Engleheart, and Andrew Plimer. These nine were responsible for one hundred and fifty-two examples, all of exceptional quality in point of fine art.

The effect of this beautiful assemblage of British miniatures was enhanced by its setting. It occupied two spacious apartments, one of the Tudor period, Elizabethan in style, the other of the period of William and Mary, both with original furniture and

hangings. This had all been provided and arranged by Sir Charles Allom, a member of our committee.

It was Lord Howe who did me the great kindness to introduce me to the present Duke of Devonshire. It was at Buxton in the summer of 1912. My wife and I had arrived from London late that afternoon, having travelled the 160 miles by motor in delightful weather, and both he and the Duke, who was taking the waters, were staying at the same hotel as that to which we had come, the St Ann's. We talked in the lounge for some time after dinner, first of politics, then of art. We were invited over to Chatsworth a few days later. It was a drive of about 17 miles through typical Derbyshire scenery, very beautiful, on a blazing summer day. Our car was peremptorily stopped by the Duke's keepers at two points after we had entered the park gates, but when they were informed we were expected at the great house, way was made for us, with much saluting, and we proceeded swiftly along. It was a pleasant visit; both the Duke and Duchess were exceedingly kind. Their young children were about us all the time, and there was staying there also the late Lord Nairne, son of Lord Lansdowne, and brother of the Duchess, known at that time as Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, the modesty of whose charm in conversation was such as one rarely encounters. Knowing so much as he undoubtedly must have done, he yet had the art of submitting all he knew to the superior knowledge of his companion. Among the sad events in this world, it was one of the saddest that he should have fallen amongst the earliest in this present war, in the fighting in France in October 1914.

I am telling of this visit because of what the Duke said to me after luncheon, when I learnt from him how greatly his uncle, the late Duke, had cherished the honour of the City's Freedom being bestowed upon him, when he was Marquis of Hartington. He assured me that his uncle never felt any ordeal

in his life as he felt that. He conceived it so conspicuous a mark of distinction to be singled out from so many statesmen of his time, that his difficulty was to overcome a proper bashfulness or timidity in making a suitable acknowledgment. He was aware that he had to make a speech, and did eventually make it, with firmness and power, but he never would deny that he experienced considerable trepidation. The honour greatly pleased him, and served to strengthen the interest he felt in the City, of which all his political life he had been a great upholder.

The Duke also told me that 80,000 persons had been admitted to Chatsworth during the past year at a charge of a shilling each, and that the total proceeds (£4000) had been handed over to the hospitals and institutions in the neighbourhood. There had been no visitors of late on account of the anxiety prevalent in regard to the suffragettes.

We then rambled through the rooms together, discussing the pictures and other works of art of which the mansion was full. I had not seen them for several years and it was a great pleasure to me to see them again; they appeared to be in excellent condition, much better cared for than in the late Duke's lifetime.

The shadows of evening were beginning to gather over the lovely woods surrounding the mansion when the time came for us to start back to Buxton, and as we journeyed along in the cool of the early twilight, through the undulating park, and by its heavy foliaged trees that stood in lordly masses, we thought and talked of the gracious kindness which had been extended to us, and of the quiet charm and sense of homeliness, which amid so much state was ever the prevailing feature.

It was a bright afternoon in the June of this year that my wife and I paid a visit to Lady Augustus Hervey at her rooms at Hampton Court Palace. Married for the second time in 1861, she was left

again a widow fourteen years later, and now as I write must be nearing her eighty-fifth year. We found the same ever delicate and beautiful presence. In her white gauzy summer gown and large airy hat, with its lemon-coloured ribbons, and the thinnest of white veils, it was a delight to watch her. Impulsive action and gesture lent a grace to her every movement. It would be good to have a picture of her—not a photograph, for none could convey her, but a few spontaneous lines from some sympathetic and gifted hand: these would best express her, would catch the spirit, the essence of an individuality moulded by a beautiful past, the memories of which keep her ever conscious of a great possession, that no time or circumstance can take from her, that is her very own.

