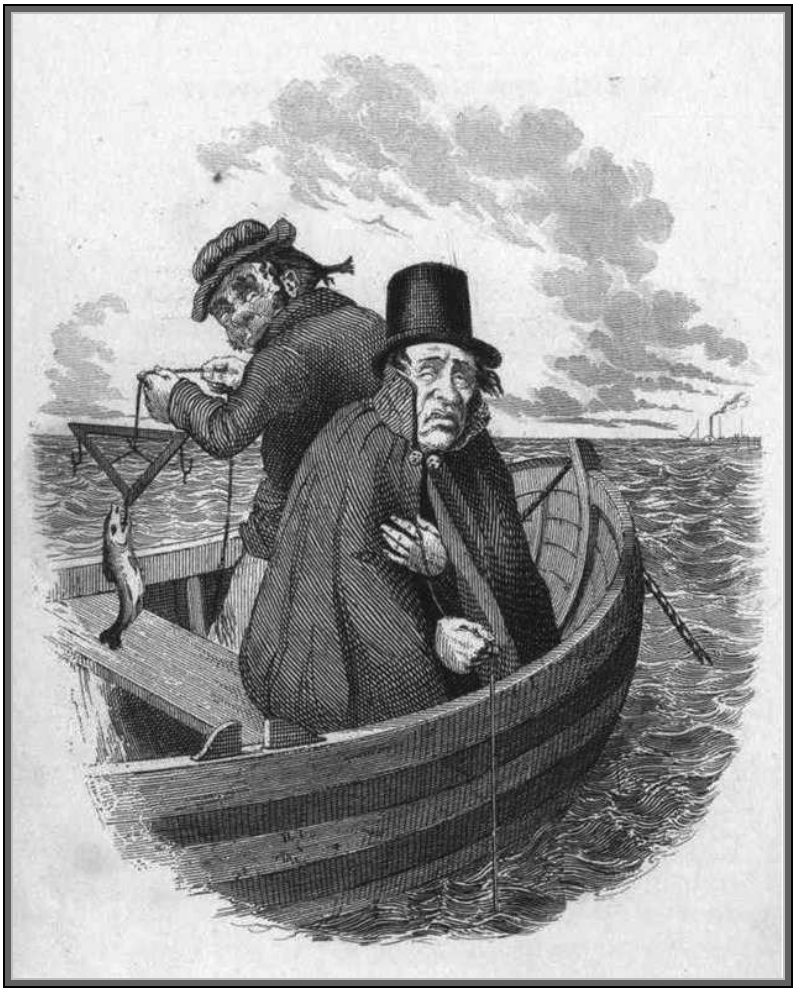
SKETCHES BY SEYMOUR

[Sketched & Illustrated & Complete]

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Robert Seymour

ILLUSTRATED &

PUBLISHED BY

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About Author

[ROBERT SEYMOUR]



Robert Seymour (1798 –1836) was a British illustrator. Seymour is known for his illustrations of the works of Charles Dickens and for his caricatures.

Seymour was born in Somerset, England in 1798, the second son of Henry Seymour and Elizabeth Bishop. Soon after moving to London Henry Seymour died, leaving his wife, two sons and daughter impoverished. In 1827 his mother died, and Seymour married his cousin Jane Holmes, having two children, Robert and Jane.

After his father died, Robert Seymour was apprenticed as a pattern-drawer to a Mr. Vaughan of Duke Street, Smithfield, London. Influenced by painter Joseph Severn, during frequent visits to his uncle Thomas Holmes of Hoxton, Robert's ambition to be a professional painter was achieved at the age of 24 when, in 1822, his painting of a scene from Torquato Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, with over 100 figures, was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

He was commissioned to illustrate the works of Shakespeare; Milton; Cervantes, and Wordsworth. He also produced innumerable portraits, miniatures, landscapes, etc., as can be seen in two Sketchbooks; Windsor; Eaton; Figure Studies; Portraits at the Victoria and Albert Museum. After the rejection of his second Royal Academysubmission, he continued to paint in oils, mastered techniques of copper engraving, and began illustrating books for a living.

From 1822-27, Seymour produced designs for a wide range of subjects including: poetry; melodramas; children's stories; and topographical and scientific works. A steady supply of such work enabled him to live comfortably and enjoy his library and fishing and shooting expeditions with his friends: Lacey the publisher, and the illustrator George Cruikshank. In 1827, the year of his mother's death and his marriage, Robert Seymour's publishers, Knight and Lacey, were made bankrupt, owing Seymour a considerable amount of money.

