

M.P.'s as Artists.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

I

THE House of Commons is a congregation of experts and specialists; there is hardly a single branch of industry, science, and art that is not represented in the 'mother of Parliaments.' This is among the *obiter dicta* of Sir Richard Temple, and is amply demonstrated in this article—at least, in one respect.

It is right and proper that Sir Richard himself should have the place of honour in this interesting "gallery" of artistic members of Parliament. Perhaps, by the way, I ought in some cases to say ex-members; but the distinguished gentlemen who have so courteously placed themselves and their work at my disposal are for the most part such old Parliamentary hands that—if only for the latter reason—it would be, indeed, invidious to exclude them as not coming strictly within the scope of this article.

Considerations of space compel me to suppress the awe-inspiring list of Sir Richard Temple's decorations and the details of his splendid Indian career; let it suffice to say that the genial baronet has governed altogether something like fifteen millions of Her Majesty's subjects. My task at Heath Brow, Sir Richard's beautiful home at Hampstead, was by no means a light one. There were about three hundred water-colour drawings to be inspected, executed by the indefatigable statesman in Central and Northern India; part of Western India; the Eastern and Western Himalayas; Tibet; the Khyber Pass region; the country near Afghanistan; the upper course of the Brahmapootra; Tenasserim and Siam; and all through Nepal, east of the Himalayas.

In addition to this formidable collection, there were 120 oil studies, prepared during

Sir Richard's travels in Egypt, Turkey, and the shores of the Mediterranean; Central Russia, the northernmost parts of Norway, the Canadian and American Rockies, the Yosemite Valley, and the Yellowstone National Park. In the latter wonderful region Sir Richard worked at an altitude of 11,000ft.

Speaking of his artistic work in India, Sir Richard said: "It gave me a knowledge of the country and peoples I had to govern; and thus directly helped towards my administrative success." And, in truth, he displayed amazing energy in getting about the country, riding forty or fifty miles before breakfast (sketching in the saddle), and using as mounts, besides horses, elephants, camels, and hill-ponies.

When even the latter hardy animals had to be discarded, owing to the wildness of the district, Sir Richard pursued his way on foot, and when he could no longer walk, he climbed. The first of Sir Richard Temple's beautiful water-colours reproduced here is a view of a Mogul palace on the border of Srinagar Lake, in Kashmir. I should say at once that these reproductions convey but

a poor idea of the ineffable—almost unearthly—beauty of the scenes, glowing with colour and actually realizing the descriptions of the "Arabian Nights." This palace is in the Royal gardens called Shalimar, and is the very centre of the closing scene of the story of Moore's "Lalla Rookh." According to the imagination of the poet, the Feast of Roses was held in this very palace.

Sir Richard's descriptions were wholly admirable. He would pore over each picture in turn, going into the whys and wherefores in a delightfully explicit manner. Taking up the first, he gave a little architectural disquisition in his own inimitable style.



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"The great pillared veranda, with the huge pediments and massive stone walls, is entirely of black marble, called Sung-i-Moosa (Stone of Moses). Now, as regards the landscape. The waterfalls and the lake are wholly artificial, being formed by dams from the mountain streams. In the background

the Sacred Pig, known to his devotees by the more imposing appellation of Shiwla, the god of destruction. In this particular instance he is really a primeval rock. They scooped out the rock over the ground to form his legs; and, of course, the legs have their roots deep in the bowels of the earth. Having got



MOGUL PALACE, SRINAGAR LAKE, KASHMIR.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

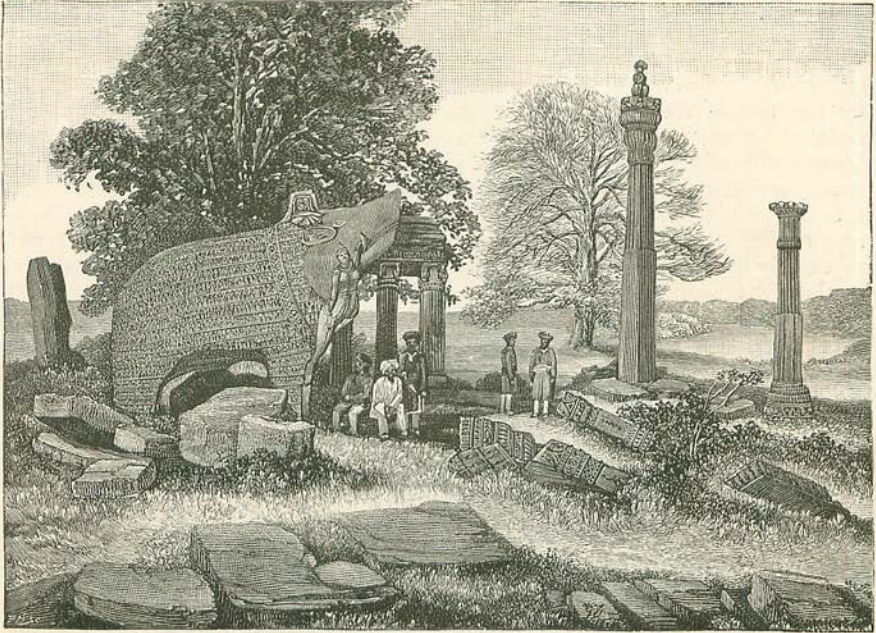
are seen the snow-capped mountains belonging to the Himalayan Range at the back, or north, of Kashmir. The trees are the famous planes of Kashmir, spoken of in 'Lalla Rookh' as 'Chenars.' The flowering shrubs are lilacs; and the plants in the foreground are irises beginning to bloom. On the veranda are seen the Mohammedan attendants and Court servitors."

This picture was painted by Sir Richard in 1871. Having a month's holiday, he took Lady Temple to this gorgeously-lovely spot, knowing it to be one of the places in all India best worth seeing. The distinguished couple were taken across the lake in Royal barges.

"Ancient Buddhist remains at Erun, in the Saugor district; British territory; centre of India." It was in this wise that Sir Richard heralded the description of the second extraordinary picture reproduced here. Now, no one has ever accused the estimable baronet of frivolity; nevertheless, he related the story of this picture with such complacent glee that I feel constrained to give it in his own words: "The principal item is

thus far, they carved away the right-hand side of the rock so as to form his head, and then smoothed off his back, leaving a little upright space near the head for the ear. A little place was also left for the tusk, on which was carved the figure of a goddess, hanging on by her hand."

The approximate size of this monumental animal may be judged from the figures seated on a stone near him. These are Sir Richard's camp attendants; and the distinguished artist assures me that this time, at least, he depicted quite correctly the attitude of the natives, who were sketched while gossiping among themselves, never dreaming what their master was about. "Ordinarily," remarked Sir Richard, "these fellows would pose stiffly—ludicrously, in fact; but on this occasion they were unconscious and *dégaçé*." And he laughed contagiously. Presently, he continued, gravely: "Behind the Pig are the remains of a Buddhist temple, along the side of which, and forming the background to the Pig, is a banyan tree. To the right of the Pig stands a pillar, with a finely-carved



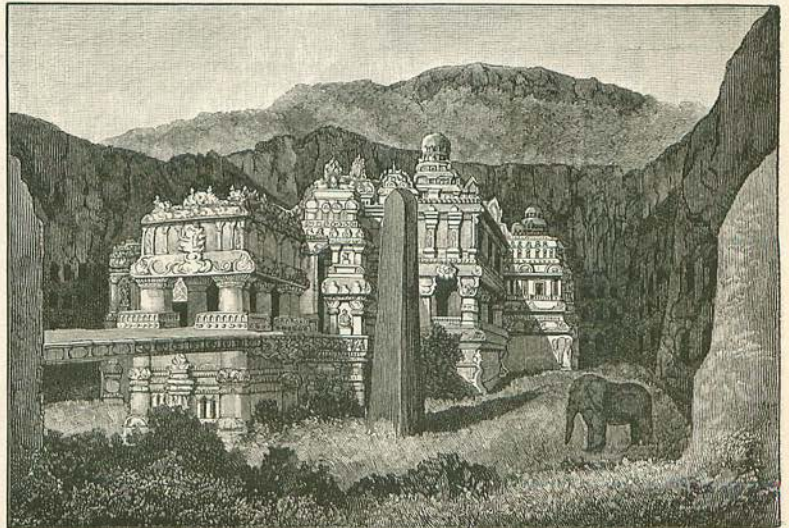
THE "SACRED PIG" AND OTHER REMAINS AT ERUN, INDIA.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

finial, on the top of which is seated Buddha, with a stone halo and sun rays around his head. Still farther to the right is another pillar, without a finial. The foreground is strewn with slabs and other remains, probably representing fallen temples."

