

ART AND LETTERS IN A SURREY TOWN.

BY CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

THE county town of Surrey cherishes a distinct literary flavour. Tennyson, under the disguise of Astolat, described Sir Lancelot wandering across its solitary Downs, and how the knight "full often lost in fancy, lost his way." Guildford boasts of many champions. Mr. E. A. Judges has told the history of its buildings and its notable sons, Mr. Ralph Nevill has descanted on its extremely picturesque architecture, Dr. Williamson has tabulated its trade tokens, and Mr. E. Bonner amused us with its

a specially constructed museum, they attract visitors from all parts of England, as well as many foreigners. Over two hundred exhibits hang round the walls, embracing the larger South African mammalia and excellent types of buffalo, elk, and deer. The king of beasts, shot in the Hartley Hills, South Africa, occupies the place of honour in the centre; but this is only a representative of the many lions killed by Mr. Selous. At least a dozen heads are there, and in close proximity the skin of a noble animal given to the hunter by Lo Bengula.

The savage king quite took to Mr. Selous on his first arrival in Africa, and remained very friendly with him in the succeeding years, until some time previous to the former's death, when differences arose between them.

Over one mantel-piece may be seen the obsolete four-bore elephant gun with which the hunter did such execution from 1872 to 1875, and over the other hang sketches by his sister, Miss A. B. Selous, of hair-

breadth escapes from enraged lions and hunted elephants during an adventurous career.

After leaving Rugby, and having read all the books written on sport and travel in South Africa, Mr. Selous determined to adopt "the free and easy gipsy sort of life described by Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, and others." Accordingly, on September 4th, 1871, as he says in "A Hunter's Wanderings," "I set foot for the first time upon the sandy shores of Algoa Bay, with four hundred pounds in my pocket and the weight of only nineteen years upon my shoulders."



Photo by]

MR. SELOUS' HOUSE, ALPINE LODGE.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

election fights. Many well-known men in art and letters have delighted at one time or another to make their home in its beautiful neighbourhood, and to some of them the reader is here introduced.

After thirty years' wandering in four continents, Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous, that "mighty hunter" and most picturesque of writers, settled in the Guildford district. Alpine Lodge, Worplesdon, the pleasant country house where he resides, possesses great attractions for naturalists and lovers of his books, containing as it does some remarkably fine examples of big game. Housed in



A CAMP EPISODE.

From a photo lent by Mr. F. C. Selous.

Since then he has gathered a quarter of a century's unique experience in Africa—where once for three whole years he never saw a newspaper or a coin—in the rocky fastnesses of Asia Minor, in Europe, and amidst the snows of the Rocky Mountains. In addition to this he bore an important part in pioneering Rhodesia, and figured largely in the Matabele campaign. As a record, three graphic books, written modestly and lucidly, have appeared to stir the public with remarkable tales of pluck and endurance, and as a reward the Royal Geographical Society have bestowed the Cuthbert Peck Grant, the Back Premium, and their highest honour, the Founder's Gold Medal, for his explorations, while the old Rugbeians, headed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, testified with a handsome salver to their appreciation of their schoolfellow's exploits.

Mr. Selous is blessed with a plucky lady as his wife. Not only has Mrs. Selous shared his travels on one expedition, but she was exposed to serious danger during the Matabele uprising. The graceful dedication in "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" admirably describes the situation: "To my wife, who during the last few months has at once been my

greatest anxiety and my greatest comfort."

A few days since Mr. Selous kindly gave me some interesting facts and impressions for the WINDSOR. To see and talk with him is to immediately recognise the born hunter and sportsman. Above medium height, finely proportioned, alert and muscular, with steady grey eyes and pleasant frank features, one realises to some extent the qualities that have contributed to his success, not only in making big bags, but in escaping serious injury and in winning the goodwill of the warlike tribes through whose territory he passed.

"What countries have you explored in your hunting expeditions?" I first asked Mr. Selous.