In 1827, Seymour then found steady employment when his etchings and engravings were accepted by the publisher Thomas McLean. Learning to etch on the newly fashionable steel-plates, Seymour then first began to specialize in caricatures and other humorous subjects. In 1830, having mastered the art of etching, Seymour then lithographed separate prints and book illustrations; he was then invited by McLean to produce the 1830 caricature magazine called the "Looking Glass", as etched throughout by William Heath, for which Seymour produced four large lithographed sheets of illustrations, usually drawn several to a page, every month for the following six years, until his death in 1836.

* * *

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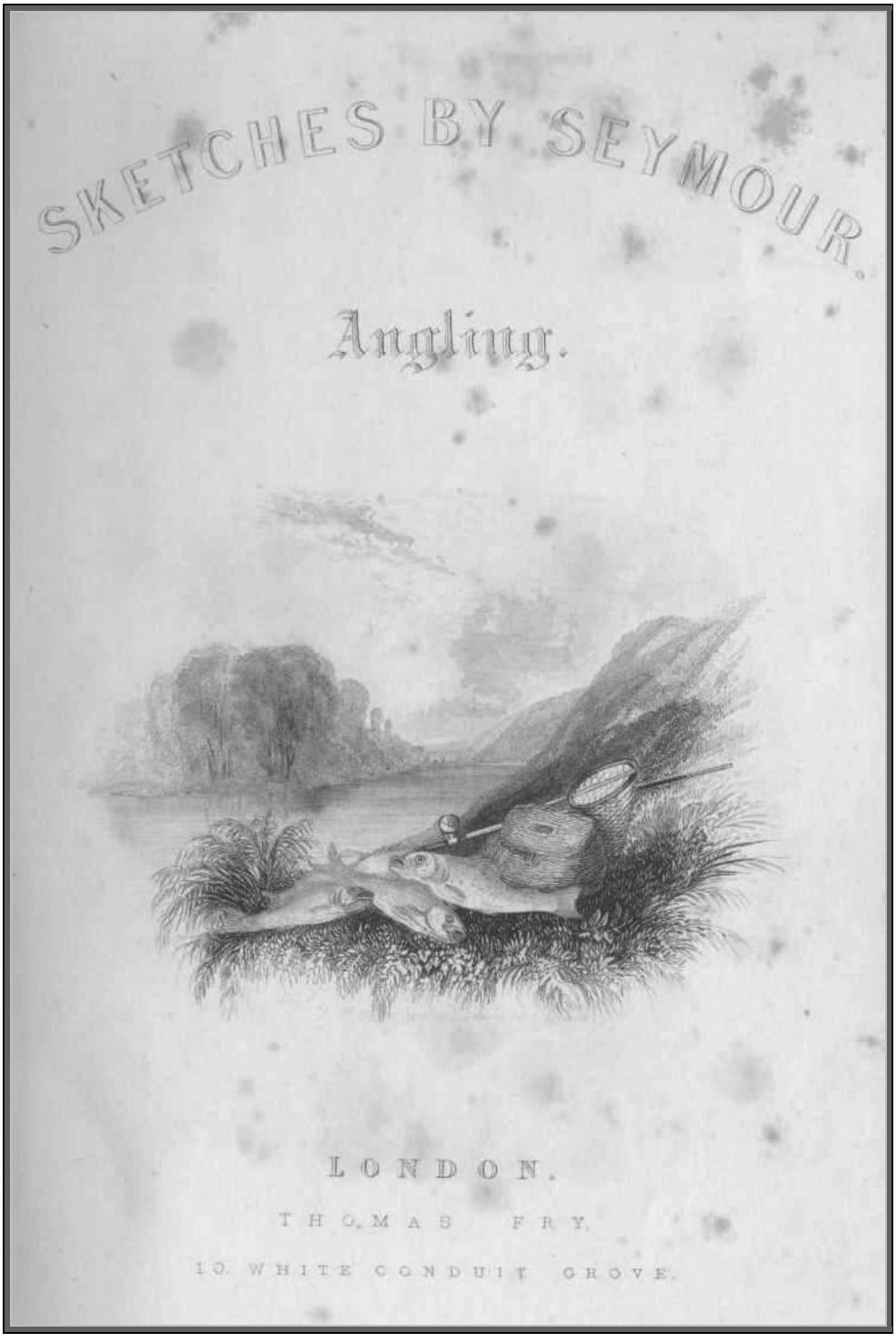


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SKETCHES BY SEYMOUR.
Angling.
LONDON.
THOMAS FRY,
10 WHITE CONDUIT GROVE.


