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RECOLLECTIONS OF
A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN





Portrait of an old man, 1880

H. Huxley

RECOLLECTIONS OF
A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN
BY JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, R.A.

EDITED BY MRS. EDMUND HELPS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S
DRAWINGS AND PICTURES

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1903

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APOLOGIA

I HAVE noticed of late, but without surprise, that the literary critics of the public Press are beginning to protest against the numbers of biographies and autobiographies they are called upon to deal with and pronounce upon, but it is to be remembered that writers like Disraeli and Bulwer have recorded their opinion that such literary efforts are more interesting than any other, and on reading that noble Journal by Sir Walter Scott, one is tempted to believe that he felt more keen delight in those daily impromptu contributions to his literary work than in many of the most brilliant chapters of his completed works.

Not having any special development of the organ of self-esteem, I desire to explain how it comes to pass that I propose "to bestow my tediousness" upon the few who are likely to read what I write. Being by nature a talker, with a

keen appreciation of that disposition in others, I have always delighted in hearing interesting and good stories, and assisting afterwards in their dissemination to appreciative company ; so it has come to pass on more than one occasion, after a quasi-successful outpouring from my lips of anecdotal matter, I have been asked, "When *is* your book coming out? Why don't you publish your memories of the past?" till it culminated in one of my most valued friends and brother Academicians, Briton Riviere, R.A., saying: "I tell you what it is, Horsley, I shall refuse to die until your book is published!" I feel most sincerely that I have much to apologise for in attempting the task I have set myself, and, though dwelling unduly upon my own individuality is the last thing I shall aim at, I am almost brought to a standstill when thoughts crowd upon me of the number of questions I desire to be heard upon, and of the order in which they are to be marshalled in my text. So, as a veritable tyro in literary composition, my only chance of escape from unendurable failure will be to go ahead and write as I find it suits the memory of the moment, not even waiting now to complete my "Apologia" ;

but merely adding one word in acknowledgment of my great indebtedness to Mrs. Edmund Helps, for the skill with which she has woven into book form the material I have supplied for these reminiscences. The task must, indeed, have been a considerable tax upon her thought and time, and I can only repeat my keen sense of the obligation I am under to her for what she has so ably done for me.

J. C. HORSLEY

1, HIGH ROW, KENSINGTON

September, 1903

POST SCRIPTUM

THE much-lamented death on October 19th of the author of these *Recollections*, while the book was still in the printer's hands, makes a few words of explanation desirable.

There is no doubt that, had the book been written some years ago, while Mr. Horsley was nearer the zenith of his remarkable and varied powers, it would have been of wider scope, and of a more important character, and it would doubtless have contained many valuable criticisms and opinions on subjects on which he was specially qualified to speak with authority.

It was, however, not till his eighty-sixth year that he began to write, and asked an old friend, in accordance with a promise of many years ago, to be his collaborateur. Part of the book was compiled from a red notebook, latterly his constant companion, in which the substance of some chapters was already recorded; other parts were dictated; others again compiled from brief notes, taken while

he talked in his animated and impressive manner, or told stories of old days. It is interesting to record that Mr. Horsley had not a single diary or letter to help him; he was entirely dependent upon his singularly clear and retentive memory.

On one occasion, very near the end, when present-day events were little realised by him, and perhaps forgotten the next hour, he told in graphic words stories of fifty or sixty years ago. He also gave the editor notes—of too sacred a character for publication—containing touching expressions of gratitude for the love of those near and dear, and he recalled, as if out of the mist of far-off youth, an anecdote of the first Mrs. Horsley, a gifted and beautiful personality, who at the age of three had been taken to play the piano before Queen Adelaide.

He is at rest. But he took so genuine a pleasure in writing these memories that friends and publisher alike deeply regret that he did not live to see them published.

M. ALICE HELPS

LONDON, *November, 1903*

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

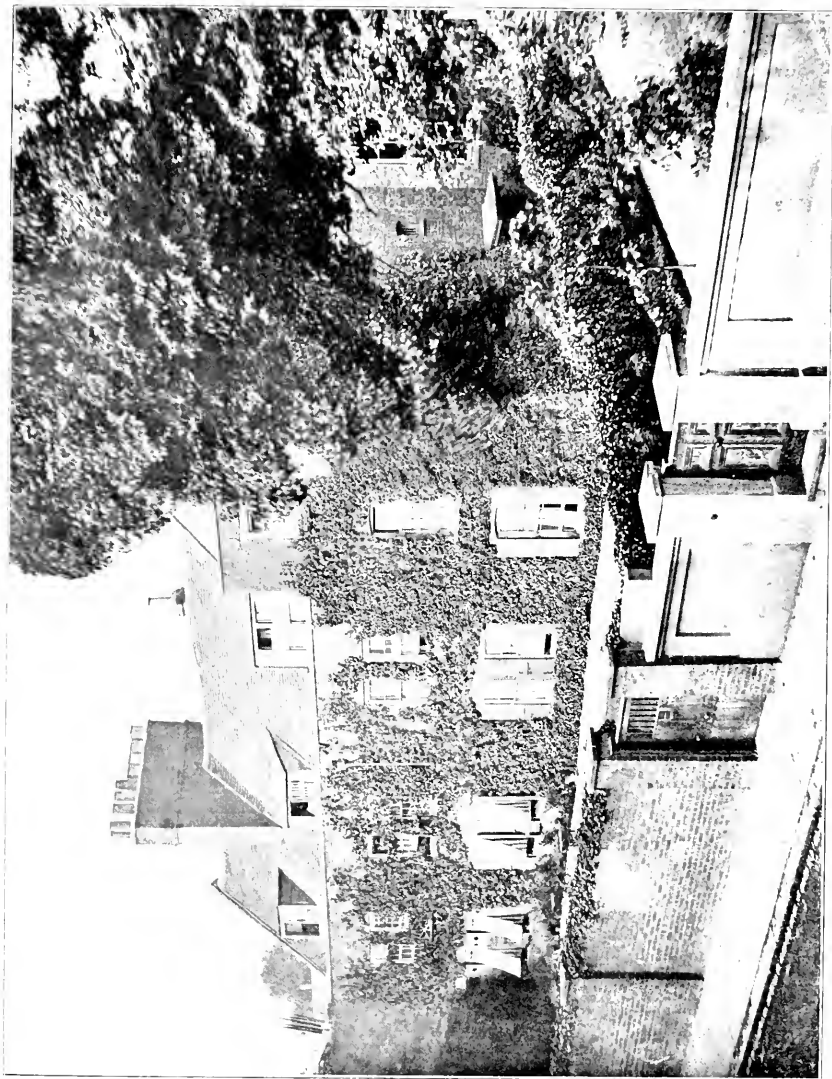
CHAPTER I

Parentage—The Mall—My Aunt Wall—"The Sweet Peas"—Early recollections—Female Orphan Asylum—First visit to the opera
—My first school—My first ball—My first love.

MY dear father, William Horsley, Mus. Bac., Oxon., was known as one of the most famous of English musicians. His glees were pronounced by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy to be among the most perfect musical compositions he knew. My dearest mother was the eldest daughter of Dr. Callcott, also highly distinguished as a musician, and for general literary power and marvellous industry in the attainment of knowledge. The Callcott family had been settled in Bayswater from

the early days of Queen Anne's reign, when their representative was a thriving builder, and had to do with much of the later work at Kensington Palace. Tradition says that he built the beautiful Orangery, which has lately (1901) been restored, a work which must have been originally designed by Sir Christopher Wren. He also built a row of residences in the Mall, Bayswater, for himself and members of his family, which were pulled down some years ago, and which were inhabited up to the time of their demolition by descendants of the Callcott family. Well do I remember many of the former inhabitants of these old family houses, especially so a grand old great-aunt, who was born in 1740, and from whom I received a description of the appearance of the Duke of Cumberland in 1745, driving in a gig from the field of Culloden, in which vehicle he had travelled after the victory all the way from the battlefield to Kensington Palace, the side entrance to which was in the Mall in front of the houses I am referring to.

Aunt Wall, as she was always called, lived to an extreme old age ; she was five years old in the year of Culloden, and always pointed out the window of



THE CALCOTT HOUSES IN THE MALL

(NOW PULLED DOWN)

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the Callcott house at which she was held up to see the "Butcher" Duke pass.

Another story Aunt Wall used to tell with even more unction was an elaborate description of all the young Kensington beaux, who used to await her return from the morning service at Kensington Church, in the Broad Walk of the Public Gardens. These young swells were sometimes spoken of by name, but generally dwelt upon as "the gentleman in the vermilion coat, the pea-green, or the bright blue," as the fancy seized her. She never married, and died, if I remember rightly, just short of her full century, passing to her eternal rest in peaceful happiness. Some years previous to her decease she slipped on the back staircase of the Mall house in which she lived, and fell some distance, breaking one of her thigh bones. It was late in the afternoon, when few of the occupants of the house were at home, and she found that she could not move and therefore must be gravely injured; so she lay quietly as she fell, till someone using this back stair found her perfectly calm, waiting for rescue. She was carried to her bed, from which she was never again able to rise. She was quite happy to have me

sitting by her bedside and making many drawings of her: one of them, which I think I may say was a decidedly creditable performance, was filched from my portfolio by some admirer, but never returned. Never at any one of these morning sittings did she fail to tell me at least once both the stories I have already referred to.

The Callcotts were a good-looking race. Dr. Callcott and his brother, Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A., were handsome men, the latter being known as the "handsomest young man in Kensington." The doctor's nine daughters were all more or less good-looking. My mother, Betsy, who was the eldest, and her charming sister Sophy, were in their teens called "the Sweet Peas of Kensington," the one being a brunette and the other a blonde of exquisite fairness.

My mother had inherited to a marked degree the musical talent of her father, and was an admirable musician. She had in many ways the artistic temperament, and though she never drew, she was a keen and delightful critic of my youthful efforts in pictorial art. She was generally at my side when I was drawing, and I well remember her



MY MOTHER IN 1830
FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. H.

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kindly "Now, John, I am sure that is not quite the right proportion," and similar remarks. I may add, her criticisms were invariably correct.

No words can ever describe what we owed to our mother. She was a holy woman, and the outcome of her faith was her bright and sunny presence. She was the true centre of the home life.

Our family consisted of my sister Mary, the eldest, who afterwards married the great engineer Isambard Brunel; Fanny, who married a physician, Dr. Seth Thompson; myself, Sophy, who never married, and my brother Charles, who was one of twins, and who became a distinguished musician, but died early in America.

I may record here a few personal recollections of my first home in Brompton. One anecdote of my infancy I have often heard told. I was a delicate child and not expected to live. On one occasion a neighbour calling to inquire noticed the blinds were down, and in a properly lowered voice commented on this fact to the maid who opened the door. "Yes, ma'am," was her answer, "it's because of the sun." The lady went quickly away and excited the greatest commotion in Brompton Row by

spreading the news of my death, for I was at that time the only son, and known to be treasured by my parents, who were well known and widely loved in the neighbourhood, and much sympathy was felt until the mistake was rectified.

When I was four years old, my father was organist to the Asylum for Female Orphans, which was a stately building in the Westminster Bridge Road (the site is now occupied by a Roman Catholic church), and one Sunday he took me with him to the morning service, and landed me in the organ-loft. Everything was new and surprising to me, and especially the crowd of buxom girls, at least a hundred in number, all dressed alike, ranged right and left of the organ, and who, when the organist had played a bar or two of the morning hymn, sang out with open mouths and such energy that I was positively scared, and incontinently accompanied the performance with a prolonged howl, upon which my father, continuing to play the hymn accompaniment with one hand, supplied me promptly with paper out of his capacious pocket, where he always kept a store of backs of letters (the envelope had not been invented then), and a silver pencil-case of



MY FATHER

FROM A DRAWING BY J. C. H.

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heroic proportions, with which it was already a habit of mine to scrawl, thus quieting me, and giving undeniable evidence that the production of pencil and paper was a recognised receipt for quieting me in moments of undue excitement.

The asylum was surrounded by a delightful garden, in which the girls were allowed to stroll, and where they had their playground. All has now vanished, and the ground is occupied by St. George's Cathedral and accompanying buildings. The grand old institution of the asylum was moved to be reinstated at Beddington, near Croydon, in a fine old Jacobean house, which, with its spacious grounds, was purchased by the trustees for the asylum when they had been bought out of Lambeth.

The most interesting fact connected with their old building was that whenever Lord Nelson was in London he always attended morning service on Sundays at the asylum chapel, delighting so much in the singing of the orphan girls. My father spoke often of encountering the mighty little man walking to the asylum on Sunday mornings, invariably habited in a complete suit of black.

Attractive preachers were usually chosen to preach the sermons, but the only one I remember was the Rev. John Pitman, whom we afterwards knew well in Kensington. He was a most vigorous and able clergyman and also an admirable private tutor; he was very droll and amusing and the delight of all children. Dressed in a suit of grey cloth, with breeches and gaiters to match, when calling on my parents at breakfast-time, which he often did, he would enter the room with a professed imitation of Madame Taglioni, the great opera dancer. The aspect of those grey buttoned legs doing a pirouette is a delightful memory, it was so irresistibly comic. He was a professor of elocution and a powerful orator. I remember his winding up a potent appeal for the deserving poor with this peroration: "I do not plead for those who will not dig and to beg are *not* ashamed."

The other Brompton memory I refer to was of the astonishment I felt when my dear father announced that a friend had given him a stage-box at the opera that would hold us all, father and mother and three children, the others being too juvenile to be of the party. I was then five, and

I fairly wearied my small brain with the effort to imagine what sort of box it would be ; would it be connected in any way with a stage-coach box with which I was somewhat acquainted, or should we sit in it with the lid down? All these surmises I tried to discuss with our nurse and nursery-maid. They only laughed and said I should see all in good time. I felt sure their reticence was only the result of ignorance. Then came the astonishing development of the mystery. The opera was Rossini's *Il Crociato in Egitto*, with appropriate scenery and decorations, which enchanted my young mind (which had assimilated the box arrangements without further question), but not so the voice of the hero of the piece, Signor Velluti. Child as I was, I had often been present at glee performances in my father's house when concert parties were going on, and, with half of my small soul absolutely devoted to music, had acquired the habit of remaining in absolute silence without fidgeting when music was going on.

Velluti's voice was, as the Italians term it, "voce di testa," or head voice, artificially produced, and not to be confused with the counter-tenor of England.

I can recall now the scene, presumably Cairo, with boats on the Nile in the background, out of one of which Velluti landed, and advancing to the footlights, raised his left hand to his heart, and then commenced a cavatina in tones very like a feminine squeal, penetrating and painful.

Another early memory is the intense dislike I took to a doctor of divinity, a relative of my mother's, who was a frequent visitor to our house. It was his legs chiefly that roused my ire, encased in black tights, over which he wore Hessian boots with a tassel in front. He was to my mind unpleasantly red and "jowly" in the face, and being a professional pedagogue, had a bad habit of asking me provoking questions in elementary geography and orthography and arithmetic. When many years afterwards I became acquainted with an excellent picture of Mulready's, in the Sheepshanks Collection in South Kensington, I was greatly struck with the resemblance of the principal figure to this object of my aversion; it is very likely that as he was a connection of my mother's family he was known to Mulready, and may, indeed, have easily been the model for the picture.

When I was six years old we migrated to No. 1, High Row, Kensington Gravel Pits, where I am still living at the time of writing these memories.

I went as a day-boarder to a school near by when I was seven years old, the buildings of which are now turned to the use of the Carmelite Monastery and Kensington Dispensary, and the area of the Roman Catholic church now occupies what was once the school playground with a fine row of elm trees. Mr. Edward Slater was the headmaster for many years, and a good one.

Among my schoolfellows was a pretty little fair-haired boy, the son of the poet Shelley, afterwards known as Sir Percy Bysshe Shelley. There was also Edward, the elder brother of the present Sir John Tenniel. Tenniel's father was our instructor in fencing and dancing. It was in teaching his son John to fence that the accident took place which destroyed the sight of one eye. Perhaps it is not generally known that this distinguished artist has done all his elaborate and excellent work thus handicapped. Mr. Tenniel, the father, was a first-rate dancing-master, and I was an apt pupil, showing at that age a decided taste for the Terpsichorean art.

I remember distinctly being chosen to do solo performances on prize-giving days, and being trotted out to dance reels and hornpipes, etc. I was under the painful impression for many years that the only prize I ever gained at school was for dancing, till comparatively lately, when I, to my great satisfaction and consolation, found that I possessed a classical volume, awarded me for proficiency in the Latin tongue!

One incident that has left a strong impression on my memory was the first and only fight that I ever had at school. We were all assembled, hanging about in the playground waiting for the dinner-bell. I may say we were well fed at this school—the day was Friday—always signalised by excellent beef-steak pies. A boy about my own age came quietly up to me with a black bottle of a considerable size in his hand, and asked me to taste his physic. I assented, whereupon he tilted the bottle up, which contained lamp-oil he had filched from the lamp-room, and the contents were poured partly down my throat and the rest over my clothes. I went for him on the spot *con molto fuoco*, and rage gave strength to my blows. However, the dinner-

bell rang, the boys all bolted to the beefsteak pies, and we, the combatants, were separated by our backers, and taken in to be as much cleaned up as circumstances permitted.

Being a day-boarder, I only came in for a secondary share in a great "barring-out." Some of the masters had offended the senior boarders, who surreptitiously provisioned their rooms, and ran up a big bill with the carpenter for boarding up at night the rooms of the magisterial staff in a very thorough way, the headmaster and his wife being complete prisoners in their chamber for several hours. The ultimate defeat of the rebels was decisive, and their punitive castigation general and emphatic, and decidedly awe-inspiring to the minds of the small day-boarders.

Our dear father and mother very early introduced their children into society. When I was ten or eleven we were invited to a large ball in Russell Square, given by old friends of the family. I remember we were the first of the guests to arrive, and we stood about the empty ballroom for some time till there were sundry arrivals, when the lady of the house came up to our group and said, "Now

I think we may begin a quadrille." I believed myself to be armed at all points as a cavalier for the ballroom, and I remember looking carefully round and fixing my affections on a fine, handsome creature, really old enough to be my mother, and deliberately walking up to her, buttoning my gloves as I went, I made her what I believed to be a very polished bow, and said, "May I have the pleasure of this quadrille?" and well do I remember my thrill of horror when she looked at me with the most beaming good nature in her face and said, "Yes, my dear, if you like." I felt as if the ground would open and swallow me up, to be called "my dear" in this fashion.

My bosom friend at this period of my life was a cousin who was three years my senior, Willy Buckley by name. We were always together whenever we could be. At this time there came to England a French family with special introduction to my family. M. Granet was a pastor of the French Protestant Church in New Orleans, with one fair daughter Eugenie. To our eyes (those of Willy and myself) she was overwhelmingly fair, but we never confessed our hidden passion to each other. From

the beginning I felt that the weight of his three years was likely to tell greatly in favour of my rival, as my cousin now became, for the favour of Eugenie Granet. The climax came at a party given in this very house. I was on the look-out for the young lady, but as it happened I first opened the door to my cousin. My heart sank within me. He was arrayed in a new jacket and waistcoat of bright blue and shining white trousers, altogether a most effective costume. From that moment I felt that all was up with me and that I should never be able to retrieve the lost ground he now occupied. Fate ordained a pathetic close to my first love story. Eugenie's father was suddenly recalled with his family to New Orleans, and after a time she was seized with one of those terrible South American fevers and passed away.

CHAPTER II

Drawing proclivities—The Mulreadys—My career settled—Sass's Academy—Sir Thomas Lawrence—William Hilton—Early pictures—Medal for the antique—Damson cheese.

MY drawing proclivities increased day by day, and I may be said to have acquired the position of portrait draughtsman in ordinary to the united families of Callcotts and Horsleys by the time I was eleven or twelve years old. My chief workshop in those days was the garden in front of the Callcott houses, and "the throne" for my sitters was the garden roller, which gave the desired elevation, though it was of somewhat precarious stability. One of my most assiduous sitters was my dear mother, and another her youngest brother, William H. Callcott, dear, delightful uncle and most excellent man. At that time he was engaged to the lady who became his wife, and his demands for portraits of himself to forward to

her were very frequent. One favourite mode with him of inciting me to increased energy and care with these wonderful works of art was putting his hands in both pockets and creating sounds of metallic ringing with the loose coinage therein, and saying, "Now, John, if you take extreme pains with this drawing, I shall give you—ah! something that will astonish you," but as far as my memory serves me, I never had more intimate acquaintance with the coinage than was revealed by the clinking sound before mentioned.

At that time I had a few lessons in drawing from Paul Mulready, the eldest son of William Mulready, the admirable artist and Royal Academician. His father had been settled for some time as a leathern breeches maker in a shop in Bayswater, which was situated in the Bayswater Road between Silver Street and the Mall. The family had come over from Ireland some time before. The Mulreadys were a wild lot, devoted to the pugilistic art, and father and son would often practise it, in the shop among the leather breeches, stripped to the waist and giving their blows in right down earnest.

William the son married the sister of John Varley, the water-colour painter, with whose family the Mulreadys held frequent intercourse. When he was sixteen he and his ladylove went to a clergyman to arrange for their marriage, but the worthy priest was astounded at their juvenile aspect and absolutely declined to marry them, saying they must at all events wait for another year. This they did, and were then married. The outcome of that union was the addition of four sons to the Mulready family—Paul, Michael, William, and John. The marriage was, however, never a really happy one; dissensions soon arose, and in the course of time reached such a pitch that a separation was advised even by their best friends, chief of whom was David Wilkie, who grieved much in his good honest Scotch way over their differences.

Mulready himself behaved like the courteous gentleman he always was. He took rooms for his wife and appointed a time when he personally conducted her to them, she taking his offered arm. During the progress they met their friend David Wilkie, who held up his hands in delighted astonishment at the sight, then grasped theirs while



William Mulready, R. C.

he exclaimed in his broad Scotch, "Now, my dear friends, this is just what I wanted to see," little thinking that at that moment they were about to part literally for ever; for though they both lived to a great age, in the Kensington district, it is believed that they never met again, though she used to watch for his passing and always told her grandchildren when she had seen him.

I remember a characteristic incident in later days which thoroughly showed Mulready's kind heart. We were near neighbours and used often to meet, and if ever I wanted advice over my pictures, I used to get it from him as well as from Callcott. On one such occasion he answered my request for his counsel with such overflowing warm protests of affection (he was impulsively Irish in his ways), that in a spirit of fun I said in answer to his repeated "Why, I would do anything for you, John," "Well, would you lend me ten pounds?" His kind face was at once clouded, his speech broken at the thought of my imagined poverty, and he stammered out his willing acquiescence. Naturally I felt overcome at the result of my poor joke, and had difficulty in explaining that I had not meant my request seriously.

Mulready was in his own fashion an affectionate and excellent father, but after this painful break in the family circle the four high-spirited, wild Irish boys were of necessity much left to themselves; and as they were all of the same pugnacious nature, a good deal of their time seems to have gone in fighting each other and the Kensington *gamins*.

Their house was cold and comfortless, as one would expect, and partly to warm themselves, apparently, they developed a strong taste for dancing of a somewhat original character, including the most amazing performance of "cutting capers," with which, when they went to dances a little later on, they electrified their partners. They would, perhaps in the process of "setting" in a quadrille, spring high in the air, performing several astonishing capers and sometimes alighting on their partners' toes. (The figures in Mulready's inimitably painted and life-like picture, called "The Fight Interrupted," were painted from these boys.)

I remember later on, when they were grown up, and all of them earning their living by drawing and teaching drawing, that on one occasion I was walking with Sir Augustus Callcott and Mulready *père*

under the beautiful elm trees that then skirted the pathway in front of the Callcott Houses, when a drover passed by with his cattle, one of which he was ill-treating in a horrid fashion. Mulready turned round and began taking the brute severely to task for his cruelty, on which the drover retaliated by a stream of abuse mingled with threats of "knocking his head off." Mulready's fighting days were over, but just then there appeared on the scene his son Paul, immaculately dressed, as somehow these young men always were, and portfolio under arm, on his way to give a drawing lesson. Hearing the position of affairs, without one word but "Take this" to his father, as he thrust the portfolio in his hands, he "went for" the drover, who, to his astonishment, found himself doubled up and in the hedge in no time, while Paul, unruffled, resumed his portfolio and went on his way.

It is sometimes quite amazing to me how on the whole I have got through life, I may say satisfactorily, with so little of what is usually known as education. It evidently became early apparent that it was the artistic bent in my nature which would pay best for cultivation, and on the, to me, important question

of where and how this should be done, Mulready and Callcott were solemnly consulted, and a morning was fixed for them both to come to this old house to interview myself and my parents on the subject.

It is a curious fact that though I had got it quite into my mind that I was to be an artist, my views had recently been somewhat unsettled. A young relative of my father's, who was in the Navy, had come to stay with us for a week or two, during which time, under his guidance, I had taken vigorously to ship-drawing, the effect of which was not to suggest my turning my attention to marine art, but to becoming a sailor. Therefore, when these two great Royal Academicians put it seriously to me whether I really felt inclined to take to the study of so difficult a profession as painting, I exhibited considerable hesitation in reply, evidently to my parents' supreme astonishment. However, some guardian angel was at hand, who kept me to my original intention, and, after a mental struggle, I answered in the affirmative.

The consultation was soon finished. I had come in with my hand full of marbles, and when Sir

Augustus had departed, Mulready stayed and had a vigorous game with me of "knuckle-down" on the drawing-room floor.

They were unanimous in the decision that I must be placed in Sass's Academy, then the great preparatory school for the Royal Academy. The school was in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury Square, and the day of my first appearance there I bowled a hoop all the way to Tyburn Gate, now the Marble Arch, where was a turnpike gate right across the road, and on my stating my case to the keeper thereof, he allowed me to leave my hoop in his charge till my return. I was then in my thirteenth year. The school was a large building with a long corridor, off which were the little rooms which Sass called the "Studii" for the separate use of the advanced students, and at the end was a large round room with a vaulted roof. Sass was eaten up with vanity, and had a most unwarrantably high opinion of his merits as an artist, which were absolutely nil; he used periodically to send a new portrait of himself by himself to the Royal Academy, and out of kindness it was sometimes hung and entered in the catalogue as the "portrait of a gentleman."

On one occasion a critic altered the title : "This is not the portrait of a gentleman, it is the portrait of Sass." He wore the most extravagant waistcoats of cut velvet, and his manner was extraordinarily pompous. In showing visitors the galleries he always carefully informed ladies that the chief upper studio already referred to was built on a reduced scale in the proportions of the Pantheon at Rome, in which he asserted that all Roman ladies liked to be seen by their lovers, the angle of light being peculiarly favourable to their charms.

There were several small customs to be observed on one's entry as a student. One of these was the enforced production of half a crown, which was expended in pastry obtained in Great Russell Street close at hand. This proceeding was considerably resented by some of the students, who considered it childish nonsense. One of these, a man of a certain age, refused to conform to this practice, and to show it was not for the sake of the half-crown, he slipped the coin through a hole in the floor, which caused some of us to lose half a day in trying to recover it, which we ultimately did.

The schools were not infrequently visited by the

President of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in connection with whom I must here relate a story concerning the first and the most grievous of my professional disappointments.

Hanging upstairs at the present moment is a drawing I made of my aunt Sophy, the fair "Sweet Pea," which I venture to think is a very creditable performance for a youngster of twelve. My great-uncle Callcott, to whom I took it for his criticism one morning, was unusually pleased, and being a man of very few words, especially when praise was required, said, "Now, John, Sir Thomas Lawrence is coming to a party here this evening, and by-the-by your father and mother are expected; you can come too, and bring this drawing with you, and I will ask Lawrence to look at it."

I need not say that I left in a heart-jubilant condition, and all went well, the drawing was shown as proposed, and nothing could be kinder than the interest Sir Thomas showed in it. He finished by inviting me to breakfast with him, and then referring to a portly pocket-book bound in limp scarlet leather with strap and buckle, out of which I remember a whole budget of notes fluttered down,

dainty-looking missives on tinted paper, invitations of all kinds, appointments with sitters, etc., he said, "I fear I have no vacant morning till this day fortnight. Come then to breakfast at nine o'clock, and we will have an hour or two with my Old Master drawings." His collection, as most of my readers will know, was a most valuable one.

It may be imagined that I thought of nothing else but the prospect of this delightful morning, which was, of course, an immense honour to a child as I was, but alas! it never came off. A few mornings before the date the courtly and handsome President was found dead in his painting-room.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was, it may not be known, the son of an innkeeper at Bath, and had received a very limited education; his appearance was most imposing, and George IV., when Prince Regent, observed that he was the most distinguished gentleman in manner and appearance about his Court.

I was an industrious student, and won various prizes and medals awarded by the Society of Arts and other societies. I remember distinctly receiving one of these prizes at the hand of a very well-known character, "Joey Hume," a member of Parliament

famous for his economic action in the House of Commons, and the inventor of the fourpenny-piece, hence called "Joeys," now dismissed from the coinage of our country.

After I had been at Sass's for two years, going only three days a week and studying with a tutor at home for the other three, I sent in drawings for admission to the Royal Academy as probationer. In this I was happily successful, and at once began to make drawings for the studentship, which I obtained at the end of the three months allotted for the necessary drawings.

William Hilton, one of the most excellent of artists and men, was then Keeper of the Royal Academy. I and all my fellow-students retain the most grateful recollections and profound respect for his memory. At that time the encouragement of living artists was small indeed, except in the case of one or two favoured ones, and Hilton being always devoted to the highest class of historical painting had a hard struggle for existence. He was most faithful in the performance of his academic duties, and showed great personal interest in the students, especially in those who were working hard and taking pains.

At this period I commenced a little mild exhibiting in the form of sending a small picture or two to the British Institution. One that is now in the Sheepshanks Gallery in South Kensington, called "Rival Musicians," attracted Hilton's notice, and on the varnishing day he spoke to me in the kindest way about it, and said he looked to me to be a really successful artist. In the autumn of that year I joined the competition in the antique school of the Royal Academy. I may mention that in alternate years only one medal was given, and this was the "one-medal year," and the competition in those days was very keen and the competitors numerous.

On the night of the distribution of honours we were hanging about before we went into the great theatre where they were presented.

The access to Hilton's rooms at Somerset House opened on to the great staircase, and when he came out to go up to the theatre, we all drew up and received him with the genuine love and respect we felt. As he walked hurriedly past us, and catching my eye, he said, "Well, Horsley, are you very anxious?" and when he passed on, the student to whom I had been talking said, "Well, now, Horsley,

I am sure you have got the medal, the Keeper would not have said that otherwise." Then came the anxious moment, for no one knew anything about the award till the actual moment of presentation came, when the successful candidate must be mentioned.

The one student of whose competition I was really afraid was a dear friend of mine. Though three years my senior, he is a more active man now than I am. He is one of the many men whom I have known whose artistic career has been spoiled by the possession of a small competence and simple habits. To another of these I have sometimes said in old days, "If you had only been a little vicious, wicked, and extravagant, my dear fellow, and got rid of that wretched income of yours, so that you really stood in weekly awe of your butchers and bakers, you would have been a most notable painter of landscapes."

To return to the award. Our worthy President, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., had a very presidential aspect, for he always appeared in knee breeches and silk stockings at all Academy functions, duly groomed with full attention to shirt-

frills, etc. His voice was excellent, and delivery good. So when it came to the moment that he said in solemn tones, "The medal in the antique is awarded to Mr."—then a long pause—"John"—my rival's name—another pause—"Callcott"—safe at last—"Horsley," I was greeted with genuine cheers of congratulation by my fellow-students, and I eventually walked home with a man whom I then knew but little, but who became my bosom friend until his death, Thomas Webster, afterwards Royal Academician, the most genial of friends and painters. He and I took our way home together, and great was the pleasure of my father and mother when I announced my success. I should say that in that walk I never took my hand off the medal in its case, which I tightly clasped till I handed it over to my dear mother. She in the warmth of her heart offered me the varied contents of her larder, from which I was to choose my supper! Damson cheese was my selection; the simplicity of this choice amusingly illustrates my juvenility on the occasion. I was then approaching my fifteenth birthday.

CHAPTER III

Theatrical performances—"King Death"—Barry Cornwall—Sophy's opera—Sir Benjamin Hawes—A runaway steed—Walking powers—Strauss waltzes—Our walk to Windsor.

WE were greatly given to theatrical performances, which were of an original kind, as we scorned acting anything that we had not ourselves composed, and just at the time of one of Mendelssohn's visits my sister Sophy, then aged sixteen, had finished an opera called *The Magician*, for which I painted the scenery and performed the title rôle. My scenery, painted on some of the domestic sheeting, was carefully preserved by my admiring mother putting it away: it was discovered but a very few years ago, of course rotten to the core, so that there was nothing for it but to destroy it all. The performance was to consist of the opera followed by an afterpiece called "King Death," a short poem of Procter's (whose *nom-*

de-plume was "Barry Cornwall"), which Chevalier Neukomm had set to music. The Chevalier Neukomm was an intimate friend of Talleyrand, who was at this time Ambassador for France to England, and living in Hanover Square. Neukomm was supposed to be acting as Private Secretary to Talleyrand in a friendly capacity and was living with the Prince. He was a most courteous old gentleman, and a very industrious and confident musical amateur. He thought himself a great musician, which he was not, but he wrote some popular songs, such as the music for Barry Cornwall's

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

My singing voice having at this time broken from its youthful treble, was just settling down into a baritone, and this song, "King Death," was one of my *chevaux de bataille*: its capacity for dramatic rendering will be shown by this quotation:—

"King Death was a merry old fellow,
Who sat where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hand so yellow
For a draught of coal-black wine.

“There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen
For a draught of his coal-black wine.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hurrah for the coal-black wine !”

Sophy was dressed as King Death in a black crape robe, upon which was sewn an outline skeleton in silver braid ; she wore a black crown, and in this character received the *dramatis personæ*.

Isambard Brunel, who married my sister Mary, and who was an invaluable help on these theatrical occasions, somewhat startled us by insisting on having the part of the widow assigned to him. He did it most admirably and to the extraordinary amusement of the whole audience. But we never reckoned with the possibility of its not being in harmony with the feeling of the poet's wife, who instead of recognising the whole thing as an amusing childish freak, felt it to be a serious insult to her husband's poetic fame ; and whilst the audience was engaged in frantic applause at the conclusion of this woeful afterpiece, she rose up in her wrath and in a few most unpleasant sentences uttered her protest

and stalked out of the room, accompanied by her charming and good-natured husband, who had laughed uproariously and thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing, and who protested in vain against her attitude. Their gifted daughter Adelaide also did her best to soothe her mother's wounded feelings, but with no effect.

Mendelssohn, I remember, had shared the great Georgian sofa, which was called the royal box, with the Procters. He was greatly pleased with the opera, and borrowed the score from the juvenile composer.

My sister's marriage with the son of Sir Isambard Brunel had brought our family into intimate connection with the Hawes, the eldest of the Brunel daughters having married Benjamin, afterwards Sir Benjamin Hawes. His father was a soap-boiler in the district of Lambeth, and his grandfather was Dr. B. Hawes, a distinguished physician, who founded the Royal Humane Society in the early part of the eighteenth century, and got the Duke of Wellington to open publicly the Receiving House in Hyde Park. Two pictures, by Smirke, R.A., illustrate this event.

It is quite curious to connect so much charm and culture with the business of soap-boiling, but the house itself was a striking exemplification of the incongruity. The house stood in the Commercial Road, Lambeth, the haunt of costers and their carts, and the smell of saponaceous matter on soap-boiling days was terribly trying and never to be forgotten; but once inside, the house, with its books, pictures, and works of art generally, was one of the most delightful possible. The works of Patrick Nasmyth, the great landscape painter, brother of the "steam-hammer man," were a great feature on the walls. Sir Benjamin was very much interested in that able sculptor, Lough, and he had a really very fine group of horses, as described in the play of *Macbeth*—

“And Duncan’s horses—a thing most strange and certain,
Beauteous and swift—the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending ’gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

’Tis said they eat each other.

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look’d upon ’t.”

Sir B. Hawes had two brothers, Thomas and

William, and Thomas had the entire management of the stables for the family and the trade, being sagacious in horseflesh and a mighty hunter. He was an energetic officer in the Surrey Yeomanry to boot, and known for his laconic speech and decision of character. "John, can you ride?" he asked one day. "Well, when I was in Somersetshire last year I mounted a pony, who promptly ran away with me and soon threw me," I replied, "and this happened several times during my visit." "A good beginning," said Hawes. "Come at three to-morrow, and I will give you a riding lesson." This was an enchanting prospect. When I arrived punctually to the minute, an old grey, of whose prowess in the hunting-field I had heard much, was brought out. I knew better, despite momentary qualms, than to question friend Tom's judgment in choosing a nag of over sixteen hands for my first essay, so I proceeded to climb up the animal's side with the aid of the groom, and we went at a walk down the Commercial Road, Lambeth, across Westminster Bridge, and by the Birdcage Walk to Hyde Park and Rotten Row. The old horse knew his master's voice and was obedient to his lightest word, and much as he

desired to join the galloping nags that passed us in the Row, he kept to his sober paces, and I reached home without any mishap. On the next occasion I was allowed to trot, and very soon I was careering up and down the Row in wild gallops, for in those days no policemen regulated the pace of the riders. I never think of Tom Hawes and the old grey without grateful remembrance of his riding lessons; being able to accept a "mount" from friends has enabled me to enjoy many a beautiful place which I should never otherwise have seen. One art I did not learn was swimming, and I now consider that that is one of the things that every boy should learn on the first opportunity.

One afternoon we had just left Barge House, and I was mounted upon a young horse, while Tom was riding the grey. My steed was fidgety, and at the moment I had carelessly dropped the snaffle rein while I fumbled over a glove button, when one of those pests, an organ-grinder, suddenly started his instrument of torture; this was too much for the nerves of my horse, who started violently, and then bolted down Stamford Street and across Blackfriars Bridge. I snatched at the rein and inwardly groaned

at the omission of the double bridle; all this was the work of a moment. Meanwhile Tom Hawes, not yielding to the desire of the old grey to join the chase, which he well knew would only increase the panic of my runaway, pulled up and followed cautiously, awaiting what he feared was an inevitable catastrophe. Luckily I did not lose my presence of mind; I soon found myself in sight of the Blackfriars Bridge Road, which was full of carts and carriages; my feet were pushed home in the stirrups, and I was deliberately sawing with the snaffle at the mouth of my scared beast in the earnest hope of stopping his wild career, but without any effect. I knew what the result must be if I charged the mass of vehicles ahead, so I determined to throw myself off in the comparatively empty Stamford Street. I shook my feet free of the stirrups, and clinging to the pommel, was in the act of sliding off the beast's shoulder when he took a clean jump with me from the road on to the pavement, where there was an iron-tipped post, under the shelter of which was an old Irish woman's apple-stall. He got rid of me so cleverly that I was decanted on the cap of the post, which, being pointed, caught the waistband buckle of my

trousers and tore the leg of the garment from the waist to the ankle. Thence I fell flat on the pavement, and the steed jumped over my carcass. With youth in my favour and mercy in attendance, I was on my feet at once, to find Tom with my runaway in hand, having caught him when he had finally shaken me free. Recognising the old grey and his master, he had no objection to joining their company again and returning to Barge House, which was close at hand. There I was examined by T. Hawes and was found to be uninjured, which was really a marvel, for there were all the elements of frightful agony and sudden death in the accident.

Curiously enough, all this had taken place in front of a doctor's house, who, with a proper eye to business, came running out to offer his services, but, being utterly uninjured, all I could do for him was to direct his attention to the old lady at the apple stall, who, overcome by her fright, had swooned away among the débris of her stock-in-trade. I need not say there was considerable excitement among the onlookers. Tom was quite equal to the occasion; when I led my nag to the stable, he thus adjured me: "Now, you look here,

Mr. John, if you don't turn up to-morrow afternoon to ride that same horse, only he shall have a curb as well as a snaffle, I will never give you a mount again as long as you live."

That was truly wise counsel, which needless to say I followed out.

I was born with a malformed right foot, which however was successfully operated on within a few hours of birth by Sir Richard Keate, one of the chief surgeons of St. George's Hospital, and I was afterwards treated to an iron boot. This, I can remember, I was able to dispense with when I was nine years old, and, indeed, I was a champion runner at Slater's School, already mentioned, and soon became an indomitable walker. Walking was then the only means of locomotion for the impecunious. These were the days before the appearance of omnibuses in the streets of London. I remember clearly, as an event of yesterday, seeing the first omnibus on the Kensington Road with the name of Shillibier upon it. It was drawn by three horses abreast, and was said to be the speculation of a French company. It was certainly the beginning of a mighty change in the London streets. The

general public were dependent upon the "stage-coaches," abbreviated specimens of the long coaches that went long distances into every corner of England (the United Kingdom).