"The interior of South Africa, where I was travelling from 1871 to 1896, excepting for occasional runnings home," he replied. "No, I never reached as high as the spot where Livingstone died, but I came within 150 miles of it. I crossed the Zambesi River at Wankies in 1877, and got to Sitanda's on the Lukanga River. In 1894, and again in 1895 and 1897, I visited Asia Minor to shoot wild goats and big deer. Two or three articles concerning these trips have appeared in the



CABIN USED BY MR. AND MRS. SELOUS.

From a photo lent by Mr. F. C. Selous.

Field and Graphic, the latter being splendidly illustrated from my photos by Mr. Frank Dadd. Then I have made two excursions to the Rockies for wapiti, mule deer, wild sheep, and prong-horned antelopes. On the first expedition Mrs. Selous accompanied me. We started in August, 1897, on a four months' trip, with a friend, four servants, and a guide."

On the occasion named Mr. Selous succeeded in obtaining a large number of capital snapshots, illustrating camp episodes and the country through which he passed. By his kind permission two of them are here

morning we turned out to find that snow had fallen heavily during the night, and that we were almost embedded in our tents. The thermometer went down below zero, and our meat for breakfast was frozen."

"Yes," laughingly added Mrs. Selous, who had been an interested listener, "when I looked out, there was our cook sawing away with all his might at a huge lump of frozen meat, and the snow lying thick round the tent."

"When we once got among the mountains," Mr. Selous continued, "we were never lower than 8,000 ft. above sea level, and on one

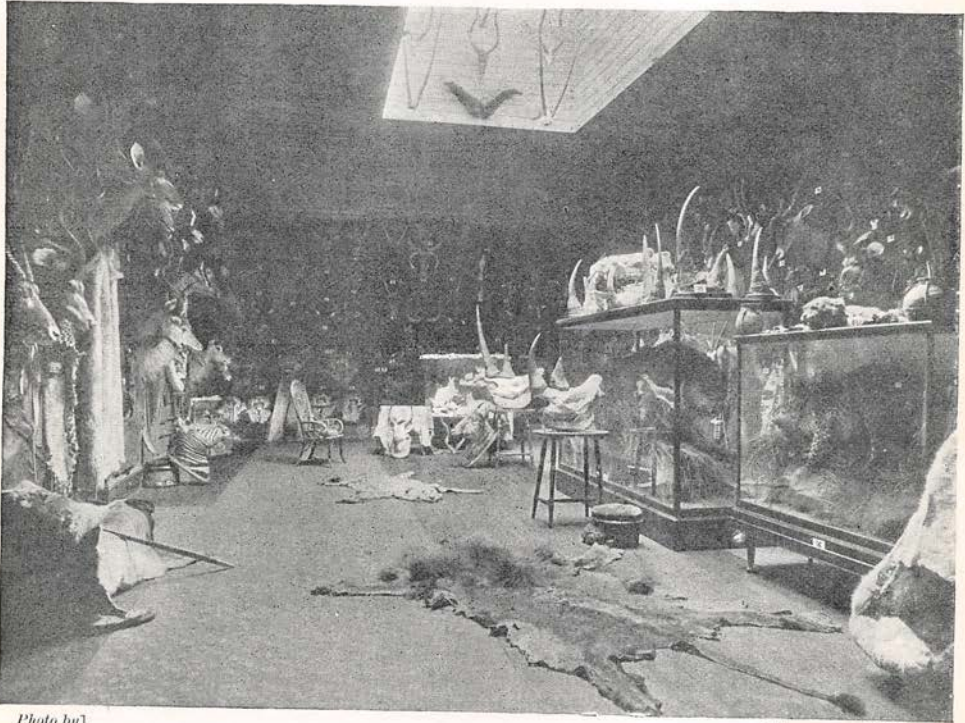


Photo by]

MR. SELOUS' MUSEUM AT ALPINE LODGE.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

reproduced. The pack-horse carries a prong-horned antelope, just brought into camp, and the view also shows Mrs. Selous standing to the right, whilst the second photo represents an old mining cabin once used by Mr. and Mrs. Selous as sleeping quarters. The party generally stayed a few days at each camping-ground to exhaust the game in the neighbourhood. Then they moved off another ten miles or so to "fresh fields and pastures new."

