



ILLUSTRATING CRIME

"I see no more than you, but I have trained myself
to notice what I see."

(“The Blanched Soldier”)

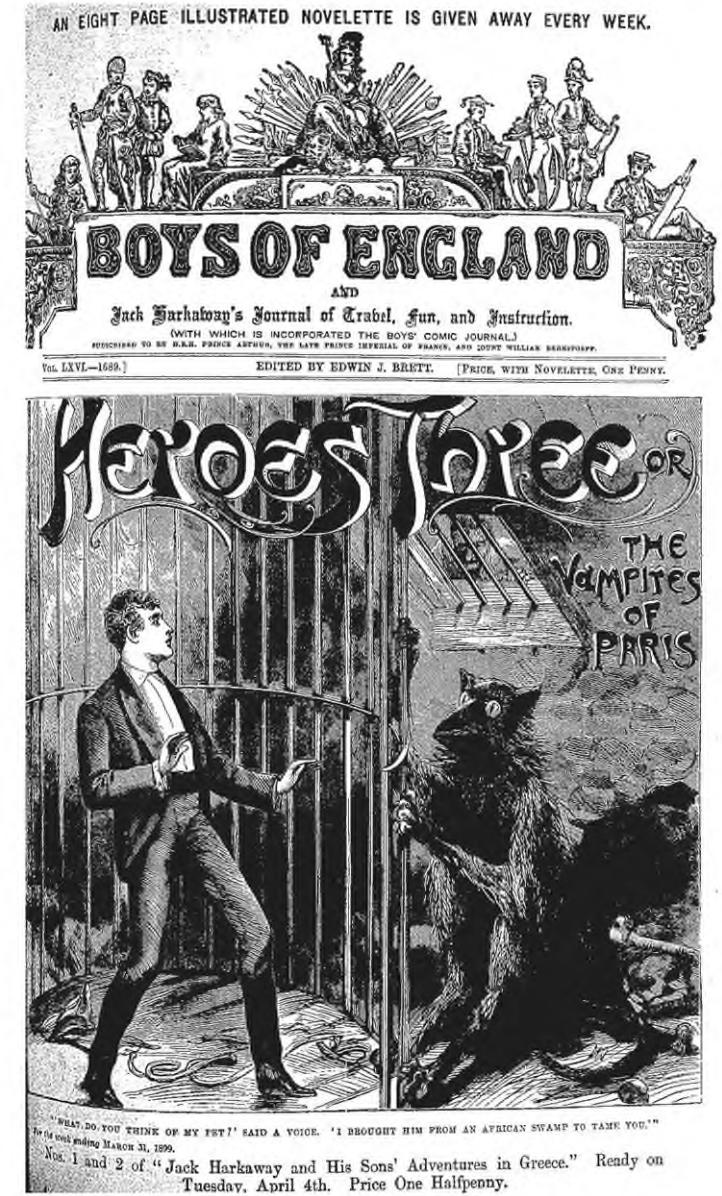
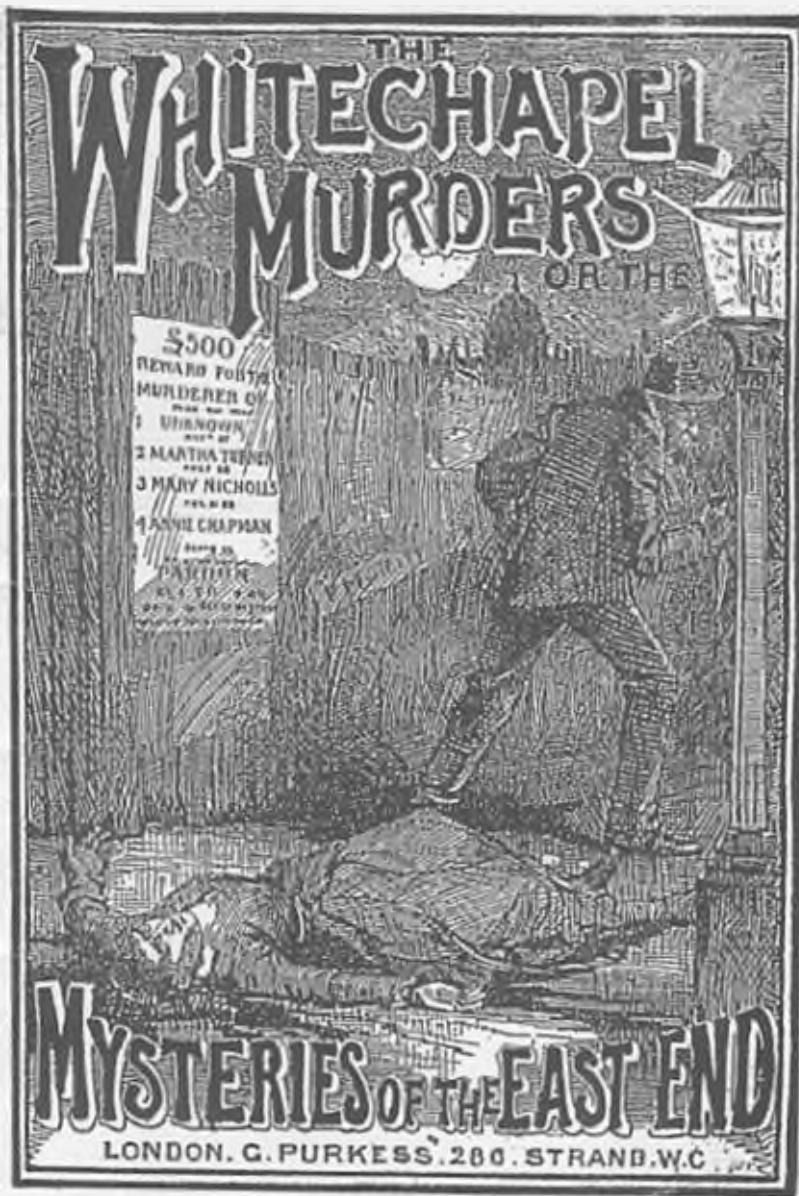
READING IMAGES: SOME GUIDELINES

1. Perform a close reading of the **visual narrative**, before assessing image in conjunction with text, or vice versa.
2. When analysing the dialogue between image and text, do not simply perform a “spot the difference” type exercise; consider the **effect** of the correspondences and divergences.
3. Consider:
 - **Where the image appears in relation to a specific textual scene.** The text facing the picture could be seen as the direct textual correspondence for me to analyse, but will this do? Must we go further back or forward to find the corresponding scene, and to what extent does the scene correspond at all? Would it spoil the plot for me to see this first?
 - Ask yourself, **at what point in reading the text, do I read the picture?** Must I break my linear engagement with the written word? Should I look at the picture or text first?
 - How the **point of view** of the narration compares with the pov of the illustrations.
 - Instead of taking an illustration in **isolation**, can we learn more, and add further layers, if we **look at earlier and later illustrations?**

READING GUIDELINES

4. Remember to **avoid value judgements** and that an image does not need to be **faithful** to a text: it may complement it, but also offer its own narrative, perspective, and interpretation. It may try to capture both a specific textual moment, and simultaneously express a tone about the chapter or novel as a whole.

5. You might want to think about publishing context – for instance, what was the relationship between author and illustrator – what bearing might this have on our reading? Was the novel serialised, and did the illustrator get to read the chapter or were they just given instructions for the picture? Did they know the story arc? Colour or black and white? Original or later editions? British or American editions? Are there any working sketches? And much more.



THE FULL ACCOUNT AND LATEST PARTICULARS OF THE

AWFUL, INHUMAN, & BARBAROUS MURDER OF A FEMALE,

**By cutting off her head, arms, and legs, and burning them
WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.**

COPY OF VERB

OF all the dreadful deeds of blood that stain the
page of crime,
This one exceeds in horror the crimes of any time—
& no deed so atrocious, we frightful to unfold;
The bare narration of the same will make your blood
run cold.

How vain of all the heart should feel is murder's
bloody drupe!
How low to hellish feelings must his mind and body
stoop!
But how much deeper must he drink the fiendish
draught, who could
So gaily slay him he loved, and drench his
hands in blood?

The murtherous villain, Daniel Good, as coachman was employ'd :
Twas in his master's stable, he, all danger to avoid,
The unsuspecting female took, and rob'l'd her
of her life :
Such treacherous he dealt to her he should have

To Roehampton-lane, on Fulney-heath—the scene of blood and crime—
The artless victim he decoy'd, and cut off in



An axe the dreadful weapon was, with which
he did the deed;
With heavy hand he struck the blow, remorseless,
less now her blood.

Alas! the demon that 'waited her she little did
foresee—
That him she loved so dearly, her butcher-wap
would he,—
He struck her head with cuttyce, which felli'd
her to the earth;
Then, in a fit of frantic rage, lead bough'd
with massive mirth.

The villain then cut off her head, and burnt it
in the fire;
And likewise cut off all her limbs, to satisfy
his ire:
The trunk alone remained to tell her lamentable fate.

'Twas chopp'd and cut; the entrails gone;
how awful to relate!

This is most terrible to tell, exceeding all belief!
In the list of blackest murderers, this man is surely chief;
No punishment for such black deeds is half enough severe;
And thus I end as sad a tale as ever you could

THE ILLUSTRATED
POLICE  **NEWS.**
LAW-COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD.