This sketch was made one morning, during Sir Richard's annual riding tour through the country as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. His horses and camp were somewhere in the vicinity; and as far as he remembers, he rode over in the forenoon and sketched as long as he could bear the sun. At about mid-day a horse was brought for him, and he returned to the camp. His mounted escort carried the portfolio, while his paint-box reposed in his own capacious pocket.

The third picture reproduced shows the rock-cut Temple of Kylas (Sanskrit for "Paradise") at Ellora. Certainly, this is one of the little known wonders of the world. The temple is simply cut out from the solid flank of a mountain belonging to the Sautpura Range.

When this wonderful temple was quite finished, the architects turned their attention



THE WONDERFUL ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF KYLAS, AT ELLORA.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

to the surrounding surface of rock, out of which were duly excavated three rows of chambers, for the priests, monks, and attendants. It will be noticed that from the temple to one side of the surrounding rock the excavators left a passage, or causeway. Again, by the side of the temple they left a plain black obelisk, standing out in marked contrast to the brilliantly coloured temple. Near the obelisk they also left a stone elephant, exactly life-size, and from this the general scale may be gauged.

The environment of black rock forms a splendid background to this gorgeous temple; and at the time when Sir Richard's sketch was made—that is, during the rainy season—



GATEWAY OF BUDDHIST MONASTERY AT PAMIONCHI, IN SIKKIM.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

the oozing and running of water all over the rocks gave them a glossy jet colour. This sketch was made in 1862, when Sir Richard was dispatched by Lord Canning (then Viceroy of India) on a diplomatic mission to His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. Sir Richard naturally took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to see most of the magnificent things in the Nizam's dominions. The rock-cut temple was some hundreds of miles from the palace of this potentate, but Sir Richard was conveyed by mail-cart to the nearest bungalow, and he then rode over on horseback.

The next picture that figures here is the gateway of a Buddhist monastery in Pamionchi, Sikkim, east of the Himalayas.

"This," declares my accomplished informant, "is the finest and most ornate of the modern Buddhist monasteries. The exterior of the building is quite wonderful, the roof being formed of massive bamboo poles, arranged mushroom-wise, and supported by poles 70ft. or 80ft. high. This roof has, of course, to sustain the immense weight of snow in winter."

The massive wooden pillars seen in the illustration are painted reddish-brown, but blue predominates throughout, for, owing to the proximity of Tibet, the land of the turquoise, the natives have many facilities for manufacturing blues of a beauty not attainable in other lands.

The painting on the wall is done by the fresco process, and the figures represent gods and the various powers of darkness. One of them, adorned with a blue skin, has endless flames lambent around his head, and carries lightning in his hand. Also, he is standing on a pig, which, I gather, is another and less concrete edition of the one previously referred to. The god of sacred music is also shown, fingering a guitar of unknown make. Above

these interesting personages is squatted a little Buddha, in all the serenity and calmness of abstract wisdom.

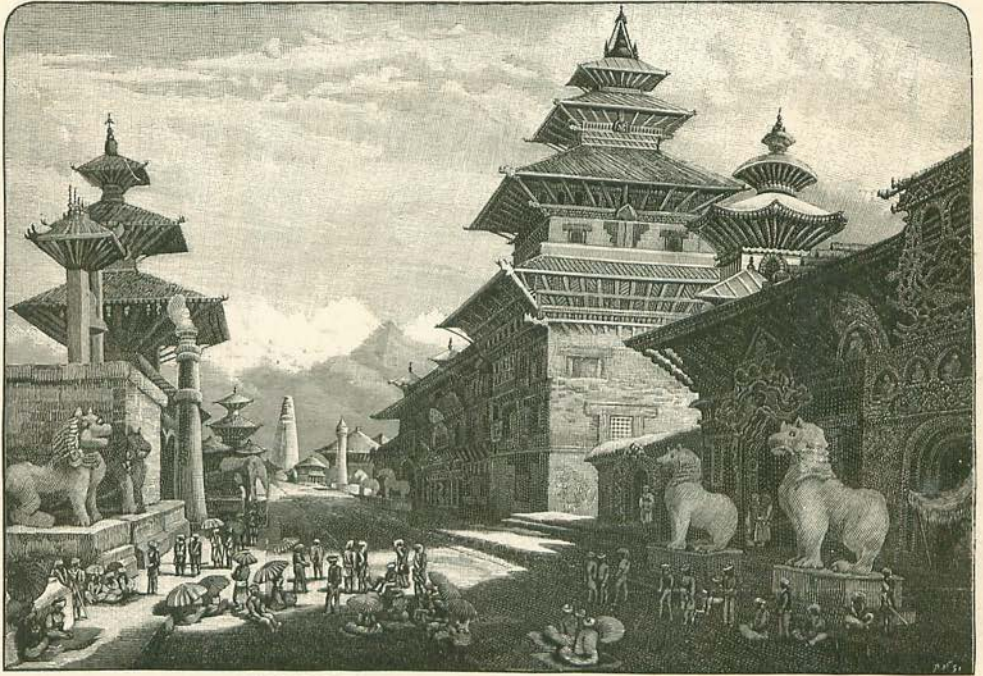
Immediately beyond the carpeted floor, which is on the brow of an ascent, is the really sublime Himalayan background. Straight up in the centre shoots a peak far higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. I asked Sir Richard about the figure squatted on the edge of the platform. This, it seems, is a priest, counting his beads and saying his prayers. Sir Richard remembered the man quite well, and actually posed him for this picture—which, by the way, was painted in 1875, when Sir Richard was touring in Sikkim. I should explain that Sikkim then formed part of the territory

under his control as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

The sketch was made in the summer season, these mountains being wholly inaccessible in tempestuous weather. Sir Richard and his staff made the ascent laboriously, spending a day and night with the monks, who have no prejudices about food, and entertained their guests right royally, the menu comprising, *inter alia*, "the best minced mutton with rice that I have ever tasted."

The last of Sir Richard Temple's pictures

teak, light grey in colour from age. The sides are made of extraordinarily long bricks, enamelled pink; and the shields, emblazoning, and windows are of brass. The griffins standing on pedestals near the basement are of grey stone from the neighbouring mountains. Beyond are seen stupendous mountains—"a good 25,000ft. above the level of the sea." The figures in the foreground are the natives who visit the place to attend service at the temple; and they greatly add to the brightness of the scene. The soldiers standing about form



NEOPOLIS TEMPLE AT PATUN, NEAR KATMANDOO, NEPAUL.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

reproduced here is one that hangs in the dining-room at Heath Brow. It shows the Neopolis Temple at Patun, near the capital, Katmandoo, in the Nepaul Valley. Sir Richard believes he is almost the only European that has ever visited this weird and extraordinary district.

The style is unique among Hindu temples, simply because it is not Hindu at all, being borrowed from the Chinese. The central tower is built in compartments, and the finial is copper-gilt; the first compartment is also of copper-gilt, which takes bluish hues from verdegriis under atmospheric influence. The roofs of the next three compartments are tiled, and the supports of the roof are of

part of the guard kept by the Government for the sacred place.

