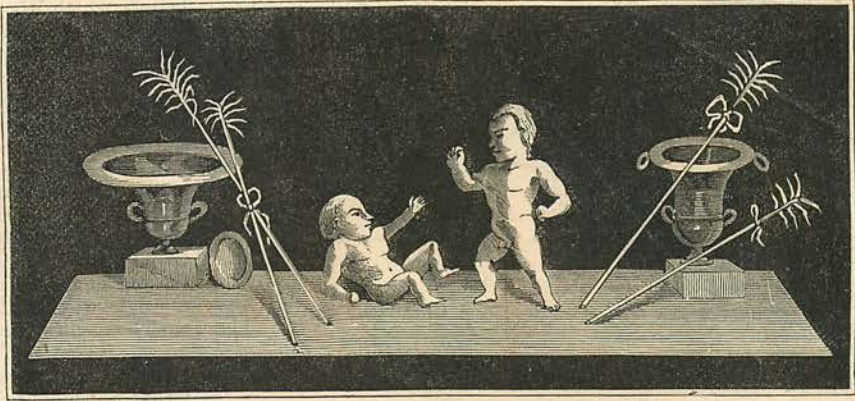


CARICATURE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.



FIGMY PUGILISTS—FROM POMPEII.

MUCH as the ancients differed from ourselves in other particulars, they certainly laughed at one another just as we do, for precisely the same reasons, and employed every art, device, and implement of ridicule which is known to us. Observe this rude and childish attempt at a drawing.



Go into any boys' school to-day and turn over the slates and copy-books, or visit an inclosure where men are obliged to pass idle days, and you will be likely to find pictures conceived in this taste, and executed with this degree of artistic skill. But the drawing dates back nearly eighteen centuries.

It was done on one of the hot, languid days of August, A.D. 79, by a Roman soldier with a piece of red chalk on a wall of his barracks in the city of Pompeii.\* On the 23d of August, in the year 79, occurred the eruption of Vesuvius which buried not Italian cities only, but Antiquity itself, and by burying preserved it for the instruction of after-times. In disinterred Pompeii the Past stands revealed to us, and we remark with a kind of infantile surprise the great number of particulars in which the people of that day were even such as we are. There was found the familiar apothecary's shop,

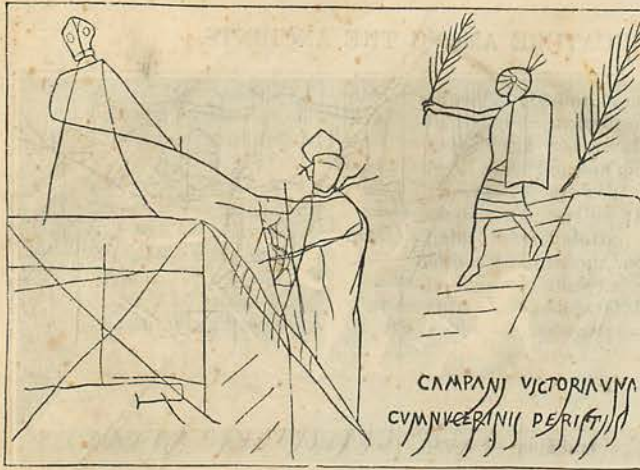
with a box of pills on the counter, and a roll of material that was about to be made up when the apothecary heard the warning thunder and fled. The baker's shop remained, with a loaf of bread stamped with the maker's name. A sculptor's studio was strewn with blocks of marble, unfinished statues, mallets, compasses, chisels, and saws. A thousand objects attest that when the fatal eruption burst upon these cities life and its activities were going forward in all essential particulars as they are at this moment in any rich and luxurious city of Southern Europe.

In the building supposed to have been the quarters of the Roman garrison many of the walls were covered with such attempts at caricature as the specimen just given, to some of which were appended opprobrious epithets and phrases. The name of the personage above portrayed was Nonius Maximus, who was probably a martinet centurion, odious to his company, for the name was found in various parts of the inclosure, usually accompanied by highly disparaging words. Many of the soldiers had simply chalked their own names; others had added the number of their cohort or legion, precisely as in the late war soldiers left records of their stay on the walls of fort and hospital. A large number of these wall chalkings in red, white, and black (most of them in red) were clearly legible fifty years after exposure. Here is another specimen, a genuine political caricature, copied from the outside wall of a private house.

The allusion is to an occurrence in the history of the liveliest possible people. A few years before the eruption there was a fierce struggle in the amphitheatre between the Pompeians defeated and the provincial Nucernians. Ne

\* *Naples and the Campagna Felice.* In a Series of Letters addressed to a Friend in England, in 1802, p. 104.





CHALK CARICATURE ON A WALL IN POMPEII.

pugnacious men of Pompeii to the terrible penalty of closing their amphitheatre for ten years. In the picture an armed man descends into the arena bearing the palm of victory, while on the other side a prisoner is dragged away bound. The inscription alone gives us the key to the street artist's meaning, *Campani victoria una cum Nucerinis peristis*—"Men of Campania, you perished in the victory not less than the Nucernians;" as though the patriotic son of Campania had written, "We beat 'em, but very little we got by it."

If the idlers of the streets chalked caricature on the walls, we can not be surprised to discover that Pompeian artists delighted in the comic and burlesque. Comic scenes from the plays of Terence and Plautus, with the names of the characters written over them, have been found, as well as a large number of burlesque scenes, in which dwarfs, deformed people, Pigmies, beasts, and birds are engaged in the ordinary labors of men. The gay and luxurious people of the buried cities seem to have delighted in nothing so much as in representations of Pigmies, for there was scarcely a house in Pompeii yet uncovered which did not exhibit some trace of the ancient belief in the existence of these little people. Homer, Aristotle, and Pliny all discourse of the Pigmies as act-

ually existing, and the artists, availing themselves of this belief, which they shared, employed it in a hundred ways to caricature the doings of men of larger growth. Pliny describes them as inhabiting the salubrious mountainous regions of India, their stature about twenty-seven inches, and engaged in eternal war with their enemies the geese. "They say," Pliny continues, "that, mounted upon rams and goats, and armed with bows and arrows, they descend in a body during spring-time to the edge of the waters, where they eat the eggs and the young of those birds, not returning to the mountains for three months. Otherwise they could not resist the ever-increasing multitude of the geese. The Pigmies live in cabins made of mud, the shells of goose eggs, and feathers of the same bird."

One of our engravings shows that not India only, but Egypt also, was regarded as the haunt of the Pigmy race; for the Upper Nile was then, as now, the home of the hippopotamus, the crocodile, and the lotus. Here we see a bald-headed Pigmy hero riding triumphantly on a mighty crocodile, regardless of the open-mouthed, bellowing hippopotamuses behind him. In other pictures, however, the scaly monster, so far from playing this submissive part, is seen plunging in fierce pursuit of a Pigmy, who flies headlong before the foe. Frescoes, vases, mosaics, statuettes, paintings, and signet-rings found in the ancient cities all attest the popularity of the little men. The odd pair of vases annexed, one in the shape of a boar's head and the other in that of a ram's, are both adorned with a representation of the fierce combats between the Pigmies and the geese.

There has been an extraordinary display of erudition in the attempt to account for



BATTLE BETWEEN PIGMIES AND GESE.



the endless repetition of Pigmy subjects in the houses of the Pompeians; but the learned and acute M. Champfleury "humbly hazards a conjecture," as he modestly expresses it, which commends itself at once to general acceptance. He thinks these Pigmy pictures were designed to amuse the children. No conjecture could be less *rudite* or more probable. We know, indeed, as a matter of record, that the walls of taverns and wine shops were usually adorned with Pigmy pictures, such subjects being associated in every mind with pleasure and gaiety. It is not difficult to imagine that a picture of a pugilistic encounter between Pigmies, like the one given at the head of this article, or a fanciful representation of a combat of Pigmy gladiators, of which many have been discovered, would be both welcome and suitable as tavern pictures in the Italian cities of the classic period.

The Pompeians, in common with all the people of antiquity, had a child-like enjoyment in witnessing representations of animals engaged in the labors or the sports of human beings. A

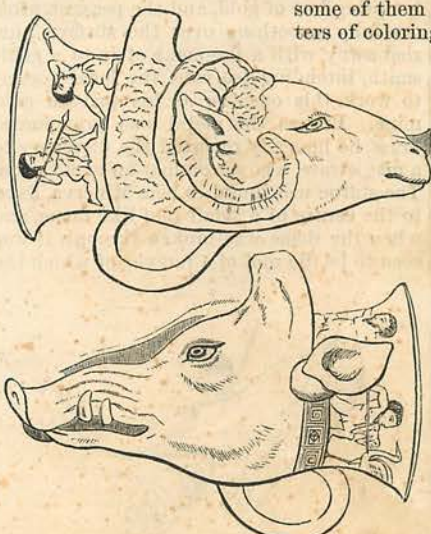


A PIGMY SCENE—FROM POMPEII.

very large number of specimens have been uncovered, some of them gorgeous with the hues given them by masters of coloring eighteen hundred years ago. On the next page is a specimen of these—a representation of a grasshopper driving a chariot, copied in 1802 from a Pompeian work for an English traveler.

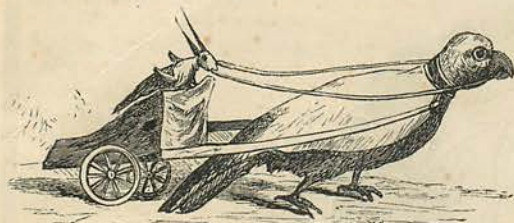
Nothing can exceed either the brilliancy or the delicacy of the coloring of this picture in the original, the splendid plumage of the bird and the bright gold of the chariot shaft and wheel being relieved and heightened by a gray background and the greenish-brown of the course. The colorists of Pompeii have obviously influenced the taste of Christendom. There are few houses of pretension decorated within the last quarter of a century either in Europe or America which do not exhibit combinations and contrasts of color of which the hint was found in exhumed Pompeii. One or two other small specimens of this kind of art, selected from a large number accessible, may interest the reader.

The spirited air of the team of cocks and the nonchalant professional attitude of the



VASES WITH PIGMY DESIGNS.





A GRASSHOPPER DRIVING A CHARIOT.

charioteer will not escape notice. Perhaps the most interesting example of this propensity to personify animals which the exhumed cities have furnished us is a burlesque of a popular picture of Æneas escaping from Troy, carrying his father, Anchises, on his back, and leading by the hand his son, Ascanius, the old man carrying the casket of household gods. No scene could have been more familiar to the people of Italy than one which exhibited the hero whom they regarded as the founder of their empire in so engaging a light, and to which the genius of Virgil had given a deathless charm:

“Thus ord’ring all that prudence could provide,  
I clothe my shoulders with a lion’s hide  
And yellow spoils; then on my bending back  
The welcome load of my dear father take;  
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,  
And with unequal paces tripped along.”

Artists found a subject in these lines, and of one picture suggested by them two copies have been found carved upon stone. In the illustrations on the next page the reader sees at one view the picture and the caricature.

This device of employing animals’ heads upon human bodies is still used by the caricaturist, so few are the resources of his branch of art; and we can not deny that it retains a portion of its power to excite laughter. If we may judge from what has been discovered of the burlesque art of the ancient nations, we may conclude that this idea, poor as it seems to us, was the one which the artists of antiquity most frequently employed. It was also common with them to burlesque familiar paintings, as in the instance given. It is not unlikely that the cloyed and dainty taste of the

Pompeian connoisseur perceived something ridiculous in the too-familiar exploit of Father Æneas as represented in serious art, just as we smile at the theatrical attitudes and costumes in the picture of “Washington crossing the Delaware.” Fancy that work burlesqued by putting an eagle’s head upon the Father of his Country, filling the boat with magpie soldiers, covering the river with icebergs, and making the

oars still more ludicrously inadequate to the work in hand than they are in the painting. Thus a caricaturist of Pompeii, Rome, Greece, Egypt, or Assyria would have endeavored to cast ridicule upon such a picture.

Few events of the last century were more influential upon the progress of knowledge than the chance discovery of the buried cities, since it nourished a curiosity respecting the past which could not be confined to those excavations, and which has since been disclosing antiquity in every quarter of the globe. We call it a chance discovery, although the part which accident plays in such matters is more interesting than important. The digging of a well in 1708 let daylight into the amphitheatre of Herculaneum, and caused some languid exploration, which had small results. Forty years later a peasant at work in a vineyard five miles from the same spot struck with his hoe something hard, which was too firmly fixed in the ground to be moved. It proved to be a small statue of metal, upright, and riveted to a stone pedestal, which was itself immovably fastened to some solid mass still deeper in the earth. Where the hoe had struck the statue the metal showed the tempting hue of gold, and the peasant, after carefully smoothing over the surface, hurried away with a fragment of it to a goldsmith, intending (so runs the local gossip) to work this opening as his private gold mine. But as the metal was pronounced brass, he honestly reported the discovery to a magistrate, who set on foot an excavation. The statue was found to be a Minerva, fixed to the centre of a small roof-like dome, and when the dome was broken through it was seen to be the roof of a temple, of which the



FROM AN ANTIQUE AMETHYST.



FROM A RED JASPER.





FLIGHT OF AENEAS FROM TROY.

Minerva had been the topmost ornament. And thus was discovered, about the middle of the last century, the ancient city of Pompeii, buried by a storm of light ashes from Vesuvius sixteen hundred and seventy years before.

It was not the accident, but the timeliness of the accident, which made it important; for there never could have been an excavation fifteen feet deep over the site of Pompeii without revealing indications of the buried city. But the time was then ripe for an exploration. It had become possible to excite a general curiosity in a Past exhumed; and such a curiosity is a late result of culture; it does not exist in a dull or in an ignorant mind. And this curiosity, nourished and inflamed as it was by the brilliant and marvelous things brought to light in Pompeii and Herculaneum, has sought new gratification wherever a heap of ruins betrayed an ancient civilization. It looks now as if many of the old cities of the world are in layers or strata—a new London upon an old London, and perhaps a London under that—a city three or four deep, each the record of an era. Two Romes we familiarly know, one of which is built in part upon the other; and at Cairo we can see the process going on by which some ancient cities were buried without volcanic aid. The dirt

of the unswept streets, never removed, has raised the grade of Cairo from age to age.

The excavations at Rome, so rich in results, were not needed to prove that to the Romans of old caricature was a familiar thing. The mere magnitude of their theatres, and their habit of performing plays in the open air, compelled caricature, the basis of which is exaggeration. Actors, both comic and tragic, wore masks of very elaborate construction, made of resonant metal, and so shaped as to serve, in some degree, the office of a speaking-trumpet. On the next page are represented a pair of masks such as were worn by Roman actors throughout the empire, of which many specimens have been found.

If the reader has ever visited the Coliseum at Rome, or even one of the large hippodromes of Paris or New York, and can imagine the attempts of an actor to exhibit comic or tragic effects of countenance or of vocal utterance across spaces so extensive, he will readily understand the necessity of such masks as these. The art of acting could only have been developed in small theatres. In the open air or in the uncovered amphitheatre all must have been vociferation and caricature. Observe the figure of old Silenus (page 328), one of the chief mirth-makers of antiquity, who lives for us in the Old Man of the pantomime. He is masked for the theatre.

The legend of Silenus is itself an evidence of the tendency of the ancients to fall into caricature. To the Romans he was at once the tutor, the comrade, and the butt of jolly Bacchus. He discoursed wisdom and made fun. He was usually represented as an old



CARICATURE OF THE FLIGHT OF AENEAS.



man, bald, flat-nosed, half drunk, riding upon a broad-backed ass, or reeling along by the aid of a staff, uttering shrewd maxims and doing ludicrous acts. People wonder that the pantomime called *Humpty Dumpty* should be played a thousand nights in New York; but the substance of all that boisterous nonsense, that exhibition of rollicking freedom from restraints of law, usage, and gravitation, has amused mankind for unknown thousands of years; for it is merely what remains to us of the legendary Bacchus and his jovial crew. We observe, too, that the great comic books, such as *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, *Pickwick*, and others, are most effective when the hero is most like Bacchus, roaming over the earth with merry blades, delightfully free from the duties and conditions which make bondsmen of us all. Mr. Dickens may never have thought of it—and he *may*—but there is much of the charm of the ancient Bacchic legends in the narrative of the four Pickwickians and Samuel Weller setting off on



ROMAN MASKS, COMIC AND TRAGIC.



A ROMAN COMIC ACTOR MASKED FOR THE PART OF SILENUS.

the top of a coach, and meeting all kinds of gay and semi-lawless adventures in country towns and rambling inns. Even the ancient distribution of characters is hinted at. With a few changes, easily imagined, the irrepressible Sam might represent Bacchus, and his master bring to mind the sage and comic Silenus. Nothing is older than our modes of fun. Even in seeking the origin of Punch, investigators lose themselves groping in the dim light of the most remote antiquity.

How readily the Roman satirists ran into caricature all their readers know, except those who take the amusing exaggerations of Juvenal and Horace as statements of fact. During the heat of our antislavery contest the following translation of the passage in Juvenal which pictures the luxurious Roman lady ordering her slave to be put to death was used by the late Mr. W. H. Fry in the *New York Tribune* with thrilling effect:

“Go drag that slave to death! You reason, Why  
Should the poor innocent be doomed to die?  
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,  
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.  
Call'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies,  
Proved or unproved the crime, the villain dies.  
I have the sovereign power to save or kill,  
And give no other reason but my will.”

This is evidently caricature. Not only is the whole of Juvenal's sixth satire a series of the broadest exaggerations, but with regard to this particular passage we have evidence of its burlesque character in Horace (*Satire III*, Book I), where, wishing to give an example of impossible folly, he says, “If a man should crucify a slave for eating some of the fish which he had been ordered to take away, people in their senses would call him a madman.” Juvenal exhibits the Roman matron of his period undergoing the dressing of her hair, giving



the scene the same unmistakable character of caricature:

"She hurries all her handmaids to the task;  
Her head alone will twenty dressers ask,  
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,  
Trembling, considers every sacred hair:  
If any straggler from his rank be found,  
A pinch must for the mortal sin compound.

"With curls on curls they build her head before,  
And mount it with a formidable tower.  
A giantess she seems; but look behind,  
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.  
Duck-legged, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is  
That she must rise on tiptoe for a kiss.  
Meanwhile her husband's whole estate is spent;  
He may go bare, while she receives his rent."

The spirit of caricature speaks in these lines. There are passages of Horace, too, in reading which the picture forms itself before the mind; and the poet supplies the very words which caricaturists usually employ to make their meaning more obvious. In the third satire of the second book a caricature is exhibited to the mind's eye without the intervention of pencil. We see the miser Opimius, "poor amid his hoards of gold," who had starved himself into a lethargy; his heir is scouring his coffers in triumph; but the doctor devises a mode of rousing his patient. He orders a table to be brought into the room, upon which he causes the hidden bags of money to be poured out, and several persons to draw near as if to count it. Opimius revives at this maddening spectacle, and the doctor urges him to strengthen himself by generous food, and so balk his rapacious heir. "Do you hesitate?" cries the doctor. "Come, now, take this preparation of rice." "How much did it cost?" asks the miser. "Only a trifle." "But how much?" "Eightpence." Opimius, appalled at the price, whimpers, "Alas! what does it matter whether I die of a disease or by plunder and extortion?" Many similar examples will arrest the eye of one who turns over the pages of this master of satire.

The great festival of the Roman year, the Saturnalia, which occurred in the latter half of December, we may almost say was consecrated to caricature, so fond were the Romans of every kind of ludicrous exaggeration. This festival, the merry Christmas of the Roman world, gave to the Christian festival many of its enlivening observances. During the Saturnalia the law courts and schools were closed; there was a general interchange of presents and universal feasting; there were fantastic games, processions of masked figures in extravagant costumes, and religious sacrifices. For three days the slaves were not merely exempt from labor, but they enjoyed freedom of speech, even to the abusing of their masters. In one of his satires Horace gives us an idea of the manner in which slaves burlesqued their lords at this jocund time. He

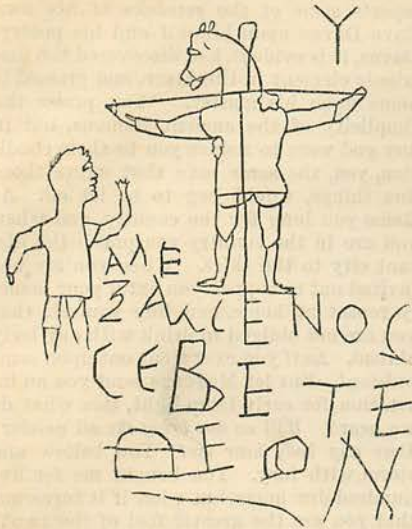
reports some of the remarks of his own slave Davus upon himself and his poetry. Davus, it is evident, had discovered the histrionic element in literature, and pressed it home upon his master. "You praise the simplicity of the ancient Romans, but if any god were to reduce you to their condition, you, the same man that wrote those fine things, would beg to be let off. At Rome you long for the country, and when you are in the country you praise the distant city to the skies. When you are not invited out to supper you extol your homely repast at home, and hug yourself that you are not obliged to drink with any body abroad. As if you ever went out upon compulsion! But let Mæcenas send you an invitation for early lamp-light, then what do we hear? *Will no one bring the oil quicker? Does any body hear me?* You bellow and storm with fury. You bought me for five hundred drachmas, but what if it turns out that you are the greater fool of the two?" And thus the astute and witty Davus continues to ply his master with taunts and jeers and wise saws, till Horace, in fury, cries out, "Where can I find a stone?" Davus innocently asks, "What need is there here of such a thing as a stone?" "Where can I get some javelins?" roars Horace. Upon which Davus quietly remarks, "This man is either mad or making verses." Horace ends the colloquy by saying, "If you do not this instant take yourself off, I'll make a field hand of you on my Sabine estate!"

That Roman satirists employed the pencil and the brush as well as the stylus, and employed them freely and constantly, we should have surmised if the fact had not been discovered. Most of the caricatures of passing events speedily perish in all countries, because the materials usually employed in them are perishable. To preserve so slight a thing as a chalk sketch on a wall for eighteen centuries accident must lend a hand, as it has in the instance now to be given. On the next page the reader sees a copy of what we must pronounce the most interesting specimen of caricature which the ruins of the classic cities have yet disclosed.

This picture was found in 1857 upon the wall of a narrow Roman street, which was closed up and shut out from the light of day about A.D. 100, to facilitate an extension of the imperial palace. The wall when uncovered was found scratched all over with rude caricature drawings in the style of the specimen given. This one immediately arrested attention, and the part of the wall on which it was drawn was carefully removed to the Collegio Romano, in the museum of which it may now be inspected. The Greek words scrawled upon the picture may be translated thus: "Alexamenos is worshiping his god."

These words sufficiently indicate that the





ROMAN WALL CARICATURE OF A CHRISTIAN.

picture was aimed at some member, to us unknown, of the despised sect of the Christians. It is the only allusion to Christianity which has yet been found upon the walls of the Italian cities; but it is extremely probable that the street artists found in the strange usages of the Christians a very frequent subject.