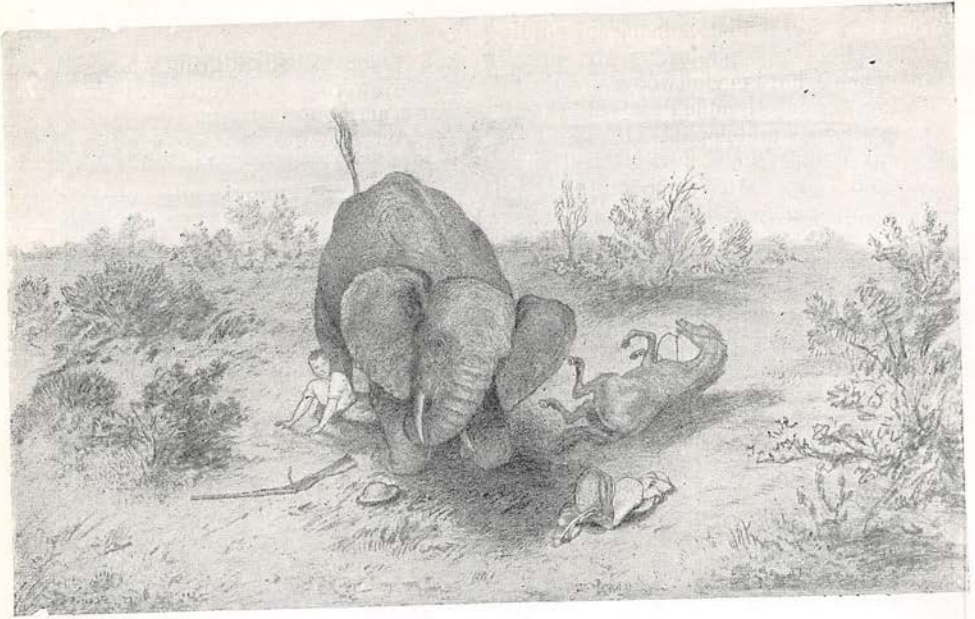
"Did you rough it much?" I asked.

"No," cheerfully replied Mr. Selous, "we did not suffer any undue hardship. One

occasion camped at a height of 10,500 ft. We worked hard, and had a good bit of climbing, but obtained some fair specimens. Last year I visited the district again, being met at the nearest railway station by the same guide, with pack-horses and servants."

"Have you any figures of the lions or other big game you have shot, Mr. Selous?"

"As regards lions," the hunter replied. "I have not been able to afford the time to hunt them specially, though never losing an opportunity of attacking all that came in my way. Considering the long time that I was travelling and hunting in the interior of



MR. SELOUS' NARROWEST ESCAPE.

From a sketch by Miss A. B. Selous, kindly lent by Mr. F. C. Selous.

Africa, I have not shot many lions. I know the exact number. Unaided I killed twenty-five, and helped to shoot eleven more; but some of the latter were mine by hunters' law, as I gave them the first bullet. I hunted elephants for their ivory, and obtained as many as I could, as it was by the sale of ivory alone that I paid the expenses of my earlier expeditions. My total of elephants is one hundred and eleven. Of these I killed most between 1872 and 1875, but since the latter date I have not done much regular elephant hunting. As regards other animals, I despatched very many; for year after year I fed great numbers of natives months at a time. Some particulars of the game shot for two years are given at the end of 'A Hunter's Wanderings,' but I most emphatically state that I never slaughtered animals for mere sport. Most of those shot were killed because I required meat for my large native following."