The sketch for this elaborate and glowing picture was made in 1875, when Sir Richard was Governor of Bengal. Nepaul was not under his jurisdiction, but, by the courtesy of the Nepaulese Sovereigns, he was taken for many unique excursions. Sir Richard was then staying with the British Resident at Katmandoo, and was driven over in the King's carriages, with his staff, to see the place shown in the picture. The versatile baronet found this subject so difficult that he thought it necessary to have the perspective tested by one of the engineer officers of his staff.



COLONEL SAUNDERSON.
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

Now, my next appointment, on leaving Heath Brow, was with gallant, rollicking Colonel Saunderson, in Deanery Street, Park Lane. My cabman turned out of South Audley Street into this curious little thoroughfare with such a tremendous flourish (I was rather in a hurry), that an austere 'bus driver sarcastically inquired whether he "wanted to be broke up." He did not; and he said so in unmistakable language.

One may judge even from a photograph of Colonel Saunderson that he is every inch a fighter. As a *raconteur* I feel sure he is unrivalled in society, and abundant evidence of his artistic ability is here forthcoming.

Colonel Saunderson's electioneering experiences would make interesting and amusing reading, but their place, unfortunately, is not here. Those who know anything of politics, however, will infer a great deal from the fact that the gallant Colonel's political campaigns have almost invariably been conducted in the wildest parts of Ireland, where the constituents to be wooed are of the interesting type depicted here—a type supposed by intelligent people to exist only in the imagination of the bigoted caricaturist. I hinted that the portrait was possibly a little extravagant—even impossible. "Not a bit," was the cheery, vigorous rejoinder; "fellows like that are to be seen in our part in millions."

"This sketch is from life," the Colonel went on, "and I remember the man and the incident perfectly well. It was in North Armagh,

and I was unopposed; therefore my constituents were pining for a common enemy, a fight on these occasions being absolutely essential. As no enemy, common or otherwise, could be found, they philosophically turned upon each other, rent each other, and broke each other's heads with

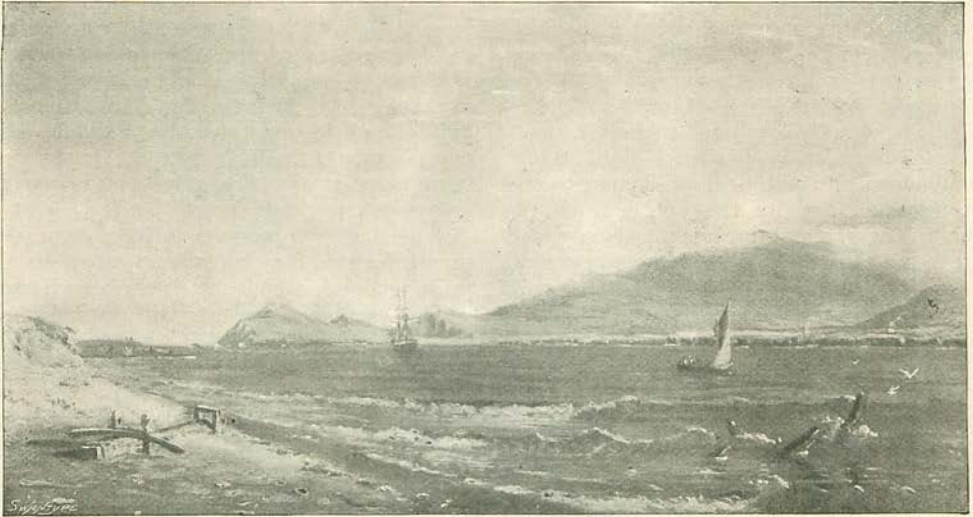


A DISSATISFIED CONSTITUENT OF THE COLONEL'S.
From a Sketch by Colonel Saunderson.

orthodox blackthorns and considerable enthusiasm. When the riot had subsided somewhat, I made a speech from the window of the court-house, and was frequently interrupted by the individual whose pen-and-ink portrait I have just given you. At last he could stand it no longer. 'Shet up, Sandtherson, ye're a bore,' he called out, with intense disgust. 'Me impooles was wid ye,' he went on earnestly, 'till ye made yer



A "LIGHTNING CARICATURE."
From a Sketch by Colonel Saunderson.



BRANDON MOUNTAIN AND SMERWICK HARBOUR.
From the Painting by Colonel Saunderson.

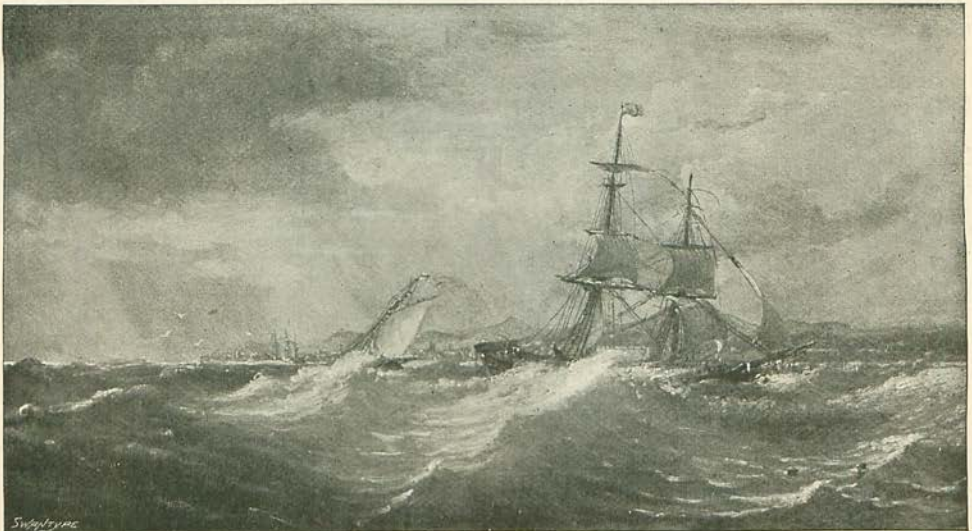
foo-poo.'” The “false step” referred to by this extraordinary Irishman is a political matter to which further reference is unnecessary. “So far as I remember the man,” said Colonel Saunderson to me, “he was a unique and wonderful mass of rags.”

The next drawing of the Colonel’s was done specially for this article, and as it was finished while I waited, it may be described as a “lightning caricature” of Mr. Gladstone, duly signed by the artist. He worked at it diligently in his study while I examined his bicycle and the two oil-paintings that are also

reproduced. “I want to give the Old Man the fierce expression I have so often seen him wear,” remarked the Colonel, anxiously, as, putting aside his cigar, he plied with still greater diligence his pen and his *finger* alternately.

The two framed oil-paintings by Colonel Saunderson that are next reproduced are sea-pieces. The Colonel is fond of the sea, and is, moreover, a practical yacht and ship designer.

The subject of the first picture is “Brandon Mountain and Smerwick Harbour”; it was



DUBLIN BAY AND KINGSTOWN.
From the Painting by Colonel Saunderson.

painted in 1868. On the coast to the left in the picture a large part of the Spanish Armada put in for shelter, in the hope of being well received by a Catholic people. "The interesting natives," remarked the Colonel, grimly, "promptly butchered them to a man." Colonel Saunderson prepared this picture from pencil and water-colour sketches done on the spot, and he then dashed off the whole thing in about three days. He pointed out to me that the waves in the foreground are somewhat smudgy. "This," he said, "happened in the following way: When the painting was finished, I put it on a chair to dry; and presently in came our old Scotch nurse with one of the babies in her arms. Not noticing that the picture was on the chair, she promptly sat on both, whereupon I sprang at her and dragged her roughly away, crying, 'You wretched woman; just look at what you've done!' The poor old girl thought I was out of my mind."

The Colonel went on to say that he made many sketches in this part of Kerry; and that the natives are fine people, "very pleasant, indeed, so long as you refrain from asking for rent. This they look upon as an impertinence which they feel justified in actively resenting."