Residents on the Great Western Road, as the road running through Kensington, Hammersmith, and Hounslow was called, might avail themselves of splendidly horsed four-horse coaches, if there happened to be vacant seats. The fare from Kensington Church to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, was 1s. 6d., and this was prohibitive to most young fellows. When I became an Academy student, I used to walk the entire distance to and fro to my Alma Mater at Somerset House twice each day, for I had so great a dislike to the cook-shops that I preferred to come home for the midday meal, and this made the distance I had to cover about eight or ten miles. I have no recollection of ever feeling overtired. As a companion in the morning I usually had a member of the Barlow family in Kensington Square. We used to take a straight, unbroken road to Apsley House inside the park. There would sometimes be others, of course, taking the same route, and we used to amuse

ourselves by walking races with men—whom we overtook or who overtook us—with whom perhaps we did not exchange a single word, so that we called our contests “silent races.”

One morning with considerable difficulty we outpaced a man older than ourselves, and when I was coming home in the evening, rather late (it being lecture night), but in brilliant moonlight, I happened to see the same man in front of me. He was walking at a great pace, and I had to put on some extra steam to overtake him. The recognition was mutual, and apparently we both made up our minds to win or die in a final attempt at victory. Almost step for step, sometimes one gaining a little and sometimes the other, all the way from Apsley House we went along by the side of the solid brick wall which enclosed the park, which was closed at eight o'clock. It was a raised footway, and where Rutland Gate now stands there was a large old-fashioned roadside inn, and on the path there were wooden posts to prevent the footway from being used by carts or carriages. At this point we were abreast, and I could hear his bellows pumping fearfully, as very probably he heard mine, but neither of us

would "throw up the sponge." At last the entrance to Kensington bore in view, and I was beginning to think that I must give in, when to my inexpressible satisfaction he staggered suddenly, uttering a noise between a groan and a cry, with the words, "D—— it! you can have your own way," and sank to the ground. But I was so completely done that I scarcely knew how to struggle on till I turned in a few more yards the curve that hid me from his view. Then I dropped on to a doorstep, puffing and panting and helpless. Here I remained a full hour before I had courage to walk the little uphill bit to High Row, fearing all the time that my antagonist would overtake me and see by how little I had gained the victory. I was perfectly well the next morning, and I sincerely trusted he was.

Perhaps I was even more devoted to another form of exercise—the Terpsichorean art, and to what seems to me its highest development, that of waltzing. The waltz was introduced during the Regency, but it took some years to acclimatise it.

The period of my greatest activity in dancing was when the Viennese family of Strauss pervaded Europe, and could supply any number of ballrooms

with bands of perfect performers, any one of whom was sufficiently trained to occupy, as occasion served, the post of conductor to the others. I remember the first invitation to a ball we received with the magic words in the corner, "Herr Johann Strauss and his band from Vienna will attend."

By this time my sister Sophy had stayed more than once with the Mendelssohn family in Germany, and had fully acquired the art of the waltz.

The great pace and the marked time were the striking features of the Strauss bands, and to dance to them really required considerable skill and practice; but, having been carefully instructed by Sophy, we became great proficients, and on these happy occasions would have thought it terrible to waste a bar of one of the Strauss waltzes, and we danced so vigorously and so long that we would creep home worn out with excitement and exercise. Cabs were unknown, and it was therefore on our weary feet that we had to wend our way home from Mayfair to Kensington. On one such occasion, when a great "pal" of mine, Willy Buckley, and I were wearily going home, just when the sun was rising gloriously and the birds were singing in the

parks, we registered a vow to change our method of existence, and to begin our days at the time we were then in the habit of ending them, the small hours of the morning.

We carried out our reform for *one* memorable day at least. We left our homes about two in the morning, walked from Kensington to Windsor by Datchet. Here we breakfasted, spent the morning in St. George's Chapel, where a great festival service was being held, lunched at the hotel, hired hacks, and rode for the whole afternoon in the Great Park. Dinner followed after hearing the band play on the Castle Terrace, and then back to London by coach, which deposited us in Silver Street, Bayswater, about midnight.

Buckley was an athletic individual, and somewhere about this time distinguished himself by a single-handed encounter with thieves. He and his brother and sisters were living in a house in the Bayswater Road, where they had moved from the Mall, and here they were happy owners of a charming garden with an orchard of a most productive kind. "Portobello Lane," which bordered the garden, gave too ready access to dishonest people,

and most of the fruit was stolen year after year. Much was hoped from the good offices of the new police force, but the robberies still went on.

One night, when my friend had an attack of sleeplessness, he bethought him that he would go out and see whether any thieves were about.

Arming himself with a lockless old pistol, he quietly stole forth, and was rewarded by hearing stealthy footsteps and whispering voices. Getting nearer, he saw one hulking rascal holding a sack with its mouth wide open to receive from a Ribstone tree the plunder, which another fellow among the branches was throwing down. Yet another was standing on the fence watching! My gallant cousin never hesitated, but clutching his make-belief pistol he seized the big sackfiller by the throat, hitting him violently on the head with the handle of his weapon. The rest took to their heels. Buckley never let go of his man, but pushing him before him, hustled him through the house without disturbing its inmates, through the paved yard and the entrance gate, outside which he found one of the newly invented constables leaning against one of the also newly invented lamp-posts, fast asleep.

He was soon awakened, and the thief was delivered over to his care. Buckley was highly commended by the magistrate when the case was brought before the court at Bow Street, which was not for some days, as my cousin's somewhat drastic treatment of the prisoner had made surgical care necessary.

CHAPTER IV

Portrait of Moscheles—John Sheepshanks—Mulready's vanity—
Blackheath dinners—Elizabeth—Wells of Redleaf—Edwin Land-
seer's *tour de force*—The Pride of the Village—Vernon—Maclise.

WHEN I was about sixteen I painted two kitcat portraits of Ignace Moscheles and his wife, who was a very pretty woman. Both these portraits were sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House, held in the rooms in which the Institution was installed when founded by H.M. King George III. in 1786, Somerset House ranking in those days as one of the royal palaces. They were accepted, but ultimately only one of them was hung. This rejection, if one may call it so, was the only one—I may be pardoned the remark—that any of my pictures were called upon to undergo. My disappointment was that, governed, no doubt, by technical merits, they rejected the pretty woman and hung the unpretty man.

My first exhibited subject picture, "The Rival Musicians," was hung on the walls of the British Institution, whence it was sold to Mr. John Sheepshanks, who was then coming to the front as an art collector. The son of a clothier at Leeds, he had a strong natural taste for art, which led him much into the society of painters. He first began to collect etchings, and used to boast that he possessed a proof of one of Isaac Ostade's famous etchings, in which the pig had three more scratches on its back than in any other known copy. He came up to reside in the neighbourhood of London, so that he might be near his friends the artists, and settled himself in a charming house at Blackheath Park, where he invited me to go and see him. The house was surrounded by a beautiful garden, where Sheepshanks devoted himself to floriculture, and became a noted contributor to horticultural exhibitions at Chiswick and South Kensington, and distinguished as a prize winner. On his succeeding in inventing a new geranium the judges christened his exhibited specimen *Sheepshanksiana grandiflora*. He took up certain painters with great enthusiasm, and had many of their works in his collection. For Mulready

he had a profound admiration, both as a man and as a painter.

Now Mulready entirely shared in Sheepshanks' estimate of his own merits, but he was given to making slashing criticisms on his fellow-artists, the other *habitués* of Sheepshanks' hospitable gatherings, whilst he himself, it must be admitted, was greedy for praise. He once set himself to paint a small picture in oil of a group of trees hanging over a pond close to the gate of Sheepshanks' garden. He worked at this for many days with elaborate care, and Sheepshanks invited us all to come and admire it, Maclise among others. While unable to greatly admire this laboured treatment of a subject not specially suited to Mulready's genius, Maclise contrived to say a good many complimentary things, although it was evident that the butter had not been laid on thick enough for Mulready's taste. Coming away with me, Maclise stopped on the doorstep and exclaimed in dramatic tones, "My God! I have exhausted every known form of eulogy over that man and his work, and yet I feel I have *lamentably* failed to satisfy him."

I remember on my first visit to Sheepshanks at

Blackheath walking up through the highly cultivated garden and knocking at the entrance, when the door was opened by a strange and original-looking old man. He had on a straw hat, the rim of which was parting company with the crown and lopping down on his face so that one brilliant eye gleamed through the rent. He received me in the kindest way, and asked me various questions as to what I was doing. I told him I was painting another picture about the same size as the one he had already bought from me. He cheerfully told me he would come and look at it. When next in town he at once settled to buy it, and plunging his hand into his very shabby coat-pocket, produced a cheque-book, and asking for a pen and ink, wrote the cheque to pay for it on the spot, as was his invariable custom. This picture was called "Youth and Age," and represents an aged countryman going into church with his little grandchild leading the way. My model for this child was my young cousin, daughter of the Rev. John Wall Buckley, with whom I had been staying at Rotherfield, in Sussex. She is the sister of Sir Henry Buckley, the judge, and of the scientist, Miss Arabella Buckley (now Mrs. Fisher). The old

man was the village sexton, and my first introduction to him was a curious one. Mr. Buckley was away, and I was wakened one morning when it was still dark by a handful of gravel thrown against my window. I opened it, and looking out into the misty darkness, could just discern the old sexton who had come to explain that he was about to toll the passing bell. The custom still lingered of ringing this bell during the dying hour, in order to protect the soul from the assaults of evil spirits in its passage from this world to the next.

Both these early pictures, "The Rival Musicians" and "Youth and Age," are in the Sheepshanks Collection in the South Kensington Museum.

My friendship with Sheepshanks increased rapidly, and he established (this became a very charming arrangement) weekly Wednesday dinners at three o'clock. To a certain number of painters he gave a general invitation to put in an appearance at that hour, not even requiring any intimation as to whether they were coming. His repasts were of the simplest, but everything, eatables and drinkables, perfect of its kind.

Among other intimate friends in his neighbour-

hood was a dear widow lady, Mrs. Bill, who was like a second mother to me, and used to call me her "Johnny of Johnnys." I used often to go to her house for the Tuesday nights, and return to London on Wednesday evening in company with my painter friends, who also frequented these dinners. The most notable of these friends were Mulready, Edwin Landseer, Charles Robert Leslie, who with Peter de Hooghe, were the "gods of my idolatry" in the art world.

The afternoons teemed with interest. Nothing could be more curious than the contrast in power of telling stories amongst these distinguished men I have mentioned. The contrast between our host and some of his guests on this point was marked. Sheepshanks was extremely irritable, although perfectly good-natured, and his stories came rushing from his tongue in a perfect avalanche of words. He often could not restrain his impatience when the narrators were too slow of speech for him; especially was this the case with that dearest and most amiable of men, Charles R. Leslie, who always told quite inimitable anecdotes full of humour and of kindness, but somewhat lengthy.

Well, the good Sheepshanks would listen for a time with great attention, but then he would suddenly dash in, and check the whole course of Leslie's speech, upon which Leslie in the calmest way would cross his legs and wait with heroic calm till Sheepshanks had winded himself, and would then come out in the quietest way with, "Well, as I was saying," and would go on imperturbably and complete his narration. He was a king of men in temper and kindness of disposition; his art was as delightful as he was himself; he was the only man who could depict Shakespeare quite satisfactorily. His absolutely delightful renderings of all the varieties of Shakespeare's characters should be hung together to do full justice to them. There are interesting records in some of his pictures which delineate his personal friends. For instance, in "Perdita Distributing her Flowers" the duke was painted from Constable, for whose magnificent genius Sheepshanks had a profoundly just veneration, and the figure next the duke from Robinson, the celebrated line-engraver.

Sheepshanks had a wonderful servant who looked after everything, and was trained never to take

a sixpence offered her by any guest. Elizabeth was well known to us all. One of the most regular guests was Edward Cooke, the marine painter, and he, like all of us, being considerably exercised as to the impossibility of administering money presents to Elizabeth, bethought him to instruct his mother and sisters to buy certain articles of female attire which might be useful or desirable, and presented her with them. She said nothing at the moment, but the next morning when he got up he found his little offerings of feminine gear decorating his own dressing-table, and after breakfast Sheepshanks talked most gravely to him, and assured him that it was quite useless to attempt to give any presents to his servants. "I rigidly make it good to them to the full," he said, "and it is my arrangement with them when they enter my service."

Another art collector contemporaneous with Mr. Sheepshanks was Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, Penshurst, where, when he settled down, after being for years a sea-captain in the East India's Company's service, he created one of the most beautiful and interesting gardens in England.

He was a keen sportsman, and naturally con-

ceived the greatest admiration for Edwin Landseer's wonderful pictures. Most of his artistic property was sold after Mr. Wells's death, amongst it the portrait of his favourite dog, which used to occupy a central position in the hall at Redleaf. Now Landseer was certainly not a little of a procrastinator. Long after he had promised to paint the portrait of the dog, and a place for it had been reserved, the space remained unoccupied. At last Wells, who was very anxious on the subject, began to feel much annoyed, and one day showed it by some sharp expression. Landseer then pulled up quickly and replied, "I know I have behaved shamefully, but I will come down next Thursday and remain till Monday, and the picture shall be done before I leave." He arrived on the Thursday just in time to dress for dinner, and his first remark to Wells was, "Oh! your man tells me you are going to drag the great pond to-morrow, hurray! I am just in time, that is a subject I have often meant to paint, and I shall be delighted to get any number of sketches done." Wells made no remark in answer to this, under the circumstances, somewhat unpleasing announcement. Landseer did a

capital day's work over the pond-dragging, as he had anticipated. The next morning, Saturday, when he came down to breakfast, his first words were, "Why, Mr. Wells, I hear you are going to shoot such-and-such a wood to-day. Why, I have been looking forward to that for a year or two," and so it went on till Sunday morning. Now Wells, like a good country gentleman, was very particular about all his guests accompanying him to the morning service, and said to Landseer, to whom he had scarcely spoken for two days, "I suppose you are going to church?" "Well," replied Landseer, "I have got a terrible headache; I think you must excuse me." "Oh," said Wells, quite testily, and almost in a blaze, "Do just as you think best; you know well enough by this time that this is Liberty Hall, for you, at all events." "Thank you," said Landseer, "and I am going to ask you to let me keep Charles Mathews with me to amuse me." To this Wells vouchsafed no answer, and away the people went, leaving these two to their own devices. The moment the house was clear they went to another room, which Landseer had specially arranged for the purpose. The head gamekeeper

was there with the dog, and Charles Mathews assisted in holding him when wanted, and did his part in amusing Landseer up to the hilt, and the picture was painted, finished, and framed on the wall when the house-party returned from morning service.

When the picture was sold at Christie's years afterwards, I saw written on the stem of a tree in the background of it, "Painted at Redleaf in two hours and a half." The delighted astonishment which prevailed at the time this *tour de force* was accomplished may be imagined.

One of my pictures, "The Pride of the Village," now in the Tate Gallery, formerly in the Vernon Collection, was bought by Mr. Vernon, and I well remember the manner of its purchase, characteristic of the man who was originally a job-master.

My show day for the Academy was just over, and my mother and I were talking in the drawing-room, when another ring came, and I, looking over the bannisters in the growing dusk, saw our dear friend Sir David Wilkie coming up the staircase.

"I have come to see your picture, Horsley," he said, "I have heard so much talk about it."

By the light of a couple of candles he examined it long and earnestly and spoke most kindly. The next day Mr. Vernon came, sent by him, and after some preliminaries asked the price. The modest price of fifty pounds had been settled in family conclave, and this I named. "Including the frame, I suppose?" was his answer, to which I assented. There was a good deal of humming and hawing, and eventually he asked the price of the frame, which I gave him as far as I knew as five pounds. "Well, you see, that is not my pattern of frame, and so you will not object to letting me have it without one; that would make the price forty-five pounds, I presume."

This arrangement he had evidently conceived with some care; it was unexpected, but as I was a greenhorn in such matters myself, I let the discussion drop, and he had the satisfaction of saving his five pounds and of leaving me with the frame on my hands. When he was buying a little picture of Webster's, the price was quoted as thirty guineas, and he, cheque-book in hand, paused to say: "You see, there are no guineas nowadays." "No," answered Webster, "thirty-one pounds ten shillings

will do just as well." So this time he did not gain by his manœuvre. A jobber he certainly was, by nature as well as by trade.

Maclise and several other members of the Academy were staying at the country house of Mr. Vernon, who, later on, left his pictures to the nation. A very uninteresting time they had of it, as may well be believed by all those who knew anything of Vernon, whose apparent interest in art was really used simply as a means of lifting him out of obscurity into some sort of *locus standi* in the world. He had drifted into being an almost confirmed invalid, and never joined his guests till dinner-time, but still thought much of the pleasures of the table, and would hobble on crutches into the dining-room before dinner to make a special sauce for the wild duck. Many stories might be told about him which are best left untold.

Nothing was arranged for the amusement of the house-party on the occasion of Maclise's visit, and they were wandering about in purposeless fashion when Maclise was missed, and it was agreed that they should go in search of him for lack of other occupation. After searching all over the

grounds, they found him on the sloping bank of a distant duck-pond, lying at full length with his hands under his head and gazing earnestly at the varieties of the duck tribe, who were denizens of the pond.

The searchers hailed him with a cheer, and demanded what on earth he had been about, on which he replied: "I've been looking for hours at those ducks and thinking, By God, how they get through the day!" and he then proceeded most graphically to describe their struggles and squabbles over the straws and scraps on the surface of the water, and made out a most quaint comparison between the ducks' struggles and their own in trying "to get through the day" with such a host as Mr. Vernon.

Vernon, however, had a sense of humour; he was staying at Cartwright's, in the Isle of Wight, and there was among the guests a young man whose appetite was certainly formidable. Vernon remarked one day at dinner in his most pompous manner: "My dear young friend, you inherit the gifts of both your father and mother in the way of appetite, for one of them ate a great deal and the other was a very long time about it."

CHAPTER V

Lady Callcott—Sir Augustus Callcott's studio—Distinguished visitors
—Greenough's review—Sedgwick's *bon-mot*—Visit to Cambridge
—Buckley—Empson—Peacocke—University rows—Professor
Smythe—Sam Cartwright.

I MUST now introduce quite a new figure on the scene, Lady Callcott, the wife of Sir Augustus, already mentioned.

She was one of the distinguished Scotch family of Dundas. She married early in life a Graham, a captain in the Royal Navy, commanding the *Doris*, frigate, in which she sailed with him round the world (the privilege of taking his wife with him was then allowed a captain, but later legislation prohibited this). She must have been very handsome in her youth, and there is a charming head of her, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the National Portrait Gallery, in speaking of which, by the way, she once described to me his mode of portrait-painting.

He began by a very careful chalk drawing of the head on the canvas, and then painted in detail the various features. He painted very elaborately, perhaps an eye only at one sitting, and so on, in a way totally opposed to Reynolds's method.

Now to resume the thread of my story. As Mrs. Graham she had led an adventurous and varied life, being amongst other things, for a time, governess to the young Queen of Portugal.

She had written books which had made a very considerable reputation before she established herself in rooms at No. 6, High Row. She soon became a most popular member of society in London and very intimate with the families of Callcotts and Horsleys. Her marriage with our great-uncle soon followed, and to his house in the Mall was transferred the brilliant society that had already gathered round her as Mrs. Graham. Both as a boy and as a young man I was continually there, sometimes doing work for Sir Augustus, and in this way I became acquainted with many interesting and distinguished individuals. For thirteen years previous to her death she was a confirmed invalid, adored by her husband and surrounded by friends and

admirers. She insisted always on her husband's accepting the numerous social invitations to dinners and receptions, delighting in her second-hand share in hearing all the stories of the people he had met, for he was a splendid *raconteur*.

Among her constant visitors was Campbell, the poet, and I remember hearing him make a capital reply to a question put to him after his return from Algiers, then a most unusual trip. "Well, Campbell, what do you think of Africa?"

"It's a varra good country to come from."

He was a great admirer of my aunt Sophy, but they were both most unfortunately shy, and he never screwed up his courage to propose.

Landseer was another frequent visitor. It was about this time that he and Callcott painted the picture called "Harvest in the Highlands," the former supplying the animals and figures, and Callcott the beautiful setting of Scotch alpine landscape.

Other *habitués* that I remember were John Murray, "Lord Byron's Murray, my dear," and his son, the father of the present John Murray, the successive heads of the firm of publishers.



Sir. A. W. Cullcott, R. A.



Lady Callcott's best-known works are the popular *Little Arthur's History of England*, which has gone into countless editions, and *The Scripture Herbal*, which contained beautiful woodcuts of all scripture flowers and plants.

These books were written during her second married life. She also wrote for a learned society, in response to its invitation, an account of an earthquake in Chili, of which she had seen the results. This account brought down on her a most virulent review by Greenough, the then Secretary of the Geological Society. It was couched in such violent terms that it roused the ire of her eminent soldier brother, Colonel, afterwards General, Dundas, and of her gentle husband, who both talked in threatening language of fighting him. It is to be remembered that duelling was still in fashion. Of this she would not hear, and, holding up her hands from the couch which she was occupying in the painting-room, she exclaimed, "Be quiet, both of you, I am quite capable of fighting my own battles, and intend to do it." She was as good as her word, and published a crushing reply to Greenough's criticisms.

In connection with this I must mention an incident in a visit that I at that time paid to Cambridge, when I was introduced to that most charming and scientific man, and great geologist, Adam Sedgwick, as the nephew of Lady Callcott.

His bright eyes gleamed as he said, "Ah, ah, poor Greenough, he was like Sisera, delivered over to the hands of a woman!"

My delightful visit to Cambridge came about in this way. My second cousin, John Wall Buckley, had given up a business career to take Holy Orders. He was married to a Miss Burton, and the young couple took up their residence at Cambridge, in order that he should study for his degree. They asked me to stay with them, and a gloriously interesting time I had of it.

Empson, another friend of the Callcotts, hearing I was going to Cambridge, said, "Now I will give you one letter of introduction, which will do for you all you can possibly want." It was to Peacocke, then tutor of Trinity. So the morning after my arrival at Cambridge I lost no time in presenting myself at Mr. Peacocke's rooms in college. I was ushered into an apartment almost crowded with



Lady Galleott. 1850.

Portrait. 1850.

Lady Galleott.

young men in cap and gown, and there I waited and waited, feeling as if I was in a dentist's establishment, as they were called out one by one and never returned, and they looked, all of them, white and anxious as they were silently summoned by a solemn servant. At last my turn came. I was the last man left, and I was taken into Mr. Peacocke's study. I found a tall, ponderous man standing with his coat-tails under his arms, leaning against the mantelpiece in truly Britannic fashion. He was plain of feature, but with a remarkably keen and intelligent expression. What struck me was that he did not in the least change his position, although I was a complete stranger, and said in an animated, almost savage manner, "Well, sir, what is *your* business?" I luckily preserved my presence of mind, and replied, "My business, sir, is to present you with this letter." "Letter! what's the letter about?" he shouted; so I left him to open it, and never shall I forget the whole change in the man. He lifted himself up from his reclining position against the mantelpiece, came to me, putting his hands on my shoulders in quite an affectionate way. "I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear young

friend. I took you for another of those young rascals whom I have been lecturing all this morning, and sick to death I am of the task. Now," he said, "sit down and tell me all about it: what you want to see, and do, and so on."

I think I may assert that no letter of introduction ever written produced more happy results than that did. He began by asking me to come and dine with him as his guest in Hall that night, after which all present retired to what is known as the combination-room. I then became aware of what splendid men there were up at Cambridge at the time. Wordsworth, brother of the poet, was then Master of Trinity. Whewell and Sedgwick were both in residence as fellows. The discussion that took place between those two men I shall never forget. It was a linguistic duel to the death, the victory, in my humble opinion, resting with Sedgwick; but the power of talk was marvellous, and one never quite understood how one left off talking to let another begin. However, I found on careful observation that each one watched the other until he yielded to the suggestion of nature to clear the throat, or blow the nose, when instantaneous ad-

vantage was taken of even this slight interruption, and the other struck in for a time.

Before we broke up that evening Peacocke gave me a general invitation to dine when I could in Hall, giving him due notice.

I have never forgotten the impression made by that noble old Hall on such occasions as Gaudy Days, notably on All Saints' Day, with the magnificent plate-decked board and sideboards, and the low autumn sun streaming in at the oriel window, illuminating the whole scene.

The acquaintances I made at Cambridge were most varied, ranging from masters of colleges to undergraduates. In connection with the latter a young, fine-looking man, Vandeleur Crake, who was at Jesus College, invited me to attend a wine-party in his rooms on November 5th, which day was notorious for the usual Town and Gown row in the evening. On going to his rooms I found some eight or ten youths of a most jovial and genial character assembled, and after sufficient libations we all sallied forth, and I, walking between two of my friends, was suddenly confronted by two grave and anxious-looking gentlemen, who I was

informed were proctors, accompanied by their "bulldogs," otherwise the University police. On nearing them, one of the proctors, gazing almost fiercely at me, said, "Sir, are you a member of this University?" I was talking vigorously at the moment and did not gather the purport of his question, and without a thought, and I daresay in the same hasty manner as he had used, I answered impetuously, "Yes, sir!" Upon which he fired up and said most excitedly, "Then I have to inform you that you must return immediately to your college and put on cap and gown!" Of course, at these times of agitation no undergraduate can appear in the streets divested of these University insignia, so this little incident suggested immediate action on my part, and I parted company in case of rows following, as I had no cap or gown to show my quality. I went down the King's Parade, where an astonishing sight met my eyes—an immense crowd of roughs, flourishing sticks in one hand and torches in the other, which lit up the lovely chapel of King's College brilliantly, while at the other end of the Parade there was advancing a strong band of gownsmen.

I felt sure of what was going to happen, and looking out for some coign of vantage, I mounted a flight of steps leading to the door of a house. I had scarcely reached the top when the two opposing forces met, and the fighting became serious. Before long a strong body of proctors and an increased force of "bulldogs" came up, and the victory, really won by the gownsmen, ended in their being carried off bodily to their respective colleges.

After seeing all the above, I thought I had better retire to my temporary home with my cousin, and as I passed the gates of Trinity there was a combat going on. A ring had been formed, and I saw the two combatants pounding away at each other, one being a remarkably agreeable fellow—Kirkpatrick by name—who had been my neighbour at the wine-party. However, the bulldogs were on the spot, and my friend was locked up for the night.

In curious contrast to the scenes roughly sketched was an incident the next day, when I called upon an ideal University professor, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

Smythe, Professor of Modern History to the University, was an old bachelor, with a fine head,

and gentle voice and manner. He had asked me to tea, and the tea apparatus was all ready, but the Professor was entirely absorbed in the process of airing his clean underlinen for the following Sunday. The garments were hanging on chairs and sofa-ends, and looked strangely incongruous among the grave books, the piles of papers, and other indications of the literary student. He talked on charmingly while he finished his task, when he carefully folded the garments and conveyed them to his bedroom. I spent a couple of charming hours with him, but this trivial incident remains more clearly impressed than many more important ones.

Whilst at Cambridge I found a very intimate friend of former days, of whose presence there I was only aware on the closing days of my visit. He was known to his friends as "Sam," the eldest son of Cartwright, the celebrated dentist of those days, who was an old friend of my father's, a man of a most extraordinary physique, as the following brief story will show. He frequently dined at High Row, and on one occasion, when some ladies were joining us in the evening, they were shown, as

usual, into my mother's room to take their things off. They somehow accidentally double-locked the door, and then could in no way open it. The help of servants was invoked in vain, but at that moment we all came up from dinner, and Cartwright volunteered to open the door by breaking the lock, which he did by sheer strength of wrist and a wrench, such as had been no doubt brought to perfection in his profession, while we all stood and wondered.

He often dined with us, and when, at the end of the evening, we saw our father talking to him confidentially in a corner, we children would anxiously wonder which of two things (somehow it was always one or the other) they were talking about. Was our father making an appointment with him for one of us, or asking for a box at the theatre? Cartwright seemed always to have an unlimited supply of tickets for every sort of theatre, as he was much mixed up with the theatrical world, and noted for his extraordinary liberality. He gave delightful parties, and encouraged young artists: he—let me chronicle the fact—bought my first picture, one that at the time was a good deal talked about. It was called "Rent Day in Haddon Hall."

But to return to Cambridge and Sam Cartwright. I had to leave a day or two earlier than I had anticipated, and therefore was much hurried on the morning of my departure, but I made time to rush into his rooms to say good-bye to him. He was nowhere to be seen in his sitting-room, so I pushed open the door leading into his bedroom, and was struck with horror to find him lying asleep, covered with blood. It was a horrible shock, it looked exactly as though he must have attempted suicide. I was relieved by the charming expression which made my supposition impossible, and proceeded to wake him, which I did with difficulty.

I got him a sponge and water, and he gradually came completely to himself, and by degrees it dawned upon him that when he was returning from a "wine-party" some of the town roughs met him in the narrow passage leading to his rooms, and insisted on his taking the wall; this had ended in a pitched battle, from which he was just able to rescue himself in time to escape "gateing."

During my stay at Cambridge I had the delight of making acquaintance with that most glorious pile, Ely Cathedral.

CHAPTER VI

Visit to Norfolk—R. M. Bacon—Cossey—Thomas Coke, of Norfolk—Holkham—Lord Leicester's second marriage—Shooting—Shakesperean enthusiasts of Norwich—First visit to Paris—Paul de la Roche—"The Hemicycle"—Horace Vernet—The Institut—Mr. Seth Thomson—Leighton at the Athenæum—Vernet's picture—Second visit to Paris, 1848—Brunel—The Chamber of Deputies—Louis Blanc—Notable members—Louis Blanc in England—Sevenoaks—"The Crown"—Eliza Cook.

AMONGST my good father's most cherished friends was one whom he had known from his boyhood, Richard Mackenzie Bacon.

He lived at Cossey, near Norwich, that most interesting and picturesque old city, which in those days was famous for the number of interesting and highly cultivated families resident there.

To begin with, it had a real school of art, of landscape painting, such as no other provincial town in Great Britain or Ireland has ever possessed, before or since. I had the pleasure and privilege

some few years ago at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy of introducing to London and the world at large an Exhibition of works by painters of the Norwich school, which created a strong sensation.

Of this school I hope to say more later on, when I am dealing at large with my own art, but I want to relate the circumstances of my first visit to Norwich somewhere about 1836. I accepted an invitation to Cossey from the aforesaid R. M. Bacon. My host was a most interesting and able man, possessing in a marked degree the pen of a ready writer. He was editor, and I think chief proprietor, of the *Norwich Mercury*, a journal which held a very high position in the provincial press of England, and which took a leading part in advocating the great leading measures of the time, such as the Catholic Emancipation Act and the Reform Bill. He was also a true Liberal in social matters as well as political.

He was personally an agreeable and admirable man, of genial temper and appearance, and a cultivated talker. He delighted in Shakespeare and in reading his plays aloud, and he might, I am con-

vinced, have had a great career on the stage as an impersonator of Shakespearean characters, especially as a refined interpreter of Falstaff. He was on the most friendly terms with two of the most noted great people of his county, the Lords Stafford and Leicester.

With the former he sympathised greatly on the Emancipation question. With the latter, Thomas Coke "of Norfolk"—the name by which he was so well known, and almost worshipped by high and low, rich and poor, in his native county—the bonds were those of agriculture and sport. It was a commonly quoted saying of Coke, that he only required a man to possess two qualifications to be his friend, he must be a staunch Whig and a good shot. Bacon himself, with sundry members of his family, was highly musical, and Norwich was foremost in the cultivation of the most divine of all the arts; he was also full of sympathy with the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

Shortly after my arrival at Cossey my host received an invitation from Lord Leicester to spend a few days at Holkham, and to take me with him.

Holkham is an astonishing place, a vast square

palace with towers at each corner, one devoted to the use of the family, one to the servants, one to guests. It was stately enough to afford a separate suite of rooms for each guest and his servant, but did not boast a bell in any of the rooms, and I remember well discussing the position with a solemn but affable groom of the chambers, who showed me to my rooms, for naturally the young artist did not possess a body servant. I said, after duly examining my apartments, "But where are the bells?" To which he answered, "Well, sir, there are none." "But supposing I was taken ill," I urged, mentioning a very unlikely circumstance, "what should I do?" "Well, sir, I really don't know," was the only answer. No doubt he considered that the illness of a person who did not possess a valet was a matter of no importance.

Lord Leicester had a grown-up family by his first wife, and at this time a young family by his second wife, who was a daughter of Lord Albemarle, and a particularly charming creature. He was quite blind, but retained his other faculties to an astonishing degree, and seemed quickly to form his opinion of people; he took a kind fancy to me. He did

not appear till he was led into the drawing-room by his valet a quarter of an hour before dinner-time, and he asked me on each day of my visit to sit beside him, which was, indeed, a great privilege, for he was full of interesting anecdotes of the Pitt and Fox time. During this quarter of an hour the small children were allowed to rampage about, but when they became troublesome the old lord used to tell them to "Go and sit with sister Anne," sister Anne being a quite middle-aged matron, so that the relationship appeared amusingly incongruous.

The story of this second marriage must be told at length. Lord Leicester had no sons by his first marriage, and his heir-apparent, to whom he intended to leave his vast property, was William Coke, his nephew, to whom he was greatly attached, and who was eminently qualified for the great position and possessions.

In connection with this I remember the *on dit* that went the round that the nephew had diminished his chances by a casual remark. Right under the windows of Holkham, in strange juxtaposition to its stately walls, were patches of turnips and mangolds, planted by order of the eager agriculturist

and proprietor, where he could best see for himself how they were doing. It was reported that William Coke had said, "When I come into the property I shall do away with all this rubbish."

But that is only a report, whereas the exact story of his supersession was told by Lord Leicester himself to Mr. Bacon. Before his sight failed, he often used to ride with the daughters of Lord Albemarle, his neighbour, whose estates were close by, and they were his firm friends. On one of them, Lady Anne, he fixed his special attention and, I may say, affection, considering her as an ideal prospective wife for his nephew and mistress of Holkham.

One day the fates were propitious; Lady Anne alone came to join his morning ride, and to her, after a time, Lord Leicester asked the question, no doubt as they surveyed Holkham towers: "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," was the answer of Lady Anne, drawing herself up in her saddle; upon which the old lord went on: "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you." Lady Anne drew herself up still more, and tightening her rein, replied calmly but very gravely,

"I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." It was then the old gentleman's turn to rein in his horse, and looking his fair companion hard in the face, said, "Why, you don't mean to say you would marry *me!*" "Yes, indeed I would, and nothing I should wish better." This was all the wooing, which was certainly not long "a-doing"; it may be said to be the shortest on record.

Shooting at Holkham was a great annual function, and there was a strong assemblage on the last day of September to be ready for the pheasants the next morning. There, of course, came William Coke, and amongst the guests one season a very pompous representative of the House of Peers. In the smoking-room the night before one of the party started the subject of the risk of getting shot in covert-shooting. The peer was long and sententious, as he asserted that he considered the careless shooting of one man by another in this way so scandalous that if he were thus shot he would not hesitate to return the fire, a statement received with ironical laughter, politely smothered so far as possible.

When they were placed next morning, Bacon

found himself, doubtless owing to his great reputation as a shot, in a first-rate position. Just beyond him was the pompous peer, and beyond him again was William Coke. They had shot for some time, all going well, when suddenly the peer threw his gun on the ground and laid hold of his leg, exclaiming, "Good God! I am shot." Looking up he shouted, "Was that you, Coke?" Coke, with the utmost nonchalance, drawled out, "Yes, I believe it was," and putting his gun to his shoulder, "I've got the other barrel here."

History tells no more.

I have mentioned the Shakespearean enthusiasts of Norwich. They had meetings at which the unfathomable depths and heights of the poet were discussed, and to these you were permitted to bring your friends and visitors. On one occasion one of the righteous enthusiasts asserted that there was nothing which Shakespeare in some form or another had not mentioned. This sweeping assertion roused a hitherto silent stranger, who burst forth with, "Well, where does he mention chimney-sweeps?" Upon which the challenger without hesitation answered, "Let me ask you, sir, to what Lear

refers if not to this when he utters these sad words, 'Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!'"

I began my worship of Shakespeare at a very early age, and Bacon presented me with one of the most delightful editions that I have ever seen, a pocket edition in seven volumes without a note in it—the greatest luxury in the world—excepting one at the close of each play by that truly great though carping spirit, Dr. Johnson, who alone has expressed in words an adequate and enthusiastic estimate of Shakespeare's powers. In discussing, I think, the play of *Titus Andronicus*, he speaks of the assertion that a great deal of the play is not of Shakespeare's writing, and winds up his argument to the contrary thus: "Is it not easier to conceive that Shakespeare sometimes descended from his highest flights than that any other man who ever wrote ever ascended to his lowest?"

One Norfolk anecdote may come in here. The fame of Norfolk dumplings is widely spread. To eat them in perfection they should be cooked under the roasting goose and thus enriched. My friend Bacon often enlarged upon their merits, and quoted a neighbouring farmer's dictum on the goose itself

with much unction as well as joining heartily in the dumpling encomium.

“You see, sir, the goose is a orkard bird, t’aint enough for two and a bit too much for one.”

I will not dwell on so worn a theme as beautiful Paris, and the impressions made on such an untravelled youth as I was, but I should like to record some incidents of my first visit.

I had taken a letter of introduction to the distinguished artist Paul Delaroche, and on calling at his house I was fortunate enough to find him at home. He received me with the greatest kindness. He was then engaged on that admirable work of his in L’Ecole des Beaux Arts called “The Hemicycle.” His studies for all the chief figures had been done in the open air of sunny Paris. Fame is in the centre, and standing round her are characteristic representatives of most of the leading artists in painting, sculpture, and architecture, from early times up to the nineteenth century. The courteous Frenchman drew my attention to the fact that Fame was scattering her wreaths of honour, and remarked, “Une pour vous, monsieur, et peut-être une pour moi!”

Delaroche was of Huguenot descent, a remarkably small man with a very grave face and manner. He had married the only daughter of Horace Vernet; the latter was head of the French Academy established in Rome. Madame Delaroche was strikingly handsome, though almost as grave-looking as her husband. She introduced me to Horace Vernet, who proposed to show me the Government Life School, then at the Institut, of which he had the direction, and it was arranged that I should meet him there the next day. We arrived at the rendezvous at the same moment, I on foot, whilst he, being then a major on the staff of the National Guard, dashed up to the entrance on horseback and in full uniform, threw the rein to the orderly who was in attendance on him, and with clattering spurs and clanging scabbard ran up the steps of the Institut, where I was waiting for him.

He went the round of the pupils present with lightning rapidity, bestowing sharp criticism on some, sparse commendation on others, and passing over others with a mere glimpse over their shoulders and jerk of his head which was very expressive.

Vernet was at that time completing the great

commission he executed for the French Government, illustrating the recent success of the French arms in Northern Africa by pictures of vast size: one of them, called "La Smala," representing an attack by French cavalry on the principal Arab camp during the Algerian campaign, is, I think, forty feet in length. This and others of the same Brobdingnagian proportions are now to be seen in the galleries of Versailles. The energy and skill with which they are executed are worthy of general admiration.

I became acquainted at the time with an amusing incident in connection with "La Smala." An intimate friend of my youth, who afterwards became my brother-in-law, Dr. Seth Thompson, had established himself early in his medical career as the principal English physician in Rome, and during his sojourn there for several years, he became closely acquainted with the Vernet family, a friendship which was carried on in Paris during Thompson's not infrequent visits there. During his school and college days he had been rather noted as an athlete, and retained his interest in boxing to a late period of his life, believing it to be one of the soundest and

best of all manly exercises ; when travelling, boxing-gloves were always included in his impedimenta.

Vernet from some accidental circumstances had conceived much interest in "the noble art of self-defence," a title which he much admired, and, in cross-questioning the doctor on the subject, the latter informed him that he not only had two pairs of boxing-gloves in his portmanteau, but that he would gladly give the painter some elementary instruction as to their use. Vernet accepted the offer with effusion, and a time was fixed for the first lesson.

