

## The Heseltine Bronzes.



A Classic Figure in Bronze



A Goat (by Riccio) and a Seated Greyhound

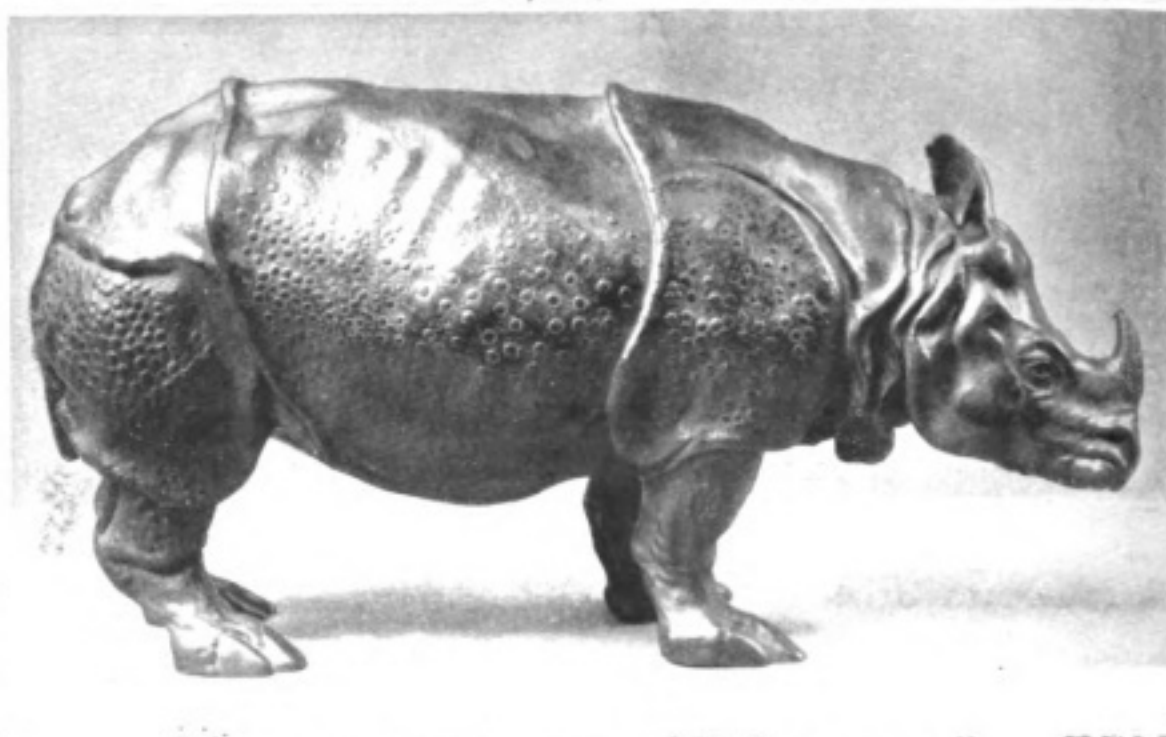


Seated Figure of a Boy (Fifteenth Century)

The famous Heseltine collection of bronzes formed by Mr. J. P. Heseltine, the senior trustee of the British Museum, has just been sold by order of the owner to Mr. Alfred Spero of 35, King Street, St. James's, in whose gallery they are now being shown.

The collection consists of some of the finest examples of Italian Renaissance bronzes, of which the more important pieces are well known to collectors and students of Renaissance Art. The seated figure of the boy (reproduced above) is one of the finest pieces in the whole group; it belongs to the late 15th Century, Florentine period, is 18 in. in height, and of exquisite workmanship.

Many of the figures have been exhibited from time to time between 1879 and 1912. In its entirety the collection contains sixty pieces. It is one of the three collections of great value and interest which still remain in Great Britain—the other two being the Wernher and the Beit collections.