"I suppose, too, you brought home some of your specimens for scientific purposes?"

"Yes. I preserved many complete examples of the large mammalia of South Africa, and these have been distributed through dealers all over the world. Several can be seen in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; others are placed in the collections at Cape Town and Melbourne; and last year, when passing through Chicago, I saw five of my animals in the Field

Columbian Museum. The Hon. Walter Rothschild has also some at Tring. Here"—referring to his own exhibits—"all the heads belong to animals shot by myself. I make it a rule to have only those thus obtained. No, I cannot say whether this is unique in England in that respect. Of course there are far larger private museums. For instance, that of Sir Edmund Loder at Leonardslee, near Horsham, and also that of the Hon. Walter Rothschild. Although in the former case many of the most interesting specimens are the trophies of Sir Edmund's own rifle, the bulk of them have been purchased. Rothschild's collection is one of the finest museums of natural history in the Kingdom, but none of the exhibits have been shot or collected by the owner."

"What was the worst situation you experienced in your life?" I queried. We were then looking at the series of sketches executed by Miss Selous.

"Oh, I think the adventure with the elephant, of which you will find particulars in my book." On this occasion, it will be remembered, the hunter got into close quarters with a cow elephant almost at the close of a heavy day's hunt. Anticipating a charge from the ponderous brute, he urged his horse to a gallop, but the tired beast could not make pace, and almost before its owner realised his position the elephant had attacked him in the rear. The impact rolled

over the horse, broke the saddle-girths, and deposited the rider under the hindquarters of the elephant, who, kneading the ground with its forelegs, evidently expected to annihilate its human assailant. It was a near shave, but Mr. Selous, though he had a little too much of elephant for once, managed to crawl away unhurt and eventually to shoot the tusker.

Before leaving Mr. Selous I asked what country he thought of exploring next, but he said that he had not yet decided. "You see," he continued, "when a man is married things are different." And now, too, there is a bonny, bright-faced little Selous—ten months old—who, during a part of our chat, took his share in the interview.

Our renowned epic painter, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., delights in spending the winter months at Limmerslease, near Guildford. To talk about Mr. Watts starts a tempting subject, for is he not one of our few grand old men still remaining? In the opposite direction Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., lives at Shere, and amidst the surrounding country finds and paints those delightful landscapes so

characteristic of Surrey. But, as space forbids, let us turn to another artist, Mr. Arthur Drummond, whose recent work has met with an enthusiastic reception.

Few pictures within recent years, comparatively speaking, have attained the immense popularity of "His Majesty the Baby." Painted in the spring of 1898 and exhibited at various London galleries, it obtained remarkable evidences of approval. On one occasion a well-known City dealer placed the canvas in his window, and immediately a large crowd collected outside the establishment, stopping even the ordinary traffic with their appreciation of it. The engravings, too, which appeared soon after are now seen in almost every print-shop. At the time of writing one machine had been engaged for months upon their production, turning out its limit of thirty copies per day to keep pace with the demand. Nor is this surprising. True, we have only an everyday scene of West End life, but Mr. Arthur Drummond with the artist's genius has transfigured it into a bright vision of happy childhood, triumphant even amidst the skirl and whirl of Piccadilly. The picture was happily

