

# LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

**IT'S TEA TIME!**

EDWARDIAN EATS  
WITH VICTORIA VANE

**THE ART OF  
WAR**

LADY BUTLER:  
VICTORIAN WAR  
ARTIST

**NEW RELEASES**

LATEST HISTORICAL  
ROMANCE READS  
JUST FOR YOU

**SHOWDOWN!**

WHO WAS THE  
BETTER REGENCY  
PAINTER?

**LOVE  
ART & ARTISTS**

*Interview*

**The lady knows the  
NAKED TRUTH**

LADY GRACE TYNEFORD HAS A KEEN EYE FOR ART,  
BUT WHERE WILL SHE DRAW THE LINE?

**ALSO INSIDE:**

• FUN & GAMES:  
A MASTERPIECE OF  
MIRTH

LOVE'S GREAT  
ADVENTURE

Issue 26 June 2024

Cover image by Ingram Images

# AUTHOR'S DESK

## MIXED BLESSINGS

The last quarter has been one of mixed blessings. Unlike news from the first quarter, there's been no natural disasters. In fact, the weather has been absolutely glorious in recent weeks. We've also had the satisfaction of refurbishing the kitchen of our home.

Sadly though, one of our two lovely cats had to be put down just a few weeks ago. At the age of 11, Claude had developed bone cancer in one of his paws. The prognosis for an older cat with the condition is not good, and the treatment rather extreme. So it was with great regret we decided to forgo trying to extend his life for our sakes in favour of letting him go while he was still not in great pain.

Many of you who have pets know what a wrench it is to lose a beloved animal. You don't quite realise what a big hole they'll leave in your hearts until they're gone. Fortunately, we do have his sister Coco who is in rude good health and as boisterous as only a 'tortie' can be.

Be sure to give your fur-babies an extra cuddle from us.

In this magazine, we have lots of fabulous reading thanks to my darling husband Duncan who has taken on the double duty of both writer and layout artist for much of this edition. In it, we pay tribute to artists both real and fictitious, and you'll meet Lady Grace Tyneford from *The Designing Duchess*, a spicy little novella which will be released at the end of August.

I hope you enjoy the *Love's Great Adventure* June edition.

Before you go, I'm looking for readers who would like to receive review copies of my novellas. If that's you, email [author@eecarter.com](mailto:author@eecarter.com).

I'm looking for reviewers for *Dicing with the Duke*, *My Earl Was An Alien*, *The Four-to-One Fancy*, and my upcoming novella, *The Designing Duchess*. Let me know by name which book or books you'd like to review.

*Elizabeth Ellen Carter*



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## LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

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from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

**PUBLISHER / EDITOR**  
Elizabeth Ellen Carter  
[author@eecarter.com](mailto:author@eecarter.com)

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR / DESIGNER**  
Duncan Carling-Rodgers  
[duncan@bcm-online.com.au](mailto:duncan@bcm-online.com.au)  
for  
**BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS  
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**ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES**  
[author@eecarter.com](mailto:author@eecarter.com)

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### Out Now!



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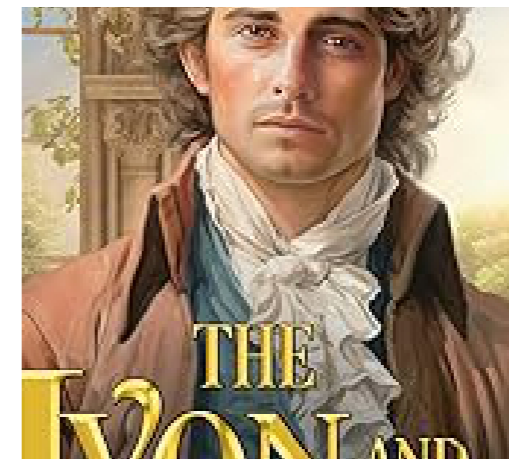
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UNDERCOVER  
EXCLUSIVE

# WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WRONG WITH A YOUNG WOMAN TAKING AN ART CLASS TO BROADEN HER EDUCATION?

by A Special Correspondent

“IT SHOULD BE POINTED OUT THAT YOUNG LADIES ARE NOT AS CLOISTERED AS SOME WOULD HAVE YOU IMAGINE.”

**T**here is a particular rite of passage which takes place in the venerable city of Bath during the season. How and when this particular rite was instituted has been lost to the mists of time.

Some matrons will swear on the souls of their dear dead maiden aunt that nothing of the sort was ever offered when they were debutantes and, even if it were, they would never have participated in anything so... so... salacious, unseemly, scandalous.

Others will make their denials with a little less passion, hastily changing the subject.

But still they persist to this day.

And yet, what could possibly be amiss with a young woman taking an art class to broaden her education? If one can bank on a baron, why can one not entertain an earl, or, better still, demand a duke?

But, despite what fairytale romances would have you believe, there is, in reality, a dearth of dukes, equally few earls, and only a few more barons.

Let alone handsome, wealthy and eligible ones.

But this season, there is one here in Bath. What Henry Cavandish, Duke of Egremont, and his well-heeled friends are doing in such a provincial backwater when the delights of London beckon is far beyond the ken of your humble correspondent.

Nonetheless, where eligibles gather, so too flock matchmaking mamans with designs for their daughters.

Back to our story.

To separate fact from fiction, I have come to the salon of Madame Geraldine de Bouchon, a French émigré and a watercolorist of some renown. I suppose I could ask the young ladies if they knew what to expect from today's classes – a life drawing class with the male of the species as its centrepiece – but it would be much more enlightening to remain a silent witness.

It should be pointed out that young ladies are not as cloistered as some would have you imagine. Sexual desire is innate in most of our species – evidenced by the fact that we are still here and the next generation is already upon us.

*Continued on page 7*

# THE NAKED TRUTH

## AN EXCERPT FROM THE DESIGNING DUCHESS

The human form was wonderful to draw.

Having one in the flesh, so to speak, was much, much better than the wooden posable mannequin that sat in Grace's little studio at home in Keswick.

She felt their teacher, Madame Geraldine, looking over her shoulder, and glanced back to see the woman nod in approval.