We know well what the educated class of the Romans thought of the Christians when they thought of them at all. They regarded them as a sect of extremely absurd Jews, insanely obstinate, and wholly contemptible. If the professors and students of Harvard and Yale should read in the papers that a new sect had arisen among the Mormons, more eccentric and ridiculous even than the Mormons themselves, the intelligence would excite in their minds about the same feeling that the courtly scholars of the Roman Empire manifest when they speak of the early Christians. Nothing astonished them so much as their "obstinacy." "A man," says the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "ought to be ready to die when the time comes; but this readiness should be the result of a calm judgment, and not be an exhibition of mere obstinacy, as with the Christians." The younger Pliny, too, in his character of magistrate, was extremely perplexed with this same obstinacy. He tells us that when people were brought before him charged with being Christians he asked them the question, Are you a Christian? If they said they were, he repeated it twice, threatening them with punishment; and if they persisted, he ordered them to be punished. If they denied the charge, he put them to the proof by requiring them to repeat after him an invocation to the gods, and to offer wine and incense to the emper-

or's statue. Some of the accused, he says, reviled Christ; and this he regarded as a sure proof of innocence, for people told him there was no forcing real Christians to do an act of that nature. Some of the accused owned that they had been Christians once, three years ago or more, and some twenty years ago, but had returned to the worship of the gods. These, however, declared that, after all, there was no great offense in being Christians. They had merely met on a regular day before dawn, addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, and bound themselves by a solemn oath not to commit fraud, theft, or other immoral act, nor break their word, nor betray a trust; after which they used to separate, then re-assemble and eat together a harmless meal.

All this seemed innocent enough, but Pliny was not satisfied. "I judged it necessary," he writes to the emperor, "to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves who were said to officiate at their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition." So he refers the whole matter to the emperor, telling him that the "contagion" is not confined to the cities, but has spread into the villages and into the country. Still, he thought it could be checked: nay, it *had* been checked; for the temples, which had been almost abandoned, were beginning to be frequented again, and there was also "a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately had found few purchasers." The wise Trajan approved the course of his representative. He tells him, however, not to go out of his way to look for Christians; but if any were brought before him, why, of course he must inflict the penalty unless they proved their innocence by invoking the gods. The remains of Roman literature have nothing so interesting for us as these two letters of Pliny and Trajan of the year 103. We may rest assured that the walls of every Roman town bore testimony to the contempt and aversion in which the Christians were held, particularly by those who dealt in "victims" and served the altars—a very numerous and important class throughout the ancient world.

Greece was the native home of all that we now call art. Upon reading over the two hundred pages of art gossip in the writings of the elder Pliny, most of which relates to Greece, we are ready to ask, Is there one thing in painting or drawing, one school, device, style, or method, known to us which was not familiar to the Greeks? They had their Landseers—men great in dogs and all animals; they had artists renowned in the "Dutch style" ages before the Dutch ceased to be amphibious—artists who painted barber-shop interiors to a hair, and donkeys eating cabbages correct



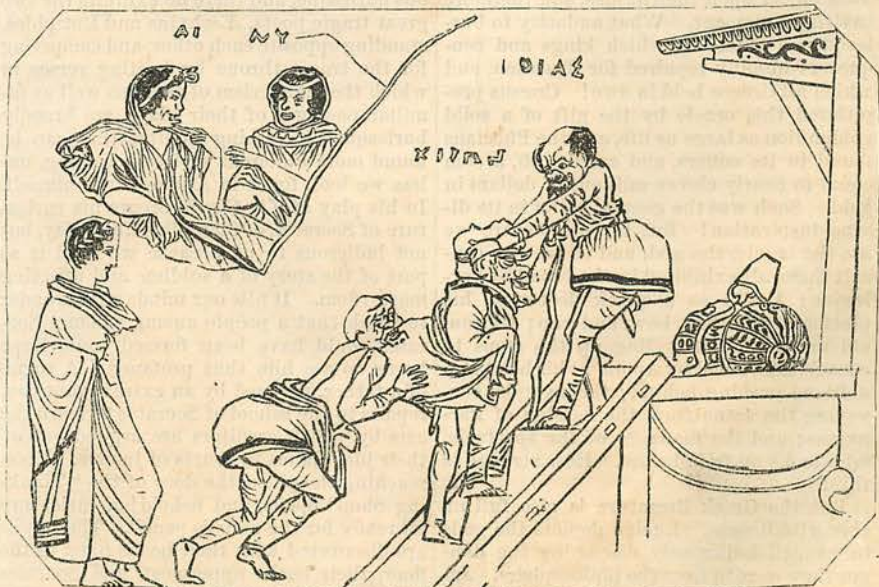


BURLESQUE OF JUPITER'S WOOING OF THE PRINCESS ALOMENA.

to a fibre; they had cattle pieces as famous throughout the classic world as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is now in ours; they had Rosa Bonheurs of their own—famous women, a list of whose names Pliny gives; they had portrait painters too good to be fashionable, and portrait painters too fashionable to be good; they had artists who excelled in flesh, others great in form, others excellent in composition; they took plaster casts of dead faces; they had varnishers and picture cleaners. Noted pictures were

spoken of as having lost their charm through an unskillful cleaner. They had their "life school," and used it as artists now do, borrowing from each model her special beauty. Zeuxis, as Pliny records, was so scrupulously careful in the execution of a religious painting that "he had the young maidens of the place stripped for examination, and selected five of them, in order to adopt in his picture the most commendable points in the form of each." And we may be sure that every maiden of them felt it to be an honor thus to contribute perfection to a Juno, executed by the first artist of the world, which was to adorn the temple of her native city.

They played with art as men are apt to play with the implements of which they are masters. Sosus, the great artist in mosaics, executed at Pergamus the pavement of a banqueting-room which presented the appearance of a floor strewn with crumbs, fragments and scraps of a feast, not yet swept away. It was renowned as the "Unswept Hall of Pergamus." And what a pleasing story is that of the contest between Zeuxis and his rival, Parrhasius! On the day of trial Zeuxis hung in the place of exhibition a painting of grapes, and Parrhasius a picture of a curtain. Some birds flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, and began to pick at them. The artist, overjoyed at so striking a proof of his success, turned haughtily to his rival, and demanded that the curtain should be drawn aside and the picture revealed. But the curtain *was* the picture. He owned himself surpassed, since he had



GREEK CARICATURE OF THE ORACLE OF APOLLO AT DELPHOS.



only deceived birds, but Parrhasius had deceived Zeuxis.

Could comic artists and caricaturists be wanting in Athens? Strange to say, it was the gods and goddesses whom the caricaturists of Greece as well as the comic writers chiefly selected for ridicule. All their works have perished except a few specimens preserved upon pottery. We show one from a Greek vase, a rude burlesque of one of Jupiter's love adventures, the father of gods and men being accompanied by a Mercury ludicrously unlike the light and agile messenger of the gods. The story goes that the Princess Alcega, though betrothed to a lover, vowed her hand to the man who should avenge her slaughtered brothers. Jupiter assumed the form and face of the lover, and, pretending to have avenged her brothers' death, gained admittance. It was in keeping with the Greek idea of the allowable for a caricaturist thus to burlesque their chief deity. Pliny describes a celebrated burlesque painting of the birth of Bacchus from Jupiter's thigh, in which the god of the gods was represented wearing a woman's cap, in a highly ridiculous posture, crying out, and surrounded by goddesses in the character of midwives. The best specimen of Greek caricature that has come down to us, of which a copy is given on page 331, burlesques no less serious a theme than the great oracle of Apollo at Delphos.

This remarkable work owes its preservation to the imperishable nature of the material on which it was executed. It was copied from a large vessel used by the Greeks and Romans for holding vinegar, a conspicuous object upon their tables, and therefore inviting ornament. What audacity to burlesque an oracle to which kings and conquerors humbly repaired for direction, and which all Greece held in awe! Cræsus propitiated this oracle by the gift of a solid golden lion as large as life, and the Phocians found in its coffers, and carried off, a sum equal to nearly eleven millions of dollars in gold. Such was the general belief in its divine inspiration! But in this picture we see the oracle, the god, and those who consult them, all exhibited in the broadest burlesque: Apollo as a quack doctor on his platform, with bag, bow, and cap; Chiron, old and blind, struggling up the steps to consult him, aided by Apollo at his head and a friend pushing behind; the nymphs surveying the scene from the heights of Parnassus; and the manager of the spectacle, who looks on from below. How strange is this!

But the Greek literature is also full of this wild license. Lucian depicts the gods in council ludicrously discussing the danger they were in from the philosophers. Jupiter says: "If men are once persuaded that there are no gods, or, if there are gods, that

we take no care of human affairs, we shall have no more gifts or victims from them, but may sit and starve on Olympus without festivals, holidays, sacrifices, or any pomp or ceremonies whatever." The whole debate is in this manner, and is at the same time a burlesque of the political discussions at the Athenian mass-meetings. What can be more ludicrous than the story of Mercury visiting Athens in disguise in order to discover the estimation in which he was held among mortals? He enters the shop of a dealer in images, where he inquires the price first of a Jupiter, then of an Apollo, and lastly, with a blush, of a Mercury. "Oh," says the dealer, "if you take the Jupiter and the Apollo, I will throw the Mercury in."

Nor did the witty, rollicking Greeks confine their satire to the immortals. Of the famous mirth-provokers of the world, such as Cervantes, Ariosto, Molière, Rabelais, Sterne, Voltaire, Thackeray, Dickens, the one that had most power to produce mere physical laughter, power to shake the sides and cause people to roll helpless upon the floor, was the Greek dramatist Aristophanes. The force of the comic can no farther go than he has carried it in some of the scenes of his best comedies. Even to us, far removed as we are, in taste as well as in time, from that wonderful Athens of his, they are still highly diverting. This master of mirth is never so effective as when he is turning into ridicule the philosophers and poets for whose sake Greece is still a dear and venerable name to all the civilized world. In his comedy of *The Frogs* he sends Bacchus down into Hades with every circumstance of riotous burlesque, and there he exhibits the two great tragic poets, Æschylus and Euripides, standing opposite each other, and competing for the tragic throne by reciting verses in which the mannerism of each, as well as familiar passages of their plays, are broadly burlesqued. Nothing in literature can be found more ludicrous or less becoming, unless we look for it in Aristophanes himself. In his play of *The Clouds* occurs his caricature of Socrates, of incredible absurdity, but not ludicrous to us, because we read it as part of the story of a sublime and affecting martyrdom. It fills our minds with wonder to think that a people among whom a Socrates could have been formed could have borne to see him thus profaned. A rogue of a father, plagued by an extravagant son, repairs to the school of Socrates to learn the arts by which creditors are argued out of their just claims in courts of justice. Upon reaching the place, the door of the "Thinking Shop" opens, and behold! a caricature all ready for the artist's pencil. The pupils are discovered with their heads fixed to the floor, their backs uppermost, and Socrates hanging from the ceiling in a basket. The visitor, transfixed with wonder, questions his





AN EGYPTIAN CARICATURE.

companion. He asks why they present that portion of their bodies to heaven. "It is getting taught astronomy alone by itself." "And who is this man in the basket?" "HIMSELF." "Who's Himself?" "Socrates!" The visitor at length addresses the master by a diminutive, as though he had said, "Socrates, dear little Socrates." The philosopher speaks: "Why callest thou me, thou creature of a day?" "Tell me, first, I beg, what you are doing up there." "I am walking in the air, and speculating about the sun; for I should never have rightly learned celestial things if I had not suspended the intellect, and subtly mingled Thought with its kindred Air." All this is in the very spirit of caricature. Half of Aristophanes is caricature. In characterizing the light literature of Greece we are reminded of Juvenal's remark upon the Greek people, "All Greece is a comedian."

Egyptian art was old when Grecian art was young, and it remained crude when the art of Greece had reached its highest development. But not the less did it delight in caricature and burlesque. In the Egyptian collection belonging to the New York Historical Society there is a specimen of the Egyptians' favorite kind of burlesque picture which dates back three thousand years, but which stands out more clearly now upon its slab of limestone than we can engrave it here.

Dr. Abbott, who brought this specimen from Thebes, interpreted it to be a representation of a lion seated upon a throne, as king, receiving from a fox, personating a high-priest, an offering of a goose and a fan. It is probably a burlesque of a well-known picture; for in one of the Egyptian papyri in the British Museum there is a drawing of a lion and unicorn playing chess, which is a manifest caricature of a picture frequently re-

peated upon the ancient monuments. It was from Egypt, then, that the classic nations caught this childish fancy of ridiculing the actions of men by picturing animals performing similar ones; and it is surprising to note how fond the Egyptian artists were of this simple device. On the same papyrus there are several other in-

teresting specimens: a lion on his hind-legs engaged in laying out as a mummy the dead body of a hoofed animal; a tiger or wild-cat driving a flock of geese to market; another tiger carrying a hoe on one shoulder and a bag of seed on the other; an animal playing on a double pipe, and driving before him a herd of small stags like a shepherd; a hippopotamus washing his hands in a tall water jar; an animal on a throne, with another behind him as a fan-bearer, and a third presenting him with a bouquet. No place was too sacred for such playful delineations. In one of the royal sepulchres at Thebes, as Kenrick relates, there is a picture of an ass and a lion singing, accompanying themselves on the phorminx and the harp. There is also an elaborate burlesque of a battle piece, in which a fortress is attacked by rats, and defended by cats, which are visible on the battlements. Some rats bring a ladder to the walls and prepare to scale them, while others, armed with spears, shields, and bows, protect the assailants. One rat of enormous size, in a chariot drawn by dogs, has pierced several cats with arrows, and is swinging round his battle-axe in exact imitation of Rameses, in a serious picture, dealing destruction on his enemies. On a papyrus at Turin there is a representation of a cat with a shepherd's crook watching a flock of geese, while a cynocephalus near by plays upon the flute. Of this class of burlesques the most interesting example, perhaps, is the one annexed, representing a Soul doomed to re-



A CONDEMNED SOUL, EGYPTIAN CARICATURE.





EGYPTIAN SERVANTS CONVEYING HOME THEIR MASTERS FROM A GAROUSE.

turn to its earthly home in the form of a pig.

This picture, which is of such antiquity that it was an object of curiosity to the Romans and the Greeks, is part of the decoration of a king's tomb. In the original, Osiris, the august judge of departed spirits, is represented on his throne, near the stern of the boat, waving away the Soul, which he has just weighed in his unerring scales and found wanting, while close to the shore a man hews away the ground to intimate that all communication is cut off between the lost spirit and the abode of the blessed. The animals that execute the stern decree are the dog-headed monkeys, sacred in the mythology of Egypt.

That the ancient Egyptians were a jovial people who sat long at the wine we might infer from the caricatures which have been discovered in Egypt, if we did not know it from other sources of information. Representations have been found of every part of the process of wine-making, from the planting of the vineyard to the storing away of the wine jars. In the valuable works of Sir Gardner Wilkinson\* many of these curious pictures are given: the vineyard and its trellis-work; men frightening away the birds with slings; a vineyard with a water tank for irrigation; the grape harvest; baskets full of grapes covered with leaves; kids browsing upon the vines; trained monkeys gathering grapes; the wine-press in operation; men pressing grapes by the natural process of treading; pouring the wine into jars; and rows of jars put away for future use. The same laborious author favors us with ancient Egyptian caricatures which serve to show that wine was a creature as capable of abuse thirty centuries ago as it is now.

Pictures of similar character are not unfrequent upon the ancient frescoes, and many of them are far more extravagant than this, exhibiting men dancing wild-

ly, standing upon their heads, and riotously fighting. From Sir Gardner Wilkinson's disclosures we may reasonably infer that the arts of debauchery have received little additions during the last three thousand years. Even the seductive cocktail is not modern. The ancient Egyptians

imbibed stimulants to excite an appetite for wine, and munched the biting cabbage leaf for the same purpose. Beer in several varieties was known to them also; veritable beer, made of barley and a bitter herb; beer so excellent that the dainty Greek travelers commended it as a drink only inferior to wine. Even the Egyptian ladies did, not always resist the temptation of so many modes of intoxication. Nor did they escape the caricaturist's pencil.

This unfortunate lady, as Sir Gardner conjectures, after indulging in potations deep of the renowned Egyptian wine, had been suddenly overtaken by the consequences, and had called for assistance too late. Egyptian satirists did not spare the ladies, and they aimed their shafts at the same foibles that have called forth so many efforts of pencil and pen in later times. Whenever, indeed, we look closely into ancient life we are struck with the similarity of the daily routine to that of our own time. Every detail of social life is imperishably recorded upon the monuments of ancient Egypt, even to the tone and style and mischances of a fashionable party. We see the givers of the entertainment, the master and mistress of the mansion, seated side by side upon a sofa; the guests coming up as they arrive to salute them; the musicians and dancers bowing low to them before beginning to perform; a pet monkey, a dog, or a gazelle tied to the leg of the sofa; the youngest child of the family sitting on the



TOO LATE WITH THE BASIN.

\* *A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians.* By Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers: 1854.





THE HINDU GOD KRISHNA ON HIS TRAVELS.

floor by its mother's side, or upon its father's knee; the ladies sitting in groups, conversing upon the deathless, inexhaustible subject of dress, and showing one another their trinkets.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives us also the pleasing information that it was thought a pretty compliment for one guest to offer another a flower from his bouquet, and that the guests endeavored to gratify their entertainers by pointing out to one another, with expressions of admiration, the tasteful knickknacks, the boxes of carved wood or ivory, the vases, the elegant light tables, the chairs, ottomans, cushions, carpets, and furniture with which the apartment was provided. This too transparent flattery could not escape such inveterate caricaturists as the Egyptian artists. In a tomb at Thebes may be seen a ludicrous representation of scenes at a party where several of the guests had been lost in rapturous admiration of the objects around them. A young man, either from awkwardness or from having gone too often to the wine jar, had reclined against a wooden column placed in the centre of the room to support a temporary ornament. There is a crash! The ornamental structure falls upon some of the absorbed guests. Ladies have recourse to the immortal privilege of their sex—they scream. All is confusion. Uplifted hands ward off the falling masses. In a few moments, when it is discovered that no one is hurt, peace is restored, and all the company converse merrily over the incident.

It is strange to find such pictures in a tomb. But it seems as if death and funerals and graves, with their elaborate paraphernalia, were provocative of mirthful delineation. In one noted royal tomb there is a representation of the funeral procession, part of which was evidently designed to excite merriment. The Ethiopians who follow in the train of the mourning queen have their hair plaited in most fantastic fashion, and their tunics of leopard's skin are so arranged that a preposterously enormous tail hangs down behind for the next man to step upon. One of the extensive colored plates of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's larger work presents to our view a solemn and stately procession of funeral barges crossing the Lake of the Dead at Thebes on its way to the place of burial. The first boat contains the coffin, decorated with flowers, a high-priest burning incense before a table of offerings, and the female relatives of the deceased lamenting their loss—two barges are filled with mourning friends, one containing only women and the other only men; two more are occupied by professional persons—the undertaker's assistants, as we should call them—employed to carry offerings, boxes, chairs, and other funeral objects. It was in drawing one of these vessels that the artist could not refrain from putting in a little fun. One of the barges having grounded upon the shore, the vessel behind comes into collision with her, upsetting a table upon the oarsmen and causing much confusion. Such an incident might occur in a public



funeral to-day, and if it did it would excite laughter in the crowd, and perhaps be recorded in illustrated papers; but we should not engrave it imperishably upon a tomb to convey to future ages a knowledge of the event. It is not improbable that the picture records an incident of that particular funeral.

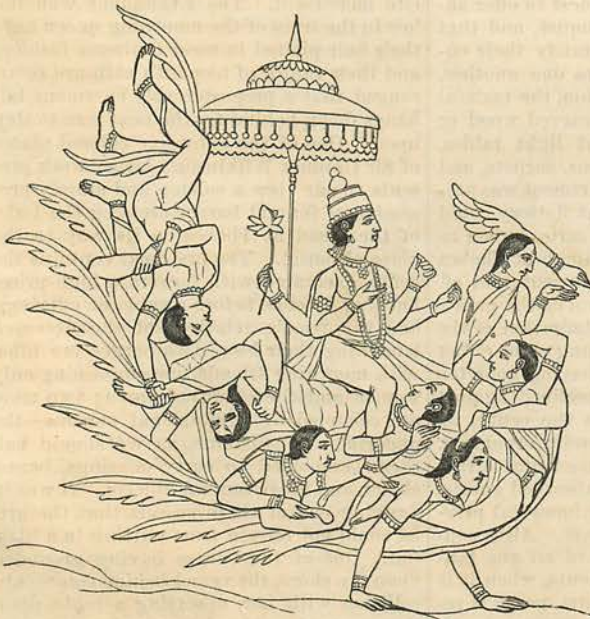
If we go farther back into antiquity, it is India which first arrests and longest absorbs our attention—India, fecund mother of tradition, the source of almost all the rites, beliefs, and observances of the ancient nations. When we visit the collections of the India House, the British Museum, the Mission Rooms, or turn over the startling pages of the *Hindu Pantheon* of Major Edward Moor, we are ready to exclaim, Here *all* is caricature! This brazen image, for example, of a partly naked man with an elephant's head and trunk, seated upon a huge rat, and feeding himself with his trunk from a bowl held in his hand—surely this is caricature. By no means. It is an image of the most popular of the Hindu deities—Ganesa, god of prudence and policy, invoked at the beginning of all enterprises, and over whose head is written the sacred word *Aum*, never uttered by a Hindu except with awe and veneration. If a man begins to build a house, he calls on Ganesa, and sets up an image of him near the spot. Mile-stones are fashioned in his likeness, and he serves as the roadside god, even if the pious peasants who place him where two roads cross can only afford the rudest resemblance to an ele-

phant's head daubed with oil and red ochre. Rude as it may be, a passing traveler will occasionally hang upon it a wreath of flowers. Major Moor gives us a hideous picture of Maha-Kala, with huge mouth and enormous protruding tongue, squat, naked, upon the ground, and holding up a large sword. This preposterous figure is still farther removed from the burlesque. It is the Hindu mode of representing *Eternity*, whose vast insatiate maw devours men, cities, kingdoms, and will at length swallow the universe; then all the crowd of inferior deities, and finally *itself*, leaving only *Brahm*, the One Eternal, to inhabit the infinite void. Hundreds of such revolting crudities meet the eye in every extensive Indian collection.

But the element of fun and burlesque is not wanting in the Hindu Pantheon. Krishna is the jolly Bacchus, the Don Juan, of the Indian deities. Behold him on his travels mounted upon an elephant, which is formed of the bodies of the obliging damsels who accompany him!

There is no end to the tales related of the mischievous, jovial, irrepressible Krishna. The ladies who go with him every where, a countless multitude, are so accommodating as to wreathe and twist themselves into the form of any creature he may wish to ride; sometimes into that of a horse, sometimes into that of a bird.

In other pictures he appears riding in a palanquin, which is also composed of girls, and the bearers are girls also. In the course of one adventure, being in great danger from the wrath of his numerous enemies, he created an enormous snake, in whose vast interior his flocks, his herds, his followers, and himself found refuge. At a festival held in his honor, which was attended by a great number of damsels, he suddenly appeared in the midst of the company and proposed a dance, and that each of them might be provided with a partner, he divided himself into as many complete and captivating Krishnas as there were ladies. One summer, when he was passing the hot season on the sea-shore with his retinue of ladies, his musical comrade, Nareda, hinted to him that, since he had such a multitude of wives, it would be no great stretch of generosity to spare one



KRISHNA'S ATTENDANTS ASSUMING THE FORM OF A BIRD.