I had seen her for the first time several years before at Ickworth, where her son, the present Marquis of Bristol, now lives. She appeared then at dinner in a pearl-coloured satin, than which nothing could have better become the slight form, the tone of it foiled, as it were, by the necklace and earrings of large amethysts. She talked then a great deal of her friendship with Lord Beaconsfield, and with delight of the suite of rooms at Hampton Court which King Edward had only just then allotted to her.

At a great social function once in Mayfair, the concourse of guests was so great, and at one portion of a corridor massed so closely, that a foreign decoration I was wearing caught in the lace of a lady's bodice. We both made ineffectual efforts to disentangle it, until at last I let my arms fall resignedly at my side and said with a smile, "Am I to regard you, madam, as a permanent addition to my decorations?" This naturally produced amusement both to her and to the gentleman on whose arm she was, as also to my wife, who was on mine, which was renewed when from the lady's lips came the happy retort, "Would it were possible, sir."

CHAPTER XXXV

WHEN the great war broke out it occurred to me that it would be some stimulus to recruiting if an exhibition were held of the works of the military painters of France and Great Britain ; and as it was impracticable at the time for such a display to be held at the Guildhall Gallery, since the Corporation had just sanctioned a scheme and voted the money for the erection of a new gallery for housing its works of art, I imparted my idea to the Corporation of the City of Manchester, the capital of a county which has rendered to the war so many gallant and stalwart men. The city accepted the idea, and in the few months following I worked at the scheme, and saw sufficient material as it developed for an imposing and most interesting display.

On the eve of fixing the date of opening, some circular communication, addressed to all the municipalities in the kingdom, was received by the Corporation of Manchester from the Government, on the subject of conserving municipal funds as far as ever it was possible, and the Corporation felt it incumbent, in face of such an exhortation, to forego the exhibition, at any rate for the time.

With promises in my hands of the loan of works from all over the country, and with the co-operation of the French Government readily given to the scheme, I was loth to put aside for an indefinite time the result of the study and toil I had had, and therefore I brought the subject before the Corporation of London, which, with its usual public spirit, and look-

ing to the fact that in the meantime the contemplated rebuilding of the gallery had been suspended, at once placed a sum at disposal for the holding of the exhibition in the Guildhall Gallery. It gave a fresh impetus to the project, as in exchange for a provincial city the capital of the Empire had been substituted.

The exhibition consisted of two hundred and fifty-three works, one hundred and forty-five of which were by French artists, eighty-two by British, and the remaining twenty-six by Belgian and Russian painters; one hundred and forty pictures came from France, of which forty were actually taken from the walls of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Palace of Versailles, so heartily did the French Government and nation endorse the project. These were all got together by my old and tried friend, M. Armand Dayot. Examples had been lent to this country on previous occasions from the Luxembourg, and eight works were contributed from Versailles to the great International Exhibition in 1862, but none had ever been lent before to this country from the Louvre so far as I can ascertain.

On the day of opening, 14th June 1915, the French Government was represented by H.E.M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, M. Albert Sorrent, the Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts, M. Albert Dalimier, the Under Secretary of State for the Fine Arts, and M. Armand Dayot, Inspector-General of Fine Arts, and it was gratifying to these gentlemen that the chairman of the Corporation Committee, Mr S. H. M. Killik, was able to address them in their own language on the occasion.

Seventy-four thousand persons visited the exhibition, and all who attended in uniform were given a copy of the catalogue, which, as in the case of the catalogues of previous exhibitions, was of a descriptive character, and contained full notes of nearly every picture. The sum granted by the Corporation for the expenses of the exhibition was considerably

exceeded, owing to the heavy charges for carriage of the works, especially from France, consequent upon the war, and for the insurance premium against submarine risk ; but as the exhibition had been undertaken at my own urgent request no application was made to the Corporation for further grant, and the deficit, approaching £400, was provided elsewhere.

The exhibition was visited by many distinguished people, and towards its close by Queen Alexandra. I was sitting at home at my writing-table one Sunday morning when I was rung up by Lord Howe, who, speaking from Marlborough House, told me that Her Majesty would like to come that morning and see the exhibition. I inquired "At what time?" and Lord Howe replied, "About half-past twelve"; but I said, "What is the time now?" and he said, "Seven minutes past twelve." "I am afraid I cannot do it," I said. "If it can be made 12.45 I will be there, and have the place in readiness for Her Majesty." I reached Guildhall about ten minutes before the arrival of the Queen, who then found everything in readiness. She was attended by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Lord Howe. The gracious greeting with which she met me made me very happy at the honour of receiving her.