For the next hour, the girls worked diligently at their easels, drawing the ballet dancers, and anticipating what was to come later in the day.

Over the noon meal, there was a lively discussion about the merits of various artists, the miniatures of Adam Buck, the landscapes of Turner, the artwork and the intriguing life of Margaret Bingham, Countess of Lucan.

Grace leaned to Isabella. "How on earth did you get your mother to agree to let you come today? She was so set against it when at Lady Bromley's at-home the other day."

The girl shrugged, the pale blonde ringlets of her hair wobbling.

"I simply appealed to father, of course. I forced a tear from my left eye and bemoaned that I wouldn't be able to get a husband if I lacked the accomplishments of other young ladies."

Grace laughed. "You already have Lord Charlton eating out of your hand, so I can't see that you have any cause for complaint."

Isabella had the good grace to blush.

Mark my words, there would be an offer of marriage there before the year was out, Grace noted to herself.

Madame rose to her feet and clapped sharply to attract the girls' attention.

"*Mes eleves*, I have a treat for you," she said. "Ah, it is one I know you have been anticipating. Follow me, *mes petites*."

Dutifully the girls followed their art teacher up to a large light filled studio on the second floor. There, the woman's own works in progress could be seen, and the girls stopped and studied them for a moment, identifying the techniques they had learned that morning.

Further in the room, already set out in a line were a set of easels, placed to maximize the light falling on the pristine white pages of the sketch books they carried under their arms.

The center of the studio was hidden by three screens.

"It's so unfair to tease me about Lord Charlton," whispered Isabella as she opened the small box of pencils on the tray below the easel. "Tell me none of the handsome young eligibles have caught your eye, and I shan't believe you."

Yes, there was one man – Henry Cavandish, Duke of Egremont. But Grace would prefer to bite her tongue than admit as much. He was the man most of the girls had set their caps at – handsome, eligible, titled, and wealthy.

It was not uncommon to hear whispered confessions from girls that they'd fallen in love with him at first sight. Grace was ashamed to admit even to herself that she was one of them, although, it had to be said, she and Cavandish were a little better acquainted than most.

They'd danced a couple of times during this season, had even been seated together for dinner at a couple of soirees where she found his conversation was quick and amusing. But that was all. Never had he shown her any attention that was beyond the ordinary.



And why would he, when he had beautiful women, tempting mistresses, and bored wives to choose from?

Grace managed to evade Isabella's enquiry thanks to the timely arrival of three liveried footmen who entered the studio with all the gravity of judges. The room fell to silence as they approached the center of the studio and removed the Chinoiserie screens.

There, sitting on a stool in all his glory, was a completely nude man.

\*\*\*

Henry Cavandish heard the gasps of the young ladies in the room as the screens were removed.

He cursed his friends with every foul name he could think of, and then cursed them again.

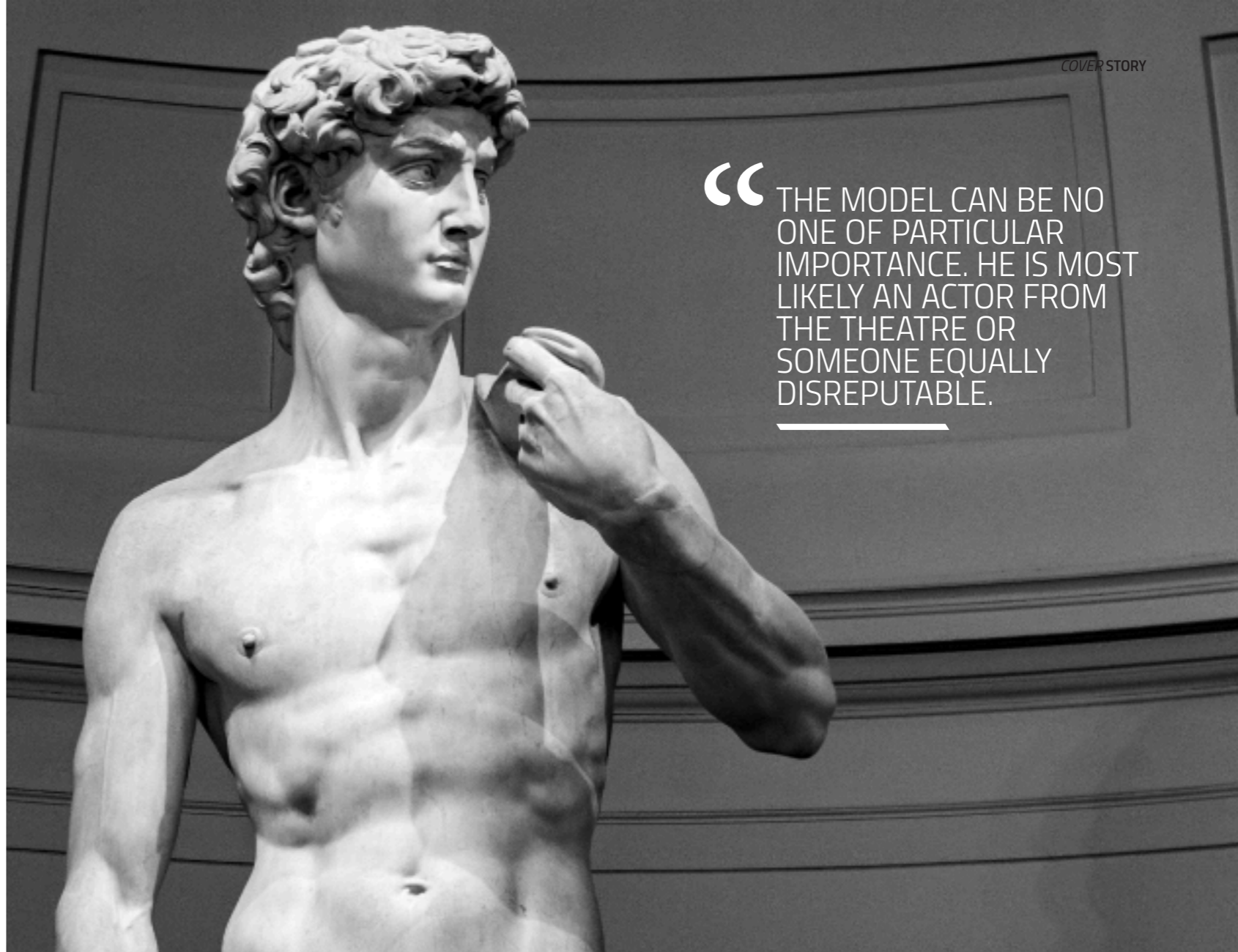
It had to be conceded that it was his own fault. It was a stupid bet – he knew so at the time, but there was something of a little devil on his shoulder that accepted the wager even though he knew that poor Donald stood no chance to pot a sixth billiard ball in a row.

