

# Gentlewomen at Home.

Lady Fuller-Elliott-Drake at Nutwell Court, Devonshire.

ALTHOUGH the greater part of the present Nutwell Court is comparatively modern, the site has considerable interest and history. It had a domicile in 1082, being mentioned in the Domesday Book. There yet remain portions of an ancient chapel incorporated into the present building, the exterior of which retains some fine carved stone corbels and niched figures. There is a record of this chapel having been licensed for service by Bishop Bramwell in 1371. It was used for worship by many generations, although never consecrated, but reverted a hundred years ago to secular uses. It now provides a most unique library, with fine stained glass east window, upon the old stone mullion of which traces yet remain of ancient ecclesiastical fresco. Above the fireplace in the library hangs a portrait of Sir Henry Pollexfen in judge's robe and collar. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of James II. A daughter of this Sir Henry Pollexfen married a Sir Francis Drake, bringing Nutwell Court to the Drake family. There is preserved in the drawing-room a fine miniature by Lely of this Sir Francis Drake, whose son inherited Nutwell.

In the breakfast-room hang interesting portraits of many periods. One by the door, from an unrecorded painter, portrays a Lady Drake of the Seventeenth Century, daughter of the patriot John Pym. Lady Elliott-Drake relates that the family was ever staunchly Parliamentarian, and that John Pym's son-in-law most fittingly raised a regiment of horse at Plymouth, which did good fighting service to the cause. Here is also a copy of the well-known portrait of Lord Heathfield by Reynolds, the original of which is the property of the nation, and known as one of the artist's most characteristic masculine portraits. Lord Heathfield married a daughter of the house, thus uniting the fortunes of the families, from whence is derived the name of Elliott, that of Lord Heathfield's family.

It was to his successor, the second Lord Heathfield, that King George IV. presented his life-size portrait in uniform when Prince of Wales. It is a striking presentment of the "first gentleman in Europe," by Masquerier. Lord Heathfield took great interest

county, and undoubtedly one of the most representative. The pictures are scattered throughout the house, and are of varying types and interest, many of the canvases being chosen by artists for representation at exhibitions of the old Masters. There are fine specimens of the work of Cuyp, Teniers, Rembrandt, Berghede, Hondeluek, Fyt, Storck, Sneyder, Ostade, and many others of note.

Lady Drake proclaims "The Cavalier," by Cuyp, which hangs in the drawing-room, the picture of her whole collection, though "The Alchemist," by Teniers, in the inner drawing-room, is its close rival for distinction. The Cuyp picture is, however, a noble composition, strong, yet tender in conception and treatment. The light on the bending



Bed of Don Pedro de Valdez taken out of his ship at the time of the Armada.

Captured by Sir Francis Drake. Counterpane worked by Joan and Dorothea Drake, temp Charles II.



Lady Fuller-Elliott-Drake and the Sundial.

figure in green coat kneeling to adjust a stirrup is a triumph of art, reminding one of Ruskin's saying, that "light is the chief person in a picture." In the next room is a picture by Allan Ramsay of Miss Drake, later Lady Heathfield. One cannot help contrasting it with the exquisite portrait by Sir Joshua of Miss Knight with blue gown and ermine muff, also at Nutwell Court, remembering Horace Walpole's paradox that time has surely falsified emphatically, "Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them."

Interesting as are the many associations and notable pictures, they all centre in and form a background to the great Elizabethan ancestor and tradition of the house. Sir Francis Drake is a national hero, whose memory and honouring are England's pleasure no less than his family's, but whose personality is to be apprehended more vividly among the relics of his race than elsewhere.

In the dining-room is contained the famous contemporary portrait of him by Zuccheri. Underneath the portrait rests Sir Francis Drake's sword. He wears across his breast the green silk sash and jewel, presents from Queen Elizabeth. Both the sash and jewel, and also a cap jewel, another Royal gift, are still in the family's possession. The silken scarf is as vivid in hue as when it was woven, only the gilt embroiderings upon it showing the tarnishings of time. Along the ends is worked a motto of the Queen's choice, "The Almighty be your Guide and Protector to the End."

