

**THE BLACK BOOK;
VOLUME ONE - OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER, DECEMBER. -
NUMBER ONE**

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The Black book; Volume one - October, November, December. - Number One by Maxwell Perriton & Edwin P. Upjohn

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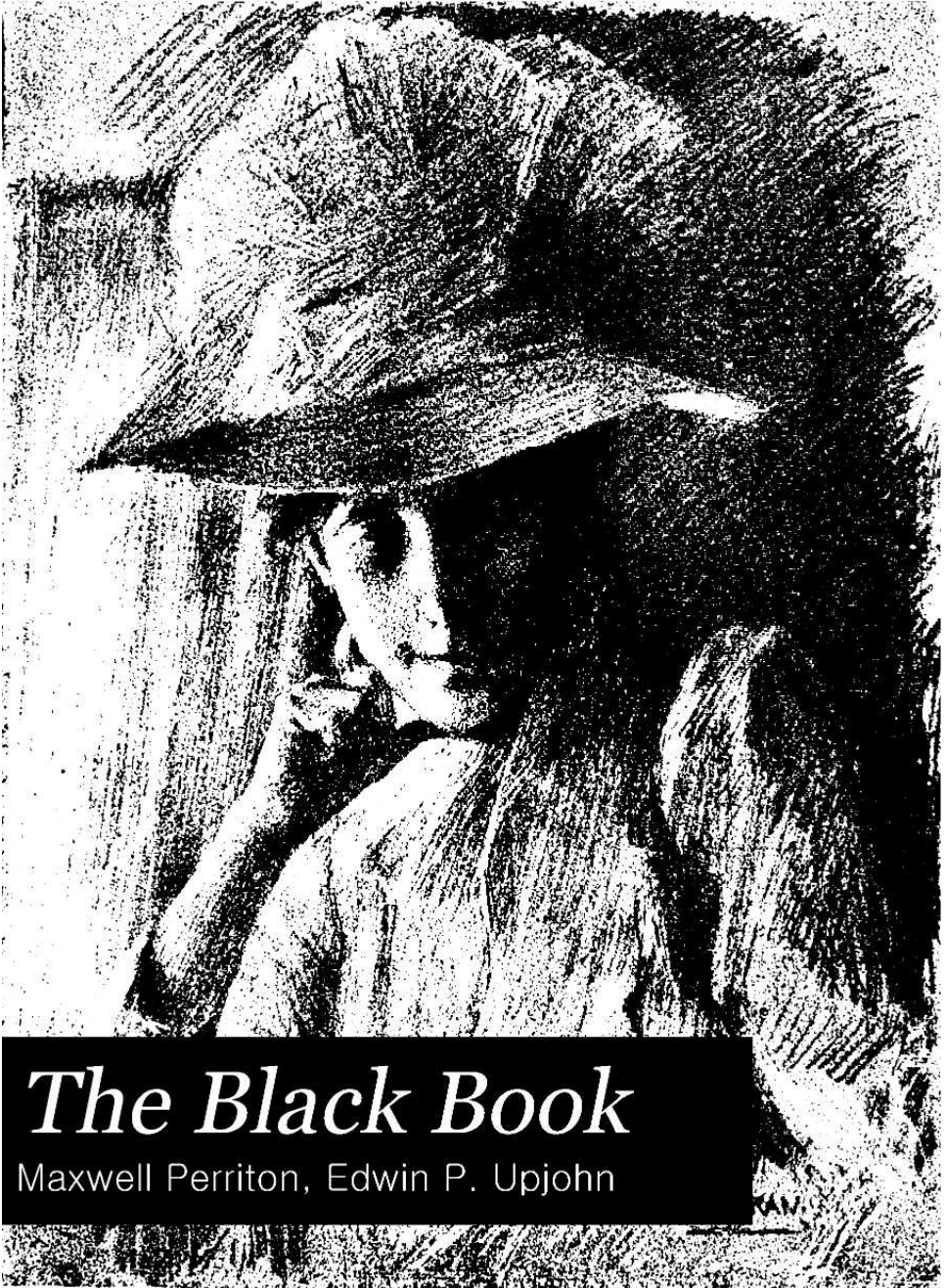
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MAXWELL PERRITON & EDWIN P. UPJOHN

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The Black Book

Maxwell Perriton, Edwin P. Upjohn



A
CRAYON
DRAWING
BY
C. C. CURRAN

DAY
DREAMS

Day-dreams from some good fairy sent,
So lovely, so benignant,
So pure, so bright as "heaven's" ray,
So quickly do they die away!