KRISHNA IN HIS PALANQUIN.

to a poor musician who had no wife at all. "Court any one you please," said the merry god. So Nareda went wooing from house to house, but in every house he found Krishna perfectly domesticated, the ever-attentive husband, and the lady quite sure that she had him all to herself. Nareda continued his quest until he had visited precisely sixteen thousand and eight houses, in each and all of which, at one and the same time, Krishna was the established lord. Then he gave it up. One of the pictures which illustrate the endless biography of this entertaining deity represents him going through the ceremony of marriage with a bear, both squatting upon a carpet in the prescribed attitude, the

bear grinning satisfaction, two bears in attendance standing on their hind-feet, and two priests blessing the union. This picture is more spirited, is more like art, than any other yet copied from Hindu originals.

To this day, as the missionaries report, the people of India are excessively addicted to every kind of jesting which is within their capacity, and delight especially in all the monstrous comicalities of their mythology. No matter how serious an impression a speaker may have made upon a village group, let him but use a word in a manner which suggests a ludicrous image or ridiculous pun, and the assembly at once breaks up in laughter, not to be gathered again.

### THE FRENCH INSTITUTE AND ACADEMIES.

HAVING occasion, not long since, to see M. Ernest Renan, the author of the famous *Life of Jesus*, the writer of this article repaired to the Palace of the Institute, of which learned body M. Renan is, perhaps, the chief living ornament. The building has a tranquil and reposeful look, quite in keeping with its present use. Its long and singular dome, resting upon Corinthian pillars, and its concave semicircular form, with projecting pavilions at either end, fronting directly on the sidewalk, give it an architectural aspect in striking contrast with those monuments of Paris which stand in its neighborhood—the Louvre, Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, the Palais Bourbon, and the great hôtels, or rather palaces, which here line the lower bank of the Seine. Passing beneath the arch which conducts, just under the dome, to the quadrangles, you find the first of these to be octagonal, and to contain two

Corinthian pavilions. The pavilion on the right is devoted to the Mazarin Library, with its 40,000 volumes, and its busts of Mazarin and Racine. This library pavilion stands, it is said, on the very site of that "Tour de Nesle" which formed the scene of Dumas's tragedy. The other, western, pavilion is occupied by the Institute. Entering the door, you reach a broad winding staircase, at the top of which a broad corridor, or antechamber, with pillars and seats at intervals between them, conducts to the grand hall of the Institute, where its public sessions are held, and which is used by the members for writing, reading, conferring with each other, and receiving their visitors. This hall is provided with a single semicircle of benches and desks, much like the Senate-chambers of some of our State capitols, the desks of the president and secretaries being at the upper end, and seats for spectators being



cat, and the splutter of the fire as the bellows sighed upon it, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

The food consisted of bread without leaven, salt fish, and tea. While I was eating, the woman brought out her spinning-wheel and showed me a pair of trowsers of her own weaving. They could afford to buy few new clothes, she told me, and all the things her husband wore, cloth included, were of her own making.

Near Creg-y-neesh the grandeur of the coast culminates. The cliffs are torn into chaotic forms, and the sea breaks upon them in a white fury. At the "Chasms" they are separated by six wide vertical fissures, nearly three hundred feet deep, extending about one hundred feet inland. If you have a good head, you may clamber down to one of the ledges, and listen to the sea and the wind booming in the rock-groined caverns below you. Some of the smaller masses of rock appear suspended in the very act of falling, and even the larger ones are so nicely poised that a touch of the hand might be expected to upset them. Under the lee of the "Chasms" there is a pinnacle rising

from the water, called the "Sugar-loaf," on which countless marine birds rest, and add their shrill cries to the general clamor, and beyond this there is a world of sea and sky without a boundary.

I must leave the reader here. My space will not allow me to ask him to follow me farther; but if what I have written induces him to spend a few days in the Isle of Man during his next vacation abroad, I can promise him that he will find more of the picturesque element than I have had the power to embody in this article. He will find in Castletown and Castle Rushen one of the quaintest towns and one of the noblest fortresses that have survived modern improvements. A drive through Sulley Glen and over Snaefell Mountain will lead him to Ramsey, a pleasant little watering-place; and a few miles from Ramsey he will pass over the Ballure Bridge to the Ballaglass Falls. The scenery, as I have said, is of the most varied kind. The rivers offer abundant sport, and from an antiquarian point of view there is not a richer spot in the United Kingdom than this fair little island in the Irish Sea.

### CARICATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. ROBERT TOMES, American consul, a few years ago, at the French city of Rheims, describes very agreeably the impression made upon his mind by the grand historic cathedral of that ancient place.\* Filled with a sense of the majestic presence of the edifice, he approached one of the chief portals, to find it crusted with a most uncouth semi-burlesque representation, cut in stone, of the Last Judgment. The trump has sounded, and the Lord from a lofty throne is pronouncing doom upon the risen as they are brought up to the judgment-seat by the angels. Below him are two rows of the dead just rising from their graves, extending to the full width of the great door. Upon many of the faces there is an expression of amazement, which the artist apparently designed to be comic, and several of the attitudes are extremely absurd and ludicrous. Some have managed to push off the lid of their tombs a little way, and are peeping out through the narrow aperture, others have just got their heads above the surface of the ground, and others are sitting up in their graves; some have one leg out, some are springing into the air, and some are running, as if in wild fright, for their lives. Though the usual expression upon the faces is one of astonishment, yet this is varied. Some are rubbing their eyes as if

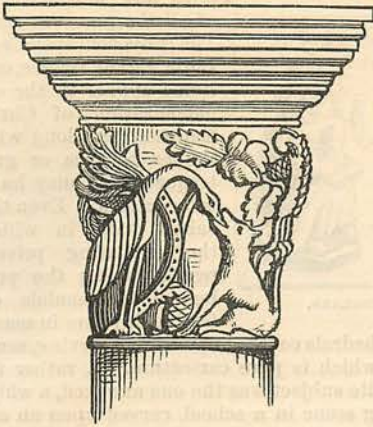
startled from a deep sleep, but not yet aware of the cause of alarm, others are utterly bewildered, and hesitate to leave their resting-place; some leap out in mad excitement, and others hurry off as if fearing to be again consigned to the tomb. An angel is leading a cheerful company of popes, bishops, and kings toward the Saviour, while a hideous demon with a mouth stretching from ear to ear is dragging off a number of the condemned toward the devil, who is seen stirring up a huge caldron boiling and bubbling with naked babies, dead before baptism. On another part of the wall is a carved representation of the vices which led to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. These were so monstrously obscene that the authorities of the cathedral, in deference to the modern sense of decency, have caused them to be partly cut away by the chisel.

The first cut on the next page is an example of burlesque ornament. The artist apparently intended to indicate another termination of the interview than the one recorded by Æsop between the wolf and the stork. The old cathedral at Strasburg, destroyed a hundred years ago, was long renowned for its sculptured burlesques. On the next page we give two of several capitals exhibiting the sacred rites of the church travestied by animals.

It marks the change in the feelings and manners of men that, three hundred years

\* *The Champagne Country.* By ROBERT TOMES. London: 1867. Page 54.





CAPITAL IN THE AUTUN CATHEDRAL.

after those Strasburg capitals were carved, with the sanction of the chapter, a bookseller for only exhibiting an engraving of some of them in his shop window was convicted of having committed a crime "most scandalous and injurious to religion." His sentence was "to make the *amende honorable*, naked to his shirt, a rope round his neck, holding in his hand a lighted wax-candle weighing two pounds, before the principal door of the cathedral, whither he will be conducted by the executioner, and there, on his knees, with uncovered head," confess his fault and ask pardon of God and the king. The pictures were to be burned before his eyes, and then, after paying all the costs of the prosecution, he was to go into eternal banishment.

Other American consuls besides Mr. Tomes, and multitudes of American citizens not so fortunate as to study mediæval art at their country's expense, have been profoundly puzzled by this crust of crude burlesque on ecclesiastical architecture. The objects in Europe which usually give to a susceptible American his first and his last rapture are the cathedrals, those venerable enigmas, the glory and shame of the Middle Ages, which present so complete a contrast to the toy temples, new, cabinet-finished, upholstered, sofa-seated, of American cities, not to mention the consecrated barns, white-painted and treeless, of the rural districts. And the cathedrals are a contrast to every thing in Europe also, if only from their prodigious magnitude. A cathedral town generally stands in a valley, through which a small river winds. When the visitor from any of the encompassing hills gets his first view of the compact little city, the cathedral looms up in the midst thereof so vast, so tall, that the disproportion to the surrounding structures is sometimes even ludicrous, like a huge black elephant with a flock of small brown sheep huddling about

its feet. But when at last the stranger stands in its shadow, he finds the spell of its presence irresistible; and it is a spell which the lapse of time not unfrequently strengthens, till he is conscious of a tender, strong attachment to the edifice, which leads him to visit it at unusual times, to try the effect upon it of moonlight, of storm, of dawn and twilight, of mist, rain, and snow. He finds himself going to it for solace and rest. On setting out upon a journey he makes a detour to get another last look, and, returning, goes valise in hand to see his cathedral before he sees his family. Many American consuls have had this experience, have truly fallen in love with the cathedral of their station, and remained faithful to it for years after their return, like Mr. Howells, whose heart and pen still return to Venice and San Carlo, so much to the delight of his readers.

This charm appears to lie in the mere grandeur of the edifice as a work of art, for



CAPITAL IN THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, A.D. 1300.

we observe it to be most potent over persons who are least in sympathy with the feeling which cathedrals embody. Very religious people are as likely to be repelled as at-



CAPITAL IN THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, A.D. 1300.





ENGRAVED UPON A STALL IN SHERBORNE MINSTER, ENGLAND.

tracted by them; and indeed in England and Scotland there are large numbers of Dissenters who have avoided entering them all their lives on principle. It is Americans who enjoy them most; for they see in them a most captivating assemblage of novelties—vast magnitude, solidity of structure only inferior to nature's own work, venerable age, harmonious and solemn magnificence—all combined in an edifice which can not on any principle of utility justify its existence, and does not pay the least fraction of its expenses. Little do they know personally of the state of feeling which made successive generations of human beings willing to live in hovels and inhale pollution in order that they might erect these wondrous piles. The cost of maintaining them—of which cost the annual expenditure in money is the least important part—does not come home to us. We abandon ourselves without reserve to the enjoyment of stupendous works wholly new to our experience.

It is Americans also who are most baffled with the attempt to explain the contradiction between the noble proportions of these edifices and the decorations upon some of their walls. How could it have been, we ask in amazement, that minds capable of conceiving the harmonies of these fretted roofs, these majestic colonnades, these symmetrical towers, could also have permitted their surfaces to be profaned by sculptures so absurd and so abominable that by no artifice of circumlocution can an idea of some of them be conveyed in printable words? In close proximity to statues of the Virgin, and in chapels whose every line is a line of beauty, we know not how to interpret what M. Champfleury truly styles "deviltries and obscenities unnamable, vice and passion depicted with gross brutality, luxury which has thrown off every disguise, and shows itself naked, bestial, and shameless." And these mediæval artists availed themselves of the accumulated buffoon-

eries and monstrosities of all the previous ages. The gross conceptions of India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome appear in the ornamentation of Christian temples along with shapes hideous or grotesque which may have been original. Even the oaken stalls in which the officiating priests rested during the prolonged ceremonials of festive days are in many

cathedrals covered with comic carving, some of which is pure caricature. A rather favorite subject was the one annexed, a whipping scene in a school, carved upon an ancient stall in an English cathedral.

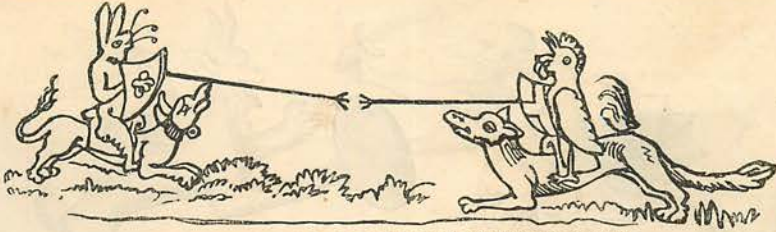
It is not certain, however, that the artist had any comic intention in engraving this picture of retributive justice, with which the children of former ages were so familiar. It was a standard subject. The troops of Flemish carvers who roamed over Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, offering their services wherever a church was to be decorated, carried with them portfolios of stock subjects, of which this was one. Other carvings are unmistakable caricatures: a monk caught making love to a nun, a wife beating her husband, an aged philosopher ridden by a woman, monkeys wearing bishops' mitres, barbers drawing teeth in ludicrous attitudes, and others less describable. In the huge cathedral of English Winchester, which abounds in curious relics of the Middle Ages, there is a series of painted panels in the chapel of Our Lady, one of which is an evident caricature of the devil. He is having his portrait painted, and the Virgin Mary is near the artist, urging him to paint him blacker and uglier than usual. The devil does not like this, and wears an expression similar to that of a rogue in a modern police station who objects to being photographed. Often, however, in these old pictures the devil is master of the situation, and exhibits contempt for his adversaries in indecorous ways.

If we turn from the sacred edifices to the sacred books used in them—those richly il-



FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.





FROM A MANUSCRIPT MASS-BOOK OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

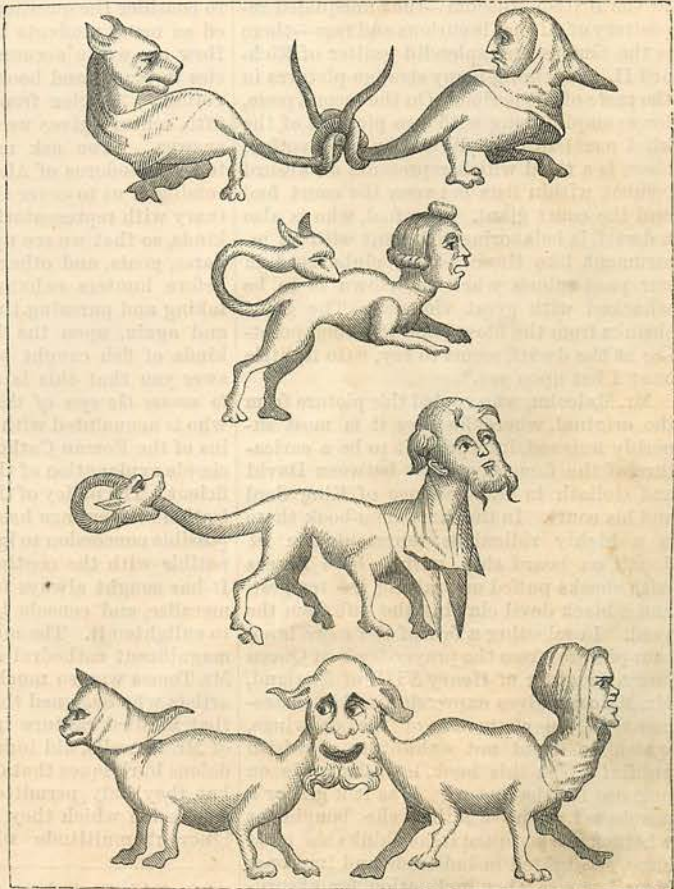
luminated missals, the books of "Hours," the psalters, and other works of devotion—we are amazed beyond expression to discover upon their brilliant pages a similar taste in ornamentation. The school scene on the previous page, in which monkey-headed children are playing school, dates back to the thirteenth century.

Burlesque tournaments, in the same taste, often figure in the prayer-books among representations of the Madonna, the crucifixion, and scenes in the lives of the patriarchs. The gallant hare tilts at the fierce cock of the barn-yard, or sly Reynard parries the thrust of the clumsy bear.

One of the most curious relics of those religious centuries is a French prayer-book preserved in the British Museum, where it was discovered and described by Mr. Malcolm, one of the first persons who ever attempted to elucidate the subject of caricature. Besides the "Hours of the Blessed Virgin," it contains various prayers and collects, the office for the dead, and some psalms, all in Latin. It is illustrated by several brilliantly colored, well-drawn, but most grotesque and incomprehensible figures, designed, as has been conjectured, to "expose the wicked and inordinate lives of the clergy, who were hated by the manuscript writers as taking away

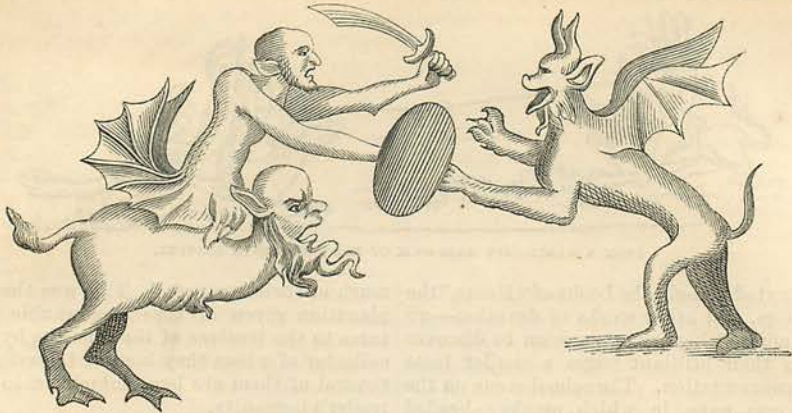
much of their business." This was the explanation given of these remarkable pictures to the trustees of the Museum by the collector of whom they bought the volume. Several of them are here submitted to the reader's ingenuity.

Besides the specimens given there is a wolf growling at a snake twisting itself round its hind-leg; there is "a grinning match" between a human head on an animal's body and a boar's head on a monkey's body; there is a creature like a pea-hen, with two bodies, one neck, and two dogs' heads;



FROM A FRENCH PRAYER-BOOK OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.





FROM QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER-BOOK, A.D. 1553.

there is an animal with four bodies and one head; there is a bearded man's face and a woman's on one neck, and the body has no limbs, but an enormous tail; there is a turret, on the top of which a monkey sits, and a savage below is aiming an arrow at him. In the British Museum—that unequaled repository of all that is curious and rare—there is the famous and splendid psalter of Richard II., containing many strange pictures in the taste of the period. On the second page, for example, along with two pictures of the kind usual in Catholic works of devotion, there is a third which represents an absurd combat within lists between the court fool and the court giant. The fool, who is also a dwarf, is belaboring the giant with an instrument like those hollow clubs used in our pantomimes when the clown is to be whacked with great violence. The giant shrinks from the blows, and the king, pointing at the dwarf, seems to say, “Go it, little one; I bet upon you.”

Mr. Malcolm, who copied this picture from the original, where, he says, it is most superbly finished, interprets it to be a caricature of the famous combat between David and Goliath in the presence of King Saul and his court. In the same mass-book there is a highly ridiculous representation of Jonah on board ship, with a blue Boreas with cheeks puffed out raising the tempest, and a black devil clawing the sail from the yard. In selecting a few of the more innocent pictures from the prayer-book of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, Mr. Malcolm gives expression to his amazement at the character of the drawings, which he dared not exhibit to a British public! Was this book, he asks, made on purpose for the queen? Was it a gift or a purchase? But whether she bought or whether she accepted it, he thinks she must have “delighted in ludicrous and improper ideas,” or else “her inclination for absurdity and caricature conquered even her relig-

ion, in defense of which she spread ruin and desolation through her kingdom.”

As the reader has now before his eyes a sufficient number of specimens of the grotesque ecclesiastical ornamentation of the period under consideration, he is prepared to consider the question which has perplexed so many students besides Mr. Malcolm: How are we to account for these indecencies in places and books consecrated to devotion? A voice from the church of the fifth century gives us the hint of the true answer. “You ask me,” writes St. Nilus to Olympiodorus of Alexandria, “if it is becoming in us to cover the walls of the sanctuary with representations of animals of all kinds, so that we see upon them snares set, hares, goats, and other beasts in full flight before hunters exhausting themselves in taking and pursuing them with their dogs; and again, upon the bank of a river, all kinds of fish caught by fishermen. I answer you that this is a *puerility with which to amuse the eyes of the faithful.*”<sup>\*</sup> To one who is acquainted with the history and genius of the Roman Catholic Church this very simple explanation of the incongruity is sufficient. The policy of that wonderful organization in every age has been to make every possible concession to ignorance that is compatible with the continuance of ignorance. It has sought always to amuse, to edify, to moralize, and console ignorance, but never to enlighten it. The mind that planned the magnificent cathedral at Rheims, of which Mr. Tomes was so much enamored, and the artists who designed the glorious San Carlo that kindled rapture in the poetical mind of Mr. Howells, did indeed permit the scandalous burlesques that disfigure their walls; but they only permitted them. It was a concession which they had to grant to the ignorant multitude whose unquestioning

<sup>\*</sup> Quoted in Champfleury, p. 7, from *Maxima Bibliotheca Patrum*, vol. xxvii, p. 523.



faith alone made these enormous structures possible.

We touch here the question insinuated by Gibbon in his first volume, where he plainly enough intimates his belief that Christianity was a lapse into barbarism rather than a deliverance from it. Plausible arguments in the same direction have been frequently made since Gibbon's time by comparing the best of Roman civilization with the worst of the self-torturing monkery of the early Christian centuries. In a debate on this subject in New York a few months since between a member of the bar and a doctor of divinity, both of them gentlemen of learning, ability, and candor, the lawyer pointed to the famous picture of St. Jerome (A.D. 375), naked, grasping a human skull, his magnificent head showing vast capacity paralyzed by an absorbing terror, and exclaimed, "Behold the lapse from Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Seneca, the Plinys, and the Antonines!" The answer made by the clergyman was, "That is *not* Christianity! In the Christian books no hint of that, no utterance justifying that, can be found." Perhaps neither of the disputants succeeded in expressing the whole truth on this point. The vaunted Roman civilization was, in truth, only a thin crust upon the surface of the empire, embracing but one small class in each province, the people every where being ignorant slaves. Into that inert mass of servile ignorance Christianity enters, and receives from it the interpretation which ignorance always puts upon ideas advanced or new, interpreting it as hungry French peasants in 1792 and South Carolina negroes in 1870 interpreted modern ideas of human rights. The new heaven set the mass heaving and swelling until the crust was broken to pieces. The civilization of Marcus Aurelius was lost. From parchment scrolls poetry and philosophy were obliterated that the sheets might be used for prayers and meditations. The system of which St. Jerome was the product and representative was a baleful mixture, of which nine-tenths were Hindoo and the remaining tenth was half Christian and half Plato.

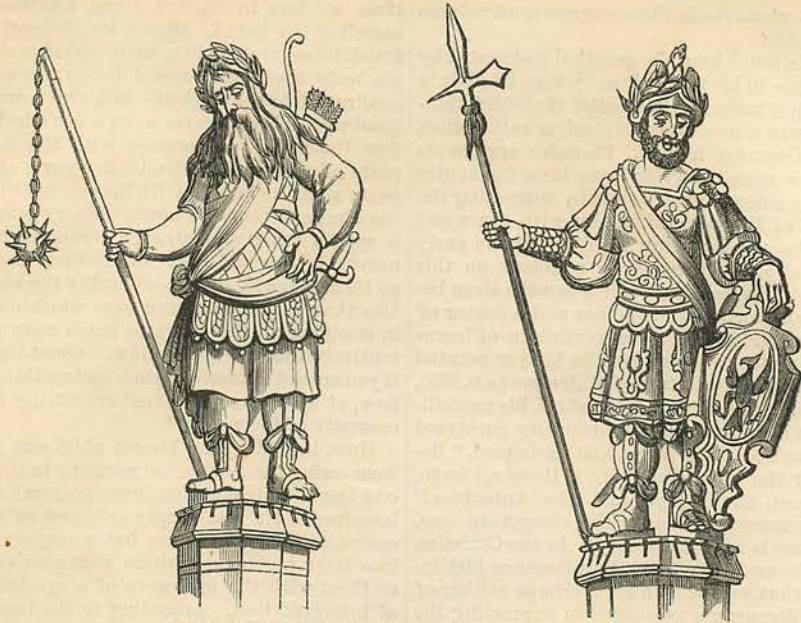
The true inference to be drawn is that no civilization is safe nor even genuine until it embraces all classes of the community, and the promulgation of Christianity was the first step toward that.