No. 157.]

Digitized by
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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

{Office—27, Strand, L.

• 100 •

All the stations were very quiet now except the

an hour he was engaged with being in the company of his wife.

On the morning of Sunday week, about eight o'clock, Mrs. Bennett, who had been ill and partially confined from place to other since her return from the hospital, was found by her son, Dr. Bennett, in his bed-chamber, prodding at the bottom of the bed, that is, at the railing of the bed, that he was in, and calling out "Wife! Wife!" But the physician gave him a few drops of opium, and he died in a state of quiet death, and Bennett, as an attempt to give his wife a last kiss, laid his hand upon her dead cheek, and she awoke up. On recovering consciousness, she said, "I am well now, and the sensible explained that wise bunglers are not to be found in this world." She was an eminently sensible, neatly dressed woman, and the whole world pitied her.

The morning of Friday, the 11th of January, the physician had less hope of her recovery, and the family were gathered around her bed-side, and on the due hour she died, and was buried in the cemetery of the church where she was born. This was shown by the physician Bennett exactly as it happened, and the physician Bennett was buried in a plain little tomb. While the services were being performed over the body of Mrs. Bennett, and the clergymen were in a circle round her

Johnnie McCarley: Be Loyal & Respect Me, Mrs. Roosevelt.

a jeweller and watchmaker, at 4, Duranckin-Holgate-road. About a month ago, between 10 and 11 in the morning, the house a side in Duranckin-street, as half having escaped the back door was broken in. She got up, and, after calling for help, she went into the garden again, and spent a quarter of an hour afterwards the sun on the window ledge, and then went back into the house, and made the sweep of a poor passing through, then went to the stairs, which were in the same room. Then she was her master, she said, "Is that you, sir?" There was no answer, and she was about closing the door in the room, when her master stopped, and burst into the room, and a strange noise overcame him. He stopped at the same instant, struck his master twice with a heavy instrument, and then went away.



ILLUSTRATED NEWS

SPECIAL RACING TIPS BY "THE STABLE BOY."

"HOMOECA"
SIXTY
FORCES
THE
BOY

THE ILLUSTRATED
POLICE NEWS
LAW COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD

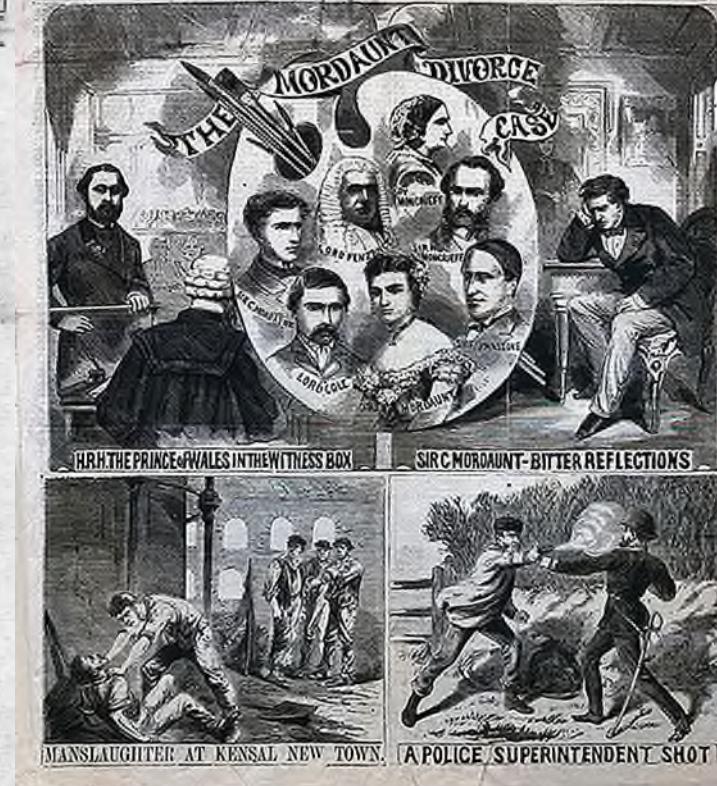
ESTABLISHED 1864

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1865.

Price One Penny



THE ILLUSTRATED
POLICE  **NEWS**
LAW COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD.



“To say that the Victorian world was a visual culture, a precursor to our own, is not entirely accurate. This was an illustrated culture.”

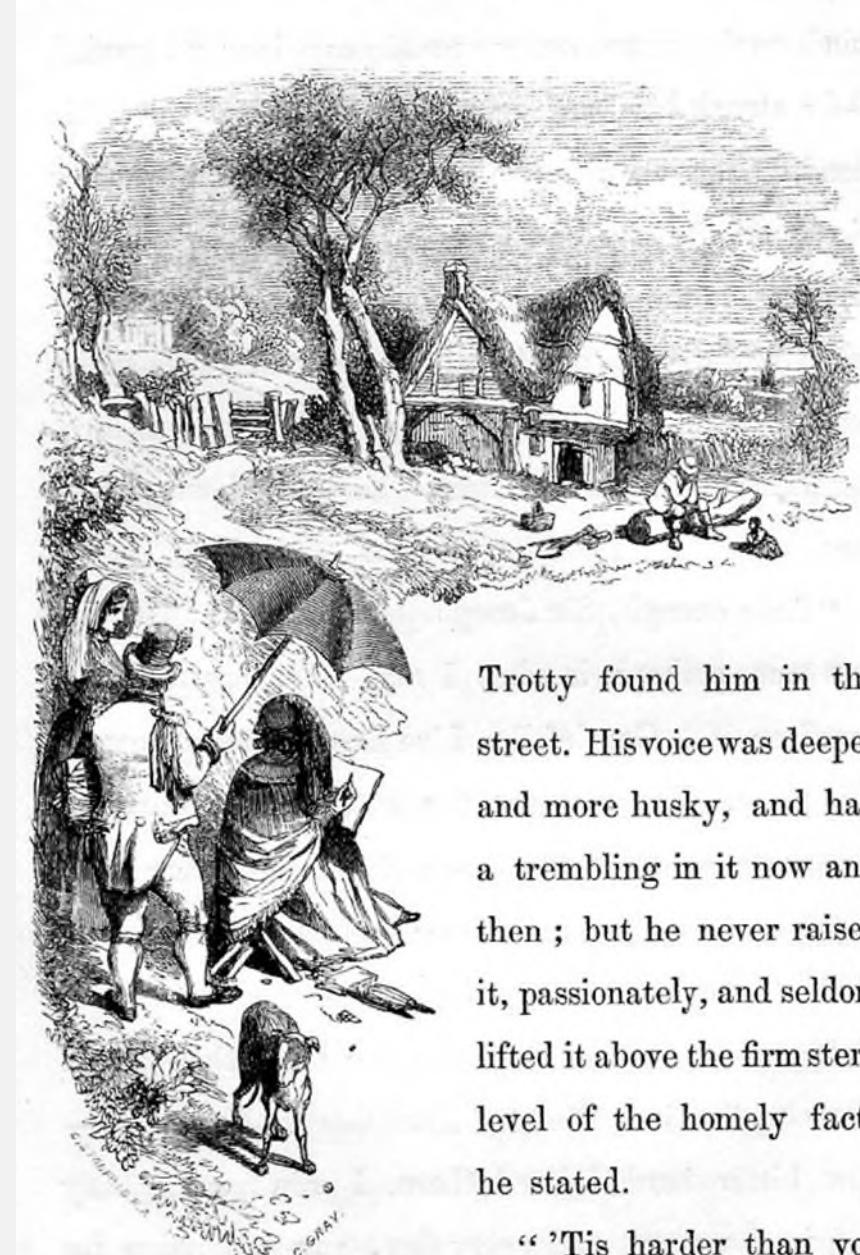
Julia Thomas, *Nineteenth-Century Illustration and the Digital: Studies in Word and Image* (2017)

Illustrations are not simply: “an addition to works of prose fiction or poetry, serving to embellish them, partly for the sake of sales, and partly because the images are pleasing to the lover of books”

Or even “communication between a writer and sections of his or her public more adept at reading images than complex verbal texts.”

“far from being a minor cultural form [...] literary illustration in fact occupied a **central place in Victorian visual and verbal culture**...in developing and transmitting conventions of representation of the modern world and modern life, and hence in the formation of cultural meanings and ideology.”

David Skilton, “The Centrality of Literary Illustration in Victorian Visual Culture...” (2007)



Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then ; but he never raised it, passionately, and seldom lifted it above the firm stern level of the homely facts he stated.