He'd given no thought to the forfeit if he lost, and that devil Robert Charlton had made sure the punishment had been planned in exquisite detail.

Which was why he was here, completely naked, with only a gauzy hood over his head to conceal his identity. And to add a touch of piquancy to his 'torture', his best friends had dressed up as footmen, complete with ridiculous powdered wigs, to watch his embarrassment.

Oh, there *would* be a reckoning, that he would make certain.

LGA



COVER STORY

“THE MODEL CAN BE NO ONE OF PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE. HE IS MOST LIKELY AN ACTOR FROM THE THEATRE OR SOMEONE EQUALLY DISREPUTABLE.”

## THE NAKED TRUTH

Continued from page 5

No one notices your humble correspondent. I could be the diffident young lady at the back of the class, or one of the parlour maids bringing in refreshments. I could be one of the footmen – you would never know.

Still, I listen and observe, and one thing is most certain – all of the young ladies here have an idea of what to expect.

There are the titters and whispers behind hands as they speculate on who the nude male model is before them. It is silly speculation, of course. The model can be no one of particular importance. He is most likely an actor from the theatre, or a rustic or labourer doing the deed for the extra coin to be pocketed (once he has his trousers back on, of course).

But soon the young ladies settle and focus on their work – exercising the feminine gaze to linger long over the form of the masked Adonis before them.

I take note of one student artist in particular, Lady Grace Tyneford, a young woman who has a reputation for both sense and sensibility. She wears a sudden especially thoughtful expression.

At first, I have the odd feeling she has identified the man under the mask.

As for myself, the ability to identify people unclothed is not something your correspondent has had much call to do. Thus, I might have dismissed her look as one of being lost in thought, if not for the way the man under the hood shifted to look at *her*.

Did they recognise each other? Surely not!

No gentleman would make such a spectacle of himself, and yet... I look across to the liveried footmen at the end of the room. I notice for the first time their mismatched uniforms. And they are enjoying themselves far too much with unseemly familiarity in glances passing between them.

And finally I recognise one of them – *Lord Robert Charlton!*

That can only mean it is one of their number so outrageously displayed.

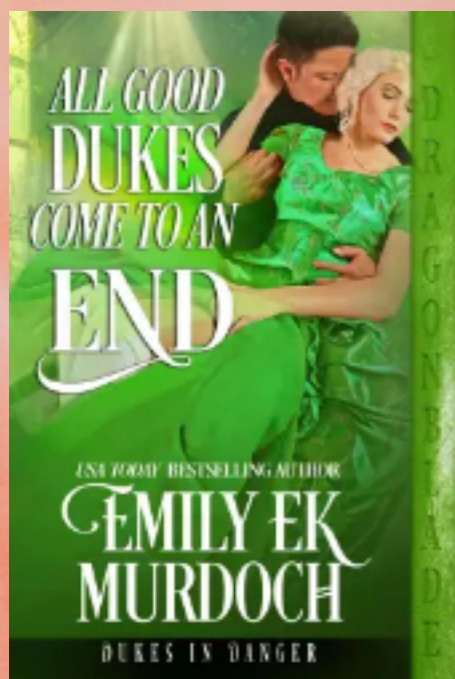
Now the story is really getting interesting...

LGA

THE DESIGNING DUCHESS IS OUT AUGUST 31. PRE-ORDER NOW. CLICK/TAP HERE.

**All Good Dukes Come to an End**  
by Emily EK Murdoch

Click/tap



Adam Seymour, Duke of Gilroyd, make a vow and he's not going to break it. Probably. After all, when he made that vow to never marry, it was in the depths of grief. Losing his wife suddenly had never been the plan—and so throwing himself into serving the Crown was the obvious choice to forget the pain.

Which was easy, until Mr. Smee forced a new partner on him: *Yates*.

And not a *Mr. Yates*, either. No, the woman with the striking blonde hair and mischievous way with knives couldn't be described as a *Mr. Yates*...

Dottie Yates isn't wholly enamoured with Adam either, but she needs a man to pretend to be her husband. Preferably one with good connections. A duke will do.

Thrust into a fake marriage, spying in Brighton, and misunderstandings that threaten to reveal secrets of their past, neither Adam nor Dottie are ready to give up hunting down the Glasshand Gang—or the traitor who is apparently in their midst.

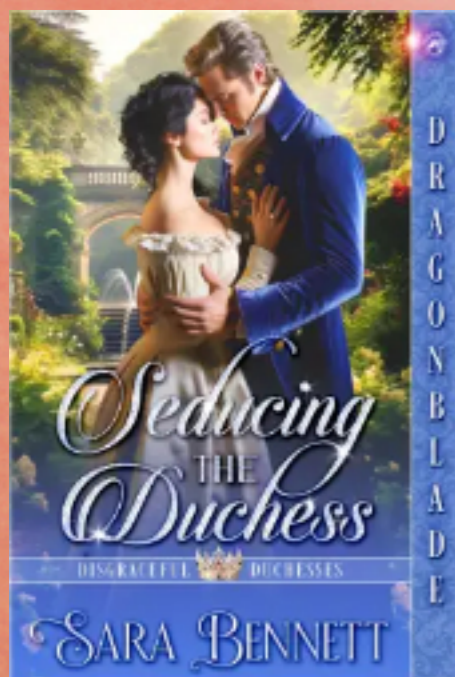
But as tensions heat and passions rise, it's easy to forget spies, traitors, and vows when faced with growing love. A love that could end their growing friendship—and their mission.

After all, all good dukes come to an end...