As the centuries wore on the best of the clergy grew restive under this monstrous style of ornamentation. "What purpose," wrote St. Bernard, about A.D. 1140, "serve in our cloisters, under the eyes of the brothers and during their pious readings, those ridiculous monstrosities, those prodigies of beauties deformed or deformities made beautiful? Why those nasty monkeys, those furious lions, those monstrous centaurs, those animals half human, those spotted tigers,

those soldiers in combat, those huntsmen sounding the horn? Here a single head is fitted to several bodies, there upon a single body there are several heads; now a quadruped has a serpent's tail, and now a quadruped's head figures upon a fish's body. Sometimes it is a monster with the fore parts of a horse and the hinder parts of a goat; again an animal with horns ends with the hind quarters of a horse. Every where is seen a variety of strange forms, so numerous and so odd that the brothers occupy themselves more in deciphering the marbles than their books, and pass whole days in studying all those figures much more attentively than the divine law. Great God! if you are not ashamed of such useless things, how, at least, can you avoid regretting the enormity of their cost?"

How, indeed! The honest abbé was far from seeing the symbolical meaning in those odd figures which modern investigators have imagined. He was simply ashamed of the ecclesiastical caricatures; but a century or two later ingenious writers began to cover them with the fig-leaves of a symbolical interpretation. According to the ingenious M. Durand, who wrote (A.D. 1459) thirty years before Luther was born, every part of a cathedral has its spiritual meaning. The stones of which it is built represent the faithful, the lime that forms part of the cement is an emblem of fervent charity, the sand mingled with it signifies the actions undertaken by us for the good of our brethren, and the water in which these ingredients blend is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. The hideous shapes sculptured upon the portals are, of course, *malign spirits flying from the temple of the Lord, and seeking refuge in the very substance of the walls!* The great length of the temple signifies the tireless patience with which the faithful support the ills of this life in expectation of their celestial home; its breadth symbolizes that large and noble love which embraces both the friends and the enemies of God; its height typifies the hope of final pardon; the roof beams are the prelates, who by the labor of preaching exhibit the truth in all its clearness; the windows are the Scriptures, which receive the light from the sun of truth, and keep out the winds, snows, and hail of heresy and false doctrine devised by the father of schism and falsehood; the iron bars and pins that sustain the windows are the general councils, œcumenical and orthodox, which have sustained the holy and canonical Scriptures; the two perpendicular stone columns which support the windows are the two precepts of Christian charity, to love God and our neighbor; the length of the windows shows the profundity and obscurity of Scripture, and their roundness indicates that the church is always in harmony with itself.





GOG AND MAGOG, THE GIANTS IN THE GUILDHALL OF LONDON.

This is simple enough. But M. Jérôme Bugeaud, in his collection of *Chansons Populaires* of the western provinces of France, gives part of a catechism still taught to children, though coming down from the Middle Ages, which carries this quaint symbolizing to a point of the highest absurdity. The catechism turns upon the sacred character of the lowly animal that most needed any protection which priestly ingenuity could afford. Here are a few of the questions and answers:

PRIEST. "What signify the two ears of the ass?"

CHILD. "The two ears of the ass signify the two great patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the head of the ass?"

CHILD. "The head of the ass signifies the great bell, and the halter the clapper of the great bell, which is in the tower of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the ass's mouth?"

CHILD. "The ass's mouth signifies the great door of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signify the four feet of the ass?"

CHILD. "The four feet of the ass signify the four great pillars of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the paunch of the ass?"

CHILD. "The paunch of the ass signifies the great chest wherein Christians put their offerings to the patron saints of our cathedral."

PRIEST. "What signifies the tail of the ass?"

CHILD. "The tail of the ass signifies the holy-water brush of the good dean of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

The priest does not stop at the tail, but pursues the symbolism with a simplicity and innocence which do not bear translating into our blunt English words. As late as 1750 Bishop Burnet saw in a church at Worms an altarpiece of a crudity almost incredible. It represented the Virgin Mary throwing Christ into the hopper of a windmill, from the spout of which he was issuing in the form of sacramental wafers, and priests were about to distribute them among the people. The unquestionable purpose of this picture was to assist the faith and animate the piety of the people of Worms.

If we turn from the sacred to the secular, we find the ornamentation not less barbarous. Many readers have seen the two giants that stand in the Guildhall of London, where they, or ugly images like them, have stood from time immemorial. A little book sold near by used to inform a credulous public that Gog and Magog were two gigantic brothers taken prisoners in Cornwall fighting against the Trojan invaders, who brought them in triumph to the site of London, where their chief chained them to the gate of his palace as porters. But, unfortunately for this romantic tale, Mr. Fairholt, in his work upon the giants,\* makes it

\* *Gog and Magog: the Giants in Guildhall.* By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London: 1859.





HEAD OF THE GREAT DRAGON OF NORWICH.

known that many other towns and cities of Europe cherish from a remote antiquity similar images. He gives pictures of the Salisbury giant, the huge helmeted giant in Antwerp, the family of giants at Douai, the giant and giantess of Ath, the giants of Brussels, as well as of the mighty dragon of Norwich, with practicable iron jaw.

We may therefore discard learned theories and sage conjectures concerning Gog and Magog, and attribute them to the poverty of invention and the barbarity of taste which prevailed in the ages of faith.

One of the subjects most frequently chosen for caricature during this period was that cunning and audacious enemy of God and man, the devil—a composite being, made up of the Satan who tempted Job, the devil who tempted Jesus, and the Egyptian Osiris who weighed souls in the balance, and claimed as his own those found wanting. The theory of the universe then generally accepted was that the world was merely a field of strife between God and this malignant spirit; on the side of God were ranged archangels, angels, the countless host of celestial beings, and all the saints on earth and in heaven, while on the devil's side were a vast army of fallen spirits and all the depraved portion of the human race. The simple souls of that period did not accept this explanation in an allegorical sense, but as the most literal statement of facts familiarly known, concerning which no one in Christendom had any doubt whatever. The devil was as composite in his external form as he was in his traditional character. All the mythologies appear to have contributed something to his make-up, until he had acquired many of the most repulsive features and members of which animated nature gives the suggestion. He was hairy, hooped, and horned; he had a forked tail; he had a countenance which expressed the fox's cunning, the serpent's malice, the pig's appetite, the monkey's grin. As to his body, it varied according to the design of the artist, but it usually resembled creatures base or loathsome.

In one picture there is a very rude but

curious representation of the weighing of souls, superintended by the devil and an archangel. The devil, in the form of a hog, has won a prize in the soul of a wicked woman, which he is carrying off in a highly disrespectful manner, while casting a backward glance to see that he has fair play in the next weighing. This was an exceedingly favorite subject with the artists of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They delighted to picture the devil in their crude uncompromising way as an insatiate miser of human souls, eager to seize them, demanding a thousand, a million, a billion, *all*; and when one appeared in the scales so void of guilt that the good angel must needs possess it, he may be seen slyly putting a finger upon the opposite scale to weigh it down, and this sometimes in spite of the angel's remonstrance. In one picture, described by M. Mérimée in his *Voyage en Auvergne*, the devil plays this trick at a moment when the archangel Michael has turned to look another way.

It is a strange circumstance that in a large number of these representations the devil is exhibited triumphant, and in others the victory is at least doubtful. In a splendid psalter preserved in the British Museum there is a large picture of a Soul climbing an extremely steep and high mountain, on the summit of which a winged archangel stands with outstretched arms to receive him. The Soul has nearly reached the top; another step will bring him within the arch-



SOULS WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.—BASS-RELIEF OF THE AUTUN CATHEDRAL.





LOST SOULS CAST INTO HELL—FROM QUEEN MARY'S PSALTER.

angel's reach; but behind him is the devil with a long three-pronged clawing instrument, which he is about to thrust into the hair of the ascending saint; and no man can tell which is to finally have that Soul, the angel or the devil. M. Champfleury describes a capital in a French church which represents one of the minions of the devil carrying a lizard, symbol of evil, which he is about to add to the scale containing the sins; and the spectator is left to infer that fraud of this kind is likely to be successful, for underneath is written, "*Ecce Diabolus!*" It is as if the artist had said, "Such is the devil, and this is one of his modes of entrapping his natural prey of human souls!" From a large number of similar pictures the inference is fair that, let a man lead a spotless life from the cradle to the grave, the devil by a mere trick may get his soul at last. Some of the artists might be suspected of sympathizing with the devil in his triumphs over the weakness of man. Observe, for example, the comic exuberance of the above picture, in which devils are seen tumbling their immortal booty into the jaws of perdition.

It is difficult to look at this picture without feeling that the artist must have been alive to the humors of the situation. It is, however, the opinion of students of these quaint relics that the authors of such designs honestly intended to excite horror, not hilarity, in the minds of those who might look upon them. Queen Mary probably saw in this picture, as she turned the page of her sumptuous psalter, an argument to inflame her bloody zeal for the

ancient faith. In the writings of some of the early fathers we observe the same appearance of joyous exultation at the sufferings of the lost, if not a sense of the comic absurdity of their doom. Readers may remember the passage from Tertullian (A.D. 200) quoted so effectively by Gibbon:

"You are fond of all spectacles," exclaims this truly ferocious Christian; "expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall

I rejoice, how laugh, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs and fancied gods groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates who persecuted the name of the Lord liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot flames with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal; so many tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers—"

This is assuredly not the utterance of compassion, but rather of the fierce and contemptuous delight of an unregenerate Roman, when at the amphitheatre he doomed a rival's defeated gladiator to death by pointing downward with his thumb. In a similar spirit such pictures were conceived as the one given below.

The sculptor, it is apparent, is "with" the adversary of mankind in the present case. Kings and bishops carried things with a high hand during their mortal career, but the devils have them at last with a rope



DEVILS SEIZING THEIR PREY—BASS-RELIEF ON THE PORTAL OF A CHURCH AT TROYES.



round their necks, crown and mitre notwithstanding!

The devil was not always victor. There was One whom neither his low cunning nor his bland address nor his blunt audacity could beguile—the Son of God, his predestined conqueror. The passages in the gospels which relate the attempts made by Satan to tempt the Lord furnished congenial subjects to the illuminators of the Middle Ages, and they treated those subjects with their usual enormous crudity. In one very ancient Saxon psalter, in manuscript, preserved at the British Museum, there is a colossal Christ, with one foot upon a devil, the other foot about to fall upon a second devil, and with his hands delivering from the open mouth of a third devil human souls, who hold up to him their hands clasped as in prayer. In this picture the sympathies of the artist are evidently not on the side of the evil spirits. Their malevolence is apparent, and their attitude is ignominious. The rescued souls are, indeed, a pigmy crew, of woe-begone aspect; but their resistless Deliverer towers aloft in such imposing altitude that the tallest of the saints hardly reaches above his knees. In another picture of very early date the Lord upon a high place is rescuing a soul from three scoffing devils, who are endeavoring to pull him down to perdition by cords twisted round his legs. *This* soul we are permitted to consider safe, but below, in a corner of the spacious drawing, a winged archangel is spearing a lost soul into the flames of hell, using the spear in the manner of a farmer handling a pitchfork.

These ancient attempts to exhibit the endless conflict between good and evil are too rude even to be interesting. The specimen annexed, of later date, about 1475, occurs in a Poor People's Bible (*Biblia Pauperum*), block-printed, in which it forms part of an extensive frontispiece. The book was once the property of George III., at the sale of whose personal effects it was bought for the British Museum, where it now is. It has the additional interest of being one of the oldest specimens of wood-engraving yet discovered.

The mountain in the background adorned by a single tree is the height to which the Lord was taken by the tempter, and from which the devil urged him to cast himself down.

A very frequent object of caricature during the ages when terror ruled the minds of men, was human life itself—its brevity, its uncertainty, and the absurd, ill-timed suddenness with which inexorable death sometimes cuts it short. Herodotus records that at the banquets of the Egyptians it was customary for a person to carry about the table the figure of a corpse lying upon a coffin, and to cry out, "Behold this image of



THE TEMPTATION.

what yourselves shall be; therefore eat, drink, and be merry." There are traces of a similar custom in the records of other ancient nations, among whom it was regarded as a self-evident truth that the shortness of life was a reason for making the most of it while it lasted. And their notion of making the most of it was to get from it the greatest amount of pleasure. This vulgar scheme of existence vanished at the promulgation of the doctrine that the condition of every soul was fixed unalterably at the moment of its severance from the body, or, at best, after a short period of purgation, and that the only way to avoid unending anguish was to do what the church commanded and to avoid what the church forbade. Terror from that time ruled Christendom. Terror covered the earth with ecclesiastical structures, gave the church a tenth of all revenues, and two-fifths of all property. By every possible device death was clothed with new and vivid terrors, and in every possible way the truth was brought home to the mind that the coming of death could be as unexpected as it was inevitable and unwelcome. The tolling of the church-bell spread the gloom of the death-chamber over the whole town; and the death-crier, with bell and lantern, wearing a garment made terrible by a skull and cross-bones, went his rounds, by day or night, crying to all good people to pray for the soul just departed.\*

\* *Essai sur les Danses des Morts.* Par E. H. LANGLOIS. Paris: 1852. Vol. I., p. 151.





FRENCH DEATH-CRIER—"PRAY FOR THE SOUL JUST DEPARTED."

These criers did not cease to perambulate the streets of Paris until about the year 1690, and M. Langlois informs us that in remote provinces of France their doleful cry was heard as recently as 1850.

Blessed gift of humor! Against the most complicated and effective apparatus of terror ever contrived, worked by the most powerful organization that ever existed, the sense of the ludicrous asserted itself, and saved the human mind from being crushed down into abject and hopeless idiocy. The readers of *Don Quixote* can not have forgotten the colloquy in the highway between the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance and the head of the company of strollers.

"'Sir,' replied the Devil, politely, stopping his cart, 'we are the actors of the company of the Evil Spirit. This morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have represented the play of the Empire of Death. This young man played Death, and this one an Angel. This woman, who is the wife of the author of the comedy, is the Queen. Over there is one who played the part of an Emperor, and the other man that of a Soldier. As to myself, I am the Devil, at your service, and one of the principal actors.'"

For centuries the comedy of Death was a standard play at high festivals, the main interest being the rude sudden interruption of human lives and joys and schemes by the grim messenger. Art adopted the theme, and the Dance of Death began to figure among the decorations of ecclesiastical structures and on the vellum of illumi-

nated prayer-books. No sculptor but executed his Dance of Death; no painter but tried his skill upon it; and by whomsoever the subject was treated, the element of humor was seldom wanting.

So numerous are the pictures and series of pictures usually styled Dances of Death that a descriptive catalogue of them would fill the space assigned to this article, and the literature to which they have given rise forms an important class of the works relating to the Middle Ages. Two phases of the subject were especially attractive to artists. One was the impartiality of Death, noted by Horace in the familiar passage; and the other the incongruity between the summons to depart and the condition of the person summoned. When these two aspects of the subject had become hackneyed, artists pleased themselves sometimes with a treatment precisely the opposite, and represented Death dancing gayly away with the most battered, ancient, and forlorn of human kind, who had least reason to love life, but did not the less shrink from the skeleton's icy touch. Every one feels the comic absurdity of gay and sprightly Death hurrying off to the tomb a cripple as dilapidated as the one in the picture below. In another engraving we see Death with exaggerated courtesy handing to an open tomb an extremely old man just able to totter.

Another subject in the same series is Death dragging at the garment of a peddler, who is so heavily laden as he trudges along the highway that one would imagine even the rest of the grave welcome. But



DEATH AND THE CRIPPLE.





DEATH AND THE OLD MAN.

the peddler too makes a very wry face when he recognizes who it is that has interrupted his weary tramp. The triumphant gayety of Death in this picture is in humorous contrast with the lugubrious expression on the countenance of his victim.

In other series we have Death dressed as a beau seizing a young maiden, Death taking from a house-maid her broom, Death laying hold of a washer-woman, Death taking apples from an apple stand, Death beckoning away a bar-maid, Death summoning a female mourner at a funeral, and Death plundering a tinker's basket. Death, standing in a grave, pulls the grave-digger in by the leg; seated on a plow, he seizes the farmer; with an ale-pot at his back, he throttles an innkeeper who is adulterating his liquors; he strikes with a bone the irksome chain of matrimony, and thus sets free a couple bound by it; he mows down a philosopher holding a clock; upon a miser who has thrust his body deep down into a massive chest he shuts the heavy lid; he shows himself in the mirror in which a young beauty



DEATH AND THE PEDDLER.

is looking; to a philosopher seated in his study he enters and presents an hour-glass. A pope on his throne is crowning an emperor kneeling at his feet, with princes, cardinals, and bishops in attendance, when a Death appears at his side, and another in his retinue dressed as a cardinal. Death lays his hand upon an emperor's crown at the moment when he is doing justice to a poor man against a rich; but in another picture of the same series Death seizes a duke while he is disdainfully turning from a poor woman with her child who has asked alms of him. The dignitaries of the church were not spared. Fat abbots, gorgeous cardinals, and vehement preachers all figure in these series in circumstances of honor and of dishonor. In most of them the person summoned yields to King Death without a struggle; but in one a knight makes a furious resistance, laying about him with a broadsword most energetically. It is of no avail.



DEATH AND THE KNIGHT.

Death runs him through the body with his own lance, though in the other picture the weapon in Death's hand was only a long thigh-bone.

Mr. Longfellow, in his *Golden Legend*, has availed himself of the Dance of Death painted on the walls of the covered bridge at Lucerne to give naturalness and charm to the conversation of Elsie and Prince Henry while they are crossing the river. The strange pictures excite the curiosity of Elsie, and the Prince explains them to her as they walk:

*Elsie.*

What is this picture?

*Prince.* It is a young man singing to a nun, Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling Turns round to look at him; and Death meanwhile Is putting out the candles on the altar!

*Elsie.* Ah, what a pity 'tis that she should listen Unto such songs, when in her orisons She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

*Prince.* Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells, And dances with the queen.

*Elsie.*

A foolish jest!



*Prince.* And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

*Elsie.* Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 'tis best  
That she should die with all the sunshine on her  
And all the benedictions of the morning,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,  
Then into darkness!

*Prince.* Under it is written,  
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

*Elsie.* And what is this that follows close upon it?

*Prince.* Death playing on a dulcimer.

And so the lovers converse on the bridge, all covered from end to end with these caricatures of human existence, until the girl hurries with afright from what she calls "this great picture-gallery of death."

Tournaments were among the usual subjects of caricature during the century or two preceding the Reformation, as they were afterward, until they became too ridiculous to be continued. Some specimens have been given above from the illuminated prayer-books. The device, however, seldom rises above the ancient one of investing animals with the gifts and qualities of men. Monkeys mounted upon the backs of dogs tilt at one another with long lances, or monsters utterly nondescript charge upon other monsters more ridiculous than themselves.

All the ordinary foibles of human nature received attention. These never change. There are always gluttons, misers, and spendthrifts. There are always weak men and vain women. There are always husbands whose wives deceive and worry them, as there are always wives whom husbands worry and deceive; and the artists of the Middle Ages, in their own direct rude fashion, turned both into caricature. The mere list of subjects treated in Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, written when Luther was a school-boy, shows us that men were men and women were women in 1490. That quaint reformer of manners dealt mild rebuke to men who gathered great store of books and put them to no good use; to women who were ever changing the fashion of their dress; to men who began to build without counting the cost; to "great borrowers and slack payers;" to fools who "will serve two lords both together;" to them who correct others while themselves are "culpable in the same fault;" to "fools who can not keep secret their own counsel;" to people who believe in "predestinacyon;" to men who attend closely to other people's business, leaving their own undone; to "old folks that give example of vice to youth;" and so on through the long catalogue of human follies. His homely and wise ditties are illustrated by pictures of curious simplicity. Observe the one subjoined, in which "a foule" is weighing the transitory things of this world against things everlasting, one being represented by a scale full of castles and towers, and the other by a scale full of stars—the earthly



HEAVEN AND EARTH WEIGHED, IN THE BALANCE—FROM  
"THE SHIP OF FOOLS."

castles outweighing the heavenly bodies in the balance of this "foule."

One of the quaint poems of the gentle priest descants upon the bad behavior of people at church. This poem has a historical interest, for it throws light upon the manners of the time. We learn from it that while the Christian people of Europe were on their knees praying in church they were liable to be disturbed by the "mad noise and shout" of a loitering crowd, by knights coming in from the field, falcon upon wrist, with their dogs yelping at their heels, by men chaffing and bargaining as they walked up and down, by the wanton laughter of girls ogled by young men, by lawyers conferring with clients, and by all the usual noises of a crowd at a fair. The author wonders

"That the false paynims within theyr Temples be  
To theyr ydols moche more devout than we."

The worthy Brandt was not the only satirist of church manners. The "Usurer's Paternoster," given by M. Champfleury, is more incisive than Brandt's amiable remonstrance. The usurer, hurrying away to church, tells his wife that if any one comes to borrow money while he is gone, some one must be sent in all haste for him. On his way he says his paternoster thus:

"Our Father. Blessed Lord God (Beau Sire Dieu), be favorable to me, and give me grace to prosper exceedingly. Let me become the richest money-lender in the world. Who art in heaven. I am sorry I wasn't at home the day that woman came to borrow.



Really I am a fool to go to church, where I can gain nothing. *Hallowed be Thy name.* It's too bad I have a servant so expert in pilfering my money. *Thy kingdom come.* I have a mind to go home to see what my wife is about. I'll bet she sells a chicken while I am away, and keeps the money. *Thy will be done.* It pops into my mind that the chevalier who owed me fifty francs paid me only half. *In heaven.* Those damned Jews do a rushing business in lending to every one. I should like very much to do as they do. *As on earth.* The king plagues me to death in raising taxes so often."

Arrived at church, the money-lender goes through part of the service as best he may, but as soon as sermon time comes, off he goes, saying to himself, "I must get away home: the priest is going to preach a sermon to draw money out of our purses." Doubtless the priest in those times of ignorance had to deal with many most profane and unspiritual people, who could only be restrained by fear, and to whose "puerility" much had to be conceded. In touching upon the church manners of the Middle Ages, M. Champfleury makes a remark that startles a Protestant mind accustomed only to the most exact decorum in churches. "Old men of *to-day*" (1850), he says, speaking of France, "will recall to mind the *gayety* of the midnight masses, when buffoons from the country waited impatiently to send down showers of small torpedoes upon the pavement of the nave, to barricade the alcoves with mountains of chairs, to fill with ink the holy-water basins, and to steal kisses in out-of-the-way corners from girls who would not give them." These proceedings, which M. Champfleury styles "the pleasantries of our fathers," were among the concessions made by a worldly-wise old church to the "puerility" of the people, or rather to the absolute necessity of occasional hilarious fun to healthy existence.



