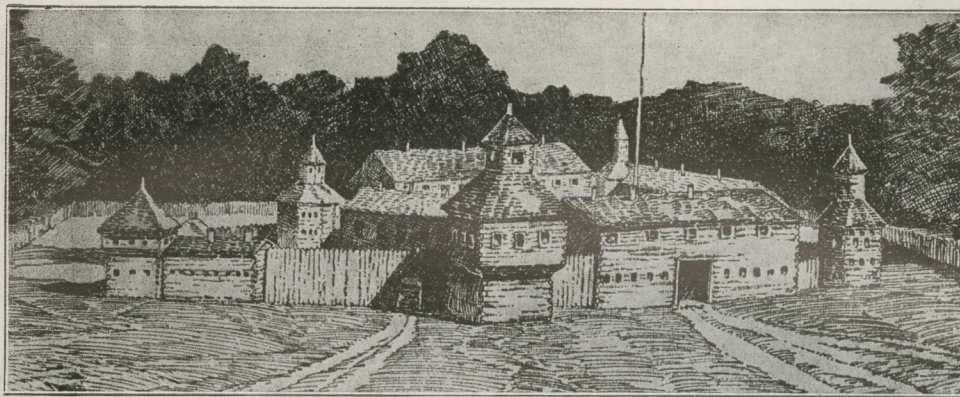


Ex Libris



Fort Washington in 1810.

T. A. LANGSTROTH

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T. A. LANGSTROTH.

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Public Library of
Cincinnati and Hamilton County

I love the work of G. Howell-Baker not only for his master-hand, but because he is absolutely unknown--a nobody. In the scant forty years since his death, he has been completely forgotten--erased from the face of the earth. There isn't as much as one line or word about him in the Cincinnati Public Library nor in the New York Public Library, for that matter. A letter sent to London, England, verified the fact that they also have forgotten him.

It is apparent that it was his destiny to be erased from the face of the earth. As a child, he was very sickly and his life was despaired of before he was ten years old. He managed, however, to hang on until he was forty one, even though in very bad health for several years at the end.

By presenting to the Cincinnati Public Library this little collection and information about G. Howell-Baker, an artist and poet, doomed by cruel destiny to oblivion, has become a 'Victor of Destiny'.

VICTOR OF DESTINY

or

THE LIFE OF G. HOWELL-BAKER

by

T. A. Langstroth

1958

Victors of Destiny by George Elliston.

I am the God of Circumstance,
I rule with iron rod;
And he who overcomes my will
Is like unto a God,
So firm is my decree.

I hold all life in my control-
In grim and stern embrace-
A few there are who loose my hold,
Supermen of the race,
Unconquered in defeat.

It does not matter where I place
Souls in heroic mold,
Nor wealth nor poverty can keep
Them from a meted goal,
Victors of destiny.

5:15 PM. Breathlessly, we run down the stairs of the Union Central Station and catch the Cincinnati Limited just as it starts to glide out of the terminal on its over night run to New York City.

We are going on a journey into yesterday. A journey all the way to the native heath of Mr Baker, in the hopes of finding out something about the life and work of an artist possessed of great and rare abilities-gifted with a vivid imagination-an imagination that opened the magical door to a beautiful dream world of fancy. He was able to weave gorgeous pictures from his minds eye and design new forms as a result of his dreamy cruise on the sea of life.

The following morning, we arrive in New York City, some six hundred miles away, and take a taxi cab to a pier on the Hudson River. Here we embark on a big ocean liner, bound for England. For three thousand miles, we watch the long rolling, steady pouring, deep trenched, green billows of the sea. At long last we sight the 'White Cliffs of Dover' in the Straits of Dover and soon we go into the River Thames and drop anchor.

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER



R 741.26
f B167
A+M

London Town, with its fog, double decked omnibuses, and Cleopatra's Needle is soon left behind as our train puffs out of the station and heads for Oxford, some sixty miles away. Upon leaving the train at Oxford, we continue our journey in an omnibus and start out for Tintern Abbey in Monmouth, South Wales, still another sixty miles distant. The train we left went on to Stratford-on-Avon. Upon arriving late at Tintern Abbey, we spend the night in a thatched roof inn and in the morning continue on our way by omnibus some fifty miles more to Bridgend, Glamorgan, South Wales.

