







in avar da Christmas 670



LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

“If ever you happen to meet with two volumes of Grimm’s ‘German Stories,’ which were illustrated by Cruikshank long ago, pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt’s, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented.”—RUSKIN.

“All British people, even publicans and distillers, we should hope, have a kindly feeling for George Cruikshank.”—W. M. ROSSETTI.

“Am I stilted or turgid when I paraphrase that which Johnson said of Homer and Milton, *in re* the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*, and say of Hogarth and Cruikshank that George is not the greatest pictorial humourist our country has seen, only because he is not the first?”—SALA’S “Life of William Hogarth.”





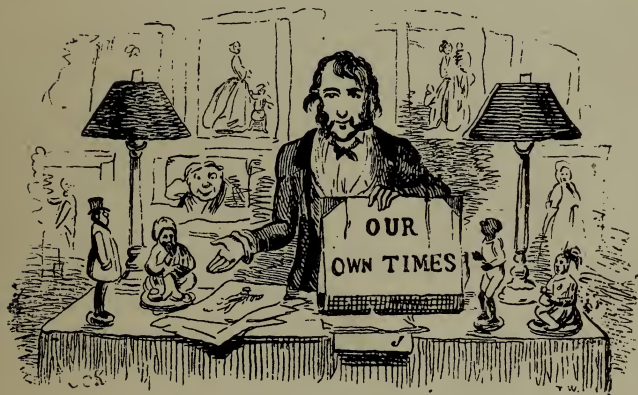




THE LIFE  
OF  
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

In Two Epochs

BY  
BLANCHARD JERROLD



*A NEW EDITION*  
WITH EIGHTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

London  
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY  
1894.



## Dedication.

TO GUSTAVE DORÉ.

MY DEAR DORÉ,

*When some five-and-twenty years ago we were waiting together, at Boulogne, for the arrival of the Queen, who was on her way to Paris, we spent an evening at the hotel with the late Herbert Ingram, for whom we had undertaken—you to illustrate, and I to describe—the pageant for the “Illustrated London News.” It was a pleasant evening, closed by a long moonlight ramble on the sands. While we talked, you filled a vast sheet of paper with a medley of fancies, squibs, caricatures, and satires, in which public events were jumbled with private jokes; while the great folk, of whose doings we were the chroniclers, were marshalled in procession with our humble selves. I remember the astonishment expressed on Ingram’s face when, as we were leaving for our walk and cigar, he glanced over your shoulder at the hosts with which you*

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*had peopled the broad page before you. It was a prodigious tour de force,—so curious and complete an emanation of the humorous and satirical part of your genius, that I pardon Ingram for having decamped with it on the morrow morning before we were up.*

*It is the remembrance of all that sheet contained which has led me to dedicate this record of our friend George Cruikshank's life and work to you. Poring over his etchings and wood drawings, my mind has constantly reverted to your work of the Rabelais, Wandering Jew, and Contes Drôlatiques period; and I have perceived a strong affinity between one aspect of your genius and that of "the inimitable George."*

*It is to the illustrious illustrator of Rabelais and of Dante that I dedicate these disjecta membra of a life of the illustrator of Grimm, of Oliver Twist, and of Shakespeare's Falstaff.*

*Accept it, my dear Doré, as a tribute to your genius, but also as a public acknowledgment of your sterling qualities as a friend and of your rare gifts as an intellectual companion.*

**BLANCHARD JERROLD.**

*New Year's Day, 1882.*

## P R E F A C E .

IN the following pages I have endeavoured to present George Cruikshank to the reader—not only as he lived and moved and worked, but also in the light in which he was held by his many friends and his distinguished critics. The artist has been warned by the poet that he should “rest in art.” Cruikshank was not of those who needed the warning. He remained heart and soul in his creative work throughout a long career, content to live modestly, and to rest his claim to the respect of the world upon his labours. If his indefatigable industry failed to bring him the fortune which fashion now lavishes upon his inferiors, he was consoled by the fervid admiration of such critics as Thackeray and Ruskin, and other distinguished contemporaries, whose opinions on his genius I have

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freely given, as the best aids to a thorough estimate of him as an artist.

These pages should be accepted as *mémoires pour servir* as material towards a just judgment of the artist and the man. I am indebted to George Cruikshank's friends for many personal anecdotes, and to my own recollections of him, ranging from my boyhood to his death, for the general outline of the "dear old George," whose humour and eccentricity delighted Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and their friends for many years. I am indebted to the late Charles Landseer, to Mr. Frederick Locker, the late Mr. W. H. Wills (co-editor with Dickens of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*), Mr. Percival Leigh, the only survivor of the original contributors to *Punch*, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. B. W. Richardson, Mr. George Frederick Pardon, the late Mr. Gruneisen, Mr. Percy Cruikshank, Cuthbert Bede, and many others, including the gentlemen with whom Cruikshank's temperance



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campaign brought him in contact towards the close of his life.

As a tribute to the genius of Cruikshank, the late Gustave Doré contributed to the first edition of this book a drawing, called by him *The Gin-Fiend*. This drawing now forms the frontispiece to "Epoch II." (page 237), and will remind the hosts of English admirers of the illustrious French painter, sculptor, and illustrator, of the time when he produced the *Contes Drôlatiques* and the *Wandering Jew*.



# CONTENTS.

## EPOCH I. 1792—1847.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
TWO EPOCHS . . . . .	1
CHAPTER II.	
FROM CRANACH TO CRUIKSHANK . . . . .	5
CHAPTER III.	
CRUIKSHANK'S EARLY DAYS . . . . .	25
CHAPTER IV.	
CRUIKSHANK AS A POLITICAL CARICATURIST. . . . .	43
CHAPTER V.	
"LIFE IN LONDON," "LIFE IN PARIS," "POINTS OF HUMOUR" ETC. . . . .	74
CHAPTER VI.	
HAND-TO-MOUTH WORK . . . . .	103
CHAPTER VII.	
"THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT" . . . . .	123

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
“SKETCHES BY BOZ,” “OLIVER TWIST,” AND “THE LIFE OF GRIMALDI” . . . . .	137
CHAPTER IX.	
ILLUSTRATIONS TO HARRISON AINSWORTH’S ROMANCES	159
CHAPTER X.	
“THE OMNIBUS” . . . . .	182
CHAPTER XI.	
“THE COMIC ALMANACK” . . . . .	189
CHAPTER XII.	
“LORD BATEMAN” AND “THE TABLE BOOK” . . . . .	203
CHAPTER XIII.	
CRUIKSHANK DESCRIBED BY HIS FRIENDS . . . . .	216
EPOCH II. 1848—1878.	
CHAPTER I.	
AT GILLRAY’S GRAVE. . . . .	237
CHAPTER II.	
“THE BOTTLE” . . . . .	248
CHAPTER III.	
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AS A TEETOTALER . . . . .	256
CHAPTER IV.	
“THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS” . . . . .	278

## CHAPTER V.

PAGE

"FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES" AND "WHOLE HOGS" . . . . . 302

## CHAPTER VI.

"A SLICE OF BREAD AND BUTTER" . . . . . 319

## CHAPTER VII.

CRUIKSHANK'S LAST TWENTY YEARS . . . . . 329

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE END . . . . . 344

## APPENDIX I.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK . . . . . 347

## APPENDIX II.

CRUIKSHANK'S DESCRIPTION OF "THE WORSHIP OF  
BACCHUS" . . . . . 377

INDEX . . . . . 386

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
The Triumph of Cupid . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From "Our Own Times" . . . . .	<i>Vignette</i>
Flying Dustmen . . . . .	5
Moving off with the <i>time</i> . . . . .	11
Three Months after Marriage . . . . .	24
Dominie Sampson . . . . .	25
"Shillahoo! Who durst tread upon that?" . . . . .	32
Going off by itself . . . . .	36
Spirits of Wine . . . . .	42
Emerald cut Emerald . . . . .	43
Mr. Cadwallader shouting "Murder" . . . . .	54
Illustration to "The Doctor" . . . . .	56
Bank Restriction Note . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 60
"Faded appetite resign'd the victim" . . . . .	62
The First Gentleman . . . . .	63
"Non mi ricordo!" . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 67
Hone and Cruikshank . . . . .	73
The Jolly Beggars . . . . .	90
Political Caricature . . . . .	102
Diamond cut Diamond . . . . .	103
The Giant Bolster . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 111
Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown . . . . .	117
The Three Thimbles; and Michael in Search of his Wife . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 118
John Gilpin . . . . .	120
The Old Commodore . . . . .	121
The Pig that stole an old Gentleman . . . . .	122
Bat Boroo and the Bull . . . . .	123



	PAGE
A Dog that killed his own Mutton . . . . .	125
The Counterpart Cousins . . . . .	126
A Mushroom Aristocrat . . . . .	128
Habbakuk Bulwinkle . . . . .	130
"I thought it was right" . . . . .	131
"Here is the book I prayed for"; "It would have made a stoic smile" . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	131
From "Mirth and Morality" . . . . .	132
From Anstey's "New Bath Guide" . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	132
Under the Thumb . . . . .	136
From "Angelo's Pic-Nic" . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	136
Grimaldi loses his Bet . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	158
The Dustman's Cart . . . . .	159
Turpin's Ride to York . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	163
"Never mind the weight of it" . . . . .	181
Letter to Laman Blanchard . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	182
Shaking a Doctor . . . . .	188
Fighting a Pint Pot . . . . .	189
Judicium Astrologicum . . . . .	190
The Cold Water Cure . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	190
Greenwich Park . . . . .	191
Guy Fawkes treated Classically . . . . .	194
Father Mathew . . . . .	197
"My wife is a woman of mind" . . . . .	199
Born a Genius and born a Dwarf . . . . .	200
Vox Multorum, Vox Stultorum . . . . .	201
A Shirt Case . . . . .	202
Lord B—— spurning the World . . . . .	203
Copy of an Ancient Seal . . . . .	204
The Outlaw's Burial . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	208
The Glass of Fashion . . . . .	209
Linked sweetness long drawn out . . . . .	213
Washing-Houses for the Poor . . . . .	214
The Witch's Switch . . . . .	215
A Family and their Boots . . . . . <i>to face page</i>	215
George Cruikshank, by Daniel Maclise . . . . .	216

	PAGE
A small Music Party . . . . .	216
A Watch that won't go . . . . .	236
The Gin Fiend, from a Drawing by Gustave Doré . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 237
Mrs. Humphrey's Window . . . . .	238
Sunday in London . . . . .	241
Keeping the Peace . . . . .	247
The Cat watering the Gooseberry Trees . . . . .	255
Total Abstiners' Meeting, Sadler's Wells Theatre . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 277
Fairy Revenge . . . . .	282
La Bagatelle . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 294
How to discharge a Waiter . . . . .	295
"Kim hep, ye varmint!" . . . . .	301
Saturday Night at Sea . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 303
The Four Mighty Servants . . . . .	304
"Move on, there!" . . . . .	318
A Bear Ward, rogue and vagabond . . . . .	328
"I'll ride thee like a mare o' th' night" . . . . .	329
The Rose and the Lily . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 331
Antagonism of Interest . . . . .	340

THE  
LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH I. 1792—1847.

CHAPTER I.

TWO EPOCHS.

“As a boy,” Thackeray said of his friend George Cruikshank, “he began to fight for bread,\* has been hungry (twice a-day, we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter’s thin pinch-beck, who can live comfortably for six weeks when paid for painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in

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\* George Cruikshank never felt the pinch of poverty. His family, of which his careful mother was the head, were never in want. It was a plain household, much disturbed, it must be said, by the intemperate habits of the father, as well as of the two sons, boisterous and bibulous young men who fell into scores of scrapes. But bed and board were always easily at command; and George made money enough for his pleasures even when he was drawing wood-blocks for Hone at ten shillings and sixpence each. He could execute two or three in the course of a day.

Paris—an artist hairdresser—who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived. Time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it, he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present\* bring him twenty times the sum; but whether it be ill paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new—some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world, 'Make us laugh, or you starve—give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old, and are hungry!' And all this has he been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want; often, certainly, from ill-health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done, and done well." More than forty years ago Thackeray was astonished at the many years of labour already performed by this "indefatigable man," and exclaimed, "What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him!" The author of "Vanity Fair" was not often carried away by his emotion, but in the presence of the fire of his friend's genius he warmed to an unwonted heat.

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\* This passage is extracted from an article on Cruikshank, written by Thackeray, in the *Westminster Review* (1840); an article to which he frequently referred as having given him great pleasure in the writing.

“He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways ; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people ; he has never used his wit dishonestly ; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush.”

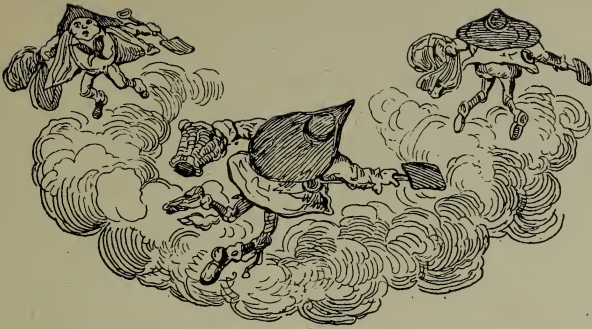
And yet, in 1840, George Cruikshank was not quite midway on his career ! Only the first great epoch of his life was drawing to a close. For the life of Cruikshank is broadly divisible into two epochs ; the first, extending from his birth to 1847, when he became a total abstainer ; the second, reaching from the year when he came to the conclusion (to use his own words upon the title-page of the small edition of “The Bottle”) that “it was of no use preaching without setting an example,” to his death.

In order to put the entire man before the world, it is necessary to deal as thoroughly with the first epoch of his life as with the second. Nay, it is only on this condition that the writer can make the whole deserts of this singular British worthy manifest. The present generation are familiar merely with the George Cruikshank of the last thirty years. But his course stretched through three generations of his fellow-men. The public who knew the Cruikshank of the Regency, of the Reform Bill, and of the dawn of the Victorian epoch, had ceased to laugh or weep, to take notes and criticise, when the veteran artist summoned his fellow-countrymen to inspect his “Triumph of Bacchus.” Cruikshank, the frolicsome, many-sided caricaturist, who worked with Hone and others as a political and social reformer ; who gave the world an annual hearty

laugh for many years in his *Comic Almanack*; and who gaily drove his *Omnibus* with that refined and poetic humourist, Laman Blanchard; was a roysterer, fond of the pleasures of the world, given to jovial parties, the centre of a group of boon companions, and a man who passed many painful morrow mornings. But, as his friend Thackeray, who spent many a lively evening with him, bears witness, Cruikshank, after his wild youth was passed, seldom overstepped the bounds of modesty, and never gave the influence of his genius to a cause in which he was not a heart-and-soul believer. From the earliest of his "years of discretion" he used his rare gifts as a sacred trust, and never allowed hopes of fortune to tempt him out of the simple ways of plain living and high thinking.

The Cruikshank of our later day—of his second epoch—will gain only in dignity by a knowledge of him in his youth. We shall learn all he resisted; how heroically he battled with himself; and with what success, while he purged his life of its grossness, he kept his heart free from asceticism; how the boy lived and laughed, in short, in the hale and hearty old man, even when he had solemnly dedicated his genius to a cause, the triumph of which he believed to be the only foundation of a pure and prosperous society.





Flying dustmen.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

## CHAPTER II.

### FROM CRANACH TO CRUIKSHANK.

THE history of caricature in England travels very little beyond George Cruikshank's lifetime. The very word *caricatura*, used by Sir Thomas Browne in his "Christian Morals," and transplanted to the *Spectator*, appeared first as an English word in Johnson's Dictionary in the middle of the last century. Caricature—the modern word and the modern art, the use of the pencil and the etcher's point as ironical and satirical weapons—may be said to have taken root in this country under the breath of Hogarth's genius. It flourished in Germany,—nay, may be said to have been born there, during the Renaissance. The Reformation gave it its first great impulse, under the hand of Lucas Cranach. From Germany it travelled to France, thence to Holland, and from Holland to England. The famous caricaturists, however, are not many. Cranach, Peter Breughel, Jacques Callot—but particularly the last—may be noted as caricaturists who made the way for our Hogarth, for the Spaniard Goya (a

caricaturist of infinite humour), and so for Gillray, Rowlandson, Daumier, the Cruikshanks, Leech, and the elder Doyle. Our earliest caricaturists came over to us from the French and Dutch schools; and they flourished (albeit their names are forgotten now) until the genius of Hogarth rose, and founded a British school of caricature, racy of the soil. The names of John Collet, Paul Sandby, Bunbury, and Woodward, were famous in their day; but they were destined to be eclipsed by the glory of James Gillray and the lesser light of Rowlandson; and these two, with Goya in Spain, and the renowned Daumier in France, represent the power which caricature exercised in the political world at the close of the last and in the early days of the present century.

A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"\* has remarked of the rise of George Cruikshank, "The satirical grotesque of the eighteenth century had been characterised by a sort of grandiose brutality, by a certain vigorous obscenity, by a violence of expression and intention, that appear monstrous in these days of reserve and restraint, but that doubtless sorted well enough with the strong party feelings and fierce political passions of the age. After the downfall of Napoleon (1815), however, when strife was over, and men were weary and satisfied, a change in matter and manner came over the caricature of the period. In connection with this change, the name of George Cruikshank, an artist who stretches hands on the one side towards Hogarth and Gillray, and on the other towards Leech and Tenniel, deserves honourable men-

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\* Ninth edition (vol v., 1876, p. 105).

tion. Cruikshank's political caricatures, some of which were designed for the squibs of William Hone, are, comparatively speaking, uninteresting; his ambition was akin to that of Hogarth—the production of 'moral comedies.'

In an admirable article on the work and career of George Cruikshank, by Mr. John Paget, published in *Blackwood* (August 1863), an interesting passage occurs, showing how the link of historical caricature passed unbroken from the hands of Gillray to those of George Cruikshank.

"The political series of his (Gillray's) caricatures commences in the year 1782, shortly before the coalition between Fox and Lord North, and continues until 1810. It comprises not less than four hundred plates, giving an average of about fourteen for each year. When it is remembered that this period commences with the recognition of the independence of the United States; that it extends over the whole of the French Revolution, and a considerable portion of the Empire; that it comprises the careers of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Erskine, and Lord Thurlow, and comes down to the times of Castlereagh, Canning, Lord Grey, and Sir Francis Burdett, and that the aspect of every actor who played any conspicuous part during that period is faithfully preserved 'in his habit, as he lived,' his gesture and demeanour, his gait, his mode of sitting and walking, his action in speaking—all, except the tone of his voice, presented to us as if we gazed through a glass at the men of former times—we shall feel that we owe no small debt to the memory of James Gillray.

"Nor is this all. He has given to us with equal

idelity the portraits of those actors who fill up the scene, who sustain the underplot of the comedy of life, but have only a secondary share, if any, in the main action of the drama. Nor was he simply a caricaturist. That he possessed the higher qualities of genius—imagination, fancy, and considerable tragic power—is abundantly shown by many of his larger and more important etchings, whilst a small figure of the unhappy Duchess of York, published in 1792, under the feigned signature of Charlotte Zethin, gives proof that he was not wanting in tenderness or grace.

“Of those who appear in the etchings of Gillray, the last has passed away from amongst us within a year of the present time. The figure of an old man, somewhat below the middle height, the most remarkable feature in whose face consisted of his dark overhanging eyebrows, habited in a loose blue coat with metal buttons, grey trousers, white stockings, and a thick pair of boots, walking leisurely along Pall Mall or St. James’s Street, was familiar to many of our readers. The Marquess of Lansdowne (then Lord Henry Petty) appears for the first time in Gillray’s prints in the year 1805; and it is not difficult to trace a resemblance between the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer of more than half a century ago, and the Nestor of the Whigs, who survived more than three generations of politicians. The personal history of Gillray was a melancholy one. In 1809 his pencil showed no want of vigour, but his intellect shortly afterwards gave way under the effect of intemperate habits. The last of his works was “A Barber’s Shop in Assize-time,” etched from

a drawing by Harry Bunbury in 1811. In four years more—years of misery and madness—he slept in the churchyard of St. James's, Piccadilly. A flat stone marks the resting-place, and records the genius, of 'Mr. James Gillray, the caricaturist, who departed this life June 1st, 1815, aged 58 years.'

"At the time of the death of Gillray, George Cruikshank was a young man of about three-and-twenty years of age. Sir Francis Burdett was a prominent figure in many of Gillray's latest caricatures in the year 1809. One of the earliest of George Cruikshank's represents the arrest of the Baronet under the warrant of the Speaker in 1810. The series is thus taken up without the omission of even a single link."

The same writer distinguishes justly between the two political caricaturists. In his early work Cruikshank often so closely resembles Gillray, that it is difficult to say in what minor points he is dissimilar; but a study of the political work of the two will show that Gillray was the more vigorous of the pair, also the more audacious and unscrupulous. The writer in *Blackwood* remarks that Cruikshank "in his own department is as far superior to Gillray as he falls short of him in the walk of art in which no man before or since has ever approached the great Master of Political Caricature. In another, requiring more refined, more subtle, more intellectual qualities of mind, George Cruikshank stands pre-eminent, not only above Gillray, but above all other artists. He is the most perfect master of individual expression that ever handled a pencil or an etching-needle. This talent is equally shown in his earliest as in his latest works. Of the former, one



of the finest examples is the first cut of the 'Queen's Matrimonial Ladder,' entitled 'Qualification.' The attitude was probably suggested by Gillray's plate of the same illustrious personage, as 'A Voluptuary suffering from the Horrors of Indigestion.' But here the superiority of Cruikshank over Gillray in this particular quality is at once apparent. Gillray's is a finished copper-plate engraving, Cruikshank's a slight woodcut, but there is not a line that does not tell its story. Down to the very tips of his fingers the unhappy debauchee is 'fuddled.' The exact stage of drunkenness is marked and noted down in the corners of the mouth and eyes, and the impotent elevation of the eyebrow."

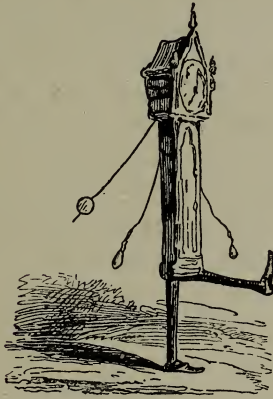
Cruikshank was a very young man when Gillray gave way to drunkenness, and sank under it. His last work appeared in 1811.\*

Mr. Ruskin, in his Appendix to his "Modern Painters" on "Modern Grotesque," insists that "all the real masters of caricature deserve honour in this respect, that their gift is peculiarly their own—innate and incommunicable. No teaching, no hard study,

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\* "Gillray's character affords a sad example of the reckless imprudence that too frequently accompanies talent and genius. For many years he resided in the house of his publisher, Mrs. Humphrey, by whom he was most liberally supplied with every indulgence; during this time he produced nearly all his most celebrated works, which were bought up with unparalleled eagerness, and circulated not only over all England, but most parts of Europe. Though under a positive engagement not to work for any other publisher, yet so great was his insatiable desire for strong liquors, that he often etched plates for unscrupulous persons, cleverly disguising his style and handling."  
—*Robert Chambers' Book of Days*, vol. i., p. 724.

will ever enable other people to equal, in their several ways, the works of Leech or Cruikshank; whereas the power of pure drawing is communicable, within certain limits, to every one who has good sight and industry. I do not, indeed, know how far, by devoting the attention to points of character, caricaturist skill may be laboriously attained; but certainly the power



Moving off with the *time*.—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

is, in the masters of the school, innate from their childhood.

“Further. It is evident that many subjects of thought may be dealt with by this kind of art, which are inapproachable by any other, and that its influence over the popular mind must always be great; hence it may often happen that men of strong purpose may rather express themselves in this way (and continue to make such expression a matter of earnest study), than turn to any less influential, though more dignified, or even more intrinsically meritorious, branch



of art. And when the powers of quaint fancy are associated (as is frequently the case) with stern understanding of the nature of evil, and tender human sympathy, there results a bitter or pathetic spirit of grotesque, to which mankind at the present day owe more thorough moral teaching than to any branch of art whatsoever.

“In poetry the temper is seen, in perfect manifestation, in the works of Thomas Hood; in art it is found both in various works of the Germans—their finest and their least thought of; and more or less in the works of George Cruikshank, and in many of the illustrations of our popular journals.”

In a note, Ruskin adds: “Taken all in all, the works of Cruikshank have the most sterling value of any belonging to this class produced in England.”

Let us now turn once more to Thackeray’s admirable estimate of his old friend:—

“We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself) supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy; that he laughs at what they laugh at; that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great; and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humourist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his

work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man with three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gillray would have been far more successful and more powerful, but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserved censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a Princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

“To be sure, we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the

energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her.”\*

Thackeray dwells lovingly on Cruikshank's success as a delineator of children and the humours of childhood; and particularly on his inimitable illustrations to children's books. This is Cruikshank's own kingdom, by a right of genius which none can dispute.

“How,” exclaims Thackeray, “shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful.” And further on the author of “Vanity Fair” exclaims: “Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humourist. Look at all, his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression, as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.”

And so Thackeray concludes a paper on his friend, whom he had not forgotten many years after when the artist exhibited the “Triumph of Bacchus.”

Let us now glance at the childhood and early manhood of this famous Englishman. We shall see that he owed nothing to Fortune. The coarse and danger-

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\* *Westminster Review* 1840.

ous school of obscurity was his. The splendid powers which he had received from nature, if they grew wild, grew strong also. He was the son of Isaac Cruikshank, a struggling Scotch artist, who never won high fame nor commanded rich rewards; but who was a fair painter in water-colours and a successful grotesque etcher, when the satirical grotesque was a marketable produce. Isaac Cruikshank\* was the son of a Lowlander, who held at one time an appointment in the Customs at Leith. He married the daughter of a naval officer—a Highlander from Inveraray, according to Dr. Charles Mackay; to whom George Cruikshank often declared that although he had the misfortune to be born in London, his blood was a mixture of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. He boasted that his grandfather had fought at Culloden, and had become thereby impoverished. The child of a Lowland father, and of a stern, resolute Highland mother; bred in London, with London streets for the fairyland of his young imagination; inured as a child to task-work in that busy house, or factory, in Dorset Street; and his boyhood cast in the days of great deeds and momentous events calculated to stir his blood to fever heat; the genius of George Cruikshank budded and blossomed betimes. His first pencilling is dated 1799: it was executed in his seventh year! It may be said that his baby fingers played with the graving tool. While a boy, he illustrated children's penny books for

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\* The Cruikshanks belonged to Aberdeenshire, where they are still a numerous sept. Probably some branches of them may be found in the "Poll-Book of Aberdeenshire." William Cruikshank, a celebrated anatomist, flourished in Edinburgh toward the close of last century.



the children's publisher, James Wallis, as well as comic valentines, and Twelfth Night characters, for Chappell, the then publisher of *London Cries*, and for Knight, Baldwin, and others.

Isaac Cruikshank, his father, was, as I have said, a fairly-known water-colour painter and etcher of popular subjects. Lottery tickets were his "pot-boilers"—for there was a steady demand for designs for these. But with poorer skill than his gifted son, he fed the popular appetite for pictures of the time. A grim outline of the guillotine, a cramped representation of the execution of Louis XVI. in 1793, were among the sterner subjects to which his name is attached.

"Isaac Cruikshank," says Mr. Wright, "was among the most active" and certainly he was the most successful, of the "caricaturists of the beginning of the present century;" and he adds, that Isaac's works were equal to those of any of his contemporaries, after Gillray and Rowlandson. "One of the earliest examples, bearing the well-known initials I. C., was published on the 10th of March, 1794." Mr. Wright is mistaken in saying that this was the year of George's birth; for George was then two years old. Isaac published many plates that made a noise in the world, as "The Royal Extinguisher" (1795), in which Pitt is represented putting out the flame of Sedition; "Billy's Raree-Show;" Fox as "The Watchman of the State;" and "A Flight across the Herring Pond," published in 1800.\* Mr.

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\* England and Ireland are separated by a rough sea, over which a crowd of Irish "patriots" are flying, allured by the prospect of honours and rewards. On the Irish shore, a few wretched natives, with a baby and a dog, are in an attitude of prayer, expostulating with the fugitives. . . On

Wright says: "The latest caricature I possess, bearing the initials of Isaac Cruikshank, was published by Fores, on the 19th of April, 1810, and is entitled 'The Last Grand Ministerial Expedition.' The subject is the riot on the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, and it shows that Cruikshank was at that time caricaturing on the Radical side in politics."

Isaac Cruikshank, after his establishment in London, married Miss Mary MacNaughton, a young Scottish lady from Perth, whose family owned a small property there. Her parents dying young, she was brought up by the Countess of Orkney, from whom she concealed her marriage with an artist, as a *mèsalliance* the Countess would not approve. Mrs. Cruikshank was a lady of strong will and temper, while Isaac, her husband, was of quiet, meditative temperament. Robert, the eldest son of the marriage, was like his father, while George showed the hot head and imperious temper of his mother.\*

Isaac Cruikshank was living in Duke Street, Bloomsbury, when his two sons Isaac Robert and George were born, the latter on the 27th of September, 1792, the former on the same date in 1789. While the boys were in their early infancy, the family removed to

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the English shore, Pitt is holding open the "Imperial Pouch," and welcoming them.—*Wright's History of Caricature and Grotesque.*

\* The daughter, Eliza, inherited the family skill in drawing. She designed the well-known caricature of the Four Prues—High Prue, Low Prue, Half Prue, and Full Prue, which was etched by her brother George in his boldest style. She died young of consumption.

117, Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, a house commodious enough for the admission of lodgers, one of whom was Mungo Park. Among the constant visitors were Dr. Pettigrew, the family doctor (known afterwards as Mummy Pettigrew), and George Dawe, R.A., to whom Isaac Cruikshank had given lessons as a poor boy. It was a busy establishment. Isaac Cruikshank worked at his etchings on copper, while his wife coloured the plates, pressing her two boys into the service at a very early age. This Mary Cruikshank, if a hot-tempered, was a frugal and industrious wife, and an excellent mother. She used to boast how she had managed to save a thousand pounds, and at the same time to bring up her children in God-fearing ways (laying her hand on her Bible, she said she knew Jerusalem as well as she knew Camden Town), sending them regularly to the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Drury Lane. She was a trifle too strict and serious, according to her husband; and often when the clergyman from Crown Court was coming to spend the evening, he would escape to the Ben Jonson Tavern in Shoe Lane, where he is said to have spent more time than was good for him.

Her boys used to relate, as illustrative of their mother's "Highland temper," that on one occasion, when a tradesman had sent her two bad eggs, she told them to return with them and "throw them at the rascal's head." This command was obeyed to the letter, to the great delight of the pugnacious youngsters. The two brothers were educated at an elementary school at Edgware, but they were very early cast into the rude business of life. Robert went to sea as a midshipman in the East India Company's service, his



head full of the wonderful stories he had heard from his mother's lodger, Mungo Park.

He made only one voyage. On his way home having gone on shore at St. Helena in command of a boat's crew, and a storm having suddenly arisen, he was left behind, and reported to be lost. He was passed home in a whaler, after having endured severe privations on the island; and would relate that the only noteworthy incident of the homeward voyage was the speaking with a vessel which gave the news of the battle of Trafalgar. When he presented himself in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, he was astonished at the frantic excitement of his brother George on opening the door. The family were in mourning for him.

The elder brother found that George had made wonderful progress in his art in the three years during which he had been at sea. Robert had meantime lost ground as an artist, and had contracted bad habits. Isaac Cruikshank was at this time etching theatrical portraits and scenes for a publisher named Roach, who dwelt in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. This connection drew the two sons into an acquaintance with Edmund Kean, then an obscure player, and the three got up an amateur performance of "Blue Beard" in Roach's kitchen, Kean taking the principal part, Robert and George Cruikshank playing the two brothers, and Miss Roach appearing as Fatima. The copper was the tyrant's castle.\*

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\* In 1855, shortly before his death, Robert Cruikshank made a water-colour sketch of the scene, for a life of Edmund Kean, projected, but never written, by Mr. Michael Nugent, a *Times* parliamentary reporter.

The Cruikshanks—but particularly Robert—remained on intimate terms with Kean after he had become famous. The tragedian, on one occasion, to divert them, threw somersaults on the stage of Drury Lane after playing Richard. Robert drew portraits of Kean in most of his characters.\*

On the death of their father the two brothers kept on the house in Dorset Street, working together, with their mother and sister. They had, after the death of Gillray, the command of the whole field of caricature, supplying nearly all those coloured etchings on copper, on the subjects of the day, which drew crowds about the print-sellers' windows. They were the rough forerunners of H. B.'s pencillings and of Leech's cartoons in *Punch*. The prize-fighter in those days was the popular idol; and the most notorious "bruisers" found their way to the Cruikshank studio on the second floor in Dorset Street, to stand for their portraits. The Cruikshank brothers were not particular as to sitters, even to murderers.† It was a strange workroom, decorated with the most incongruous ornaments. An undergraduate's cap (the spoil of a town-and-gown riot) upon a human skull with a pipe between the teeth, a sou'wester from Margate, boxing gloves, foils, masks, and weapons of all kinds, proclaimed the wild tastes of the two artists, who generally invited their guests to a bout with the gloves. Both brothers were expert boxers, but George

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\* At the sale of Mr. Lacy's Theatrical Library, Robert Cruikshank's theatrical portraits in water-colours fetched £200.

† The portrait of Elizabeth Fenning, by I. R. Cruikshank, taken in Newgate, is a very coarse work.

had cultivated the science under a distinguished professor more assiduously than Robert. It was in one of his bouts with this professor that George received a blow on his nose, which, with other taps on the same point, fixed that feature awry for the remainder of his life.

To this strange studio rough old Ackermann, Fores of Piccadilly, and Johnny Fairburn of the Broadway, Ludgate Hill, came with plentiful commissions for both brothers. When Robert was in want of money and expected Johnny, he placed an empty purse upon the mantelpiece, marked "unfurnished," and the good-natured old printseller would take it up and replenish it. When Robert married, the family removed to King Street, Holborn; and it was here that the elder brother contrived to get sittings, through a keyhole, of old Mrs. Garrick, in her ninetieth year, while she was paying visits to her friend Miss Cotherly, one of prudent Mrs. Cruikshank's lodgers. The result was a finished, full-length etching upon copper, with the face carefully stippled. It was in portraiture that Robert excelled; and to this branch of his art he devoted himself. When at the height of his success he removed to St. James's Place, St. James's Street, where he established himself as a fashionable artist, carrying on, at the same time, his work as a caricaturist and illustrator.\* George, on parting from his brother, went to

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\* He was, according to his son, "still the pink of fashion, even to designing a hat, a block for which was made at a cost of three guineas, while all other details of costume were treated regardless of cost." George Hibbert commissioned Robert to execute a set of etchings for the Roxburghe Club, at his own price, from one of Boccaccio's tales in the 'Decameron.' Sixty copies were

live with his mother and sister in Claremont Square, Pentonville. On his marriage he removed only a few doors from his old residence, and at 22 and 23, Amwell Street, he remained during the thirty most brilliant years of his life,\* as the addresses on some of his best work attest.

When he had, in part, emancipated himself from the bibulous boon companions of his youth, George fell into a regular system of hard work. He breakfasted punctually at eight o'clock, after which he smoked a pipe, and went to work at nine. When biting in plates, he would smoke more in the course of the morning to drive away the fumes of the acid. At twelve he lunched, and then resumed work until three o'clock, when he dined. After dinner he sat, with a jug of porter before him, enjoying his pipe, and talking with any friend who dropped in. His visitors were many. At five he drank tea, and then worked again from six o'clock till nine, when supper concluded the labour of the day, and was the preliminary to pipes and grog.

The establishment in Amwell Street was strengthened, soon after its establishment, by the addition of one Joseph Sleaf, the son of the Finchley carrier. Joe was as eccentric as his master. Originally employed as a help in the kitchen and a page in the

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printed, and the plates were destroyed. The *English Spy*, illustrated by Robert at this time, was edited by Charles Molloy Westmacot, said to be the son of a sweep in Newcastle Court, Strand, named Molloy. Westmacot ultimately became the owner of the *Age* newspaper.

\* His mother went to live at Finchley, and died at the age of ninety.

parlour, he at once began to devour any book that came within his reach. He became a ravenous student of literature. Then he took to water-colour drawing, and in the end made sketches from nature in the neighbourhood (Pentonville was almost in the country in those days), for which he found a brisk sale. His abilities soon caused his promotion from the kitchen to the studio, where he helped to bite in the plates. His devotion, his artistic skill, and the extraordinary capacity for storing up knowledge which Joe discovered, won his way to George Cruikshank's heart, and he became his confidential friend. The only drawback to Joe was his somnolent habits. He was patient, quiet, undemonstrative—qualities which galled Cruikshank, whose energy was vehement and sleepless. "What would I not give for some of your uncle's devil?" said the carrier's eccentric son to George Cruikshank's young nephew. But Joe went the wrong way to work. He became an opium-eater. He lived and worked, and still read on in a dream. On Cruikshank's recommendation Joe was employed by Thackeray, when he etched his own designs, to bite in. "George," cried the novelist one day, "Joe knows a great deal more than you or I."\*

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\* Another of Cruikshank's journeymen,—Sands, the engraver, who bit in his steel plates for him,—was recommended to Thackeray. But Sands was a difficult man to deal with, and he was dismissed. He rushed to Amwell Street for comfort. He complained bitterly of the treatment he had received, adding that Thackeray owed him for a "glass," a "pint," and a "quart." Cruikshank thought they had been drinking. But the "glass" was a magnifying one, the "pint" an etching point, and the "quart" a quarto plate!



Poor Joe's end was a dismal one. He was found one night dead upon a doorstep, poisoned with an overdose of his drug!

The exploits of the wild brothers, while the family lived in Dorset Street, were severely condemned by their strict mother.\* Occasionally she even went the length of castigating George, when he returned home in the small hours from fairs or horse-races, or the prize-ring, far from sober; or when he had been emulating the exploits of Tom and Jerry with wild companions. He is described at this early time as gifted with extraordinary animal spirits, and filled with a reckless love of adventure, in the dangerous byways of London. What he saw in these days he carefully observed and set down. His field of observation stretched from the foot of the gallows to Greenwich fair; through coal-holes, cider-cellars, cribs, and prize-fighters' taverns, Petticoat Lane, and Smithfield. Its centre was Covent Garden market, where the young bloods drank and sang and fought under the piazzas, something more than sixty years ago.

\* "Take the pencil out of my sons' hands," she used to say, "and they are a couple of boobies."



Three months after marriage:—The *wedding ring*: a symbol of the ring pugilistic.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."



“Dominie Sampson.” Title-page Vignette to a Chap-book,  
“Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer.” 1816.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CRUIKSHANK'S EARLY DAYS.

DIRECTLY Isaac Cruikshank's boys could hold a tool they appear to have been apprenticed to the father's art-trade. Robert, the elder, was a spirited worker—perhaps on a level with his father; but the handsome bright-eyed younger son, George, soon gave signs of a deeper original power of observation, and of surprising humour and fancy, that drew him away from sire and brother, and gave him a strong and distinct individuality.

“George” (says Mr. Sala) “had both the *Geist* and the *Natur-gabe*. Long before he was out of jackets he had learned to draw with facility, symmetry, and



precision; and if we recollect right, the collected exhibition of his original drawings, shown at Exeter Hall some years since (1863), comprised some sketches in pencil of 'Coalies' at the old 'Fox under the Hill,' executed in 1799. His manner of handling was, at the first, mainly founded on that of the renowned Gillray, to whose position as a caricaturist, political and social, he ultimately succeeded, although he never exhibited any traces of Gillray's vices—revolting grossness, and at last a downright madness in delineation, rivalling that of the *pictor ignotus*, William Blake."

Without unreservedly endorsing Mr. Sala's opinion on Gillray and Blake, I hasten to admit that Cruikshank was, from his manhood onwards, free, with a few exceptions, from their coarseness and wildness. Some of his coloured plates in "The Scourge," dated 1811, forbid the assertion that he never, even in youth, transgressed the bounds of modesty. He always had, however, a tenderness and grace, an earnestness and a lively sympathy, which were entirely his own. In a few prefatory words to "A Catalogue of a Selection from the Works of George Cruikshank, extending over a period of upwards of sixty years, from 1799 to 1863," he said, in his own whimsical way, "'The George Cruikshank Gallery,' as it is called, originated in consequence of many persons having expressed their belief that G. C., the caricaturist of former days, was the grandfather of the person who produced the 'Worship of Bacchus.' The committee, therefore, who are exhibiting the 'Worship of Bacchus,' requested to have some of my early works, in order to show that they were the production of one and the same person, or

to prove, in fact, that I am not my own grandfather."\*

It may be that George Cruikshank was in doubt sometimes, in the course of his boyhood, as to the calling or profession he would adopt. We know that he was inclined towards the stage, and delighted in acting to the end of his days; and he was full of military ardour, as we shall presently see. But he had little or no time for dreams. He had his daily bread to win, in his teens, as a designer of "Twelfth Night Characters" and "Lottery Tickets," as a rough illustrator of songs, or pictorial delineator of any event or exhibition which excited public attention. He made a drawing of Nelson's funeral car in 1805; in 1809 the O. P. riots at Covent Garden engaged his pencil. In 1822 he was the popular pictorial commentator, and his needle touched an extraordinary variety of subjects, even to the mermaid which drew crowds in St. James's Street in 1822. His etching of this "disgusting sort of a compound animal, which contains in itself everything that is odious

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\* One day, while Dr. B. W. Richardson was engaged at his house in Hinde Street, with an old patient who had been away many years in India, George Cruikshank's card was handed to the doctor. "It must be the grandson, or the son, at any rate, of the great artist I remember as a boy," said the patient. "It is impossible the George Cruikshank of Queen Caroline's trial-time can be alive!" The doctor asked the vivacious George to come in. He tripped in, in his eighty-fourth year; and when the old officer expressed his astonishment, George exclaimed, "I'll show you whether he's alive!" With this he took the poker and tongs from the grate, laid them upon the carpet, and executed the sword-dance before Dr. Richardson's astonished patient.

and disagreeable," is to be found reproduced in "The Book of Days." He even tried his hand at scene-painting, in the days when his friends Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts were at Drury Lane.

"His art in its better developments being essentially dramatic," Miss Alice Thompson\* has truly remarked, "the love of the actual drama was not wanting. In his circumstances, however, to become an actor meant to become a strolling player; while he was hesitating about the possibility of embarking upon such a career, he obtained a commission to paint a drop-scene for Drury Lane Theatre, on the stage of which he was ambitious of appearing. The bit of scene-painting in question was a caricature of Sir William Curtis, and the young artist depicted him looking over a bridge, and did it with so much humour that the picture 'brought down the house.' George Cruikshank's success in scene-painting led to more employment of the same kind; he shared, as an artist, the theatrical beginnings of Stanfield and David Roberts."

George Cruikshank was "soldier-struck" as well as "stage-struck." He was a pugnacious man. The Rev. Charles Rogers, who knew him in his old age, tells me that he used to regret to him that he had not entered the army. Describing his recollections of England at the time of the threatened French invasion, he gives us some of his military reminiscences and aspirations as a child. †

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\* "A Bundle of Rue." George Cruikshank. *The Magazine of Art*, March 1880.

† "A Popgun fired off by George Cruikshank, in defence of the British Volunteers of 1803, against the uncivil attack upon that body by General W. Napier, etc." Illustrated with cuts.

“Great Britain at this time might well be compared to the state of a beehive when its inmates have been disturbed by accident or an intruder; and we might quote Dibdin’s song of ‘The Tight Little Island,’ and say,—

‘Buzz was the word of the island.’

Every town was, in fact, a sort of garrison; in one place you might hear the ‘tattoo’ of some youth learning to beat the drum; at another place some march or national air being practised upon the fife, and every morning at five o’clock the bugle-horn was sounded through the streets, to call the volunteers to a two hours’ drill from six to eight, and the same again in the evening; and then you heard the pop, pop, pop, of the single musket, or the heavy sound of the volley, or distant thunder of the artillery; and then sometimes you heard the ‘Park’ and the ‘Tower’ guns firing to celebrate some advantage gained over the enemy. As soon as these volunteers were taught (by the *regulars*) how to load and fire, they were set to practise ‘ball firing;’ and when these regiments were thought to be pretty well instructed in all points, they were inspected by general officers; and if the inspecting officer thought them sufficiently advanced, a day was appointed, and they were marched off to a ‘grand review.’

“I was but a boy—a little boy at that time—but I had a sharp critical eye for all those military movements, and used to be much amused at the occasional blunders of the ‘awkward squads’; and as I often had the opportunity of witnessing the *regulars* ‘exercise,’ I judged of and compared the evolutions of ‘my



father's regiment' by this standard; and I remember feeling considerable pride and pleasure when I saw the 'Loyal St. Giles's and St. George's Bloomsbury Volunteers' wheel out of the old gate of 'Montague House' (then the British Museum, and the site of the present building), to march to Hyde Park to be reviewed, where they acquitted themselves in so soldier-like a manner as to gain the approbation of the reviewers, and, of course, of themselves.

"When Napoleon I. was once speaking of the people of Great Britain, he contemptuously called them 'a nation of shopkeepers.' This was told to George III., and when he reviewed the Metropolitan Volunteers in Hyde Park, and saw one fine sturdy body of infantry after another march past, and then the splendid regiments of cavalry—the City of Westminster Light Horse, commanded by the Prince of Wales, the City Light Horse, and other equally fine corps, mounted upon as fine horses as England could produce, and that is saying something—he was indeed much pleased by their martial appearance and general bearing, and, turning to the general officers around him, he exclaimed, in the pride of his good-natured heart, 'Shopkeepers! shopkeepers! shopkeepers!'"

In the warmth of his military ardour, Cruikshank says: "As my father served as a private in the 'St. Giles's and St. George's Bloomsbury Volunteers,' and as my late brother Robert, at a later period, served in the rifle company of the 'Loyal North Britons' (in which corps he rose to the rank of sergeant), and further, as I (at a still later date) carried a rifle in the same company, I think that I have a right, and that I ought to stand forth for the defence of the military

character of my relations, my friends, and my brethren-in-arms, and myself." \* He was even ready to take the command of the army. Having severely criticised the military authorities of the day, he says: "This is a very different style of thing to what *I* should adopt, if I had the command of our forces; but as that is not likely to be the case (although I flatter myself that I am quite capable of doing so), I must leave all these matters to our Royal Commander-in-Chief and his staff of general officers. People will here, perhaps, smile at what they would term my vanity, and wish to know upon what grounds I would dare to take so responsible a position; to which I reply, that I had, as before stated, acquired as a child almost all the discipline necessary for an infantry soldier, completing when a youth this part of my military education by serving as a volunteer. This early acquaintance with soldiering led me to study the sword exercise; and understanding the small-sword, and the broadsword as well, and the use of firearms, I consider myself able (with a properly trained horse) to mount at a moment's notice, to act as an irregular cavalry man; and having paid some attention to gunnery on land, and attended the gunnery practice on board Her Majesty's ship *The Excellent*, in Portsmouth Harbour, I could lend a hand to work a gun afloat, or, of course, as Horse-Marine,—or, if ashore, as an artilleryman; and besides

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\* General Sir W. Napier had aroused Cruikshank's wrath by writing a letter to the *Times*, in which he described the volunteers as "mere mimics, without solidity to support the regular army;" as "offering points of weakness to the enemy," and as irregulars who, should they come in contact with an enemy, "would have to trust to their legs."

all this, I have—although it is not generally known, nor do I lay too much stress upon it—yet *I have served in the Militia*—by substitute; but as this was in a time of peace, and as my representative was such a queer, uncommon, mild-looking fellow—one who, I am sure, would not hurt anybody—I don't think any harm was done in any way except the picking of my pocket for the 'bounty.' But as *they 'drew' me for the Militia*, I in return *drew them*—'*Drawing for the Militia*'—as may be seen in 'My Sketch Book.'"



"Shillahoo! Who durst tread upon that? Is it yerself durst set yer ugly foot upon it?"—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

The humourist peeps through the military reformer and the military boaster, as he peeped always through Cruikshank's many eccentric masqueradings. Even his earnestness took grotesque forms. He was extravagant in all his expressions, a caricaturist even when most impressive. His soldiering forcibly reminds the spectator and the reader of Bobadil; albeit George Cruikshank was brave as a lion, and in down-



right earnest. He had the simplicity, also the faith, of Don Quixote.

He tells the story of his military career as a boy and a young man, and how it was brought to a close, in his own peculiar fashion:—

“Not only did the men in 1803 form themselves into regiments of volunteers, but the boys of that day did so likewise, and my brother (of whom I have already spoken, and who was my elder by three years), formed one of these juvenile regiments, and appointed *himself* the colonel. We had our drum and fife, our ‘colours,’ presented by our mammas and sisters, who also assisted in making our accoutrements. We also procured small ‘gun-stocks,’ into which we fixed mop-sticks for barrels, kindly polished by ‘Betty’ with a *tinge* of blacklead, to make ‘em look like *real* barrels.

“The boys watched their fathers ‘drill’; and ‘as the old cock crows the young one learns,’ so we children followed in the steps of our papas, and we were ready for inspection quite as soon as our elders, and could march in good order, to have *our* ‘Field-day,’ from Bloomsbury Church to the fields, where Russell and Tavistock Squares now stand. This account of my ‘playing at soldiers’ may appear to be rather trifling and nonsensical, but just see what it has done for me. Why, by my learning the manual exercise with this mop-stick gun, when a boy, and at the same time learning how to ‘march,’ ‘counter-march,’ and to ‘mark time,’ to ‘wheel’ and to ‘face,’ etc., IT HAS MADE ME—AY, ME, G. C., FIT AND ABLE TO HANDLE A MUSKET OR A RIFLE, AND FALL INTO THE RANKS OF AN INFANTRY REGIMENT AT A MOMENT’S NOTICE. I make this assertion with confidence; for

when as a young man I joined a rifle company, I found that I required *no drilling*; the only additional knowledge necessary was to understand the 'calls' of the bugle and the whistle, which, with the rifles, are used instead of the 'word of command' when skirmishing; and I can say, having precisely learnt to prime, and load, and fire, and hit a mark, that I was a tolerable rifleman one week after I had entered. The fact is, that learning the military exercise when young is like learning to dance, or to ride, or to row, or to swim, or to fence, or to box, at an early age; and when these very important parts of male education or training are acquired in boyhood, *they are never forgotten*. . . . We all know that early pleasurable impressions, as well as very disagreeable ones, are never effaced; and as 'playing at soldiers' does strongly engage the youthful mind, it is quite clear, as in my case, that if *every boy* in these realms was taught the military exercise as I was, they would, as they grew up to manhood, require little or no training to make them sufficiently effective for defence; and if the whole male population of this country capable of bearing arms were to be in such a condition, in such 'fighting order,' there NEVER WOULD BE ANY FIGHTING AT ALL, for no nation, or all the nations combined together, would ever even so much as dream of invading a country where they would have a difficulty of landing *hundreds of thousands* of their men, who would have to meet *millions and millions* of well-trained and well-organized men to oppose them, to say nothing of the tossing, and bumping, and scraping they would be likely to get in getting over 'the wooden walls of Old England.'"

Cruikshank describes in his own quaint way how his early military experiences were brought to a close.

“Our regiment, the Loyal North Britons, being commanded by a Royal Duke (H.R.H. the late Duke of Sussex), had the post of honour, next to the Royal troops; and as I had the honour of being present upon that occasion” (the Grand Review in Hyde Park, given in honour of the Emperor Alexander and Blücher, after the Allies had entered Paris), “I can assure my friends that *we* made a very respectable military appearance, and that the pop, pop, pop of our *‘feu de joie’* was as regular as the pop, pop, pop of the regulars. But when *we* marched in review past the Prince Regent, his imperial visitor, and the crowd of general officers, I remember feeling a considerable degree of chagrin at the paltry appearance we made in point of numbers, and wished most heartily that these foreigners could have seen the ‘mobs’ of volunteers as they had mustered in that park in 1803 and 1804.

“After this review, *our* men retired from the service, or rather, went about their business, little imagining that they would ever have been called out again; but they did rally round their colours once more when Napoleon I., or ‘Corporal Violet,’ as he was then designated, returned from Elba. But after the battle of Waterloo, and the apparent re-establishment of the Bourbons, the British people and the Government seemed to think that there never could be any more risk of invasion; that fighting was quite done with everywhere, and that, at any rate, we were safe to the end of time; that they had been assisting in the comple-

tion of some great work, which, being now finished, the volunteers gave back their tools—firearms—to the Government, conceiving that the swords were to be turned into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks. I was not exempt from this national belief; and, as the *war* was over, I exchanged my rifle for a fowling-piece, and this I unfortunately lent, with the



Going off by itself.

powder-flask and shot-belt, to a friend of mine who was going into the country a-shooting. I do not know whether my friend 'let off' the gun, but this I do know, that my fowling-piece '*went off*,' and that it, never came back again! There is nothing remarkable perhaps, in 'firearms' going off; but, strange as it may appear, I believe sometimes that books, prints, coins,

bank-notes, hats, and even umbrellas, have been known to go off in the same sort of way."

And so, with a joke, and a drawing of the fowling-piece running away and firing away at the same moment, Cruikshank took leave of his first bout at soldiering. We shall find him no less ardent some forty years later.

One day, in his early volunteer days, when passing down Ludgate Hill in his striking uniform, of which a tall feather and tight green trousers were the conspicuous features, he was laughed at, and followed by some men and boys. He turned upon them and singled out the chief aggressor. A ring was formed in the street, and Private Cruikshank gave his assailant a sound thrashing, treating his second to a pot of beer afterwards by way of acknowledgment.\* Robert Cruikshank was even more smitten with soldiering than George, and the weakness remained with him to the end of his life. George jocularly dubbed Robert "the *majar*!" Among the "*majar*'s" military exploits was that of exchanging his frock-coat with a Grenadier, in the course of a tipsy frolic, and finding himself ultimately before the magistrates at Bow Street, charged with being in possession of His Majesty's property, and under the necessity of paying a fine of £5.

The military ardour of the brothers had extravagant

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\* Robert Cruikshank, who was sergeant in the same corps with his brother, could not withstand the gratification of paying a visit in uniform to the ladies' boarding school at Bromley, where he gave lessons, and on the following day his further services were dispensed with.



outbursts occasionally, even when they were middle-aged men. George was a Tory, and Robert was a Republican. In 1848, after the fall of Louis Philippe, Robert called on his brother to tell him the glorious news that a republic had been established in France, and that the Republican legions would assuredly put an end to Russian tyranny. A very hot discussion ensued, in which Robert declared that he was ready to lead the French army to St. Petersburg.

George started in a fury from his seat, and with what a friend used to call his Balfour of Burleigh expression, roared at Robert, "Then, by G—d, I'll head the Russians, and meet you."

Robert retreated in disgust.

How George Cruikshank was led to study the lower strata of society, and to become the most masterly delineator of the poverty, vice, and vulgarity of London streets, he has himself described in a categorical series of reproofs which he administered by way of introduction to his "Omnibus," to a writer who had misrepresented him. Having related how he had as a boy been saluted with "There goes a copperplate engraver," by a little ragged urchin, when he was carrying a plate home, he replied to the charge that he had studied low life by frequenting the tap-room of a miserable public-house in a lane by the Thames, where Irish coal-heavers, hodmen, dustmen, scavengers, and so forth, were admitted, "to the exclusion of everybody else."

"I shall mention *en passant*, that there are no Irish coal-heavers: I may mention, too, that the statement of the author adverted to \* is not to be depended

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\* The author of "Three Courses and a Dessert."

on; were he living, I should show why. And now to the scene of my so-called 'first studies.' There was, in the neighbourhood in which I resided, a low public-house; it has since degenerated into a gin-palace. It was frequented by coal-heavers only; and it stood in Wilderness Lane (I like to be particular), between Primrose Hill and Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street. To this house of inelegant resort (the sign was startling, the 'Lion in the Wood'), which I regularly passed in my way to and from the Temple, my attention was one night especially attracted by the sounds of a fiddle, together with other indications of festivity; when, glancing towards the tap-room window, I could plainly discern a small bust of Shakspeare placed over the chimney-piece, with a short pipe stuck in its mouth. This was not clothing the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations from the dawn, but it was reducing the glorious and immortal beauty of Apollo himself to a level with the commonplace and the vulgar. Yet there was something not to be quarrelled with in the association of ideas to which that object led. It struck me to be the perfection of the human picturesque. It was a palpable meeting of the Sublime and the Ridiculous; the world of Intellect and Poetry seemed thrown open to the meanest capacity; extremes had met; the highest and the lowest had united in harmonious fellowship. I thought of what the great poet had himself been, of the parts that he had played, and the wonders he had wrought within a stone's throw of that very spot; and feeling that even he might have well wished to be there, the pleased spectator of that lower world, it

was impossible not to recognise the fitness of the pipe. It was only the pipe that would have become the mouth of a poet in that extraordinary scene, and without it, he himself would have wanted majesty and the right to be present. I fancied that Sir Walter Raleigh might have filled it for him. And *what* a scene was that to preside over and contemplate! What a picture of life was there! It was *all* life! In simpler words, I saw, on approaching the window, and peeping between the short red curtains, a swarm of jolly coal-heavers! Coal-heavers all, save a few of the fairer and softer sex—the wives of some of them—all enjoying the hour with an intensity not to be disputed, and in a manner singularly characteristic of the tastes and propensities of aristocratic and fashionable society; that is to say, they were ‘dancing and taking refreshments.’ They only did what their ‘betters’ were doing elsewhere. The living Shakespeare, had he been, indeed, in the presence would but have seen a common humanity working out its objects, and have felt that the *omega*, though the last in the alphabet, has an astonishing sympathy with the *alpha* that stands first.

“This incident, may I be permitted to say, led me to study the characters of that particular class of society, and laid the foundation of scenes afterwards published. The locality and the characters were different, the spirit was the same. Was I, therefore, what the statement I have quoted would lead anybody to infer I was, the companion of dustmen, hodmen, coal-heavers, and scavengers? I leave out the ‘and so forth’ as superfluous. It would be just as fair to assume that Morland was the companion of

pigs, that Liston was the associate of louts and footmen, or that Fielding lived in fraternal intimacy with Jonathan Wild."

Further on he protests that he was not in the habit, as charged, of sitting at his window on Sundays, to observe the patrons of the "Vite Condick Ouse" on the way to that popular place of entertainment.

In 1870 he wrote the following account of himself and his family to Mr. Reid, while that gentleman was preparing the great Catalogue of his Works, afterwards published in three volumes by Messrs. Bell and Daldy :

"In the compiling of such a list as this, it is not at all surprising that there should be errors, particularly when we look at the fact of there being three in one family (a father and two sons), all working in similar styles, and upon the same sort of subjects. My father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver, and a first-rate water-colour draughtsman. My brother, Isaac Robert, was a very clever miniature and portrait painter, and was also a designer and etcher, and your humble servant likewise a designer and etcher.

"When I was a mere boy, my dear father kindly allowed me to *play at etching* on some of his copper plates, little bits of shadows, or little figures in the background, and to assist him a *little* as I grew older, and he used to assist *me* in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother Robert (who in his latter days omitted the Isaac) left off portrait painting, and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent in some of his drawings on wood and his etchings; and all this mixture of head and hand work has led to a consider-

able amount of confusion, so that dealers or printsellers and collectors have been puzzled to decide which were the productions of the 'I. CK.,' the 'I. R. CK.' (or 'R. CK.')

and the 'G. CK.'; and this will not create much surprise when I tell you that I have myself, in some cases, had a difficulty in deciding in respect to early *handwork*, done some sixty odd years back, particularly when my drawings, made on wood-blocks for common purposes, were hastily executed (according to price) by the engraver. Many of my first productions, such as halfpenny lottery pictures and books for little children, can never be known or seen, having, of course, been destroyed long, long ago by the dear little ones who had them to play with."



Spirits of wine.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."





Emerald cut Emerald :—"Are you a *watch-man*?"—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

## CHAPTER IV.

### CRUIKSHANK AS A POLITICAL CARICATURIST.

It is recorded that when it was proposed to cast a statue of Sir Robert Peel, the portrait selected as most striking in its resemblance, most faithful to his natural expression, was found in a cartoon by John Leech, published in *Punch*; and that from this drawing the head was modelled. The caricaturist is something more than the mere portrait-painter, who produces his work after a few sittings, and with his model in a set position. Gillray, for example, spent his life in studying his subjects. He had never finished observing Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan. From his vantage-ground over Mrs. Humphrey's shop in St. James's Street, he caught his victims unawares. He was familiar with every angle and every shade of expression of the public men who were his unconscious sitters.\* In the same way, Leech snatched a sitting

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\* Pitt, however, paid the great pictorial satirist the compliment of giving him sittings for a serious portrait.

from Peel and Palmerston, Lord John and Wellington, and thrust the sketch safely into his waistcoat pocket, in that small note-book which he always carried. And thus the public figures which Sandby and Gillray, Sayer, Bunbury, Rowlandson, the Cruikshanks, the elder Doyle, Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel have fixed with their needles or pencils upon their cartoons, present to us men and manners living as they rose, with a vividness and truth and force the value of which can hardly be exaggerated. Estimate, if you can, the treasure a Gillray of the time of Henry VIII., a Leech of the Commonwealth, a Cruikshank contemporaneous with Shakspeare, would be!

As I have already noted, the art of the caricaturist does not date beyond the time of Hogarth in this country, and he did little in the way of political caricature. What we understand by caricature—that is, pictorial satirical commentary on public events—arose while Gillray was a boy, and when Paul Sandby and Sayer were at the height of their fame. Sayer's caricatures of the early time of George the Third were the models on which the infant genius of Gillray was nursed; as that of George Cruikshank's was fed five-and-twenty years later at the print-shop windows of St. James's Street and Piccadilly, where the crowd stretched even into the roadway, laughing at, and discoursing over, Gillray's last. Cruikshank, although he never had Gillray's academical training, enjoyed the benefit of his master's matchless skill and infinite variety. Gillray unconsciously provided him with a rich inheritance. It has been justly observed that the works of Gillray preserve an entire social revolution; "they form the link uniting the habits, fashions, and manners of the past, with the later gene-

ration which inaugurated our present ways of life." This later generation it fell to the lot of George Cruikshank to preserve for the edification of posterity. As the etching-needle was trembling and wandering in the hands of the poor demented Gillray, when

"Drooped the spent fingers from the nerveless wrist,"

the keen, flashing eyes of old Isaac Cruikshank's second son were making perpetual rounds of observation in London streets, and his hand was learning that cunning which would enable him to point with his etching-needle the morals that lay thick about him, in strange guises and combinations of never-ending variety, in the great world of London.

Gillray "lived among the subjects of his satire, almost within sight of the palace, whose inmate was aware of the proximity of this Georgian Juvenal; he mixed with the men who possessed the power of suspending his freedom, and was himself as easy of recognition as he had made the faces and figures of those whose caricatures he drew. . . . His eye was quick to detect the weakest point of the best-armed champion: but the stab was more often playful than cruel. The same quiver furnished shafts for friend and foe alike. Gillray stood alone, and lent his aid to the side which had the greatest need of his weapon. Strengthening and satirizing both factions in turn, to neither side was he a servile champion; his own misfortunes, his gratitude, his necessities, and his weaknesses, were all powerless to confine his satire to the object of mere party advancement. No curb could control his irony. His works are, however, stamped with one attribute—popularity—which is indispensable to lasting success

amidst the fluctuations of opinion. His intuitive knowledge of human nature had convinced him of the expediency of securing this advantage; and by recognizing the force of public opinion, he, it may be unconsciously, assumed to a large degree, as his works abundantly prove, the responsibility of shaping and directing it; so far, that is, as the popular voice is subject to individual expression. Gillray and his caricatures enjoyed in their day—allowing for a little excess of colouring to suit the age—the position that the *Times* and *Punch* now fill. His satire has a speciality: it is often heroic, elevating its object far above the heads of his fellow-men in the semblance of a demi-god, dignified and commanding, even when associated with the attributes of burlesque.”\*

We find a quality akin to this in the burlesque work of George Cruikshank. He is inclined always to moralize with his etching-needle. He dignifies some of his most fantastic and even repulsive scenes with a lofty purpose. Of gentler disposition, and a less ardent politician than Gillray, Cruikshank's political caricatures are tame when compared with those of the “Georgian Juvenal”; but he had walks and powers which Gillray never approached. Gillray is the rougher, sterner, more audacious genius, reflecting in these qualities the spirit of his times. The son of one of Cumberland's swearing drinking troopers, who had left an arm at Fontenoy, and was an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital at twenty-five, Gillray was brought up in a hardy school. His father, like a true Scot, albeit himself reduced to the position of a sexton,

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\* Wright.

managed to give his boy the rudiments of a sound education. Then seeing that he was for ever poring over the popular plates of Hogarth and the caricaturists of the day, and was nimble with his pencil, he humoured the lad's bent by placing him under a letter engraver ; and so the foundation of his future skill as an etcher was laid.\* But he was a Bohemian, and went forth gipsying with strolling players. In this wild school he saw many picturesque and striking aspects and contrasts of life which were of vast consequence to him afterwards. When, tired of the barn stage, and impelled irresistibly by his genius, he threw up the hare's foot, and obtained admission to the Royal Academy as a student ; he entered with a stout heart upon the career in which he was to find, but never to enjoy, lasting fame. The life of Gillray with Mrs. Humphrey and her maid Betsy, is one of the saddest records of a man of genius I remember. His habits were dissipated, and he kept low company. He resorted to dishonest shifts, it is said, to obtain money for strong drink. But he remained independent in spirit.

If George Cruikshank had the advantage of Gillray in the teaching of a father who held no mean place in that profession which his son was destined to adorn, Gillray had, so far as we know, the better education, and the help of academical training. The knowledge after which Cruikshank longed, with affecting earnestness and sadness, after he had passed the prime of life, and which he even attempted to master in his decline, was Gillray's in his youth. Cruikshank saw his master

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\* It has been surmised that he afterwards studied under Bartolozzi and Ryland.



sink and die a dreadful death, a pensioner on the bounty of his publisher, while he himself advanced to take his master's place, and indeed those of Bunbury and Rowlandson, and his own father.

"I was cradled in caricature," said Cruikshank to Cuthbert Bede, who adds, "He told me that it was not because he despised academical instruction that he had never availed himself of its salutary discipline, but simply because the pressure put upon him in his early years was so great that he had no leisure for the lectures or work of an art student."\*

Thrown early into the midst of the hard life of London, as we have seen, and made to feel in early boyhood "the bewildering care" of bread-earning, George Cruikshank, with his brother Isaac Robert, had little time for school culture. He rose from his cradle,

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\* I think he told me that he had submitted to Fuseli some drawings from "the round," with a view to secure his entrance into the schools of the Academy; but, any way, I remember that he mimicked Fuseli's voice and manner—which Cruikshank's histrionic talent enabled him to do very cleverly—when the Professor of Painting told him that "if he wished to attend his lectures he would have to fight for a place." As Fuseli's "Lectures on Painting" were delivered and published in 1804, this anecdote would probably refer to that period, when the young artist was twelve years of age, and was already an illustrator of children's books, before he had got into his "teens." This was the preparation for his early work in the *Scourge* and the *Meteor*, and the prelude to those famous political hits in Hone's pamphlets, that brought the artist great fame, but little money; for the publishers only gave him half a guinea for a drawing that produced upwards of fifty pounds for Hone's pocket.—Cuthbert Bede's "Personal Recollections of George Cruikshank."

and went straight into the bitter fight. For a time he worked by his father's side, and caught very early from his practised hand the cunning tricks of his craft. How the life into which he was thrown quickened and forced the growth of his genius, without impairing its vigour, the long list of his extraordinarily various works bears witness—ranging as it does from his sheet of children's pictures published by Mr. Belch, Newington Butts, in 1803, to his exquisite etching, dated 1868, of Fairy Connoisseurs inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's collection of drawings, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. George William Reid's Descriptive Catalogue of his Works.

