

Ah, Jenny, I am sick at heart,
 It is so little one can do;
 We talk our jargon—live for Art!
 I'd much prefer to live for you.
 How dull and lifeless colors are!
 You snile, and all my picture lies:
 I wish that I could crush a star
 To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I'm out of tune;
 The light is bad; the sky is gray:
 I'll work no more this afternoon,
 So lay your royal robes away.
 Besides, you're dreamy—hand on chin—
 I know not what—not in the vein:
 While I would paint Anne Bolèyn,
 You sit there looking like Elaine.

Not like the youthful, radiant Queen,
 Unconscious of the coming woe,
 But rather as she might have been,
 Preparing for the headsman's blow.
 I see! I've put you in a miff—
 Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.
 How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if—
 Somehow—as if you'd just been kissed!

 CARICATURE IN THE HOGARTHIAN PERIOD.

IT was the bubble mania of 1719 and 1720, brought upon Europe by John Law, which completed the "secularization" of caricature. Art, as well as littérature, learning, and science, was subservient to religion during the Middle Ages, and drew its chief nourishment from Mother Church. Since the Reformation they have all been obliged to pass through a painful process of weaning, and each in turn to try for an independent existence. The bubble frenzy, besides giving an impulse to the caricaturist's art such as it had never before received, withdrew attention from ecclesiastical subjects, and supplied abundant material drawn from sources purely mundane.

Above all, the pictures which that mania called forth assisted to form the great satiric artist of his time and country, William Hogarth. He was a London apprentice carving coats of arms on silver plate when the early symptoms of the mania appeared; and he was still a very young man, an engraver, feeling his way to the career that awaited him, when the broadsheets satirizing John Law began to be "adapted" from Dutch originals, and shown in the shop windows of London. Doubtless he inspected the picture of the "Night Share-Crier," cop-

ied on the next page, and noticed the cock's feather in his hat (indicating the French origin of the delusion), and the windmill upon the top of his staff. The Dutch pictures were full of that detail and by-play of which Hogarth was such a master in later years.

Visitors to New York who saw tumultuous Wall Street during the worst of our inflation period, and, following the crowd up town, entered the Gold-Room, where the wild speculation of the day was continued till midnight, may have flattered themselves that they were looking upon scenes never before exhibited in this world. What a strange intensity of excitement there was in those surging masses of young men! What fierce outcries! What a melancholy waste of youthful energies, so much needed elsewhere! But there was nothing new in all this, except that we passed the crisis with *less* loss and *less* demoralization than any community ever before experienced in circumstances at all similar.

When Louis XIV. died in 1715, after his reign of seventy-two years, he left the finances of France in a condition of inconceivable disorder. For fourteen years there had been an average annual deficit of more



"SHARES! SHARES! SHARES!"

The night share-crier and his magic lantern. A caricature of John Law and his bubble schemes.—Amsterdam, 1720.

than fourteen millions of francs, to meet which the king had raised money by every paper device that had then been discovered. Having previously sold all the offices for which any pretext could be invented, he next sold annuities of all kinds, for one life, for two lives, for three lives, and in perpetuity. Then he issued all known varieties of promises to pay, from *rentes perpétuelles* to treasury notes of a few francs, payable on demand. But there was one thing he did not do—reduce the expenditure of his enormous and extravagant court. In the midst of that deficit, when his ministers were at their wits' end to carry on the government from day to day, and half the lackeys of Paris held the depreciated royal paper, the old king ordered one more of those magnificent fêtes at Fontainebleau which had, as he thought, shed such lustre on his reign. The fête would cost four millions, the treasury was empty, and treasury notes had fallen to thirty-five. While an anxious minister was meditating the situation, he chanced to see in his inner office two valets slyly scanning the papers on his desk, for the purpose, as he instantly conjectured, of getting news for the speculators. He conceived an idea. The next time those enterprising valets

found themselves alone in the same cabinet, they were so happy as to discover on the desk the outlines of a royal lottery scheme for the purpose of paying off a certain class of treasury notes. The news was soon felt in the street. Those notes mysteriously rose in a few days from thirty-five to eighty-five; and while they were at that point the minister, anticipating the Fiskian era, slipped upon the market thirty millions of the same notes. The king had his fête; and when next he borrowed money of his subjects, for every twenty-five francs of coin that he received he was obliged to give a hundred-franc note.*