She was impressed at once with Napier Hemy's "Betrayed by the Moon," and thought it "wonderful." Speed's sketch portrait of the King of the Belgians she also greatly liked, and mentioned to me another portrait she had recently seen of the King, which was "horrible." Before De Neuville's "Garibaldi at Palermo," she spoke of having met Garibaldi, just after her marriage; he came to England in 1864, and her marriage was in the previous year. She well remembered coming to see the Danish pictures and having tea in my room, and of Hammershoi's paintings. Tennyson was spoken of when we stood before a picture concerning which some lines of his were quoted. With a regretful sigh she said she knew

him, a great and good man. She wanted me to tell Boutigny that in the picture entitled "Un Brave" he was wrong in placing the muzzle of the gun where it was, as it made the man's head look like a German helmet, with fire coming out of the spike. I told her I would tell, not Boutigny, but a friend of his, who perhaps would tell Boutigny.

She marked many of the pictures in the catalogue, saying she would read the notes of them more carefully when she got back.

The sight of Eugene Lami's picture of "Queen Victoria arriving at the Castle of Eu" quite touched her. She gazed at it intently for some moments as if endeavouring to recollect something, and then with animation exclaimed, "Oh, that carriage, I thought I remembered it. I once rode in that very carriage. I at first declined to go into it, it was so large and clumsy, and I entered another which was open, but it came on to rain and we had to turn back, and after all I was bundled into that huge and cumbersome coach. That is the very carriage, but the hammer-cloth with the red fringe was not there then, it was blue, to match the tone of the rest of the carriage."

She spoke much of horses and of what they were suffering in the present war. She had been told that they sometimes quite shriek, and that it is either from pain or fright; and in almost every picture in which horses were introduced she drew my attention to the startled or frightened look in the eyes. "Poor things," she said, "they suffer as much, I believe, as human beings, they are so nervous and highly strung."

The Queen prolonged her visit for nearly three hours, closely examining nearly every picture, taking her time most leisurely, with no suggestion whatever of haste or disposition to get back; and when at last the hour of leaving came she thanked me over and over again, asking how long it took me to form the exhibition, and being impressed when Lord Howe

informed her that the catalogue also was written by me.

Two days later Lord Howe was so kind as to bring me as a gift from Her Majesty a very beautiful portrait of her, with her signature at foot, as she "was anxious that I should have some little memento of her most interesting visit." This greatly pleased me, coming so considerably and kindly as it did direct from her, and among the many souvenirs I have of interesting events it will always be the most prized and cherished.

The authorities of the city of Sheffield, visiting the exhibition, determined to hold one of a similar character in their own municipal galleries, in order that the vast numbers of munition workers in that part of England might have the opportunity of seeing it. I furthered the effort in every way I could, and most of the British pictures went there at the conclusion of the Guildhall Exhibition. One of the portraits for which they applied was that of Admiral Lord Fisher, by Herkomer. Lord Fisher gladly agreed to lend it to the Municipality, but a few days before it was to be dispatched there I received a letter from him saying he had just given the portrait to the Duke of Hamilton, who was anxious for it to be hung on his walls as soon as possible, and that he must consequently cancel the consent he had given to lend it to Sheffield—would I make his sincere apologies to the authorities there? I replied to the address in Scotland from which he wrote that I would certainly have the portrait delivered to the Duke in the course of a few days, and that I would write in apologetic terms to Sheffield as he desired, but, I added, there would assuredly be great concern at the absence of this particular portrait, since all the other portraits then at the Guildhall were about to go to Sheffield, and that only one exclamation might be expected, "Where is Lord Fisher?" The next morning I received a wire, and on the following day

a letter from him: "Dear Mr Temple,—Your letter irresistible; let Sheffield have the portrait." I, of course, acknowledged this letter, expressing the satisfaction I felt that the munition workers in that great industrial district would now have the opportunity of seeing the portrait; but, on the 9th September, I accidentally met him in Old Bond Street, when I again personally thanked him, and I ventured to add that I felt myself considerably enlightened at the alteration of his decision, for I had not before been able to realise that anything was "irresistible" to Lord Fisher.