The breast jewel has a centre sardonyx cameo, pronounced by experts to have been an antique in Elizabeth's day. It is surrounded by row upon row of rubies and diamonds; from the gold and jewelled circle

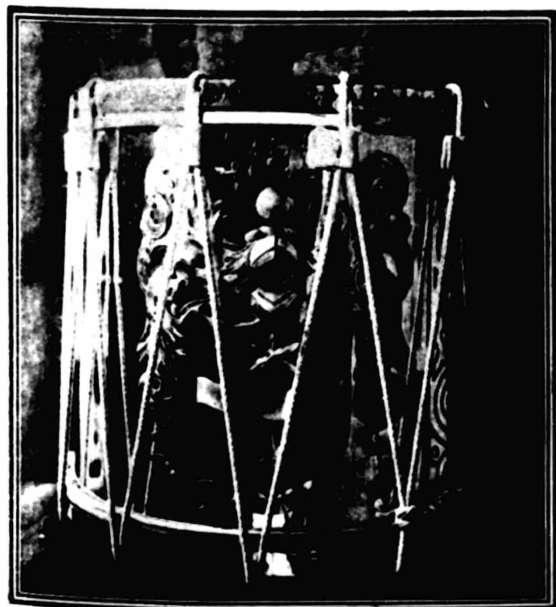
depends a cabochon of pearls with a fine single pearl as pendant. The back is finely wrought with enamel, opening to show an exquisite little miniature of the Queen in jewelled ruff and stomacher. The hat jewel is of similar workmanship, jewelled with opals, rubies, and diamonds, but its miniature has suffered from exposure to weather, as its mode of wear would suggest. History is easy to realise with such tokens before one. It does not need the historian's treatise to convince one of the Queen's admiration and recognition of the prowess of her daring Admiral, who routed her foes, brought her honour and booty, jewels for her crown, victory for her fleet, and safety for her kingdom.

Lady Drake also unrolls the veritable silken flags, emblazoned with the arms of England, that decorated Drake's ship at Deptford when the Queen journeyed thither to a banquet on board and its Admiral's knighting. Most of the blue damask has faded to a soft drab, but the crimson with the golden lions of England on the eight flags preserved shows not the least signs of age or decay.

The library contains the first Bible that travelled round the world, on *The Golden Hind*. It is a fine black-letter volume, whose title-page is, alas! missing. It bore an inscription of Elizabeth's writing. Here is also an earlier Drake Bible belonging to Sir Francis Drake's father, who was a clergyman.

On the walls of a corridor hangs a piece of ship's carving from *The Golden Hind*. It is worth remembering that the fleet of the famous expedition of discovery consisted but of five small vessels, and one hundred and sixty-six men!

There are naturally many reminiscences of the defeat of the Armada. Most interesting

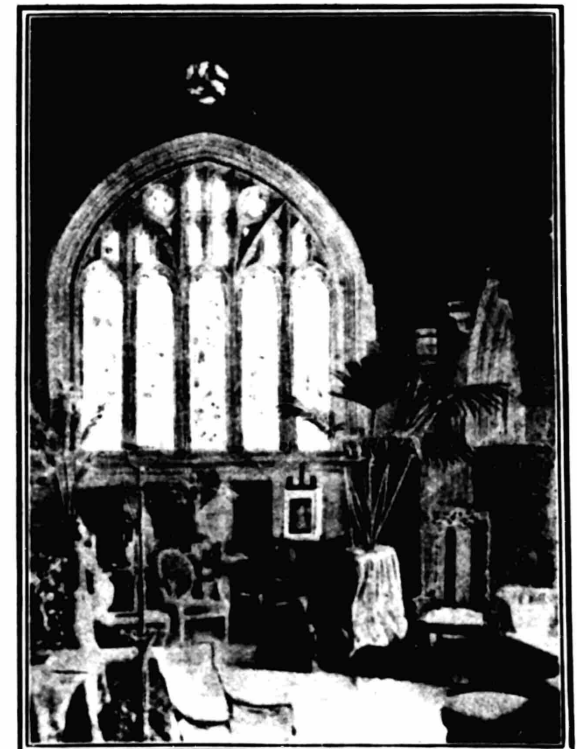


Drake's Drum.

