LESLIE WARD

FORTY YEARS OF 'SPY'

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Содержание

Sir Leslie Ward
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CHAPTER I
EARLY DAYS

I come into the world.—The story of my ancestry.—My mother.—Wilkie Collins.—The Collins family.—Slough and Upton.—The funeral of the Duchess of Kent.—The marriage of the Princess Royal.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.—Their visits to my parents' studios.—The Prince of Wales.—Sir William Ross, R.A.—Westminster Abbey.—My composition.—A visit to Astley's Theatre.—Wilkie Collins and Pigott.—The Panopticon.—The Thames frozen over.—The Comet.—General Sir John Hearsey.—Kent Villa.—My father.—Lady Waterford.—Marcus Stone and Vicat Cole.—The Crystal Palace.—Rev. J. M. Bellew.—Kyrle Bellew.—I go to school.—Wentworth Hope Johnstone.

In the course of our lives the monotonous repetition of daily routine and the similarity of the types we meet make our minds less and less susceptible to impressions, with the result that important events and interesting *rencontres* of last year—or even of last week—pass from our recollection far more readily than

the trifling occurrences and casual acquaintanceships of early days. The deep indentations which everything makes upon the memory when the brain is young and receptive, when everything is novel and comes as a surprise, remain with most men and women throughout their lives. I am no exception to this rule; I remember, with extraordinary clearness of vision, innumerable incidents, trivial perhaps in themselves, but infinitely dear to me. They shine back across the years with a vivid outline, the clearer for a background of forgotten and perhaps important events now lost in shadow.

I was born at Harewood Square, London, on November 21st, 1851, and I was named after my godfather, C. R. Leslie, R.A., the father of George Leslie, R.A.

My father, E. M. Ward, R.A., the only professional artist of his family, and the nephew by marriage of Horace Smith (the joint author with James Smith of "The Rejected Addresses"), fell in love with Miss Henrietta Ward (who, although of the same name, was no relation), and married her when she was just sixteen. My mother came of a long line of artists. Her father, George Raphael Ward, a mezzotint engraver and miniature painter, also married an artist who was an extremely clever miniature painter. John Jackson, R.A., the portrait painter in ordinary to William IV., was my mother's great-uncle, and George Morland became related to her by his marriage with pretty Anne Ward, whose life he wrecked by his drunken profligacy. His treatment of his wife, in fact, alienated from Morland men who were his friends,

and amongst them my great-grandfather, James Ward (who, like my father, married a Miss Ward, an artist and a namesake). James Ward, R.A., was a most interesting character and an artist of great versatility. As landscape, animal, and portrait painter, engraver, lithographer, and modeller, his work shows extraordinary ability. In his early days poverty threatened to wreck his career, but although misfortune hindered his progress, he surmounted every obstacle with magnificent courage and tenacity of purpose. On the subject of theology, his artistic temperament was curiously intermingled with his faith, but when he wished to embody his mysticism and ideals in paint, he failed. On the other hand, we have some gigantic masterpieces in the Tate and National Galleries which I think will bear the test of time in their power and excellence. "Power," to quote a contemporary account of James' life, "was the keynote of his work, he loved to paint mighty bulls and fiery stallions, picturing their brutal strength as no one has done before or since." He ground his colours and manufactured his own paints, made experiments in pigments of all kinds, and "Gordale Scar" is a proof of the excellence of pure medium. The picture was painted for the late Lord Ribblesdale, and when it proved to be too large to hang on his walls, the canvas was rolled and stored in the cellars of the British Museum. At the rise and fall of the Thames, water flooded the picture; but after several years' oblivion it was discovered, rescued from damp and mildew, and after restoration was found to have lost none of its freshness and colour.

As an engraver alone James Ward was famous, but the attraction of colour, following upon his accidental discovery—that he could paint—made while he was repairing an oil painting, encouraged him to abandon his engraving and take up the brush. This he eventually did, in spite of the great opposition from artists of the day, Hoppner amongst them, who all wished to retain his services as a clever engraver of their own work. William Ward, the mezzotint engraver, whose works are fetching great sums to-day, encouraged his younger brother, and James held to his decision. He eventually proved his talent, but his triumph was not achieved without great vicissitude and discouragement. He became animal painter to the King, and died at the great age of ninety, leaving a large number of works of a widely different character, many of which are in the possession of the Hon. John Ward, M.V.O.

The following letters from Sir Edwin Landseer, Mulready, and Holman Hunt to my father, show in some degree the regard in which other great artists held both him and his pictures:—

November 21st, 1859.

My dear Sir,

… I beg to assure you that not amongst the large group of mourners that regret him will you find one friend who so appreciated his genius or respected him more as a good

man.
Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
E. Landseer.
Linden Grove,
Notting Hill,
June 1st, 1862.

Dear Sir,

I agree with my brother artists in their admiration of your wife's grandfather's pictures of Cattle, now in the International Exhibition, and I believe its being permanently placed in our National Gallery would be useful in our school and an honour to our country.
I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. Mulready.
June 26th, 1862.

My dear Sir,

… It is many years now since I saw Mrs. Ward's Grandfather's famous picture of the "Bull, Cow, and Calf." I have not been able to go and see it in the International Exhibition. My memory of it is, however, quite clear enough to allow me to express my very great admiration for the qualities of drawing, composition, and colour for which it is distinguished. In the two last particulars it will always be especially interesting as one of the earliest attempts to liberate the art of this century from the conventionalities of

the last....
Yours very truly,
W. Holman Hunt.

My mother's versatile talent has ably upheld the reputation of her artistic predecessors; she paints besides figure-subjects delightful interiors, charming little bits of country life, and inherits the gift of painting dogs, which she represents with remarkable facility.

Although both my parents were historical painters, my mother's style was in no way similar to my father's. Her quality of painting is of a distinctive kind. This was especially marked in the painting of "Mrs. Fry visiting Newgate," one of the most remarkable of her pictures. The picture was hung on the line in the Royal Academy, and after a very successful reception was engraved. Afterwards, both painting and engraving were stolen by the man to whom they were entrusted for exhibition round the country; this man lived on the proceeds and pawned the picture. Eventually the painting was recovered and bought for America, and it is still perhaps the most widely known of the many works of my mother purchased for public galleries.

It is not surprising, therefore, that I should have inherited some of the inclinations of my artistic progenitors.

My earliest recollection is of a sea-trip at the age of four, when I remember tasting my first acidulated drop, presented me by an old lady whose appearance I can recollect perfectly, together with the remembrance of my pleasure and the novelty of the strange

sweet.

My mother tells me my first caricatures were of soldiers at Calais. I am afraid that—youthful as I then was—they could hardly have been anything but *caricatures*.

Wilkie Collins came into my life even earlier than this. I was going to say I remember him at my christening, but I am afraid my words would be discredited even in these days of exaggeration. The well-known novelist, who was a great friend of my parents, was then at the height of his fame. He had what I knew afterwards to be an unfortunate "cast" in one eye, which troubled me very much as a child, for when telling an anecdote or making an observation to my father, I frequently thought he was addressing me, and I invariably grew embarrassed because I did not understand, and was therefore unable to reply.

Other members of the Collins family visited us. There was old Mrs. Collins, the widow of William Collins, R.A.; a quaint old lady who wore her kid boots carefully down on one side and then reversed them and wore them down on the other. She had a horror of Highlanders because they wore kilts, which she considered scandalous.

Charles Collins, one of the original pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, her son, and Wilkie's brother, paid frequent week-end visits to our house, and the memory of Charles is surrounded by a halo of mystery and wonder, for he possessed a magic snuff-box made of gold inset with jewels, and at a word of command a little bird appeared on it, which disappeared in the

same wonderful manner. But what was even more wonderful, Mr. Collins persuaded me that the bird flew all round the room singing until it returned to the box and fascinated me all over again. In after years I remember seeing a similar box and discovering the deception and mechanism. My disappointment for my shattered ideal was very hard to bear.

My imagination as a small child, although it endowed me with happy hours, was sometimes rather too much for me. On being presented with a sword, I invented a lion to kill with it, and grew so frightened finally of the creature of my own invention that at the last moment, preparatory to a triumphant rush intended to culminate in victory, I was obliged to retreat in terror behind my mother's skirts, my clutch becoming so frantic that she had to release herself from my grasp.

On leaving Harewood Square, my parents went to live at Upton Park, Slough, where I spent some of the happiest days of my life. Always a charming little place, it was then to me very beautiful. I remember the old church, delightfully situated by the roadside, the little gate by the low wall, and the long line of dark green yews bordering the flagged paths, where the stately people walked into church, followed by small Page boys in livery carrying big bags containing the prayer-books. Leech has depicted those quaint children in many a humorous drawing. There were two ladies whom I recollect as far from stately. I wish I could meet them now. Such subjects for a caricature one rarely has the opportunity of seeing. Quite six feet, ungainly,

gawky, with odd clothes and queer faces, not unlike those of birds, they always inspired me with the utmost curiosity and astonishment. These ladies bore the name of "Trumper," and I remember they called upon us one day. The servant—perhaps embarrassed by their strange appearance—announced them as the "Miss Trumpeters," and the accidental name labelled them for ever. Even now I think of them as "the Trumpeters." The eccentricity of the Miss Trumpers was evidently hereditary, for on the occasion of a dinner-party given at their house, old Mrs. Trumper startled her guests at an early stage of the meal by bending a little too far over her plate, and causing her wig and cap to fall with a splash into her soup.

The ivy mantled tower was claimed very jealously in those days by the natives of Upton to be the tower of Gray's "Elegy," but it was in Stoke Poges churchyard that Gray wrote his exquisite poem, and it is there by the east wall of the old church that "the poet sleeps his last sleep."

In the meadow by the chancel window stands the cenotaph raised to his memory by John Penn, who, although the Pennsylvanians will assure you he rests safely in their native town, is buried in a village called Penn not far distant.

The churchyard always impresses me with its atmosphere of romantic associations; the fine old elm tree, and the pines, and the two ancient yews casting their dark shade—

"Where heaves the turf with many a mouldering heap,"

all add to the poetic feeling that is still so completely preserved.

When one enters the church the impression gained outside is somewhat impaired by some startlingly ugly stained glass windows, which to my mind are a blot on the church. There is one which is so crushingly obvious as to be positively painful to the eye. It must be remembered, of course, that these drawbacks are comparatively modern, and a few of the windows are very quaint. One very old one reveals an anticipatory gentleman riding a wooden bicycle.

The Reverend Hammond Tooke was then Rector of Upton Church, and a friend of my people. Mrs. Tooke was interested in me, and gave me my first Bible, which I still possess, but which, I am afraid, is not opened as often as it used to be. My excuse lies in my fear lest it should fall to pieces if I touched it. On the way to and from church we used to pass the old Rectory House (in after days the residence of George Augustus Sala), then owned by an admiral of whom I have not the slightest recollection. The admiral's garden was a source of unfailing interest, for there, on the surface of a small pond, floated a miniature man-o'-war.

Another scene of happy hours was Herschel House, which belonged to an old lady whom we frequently visited. On her lawn stood the famous telescope, which was so gigantically constructed that—in search of science!—it enabled me to my delight to run up and down it. Sir William Herschel made most

of his great discoveries at this house, including that of the planet Uranus.

Living so near Windsor we naturally witnessed a great number of incidents, interesting and spectacular. From our roof we saw the funeral procession of the Duchess of Kent, winding along the Slough road, and from a shop window in Windsor watched the bridal carriage of the Princess Royal (on the occasion of her marriage to the Crown Prince of Prussia) being dragged up Windsor Hill by the Eton boys. I can also recall an opportunity being given us of witnessing from the platform of Slough station, gaily decorated for the occasion, the entry of a train which was conveying Victor Emmanuel, then King of Sardinia, to Windsor Castle. If I remember rightly, the Mayor—with the inevitable Corporation—read an address, and it was then that I saw the robust monarch in his smart green and gold uniform, with a plumed hat: his round features and enormous moustache are not easily forgotten.

The station-master at Slough was an extraordinary character, and full of importance, with an appearance in keeping. He must have weighed quite twenty-two stone. He used to walk down the platform heralding the approaching train with a penetrating voice that resounded through the station. There is a story told of how he went to his grandson's christening, and, missing his accustomed position of supreme importance and prominence, he grew bored, fell asleep in a comfortable pew … and snored until the roof vibrated! When the officiating clergyman attempted to rouse

him by asking the portly sponsor the name of his godchild, he awoke suddenly and replied loudly, "Slough—Slough—change for Windsor!"

During the progress of my father's commissioned pictures, "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon I." and "The Investiture of Napoleon III. with the Order of the Garter" (both of which, I believe, still hang in Buckingham Palace), the Queen and Prince Consort made frequent visits to my father's studio. On one of these visits of inspection, the Queen was attracted by some little pictures done by my mother of her children, with which she was so much pleased that she asked her to paint one of Princess Beatrice (then a baby of ten months old). Before the departure of the Royal family on this occasion, we children were sent for, and upon entering the room made our bow and curtsey as we had been taught to do by our governess. My youngest sister, however, being a mere baby, toddled in after us with an air of indifference which she continued to show. I suppose the gold and scarlet liveries of the Royal servants were more attractive to her than the quiet presence of the Royal people. When the Queen departed, we hurried to the nursery windows. To my delight, I saw the Prince of Wales waving his mother's sunshade to us, and in return I kept waving my hand to him until the carriage was out of sight.