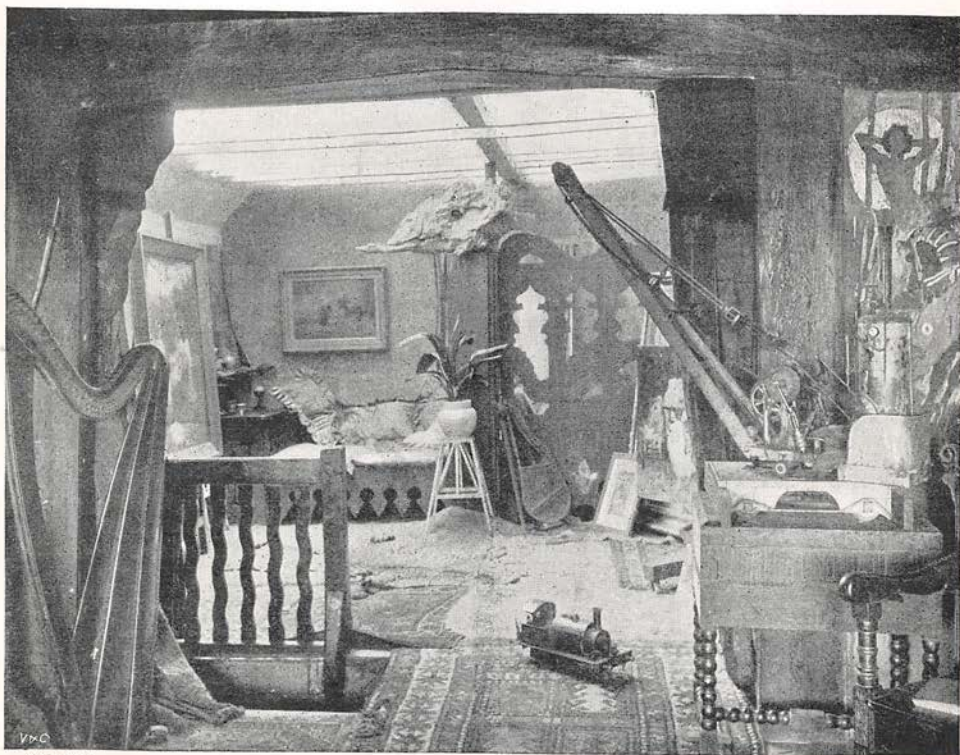


Photo by]

MR. DRUMMOND'S STUDIO.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

conceived and admirably treated. Its actuality strikes one instantly. A German lady told the dealers that she must take a print back to the Fatherland, as her friends otherwise would not believe that a policeman could stop the traffic by holding up his hand.

The history of the picture is decidedly interesting. One day Mr. Drummond was walking with a friend through the London streets, when they saw the traffic stopped to allow a nurse and her perambulator to cross. His companion said to him, "There's a fine subject for a picture." "Yes," replied the painter, "without the perambulator." He set to work, but like all brilliant ideas this bristled with practical difficulties, and several attempts were made ere the artist felt satisfied. He took thumb-nail sketches on the spot and carefully studied the minutiae of the traffic. The perspective troubled him seriously, owing to the great disparity between the size of the omnibus and the child, which, however, was the principal figure; but with a certain amount of license he managed to meet the critics. All the figures are from life. Mrs. Drummond and her little girl ride on one 'bus with an erstwhile gardener as whip, whilst a friend drives another vehicle and his wife and daughter appear on top. For the time being the local policeman assumes the glory of a London "bobby," and proud he is of his prominent position on the canvas.

One might suppose from the subject and

its treatment that the painter lived somewhere within sound of Bow Bells, but this is not the case. On the highest point of a wide-stretching common three or four miles from

he has found his home in an antiquated farmhouse named "The Old Gables." The singing of birds, the quack-quack of ducks, or the southing of the wind, sweeping away from the North Downs over the gorse and stubby grass, alone break the stillness of the artist's retreat. Here Mr. Drummond does his work from ten till four—"bank hours," he says laughingly—and lives that life of retirement he loves so much with his wife and their little girl. To know Mrs. Drummond is to immediately recognise a frequent and charming model for her husband's pictures.

When Mr. Drummond lays aside his brush he turns with evident pleasure to the lathe. This work is his hobby-horse. In fact, he claims an exactness for engineering not possessed by art. Sometimes he thinks that he has done a good day's work at the easel, but the morrow's sun reveals defects which have to be rectified. "Yet," he adds consolingly, "I suppose that if I were an engineer I should spend every half hour painting." With pardonable pride the artist



LEWIS CARROLL'S BIOGRAPHER.