"If England is ever in danger of invasion, and this drum is beaten, Sir Francis's spirit will return and drive the enemy into the sea."

in sport, particularly in horse-breeding, his idea being to improve the national breed for added utility in time of war. He left at his death a stud of three hundred horses at Nutwell and the spacious riding school built in the Park, which now serves as a winter tennis court.

To the second Lord Heathfield is also due the notable collection of pictures of the Dutch School, known as the finest in the



The Library at Nutwell Court.

is possibly a carved wood gilt bedstead, which was captured by Sir Francis Drake from the galleon of Don Pedro de Valdez, head of the Andalusian Squadron. The head bears the arms of De Valdez, supported by griffons in grotesque ferocity. There are plain traces of the head having been cut down to allow of its use in the narrow limits of a cabin. The ends are richly carved and gilt.

These relics were formerly at Buckland Abbey, the residence of Sir Francis Drake, near Plymouth. The greater part, however, have been removed to Nutwell (some pictures yet remain at Buckland Abbey), as the deteriorating effects of the damp moorland air were evident. Lady Elliott-Drake resides at Buckland Abbey during the summer months. Sir Francis Drake's drum is still to be seen over a doorway in the house. Tradition has it that if England is ever in danger of invasion, and this drum is beaten, Sir Francis's spirit will return and drive the enemy into the sea. Our illustration is from an exact reproduction in solid silver of the famous drum carried by Sir Francis Drake on board the *Pelican* on his memorable voyage round the world in 1577-1580, which silver drum was recently presented by the county of Devon to H.M.S. *Devonshire*. It stands 17½ inches high and measures 16 inches in diameter; the body is of plain polished silver, bearing on one side Drake's famous coat-of-arms in raised silver, silver gilt, and oxidised silver, beautifully chased, with the motto "Sic Parvis Magna" in scroll underneath, and on the other side is set out the distinguished services of the four ships that have already borne the county name. The rims are massive silver gilt, and on the top one is the following inscription: "This drum, modelled after that which summoned the crew of the *Pelican* to quarters in her voyage round the world, under Sir Francis Drake, in the years 1577-1580, was given by men and women of Devon for the use of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Devonshire*, 1904." Through the courtesy of the present Sir Francis Drake Messrs. Page, Keen & Page, silversmiths, Plymouth (the manufacturers of the silver drum), were enabled to send their artist to Buckland Abbey and make the drawings necessary to produce an exact facsimile.

Of the modern associations of Nutwell Court it is, unfortunately, impossible to tell in the limits of such an article as the present.

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**The King's Pictures: A Portrait by Watts.**—It is generally known, I think, that Watts owed something (though a genius owes little to outside personal influences) to the patronage and personal friendship of the third Lord Holland and his celebrated wife. Many of his earlier paintings are still at Holland House, in the vicinity of which he lived and died. His portrait of Lady Holland, reproduced on our front page this week, is one of his earlier works, and shows her seated, wearing a brocade dress, with flowers in her lap, and a large straw hat shading her face. In her will Lady Holland gave this picture to His Majesty, and it is now included in the King's collection of pictures. Many of the finest paintings owned by His Majesty have been reproduced in photogravure, and are now being published in handsome portfolio form under the title of "The King's Pictures." The interesting facts relating to each painting are also given, and it is a work which is sure to be prized highly by lovers of great paintings. To the publisher (Mr. William Heinemann) I am indebted for permission to reproduce Watts' portrait of Lady Holland.