In after years my father told me with some amusement, how the Prince Consort (who was growing stouter) reduced the size of the painted figure of himself in my father's picture by drawing

a chalk line, and remarking, "That's where my waist *should* be!"

I sat to my parents very often, and my father occasionally gave me sixpence as a reward for the agonies I considered I endured, standing in awkward attitudes, impatiently awaiting my freedom. In my mother's charming picture called "God save the Queen," which represents her sitting at the piano, her fingers on the keys, her face framed by soft curls is turned to a small group representing her children who are singing the National Anthem. Here I figure with sword, trumpet, and helmet, looking as if I would die for my Queen and my country, while my sisters watch with wide interested eyes.

My sisters and I often played about my mother's studio while she painted. She never seemed to find our presence troublesome, although I believe we were sometimes a nuisance, whereas my father was obliged to limit his attentions to us when work was finished for the day.

I loved to draw, and on Sundays the subject had to be Biblical, as to draw anything of an everyday nature on the Sabbath was in those days considered, even for a child, highly reprehensible (at all events, by my parents).

Even then I was determined to be an artist. I remember that one day my oldest friend, Edward Nash (whose parents were neighbours of ours) and I were watching the Seaforth Highlanders go by, and, roused perhaps by this inspiring sight, we fell to discussing our futures.

"I'm going to be an artist," I announced. "What are you?"

"I'm going to be a Scotchman," he replied gravely. In after life he distinguished himself as a great athlete, played football for Rugby in the school "twenty," and was one of the founders of the Hockey Club. He is now a successful solicitor and the father of athletic sons.

A very interesting personality crossed my path at this period in the shape of Sir William Ross, R.A., the last really great miniature painter of his time. He was a most courteous old gentleman, and there was nothing of the artist in his appearance —at least according to the accepted view of the appearance of an artist. In fact, he was more like a benevolent old doctor than anything else. When my sister Alice and I knew that we were to sit to him for our portraits, we rather liked, instead of resenting, the idea (as perhaps would have been natural), for he looked so kind. After our first sitting he told me to eat the strawberry I had held so patiently. I obediently did as he suggested, and after each sitting I was rewarded in this way. The miniature turned out to be a *chef d'œuvre*. It is so beautiful in its extreme delicacy and manipulation that it delights me always. My mother values it so much that in order to retain its freshness she keeps it locked up and shows it only to those who she knows will appreciate its exquisite qualities. Queen Victoria said when it was shown to her, "I have many fine miniatures by Ross, but none to equal that one."

We visited many artists' studios with our parents. I am told I was an observant child and consequently had to be warned

against making too outspoken criticisms on the pictures and their painters. On one occasion a Mr. Bell was coming to dine; we were allowed in the drawing-room after dinner, and as his appearance was likely to excite our interest, we were warned by our governess against remarking on Mr. Bell's nose. This warning resulted in our anticipation rising to something like excitement, and the moment I entered the room, my gaze went straight to his nose and stayed there. I recollect searching my brain for a comparison, and coming to the conclusion that it resembled a bunch of grapes.

My father was a very keen student of archæology; and I think he must have known the history of every building in London inside and out! I remember that once he took us to Westminster Abbey, there, as usual, to make known to us, I have no doubt, many interesting facts. Afterwards we went to St. James' Park, where my father pointed out the ornamental lake where King Charles the Second fed his ducks, and told our governess that he thought it would be an excellent idea if when we returned we were to write a description of our adventures. The next day, accordingly, we sat down to write our compositions; and although my sister's proves to have been not so bad, mine, as will be seen, was shocking. The reader will observe that in speaking of St. James' Park, I have gone so far as to say "King Charles fed his duchess by the lake," which seems to imply a knowledge of that gay monarch beyond my years.

> "Thhe other day you were so kinnd as to take us to Westminster Abbey we went in a cab and we got out of the

cab at poets corner and then went in Westminster Abbey and we saw the tombe of queen Eleanor and then we saw the tomb of queen Elizabeth and Mary and the tomb of Henry VII and his wife lying by him and the tomb of Henry's mother, then we came to the tow little children of James II and in the middle the two little Princes that were smothered in the tower and there bones were found there and and bort to Westminster Abbey and berryd there. We saw the sword which was corrade in the procession after the battle of Cressy and we then saw the two coronation Chairs were the kings and queens were crowned and onder one of the Chairs a large stone under it that Edward brought with hin And we saw the tomb of Gorge II who was the last man who was berried there. Then we went to a bakers shop and we had some buns and wen we had done papa said to the woman three buns one barth bun and ane biscuit and papa forgot his gluves and i said they were in the shop and papa said silly boy why did you not tell me and then to the cloysters were three monks were berried then the senkuary were the duke of York was taken and then the jeruclam chamber and then to Marlborough house were Marlborough lived and then Westminster hall and then judge Gerfys house and the inclosid at S' james park were Charles II fed his duchess and then we came home and had our tee and then went to bed."

A visit to London, which made a far greater impression on me, was made later, when I went to Astley's Theatre. Originally a circus in the Westminster Bridge Road, started by Philip Astley, who had been a light horseman in the army, the theatre was

celebrated for equestrian performances. "Astley's," as it was called, formed the subject of one of the "Sketches by Boz." "It was not a Royal Amphitheatre," wrote Dickens, "in those days, nor had Duncan arisen to shed the light of classic taste and portable gas over the sawdust of the circus; but the whole character of the place was the same, the clown's jokes were the same, the riding masters were equally grand … the tragedians equally hoarse.... Astley's has changed for the better … we have changed for the worse."

Thackeray mentions the theatre in "The Newcomes." "Who was it," he writes, "that took the children to Astley's but Uncle Newcome?"

Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott (afterwards Examiner of Plays) took *us*; we had a large box, and the play—*Garibaldi*—was most enthralling. I was overwhelmed with grief at Signora Garibaldi's death scene. There were horses, of course, in the great battle, and one of these was especially intelligent; limping from an imaginary wound, he took between his teeth from his helpless rider a handkerchief, dipped it in a pool of water, and returned—still limping—to lay the cool linen upon the heated brow of his dying master.

Thrilling with excitement and fear, it never occurred to me that the battle, the wounds, and the deaths following were anything but real; but all my grief did not prevent me from enjoying between the acts my never-to-be-forgotten first strawberry ice.

The Panopticon was another place of amusement, long forgotten, I suppose, except by the very few. The building, now changed and known as the Alhambra, was a place where music and dancing were features of attraction. It was opened in 1852 and bore the name of the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art. I believe it was financed by philanthropic people, but it failed. *I* remember it because in the centre, where the stalls are now, rose a great fountain with coloured lights playing upon it. There were savages, too, and I shook hands with a Red Indian, with all his war paint gleaming, the scalp locks to awe me, and the feathers standing fiercely erect. He impressed me enormously, and in consequence of my seeing the savages, I became nervously imaginative. I had heard of burglars, and often reviewed in my mind my possible behaviour if I discovered one under my bed, where I looked every night in a sort of fearsome expectation. Religion had been early instilled into me; and, knowing the ultimate fate of wicked sinners, I resolved to tell him he would have to go to hell if he harmed me, and was so consoled with the idea that I went to sleep quite contentedly. A burglar might have been rather astonished had he heard such sentiments from my young lips.

In that strange "chancy" way in which remembrances of odd bizarre happenings jostle irrelevantly one against another, I recall another experience. Once I was going to a very juvenile party; I forget where, but I was ready and waiting for the nurse to finish dressing my sisters. Resplendent in a perfectly new suit of

brown velvet, and full of expectation of pleasures to come, I was rather excited and consequently restless. My nurse told me not to fidget. Casual reprimands had no effect. Growing angry, she commanded me loudly and suddenly to sit down, which I did … but in the bath!… falling backwards with a splash and with my feet waving in the air. My arrival at the party eventually in my old suit did not in any way interfere with my enjoyment.

About this time my mother visited Paris, and we looked forward to the letters she wrote to us. One letter mentions the interesting but afterwards ill-fated Prince Imperial.

"I again saw," she wrote, "the little baby Emperor; he is lovely and wore a large hat with blue feathers, I should like to paint him."

In 1857 the Thames was frozen over, and at Eton an ox was roasted upon the ice. I remember it well. Another time on the occasion of one of our many visits to Brighton, we saw the great comet, and a new brother arrived:—all three very wonderful events to me.

The brilliance of the "star with a tail" aroused my sister and me to leave our beds and open the window to gaze curiously upon this phenomenon. Simultaneously a carriage drove up to the door, and my mother (who had just arrived from Slough) alighted, and after her the nurse with a baby in her arms. We were reprimanded severely for our temerity in being out of bed, but we could not return until we had had a glimpse of the new baby, who became one of the most beautiful children imaginable.

In Brighton we visited some relations of my father's, the Misses Smith, daughters of Horace Smith, one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses." Of the two sisters, Miss Tysie was considered the most interesting, and although Miss Rosie was beautiful, her sister was considered the principal object of attraction by the innumerable people they knew. Everybody worth knowing in the world of art and especially of literature came to see the "Recamier" of Brighton; Thackeray was counted amongst her intimates, and we may possibly know her again in a character in one of his books. I remember being impressed with these ladies as they were very kind to us. Miss Tysie died only comparatively recently.

Two years later, I met a real hero, a general of six feet four inches, who seemed to me like a brilliant personage from the pages of a romantic drama.

General Sir John Hearsey, then just returned from India, where he had taken a conspicuous part in quelling the Mutiny, came to stay with us at Upton Park with his wife, dazzling my wondering eyes with curiosities and strange toys, embroideries, and queer things such as I had never seen or heard of before. Their two children were in charge of a dark-eyed ayah, whose native dress and beringed ears and nose created no little stir in sleepy Upton.

I could never have dreamt of a finer soldier than the General, and I shall never forget the awe I felt when he showed me the wounds all about his neck, caused by sabre-cuts, and so deep

I could put my fingers in them. My father painted a splendid portrait of him in native uniform and another of the beautiful Lady Hearsey in a gorgeous Indian dress of red and silver.

Another friend of my childhood was the late Mr. Birch, the sculptor; he was assisting my father at that time by modelling some of the groups for his pictures, and he used to encourage me to try and model, both in wax and clay. Some thirty years later, we met at a public dinner, and I realised the then famous sculptor and A.R.A. was none other than the Mr. Birch of my childhood.

When I was quite a small boy, we left Upton Park and came to Kent Villa. The house (which became afterwards the residence of Orchardson, the painter), was built for my father, who went to live at Kensington Park chiefly through Dr. Doran, a great friend of his (of whom I have more to say later on).

There were two big studios, one above the other, for my parents. The house, which was covered with creepers, was large and roomy. It was approached by a carriage drive, the iron gates to which were a special feature. There was a garden at the back where we used frequently to dine in a tent until the long-legged spiders grew too numerous; but we often received our friends there when the weather was summery.

There was a ladies' school next door, and I recollect in later years my father's consternation when the girls, getting to know by some means or other (I think by the back stairs), of the Prince of Wales' intended visit, formed a guard of honour at our gate to receive him, which caused annoyance to my father and natural

surprise to His Royal Highness.

My parents were very regular in their habits, for no matter how late the hour of retiring, they always began to work by nine. At four my father would take a glass of sherry and a sandwich before he went his usual long walk with my mother to the West End, and from there they wandered into the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, and lingered at the old curiosity shops. They were connoisseurs of old furniture and bought with discretion. As great believers in exercise, this walk was a regular pastime; on their return they dined about seven and often read to one another afterwards. My father's insatiable love of history and of the past led him to seek with undying interest any new light upon old events.

J. H. Edge, K.C., in his novel, "The Quicksands of Life," writes of my father: "The artist was then and probably will be for all time the head of his school. He was a big, burly, genial man, with a large mind, a larger heart, and a large brain. He was a splendid historian, with an unfailing memory, untiring energy and industry, and at the same time, like all true artists, men who appreciate shades of colour and shades of character—highly strung and morbidly sensitive, but not to true criticism which he never feared." Highly religious and intensely conscientious in every way and yet so very forgetful that his friends sometimes dubbed him the "Casual Ward." Brilliant conversational powers combined with a strong sense of humour, made him a delightful companion. His love of children was extraordinary. He never failed to visit our nursery twice a day, when we were tiny, and I

have often seen him in later years, when bending was not easy, on his knees playing games with the youngest children. His voice was very penetrating, and they used to say at Windsor that one might hear him from the beginning of the Long Walk to the Statue. In church he frequently disturbed other worshippers by loudly repeating (to himself, as he thought) the service from beginning to end. I remember that on Sundays when the weather did not permit of our venturing to church, my father would read the service at home out of a very old Prayer-book, and when he came to the prayer for the safety of George IV., we children used to laugh before the time came, in expectation of his customary mistake. His powers of mimicry were extraordinary; I have seen him keeping a party of friends helpless with laughter over his imitations of old-fashioned ballet-dancers. His burlesque of Taglioni was side-splitting, especially as he grew stouter. Although a painter of historical subjects, he was extraordinarily fond of landscape, and among those of other places of interest there are some charming sketches of Rome, which he made while studying there in the company of his friend George Richmond, R.A. Among his drawings in the library at Windsor Castle, which were purchased after his death, are some remarkably interesting studies of many of the important people who sat to him for the pictures of Royal ceremonies. For the studies of the Peeresses' robes in "The Investiture of Napoleon III. with the Order of the Garter," my father was indebted to Lady Waterford (then Mistress of the Robes), whose detailed sketches

were extraordinarily clever and very useful. This lady was a remarkable artist, her colour and execution being brilliant, so much so that when she was complaining of her lack of training in art, Watts told her no one who was an artist ever wished to see any of her work different from what it was … and he meant it. My father had an equally high opinion of her gift.

