Jackanapes. Daddy Darwin's dovecot. The story of a short life

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JACKANAPES.

DADDY DARWIN'S DOVECOT.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY

JULIANA HORATIA EWING,

AUTHOR OF "SIX TO SIXTEEN," "JAN OF THE WINDMILL," ETC.

WITH A SKETCH OF HER LIFE BY HER SISTER,
HORATIA K. F. GATTY.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1887.
University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.
JULIANA HORATIA EWING
AND HER BOOKS.
ALL hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words:
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds.

The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art,
That all is well with thee forever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition,
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home.

A Memorial. — John G. Whittier.
PART I.

En Memoriam

JULIANA HORATIA,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE REV. ALFRED GATTY, D.D., AND MARGARET, HIS WIFE,

BORN AT ECCLESFIELD, YORKSHIRE, AUGUST 3; 1841,
MARRIED JUNE 1, 1867, TO ALEXANDER EWING, MAJOR, A.P.D.,
DIED AT BATH, MAY 13, 1885,
BURIED AT TRULL, SOMERSET, MAY 16, 1885.

HAVE promised the children to write something for them about their favorite story-teller, JULIANA HORATIA EWING, because I am sure they will like to read it.

I well remember how eagerly I devoured the Life of my favorite author, Hans Christian Andersen; how anxious I was to send a subscription to the memorial statue of him, which was placed in the centre of the Public Garden at Copenhagen, where children yet play at his feet; and, still further, to send some flowers to his newly filled grave by the hand of one who, more fortunate than myself, had the chance of visiting the spot.

I think that the point which children will be most anxious to know about Mrs. Ewing is how she wrote her stories.
Did she evolve the plots and characters entirely out of her own mind, or were they in any way suggested by the occurrences and people around her?

The best plan of answering such questions will be for me to give a list of her stories in succession as they were written, and to tell, as far as I can, what gave rise to them in my sister's mind; in doing this we shall find that an outline biography of her will naturally follow. Nearly all her writings first appeared in the pages of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," and as we realize this fact we shall see how close her connection with it was, and cease to wonder that the Magazine should end after her death.

Those who lived with my sister have no difficulty in tracing likenesses between some of the characters in her books and many whom she met in real life; but let me say, once for all, that she never drew "portraits" of people, and even if some of us now and then caught glimpses of ourselves under the clothing she had robed us in, we only felt ashamed to think how unlike we really were to the glorified beings whom she put before the public.

Still less did she ever do with her pen, what an artistic family of children used to threaten to do with their pencils when they were vexed with each other, namely, to "draw you ugly."

It was one of the strongest features in my sister's character that she "received but what she gave," and threw such a halo of sympathy and trust round every one she came in contact with, that she seemed to see them "with larger other eyes than ours," and treated them accordingly. On the whole, I am sure this was good in its results, though the pain occasionally of awakening to disappointment was acute; but she generally contrived to cover up the wound with some