Photo by Smith Allen, Tenby.



Photo by]

MR. ARTHUR DRUMMOND AT WORK.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

exhibits a toy crane, complete in every part, moved by steam and capable of lifting a child, which he designed and made. Only recently, too, he has joined his brother in the firm of Drummond Brothers, engineers, to work several patents registered by himself.

The son of an artist, Mr. Arthur Drummond commenced his training in the studio of the late Mr. Edwin Long, R.A. Then he went to the Paris schools, and warmly extols the thoroughness with which the best French masters teach the *technique* of their art. Returning to England he became a pupil of Sir L. Alma-Tadema, of which fact he is especially proud. It was at the master's suggestion that Mr. Drummond sought a house right away in the country, so that he could paint in the open air his Grecian subjects, in which he greatly delights. "His Majesty the Baby" started quite a different vein and instantly brought him golden fame, but even now he modestly tells his friends that it does not fulfil his idea of true art. Yet, after all, what is art, and who agrees in its definition? The artist, however, wisely continues painting children, and in addition to the companion, "The Queen's Birthday," contemplates a third, to be called "The King's Courtship." At the present time, too, he is engaged on a kindred theme for a well-known Haymarket firm and expects to be busy for a couple of years with commissions at present in hand. Still a young man, we may confidently hope that his best pictures have yet to be painted.

Guildford possesses its romance in "Stephan Langton," written by Martin Tupper, whose works were so well known to an earlier generation. The plot deals with the days of King John, and its local scenes at Guildford Castle, St. Martha's Chapel, and the Silent Pool are most graphically described. Tupper immensely popularised the lovely pond at Albury, to some extent effecting what the author of "Lorna Doone" did for Exmoor. He collected his materials, read up the period, and wrote the novel in eight weeks—fairly rapid work for a book containing roughly 120,000 words. Since its first appearance in 1858, "Stephan Langton" has passed through several editions and still obtains a steady sale in the neighbourhood.

Tupper "touched the threshold of fame," as he phrased it, by "Proverbial Philosophy"—a book which in its time attained a remarkable circulation both here and in America. It was issued in many editions, and the guinea copies contained illustrations by some of the best artists and engravers of that day. Now, the honest homespun has gone out of date and "Proverbial Philosophy" is seldom seen. Portions of the MS. were written at Albury House, the home of the author for forty years, where also "The Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith" first saw the light. Miss Tupper informs me that most of the contents of this book—fables, songs, essays, etc., embracing a variety of subjects—were thought out by her father while riding over the Surrey hills and dales.

Like many other Englishmen, Martin Tupper dreaded a French invasion in the early forties. We can smile now to think of the patriotic writer busying himself with a few friends in the formation of a village Rifle Club. This, too, against considerable opposition. Nor did he confine his ardent loyalty to carrying arms, but wrote numerous well-known ballads on the subject of defence, which may claim



WHERE LEWIS CARROLL DIED.
Photo by Mr. Stuart D. Collingwood.



Photo by]

[Shawcross, Guildford.

THE GRAVE OF LEWIS CARROLL.

to have fostered the idea of the Volunteer movement.

To Albury House came troops of distinguished friends to see Mr. Tupper, amongst the number being Nathaniel Hawthorne, the well-known American novelist, John Leech, the artist, Mortimer Collins, Walter Severn, Edmund Yates, President Roberts and President Benson, both coloured men of Liberia, in which colony their host took the greatest interest. Genially disposed, he lived on particularly good terms with the villagers, and though residing elsewhere when he died at the close of 1889, his remains were buried in Albury Churchyard.

As this article has included a reference to a painter of children, it may fittingly close with a brief reference to the writer *par excellence* for small people.