Perhaps the "South Sea Bubble" is one of the most widely known of my father's pictures. Removed from the National Gallery to the Tate not very long ago, this splendid example of a painter-historian's talent remains as fresh as the day it was painted, and its undoubted worth, although unrecognised by a section of intolerant modernists, will, I think, stand the test of time.

I recollect many well-known people who came to our house in those days; some, of course, I knew intimately, and amongst those, Marcus Stone and Vicat Cole, who calling together one evening, were announced by the servant as "The Marquis Stone and Viscount Cole."

Gambert, the great art dealer, afterwards consul at Nice, is always connected in my mind with the Crystal Palace, where he invited my parents to a dinner-party in the saloon, and we were told to wait outside. My sister and I walked about, quite engrossed with sight-seeing. The evening drew on and the people left, the stall-holders packed up their goods and departed, while we sat on one of the seats and huddled ourselves in a corner. As the dusk grew deeper we thought of the tragic fate of the "Babes

in the Wood." Up above, the great roof loomed mysteriously, and as fear grew into terror, we resolved as a last resort to pray. Our prayer ended, a stall-keeper, interested, no doubt, came to the rescue, and on hearing our story, stayed with us until our parents came.

We loved the Crystal Palace none the less for our misadventure, and the happiest day of the year, to me at least, was my mother's birthday, on the first of June, when we annually hired a private omnibus, packed a delicious lunch, and drove to the Palace, where we visited our favourite amusements, or rambled in the spacious grounds. Sims Reeves, Carlotta Patti, Grisi, Adelina Patti, sang there to distinguished audiences. Blondin astonished us with remarkable feats, and Stead, the "Perfect Cure," aroused our laughter with his eccentric dancing. A great source of attraction to me were the life-like models of fierce-looking African tribes, standing spear and shield in hand, in the doorways of their kralls. A pictorial description of how the Victoria Cross was won was another fascination, for in those days I had all the small boy's love of battle. When we were at home I loved to go to Regent's Park to see the panorama of the earthquake at Lisbon, and I would gaze enthralled at the scene, which was as actual to me as the "Battle of Prague," a piece played by our governess upon the piano, a descriptive affair full of musical fireworks, the thundering of cavalry and the rattle of shots.

On Sundays we were accustomed to walk to St. Mark's, St.

John's Wood, to hear the Rev. J. M. Bellew, whose sermons to children were famous. We had to walk, I remember, a considerable distance to the church. I can't recall ever being bored by him. He was a very remarkable man, and his manner took enormously with children; he had a magnificent head and silvery curls, which made a picturesque frame to his face, and offered an effective contrast to his grey eyes. This, combined with a very powerful sweep of chin, an expressive mouth, wide as orators' mouths usually are, and an attractive voice, made him a very fascinating personality. He taught elocution to Fechter, the great actor, and afterwards—when he had retired from the Protestant Church and become a Roman Catholic—he gave superb readings of Shakespeare. At all these readings, as at his sermons, an old lady, whose infatuation for Bellew was well known, was always a conspicuous member of the audience; for no matter what part of the country he was to be heard, she would appear in a front seat with a wreath of white roses upon her head. Bellew never became acquainted with her beyond acknowledging her presence by raising his hat.

I used to take Latin lessons with Evelyn and Harold Bellew (afterwards known as Kyrle Bellew, the actor). Sometimes I stayed with them at Riverside House at Maidenhead where their father, being very fond of children, frequently gave parties, and I remember his entertaining us. Here Mr. Bellew nearly blew off his arm in letting off fireworks from the island. In those days there were few trees on this island, and it was an ideal place for

a display, though this affair nearly ended disastrously.

The advantage of "archæological research" was very early impressed upon me by my father, and I was taken to see all that was interesting and instructive. We used to go for walks together, and as we went he would tell me histories of the buildings we passed, and on my return journey I was supposed to remember and repeat all he had said.

"Come now," he would say, pausing in Whitehall. "What happened there?"

"Oh—er–" I would reply nervously. "Oliver Cromwell had his head cut off—and said, 'Remember'!"

I used to dread these walks together, much as I loved him, and I was so nervous I never ceased to answer unsatisfactorily; so my father, over-looking the possibility of my lack of interest in his observations, and the fact that life was a spectacle to me, for what I saw interested me far more than what I heard, decided I needed the rousing influence of school life, and after a little preparation, sent me to Chase's School at Salt Hill.

Salt Hill was so called from the ceremony of collecting salt in very ancient days by monks as a toll; and in later times by the Eton boys, who collected not "salt"—but money, to form a purse for the captain of the school on commencing his University studies at King's College, Cambridge. Soon after sunrise on the morning of "Montem," as it was called, the Eton boys, dressed in a variety of quaint or amusing costumes, started from the college to extort contributions from all they came across. "They roved

as far as Staines Bridge, Hounslow, and Maidenhead, and when 'salt' or money had been collected, the contributors would be presented with a ticket inscribed with the words, '*Nos pro lege*,' which he would fix in his hat, or in some conspicuous part of his dress, and thus secure exemption from all future calls upon his good nature and his purse."

"Montem" is now a matter of history, and was discontinued in 1846, when the Queen turned a deaf ear to her "faithful subjects'" petition for its survival.

Amongst my school friends at Salt Hill, Wentworth Hope-Johnstone stands out as an attractive figure, as does that of Mark Wood (now Colonel Lockwood, M.P.). The former became in later life one of the first gentlemen riders of the day. At school he was always upon a horse if he could get one, and he would arrange plays and battle pieces in which we, his schoolfellows, were relegated to the inferior position of the army, while he was *aide-de-camp*, or figured as the equestrian hero performing marvellous feats of horsemanship. He became a steeple-chase rider, and coming to my studio many years after, I remember him telling me with the greatest satisfaction that he had never yet had an accident—ominously enough, for within the week he fell from his horse and sustained severe injuries.

I did not stay long at my school at Salt Hill, for the school was broken up owing to the ill-health of the principal. My preparation thus coming to an end rather too soon, I was sent to Eton much earlier than I otherwise should have been, and my pleasant

childhood days began to merge into the wider sphere of a big school and all its unknown possibilities.

CHAPTER II
ETON AND AFTER

Eton days.—Windsor Fair.—My Dame.—Fights and Fun.—Boveney Court.—Mr. Hall Say.—Boveney.—Professor and Mrs. Attwell.—I win a useful prize.—Alban Doran.—My father's frescoes.—Battle Abbey.—Gainsborough's Tomb.—Knole.—Our burglar.—Claude Calthrop.—Clayton Calthrop.—The Gardener as Critic.—The Gipsy with an eye for colour.—I attempt sculpture.—The Terry family.—Private Theatricals.—Sir John Hare.—Miss Marion Terry.—Miss Ellen Terry.—Miss Kate Terry.—Miss Bateman.—Miss Florence St. John.—Constable.—Sir Howard Vincent.—I dance with Patti.—Lancaster Gate and Meringues.—Prayers and Pantries.

I have the liveliest recollection of my first day at Eton, when I was accompanied by my mother, who wished to see me safely installed. In her anxiety to make my room comfortable (it was afterwards, by the way, Lord Randolph Churchill's room), she bought small framed and coloured prints of sacred subjects to hang upon the walls, to give it, as she thought, a more homely aspect. These were very soon replaced, on the advice of Tuck, my fag-master (and wicket-keeper in the eleven), by racehorses and bulldogs by Herring.

Next I remember my youthful digestion being put to test by a

big boy who "stood me," against my will, "bumpers" of shandy-gaff; and for my first smoke a cheroot of no choice blend, the inevitable results succeeding.

Shortly afterwards I was initiated into the mysteries of school life; I had to collect cockroaches to let loose during prayers; and of course the usual fate of a new boy befell me. I was asked the old formula: or something to this effect—

> "Who's your tutor, who's your dame?
> Where do you board, and what's your name?"

If your reply did not give satisfaction, you were promptly "bonneted," and, in Eton phraseology, your new "topper" telescoped over your nose.

I was at first made the victim of a great deal of unpleasant "ragging" by a bully, who on one occasion playing a game he called "Running Deer!" made me a target for needle darts, one of which lodged tightly in the bone just above my eye; but he was caught in the act by Tuck, who punished the offender by making him hold a pot of boiling tea at arm's length, and each time a drop was spilled, my champion took a running kick at him.

I learned a variety of useful things. Besides catching cockroaches, I became an adept in the art of cooking sausages without bursting their skins: if I forgot to prick them before cooking, I was severely reprimanded by my fag-master, and I considered his anger perfectly justifiable; my resentment only

existing where unjustifiable bullying was concerned.

Windsor Fair was an attraction in those days, especially for the small boys, as it was "out of bounds," and therefore forbidden. I remember once being "told off" to go to the fair and bring as many musical and noisy toys as I could carry; which were to be instrumental in a plot against our "dame" … (the Reverend Dr. Frewer) … On the great occasion, the boys secreted themselves in their lock-up beds. The rest hid in the housemaid's cupboard, and we started a series of hideous discords upon the whistles and mouth organs from the fair. Presently our "dame" appeared, roused by the concert, and at the door received the water from the "booby trap" all over his head, and then, drenched to the skin and looking like a drowned rat, he proceeded to rout us. We were all innocence with a carefully concocted excuse to the effect that the reception had been intended for Anderson, one of the boys in the house. Notwithstanding that expulsion was threatening us, we were all called to his room next morning, severely reprimanded, but … forgiven.

Old Etonians will remember Jobie, who sold buns and jam; and Levy, who tried to cheat us over our "tuck," and was held under the college pump in consequence; and old Silly-Billy, who used to curse the Pope, and, considering himself the head of the Church, was always first in the Chapel at Eton. Then there was the very fat old lady who sold fruit under the archway, and had a face like an apple herself. She sold an apple called a lemon-pippin, that was quite unlike anything I have tasted since, and

looked like a lemon.

At "Sixpenny" the mills took place, and there differences were settled. A "Shinning-match," which was only resorted to by small boys, was a most serious and carefully managed affair; we shook hands in real duel fashion, and then we proceeded to exchange kicks on one another's shins until one of us gave in.

I remember having a "shinning-match" to settle some dispute with one of my greatest friends, but we were discovered, taken into Hawtrey's during dinner, and there talked to in serious manner. Our wise lecturer ended his speech with the time-honoured, "'Tis dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

In 1861 I recollect very well the Queen and Prince Consort reviewing the Eton College Volunteer Corps in the grounds immediately surrounding the Castle, while we boys were permitted to look on from the Terrace.

At the conclusion of the review the volunteers were given luncheon in the orangery, where they were right royally entertained.

Prince Albert, whom I had noticed coughing, retired after the review into the castle, while the Queen and Princess Alice walked together on the slopes.

This was the last time that Prince Albert appeared in public, for he was shortly after seized with an illness from which he never recovered.

From Eton I frequently had "leave" to visit some friends of my parents, the Evans, of Boveney Court, a delightful old country

house opposite Surly Hall. Miss Evans married a Mr. Hall-Say, who built Oakley Court, and I was present when he laid the foundation stone.

Mr. Evans, who was a perfectly delightful old man, lent one of his meadows at Boveney (opposite Surly Hall) to the Eton boys for their Fourth of June celebrations. Long tables were spread for them, with every imaginable good thing, including champagne, some bottles of which those in the boats used to secrete for their fags; and in my day small boys would come reeling home, unable to evade the masters, and the next day the "block" was well occupied, and the "swish" busy.

There were certain unwritten laws in those days as regards flogging; a master was not supposed to give downward strokes, for thus I believe one deals a more powerful sweep of arm and the stroke becomes torture. In cricket, also, round arm bowling was always the rule; a ball was "no ball" unless bowled on a level with the shoulder, but lob-bowling was, of course, allowed. Nowadays, the bowling has changed. Perhaps the character of the "swishing" has also altered, but somehow I think the boys are just the same.

On the occasion of my first holiday, I arrived home from Eton a different boy; imbued with the traditions of my school, I was full of an exaggerated partisanship for everything good or indifferent that existed there. I remember I discovered my sisters in all the glory of Leghorn hats from Paris; they were large with flopping brims as was then the fashion. But to my youthful vision

they seemed outrageous, and I refused to go out with the girls in these hats, which I considered, with a small boy's pride in his school, were a disgrace to me … and consequently to Eton!

My regard for the honour and glory of this time-honoured institution did not prevent me sallying forth on several occasions with a school friend to anticipate the Suffragettes by breaking windows; although I was not the proposer of this scheme, I was an accessory to the act, and my friend (who seemed to have an obsessive love of breaking for its own sake) and I successfully smashed several old (but worthless) windows, both of the Eton Parish Church and also Boveney Church. Although I have made this confession of guilt, I feel safe against the law both of the school and the London magistrates.