We have traveled almost four thousand miles from Cincinnati and the end of our quest is at hand. From the files of the Glamorgan Gazette, we find what we seek and here is our clipping. Here also is an Obituary from the South Wales News.

THE GLAMORGAN GAZETTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1919.

DEATH OF MR. G. HOWELL BAKER.

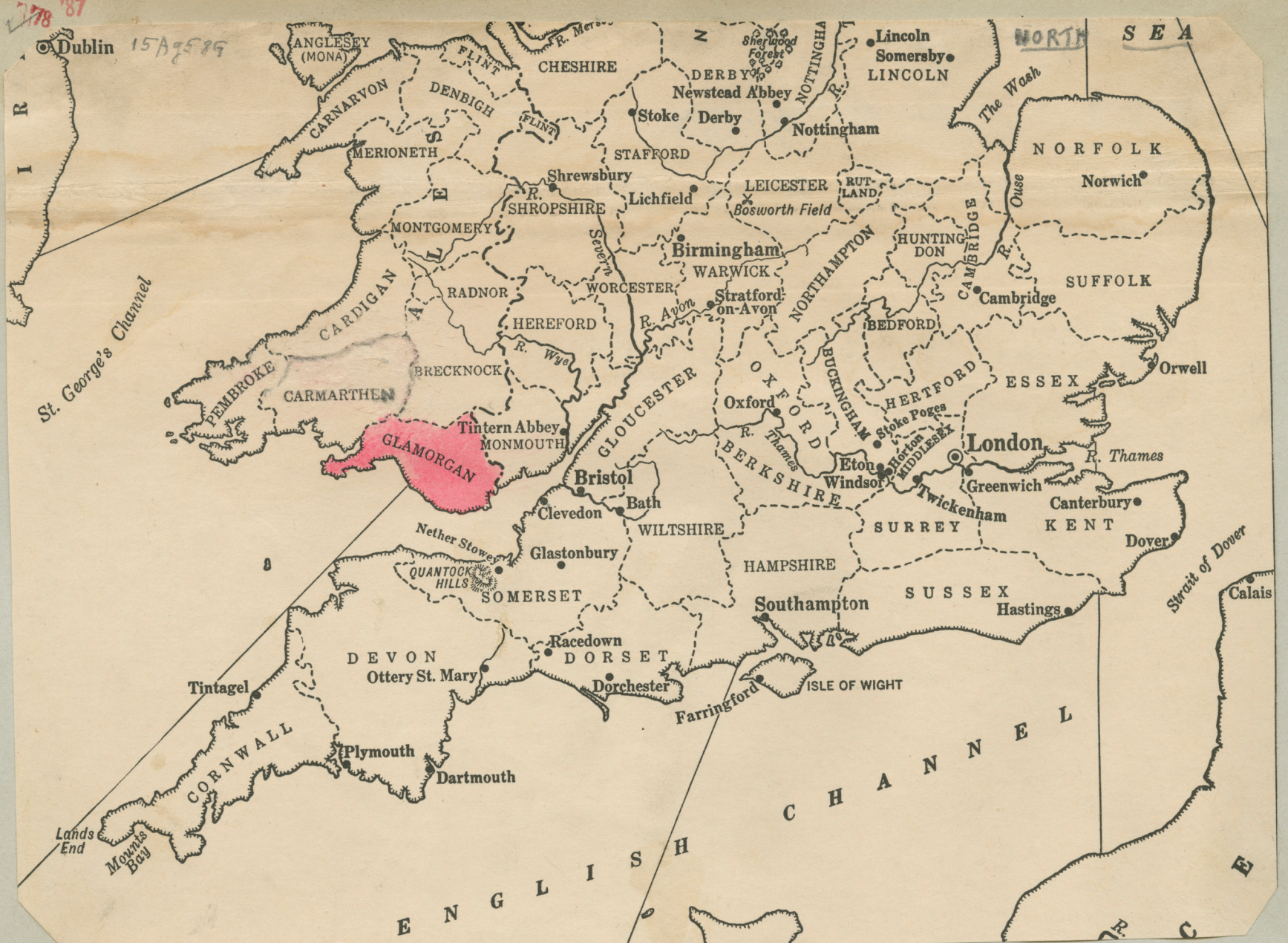
Famous Welsh Artist, Poet, and Wood-carver.
In the death of Mr. G. Howell Baker, A.R.W.A., aged 41, at his residence, Ingleside, Bridgend, there has passed away an artist possessed of great and rare abilities—gifted with a vivid imagination and a strongly marked individuality which infused into his work that quality of vitality which was a distinguishing feature of all his productions. For years he had laboured industriously and unobtrusively, "biding his time," so to speak, and meanwhile encouraged by the highly favourable criticisms of such authorities as the Earl of Plymouth and Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A. For some time deceased had been far from well; he worked on until two years ago, when unremitting and close application to the toil that was a pleasure to him, resulted in a serious nervous breakdown, which on Friday night last culminated in a fatal seizure. Mr. Baker had travelled much, in Brittany, and elsewhere on the Continent. He was well known in Paris and London, was represented always in the art galleries of Cardiff, Bristol, Swansea, and Aberystwyth. He was an exhibitor at the Salon, Paris, and the "Section de Gravures du Salon Artistes Francais," and at some of the best known London Galleries. He was a lecturer in art for Swansea, Bridgend, Port Talbot, Llantrisant, and Ogmere and Garw Valleys, and five or six years ago was elected a member of the Art Council in connection with the Glamorgan Education Committee. The Earl of Plymouth (always his commendatory critic) accepted the dedication of two pen and ink sketches, one being "The Forest Hymn" (by William Cullen Bryant), and the other, "The Palace of Art" (Lord Tennyson). Mr. Baker mostly excelled in symbolic painting and pen and ink sketches. He was a profound scholar, a great reader, and a poet (above the average), who was a valued contributor to our columns. Amongst Mr. Baker's paintings that have received favourable criticism are "Joan of Arc" in St. Agnes, Rouen; "The Angel of Pity," in Venetian style, which was exhibited in the Salon, Paris; "Dusk," "A Window in the Woodlands," "The Serpent in the Wilderness," "The Model" (a painting which exceptionally took the fancy of Sir Ernest Waterlow), and "In Memoriam: Llanmihangel Church," a pleasing painting in oils which was accepted by the Royal Academy. At etching and silver point, Mr. Baker was also an adept—such was his genius and versatility. His designs for applied arts were exhibited in Europe, in America, and in Australia. At Owen's College (now Victoria University), Manchester, he received honorary mention for biology and zoology, and was first in one of those subjects. Interesting as all