## Art and Artists.

### Mr. Alan Wright's Drawings.

At the Ryder Gallery, 47, Albemarle Street, Mr. Alan Wright exhibits a set of charming and amusing pen drawings—the originals for the "Wallypug" books—some flights of serious fancy, and a set of excellent water-colour sketches of Queen Victoria's historic dolls. Mr. Wright is one of those fortunate ones who possess a strong sense of the decorative and the playful in line without resorting to Flemish angularity or new-art conventions. His drawings are full of delightful conceits and inventions which never fail; he stage manages his little crowds and groups with unerring perception of pictorial freshness; his black-and-white is full of interest; and he has the crowning gift of fun. If the book is as good as the illustrations it ought to be a worthy successor of the immortal "Alice," to which it seems to be ethnographically related. One thing, however, is certain—that the drawings are excellent bits of fooling. Mr. Wright's serious work strikes at least two notes; that which is obviously influenced by Beardsley suggests an undesirable comparison, but the others are sterling conceptions and denote a personality that has no need to lean on another. This little show is decidedly worth half-an-hour of anybody's time.



Lady Fuller-Elliott-Drake at Home—Nutwell Court.

### The Landscape Exhibition at the R.W.S.

This interesting exhibition is an object-lesson in how to show pictures—forty-eight works on the line with just a punctuation of wall and you have an ideal show, which neither tires nor bores, but at the same time one feels the need of uniform excellence to satisfy the unjaded critical faculty.

One feels that the six gentlemen whose works fill the gallery in Pall Mall thus agreeably are making jointly a silent but eloquent protest against the chromatic prettiness of the typical British landscape, and perhaps against the comparative neglect of the more serious and stately form of this branch of art. They certainly succeed, each after his kind, in interesting, though there is no work of monumental fineness in the gallery which contains much above the ordinary.

To take the works in numerical order, Mr. T. Austen Browne shows six canvases in varying manners, all rather French by inspiration. The two in a brighter key fail to satisfy by reason of a rather theatrical glitter, though they have many admirable qualities. His "After Sundown" and "By the Lake" are, however, both fine pieces of painting of extremely quiet effects—the first the sober and spacious afterglow of a colourless sunset, and the second a gloomy impression of cloud-rack over a dull pewter lake, with a screen of feather-broom trees, and an accessory shepherd and sheep on the picture line. These are both very true in tone, colour, and feeling. Mr. Leslie Thomson seems to relate his work rather to the Dutch masters, and although his use of paint is quite modern, his canvases have some of the rather pedantic perfection in academic things which provokes

admiration rather than enthusiasm. His "Washing Place: Normandy," is a fine canvas, brilliantly lit, expansive, interesting in colour masses, and dignified in composition, very true to the lilac skies and intense light of Northern France, but it lacks the contemporaneous appeal—how one scarcely knows, yet one is convinced that this is an excellent piece of work, as are most of his other exhibits. Mr. James S. Hill has a very interesting version of Durham from the high ground somewhere north of the railway station. A fine turbid sky lets down a tempered gleam upon near red roofs, the middle distance swims in multitudinous slates and smoke, and the cathedral towers and castle dominate a spacious and dramatic landscape. The same painter's "Magdalen Tower" is a cold essay in Constablesque manner, and whilst his other exhibits show fine intention they do not succeed to the Durham level. Of Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's ten contributions his "Twilight" is easily the most important. It is a sombre, dignified composition of whaleback moor skyline, with a splash of dull grey water beneath a drab, late twilight sky. The moment is that last part of a dull evening when colour harmonies have sunk deepest in subtlety and almost reached a pitch when the eye can no longer distinguish. The rest of Mr. Peppercorn's canvases seem to be essays in umbery low tones, and large, simple grouping which has a certain quality of protest, but does not interest

