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THE
ORPHAN OF PIMLICO,

A Moral Tale of Belgravian Life,

by

MISS M.T. WIGGLESWORTH.

Many years Governess in the Nobility's families, and authoress of
"Posies of Poesy", "Thoughts on the use of the Globes", &c.

And other Sketches, Fragments & Drawings.

By

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

London.

SMITH, ELDER & CO. WATERLOO PLACE.

PRESENTED BY
THE MISSES ESTHER CATHARINE,
SUSAN MARY AND JOSEPHINE FRY
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THE
ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

*AND OTHER SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS
AND DRAWINGS*



THE ILLUSTRATIONS PRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY
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Copied by Mr. Thackeray From a drawing by D. MacIse about 1840.

THE
ORPHAN OF PISSECE

AND OTHER SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS
AND MEMOIRS

WILLIAM MARSHALL FRANKLIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ANNE ISABELLA FRANKLIN

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO. 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1871

107. 1175. 1871.

THE
ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

*AND OTHER SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS
AND DRAWINGS*

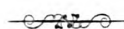
BY
WILLIAM · MAKEPEACE · THACKERAY

WITH SOME NOTES BY
ANNE · ISABELLA · THACKERAY

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1876

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PREFACE.



MY FATHER'S own handwriting tells the story of many of the drawings contained in this book. Very few words need be added in explanation of the reasons which have made us wish to publish it. Most of the Sketches and Fragments here given are drawings which remained in his own home, but some others have been lent to us by friends. Mr. Swaine, through whose hands so many of the published Sketches have passed, kept many of those which were afterwards engraved for my Father's books. The pictures were rarely preserved by himself, nor put away by us with any care. The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us; and among the many drawings that he devised only a certain number remain in our possession. In all my remembrance he never had one of his own drawings framed, and when I was a child I remember a great scrap-book which was given me to play with and to work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word from him concerning some scissor-points with which I had ornamented some of his Sketches. In later years, by his desire, I have washed off the drawings from many and many a wood-block;

and I remember once destroying his whole day's work in my anxiety to be of use. But although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, all that belonged to it and to his art was of vivid and serious reality to him, and of unfailing interest and suggestion. When a book was published not long ago, and called by his name, we regretted that it should be thought to give a fair example of his feeling for art, and it seemed to us that it might be well to publish some of the later drawings which more adequately represent his gift, and are more genuinely himself than the slight caricatures and imitations of his early school and college days.

Those who knew my Father will, we think, like to associate these broken bits and fragments with the store to which they belong; and those who have come after him, and who have known him best by his work, will perhaps also welcome these additional pages.

The Sketches as they are given here are scarcely to be counted work. The hours which he spent upon his drawing-blocks and Sketch-books brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him, and rested him when he was tired.

It was only when he came to etch upon steel or to draw for the engraver upon wood that he complained of effort and want

PREFACE.

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of ease; and we used often to wish that his drawings could be given as they were first made, without the various transmigrations of wood and steel, and engravers' toil and printers' ink. Once or twice experiments were tried, but they never came to anything. It has been a real personal interest to us to find how well some of his Sketches can now be rendered, although in all reproductions some of that vague personal charm must be wanting which belongs to all genuine work.

A. I. T.

LONDON: *November 20, 1875.*

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THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

THE ORPHAN of PIMLICO



MISS WIGGLESWORTH'S Moral Tale was begun at Kensington one evening by lamplight. Her specimen-pages were put together vaguely at first; the Moral Preface was written afterwards, and the Title-page last of all. One page of the specimen is unfortunately missing, that upon which the Earl wrote the impassioned verses which Rigolette so basely gave up to the wicked Couleuvre. Perhaps the Countess destroyed them. Perhaps they were all the more impressive from the fact that they consisted of *tags* only. There was a picture of the unfortunate Earl in his dressing-gown, sitting at a desk in the agonies of composition. Upstairs, in an elegantly furnished drawing-room, the sarcastic Mordant was paying his deadly compliments to the frivolous Countess.

Specimen-Extracts from the New Novel

The Orphan of

PIMLICO

a Moral Tale of Belgravian Life

by

Miss M.T. Wigglesworth

*many years Governess in the Nobilitys families, and authoress of
'Posies of Poesy' 'Thoughts on the Use of the Globes' &c*

LONDON • 1851

Prologue to the
'Heiress of Fimlico.'

Those who only view our nobility in their splendid equipages, a gay
: pair of opera boxes, who fancy that their life is a routine of pleasure, & that
the rose hof of luxury has no thorns, are, alas, woefully mistaken!

Cure oppresses the corrupted brow, and there is a skeleton in the most
elegant houses of clay fair! The author has visited ~~and~~ many of
them and been on terms of familiarity (she is too humbly proud to say)
with more than one patrician family!

The knowledge of the above truths, and the idea that to disseminate
them amongst my countrymen might be productive of a deep and
lasting benefit, has determined me (with the advice of friends) to pub-
lish my tale of 'The Heiress of Fimlico' - The present is the more pro-
logue to that absorbing and harrowing story, wherein the consequences
of crime and the beneficial effects of virtue, the manners of the nobil-
ity, the best Church Principles, and the purest morality are portrayed.

I have engaged an artist at considerable expense to illustrate the
first part of this momentous tale, and if I receive encouragement (w:
I do not doubt) shall hasten to deliver THE TALE to the public.

The Rev. Mr. Oziel, the Rev. Mr. Thwister and other revered cler-
gy of the district have kindly consented to give their testimony of their
high names to the character of the readers obliged servant

Maria Theresa Wigglesworth

For many years Governess in families of the highest distinction
17 North Mole Street, Belgrave Sq.

The cousins, my former pupils, hastened to each others' arms; and Arabella
now an orphan, came to dwell with her relative the amiable Countess of
Lancelot.

Among the Earls acquaintances I grieve to state that there was a gentle
man whom I shall call Lordant, and who speedily became an ardent
our frequenter of the mansion in Chesham place

In vain I pointed out, in my visits to my noble pupil, the danger likely
to result from the society of this ill-regulated young man. It was not be-
cause in his vulgar insolence and odious contempt of the poor, old, & dead
(as I heard through the ^{open door} keyhole) called me a toothless old she dragon and
'a twaddling old catamaran' - that I disliked him, but from his general
levity and daring licence of language. That my dislike was well founded
his melancholy tale will too well show.

Miss Wigglesworth (from a sketch by herself)



In the year 18— a humble but pious governess of
as she trusts satisfactory Church of England principles
(being the daughter of the Rev. Clement Wigglesworth
of Clapham Chapel of Ease) instructed two young ladies
by name Arabella and Emmeline.

The lady Arabella Muggleton was daughter of the
Earl of Trumpington; and her cousin Emmeline was
only child of Admiral the Hon^{ble} Hugh Fitzmarion
Spicer brother of the Earl of that name.

The Admiral commanded in the Mediterranean
whither his charming but volatile daughter Emmeline
went to join her Papa.

It was at Malta on board the Admirals Flag Ship
'The Rumbustical' that Emmeline for the first time
saw Henry 25th Earl of Lancelot, to whom she was
united only 3 days before the news arrived at Valletta
of the death of the Admirals Elder brother the 2nd Earl
of Fitzmarion Spicer.

Our young couple passed several years abroad & it
was not until their daughter Emmeline was past
three hundred years old that they returned to London
where his Lordship occupied a house no 7b
Chesham Place Belgrave Square.

Lady Arabella looked down at the little Lady Emmeline with a glance of
 unutterable affection.
 Is she not like me! asked the lively but frivolous Countess.
 Arabella thought with a sigh. How like the cherub is to her father!
 Poor Arabella!

The Heiress of Penrice.
 Vol. II.



The good old Admiral now Earl of Hatzmactinspitz
 had "braved the battle and the breeze" for many years on every sea.
 He wore the collar and Grand Cross of his own order and the French
 Order, and came into the saloon shortly after ten o'clock.
 The Heiress of Penrice.



the Countess
Mordant looked after her with a glance in which love
hated contempt, admiration, talent and withering scorn were
blended. "She has refused me," he said, "and she thinks she has
escaped me! she has insulted me and she imagines I will not be
avenged!"