Referring to George Cruikshank's early work, Mr. Reid observes: "It is to no recent period that the greater part of Cruikshank's work recalls us. In times which to the younger generation are now historic, before the present century was ten years old, he had already commenced the long career which has been spent so industriously in amusing and instructing the public. And that now (1871), after a life of almost eighty years, there are many to whom the work which occupied the earlier portion of it is practically unknown, is perhaps not surprising; nor can we wonder if many of those who may more strictly be called Cruikshank's contemporaries have become somewhat unmindful of his name, and of the associations which it carries with it."

Somewhat unmindful! In 1875, when a committee was raising money to buy the collection of Cruikshank's works which is now in the London Aquarium, he told one of the members of it that he had not made a shilling by his art for the last ten years. He was quite willing to receive commissions, and he had refused

none. None had reached him! Other men, of lesser genius, had arisen and taken his place. He had been voted old-fashioned. His figures were of a time gone by. His women were the grandmothers of the living generation in their youth. He had passed from the shop-windows, where laughing crowds used to greet him, to the portfolios of collectors. How great Cruikshank's popularity once was—that is, his popularity with the masses of his countrymen—a few of our older readers may recollect. His hits at the follies and vices of the day struck home. He was constantly before the public, and yet the laughing crowds never had too much of him. While Gillray, Rowlandson, and later poor Seymour, fell out of the ranks of his rivals, he constantly advanced in the quality of his work and the dignity of his conceptions. His father died and was forgotten; his brother (albeit a stalwart worker, and of excellent humour into the bargain, as the collection of his works abundantly testifies) faded out of the public mind; while George Cruikshank, in hundreds of original forms of fancy—now humorous, now moral, and now wildly fantastic—presented himself with an ever-deepening welcome to his contemporaries. When the street folk were laughing before the print-shop windows, thoughtful men were looking quietly over their shoulders, perceiving in the artist much more than the caricaturist of the follies of the hour. “The scene may be coarse,” says Mr. Reid, “the actors vulgar, their features unnatural; but beneath all this it will require little attention to discern the real power of the artist, the reality of conception, the firmness and correctness of drawing, the truth and almost living force of expression, especially in the representation of rapid

motion, the mastery with which the unexpressed is suggested, the lively humour or the suppressed irony, it may be, which pervades the whole."

Referring to the early times when the young George Cruikshank kept crowds at the print-shop windows, Thackeray exclaims, in 1840: "Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites—where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe. Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the 'Dandy of sixty,' who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows,—where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things, since the days when these were; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them! to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and then make one at his 'charming gratis' exhibition! There used to be a crowd round the window in those days of grinning, good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathising roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H. R.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for



that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentlemanlike kind of way.”

Thackeray insists that there is no mere smiling with Cruikshank. “A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank’s designs which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them.” The reviewer takes an instance. “There is a fellow in the ‘Points of Humour’ who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith.”

Few will be disposed to endorse Mr. Thackeray’s opinion that George Cruikshank reached his apogee about 1822, at the time when he had his Slap at Slop. Few, I apprehend, will be inclined to admit that his humour, albeit it is his master-quality, his mainspring, his invariable motive-power which sets him working at his best, is his highest gift. He had a perception of tragedy of a very remarkable kind; and he could realize his solemn meanings with the hand of a master. His early work, however, was nearly all humorous



and satirical, even when he fell among the fairies ; and with this we have to do just now.

A chronological *catalogue raisonné* of the works of George Cruikshank would present to the reader a picture of his prodigious activity as an artist, that would be absolutely astonishing. It comprises something over five thousand subjects, ranging from childish drawings of ships, illustrating halfpenny sheets for infants, to finished historical scenes, and the ambitious conceptions of a fine imagination. The first efforts of the boy show an untutored hand, but at the same time an observant eye. The children's lottery pictures, drawn and etched about his twelfth year ("the first," he says, "that George Cruikshank was ever employed to do and paid for"); the etchings of horse-racing and donkey-racing, executed about his thirteenth year, are the original work of a sharp observer. Coal-heavers, Lord Nelson's funeral car, Scavengers reposing, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street (the boy-artist, as we have noted, lived about this time in Dorset Street); the fashions about the year 1804-5, rude illustrations to popular songs, the tower at Kingsgate, Margate, and Temple Gardens—all put forth before the year 1810—are interesting, not for any remarkable artistic merit in them, but as indicating the active intelligence and alert life of the boy. Directly afterwards we have distinct evidence of the latent whim, humour, and fancy which were to carry young Cruikshank to a place in the art history of his country, equal at least to that of the poor demented genius who was wearing out his remnant of life in old Mrs. Humphrey's shop, and who was about to make his final appearance, dishevelled and unclad, before his wondering customers,

on the eve of his death. Colonel Patty-pan and Sir John Sugarstick (1808 or 1809), Metropolitan Grievances (1811-12), Double Bass, Proposals for Practical Duets, adapted to any instrument (1811); Mathews the Comedian, singing a song in a piece called "The Beehive" (1812); Sir Francis Burdett taken from his house; Bonaparte, being an illustration to a song sung at the



Mr. Cadwallader shouting "murder" out of the window at the studio of Mr. Pimpernel, the portrait-painter; the Pimpernels restraining him, and the scandaliser of the artistic neighbourhood seizing hold of the curtains, and the united strength of the family hanging on to his coat-tails; the curtains give way, and the *posse* of people are sent sprawling.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

Surrey Theatre by Mr. Elliston (1811), will reward examination by the student of Cruikshank's genius, as affording distinct germs of the various powers of his mind at a later time. Colonel Pattypan and Sir John

Sugarstick are essentially Cruikshankian in their humour.

Between 1811 and 1816 we have to note rapid strides in strength, in range of experience, and development of sympathy with the progress of the world. Feeling and sentiment underlie nearly all Cruikshank's creations. Within this interval Cruikshank broke ground, and made a stand as a political caricaturist. He began to make his mark as a satirical illustrator in the *Meteor* (1813). For this "Monthly Censor" George Cruikshank drew the cover. The allegorical design represents a meteor personified by a humorous little fellow, bearing a lantern, and flying through space. Beneath him Satire holds up a mirror to Folly; and a champion shielded by a "free press," armed with Truth and Justice, protects himself against Licentiousness, Fraud, and Hypocrisy. The projectors of the *Meteor*, it will be seen, meant well. National Frenzy, or John Bull and his Doctors; preparing John Bull for General Congress; Tabitha Grunt or the Walking Hospital; Napoleon's Trip from Elba to Paris, and from Paris to St. Helena, "A Swarm of Bees living in the Imperial Carriage! who would have thought it?" and, finally, the coloured etching of the Battle of Waterloo,—are coarsely executed in the style of Isaac and Robert Cruikshank, and of Rowlandson; but they are remarkable for that power of telling a story, and of concentrating every figure and detail of a picture upon the effect or emotion to be produced, for which Cruikshank in his prime was unrivalled. The progress is continuous to 1820; and the work thrown off becomes prodigious. Besides illustrations of the O. P. Riots at Covent Garden Theatre (1819), fashionable portraits,

and other haphazard work, he produced "The Humourist" (1820)—his first remarkable separate work—in which the special and peculiar humorous powers of the artist are developed in forty subjects, drawn from "the living present" in London.

Very early in his career George Cruikshank came in contact with Hone. Of this connection, Dr. R.



From Hone's tract, "The Man in the Moon," 1820. Illustration to Canning's parody of "The Doctor."

Shelton Mackenzie has given an account which is stamped with the authority of the artist, since, in "The Artist and the Author," he cites the doctor as armed with information given by himself.

"In the year 1819, while Cruikshank was a mere youth, Mr. William Hone observed his peculiar ability, and determined to exercise it. At that time the politi-



cal condition of this country was about as unpleasant and unsatisfactory as it could be. The people clamoured for reform, which the Government steadily and sturdily resisted. Then came the struggle between Right and Might; and, by means of what was called 'the strong arm of the law,' the right was baffled for the time, albeit not beaten. To add strength to 'the strong arm' in question, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and six Acts were passed. These were enactments avowedly framed to prevent the expression of public opinion, whether at public meetings or by the medium of the press. The anti-press ordinances of July 1830, which were the means of hurling the Bourbons from the throne of France, were scarcely more tyrannic than the gagging Acts in question. They drove Cobbett to America. We believe that they were especially levelled against him and his plain-speaking 'Register.' They nearly drove the multitude into insurrection. They did resist, but the resistance was in vain; for the Government, believing that 'strong measures' were necessary, did not hesitate to take them. The manner in which the expression of public opinion was sternly and ruthlessly 'put down' at Manchester on the too famous 16th of August, 1819, showed that the Government would have quiet at any cost.

"At this crisis the late Mr. William Hone, who felt warmly in politics, and had a particular antipathy to Castlereagh, Canning, Sidmouth, and Wellington, determined to try what might be done by bringing the Fine Arts against the Ministry. At that time Canning was chiefly known as a flashy, clever speech-maker, who, after having fought a duel with Castlereagh, had finally returned to the Government, and held a place



under him whose want of capacity he had formerly denounced. Castlereagh himself, with an unhappy notoriety as one who had used unscrupulous means to effect the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, was the most unpopular man in the kingdom, not only on that account, but because, scorning the people, he had never concealed his feelings towards them, and had denounced their 'ignorant impatience of taxation.' Lord Sidmouth, to whom Canning had given the *sobriquet* of 'The Doctor' (from his father, Dr. Addington), was peculiarly hated, as Home Secretary, and the ostensible person on whom devolved the ungracious task of employing 'the strong arm of the law' against the multitude; and 'The Duke,' though only Master-General of the Ordnance, and (if we remember rightly) not in the Cabinet, was disliked at that time, from a general belief that he had recommended that all disaffection should be summarily dealt with, as he had dealt with the French, by cannon-ball and bayonet. The four thus named were the principal members of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet. The Premier himself was a nobody. His fitness for the high and responsible office may be judged from the fact that, some time before he was seized with paralysis, which ended in utter prostration of mind and body, he mentioned to a friend that 'for years he had not opened an official despatch without apprehension and alarm.'

"At such a crisis, and against such a Ministry, William Hone had the boldness to enter the lists. He commenced the publication of cheap pamphlets, in which the literature was below par, and the main reliance was upon the *telling* points of the woodcuts. The first was 'The Political House that Jack Built,' with thirteen

cuts after designs by George Cruikshank. This was a parody upon the old nursery rhyme. It *took* amazingly. Upwards of 100,000 copies sold. George Cruikshank was too young at the time to have any very decided politics, but there is no doubt that then, as now, his sympathies were with the people. At any rate, he did his work well. Every one laughed at what Hone had issued ; and though it did the Ministry a thousand times the actual damage which even Cobbett's 'Register' could have done, they could not prosecute it. The Attorney-General would have been laughed out of Court, had he attempted anything of the kind. The light arrows of ridicule went through the armour which a heavier weapon could not enter. All the world laughed ; Canning, Castlereagh, and Company enjoying the joke, no doubt, as well as the rest of the people."\*

But George Cruikshank was drawing for William Hone, according to his own showing, in 1817 or 1818, when he produced his "Bank Note not to be Imitated" —a modest work to which he was wont to revert to the end of his life with infinite satisfaction, because he attributed to it the withdrawal of Bank of England one-pound notes, and consequently the cessation of the frequent hangings for the forgery of this small paper money. In a letter to Mr. Whitaker, dated from the Hampstead Road, in 1875, he said :—

"DEAR WHITAKER,—About the year 1817 or 1818 there were one-pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, there were forged one-pound

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\* The *London Journal*, November 20th, 1847.

bank notes in circulation also ; and the punishment for passing these forged notes was in some cases transportation for life, and in others DEATH.

“ At that time I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England ; and in returning home between eight and nine o'clock, down Ludgate Hill, and seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate prison, and, to my horror, two of these were women ; and, upon inquiring what these women had been hung for, was informed that it was for passing forged one-pound notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had a great effect upon me—and I at that moment determined, if possible, to put a stop to this shocking destruction of life for merely obtaining a few shillings by fraud ; and well knowing the habits of the low class of society in London, I felt quite sure that in very many cases the rascals who forged the notes induced these poor ignorant women to go into the gin-shops to ‘get something to drink,’ and thus *pass* the notes, and hand them the change.

“ My residence was a short distance from Ludgate Hill (Dorset Street) ; and after witnessing this tragic scene I went home, and in ten minutes designed and made a sketch of this ‘*Bank-note not to be imitated.*’ About half-an-hour after this was done, William Hone came into my room, and saw the sketch lying upon my table ; he was much struck with it, and said, ‘What are you going to do with this, George?’

“ ‘To publish it,’ I replied. Then he said, ‘Will you

# BANK RESTRICTION NOTE

Specimen of a Bank Note — not to be imitated.

*Submitted to the Consideration of the Bank Directors and the inspection of the Public.*



*Published by WILLIAM HONE, Ludgate Hill. Price (with the Bank Restriction Barometer) One Shilling.*



*Sold at Stationers' Hall*

*Bank Restriction*



*During the time of Bank Notes easily imitated, and until the Resumption of Cash Payments, or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death,*

*For the Gov<sup>r</sup> and Com<sup>rs</sup> of the BANK OF ENGLAND.*

*J. Ketch*







let me have it?' To his request I consented, made an etching of it, and it was published. Mr. Hone then resided on Ludgate Hill, not many yards from the spot where I had seen the people hanging on the gibbet; and when it appeared in his shop windows, it created a great sensation, and the people gathered round his house in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the City police (of that day) to disperse the CROWD. The Bank directors held a meeting immediately upon the subject, and AFTER THAT they issued *no more* one-pound notes, and so there was *no more hanging for passing FORGED one-pound notes*; not only that, but ultimately no hanging, even for forgery. AFTER THIS Sir Robert Peel got a Bill passed in Parliament for the 'Resumption of cash payments.' AFTER THIS he revised the Penal Code, and AFTER THAT *there was not any more hanging or punishment of DEATH for minor offences.*

"In a work that I am preparing for publication I intend to give a copy of 'The Bank Note,' as I consider it the most important design and etching that I ever made in my life; for it has saved the lives of thousands of my fellow-creatures; and for having been able to do this Christian act I am indeed most sincerely thankful, and am, dear friend, yours truly,

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"263, Hampstead Road,  
"December 12th, 1875."

Here it will be seen Cruikshank assumed much. In the catalogue of his collected works, printed by the Executive Committee for securing the collection to the nation, he went further, saying, "So the final effect of

*my note* was to stop hanging for all minor offences." The labours of the famous writers and speakers who advocated a milder code went, then, for nothing! It was in connection with William Hone that George Cruikshank suddenly rose to supreme popularity—out-rivalling his compeers, including Rowlandson, then



From "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder." "Faded appetite resign'd the victim up to shame."

poor and dissipated like Gillray, and near his end. Cruikshank's own father's latest political caricature had appeared in 1810.

The work which Cruikshank did for Hone, as "The Political House that Jack Built," "The Political Showman at Home," and, lastly, "A Slap at Slop," produced

at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, enjoyed an extraordinary popularity, and commanded an immense circulation. "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder"\* was a great success. The drawings, "all by Mr. George



The First Gentleman.—From "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder."

Cruikshank," as Mr. Hone advertised, were severely satirical throughout, from the first, where the royal husband drunk, with a broken wine-glass in his hand,

\* The edition before me, dated 1820, is the thirteenth.

the garter falling from his leg, cards and dice and bottles scattered at his feet, and the candles guttering in the sockets, maunders alone, to where the fat Adonis is being borne away in a barrow to the "English cry" of "Cats' meat." "Non mi Ricordo" was another squib of this year.

In the "Political Showman at Home," with twenty four cuts by Cruikshank, the satire is biting, and the ideas are plentiful. The showman, by way of introduction, addresses his readers: "Ladies and gentlemen, walk *up!* walk *up!* and see the CURIOSITIES and creatures—all alive! alive O! Walk *up!* now's your time! *Only* a shilling. Please to walk *up!*"

"Here is the strangest and most wonderful *artificial* CABINET in Europe!—made of NOTHING—but *lacker'd brass, turnery, and papier maché*—all FRET work and *varnish*, held together by *steel points!* VERY CRAZY, but very CURIOUS!

"Please to walk in, ladies and gentlemen—it's well worth *seeing!* Here are the most wonderful of all wonderful LIVING ANIMALS. Take care! Don't go within their *reach*—they mind nobody but *me!* A short time ago they got loose, and, with some other *vermin* that came from their *holes and corners*, desperately attacked a LADY OF QUALITY; but, as luck would have it, I and my '*four-and-twenty men*' happened to come in at the very moment: we *pull'd* away, and prevented 'em from doing her a *serious mischief*. Though they look *tame*, their vicious dispositions are unchanged. If anything was to happen to *me*, they'd soon break out *again*, and show their natural ferocity. *I'm in continual danger from 'em myself*, for if I didn't watch 'em closely, they'd *destroy*



ME. As the clown says, 'there never *was* such times,'—so there's no telling what *tricks* they may play *yet*.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—these animals have been exhibited *at Court*, before the king and all the royal family! Indeed, His Majesty is so *fond* of 'em, that he often sees 'em *in private*, and *feeds* 'em; and he is so diverted by 'em, that he has been pleased to express his gracious approbation of all their *motions*. But they're as cunning as the *old one* himself! Bless you, *he* does not know a thousandth part of their *tricks*. You, ladies and gentlemen, may see 'em just as they are!—the *Beasts* and REPTILES—all *alive! alive O!* and the BIG BOOBY—all *a-light! a-light O!*

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! walk in! just a-going to begin. Stir 'em up! stir 'em *up* there with the *long pole*.

"Before I describe the ANIMALS, please to look at the show-cloth opposite——"

The show-cloth is a drawing of the transparency "exhibited by WILLIAM HONE during the ILLUMINATION commencing on the 11th and ending on the 15th of November, 1820, in celebration of the VICTORY obtained by THE PRESS for the LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE, which had been assailed in the person of THE QUEEN; the words, 'TRIUMPH OF THE PRESS,' being displayed in variegated lamps as a motto above it. On the 29th, when *the Queen* went to St. Paul's, it was again exhibited, with Lord Bacon's immortal words, 'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER,' displayed in like manner. The transparency was painted by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

The animals, the beasts and reptiles, are political



figures. The crocodile wears the Lord Chancellor's wig, the black rats are lawyers, the scorpion has the Duke's nose and cocked hat.

Cruikshank's illustrations to "A Slap at Slop" include ideas enough to enrich half-a-dozen comic papers of our day. The hitting is hard, but it is never indecent, and it is always on the right side. The author of "The Political House that Jack Built" describes Dr. Slop in downright English: "A minion of ministers, a parasite to despotism throughout the world; public virtue is the object of his unprincipled hate and unsparing abuse. Hence there is not a 'public principle' that his mendacity has not 'perverted'; not a man of disinterested public conduct that he has not vilified; not a measure of advantage to the country, emanating from such men, that he has not derided; not a measure of ministerial profligacy that he has not promoted; not a public job that he has not bolstered; not a public knave that he has not shielded; not an inroad upon the Constitution that he has not widened; not a treason against the people's liberties that he has not advocated; not a sore upon the people's hearts that he has not enlarged." \*

Dr. Mackenzie, who saw all these squibs when they first appeared, and remembered the effect they imme-

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\* Dr. Stoddart (afterwards Sir John Stoddart), contributor to, and editor of, the *Times*, from about 1810 to 1815 or early in 1816, was attacked as Dr. Slop by Moore. Stoddart was removed in consequence of the unmeasured violence and coarseness of his attacks on Napoleon. "The Corsican scoundrel" was a common phrase of his. He started the *New Times*, in opposition to Mr Walter's journal; but although he conducted it with distinguished ability, it failed, and died after a short life.





*Non mi ricordo!*

“ Non mi ricordo ! ”

diately made, bears testimony to their popularity and to their value as political agents:—

“ During the excitement of the period, when the sympathy of the multitude was unquestionably in favour of Queen Caroline, and even most of the non-political portion of society thought that, under existing circumstances, her husband should not have proceeded against her as he did, Hone sent out several other brochures with illustrations by George Cruikshank. That was about six-and-twenty years ago—we saw them at the time, and we have not seen them since—but we have a vivid recollection of every one of them. There was the ‘Queen’s Matrimonial Ladder,’ described as a National Toy, with fourteen step-scenes, and illustrations in verse, and eighteen other cuts. There was ‘Non Mi Ricordo,’ founded on the convenient forgetfulness of Theodore Majocci, the principal witness against the Queen. There was the ‘Political Showman.’ There were others which also told well on the public mind, and there is no doubt very greatly influenced it in favour of the Queen and against the King and his ministers. It was impossible for any one to avoid laughing heartily at these publications. There was no mistaking any one character introduced. There was Canning, recognized by his bald head and his peculiar attitude. There was Sidmouth, with an enema-bag in his hand; and this, if the likeness were not striking, showed that he was indeed ‘The Doctor.’ There was Wellington, spare in figure, with his Roman nose and keen, cold eye. There was Castlereagh, duly ticketed as ‘Derry-down-triangle,’ in memory of the tortures which he allowed to be inflicted in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. But chief of all was the King. Never before nor since was royalty made so

ridiculous. The towering wig, the false whiskers, the padded garments, the enormous bulk, the affectation of juvenility by 'the dandy of sixty' were all inimitable, and not to be mistaken. Lawrence himself might have painted more powerful portraits of the Sovereign, but none half so characteristic as these. We remember one which gave us a back view of 'big George,' with the proportions of his sitting part ludicrously exaggerated, and a star or two stuck upon the narrow tails of the coat, which did not cover the sitting part, as aforesaid. It was impossible to avoid laughing at these—the likeness so good, the figure so correct, the attitude so irresistibly funny. Then the doggerel letter-press, to explain what wanted no explanation. Fancy such a figure stuck in the centre of the page, with such a running commentary beneath as the following :—

'The dandy of sixty  
 Who bows with a grace ;  
 The laughable figure  
 Who wears a crown,  
 With crosses and badges, and stars of renown,  
 Who honour and virtue has trampled down,  
 By insulting the Queen that Jack found.'

“The present generation, examining these things, might wonder at the effect they had upon the public mind ; but we can tell them that thousands and ten thousands recollect that the effect was extraordinary. There was a rush and a crush to get them. Edition after edition went off like wildfire. Of some, as many as a quarter of a million copies were sold. Some ran into the thirtieth edition. In 1822, Mr. Hone brought out 'A Slap at Slop and the Bridge Street Gang,' a very cleverly written broadsheet, newspaper size, with ficti-



tious advertisements and intelligence, every line of which had a direct political or personal aim. This had also the advantage of George Cruikshank's illustrations; and with this concluded his essays in the political line. The system of government improved hereafter, and the artist thought, no doubt, that a wider and better field was before him for the exercise of his talents. Henceforth, then, no one could say of George Cruikshank that he

'To party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

Having said that he believed Cruikshank's attacks upon the Prince Regent to have been his only effort as a party politician,\* and referred to his "regular John Bull style of treating the Corsican officer, Boney, as he was pleased always to call Napoleon I.," Thackeray points out how soon the caricaturist's heart relented when the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune. The fine drawing of Louis XVIII. trying Napoleon's boots on his gouty feet, is cited in evidence.† But Cruikshank could never master his bull-dog contempt for Frenchmen. This is clear in all his drawings where they appear; and particularly in "Life in Paris," as well as the series of plates first issued between 1817 and 1820, and reissued by Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, in 1835. The Cruikshank Frenchmen are "almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pig-tails,

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\* Which is a mistake. Cruikshank produced some notable political pictures many years later, as the reader will see.

† He even went the length, in one of his temperance speeches, of apologising for his attacks on the Prince Regent.

outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and moustachios."

We have merely glanced at the early caricatures of this indefatigable observer and worker.

"Long before he was out of jackets," says Mr. Sala, who knew him well in his later years, and understood every facet of his brilliant genius, "he had learned to draw with facility, symmetry, and precision . . . ."

"The earliest bread-winning engagement of young George appears to have been in connection with a satirical periodical called the *Scourge*, and another light, the *Meteor*, which latter he published conjointly with a man of letters named Earle. In the time of the Russian campaign of 1812 he was very busy with aquatint tableaux of the disaster and shameful flight of Napoleon I., whom he always heartily hated; and in the Waterloo year he 'illustrated' a comic song, sung 'every night with tremendous applause' at the old Surrey Theatre, in which the final downfall of the Corsican usurper and tyrant was narrated in a style which would have delighted M. Lanfrey. But it was in 1820 that George first made a decided hit." This, as illustrator of the Hone publications, the literary portion of which was worthless. Of "that strange, wayward man, William Hone," first bookseller and writer of lampoons and parodies of the Litany and Church catechism, and in the end antiquary and mild collector of folk-lore, Cruikshank said, in the fragment of his autobiography which opens his "Omnibus," in reply to a remark, that he had once been on terms, not only of intimacy, "but of warm friendship," with "the most noted infidel of his day."

The proprietor, Earle, was an unprincipled man,

who persuaded George Cruikshank to put his name to a bill. When it fell due, the drawer was in the Fleet prison. The acceptor's mother was not a lady to take such a deception lightly. She repaired to the Fleet, but obtained no satisfaction from the debtor. The editor of the *Scourge*, "Jack" or "Mad" Mitford, was worthy of the proprietor. He had been an officer in the navy, but fell, through infamous conduct, to be the rhymester of running patterers. His principal work, "Johnny Newcome in the Navy," was written in the gravel-pits near Bayswater, where he had hidden, and whither his publisher sent him a shilling daily, to buy gin and cheese, in return for "copy." He died in St. Giles's workhouse.

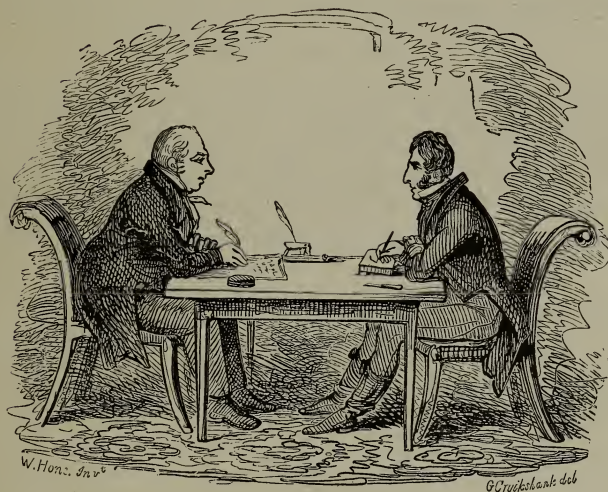
Of Hone, Cruikshank said: "What Mr. Hone's religious creed may have been at that time, I am far from being able to decide; I was too young to know more than that he seemed deeply read in theological questions, and, although unsettled in his opinions, always professed to be a Christian. I knew also that his conduct was regulated by the strictest morality. He had been brought up to detest the Church of Rome, and to look upon the 'Church of England' service as little better than popish ceremonies; and with this feeling he parodied some portions of the Church service for purposes of political satire. But with these publications *I had nothing whatever to do*; and the instant I heard of their appearance, I entreated him to withdraw them. That I was his friend is true; and it is true, also, that among his friends were many persons, not more admired for their literary genius, than esteemed for their zeal in behalf of religion and morals."

This manly vindication of his friend was characteristic of George Cruikshank. "When Hone was arraigned for blasphemy, Cruikshank," says a writer on him in the *London Review* (December 28th, 1867), who knew him, "was consulted, and he dictated a letter, begging the Attorney-General not to take proceedings. This letter, one of Hone's little children took to that Crown officer's private house. But in vain. The action went on, and the ill-paid artist stood nobly by his friend. It is even said that the trial was rehearsed in Cruikshank's studio, and that he and Hone concocted the defence together."

When Hone died, Cruikshank insisted upon going to the funeral of his old employer. Dickens used to describe a serio-comic scene with Mrs. Cruikshank at the time, who implored him to intercede, not only because she feared George might be indiscreet and get into trouble, but because she could not bear "those horrid Miss Hones." Hone, on his side, bore handsome testimony to the genius of the artist.

Hone's "Ancient Mysteries Described," fcap. 8vo, 1823, contains two illustrations by George Cruikshank; viz., "The Giants in Guildhall," and "Fools' Morris Dance." In an allusion to the giants, Mr. Hone observed: "In order to perpetuate their appearance they are drawn and etched by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose extraordinary talents have been happily exercised on my more original fancies. As this may be the last time that I shall ever write Mr. Cruikshank's name for the press, I cannot but express my astonishment that a pencil which commands the admiration of any individual qualified to appreciate art, should be disregarded by that class whose omission to secure

it in their service is a remarkable instance of disregard to their own interests as the midwives of literature."



Hone and Cruikshank, being the vignette to "Facetiæ and Miscellanies," 1828.



## CHAPTER V.

“LIFE IN LONDON,” “LIFE IN PARIS,” “POINTS OF HUMOUR,” ETC.

“AND yet it is no trifle to be a good caricaturist,” exclaimed Professor Wilson, in an article on Cruikshank, in *Blackwood* of July 1823. “Forbid the thought, ye shades of Bunbury and Gillray! forbid it, even thou, if thou be still in the land of the living, good Dighton! forbid it, charming, laughter-moving Rowlandson! Bunbury was a great genius, and would have been a great caricaturist, had he been possessed of art at all in proportion to his imagination. But he could not draw—not he. As far as faces went, he was at home, and admirable; and even as to the figure, provided he was allowed the benefit of loose breeches and capacious coats, and grizzly wigs, and tobacco smoke, he could get on well enough. But this is not the thing. The caricaturist should be *able* to represent everything; and then he can represent what he chooses in a very different style from that of a man whose ignorance, not his choice, limits the sphere of his representation. Rowlandson, again, is a considerable dab at drawing; but, somehow or other, his vein is *ultra*, his field is not comedy, but farce—buffoonery—and this will

not do with the English temperament, except for merely temporary purposes. The Rev. Brownlow North (worthy of bearing that illustrious name, O Christopher!) is another capital caricaturist. . . . Gillray was in himself a host. He is the first name on the list of Political Caricaturists, strictly so called. George III. (honest man!), and Boney, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Pitt, and Windham, and Melville, and Grenville, are his peculiar property. His fame will repose for ever on their broad bottoms. Cruikshank may, if he pleases, be a second Gillray; but, once more, this should not be his ambition. He is fitted for a higher walk. Let him play Gillray, if he will, at leisure hours—let him even pick up his pocket-money by Gillrayizing; but let him give his days and his nights to labour that Gillray’s shoulders were not meant for, and rear (for he may) a reputation such as Gillray was too sensible a fellow to dream of aspiring after.”

This article was provoked by the success of “Life in London,” illustrated by the brothers Robert and George Cruikshank, followed by that revelation of George’s genius, his “Points of Humour,” and not by the scores of political caricatures he was throwing off for Humphrey, Fores, and others. He had not yet broken away from the uncongenial political ground to the social; but he had opened that vast gallery of London scenes which he had been accumulating during twenty years of hard toil in the metropolis. Wilson gives us a peep behind the curtain of Cruikshank’s life at this time, as he had heard it described over a glass with Egan and other roystering friends. He even ventures to lecture his *protégé*:—

“It is high time that the public should think more

than they have hitherto done of George Cruikshank ; and it is also high time that George Cruikshank should begin to think more than he seems to have done hitherto of himself. Generally speaking, people consider him as a clever, sharp caricaturist, and nothing more—a free-handed, comical young fellow, who will do anything he is paid for, and who is quite contented to dine off the proceeds of a ‘George IV.’ to-day, and those of a ‘Hone’ or a ‘Cobbett’ to-morrow. He himself, indeed, appears to be the most careless creature alive, as touching his reputation. He seems to have no plan—almost no ambition—and, I apprehend, not much industry. He does just what is suggested or thrown in his way, pockets the cash, orders his beef-steak and bowl, and chaunts, like one of his own heroes,—

‘Life is all a variorum,  
We regard not how it goes.’

Now, for a year or two, to begin with, this is just as it should be. Cruikshank was resolved to see *life* ; and his sketches show that he has seen it, in some of its walks, to purpose. But life is short, and art is long ; and our gay friend must pull up.” Then the Professor remarks that “perhaps he is not aware of the fact himself, but a fact it undoubtedly is, that he possesses genius—genius in its truest sense—strong, original, English genius.” “Look round the world of Art,” says the Professor, “and ask, how many are there of whom anything like this can be said? Why, there are not half-a-dozen names that could bear being mentioned at all ; and certainly there is not one, the pretensions of which will endure sifting more securely and more triumphantly than that of George Cruikshank.”

He is described as "a total despiser of that venerable humbug" which was "the prime god of the idolatry" of his contemporaries. Professor Wilson adds:—

"I am of opinion that George Cruikshank is one of the many young gentlemen whose education (like that of the English opium-eater) has been neglected. But there is no time lost; he has, I hope, a long life and a merry one before him yet; and he may depend upon it, his life will be neither the shorter nor the duller for his making it something of a studious one. He should read—read—read. He should be indefatigable in reading. He should rise at six in the morning. If he can't work till he has had something to settle his stomach (my own case), he may have a little coffee-pot placed on the hob over-night, and take a cup of that and a single crust of toast, and he will find himself quite able for anything. What a breakfast he will be able to devour about nine or half-past nine, after having enriched his mind with several hours of conversation with the greatest and the wisest of his species! He may rely upon it, this hint is worth taking. Then let him draw, etch, and paint, until about two o'clock p.m., then take a lounge through the streets, to see if anything is stirring—step into Westminster Hall, the Fivescourt, the Rev. Edward Irving's chapel (if it be Sunday), or any other public place, jotting down à la Hogarth all the absurd faces he falls in with upon his finger-nails. A slight dinner and a single bottle will carry him on till it is time to go to the play, or the Castle Tavern, or the House of Commons, or the evening preaching, or the Surrey Lecture, or the like. At first sight, it may appear that I am cutting short the hours of professional exertion too much, but this I

am convinced is mere humbug. Does the author of *Waverley* eat, or drink, or ride, or talk, or laugh, a whit the less because he writes an octavo every month? No such thing. Does Jeffrey plead his causes a bit the worse because he is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*? Does Wordsworth write worse poems, for collecting the taxes of Cumberland; or Lamb, worse Elias, for being clerk to the India House? The artists are all of them too diligent—that is the very fault I want to cure them of. Their pallets are never off their thumbs—their sticks are eternally in their fingers.”

He goes on to say that “the advantage of a little proper reading may be illustrated by the history of George Cruikshank, as well as by that of any other individual I have the pleasure of not being personally acquainted with.” He commends Cruikshank’s early caricatures as “in their several ways excellent things.” “But,” he exclaims, “what a start did he make when his genius had received a truer and a diviner impulse from the splendid imagination of an Egan! How completely, how *toto cælo* did he out-Cruikshank himself, when he was called upon to embody the conceptions of that remarkable man in the designs of Tom and Jerry! The world felt this—and he himself felt it.

“Again, no disparagement to my friend Pierce Egan (who is one of the pleasantest as well as one of the greatest men now extant, and with whom, last time I was in town, I did not hesitate to crack a bottle of Belcher’s best), Cruikshank made another, and a still more striking stride, when he stepped from Egan to Burns, and sought his inspiration from the very best of all Burns’s glorious works, ‘The Jolly Beggars.’ It is of this work (the ‘Points of Humour’) that I am now



to speak. It was for the purpose of puffing it and its author, and of calling upon all who have eyes to water and sides to ache to buy it, that I began this leading lecture. It is, without doubt, the first thing that has appeared since the death of Hogarth. Yes, Britain possesses once more an artist capable of seizing and immortalizing the traits of that which I consider as by far the most remarkable of our national characteristics—the *Humour* of the People. *Ex pede Herculem*: the man who drew these things is fit for anything. Let him but do himself justice, and he must take his place *inter lumina Anglorum*.”

Of “Life in London,” and “Life in Paris,” which followed it, Thackeray, writing seventeen years after Wilson, utters the opinion which is likely to be the final one on the literary and artistic merits of these works:—

“A curious book, called ‘Life in Paris,’ published in 1822, contains a number of the artist’s plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O’Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer’s genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was adopted in the once famous book called ‘Tom and Jerry, or Life in London,’ which must have a word of notice here; for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank’s best work, his reputa-

tion was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

“As for Tom and Jerry, to show the mutability of human affairs, and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and ‘Life in London,’ alas! is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboys’ delight; and in the days when the work appeared, we firmly believed the three heroes above named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack’s; or flirting in the saloon at the theatre; at the night-houses, after the play; at Tom Cribb’s, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at Bob Logic’s chambers, where, if we mistake not, ‘Corinthian Kate’ was at a cabinet piano, singing a song; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row, or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging; all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

"As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin; but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity which author and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones? Only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way."

According to Mr. Sala, only a few of the pictures in "Life in London" were the production of George Cruikshank. "We are not even quite certain," he says, "as to whether the irresistibly mirth-provoking group of 'Dusty Bob and Black Sal' can be claimed by him. Robert Cruikshank was the chief illustrator of Pierce Egan's questionable *magnum opus*; and, oddly enough, until attention was drawn to George's commanding talents by Professor Wilson and *Blackwood*, it was Robert or 'Bob' Cruikshank who was imagined, by a

careless public, to be the genius of the family. His more gifted brother, nevertheless, was the sole illustrator in some forty admirable aquatint engravings of a kind of *pendant* to 'Life in London,' called 'Life in Paris.' The letterpress of this production was not furnished by Pierce Egan; nor could George at the end of his life remember by whom it was written, although the man's name, he was wont to say, 'was always on the tip of his tongue.'"

George Cruikshank's sketches of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, elaborated from sketches furnished to him, were wonderfully spirited and true; albeit he had never been across the Channel. Indeed, he never got beyond a French seaport in the course of his long life. A day at Boulogne comprehended all his continental experiences. His contemporary, Bryan Waller Procter, had never seen the ocean when he wrote "The Sea"; again, neither Schiller nor Rossini had seen Switzerland when they wrote their "William Tell." Cuthbert Bede asserts that Cruikshank originated "Life in London," and "was greatly displeased and distressed at the way in which the author wrote up to his designs." In those days the Cruikshanks were not in a position to command Pierce Egan. It is clear that the designs illustrate the written work. It is quite true that George lamented the coarseness and the plan of it; but the plates have, throughout, his signature in conjunction with his brother's.

Mr. Percy R. Cruikshank, the son of Robert, had the following account of the origin of Tom and Jerry from his father: "The wonderfully successful Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, although ostensibly Pierce Egan's idea, was universally given to George



Cruikshank, whereas the original notion and very designs were mostly Robert's. He conceived the notion, and planned the designs, while showing a brother-in-law, just returned from China, some of the 'life' which was going on in London at the time. He designed the characters of Tom, Jerry, and Logic from himself, his brother-in-law, and Pierce Egan, keeping to the likenesses of each model. Robert offered the work to Messrs. Sherwood, Neely and Jones, of Paternoster Row, who saw nothing in it, but at length accepted the offer, and by doing so realized a large sum of money, the etchings taking immensely. . . . George Cruikshank, shortly before his death, said to his nephew Percy, 'When your father proposed Tom and Jerry to me, I suggested that it should be carried out in a series of oil paintings, after the manner of Hogarth, but he objected, considering etching was safer, and more rapidly convertible into ready money.'"\*

To the Tom and Jerry plates Thackeray returned in

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\* In the introduction to the 1870 edition of the work, Mr. John Camden Hotten supposes the following origin: "One day it occurred to the editor of *Boxiana* that if Londoners were so anxious for books about country and out-of-door sports, why should not provincials and even the cockneys themselves be equally anxious to know something of 'Life in London'? The editor of *Boxiana* was Mr. Pierce Egan, who, as the literary representative of sport and high life, had already been introduced to George IV. The character of the proposed work was mentioned to the King, and His Gracious Majesty seems to have heartily approved of it, for he at once gave permission for it to be dedicated to himself. The services of Messrs. I. R. and George Cruikshank were secured as illustrators, and on the 15th of July, 1821, the first number, price one shilling, was published by Messrs. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, of Paternoster Row."



a *Roundabout Paper* in the *Cornhill Magazine*, after a visit to the British Museum to renew his acquaintance with the lively pair, or Thomas and Jeremiah—his “witty way,” he says, of calling them. He found the reading so-so—“even a little vulgar, well, well.”

“But the pictures!” he exclaims. “Oh! the pictures are noble still!” That George Cruikshank did not withdraw his name or his etching-needle from the adventures of Tom and Jerry, at any time of their career of extraordinary success, is proved by one or two facts. When, after all the theatres had been filled with dramatic versions of Egan’s “*Life in London*,” the author himself prepared an extravaganza on his book for Astley’s in 1822, the songs and parodies introduced into it appeared “with a highly finished picture of the pony races, by George Cruikshank.”

“It is not generally known,” says Mr. Hotten, “that George Cruikshank painted a public-house sign to celebrate the success of *Dusty Bob* in ‘*Tom and Jerry*.’ Walbourn, the comedian, who personated this character with extraordinary success, kept the ‘*Maidenhead*’ public-house at Battle Bridge, and the artist painted a whole-length portrait of him in character, which was hung out as his signboard. Moncrieff” (who dramatized ‘*Tom and Jerry*’) “used to say that the three characters, Tom, Jerry, and Logic, stood for George Cruikshank, Robert Cruikshank, and Pierce Egan; that many of the adventures in the book were in part autobiographical, and that the portraits of the heroes in the pictures bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of the three artists in actual life.” If the artist did not paint a public-house sign, like Hogarth, he carefully etched a large portrait of Mr. Walbourn as *Dusty Bob*, with

his fantail under his arm, which was published in St. James's Street; and he prepared another copy of this same portrait, with a thin additional line round the print, inscribed above, “Messrs. Reid and Co.'s Entire,” and below, “W. Walbourn, Wine and Spirit Merchant, Maidenhead, Battle Bridge.”\* Nor is this all; George was “in at the death,” to use a phrase appropriate to Egan's work. On the 1st February, 1823, a broadside was issued “for Pierce Egan,” from his “Tiny Crib,” 71, Chancery Lane, price one shilling, bearing an affecting title, “The Tears of Pierce Egan for the Death of Life in London; or, The Funeral of Tom and Jerry. By T. Greenwood, Esq. Dedicated to I. R. and George Cruikshank.” The broadside which represents the joy of the Charlies at Tom and Jerry being “floored” by death, and the funeral procession of Tom and Jerry, is marked “G. Cruikshank fecit.” The frontispiece to Greenwood's burlesque is a grotesque picture of this funeral.†

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\* In 1835, George Cruikshank etched “A Back and Front View of the Statue (formerly) at Battle Bridge, New Road.” “The back resembles a sack of flour upon a post, and the front view suggests the idea of ‘Dusty Bob in a Blanket.’ ‘Lumber-Troopers,’ two very stout men, seated at a table, smoking and drinking; other designs around.”

† “Two rows of figures form the procession, which is led by two crossing-sweepers, who clear the way; then boys with links, mutes, jockeys, flower and match girls; Logic, with his broken umbrella up; Kate and Sue, servants, pugilists, and a man bearing the ropes of the prize-ring; Dusty Bob and Sal, Billy Waters, Little Jemmy in his sledge, fish-women, men with banners, ‘Charlies’ bringing up the rear, dancing and shouting.”—*Mr. G. W. Reid's Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank.*

Dusty Bob was always a favourite character with George. The two brothers, who enjoyed their frolics together very much in their early days, having resolved to go to a masquerade at Covent Garden, Robert, who was fond of dress, selected a gorgeous cavalier costume, while George decided to appear as a dustman. The dustman of those days, in his Sunday clothes, was a picturesque object, with his well-blacked fan-tailed hat, white flannel jacket, scarlet plush breeches, white stockings, and neat gaiters. He had a liberal display of linen, and about his neck a bright-tinted "Barcelona" kerchief. But George Cruikshank resolved to go as the workaday dustman, as he had studied him in his low haunts. He obtained a dustman's old patched suit, begrimed his face and hands artistically, put a dirty clay pipe in his mouth, and strolled on a summer's evening from Dorset Street to Covent Garden Theatre, where, with all a dustman's roughness, he presented his ticket. The collector hesitated, amazed that so low a fellow could have obtained possession of the ticket.

"Haint it reg'lar?" shouted the dustman.

The difficulty was cleared up by the appearance of the splendid cavalier Robert, who took the dustman's arm into the theatre, where he executed the "double shuffle," to the great diversion of the dissipated company.

That the adventures of Tom and Jerry and Logic were in some degree the experiences of Egan and the brothers Cruikshank can hardly be doubted.\* It is

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\* G. Cruikshank had worked for Egan in 1814. He had etched for him *The Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris*, as a frontispiece to a chap-book, which was published by Egan, at his establishment in Great Marlborough Street, in this year.

quite clear that the artists "went the rounds" of dissipation, if only to make up their pictures. Egan was at home in the scenes which he described; nor, as we have seen, were the young Cruikshanks, in those days, puritanical in their ways of life. George, we find, was reputed to be so wild, that Professor Wilson, who admired his genius, admonished him to bring himself down to a bottle at dinner, and to moderate his amusements.

If we take "Life in London" in conjunction with the daily hand-to-mouth work which George Cruikshank had been executing for the popular publishers of caricatures, and particularly from the day when Mrs. Humphrey invited him into her shop to take up the etching-needle of her helpless invalid upstairs, we shall see that, although the young artist had what would now be called strong moral proclivities and quick sympathies, he was ready to conform to the spirit of the times, to hit hard, and to make bold steps on very delicate ground.

The miscellaneous work which Cruikshank threw off, in the midst of the labours of a higher class, and more congenial to his genius, between 1820 and 1830, was prodigious. He was, indeed, the pictorial chronicler and satirist and moralist of the time. Before entering upon this part of his labours, let us glance at the best collection of them to which he gave a distinctive form. His "Points of Humour" are among the best expressions of his observation and skill, in his vivacious mood. They enchanted his good friend and generous admirer, Thackeray. The mood, the manner of the outlook upon passing events, often suggest Thackeray himself. Cruikshank's flunkeys were the progenitors

of Jeames and Tummus of Thackeray and Leech, as his beadles were the forefathers of Bumble.

Cruikshank's next important public appearance, after 'Life in London and Paris,' was with his 'Points of Humour' \* (1822-24)—some twenty copper-plates selected from various works. "The collector of humorous designs," Mr. Thackeray remarks, "cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius; and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our parts, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called 'The Point of Honour,' illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers, and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You

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\* In a note to his essay on George Cruikshank in *Blackwood*, Professor Wilson says:—"The 'Points of Humour' are to appear in occasional numbers. No. I. contains about a dozen etchings, and fifty pages of very well written letterpress. The work is published by C. Baldwyn, Newgate Street, London, and the price per number is only eight shillings, which is dog-cheap, as things go."



see but the back of most of these gentlemen, into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came: fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

"We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandises, that jolly miller! rasher after rasher,—how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife! how she pines and frets at that untimely hour of midnight to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock, what agonised face is that we see? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish! What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say, that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left upstairs his br—; his—psha! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page,

and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village, and cried by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralised miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was



The Jolly Beggars.

so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

“Passing from this painful subject, we come, we regret to state, to a series representing personages not

a whit more moral. Burns’s famous ‘Jolly Beggars’ have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank.”

George Cruikshank’s “Phrenological Illustrations” (1826), “Illustrations of Time” (1827), and “Scraps and Sketches” (1828), in which the celebrated scene “What is Taxes, Thomas?” will be found, were all published by the artist himself, and they may be said to have furnished the pictorial material for the first attempt at illustrated journalism. Mr. J. C. Roger, a friend of Cruikshank’s, describes the transaction as he had it from the wronged artist.\*

“The ‘Gallery of Comicalities’ originated in the circumstance that some forty years ago he (George Cruikshank) was applied to by Mr. Dowling, the editor of *Bell’s Life in London*—with whom he had been on terms of intimacy—for leave to reproduce some half-dozen of the etchings from his works called ‘Phrenological Illustrations,’ ‘Illustrations of Time,’ and ‘Scraps and Sketches,’ in the pages of the journal named. Acting on the qualified permission so obtained, Mr. Claremont, the proprietor, to the utter astonishment of the artist, appropriated for his newspaper the whole, or nearly all, of George Cruikshank’s designs, contained in the works in question. When remonstrated with by the artist, and required to stay the issue of the number of the paper in which these appeared, on the ground that it was seriously interfering with the sale of the artist’s own works, Mr. Claremont, through his editor, peremptorily declined. Consulting a professional friend holding a post in the Court of Chancery, to know whether an injunction might not be obtained to restrain

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\* *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. v., p. 301.

Mr. Claremont in the course he had thought proper to follow, the artist was advised to suffer the wrong rather than enter into litigation, the result of which in any event would entail pecuniary loss.

“These illustrations, I have said, first appeared in the columns of *Bell's Life in London*, under the heading, ‘Gallery of Comicalities.’ They were afterwards published separately by Mr. Claremont. A very large number were sold, and large profits realized. George Cruikshank neither received nor would have accepted a single farthing. . . . George Cruikshank never contributed directly to the ‘Gallery of Comicalities.’ His designs, obtained in the manner described, were copied by an ordinary wood engraver from his etchings. The average cost of these, he informs me, would not exceed thirty shillings each. Mr. Claremont, finding the thing a profitable venture, continued the publication, and employed Kenny Meadows and others to furnish new designs.” It is added, that if there were any designs by his brother Isaac Robert, they must have been arrogated in the same peculiar way.

“The Gallery of Comicalities” was a great success. Mr. William Bates, of Birmingham, remarks, in *Notes and Queries*, “I am happily able to count myself among those collectors who possess these witty sheets—the delight of my boyhood—in a perfect state.” The eight series into which the gallery is divided, introduce us for the first time to Kenny Meadows and John Leech, as well as to rich stolen fruit from Cruikshank’s highly productive orchard; and, according to Mr. Bates, to a plentiful gleaning from the works of Isaac Robert Cruikshank. Here Meadow’s sketches from Lavater appeared, including “The Phisogs of the Traders of London,”



which give a foretaste of his “Heads of the People;” and in the gallery are some of poor Seymour’s sketches of the “Sporting Cockney,” and drawings by Chatfield—an artist now forgotten, but who was a light in the early times of Douglas Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meadows. We must look here also for Leech’s early drawings. The great variety of subjects treated with a vigorous, fresh, racy humour by these young artists give a foretaste of *Punch* that was to start in a few years. The popular appetite for caricature, and for humorous and sarcastic commentaries on the subjects of the day, was diffused among the people by Cleave’s coarser and cheaper pictorial gallery.

The taste for pictorial journalism was distinctly the creation of our caricaturists. Founded by James Gillray and his humbler contemporaries, it was developed by the genius of Rowlandson and George Cruikshank, and so popularised by the latter, that his drawings were, as we have seen, actually carried into the columns of a newspaper. Even this paper he may be said to have indirectly created. *Bell’s Life in London* originally appeared in 1824, as *Pierce Egan’s Life in London, and Sporting Gazette*. Egan was, when Tom and Jerry took the town by storm, the sporting contributor to the *Weekly Dispatch*; and the success of this work so roused the jealousy of the *Dispatch* conductors, that they gave Egan his *congé*. His dismissal, and the popularity he enjoyed at the moment, emboldened him to start a paper on his own account. It flourished awhile, and in 1827 Mr. Egan sold it to a Mr. Bell, who placed his name upon the title-page, where Egan’s had stood. So that the journal which Mr. Cruikshank was indirectly instrumental in creating, rewarded him by unceremoniously



transferring his drawings to its columns, and thus inaugurating the pictorial journalism of England.

The Phrenological Illustrations which Mr. Bell treated so unceremoniously had enjoyed more than a year's extraordinary popularity, and had even been a topic in Christopher North's "Noctes." \*

"*Tickler.* James, a few minutes ago you mentioned the name of that prince of caricaturists, George Cruickshanks; pray, have you seen his Phrenological Illustrations?

"*Shepherd.* That I hae,—he sent me the present o'a copy to Mount Benger; and I thocht me and the hail hoose wud hae faen distracted wi' lauchin. O sirs, what a plate is yon Pheeloprogeniteeveness! It's no possible to make out the preceese amount o' the family, but there wad seem to be somewhere about a dizzen and a half—the legitimate produce o' the Eerish couple's ain fruitfu' lines. A' noses alike in their langness, wi' sleight vareeities, dear to ilka pawrent's heart! Then what kissing, and hugging, and rugging, and ridin' on backs and legs, and rockin o' craddles, and speelin o' chairs, and washing o' claes, and boilin' o' pirtawties! And ae wee bit spare rib o' flesh twurlin' afore the fire, to be sent roun' lick and lick about, to gie to the tongues of the contented crew a meat flavour, along wi' the wershness o' vegetable maitter! Sma' wooden sodgers gaun through the manuel exercise on the floor—ae nine-pin stannin by himsell amang prostrate comrades—a boat shaped wi' a knife, by him that's gaun to be a sailor, and on the wa', emblematical o' human Pheeloprogeniteeveness (O bit that's a kittle word!) a hen and chickens, ane o' them perched atween her shouthers, and a count-

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\* November 1826.

less cleckin aneath her outspread wings! What an observer o' nature that chiel is! Only look at the back of the faither's neck, and you'll no wonner at his family, for is't no like the back o' the neck o' a great bill?"

Tickler declares that LANGUAGE is almost as good, and North himself says: "Not a whit inferior is VENERATION." Then Tickler observes: "George Cruickshanks various and admirable works should be in the possession of all lovers of the Arts. He is far more than the Prince of Caricaturists,—a man who regards the on-goings of life with the eye of genius; and he has a clear insight through the exterior of manners into the passions of the heart. He has wit as well as humour—feeling as well as fancy—and his original vein appears to be inexhaustible. Here's his health in a bumper."

The Cruickshank of twenty years later would have been inexpressibly shocked at the manner in which the Shepherd responded:

"Geordy Cruickshanks! But stop awee, my tummler's dune. Here's to him in a caulker, and there's no mony folk whase health I wad drink, during toddy, in pure speerit."

Thackeray bears witness to the popularity of the Phrenological Sketches as quaintly as Christopher North:—

"He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his 'Breaking-up,' or his 'Fashionable Monstrosities' of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print—one of the admirable 'Illustrations of Phrenology'—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of

boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon 'Philoprogenitiveness'—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed, full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter, who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in nightcaps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind; the second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savoury dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat nightcap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding); the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother,—all, all, save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome, certainly, are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a large bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart:

every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy, and jovial and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them; and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty."

Pursuing this current of genial criticism, Thackeray remarks, that in Cruikshank's "Sketch Book" the observer may gather a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man; "what points strike his eye as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies, who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people, if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen; in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. . . .

"Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, 'What is Taxes, Thomas?' What is

taxes indeed! Well may that vast, over-fed, lounging flunkey ask the question of his associate Thomas, and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, *I don't know.* '*O beati plushicola,*' what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the Sketch Book many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge, fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow,—a porter likewise, but out of livery,—who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? Not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

“The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. See, here is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves '*MISERABLE SINNERS.*' Miserable sinners, indeed! O what floods of turtle-soup, what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce, must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable! My lady there, with the ermine tippet and draggling feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director? She has been to the opera over-night (indeed, her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the opera over-night, which with a trifle of supper afterwards—a white and brown soup, a lobster salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne



—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half-hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew! how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books! and what a pious whirring of Bible-leaves one hears all over the church, as the Doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate, you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year; and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the Consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain.*

“Our artist loves to joke at a soldier, in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall life-guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here, again, we have the honest, popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. ‘Raw recruit,’ ‘ditto dressed,’ ditto ‘served up,’ as we see them in the Sketch Book, are so many satires upon the army. Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or that last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches,

do not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at, to be sure, but then it is because he is a bad soldier; when he comes to have a huge pair of moustachios and the *croix d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe: we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipeclay."

In the supernatural, says Thackeray, "we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl' (1824), with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. . . . He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's 'Hans of Iceland.' Strange, wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject; not so good, in our notion, as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and the ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in 'Peter Schlemihl,' where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero: 'Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag.' He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a

couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. 'Done,' said I, 'it is a bargain; you shall have my shadow for your bag.' The bargain was concluded; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done.' This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious, and like truth."

The artist, in short, in a wonderfully complete way, embodies the author's feeling, as well as his idea. He plays, as it were, with the supernatural. Professor Wilson goes even further. "Nobody, that has the least of an eye for art, can doubt that Cruikshank, if he chose, might design as many ANNUNCIATIONS, BEATIFICATIONS, APOTHEOSES, METAMORPHOSES, and so forth, as would cover York Cathedral from end to end. It is still more impossible to doubt that he might be a famous portrait painter. Now, these are fine lines both of them, and yet it is precisely the chief merit of Cruikshank that he cuts them both, that he will have nothing to do with them, that he has chosen a walk of his own, and that he has made his own walk popular.

Here lies genius ; but let him do himself justice, let him persevere and *rise* in his own path, and *then*, ladies and gentlemen, *then* the day will come when his name will be a name indeed, not a name puffed and paraded in the newspapers, but a living, a substantial, perhaps even an illustrious, English name. Let him, in one word, proceed, and, as he proceeds, let him think of HOGARTH."

Under such encouragement as this, Cruikshank braced himself for work worthy of his genius, even in the hurly-burly of the daily life he led in London, and with the incessant demands upon him still, as the pictorial moralist and satirist of his time,—demands which he answered richly out of the inexhaustible fund of his fancy and humour,—as we shall see.



Political Caricature. 1812.



Diamond cut Diamond.—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### HAND-TO-MOUTH WORK.

*Shepherd.* “What a subject for a picture by Geordie Cruikshanks—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!”

*Noctes Ambrosianae*, Nov. 1826.

EXACTLY. What a picture for the inimitable George! Humphrey in St. James’ Street, Fores in Piccadilly, Fairburn of Broadway Ludgate Hill, Hodgson and Co. of Newgate Street, W. Hone of Fleet Street, S. Knight of Sweeting’s Alley, J. Dolby of the Strand, poor old Limbird of the same thoroughfare, and many others, all joined in the chorus. “What a subject for a picture by Geordie Cruikshanks”—let the new subject of the moment be what it might—a scene in the condemned cell, characters for *Twelfth Night*, a frontispiece to a song, His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth returning from Westminster Hall in his Coronation Robes, or the Mermaid now exhibiting at the Turf Coffee House in St. James’s Street, or Liston, or the elder Watkins in a new character, or Grimaldi in motley, pattering his last song! I have glanced at the more important work produced by George Cruikshank between 1820 and 1830; and the reader has seen what kind of effect it made in its time, and how it has been judged by critics of high authority. But the full



strength of the artist can be estimated only after an examination of the sum of minor work which he got through at the same time. When his "Life in London" and Paris, "Phrenological Illustrations," "Humourist," "Points of Humour," and many series of book illustrations—comprehending a notable quantity of his best creations—are estimated, in conjunction with his hand-to-mouth work for the caricature shops, and the whole has been surveyed at once, the connoisseur stands literally amazed at the fecundity of the artist. Within the range of this decade of feverish activity is amassed such wealth of fancy, of invention, of jocund spirit, of sympathy for suffering, of rage over wrong, of minute observation of men and things, and withal such conscientious, ever-improving execution with pencil and needle, and lithographic ink and tinting-brush, upon wood and stone, and steel and copper; as not all the caricaturists or comic artists who have swarmed in Fleet Street since the Queen's coronation day could equal, if they made a joint show of their best. Cruikshank was lavish with his fancy, and his humour lives upon the smallest subject. He never made one poor little idea stand alone, as the practice is in the comic or satirical cartoons of the present day. It was his wont to support his dominant conception with a score of helpful accessories. He laid every detail under contribution towards the elucidation of the story to be told. His caricatures, as well as his serious pictures, abound in admirable by-play. His power of concentrating interest is unmatched. His chairs and tables speak. There is life in every accessory. *Nature morte* did not exist for him. "Dead as a door-nail" he could not understand; for under the magnetism of his etching-needle the nail

would laugh and speak. He was so full of life himself—a hornpipe dancer in his eighty-fourth year\*—that, in spite of him, he infused it into anything he touched. No artist ever threw such movement and infused such vital breath into his pictures, as this untaught man of genius spontaneously breathed into his etchings and woodcuts. A scrimmage by him inclines the beholder to lift his arm to protect himself. When he leads off a dance upon copper, you involuntarily hum a jig. When his characters are merry, you laugh outright with them.

On the other hand, is his mood solemn, he can make your heart beat quick, and send you shuddering away, with his images in your brain—presences you will find it hard to banish. “The awful Jew that Cruikshank drew” lingered for years in Thackeray’s mind; and the profound impression which it made on the public, when it appeared, has not faded even now.

More searching observation than that of Cruikshank in his prime was never possessed by an artist. His range did not stretch beyond the suburbs of London, except perhaps to Margate in the hoy, but all that came within it he made his own. Out of the suburban landscapes he conjured fairy scenes; and Highgate and Hampstead supplied him with distant horizons which his imagination widened at his will. Thackeray declared that Cruikshank had a fine eye for homely landscapes, and yet his trees are as bad as his horses. “Old villages, farm-yards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys,

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\* Meeting Mr. R. H. Horne some two years before his death, he danced the hornpipe before him, to show how sound and strong and active he still was.

churches, gable-end cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm." His scenes to Brough's "Life of Falstaff" are exquisitely drawn. Where Falstaff is arrested at the suit of Mrs. Quickly, and again when he persuades her to lend him more money, the old houses are fine picturesque studies.

But London, and London streets and suburbs, constituted Cruikshank's world in his heyday; and he caught all the phases of this his universe, save and except its upper classes. He lived in the midst of the people; he was of them. His humble fortunes cast his lot, in his early time, among the poorer classes of professional men. He was passionately fond of the stage, and was familiar with the popular comedians of the minor theatres, and the landlords of the houses which they and he frequented. He lived at Islington, and belonged to a club called "The Crib," which had a room at the Sir Hugh Myddelton public-house, of which Joseph Grimaldi,\* the clown, was president. Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, who made Cruikshank's acquaintance at "The Crib," related how on one occasion, when a member bantered George rather

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\* Cruikshank illustrated songs Grimaldi sang; for instance, "All the World's in Paris. Sung with great applause by Mr. Grimaldi, in the popular pantomime of Harlequin Whittington." Published Feb. 1st, 1815.

In 1824 he drew the celebrated actor mounted on a common washing-stool, metamorphosed, with the aid of the copper-stick, a broom, and an animal's skull, into his "Neddy," while singing his favourite song of the season—"Here we go, me and my Neddy, gee wo!"

In 1825 he drew another portrait of Grimaldi in the pantomime of Harlequin Whittington.

savagely, and he—contrary to his custom—had borne the “chaff” without replying, he presently turned to him, and holding up his hand, showed a caricature of his assailant executed upon his thumb-nail, and said, “Look here! See how I have booked him!”

It was in this and kindred scenes with which Cruikshank was familiar in his prime, and out of the excesses which, as we have seen, Professor Wilson—himself no fastidious liver—tried to tempt him by promises of a higher and wider fame, that Cruikshank drew the matchless gallery of contemporary life, in which the humours, passions, whims, and absurdities of our fathers and grandfathers are snatched from oblivion, and left to inform and brighten the page of the future historian.

“We can submit to public notice,” says Mr. Thackeray, “a complete little gallery of dustmen. Here is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him. What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust—it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours yonder poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted! how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to

contribute to the effect of the whole! What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended on this little block of wood! a large picture might have been painted out of the very same materials which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two in ches long. From the practical dustmen we pass to those purely poetical. Here are three of them, who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel. Is there no one to write a sonnet to these? and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the waggoner, a character by no means so poetic.\* And, lastly, we have the dustman in love. The honest fellow is on the spectator's right hand; and having seen a young beauty stepping out of a gin-shop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit." His arms are round the young beauty's neck, her face is hidden behind the dustman's fantail hat.

That society of dustmen, which Cruikshank used to observe, when he lived in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, sank deep into his mind. In the "Triumph of Cupid," many years later, we shall still find the dustman. He is lying in the foreground, "compelled to bite the dust"—while the artist smokes his long pipe, and Cupid, astride his slippers, toasts a heart at the fire. That long pipe (only it was honest clay, and not the magnificent meerschaum to which George has treated himself in his vision) was his companion for many a year. "Yes, I remember Mr. Cruikshank very well when I was a little girl," writes an old friend of his. "When he came, a long clay pipe was sent for. He would sit smoking it after

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\* Mr. Thackeray overlooked "The Literary Dustman."



dinner, and we were greatly amused by the energetic gesticulation with which he accompanied his conversation." His was a handsome face, with steely blue eyes that struck through you. They flashed as brightly as the eyes of Mr. Dickens, but they had no merriment—only keenness, and a certain fierceness in them. Those eyes penetrated all the mysteries of London life, and peered through clouds of tobacco-smoke, and over foaming tankards in all kinds of strange and queer places.

"For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadles, policemen, tall life-guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists, and wonderfully long ringlets," says Thackeray, "Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard,' and the immortal Fagin of 'Oliver Twist.' Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall life-guardsmen have something in him essentially absurd? Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump? and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fantail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder."

George Cruikshank also created the ladies of the Sairy Gamp order. We find one in a set of his Lottery Puffs, published in January 1818—a midwife with a prodigious bonnet. And does she not appear as Mrs. Toddles, the ancestress of Mrs. Brown of our day, in the *Omnibus*? The debt of the humorists and public caricaturists who have lived and flourished (ay, flourished as poor George never did) on the crumbs of his Rabelaisian banquet of humour, is immeasurable. Many of the comic London characters of to-day are only his figures re-dressed. They are seen through the spectacles which he invented. Only, the fine fancy, the rollicking gaiety, the cumulation of fun in some four inches square of box-wood, are thinly spread over square feet. Think of Cruikshank's Irishmen! Thackeray says of them,—

“We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. . . . We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than the following scene? or would Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon? There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish.”

The observer of all the humours of London life, the member of Mr. Joseph Grimaldi's Club at the Sir Hugh Myddelton, and of many other very free-and-easy theatrical, artistic, and literary clubs of the hour, nursed very serious and ambitious designs, even while he threw out his pictorial squibs for his daily bread. It is sad to think that even the mighty quantity of work which

he got through, and of work that filled publishers' pockets, and set up laughing faces from the Highlands to Portsmouth, was never well paid enough to give him ease to do justice to his genius.

In a note to Mr. Hotten\* (April 1865) he said, "The first time that I put a *very large figure* in perspective was about forty years back, in illustrating that part of 'Paradise Lost' where Milton describes Satan as

'Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood.'

This I never published, but possibly I may do so," the intrepid old man adds, "one of these days." In a letter to Mr. J. P. Briscoe he explained how, in 1825, when his caricatures were in all the shop-windows, he was engaged to illustrate Milton's "Paradise Lost."

"Previous to the year of 1825, I was engaged to illustrate Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' A friend of mine, Mr. Lewis, was to be the editor, and a bookseller in the Strand, near Holywell Street, named Birch, was, I believe, to be the publisher.

"For this work I made two drawings on wood; one was 'Satan, Sin, and Death, at the Gates of Hell,' and the other, 'Satan calling up the fallen Angels.'

'Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!  
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprang  
Upon the wing.'

This illustration was very *crowded with figures*, and the *best drawing that I ever did in my life*; but when the

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\* Explanatory of his drawing (here reproduced) of The Giant Bolster, which forms the frontispiece of Mr. Robert Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England."

wood engraver saw it, he said he was afraid he could not engrave it : however, it was done and published, but the block is missing ; however, there is an impression of it (No. 116) now exhibiting in the selection of my works at the Royal Aquarium.

“ I expect there had been some kind of arrangement made as to a partnership between the editor and the publisher ; but some disagreement followed, which stopped the work, and this is the reason why the subject you mention of the large figure in perspective’

‘ Lay floating many a rood,’

was not published ; and since then I have had so many matters to attend to, that I don’t think I shall ever publish it, nor be able to do an oil painting of the subject, as I always wished to do, being now too much overwhelmed with various engagements.”

The light heart and courage with which Cruikshank bore up against many a bitter disappointment like this, hindering his flight to the higher regions of his art, are delightful characteristics of him.

While he was dreaming of Paradise Lost, and designing “ the very best drawing he ever did in his life,” and the dream and the labour were cast by unkind Fate to the winds, see how prodigally he was using his genius as the popular pictorial chronicler, moralist, and provider of laughter of the day.