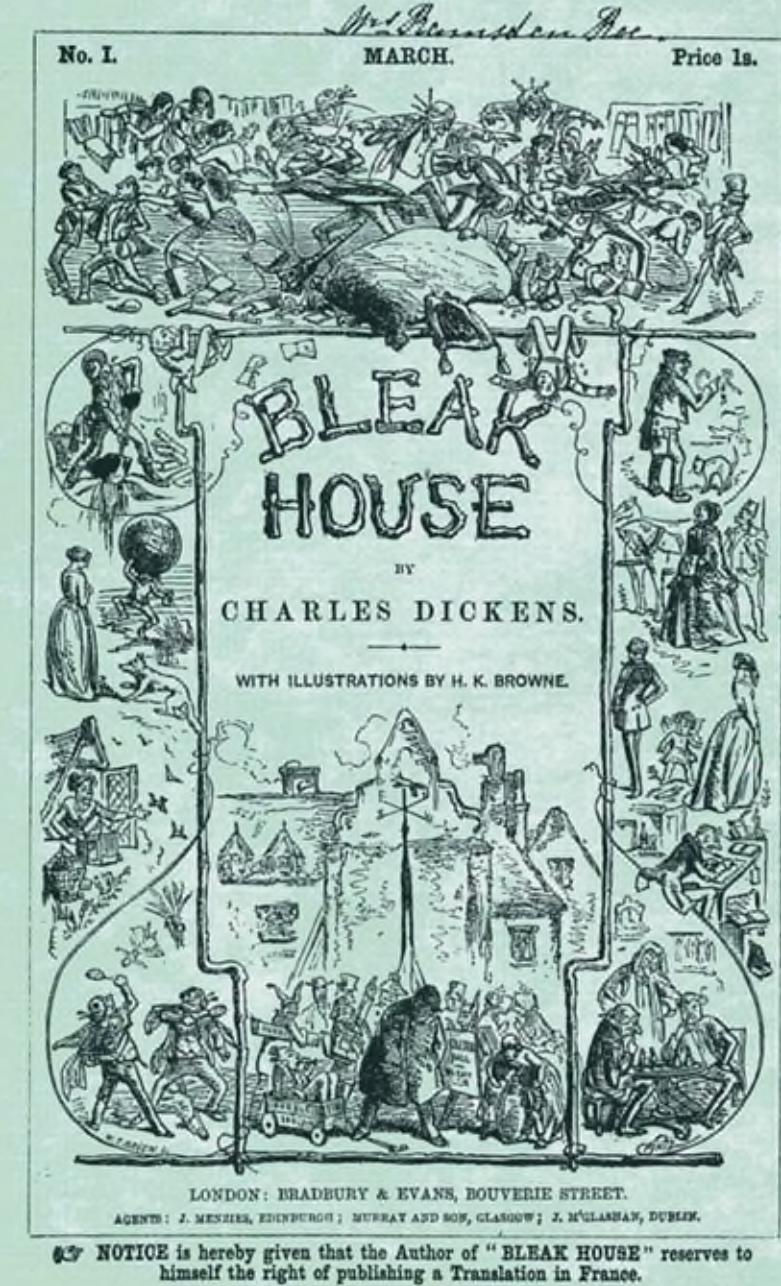
“ ‘Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent : commonly decent : in such a place. That I growed up a man and

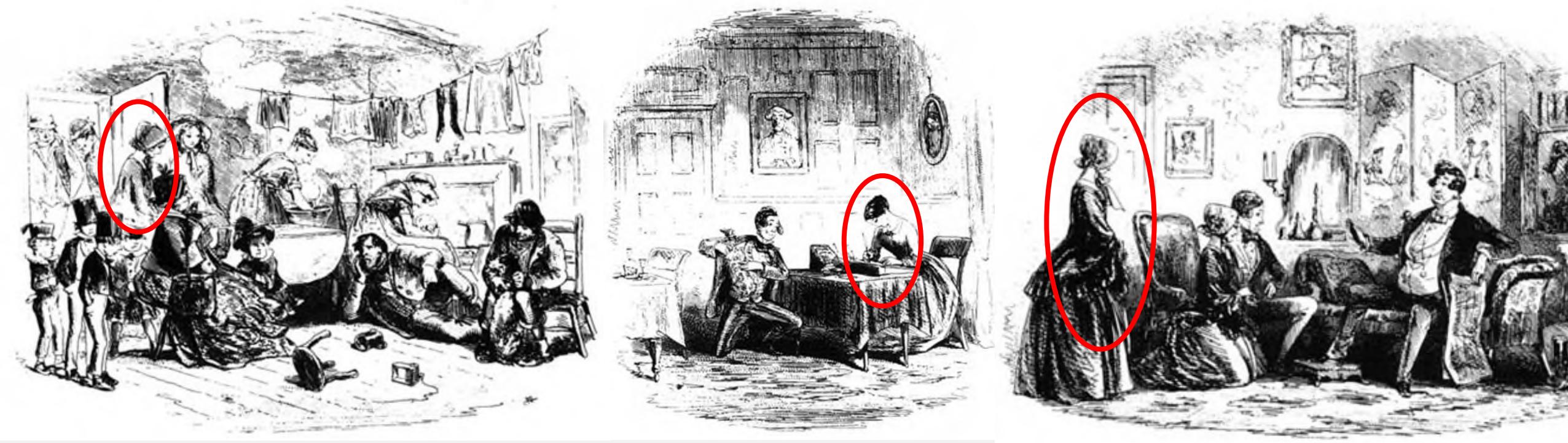
“Detailed study reveals that, far from being separate images added hastily after the completion of the stories with no awareness of character, narrative or development, the images all perform important functions in expanding the reader’s awareness, so that they work with the verbal text to produce a single mixed discourse which in some cases is not of inconsiderable complexity in ideology and social or moral function”

Stuart Sillars (1995, 76):

“The relation between Phiz’s etchings and Dickens’s novel is a good example of the way an illustration for a novel always adds something more, something not in the text. The illustration, therefore, to some degree interferes with the text, as two melodies playing simultaneously sometimes harmonize and sometimes do not seem to go together.”

Joseph Hillis MILLER, *Illustration* (1992)







Noticing him at his distance, she turns an inquiring look on the other Mercury who has brought her home.

"Mr. Bucket, my Lady."

Mr. Bucket makes a leg, and comes forward, passing his familiar demon over the region of his mouth.

"Are you waiting to see Sir Leicester?"

"No, my Lady, I've seen him!"

"Have you anything to say to me?"

"Not just at present, my Lady."

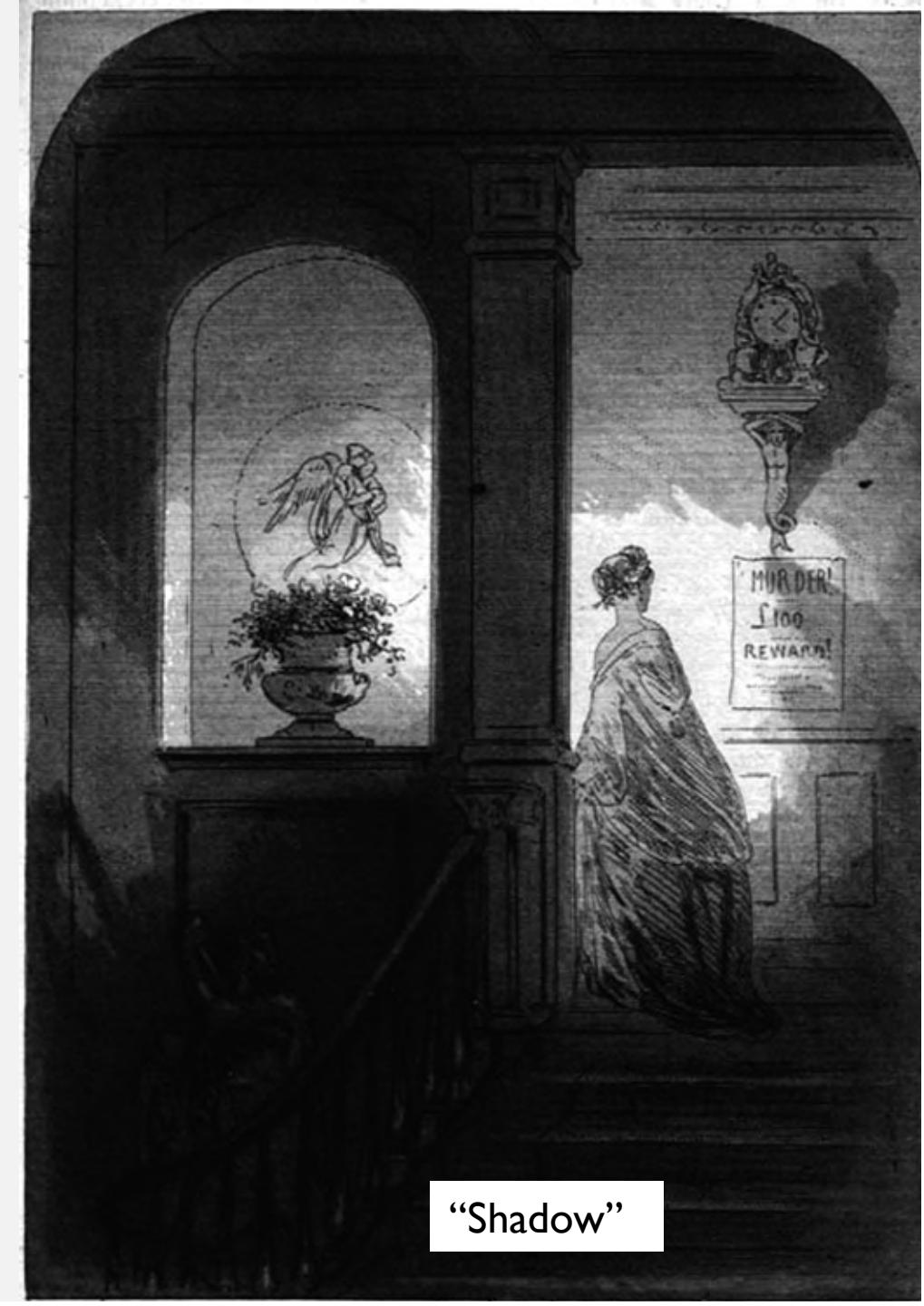
"Have you made any new discoveries?"