SKETCHES
BY
SEYMOUR.
Valk in Ladies and Gemmen, and see vot's inside!

INTRODUCTION:

" SKETCHES BY SEYMOUR" was published in various versions about 1836. The copy used for this Edition has no date and was published by Thomas Fry, London. Some of the 90 plates note only Seymour's name, many are inscribed "Engravings by H. Wallis from sketches by Seymour." The printed book appears to be a compilation of five smaller volumes. From the confused chapter titles the reader may well suspect the printer mixed up the order of the chapters.

The complete book in this paperback edition is split into five smaller Volumes “The individual volumes are of more manageable size than the 90 Chapter” complete version.

The importance of this collection is in the engravings. The text is often mundane, is full of conundrums and puns popular in the early 1800's -and is mercifully short. No author is given credit for the text though the section titled, "The Autobiography of Andrew Mullins" may give us at least his pen-name..)

EVERYDAY SCENES.

SCENE I. Sleeping Fisherman.

"Walked twenty miles over night: up before peep o' day again got a capital place; fell fast asleep; tide rose up to my knees; my hat was changed, my pockets picked, and a fish ran away with my hook; dreamt of being on a Polar expedition and having my toes frozen."



O! IZAAK WALTON!—Izaak Walton!—you have truly got me into a pre-

cious line, and I certainly deserve the rod for having, like a gudgeon, so greedily devoured the delusive bait, which you, so temptingly, threw out to catch the eye of my piscatorial inclination! I have read of right angles and obtuse angles, and, verily, begin to believe that there are also right anglers and obtuse anglers—and that I am really one of the latter class. But never more will I plant myself, like a weeping willow, upon the sedgy bank of stream or river. No!—on no account will I draw upon these banks again, with the melancholy prospect of no effects! The most 'capital place' will never tempt me to 'fish' again!

My best hat is gone: not the 'way of all beavers'—into the water—but to cover the cranium of the owner of this wretched 'tile;' and in vain shall I seek it; for 'this' and 'that' are now certainly as far as the 'poles' asunder.

My pockets, too, are picked! Yes—some clever 'artist' has drawn me while asleep!

My boots are filled with water, and my soles and heels are anything but lively or delighted. Never more will I impale ye, Gentles! on the word of a gentleman!—Henceforth, O! Hooks! I will be as dead to your attractions as if I were 'off the hooks!' and, in opposition to the maxim of Solomon, I will 'spare the rod.'

Instead of a basket of fish, lo! here's a pretty kettle of fish for the entertainment of my expectant friends—and sha'n't I be baited? as the hook said to the anger: and won't the club get up a Ballad on the occasion, and I, who have caught nothing, shall probably be made the subject of a 'catch!'

Slush! slush!—Squash! squash!

O! for a clean pair of stockings!—But, alack, what a tantalizing situation I am in!—There are osiers enough in the vicinity, but no hose to be had for love or money!

SCENE II. *A lark—early in the morning.*



Two youths—and two guns appeared at early dawn in the suburbs. The youths were loaded with shooting paraphernalia and provisions, and their guns with the best Dartford gunpowder—they were also well primed for sport—and as polished as their gunbarrels, and both could boast a good 'stock' of impudence.

"Surely I heard the notes of a bird," cried one, looking up and down the street; "there it is again, by jingo!"

"It's a lark, I declare," asserted his brother sportsman.

"Lark or canary, it will be a lark if we can bring it down," replied his companion.

"Yonder it is, in that ere cage agin the wall."

"What a shame!" exclaimed the philanthropic youth,—"to imprison a warbler of the woodlands in a cage, is the very height of cruelty—liberty is the birthright of every Briton, and British bird! I would rather be shot than be confined all my life in such a narrow prison. What a mockery too is that piece of green turf, no bigger than a slop-basin. How it must aggravate the feelings of one accustomed to range the meadows."

"Miserable! I was once in a cage myself," said his chum.