Not only did he execute the caricatures I have already noted, for and against Queen Caroline ; but he threw off series after series, as “ Doll Tear-Sheet,” “ The Green Bay,” “ Non mi ricordo,” “ Political Lectures on Tails,”





The Giant Bolster. striding from the Beacon to Carn Brea. —  
— A distance of six miles: —





in which the Prince Regent, Lord Eldon, the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Wilberforce figured ; the King led blindfolded by his evil advisers, Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh ; to say nothing of "The Political Apple Pie," "The Constitutional Apple Pie," "The Men in the Moon," "The Man in the Moon," and the "Political Quixote." The satirical grotesque force and plentifulness of point in these streams of running pictorial commentary on current events, show the acuteness of the artist's intellect, as well as the sleeplessness of his power of observation, the tenderness of his sympathies, and his alertness as a moralist. Moore, dressed as a rough Irish peasant, holding Erin's harp in one hand, and a shillelagh in the other, to protect a basketful of poems on his arm—while Old Nick is putting a rope round one of his legs, and the other is fettered with the twopenny post bag—is called "Erin's Pocket Apollo." Under the title of "The Botley Showman," William Cobbett is presented, with a peepshow, through which a crone looks, while the devil is grinding a tune on an organ. The proprietor announces the Hampshire Hog and Tom Paine's bones ; a flag floats above, inscribed "How to raise the Wind ;" while a bumpkin and his boy look on horror-struck by the idea of the bones being in the box. This drawing is supplemented by a tail-piece, in which we see Cobbett going in a cart to a place of execution, followed by the devil carrying his coffin. And now we light upon Hone tied to a whipping-post, with his companion Old Nick. Lord Castlereagh is holding up the Radical rascal's coat-tails, and flogging him, to the delight of Lord Sidmouth and Vansittart, who are looking on. The moral to this caricature, which

is entitled "A Printer and his Devil Restrained," is given in an apt quotation, in Cruikshank's usual manner:—

*Lucio.* "Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?"

*Claud.* "From too much liberty, my Lucio,—liberty.  
A surfeit is the father of much fast;  
So every scope, by the immoderate use,  
Turns to restraint."

The "Men in the Moon" series (1820), forerunners of Mr. Albert Smith's "Man in the Moon," are all levelled at the Liberals, or Radicals: Cobbett and Hunt, as representatives of the *Weekly Register* and *Reform*, appear as the agents of Satan. A little devil (his Satanic majesty figured largely in all the caricatures of the time, and most public men in their turn were humorously given over to him) perched on a gibbet is waiting, no doubt impatiently, for the souls of the Radicals. A big devil clutches cloven-hoofed Lord Byron, "The Lord of the Faithless," and points to the distant gibbet. Hunt, "knocked out of time" in a pugilistic encounter with Lord Castlereagh, is being "attended to" by his friends—the devil and Cobbett. But so bad were the Radical leaders, that the friendship even of the devil is at last denied them. They appear, with other Radicals, as the political hydra, and their faithless friend Satan, with his pitchfork, is lending a hand to Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth, for their destruction. They have an awful end in the hydra's skin, being nailed by the tail to a gibbet, and burned amidst the rejoicing shouts of "the First Gentleman in Europe," the Iron Duke, and the King's ministers.

But in "The Man in the Moon" the impartial carica-

turist has his fling at the King and his ministers. Here the Goddess of Reason protects the liberty of the press from the gag and dagger, which are presented by Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth, and Canning. The Prince Regent, mounted upon Lord Sidmouth's back, shoots at the cup of liberty. And now his Royal Highness is Guy Fawkes carried by his favourites, Castlereagh and Sidmouth. It was at this time, when Hone appeared tied to a whipping-post, supplied by Cruikshank's needle, that the artist illustrated "The Bank Restriction Barometers," for the incorrigible Radical of Fleet Street, who probably revenged himself upon Cruikshank in St. James's Street, by under-paying him in the city. The "Barometer" was ingeniously illustrated: at top, Britannia in the full tide of prosperity; at bottom, weeping and dejected, with ships wrecked and children hanged. The gibbet played as conspicuous a part in these daily squibs as the devil.

The Cato Street conspirators gave Cruikshank hand-to-mouth work. He drew the prisoners in the dock. Trifling incidents that hit the public mind brought work to his nimble needle. Mrs. Geoffrey Gubbins became famous, in death, by being buried in an iron coffin which the authorities of St. Andrew's parish declined to deposit in their graveyard. Cruikshank showed churchwarden and beadle astride the open grave. In the midst of all this he drew a frontispiece—to-day for the "Memoirs of Captain Huddart"—on the morrow, for the second volume of Thornton's "Pastorals of Virgil"; and the next day he designed one of those little domestic scenes which he always loved. A little girl is seated under a spreading tree at a cottage door. The village church is in the distance, and a feeble old woman is

shambling along the road. The scene of peace is called "The Adventures of a Bible." From this bit of sentiment the artist could turn swiftly to illustrations called "The Right Divine of Kings to Govern Wrong." What a monster of despotism has the artist conceived! The figure has a huge bomb for a body, cannon for legs. It is armed with fire and sword. Swinging to and fro in chains, it tramples upon and mutilates the mob upon the ground. It wears a crown, and a glory of daggers is the nimbus about its head!

The same hand that drew this monster, turned away to "The White Cat," in which Caroline and her friends are outrageously treated. The vignette is enough. The crown of England is shown in a cage guarded by the sword of Justice against a black cat, the cat being the Queen. In the series we have the old stage properties of the political caricature—the block, the headsman's axe, the gibbet, the guillotine, a coffin, etc. Let us pass on—without even glancing at "The Miraculous Host," and other similar pencillings. This was all very sad pot-boiling; and we respect the artist for the regret with which he looked back upon it. It was redeemed and put in the shade by better work. Let us glance by way of relief at "Fairy Experience arriving to solemnize the Baptism of Bright Star," and "Prince Iris entertained at a Banquet by Zephyrina and her Nymphs;"\* or "The courageous young Girl Rosa plunging into the Water to save her young Mistress, Pulchra, from the Jaws of the Shark," or "The Little

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\* Cruikshank's illustrations to Gardiner's "Original Tales of my Landlord's School," 1822. Ditto to Gardiner's "Royal Present," 1822.



Deformed Old Man destroying the huge Serpent which has coiled its folds about his body." Here we discover indications of Cruikshank's fancy in its more gracious moods: we come upon him at home for the first time in fairy-land.



Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown.—From "The Universal Songster."

"The Folly of Pride," Italian tales, in which there is a Jew, as in "The Merchant of Venice," embarrassed on being told by Gianetto to "take the pound of flesh from Ansaldo," and "Tales of Irish Life" (1824), and his illustrations to Clinton's "Life of Lord Byron" (1824-5), mark Cruikshank's progress from political caricature to his higher position as an illustrator of books of observa-

tion or imagination. Still he had not done with lottery tickets for Swift and Co., and others. Even in 1825 he executed a series in which "The Way to Wealth" and "The Chances of Fortune" are shown, with many points of humour, to lie in a lottery office. Then came "Mornings at Bow Street," in which we have already noted some capital bits of Cruikshank's London experience; four-and-twenty cuts to "The Universal Songster, or Museum of Mirth,"—coarse bits of street, pot-house, and play-house wit; sixteen illustrations of the humours of sailors' life—the sailors being perfect salts; illustrations to Hone's "Every-Day Book" (1826-27); twenty-five more woodcuts to the "Log-Book" (1826), full of fun, spirit, and character; some curious bits of mountainous and other scenery in "The Pocket Magazine;" twenty-two cuts to "Philosophy in Sport" (1827)—to say nothing of diagrams; three quaint bits to Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painters;" twenty-five to "More Mornings at Bow-Street;" a vignette, "Bolton reclining in the Fairies' Bower;" a frontispiece to "Harcourt's Jests;" etchings of many of A. Crowquill's drawings; and "Punch and Judy" (1828). In these latter careful etchings the power of Cruikshank to inform a puppet with life, and keep it wooden still, is conspicuous. He has related how he studied his subject:—

"Having been engaged by Mr. Prowett, the publisher, to give the various scenes represented in the street performances of 'Punch and Judy,' I obtained the address of the proprietor and performer of that popular exhibition. He was an elderly Italian, of the name of Piccini, whom I remembered from boyhood, and he lived at a low public-house, the sign of 'The King's

Arms,' in the 'Coal Yard,' Drury Lane. Having made arrangements for a 'morning performance,' one of the window frames on the first-floor of the public-house was taken out, and the stand, or Punch's theatre, was hauled into the 'club-room.' Mr. Payne Collier (who was to write the description), the publisher, and myself, formed the audience; and as the performance went on, I stopped it at the most interesting parts, to sketch the figures, whilst Mr. Collier noted down the dialogue, and thus the whole is a faithful copy and description of the various scenes represented by this Italian, whose performance of 'Punch' was far superior in every respect to anything of the sort to be seen at the present day. The figure whose neck he used to stretch to such a great height was a sort of interlude. Piccini made the figure take off his hat with one hand, which he defied all other puppet-show performers to do. Piccini announced the approach of Punch by sound of trumpet."

Even now I have but glanced at the more important subjects on the list. How infinitely various is the humour! how wide and searching, I must repeat, is the observation! Could anything be better than these "Four Specimens of the Reading Public"? Here is Romancing Molly, a servant-girl, asking for "rum-ances in five wollums;" at her elbow is Sir Harry Luscious, a feeble old sinner, inquiring for the first volume of "Harriette Wilson" (to which, by the way, Cruikshank furnished some etchings after Dighton's caricatures); next to Sir Harry comes, of course, Cruikshank's favourite figure, the Dustman, his dirty hand thrust into his pocket for the price of a "Cobbett"; and the fourth reader is "Frank à la Mode," a scented fop, with his poodle, who wants to know whether "Waverley's new novel is out."



After Punch, in quick succession, came illustrations to Hood's "Epping Hunt," and to Cowper's "John Gilpin," wherein Cruikshank, as a pure humorist, is at his best.

"Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's 'John Gilpin' and 'Epping Hunt,'" says Thackeray; "for



John Gilpin.

though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically,—to use a phrase of the *atelier*, he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master. . . . The horses of John Gilpin are much more



The Three Thimbles.



Michael in search of his Wife. "Love is the soul of a nate Irishman."

From "More Mornings at Bow Street."





of the equestrian order ; and, as here, the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw ; not a word is to be said against his design. . . . The rush, and shouting, and clatter are here excellently depicted by the artist ; and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of



The Old Commodore.—From "The Universal Songster."

designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens ; each has a different action, and is curiously natural. Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them !"

The miscellaneous activities of the decade over which we have been rapidly passing were brought to a close by a series of woodcuts on "The Murder of Maria

Martin." The gibbet never had a more unrelenting foe than George Cruikshank. His satire would, in the main, apply with equal force, unhappily, to a murder of the present day. "The Halter Selling by Auction" is the first cut. Jack Ketch offers the rope at a guinea an inch, while a curious crowd gloats over the body of the murderer. A lady, who has obtained a front place, exclaims, "Oh, how delightfully horrible!" In another corner the sheriff takes the murderer's pistols from the gaoler, saying he would not part with them for a hundred guineas.

We find ladies with opera-glasses in "front places" still, at "sensational" trials for murder.



The bacon-pig that stole an old gentleman,—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

## CHAPTER VII.

“THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT.”

THE “Three Courses and a Dessert,” which Mr. William Clarke spread before the public some fifty years



Bat Boroo and the Bull.—From “Three Courses and a Dessert.”

ago, are not to the taste of this present generation. These pleasant papers on life in the “down-a-long” shires, in Ireland, and in London, ended by a medley by way of dessert, are as obsolete as the ways of life they chronicled. The Ralph and Harry Hickorys of our day are but poor wrestlers, and are absolutely ignorant of backsword. The singlestick players of

Somerset are no longer doughty yeomen of the old school; and "Hopping John,"\* it is to be hoped, has become an unknown tippie. Sir Matthew Ale, the west country squire, with a face strongly resembling a frothing mug of beer, who gave up his time to his apotheosis of John Barleycorn, has gone to his fathers, and the record of his singlestick and drinking bouts with him. His descendant is sipping a light claret sparingly, and possibly playing croquet or lawn tennis on very warm afternoons. He gives not even one pig with a greasy tail to be caught as a prize at the village fair; nor does he entertain the cobblers of his neighbourhood with a barrel of strong ale, "in order to keep up the good old custom of Crispin's sons draining a horn of malt liquor, in which a lighted candle was placed, without singeing their faces, if they could." Even Mr. Clarke's "Dessert," albeit various, is remembered chiefly by the artist's immortal plate of the deaf postilion. Yet how excellent are Mr. Clarke's dishes! How well he tells a story! how he contrives to fasten a character in your mind, and in the course of a few pages to drag you heart and soul into his company! † In his modest preface he says he hopes that even if the *dishes* be disliked, the *plates* at least

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\* A pint of brandy to a gallon of cider, sugared, and warmed by a dozen hissing roasted apples bobbing in the bowl.

† The book ran through two editions in the year of original publication; in 1836 a third edition was issued; it was republished in 1849, and was added to Bohn's Illustrated Library in 1852. But so completely has the author disappeared (albeit he gave the artist the sketches for his pictures), that in the London Library catalogue the book is called "George Cruikshank's Three Courses and a Dessert."



will please. They have more than pleased. They are all that lives in the minds of most men of the banquet, having fallen into the hands of collectors. And yet even Mr. Clarke had a hand in this. "He feels bound to state," he remarked, in the handsome first edition of his work, "that whatever faults the decorations may be chargeable with on the score of invention, he alone is to blame, and not Mr. George Cruikshank, to whom he is



A Dog that had a fancy for killing his own Mutton.—From "Three Courses and a Dessert."

deeply indebted for having embellished his rude sketches in their transfer to wood, and translated them into a proper pictorial state, to make their appearance in public. They have necessarily acquired a value, which they did not intrinsically possess, in passing through the hands of that distinguished artist, of whom it may truly, and on this occasion especially, be said, 'Quod tetigit, ornavit.'" Little did the author think that even his hand in the drawings would be forgotten, and that "Three Courses and a Dessert" would be spoken of as

a book in which some of George Cruikshank's best bits of humorous illustration on wood, exquisitely engraved,\* are to be found. Mr. Clarke's West Country, Irish, and Legal Stories deserved a better fate; they are bright, full of humour and observation of character, and the style is easy and graceful.

In these illustrations are some of Cruikshank's most astonishing feats in the way of making inanimate things laugh and speak. Take the three lemons which serve for introduction to "the Dessert." Most charming



The Counterpart Cousins.—From "Three Courses and a Dessert."

as to pencilling and engraving, they are exquisitely humorous. Remaining lemons that you might squeeze, they are still three convivial fellows in close confabulation.

The portrait of an old Irish boy, the hoops of the keg serving for nightcap, which introduces the second course of Irish dishes, is a jewel of a boy.

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\* Messrs. Williams, Vizetelly, Thompson, and E. Landells admirably caught the peculiar flow and effective confusion and involvement of Cruikshank's lines on wood.

These illustrations delighted Thackeray. He has transferred some of them to his essay in the *Westminster*.

“Is there,” he asks of a battle of bottles on spider legs, “any need of having a face after this? \* ‘Come on,’ says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear, ‘come on; has any man a mind to tap me?’ Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage. Not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle of Rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver; the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.”

Again the artist moulds an Irish physiognomy upon a keg of whisky, or gives us a mushroom aristocrat,—or imparts a venerable human aspect to a mug of ale.

The mushroom is a triumph. “You’d think,” says the story, “that Purcell’s pride might be brought down a little by what had befallen him; but no,—he strutted out of the cabin without condescending to say *be baw*, or a civil word to any one, and rode off to The Beg—mushroom as he was—with his nose in the air, as though the ground wasn’t good enough for him to look on.” Only Cruikshank could have turned this veritable mushroom into so proud a man, and left the mushroom obviously the fungus of which catsup is made. Cruikshank was never tired of making still life quick life.

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\* This illustration is to be found in “More Mornings at Bow Street;” we reproduce it on p. 42.

The deaf postilion is a masterpiece of acute observation. There is, to begin with, the suggestion of a pleasant landscape. The story is complete. The body of the chariot, with the runaway couple in it, broken away from the shafts and fore-wheels; the excited swain stretching out of the window, and bawling his hardest to the postilion, who, deaf as a door-post (never was deafness more forcibly expressed in a human countenance), is jogging on with the fore-wheels, unconscious that any *contretemps* has happened; and the startled cow, gazing wildly over the hedge, make up one of Cruikshank's completest triumphs as a



A Mushroom Aristocrat.—From "Three Courses and a Dessert."

humorous illustrator. How closely, how searchingly had he read men and things! How thoroughly had he become a master of expression! In this illustration to Clarke's whimsical poem, in Hood's style, "The Dos-a-Dos Tête-à-Tête," you can almost hear the man snoring, and yet it is a mere outline of a face.

Says the lady :—

“ When I had in some cordials so rich,  
With letters all labelled quite handy,

Says you, ‘I’ll inquire, you old witch,  
 If O.D.V. doesn’t mean brandy !’  
 Whenever I sink to repose,  
 You rouse me, you wretch, with a sneeze ;  
 And lastly, if I *doze-a-doze*,  
 To *wex* me, you just *wheeze-a-wheeze*.”

Then we have an Irish scene! The drunken piper ; the pigs who have upset a basket of live crabs, the excited group looking in through the door, the dog barking at the man in bed, the crab pinching the little porker’s tail. What life is here! and all true to the main incident of the scene! You don’t want the letterpress to read the story. The pigs have got into the room to attack the basket of crabs. Pompey, who has been tied to his master’s toe to wake him in case of danger, is tugging away in mortal fear of the old sow, who is scratching the good man’s foot with her bristles. The noise has set Corney Carolum, only half sober and half awake, droning upon his pipes. The clatter has brought the children from their beds to the door. The fowls in the rafters are clucking and crowing. “All this noise,” says the author, “couldn’t go for nothing ; the whole place was in arms. Mick Maguire fired off his gun through a hole in the thatch, and Bat Boroo, flourishing his big stick, took Mick under his command, for he thought the French was landed, at the least ; and no blame to him.”

Cruikshank’s illustrations to William Clarke’s book, and his twelve etchings to Walter Scott’s “Demonology” (there are no finer examples of his imaginative and executive powers), both issued in 1830, were the starting-points of his career as an illustrator of books ;



that is, of his career at the maturity of his power. The lustrum between the date of the appearance of "Three Courses and a Dessert" and Cruikshank's appearance as the illustrator of "Boz" was a puri-



Habbakuk Bulwinkle.—From "Three Courses and a Dessert."

fication to his genius. During this time, albeit he was still compelled to do daily-bread work unworthy of his genius, he buckled to labours, by some of which his name is destined to live. In 1831 he undertook to illustrate Roscoe's Novelists' Library; and his genius





“ Here is the book I prayed for.”



“ It would have made a stoic smile.”

From “ Robinson Crusoe ” (Major’s Edition).



brightens some seventeen volumes of the series.\* But his fertility—and in his best vein between 1830 and the year when he and Dickens came in contact—was



“And I thought it was right, as the music was come,  
To foot it a little in Tabitha’s room.”

From Anstey’s “New Bath Guide.”

prodigious. In addition to his forty-nine etchings to

\* The complete set is in nineteen volumes—the first two volumes containing “Robinson Crusoe,” were illustrated by Jacob George Strutt. Cruikshank, however, illustrated a “Robinson Crusoe” with two steel plates and thirty-seven small woodcuts in 1831. The publisher of this edition, Mr. John Major, said, in a Preface:—“Those who are personally acquainted with him” (George Cruikshank), “will be not a little pleased to recognise *his own portrait* in the earlier scenes of their old favourite, Robinson Crusoe.”

“Tom Jones,” “Amelia,” “Roderick Random,” “Joseph Andrews,” “Tristram Shandy,” “The Vicar of Wakefield,” “Don Quixote,” “Gil Blas,” etc., in Roscoe’s Library, “Beauties of Washington Irving,” and “Baron Munchausen,” he illustrated “The Gentleman in Black,” “The New Bath Guide” (one of the original plates to which is here reproduced), “Hood’s Comic Annual,” “Sunday in London” (curious as studies of the fashions of the day) (1833), Defoe’s “Journal of the



From “Mirth and Morality.”

Plague,” “Bombastes Furioso,” in which he revelled, Ainsworth’s “Rookwood,” “Tough Yarns,” “Odds and Ends,” “Mirth and Morality” (a collection of original tales by Carlton Bruce, published by Tegg), and “Minor Morals for Young People,” by his friend John Bowring. Within this period, moreover, he began his Comic Almanacks, and his fine series of illustrations to the Waverley Novels; and he superintended the collection of his more important scattered works, as his large French caricatures, retouching them for Mr. M’Lean,





Geo. Cruikshank del.

FROM ANSTEY'S "NEW BATH GUIDE".



the eminent print-seller of the Haymarket. I pass over such minor work as his drawings or etchings from the sketches of others, as Auldjo's "Constantinople." The third and fourth parts of his "Scraps and Sketches," and his "Sketch-Book"—in which are some of his most famous bits—are also of this most fruitful epoch. In these we find some of his hardest hits against intemperance, as in the Gin Shop, where Death is setting a trap for a party of drinkers, who, with their young children, are tipping at the bar of a public-house; and the Alehouse and the Home, and the Pillars of the Gin Shop. In the first composition we have the parlour of a tavern, where, in the midst of the uproarious conviviality, a boy is trying to wake his drunken father; in the second is the wretched home, with the poor wife nursing a sick child. So far back as 1832 this chord had been struck in Cruikshank's heart. In the Pillars of the Gin Shop (also of this time), a drunkard and his wife, with their poor children, are watched by the arch-fiend, who is perched near a stile in the distance.

Mr. Charles Wylie notes\* that—"of the nineteen volumes of which that admirable set of books, Roscoe's Novelists' Library, consists, seventeen were illustrated by George Cruikshank. The two in which he was not concerned have illustrations on India-paper by Strutt and others. . . . There can be no doubt that Defoe's story was the first published, as an advertisement in the duplicated No. I. volume refers to it as already out. 'Humphrey Clinker' (the *second* No. I.

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\* *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. vi., Nov. 12, 1870.

volume) was illustrated by George Cruikshank, as were all the subsequent issues. As a matter of fact, therefore, George Cruikshank never discontinued his connection with the work, but two volumes were published before he commenced it. It would appear that the publishers made a change in their original plan, for the advertisement prefixed to 'Robinson Crusoe' states that the Novelists' Library, edited by Thomas Roscoe, will be illustrated 'from designs, original or selected,' by 'Jacob George Strutt,' who, as I have already said, was concerned in the first two volumes. The advertisement to 'Humphrey Clinker' is identically the same as that to 'Robinson Crusoe,' except that the name of George Cruikshank appears in place of J. G. Strutt; and a paragraph is added stating that he, G. Cruikshank, 'is engaged to illustrate the whole series of the Novelists' Library,' which, with the exception mentioned, he did. . . . The volumes appeared monthly, the first issue being in May 1831."

The fact was that Mr. Roscoe began with Strutt, found him a failure, and then started *de novo* with George Cruikshank, whose genius carried him triumphantly through seventeen volumes.

How strangely various were Cruikshank's creations! The eminent surgeon, the late Mr. Pettigrew,\* was, it will be remembered, his intimate friend; and for him

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\* Doctor Pettigrew, the family doctor of Cruikshank's family, was among the few who exercised a little authority over the turbulent and self-willed George. When his fortunes grew, and he became assistant surgeon to the Duchess of Kent, then librarian to the Duke of Sussex, and afterwards Mummy Pettigrew and a personage of his time, Cruikshank was a constant guest at his table, as well as an artist at his service.

he executed a series of carefully drawn plates for his “History of Egyptian Mummies” (1833).<sup>\*</sup> Even now he was not quite quit of political caricatures and headings to popular songs. He satirized quack pill vendors. In 1831, he lent a hand to the Reform movement—albeit he was a very moderate Liberal, even in his youth, if we are to judge by the way in which his pencil was employed against Cobbett. The Reform Bill drew from him “Sweeping Measures; or, Making a Clean House”—an etching in which Lord John Russell appears with an immense “Reform” broom, sweeping the Opposition out of the House of Commons—the Opposition consisting of owls, spiders, and vermin. The Chancellor, almost buried under petitions, cries, “Ay, I thought this rotten rubbish would make a fine dust.” Then he put upon stone (1832) a squib called

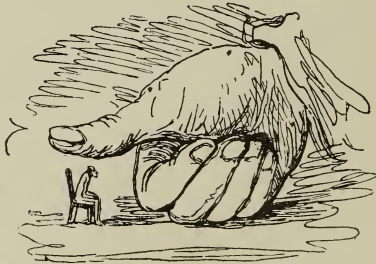
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<sup>\*</sup> “Reading lately a very appreciative lecture just republished in pamphlet form by Mr. Walter Hamilton on the genius and art-work of George Cruikshank, I found mention made of a fact hitherto unknown to me; to wit, that George executed, many years ago, a series of very careful anatomical drawings for a work on Egyptian mummies, written by the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Pettigrew. G. C. an anatomist! For the moment I was puzzled. Yet how strangely do things come together! I happened to be turning over a ragged little old folio, of the date of 1825, entitled ‘Anatomy of the Bones and Muscles, for the use of Artists and Members of the Artists’ Anatomical Society,’ by George Simpson, surgeon; and in the list of subscribers attached to the work I found the name of ‘George Cruickshank, Esq.’ (they *would* spell his surname with two c’s), Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville. ‘Eureka!’ I cried. It was at the feet of George Simpson, surgeon, then, that George studied osteology and myology.”—“*Echoes of the Week*,” by G. A. Sala: *Illustrated London News*.



“Cholera Consultation,” in which “the Central Board of Health” are represented at a sumptuous dinner, drinking toasts to their own prosperity. In 1834 he designed a telling frontispiece for “Angelo’s Pic-nic, or Table Talk,” which is here reproduced.

On looking over all this scattering of the sparks of great genius through wide fields; at the woful waste of much of the light and heat; at the hard and stern necessity which compelled the most thoughtful, suggestive, observant, and imaginative artist of his day to illustrate doggerel, furnish frontispieces to poor dramas, and to put the sketches of others upon wood, in the interval of such congenial labour of a noble kind as we find scattered through Roscoe’s series, in the “Demonology,” and in his own separate albums of wit, humour, and human wisdom; it is impossible not to lament, with Mr. Ruskin, that the Fates were so unkind to one so gifted, or that his wildly convivial temperament and wasteful ways of life in the earlier half of his career, made him so sad a husbandman of his powers.



Under the Thumb.—From “Three Courses and a Dessert.”



George Cruikshank - fecit

FROM "ANGELO'S PIC-NIC"



## CHAPTER VIII.

“SKETCHES BY BOZ,” “OLIVER TWIST,” AND “THE LIFE OF GRIMALDI.”

THAT the author of “Three Courses and a Dessert” made a fair mark with his book, apart and distinct from Cruikshank, is proved in a curious way. In November 1835, Messrs. Chapman and Hall published a little volume called the “Squib Annual,” with plates by Seymour. This led to a suggestion from the artist, of a series of cockney sporting plates. The publishers assented,—adding that they should be accompanied by letterpress, and published monthly. But who should be the author? So popular had Mr. Clarke’s book been, that the publishers first sent to him; and it was only after they had found that his yearly engagement with Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. prevented him from accepting their commission, and the affair had lain dormant a month or two in consequence, that they turned to the author of Sketches signed “Boz,” which had been lately appearing in the *Monthly Magazine*, and were about to be issued (1836) in two duodecimo volumes. Mr. Forster tells us that they came forth with a preface in which the author spoke of the nervousness he should have had in venturing alone before the public, and of his delight in getting the help of Cruikshank, who had frequently

contributed to the success, though his well-earned reputation rendered it impossible for him ever to have shared the hazard, of similar undertakings. It has been said that Cruikshank knew more of London than the author of the Sketches which he illustrated. He may have had a longer experience of London streets and mysteries ; but Dickens, in his London Sketches, written before he came in contact with the artist, had proved how deeply his young eyes had penetrated the mysteries of the great city, and how thoroughly his fresh heart had been stirred.

The first paper is on "Our Parish." In this lies the germ of *Oliver Twist*. Simmons is the father of Bumble. But scattered through the Sketches may be found all the experience of which *Oliver Twist* was the riper and more artistic and dramatic expression. The career of the Parish Boy was exactly the romance the author of these wonderful pictures of London would write. Had Cruikshank suggested these, and led the young author from scene to scene, we might have understood part of his claim to the conception of the romance ; but he was called in by the publisher, Macrone, to illustrate the magazine papers which he had bought for republication from the young author for a trifle.

It is a strange coincidence that the representatives of Seymour, after his death, claimed for him some share in the invention of *Pickwick*. But Dickens was alive to set this pretension at rest for ever, and others were at hand to bear witness to the fidelity of his memory. Seymour never originated nor suggested "an incident, a phrase, or a word," and died when only twenty-four pages had been published. The very name originally belonged to a celebrated coach proprietor of Bath ; and



even the immortal figure of Mr. Pickwick is but a faithful portrait of Dickens’s model, a Mr. Foster, who lived at the time at Richmond.

Pleased as Dickens was to see Cruikshank illustrating his pages, it was not to him that he (or his publishers) turned when poor Seymour suddenly disappeared from the scene, but to Hablot K. Browne, who, as Phiz, became afterwards associated with Boz’s greatest triumphs.

But while *Pickwick* was running its triumphant career, Dickens made arrangements that were destined to bring him into relations with Cruikshank a second time. In August 1836, when the sixth number of *Pickwick* was about to be issued, Dickens signed an agreement with the late Mr. Bentley, to undertake the editorship of a monthly magazine, to be started in the following January.\* In this magazine Dickens was to “run” a serial story; and on this story his mind was bent, and he even worked hard at it, before he had finished *Pickwick*.

I will now set before the reader impartially the story of Cruikshank’s contention as to his share in “*Oliver Twist*.” In his letter to the *Times*, Cruikshank said:—

“When *Bentley’s Miscellany* was first started, it was arranged that Mr. Charles Dickens should write a serial in it, and which was to be illustrated by me; and in a

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\* When the *Miscellany*, with Dickens for editor, was resolved upon, the late Mr. Bentley observed at a dinner given to complete preliminaries, “that the first title suggested was the *Wits’ Magazine*. But now,” he added, “we have settled to call it simply *Bentley’s Miscellany*.” “Why have gone to the opposite extreme?” cried Douglas Jerrold. So the work was entered upon with a hearty laugh.

conversation with him as to what the subject should be for the first serial, I suggested to Mr. Dickens that he should write the life of a London boy, and strongly advised him to do this, assuring him that I would furnish him with the subject, and supply him with all the characters, which my large experience of London life would enable me to do.

“My idea was to raise a boy from a most humble position up to a high and respectable one—in fact, to illustrate one of those cases of common occurrence where men of humble origin, by natural ability, industry, honest and honourable conduct, raise themselves to first-class positions in society. As I wished particularly to bring the habits and manners of the thieves of London before the public (and this for a most important purpose, which I shall explain one of these days), I suggested that the poor boy should fall among thieves, but that his honesty and natural good disposition should enable him to pass through this ordeal without contamination; and after I had fully described the full-grown thieves (the *Bill Sykeses*) and their female companions, also the young thieves (the *Artful Dodgers*) and the receivers of stolen goods, Mr. Dickens agreed to act on my suggestion, and the work was commenced, but we differed as to what sort of boy the hero should be. Mr. Dickens wanted rather a queer kind of chap; and, although this was contrary to my original idea, I complied with his request, feeling that it would not be right to dictate too much to the writer of the story, and then appeared ‘*Oliver Asking for More*’; but it so happened just about this time that an inquiry was being made in the parish of St. James’s, Westminster, as to the cause of the death of some of the work-

house children who had been 'farmed out.' I called the attention of Mr. Dickens to this inquiry, and said that if he took up this matter, his doing so might help to save many a poor child from injury and death; and I earnestly begged of him to let me make Oliver a nice pretty little boy; and if we so represented him, the public—and particularly the ladies—would be sure to take a greater interest in him, and the work would then be a certain success. Mr. Dickens agreed to that request, and I need not add here that my prophecy was fulfilled; and if any one will take the trouble to look at my representations of 'Oliver,' they will see that the appearance of the boy is altered after the two first illustrations, and, by a reference to the records of St. James's parish, and to the date of the publication of the *Miscellany*, they will see that both the dates tally, and therefore support my statement.

"I had, a long time previously to this, directed Mr. Dickens's attention to Field Lane, Holborn Hill, wherein resided many thieves and receivers of stolen goods, and it was suggested that one of these receivers, a Jew, should be introduced into the story; and upon one occasion Mr. Dickens and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth called upon me, and in course of conversation I described and performed the character of one of these Jew receivers,—and this was the origin of Fagin."

Cruikshank maintained that his designs were all the result of consultations with Dickens—in which he was as much the creator as the author; and that he never saw any of the MS. of the novel until it was nearly finished. No; he saw the proofs of the early sheets. The family tradition was to the effect that Dickens,

calling one day in Amwell Street, saw a series of illustrations which Cruikshank had prepared for a story he had in his mind of the life of a thief. Dickens was so struck with them, and with the artist's account of his plan, that he determined to make London the scene of *Oliver Twist's* adventures. Cruikshank's intimate knowledge of low life in every part of London made him the most efficient and penetrating illustrator of Dickens's book: this, and nothing more.

And now let me quote Mr. Forster's summary dismissal of the charge—for it is nothing less—that Dickens was indebted to Cruikshank for the idea, and for many of the incidents and characters, of "*Oliver Twist.*"

"The publication had been announced for October, but the third volume illustrations interrupted it a little. This part of the story, as we have seen, had been written in anticipation of the magazine, and the designs for it having to be executed 'in a lump,' were necessarily done somewhat hastily. The matter supplied in advance of the monthly portions in the magazine formed the bulk of the last volume as published in the book; and for this the plates had to be prepared by Cruikshank, also in advance of the Magazine, to furnish them in time for the separate publications; Sykes and his Dog, Fagin in the Cell, and Rose Maylie and Oliver, being the three last. None of these Dickens had seen until he saw them in the book on the eve of publication, when he so strongly objected to one of them, that it had to be cancelled. 'I returned suddenly to town yesterday afternoon,' he wrote to the artist at the end of October, 'to look at the latter pages of "*Oliver Twist*" before it was



delivered to the booksellers, when I saw the majority of the plates in the last volume for the first time. With reference to the last one—Rose Maylie and Oliver—without entering into the question of great haste, or any other cause, which may have led to its being what it is, I am quite sure there can be little difference of opinion between us with respect to the result. May I ask you whether you will object to designing this plate afresh, and doing so *at once*, in order that as few impressions as possible of the present one may go forth? I feel confident you know me too well to feel hurt by this inquiry, and with equal confidence in you I have lost no time in preferring it.' This letter, printed from a copy in Dickens's handwriting, fortunately committed to my keeping,\* entirely disposes of a wonderful story, originally promulgated in America, with a minute conscientiousness and particularity of detail that might have raised the reputation of Sir Benjamin Backbite himself. Whether all Sir Benjamin's laurels, however, should fall to the original teller of the tale, or whether any part of them is the property of the alleged authority from which he says he received it, is unfortunately not quite clear. There would hardly have been a doubt, if the fable had been confined to the other side of the Atlantic, but it has been reproduced and widely circulated on this side also, and the distinguished artist whom it calumniates by fathering its invention upon him, either not conscious of it, or not caring to defend himself, has been left undefended from the slander. By my ability to produce Dickens's letter, I am spared the

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\* Mr. Forster printed a facsimile of the letter in his second volume.



necessity of characterizing the tale, myself, by the one unpolite word (in three letters) which alone would have been applicable to it."

Cruikshank was alive, and living within half an hour's drive of Mr. Forster's library, when he put the case in this roundabout, and, I must say, unwarrantably uncivil way. But let us see what this story was that came from across the Atlantic in the columns of the *Round Table*. It is Dr. Shelton Mackenzie who speaks. "In London I was intimate with the brothers Cruikshank, Robert and George, but more particularly the latter. Having called upon him one day at his house (it was then in Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville), I had to wait while he was finishing an etching, for which a printer's boy was waiting. To while away the time, I gladly complied with his suggestion that I should look over a portfolio crowded with etchings, proofs, and drawings, which lay upon the sofa. Among these, carelessly tied together in a wrap of brown paper, was a series of some twenty-five or thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the well-known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sykes and his Dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Master Charles Bates—all well known to the readers of "Oliver Twist." There was no mistake about it; and when Cruikshank turned round, his work finished, I said as much. He told me that it had long been in his mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings engraved by himself, in which, without a single line of letterpress, the story would be strikingly and clearly told. 'Dickens,' he continued, 'dropped in here one day, just as you have done, and, whilst waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio, and ferreted out that bundle of

drawings. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he studied it for half an hour, and told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story; not to carry *Oliver Twist* through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, show what their life was, and bring *Oliver* through it without sin or shame. I consented to let him write up to as many of the designs as he thought would suit his purpose, and that was the way in which Fagin, Sykes, and Nancy were created. My drawings suggested them, rather than individuality suggesting (*sic*) my drawings.'" Mr. Forster adds, "Since this was in type I have seen the *Life of Dickens* published in America (Philadelphia: Peterson Brothers) by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, in which I regret to find this story literally repeated. The only differences from it as here quoted are that 1847 is given as the date of the visit; that besides the 'portraits' named, there are said to have been 'many others who were not introduced;' and that the final words run thus: 'My drawings suggested them, rather than his strong individuality my drawings.'"

In 1872, George Cruikshank published his "Statement of Facts" on this subject, and on his subsequent controversy with Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. This is his final reply to Mr. Forster. I give it that the reader may draw his own conclusions.

"A question has been asked *publicly*," says the artist, "and which, I grant, is rather an important one in this case, and that is, *Why have I not until lately claimed to be the originator of 'Oliver Twist'?* To this I reply, that ever since these works were published, and even when they were in progress, I have in private society,

when conversing upon such matters, always explained that the *original ideas and characters* of these works *emanated from me*; and the reason why I *publicly* claimed to be the originator of 'Oliver Twist' was to defend Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who was charged by Mr. John Forster, in his 'Life of Mr. Charles Dickens,' with publishing a *falsehood*\* (or a word of '*three letters*,' as he describes it), whereas the Doctor was only repeating what I had told him at the time 'Oliver Twist' was in progress. Mr. Forster designates Dr. Mackenzie's statement as 'a wonderful story,' or 'a marvellous fable;' and in a letter from the Doctor in the *Philadelphia Press*, December 19th, 1871, he says, '*My wonderful story was printed in an American periodical years before Mr. Dickens died*;' and then asks, 'Why did not Mr. Forster inquire into this matter at the time? for surely he must have known it.' And I presume Mr. Dickens must have heard of this 'wonderful story,' the truth of which he *did not deny*—*for this reason, because he could not*. And with respect to Mr. Ainsworth's insinuation as to my 'labouring under a delusion' upon this point, as all my literary friends at that time knew that I was the originator of 'Oliver Twist,' and as Mr. Ainsworth and I were at that time upon such intimate terms, and both working together on *Bentley's Miscellany*, is it at all likely that I should have concealed such a fact from him? No, no! he knew this as well as I did, and therefore, in this matter at any rate, it is *he* who is 'labouring under a delusion.' And I will here refer to a part of my letter, which was published in the

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\* Mr. Forster, in a side-note, puts it thus: "Falsehood ascribed to a distinguished artist."

*Times*, December 30th, 1871, upon the origin of 'Oliver Twist,' wherein I state that Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Dickens came together one day to my house, upon which occasion it so happened that I then and there *described* and *performed* the character of 'Fagin,' for Mr. Dickens to introduce into the work as a 'receiver of stolen goods,' and that some time after this, upon seeing Mr. Ainsworth again, he said to me, 'I was so much struck with your description of that Jew to Mr. Dickens, that I think you and I could do something together.' Now I do not know whether Mr. Ainsworth has ever made any allusion to this,—perhaps he *disdains* to do so,—but perhaps he may give this also a 'positive contradiction,' and if he does, then all I have to say is, that his memory is gone."

This controversy, and a subsequent one, arose from Cruikshank's habit of exaggeration in all things.

One day, at an engraver's, seeing a drawing of animated pumps (probably one of the series by his brother Robert) upon the table, he shouted, "My pumps!" seized the drawing, made for the door, and was with difficulty persuaded to give it up.

In his eagerness he had a habit of over-estimating the effect of his work, as well as his share in any enterprise in which he had a part. Thus *he* put down hanging for minor offences; *he* suppressed fairs, because he exposed the coarseness and vice of Bartholomew Fair;\* and so

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\* In the Catalogue of his works exhibited in the Aquarium, London, Cruikshank put this note: "Bartholomew Fair, held formerly in Smithfield, used to be opened by the Lord Mayor of London, in his coach and six. In ancient times this fair might have been a very decent affair; but as the metropolis



in his later day he was ready, and with thorough conscientiousness, to attribute nearly all the advance of the temperance cause in society to his "Bottle," "Drunkard's Children," and "Triumph of Bacchus." It was this belief in himself that carried him forward, and kept him alert and vigorous in the cause long after he had completed his threescore years and ten. But it led him into injudicious statements, or over-statements, of which those in regard to his share in "Oliver Twist" were certainly the most unfortunate. His pretensions that he supplied not only subjects for his own plates, but skeletons of chapters to Dickens and Ainsworth, might be disposed of by fifty collateral testimonies to the contrary.

Writing to Forster (January 1838), Dickens says, alluding to the severity of his labours, "I have not done the 'Young Gentlemen,' nor written the preface to 'Grimaldi,' nor thought of 'Oliver Twist,' or *even supplied a subject for the plate.*"

According to Mr. Ainsworth, Dickens was even so worried by Cruikshank putting forward suggestions

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increased in size, the number of thieves and low characters increased also, so that at length this fair, in the evening part, became a scene of ruffianism. I had a peep at it on one or two occasions, and then published this 'Fiend's Frying Pan,' dedicating it to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, etc., who after a few years began to look at the fair in the same light as myself, and at last put an end to that which was a disgrace to the city." Yet in his illustrations to the "Sketches by Boz," he drew all the humours of a dancing booth at Greenwich Fair, with riotous men in dancing bonnets, and women equally dissipated, "footing it" in men's hats. Neither in the article nor the drawing is there any moralising.



that he resolved to send him only printed proofs for illustration.

Cuthbert Bede says, having been informed, of course, by the artist, “It is well known that Cruikshank originated the ‘Life in London.’” But this, as the reader will perceive, is a gross error. To the conception of this work, at any rate, the artist made no claim in Egan’s time, nor, it should be remembered, was he even the sole illustrator. He shared the honours with his brother. Besides, the three heroes bear unmistakable marks of the Egan parentage throughout.

Perhaps the wildest claim Cruikshank ever entered to an idea was that of having originated the pattern of a military hat worn by the Russian soldiers. Having described his own model, he adds: “The Russian soldiers, I find, wear a hat something of this shape *now*; and no doubt they saw my pattern, and stole my idea.”\*

In “the corrections made in the later editions of the first volume” of his “Life of Dickens,” and published in the second volume (October 1872), Mr. Forster notices Cruikshank’s assumption of the responsibility of Dr. Mackenzie’s statement, and remarks, “The worse part of the foregoing fable, therefore, has not Dr. Mackenzie for its author; and Mr. Cruikshank is to be congratulated on the prudence of his rigid silence respecting it as long as Mr. Dickens lived.”

Suppose Cruikshank suggested to Dickens that his subject should be a poor boy thrown upon the streets of London. It is but the motive, the theme. In all

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\* “A Poppet fired off by George Cruikshank.” W. Kent and Co.

the range of Dickens's work, there is nothing more essentially his own than "Oliver Twist," from the name of the hero to the last line of the final chapter. Something like the following scene, which Cuthbert Bede describes, may have taken place between Dickens and Cruikshank. From the bare suggestion that there should be an "awful Jew"—receiver of stolen goods, a Hebrew Blueskin—in the story, to the conception and embodiment of Fagin, there is an immeasurable distance.\*

"I was speaking of my first interview with him at his house, Mornington Crescent, Regent's Park," says Cuthbert Bede. "He wished me to write a humorous story of modern life, to be illustrated by himself, with a series of designs, something after the style of his 'Adventures of Mr. Lambkin; or, The Bachelor's own Book,' and he jotted down some rough memoranda and sketches (in pencil) embodying his own ideas on the subject. One of these slight drawings was singularly skilful. It represented the shoulders and the tops of the heads of people in the pit of a theatre, as they would appear to a spectator in the gallery—the foreshortening being both curious and difficult. As a matter of course, I gave my best consideration to Mr. Cruikshank's suggestions and ideas, but submitted to him that I could not see my way to carry them out to our mutual satisfaction; and I also raised objections to the somewhat hack-

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\* As well might Sir David Wilkie have claimed the authorship of Douglas Jerrold's drama, "The Rent Day," because the idea was suggested to the dramatist by the great Scotch painter's pictures. But Sir David only thanked Douglas Jerrold, and sent him proofs of his "Distraint for Rent" and "The Rent Day," with expressions of his acknowledgments inscribed upon them.

neyed nature of the themes that he suggested, and stated my preference for writing a story that should be wholly and entirely my own original composition. After much discussion *pro* and *con*, Mr. Cruikshank yielded to my wishes, and said, ‘Then the tale shall be entirely out of your own head!’ While he spoke, he rapidly drew a fancy sketch of my head, to the back portion of which was affixed a pig-tail, as large as that worn by an old-fashioned Jack Tar. He held this sketch up to his wife, who had just then re-entered the room, and said, in his cheery way, ‘We have settled the point. He does not like my whiskers,’—the hero of the tale, I may add, was to have been readily distinguished in the illustrations by the peculiarity of his whiskers,—‘so he is going to get a *tail* out of his own head.’ It reminded me of his sketch of the grenadier, whose pig-tail was tied so tightly that he was unable to shut his eyes; also of another pig-tail sketch in the *Omnibus*, where the gentleman who has gone to bed ‘half-seas over’ wakes up to sobriety, and, springing out of bed, discovers that his pig-tail has been tied to the bell-rope, and that the house has been aroused through his vain struggles to get free.”

“The Adventures of Mr. Lambkin” were entirely Cruikshank’s own, and they were the least successful, and deservedly so, of his works.

Never has a single figure enacted by mortal artist been so talked and written about as Fagin. How and when he was conceived, where the artist found his model, what share Dickens had, and what part belonged to Cruikshank of “the awful Jew,” are points of controversy which have been kept alive in society as much by Cruikshank’s own acting of his idea, and his many accounts of his conception, as by the deep impression

made by that dreadful wretch glaring in the condemned cell. The writer of the obituary notice of Cruikshank in the *Daily News* himself heard Cruikshank relate that Fagin was sketched from a rascally old Jew whom he observed in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill; "and, he added, "I watched him for weeks, studying him." Fagin possessed Cruikshank's mind to the end of his life. He was always ready to talk about him, and to act him.

"Sitting down," says Cuthbert Bede, describing one of his visits to the artist in the Hampstead Road, "and crouching in the huddled posture of 'the Jew—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew'—to quote Thackeray's words—fiercely gnawing at his finger-nails, tossing his hair loosely about his head, and calling up a look of wild horror into his eyes, the artist, with the great histrionic powers that he possessed, seemed to have really transformed himself into the character of the Jew whom he so forcibly depicted. His features somewhat helped him in this impersonation, though those of Sir Charles Napier required no distortion of art, but were so exceedingly like to those of Cruikshank's Jew, that he was popularly called in the army by the name of 'Old Fagin.'"

Cruikshank told Horace Mayhew how he hit upon the figure of Fagin in the condemned cell. He had been thinking it over many days, and could not satisfy himself. "At length, beginning to think the task was almost hopeless, he was sitting up in bed one morning, with his hand covering his chin, and the tips of his fingers between his lips, the whole attitude expressive of disappointment and despair, when he saw his face in a cheval glass, which stood on the floor opposite to him.

'That's it,' he involuntarily exclaimed, 'that's just the expression I want!' and by this accidental process the picture was formed in his mind."\* He was never tired of talking on the subject. Fagin possessed him, just as Dickens lived in his characters, and made them talk in his letters and speeches. Mr. Austin Dobson, who met Cruikshank at breakfast at Mr. Frederick Locker's house on the 14th of December (1877), writes to me, "He told us many particulars respecting his work, and especially his visits to prisons and criminals in connection with 'Oliver Twist.' Finally, I asked him if the popular story of the conception of Fagin's wonderful attitude in the condemned cell was correct. He replied rather energetically, 'False!' You will remember that in that version the drawing was the result of accident. The artist was biting his nails in desperation, when suddenly he caught the reflection of his perplexed face in a cheval glass—hence Fagin. Cruikshank's account was different. He had never been perplexed in the matter, or had any doubt as to his design. He attributed the story to the fact that not being satisfied whether the knuckles should be raised or depressed, he had made studies of his own hand in a glass, to the astonishment of a child-relative looking on, who could not conceive what he was doing. He illustrated his account by putting his hand to his mouth, looking, with his hooked nose, wonderfully like the character he was speaking of,—so much so, that for a few minutes afterwards Mr. Locker playfully addressed him as 'Mr. Fagin.' I did not see at the time why he was so

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\* "Memories of my Time." By George Hodder, author of "Sketches of Life and Character." Tinsley Brothers. 1870.



tenacious. But, of course, what he wished to impress upon us was that the drawing of Fagin in the cell, which shares with Sikes attempting to destroy his dog the post of honour in 'Oliver Twist,' was the result, not of a happy accident, but his own persistent and minute habit of realization; and though there appears to be a modern disposition to doubt that a man can know anything about his own past, I for one shall always prefer Mr. Cruikshank's story to the others."\*

There is, no doubt, truth in all these stories. Cruikshank studied often in Petticoat Lane, to begin with, and probably fixed his model of Fagin there. That he himself told Horace Mayhew, many years ago, how he caught sight of his own image as he sat up in bed, and adopted it for Fagin in the condemned cell, I know. And finally, that he studied his hands in his glass, with that careful observation of details by which he reached such intensity in the expression of an emotion, or a dramatic incident, will be accepted, by all who knew him, as an ordinary illustration of his "habit of realization."

On Cruikshank's illustrations to "Oliver Twist," how many critics have dwelt; and by them, how many writers have pointed their moral! Ruskin, in his chapter on Vulgarity,† turns for his illustration to Landseer and Cruikshank.

"Cunning," he remarks, "signifies especially a habit or gift of over-reaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy

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\* Letter to B. J., April 2, 1878.

† "Modern Painters."

or affection. Its essential connection with vulgarity may be at once exemplified by the expression of the butcher's dog in Landseer's 'Low Life.' Cruikshank's 'Noah Claypole,' in the illustrations to 'Oliver Twist,' in the interview with the Jew, is, however, still more characteristic. It is the intensest rendering of vulgarity absolute and utter with which I am acquainted."

Mr. Paget, in his admirable article on Cruikshank's genius, already quoted, becomes eloquent on the prodigious effect on his time which the pictorial moralist achieved, especially by his illustrations to "Oliver Twist":—

"More than forty years have passed since the appearance of these works;\* and if we were asked who, through that period, has been the most faithful chronicler of the ways, customs, and habits of the middle and lower classes of England, we should answer, George Cruikshank. In his pictures of society there is no depth which he has not sounded. From the murderer's cell to the pauper's deathbed there is no phase of crime and misery which has not served him to point a moral. But his sympathies are never perverted, or his sense of right and wrong dimmed by the atmosphere in which he moves. He is a stern though kindly moralist. In his hands vice is vice—a foe with whom no terms are to be kept. Yet, with what true feeling, what consummate skill, does he discriminate the shades of character, the ranks and degrees of crime, the extent and limits of moral corruption! In none of his works is this so apparent as in what we are inclined to rank as the most refined and complete of all, namely, the illustrations to "Oliver

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\* "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," etc,

Twist." Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank worked cordially hand in hand in the production of this admirable work, and neither will grudge to the other his share in the fame which has justly attended their joint labours. The characters are not more skillfully developed, as the story unfolds itself, by the pen of Dickens, than by the pencil of his colleague. Every time we turn over this wonderful series, we are more and more impressed with the genius that created, and the close observation of human nature which developed, the characteristics of Oliver through every varying phase of his career, from the memorable day when he 'asked for more';—of Sikes, the housebreaker (compare his face in the frontispiece of the first volume, where he has just brought Oliver back to the Jew, with that at page 216 of the third volume, where he is attempting to destroy his dog); of Fagin—from the 'merry old gentleman' frying sausages, to the ghastly picture of abject terror which he presents in the condemned cell; of Noah Claypole,—mark him as he lies cowering under the dresser in Mrs. Sowerberry's kitchen, with little Oliver standing triumphant over him with flashing eye and dilated nostril, and again behold him lolling in the arm-chair, whilst Charlotte feeds his gluttonous appetite with oysters; of Charlotte herself; of Mrs. Corney; of the workhouse master; the paupers; the boy-thieves; Messrs. Blathers and Duff, the police officers; and the immortal Mr. Bumble—a character which has furnished new terms to our vocabulary, and the glory of producing which may be fairly divided between the author and the artist. Nor is the portraiture of Mrs. Bedwin, the housekeeper, who only appears once—but by that single appearance makes us familiar with her whole history

and character—less admirably conceived and executed. The same may be said of Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Losborne. Nor is this perfection the result of a lucky hit or happy accident, by which a far inferior artist may sometimes succeed in producing what is acknowledged by the eye as the impersonation of the impression produced on the mind by the art of the novelist or the poet. It is the result of deep study, and profound sympathy with all the varied action of the human heart. It is genius, the twin-brother of that which inspired Garrick and Kean, and which, in its rarest and most refined developments, brings before our eyes even now new beauties latent in the characters of Hamlet and of Rosalind. We say this in no spirit of exaggeration, but with a profound conviction that no hand could have produced such works as those of George Cruikshank, which was not the index and the organ of a heart deeply imbued with the finest sympathies of humanity, and an intellect highly endowed with power of the keenest perception and the subtlest analysis.”

Mr. Sala has described the “rough but superb” etchings to the “Sketches by Boz,” which prepared the world for the finer and profounder work in “Oliver Twist,” and he instances “The Streets—Morning”—an exquisite bit of observation. But can anything surpass, as a picture of close and various study of life, the “Parish Engine”—from the superb beadle at the door, to the urchins rejoicing over the excitement? As pictures of manners, dress, and the habits of the people some forty years ago, they have the value of historical records. Those times live again, under our wondering eyes, by the help of the artist’s genius; and none can deny the immense value they are in helping the



younger generation to understand the fresh and racy humour of the text.

Mr. Sala very properly questions whether Cruikshank would have succeeded even with "Pickwick." "While," he adds, "to illustrate such works as 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and the later novels of Dickens, he would have been manifestly out of place," he might have "been in his element" with "Nicholas Nickleby." Thackeray, however, once pointed out that Cruikshank would never have managed to draw Sir Mulberry Hawk's cabriolet horse. But he was never more at home than in his illustrations to the life of his old Islington friend and boon companion, Joe Grimaldi, which Dickens unwillingly consented to edit for Mr. Bentley. Dickens put the manuscript in order, and strung it together—dictating connecting bits to his father, whom Mr. Forster describes as revelling in the work. John Dickens revelled in work as well as play; in a bowl of gin punch, which it was his delight to mix at the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, and over which I have heard him tell many a capital story, not more than in his work as first manager of the Parliamentary staff of the *Daily News*.

Dickens described the manuscript of the life of the celebrated clown as twaddle, and was astonished at its success. "Seventeen hundred Grimaldis have been already sold," he wrote to Forster, "and the demand increases daily!" Perhaps he did not rate at their full value George Cruikshank's etchings, which had a habit, in those days, of making "twaddle" palatable to the public very often. Over Grimaldi, Dickens and Cruikshank parted as author and artist; but they continued fast friends for many years after.





Grimaldi loses his Bet.—From "The Life of Grimaldi."





“The dustman’s cart offends thy clothes and eyes,  
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies.”

From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

## CHAPTER IX.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO HARRISON AINSWORTH’S ROMANCES.

EARLY in 1839, on the conclusion of “*Oliver Twist*,” Charles Dickens handed over the editorship of *Bentley’s Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth; and with this transfer, George Cruikshank’s etching-needle passed from the pages of the old to those of the new editor.

Cruikshank by no means stood alone as illustrator’ at the outset of *Bentley’s Miscellany*. Samuel Lover illustrated his own “*Handy Andy*,” and Buss and Phiz appeared as etchers. Dickens, in announcing vol. ii. in a theatrical address, said: “The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank.” In the second volume, by way of illustration to “*The Autobiography of a Joke*”—Dr. Charles Mackay’s first appearance; he tells me, as a magazine writer—Cruikshank drew one of his wonderful

jovial bottles dancing upon the table. It was in the third volume, beginning with the year 1838, that Cruikshank stood alone as illustrator. Early in 1839, Dickens transferred the editorship of the *Miscellany* to one of his "most intimate and valued friends," Mr. Ainsworth.

In the first volume of 1840 we find illustrations by Alfred Crowquill in the *Miscellany*; in the second volume of the same year Leech appeared, both on wood and steel. The woodcuts—especially one of "a highly respectable man"—are full of humour and fresh observation.

Extraordinary as the advance had been which Cruikshank had made by his powerful dramatic illustrations to "Oliver Twist," his illustrations to Mr. Ainsworth's romances, and particularly to "The Tower of London," and "Windsor Castle," and "The Miser's Daughter"—proved that he had yet higher laurels to win. His etchings on steel show a greatly superior technical handling to his earlier work with the needle. He obtained effects which Rembrandt would not have disdained. He showed for the first time that he could realize a middle distance, as well as a foreground and a background. And then he had in perfect subjection, and ready to his hand and mind, all the vast store of observation of men and things, he had been indefatigably accumulating from his boyhood. His plates to these three works are absolutely astonishing, when they are analysed, for the amount of original thought,—for the technical skill in rendering infinite varieties of light and shade, of emotion, of scenery,—which they comprehend.

It is deeply to be lamented that Cruikshank's con-







George Cruikshank

Turpin's Ride to York.

nection with Harrison Ainsworth\*—a connection in which the artist found some of his finest inspirations—was marred by quarrels, and was sundered finally with a controversy, which is the counterpart of that he engaged in with the biographer and the friends of Charles Dickens. I suspect that Thackeray involuntarily led Cruikshank to claim more than his proper share in the successes he and Harrison Ainsworth had together.

“With regard to the modern romance of ‘Jack Sheppard,’” Thackeray remarks, “in which Jonathan Wild makes a second appearance,† it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for a while, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down—let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale? George Cruikshank’s pictures—always George Cruikshank’s pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance; all the author’s laboured description of that event has passed clean away—we have only before the mind’s eye the fine plates of Cruikshank. The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist’s description is than the writer’s, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has; how awful

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\* Mr. Ainsworth died while this work was passing through the press (January 1882).

† Cruikshank also illustrated Fielding’s *Jonathan Wild*.

is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches—the murderers—are borne away with the stream.

“The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames; ‘the ripple of the water,’ ‘the darkling current,’ ‘the indistinctly seen craft,’ ‘the solemn shadows,’ and other phenomena visible on rivers at night, are detailed (with not unskilful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description. . . . See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth’s description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood’s dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.”

Thackeray rates these “Jack Sheppard” plates among the most finished and the most successful of Cruikshank’s performances; dwelling lovingly on the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. They bear witness to the minuteness as well as to the fidelity of the artist’s observation. Not the smallest

object, nor its proper place in his design, escapes his eye. He has stored up in the camera of his brain the many ways in which a chair may fall, as well as the thousand and one lights and shadows of expression which play upon a man's face as he progresses through the chapters of his life.

Thackeray, let it be said, was always unjust to Harrison Ainsworth. He caricatured him unmercifully in *Punch*, and never lost an opportunity of being amusing at his expense. His reasoning in regard to "Jack Sheppard" is manifestly unfair and unsound. "Jack Sheppard" was the natural sequence to "Rookwood," which, in popular parlance, had taken the town by storm, and had suddenly made the young author famous. "Dick Turpin's Ride to York" became the talk of all England. Colnaghi published a separate set of illustrations, by Hall, of the principal scenes described by Mr. Ainsworth. Cruikshank was called in only to furnish some illustrations to the second edition.

The success of "Rookwood" directed the mind of Bulwer to "Paul Clifford," and probably suggested to Dickens his "Oliver Twist." Even Cruikshank himself admits that "Jack Sheppard" was "originated" by the author. A fashion for highwaymen and burglars as heroes of romance had been set by Ainsworth; and Bulwer and Dickens dived into the haunts of thieves to get at their *argot*, or "patter flash,"\* and their ways of

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\* "I got my slang in a much easier way," said Mr. Ainsworth; "I picked up the memoirs of one Vaux—James Hardy Vaux—a returned transport. The book was full of adventures, and had at the end a kind of slang dictionary. Out of this I got all my 'patter.' Having read it thoroughly, and mastered it, I could use it with perfect facility."



thinking and acting. Both made great hits. "Paul Clifford" and "Oliver Twist" were the two books of the day. Mr. Ainsworth, irritated at the unceremonious manner in which his ground had been invaded, put forth "Jack Sheppard" (1839), on assuming the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*. It was as natural a step from "Rookwood," especially after "Paul Clifford" and "Oliver Twist," as chapter two is from chapter one. Mr. Ainsworth had his revenge upon the trespassers, for "Jack" threw "Oliver," for the moment, into the background. This gave umbrage to Mr. John Forster. Mr. Ainsworth says :—

"I am sorry to think that the success of 'Jack Sheppard' should have led him (Forster) to regard me as a momentary rival to his idol, but he assuredly treated me as one. My little burglar was certainly the lion of the day. The story was dramatised and played simultaneously at half-a-dozen theatres. Every street-boy yelled 'Nix my Dolly' and 'Jolly Nose,' and large profits were made by managers. My own share of theatrical plunder was only twenty pounds, sent me by Davidge, of the Coburg Theatre. From the Adelphi version, made by Buckstone, I never made a single sixpence, although it filled the house to overflowing, and people said that every errand-boy looked forward to the day when he should develop into a full-blown burglar."

It would be doing Cruikshank injustice to deny the attraction of his marvellous etchings, full of life, keen observation, and that happy dramatic power he had, which led him to feel and to embody the conception of of an author whom he illustrated; but, at the same time, it would be folly to accept at his own estimate his share in the "Jack Sheppard" success. Mrs.



Keeley has quite as strong a right to some of the common glory as George. It is surprising that he never laid claim to Paul Bedford's "Jolly Nose." \* While the excitement lasted, Cruikshank made no claim to any share in the story, and he enjoyed to the full the immense success of his etchings.

On the completion of "Jack Sheppard" and the "Tower of London," Cruikshank quarrelled with Mr. Bentley. † He had a tendency, as one of his best friends

\* G. Cruikshank lithographed an illustration to the "Jack Sheppard" quadrilles, "from Rodwell's celebrated romance," in which he represented Paul Bedford as Blueskin, Mrs. Keeley as Jack Sheppard, etc., dancing and singing in chorus, "Nix my dolly, pals." Mrs. Keeley remembers Cruikshank going behind the scenes to sketch her and Paul Bedford "in character," and she remarks that this was the only time she ever saw him.

† "The mention of his illustrations to 'Oliver Twist' led to some other talk concerning his connection with *Bentley's Miscellany*, and he expressed his interest when I told him that my first appearances in print were in the pages of that magazine, when I was yet in my 'teens,' my various contributions being in verse. But this was after he had ceased to illustrate it, and when the chief etchings for its pages were supplied by John Leech. He told me of his misunderstandings with Mr. Bentley, and he has referred to them, in a paper in his *Omnibus*, as follows: 'To "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard" I devoted my best exertions; but, so far from effecting a monopoly of my labours, the publisher in question (Mr. Bentley) has not, for a twelvemonth past, had from me more than a single plate for his monthly *Miscellany*, nor will he ever have more than that single plate per month, nor shall I ever illustrate any other work that he may publish.' These single plates that he here mentions are the poorest that ever proceeded from his etching-needle, and would appear to have been wilfully and defiantly badly drawn, under the compulsion of an agreement that the artist was bound to carry out. He lived, however, to execute other and better work for Mr. Bentley, notably some additional

has remarked, to quarrel with all persons with whom he had business relations; and when he did quarrel, his words knew no bounds. In his "Popgun" he has drawn himself holding a publisher by the nose with a pair of tongs.\* His temporary separation from Mr. Bentley led him to start a magazine of his own, the *Omnibus*, and to turn from Mr. Ainsworth to Laman Blanchard as literary co-operator. Of this presently.

On the retirement of Ainsworth from *Bentley's Miscellany*, business relations were resumed between himself and the artist; and Cruikshank was advertised as illustrator of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. And at this point Cruikshank passed from his humorous to his more ambitious and higher phase.

"The Tower of London" appears to have made a strong effect on Cruikshank's mind. In the *Omnibus* he drew some curious bits of observation of the wreck of that part of the Tower which the fire had attacked, and in his illustrations to Ainsworth's story he manifested a desire to express the historical power as an artist that was in him. He composed pictures free from exaggeration, and grand and impressive both in conception and treatment. Having substituted steel plates for copper, he felt

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illustrations to the evergreen 'Ingoldsby Legends.' Cruikshank used to place his watch upon the table and run his etching point over his design at the utmost speed. The outline made, he turned the plate over to his brother Robert, who finished it. Sands bit it up, and then it was forwarded to Bentley. The results fell so far short of George Cruikshank working *con amore*, that at last Mr. Bentley was content to set the unmanageable artist free. The secession of Cruikshank from the *Miscellany* made room for John Leech."—*Cuthbert Bede*.

\* The publisher threatened the artist with an action, and compelled him to withdraw the pamphlet from circulation.

that he was upon more lasting work, and he laboured hard to produce pictures of the highest finish. He was right: some of the finest work he has left lies between Ainsworth's pages, and indicates a range of power in the artist which he was never destined to prove fully. The fates had been against him in early life; and he was, although even much later he could not bring his eager and intrepid mind to admit it, too old to take his seat in an academy, and get through the drudgery, without which not even the most bountifully gifted artist can do himself justice. In these Rembrandt-like scenes in the Tower, he taught the world that his idea that he was a great historical painter who had lost his way, was no wild and vain fancy.

The new arrangement was one of the most lucrative Cruikshank ever enjoyed; he received forty pounds monthly for his plates. It opened a connection, during which Cruikshank executed, as he rightly believed, "a hundred and forty-four of the very best designs and etchings" he ever produced. It is a pity that such a connection should have ended in an unworthy quarrel in which Cruikshank, with his usual vehemence and wildness in statement, made charges against his author which it was utterly impossible for him to justify. He has described their relations in this way:—

"I must here first state that, as large sums of money had been realized from my ideas and suggestions for the work of 'Oliver Twist,' it occurred to me one day that I would try and get a little of the same material from the same source; and as Mr. Ainsworth and I were at that time upon the most friendly—I may say brotherly—terms, I suggested to him that we should jointly produce a work on our own account, and publish it in monthly

numbers, and get Mr. Bentley to join us as the publisher. Mr. Ainsworth was delighted with the idea of such a partnership, and at once acceded to the proposition; and when I told him I had a capital subject for the first work, he inquired what it was; and upon my telling him it was the Tower of London, with some incidents in the life of Lady Jane Grey, he was still more delighted; and I then told him that I had long since seen the room in the Tower where that beautiful and accomplished dear lady was imprisoned, and other parts of that fortress, to which the public were not admitted; and if he would then go with me to the Tower, I would show these places to him. He at once accepted my offer, and off we went to Hungerford Stairs, now the site of the Charing Cross Railway Station; and whilst waiting on the beach for a boat to go to London Bridge, we there met my dear friend, the late W. Jerdan, the well-known editor and part proprietor of the *Literary Gazette*, who inquired where we were going to. My reply was, that I was taking Mr. Ainsworth a prisoner to the Tower. With this joke we parted. I then took Mr. Ainsworth to the royal prison, and when we arrived there, I introduced him to my friend Mr. Stacey, the storekeeper, in whose department were these 'Chambers of Horrors'; and then and there did Mr. Ainsworth, for the first time, see the apartment in which the dear Lady Jane was placed until the day she was beheaded, or, in other words, the day on which she was murdered! and which place I had long before made sketches of, for the purpose of introducing them in a 'Life of Lady Jane Grey,' and which for many years I had intended to place before the public. I have now most distinctly to state that Mr. Ainsworth *wrote up*



to most of my suggestions and designs, although some of the subjects we jointly arranged, to introduce into the work; and I used every month to send him the tracings or outlines of the sketches or drawings from which I was making the etchings to illustrate the work, in order that he might write up to them, and that they should be accurately described." Cruikshank goes on to assert that the plates were printed before the letterpress was printed, and sometimes before the letterpress was written.

