



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY AT WORK IN MRS. E. M. WARD'S STUDIO.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd. Taken by the special permission of the Duchess of Albany.

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Illustrated Interviews.

LX.—MRS. E. M. WARD.

“ROYALTIES AS ARTISTS.”

BY RALPH W. MAUDE.



SURELY there could not be a more business-like looking studio than Mrs. Ward's! There are easels everywhere—big easels, little easels, easels with nothing on them, easels with drawings of the simplest kind, easels with elaborate pictures. Then in every corner of the room, on every table, on every chair, on every cabinet, even on the floor itself, are there things that pertain to the teaching of art. I almost tripped over a most abandoned-looking lay figure, with an Indian shawl over her stuffed shoulders; there was a horse's leg resting against a bust; there were paints and pencils and drawing-pins all over the place; and finally there was the result of all this delightful confusion in the shape of the work of Mrs. Ward's many pupils.

“I am so sorry to have kept you waiting,” Mrs. Ward said, “but my pupils have only just gone, and no member of your sex,
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except the Academicians, who kindly visit from time to time, is ever allowed in here while they are at work! But now I'm quite free. Isn't this place in a terrible mess? I am always trying to keep it tidy; but it's quite impossible.”

Mrs. Ward propped up the lay figure as she spoke, and when we had removed a mystic-looking plaster hand from one chair and a flower-pot from the other, we sat down.

“Yours was practically the first art school of its kind, was it not, Mrs. Ward?” I asked.

“Yes, absolutely. You see, when my husband died, I wanted to do something beside my painting, and the idea which has resulted in this struck me. You have no idea how I was discouraged, though. Everybody said that it could not possibly succeed. Sir Frederick Leighton, among others, did his best to dissuade me. But I am a determined person, and I had my way. Nineteen years ago I started my



MRS. E. M. WARD.

From a Drawing by herself, made specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

first studio at 6, William Street, with four pupils, and in a very short while I had to refuse any number of people. And you see I'm still a teacher!"

Mrs. Ward need not have told me that determination was one of her characteristics. If determination were ever written on a face, it is on hers, and her energy, I

their mother at the piano, singing the National Anthem—was also by her, and was one of her earliest works. Still, Mrs. Ward's hand has lost none of its cunning, and her energy is now quite the same as that which impelled her to exhibit at the Academy at the age of fifteen, and to go on exhibiting for thirty consecutive years.



Painted by

MRS. FRY VISITING NEWGATE—1818.

[Mrs. E. M. Ward.

By permission of the Fine Art Society, Bond Street.

have since learned, is boundless. Not only is Mrs. Ward one of the most famous lady artists of her day; not only does she teach—not only does she still succeed in turning out many a clever artist—but she still paints herself, and at the time of my visit to her she was engaged upon that most trying work for even a young artist—a posthumous portrait. And Mrs. Ward is over sixty years of age! Perhaps readers of this article will be surprised when I tell them that this same Mrs. Ward is the artist who painted that delightful picture of Mrs. Fry on a visit to Newgate, which the Queen inspected at Osborne and allowed to be dedicated to her. And another famous work—that of “God Save the Queen,” the picture in which three children are grouped round

“Tell me about your method of teaching, Mrs. Ward,” I asked. “You are not an impressionist, are you?”

“An impressionist! Well, that is a very vague term, but if you mean that I approve of tricks in art; no, most decidedly not,” she answered, in her emphatic way. “My method of teaching is the same as that of the Academy school. I believe in good, serious drawing, and I don’t believe a bit in tricks. James Ward, my grandfather—he painted that big picture over there of that horse—the great animal painter, you know: he was not what you call an impressionist, was he? Then Moreland, my great-uncle, wouldn’t have been pleased if you’d given him the title. And Jackson, the portrait painter, who was my uncle, he was of the

serious school. No, no; my artistic feelings are the same as those of my ancestors. And I'm a believer in heredity!"

And then Mrs. Ward began to tell me of her wonderful artistic pedigree; and would I could remember it all, but honestly I cannot. Still, when I say that Mrs. Ward, besides being herself a distinguished painter, is the great-granddaughter of artists, the granddaughter of artists, the daughter of artists, the niece of artists, the cousin of artists, the widow of an artist, the mother of artists, and the grandmother of at least one promising artist, it will give some idea of her artistic connection. I really got quite bewildered over her account of her various relations, of which at least five were members of

material. The wonderful skill of that famous animal painter, James Ward, has evidently been transmitted to one of Mrs. Ward's daughters; another of her daughters is a most charming pastel painter; and Mrs. Ward's son, Leslie, is the well-known "Spy," of *Vanity Fair*. And so on—but the history of the Ward family must be left in more capable hands than mine.