Two years after, the foolish old king died, leaving, besides a consolidated debt of bewildering magnitude, a floating debt, then due and overdue, of seven hundred and eighty-nine millions, equivalent, as M. Cochet computes, to about twice the amount in money of to-day. Coin had vanished; the royal paper was at twenty-five; the treasury was void; prices were distressingly high; some provinces refused to pay taxes; trade languished; there

were vast numbers of workmen unemployed; and during the winter after the king's death a considerable number of persons died in Paris of cold and hunger. The only prosperous people were government contractors, farmers of the revenue, brokers, and speculators in the king's paper; and these classes mocked the misery of their fellow-citizens by an ostentatious and tasteless profusion.

The natural successor of a king bigoted is a prince dissolute. The regent, who had to face this state of things on behalf of his nephew, Louis XV., a child of five, had at least the virtue and good sense to reject with indignant scorn the proposition made in his council by one member to declare France bankrupt and begin a new reign by opening a clean set of books. We, too, had our single repudiator, who fared no better than his French predecessor. But the regent's next measures were worthy of a prodigal. He called in the various kinds of public paper, and offered in exchange a new variety, called *billets d'état*, bearing interest at four per cent. But the public not responding to the call, the new bills fell to

* *Law, son Système at son Époque.* Par P. A. Coeur. Paris: 1853. Page 2.



ISLAND OF MADHEAD.

"Picture of the very famous Island of Madhead. Situated in Share Sea, and inhabited by a multitude of all kinds of people, to which are given the general name of Shareholders."—Amsterdam, 1720.

forty in twenty-four hours, and drew down all other public paper, until in a few days the royal promise to pay one hundred francs was worth twenty francs. The regent's coffers did not fill. That scarred veterans could not get their pensions paid was an evil which could be borne; but the regent had mistresses to appease!

Then he tried a system of squeezing the rich contractors and others of the vermin class who batten on a sick body-politic. As informers were to have half the product of the squeeze, an offended lackey had only to denounce his master, to get him tried on a charge of having made too much money. Woe to the plebeian who was convicted of this crime! Besides being despoiled of his property, Paris saw him, naked to the shirt, a rope round his neck, a penitential candle in his handcuffed hands, tied to a dirty cart and dragged to the pillory, carrying on his back a large label, "PLUNDERER OF THE PEOPLE." The French pillory was a revolving platform, so that all the crowd had an equal chance to hurl mud and execration at the fixed and pallid face. Judge if there was not a making haste to compound with a government capable of such squeezing! There was also a mounting in hot haste to get out of such a France. One lucky merchant crossed the frontier, dressed as a peasant, driving a cart-load of straw, under which was a chest of gold. A train of fourteen carts loaded with barrels of wine was stopped, and in each barrel a keg of gold

was found, which was emptied into the royal treasury.

The universal consternation and the utter paralysis of business which resulted from these violent spoliations may be imagined. Six thousand persons were tried, who confessed to the possession of twelve hundred millions of francs. The number of the condemned was four thousand four hundred and ten, and the sum extorted from them was, nominally, nearly four hundred millions, of which, however, less than one hundred millions reached the treasury. It was easy for a rich man to compound. A person condemned to disgorge twelve hundred thousand francs was visited by a "great lord." "Give me three hundred thousand francs," said the great lord, "and you won't be troubled for the rest." To which the merchant replied, "Really, my lord, you come too late, for I have already made a bargain with madame, your wife, for a hundred and fifty thousand." Thus the business of busy and frugal France was brought to a stand without relieving the government. The royal coffers would not fill; the deficit widened; the royal paper still declined; the poor were hungry; and, oh, horror! the regent's mistresses pouted. The government debased the coin. But that, too, proved an aggravation of the evil.

