



From a photo by H. N. King, Avenue Road, W.
THE HOUSE AT NO. 2, PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON, IN WHICH THACKERAY DIED

Paris, that he wrote the autobiographical verse in the ballad which tells of the Bouillabaisse served at Terré's Tavern in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!

I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,

In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,

A dear dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,

—There's no one now to share my cup.

"I have been to the Hotel de la Terrasse, where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborne's lodgings," he wrote from Paris to Mrs. Brookfield. "I believe perfectly in all these people, and feel quite an interest in the inn in which they lived." It was at Brussels, in the Church of St. Gudule, the church in which he was christened, that Esmond met the veterate intriguer, Father Holt, masquerading in a green uniform as a captain in the Bavarian Elector's service; and in the convent cemetery knelt before the cross which marked the grave of Sœur Mary Madeleine, the unhappy Lady Castlewood, who was his mother. In that same city many years later the author of "Vanity Fair," not claiming to rank among the military novelists, took his place with the non-combatants while the armies marched to the field of Waterloo, and portrayed many