The second oil-painting of Colonel Saunderson's depicts Dublin Bay and Kingstown. On the extreme left lies Dalkey Island, and the guardship is also shown. A pilot cutter, known by her flag, is gliding swiftly over the shallow sea; and it may be mentioned that in this part of the ocean there are very violent breakers far out from the shore. In the foreground is seen a collier brig running in before the wind. "She came into Dublin Bay with her sails blown

away," remarked the Colonel; "but if I remember rightly, she managed to escape.

"Do you know," said Colonel Saunderson, as I rose to go, "I really believe that if I had worked hard I might in time have become a fifth-rate marine painter; but I didn't. The many daubs I have perpetrated in bygone years help, at any rate, to cover the nakedness of my Irish home." The gallant Colonel is over-modest. Even from the point of view of a professional artist, his oil-paintings reach a high standard of excellence.

The excessive modesty of distinguished

M.P.'s was the greatest difficulty I had to contend with in preparing this article. The Hon. E. Blake "drew nothing—not even a long bow"; and Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry—to whom I looked for some piquant Irish sketches—"had never acquired the facility of drawing more than two straight lines, and those only across cheques." The Hon. George N. Curzon, our distinguished Under-

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was afraid that his "sketches and caricatures—such as they are—are hardly of a character that invites or merits reproduction." Ultimately, however, Mr. Curzon yielded, and lent the light of his countenance—in a dual sense—to my "gallery."

I called by appointment at Mr. Curzon's house—a vast and truly palatial mansion in Carlton House Terrace, and was presently ushered across the immense marble-paved hall, into the presence of the brilliant young statesman.

Mr. Curzon at once produced an old album wherein cuttings of all kinds were pasted—from poems, articles, and political speeches, to menus of famous banquets, and miscellaneous sketches by himself. One of these



"A FELLOW OF ALL SOULS."
From a Sketch by Mr. Curzon.



MR. NUGENT BANKES IN THE FIFTH FORM AT ETON.
From a Sketch by Mr. Curzon.

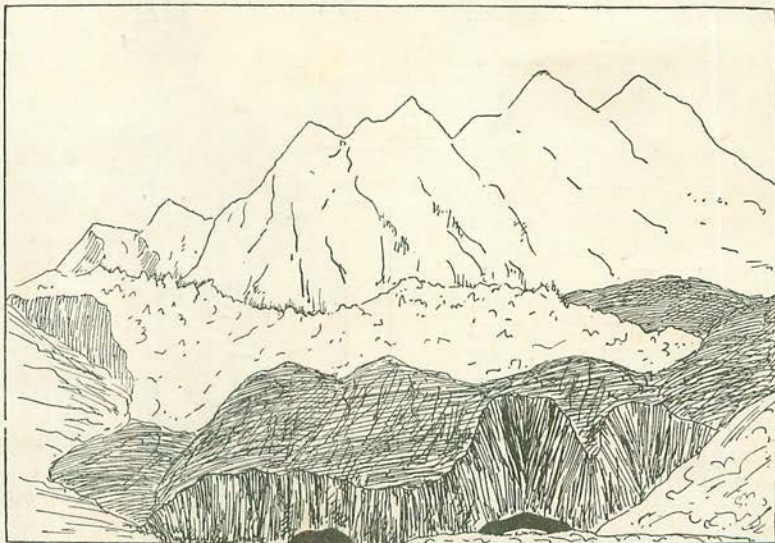
latter is reproduced here. The subject, Mr. Curzon tells me, is the Hon. and Rev. H. W. Bertie, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. The sketch is dated 1885; it was drawn during one of the meetings that were held for the purpose of discussing the business of the College, of which Mr. Curzon was also a Fellow. Mr. Bertie died last year at the age of eighty-five. "He was at Eton with Mr. Gladstone, you know," remarked Mr. Curzon; "and he was for ever reeling out anecdotes about that great statesman, whose political principles, however, were to him anathema." Here Mr. Curzon took a pen from his desk, and added a few finishing touches to the portrait, protesting the while that it was wholly unworthy of reproduction in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

The second sketch by our Foreign Under-Secretary is marked in the album, "G. Nugent Bankes, author of 'A Day of My Life at Eton,' etc.—1879." This caricature was drawn on a sheet of writing-paper during school hours at Eton, the subject being at that time in the fifth form with Mr. Curzon.

"I think it a capital portrait," remarked Mr. Curzon; "the expression's quite excellent. I remember him as a fat little chap, whose feet didn't quite touch the floor as he sat in the form. It is a remarkable fact, though, having regard to the general appearance of Mr. Nugent Bankes in this sketch, that he was possessed of an inexhaustible fund of humour, and was, moreover, extremely clever. His book, called 'A Day of My Life at Eton,' had quite a remarkable sale, and was written while the author was yet a schoolboy at Eton."

As everyone knows, Mr. Curzon is one of the greatest living authorities on the East. After a conspicuously brilliant University career, he travelled in the remotest parts of the world for many years, one result of which was that he produced a monumental book on Persia, followed up with works on Central

Asia, and on China, Japan, and the Korea. Naturally, therefore, I was extremely glad when Mr. Curzon hastily crossed his spacious study, and presently returned with the unique and valuable sketch reproduced here. In order that there should be no mistake about it, the eminent traveller placed the double sheet of cartridge paper on his desk, and wrote in pencil at the side: "The True Source of the River Oxus, in the Hindu Kûsh, done on the spot by G. N. C., Sept. 27th, 1894." Mr. Curzon assures me that the sketch has never before been published; and further, that no European has ever before penetrated to this remote spot. Immense mountains are seen in the background of the sketch; then comes the glacier itself, crinkled with huge bumps of ice; next come the moraine and débris, and then the sheer edge of the precipice, about 70ft. high. It will be seen that beneath the glacier are two caverns; the openings of these are about 6ft. high. Mr. Curzon tells me that, standing out a little way from the caverns, he could look right into the interior, where great masses of



THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER OXUS IN THE HINDU KÛSH.
From the Original Sketch by Mr. Curzon.

ice were being crushed together by the issuing waters.

A tiny stream flows from each cavern, and both unite a few yards from their source. Mr. Curzon was sure that if he crept into either of the caverns, the water would not reach higher than his hips. We have not reproduced here a photograph of Mr. Curzon, as a complete set of his portraits will be found on page 306.

M.P.'s as Artists.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

II.

WE all know Sir Herbert E. Maxwell as a distinguished authority on natural history and archæology, but few are aware that he is an artist of no mean ability. And, furthermore, he is an acute observer. Together we were looking through some studies of cows, probably intended by Sir Herbert for use in an elaborate oil-painting. "Talking of cows," he remarked to me, in his own gentle way, "Londoners have a capital example offered them just now of cockney ignorance of pastoral science. A huge advertisement of condensed milk may be seen on hoardings about the town—less offensive than most of its kind, though, for it is really a beautiful bit of work. It represents a lovely Alpine valley, with verdant upland lawns in the foreground and snowy peaks beyond. No doubt this is a faithful picture, well executed, of the source of supply; but why has the artist stocked the picture with beefy English shorthorns, instead of dun Swiss cows?"

When I first approached Sir Herbert Maxwell on the subject of this article, he assured me he had given up art for some years; moreover, all the examples he had at his town house in Lennox Gardens were a few oil sketches, which might or might not suit my purpose. Lady Maxwell, however, came to my assistance. She suggested that Sir Herbert should send to Monreith for the two big albums wherein were deposited hundreds of water-colour drawings, sketches, pictorial social skits, and numerous other miscellaneous examples of Sir Herbert's art, ranging from caricatures to gorgeous heraldic designs in scarlet and gold. Monreith is the Maxwell seat in Wigtownshire.