**This full length novel is a steamy Regency romance with a happily ever after, no cliffhangers, and is part of a series that can be read in any order.**

**Seducing The Duchess**  
by Sara Bennett

Click/tap



Catherine, Dowager Duchess of Wellesley, is on her way home to her bleak castle in the North of England, when she becomes trapped in a snowbound inn. The lonely widow of an old husband, her hopes of finding a man who can show her the sort of passion she longs for, are fading. That is until she discovers the gentleman she met ten years ago, and has been dreaming of ever since, is sharing her captivity.

Is this her chance to finally make those dreams come true?

Sebastian, Viscount Albury, is on his way home to his estranged father, a man he has not seen since the tragic death of his mother. What he needs now is a distraction. For years he has lived a rake's life in London, his heart unhindered by emotion, but when he sees Catherine something changes.

Can he seduce the duchess and walk away?

Trapped together, Catherine and Sebastian, discover more than the passion that binds them. But can they escape the past and make a future together?

**NEW** A selection of recently released and 'coming soon' reads for historical romance fans.

# RELEASES



**The Cornish Mermaid**  
by Fil Reid

Click/tap

In the present day, while on holiday in Cornwall, land of her ancestors, Morvoren Lucas agrees reluctantly to accompany her soon to be ex-boyfriend on a sea-fishing trip. Her morbid fear of the water, despite her name meaning 'sea maiden' or 'mermaid' in Cornish, turns out to be justified when a sudden freak wave tosses the fishing boat, flinging her into the sea.

In 1811, smuggler Kit Carlyon takes one last sweep with his nets before heading for home and fishes out what he at first mistakes for a real mermaid - Morvoren. He's stuck with an unwanted visitor just when he and his uncle have a shipment from Brittany arriving that night.

Morvoren realizes she's traveled back in time, but keeps it to herself. She's lost, nearly two hundred years before her birth, with no money and not a friend in the world - except for Kit. He, feeling responsibility for her because he fished

her out of the sea, decides the only thing he can do is to take her back to his Wiltshire home and put her in the care of his mother and sister. But Morvoren has seen a display about local smuggling in modern Penzance, and she knows Kit is going to be killed in the cove below where his uncle lives. The problem is that she didn't pay enough attention to the display, and she doesn't know when it's going to happen.

Surely she's been snatched back in time for a purpose, and that must be to save the man she's falling in love with. But can you truly change the course of history, or is it written in stone?



**The Butler and the Bluestocking**  
by Rue Allyn

Click/tap

What could a bluestocking and a butler possibly have in common?

When opening the door to her family's borrowed York townhouse, the last thing Bess expects to find is a stranger claiming to be a butler.

She has every reason to disbelieve him, but her family is in desperate need, so she squelches common sense and offers him a job on the spot. Pray heaven, she won't regret her decision.

On arriving in York to visit his godmother, the Honorable Malcolm K. Marr did not expect to find her house locked and empty. Nor did he expect to have to break in to the house to find shelter.

Least of all did he expect to be awakened at mid-day after the break in to find a woman with the bearing of an Egyptian goddess demanding to know what he was doing in *her* house.

**The Designing Duchess**  
by Elizabeth Ellen Carter

Click/tap

When Lady Grace Tyneford attends a drawing class for debutantes to add to their talents, she and her friend Lady Isabelle Dumphries are hiding from their parents that the day-long event includes a life model. A man. A *naked* man. Well, not *quite* naked – a gauzy black hood hides his face to protect all from embarrassment.

During their Bath debut season, Isabelle has attracted the attention of Lord Robert Charlton, but Grace has no obvious suitors thus far, and denies to Isabelle that she views any of the eligible bachelors with particular favor.

Privately, however, she carries a torch for Henry Cavandish, Duke of Egremont. The problem is so do most of the girls. Whispered confessions of love at first sight abound, but Grace has kept her own counsel rather than be part of a silly gaggle chasing the handsome, eligible, titled, and wealthy duke. She'd rather let him go than that.

It was a pity too, because she and Cavandish were a little better acquainted than most.

They'd danced a couple of times, been seated together for dinner twice, and his conversation was quick and amusing. But that was all. Never had he shown her attention beyond the ordinary. Henry Cavandish might be handsome, eligible, titled, and wealthy, but he must have been out of his mind when he accepted a wager with his friend Robert Charlton that he couldn't possibly win. And he'd not even thought to ask what the forfeit would be if he lost.

Posed as Michelangelo's David, peering out from behind a gauzy black mask, he sits naked before a room of young women who gaze avidly and sketch him. His view is hazy through the dark mesh, and he wonders if he knows any of them. One right in front certainly looks familiar – at least vaguely.

When he learns later she is Lady Grace Tyneford and best friends with Robert's soon-to-be intended, Lady Isabelle Dumphries, he is mortified.

At least they can't possibly know he and the life model are one and the same. He hopes...



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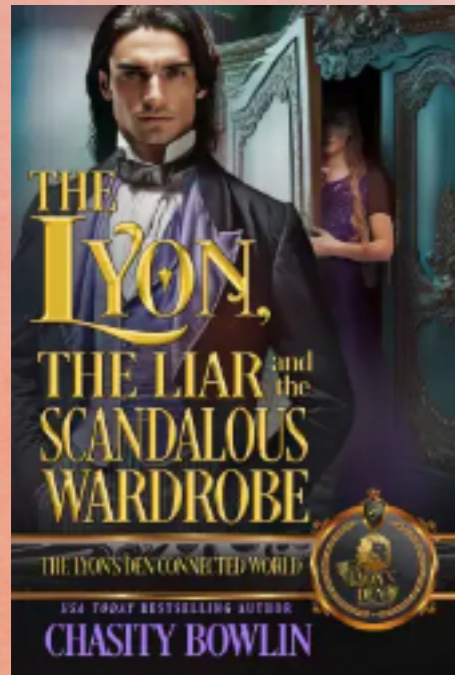
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# NEW RELEASES

## The Lyon, The Liar and the Scandalous Wardrobe

by Chasity Bowlin

Click/tap



## The Lyon and His Promise

A gentleman's lifetime regret. A widow's tarnished reputation. Can they repair the past to create a bright future together? Is this her chance to finally make those dreams come true?