Not long afterwards, when certain of the Press were advocating his recall to the Admiralty, the *Pall Mall Gazette* inserted the following lines I dispatched to the editor:—

"Give him the vessels, and give him the guns,
Give him the sailors to get at the Huns,
Give him *carte blanche*—and let all the rest be,
For only a sailor can manage the sea."

Meeting him not long afterwards and speaking of matters in relation to the war, I asked him if he had seen those lines. He had not, and at his request I sent him a copy of them, to which came the following acknowledgment:—

DEAR MR TEMPLE,—I value your letter and its enclosure very greatly; I had not seen it. I may yet get a chance. *They sent for Jephthah*—Judges, chap. xi. verse 7.—Yours,
FISHER.

I looked up the verse and it ran: "And Jephthah said unto the elders of Gilead, Did not ye hate me, and expel me out of my father's house? and why are ye come unto me now when ye are in distress?"

CHAPTER XXXVI

ONE regards with profound respect the decisions arrived at by the Corporation in the fulfilment of its duties, and approaches any sort of criticism of them with hesitancy if not with trepidation. Indeed, looking back over many years, there seems little which could reasonably have been otherwise, resting as it has on the judgment of some two hundred civic minds, very practically disposed, with due hearkening to the voice of wisdom. There was one step, however, it took about twenty years ago, which, it appears to me, did not receive the amount of reflection due to it, and, as it was formed, savoured of the impolitic. From time immemorial there has existed a certain standing order, one of about a hundred or more which regulates its proceedings, that no son of any member of the Corporation should be eligible as a candidate for any appointment in its gift. It was a wise regulation for any public body to adopt, since the payment or promotion of such an official would be more or less in the hands of his father, and undue favouritism, and possibly injustice to others, might ensue. But when an angry member in 1895 sought a position in the Corporation service for his son, and was confronted by this standing order, he looked round to see in what direction he could vent his ardour for reprisal at being so thwarted, and perusing the standing orders he detected there was no such order in relation to the sons of Corporation officials. He forthwith formulated, brought forward and carried, a new standing order that no son of any official should



SNOWDON.

From the picture by A. G. Temple, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1890.



be eligible for any appointment in the gift of the Corporation. I have always thought that not quite sufficient consideration was given to the operation of this decision, and that perhaps the exercise of a little more foresight would have been wiser. There is such a thing as sentiment, and it can be found to be a power in its proper place. Many sons of many officials have served in important Corporation positions, and what has it meant? It has meant a continuation of a deeply-rooted regard for and attachment to the Corporation, which, allied with the keenest loyalty, has worked not a little in consolidating this finest of municipal structures. This attachment has been bred for generations perhaps, and how can its effect be other than to animate the individual to strain every nerve in the interests of that body with which he and his family have been so long associated? Apart from the income he may be receiving, he has a personal interest of a sentimental character in its being kept in the high position it has won, and whether this interest and effort be much or little, it is deep and sincere, and can claim a practical value. The spirit in which an official carries out the duties assigned to him should not be regarded as negligible. We call it in the army *morale*. It means more than one is apt to think.

A new-comer, freshly imported, owns to no such feelings; no sentiment of this kind prevails with him; he is concerned with the pay, that is all; and, obtaining it, cares little either for the past with its stability, or the future with its vicissitudes, of the institution from which he obtains it: if it fail to pay him he knows that compensation will await him elsewhere. If a man be eligible for the post he seeks, how can the relationship his parent holds to the institution affect the efficient discharge of his duties?