Whilst the artist was engaged for years upon his national labour, as it might truly be called, it is needless to say that every assistance was given him by all the Government departments in any way associated with his subjects ; and as these were for the most part military, the hall of the Jeu de Paume,¹ used as Vernet's studio, looked like a museum of military uniforms and weapons.

The doctor found he had a very apt pupil in the painter, who soon began to show some confidence in attack. Thompson was a perfectly good-tempered man, and never got excited over games or exercise,

¹ *Jeu de paume*, the original game of tennis.

but on one occasion when they were sparring in front of a quantity of the aforesaid helmets and cuirasses, drums and trumpets, etc., the Frenchman was so eager that Thompson, feeling he must stop the rush that he saw impending, struck out a couple of straight hits from the shoulder which sent Vernet spinning, and landed him on his back in the middle of the weapons, by no means a soft place to fall upon. The doctor soon picked Vernet up, none the worse for his flooring, but the sparring lessons hung fire afterwards, and Vernet used to visit London to see them carried out by professionals in prize-fights and Sporting Club entertainments.

In calling to take leave of Vernet and thank him for all his friendly kindness, I found him at work upon another enormous canvas, representing an incident in the siege of Constantine, at which one of Louis Philippe's sons, the Duc D'Aumale, had greatly distinguished himself as a young man. The foreground of the picture represented the interior of some of the trenches in which were the French batteries in vigorous action against the Arabs. In the background are the lines of the great fortress of Constantine, and groups of assaulting columns in

the act of attacking through breaches created by the persistent French fire. The Duke, with some of his staff, is standing eagerly watching the effect of the bombardment, and it was upon the group of figures that I have just referred to that Vernet was working in the most energetic way. He apologised for going on with his work, whilst I made vigorous attempts to say adieu, and not interrupt him, but he would not hear of my leaving. The tableau presented by the vigorous little man and his two stolid assistants, who were painting in the endless details of military costumes, was so interesting to me that I consented to remain, promising to be absolutely silent. He vehemently assured me that he had not the slightest objection to any number of spectators looking on whilst he painted: he would talk, however, and insisted on my doing the same, but we grew silent as he got more and more absorbed in his work, and I could see he was in a doubtful mood of mind about the ducal legs.

The figure was the very eye of the composition. The Duke is represented standing, watching intently with his field-glass the effect of the French artillery on the walls of Constantine. What evidently puzzled

the painter was the composition or action of the lower limbs. He had no model sitting, but portfolios full of studies, to which he constantly referred. Then he had some library steps of a rough kind placed within painting touch of his canvas, and up and down these he was constantly skipping, rag in hand, to wipe out legs, then to stand at a distance and glare at them with the handle of a brush across his mouth, which was, I am sure, often bitten through. But at last the ducal legs satisfied him. Then did he rejoice and appeal to me for confirmation of his own satisfaction, which I cordially gave. Finally I left him prancing up the steps, and firing off some pungent criticisms at the work of his assistants, who sat with their noses to the canvas, stippling away at uniforms and other etceteras from morn till dewy eve.

During this visit to Paris I went to stay with some English friends for a few days at Versailles. Passing the cathedral door, I was much struck with the figure of an old blind man, who sat on the door close to the receptacle for holy water, which he offered to all who were entering the church. Having my sketch-book in my pocket, I sat down and began

a slight drawing of him. While I was doing this a delightful-looking elderly French lady, beautifully dressed, came up the steps, attended by her *bonne*, and passed into the building. On her return she came behind me, and looking over my shoulder, broke into warm expressions of admiration, and said to her attendant, "Is it not charming?—so exactly like! I wonder whether he would sell it."

We entered into conversation, and though I could not agree to make a commercial transaction out of so simple a sketch, I promised to make a copy of it for her. She handed me her card, "Madame la Baronne de Bourg," and after a prolonged conversation, in which she asked me to dinner—to meet the Bishop of Versailles—an invitation that circumstances prevented my accepting, we parted.

When my copy of the sketch was finished, I let her know that I could bring it the following morning.

She had a very fine family hotel in Versailles, and a beautiful château in the country, as I afterwards learned. I found a perfect specimen of the old French servitor at the door, evidently prepared for my

advent, which he honoured with many "a bow and scrape," and he led me through a series of salons filled with exquisite furniture. He assured me that Mme. la Baronne was expecting me, and would be enchanted to see me, if I would follow him. This I did, keeping my footing with some difficulty on the floors polished like glass.

At the end of a corridor he stopped me with the utmost courtesy before some double doors, tapped and listened, raising his finger as warning respectful silence. A gentle voice was heard to say, "Entrez, toujours!" and my conductor, opening and setting back both doors with practised grace, begged me to enter, for I hesitated when I was confronted with Mme. la Baronne sitting up in bed. She, however, waved her hand towards a Louis Quinze chair, evidently placed by her bedside for my reception.

Well, it was the first time that I had ever been invited to enter a lady's chamber, and it was rather startling to my youthful and untravelled mind. However, I quickly recovered my equanimity, and the Baronne, pointing to piles of packets of letters lying beside her, began to speak of the sadness of re-reading the records of the past, and as she spoke

I noticed how yellow was the paper and how faded the writing, and I conjured up all sorts of romantic ideas about a love-story in her youth; but when tears came into her bright old eyes, and French words utterly failed me for the correct responsive phrases, I was fain to change the subject by presenting my sketch.

Then she showered thanks upon me, and kind expressions of admiration, and pressed me to dine that day to meet the general of the troops then quartered in Versailles. I was obliged to decline, and was then requested to write down my name and address in England, so that members of her family, who often visited England, might come and see me and my "beautiful pictures." I may add that the lady was most elaborately attired, and that her *bonnet de nuit* was a marvellous structure of bows and ribbons, so that only the tips of her features were visible. My address, "1, High Row, Kensington Gravel Pits," much astonished her, and I, alas! could not translate or explain the last words at all to her satisfaction, partly because my knowledge of French was limited, and partly because I reflected that if I could make her understand the literal

meaning, what would she think of such a place of residence?

I need scarcely say that I never saw the kind *grande dame* again, nor have any of her family made a voyage of discovery to the "Gravale Peets," which was her pronunciation of the words.

One morning in April, 1848, when I had just begun my day's work, I got an urgent letter from Brunel, begging me to come with him to Paris for a few days to see that capital under the government of a Republic. The result was that we started for Paris in a very few hours' time.

He had secured rooms for us in the Hôtel Bristol, Place Vendôme. The gay city we knew so well was seething with excitement. We began at once a course of running after every crowd in the street, in the hopes of seeing the erection of a barricade.

My wife's sister had married a French engineer, an ex-militaire, and under his guidance we went to all kinds of furious Red Republican meetings (provided with cards of admission made out to Citoyens Horsley and Brunel), where violent addresses were given by blue-bloused working men, usually from a low platform, on which they paced up and down like

caged beasts, working themselves into a wild state of excitement.

After a few days our guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Charles Bergeron, produced orders for a *séance* at the Chamber of Deputies. We had seats in the front row of the strangers' gallery, and beside us we found an intelligent Frenchman, who made polite overtures, and kindly offered to point out notabilities.

Amongst the extraordinary actions of the provisional Government, then ruling France, was the formation of a Workmen's Parliament, which met at the Luxembourg Palace, and of which Louis Blanc was appointed the President. He was a fierce-looking little Corsican, very dark-complexioned, and with piercing eyes.

Reports of all kinds were being spread through the city of the imperial style in which he lorded it over his Parliament, of his driving out in semi-state in Louis Philippe's royal carriage, and of his splendid entertainments prepared by Louis Philippe's cook. It was in reference to these reports that he on this occasion demanded an inquiry by the Chamber of Deputies into the truth of what he said were the vilest slanders.

Other notable people present were Lamartine and Ledru Rollin, the former a remarkably gentlemanly well-dressed person, very like the best type of Englishman, while Ledru Rollin was the exact reverse—very tall and portly, beefy, and black-muzzled, with a savage and animal-looking head.

The debate began with the wildest talk, and then came Louis Blanc's time. He was so short that he had a stool to stand on in the Tribune, off which he was continually stepping in his excitement, and then jumping up again, while he belaboured the desk with both fists at once. Suddenly he turned upon his opponents, and made a most tremendous appeal to them on the subject of his sacrifices for his country, upon which my gentlemanly acquaintance next the stranger rose to his feet in overwhelming excitement, and shouted, "Sacrifices! I should like to be so sacrificed—lodgings in the Luxembourg and the best cook in Paris!"

Shouts of applause and derision and shrieks from the friends of Louis Blanc, who was foaming at the mouth with rage, succeeded this outburst, both from the deputies and the tumultuous mob of "strangers" present. The row became so fast and

furious that the assembly broke up, and we again descended to the street, and followed up the noisiest groups outside.

We stopped three or four days more, and then came back to England.

The attack we had heard on Louis Blanc had taken great effect, and he had to bolt for refuge to London. I did not know of this, and well recall my astonishment when, crossing St. James's Park, I suddenly came face to face with the fiery little orator. I stood and stared with the astonishment I truly felt, and my stare evidently disturbed his equanimity greatly. He began buttoning up his overcoat with dramatic fervour, and I am sure was meditating getting "on the run" again—a very unnecessary proceeding, as he was not "wanted" anywhere save by his Parisian set—so, by a sudden inspiration, I took my hat off and made him a polite bow, which so restored his self-possession that he returned my bow with effusion and walked off calmly; I did not then imagine how soon we were to meet again by one of those curious coincidences which baffle speculation.

I had arranged to go down the following day to

Sevenoaks to show some friends Knole Park and Ightham Mote, two of my best-loved professional hunting-grounds.

Sevenoaks, in lovely Kent, the "Garden of England," is a charming sample of an English country town, with many picturesque private houses of serenely comfortable aspect, and the main street crowned by the lovely park with its stately house, mainly Elizabethan and Jacobean. It is full of interesting *objets d'art*, apart from the priceless pictures on its walls, of invaluable interest to those who, like myself, have revelled in the endeavour to realise the aspect of people and things in bygone days.

On my way down I had been amusing my friends with anecdotes of my Paris visit, and when, after interviewing our landlord, Mr. Pawley, of the Crown Inn, an old acquaintance of mine, we were peacefully walking in the quiet streets of Sevenoaks on our way to the park, and comparing the tranquil scenes before us with the condition of Paris as I had seen it, and as described in the *Times* of that morning (which condition indeed soon culminated in the fighting and the slaughter of July, 1848),

suddenly we were confronted by a party of sight-seers, among whom was Louis Blanc.

I could not have felt more astonished if he had dropped at my feet from the clouds, or had been shot up by an explosion from below, than I was at this apparition. He did not recognise me, as was very natural, and we—for I had soon told my friends who he was—were able to amuse ourselves by observing them without exciting his nerves.

Pawley was comically flustered by my information about Louis Blanc, and at first declared he must turn him out from his old inn, the headquarters of the Conservatives of Kent, which could not harbour a Red Republican. However, as he calmed down he went on to say that the party was only there for one night, brought by an old patron of his, Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess. He was surprised at my ignorance of her fame. She was the poetic representative of Republicanism and Chartism in England, and at the beck and call of all the disturbers of peace and order. I assured him that no harm could come to his house, even from Louis Blanc, firebrand as he was, illuminating Sevenoaks for one night.

The next day we saw nothing of the "Reds" till we came upon them in the afternoon, in Knole Park, where they were playing a mild form of hide-and-seek, in which Louis Blanc and Eliza Cook were to be seen running up and down the grassy slopes, hand in hand.

I could but feel a shade of pity for the poor little man, reduced to such an extremity for getting through the day, when, a few days before, he was lording it at the Luxembourg, with "the best cook in Paris," and royal equipages at his disposal.

CHAPTER VII

Haddon Hall—The Vernons—L. E. L.'s criticism—!ghtham Mote—Expedition from Gravesend—Difficulties and how we overcame them—Charles Landseer—History of the Mote—Major Luard—Heraldic Arms—Horsley Castle—Old Kensington—Kensington Gardens—The gravel pits—William III.—Yew hedges—Orme—Village of Kensington—Highwaymen—General Graham's adventure—His wife's picture—Picture by Sir Augustus Callcott—Effect of sunshine.

I HAD made acquaintance with Haddon Hall about 1835, when I went to stay with some of the well-known Derbyshire family of Barkers, at the Manor House, Bakewell.

Mr. Barker had given me a warm invitation to go and stay with them, and sketch Haddon Hall, so one evening at six o'clock I found myself on the box-seat of the "Peveril of the Peak," a four-horse fast coach which took me to Bakewell, and in this far from luxurious position I passed the night and arrived there about noon the next day.

Next morning we sallied forth and walked across

the meadows to Haddon. It is absolutely unique, and there is nothing like it in the whole world. All other old houses—and I have searched for them far and wide—have been altered to meet the requirements of succeeding generations without due regard to fitness and original beauty, or they have been spoilt by so-called restorations. All such additions as have been made to Haddon Hall have been done during the best periods of English domestic architecture, the building having been begun in the reign of King John and finished, to the best of my belief, in that of Charles I.

As is well known, Haddon originally belonged to the Vernons. It was in the time of Queen Elizabeth that Lady Dorothy Vernon eloped with Sir George Manners, the heir of the Rutland family. Both the church at Bakewell and the Hall are full of associations with legends, of more or less veracity, about this romantic couple.

I was naturally filled with yearnings to paint pictures, in which I could use as backgrounds the ancient halls and chambers, and I dreamed many a dream of pictures to be, as I sketched diligently the beautiful scenes before me.

Showing my uncle Callcott these studies on my return, he was equally impressed with the capability of the old place for pictorial treatment, and when I confided to him my crude ideas in connection with the sketches, to my agreeable surprise he did not snub me as I expected, but gave me a few words of distinct encouragement, whereupon I at once began a picture from one of them which elicited the following criticism.

In the *Athenæum* for Saturday, February 4th, 1837, in the notice of the British Institution written by "L. E. L." (Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the ill-fated poetess, who perished from an overdose of laudanum at Cape Coast, where her husband, Mr. Maclean, was Governor), occurs the following passage, which at the time gave much pleasure to the young artist, I remember :—

"Mr. J. C. Horsley is a name new to us; his 'Rent Day in the Sixteenth Century at Haddon Hall' makes us feel as if we ought to have known it earlier. The lord of the manor is sitting, with his steward at his side, to receive the moneys which a stalwart green-hosed yeoman pays down with as much goodwill as respect: my lady's page lingers in

the oriel window looking on, while behind the door in the rich oak screen a maid is pouring out ale for two others of the tenants. All this is good.

“But if Mr. Horsley meant to paint old Haddon in all its glory, was he right, we ask, to use the mildewed colouring which he has thrown over the picture? As it now stands, it is a group of expressive figures and rich old furniture as they were then, placed in a desolate weather-stained hall as it is now.”

This, to my mind, is a good specimen of a fair criticism.

My first acquaintance with Ightham Mote was from the excellent lithographic plates depicting it in Joseph Nash's book on old English mansions. He was an admirable artist in his way, and a member of the old Water Colour Society. He told me how very difficult it was to obtain admission to the Mote, and that when he went he was threatened with having the dogs “set at him,” but he added that the owner was dead, and that now it might be easier to see it.

Finding myself at Gravesend with a friend, I persuaded him to go with me on a voyage of discovery, and we set off with very vague ideas of both the

exact locality and the distance, but in those golden days of youth, ten or twenty miles, more or less, in a day's march mattered little. We passed through Wrotham and Ightham villages, and at last caught sight of the Mote as we were descending a sharp pitch, but we were still so much above it that we seemed to be looking down its chimneys. When we emerged from the wooded hill we were on the road leading to the house, and its delightful picturesqueness more than realised my expectations. There is an entrance tower of the time of Edward the Third leading into a quadrangle. The internal decorations of the chapel date from Henry the Seventh, and all the beauties of the place are enhanced by its setting in a moat of clear water, supplied from many springs.

We found that there was no possible approach by the main entrance in the tower, and wandering round we came to a back entrance with a narrow footbridge over the moat. I ventured across, and smartly rapping at the door, it was opened by a sharp-eyed maiden, who civilly but decidedly made it clear to me that no one was admitted to the house, that her mistress was an invalid who saw no one.

Neither entreaties nor arguments produced any effect, and there was something so pleasant about the little maid, I did not like to try the base art of bribery, so I turned reluctantly away, bidding her good morning. "Well, sir," she said, "it does seem a pity you should come such a way for nothing. If you can wait," she went on, "missus dines at two, and goes to sleep afterwards; so if you and your friend are here at three, I could let you in and just show you the old place, but you mustn't stay long, for I don't know what missus would do if she caught sight of you again." "Again!" I echoed. "When has she seen me before?" "Oh, sir, she was watching you when you came along the front, and she had me up to say two very suspicious characters were poking about, and I was to bolt all the doors and whistle in the dogs from the stables." Then I remembered that when looking up at the house I had noticed a sort of bundle that looked like a roll of blankets at one of the windows. This doubtless was the "missus" on the watch.

At the appointed time we returned, and saw the interior of one of the most charming houses it is possible to imagine. The whole place is a feast to

artists, and I returned to town very full of its artistic capabilities.

Charles Landseer, Edwin's elder brother, was so fired by my description that he made up his mind to go and do some oil-studies of the interior. I warned him how small his chances were of obtaining admission, but he succeeded so far as to lodge his easel under the stone arch of the big kitchen fireplace, while he painted the kitchen—a most elaborate subject, needing many days' work.

Now the chamber called the "still-room" at the Mote has an internal window commanding the kitchen, so that the housewives of old, while distilling their herbs "for the use of men," and attending to other housewifely duties in their particular apartment, could at any moment look down upon the proceedings of their domestics and the roasting of the joints.

The present "missus" was too much of an invalid to make use of this convenient arrangement, but one morning, when the aforesaid maiden was ironing her cuffs and collars at the kitchen table, and Landseer was busy stooping over his work, his fair, curly pate well in view, the window was suddenly opened, and

the head of the old lady appeared. Landseer had the presence of mind to keep rigidly still and absolutely silent. Old lady (loudly): "What is that by the fireplace, what is it?—I believe it's a man!" The little maid (promptly and cheerfully): "Lor', mum, why it's only the kitchen mop" (Landseer's dust-coloured hair) "leaning against a chair." The mistress, being of uncertain vision, was apparently satisfied, and closed the window, and the incident with it.

The Mote had in mediæval times belonged to a family of de Hootes. In Queen Elizabeth's vigorous days the old family of Selby of Twizells, in Northumberland, had become so numerous that a branch of them, headed by Sir William Selby, migrated, and sought their fortunes at the English Court. Here the knight met and married a daughter of the de Hootes, who was the heiress of the Ightham property. Thus the Selbys lived and flourished there till up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when, their financial position being gravely affected by various strokes of ill-fortune, they drifted into the clutches of a limb of the law, who after years of chicanery and usury,

obtained possession of the entire estate, ousting the Selbys.

The only child of the new owner was a scapegrace, and in his dying hours he was sorely puzzled as to the disposition of the Ightham property; however, visited with a righteous and merciful inspiration, he bequeathed it to the extant Selby of Twizells, in Northumberland, a delightful old country gentleman and keen sportsman. He was, moreover, an accomplished ornithologist and the author of a well-known book on British birds. I can readily fancy the delight with which he took possession of the family acres and the picturesque home. About this time his eldest daughter, Mrs. Bigge, was widowed, and she with several young children accepted her father's offer of the Mote as their home. It was at this time that I had the great pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with the Bigge family.

I painted an elaborate picture of the arched entrance to the hall from the courtyard, and was a not infrequent visitor at the Mote during the lifetime of Mrs. Bigge, who subsequently married Major Luard, of the Horse Artillery, a name so

honoured and respected in the British army that the men of the family were known by the name of the "Fighting Luards." Major Luard had a strong artistic bent, and was a learned antiquarian; his nephew, John Luard, an artist of great promise, died early.

It was at the Mote one day that a discussion arose about heraldic arms. Major Luard pounced upon me with the question, "Horsley, what are your arms?" and became indignant when I asserted that my family bore none, and went on to reproach me for want of interest in the antecedents of a family of so old a name as ours. "Well, I can tell you this," he went on, "that in the county of Northumberland, not far from the town of Rothbury, stands the village and the castle of Long Horsley, which has never been uninhabited or allowed to become ruinous. The land round the castle is still called the Deerpark, and there are many traces on the estate of the importance of the family once holding it. Up to the time of Charles I. they flourished; their troubles began when the Horsleys, loyal to the backbone, bore their heavy share in the sacrifices which ruined thousands of the British gentry, and

they were finally engulfed in financial troubles at the moment when General Monk was moving about the North uncertain which side to take—that of King or Parliament. The hospitality they showed him and his following seems to have been the final straw, and the whole family were plunged into comparative poverty.” At this point Major Luard stopped, and again asked me if I knew absolutely nothing of my family history.

After some reflection I answered that I could tell him that my paternal grandfather had been the chief medical man in Carlisle early in the eighteenth century. Upon which the Major started and positively yelled out that I could give him no more convincing proof that I was of the old race of Horsley, of Long Horsley, in the county of Northumberland, for, “What had taken place after the financial smash up of the family? Why, those who had sufficient talent joined the professional ranks of church, army, law, or medicine—your great-grandfather would have lived in the time of General Monk.”

Major Luard was also much interested at a reminiscence of my childhood that came back to me during this discussion.

My sister Fanny and I when we were children were immensely delighted with Washington Irving's Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, and we determined to do our best to keep Christmas in such a notable fashion. To decorate the dining-room, I painted a nearly life-sized portrait of a presumed ancestor standing in full armour by the side of a stately charger. We called him (on the frame) "Sir Geoffrey de Hoerslie." Wanting to paint the arms on his shield, I asked my father what they should be, and he answered without the slightest hesitation, "Why, three horses' heads are the arms, one only being the crest." That was the only occasion on which I can remember my father referring to his ancestors.

A few years later, having the pleasure of knowing that very famous Englishman, Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong, I was invited to stay at Crag-side, his beautiful home in the moors, near Rothbury, in Northumberland, which was but a few miles from the village of Long Horsley. I need not say that I quickly told my host of my interest in this place and the castle, and we thereupon went to see it. The castle was then inhabited by a Roman Catholic priest, who most kindly showed us the place.

The castle is a very good specimen of the Border fortresses, called Peel Towers. The basement, a solid arched structure, reminding you of a cathedral crypt, was used as a sanctuary for man and beast when the Moss Troopers were over the Border raiding the district far and wide ; at such times the temporary ladder to the platform, from which access was obtained to the dwelling-place, was drawn up. The castle itself has three or four floors, some of the rooms being ornamented with good Jacobean panels, and plaster work of the same period in the ceilings and cornices. The chapel is built in the thickness of the wall.

No sketch, however slight, of my memories could be complete without some account of Old Kensington as I first knew it, when Kensington Gardens was the happy playground of all Kensington children whose nurses and caretakers always gravitated towards the palace and the Round Pond, and when Campden Grove was an open space of woodland, in which I have often accompanied a young medical friend who possessed a gun, and who "took" the shooting, there being no police to interfere with the destruction of casual dickey-birds.

The walls, too, with which nearly all the private houses were shut in, were of astonishing beauty, perhaps the finest of all being that enclosing the kitchen garden of Kensington Palace. The majority of them dated, I should think, from the time of Charles II., and many of them were older. They were not then grimy and smoke-stained, but had all the charm of varied colour, and the growth of lichens added to the beauty of their stately proportions. Parts of these walls are introduced into the background of several of Mulready's pictures ; he lived from early manhood till death in Kensington Gravel Pits.

Several features, which gave their special charm to the Kensington Gardens of my childhood, have completely disappeared. One of these was the rows of yew hedges planted by William III., occupying the ground between the western walk at the north end of the Gardens and the Broad Walk, which yew hedges represented celebrated lines of fortification in Holland, and which in his time, and for years afterwards, were kept well trimmed and in good order, both as to the hedges and to the intervening gravel walks and plots of turf. In my childhood

these walks were a glorious place for hide-and-seek, or for playing at soldiers and fighting behind the "walls of circumvallation" that could be still traced, though long before this the authorities had grown careless, and the yews had stretched their branches far and wide. Another feature was a large pit inside the Gardens on the right of the Broad Walk as you enter it from Bayswater. It was used for gravel-digging for many years, and was filled up when the northern end of the Serpentine in the Gardens was cleaned out, and much picturesque undergrowth destroyed. It had been the happy hunting-ground of artists young and old, I do not question, for half a century or more, and grievous mournings were heard on all sides on its destruction.

The district west of the Gardens was called the Kensington Gravel Pits because this region is formed of gravel beds of splendid quality, the fame of which became known to the Russians when they were building St. Petersburg, and wished to form an enormous parade ground two miles square, I believe. They made regulations that their ships bringing cargoes of hides and tallow and other merchandise should always return in ballast of Bayswater gravel.

Amongst the chief owners of land in and about this neighbourhood was a Mr. Orme, who is said to have made an enormous fortune by supplying Russia with gravel. When he had dug out the gravel, he took to building three sides of a square, to which he gave his name, and as a token of gratitude to his excellent customer Russia, he erected a column in the centre of Orme Square with the Russian eagle on the top, all of which may still be seen. Mr. Orme also built St. Petersburg Place and Moscow Road. Several other landed proprietors followed the example and became gravel-diggers. One of John Linnell's admirable landscapes has for its subject "Gravel-digging at Craven Hill." The last operation of this kind took place very recently in Bayswater, when Palace Court was built; it was quite refreshing to see this beautiful stuff once more exposed, and as it was for sale, I took the opportunity of furbishing up my old walks at No. 1, High Row.

When I was a child the road between the village of Kensington and London was not considered safe to traverse at night alone, or even in a limited company. An old friend, who lived then in Ken-

sington Square, told me that when he was a boy it had long been the custom for the parish bellman to patrol the Square from nine p.m. for half an hour on Sunday evenings, ringing his bell vigorously, which summoned all those who had to walk back to London, after spending a happy day in Kensington, to join with many others who had been similarly employed, and become, for the time, a company for mutual protection from the too assiduous attention of mounted highwaymen and footpads. These were the days when it was possible for the great Duke of Wellington, when warmly supporting in the House of Lords the measure for establishing the London Police, to be able to state the fact of his mother's carriage having been stopped in Grosvenor Place by two armed horsemen, splendidly mounted, who robbed those inside of their purses and jewellery.

Just before the introduction of gas-lamps to light the Bayswater Road, William Mulready, R.A., in walking after midnight from London, was stopped by a footpad, who presented a pistol at the painter's breast, and cleared him of watch, chain, and purse; the thief then bolted back in the Oxford Street direction with Mulready after him, hoping to meet

some of "*the patrolling Bow Street officers*" (as they were termed), but no aid presented itself. Still Mulready persevered and stated his case to "the night watch" in Bow Street, and did more—he made a sketch of his assailant from memory. This sketch was afterwards the means of helping in the conviction of the villain, for the attempted murder of the toll-gate keeper at Vauxhall, for which crime he was hanged.

At the risk of digression from Kensington, I must relate a story that occurs to me on the subject of highwaymen. One of the chief glories of the Edinburgh National Gallery is the whole-length portrait, by Gainsborough, of Mrs. Graham, the lovely wife of General Graham, one of Wellington's most efficient and eminently gallant lieutenants in the Peninsular War.

On starting for their honeymoon in a post-chaise they had not gone many miles before they were stopped by a highwayman, who, firing at the post-boy, effectually stopped him without hitting him, then rode up to the chaise and thrust a loaded pistol in at the window, with the usual demand for the purses. Graham, who was a man of wonderful

strength and courage, with enormous hands, clapped his right hand on the villain's fist and pistol, and held both fast down upon the window frame, literally as though they were "nailed to a counter." At the same time he seized the fellow by the throat through the window with his left hand, shouted to the post-boy to use whip and spur to his horses, and to gallop as hard as he could go to the next town, which happily was not far off, and in that condition they dashed up to the post-house. This was also a police-station, and Graham had the triumph of handing up the bruised and battered wretch, not loosing his hold till he had flung him into a cell, which the admiring constables had rushed to open for his victim. The miserable creature, being a good horseman, had managed to keep the head of his own steed in line without fatal collision with the wedding chariot, but what with the hustling he got from Graham's terrific strength and the banging against the chaise, he was reduced to almost his last gasp when he was housed in gaol.

Great was the joy of the young husband in seeing the wonderful pluck of his lovely bride, who never lost presence of mind, and showed no fear throughout the whole of the fearful scrimmage. Mrs.

Graham lived but a few years of happy wedded life, and then fell into rapid consumption and died. The effect of this loss upon her husband was terrible, and after trying in vain to master his intense grief, he gave up home and country and volunteered his services for the British army in the Peninsula. Here he soon distinguished himself, and rose rapidly, from almost the ranks of the army, till he became a general officer, and commanded a division of the British army on several important occasions, notably at Barossa, where he obtained a signal victory over the French. Before he left England he had the picture of his wife carefully wrapped up and most securely packed, and so it remained for thirty or forty years. On his return (having in the meantime been created a peer of the realm as Lord Lynedoch, in acknowledgment of his distinguished services) he thought to look once more on the picture of his lovely wife. I was told that the revelation on first opening the case was fearful, for the portrait had become blackened and discoloured almost beyond recognition owing to absence of light and air. It is to be borne in mind by all possessors of oil-pictures that nothing is more injurious to them than cover-

ing them from the light of heaven, for the intelligible reason that, the bleaching power of light being withheld from the surface of an oil-picture, the oil mixed with the colours darkens, and ruins the artistic effect altogether. I will give another striking illustration of this. The best part of a century ago Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., painted, on commission for the Sir Matthew White-Ridley of those days, a large and very fine picture of the mouth of the Tyne River crowded with shipping. It was remarkable for its splendid light and breezy sky. When the work was completed, and after its exhibition at the Royal Academy, it was hung up in the Ridley London house, which at the time had been vacated by the family, who had gone abroad for many months. On their return Callcott was horrified on receiving a note from the owner, to say that the sky of the picture was terribly discoloured with dark patches all over it, and begging him to come at once to examine it, and pronounce upon the treatment it should receive. The agitated artist was soon face to face with his damaged work, and the housekeeper was summoned to state what she knew on the subject. She then described the care she had taken to swathe picture and frame with the

thick yellow gauze material with which all the gilt frames in the house were covered when the family left town for any lengthened period. Callcott was convinced himself that this proceeding was the chief factor in creating the damage, and elected to have the picture sent to his Kensington home, so as to have it inspected by chemical experts under his supervision. It was late in the summer and very hot weather, and as his house was being subjected to elaborate cleansing, the entire contents of his painting-room had been taken into the garden in front of his old house, the Mall, Kensington Gravel Pits. The picture was carefully fixed with its face fully exposed to the light and left so for the whole day. To Callcott's extreme gratification, on looking at it when it was brought in at eventide, many of the dark spots were much lighter, and after many days of similar treatment the whole of the dark spots disappeared. Callcott must have felt infinitely relieved, for I have heard him say in telling the story that he had fully calculated on having to paint the sky again. I have thought well to record this incident, for in telling the story to brother limners they have often expressed their great interest in the plain facts stated.

CHAPTER VIII

Her Majesty Queen Victoria—Early memories—The young Princess—The Empress Eugénie—Miss Marianne Skerrett, Dresser to the Queen—Portrait of the Princess Beatrice—Birth of my son Victor—Walter taken to be inspected—Interviews with the Queen—The Prince Consort—Sir G. Cornwall Lewis—Edwin Landseer as a story-teller.

VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, Queen of Queens, honoured and well beloved the wide world over! My personal knowledge of her late Majesty dates from my sixth year, when, in common with all the other children in Kensington, our nurses took us for our walks, where we might have a chance of seeing the little Princess. We children, therefore, saw her first carried in her nurse's arms, then tucked into a donkey-pannier, or drawn in a little wheeled carriage. When she was still very young she would be on a led donkey or pony; she was a delightful-looking fair child, with a most kindly expression. After the days of her extreme youth she

usually had a dog or two in her company, to which she was most devoted, as they to her. The royal young lady must have been a born horsewoman, for she was soon promoted from her led pony to a "light 'arted" (a Gloucestershire expression) cob, and her riding-party generally consisted of four or five ladies and gentlemen. It was a charming sight to see them scampering up Church Lane at a hand gallop, passing the woodland Campden Grove, past old Campden House and its entrance gates, with piers on each of which there was a capitally carved stone dog, and the Princess, who, of course, led the cavalcade, with a cool and experienced equerry at her bridle hand, pulling up at the turnpike gate which barred the road, just opposite the stable gate of No. 1, High Row.

The children of the Horsley family were from their bringing-up extremely loyal, and it was the main daily object of the two elder girls' lives not to miss seeing the Princess pass.

They knew by observation the probable days and hours this event would take place, and they took care to be ready for going out at the exact time. There was sparse traffic in those days in Church

Lane, and from one of the upper rooms of their abode they could see clearly the walls of Campden House and the cavalcade breasting the hill, with the Princess at its head, upon which they flew down the staircase to reach the doorstep, and with demure and unruffled countenances to make low obeisances to the "goddess of their idolatry," who as she passed, according to the girls' account, always bestowed a bow upon them from her saddle. No one who saw it can forget the graceful movement with which she at all times recognised the respect and sympathy of the public.

I remember a keen observer saying that he had discovered the secret of Her Majesty's grace, on the occasion when the Queen and the Empress Eugénie stood side by side at the Crystal Palace on the platform, receiving the vociferous cheers of tens of thousands of enthusiastic people. Her Majesty was far more graceful in her bows than the Empress, the reason being that she bowed from the waist, while the Empress bowed simply from the shoulders.

Curiously enough, being in Paris shortly after I heard this opinion, the Empress of the French passed in an open carriage, while I was crossing

the Place de la Concorde. I took my hat off and executed a very demonstrative bow, upon which she, sitting upright in her carriage, accomplished a series of jerky bows, such as Chinese mandarin dolls perform; but her charming face and figure were always attractive.

We were still young when an incident occurred which greatly increased our chances of hearing facts about Her Majesty, as the Princess had then become.

Through our aunt, Lady Callcott, we had become intimately acquainted with a delightful woman, Miss Marianne Skerrett, the daughter of a gallant officer, Colonel Skerrett, who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, and who is mentioned with much honour by Napier in his *History*. His daughter was a remarkable personage! To begin with, there was less of her than I ever saw in any woman; under five feet in height, and as thin as a shred of paper, she had a face of the brightest intelligence, but of almost comical plainness of feature. Her mind was of the purest and strongest, sustained by devout Christian faith, and illumined by brightest intelligence. She was a remarkable linguist and

a widely read and cultivated woman. Such was Marianne Skerrett when Her Majesty came to the throne, and it was not long after this event that the ministers felt the vital need of appointing some lady to a position about the Queen's household who should always be at hand, and upon whose judgment the Queen could rely for immediate advice. In fact, the lady was to unite the accomplishments of an efficient private secretary with all the virtues it is possible to conceive in connection with such a post.

At this date the late Marchioness of Lansdowne was Mistress of the Robes to the young Queen. It occurred to her to consult her intimate friend Lady Callcott, who listened to the account of what was wanted, and answered that she had been deeply interested with every word of the description, and presumed Lady Lansdowne would be not a little surprised to hear that she could unhesitatingly name a person who was more particularly fitted than any other she had ever known for the proposed office, and that the person was Marianne Skerrett!

Then, in order to accomplish the main object in view, namely opportunity for intimate and constant intercourse between Her Majesty and Miss Skerrett,

it was arranged that the latter should be offered an appointment as Head Dresser, with the care of jewellery, to Her Majesty—which she at once accepted. She took the most solemn view of her new responsibility. To her pure and faithful mind there was something inexpressibly touching in the position of the Queen at the time of her marriage, and her feeling became one of absolute devotion, and a fervent desire to do anything and everything for the highest and best interests of her royal mistress.

How successful she was is best proved by the words of Sir Edwin Landseer.

He was expressing his enthusiastic admiration for her, and wound up by saying, “She is the dearest and most wonderful little woman I ever knew. If anything goes wrong in Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, or Windsor, whether a crowned head or a scullery maid is concerned, Miss Skerrett is always sent for to put it right!”

We rarely saw her at this time, she was so absorbed by the requirements of her office, but she and my youngest sister were greatly attached friends and constant correspondents, so we were

kept well up to date with Miss Skerrett and her work. Of course, she must have had her failings, but we were only acquainted with one of them, and that was the terrible illegibility of her handwriting. My sister, from long practice, had acquired the art of deciphering her hieroglyphics, but when I received notes from her, I at once posted them to sister Sophy, and received from her a readable copy.

Miss Skerrett told me of an incident that happened a few days after she entered Her Majesty's service. The Queen was speaking to her confidentially about her duties, and she said that when she was informed by the Prime Minister that it was considered desirable that she should have some lady in close attendance, "I expected that she would be a lady of commanding presence and great dignity; and," continued Her Majesty, "when you, you little thing, were presented to me, I had difficulty to keep from laughing in your face!"

One day in the early summer of 1858 I received a note from Miss Skerrett, unusually brief and legible, which was to convey Her Majesty's command that I should paint a portrait of the Princess Beatrice. I may mention that on the same day

that the Princess was born, April 14th, 1857, a son was added to my family, and that two days later I had received through Miss Skerrett a gracious intimation of Her Majesty's pleasure that my child should be called Victor Alexander after her. One of Miss Skerrett's duties was to read to Her Majesty, and only two days after the birth of the Princess Beatrice, when she was reading the announcements of births, marriages, etc., the arrival at No. 1, High Row, was noted, and Miss Skerrett told us that there was quite a lively discussion between Her Majesty and the Prince Consort as to whether there was any good masculine version of the name Beatrice, on which they had already decided for the Princess, which could be bestowed upon my son. The Prince said he could think of none, unless it were Beator. Her Majesty laughingly agreed with him that this would not be a generally acceptable name, and the above-mentioned intimation was then sent. So the boy was christened Victor Alexander Haden, and, as Victor Horsley, has proved himself worthy of the name, if to say so may be permitted to a father.

To return to the portrait of the Princess Beatrice

painted in 1858. There was to be no delay in the matter, as the picture was intended for a birthday present to the Prince Consort. All the arrangements were placed in Miss Skerrett's hands, and the suite of rooms vacated by the Princess Royal on her marriage to the Crown Prince of Prussia were assigned to me for my work. On my arrival I was met by Miss Skerrett with a message that Her Majesty regretted she could not at once see me to talk over the general arrangement of the picture, but that she would do so later. Then the nurse, Mrs. Thurston, came in with the royal baby in her arms, a most charming little child, as good as gold as a sitter. I proposed that the background to the dimpled babe should be a glimpse of Osborne and the sea, with a flowery foreground, and was desirous to rub in the background so as to be prepared for Her Majesty's criticisms. While thus engaged I heard a slight tap at the door, and imagining it was the welcome tea which Miss Skerrett had told me to expect, I called out, "Come in!" in a cheerful voice; the door opened, and in came Her Majesty, quite unattended.

I had heard from my painter friends, who had

executed important pictures for the Queen, of royal marriages, and other state proceedings, that Her Majesty always came to her sittings attended by a lady-in-waiting, who stood whilst the Queen remained, which was exactly an hour, but as Her Majesty always came as I have described, and rarely missed one of the sittings, I concluded that she could not consider the portrait of a little child of thirteen months a serious affair of state.

The day after the first sitting Her Majesty was pleased to say to me she would like to see our baby, so the baby Victor was taken to see Her Majesty by Mrs. Horsley, and duly admired. A few days later the Queen said to me, "But you have other sons beside your baby boy," and added that she should like to see my eldest son, who in due course was brought by Miss Horsley for royal inspection.

Our nursery, like most others of the period, was decorated with portraits of the Royal Family from illustrated papers, so that the children had thus become familiar with their names. The child, I may say, was a favourable specimen of a three-year-old. Her Majesty took him from his mother's arms, and

seated herself on the carpet with him on her lap, whilst she looked on with Miss Skerrett. Just before the Queen's entrance she had given the child a little mother-of-pearl pocket-knife. "Who gave you that?" said Her Majesty. "That lady," said Walter, pointing to the "little thing." "And who is that lady?" asked the Queen. Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "The Princess Royal." Never have I heard such a burst of hearty laughter as came from the Queen, and again and again was it repeated as she swayed about with the child in her arms on the floor. These pleasant scenes took place in the leafy month of June, which was as remarkable for the continuance of fine weather as in the year of grace 1901. No young married woman could have looked brighter and happier than did our late beloved and revered Queen.