"And what did they take you for?"

"Take me for?—for a 'lark.'"

"Pretty Dickey!"

"Yes, I assure you, it was all 'dickey' with me."

"And did you sing?"

"Didn't I? yes, i' faith I sang pretty small the next morning when they fined me, and let me out. An idea strikes me Suppose you climb up that post, and let out this poor bird, ey?"

"Excellent."

"And as you let him off, I'll let off my gun, and we'll see whether I can't 'bang' him in the race."

No sooner said than done: the post was quickly climbed—the door of the cage was thrown open, and the poor bird in an attempt at 'death or liberty,' met with the former.

Bang went the piece, and as soon as the curling smoke was dissipated, they sought for their prize, but in vain; the piece was discharged so close to the lark, that it was blown to atoms, and the feathers strewed the pavement.

"Bolt!" cried the freedom-giving youth, "or we shall have to pay for the lark."

"Very likely," replied the other, who had just picked up a few feathers, and a portion of the dissipated 'lark,'—"for look, if here ain't the—bill, never trust me."

SCENE III. The rapid march of Intellect!

"You shall have the paper directly, Sir, but really the debates are so very interesting."

"Oh! pray don't hurry, Sir, it's only the scientific notices I care about."

WHAT a thrill of pleasure pervades the philanthropic breast on beholding the rapid march of Intellect! The lamp-lighter, but an insignificant 'link' in the vast chain of society, has now a chance of shining at the Mechanics', and may probably be the means of illuminating a whole parish.



Literature has become the favourite pursuit of all classes, and the postman is probably the only man who leaves letters for the vulgar pursuit of lucre!

Even the vanity of servant-maids has undergone a change—they now study 'Cocker' and neglect their 'figures.'

But the dustman may be said, 'par excellence,' to bear—the bell!

In the retired nook of an obscure coffee-shop may frequently be observed a pair of these interesting individuals sipping their mocha, newspaper in hand, as fixed upon a column—as the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendome, and watching the progress of the parliamentary bills, with as much interest as the farmer does the crows in his corn-field!

They talk of 'Peel,' and 'Hume,' and 'Stanley,' and bandy about their names as familiarly as if they were their particular acquaintances.

"What a dust the Irish Member kicked up in the House last night," remarks one.

"His speech was a heap o' rubbish," replied the other.

"And I've no doubt was all contracted for! For my part I was once a Reformer—but Rads and Whigs is so low, that I've turned Conservative."

"And so am I, for my Sal says as how it's so genteel!"

"Them other chaps after all on'y wants to throw dust in our eyes! But it's no go, they're no better than a parcel o' thimble riggers just making the pea come under what thimble they like,—and it's 'there it is,' and 'there it ain't,'—just as they please—making black white, and white black, just as suits 'em—but the liberty of the press—"

"What's the liberty of the press?"

"Why calling people what thinks different from 'em all sorts o' names—arn't that a liberty?"

"Ay, to be sure!—but it's time to cut—so down with the dust—and let's bolt!"

SCENE IV. Sally, I told my missus vot you said.

" Oh! Sally, I told my missus vot you said your missus said about her."—

"Oh! and so did I, Betty; I told my missus vot you said yourn said of her, and ve had sich a row!"

SALLY. OH! Betty, ve had sich a row!—there vas never nothink like it;— I'm quite a martyr. To missus's pranks; for, 'twixt you and me, she's a bit of a tar-tar. I told her vord for vord everythink as you said, And I thought the poor voman vould ha' gone clean out of her head!

BETTY. Talk o' your missus! she's nothink to mine,—I on'y hope they von't meet, Or I'm conwinced they vill go to pulling of caps in the street: Sich kicking and skrieking there vas, as you never seed, And she vos so historical, it made my wery heart bleed.

SALLY. Dear me! vell, its partic'lar strange people gives themselves sich airs, And troubles themselves so much 'bout other people's affairs; For my part, I can't guess, if I died this werry minute, Vot's the use o' this fuss—I can't see no reason in it.

BETTY. Missus says as how she's too orrystocratic to mind wulgar people's tattle, And looks upon some people as little better nor cattle.

SALLY. And my missus says no vonder, as yourn can sport sich a dress, For ven some people's husbands is vite-vashed, their purses ain't less; This I will say, thof she puts herself in wiolent rages, She's not at all stingy in respect of her sarvant's wages.



