



BOUDIN

*pêcheur de Boulogne, avec trois de ses compatriotes
prend le "Conqueror" frégate Anglaise de 36 Canons.
de sa propre main, il tue le Capitaine du Vaisseau
Sir Guppage, trois lieutenants, 83 matelots soldats de*

13 Vendémiaire. An V.

THE HEROIC ADVENTURES OF M. BOUDIN :

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

COMMENT,

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

THE story of this little collection of drawings is quickly told, and it is one, indeed, which I like to dwell upon, for it

brings back to my recollection some hours of my father's life which were happy and at ease, and spent in tranquillity and in the companionship which he enjoyed.

As time passed on, from failing health and spirits, he used to go less and less



L'illustre Boudin se présente au Directeur, qui lui ordonne une Couture Cirigue, et vingt sols de récompense



*Dans ce grand tableau on voit comment
Boudin se bat avec la flotte Anglaise*

*Trente-trois vaisseaux de guerre tombent
sous ses coups irrésistibles. Mais hélas!
il faut céder au sort! — le trente-quatrième
(avec Milor Nelson) fond sur le navire
de Boudin, le prend, le brûle — Tous sont
massacrés excepté le Boudin.*

*Nota — On ne voit pas la bataille à cause de la
grande fumée de canons, fusils, pistolets, bombes,
d'etcetera.*

into general society, but he always enjoyed the society of his old friends, and although dinner parties wearied him, he liked sitting quietly smoking his cigar in congenial companionship, and I am sure there was none more pleasant to him than that of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, who loved him, and always made him welcome and at home.

My own old friend Sir Theodore Martin, who has known so many men and things, says of Robert Bell: "He was a man of wide information, wide experience, of great ability. He was of most agreeable society, a charming *conteur*, and full of native keenness, of observation, and pleasant humor. I felt always great reliance on his judgment both of men and affairs, as well as in questions of literary taste. He had what few literary

men have, the gift of free and happy speech in public." Then, after describing Mr. Bell's chief works, Sir Theodore goes on to say in his letter to me: "There was no keener judge of character than your father, and he, no doubt, knew that his friend was full of sterling worth. That was the impression left with me."

Mrs. Bell was a house-keeper of the old lavender-and-blue-china school; everything about her was simple, but in order and perfect condition. Her dinners my father used to praise and hold up as a model to certain incapable house-keepers; they were works of art—so plain, so hot, so perfectly served—works of *heart*, I had nearly said, for the hostess's happiness was to take trouble for her husband and his guests; and although the little household, I believe, consisted of four peo-



*Criblé de blessures, comblé de fers Boudin
se présente devant Milor -
Le vainqueur tremble devant le vaincu.*

ple only—the two masters and their two maids—I have often heard my father say that never anywhere had he fared better than at the quiet little house in York Place, where, besides the welcome and the good cheer, there was also the congenial talk of the master of the house.

In the *Biographical Dictionary* there is a long list of the papers Mr. Bell edited and the literary work he accomplished, first in Ireland and then over here. He was still quite a young man when he came to England and became editor of the *Atlas* newspaper. There was a *History of Russia*, and the *Lives of the English Poets*, and a volume of *English Admirals* for Southey's edition, and many other works—stories, plays, and criti-

cisms. I can remember a novel, *The Ladder of Gold*, coming out, but I think it appeared during a short and arid period of our early lives, when a new governess forbade novels and story-books, and I never had the opportunity of reading it.

The editions of the poets from Chaucer to Cooper are Robert Bell's best-known work. They are full of research and knowledge, and of that true sentiment for poetry which no research can give. I can remember him sitting at work in a sort of shrine, with all his books round about him, in beautiful bindings, showing on their shelves. I have been told that Mr. Trollope bought all Mr. Bell's library at his death.

Once my sister and I were brought by

our father to dine in York Place, and I remember how, after dinner, Mrs. Bell shook back her pretty white curls, and smiled, and said, "And now I shall show your daughters my album, Mr. Thackeray," and immediately a book of pictures was produced and opened upon the round-table, and we learned that whenever my father came to spend an evening it had been his habit for a long time past to draw a picture in the album, page by page. We looked at the drawings with calm though sympathetic interest; we were used to seeing our father's pictures, and

it seemed a matter of course that where he was at home and at ease, the familiar drawings should grow and multiply. That very evening he finished one of the sketches as he sat there in the drawing-room, when the lamp was set on the round-table.

The time came to say good-night, and we carried home an impression of comfort and accustomed things and fire-lit tranquillity, and then the thought of it all faded quietly away; for in those days, five-and-twenty years ago, tranquillity had less charm and importance than it



*Dans les cachots infernaux de Portsmouth
(où tant d'autres Français ont déjà succombé),
Boudin expie sa funeste valeur.*

*On ne lui donne qu'une demi-pinte d'eau, avec une pinirole[†]
par semaine.*

(† pinirole = petit pain de deux sols.)



*Miss Fanny fille du gouverneur, vient
le consoler*



*Scène tendre et romantique. Bonden avec
sa fidèle Fanny s'échappent saufs dans un
seventifore*

has now. We went away to live our own lives, and to realize only too soon what darkness lies around peaceful fire-lit hearths. My father died soon after, and we went abroad. We never returned to the little house again. Mr. Bell lived for some three years, and then he too passed away, and at his own request was buried near my father's grave.

unable to explain the circumstances. My children opened the parcel and brought me the book, an old-fashioned album, bound in brown morocco.