I remember that she was very anxious to keep the birthday present a secret from the Prince Consort, and she used to express a hope that I should not meet him in the corridor, lest perhaps he might inquire what I was doing for Her Majesty. With what pleasure I looked forward to my almost daily interviews with the Queen! Her charming face and

form were grateful to the artistic eye, and we had long and delightful conversations about painters and pictures. In the room where I worked for the Queen were some of Wilkie's best early works, such as "The Penny Wedding" and "Blind Man's Buff," and some of his later works, painted after his return from Spain. I used to feast by the hour on those pictures, and I pointed out to the Queen a discovery I had made in the "Blind Man's Buff," which interested Her Majesty greatly. At one period of the picture's growth the male figure in the group running round the "blind man" had on a long light coat reaching below the knees, and doubtless feeling that the concealment of the figure took from him an opportunity of delineating rapid movement, Wilkie had painted out the coat-tails and turned the garment into a jacket, without previously scraping the canvas, a curious omission for such an elaborate executant, for he must have known that "pentemente," as the Italian artists called such over-painting, always comes out in the course of time, revealing the old work underneath. Wilkie knew so well the loss to the designer in hiding important points of

form in the human figure, that after making a sketch for a composition with many figures in it, he would count the number, and then the number of hands displayed, and if these did not amount to nearly a pair apiece he would alter the sketch, feeling strongly that to omit a hand was deliberately to lose a vital point of expression.

I found Her Majesty, with her keen intelligence and art sympathy, always much interested in such suggestive explanations as the above.

Whilst I was painting this picture, Her Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort went to Birmingham to open the New Park there, and were absent for some days. The great heat of the weather, added to the fatigues of the journey, quite knocked up the Prince, whilst they had no ill-effect whatever on the Queen, whose constitution was far more vigorous. This indisposition perhaps made the Queen's desire, that he should not know about the portrait until it was presented, easier of accomplishment. I personally much regretted not seeing him, as in the many interviews I had with him touching the Royal Commission work, I had found him a delightful talker and a well-informed and intelligent critic on art questions.

The difficulty was sometimes to remember the social gulf between us, when on occasions he would lead the way up the palace stairs, two steps at a time, to shows me works of art in various rooms that he wished to discuss with me.

His freedom of manner on such occasions contrasted curiously with his formality when receiving information from some lordly official who brought him communications for consideration, which broke the thread of his artistic discussions.

He had a regularly appointed painting-room, and sometimes he showed me small pictures in progress taken from subjects in Scott or other authors, but with his unfailing tact he never embarrassed me by inviting criticism upon them.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis has recorded his opinion that the Prince Consort was the only man whom he had ever known intimately to whom he could unhesitatingly apply the epithet of "good," and, I believe, this opinion of him would be confirmed by all who had been brought in contact with him in the grave concerns of life.

He had not much sympathy with the lighter side of life, and rather disliked jokes, especially if they

were in the least far-fetched. A story of Edwin Landseer's amusingly illustrates this.

When the royal pair were first established at their happy Scotch home, no guest was more frequently summoned there than the great painter, Edwin Landseer. Her Majesty fully shared his interest in the animal creation, and she had also quickly discovered his gifts as a *raconteur*, and never tired of his numerous anecdotes, which he had the ready wit to add to and to alter at discretion.

One evening after the Prince had suggested that it was getting late, the usual hour for retiring being somewhat passed, the Queen appealed to Landseer for one more story, which was to be the last.

The Prince leaned back with an air of resignation, and Landseer dashed into a story he had not told before, of a friend who had trained a collie to find money in a marvellous way. One day on the moors he had a wager that he would send the dog away with a keeper, then hide a five-pound note, call the dog to heel, and tell him to find the note. "Did he do so?" said the Queen, with amused eagerness. "Well, your Majesty, not the note, but he brought back the five sovereigns in change!"

The harmless badinage of this story made the Queen laugh heartily, and the Prince gently smiled, upon which Landseer was tempted to tell them another in which there was a touch of such genuine humour as to rouse His Royal Highness to express approval. It was an incident connected with dog-stealers. Landseer began by admitting that he had relations with a member of the profession, who sometimes brought him very valuable dogs to paint from. An old friend who knew of this came one day in great distress to ask Landseer's aid in regaining possession of his dog which was lost. The introduction was given, and one day the friend came to say that the dealer in dogs had brought him news of his dog, and that for the payment of £5 he would receive him safely back in a fortnight's time, but that when remonstrated with on the delay, he had gruffly said that if any more was said the dog would not come back at all. When the affair was settled Landseer was still curious as to the cause of the delay, and the next time he saw his ally he asked an explanation. This was his reply: "Well, sir, I don't mind telling you that it was I who *got* your friend's dog in the first instance" ("got" is the

euphemism for stole), "and when you sent him to me about the dawg, I had sold him to another gent for a big price, so I thought it only fair to that there gent to let him keep the dawg for a fortnight before I got him again, don't you see, sir?" This very curious instance of honour among thieves made Landseer realise that the man was a rather dangerous acquaintance, and he dropped him as an agent.

When, to the Prince Consort's evident relief, they adjourned to their rooms, and Landseer was undressing, there was a tap at the door, and one of the gentlemen-in-waiting came in with a message to tell Landseer from the Prince that the Queen had *not* believed the story of the five-pound note!

CHAPTER IX

Sir Henry Holland—Sidney Smith—Moore's songs—Monckton Milnes—William Rickman and George Maule—The abbey in Knightsbridge—The Abbess' dancing-class—The polka—Denman—Scene at Strathfieldsaye.

AMONG the many pleasant houses I had the privilege of frequenting was that of Sir Henry Holland, the well-known physician and traveller. When I first knew him his daughter had married Sidney Smith, as his second wife. The Hollands were living in one of the old houses in Brook Street, which was full of character, and in which they used to give very delightful musical evenings. In the back drawing-room there was a shallow alcove on one side of the room. In this, Sidney Smith, who was present on all these occasions, held quite a little court, and all the smartest ladies crowded round him to listen to his inimitable wit and humour. Coming in late one evening, I found the music-room, the front drawing-room, entirely

filled with a gay party listening to some of the opera singers of that time, while Sidney Smith was amusing a circle of his intimates in his alcove, but so sotto voce that he really gave the impression that he was not the cause of all the laughter, but rather that he was the restraining influence over his audience, keeping them quiet. Presently, on the completion of the music for the moment, there was the usual rush from the crowded room, and in the midst of the crowd came staggering out a poor old lady, evidently past the fourscore years, bent upon escape. She was a wonderful sight, gaily decked as to the coiffure with glistening green beetles, that were so fastened to hairpins as to be constantly fluttering, her dress shockingly *décolleté*—marvelously like the figure of the old harridan bride in “The Rake’s Progress.” The instant Smith’s eyes fell on her he jumped upon his feet and made for her, uttering as he advanced, “My dear Lady So-and-so, how are you, how are you?” The poor old thing looked at him with a weary, distraught manner. He grasped her hands and went on: “I am sure you have been delighted with the music, for if ever I saw a face of rapture it is yours!”

On another occasion at a dinner at Tom Longman's, where I spent some of the pleasantest evenings in my society days, I met a remarkable party, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, Monckton Milnes, Tom Moore, Dundas, and others. I had never met Moore before, and did not know that he was in the habit of being coaxed into what he called singing, but what was really a sort of recitation to his own accompaniment on the piano. Mrs. Longman was a most charming woman, and she had an entrancing contralto voice in which she used to sing Schubert's "Addio" to perfection. She had the liquid, languishing eyes which often go with a strain of Southern blood. The usual coaxing went on, headed by Mrs. Longman and carried on by the other ladies. Finally the little wizened man, who, I heard, would often bring some of the young ladies to their knees in entreaty, gave in with well-feigned reluctance and played a few somewhat halting chords. I was at that moment talking to Dundas, and knowing the ways of the house, where music was treated with due respect, I said: "Now, sir, we must be quiet." "Oh yes, I know," answered Dundas, taking up a book and throwing

himself back in a chair with an expression of some boredom. Moore caught sight of him, and jumping to his feet he rushed up to him, exclaiming in a hoarse whisper: "For God's sake, Dundas, put that book down, I couldn't sing a note with anyone reading a book in the room." So Dundas shrugged his shoulders, slammed the book, threw it on the table, and folding his arms and crossing his legs, prepared himself for martyrdom. Moore returned to the piano. Though he had not a spark of tune in his voice, the poet's recitation of his own fervent words to occasional chords was a most intensely interesting performance, really impressive; it was quite wonderful to hear the spirit with which he declaimed "Come o'er the sea, maiden, with me."

During the dinner, at which as I have said Monckton Milnes was present, to whom Sidney Smith some years ago had given the sobriquet, the "Cool of the Evening," we all noticed that his manner to the great man was markedly lacking in the respect due to him, to his age and profession. He repeatedly calmly addressed him as "Smith," which every time made those of us who felt what was due wince as if at a personal affront. The lion

bided his time, when the great paw descended crushingly.

"I am going to the Archbishop's reception at Lambeth Palace," said Milnes, somewhat with an air.

"Oh, are you?" answered Sidney Smith. "So am I; may I ask if you have a carriage here?"

"No," said the "Cool of the Evening," "I have not."

"Well, I have, and I shall be very happy to give you a seat in it, but you must do me one favour, don't call the Archbishop '*Hooley*'!"

The voice and manner of piteous entreaty was such as to for once crush Milnes, who promptly disappeared; but I think he went in Sidney Smith's carriage after all, for I remember we tried to depict his feelings, seated all the way from Hanover Terrace to Lambeth Palace beside the man who had given him such an awful flogger.

It may be news to some of my readers to hear that Monckton Milnes was the inventor of the white waistcoat on dress occasions, thus giving the deathblow to the gorgeous Genoese cut velvet waistcoats of the period. A great sensation was caused by his appearance for the first time in dress

clothes with a white waistcoat in the House of Commons.

Amongst the intimate friends of my early manhood were two young men named William Rickman and George Maule. The father of the first-named was one of those highly respected gentlemen in wig and gown, called, I think, Clerks to the House of Commons, who sit at the Speaker's table in the House of Commons during parliamentary debates, and supply all kinds of legal and other information connected with the questions debated in the House to members, whose knowledge is often very limited in respect to their parliamentary labours. Maule's father was Solicitor to the Treasury. Both these young men were delightful examples of God-fearing English gentlemen. They distinguished themselves at Oxford, and both of them desired to become civil engineers, which laudable desire was never carried out, to the detriment of themselves and their country I sincerely believe. But Maule's father was naturally anxious that his old-established house of business should have the support of his son's fine character and remarkable mental powers. His

memory was quite astounding. I am writing now of times when most readers of current literature were on the tenterhooks of impatience, waiting for the monthly portions of Dickens or Thackeray, as the case might be, and I have heard Maule challenged to listen to a passage from one of these well-known authors, and then to continue the quotation from memory, which he would often do for half an hour or more with startling success.

The two friends started a bachelors' establishment in some remarkable suites of chambers in Knightsbridge.

Many will remember the sensation made by the building of those lofty blocks of houses right and left of Albert Gate, which were christened, when they were built, "Malta and Gibraltar," because it was impossible that either of them "could ever be taken" because of their preposterous proportions; but the park wit, whoever he or she might be, was confuted by the one on the eastern side being secured as the London residence of the French Ambassador, and that on the western by some millionaire. It now warehouses millions as a joint-stock bank.

Rickman and Maule became aware that some chambers were to let in an establishment next door to the French Embassy, where the arms of the great Florentine family of the Medici—three golden balls—were displayed, which armorial bearings are known to indicate, in plain English, a pawnbroker's shop.

They had often discussed the desirability of founding an abbey, of which Rickman should be Abbot and Maule the General Manager. It had been agreed that there should be not only monks but nuns, with a lady abbess to look after them in the person of Miss Fanny Maule, George Maule's sister. The friends lost no time in inspecting the rooms offered for letting, and to their infinite delight found that they suited their contemplated scheme admirably. It appeared that the chambers had been originally built by a professor of the "golden balls," who dealt not only with objects of "bigotry and virtue," but also with articles of furniture, for which a large gallery with a top light had been constructed. Opening out of this and on the same floor were several smaller rooms. But the gallery was the great attraction, making as it did a perfect ballroom.

The Abbot Rickman was a man of means and leisure, and devoted to society, balls especially.

In establishing his community of monks and nuns, it may be stated that the nuns had not the free run of the club, but were only admitted by invitation on special occasions.

My friend the Abbot had the strongest predilection for turning night into day, and the abbey was as a rule only open at eleven p.m., when arriving members were greeted in the most hilarious way in the brightest and cheeriest of rooms with blazing fires and lights. There were many brilliant men and charming women in the community, and no one who had the privilege of belonging to it will ever forget the charm and gaiety of youth and light spirits that characterised our midnight meetings.

We were most of us devoted to dancing, and when the polka was introduced, the Abbess formed a dancing-class, held in one of the smaller rooms. Perhaps few of my readers know what an absolute craze there was for the polka when it was first introduced; it infected dignified matrons, mothers of large families, and middle-aged gentlemen of pronounced contours. I was one of the first pupils

to learn the art from the charming Abbess, and as soon as I was pronounced proficient, I remember rushing into the ballroom to my partner and showing my proficiency. Any of us who made mistakes were at once sent back to the class.

The smoking-room had a characteristic point which must be recorded. There was a large settee in the middle, with a chintz valance; this, when lifted up, revealed a barrel of Bass's ale, always on tap, this being before the days of "whiskies and sodas."

Amongst the habitués I well remember Cyril Page, one of the ablest clergymen in the London diocese, who did famous work amongst the poor; Henry Phillips, son of the academician; George Maule's brothers, men of some note; also young Denman, afterwards Lord Denman and a famous judge.

Of him Maule told me a delightful story worth recording.

On one occasion, during the assizes at Reading, the judges were staying at Strathfieldsaye with the great Duke, who entertained them hospitably. The Duke had various harmless eccentricities.

One was that at breakfast-time his favourite manservant used to bring in a long tray, upon which were a number of small and beautiful silver teapots, one for each guest. Those were days when people were given their choice of black or green tea. The Duke himself put the tea into each pot, questioning his guest individually. "What tea do you take, sir, black or green?" was asked in stentorian tones. Now young Denman, who was acting as marshal to his father, had been consumed with nervousness ever since he entered the house at the very thought of converse with his distinguished host, and when the question was shouted at him as to black or green the bashful youth hesitated, stammered, and when the question was put a second time with some impatience, the reply came out with a rush at last, "I take it mixed, your Grace."

The Duke was taken aback at the unaccustomed answer, but in a moment roared out, "Take Mr. Denman two pots."

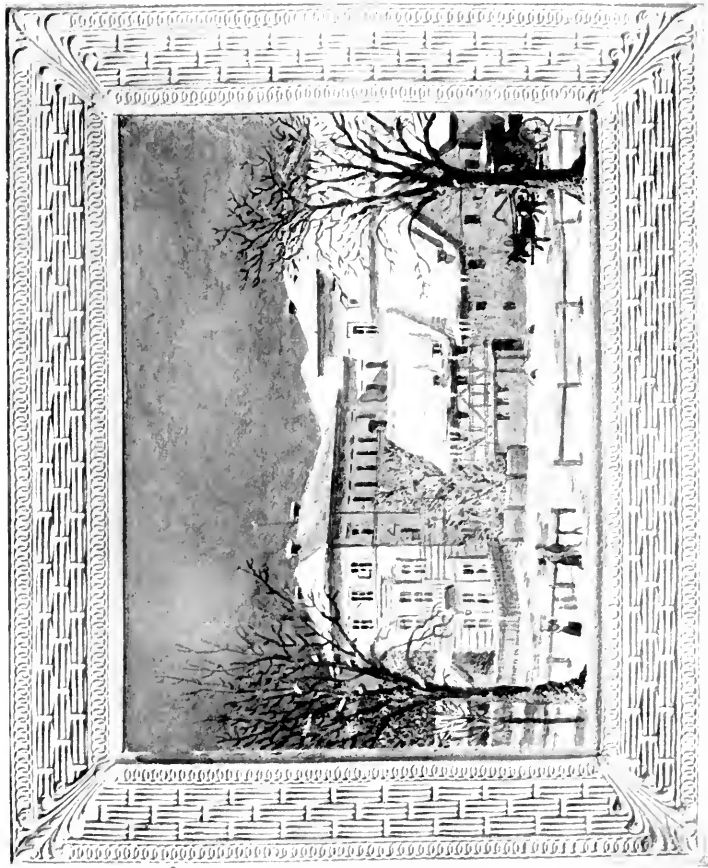
The table was convulsed.

CHAPTER X

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy—First visit to England—An introduction to him—Extempore playing—His kindness—Moscheles—Amusing duets—Henschel's singing of *St. Paul*—George Eliot—Mendelssohn at St. Paul's—Walks in London—Sundays at High Row—The *Elijah*—Joachim's début—Mendelssohn as an artist.

THE fame of this resplendent musical genius had preceded his appearance in England by many years. He came to London for the first time in 1826, but long before this his name was a household word at High Row, for not only had we heard constantly of the wonders of Felix's piano-forte and organ playing, but we had become intimately acquainted with one of his bosom friends, Carl Klingemann, an accomplished German gentleman, then attached to the Hanoverian Embassy in London. From him we heard wondrous accounts of Felix and his family, as also from Ignace Moscheles and his wife. The former was a distinguished German musician who had established

himself in London, where he soon obtained success as a conscientious and excellent music-master, and pursued his honourable calling for many years. Thus, and again by hearing some of Felix's compositions at the Philharmonic and other concerts, we were already enthusiastic about him when we heard that he and his father were about to arrive in London, and were likely to remain for some weeks. Shortly after their arrival we were advised by Mme. Moscheles that the Mendelssohns proposed calling upon us on a certain afternoon, upon which day I kept watch and ward on our front door from the drawing-room window, and at length saw a charming-looking couple arrive in the persons of the Mendelssohns, father and son, the one a handsome elderly gentleman, the other a bright, eager-looking youth of middle height and most animated expression. No words of mine could describe the fascination of his manner, in which simplicity was the leading feature, and from that moment I may truly say he and I were sworn friends, though he was nineteen years old and I a boy of ten. He very soon established himself as one of our family, my parents accepting him as an extra and dear son.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOMÄI DELINT.

To Mrs Fanny Thompson M^{rs}
plate is respectfully inscribed by the
Author.

London 30 Mar
1844

Lingens's garden. derply.
The Seat of
Felix Mendelssohn Bart

My memories of Mendelssohn are of necessity fragmentary, and have but little connection with positive dates, never having been recorded at the time, but they seem to come forth spontaneously as I write. His visits here were to me as wonderful as always excursions into dream or fairyland. He was always surrounded by troops of friends and admirers, and had masses of daily correspondence to deal with, especially social invitations, so difficult for him to arrange with his highly strung and sensitive nature, which dreaded giving offence in the slightest degree to those so anxious to show their admiration for him. My dear mother was, I may say, in worldly matters, his "refuge and strength," to whom he poured out all his social anxieties, while my father also was completely under the "F. M." spell. It was for me an ever-fresh delight to see and hear the old and young musician going through their respective compositions, seated at an old square Broadwood pianoforte, long since presented to that illustrious house, to add to the museum they have formed of their relics of the former successes in piano manufacture, still vigorously maintained.

These half-hours were solemn moments for me, for they were so full of strains of "lengthened sweetness long drawn out," and played at eventide of spring and summer time, the charm was indescribable.

There is one form of musical performance which was much in vogue in my youth, but which I have not had the pleasure of hearing practised effectually for many a long year. I allude to extempore playing. Listeners were invited by the performer on piano, organ, or strings to give some musical theme of intelligible form, on which he should work his will and proceed to elaborate the given theme or themes, for I have often heard the game played with two musical objectives, with which endless combinations of "thick-coming fancies" were originated and developed, the whole linked together by a return to the original themes now and again.

F. M. was a past master in this art, and I have often seen the grand old face of my father thrilling with admiration as he sat as close to the musician as he could, without interfering with his freedom of action at the piano, to observe the fingering of the keyboard, a matter so interesting to him as a teacher.

Mendelssohn was very sensitive, especially as to the honour paid to his profession, and the suspicion that he was invited socially chiefly for what he could bring with him for the entertainment of his hosts and their friends, led to many unpleasant *contretemps*, when he in somewhat point-blank terms would decline to play when asked to do so. Even my dear mother, for whom he would have done anything, preferred telling me to ask him if he would *mind* playing, especially if we had any friends with us to whom he was personally unknown. "*Mind*, my dear boy," was the reply, "I'll play to you and to all in this old house as long as you will listen." Happening to come to England at a time when we were in deep anxiety about a dear relative, to whom he was much attached, he devoted many of his much-engaged hours to playing to her, and before he returned to Germany he wrote in pencil inside her piano words to this effect—

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

played to

Mrs. T.— on this piano on —.

and later on, a second inscription was made—

The same fellow has also played in January, 1847.

Returning the following season, he found his friend still living, and repeated the kind offices of soothing her afflicted hours.

After her death that piano came into my possession. As it needed some small repairs, I sent for the man who was to attend to it, to adjure him that in doing what was required he should not go near the inscription, round which I had drawn a line of white oil paint. He gave his word that it should not be touched, took the piano home, and handed it over to a workman to clean without a word of warning, and the treasure so valued came back worthless to me.

To return to the extemporising. On one memorable occasion Mendelssohn and Moscheles were both here, and it was suggested that they should extemporise together. It must be noted that Moscheles was extremely fussy about the height of his music-stool, and he took up much time in adjusting it exactly to his taste, adding and subtracting books of varying thicknesses with great elaboration. This proceeding partly amused and partly teased Felix, and by the twinkle in his eye I saw that the spirit of fun, which was ever

present with him, was prompting him to some mischief. He jocosely reprimanded Moscheles for trying to steal a march upon him, and then started an admirable imitation of his friend's procedure, and finally convulsed those present by imitating in dumbshow his dissatisfaction with the height of *his* seat and his inability to see anything that would make it exactly right; then suddenly tapping his forehead, he darted to a writing-table at hand, opened the paper case, and choosing the smallest sheet he could find, held it up for us all to see, and solemnly proceeded to the book-laden stool and laid it carefully down, and executed a *pas de fascination à la Taglioni* round it and smoothing it out, expressing thus his delight in the result of his labour. He jumped upon his throne, then beckoned to Moscheles to take his seat, and dashed into an impromptu fantasia of the most joyous and delightful kind imaginable. The playing of the two performers on this occasion was really a marvel of ingenuity and musical skill and inspiration.

On another occasion Moscheles as senior began to extemporise, and was so lengthy that we were all

impatiently longing for Mendelssohn to be able to strike in with his impromptu solo. He sustained his secondary part with most admirable skill and patience, but at last the latter became a little exhausted, and I vividly remember the amusing byplay of dumbshow, as with folded hands and pathetic gestures of deepest entreaty he implored his colleague to give him his turn!

In extempore playing he often appeared to crouch over the keys, bringing his head almost level with his fingers, and at times an amused smile illuminated his face, as if expressing satisfaction with what his fingers brought forth, and this was now and then accompanied by a slight nasal snort of excitement. His smile and his musical laugh no one who had the privilege of his acquaintance can forget. He had, in fact, an essentially joyous nature, and I venture to assert that this is abundantly evident in his musical compositions. I know of no music so redolent of happiness, and per contra of none that can be so truly pathetic but not dismal. Not a bar of dismal music is to be found in the whole range of his work.

He had unquestionably a true Christian spirit,

from which emanated all those marvellous inspirations of the deepest and most fervent Christian faith in his two great oratorios of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. What a remarkable tribute of intense admiration did I once witness to the divine influence of such music! Our dear friend Mrs. Moscheles, in her widowhood, occasionally had "musical afternoons," to which we had the *entrée*. At one of these Mr. and Mrs. George Lewes ("George Eliot") were present. Henschel, the admirable singer, was there, and when asked to sing, to my delight he chose the great scena from *St. Paul*, the most passionate appeal for mercy and forgiveness of sin ever written, the music being as thrilling as the holy words. Henschel is not only a great singer, but a good all-round musician, and the great advantage of his being, on this occasion, his own accompanist was intensely appreciated by the audience, as well as the noteworthy taste and expression with which he sang, and by none more than by the couple I have named. They evidently were acquainted with the noble composition. When Henschel began they were seated at some distance from the piano. After the introduction, so full of pathetic harmony, they

rose from their seats, and in the gentlest fashion—I might add with the humblest step—they moved across the room and stood at Henschel's left hand, not more than a foot away from the piano, Lewes a little to the rear. I could observe them to the end without being seen myself, and they never changed their attitude of riveted attention, and quietly left the room the moment the music was over.

During one of Felix's visits to London he played after the afternoon service at St. Paul's to us chiefly, for the congregation, always small in those days, had melted away, not knowing what was coming.

It was a superb musical exhibition, and not only that, but a marvellous athletic performance, for his slight form of middle size was put to a tremendous muscular exertion in managing the pedals and stops of that immense organ. I made a memory sketch of his foreshortened body, as with head now and then bent out of sight, his eloquent back indicated the depth of feeling which was always so great a factor in his playing.

During F. M.'s visits to London he used to lodge

in Great Portland Street, where I often breakfasted with him, to my supreme delight. For the nature of the breakfast he was entirely at the mercy of his landlady, a good and honest woman, but she was somewhat monotonous in the treatment of the menu, of which the chief item was invariably fat mutton chops. Eaten in such company as F. M.'s, however, they were food for the gods.

After breakfast F. M. would sit down to his piano and very often drift into rehearsals of what he might be going to play in the evening. Then we would stroll out, when nothing pleased him better than to go into neighbourhoods where there were traces of old London. On one such occasion, during his second or third visit, we were on our way to the Brunels, who lived then in a most interesting old house in Duke Street, Westminster, the former town house of the Earls of Devon, when a slight incident gave rise to an expression of his feeling I am never likely to forget. I may say that I had one quality of ingenuous youth in a very marked degree, viz. that of being an inordinate blusher, and this on the smallest provocation. This was so marked as to become a fearful trial to me, and I suffered much

from its annoying influence till I was out of my teens. On this walk we took a short cut, for F. M. was rather proud of his facility in finding his way about London, and we found ourselves in a place where once stately houses were now reduced to be dwelling-places of more than doubtful inhabitants, who, at the moment we were passing, were represented by some half-dozen of young women of flaunting aspect apparently engaged in work of sorts, accompanied by loud laughter and ribald talk, with which they assailed us, becoming more and more offensive on seeing that we made no reply, but hastened our pace onwards. We were walking arm-in-arm, which was the common practice in those times, a comfortable posture for friends to assume, but which, curious to note, one scarcely ever sees adopted in these days, even by married folk. Independence is aimed at in all the relations of life. What I felt I cannot pretend to express, but I had the inward conviction that I was blushing to the roots of my hair. As my dear friend turned to look at me he saw what must have filled my mind at the moment, and said, with solemn earnestness and almost in a whisper,

pressing my arm, in which his own was locked "God grant, my dear boy, that you may ever feel as you are now doing." Then we hurried away from the polluted atmosphere, and he never referred again by a single word to the incident; but it is one of those memories which will be for me "ever green," and upon which I may humbly and thankfully say God's blessing rested.

One Sunday morning, Mendelssohn being now intimately acquainted with our friends the Hawes, we had agreed to breakfast with them, and that he should play one of the voluntaries at St. John's, Waterloo Bridge Road. In those days there was much more solo organ-playing than is now the fashion, an extra voluntary often being introduced into the service, usually of a soft and meditative description.

The talk at breakfast was long and animated. At length our hostess stirred us up to get us off to church, where we arrived in great force after the service had begun. We were taken straight to the organ-loft, where the sight of the gaping congregation and the drawn curtains, exposing him and us to the public gaze, ruffled the usually seraphic

temper of Mendelssohn, and "slewing" himself across the organ-bench, after a few preliminary words with the organist, he dashed into an extempore of the most startlingly magnificent kind, thundering forth in music his perturbed spirit. Finally quieting down, he played the introduction of one of Bach's most superb fugues, at the close of which he darted up from his seat, seized his hat, which he jammed down on his head, and made his escape, evidently much annoyed. I remember well my own sense of discomfort, but wisely, I believe, I took refuge in complete silence, and comfort in the fact that the masterly performance had given the greatest delight to the congregation; though they were evidently at a loss to conjecture how anything so different from their usual musical service had come to pass.

Here I may state that nothing seemed to give F. M. more pleasure than these quiet visits to church organ-lofts, after which he would come back to the midday meal at High Row. Then would follow long strolls in Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and a return to some simple refection, and an hour or two of "songs without words" in the

evening. Dear good Carl Klingemann was also constantly with us, and he perhaps would lead round the conversation to the recent compositions of F. M., who would turn to the piano to illustrate the works he was then engaged on. One day, after the wonderful success of the oratorio of *St. Paul*, F. M., C. K., my sisters, and I were walking back from an organ performance at St. James's, Piccadilly, when it occurred to me to ask him whether he had any important work in contemplation to sustain the enthusiasm called forth by *St. Paul*.

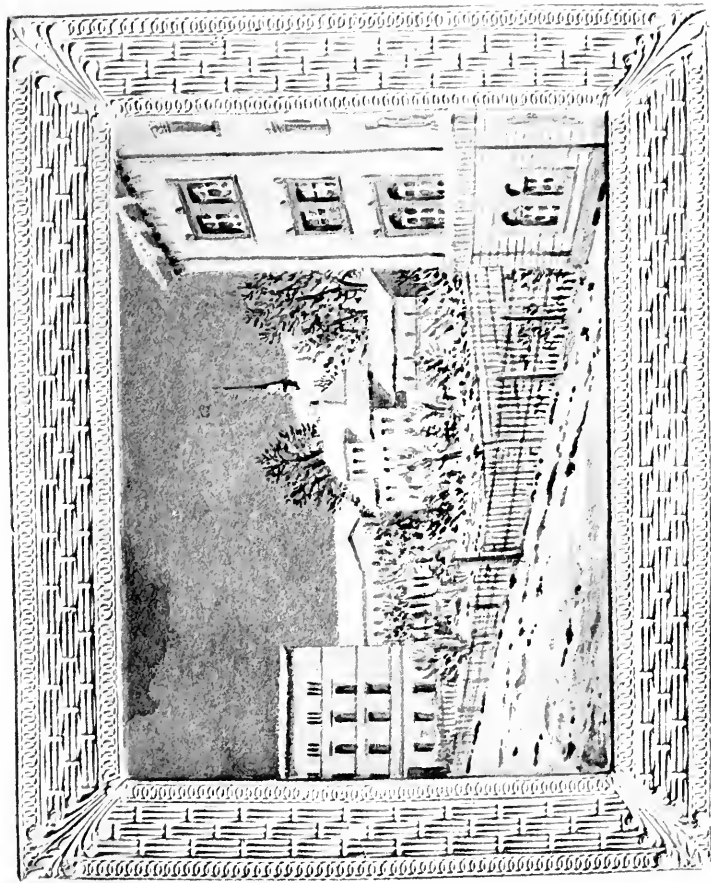
We were walking as was our wont, slightly ahead of the others at the time ; he was silent at first, and then with some hesitation he said, in a low voice, "Well, my dear boy, you are the first person to whom I have said a word on the subject, though I have had it on my mind for months past, and think and dream of nothing else. Yes, I have chosen the splendid Bible story of Elijah for my next theme, and if I can only bring the magnificent text home to the hearts of my hearers with anything like the force that it appeals to me, I shall do much to place my second oratorio on possibly a higher level in public opinion than the first."

These few words have always dwelt in my memory.

In those days we had the *entrée* to the rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, which took place at the dear old Hanover Square Rooms, now no more. F. M. came over for the season and conducted the concerts, and, through his recommendation, Joachim, as a boy of twelve, came to play for the first time in England. I saw this gifted genius and delightful man and friend enter the orchestra in a boy's jacket and turn-down collar, and play Beethoven's great Concerto for the violin without a single note of music before him.

Mendelssohn's control over orchestras was perfectly marvellous, and was entirely caused by the kindly, good-tempered way in which he made his criticisms, and the absolute confidence in him as a leader with which he inspired the performers. I have seen him stop the band with one touch on his desk, then rush up the orchestra like a cat, and then you would see him patiently and quietly pointing out to the offender where, instead of playing A flat, he had played A sharp.

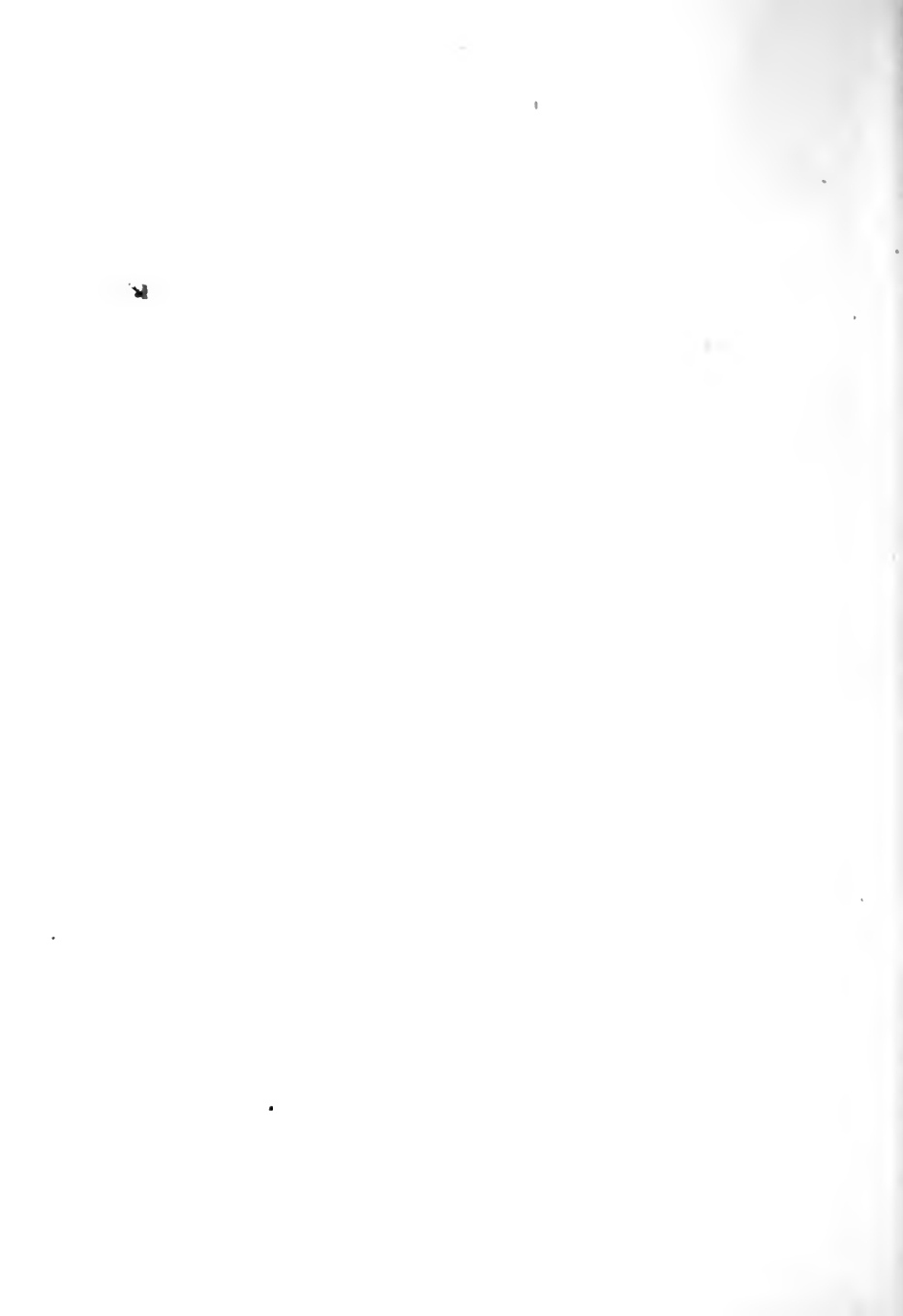
Mendelssohn had the keenest sense of humour,



FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOMY DELINT.

Leipzig
Königs-Strasse no. 5. Au Fanny Thompson.

1847 J. 31 Samar



and delighted in *Punch's* display of it, especially when it was enriched with the drawings of John Leech and Charles Keen. He himself drew a great deal, most elaborately and industriously in pencil, subsequently inked over, and there exist quite successful sheets of some caricature sketches illustrating his proceedings when travelling. There are good-sized sketch-books of his filled with such work during excursions in Switzerland and elsewhere that are very interesting. I possess two small water-colour drawings of houses in Leipzig, at one time inhabited by his family, that are quite charming, and show that had he received instruction at the right time and in the right way, he might have done a great deal with the sister art. Perhaps all this was as well, for he was so manifestly sent into the world to be a great musician, and was so passionately devoted to the "greatest" of all the arts, that we might have lost much of that that he was destined to do and say had he been led away by the fascination of the great and glorious arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

I have ventured to express my opinion that music

is the greatest of all the arts. I may say in all humility I am convinced of this because of its divine immateriality. It is the "material" difficulty that for ever vexes the soul of the painter. Is not white lead the only material we have with which to express the divine light of heaven?

CHAPTER XI

Isambard Kingdom Brunel—Parentage—Adventure at St. Paul's—
As a Surrey yeoman—Thames Tunnel—Party of visitors—Clifton
Suspension Bridge—Visits to Wales—The “Flying Hearse”—
Swallowing half a sovereign—Extract from *Life*: Note I.—
Letter from I. K. B. to his son.

MY two dearest friends were in the days of my youth Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Intimately as I knew them both, supremely distinguished in their respective callings, it is to me a delightful thought in my old age that never had I even a moment's “difference” with either of them. I. K. B., as he was usually called by those who had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, was the son of the distinguished French engineer, Mark Isambard Brunel, who had emigrated to England at the time of the French Revolution, and made himself a great reputation as the inventor of the block

machinery for the British Admiralty, and by numerous brilliant works. His professional success culminated in the Thames Tunnel, in the building of which he was most ably seconded by his only son, Isambard Kingdom Brunel. The younger Isambard, though ten years my senior, became most intimate with me, and being a thorough artist by nature, he took the deepest interest in the early strivings of my student days.

Just before I became personally acquainted with him I heard a remarkable story of one of his physical achievements in St. Paul's Cathedral. As he was passing the great church one morning, he noticed that repairs were evidently going on in one of the domes of the small towers, and proceeding up to this point by the ordinary staircase, he found that the gang of workmen employed had rigged up a rope-and-pulley arrangement to bring up the materials required for their work, instead of carrying them up the existing staircases. He surveyed the whole apparatus, and conceived the possibility of descending hand over hand to the pavement below, some two hundred feet or more from the starting-point, and proposed to the workmen that he

should make the attempt, none of his hearers taking the trouble to dissuade him from the rash act. It must be understood that he was a skilled athlete, and had great personal courage, which he had displayed to the full in the Thames Tunnel work, of which he had been the chief superintendent under his great father since its commencement. He calmly seized the right rope and started, going steadily down hand over hand; but he had not gone more than ten to fifteen feet when the sensation in his hands, produced by the unusual muscular strain for which he had had no previous training, convinced him that the numbing of his muscular power would wholly prevent his completing his climb down, and to save his life he must climb up again, which he did with no apparent effort and without the slightest failure of nerve power. What a severe trial this was may be imagined, as he clung for a few seconds suspended over that awful deep under the dome of the western tower of St. Paul's.

At this time, though absorbed by work and professional engagements of all kinds, he consented to join a troop of Surrey Yeomanry. He had had for some years a rat-tailed Irish horse, who objected at

all times to the details of his regimental saddlery, and on one occasion, when riding along the Westminster Bridge Road to the drill-ground on Kennington Common, the animal lost his temper altogether, stood stock-still, and on being sharply spurred, commenced a kicking performance so violent as to threaten the upsetting of his rider. I. K. B., with his accustomed deliberateness, shook his feet out of the stirrups, grasped with one hand the pommel of the saddle, and vaulted over the nag's head, alighting safely in the road, with his reins and sabre in his disengaged hand. He quickly regained his saddle, and then the whole performance was encored! But I. K. B. did not lose his absolute calm and presence of mind, and quietly led old "rat-tail" back to his stable.

When the great irruption of the Thames into the tunnel took place, the water filled both the tunnels and the connecting shafts. During the period of pumping out which ensued the staff of the engineers were constantly examining the walls of the tunnel, keeping watch on any increase in the surface fractures, and many were the applications from sight-seers for permission to accompany them; but con-

sent could not be given, for there was constant danger in the operation, as any sudden rise in the water might have caused a catastrophe of a terrible nature. On one occasion several distinguished French gentlemen, one of whom was a member of the Bonaparte family, came with very special letters of introduction, and induced the authorities to give them the permission they desired.