"A few, my Lady."

This is merely in passing. She scarcely makes a stop, and sweeps up-stairs alone. Mr. Bucket, moving towards the staircase-foot, watches her as she goes up the steps the old man came down to his grave; past murderous groups of statuary, repeated with their shadowy weapons on the wall; past the printed bill, which she looks at going by; out of view.

Chapter 53 "The Track"

Captions are an example of how: "Victorian narrative painting and illustration crossed the boundary between text and image. This overlap was even more explicit because words themselves were frequently part of these images, whether as the writing that accompanied an illustration, the title of a painting, or texts that appeared in the picture and told its story."



"Shadow"

"Of Sensation Literature we hear talk enough; but we are beginning to be overwhelmed also with what may be called a Sensuous Literature,—a literature in which the eye is appealed to at every step in aid of the intelligence or the fancy, in which woodcut and engraving assist or dominate the text."

'Illustrated Literature', *Reader* 12 December 1863, 687.

One of sensation fiction's greatest downfalls was the fact that the novels were "ornamented with a highly-coloured picture, hung out like a signboard, to give promise of the entertainment to be had within. The picture, like the book, is generally of the sensation kind, announcing some exciting scene to follow."

(H. L. Mansel, *Quarterly Review*, 1863)



"THE HAND HOLDING THE DAMP CLOTH WITH WHICH SHE HAD BEEN CLEANING THE INSCRIPTION DROPPED TO HER SIDE; THE OTHER HAND GRASPED THE MARBLE CROSS," ETC.

SERIAL ILLUSTRATION

- The illustrated serials of the mid-century usually featured one to two illustrations per serial part, positioned before the letterpress and printed on weightier paper, thus identifying themselves to the reader's eye and fingertip as key aspects of every installment”
- “proleptic, anticipating the events of the verbal plot to follow. The verbal text then seems to repeat what the illustration has already shown, and readers wait to see when it matches (or ironically fails to match) their visual expectations.”
- “in relation to their verbal counterpart, illustrations can also be analeptic, referring back to a scene in the written text”
- “repetitive, representing different scenes with similar elements; iterative, representing repeated action; extradiegetic, representing scenes that do not appear in the verbal text; or even inter pictorial, referring to other well-known images or modes of visual representation.”

(Leighton and Surridge, “...Narratological Analysis of Illustrated Serial Fiction in the 1860s”, 2008)



[TALBOYS DESERTS HIS WIFE AND CHILD.]

THE MOONSTONE.

Prologue.

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM (1799):
(Extracted from a Family Paper).



I.

I ADDRESS these lines—written in India—to my relatives in England.

My object is to explain the motive which has induced me to refuse the right hand of friendship to my cousin, John Herneasle. The reserve which I have hitherto maintained in this matter has been misinterpreted by members of my family whose good opinion I can not consent to forfeit. I request them to suspend their decision

A

until they have read my narrative. And I declare, on my word of honor, that what I am now about to write is, strictly and literally, the truth. The private difference between my cousin and me took its rise in a great public event in which we were both concerned—the storming of Seringapatam, under General Baird, on the 4th of May, 1799.

In order that the circumstances may clearly be understood, I must revert for a moment to the period before the assault, and to the stories current in our camp of the treasure in jewels and gold stored up in the Palace of Seringapatam.

II.

One of the wildest of these stories related to a Yellow Diamond—a famous gem in the native annals of India.

The earliest known traditions describe the stone as having been set in the forehead of the four-handed Indian god who typifies the Moon. Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in lustre with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day—the name of THE MOONSTONE. A similar superstition was once prevalent, as I have heard, in ancient Greece and Rome; not applying, however (as in India), to a diamond devoted to the service of a god, but to a semi-transparent stone of the inferior order of gems, supposed to be affected by the lunar influences—the moon, in this latter case also, giving the name by which the stone is still known to collectors in our own time.

The adventures of the Yellow Diamond begin with the eleventh century of the Christian era.

At that date the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmud of Ghizini crossed India; seized on the holy city of Somnauth; and stripped of its treasures the famous temple which had stood for centuries—the shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, and the wonder of the eastern world.

Of all the deities worshiped in the temple, the moon-god alone escaped the rapacity of the conquering Mohammedans. Preserved by three Brahmins, the inviolate deity, bearing the Yellow Diamond in its forehead, was removed by night, and was transported to the second of the sacred cities of India—the city of Benares.

Here, in a new shrine—in a hall inlaid with precious stones, under a roof supported by pillars of gold—the moon-god was set up and worshipped. Here, on the night when the shrine was completed, Vishnu the Preserver appeared to the three Brahmins in a dream.



"THE BOY BECAME QUITE STIFF, AND STOOD LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING INTO THE INK IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND."

not exactly into a sleep, but into the next best thing to it.

I was roused up by my daughter Penelope running out at me as if the house was on fire. What do you think she wanted? She wanted to have the three Indian jugglers instantly taken up; for this reason, namely, that they knew who was coming from London to visit us, and that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Mr. Franklin's name roused me. I opened my eyes, and made my girl explain herself.

It appeared that Penelope had just come from our lodge, where she had been having a gossip with the lodge-keeper's daughter. The two girls had seen the Indians pass out, after I had warned them off, followed by their little boy. Taking it

into their heads that the boy was ill used by the foreigners—for no reason that I could discover, except that he was pretty and delicate-looking—the girls had stolen along the inner side of the hedge between me and the road, and had watched the proceedings of the foreigners on the outer side. These proceedings resulted in the performance of the following extraordinary tricks:

They first looked up the road and down the road, and made sure that they were alone. Then they all three faced about, and stared hard in the direction of our house. Then they jabbered and disputed in their own language, and looked at each other like men in doubt. Then they all turned to their little English boy, as if they expected him to help them. And then the chief In-

dian, who spoke English, said to the boy, "Hold out your hand."

On hearing those dreadful words, my daughter Penelope said she didn't know what prevented her heart from flying straight out of her. I thought privately that it might have been her stays. All I said, however, was, "You make my flesh creep." (Note bene: women like these little compliments.)

"Well, when the Indian said 'Hold out your hand,' the boy shrank back, and shook his head, and said he didn't like it. The Indian thereupon asked him (not at all unkindly) whether he would like to be sent back to London, and left where they had found him, sleeping in an empty basket in a market—a hungry, ragged, and forsaken little boy. This, it seems, ended the difficulty. The little chap unwillingly held out his hand. Upon that the Indian took a bottle from his bosom, and poured out of it some black stuff like ink, into the palm of the boy's hand. The Indian—first touching the boy's head, and making signs over it in the air—then said, "Look." The boy became quite stiff, and stood like a statue, looking into the ink in the hollow of his hand.

(So far, it seemed to me to be juggling, accompanied by a foolish waste of ink. I was beginning to feel sleepy again, when Penelope's next words stirred me up.)

The Indians looked up the road and down the road once more—and then the chief Indian said these words to the boy: "See the English gentleman from foreign parts."

The boy said, "I see him."

The Indian said, "Is it on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by us to-day?"

The boy said, "It is on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by you to-day."

The Indian put a second question—after waiting a little first. He said: "Has the English gentleman got it about him?"

The boy answered—also, after waiting a little first—"Yes."

The Indian put a third and last question: "Will the English gentleman come here, as he has promised to come, at the close of day?"

The boy said, "I can't tell."

The Indian asked why.

The boy said, "I am tired. The mist rises in my head, and puzzles me. I can see no more to-day."

With that the catechism ended. The chief Indian said something in his own language to the other two, pointing to the boy, and pointing toward the town, in which (as we afterward discovered) they were lodged. He then, after making more signs on the boy's head, blew on his forehead, and so woke him up with a start. After that they all went on their way toward the town, and the girls saw them no more.

Most things, they say, have a moral, if you only look for it. What was the moral of this?

The moral was, as I thought: First, that the chief juggler had heard Mr. Franklin's arrival talked of among the servants out-of-doors, and saw his way to making a little money by it. Second, that he and his men and boy (with a view to making the said money) meant to hang about till they saw my lady drive home, and then to come back, and foretell Mr. Franklin's arrival

by magic. Third, that Penelope had heard them rehearsing their hocus-pocus, like actors rehearsing a play. Fourth, that I should do well to have an eye, that evening, on the plate-basket. Fifth, that Penelope would do well to cool down, and leave me, her father, to doze off again in the sun.

That appeared to me to be the sensible view. If you know any thing of the ways of young women, you won't be surprised to hear that Penelope wouldn't take it. The moral of the whole was serious, according to my daughter. She particularly reminded me of the Indian's first question. Has the English gentleman got it about him? "Oh, Father!" says Penelope, clasping her hands, "don't joke about this! What does 'it' mean?"

"We'll ask Mr. Franklin, my dear," I said, "if you can wait till Mr. Franklin comes." I winked to show I meant that in joke. Penelope took it quite seriously. My girl's earnestness tickled me. "What on earth should Mr. Franklin know about it?" I inquired. "Ask him," says Penelope. "And see whether he thinks it a laughing matter, too." With that parting shot my daughter left me.