Gyles Hawley, Marquis of Wickes has spent years regretting that he promised a good friend not to woo the man's sister. Not that the regret shows. Between his duties to his father and the estate as heir to a duchy, he sometimes wished he could live a simpler life as a gentleman-about-town. Inside, though, he still yearns for a girl he could never forget.

Mrs. Josephine Bouchard understands that she must live with her bad choices. Foolishly running away with a man who only desired her money, was only the first. After she became a widow, she continued to make decisions that cost her any possibility of a return to Society. Then a chance glimpse of Gyles makes her wonder if maybe she could find a way.

When Mrs. Dove-Lyon arranges a meeting between Gyles and Josephine, the past and present collide. Only once they resolve their own mixed emotions, can they combat all that Society will try to do to stop them being together.



Click/tap

Miss Poppy Granville has a plan to save the fortune left to her and her sister by their grandfather. Perhaps it isn't a very good plan. It's certainly not a foolproof one. But with a bit of misdirection, a few lies, bending some rules while breaking others, along with the cooperation of a well connected ally, it just might work. All it will take is for one of them to land themselves a husband. In eight days.

Julien knows that his cousin is facing an uphill battle in finding himself a wife—despite all that Phillip has to recommend him, the man's own obsession with hunting and shooting might derail his plan and the considerable efforts of Mrs. Dove-Lyon. But Julien hadn't expected that the prospective bride, sent by Bessie for Phillip, would be accompanied by the one woman in the world he was hopeless to resist. A woman he knows, at very first glance, will be his.

But the course of true love and matchmaking will never run smooth, and the Cressington house party is no exception. With plots, schemes, jealousy and a scandalous wardrobe encounter all converging into one point of utter chaos, both Julien and Poppy discover that it doesn't really matter what brought them together.

It only matters that they are together... and both of them mean to stay that way.

## The Scottish Bride

by Susan King

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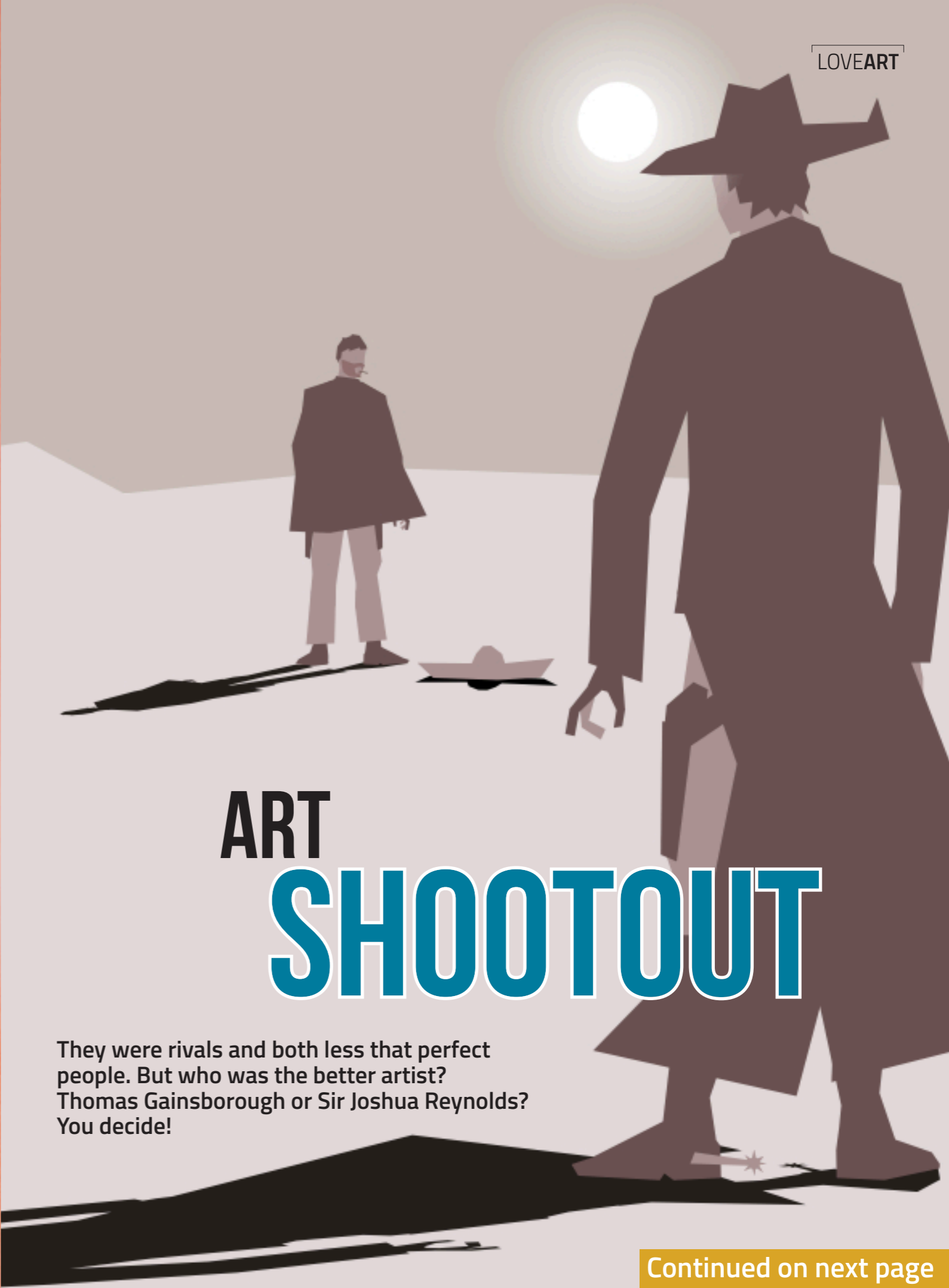


Lady Tamsin Keith escapes a castle tower to avoid marriage only to fall into the arms of a mysterious Scottish knight.

Sir William Seton is sent by the king to demand a secret book of prophecies in the lady's possession, but he soon discovers that beautiful Tamsin is a gifted seer—and the most stubborn woman he has ever met.