ENGLISH CARICATURE OF AN IRISHMAN, A.D. 1280.

Amusing and even valuable caricatures six and seven centuries old have been discovered upon parchment documents in the English record offices, executed apparently by idle clerks for their amusement when they had nothing else to do. One of these, copied by Mr. Wright, gives us the popular English conception of an Irish warrior of the thirteenth century.

The broad-axes of the Irish were held in great terror by the English. A historian

of Edward I.'s time, while discoursing on that supreme perplexity of British kings and ministers, how Ireland should be governed *after* being quite reduced to subjection, expresses the opinion that the Irish ought not to be allowed in time of peace to use "that detestable instrument of destruction which by an ancient but accursed custom they constantly carry in their hands instead of a staff." The modern Irish shillalah, then, is only the residuum of the ancient Irish broad-axe—the broad-axe with its head taken off. The humanized Irishman of to-day is content with the handle of "the detestable instrument." Other pen-and-ink sketches of England's dreaded foes, the Irish and the Welsh, have been found upon ancient vellum rolls, but none better than the specimen given has yet been copied.

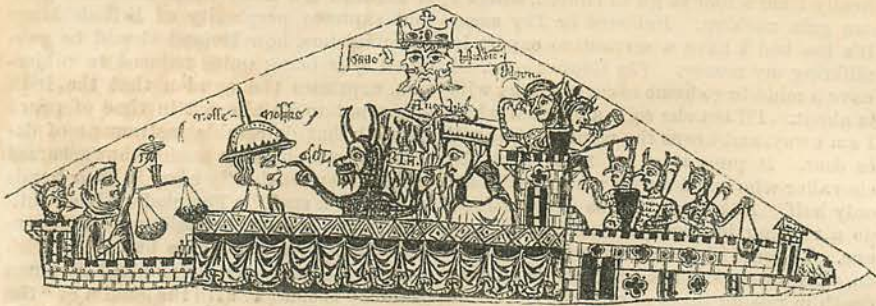
The last object of caricature which can be mentioned in the present number is the Jew—the odious Jew—accursed by the clergy as a Jew, despised by good citizens as a usurer, and dreaded by many a profligate Christian as the holder of mortgages upon his estate. When the ruling class of a country loses its hold upon virtue, becomes profuse in expenditure, ceases to comply with natural law, comes to regard licentious living as something to be expected of young blood, and makes a jest of a decorous and moral conversation, then there is usually in that country a less refined, stronger class, who *do* comply with natural law, who *do* live in that virtuous, frugal, and orderly manner by which alone families can be perpetuated and states established. In several communities during the centuries preceding the Reformation, when the nobles and great merchants wasted their substance in riotous living or in insensate pilgrimages and crusades, the Jew was the virtuous, sensible, and solvent man. He did not escape the evil influence wrought into the texture of the character by living in an atmosphere of hatred and contempt, nor the narrowness of mind caused by his being excluded from all the more generous and high avocations. But he remained through all those dismal ages temperate, chaste, industrious, and saving, as well as heroically faithful to the best light on high things that he had. Hence he always had money to lend, and he could only lend it to men who were too glad to think he had no rights which they were bound to respect.

The caricature on the next page was also discovered upon a vellum roll in the Public Record Office in London, the work of some idle clerk 642 years ago, and recently transferred to an English work\* of much interest, in which it serves as a frontispiece.

The ridicule is aimed at the famous Jew,

\* *History of Crime in England.* By LUKE OWEN PIKE. London: 1873. Vol. I.





CARIOATURE OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND, A.D. 1233.

Isaac of Norwich, a rich money-lender and merchant, to whom abbots, bishops, and wealthy vicars were heavily indebted. At Norwich he had a wharf at which his vessels could receive and discharge their freights, and whole districts were mortgaged to him at once. He lent money to the king's exchequer. He was the Rothschild of his day. In the picture, which represents the outside of a castle—his own castle, wrested from some lavish Christian by a money-lender's wiles—the Jew Isaac stands above all the other figures, and is blessed with four faces and a crown, which imply, as Mr. Pike conjectures, that let him look whichever way he will, he beholds possessions over which he holds kingly sway. Lower down and nearer the centre are Mosse Mokke, another Jewish money-lender of Norwich, and Madame Avegay, one of many Jewesses who lent money, between whom is a horned devil pointing to their noses. The nose of the Jewish countenance was a peculiarly offensive feature to Christians, and was usually exaggerated by caricaturists. The figure holding up scales heaped with coin is, so far as we can guess, merely a taunt; and the seating of Dagon, the god of the Philistines, upon the turret seems to be an intimation that the Jews in their dispersion had abandoned the God of their fathers, and taken up with the deity of his inveterate foes.

So far as the records of those ages disclose, there was no one enlightened enough to judge the long-suffering Jews with just allowance. Luther's aversion to them was morbid and violent. He confesses, in his Table-Talk, that if it had fallen to his lot to have much to do with Jews, his patience would have given way; and when, one day, Dr. Menius asked him how a Jew ought to be baptized, he replied, "You must fill a large tub with water, and having divested a Jew of his clothes, cover him with a white garment. He must then sit down in the tub, and you must baptize him quite under the water." He said further to Dr. Menius that if a Jew, not converted at heart, were to ask baptism at his hands, he would take

him to the bridge, tie a stone round his neck, and hurl him into the river, such an obstinate and scoffing race were they. If Luther felt thus toward them, we can not wonder that the luxurious dignitaries of the church, two centuries before his time, should have had qualms of conscience with regard to paying Isaac of Norwich interest upon money borrowed.

### A CHARMING WOMAN.

A CHARMING woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.  
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,  
And her form is quite as good as the best,  
Where nature has given the bony stuff,  
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way;  
With the feminine gift of ready speech;  
And knows very well what *not* to say  
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.  
But turn the topic on things to wear,  
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*—  
Hats, basques, or bonnets—'twill make you stare  
To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;  
For an honest laugh must always start  
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,  
And hers is purely a matter of art—  
A muscular motion made to show  
What nature designed to lie beneath  
The finer mouth; but what can she do,  
If *that* is ruined to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—  
When the day is fine she is sure to go,  
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style  
*La mode de Paris* has got to show;  
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew  
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?),  
And thinks—how her prayer-book's tint of blue  
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks  
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?  
Reads authors of whom she never talks,  
And talks of authors she never reads?  
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.



## CARICATURES OF THE REFORMATION.



LUTHER INSPIRED BY SATAN.

BEHOLD in this strange, rude picture\* a device of contemporary caricature to cast ridicule upon the movement of which Martin Luther was the conspicuous figure. It is reduced from a large wood-cut which appeared in Germany at the crisis of the lion-hearted reformer's career, the year of his appearance at the Diet of Worms, when he said to dissuading friends, "If I knew there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the houses, I would go." The intention of the artist is obvious; but in addition to the leading purpose, he desired, as Mr. Chatto conjectures, to remind his public of the nasal drawl of the preaching friars of the time, for which they were as proverbial as were the Puritans of London in Cromwell's day. Such is the poverty of human invention that the idea of this caricature has been employed several times since Luther's time—even as recently as 1873, when a London draughtsman made it serve his turn in the contentions of party politics.

The best humorous talent of Christendom, whether it wrought with pencil or with pen, whether it avowed or veiled its sympathy with reform, was on Luther's side. It prepared the way for his coming, co-operated with him during his lifetime, carried on his work after he was gone, and continues it to the present hour.

Recent investigators tell us, indeed, that

the Reformation began in laughter, which the Church itself nourished and sanctioned. M. Viollet-le-Duc, author of the *Dictionnaire d'Architecture*, discourses upon the gradual change which church decorators of the Middle Ages effected in the figure of the devil. Upon edifices erected before the year 1000 there are few traces of the devil, and upon those of much earlier date none at all; but from the eleventh century he "begins to play an important rôle," artists striving which should give him the most hideous form. No one was then audacious enough to take liberties with a being so potent, so awful, so real, the competitor and antagonist of the Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth. But mortals must laugh, and familiarity produces its well-known effect. In the eyes of men of the world the devil became gradually less terrible and more grotesque, became occasionally ridiculous, often contemptible, sometimes foolish. His tricks are met by tricks more cunning than his own; he is duped, and retires discomfited. Before Luther appeared on the scene the painters and sculptors, not to mention the authors and poets, had made progress in reducing the devil from the grade of an antagonist of deity and arch enemy of men to that of a cunning and amusing deceiver of simpletons. "The great devil," as the author just mentioned remarks, "sculptured over the door of the Autun Cathedral in the twelfth century is a frightful being, well designed to strike terror to unformed souls; but the young devils carved in bass-reliefs of the fifteenth century are more comic than terrible, and it is evident that the artists who executed them cared very little for the wicked tricks of the Evil Spirit." We may be sure that the artist who could sketch the devil fiddling upon a pair of bellows with a kitchen dipper had outgrown the horror which that personage had once excited in all minds. Such a sketch is here reproduced from a Flemish MS. in the library of Cambrai.

But this could not be said of the great mass of Christian people for centuries after. Luther, as the reader is aware, speaks of the devil with as absolute an assurance of his existence, activity, and nearness as if he were a member of his own household. God, he once said, mocks and scorns the devil by putting under his nose such a weak creature as man; and at other times he dwelt upon the hardness of the conflict which the devil



\* From *A Treatise on Wood-Engraving*. By JACKSON and CHATTO. London: 1866. Page 268.





OLDEST DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

has to maintain. "It were not good for us to know how earnestly the holy angels strive for us against the devil, or how hard a combat it is. If we could see for how many angels one devil makes work, we should be in despair." Many devils, he remarks with curious certainty, are in forests, in waters, in wildernesses, in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people; and there are some in the thick black clouds, which cause hail, lightnings, and thunders, and poison the air, the pastures, and grounds. He derides the philosophers and physicians who say that these things have merely natural causes; and as to the witches who torment honest people, and spoil their eggs, milk, and butter, "I should have no compassion upon them—I would burn them all." The Table Talk of the great reformer is full of such robust credulity.

Luther represented, as much as he reformed, his age and country. In these utterances of his we discern the spirit against which the humor and gayety of art had to contend, and over which it has gained a tardy victory, not yet complete. Let us keep in mind also that in those twilight ages, as in all ages, there were the two contending influences which we now call "the world" and "the church." In other words, there were people who took the devil lightly, as they did all invisible and spiritual things, and there were people who dreaded the devil in every "dark pooly place," and to whom nothing could be a jest which appertained to him. Humorous art has in it healing and admonition for both these classes.

It was in those centuries, also, that men of the world learned to laugh at the clergy, and, again, not without clerical encouragement. In the brilliantly illuminated religious manuscripts of the two centuries preceding Luther, along with other ludicrous and absurd images, of which specimens have been given, we find many pictures in which

the vices of the religious orders are exhibited. The oldest drawing in the British Museum, one of the only two that bear the date 1320, shows us two devils tossing a monk headlong from a bridge into a rough and rapid river, an act which they perform in a manner not calculated to excite serious thoughts in modern minds.

In the old Strasburg Cathedral there was a brass door, made in 1545, upon which was engraved a convent with a procession of monks issuing from it bearing the cross and banners.

The foremost figure of this procession was a monk carrying a girl upon his shoulders. This was not the coarse fling of an enemy. It was not the scoff of an Erasmus, who said once, "These paunchy monks are called *fathers*, and they take good care to deserve the name." It was engraven on the eternal brass of a religious edifice for the warning and edification of the faithful.

Nothing more surprises the modern reader than the frequency and severity with which the clergy of those centuries were denounced and satirized, as well by themselves as by others. A Church which showed itself sensitive to the least taint of what it deemed heresy appears to have beheld with indifference the exhibition of its moral delinquencies—nay, taken the lead in exposing them. It was a clergyman who said, in the Council of Siena, fifty years before Luther was born: "We see to-day priests who are usurers, wine-shop keepers, merchants, governors of castles, notaries, stewards, and debauch brokers. The only trade which they have not yet commenced is that of executioner. The bishops surpass Epicurus himself in sensuality, and it is between the courses of a banquet that they discuss the authority of the Pope and that of the Council." The same speaker related that St. Bridget, being in St. Peter's at Rome, looked up in a religious ecstasy, and saw the nave filled with mitred hogs. She asked the Lord to explain this fantastic vision. "These," replied the Lord, "are the bishops and abbés of to-day." M. Champfleury, the first living authority on subjects of this nature, declares that the manuscript Bibles of the century preceding Luther are so filled with pictures exhibiting monks and nuns in equivocal circumstances that he was only puzzled to decide which specimens were most suitable to give his readers an adequate idea of them.

From mere gayety of heart, from the exuberant jollity of a well-beneficed scholar,



whose future was secure and whose time was all his own, some of the higher clergy appear to have jested upon themselves and their office. Two finely engraved seals have been found in France, one dating as far back as 1300, which represent monkeys arrayed in the vestments of a Church dignitary. Upon one of them the monkey wears the hood and holds the staff of an abbot, and upon the other the animal appears in the character of a bishop.

One of these seals is known to have been executed at the express order of an abbot. The other, a copy of which is given here,



BISHOP'S SEAL.

was found in the ruins of an ancient château of Picardy, and bears the inscription, "LE: SCIEL: DE: LEUCQUE: DE: LA: CYTE: DE: PINON"—"The seal of the bishop of the city of Pinon." This interesting relic was at first thought to be the work of some scoffing Huguenot, but there can now be no doubt of its having been the merry conceit of the personage whose title it bears. The discovery of the record relating to the monkey seal of the abbot, showing it to have been ordered and paid for by the actual head of a great monastery, throws light upon all the grotesque ornamentation of those centuries. It suggests to us also the idea that the clergy joined in the general ridicule of their order as much from a sense of the ludicrous as from conviction of its justice. In the British Museum there is a religious manuscript of the thirteenth century, splendidly illuminated, one of the initial letters of which represents a young friar drawing wine from a cask in a cellar, that contains several humorous points. With his left hand he holds the great wine-jug, into which the liquid is running from the barrel; with his right he lifts to his lips a bowlful of the wine, and from the same hand dangle the large keys of the cellar. If this was intended as a hint to the younger brethren how they ought not to behave when sent to the cellar for wine,

the artist evidently felt also the comic absurdity of the situation.

The vast cellars still to be seen under ancient monasteries and priories, as well as the kitchens, not less spacious, and supported by archways of the most massive masonry, tell a tale of the habits of the religious orders which is abundantly confirmed in the records and literature of the time. "Capuchins," says the old French doggerel, "drink poorly, Benedictines deeply, Dominicans pint after pint, but Franciscans drink the cellar dry." The great number of old taverns in Europe named the Mitre, the Church, the Chapel-Bell, St. Dominic, and other ecclesiastical names point to the conclusion that the class which professed to dispense good cheer for the soul were not averse to good cheer for the body.\*

If the clergy led the merriment caused by their own excesses, we can not wonder they should have had many followers. In the popular tales of the time, which have been gathered and made accessible in recent years, we find the priest, the monk, the nun, the abbot, often figuring in absurd situations, rarely in creditable ones. The priest seems to have been regarded as the satirist's fair game, the common butt of the jester. In one of these stories a butcher, returning home from a fair, asks a night's lodging at the house of a priest, who churlishly refuses it. The butcher, returning, offers in recompense to kill one of his fine fat sheep for supper, and to leave behind him all the meat not eaten. On this condition he is received, and the family enjoy an excellent supper in his society. After supper he wins the favor first of the priest's concubine and afterward of the maid-servant by secretly promising to each of them the skin of the sheep. In the morning, after he has gone, a prodigious uproar arises, the priest and the two women each vehemently claiming the skin, in the midst of which it is discovered that the butcher had stolen the sheep from the priest's own flock.

From a merry tale of these ages a jest was taken which to-day forms one of the stock dialogues of our negro minstrel bands. The story was apparently designed to show the sorry stuff of which priests were sometimes made. A farmer sends a lout of a son to college, intending to make a priest of him, and the lad was examined as to the extent of his knowledge. "Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob," said the examiner: "who was Jacob's father?" The candidate, being unable to answer this question, is sent home to his tutor with a letter relating his discomfiture. "Thou fool and ass-head!" exclaims the tutor. "Dost thou not know Tom Miller of Oseney?" "Yes,"

\* *History of Sign-Boards.* By LARWOOD and HOTTEN. London. Page 319.



answered the hopeful scholar. "Then thou knowest he had two sons, Tom and Jacke: who is Jacke's father?" "Tom Miller." Back goes the youth to college with a letter to the examiner, who, for the tutor's sake, gives him another chance, and asks once more who was Jacob's father. "Marry!" cries the candidate, "I can tell you now: that was Tom Miller of Oseney."

We must be cautious in drawing inferences from the popular literature of a period, since there is in the unformed mind a propensity to circulate amusing scandal, and the satirist is apt to aim his shaft at characters and actions which are exceptional, not representative. In some of the less frequented nooks of Europe, where the tone of mind among the people has not materially changed since the fifteenth century, we still find priests the constant theme of scandal. The Tyrolese, for example, as some readers may have observed, are profuse in their votive offerings, and indefatigable in their pilgrimages, processions, and observances—the most superstitious people in Europe; but a recent writer tells us that they "have a large collection of anecdotes, humorous and scandalous, about their priests, and they take infinite delight in telling them." They are not pious, as the writer remarks, "but magpious." The Tyrolese may judge their priests correctly, but credulity is credulity. A person who believes in magpious humbug may be expected to lend greedy ears to comic scandal, and what the Tyrolese do to-day, their ancestors may have done when Luther was a school-boy.

But of late years the exact, methodical records of the past, the laws, law-books, and trials, which are now recognized to be among the most trustworthy guides to a correct interpretation of antiquity, have been diligently scrutinized, and we learn from them that it was among the commonest of criminal events for clergymen, in the time of Edward III. of England, to take part in acts of brigandage. A band of fifty men, for example, broke into the park and warren of a lady, the Countess of Lincoln, killed her game, cut down two thousand pounds' worth of timber, and carried it off. In the list of the accused are the names of two abbots and a prior. Several chaplains were in a band of knights and squires who entered an inclosure belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, drove off his cattle, cut down his trees, harvested his wheat, and marched away with their booty. In a band of seventy who committed a similar outrage at Carlton there were five parsons. Two parsons were accused of assisting to break into the Earl of Northampton's park and driving off his cattle. The prior of Boldington was charged with a robbery of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. Five clergy-

men were in the band that damaged the Bishop of Durham's park to the extent of a thousand pounds. These examples and others were drawn from a single roll of parchment of the year 1348; and that roll, itself one of three, is only one of many sources of information. The author of the *History of Crime* explains that the rolls of that year consist of more than one hundred and twenty skins of parchment, among which there are few that do not contain a reference to some lawless act committed by knights or priests, or by a band consisting of both.\*

This is record, not gossip, not literature; and it may serve to indicate the basis of truth there was for the countless allusions to the dissoluteness of the clergy in the popular writings and pictures of the century that formed Luther and the Lutherans.

It is scarcely possible in the compass of an article to convey an idea of the burst of laughter that broke the long spell of superstitious terror, and opened the minds of men to receive the better light. Such works as the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, which to modern readers is only interesting as showing what indecency could be read and uttered by fine ladies and gentlemen on a picnic in 1350, had one character that harmonized with the new influence. Their tone was utterly at variance with the voice of the priest. The clergy, self-indulgent, preached self-denial; practicing vice, they exaggerated human guilt. But the ladies and gentlemen of the *Decameron*, while practicing virtue, made light of vice, and brought off the graceful profligate victorious. Later was circulated in every land and tongue the merry tale of *Reynard the Fox*, which children still cherish among the choicest of their literary treasures. Reynard, who appears in the sculptures of so many convents and in the illuminations of so many pious manuscripts, whom monks loved better than their missal, exhibits the same moral: witty wickedness triumphant over brute strength. The fox cheats the wolf, deludes the bear, lies to King Lion, turns monk, gallops headlong up and down the commandments, only to be at last taken into the highest favor by the king and made Prime Minister. It is not necessary to discover allegory in this tale. What made it potent against the spell of priestly influence was the innocent and boisterous merriment which it excited, amidst which the gloom evoked by priestly arts began to break away. Innocent mirth, next to immortal truth, is the thing most hostile to whatever is mingled with religion which is hostile to the interests of human nature.

And *Reynard*, we must remember, was

\* *History of Crime in England*. By L. O. PIKE. London: 1873. Page 248.





PASTOR AND FLOCK.

(From the window of a French church, 16th century.)

only the best and gayest of a large class of similar fables that circulated during the childhood of Columbus and of Luther. In one of the Latin stories given by Mr. Wright in his *Selection*, we have an account of the death and burial of the wolf, the hero of the tale, which makes a most profane use of sacred objects and rites, though it was written by a priest. The holy-water was carried by the hare, hedgehogs bore the candles, goats rang the bell, moles dug the grave, foxes carried the bier, the bear celebrated mass, the ox read the gospel, and the ass the epistle. When the burial was complete the animals sat down to a splendid banquet, and wished for another grand funeral. Mark the moral drawn by the priestly author: "So it frequently happens that when some rich man, an extortionist or a usurer, dies, the abbot or prior of a convent of beasts [*i. e.*, of men living like beasts] causes them to assemble. For it commonly happens that in a great convent of black or white monks [Benedictines or Augustinians] there are none but beasts—lions by their pride, foxes by their craftiness, bears by their voracity, stinking goats by their incontinence, asses by their sluggishness, hedgehogs by their asperity, hares by their timidity (because they were cowardly when there was no fear), and oxen by their laborious cultivation of their land." Unquestionably this author belonged to another order than those named in his tirade.

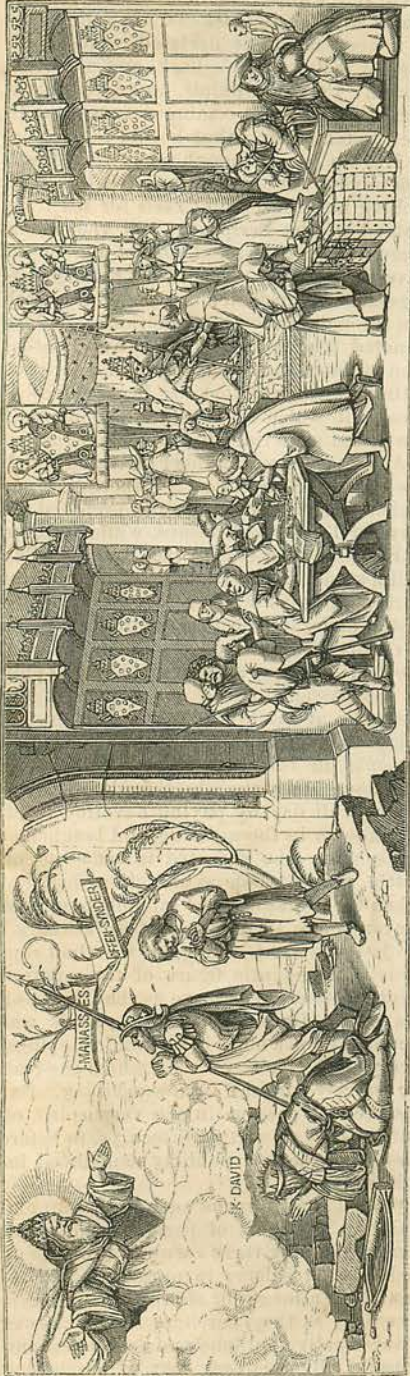
A book with original life in it becomes usually the progenitor of a line of books. Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, which was published when Luther was eleven years old, gave rise to a literature. As soon as it appeared it kindled the zeal of a noted preacher of Strasburg, Jacob Geiler by name, who turned Brandt's gentle satire into fierce invective, which he directed chiefly against the monks. The black friars, he said, were the

devil, the white friars his dame, and the others were their chickens. The qualities of a good monk, he declared, were an almighty belly, an ass's back, and a raven's mouth. From the pulpit, on another occasion, he foretold a coming reformation in the Church, adding that he did not expect to live to see it, though some that heard him might. The monks taunted him with looking into the *Ship of Fools* for his texts instead of the Scripture; but the people heard him eagerly, and one of his pupils gave the public a series of his homely, biting sermons, illustrated by wood-cuts, which ran through edition after edition. Badius, a noted scholar of the time, was another who imitated the *Ship of Fools*, in a series of satirical pieces entitled *The Boats of Foolish Women*, in which the follies of the ladies of the period were ridiculed.

