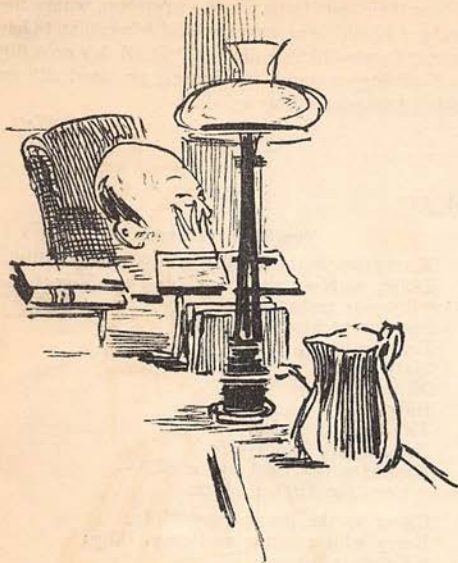


## Some Drawings by Thackeray.



JAMES SPEDDING.

Of all inventive, original, fantastic, and strangely inaccurate draughtsmen, Thackeray is, in a fashion of his own, the most delightful. One need not look far to illustrate this; for it is patent in the editions issued of his works with designs from various hands. On the capital small green edition, as on the *édition de luxe*, both published lately by Messrs. Smith & Elder, some of the best fancy and workmanship of the day, amongst others that of Mr. Du Maurier, has been employed to the best purpose. In some cases the artists, having to fill out a set of illustrations begun by Thackeray himself, have thought it good, and have done well in so thinking, to bring their style as near to the great novelist's own as was possible. So is it with Mr. Atkinson's very clever and spirited drawings for one of the most complete and touching narratives which Thackeray ever wrote, the "History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond." The types of Titmarsh and the other personages were invented and recorded in drawing by the master's hand, and the later artist has acquitted himself most honorably in preserving the types. It is no disparagement to him to say that the original sketches, though drawn with far less correctness than his, are yet preferable as complements to the text. They represent more truly than any other artist's work could do the author's own idea of his characters; and it may be remembered that in a "Roundabout Paper" Thackeray calls attention, in a graceful way, to the difference between his idea and the late Mr. Frederick Walker's idea of the personal appearance of that very odd person, Philip Firmin:

"A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin, in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind."

And is it not well to have the heroes and heroines, the confidantes, the villains, and the level run of characters represented for us as the author conceived them when we can, even though the author's drawing, with all its fancy and force, may be open to criticism as drawing? I think that even Mr. Doyle in the past, or Mr. Du Maurier in the present, could hardly give us such a notion of Major Pendennis, of Costigan, of Foker, as Thackeray's pencil has given; and that neither of them could surpass the pathos of the two figures bowed over the cradle in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond." It was, however, humor rather than pathos that Thackeray generally sought in his drawings, and it is curious to wonder, in passing, what would have been the result if his early offer to illustrate his great contemporary's work had been accepted.

There is character of the best kind in almost every line that he drew, whether for initial letters, in which his invention found a wonderful scope, in fantastic scenes, such as those of "The Rose and the Ring," in such light comedy as that of "A Little Dinner at Timmins's," or such high comedy as that of "Vanity Fair." He drew, it would seem, as he wrote, from a power of projecting himself into his characters, and feeling exactly how they would look, speak, and behave in any possible combination of circumstances. He drew, in fact, as some great mimic, such a mimic as



A SOUBRETTE'S HEAD.

the admirable (in this as in many far higher ways) original of his "Frank Whitestock, the Curate,"\* might draw if he used pencil instead of voice and action. And his characters were things so outside of himself, persons so real and responsible to him as well as to his readers, that his skill in fixing their shape in drawing as in writing can scarce be diminished by the fact that he drew to his own writing. But in saying all this by way of introducing these sketches,† I have yielded to the temptation to say what each of us who has studied Thackeray with care and love can say for and to himself. It seems, indeed, almost like impertinence even to direct attention to the pertness and primness of this delightful bishop, or to the bibulous anger of the face beneath him, which, if Falstaff ever had been

\* This was the late Canon Brookfield.

† The illustrations to this article have never appeared before. We owe them to the courtesy of Sir W. Frederick Pollock, Bart., in whose possession the originals exist. They are published by the kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., who hold the copyright of all Thackeray's posthumous productions in literature or art.—Ed.





THE BISHOP.

in a rage, might have passed for his. What, again, can be said more than is obvious at once of the arch-archness of the soubrette's head, or of the essentially operatic pride of the lady in the Polish cap? One wishes that more than the smudged indication of a face (which might have been the face of a vacuous tenor) had been given, but one may be more than content with the



of his influence will never be forgotten by those who knew him. Thackeray's sketch cannot give those who did not know him any suggestion of the fine head and expression which served Mr. Watts as a model for one of the heads in his great fresco painted for Lin-



THE LADY IN THE POLISH CAP.

exquisite expression and action of the complete figure.

More finished and more interesting, as a singularly clever portrait sketch of a man who left his mark on the world as one of extraordinary wit, intellect, and industry, is the sketch, excellent though of the slightest touch, of James Spedding. He is known, no doubt, to THE CENTURY readers as the author of what has been aptly called a gigantic monograph on Bacon, his devotion to which was self-effacing. Thackeray knew him at Cambridge, where he was associated also with such men as Lord Houghton, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Brookfield, the present Archbishop of Dublin, Charles Buller, and John Sterling. He was a man of learning, amazing both in extent and accuracy; of the finest sympathy; of the keenest irony and wit. To him were addressed the Laureate's lines "To J. S." Apart from his historical and other weighty studies, he had a fine faculty of dramatic criticism as regards both plays and actors; and one of his best achievements was a criticism of Miss Ellen Terry's *Portia* which appeared in "Fraser" soon after the "Merchant of Venice" was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theater. The personal charm

coln's Inn Hall. To those, however, who were privileged to know Mr. Spedding well, it is full of suggestion.

*Walter Herries Pollock.*

#### Seeing a Fairy—(à la Barnes).

BY ROGER RIORDAN.

"WHEN that I was and a tiny little boy,"  
 One night long, long ago,  
 I threw my ball  
 Over a wall  
 And followed it, ye know.

And there was grass and a gravel walk,  
 And a great tall laurel hedge;  
 My ball was lying in the grass,  
 But to it I dared not budge,

For right in the midst of that grass-plot  
 There was a girl dancing,  
 But never leaving that one spot,  
 And toward me never glancing.

I shut the gate and I ran away,  
 And never stopped to look, sirs,  
 Until I was at my mother's door,  
 And then with fright I shook, sirs.

That's all.