She refuses to trust the knight who begins to thrill her lonely heart—even as they face the powerful foe who would tear down all that they cherish most . .

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the red dot.



# ART SHOOTOUT

They were rivals and both less than perfect people. But who was the better artist? Thomas Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds? You decide!

Continued on next page

# ART SHOOTOUT

## The contestants

English portrait and landscape painters Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) and his rival Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) were rivals and both at time curmudgeonly-like figures. But if they didn't like each other, they were both still willing to acknowledge each other as good painters.

In the blue corner, **Gainsborough** is credited as the originator of the 18th-century British landscape school and was a founding member of the Royal Academy.

In the red corner, **Reynolds** (next page) promoted what was called the 'Grand Style' in painting, which idealised the imperfect, and was a founder and first president of the Royal Academy of Arts.



ABOVE: GIRL WITH PIGS - GAINSBOROUGH'S BEST ACCORDING TO REYNOLDS.  
BELOW: COASTAL LANDSCAPE WITH A SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK



ABOVE: PORTRAIT OF ANNE, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD



ABOVE: GAINSBOROUGH BY GAINSBOROUGH

## Thomas Gainsborough

In 1746, Gainsborough married Margaret Burr, an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, who had settled a £200 annuity on her. This was fortunate because he wasn't selling much for a few years and had to borrow money from his wife.

Once his fame grew, he painted portraits for fashionable society, and the family moved to Bath where they lived in a townhouse at The Circus. But he was frustrated by the work that brought in the money, wanting to concentrate on landscapes. At one point in the 1760s, he wrote to a friend that he'd really like to just shove off to a village somewhere 'where I can paint Landskips and enjoy the fag End of Life in quietness and ease'.

He also wasn't polite about the people who gave him money: '... damn Gentlemen, there is not such a set of Enemies to a real artist in the world as they are, if not kept at a proper distance. They think ... that they reward your merit by their Company & notice; but I ... know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their Purse; their Hearts are seldom near enough the right place to get a sight of it.'

Gainsborough could be nice to his friends, however, one noting: 'to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest and his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity'

In 1784, the position of Principal Painter in Ordinary fell vacant at the Academy and the King was obliged to give the job to then-Academy president, Reynolds. It's suggested the Royal Family preferred Gainsborough as a painter nonetheless.

And it is said that when Reynolds stated that a painter should not have too much of the colour blue in the foreground of an image, Gainsborough responded by painting his famous 'Blue Boy'.



THE BLUE BOY

# ART SHOOTOUT



ABOVE: THE COTTAGERS



ABOVE: REYNOLDS BY REYNOLDS

## Joshua Reynolds

**Joshua Reynolds** never married. Whether this was because of his appearance is a matter of conjecture. Slightly built, about 5'6" tall with a florid complexion, his skin was scarred by smallpox and his upper lip disfigured from an accident as a young man.

He made up for the lack of a wife by having his sister live with him as housekeeper. Known to his friends and acquaintances as amiable, friendly and generous, various figures said of him that he had 'a suavity of disposition that set everybody at their ease in his society', that 'of all the polite men of that age, (he) was the finest gentleman' and he had 'a turn for humour'.

Meanwhile, his sister described him as 'a gloomy tyrant', and it's suggested he further made up for his bachelor status by visiting prostitutes and having affairs with certain clients, one of whom it was said 'visited his house for more sittings than were strictly necessary'.

Reynolds often claimed that he 'hated nobody' but he so disliked one artist that he refused to refer to him by name and prevented him from becoming a member of the Academy.

But of his rival Gainsborough, Reynolds was willing at least to write that the painting *Girl with Pigs* was 'the best picture he ever painted or perhaps ever will' (a backhanded compliment perhaps), and praised his achievements in the obituary he wrote for him.



ABOVE: THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE



RIGHT: THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL



ABOVE: THE AGE OF INNOCENCE



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TEA TIME!**

# IT'S ALWAYS

Photos from a Newberry High Tea by  
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# TEA TIME!





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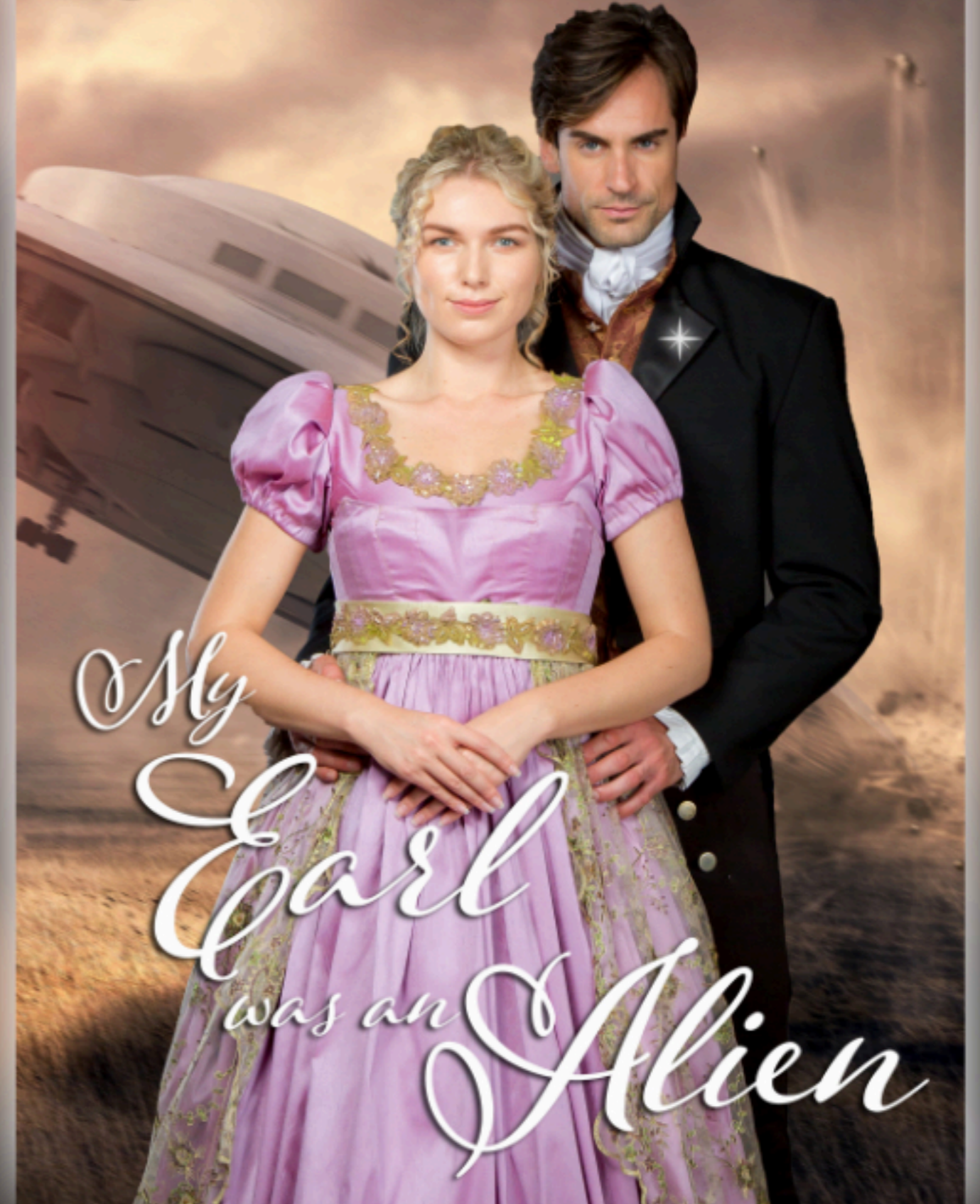
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# THE ART OF WAR