Such was that *ancien régime* which still has its admirers; such are the consequences of placing a great nation under the rule of

the greatest fool in it; and such were the circumstances which gave the Scotch adventurer, John Law, his opportunity to madden and despoil France, so often a prey to the alien.

Two hundred years ago, when John Law, a rich goldsmith's son, was a boy in Edinburgh, goldsmiths were dealers in coin as well as in plate, and hence were bankers and brokers as well as manufacturers. They borrowed, lent, exchanged, and assayed money, and therefore possessed whatever knowledge of finance there was current in the world. It was in his father's counting-room that John Law acquired that taste for financial theories and combinations which distinguished him even in his youth. But the sagacious and practical goldsmith died when his son was fourteen, and left him a large inheritance in land and money. The example of Louis XIV. and Charles II. having brought the low vices into high fashion throughout Europe, it is not surprising that Law's first notoriety should have been owing to a duel about a mistress. A man of fashion in Europe in Louis XIV.'s time was a creature gorgeously attired in lace and velvet, and hung about with ringlets made of horse-hair, who passed his days in showing the world how much there was in him of the goat, the monkey, and the pig. Law had the impudence to establish his mistress in a respectable lodging-house, which led to his being challenged by a gentleman who had a sister living there. Law killed his man on the field—"not fairly," as John Evelyn records—and he was convicted of murder. The king pardoned but detained him in prison, from which he escaped, went to the Continent, and resumed his career, being at once a man of fashion, a gambler, and a connoisseur in finance. He used to attend card-parties, followed by a footman carrying two bags, each containing two thousand louis-d'ors, and once during the lifetime of the old king he was ordered out of Paris on the ground that he "understood the games he had introduced into the capital *too well.*"

Twenty years elapsed from the time of his flight from a London prison. He was forty-four years of age, possessed nearly a million and three-quarters of francs in cash, producible on the green cloth at a day's notice, and was the most plausible talker on finance in Europe. This last was a bad symptom, indeed, for it is well known that men who remain victors in finance, who really do extricate estates and countries from financial difficulties, are not apt to talk very effectively on the subject. Successful finance is little more than paying your debts and living within your income, neither of which affords material for striking rhetoric. Alexander Hamilton, for example, talked finance in a taking manner; but it

was Albert Gallatin who quietly reduced the country's debt. Fifteen days after the death of the old king, Law was in Paris with all that he possessed, and in a few months he was deep in the confidence of the regent. His fine person, his winning manners, his great wealth, his constant good fortune, his fluent and plausible tongue, his popular vices, might not have sufficed to give him ascendancy, if he had not added to these the peculiar force that is derived from sincerity. That he believed in his own "system" is shown by his risking his whole fortune in it. And it is to his credit that the first use he made of his influence was to show that the spoliations, the debasing of the coin, and all measures that inspired terror, and thus tightened unduly the clutch upon capital, could not but aggravate financial distress.

His "system" was delightfully simple. Bear in mind that almost every one in Paris who had any property at all held the king's paper, worth one-quarter or one-fifth of its nominal value. Whatever project Law set on foot, whether a royal bank, a scheme for settling and trading with Louisiana, for commerce with the East Indies, or farming the revenues, any one could buy shares in it on terms like these: one-quarter of the price in coin, and three-quarters in paper at its nominal value.