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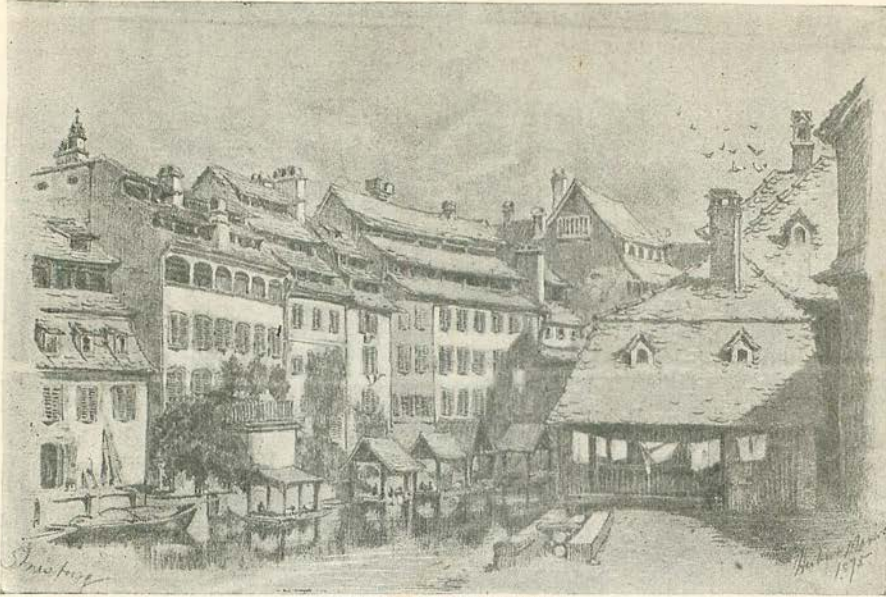
The albums were duly sent for; but while they were in my possession for the purpose of making a selection, Sir Herbert was appointed British delegate to the International Conference on the Protection of Wild Birds Useful to Agriculture. This imposing body met in Paris. However, Sir Herbert was only absent a few days, and I lost no time in paying him another visit the moment he returned to town.

The first of Sir Herbert Maxwell's sketches reproduced here is a street scene in Strasbourg. "I was in Strasbourg with a friend in 1875," explained Sir Herbert. "No," he went on, "it wasn't a sketching expedition really, although we sketched any number of subjects as we went along. We stayed in Strasbourg about a week. This particular sketch was drawn and finished on the spot. I remember it was a frightfully hot day, and we sat on the parapet at the side of the canal and worked for a couple of hours or so. The scene would rather resemble a bit of Venice were it not for the washing boats, on which all the clothes of the city are washed—unless, of course, they have other arrangements now.

"I should think I made at least twenty sketches while in Strasbourg," Sir Herbert continued. "One day we two were sketching on the ramparts, when the wall-patrol came along and ordered us off. We didn't quite understand what he was talking about, but there was no mistaking his intention. We intimated that we should not again offend in this way, and then went right outside what we considered the ramparts. Here we resumed operations, having capital material at hand. The patrol came along again, though, from which it is evident that he had kept an eye on us. He was, or pretended to be, utterly



SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.
From a Photo. by Barrauda.



STREET SCENE IN STRASBOURG.
From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

horrified to behold us 'at it again,' and he arrested both of us forthwith. We were then taken through the streets, and as by this time word had gone round that two spies had been seized red-handed, we were followed to the guard-house by a huge mob that hooted and shrieked, and threw things in a manner that may have been patriotic, but certainly was intensely exasperating. Then, the guard-sergeant could speak neither English nor French, and we didn't know German; so there was a considerable delay. An officer arrived at last, however, and to him we explained matters in French. Not many hours after this we were out of Strasbourg altogether."

The accompanying book-illustration was done by Sir Herbert at a time when the influence of Ruskin was very strong upon him. There were four of these illustrations in the album, and the detail in each was so very fine that the drawing resembled a reproduction. In working on these, Sir Herbert used a steel crow-quill. These drawings were intended to illustrate a French fairy tale of the last century, which Sir Herbert partially translated with a view to publication. The tale is called "Acajou and Zilbride," and is something of a literary curiosity. In Sir Herbert's album the drawing reproduced here bears the inscription: "Pikelenay arrives at the capital of Minutia"—possibly a recondite allusion to the labour involved in its execution.

"Of course, these pictures are purely imaginary," Sir Herbert remarked. "No doubt

they were suggested by some pantomime or burlesque," he added, with masterly bathos.

Sir Herbert tells me that he worked as a student at South Kensington in 1868. He took up art as a profession because he was an



"PIKELENAY ARRIVES AT THE CAPITAL OF MINUTIA."
Book-Illustration by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.



Phonetic Spelling
Wally, Looz Mawry, did you evah heah such
wot, as they talk about phonetic spelling? How
wum wuhds would look if they were
written awee pwoounce them

AN EXAMPLE OF SIR HERBERT
 MAXWELL'S COMIC BLACK-
 AND-WHITE WORK.

idle man, so to speak, without too much means; and it seemed to be a congenial occupation, as well as one supplementary to those means. Sir Herbert took up art steadily for seven years, painting both in oil and water-colour. He also exhibited a few things—chiefly landscapes—in the Scottish Academy. Then his father died, and he succeeded to large estates in Wigtownshire; two years later he entered the House of Commons.

The next picture may be described as a sketch for a journal of the *Punch* order, and reveals the baronet in the light of a comic black-and-white artist. At one time Sir Herbert used to go in a great deal for this kind of thing, but his friends invariably clamoured for such sketches; so much so, in fact, that this is the only one that remains in the possession of the artist. Sir Herbert Maxwell is one of those fortunate men who need never fear poverty. This drawing shows observation, humour, and power, and its author would certainly have succeeded in art even if he had not succeeded his father. Sir Herbert came under the influence of Ruskin while at Oxford, just when the great master's writings were in their first popularity. "I don't think he takes you by a good course to represent things," Sir Herbert remarked to me. "I had to get rid of his influence before I was able to do even what I did. Ruskin's instructions tended to cramp: to copy

very small details, such as grasses, stones, seeds, and the like."

The last example given of Sir Herbert Maxwell's artistic work is a first-rate character study. The old gentleman depicted is Mr. Carrick Moore, of the Geological Society, and the sketch was made at the villa of Lady Maxwell (Sir Herbert's mother) at Bournemouth. Lady Maxwell and Mr. Moore were playing chess together after dinner,

and while the latter was contemplating a new move he was rapidly sketched by Sir Herbert from the other end of the room. Sir Herbert was at this time perpetually on the look-out for good subjects; and his subject on this occasion was quite unaware of his object.



THE CHESS PLAYER.
 From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

A few weeks ago I called at the Marquis of Granby's beautiful house in Bruton Street; and the moment I entered the cosy little study I realized that the noble Marquis must have a predilection for the sea. The walls were simply covered with seascapes of every conceivable kind, and obviously representing diverse latitudes. I remarked on this, whereupon Lord Granby, after requesting me to be seated, gave the following interesting account of his artistic training: "When I was quite a little boy I was taught drawing by Mr. J. C. Schetky, sometime Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen. This artist had been a friend of our family almost for generations, and spent most of his time at Belvoir Castle (the magnificent seat of the Duke of Rutland in Leicestershire). Mr. Schetky continued to paint when he was considerably over eighty; and, see, there is a sketch he did for me shortly before his death." Here the Marquis pointed out a beautiful water-colour drawing at the back of his writing-table: "Presented as a souvenir to the Hon. Henry Manners by his friend, J. C. Schetky, on January 25th, 1863." The sketch illustrates a nautical incident in "Tom Bowling."