The drawings were my father's, of course, but I could not for a moment imagine where or when I seemed to have seen them all before. On the cover of the old book was a name, and this, too,



*Débarqué à Calais avec son épouse adorée, Boudin se rend à Paris
(Des caresses chastes et légitimes égayent les longueurs de la Route)*

One day, here on the edge of Wimbledon Common, after twenty-five years or more, I received a lawyer's letter which puzzled me, and touched me not a little. A lady, "lately demised in the Regent's Park," it said, had desired that a certain book of drawings, which had been left to her by an old friend, should be returned to me. The lady's name was not one with which I had any associations whatever. I was grateful, but altogether

seemed vaguely familiar, "Miss George," in gold letters, surrounded by a golden wreath. Then suddenly it all flashed upon me. Mrs. Bell's name had been Miss George once upon a time. This, then, was the book which we had seen by the light of her lamp such long years ago; and confirmation, if it had been needed, soon came in a second letter from the solicitor, who said the pictures had been left by Mrs. Robert Bell to her



Aussitôt arrivé le brave Marin se rend à la Cour de sa Majesté L'Empereur & Roi
Embellie par l'Art Parisienne, dans la sémillante Fanny la Miss chétive de Portsmouth
S— B — 30000 T— de D — disent les rudes Grenadiers — est elle jolte l'insulaire!



Enchanté de revoir son fidèle Boudin Sa M. L'Empereur et Roi lui tire son oreille droite
 Archichancelier! dit Sa Majesté I et R - apportez ma Grrrrrand' Croix à mon ArchiAmiral
 S.A. Le Prince de Benevent apporte le crachat en question .

friend, and the kind friend in turn had wished they should come back to me, and from this book are taken the drawings which are now given to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The sketches which accompany Boudin's heroic adventures tell their own story for the most part. The album contains, besides the drawings here presented, a number of little subject sketches. In these we find a duel going on, with the demon waiting below to carry off the soul of the victim. We note the innocent surprise of the transfixed desperado; the romantic devotion of the kneeling lover to the not unyielding lady; the graceful and active performers of the ballet, as they all perform the parts which fancy suggested at the moment, and are all alike

characteristic of his happy, delightful gift. Time passes, but the fairies, demons, fantoccini, go on, making perennial fun and mirth, needing no introduction or explanation, and hold their own after all these years.

WIMBLETON, 1890.

A. I. R.

TITLES OF THE BOUDIN DRAWINGS.

No. 1.—Boudin, a fisherman of Boulogne, with three of his compatriots, takes the *Conqueror*, an English frigate of 36 guns. He kills with his own hand the captain, Sir Guppige, 3 lieutenants, 83 sailors, soldiers, etc. 13 Vendémiaire, year 5.

No. 2.—The illustrious Boudin presents himself before the *Directoire*; he is award-



Toutes les dames de la Cour crèvent de dépit, en voyant la beauté céleste de l'épouse de Boudin
qui embrasse en s'inclinant les belles mains de Sa Majesté l'1^{er} & R.

(M. Alfred Borsay est Page de Service)

ed a civic crown and twenty sols as a recompense.

No. 3.—In this grand composition we may see how Boudin attacks the English fleet. Thirty-three ships of the line fall beneath his irresistible onslaught, but, alas! we must yield to fate; the thirty-fourth vessel, with Lord Nelson on board, falls upon Boudin, destroys and burns his ship; all the crew is massacred, with the exception of Boudin himself.

NOTE.—*You cannot see the battle on account of the great smoke from the canons, the guns, the pistols, the bombs, etc.*

No. 4.—Covered with wounds, weighed down with chains, Boudin presents himself before Milord. The conqueror trembles before the conquered.

No. 5.—In the horrible dungeons of Portsmouth, where so many Frenchmen have already perished, Boudin expiates his fatal valor. He is allowed only half a pint of water and one penirole* a week.

No. 6.—Miss Fanny, the daughter of the governor, comes to console him.

No. 7.—Tender and romantic scene. Boudin and his faithful Fanny escape in a seventifore.

* Penirole, a little loaf of two sols.

No. 8.—Having landed at Calais, Boudin, accompanied by his adored wife, hastens to Paris. Chaste and legitimate embraces enliven the tedium of the road.

No. 9.—Immediately on their arrival the gallant seaman hastens to the Court of his Majesty the Emperor and King. Beautified by Parisian art, one could not recognize in the dazzling Fanny the insignificant little Miss of Portsmouth.

"S— B—, 30000 T— de D—," say the rude grenadiers. "The young islander is pretty."

No. 10.—His Majesty the Emperor and King is delighted to see his faithful Boudin once more, and pulls his right ear. "Arch-Chancellor," says he, "bring my G-r-r-r-rand Cross for my Arch-Admiral." His Highness the Prince of Benevent brings the bauble in question.

No. 11.—The ladies of the Court can scarce contain their envy as they observe the celestial beauty of the bride of Boudin, who, bending low, salutes the lovely hands of her Majesty the Empress and Queen.

NOTE.—*Mr. Alfred D'Orsay is page in waiting.*

No. 12.—Boudin! Waterloo!