the drawings are by this master-hand, one feels intuitively that the most successful are those that obtain their direct inspiration from nature. The war—during which the loftier ideas for which Mr. Baker stood, and the higher inspirations he so effectively interpreted—were more or less obscured—interfered not a little with his projects and designs. After the war, he had intended going to London to publish his eight pen and ink works, each containing several hundred pages; to arrange for an exhibition of his oil and water colour works, and also to be proposed a member of the Etching Association. A son of the late Mr. George Baker (of London and Manchester) and if Mrs. Baker, Bridgend, he was born at Marple, near Manchester. Always very delicate, in his early years he received private tuition at home, until his father engaged a special tutor to assist in his studies. At the age of 14 years and five months he was sent to the Llandudno Collegiate School, where he remained for five years, and afterwards was a student at Owen's College, Manchester. For 17 or 18 years he had been a resident of Bridgend. He was quietly buried on Tuesday in Nolton Churchyard, Bridgend, the Rector (Rev. T. P. Price) officiating. Much sympathy is felt with the mother and sister, and with his fiancée, Miss L. Abbott, daughter of Mr William Abbott, Coychurch Road. Most of Mr. Baker's artistry will live after him, and make for him an enduring name, and it is profoundly hoped that in time the people will have an opportunity of seeing the art treasures at Ingleside.

SOUTH WALES ARTIST'S CAREER.

Mr George Howell Baker, of Ingleside, Bridgend, passed away at his residence on Friday night from a seizure following a nervous breakdown two years ago. Deceased was an artist well known throughout South Wales, in London, and in Paris. He had exhibited in the Salon, Paris, and in some of the London galleries. A painting of "Llanilid Church" by Mr Baker was accepted by the Royal Academy a few years ago. "The Serpent in the Wilderness," a wonderful piece of oriental work, was favourably criticised when exhibited; so was "The Angel of Pity." Other paintings that have been favourably commented upon are "Joan of Arc," "Westward Ho," "Dusk," and "In Memoriam." He was hard at work upon a large painting entitled "The Boat of Souls" and another, "The Heavenly Palace" when illness overtook him.
When illness overtook him he had made a reputation in pen and ink sketches and received warm eulogy from the Earl of Plymouth for two books of illustrations (one of "The Forest Hymn") which were dedicated to his lordship. He was a regular exhibitor at Cardiff, Swansea, Bristol and Aberystwyth, and five years ago he was appointed to the Art Council in connection with the Glamorgan Education Committee. He illustrated for a large number of London periodicals and art journals. Deceased was also a poet of merit. He was born at Prestwick Park, Manchester, the son of the late Mr George Baker, of London and Manchester, and Mrs Baker, Bridgend. He was 41 years of age and a bachelor.