"Now," Mrs. Ward said, after she had had a hearty laugh over my bewilderment, "you must see some of my pupils' work. That drawing just behind you there is by Princess Alice of Albany, one of my most promising pupils. She is so earnest and painstaking—so thorough—and takes such interest in it all. It is a real delight to me to teach her.



DRAWING BY PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.
Reproduced for the first time by special permission.

the Royal Academy, for, curiously enough, though not related in any way, Mrs. Ward and her husband were both Wards before their marriage, so that my bewilderment may be comprehensible.

For students of the doctrine of heredity Mrs. Ward's family offer most interesting

You know, the Duchess of Albany was one of my pupils at one time, and for many years she has honoured me with her kind help and regard. She drew very well indeed, but her public work is so hard now, that she has but little time for art. Her sister, the Queen-Regent of Holland, I understand, is also a

very clever artist. I wish that the Duchess had been able to go on; but you know how much work our Royalties have to do. However, the Princess means to keep to it, and I am very glad, for she has real talent."

Princess Alice goes to Mrs. Ward's studio regularly once a week during the terms, and is one of the most industrious of the pupils. By the great kindness of the Duchess, I was permitted to have a photograph taken of the Princess while at her work, and the drawing upon which she was engaged at the time was also photographed.

After we had looked round the studio, which contains art treasures of which a volume might well be written, Mrs. Ward suggested an adjournment to the drawing-room and tea. "You must want some refreshment after hearing about all my relations," she said, laughingly, as she led the way.

The drawing-room, though, of course, free from artistic disorder, is just as full as, if not fuller than, the studio of precious art treasures. The walls are actually covered with pictures, and many beautiful drawings by the late Mr. E. M. Ward are among them, one of the most interesting being a portrait of the Prince of Wales at the age of fourteen, which was a study for a picture which Mr. Ward did for the Queen and the Prince Consort, for whom he executed much work. This drawing is here reproduced for the first time.

"Do you see those drawings of the French Emperor and of the Empress Eugénie?" asked Mrs. Ward. "Well, they always

bring such an amusing story to my mind. You must know that my husband had a command to paint a picture of the Emperor being invested with the Order of the Garter by the Queen herself. My husband, naturally, consulted me constantly, and this picture gave him a good deal of trouble. Somehow or other, the pose of the two principal figures—the Emperor and the Queen—puzzled him greatly, and one afternoon, when he was quite in despair about them, my husband decided that he had

better paint in the undraped figures in order to get the pose correct. So in he painted the undraped figures,

and rather ludicrous of course they looked.

Just as he had finished them, however, and we were criticising the work, to our horror and confusion the door was swung open, and a servant announced that the Queen was coming to see how the picture was getting on. My husband was simply thunderstruck! However, there was nothing to be done but to obliterate the figures, which he

did, I don't know how, for we were so terribly afraid that the Queen would appear before he had had time to hide them. As it happened, though, the

Queen sent in word that she would come in later; which she did. But you can imagine our confusion!"

"I suppose you had many opportunities of seeing the Queen?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. And though I know it is a common remark, I never can help saying how little people can understand how dignified and gracious the Queen



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF 14.

From the Drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A. Now reproduced for the first time.



From the Drawing by]

[E. M. Ward,
R.A.

NAPOLEON III.
Now reproduced for the first time

is until they have met her. I saw most of her when I was painting the portrait of Princess Beatrice. The Queen had seen some portraits that I had done of my own children—those very portraits on the wall over there—and it was because of them that she was good enough to give me a command for a portrait of Princess Beatrice, who was then ten months old, and such a remarkably pretty little baby, and so good-tempered. The Queen used to come in constantly to see how the picture was getting on, and took the greatest possible interest in it. She is, as you probably know, a very clever artist herself, but she confined herself almost entirely to water-colour. ‘I’ve tried to paint in oil, Mrs. Ward,’ she said to me one day; ‘but there is always something to disturb me. So I have given it up.’”

“Was Princess Beatrice a good sitter?”

“Most exemplary,” said Mrs. Ward,

with a laugh. “Though I have no doubt that a rattle—which, by the way, was given to me, for my little baby, after the picture was finished—had most to do with her quietude. But, as I told you, she was a most good-tempered baby. I really think I can only remember one time when she became at all unmanageable, and that was when the Queen came in and tickled her little toes. The little Princess didn’t approve of the operation at all, and began to kick. ‘Oh, but I *will* do what I like with my own baby,’ I remember the Queen saying, with that wonderful smile of hers, as she went on with the process.”