The "Tower of London" was a great success. Cruikshank states that, while it was running, one bookseller told him that if he and Ainsworth brought out "another work similar in style and interest," he would take 20,000 a month to begin with, while another offered to take 25,000, or even 30,000. On the completion of "The Tower," according to Cruikshank, he suggested to Ainsworth "The Plague and the Fire of London." "Oh!" exclaimed the author, "that is first-rate."

It was understood, Cruikshank states, that both author and artist should set to work on the new subject; but the author unceremoniously seized the artist's idea, and sold his story to the *Sunday Times*. After a time, on the intercession of their mutual friend Mr. Pettigrew, Cruikshank says that he consented to work again with the author who had stolen his idea. He even went further; he suggested another story to him, viz., "The Miser's Daughter," which he had intended to have worked out by another author in his *Omnibus*.

"The next romance by Mr. Ainsworth," says Cruikshank, "which appeared in his magazine, was 'Windsor



Castle,' and the illustrations to the *first part* of that work were done by Tony Johannot—the remainder by me; and I will now explain how it came to pass that we two brother artists came to be employed upon the same work. After Mr. Ainsworth had finished 'Old St. Paul's,' he, of course, wanted to produce another work, and to have it *illustrated*; and, as under the then existing circumstances he could not apply to me, he had to engage another artist. And why he did not employ Mr. Franklin on this occasion I know not, but I believe he went over to Paris, and engaged Tony Johannot to make the drawings and etchings for his 'Windsor Castle;' and these illustrations were done whilst I was working on my *Omnibus*. But whether he found this plan to be too inconvenient or otherwise, I cannot tell; but, as he induced my friend Pettigrew to come to me and negotiate for a 'treaty of peace,' it is, I think, pretty evident that he wanted the assistance of my head and hand work again. After 'Windsor Castle' came the 'Romance of St. James's; or, The Court of Queen Anne;' and *after that*, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth *sold his magazine* to his publishers! So it really appeared as if all this gentleman's promises, like pie-crust, were made to be broken; and, as in this instance, also, there was not any *written agreement*, the arrangements which he had made, and the engagements he had entered into with me when I agreed to work with him in his magazine, all broke down, and I, as it were, was again 'thrown overboard,' or 'left in the lurch.' And thus ended the second edition of this *author's extraordinary conduct towards the artist.*"

Cruikshank lays equal stress, in support of his pretensions, on the appearance (March 1842) of a draw-

ing made by him, at Ainsworth's suggestion, "of the 'author' and the 'artist' seated in council, or conversing together in his library." It is a charming sketch, and both portraits are excellent; but how it proves that the 'artist' did the author's work, or any part of it, as well as his own, it is difficult to conceive. Cruikshank asserted that "after the second edition of Mr. Ainsworth's extraordinary conduct," the penitent author again sent Mr. Pettigrew to entreat him to be friends once more, that they might resume work together. "When I heard this," says Cruikshank, "my friend the doctor found it was not at all necessary to *feel* my pulse; for he could plainly *see* that it beat *rather fiercely* when, in reply, I said, 'No, Pettigrew. Mr. Ainsworth has acted towards me in what I consider a most dishonourable manner upon *two* occasions, and I will take care that he shall not do so a *third* time."

To all this Mr. Harrison Ainsworth made answer:—

"A FEW WORDS ABOUT GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.\*

"On the production at the Adelphi Theatre of the late Mr. Andrew Halliday's drama, founded on the 'Miser's Daughter,' George Cruikshank sent a letter to the *Times*, loudly complaining of the omission of his name from the playbill, and asserting that he had suggested the title and general plan of the story.

"A more preposterous assertion was never made. Had there been any truth whatever in the claim thus impudently advanced, why was it not made long before? The story was written thirty years previ-

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\* This was Mr. Ainsworth's final explanation, addressed to B. J. for publication.

ously—namely, in 1842—and after that long interval the old artist sets up this absurd pretension.

“I believed him to be in his dotage, and was confirmed in the opinion when I found he laboured under a similar delusion in regard to ‘*Oliver Twist*.’

“For myself, I desire to state emphatically, that not a single line—not a word—in any of my novels was written by their illustrator, Cruikshank. In no instance did he even see a proof. The subjects were arranged with him early in the month, and about the fifteenth he used to send me tracings of the plates. That was all.

“As explanatory of the original design of the ‘*Miser’s Daughter*,’ as well as to dispose of Cruikshank’s unwarrantable assertion that he had furnished the original scheme of the story, I will now cite the preface to the cheap edition of the work, published in 1850, by Chapman and Hall. If Cruikshank had any claim to the authorship of the tale, why did he not make it then?

“‘To expose the folly and wickedness of accumulating wealth for no other purpose than to hoard it up, and to exhibit the utter misery of a being who should thus voluntarily surrender himself to the dominion of Mammon, is the chief object of these pages. And I believe they will be found to convey a useful lesson, and one not wholly inapplicable to the times; for though the Miser may now be a rarer character than heretofore, the greed of gain was never more generally indulged in, nor the worship of the golden calf more widely spread and less reprovèd than at present. I have shown that all high and generous feelings, all good principles, and even natural affection itself,

will become blunted, and in the end completely destroyed, by the inordinate and all-engrossing passion for gain: and I have shown the truth,—a truth borne out by the history of every such wretched votary of wealth. The sin carries its own punishment with it; and is made the means of chastising the sinner. Dead to every feeling except that of adding to his store, the miser becomes incapable of enjoyment except such as is afforded by the contemplation of his useless treasure, and at last he is deprived even of this selfish and unhallowed gratification, for dread of losing his gold far outweighs delight in its possession. Distrust of all around him darkens his declining days; those who should be dearest to him appear his worst enemies; he becomes a prey to the designer, until at length, while haunted by vague terrors, and despairingly clinging to his hoards, they are snatched from his grasp by the ruthless hand of death. ‘So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God.’

“Other and lighter portions of the tale refer to the adventures of a young man on his first introduction to town-life about the middle of the last century, when Ranelagh was in its zenith, and Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens in vogue; when the Thames boasted its Folly, and when coffee-houses filled the places of clubs. The descriptions I believe to be tolerably accurate, and they are at all events carefully done, with the view of giving a correct idea of the manners, habits, and pursuits of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. Temptations to pleasurable excess were no doubt sufficiently abundant then, but not more abundant than nowadays, when casinos

and other places of licentious resort are tolerated and our modern youth have as much to fear from the allurements of vice as their predecessors. Apart indeed, from a certain grossness in conversation, our forefathers were to the full as decorous as ourselves, and quite as moral, though they did not cloak their faults so carefully. Consequently, vice in those days was less dangerous, because less specious and more easily shunned than at a time when its ugliness is better concealed.

“It was part of my original scheme to describe the secret proceedings of the Jacobites in Lancashire and Cheshire, prior to the Rebellion of Forty-five, with Prince Charles’s entrance into Manchester in that memorable year, and the subsequent march to Derby.\* But I found these details incompatible with my main plan, and was therefore obliged to relinquish them; contenting myself with a slight sketch of a conspiracy in London, hatched by certain adherents of the young Chevalier. Cordwell Firebras is no fictitious personage.

“The incident of the payment of the mortgage-money is founded on fact. A similar occurrence took place about the period in question, and the paymaster was a proud Welsh baronet, as described, with a pedigree as old as the hills. The particulars were related to me by my excellent friend Mrs. Hughes, to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that in consequence of the alteration of the law respecting the foreclosure of

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\* This has since been done in the “Manchester Rebels,” published in 1873.



mortgages, such a circumstance could not take place now.'

"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Had Cruikshank been capable of constructing a story, why did he not exercise his talent when he had no connection with Mr. Dickens or myself? But I never heard of such a tale being published.

"I have been connected with many distinguished artists—with Sir John Gilbert, with Tony Johannot, with Hablot K. Browne, John Franklin, and others, and never heard that any one of them claimed a share in the authorship of the works he illustrated.

"But overweening vanity formed a strong part of Cruikshank's character. He boasted so much of the assistance he had rendered authors, that at last he believed he had written their works. Had he been connected with Fielding, he would no doubt have asserted that he wrote a great portion of 'Tom Jones.' Moreover, he was excessively troublesome and obtrusive in his suggestions. Mr. Dickens declared to me that he could not stand it, and should send him printed matter in future.

"It would be unjust, however, to deny that there was wonderful cleverness and quickness about Cruikshank, and I am indebted to him for many valuable hints and suggestions.

"While writing the 'Tower of London,' which first appeared in monthly numbers, I used always to spend a day with the artist at the beginning of each month in the Tower itself; and since every facility was afforded us by the authorities, we left no part of the old fortress unexplored. To these visits I look back with the greatest pleasure, and feel that I could not

have had a more agreeable companion than the then genial George Cruikshank.

“As an illustration of another part of the artist’s character, I may relate this little incident. On the completion of the ‘Tower,’ I gave a dinner at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, (where a good deal of the work had been written, the hotel being near the printing offices of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans,) to about sixty of my friends, including the Fort Major and Acting Governor of the Tower, the Keeper of the Regalia, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Dickens, Maclise, Barham, Forster, Laman Blanchard, James Crossley of Manchester, Grainger, John Hughes, and many others. George Cruikshank occupied the vice-chair. As the guests were dispersing, several of them adjourned to the coffee-room, and of these Cruikshank took charge, saying to me as I was about to drive home to the Harrow Road,—

“‘Now understand—this part of the entertainment is to be mine!’

“‘Very well,’ I replied. ‘So be it.’

“But he must have forgotten the proposition, since, if I recollect aright, I had a considerable sum to pay next morning for ‘coffee and cigars.’

“On the completion of the ‘Tower,’ I did not go on with Cruikshank, but contributed ‘Old Saint Paul’s’ to a weekly paper. This story—one of the most popular I have ever written—was republished in three volumes, with some admirable illustrations by John Franklin.

“Cruikshank’s illustrations to ‘Guy Fawkes,’ which appeared in the *Miscellany*, simultaneously with the ‘Tower,’ were very inferior to those furnished by him

for the latter story, and excited the ire of Mr. Bentley, with whom the artist had quarrelled. But the publisher's complaints were unheeded, as were my own remonstrances.

"On my retirement from the *Miscellany*, at the close of the year 1841, I resolved to bring out a magazine of my own, and with that view went to Paris to secure the famous Tony Johannot as illustrator of 'Windsor Castle,' a romance which I intended should form the principal feature of the proposed magazine.

"I found M. Tony Johannot a most charming person, as he had been described to me, and passed several pleasant days in his society. He agreed to send me four plates, the subjects of which I gave him, together with designs for the cover of the magazine, and the title-page of story, and performed his promise to my entire satisfaction.

"On my return I was induced by my friend Mr. Pettigrew to engage George Cruikshank as the illustrator of the magazine, on terms infinitely more advantageous to the artist than those he had received from Mr. Bentley for his illustrations to 'Jack Sheppard' and 'Guy Fawkes.'

"Now commenced 'The Miser's Daughter,' to which I have already adverted. This was succeeded by 'Windsor Castle,'—four of the illustrations being furnished, as already mentioned, by Tony Johannot, and the remainder by Cruikshank. The numerous woodcuts were executed by Alfred Delamotte.

"The last story of mine, illustrated by Cruikshank, was 'Saint James's, or the Court of Queen Anne,'

published in 1844. Since that date I saw very little of the artist.

“My first acquaintance with George Cruikshank occurred in 1835, when he made some capital illustrations to an edition of ‘Rookwood’ brought out by Mr. John Macrone, of St. James’s Square—a young and spirited publisher, whose premature death was much to be lamented.

“Next came ‘Jack Sheppard,’ which succeeded ‘Oliver Twist’ in *Bentley’s Miscellany*, and obtained an extraordinary success.

“From their Hogarthian character, and careful attention to detail, I consider these by far the best of Cruikshank’s designs. They raised him to a point he had never before attained.

“I think it proper to mention that more than a third of the work was written before Cruikshank began to illustrate it.

“Of Cruikshank as a teetotaler I can say nothing, because I saw nothing of him. When I knew him, he was extremely convivial, and used to sing a capital comic song, and dance the sailor’s hornpipe, almost as well as the great T. P. Cooke. Perhaps he may have rather exceeded the bounds of discretion, but if he took a little too much, he was hearty and good-humoured, and would never have boasted as he afterwards did of writing portions of ‘Oliver Twist’ and ‘The Miser’s Daughter.’

“W. H. A.”

Before parting finally with this most unpleasant part of my task, I must quote Cruikshank’s summing-up of

his pretensions in regard to Dickens and Ainsworth, to say nothing of "other men":—

"I now feel it necessary to inform the public that the usual or ordinary way of producing illustrated novels or romances is, for an author either to write out, *from his own ideas*, the whole of the tale, or in parts; the *manuscript* or *letterpress* of which is then handed to an artist, to *read and select* subjects from for his illustrations, or sometimes for the author to *suggest to the artist* such subjects, scenes, or parts, as he might wish to be illustrated. And I, being known generally only as an artist, or illustrator, it would therefore very naturally be supposed that, *in all cases*, I have merely worked out *other men's ideas*. But, if I have the opportunity, I shall be able to show that *other men have sometimes worked out my ideas*—but this will be for another occasion. And I will now explain that 'Oliver Twist,' 'The Tower of London,' 'The Miser's Daughter,' etc., were produced in an entirely different manner from what would be considered as the usual course; for *I, the artist, suggested to the authors of these works the original idea, or subject, for them to write out*—furnishing, at the same time, the *principal characters and the scenes*. And then, as the tale had to be produced in monthly parts, the *writer, or author*, and the artist, had every month to arrange and settle what scenes, or subjects, and characters were to be introduced; and the author had to *weave in* such scenes as I wished to represent, and sometimes I had to work out his suggestions.

"And as to Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's 'singular delusion' of an artist claiming to be the originator of works which he had merely illustrated, no more absurd or contemptible and rubbishing nonsense could ever be



conceived ; for no artist could possibly be in his right mind who would make such a claim, and it becomes a serious question as to whether any one who brings forth such nonsense can be in *his* right mind ; and if this *author* has really lost his memory, and as an invalid is suffering under '*singular delusions,*' he has my pity and commiseration.

"I lay no claim to anything that has *originated* from the mind of Mr. Ainsworth, or any other man ; but where the original idea has emanated from my own mind, that I feel I have a right to claim, and by that right I will stand firm ; and I trust that at no distant date I may be able to publish what I have already stated, to show the world how these ideas originated in my mind, and why I wished to place them before the public."

Cruikshank added that many friends, already passed away, would have vouched for the accuracy of the foregoing. He cited two, however, on whose testimony in his favour *I know* he would not have relied ; namely, Douglas Jerrold and Laman Blanchard. These had never heard of Cruikshank's claim as originator of "Oliver Twist," or any of Ainsworth's novels, for the good reason that they had died before he put it forth. Blanchard, indeed, had experience akin to that of Ainsworth. An old friend of his and mine returned lately from a twenty years' sojourn at the antipodes. I asked him if he remembered any incidents of the time when Laman Blanchard was editing the *Omnibus*. At first he could recall nothing, but after a long pause he said :

"All I remember is something very like a quarrel, one night, when Cruikshank was spending the evening at Blanchard's house. A friend praised a little poem that had appeared in the last number. Whereupon

Cruikshank remarked that it was his idea as well as his illustration.

“I don't call to mind another occasion,” said the traveller, “when I saw Blanchard give way to a violent fit of passion; but on this he did. The idea and the poem were one of his bright and graceful fancies; and he rose and denied that Cruikshank had had the least share in it, with a fierceness that confounded poor George.”



“Och! faix! never mind the weight of it, yer honour; I'll step along under it beautiful.”—From ‘More Mornings at Bow Street.’”

## CHAPTER X.

## "THE OMNIBUS."

IT was in 1841 that George Cruikshank, when at variance with Mr. Bentley, started a periodical on his own account. His friend Laman Blanchard, who was then one of the most popular essayists and political writers of the day, undertook the editorship.

The magazine opened in a thoroughly Cruikshankian style. There was a wondrously etched microcosm of the globe, which is accepted not only as one of the artist's technical triumphs, but as one of his happiest conceptions. The human race is epitomised within this circle, not much wider than a billiard ball. The sphere teems with many-sided life, etched with the "simple frankness" which Mr. P. G. Hamerton has described as the perfection of the art.\* Let me here note that the *Omnibus* etchings are the last by the artist upon copper. Then follows Cruikshank's portrait by Frank Stone, with his own very whimsical reply to Mr. Grant's sketch of him in "Portraits of Public Characters." To the story, "Frank Heartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago," that ran

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\* "In etchings of this class Cruikshank carries one great virtue of the art to perfection—its simple frankness. He is so direct and unaffected, that only those who know the difficulties of etching can appreciate the power that lies behind his unpretending skill; there is never, in his most admirable plates, the trace of a vain effort."—*Etching and Etchers*.

25 Tuesday 12 Feb 11.

My dear Blanchard

I have been hoping you  
would call. can you  
come over this afternoon  
if not today will you  
to morrow







through the twelve numbers of which the *Omnibus* consists, Cruikshank contributed some of his finest etched dramatic scenes: for example, "Frank and Sambo attacked by Ruffians in the Hold of the Tender," "Richard Brothers, the Prophet, at Mrs. Heartwell's,"\* and "Heartwell seizing Brady." Here too, is his famous "Jack O'Lantern." His light and humorous wood drawings scattered through the volume are full of fancy and wit. He drew dainty bits to Blanchard's graceful lyrics—"Love Seeking a Lodging," "Love has Legs" (a girl clipping Cupid's wings while he dozes by the fire), and "Love's Masquerade," for instance. Like Kenny Meadows, Cruikshank could draw the prettiest Cupids in the world.

Not even his "What is Taxes, Thomas?" is surpassed as a study by his "Two of a Trade"—the butcher boy and his dog, which is in the *Omnibus*.

"Oh! marvellous boy, what marvel when  
I met thy dog and thee,  
I marvelled if to dogs or men  
You traced your ancestry!

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\* "And in the talk about the *Omnibus*, at our first interview, he claimed, as his own suggestion and planning, its serial story, 'Frank Heartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago,' by Bowman Tiller, which he illustrated with powerful etchings. He said that the introduction, in that story, of Richard Brothers, the Prophet, was entirely due to him." This is open to doubt. Bowman Tiller was the famous old naval writer, Matthew Henry Barker, 'The Old Sailor'; whose name is by no means lost in obscurity, as Cuthbert Bede supposes. His 'Greenwich Hospital—a series of Naval Sketches,' illustrated by G. C., fetch a high price, whenever a copy gets into the market. That 'The Old Sailor's' name is not in Olphar Hamst's 'Handbook of Fictitious Names,' is proof of carelessness in the compiler, and not of the disappearance of the brave old salt's literary work.

“If changed from what you once were known,  
As sorrow turns to joy,  
The boy more like the dog had grown,  
The dog more like the boy.

“It would a prophet’s eyesight baulk,  
To see through time’s dark fog,  
If on four legs the boy will walk,  
Or if on two the dog.”\*

Thackeray and Captain Marryat (who drew some small cuts which Cruikshank copied), and Edward Howard, the author of “Rattlin the Reefer,” were among the contributors. Michael Angelo Titmarsh sent one of his most famous ballads—viz., “The King of Brentford’s Testament.” But the most sprightly and noteworthy feature of this first of the illustrated magazines was Mrs. Toddles, who is introduced with her feet in hot water, and with a glass of warm rum and water, with a bit of butter in it. She surely might have sat for Sairy Gamp, in Punch’s personification of the *Morning Herald*.

And here she is again, at Margate. She gets her feet wet; “but,” says her chronicler, “we dare say she would find a little drop of comfort, in the shape of *smuggled* Hollands at the lodgings.” Mrs. Toddles was no better, in her drinking, we fear, than Mrs. Gamp and her friend Betsy.

In the “Monument to Napoleon,” a famous Cruikshank idea, also in his *Omnibus*, we find the artist in his serious moralizing vein.

“On the removal of Napoleon’s remains,” he remarks, “I prepared this design for a monument; but

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\* Laman Blanchard.

it was not sent, because it was not wanted. There is this disadvantage about a design for *his* monument—it will suit nobody else. This could not, therefore, be converted into a tribute to the memory of the late distinguished philosopher, Muggeridge, head master of the Grammar-school at Birchley; nor into an embellishment for the mausoleum of the departed hero, Fitz Hogg of the Pipeclays. It very often happens, however, that when a monument to a great man turns out to be a misfit, it will, after a while, be found to suit some other great man as well as if his measure had been taken for it. Just add a few grains to the intellectual qualities, subtract a scruple or so from the moral attributes—let out the philanthropy a little, and take in the learning a bit—clip the public devotion, and throw an additional handful of virtues into the domestic scale—qualify the squint, in short, or turn the aquiline into a snub—these slight modifications observed, and any hero or philosopher may be fitted to a hair with a second-hand monumental design. The standing tribute, 'We *ne'er* shall look upon his like again,' is of course applicable in *every* case of greatness."

With this monument Cruikshank took his leave of "Boney." "As for me," he said in a note to his design, "who have skeletonised him prematurely, paring down the prodigy even to his hat and boots, I have but 'carried out' a principle adopted almost in my boyhood, for I can scarcely remember the time when I did not take some patriotic pleasure in persecuting the great enemy of England. Had he been less than that, I should have felt compunction for my cruelties; having tracked him through snow and through fire, by flood and by field, insulting, degrading, and deriding him

everywhere, and putting him to several humiliating deaths. All that time, however, he went on 'overing' the Pyramids and the Alps, as boys 'over' posts, and playing at leapfrog with the sovereigns of Europe, so as to kick a crown off at every spring he made—together with many crowns and sovereigns into my coffers. Deep, most deep, in a personal view of matters, are my obligations to the agitator—but what a debt the country *owes to him!*”

But the *Omnibus* did not pay—even with all the wit and humour, and pleasant story, and sport with folly as it flew, to be found in it. Moreover, by the close of the year, Cruikshank had renewed his connection with Mr. Ainsworth. Cruikshank has put on record that his *Omnibus* was begun in his disgust at the treatment he had received from Mr. Ainsworth, who had adopted his idea of a story on the Plague of London, and sold it to the proprietors of the *Sunday Times* for a thousand pounds. Then as to the stopping of the *Omnibus*, this is Cruikshank's own story:—

“It will now be necessary to state that the late Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, who was surgeon to their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, was a dear and intimate friend of mine, and that I had introduced Mr. Ainsworth to him, and that after I had been going on with my *Omnibus* for something less than twelve months, to my utter astonishment, my friend Pettigrew called upon me one day with a message from Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, to this effect, that he (Mr. Ainsworth) was extremely sorry that there had been any unpleasantness between us, and that if I would forgive him, and be friends, nothing of the kind should ever happen again; that he was about to start a monthly

magazine, and that if I would join him, and drive my ‘Omnibus’ into his magazine, he would take all the risk and responsibility upon himself, and make such arrangements as would compensate me liberally. To this most unexpected proposition at first I would not listen; but as my friend Pettigrew kept on for some time urging me to be friends again with Mr. Ainsworth, and as I am (as my friends say) in some cases rather *too good-natured* and forgiving, I *did* forgive Mr. Ainsworth, and ‘shake hands,’ and agree to work with him again. My *Omnibus*, in some respects, did merge into *Ainsworth’s Magazine*; but upon again joining with Mr. Ainsworth, I announced that the *Omnibus* would henceforth appear as an *annual*.”

In the last number of the *Omnibus*, Cruikshank announced that, having “resumed” an arrangement entered into “a twelvemonth ago with Mr. Harrison Ainsworth,” he could not continue his *Fireside Miscellany*—monthly. He ended with a pictorial joke. “If he and his literary associates,” he added, “should meet the reader as agreeably in an annual as in a monthly form, he trusted it would be as long as it was short.” The remark was illustrated by the square figure of a man.

The long and short of it, however, was, that the *Omnibus* never appeared again.

The following note will give the reader an idea of the activity of Cruikshank’s faculty of suggestion, which led him so often to advance unwarrantable claims as an originator. It is addressed to Laman Blanchard:—

“MY DEAR BLANCHARD,—

“Barker does not mean anything by ‘Unity.’



‘Unity Peacham’ is a *real* name somewhere in Westminster.

“That do-not-wish-to-be-known young gentleman has sent me a paper entitled ‘The Alamode Beef Shop.’ I have sent for him to suggest a series of papers upon ‘Eating Houses,’ or something of that sort, and will get him to make two or three alterations in this first paper, and will then send it to you. I think it would be desirable to have it in the neighbourhood; that is, if you think as favourably of it as does

“Yours truly,

“G. CRUIKSHANK.

“P.S.—Some one sent us a paper entitled ‘The Alamode Beef Shop.’ I think *he* ought to have a note stating that *he* has been *anticipated*, and that *we* do not allude to politics. I would keep that ‘Traveller’s Story’\* back. We can find some other trick to finish it with. You may use the ‘Hot Water’ in the ‘Chat’ if you like. I think also we had better omit those T-total cuts; they would come in well with the Confessions of a T-totaler?”

\* “Travellers’ Stories, or Travellers’ Tales, would make a good heading—a good *Peg*.” Where Cruikshank put up a peg he was inclined to claim any hat that was hung upon it.



Shaking a Doctor.—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”



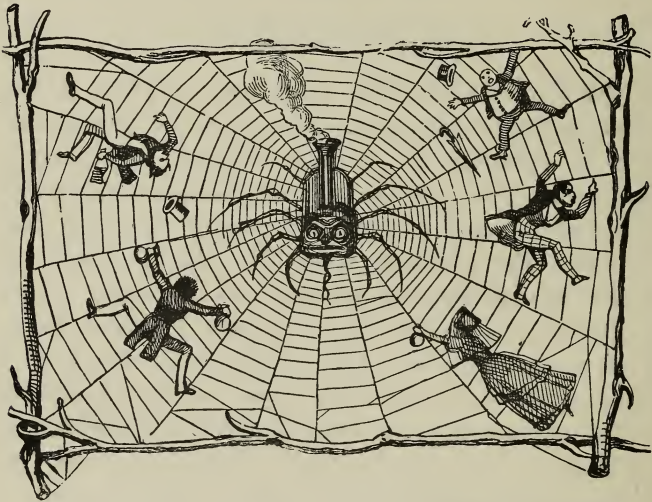
Fighting a Pint Pot

## CHAPTER XI.

### “THE COMIC ALMANACK.”

IN 1835 the late Mr. Tilt, publisher, of Fleet Street, started the Comic Almanack, and engaged George Cruikshank to illustrate it. It was a happy idea, exactly suited to the more popular side of the mood and genius of the artist; and Cruikshank entered upon his task with zest. For nineteen years this annual comic and satirical commentary on passing and probable events, not only furnished him with a regular income, giving him work on which he might reckon with certainty in estimating his very fluctuating resources; but it afforded him the opportunity, in which he always delighted, of recording in his own quaint, original manner, his opinions on the questions of the day. In the nineteen volumes to which the Almanack ran, there are nearly two hundred and fifty etchings by him; and among these there are some of his happiest bits of observation, of his shrewdest exposures of folly and vice and cant, and of his original fancy. After looking over these nineteen volumes, and noticing that the wit and earnestness of purpose are as fresh and strong in that of 1853 as in the first volume, the reader cannot refuse to endorse what Thackeray said of Cruikshank's

humour—viz., that it is so good and benevolent, any man must love it. While in his illustrations of books the many-sided artist continued to express his serious or tragic power, which Mr. Ruskin has asserted to be as great as his grotesque power, though warped by “habits of caricature”; in these pleasant annual volumes, in the letterpress of which he had the assistance of his friends, Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, Albert Smith, Robert



Judicium Astrologicum.—From “The Comic Almanack” for 1850.

Brough, Horace and Henry Mayhew, he maintained his original popularity with the laughter-loving section of the British public.

In 1835, when the first Almanack appeared, the water cure was amusing the public. Cruikshank’s first plate shows one enthusiast under the water-butt, another under a burst water-pipe, and a third in an elegant attitude, being pumped upon by his servant, and remarking, “Well, I could not have supposed that being

'pumped upon' was such a luxury! and so invigorating! And to think that so good a thing should hitherto have been thrown away upon *qui tam* attorneys, sprained ankles, and pickpockets!" Then Mr. Rigdum Funnidos (originated by the late Mr. Vizetelly, I am informed by his son Henry) enters upon the scene, and continues year after year to be the *nom de plume* of a succession of wits and humourists; and Cruikshank unfolds his series of plates of the months, each season being indicated by some humorous incident or some happy notes of observation of our London streets. The ice-carts and slides of January; the muddy streets and bustling postmen of St. Valentine's day,—how unlike (with their great leather bags) the postmen of our day! the winds of March outside Mr. Tilt's shop, blowing even a dog's tail over his back; showery April, with a wonderful group of Cockneys standing up; the sweeps of May-day; June, at the Royal Academy—a bit of Cruikshank at his brightest; July, in Vauxhall Gardens, with the band in cocked hats, and the famous master of the ceremonies in pumps; Cruikshank's old friend, the dustman, eating his first oyster in August; Greenwich Fair in September; going into the country by the stage coaches in October; Guy Fawkes in November; and the Christmas pudding, with a laughing company welcoming it, in December. As pictures of the humorous side of London life upwards of forty years ago, these spirited etchings, which teem with life, are invaluable.

The fun of Mr. Rigdum Funnidos was of a kind that has found many imitators. In the "proceedings of learned societies" we find that the fossil remains of an antediluvian pawnbroker had been dug up within

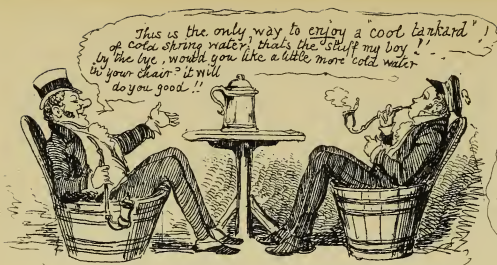


a mile of Hog's Norton ; that a successful method of converting stones into bread has been transmitted to the New Poor Law Commissioners, and a three-and-sixpenny medal presented to the ingenious discoverer thereof ; then that a laborious investigator has reckoned that there are exactly nine million one hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-three hairs on a tom-cat's tail, which he defies all the zoologists of Europe to disprove. Later on (1839-40) Thackeray contributed "Stubbs's Diary" and "Barber Cox, and the Cutting of his Comb," to the pages of Funnidos. From the first, Cruikshank hit hard at quacks and shams. The first almanack has an "advertisement extraordinary" of the "British Humbug College of Health," and some amusing testimonials from Gudgeon and Gosling, who have been cured by "Morising Pills." The moral at the close of the almanack is, "While we venerate what is deserving of veneration, let us not forget that quackery, knavery, bigotry, and superstition always merit exposure and castigation."

The versatility and the perennial vigour and vivacity of Cruikshank's genius is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the variety with which he has treated of the seasons in the Comic Almanack. One year March is illustrated by a meeting of workmen going to work, and roysterers returning home, day and night being nearly equal. Next March the cook is tossing pancakes. April is now shown upon the famous hill in Greenwich Park, and now in a wet return from the races. One November we have Lord Mayor's Day, with one of Cruikshank's dense crowds, and the next year we are treated to a delicious bit of humour—the Guys in council over the gunpowder plot. May now



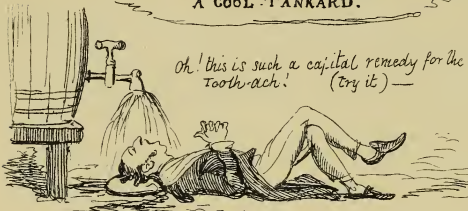




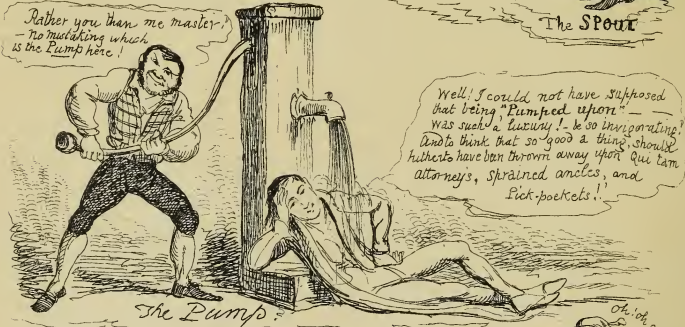
"COOL TANKARD."



The Spout



The Water Butt



The Pump



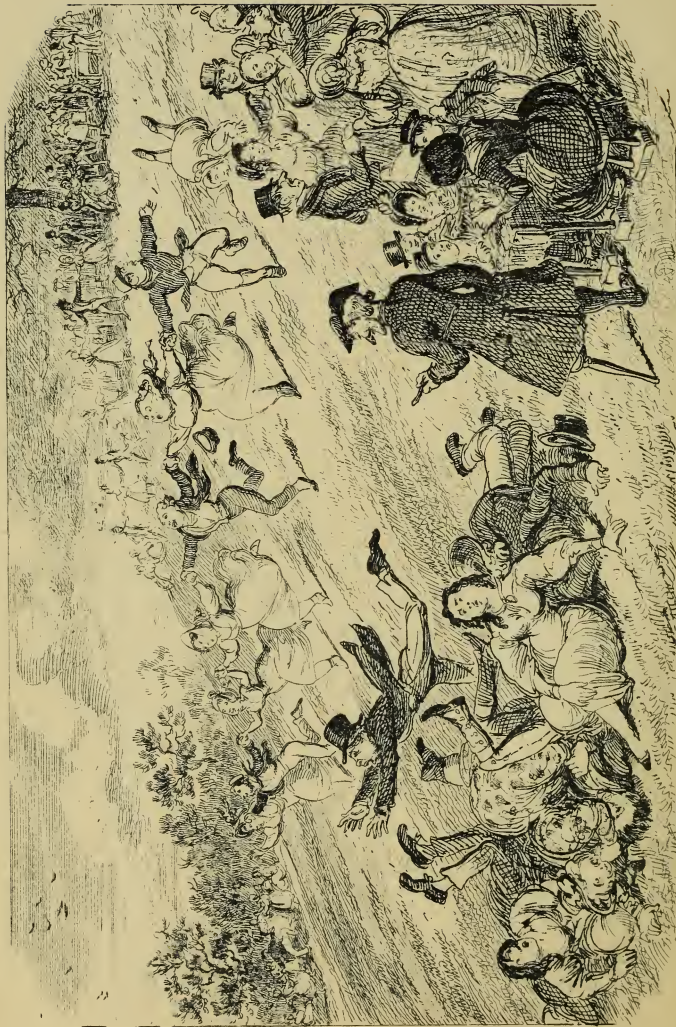
The Water Bed



The Ice Pail

George Brinkshank





George Cruikshank

APRIL. — Greenwich Park.

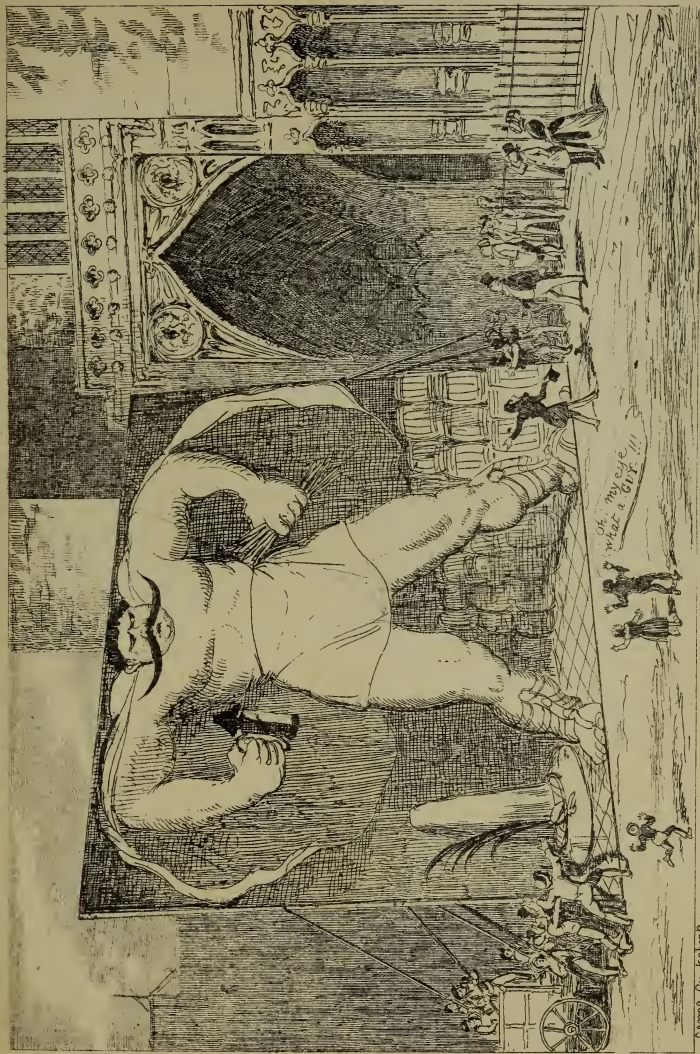
furnishes the artist with one of his happiest bits of suburban scenery, "all a-growing,"—a housewife exchanging old garments for spring flowers; and now such a crowd of lean-shanked charity boys, with such a beadle as only the "inimitable George" could draw before Leech's time, are beating the bounds. July furnishes a whimsical scene of the dog-days—with London dogs fighting, drawing carts, playing Toby in a Punch and Judy show, running under a truck, and an aristocratic dog looking haughtily down from a first-floor window. (Landseer took more than one hint from Cruikshank's animals.) June "down at Beulah," a December dance; May "settling for the Derby"—a wonderful assemblage of broad and long faces; July at the seaside, with cockneys donkey-riding—"long days and long ears;" a November fog; December—"a swallow at Christmas," a procession of the many substantial items of Christmas cheer, making a procession into the prodigious maw of John Bull. The fountain of humour is inexhaustible. The satirical contrasts, also, are capital. Premium, a smart gentleman, with the ladies smiling upon him; Discount, in the dumps, and shabby, with the ladies' backs resolutely turned towards him. The Parlour and the Cellar, each getting drunk after its fashion. The "Shop and the Shay," two delightful bits of London life. Then there is the British Museum in 2043, with a gibbet, the pillory, a stage coachman, a Whig, a Tory, and a tax-gatherer's book among the curiosities.

In 1844, Cruikshank began a series of large folding drawings, with a most humorous etching of the probable effects of over-female emigration. An importation of the fair sex from the savage islands has been effected,



“in consequence of exporting all our own to Australia;” and the dark ladies are making eyes at a crowd of anxious men, who are advancing towards them, while in the distance would-be husbands are running to the scene. The faces of the imported squaws on shore, as well as those in the boats, being landed from the big ship, are the creations of a most searching humorous observer. Cruikshank’s cartoon of Guy Fawkes treated classically is wonderfully funny. The artist explained it himself in his own rough fantastic way.

“Having been advised,” he said, “by my friends to publish a sketch of my cartoon” (the great cartoon competition for the Houses of Parliament was going on in 1844) “intended for exhibition at Westminster Hall, I think the public, upon seeing it, will require some explanation of it. The subject has often been treated, and sometimes rather ill-treated, by preceding artists. Being forcibly struck by the grand classical style, I have aimed at it, and I trust I have succeeded in hitting it. At all events, if I have not quite come up to the mark, I have had a good bold fling at it. The first thing I thought it necessary to think of (though, by-the-bye, it is generally the last thing thought of in historical painting) was to get a faithful portrait of the principal character. For that purpose I determined to study nature, and strolled about London and the suburbs on the 5th of November, in search of a likeness of Fawkes, caring little under what Guys it might be presented to me. Unfortunately, some had long noses and some had short; so, putting this and that together, the long and the short of it is, that I determined on adopting a living prototype, who has been blowing up both Houses of Parliament for several



George Cruikshank

Guy Fawkes treated Classically—An Unexhibited Cartoon



years, and if not a Guy Fawkes in other respects, is at least famous for encouraging forking out on the part of others. Having got over the preliminary difficulty, I set to work upon my cartoon; and being resolved to make it a greater work than had ever before been known, I forgot the prescribed size, for my head was far above the consideration of mere fact, and I did not reflect, that where Parliament had given an inch, I was taking an ell as the very lowest estimate. Having strolled towards Westminster Hall to survey the scene of my future triumphs, it struck me that I had carried the grand classical to such a height as to preclude all chance of my cartoon being got in through the doorway; and I therefore, with the promptitude of a Richard the Third, determined to 'off with his head' by taking a slice off the top of the canvas. This necessary piece of execution rather spoiled the design, but it enabled me to throw a heaviness into the brows of my principal figure, which, if it marred the resemblance to Fawkes, gave him an additional look of the Guy at all events. It then occurred to me that I might further diminish the dimensions by taking a couple of feet off the legs; and this happy idea enabled me to carry out the historical notion that Fawkes was the mere tool of others, in which case, to cramp him in the understanding must be considered a nice blending of the false in the art with the true in nature. The Guy's feet were accordingly foreshortened, till I left him as he appeared when trying to defend himself at his trial, with hardly a leg to stand upon. Besides, I knew I could frescoe out his calves in fine style, when I once got permission to turn the fruit of my labours into wall fruit on the inside of the Houses of Parliament.



“It will now be naturally asked why my cartoon was not exhibited with others, some of which were equally monstrous, in the Hall of Westminster. The fact is, if the truth must out, the cartoon would not go in. Though I had cramped my genius already to suit the views of the Commissioners and the size of the door, I found I must have stooped much lower if I had resolved on finding admittance for my work. I wrote at once to the Woods and Forests, calling upon them to widen the door for genius, by taking down a portion of the wall; but it will hardly be believed, that though there were, at the time, plenty of workmen about the building, no answer was returned to my request. Alas! it is all very well to sing, as they do in *Der Freischütz*, ‘Through the Woods and through the Forests,’ but towards me the Woods and Forests proved themselves utterly impenetrable.

“It will be seen that the arch-conspirator—for so I must continue to call him, though he could not be got into the archway—has placed his hat upon the ground, a little point in which I have blended imagination with history, and both with convenience. The imagination suggests that such a villain ought not to wear his hat; history does not say that he did, which is as much as to hint that he didn’t; while convenience, coming to the aid of both, renders it necessary for his hat to lie upon the ground; for if I had tried to place it on his head, there would have been no room for it. There was one gratifying circumstance connected with this cartoon, which, in spite of my being charged with vanity, I must repeat. As it was carried through the streets, it seemed to be generally understood and appreciated; every one, even children, exclaiming as it passed, ‘Oh! there’s a Guy!’

“GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.”







Tonk not. Taste not — if you must take any thing — take the Plodge.

— Dost thou think, because thou art intemperate, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Pray take a Chair Sir, and taste my home made wine. — or a glass of our Home Brewed Ale

Why you see old Gent the case is this: the Ladies insist upon my singing of Comic Song; & I would like to know how I am to manage that over a glass of Champagne?

Won't you allow a old gentleman a little more 'Clarinet' this card night?

FATHER MATHEW - An-ice man for a small party

George Cruikshank

There was some bitterness in this jesting; for Cruikshank felt conscious of the latent power to execute a cartoon about which there should have been no buffoonery. Alas! his lines had been cast in humble places. He had lived to earn his bread from day to day in the grotesque market; and the solemn and poetic side of his genius had been left unworked, or had been only partially and fitfully developed as he became an illustrator of books.

In the Almanack which included the Guy Fawkes cartoon appeared Cruikshank's Father Mathew, an ice man for a small party. Father Mathew appears in the shape of a pump or filter to a convivial domestic circle, and holds parley with them. The animated pump, with the extended handle for a warning arm, and the spout for a nose, is an old Cruikshankian figure. "Touch not—taste not," says the preacher-pump: "if you *must* take anything, take the Pledge."

Paterfamilias, with a severe frown and aggressive attitude, has turned upon the intruder. "Dost thou think," he says, "because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Pater's friend is more insinuating, and has an excuse. "Why, you see, old gent," he remarks, "the case is this—the ladies insist upon my singing a comic song, and I should like to know how I am to manage that over a glass of pump-water." The grandfather pleads: "Won't you allow an old gentleman a little warm elder wine this cold night?" And the buxom lady of the house is coaxing: "Pray take a chair, sir, and taste my home-made wine, or a glass of our home-brewed ale." These suggested compromises expressed very faithfully the mood of the artist's mind at the time. His sympathies inclined him towards the Apostle of Temperance; but he was not yet pre-

pared to go over, body and soul, to the cause. The picture is accompanied by an "Ode to Father Mathew," conceived in a spirit of hearty opposition, that only goes towards proving that Cruikshank was at the half-way house of elder and home-made wines and home-brewed beer, between the punch bowl and the pump. The ode is in the fine old style :—

“Oh, Father Mathew! why dost thou incline  
 Against all spirits thus to whine?  
 To preach against good liquor is a scandal.  
 Why to such rash conclusions jump—  
 To airy, dull, unsocial pump,  
 Why give a handle?  
 Water is very well—but then 'tis known  
 That well is always better let alone.  
 Washing is water's only function,  
 Save when a little drop poured in  
 To brandy, whisky, rum, or gin,  
 Makes glorious grand junction.”

The kindly humorist's etching-needle was inspired by every good cause. These Almanacks have all morals underlying the fun. Cruikshank liked to have an object in view. No class, no creature was too humble for his sympathy. Landseer never drew anything better than the plate of the Dog-Days—suggested by "the Dogs Bill" of 1843. Two hard-working, very radical dogs who are drawing a truckful of hardware, scowl at a pair of genteel dogs, extravagantly arrayed, and smoking cigars, who cross their path. First radical dog says he believes they don't know the side "their tails hang on," they are so proud—adding, "Why, a cousin of mine, as lives at Barking, tells me as how the celebrated dog Billy has grown so proud that he has *declined* to







"MY WIFE IS A WOMAN OF MIND."

George Cruikshank

kill any more rats. And as to cigars! why bless you, there ain't a *Puppy* about Town but wot has got a cigar stuck in his mouth." In a corner a watch-dog and a dancing dog are talking over their grievances; while in the distance a lady tells her footman to take care her spaniel, Duchess, does not get her feet wet. The dogs are inimitable. Bloomers, crinoline, over-population (a Cruikshankian plate showing the housetops covered with the superabundant humanity), the "steamed-out" stage-coachman, the "fast man," female parliaments, baby-jumpers, cheap excursion trains, taking the census, the effect of the Peace Society (a regiment hay-making), Jullien as the President of the French Republic, "with entire new politics and polkas," a pack of knaves, being a meeting of the betting interest,—these are but a few notable pictures of the crowded gallery. Cruikshank revelled in the fun, and sought to extract wisdom from it. He had an old-fashioned idea of woman and her rights, and was sharp with his needle over female suffrage, ladies in pantalettes, and women of mind. Henry Mayhew wrote some verses on a woman of mind, during one of the years of his editorship (1847), beginning, —

"My wife is a woman of mind,  
 And Deville, who examined her bumps,  
 Vow'd that never were found in a woman  
 Such large intellectual lumps.  
 'Ideality' big as an egg,  
 With 'Causality'—great—was combined;  
 He charg'd me ten shillings, and said,  
 'Sir, your wife is a woman of mind.'"

Cruikshank's picture of her is one of his stereotyped, ill-favoured, stuck-up, figureless ladies, of whom a

friend said one day, when looking over some sketches in Amwell Street, "Why, George, your females are all shaped like hour-glasses."

For pure fun nothing could be better than the "Banquet of the Black Dolls," in commemoration of the reduction of the Duty on Rags. The doll who occupies the chair has before her a *Grand Potage de Dripping*, and the *menu* includes *Pâté de Horseshoes*, *Omelette de Old Iron*, *Bones Boil-é*, *Rag-out de Superior White Linen Rag*, *Fricassée de Broken Glass*, and *Poudin Kitchen Stuff*.

The arrival of Tom Thumb, and his reception by the *élite* of society, as the bills said, and the brilliant court he held under a shower of John Bull's gold in Piccadilly, suggested two scenes to hard-working and most moderately-paid Cruikshank. The first is called "Born a Genius." In a garret a poor artist sits in despair and poverty—his empty plate upon the table, his tattered boots upon the floor. The second is called "Born a Dwarf." The little man reclines upon a sofa, with a jewel-case and full money-bags beside him. He toys with a trinket, having finished his foie-gras and champagne. His splendid top-boots are at hand; and against the wall are pictures of Thumb Castle, and the general in his chariot. Cruikshank thought this over, possibly, with some sadness, remembering all he had already done to amuse this same public, which was casting to the dwarf of Piccadilly daily more than the genius of Islington could command by a month's patient labour over his *plates and blocks*.

Punch's Almanack, in the end, superseded the Comic Almanack.

Cruikshank was pressed by Mark Lemon to draw





BORN A GENIUS



BORN A DWARF.

*James G. Smeekman*





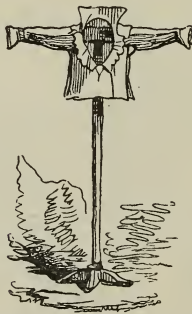
for *Punch* on his own terms. But he peremptorily declined. He had seen inexcusable personalities in the paper, he remarked; and when Lemon said to him, "We shall have you yet," George shouted in reply, striking one of his theatrical attitudes, "NEVER!" He had repented of his early days of unscrupulous



Vox Murtorum, Vox Stultorum.—From "The Comic Almanack" for 1836.

caricature. It must be remembered, always to Cruikshank's lasting honour, that, his wild youth past, he refused scores of tempting offers of work that did not quite commend itself to his conscience. He used to say he would illustrate nothing which he did not feel.

Later, when *Punch* good-naturedly rallied him on his temperance eccentricities, he declared that he had a great mind to go down to Fleet Street "and knock the old rascal's wooden head about."



A Shirt Case.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."



Lord B—— spurning the world.—From “Rejected Addresses.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### “LORD BATEMAN” AND “THE TABLE BOOK.”

BETWEEN 1837 and 1847, in addition to his work with Dickens and Ainsworth, and in his *Omnibus* and “Comic Almanack,” Cruikshank threw off some of his most popular minor drawings and etchings. Within this decade he etched many of his plates for the “Waverley Novels,” he illustrated “Peter Parley’s Tales about Christmas,” “Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote” (1837), “More Hints on Etiquette” (1838), “Lympsfeld and its Environs” (1838), “The Life of Mansie Wauch (1838) for Blackwood, “Land-Sharks and Sea-Gulls” (1838), “Rejected Addresses” (1838), “Out and About,” a boy’s adventures, by Hain Friswell (1840), John O’Neill’s poem of “The Drunkard” (1842), Dibdin’s Songs (1841-2), “Picnic Papers” (1841), edited by Dickens; Douglas Jerrold’s “Cakes and Ale” (1842), “Modern Chivalry, or a new Orlando Furioso” (1843); Martin’s “Vagaries,” a

sequel to "A Tale of a Tub" (1843); "The Bachelor's own Book, or the Life of Mr. Lambkin, gent" (1844); Harry Lorrequer's "Arthur O'Leary" (1844); Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion" (1845), "The Old Sailor's Jolly Boat" (1845), "The Comic Blackstone" (1846), Mrs. Gore's "Snow-Storm" and "New Year's Day" (1845), "Our Own Times" (1845), The Brothers Mayhew's "Greatest Plague of Life" (1847), "The Emigrant," by Sir Francis Head, Captain Chamier's "Ben Brace" (1847), "Nights at Mess," and Laman



Triumph of Cupid. Copy of an ancient seal in the possession of the Bateman Family.—From "The Table Book."

Blanchard's "Sketches from Life." He also began his capital illustrations to "The Ingoldsby Legends," in *Bentley's Miscellany*. To this period, also, his well-known "John Gilpin" and "Lord Bateman" (1839) belong.

According to Mr. Walter Hamilton, the history of the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" is, that George Cruikshank "sang the old English ballad," in the manner of a street-ballad singer, at a dinner of the Antiquarian Society, at which Dickens and



Thackeray were present. The latter is reported to have remarked, “I should like to print that ballad, with illustrations.” But Cruikshank warned him off, saying that this was exactly what he himself had resolved to do. The original ballad was much longer than that which Cruikshank illustrated, and to which Charles Dickens furnished humorous notes; and was not comic in any respect. Mr. Sala’s version is the more *vraisemblant* :—

“The authorship of the ballad itself, which has furnished the basis for no less than three theatrical burlesques—one by a forgotten dramatist at the Strand, another by Robert Brough at the Adelphi, and a third by Henry J. Byron at the Globe—is involved in mystery. George Cruikshank’s assertion, and one to which he doggedly adhered, was that he heard the song sung one night by an itinerant minstrel outside a public-house near Battle Bridge; and that he subsequently chanted and ‘performed’ (George was as good as any play, or as a story-teller in a Moorish coffee-house, at ‘performing’) the ditty to Charles Dickens, who was so delighted with it that he persuaded George to publish it, adorned with copper-plates. But internal evidence would seem to be against the entire authenticity of the artist’s version. That he had heard some doggerel sung outside a tavern, and relating to Lord Bateman, is likely enough. ‘Vilikins and his Dinah’ was a popular street *chanson* years before it was immortalised by Robson in *Jem Baggs*. George Cruikshank’s error, it strikes us, was more one of omission than of commission. He may have lyrically narrated the adventures of the ‘Noble Lord of High Degree’ to Dickens; but he assuredly warbled and



‘performed’ them too in the presence of Thackeray, who in all probability ‘revised and settled’ the words, and made them fit for publication. Nobody but Thackeray could have written those lines about ‘The young bride’s mother, who never before was heard to speak so free,’ and in the ‘Proud Young Porter’ all Titmarshian students must recognise the embryo type of James de la Pluche.”

“Lord Bateman” was Cruikshank’s delight. The exquisite foolery expressed in his plates of this eccentric nobleman he would act, at any moment, in any place, to the end of his life. Mr. Percival Leigh remembers a characteristic scene at the Cheshire Cheese tavern, in Fleet Street, about 1842 or 1843. “This,”\* he says, “was in G. C.’s pre-teetotal period. After dinner came drink and smoke, of course; and G. C. was induced to sing ‘Billy Taylor,’ which he did with grotesque expression and action, varied to suit the words. He likewise sang ‘Lord Bateman,’ in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat flung cloak-wise over his left arm, whilst he paced up and down, disporting himself with a walking-stick, after the manner of the noble lord, as represented in his illustration to the ballad.”

Six-and-twenty years afterwards we find the bright-hearted old man still with spirits enough for his favourite part.

“One day,” says Mr. Frederick Locker, “he asked us to tea, and to hear him sing ‘Lord Bateman’ *in character*, which he did to our infinite delight. He posed in the costume of that deeply interesting but somewhat mysterious nobleman. I am often re-

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\* Letter to B. J., Feb. 18, 1878.

minded of the circumstance; for I have a copy of Lord Bateman’ (1851), and on the false title is written—

‘This Evening, July 13, 1868,

I sang

LORD BATEMAN

to

My dear little friend Eleanor Locker.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.’\*<sup>o</sup>

This in his seventy-sixth year!

Within the busy decade, 1837—1847, Cruikshank executed many separate etchings for *Bentley’s Miscellany* and *Ainsworth’s Magazine*. His work is to be found scattered far and wide. One month he appears as the illustrator of a humorous song or scene by J. Blewitt—“The Matrimonial Ladder” (the ladder was a favourite form with him for conveying the various aspects of a subject)—or Keeley in the new comic song of “Wery Ridiculous”; the next he is the whimsical illustrator of Beaufoy’s Advertisement of his Cure for the Toothache—wood drawings engraved by Orrin Smith. Nor had he quite put aside his habit of expressing himself pictorially on political events. In 1843 he published, from Mr. David Bogue’s shop in Fleet Street, a separate design entitled “The Queen and the Union. No Repeal! No O’Connell!” It was a woodcut enclosing text in type, the text being Cruikshank’s own declamation against the Irish Agitator. Britannia and Erin are represented in the drawing seated, with joined hands, on the shores of

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\* Letter from Mr. Frederick Locker to B. J., March 26, 1878.

the Channel; while the "blustering, foul-mouthed bully, with one foot on Britannia's shoulder, and the other on Erin's harp, has raised an axe to sunder the friends." Frontispieces and covers he designed by the score,—now to "A Tale of a Comical Stick," and now to *The Yorkshireman*, a religious and literary journal; and now again a headpiece to one of Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character," or a frontispiece to a book on "Prisons and Prisoners." To every item of this extraordinary quantity and variety of pictorial labour Cruikshank gave his utmost energy. He was a most faithful worker, who never stinted himself, even when the humblest or least important subject was in hand. Let me note, however, some exceptions.

In 1843 he had quarrelled with Mr. Bentley, and being bound still to supply him with six more plates, he purposely put bad work in them. This was his revenge—and to the end of his life he never perceived the fault he committed in this act. "One day," says Mr. Locker,\* "at my house, he explained how these (the bad etchings) had been etched. It appears that he had quarrelled with Mr. Richard Bentley (he was a singularly kind-hearted man, but, I fancy, had a somewhat remarkable faculty for quarrelling with almost every one with whom he was connected in business), and was obliged to fulfil his contract to supply an etching for each monthly number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and he did them as badly as he possibly could, and etched his name under them so illegibly as to be quite indecipherable: 'And,' said he, 'I used to take out my watch, and put it beside

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\* Letter to B. J.



The Outlaw's Burial.—From "Sketches of Irish Character."





me on the table, and give myself just—’ (mentioning the number of minutes) ‘for each plate.’”

It was after another and a final parting from Mr. Ainsworth, on the sale of his magazine, that Cruikshank, “left in the lurch,” to use his own phrase, started his “Table-Book,” with Gilbert à Beckett as editor, and Bradbury and Evans as printers and publishers. The artist has put on record the manner in which he and the eminent Whitefriars firm came together:—

“I will not go into the details of how I assisted this



From “The Table Book.”

author (Ainsworth) with head and hand work in these novels, but I did my best to design and suggest; and my time was so much occupied in performing this duty, and also with some other matters, that I was not able to bring out my *Omnibus* as an *annual*, as I had intended to have done; but I now determined to bring it out again in monthly numbers; and as Bradbury and Evans (the fathers of the present firm) had printed that work for me, I went to their office to see what stock there was of the *Omnibus* on hand, and to make arrangements for the republishing of it; and when I

mentioned this to my friend Bradbury, he said, 'Ah, it is a pity that work was ever stopped; we should have been glad to have bought it of you, and will buy it now, if you would like to sell it.' I replied that I did not wish to dispose of it, but if they would like to join me, I should be glad to have them as partners. 'Agreed,' said both Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Evans; and as these friends of mine were *men of business*, as well as *gentlemen and men of honour*, in this case there was a written agreement clearly and legally drawn out, and duly signed by both parties. But their engagements at that time were so many, that a considerable time elapsed before arrangements could be made for the republishing of the *Omnibus*; so they then suggested, as it was such a long time since my *Omnibus* had been *on the road*, that it would, perhaps, be better to start another vehicle of the *same build*, but under another name. To this I agreed; and thus originated 'The Table Book,' which was edited by my friends the late Gilbert à Beckett and Mark Lemon."

The "Table Book" includes two of Cruikshank's most powerful and perfect etchings—viz., "The Triumph of Cupid" and "The Folly of Crime." The fertility of imagination manifest in "The Triumph of Cupid" is amazing. The execution is that of an original master. No man who ever held an etching-needle has surpassed the truth and beauty and boldness of the touches by which hundreds of figures live, a happy tumultuous throng, in this octavo plate. The central figure is the artist, in slippers and embroidered dressing-gown, before his fire, smoking a handsome meerschäum pipe, gazing abstractedly into the fire; and upon the cloud of smoke from his lips, his dreams of

the triumphs of Cupid rise till they fill the room. Cupid perches himself upon his foot, and toasts a heart at the fire ; jumps upon the back of Old Time who bears the clock upon the mantelpiece ; is enthroned in a triumphal car, with kings and princes, bishops and generals, lawyers and stock-jobbers, drummer-boys and jack-tars and sweeps, clown and harlequin, and even slippered pantaloons, and Chelsea pensioners upon wooden stumps, for his court. The car is drawn by subdued lions and leopards.

The blind beggar is waylaid by the little god, and brought to the ground. He has floored a dustman on his rounds. He makes the Great Mogul sue for mercy. He drags a little black page from under the armchair, and puts gyves upon his wrists. All is clearly and beautifully grouped, and frankly and boldly, and at the same time delicately, drawn. It is as precise and luminous as Dürer. It is perfect etching, by one who knew the limits as well as all the capabilities of his exquisite art.

“The Folly of Crime” has been not extravagantly described by a writer in the *London Quarterly Review* (1873) as a very great work indeed. He says it is perhaps the artist’s highest effort : I should rather say it suggests an undeveloped power of the highest order—albeit the management of the direct and reflected lights is most admirable, and the skill throughout is consummate. “Without lingering over the framework of lesser groups, though these are sufficiently impressive,” says the reviewer, “let us go straight to the central picture. A murdered man lies stark in the shadow. The murderer springs forward to catch at a bowl of pearls, snake-like and seemingly incandescent, that are borne

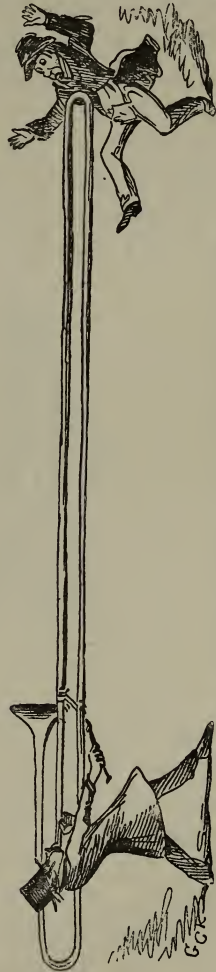
swayingly before him on the head of a grinning fiend. The ground smiles at his feet. He falls, and, as he falls, the light from the pit leaps up, catching his bloody hand, and the fatal knife, and the long ears of his fool's-cap, and gleaming in his despairing eyes ; while all the air is filled with chattering and mowing demons, whose eyes and teeth also glitter white and cruel. And the horror of the man's face is terrible." The little morals framed around the central picture complete the awful story. The murderer lies—always wearing the fool's-cap—in his bed, with a heavy weight upon his chest, snakes hissing in his ears, and the scales of justice held steady before his eyes. He is upon the treadmill. He crouches in a corner of the condemned cell. A convict, he carries a weighty burden upon his shoulders, marked "for life."

The many light, playful, and fanciful sketches that are included in the one thin volume to which "The Table Book" ran, are trifles light as air, when compared with those two great efforts of Cruikshank's genius, at its ripest and brightest. They mark the highest point of his ascent. In the sequel we shall find him executing much noteworthy, honourable work, with the zeal of a great moral preacher ; but he will not surpass these two noble etchings.

George Cruikshank worked, as the reader knows, with great care and deliberation. He thought out his subject well before beginning to realize his conception. He made, to begin with, a careful design upon paper, trying doubtful points on the margin of the paper. The design was heightened by vigorous touches of colour. Then a careful tracing was made, and laid, pencil-side down, upon the steel plate. This was carried to the

printer, who having placed it between damp paper, and passed it through the press, returned it, the blacklead outline distinctly appearing upon the etching ground. And then the work was straightforward to the artist’s firm hand. The firmness and fineness of his touch are as conspicuous in his wood drawings as in his etchings.

“It was the custom of the artist,” according to his nephew, Percy Cruikshank, “before parting with his plates, to have India-paper proofs of the etchings, and this being ‘before letters’—that is, before the title was engraved on the plate—made them the more valuable. He also insisted on the engraver’s supplying him with a proof of his drawings on wood when completed. This, in time, formed a scarce and choice collection, of which he knew the value full well. The centralizing all that was Cruikshankian within himself was the end which crowned the work. The late Prince Consort being desirous of possessing a collection of George’s proofs, offered a considerable sum for them; but the artist, although pressed for money, not considering it sufficient, respectfully declined the proposal.”



Linked sweetness long drawn out.—From “The Table Book.



To return to the "Table Book." The miscellaneous etchings and drawings in this book are mostly arrows aimed at folly as it was flying at that time. The railway mania, clairvoyance, emigration, the fashions, furnished Cruikshank with inexhaustible humorous or grave material. His etching of Mr. John Bull in a Quandary, or the Anticipated Effects of the Railway Calls, is one of those wondrously filled drawings, in the composition of which he stands alone. John Bull is in his armchair, with a great railway bell clanging



Washing houses for the poor.—From "The Table Book."

over his head. Hosts of pestilent demons cover him, and are stripping him. Some are hoisting his hat, some are bearing away his wig, others have perched ladders against his capacious paunch, and are dragging his money and his watch from his waistcoat pockets. The greedy imps are tugging his gloves from his hands, unfastening his neckcloth, and pulling his boots off. Lilliputian lawyers, at hand, are demolishing a barrel of oysters, and leaving a plentiful supply of shells for their clients. Imps, driving a little loco-





A Family and their Boots.—From "The Table-Book."

motive, have attached it to Bull's cash-box, and are making off with it; and in the distance the pictures are marked for sale. Then we have a few bits of Cruikshankian humour called “Heads of the Table,”—the final head being a capital study of an old gentleman who is *entre deux vins*, saying, “Well, we'll just take another glass—and then—we'll join the—the ladies.” Opposite this page is a drawing of a family, and also of their shoes, from the same book.



The Witch's Switch.—From “Three Courses and a Dessert.”



A small Music Party.—From "The Comic Almanack" for 1839.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CRUIKSHANK DESCRIBED BY HIS FRIENDS.

I WILL now endeavour to afford the reader an idea of the man who created the extraordinary variety of artistic work of high excellence briefly described in the foregoing chapters. George Cruikshank was eminently a convivial man. He was born in a boisterous and coarse convivial time; when Lords and Commons boxed at Jackson's; went to see monkeys set to fight terriers at Cribb's; fought "Charleys" and turnpike-men; and drank hard and played high at Crockford's. Their humble imitators were the associates of Robert and George Cruikshank. George's associates were tavern frequenters for the most part: in those days taverns were used by many of the men who now frequent clubs. The portrait of him drawn by Maclise was Cruikshank in his earlier and humbler time, when he was in the hands of the caricature vendors. The writer in *Fraser* says: "Here we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. Here is George Cruikshank (*see opposite plate*)—*the* George Cruikshank—seated upon the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the crown of his hat. . . . Of George Cruikshank





John Bull

*From the Drawing by MacLise  
originally published in  
Fraser's Magazine.*



the history is short. He stands too often and too well before the eyes of the public to render it necessary that we should say much about him; and we confess that of his earlier annals we know little or nothing. . . . The first of Cruikshank's works known to us are his caricatures of George IV. and his friends. Tories as we were and are, and as we trust we still shall be, these comic picturings haunt our imagination. The poor old king in every attitude of ludicrous distress (the 'Fat in the Fire' was perfection); Copley (sketched, as we have been assured, merely from description, and yet a great likeness); Castlereagh (but even the professed caricaturist could not destroy the gentlemanly grace of that noble face and figure); the 'Waterloo man,' with his sword dropping into the scale against the pen; the various persons, jailors, jockeys, lawyers, and the rest, were first-rate. As Cruikshank himself says of Gillray, 'He that did these things was a great man, sir,—a very great man, sir.' To Cruikshank, however, they were productive of nothing but the fame of their cleverness and the odium of their politics; as Hone, for whom and his blockhead authors George's talents floated the dire rubbish of the 'House that Jack Built,' and other witless productions, never paid him for what he had done. In all these stupid productions there were loud puffs at the power of the *press*. George never knew anything of it when in their hands but as a *screw*.\* However, what he did, gave him fame and name. . . .