The young Earl rushed into the balcony unable to
control his emotions in the Salon. "Chief Mordant," said he
(apostrophizing those luminaries, whose mild effulgence
flashed in the serene azure and lit up Chesham Place
and Belgrave Square) "why, why did I marry the Coun-
tess so early, and know Lady Arabella so late?"

"A letter for Miss Arabella," cried Rigolette, and sealed with a *coronne
de Comte*! Ah more
brave, what would
I not give to have
such a distinguished
correspondence!"

"I will give you a dinner at Richmond, a box at the Grand Comedy, and the *Cadix
mire* should you admire so much for that letter miss Rigolette," said Countess

Miss Mordant's man,
who was taking tea
in the housekeeper's
room.



When Lancelot a model man! Hain! hawhaw hah! laughed Mordant with a demoniacal sneer. 'This will show you the morality of my lord Lancelot.' And with this Mordant hurried to the Countess the Earl's impressioned & elegant horses to Azabella.



With all his vice Mordant was not a coward. And when the next morning Captain Raggs waited upon Mordant with a message from the Earl of Lancelot, Mordant's reply was 'tell the Earl to make his will.' a message w^h the Captain promised to convey to his Lordship.



At the moment the unprincipled young man was speaking Lord Lancelot entered at the postern.

Having overheard their conversation the agonized Earl retreated so silently that neither the heedless 'Ladye' nor their false companions were aware that they had had a listener.



It was five o'clock and the Earl who had passed the night in watching stole on tiptoe to the chamber of his child. Emmeline was sleeping the cozy sleep of innocence - smiling in her sleep! Bless thee bless thee my Emmeline exclaimed his Lordship and printed a kiss on the cheek of his darling!

Captain Raggs' Birmingham was heard at that instant to drive to the door.



The Earl and his companion now drove to Wimbledon Common, where faithful to his diabolical appointment Mordant was already in waiting, accompanied by his friend Famine.



The two
Broughams
pulled up
together:
How often
had they
done so
before at
the parties
of the no:
whity and
querty!
The
gentlemen
were quickly
placed by
their second,
and the hor-
rid signal

was given! Crack Crack! Two pistols sounded simultaneously &

(6)

at the next instant a ball had gone through Mordant's hat (a new one) and he looked opposite him & laughed a hellish laugh!



'Through his left eye! exclaimed the fiend in human shape
'I aimed for it, and his beauty will not even be spoiled.'
Famine and I went to the Continent. Well well, a day soon
a little, what matters? My debt is? have driven me
away in a week. Come away Famine.

During the fatal encounter a third carriage had driven up from W. Two veterans descended. One was a famous General known in our English



Penninsula war, the other was the
Countess's father Admiral the Earl
of Fitz Warlewike GCB.

Stop! said the Admiral
The husband is dead
but the father is alive
and demands
vengeance!
Mordant
turned
pale.

Again the dreadful signal to fire was given, and the intrepid charlinspike delivered his shot at the instant
 chordante pistol went off as it fell to the ground
 as it fell to the ground and as he sprang his feet into the air with the adze-like ball through his wicked and remorseless heart! -



Gentles! the rest of our afflicting prologue is quickly told. The body of Lord Lancelot was laid at Castle Guinevere;
 that of the fiendish chordante carried back to his apartments in the abbey, of w^h the bailiffs had al-
 ready taken possession. The Fitzcharlinspike family's truest proker the ancient faith. In the
 Cornwall at Taunton is a lady, who has doffed the Countess's coronet for the black veil &
 white cap of the Nun. Among the bare-footed friars at Paddleswood, is one who
 is old and grey bearded, and has a wooden leg. But few know that old
 brother Barnabas is Fitzmarlinspike's Earl. Riglette and Cor:
 leuze, the domestic whose betrayal caused all this tragedy,
 fled, and were apprehended with the spoons. Merisium
 Famine and Rag are both in the Bench; and the
 General who acted as Lord Fitzmarlinspike's
 second is now an altered man. And
 Arabella? the lovely or innocent?
 how, how is Arabella?
 who can tell how
 much she suffered,
 how bitterly
 she wept?
 She
 of course never married.
 She was appointed guardian to the little lady Emeline;
 who is now 18 years of age: has sixteen sisters and a year: is as lovely as an angel, and called THE HEIRESS OF PIMLICO.

GOLD PEN

GOLD PEN

(COPIED FROM MISS PERRY'S BOOK)

 AM my Master's faithful, old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord! how your pretty pages I'd amaze!

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times. . . .

. . . . Day after day, still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labour's to be done,
As sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

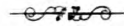
. . . . Album, my Master bids me wish good-bye;
He'll send you to your Mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you,
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew,
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by:
Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

THE GOOD KING

THE GOOD KING



WITH the advent of the faithful Gold Pen the drawings multiplied. They were of all kinds, serious and funny, diversified, slight sketches, and finished illustrations. Almost all the pages of interwoven pictorial and written matter belong to these years—the last before we left Young Street and the first that we lived in Onslow Square. My Father would sit at his desk, thinking over his work, and drawing and devising upon the paper. He one day showed us the drawing of King Alfred toasting his cakes. The hut is dark with shadow; the King sits by the burning embers, thoughtful and with a mind far away; the flame flickers, the smoke drifts, the cake smoulders; and the angry Herdsman's Wife is coming in from without.

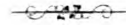


They set King Alfred down to bake.
 The good king burned the peasant's cake.
 His thoughts were for his country's sake
 How could he heed a muffin cake?
 A man who has a crown at stake
 At sorry cook ^{methinks} ~~will~~ ^{will} make.
 So good, ^{his good} so pure, so brave, so true
 Like him the world has shorn us few:
 So gloriously ^{good} ~~kind~~ ^{just} and great,
 In adverse and in prosperous fate.
 But many a man our Isle supplies
 That's neither good nor just nor wise.
 Forget his house and home, to fix
 His muddled head on politics
 And for a phantom set aside
 The business of his own fireside.

The angry housewife gave to shriek
 She struck the king before the cheek.
 The king was wise and good and meek
 He took the blow and did not speak.
 A harder blow than her's I trow
 The king could ~~not~~ ^{beat} ^{any} show.

BESS THE QUEEN

BESS THE QUEEN



THERE was some talk of a Christmas-book of historical verses and drawings; but King Alfred was the first and Queen Elizabeth the last of the series. Both designs were done upon the same block of drawing-paper, and then, when the page was turned, the Gold Pen changed its key, and began to tell Fairy Tales and to sing new songs with its golden beak.



A Falconer's boy behold am I
I think my falcons would not fly.



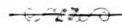
The Maids appeared in some such dress
About the time of good Queen Bess.
And every morning in the year
They breakfasted on beef and beer.
You'd think their ways and diet queer
My pretty Mayfair damsels dear!



And so accounted, Bess the Queen
Old roused and hideous might be seen.
And after dinner making sport
And dancing to amuse the court.
Old roused and hideous as she was
The Courtiers gave the Queen applause
And howsoever old and ill
Herself she fancied charming still.
Some young philosophers, confess
Is no one vain besides old Bess?
And flatterers and knaves I guess
Have found King Hudson since Queen Bess.

PRINCE POLONIO'S ADVENTURES

PRINCE POLONIO'S ADVENTURES



 HIS Chapter formed part of the Fairy Tale, in which a young Prince and his Tutor set off on their grand tour. In the first page (which has drifted away into some unknown space) the Travellers come upon a mysterious personage, called the Little Assessor of Tübingen, lying asleep under a tree, with blue facings to his coat. My Father would never explain who the Little Assessor was, or what he was doing. He said it was a mystery. The only clue we possess to the Assessor's character is to be found in a sketch immediately following this one, which was drawn when we were abroad that same year. The Little Assessor may be seen riding on a donkey, and absorbed in a book, with what alarming consequences will be seen upon turning the page.