Brunel addressed the party before they started to the effect that they must first assure him of their being good and powerful swimmers, the great danger being of any sudden accession of water overcoming the pumping strength necessary to keep it down to the right level. The party were loud in asserting their swimming powers to be quite abnormal, and their readiness to do exactly as they were told. So they were warned in good French, and with strong injunctions, that if they saw I. K. B. take a header from the punt in which they had embarked, they were to do the same, and to swim back to the point of embarkation. They had barely started, and he was standing up to point out the nature of the masonry, when one of the men wanting to pass him in punting, slipped, and struck

Brunel so violently that he lost his balance and fell over the side of the punt into very deep water. It at once occurred to him to dive under the boat and come up under the stern to see if his fellow-passengers were keeping their word and swimming to a place of safety, for the accident had the complete effect of the arranged performance, but when he came up to the side of the boat, no one had moved ; they were all sitting with expressions of varying horror and evident anticipation of sudden death on their faces.

The effect of their failure to keep their word, for they had no idea that Brunel's dive was not premeditated, was that no visitors were ever allowed to inspect the works again.

Another instance I may relate of his extraordinary calmness and presence of mind happened in the early days of the projected making of the great suspension bridge at Clifton.

That, of course, involved a constant passing of workmen from one side of the gorge to the other, from the Hot Wells to the Leigh Woods. Needless to say, there was no end to the loss of time by the workpeople, who took all opportunities of lingering

in public-houses and other resorts. At last he conceived the idea of carrying an iron chain across the space and a small basket working upon wheels, which by aid of windlass and rope would be able to convey two people to and fro. This proved to be a most successful idea, and was admirably carried out, and during the annual meeting of the British Association, then taking place at Bristol, it was arranged that there should be a regular performance for the edification of this assemblage of distinguished people, and there were many requests to be allowed to go in what was imagined to be a suspended car. This car was really not much bigger than many an extra-sized baker's basket, and as it would hold two persons of moderate dimensions, and no more, nothing would have induced Brunel to take anyone but a member of his own staff.

The experiment worked as usual; the basket went with a rush down the swaying iron chain to the middle, when suddenly a rope went wrong, and with an excited crowd watching him, I. K. B. swung himself on to the edge of the basket, stooped over and released the rope, after which they were drawn up safely to the other side.

A little later I went across with an assistant, and well remember my sensations during the transit. Brunel was looking on, and exclaimed with a laugh, "Be careful, John; you know it must come down some day"; but I had a good head in those days, and was not perturbed by this cheering remark, and I thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful panoramic views up and down the river. A great three-master passing up looked like a child's toy beneath me, and as I was slowly drawn up on the other side, I looked down upon the great trees, where rooks were cawing and repairing their nests.

Later on it became the fashion to take people across for the benefit of the men at the wheel. One day a gentleman and lady started, and the operator on the Clifton side soon observed, to his horror, that the lady had disappeared, and the gentleman was waving and gesticulating furiously. He worked his wheel with all his might, and presently the basket arrived with the lady, in a condition of utter collapse, in the bottom. She was lifted out and carried into a little chalet, which I. K. B. had built to keep his plans in, and for want of better accommodation she was laid on a

big drawing-board! The gentleman, a Frenchman, watching her in the greatest excitement as she began to come to, was so overcome with emotion that he staggered back and went into a dead faint; so he, too, had to be laid out on a second drawing-board, making the chalet temporarily appear almost like a mortuary.

However, they soon both recovered, and were none the worse for their adventure. They were married the next week. They were the last visitors ever brought across in this fashion.

In connection with the erection of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, Brunel entrusted me with a very important commission.

As originally designed it was to have cast-iron towers, purely Egyptian in form, and decorated on the panels into which the faces were divided with incised figure designs, illustrating all the processes necessary in the production of the various portions of the bridge. He had himself made spirited outline sketches in pen and ink of a few of the leading subjects. In order to become acquainted with the processes to be illustrated, I often accompanied I. K. B. on his journeys to the South Wales iron

districts, where he was actively engaged in making the railway from Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil. The vast work of the Great Western Railway with its network of branches loomed high upon the horizon of his manifold labours, and the power for work that he showed at this time was almost incredible. I was with him in many of these Welsh journeys, which he made in a large *britzska*, known to the post-boys as the "Flying Hearse" from its unusual dimensions, and the speed with which it was whirled along night and day by four horses. He was a perfect travelling companion, save for one most trying habit with which nature had endowed him beyond that of any other human being with whom I ever foregathered in sleeping hours. His potency in SNORING was "prodigious," as Dominie Sampson would have said, and in our night-long travellings I have had to shake and pommel him to that extent that I constantly anticipated his turning and rending me in his sleep as an actual assailant.

On one occasion he was completing the survey for the Taff Vale Railway, of which the plans were to be sent to the headquarters of the Railway Company at Cardiff by the 30th of November.

For a fortnight Brunel travelled about day and night without once going to bed, getting all the sleep he had in the Flying Hearse. I was quartered with friends a few miles off, and used to ride in daily on a Welsh pony to get my orders.

On the last day of the fortnight, when I rode in early, I heard that the plans had been delivered at 3 a.m., and that Mr. Brunel had then gone to bed. After a time I entered the room with great caution, and found him in a deep sleep. He was in the habit of smoking a cigar the last thing at night, and one was lying across his chin, one end in his mouth, the other showing signs that it had been lighted, though not a solitary puff had been smoked, he having evidently sunk into the sleep of the just the moment his head had touched the pillow. He woke naturally after exactly twenty-four hours of profound repose, and we started for London.

I. K. B. and I had many delightful journeys together, and I may perhaps make use, in describing one of them, of a letter I wrote to his son when he was writing his father's life.

“We left London for Italy one evening in April, 1842. During our journey we passed several

consecutive days and nights in the carriage ; and I am sure that there was not one of our waking hours in which some incident of interest did not occur.

“ I remember your father agreeing with me that our experiences merely of post-boys and their various characteristics would be worthy of recording in detail—from Newman’s two smart lads, who took us the first stage out of London, on to the genuine ‘ postillion ’ (boots and all) we found at Calais ; then to the wild young brigands (in appearance) who, inspired by the prospect of extra *buon mano*, whirled us along the road from Cività Vecchia towards Rome ; and winding up with the stolid German who rose slowly in his stirrups and distracted us by a melancholy performance on the horn slung round him, which no entreaty would induce him to give up. We posted from Calais, viâ Paris, to Châlons-sur-Saône, marvelling the whole way whereabouts *La Belle France* was to be found ; for a drearier and more utterly monotonous ride of something like eight hundred miles it is impossible to conceive.

“ From Châlons we went down the river to Lyons, then onwards, visiting Nismes, and through Arles to Toulon.

“ From Toulon we went through Cannes and

Nice, and along the lovely Cornice road to Genoa. Your father was intensely delighted with this portion of the journey. Those wonderfully picturesque towns, with their *rococo* churches looking like toys, and painted all over upon the principle of colour generally developed in that species of art, especially interested him. The streets were so narrow that it was sometimes doubtful whether the carriage could be squeezed through, and more than once it grazed the houses on either side as it passed on. Your father suggested the delightful idea that these towns may have been built *en bloc*, and the streets sliced out afterwards.

“The work for which your father had come to Italy commenced at Genoa, and he was met there by a staff appointed by the Government to accompany him during his stay. While at Genoa he came to me one morning and said, that in consequence of some delay, he had a week in which to make complete holiday, and gave me the choice of Florence or Rome. I need scarcely say that I chose Rome, and for three days we were in the Eternal City, seeing more in that time than those to whom we related our proceedings could believe. Two art student friends of mine, Solomon Hart, R.A., painter, and Frederick Thrupp, sculptor, were in Rome at the time, and most kindly devoted

themselves to our service as ciceroni, and spared us much loss of time.

“How well do I remember our entering Rome by the gate on the Cività Vecchia road, and standing up in the carriage to get our first view of St. Peter’s, and, having seen it, the blank look of disappointment we turned on each other at the sight! But the interior of the great church as far exceeded our expectations as the exterior had fallen short of them.

“We were back at Genoa to the minute your father had appointed, and the work being completed there, we went on to Turin. Here we were in time to be present at the Court balls and ceremonies consequent upon the marriage of the eldest son of Carlo Alberto, the King.

“From Turin we proceeded to Milan. At Milan your father parted from his staff, and completed the work he had undertaken as far as it was necessary to do so in Italy. From Italy, therefore, our journey home was one of uninterrupted enjoyment through those glorious Lombard towns to Venice, which happily we reached in a gondola from Mestre, and not by a railway viaduct; then through the Tyrol to Munich, and so down the Rhine to Belgium, reaching home from Antwerp.”

Within less than a year of Mr. Brunel’s return from his visit to Italy a strange accident happened

to him, which placed his life in great jeopardy. On April 3rd, 1843, he was amusing some children at his home by the exhibition of conjuring tricks, when, in pretending to pass a half-sovereign from his ear to his mouth, the coin he had placed in his mouth slipped down his throat. After a few days he began to suffer from a troublesome cough, and on April 18th Sir Benjamin Brodie was consulted.

The nature of the accident and the course of treatment adopted are described in the following letter from Mr. Brunel's brother-in-law, Dr. Seth Thompson, which was published in the *Times* newspaper of May 16th, 1843:—

“I shall be much obliged by your giving insertion to the following treatment pursued by Sir Benjamin Brodie in the case of Mr. Brunel, it being the wish of Mr. Brunel and his friends that the true facts should be known, as a just tribute to the skill of this eminent surgeon, and as a guide to future practice. The accident happened on April 3rd; Sir B. Brodie was consulted on the 18th, and his opinion was that the half-sovereign had passed into the windpipe. The following day Mr. Brunel strengthened this opinion by a simple experiment. He bent his head and shoulders over a chair, and

distinctly felt the coin drop towards the glottis, and whilst raising himself a violent fit of coughing came on, which ceased after a few minutes. He repeated this a second time, with the same results. A consultation was held on the 22nd, at which it was decided that conclusive evidence existed of the half-sovereign having passed into the windpipe, that it was probably lodged at the bottom of the right bronchus, and that it was movable. It was determined that every effort should be made for its removal, and that for this purpose an apparatus should be constructed for inverting the body of the patient in order that the weight of the coin might assist the natural effort to expel it by coughing. The first experiment was made on the 25th. The body of the patient being inverted, and the back being gently struck with the hand between the shoulders, a violent cough came on ; this was of so alarming a nature that danger was apprehended, and the experiment was discontinued. On this occasion the coin was again moved from its situation, and slipped towards the glottis. On the 27th tracheotomy was performed by Sir B. Brodie, assisted by Mr. Aston Key, with the intention of extracting the coin by the forceps, if possible, or, in the event of this failing, with the expectation that the opening in the windpipe would facilitate a repetition of the

experiment of the 22nd. On this occasion, and subsequently on May 2nd, the introduction of the forceps was attended with so much irritation that it could not be persevered in without danger to life. On the 3rd another consultation was held, when Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Stanley entirely confirmed the views of Sir B. Brodie and Mr. Key, and it was agreed that the experiment of inversion should be repeated as soon as Mr. Brunel had recovered sufficient strength, the incision in the windpipe being kept open. On Saturday, the 13th, Mr. Brunel was again placed on the apparatus, the body inverted, and the back gently struck. After two or three coughs, he felt the coin quit its place on the right side of the chest, and in a few seconds it dropped from his mouth without exciting in its passage through the glottis any distress or inconvenience, the opening in the windpipe preventing any spasmodic action of the glottis.

“ In this remarkable case the following circumstances appear to be worthy of note : that a piece of gold remained in the air-tube for six weeks, quite movable, and without exciting any inflammatory action, the breathing entirely undisturbed, and the only symptoms of its presence occasional uneasiness on the right side of the chest and frequent fits of coughing ; that an accurate diagnosis was formed

without being able to obtain any assistance from the stethoscope, although the chest was repeatedly and carefully examined, and also that a fair trial having been given to the forceps, the application of this instrument to the removal of a body of this peculiar form from the bottom of the bronchus was proved to be attended with great risk of life, while the cautious and well-considered plan of treatment above detailed was attended with complete success, and without risk."

During the time that Mr. Brunel was in danger the public excitement was intense. His high professional position, the extraordinary nature of the accident, and the greatness of the loss, were the result to prove fatal, made his condition and the chances of his recovery an engrossing topic of conversation, and when the news spread that "it is out," the message needed no explanation. That the result was successful was due, not only to the skill of the surgeons engaged and to the anxious care with which those who nursed him left nothing undone to ensure his safety, but also to the remarkable coolness which Mr. Brunel himself displayed throughout. From the first he took part in the consultations which were held on his case,

and "assisted materially in determining the course of treatment which should be pursued."*

I think to this account I must add one or two details.

At the consultation Brodie said he proposed to take the unprecedented course of asking the patient to be present, and it was Isambard himself who devised the apparatus above-mentioned. It was

* From *The Life of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Civil Engineer*, by Isambard Brunel, B.C.L., of Lincoln's Inn, Chancellor of the Diocese of Ely. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., 1870.

This excellent book, written by the eldest son of the great engineer, is in the opinion of those capable of forming a reliable one simply admirable in its clear and truthful statements, combined with the wise reticence of style suitable to a son writing of a dearly loved and eminent father. Those connected with the family of Brunel have now to lament most deeply the loss of this modest and able chronicler of his father's services to his country. The younger Isambard Brunel, whose pure and noble life seems so prematurely cut off, was a notable example of Christian fortitude. He suffered from his birth from a grievous infirmity, but he never relaxed his earnest and unselfish work, overcoming by steady courage the physical disabilities which would have daunted a weaker man. He devoted himself at one time to the study of ecclesiastical law, and became the friendly adviser of many dignitaries of the Church. I was once dining in the Athenæum when Parliament was sitting, and found he was performing the same function just opposite to me, but so *attended* as to make any recognition impossible. He had a bishop seated on each side of him, and an archbishop standing with the tips of his fingers to steady himself on the small table at which Brunel was eating his simple repast in great haste, all three dignitaries pouring forth to him at the same time on some knotty legal question they wanted his aid in untying! I fully meant to make a sketch from memory of the scene, but never did so.

felt that the risk was so great that Brodie said it was like asking a man to arrange his own scaffold.

The public interest was immense, and it may be mentioned that it was Macaulay who rushed into the Athenæum and exclaimed, "It is out!" he having called at the house to inquire ten minutes after the operation had been performed.

I hope it will not here be out of place to introduce a letter written by the father I. K. B. to his son, which gives better than any words of mine the key to his life.

"February 2nd, 1858.

"MY DEAR ISAMBARD,—Thank you for your note. I was not sorry you were not present, as, in spite of any amount of firmness, one's anxieties are incessant by the consideration of the feelings of those one loves. I have had a hard time of it, and have felt the advantages of perseverance and patience. But much more than this might be learnt from the consideration of the causes as well as the results of all that has occurred during the last three months. I never felt more strongly than I have on this occasion how entirely, or how nearly so, all the evils and difficulties are the result of your own imprudence, or mistakes, or weakness in

giving way to feelings instead of considering well what was best in the single view of success in the particular object to be attained, and acting upon the result of that consideration without being influenced by *any* other feeling. I had originally designed a complete machine which would, as I now see, have launched the ship perfectly. Under the influence of irritating intrigue and insinuation about the costliness of my intended operations, I made experiments and satisfied myself that, in all probability, I could dispense with most of the apparatus. I tried it, and hence all the difficulties; that I have succeeded in the end in overcoming them is due mainly to extraordinary and unexpectedly favourable results in many other parts which I had no right to calculate upon, and as a crowning result we had on Sunday a combination of circumstances, of very high tides, a long period of high water, a very favourable wind, and a fine day, and in the midst of our operations a sudden relief from a difficulty brought on by our own mistake (a mistake on board by letting go a cable), a relief quite unaccountable, and certainly not brought about by any steps we took to remove it.

“Finally, let me impress upon you the advantage of *prayer*. I am not prepared to say that the prayers of individuals can be separately and in-

dividually granted; that would seem to be incompatible with the regular movement of the mechanism of the universe, and it would seem impossible to explain why prayer should now be granted, now refused. But of this I can assure you, that I have ever in my difficulties prayed fervently, and that in the end my prayers have been, or have *appeared to me to have been granted, and that I have received great comfort.*

“Yours, etc.,

“I. K. BRUNEL.”

CHAPTER XII

Uncle John—Visits to Newton's Hotel—The Adelphi—T. P. Cooke—The Kembles—Tableaux vivants—Adelaide Kemble—Fanny Kemble—Taglioni—Duvernay—Henry Chorley—*Hamlet*—The fiasco—Peter Powell—*The Castle of Altamont*—*The Children of Israel*—John Parry—Dinner at the Royal Academy Club.

IT was to my good uncle John Callcott that some of the most blissful hours of my early boyhood were due. He would sometimes dine me at an Italian restaurant, and then take me to the play. At the south side of Leicester Square were several Queen Anne houses, one of which was known as Newton's Hotel, for it had been the residence at one time of the great Sir Isaac. In the principal room, used as the restaurant, the monogram "I.N." was done into the ceiling-centre with the graceful plaster frame of the period, whilst panelled walls and doors bore testimony to its decorative date. It added greatly to the delight

of the Italian chef's toothsome dishes to imagine the variety of characters who might have sat and gazed, as I did, at the memento of this mighty man of science, one of his own devising when building the house, for tradition credits him with having been his own architect.

Our evenings were frequently spent at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand, close at hand, where I positively worshipped the actor, T. P. Cooke, who there reigned supreme. It was always understood that in his youth he had served several years before the mast in the Royal Navy, which would partly account for the absolutely perfect way in which he represented the British man-of-war's man on the stage, and doubtless my seeing him so often had much to do with my transient wish—before alluded to—to be a sailor. One day, when I left the theatre in absolute rapture at his performance in *Black-Eyed Susan*, I said to my uncle, "Now, Uncle John, I daresay you will laugh at what I am going to say, but I am perfectly certain that when I am grown up and have money of my own to spend, I shall come every night to the Adelphi."

The T. P. Cooke infatuation lasted for some time, and I was present at his farewell benefit, when he brought down the house with a bit of impromptu "gag." He broke down completely when dancing his celebrated hornpipe, and left the stage gasping out "that he needed another hand at the bellows."

When I was a lad of fourteen or fifteen I was taken by my father to call upon Charles Kemble, then living in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, with his daughters, Fanny and Adelaide, my father wishing to offer his personal congratulations on the success of Fanny, who had quite recently made her first appearance on the stage, where she had been enthusiastically received. Her sister Adelaide had been in training for some years as a singer for the opera stage, and on her appearance at Covent Garden was as successful as her sister. She had a beautiful soprano voice and was a delightful singer and actress, with much charm of manner, and a considerable share of the family good looks.

At one time we inaugurated in Brunel's house at Duke Street, some very elaborate tableaux vivants, which created quite a sensation. They were very

mixed as to subject, some classical, others realistic, and others again representing well-known pictures. I can remember perfectly the programme for one performance. It was to commence with subjects from Flaxman's *Odyssey*. Mrs. Brunel (my sister Mary) was a very handsome person, with a stately figure, and was excellent as Penelope, in the scene of the suitors surprising Penelope at her game of deception, with her weaving. An imitation of Flaxman's indication of the loom, well made by Webbe of Bond Street, a famous upholsterer, was made, and a number of our friends of various ages and sizes were carefully selected to represent the suitors. The next subject was a realistic one, of a Neapolitan group dancing the tarantella, which was beautifully arranged by Mrs. Benedict and her brother, Cæsare, both Neapolitans by birth.

The Duke Street house was unusually well fitted for performances of this kind, a wide staircase ascending from the entrance to the *piano nobile*, as the Italians call what we call the drawing-room floor, and a second back staircase for ordinary purposes, both leading to two drawing-rooms and the dining-room, all opening into each other. One of the

drawing-rooms had a beautiful chamber organ in it, and was called the organ-room, and Brunel found soothing moments and relief from care when his wife played simple melodies and quiet harmonies on that king of musical instruments. At one time we indulged in some very ambitious attempts to represent portions of cathedral interiors, as backgrounds to a few figures characteristic in action and appearance, in which pictures the organ accompaniment became fitting and impressive.

As regards the representation of well-known pictures, I can only remember in detail one effort, which was of infinite promise, but fell through so completely that it fairly disheartened us. At this time we used to see a good deal of Adelaide Kemble, and became impressed with the fact that there was the strongest resemblance in her face to that of Sarah Siddons, her aunt, as seen in Reynolds's immortal picture of her as "The Tragic Muse." My impression, when mentioned to our fellow-workers and arrangers of the tableaux, was so warmly seconded and approved that I was empowered to ask Adelaide if she would consent to take the rôle for which she was so clearly designed. To my intense delight she raised not the

slightest objection, or even criticism of the wish of our committee, and at once entered actively into the arrangements. With these we were convinced there would be no insuperable difficulty. Brunel set one of his architect clerks to make working drawings of the throne on which the Muse is seated, and we entered, through Adelaide Kemble, into a discussion with the machinist of Covent Garden as to the way in which the rolling clouds at the feet of the Muse, and the sky behind her were to be accomplished, and argued whether the attendant spirits of the bowl and dagger should have male or female representatives.

We agreed to ask permission of His Grace of Westminster for frequent sight of the picture in his possession, so that ladies might examine and decide upon the materials of which the garments of the Muse may have been made, and indeed had left nothing undone to ensure success, when down came the Muse in the flesh upon us, having advised us of her advent at a particular time, and in a lamentable and yet passionate voice, stated that on careful consideration she felt it impossible to carry out her promise to represent the great Siddons.

The blow to us was such as no words can describe, and it was so crushing that we felt it was impossible to attempt to avert it. We did not even suggest an explanation (none being offered) as to her reasons for leaving us so terribly in the lurch, but thought it very likely that Fanny, for some reason of her own, had raised objections.

After this years passed during which Fanny had married an American gentleman named Butler, and Adelaide a Mr. Sartoris, an Englishman and a fox-hunter, decidedly rough in manner, but with a softening grace, that of being passionately fond of music. After their marriage they took a small house in South Street, Park Lane, where I spent many delightful musical evenings. When she was performing at the opera she would invite two or three intimate friends to call upon her during the evening, and she interviewed us, not only between the acts, but would have two or three chairs placed at the wings, where they were invisible to the audience, but upon which she could place her friends, and chat to them between her "exits and her entrances."

In those days certain "men about town" were

classed by managers as "patrons of the opera," men who had their private stalls both at opera and theatre, and a key that would admit them on to the stage itself between the acts. Knowing one of this favoured set, I two or three times found myself behind the scenes, and very amusing it was. The incident that struck me most was the apparently reckless way in which the chorus, and at times the whole *corps de ballet*, would laugh and talk even whilst the soloists were performing their parts for the delectation of the audience and spectators in front. Marie Taglioni, Duvernay, Cerito, and the Sisters Elsler were amongst the *premières danseuses* I remember. Alfred Chalon's drawing of Taglioni as "La Sylphide" gives a perfect idea of what she was. I was near to her at a Mansion House dinner later on, given by the Lord Mayor of the time, in honour of all the arts, and in which Taglioni, as an inspired mistress of graceful posture, was most worthily included. After her dancing days were over she became a fashionable teacher of "deportment." She was always spoken of as immaculate in character, and had the appearance of a charming, sweet-tempered, elderly lady, who might have

brought her cap in a paper bag to put it on in the ladies' room at the Mansion House on the night of a banquet. She married, but it was said not happily, and that her husband spent the most of her property.

Duvernay was French, and extremely pretty, and married a rich Englishman, who in the days of his youth was called "Pea-Green Hay." He was wealthy and dressy, and had large landed property in Cambridgeshire. She survived her husband many years, and spent many thousands in building a Roman Catholic church on her property. I was at the back of the stage one night at Covent Garden, where she was performing, and was called on several times amidst frantic applause. On her returning amidst the *corps de ballet*, who were all squatted on the ground, according to their stage direction, they took up the applause of the house and clapped most vigorously. She carried her *nez en l'air*, and her right hand on her waist, and walked through her companions with profound indifference. She, too, happily possessed an excellent character. As soon as she was out of sight of the stage box, her maid, who was waiting

for her, clasped her waist with both hands, whilst Duvernay twisted and twirled her figure and limbs in every imaginable way. She did this, it was said, to retain the lissomness of her figure up to the moment of going to the front again.

The Elslers were German, and too big and heavy to produce an impression of much grace, and their postures were frequently tasteless and audacious.

Mrs. Butler and her husband took a house for the season in Upper Grosvenor Street, while the Sartoris's were in South Street, Mayfair. Calling upon the former, I found in the drawing-room into which I was ushered a man very well known in the musical world, Henry F. Chorley by name.

Whilst we were sitting waiting, the little Butler girls came in, and H. F. Chorley immediately made up to them and insisted on one of them sitting on his knee, to her evident dislike. He began making small talk to her, and said in his rather squeaky voice, "I can see by your look that you are a very good little girl"; she looked up at him, eyeing him with a deep, tragic Kemble eye, and retorted, "No I am not; mother and I have horrid tempers, *horrid*,

and though we try to get the better of them, they generally get the better of us."

I was rather surprised at receiving a note one day from Mrs. Sartoris, saying that she was very anxious to carry on the tableaux vivants at her own house, and would like my help, which was readily given. But I soon found, as was perhaps to be expected, that their ideas and mine differed very much, they having, as it seemed to me, no intention of creating any illusion, nor caring sufficiently about the composition and grouping, nor the beauty of line and colour which we had so carefully aimed at, but rather proposing merely a series of dramatic scenes, in which they were content with the rather commonplace dresses of the stage as it was then. However, I loyally did my best to help them, though I was very dubious as to the success of the scenes from *Hamlet*, which they had arranged.

The evening arrived. The front room was crowded with a fashionable assembly. Mrs. Butler was to enact Hamlet's mother, her husband was to be Hamlet, and the ghost was to be represented by a Captain de Bathe (now an elderly general), over

six feet in height, and magnificently attired in a complete suit of armour.

“Hamlet” had been dining out, and returned home barely in time, and what was worse, it was too evident that he had been dining. I shall never forget the impassioned voice in which his wife recited to him, book in hand, the scene about to be represented, trying, as she said, to inspire him with the spirit of the thing. It was all in vain; he was cross, he was sulky, he refused to pose properly, and the scene became intense—words grew hotter and hotter, and only the immense chatter of the fashionable throng prevented, as I hoped, the quarrel from being overheard. I distinctly heard the high-pitched voice of Lady Morgan saying, “When *are* they going to begin?”

We, who were helping in various parts and ways, did our best to smooth matters down, but in vain; finally the ghost, who was determined to effect a diversion, began to dance a Highland fling in his armour! The clanking and the noise may be imagined, and the impatient audience pushed aside the curtains and had at all events, to their great delight, one very “animated picture.” That was

all they did have; the *Hamlet* tableaux ended in fiasco and supper!

Amongst my most talented and original friends, the name of Peter Powell must be recorded. His gifts were many; he was no mean limner, and a most discerning critic, but it is as a humorist that he will be remembered. His personal appearance was peculiar; he was barely five feet in height, very rotund and portly in figure, with a bald head, a round face full of fun and jollity, and keen, twinkling eyes. Early in life he had obtained a post in the War Office, and he there discharged his duties so admirably as to gain the respect of all his colleagues. His father died early, and the entire care and support of his mother devolved on him, and his steady devotion to her made large claims on his purse and his leisure.

His favourite recreation was play-going, and his keen sense of humour and histrionic powers enabled him to reproduce, in the most vivid manner, what had specially struck him in theatre, concert-room, or even in church. This he did with a

marked fidelity, combined with a truly marvellous power of caricature.

Single-handed he would represent an entire stage company in turns, including the full band, when necessary. Any drawing-room would content him as a stage, and with such brief asides as "this is a throne—that is a castle—a tree"—he, by his splendid and audacious make-believe, would carry his delighted audience along with him, their imagination responding to each new demand made upon it.

He had a most extensive *repertoire*, but his two stock pieces were an oratorio entitled *The Children of Israel*, and a melodrama, *The Castle of Altamont*.

Now before I attempt to describe in writing some fragments of Peter Powell's wonderful performance, I must beg my readers to bear in mind that he *alone* literally conveyed the appearance and action of every individual character represented on the stage, and by his marvellous energy sustained the interest of the audience to the end. The only portion of human form ever seen on the stage besides that of Peter Powell was an attendant's hand appearing from behind the drawing-room

curtain at the back of the stage handing the solitary performer a stiff tumbler of brandy and water to sip when he had a chance, and refresh himself. The droll little man was like Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath," and he got so excited with his work that my dear mother, I believe, was more or less in an agony of fright at certain points of his performance, fully expecting that "something" would happen to Peter Powell, and that his collapse might take place at any moment.

Play of the "Castle of Altamont"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE BARON OF ALTAMONT

LINDOR, *in love with* ADELA

ADELA, *in love with* LINDOR

*A Country Maiden accompanied by other Maidens
and Villagers*

An Army

SCENE I

Exterior of Altamont Castle

A little like England, a good deal like France

Enter LINDOR (*sadly melancholy and in reflective action*).

LINDOR. Times are sadly changed since I and the Baron were scho-ol-fellars—now he is possessor of yon lordly

castle whilst I, a poor miserable outcast, wander here and there and every er-ware in search of me dear, dear Adela.

[Music of the harp sounds.

Soft ye now! Music in yonder tower. Hark! she sings; perchance a captive.

“Humpty-Dumpty set on a wall.”

[LINDOR frightfully agitated.

By heavens! 'tis my Adela; I know her. She sings again,

“Oh, I am a prisoner here,
With nothing to drink but stale small beer.”

[LINDOR becomes frantic, tears his hair and behaves maniacally and cries aloud:

My Adela a prisoner in yonder tower, with nothing to drink but stale small bee-er.

[Then staring at the audience with madness in his eyes and after a pause of frenzied silence, screams out:

It can't agree with her, it never did with me.

[Retiring to back of stage mouthing, yelling and again tearing his hair, then collides with a group of festive peasants. LINDOR advances, and addressing the principal maiden of the group:

“And who have we here? Where are you going to, my pretty maiden?”

She replies, “I am going to be married, sir.”

“To be married, are you?”

“Yes, if you please, sir, the good Baron Altamont.”

[LINDOR furious.

“The good Baron of Altamont indeed, know ye not that

your *good* Baron of Altamont has taken captive my Adela, and imprisoned her in yonder tow-ar?"

MAIDEN AND FRIENDS. "No. If you please, sir, we don't know nothink about the matter!"

LINDOR. "But now that you know it, will ye not rather than be married under his hateful auspices join me in attacking the castle and rescuing my Adela?"

[*All shout in Chorus.*

"Hooray, hooray, attack the castle, 'tack the castle!"
etc. [LINDOR *deeply depressed.*

"Ah! but, my friends, the castle is strong and we are weak."

[*Sniffs, and is slightly affected to tears.*

MAIDEN. "Oh, if you please, sir, you need not mind that, for our army is at hand, and will be here shortly."

LINDOR. "Oh! if your army is at hand, all may yet be well!"

MAIDEN. "See, 'ere it comes."

Enter the PEASANTS' ARMY with band, etc. After performing a variety of military evolutions, the army makes a furious onslaught on the castle. LINDOR has a terrific single-handed combat with the Baron, who fights to the last, and dies an elaborate death on Lindor's sword. ADELA released, rushes from the castle ruins into LINDOR'S arms, where she is enfolded and much embraced when LINDOR to public astonishment puts her from him, but gently, and gasps out:

"Methinks I scent the stale small beer! But no matter."

[*And does the enfolding and embracing a second time, and with this final sensation the drama ends in a tableau of all the performers, amidst uproarious applause.*

Oratorio

"THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL"

PERFORMERS

Grand Double Chorus, Soprano and Tenor Soloists, Organist, Conductor of the Oratorio. Music Attendant, etc.

Organist takes his seat at the organ (represented by a card-table with candles), under the table you can see the legs and feet of organist playing the pedals vigorously. Organist pulls out the stops on either side of the keyboard, and is constantly pulling them out or pushing them in, varying the tone effects at pleasure. Organist now plays in the chorus. Singers and the members of orchestra who enter with their various instruments in hand, and who commence tuning them, the organist playing the key-note for them on the organ. The music attendant goes about constantly making sure that all the performers in the band are provided with their "parts," if not, he provides them from a reserve he has under his arm, of which he drops some in his difficult progress amongst the orchestra. When all is considered ready, the conductor leaves his perch, which is erected towards the centre, low-down of the orchestra, and goes out in order to conduct the lady solo singers to their chairs, placed in the centre right and left of the conductor's perch. The entrance of these public favourites leads to much clapping of hands from the assembled audience. The male soloists follow on, but have no conductor, they come in with more or less ovation from the audience according to their public reputation.

The conductor having seen his soloist trebles and altos safely *chaired*, hops back on to his perch, seizes his bâton, waves it, and then raps it on the edge of his music-stand, which signal sharply brings to their feet the whole band who have to play the overture to *The Children of Israel*.

There is almost invariably a part for the organist in all oratorios, and this was not forgotten by Peter Powell in his overture to *The Children of Israel*, neither was the solemn impression of Handel's scheme of overture omitted, but rather strictly followed. The grand commencement of stately chordal (or choral) intricacies, enriched and varied by pathetic portions of heavenly strains in slow movement, then the sharp, incisive dash of the exhilarating fugue, working together the various themes to their legitimate conclusion. Peter's vocal powers were never idle, but were of the nature of *humming*, with that near approach that great musicians make to singing passages of their MS. compositions, when they are privately showing them to intimate professional friends. The humming with lips closed was the great factor in the representation of the various voices and instruments, except when the words of a libretto had to be dealt

with. When this was requisite, it was an extra demand on Peter's genius, but he never failed to meet it from the inexhaustible wealth of his varied powers.

Then, to complete my account in connection with Peter Powell's performance, I must again beg my readers to remember that it was conveyed to the audience chiefly by dumbshow, assisted by his musical sounds, produced as I have described. Unlike other entertainers he did not attempt to play a pianoforte accompaniment, or to bring a trained hand with him. The whole success was due entirely to his keen sense of humour and his marvellous powers of observation and reproduction.

From the time I was a lad of twelve, I must have seen the performance dozens of times, always with increased delight, and I was struck with its effect upon audiences of all kinds. All painters were impressed, and I remember no one more enthusiastic than that delightful man and artist, Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. On leaving he entreated my mother to give him an opportunity of seeing the performance repeated, and when he came he brought with him Washington Irving, that charming Ameri-

can author, who afterwards wrote a most racy and highly appreciative account of the evening with Pietro Powellino, as some of his admirers called him.

Now I feel most sincerely that my rough sketch of Peter Powell and his work fails ineffably to do either justice, it is essentially fragmentary ; but to bolster up my weakness, I can state the opinion of one of the keenest and shrewdest men in the musical and theatrical professions, and that was the late Sir George Smart, who, after seeing the performance once or twice here, wrote to Peter Powell offering to arrange everything for his appearance in public, anticipating a success of the most brilliant kind. But this was an idea of such overpowering magnitude to Peter Powell that he thankfully declined the offer, giving such reasons on the score of health as quite to prevent any friendly pressure being tried upon him. He only lived a few years after this period, and passed away loved and respected by all who knew him.

John Parry, the musician and public singer, and his father, the well-known harpist, were friends of my family, and frequently came to our house, so I do not doubt they were present at one or more of

Peter Powell's performances, and that young Parry, who brought the descriptive society songs with pianoforte accompaniments to perfection, got not a few hints from Peter's *modus operandi*.

Thalberg was one of the most extraordinary pianoforte players for manipulative power. (He was said to be the son of an Austrian prince, and certainly such an origin was borne out by his strikingly handsome person.) His verdict on Parry's playing was that he possessed the most perfect touch he had ever heard. No one who heard his amusing rendering of a conjugal quarrel and final reconciliation will ever forget the way in which, when he uttered the word "Maria," he touched one note on the piano, accompanied by sighs and gaspings, giving by this veritable stroke of genius, the exact impression of a forefinger laid caressingly on a waist!

His happiness and even his success in his career were greatly marred by the most afflicting nervousness about his public appearances. This frequently compelled him to throw up profitable public engagements, and finally led to his leaving the stage, to the great regret of the musical world.

On one occasion Gerome, the French painter, was visiting London with some artist friends. They were invited to dine at the Royal Academy Club, at which John Parry, an ever-welcome guest, was to be present. It happened to be my turn to preside, and Parry was placed on my left hand and Gerome on the right. Towards the end of dinner Parry, leaning against me, whispered with his mouth close to my ear, "Now, my dear friend, is the hour of horror for me." "What on earth do you mean?" I answered. "Why," he said, "if you don't do it yourself, there are a dozen others within my vision who will call upon me to 'do something,' in sing-song or saying, and 'tis a toss up whether I shall not break down as soon as I am on my feet, and bolt from the room!" I saw from his expression and the livid pallor of his face in what deadly earnestness he was speaking, and assured him that neither I nor anyone else would ask him to put such a strain upon himself, and that we would wait half an hour.

Before the half-hour was over, to my great relief as chairman of the evening, Parry whispered that he had conquered for the time the foul fiend, and

that I might announce him to sing a song with trumpet obligato. The announcement was received with wild enthusiasm by all present. This special performance was new to me and most of us. He walked quietly to the piano, took up a piece of music, which he rolled up to represent a silver trumpet, giving it a splayed-out mouth. He twisted his white handkerchief of a filmy kind into the semblance of a cord, which he wound round the trumpet to keep it in shape. He placed a long music-book on the stand, and supporting the wide end of the extemporised instrument against the book, he brought the other against his lips, keeping it quite rigid, and leaving his hands free to play with both hands the accompaniment to the trumpet solo on the piano. The ingenuity of the "combine" and its perfect success enchanted the audience, and Parry gave an artfully selected list of national airs of both countries—"God Save the Queen," "The Marseillaise," "Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre," etc. The enthusiasm evoked was immense, and Parry was more than pleased at his reception, and passed from one success to another till the party was compelled to break up. The Frenchmen were delighted,

and most anxious that Parry should be seen and heard in Paris, little guessing what he had endured before he was able to open his mouth in the presence of even the most appreciative audience, or they would not have made such a proposition. He struggled on, despite all his mental sufferings, in order to support his wife and family, bearing his cross bravely, and consoled when sometimes for weeks together the evil spirit left him in peace.

Both Parry and Powell gave small entertainments. For instance, Powell would swathe his hands in white kid gloves, and on a card-table, with his cuffs turned up, would give a complete ballet dance with inimitable grace and humour, turning his stiff male fingers into lissom female legs before the astonished eyes of spectators. At the beginning of this performance he would go through the tuning up of the 'cello most elaborately, which always elicited rapturous encores.

It is needless to say that Parry and Peter Powell were the forerunners of society entertainers, such as Albert Smith, Corney Grain, and George Grossmith.

CHAPTER XIII

Michael Faraday—Lectures on chemistry of colour—His personal appearance—Expressions of faith—Huxley—Lecture at the Royal Institution—The microbe—Huxley's eloquence—His admirers.

“**T**IS sixty years since” and more that I as a young boy attended Faraday's lectures on the chemistry of colours at the Royal Institution. A friend of those days, interested in my early efforts as an art student, gave me a ticket for the course of lectures, considering that they would be of practical service to me as a painter. I had to be at Albemarle Street three days a week at 7.45 a.m. The lectures were so fully attended that an early arrival was necessary to secure a good place.

I took elaborate notes of what I heard and saw, but artists are not sent into the world with scientific tendencies as a rule, to which I am assuredly no exception. I may here formally confess that neither

Faraday's brilliant discourses nor other scientific aids have been of professional use to me. But what did most deeply impress me were the brightness of presence, the charm of manner and language, and the marvellous manipulative skill of the lecturer.

I can see him now, as if it were yesterday, entering the laboratory, advancing quickly to the table, and looking round his audience with a beaming glance from eyes, which for beauty and intense intellectual power of expression I never saw equalled—then plunging into his subject without a moment's hesitation, with rapid but perfectly distinct utterance of words of real and true eloquence, powerful, yet simple and clear even to such unscientific dullards as myself, and illustrating his subject by experiments of unerring certainty. He was at this time about forty years of age, with dark hair curling profusely round his head, and showing then no trace of the "hoary head" which "is a crown of glory when it is found in the paths of righteousness," of which he became later so beautiful an exemplification. I was afterwards made known to him personally, but was still too young to profit by this privilege. My subsequent knowledge of him

was derived from constant association with some of his intimate friends and, since his death, by means of the admirable memoir of him by Dr. Bence Jones, and from Dr. Gladstone's interesting volume entitled *Michael Faraday* and Professor Tyndall's *Faraday as a Discoverer*.