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\* According to a Reviewer of "Three Courses and a Dessert," in *Fraser* (June 1830), the whole sum received by Cruikshank from Hone was £18; but this was not so.

Of course, George is, like all other men of undoubted genius, a most ill-used gentleman. As Mathews laments that the general obtuseness of the public will not recognise his talents for tragedy,—as Liston mourns over the delusion which applauds him in *Sam Swipes* and *Paul Pry*, and does not permit him to appear as the Damon or Strephon of a sighing opera,—so Cruikshank is shocked at the evil fate which consigns him to drawing sketches and caricatures, instead of letting him loose in his natural domain of epic or historical picture. Let him content himself; he can draw what will be held in honoured remembrance when ninety-nine out of every hundred of the great ‘masters’ of our ‘schools,’ and a still larger proportion of all the R.A.’s and A.R.A.’s that ever existed, or ever are doomed to exist, will be forgotten. The historical which *he* should cultivate is such as that which appears in his recently published ‘Sketch-Book,’ where, for example, the life of Bonaparte, whether as eagle soaring over the Alps, or eagle chained to a perch, is depicted in all its stages, from artillery lad on watch, through triumph, splendour, and flight, to the little cocked-hatted and round-paunched exile of St. Helena.”

Many years later Cruikshank had not quite given up his dream of the epic or historical picture; for the dream had been encouraged by the criticisms of some of the most thoughtful of his contemporaries, who set him on a level with Hogarth and Dürer, and said that posterity would delight in him as one of our most venerated old masters.

But our present concern is with George Cruikshank as he lived, and moved, and impressed his friends. They all speak cordially of him. Poor Samuel Phillips, who was hearty in spirit, albeit he lived for many years

at death's door, says of him: "George is popular among his associates. His face is an index of his mind. There is nothing anomalous about him and his doings. His appearance, his illustrations, his speeches, are all alike—all picturesque, artistic, full of fun, feeling, geniality, and quaintness. His seriousness is grotesque, and his drollery is profound. He is the prince of caricaturists, and one of the best of men."

In a whimsical account of an amateur strolling excursion, in which Cruikshank was one of the company (1847), supposed to be written by Mrs. Gamp, Dickens has vividly described the illustrator of "Oliver Twist":—

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railways office that morning, with my bundle on my arm, and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmangers which was a lumping against me, continual and sewere all round. I was drove about like a brute animal and almost worritted into fits, when a gentleman with a large shirt-collar, and a hook nose, and a eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipes's hawks, and long locks of hair, and wiskers that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing, 'Halloa, Mrs. Gamp, what are *you* up to?' I didn't know him from a man (except by his clothes); but I says faintly, 'If you're a christian man, show me where to get a second-cladge ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop.' Which he kindly did, in a cheerfulkind of a way, skipping about in the strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds of actions, and looking and vinking at me from under the



brim of his hat (which was a good deal turned up) to that extent, that I should have thought he meant something, but for being so flurried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was put in a carriage along with an individgule—the politest as ever I see—in a shepherd's plaid suit with a long gold watch-guard hanging round his neck, and his hand a trembling through nervousness worse than a aspian leaf." Presently they fell into conversation.

"'P'raps,' he says, 'if you're not of the party, you don't know who it was that assisted you into this carriage!'

"'No, sir,' I says, 'I don't indeed.'

"'Why, ma'am,' he says, a-wisperin, 'that was George, ma'am.'

"'What George, sir? I don't know no George,' says I.

"'The great George, ma'am,' says he. 'The Crook-shanks.'

"'If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and see the wery man a-making picturs of me on his thumb nail, at the winder! While another of 'em—a tall, slim, melancolly gent, with dark hair, and a bage vice—looks over his shoulder, with his head o' one side as if he understood the subject, and cooly says, 'I've draw'd her several times—in *Punch*,' he says too! The owdacious wretch!'"

The melancholy gent with the "bage vice" was Leech.

In those days, and down to those days, Cruikshank was convivial—sometimes to excess. It was not for nothing that Maclise had drawn him seated upon a beer barrel.\*

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\* His brother Robert drew his portrait as a young man, his

His fortunes threw him early among humble boon companions, at Grimaldi's club and elsewhere, as we have seen; and his wild exuberant spirits and lively sense of humour made him king among them. Later, when Dickens knew him, he would fall away occasionally from his new and more dignified friends (who were not ascetics), and run a wild career for a night in his old haunts. Dickens used to describe one wonderful day—among others—he had passed with “the inimitable George.”

Dickens was living in Devonshire Place, and was just setting to work one morning in his library, when Cruikshank, unwashed and “smelling of tobacco, beer, and sawdust,” as Dickens described him, burst into the room. He said he had been up all night; was afraid to go home, and begged for some breakfast. While he was breakfasting, Dickens did his utmost to persuade him to go to bed. But George resolutely set his face against it. He said he dared not even think of Islington. Seeing the state of affairs, Dickens closed his desk, and pro-

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hair and whiskers uncombed, cross-legged, in a contemplative mood, his dress in disorder, and called it “George in a Brown study.” It was a picture of him in his days of dissipation, when his sister-in-law would occasionally seize and wash and comb him, while he laughed at the absurdity of his position. He was very sensitive in later life about any allusion to his appearance. When Mrs. Stowe, in her book of London impressions, roughly described him as “an old man, with a keen eye and grey hair,” he was deeply mortified, and he addressed an expostulation to the papers. His portraits, by himself, in oil, abounded in his studio. They were marked with touches of chalk, giving a fresh curl to the whisker, a fiercer flash to the eye, a more effective arrangement of the hair; but not one was finished.

posed to accompany his friend to face the domestic storm with him. But Cruikshank would only consent to a walk—the farther from Islington the better.

Dickens, under such circumstances, was an admirable friend. His cheery talk and wise counsel had great weight with Cruikshank; but each time he artfully turned the truant's face east, he drew back with a—"No, no, Charley—not that way."

And so they walked about the streets for hours, strolling in the course of the day into the famous aviary of the Pantheon in Oxford Street.\* Here Cruikshank came suddenly face to face with one of Mrs. Cruikshank's intimate friends. The scene which ensued, Dickens used to say, was one exquisitely farcical. And the manner in which he set forth the episodes of the long day in the streets, with Cruikshank's droppings into various hostelries, and his final dejected departure homewards, utterly worn out, and having exhausted his faithful friend, was in his happiest vein.

"I remember him about 1846," said Mr. W. H. Wills, another old friend. "He was then flirting with Temperance. I wanted him to dine at my house; but he excused himself, saying he should be led into temptation, and he had resolved to be a water-drinker thenceforth." He did not go to dinner, but dropped in later—much excited; and when his host pushed the water-bottle towards him, he gently added brandy. The guests departed, leaving the hilarious George, with two others, to finish the evening; and when the trio

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\* Dickens used to tell, with humorous details, how "George," on another occasion, was refused admittance because he was splashed to the shoulders with mud.

got into the street, they found the old difficulty in restraining Cruikshank's boisterous spirits. After trying in vain for something more than an hour to lead him home, they left him—climbing up a lamp-post!

The same friend hastens to tell me how generous this wild *bon-vivant* was, even in his more convivial moods:—

“The force of George Cruikshank's character lay in the single-minded earnestness with which he carried out his objects. These throughout his life were numerous and always good. Zeal and energy glowed out of him upon whatever he undertook, whether saving a family from starvation (and there are instances in which he could only have done this at the risk of stinting himself), or rehearsing the character assigned to him in a private play, or commanding a regiment of volunteers, or advocating and advancing the temperance cause at every conceivable sacrifice of time and money. It was not until after his second marriage that he took to temperance. In his first wife's lifetime he sacrificed to the jolly god rather oftener than occasionally; and surely no man drank with more fervour and enjoyment, nor carried his liquor so kindly, so merrily. Then was the time to hear him sing ‘Lord Bateman’ in character, and costume improvised from table-covers, table-napkins, and antimacassars—anything he could lay hands on—with the laughing help of his host. He was what Albert Smith called ‘great fun’ in this song at any time.

“Even when dependent upon his pencil and etching-needle for means of existence, if any good was to be done for a decayed brother artist or literary friend, George was only too ready (for his own prosperity) to

throw down his tools, and stroll about the country with a theatrical company, or go anywhere to solicit subscriptions and make speeches, or to settle to his work-table again to make gratuitous sketches for bazaars and charities. When acting in Edinburgh, for Leigh Hunt's benefit, with Charles Dickens and his brilliant *dramatis personæ*, news came to him that a country editor, with a large family, whom he had often previously helped, was on the edge of ruin for the want of fifty pounds. 'I *must* send it to the poor fellow,' he said to Dickens, 'immediately.' 'That would be very kind to him,' answered Dickens, 'but very unkind to yourself. By-the-bye, have you got fifty pounds in your pocket?' 'Oh dear, no,' was Cruikshank's reply, 'but I want you to lend me the money to send to him—now—at once.' Dickens's rejoinder was not resort to his cheque book, but the remark that he knew George's incapable friend would be as badly off as ever after the execution had been paid out of his house, even if the money was sent. 'Then,' he added, 'you would deny yourself all sorts of things and be miserable till you paid me back. That I can't stand, so I must decline.'"

On the day of his death, his old friend and fervent admirer repaid his kindness by sketching this loving portrait of him :—

"Only a few days ago there was extant—nay, it may be said, flourishing, in the midst of the life and bustle of the Great City, and to all seeming as lively and bustling as any citizen there—a hale, bright, active, elderly gentleman, whose age might, by the majority of cursory age-judges, have been set down as 'a good sixty-five,' but who was in reality closely verging upon



ninety. A quarter of a century before his death he had looked—so those who knew him well loved to declare—much older than when he was past fourscore. Like the American lady mentioned by Dickens, he seemed to have grown old, ‘got over it,’ and become young again. He was slightly below the middle height, spare but solid of frame, somewhat long-armed and short-legged, as powerful and long-lived men are apt to be, and very broad in the chest. His head, scarcely bowed or blanched to the very last, was massive and well-shapen. He had a high forehead, blue-grey eyes full of a cheerful, sparkling light, penthouse brows, somewhat high cheek-bones, a prominent aquiline nose that Cæsar would have liked to look upon, and a mouth cut in firm, sharp lines, and from whose corners grew an ambiguous pair of hirsute ornaments which were neither moustaches, nor whiskers, nor beard, but partook vaguely of the characteristics of all three. But, beyond these, there was curious and original individuality in his hair, which, after its fashion, marked him as typically as the well-known *mèche* marks the portraits of Napoleon I. and M. Emile de Girardin. The elderly gentleman’s *chevelure* had dwindled down to a few thin locks, indigenous, it is to be feared, to his occiput, but which, by careful combing, and an artful contrivance—so rumour ran—of wire and ‘elastic,’ had been seduced over his temples and his parietal bone. Thus to the end he repudiated the imputation of baldness, and with greater justice could point triumphantly to the fact that his sparse wisps of hair were still mellow brown in hue, and soft as silk in texture. His face was full of wrinkles; but the furrows seemed to have been ploughed more by hard work, sedulously and unweary-

ingly performed, than by the mere plodding footsteps of the dragging years. In his port and mien, indeed, until almost the very moment when the hand of the Grim Sergeant was laid upon his shoulder, there was but little of the feebleness and less of the caducity of age. Its garrulity he had; but his friends rejoiced in the good old man's loquacity, recognizing, as they did, the undimmed clearness of his understanding and tenacity of his memory. Nor, with one singular exception, to which we shall subsequently allude, did that memory play him the woful tricks to which the very aged are so often subject. He could remember perfectly well trifling occurrences which happened in 1800, but he did not forget events of moment which had happened in 1877. He was, to sum up, a light-hearted, merry, and, albeit a teetotaler, an essentially 'jolly' old gentleman, full physically of humorous action and impulsive gesticulation, imitatively illustrating the anecdotes he related; somewhat dogged in assertion and combative in argument; strong-rooted as the oldest of old oaks in old true British prejudices; decidedly eccentric, obstinate, and whimsical; but in every word and deed a God-fearing, Queen-honouring, truth-loving, honest man.

"This was the famous George Cruikshank, caricaturist, social satirist and moralist, illustrator of books, engraver on steel and copper, draughtsman on wood, painter in oils and water-colours, the doughtiest champion, in his degree, of the temperance cause; and, albeit his 'foaming bowl' was for many years replenished only from the pump, the Prince of Good Fellows."

The Prince of Good Fellows looked very much as

his later friends remembered him, some five-and-thirty years ago, as I can testify. The ingeniously arranged *chevelure* was within artful elastic bands drawn over the skull, when I was a boy. I was one of many youngsters who would creep round his chair and endeavour to unravel the mysteries of the extraordinary *coiffure*, while the owner of it sat with a long clay pipe in his mouth (he always smoked a long clay pipe while he smoked at all) and his brandy-and-water before him, talking loudly and eagerly, gesticulating like a Frenchman, and turning now one ear and now the other, to catch the conversation of the company. A man incapable of rest, with a swift, glancing, steely eye, a mobile mouth, and a grotesquely fierce general aspect, aggravated by the hook-nose, which was awry; prodigal in the matters of whisker, shirt-collar, and wristband; old-fashioned enough, even in the year 1845, to strike boys.\* George Cruikshank left a strong, indelible impression, even in the nurseries of the houses which he visited. These visits were always associated, in my mind, with late hours and uproarious laughter in the dining-room. Cruikshank was always "the last to go."

In his social habits and relations, Cruikshank was a

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\* George Cruikshank was very careful about any portrait of him that was drawn or painted. One in coloured chalks by his friend Mill, that hung in his Amwell Street studio, satisfied him entirely. The eyes were at their fiercest, and the whiskers were superb. One day, when Cruikshank was illustrating Scott, Mr. Lockhart called, and, remarking the portrait, said drily, "I saw a man, very like that, in Italy, executed for murder." Some people would have been offended, but Cruikshank was delighted. He affected the brigand look.

most modest, self-respecting man. He never courted great folk, he submitted to no form of patronage, and he never pretended to ape the manners and habits of the fashionable world. He lived the first half of his life in Pentonville,\* and the second in Camden Town. He confined his acquaintance to congenial friends; and when these happened to be persons of rank and wealth, he was not ashamed to receive them in his plain home, in its unfashionable neighbourhood. In this he set an example which many of his brother artists—his inferiors in genius—might have followed with advantage to their fame. He stood, at the end of his life, in strong contrast with the *petits maîtres* in the arts, who give themselves fashionable airs, decorate their houses extravagantly, and spend their too easily acquired gains in slavish imitations of Mayfair life. Cruikshank, in

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\* Among the visitors to Amwell Street was the Baron de Berenger, a remarkable adventurer and spectator. George Cruikshank, when a young volunteer, had been intimate with Charles Ransom of his corps, who was a print-colourer at Ackermann's, and who, as a volunteer, was remarked as a good shot. Being a well-mannered young fellow, he was patronized by Mr. Hammerley the banker; and at this gentleman's house he met the Baroness de Berenger, a German widow. He married her, and assumed the title of Baron de Berenger. Being a man fond of athletics, he conceived the idea of turning Cremorne Farm, Lord Cremorne's place at Chelsea, into a suburban gymnasium and place for field sports. Cremorne Farm became the Stadium, and flourished under the Baron's management. He rode out always attended by his four sons on horseback, dressed in grey military tunics, and with swords at their sides. This cavalcade occasionally clattered along Amwell Street, Pentonville, to pay a business visit to Cruikshank, who, with his brother, was illustrating with sporting etchings the guide-book to the Stadium.



his *Omnibus*, reproved, in his own quaint way, a writer who had said that he was a collector of curiosities. "No single symp—— I was about to say that no single symptom of a curiosity, however insignificant, is visible in my dwelling, when by audible tokens I was (or rather am) rendered sensible of the existence of a *pair of bellows*. Well, in these it must be admitted that we *do* possess a curiosity. We call them 'bellows,' because, on a close inspection, they appear to bear a much stronger resemblance to 'bellows' than to any other species of domestic implement; but what in reality they are, the next annual meeting of the great Scientific Association must determine; or the public may decide for themselves, when admitted hereafter to view the precious deposit in the British Museum." Then follows an amusing account of the old bellows, with a sketch of them. "The origin of the bellows I know not," says their owner; "but a suspicion has seized me that they might have been employed in the Ark, had there been a kitchen fire there; and they may have assisted in raising a flame under the first tea-kettle put on to celebrate the laying of the first stone of the great wall of China."

Cruikshank, moreover, took exception to the description of his person by the same writer. If careless about his house, he was vain of his person. The writer said: "In person, G. C. is about the middle height, and proportionably made. His complexion is something between *pale* and *clear*; and his hair, which is tolerably ample, *partakes* of a *lightish hue*. His face is of the angular form, and his forehead has a *prominently receding* shape." Cruikshank closed with his antagonist:—

"As Hamlet said to the ghost, I'll go no further!



The indefinite complexion, and the hair 'partaking' of an opposite hue to the real one, may be borne; but I stand, not upon my head, but on my forehead! To a man who has once passed the Rubicon in having dared to publish his portrait, the exhibition of his mere profile can do no more injury than a petty larceny would after the perpetration of a highway robbery. But why be tempted to show, by an outline, that my forehead is innocent of a shape (the 'prominently receding' one) that never yet was visible in nature or in art? Let it pass, till it can be explained.

"'He delights in a handsome pair of whiskers.' Nero had one flower flung upon his tomb. 'He has somewhat of a dandified appearance.' Flowers soon fade, and are cut down; and this is the 'unkindest cut of all.' I, who, humbly co-operating with the press, have helped to give permanence to the name of dandy—I, who have all my life been breaking butterflies upon wheels in warring against dandyism and dandies—am at last discovered to be 'somewhat' of a dandy myself.

'Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
Revenge yourselves'

as you may; but, dandies all, I have not done with you yet."

The "inimitable George," however, was a dandy—in his way. Old-fashioned, tumbled, eccentric, his dress had still a studied look. The strong individuality of the vivacious and active little man (for he was under the middle height) appeared to be preserved by attention to the elaboration of a costume unlike that of any of his neighbours. It was foppishness like that of the late

Marquis of Lansdowne, whose buff and blue had become a fancy dress at the end of his life.

I cannot do better than conclude this description of the George Cruikshank of the first epoch, by an account of him, in 1840-42, written by his old friend W. L. Sammons, who is now a Temperance light at the Cape, but who has a vivid recollection of his friend in days when they met over a mug of ale. It comes to me from Cape Town. The scene opens in Amwell Street, Pentonville:—"The same evening a friend or two dropped in—Douglas Jerrold and, I think, Laman Blanchard, the editor of Cruikshank's *Omnibus*,—and the former Mrs. Cruikshank was present and presided, and threw a charm over the tea and supper tables; and I saw and revelled, as it were, through all the gems, both ancient and modern, signed 'G. Cr.,' in the Royal workshop, and lingered over that famous notorious Screen in it, covered by him with texts of thought for present and future use, in the shape of 'Odd People and Things'—queer 'head and tail pieces'—strange 'monstrosities of Fashions' for the day—noses, dresses, and phizes of all dimensions and shades, ready for adaptation according to the age and epoch required. George Cruikshank was particularly busy on this day, because of 'The Miser's Daughter,' by Ainsworth, that he was illustrating for *Bentley's Miscellany*, and he assured me if not finished by such an hour and such a day he should forfeit fifty pounds; and yet he risked the uncertainty to show hospitality to his friends.

"During this visit to London, dear George took me the round of several of the theatres and gardens—Old Vauxhall, that we had seen as boys, when unknown

to each other, being closed, and the great 'M. C.' Simpson dead; and I could not fail to perceive how he was petted and respected by all, lessees, managers, and actors, and readily ushered into any quarter that caprice, pleasure, or professional duties required, whether pit, boxes, or gallery; but the 'dress circle,' was less to his taste than others, because there life was fossilised, artificial, and restrained, and dress mere tinsel; and no dialogue suitable for his reports, or action worthy of his crayons. This may account, perhaps, for that 'absence of beauty' that is said to pervade his works; because beauty *per se* is apt to give itself airs and become unseemly and ungraceful; and George Cruikshank's high and stern mission was in 'the highways and hedges,' and to reclaim by a moral and pictorial force the repelling, the vicious, and the vile.

"But I confess to feeling a little disturbed, when at his side, at seeing so many long necks and bright eyes and glasses turned upon him from all directions, and to perceive the whispering and commotion in consequence. Here G. C.'s thumb-nails often served as ample space for a photo.

"As a thing of beauty is said to be a joy for ever, so at the period above stated we had our glorious days together, and may be figuratively described as 'being in clover and sleeping in lavender'; for kind George devoted many hours in taking me to some of his favourite, and it may be added, requisite haunts, where he gathered his Fame for his simple wants, without hoarding. One morning he led me to the burial-ground of St. James's Chapel, Pentonville, near his house, and pointed out the graves of Thomas Dibdin,

son of the great sea-songster, and of his old and 'mutual friend,' Joey Grimaldi, whose mortal coils are laid near each other; and I wish I could remember so as to record the tender and sympathetic little oration he then delivered.

"At night Sadler's Wells was the scene of action, but poor Joey being absent,

'Greece was living Greece no more,'

and all things were changed since our boyhood. Friend Cruikshank reminded me of that passage (in Dickens's 'Life of the King of Clowns' that he illustrated in two vols.), where Joey and his much better-half, one evening, disputing about precedency, resolved upon taking poison to end all contention, and to settle their differences of opinion for ever. But not taking enough, and forgetting the oft-quoted maxim, now travestied,

'Drink deep, or taste not any poisonous thing,'

the feeble dose merely kept them awake and talkative, and lying in the same room, with a slight partition between them, sensations became unpleasant, and so they held a colloquy in their fears as follows: 'Joey, are you dead?' 'No, Mary,—are you?' 'No.' And then they altered their minds, and felt disposed to live a little longer, arose, had a good supper and something warm and comfortable as a sedative and antidote, and then jogged on a little more in unison.

"On passing through the Queen's Bench with him, I called his attention to the prison window, behind the bars of which stood a miserable inmate with a black box before him, on which was written, 'Remember the poor debtors.' George smiled, and said, 'Yes, but

think of the poor creditors.' And this scene I find recorded by him, and his own remarks, on a small placard at the top of the picture 'Remember the poor creditors.' But what numbers of similar Hogarthian hints he has left behind him !”

Shortly afterwards Cruikshank paid his friend a visit at Bath :—

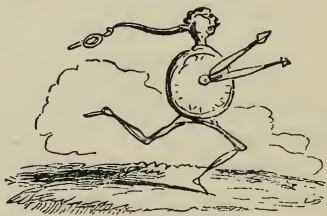
“‘The Bottle Conjurer’ and smasher of it, and part destroyer of his contents—I mean George Cruikshank—arrived safely at the city of King Bladud and the throne of Beau Nash ; and he commanded me with a willing assent to become a second ‘Anstey,’ or little ‘Bath Guide,’ to ferret all quarters with him—West to East and High to Low—having a monthly serial still on hand that required certain characters for illustration (perhaps ‘Jack Sheppard’ or the ‘Tower of London,’ after the *Omnibus* had ceased running). Friend George began with the upper crust, as nearest ‘home’ and Lansdown ; and leaving his card the day before at William Beckford’s mansion in the Crescent, went with me where I had been several times before. Possibly at the foot of Table Mountain it may not be known that this William Beckford was an esquire and a somebody in England, the owner and builder of Fonthill Abbey, inheritor but not enjoyer of immense wealth, and the celebrated author of ‘Vathek’ and the ‘Halls of Eblis,’ before which, in point of imagination, Byron, or somebody else, said ‘Rasselas’ must bow. Mr. Beckford, notwithstanding original gifts, and the accident of riches, was a shy and eccentric bird that flew from every one, and nobody must approach ; and so, when we got there, and were passing along a corridor, a black dwarf—or rather a nutmeg shade—banged a



door suddenly in our faces, the apology being, 'he saw Mr. Beckford coming, and it was more than he dare hazard for any one to notice him.' And yet he left a gracious message in the hands of his house-steward, Mr. F——, who himself kept a stylish establishment and carriage, 'to show Mr. Cruikshank all he desired;' and even added, 'that if Mr. Cruikshank knew how much he (Mr. B.) valued his earlier sketches, he would not have refused some of them when once solicited.' I asked 'G. C.' the cause of this, and he remarked, 'at that time he parted with few of his originals;' and when we left Lansdown Crescent, he commented warmly on the treat and pleasure he had derived, and as a red-letter day in his biography. 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step,' and so we soon threaded the externals of Royal Crescents and Circuses, Pulteney and Milsom Streets, and Queen Squares, and odd holes, lanes, and corners, until reaching Avon Street, where 'the power of sinking could no further go,' nor the Pig and Whistle meet with a more picturesque if degraded aspect. In this latter neighbourhood it was requisite for professional purposes and home orders that George Cruikshank should have a nightly sojourn, if not revel; and so a suitable tavern was chosen that had a skittle-alley attached, that except in name or position might form a capital match for that Lion in the Wood in Wilderness Lane, that he mentions in 'My Portrait,' at the commencement of his *Omnibus*. Whilst we were there as lookers-on only, and sipping 'half-and-half' out of the same pewter 'between the acts,' if they may be so called, or during the 'intervals,' at this Beggars' Opera, friend Cruikshank amused him-

self by chalking one scene on the wall, and all eyes were soon upon it, for it was lifelike and spirited. Oh that I could have removed that wonderful cartoon from its surface, or preserved a copy! it would now realize the value of many ordinary frescoes and presumed originals—and more than drunken Morland's 'Goat-in-Boots' signboard. But leaving Bath for Cape Town three months afterwards, the mind was absorbed in other matters, and both places and scenes forgotten at the time, but now stand out in bold relief and vividly."

This was George Cruikshank only a few years before he gave himself wholly up to the cause of Temperance.



A watch what won't go is good for nothing.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."





THE GIN FIEND.

*From a Drawing by Gustave Doré.*

## EPOCH II. 1848—1878.

### CHAPTER I.

#### AT GILLRAY'S GRAVE.

No great stretch of the imagination is needed to conjure up an interesting picture in the corner of the graveyard of St. James's, Piccadilly, in that momentous June when the forces of France and the Allies were gathering hastily for the field of Waterloo. It was on the first of the month. From the famous print-shop of Mistress Humphrey in St. James's Street, before which hosts of laughing men and women had been wont to linger, a coffin was borne, containing the mortal part of the "Juvenal of caricature" as he had been called—of the hapless man of genius, who had lain, with short flashes of sanity, full six years with mind unstrung—a dreadful shadow over the mirthful shop. Behind followed the good Mistress Humphrey and the faithful Betty, her maid; probably stout Mortimer the picture dealer, possibly Mr. Gifford. Let us think of Landseer and James Stanley and others to whom poor Gillray had been known in his bright days, standing by



the open grave near the Rectory House, within full sound of the hum of Piccadilly. And at hand we shall note a slim young man, with eager, piercing eyes, a hook nose, with full whiskers



Mrs. Humphrey's Window. From Grego's "Life of Gillray."

trimmed to the corners of his mouth; a young man with incessant spasmodic action. His eyes start and his mouth works, as, the service ended, he gazes into the yawning grave. To his neighbour he

says, under his breath, "A great man, sir—a very great man."

With a bow to weeping Mistress Humphrey he retires. The good soul, who has now done her last duty to the poor madman with whom she has borne patiently and gratefully so long, is pleased to note that Mr. Cruikshank had not forgotten to pay his last tribute of respect and gratitude to his master. Mrs. Humphrey, no doubt, regarded the young man whom she had employed to finish Gillray's work when he first fell ill, and who had since managed to keep the crowds laughing before her windows, as a very poor substitute for the dead genius. And in those days Cruikshank himself was still very modest, and was proud to be accounted strong enough to hold the pencil and the needle of the stricken Gillray.

Upon a sensitive, imaginative, observant man like George Cruikshank, the life of him whom he owned in his early days as his master, with its awful close, must have made a deep impression. Men said that Gillray had wrecked his career through frequenting low company, and by intemperate habits. Cruikshank knew something of this, had seen much of such company, and was in close companionship with tipplers. Gillray was not the first man of mark whom he had watched from tavern to tavern, and so on to poverty and death. Almost his earliest recollections were of drinking bouts, and their debasing consequences. His boyish sight had been offended at his father's house with the spectacle of drunken men rolled up in carpets, upon whose blank and besotted faces the morning

sun was shining.\* He had been saddened as a son by his father's example, and inexpressibly shocked by the manner of his death. It appears that Isaac Cruikshank, who was a heavy whisky drinker, laid a bet with a boon companion that he would drink more tumblers than his friend without falling under the table. He won his wager, but his excess brought upon him the illness of which he died, about his fifty-fifth year,† Such experiences, albeit they led Cruikshank to reflect seriously on the evils of excessive drinking, did not, as we have seen, at once turn him from the bottle. Mr. Paget remarked in *Blackwood* that Cruikshank was a severe anatomist of the vice long before any idea of his celebrated "Bottle" could have crossed his mind. In his "Sunday in London," published in 1833, he depicted the drunkard paying his week's score. In one of his Temperance speeches he said: "I am ashamed to say that for many years I went

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\* "At a meeting held at Manchester, this great artist gave an address on Temperance; in the course of which, referring to the early days of his life, and to the drinking habits which existed at that period, he said he recollected gentlemen coming to dine occasionally at his father's house, and he was often surprised on coming downstairs of a morning to find some of them rolled up in the carpet in an extraordinary manner. His own father took too much drink, and shortened his life by it. He shortened his life by the fashion of the day, and left him (the speaker) uneducated. . . . He had watched the effects of drink ever since he had begun to reflect, both among the higher and lower orders."—*Poor Richard's Almanac*, 1876.

† This story was told to the Rev. Dr. Rogers by George Cruikshank.

on following the ordinary custom of drinking, till I fell into pecuniary difficulties. I had some money at a banker's; he fell into difficulties, took to drinking brandy-and-water, and ended by blowing out his brains. I lost my money, and in my distress applied to friends who aided me for a time, but they themselves fell into difficulties, and I was forced to extricate myself by the most extraordinary exertions. In this strait I



Sunday in London.

thought, The best thing I can do is to take to water: but still I went on for some time before I quite weaned myself from my own drinking habits. I went to take luncheon with my friend Dickens (who, I am sorry to say, is not a teetotaler); he asked me to take wine, but I told him I had taken to water, for, in my opinion, a man had better take a glass of prussic acid than fall into the other habit of taking brandy-and-water; and



I am happy to say that Charles Dickens quite agreed with me, that a man had better wipe himself out at once, than extinguish himself by degrees by the soul-degrading and body-destroying enemy."

Immediately after the death of Gillray, we find evidence of the twinges of conscience which Cruikshank felt, even while he continued to fall, at intervals, into wild excesses. These were followed by dark passages of remorse, and by resolutions which were again and again broken. The fate of the men—and that of Gillray especially—whom he had seen fall victims to what he was pleased to call the fashionable vice, would rise before him. But, in an impulsive, convivial moment, his own sad experiences of time wasted and opportunities gone, and of the friends he had lost, were often forgotten; and he found himself, as of old, wending his way home, in the small hours, covered with a sense of disgrace. Cruikshank was no better, and no worse, than his contemporaries. A letter in Procter's\* neat hand lies before me. It is dated from Gray's Inn Square, March 13th, 1839; and he says: "I shall be very happy to be one of the number to dine with Macready. But, remember, I cannot be one of those who will doubtless be found *under* the table at four a.m. (as I understand was the case upon a late occasion)."

If, however, Cruikshank was not early a convert to the practice of temperance, he was, as I have remarked, a preacher betimes.

His "Introduction to the Gout" (1818) is in his best vein. A toper is seated over his pot, and holding

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\* Barry Cornwall.



a peach upon his fork, with which he is about to cool his mouth. An imp—one Gout—approaches from the fireplace, and with the tongs is about to drop a red coal on the great-toe of Toper. Another drawing (a lithograph) of this date is suggestive. It is called "Deadly Lively." Death has stepped in, surprising a man and two women, who are drinking in a kitchen, before a blazing fire. Death is filling the man's glass; the old woman is falling from her seat, and the young woman is tumbling drunk under the table. Presently (in the same year) the artist is in a gayer mood as a satirist. The picture is called "Tit-Bits." An Irish-woman, overcome by beer, has fallen into a deep sleep under a tree. Her slumbers give a yokel an opportunity of stealing one of her chickens, while a cur licks the tarts in her basket.\* Then we have "The Three-Bottle Divine," no *rara avis* in those days. It is the head of a heavy, coarse-featured man, in sporting guise, his face garnished with carbuncles and large spectacles.

So far back as 1836, Cruikshank gave the public a foretaste of "The Bottle" in a vignette to a music title. Two individuals are represented—one old and spectacled, the other young and with an eyeglass,—examining with horror the contents of a spirit bottle, which is filled with malignant imps emblematical of alcohol as "doctored by publicans," and sold for "Old Tom," etc. The cork has turned devil, and throws up his arms in delight at the work of his imps.

"Gin," remarks Mr. Thackeray, years before Cruikshank had become a Temperance advocate, or in the

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\* The foregoing were drawn by Cruikshank from Captain Hehl's designs.

least degree an abstainer ; “gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the ‘Sketch-book’ is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design ; it is called the ‘Gin Juggernaut,’ and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still as the roof, and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster had passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, etc. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher ; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan’s, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.”

The similarity, if you look deeply into the two imaginations, is strong and striking, as it is between the genius of Doré in its grotesque and moral moods, and that of Cruikshank. Compare Doré’s “Wandering Jew,” his “Rabelais,” his “Contes Drôlatiques,” with Cruikshank’s work about 1826, and even later, and you cannot fail to discover the strong affinity between the two great artists. Doré knew nothing of Cruikshank’s work in his early time, and Cruikshank had never heard Doré’s name when, in 1854, I brought over to England the blocks of his “Wandering Jew.”\*

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\* I introduced George Cruikshank to Gustave Doré, in the

In his illustrations to "Sketches by Boz," Cruikshank first approached intemperance from that point of view in which he treated it afterwards in "The Bottle." His view of the gin-shop comprehends a complete story.

"We have sketched this subject," says Dickens, "very slightly, not only because our limits compel us to do so, but because, if it were pursued further, it would be painful and repulsive. Well-disposed gentlemen and charitable ladies would alike turn with coldness and disgust from a description of the drunken besotted men and wretched, broken-down, miserable women, who form no inconsiderable portion of the frequenters of these haunts ; forgetting, in the pleasant consciousness of their own high rectitude, the poverty of the one and the temptation of the other. Gin-drinking is a great vice in England, but poverty is a greater ; and until you can cure it, or persuade a half-famished wretch not to seek relief in the temporary oblivion of his own misery with the pittance which, divided among his family, would just furnish a morsel of bread for each, gin-shops will increase in number and splendour. If Temperance Societies could suggest an antidote against hunger and distress, or establish dispensaries for the gratuitous distribution of bottles of Lethe-water, gin palaces would be numbered among the things that were. Until then, their decrease may be despaired of."

Dickens here glanced, and only carelessly, at the surface of the great question. This poverty which he

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Doré Gallery in Bond Street. Doré looked wonderingly at the vivacious, wild old man as he went through a pantomime, in default of French, to express his admiration of the pictures in the gallery.

deplored was the result of the drink. The Lethe-water would be unnecessary if the gin-and-water were stopped. Poverty, dirt, hunger, promote the publican's trade; but this trade breeds the misery on which it thrives. The quartern which the father drinks, helps to raise a customer in his son, for the trade of the publican's son. More than ten years elapsed before this view of the Temperance question was destined to have complete sway and mastery over the genius of Dickens's illustrator; but already he saw deeper into it, because he looked more earnestly into it than the writer, who had not yet done with the comedy element of drunkenness.

In 1841, Cruikshank drew for *Bentley's Miscellany* an "allegorical representation of the infatuation of the mob for ardent spirits, and the drunkenness occasioned by an election, from a design by T. L. F."\* In 1846, he illustrated *Our Own Times*, and in the *London Penetrabilia* we find him moralizing with his etching-needle, in the ragged school of Chick Lane, Smithfield, and satirising, under the head of "A Tremendous Sacrifice," the slop-sellers who live in luxury on the work of poor seamstresses. Cruikshank was now inclining strongly to the work to which he was destined to give the last thirty years of his life. And in 1847 he gave himself up heart and soul to the preaching,

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\*" In the centre of the composition is the pedestal of an altar, ornamented with a bas-relief of Britannia, on which is resting a barrel of liquor, inscribed, 'Ruin Members and Co.—Poverty—Treadmill—Botany Bay,' the tap running for the gratification of an assemblage of drunken wretches, who eagerly endeavour to get their favourite beverage, excepting those who are helplessly drunk or fighting."—*Reid's Descriptive Catalogue.*



by example as well as by tongue and etching-needle, the moral which had haunted him so long, that had left him no rest till he grappled with and conquered it, since he had watched the eclipse of Gillray's genius, and seen his own father hurried, by a boastful toper's bet, to his premature grave.



Keeping the Peace.—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."



## CHAPTER II.

## "THE BOTTLE."

WE have seen that many years before the Temperance question fastened itself upon Cruikshank's mind, never to be blotted out again for a single day, he had marked and satirized the effects of drunkenness in the desolate home, the workhouse, and the gaol. His "Gin Shop," where Death sets a trap for a party of toppers, the "Ale-house," and the "Pillars of the Gin Shop," were drawn some fifteen years before he added to the preaching of his needle and his pencil, the force of his personal example.

In 1836, as the reader has already learned, the germ of "The Bottle" appeared in a lithographed vignette to a music title, "The Dream of the Bottle," and was published by poor old A. Schloss, proprietor of "The Bijou Almanac."\* Schloss was a well-

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\* Two copies lie before me of this microscopic periodical—

"planned  
By elfin touch in elfin hand,"

as L. E. L., who edited it, says in her dedication of the number for 1837 to Queen Adelaide. It was bound in vellum and gold; illustrated with tiny portraits of Pastor, Malibran, and others, enriched by fairy pages of music, and enclosed in a blue velvet or morocco case, with a magnifying glass for the reader's use. In that for 1839, poor L. E. L. bade her farewell to England,

known figure in London years afterwards, first as Staudigl's secretary, and afterwards as an *employé* at the office of Dickens's "Household Words." Then again, in "Sunday in London," Cruikshank drew a Temperance moral from "The Pay Table." A publican is pointing out a workman's score for the foreman to deduct from his week's wages—with the lean and hungry wife and children at hand. In the same series we find "The Sunday Market"—a butcher's shop between two public-houses, where the food money is spent.

But "The Bottle" was Cruikshank's diploma work, as an avowed Temperance advocate, directly addressing those—

"Than whom none oftener pulled the pendent bell,  
None oftener cried, 'Another bottle bring.'"

It was a pictorial Temperance drama—so essentially dramatic indeed, that on its first appearance it immediately found its way to the stage.\*

The story of THE BOTTLE is unfolded in eight designs executed in glyphography—a process by which it was possible to execute the immense number of copies which the publisher anticipated, and with good reason, would be required by the public, but which is ungrateful and unfaithful to the touch of the artist.

In the first plate we have a cosy family party. The open cupboard is well supplied. The children are playing by the hearth; a kitten is toying with the cat's tail upon the rug; the mantelpiece is loaded with pretty ornaments; there is a picture of a village church

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\* It was published by the late David Bogue, of Fleet Street.

against the wall ; at the table the husband and wife are seated at dinner, and he is handing her a glass, which she coyly refuses. Under the plate we read : "*The bottle is brought out for the first time: the husband induces his wife 'just to take a drop.'*" The interest deepens apace. The effect of the first drop is seen in Plate 2. The sottish husband, with a pipe hanging from his mouth, his kerchief awry, his clothes in disorder, sits drowsy with drink, his children looking fearingly at him, while the wife is giving a bundle of clothes to the servant girl, to pawn, "to supply the bottle." The starved cat is licking an empty platter upon the table ; the cupboard door ajar discloses empty shelves. In the next plate "an execution sweeps off the greater part of the furniture," but the drunken man and wife huddle themselves before the fire, and "comfort themselves with the bottle." There are Hogarthian touches, developing the story throughout the series. In this plate the china cottage upon the mantelpiece is broken, and the husband's battered hat upon a peg is the only ornament to the bare walls. From the empty house the family repair to the streets to beg, "and by this means they still supply the bottle." In the fifth plate, "cold, want, and misery" have destroyed their youngest child, and still "they console themselves with the bottle." A little open coffin is in the room, and while the eldest girl weeps over it, the father and mother drink, and weep also. A broken toy dog is upon the mantelpiece near a candle, with a bottle for a candlestick. An old shawl is fastened before the window with a fork. There are only a few sticks in the fire. In the next scene the husband has his wife by the throat ; and his children and neighbours intervene.

“Fearful quarrels and brutal violence,” says the artist-preacher, “are the natural consequences of the frequent use of the bottle.” Murder is the next scene. The wife lies dead, with the doctor leaning over her, and all the horrible *commères* who gather round death in the dark byways of great cities are staring and talking. The murderer is in the clutches of the police ; the boy looks on aghast, holding his chin, and trembling in his rags ; the bottle, which has done the deed, is shivered upon the floor, and the fragments lie near a broken pipe, a ragged slipper, and a battered hat. The final scene is a mad-house. “The bottle has done its work ; it has destroyed the infant and the mother, the boy and the girl left destitute and thrown on the streets, and has left the father a hopeless maniac.” The figure of the madman before the caged fire is a very powerful bit of realism.

The moral of “The Bottle” was enforced by the poetic genius of Charles Mackay. His “Gin-Fiend” sang to the scratching of Cruikshank’s needle—

“ There watch’d another by the hearth,  
 With sullen face and thin ;  
 She utter’d words of scorn and hate  
 To one that stagger’d in.

“ Long had she watch’d ; and when he came  
 His thoughts were bent on blood ;  
 He could not brook her taunting look,  
 And he slew her where she stood.

“ ‘ And it’s hip ! ’ said the Gin-Fiend, ‘ hip, hurra !  
 My right good friend is he ;  
 He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life,  
 And all for the love of me ! ’ ”

Regarded as a sample of Cruikshank's art power, these plates are far below the level of his best. We do not perceive here the master-craftsman. His dramatic force is evident in every plate. He tells his story with the fulness and intensity which are in all his pictorial narratives; but the drawing is without grace, and the types, with the exception of the husband, are wanting in that strong individuality he generally realized.

In a letter to Mr. Forster (September 3rd, 1847, Dickens describes the impression "The Bottle" made on him:—

"At Canterbury yesterday, I bought George Cruikshank's 'Bottle.' I think it very powerful indeed: the two last plates most admirable, except that the boy and girl in the very last are too young, and the girl more like a circus-phenomenon than that no-phenomenon she is intended to represent. I question, however, whether anybody else living could have done it so well. There is a woman in the last plate but one, garrulous about the murder, with a child in her arms, that is as good as Hogarth. Also the man who is stooping down, looking at the body. The philosophy of the thing, as a great lesson, I think all wrong; because, to be striking, and original too, the drinking should have begun in sorrow, or poverty, or ignorance—the three things in which, in its awful aspect, it *does* begin. The design would thus have been a double-handed sword—but too 'radical' for good old George, I suppose."

And yet such calamities as that which "old George" has drawn happen every day; beginning not in sorrow, or poverty, or ignorance, but in little yieldings to temptation, in apparently trivial and accidental excesses. What



constitutes intemperance? According to Dr. Alfred Carpenter, any consumption of alcohol sufficient to furnish the blood with one part of alcohol in five hundred of blood, is dangerous to health, and therefore is an act of intemperance. A more moderate indulgence, he says, is not yet proved to be deleterious. The late Dr. Anstie put temperance in a different way. An average man or woman cannot, according to him, take more than a couple of glasses of sherry daily without injury. Dr. Carpenter has denounced the habitual use of stimulants, even in a very diluted form, to enable the drinker to do more work than he could get through without them, as unquestionably injurious—and therefore an act of intemperance. There is not a middle-aged man of education who has not come across the wrecks of lives, where the ruin was a gradual giving way to the temptation of stimulants. The police courts unfold daily stories of clerks and others, holding positions of honour and of trust, who have first staggered out of the straight path under the influence of drink. Cruikshank's beginning of his drama is only too true to life; and I think he would have made a mistake, he would have weakened the tremendous force of his moral, if he had put the excuse of sorrow, or poverty, or ignorance into his opening scene. As his story stands, it teaches humble and happy households, in a rough text which all who run may read, to have a care whenever the bottle appears on the scene; and to lose no opportunity of impressing upon the children the danger of putting the enemy near their mouths, who may steal away, not their brains only, but their heart and soul.

“Coarsely designed and coarsely executed, yet very

suggestive, very full of that story-teller's power which was so much Hogarth's and his own," as Mr. Frederick Wedmore remarks, "Cruikshank's 'Bottle,' and the 'Drunkard's Children,' which immediately followed it, albeit executed when the finer qualities of his genius were suffering decay, must always be welcomed as admirable contributions to the *matériel* of Temperance advocacy."

Cruikshank used to relate how, when his "Bottle" was finished, and he was anxious to secure for this first Temperance sermon the widest possible publicity, he carried the plates to Mr. William Cash, then chairman of the National Temperance Society, for his approval, and the support of his powerful Association. Mr. Cash, although a Quaker, was a gentleman with a very sharp, humorous manner. Having attentively examined the series, he turned upon the artist, and asked him how he himself could ever have anything to do with using "The Bottle," which, by his own showing, was the means of such dreadful evil? Cruikshank, in his own forcible way, described how he was "completely staggered" by this point-blank question. He said, when he had left Mr. Cash, he could not rid himself of the impression that had been made upon him. After a struggle, he did not get rid of it, but acted upon it, by resolving to give his example as well as his art to the total abstainers.

He was immediately rewarded by the extraordinary success which "The Bottle" achieved. It was sold by tens of thousands, and was the talk of the day. If it has not directly led to a tangible result, as Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress" is said to have led to the foundation of the Magdalen Hospital, it and the "Drunkard's Children," a poor sequel (but then, sequels are always poor), have had the effect of powerful, popular, and per-

manent sermons against the monster evil of our time.

Not the least of the artist's rewards was the tribute to his genius it inspired in Mr. Matthew Arnold, who wrote :—

“TO GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, ESQ.,

“ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS PICTURE OF ‘THE BOTTLE,’  
IN THE COUNTRY.

“Artist, whose hand, with horror wing'd, hath torn  
From the rank life of towns this leaf : and flung  
The prodigy of full-blown crime among  
Valleys and men to middle fortune borne,

“Not innocent, indeed, yet not forlorn :  
Say, what shall calm us when such guests intrude,  
Like comets on the heavenly solitude ?  
Shall breathless glades, cheer'd by shy Dian's horn,

“Cold-bubbling springs, or caves ?—Not so ! The Soul  
Breasts her own griefs, and, urged too fiercely, says :  
‘Why tremble ? True, the nobleness of man

“‘May be by man effaced ; man can control  
To pain, to death, the bent of his own days.  
Know thou the worst. So much, not more, he *can.*’ ”



The Cat that would assist in Watering the Gooseberry Trees.—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

## CHAPTER III.

## GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AS A TEETOTALER.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was an enthusiast in all things to which he gave his mind. He did nothing in a half-hearted way. Whether preparing to address a great Exeter Hall audience on the evils of drunkenness, or marching at the head of his riflemen, or arraying himself in a table-cover to enact the part of Lord Bateman; in small things as in great, he was ever at fever-heat. He would have made a good actor, had he not been incapable of a moment's repose; he would have been an admirable Temperance advocate, had it been in him to give himself pause in order to think over the heads of his discourse; he would have been a good volunteer officer, had it been possible for him to sit quiet in his saddle. But he seemed to be troubled with an excess of life. Life at fever-heat is the dominant characteristic of all his work. The "quiet spaces" in his etchings are rare.

Having been converted by his own "Bottle" to total abstinence from fermented liquors, he could be nothing less than an earnest and a vehement worker in the cause. He threw himself heart and soul into it; and during the thirty remaining years of his life his zeal never slackened, and he had never made sacrifices enough in it. His impulsive advocacy often took ludicrous forms.

He sometimes offended people by his denunciations of even the most moderate drinkers, but he never made an enemy by his *gaucherie* or his downright phrases imported into quiet circles, because the purity of his motive and the well-known impetuosity of his nature excused him. I can remember, in the first year of his total abstinence, meeting him at a ball given in Fitzroy Square, by Mr. Joshua Mayhew, the father of Horace and the Brothers Mayhew. He danced and was light-hearted with the youngest; but when at supper the wine began to circulate, he stole round to the head of the table, and, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the venerable host (who was a very haughty and quick-tempered old gentleman), said, in a deep, warning voice, "Sir, you are a dangerous man." Mr. Mayhew had a glass of wine in his hand, and was about to drink a toast to the health of one of his sons, when Cruikshank's hand fell upon his shoulder. "I look upon every wine-drinker," Cruikshank added firmly, "as a dangerous man, sir." The company, knowing the hot temper of their host, expected an explosion of rage; but it was stanchd by Horace Mayhew, who burst into a hearty laugh, and told his father to go on, for "it was only dear old George."

In the same way, when dining at the Mansion House, Cruikshank, at the passing of the loving-cup, would go through an extraordinary pantomime before all the company, expressive of his horror of strong drinks. He would shake his hand angrily at the Lord Mayor, and raise his arms with horror while his neighbour quaffed of the cup. The company humoured the eccentric old gentleman; for, in their hearts, they could not but respect his downright earnestness. He lost no opportunity. Returning home at the head of his volunteer



corps, he showed his jaded officers, who had freely taken beer, how fresh he was—on two oranges.

“Ah! you may laugh,” he would say, when his friends bantered him about his aggressive protests in society; “you may laugh, but I can tell you this—the presence of the old jackdaw checked the drinking, if it didn’t stop it, and I am very grateful to feel sure of that.”\* As Mr. Sala has observed, “the veteran sticks bravely to his text.” And well he might, for his temperance renewed his youth. “He neither smoked tobacco nor drank fermented liquors in his old age; but he was a hearty eater, an early riser, and a vigorous walker, and his reward was that which, according to Gray, is only felt by boys at school—a perpetual ‘sunshine of the breast.’” He was fond of showing this vigour renewed by temperance, at every possible opportunity; for he very wisely regarded it as his most forcible argument. It enabled him, in his old age, to capture a burglar on his own premises. The story runs that when he was following the burglar to the station, with the police, he drew him under a lamp, and told him that he could see drink had brought him to this—adding that he himself drank nothing but water. “I wish I’d ha’ known that,” said the ruffian, “I’d ha’ broken your head for you.” Cruikshank delighted to show an audience how he could hold a tumbler full of water steady upon the palm of his outstretched hand. At eighty, he was seen in costume at a fancy dress ball at Willis’s Rooms, joining heartily in the dance, and letting everybody know that it was “water that did it.”

It was very difficult to obtain from him the toleration

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\* Grace Stebbing’s article on Cruikshank, in the *Graphic*.

of tobacco smoke in his company; for, after he had given up alcoholic stimulants, he threw away his pipe. He would say to a man of letters whom he favoured, laying his hand upon his arm, and turning those fierce eyes of his full upon him, "I want you to give up drinking and smoking, and you tell me that if you don't smoke you can't write. Now, I'll meet you half-way. Give up the drink, and you may smoke—*just a little.*" But, as a rule, he was as stern in the matter of tobacco as in that of beer or gin. One evening M. Legros, the distinguished French artist, lighted a cigarette in his hall as he was leaving Mornington Place. "To that vice," said "the inimitable George," in his deepest tone, "I was a slave for many years, but now I am a free man."

His earnestness was extravagantly expressed in all things. As a furious anti-Papist, he would draw aside and shake his coat when Sisters of Charity or a Catholic priest passed him. "Do you see that fellow in front?" he suddenly asked a friend with whom he was walking. It was a workman quietly enjoying his pipe. "Do you know what I would do to him if I were a man of fortune? I'd kick him! To think that any man should be fool enough to place a tube between his lips, and go puff, puff, puff!" This was his "counterblast." And he glared at the workman as he passed on. He had himself been an inveterate smoker for more than forty years!

On another occasion he drew sharply up before the windows of his old wine merchant, and called out, "Give me back my thousand pounds!"

When the Crystal Palace was opened at Sydenham Cruikshank, in his rage that it had not been made a Temperance palace, made some extravagant drawings

of the opening ceremony for Messrs. Cassell, one of which represented the Archbishop of Canterbury bestowing his blessing upon a public-house.

Dining one day at Grampian Lodge, Forest Hill, with his friend Dr. Rogers, he suddenly began to tell the company that he had had a vision the night before. Then he related it with much gesticulation, and with dramatic effect.

He had seen two devils in council. One had said, "England is moral, prosperous, happy—this will never do. How can we put an end to it? Her crops are splendid; look, for instance, at her barley, her——" The second devil interrupted: "I have an idea. Her barley, which makes such splendid food—let us teach them to soak it, to sour it, to make it ferment; in short, to turn it into a tempting poison."

"Agreed!" cried the first devil.

"Why," the second devil continued, "we will actually make them drink it of their own accord; they shall lift the poison to their own lips with their own hands."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the first devil; "and then, of course, there will be murder, robbery, violence, and misery all over the land."

"The devils have had their way," the old man added, his keen eyes glancing round the table to mark the effect of his vision.

He was indeed, as a writer called him, a "muscular teetotaler."

"In his time," a Temperance writer\* records to his honour, "he must have attended thousands of temperance meetings, and at these few men were more wel-

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\* The *Temperance Record*, February 7th, 1878.

come. The style of his advocacy was peculiar. He passed from grave to gay with facility, but he never lost sight of the great object he had in view. He seemed, for years, to be deeply impressed at the numerous murders that were taking place, all of them, or nearly so, being in the last instance, if not in the first, attributable to drink. He used to exclaim, with deep fervour, 'Can nothing be done to stop these dreadful murders?' The clear remedy of total abstinence from that drink which was their inciting cause then came naturally from his lips; but though individuals responded to his appeal, the general mass of the public remained unmoved. Sometimes he would suggest a deputation to the House of Lords. But though this idea was not acted upon, yet he lived to see that august assembly collect evidence well fitted to be of service to them, and also to the public at large. Mr. Cruikshank's powers of mimicry were also very great, and often has he convulsed his audience with his inimitable acting; but, at the same time, there was no mistaking his deep earnestness, and the sincerity with which he expressed the convictions of his heart."

He did his utmost, when the teetotalers had failed at the Crystal Palace, to establish a teetotal palace in the old Surrey Zoological Gardens; and he was drawn in state from the Hampstead Road to Walworth, in a carriage and four, to open a bazaar in aid of the scheme. He even prepared a design for the building. But although many went to cheer the honest, earnest old man, few remained to invest, and the design fell to the ground. It may have been some consolation to him and to his Temperance friends to mark, afterwards, the services which the Crystal Palace was destined to

render to the cause of Temperance, for a drunkard has hardly ever been seen under its shining roof.

Cruikshank could never convert his mother to his views. She lived with him during the latter years of her life, and died under his roof, in the care of a most reverent and attentive son. She had always been a careful, sober body, and would not be coerced because her son could not take his beer or toddy without committing excesses. She had been a handsome woman in her days, her grandson records, and it was picturesque to see the lame old lady, leaning upon her crutch, and wrapped in a plaid,—with her shrivelled features and wild grey hair,—raise her withered arm, and with the old fire declare that she would not surrender her principles. A glass of beer with dinner, and a little toddy at bedtime, she had always taken, and she took them to the end, and George had to submit.

Addressing, on one occasion, a Temperance oration to a Bristol audience, he appealed to his female hearers not to believe that “nourishing stout” was necessary to nursing-mothers; and he pointed to himself as a melancholy example, saying, “My mother first lifted the poisoned chalice to my lips.” His aged mother read this in the morning paper. Her wrath was violent. “What!” she cried, “am I to be told publicly, at eighty years of age, that I, who always begged and prayed him to be sober, taught him to drink?” Her son did not return home for several days; but he heard of his speech in no uncertain tones when he presented himself to the old lady, who had, in his youth, often physically chastised him for his excesses.

Perhaps the best specimen of his manner of laying



his subject before an audience is the speech which he delivered at the Grand Demonstration of the National Temperance League, in the Guildhall, on the 19th of November, 1864. It wants his by-play, his dramatic delivery, his grotesque movements, and then the solemn sounds of his voice, to be completely understood ; but it is sufficiently original and suggestive as reported.

“ My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My worthy friend the doctor has given you a very excellent discourse upon his own profession. It so happens that as I was coming to this meeting I met with a gentleman who had just been to consult his medical man ; and finding I was coming to this meeting, he laughed at all idea of abstaining from intoxicating drinks. He told me he had been to see a very eminent member of the medical profession. I asked him what was the result. He said the physician told him he wanted a stimulant, and prescribed one. I said, ‘What did you give him?’ He replied, ‘Of course, I gave him the usual fee—a guinea.’ I said, ‘I can show you how to save that guinea in future. If you will give me half of it, I will give it to some good charity, and the other half you may keep in your pocket.’ He said, ‘How is that?’ I said, ‘Instead of going to the physician, go to the publican, and tell him what is the matter with you, and he will prescribe the same thing ; and if the landlord is not in, say the same to the potboy, and he will do as well. Rely upon it, they will prescribe exactly the same thing as the doctor, and the effects will be the same.’ Now, I must say one word, if you please, to defend a very eminent prince who has been mentioned here to-night. I am sorry to say it happened to be my fate to hold up to ridicule the Prince Regent—very often indeed ; but

he was not such a bad man as he is represented to be. It must be recollected that if he committed excess in the way of drinking, it was then the fashion for all the eminent persons to get drunk. No man was considered a liberal man—no man was considered a gentleman, in fact, unless he made his companions drunk; and therefore, with all due respect to my friend Mr. Scott, who mentioned the circumstance, it must be recollected that about half a century back it was the fashion—it is a fearful thing, but it was the fashion—of gentry to get drunk; therefore we ought to make allowances. But now, my Lord Mayor, to come to this very serious question. This hall is the place where the great City feasts are held, and the question is, Is it possible that there can be any grand entertainment given without mixing up with it the intoxicating cup? What will be said? It is very well for you, my lord, who are almost an abstainer yourself—very well for you—but what will be said of another Lord Mayor who comes here and gives a dinner without wine and beer? What will be said of him? He will be called a shabby fellow; and the question is, whether the guests will not all be melancholy. It will, perhaps, be somewhat in this style: ‘Have a little more soup?’ ‘No, thank you.’ ‘More fish?’ ‘No, thank you.’ ‘Bit of fowl?’ ‘No.’ ‘Venison?’ ‘No.’ ‘What, can’t you eat any more?’ ‘No, I don’t like it: I want something to drink.’ There is the serious thing: what is to be done? There is one way of settling that question. It is supposed that there can be no sociality, no comfort, no enjoyment, without intoxicating drinks. Now, I recommend the next Lord Mayor who may succeed our honoured chairman, if he be in favour of the moderate use of these delightful

drinks, to be so good as to ask the present company to come to dinner. Wouldn't you enjoy yourselves? And then, when we have had enough to eat, and want something to drink, here you are (holding up a glass of water)—Mr. Chairman, your very good health! Ladies and gentlemen, your good health! (drinking the toast.) We should have a jolly time of it. (Loud and long-continued cheering.) Mr. Morley says we will take the sherbet without the punch. That is the way in which these things are looked at; but supposing that it is impossible that any social enjoyment can be had without the use of these stimulants, let us take another view of the question. I have had the honour of dining here, and I have enjoyed myself very much, not only in the time when I used to take wine myself—because I recollect there was such a time as that—but when I have been a teetotaler I have been here, and enjoyed my dinner very much indeed, without any of these drinks. But supposing we had this hall upon the occasion of the Lord Mayor's feast with the most elegant people in the world (for I believe of all the people in the world the British people are the best looking and the best dressed): imagine the scene! The tables are set out in the most splendid manner; everything looks grand and happy; but what is going on outside? Ay! my friends, the most splendid monument in the world where this drink is used in moderation as it is in this country, may in the inside be a splendid monument of good order, taste, and sobriety, but at the outside there is filth and dirt and crime through drink. I say, suppose these social meetings cannot be enjoyed without these drinks, let us look at the outside. Now, there are a certain number of circumstances or acts committed in society, which

are always injurious, not only to the individual himself, but also to society at large. Now, I do not mean to say that every teetotaler is an honest man. There may be some dishonest fellows amongst them. I have heard of two in the last thirty years. This reminds me, by-the-bye, of a teetotal turnkey at Coldbath Fields. There were two youths brought into the prison, who were teetotalers, and the other turnkeys jeered the teetotal turnkey upon it. He said, 'It is true that there are two teetotalers here, but they are here only for begging, whereas you have about fifteen hundred brought in who drink, and they are most of them committed for stealing.' There are a number of besetting sins connected with drinking, such as robberies, brutal assaults, garotting, house-breaking, suicide, and murder. By-the-bye, speaking of murder, there has been a very strong feeling existing for many years, and still increasing, against the punishment of death. I think it is a very horrible thing indeed to hang anybody; but, my friends, do not forget that it is a still more horrible thing for one to be murdered. Do not let us forget that. There was a young man in the country a little while ago hanged for murder—quite a young man. It was a sad thing indeed, no doubt, to see this poor fellow gibbeted; but what was he hanged for? He had been drinking on the Saturday night, and he murdered a young woman as she was going to church on the Sunday morning. Do not forget that these horrible, detestable, damnable crimes are committed under the influence of drink. We will talk about doing away with the punishment of death after we have stopped murders. I had the honour of speaking in the Mansion House when Mr. Charles Pearson, the

City solicitor, brought on the question about the convicts ; and I told the Lord Mayor then, that if we could do away with intoxicating liquors altogether, we might wheel out that dreadful instrument the gibbet into the Old Bailey, and make a bonfire of it. I believe you will find, if you go into the question, that there is hardly a murder committed in this country out of a hundred—I may say out of a thousand—not ten out of ten thousand—but drink has something to do with it. Remove the drink, and you will stop murder. But there is a gentleman who ought to have been speaking instead of myself, and therefore I will not detain you much longer ; but I will say this, my friends, and call your attention to it especially, that the teetotal question has now been before the world for about thirty years, and during that short time I challenge any one to point out any teetotaler who has been committed for a brutal assault upon his wife, or for garotting, or picking pockets, or house robbery, or murder. I challenge the world to produce one single case wherein any real teetotaler has been convicted of one of those crimes. Then, if this be so, what have we to do but to spread this Temperance movement throughout the length and breadth of the land ? And then we should stop, if not all crimes, if not all offences, still the great majority of them ; and that is what we are aiming at. And recollect this, my friends, that we are not a society formed merely for the purpose of reclaiming the drunkard. It is a very good thing to do so, and I am sorry to say that my time is so occupied that I am almost in despair. I have six most dreadful cases in hand at the present moment. There is nobody to assist them. I could not go to the brewer or distiller, and ask them to give me



funds for the support of these people whom they have ruined ; and why not ? Because there is blood upon the money. I would not have it. But I had to-day a letter imploring me for help from the nephew of an old friend of my father. What am I to do ? I have a lady in the country at this moment, the wife of a barrister, who is starving for want of help, and whose husband has been ruined by drinking. My time is occupied, and my friends are gone, and I am called upon for all I can afford. But, my friends, if you do away with these drinks, you do away with these cases. But it is utterly impossible to go into the evils arising out of these drinks in the time I have to speak—they are so extensive ; all I have to say is, ‘Go on and prosper !’ and prosper we shall. I cannot sit down without saying that I look upon this meeting to-night to be one of the grandest movements that this cause has ever had. I say it from my heart, and think that those gentlemen who have assisted in getting up this meeting deserve our best thanks.”

The idea of a temperance Lord Mayor’s Banquet suggests, no doubt, many vastly amusing incidents and episodes to the mind of the comic writer, but honest-hearted George Cruikshank could not, and would not, in his latter day, see any element of fun in drunkenness, and he was quite in earnest in recommending the next Lord Mayor to fill his loving-cup with pump water.\*

The account he gave, moreover, of his trouble about the many people who were seeking his assistance, was

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\* Since Cruikshank delivered the above speech, a Temperance Banquet has been held at the Mansion House.

true of his experience year after year. His doors were besieged. He was waylaid by petitioners for his known bounty (the recklessness of which, as we have seen, Dickens reproved) whenever he went abroad. A poor man himself, for ever in money troubles, even to the end of his laborious life, his heart lay always open to a tale of distress. He was never without "cases" on hand.

It has been remarked of his Temperance days, by one of his friendliest critics, that his style suffered from the contraction of his ideas and sympathies, "and it cannot be questioned that with the general public his reputation declined in proportion to the increase of his popularity among the teetotalers." He lost heavily, in a pecuniary sense, by his Temperance advocacy. Publishers ceased to employ him. He remarked that, for the last ten years of his life, he was without commissions. He had refused none, he would say. He was willing to work, and he held that his powers were unimpaired. But the public had come to regard him simply as a Temperance preacher; to them the inimitable George, the illustrator of *Boz*, the kindly satirist, the creator of "*Points of Humour*," the illustrator of Grimm, was dead.

And, firmly believing this, the brave old man held on in the rigid course of duty he had laid down for himself. He had seen all the horrors which lie behind drunkenness; in his early time he had himself been a tavern hero; and he had dedicated the remainder of his life to the work of warning the rising generation out of the path in which he himself had stumbled.

"I come forth," he said, in one of his earliest temperance harangues, "to set by my humble example the opinion of this unthinking world at defiance. Now mark,

I believe that by nature, and from the profession that I formerly belonged to, that of a caricaturist, I have as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. I can see clearly what is ridiculous in others. I am so sensitive myself, that I am quite alive to every situation, and would not willingly place myself in a ridiculous one, and, I must confess, that if to be a teetotaler was to be a milksop, if it was to be a namby-pamby fellow, or a man making a fool of himself or of others, then indeed I would not be one—certainly not; but if, on the contrary, to be a teetotaler is to be a man that values himself, and tries by every means in his power to benefit others; if to be a teetotaler is to be a man who tries to save the thoughtless from destruction; if to be a teetotaler is to be a man who does battle with false theories and bad customs, then I am one. I have been a convert but a short time, not much over twelve months. I only wish that I could say, with Dr. Gourley, that I had never taken a glass of spirits in my life; I wish that I had acted upon the principles of total abstinence only thirty years ago; for if I had, I am convinced that at this time I should have been much better, both in body and mind. I have experienced much benefit already, both physically and mentally. I never did sneer at or scorn the question of Temperance, yet I never thought that I should stand up as a teetotal advocate; but I am proud that I have been put into the position in which I am now placed.”

Later on, still conscious of the disadvantage at which he was placing himself as an artist, he said to another audience—

“When I left off drinking wine altogether, and became a total abstainer, I became a healthier and stronger

man, more capable of meeting the heavy responsibilities that were upon me, and for the following two years I had my life renewed, and all the elasticity of my school-boy days came back to me. Domestic afflictions then came upon me, ending in death, and my spirits and health were crushed down. In this extremity I applied to my medical adviser. He said, 'Medicine is of no use to you; you must drink wine again.' I refused, and my medical friend called in some others of his profession; he told me they had had a consultation, the result being that all of them agreed it was necessary I should drink wine to restore my sinking constitution. I replied, 'Doctor, I'll take your physic, but not your wine. Let me try everything else first, and only when there is no other chance give me wine, because I feel there is a great principle at stake in this matter.' I have said, and I believe, wine is unnecessary, even as a medicine, and I do not wish to do a single act which would tend to weaken or destroy the weight and force of that conviction. And here I stand. I have not tasted the vile and destroying enemy, and I am almost restored to health, without having risked the violation of my principles. I call this a triumph; and I stand here as an evidence that wine is totally unnecessary, even as a medicine."