She was one of the biggest names painting scenes of war in the Victorian era

COMMISSIONED FOR £100 IN 1873 (EQUIVALENT TO ABOUT £13,600 TODAY) BY A MANCHESTER INDUSTRIALIST, THE PAINTING THE ROLL CALL (BELOW) MADE THE YOUNG ELIZABETH THOMPSON A CELEBRITY OVERNIGHT. THE PAINTING WAS BOUGHT BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND REMAINS IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION TO THIS DAY.



## Lost to war

A significant collection of Lady Elizabeth Butler's paintings themselves fell victim to war. Water colours she painted while her husband was stationed in Palestine she took to County Tipperary when he retired from the army. Sent for safekeeping for a time at County Meath's Gormanston Castle during the Irish Civil War, they were later almost all lost in the German bombing of London during the Second World War.

THE DRAMA OF ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S PAINTING (BELOW) OF THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS, A NAPOLEONIC WAR ENGAGEMENT JUST PRIOR TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, INSPIRED ASPECTS OF THE GOTHIC NOVELLA NOCTURNE. THE PAINTING HANGS IN THE STATE MUSEUM OF VICTORIA IN AUSTRALIA.



Go to the website of London's Tate Gallery and search 'war artists' and the names that come up are those of men. Perhaps not a surprise with respect to older works given the subject.

What may come as a surprise, however, is that one of the biggest names painting scenes of war in the Victorian era was a woman - Elizabeth Southerden Thompson.

Born in Switzerland in 1846, she grew up in Italy and attended the Female School of Art in South Kensington in London in 1866. Exhibiting her work even as a student, she painted a watercolor titled Bavarian Artillery Going into Action the following year

Her family moved to Florence in 1869 where she studied under artist Giuseppe Bellucci at the Accademia di Belle Arti, occasionally signing her painted as 'Mimi Thompson' after a childhood nickname. Her works at this time were mainly religious in nature, but exposure to paintings of battle led her to switch topics.

An 1873 depiction of ordinary soldiers in the Franco-Prussian War titled Missing led to her first submission to London's Royal Academy of Arts. The submission was The Roll Call, showing not great generals or officers as the centre of attention but exhausted and wounded common soldiers.

## Famous overnight

When the painting was shown at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition in 1874, it was so popular a policeman had to be stationed beside the painting to control the crowds that came to see it. Of the opening day of that exhibition, the artist later said 'I awoke the following to find myself famous'. It was just the beginning.

Her paintings toured Europe, along with photographs of her. Audiences were excited to find she was young and pretty, and thrilled to the romanticism and realism of her paintings.

Unsurprisingly, when she married in 1877 it was to a distinguished British Army officer, William Francis Butler, from Tipperary, Ireland. She joined him on his travels throughout the British Empire, raised six children, and continued painting. Her work was exhibited all over the world, and when her husband was knighted, she became Lady Butler.

Ultimately the Butlers retired to Ireland and by the time Lady Butler was widowed in 1910 her painting had fallen out of popularity.

Ironically for works that had drawn crowds for highlighting the suffering and sacrifice of ordinary soldiers - the common man - they were out of favour in a new century in which egalitarianism was beginning to enthuse the masses and fervour for empire as depicted in Butler's decidedly patriotic works was waning.

Nonetheless, she continued to paint and her later works depicted the tribulations of ordinary soldiers during World War One, as seen below.

Lady Elizabeth Butler died in 1933 at the age of 86.



AN IMAGE STILL RECOGNISED TODAY IS ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S SCOTLAND FOREVER! (ABOVE) THOUGH PERHAPS FEW SEEING IT WOULD KNOW THE NAME OF THE ARTIST.



REMNANTS OF AN ARMY DEPICTS WILLIAM BRYDON, ASSISTANT SURGEON IN THE BENGAL ARMY, ARRIVING HALF-DEAD AT THE GATES OF JALALABAD IN JANUARY 1842, BRINGING WORD OF THE DEVASTATION OF THE 16,000-STRONG 'ARMY OF AFGHANISTAN'.



## Edward Hopper (1882–1967)

American realist painter Edward Hopper is perhaps best recognised internationally for his 1942 oil-on-canvas *Nighthawks*.

That's the one of lonely looking people in a corner diner after dark. It's so well-known it's been parodied by replacement of the people with everything from celebrities to dogs.

Hopper saw something worth exploring in the world of US diners, and loneliness, isolation and class were a major part of what he saw reflected there.

Above is *Automat*. Why is she drinking her coffee alone? What is she thinking about? Why has she only taken off one glove? At right is *Chop Suey*. Are the women dopplegangers? Who are the couple behind them?