When Bald Polonio awoke the next morning he found a brand new suit of clothes by his bed side embroidered with gold, and the Valet who waited on him said he was to have a new suit every day. Polonio loved new clothes, and put these on & waited upon the fairy at breakfast, where he chose red herrings and a muffer and spiced Jam afterwards with butter to his bread.

Then she asked him if he would like to see the house? and he jumped up delighted and walked with her. This queer old woman was so crooked that she was taller sitting down than standing up. She squinted so that she could see better behind her than before her. She wheeled along on her crutch so that she made Polonio pant for breath and, when ever he stopped to look at anything pretty she beckoned him on.



Come on dear little Polonyhonyo - There are much prettier worms, far more so. So that he was quite tired when he got into the garden, where he found Tickletochio also



grinning like a Cheshire Cat, and dressed out in a new gown and hat too

“Everybody has a new dress, says the Fairy, every day here. Everybody has everything they like for dinner. Everybody has a horse to ride or a coach if its rainy. We play at cards whenever we like. We go out to hunt and always find foxes. We go out to shoot and always kill twenty brace a piece. We eat two luncheons besides tea before dinner and supper afterwards. We have a fairy billiard table at w^{ch} everybody wins, and at whist everybody has four big honours and all the rest trump to count cards. we are all so happy



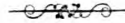
So when the old fairy let him go Polonio went out shooting with a fairy gun and round a hare a partridge and a pheasant at every shot





THE CAIQUE

THE CAIQUE



THE CAIQUE' is published in the Book of Ballads, and is one of 'Love's Songs made Easy.' The picture is also engraved, but any one who chooses to compare the drawing and the engraving will see the difference between the two. The drawing itself, which belongs to Mr. Walter Creyke, is better than the copy, which had to be made under certain disadvantages of time and weather. I am not acquainted with the Language of Flowers, but I have no doubt there is a Turkish meaning to the elegant bouquet.



Yonder, to the Kiosque beside the creek,
 Paddle the swift Caique,
 Those brawny oarsmen with the sunburnt cheek!
 My soul is full of love and would hear the Bulbul speak!

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores
 Swift bending to your oars
 Beneath the melancholy sycamores
 Hark! what a ravishing note the Love-Lorn Bird outpours!

Behold the boughs seem quivering with delight
 The stars themselves more bright
 As mid the waving branches, out of sight,
 The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

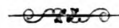
Under the boughs I sat and listened still
 I could not have my fill:
 "How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
 Tell me, for whom he sings so beautiful a trill?"

Once I was dumb (thus did the Bird disclose)
 But looked upon the Rose
 And in the garden where the loved one grows
 "I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

O bird of song! there's one in this Calque
 The Rose would also seek;
 So he might learn like you to sing and speak!
 Then answered me the Bird of dusky beak
 The Rose the Rose of Love dwells upon Leila's cheek!

AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE
BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

*AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE BY ALEXANDRE
DUMAS*



TUDENTS of history may perhaps find a clue to this thrilling chapter of the past. No wonder the ladies' damask robes are opening round eyes and stretching long ears. There is a portrait now hanging up on the ancient walls of Hatfield which seems mysteriously connected with this romantic scene.



From Alexandre Dumas's Romance in 40 Volumes. La Jeunesse d'Elizabeth.

Master Grogson retired carrying off the remains of the appetizing whitesbait, but leaving on the table a pot of porter, and a flask of Canary.

What Englishman excused without his porter?

As for the Canary, it was commanded to the intention of the lady.

She was of ravishing beauty, though no longer of the first youth. She had red hair like all the English. She was 56 years of age.

Oh! I who speak to you was born in 1803. The fact is historic.

If it were not before, I have made it so.

I have mentioned it ninety eight, no ninety nine times.

Once in Antony.

Once in Henri III et la Cour.

Twice in the Tour de Nesle w^h I wrote in confusion with my friend Potiron.

(Seven pages follow of the recumbence of time he has mentioned his age.)

I say this for I forget nothing, and I repeat nothing.

A man or woman at 55 is at the golden harvest lease of life.

The lady sat in her bower. The boat was at her feet. The fairest scene of all England was stretched around. Grooming into the countless havens of England - St. Pauls with its dome - the Tower of London. The Monument as Fish Street Hill. Canoe boys with its laughing hills - behind the harvest reas of Scotland.

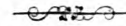
You know my name. To Wills' row but how shall I call you? She stooped down she kissed him on his monumental forehead.

Call me Boris she said.



THE NOTES OF A DAY OR TWO

THE NOTES OF A DAY OR TWO



MUST have been the notes of a very short little journey my
Father took alone one year. The Church was a Church in
Calais; for which old place he had a special liking.



July 14. at Church (I am sorry to say)

Where the gentleman in the ~~blue~~ light jacket set a notable example of piety. He stood well forward in the midst of the congregation and lead the service at times length with his double eye glasses.

There came in an old Frenchman who made for the Holy water at once and sneezed quite atrociously at finding none: and a Pious Pious who sat down with great gravity and listened through the ceremony of the Rite Anglican

I could not help fancying that the figure of the lady in the bonnet was like
Miss Sm-the - don't you think it is?

From the state of his boots and trousers I very much fear my friend with the double eye glass must have seen better days.

Yet why fear? 90% brag of former prosperity is no small consolation to an easy-going fellow in misfortune.



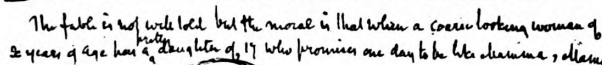
This Frenchman whom I saw but never at the Marine Parade, called the Establishment, is he a Corsair come home for the holy days? is he a Captain of African Shalips, or is he merely a shipman from Paris? At all events he is more picturesque than the following Medfordland



about whose country I think there can be no mistake, and who dines
at our table d'hôte.

I like him for keeping up an almost obsolete custom and eating peas with his knife.

I looked at him steadily during the business. He did not wince, neither did he make any bravado. I am sure that is a courageous and simple mind.
Before



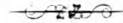
had better keep out of the way until his daughter is married and send her
to her with some other chaperon - this I would not help - observing her



A white inmate boy had a white carpet bag w^h he carefully tended and out of w^h when the guard was not looking a terrace heaved

PRIZE DRAMATISTS

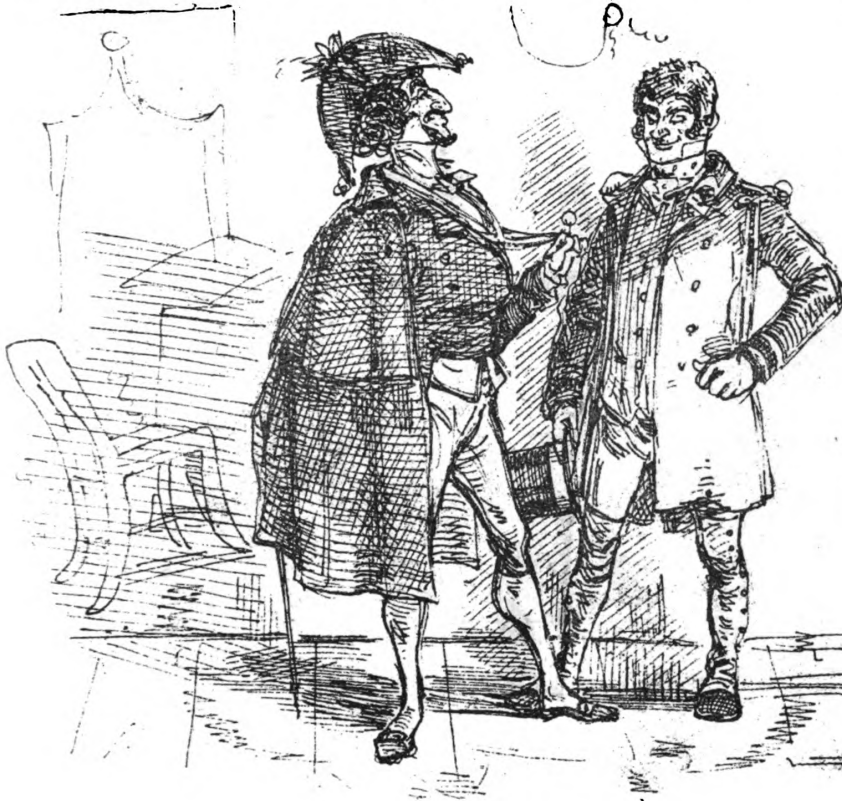
PRIZE DRAMATISTS



THIS scene speaks for itself. It seems to be a sample scarcely exaggerated from one of the plays which were in vogue when our Grandfathers were the playgoers and the British stage was in that palmy era of which we hear so much.