The system was not immediately successful, and it was only in the teeth of powerful opposition that he could get his first venture, the bank, so much as authorized. Mark how clearly one of the council, the Duc de Saint-Simon, comprehended the weakness of a despotism to which he owed his personal importance. "An establishment," said he, "of the kind proposed may be in itself good; but it is so only in a republic, or in such a monarchy as England, where the finances are controlled absolutely by those who furnish the money, and who furnish only as much of it as they choose, and in the way they choose. But in a light and changing government like that of France, solidity would be necessarily wanting, since a king or, in his name, a mistress, a minister, favorites, and, still more, an extreme necessity, could overturn the bank, which would present a temptation at once too great and too easy." Law, therefore, was obliged to alter his plan, and give his bank at first a board of directors not connected with the government.

Gradually the "system" made its way. The royal paper beginning to rise in value, the holders were in good humor, and disposed to buy into other projects on similar terms. The Louisiana scheme may serve as an example of Law's method. Six years before, a great merchant of Paris, Antoine Crozat, had bought from the old king the exclusive right to trade with a vast unknown region in North America called Lou-

isiana; but after five years of effort and loss he became discouraged, and offered to sell his right to the creator of the bank. Law, accepting the offer, speedily launched a magnificent scheme: capital one hundred millions of francs, in shares of five hundred francs, purchasable wholly in those new treasury notes bearing four per cent. interest, then at a discount of seventy per cent. Maps of this illimitable virgin land were published. Pictures were exhibited, in which crowds of interesting naked savages, male and female, were seen running up to welcome arriving Frenchmen; and under the engraving a gaping Paris crowd could read, "In this land are seen mountains filled with gold, silver, copper, lead, quicksilver; and the savages, not knowing their value, gladly exchange pieces of gold and silver for knives, iron pots, a small looking-glass, or even a little brandy." One picture was addressed to pious souls; for even at that early day, as at present, there was occasionally observed a curious alliance between persons engaged in the promotion of piety and those employed in the pushing of shares. This work exhibited a group of Indians kneeling before some reverend fathers of the Society of Jesus. Under it was written, "Indian Idolaters imploring Baptism."



The excitement, once kindled, was stimulated by lying announcements of the sailing of great fleets for Louisiana laden with merchandise and colonists; of the arrival of vessels with freights worth "millions;" of the establishment of a silk factory, where in twelve thousand women of the Natchez tribe were employed; of the bringing of Louisiana ingots to the Mint to be assayed; of the discovery in Arkansas of a great rock of emerald, and the dispatch of Captain Laharpe with a file of twenty-two men to take possession of the same. In 1718 Law sent engineers to Louisiana, who did something toward laying out its future capital, which he named New Orleans, in honor of his patron, the regent.

The royal paper rose rapidly under this new demand. Other schemes followed, until John Law, through his various companies, seemed about to "run" the kingdom of France by contract, farming all its revenues, transacting all its commerce, and, best of all, paying all its debts! Madness ruled the hour. The depreciated paper rose, and still rose; reached par; went beyond par, until gold and silver were at a discount of ten per cent. The street named Quincampoix, the centre and vortex of this whirl of business, a mere lane twenty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, was crowded with excited people from morning till night, and far into the night, so that the inhabitants of the quarter sent to the police a formal complaint that they could get no sleep. Nobles, lackeys, bishops, monks, merchants, soldiers, women, pickpockets, foreigners, all resorted to *La Rue*, "panting, yelling, operating, snatching papers, counting crowns," making up a scene of noisy confusion unexampled. One man hired all the vacant houses in the street, and made a fortune by subletting offices and desk-room, even placing sentry-boxes on some of the roofs, and letting them at a good price. The excitement spread over France, reached Holland, and drew to Paris, as was estimated at the time, five hundred thousand strangers, places in the

public vehicles being engaged "two months in advance," and commanding a high premium.