Among the great number of works which the *Ship of Fools* suggested, there was one which directly and powerfully prepared the way for Luther. Erasmus, while residing in England, from 1497 to 1506, Luther being still a student, read Brandt's work, and was stirred by it to write his *Praise of Folly*, which, under the most transparent disguise, is chiefly a satire upon the ecclesiastics of the day. We may at least say that it is only in the passages aimed at them that the author is at his best. Before Luther had begun to think of the abuses of the Church, Erasmus, in this little work, derided the credulous Christians who thought to escape mishaps all day by paying devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, and laughed at the soldiers who expected to come out of battle with a whole skin if they had but taken the precaution to "mumble over a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara." He jested upon the English who had constructed a gigantic figure of their patron saint (St. George) as large as the images of the pagan Hercules; only the saint was mounted upon a horse in splendid trappings, "very gloriously accoutred," which the people scarcely refrained from worshipping. But observe this passage in the very spirit of Luther, though written fifteen years before the great reformer publicly denounced indulgences:

"What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? who by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance, according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons and salable exemptions?.....By this easy way of purchasing pardon any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, or any bribe-taking judge shall disburse some part of their unjust gains, and so think all their grossest impieties sufficiently atoned for.....And what can be more ridiculous than for some





SALE OF INDULGENCES.

HOLBEIN, 1520.

CONFESSING TO GOD.

others to be confident of going to heaven by repeating daily those seven verses out of the Psalms?"

These "fooleries," which Erasmus characterizes as most gross and absurd, he says are

practiced not merely by the vulgar, but by "such proficient in religion as one might well expect should have more wit." He ridicules the notion of each country and place being under the special protection of a patron saint, as well as the kindred absurdity of calling upon one saint to cure a toothache, upon another to restore lost goods, upon another to protect seamen, and upon another to guard cows and sheep. Nor does he refrain from reflecting upon the homage paid to the Virgin Mary, "whose blind devotees think it manners now to place the mother before the Son." He utterly scouts and reviles the folly of hanging up offerings at the shrines of saints for their imaginary aid in getting the donors out of trouble or danger. The responsibility of all this folly and delusion he boldly assigns to the priests, who gain money by them. "They blacken the darkness and promote the delusion, wisely foreseeing that the people (like cows which never give down their milk so well as when they are gently stroked) would part with less if they knew more." If any serious and wise man, he adds, should tell the people that a pious life is the only way of securing a peaceful death, that repentance and amendment alone can procure pardon, and that the best devotion to a saint is to imitate his example, there would be a very different estimate put upon masses, fastings, and other austerities. Erasmus saw this prophecy fulfilled before many years had rolled over his head.

It is, however, in his chapters upon the amazingly ridiculous subtleties of the monastic theology of his time that Erasmus gives us his most exquisite fooling. Here he becomes, indeed, the merry Erasmus who was so welcome at English Cambridge, at Paris, at Rome, in Germany, in Holland, wherever there were good scholars and good fellows. He pretends to approach this part of his subject with fear; for divines, he says, are generally very hot and passionate, and when provoked they set upon a man in full cry, and hurl at him the thunders of excommunication, that being their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them. But he plucks up courage, and proceeds to discourse upon the puerilities which absorbed their minds. Among the theological questions which they delighted to discuss were such as these: the precise manner in which original sin was derived from our first parents; whether time was an element in the supernatural generation of our Lord; whether it would be a thing possible for the first person in the Trinity to hate the second; whether God, who took our nature upon Him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a beast, an herb, or a stone; and if He could, how could He have then preached the gospel, or been nailed to the cross? whether if St. Peter had



celebrated the eucharist at the time when our Saviour was upon the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same body that remained on the tree; whether, in Christ's corporal presence in the sacramental wafer, His humanity was not abstracted from His Godhead; whether, after the resurrection, we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this life; how it is possible, in the transubstantiation, for one body to be in several places at the same time; which is the greater sin, to kill a hundred men, or for a cobbler to set one stitch in a shoe on Sunday? Such subtleties as these alternated with curious and minute delineations of purgatory, heaven, and hell, their divisions, subdivisions, degrees, and qualities.

He heaps ridicule also upon the public preaching of those profound theologians. It was mere stage-playing; and their delivery was the very acme of the droll and the absurd. "Good Lord! how mimical are their gestures! What heights and falls in their voice! What toning, what bawling, what singing, what squeaking, what grimaces, what making of mouths, what apes' faces and distorting of their countenances!" And their matter was even more ridiculous than their manner. One of these absurd divines, discoursing upon the name of Jesus, subtly pretended to discover a revelation of the Trinity in the very letters of which the name was composed. It was declined only in *three* cases. That was one mysterious coincidence. Then the nominative ended in S, the accusative in M, and the ablative in U, which obviously indicated Summus, the beginning, Medius, the middle, and Ultimus, the end of all things. Other examples he gives of the same profound nature. Nor did the different orders of monks escape his lash. He dwelt upon the preposterous importance they attached to trifling details of dress and ceremonial. "They must be very critical in the precise number of their knots, in the tying on of their sandals, of what precise colors their respective habits should be made, and of what stuff, how broad and long their girdles, how big and in what fashion their hoods, whether their bald crowns be of the right cut to a hair's-breadth, how many hours they must sleep, and at what minute rise to prayers."

In this manner he proceeds for many a sprightly page, rising from monks to bishops and cardinals, and from them to popes, "who pretend themselves Christ's vicars," while resembling the Lord in nothing. Luther never went farther, never was bolder or more biting, than Erasmus in this essay. But all went for nothing with the great leader of reform, because Erasmus ever refused to abandon the Church and cast in his lot openly with the reformers. Luther calls him "a mere Momus," who laughed at Catholic and Prot-



estant alike, and looked upon the Christian religion itself very much as Lucian did upon the Greek. "Whenever I pray," said Luther, once, "I pray for a curse upon Erasmus." It was certainly a significant fact that in the heat of that contest Erasmus



should have given the world a translation of Lucian. But he was a great, wise, genial soul, whose fame will brighten as that age becomes more justly and familiarly known to us.

The first place in the annals of such a warfare belongs of right to the soldiers who took their lives in their hands and went forth to meet the foe in the open field, braving torture, infamy, and death for the cause. Such were Luther and his followers. But there is a place in human memory for the philosopher and the humorist who first made the contest possible, and then rendered it shorter and easier.

When Luther began the immortal part of his public career in 1517 by nailing to the church door his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, wood-engraving was an art which had been practiced nearly a century. He found also, as we have seen, a public accustomed to satirical writings illustrated by wood-cuts. The great Holbein illustrated Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*. Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, as well as the litter of works which it called forth, was even profusely illustrated. Caricatures as distinct works, though usually accompanied with abundant verbal commentary, were familiar objects. Among the curiosities which Luther himself brought from Rome in 1510, some years before he began his special work, was a caricature suggested by the *Ship of Fools*, showing how the Pope had "fooled the whole world with his superstitions and idolatries." He showed it to the Prince Elector of Saxony at the time. The picture exhibited a little ship filled with monks, friars, and priests casting lines to people swimming in the sea, while in the stern sat comfortably the Pope with his cardinals and bishops, overshadowed and covered by the Holy Ghost, who was looking up to heaven, and through whose help alone the drowning wretches were saved.

In talking about the picture many years after, Luther said, "These and the like fooleries we then believed as articles of faith." He had not reached the point when he could talk at his own table of the cardinals as "peevish milksops, effeminate, unlearned blockheads, whom the Pope places in all kingdoms, where they lie lolling in kings' courts among the ladies and women."

Finding this weapon of caricature ready made to his hands, he used it freely, as did also his friends and his foes. He was himself a caricaturist. When Pope Clement VII. seemed disposed to meet the reformers half-way, and proposed a council to that end, Luther wrote a pamphlet ridiculing the scheme, and to give more force to his satire he "caused a picture to be drawn" and placed in the title-page. It was not a work describable to the fastidious ears of our century, unless we leave part of the description



PAPA, DOCTOR THEOLOGIE ET MAGISTER FIDELI.

"A long-eared ass can with the Bagpipes cope  
As well as with Theology the Pope."

GERMANY, 1545.

in Latin. The Pope was seated on a lofty throne surrounded by cardinals having foxes' tails, and seeming "*sursum et deorsum repurgare*." In the *Table-Talk* we read also of a picture being brought to Luther in which the Pope and Judas were represented hanging to the purse and keys. "Twill vex the Pope horribly," said Luther, "that he whom emperors and kings have worshiped should now be figured hanging upon his own picklocks." The picture above, in which the Pope is exhibited with an ass's head performing on the bagpipes, was entirely in the taste of Luther. "The Pope's decretals," he once said, "are naught; he that drew them up was an ass." No word was too contemptuous for the papacy. "Pope, cardinals, and bishops," said he, "are a pack of guzzling, stuffing wretches; rich, wallowing in wealth and laziness, resting secure in their power, and never thinking of accomplishing God's will."

The famous pamphlet of caricatures published in 1521 by Luther's friend and follower, Lucas Cranach, contains pictures that we could easily believe Luther himself suggested. The object was to exhibit to the eyes of the people of Germany the contrast between the religion inculcated by the lowly Jesus and the pompous worldliness of the papacy. There was a picture on each page which nearly filled it, and at the bottom there were a few lines in German of explanation, the engraving on the page to the left representing an incident in the life of Christ, and the page to the right a feature of the papal system at variance with it. Thus on the first page was shown Jesus, in humble attitude and simple raiment, refusing honors and dignities, and on the page





THE POPE CAST INTO HELL.  
(Lucas Cranach, 1521.)

opposite the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, with warriors, cannon, and forts, assuming lordship over kings. On another page Christ was seen crowned with thorns by the scoffing soldiers, and on the opposite page the Pope wearing his triple crown, and seated on his throne, an object of adoration to his court. On another was shown Christ washing the feet of His disciples, in contrast to the Pope presenting his toe to an emperor to be kissed. At length we have Christ ascending to heaven with a glorious escort of angels, and on the other page the Pope hurled headlong to hell, accompanied by devils, with some of his own monks already in the flames waiting to receive him. This concluding picture may serve as a specimen of a series that must have told powerfully on the side of reform.\*

These pictorial pamphlets were an important part of the stock in trade of the colporteurs who pervaded the villages and byways of Germany during Luther's lifetime, selling the sermons of the reformers, homely satiric verses, and broadside caricatures. The simplicity and directness of the caricatures of that age reflected perfectly both the character and the methods of Luther. One picture of Hans Sachs's has been preserved, which was designed as an illustration of the words of Christ: "I am the door. He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." The honest Sachs shows us a lofty, well-built barn, with a very steep roof, on the very top of which

sits the Pope crowned with his tiara. To him cardinals and bishops are directing people, and urging them to climb up the steep and slippery height. Two monks have done so, and are getting in at a high window. At the open door of the edifice stands the Lord, with a halo round His head, inviting a humble inquirer to enter freely. Nothing was farther from the popular caricaturists of that age than to allegorize a doctrine or a moral lesson; on the contrary, it was their habit to interpret allegory in the most absurdly literal manner. Observe, for example, the treatment of the subject contained in the words, "How wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?"

The marriage of Luther in 1525 was followed by a burst of caricature. The idea of a priest marrying excited then, as it does now in a Catholic mind, a sense of ludicrous incongruity. It is as though the words married priest were a contradiction in terms, and the relation implied by them was a sort of manifest incompatibility, half comic, half disgusting. The spectacle occasionally presented in a Protestant church of a clergyman ordained and married in the same hour is so opposed to the Catholic conception of the priesthood that some Catholics can only express their sense of it by laughter. Equally amazing and equally ludicrous to them is the more frequent case of missionaries coming home to be married, or young missionaries married in the evening and setting out for their station the next morning. We observe that some of Luther's nearest friends—nay, Luther himself—saw something both



"THE BEAM THAT IS IN THINE OWN EYE."—A.D. 1540.

\* From *A History of Caricature*. By THOMAS WRIGHT. London: 1864. Page 254.





LUTHER TRIUMPHANT.—PARIS, 1535.

ridiculous and contemptible in his marriage, particularly in the haste with which it was concluded, and the disparity in the ages of the pair, Luther being forty-two and his wife twenty-six. "My marriage," wrote Luther, "has made me so despicable that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils." And Melanchthon, while doing his best to restore his leader's self-respect, expressed the hope that the "accident" might be of use in humbling Luther a little in the midst of a success perilous to his good sense. Luther was not long abased. We find him soon justifying the act, which was among the boldest and wisest of his life, as a tribute of obedience to his aged father, who "required it in hopes of issue," and as a practical confirmation of what he had himself taught. He speaks gayly of "my rib, Kate," and declared once that he would not exchange his wife for the kingdom of France or the wealth of Venice.

But the caricaturists were not soon weary of the theme. Readers at all familiar with the manners of that age do not need to be told that few of the efforts of their free pencils will bear reproduction now. Besides exhibiting the pair carousing, dancing, romping, caressing, and in various situations supposed to be ridiculous, the satirists harped a good deal upon the old prophecy that Antichrist would be the offspring of a monk and a nun. "If that is the case," said Erasmus, "how many thousands of Antichrists there are in the world already!" Luther was evidently of the same opinion, for he gave full credit to the story of six thousand infants' skulls having been found at the bottom of a pond near a convent, as well as to that of "twelve great pots, in each of which was the carcass of an infant," discovered under

the cellars of another convent. But then Luther was among the most credulous of men.

The marriage of the monk and the nun gave only a brief advantage to the enemies of reform. The great German artists of that generation were friends of Luther. No name is more distinguished in the early annals of German art than Albert Dürer, painter, engraver, sculptor, and author. He did not employ his pencil in furtherance of Luther's cause, nor did he forsake the communion of the ancient Church, but he expressed the warmest sympathy with the objects of the reformer. A report of Luther's death in 1521 struck horror to his soul. "Whether Luther be yet living," he wrote, "or whether his enemies have put him to death, I know not, yet certainly what he has suffered has been for the sake of truth, and because he has reprehended the abuses of unchristian papacy, which strives to fetter Christian liberty with the incumbrance of human ordinances, that we may be robbed of the price of our blood and sweat, and shamefully plundered by idlers, while the sick and needy perish through hunger." These words go to the heart of the controversy.

Holbein, nearly thirty years younger than Dürer, only just coming of age when Luther nailed his theses to the castle church, did more, as the reader has already seen, than express in words his sympathy with reform. The fineness and graphic force of the two specimens of his youthful talent given on previous pages\* every reader must have remarked. Only three copies of these pictures

\* From *Holbein and his Time*. By ALFRED WOLFMANN. Translated by F. E. BUNNETT. London: 1872. Pages 241-243.







will convey to the reader some idea of the harmonious grandeur of the painting, and some notion of the ingenious and friendly nature of its satire upon human life.

In accordance with the custom of the age, the painting bore an explanatory motto in Latin: "Gold is the father of lust and the son of sorrow. He who lacks it laments; he who has it fears." Plutus, the god of wealth, is an old, old man, long past enjoyment, but his foot rests upon sacks of superfluous coin, and an open vessel before him, heaped with money, affords the only pleasures left to him—the sight and conscious possession of the wealth he can never use. Below him Fortuna, a young and lovely woman, scatters money among the people who throng about her, among whom are the portly Sichaens, Dido's husband, the richest of his people, Themistocles, who stooped to accept wealth from the Persian king, and many others noted in classic story for the part gold played in their lives. Cæsus, Midas, and Tantalus follow on horseback, and, last of all, the unveiled Cleopatra. The careful driver of Plutus's chariot is Ratio—reason. "Faster!" cries one of the crowd, but the charioteer still holds a tight rein. The unruly horses next the chariot, named Interest and Contract, are led by the noble maidens Equity and Justice, and the wild pair in front, Avarice and Deceit, are held in by Generosity and Good Faith. In the rear, hovering over the triumphal band, Nemesis threatens.

The companion picture, "The Triumph of Poverty," had also a Latin motto, to the effect that, while the rich man is ever anxious, "the poor man fears nothing, joyous hope is his portion, and he learns to serve God by the practice of virtue." In the picture a lean and hungry-looking old woman, Poverty, was seen riding in the lowliest of vehicles, a cart, drawn by two donkeys, Stupidity and Clumsiness, and by two oxen, Negligence and Indolence. Beside her in the cart sits Misfortune. A meagre and forlorn crowd surround and follow them. But the slow-moving team is guided by the four blooming girls, Moderation, Diligence, Alertness, and Toil, of whom the last is the one most abounding in vigor and health. The reins are held by Hope, her eyes toward heaven. Industry, Memory, and Experience sit behind, giving out to the hungry crowd the means of honorable plenty in the form of flails, axes, squares, and hammers.

These human and cheerful works stand in the waste of that age of wrathful controversy and irrational devotion like green islands in the desert, a rest to the eye and a solace to the mind.

When Luther was face to face with the hierarchy at the Diet of Worms, Calvin, a French boy of twelve, was already a sharer in the worldly advantage which the hier-

rarchy could bestow upon its favorites. He held a benefice in the cathedral of Noyon, his native town, and at seventeen he drew additional revenue from a curacy in a neighboring parish. The tonsured boy owed this ridiculous preferment to the circumstance that his father, being secretary to the bishop of the diocese, was sure to be at hand when the bishop happened to have a good thing to give away. In all probability Jean Calvin would have died an archbishop or a cardinal if he had remained in the Church of his ancestors, for he possessed the two requisites for advancement—fervent zeal for the Church and access to the bestowers of its prizes. At Paris, however, whither he was sent by his father to pursue his studies, a shy, intense, devout lad, already thin and



CALVIN BRANDED.—PARIS.

sallow with fasting and study, the light of the Reformation broke upon him. Like Luther, he long resisted it, and still longer hoped to see a reformation in the Church, not outside of its pale. The Church never had a more devoted son. Not Luther himself loved it more. "I was so obstinately given to the superstitions of popery," he said long after, "that it seemed impossible I should ever be pulled out of the deep mire."

He struggled out at length. Observe one of the results of his conversion in the picture on this page, in which a slander of the day is preserved for our inspection.\*

Gross and filthy calumny was one of the familiar weapons in the theological con-

\* From *Musée de la Caricature en France*. Paris: 1834.





CALVIN AT THE BURNING OF SERVETUS.

Servetus was a Spanish physician, of blameless life and warm convictions, who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity. Catholic and Protestant equally abhorred him, and Protestant Geneva seized the opportunity to show the world its attachment to the true faith by burning a man whom Rome was also burning to burn. It was a hideous scene—a virtuous and devoted Unitarian expiring in the flames after enduring the extremest anguish for thirty minutes, and crying, from the depths of his torment, “Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy on me!” But it was not Calvin who burned him. It was the century. It was imper-

fectly developed human nature. Man had not reached the civilization which admits, allows, welcomes, and honors disinterested conviction. It were as unjust to blame Calvin for burning Servetus as it is to hold the Roman Catholic Church of the present day responsible for the Inquisition of three centuries ago. It was Man that was guilty of all those stupid and abominable cruelties. Luther, the man of his period, honestly declared that if he were the Lord God, and saw kings, princes, bishops, and judges so little mindful of his Son, he would “*knock the world to pieces.*” If Calvin had not burned Servetus, Servetus might have burned Calvin, and the Pope would have been happy to burn both.

One of the best caricatures—perhaps the very best—which the Reformation called forth was suggested by the dissensions that arose between the followers of Luther and Calvin when both of them were in the grave. It might have amused the very persons caricatured. We can fancy Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics all laughing together at the spectacle of the two reformers holding the Pope by the ear, and with their other hands fighting one another, Luther clawing at Calvin’s beard, and Calvin hurling a Bible at Luther’s head.

Another caricature, which is given above, representing Calvin at the burning of Servetus, had only too much foundation in truth.

The reformer was not indeed present at the burning, but he caused the arrest of the victim, drew up the charges, furnished part of the testimony that convicted him, consented to and approved his execution.

On the same sheet in the original drawing a second picture was given, in which a shepherd was seen on his knees, surrounded by his flock, addressing the Lord, who is visible in the sky. Underneath is written, “The Lord is my Shepherd; He will never forsake me.” The work has an additional interest





CALVIN, LUTHER, AND THE POPE.—PARIS, 1600.

as showing how early the French began to excel in caricature. In the German and English caricatures of that period there are no existing specimens which equal this one in effective simplicity.

Perhaps the all-pervading influence of Rabelais in that age may have made French satire more good-humored. After all attempts to discover in the works of Rabelais hidden allusions to the great personages and events of his time, we must remain of the opinion that he was a fun-maker pure and simple, a court-fool to his century. The anecdote related of his convent life seems to give us the key both to his character and his writings. The incident has often been used in comedy since Rabelais employed it. On the festival of St. Francis, to whom his convent was dedicated, when the country people came in, laden with votive offerings, to pray before the image of the saint, young Rabelais removed the image from its dimly lighted recess and mounted himself upon the pedestal, attired in suitable costume. Group after group of awkward rustics approached and paid their homage. Rabelais at length, overcome by the ridiculous demeanor of the

worshippers, was obliged to laugh, whereupon the gaping throng cried out, "A miracle! a miracle! Our good lord St. Francis moves!" But a cunning old friar, who knew when miracles might and might not be rationally expected in that convent, ran into the chapel and drew out the merry saint, and the brothers laid their knotted cords so vigorously across his naked shoulders that he had a lively sense of not being made of wood. That was Rabelais! He was a natural laugh-compeller. He laughed at every thing, and set his countrymen laughing at every thing. But there were no men who oftener provoked his derision than the monks. "How is it?" asks one of his merry men, "that people exclude monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marrers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as bees drive away the drones from their hives?" The hero answers this question in three pages of most Rabelaisian abuse, of which only a very few lines are quotable. "Your monk," he says, "is like a monkey in a house. He does not watch like a dog, nor plow like the

ox, nor give wool like the sheep, nor carry like the horse; he only spoils and defiles all things. Monks disquiet all their neighborhood with a tingle-tangle jangling of bells, and mumble out great store of psalms, legends, and paternosters without thinking upon or apprehending the meaning of what they say, which truly is a mocking of God." There is no single theme to which Rabelais, the favorite of bishops, oftener returns than this, and his boisterous satire had its effect upon the course of events in Europe, as well as upon French art and literature.