The little drawing below needs no date, and concerns a certain generous performance that will perhaps never go out of fashion.

Sir Harry Sparkle. Mr Cowitch. Tom Shoulders with a long
 Scene an elegant apartment in the Albany Mr Shoolby



Sir Harry. Why have I my opera cloak on Scoundrel
 because its cold he he. Do you suppose young fellows
 can be out all night and not feel the air? Why have
 I my Opera hat? because I am going to Almacks
 you villain! Why am I going to Almacks? because
 the lovely Lotitia will be there and the charming
 Countess and the brilliant Belinda & the adorable
 Arabella O most inquisitive of valets!

Tom. Fudge Sir Harry I think there ought to be a
 servants hall at Almacks and while your young men
 of fashion are dancing with the mistresses your gentle
 mens gentlemen of fashion might have a little fun with
 the maids

Fal la la la la (dances here)

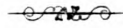
I suppose you will not be home till . . .

Sir Harry. Silence you rogue! What business had
 there to suppose anything? (laughing) Equid! You may
 suppose anything and it shall be half wicked enough for
 Sir Harry Sparkle! (runs out)



OTHELLO

OTHELLO

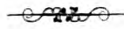


MY Father called the drawing Othello. Cassio is curiously like Dandy Jim of South Carolina. I have an impression that the picture was drawn at Charleston. In one of his American letters he writes to his mother:—‘I go to Richmond to-morrow morning and afterwards to Charleston, and then I don’t know quite whither. The time here has been very pleasant—our Minister the hospitablest of men. The great folks very civil. I dined with the President on Thursday, and yesterday he and the President Elect came arm-in-arm to my lecture.’



SOME CHILDREN AT PLAY

SOME CHILDREN AT PLAY

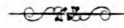


THE smoke is horrid to those accustomed to the pure London air; it spreads and spreads for miles. There are kilns and factory chimneys everywhere, and all the landscape is blackened with Indian ink.' So my Father wrote of Glasgow, and when he came home he brought this desolate drawing with him. Of little children playing in the dreary street; of babies paddling in the gutter; of tall dilapidated houses and chimneys smoking under overhanging clouds. The child-bully (what a little Scotch bully it is!) is tearing away an orange from its rightful owner, who, ragged, shock-headed, wildly clutches at his treasure. In the distance a funeral car is turning down a side street; the mother and the children are gazing at the sight. My Father must have seen it all as he passed along. You feel the whole atmosphere of the scene stamped with dismal vividness upon his mind, perhaps all the more vividly because he was so fond of sunshine and of children.



A LECTURE

A LECTURE



Miss Perry has given me the following note from my Father.

MADAM,—With the deepest grief I take my new scissors, and cut out of my paper at breakfast the following awful SMASHER for yours truly.

In the 'West of Scotland Review' for this month there is an article on Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the Four Georges, in which the writer says :—

He takes no note of the virtuous, the industrious, the honest, the upright ; he seizes only the vicious, the dishonest, the vile, and turns his attention to none else. He drags out the pimp, the prostitute, the thief, and parades them in Bow Street before a brilliant audience. All that is good, great, noble, and virtuous is scoffed at, &c. &c.

I am picked up again, however, wiped clean, and set on my feet by the Bradford Paper.

. . . . Of course the Lecturer's audience laughed ; but it was a laugh without malice—nay, as full of sympathy as of mirthfulness. Here let us decidedly say Mr. Thackeray is no cynic, if indeed a cynic is a man who scorns and misinterprets goodness, who exaggerates foibles into vices, and in every doubtful question of character insists upon the darker solution.



'The lecturer's humour convulsed the audience with laughter. M^r Thackeray's manner of reading 'How
 doth the little Busy Bee' was highly impressive; and his vivid yet delicate description of the Author of Robinson
 Crusoe' in the Pillory, drew tears from every eye. Among the company present we remarked Mess^{rs}: M^r Huggie
 M^r Daggie M^r Guggie. Rev. Mess^{rs}: M^r Minn & M^r Hee M^r Col^l: M^r Gaspie (of Glenbogie) Miss M^{rs} Crow, in a word all the Notabilities of
 our town.' Kildrummie Warder.

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 1.

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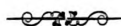
HESE Vignettes are designs for Initial Letters. They are done in pencil, tinted with Indian ink. The Nymph gazes pensively into the marginal waters of the stream. The Indian kneels, worshipping the beautiful white-faced Spirit. Elizabeth Regina trips across the knightly Raleigh's velvet bridge; the banners float gaily, proclaiming Eliza queen; the wise Counsellors nod their ruffled heads. I think it is Gumbo who is recounting his exploits to the admiring Servants' Hall. There is a larger picture, not unlike this one, in the 'Virginians.'

N



INITIAL LETTERS. No. 2.

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 2



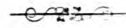
NE or two of these letter-pieces will be recognised; they are some of those that Mr. Swaine had kept. Here is an Angelus from a nursery; Robinson Crusoe with his umbrella; the little Marquis again in trouble, and again seeking sympathy from his pretty little faithful Confidante. And is this Hagar peeping in at Sarah's comfortable gable windows? The T is a very nice little subject, and the young couple are evidently eloping upon that prancing Arab with the wooden legs.



Take a good T

L FOR LUNCHEON

L FOR LUNCHEON

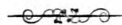


HERE is L for Luncheon, and W for Wedding. The dear little Marquis is carefully practising his Steps to the Dancing-Master's measure. F is a little domestic scene, which has been repeated in 'Our Street.' Is it considered domestic, or the contrary, to go to sleep after dinner?



REV. L. STERNE &c.

REV. L. STERNE, &c.



IS not this Yorick in his days of prosperity? Is this a bad man begging his bread?

Is this Clive kneeling by his good old father's bedside? The little pen-and-ink sketches have each a word of explanation in my Father's writing.



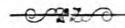
Indicate 2 strings to the bow



boy drawing

TIME

T I M E

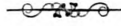


MR. SMITH told me a little story the other day about one of the drawings on this page. The 'Cornhill' rises once a month with its yellow rays streaming from the bookstalls ; but long before this revolving sun appears the particles of which it is composed are fusing, and igniting, and melting down, and printers and engravers are at work preparing for its dawn. One day Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the planet, wrote to my Father, and asked him to send his drawings in by a certain date, before the arrival of the MS., so as to give the engravers more time to complete their part of the work. There was no answer to the note ; but somewhat before the day came a wood-block with a drawing upon it. It was the sketch of an Editor holding Time by the forelock, and it was addressed to the writer of the note.



A PRESENTATION AT COURT

A PRESENTATION AT COURT



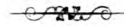
MY Father has sometimes said that every young man with anything in him generally begins by copying some one else, and that as time goes on he finds out his own gift and his own secret, and becomes what Nature intended him to be. In my Father's school-days he himself copied the fashion of the time, the stage characters then so popular, the somewhat broad jokes and quirks of a more facetious generation than this. His great ease and facility did not prevent him from taking pains always. My Grandmother used to say that even when he was quite a little fellow, busy over his battles and bravos and duels, he always showed the greatest care and anxiety that the costume should be correct and in keeping. When he thought to make Art his business (so some one who remembers him then has told me), he went from Weimar (where the old man with the brilliant black eyes approved of his pictures) to Paris, and there studied under Bonington, who was the ruling fashion then. He gave up painting when he took to journalism, and from this time disengaged himself for any French schools, and betook himself to such etchings and illustrations as we are now collecting. Those belonging to the Paris Sketch-book and the Irish Sketch-book, and the early drawings in 'Vanity Fair,' are different in execution from his later etchings. This picture of General Tom Thumb must, I think, have been done about the same time as the drawings for the Paris Sketch-book.



