



Vol. XXIII.—No. 1171.]

JUNE 7, 1902.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

### A WOMAN PAINTER.



*All rights reserved.*

LUCY KEMP WELCH.

[Photo by R. Haines.]

## LUCY KEMP WELCH.



WOMEN seem to have succeeded in the art of animal painting. About two years ago the collected works of that wonderful woman, Rosa Bonheur, were shown in one of the galleries of Bond Street, and we wondered at her marvellous gift in painting the life-like pictures of cows, and horses, and goats, and all sorts of animals. The French artist died in 1899, and now her mantle seems to have fallen upon a young English woman—Lucy Elizabeth Kemp Welch.

Miss Kemp Welch is a Hampshire girl, having been born at Bournemouth in 1869. She was a pupil at Herkomer's, having received her art education in his school at Bushey, near Watford. No one who was present will forget a morning in Herkomer's studio, some twelve years or more ago, when the students brought in the work which they had done by themselves away from the school; the turn

came for Miss Kemp Welch to show her work; the fair, small, slight girl dragged in a picture so large that she could hardly manage it alone. The master frowned at the enormous canvas, and looked annoyed that a young pupil should have wasted so much paint. But when the picture was placed in front of him, astonishment and pleasure dawned upon the master's face, that a mere girl should have done this. He could hardly believe his eyes that such a fine conception could have been executed by this young pupil, and she a woman! This was the first knowledge the school at Bushey had that they possessed a woman genius in their midst.

The first picture which Miss Kemp Welch exhibited on the walls of Burlington House was in 1894. But the picture by which she made her fame was one of wild ponies, called "Colt Hunting," which she painted near her old home in the New Forest, in 1897. This picture was bought for the nation by the Chantry Bequest, and you can go and see it any day you like at the Tate Gallery on the Thames Embankment. Another of her great pictures, the subject of which is "Horses Bathing in the Sea," is far away on the other side of the world, having been bought by the Australians and placed in their National Gallery at Victoria.

Most of you will remember her picture in last year's Academy; it was on the subject which had been filling all

our minds a few months before—"Lord Dundonald's Dash for Ladysmith." The small hills round, the rough boulders in front, making the ground look anything but agreeable for a dashing gallop; Lord Dundonald, the central figure in the picture, pulling in his horse for a moment as he speaks to an aide-de-camp on his left; and the other officers on horseback all around him, some in sun-helmets, some in the khaki felt hats we have learnt during this war to know so well. A most business-like group of determined soldiers they look, bent on the relief of that small town, about which the whole of the English-speaking world was thrilling with excited fear.

Here in this war-subject Miss Kemp Welch seems to follow in the spirit of another great woman-artist, Miss Thompson, whose famous pictures of battle scenes are of world-wide fame. Miss Thompson—Lady Butler, as she afterwards became—had one special advantage in her life—she married a soldier, and she used to get the men of his regiment to charge right at her as she painted them on the parade-ground at Dover. Miss Kemp Welch can hardly have had this advantage, and a charge of cavalry might have disquieted the calm little village street at Bushey!

What a charming little place Bushey is! The railway station is some way from the village. You walk up a hill with fields and hedges on either side, and then come to the winding village street with its quaint old houses, and then a pond on your right and the village church standing behind it. In one of the old cottages with its bow windows looking down the village street, Miss Kemp Welch lives with her sister, and she has built herself a studio at the back of it.

Near by in a wonderful house, a copy of a German mediæval castle, lives her distinguished neighbour and master, Herkomer. Your breath is almost taken away with amazement when you turn in at the gate and suddenly see this massive stone castle with its copper hall door in front of you. Inside it is full of beautiful carving and tapestries with gorgeous patterns; the interior is very much in the style of those wonderful castles built by King Ludwig in Bavaria.

Miss Kemp Welch used to ride after the hounds when she lived in Hampshire; she is also very fond of hockey, and cycling. She is very industrious, and from a young girl she has always been making sketches of horses and dogs.

Two women have had the honour of being made Royal Academicians—Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser. They were both nominated in the very first batch of R.A.'s by George III. Another lady during last century very nearly gained the honour. When Lady Butler came up for election she missed it by one vote only; the votes were equal; the president gave his casting vote for a man instead of for the woman. In this enlightened twentieth century is it too much to hope that the Royal Academicians will once more invite a woman to join their ranks? If so, we venture to say that the first woman to receive this honour will be Lucy Kemp Welch, whom we consider without a doubt the greatest living woman-artist.

## THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

By SARAH TYTLER.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD RULES.

"NUMBER First Rule," proclaimed Sophy, "has to do with *an offence* with which girls have been charged for generations, nay, for centuries. I will not go so far as to say it is a sin; but unquestionably it is a nuisance much complained of by older people. I myself think

it is unbecoming rational creatures, and that it is enough to cause us to be treated with scanty respect. The offence is giggling. We must give over giggling. We are getting worse than our grandmothers were, for they were taught to struggle against giggling except in strict privacy. 'A giggling miss in white muslin' was held up as a reproach to them. Now misses no longer wear white muslin in ball-rooms, but discipline is relaxed, and unless