It is good in these troubled days to recall some of the expressions of the faith to which his whole life was a testimony. "There is One above who worketh in all things, and who governs even in the midst of that misrule to which the tendencies and powers of men are so easily perverted." And again, he wrote to a friend of mine, "I am no discoverer, but simply one of a vast crowd of workers scattered over the earth, who in the providence of God are invested with some portion of the divine afflatus and appointed to show forth His mercy and loving-kindness in conferring fresh benefits on His people; the varied merits of such agents being evinced in the comparative zeal and self-sacrifice with which they carried out the mission entrusted to them."

Dr. Gladstone eloquently says: "Faraday was one of that long line of scientific men beginning

with the savants of the East who brought to the Redeemer the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of their adoration."

With what ineffable pity would Faraday, in his deep humility, have read such an assertion as Professor Huxley made, that such an abiding trust as his was simply "a glorying in blind faith," and his assent to Christian doctrines "an immoral pretence"!

I first met Professor Huxley at Cragside, the late Lord Armstrong's beautiful place in Northumberland.

I had heard, of course, of his powers as a lecturer, and when on one occasion I met him at the Athenæum and inquired after his health, he replied that he was really well enough, but for the fatigue caused by his labour in preparing a lecture for the Royal Institution, upon an organism recently discovered by Tyndall in water, which had completely baffled the most indefatigable observers. The lecture was delivered at the Royal Institution in the height of the season, on one of the well-known "Friday evenings," and it was attended by some

hundreds of fashionable men and women in full dress, who were due after the lecture at various society engagements. I was there early to secure a seat, and watched the pressing in of admiring throngs till the theatre was crowded, and people sat even upon the edge of the lecturer's table. The walls were hung from ceiling to floor with elaborate diagrams, drawn from the lenses of the powerful microscopes used to magnify the proportions of the aqueous microbe. They were certainly not "things of beauty!"

I remember distinctly the opening and concluding words of the address, which was delivered in the admirable and lucid style for which the lecturer was so famous. He stated the facts of the discovery by Tyndall, and then dwelt on the importance of ascertaining whether the microbe was animal or vegetable. He spoke with warm admiration of the devotion of sundry sons of science, who had watched the microbe immersed in water by day and night for several weeks, the water having colouring matter in it, so that the corpus being transparent and constantly inspected by a powerful microscope, the examiners would discover whether

he had imbibed any of the colouring matter, in which case it could be credited with a stomach and numbered with the animal creation. "But," said Huxley in conclusion, "after many experiments, up to this time, ladies and gentlemen, we are unable to decide whether this interesting microbe is animal or vegetable."

The following day I met Huxley at the Athenæum; he said he hoped I had been much impressed with the microbe's history, and I ventured to compliment him on the extreme clearness with which he had given it, but could not help adding that I was reminded all the time of the well-known story of Lord Melbourne, who, when he was troubled by some fussy colleague in the ministry respecting a knotty point that was likely to cause bother and trouble in Parliament, said, "Can't you let it alone?" "So why could you not let that poor little microbe alone?" upon which he shook his fist at me, and we parted with a hearty laugh.

He was at all times full of humour, and delighted in hearing and telling good stories, which made those "high teas" on Sunday evenings

at his house in the Regent's Park so especially attractive.

No more devoted husband, father, or friend than Huxley ever lived, I believe, but notwithstanding my admiration for him, I could never feel quite at ease in discussion with him, dreading always an explosion upon questions I hold most dear and vital; but I look back with devout gratitude to the fact, that though we have walked together over moor and fell for miles and miles, and have had days and nights of talk, we never once drifted into subjects on which we should have so widely differed, and upon which I could not have kept silence when my heart was "hot within me." But I thank God that the need of fighting for the faith that is in me never arose, and I had hours of supreme enjoyment of his really splendid talk and facile speech in pure and eloquent English.

He was the object of endless adulation from adulators of both sexes. I remember a scene at the Athenæum, where, at the opposite end of the room in which I was dining, I saw Huxley and a party of eminent scientific men seated at their repast. The animated conversation was inter-

spersed with peals of ringing laughter, evidently raised by Huxley's wit. Another important scientist came bustling in, and failing to find a seat at the table, already crowded, he eventually squatted down on the carpet at Huxley's feet, where he remained worshipping his idol, and joining in the general conversation as best he could from his lowly position!

CHAPTER XIV

Subject-painters—Fashion in art—"Chantrey Bequest"—Hilton's use of asphaltum—Merritt's skill as a restorer—Introduction to Chantrey—Stothard as a designer—George Jones and the Duke of Wellington—Thomas Webster as a chorister—Technicalities—The Duke at public exhibitions—Mr. Young—Discussion on Chinese white—Turner's views—Frederick Walker—David Roberts and French ultramarine—Turner's "Snowdon Range"—Turner as a critic.

IT is to that immortal genius, William Hogarth, the prince of story-tellers on canvas, that we owe the origin of the whole school of subject-pictures. He was followed by David Wilkie, by Mulready, Webster, C. R. Leslie, and others up to the present time.

It is not unusual now for the attendants at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition to be asked by visitors, "What has become of the artists who used to tell delightful stories in their pictures, and paint beautiful subjects from the Bible and the

history of our own dear country, and give illustrations of English life?" I have tried, but in vain, to find out what sort of replies were given to these questions of the intelligent persons above mentioned. If the query were put to the picture merchants the answer would be that the modern buyer cares for none of these things, so that there is no market for subject-pictures. The fashion in these matters changes and fluctuates constantly, and the existence of the "Chantrey Bequest," established by Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., a popular sculptor, marks one period when there seemed to be absolutely no sale except for portraits and landscapes, an unhappy condition of things that by a coincidence we seem to have again reached in this year of grace 1903, when we might, indeed, welcome the advent of a like bequest to encourage "high art." There is no question that the indignation Francis Chantrey felt at the neglect of Hilton was the motive power which suggested the terms of his last will and testament in relation to the Royal Academy.

This fine draughtsman and facile composer painted picture after picture replete with dignity

and purity, but he rarely found a purchaser. He had accepted the important post of Keeper of the Royal Academy a few years before I entered it as a student, and, as I have mentioned, was immensely popular in the schools. There is a grand work of his in the Public Gallery at Liverpool—a triptych of the crucifixion of our Lord. I could describe with pleasure many of his pictures, and, alas! such pen-and-ink descriptions are needful, as owing to Hilton's use of that pernicious asphaltum, and of wax in the mixing of his colours—two seductive but frequently fatal temptations to painters—many of his pictures are now mere ruins. Asphaltum, really a preparation of pitch, never dries down to the ground as it should do, and may be started running by atmospheric conditions at any time.

A well-known artist named Inskip, some fifty years ago, sold to a friend of mine a picture of an Italian brigand standing with his carbine held at "ready," and attired in the usual cross-gartered leggings and sandals of his kind. I saw that picture last when it had been painted only a dozen years, but the running process had set in, and the

cross-garters and the sandals had slid to the bottom of the canvas, and indeed had begun a voyage of discovery over the frame, whilst the carbine had left the brigand's hands, and was only pulled up across his leggings by some dry "impasto" painting, over which the sliding material could not make its way.

At Hilton's death the students at the Royal Academy, who positively idolised him, had a meeting, at which we agreed to raise a subscription to purchase one of his unsold pictures, and to present it to the National Gallery as a token of our love and admiration for the artist.

We bought one of his last works, "Sir Calepin Rescuing Serena," from Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and a truly beautiful picture it *was*. Alas! that I must use the past tense in this description. After eight months of hanging on the walls of the National Gallery it showed signs of the fatal "running," and though it was at once removed to the hospital for damaged works in that institution, and the utmost skill employed in its restoration, it turned out that nothing short of complete repainting would be of any good, and then it would be impossible to

exhibit it as the work of the man we desired to honour.

A large and very fine picture by Hilton, entitled "The Finding of the Dead Body of Harold," came to the National Gallery in the Vernon Collection. After a short time the mischief began, and the picture was handed over to the care of the best restorer we have ever had in England, the late Mr. Henry Merritt. He had profited greatly by his association with that accomplished gentleman and painter, Sir Charles Eastlake, when he was director of the National Gallery.

Merritt found on careful inspection that there was in the asphaltum a quantity of a lightish-brown substance, which analysis proved to be mutton fat! He was greatly astonished, but the artist's colour-man, who was helping with the experiment, said that he knew Hilton in his time of poverty always went to the cheapest shops for his materials, and that mutton fat was used in the adulteration of wax for the palette. So poor Hilton's limited means led to an irremediable loss to art.

I will relate here my own experience of Merritt's skill. I painted an elaborate picture many years

ago, which was purchased by Mr. Eden, one of the Lancashire buyers. Some time later I received a letter from Messrs. Agnew, saying that the picture had been consigned to them by Mr. Eden, being cracked all over, and asking what were they to do. I answered, "Send it up to me."

I had never seen a picture of mine with a crack in it before, and was curious as to the cause. It came, and was a sight to behold, with cracks like stars radiating all over it. I was inspired immediately to write to Mr. Eden, and to ask him what *he* had had done to the picture. The answer came that he was ashamed to confess that, thinking the picture wanted varnishing, he had consigned it to the tender mercies of a neighbouring coachbuilder, who had evidently given it a strong coat of carriage varnish!

I then wrote to Merritt, who carefully examined the picture and the cracks, which he agreed with me were the result of the coachbuilder's drastic treatment. He knew my mode of painting, and was sanguine the varnish could be removed, but thought it would be a work of time. In about a month he brought back the picture, so nearly

restored, that it only took a morning's work to repaint the parts where the removal of the varnish had literally dragged off the colour. Poor Merritt's finger-tips, which had done the whole work of removal, were absolutely flayed by the hard and tenacious varnish.

I mentioned Chantrey just now, so I may as well here relate a brief story about him in this chapter, which is, I fear, already rambling and discursive.

A delightful old family friend, who was very intimate with Chantrey, volunteered to take me to see him and his workshops. He was a friend of my father's and occasionally dined here, but difficult of approach and eccentric; he has been known to go up to a long-haired man, for instance—long hair being his special aversion—and to offer him a shilling, saying, "Do, my good fellow, go and get your hair cut!" More than once he narrowly escaped getting his head well punched for his impertinence.

We walked through workshop after workshop containing statues, some of enormous size, in the process of casting, everything pointing to the master being full of commissions. We found him in a quiet

corner, doing a little sketch model, not more than eight or nine inches high, for some public statue, and he was in a decidedly grumpy mood; when he became more amiable, Mr. Allen made me known to him.

“What are you doin’? Fiddlin’, singin’?” (in reference to my father’s profession). “No, sir, drawing, trying to be a painter.” “God help you, go and get someone to pity you, then.”

Chantrey was most skilful in his manipulation of the chisel, and great as a maker of portrait busts. One remarkable effort of his genius is a bust of George III., executed during the period of the king’s mental affliction, which bears so plainly the impress of his unhappy condition that it is a very painful sight. When I saw it it was the property of Mr. Adams-Acton, the well-known sculptor, and he had found it in a furniture shop near Portman Square. It would be interesting to trace its history.

Perhaps it is not generally known how much Chantrey was assisted in his designs by Stothard, who was his right hand, and who inspired and grouped some of his best work, as, for instance,

the beautiful "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral.

When I entered the Academy, Stothard was the librarian. His beautiful and venerable person was therefore a familiar sight. He used to stand in a recessed window of Somerset House, and work at his charming designs for book illustrations in water-colour, working entirely without models. He was also a familiar figure in the then truly countrified neighbourhood of Hampstead and Highgate. He carried a red note-book, in appearance such as a tax-gatherer might use, and had an ink-bottle tied to his buttonhole, and with a pen he would draw any spray of leaves or flowers, or rural scene that struck his fancy, sitting down in a ditch or any equally convenient spot.

When dear old Stothard was taken to his rest, a very different figure filled his office of librarian. This was Mr. George Jones, R.A. He had acquired a very special reputation for himself. Having no doubt some natural resemblance to the great Duke of Wellington, the best-known personage in London, he had by careful imitation of his dress, attitudes, and manner of sitting his horse, attained to such a

verisimilitude that he was—to his no doubt intense satisfaction—pretty often taken for him, and saluted by sentries, soldiers, and civilians. The Duke heard from an acquaintance that the worthy Mr. George Jones was constantly taken for him, and caustically remarked, “Really, nobody ever takes me for Mr. Jones.”

The Iron Duke bestowed much time and attention on art exhibitions associated with the Government; this was especially noticeable when Her Majesty’s Commissioners of the Fine Arts organised their competitive exhibitions in Westminster Hall.

Well do I remember the private view day of the competition in oil paintings. I had been fortunate in obtaining the prize for the picture of Prince Hal. The Duke, detained by his multifarious public business, did not arrive early, as was his wont, but came somewhat late in the afternoon. Webster and I saw him arrive, and being anxious to see what impression the various pictures hanging on the walls portraying scenes in the Battle of Waterloo would make upon him, we determined to keep him in sight. To our dismay, we found

that many other of the visitors had been inspired with the same curiosity, for there was quite a small crowd by the rail in front of the pictures. When the Duke approached he was accompanied by various ladies of rank whom he had encountered in the hall, some of whom had sprightly daughters, who were plying His Grace with all kinds of questions. One of them came rushing up, exclaiming, "Now, Duke, do tell us, *is that picture really like the Battle of Waterloo?*" To this query he replied, "My dear young lady, that is a most difficult question to answer, so I will not attempt it." There was so much quiet decision in his manner that no further questions were asked, and the young lady retreated, slightly abashed. As His Grace turned to proceed in his examination of the pictures, he became for the first time aware of the crowd ranged along the rail, with their eyes eagerly fixed upon himself. His own eyes and stern brows at once showed considerable annoyance, and an expression of contempt for his admirers—with an apparent desire to express his feelings in strong language.

Thomas Webster, my old friend, and my neighbour both in Kensington and in Kent, was most deservedly popular for his admirable paintings of scenes from humble life. He delighted specially in painting children, and excelled in his delineations of boyish pranks.

His own boyhood was passed in Windsor Castle, as his father held a position in the household of George III., and was housed in the castle with his family.

He used to relate amusing stories of Court life during the last years of George III., and up to the accession of the best of all crowned heads in any history, the great and good Queen Victoria. I may recall one. Tom Webster was a chorister in the Royal Chapel, and there he once heard the following duologue chanted during the Psalms for the day :—

Basso profundo: “I have got—a leg of mut—ton for dinner, will you dine—with me—at six?”

Alto: “Yes, I shall be—very hap—py—I will be—with you—by six!”

Later on Webster officiated as page to the young Princesses. George IV. had received a present of a

giraffe from some foreign potentate. He was greatly pleased with it, and ordered its portrait to be painted by Mr. Davis, a clever animal painter of the day, brother of the well-known Royal Huntsman. When the picture was painted it was taken to the King, who sent for the Marchioness of C., whose opinion was taken on all points of interest to the King.

Webster, in his capacity of page, was about to open the door for her when she paused, and turning to the equerry, asked in a subdued voice: "Am I to admire it?" to which the answer was: "Certainly, certainly, His Majesty is delighted." The Marchioness bustled in, and confronted with the picture, burst forth in a rhapsody of admiration, "Lovely! exquisite!" and so forth, in the midst of which the door closed.

Tom Webster and I were fast friends till his death, and we had but one cause of difference during many years of intimacy, which difference arose from his being born and bred in an atmosphere of Toryism, whilst I from the age of intelligent boyhood had been in the companionship of advanced Liberals. I must except my dear and honoured father, who was a follower of "Church

and King." He would sit at his hospitable dinner-table, with a bland smile on his benevolent countenance, listening to vehement discussions on political questions in those times of reform, and it was his habit, which became a sort of signal, to wind up his watch in a very ostensible fashion when he thought we were perhaps getting too heated in argument.

The striking person of the great Duke on horseback, followed by his old military groom, were well-known figures in Kensington. In Sir Edwin Landseer's admirable picture of the Duke visiting the Field of Waterloo, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro, and explaining to her some leading features of the battle (an incident which I believe never did take place, but which might be fairly imagined with artistic licence, from the Duke's well-known attachment to his daughter-in-law), the likeness of the Duke is admirable, giving exactly his seat on a horse, and every line of his figure, and so is that of his faithful groom in the background, who is being pestered by Belgian peasants to purchase some so-called Waterloo relics. I have, however, understood that the head of the

Marchioness of Douro is very unsatisfactory as a likeness. The fact is that it was chiefly painted from a model, who was about the same time sitting to me, and who was considered closely to resemble the Marchioness.

The model gave me a very interesting account of the trouble Landseer took with this head and face, and said that she had sat at least forty times for it, and that at each sitting she found that Landseer had almost completely effaced what he had done before. He was a firm believer in the virtue of painting straight off, and no doubt he could do wonders in that way, as witness Mr. Wells's dog. For another instance, my uncle, Sir Augustus Callcott, who had a very handsome and interesting head, sat to him (in the picture of Bolton Abbey) for a study of the monk who is receiving at the abbey gate the offerings of fish and game, sent by some neighbouring knight or squire for acceptance at the abbey. The study was made in oil, nearly the size of life, and this was painted *al prima* and exquisitely finished in a sitting of three or four hours.

I am tempted to put in here a few words on the technique of painting in oil colour, which may be

of some interest to amateurs. With my convictions, and I have lived and worked hard enough to possess some (for on the 29th of January last I entered on my 87th year), painting in oil may be divided into two distinct systems, painting *al prima*; or, by well-considered preparations, when the theory of chromatic equivalents comes into play. To explain the point further: blue, yellow, and red being recognised as primary colours, the complementary colours to each are found in the admixture of the remaining two—of blue, orange—of red, green—of yellow, violet. In some German art schools the students are instructed to carry out the colouring of their studies from the life with pale green in the shadows of the light flesh tints. We may see this in our National Gallery in one or two early unfinished Italian works.

Monochrome painting in the commencement of a work is, I imagine, the ordinary practice of painters, and the carrying further the use of complementary colours must be determined by the taste and feeling of the individual painter.

Our own Sir Joshua made every use of light and white preparations in flesh painting, sometimes

making in portraiture a beautifully finished commencement of a portrait in black and white, with a slight addition of Indian red in the shadows. Lord Bathurst, at Cirencester, has a beautiful kit-cat oval portrait of a young man of the Bathurst family, quite exquisitely drawn and painted in these simple materials, and only lacking the golden tones of Reynolds's palette, which were either never given by the master, or have been swept off by the ruthless hands of a grossly ignorant restorer.

In Turner's day there was a Scotch gentleman named Young residing in London, who delighted in British art and artists, especially in assembling the latter at his hospitable board and hearing them discuss questions connected with their calling.

On one occasion, when the following well-known artists, Turner, D. Roberts, F. Tayler, J. D. Harding, J. Linnell, and others were gathered together, a lively discussion arose as to the desirability of using "permanent white" in the execution of water-colour drawings, and the two really great artists present, Turner (omnipotent, and standing completely alone) and Linnell, inveighed warmly

against its use in any way either as a compensation for leaving the pure white paper for lights and delicately toning it with transparent colour where required, or for washing or scraping out the spaces devoted to the light portions of the subject. Turner was generally a reticent talker, but on this occasion he wound up a strong speech by shaking his fist at Harding, Roberts, and some others, who were supporting feebly the *convenience* of the vulgarising material in question, and saying quite fiercely, "If you fellows continue to use that beastly stuff you will destroy the art of water-colour painting in our country."

A few days after this, when that admirable artist, Frederick Walker, called upon me to acknowledge his election as A.R.A., it was a day of thick darkness with black London fog, and as we agreed that painting was impossible, I proposed that we should sit by my painting-room fire and talk about art, and *painting* in particular. Then I recounted to Walker all that had passed with Turner, and the discussion about "permanent white," and he was evidently deeply impressed by the "omnipotent's" dictum. I ventured to say to Walker that the thought of

him and his work had been curiously present with me during the vivacious discussion at Young's. No one could possibly admire Walker's art more than I do, but I had observed for some time with much true regret a growing indication of relying too much upon the "convenience" of "permanent white," and this had been recently shown in a more marked degree than usual in his most beautiful drawing of "Geese driven through the street of Cookham, on the Thames." If the whiteness of the flock had been rendered by leaving the paper to tell its story instead of plastering on Chinese white, the beauty of his work would, to my mind, have been tenfold enhanced.

Walker's early death was a grievous loss to the art world.

How well do I remember seeing that beautiful work, "The Ferry-boat at Marlow," for the first time. I was on my way to a council meeting at the Academy, and turned into the old water-colour rooms, to see one of their exhibitions then open. I was held fast for some time by the fascination of this picture of Walker's.

It is a perfect rendering of that quiet and gentle

scene, which had often impressed me in nature. On inquiring the price of the drawing I found it was £300. I was greatly tempted to buy it, and refrained purely from motives of economy; but even in that respect it would have been a very safe investment, for in less than a year's time it was sold at Christie's for over £1,000.

The first colleague I met at the Academy was Millais, to whom I expressed very warmly my admiration for the picture, and further urged him to possess himself of such a treasure. His answer was, "Ah, my boy, that's all very well; I admire Walker's work as much as you do, but you can't imagine the incessant tugs that my purse-strings are subject to, and I find it only prudent to shun the regions of temptation."

To return to Turner and the use of "permanent white," I may perhaps be charged with "flogging a dead horse" by this attack, as I understand that the use of the flagrant material is limited much more strictly now to its legitimate use on tinted paper, with which combination as we know Turner himself produced most beautiful effects.

However, Frederick Walker was much impressed

by my account of Turner's view, and told me he had mentally registered a vow as I spoke to begin a water-colour in which not one touch of Chinese white should be used.

At another somewhat similar discussion on pigments at which I was present, the rival merits of real ultramarine and French ultramarine were argued. David Roberts, R.A., a portly and complacent personage, was laying down the law, with much satisfaction to himself, in favour of the latter, while the opposite opinion was warmly taken by Linnell, who had a little wizened face and figure, and who spent neither time nor money on his toilette, thus offering in all ways a quaint contrast to his antagonist. After Roberts had exhausted his arguments to prove that there was no occasion now for people to give untold sums for real ultramarine, when a colour like the French imitation would answer every purpose, for, as he loudly wound up, "it has borne every test," then up chirped Linnell in his little voice—

"No, sir, there is one test it never has borne, and never will bear, it won't bear being looked at!"

A loud cheer from some appreciative painters

present followed this clever retort, and friend Roberts collapsed for the time.

Turner was endless in his artistic resources. At one time I studied almost daily one of his finest water-colours, called, I think, "The Snowdon Range," which was a marvel from end to end, so exquisitely beautiful in itself and perfect in its executive power. The theme was the combination of the last rays of the setting sun and a moonrise. There was one passage that I feasted upon again and again. It was the tender warmth of the light clouds encircling the moon, and I tried all kinds of glasses to see if I could learn how it was done, but failed to satisfy myself. Just at that time the drawing began "to buckle" from its mount, and I discussed many times with its owner, the present Sir Seymour Haden, my brother-in-law, the doctor and admirable etcher, what measures should be taken respecting this displeasing development. At that time we had in London a supremely able moulder of drawings of the name of Hogarth, whose advice it was determined to ask.

We showed the drawing to him, and he said it must be taken off the old mount and remounted.

Haden said, "But how do you get it off?" And I shall not forget the horror of his look when Hogarth answered, "Well, sir, we must put it in a bath." However, after much persuasion, Haden agreed to trust the drawing to his care. To his great alarm he received a note very shortly, begging him to call without delay. He did so, and rushed into Hogarth's shop exclaiming, "What is it, what is it! Have you spoilt the drawing?" "No, no, sir, we have got it off beautifully, but having so often heard Mr. Horsley speak of the rosy tint round the moon, I thought you would be interested to know that I have discovered how it was obtained!" He produced the drawing, and turned it on its face. There was a revelation! A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where he wanted the effect, and then worked sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of colour, while retaining the smooth surface without a trace of workmanship on the right side.

Callcott was an enthusiastic admirer of Turner's work, and never permitted criticism of the great man's eccentricities. In a little note-book of his,

written when he was young and with little cash to spare, he speaks of having seen a beautiful drawing of Turner's for sale at some frame-makers in St. Martin's Lane. He could not afford to buy it, the price being ten shillings! so he used to go to the shop as often as three times a week to feast his eyes on it, dreading each time that the drawing might have gone.

Turner was not a savage critic. In going round the Royal Academy he never made any severe remarks, but his favourite method of calling attention to any specially bad work was to put his thumb upon it, and say, "That's a poor bit, isn't it?"

Creswick, the clever landscape painter, once painted a large picture of a village street with landscape beyond, over which a thunderstorm was about to break. Ansdell, the animal painter, put in for him a figure on horseback, galloping away from the village into the thick of the storm. Creswick on one of the varnishing days at the R.A., asked Turner to tell him of anything that struck him as wrong.

"Well," said the great man without hesitation, "your horseman is riding the wrong way!" and walked off, leaving Creswick quite overwhelmed, for

he very probably did not see the striking force of the criticism, which Turner did not trouble to explain.

Among the wonderful water-colours painted by Turner, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, was one of a man-of-war, in what is called, technically, "rapid perspective." It was done at one sitting, in response to a petition from a child staying at Farnley, who asked for a picture of a man-of-war.

The child stood by him, and he proceeded to put in all the details with explanatory comments: "This is the body of the ship. Now come the masts—here go the guns!"

What evidently most impressed the child was the extraordinary rapidity, and the way in which, as he said, he "made the paper bubble."

It was Turner's habit to keep the paper always in a fluent condition of moisture. It is most noticeable that in whatever stage his drawing might be left, it was always beautiful. This is very plainly seen by looking at his unfinished sketches; these are in all stages, and every one of them is interesting. An amateur lady artist tried to get some criticisms out of him on a drawing. "Put it in the water-jug, my dear," was his sole answer.

CHAPTER XV

Cartoons—Notice to artists—Charcoal drawings—Munich School—Cornelius as a critic of the amateur—"Wrinkles"—Competition awards—Poet's Hall—Macaulay intervenes—Picture of Henry V. as Prince of Wales.

TO Sir Benjamin Hawes, of whom I have already often spoken, was, I believe, due the appointment by the Government of a Royal Commission of Fine Arts, for the due decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort accepted the office of President of the Commission, and Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., was appointed its secretary. No better selection could possibly have been made for these important offices.

The issue in 1843 of the notices to artists, to send in for competition models and designs at specified dates in sculpture, stained glass, carved wood, cartoons for frescoes, arabesque and heraldic paintings

and ornamental metal work, created a great stir in art circles.

As was natural, my intimate acquaintance with Sir Benjamin Hawes made me especially interested in the whole subject, and also I had long been consumed with anxiety to try my hand in the highest branch of my art, and this seemed a glorious opportunity.

But the tackling of a charcoal drawing on the prescribed scale was a serious undertaking. The only work that had been done in modern times on this scale was by the Munich school, and we gladly consulted our travelled colleagues, from whom we derived a good deal of interesting and useful information, but none of them had at that time actually practised the use of *buonfresco*, as the old Italian painters called it: it was called good fresco to distinguish it from all other modes of Munich decoration.

We found that the large cartoons made for their frescoes by Cornelius, Schnorr, Hesse, and others were simply done on paper fastened to a slight framework of wood. The capabilities of this arrangement were most amusingly illustrated by the

following story, which was told us by a dear old Norwegian artist, Fearnley by name, who was present on the occasion he referred to.

The confidence of the art amateur is well known, and one of that body being highly excited by the works of the aforesaid cartoonists—all distinguished artists of the Munich school—was determined to show them the exact way and style in which the thing ought to be done. When his great work was completed, he, being a man of means, invited all the notabilities in connection with art at Munich to come to breakfast one morning and inspect the result of his arduous labours. When the guests arrived they found he had had the courage to take his masterpiece out of the studio and to place it in the garden. There he had stuck up a cartoon of at least twenty feet in length by fifteen in height, and had arranged in front of it an amphitheatre of chairs for the guests. He took care, however, that the picture should not be seen till the conclusion of a very elaborate *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with plenty of good Hochheimer to enliven it.

When the moment came, the guests, led by their

host, marched into the garden to the improvised amphitheatre, where Cornelius was placed in a stately central armchair. Of course, every one waited for the great man to open his mouth. The sun was blazing on the picture, and Cornelius rose, open umbrella in hand, and pipe in mouth, in absolute silence, staring at an artistic performance, *too bad for words*.

The tension was becoming painful, the artist was jumping about explaining the points of the design, the perspiration rolling down his face, what with the heat of the sun and the excitement of the moment, heightened by the melancholy fact that not a solitary word of praise or satisfaction came from the invited guests.

But every eye was upon Cornelius, then recognised as the leader of the art movement in Germany, who at last lowered his umbrella with the utmost deliberation, rolled it up, buttoned it, brought it down to his hip as if it were a musket, and with a *pas de charge* made for the cartoon, through which he burst and disappeared, and was seen no more that day. One after another the assembled guests rose, charged, and disappeared. The artist was left

alone, or almost alone. He gazed at the awful hole, with its jagged and fluttering edges, through which his friends had vanished. He advanced, took his hat off, bowed to a few lingerers, pulled his hat over his brows, and himself went through the hole, amid the uproarious applause of all who remained near enough to the scene of action, thus, with infinite humour and good temper, putting the seal of his approval on the severe judgment of his artist friends!

From this story we learned to have our paper carefully stretched on a canvas backing.

Another wrinkle we obtained was in "fixing" the charcoal drawings. The Germans had contrived what, I think, was called a fixing-kettle, which looked like a cross between a steam-kettle and a watering-pot, with a lamp below to keep it on the boil.

We in England could give the Munich school and German draughtsmen generally, a few "tips," amongst them were the cutting of the charcoal itself into a weapon like a chisel, and using its corners or the broad end of it at will, and the employment of a small bellows to reduce any over-blackness, while

brushes were used to get the requisite smoothness of surface. Then we could set the drawings and work on them again.

The execution of the subject I chose was one of the most delightful experiences in my artistic life.

At this point it would be interesting to copy some of the awards in cartoon drawing, viz. :—

Premiums of £300.

- “Cæsar’s First Invasion of
Britain” . . . Edward Armitage.
“Caractacus led in triumph
through the streets of Rome” Geo. Frederick Watts.
“First Trial by Jury” . . . Charles West Cope.

Premium of £200.

- “St. Augustine preaching to
Ethelbert and Bertha, his
Christian Queen” . . . John Callcott Horsley.

There was a third class with prizes of £100, which were awarded to W. E. Frost, E. T. Parris, H. C. Selous, John Bridges, and Joseph Severn.

After the exhibition of charcoal cartoons in Westminster Hall, which was a sort of preliminary canter to test the capabilities of the competitors, who were to carry out the mural decorations of the Houses of Parliament, there was another exhibition



RELIGION

SKETCH FOR A FRESCO IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

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of trial frescoes, to prove our powers of using that difficult medium. For this fresco I chose a part of the design which had been approved by the Royal Commission for one of the frescoes in the House of Lords. The theme was "Abstract Religion," or the abasement of all earthly power in the sight of God.

The Poets' Hall was to be decorated with frescoes from Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser. I was to take my subject from Milton, and deeply meditating I said, "Why may I not have a composition including the Allegro and Penseroso?" both the major and the minor keys of poetry. This I carried out, and the design was most warmly approved by the Commission, and highly commended by the Prince Consort, who wished the work to be at once put into execution.

About a fortnight later I received a letter from Eastlake, announcing with the utmost regret a proposed change of front in regard to the subject of the fresco, which change had been insisted upon most hotly by Mr. Macaulay, who said that no subject could be selected to illustrate Milton which was not taken from *Paradise Lost*, and suggest-

ing one or two subjects of the most absolutely unpaintable kind. One was "Satan showing Adam the kingdoms of the earth," and the other "Satan touched by Ithuriel's spear while whispering evil dreams into the ear of Eve."

In my answer I ventured to point out that to do justice to the first-named subject, I should require a canvas not smaller than one that would cover the area of Leicester Square, but the second subject, which I considered a most cut-and-dry one, I consented to accept.

It is pleasant to recall the next note I had from Sir Charles Eastlake, to inform me that the Prince Consort requested me to paint for him in oils the subject originally planned for the fresco. This I did, and the picture now hangs in the gallery at Osborne.

There was another competition for historical subjects painted in oil, in which I received another prize of £200. My subject was "Prince Hal taking the crown from his father's bedside."

During its exhibition in Westminster Hall, the Government having no lien on the works at this exhibition, I received a number of applications

to purchase the picture, but they all fell through because of the great size of the work, which measured about twelve feet in height. One of the most persistent of the inquirers about it was the late Lord Armstrong, who had built a public room for his friends at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in which he fully hoped to be able to hang it, but the oft-repeated disappointment in the matter occurred again, as he found on carefully going into the question of measurements, that it was a considerable number of inches too large.

Two or three months after this sad discovery I received the joyful intelligence that Lord Armstrong had been induced to comply with the request of his friends at Newcastle to enlarge one portion of the hall put up for their recreation, and that now he should be able to have his way about the picture, even if it were half as large again as it is. In this hall hangs my picture.

CHAPTER XVI

Presidents of R.A.—Sir Thomas Lawrence—Sir Martin Archer Shee—Sir Charles Locke Eastlake—Frescoes—Sir Francis Grant—He defends his perspective—Lord Leighton—Sir John Everett Millais—Academic hospitalities—Sir Edwin's stories.

OF Sir Thomas Lawrence, the first President I ever saw, I have already said all, I personally know.

Sir Martin Archer Shee.—When I entered the Academy as a student, Lawrence's successor was Sir Martin Archer Shee. I remember him as a handsome elderly man and a ready speaker. He could lay claim to a position as a literary man, and indeed to that of a poet, whilst he was also a good man of business; perhaps we may leave his carefully produced pictures out of the question.

One story of him must be recorded, it is already in print under Government authority. When before the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, he was

asked the nature of fresco-painting. His answer was, "Not having been much abroad, I am not able to speak positively on the subject, but I believe it is somewhat of the nature of scene painting! Shades of Giotto, Michael Angelo, Fra Beato Angelico, and of Raphael defend us! However, Shee served the Academy most loyally and industriously, and deserves to have his memory treated with all respect.

Sir Charles Locke Eastlake.—One does not write his name without a feeling of deep respect for the untiring work done by him in the cause of art.

Capricious memory carries me at once to a curious little scene in Maclise's house in Charlotte Street, where I found Eastlake with him one day. He had come over to consult as to what further steps might be taken to recover a very valuable collection of pictures and sketches, which had been stolen from Maclise's studio.

Maclise had a magnificent face and person, which latter was at the moment picturesquely arrayed in an old nightshirt and coat, which suited his large frame, and Eastlake's small figure looked especially diminu-

tive in contrast as he sat crumpled up on the edge of his chair with his hands clasped under his knees. A moment after a detective entered, and he with his finished morning dress and finicking manner was also an amusing contrast to the rollicking style of "Mac," still more so as regards their modes of talking.

"You know," lisped the detective, "if I were to see the thief passing your window at this moment I should not arrest him." "But I should," thundered Maclise in stentorian voice, "I'd have him by the throat at once." "No, gentlemen," pursued the detective, "I should follow him and never lose sight of him till I found out where the stolen property was." Sad to relate, no trace of the stolen property was ever discovered.

Eastlake's name is so intimately associated with the mural decorations in the Houses of Parliament, that here will be a fitting moment perhaps to describe at some length the whole subject of fresco-painting, of which there is scarcely any public knowledge in this country.

Fresco is the Italian word fresh, as most of us know, and refers to the fresh plaster, made of lime

and river sand, and spread with the trowel upon a carefully prepared wall of bricks, as free as possible from disturbing chemicals, such as salts. On this fresh surface the artist must work at once. For colours, if you are wise, you keep mainly to earths and avoid vegetable colours. The cartoon being complete, its simple outline is traced on tracing paper, and that outline pricked through with a carpet-needle, and then the tracing is fastened to the wall-space with tacks; a "pounce," charged with powdered charcoal, or vermilion, or any other coloured powder preferred, is then dabbed over the pricked holes, and by those means your outline is transferred to the *intonaco* or prepared surface on which you are to paint. This, if you like, may then be gone over with a fine bone modelling tool, slightly indenting the outline, so that you may not lose your outline till the work is done.

The carbon of the air at once begins to unite with the silica of the sand, and to form an impermeable coating of cement, on which it is no longer possible to paint, as it will not absorb any further moisture. There your work is, and no alteration is possible unless you have it all scraped off by the

plasterer and do it over again. If you are satisfied, then fresh plaster is put on for your next bit of work, the plasterer being a skilled workman, who carefully observes the outline, and joins up to the previous piece you have left for him to fill in.

The anxiety of mind with which you leave your work to dry is great, because you never know what changes in colour may be made by atmospheric processes as it dries.

I sometimes wonder whether no one knew how vain was all our work, our keen enthusiasm, our greatest efforts, which in some cases absorbed the very flower of our youth. Did no one know? At all events, no warning ever reached us. I think sometimes that the destroying fiends in the air must have shrieked with delight as they thought how soon they would make our work as if it had never been.

Dear, good, indefatigable Eastlake. Alas! that neither he nor any of us knew that fresco-painting required not only fresh plaster on which to work, but fresh air to preserve the work when done.

At that time the Thames was the main sewer of vast London, and the stream that flowed past the

Houses of Parliament was charged with foul and most destructive gases. Moreover, the present terrace of the Houses was then the site of a vast workshop, where hundreds of workmen, working day and night, necessitated the consumption of untold volumes of coal gas, which was pouring forth its destructive powers night and day. When, therefore, we were expending our artistic energies in trying to make beautiful the palace of Parliament, the destructive agencies were already at work, and the mischief then begun has since been completed.

Sir Francis Grant.—The most genial of men, undoubtedly sent into the world to be a distinguished artist.

The first time I saw him was when he was President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and an associate of the Royal Academy of London. At that time a dinner was arranged at the close of the annual Royal Academy Exhibition, when each member of the Academy could invite a friend, paying for his ticket if he wished, but frequently only nominating some one exhibitor of the year, who paid for his own dinner. The chairman on

these occasions was always the President of the Royal Academy.

Shee was President, and he coupled the toast of the sister Academy in Edinburgh with the name of Grant. Grant, in his reply, addressing the chairman, said, "I don't know what your experience is, sir, but I find that the more letters you have after your name the more people think of you, so whenever people say to me in reference to my new honours, "You are an R.A., are you not, Grant?" I reply, in a surprised voice, "An R.A.? No, I am an *A.R.A.*"

From his early lack of training Grant had never acquired much technique, and the science of perspective in no way appealed to him. This was amusingly illustrated by a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire, who is represented leaning on a table, the horizontal surface of which with all its contents is shown, while the horizon line in the landscape is also shown on a level with the Duke's ankles.

Charles Landseer attracted the President's attention to this slight divergence from the laws of perspective. Grant's reply was humorously to remark, "You forget that Chatsworth is on a devil

of a hill," and, when further reminded that this, as he well knew, was not a fact, he laughingly said, "Well, can't you imagine that it is in a valley?"

Edwin Landseer committed the same error in a picture in which a stone trough was in the foreground, the lines of which were at variance with the horizon. When his attention was drawn to it he cleverly remedied the error by giving the appearance of the water overflowing the edge of a tipped up-trough. In one of the best books ever published in the English language, Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, which is a revelation of the character of perhaps the noblest Christian gentleman who ever lived, there is a delightful reference to "Frank Grant's independence of spirit," when he, as a young man, was just beginning to be favourably known as a rising artist. "He" (writes Scott, when staying at Grant's paternal home) "is not going to be content with sitting at the bottom of his father's table and passing the claret, but is giving himself, heart and soul, to following a delightful, though most arduous profession, and achieving in it a marked and independent position."

Scott did not live long enough to see how

brilliantly his foreshadowing of Grant's career was realised, but it must have given an additional glow to the satisfaction Grant must have felt, when elevated to the presidential chair, to remember Scott's words.