There were the most extraordinary acquisitions of fortune. People suddenly enriched were called *Mississippiens*, and they behaved as the victims of sudden wealth, unearned, usually do. Men who were lackeys one week kept lackeys the next. A *garçon* of a wine shop gained twenty millions. A cobbler, who had a stall in the Rue Quincampoix made of four planks, cleared away his traps and let his boards to ladies as seats, and sold pens, paper, and ink to operators, making two hundred francs a day by both trades. Men gained money by hiring out their backs as writing-desks, bending over while operators wrote out their contracts and calculations. One little hunchback made a hundred and fifty thousand francs by thus serving as a *pupitre ambulante* (strolling desk), and a broad-shouldered soldier gained money enough in the same way to buy his discharge and retire to the country upon a pretty farm. The general trade of the city was stimulated to such a degree that for a while the novel spectacle was presented of a community almost every member of which was prosperous beyond his hopes; for even in the Rue Quincampoix itself, although some men gained more money than others, no one appeared to lose any thing. And all this seemed the work of one man, the great, the incomparable "Jean Lass," as he was then called in Paris. It was a social distinction to be able to say, "I have seen him!" His carriage could with difficulty force its way through the rapturous, admiring crowd. Princes and nobles thronged his antechamber, a duchess publicly kissed his hand, and the regent made him controller-general of the finances.

This madness lasted eight months. No one needs to be told what followed it—how a chill first came over the feverish street, a vague apprehension, not confessed, but inspiring a certain wish to "realize." Dread word, REALIZE! The tendency to realize was adroitly checked by Law, aided by operators who desired to "unload;" but the unloading, once suspected, converted the realizing tendency into a wild, ungovernable rush, which speedily brought ruin to thousands and long prostration upon France. John Law, who in December, 1719, was the idol of Paris, ready to perish of his celebrity, escaped with difficulty from the kingdom in December, 1720, hated, despised, impoverished, to resume his career as elegant gambler in the drawing-rooms of Germany and Italy.

As the "system" collapsed in France, it acquired vogue in England, where, also, it originated in the desire to get rid of the public debt by brilliant finance instead of the homely and troublesome method of

paying it. In London, besides the original South Sea Company which began the frenzy, there were started in the course of a few months about two hundred joint-stock schemes, many of which, as given in Anderson's *History of Commerce*, are of almost incredible absurdity. The sum called for by these projects was three hundred millions of pounds sterling, which was more than the value of all the land in Great Britain. Shares in Sir Richard Steele's "fish pool for bringing fresh fish to London" brought one hundred and sixty pounds a share! Men paid seventy pounds each for "permits," which gave them merely the *privilege* of subscribing to a sail-cloth manufacturing company not yet formed. There was, indeed, a great trade in "permits" to subscribe to companies only planned. Here are a few of the schemes: for raising hemp in Pennsylvania; "Puckle's machine gun;" settling the Bahamas; "wrecks to be fished for on the Irish coast;" horse and cattle insurance; "insurance and improvement of children's fortunes;" "insurance of losses by servants;" "insurance against theft and robbery;" insuring remittances; "to make salt-water fresh;" importing walnut-trees from Virginia; improving the breed of horses; purchasing forfeited estates; making oil from sunflowers; planting mulberry-trees and raising silk-worms; extracting silver from lead; making quicksilver malleable; capturing pirates; "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain in order to propagate a larger kind of mules;" trading in human hair; "for fattening of hogs;" "for the encouragement of the industrious;" perpetual motion; making pasteboard; furnishing funerals.

There was even a company formed and shares sold for carrying out an "undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." The word "puts," now so familiar in Wall Street, appears in these transactions of 1720. "Puts and refusals" were sold in vast amounts. The prices paid for shares during the half year of this mania were as remarkable as the schemes themselves. South Sea shares of a hundred pounds par value reached a thousand pounds. It was a poor share that did not sell at five times its original price. As in France, so in England, the long heads, like Sir Robert Walpole and Alexander Pope, began to think of "realizing" when they had gained a thousand per cent. or so upon their ventures; and, in a very few days, realizing, in its turn, became a mania; and all those paper fortunes shrank and crumpled into nothingness.