Inv. '59 1778 '87



Perhaps there are those who will wonder how the items in this collection ever arrived in Cincinnati in the first place.

At the time of his death, Mr Baker was engaged to marry Miss Lillie Abbott, whom he had known most of his life.

By some predestined order or quirk of fate, Miss Abbott came to Cincinnati to spend her remaining days with distant relatives. It was only natural that she should retain some mementoes of her departed lover and therefore this little collection contained here in represents the love, hope, joy, heartbreak, and despair of one Miss Abbott. What a story these pictures could reveal, if it were possible for them to speak of the thoughts of a lonely old lady looking at the mementoes in her hands.

NOSTALGIA

A rainy day.

The lonely woman

looks from her window.

-Kekakou.



G. Howell-Baker, '09.

Geo. Howell-Baker



See Howell-Park

Illustration to first-verse of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

1.

WAKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.



Snufforell-Platz

Anthem Round Tower.



Geo. Howell-Baker.

— Marcross Church Tower. W. Bridgend. Glamorganshire.



Samuel H. Butler



G. Howell-Baker

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

by

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Part 1

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Part 2

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.



"SLIDE THE HEAVY BARGES TRAIL'D BY SLOW HORSES"

G. HOWELL BAKER 09.

Geo. Howell Baker



THERE SHE SEES THE HIGHWAY NEAR WINDING DOWN TO CAMELOT:

Geo. Howell-Baker

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

Part 3

A bow-shot from her bower-eves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.



'OR · LONG · HAIR'D · PAGE · IN · CRIMSON · CLAD

Geo. Howell Baker



G. Howell-Baker.

"SOMETIMES A CURLY SHEPHERD LAD,"

Pro. Howell-Baker



G. HOWELL BAKER.

"THE KNIGHTS COME RIDING TYO AND TYO."

Geo. Howell Baker

G. Howell Baker



"A RED-CROSS KNIGHT FOR EVER KNEEL'D
TO A LADY ON HIS SHIELD,"

Geo. Howell Baker



"AND AS HE RODE HIS ARMOUR RUNG,"

Geo. Howell-Baker



"AS · HE · RODE · DOWN · TO · CAMELOT ·"

Geo. Rowell Baker

G. Howell-Baker 03.



"THE HELMET AND THE HELMET-FEATHER
BURN'D LIKE ONE BURNING FLAME TOGETHER,
AS HE RODE DOWN TO CAMELOT."

Geo. Howell-Baker



"THE · BROAD · STREAM · BORE · HER · FAR · AWAY ,"

Geo. Howell-Baker

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part 4

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance-
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right-
The leaves upon her falling light-
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, loard and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."



© Howell Baker, '05
THE · FIRST · HOUSE · BY · THE · WATER · SIDE ·

Howell Baker

G. Howell Baker 09.



"SINGING IN HER SONG SHE DIED,"

G. Howell Baker



1908.

G. Howell-Baker

Sanford Marlow



HOUSE KNOWN AS
"HOLE IN THE WALL"
MARGAM.

G. Howell-Baker 1907

Geo Howell-Baker



THE MUMBLES.

G. Howell-Baker 1907

Geo. Howell-Baker



AT Cambridge
GLAMORGANSHIRE.

G. HOWELL BAKER. 1908

Geo. Howell Baker

1902

+

3



H

With best wishes for Christmas and
 the New Year





Geo. Howell Baker

1902

+

3



Geo. Howell Baker



The Kriegsel,
the castle and
the bridge.

G. Howell-Baker
1907



AT·Combridge
GLAMORGANSHIRE.

G. Howell-Baker 1908

Howell-Baker

G. HOWELL-BAKER, 1910.



UN SOUVENIR DE PARIS.
LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.

G. Howell-Baker