“It often seems strange to me to think,” went on Mrs. Ward, “when I am teaching Princess Alice, how the late Duke of Albany used to come in and pay me visits when quite a little, tiny boy. Such a nice little boy he was! His great amusement was to put my bonnet on and strut about the room with great delight. One day



From the Drawing by]

[E. M. Ward, R.A.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
Now reproduced for the first time.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Gen. Grey towards H.
Dard, the best
Abelians? Dard
in Dita & Lavin
I say that as the
from so much
admired those small
Sketches for them

Room below steering
down by Mrs Dard
often (children
she wishes I know
whether Mr Dard
B's intention to
make a similar
small sketch of
our little baby?
Oct. 29/07.

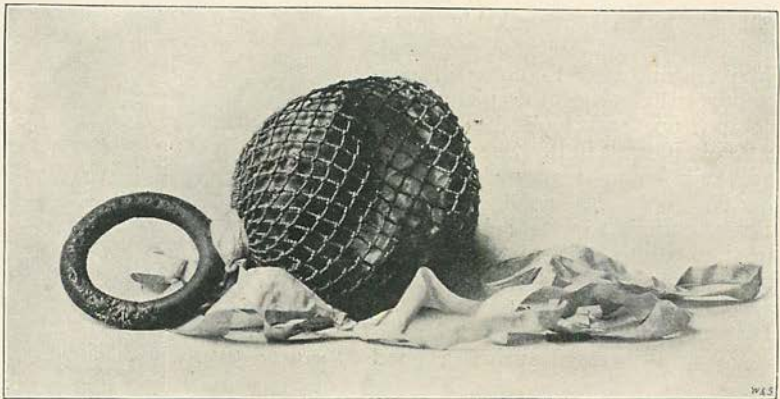
REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM THE QUEEN.

he came in with the Princess Royal, and, walking up to my picture, in the background of which I had painted a few birds, asked, very solemnly, 'Is dem co's?' I remember that the Princess pretended to be horrified at his grammar."

"And you saw the Prince Consort?"

"Oh, yes. He used to pay my husband visits with the Queen. He also took the greatest interest in painting, and was always full of suggestions. He was so kind and nice. His manner with children, too, was particularly charming, and he was so devoted to them. There was nothing he loved better, I was told, than a romp in the nursery, and that he would often take little Princess Beatrice on his knee and sing softly to her while she slept. The luncheon-

hour was generally the hour of the most perfect freedom, and he would keep the children in roars of laughter the whole time. By the way, talking of the Prince Consort, I shall never forget what happened the first time that he came to our house with the Queen. After we had talked for a few minutes, they said they would like to see our children, who were accordingly sent for. One of my little daughters came down in great excitement, and the Prince Consort



Photographed by)

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S RATTLE.

[George Newnes, Limited.]



From a Sketch by] PRINCESS BEATRICE AT THE AGE OF 10 MONTHS. [Mrs. E. M. Ward.
Now reproduced for the first time.

patted her kindly on the cheek and made some pleasant remark. 'Don't,' said my democratic little daughter. 'I want to see Prince Albert's horses.' The Prince was greatly amused."

"Did you ever meet the Prince of Wales as a boy?"

"No, never. You see, he was generally away at that time. But the Duke of Connaught used often to come in and see me, always apologizing for disturbing me, with a most elaborate bow."

Many of Mrs. Ward's happiest days were spent in the neighbourhood of Windsor. She cannot say too much in praise of the Queen, whose care and forethought, even for the most minor

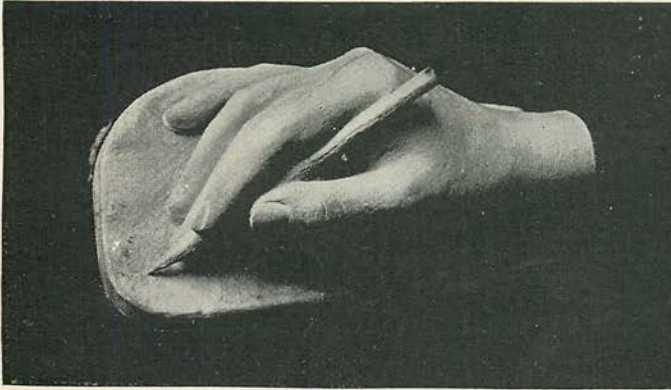
picture, "God Save the Queen," which I have already mentioned, also hangs in one of the Royal residences.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON THE TERRACE AT WINDSOR.
From a Sketch by Mrs. E. M. Ward. Now reproduced for the first time.