I settled it with myself, when she was gone, that I really would ask Mr. Franklin—mainly to set Penelope's mind at rest. What was said between us, when I did ask him, later on that same day, you will find set out fully in its proper place. But as I don't wish to raise your expectations and then disappoint them, I will take leave to warn you here—before we go any further—that you won't find the ghost of a joke in our conversation on the subject of the jugglers. To my great surprise, Mr. Franklin, like Penelope, took the thing seriously. How seriously, you will understand, when I tell you that, in his opinion, "it" meant the Moonstone.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM truly sorry to detain you over me and my bee-hive chair. A sleepy old man, in a sunny back-yard, is not an interesting object, I am well aware. But things must be put down in their places, as things actually happened—and you must please to jog on a little while longer with me, in expectation of Mr. Franklin Blake's arrival later in the day.

Before I had time to doze off again, after my daughter Penelope had left me, I was disturbed by a rattling of plates and dishes in the servants' hall, which meant that dinner was ready. Taking my own meal in my own sitting-room, I had nothing to do with the servants' dinner, except to wish them a good stomach to it all round, previous to composing myself once more in my chair. I was just stretching my legs, when out bounded another woman on me. Not my daughter again; only Nancy, the kitchen-maid, this time. I was straight in her way out; and I observed, as she asked me to let her by, that she had a sulky face—a thing which, as head of the servants, I never allow, on principle, to pass me without inquiry.

"What are you turning your back on your dinner for?" I asked. "What's wrong now, Nancy?"

Nancy tried to push by without answering; upon which I rose up, and took her by the ear,

The deity breathed the breath of his divinity on the Diamond in the forehead of the god. And the Brahmins knelt and hid their faces in their robes. The deity commanded that the Moonstone should be watched, from that time forth, by three priests in turn, night and day, to the end of the generations of men. And the Brahmins heard and bowed before his will. The deity predicted certain disaster to the presumptuous mortal who laid hands on the sacred gem, and to all of his house and name who received it after him. And the Brahmins caused the prophecy to be written over the gates of the shrine in letters of gold.

One age followed another—and still, generation after generation, the successors of the three Brahmins watched their priceless Moonstone, night and day. One age followed another, until the first years of the eighteenth Christian century saw the reign of Aurungzebe, Emperor of the Moguls. At his command havoc and rapine were let loose once more among the temples of the worship of Brahmah. The shrine of the four-handed god was polluted by the slaughter of sacred animals; the images of the deities were broken in pieces; and the Moonstone was seized by an officer of rank in the army of Aurungzebe.

Powerless to recover their lost treasure by open force, the three guardian priests followed and watched it in disguise. The generations succeeded each other; the warrior who had committed the sacrilege perished miserably; the Moonstone passed (carrying its curse with it) from one lawless Mohammedan hand to another; and still, through all chances and changes, the successors of the three guardian priests kept their watch, waiting the day when the will of Vishnu the Preserver should restore to them their sacred gem. Time rolled on from the first to the last years of the eighteenth Christian century. The Diamond fell into the possession of Tippoo, Sultan of Seringapatam, who caused it to be placed as an ornament in the handle of a dagger, and who commanded it to be kept among the choicest treasures of his armory. Even then—in the palace of the Sultan himself—the three guardian priests still watched in secret. There were three officers of Tippoo's household, strangers to the rest, who had won their master's confidence by conforming, or appearing to conform, to the Musulman faith; and to those three men reported as the three priests in disguise.

III.

So, as told in our camp, ran the fanciful story of the Moonstone. It made no serious impression on any of us except my cousin—whose love of the marvelous induced him to believe it. On the night before the assault on Seringapatam he was absurdly angry with me, and with others, for treating the whole thing as a fable. A foolish wrangle followed; and Herncastle's unlucky temper got the better of him. He declared, in his boastful way, that we should see the Diamond on his finger if the English army took Seringapatam. The sally was saluted by a roar of laughter, and there, as we all thought that night, the thing ended.

Let me now take you on to the day of the assault.

My cousin and I were separated at the outset. I never saw him when we forded the river; when

we planted the English flag in the first breach; when we crossed the ditch beyond; and, fighting every inch of our way, entered the town. It was only at dusk, when the place was ours, and after General Baird himself had found the dead body of Tippoo under a heap of the slain, that Herncastle and I met.

We were each attached to a party sent out by the general's orders to prevent the plunder and confusion which followed our conquest. The camp-followers committed deplorable excesses; and, worse still, the soldiers found their way, by an unguarded door, into the treasury of the Palace, and loaded themselves with gold and jewels. It was in the court outside the treasury that my cousin and I met to enforce the laws of discipline on our own soldiers. Herncastle's fiery temper had been, as I could plainly see, exasperated to a kind of frenzy by the terrible slaughter through which we had passed. He was very unfit, in my opinion, to perform the duty that had been intrusted to him.

There was riot and confusion enough in the treasury, but no violence that I saw. The men (if I may use such an expression) disgraced themselves good-humoredly. All sorts of rough jests and catch-words were bandied about among them; and the story of the Diamond turned up again unexpectedly, in the form of a mischievous joke. "Who's got the Moonstone?" was the rallying cry which perpetually caused the plundering as soon as it was stopped in one place to break out in another. While I was still vainly trying to establish order I heard a frightful yelling on the other side of the court-yard, and at once ran toward the cries, in dread of finding some new outbreak of the pillage in that direction.

I got to an open door, and saw the bodies of two Indians (by their dress, as I guessed, officers of the palace) lying across the entrance, dead.

A cry inside hurried me into a room, which appeared to serve as an armory. A third Indian, mortally wounded, was sinking at the feet of a man whose back was toward me. The man turned at the instant when I came in, and I saw John Herncastle, with a torch in one hand and a dagger dripping with blood in the other. A stone, set like a pommel, in the end of the dagger's handle, flashed in the torch-light, as he turned on me, like a gleam of fire. The dying Indian sank to his knees, pointed to the dagger in Herncastle's hand, and said, in his native language: "The Moonstone will have its vengeance yet on you and yours!" He spoke those words, and fell dead on the floor.

Before I could stir in the matter the men who had followed me across the court-yard crowded in. My cousin rushed to meet them, like a madman. "Clear the room!" he shouted to me, "and set a guard on the door!" The men fell back as he threw himself on them with his torch and his dagger. I put two sentinels of my own company, on whom I could rely, to keep the door. Through the remainder of the night I saw no more of my cousin.

Early in the morning, the plunder still going on, General Baird announced publicly by beat of drum that any thief detected in the fact, be he whom he might, should be hung. The provost marshal was in attendance to prove that the general was in earnest; and in the throng



"THE MOONSTONE WILL HAVE ITS VENGEANCE YET ON YOU AND YOURS!"

that followed the proclamation Herncastle and I met again.

He held out his hand as usual, and said, "Good-morning."

I waited before I gave him my hand in return.

"Tell me first," I said, "how the Indian in the armory met his death, and what those last words meant when he pointed to the dagger in your hand."

"The Indian met his death, as I suppose, by a mortal wound," said Herncastle. "What his last words meant I know no more than you do."

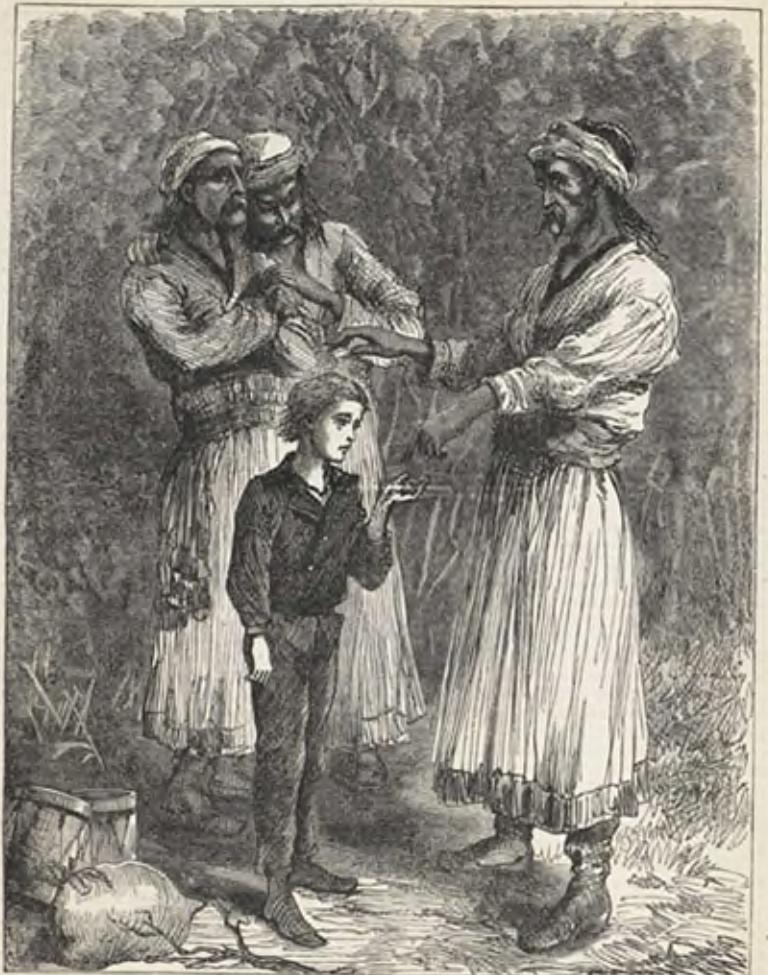
I looked at him narrowly. His frenzy of the previous day had all calmed down. I determined to give him another chance.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" I asked. He answered, "That is all."