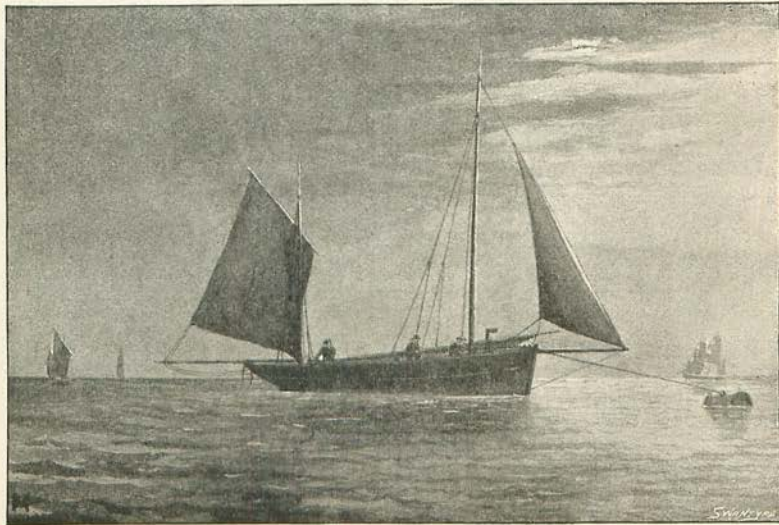
"Mr. Schetky," resumed Lord Granby, "taught me to draw marine subjects almost exclusively, and took infinite pains to initiate me into the mysteries of rigging and nautical matters of the like nature." Plainly, the influence of the master never left the pupil. The



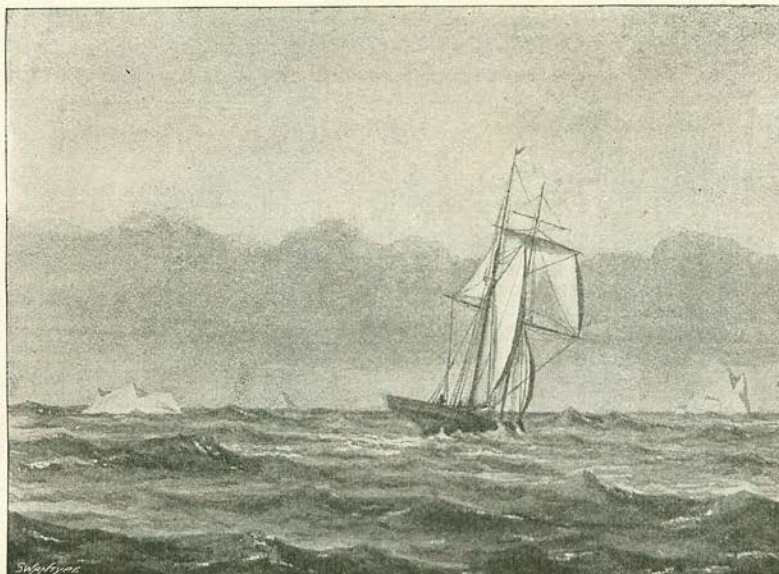
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.
From a Photo. by Franz Baum, Old Bond Street.

noble Marquis says that whenever he is cruising in his yacht, or merely staying at one of our seaside resorts, he is always on the look-out for congenial subjects such as that reproduced here. Most of Lord Granby's sepia and Indian ink sketches of this kind were done at Folkestone. "I love the sea," the Marquis declared, "and have spent many, many years of my life upon it. I'm afraid you won't be able to include me in your list, though," he went on, smilingly, "for I am no longer an M.P.; my brother, Lord Edward Manners, has taken my place."

Here is another little drawing by Lord Granby. Let the noble artist tell its story: "Some few years ago—I think it was in 1882 or 1883—I had a great deal of time on hand, and was rather at a loss to know what to do with it. Eventually, I thought I would take a trip to Canada, so I booked a passage from Liverpool by one of the Allan line of steamers. When we were about a hundred miles from the banks of Newfoundland, a dense fog came on; worse still, the summer being both very hot and very early, there were hosts



FISHING BOAT.
Sketched by Lord Granby, at night, near Folkestone.



A NEWFOUNDLAND COD-BOAT AMONG THE ICEBERGS.
From a Drawing by the Marquis of Granby.

of icebergs about. Just as the fog was lifting, the cod-boat you see in the sketch had the narrowest possible escape of being run down by the immense liner. As we sheered off from the little vessel I sketched her, together with the icebergs in her vicinity."

Lord Granby then went on to relate many interesting reminiscences of his Mediterranean cruises, and his adventures during the riots that preceded the Egyptian War. For during that exciting period the noble Marquis went off from Cairo, on sketching expeditions, up the Nile, almost as far as Khartoum.

The next artist that figures here is Mr. J. Williams Benn, the energetic "member for London" in the last Parliament. At the General Election Mr. Benn was defeated by the narrow majority of four votes, but he still remains an active member of the London County Council. He used to lecture at the institutes on art matters—on Cruikshank, Caldecott, and Japanese art; he also attained considerable fame as a lightning caricaturist at public meet-



MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN.
From a Photograph.

ings, wherefore is he an invaluable ally at election times.

I saw Mr. Benn at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which, at certain seasons, becomes a kind of Parliamentary barracks. He told me he has always had a taste for art—ever since he was thrashed by his mother for decorating her drawing-room walls with a blue pencil.

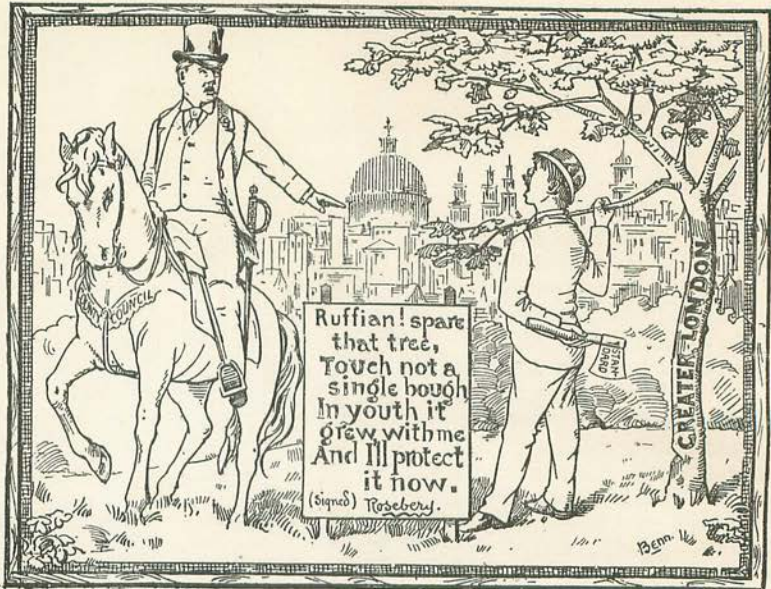
The first of Mr. Benn's sketches reproduced on the next page is

taken from an unpublished "Christmas number" with which he presented his colleagues on the London County Council, shortly after joining that well-known body in 1890. The "number" consisted of about thirty drawings, and about 130 copies were produced. For the most part these drawings were supposed to be designs for statuary and stained-glass windows wherewith to decorate the prospective municipal palace in Spring Gardens.

In the first design, Sir Arthur Arnold, the Chairman of the Council—who is strongly opposed to the payment of councillors—figures as Cromwell ordering the removal of "that bauble"—which, in this particular instance, assumes the very acceptable form of a bag containing £2,000, the proposed salary of the vice-chairman. Mr. Benn showed me many other drawings of a similar character. One was an effective statuesque group, "Theseus Macdougallus Overcoming the Centaur Musichallus," which needs no comment whatever.

In the next sketch we

see our late Premier making a pathetic appeal to a "woodman" of a peculiarly low type. With regard to Lord Rosebery's association with the Council, it may be remembered that during his first year of chairmanship the Shah came to London, and the noble lord was very anxious that the trees of the Thames Embankment should not be injured by sight-seers desirous of beholding Nasr-ed-Din



CARTOON FOR THE PARKS AND OPEN SPACES COMMITTEE ROOM.
From a Sketch by Mr. J. W. Benn.

and his priceless jewels. Lord Rosebery therefore issued a special request to the public with the view of insuring this; and as the L.C.C. was very much to the fore just then, Mr. Benn seized upon the tree incident as a subject for a sketch.