DE JUVENTUTE

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

DE JUVENTUTE. ROUNDABOUT PAPERS



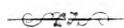
SCOTTISH Chiefs, didn't we weep over you ! O mysteries of Udolpho, didn't I and Briggs (minor) draw pictures out of you ! Efforts feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. 'I say, old boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition ; or draw us Don Quixote and the windmills, you know,' amateurs would say to boys who had a love of drawing.

This battle scene belongs to the Scottish Chief days, and is almost the only drawing of that time here reproduced. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald has kept a whole volume full of his old friend's youthful fancies and droll figures. One year (so my Grandmother told me) my Father came home drawing only in flourishes, and covering sheets with wildest caricature. Sir James Carmichael sent us an old book only the other day, with sketch upon sketch, battle-pieces, family pieces, illustrated historic ballads, all done when my Father was a very young man.



FADED PAGES

FADED PAGES



FROM a faded old pencilled page. One of the drawings is engraved in the Irish Sketch-book.



*Kilharney Race Course.
playing a game at cards for half a sovereign*

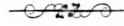


The Thimble rigger



CORNHILL TO CAIRO

CORNHILL TO CAIRO



S I was going about making sketches, the people would look on very good-humouredly, without offering the least interruption; nay, two or three were quite ready to stand still for such a humble portrait as my pencil could make of them; and the sketch done, it was passed from one person to another, each making his comments, and signifying a very polite approval. . . . With the Arabs outside the walls, however, and the freshly arriving country-people, this politeness was not so much exhibited. There was a certain tattooed girl, with black eyes and huge silver earrings, who formed one of a group of women outside the great convent, whose likeness I longed to carry off; there was a woman with a little child, with wondering eyes, drawing water at a well, in such an attitude and dress as Rebecca may have had when Isaac's lieutenant asked her for drink: both of these parties standing still for half a minute, at the next cried out for backsheesh; and not content with the five piastres which I gave them individually, screamed out for more, and summoned their friends, who screamed out backsheesh too. I was pursued into the convent by a dozen howling women calling for pay, barring the door against them, to the astonishment of the worthy papa who kept it. . . .

I have seen only in Titian's pictures those magnificent purple shadows in which the hills round about lay, as the dawn rose faintly behind them; and we looked at Olivet for the last time from our terrace, where we were awaiting the arrival of the horses that were to carry us to Jaffa. A yellow moon was still blazing in the midst of countless brilliant stars overhead; the nakedness and misery of the surrounding city were hidden in that beautiful rosy atmosphere of mingling night and dawn. The city never looked so noble; the mosques, domes, and minarets rising up into the calm star-lit sky.

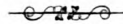
By the gate of Bethlehem there stands one palm-tree, and a house with three domes. Put these and the huge old Gothic gate as a background dark against the yellowing eastern sky: the foreground is a deep gray: as you look into it dark forms of horsemen come out of the twilight: now there come lanterns, more horsemen, a litter with mules, a crowd of Arab horseboys and dealers accompanying their beasts to the gate; all the members of our party come up by twos and threes; and, at last, the great gate opens just before sunrise, and we get into the gray plains.—*Cornhill to Cairo.*



An Arab family, Syria.

THE MESMERIZER

THE MESMERIZER



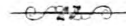
 HIS seems a vague foreshadowing dream of Becky and her future. It is one of the earlier drawings, and belongs to the time when she first came into existence.



THE MESMERIZER

VANITY FAIR

VANITY FAIR



So well did he drum in that battle,
That the enemy showed us their backs ;
Corbleu, it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks, and to follow Old Saxe.

I DO not know whether this little drummer followed the fortunes of the hero of the 'Chronicle of the Drum,' which was one of the first poems my Father ever published. It was written in Paris, about 1841. I can just remember the snow upon the ground, and a room opening upon a garden in the Champs Elysées where he used to write. He has since told me that he wrote a great part of 'Vanity Fair' at that time.

The pencil sketch for the cover is very slight, but it may be thought not the less interesting because the few pencil lines are among the first that went to build the city his fancy founded and peopled, and named by the well-known name.

A faint, horizontal pencil sketch at the bottom of the page, possibly representing a cityscape or a landscape feature like a horizon line.

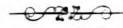
VANITY FAIR

STORY I.



SIR PITT CRAWLEY

SIR PITT CRAWLEY



I.

THERE is Sir Pitt Crawley shouldering the Governess's box
The drawing is from a plate that was never quite finished;
it is a drawing of the only character in 'Vanity Fair' that was actually
taken from real life.



II.

LADY HIGHDRY.

Lady Highdry must have been a design for the 'Kickleburys on the Rhine,' but the book was published, and her Ladyship was omitted.

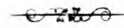


You will remark my dear Lady Highley, that the match was decidedly against my
 inclination - You observe that 2000 a year is but a poor fortune for my darling Emily,
 but Charles was a friend of Eustachius' was a valuable friend at Court & Church, I am sure you
 it was not well he had to commit suicide that my sweet girl was inclined to select
 Lady Highley. How very romantic. What a very fine Scrip. My dear little Chien.



MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN



IN the Hall, at Mrs. Perkins's Ball, there is a Gentleman in pumps, who is taking off his clogs, and preparing to pull on his gloves. I do not know whether this drawing may not recall Mr. Frederick Minchin in the vivacity of early youth, before he had attained to that quiet dignity for which he was afterwards remarkable.



BARBAZURE

BARBAZURE

IS there no pity, Sir?' asked the Chaplain who had attended her.

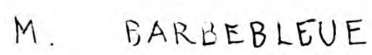
'No pity,' echoed the weeping servant-maid.

'Did I not say I would die for my lord?' said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized upon the long ringlets of her raven hair. 'Now,' shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot, 'Now strike!'

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver the blow; and making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible rapid stroke it sheared clean off the head of the furious, the blood-thirsty, the implacable Baron de Barbazure.

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy; and the agitation of the Lady Fatima may be imagined, when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of Romané de Clos-Vougeot. — See *Punch's Prize Novelists*.



M. BARBLEVE

AUTHORS' MISERIES

AUTHORS' MISERIES

PUNCH, vol. xv. p. 298. AUTHORS' MISERIES, No. IV.

Old Gentleman, Miss Wiggetts (Two Authors).

LD GENTLEMAN.—I am sorry to see you so occupied, my dear Miss Wiggetts, with that trivial paper, 'Punch.' A railway is not a place, in my opinion, for jokes. Never joke—never.

Miss W.—So I should think, Sir.

Old Gentleman.—And besides, are you aware who are the conductors of that paper; and that they are Chartists, Deists, Atheists, Anarchists, and Socialists to a man? I have it from the best authority that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous Print. The chief part of their income is derived from Threatening Letters, which they send to the Nobility and Gentry. The principal writer is a returned convict. Two have been tried at the Old Bailey, and their artist—as for their artist——. . .

Guard.—Swin-dun Sta-tion!

[*Exeunt Authors.*]

Something of this sort really did occur one day when my Father was coming back with Mr. Douglas Jerrold in a railway carriage.

GORE HOUSE.

Trap and ball have been croqueted away, and croquet is in turn rolling off disconsolate, since certain fine summer afternoons a great many years ago, when some young people used to play at their innocent games, and sit under the trees in the gardens of Gore House. On one occasion the Miss Coles, the owners of the trap, sent a formal invitation, to which came an answer.



36 Grosvenor Sq. S.W.

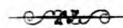
Saturday. 28 May.

Mr. Thackeray presents his compliments to the Council, Secretary, Treasurer, and Members of the Trap Club, and, in reply to their obliging invitation, has the honor of saying that he most heartily wishes they may catch him.