When the Corporation honours some notable man by conferring upon him the Honorary Freedom of the City of London, the simple parchment record or

certificate is not handed to him by itself; it must needs be enshrined in a box, and that box is invariably of gold. It sounds well; but when one bethinks what this box really is—its altogether unnecessary size and weight, its fantastic embellishments, the puerile product of the unpractised hand and unawakened heart, appealing to the taste, not of its recipient, but of thirty-five individuals entrusted with its production, all of whom have pursuits in life which lead them along a path where little demand exists for the exercise of taste—one can pretty well foresee the result, and is not disposed to feel quite so happy about it. The tradesman, not the artist, is consulted. What would a Cellini, or an Alfred Stevens, or an Alfred Gilbert have produced, had a mighty city like London placed the design of such a work in their hands? the great City singling out one particular individual! What scope for the inventive faculties of the artist—on the one side the bounteous and coveted bestowal, on the other the well-merited and gratified reception.

In the beautiful work of the sculptor-goldsmith of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, enough has been left to show what could be done by able hands and brains of genius, in chased and moulded gold, intricate mosaic, wondrous enamelling, and imbedded jewels. These are lovely in their delineations, telling their own simple tale of beauty, unaccompanied by those acrobatic swings and curves which would only be there to please the uncultivated eye.

When the Corporation could claim sounder taste some hundred and twenty years ago than it appears perhaps to display now, it presented to the famous Admiral Lord Howe, the hero of the battle of the 1st June 1794, its City's freedom in a gold box which for size and design surpasses any casket for that purpose I have yet seen. The present Earl Howe, to whom it has descended and who has it at Gopsall, his place in Leicestershire, was showing it me one day. "Oh,"

said I, "if the City would only hand the recipient of its freedom a box like this!" It was perfectly beautiful; such a box as the cultivated connoisseur handles with a loveliness, for the mere size and shape of it; some six inches long, four inches wide, and two deep, of the finest gold and most finished workmanship, with delicate dark-blue enamelling. Lord Howe was so kind as to say he would gladly let me have it to submit to the Corporation should they desire to see it.

A box like this the City Chamberlain could with becoming grace hand to the recipient, instead of as now staggering and swaying under the weight and size of the customary casket, with its abominable marble or porphyry pedestal, now regarded as an imposing adjunct, making the whole thing look like a cut-down Albert Memorial in miniature from Kensington Gore.

Does the Corporation realise what its procedure means? It is advantageous to trade, it is of no advantage to art, and yet it is dealing with what is, or ought to be, a work of art. It is worth a tradesman's while to give in gold metal and other materials for the work far more than he is paid by the Corporation, for the sake of the advertisement. It carries his name all over the globe, together with a picture of the work he has carried out so enterprisingly for the greatest municipality in the world. It establishes him; it is worth paying for. Clearly the tradesman gets the better of it, not the Corporation, or the man whom the Corporation is delighting to honour, because, after all, no work of true and abiding art has been produced.

The patronage of the Fine Arts has added to the glories of many cities, the lustre of which has shone through the centuries, and will continue to shine, but it is not lustre brought about through the medium of the tradesman, but by direct communication with the artist himself who creates. The

artist has not only to give satisfaction to his patron and to the ultimate possessor of the work, he has to do something far more important to him than that—he has to win the approbation of his fellow-artists, still further to consolidate his reputation among them, a reputation probably already great; and what is the result? a supreme work of fine art; and whoever is dissatisfied with it has much to learn, for it is based on the highest teaching and training, and on the long contemplation of the achievements of the acknowledged greatness of the past.

While I am speaking of these gold boxes, I should like to say a word about the marble busts of eminent men, which from time to time are added to the Corporation's possessions.

Two years ago the Corporation resolved to place a marble bust of Joseph Chamberlain in the Guildhall. When its intention became known, a dozen sculptors made application for its execution. In former years the course would have been to have invited these twelve to submit clay models, from which the executive committee would have selected one, and this course would probably have been followed on the present occasion had not a cautious and sagacious member brought forward the suggestion that expert assistance should be sought. Now, can it be expected that among those who apply for the execution of such a work as this, there would be found any sculptor of pre-eminence? Obviously not, for this reason, that having attained to a high position, and only the few attain to that, it would decidedly impair that position were the work he submitted not chosen. Therefore he will not run any such risk as competition; and remember that the sum voted for the bust is sufficient to command the pre-eminent man.

The expert was called in, and was shown the names of those who had made application for the work, all of whom he knew so far as regarded their



THE PALACE OF ART.