An article dealing with accomplishments



DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.
By Mr. J. W. Benn.



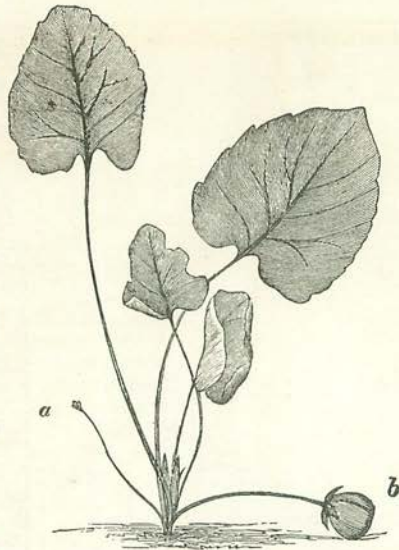
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.
From a Photo. by Barrauds.

of any kind would be incomplete without Sir John Lubbock, banker, statesman, and scientist. I therefore called at 2, St. James's Square, and was shown into the inner entrance-hall, at the foot of the grand stair-

case—a magnificent apartment, upholstered in crimson satin. Presently Sir John came down, and, after expressing a hope that he hadn't kept me waiting long, he led the way to his study. "I'm afraid you'll think I brought you here under false pretences," he remarked, smilingly; "for all I've done in the way of drawing is a few diagrams illustrating experiments in natural history." Sir John elected to illustrate for me a few of the wonderful and interesting means of dispersion possessed by certain seeds. One of our own European species—the *Xanthium Spinosum*—has, he tells me, been rapidly spread over the whole of South Africa, the seeds being carried in the wool of sheep.

Here is a sketch, by Sir John himself, of the common sweet violet, of which it is often said—for instance, by Vaucher—that it sows its own seeds. As the stalk elongates, the seed-capsule droops, and finally touches the earth. Then comes the rain, which loosens the soil; and when the seeds are fully ripe the capsule opens by three valves and allows them to escape.

In the dog violet, however, the case is very different. Though pendant when young, the capsules are less fleshy; and at maturity they erect themselves, as seen in the accompanying illustration. They stand up boldly above the rest of the plant and open by the three equal valves, each of which contains a row of from three to five smooth, brown seeds. As the walls of the valves become drier, they contract, thus tending to squeeze out the seeds. These, however, resist at first; but at length the attachment of the seed to its base gives way, and it is ejected several-feet, this being



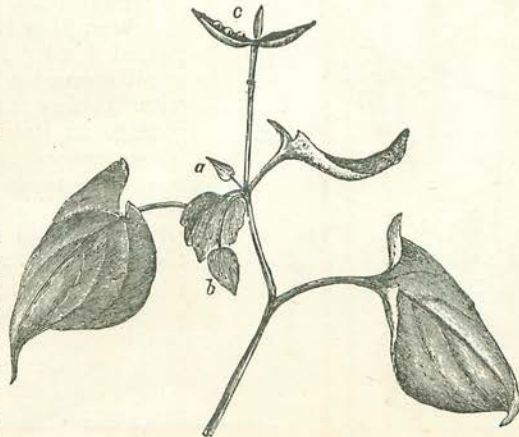
Viola hirta.
a, young bud; b, ripe seed capsule.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

much facilitated by its form and smoothness. Sir John has known a gathered specimen to throw a seed nearly ten feet.

What is the reason for this difference between the species of violets? The one buries its capsules among the moss and leaves upon the ground, while the other raises them aloft, and throws the seeds to seek their fortunes in the world. The reason is, Sir John believes, to be found in the different mode of growth. The dog violet is a plant with an elongated stalk, and it is easy, therefore, for the capsule to raise itself above the grass and other low herbage among which violets grow. The other species has, so to speak, no stalk, the leaves being radical—that is, rising from the root.

Then there are moving seeds, which perform quite a little journey. Perhaps the most wonderful of these is that of the South European grass known as *Stipa Pennata*, one of the seeds of which Sir John has sketched. This seed is small, with a sharp point, and short, stiff hairs pointing backwards. The upper end of the seed is produced into a fine, twisted, corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain portion attached to a long and beautiful feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. Swiss Alpine guides, Sir John tells me, sometimes wear plumes of this grass in their caps.

Briefly, the story of the dispersion and sowing of this seed is as follows. It is first of all blown away by the wind; then it falls to the ground point downwards, as is natural from its formation. Sooner or later a shower comes on to soften the earth, and then the breeze catches the feather, causes the corkscrew to

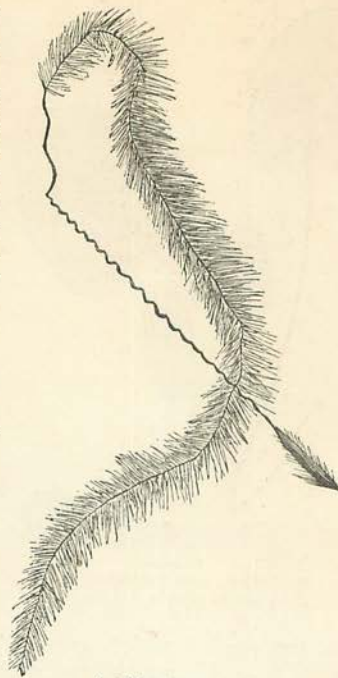


Viola canina.
a, bud; b, bud more advanced; c, capsule open, some of the seeds are already thrown.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

revolve, and so gradually screws the seed into the earth.

The next sketch was made by Sir John after he had determined for himself the throwing of the seeds under consideration. The plant is the geranium known as the Herb Robert, and the drawing shows the gradual development of the seeds from the withering of the flower onwards.

Being at High Elms, his seat in Kent, Sir John one day gathered a specimen of this geranium, and retired with it to his billiard-room. He then placed it in an upright natural position in a glass on the billiard-table, over half of which he spread a sheet that reached to the wall. He looked in from time to time to see how things were going on, and at last found that four out of the five seeds had been thrown. Sir John could not at first find them, though,



Seed of *Stipa pennata*
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

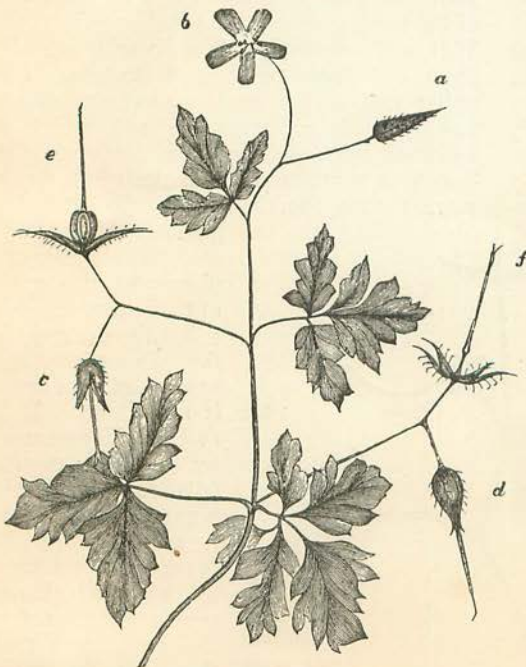
as he had no idea of their having been thrown so far. The seeds were eventually found on the sheet near the wall, having been thrown nearly 22ft. from the plant.

I am paying Mr. W. S. Caine no extravagant compliment when I describe him as one of the most conscientious and hard-working members of Parliament that ever served a constituency. Only, he is not an M.P. now; he assures me, however, that his exclusion is quite temporary. My interview with Mr. Caine took place at his house on the north side of Clapham Common.