I turned my back on him; and we have not spoken since.

IV.

I beg it to be understood that what I write here about my cousin (unless some necessity should arise for making it public) is for the information of the family only. Herncastle has said nothing that can justify me in speaking to our commanding officer. He has been taunted more than once about the Diamond, by those who recollect his angry outbreak before the assault; but, as may easily be imagined, his own remembrance of the circumstances under which



"THE BOY BECAME QUITE STIFF, AND STOOD LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING INTO THE INK IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND."

not exactly into a sleep, but into the next best thing to it.

I was roused up by my daughter Penelope running out at me as if the house was on fire. What do you think she wanted? She wanted to have the three Indian jugglers instantly taken up; for this reason, namely, that they knew who was coming from London to visit us, and that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Mr. Franklin's name roused me. I opened-my eyes, and made my girl explain herself.

It appeared that Penelope had just come from our lodge, where she had been having a gossip with the lodge-keeper's daughter. The two girls had seen the Indians pass out, after I had warned them off, followed by their little boy. Taking it

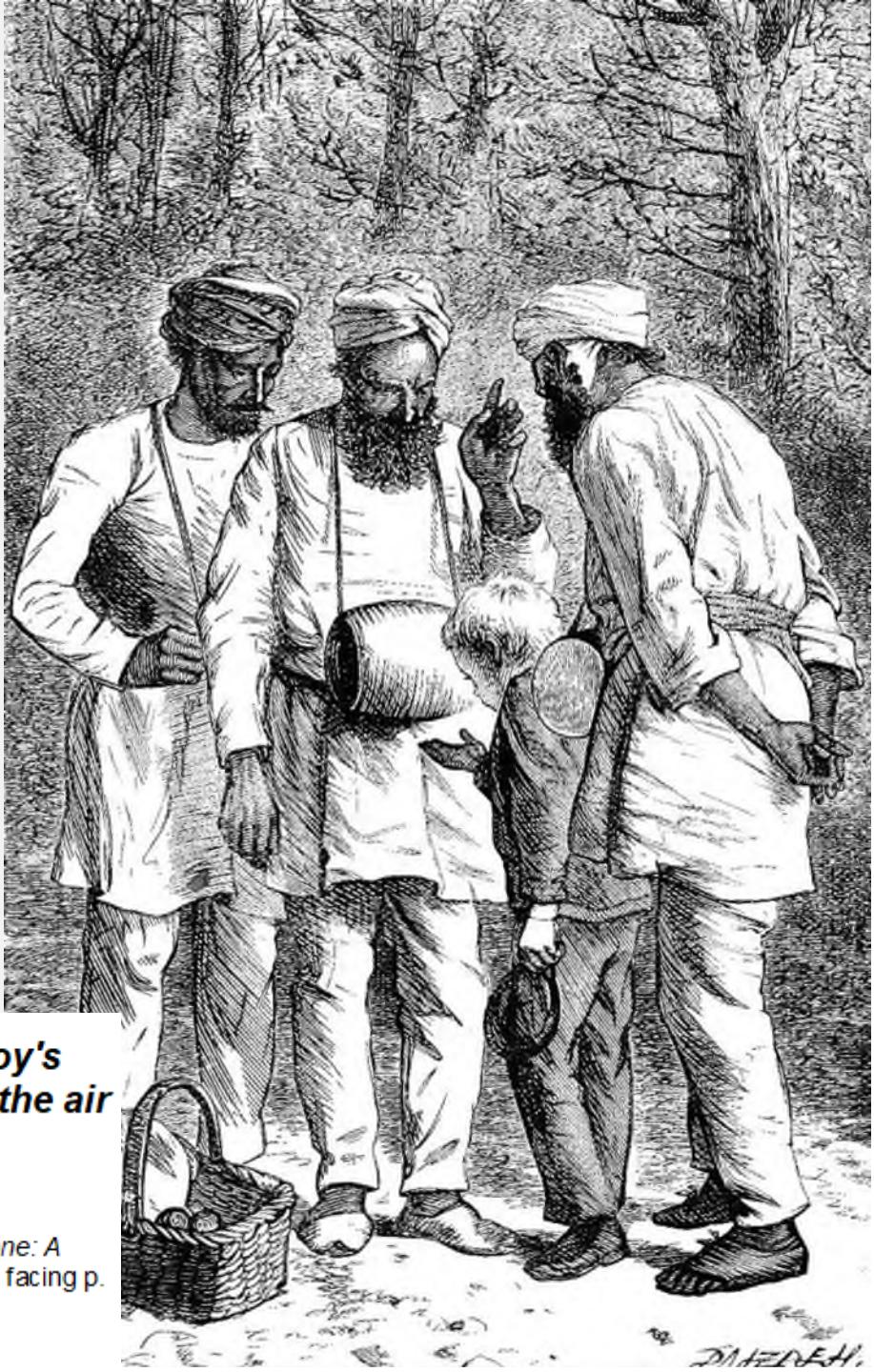
"The boy became quite stiff
and stood like a statue,
looking into the ink in the
hollow of his hand"

**John McLenan, Harper's,
(1862)**

The Indian — first touching the boy's head and making signs over it in the air — then said, "Look!"

F. A. Fraser

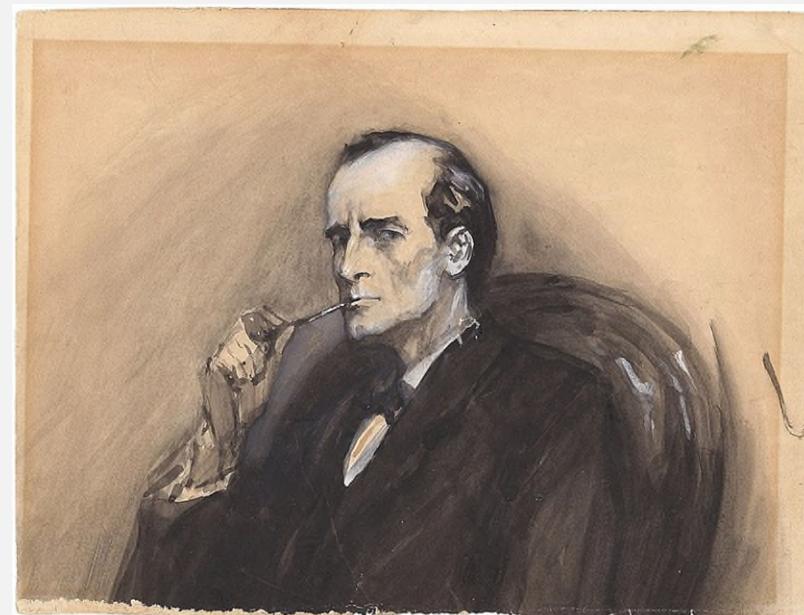
Second illustration for Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone: A Romance* in the Chatto and Windus Edition (1890), facing p. 17.



ILLUSTRATING SHERLOCK

“The appearance of Holmes himself was to some extent the result of a dialogue between Doyle and Paget, as the former altered his descriptions of the detective to better suit the pictures accompanying the text, complicating the usual hierarchy whereby the images merely complemented the written text.”

(Pittard)



ILLUSTRATING SHERLOCK

“The 24 plots which Doyle offered the readers of the *Strand* between 1891 and 1893 certainly had the potential to be sensational, often taking as their starting point the possibility of the bigamous familial intrigue of the sensation novel or the bloody crimes of the penny dreadful, before effectively defusing these narratives by denying that such possibilities had existed in the first place.”

“The role of illustrations is crucial to an understanding of how the *Strand* policed its reading community since for Newnes [the magazine’s owner], illustrations were not merely an adjunct to the text, but an important feature of the magazine” that aligned with “the *Strand’s* ideology of purifying experience [i.e.] and defusing sensation”.