In most respects I was the average schoolboy, neither very good, or very bad. Running, jumping, and football I was pretty "nippy" at, until a severe strain prevented (under doctor's orders) the pursuance of any violent exercises for some time.

Previous to this I had won a special prize for my prowess in certain sports when I arrived second in every event. I won a telescope, which seemed a meaningless sort of thing until I went home for the holidays, when I gave an experimental quiz through it from my bedroom window and discovered the infinite possibilities of the girls' school next door. Finally I was noticed by a portly old mistress who complained of my telescopic attentions, never dreaming, from what I could gather, of my undivided interest in other quarters, and my prize was

confiscated by my father.

During my enforced rest from all exercise of any importance, I spent my time in compiling a book of autographs and in sketching anything I fancied. My aptitude and love for drawing were not encouraged at school at the request of my father, but I was always caricaturing the masters, and having the result confiscated. It was inevitable, living as I did in an atmosphere of art, loving the profession, and sitting to my parents, that I should grow more and more interested and more determined to become a painter myself, although strangely enough I never had a lesson from either my father or mother.

The boy is indeed the father of the man, for just as I anticipated my future by becoming the school caricaturist, so Alban Doran, one of my schoolfellows (and the son of my father's friend, Dr. Doran), spent the time usually occupied by the average schoolboy in play or sport, in searching for animal-culæ or bottling strange insects, the result of his tedious discoveries. I believe he kept an aquarium even in his nursery, and was more interested in microscopes than cricket. The clever boy became a brilliant man, distinguishing himself at "Bart's," was joint compiler with Sir James Paget and Dr. Goodhart of the current edition of the Catalogues of the Pathological series in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. His success as a surgeon and a woman's specialist was all the more wonderful, when we remember his nervous shaking hands, which might have been expected to render his touch uncertain; but when an operation

demands his skill the nervousness vanishes, and his hand steadies. He is noted for a remarkable collection of the ear-bones from every type of living creature in this country, and especially for his literary contributions to the study of surgery.

When I was at home on my holidays I spent a great deal of my time in a temporary studio erected on the terrace of the House of Lords. Here I watched my father paint his frescoes for the Houses of Parliament. Fresco painting would not endure the humidity of our climate, and several of these historical paintings which hung in the corridor of the House of Commons began to mildew. Other important frescoes were completely destroyed by the damp; but my father restored his works, and they were placed under glass, which preserved them. With his last two or three frescoes he adopted a then new process called "water-glass," which was a decided success.

Another holiday was spent at Hastings, where my father occupied much of his time restoring frescoes which he discovered, half-obliterated, in the old Parish Church at Battle. He intended eventually to complete his task; but on his return to London he found that the great pressure of work and engagements rendered this impossible. The dean of the parish wrote in consequence to say that the restorations looked so patchy that it would be better to whitewash them over!

The Archæological Society met that year at Hastings, and my father, who intended to prepare me for an architectural career, thought it would encourage me if we attended their meetings,

at which Planché, the President, presided. We visited all the places of interest near, and I heard many edifying discourses upon their histories, while I watched the members, who were rather antiquities themselves, and thoroughly enjoyed the many excellent luncheons spread for us at our various halting places.

À propos of restoration, my father visited Kew Church in 1865, and found in the churchyard Gainsborough's tomb, which was in a deplorable state of neglect. Near to Gainsborough are buried Zoffany,[1] R.A., Jeremiah Meyer, R.A., miniature painter and enamellist (the former's great friend), and Joshua Kirby, F.S.A., also a contemporary. My father at once took steps to have the tomb restored at his own expense, and as the result of his inquiries and efforts in that direction, received the following letter which is interesting in its quaint diction as well as in reference to the subject.

Petersham, Surrey,
August 24th, 1865.

My Dear Sir,

It is with much pleasure that I learn that one great man is intending to do Honor to the Memory of another. In reply to your note, I beg that you will consider that my Rights, as the Holder of the Freehold, are to be subservient by all means to the laudable object of paying our Honor to the Memory

[1] Spelt *Zoffanj* on his tombstone.

of the great Gainsborough.
I am,
My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
R.B. Byam, Esq.
Vicar of Kew.

To J. Rigby, Esq., Kew.

To this *capital* letter my father replied:—

Kent Villa.

Dear and Reverend Sir,

I cannot refrain from expressing to you my warm thanks for the very kind and disinterested manner in which you have been pleased to entertain my humble idea in regard to the restoration of Gainsborough's tomb, and the erection of a tablet to his memory in the church, the duties of which you so ably fulfil, nor can I but wholly appreciate your very kind but far too flattering reference to myself in your letter to our friend Mr. Rigby which coming from such a source is I assure you most truly valued.

Your most obedient and obliged Servant,
E. M. Ward.

The tomb was restored, a new railing placed around it, and a tablet to the artist's memory was also placed by my father inside the church.

Some very pleasant memories are connected with enjoyable summers spent at Sevenoaks, where my father took a house for

two years, close to the seven oaks from which the neighbourhood takes its name. Particularly I remember the amusing incident of the burglar. I was awakened from midnight slumbers by my sister knocking at the door and calling in a melodramatic voice "Awake!… awake!… There is a burglar in our room." I promptly rushed to her bedroom, where I found my other sister crouching under the bedclothes in speechless terror. Having satisfied myself as to the utter absence of a burglar in that particular room, I started to search the house—but by this time the whole household was thoroughly roused; the various members appeared with candles, and together we ransacked the establishment from garret to cellar. In the excitement of the moment we had not had time to consider our appearances and the procession was ludicrous in the extreme. My grandfather (in the absence of my father) came first in dressing-gown, a candle in one hand and a stick in the other. My mother came next (in curl papers), and then my eldest sister. It was the day of chignons, when everybody, without exception, wore their hair in that particular style. On this occasion my sister's head was conspicuous by its quaint little hastily bundled up knot. I wore a night-shirt only; but my other sister, who was of a theatrical turn of mind (she who had awakened me), had taken the most trouble, for she wore stockings which, owing to some oversight in the way of garters, were coming down.

After satisfying ourselves about the burglar—who was conspicuous by his absence—we adjourned to our respective

rooms, while I went back to see the sister upon whom fright had had such paralyzing effects. There I heard an ominous rattle in the chimney.

"Flora!" said my stage-struck sister, in trembling tones, with one hand raised (*à la* Lady Macbeth)—and the poor girl under the clothes cowered deeper and deeper.

Two seconds later a large brick rattled down and subsided noisily into the fireplace.

"That is the end of the burglar," said I, and the terrified figure emerged from the bed, brave and reassured. Retiring to my room I recollected the procession, and having made a mental note of the affair went back to bed. Early the next morning I arose and made a complete caricature of the incident of the burglar, which set our family (and friends next day) roaring with laughter when they saw it.

In those days we used to sketch at Knole House, then in the possession of Lord and Lady Delaware. My mother made some very beautiful little pictures of the interiors there, and several smaller studies. She copied a Teniers so perfectly that one could have mistaken it for the original. The painting was supposed to represent "Peter and the Angels in the Guard Room," and the guards were very conspicuous. On the other hand, as one only discovered a little angel with Peter in the distance, one could almost suppose Teniers had forgotten them until the last minute, and then had finally decided to relegate them to the background. This picture (the original) was sold at Christie's during a sale

from Knole several years ago.

Of course the old house was the happy hunting ground of artists; the pictures were mostly fine although some of them were at one time in the hands of a cleaner, by whom they were very much over-restored. A clever artist (and a frequenter of Knole at that time for the purpose of making a series of studies) was Claude Calthrop (brother of Clayton Calthrop the actor and father of the present artist and writer Dion Clayton Calthrop). I was then just beginning to be encouraged to make architectural drawings, and I was making a sketch of the exterior of Knole House when one of the under gardeners came ambling by wheeling a barrow. He paused … put down the barrow, took off his cap … scratched his head and said to me, "Er … why waaste yer toime loike that … why not taake and worrk loike Oi dew!"

Another time when I was sketching in that neighbourhood, in rather a lonely part, I fell in with a gipsy encampment. One of the tribe, a rough specimen, of whom I did not at all like the look, was most persistently attentive. He asked a multitude of questions, about my brushes, paints, and materials generally—and seemed anxious as to their monetary value. As he did not appear to be about to cut my throat—and I felt sure he harboured no murderous intentions towards my painting—I began to feel more at ease, and when no comments after the style of my critic, the gardener, were forthcoming, it struck me that perhaps I had a vagrant but fellow beauty-lover in my gipsy sentinel. I wish now

that I had even suggested (in view of his evident love of colour) his changing his roving career for one in which he could indulge his love of *red* to the utmost and more or less harmlessly.

When I was about sixteen I turned my attention to modelling, and in the vacation I started a bust of my young brother Russell. I spent all my mornings working hard and at length finished it. On the last day of my holiday I went to have a final glance at my work and found the whole thing had collapsed into a shapeless mass of clay. With the exception of watching sculptors work I had no technical knowledge to help me; but, not to be discouraged, I waited eagerly for the term to end, so that I might return to my modelling. When the time came, and my holidays began, I at once set to work again, taking the precaution to have the clay properly supported this time. Allowing no one to help me, I worked away strenuously, for I was determined it should be entirely my own. My bust was finished in time to send in to the Royal Academy, where it was accepted. I had favourable notices in the *Times* and other papers, which astonished and encouraged me, and I went back to school tremendously elated at my success.

Tom Taylor, then art critic of the *Times*, wrote to my mother, saying:—

> Dear Mrs. Ward,
>
> … I must tell you how much Leslie's bust of Wrio was admired by our guests last night—particularly by Professor Owen....

Later I started another bust of Kate Terry, but I was never

pleased with it, as it did not do my distinguished sitter justice, and I resolved not to send it to an exhibition.

I did not follow up my first success in the paths of sculpture, for I still suffered slightly from my strain, and I came to the conclusion that it would prove too great a tax on my strength at that time if I took up this profession.

The stage claimed a great part of my attention about this time, and I became an inveterate "first-nighter" in my holidays. From the pit (for, except on rare occasions, I could not afford a more expensive seat), or when lucky enough to have places given me, I saw nearly all the popular plays of the day; and when Tom Taylor introduced my parents to the Terry family, I became more interested than ever, owing to the greater attraction of personal interest. I grew ambitious and acted myself, arranged the plays, painted the scenery, borrowing the beautiful costumes from my father's extensive historical wardrobe.

The first time I appeared before a large audience was at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, which was taken by a good amateur company called "The Shooting Stars," composed chiefly of Cambridge Undergraduates. We arranged two plays, and the acting of the present Judge Selfe was especially good, also that of Mr. F. M. Alleyne.

One night, when I came down from my dressing-room, made up in character to go on the impromptu stage, I complimented an old carpenter of ours, waiting in the wings, upon the clever way in which he had arranged the stage and the scenery.

"Oh yes, sir," he replied, very modestly, thinking I was a stranger, "*I* didn't paint the scenery, Mr. Leslie did that!"

In some theatricals at the Friths' house, when John Hare coached us, I took the part of an old butler. On my way to Pembridge Villas, attired ready for the stage, I remembered I needed some sticking plaster to obliterate one of my teeth; so leaving the cab at a corner, I entered a chemist's shop, where I was amused, because the assistant put me on one side rather rudely for other customers who came later, and after attending to them, addressed me roughly with a, "Now, what do *you* want?" His rudeness was an unconscious tribute to my effective disguise, and his manners altered considerably when I disillusioned him.

At one time Miss Marion Terry, who was then about to go on the stage, after witnessing my acting in a play of Byron's, suggested in fun and raillery at my enthusiasm that we should make our début together. Owing to her excessive sensibility and highly strung temperament, rehearsals were very trying to her at first, and for this reason her eventual success was in doubt. When one has seen her perform her many successful parts with such exquisite talent and pathos, one feels glad to realize that she finally overcame her nervousness, and that her gift of acting was not lost to the public.

I knew the Terrys very well then, and I was in love with them all; in fact, I do not know with which of them I was most in love.

Ellen Terry sat to my father for his picture of "Juliet," and Kate Terry for "Beatrice" in *Much Ado*. I remember too that

when Ellen made her reappearance in the theatre, my mother lent our great actress a beautiful gold scarf, to wear in that part in which she fascinated us on the stage as fully as she did in private life. Among my cherished letters I find the following notes written to me at school, after her marriage to G. F. Watts.

1866.

My Dear Leslie,

I am extremely obliged to you for your sketch and I'm sorry Alice [my sister] should be "riled" that I wanted a *character* of her, as the people down here call caricatures. Please give my love to her and to her Mama and to all the rest at Kent Villa—when you write. Mrs. Carr and Mr. Carr (my kind hostess and host) think the caricature is a capital one of *me*! Polly [Miss Marion Terry] sends her love, and is awfully jealous that I should have sketches done by you and *she not*!! With kindest regards and best thanks, believe me, dear Leslie,

Sincerely yours,
Ellen Watts.

Dear Leslie,

I fulfil my promise by sending you the photo of my sister Kate, that you said you liked! I *think* it's the same. I hope you'll excuse it being so soiled, but it's the only one I have —the fact is, the Baby [her brother Fred] seized it, as it lay upon the table waiting to be put into a cover, and has nearly bitten it to pieces. I came up from Bradford, in Yorkshire, on Monday last, where I had spent a week with Papa and

Polly, and I can't tell you, Leslie, how cold it was. I intend going to Kent Villa, as soon as possible. I've promised Alice a song of Mrs. Tom Taylor's and have not sent it to her yet, "Better late than never," tho' I really have been busy.