The English caricatures that have come down to us from the era of the Reformation betray far more earnestness than humor or ingenuity. There is one in the British Museum which figures in so many books, and continued to do duty for so many years, that the inroads of the worms in the wood-cut can be traced in the prints of different dates. It represents King Henry VIII. receiving a Bible from Archbishop Cranmer and Lord Cromwell. The burly monarch, seated upon his throne, takes the book from their hands, while he tramples upon Pope Clement lying prostrate at his



feet, the tiara broken and fallen off, the triple cross lying on the ground. Cardinal Pole, with the aid of another dignitary, is trying to get the Pope on his feet again. A monk is holding the Pope's horse, and other monks stand dismayed at the spectacle. This picture was executed in 1537, but, as we learn from the catalogue, the deterioration of the block and "the working of worms in the wood" prove that the impression in the Museum was taken in 1631.\*

The martyrdom of the reformers in 1555, under Queen Mary of bloody memory, furnished subjects for the satiric pen and pencil as soon as the accession of Elizabeth made it safe to treat them. But there is no spirit of fun in the pictures. They are as serious and grim as the events that suggested them. In one we see a lamb suspended before an altar, which the Bishop of Winchester (Gardiner), with his wolf's head, is beginning to devour; and on the ground lie six slain lambs, named *Houperus, Cranmerus, Bradfordus, Rydlerus, Rogerus, and Latimerus*. Three reformers put a rope round Gardiner's neck, saying, "*We will not this felow to raigne over us;*" and on the other side of him two bishops with wolves' heads mitred, and having sheep-skins on their shoulders, are drinking from chalices. Behind Gardiner are several men attached by rings through their noses to a rope round his waist. The devil appears above, holding a scroll, on which is written, "*Youe are my verye chyldren in that youe have slayne the prophetes. For even I from the begynning was a murtherer.*" On the altar lie two books, one open and the other shut. On the open book we read, "*Christ alone is not sufficient without our sacrifice.*" The only window in the edifice, a small round one, is closed and barred. Many of the figures in this elaborate piece utter severe animadversion upon opponents; but none of them is scurrilous and indecent, except the mitred wolf, who is so remarkably plain-spoken that the compiler of the catalogue was obliged to suppress several of his words.

The English caricaturists of that age seem to have felt it their duty to exhibit the entire case between Catholic and Protestant in each broadside, with all the litigants on both sides, terrestrial and celestial, all the points in both arguments, and sometimes the whole history of the controversy from the beginning. The great expanse of the picture was obscured with the number of remarks streaming from the mouths of the persons depicted, and there was often at the bottom of the engraving prose and verse enough to fill two or three of these pages. Such extensive works call to mind the sermons of the following century, when preach-

ers endeavored on each occasion to declare, as they said, "the *whole* counsel of God;" so that if one individual present had never heard the Gospel before, and should never hear it again, he would hear enough for salvation in that one discourse.

Another of these martyrdom prints may claim brief notice. Two companies of martyrs are seen, one composed of the bishops, and the other of less distinguished persons, between whom there is a heap of burning fagots. Nearly all the figures say something, and the space under the picture is filled with verses. Cranmer, with the Bible in his left hand, holds his right in the fire, exclaiming, "*Burne, unworthie right hand!*" Latimer cries, "*Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!*" Philpot, pointing to a book which he holds, says, "*I will pay my rowes in thee, O Smithfield!*" The other characters utter their dying words. The verses are rough, but full of the resolute enthusiasm of the age:

"First, Christian Cranmer, who (at first tho foild),  
And so subscribing to a recantation,  
Gods grace recouering him, hee, quick recoill'd,  
And made his hand ith flames make expiation.  
Saing, burne faint-hand, burne first, 'tis thy due  
merit.  
And dying, cryde, Lord Jesus take my spirit.

"Next, lovely Latimer, godly and grave,  
Himselfe, Christs old tride souldier, plaine displaid,  
Who stoutly at the stake did him behave,  
And to blest Ridley (gone before) hee saide,  
Goe on blest brother, for I followe, neere,  
This day wee'le light a light, shall aye burne cleare.

"Whom when religious, reverend Ridley spide,  
Deere heart (sayes hee) bee cheerful in y<sup>e</sup> Lord;  
Who never (yet) his helpe to his deny'd,  
And, hee will us support & strength afford,  
Or suage y<sup>e</sup> flame, thus, to the stake fast tide,  
They, constantly Christs blessed Martyres dyde.

"Blest Bradford also comming to the stake,  
Cheerfully tooke a faggott in his hand:  
Kist it, & thus, unto a young-man spake,  
W<sup>ch</sup> with him, chained, to y<sup>e</sup> stake did stand,  
Take courage (brother) wee shal haue this night,  
A blessed supper w<sup>th</sup> the Lord of Light.

"Admir'd was Doctor Tailers faith & grace,  
Who under-went greate hardship spight and spleene;  
One, basely, threw a Faggot in his face,  
W<sup>ch</sup> made y<sup>e</sup> blood ore all his face bee seene;  
Another, barbarously beate out his braines,  
Whilst, at y<sup>e</sup> stake his corps was bound w<sup>th</sup>  
chaines."

In many of the English pictures of that period the intention of the draughtsman is only made apparent by the explanatory words at the bottom. In one of these a friar is seen holding a chalice to a man who stretches out his hands to receive it. From the chalice a winged cockatrice is rising. There is also a man who stabs another while embracing him. The quaint words below explain the device: "The man which standeth lyke a Prophet signifieth godliness; the Fryer, treason; the cup with the Serpent,

\* *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Division 1, Vol. I. London: 1870. Page 2.*



Poyson; the other which striketh with the sworde, Murder; and he that is wounded is Peace." In another of these pictures we see an ass dressed in a judge's robes seated on the bench. Before him is the prisoner, led away by a priest and another man. At one side a friar is seen in conversation with a layman. No one could make any thing of this if the artist had not obligingly appended these words: "The Ass signifieth Wrathfull Justice; the man that is drawn away, Truth; those that draweth Truth by the armes, Flatterers; the Frier, Lies; and the associate with the Frier, Perjury." In another drawing the artist shows us the Pope seated in a chair, with his foot on the face of a prostrate man, and in his hand a drawn sword, directing an executioner who is in the act of beheading a prisoner. In the distance are three men kneeling in prayer. The explanation is this: "The Pope is Oppression; the man which killeth is Crueltie; those which are a-killing, Constant Religion; the three kneeling, Love, Furtherance, and Truth to the Gospel." In one of these crude productions a parson is exhibited preaching in a pulpit, from which two ecclesiastics are dragging him by the beard to the stake outside. Explanation in this instance is not so necessary, but we have it, nevertheless: "He which preacheth in the pulpit signifieth godly zeale and a furtherer of the gospel; and the two which are plucking him out of his place are the enemies of God's Word, threatening by fire to consume the professors of the same; and that company which (sit) still are *Nullijidians*, such as are of no religion, not regarding any doctrine, so they may bee quiet to live after their owne willes and mindes." Another picture shows us a figure seated on a rainbow, the world at his feet, up the sides of which a pope and a cardinal are climbing. In the middle is the devil tumbling off head-

long. The world is upheld by Death, who sits by the mouth of hell. This is the explanation: "He which sitteth on the rayne-bowe signifieth Christ, and the sworde in his hand signifieth his wrath against the wycked; the round compasse, the worlde; and those two climbing, the one a pope, the other a cardinall, striving who shall be highest; and the Divell which falleth headlong downe is Lucifer, whiche through pride fel; he whiche holdeth the world is Death, standing in the entrance of hell to receive all superbius liveres."

In another print is represented a Roman soldier riding on a bear, and bearing a banner, on which is painted the Pope with his insignia. A man stabs himself and tears his hair, and behind him is a raving woman. This picture has a blunt signification: "The bore signifieth Wrath, and the man on his back Mischief; the Pope in the flag Destruction, and the flag Uncertaine Religion, turning and chaunging with every blaste of winde; the man killing himselfe, Desperation; the woman, Madness."

There are fourteen specimens in this quaint manner in the collection of the British Museum, all executed and published in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. As art, they are naught. As part of the record of a great age, they have their value.

Germany, England, and France fought the battle of the Reformation—two victors and one vanquished. From Italy in that age we have one specimen of caricature, but it was executed by Titian. He drew a burlesque of the Laocoon to ridicule a school of artists in Rome, who, as he thought, extolled too highly the ancient sculptures, and because they could not succeed in coloring, insisted that correctness of form was the chief thing in art. Since Titian's day parodies of the Laocoon have been among the stock devices of the caricaturists of all nations.



TITIAN'S CARICATURE OF THE LAOCOON.



its ecclesiastical name and character. In our flowery observance of Easter and in our joyous celebration of Christmas we have a faint traditional residue of festivals that once made all Christendom gay and jocund. And it was all so adapted to the limited abilities of our race! In an average thousand men, there is not more than one capable of filling creditably the post of a Protestant minister, but there are a hundred who can be drilled into competent priests.

Consider, for example, a procession, which was formerly the great event of many of the Church festivals, gratifying equally those who witnessed and those who took part in it. In other words, it gratified keenly the whole community. And yet how entirely it was within the resources of human nature! Not a child so young, not a woman so weak, not a man so old, but could assist or enjoy it. The sick could view it from their windows, the robust could carry its burdens, the skillful could contrive its devices, and all had the feeling that they were engaged in enhancing at once the glory of God, the fame of their saint, the credit of their town, and the good of their souls. It was pleasure; it was duty; it was masquerade; it was devotion. Some readers may remember the exaltation of soul with which Albert Dürer, the first of German artists in Luther's age, describes the great procession at Antwerp, in 1520, in honor of what was styled the "Assumption" of the Virgin Mary. One of the pleasing fictions adopted by the old Church was that on the 15th of August, A.D. 45, the Virgin Mary, aged seventy-five years, made a miraculous ascent into heaven. Hence the annual festival, which was celebrated throughout Europe with pomp and splendor. The passage in the diary of Dürer has a particular value, because it affords us a vivid view of the bright side of the ancient Church just before the reformers changed its gorgeous robes into the Puritan's plain black gown, and substituted the long prayer and interminable sermon for the magnificent ceremonial and the splendid procession.

Albert Dürer was in sympathy with Luther, but his heart swelled within him as he beheld, on that Sunday morning in Antwerp, the glorious pageantry that filed past for two hours in honor of the "Mother of God's" translation. All the people of the city assembled about the Church of "Our Lady," each dressed in gayest attire, but each wearing the costume of his rank, and exhibiting the badge of his guild or vocation. Silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion, German drums and fifes, were playing in every quarter. The trades and guilds of the city—goldsmiths, painters, masons, embroiderers, statuariers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, sailors, fishermen, butchers, carriers, weavers, bakers, tailors, shoe-makers, and laborers—all marched by in order, at some dis-

tance apart, each preceded by its own magnificent cross. These were followed by the merchants, shop-keepers, and their clerks. The "shooters" came next, armed with bows, cross-bows, and fire-locks, some on horseback and some on foot. The city guard followed. Then came the magistrates, nobles, and knights, all dressed in their official costume, and escorted, as our artist records, "by a gallant troop, arrayed in a noble and splendid manner." There were a number of women in the procession, belonging to a religious order, who gained their subsistence by labor. These, all clad in white from head to foot, agreeably relieved the splendors of the occasion. After them marched "a number of gallant persons and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all the clergy and scholars, followed by a grand display of characters." Here the enthusiasm of the artist kindles, as he recalls the glories of the day:

"Twenty men carried the Virgin and Christ, most richly adorned, to the honor of God. In this part of the procession were a number of delightful things represented in a splendid manner. There were several wagons, in which were representations of ships and fortifications. Then came a troop of characters from the Prophets, in regular order, followed by others from the New Testament, such as the Annunciation, the Wise Men of the East riding great camels and other wonderful animals, and the Flight into Egypt, all very skillfully appointed. Then came a great dragon, and St. Margaret with the image of the Virgin at her girdle, exceedingly beautiful, and last, St. George and his squire. In this troop rode a number of boys and girls very handsomely arrayed in various costumes, representing so many saints. This procession, from beginning to end, was upward of two hours in passing our house, and there were so many things to be seen that I could never describe them all even in a book."

In some such hearty and picturesque manner all the great festivals of the Church were celebrated age after age, the entire people taking part in the show. There was no dissent, because there was no thought. But the reformers preached, the Bible was translated into the modern tongues, the intelligence of Christendom awoke, and all that bright childish pageantry vanished from the more advanced nations. The reformers discovered that there was no reason to believe that the aged Virgin Mary, on the 15th of August, A.D. 45, was borne miraculously to heaven; and in a single generation many important communities, by using their reason even to that trifling extent, grew past enjoying the procession annually held in honor of the old tradition. All the old festivals fell under the ban. It became, at length, a sectarian punctilio *not* to abstain





SPAYNE AND ROME DEFEATED.—LONDON AND AMSTERDAM, 1621.

from labor on Christmas. The Puritan Sunday was gradually evolved from the same spirit of opposition, and life became intense and serious.

For it is not in a single generation, nor in ten, that the human mind, after having been bound and confined for a thousand years, learns to enjoy and safely use its freedom. Luther the reformer was only a little less credulous than Luther the monk. He assisted to strike the fetters from the reason, but the prisoner only hobbled from one cell into another, larger and cleaner, but still a cell. No one can become familiar with the Puritan period without feeling that the bondage of the mind to the literal interpretation of some parts of the Old Testament was a bondage as real, though not as degrading nor as hopeless, as that under which it had lived to the papal decrees. You do not make your canary a free bird by merely opening the door of its cage. It has to acquire slowly, with anguish and great fear, the strength of wing, lungs, and eye, the knowledge, habits, and instincts, which its ancestors possessed before they were captured in their native islands. It is only in our own day that we are beginning really to enjoy the final result of Luther's heroic life—a tolerant and modest freedom of thought—for it is only in our own day that the consequences of peculiar thinking have any where ceased to be injurious.

If there are any who can not yet forgive the Puritans for their intolerance and narrowness, it must be they who do not know the agony of apprehension in which they passed their lives. It is the Puritan age

that could be properly called the reign of terror. It lasted more than a century, instead of a few months, and it was during that long period of dread and tribulation that they acquired the passionate abhorrence of the papal system which is betrayed in the pictures and writings of the time. There was a fund of terror in their own belief, in that awful Doubt which hung over every soul, whether it was or was not one of the Elect, and in addition to that, it seemed to them that the chief powers of earth, and all the powers of hell, were united to crush the true believers.

Examine the two large caricatures, "Rome's Monster" and "Spayne and Rome Defeated," in the light of a mere catalogue of dates. The Field of the Cloth of Gold, which we may regard as the splendid close of the old state of things, occurred in 1520, three years after Luther nailed up his theses. Henry VIII. defied the Pope in 1533; and twenty years after, Bloody Mary, married to Philip of Spain, was burning bishops at Smithfield. Elizabeth's reign began in 1558, which changed, not ended, the religious strife in England. The massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred in 1572, on that 24th of August which, as Voltaire used to say, all the humane and the tolerant of our race should observe as a day of humiliation and sorrow for evermore. In 1579 began the long struggle between the New and the Old, which is called the Thirty Years' War. The Prince of Orange was assassinated in 1584, in the midst of those great events which Mr. Motley has made familiar to the reading people of both continents. Every intelli-



gent Protestant in Europe felt that the weapon which slew the prince was aimed at his own heart. The long dread of the Queen of Scots's machinations ended only with her death in 1587. Soon after, the shadow of the coming Spanish Armada crept over Great Britain, which was not dispelled till the men of England defeated and scattered it in 1588. In 1605 Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot struck such terror to the Protestant mind that it has not, in this year, 1875, wholly recovered from it, as all may know who will converse with un instructed people in the remoter counties of Great Britain. Raleigh was beheaded in 1618. The civil war began in 1642. In 1665 the plague desolated England, and in the next year occurred the great fire of London, good Protestants not doubting that both events were traceable to the fell influence of the Beast. The accession of James II., a Roman Catholic, filled the Puritans with new alarm in 1685, and during the three anxious years of his reign their brethren, the Huguenots, were fleeing into all the Protestant lands from the hellish persecution of the priests who governed Louis XIV.

Upon looking back at this period of agitation and alarm, it startles the mind to observe in the catalogue of dates this one: "Shakspeare died, 1616." It shows us, what the ordinary records do not show, that there are people who retain their sanity and serenity in the maddest times. The rapid succession of the plays—an average of nearly two per annum—proves that there was a *public* for Shakspeare when all the world seemed absorbed in subjects least akin to art and humor. And how little trace we find of all those thrilling events in the plays! He was a London actor when the Armada came; and during the year of the Gunpowder Plot he was probably meditating the grandest of all his themes, *King Lear*!

The picture entitled "Spain and Rome Defeated"\* was one of the most noted and influential broadsheets published during the Puritan period. It may properly be termed a broadsheet, since the copy of the original in the British Museum measures 20½ inches by 13. The Puritans of England saw with dismay the growing cordiality between James I. and the Spanish court, and watched with just apprehension the visit of Prince Charles to Spain and the prospect of a marriage between the heir-apparent and a Spanish princess. At this alarming crisis, 1621, the sheet was composed in England, and sent over to Holland to be engraved and printed, Holland being then, and for a hundred and fifty years after, the printing-

house and type-foundry of Northern Europe. Some of the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts, then residing at Leyden, and still waiting to hear the first news of the *Mayflower* company, who had sailed the year before, may have borne a hand in the work. Pastor Robinson, we know, gained part of his livelihood by co-operating with brethren in England in the preparation of works designed for distribution at home.

Besides being one of the most characteristic specimens of Puritan caricature which have been preserved, it presents to us a *résumé* of history, as Protestants interpreted it, from the time of the Spanish Armada to that of Guy Fawkes—1588 to 1605. It appears to have been designed for circulation in Holland and Germany as well as in England, as the words and verses upon it are in English, Dutch, and Latin. The English lines are these:

"In Eighty-eight, Spayne, arm'd with potent might,  
Against our peacefull Land came on to fight;  
But windes and waves and fire in one conspire,  
To help the English, frustrate Spaynes desire.  
To second that the Pope in counsell sits,  
For some rare stratagem they strayne their witts;  
November's 5th, by powder they decree  
Great Brytanes state ruinate should bee.  
But Hee, whose never-slumb'ring Eye did view  
The dire intendments of this damned crew,  
Did soone prevent what they did thinke most sure.  
Thy mercyes, Lord! for evermore endure."

This interesting sheet was devised by Samuel Ward, a Puritan preacher of Ipswich, of great zeal and celebrity, who dedicated it, in the fashion of the day, thus:

"To God. In memorye of his double deliverance from y<sup>e</sup> invincible Navie and y<sup>e</sup> unmatcheable powder Treason, 1605."

It was a timely reminder. As we occasionally see in our own day a public man committing the absurdity of replying in a serious strain to a caricature, so, in 1621, the Spanish ambassador in London, Count Gondomar, called the attention of the British government to this engraving, complaining that it was calculated to revive the old antipathy of the English people to the Spanish monarchy. The obsequious lords of the Privy Council summoned Samuel Ward to appear before them. After examining him, they remanded him to the custody of their messenger, whose house was a place of confinement for such prisoners; and there he remained. As there was yet no *habeas corpus* act known among men, he could only protest his innocence of any ill designs upon the Spanish monarchy, and humbly petition for release. He petitioned first the Privy Council; and they proving obdurate, he petitioned the king. He was set free at last, and he remained for twenty years a thorn in the side of those who dreaded "Spain and Rome" less than they hated Puritans and Parliaments.

This persecution of Samuel Ward gave his print such celebrity that several imita-

\* From Malcolm, who copied it from the original in the British Museum. See Malcolm's *Caricaturing*. Plate 22.



tions or pirated editions of the work speedily appeared, of which four are preserved in the great collection of the British Museum, each differing from the original in details. Caricatures aimed directly at the Spanish ambassador followed, but they are only remarkable for the explanatory words which accompany them. In one we read that the residence of Count Gondomar in England had "hung before the eyes of many good men like a prodigious comet, threatening worse effects to church and state than this other comet," which had recently menaced both from the vault of heaven. "No eclipse of the sunne," continues the writer, "could more damnifie the earth, to make it barraine and the best things abortive, than did his interposition." We learn also that when the count left England for a visit to his own country, in 1618, "there was an uproare and assault a day or two before his departure from London by the Apprentices, who seemed greedy of such an occasion to vent their own spleenes in doing him or any of his a mischief." Another picture exhibits the odious Gondomar giving an account of his conduct in England to the "Spanishe Parliament," in the course of which he attributes the British abhorrence of Spain to such men as "Ward of Ipswich," whom he describes as "light and unstayed wits," intent on winning the airy applause of the vulgar, and to raise their desperate fortunes. Nor does he refrain from chuckling over the penalty inflicted upon that enemy of Spayne and Rome: "And I think that Ward of Ipswich escaped not safely for his lewed and profane picture of '88 and their Powder Treason, one whereof, my Lord Archbishop, I sent you in a letter, that you might see the malice of these detestable Heretiques against his Holiness and the Catholic Church." This broadsheet being entitled *Vox Populi*, the writer concludes his explanation by styling the ambassador "Fox Populi, Count Gondomar the Great."

Ward of Ipswich continued to be heard from occasionally during the first years of the reign of Charles I. Ipswich itself acquired a certain celebrity as a Puritan centre, and the name was given during the lifetime of Samuel Ward to a town in Massachusetts, which is still thriving. One of his sermons upon drunkenness was illustrated by a picture, of which a copy is given here,\* designed to show the degeneracy of manners that had taken place in England in his day. Mr. Chatto truly remarks that twenty years later the picture would have been more appropriate with the inscriptions transposed.

The marriage of Charles I. with the Princess Henrietta of France, in 1625, was one



FROM TITLE-PAGE TO A SERMON, "WOE TO DRUNKARDS," BY SAMUEL WARD, OF IPSWICH.—1627.

of the long series of impolitic acts which the king expiated on the scaffold in 1649. It aggravated every propensity of his nature that was hostile to the liberties of the people. Under James I. the *élite* of the Puritans had fled to Holland, and a little company had sought a more permanent refuge on the coast of New England. During the early years of the reign of Charles the persecution of the Puritans by his savage bishops became so cruel and so vigilant as to induce men of family and fortune, like Winthrop and his friends, accompanied by a fleet of vessels laden with virtuous and thoughtful families, to cross the ocean and settle in Massachusetts. Boston was founded when Charles I. had been cutting off the ears and slitting the noses of Puritans for five years. All that enchanting shore of New England, with its gleaming beaches, and emerald isles, and jutting capes of granite and wild roses, now so dear to summer visitors—an eternal holiday-ground and resting-place for the people of North America—began to be dotted with villages, the names of which tell us what English towns were most renowned for the Puritan spirit two hundred and fifty years ago. The satirical pictures preserved in the British Museum which relate to events in earlier reigns number ninety-nine in all, but those suggested by events in the reign of Charles I. are nearly seven hundred in number. Most of them, however, were not published until after the downfall of the king.

Several of these prints are little more than portraits of the conspicuous persons of the time, with profuse accounts on the same sheet of their sufferings or misdeeds. One such records the heroic endurance of "the Reverend Peter Smart, mr of Artes, minister of God's word at Durham," who, for preaching against popery, lost above three hundred pounds per annum, and was imprisoned

\* From Chatto's *Origin and History of Playing Cards*. London: 1848. Page 131.



eleven years in the King's Bench. The composer adds these lines:

"Peter preach downe vaine rites with  
flagrant harte:  
Thy Guerdon shall be greate, though  
heare thou Smart."