HO, PRETTY PAGE!

HO, PRETTY PAGE!

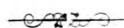


 ONE of these drawings belongs to 'The Rose and the Ring,' but it was never published. The other seems to be a verse out of Wamba's Song in 'Rebecca and Rowena.'



THE ROSE AND THE RING

THE ROSE AND THE RING



NE year at Rome, when we were living in an old palace over a pastrycook's shop, we used sometimes to ask little Pen Browning and the neighbouring children in, to tea and tarts; and once (it was about Twelfth Night-time) we tried in vain to find some Twelfth-Night Pictures to give them. When we told our Father, he began to draw the King and the Queen for us, and the Prince and the Princess. This was the beginning of the 'Rose and the Ring.' One little maiden was very ill in those days with some horrible fever. My Father, who used often to go and see her, went on with the pictures to amuse her as she lay on her sick bed. I can remember the child starting up eagerly and tossing back her thick hair, and some hand stretching out with the pages. Then he fell ill, and we left Rome; and then our turn came; and this picture I specially remember at Naples one morning when the hungry Lions came roaring in through the sunshine to the sick room. The whole MS. of the 'Rose and the Ring' is fortunately complete with all its pictures. Many people may remember Mr. Locker's pretty poem concerning it.

She was brought out in her night-gown with all her beautiful long brown hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the best of the and keepers of the wild

animals were plentifully full of seeing her. And she walked with her bare feet (only luckily the arena was covered with sawdust) and was and bowed up as

fast as a great stone in the centre of the amphitheatre, round with the great and the poor

ple were seated in boxes with their faces before the great fierce red-headed black-haired long-tailed roaring howling lions.



And now the gates were opened with a

Two great lean hungry roaring lions rushed out of their den where they had been kept for three weeks in nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting! Confronted her to your patron saints all you kind people for she is in a dreadful state.

There was a hum and a buzz all through the arena and the fierce King Padella even felt a little compassion. But Grand Hogquarino started by his cheeks, roared out Hokey Hokey for it 500-500-500! - That was because being so uncommonly angry still at Rosalba's refusal of him.

But O strange crowd! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary circumstance! But I am sure none of you could by any possibility have divined! When the lions came up to Rosalba - instead of devouring her with their great teeth it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap - they moved they seemed to say dear dear sister don't you recollect

And now the gates were opened with a

Two great lean hungry roaring lions rushed out of their den where they had been kept for three weeks in nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting! Confronted her to your patron saints all you kind people for she is in a dreadful state.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

HESE two sketches are the only illustrations my Father attempted for 'The Newcomes.' They were both intended for the first number, and were adopted by Mr. Doyle and redrawn by him. The first is called 'An Earthly Paradise;' the second represents Colonel Newcome indignantly walking away with his Clive from Captain Costigan's song.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. 'Silence!' he roared out.

'Hear, hear!' cried certain wags at a farther table. 'Go on, Costigan!' said others.

'Go on!' cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. 'Does any gentleman say "Go on?" Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say "Go on" to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down amongst Christians and men of honour, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash?'

'Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?' cries a voice of the malcontents.

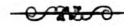
'Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen,' cried out the indignant Colonel. 'Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonour, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—Curse the change!' says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. 'Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never—by George, never!' And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

The Newcomes.



NOTE-BOOK

NOTE-BOOK



HESE are drawings from one of the Note-books in which my
Father used to mark the facts which were of use to him
afterwards in his work.



Kilmarnock

Cromarty

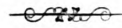
Genl Gael

Balmuccina



BREAKFAST-TIME

BREAKFAST-TIME

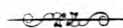


 HERE is a Roundabout Paper 'On a Lazy Idle Boy,' which this picture recalls. But as a copy it scarcely does justice to the original, which is very sweetly and delicately touched, and in which you somehow feel the tranquillity of the summer's day, the silence, the peaceful dreams floating on. There is another summer shining upon that hedgerow, and some long-forgotten morning light is streaming on the breakfast-table in the window.



HOME KEEPERS AND VAGRANTS

HOME KEEPERS AND VAGRANTS



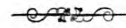
THIS might be the picture of a certain small neighbour of ours, who has come to inhabit a city which was not even founded when this happy little picture was drawn, of two generations very comfortable together in the corner of a sofa, and looking not unlike generations now. The City of South Kensington has risen from the cabbage-fields since then; the little children have grown up into the men and women who build and inhabit these streets and palaces.

One is apt to wonder whether children never grow up, but are always children; whether men and women remain placidly unaltered from century to century, in those tranquil old country places where new times do not exist, where progress is not, where new houses do not rise, and the trees overshadow the ancient gables, where year by year the ivy spreads and spreads, and the stocks stand waiting for the vagrants meandering along the sleepy road. Here are some Stocks, and the little Vagrant peeping through the hole at my Father as he made his sketch.



BERNE

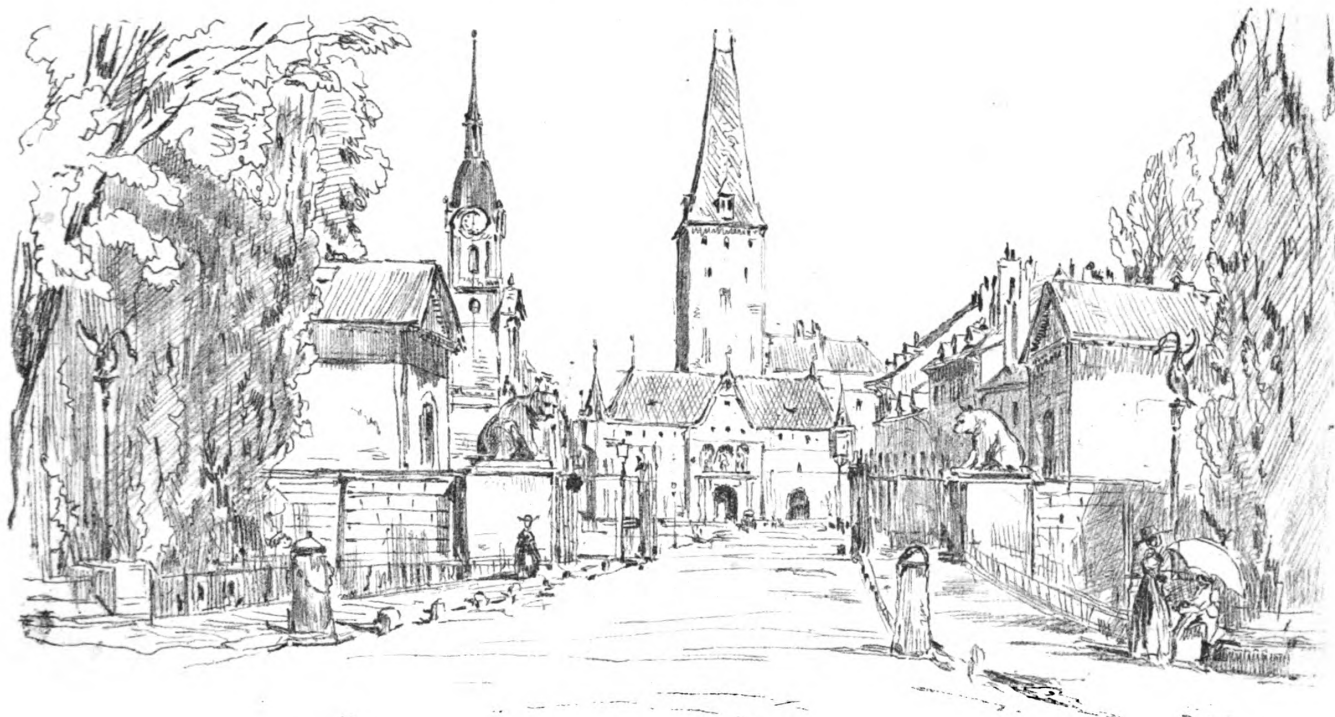
BERNE



‘Lucerne, Monday.