With my best regards,
Sincerely yours,
Nelly Watts.

Those were delightful days spent with delightful companions. Lewis Carroll was sometimes a member of the pleasant coterie which met at our house in those days. My sister Beatrice was one of his greatest child friends, and although he always sent his MSS. for her to read, he disliked any mention of his fame as an author, and would abruptly leave the presence of any one who spoke about his books. The public at that time were in complete ignorance of the real identity of Lewis Carroll. Later in life, when I wished to make a cartoon of Mr. Dodgson for *Vanity Fair*, he implored me not to put him in any paper. Naturally, I was obliged to consent, but *Vanity Fair* extorted some work from his pen as a compromise. He was a clever amateur photographer, and in my mother's albums there are photographs taken by him of several members of the Terry family, together with some of us.

Mrs. Cameron was famous in those days as an amateur photographer, and she took photographs of all the leading people of the day. Watts and Tennyson were among her intimates, and most celebrities of the day knew her by sight. She was a very little old lady—I remember being in a shop (where some of her

photographs were on view) with my young brother, who was a beautiful boy, when Mrs. Cameron entered. She caught sight of Russell, and could not take her eyes from his face. At last she said, "I want to know who the little boy is with you," and seemed very interested. I told her who we were, whereupon she asked if I thought my parents would allow him to sit to her. Of course they were delighted.

In 1867 Kate Terry resolved at the height of her fame to marry Mr. Arthur Lewis (of whom I have more to say later), and to retire from the stage, apparently quite content to leave her glories. Then the most famous of the Terry sisters, Kate received an ovation worthy of her. The *Times*, in a long article, said: "It is seldom that the theatre chronicles have to describe a scene like that at the New Adelphi on Saturday, when Miss Kate Terry took her farewell of the Stage as Juliet.... Again and again Miss Terry was recalled, and again she appeared to receive the long and continued plaudits of the crowd.... Let us close our last notice of Miss Terry with the hope that in her case the sacrifice of public triumph may be rewarded by a full measure of that private happiness which is but the just recompense of an exemplary, a laborious, conscientious and devoted life, on and off the stage, as the annals of the English theatre—not unfruitful in examples of wives—may show."

Punch was just as enthusiastic and published a long eulogy in verse, two stanzas of which I quote below:—

She has passed from us just as the goal she had sighted,
From the top of the ladder reached fairly at last;
With her laurels still springing, no leaf of them blighted,
And a fortune:—how bright!—may be gauged by her past.

May this rhyme, kindly meant as it is, not offend her,
All fragrant with flowers be the path of her life,
May the joy she has given in blessings attend her,
And her happiest part be the part of "The Wife."

Although I was not intended to enter the theatrical profession, the stage never failed to attract me; and once, when I was still at school, I was presented with a seat in exactly the centre of the dress circle at a theatre where Miss Bateman (who became Mrs. Crowe) was taking the part of Leah. I remember this fine actress made a great sensation, especially in one scene where she uttered a rousing curse with great declamatory power; the house was hushed with excitement and admiration; and you could have heard the proverbial pin drop, when I … who had been playing football that morning, was suddenly seized with the most excruciating cramp; I arose … and could not help standing up to rub away the pain in my leg, the curse then for the moment echoing throughout the audience.

Another time, somewhat later, I was again to prove a disturbing element. I was at the old Strand Theatre, in the stage box, and my host was a personal friend of Miss Florence St. John, then singing one of her most successful songs. Now I am the

unfortunate possessor of a loud voice and a still louder sneeze, which latter I have never succeeded in controlling. In the middle of the song, I was overcome with an overpowering and irresistible desire to sneeze … which I suddenly did with terrific force. Miss St. John was so disconcerted, that she stopped her song, and thinking it was a deliberate attempt at annoyance from her friend —my host—called out, "You brute!" After that, I took a back seat.

Besides visiting the theatre in my holidays, I used to go sketching into the country; and one summer my parents took an old farmhouse at Arundel. This reminds me of another unfortunate propensity of mine, and that is, to tumble whenever I get an easy opportunity. When we were inspecting the house, we discovered a curious sort of uncovered coal hole under one of the front windows, and my father jokingly remarked, "What a trap for Leslie!" Three days later, when we were settled in the house, my parents were going for a drive … and as I waved them a farewell, which precipitately ended by my disappearing into this hole, my father's jest became a prophecy.

At Arundel I made friends with a brewer named Constable, who was also a clever amateur artist. Sometimes he took me fishing, but more often I watched him sketch in the open. An interesting fact about Mr. Constable was that his father had been an intimate friend of the great Constable, although, curiously enough, no relation. My friend told me that whatever he had learned had been owing to his close observation of the great

artist's methods. I remember his water colours showed little of the amateur in their strength and handling, for they were masterly and forcible in touch, and perhaps more effective because they were usually painted in the late afternoon, when the sun was getting low, and the long shadows were full of strength and depth of colour.

Vicat Cole, R.A., was also a friend of his, and he used frequently to paint at Arundel.

Although I worked hard in the holidays at my drawing, I managed to enjoy myself pretty considerably, and was the fortunate possessor of many delightful acquaintances.

One of the pleasantest memories of my later school days was of a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Levy and the Misses Levy at Lancaster Gate. The cotillion was led by Sir Howard Vincent, and many of the smart and well-known men of that day were there; among them Sir Eyre Shaw, the "Captain Shaw" of "Gilbert and Sullivan" fame. Patti, who was a very intimate friend of theirs, was present, sitting in the middle of the room looking angelic and surrounded by a host of admiring men. We were each given a miniature bugle. Patti had one also, on which she sounded a note, and whoever repeated it exactly was to gain her as a partner in the dance. The men advanced in turn, some blew too high, and others too low, until one and all gave up in disgust. At last my turn came; I was trembling with eagerness and excitement, and determined to dance with Patti or die.... I hit the note!… and gained my waltz!—and the applause was great as I

carried off my prize.

In earlier days I went to a juvenile party at Lancaster Gate, and, going down to supper late, I found myself quite alone. I calmly devoted my attention to some *méringues*, while it seems that my people, amongst the last of the guests, were ready to go. The ladies were putting on their cloaks.... I heard the sounds of departure, but, still engrossed in the good things, I ate on. Hue and cry was raised for me; and finally I was found covered with cream and confusion amongst the *méringues*.

I remember, *à propos* of my being a "gourmand," that I was a great believer in the efficacy of prayer. My sister and I used to rise very early in the mornings after dinner-parties to rummage in and to ransack the cupboards for any dainty we fancied. After a good "tuck in," we would pray for the forgiveness of our sins, and then we would fall to breakfast with an easy conscience.

CHAPTER III
MY FATHER'S FRIENDS

My father's friends.—The pre-Raphaelites.—Plum-box painting.—The Victorians.—The post.—Impressionists.—Maclise.—Sir Edwin Landseer.—Tom Landseer.—Mulready.—Daniel Roberts.—Edward Cooke.—Burgess and Long.—Frith.—Millais.—Stephens and Holman Hunt.—Stanfield.—C. R. Leslie.—Dr. John Doran.—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.—The Virtues, James and William.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor.—A story of Tennyson.—Sam Lover.—Moscheles *père et fils*.—Philip Calderon.—Sir Theodore and Lady Martin.—Garibaldi.—Lord Crewe.—Fechter.—Joachim and Lord Houghton.—Charles Dickens.—Lord Stanhope.—William Hepworth Dixon.—Sir Charles Dilke.

Before I proceed any further with the reminiscences of my school-days and after, I should like to recall a few memories of the men and women who visited the studios of my parents. Artists of course predominated, and amongst the latter were men who distinguished themselves in the world. Many of them, through no fault of their genius, have lost some of their shining reputation. Others, who were merely popular painters of the hour, are forgotten. Again, a few who were somewhat obscure in their lifetime, have gained a posthumous reputation, and still others have to await recognition in the future.

It is an age of reactions. Just as the pre-Raphaelite movement "revolted" against the academic art preceding it, so the photographic idealism of pre-Raphaelitism was superseded by a reaction in art resulting and undoubtedly profiting by its really fine example. I will not go as far as to say Whistler gained by the pre-Raphaelites; but his art assuredly became all the more conspicuous by contrast, and perhaps his school is indirectly responsible for the latest reaction in favour of raw colour. In the "back to the land" style of painting which we find in favour with a few modern artists, abnormal looking women are painted with surprising results, and these artists seem to delight in a sort of blatant realism that becomes nauseous. With passionate brutality they present their subjects to us, and their admirers call the result "life." Let us have truth by all means, and let us not, on the other hand, lapse into the merely pretty; but let the truth we portray be imaginative truth allied to beauty.

That reminds me of the "plum-box" artist, who used to go round to country houses when I was a boy, with a completed painted picture of what was then considered the ideal and fashionable face, which consisted mainly of big eyes, veiled by sweeping lashes, a perfect complexion, a rosebud mouth, and glossy curls. The artist (one feels more inclined to call him the "tradesman") then superimposed the features of his sitter upon this fancy background, and the result invariably gave great pleasure and satisfaction.

Nowadays it has become the fashion or the pose of

the moment to decry the works of the Victorians as old-fashioned, and in many cases with undoubtedly good reason; but unfortunately the best work is often included in the same category. In the rage for modernity, culminating in "post-impressionism," "futurism," and other "isms," in art, literature, the stage, and, I believe, costume, the thorough and highly conscientious work of some of our greatest men has become obscured; they are like the classic which nobody reads, and they stand unchallenged, but unnoticed except by the very few. Perhaps their genius will survive to-day's reactionary rush into what is sometimes described as individualism, and the worship of personality before beauty, which, if carried to excess as it is to-day, seems to verge into mere charlatanism. We are a little too near the great ones to see them clearly, and perhaps they can only be judged by their peers. Sometimes I see the casual onlooker glance at, sum up, and condemn, pictures which I know represent the unfaltering patience of a lifetime, combined with a passionate idealism of motive. The abundance of art schools, the enormous reduction in prices, the overwhelming commercialism which sets its heel upon the true artist, to crush him out of existence unless he compromises with art, all combine to render the art and artist in general widely different from the men of my early days. True, the Victorian came at a great moment, and now more than ever, if I may misquote: "art is good … with an inheritance."

Among the innumerable artists I knew during my later school-days, Maclise stands out a massive figure and a strong

personality. He reminded me in a certain grand way of a great bull; his chin was especially bovine; it was not exactly a dewlap or a double chin, but a heavy gradation of flesh going down into his collar. In the National Portrait Gallery there is a portrait by my father of Maclise as a young man.

His work is to me typical of the man: he was a magnificent draughtsman, a cartoonist of fine ideas. In the National Collection at Kensington there are some beautiful pencil drawings by him of various celebrities of the day, and they are perfect in line and study of character. In the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords may be seen his "Battle of Waterloo" and "Death of Nelson," which are extremely masterly in drawing and composition. But in my opinion he lost his charm of line when he attempted paint, for his colouring is unsympathetic and the effect is hard. His crudity of colour is not so noticeable, however, in the frescoes as in his oil-paintings.

Sir Edwin Landseer was an artist who, like Maclise, received large sums for his pictures. He was considered one of the greatest painters of the day, but I am afraid it is no longer the fashion to admire him, although his best works must always hold the position they have deservedly won. I wonder how many people remember that the lions in Trafalgar Square were designed by our great animal painter.

"The Sleeping Bloodhound" stands out amongst Landseer's pictures as a masterpiece. It was painted in two hours from the dead body of a favourite hound.

It is curious that in many instances, especially of early work, his colour was very rich, and that in his later work his feeling for colour seems to have weakened.

Tom Landseer no doubt contributed largely to his brother's reputation by his masterly fine engravings of Sir Edwin's pictures, which were sometimes unsatisfactory in colour and gained in black and white.

Herbert, whose name was prominent through his fresco of "Moses breaking the Tablets," was quite a character in those days. I remember he always spoke with what appeared to be a strong French accent, although it has been said he had never been abroad in his life. The story went that, going to Boulogne he stepped from the boat … slipped … and broke his English. Later in life he worked himself "out," and his Academy pictures of religious subjects became very grotesque and quite a laughing-stock. I am afraid this type of work needs a watchful sense of humour and a powerful talent to preserve its gravity.

Mulready was an artist whose character showed in strong contrast to that of Herbert. He was the dearest of old men; I can see him now with his superb old head, benevolent and yet strong. He painted that indisputably fine picture, "Choosing the Wedding Gown," now in the National Collection at the Kensington Museum. Although the subject will not be viewed with sympathetic interest by many of the present generation, its worth is undoubted. His work is completely out of date, but I remember one curious fact in connection with his crayon

drawings, which hung upon the walls of the Academy Schools; when Leighton visited there, he had these drawings covered over, because they were extremely antagonistic to his own teaching.