The late Lord Leighton succeeded Sir Francis Grant; he was almost unanimously elected to the honour by his brother academicians, who alone possess the franchise of the Royal Academy. I had but slight knowledge of him or his work before he exhibited at the Royal Academy his excellent picture of Cimabue, which at once stamped him as an artist of remarkable power. It was soon made clear also that he was to be numbered with those of "the Admirable Crichton order." His general accomplishments were remarkable; he spoke and wrote in the French, Italian, and German tongues to perfection. This was the happy result of his father's treatment of his early education, planting him at various art centres, not for a few weeks at a time, but for many months of hard work at his chosen profession. He was singularly zealous and indefatigable in the execution of any duties he had

undertaken to perform. This was notably the case in his long and efficient service in the Artists' Volunteer Rifle Corps. I once saw him at the Athenæum, before he became our respected and admirable President of the Royal Academy, in the uniform of the Artists' Rifle Corps, of which he was then major. He came booted and spurred, and with clanking sword, striding into the dining-room, and stood at the sideboard leaning over and studying the *carte du jour* as he kicked out first one leg and then the other, to stretch himself after a drill, during which he had sat his horse till he was stiff. Some of the old members of the Athenæum who were present looked not a little astonished at this unusual sight in their haunts of peace and quietness!

On his appointment to the presidency of the Royal Academy, his attendance as chairman of council and at other meetings was so rigidly punctual that his colleagues jokingly said that he systematically arranged his arrival some little time before the fixed hour of meeting, and then awaited the striking of the clock before he entered the council-room.

His chief characteristics as a man were kindness of heart and generosity of disposition. In cases I have had to bring before him I found him ever ready to render assistance with hand and purse. He exercised hospitality most unstintingly, both in private and to his academic brethren, placing the latter at his table either in accordance with their official rank, or according to seniority of election to the honours of the institution of which they were all equally members. His attention to the details connected with his entertainments was minute, even to the floral decoration of his dining-table, which he did himself. There being no Lady Leighton in his establishment was the good reason he gave for occasionally making these matters subjects for discussion even at the dinner-table. When the interesting dining function came to an end, adjournment was made to the brilliantly lighted studios, where work in progress was freely shown, and criticism unhesitatingly invited.

Leighton was an enthusiastic lover of music, and used to arrange musical afternoons, and evening concerts of first-rate character. His long residence

abroad brought him into acquaintance and intimate friendship with musicians like Joachim and Piatti, and many other celebrities of "the heaven-born art," who were ever ready to come at his summons, to play and sing for his delight and that of those carefully selected friends who, he felt sure, would appreciate to the uttermost the "concord of sweet sounds" set before them.

It was not a little startling to note the effect of the theory of "selection," rigidly applied as it was by so true a musical enthusiast as Leighton, in arranging his list of those to be invited to his musical gatherings. Leighton and I were in absolute sympathy on most musical subjects, and on none more than in the necessity of eliminating from the list of those you invite to a musical party every individual of whom you have the least suspicion that he does not possess the power of listening "cataleptically." How amused he was when I said that nothing would really satisfy me but the power of arming the musical conductor of the evening with a fairy baton, which waved over a chattering or fidgety audience would reduce them to cataleptic silence instantaneously. I was early trained by my

father to be perfectly silent during the performance of music.

I never heard Leighton touch a musical instrument of any kind, or sing a note of music, though he may have done both with admirable results. It was always most gratifying to my musical soul to see him sitting by the performers and turning over their music for them, he himself evidently in "the seventh heaven of delight," both with the music and its execution. These pleasant times were of regular and delightful recurrence, but then came the woeful change in the President's health, and the ominous symptoms which I had but too frequent opportunity to watch with deep anxiety, for all through the time of his illness with his fearful attacks of angina pectoris, I filled the office of treasurer to the Royal Academy. My place at meetings as treasurer was at the President's right hand, he sitting in the presidential armchair that may have held the slight form of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When Leighton was visited with those terrible paroxysms of agony, the inevitable accompaniment of the heart disease with which he was afflicted, he

used to beg the council to discontinue the discussion which was proceeding for a few minutes, then clasped his forehead with his left hand, clutching the arm of the chair with his right, and so struggled with the seizure of that mortal disease, angina pectoris, and when the agony had passed, calmly renewed the business which had been interrupted.

The calm and heroic courage with which he bore this terrible trial was a lesson indeed to all who observed it. It had fallen to me to witness the death of our colleague Edward Barry, R.A., the well-known architect, at the same table.

At the burial service over Leighton's earthly remains in St. Paul's Cathedral a most striking effect was produced by an accidental cause. My seat was under the dome, and was so placed that I looked straight down the nave which comprised the south transept in my point of view. It had been gloomy all the morning, but suddenly through an opening made in the course of reparation in the tracery of one of the south aisle windows shot a brilliant ray of sunshine, looking like a bar of molten gold at white heat, and resting a moment on the coffin, lit up group after group of worshippers with

such astonishing brilliancy that it caused many to shield their eyes from its searching power. It was indeed God's own search-light coming straight from His heavenly throne. And those heart-searching words must have occurred to many, "Look well if there be any wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The glorious chapter from Corinthians, which is the lesson in the Burial Service, was being read by the Dean.

Lord Leighton was succeeded as President by Sir John Everett Millais, that child of fortune and admirable artist, but who was doomed to die, like Leighton, at a comparatively early age.

The first time I ever saw Millais was in Westminster Hall, where the Government Competitive Exhibition of oil pictures was on view. Millais's subject was that of "The Widow's Mite." He painted in his time a great number of pictures of varied and remarkable excellence—portraits, landscapes, and subject-pictures—and he well merited the honours, wealth, and general success that he obtained. He was a genial and high-spirited man, and possessed many great artistic qualities. He

had a fine sense of colour and female beauty, but not much inventive power of intricate composition. His chief successes were with subjects of one, or a few figures. His death was most sad, and a grievous public loss, and was caused by that terrible disease, cancer of the throat. I was with him several times towards the end; our final parting was very touching and impressive. He was lying on a low bedstead, and half sitting up, he threw his arms round my neck, kissing me on my cheek, and drew me towards him with such vigour that I nearly lost my balance. Though speaking with much difficulty, he said most earnestly, "Pray for me, my dear old friend, pray for me, and ask others to do so."

I will add here a few words anent hospitalities of some of the presidents. Sir Charles Eastlake used to invite academicians to dinner without their wives, to meet a given number of fashionable ladies without their husbands, the ladies being interested in making the acquaintance of artists of note.

When Grant filled the presidential chair at one of the first of these formal banquets, he essayed a new

arrangement, and had no ladies present but his wife ; he also made an innovation by asking his assistant, Alexander Fraser, at the last moment to fill a vacant chair. Amongst the R.A.'s present were Edwin Landseer, David Roberts, and Webster.

The last-named recounted to me afterwards the incidents of the evening.

As Landseer was the only "titled" guest present, the host naturally selected him for the honour of conducting Lady Grant down to dinner, and he planted Roberts on her left. Roberts was a comely, well-to-do-looking, elderly gentleman, with a grand display, when in dinner costume, of white waistcoat, frilled shirt front and cravat of extraordinary depth and tightness, which made his joining in converse with his neighbours at dinner quite a muscular effort, necessitating an occasional furtive movement of the fingers to the back of his cravat bow to ease its throttling tendencies. He was somewhat slow of speech, and with a decidedly Scotch accent, with only a limited gift of that power of story-telling with which some of his countrymen are so richly endowed. Now Sir Edwin Landseer was a first-rate *raconteur*, and came of a family of humorists

to whose power in that way I have often referred. He was also, it might be said, the spoilt child of the society from whose ranks Lady Grant sprang, and therefore it was not surprising that he and Lady Grant got on capitally together; he was evidently telling her story after story.

Landseer rarely exercised this faculty for the benefit of the company at large, a sympathetic audience, *one in number*, suiting him much better. The pleasure he took in hearing himself speak was unquestioned, especially when he was in a happy mood and brought forth "good things," but he had no particular delight at any time in bringing others into conversation to share its honours. Thus he evidently never noticed that David Roberts was absolutely silent and gloomy, as he had no lady on his left hand, and the lady of the house on his right was so engrossed by what her cavalier, Sir Edwin, was saying, that Roberts must have felt it too much of a forlorn hope to make a direct attack upon her attention, as she had quite turned her back upon him in her ceaseless talk with Sir Edwin. There was another absolutely silent individual at the table, Grant's assistant, Alexander Fraser, called "Sandy"

by his intimates, a shy, reserved Scotchman but very clever artist, who painted still-life for Wilkie and others for 10s. 6*d.* a day, and found his own ultramarine "at three guineas an ounce." This statement of terms was, I believe, invented by the witty Charles Landseer.

When the one lady retired upstairs, Roberts burst forth in his wrath to two or three of his Royal Academy colleagues near him (Grant, the host, not being within earshot) at the neglect he had received from my lady and Landseer, and the miserable time he had had of it, on which one of his sympathisers asked why he did not join in the talk like a man? "Because they 'fashed' about dooks and doochesses about whom he knew nothing and did not want to," was the answer. I remember that at this time it was said that the worship of dignitaries and the larding of his talk with frequent reference to his personal intimacy with them, was one of Landseer's weaknesses.

Roberts declared that he should say good-night to Grant as they left the dining-room, and not go to the drawing-room again, but he was persuaded to refrain from doing that, which would be rude and

annoying to their host, so they all "joined the lady," Sandy creeping up after them.

The moment he was there he made for a corner by the fireplace, where he sat, as he thought, unnoticed. Landseer sauntering in, saw a vacant place on the sofa by Lady Grant, who invited him to occupy it, and then the talk of the dining-room was renewed.

Suddenly Roberts broke from the R.A.'s with whom he had been chatting, and came towards Fraser, who had been indulging in forty winks, then, standing with his back to the fire, with his coat-tails under his arms, he called to him in tones that woke him up thoroughly, "Sandy, mon; Sandy, gie us a sang," and hurriedly gave him the choice from his own *repertoire* of the prolonged ditties that the sons of Scotia always appear so enamoured of.

Sandy, not daring to doubt the propriety of any proposition suggested by a full-blown Royal Academician, piped up, and sang several of Roberts's selection amidst enthusiastic applause, led by Roberts and joined in by Landseer, who was more than cute enough to see the former's impromptu little game, and having been observant of his arrogance in the

dining-room, admired the ingenuity of his "retort courteous."

Lady Grant looked considerably surprised when the performance first commenced, but when she saw the gushing approval with which all the Scotchmen present (her own good husband included) received it, she, with ladylike good nature, assisted in the applause which was accorded to Sandy, who had a charming tenor voice, that drew forth many *sotto voce*, but musical, hummings from his brethren whose warm blood was roused by the swing of their national melodies.

The "exercise of hospitality" has been recognised by most artists, and glorious Sir Joshua, with his club gatherings and frequent dinner parties, set an example which has, more or less, been consistently carried on by his successors in the Academy chair.

CHAPTER XVII

Winter exhibitions—Fawkes of Farnley—Reception, failure, and ultimate success—Turner's study of nature—Treatment of Turner in the National Gallery—Old Masters—"Our Mr. Horsley"—Visit to Ireland—Three neglected galleries—Old Dulwich College—Mr. Lindsay—My first cigar.

FOR twenty-seven years in succession I served upon the committee annually elected from the list of academicians to organise the winter exhibitions of old masters, and certainly the work entailed was amongst the most delightful experiences of my artistic career. Two of the most respected and valuable members of the early committees have passed away since those days referred to, Lord Leighton, P.R.A., and George Richmond, R.A., both men whose zeal in the cause of art and delightful companionship as colleagues it would be difficult to replace, and both specially fitted for the work to be done.

One of my earliest suggestions to the committee was, that we should have a full representation of J. M. W. Turner's marvellous skill as a painter in water-colours, not so generally known to the public, in addition to his glorious works in oil. My suggestion was warmly seconded, and I undertook, without delay, to commence lists of pictures in water-colour by Turner for our proposed collection.

I had always heard great things of the collection of Turner's works possessed by Mr. Fawkes, at Farnley, Yorkshire, and I wrote in the usual way to Mr. Fawkes, the owner of the place, for permission to visit his collection, and got the usual reply, a hospitable invitation to stay at Farnley. The result was I found myself at Farnley one October afternoon, and was very kindly received by Mrs. Fawkes, who was seated in the great saloon, which might truly be said to be literally papered with Turner's works, and was in itself a complete realisation of the dream I wished to see fulfilled on the walls of the Academy. Pictures of all sizes and subjects, all exquisitely beautiful, a revelation even to me, one of the great master's most fervent and most humble worshippers. One saw here what water-

colours did once in the history of the world attain to, and that Turner is absolutely unique and unapproachable; he never had, and never will have, his equal or any approach to it.

I was the only guest at Farnley, and after dinner, for which Mr. Fawkes returned from hunting just in time, my host placed himself in the constitutional British attitude, back to a blazing wood fire, and listened to my rhapsodies as I feasted on the divine beauties around me. Suddenly he broke forth, stamping his foot with vehemence, and said, "I will tell you what it is, Mr. Horsley, you are a very pleasant gentleman, and the oftener you come to see me the better I shall be pleased, but I am not going to lend your Academy a single thing in this house." I was not a little staggered by this outburst, but remained absolutely silent for a time, and then changed the subject by discoursing on the merits of some small copies of the Turner drawings made by Mrs. Fawkes, and with which she was filling an album in a very clever fashion. Nothing more was said on the subject of my visit. The next morning Mr. Fawkes was off hunting again, and I spent the early hours studying some oil paintings, mostly

Turners, also a very fine Vandyck, etc. Whilst I was on a ladder looking at some pictures hung high up, he came in all mud-bespattered, and from the very different tone he assumed when in reference to some hospitable remark, I said that "I must soon be off to see other picture collections," I gathered hope. I was convinced from his manner he had changed his mind, still in no way did I press the subject. I stayed another night, and the outcome of my visit and subsequent correspondence was that we at the Academy had all we desired from his magnificent collection. One set of drawings were together in a case, and therefore not framed, but were labelled "Sketches on the Rhine." They were made under the following circumstances. The doors of Farnley were ever open to Turner, who came and went exactly as he pleased. His great and constant friend was the grandfather of the Mr. Fawkes I found there, and the former received a note from Turner one day to announce his immediate arrival *en route* to the Rhine, *viâ* Hull. He appeared, but took his departure for Germany in a few days, saying that he should remain abroad three or four weeks, and then come

back for another week with his friend before returning to London. He performed his programme to the letter, and on his second appearance at Farnley, fresh from the Rhine, he pulled out of his coat-tail pocket a roll of paper tied up with string, which proved to be, to Mr. Fawkes's astonished gaze, more than half a hundred lovely "Rhine sketches." The transfer of these precious things from Turner to Fawkes's collection was the work of a few minutes' friendly talk, and Turner, being much gratified with the rapidity of the business settlement, said, "Now I'll mount them for you." To this end he walked down to the neighbouring village, went to the one shop of the place, bought a quire of that strong sugar-paper in which saccharine matter is supplied to purchasers, and some wafers of the period, about the size of a shilling, and with this material the two devoted friends set to work and mounted all the sketches, putting a wafer at the four corners of each, and cutting the paper to the size of each drawing, leaving a good margin all round. I believe they so remained for several years, and when they were properly mounted there was still some trace of the wafers to be seen.

No artist that ever set a palette was more devoted to his calling than Turner, or more ceaseless in his study of nature. When he rented the small house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, he told the Rev. W. Kingsley that he had never missed watching a single sunrise, and not many sunsets, since he occupied the premises. He possessed the faculty—common to many remarkable men—of awaking at any hour he mentally fixed on going to bed, and in turning out he would swathe himself in one of the blankets on his couch, then, having had access made from his bedroom to the roof, he would ascend there just before sunrise, and if there was fair promise of an effective rising he would remain to study it, making pencil notes of the form of clouds, and writing in brief their tints of colour. When he had in this way culled the information nature presented him with, he retired to bed, to rise again shortly and begin a day's work, which at its close teemed with evidence of incomparable artistic power. Mr. W. Vokins, the picture-dealer (dead many years since), told me that calling once on Turner, but not finding him at home, he entered into conversation with his old landlady, who, illiterate

as she was, waxed so eloquent over the description of his day's work that she wound up by saying, "Well, there are times, sir, when I feel he must be a god!"

Then there is a Turner question which I desire to state for the consideration of every honest Englishman, especially those who are gifted with sufficient taste for art to appreciate to some extent the priceless value of the gift he left to his country. The money value of this marvellous bequest would run into many tens of thousands of pounds, and it was accompanied by very clear conditions for the Government to carry out by a certain date. The collection was to be a permanent portion of the National Gallery, to be called the Turner Galleries. The time allowed for this was considerable, but before he signed the will it was greatly added to, as though Turner had no overpowering confidence in the zeal with which this important trust would be performed. After much delay a large, well-proportioned Turner Gallery was completed from the design of Mr. Pennethorne; it was dignified in scale and aspect, but not sufficiently well lighted, and from the first it was evident there was not

enough wall-space provided to hang all the splendid oil pictures properly. However, they were placed somehow, and then arose what soon became a truly "burning question," namely the crying demand for a new public staircase for the National Gallery, which, according to the authorities, could only be brought to a satisfactory issue by sacrificing the recently constructed Turner Gallery and utilising the vacant space for the new staircase. Then came the astounding performance of cramming the superb Turner show into one of the smaller galleries, which was formerly used by the Royal Academy as the principal gallery of their modern exhibition, and this arrangement is still maintained; lovely small Turner pictures, which ought to be level with the eyes of visitors, are fastened to the cornice of the room; in short, they are regularly mast-headed, and in complete legal negation of the terms of the great artist, on which alone he devised the gift to his country. I ventured, after much consideration, to make a strong appeal, some years since, simply as an individual artist, to two Cabinet Ministers on the position. Neither of these distinguished gentlemen questioned my showing that the existing treat-

ment of these art treasures is in complete contradiction to the terms on which they were given to the nation by the great artist, and one of them expressed a hope that he might live to see full justice done to Turner, and, he might have added, to the British nation, when further additions, now I believe in contemplation, should be made to the National Gallery.

Perhaps the strongest impression that remains on my mind after many years of interviewing "old masters," some genuine and some spurious, is the wonderful amount of delusion that exists in people's minds about their own pictures.

The never-ending astonishment I have felt on seeing collections of treasured pictures, supposed by their possessors to be originals of priceless value! I have had, by slow degrees and carefully chosen language, to convey to them that there was in the whole collection not one single picture that I desired to add to the winter exhibition of the Academy.

Sometimes a most pathetic element added untold difficulty to my thorny path, when I realised

that the exhibition and perhaps resulting sale of the pictures was of immense importance to the owner.

I remember one autumn being asked to visit a collection in a remote shire. The owner, I had been told, had been heavily hit by agricultural depression, that had impoverished thousands, and was therefore relying on the sale of some of what he considered his most valuable pictorial possessions, to pull him through. The aspect of the house bore out the story ; the cheerlessness and look of poverty made a deep impression on me, and I cannot say how I yearned to be able to make some selection from the gallery, but alas ! it seemed hopeless as I glanced from one copy to another. I based my last hopes on a very fine picture of the Flemish school, which was to be shown me after luncheon.

When this was at last produced it proved to be a mere "school" copy of the original, which I knew to exist elsewhere, and I had the very painful task of taking my leave unable to hold out any prospects of our council being advised to apply for a single picture in the collection.

One golden rule I never swerved from : not to

attempt to put a money value upon anything shown me, often as I was asked to do so. I used to take elaborate pains to explain that no opinion on that subject was of any value except that of an experienced picture-dealer, one who knew exactly the extent and condition of the important question of demand and supply in the picture market. When pressed on the point I would offer to send them such a dealer, whose business it was to be well informed on such points. I did not forget to warn them that there were picture-dealers and picture-dealers, and that I had heard a shrewd man, well acquainted with picture selling, remark that from his experience it took two horse-dealers to make one picture-dealer.

I may add that the work of hunting up "old masters" suited me perfectly, bringing into play such small gifts in the way of tact and temper as I possess, and my keen interest in, and devotion to, the art of the past had given me a considerable knowledge of the work of different schools and men. Of course it is sometimes very difficult to persuade owners of magnificent pictures to denude their walls of them for several months at a time, and all sorts

of arts of persuasion, of cajolery, of appeal to artistic altruism may have to be called into exercise. My old friend and colleague, W. W. Oules, R. A., told me that he had been asked during a specially successful exhibition, the result of many journeys, how it was possible to get such splendid shows together year after year. "Well," he answered, "the difficulty is great; you have first to catch your hare, *i.e.* find out the whereabouts of desirable pictures, and the negotiating the loan of them then depends on the tact and skill of the committee. When we find strenuous opposition, we send 'our Mr. Horsley' to call and settle the matter." The drollery of comparing the work of collecting to the smooth-tongued "bagman's" proceeding amused me much.

I spent a fortnight in Ireland for picture-hunting, with great interest and pleasure; all that I had heard of the charm and beauty of the women and the wit and fun of the men was more than realised. The purpose of my visit was to hunt up pictures for the winter exhibition of the R.A. I stayed a few days in Dublin with the late Sir Thomas Jones, President of the Royal

Hibernian Academy, a most kindly and hospitable gentleman.

Just before my arrival in Ireland, the terrible murder of an Irish peer had taken place, he had been waylaid by a party of rebels and ruthlessly shot down.

At Sir Thomas's I was introduced at dinner to a retired Irish colonel of fiery aspect. After the ladies had retired, the conversation turned on the murder, in which I felt especially interested, having on my list of pictures to be seen, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, belonging to Lord Dunsandle, who had been repeatedly fired at. My host, however, had never heard of this picture, and the house where it was said to be, was in a remote part of the west coast, involving a long railway journey to reach it. At this point the fiery colonel broke in in an excited voice, "Shure ye'll never go so far for pictures, and now I think of it, it's uncommonly like the Dunsandles ye are, ye'll be shure to be shot!"

It is a curious fact that there are three most interesting collections of pictures in or close to

London, which are greatly neglected, not only by the general public, but by those who consider themselves students and connoisseurs of art.

I will mention the smallest of these collections first. The Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where in darkness and an altogether unworthy setting are to be seen many priceless Hogarths, including the "Harlot's Progress," and the Election pictures, besides various other old masters of undoubted authenticity and great interest.

The next neglected collection is the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. This embraces all the works in painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving that are contributed, each after his kind, by every newly elected Royal Academician, and in addition the works of art, that by legacy, purchase, or other ways have been acquired by the Royal Academy.

The most notable of all these is perhaps the unfinished "Tondo," by Michael Angelo, the greatest artist that has ever appeared on the face of God's earth.

I remember when I was a student, Sir Richard Westmacott drawing our attention to the chisel

marks upon some of the surfaces in this marvellous group, which he assured us could only have been produced by a hammer of exceptional weight, wielded by an arm of almost fabulous strength. I have never seen any representation of the mighty Florentine that did not convey the impression of remarkable muscular power. We all remember the tradition that the immortal Michael Angelo's nose was broken in fair fight with Baccio Bandinelli, his rival for the papal favour.

This reminds me of an amusing story about Fuseli, Keeper of the Royal Academy, well remembered for his extraordinary force of diction when roused to anger.

On one occasion a quarrel between Webster and Onion, another student, led to a battle royal in the hall, which, being interrupted by the arrival of the academicians on the scene, as they came out from a lecture, was carried to a finish in the courtyard. These reverend signors were much annoyed by the lack of discipline shown by this scrimmage, and remonstrated with the keeper at the next council. Fuseli in his efforts to maintain order rushed in, mahlstick in one hand and cumbrous old palette in

the other, exclaiming, "Yah, you are von set of vild beasts, and I am your blasted keeper."

The third gallery that in no way receives its due amount of recognition is the Dulwich Gallery, which, in spite of its immense reputation, is far too often neglected by even serious art students.

My personal interest in Dulwich College dates from a very early period, when my father became its tenant by buying the lease in 1823 of No. 1, High Row, of Muzio Clementi.

When I was about eleven years old, I was invited to stay at Dulwich College in the rooms of old Mr. Lindsay, one of the Fellows, and the rector, eighty years since, of Stanford-on-Avon, a beautiful church near Rugby, containing much interesting work, especially some fine early stained glass windows. I spent delightful times copying pictures in the beautiful galleries. I especially remember my first attempts at water-colour were to copy some of the pictures in the remarkably good collection of the works of Nicolas Poussin.

Mr. Lindsay was the tutor of the twelve boys, who then constituted the school. He was not an early riser, so he arranged that his class should

come up to his bedroom for their lessons at eight o'clock every morning. I remember well seeing him sitting up in his old four-poster, propped by pillows and swathed in a flannel dressing-gown of a quaint design, a tasselled nightcap of the period on his head, and a long clay pipe in his mouth, while grouped round the bed were the twelve scholars repeating their lessons. It made a never-to-be-forgotten picture. The contrast between this primitive class and the present college, with its hundreds of boys and its modern methods, is eloquent of the changes that have been effected in good old Lindsay's lifetime and that of his successors.

The Fellows, with any guests they might have, dined together in the hall, which opened out into the delightful garden for which the college has always been famous. In those happy days the gardens were often harmonious with the songs of nightingales, whose proverbial shyness seemed overcome in this delightful retreat, and I have often watched them singing so close to me, that I could see the throbbing of the tiny throats as those wonderful sustained notes were poured forth. This

was when we were out in the garden after dinner, a rather long performance.

Dear old Lindsay, who had about as much idea of bringing up a young boy outside his scholastic training as I should have of training a dancing bear, and who never had a pipe out of his mouth, said on one of these evenings, "John, will you have a cigar?" I did not wish to shirk the duties or apparent pleasures of mature manhood, a condition which I conceived I had reached when I entered my teens, so I accepted the cigar (without the least idea of what I was to do with it), and watching the ways of those about me, succeeded in lighting it at the right end and in smoking it *to the end*; after which performance I felt perfectly well, and so much elated with my success that I calmly asked for another! I am astonished on looking back to reflect that this was given to me, a mere child, without the judicious advice one might expect. Luckily for me, the smoking party broke up before I had got very far with No. 2 cigar, and, absolutely drunk and dizzy with nicotine, I shall never forget my feelings as I followed Mr. Lindsay to my room, and stood dumb

and wretched and yearning for blessed solitude as he explained where this and that could be put ; indeed before he had left the room, I had thrown myself flat on my face on the great feather bed, just managing to roll myself over a bit before I became completely unconscious, very likely thus saving myself from suffocation.

The next morning I was perfectly well, but I may say that this escapade settled the question for me as to smoking, and thrown as I have been with habitual smokers much of my life, I have never felt the smallest inclination to indulge in this practice, and literally never smoked even a cigarette to the bitter end, being content with a whiff or two on rare occasions.

CHAPTER XVIII

Jim Bishop, a typical model—Cope takes him in hand—Before the magistrates—Defence of Webster—Employed by Boxall—Pigs' wash—J. B. vanishes from the scene—April 10th, 1848—Special constables.

TWO of my earliest professional friends were Cope and Redgrave, both of whom eventually became Royal Academicians.

When the Westminster Hall competitions commenced, Cope and Redgrave were building houses for themselves, and amongst the gang of labourers employed, one of them named Bishop attracted their notice as a powerful and well-proportioned man, with a handsome head, the result being that he was soon promoted from building operations to artists' painting-rooms and the schools of the Royal Academy. He was strictly honest, at least I have never heard a word to the contrary from any of my many friends in whose houses and gardens he was a familiar figure.

Though an entire ignoramus, and with the devotion to beer common to the majority of his class, he was of an inquiring turn of mind, and used to put most posing questions during his sittings as a model.

My old and highly respected friend, C. W. Cope, R.A., took a keen interest in the endeavour to soften and instruct the really savage nature of the man, for savage indeed he was when roused. He was a professed pugilist, and had done much prize-fighting, a line of business from which he found it necessary to retire, as not conducive to his appearance as a model, when called upon to pose for a crowned head, an inspired prophet, or a father of a family in some gentle domestic scene, such as occur in Webster's admirable works.

On one occasion he announced to Cope that he was going to stand godfather to Bill's child, "Bill," often referred to as his bosom friend, being one of the gang in which he had worked. Cope, fired with anxiety to improve the occasion, gave him a grave lecture on the responsibilities he was undertaking, upon which Bishop promptly replied, "No, sir,

I don't know nothen about 'sponsibillyties; never 'eared on 'em; all I know is, sir, that if Bill wor to die, I should have to find his child in grub and tommy" (*Anglicè*—meat and drink).

On another occasion he startled Cope by suddenly asking him, "What's the meaning of the sacrymints, sir?" Naturally Cope, a fervent Christian, though a little embarrassed by the sudden question, was very anxious to explain clearly the subject to this ignorant "clod of the valley." He was perhaps a little lengthy, and very soon Bishop was sound asleep. Snoring himself awake, and passing the back of his hand over his lips, he exclaimed, "I was dreamin', sir, that I was fightin'; I loves a good fight, sir, I do."

About the same time he was sitting to me, and I had in the room a singularly beautiful and impressive crucifix of Italian work lent me for a picture I had in hand. I saw that Bishop's attention was riveted on it, and at last he said, without taking his eyes off the figure, "A deal's thought of that poor chap, sir; you sees his pictur in all the shops!"

One night he and his friend Bill were walking

home from the theatre with their wives, when they were brutally assaulted, and the women insulted, by half a dozen roughs, who were well punished by Bishop and his friend; the police, however, intervening, the whole party were locked up for the night. Luckily the affray had been witnessed from the beginning by one of the police, and the magistrate, before whom the prisoners were brought, was so convinced by the evidence of the rights of the case that he committed the roughs to a term of imprisonment, and highly complimented Bishop and his friend on their gallant conduct, winding up by regretting that he could do no more for them.

Thereupon Bishop came to the front and asked permission to say that there was one thing his worship could do, and that they would thank him very much for the favour. "What's that, my man?" said the magistrate. "Why, your honour, let me and Bill have these six blackguards down in your back yard, and give 'em what they'd have got last night if your perlice hadn't stopped the game."

Bishop had not a little in his nature of the knight-errant, and once he exercised his muscles most beneficially in aid of Webster, R.A., who, going up

Church Street, Kensington, late one night, came upon a man shamefully ill-treating his wife. Webster, who was tall, strong, and very plucky, rushed into the fray, and knocked the man down. He was soon up again however, and Webster was preparing to receive a vigorous onslaught from a formidable-looking ruffian, when he found himself clasped violently round the waist, lifted up, and carried a yard or two to the rear by Bishop, who, happening to be passing homewards at that moment, was just in time to put his patron in safety and to administer a vigorous punishment to his assailant, who succumbed at once on recognising Bishop, whose prowess was well known in the slums of the royal borough.

Sir William Boxall, R.A., once enlisted this sturdy champion in his service. Sir William was much annoyed by the incessant playing of a German pianist who lodged next door to him, and whose constant practising so got on his nerves that Boxall could not paint. He tried to come to terms with his neighbour, but could not extort the smallest concession.

Determined not to be beaten, he engaged Bishop

and a friend ("Bill," no doubt), providing them with iron trays and pokers, with which they were to make music when the piano struck up. So when the musician started, they did the same, and the din may be imagined. After one or two repetitions of this, the German pianist came to terms, and the twenty-four hours were divided equitably between the rival arts.

Sir Edwin Landseer also frequently employed Bishop as a model. It may be remarked that Bishop had at this time started the peaceful avocation of pig-keeping in Kensington.

During a sitting to Landseer, Bishop broke silence by remarking, "I believe, sir, you are very hintimate with the Queen, hain't you?" Landseer admitted that he had the honour of frequently painting for Her Majesty, whereupon Bishop continued, "I hoffen passes that big 'ouse she lives in; they calls it Buckingham Pallis, and I thinks if only I could 'ave her pigwash I should be riglarly set up in the business. Do you think, sir, that the next time you are with 'er quiet and comfatable like, you could put in a word about my pigs? I should be *so* werry much obliged to you." A

shout of laughter was, I fear, the only reply to Bishop's request. He never repeated it. I had often reason to observe a strong strain of sensitive intelligence in his rough nature.

We used often to hear from Miss Skerrett of the constant amusement given at Windsor by Landseer's wonderful anecdotes. Is it possible that the above may have reached royal ears?

I was once the means of pressing Bishop into the service of the State on April 10th, 1848, that memorable day, concerning which I have never seen any special record in print, and as it certainly merits a place in history, I will briefly record my experience of it, though I must first add a few words more about Bishop.

At one time he made a serious effort to give up his drinking habits, and took the pledge. His second wife, to whom he had lately been married, had a great idea she could make her fortune as a model, but unfortunately she shared his old taste for strong drink. I had not seen him for several weeks, when he came to me one day in a miserable-looking state, and had to confess that he had returned to his evil ways, but that it was entirely

owing to the new wife! "All had been going on well: we were very comfortable like, and got new bits of furniture, and then I had to go off, and was away a bit, sitting to a hartist in the country; and one night I comes in and finds all the new furniture gone, and she—well, sir, what do you think she was doing? She was lying dead drunk before the fire." "What did you do?" I asked. "What did I do? Why, I picked her up by the 'air of her 'ead and I dashes her against the floor."

After this truly tragic turn of events, poor Bishop disappeared from the scene. I often inquired, but I never could learn what had become of him. Even the police lost touch with him altogether.

To return to the Chartist riots.

The ringleader of the Irish faction in 1848 was Feargus O'Connor, an accomplished forerunner of the choice Hibernian spirits who do their best to make life hideous in the House of Commons and to reduce that place of noble memories to the level of a bear-garden. The same miserable game was played in 1848 as in 1902.

It was evident that the Chartists meant to carry their violence from words and threats into deeds.

They talked of occupying the Notting Hill hunting-grounds, as several large fields, used for schooling hunters in the taking of five-barred gates and hedges, were called. The Government was to bring 30,000 regular troops into London, and many thousand special constables were to be enrolled in readiness for April 10th, the day arranged for the rising of the Chartists.

Then did various parishes collect in their numbers, summon assemblies, nominate committees; there was wild talk and warlike oratory, and much waste of time by speculations as to all possible and impossible contingencies by elderly gentlemen, formerly members of the services, who considered themselves specially able to give valuable suggestions.

The Home Office directed that the regular police force should afford all possible information regarding the use of the staff with which the specials were to be armed. I cannot vouch for the words, but the directions finally printed and distributed read something like a cookery receipt, and ran much as follows: "On encountering a rebel with evident intention of attacking you, stand firm with the

leathern loop of the staff round the wrist, and holding the staff at point very firmly in your right hand, advance upon your enemy and give a vigorous thrust at the third button of his waistcoat, counting from the bottom of that garment. If the blow be strong, sharp, and vigorous, it will completely double up your opponent, and present his head and neck in the most favourable position for receiving a slashing cut, following the division line of his hair-parting or straight across it. These directions, well carried out, should lay your adversary at your feet."

Of course I enrolled myself as a special constable, and was made a captain under Mr. Garrard, a gentleman living in Notting Hill Square. We were requested to enrol more recruits, but I could only get two: one was my frame-maker, a meek little father of a family, who carried his staff about with him wrapped up in brown paper, and protruding about a half a yard from his pocket, much resembling a "Polony" sausage, as that popular article of food from Bologna was called. The other was Bishop, who I much feared might be got hold of by the other side, if I did not get him sworn in

myself. I intended to install him as a guardian on my own premises on the much-dreaded night. It may now be quite forgotten that the risk of bloodshed and of a serious rising was considered so great that the great Duke of Wellington himself was put in command.

It had been advertised by the Chartists that they would hold their meeting at Kennington Common, where on April 10th they assembled in their tens of thousands, and under the leadership of O'Connor and others were marshalled into a huge and unwieldy procession following the great timber waggon containing the monster petition, the various sheets of which were rolled round lengths of cut-up scaffold poles and wrapped in waterproof: they formed a heavy load.

The Duke had planned to offer no opposition whatever to the proceedings unless they were accompanied by riot. So the procession started on its journey in military order, but of course there were stragglers and a whole crowd of "rag and bobtail followers." The crowding and confusion became terrible, and when the first part of the procession and its leaders reached Westminster Hall,

and found that no petitions were received there for the House of Commons, but that they must be taken to the Home Office, Whitehall, fatigue and hunger and the irritation of delay began to tell more and more, till the leaders were at their wits' end.

They called a halt and held a consultation, and it was agreed that a small escort would now be sufficient to accompany the timber waggon to the Home Office. Daylight was departing when they reached the Home Office, and no member of that department was there; they had apparently all been knocked up with the agitation and excitement of the last few weeks. Finally, after the leaders had worked themselves into a perfect frenzy, Mr. Samuel Redgrave (brother of the artist), who was one of the principal clerks in the Home Office, gave permission for the petition to be taken in and kept for the consideration of the Government.

Meanwhile what had become of all the Chartists?

It had been anticipated that the evening would bring terror and bloodshed, that shops would be sacked and houses broken into. Thousands of special constables paced the streets, truncheon in

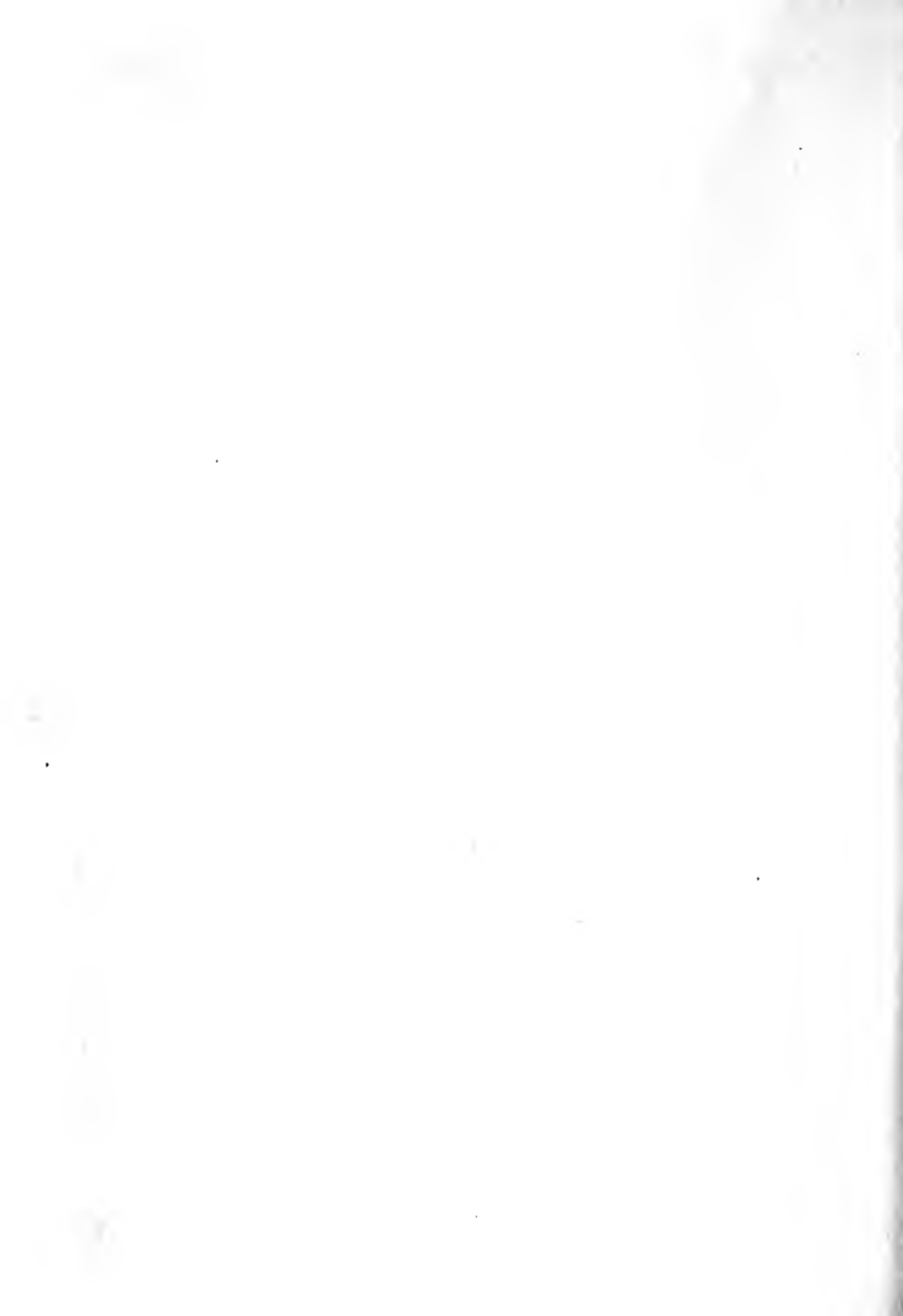
hand, prepared to carry out to the letter, no doubt, the carefully learned instructions as to their use, and with hearts beating with unwonted excitement at the thought of what the night might bring forth.