XFA 2.7

THE BLACK BOOK.

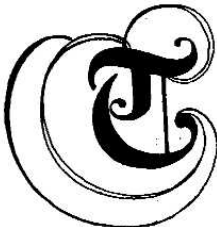
An Illustrated Quarterly Magazine
Of Art and Affairs.

VOLUME ONE—OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.—NUMBER ONE

Charles Dickens As An Artist.

Drawn by
Chas. Dickens

Mrs.
Micawber



HE story (heard from my fathers' own lips, for at least twenty times) of a memorable visit made by him to the home of Charles Dickens, shortly after the great master of English fiction had returned to his publishers the corrected proofs of "David Copperfield," requires but little mental effort on my part to re-narrate. The incidents of the event alluded to, have always made me feel a certain comradeship for the Dickens of my father's description—the Dickens of the fireside jovial almost to boyishness, with now and then a strain of sadness in speech and manner which disclosed the strangely contrasting sides of his strenuous personality. After the lapse of nearly half a century, the picture of that long, happy evening passed by my father in the companionship of the world's greatest tale-teller, seemed to stand out amid the multitudinous experiences of my parent, like a star of the first magnitude among luminaries of lesser effulgence.

By
Clarence
Roswell.

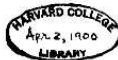
It was on the evening of November 22d, 1849, that my father (now six months dead) wended his way from his humble lodgings in Moulton Street to Gad's Hill at that time the home of Dickens. The hour was unusually early for making an evening call when my father found himself before the house



Mr.
Feggoty

Drawn by
Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens
In 1852



S. R. Scarborough

Uriah
Heep



Drawn by
Charles Dickens.

Little
David



Drawn by
Charles
Dickens

Chas. Dickens
As An Artist

less promising my father's visit had not been requested by Dickens—indeed the latter had scarcely a knowledge of his existence. My father, however, was emboldened in his purpose by the fact that he was going to Dickens's home armed with a letter of introduction from the novelist's warmest friend, John Forster.

Arriving at Gad's Hill my father was ushered into the large but sparsely furnished drawing room of the Dickens' household. The apartment was littered about with papers and books. To the extreme joy of the young literary pilgrim he was informed that Dickens was at home and was at that moment dining with the members of his family. During the brief time my father was kept waiting, an excellent opportunity was afforded him for observing the details of the barren drawing room. It was while taking a mental inventory of the objects around him, that my father's ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps in the hallway. In another minute Dickens had entered the room and after a cordial greeting the great writer glanced over Forster's note of introduction and remarking that he was more than pleased to meet a young man who had travelled over 3,000 miles to talk with him, Dickens invited my father into what the novelist was pleased to call his "den." It was not a very large room but it presented an air of privacy and coziness that somewhat prepared my father for the royal evening before him. Scarcely before my father realized his good fortune Dickens was deep in an explanation of the characters of that inimitable and immortal work of art "David Copperfield."

Mr.
Dick



Drawn by
Charles
Dickens.

As the evening wore away the creator of the renowned "Pickwick" told of his wretched boyhood, his early literary aspirations, his disappointments in disposing of his youthful productions and his present difficulties in drawing a lucid picture with words, of

Mr. Micawber
Drawn by
Charles Dickens



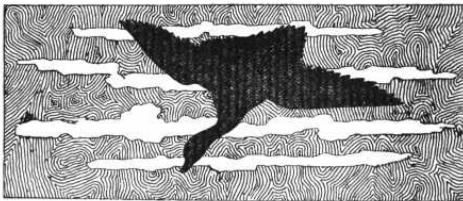


the characters that lay in his brain. It was with special tenderness that he reverted to "David Copperfield" which, published in parts was already popular. He said that but few departures had been made from the original writing. He spoke of the real regret he had felt in putting from him the book that is today his acknowledged masterpiece. It was wholly a labor of love, this book, and more than a few facts out of his own personal experience were woven into the life of little David. Dickens in words of considerable warmth avowed that "Copperfield" was the child of his deepest affection; the one book into the making of which he had put his own life's blood.

As his interest in the conversation deepened, Dickens lifted from his desk the quill pen with which he had written the greatest of his works and roughly sketched the figures of "David," "Micawber," "Mrs. Micawber," "Uriah Heep" and the other strong characters we all have learned to love or hate as if they were living personages. "It was curious," my father was wont to remark, "to watch the man talking and sketching, wholly absorbed in the people of his own making, and limning their forms and features with a few crude, but at the same time, lucid lines." Plainly, Dickens for a time was unconscious of his audience and was "fighting his battles o'er again."

