

the gas lights - no light people bumping in the street  
and knocking noses against post pillars. The night  
actually cut it. however he had the fog of the whole  
month there accumulated into one good night, for  
the rest of it was very fine indeed. I am not yet  
in the Painting School of the Academy. it is proper

R. Lambeth Esq.

may I trouble you with  
the one to my father?

that one should be a student of the Antique a year  
before trying by presenting drawings, so as Wilton  
has also spoken to me about it I intend making  
the year out. I thank you for your offer accept  
the thanks which my mother has given me for  
and try to subsist myself. My dear Sir

Your very grateful Servant

David Gillies

Wednesday Ev.  
Dec. 17 1826

14 Charles St.  
Middle Hospital

My dear Sir

I have been deferring writing to you  
in order that my next letter should be accompanied  
by drawings of your friend Byron & de Kew, but as  
I have not been able to get them completed for you  
I must not only entreat your excuse but beg you  
will tell Miss S that I have not forgot a little  
request she made of me which shall be speedily granted.  
The entire of these short days is taken up with  
sitters and in the evening I employ myself finishing  
those drawings which are not colored, three times in  
the week going to the Academy so that my time is  
fully occupied. I generally receive a letter or two  
at my own place in the commencement of the day  
and then I rally forth and go my rounds to the  
houses of my patients making their rooms look really  
like those of Invalids by darkening the windows  
with down the blinds & closing the shutters. Now  
I devote a day to the City, when three or four  
induce me to that quarter (there are four of the  
governors of the Bank for instance sitting to me now)  
and then I stop at home a day - sometimes I  
go to make a family group in Remington and  
at others a knot of children at Salisbury, the

day off to Kensington Palace to paint a Portrait  
and the next to Cooksford to compose a Cook-  
really when I reflect upon it mine is a most strange  
life young Cooksford young all came under my thumb  
there cannot be a finer opportunity of seeing the world  
at least the world of London than the life I lead now.  
fine food for observation and improvement, in every  
way. I made a finished watercolor drawing of the  
Portrait Sophia at Kensington Palace and had with my  
usual goodluck the good fortune to please W.P.H.  
Calverley has it and in four or five months we  
shall have a print from it - and about the same  
time I made a drawing of that peculiar Province  
of Cooks Ude at Cooksford, to be engraved and  
sent for his own Cookery Book I believe and  
made such a likeness as every person gets into a  
Suffragan at I used to dine and breakfast constantly  
with him and each dinner which breakfasts to  
my teeth shed tears at the remembrance. He exalts  
his art above all others says a Painter may be well  
deserving of the name at this but a Cook - why  
a Cook when his Ministry may look forward to as  
long again, and then have room for improvement  
withstanding he is really a clever intelligent man  
and keeps a splendid establishment opposite Leazes  
in Albemarle St. Mr Götter's new book will be out  
I expect Monday or Tuesday next the Hatches which

(either now) were badly cut in mine, I did them one  
Sunday - Brooke did them - but then I mean - by the  
way I think I had a good escape from him that time  
now when I reflect upon it, and considering my present  
prospects - Mr. C. C. thinks so too tho' I mean mention  
it to him - Of course it was very desirable at the time  
but when I think of his case - "Historical Painter" etc.  
and know that all he does are those little things I  
think my stars, and glory in an escape from five  
years of that sort - My friend Mr. Isaacs who is  
really my friend, the young man especially who is about  
my own age a year or two older perhaps & already the  
author of "Giverny" by Capt. Popanillon he wants  
me to illustrate the latter in a series of pictures. It is  
as you know I dare say a satirical political thing  
and I intend doing one now & then at leisure - I  
rejoice extremely to hear of Mr. Sandwith's illness I had  
heard of it from a friend of Mr. Rife's and was delight-  
ed to be able to hope from your last letter that the good  
old gentleman may come round again - What has  
peeped and is peeping of the winter is remarkably  
mild. but I believe the cold sets in after Christmas  
particularly speaking. But such a fog as we have  
had last month. Helped to leave off entirely at  
two o'clock and scarcely did anything all day long  
was nearly choked coming from Somerset House the  
Mort Cart moving along with flambeaux down the  
Strand, and every wheel furnished - like boys round