The connection of "Lewis Carroll" with the fine old country town was due to the fact that he settled his sisters there after his father's death and the breaking up of the old family home. In consequence, he spent large portions of his Christmas and Easter vacations at Guildford, working industriously at abstruse mathematical problems or his children's books, for after the immense success of "Alice" he generally had one in hand. Mr. Stuart D. Collingwood, the author of "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," tells me that his uncle, when here, often devoted the greater part of the day to writing, and hated to be disturbed even for meals. He would miss luncheon, contenting himself with meagre refreshment until dinner. In the evenings he used to stand in characteristic fashion, with his hands behind, explaining the latest mathematical problem to his sisters, or describing to them his unique collection of photographs, made long before latter-day improvements. This includes not only some charming children, but also a large number of literary and other celebrities, whose portraits he always sought to obtain.

All the diaries of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—but we shall never remember him by that name—are now at Guildford. They make sixteen neat volumes filled with entries in his clear, methodical handwriting. The pages reveal their author's true goodness and innate lovingkindness, and it is a pleasure to glance through them. Thus on October 15th, 1897, we read a typical instance of his desire to instruct and amuse children.

"Went to Girls' [National] School 9.15 a.m. and had about 180 girls to talk to till ten. I did C. and T. and 'Bruno.' Then from ten till eleven I had about 100 girls and boys and masters and mistresses, and did various arithmetical puzzles, etc." On July 18th, 1875, he tells us that "the very last line, 'for the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see,'

came into my head while out on a walk at Guildford." Pathetic associations cling to the last entry he ever made. Here it is—the commencement of his journey to the "Wonderland": "December 23 (Th.). I start for Guildford by the 2.7 to-day." A few days after Christmas his gentle spirit breathed its last, and mourned by countless admirers—in palace, in cottage, and in school—who, regardless of the Oxford don, knew only the creator of "Alice," his remains were laid to rest in the beautiful graveyard on the Downs above Guildford.

Across the bracing uplands he loved to roam. On Sundays after lunch he usually walked to Farnham—a ten miles' tramp, affording lovely views of hill and dale stretching away for miles both to right and left. Like many other people, he said, "Two's company, three's none," to put it colloquially, and seldom set out for a walk with more than one friend. Once, when in Guildford with a companion, he met an acquaintance who said politely, "May I join you, Mr. Dodgson, I am going your way?" "I think you had better not," he replied, and passed on. The seeming discourtesy occurred to him the next day, and he immediately tried to make amends. To

his great relief he found that his friend had treated the matter as a joke. In the depth of winter Mr. Dodgson rarely wore an overcoat, but one always expected to see his tall hat even in the height of summer!

In Surrey, as in Oxford, Lewis Carroll found child friends to whom he wrote characteristic letters full of fun and nonsense or sound advice as to a vocation and course of studies. No trouble seemed too great on their behalf. He made them puzzles, gave them presents of his books, or delighted to take them for pleasant excursions. On rare occasions, too, he preached at the parish church. He always commenced with a story, in accord, one may imagine, with his expressed sympathy for the little charity girl who said, "I think when I grows up I'll never go to church no more. I'se getting sermons enough to last me all my life."

Mr. Dodgson always proved a delightful companion and impressed his friends to a surprising degree. One who knew him intimately has written me, "The picture of the man, his personality, every tone of voice and graceful affectation of diction, every trick of attitude seem burnt upon my memory—I shall never forget him."

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Dec. 15. (W) 10 a.m. I am in my large room, with no fire, & open window - Temperature 5°.

Dec. 17 (F) Maggie, & our nieces Nella & Violet, came to dinner.

Dec. 19 (Sun) Sat up last night till 4 a.m., over a tempting problem, sent me from New York, to find 3 equal rational-sided Δ -angled ΔS - I found Δ_{10} , whose sides are 20, 21, 29; 12, 35, 37: but could not find three.

Dec. 23 (Th.) I start for Gldf by the 2.7 today.

Photo by]

[Shawcross, Guildford.