David Roberts, who was then considered the greatest painter of interiors, began life as a scene painter, as did Stanfield who was his contemporary and a very powerful sea painter. Both men were Royal Academicians, as was Edward Cooke, an artist of less power than Stanfield, but of not much less distinction, imbued with the spirit of the old Dutch painters of sea and ships. He lived to a ripe old age with his two sisters, but perhaps the youngest in appearance and manner of the four was his wonderful old mother, who died when she was close upon a hundred.

Then there were Burgess and Long who painted Spanish subjects. Long was best known, however, by his picture of the "Babylonian Marriage Mart," and Burgess as a young man sprang into fame with his picture called "Bravo Toro." Like almost every other artist, Long took to portrait painting, and his pictures became a great financial success; but his portraits were not for the most part successful from an artist's point of view.

Most of the well-known artists of the day visited my parents, and amongst them I remember Sydney Cooper, David Roberts, C. R. Leslie, Peter Graham, Stanfield, Edward Cooke, Frith, Millais, etc., etc. Stephens, the art critic of the "Athenæum," came with his intimate friend, Holman Hunt; he assisted the famous pre-Raphaelite in painting in the detail in some of his pictures, such as the Moorish temple in "The Saviour in the

Temple." Later, he wrote the catalogue of "Prints and Drawings" at the British Museum. The last time I met Mr. Stephens, he told me the greatest pleasure he could possibly have was to go round London with my father, for there was not a place of interest of which he could not tell some anecdote of historical or topical information; and as an antiquary of some merit, the art critic was evidently in a position to give his appreciation with the authority of knowledge.

I think my father's closest friend was John Doran. To quote Mr. Edge:—" … Doctor Doran, known as the 'Doctor,' having graduated in Germany as a 'Doctor of Philosophy.' He was a delightful raconteur, a brilliant conversationalist, a man to put the shyest at his ease. He, too, studied history and wrote some of the most delightful biographies in the English language. The painter (my father) and the Doctor took many an excursion together to old-world places celebrated for memories quaint, tragic or humorous, and their rambles were perpetuated in their pictures and books."

Doran began his literary career by producing a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre when he was only fifteen years of age, and continued up to his death to produce a series of interesting works, although he did not write for the stage after his early success. He was editor of *Notes and Queries* and the author of "Table Traits and Something on Them." Perhaps his best-known work was "Her Majesty's Servants." Among his later works, "Monarchs Retired from Business," and "The History of Court Fools" occur

to my mind simultaneously.

The three following anecdotes from Dr. Doran's journal, will appeal on the strength of their own dry humour and at the same time give the reader a glimpse of the character of my father's Irish friend:—

October 18th, 1833. In an antiquated edition of Burnet's "History of His Own Times" it was stated that an old Earl of Eglinton had behaved so scandalously that he was made to sit in the "Cutty Stool" (or stool of repentance at kirk) for three Sabbaths running. On the fourth Sunday he sat there again, so the minister called him down as his penance was over. "It may be so," said the Earl, "but I shall always sit here for the future … it is the best seat in the kirk, and I do not see a better man to take it from me."

December 9th, 1833. Colonel Boldero told us after dinner a good story of Luttrell that Rogers told him the other day. He was about to sit for his picture, and asked Luttrell's advice as to how he should be taken. "Oh," said Luttrell, "let it be as when you are entering a pew—with your face in your hat."

December 5, 1833. Heard also at dinner a story of "Poodle" Byng. Dining once at the Duke of Rutland's, he exclaimed on seeing fish on the table, "Ah! My old friend haddock! I haven't seen that fish at a gentleman's table since I was a boy!" The "Poodle" was never invited to Belvoir again.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, also well-known writers of the day, were constant visitors at our house. S. C. Hall was said to have

suggested the character of Pecksniff to Dickens, perhaps because he interlarded his conversation with pious remarks, which may have sounded singularly hypocritical to many people. As a child I regarded him with terror, because whenever he called he would come to our nursery and behave in a manner he probably thought highly entertaining to children, which consisted of pulling awful faces. His mass of white hair, bushy eyebrows and staring eyes gave him an ogreish look, and added to my fears when he shook his fist at me in mock horror. Then he would tickle me as hard as he could; and as I hated this form of play, his exertions only moved me to tears, so that when I heard him coming I invariably hid myself until his departure.

Mr. Hall began life as a barrister and turned to literary work, establishing the *Art Journal*, and carrying it on in the face of very discouraging circumstances. Eventually he was successful, and his work had an extensive influence, I suppose, on the progress of British art. As a writer his output was enormous; he and his wife published between them no fewer than two hundred and seventy volumes. As an ardent spiritualist he was very interested at that time in a medium who, I am afraid, was an atrocious humbug. One Good Friday my father called, to find Mr. Hall in a state of great excitement.

"You've just missed dear Daniel," said Hall. "He floated in through the window, round the house and out again, and I don't doubt we shall see the day when he will float round St. Paul's."

Mrs. S. C. Hall (very Irish), who had a great personal

reputation as a writer, was most attractive and altogether a very interesting woman, being a spiritualist and a philanthropist. She founded the Hospital for Consumptives in the Fulham Road, and persuaded her great friend Jenny Lind to sing at charity concerts to gain funds for her institution. My father painted both of them, and the portrait of Mr. Hall is now in the possession of the latter's family.

Ruskin was on very friendly terms with them, and it was the Halls who introduced us to the Virtues, who were the proprietors and publishers of the *Art Journal*. James Virtue, who was a fine oar and President of the London Rowing Club, was one of the most cheerful men one could wish to meet; and as hostess, his wife, who, I am happy to say, is still living, was equally delightful. His brother William Virtue afterwards saved my life—but that is anticipating events somewhat.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor were another interesting and talented couple who were friends of my parents. Tom Taylor was the art critic of the *Times*, and at one time editor of *Punch*. He was also the author of several popular plays, of which *Still Waters Run Deep* and the *Ticket of Leave Man*, in which Henry Neville played the hero, are perhaps the most widely known. In conjunction with Charles Reade he wrote some amusing comedies; as well as writing in prose and verse for *Punch* he compiled some interesting biographies, of Reynolds, Constable, David Cox, and C. R. Leslie, R.A. At dinner his appearance was remarkable, for he usually wore a black velvet evening suit. A

curious trait of the dramatist's was his absent-minded manner and forgetfulness of convention. Sometimes when walking in the street with a friend he would grow interested, and, to emphasise his remarks, turned to look more directly into the face of his companion, at the same time placing his arm around his waist. In the case of a lady this habit sometimes proved rather embarrassing!

Mr. Tom Taylor was a man of unbounded kindness in helping everybody who was in need of money or in trouble; his generosity probably made him the object of attentions from all sorts and conditions of people, a fact very soon discovered by his domestics, for one day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned from a walk to be met by a startled parlourmaid who announced the presence of a strange-looking man who was waiting to see them. Her suspicions being aroused by his wild appearance, she had shown him into the pantry, fearing to leave him in the drawing-room. On repairing to the pantry with curiosity not unmixed with wonder, they discovered … Tennyson … quite at home and immensely tickled by his situation.

Mrs. Tom Taylor was descended from Wycliffe, and in her early youth lived with her two sisters with their father, the Rev. Mr. Barker (who was quite a personality), in the country. Laura Barker was brought up in circumstances very similar to the Brontës. She was extremely talented, and began her musical career at the age of thirteen, when her great musical gifts brought her to the notice of Paganini. Paganini, after hearing her

play, was much astonished at her power in rendering—entirely from ear—his wonderful harmonies upon her violin. General Perronet Thompson, on another occasion, was so pleased with her performance that he encouraged her talent by presenting her with a "Stradivarius." Later she became an art critic in Florence, and the composer of many popular songs. When she married Mr. Tom Taylor she continued to publish her talented songs under her maiden name.

A well-known composer, whose name is probably merged in memories of the near past, is Sam Lover, who will be remembered as the writer of "Molly Bawn," "Rory O'More," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," and many others. His career was a strange and varied one. Beginning life as an artist, he won his way to fame in Dublin, where he became a very popular miniature painter, and many famous men of the day sat to him. His roving taste, however, led him gradually to abandon art for literature. In this again he was successful, and came to London, where he contributed to most of the magazines of the day, and wrote several novels. After more successes he began to compose the songs so well known to-day. About the same time he wrote ballad poetry, but finding the output a strain, he prepared a series of entertainments which he entitled "Irish Evenings," in which he embodied songs and music of his own composition. These entertainments became exceedingly popular, and the reputation he acquired led him to extend his horizon to America. On returning, he turned his experiences to account,

and finally changed his profession and sailed away to become an English foreign consul in foreign lands. Before he left England he said to my mother, "Mrs. Ward, if I return, I know I shall find you as young as when I leave you!" He has not returned, but his words come back to me, for indeed she seems to have discovered the secret of eternal youth.

Felix Moscheles the painter, was a constant visitor at our house, and he was the son of old Mr. Moscheles the great composer and pianist and friend of Mendelssohn. Felix Moscheles was a chum of Du Maurier when both lived in Paris, and he wrote a biography of this eminent *Punch* artist and author of "Trilby." Inheriting some of the remarkable gift of his father (quite apart from his talent as a painter) Felix played the piano, but he was astonishingly modest about his undoubted talent and would only play very occasionally. He is an old man now, but active still, for I heard his name not long ago in connection with a Peace Society. Moscheles' niece, Miss Roche, who is Mrs. Henry Dickens, the wife of the eminent K.C. and eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, inherits the musical talent of her family, and is also well known in musical circles.

À propos of the Dickens family, I remember an incident in connection with one of Mr. Philip Calderon's pictures, when I was going through the Royal Academy (then in Trafalgar Square). I noticed an old Darby and Joan looking carefully through the catalogue for the title of a picture by the artist representing a nude nymph riding on a wave of the

sea, surrounded by a friendly crowd of porpoises disporting themselves gaily around her.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "here we are.... 'Portrait of Mrs. Charles Dickens, Junior!'"

Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (*née* Helen Faucit) used to visit my parents. Sir Theodore was knighted when he had completed the Queen's book, and his wife, when she left the stage, dined more than once at her Majesty's table.

When I was still at school, Garibaldi visited England, and after being universally fêted in London, and honoured with a banquet by the Lord Mayor, suddenly announced his intention of returning to Italy. The cause of the resolution was the subject of much controversy at the time, as he would, by his departure, cancel many engagements and upset the preparations the provinces had made to receive him. Garibaldi embarked for Italy after a sojourn of seven weeks in England, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in their yacht.

His son, Minotti Garibaldi, came to our house, and his visit recalls an amusing episode in connection with one of my father's pictures. An eccentric old art critic, a low churchman, who, as such, cultivated a modesty in dress and a deep humility of demeanour that consorted oddly with his rubicund feature (which had roused our housekeeper to remark "Mr. So-and-so, 'e's got a nose to light a pipe"), was calling upon my father to view his picture of "Anne Boleyn at the Queen Stairs of the Tower." Anne Boleyn is represented in the picture as having sunk down

from exhaustion and fear on the lower step leading to the place of execution. After remarking upon the masterly manner of the painting, the old man paused, and looking up under his eyes he placed a thoughtful finger upon his forehead and said in mournful accents, "*The hutter 'elplessness*!" A little later young Garibaldi called and was introduced to our pious critic, who, not quite knowing what to say, but feeling he should rise to the occasion, made a spasmodic attempt at tact and ejaculated "*'Ow's yer pa?*"

The late Lord Crewe comes to my mind now as one of my parents' friends; he cultivated the society of artists and … bishops! He was very absent-minded, and there is a story told of him, which, although far-fetched, is very typical. Suddenly recollecting his duties as host of a large house party, he approached his guests one afternoon and asked them if they would care to go riding, and finding several agreeable, made arrangements with each one to be at the hall door at 2.30, when he would supply them with an excellent white horse. At the appointed hour, guest after guest arrived booted, breeched, and habited, until nearly the whole party had assembled. They waited, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Crewe ride away, quite oblivious, on the white horse.

My parents, after staying there some time, arrived home to find a letter inviting them to Crewe Hall and written in a way that suggested an absence of years. Lord Crewe's extraordinary absent-mindedness was proverbial, and, since he was not aware of it, caused him to be considerably taken advantage of. He

used to dine at the "Athenæum," and usually at the same table. Another member came rushing in one day to obtain a place for dinner for himself. All being engaged, the waiter was obliged to refuse the extra guest, when the flurried member pointed to an empty seat.

"Oh, sir," said the waiter with apologetic deference, "That's Lord Crewe's."

"Never mind," said the urgent would-be diner. "Tell him when he comes—that he's dined!"

It is to be supposed the waiter found his deception worth while, for when Lord Crewe arrived, he was met with surprise and quiet expostulation.

"You dined an hour ago, my lord," said the unscrupulous waiter.

"So I did," murmured the poor victim, as he retraced his steps.

I once remember his coming all the way from Crewe to dine with my people. After dinner my sister Beatrice, who played the violin, performed her latest piece for his benefit. Lord Crewe, evidently tired after his meal, went to sleep and slept soundly until the finish, when he awoke suddenly, applauded loudly and eulogised her talent at some length.

Marks, the R.A., paid a visit to Crewe Hall; after which he composed some very tuneful and witty songs of "the noble Earl of Crewe," which set forth that gentleman's idiosyncrasies at no small length, much to the amusement of all who heard them.