(Pittard, *Purity and Contamination*)

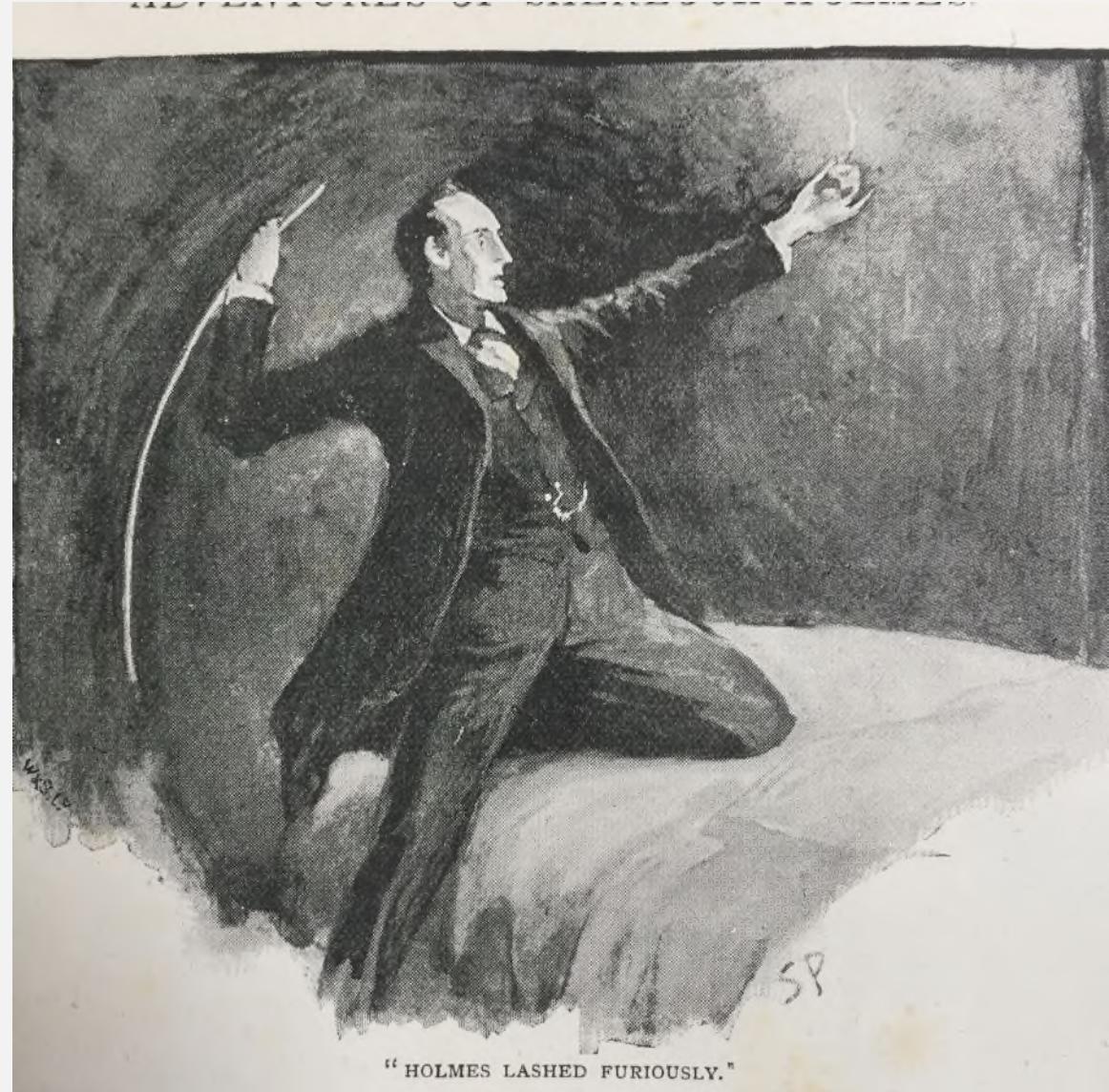
THE SPECKLED BAND (1892)



The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull.

“You see it, Watson?” he yelled. “You see it?”

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale and filled with horror and loathing. He had ceased to strike and was gazing up at the ventilator when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened.





The Speckled Band: An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes is a play written by [Arthur Conan Doyle](#) first performed on 4 june 1910 at the Adelphi Theatre (London) by the Arthur Hardy's company.



Dr. Watson (Mr. G. H. King).

Sherlock Holmes (Mr. W. A. Johnson).

Miss Stoner (Miss Gwendoline Smith).

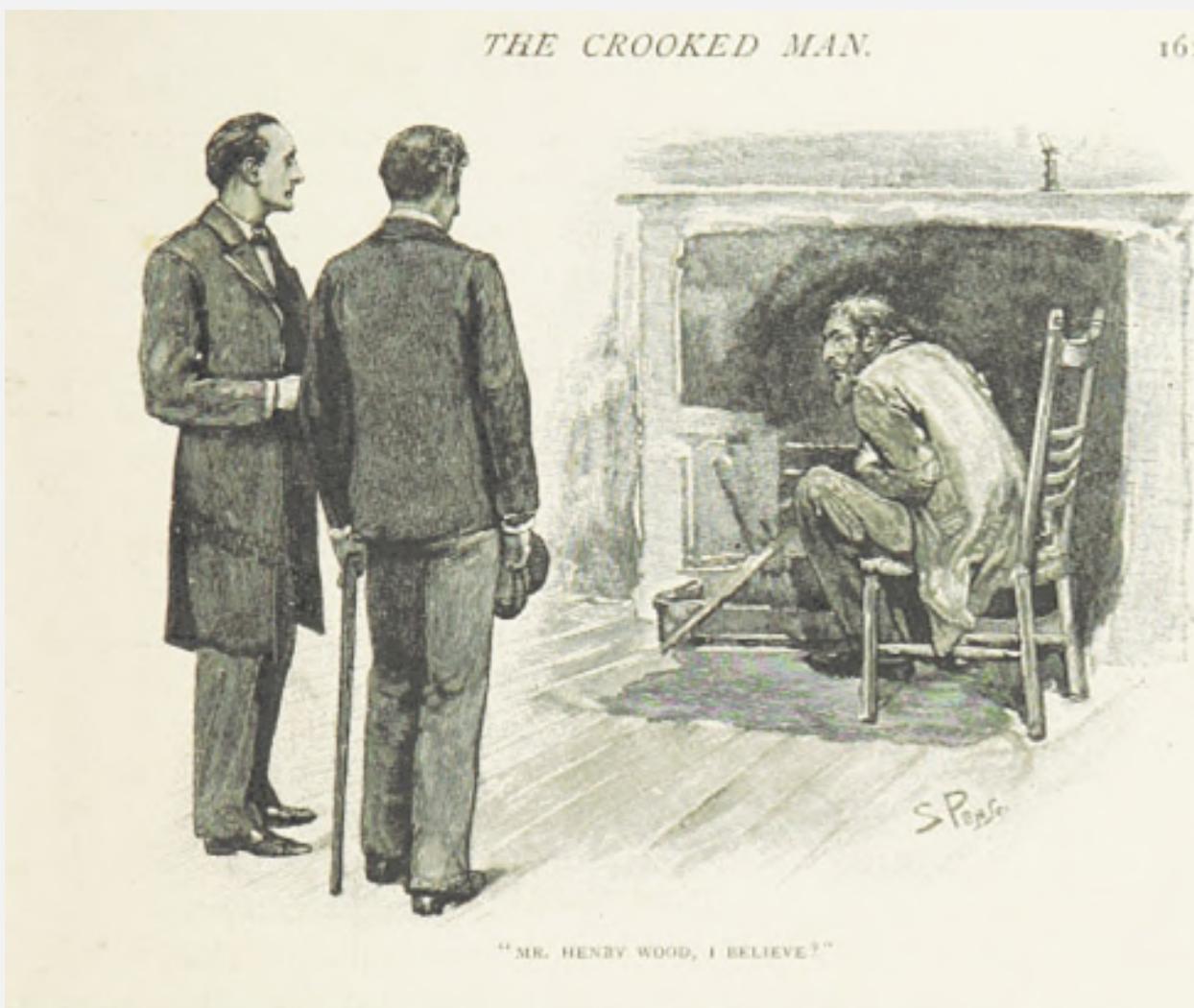
DR. GRIMSBY KYSLOTT'S SNAK CRAWLS DOWN THE HALL-PUL IN ERNE STONER'S BED-ROOM, AND IS DRIVEN BACK INTO THE NEXT ROOM BY SHERLOCK HOLMES.

"The Speckled Band," one of the most eerie and one of the best scenes of the drama "Sherlock Holmes," seems to provide no outlet with an sufficient basis for a drama having the same name. It will be recalled that Dr. Grimsby Kyslott comes to tell Mr. Ward Holmes, and for the present occupies a room like the Speckled Band of the title. Early at night in her bedroom, hearing that door is close or open or left where, of a sudden, there is a tap on the window, and Sherlock Holmes comes with the revolver. He whispers at the window, and then, he says, "Get up, get up, get up." Holmes has no revolver at it, and elected to work his magic. It disappears. There is a cry of agony from the next room, and Ward dashes into Ward's room with the revolver stuck close by, a victim of his own methods.

Photo by von Weissen-Austin, Etta Green, R.R.



THE CROOKED MAN (1893)





"MR. HARRY WOOD, I BELIEVE?"

"No."

"What business is it of yours, then?"

"It's every man's business to see justice done."

"You can take my word that she is innocent."

"Then you are guilty?"

"No, I am not."

"Who killed Colored James Barclay, then?"

"It was a just Providence that killed him. But, mind you this, that if I had knocked his brains out, as it was in my heart to do, he would have had no more than his due from my hands. If his own guilty conscience had not struck him down it is likely enough that

loved her, and one whom she loved; and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire, and hear me say that it was for my good looks that she loved me.

"Well, though I had her heart, her father was set upon her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum, reckless lad, and he had had an education, and was already marked for the sword belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her, when the Mutiny broke out, and all Hell was loose in the country.

"We were shut up in Bhurjee, the regiment of us with half a battery of artillery, a company of Sikhs, and a lot of civilians and womenfolk. There were two thousand rebels

were a thousand rebels to save, but it was of only one that I was thinking when I dropped over the wall that night.

"My way ran down a dried-up watercourse which we hoped would screen me from the enemy's sentries, but as I crept round the corner of it, I walked right into six of them, who were crouching down in the dark waiting for me. In an instant I was strucked with a blow, and bound hand and foot. But the real blow was to my heart

and not to my head, for as I came to and listened to as much as I could understand of their talk, I heard enough to tell me that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that I was to take, had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy.