details, were quite extraordinary. Not only did she encourage Mrs. Ward to use her best efforts, by paying her constant visits and making the most kindly and gracious comments on her work, but every little thing that could be done to make the artist comfortable was attended to by the Queen's own orders. Princess Beatrice's were the only two portraits painted by Mrs. Ward for the Queen, but the engraving of the Queen," which I

"I think that I can only remember one really unpleasant incident connected with the time I spent at Windsor," said Mrs. Ward, as we went on chatting about the Queen and her surroundings at that time. "I wanted to get a piper to sit to me for a picture I was painting, and one of the Royal pipers was procured for me. I had my suspicions as to the man's sobriety when he first came in to my studio, but you can imagine my horror and fright when he all at once began to dance in the maddest way imaginable. I



MODEL OF THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S HAND—BY MR. WILLIAMSON, ESHER.

never shall forget that dance. He rushed about all over the studio, thrusting and stabbing with his dirk, and making the most hideous noises; sometimes coming close up to me, then darting to the other end of the room, then rushing back, and so on. I never felt so frightened before, and the wretch never stopped until he was utterly exhausted. But you can imagine that the scene must have been very ludicrous, though I did not laugh at the time, I can assure you. The man died, I heard, very shortly afterwards. He was simply mad with drink. But, now, come and look at some more of my treasures. I'm very proud of some of them, I can assure you."

One would want to spend a week in Mrs. Ward's charming home in Gerald Road, to be able to thoroughly appreciate her splendid collection. One of the most prized and the most interesting of the things in the drawing-room is the model of the Duchess of Albany's peculiarly beautiful hand, which the Duchess had specially cast for Mrs. Ward by Mr. Williamson, "the Royal Sculptor," of Esher. Then in the centre of the drawing-room there is a cabinet that belonged to the great Lady Blessington, and which contains the most fascinating of secret drawers that must have puzzled even the maker to discover, I should think. A place of honour is given to the excellent photograph of the Duchess of Albany and her two children taken at the time when the Duchess was a pupil of Mrs. Ward, and which I am kindly permitted to reproduce with

this article. Then facing this photograph is a splendid drawing of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., by Mr. George Richmond, R.A., and surrounding this are some exquisite drawings by many of Mrs. Ward's countless relations; but I will not be led into an attempt to enumerate any of them! The portraits of her children, to which I have already alluded, are also in the drawing-room; and I feel sure that Mr. "Spy" Leslie Ward must wonder

whether he ever were the demure little fellow who, toy whip in hand, looks the picture of childish good behaviour.

But an account of Mrs. Ward's collection would fill a whole number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

"I have so many things," she told me, as



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AND HER CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

we walked about the house, "that I really don't know where to put them. You see, I have so many friends, and they are all so kind in giving me presents of their work."

I am not in the least surprised that Mrs. Ward has so many friends as she told me, for she is kindness itself, and I say it at the risk of annoying her. She is always willing to help, and nothing is too much trouble to her. Busy woman though she is, she will always find time, when her pupils are dismissed, and her own canvas can be left, to go round to encourage and help some friend; and there are many who owe much to her gentle criticism and aid. Though she is well advanced in years, she seldom shows sign of fatigue, is devoted to society, and an enthusiastic playgoer. In fact, as she says, she has no time to think of how she feels. She comes of a family remarkable for their longevity and strong, sound constitutions, and only a short while ago she met with an accident from which she recovered with remarkable

activity. And the moment the doctor would let her put foot to the ground, there she was, holding an exhibition of her students' work, and insisting on standing up until the Duchess of Albany, who always attends

on these occasions, practically made her sit down.

"Henrietta Ward is marvellous. She is energy personified," said a great artist to me the other day; and he could not have summed up "the case" in better fashion.

It was really quite late in the evening before I left Gerald Road, and I believe that Mrs. Ward must have had to dress for dinner in record time that day. But interviewing is a delightful task when you have such a

"subject"; and, as the Americans say, "there are others."

It was only at the hall door that the interview ended. "I have told you one or two stories of childish precocity," my hostess said, as we shook hands, "but not one about myself, which has just occurred to me. Tom Moore was a great friend of my father's, who often used to tell me of him, always calling him 'Little Tommie Moore.' One day I was out with my nurse when a quaint little man, whom I instantly recognised from my father's description, came up to me. 'You don't know who I am,

do you?' he said. 'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'you're little Tommy Moore.' He had many a good laugh over our introduction, and often and often, afterwards, he would take me on his knee and sing to me."



STUDY BY MRS. E. M. WARD.
Now reproduced for the first time.