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FURTHER
REMINISCENCES.

BY

W. P. FRITH, R.A.,

CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR AND OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD; MEMBER OF
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF BELGIUM, AND OF THE ACADEMIES OF STOCKHOLM,
VIENNA, AND ANTWERP.

"The pencil speaks the tongue of every land."
DRYDEN.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1888.

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MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND REMINISCENCES.

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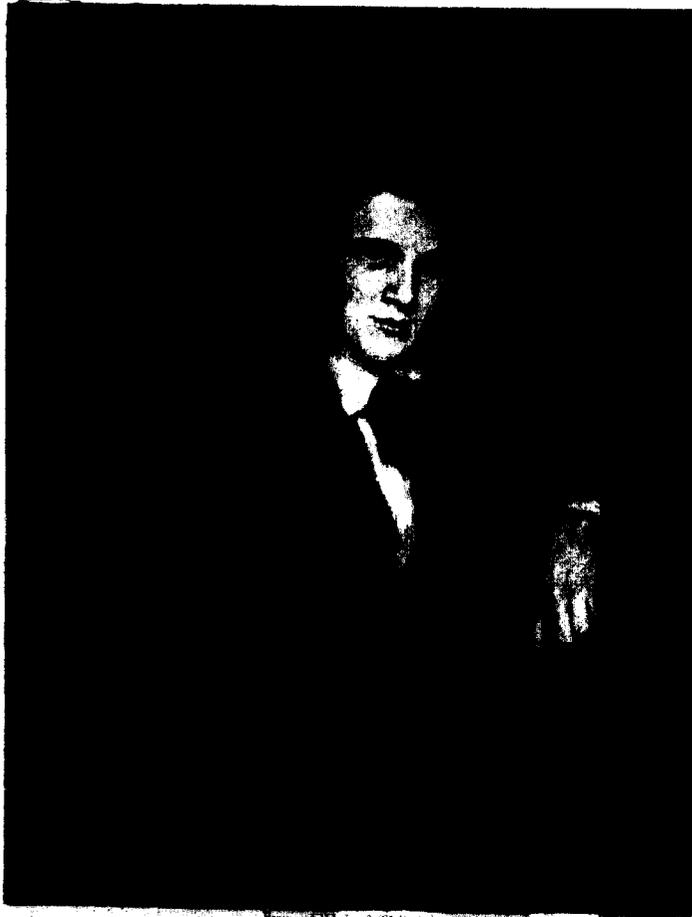
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TO
MY SISTER,
WITHOUT WHOSE LOVING CARE OF MY EARLY LETTERS
THIS VOLUME WOULD HAVE SUFFERED,
I Dedicate
THESE FURTHER REMINISCENCES
WITH TRUE AFFECTION.

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ERRATA.

Page 33, line 28, for "nought," read "nowt."

Page 79, line 6, for "1837," read "1838."

Page 361, line 1, for "Mr. Lilie, R.A.," read "Mr. Leslie, R.A."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

REMINISCENCES.

 VOLUME THREE.

INTRODUCTION.

It is long since I read Judge Haliburton's story of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," whose smart Yankee sayings were often in the mouths of his English admirers some forty or fifty years ago. If I remember rightly, the Clockmaker made a voyage to England, and found himself, the ship, and passengers, becalmed in mid-Atlantic. I think there were no steamers in those days, or if those vessels made their rapid passages, they found no favour with Sam, who preferred a sailing-ship. Amusement on board ship is always a somewhat difficult matter. Time hangs heavily enough when wind and tide are favourable, and the passenger has the consolation of feeling that every hour that passes so slowly brings him nearer to his journey's end; but a calm that may last for days! not a puff of wind responds to the seamen's whistling.