"Well, there's no need for me to dwell on that part of it. You know now what James Barclay was capable of. Bhurjee was relieved by Nell next day, but the rebels took me away with them in their retreat, and it was many a long year before ever I saw a white face again. I was tortured, and tried to get away, and was captured and tortured again. You can see for yourself the scars which



"I WALKED RIGHT INTO SIX OF THEM."

rather than Nancy and my old pals should think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living and crawling with a stick like a chimpanzee. They never doubted that I was dead, and I meant that they never should. I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, and that he was rising rapidly in the regiment, but even that did not make me speak.

"But when one gets old, one has a longing for home. For years I've been dreaming of the bright green fields and the hedges of England. At last I determined to see them before I died. I saved enough to bring me

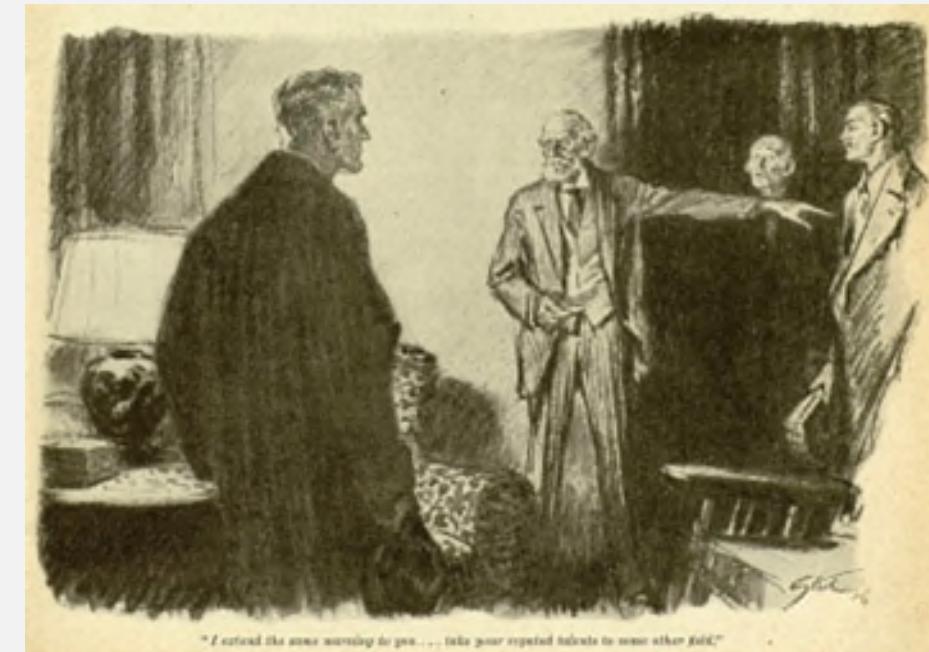
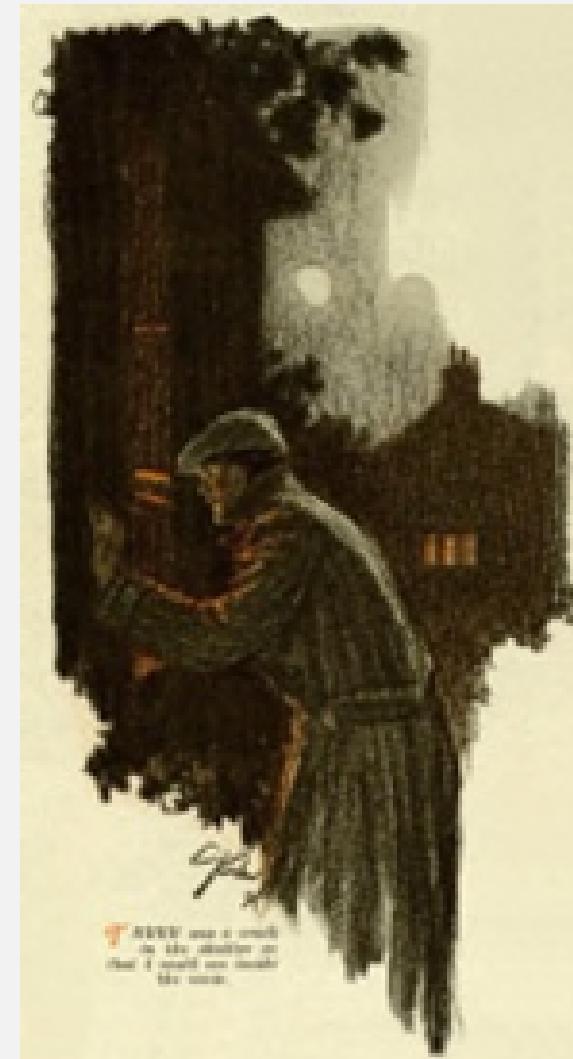
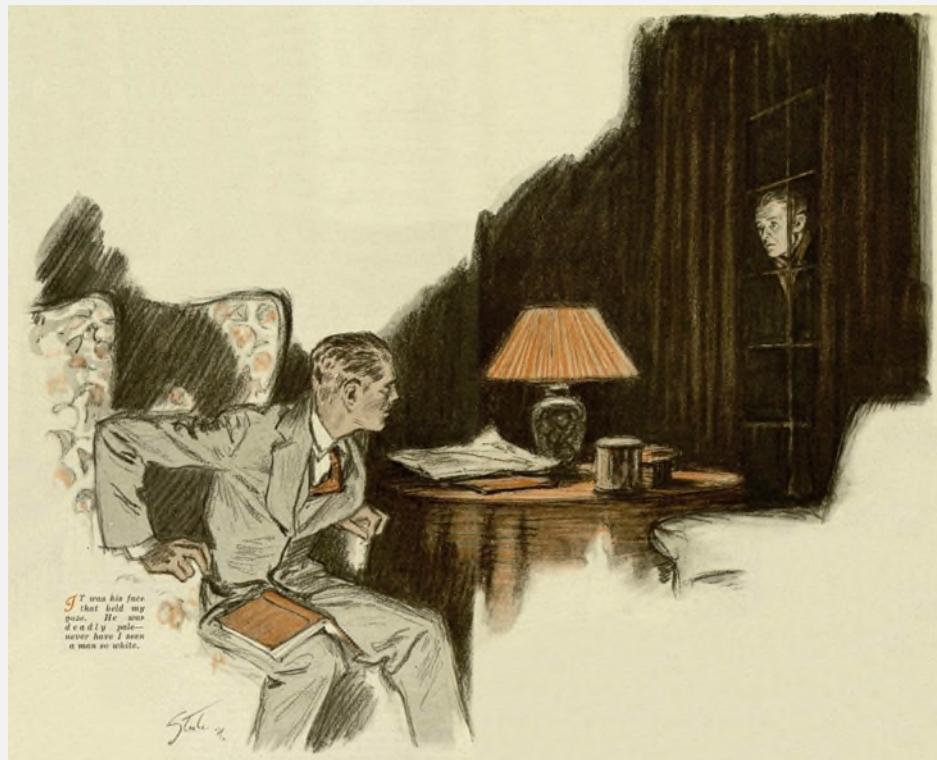


HARPER'S WEEKLY



"THE TWO WOMEN WITH THE COACHMAN LISTENED TO THE DISPUTE, WHICH WAS STILL RAGING."

THE BLANCHED SOLDIER (*LIBERTY MAGAZINE*, OCT 1926)



Illustrator Frederic Dorr Steele.

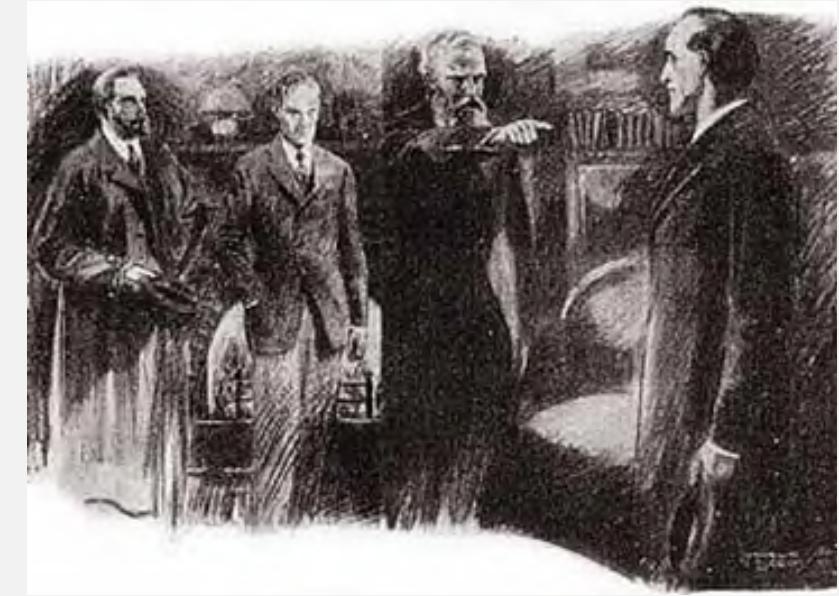
THE BLANCHED SOLDIER (THE STRAND, NOV 1926)



"I lit my pipe and leaned back in my chair."



"He sprang back when he saw that I was looking at him."



"This is the gentleman who forced my hand."

Illustrator Howard K. Elcock.

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