Much later, we find the preacher an octogenarian—albeit rudely buffeted by the world, and well-nigh forgotten as a living artist—still true to his noble text. "Alcoholic liquors," he exclaimed to an audience, little more than two years before his death, "were recommended to keep up strength! But what kept up his strength? He had not taken a drop of wine, beer, or spirits, or of any alcoholic drink, for twenty-seven years,

and he would be eighty-three next September, if he lived till then. What was it, then, that kept up his strength? Since he had given up drinking beer and smoking, he had had a higher enjoyment of life, because all his nervous system was in proper tone."

Cuthbert Bede, who knew Cruikshank intimately in his teetotal days, has drawn this graphic picture of the Temperance advocate at home :—

"Though I had interchanged letters with Mr. George Cruikshank for several years, it was not until early in the autumn of 1853 that I made his personal acquaintance. He had asked me to write a serial story for a projected publication to be illustrated by himself; and, as it would simplify matters if we could talk over the subject together, I went up from the country to London to call upon him. He was then living in Mornington Crescent, near to Regent's Park. Numerous portraits had made me familiar with his personal appearance, so that I needed not to be told who was the gentleman who so courteously received me downstairs, and then took me upstairs to his comfortable studio, where he introduced me to his wife. Some of our first conversation, indeed, was on the subject of his portrait; for, among the pictures on his walls, I had noticed the original of the portrait by Frank Stone, which was engraved on steel for the *Omnibus*, and was certainly a far more flattering representation of George Cruikshank than the caricaturist's sketches of himself. I told him that I considered the best portrait of himself was to be found in his own etching, 'The Reverie,' published in his *Table-Book*, and in every respect a wonderfully fine specimen of his art and genius. I also referred to his own account of 'My Portrait,' in the *Omnibus*, in which, with his own



pen and pencil, he portrayed himself, and made comments on a curious description of himself that had been given in a publication called 'Portraits of Public Characters'; how he was said to be of the medium height, with a forehead of a prominently receding shape, with a handsome pair of whiskers, and hair partaking of a lightish hue; and, moreover, how the ludicrous and extraordinary fancies with which his mind was constantly teeming often imparted a sort of wildness to his look and peculiarity to his manner, which would suffice to frighten from his presence those unacquainted with him.

"He read these and similar passages to me, and was immensely tickled at their egregious absurdity. In truth, his manner at once impressed me as being peculiarly gentle, and kind, and genial. Instead of assuming any airs of superiority, I found him possessed of all the humble modesty and chivalrous courtesy of the truly great artist and thorough gentleman; and although I was quite young, and he was in his sixty-first year, he treated me as though I had been his equal, if not superior, in ability. We had so much to talk about, and he had so much to show me, that my first interview with George Cruikshank had been prolonged to nearly four hours before I became aware how quickly the time had flown. The time had then arrived for their luncheon, or early dinner; and as both Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank pressed me to stay, and I had by this time overlapped the hour at which I had made another engagement, I readily consented to remain, and we went downstairs to dinner. 'There will be nothing else than a leg of mutton,' said Cruikshank. 'I happen to know that, for I came in with it,' I replied; 'for as I knocked at the hall door

the butcher's boy was down in the area, delivering the leg of mutton to the cook.' Cruikshank seemed to be greatly amused at this, for he laughed heartily, and said to his wife, 'My dear, Mr. — came in with the mutton.' Something in the occurrence seemed to mightily tickle his fancy, for more than once he repeated the words to his wife, 'My dear, Mr. — came in with the mutton!' It was while I was eating it that I terribly forgot myself. The day was very sultry; it was five hours since I had breakfasted; we had been busy talking, and I felt thirsty. So, while the parlourmaid was handing something to me, I asked her to give me a glass of beer. She replied, 'We have no beer, sir.' 'Then,' I said, 'please to bring me the sherry.' 'There is no sherry, sir.' Whereupon my host interposed, and laughingly explained that he could not allow the introduction of any alcoholic liquor into his house; and that, while I was his guest, I must content myself with drinking water. Then I suddenly remembered that which I ought not to have forgotten, even for a moment, that my host had devoted himself to teetotalism, and that I was sitting at the table of the artist who, six years before, had drawn the eight scenes of 'The Bottle,' and had thereby struck a powerful blow at one of the greatest vices of the age.

"I duly apologized for my forgetfulness; and the incident naturally led Cruikshank to dilate on that important theme, in furtherance of which he so steadily devoted his great powers to the very end of his career, with a persistent courage and devoted zeal that won for him the genuine respect and admiration of those even who could not wholly agree with him in details. I was one of those. I could travel with him, very willingly,

up to a certain point, after which our paths parted, and we 'agreed to differ.' I could accompany him to temperance, but not to total abstinence. During the remainder of the time that we occupied over dinner, we scarce spoke on any other subject than that which gave rise to the scenes of 'The Bottle,' 'The Drunkard's Children,' 'The Gin Trap,' 'The Gin Juggernaut'—and, at a later period, his large oil-painting, 'The Worship of Bacchus.'

"Our discussion on the subject was preserved with perfect good humour; so much so, that I ventured to remind him that only a year or two before he had been converted to teetotalism he had caricatured Father Mathew, in an etching for the *Comic Almanack* for 1844, representing him as an old pump. I reminded my host that these were his sentiments for more than fifty years of his life, and that he had never during that period objected to the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, although he had always vigorously lashed their gross abuse; and I pleaded that I had not lived for half those years that I had named, and that I might be pardoned for my forgetfulness in asking his servant for beer and wine.

"Then he told me how the crying sin of the age had sunk deep down into his heart, especially when he had seen it flourishing, like an upas tree, in all its foul deformity, in those courts and alleys into which he was so often led in search of subjects for his pencil; and how the design for 'The Bottle' had gradually grown upon him, and the necessity for practising what he preached, which he found he could do only by cutting himself adrift from all alcoholic drinks. He also explained how his plans to disseminate the scenes of his 'Drunkard's

Progress,' in such a form and at such a low price that they should reach those masses for whom he specially designed them, were hampered and well-nigh frustrated, chiefly by the cost of engraving such large drawings on wood; and how the new art of glyphography had come to his assistance, and enabled him to draw the eight designs, and to sell them (with Dr. Charles Mackay's explanatory poem) for a shilling—which in the year 1847 was an extraordinarily low price for such a production. 'You will remember,' he said, 'how Maclise represented me seated on a beer-barrel, getting my inspiration from pothouse scenes, and pencilling them on the crown of my hat?' 'Yes, I remember: it was in the *Fraser* gallery of portraits. And you have amply proved to the world since then that you can turn to the best account, and for the public good, the people and incidents that you saw in those places.' I told him that of 'The Bottle' and 'Drunkard's Children' series I preferred the one where the poor girl commits suicide from Waterloo Bridge—the idea of the body falling from a height being so vividly conveyed to the eye, as to impress one with the conviction that we can really see the swift descent of that 'one more unfortunate.'"

An instance of Cruikshank's earnestness in the Temperance cause happened in May 1854. He had been invited to preside over a meeting of total abstiners, to be held in Sadler's Wells Theatre, a place associated in his mind with the glories of his friend Joe Grimaldi, the clown, and the days when he was a frequenter of the clown's club, "The Crib," hard by. The great Temperance advocate, J. B. Gough, was to address the audience. Cruikshank introduced him in



his own original way, delivering, as the papers remarked, a speech full of piquant and incontrovertible truth. But it was at the close of the orator's speech that the chairman proved himself equal to the occasion. Seeing that the audience were under the spell of Mr. Gough's eloquence, he rose and exhorted them at once to come forward and sign the pledge. With this he advanced to the footlights, bridged the orchestra with a few planks, and stood by to receive the ladies who came forward in crowds, many of them leading their children. So delighted was the artist with the number of converts he led to the table to sign the pledge, that he drew the scene for the *Illustrated London News*, with himself for central figure.

I remember attending another meeting in George Cruikshank's company. It was a gathering of London pickpockets, called by Mr. Henry Mayhew, when he was engaged upon his London Labour and London Poor inquiry. The solemn, but still somewhat grotesque impressiveness of the Temperance preacher, as he rose, while that dreadful company of keen-eyed vicious lads were eating the plain Temperance supper which had been provided for them, to bid them renounce the evils of their way, and as a beginning, to shun the bottle and the beer-pot, dwelt long in my memory. "Man," said Lord Lytton, "has no majesty like earnestness." That night, honest, whole-hearted Cruikshank, as with wild gesticulation he talked to "the dear lads"—for the forlornest and wickedest waif was dear to him—was clothed in majesty; and it cowed a man at hand, who acknowledged, within his hearing, that he had smuggled something stronger than water into the room.



## CHAPTER IV.

## “THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS.”

MR. WEDMORE, in his critical sketch of Cruikshank, has described, how in his later days the public fell away from the great humourist and subtle observer :—

“As time went on apace, neither the passage of time itself, nor the hard work which crowded the days of his maturity in art, nor the comparative neglect of the later years, when Cruikshank, no longer quite in the movement of the day, was solaced by visits in the Hampstead Road, chiefly of a very few who were collectors of his work, or of some stray humourist still faithful and confident in the achievement of so many years ago : as time went on, Cruikshank wore well and slowly, so that it was truly said of him that he looked as if he had once been very old and then had forgotten it. Employed no longer in sketching and satirising the society of which he was hardly any more a part, he betook himself, a good deal by choice, to work more distinctly ambitious than any he had attempted when his hand was really the strongest and his brain the most fertile. He furnished the design for a monument to King Robert the Bruce. He painted in oils, not only this or that moral lesson, but a tale of heroism in humble life. No doubt the absence of the knowledge of academical draughtsmanship told against him not less in 1871 than it would

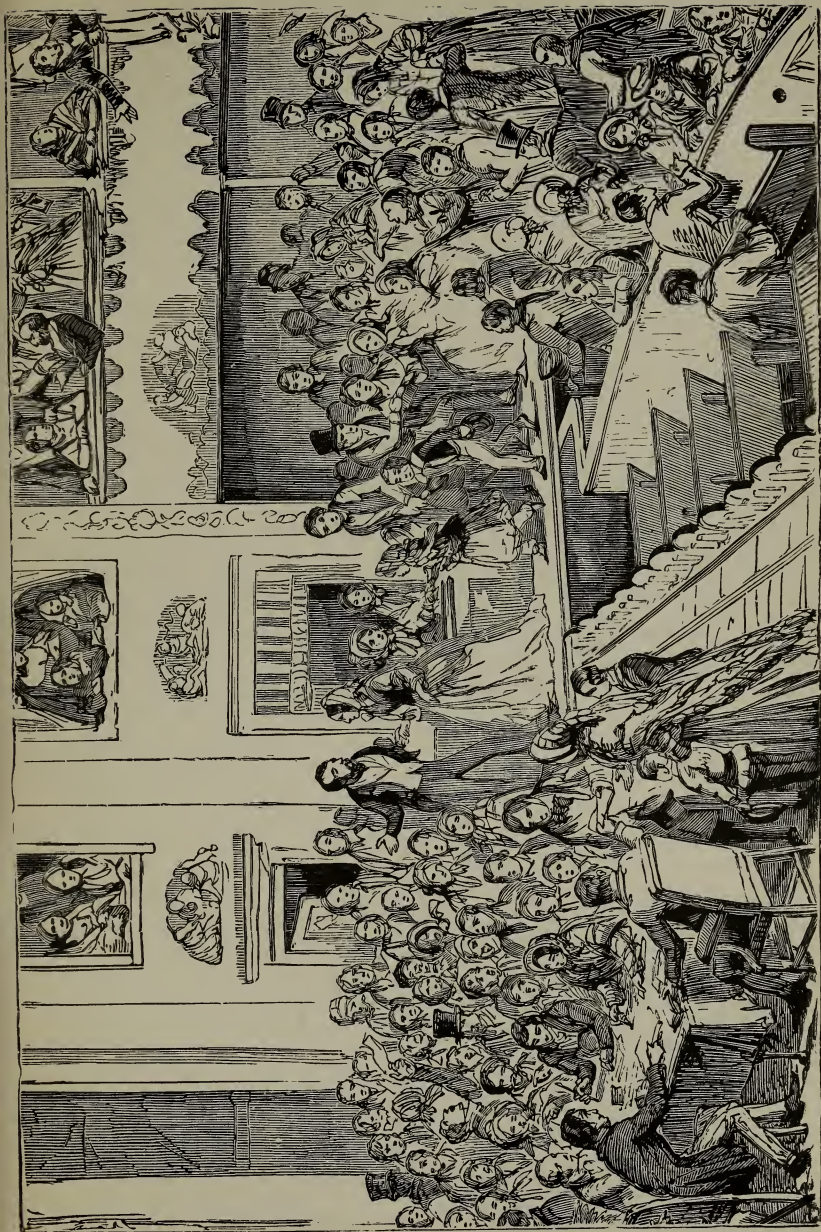
have done half a century before, and no doubt the absence of any capacity for the subtle modulations of colour—nay, the absence even of sensitiveness to these—made his painting in oil a failure when judged by the side even of quite every-day work by every-day artists. Thus it was that no fresh honours came to him when he was still eager for them. The popularity of the great days was a little forgotten by the public in the presence of the failure of the most recent. And then, again, advertised poverty is never a helpful thing. We worship merit a little, but success more, and success must have its stamp. The public of Cruikshank narrowed. Of course critics and journalists—the men whose business it is to keep in memory some work that the chance public praises one day and forgets the next—knew that Cruikshank was great, and how he had been great, and having in more than one notable instance said so faithfully during his old age, said so again last month, when he died. And of course, again, so much of his work having become rare, collectors of it had arisen—curious and anxious seekers, to whose interest we shall owe the preservation of many of his early and many even of his riper things. For them, when Cruikshank's work was pretty well accomplished, and 'finis' seemed about to be written to that immense volume of production, Mr. G. W. Reid engaged on a task of care—the great *catalogue raisonné* in which, with here and there errors not easily avoided, he has chronicled well-nigh five thousand designs: 'the smiling offspring,' as Thackeray so admirably said of them, 'the smiling offspring of painful labour.' But in the main Cruikshank was forgotten, and the weekly smiles—faint though now and again they needs must be, and of indulgence rather

than commendation—which are given by the English public to the efforts of our youngest English humour, a little trivial and slight, had ceased to be bestowed on that larger and more massive humourist who lingered from the past he was part of.”

This is very true, and is a very sad story skilfully told. Think what would have become of the neglected or forgotten humourist, if, when the mere laughing public had turned away from him to Leech and Doyle, and Tenniel and Du Maurier, he had not been fired with the ardour of an apostle in the cause he had taken up. His Almanack had failed for lack of readers; and David Bogue had thrown up Cruikshank's Magazine, after the second number—convinced that the artist had outlived his public. His ambition to become a painter was mercifully renewed, with the renewal of his health and mind, through temperance. Full of vigour, he used to say,—“A painter should paint from his shoulder, sir.” He became almost wholly a serious man in his work, and appealed to the public in a new capacity. He resolved, stimulated by the success of “The Bottle,” to execute a great picture that should remain behind him, a monument of his genius, and an immortal Temperance lesson.

In the early ardour of his second youth he had braced himself to supply, so far as he might, albeit he had reached his sixtieth year, the deficiency in his art education, by working as a student at the Royal Academy. He had, he believed, all his powers unimpaired; why then should he not yet obtain the academical knowledge, of which he had been deprived, as he had said bitterly, through the improvident habits of his whiskey-drinking father? Mr. Charles Landseer says: “He entered as student at the Royal Academy, during my keepership,





Total Abstainers' Meeting in Sadler's Wells Theatre, May 1854.





April 22nd, 1853 ; but made very few drawings in the *Antique*, and never got into the *Life*. He was placed upon the Turner Fund in 1866—£50 per annum. I have heard that he made an application to Fuseli for admission to the R.A., and was informed that the school was too full, but that he might go and draw there if he could find a place.\*

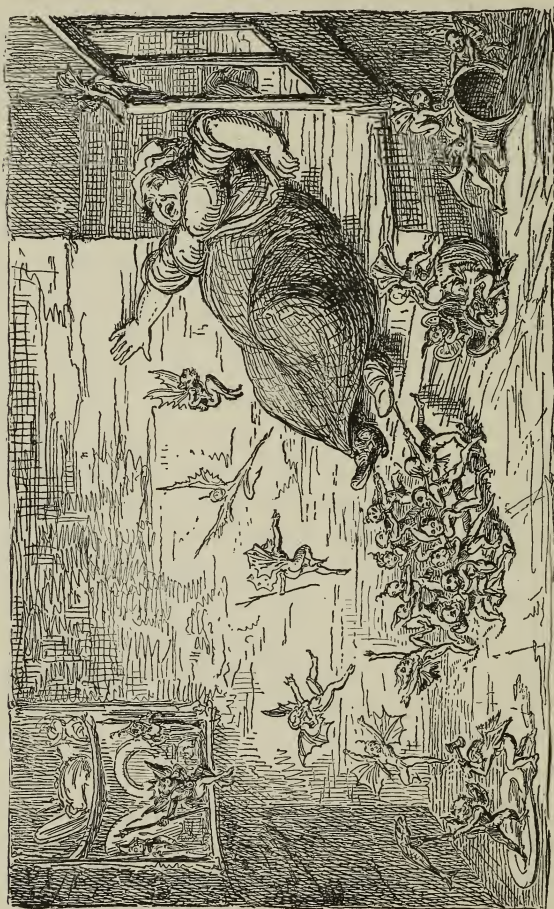
This is the brief record of George Cruikshank's relations with the Academy. He was past the years when men learn. Time pressed too heavily upon the elderly man to leave him patience for the slow progress from the "Antique" to the "Life." He had been at the "Life" in his own keen way since he was a boy ; and he must be content to paint with the imperfect but original knowledge which had sufficed for his etchings.

And so he turned to his easel, and painted in oils, with something of his own inimitable power of concentration and dramatic story-telling, such subjects as he had treated in earlier days with his etching-needle. His "Tam O'Shanter," "Grimaldi the Clown Shaved by a Girl," "The Runaway Knock," "The Fairy Ring," "Titania and Bottom the Weaver," "Dressing for the Day," "A New Situation," and "Disturbing the Congregation," were exhibited at the Royal Academy or at the British Institution ; and were welcomed, for the fancy, the life, the humour that were in them—although they were one and all crude or violent in tone, and betrayed in every part a hand unpractised with the brush, and an eye dead to the delicacies of colour. They were, in truth, such bits of humour or fancy as the master humourist was wont in the old time to throw off at the rate of

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\* Letter from Charles Landseer to B. J., Feb. 18, 1878.

two or three in a week—only laboriously rendered in oils. The Runaway Knock, for instance, might



*Designed & Etched & Published by George Cruikshank*

Fairy Revenge.—From "Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft."

be a plate in the "Sketch-Book," or in "Points of Humour"—and the remark applies to Grimaldi being Shaved by a Girl, and the Disturbing the Congre-

gation—which latter, to the artist's great delight, the Prince Consort, who was one of Cruikshank's cordial admirers, bought. Some of these fetched high prices. The Fairy Ring, the most imaginative, and as a composition the best of Cruikshank's oil-paintings, painted in 1855, was a commission given to the artist by Mr. Henry Miller, of Preston—the price being £800.\* The fairy revel is full of exquisitely suggestive bits. The canvas swarms with fairy life, and abounds with fanciful episodes.

The grace and spirit with which the artist could treat fairy or elfin life may be seen in scores of his earlier works. Look at this "Fairy Revenge," from "Scott's Demonology," drawn in 1833.

"The Runaway Knock" is simply such a bit of Cruikshankian humour as he had been wont to treat with his etching-needle. It is full of life and excitement. The entire household, to the pug puppy-dog, has been aroused; nor could the painter refrain from throwing life into the carved stone head over the street-door. Again, "Disturbing the Congregation" is an etching subject, elaborated. A little boy, in church, has dropped his pegtop, and the awful eye of the beadle (Cruikshank created the British beadle as a humorous figure) is upon him. The Prince Consort, whom a genuine bit of humour delighted, was glad to add this most characteristic Cruikshank to his collection.

Cruikshank's old friend, Clarkson Stanfield, first persuaded him to trust himself to oils. In his tinted designs, he showed that sense of colour which was

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\* It is now in the possession of Captain Douglass Kennedy, of Summerfield, Kirkby-Lonsdale, Mr. Miller's son-in-law.

everywhere manifest in the etchings of his best time—in his designs to Ainsworth, for instance. The water-colour drawings for his Walter Scott plates, again, are admirable.\* But in oil, it must be repeated, he failed utterly. The touch of the etcher remained. He was hard and crude. The first painting he exhibited was “Bruce attacked by Assassins”—the Bruce upon a burlesque horse smothered in drapery! It was exhibited at the Royal Academy. His next picture was “Moses dressing for the Fair”—a subject more within his power; but it was coarse, inharmonious, and sketchy. The wonder was that Cruikshank could not perceive that he was on the wrong road. So far, however, was he from suspecting this, that he was constantly meditating great historical subjects; and actually “got in” upon a spacious canvas the Battle of Agincourt. He even began a scriptural subject, “Christ riding into Jerusalem.” But the genius that could realize a street or fairy mob † upon a surface no broader than the palm of the hand, could not paint a battle-piece. Without his outline he was all abroad. The sacred subject remained in the studio, with many other canvases, to the end. It

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\* They were for a long time the property of Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty’s Theatre, and on the sale of his effects passed, fortunately, into the hands of Mr. Ellison, who bequeathed his collection to the South Kensington Museum.

† “Cruikshank’s crowds give one exactly the impression of reality. They show a certain monotony, from the common impulse of the mob, yet they are full of characteristic figures, no two exactly alike. There is also all the due sense of air, and motion, and fluctuation about them. They are penetrable crowds, especially the Irish, which he delights to draw,—true *mobiles*,—ready to break out into new mischief, or disperse before the onslaught of the Saxon.”—*Francis Turner Palgrave*.



was his "Battle of a Gin Court," in his "Sunday in London," that showed the master. He admitted, when it was suggested to him, that the "etching-point feeling" was always in his fingers, giving a "living" sensation to the brush, and that he never could get rid of it. His Falstaff tormented by the Fairies, was, on the whole, the painting he completed with most thorough satisfaction to himself.

Mr. Wedmore, dwelling on the shortcomings of biographers, complains that where an artist is the subject they tell "not much of the work he had planned but never executed; work, nevertheless, on which perhaps he had set great store, and looked forward to completing, and 'purposes unsure,'

'That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.'

"You should see the comedies I have not written," said a pensive playwright. Cruikshank was, throughout his life, disturbed by unfulfilled dreams of great subjects, with which he felt his genius could cope. He would have grappled with Milton, as we have seen, but hard fate kept him tied to bread-and-cheese work, and to minor themes. His "Pilgrim's Progress" remains unfinished, and, even so far as he executed it, unpublished.\*

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,  
Unfinished must remain."

It would have gone sadly then, when the publishers could no longer find profit in his work, when the public

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\* The plates are in the possession of Mr. Truman.



had turned from his old-fashioned humour and fancy, to the fresher and more peaceful, albeit more circumscribed and less earnest, genius of Leech, had he not been buoyed up and comforted with the self-imposed mission, for which he had buckled on new armour, resolved to die fighting in the good cause. And so while his rival rode prosperously on the fashion of the hour, catching, in the words of Herrick,

“A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat”—

he ordered a broad canvas to be carried to his modest studio in the Hampstead Road, and sat himself patiently down—his morrow’s bread secured by the sympathetic admiration of a few real friends—to build up that monument of his many-sided genius, his cartoon, composed in the manner of his master Gillray’s “Democracy, or a Sketch of the Life of Bonaparte”—in a series of compartments.

The story of the Triumph of Bacchus is honourable to all parties concerned. On the one hand we find the veteran artist eager to perform an enduring work in support of the Temperance cause; and on the other a knot of friends, also good servants of the cause, anxious to put him in a position to labour in comfort. It has been said the National Temperance League was the means of giving the great painting and engraving to the world; but the truth is, that no temperance association—as an association—took action in the matter. The many earnest men who have this good cause at heart co-operated in several ways in furtherance of the artist’s plans; but these plans were actually directed by a small independent committee, who held on to their

task through many troubles and some disagreements, until the plate was completed, and the picture was finally made over to the nation.

When Cruikshank had drawn a rough sketch in oils of his design, he invited a few friends to his house to consult with him as to ways and means. The gentlemen who met as a committee were Sir Francis Crossley, John Stewart—the art critic, Mr. Hugh Owen of the Poor Law Board, Mr. John Taylor, and Mr. W. Tweedie, the publisher. The result of their consultation was the adoption of a proposal submitted by Mr. Stewart, who was a fervent admirer and devoted friend of the artist.

George Cruikshank undertook to produce his complete design in water-colours, from which a steel etching was to be executed. The artist assumed the entire pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking, on the condition that his friends would supply him with what he called "spending money," or money for his daily wants, while the engraving was in progress. The advances of his supporters were to be refunded out of the proceeds of the sale of the plate. On this arrangement Cruikshank went to work with his usual vigour. The water-colour design was soon completed, and placed in the hands of Mr. Mottram, the engraver—the understanding being that the outline of every figure was to be etched by Cruikshank himself. This laborious work he finally performed, but not before serious and harmful delays had occurred.

It had been distinctly understood that the great oil painting—the ultimate form which the design was to take—was not to be begun until the engraving had been completed; but Cruikshank's impatience to be at his *magnum opus* led him to break through his agreement.

A member of the committee, on calling at his house one morning, found him before the broad canvas, with the upper row of figures already sketched in. In reply to remonstrances, he gave the reasonable explanation that no man could etch all day long. The committee then agreed that he should work as fast as was prudent at the engraving, and "for rest" take a turn at the big picture. In order further to encourage him, an honorary committee of about seventy gentlemen was formed, to promote the subscription to the engraving. But so engrossed did Cruikshank become in his oil-painting, that, although he knew that the delay in the print was destroying the chances of a great subscription list, he never touched an etching tool until the painting was finally lifted from the easel.

This work was to bring him, not only glory, but fortune. He was confident that crowds would flock to see it. He had visions of policemen at the door of his gallery to keep off the tumultuous throng. The advances of his friendly committee exceeded a thousand pounds; but in a few weeks, he believed, the public, for whom he had been labouring since the beginning of the century, would fill his coffers, and he would be able to release himself from his obligations. Flushed with hope, he wreathed some choice specimens of his early work about the *magnum opus*, in a little gallery next to the Lyceum Theatre, in Wellington Street, Strand; and threw open the doors, and summoned the world to enter. But the world passed his door.\*

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\* It was a bitter pecuniary disappointment also. Cruikshank believed that he would have excelled as an actor, but his power amounted to nothing more than the realization of a burlesque

On the 28th of April, 1863, he carried his painting, by command, to Windsor Castle, for the inspection of the Queen; and he never tired of talking gratefully and excitedly about the interview, acting with great solemnity the sweeping bow he made to Her Majesty. But the Queen's kindness failed to draw her subjects in the crowds the artist had expected. Then his trusty friends organised a little *soirée* in the exhibition room on the 28th of August, and invited him to deliver a lecture on his picture, which he did in his own original manner, giving a reason for every group, almost every figure, upon his crowded canvas.\* Still the laggard public disappointed the expectant veteran, who had cherished visions of a peaceful close for his life, won by this extraordinary labour. Kind Thackeray came, with his grave face, and looked through the little gallery, and went off to write one of his charming essays, which appeared in the *Times* (May 15, 1863). He said:—

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brigand. He was violent, fierce in ridiculous excess, and extravagant in all his movements. He had always a yearning for the stage, and thought, as we have seen, of adopting it as a profession in his youth. He played with the Charles Dickens troupe in 1848 (Oliver Cob in "Every Man in his Humour," Doctor Camphor in "Love and Physic," and Pistol in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"), but he could not compare with such accomplished amateurs as Dickens and Mark Lemon. He never lost faith, however, in his power; and even late in life, when he contemplated—to compensate for his pecuniary disappointment with his *Triumph of Bacchus*—a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, he proposed to play *Macbeth* himself, saying to a friend, "I will show them how the dagger-scene *should* be done."

\* See Appendix L.



“In a quiet little room in Exeter Hall a veteran lecturer is holding forth all day upon a subject which moves his heart very strongly. His text, on which he has preached before in many places, is still ‘The Bottle.’ He divides his sermon into many hundreds of heads, and preaches with the most prodigious emphasis and grotesque variety. He is for no half measures. He will have no compromise with the odious god Bacchus; the wicked idol is smashed like Bel and Dagon. He will empty into the gutter all Master Bacchus’s pipes, his barrels, quarter-casks, demijohns, gallons, quarts, pints, gills, down to your very smallest liqueur glasses of spirits or wine. He will show you how the church, the bar, the army, the universities, the genteel world, the country gentleman in his polite circle, the humble artisan in his, the rustic ploughman in the fields, the misguided washerwoman over her suds and tubs—how all ranks and conditions of men are deteriorated and corrupted by the use of that abominable strong liquor: he will have patience with it no longer. For upwards of half a century, he says, he has employed pencil and pen against the vice of drunkenness, and in the vain attempt to shut up drinking shops and to establish *moderate drinking as a universal rule*; but for seventeen years he has discovered that teetotalism, or the total abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, was the only real remedy for the entire abolition of intemperance. His thoughts working in this direction, one day this subject of ‘the Worship of Bacchus’ flashed across his mind, and hence the origin of a work of art measuring 13 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft. 8 in., which has occupied the author no less than a year and a half.



"This sermon has the advantage over others, that you can take a chapter at a time, as it were, and return and resume the good homilist's discourse at your leisure. What is your calling in life? In some part of this vast tableau you will find it is *de te fabula*. In this compartment the soldiers are drinking and fighting; in the next the parsons are drinking 'Healts to the young Christian.' Here are the publicans, filthily intoxicated with their own horrible liquors; yonder is a masquerade supper, 'where drunken masquerade fiends drag down columbines to drunkenness and ruin.' Near them are 'the public singers chanting forth the praises of the "God of Wine."' 'Is it not marvellous to think,' says Mr. Cruikshank in a little pamphlet, containing a speech by him which is quite as original as the picture on which it comments,—'Is it not marvellous what highly talented poetry and what harmonious musical compositions have been produced, from time to time, in praise of this imaginative, slippery, deceitful, dangerous myth?'

"This 'myth,' the spectator may follow all through this most wonderful and labyrinthine picture. In the nursery the doctor is handing a pot of beer to mamma; the nurse is drinking beer; the little boy is crying for beer; and the papa is drawing a cork, so that 'he and the doctor may have a drop.' Here you have a group of women, victims of intemperance, 'tearing, biting, and mutilating one another.' Yonder are two of the police carrying away *a drunken policeman*. Does not the mind reel and stagger at the idea of this cumulated horror? And what is the wine which yonder clergyman holds in his hand but the same kind

of stuff which has made the mother in the christening scene above 'so tipsy that she has let her child fall out of her lap, while her idiotic husband points to his helpless wife, and exclaims, "Ha, ha ; she's dr-unk!"'"

And then Thackeray appealed to the public to come and be grateful to the painter :—

"With what vigour, courage, good-humour, honesty, cheerfulness, have this busy hand and needle plied for more than fifty years ! From 1799, 'when about eight or nine years of age,' until yesterday, the artist has never taken rest. When you would think he might desire quiet, behold he starts up lively as ever, and arms himself to do battle with the demon drunkenness. With voice and paint-brush, with steel-plate and wood-block, he assails 'that deceitful, slippery, dangerous myth !' To wage war against some wrong has been his chief calling ; and in lighter moments to waken laughter, wonder, or sympathy. To elderly lovers of fun, who can remember this century in its teens and its twenties, the benefactions of this great humourist are as pleasant and well remembered as papa's or uncle's 'tips' when they came to see the boys at school. The sovereign then administered bought delights not to be purchased by sovereigns of later coinage, tarts of incomparable sweetness which are never to be equalled in these times, sausages whose savour is still fragrant in the memory, books containing beautiful prints (sometimes ravishingly coloured) signed with the magic initials of the incomparable 'G. Ck.' No doubt the young people of the present day have younger artists to charm them ; and many hundred thousand boys and girls are admiring Mr. Leech, and will be grateful to him forty years

hence, when their heads are grey. These will not care for the Cruikshank drawings and etchings as men do whose boyhood was delighted by them; but the moderns can study the manners of the early century in the Cruikshank etchings, as of the French Revolution period in Gillray, Woodward, Bunbury."

Still the public, the paying public, held back.

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave took up the Exhibition in the *Saturday Review*, and thought it necessary to reintroduce Cruikshank to the British public: "Old George Cruikshank has been old George Cruikshank," he said, "any time during the last thirty years to those whose nursery days date so far back. Indeed, we have heard his illustrations to *Grimm's Fairy Stories* spoken of as the delight of their youth by some whose childhood dates forty years ago, whilst the similar labour of love which he has devoted to *Jack and the Beanstalk* is the thumbed and tattered darling of many who do not yet aspire to rank in the rising generation. He must, in fact, be old George Cruikshank, we are afraid, in the number of his years; yet our century has seen no better example of that ever-youthfulness which is one of the most frequent and least doubtful signs of genuine genius. That the name of Cruikshank deserves to be coupled with this epithet has never been dubious to those who, looking beyond certain mannerisms and limitations in his power as an artist, can appreciate high gifts to move both tears and laughter, exhibited on however small and unpretending a scale; or who can value downright originality, expressing itself in its own manner, irrespective of popular fashion; or who are aware what peculiar skill he has reached as an etcher."

But the *opus Georgii* had been scattered through modest ways, in children's books, title-pages to forgotten music, ephemeral pamphlets, mediocre works, or romances of passing popularity, as well as in the pages of Fielding, Smollett, Grimm, Scott, and Dickens. Nearly thirty years had passed over his head since he illustrated "Oliver Twist"; and so the crowd passed by his sterling excellence, and, in the old fashion, turned "to some loud trumpet-blowing hero of the hour."

I remember seeing him standing in his exhibition room. It was empty. There was a wild, anxious look in his face, when he greeted me. While we talked, he glanced once or twice at the door, when he heard any sound in that direction. Were they coming at last, the tardy, laggard public for whom he had been bravely toiling so many years? Here was his last mighty labour against the wall, and all the world had been told that it was there. His trusty friend Thackeray had hailed it in the *Times*. A great committee of creditable men had combined to usher it with pomp into the world. All who loved and honoured and admired him had spoken words of encouragement. Yet it was near noon, and only a solitary visitor had wandered into the room. Thackeray might well say, "How little do we think of the extraordinary powers of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!"

I was reminded of a visit I had paid years before to a room in the Egyptian Hall, where Haydon, wild and lowering, lingered by his pictures, a solitary, almost heart-broken man. In a letter he said that Douglas Jerrold was one of the two or three who answered his summons to Piccadilly. But it was I, then a young



art-student, who had begged my father's ticket, and stood for him, in the empty Haydon gallery. It was thus, with a sinking at the heart, that I went away from Wellington Street.

In order to make the exhibition more attractive, Mr. John Taylor suggested to Cruikshank that he should group around him a complete collection of his art work of sixty years ; his original water-colour sketches of the Miser's Daughter, the Tower of London, the Irish



How to Discharge a Waiter.— From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

Rebellion, and indeed a selection from the rich store he had garnered in his home, in the hope that he should be able to leave a complete record of his long art-life as a legacy to his country. This was the origin of the collection which was ultimately bought by the Aquarium Company, and is now, unfortunately, huddled in a corner of a gallery of their building.

From Wellington Street the Cruikshank exhibition was transported late in 1863 to Exeter Hall. All who knew the worth of Cruikshank's genius went, and were



delighted; but Cruikshank was made to see that the new generation had turned irrevocably to other and less gifted favourites, and that he had outlived his popularity with the multitude.\* As one of the committee remarks, "The public neither spake nor moved."

And yet Cruikshank, although burdened with the pecuniary liability which he had incurred, and which had continuously increased while the exhibition was in progress, set himself down with heroic fortitude to complete the etching. "Following the big picture painfully, wearily," one of the committee writes, "the etching was at last completed; but the long delay had damped the ardour of subscribers. The engraving is a noble work, unique as a steel etching in its great size and multiplicity of figures. Each one is complete; nothing is scamped. Its power as a teacher has yet to be fully felt."

Yet etching and picture brought only heart-aches to the artist. Both were got through under the pressure of grave money complications. Now the water-colour drawing had to be made over to Mr. Samuel Gurney, as an equivalent for the £400 which he had contributed towards the "spending money" fund; now the collection was pledged to another friend; now the artist found himself deeper in the books of Mr. W. Tweedie, his publisher; and now the plate and engravings were made over to the "spending money" committee, to recoup

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\* "The Triumph of Bacchus" was taken afterwards through the provinces; and although the provincials in many places gave it a heartier welcome than it had obtained in London, the upshot of the speculation was that the expenses of exhibition were barely covered.

# La Baguebella

composed by



G. COOKE.



and ILLUSTRATED BY



Geo. Cruikshank

The figures are,—the Composer with his instrument, and the Artist saluting the public.



them for their advances. There were bickerings—nay, there were absolute quarrels, in the course of these entanglements; for Cruikshank was an unmanageable business man, and prone, as we have seen, to fall out even with his most devoted friends. Still there was so much that was good and lovable in him, that they bore with his foibles and his outbursts, and remained willing to help the brave old man again. His admirer, Mr. Ruskin, and his secretary or representative, Mr. Howell, with others, got up a testimonial which cast something approaching a thousand pounds into Cruikshank's lap, and at the same time they offered him five guineas apiece for such little thumb-nail water-colour drawings of fairies as he could throw off at least by the half-dozen in the week. But Cruikshank was fevered with mighty ideas, harassed by complicated monetary transactions, and at the same time elated by dreams of a great national transaction which was to put him clear of the world, and at ease in a serene light of steady popularity. An art union of his works was talked about; but it fell through. But no good end could be served by a minute account of the projects and counter-projects which arose around the "Triumph of Bacchus."

The painting and the etching consumed nearly three busy years of the artist's life; and his pecuniary reward was exactly £2,053 7s. 6d., as Mr. Tweedie's ledger shows.

Of the art merits of this great cartoon the critics have pronounced many clashing opinions. "I think, on the whole," Mr. Sala says, "looking at the amount of sheer labour in the picture, the well-nigh incredible multiplicity of figures, and the extreme care with which the minutest details have been delineated by a hand

following the eye of a man past threescore years and ten, the 'Triumph of Bacchus' must be regarded as a phenomenon. Its pictorial merit is slight; but it possesses and commands interest of a very different nature from that excited by a mere picture, when we remember the painter's purpose, and the tremendous moral lesson he sought to teach. It is an eloquent protest against the drinking customs of society, and a no less eloquent—and terribly ghastly—exposition of the evils wrought on that same society by the vice of drunkenness."

If for no other reason than to do honour to George Cruikshank, it is well that this monument of work by an earnest old man has found its way to South Kensington, having been presented to the nation by a committee of subscribers, one of whom contributed a cheque for £800. Here, according to many Temperance authorities, it has made converts. A member of the Cruikshank committee writes: "An actor one day stood before the painting at South Kensington, gazing at it, and taking in its sad history, till, bursting into tears, he left the museum, took a cab direct for Mr. Cruikshank's house, and signed the pledge for three years. Dr. Richardson told the other day of a clergyman who was pulled up by the vestry scene. Though the public did not patronise the exhibition, yet the warmest commendations of the picture have come from non-abstainers, and for this cause I suspect that the argument of the picture was to them a new idea never before fully considered."

Mr. John Stewart's estimate of his friend's work is technically the most satisfactory verdict which has been written. "As a whole the 'Bacchus' is easily described, although 'none but itself can be its parallel.' It is



the province of genius to make rules where there are none, but as truth is a consistent whole, true genius bends the rule it makes into harmony with those already in existence; and in nothing has the artist been more successful than in combining his novel creation with the recognised canons of art. This was a daring effort; and, however hyper-criticism might carp or ignorance may sneer at details, nothing but the feeling of a poet, which enables him to compose with a poet's facility, could have sustained the effort so successfully. The general composition contains all the elemental types of pictorial grouping, generalised on the two axioms of balance and variety. So fully has the artist carried out this subtle truth of art—because an essential truth of nature—that it would not be difficult to point out every principle Haydon could extract from the combined works of Raphael successfully modified by Cruikshank to build up and support this picture. The horizontal is represented by the groups in the immediate foreground; the pyramidal by the Bacchus, Silenus, and Bacchante; the circular by the publicans, and repeated by the widows and orphan children; the perpendicular by the saloons of high life introduced on either side: and these are repeated out and still out, till the art which produced them is lost in the higher art necessary to hide the method of production.

“What is true of the picture as a whole is still more visible in the individual groups. These, however, must be seen to be appreciated, for they cannot be described in words, not even by George Cruikshank. But this may be affirmed without hesitation, that no other artist in Britain or in Europe could have produced the same

variety of incident, action, and expression—that is, the same amount and quality of thought, in the same period of time—as Cruikshank has displayed in this ‘Triumph of Bacchus.’ The number that could have done it at all is easily counted, and they—artists like Frith—knowing most fully the difficulties, are most enthusiastic in their admiration of the genius and devotion by which Cruikshank has worked and conquered. True, the work wants finish, but this want is most felt by those ignorant enough to confound smoothness and prettiness with finish; but a lifetime would be too short to finish such pictures up to their standard, and they should understand that the artist never intended to finish after their fashion. His objects were entirely different: first, to produce his thoughts in a style that could be seen by an audience at a distance; and second, using the work in oil as a basis and a guide for the etching and engraving—the more permanent work which is now in preparation. In the first the success is greater than the greatest smoothness could have given, and it would be as reasonable to blame Rembrandt for not finishing those studies in oil he painted to etch from, as to blame Cruikshank for following Rembrandt’s example. With this ‘Triumph of Bacchus,’ as with Van Ryn’s ‘Hundred Guilders,’ the etching—the print—is the true completion of the work; while the picture is only a portion of the preparatory means to the nobler and more enduring end and aim. It is different with artists whose works, if engraved, must be translated from paintings into prints by others—often by those with little sympathy for the subject or the style in which it has been treated by the painter. Such pictures, however highly finished, lose

much that is valuable in process of translation. With etchers like Rembrandt or Cruikshank, however diverse their styles, they have this in common, that their prints are more perfect than the pictures from which they are produced, because the artist is perfecting his idea while elaborating his plate. The shrewd old Dutch burgomasters, alive to this fact, secured Rembrandt's most matured works by subscribing for impressions of his plates, and the wisest admirers of Cruikshank's genius are following the same course, not doubting that his finished etching of this great work will be the most finished embodiment of his grand idea."



"Kim hep, ye varmint! d'ye think I stole ye?"—From "More Mornings at Bow Street."

## CHAPTER V.

“FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES” AND “WHOLE HOGS.”

THE works which George Cruikshank illustrated, and the enterprises on which he entered during the thirty years of his teetotal career, would be enough to fill the life of an ordinary worker. After he had contributed “The Bottle” and “The Drunkard’s Children” to the Temperance cause, he engaged with renewed ardour, if with failing fortunes, in his old work of book illustration. For the Brothers Mayhew he illustrated “The Greatest Plague in Life,” “Whom to Marry and How to get Married,” “The Magic of Kindness,” and “The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys during ‘the World’s Show’ of 1851.” In the first two are some etchings full of the old spirit and the old quickness of observation. In the “Magic of Kindness” are some charming fairy scenes, notably the “Genius of Industry Turning the Forest into a Fleet,” and in the “Adventures of the Sandboys” is Cruikshank’s famous plate of all the world going to Hyde Park—a new rendering of his pictorial preface to the *Omnibus*. In this we find that the hand had lost none of its cunning, and that the fancy and the power of observation were undimmed.

About this time—that is, between 1849 and 1853—Cruikshank illustrated two Christmas stories by Mrs. Gore, “The Snowstorm” and “The Inundation,” in







Saturday Night at Sea

Angus B. Reach's "Clement Lorimer,"\* the "Songs of the late Charles Dibdin," Frank Smedley's "Frank Fairlegh," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—representing some seventy etchings, and as many wood-blocks. The "Frank Fairlegh" etchings introduced Cruikshank to Frank Smedley, and led to a final venture in the magazine form, with which David Bogue, the publisher, had resolved to test finally the hold the artist still had on the public.

Bogue had long been Cruikshank's fast friend and admirer, and was loth to believe that his name had ceased to be an attraction to the British public upon a title-page. Moreover, he had had some recent successes with the "inimitable" George. In two years the "Sandboys," in which was his amazingly minute "All the World going to see the Exhibition" and his drawing of the transept, packed with myriads of people at the opening ceremony (I remember standing by him while he sketched it from the south-western gallery), had gone through four editions. But his recent *Fairy Library* had been a failure. Dickens (in *Household Words*), among others, had protested against teetotalism being introduced into fairyland; and had, two years previously, even ridiculed what was called Cruikshank's temperance fanaticism, in a paper called "Whole Hogs." These attacks, no doubt, helped to put an end to *George Cruikshank's Fairy Library*, after he had illustrated with some exquisitely dainty scenes "Puss in Boots," "Hop o' my Thumb," "Jack and the

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\* Mr. Wedmore, in his article on Cruikshank, says of one of the etchings in this book, "Miss Eske carried away during her Trance," that it is among the things that show him to have had "the imagination of tragedy."

Beanstalk," and "Cinderella."\* Cuthbert Bede, in a "Reminiscence of Cruikshank" in *Notes and Queries*, remarks: "It was very evident from that article, 'Frauds on the Fairies,' and also from a previous one from the same pen, called 'Whole Hogs,' that Dickens considered Cruikshank to be occasionally given over to the culture of crotchets, and to the furious riding of favourite hobbies. But in all these things it is indisputable that the great moral artist was firmly persuaded that he was acting in the cause of suffering humanity, and engaged upon some work for the amelioration of his fellow-creatures. And whatever was the act, and however small and trivial it might appear in the sight of the majority, Cruikshank threw himself into it heart and soul, and, like everything else he put his hand to, he did it with all his might."

To be driven from fairyland, which was the realm of his happiest dreams, was a bitter disappointment, and he felt deeply the blow of the friend who drove him forth from it.

Dickens had said of him and his fairies,—

"He is the only designer fairyland has had. Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth, earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has a true insight into the 'little people.' They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or

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\* These have been since published in a volume by Bell and Daldy, and by Routledge and Sons.





THE BOOBY

W. CAPPEL

The Four Mighty Servants.—From the "Pentameron."





else a natural mysterious instinct, or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania."

When this wizard of the etching-needle, some fifteen years after he had drawn "the awful Jew," pretended to put forth a whole Fairy Library of his own, the author of the Jew sat himself down and wrote:—

"We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower-garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching-needle to 'edit' the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to 'editing' Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-Thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the Sale of Spirituous Liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, 'The Bottle,' we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of 'Goody Two Shoes,' edited by

E. Moses and Son; of the 'Dervish' with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of 'Do you Bruise your Oats yet?'"

Dickens goes on to point out what would become of our great books if such a precedent were to be followed. "Imagine a total abstinence edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' with the rum left out. Imagine a peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be 'edited' out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean." Then follows a most humorous story of "Cinderella," edited by a stump orator on Temperance, Ocean Penny Postage, Sanitary Science; ending with this pleasant moral. "Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late."

Poor George Cruikshank dropped his pencil, and Cuthbert Bede has told us how he found the artist, on an October day in 1853, still smarting from the effects of Dickens's article. Cruikshank, however, was not the man to feel a blow and sit down under it.

Bogue had resolved, as I have already stated, to test

finally the extent of Cruikshank's remaining popularity with a magazine that was to bear his name, and that was to be edited by Mr. Frank Smedley, then a popular writer of fiction. Cruikshank had no sooner an organ of his own, than he buckled on his armour, and prepared for a lively assault upon the author of the two *Household Words* articles. In the second (and last) number of "George Cruikshank's Magazine"\* (to which I have already referred) is a letter from Hop-o'-my-Thumb to Charles Dickens, Esq., upon "Frauds on the Fairies," "Whole Hogs," etc. It is in Cruikshank's homely style, but the reader will see that it is not without several good home-thrusts. He begins:—

"Right trusty, well-beloved, much-read, and admired Sir,—My attention has lately been called to an article in *Household Words*, entitled 'Frauds on the Fairies,' in which I fancy I recognise your master hand as the author—and in which article, as it appears to me, you have gone a *leetle* out of your way to find fault with our mutual friend George Cruikshank, for the way in which he has edited 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb and the Seven League Boots.' You may, perhaps, be surprised at receiving a letter from so small an individual as myself; but, independently of the deep debt of gratitude which I feel that I owe to that gentleman, for the way in which he has edited my history, my anxiety to maintain the honour and credit of the noble family to which I belong impels me to take up my pen (made from the quill of a humming-bird), to endeavour to justify the course adopted by my editor,

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\* February 1854.

and also to take the liberty of setting you right upon one or two points in which you are entirely mistaken.

“These may seem bold words, from such a mite as I am, to such a literary giant as you are; but I have had to deal with giants in my time, and I am not afraid of them, and I shall therefore take leave to tell you, that although you may have held in your memory some of the remarkable facts in my interesting history, yet that you were ignorant of the general character of the whole; and the only way in which I can account for a man of your remarkable acuteness having made such a great mistake is, that you have suffered that extraordinary seven-league boot imagination of yours to run away with you into your *own* Fairy Land,—and thus have given your *own* colour to this history; and, consequently, a credit and a character to the old editions which do not belong to them.”

Cruikshank then quotes passages from Dickens's article, and continues: “Now this, which you call ‘Frauds on the Fairies,’ in my humble opinion, might as well have been called ‘Much Ado about Nothing’; for, had my editor been altering the text of any standard literary work, the writing of any man of mark—one of your own glorious books, for example—then indeed, you might have raised a hue and cry; but to insist upon preserving the entire integrity of a fairy tale, which has been and is constantly altering in the recitals, and in the printing of various editions in different countries, and even counties, appears to my little mind like shearing one of your own ‘whole hogs,’ where there is ‘great cry and little wool.’”

Then Cruikshank asks where is tenderness or mercy



in Tom Thumb's father, when he induces his wife to take their seven children into the forest to perish miserably of hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts? “My editor,” Hop-o'-my-Thumb proceeds, “seeing that such a statement was not only disgusting, but against nature, and consequently unfit for the pure and parent-loving minds of children, felt certain that any father acting in such a manner must either be *mad* or *under the influence of intoxicating liquor*, which is much the same thing, and therefore, wishing to avoid any allusion to such an awful affliction as insanity, has accounted for my father's unnatural conduct by attributing it to that cause which marks its progress, daily and hourly, by acts of unnatural brutality.” Farther on, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, referring to the little peculiarity of the young ogres “biting little children on purpose to suck their blood,” asks if that be one of the good things to be nourished in a child's heart. “And I should also like to know,” he adds, “what there is so enchanting and captivating to ‘*young fancies*’ in this description of a father (ogre though he be) cutting the throats of his own seven children? Is this the sort of stuff that helps to ‘*keep us ever young*,’ or give us that innocent delight which we may share with children?” Having thanked Mr. Cruikshank for rescuing his moral character from the gross imputations former biographers had cast upon it, representing him to be, in the transaction of the seven-league boots and the mother of the slaughtered children, “an *unfeeling, artful liar, and a thief*,” and his parents “*receivers of stolen goods*,” he turns upon Mr. Dickens for his attempt to throw ridicule upon the Temperance question, and also his “evident contempt, and even hatred, against that cause,”



as shown in his "Whole Hogs." Hop-o'my-Thumb hereupon valiantly and defiantly remarks: "This is not the place, nor is it my purpose, now to discuss the Temperance question, but I take the liberty of telling you that it is a question which you evidently do not understand, for if you did, your good heart and sanguine disposition would make you, if possible, a more enthusiastic advocate than my editor."

About the good intentions of both artist and critic there cannot be any doubt in any honest mind.

Cruikshank had his parting thrust at his assailant; he could not help that:—

"You are generally," he says to his friend Dickens, "most happy in your titles; but, in this instance, the application seems singularly inappropriate. The 'whole hog' should, by rights, belong to those parties who patronise pork butchers; and the term as applied to the peace people would be better used in regard to the Great Bear, or any other war party; and surely, as to any allusion to the 'unclean animal,' in connection with total abstinence, the term would more properly attach to those who wallow in the mire, and destroy their intellects by the use of intoxicating liquors, until they debase themselves to the level of the porcine quadruped! And, as far as my editor is concerned, I consider it a great act of injustice to mix him up with other questions, and with which, *you know*, he has nothing whatever to do. I have therefore to beg that in future you will not drive your 'whole hogs' against us, but take them to some other market, or keep them to yourself, if you like; but we'll none of 'em, and therefore I take this opportunity of driving them back."

The controversy is closed with a capital cut of Hop-

o'-my-Thumb driving some prodigious porkers back to *Household Words*.

The first number of the magazine had warned the public that hobbies were to be ridden regularly. One of the folded etchings was the first of a series of "Tobacco Leaves," in which the habit of smoking was to be attacked. The plate was a series of grotesque absurdities, in which a moral was torn to tatters. Boys with hoops are smoking pipes; an adult son is offering a "long clay" and a spittoon in a drawing-room to his venerable mother; a young gentleman is passing ladies in the street with a cigar in his mouth, and under the picture is written, "No one but a *very unthinking gentleman* or a most contemptible snob or puppy would smoke in the streets or public places, regardless whom he may annoy with his offensive tobacco smoke." In one corner of the plate a gentleman is offering a cigar to his sister, saying, "Come, sister dear, soothe your distressed feelings with a mild Havannah!" in the opposite corner a lover on his knees is making a declaration in these words: "Dearest (puff) Virginia (puff), I (puff) love you (puff) dearer (puff) than my pipe (puff)." Virginia is listening, with a cigar in her hand.

Other hobbies were in preparation. Cuthbert Bede, who was then in constant communication with Cruikshank, was invited to co-operate in them with his pen. "At one of our interviews at his own house," he says, "relative to his projected magazine, he showed me some wood-blocks, on which were his own designs, and which he had already gone to the expense of having carefully engraved by (if I remember rightly) Mr. T. Williams. He then explained to me the nature of the designs and

the special object for which he had prepared them. I must continually have noticed (he said) an evil that was patent to every one, both indoors and out of doors, in the streets, and railway carriages, and omnibuses, and all public vehicles. It was an evil not confined to the young or the old; it was most injurious in its effects, and it only required the public attention to be pointedly directed to it to have it stopped and put down. This was what he desired to do with his pencil, and it was for this that he sought the co-operation of my pen.

“Now, what does the reader imagine was this evil that had obtained such a hold upon the nation?—It was nothing more or less than the habit of ladies and gentlemen, and boys and girls, placing the handles of their sticks, canes, parasols, or umbrellas to their mouths, and either sucking them or tapping their teeth with them! Suiting the action to the word, and acting the characters, Cruikshank showed me how the gent of the period tried to make himself look excessively knowing by sucking the ivory or bone handle of his cane; how the young lady, and even the very little girl, made their morning calls, and sucked their parasol handles—a sure sign of great *gaucherie*; how other ladies, even elderly ones, who ought to know better, did the same in carriages and omnibuses, thereby running the risk of having their teeth broken if the vehicle gave a sudden lurch; and how even grave physicians carried their gold or ivory-headed canes up to their lips. (I here reminded Mr. Cruikshank that if they did so it was in traditionary keeping with an old custom dating from the days of the Great Plague of London, when every doctor who carried ‘fate and physic in his eye’ had a cunningly devised

box for aromatic scents fixed on the top of his cane, so that he might hold it under his nose whenever he visited an infectious case.)

"Cruikshank spoke most gravely on this 'hideous, abominable, and most dangerous custom,' an evil that he was determined to try to put down, and for this end he had prepared the designs that he showed to me, and which had been already engraved. These illustrations he wished me to work into letterpress, which should first appear in the projected magazine, and should then be reprinted in the form of a small pamphlet. He did not desire to make money by the publication of this pamphlet; on the contrary, he intended to have many thousand copies printed at his own expense, and to employ men to distribute them gratuitously to the public. There were to be men posted outside every railway station in London, and as each cab or carriage rolled from under the gateway, one of the pamphlets was to be tossed into the vehicle. The omnibus travellers were to be liberally dealt with in the same way, and by these means Cruikshank was quite sanguine that the reform which he so much desired would be effected in a few months, and that he should once more feel the satisfaction of having conferred a public benefit upon his generation.

"I could not see in this a very promising subject for my pen; but, as the article was to make its first appearance in the new magazine, I agreed to write something in furtherance of the object that he had in view, and to incorporate the illustrations that he had prepared. After a while I took Mr. Cruikshank the article that I had written. He was more than disappointed with it—he was horrified. I had treated that grave and earnest



question in a light and jocular spirit! It would only amuse instead of warn the reader! it would never do! and so on, with a great deal of action of hands and head. I argued that it was more likely to make the desired impression upon their minds, if they read what I had written, than if they were presented with a grave sermon-like treatise on the theme. But my arguments failed to move him, and he asked me to write another, and far more serious, paper on the subject. This I declined to do, and requested him to get some other author to carry out his ideas.

“Whether he ever did so or not, I do not know. The collapse of the new magazine in its early infancy prevented the appearance in that quarter of George Cruikshank’s tilt against stick and parasol sucking, and I am not aware if the engraved blocks of which I have spoken were ever made public. If any one is sufficiently curious to know the nature of the manuscript that I submitted to Cruikshank, he may do so by referring to *Motley*, by Cuthbert Bede, published by James Blackwood in 1855. There he will find eight pages taken up by an article, illustrated by myself, called ‘Dental Dangers,’ which is, *verbatim*, printed from the manuscript that I had written for Mr. Cruikshank—which, however, I called ‘Take Care of your Teeth!’

“In that paper I spoke of a lady in an omnibus, whose set of false teeth were projected into her opposite neighbour’s lap through a sudden jolt of the vehicle while she was sucking her parasol handle. This led me to tell Cruikshank an anecdote that I had then recently heard. Cruikshank laughed very heartily at it, and said that he should like to make an illustration to it, and asked me if I could not write a paper on country



rectors and their adventures, in which it might be introduced, and which he would further illustrate. Very likely this suggestion might have been carried into effect if Mr. Bogue had carried on the magazine. As it was, it was lost to the world."

Cuthbert Bede has also given us an account of Cruikshank's first introduction to the editor of his unfortunate final magazine:—

"He told me that, as in my own case, he had not known Cruikshank personally until this projected magazine brought them together, although Cruikshank had illustrated 'Frank Fairleigh.' The great artist's first call upon Smedley was made only a few days previous to my own; and Smedley gave me the following account of it: 'He was shown into this room, while I was sitting at that writing-desk by the window. I wheeled my chair round (poor Smedley had to use a self-acting wheeled chair), and advanced to meet him. Thus I had my back to the light, and he was facing the window. He appeared so amazed at seeing me such a cripple as I am, that he could not overcome his wonder, but kept exclaiming, "Good God! I thought you could gallop about on horses!" and the like expressions. I explained how it was; and we then proceeded to discuss business details. It was a very hot, sultry day, and Cruikshank had walked fast; he was very heated, and his face and forehead were very red. His hair was blown about, and instead of sitting quietly on a chair, he was standing up and gesticulating wildly. I have a sense of the ludicrous, and I had the greatest difficulty to keep from laughing, or to look him in the face. For all this time, in the very centre of his capacious and very red forehead, there was a round something of ivory, not

plain, but carved in circles, and as big as a large button. I wondered what it could be. Was it some Temperance badge? Was it some emblem of office in some secret society, in which he held rank as a Great Panjandrum with the little button atop? For the life of me I could not divine what it was. And all the time he was holding me with his glittering eye, and going through a whole pantomime of gesticulations. Suddenly, and to my intense relief—for I was beginning to feel that I could not bear the mystery much longer—the ivory badge fell from his forehead, and dropped on the hearthrug at his feet. Cruikshank looked at it with bewilderment, and said, "Wherever did that come from?" "From off your forehead," I replied. "From off my forehead!" he echoed, as he rubbed it fiercely. "Yes," I said, "it has been there ever since you entered the room." Cruikshank seized his hat, and looked into its crown, when it appeared that the ivory circlet had dropped from the ventilating hole in the crown of the hat as Cruikshank had walked to my house, and that it had found its way down to his forehead, where, what with the heat of his head and the fragments of glue on the ivory, it had become firmly fixed, and would perhaps have remained there for some hours longer if he had not accompanied his conversation with so much action. When he found out the truth, and fully realized the absurdity of the situation, he burst into such a hearty roar of laughter as I have not heard for many a day. This was my first personal introduction to George Cruikshank."

Cuthbert Bede had also the advantage of seeing Cruikshank at work on that plate of his magazine which will make its two numbers live longer than many a serial which has lasted twenty years.

"When I first went into his studio," says Cuthbert Bede, "there were many specimens of his work around him, oil paintings, etchings, and wood-block drawings in various stages of execution. He seemed to take a particular pleasure in showing me these, and in explaining their designs. The chief work on which he was thus engaged was his wondrous etching of 'The Comet of 1853,' which was to form the frontispiece for the projected magazine. On account of its dimensions—the actual plate, without the title, 'Passing Events, or the Tail of the Comet of 1853,' being  $15\frac{1}{4}$  by 7 inches—it had to appear as a folding plate. It was crammed with hundreds of figures, giving, at one view, an epitome of the leading events of the year—the Peace Conference, the war between Russia and Turkey, the war in China, the Queen's review of the troops at Chobham, the naval review at Portsmouth, Spirit Rapping, Table Turning, the Derby Day, Betting, the City Corporation Commission, John Gough and the Temperance Demonstration, the Nineveh Bulls, the Zulu Kaffirs and Earthmen, the Anteater, Albert Smith's 'Mont Blanc,' Charles Kean's 'Sardanapalus,' Bribery and Corruption, the Australian Gold Discovery, Mrs. Stowe and 'Uncle Tom,' the New York and Dublin Exhibitions, the Vivarium, Guy Fawkes, Lord Mayor's Day, Wyld's Great Globe, Captain McClure and the North-west Passage, Miss Cunningham's Seizure by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Ceiling-walker, Smithfield Cattle Show, Chiswick Flower Show, Christmas Merry-making, and the Pantomimes—these are among the subjects that appear in the Comet's Tail, and the gradual progress of which to its ultimate perfection I was so fortunate as to see. . . .

“The hundreds of tiny figures in this etching are shown with a distinctness and power of characterisation unrivalled by any other artist. I think that he surpassed Callot in this respect; and that no one could approach George Cruikshank in his vigorous, life-like, and picturesque delineation of surging crowds and packed masses of human beings.”

It was his wont to open a serial with a *tour-de-force* of this description.



“Move on, there!”—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

## CHAPTER VI.

## "A SLICE OF BREAD AND BUTTER."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S habit of putting himself forward as the originator of any work with which he was connected was never more amusingly displayed than when, in March 1870, he made one of a deputation of the National Education League to Mr. Gladstone. "I must say," he remarked on this event, in his introduction to the second edition of his "Slice of Bread and Butter," "that it afforded me much gratification to hear all the suggestions which I had placed before the public so many years ago, so eloquently and forcibly advocated upon this occasion."

It was a harmless assumption in this instance, to be freely forgiven in the earnest old man who was still exerting himself to the utmost of his ability for what he conceived to be the right way, in the cause of popular education.

He had thrown his ideas into one of those whimsical forms peculiar to him. He was fond of illustrated pamphleteering, and the reclamation of ragged children left out in the cruel streets hungry and half naked had always been a subject near to his heart. His last effort in their behalf he called "A Slice of Bread and Butter." On the title-page we find one of his bright little pictorial stories in wood. An outcast child lies upon the pave-



ment surrounded by a crowd of men, who are in eager consultation as to the restorative which shall be administered. In the distance is the parish church, but overhead swings the sign of the Britannia, and the landlord, with a pipe in his mouth, is contemplating the scene from the bar parlour. The story is told with all the old completeness.

The crowd consists of "some worthy gentlemen, magistrates, and others," who, on their way "to the Town Hall on county business," have found this forlorn boy upon the pavement leaning against the wall. As he was neither begging nor stealing, and did not obstruct the pathway, he could not be taken into custody. When asked what was the matter, he replied, "I wants summut to eat." Then follows the learned consultation around the starving boy:—

"Now the worthy magistrates and the other gentlemen—some of whom were clergymen, and ministers, and lawyers—were all kind-hearted and benevolent men as well as the doctor; and they all exclaimed, as with one voice, upon hearing what the doctor said, 'Oh, dear me, how very shocking!—let him have some food instantly!' 'Yes, yes!' cried one: 'here, officer! go into the Britannia, and get him something to eat instantly.' 'I suppose,' said he, turning to the doctor, "a bit of plain bread and butter will be best for him in his present condition?" 'The very thing,' he replied; and as the officer was about to run into the house to get a bit of bread and butter, another gentleman of the party cried out, 'Stop! see that you bring *brown* bread.' 'Pooh! pooh!' said another; 'it does not matter what sort of bread it is, but it must be *toasted*.' 'White or brown, or plain or toasted, it matters not much,' exclaimed a

fourth, ‘provided there is plenty of *butter* on it.’ ‘I object most decidedly to the *butter*,’ observed a very sedate gentleman. ‘As to that,’ shouted out another, ‘I consider the *butter* as *most essential*: it is full of nourishment; and, besides, the poor boy might be choked by cramming *dry* bread down his throat without butter; but then we must be careful that it be *salt* butter.’ ‘No! no!’ cried another; ‘*fresh* butter, if you please, and as much as you please; but no *salt*.’ ‘You are all wrong, my friends!—quite wrong!’ vociferated another of the party; ‘depend upon it, that *dry* toast is the best thing he can have.’ ‘Oh! oh! oh!’ exclaimed all the other gentlemen; ‘who ever heard of such a thing as giving *dry* toast to a starving child?’ ‘Who ever, indeed!’ chimed in another; ‘it is quite ridiculous to toast the bread at all; the poor child might die before it was ready! No! no! plain bread and butter is best for him; but mind, if I have to pay my part towards it, the bread must be *new*—yes, *new* bread.’ ‘New bread!’ exclaimed some of the party—‘why, that’s worse than all; for if it does not stick in his throat, it will in his stomach, and perhaps kill him. New bread is indigestible and most unwholesome stuff.’ ‘Well, well; let it be plain *stale* bread and butter, but only the *crumb* of the loaf, and I will pay my part willingly,’ observed another. ‘Crumb without crust!’ said one of the former speakers; ‘why, the *crust* of the loaf contains ten times more nourishment than the crumb, and I, for one, will have nothing to do with it, nor pay a farthing towards it, unless he has a good lump of *crust*.’

“Now during this contention, or

‘all this splutter

About the toast and bread and butter,’

the poor boy seemed to be getting worse and worse, and at the same time all these worthy gentlemen becoming more and more excited ; some calling out for ‘ Fancy bread,’ some for ‘ French rolls,’ others for ‘ German black bread,’ and all refusing to pay any part towards the bread and butter, unless cut after their own fashion, when they were reminded by one of the party that there was not the least necessity to trouble themselves about paying for what the boy might have, as it could be charged to the county. To which they all replied rather sharply, that, as to that, if they did not think it right to pay out of their own individual pockets, neither did they think it right that the public money should be used for purposes which they could not individually approve of. ‘ Gentlemen, gentlemen,’ cried the doctor, ‘ pray let the child have something. Is it not dreadful to let this poor boy perish before our eyes, when there are the means of relief within reach? For mercy’s sake, let him have something to keep him alive!’ ‘ Well,’ replied one of the magistrates (who was chairman of the Sessions), ‘ as you see he cannot have the bread and butter, you must prescribe something else for him.’ ‘ Dear, dear me!’ said the doctor, ‘ I am really shocked at such inconsistency. Will you let him have a little brandy, then!’ ‘ Oh yes!’ they all cried out together, ‘ let him have some brandy—by all means give him some brandy!’”

The brandy made Ragged Jack drunk ; and presently, being still hungry, he is tempted to steal a roll from a baker’s shop, and is dragged to the Town Hall, where the magistrates, who had left him upon the pavement taking brandy, give him a month’s imprisonment, and detention in a reformatory school. The chaplain was kind to

him, and said, "Yes, now that Jack was a CONVICTED THIEF, he had plenty of good wholesome BREAD AND BUTTER." In the reformatory he was educated, and taught a trade, and sent to a distant town where his antecedents would not be against him. On his way he met his cousin, Tom Rag—"a boy as ragged and wretched as he used to be himself." Tom wants to know how Jack has managed to get such nice clothes and a basket of tools, that he may go and do likewise.