# THE ART OF FOOD

It can be people eating it, people preparing it, it can be the meal itself, but food has always had a place of the art table.

by LGA Associate Editor  
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

## Peter Wtewael (1596–1660)

The eroticism of food is in the eye of the beholder. In the modern era, the peach and the eggplant emojis have their not-so secret meanings. The same went for paintings in eras gone-by.

Common to the work of many Dutch artists in the 17th century were scenes jammed full of action and visual jokes or references. Dutch painters sought to evoke emotions in the viewer by letting them effectively be a voyeuristic onlooker to some intimate scene.

You mightn't think a kitchen is an erotic setting, but in Peter Wtewael's painting *Kitchen Scene* (above right), it's all erotic. There's the meat being lowered on a skewer as the cook gives the errand boy a knowing smile. He grins lasciviously back at her, jug in hand, basket of eggs on his arm. The folds and brightness of the cloth hanging from the basket echo the fabric of her blouse, the combination inviting comparison between the rounded contents of the basket and her breasts. All around them, the extravagantly depicted foodstuffs allude to the pleasures of the flesh.



## Giuseppe Arcimboldo (1526–1593)

Giuseppe Arcimboldo was an Italian Renaissance painter who created imaginative head and shoulders portraits comprised entirely of objects such as fruits, vegetables, flowers, fish, and books.

The portrait above, painted around 1590, depicts Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II as Vertumnus, the Roman God of the Seasons.

These fruity concoctions were a departure from his real work – he was a court artist, producing serious portraits for three Holy Roman Emperors in Vienna and Prague, as well as depicting religious subjects. He also undertook production

of a series of drawings of exotic animals in the imperial menagerie.

But this conventional work is long forgotten while his surrealist portraits, enjoyed by the court of his day, remain widely-known even today. However, one wonders how he got away with it, since academics have long surmised Arcimboldo's comedic paintings were actually coded criticisms or fun being poked at their subjects.

Still, in some respects, the artist may have passed in this regard as a kind of court jester with a brush and palette instead of jokes and jibes to make a point

## Édouard Manet (1832–1883)

French avant-garde artist Édouard Manet's still-life *Fish* doesn't just look 'off' to modern audiences. The public of the 1860s found his work unorthodox and confronting too.

But still lifes were coming back into fashion at the time because the growing middle class wanted affordable paintings they could have on their walls. And they didn't object to fish over paintings of bowls of fruit so much as Manet's vigorous style.

He knew which side his bread was buttered on so didn't submit his still lifes to the official Salon. Instead he sold them through Paris art galleries..

Incidentally, the French for 'still life' translates literally as 'dead nature'.

At right, a painting titled *Still Life with Melons and Peaches* shows that Manet could manage fruit as well.



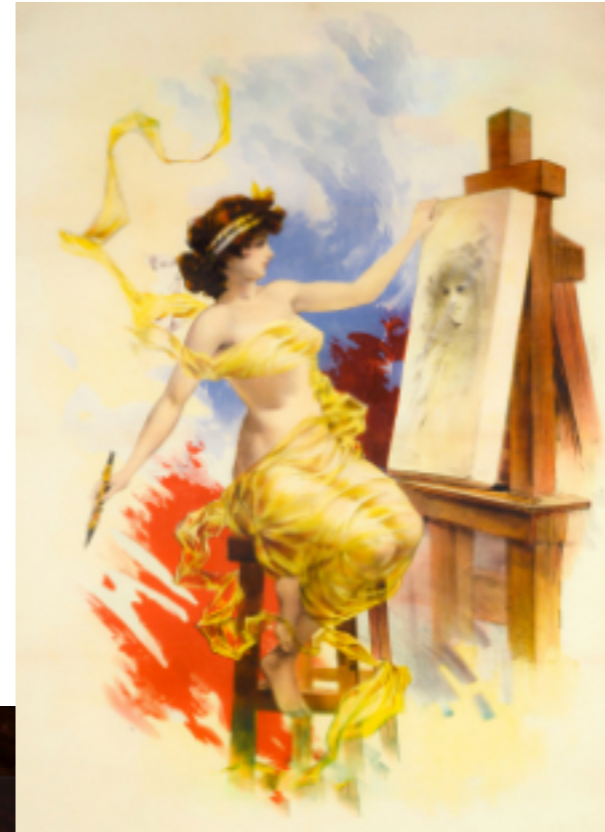


# GAME PLAY

## WORD SEARCH THEY'RE OFF!

### Jigsaw Time

Piece this picture together at Jigsaw Planet. Tap or click:  
<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=1587d3c0c03b>



N	O	S	E	B	A	N	D	E	E	Y	D	S	H
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N	U	A	E	L	O	E	O	R	K	C	I	R	S
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R	N	R	D	O	K	E	C	T	J	T	N	O	S
T	O	I	L	O	S	N	K	N	E	M	L	S	O
R	U	K	E	E	S	I	E	O	M	O	U	N	T

- GIRTH
- TACK
- NOSEBAND
- STIRRUPS
- SADDLE
- BRIDLE
- BLINKERS
- MOUNT
- REINS
- COLORS
- JOCKEY
- HORSEBOX

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/8848276/>

## Make Me A Masterpiece Crossword

### ACROSS

4. Stand your work in progress on this
7. Lend an ear to this painter of The Starry Night
8. Material stretched on a frame to paint on
10. Art or vandalism, depending on your point of view
11. Type of art typified by Salvadore Dali
12. It dries a lot quicker than oil paint (US sp.)

### DOWN

1. Famous ceiling painter
2. Artist's muse
3. Cut-out used by airbrush artists
5. Dark medium
6. He painted The Birth of Venus
9. His Marilyn is a bit repetitive



Fate has given twins Ivy and Iris Bigglesworth a season in York.



*The  
Four-to-One  
Fancy*

OUT NOW  
[TAP / CLICK HERE](#)

The sisters vow to marry only brothers so they will never be apart. But what are the odds of finding and falling in love with two such eligible young men?

Hearts race when they meet handsome cousins who are betting their future on a risky racing venture. Soon the twins learn there are more than fortunes to be lost on a four-to-one fancy..