I wonder how many people nowadays remember Fechter the

actor. I often saw him when I was a boy, and thought his acting splendid. His love scene with Kate Terry in the *Duke's Motto* took London by storm. He had a marked foreign accent that did not interfere in the least with the clear elocution that he owed to Bellew's instruction. Fechter was born in London and educated in France as a sculptor, but his inclinations tended towards the stage; he made his début at the Salle Molière, and achieved success as Duval in *La Dame aux Camellias*. After acting in Italy, Germany, and France, he came to England and won his laurels upon our stage. In conversation he was brilliant, and in appearance gave one the impression of strength both physically and mentally; I think his face is to this day more deeply impressed upon my mind than that of any other actor I remember excepting Irving. My father painted his portrait in the costume he wore in Hamlet and many years after my mother presented the picture to Henry Irving; but she still has the dress which Fechter gave her when leaving England. Charles Dickens thought highly of him, as the following letter will show.

3, Hanover Terrace,
Thursday, Twenty-fifth April, 1861.

My dear Ward,

I have the greatest interest in Fechter (on whom I called; by the way, I hope he knows), and I should have been heartily glad to meet him again. But—one word in such a case is as good, or bad, as a thousand....

I am engaged on Tuesday beyond the possibilities of

backing out or putting off.

With kind regards to Mrs. Ward, in which my daughter and Miss Hogarth join,

Very faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Irving (when comparatively unknown to the London public) I first saw in *Lost in London*, and not long afterwards when he played "Macbeth," I could not resist caricaturing him.

Sothern I remember, of course, in "Lord Dundreary;" and Lytton, his son, also a successful actor in comparatively late years, and a playfellow of my brother Russell.

W. S. Gilbert came often to our Sunday "evenings" at Kent Villa. Years after, I recollect a story he told in the Club against himself. He was at the Derby, and crossing over from the stand, he got amongst the crowd who hustled and jostled him without the slightest regard for his comfort. He remonstrated with them, and receiving a good deal of impertinence in consequence, he lost his temper. When he at length emerged from the crush, he discovered his watch, a unique repeater and gold chain worth about two hundred pounds, had disappeared. The five minutes' talk proved to be one of the most expensive he had ever indulged in.

Although my father was interested in all sorts and conditions of men, historians, as I have remarked before, possessed a supreme attraction for him, and he sought the society of such men, as they in their turn sought his, whenever opportunity

presented itself. William Hepworth Dixon, the historian, became friendly with my father shortly after our arrival at Kent Villa, and in the company of Douglas Jerrold was frequently at our house.

Mr. Dixon wrote a series of papers in the *Daily News* on the "Literature of the Lower Orders," which were precursors of Henry Mayhew's inquiries into the conditions of the London poor. He took a great interest in the lower classes and was instrumental in obtaining a free entry for the public to the Tower of London. Afterwards he became chief editor of the *Athenæum*. As a traveller he visited Italy, Spain, Hungary—all Europe, in fact, as well as Canada and the United States, where he went to Salt Lake City and wrote a history of the Mormons. He finally met with a riding accident in Cyprus which made him more or less of an invalid afterwards. His extraordinary reluctance to enter a church is one of the idiosyncrasies that returns to me; this must have puzzled my father, who was a very religious man and a constant church-goer.

Lord Stanhope (formerly Lord Mahon) was another historian, and an intimate friend of my father's. When the first Peel Ministry was formed in 1834, Lord Mahon appeared as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and during the last year of the Peel Ministry he held the office of Secretary to the Board of Control and supported the repeal of the Corn Laws. He subsequently pursued a somewhat wavering course, voted with the Protectionists against the change in the Navigation Laws, and lost his seat for Hertford at the general election of 1852.

Afterwards his lordship devoted most of his life to historical research and wrote among other works "A History of the War of the Succession in Spain." His portrait is amongst the many my father painted of men distinguished in their studies; Bulwer, Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Hallam, Dickens, Collins, were also subjects for his brush.

Sir Charles Dilke (the Dilkes were then proprietors of the *Athenæum*) once came to dine with us, and was mortally offended because a foreign ambassador was given precedence, as is etiquette as well as politeness to a stranger amongst us. He took my sister down, and sulked and grumbled to her all dinner time, venting on our high-backed antique chairs his annoyance at what he imagined to be a serious slight to his dignity and position.

I went with my father to Charles Dickens' last reading. He was an amateur actor of high repute, and his rendering of the famous novels was exceedingly dramatic. Wilkie Collins once wrote a play, called *The Lighthouse*, for some private theatricals in which Dickens acted. My father designed the invitation card, and the original drawing was sold at the Dickens' sale at Christie's, where it fetched a high price. At the last party given by Miss Dickens before he died, I was introduced to the great author, and curiously enough, he said, "I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, and I hope this will not be *your last visit*." That evening Joachim gave us an exhibition of his incomparable art. Lord Houghton, who was as absent-minded in his way as his brother-in-law, Lord Crewe, was one of the guests. He fell asleep during Joachim's

recital, and snored. As the exquisite chords from the violin rose on the air, Lord Houghton's snores sounded loudly in opposition, sometimes drowning a delicate passage, and at others lost in a passionate rush of melody from the player, who must have needed all his composure to prevent him waking the slumbering lord.

About that time I made several slight caricatures of Dickens, which have been not only exhibited, but published.

CHAPTER IV
WORK AND PLAY

School-days ended.—A trip to Paris.—Versailles and the Morgue.—I enter the office of Sydney Smirke, R.A.—Montague Williams and Christchurch.—A squall.—Frith as arbitrator.—I nearly lose my life.—William Virtue to the rescue.—The Honourable Mr. Butler Johnson Munro.—I visit Knebworth.—Lord Lytton.—Spiritualism.—My first picture in the Royal Academy.—A Scotch holiday with my friend Richard Dunlop.—Patrick Adam.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis.—Mr. George Fox.—Sir William Jaffray.—Mr. William Cobbett.—Adventures on and off a horse.—Peter Graham.—Cruikshank.—Mr. Phené Spiers.—Johnstone Forbes-Robertson and Irving.—Fred Walker.—Arthur Sullivan.—Sir Henry de Bathe.—Sir Spencer Ponsonby.—Du Maurier.—Arthur Cecil.—Sir Francis Burnand.—The Bennett Benefit.

After leaving school, I took a trip with some schoolfellows to Paris. Our visit was not remarkably adventurous. I remember my interest in the outside seats on the trains, our nearly being frozen to death while indulging in the novelty of a journey to Versailles, and my excitement when I thought I had discovered Shakespeare in the *Morgue*, although second thoughts led me to the conclusion I was a little late in the day.

My great ambition at this period of my life was to be able to study drawing and painting, but my father was inexorable in his decision, and I entered the office of Sydney Smirke, R.A., to learn architecture.

Mr. Smirke was one of three talented brothers (the sons of the very distinguished artist, Robert Smirke, R.A.), Sir Edward Smirke, the City Solicitor, and Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., who achieved fame as an architect and designed Covent Garden Theatre among buildings of note. It is probable (I was told at the time) that Mr. Sydney Smirke would have received a knighthood, had he not opposed Queen Victoria's desire at that time that all Art Exhibitions should be restricted to the neighbourhood of South Kensington. He had then decided with the Committee who commissioned him upon the present site of Burlington House for the Royal Academy, which was to be built to his design. Among his best-known works are the Carlton and Conservative Club houses, the Reading Room, and the Roman and Assyrian Galleries at the British Museum.

While I was in Mr. Smirke's office, I longed more than ever to be an artist, for the purely mechanical part of the profession did not appeal to me in the least, neither did the prospect of an architect's life commend itself. After a year during which I worked very conscientiously, considering my adverse sympathies, with bricks and mortar, Mr. Smirke finished his last work on Burlington House, and announced his intention of retiring.

In the meantime I had visited Christchurch and Bournemouth, and had completed a series of drawings of interiors. One of these—of the Lady Chapel—was bought by Montague Williams, whose wife had then recently died. My picture, which represented a woman placing flowers upon a tomb, figured in the drawing, was the best work I had done up to that period, and it probably possessed some sad association or suggestion for him. I had wished to sell the picture to the Rev. Zacchary Nash, the Rector of Christchurch, and he wrote to me, saying, "If you very much wish me to buy the water-colour drawing, I will; but I dislike all pictures, and consider they never rise to my preconceived idea of the subject or object they are intended to represent."

The walls of his house were entirely without the usual ornamentation, and I do not remember to have seen there a single picture, with the exception of the usual conventional and handed-down portraits of relations.

I was made a member of the Architectural Association, and exhibited my drawings of Christchurch, which were so highly appreciated by my father, and so pleased him by what he considered my advance in the architectural profession, that I had not the heart to tell him of my ever-increasing desire to leave it and go through the Academy Schools, and become a painter. He had repeatedly said he would rather I swept a crossing than be an artist, whereupon I decided upon the one outside our house, in anticipation.

On my return, my father immediately exerted himself to find a new office for me, and Mr. Smirke suggested a colleague of his, Mr. Street, in the following letter:—

> My dear Sir,
>
> … with regard to Leslie I quite concur with you in wishing him to get into some busy and eminent office where he can see and profit by all the matters connected with the carrying out of architectural work. I have enclosed herewith a note to Mr. Street, requesting him to tell me candidly whether he can readily admit Leslie into his office, and I shall not fail to let him know how highly I appreciate Leslie's qualification. At the same time I must remind you that in an eminent architect's office, each stool has its money value and very big premiums are realised. What I shall tell Street will be that in taking Leslie into his office he is taking an excellent draughtsman with taste and intelligence to boot, and not a raw recruit—one in short, who would be found useful from the first day of his entrance.
>
> *Yours sincerely,*
> *Sydney Smirke.*

My father in the meantime had spoken to his friend Mr. Edward Barry, R.A., with a view to my entering his office. This interview resulted in my calling upon Mr. Barry with specimens of my work, of which he approved and upon which he complimented me. At the same time he warned me that T-squares and compass, and not the paint brush, would be my daily implements for at least five years. This was too much for me,

and I frankly told him it would be impossible, and that three years—until my coming of age—would be my limit. Barry then expressed his opinion that an artist's career was what I was fitted for, and not an architect's office, and although I quite agreed with him I went home with a heavy heart at the thought of my father's disappointment. On my return I sought my room, and, after locking the door, I sat down to consider the situation. Also, I found that—perhaps from the effect of my excitement—my nose was bleeding, and I endeavoured to staunch the flow of blood. Presently, before I had decided upon a tactful plan of action, my father knocked at the door, and when I opened it, rushed in, greatly excited to hear the result of the interview. A rousing scene followed, and although I respected his feelings and was sorry to go against his wishes, I instinctively clung to my decision to live my life as I chose and to follow my own career. The same evening my father consulted his friend, Mr. Frith, on the matter, and he kindly consented to act as mediator in this affair of my future career. After trying to dissuade me, and presenting an artist's life from its very blackest standpoint, and still finding me full of hope and enthusiasm, Mr. Frith at last said, "I don't mind telling you that, had you been my son, I should certainly have encouraged you in your desire to adopt an artist's profession."

Finally my father was persuaded, and as there was nothing more to be said, we shook hands upon my determination. Thus we buried the long-cherished idea of my architectural career, of which I was heartily glad to hear the last.

After the disagreement, Frith, to encourage me, commissioned me to "square out" one of his pictures from a small sketch—"The Procession of Our Lady of Boulogne." I received eighteen guineas when my task was completed, but in my excitement at receiving my first cheque, I threw it (in its envelope) accidentally in the fire. I was in despair when I discovered my blunder, and, in my ignorance of paper money, went to Frith and told him of the calamity. He chaffed me, and said, "You know, Leslie, I'm not compelled to give you another cheque … but if you wish it I will." Whereupon he gave me my long-looked-for and fateful eighteen guineas.

I was now free to face my future and to begin life as I wished; and in the meanwhile I nearly ended it prematurely while I was on a visit to my friend William Virtue, at Sunbury. At my host's suggestion, we started with three friends for a bathe in the river, early on a Sunday morning, the tide being high and the current strong. I was a fair swimmer and very fond of the pastime, and so, when our return home for breakfast was suggested, I thought to have one more plunge, whereupon Bill, as we called him, being familiar with the current in the vicinity of the weir, advised me to avail myself of one in particular, which would, if I followed it, he said, carry me back to the boat. I acted upon the suggestion, but upon reaching our boat found myself unable to get a firm enough grip upon it, and, after making several attempts, became quite exhausted, and then tried to float on my back to give myself a rest. Then an article I had been reading the night before headed

"Precautions in case of Drowning," came to my mind, with the advice when exhausted to "Throw yourself upon your back." But this precaution proved fruitless, as at this moment an undercurrent sucked me down. Being by this time quite helpless, I was shot up again like the imp in the bottle, only to be washed under again, and then in desperation I called for "Help!" and sank for the last time. In my case no past incidents lit up my brain with one lightning flash of thought—no beautiful ideas surged up—as one has heard told in novels. I only thought of the boat … I must get to the boat … and when I sank I said to myself, "Good-bye."

My host, who was then in smooth water on the other side of the river exclaimed, to the rest of the party, "Where's Ward?" and as he spoke he observed the ring in the water where I had disappeared. Fearing I was dead, he exclaimed, "Good God, how shall I break the news?" but he plunged in and lost no time in rescuing me.