It was close upon midnight when my father took his departure from Gad's Hill, flushed with the excitement of his remarkable seance with the great writer, and bearing with him as souvenirs of the occasion six of the hasty drawings made by the ready hand of Charles Dickens. These same sketches are now given to the world for the first time in these pages and while no one will claim for them an intrinsic art value they none the less must needs be interesting to everyone who has shed quiet tears over the death of little Nell, laughed at the strong, rich humor of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, and sympathized with the woes of Mrs. Gummidge.

Charles Dickens
As An Artist



The Art Students' League of New York.



H.
Siddons
Mowbray

By
Edwin
Parry
Upjohn



ASSUMING that the reader is not conversant with the history of the Art Students' League of New York, the salient facts of its inception and progress are here briefly outlined. This foremost of American art schools came into existence quite unexpectedly; indeed its birth was in the nature of an accident. It was in the Spring of 1875 when for lack of sufficient means to maintain it the school of the National Academy of Design was closed, and a considerable number

of students were left stranded on the barren shores of an uncompleted art education. At this critical point in its history the prospect of a reopening of the Academy school was unpromising to say the least. The dilemma of the students was awkward in the extreme. Their Moses in the person of Mr. Wilmarth then appeared to deliver them from the bondage of inactivity.

At a meeting held by the students in Mr. Wilmarth's studio on June 2, 1875, it was decided to form an independent association and that its name should be the Art Students' League. A circular was accordingly draughted out in which it was stated that the pupils of the Academy with the co-operation of Mr. Wilmarth would under the new regime, strive for "the attainment on the part of its members of a higher development in art culture, the encouragement of a spirit of unselfishness and true friendship, mutual help in study, and sympathy and practical assistance (if need be) in time of sickness and trouble." Here was a high standard raised and a laudable purpose mapped out for achievement. The infant League then fixed upon quarters in a building at the corner of Fifth Avenue, and Sixteenth Street, and Mr. Wilmarth with characteristic generosity volunteered to teach the classes without compensation. On October 1, 1875, work was begun in a morning and evening class for men, and an afternoon class for women. A little more than a fortnight later the first general meeting was held, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted. Mr. Wilmarth was unanimously elected president. The government of the school was in the hands of a board composed of members to be elected annually. Artists and art students only were eligible to membership in the

Illustrated by
Prize Students
of the
League



William
Merritt
Chase



Kenyon
Cox



Irving R. Wiles



The Art Students League

League and candidates for admission were required to submit a drawing from the antique or from life. The nominal sum of five dollars was paid every month for tuition by each student.

The first year of the new League was marked by exceptional success. The classes were self supporting and from the surplus fund the instructors received a small fee for their services. The future looked rosy. At the outset of the second year the affairs of the new association appeared less promising. Money was scarce, enthusiasm in art study was dead or drowsing and the League had not yet made itself a factor in the life of the community.

Failure stared the enterprise in the face and a panic among the students seemed inevitable. Again it befell Mr. Wilmarth to prove his power as a leader and aided by a few brave spirits the school took on a new vigor and went forward with its work. Toward the end of the same season the old Academy school threw open its doors and Mr. Wilmarth was called to take charge of its revived classes. The League was without a head and chaos reigned among its members most of whom had decided to return to the Academy with their old instructor. The question whether or not to disband the League was put to vote and the majority ruled that even under financial stress the new institution should be maintained because of its unusual facilities for art study.

With its third year of life Mr. Waller was made president and Mr. Shirlaw the chief instructor. Confidence was again restored but the crucial test had come. In addition to the opposition offered by the Academy, with its free classes, the League was forced to maintain expensive quarters and pay well and promptly for the instruction of its members. Dame Fortune smiled on the irrepressible association that year and the period of experimentation was safely passed.

With its fourth year Mr. Chase and Mr. Beckwith were added to the League's staff of instructors. With 147 students enrolled at this time the new school boasted at the end of the year of the comfortable sum of \$1,800 in its treasury. Success arrived with the fifth year and under the management of Messrs. St. John Harper, Hartley, Turner, Lamb, Bradley and French, the successive years were full of progress and artistic triumphs.



"Thomas"
Drawn by
J. Allen
St. John



John H.
Twachtman