The redoubtable champion of the temperance cause is something of a traveller. He has thoroughly "done" India, and has written a book thereon; and he journeyed round the world in 1887-88, thereby fulfilling the primary duty of the ideal member of Parliament.

Instead of reproducing a photograph of Mr. Caine, I show on the next page a sketch by himself, wherein he is depicted "paddling his own canoe" in the Rocky Mountains. This sketch was made by Mr. Caine after an abortive day's fishing in the Bow River; but, perhaps, I had better let him tell his own story:—

"The following day we" (his daughter, Miss Hannah Caine, accompanied him) "explored one of the small streams tributary to the Bow, with a view to learning how to manage an Indian birch-bark canoe. These canoes are so light that a boy can lift one out of the water and carry it on his back. The paddler sits or kneels in the stern and propels the canoe with a broad, single-bladed paddle, steering with a sort of back-stroke that takes a good deal of learning. However, I managed to canoe my daughter up two or three miles of a running brook, and across the beautiful Vermillion Lake, whose banks were a wild tangle of brush-wood, poplar, and maple—a perfect blaze of autumn red and gold, out



HERB ROBERT (*Geranium robertianum*).
a, bud. b, flower after the petals have fallen; c, flower with seeds nearly ripe; d, flower with ripe seeds; f, flower after throwing seeds.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.



MR. W. S. CAINE AND HIS DAUGHTER, ON THE BOW RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine.

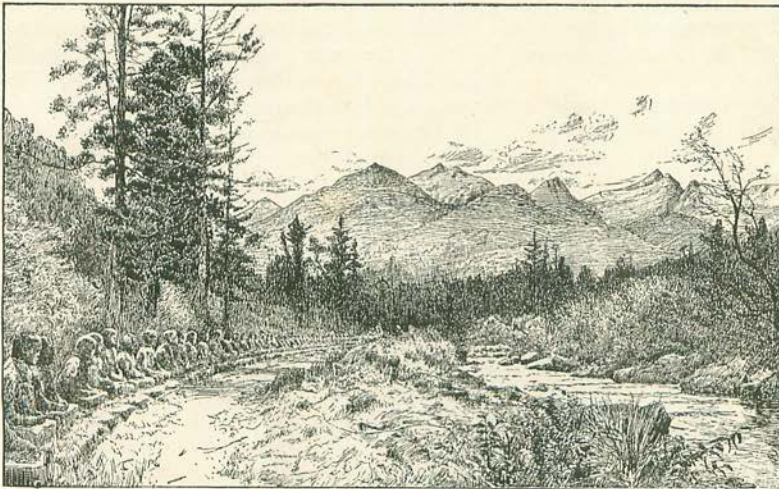
of which sprang sombre pines and cedars. Behind these were the snow-clad mountains, the whole perfectly repeated on the placid surface of the water."

The next illustration is reproduced from a framed drawing by Mr. Caine that hangs on the staircase of the big house overlooking Clapham Common. This shows the famous images of Amida Buddha, near Nikko, Japan. Describing this sketch, Mr. Caine

side, contemplating, with great serenity of countenance, the noble range of the Nan-tai-San Mountains. Here and there some of the heads have been knocked off by Shinto blasphemers, or by cockney tourists, who behold in this vast row of gods a mere glorified cocoa-nut shy. It is supposed to be impossible to count this long row of images, and while the rest of the party engaged in the attempt to do so, I amused myself

in making a sketch of this extraordinary spot."

The last of Mr. Caine's pictures reproduced here is a sketch of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. "Every morning we used to go out upon the roof of our hotel to get a view of the wonderful mountain, which appears so constantly upon the various products of Japanese art



IMAGES OF BUDDHA, NIKKO, JAPAN.
From a Sketch by Mr. W. S. Caine.

said: "One morning we went up the valley to get a view of the Nikko range, following a path by the banks of a brawling trout stream. Two miles from the town we reached the far-famed images of Amida Buddha, arranged in a long row of many hundreds by the river-

and manufacture. You will find a view of Fujiyama painted on paper and woven into textile fabrics; worked upon lacquer and pottery; carved in relief on the panels of cabinets; and chased on bronze vases."



FUJIVAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine.

My list of "M.P.'s as Artists" comes to an end with Sir Charles Dilke, whom I saw at 76, Sloane Street, after his triumphant electioneering campaign in Gloucestershire. Like many other distinguished men, Sir Charles has been in many lands. "In 1866-67, I followed England round the world," he said. "Everywhere I went I was in English-speaking or English-governed lands."

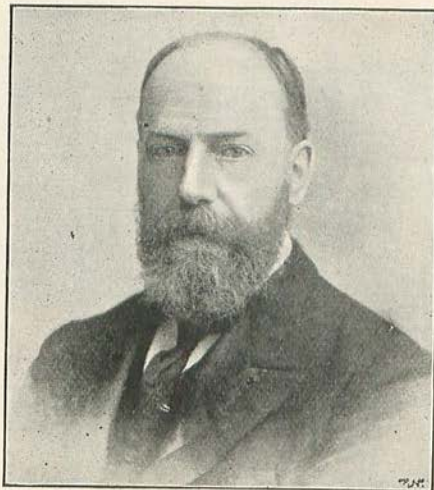
Sir Charles has many interesting stories to relate about his sojourn in New Zealand. "On one occasion I was sketching the head of a venerable old dame named Oriuhia-té-Aka, when my subject intimated that she wanted to see what I was doing. I showed her the sketch and explained things as far as I could, whereupon she broke into a torrent of abuse in the liquid and much-bevowelled Maori tongue. After some time I was given to understand that, owing to the omission of certain elegant tattoo designs that adorned the lady's chin, she did not consider my drawing a good portrait. I immediately added the requisite

stripes and curves, and, on noting this improvement, the subject of my sketch became so exuberant that I almost feared she would embrace me."

A few weeks after this incident Sir Charles accompanied Dr. Featherston, the Government agent, to Parewanui Pah, where negotiations were to be concluded for the purchase of a large tract of land required by the Provincial Government of Wellington. The price was agreed upon, and the only difficulty in the matter was to divide the money between the various tribes. One tribe had owned the

land from prehistoric times; another declared they had conquered it; while a third chief up and spake in the name of his people, affirming that his ancestors had been roasted and made into savoury dishes on the land, which was, therefore, obviously sacred to himself and his tribe. Many speeches followed, the most eloquent and poetic of all being that of a young brave, who was clad in one of the skirts of his half-caste wife.

Not the least insignificant item in this ex-



SIR CHARLES DILKE, BART.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.



PORIA, THE MAORI JESTER.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.

traordinary conference was Poria, the jester, whose portrait, drawn on the spot by Sir Charles Dilke, is reproduced here. The framed picture hangs in one of the spare bedrooms of Sir Charles's house in Sloane Street, but was lent me for use in this article.

While the chiefs of the opposing tribes were haranguing their followers, in support of their claims, this half-mad buffoon, turned for the time being into a kind of self-appointed *advocatus diaboli*, went about interrupting and mimicking everyone who happened to be orating. Nor was Poria's playful spirit quelled by the incredible amount of kicking and buffeting he received indiscriminately from all parties.

No sooner was the sale definitely settled than a solemn grief came over the people.

"We have sold the graves of our ancestors," they said; a statement that was true only in a limited degree, for a large proportion of their ancestors had no grave at all, unless we regard as sepulchres the capacious stomachs of their cannibal kindred. However this may be, the wife of Hamuéra created a diversion by seizing her husband's greenstone club, and rushing out from the ranks of the women in order to sing a mournful impromptu song on the subject of the "deal" just concluded. Sir Charles Dilke also sketched Hamuéra's wife, and her portrait is given in the accompanying illustration.

There was a grand war-dance arranged next day, when this same Maori belle assumed the rôle of the mad prophetess, inciting the warriors with frightful grimaces and appalling yells.



HAMUÉRA'S WIFE, BEMOANING THE SALE OF THE LAND.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.