‘**W**E are in love with Berne. We agree that we should like to finish our lives there. It is so homely, charming, and beautiful, without knowing it; whereas this place gives itself the airs of a beauty, and offends me somehow.’ . . .

[Extract from a Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.]



Berne.

AMERICAN SKETCHES



New York, September 5, 1848.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems to me a long time since I had the honour of seeing you. I should be glad to have some account of your health. We made a beautiful voyage of thirteen days and a half, and reached this fine city yesterday. The entrance of the Bay is beautiful; the magnificent woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore, and from Hoboken Lighthouse to Vancouver's Island the Bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us, and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel. I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me; it is nothing to be compared to our own dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Alleyghanny Mountains, which I see from my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon territory, have an effect which your fine eye for the Picturesque, and keen sense of the Beautiful and the Natural, would, I am sure, lead you to appreciate. The Oysters here are much larger than ours, and the canvas-backed Ducks are reckoned, and indeed are, a delicacy. The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General, I am informed, is dead and much regretted. The Clergy here are both numerous and respected, and the Archbishop of New York is a most venerable and delightful prelate, whose sermons are,

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

however, a little long. The ladies are without exception the——. But here the first gong sounds for dinner, and the black slave who waits on me comes up and says, ‘Massa! hab only five minutes for dinnah! Make haste. Get no pumpkin-pie else.’ So unwillingly I am obliged to break off my note, and to subscribe myself,

My dear Madam,

Your very faithful Servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

(This description seems from internal evidence to have been written before my Father's visit to America.)

Baltimore, January 13, 1856.

‘Since then I’ve been trying to draw the old negro who waited at dinner yesterday—first drawing I’ve tried since who knows when; and now shan’t I go upstairs and read them Cicero letters!’

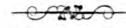
We think this must be the very old negro himself, not the problematic pumpkin-pie negro. His portrait belongs to the daughter of the lady to whom the accurate description of America was sent, which is quoted above. The somewhat incongruous Warrior in the Periwig down below is George the Second at the battle of Dettingen.

‘His Britannic Majesty's horse (one of those five hundred fine animals) did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him, upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback in the earlier stages, galloping about to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him, and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language. ‘Steady, my boys! fire, my brave boys! give them fire and they will soon run!’ Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands, and to our imagination may fitly stand, throughout in the above attitude of lunge, no fear in him and no plan—*sans peur et sans avis*, as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England, like England itself and its ways, in those German wars.’—CARLYLE, *History of Frederick the Great*, vol. iii. Battle of Dettingen.



MR. JONES'S WASHING

MR. JONES'S WASHING



I.

I THINK that we still sometimes see apparatus as ingenious contrived with equal success, to bring about results not less important. The old French proverb about linen and washing at home will certainly not apply to Mr. Jones's shirts.



II.

My Father once took us to see a delightful thrilling Melodrama, founded upon Miss Braddon's novel of 'Aurora Floyd.' England was represented from a patriarchal and musical point of view. The little Jockeys came singing and beating time with their whips in the Squire's drawing-room, and were present at all the family explanations. The neighbouring peasant maidens are here portrayed at their sports.



III.

A King rules in his Cipher Kingdom; a lover and his lass whisper in their charmed circle (which takes the shape of a D).

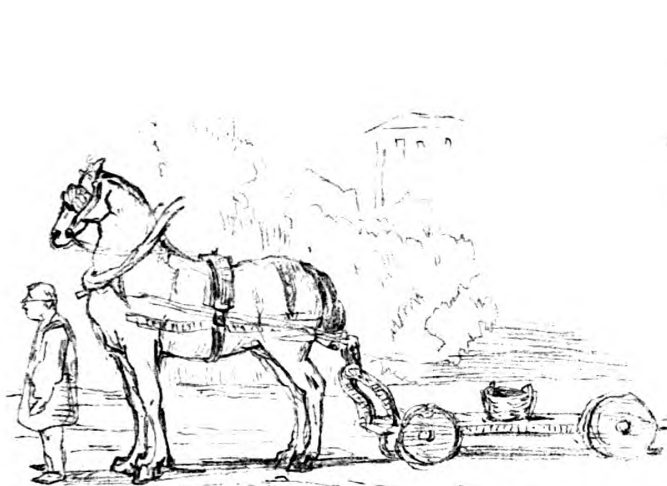


IV.

Here are two sketches. They are not portraits, and they are not all imagination.

Amelia by the fire-place has daughters of her own now, not unlike what she was then.





Ingenious apparatus for bringing home Mr. Janssen from the w.

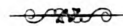


Hof feast and dance of peasant girls in the neighbourhood
of Beckenhau
Paris. Le Secret de Miss Aurore.



CITY! CITY!

CITY! CITY!



 HIS is from a sepia drawing, which has been very accurately copied here. Some of the faces have been left unfinished, especially that one looking from inside the Omnibus and noticing the friendly Conductor's paternal humour.

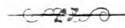


Scene Knightsbridge

Cad. Now Bill. Hark the gents vether they're a goin to the Mansion House
Bill. Stee! Stee!

PLAYING-CARDS

PLAYING-CARDS



I.



AN Assyrian bas-relief and battle-scene. See Herodotus.



II. AND III.

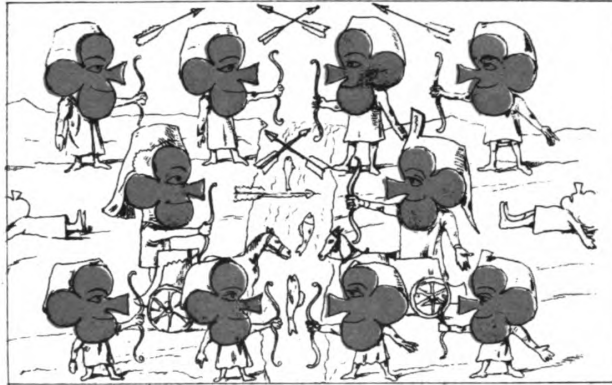
American *notes* and reminiscences.



IV.

MR. GIBBON, MR. BOSWELL, MR. JOHNSON.

The Playing-Cards were originally intended to form a completed pack, but only a certain number were ever finished. They amused my Father very much at the time he drew them. He was specially pleased with the likeness to Mr. Gibbon which he discovered in the three of spades. I think this is almost the trump card of the whole hand as it is dealt out here.



"A Battle Scene."



"Luby Lucy Neal"

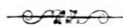


Dandy Jim from Souf Caroline —



CLUBS AND CROZIERS

CLUBS AND CROZIERS



I.

 HIS three of clubs represents Marlborough at the Battle of Malplaquet.

II.

HENRY IV., PART II., ACT IV., SCENE IV.

P. Hen.—I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen.—Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

III.

We have a poem in my Father's handwriting which seems applicable here :—

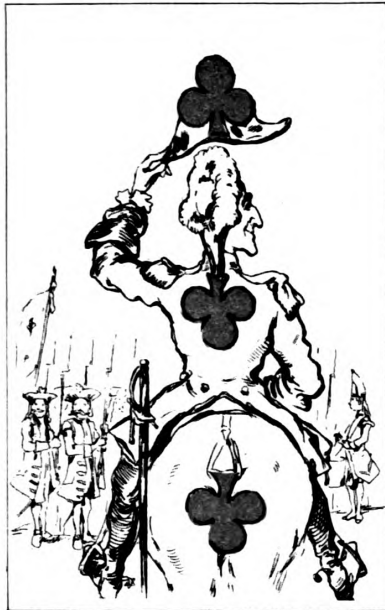
The apes of Brazils,
When afflicted with ills,
Retire to the Hills.

IV.