in the mass. In Mr. Robert W. Allan's excellent longshore bits one gets the cream of the exhibition. They are painted without pose by a painter who is striving at all costs for the full force and the full tenderness of nature; they are all full of a veracity of a strong and pleasant sort, and are none the less artistic for being absolutely straightforward in conception and workmanship. In "A Haven of Rest" one recognises the locality of his fine rainy picture in last year's Academy—the same spot, surely, in sunny weather. Mr. Allan is a painter of great promise; he has the defect of his vivacious qualities in an occasional rawness of colour which time will temper. His little canvas "Rose-hearty" shows his work at its best. Mr. J. Aumonier's tender landscapes have the effect

of letting one down to a more ordinary and accepted level. They are full of sensitive qualities, but have the air of being tame and even old-fashioned in this strenuous company. A large sunset sky over flat moorland rises to almost epic proportions amidst his gentler work, and his "Sunlight on the Downs" has fine qualities of space and colour.

### Iris.

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"Pelota" at the Winter Club.—A large and fashionable crowd was attracted to Olympia on Thursday afternoon last to watch the national game of Spain, viz., "Pelota," played for the first time in England. The game, from a spectator's point of view, resembles either fives or racquets. It is played on a concrete court about 240 ft. long and 50 ft. wide. There are three players on each side, who are distinguished by red and blue caps. The ball is hurled through the air against a high concrete wall by means of a long curved basket, known as a "Cesta," which is attached to each man's right hand, and as it rebounds it is caught alternately in the basket by opposing players. When a man fails to catch it either full pitch or first bounce, a point is scored by his opponents, and the side who score fifty first are declared the victors.

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"The Sin and Scandal of the 'Smart' Set" is one of the books that everyone has been reading, and five editions were speedily exhausted. May be obtained from "The Gentlewoman" Offices, 76-76, Long Acre, London (price One Shilling, postage 1½d.), or from any bookseller or newsagent.

## Sketches

In this Series of Sketches of the

No. 4.

It was part of a present from my mother, who delights in arriving as a most welcome guest at highly aristocratic dinners, and it was strictly confidentially great, though a few of the irreproachable connections balance the numbers; so less than appear in a picture. It was a very true, but I like black, I think appropriate for a woman of my model in rich lace and Oriental touches of colour to relieve the cheval glass while drawing happily conscious of life and wished that II Sposo were a walking fashion-plate on occasions. I certainly as those accurately-adapted GENTLEWOMAN always this glory is to be crushed in a box and jolted up and down. What a desecration for a frock! However, it has and resign myself to the usual struggle with our we set off.

Now, when one arrives in a really smart carriage of important and above all, a carriage, even in a ton state, at all events. But a very tall woman ever is deposited on the ground up in a sort of coffin? so, and everyone seemed me, in more senses than who were waiting and out to help me up and down. There my hostess wraps, and after a glance generally, I was escorted feeling profoundly grateful that I was wearing an undined criticism, and a height that had been a dandy just now. I was and though I am old enough to feel shyer than I can describe. But the consciousness of commanding stature in most situations, and the terror of that last moment opened, that insane in escape to one's dandy.

Well, here goes. The sail into a blaze of light absolutely frightened, foolish. Then the pleasure and the consciousness of my hostess's head recall restoring my self-possession to her greeting as if I instead of far her infernal chair offered me, and long guests. They were rather important, and the great seemed to oppress them. Tensions were going on here, occasional ripples of excitement as if any sound above offence against the sanctity tried to find a congenial acquaintances looked and consequently I had in restraining myself from the solemn face of the jovial Judicial Committee to talk to me. I am the but I was much relieved announcement was made precedence we filed into

I often wish I could dining-room when a buzz of the buzzing medley laughter, the rattle of forks, the pad, pad of shifting of a chair or rustle a most amusing olla wonder how it would be I could sketch the faint smiles and perfectly content