A Beautifully-modelled Rhinoceros in the Heseltine Collection

## THESE LICENSES : By E. V. Lucas.

I have already said something in *THE SPHERE* on the question of inns and their names, but the presence on my table of a little pocketable book called bluntly and briefly *Pubs* (Spottiswoode and Ballantyne) leads me to the subject once more. And, after all, why not; for where should we be without those friends of man, the licensed victuallers, every one of whom carries on his beneficent labours beneath a sign? Banish the sign-boards of England and you leave her cold indeed. At least the sign-boards that denote welcome and refreshment; but I shall never forget a certain walk from Chop Yat in Billsdale down to Helmsley on a hot August day many years ago, at a time in the world's history when August days could be hot and Sirius rage. The way was long and very fatiguing, and all our hopes were set on the two promising little letters, "P.H.," engraved on our one-inch ordnance map. And behold, drawing nigh, we saw the sign hanging out, and all our tribulation melted away: only to consolidate with additional mortification on discovering that the P.H. was a P.H. no longer, but had been converted into a Quakers' meeting! Why should Quakers, who are reported to be an unprovocative folk, do these things? For that is not the only sign-board that they have confiscated. There is another at Thakeham in Sussex, The Blue Dragon, I believe it is called, or is it The Blue Lion? Anyway, those wayfarers whose hearts are lifted up as they approach it, will quench no bodily thirst within its portals, whatever spiritual nourishment may await them.

The little book before me, with its abrupt and almost too descriptive title, deals only with inns that are truly inns, the object of the author, or classifier, Mr. G. A. Tomlin, being to divide them into groups, such as Agricultural (The Jolly Farmers, The Plough), Anatomical (The Heart in Hand, The Maid's Head), Astronomical (The Sun in Splendour, The Half Moon), Ecclesiastical (The Good Samaritan, The Adam and Eve), Geographical (The World's End, The Hercules Pillars), and so on. Mr. Tomlin, however, seems to have done no more than arrange; for the names themselves, as for the title of the book, he has had to go to Miss E. P. Harrison. I have not the pleasure of Miss Harrison's acquaintance, but I salute her with respect as probably the only person in the history of literature who has been thanked for permission to call a book *Pubs*. Isaac Disraeli would have rejoiced over the affair.

On looking down the pages of Mr. Tomlin's—no, I will not say publication—Mr. Tomlin's compilation, I am distressed to see how much of my time has been wasted; for England is packed with signs that I have neither seen nor patronised. I have never, for example, seen The

Good Samaritan. I should like to drink there, but must fare to Turner Street to do so; and I have no notion where Turner Street is. I have never entered the friendly portals of The Glittering Star (Darlington), The Pyewipe (Lincoln), The Blooming Fuchsia (Ipswich), The Cow and Snuffers (Llandaff), The House of Commons (Cambridge), The Eel's Foot (Theberton), The Old Tippling Philosopher (Caldicot), or The Hark to Lasher—I suspect Lasher of being a foxhound—(Castleton), while the number of strange Arms still awaiting to embrace me is legion. And then there are those which do not allure, for some inn signs are worse than others. Some are nothing short of a mistake, such as The Well and Bucket (Bethnal Green).

The book dispenses information. It tells us that The Fountain at Canterbury is the oldest inn in the country, dating from 1029. The Ostrich at Colnbrook comes next, 1110. The highest inn is The Tan Hill in Swaledale, 1,727 ft. up. I find in the notes derivations that particularly interest me. The Pig and Whistle, for example, would seem to have no necessary connection either with pork or melody, but to preserve the remnants of an ancient expression of piety, "Pige Washail," meaning Salutation to our Lady. The sign of The Ferry, Mr. Tomlin tells us, at Roseneath, was painted by H.R.H. Princess Louise; and this brings us to the question, why are there not more painted signs? You know The Running Footman, in Charles Street, Mayfair, of course. It is the custom now for breweries to own many inns. Everyone passing through Surrey and Sussex must have been struck by the number of inns in Surrey belonging to the Friary Brewery, with their red and black and gold trade mark, and in Sussex by the cheerful coat of green and white which the firm of Smithers give their tied houses. Well, brewers are rich. Why should they not have picture sign-boards? The world is full of artists who would be only too glad to supply them. Now and then one finds a good new painted sign; but how rarely, and what pleasure it produces! What splendid signs Mr. James Pryde—to name him only—would paint! Nor is there any indignity in bending art to this purpose, for the inn is a sacred spot, and great hands have conspired to spread its fame—Old Crome with The Two Sawyers, which I saw last year in the Crome Exhibition at Norwich; Morland, again and again; David Cox (The Loggerheads at Llanveris); even Walter Crane, of whom one does not think primarily as a convivialist (The Fox and Pelican at Grayshott). All students should paint one sign at least, as diploma work, to be paid for in kind.