BETTY. Ah! you've got the luck of it—for my missus is as mean as she's proud; On'y eight pound a-year, and no tea and sugar allowed. And then

there's seven children to do for—two is down with the measles, And t'others, poor things! is half starved, and as thin as weazles; And then missus sells all the kitchen stuff!—(you don't know my trials!) And takes all the money I get at the rag-shop for the vials!

SALLY. Vell! I could'nt stand that!—If I was you, I'd soon give her warning.

BETTY. She's saved me the trouble, by giving me notice this morning. But—hush! I hear master bawling out for his shaving water— Jist tell your missus from me, mine's everythink as she thought her!

SCENE V. "How does it fit behind?

O! beautful; I've done wonders—we'll never trouble the tailors again, I promise them."

IT is the proud boast of some men that they have 'got a wrinkle.' How elated then ought this individual to be who has got so many! and yet, judging from the fretful expression of his physiognomy, one would suppose that he is by no means in 'fit' of good humour.

His industrious rib, however, appears quite delighted with her handiwork, and in no humour to find the least fault with the loose habits of her husband. He certainly looks angry, as a man naturally will when his 'collar' is up.

She, on the other hand, preserves her equanimity in spite of his unexpected frowns, knowing from experience that those who sow do not always reap; and she has reason to be gratified, for every beholder will agree in her firm opinion, that even that inimitable ninth of ninths—Stulz, never made such a coat!

In point of economy, we must allow some objections may be made to the extravagant waist, while the cuffs she has bestowed on him may probably be a fair return (with interest) of buffets formerly received.



The tail (in two parts) is really as amusing as any 'tale' that ever emanated from a female hand. There is a moral melancholy about it that is inexpressibly interesting, like two lovers intended for each other, and that some untoward

circumstance has separated; they are 'parted,' and yet are still 'attached,' and it is evident that one seems 'too long' for the other.

The 'goose' generally finishes the labours of the tailor. Now, some carping critics may be wicked enough to insinuate that this garb too was finished by a goose! The worst fate I can wish to such malignant scoffers is a complete dressing from this worthy dame; and if she does not make the wisest of them look ridiculous, then, and not till then, will I abjure my faith in her art of cutting!

And proud ought that man to be of such a wife; for never was mortal 'suited' so before!

SCENE VI. "Catching—a cold."

WHAT a type of true philosophy and courage is this Waltonian!

Cool and unmoved he receives the sharp blows of the blustering wind—as if he were playing dummy to an experienced pugilist.

Although he would undoubtedly prefer the blast with the chill off, he is so warm an enthusiast, in the pursuit of his sport, that he looks with contempt upon the rude and vulgar sport of the elements. He really angles for love—and love alone—and limbs and body are literally transformed to a series of angles!

Bent and sharp as his own hook, he watches his smooth float in the rough, but finds, alas! that it dances to no tune.

Time and bait are both lost in the vain attempt: patiently he rebaits, until he finds the rebait brings his box of gentles to a discount; and then, in no gentle humour, with a baitless hook, and abated ardor, he winds up his line and his day's amusement(?)—and departs, with the determination of trying fortune (who has tried him) on some, future and more propitious day. Probably, on the next occasion, he may be gratified with the sight of, at least, one gudgeon, should the surface of the river prove glassy smooth and mirror-like. (We are sure his self-love will not be offended at the reflection!) and even now he may, with truth, aver, that although he caught nothing, he, at least, took the best perch in the undulating stream!


Catching —— a cold.

SCENE VII. This is vot you calls rowing, is it?

"Help! help! Oh! you murderous little villin? this is vot you calls rowing, is it?—but if ever I gets safe on land again, I'll make you repent it, you rascal. I'll row you—that I will."

"MISTER Vaterman, vot's your fare for taking me across?"

"Across, young 'ooman? vy, you looks so good-tempered, I'll pull you over for sixpence?"

"Are them seats clean?"

"O! ker-vite:—I've just swabb'd 'em down."

"And werry comfortable that'll be! vy, it'll vet my best silk?"

"Vatered silks is all the go. Vel! vell! if you don't like; it, there's my jacket. There, sit down a-top of it, and let me put my arm round you."

"Fellow!"

"The arm of my jacket I mean; there's no harm in that, you know."

"Is it quite safe? How the wind blows!"