"Cousin Jack, who had been taught, and indeed now knew, that thieving was a wicked thing to do, was sorely puzzled how to advise his friend in this matter; for, having a great regard for Tommy, he wished to save him from the miserable state in which he himself had once been—skulking and wandering about the streets all day, picking up bits and scraps of food, even out of the gutters like the dogs, and at night sleeping in the corner, perhaps, of an open sheep-pen in the cattle-market, or crouching from the drenching rain by the side of a doorway; and when he contrasted that state of his existence with the comfort he had felt, and the attention he had received whilst in the jail and the reformatory, he knew not how to advise his poor cousin, knowing that poor Tom was, as he himself had been, almost perishing for want of a little good wholesome bread and butter, clean clothes, and a comfortable bed to lie in, which he well knew poor Tom would have if he could be sent to jail, as he had been. When he thought of all this he was sorely puzzled what to recommend; but at last he said: 'Tom, you must not steal; so you had better go a-begging, and perhaps you may be lucky enough to be sent to jail for that, and then you

will have everything done for you, as I have had, and come out better than me; for nobody will be able to say that you have been a thief. Yes; go and beg, Tom! But if this don't answer, why, then, I suppose you *must* go a-THIEVING, as I did.'

"It may be asked, Where were the parents of these poor boys all this time? Well, they could tell you at the Britannia public-house, only they don't like to talk about such disagreeable matters there. But the fact is, Jack's father used to *use* that house, and was once a decent sort of man, and was at one time a 'moderate drinker'; but upon one occasion he got mad drunk, and in that state of drunken insanity went home and killed his wife, was sent to jail, and died there. Tom's father was transported for committing some crime after he had 'been drinking' at the Britannia; and Tom's mother took a little drop at first to *comfort her*, and then drank herself to death."

The foregoing will remind many readers of the scheme of Mr. Jenkins's "Ginx's Baby."

Cruikshank gives his views on popular education in his homely simple way:—

"One of the great social questions of the day is the necessity and importance of a general or national system of education for the humble classes, upon such a comprehensive plan as shall give every child born in the United Kingdom a certain amount of book knowledge, and also of moral and religious training, as they are, or *ought* to be, entitled to as juvenile members of a civilized community—such training as may prepare them to fill useful and honest positions in life, or, perhaps, be the first step to those high stations so often filled by honest, hardworking, mercantile men, or ingenious



mechanics. Now, every thinking and right-minded person will agree that this object is a most desirable one, and that no innocent child should be so neglected as to be allowed to grow up in a state of savage ignorance ; and at the first blush nothing seems more easily to be accomplished, in a wealthy and intelligent country like ours, than to arrange such a general system as is here alluded to, and to provide the ways and means. Well ! all this *would be* simple and easily accomplished, but for one obstacle—namely, the differences in the religious opinions of a portion of the adult population. Yes, strange as it may appear,—nay, monstrous as it is,—nevertheless these religious differences have been, and are now, the only bar to the adoption of any wide and general system of secular education.”

“It is of course impossible to please all parties ; but few persons, I imagine, could surely object to a national system of education upon the following plan :—In the first place, an Act of Parliament should be passed, making it *imperative* that every child should receive some education, and where the parents are destitute or depraved, then that the State shall take the position of the parents, and educate and train up all the neglected and helpless children. In the second place :—In the schools, let reading, writing, and arithmetic be taught (with other branches of education, if possible, or required), and such moral training as will teach a child the difference between RIGHT and WRONG—and here let the schoolmaster’s duty cease, and that of the ministers of religion begin. And in the third place :—Let it be the duty of the clergyman, and ministers of all denominations, to instruct all those children who belong to their particular church, chapel, or sect, in the religious

belief of their parents ; but when the parents do not attend any place of worship, or profess any particular creed—then, that the clergy of the Established Church be allowed to instruct all such children in the religion of the State. By such an arrangement as this, it appears to me that if all the poor helpless children of the land were schooled in the common elements of reading, writing, etc., for five days in the week, and the clergy and ministers of all denominations were to instruct these children one day in the six in the religion of the class to which they belong (independent of the Sunday), that then all parties might be satisfied, and a great objection done away with as to the great general system which I here propose for secular instruction and moral and religious training.”

He goes on to remark that a reformatory may be wanted in any country, under any circumstances, “but why should we have *Ragged Schools* in RICH ENGLAND?” He proceeds to argue that there would be no need for either *Ragged Schools* or Reformatories if the use of “strong drink” were abolished ; and he calls upon “the grown-up people not to allow innocent children to starve and fall into evil ways, because they cannot agree upon the mode of cutting a SLICE OF BREAD AND BUTTER.” He adds : “But as prevention *is* better than cure, I call upon all those who delight in good works to aid the Temperance cause, which is, in truth, the only radical cure for the evils complained of.”

The tail-piece to this characteristic pamphlet—as charming as it is characteristic—is a brightly-executed drawing on wood of Britannia seated upon the British lion, couchant, with her arms about “her ragged and reformatory pets.”

Cruikshank's zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself led him to take delight in the illustration even of little Temperance pamphlets and fly-sheets.

Ruskin had said, in his "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" (1867), "It is no more his business to etch diagrams of drunkenness than it is mine at this moment to be writing these letters against anarchy." Yet just as Mr. Ruskin has gone on with his letters, so Cruikshank went on with his diagrams of drunkenness to the end.

Perhaps the best of Cruikshank's pamphlets, taking the text and the drawings together, is "The Glass and the New Crystal Palace," published by John Cassell. It is thoroughly Cruikshankian, and in his most vivacious mood: most striking are some of the illustrations—as the Spirit Level—a drunkard at full length upon the pavement; the Social Villagers, with Death for the host, and the villagers represented by their tombstones; and the whisky after the goose, and the goose after the whisky, for instance.

He was ready, and eager, to give a helping hand in all directions to the last. In 1870, I asked him to join my Committee, when I was a candidate for the Marylebone division of the London School Board. I give his prompt answer as an example of his clear head and of his hearty readiness in his old age to serve a friend:—

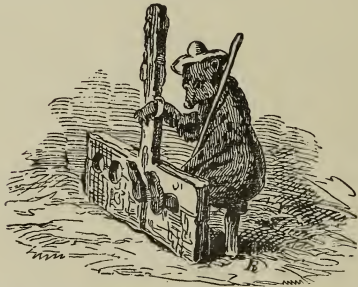
"October 27th, 1870.

"DEAR BLANCHARD JERROLD,—Your request would have been complied with on the instant, but it so happens that a gentleman called upon me a few days back with a message from friend Hepworth Dixon, asking me to allow my name to be placed on *his* Committee for this 'Educational Council,' to which, of course, I assented.

“Now if *one* man can have his name placed on *two* Committees, then by all means place my name on your Committee, but if not, then let me know if there is any other way in which I can assist in this matter the man who is a relative of, and who bears the name of, two dear friends who were always held in the highest esteem by,

“Yours truly,

“GEO. CRUIKSHANK.”



A Bear Ward, Rogue and Vagabond.—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”





Designed and Etched  
George Cruikshank Age 83-1875

The Rose and the Lily.







“I’ll ride thee like a Mare o’ th’ Night.”—From “More Mornings at Bow Street.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### CRUIKSHANK’S LAST TWENTY YEARS.

THE most notable of George Cruikshank’s book-work, after the failure of his magazine, was his “Life of Sir John Falstaff,”\* illustrating a biography of the knight, written in Robert Brough’s happiest manner. Cruikshank’s twenty Falstaff etchings are admirable examples of his peculiar excellences as an etcher, and of his matured artistic faculty of composition and observation.

In these plates are some of the brightest bits of his picturesqueness of outline, his happy, sprightly treatment of light and shade, and of his higher faculties as an artist, of which fate permitted him to give the world only scattered fragmentary evidences. Thackeray said of him, that he could draw an ancient gloomy market-place as well as Mr. Prout or Mr. Nash. What could be more picturesque, or daintier in the

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\* Published by Messrs. Longman and Co., 1857.

play of light, or happier in the variety of the architecture, than the backgrounds of the scenes where Sir John is arrested at the suit of Mrs. Quickly, or where the knight not only persuades Mrs. Quickly to withdraw her action, but also to lend him more money? Mr. F. Wedmore has called attention, and with ample reason, to the exquisite pathos of the death of Falstaff, "in which the face of one who has died 'a-babbling of green fields,' lies very calm, with the sign of gentle fancies but lately flown."

These plates were reissued in a "Library Shakespeare" published in parts between 1871 and 1874, together with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert (who, by the way, in his youth delighted in copying Cruikshank's etchings and drawings on wood); but it is to be hoped that they may some day be rewedded to Brough's biography, and reappear as the artist's last important creation.

The twenty years which elapsed between the first issue of "Falstaff" and the artist's death, albeit no idle years, have left not much completely worthy of the best that had gone before. Cruikshank furnished etchings to the "Life and Enterprises of Robert William Elliston, Comedian" (1857), "Midnight Scenes and Social Photographs—revelations of the Wynds and Dens of Glasgow" (1858), Mr. Alfred Cole's "Lorimer Littlegood" (1858), "Stenelaus and Amylda, a Christmas Temperance Tale" (1858), a frontispiece to Lowell's "Biglow Papers" (1859), Dudley Costello's "Holidays with Hobgoblins" (1861), "The Bee and the Wasp; a Fable in Verse" (1861), "A Discovery concerning Ghosts" (1863), Robert Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England"

(1865), the "Savage Club Papers" (1867), "The Oak," a magazine, edited by his friend the Rev. Charles Rogers (1868), "Coila's Whispers," by the Knight of Morar (1869), "The Brownies," and other tales, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (1870), "The True Legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil," by Edward G. Flight (1871), "Lob-lie-by-the-Fire," and other tales, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (1874). Then there are two works, the illustrations to which proclaim the coming end. "Peeps at Life," and "Studies in my Cell," by the London Hermit, published in 1875, are signed "George Cruikshank, aged 83, 1875;" and in Mrs. Octavian Blewitt's "The Rose and the Lily," is a frontispiece—George Cruikshank's last design—signed, "Designed and etched by George Cruikshank, age 83, 1875." This plate is here reproduced.

Not before 1869 did George Cruikshank publish his last political plate.

In 1867 he put forth "The British Bee-Hive," which was a rearrangement of a design made in 1840. The artist drew a section of the hive, displaying fifty-four cells, in which the various grades of society—from the Queen to the costermonger—are shown, all supported by the army, the navy, and the volunteers, and surmounted by the crown, the royal standard, and the union jack. This was a protest against further Parliamentary Reform; for, as it has been observed, Cruikshank was something of a Radical and something of a Tory—but more of a Tory. He afterwards issued this plate on a double sheet, inscribed "A Penny Political Picture for the People, with a few words upon Parliamentary Reform, by their old friend, George Cruikshank."

In the following year the old satirist drew a "Design for a Ritualist High Church Tower and Steeple," which he dedicated to Dr. Pusey and the Vicar of Bray. It was etched on glass by Hancock's process. The tower of the church was a fool's cap and bells, with the Pope for weathercock. The porch was a bull's head, with a procession of Ritualist fools entering by the nostrils.

The political plate, dated July 1869, is a satire upon Miss Rye's proposition to export "gutter children" to America. "The little dears," as the artist always called children, are being scooped by a clergyman into a mud-cart, from the gutter before the doors of the Angel gin-palace. The satire was against those who had christened the little waifs and strays of our streets "gutter children." The name jarred upon Cruikshank's sensitive heart.

Mr. Wedmore, referring to the closing years of the great pictorial moralist, remarks :—

"He continued to labour ; some of his work being even now but little known.\* Early unpublished plates for the 'Pilgrim's Progress' remain, amongst others, in the hands of Mr. Truman. Quite in recent years" (it was in 1868) "he must have executed a private plate for Mr. Frederick Locker, which shows that there were moments at least in which the store of his fancy was not impoverished. No more ingenious design could have been furnished to a collector than this of 'Fairy Connoisseurs examining Mr. Locker's treasures of Dürer, Rembrandt, etc.' For Mr. Ruskin, too, in 1866, there had been designed the 'Piper of

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\* His "Bachelor's own Book ; or, The Adventures of Mr. Lambkin, Gent," the story as well as the etchings being by Cruikshank, for instance.



Hamelin,' leading the children mountainwards with the spell of his wonderful music. And in 1870 a luxurious edition of 'Ingoldsby' was supplied with a frontispiece representing the fertile Mr. Barham, surrounded by the creatures of his brain. And yet more recent plates, the property of Mr. Bell, the publisher—one of the 'Family Window,' and one in 'Lob-lie-by-the-Fire'—show that Cruikshank did not wholly outlive his talent. What he outlived was the social conditions he had best comprehended. Dying as it were only yesterday, he belongs so much to the past, because, though his period of production did not seem long over, his time of receptiveness was gone by. As a satirist, he belonged in spirit to another generation; we could not ask him to grapple, at fourscore years, with the foibles of ours."

This is a true account of him, to all who knew Cruikshank well in his latter days.

Earnest, healthy, vigorous, and ambitious to the last; he could not resign himself to live on the glory of the past. He must be ever up and doing—especially in the work that lay nearest his valiant heart. He scattered his temperance work far and wide. "The Fruits of Intemperance," published by John Cassell, about 1855, is a minor design akin to that of the Triumph of Bacchus. The tree is covered with medallion-shaped fruit, and on each medallion is a picture showing the effects of intoxicating liquors. The roots of the tree are a bundle of serpents, and the surrounding ground is covered with tombstones, inscribed "early fruit." But Cruikshank never lost an opportunity of preaching his moral. He made a drawing of "a drunken man knocking down a drunken woman, in

Oxford Street" on a Sunday afternoon; and another of "a drunken ruffian knocking down a woman who carries a child," in Farringdon Street. He illustrated the "Autobiography of a Thirsty Soul" in the *Weekly Record*; and for the same paper he drew a publican's quart measure, with a death's head in lieu of ale froth, and two drunkards babbling of the strengthening properties of beer by a "Noted Stout House." In the *Band of Hope Review* he illustrated a series, a parody on "The House that Jack Built," called "The Gin Shop." He threw off fly-leaves for Mr. Tweedie, as "A Man a Thing," "The House in Shadow," "The Loaf Lecture," "There is Poison in the Pot," "The Red Dragon," and "The Smokeless Chimney,"—the last of which he designed as a contribution to the Cotton Famine Fund, during the American Civil War. But it didn't pay.

He was consoled, when publishers fell away from him and his means of living became precarious, by the steady friendship of many admirers. He received a pension of £95 from the Crown, and one of £50 from the Royal Academy. In 1875, an endeavour was made by Mr. Charles Rogers to raise a second testimonial; but this effort finally took the shape of a committee (of which his good friend Dr. B. W. Richardson was chairman) to purchase the Cruikshank collection of etchings and drawings for the nation—the price put upon it being £3,000—£500 more than the artist himself had fixed. After much trouble and many disappointments, the collection passed into the possession of the Westminster Aquarium Company; Cruikshank receiving in December 1876, £2,500, and a survivorship life-annuity for himself and wife of about £35.

The closing years of George Cruikshank's life were

harassed by a controversy about a design he made and a statue he modelled of King Robert the Bruce, to be erected by subscription at Bannockburn. The consequence was a very lamentable quarrel, during which Cruikshank claimed that he had been engaged by the committee to make the design,\* and that the statue modelled by Mr. Currie was originated by him—the contrary being, according to the committee, the fact. Cruikshank, in co-operation with Mr. Adams-Acton, produced a model; that is, Cruikshank made a design, and then himself stood in the attitude of it as Mr. Adams-Acton's model—the result being a statue, and one which found favour with members of the committee. But money disputes put an end to negotiations with Cruikshank. He had drawn £85 for expenses; his plan involved in any case an outlay which the funds would not cover; and finally, after many difficulties, the statue was committed to the care of Mr. Currie. But Cruikshank's share in the transaction, as set forth by himself, and as addressed to the Scottish people in his eighty-fourth year, is too striking an example of his vigour in old age to be omitted.

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\* In a letter to the *Times* (December 5th, 1877), he remarked: "As I am the artist who was first engaged by the Bruce Committee to make a design for a monumental statue of King Robert the Bruce, I was very much surprised, upon reading in the *Times* of the 26th ult. the account of the unveiling of the Bruce statue at Stirling, to find that no statement was made as to my being the original designer," etc.

“AN ADDRESS AND EXPLANATION TO THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, WITH RESPECT TO THE PROPOSED STATUE IN HONOUR OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

“In the month of May 1870, several Scottish noblemen and gentlemen formed themselves into a committee with the object of raising a fund by subscription, for the purpose of having a statue of King Robert the Bruce placed on ‘the field of Bannockburn,’ in honour of that hero, and in memory of the great victory achieved by him and his army in that field on the 24th of June, 1314.

“Some friends of mine, who were on this committee, invited me to be a member thereof—which honour I was obliged to decline, as I could not spare the time to attend the meetings; but, as ‘The Bruce’ was one of my great heroes, I promised to give them all the assistance I could, and suggested the attitude for the figure, which they all approved of, and at their first meeting they decided that I should be requested to make the design for the statue.

“I must here explain that, although I am an artist and designer, I am not what is termed a *sculptor*; but it so happened that a friend of mine, a brother artist, who is a sculptor, chanced to see my design, and was so pleased with it, that he volunteered to make a model of it, which he did, acting upon my suggestions, and *from me* as I stood in the attitude and equipped in the armour.

“I also designed a pedestal; and when the model was completed, a cast in plaster of Paris was taken, and exhibited in my studio to the committee, and the noblemen, gentlemen, and friends who attended. All highly

approved of the design and the model, and the gentlemen connected with the press, who had visited my studio, gave most flattering reports, for which I most sincerely thank them. After this I had the very great honour of submitting the model for the inspection of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

“Several casts in plaster were taken from the model for exhibition in London and Scotland, for the inspection of any one who might feel disposed to subscribe; and the committee gave a commission to the sculptor, Mr. John Adams-Acton, to execute a bronze statue of ‘The Bruce,’ ten or twelve feet in height, to be placed on a rocky grey granite pedestal twenty-two feet high; and all seemed to be going on well, and the work was about to be commenced, when suddenly the subscriptions all stopped at once! and this, no doubt, was in consequence of the breaking out of the late war between France and Germany, which terrible contest so entirely absorbed the public mind, that ‘The Bruce’ was quite forgotten.

“This was, of course, a great disappointment to all concerned in the movement, and the matter since that time has been almost at a standstill; but I am happy to say that a military officer has joined our ranks, and who now takes the lead, and seems determined, if possible, to conquer and overcome all difficulties. This is Major-General Sir James E. Alexander, C.B., of Westerton, Bridge of Allan, and who is chairman of the ‘Bruce Local Committee of Stirling.’

“I have now to mention another disappointment to myself and the committee, which was, that the Odd Fellows of Stirling had erected a large flagstaff (by permission of the owner of the land) on the very spot where we had intended to have applied for permission to place



the statue ; that being the site where the Scottish standard was fixed on the day of the battle. This bit of ground being occupied, it was then thought that the best place to have the statue would be on the esplanade of Stirling Castle. Sir James Alexander thereupon applied to the Secretary of State for War for a space on the esplanade for this purpose, which request has most kindly been complied with.

“I must now explain to those who have not seen the original model that Bruce is there represented as if he were looking down with pity on the slain, and as if he were saying, ‘*The fight is o’er, the day is won : I sheathe my sword.*’ But now that the site is quite different to what was originally intended, it is necessary that the position of the figure should be altered ; and, as will be seen by the accompanying rough sketch, the head is now elevated, and Bruce *is supposed to be looking across the esplanade towards the field of Bannockburn*, which is a mile and a half from Stirling Castle, and, as in the first model, Bruce has sheathed his sword.

“With respect to the pedestal, I may just explain that on the front part are the words ‘KING ROBERT THE BRUCE’ in large letters, and following this, in smaller letters, is ‘*Bannockburn, June 24, 1314.*’ Under this line are two branches—one of *laurel* and the other of *willow*, emblems of victory and sorrow for the slain. Then is stated, ‘*Erected by public subscription in the reign of Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*’ Between the words *Victoria* and *Queen* is a circular wreath formed of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, in which circle are two hands joined, a male and female, as an emblem of the union by marriage of the two royal families of England and Scot-

land, and on one side of these royal families were the descendants of 'the Bruce.'

"Nearly fifty years back I painted a picture of an incident in the life of Bruce, exhibited in the British Institution, Pall Mall, London, and was then careful to have the correct costume ; but when making the design for the statue, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' I got my friend Mr. Bond, keeper of the Ancient Manuscripts at the British Museum, to let me look over the MSS. of the time of Bruce, and then found that I *had got* the correct costume. I think this is important ; for should the statue be erected, all those who might look at it would see just such a powerful man as Bruce was, in the exact sort of armour and coat of mail that he wore on the field of Bannockburn.

"The Bruce in his early progress met with many difficulties, all of which, however, he overcame by his *perseverance*, and the 'Bruce Committee' and myself are following his noble example in this respect ; and I trust that all the descendants of those 'Scots whom Bruce *had* often led' will rally round the Major-General and his committee corps, and assist them to place the statue of him who was the great commander of the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn in this safe and commanding position on the esplanade of Stirling Castle.

"With regard to myself, as my ancestors were all natives of Scotland—some Lowlanders and some Highlanders—I should indeed be pleased to have my name associated with any national work of art that might be placed in the land of my forefathers, and I should consider it one of the greatest honours that could be conferred upon me if it could be written on the pedestal

that this monument in honour of King Robert the Bruce was designed by the artist,

“GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

“*Hampstead Road, London, August 1874.*”

“P.S.—I am authorized to state that subscriptions may be remitted to W. Christie, Esq., secretary to the Bruce Committee, Port Street, Stirling; or to the treasurer, John A. Murrie, Esq., the manager of the



Antagonism of Interest yet Mutuality of Object.—From “*Talpa; or, Chronicles of a Clay Farm.*”

branch of the National Bank of Scotland at Stirling; and at London. And I am given to understand that about fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds are required, in addition to what is already in hand, in order to carry out the work in the first style of art.”

At the ceremony of unveiling Mr. Currie’s statue in front of Stirling Castle (November 24, 1877), Major-General Sir James Alexander, of Westerton, in handing over the work to the Provost and Corporation of Stirling, said, that as they could not get a bronze statue

“under the direction of an eminent artist, Mr. George Cruikshank, of London,” they had resolved to have one of durable stone.

This closing transaction of his life poor Cruikshank felt most bitterly ; and he charged his old friend Dr. Rogers, Sir James Alexander, and all concerned in it, with having behaved in “a most dishonourable and disgraceful manner.” These were hot, ill-considered words, uttered in the pain of a very trying disappointment : words to be forgotten over the artist’s grave.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore gives us a peep at him as he went about of late, his heart still upon his sleeve as when he was young, in the days of the Regency : “Many of us who did not know him at home have at least met him about ; for not only was he a familiar figure of the dreary quarter which he inhabited—where the dingy squalor of St. Pancras touches on the shabby respectability of Camden Town—but he travelled much in London, and may well have been beheld handing his card to a stranger with whom he had talked casually in a Metropolitan Railway carriage, or announcing his personality to a privileged few who were invited to see in him the convincing proof of the advantages of a union of genius with water-drinking. He was an entirely honest man ; and who is there that would not forgive the little pleasurable vanities that he chose to allow himself at the fag end of a life not over-prosperous—a career no one had carefully made smooth, a career filled full of inventive work as rich as Hogarth’s and as genial as Dickens’s ?”

“Occasionally,” Mr. Frederick Locker writes,\* “he

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\* March 26th, 1878.



used to come to us and tell us his troubles, and what was occupying him ; but, like many other interesting people, he did not talk about what would have been most worth hearing. The last time I saw him he spoke of having known Tom Hood (the elder)\* very well, but he did not tell us anything about him worth remembering. Poor man, it was a bitterly cold morning last December, and he arrived before breakfast, and stayed to breakfast. Mr. Austin Dobson was there ; and he told us the story of how he invented Old Fagin in the condemned cell." Mr. Dobson says of him at this breakfast : " On the morning in question (I think it must have been the 14th of December last, 1877), Mr. Cruikshank came in ; and I, who had not seen him more than once or twice in my life, was only too eager to ask him all sorts of questions about himself. Except that he was a little bent, he had no appearance of age—certainly not of the advanced age he had reached. He was very bright and alert, and appeared to have an excellent memory for the circumstances of his career."

He celebrated his silver wedding on the 8th of March, 1875, when his house was crowded with his friends and admirers, who took tea with him. Mr. S. C. Hall, his old friend, addressed a few words to the company,

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\* When it was agreed that Cruikshank was to illustrate Hood's "Epping Hunt," author and artist, with two or three friends, spent a highly convivial day in the Forest. Hood and Cruikshank were fast friends, and were wont to sit up together very late of nights in Amwell-street—the wild humour and prodigious animal spirits of the latter being a delight to the quiet humourist, under whose fun, however, lay a serious poetic mind, and a tender heart.



which so affected Mrs. Cruikshank, that she fell weeping upon her husband's neck. Mr. Walter Hamilton, who was present, remarks: "To receive the congratulations of so many friends was a task which would have fatigued and excited many a younger man than Mr. Cruikshank; but he preserved his self-possession through it well, having a ready jest and a smile for each and all; whilst Mrs. Cruikshank, who was fairly hedged in on every side with bouquets, looked far too young to be one of the principals in such a ceremony. A guard of honour from his old corps attended to congratulate their late colonel. It was late in the afternoon before Mr. Cruikshank withdrew for a few moments from the crowded rooms, and as he went he whispered, laughingly, to the author, 'You are down on our list of visitors for the Golden Wedding.'"

"On the morning of the 1st of February," writes his young friend, Grace Stebbing,\* "there was still living a bright, brave-spirited old man, who had worked on untiringly almost to the end, even to within three weeks of his death, when I, one of those privileged to claim his friendship even from my infancy upwards, met him hurrying along the streets with cheerful, eager aspect, to keep 'a business appointment.'"

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\* The *Graphic*, February 9th, 1878.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE END.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK fell ill in the first month of 1878, and was attended by his sympathetic and distinguished friend, Dr. B. W. Richardson.

He died at his house in the Hampstead Road, on the 1st of February. He was buried temporarily—the Crypt of St. Paul's being under repair—at Kensal Green. The only member of the Royal Academy who attended his funeral was Charles Landseer, R.A., who was almost as old as Cruikshank. But Messrs. Tenniel and Du Maurier were there, with poor W. Brunton, a clever caricaturist, who was to fall in his youth. Cruikshank's friend, George Augustus Sala, and Lord Houghton, were among his pall-bearers; and in the group about the coffin were Edmund Yates, S. C. Hall, General M'Murdo, and John Sheehan, the "Irish Whiskey-drinker."

On the 29th of the following November, a hearse, followed by a mourning-coach containing Mrs. George Cruikshank, conveyed the mortal part of the illustrious artist to St. Paul's, and four sergeants of the volunteer corps which he had commanded brought up the pro

cession. The coffin was silently lowered to its final resting-place immediately after the afternoon service.

The following is the inscription over the grave :

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,  
ARTIST,  
DESIGNER, ETCHER, PAINTER.

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Born at No. —, Duke Street, St. George's, Bloomsbury, London,  
on September 27th, 1792.

Died at 263, Hampstead Road, St. Pancras, London,  
on February 1st, 1878,

AGED 86 YEARS.

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In memory of his Genius and his Art,  
His matchless Industry and worthy Work  
For all his fellow-men ; This monument  
Is humbly placed within this sacred Fane,  
By her who loved him best, his widowed wife.

ELIZA CRUIKSHANK.

*Feb. 9th, 1880.*



## APPENDIX I.

### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

1809

*A Dictionary of the Slang and Cant Languages.* By George Andrewes. [Coloured folding frontispiece of "The Beggar's Carnival," by George Cruikshank.] Pp. 16. 12mo. London : George Smeeton, 1809.

1811-16

THE SCOURGE ; A Monthly Expositor of Imposture and Folly. London : J. Johnson, Cheapside, Goddard, Pall Mall, and Jones and Co., 5, Newgate-street. 8vo. Cruikshank furnished thirty-eight etchings to this work, signed "G." or "Geo. Cruikshank fecit." Eleven volumes appear to have been published.

1812

*Metropolitan Grievances ;* or, a Serio-comic Glance at Minor Mischiefs in London and its Vicinity. London : Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. 12mo. [Large folding coloured etching, "G. Cruikshank, fecit."]

1813

*The History of the Manners and Customs of the Cossacks,* describing their singular mode of Fighting, Religious Customs, etc. [Coloured folding frontispiece by George Cruikshank.] Pp. 20. 8vo. London : Smeeton, 1813.

*The Modern Dunciad,* a Satire ; with Notes, Biographical and Critical. By George Daniel, of Islington. London : printed for John Rodwell, 46, New Bond-street. [Etched frontispiece, in brown ink, by George Cruikshank.] 1813.

1814

*The Annals of Gallantry ;* or, The Conjugal Monitor, being a collection of the most curious and important Trials for Divorce and Actions for Crim. Con. Three volumes. 8vo. [Three coloured plates by George Cruikshank in the first volume.] London : Jones, Newgate-street, 1814.



## 1813-14

THE METEOR, OR MONTHLY CENSOR. Seven monthly numbers, from November 1813 to May 1814, each containing a design by George Cruikshank, in addition to the pictorial cover.

## 1814

Frontispiece, representing the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris, to a Chap-Book, published by P. Egan, 29, Great Marlborough-street, 1814.

## 1814-15

*Life of Napoleon.* A Hudibrastic Poem in fifteen Cantos, by Dr. Syntax, embellished with thirty engravings. London: T. Tegg, Cheapside. [Issued in weekly numbers, with two engravings by Cruikshank in each number. Not republished, but there are copies bearing the date of 1817 on the coloured engraved title-page.]

## 1816

*Hone's Interesting History of the Memorable Blood Conspiracy.* London: William Hone, 55, Fleet-street. With a portrait of Stephen Macdaniel, etched by George Cruikshank from a drawing from life made in Newgate, June 10th, 1756, by Charles Leigh.

## 1817

*Official Account of the Noble Lord's Bite!* and his dangerous condition, with who went to see him, and what was said, sung, and done on the melancholy occasion. London: W. Hone. 8vo. 1817. [Wood-cut vignette on title-page by George Cruikshank.]

*Another Ministerial Defeat!* The Trial of the Dog, for biting the Noble Lord, with the whole of the evidence at length. London: W. Hone. 8vo. 1817. [With wood-cut vignette on title-page by George Cruikshank.]

*The State Lottery.* A Dream. By Samuel Roberts. Accompanied by the *Thoughts on Wheels* of James Montgomery, London: Sherwood, Neely and Jones, 1817. 8vo. With folding frontispiece by G. C.

*The Pigeons.* Dedicated to all the Flats, and showing the Artifices, Success and Crimes of Gaming, Gamesters, and Gambling Houses. By the author of "The Greeks." London: J. J. Stockdale, 1817. 12mo. [Six satirical coloured etchings by G. C.]

*Fashion.* Dedicated to all the Town. Illustrated with six humorous prints. London: J. J. Stockdale, 1817. 12mo. Pp. 171. The six full-page etchings by G. C. are coloured.

## 1819

*The Free-born Englishman deprived of his Seven Senses by the Operation of the Six New Acts of the Boroughmongers.* A Poem, by Geoffry Gag-'em-all. London: Fairburn. 12mo. [Folding coloured etched frontispiece by George Cruikshank.] 1819.

*The Englishman's Mentor.* The Picture of the Palais Royal, describing its Spectacles, Gaming Rooms, Coffee Houses, Restaurateurs, etc., etc., and other remarkable objects in that high change of the Fashionable Dissipation and Vice of Paris. With characteristic sketches and anecdotes of its frequenters and inhabitants. London: William Hone, 1819. 12mo. [Folding coloured frontispiece, 15½ inches long, "G. Cruikshank fecit."]

*The Age of Intellect; or, Clerical Show-folk and Wonderful Lay-folk.* A series of Poetical Epistles between Bob Blazon in Town and Jack Jingle in the Country. By Francis Moore, Physician. London: William Hone, 1819. 12mo. [Curious coloured frontispiece, "G. Cruikshank, scit."]

*The Ton, Anecdotes, Chit-chat, Hints and On dits.* Stockdale, 1819. 12mo. [Six coloured etchings by George Cruikshank.]

## 1819—22

FACETIÆ AND MISCELLANIES. By William Hone. With one hundred and twenty engravings, drawn by George Cruikshank. London: published for William Hone, by Hunt and Clarke. 8vo. [A collection of these pamphlets, re-issued in 1827, having on its title-page a vignette woodcut, showing the publisher and the artist sitting at table—Cruikshank in Hessian boots; signed W. Hone, invt.; G. Cruikshank, del.]

The following publications are contained in the volume:

1819. *The Political House that Jack Built.* With thirteen cuts.

1820. *The Man in the Moon, etc., etc.* With fifteen cuts. Including the two following.

---. *A Political Christmas Carol.* Set to music. To be chaunted or sung throughout the United Kingdom and the Dominions beyond the Seas, by all persons thereunto especially moved. [Two leaves, with two woodcuts after G. C.]

---. *The Doctor.* [One leaf, with two woodcuts after G. C.]

1820. *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder.* A National Toy. With fourteen step-scenes, and illustrations in Verse. With eighteen other cuts.

1820. "*Non Mi Ricordo!*" etc., etc., etc. [Three woodcuts after G. C.]

1820. *The Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving, etc.* To be used daily by all Devout People throughout the Realm, for the happy deliverance of Her Majesty the Queen. [Woodcut on title-page by G. C.]

1821. *The Political Showman — at Home!* Exhibiting his Cabinet of Curiosities and Creatures—All Alive! With twenty-four cuts.

1821. *The Right Divine of Kings to Govern Wrong!* Dedicated to the Holy Alliance. Pp. 60. [Two woodcuts by G. Cruikshank.]

—, *The Bank Restriction Note.* "With the Bank Restriction Barometer."

1822. *A Slap at Slop and the Bridge Street Gang.* [With three large folding woodcuts and twenty-three smaller illustrations on wood by George Cruikshank.]

Separate pagination to each.

#### 1819-21

THE HUMOURIST. A collection of Entertaining Tales, etc. Four volumes, 12mo. [Coloured etchings by George Cruikshank.]

#### 1820

*Life in London*; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By Pierce Egan. London: Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster-row. Dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth. Embellished with thirty-six (coloured) scenes from real life, designed and etched by I. R. and G. Cruikshank, and numerous engravings on wood by the same artists. [In 1870, Mr. John Camden Hotten reproduced this work, with the illustrations in lithography, coloured after the originals.] 8vo.

*The Man in the Moon*; or, "The Devil to Pay." With thirteen cuts. London: Dean and Munday, 1820. 8vo.

*Doll Tear-sheet, alias the Countess "Je ne me rappelle pas,"* a Match for "Non Mi Ricordo." With cuts. London: John Fairburn. 8vo. 1820. [With six woodcuts by George Cruikshank.]

*The Royal Wanderer Beguiled Abroad and Reclaimed at Home.* [Satirical plate by G. C.] 8vo. London: W. Wright, 1820.

*Memoirs of Queen Caroline.* By J. Nightingale. Two volumes, 12mo. London: J. Robins and Co., 1820. [Contains, among others, two engravings on copper from designs by George Cruikshank].

1820. *The Radicals Unmasked and Outwitted; or, The Thistle uprooted in Cato Field.* [Frontispiece by G. C.] 12mo.

*A Frown from the Crown; or, The Hydra destroyed.* London: John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate Hill. 8vo. [Large woodcut on title-page, "G. Cruikshank, del."] 1820.

## 1820—21

THE LOYALIST'S MAGAZINE. Complete. Presented to His Majesty at the Levée, Feb. 22, 1821. Containing the Principal Facts, Circumstances, Satyres, Jeux d'Esprits, Reviews, Biographical Contrasts and Political Retrospects published during the Rise, Reign, and Fall of the Caroline Contest. With ten copperplates and caricatures, coloured, by Cruikshank. Published by Turner, King's Stationer, Cheapside: and W. Wright, Fleetstreet. 8vo. Pp. viii., 256.

## 1821

*The Spirit of Despotism.* Dedicated to Lord Castlereagh. Edited by the Author of "The Political House that Jack Built." London: William Hone. 8vo. 1821. [Woodcut vignette on title-page by G. C.]

*The Progress of a Midshipman exemplified in the Career of Master Blockhead.* Folio. [Seven plates and a frontispiece by George Cruikshank.] London: Humphrey. Reissued in 1835 by McLean.

## 1822

*Kilts and Philibegs!!* The Northern Excursion of Geordie, Emperor of Gotham, and Sir Willie Curt-his, the Court Buffoon, etc., etc. London: John Fairburn. 8vo. [In two parts, with humorous etched coloured frontispieces, signed "G. Ck."]

*The Miraculous Host Tortured by the Jew under the Reign of Philip the Fair, in 1290.* Illustrated by ten cuts. London: William Hone. 8vo. 1822.

*Life in Paris:* comprising the Rambles, Sprees, and Amours of Dick Wildfire, of Corinthian celebrity, and his bang-up companions, Squire Jenkins and Captain O'Shuffleton; with the whimsical adventures of the Halibut Family. By David Carey. Embellished with twenty-one coloured plates, representing scenes from Real Life, designed and engraved by George Cruikshank. Enriched also with twenty-two engravings on wood, drawn by

the same artist, and executed by Mr. White. London : John Fairburn. 1822.

*The Magic Spell*: The History and Adventures of Prince Lucillo and Princess Rayonette. 12mo. [Eight woodcut illustrations engraved by Branston after designs by George Cruikshank]. 1822.

## 1823

*Christmas Stories*. Containing "John Wildgoose the Poacher," "The Smuggler," and "Good Nature ; or, Parish Matters." Oxford : printed by W. Baxter for J. Parker, 1823. 12mo. Pp. 210. [With three etchings by George Cruikshank,—two to the first, and one to the second story.]

*Ancient Mysteries Described*, especially the English Miracle Plays, founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story, extant among the unpublished manuscripts in the British Museum, etc. By William Hone. With engravings on copper and wood. London : William Hone. 8vo. 1823. [Contains two coloured etchings of the "Giants in Guildhall," drawn and etched from the Statues by George Cruikshank, and of "The Fools' Morris Dance, faithfully etched from an original oil picture by George Cruikshank."]

*Points of Humour*. Illustrated by the designs of George Cruikshank. 8vo. London : C. Baldwyn, 1823. Pp. vi., 47. With ten full-page etchings, and eight woodcut tail-pieces.

## 1824

*Points of Humour*. Illustrated by the designs of George Cruikshank. Part II. London : C. Baldwyn, 1824. With ten full-page etchings, and twelve small etchings in text.

## 1823—8

*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. By W. H. Ireland. Four volumes, 8vo. [With twenty-three folding coloured plates by G. C., either from his own designs, or those of Isabey, Denon, Vernet, Girard, Swobach, etc.] London : Fairburn.

## 1823—4

*Peter Schlemihl*. From the German of Lamotte Fouqué. With plates by George Cruikshank. London : G. and W. B. Whittaker, 1824. 12mo. Pp. xii., 165. With eight full-page etchings by George Cruikshank. [An earlier issue, bearing date 1823, is rarely to be found, and is much esteemed by collectors.]

## 1824

*Der Freischütz Travestic*. By Septimus Globus, Esq. With twelve etchings by George Cruikshank, from drawings by an



amateur (Alfred Crowquill). London : C. Baldwin, 1824. 8vo. Pp. 68.

*Tales of Irish Life*, Illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the People. With designs by George Cruikshank. Two vols. 16mo. Pp. iv., 242 ; 249. London : J. Robins and Co., 1824. [With six illustrations drawn on wood by George Cruikshank, and engraved by G. W. Bonner, J. Thompson, and W. Hughes.]

*Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance*. Selected and translated from the Italian. With sixteen illustrative drawings by George Cruikshank. 8vo. London : Charles Baldwin, 1824. Pp. viii., 253.

*The Collective Wisdom* : or Sights and Sketches in the Chapel of St. Stephen. Containing a bird's-eye view, with characters and cuts, of John Cam Hobhouse, Peter Moore, and Richard Martin, Esqrs., M.P.'s. The cuts by Cruikshank, the descriptions by a Member of the Upper Benches. London : Knight and Lacey, 1824. 8vo. Pp 54.

#### 1824-5

*Forty Illustrations of Lord Byron*. (Coarsely executed woodcuts.) London : James Robins and Co. 8vo, in wrapper. 1824-5. Thirty-six of these illustrations were designed by George Cruikshank to accompany Clinton's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron."

*The Spirit of the Public Journals*. Three vols. 8vo. [Two cuts by George and other cuts by Robert and George Cruikshank.]

#### 1824-6

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Translated from the *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, collected by M.M. Grimm, from Oral Tradition. Two vols. 12mo. 1824-6. (Vol. I., pp. xii., 240, published by C. Baldwin, 1824 ; Vol. II., pp. iv., 257, by James Robins and Co., 1826). [The first series contains twelve etchings, including the vignette on the engraved title ; the second, ten etchings, including vignette on title.]

#### 1824-7

*Mornings at Bow Street*. A selection of the most humorous and entertaining reports which have appeared in the *Morning Herald*. By J. Wight. Illustrated with twenty-one woodcuts, signed G. Ck. London : Charles Baldwin, 1824. 8vo.

*More Mornings at Bow Street*. A New Collection of Humorous and Entertaining Reports. By John Wight, of the *Morning Herald*. With twenty-four illustrations by George Cruikshank

on wood, and etched frontispiece. London : James Robins and Co., 1827. 8vo.

## 1825

*Hans of Iceland.* London : J. Robins and Co., 1825. 8vo. With four etchings by George Cruikshank.

*Smiles for all Seasons.* 12mo. Frontispiece by George Cruikshank.] London : Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, 1825.

*Catholic Miracles.* Illustrated with seven designs by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. 102. London : Knight and Lacey, 1825.

## 1825-6

*The Universal Songster, or Museum of Mirth,* forming the most complete, extensive, and valuable collection of ancient and modern songs in the English language. Three vols. 8vo. [With three etched frontispieces, woodcut title, and twenty-four song illustrations, by George Cruikshank.] 1825-6.

## 1826

*Specimens of German Romance.* Three vols. Whittaker, 1826. With three etched frontispieces by George Cruikshank. [This is not, as Mr. Reid erroneously states, Carlyle's *German Romance*. That work was published at Edinburgh, in four volumes, in 1827, and the illustrations were not by Cruikshank.]

*Phrenological Illustrations; or, An Artist's View of the Craniological System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim.* By George Cruikshank. London : published by George Cruikshank, Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville, and sold by J. Robins and Co., etc. Oblong 4to. 1826. [Woodcut on title, two pages of introductory letter-press, and six etched plates, containing thirty-two subjects, by George Cruikshank.]

*Greenwich Hospital; a series of Naval Sketches, descriptive of the Life of a Man-of-War's Man.* By an Old Sailor. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 4to. Pp. 200. London : James Robins and Co., 1826. [With twelve full-page coloured etchings, and humorous woodcut tailpieces, by George Cruikshank. The "Old Sailor" was Captain Matthew Henry Barker; several later works of his were also illustrated by Cruikshank.]

## 1826-7

*The Every-Day Book, or Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements, etc.* By William Hone. Two vols. 8vo. Contains eleven woodcuts by Cruikshank.

## 1827

*Eccentric Tales from the German of W. F. von Kosewitz.*

With illustrations by George Cruikshank, from sketches by Alfred Crowquill. London: James Robins and Co. 8vo. Pp. 181. 1827. There are twenty full-page coloured illustrations by George Cruikshank, and one woodcut.

*The Shilling Comic Annual.* A Collection of Short Good Things which Have, Might, Could, Would, Should, or Ought to have been said by the Wise and Witty of all Ages. 16mo. [Frontispiece by George Cruikshank.]

*Every Night Book; or, Life after Dark.* By the author of "The Cigar." London: T. Richardson, 98, High Holborn. Small 8vo. [Woodcut vignette on title-page by George Cruikshank.]

*Illustrations of Time.* By George Cruikshank. Published by the Artist, etc. Seven oblong folio plates, in wrapper.

*Bibliotheca Sussexiana.* A Descriptive Catalogue by Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, Librarian to the Duke of Sussex. Two vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. With seven etchings and four woodcuts by George Cruikshank.

*London Characters.* Designed and etched by George Cruikshank. 12mo. Robins. [Contains twenty-four coloured plates, of which fifteen are by George, and nine by Robert Cruikshank.]

*A Fireside Book; or, the Account of a Christmas spent at Old Court.* 8vo. J. A. Hessey; Second edition, Smith, Elder, and Co., 1830. [Frontispiece by George Cruikshank.]

*Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest.* Three vols. 12mo. London: Longmans, 1827. [Twenty-two woodcuts after George Cruikshank.]

## 1827-8

*The Table Book.* By William Hone. 2 vols. 8vo. [With woodcut from a drawing by G. Cruikshank, of "Botocudo Indians."]

## 1828

*Catalogue Raisonné of the select Collection of Engravings of an Amateur* (Mr. Thomas Wilson). 4to. Contains five etchings by George Cruikshank. Only twenty-five copies printed on large paper; it appears that a quantity of the sheets were destroyed by damp.

*Punch and Judy.* With illustrations designed and engraved by George Cruikshank, accompanied by the dialogue of the puppet-show. London: S. Prowett, 55, Pall Mall, 1828. Pp. 111. [With twenty-four etchings and four woodcut vignettes.]

*The Diverting History of John Gilpin.* With six illustrations by George Cruikshank. Engraved on wood by Thompson, Branston, Wright, Slader, and White. London: Charles Tilt, 1828. (Reissued in 1832 in a 16mo sheet, and in square 12mo.)

*Original Jest.* By John Harcourt. Comprising an unpublished Collection of Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprit, Repartees, Bulls, etc. Illustrated (with a frontispiece only) by George Cruikshank. London: John Fairburn, 1828. 12mo. Pp. 54.

*Tim Bobbin's Lancashire Dialect and Poems.* Plates by G. Cruikshank. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 1828. 8vo. Pp. viii., 184. [With four full-page etchings by George, and two by Robert Cruikshank.]

## 1828-32

*Scraps and Sketches.* By George Cruikshank. Oblong folio, in paper wrappers. In four parts. London: published by the Artist, 22, Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville, and James Robins and Co.

## 1829

*The Epping Hunt.* By Thomas Hood. Illustrated with six engravings on wood by Branston and Wright, Bonner, Slader, and T. Williams, after the designs of George Cruikshank. London: Charles Tilt, 1829. Pp. 29.

## 1830

*Tales of other Days.* By J. Y. A. With illustrations by George Cruikshank, engraved by J. Thompson, and S. and T. Williams. 8vo. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1830. Pp. vii., 250. [Six full-page woodcuts, separate from text, and vignette on title. The author was John Yonge Akerman.]

*The New Bath Guide.* By Christopher Anstey. New edition, with biographical and topographical preface by John Britton, F.S.A. Embellished with engravings by G. Cruikshank, etc. 8vo. Pp. lxxvi., 176. London: Hurst, Chance and Co., 1830. [Frontispiece and vignette designed and engraved on wood by S. Williams; five full-page etchings by George Cruikshank.]

*Tom Thumb; A Burletta,* altered from Henry Fielding. By Kane O'Hara. With designs by George Cruikshank. London: Thomas Rodd, 1830. 12mo. Pp. 34. [With five full-page woodcuts, vignette on title and tailpiece designed by G. C., and engraved by Williams and Bonner.]

*Bombastes Furioso: A Burlesque Tragic Opera.* By William Barnes Rhodes. With designs by George Cruikshank. Lon-



don : Thomas Rodd, 1830. 12mo. Pp. 34. In yellow wrapper. [With seven full-page woodcuts and vignette on title and wrapper, designed by G. Cruikshank, and engraved by Williams and Bonner. A few copies were issued on India paper.]

*The "Greatest Happiness."* Principle in Morals and Government explained and defended. In answer to the *Edinburgh Review*. Republished from the *Westminster Review*, Nos. 21-23. London : R. Heward. 8vo. 1830. [Woodcut on title, "George Cruikshank, del."]

*Illustrations of Popular Works.* By George Cruikshank. Part I. (all published). 4to. London : published for the Artist by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-row, 1830. [These six etchings illustrate Smollett's *Roderick Random*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Knickerbocker's *New York*, by Washington Irving, and Burns's *Song*, "The Deil cam fiddling thro' the toun." It was proposed to publish a part every three or four months ; but the work was discontinued after the first number, and no more appeared.]

*Sir Walter Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft.* Twelve plates in illustration of. Designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, November 1830.

*Three Courses and a Dessert.* (By William Clarke). The Decorations by George Cruikshank. London : Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. 8vo. 1830. [Second edition in the same year. Third edition, with fuller title, in 1836. Contains fifty-one woodcuts, after sketches by the author, signed G. Ck.]

*The Cream of the Jest, a Fund of Wit and Humour.* Derby : Mozley. 12mo. [Humorous coloured plate in four divisions by George Cruikshank.]

## 1831

*The Gentleman in Black.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, engraved by J. Thompson and C. Landells. London : William Kidd, 1831. 12mo. Pp. iv., 309. [With five full-page woodcuts and tailpiece by G. C.]

*Odds and Ends.* In Verse and Prose. By William Henry Merle. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, from designs by the Author. Pp. viii., 147. 8vo. London : Longmans, 1831. [The illustrations are thirteen in number, the two designs which accompany the "Arab Grey" being entirely due to the invention of Cruikshank. One subject by the author is etched by him, the rest are joint drawings on wood by the author and the artist, cut by T. Williams, White, Branston and Wright, and Thompson.]



*The Cat's Tail*; being the History of Childe Merlin. A tale (in verse) by the Baroness de Katzeleben. [With three full-page etchings by G. Cruikshank. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.]

*The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. Illustrated with numerous engravings from drawings by George Cruikshank, expressly designed for this edition. London: John Major, 1831. Two volumes, 8vo. [With thirty-seven woodcuts by George Cruikshank, and two frontispieces after his designs by Fox and Raddon.]

*Hogarth Moralized*. A complete edition of all the most capital and admired works of William Hogarth, etc. By the Rev. Dr. Trusler. London: John Major. 8vo. Of the plates of heads, "The Laughing Audience," "The Company of Undertakers," "The Oratorio," and "The Public Lecture," in this volume, the editor remarks that he "feels particularly happy that Mr. G. Cruikshank has had the kindness to copy the whole of the four groups for this work."

*Ferdinand Frank*; an Autobiographical Sketch of the youthful days of a Musical Student. London: R. Ackermann. 12mo. [Woodcuts after George Cruikshank.]

## 1831-3

THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Cochrane and Co., 1831-2, and Effingham Wilson, 1833. Seventeen volumes, 8vo, viz. :—

## SMOLLETT.

## 1.

*The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*. By Tobias Smollett, M.D. With Memoir by Thomas Roscoe, and illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. xxxvi., 403. London: Cochrane and Pickersgill, 1831. [With portrait of the author, engraved by Freeman, and four full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 2.

*The Adventures of Roderick Random*. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. x., 496. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1831. [With five full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 3-4.

*The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in which are included Memoirs of a Lady of Quality. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes, 8vo. Pp. 422, 448. London:

James Cochrane and Co., 1831. [With eight full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 5.

*The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves.* With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. 243. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1832. [With two full-page etchings by Cruikshank. The same volume contains *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but with separate title and pagination.]

## GOLDSMITH.

## 5.

*The Vicar of Wakefield.* A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. viii., 168. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1832. [With portrait of the author engraved by Freeman, and two full-page etchings by Cruikshank. The same volume contains Smollett's *Launcelot Greaves*, but with separate title and pagination.]

## FIELDING.

## 6.

*The Adventures of Joseph Andrews.* By Henry Fielding. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. xi., 336. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1832. [With four full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 7-8.

*The History of Amelia.* With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes, 8vo. Pp. ii., 307; 341. [With eight full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 9-10.

*Tom Jones.* In two volumes, 8vo, 1832. [With eight full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## STERNE.

## 11-12.

*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman.* By Laurence Sterne. To which is added the "Sentimental Journey." With illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes, 8vo. Pp. xi., 372; 357. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1832. [With portrait of the author engraved by Freeman, and eight full-page etchings (illustrative of *Tristram Shandy*) by Cruikshank.]

## CERVANTES.

13-15.

*The History and Adventures of Don Quixote.* From the Spanish of Cervantes. By T. Smollett. In three volumes, 8vo. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Effingham Wilson, 1833. [With fifteen etchings by G. C.]

## LE SAGE.

16-17.

*The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane.* Translated from the French of Le Sage. By T. Smollett. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Effingham Wilson, 1833. Two volumes, 8vo. [With ten etchings by G. C.]

1832

*The Bee and the Wasp.* A Fable in verse. With designs and etchings by G. Cruikshank. London: Charles Tilt, 1832. 12mo. There are copies on India paper. [Reprinted in 1861 by B. M. Pickering.]

*Altrive Tales*, collected among the Peasantry of Scotland. By the Ettrick Shepherd. With illustrations by George Cruikshank (and portrait of the author). Vol. I. (all published, pp. viii., cli., 190), 8vo. London: James Cochrane and Co., 1832. [The collection was to have extended to twelve monthly volumes. In the first and sole volume published there is only one illustration by George Cruikshank, "Captain Lochy in the Barber's Dress," at p. 88.]

1833

*Answer to a Pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Rejected Local Courts Jurisdiction Bill."* 12mo. London: Richards. [Plate of a Local Court by George Cruikshank.]

*Sunday in London.* Illustrated in fourteen cuts by George Cruikshank, and a few words by a friend of his, with a copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill. 8vo. London: Effingham Wilson, 1833. Pp. 105.

*Lucien Greville.* By a Cornet in the East India Company's Service. With etchings by George Cruikshank. In three volumes. Pp. viii., 273; vii., 295; vii., 271. 12mo. London: Saunders and Otley, 1833. [The illustrations are six in number; two in each volume.]

*Rejected Addresses; or, The New Theatrum Poetarum.* (By James and Horace Smith.) Eighteenth edition, carefully revised,

with an original preface and notes by the authors. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1833. 12mo. [To this edition were added six woodcuts after George Cruikshank.]

## 1833—6

MY SKETCH BOOK. Nine parts, containing thirty-seven plates, designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, 23, Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville, and sold by Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet-street.

## 1834—9

MINOR MORALS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Illustrated by Tales and Travels. By John Bowring. With engravings by George Cruikshank and William Heath. 12mo. Pp. xii., 261. London : Whittaker and Co., 1834. [With one full-page etching by Cruikshank.]

— Part II. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 12mo. Pp. iv., 264. London : Whittaker and Co., 1835. [With five full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

MINOR MORALS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Illustrated by Tales and Travels, particularly in the East. By John Bowring. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Part III. Edinburgh : William Tait, 1839. 12mo. Pp. viii., 249. [With six full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

## 1834

*The Stadium ; or, British National Arena for Manly and Defensive Exercises.* By Baron Berenger. 12mo. [Archery scenes by George Cruikshank.] 1834.

*Mirth and Morality : A collection of Original Tales.* By Carlton Bruce. Embellished with twenty beautiful cuts from drawings by George Cruikshank. Small 8vo. London : T. Tegg and Son, 1834. Pp. 226.

*Tough Yarns.* A Series of Naval Tales and Sketches to please all hands. By the Old Sailor. Fcp. 8vo. London : Effingham Wilson. [Eight etchings and nine woodcuts by G. C.]

*A History of Egyptian Mummies.* By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew. London : Longmans 1834. 4to. [With thirteen illustrations ; ten being etchings by G. C., and three aquatinted for colouring.]

## 1835

*Journal of the Plague Year.* By Daniel de Foe. With four illustrations after Cruikshank, engraved on steel by Davenport. London : E. Nutt, Royal Exchange. [Included in Tegg's

*Family Library*; and in 1872, reissued, with Dr. Harvey's Account of the Great Fire of London added. William Tegg, Pancras-lane. 12mo.]

*Cruikshankiana*. An assemblage of the most Celebrated Works of George Cruikshank. London: McLean. [A handsome folio, containing sixty-six plates by George, and six by Robert Cruikshank. The plates have been touched up, and all dated 1835.]

*Journal of a Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands in the Spring and Summer of 1833*. By John Auldjo, F.G.S. London: Longmans. 8vo. [Contains seven full-page etchings by George Cruikshank from sketches by the author.]

## 1835-53

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1835. An Ephemeris, in Jest and Earnest. By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Adorned with a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts pertaining to the months, sketched and etched by George Cruikshank; and divers humorous cuts by other hands. London: imprinted for Charles Tilt, Biblioplist, in Fleet-street. Pp. 56.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1836, etc. Adorned with a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts, pertaining to the months, and an hieroglyphic, by George Cruikshank. London: imprinted for Charles Tilt, etc. Pp. 60.

1837. Pp. 64.

1839. Pp. 64.

1838. ,, 64.

1840. ,, 64.

Same title and publisher. The volume for 1839 contained Thackeray's story of "The Fatal Boots," and the volume for 1840, "Barber Cox, and the Cutting of his Comb."

1841. Pp. 64.

Same title. London: imprinted for Tilt and Bogue, Biblioplists, in Fleet-street.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1842, etc. Adorned with numerous humorous illustrations, and a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts, pertaining to the months, by George Cruikshank. London: imprinted for Tilt and Bogue, Biblioplists, in Fleet-street. Pp. 64.

1843. Pp. 64. Same title and publishers.

1844. ,, 64.

1846. Pp. 79.

1845. ,, 64.

1847. ,, 63.

Same title. London: imprinted for David Bogue, Biblioplist, in Fleet-street.

[From 1835 to 1847 inclusive, the *Comic Almanack* had been uniform in size. In the two succeeding volumes it was reduced.]



THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1848. An Ephemeris, in Jest and Earnest. Edited by Horace Mayhew. Adorned with numerous humorous illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: imprinted for David Bogue, etc. Pp. 128.

THE COMIC ALMANACK, 1849. Edited by Horace Mayhew. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: David Bogue. Pp. 96.

[From 1850 to its discontinuance the original size was reverted to. The folding plates in this third series were coloured.]

THE COMIC ALMANACK AND DIARY, 1850. Edited by Henry Mayhew, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. Pp. 64.

1851. Edited by Henry Mayhew, and illustrated by George Cruikshank and H. G. Hine. Pp. 64.

1852. (No editor's name.) Illustrated by George Cruikshank and H. G. Hine. Pp. 64.

1853. THE COMIC ALMANACK. Edited by Robert B. Brough. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and H. G. Hine. Pp. 64.

[The four volumes of the third series were all published by "David Bogue, Fleet-street." After the volume for 1853, the publication was discontinued.]

### 1836

*Rookwood.* A Romance by W. Harrison Ainsworth. Twelve etchings by G. C. London: John Macrone. 8vo. 1836.

*The Adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin; Nights at Mess;* and other Tales. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1836. 8vo. Pp. 421. [Seven full-page etchings.]

1836. *A Summer in Spain*, being a Narrative of a Tour made in the summer of 1835. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 8vo. [With one etching, signed George Cruikshank.]

*Land and Sea Tales.* By the Old Sailor. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. In two vols. 8vo. London: Effingham Wilson, 1836. Pp. viii., 408; 390. [Full-page etched frontispiece, and vignette on engraved title to each volume.]

*The Elysium of Animals.* A Dream. By Egerton Smith. 8vo. Pp. 101. London: J. Nisbet, Berners-street, 1836. [With full-page etching of "The Knacker's Yard," by George Cruikshank, which originally appeared in the third volume of "The Voice of Humanity," in 1831.]

*A Comic Alphabet.* Designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, 23, Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville. 12mo,

gilt. [Twenty-six humorous coloured etchings.] 1836. Re-issued 1837.

*A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty.* By Diedrich Knickerbocker (Washington Irving). 12mo. London: Tegg and Son. [Illustrations by George Cruikshank.]

SKETCHES BY "Boz." Illustrative of Every-Day Life, and Every-Day People. In two volumes. Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: John Macrone, St. James's-square, 1836. 8vo. Pp. viii., 348; 342. [With sixteen full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

SKETCHES BY "Boz." Illustrative of Every-day Life, and Every-day People. The Second Series. Complete in one volume. London: John Macrone, St. James's-square, 1837. Pp. viii., 377. [With twelve full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

*First Complete Edition of the Two Series*, with forty illustrations by George Cruikshank. In twenty monthly parts, demy 8vo, commencing November, 1837, and ending June, 1839. Twenty-seven of the twenty-eight illustrations to the former editions were re-drawn and engraved to suit the larger-sized page of this edition (one illustration, "The Free and Easy," in *The Streets by Night*, being cancelled). To these were added thirteen new etchings. There was also a design on the first page of the pink wrapper by George Cruikshank. London: Chapman and Hall, 1839. Pp. 526.]

### 1836-9

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. London: Fisher and Co. [Forty-eight volumes, containing thirty-five etchings by Cruikshank. These appeared in several subsequent editions, and were republished, with plates by Turner, under the title of "Historical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels."]

### 1837

*Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote.* By the late H. D. Inglis. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria-lane, 1837. 12mo. Pp. xii., 203. [With six full-page etchings and two vignette woodcuts.]

*Edward Lascelles.* Four illustrations by George Cruikshank. Two volumes, 8vo. Dublin: Curry; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

### 1837-43

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. [The first fourteen volumes only illustrated by Cruikshank, with etchings on steel. In these

volumes appear a hundred and twenty-six of his plates : twenty-four devoted to "Oliver Twist," twenty-seven to "Jack Sheppard," twenty-two to "Guy Fawkes," eight to the "Ingoldsby Legends," seven to "Nights at Sea," three to "Stanley Thorn," and thirty-five to miscellaneous articles by various writers, including two etchings and a woodcut illustrative of Charles Dickens's "Mudfog Papers" (1837-8), besides a vignette in glyphography, two drawings on wood, and the well-known design on the wrapper.]

## 1838

*Oliver Twist*; or, the Parish Boy's Progress. Commenced in the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in February, 1837, and concluded in March, 1839. Published in three volumes, post 8vo., in October 1838, six months in advance of its completion in the *Miscellany*, with twenty-four illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, 1838. [The last of these illustrations,—*Rose Maylie and Oliver*,—as it appeared in the early copies, was objected to by the author, and was designed afresh at his request.]

*Edition in One Volume.* Issued with the same plates as the former editions, in ten monthly parts, demy 8vo, uniform with *Pickwick*, commencing January, 1846. The first page of the green wrapper was from a design by George Cruikshank, and depicted eleven scenes (mostly different from those represented in the body of the work), illustrating incidents in the novel, pp. 311. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1846.

*Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi.* Edited by "Boz." With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley, 1838. 12mo. Pp. xix., 288; ix., 263. [In addition to the portrait of Grimaldi by another hand, these two volumes contain twelve full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

*Lympsfeld and its Environs*: being a series of views, with descriptions, of that village and objects of interest in its vicinity; and the "Old Oak Chair," a Ballad. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. Westerham: Henry George, 1838. 8vo. [With four woodcut illustrations (to the ballad only) by Cruikshank.]

*Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.* By Captain Glascock. London: Bentley. Three volumes, 8vo. [With six etchings by G. C.]

*Topsail-Sheet Blocks*; or, The Naval Foundling. By the "Old Sailor." London: Bentley, 1838. Three volumes, 12mo. [Etchings by George Cruikshank.]

*More Hints on Etiquette for the Use of Society at Large, and Young Gentlemen in Particular.* London: Charles Tilt, 1838. 12mo. [Woodcuts after George Cruikshank].

## 1839

*Chemistry no Mystery; or, a Lecturer's Bequest*: being the subject-matter of a Course of Lectures delivered by an Old Philosopher. Arranged and revised by John Scoffern. London: Harvey and Darton, 1839. 8vo. [With two woodcuts, frontispiece and vignette, seemingly original, by George Cruikshank.]

*Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith*. New edition, revised and enlarged. With eight illustrations on steel, signed George Cruikshank. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 8vo.

*The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet Street; and Mustapha Syried, Constantinople, 1839. Pp. 40.

[“The literary portion of the work by Mr. Charles Dickens.”—REID'S *Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank* (London 1871), vol. i., p. 328.]

*Jack Sheppard: A Romance*. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. In three volumes. 12mo. Pp. viii., 352; iv., 292; vi., 312. London: Richard Bentley, 1839. [With portrait of the author by another hand, and twenty-seven full-page etchings and woodcut tailpiece by George Cruikshank.]

*Illustration to a Set of Quadrilles from Rodwell's Celebrated Romance Jack Sheppard*. Arranged for the Pianoforte. London: D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square. [Lithographed with portraits of Paul Bedford as “Blueskin,” Miss Campbell as “Poll Maggot,” Mrs. Keeley as “Jack Sheppard,” and Mrs. Naylor as “Edgeworth Bess,” sketched by George Cruikshank behind the scenes.]

## 1840

*The Tower of London*. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Richard Bentley. 8vo. [Forty large etchings on steel, signed George Cruikshank, and fifty-eight woodcuts, signed G. Ck. A second edition, published by Hugh Cunningham in 1842; a third in 1845; and a fourth, by Routledge and Co., in 1854. In Cruikshank's copy of the Routledge edition, sold at the sale of his library, he had made a note: “The etchings all spoilt by being re-bit—by a stranger, instead of being done, as they ought to have been, by Geo. Cruikshank.”]

## 1840—7

*The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels*. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. London: Richard Bentley, 1840, pp. viii.,



339. Second Series, 1842, pp. x., 288. Third Series, 1847, pp. viii., 364. [With Illustrations by George Cruikshank and John Leech, originally published in *Bentley's Miscellany*.]

## 1841

*Guy Fawkes*; or, The Gunpowder Treason. An Historical Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. In three volumes. 12mo. Pp. xvi., 303; iv., 307; iv., 358. London: Richard Bentley, 1841. [With twenty-two full-page etchings by Cruikshank.]

1841. *Songs of the late Charles Dibdin*. With a Memoir. [Twelve plates by George Cruikshank.] London: Murray. 8vo.

*The Pic Nic Papers*. By various hands. Edited by Charles Dickens. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Henry Colburn, 1841. Three volumes. 8vo. [“*The Philosopher's Stone*”—Cruikshank's illustration to *The Lamplighter's Story*, by Charles Dickens—forms the frontispiece to the first volume. There is one other etching by him; the remaining illustrations are by “Phiz.”]

## .1842

1841-2. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S OMNIBUS. Illustrated with one hundred engravings on steel and wood. Edited by Laman Blanchard. London: Tilt and Bogue. [Published in monthly parts, 8vo, with a characteristic woodcut wrapper. The etchings, twenty-two in number, are signed in full; the seventy-eight woodcuts, G. C.]

*Cakes and Ale*. By Douglas Jerrold. Two volumes, 8vo, with frontispieces and engraved titles. London: How and Parsons, 1842.

## 1842-4

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE: A Miscellany of Romance, General Literature, and Art. Edited by William Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. [Vol. I. published by Hugh Cunningham, St. Martin's-place; Vols. II. and III. by Cunningham and Mortimer; Vols. IV. to VI. by John Mortimer, Adelaide-street, Trafalgar-square. The first six volumes only were illustrated by Cruikshank. In these the following works appeared:—

“The Miser's Daughter”	.	.	20 etchings, 3 woodcuts.
“Windsor Castle”	.	.	1 ½ ”
“Elliston Papers”	.	.	3 ”
“John Manesty”	.	.	6 ”
“Modern Chivalry”	.	.	5 ” 1 woodcut.
“St. James's; or, the Court of Queen Anne”	.	.	14 ”



The first volume also contained over a dozen woodcuts from designs by Cruikshank, two of them illustrative of Thackeray's story of *Sultan Stork*, never since republished. The woodcut to "Our Library Table," representing the editor and the artist in conference, and those illustrating "The Lady's Page," "The Gentleman's Tiger," and "Our Stall at the Opera," were repeated several times.]