For my part, having carefully instructed the few specials under my command, I paced my special beat, the Mall, till three o'clock in the morning. At first my own footfall was "the only sound I heard," then I heard the cocks crow, the twitter of the early bird, but never had the streets seemed more absolutely silent, more steeped in repose. Then the regular policemen began to come back to their usual beats, the dreaded night had come and gone, *and nothing had happened.*

I held a post at that time of Head Master of the Figure Class in the Government School of Design, which was established under the superintendence of a most powerful committee, presided over by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and located at Somerset House in the apartments formerly occupied by the Royal Academy. I had therefore been earlier in the day witness of the elab-



John Callcott Horsley, R. A.



orate and cautious arrangements taken for the defence of that building on the 10th of April. Two full infantry regiments were marched into the courtyard of the grand old place before sunrise, as I heard later in the day, on getting into conversation with one of the officers. He told me that it was understood that if any real fighting with the mob commenced, the officers in command of districts were to request all the special constables to go quietly home and leave the rest to the regular troops. Two batteries of artillery were in the immediate vicinity of Kensington Palace. The officers in command of districts were riding about the whole day in plain clothes, and going to headquarters at the Horse Guards at stated times to report to the Duke. As it happened I did not go into town till after luncheon time, and then I went to Somerset House, and there found all serene and free from any excitement; the iron gates of Somerset House had been covered with tarpaulins, so that nothing could be seen of the military occupants. One friend of mine was walking about for hours, and said that not once did he see the glint of light upon sword or bayonet; but when the time

fixed for the return of troops by rail to their various stations came, the gates were flung open, the sound of drums and trumpets filled the air, and they marched out accompanied by tens of thousands of Londoners all cheering wildly and showing every sign of enthusiasm for law and order.

CHAPTER XIX

London fogs—My adventures—Other outrages—Curious incident.

SOME beneficent change in the elements has taken place respecting London fogs, and several winters have now passed without the real "pea-souper," which was such an intolerable affliction. The last of these was the worst I was ever out in, and my experiences in it were happily so unusual that I may relate them here.

At the annual changes of the members of the Academy Council it is customary to have a dinner at which the retiring members and those about to serve are present. The galleries are lighted up for the first time in the current winter exhibition, and a pleasant evening is usually spent in them.

On the particular evening that I refer to the rooms became very full of what I thought was the product of the cigars and pipes of the assembled

party, but I was enlightened when, having asked an attendant to call a fourwheeler to take me to Kensington, he returned after an hour to report a terrible fog, and a great scarcity of cabs. A miserable specimen of the "growler" was however at the door, and the horse and the driver were both hanging their heads in the deepest dejection, while the moisture streamed off the man's battered hat on to his nose. A stifling, suffocating fog almost choked one.

I bawled out to the aged Jehu, "Do you think you can get me to Kensington?" And, as the brilliant Academy lights fell on his face, I could see he was at least fourscore years old, and such a picture of ancient feebleness that I felt very doubtful as to his powers of getting his misery of a horse so far.

"Yes, sir, I'll drive yer to Kingsingtong, never fear, but I shall want five shillings for the job." "Land me safely there, I replied, and I'll give you more than that."

The old Academy servant handed me in two leather bags, one of which contained no inconsiderable sum in cash from my bank, and very

ferverently wished me good-night as he closed the cab door.

We started, and plunged wildly about from one pavement to the other, but I was at home in these parts and able to guide cabby to the right side of the road, so that the wheels were in the gutter and grinding along the kerbstone.

An intelligent linkman was of much assistance, but still we wandered on in hopeless uncertainty, crawling along a few yards at a time, and asking where we were from every policeman we encountered; but for all that, we found ourselves for the third time at Hyde Park Corner! The snow, which was thick on the ground, and in great mounds in places, the remains of the terrible January blizzard, much increased our difficulties in recognising localities.

We had just left one friendly policeman, who had set us right again, and turned the horse round with face due west for Kensington, when out of the fog there suddenly appeared a great "rough," standing quite six feet high, and two others, who pressed their assistance on us. A policeman appeared, and they promptly vanished; but before I could claim

his aid the fog seemed to swallow him up, and the roughs reappeared. The biggest of them laid his huge hand upon the framework of the door, and we seemed absolutely at their mercy, but the hand of a kind Providence was manifested in my behalf. At that moment I saw the lights of the Alexandra Hotel reflected in the snow; I seized the precious bags in one hand, burst open the door with great force, thus sending my assailant rolling in the gutter, and dashed into the hotel, where I was received by the night porter, who, when he heard of my adventures, heartily congratulated me on my escape. Had the gang got at us a few hundred yards further on, there was nothing to prevent them from maltreating me and the poor old driver to any extent, and making away with my valuables.

It was 2.30 by the hall clock of the hotel, where I had to pass some hours, trying to calm my perturbed spirit, till the fog had lifted and a cab could be procured to take me home. Here I found that my wife, having waited for me for many anxious hours, had then roused my eldest son Walter, and gone to the Kensington Police Station for advice. They advised her to return home for a while,

instant inquiries being at once made in every police-station of the neighbourhood. On reaching home they found me safe and sound, and very grateful, as I ever shall be, for my escape. The poor old cabby and the linkman, who had suffered severely at the hands of the roughs, both came to me at the Alexandra, and were consoled.

I heard of two other outrages evidently committed by the same gang that night. One was the case of a nephew of Sir Francis Grant, who, when crossing the Green Park, and close to the exit at Hyde Park Corner, was attacked by three ruffians; he was young and vigorous, and after a few minutes of hitting hard right and left, was able to escape, and making a rapid flight found himself in the arms of a policeman.

That they were the same men was proved by their home-made lanterns of three pieces of deal wood nailed together with a thick piece of candle fastened in the middle. I had had ample time to observe this ingenious construction, as my man was flourishing it all the time he was paying me his unwelcome attentions.

The second adventure happened to two ladies

who were returning from the Haymarket Theatre. Not a cab could be procured, so they started to walk back. They took the most frequented route by Piccadilly. The ruffians, fresh from their encounter with young Grant, marked the unprotected ladies turn up Park Lane, and came up with them by the garden railings of Mr. Rothschild's house. The ladies, exhausted by their long walk in thick and slippery snow, and encumbered by heavy wraps, were an easy prey. The wretches pounced upon them, tore off their jewellery even to the wedding-ring of one of the ladies, and then hearing the approach of policemen, bolted with their booty, leaving their unhappy victims in a fainting and bruised condition.

This was almost tragic, but I will conclude with an incident that is decidedly comic. A barrister friend of mine left his chambers in the Temple one afternoon of dense fog to return to his house in Eccleston Square, where his wife was waiting to go with him to a dinner-party at a neighbour's house. The lady was especially nervous about fog, and as it grew more and more dense she decided to countermand their brougham and to persuade her

husband when he came in that it would be wiser to stay at home, especially as the dinner-hour was already passed.

Her anxiety was relieved by his appearance, full of the perils he had encountered on his way, but he was astonished to find his wife comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair before the fire and in morning dress. Her eloquence availed not, and she almost tearfully agreed to make an effort to reach their friend's house, going as they were, as regards toilette, for their stables being close, the brougham could soon be ready to take them.

The poor lady's determination was helped by her having to confess that in her agitation she had quite forgotten to order any dinner at home, which avowal did not improve the position of affairs.

The brougham came round, but the start was not easily effected, for the horse, never the quietest of nags, evidently shared the lady's views as to the undesirability of venturing out of doors in such weather. He expressed his sentiments by entirely refusing to move on, and stood pawing the ground, snorting and sneezing, and shaking his harness in the most threatening way, finally bolting on to the

pavement with the carriage as if to ring the area bell. However, the coachman succeeded in bringing him back to a better mind and the roadway, and they started at last, though at a funeral pace.

My friend, telling me of this adventurous journey, said that after half an hour of crawling in the dark, for he could not see the lamps of his brougham, he let down an inch or two of the window, and, nearly choked by the inrush of fog, called out to his coachman, "Do you know where you are?" "No, sir; haven't done so from the moment we left the 'ouse." "Then turn round and go home."

"'But I don't know a bit which way to turn, nor where we might be a going to if I do,' was the hopeful answer. Down went the window, as I fancied I heard a voice. I shouted, 'Is that anyone passing?' 'Yes,' replied a cheery voice, 'I am here all right, 'ow's yourself? Can't see yer.'

"'No,' I replied, 'my friend, nor can I see you, but can you tell me *where* we are?' 'Why, yes, sir,' and, to my intense surprise, I found we were in our own stable yard, and my cheery informer was a coachman occupying the next-door stables in the same yard. At last it flashed into my mind

that we had been brought here by the intelligence of my own horse, who, by some instinct, finding that he was not being guided, thought he might as well return to his own stall, and therefore proceeded incontinently to do so."

The lady, who seems to have been in a partial collapse during the drive, jumped out at a bound when she found herself safely at home, and promptly interviewed her cook, who was happily amenable, and after the least possible interval an excellent supper was sent up, which, enlivened by a bottle of "Moet Chandon," so revived my hero and heroine that they were enabled a little later, when the fog was less dense, to walk to their friend's house, where they were to have dined, and to cheer up the party, still going on, by relating their adventure.

CHAPTER XX

City dinners—The Merchant Taylors—"Our datur"—Sir Julius Benedict—The art of after-dinner speaking—My first after-dinner speech at the Academy banquet—The Mansion House—Lord O'Hagan and Harker—Charles Dickens's speech—Sir Richard Owen.

THE various companies of the City of London have ever been renowned for their unflagging zeal in support of public charity and education, and for their hospitality to all sorts and conditions of men. Were it possible to publish from their archives a detailed statement of their expenditure even for a single decade upon the above good works, it would raise a world's astonishment. In respect to the last but not least of important virtues named in the above list—the exercise of hospitality—it is safe to assert that no man who has achieved marked distinction in his calling, whatever it may be, fails to have his life work recognised by the City companies in the form of a friendly summons to a banquet in their stately halls.

I made the acquaintance of City dinners at an early period of my career, when the manners and education of the City man were very different from those he now possesses. I remember distinctly my first appearance at a City feast on the invitation of the master and wardens of a very old company. I found myself seated between the senior warden of the company and a gentleman who, I found, was the Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and a most agreeable and talkative person. When I turned to my left-hand neighbour he was so absorbed in lapping up turtle soup, of which he had two or three relays, following them up with turtle fins, that I felt conversation was the last thing he could desire. His profile, as I glanced at him to see if I could venture to disturb the one idea that evidently absorbed all his faculties at the time, told me much. Nature had written his character large on his outward form: a low forehead and the smallest brain case I ever saw in any human being, a double double chin, balanced by a roll of fat at the back of his neck, which had made itself comfortable over the collar of his coat. The whole aspect of the face was decidedly porcine, and the

mouth, the most remarkable of the features, was marvellously adapted for the main purpose it had to accomplish.

At last I ventured a question: "Being much interested in antiquities, may I ask the age of your company, sir?" He turned slowly round to me with a very bleared and dazed expression on his countenance, looked me heavily in the face, and said: "Three thousand years." For the moment I was so staggered by his astonishing reply that I was at a loss what to say next, so I repeated the question, with the suggestion that he had not quite heard it before. "Three thousand years" came again slowly and deliberately. The Merchant Taylor on my left exclaimed: "Well, that beats anything I ever heard." I felt I must speak out. "But, my dear sir, if you will reflect that we are only now in the nineteenth century of the Christian dispensation, there must be something wrong with your figures. "Ah," said my fat friend, "three thousand years would be before our datur, wouldn't it?" Then did the Merchant Taylor subside again into paroxysms of laughter.

But we had not done with surprises. The

master of the company—a singularly good-looking man and a veritable aristocrat in appearance, rose and proposed an interminable list of toasts. When he came to that of the army, he told us he knew nothing on that subject, but that General —— was present, "and he's agoing to tell yer all about it."

Amongst the guests was my old and valued friend, Sir Julius Benedict, the popular and talented German musician, who later in the evening was called upon to speak to the toast of music; but he was so panic-stricken that he made an earnest appeal to be allowed to play instead of speaking—a proposition which was enthusiastically received by the guests. The worthy chairman rose to inform us of the change, and to assure us of his conviction that we should have a performance upon the "pianner, which would neither corrupt the mind nor taint the 'eart." These were his very words. It is fifty years and more since I heard this speech, but I have never forgotten it. Certainly aspirates were scattered right and left in those days.

It was always then a question of interest to see if a fresh speaker at the Royal Academy banquets

was possessed of an "h" or not. About this period I was present at a public meeting, in which the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of that day, when he was pleading the cause of a charity, the object of which was the care and training of little boys, took occasion to inform us that he had visited the "'ouse," and that these "boys 'ad a 'ealthy and a 'appy 'ome."

These reminiscences call up many others of similar occasions, and a few remarks on the subject of after-dinner speeches may not be out of place.

In the first place, let Shakespeare's maxim, "Brevity is the soul of wit," be deeply graven on heart and mind, and pray for inspiration. But you should have charged your memory with something terse and strong and germane to the matter in hand, with which to enrich the beginning, middle, and end of your speech.

A famous Scotch judge, Lord Colborne, used to say that to speak comfortably in public you should foster a habit of feeling an utter contempt for your audience. I venture to differ entirely from the noble and learned lord; I think an orator's duty is

to keep constant watch upon his hearers, and to guide his speech according to the attention, or the reverse, he is receiving from them. My father was one of the best after-dinner speakers of his day, and he always made "the speech of the evening," as it is termed, for the Royal Society of Musicians, for which noble and charitable institution he sedulously worked all his professional life, and the appeals he then made were always distinguished for their terseness and their brevity. As a boy of twelve I used to join the ladies on these occasions in the gallery, where they sat to hear the speeches, and to be regaled with sandwiches and ices, which were provided for their support during the ordeal, so I have had a long acquaintance with the tediousness of after-dinner speaking.

One year, when our dear old President of the Royal Academy, Sir Francis Grant, was in office, the Lord Mayor for the year conceived the idea of honouring the members of the Royal Academy with a banquet at the Mansion House, and asking representatives of all the artistic and literary societies to meet them. The dinner was fixed to take place early in November, and on the

morning of the day I was setting to work as usual, when a messenger arrived, "fiery red with haste," with a note from Lady Grant to say that the President was very ill, and wanted to see me on urgent business. Down went my palette, and I entered a passing hansom and drove straight to the President's house in the Regent's Park. Here I found the good man in bed, from which his doctor had said he could not and must not stir for days of unknown number. He gasped out, "I have sent for you to say you must take my place at the Mansion House dinner, and represent the Academy." I was rendered speechless for the moment by this overwhelming proposition, against which I vehemently remonstrated, but without avail. On my representing to him that he would be expected by the academic body to select a member of the extant Council to take his place on such an unforeseen calamity, he shut me up by saying that it was his privilege to make a choice without reference of any kind, that he had thought the matter over, and neither could nor would say another word on the question, he was quite exhausted, and I must go away. He at the same moment called upon Lady

Grant, who was on the other side of the bed, to see me out.

I looked at my watch, and found it was twelve o'clock. Public dinners were earlier then than they are now, and the invitation was six o'clock, for half-past punctually, so that what with toilette and distance to be travelled, I had little more than four hours clear in which to prepare a speech. For a moment I felt like Shakespeare's engineer, "hoist with his own petard," for the argument which I have often used against giving speakers notice of what would be required of them instantly occurred to me. Still, I felt this to be an exceptional occasion, and that I should be failing in respect to it if I did not try to make some notes of what I should say. So in the deepening gloom of the November day—a fitting accompaniment to my frame of mind—I sat down at the writing-table in my painting-room and began my task. I spent an hour of my limited time over a manuscript, which soon became a mass of erasures, and then at last it occurred to me to have faith in my principles. I tore up what I had written and threw it in the fire, took up my palette again, and the fog lifting, I had some hours

of pleasant work till the time came for fulfilling my duty to Sir Francis Grant.

On this occasion ladies were invited to accompany their husbands, and my wife and myself enacted the parts usually filled by very august personages, the Lord Mayor taking Mrs. Horsley into dinner, while I had the honour of escorting the Lady Mayoress to the uppermost table in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. On my right hand sat a gentleman with whom I at once found myself plunged into very interesting and animated conversation. He was Lord O'Hagan, at one time Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was much amused at my description of the throes I had gone through since the time I had left my President, and said that nothing should induce him to address such an assembly as this, without having had ample time for preparation—but Nemesis was at hand. Just before the end of the dinner, Harker, the toastmaster, a well-known functionary, whose duty it is to convey the Lord Mayor's requests to the guests, appeared, and squaring his elbows and bowing low to the Irish peer, said, "The Lord Mayor will thank you to propose the toast of"—I forget what

it was. Up flamed the impetuous Irishman, no doubt remembering how strongly he had spoken to me about being requisitioned for impromptu speaking. He turned upon the toast-master, and said, "You, sir, go back to the Lord Mayor, and tell him from me that he is not justified in asking me or any of his guests to address such an assemblage as this without giving ample time for preparation." Harker was equal to the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation replied, "Prrupperation, my lord; why, if we were to give the gentlemen the time for prrupperation, they would speak all the evening!" The Irishman was overcome by the readiness of the impromptu reply, "Gad, he had me there, hadn't he?" I readily agreed, and assured him that now he had nothing to do but to accede to the Lord Mayor's suggestion, which he did, and, I need not say, made an admirable little speech. The notion of a trained parliamentary lawyer of Lord O'Hagan's calibre requiring time for the "prupperation" of an after-dinner speech was too comical, and he felt it to be so afterwards.

I little thought when this incident occurred of what use it would be to me in time to come, for it has

been my lot to have had much impromptu after-dinner speaking thrust upon me, and, I think I may say, speaking generally, to have come out of that ordeal, at any rate, without disgrace, and many and many a time have I brought down the house by the introduction of that Mansion House story; the humour of it appeals so forcibly to the experience of "diners-out" and after-dinner speakers.

After-dinner oratory is a subject of evergreen interest to the male sex, though I am afraid it must be admitted that to the majority who are never called upon to speak, it is an unmitigated bore, nevertheless on rare occasions audiences are excited by it to veritable enthusiasm.

When I repeated the maxim that "brevity is the soul of wit," I was referring to social oratory, but when we come to great political questions, we may bear in mind the following facts, that the late Lord Palmerston made a speech on "the Greek question" of which it was possible for Gladstone to say, that the "House of Commons hung upon his lips from sunset to sunrise." As a fact he commenced a speech of more than six hours' duration before nine p.m., and he did not sit down till four a.m. the next morning.

Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, whom I had the privilege to know, at the time spoke of the speech to me as the greatest effort of oratory since the days of Demosthenes.

As a contrast to this, in what I have called social oratory, let me place a speech of Charles Dickens, at our Royal Academy banquet in 1870, which roused the audience to the greatest pitch of enthusiasm I have ever seen exhibited. The speech lasted four and a half minutes, and no more. The subject was a most eloquent tribute to the memory of Daniel Maclise, perhaps the most popular man who was ever a member of the Academy. We had had men of such note as Gladstone and Motley speaking during the evening, and yet Millais, when discussing with myself and other members the events of the meeting, could say of Charles Dickens's speech, comparing it with those of all the other orators of the night, "Ah! didn't he mop them all up!"

We have had sad experience at the Royal Academy of the tedious side of public speaking, and I regret to have to say that it is from distinguished Churchmen and scientists that our chief troubles have from time to time arisen. There is one

fatal notion with which many of the distinguished gentlemen invited to dine and to speak at the annual Royal Academy banquet seem possessed, and that is, that speaking in an atmosphere highly charged with painters and their works, they are bound to refer to art generally, and to painters, sculptors, and architects particularly, in their oration. The result is often quite hopeless floundering in a subject, of which these distinguished gentlemen would be the first to tell you privately, that they knew nothing.

I remember when such potent orators as Palmerston and Westbury were almost brought to a standstill by the difficulties in which an attempt at art criticism had landed them.

There is an old Academy custom, which, I believe, strongly tends to increase this trouble. It is this. To the President for the time being is entrusted the duty of making out the list of speakers to the various toasts, which is then submitted to the Council, to be endorsed by that body. The President then writes to each individual named, and informs him of the pleasant after-dinner duty imposed on him. Many of those invited are either

unaccustomed to public speaking, or, at all events, to such an unique audience, including, as it does sometimes, crowned heads and leading representatives, both British and foreign, of Art, Literature, Science, the Services, the Church, and Law, and therefore they feel the absolute necessity of writing out what they wish to say, and then learning it by heart. In this there is the risk of being too lengthy or of failure to learn the speech.

“Men say he has no heart, but I deny it ;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.”

Our late President, Lord Leighton, who was a most accomplished man all round, when we were discussing this very question, told me that he could rely entirely on his good memory, but if, in delivering his speeches, which he had written out and learned word for word, he failed to remember a solitary preposition or conjunction in his MS., he had a thrill of horror of impending panic, and then—total oblivion!

The gravest peril perhaps in public speaking is, lest the orator, when by undue length he has quite wearied out his audience, and they express their

feelings by ironical "Hear, hears," or otherwise, should take these hostile sounds as applause, and start afresh.

I think as it is many years since the popular and esteemed Sir Richard Owen went to his rest, I may be pardoned for naming him as a decidedly "wordy" man. For various reasons he had for several years running been chosen to represent science, and, anxious as we all were for a change, the President felt unable to sanction any other choice, saying it would break Owen's heart, but that he would say something to him about making a shorter speech. At the next Council meeting he reported a most satisfactory interview with Owen, who had himself suggested that when he became too garrulous, carried away by his enthusiasm for science, the President was to take his watch out of his pocket as a signal to stop.

The guest of the evening was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and he was informed of the proposed arrangement, at which he was not a little amused. The moment arrived, out came the watch amid suppressed excitement on the part of those in the secret, but alas! no one had foreseen the failure of

the arrangement. In consequence of Owen's lofty stature and way of holding himself, with his right hand lightly clasping his left wrist, his shoulders raised, and his head thrown back, as if to investigate the construction of the skylights, the President's byplay with his watch was quite out of his line of vision. Nevertheless Sir Francis Grant manfully stuck to his engagement, and dangled his watch in the air at different angles, in the vain endeavour to catch the professorial eye. Before long the greater part of the guests had been made to comprehend what was going on, and were convulsed with laughter, which at all events greatly relieved the tedium of the speech. Later on His Royal Highness was seen engaged in most amused converse with the professor and the President, as to the success (!) of the carefully arranged experiment.

No doubt carefully written orations which can be handed over to the reporter come out best in the next day's *Times*, when the reports of impromptu speeches are often defective, still there is an amount of inspiration possible to the impromptu which adds freshness and character not to be found in studied compositions.

CHAPTER XXI

Cranbrook — Willesley — Norman Shaw, R.A. — Friendly models —
Difficulties in finding models — Mr. Edmund Bastard — Yealmpton
— Proposed frescoes — Closing words.

I CANNOT let my recollections go forth without a few words about Cranbrook, and the associations that gather round the name of that old-fashioned little town in the Weald of Kent.

“Where’s Cranbrook?” I remember saying to old Tom Webster one day, when he told me he was going down into Kent to see the young artist F. D. Hardy, who was painting the cottage interiors in the neighbourhood. This visit ended in Webster’s taking rooms in a charming old farmhouse, which had been originally built and occupied by a prosperous Kentish cloth maker. Tradition relates that it was with red Kentish cloth that Cranbrook streets were covered during one of Queen Elizabeth’s progresses. It may have been

the very one, which is said to have given the name of Turn-den to a farmhouse at a fork of the road, where she uttered the imperious word "Turn" when tired of her progress through the deep mire of the country roads.

Cranbrook Church is a notable feature with its grand tower and south porch with beautiful priests' door, which I painted in a picture called "Le Jour des Morts." It stands outside of, and a little above the town, and here in winter evenings at eight o'clock the sounds of the curfew bell could till very recently be heard. One of the most picturesque old houses in the High Street became Webster's studio, when at a later date he lived no longer in the farmhouse, but in a square and substantial red-brick house in the town. Tempted by Webster's account of Cranbrook, we went there, and often occupied lodgings, till the chance came of buying an old house, standing about half a mile out of the town on a hill.

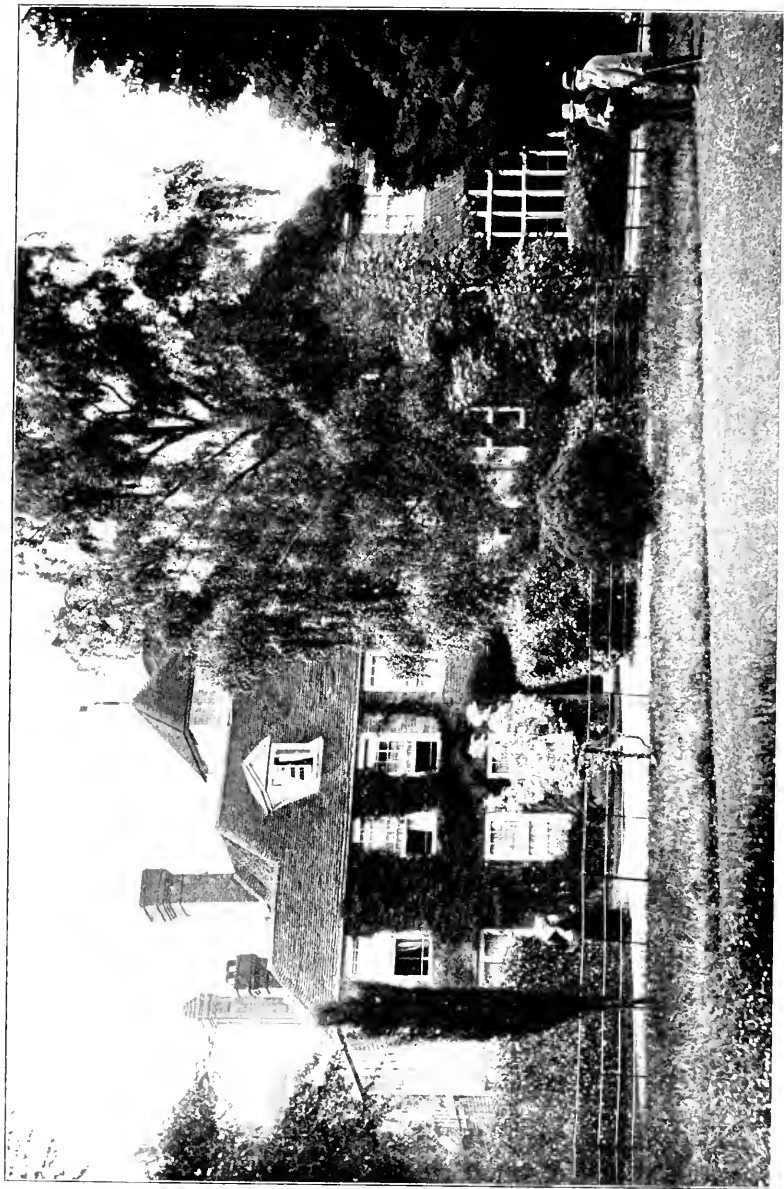
I must not yield to the temptation, which is common to all who have gone through the experience of the joys of dabbling in bricks and mortar, of dwelling at a wearisome length on the

purchase and improvement of Willesley. How first we waited for money, which was to come to my wife from an old relation; how, when the money came, it was so strictly tied up that it could not be used, but how eventually the first step was successfully accomplished.

Then came the question of enlargement, and of beautifying the house, and this led to my putting the matter in the hands of Mr. Norman Shaw, then a rising young architect.

Norman Shaw's fame is now world-wide, and so also is the knowledge of the debt that English domestic architecture owes to his genius and originality, so I need not dwell on the undoubted fact of how much our house owes to his inspiration.

When the question of wall-covering came up, Norman Shaw suggested oak panelling. In these days oak for panelling was not easily come by, to the amount that was necessary for the large living-room, and many Wardour Street shops and kindred places were hunted through in vain. Finally I applied to a tradesman and curio collector in Cranbrook High Street, and I can see his queer old face now as he informed me, with a grin, that he



WILLESLEY, CRANBROOK



had a whole room-full of well-seasoned oak timber, more than enough for what I wanted.

Then when Shaw suggested stamped leather for a frieze, a happy chance took me through Great Portland Street, and in a shop there I espied a quantity of sixteenth-century stamped leather from an old French château, which became mine for nine or ten pounds, there being no demand for it. It was Norman Shaw himself who first drew bold designs on the soft new plaster of the ceiling, and who was delighted to find his ideas ably and conscientiously carried out by the rustic "Men of Kent," the Cranbrook workmen, with a skill and verve that could never have been found in Londoners of the same calling. He made the delightful design on the gable, of the peacock, and the familiar words, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost who build it."

We planned a studio to be built later, opening out of the dining-room, so a blank space was left, which, however, was soon curtained over in a sumptuous fashion by the generosity of a friend, for one day a young painter, of whom I was seeing a good deal, came in to look at the new room, and noticing

the space, told me he had four curtains from an old palace in Venice, which he begged me to accept, as they were exactly suited for the room. Naturally, I demurred greatly at receiving so costly and rare a gift, but he pressed them on me, and when I said, "But, my dear fellow, you will very soon want them yourself, for you will be building a studio," he answered, with a sad and pathetic expression on his face, "No, no, I shall never need them." He was apparently aware, as we were not, of the great delicacy of his state of health. I remember the curtains arrived after a brief interval, and in a very short time my friend had passed away.

One more brief anecdote. We had been searching in many places, but without avail, for an old-fashioned iron fire-back, suitable for the deep fireplace with its inglenooks and dogs. One morning, when the workmen were doing some needful repairs in the nursery, I was suddenly summoned. I had just finished setting my palette, and was considerably annoyed at being disturbed at this juncture, contrary to all rules, but I yielded and went up. In taking down the nursery grate the

workmen had discovered the very thing I was looking for—a genuine fire-back of a quaint and delightful pattern.

At Cranbrook, when removed from the region of professional models, I was most fortunate in finding several charming young people, who sat to me again and again, showing the most admirable patience, and also a kindly and intelligent interest in their arduous task. Indeed, I feel deeply indebted to them for a compliment to my artistic work, which I may therefore venture to repeat. Amongst the crowd of visitors, known and unknown, who flock into studios on "Show Sundays" there came on one occasion a stranger, who talked in most pleasant strain of the pictures on view, adding that he was pleased to see that the characteristics he considered the most marked of my work were as evident as ever. I asked to what he referred. "Sunshine and pretty women," was his prompt answer.

Amongst the many difficulties that beset the work of painters and sculptors is the finding of the models requisite to enable one's ideal to be realised on canvas or in marble. This is a trouble

that must for ever vex the righteous soul of every earnest limner of subject pictures.

Of course, the artist goes about with eyes open for everything that is beautiful or picturesque, and thus it often happens that he sees some beautiful face or form, some outline of feature, combination of colour, or it may be some expression such as he has often yearned to see and to be able to paint. Now why should he not be permitted to express this longing to the happy owner of the faultless form or fascinating feature with all possible delicacy and courtesy? My contention is that no properly constituted male or female ought to be offended by being asked to sit as a model.

I may say that I have acted on this principle. I might quote one instance. I was once getting into deep waters over a picture, the chief figure of which I was painting from a professional model, somewhat rashly engaged, whom I found in no way corresponded to the ideal in my mind. That very afternoon, as I left my doorstep, I saw a young lady passing by, who, as far as I could judge from the fleeting glimpse I caught, seemed to have exactly the face and expression I was wanting. She stopped to

look into the windows of my neighbour the pawnbroker, and the second glance I thus obtained was also favourable, so I ventured to follow her down the street, and when she slightly slackened her rapid footsteps I gained on her, and then, turning round, said, "I beg your pardon, but have you any leisure to sit to me to be painted? I am an artist."

She looked quietly at me and replied, to my astonishment, that she had very often been painted by artists! We entered at once into a business-like discussion. She raised no objection to complying with my request, but asked whether I would consent to paint a portrait of her for her mother in return for her services. It also came out as we talked that she was a teacher in a girls' school, which I know well by name, and that she could not promise anything but irregular sittings, at such times as her work would allow. So our talk did not end in any arrangement, as the terms were too difficult, but at the same time I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had acted with the courage of my opinion, and that not the smallest offence had been given by my unconventional proceeding.

We had many distinguished neighbours in the

district, and it was through one of these, the late Mr. Beresford Hope, that I became acquainted with Mr. Edmund Bastard, of Kitley, in South Devon. He had at the time I speak of only recently come into the property, after a brilliant career at Oxford, where he had been very intimately associated with the High Church party. He found the church at Yealmpton, close to his property, in a very neglected condition, and after discussing the matter with the late W. Butterfield, the well-known church architect, he proposed to have it completely restored, and to have the interior decorated with frescoes.

Mr. Beresford Hope undertook to sound various English artists on this subject. I well remember his interview with me and my feelings of astonishment when he suddenly turned round on me with the question, "What would be your views, Mr. Horsley, as to the way of representing the Doom?" When I had, after a brief pause, grasped the idea that "the Doom" was the High Church phrase for the Last Judgment, I answered, "Well, sir, I shall think many times before I consent to paint it at all, and I could not tell you how till I had considered the matter long and deeply." He then produced a

roll of paper from his coat-pocket and spread it on the table, asking my opinion on it. I think the design emanated from a Belgian stained-glass factory at Brussels, where Mr. Hope had had a great deal of work done for a chapel near Bedgebury. It represented a sort of high vertical cupboard divided into shelves, with openings like trapdoors, whence forms supposed to be human in ghostly garments were being assisted by winged angels, and carried off to a hall of judgment. I remember the supply of angels seemed quite unlimited. I could only say that the representation did not seem in any way to be based on revelation, and that the revealed Word of God seemed to me the only basis of all attempts at portraying such themes.

At a later date I remember that Mr. Bastard, when I showed him a design for the Annunciation, seemed distressed at the humility shown in the Virgin's attitude, which, however, I justified by her own words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me even as Thou wilt." Could more divinely inspired words be imagined?

Bastard was the gentlest and most amiable of

men, always sadly delicate-looking, having greatly outgrown his strength as a boy. Our friendship matured quickly. I saw a good deal of him, and it was with the deepest pleasure that I undertook the commission to paint the series of frescoes.

On my return to Kensington I set vigorously to work to execute my designs. One day on opening the morning's letters I was quite overcome by the contents of one from Bastard couched in these words: "I think it due to you as a dear friend to let you know amongst the very first that I have joined the Roman Catholic Church." I will not dwell on the severe blow thus dealt to my dreams of expressing my deepest self, as it were, in these frescoes, but it was indeed crushing.

I had many letters from him afterwards, speaking in the kindest terms of portraits and pictures that he wished me to paint for him.

I saw him only once again, not at Kitley, but at another Devonshire house, where I found him surrounded by perverts from the Church of England. I should perhaps mention that his wife belonged to an old Roman Catholic family.

On the occasion of my visit I was met at the

station by his brother, a much-respected clergyman, then holding a family living. He gave me a melancholy account of his brother's bodily health and mental depression.

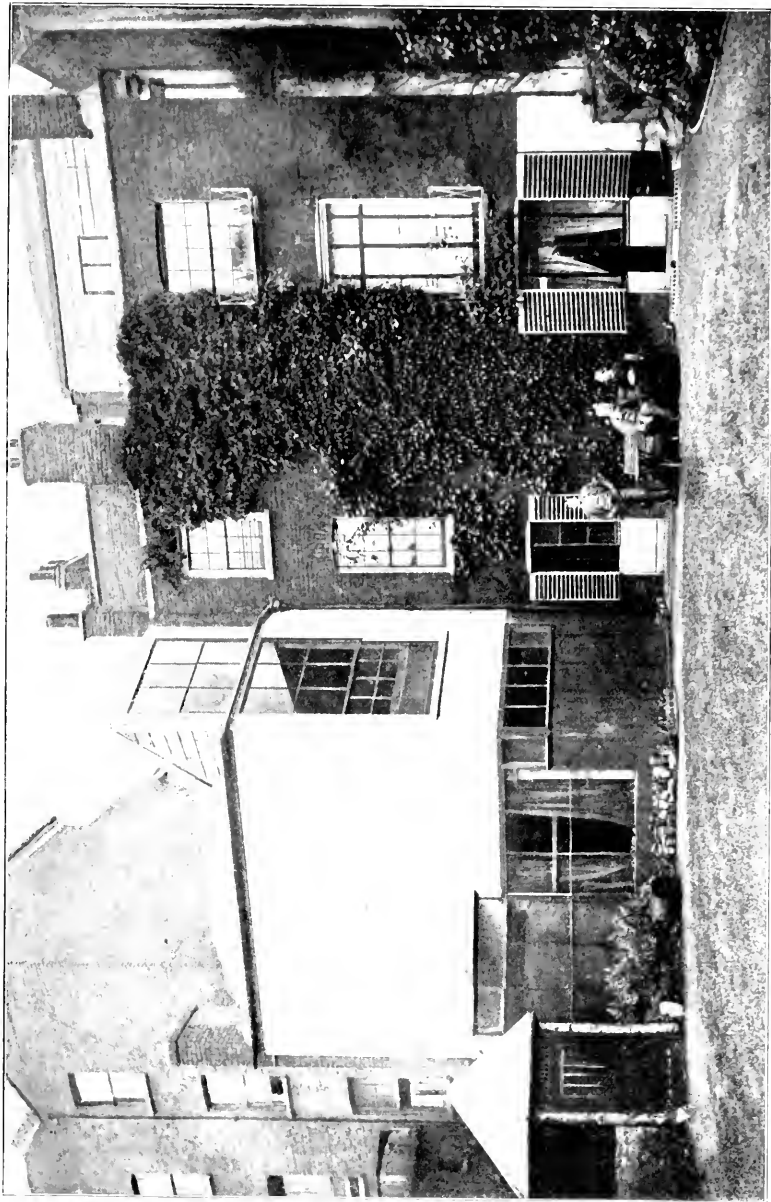
Mr. Edmund Bastard seemed unaffectedly glad to see me, and I had a long walk with him about the place. At one corner of the staircase was one of those well-known statues of the Virgin apparently in coloured plaster elaborately gilded. As we passed it, he made deep genuflexions and crossed himself, commenting on the beauty of the statue. I could not refrain from expressing a contrary view, it being entirely commonplace, if not actually vulgar. I noticed also a deep crack round the neck and commented on it. "Yes, but it does not matter; the whole figure is made of gutta-percha, and can be easily repaired." A gutta-percha Virgin bowed down to by a man possessing such a mind as Bastard's!

It was sadly evident that my poor dear friend was far gone in consumption, one of the distressing symptoms in his case being that of an almost insatiable appetite. But it was a fast day in the Roman Church, and he only allowed himself to eat

vegetables and sweet dishes, with which, it was painful to notice, it seemed impossible for him to satisfy the craving caused by disease.

Later in the day we parted, with irrepressible emotion, but ill as he was, I was by no means prepared to hear of his death, which took place only two days later.

Shortly afterwards, to my no small surprise, I received a letter from his widow, whom I had not met; she wrote touchingly of the deep feeling which she knew existed between her husband and myself, and begged me to confer a favour upon her. She said that the last intelligible words that her husband had uttered were: "Horsley, see him—see Horsley." Could I give her any clue as to what was in his mind? I wrote that I was sure that in those last moments of his faithful life it was present to his mind that he had not fulfilled the intention, that he had more than once mentioned to me in his letters, of giving me a commission for certain portraits and pictures to compensate for the work that I was to have done for him for Yealmpton Church, the disappointment about which he had known was a bitter professional blow. I begged



"No. 1, HIGH ROW, KENSINGTON
(FROM THE GARDEN)"



her now to dismiss the whole subject from her mind, for the memory of the happy hours of my brief friendship with her dear husband was more than sufficient to counterbalance the disappointment.

Thus was closed an especially interesting incident of my long professional life.

Time fails, or I would gladly deliver myself on various subjects, artistic or otherwise, on which I have long meditated. I have not given the brief disquisition on the Norwich school of painters of which I spoke, nor have I said a single word about what may be called the Royal Academy question. I am also quite aware how inadequately I have touched on various important points and interesting personalities. I trust, however, that I shall not cause pain to anyone by any incident that I have recorded or criticism that I have made.



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