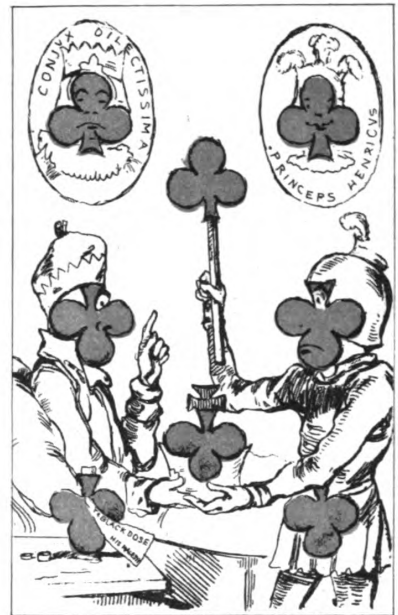
MACBETH, ACT I., SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

Happily St. Augustin, with his crozier, is not St. Patrick. He has not quite exorcised witches out of the country, nor have the contents of their caldron suffered as yet.



The D. of Marlborough at the Battle of Malplaquet.



Thy wish was father: Harry, to that thought



The Apes of Brazil.

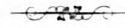


SHAKSPEARE, BYRON

MISS SMITH

&c.

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, MISS SMITH, &c.



I.

MACBETH, ACT I., SCENE III.



MACBETH.—Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you!
[*Witches vanish.*]

This might be Macready himself in the character of Macbeth. Banquo follows the retreating witches with a timid glance. The caldron, the bellows, and Macbeth's little dog, give great reality to the awful scene. Observe the thistle of Scotland sprouting from the heath.

II.

IN MY COTTAGE.

Captain Brown's admiration for Miss Smith's performance needs no comment.

III.

. . . now will I to my couch, altho' to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this . . .

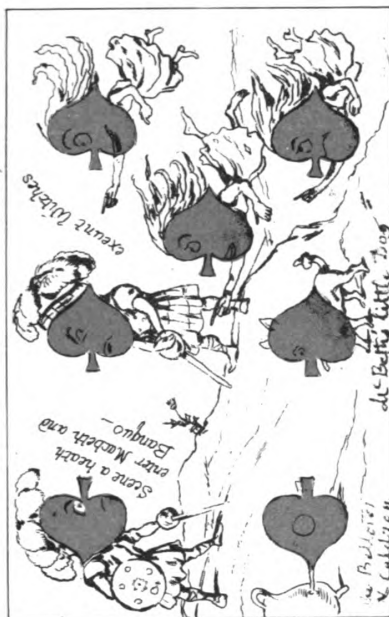
. . . all is gentle : nought
Stirs rudely but congenial with the night ;
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress.

. . . the dark
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas.

BYRON, *Marino Faliero.*

IV.

The King is counting his money, the Queen is lunching in the parlour, the audacious Blackbird is in the very act of flying away with the Laundry-maid's nose. . . .



"On the Grand Canal"



"A King Sat &c."

LIST, LIST, O LIST!

LIST, LIST, O LIST!

I.

DR. BIRCH'S ESTABLISHMENT.

THERE is a tragic episode from Dr. Birch's well-known establishment ; sitting above is the intellectual first form absorbed in its studies, down below are *the boys who go up next*. John the footman seems accustomed to his duties, and the Doctor is distinguishing himself with all the generous energy which belongs to the high calling he pursues, and to the spirited system by which youth is led to love literature and to respect those who are set in authority.

II.

HAMLET, ACT I., SCENE II.

Ham.—Pale or red ?

Hor.—Nay, very pale.

Ham.—And fixed his eyes on you ?

Hor.—Most constantly.

III.

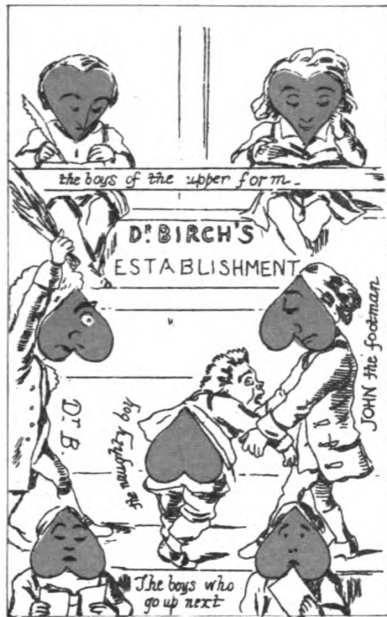
MAZOURKA.

The music still plays as my Father heard it, and the little Polish men almost stamp out of the paper.

IV.

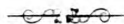
HUSH !

. . . . The Red Indians, on the contrary, are advancing with the most extraordinary precautions. 'Are those Indians and warriors so terrible as our Indians and warriors were ?' says one of the 'Round-about Papers.' These Indians are doubtless of a tribe belonging to the prairies of my Father's favourite Leather Stocking.



LA RAISON DU PLUS FORT

LA RAISON DU PLUS FORT



I.

THE BATTLE OF OLTENITZA.

PLEASE to observe Omar Pacha and his Staff taking observations from the neighbouring heights.

II.

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

The Lady look'd ower the Castle wa',
And oh! she sighed sairly
When she saw Argyll and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonny House o' Airlie.
'Come down to me,' said proud Argyll,
'Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or I swear by the sword I hold in my hand
I winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie.'
'I'll no come down, ye proud Argyll,
Until ye speak mair fairly,
Tho' ye swear by the sword ye hold in your hand
Ye winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie.
'Had my ain gudeman been at his hame,*
But he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyll
Dare have trod a foot on the bonnie green o' Airlie.' . . .

III.

The readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will recognise a scene out of that celebrated book. Little Eva is in the corner turning away in tears.

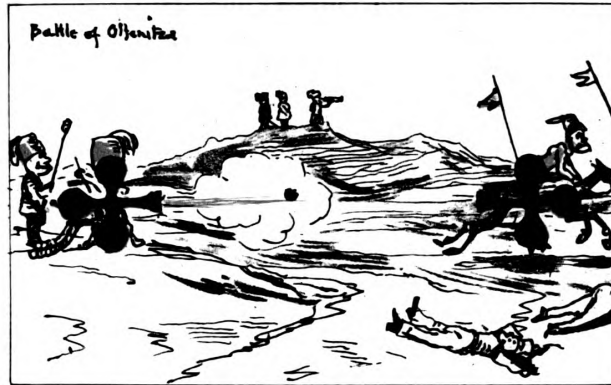
IV.

PIROUETTE.

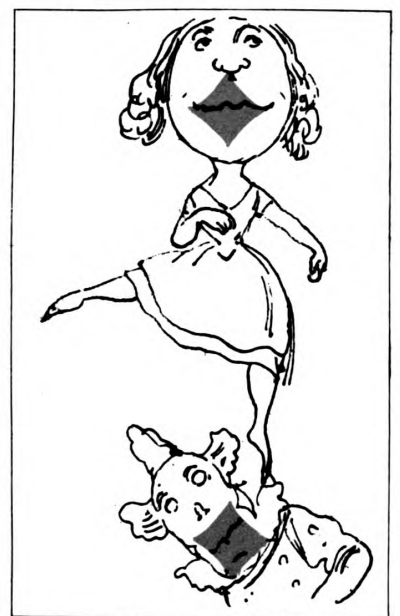
V.

My Father once said that one of the achievements in life which had given him most unalloyed satisfaction was the introduction of Napoleon's waistcoat, as it appears in this battle scene, surrounded by the weather-beaten faces of the Old Guard.

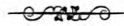
* July, 1640: Lord Airlie being away with Charles I., and Lord Ogilvy imprisoned in the dungeon of St. Andrews.



Old Bailad



CONCLUSION



THERE is a sentence in a notice which was written by my Father for a book called the 'Landscape Painters of England.' It is only one among the many things which he has written of others that have been spoken perhaps from experience.

'All through this painter's life,' he says, speaking of Stanfield, 'his industry and his genius have been alike remarkable, and it is curious to note in his performances of the present time how the carefulness of the artist seems to increase with his skill, as if this conscientious man were bent each day upon improving, on elaborating and polishing his works, on approaching more nearly to nature. Does not such a progress tell of more than mere talent?—of honesty, of modesty; of faithful and cheerful labour, of constant love for truth. It seems to me that the pictures of some artists tell of these things, and that these are amongst the precious qualities which go to make a painter.'

Exp. lit. in
1911