From the picture by A. G. Temple, exhibited at the Royal Institute
of Painters in Water-colours, 1913.



capabilities ; but not any of them, save one, would be considered entitled to command the price the Corporation was prepared to pay. Then again, the bust of such a man as Joseph Chamberlain was not every man's work, it required a particular man even among the pre-eminent to catch the character and vital personality ; and one could count those men among British sculptors on three fingers. The expert was invited to nominate three, which he did, and then he was asked if any preference lay among those three, and he said undeniably there did, and one name was emphasised.

The execution of the bust was entrusted to this one, and it is universally pronounced to be one of the finest pieces of accurate sculpture the Corporation has acquired. It was the work of F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A.

I have nothing to gain or lose by the continuation of old Corporation methods of proceeding, or their revision, and therefore the expression of any view of this kind I may have is wholly disinterested ; where any interest comes in is that when a great body like the Corporation of London, in whose art possessions I have always been, still am, and always shall be interested, is to become possessed of anything in the nature of a work of art, it should be the best and highest that can be procured. It is certainly always within its power to obtain it, and on the terms it lays down, if it goes the right way about it.

Alderman Sir Edward Cooper, who can recall many of those I knew at Lloyd's in my earlier days, has identified himself with art at the Guildhall by the presentation in 1915 of Frampton's finely-finished bust of His Majesty King George V., the commission having been given before the outbreak of war. His leaning, too, towards the poetic led him, by permission of the Corporation, to place a bronze tablet on the house in Cornhill to mark the spot where

the poet Gray was born. It was designed by Sydney Perks, the city architect, and carried out by F. W. Pomeroy, R.A. Into the design is brought the line which for ever will be associated with the poet's name, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

In reference to the bust of King George, Alderman Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart., when he learnt from me of its approaching completion, and that Queen Mary had been wondering if a bust of herself were in contemplation for the Guildhall, promptly authorised me to commission the sculptor to execute one of Her Majesty for presentation to the Corporation; and the two, on their exquisite green Irish marble pedestals, now adorn and dignify the Guildhall.

What I have said about boxes and busts applies with equal force to such objects as the shrieval chains furnished annually to the two incoming Sheriffs, and to the silver-gilt loving-cups from time to time presented to the Mansion House by outgoing Lord Mayors, which surely in their design should possess attributes more significant than those determined by the mere passing fancy or choice on the part of the donor as to size and shape.

So arduous has been my work in other directions that I have been unable to continue the pursuit of art itself, except at occasional intervals. In those times I have devoted myself to such subjects as came readily to my hand. In 1890 I exhibited a water-colour of "Snowdon" at the Royal Academy, together with an elaborate study of an acuba, and later another work at the Royal Institute from Tennyson's poem, "The Palace of Art." A larger work from the Laureate's "The Two Voices" was shown at the Grafton Gallery. Having had more leisure the last two years, I have been able to carry through a painting on which I long had pondered, entitled "Life and Thought," again from one of Tennyson's early poems. In this the mortal remains



“LIFE AND THOUGHT HAVE GONE AWAY SIDE BY SIDE.”
From the picture by A. G. Temple.

are shown being carried to the grave, with Life and Thought, which do not die, hastening away. Life has her gaze fixed now upon the eternal path before her, with a banner symbolical of victory over mortality and a trumpet from which she has sounded a call of freedom ; while Thought, remembering the happy hours spent on earth, looks back at the home where many of those hours had been spent. Three of the above works are reproduced here.

I now bring these pages to a close, but before doing so, record with delight a fact which comes to hand at the moment of going to press—the addition to the Corporation's art possessions of the tender and beautiful painting by Watts of "Ariadne in Naxos." It is a work I selected for the first Loan Exhibition at the Guildhall eight-and-twenty years ago. At that time it was the property of Lord Davey, at whose decease it was acquired by Mr C. Morland Agnew, until recently a partner in the famous firm of Thomas Agnew & Sons, and by him and his wife given to the Red Cross sale at Christie's. It was there purchased by Alderman Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., for a thousand and fifty guineas, and presented by him to the Guildhall Gallery.

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