## 1842

*The Miser's Daughter.* A Tale. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Cunningham and Mortimer. [Three volumes. 8vo. With twenty etchings, signed George Cruikshank, from *Ainsworth's Magazine*.]

*Windsor Castle.* By W. Harrison Ainsworth. New edition, illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with designs on wood by W. Alfred Delamotte. London: Parry, Blenkarn, and Co., Leadenhall Street. 8vo. 1847. [The etchings are selected from those which appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine* for 1842-3, with many woodcuts added.]

*The Drunkard.* A Poem. By John O'Neill. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. London: Tilt and Bogue, 1842. Pp. viii., 54. [With portrait of the author, aged sixty-four, and four full-page etchings by George Cruikshank.]

## 1843

*Martin's Vagaries*, being a sequel to "A Tale of a Tub," recently discovered at the University of Oxford. Edited, with Notes, by Scriblerus Oxoniensis, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: A. H. Baily and Co., 1843. 8vo. Pp. 48, in coloured wrapper. [With two full-page etchings and one woodcut (repeated on the wrapper) by George Cruikshank, the latter engraved by Percy Cruikshank, the artist's nephew.]

*Modern Chivalry*: or, A New Orlando Furioso. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. In two volumes. 12mo. Pp. viii., 294, 290. London: John Mortimer, 1843. [With four full-page etchings and woodcut vignette on title (the same in each volume) by George Cruikshank, reprinted from *Ainsworth's Magazine*.]

## 1844

*The Comic Blackstone.* By Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. Published at the *Punch* office, 1844. [Illustrated with an etching signed in full, and two woodcuts signed G. Ck.]

*The Bachelor's Own Book*; or, The Adventures of Mr. Lambkin (Gent.) in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement, and also

in search of health and happiness. Oblong 8vo. [Twenty-four plates, "designed and etched by George Cruikshank."]

*Another Edition*, the twenty-four subjects transferred to as many stones, with the inscriptions rewritten. London: Routledge. 4to. 1865.

*Memoirs of Robert William Elliston, Comedian.* By George Raymond. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. xxxvi., 438. London: John Mortimer, 1844. [With portrait of Elliston engraved by Penstone, after a drawing by Harlowe, and three full-page etchings by George Cruikshank; reprinted from *Ainsworth's Magazine* for 1843.]

*Arthur O'Leary: His Wanderings and Ponderings* in many lands. Edited by his friend, Harry Lorrequer (Charles Lever), and Illustrated by George Cruikshank. In three volumes. 8vo. Pp. 290, 320, 328. London: Henry Colburn, 1844. [With portrait and nine other full-page etchings illustrative of the story (three in each volume) by George Cruikshank.]

## 1845

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S TABLE-BOOK. Edited by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. Published at the *Punch* Office, 92, Fleet-street. [Issued in twelve monthly parts, with illustrated wrapper. Contains twelve etchings signed George Cruikshank, six glypographs, and a hundred and twenty woodcuts, the latter with "G. Ck." in the corner.]

*History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.* With Memoirs of the Union and Emmett's Insurrection in 1803. By W. H. Maxwell. London: Baily Brothers. 8vo. [Twenty spirited etchings by George Cruikshank, and a woodcut design.]

*The Old Sailor's Jolly Boat, laden with Tales and Yarns to please all hands*; pulled by Wit, Fun, Humour, and Pathos, and steered by Matthew Henry Barker. London: Willoughby and Co., 1845. 8vo. [Seven of the twenty-four etchings are entirely or partly by George, and the rest by Robert Cruikshank.]

*Prisons and Prisoners.* By Joseph Adshead. [Frontispiece by George Cruikshank.] 8vo. London: Longmans.

## 1846

*Sketches from Life.* By Laman Blanchard. With a Memoir by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn. [In the second volume are two woodcuts by George Cruikshank.]

*The Snow Storm. A Christmas Story.* By Mrs. Gore. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Fisher, Son,

and Co., 1846. 8vo. Pp. 253. [With four full-page etchings by G. C.]

## 1847

*The Yule Log for the Christmas Hearth.* Showing where it grew ; how it was cut and brought home ; and how it was burnt. By the author of "The Chronicles of the Bastile." Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London : T. C. Newby. 12mo. [Four full-page etchings, etched title and wood-cut.]

*The Good Genius that turned Everything into Gold.* A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew. [Illustrated by George Cruikshank.] London : Bogue. 8vo.

*The Greatest Plague of Life ; or, The Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant.* Edited by the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue, 1847. 8vo. Pp. 285. [With twelve full-page etchings and vignette woodcut on title.]

*Whom to Marry, and How to Get Married ; or, The Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Husband.* Edited by the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue 1847. 8vo. Pp. 271. [With twelve full-page etchings and woodcut vignette on title.]

## 1847-8

*The Bottle.* In eight plates, designed and etched by George Cruikshank. Folio. 1847.

*The Drunkard's Children.* A sequel to "The Bottle." In eight plates. By George Cruikshank. 1848. London : David Bogue, etc. Folio.

\* \* Both "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children" were accompanied by "illustrative poems" by Dr. Charles Mackay. An edition of each was issued, "on fine paper," imperial folio, with a tint. Price 6s."

## 1848

*The Pentamerone ; or, the Stories of Stories.* By Giambattista Basile. Translated by John Edward Taylor. With four etchings by George Cruikshank. London : D. Bogue, 1848. Crown 8vo. [Another edition was issued by the same publisher in 1851, with the plates transferred to stone.]

*The Inundation ; or, Pardon and Peace.* A Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. 222. London : Fisher, Son, and Co., 1848. [With four full-page etchings by G. C.]

## 1849

*The Magic of Kindness*; or, The Wondrous Story of the Good Huan. By the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Kenny Meadows. London: Darton and Co., 1849. 8vo. Pp. viii., 296. [The illustrations by G. C. consist of four full-page etchings.]

*Kit Bam's Adventures*; or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner. By Mary Cowden Clarke. [Illustrated with four etchings signed in full, and a woodcut signed G. Ck.] London: Grant and Griffith.

*Clement Lorimer*; or, The Book with the Iron Clasps. A Romance. By Angus B. Reach. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Pp. vii., 280. [With twelve full-page illustrations.]

## 1850

*Frank Fairlegh*; or, Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil. With thirty illustrations on steel, by George Cruikshank. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co., 1850. 8vo. Pp. xii., 496. [The etchings are full-page and separate, with the exception of the vignette on the engraved title. The author, Frank E. Smedley, afterwards edited Cruikshank's brief-lived *Magazine*.]

*Fairy Mythology*. Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of various Countries. By Thomas Keightley. A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. London: H. G. Bohn. 12mo. [Etched frontispiece by George Cruikshank.]

*The Toothache*. Imagined by Horace Mayhew and realized by George Cruikshank. Bogue. [Twenty-three plates, and two etched designs on wrapper.]

## 1851

1851; or, The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family, who came up to London to "enjoy themselves" and to see the Great Exhibition. By Henry Mayhew and George Cruikshank. London: David Bogue, 1851. 8vo. Pp. 242. [With ten etchings, most of which are folded, and contain several subjects, and engraved woodcut title.]

*Stop Thief!* or, Hints to Housekeepers to prevent Housebreaking. By George Cruikshank. 8vo. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1851. [With fourteen woodcuts.]

## 1852

*The Temperance Offering*. Edited by J. S. Buckingham. Square 12mo. [Plate of "The Backslider" by George Cruikshank.] 1852.

*The Betting Book.* By George Cruikshank. With cuts. London : W. and F. G. Cash, 1852. 8vo. Pp. 31.

*The True Legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil*, showing how the Horseshoe came to be a charm against Witchcraft. By Edward G. Flight. London : D. Bogue, 1852. 8vo. Pp. 24, in wrapper. [With seven illustrations drawn by George Cruikshank, and engraved by John Thompson.]

*Talpa* ; or, *The Chronicles of a Clay Farm.* By C. W. H. (Chandos Wren Hoskyns.) Reeve and Co. With twenty-four woodcuts, drawn by George Cruikshank, and engraved by G. Pearson. 12mo. [A second edition issued in 1853, in which the woodcut entitled "Drop it!!" was cancelled and replaced by another.]

*The Domestic Habits of the People.* By "Common Sense." With six illustrations (on wood) by George Cruikshank. London : Charles Gilpin. Small 8vo, pp. 96. 1852.

## 1853

*The Glass and the New Crystal Palace.* By George Cruikshank. London : John Cassell, 8vo. [With twelve woodcuts, signed G. Ck.]

*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London : John Cassell. 8vo. [Twenty-seven illustrations on wood, drawn by Cruikshank, and signed G. Ck.] 1853.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY. No. I. Hop O' my Thumb, and the Seven-League Boots. Edited and illustrated with six etchings by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue, 1853. Small 4to. Pp. 30.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY. No. II. The History of Jack and the Bean-Stalk. Edited and illustrated with six etchings by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue, 1853. Small 4to. Pp. 32.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY. No. III. Cinderella, and The Glass Slipper. Edited and illustrated with ten subjects, designed and etched on steel, by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue, 1853. Small 4to. Pp. 31.

## 1854

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY. No. IV. Puss in Boots. Edited and illustrated with etchings on steel by George Cruikshank. London : David Bogue, 1854. Small 4to. Pp. 40. [With six full-page etchings by G. C., containing twelve subjects. On the general title to the volume containing the four tales is a



woodcut border and vignette designed by George Cruikshank and engraved by T. Williams.]

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S MAGAZINE. Edited by Frank E. Smedley. London: D. Bogue. [Only two parts issued.] 8vo. January and February, 1854.

## 1856

*Lady Arabella*; or, the Adventures of a Doll. By Miss Pardoe. Square 8vo. [Four full-page illustrations by G. C.] London: Kirby and Son.

## 1857

*London Lyrics*. By Frederick Locker. With an illustration ("Building Castles in the Air"), designed and etched by George Cruikshank. London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, 1857. 8vo. Pp. viii., 90. [For the author of "London Lyrics" Cruikshank also designed and etched, in 1868, a private plate, "Fairy Connoisseurs inspecting Mr. Locker's Collection of Drawings," intended to form the frontispiece to a projected Catalogue.]

## 1857-8

THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. With a Biography of the Knight, from authentic sources. By Robert B. Brough. London: Longmans, 1857-8. Large 8vo. Pp. xx., 196. [Issued in ten monthly parts, in brownish-yellow wrapper. The work contains twenty full-page etchings by George Cruikshank, in addition to a woodcut repeated on each of the coloured wrappers, and separately on white paper, between the title and dedication.]

## 1858

*Stenelau and Amylda*: A Christmas Legend, for Children of a Larger Growth. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Griffith and Farran, 1858. 8vo. Pp. 32. [With three woodcut illustrations by G. C., printed with the text.]

*Lorimer Littlegood, Esq.*, a Young Gentleman who wished to see Society and saw it accordingly. By Alfred W. Cole, Barrister-at-Law. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and William M'Connell. London: James Blackwood, 1858. 8vo. Pp. iv., 330. [Twelve of the full-page etchings are by George Cruikshank.]

*Midnight Scenes and Social Photographs*; being Sketches of Life in the Streets, Wynds, and Dens of the City of Glasgow. By "Shadow." Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Son. [With frontispiece "designed and etched by George Cruikshank—1858." A second edition appeared in the same year.]

## 1859

*The Biglow Papers.* By James Russell Lowell, with additional Notes and enlarged Glossary. London: John Camden Hotten, 1859. 8vo. [With frontispiece expressly etched and designed for this work.]

*Old Faces in New Masks.* By Robert Blakey. London: W. Kent and Co., 1859. 12mo. [Etched frontispiece and title-page by George Cruikshank.]

## 1860

*A Pop-gun Fired off by George Cruikshank in defence of the British Volunteers of 1803, against the uncivil Attack upon that body by General W. Napier.* With Observations upon our National Defences, Self-Defence, etc. London: W. Kent and Co., 1860. 8vo. [Contains eight woodcuts from designs by the author, including two portraits of himself. In the second edition the seventh cut was cancelled.]

*Out and About: A Boy's Adventures,* written for Adventurous Boys. By Hain Friswell. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Groombridge and Sons, 1860. Pp. xvi., 326. [Six woodcuts.]

## 1861

*Holidays with Hobgoblins, and Talk of Strange Things.* By Dudley Costello. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: John Camden Hotten, 1861. 8vo. Pp. 332. [The frontispiece, "Shaving a Ghost," was designed and etched expressly for this work. The other illustrations were reproduced from *The Comic Almanack*.]

*Puck on Pegasus.* By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. Illustrated by Leech, Tenniel, Doyle, Millais, Sir Noel Paton, Phiz, Portch, and M. Ellen Edwards. With a frontispiece by George Cruikshank. London: John Camden Hotten, 1861. Small 4to.

*The Oyster; Where, how, and when to find, breed, cook, and eat it.* London: Trübner and Co., 1861. [Frontispiece on wood, woodcut vignette on title-page, and woodcut initial letter on page 9.]

## 1863

*A Discovery Concerning Ghosts; with a Rap at the Spirit-Rappers.* By George Cruikshank. London: Frederick Arnold, 1863. 8vo. [With nine engravings by George Cruikshank.] Second edition 1864, Routledge, Warne, and Co., "to which is added a few parting Raps at the 'Rappers,' with questions, suggestions, and advice to the Davenport Brothers. Dedicated to the 'Ghost Club.'"

## 1864

*How Sam Adams' Pipe Became a Pig.* By J. W. Kirton. London: S. W. Partridge, 1864. 12mo. [With six woodcuts after George Cruikshank, originally published in *The British Workman*, 1857.]

## 1865

*Popular Romances of the West of England.* Collected and edited by Robert Hunt. London: John Camden Hotten, 1865. 8vo. [First and second series, with frontispiece to each, "designed and etched by George Cruikshank, 1865."]

## 1867

*The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen.* Illustrated with five woodcuts by George Cruikshank, and twenty-two full-page curious engravings. London: William Tegg, 1867. 8vo. [The five woodcuts originally appeared in Parley's "Tales about Christmas," 1840. Cruikshank had executed as early as 1817 a folding frontispiece for a sixpenny chap-book edition of *Munchausen*, published by Dean and Munday.]

*The British Bee Hive.* A Penny Political Picture for the People. With a few words upon Parliamentary Reform. By their old friend George Cruikshank. 1867.

*Coila's Whispers,* by the Knight of Morar. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1867. 8vo. [Illustrated by a photograph of an etching by George Cruikshank, and three photographs of designs by Doré. Privately printed with etched frontispiece, 1866.]

## 1867-8

*The Savage Club Papers.* Edited by Andrew Halliday. Two series, 8vo. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1867-8. [With etchings, signed in full.]

## 1869

*The Gin Palace.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. ("Illustrated Penny Readings.") London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 1869. [Twelve woodcuts by George Cruikshank.] Small 8vo. Pp. 14.

*Buy your Own Goose.* ("Illustrated Penny Readings.") London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 1869. Small 8vo. Pp. 16. [Woodcut with two subjects on title-page by G. C.]

THE OAK. A Magazine. Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers. London: C. Griffin and Co., 1869. 12mo. [One volume only published, with frontispiece "designed and etched by George Cruikshank,"]

## 1870

*The Brownies*, and other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. London: Bell and Daldy, 1870. Sq. 8vo. [With four illustrations on wood, signed G. Ck.]

*Remarks on Education*. By George Cruikshank. With a Slice of Bread and Butter on the same subject. London. 8vo. Pp. 16. [Contains three woodcuts after G. C.]

## 1872

*The Artist and the Author*. A Statement of Facts. By the Artist, George Cruikshank. London: Bell and Daldy, 1872. Pp. 16.

## 1873

*The Trial of Sir Jasper*. A Temperance Tale in verse. By S. C. Hall. Virtue and Co., 1873. 8vo. [Twenty-three full-page engravings on wood, including one after George Cruikshank.]

## 1874

*Lob Lie-by-the-Fire*; or, the Luck of Lingborough, and other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. London: George Bell and Sons, 1874. 8vo. [With three illustrations, signed G. Cruikshank, del. All the tales, except that which gives its title to the volume, originally appeared in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* and elsewhere.]

## 1875

*An Old Story*. A Temperance Tale in verse. By S. C. Hall. [Twenty-five full-page woodcuts, including one after George Cruikshank.] 8vo. 1875.

*Peeps at Life and Studies in my Cell*. By the London Hermit. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1875. [With two illustrations, signed "George Cruikshank, age 83, 1875," engraved by T. Bolton.]

## 1877

*The Rose and the Lily*: A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. Octavian Blewitt. With a frontispiece by George Cruikshank. London: Chatto and Windus, 1877. 8vo. Pp. 62. [This frontispiece was designed and etched in 1875, in the artist's eighty-third year, and was probably the last book-illustration executed by him.]

## APPENDIX II.

### EXTRACTS FROM CRUIKSHANK'S DESCRIPTION OF THE "WORSHIP OF BACCHUS."

THIS painting, which has not in reality had more than twelve months' work upon the canvas, I had, nevertheless, in hand for eighteen months. The title I give it is "THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS ; OR, THE DRINKING CUSTOMS OF SOCIETY"; and it is intended to show how universally the intoxicating drinks are used upon every occasion in life, from the CRADLE to the GRAVE. It is, indeed, a very uncommon thing for an artist to stand by the side of his picture to explain its meaning or to give a printed description of it, as every picture ought to speak for itself; but in this case such a course may, perhaps, be excused, because, in the first place, there are many hundred figures and a great variety of subjects; an explanation, or key, may therefore save the time of the observer in *reading* or *making out* the design, and also serve the *cause* for which this work is brought forward. I must just add that I have not the vanity to call it a *picture*, it being merely the mapping out of certain ideas for an especial purpose, and I painted it with a view that a lecturer might use it as so many diagrams, so that the mind might be operated upon, through the *ear* as well as the *eye*, at the same time.

In the first place, therefore, I have to call your attention to the statue of Bacchus, of whose character the ancients have given us a correct idea, namely, the pleasant, smiling, rosy youth; and we know that a *little* wine creates an agreeable sensation in the system, and a pleasant smile upon the countenance. At parties, where the wine is taken in moderation, the host and the guests are all exceedingly affable and agreeable; but although Bacchus is represented as a genteel, smiling youth, he was always accompanied by the drunken brute, Silenus, to show what a little more drink or *excess* produced in the man, and in the accompanying Bacchante that the pure and modest charm of beauty in the woman was destroyed and degraded by anything like *indulgence* in stimulating drink



This part is intended as the "high altar" of the pagan deity, and below the statues are the priests and priestesses officiating, or, in other words, the publicans, their wives, potboys, and barmaids handing the intoxicating liquors over the bar, and taking the money from the worshippers. One of these publicans is worshipping so devoutly himself, that he is falling a sacrifice to his deity, as well as many of his customers. This is unfortunately too often the case, and there is a disease of the viscera, called the "publicans' disease," and very many of these persons also die from *delirium tremens*. I know of many such cases; indeed, not very far from my own residence there are three public-houses very near each other: at one the landlord was so mad with *delirium tremens*, that he was obliged to have a keeper with him; and at the same time, within twenty yards from that house, the son of another publican died from the same disease; and about twenty yards beyond that house the publican was so affected with *delirium tremens*, that he hung himself! He had gone upstairs to lie down, and his wife sent their little boy to call his father down to tea. The child returned and said, "Mother! father's got my sash, and he won't give it me." The woman rushed upstairs, fearing something wrong, and found that her poor wretched husband had hung himself with his child's sash! Encircling part of the altar-piece is a raised platform, on which, at the left-hand corner, is a harlequin, pantaloon, scaramouch, and a clown, all very jolly with their cups and "in their cups," at a "masquerade and supper," where there is always plenty of wine, gin, beer, and brandy, and where drunken "masquerade" fiends drag down columbines to drunkenness and ruin. Next to these are opera dancers, holding up their glasses to Bacchus, and by their side a lame old man jumping up with a crutch in one hand and a glass in the other. Next to him are the public singers, chanting forth the praises of "the god of wine." Is it not marvellous to think what highly talented poetry, and what harmonious musical compositions, have been produced from time to time in praise of this imaginary, this deceitful, slippery, dangerous myth! to please, to excite, to madden, and destroy, in the most filthy and awful manner, its tens of thousands of his worshippers who have, and do now, willingly throw themselves under the wheels of the wine or spirit waggon, or the brewer's dray, as the insane worshippers of "Juggernaut" throw themselves under the wheels of the moving temple of that monstrous humbug.

But pass to the other side of the butts, the altar-piece of wine, beer, and spirit barrels—and there are the "Freemasons," the "Foresters," the "Odd Fellows," the "Old Friends," and I may

add the “Old Fools.” I introduce these societies because so many hold their meetings at gin shops, and by so doing, many, many of their members are brought to ruin—yes, go to destruction, dragging their wives and children after them. At the extreme right of this platform are three figures intended to represent Painting, Poetry, and Music, celebrating the praises of the “Rosy God,” and holding up their cups of alcohol, in which form of worship—or rather, in which absurd and extraordinary stupid custom and extreme piece of foolery—they are joined by a chemist, who *ought*, of all others, to know better than to use a poison as a beverage. I say poison, because one pint of alcohol at a draught kills a man dead, and half a pint deprives him of the use of his faculties. Of what real use, then, as a beverage, can a lesser quantity be? Between the two sides of this semicircle, and BELOW THE BAR, is a mass of the most ardent and extreme worshippers of Bacchus, who *commenced* their worship by imitating the example of this Deity, by taking “a little drop of drink,” but who have, either from *circumstances*, or from the excitable nature of their brains or nervous systems, not been able to *know* when they *ought to stop*, and have therefore gone on until they follow the example of the “Bacchante” and the “Silenus.” In the centre of this mass, and in the forepart, is a madman in a “strait waistcoat”; “Mad Tom” and his “mad companions” of the bottle, worshipping in their insane ecstasies. It may, indeed, be said that madness prevails over the whole of this mass of worshippers; for *excitement* from strong drink and *drunkenness* is, in fact, *temporary* insanity. “Mad Tom” is dancing on the tomb of his relations, having sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus father, mother, sister, brother, wife, children, property, friends, body, and mind. Many families are destroyed by one of their members being a drunkard. In the crowd, on the left and right of these raving maniacs, may be seen various acts of violence, cruelty, and brutality, at least as far as propriety would allow me to show them; for no artist, nor author, dare attempt to represent or describe, to the fullest extent, the horrible crimes and disgusting deeds that are committed under the influence of wine, beer, or spirits. No, it cannot, it *dare* not be done. On the left side of this mob are men and women drinking and fighting—dreadful cruelty to children by their parents; a man sacrificing his wife and child; a “jolly Jack tar” under the influence of “grog,” offering up the hard earnings of a long voyage, is about to be robbed and perhaps, murdered by a ruffian who is himself under the influence of drink. Below this is a man beating a woman till her face is one mass of blood and bruises; this represents a scene that I witnessed in broad daylight on a Sunday afternoon—the man

and the woman both under the influence of drink. . . . Next to this are soldiers fighting the police with their belts. At one time the common soldiers, when off duty in all garrison towns, wore their bayonets; but as it was found that when they were under the influence of drink, and got into quarrels, they drew their bayonets upon their opponents, and that there was in consequence rather a serious return of "killed and wounded" upon these occasions, they were therefore, not allowed to carry their side-arms; but as the soldier *must* fight if he gets into a row, he now uses his belt as a weapon, and sometimes with fearful consequences; no doubt, therefore, but that his belt will be taken away also. . . . Above this group, under the bar, is a soldier offering up his medal to Bacchus, and a woman offering up her child; a man stabbing his wife, a fellow shooting a girl, a ruffian kicking a girl in the face, a woman stabbing her husband, two thieves, primed with gin and beer, garrotting and robbing a gentleman, who has been "dining out"; next to this, a poacher shooting a gamekeeper. If Parliament, instead of passing an act to *prevent poaching*, were to pass an act to do away with *the use of strong drink*—put an end to that—they would for a certainty, at the same time, put an *end to poaching*; for there would be no poaching, or very little of that sort of thing, were it not for strong drink. Above this are Indians splitting each other's skulls with their tomahawks, fighting for and under the influence of the "fire-water." Next to these are the "prize-fighters," and below them is a man knocking his wife down with a baby in her arms. I saw this at eleven o'clock one day in the "city of London," and I heard the poor woman's skull crack on the pavement! . . . Above these figures, under the bar, are thieves handing up handkerchiefs, pocket-books, and stolen plate. . . . To the right of these, amongst various acts of frightful cruelty, are men committing suicide with poison, pistol, razor, and dagger; and women—"lovely women"—tearing and biting and mutilating each other in a manner too disgusting to describe, and which they never could do were it not for the drink. And then comes the "whisky shebeen," where the "sons of harmony" are killing a policeman; and to the left of these are the police carrying away a woman dead drunk upon a stretcher. . . . And on the left of the madman the police are carrying off a *drunken policeman*; and between these two groups, and below the tomb, are widows and orphans and children without fathers and mothers, brought to misery, starvation, and perhaps death, through the husbands or the parents drinking the liquor sold by the publican, and manufactured by the distiller and the brewer—the *respectable* publican and the *highly* respectable and very wealthy brewers and distillers.

I must now call your attention to the lower part of the picture, commencing from the cradle in the left-hand corner. This is intended to represent a nursery, and the doctor is handing a pot of beer to the mamma. Some persons object to the “*pot of beer,*” but I believe the usual moderate prescription is two pints per diem, and “*two pints,*” you know, make *one* quart, and there is no other way, in the “*language of art,*” to explain this meaning; and there is the nurse drinking beer, and she has generally a bottle in her pocket (which, by-the-bye, the doctor does *not* recommend); then there’s the little boy crying for the beer, and the papa drawing a cork, in order that he and the doctor may “*have a drop,*” so that the intoxicating drink answers the purpose of physic or friendship. Just above this is a mother pouring gin down her baby’s throat; many children are killed in this way. The next subject on this line is a wedding in respectable society, where the friends are drinking “*Health to the Bride and Bridegroom;*” and the postilions, of course, must have a drop, and the servants must also have a drop. However, everything is well conducted here; but in the scene just above—in low life—they are getting drunk under the same circumstances. The next in rotation, viz., the centre scene, is a “*christening.*” The clergyman who has baptized the infant is proposing the “*health of the young Christian.*” Everything is conducted here in strict decorum; but whilst he calls upon the Almighty God to bless this child, he holds in his hand a glass of wine, which, although of a different colour and different price, is the same sort of stuff that has made the mother in the christening scene above so drunk that she lets her child fall to the ground, whilst the idiotic drunken husband points to his helpless wife, and laughingly exclaims, “*Ha! ha! she’s dr-unk!*” The next subject is the coming of age. In the corner is a barrel of triple X ale, “*to be tapped when Tommy comes of age.*” Tommy is of age, so the relatives and friends drink “*Many happy returns of the day.*” The grandma is telling her granddaughter to *drink* her brother’s health, and the little boy must also *drink* his brother’s health in a little drop. It is all well conducted in this class of life; but in low life they very frequently make the children drunk upon their birthdays; and even in high life sometimes upon these occasions the strong ale is given so *generously*, and with such bountiful *hospitality*, that large numbers of persons are made drunk, and then picked up about the grounds, and wheeled in barrows to the sheds and stables, and littered down like swine; and a friend of mine (a physician) assures me that he knew a young gentleman of large fortune who got so drunk upon his coming of age, that he died the next day! Above the ale barrel may be seen a small image of Bacchus. This may be called the “*cupboard Bacchus*”; this



is *strictly private worship*, and the lady, not liking to be seen at her devotions, has got behind a screen. There is unfortunately too much of this form of worship carried on. The next scene to this—the *last* scene on this lower line—is a funeral, where the son is consoling his mother with a glass of wine, the daughter being also consoled with a glass of wine, and the granddaughter likewise, and the friends crying and drinking, and drinking and crying, and the mutes having a little drop at the door as *privately* as circumstances will allow. The old nurse who hands it to the *mutes*, of course, takes care of herself. Above the funeral scene is “a sick-room.” The doctor is feeling his patient’s pulse, and tells him that he has done all for him that science and philosophy dictate, and now begs to introduce him to the publican and the pot-boy, or, in other words, recommends him to “live generously,” that is, to take port wine and beer. . . .

I must now call your attention to the left side of this map or picture, where, over the wedding party, is a “juvenile party,” and a lady handing “cake and *wine*” to the children—“British wine,” which, according to chemical analysis, contains a larger percentage of alcohol than foreign wine, and yet it is given to children! On the left of these little dears we have a nurse handing the “dinner beer”—“small beer”—small beginnings, but who can tell where such beginnings may end? Next to this is a papa handing “a little drop” of wine to his boys; he himself is smoking, and the little boys have got tobacco pipes hid behind their backs, because if their papa saw the pipes he would say, “Oh! my boys, you must not smoke.” . . . Taking a little wine is at any rate *respectable*; for, see, the churchwarden is handing a little wine to the vicar and the curate in the vestry; but just above, on one side of this may be seen the boys following their father’s example, and going into society with their pipes and their bottles; above this is a glimpse of “college life,” where many a fine youth is ruined for life at the “wine parties,” and by the strong ales sold at the colleges. The ale brewed at Jesus College, Cambridge, commonly called the “*Jesus ale*,” used to be thought most excellent; but the “*Trinity ale*,”—“ay, that’s the stuff!”—is the strongest ale, I believe, that is brewed in the whole country. From the colleges the young men enter life, some into the army or navy, some as merchants, some into the Church. And I now feel that I am approaching *very tender ground*, and therefore, before I proceed any further, I must express the high respect in which I hold that Church, of which I am myself a member; many clergymen of the Church were, and those still living are,



amongst my most esteemed friends, and I wish it to be distinctly understood that I only introduce them here to show that even *they*, whilst taking their wine in moderation, are nevertheless taking a stupefying beverage upon the *edge* of a very *slippery precipice*, over which many a fine highly-educated Christian minister has fallen, never to rise again in this world. . . . I therefore hope they will excuse me when I represent a curate offering a glass of wine to a Turk. The Mahometan refuses, whilst another Turk, with his hand on the Koran, points to the "horrible abyss of ruin and disgrace into which clergymen fall who sacrifice themselves at the shrine of Bacchus." Above this is a public dinner, for charitable purposes, where, perhaps, a worthy bishop is presiding. The "toastmaster," behind his chair, calls upon the company to fill their glasses "*bumpers*," the contents of which it is expected they are to swallow down *at once*, and then *hold up their glasses at arms' length* to show that they are *empty*. Behind this scene are accidents on the road, fires on land and fires at sea. On the seashore are gibbets, on which hang pirates; under these is a shipwreck, and below that a suicide. Many, very many, of these terrible *accidents*, as they are called, and horrible deeds, are occasioned by the "worship of Bacchus." We come now to where the "grog" is being *served out* to the sailors; and next to that where they are being *flogged for drinking it*. Below this are the naval officers very jovial at their mess tables; and next to this are the officers trying a brother officer by court-martial for *getting drunk*—for allowing the *grog* to get the better of his reason whilst worshipping this deity! Below this is a mayor's feast, at which he must give wine liberally to the guests, or he would be denounced as a shabby fellow. Upon these occasions there is always most respectable but enthusiastic worship of the jolly god. Below this "dinner worship" is the mayor seated on his seat of justice, who is quite horrified at what the police are telling him about the drunken woman and her baby; but he ought to reflect that she has been brought to this condition by the very same stuff that he was giving the night before to the ladies and gentlemen and the sheriffs at his own table. . . . Beneath this part is a *gentleman treating* a young woman to drink. *This* is a social evil, one great cause of the "social evil." Next to this are the fox-hunters elevating themselves and their glasses; and here I have to introduce you to a party of the aristocracy, the highest class of society, to whom I wish to pay the highest respect—that proper respect which is due to their station and irreproachable conduct. There is not anything to be seen in such parties but the most ladylike and gentlemanly behaviour;

and I only want to show here that whilst perhaps a duchess is taking a very *little wine* in the "dining room," the "Jack o'-lantern" at the street door is taking his "pint of beer"; and whilst lords and ladies are taking a little *refreshment* in the shape of wine, their servants are also taking *their refreshments* in rather more vulgar materials, and not in such a *genteel* manner as their masters and mistresses. Beside these servants, on a little *lower level* is a reduced public-house customer, whom the publican has turned into a "sandwich," and upon whose back-board may be seen the advertisement of "The Fox and the Goose Music Hall;" and on the front of this sandwich I would suggest that the *sign* might be denominated, with perfect truth, "The Rogue and the Fool." I must now beg the observer to turn his attention to the "Jolly Sailor" public-house just above where the poor sailor is being flogged, and then to the "Jolly Brewer," under which there is an election for a member of Parliament, upon which occasion there is generally a large amount of drinking, as well as a loud cry for parliamentary reform, but where you never hear of the candidates calling upon the people to reform their *drinking customs*. Above this gin and beer-drinking electioneering mob is "The Angel," licensed to be drunk on the premises, and adjoining that is a building containing a "police station," the right wing of which is a "reformatory," and the left wing a "ragged school." Above and behind these buildings are the numerous, *too numerous*, breweries and distilleries, throwing their smoke over, and, at the same time, poisoning the length and breadth of the land; and the drink they make is taken to such an extent, and in such excess, that even moderate drinkers designate *drunkenness* as the GREAT CURSE OF THE COUNTRY. Under this dim and dirty smoke may be seen "the House of Correction," "the General Hospital," "the Cemetery," "the Magdalen Hospital," "the Union Workhouse," "the Lunatic Asylum," "the Gaol," and "the Gibbet," and the people getting drunk at an execution, which they do in large numbers. Below this is a railway *accident*, many of which disastrous and terrible occurrences happen in consequence of the railway servants sometimes taking a "drop too much." In a line with this train, and to the left of it, is a "canteen," or military public-house, where soldiers sometimes take too much drink, and for which they are sometimes tied up to the halberds and flogged. Below this are the military officers very jolly at their mess-table, and also trying a brother officer by "court-martial" for taking a "little drop too much." Then we come to the chief justice, his brother judges and barristers, taking their wine—*of course in a most respectable manner*; but when the judge sits in court, "to try a man for his life," he is perfectly

horrified, as well as the barristers and the "gentlemen of the jury," when he hears what a dreadful deed the prisoner has committed with the bottle, and under the influence of "the bottle," and when the poor wretch was mad through the drink, and unconscious of what he was doing. Many men are hung for the commission of deeds done when they were in a state of intoxication, and of which they had no recollection when they were sober. Near the military court-martial are some men playing at skittles, and of course *drinking*. This is a sort of companion to "the haymakers" on the other side, drinking whilst at work, to show that people drink when at work and drink when at play. By the side of the "skittle ground" is a *fête champêtre*, or entertainment, where the parties are drinking themselves, but got up to aid those who have reduced themselves to poverty *by the drink*. Here the gentlemen are handing the contents of the bottle to the ladies, and just by is a fellow knocking a woman on the head with a bottle! As I have on the other side of the picture introduced the clergy of the Established Church, I could not leave out the Dissenters; but in introducing into this picture ministers of religion, I again beg it to be most clearly and distinctly understood that it is not for any purpose of ridicule or censure, but merely for the purpose of pointing out to them the danger they are in, as well as others, in having anything whatever to do with this deceitful, dangerous false "god of wine." I therefore take the liberty of representing one of these ministers offering a glass of wine to a Hindoo, who, like the Mohammedan, points to the dark abyss of disgrace into which unfortunately too many have fallen, and to the *easy-to-go-down* flight of steps. Here may be seen, also, a missionary tapping a Hindoo on the shoulder, whilst another Hindoo points to the bottle in the missionary's pocket. . . . Below the Hindoos are some clerical figures, we will suppose at a theological college: a student offers a glass of wine to "the master," who, having a little drop of "brandy-and-water," refuses the wine, and at the same time cautions the youth not to take "too much," a very proper precaution, no doubt; but although the head of the college may be able to teach this youth Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and mathematics, he cannot tell him *how much* strong drink is *too much*, for in some excitable systems the *very first* drop of strong drink takes away the power of self-control. Had all men been formed equally alike to take as much as they *ought* to take, and no more, you never would have heard of a teetotaler.

# INDEX.

- A'BECKETT, Gilbert, edits Cruikshank's *Table Book*, 209.
- Ackermann, the printseller and publisher, 21.
- Adams-Acton, John, commissioned to execute a bronze statue of "The Bruce," 337.
- Ainsworth, William Harrison, his *Jack Sheppard*, 109; his *Rookwood*, 132, 141; Cruikshank's controversy with, 145-147, 148; succeeds Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 159, 160; Cruikshank's illustrations to his romances, 160-163; where he learnt his 'patter,' 163; success and popularity of his *Jack Sheppard*, 164; his retirement from the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 166, 177; starts a Magazine of his own, *ib.*; his *Tower of London*, 166-169; Cruikshank's quarrel with him, 167-171; his reply to Cruikshank's statement, 171-178; Cruikshank's retort, 179-180; reconciliation with Cruikshank, 186-187; Cruikshank's final parting from, 209; his *Miser's Daughter*, 231, 284.
- Alexander, Emperor, 35.
- Alexander, Sir James, Chairman of the "Bruce Committee," 337, 338, 340, 341.
- Anstey, Christopher, his *New Bath Guide*, 234.
- Anstie, Dr., on the average capacity of wine-drinkers, 253.
- Arnold, Matthew, Sonnet addressed to George Cruikshank on his picture of 'The Bottle,' 255.
- Auldjo's "Constantinople," 133.
- BACON, immortal words of, 65.
- Balfour of Burley, 38.
- "Bank-Note not to be Imitated," Cruikshank's, 59-61.
- Barham, Richard Harris, and the *In-goldsby Legends*, 333.
- Bannoekburn, 338, 339.
- Barker, Matthew Henry, his *Frank Hartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago*, 183; his *Greenwich Hospital*, *ib.*
- Bartholomew Fair, 147.
- Bartolozzi, 47.
- Beckford, William, his mansion at Bath, 234; visited by Cruikshank, 235.
- Bede, Cuthbert, his "Personal Recollections of George Cruikshank" quoted, 48, 82, 149, 150-151, 152, 165-166, 183; his first appearances in print in *Bentley's Miscellany*, 165; his picture of Cruikshank at home, 272-276; on Cruikshank and Dickens, 304, 306; his coöperation invited in *George Cruikshank's Magazine*, 311; account of a curious craze of Cruikshank's, 311-314; account of Frank Smedley's first meeting with Cruikshank, 315-316; his visit to Cruikshank's studio, 317-318.
- Bedford, Paul, as Blueskin in "Jack Sheppard," 165.
- Bell's Life in London* and Cruikshank's etchings, 91-92.
- Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by Charles Dickens, 139-159; by Harrison Ainsworth, 159-177.
- Bentley, Richard, publisher, Cruikshank's quarrel with, 165-166, 177, 208.
- Berenger, Baron de, and Cruikshank, 228.
- Blake, William, 26.
- Blanchard, Laman, 4; 166; quarrel with Cruikshank, 180-181; edits Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, 182; his graceful lyrics, 183; letter of Cruikshank to, 187-188; his *Sketches from Life*, 204, 231.
- Blewitt, J., his Song of *The Matrimonial Ladder*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 207.
- Blewitt, Mrs. Octavian, her story of *The Rose and the Lily* illustrated by Cruikshank in his eighty-third year, 331.
- Blücher, 35.
- Bobadil, 32.
- Boccaccio's Decameron, 21.
- Bonaparte, *see* NAPOLEON.
- Bond, E. A., of the British Museum, 339.
- "Bottle, The," 3, 248-255, 274, 275.
- Bowring, Sir John, his *Minor Morals* illustrated by Cruikshank, 132.



- Boxiana, 83.  
 "Boz," 130; Sketches in *The Monthly Magazine*, 137; Collected Sketches illustrated by Cruikshank, 148, 157, 245, 269. See DICKENS, Charles.
- Bradbury and Evans, Messrs. (printers and publishers), their relations with Cruikshank, 209.
- Breughel, Peter, 5.
- Brough, Robert B., his *Life of Falstaff* illustrated by Cruikshank, 106; his contributions to the *Comic Almanack*, 190; his *Life of Sir John Falstaff*, 329-330.
- Browne, Hablot Knight, and Dickens, 139, 159, 175.
- Browne, Sir Thomas, his use of the word *caricatura*, 5.
- Browning, Robert, quoted, 285.
- Bruce, Carlton, his "Mirth and Morality" illustrated by Cruikshank, 132.
- Bruce, King Robert, Cruikshank's design for a monument to, 278; attacked by assassins, 284; Cruikshank's model of a statue of, 335; statement respecting, 336-340.
- Buckstone, J. B., his dramatic version of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, 164.
- Bulwer, his *Paul Clifford*, 163. See LYTTON, Lord.
- Bunbury, Harry ("H. B."), his drawing of a Barber's Shop in Assize-time, etched by Gillray, 9, 20, 48; Thackeray on, 51-52; Christopher North on, 74.
- Bunyan, John, similarity between him and Cruikshank as an allegorist, 244; Cruikshank's unpublished plates to his *Pilgrim's Progress*, 285, 332.
- Burdett, Sir Francis, 7; caricatures of by Gillray and Cruikshank, 9; riot on his arrest, 17, 54.
- Burns, Robert, his *Jolly Beggars*, 78, 90, 91; quoted, 339.
- Buss, R. W., 159.
- Byron, Lord, 114; Clinton's *Life of*, 117; spurning the world, 203; on Beckford's *Vathek*, 234.
- CALLOT, Jacques, 5; his imps, 304.
- Canning, George, 57, 67, 115.
- Caricature, history of in England, 5.
- Caroline, Queen, trial of, 27, 51, 63, 67, 112, 116.
- Carpenter, Dr. Alfred, on the habitual use of stimulants, 253.
- Cash, Mr. William (Chairman of the National Temperance Society), his expostulation with Cruikshank, 254.
- Castlereagh, 51, 57, 58, 67, 113, 114, 115, 217.
- Chambers, Robert, on Gillray, 10.
- Chatfield, Mr., drawings by, 93.
- Claremont, Mr., proprietor of *Bell's Life in London*, 91-92.
- Clarke, William, his *Three Courses and a Dessert*, 123-126, 127-129, 137.
- Clinton's *Life of Lord Byron* illustrated by Cruikshank, 117.
- Cobbett, William, driven to America, 57; his *Register*, 59; Cruikshank's caricatures of, 113, 119.
- Collier, John Payne, his letterpress to the volume of *Punch and Judy*, 119.
- Comic Almanack*, 4, 189-200.
- Cooke, T. P., 178.
- Copley, Cruikshank's sketch of, 217.
- Cowper, William, his "John Gilpin" illustrated by Cruikshank, 120.
- Cranach, Lucas, 5.
- Crowquill, Alfred, drawings of, etched by Cruikshank, 118; his illustrations to *Bentley's Miscellany*, 160.
- Cruikshank, Eliza, sister of George Cruikshank, her design of *The Four Prues*, 17; death of, *ib.*; 22.
- CRUIKSHANK, GEORGE, (Epoch I., 1792-1847), birth and parentage, 17-19; his early days, 25-42; as a political caricaturist, 43-73; his *Life in London*, *Life in Paris*, *Points of Humour*, &c., 74-102; hand-to-mouth work, 103; as an anatomist, 135; his illustrations to Charles Dickens's early works, 137-158; to Harrison Ainsworth's romances, 159-180; his *Omnibus*, 182-188; his *Comic Almanack*, 189-202; described by his friends, 216-236; (Epoch II., 1848-1878), a convert to teetotalism, 246; his *Bottle*, 248-255; as a teetotaler, 257-277; his *Triumph of Bacchus*, 278-301; as an amateur actor, 289; his Frauds on the Fairies, 303-310; his *Magazine*, 307-316; his studio, 317-318; his last twenty years, 329-343; death of, 344; his grave, 345.
- Cruikshank, Isaac, father of George Cruikshank, 15, 16; marriage, 17, 18, 19; death of, 20; service as a volunteer, 30; his work as a designer and etcher, 41, 48, 50; his latest political caricature, 62; cause of his death, 240, 247; his improvident habits, 280.
- Cruikshank, Mary, mother of George Cruikshank. See MACNAUGHTON, Mary.
- Cruikshank, Percy, son of Robert and nephew of George Cruikshank, 21, 23; on the origin of the "Tom and Jerry" illustrations by his father and uncle, 82, 83; on his uncle's proofs, 213; on his grandmother in old age, 262.
- Cruikshank, Robert, brother of George Cruikshank, 17; goes to sea, 18-19; death of, 19; his portraits of Kean, 20; his excellence in portraiture, 21; his etchings to Boccaccio's *Decamer.*, 21-22; service- as a volunteer, 30-



- visits a ladies' boarding-school in uniform, 37; his republicanism, 38; as a designer and etcher, 41, 43, 50, 81, 82, 83, 84; in cavalier costume, 86; copies of his designs, 92; drawing of animated pumps, 147; assistance to his brother, 166; portrait of "George in a brown study," 220-221.
- Cruikshank, William, a celebrated anatomist, 15.
- Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the, 259, 261-262.
- Currie, Mr., his statue of Bruce unveiled, 340.
- Curtis, Sir William, Cruikshank's caricature of, 28.
- DAUMIER, 6.
- Dawe, George, a pupil of Isaac Cruikshank, 18.
- Decameron, The, 21.
- Defoe, Daniel, his *Robinson Crusoe*, 131, 133, 134; his *Journal of the Plague*, 132.
- Delamotte, Alfred, his woodcuts in Ainsworth's *Windsor Castle*, 177.
- De Quincey, Thomas, 77.
- Dibdin, Charles, quoted, 29, 233.
- Dibdin, Thomas, grave of, 232.
- Dickens, Charles, story of Mrs. Cruikshank and the Hones, 72; popularity of his *Pickwick*, 80, 93; his eyes, 109; his *Oliver Twist*, *ib.*, 130, 131; *Sketches by Boz*, 137-138; his *Pickwick*, 138-139; his editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 139; his *Oliver Twist*, 139-148; letter to John Forster, quoted, 148, 149; edits the *Life of Grimaldi*, 158; resigns the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 159, 160, 161, 163; his resentment at Cruikshank's obtrusive suggestions, 175, 176; and *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, 204, 205; his description, supposed to be written by Mrs. Gamp, of Cruikshank as one of an amateur strolling company, 219-220; his description of a day with Cruikshank, 221-222; story of Cruikshank's impulsive generosity, 224; description of an American lady, 225; his *Life of Grimaldi*, 233; on the drinking question, 241-242; his Sketch of "Gin-shops" quoted, 245; his *Household Words*, 249, 303, 307, 311; on Cruikshank's 'Bottle,' 252, 269; his amateur company of actors, 289, 294; his protests against Cruikshank's *Frauds on the Fairies*, 303, 304-306; Cruikshank's rejoinder to, 307-310; 341.
- Dickens, John, father of Charles Dickens, 158.
- Dixon, Hepworth, supported by Cruikshank as a candidate for the London School Board, 327.
- Dighton, 74.
- Dobson, Austin, his account of Cruikshank's version of the origin of Fagin, 153-154; 342.
- Don Quixote, 33.
- Doré, Gustave, his *Juif Errant*, *Rabelais*, and *Contes Drolatiques*, 244; introduction to Cruikshank, 244-245.
- Dowling, Mr., editor of *Bell's Life in London*, 91.
- Doyle, Richard, 230.
- Du Maurier, George, 280.
- Dürer, Albrecht, 211, 218.
- EARLE, Mr., Cruikshank's connexion with, 70; an unprincipled man, 71.
- Egan, Pierce, 75, and Christopher North, 78; his *Life in London*, 79-81, 82, 83, 84-87; his *Sporting Gazette*, the original of *Bell's Life in London*, 93, 149.
- Elliston, Robert William, 54; Cruikshank's etchings illustrative of his *Life*, 330.
- Encyclopædia Britannica*, on Cruikshank as a caricaturist, 6-7.
- English Spy*, The, illustrated by Robert Cruikshank, 22.
- FAIRBURN, John, publisher, 21.
- "Fairy Ring, The," the best of Cruikshank's oil paintings, 283.
- Falstaff, Sir John, 106, 285, 329.
- Fenning, Elizabeth, the murderess, portrait of, 20.
- Fielding, Henry, 41, 175.
- Forster, John, on *Sketches by Boz*, 137; on Cruikshank's claim to the invention of the story of *Oliver Twist*, 142-144, 145, 146, 149; on Grimaldi's *Life*, 158; and Harrison Ainsworth, 164; letter of Dickens to, quoted, 252.
- Fox, Charles James, 7.
- Frank Fairleigh*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 303, 315.
- Franklin, John, and Harrison Ainsworth, 170, 175; his illustrations to *Old St. Paul's*, 176.
- Fraser Gallery of Portraits*, 216, 276.
- Frith, W. P., 360.
- Fuseli, his Lectures on Painting, 48; Cruikshank's application to, 281; his fairies, 304.
- GALLERY of Comicalities, The, 91-92.
- Gamp, Mrs., on George Cruikshank's personal appearance, 219-220.
- Gardiner, William, Cruikshank's illustrations to his *Tales*, 116.
- Garrick, Mrs., etching of, in her ninetyeth year, by Robert Cruikshank, 21.
- George III., anecdote of, 30.
- George IV., Cruikshank's caricatures of, 68, 69, and Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, 83; in his coronation robes, 103, 217, 263-264.

- Gilbert, Sir John, 175, 330.
- Gillray, James, 6; his political caricatures, 7-9; compared with Cruikshank, 9; his sad end, 9, 10; acceptance of a bribe, 13, 20, 26; study of his subjects, 43, 44-47, 53-54, 75, 87; Cruikshank on, 217; at the grave of, 237-239, 242, 286.
- Girardin, Emile de, 225.
- Gladstone, W. E., 319.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, 306.
- Gore, Mrs., Cruikshank's illustrations to her Christmas stories, 302.
- Gough, J. B., the Temperance lecturer, 276-277.
- Goya, 5, 6.
- Grant, James, his sketch of Cruikshank in *Portraits of Public Characters*, 38, 182, 273.
- Gray, quoted, 258.
- Grimaldi, Joseph, 103, 106, 110; his *Life* edited by Dickens and illustrated by Cruikshank, 158, 233; at Sadler's Wells, 276; shaved by a girl, 281, 282.
- Grimm's German Stories, illustrated by Cruikshank, 14, 293.
- Gruneisen, C. L., recollection of Cruikshank at "The Crib," 106-107.
- Guy Fawkes*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 176-177.
- HALL, Mr. S. C., at Cruikshank's Silver Wedding, 342, 344.
- Hall, Mrs. S. C., her *Sketches of Irish Character*, 208.
- Halliday, Andrew, his drama founded on Ainsworth's novel of *The Miser's Daughter*, 171.
- Hamerton, P. G., on the "simple frankness" of Cruikshank's etchings, 182.
- Hamilton, Walter, his *Lecture on George Cruikshank*, 135; on the *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, 204; at Cruikshank's Silver Wedding, 343.
- Hamst, Olphar, an omission in his *Handbook of Fictitious Names*, 183.
- Hans of Iceland*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 100.
- Harriette Wilson*, Cruikshank's etchings to, 119.
- Haydon, R. B., 294, 299.
- Herrick, Robert, quoted, 286.
- Hibbert, George, 21.
- Hodder, George, *Memories of my Time*, quoted, 153.
- Hogarth, William, 5, 6, 7; his honesty of purpose, 13, 44, 47, 77, 79, 83, 84, 102, 218; his "Harlot's Progress," 254; 341.
- Hone, William, 1, 3, 7, 48, 51; Cruikshank's connexion with, 56-59, 60-61, 62, 63, 65, 67, 68, 70-71; his arraignment for blasphemy, 72; death of, *ib.*; caricature of, 113, 115; his *Every Day Book*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 118; his meagre payments, 217.
- Hood, Thomas, 12; his *Epping Hunt* illustrated by Cruikshank, 120, 128, 342.
- Horne, R. H., 105.
- Hotten, John Camden, his account of the origin of Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, 88, 84; letter of Cruikshank to, 111.
- Houghton, Lord, 344.
- Howard, Edward (author of "Rattlin the Reefer"), his contributions to Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, 184.
- Huddart, Captain, *Memoirs of*, Cruikshank's frontispiece to, 115.
- Hugo, Victor, his *Hans of Iceland*, 100.
- Humourist, The*, Cruikshank's first remarkable separate work, 56.
- Humphrey, Mrs., her kindness to Gillray, 10, 43, 53, 237.
- Hunt, Leigh, amateur performance at Edinburgh for his benefit, 224.
- Hunt, Robert, his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 111, 330.
- INGOLDSBY *Legends*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 166, 204, 333.
- Irving, Edward, 77.
- JEFFREY, Lord, 78.
- Jenkins, Mr., his *Girl's Baby*, 324.
- Jerdan, William, 168.
- Jerrold, Douglas, 93, *bon mot* of, 139; and Sir David Wilkie, 150, 180, 231, 294.
- Johannot, Tony, his illustrations to Ainsworth's *Windsor Castle*, 170, 175, 177.
- John Gilpin*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 120.
- Johnson's Dictionary, 5.
- Jonathan Wild, 41.
- Jullien, Monsieur, 199.
- KEAN, Edmund, 19, 20.
- Keeley, Mrs., in "Jack Sheppard," 165.
- Keeley, Robert, in the Song of "Wery Ridiculous," 207.
- LAMB, Charles, 78.
- Landon, L. E., edits the "Bijou Almanack," 248; her farewell to England, *ib.*
- Landseer, Charles, on Cruikshank's entering as a student at the Royal Academy, in his sixtieth year, 280; attends Cruikshank's funeral, 344.
- Landseer, Sir Edwin, his "Low Life," 154, 155; and Cruikshank's animals, 193; his dogs, 193; at Gillray's grave, 237.
- Lanfrey, M., 70.
- Lansdowne, Marquis of, 8, 230-231.

- Lavater, 92.  
 Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 68.  
 Leech, John, 6, 11, 20, 43, 88, 92, 93; his illustrations to *Bentley's Miscellany*, 160, 165, 166, 193, 220, 280, 286, 292.  
 Legros, M., and Cruikshank, 259.  
 Leigh, Percival, reminiscence of Cruikshank at the *Cheshire Cheese*, 206.  
 Lemon, Mark, presses Cruikshank to draw for *Punch*, 200, 201; edits Cruikshank's *Table-Book*, 210; as an amateur actor, 239.  
 Léocadie, Mademoiselle, 93.  
*Life in Paris*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 79.  
 Liston, 41, 103, 218.  
 Liverpool, Lord, 58.  
 Locker, Eleanor (daughter of Mr. Frederick Locker), 207.  
 Locker, Frederick, and Cruikshank, 49, 153, 206-207, 208-209, 332, 341-342.  
 Lockhart, John Gibson, his remark on seeing a portrait of Cruikshank, 227.  
 Louis Philippe, fall of, 38; caricatures of, 52.  
 Louis XVI., execution of, a print by Isaac Cruikshank, 16.  
 Louis XVIII. trying on Napoleon's boots, Cruikshank's drawing of, 69; his Entrance into Paris, an etching by Cruikshank, 86.  
 Lover, Samuel, his *Handy Andy*, 159.  
 Lytton, Lord, on earnestness, 277.
- MACKAY, Charles, on the ancestry of Cruikshank's mother, 15; his first appearance as a magazine writer, 159; his rhymed text to Cruikshank's Temperance designs, 251, 276.  
 Mackenzie, Dr. Shelton, his account of Cruikshank's connexion with William Hone, 56-59, 67-69; on Cruikshank's share in *Oliver Twist*, 144-145, 146, 149.  
 Maclise, Daniel, his portrait of Cruikshank in *Fraser*, 216, 276.  
 MacNaughton, Mary (afterwards Mrs. Isaac Cruikshank), 17, 18; death of, 22; and her sons' juvenile exploits, 24; her latter years under her son's roof, 262; her attitude on his conversion to teetotalism, *ib.*  
 Macready, W. C., 242.  
 Macrone, John, publisher, early death of, 178.  
 Maginn, William, his sketch of Cruikshank in *Fraser*, 216.  
 Majocchi, Theodore, principal witness against Queen Caroline, 67.  
 Maryat, Captain, his contributions to Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, 184.  
 Mathew, Father, 110; caricature of in Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack*, 197, 275.
- Mathews, Charles, the elder, 54, 218.  
 Mayhew, Henry, 190; verses on a 'woman of mind,' 199; his gathering of London pickpockets, 277, 302.  
 Mayhew, Horace, 152, 154, 190, 257, 302.  
 Mayhew, Joshua (father of the brothers Mayhew), and Cruikshank, 257.  
 Meadows, Kenny, 92; his *Heads of the People*, 93.  
*Meteor*, *The*, Cruikshank's early work in, 48, 55, 70.  
 Michael Angelo, 14.  
 Mill, Mr., his portrait of Cruikshank in coloured chalks, 227.  
 Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 111, 285.  
*Miser's Daughter*, *The*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 171-174.  
 Mitford, 'Jack,' author of *Johnny Newcome in the Navy*, 71.  
*Modern Painters*, quoted, 10-12, 154-155.  
 Moncrieff, W. T., dramatizes Pierce Egan's *Tom and Jerry*, 84.  
 Moore, Thomas, Cruikshank's caricature of, 113.  
 Morland, George, 40; his 'Goat-in-Boots' signboard, 236.
- NAPIER, General Sir William, 28, 31.  
 Napier, Sir Charles, and Cruikshank's Fagin, 152.  
 Napoleon, downfall of, 6; boast of, 12; his taunt on the British People, 30; his return from Elba, 35, 55; and Louis XVIII., 69; Cruikshank's hatred of, 70; his life depicted by Cruikshank in all its stages, 218, 225, 286.  
 Nelson, Cruikshank's drawing of his Funeral Car, 27, 53, 97.  
*Noctes Ambrosianæ*. See WILSON, Professor.  
*Non Mi Ricordo*, 64, 67.  
 North, Christopher. See WILSON, Professor.  
 North, Lord, 7.  
 North, Rev. Brownlow, 75.  
*Notes and Queries*, papers in, on Cruikshank, quoted, 91, 92, 133-134, 304.  
 Nugent, Michael, his projected Life of Edmund Kean, 19.
- O'CONNELL, Daniel, 110, 207.  
*Oliver Twist*, Cruikshank's illustrations to, 139-148, 154-157, 294.  
*Omnibus*, Cruikshank's, 4, 38, 71, 110, 151, 166, 169, 170, 180, 182-188, 209, 210, 234, 235, 272, 302.  
 Orkney, Countess of, and Cruikshank's mother, 17.
- PAGET, John, his article on Cruikshank in *Blackwood's Magazine*, quoted, 7-9; comparison of Cruikshank and Gillray, 9-10; on the illustrations to *Oliver Twist*, 155-157, 240.

- Palgrave, Francis Turner, on Cruikshank's crowds, 284; his paper on the Cruikshank Exhibition in the *Saturday Review*, quoted, 293.
- Paradise Lost*, Cruikshank's designs for, 111.
- Park, Mungo, a lodger with Cruikshank's mother, 18, 19.
- Peel, Sir Robert, statue of, 43; his revision of the Penal Code, 61.
- Peter Schlemihl*, Cruikshank's illustrations of, 100-101.
- Pettigrew, Dr. Thomas Joseph, 18; Cruikshank's illustrations to his "History of Egyptian Mummies," 134-135; friendly intervention between Cruikshank and Ainsworth, 169, 170, 171, 177, 186-187.
- Petty, Lord Henry (afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne), Gillray's caricatures of, 8.
- Phillips, Samuel, on Cruikshank, 219.
- "Phiz," See BROWNE, Hablot Knight.
- Pickwick*, popularity of, 80; origin and first appearance of, 138-139.
- Pilgrim's Progress*, The. See BUNYAN, John.
- Pitt, William, 7, 16, 17.
- Points of Humour*, by George Cruikshank, 75; Christopher North on, 78-79; Thackeray, on, 88-91, 269.
- Prince Consort, the, his offer to purchase Cruikshank's proofs, 213; buys Cruikshank's picture, "Disturbing the Congregation," 233.
- Procter, Bryan Waller ("Barry Cornwall"), 82; acceptance of an invitation to dine with Macready, 242.
- Prout, Samuel, 329.
- Punch*, 43, 46, 93, 163, 200-201, 202.
- Punch and Judy*, Cruikshank's etchings for, 118-119.
- Pusey, Dr., 332.
- QUEEN'S *Matrimonial Ladder*, The, 63, 67.
- RALEIGH, Sir Walter, 40.
- Raphael, 299.
- Reach, Angus, his *Clement Lorimer* illustrated by Cruikshank, 303.
- Reid, George William, his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank*, 41, 49, 50-51, 85, 246, 279.
- Rembrandt, 160, 300, 301.
- Richardson, Dr. B. W., and Cruikshank, 27, 298, 334, 344.
- Roberts, David, 28.
- Robinson Crusoe*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 131; by Strutt, 131, 133, 134; 'edited out of his island,' 306.
- Robson, in Jem Baggs, 205.
- Roger, J. C., on the reproduction of Cruikshank's designs in *Bell's Life in London*, 91.
- Rogers, Rev. Charles, his recollections of Cruikshank in old age, 28, 240, 260; his magazine of "The Oak" illustrated by Cruikshank, 331, 334, 341.
- Rookwood*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 178.
- Roscoe, Thomas, his *Novelists' Library*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 130-134.
- Rossini, his *Guglielmo Tell*, 82.
- Rowlandson, Thomas, 6, 48, 62; Christopher North on, 74-75.
- Rubens, his *Kermes*, 96.
- Ruskin, John, on Modern Grotesque, in the Works of Leech and Cruikshank, 10-12; on Thomas Hood, 12; lament of, 136; on Vulgarity, 154-155; on Cruikshank's tragic power, 190; his aid to Cruikshank, 297; on Cruikshank's crusade against drunkenness, 327; design executed by Cruikshank for, 332-333.
- Russell, Lord John, 135.
- Rye, Miss, her proposal to export "gutter children" to America, 332.
- Ryland, 47.
- SALA, George Augustus, on Cruikshank, 25-26, 70; on Cruikshank's illustrations to Pierce Egan's *Tom and Jerry*; or, *Life in London*, 81-82; on Cruikshank as an anatomist, 135; on the etchings to the *Sketches by Boz*, 157, 158; on the authorship of *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, 205-206, 258; on Cruikshank's *Triumph of Bacchus*, 297-298; a pall-bearer at Cruikshank's funeral, 344.
- Sammous, W. L., his account of Cruikshank in middle age, 231.
- Sands, Mr., engraver, assists Cruikshank and Thackeray, 23, 24, 166.
- Sayer, his caricatures, 44.
- Schiller, his *Wilhelm Tell*, 82.
- Schloss, A., his "Bijou Almanack," 248.
- Scott, Sir Walter, 78, 120; Cruikshank's twelve etchings to his *Demonology and Witchcraft*, 129; his *Waverley Novels* illustrated by Cruikshank, 132, 227-284.
- Scourge*, The, illustrated by Cruikshank, 26, 48, 70.
- Seymour, Robert, 50; sketches by, 93; his plates in *The Squib Annual*, 137; his illustrations to *Pickwick*, 138; death of, 139.
- Shakespeare, bust of, 39; his universal sympathy, 40; 330.
- Sheehan, John, 344.
- Sidmouth, Lord, 58, 67, 113, 114, 115.
- Simpson, George, his *Anatomy of the Bones and Muscles*, 135.
- Sleep, Joseph, 22; assists Cruikshank and Thackeray, 23; death from an overdose of opium, 24.



- Smedley, F. his *Frank Fairleigh* illustrated by Cruikshank, 303, 315; edits *George Cruikshank's Magazine*, 307; his first meeting with Cruikshank, 315-316.
- Smith, Albert, his "Man in the Moon," 114; contributes to the *Comic Almanack*, 190, 223.
- Smith, Orrin, engraver, 207.
- Spectator*, *The*, 5.
- "Squib Annual," *The*, 137.
- Stanfield, Clarkson, 28; persuades Cruikshank to paint in oils, 283.
- Stebbing, Grace, her article on Cruikshank in *The Graphic* quoted, 258, 343.
- Stewart, Mr. John, on Cruikshank's 'Triumph of Bacchus,' 298-301.
- Stirling Castle, 338.
- Stoddart, Dr. (afterwards Sir John), 66.
- Stone, Frank, his portrait of Cruikshank, 182, 272.
- Stowe, Harriet Beecher, her impertinent description of Cruikshank in *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, 221; her story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* illustrated by Cruikshank, 303.
- Strutt, Jacob George, his illustrations to *Robinson Crusoe*, 131, 133, 134.
- Sunday in London*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 240, 249.
- Sussex, Duke of, and the "Loyal North Britons," 35.
- TABLE-Book, *The*, Cruikshank's, 209-215, 272.
- Tenniel, John, 280, 344.
- Thackeray, W. M., his article on Cruikshank in *The Westminster Review*, quoted, 1, 2, 4, 12-14, 51-52, 79-81; employs two of Cruikshank's assistants to bite in his etchings, 23; on Cruikshank's treatment of Napoleon, 69; his "Roundabout Paper" on *Tom and Jerry* in the *Cornhill*, quoted, 84; his flunkeys and Cruikshank's, 87-88; on Cruikshank's *Points of Humour*, 88-91, 93; on his *Illustrations of Phrenology*, 95-97; on his *Sketch-Book*, 97-100; on his supremacy in the supernatural, 100-101; impressed by Cruikshank's Fagin, 105; on his homely landscapes, 105 106; on Cruikshank's dustmen, 107-108; his Jews, 109; his Irishmen, 110; on his illustrations to "John Gilpin," 120-121; on a battle of bottles, 127, 152, 158; on Cruikshank's illustrations to *Jack Sheppard*, 161-162; his burlesque on Harrison Ainsworth in *Punch*, 168; his contributions to Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, 184; 189, 190; his contributions to *The Comic Almanack*, 192; and *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, 205, 206; on Cruikshank's 'Gin Juggernaut,' 244; his paper in the *Times* on the Cruikshank Gallery, quoted, 289-293, 294, 329.
- Thompson, Miss Alice, on the dramatic character of Cruikshank's art, 28.
- Thornton's *Pastorals of Virgil*, Cruikshank's frontispiece to, 115.
- Three Courses and a Dessert*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 123-130.
- Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London*, illustrated by Cruikshank, 78, 79-81, 82-87.
- "Triumph of Bacchus," 3, 14, 26, 286-301.
- VATHEK, 234.
- Vaux, James Hardy, *Memoirs of*, 163.
- Victoria, Queen, summons Cruikshank to Windsor Castle, 289, 337.
- 'Vilikins and his Dinah,' immortalised by Robson, 205.
- Vizetelly, Henry, 191.
- WALBOURN, W., the comedian, his personation of 'Dusty Bob' in *Tom and Jerry*, 84; Cruikshank's etched portrait of, 84-85.
- Waterloo, battle of, 55, 237.
- Watkins, the elder, 103.
- Wedmore, Frederick, on Cruikshank's 'Bottle,' 253-254; his critical sketch of Cruikshank, quoted, 278-280, 285, 303, 330, 332-333, 341.
- Wellington, Duke of, 58, 66, 67.
- Westmacot, Charles Molloy, editor of *The English Spy*, 22.
- Westminster Review*, Thackeray's article on Cruikshank in, quoted, 1, 2, 12-14, 51-52, 79-81.
- Wild, Jonathan, 41.
- Wilkie, Sir David, and Douglas Jerrold, 150.
- Wills, W. H., his recollections of Cruikshank, 222-226.
- Wilson, Professor, his paper on Cruikshank in *Blackwood* quoted, 74-79; his admonition to Cruikshank, 87; on the *Points of Humour*, 88; on the *Phrenological Illustrations*, 94-95, 101-102, 103, 107.
- Windham, 7.
- Wordsworth, William, 78, 108.
- Wright, Thomas, on Isaac Cruikshank, 16, 17; on Gillray's caricatures, 45-46.
- Wylie, Charles, on Cruikshank's illustrations to Roscoe's *Novelists' Library*, 133-134.
- YATES, Edmund, 344.
- York, Duchess of, 8.
- "ZETHIN, Charlotte," feigned signature to a figure of Gillray's, 8.









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