Another of these portrait pieces exhibits Dr. Alexander Leighton, who spoke of Queen Henrietta as "the daughter of Hell, a Canaanite, and an idolatresse," and spared not Archbishop Laud and his confederates. For these offenses he was, as the draughtsman informs us, "clapt up in Newgate for the space of 15 weekes, where he suffered great miserie and sicknes almost to death, afterward lost one of his Eares on the pillorie, had one of his nostrills slitt clean through, was whipt with a whip of 3 Coardes knotted, had 36 lashes therewith, was fined 1000*l.*, and kept prisoner in the fleet 12 yeares, where he was most cruelly used a long time, being lodged day and night amongst the most desperately wiked villaines of ye whole prison." He was also branded on the cheek with the letters S. S.—sower of sedition. Several other prints of the time record the same mark of attention paid by the "martyred" king to his Catholic wife. By-and-by, the crowned and mitred ruffians who did such deeds as these being themselves in durance, Parliament set Dr. Leighton free, and made him a grant of six thousand pounds.

A caricature of the same bloody period is entitled, "Archbishop Laud dining on the Ears of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton." We see Laud seated at dinner, having an ear on the point of his knife and three more ears in the plate before him, the three victims of his cruelty standing about, and two armed bishops at the foot of the table. The dialogue below represents Laud as rejecting with scorn all the dainties of his table, and declaring that nothing will content him but the ears of Lawyer Prynne and Dr. Bastwick. He cuts them off himself, and orders them to be dressed for his supper.

"*Canterbury.* This I doe to make you examples, That others may be more careful to please my palate. Henceforth let my servants know, that what I will, I will have done, What ere is under heaven's Sunne."

A burst of caricature heralded the coming triumph of the Puritans in 1640, the year of the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. Many of the pictures recorded both the sufferings and the joyful deliverance of the Puritan clergymen. Thus we have in one of



"LET NOT THE WORLD DEVIDE THOSE WHOM CHRIST HATH JOINED."

them a glowing account of the return of the three gentlemen whose ears furnished a repast for the Archbishop of Canterbury. They had been imprisoned for many years in the Channel Islands, from which they were conveyed to Dartmouth, and thence to London, hailed with acclamations of delight and welcome in every village through which they passed. All the expenses of their long journey were paid for them, and presents of value were thrust upon them as they rode by. Within a few miles of London they were met by such a concourse of vehicles, horsemen, and people that it was with great difficulty they could travel a mile in an hour. But when at length in the evening they reached the city, masses of enthusiastic people blocked the streets, crying, "Welcome home! welcome home!" and strewing flowers and rosemary before them. Thousands of the people carried torches, which rendered the streets lighter than the day. They were three hours in making their way through the crowd from Charing Cross to their lodgings in the city, a distance of a mile.

It was during the exaltation of the years preceding the civil war that such pictures appeared as the one given above, urging a union between the Church of England and the Church of Scotland against the foe of both. This is copied from an original impression in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

The caricaturists pursued Laud and Strafford even to the scaffold. The archbishop



was the author of a work entitled, *Canons and Institutions Ecclesiastical*, in which he gave expression to his extreme High-Church opinions. In 1640 the victorious House of Commons canceled the canons adopted from this work, and fined the clergy who had sat in the Convocation. A caricature quickly appeared, called "Archbishop Laud firing a Cannon," in which the cannon is represented as bursting, and its fragments endangering the clergymen standing near. Laud's committal to the Tower was the occasion of many broadsheets, one of which exhibits him fastened to a staple in a wall, with a long string of taunting stanzas below:

"Reader, I know thou canst not choose but smile  
To see a Bishop tide thus to a ring!  
Yea, such a princely prelate, that ere while  
Could three at once in *Lambo patrum* fling;  
Suspend by hundreds where his worship pleased,  
And them that preached too off by silence eas'd;

"Made Laws and Canons, like a King (at least);  
Devis'd new oaths; fore'd men to swear to lies!  
Advanc'd his lordly power 'bove all the rest.  
And then our Lazie Priests began to rise;  
But painfull ministers, which plide their place  
With diligence, went downe the wind apace.

"Our honest Round heads too then went to racke;  
The holy sisters into corners fled;  
Cobblers and Weavers preach in Tubs for lacke  
Of better Pulpits; with a sacke instead  
Of Pulpit-cloth, hung round in decent wise,  
All which the spirit did for their good devise.

"Barnes, Cellers, Colc-holes, were their meeting-  
places,  
So sorely were these babes of Christ abus'd,  
Where he that most Church-government disgraces  
Is most esteem'd, and with most reverence us'd.  
It being their sole intent religiously  
To rattle against the Bishops' dignity.

"Brother, saies one, what doe you thinke, I pray,  
Of these proud Prelates, which so lofty are?  
Truly, saies he, meere Antichrists are they.  
Thus as they parle, before they be aware,  
Perhaps a Pursuivant slips in behind,  
And makes 'em run like hares before the wind.

"A yeere agoe 'had been a hanging matter  
T'ave writ (nay, spoke) a word 'gainst little Will;  
But now the times are chang'd, men scorne to flatter;  
So much the worse for Canterbury still,  
For if that truth come once to rule the roast,  
No marle to see him tide up to a post.

"By wicked counsels faine he would have set  
The Scots and us together by the eares;  
A Patriark's place the Levite long'd to get,  
To sit bith' Pope in one of Peter's chaires.  
And having drunke so deepe of Babels cup,  
Was it not time, d'ee think, to chaine him up?"

In these stanzas are roughly given the leading counts of the popular indictment against Archbishop Laud. Other prints present him to us in the Tower with a halter round his neck; and, again, we see him in a bird-cage, with the queen's Catholic confessor, the two being popularly regarded as birds of a feather. In another, a stout carpenter is holding Laud's nose to a grindstone, while the carpenter's boy turns the handle, and the archbishop cries for mercy:

"Such turning will soon deform my face;  
Oh! I bleed, I bleed! and am extremely sore."

But the carpenter reminds him that the various ears that he had caused to be cut off were quite as precious to their owners as his nose is to him. A Jesuit enters with a vessel of holy-water with which to wash the extremely sore nose. One broadsheet represents Laud in consultation with his physician, who administers an emetic that causes him to throw off his stomach several heavy articles which had been troubling him for years. First, the "Tobacco Patent" comes up with a terrible wrench. As each article appears, the doctor and his patient converse upon it:

"Doctor. What's this? A book? *Whosoever hath bin at church may exercise laudful recreations on Sunday.* What's the meaning of this?"

"*Canterbury.* 'Tis the booke for Pastimes on the Sunday, which I caused to be made. But hold! here comes something. What is it?"

"*Doctor.* 'Tis another book. The title is, *Sunday no Sabbath.* Did you cause this to be made also?"

"*Canterbury.* No; Doctor Pocklington made it; but I licensed it.

"*Doctor.* But what's this? A paper 'tis; if I be not mistaken, a Star-Chamber order made against Mr. Prinne, Mr. Burton, and Dr. Bastwicke. Had you any hand in this?"

"*Canterbury.* I had. I had. All England knoweth it. But, oh, here comes up something that makes my very back ake! O that it were up once! Now it is up, I thank Heaven!

"*Doctor.* 'Tis a great bundle of papers, of presentations and suspensions. These were the instruments, my lord, wherewith you created the tongue-tied Doctors, and gave them great Benefices in the Country to preach some twice a year at the least, and in their place to hire some journeyman Curate, who will only read a Sermon in the forenoon, and in the afternoon be drunke, with his parishioners for company."

By the same painful process the archbishop is delivered of his *Book of Canons*, and finally of his mitre; upon which the doctor says, "Nay, if the miter be come, the Divell is not far off. Farewell, my good lord."

There still exist in various collections more than a hundred prints relating directly to Archbishop Laud, several of which give burlesque representations of his execution. There are some that show him asleep, and visited by the ghosts of those whom he had persecuted, each addressing him in turn, as the victims of Richard III. spoke to their destroyer on Bosworth Field. One of the print-makers, however, relented at the spectacle of an old man, seventy-two years of age, brought to the block. He exhibits the archbishop speaking to the crowd from the scaffold:

"Lend me but one poore teare, when thow do'st see  
This wretched portraict of just miserie.  
I was Great Innovator, Tyran, Foe  
To Church and State; all Times shall call me so.  
But since I'm Thunder-stricken to the Ground,  
Learn how to stand: insult not ore my wound."

This one poor stanza alone among the popular utterances of the time shows that any soul in England was touched by the cruel fanatic's bloody end.





“ENGLAND'S WOLFE WITH EAGLE'S OLAWES” (PRINCE RUPERT).—1647.

During the civil war and the government of Cromwell, 1642 to 1660, nine in ten of all the satirical prints that have been preserved are on the Puritan side. A great number of them were aimed at the Welsh, whose brogue seems to have been a standing resource with the mirth-makers of that period, as the Irish is at present. The wild roistering ways of the Cavaliers, their debauchery and license, furnished subjects. The cruelties practiced by Prince Rupert suggested the above illustration, in which the author endeavored to show “the cruell Impieties of Blood-thirsty Royalists and blasphemous Anti-Parliamentarians under the Command of that inhumane Prince Rupert, Digby, and the rest, wherein the barbarous Crueltie of our Civill uncivill Warres is briefly discovered.” Beneath the portrait of England's wolf are various narratives of his bloody deeds. One picture exhibits the plundering habits of the mercenaries on the side of the king in Ireland. A soldier is represented armed and equipped with the utensils that appertain to good forage: on his head a three-legged pot, hanging from his side a duck, a spit with a goose on it held in his left hand as a musket, a dripping-pan on his arm as a shield, a hay-fork in his right hand for a rest, with a string of sausages for a match, a long artichoke at his side for a sword, bottles of canary suspended from his belt, slices of toast for shoe-

strings, and two black pots at his garters. This picture may have been called forth by an item in a news-letter of 1641, wherein it was stated that such “great store of pillidges” was daily brought into Drogheda that a cow could be bought there for five shillings and a horse for twelve.

The abortive attempt of Charles II., after the execution of his father, to unite the Scots under his sceptre, and by their aid place himself upon the throne of England, called forth the caricature annexed, in which an old device is put to a new use. A large number of verses explain the picture, though they begin by declaring:

“This Embleme needs no learned Exposition;  
The World knows well enough the sad condition  
Of regal Power and Prerogative.  
Dead and dethron'd in England, now alive  
In Scotland, where they seeme to love the Lad,  
If hee'l be more obsequious than his Dad,  
And act according to Kirk Principles,  
More subtle than were Delphic Oracles.”

In the verses that follow there is to be found one of the few explicit justifications of the execution of Charles I. that the lighter literature of the Commonwealth affords:

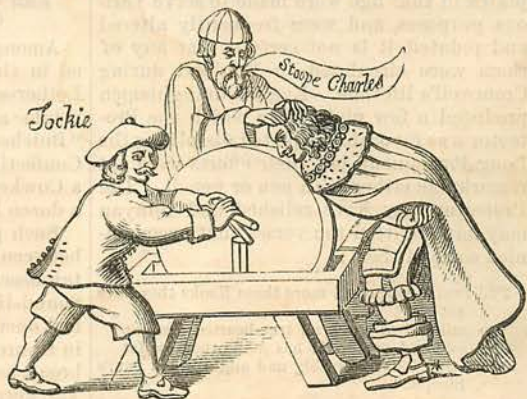
“But *Law and Justice* at the last being done  
On the hated Father, now they love the Son.”

The poet also taunts the Scots with having first stirred up the English to “doe Heroick Justice” on the late king, and then adopting the heir on condition of his giving their Church the same fell supremacy which Laud had claimed for the Church of England.

The Ironsides of Cromwell soon accomplished the caricaturist's prediction:

“But this religious mock, we all shall see,  
Will soone the downfall of their Babel be.”

We find the pencil and the pen of the sat-



CHARLES II. AND THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIANS.—1651.

*Presbyter.* Come to the grinstone, Charles; 'tis now too late  
To recolect, 'tis presbyterian fate.

*King.* You Covenant pretenders, must I bee  
The subject of your Tradgie Comedie?

*Jockey.* I, Jockey, turne the stone of all your plots,  
For none turnes faster than the turne-coat Scots.

*Presbyter.* We for our ends did make thee king, be sure,  
Not to rule us, we will not that endure.

*King.* You deep dissemblers, I know what you doe,  
And, for revenges sake, I will dissemble too.



irist next employed in exhibiting the young king fleeing in various ludicrous disguises before his enemies.

An interesting caricature published during the civil wars aimed to cast back upon the Malignants the ridicule implied in the nickname of Roundhead as applied to the Puritans. It contained figures of three ecclesiastics, "Sound-Head, Rattle-Head, and Round-Head." Sound-Head, a minister sound in the Puritan faith, hands a Bible to Rattle-Head, a personage meant for Laud, half bishop and half Jesuit. On the other side is the genuine Round-Head, a monk with shorn pate, who presents to Rattle-Head a crucifix, and points to a monastery. Rattle-Head rejects the Bible, and receives the crucifix. Over the figures is written :

"See heer, Malignants Foolerie  
Retorted on them properly,  
The Sound-Head, Round-Head, Rattle-Head,  
Well-placed, where best is merited."

Below are other verses in which, of course, Rattle-Head and Round-Head are belabored in the thorough-going, root-and-branch manner of the time, *Atheist* and *Arminian* being used as synonymous terms :

"See heer, the Rattle-Heads most Rotten Heart,  
Acting the Atheists or Arminians part."

In looking over the broadsheets of that stirring period, we are struck by the absence of the mighty Name that must have been uppermost in every mind and oftenest on every tongue—that of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. A few caricatures were executed in Holland, in which "The General" and "Oliver" and "The Protector" were weakly satirized, but as most of the plates in that age were made to serve various purposes, and were frequently altered and redated, it is not certain that any of them were circulated in England during Cromwell's lifetime. English draughtsmen produced a few pictures in which the Protector was favorably depicted dissolving the Long Parliament, but their efforts were not remarkable either with pen or pencil. The Protector may have relished and Bunyan may have written the verses that accompanied some of them :

"Full twelve years and more these Rooks they have  
sat  
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted People;  
Our Gold and our Silver has made them so fat  
that they loekt more big and mighty than Paul's  
Steeple."

The Puritans handled the sword more skillfully than the pen, and the royalists were not disposed to satire during the rule of the Ironside chief. The only great writer of the Puritan age on the Puritan side was Milton, and he was one of the two or three great writers who have shown little sense of humor.

What a change came over the spirit of

English art and literature at the Restoration in 1660! Forty years before, when James I. was king, who loathed a Puritan, there was occasionally published a print in which Puritans were treated in the manner of Hudibras. There was one of 1612 in which a crown was half covered by a broad-brimmed hat, with verses reflecting upon "the aspiring, factious Puritan," who presumed to "overlooke his king." There was one in 1636, in the reign of Charles I., aimed at "two infamous upstart prophets," weavers, then in Newgate for heresy, which contains a description of a Puritan at church, which is entirely in the spirit of Hudibras :

"His seat in the church is where he may be most seene. In the time of the Sermon he draws out his tables to take the Notes, but still noting who observes him to take them. At every place of Scripture cited he turnes over the leaves of his Booke, more pleased with the motion of the leaves than the matter of the Text; For he folds downe the leaves though he finds not the place. Hee lifts up the whites of his eyes towards Heaven when hee meditates on the sordid pleasures of the earth; his body being in God's Church, when his mind is in the divel's Chappell."

Again, in 1647, two years before the execution of Charles, an extensive and elaborate sheet appeared, in which the ignorant preachers of the day were held up to opprobrium. Each of these "erronious, hereticall, and Mechannick spirits" was exhibited practicing his trade, and a multitude of verses below described the heresies which such teachers promulgated.

"Oxford and Cambridge make poore Preachers;  
Each shop affordeth better Teachers:  
Oh blessed Reformation!"

Among the "mechannick spirits" presented in this sheet we remark "Barbone, the Lether-seller," who figures in many later prints as "Barebones." There are also "Bulcher, a Chicken man;" "Henshaw, a Confectioner, alias an Inflectioner;" "Duper, a Cowkeeper;" "Lamb, a Sope-boyley," and a dozen more.

Such pictures, however, were few and far between during the twenty years of Puritan ascendancy. But when the rule of the Sound-Head was at an end, and Rattle-Head had once more the dispensing of preferment in Church and state, the press teemed with broadsheets reviling the Puritan heroes. The gorgeous funeral of the Protector—his body borne in state on a velvet bed, clad in royal robes, to Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent tomb rose over his remains—was still fresh in the recollection of the people of London when they saw the same body torn from its resting-place, and hung on Tyburn Hill from nine in the morning until six in the evening, and then cast into a deep pit. Thousands who saw his royal



the throne of England, in 1690, have, we may almost say, but one topic—the Popish Plot. The spirit of that period lives in those sheets.

It had been a custom in England to celebrate the 17th of November, the day, as one sheet has it, on which the unfortunate Queen Mary died, and “that Glorious Sun, Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory, arose in the English horizon, and thereby dispelled those thick fogs and mists of Romish blindness, and restored to these kingdoms their just Rights both as men and Christians.” The next recurrence of this anniversary after the murder of Godfrey was seized by the Protestants of London to arrange a procession which was itself a striking caricature. A pictorial representation of the procession is manifestly impossible here, but we can copy the list of objects as given on a broadsheet issued a few days after the event. This device of a procession, borrowed from Catholic times, was continually employed to promulgate and emphasize Protestant ideas down to a recent period, and has been used for political objects in our own day. How changed the thoughts of men since Albert Dürer witnessed the grand and gay procession at Antwerp, in honor of the Virgin’s Assumption, one hundred and fifty-nine years before! The 17th of November, 1679, was ushered in, at three o’clock in the morning, by a burst of bell-ringing all over London. The broadsheet thus quaintly describes the procession:

“About Five o’Clock in the Evening, all things being in readiness, the Solemn Procession began, in the following Order: I. Marched six Whiflers to clear the way, in Pioneers Caps and Red Waisteots (and carrying torches). II. A Bellman Ringing, who with a Loud and Dolesom Voice cried all the way, *Remember Justice Godfrey*. III. A Dead Body representing Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, in the Habit he usually wore, the Cravat wherewith he was murdered about his Neck, with spots of Blood on his Wrists, Shirt, and white Gloves that were on his hands, his Face pale and wan, riding on a White Horse, and one of his Murderers behind him to keep him from falling, representing the manner how he was carried from Somerset-House to Primrose-Hill. IV. A Priest in a Surplice, with a Cope Embroidered with Dead mens Bones, Skeletons, Skuls, &c. giving pardons very freely to those who would murder Protestants, and proclaiming it Meritorious. V. A Priest alone, in Black, with a large Silver Cross. VI. Four Carmelite Friars in White and Black Habits. VII. Four Grey Friars in their proper Habits. VIII. Six Jesuits with Bloody Daggers. IX. A Consort of Wind-Musick, call’d the Waits. X. Four Popish Bishops in Purple and Lawn Sleeves, with Golden Crosses on their Breasts. XI. Four

other Popish Bishops in their Pontificalibus, with Surplices, Rich Embroydered Copes, and Golden Miters on their Heads. XII. Six Cardinals in Scarlet Robes and Red Caps. XIII. The Popes Chief Physitian with Jesuites Powder in one hand, and a — in the other. XIV. Two Priests in Surplices, with two Golden Crosses. Lastly, the Pope in a Lofty Glorious Pageant, representing a Chair of State, covered with Scarlet, the Chair richly embroydered, fringed, and bedeckt with Golden Balls and Crosses; at his feet a Cushion of State, two Boys in Surplices, with white Silk Banners and Red Crosses, and Bloody Daggers for Murdering Heretical Kings and Princes, painted on them, with an Incense-pot before them, sate on each side censuring his Holiness, who was arrayed in a rich Scarlet Gown, Lined through with Ermin, and adorned with Gold and Silver Lace, on his Head a Triple Crown of Gold, and a Glorious Collar of Gold and precious stones, St. Peters Keys, a number of Beads, Agnus Dei’s and other Catholick Trumpery; at his Back stood his Holiness’s Privy Councillor, the Devil, frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering, and oft-times instructing him aloud, to destroy His Majesty, to forge a Protestant Plot, and to fire the City again; to which purpose he held an Infernal Torch in his hand. The whole Procession was attended with 150 Flambeaus and Torches by order; but so many more came in Voluntiers as made up some thousands. Never were the Balconies, Windows and Houses more numerous filled, nor the Streets closer throng’d with multitudes of People, all expressing their abhorrence of Poperly with continual Shouts and Acclamations.”

With slow and solemn step the procession marched to Temple Bar, then just rebuilt—a vivid reminder of the great fire—and there it halted, while a dialogue in verse was sung in parts by “one who represented the English Cardinal Howard, and one the people of England.” We can imagine the manner in which the crowd would come thundering in with the concluding stanza:

“Now God preserve Great Charles our King,  
And eke all honest men;  
And Traytors all to justice bring,  
Amen! Amen! Amen!”

Fire-works succeeded the song, after which “his Holiness was decently tumbled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames,” while the people gave so prodigious a shout that it was heard “far beyond Somerset House,” half a mile distant. For many years a similar pageant was given in London on the same day.

From the accession of William and Mary we notice a change in the subjects treated by caricaturists. If religion continued for a time to be the principal theme, there was more variety in its treatment. Sects became





A QUAKER MEETING, 1710—AMINDEL EXHORTING FRIENDS TO SUPPORT SACHEVEBELL.

more distinct; the Quakers arose; the divergence between the doctrines of Luther and Calvin was more marked, and gave rise to much discussion; High-Church and Low-Church renewed their endless contest; the Baptists became an important denomination; deism began to be whispered, and became soon the vaunted, faith of men of the world; even the voice of the Jew was occasionally heard, timidly asking for a small share of his natural rights. It is interesting to note in the popular broadsheets and satirical pictures how quickly the human mind began to exert its powers when an overshadowing and immediate fear of pope and king in league against liberty had been removed by the flight of James II., and the happy accession of William III.

Political caricature rapidly assumed prominence, though as long as Louis XIV. remained on the throne of France the chief aim of politics was to create safeguards against the possible return of the Catholic Stuarts. The accession of Queen Anne, the career of Bolingbroke and Harley, the splendid exploits of Marlborough, the early conflicts of Whig and Tory, the attempts of the Pretenders, the peaceful accession of George I.—all these are exhibited in broadsheets and

satirical prints still preserved in more than one collection. Louis XIV., his pomps and his vanities, his misfortunes and his mistresses, furnished subjects for hundreds of caricatures both in England and Holland. It was on a Dutch caricature of 1695 that the famous retort of the Duc de Luxembourg occurs to an exclamation of the Prince of Orange. The prince impatiently said, after a defeat, "Shall I, then, never be able to beat that hunchback?" Luxembourg replied to the person reporting this, "How does he know that my back is hunched? He has never seen it." Interspersed with political satires, we observe an increasing number upon social and literary subjects. The transactions of learned societies were now important enough to be caricatured, and the public was entertained with burlesque discourses, illustrated,

upon "The Invention of Samplers," "The Migration of Cuckoos," "The Eunuch's



FRENCH CARICATURE OF CORPULENT GENERAL GALAS, WHO DEFEATED A FRENCH CONVOY.—1635.