How it was done, he was scarcely able to say, but he found me obedient to his directions, and, being a powerfully built man, he was able to battle against the rush of water, whilst supporting me. I was eventually dragged into the boat, and, wonderful to relate, I had retained sufficient consciousness to know I was alive, while fearing at the same time for Virtue, who, placing me in safety, had swum after another of our party who had rashly gone to the aid of both of us, and was in difficulties himself. Needless to add, my heroic friend was in a fainting condition when we reached his house, but with the aid of a little brandy, he soon recovered,

and no harm came to any of us. In fact, in the afternoon I had sufficiently recovered to walk to Teddington, where I called upon the Edward Levys, who had taken a house there for the summer. Feeling quite fit in spite of the episode of the morning, I was sitting in the drawing-room regaling my hostess with the little incident of my rescue, when she asked me to ring the bell for tea. On either side of the fireplace a bell appeared to be attached to the wall. One of these, as happens in old-fashioned houses, was a dummy, and this one I attempted to pull; being at that age when a young man does not wish to be outwitted, and finding the bell was extremely difficult to manage, I gave it an extra hard tug, and, to my consternation, pulled off the dummy handle and with it masses of plaster which came showering down all around me. My feelings on discovering my blunder were too deep for words.

Another lamentable accident happened to me when I was attempting to coax my coming moustache with a pair of curling tongs—to curl the edges! In carelessly handling the lamp (which exploded), and in trying to blow out the flames, I burnt myself so badly that I lost every atom of hair on my face, eyebrows, eyelashes, and the rest. Seeing an advertisement a little later for hair restorer and moustache renovator, I bought it in high hopes, and rubbed it well in (as directions) before going to bed. When, the next morning I arose, expectant, I was puzzled to find my lips swollen out of all proportion, and my disappointment was not untinged with feelings that can be left to the imagination.

About this time I received my first commission, through Mrs.

Pender (afterwards Lady Pender), who asked my father if I could be induced to undertake a series of drawings for a friend of hers, Mrs. Butler Johnstone Munro. Of course, I jumped at the offer, and lost no time in making the acquaintance of my patroness, who was an eccentric old lady of eighty, and quite an original character. Her brother, Mr. Munro of Novar, had left her his collection of pictures of all schools, which she prized greatly, and she wished me to make a plan and series of drawings to scale, of the pictures in their frames exactly as they hung upon the walls of her house in Hamilton Place, that it might give her an idea how they should be placed in a mansion she was moving into. The work took me a little over three months to complete, and when it was done, I made sure of a handsome remuneration from Mrs. Butler Johnstone, who was very wealthy. Alas! the five-pound note which she paid me after my first day's work was all I ever got, for she died suddenly while I was taking a summer holiday, and I was "mug" enough not to send in a claim to her executors. Thus only the memory and satisfaction of having studied some of the finest pictures in this country was left me by way of compensation for my trouble. I often, however, look back in amusement at some of my experiences while I was working for this quaint old lady, who, I may mention, seemed to consider me at her beck and call, and used to telegraph for me to come and show her guests a portfolio containing an almost unique set of water-colour drawings by Turner. Colonel Butler Johnstone, M.P. (my patroness's husband) came into the room

one day when I was starting upon my commission; *he* evidently had no sympathy with art, for he said that he thought that I might be better occupied. It seemed to him, he said, rather ridiculous to undertake such tedious work, because when it was completed he couldn't see the object of it.

This was a little disconcerting, but I was not discouraged.

I remember, one summer morning, Mrs. Butler Johnstone arriving on horseback at my father's house, and sending in a message by the servant to inform Mr. Leslie Ward, that the "Honourable Mrs. Butler Johnstone Munro" was waiting to see him, and, upon my hastening downstairs, I saw at the front door, mounted upon a good, but aged horse, my strange employer, shielding her wrinkled old face from the sun with a white parasol, which I afterwards discovered she habitually used whilst riding in the Park during the season. This call was to ask me to accompany her to the Kensington Museum, and there to act as her mouthpiece, she being desirous of making a proposition to Sir Wentworth Cole as to her intention of making a temporary loan of pictures to that institute. While we were driving to the Museum in a hansom cab, I remember that a somewhat ridiculous *contretemps* took place. The old lady, in giving her directions to the driver, managed to get her bonnet and cape entangled and dragged off, and I was reprimanded severely for the vain attempts I made to act as the "gallant" in assisting her to replace them.

My visit for six weeks, with my parents, to the first Lord

Lytton (Bulwer Lytton) at Knebworth, made a great impression upon my mind, as I suppose I began to consider myself "grown up," and was rather flattered on receiving so interesting an invitation. During my stay I made a water-colour painting of the great hall, which was hung with rich red hangings and a fine old Elizabethan curtain. I also both caricatured from memory and drew a portrait of my host (for which he sat), for his appearance proved an irresistible attraction to me. Lord Lytton had a remarkably narrow face with a high forehead; his nose was piercingly aquiline, and seemed to swoop down between his closely-set blue eyes, which changed in expression as his interest waxed and waned. When he was interestedly questioning his neighbour, he became almost satanic looking, and his glance grew so keenly inquisitive as to give the appearance of a "cast" in his eyes. Carefully curled hair crowned his forehead, and his bushy eyebrows, beard and moustache gave a curious expression to his face, which was rather pale, except in the evening, when he slightly "touched up," as the dandies of his day were in the habit of doing. His *beau ideal* was D'Orsay, and he showed the nicest care in the choice of his clothes. His trousers were baggy as they tapered downward, and rather suggested a sailor's in the way they widened towards the feet. I can see him now standing on the hearthrug awaiting the announcement of dinner—dressed up "to the eyes," and listening with bent, attentive head to his guests. It was typical of Lord Lytton that he listened to the most insignificant of his guests with all the deference that he would

have shown to the greatest. Replacing his hookah (for he smoked opium) he would be silent for a considerable time, watching us out of his odd eyes, and when he spoke it was in a soft voice which he never raised above a low tone. He told many stories of "Dis-ra-eel-i," whose name he pronounced with slow deliberation, and one strained one's ears to catch every word that he said, they were so interesting. I wish I could remember them now.

AT KNEBWORTH

In Art he had no taste whatever, but he was especially fond of artists with literary tastes, which perhaps explains why he "took" so much to Maclise and my father. Maclise (whom he considered everything that could be desired both as a personality and an artist) painted his portrait, which is now at Knebworth. It is an extraordinarily good likeness, but very hard in the quality of painting, and unsympathetic in treatment.

When I was at Knebworth I first found myself in public opposition to my father's dislike of tobacco. I do not think I have mentioned this distaste before. When he gave a dinner at home, he usually persuaded a friend to choose the cigars, and was very glad to escape from the atmosphere of tobacco when they were being smoked by his guests. Later in life the doctor ordered an occasional cigarette to soothe his nerves; he smoked *one*, and that was too much for him.

À propos of this detestation of tobacco, I suffered what I supposed then to be one of the most humiliating moments of my life. When the cigars were handed round to the guests after dinner, I took one and began to light it, whereupon my father, who had never allowed me to smoke in his presence, saw my cigar, and waved it magnificently down. Considering myself "grown up," I was at the most sensitive period of my boyhood, and I felt I must appear ridiculous in the eyes of all the men at the

table, when possibly the whole episode had passed unnoticed, or if they had observed me, would not have given a moment's notice to the occurrence.

There was a French cook at Knebworth who used to go fishing in the lake for minnows. Lord Lytton was wont to damp my ardour when I expressed a desire to fish, by informing me that there were pike, but that nobody had ever succeeded in catching any. Strangely enough, from the moment I started to fish, I was very successful. Never a day passed without my making a good haul; and although the Frenchman failed to catch them, he knew the secret of stuffing and serving them for dinner.

Lord Lytton was in some respects rather curious, for he informed me that if I went on fishing I should empty the lake. However, I went down one morning and found the whole lake drained and the fish destroyed. The only explanation which occurred to me was that he might have regarded fishing as cruel, just as he considered shooting brutal; for after once hearing the cries of a hare he had wounded he never handled a gun again.

An American lady named Madame de Rossit was then acting as Lord Lytton's secretary. She had her little daughter with her, a very precocious child, who had been brought up evidently on the great man's poetry. I remember a very painful evening when all the household and the neighbours were present to hear the child recite "The Lady of Lyons." Anything more distressing could hardly be imagined.

Hume, the spiritualist and medium, whom I mentioned in

connection with the S. C. Halls, constantly came, and Lord Lytton, with a view to testing my psychic possibilities, arranged that I should work with the planchette. He was, I think, making experiments more out of curiosity than earnest belief. Our attempts were entirely without results. I was evidently not *en rapport*.

My host was always attracted by the mysterious; he loved haunted rooms and tales of ghosts. There was a room at Knebworth where a "yellow boy" walked at midnight, and the house itself was full of surprises. For instance, you went to a bookcase to take down a volume, and found the books were merely shams, or you attempted to open another case, and found it was a concealed entrance to the drawing-room. There were some fine pieces of old oak in the house, nevertheless, and upon my mother's expression of admiration for one old door he had it packed and sent to her as a present.

In the grounds, there was a curious maze that we found just as troublesome, but more picturesque. Then there was the beautiful *Horace* Garden, of which my father made a painting. Down a delightful green vista of lawns, barred with shadows from the trees overhead, stood statues of the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers, grey against the sunlit scene. This garden was Lytton's idea, and it was certainly one of the greatest "beauty spots" of Knebworth. The house itself did not inspire me; but at night, when the moon shone, the griffins on the front, silhouetted romantically against the sky, gave a mysterious beauty to the

building, in the glamour of the moonlight.

I will conclude my memories of Knebworth with Lord Lytton's advice to me that no young man's education was complete until he had mastered the entire works of Sir Walter Scott.

On my return to London, I sent my painting to the Royal Academy, where it was very favourably received and well hung.

The *Telegraph*, coupling me with my father in this notice, said: "We have already mentioned a masterly drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A., and we would call attention to the work of something more than promise by the Academician's young son, 'The Hall at Knebworth, Herts.'"

Needless to say, I was encouraged by kindly criticism, for having chosen my profession in the teeth of opposition, I felt I had to succeed, and was extremely anxious to gain the approval of my father. I entered Carey's to take a preliminary course of instruction preparatory to the Royal Academy Schools. These studios were well known in former days as Sass's School of Art, where many eminent artists had attended before they rose to fame. At the same time I studied at the Slade School, where Poynter was then professor. I then copied at the National Gallery the well-known picture of "A Tailor," by Moroni, selected by my father, who had a very high regard for that wonderful old master. Now that everything was running smoothly I was quite happy. I was at liberty to follow my own desires, with the thought of the future before me, which I faced with all the optimism of youth

and an untroubled mind.

With these high hopes I was considerably enlivened by my first holiday in Scotland with a Scotch school friend. Dunlop and I started on tour from Edinburgh, where I was introduced to the Adams. Mr. Adam was a solicitor who, with all the security of a comfortable practice and successful life, was very anxious to bring up his son in his office; but Patrick dreamed of an artistic career, and had other ambitions. He read the lives of Constable, Turner, and David Cox, and, becoming inspired by the example of these great men, and by the works of Sam Bough (a painter of whom Edinburgh is proud), he rose at dawn to paint before going to his father's office, where he regarded the hours spent on his stool as so much waste of time, and longed for evening when he could return to his beloved pursuits again. When we met, our sympathies went out to one another, and we spent our time discussing art. Together we visited the local galleries and steeped ourselves in the beauty we found there.

At Holyrood Palace we were shown the room where the ill-fated Rizzio was murdered, and where the sad scene of love, passion, and hatred was enacted in so small a space, which was yet large enough to hold destinies between its walls. The blood-stain was pointed out to me, and I was informed at the same time that the episode of Mary Queen of Scots and the unfortunate Italian was the subject of E. M. Ward's picture of the year in the Royal Academy. (This painting, by the way, was purchased by the late Sir John Pender.) It is to be supposed that I appeared

duly impressed.

When we left Edinburgh, my newly-found friend, Patrick Adam, suggested we should correspond about Art; but although he became a successful painter, and one of the foremost Scottish Academicians, I have never met him from that day to this.

During our visits to the picture galleries, my friend Richard Dunlop, who was a matter-of-fact Scot and not in the least temperamental or of an artistic turn of mind (but a splendid fellow for a' that), became distinctly bored, and after we had visited Mr. Arthur Lewis (who was a very keen sportsman and deer-stalker to the day of his death) and his wife, formerly Kate Terry, at Glen Urquhart, he retraced his steps and left me to go on alone. My continual eulogies of the beauties we saw, the exquisite colours and effects of landscape evidently became too much for him. I am glad to say that he still remains one of my best friends, and I always associate him with our mutual and equally valued friend, Charlie Frith.

On the various boats in which I voyaged from time to time, I enjoyed watching the passengers, and occasionally caricaturing people who amused me. There was one pale curate who looked as though he might have understudied Penley in *The Private Secretary*. He wore a long coat and broad-brimmed hat, and his smile was always dawning to order, whereupon charming dimples appeared in his cheeks. I watched him shedding the cheerful light of his fascinating smile upon the ladies, until gradually a change crept over him; the smile wore off, and

presently the sea claimed him. I always think a man or woman should be economical with their expressions when they are apt to be victims of *mal-de-mer*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.