So many caricatures of these events appeared in Amsterdam and London during the year 1720 that the collection in the British Museum, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty-five years, contains more than a hundred specimens. I have myself eighty,

crowded with objects, and their style uninterestingly obsolete or boorishly indecent.

On Puckle's Machine Gun:

"A rare invention to destroy the crowd
Of fools at home instead of foes abroad.
Fear not, my friends, this terrible machine—
They're only wounded that have shares therein."

On the Saltpetre Company (two and sixpence a share): *

"Buy petre stock, let me be your adviser;
'Twill make you, though not richer, much the wiser."

On the German Timber Company:

"You that are rich and hasty to be poor,
Buy timber export from the German shore;
For gallowses built up of foreign wood,
If rightly used, will do Change Alley good."

On the Pennsylvania Company:

"Come all ye saints that would for little buy
Great tracts of land, and care not where they lie;
Deal with your Quaking Friends; they're men of
light;
Their spirit hates deceit and scorns to bite."

On the Ship-building Company:

"To raise fresh barks must surely be amusing,
When hundreds rot in docks for want of using."

On Settling the Bahamas:

"Rare, fruitful isles, where not an ass can find
A verdant tuft or thistle to his mind.
How, then, must those poor silly asses fare
That leave their native land to settle there?"

On a South Sea Speculator imploring Alms through his Prison Bars:

"Behold a poor dejected wretch,
Who kept a S— Sea coach of late,
But now is glad to humbly catch
A penny at the prison gate.

"What ruined numbers daily mourn
Their groundless hopes and follies past,
Yet see not how the tables turn,
Or where their money flies at last!

"Fools lost when the directors won,
But now the poor directors lose;
And where the S— Sea stock will run,
Old Nick, the first projector, knows."

On a Picture of Change Alley:

"Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods, or lands,
Or money, let me tell ye.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapor,
When all the riches that we boast
Consist in scraps of paper."

On a "Permit:"

"You that have money and have lost your wits,
If you'd be poor, buy National Permits;
Their stock's in fish, the fish are still in water,
And for your coin you may go fish hereafter."

On a Roomful of Ladies buying Stocks of a Jew and a Gentile:

"With Jews and Gentiles, undismayed,
Young tender virgins mix;
Of whiskers nor of beards afraid,
Nor all their cozening tricks.

"Bright jewels, polished once to deck
The fair one's rising breast,
Or sparkle round her ivory neck,
Lie pawned in iron chest.

"The gentle passions of the mind
How avarice controls!
E'en love does now no longer find
A place in female souls."

On a Picture of a Man laughing at an Ass browsing:

"A wise man laughed to see an ass
Eat thistles and neglect good grass.
But had the sage beheld the folly
Of late transacted in Change Alley,
He might have seen worse asses there
Give solid gold for empty air,
And sell estates in hopes to double
Their fortunes by some worthless bubble,
Till of a sudden all was lost
That had so many millions cost.
Yet ruined fools are highly pleased
To see the knaves that bit 'em squeezed,
Forgetting where the money flies
That cost so many tears and sighs."

On the Silk Stocking Company:

"Deal not in stocking shares, because, I doubt,
Those that buy most will ere long go without."

These Dutch-English pictures William Hogarth, we may be sure, often inspected as they successively courted public notice in the shops of London, as we see in his early works a character evidently derived from them. During the bubble period of 1720 he was an ambitious young engraver and sign-painter (at least willing to paint signs if a job offered),* much given to penciling likenesses and strange attitudes upon his thumb nail, to be transferred, on reaching home, to paper, and stored away for future use. He was one of those quick draughtsmen who will sketch you upon the spot a rough caricature of any odd person, group, or event that may have excited the mirth of the company; a young fellow somewhat undersized, with an alert, vigorous frame, a bright, speaking eye, a too quick tongue and temper, self-confident, but honest, sturdy, and downright in all his words and ways. "But I was a good paymaster even *then*," he once said, with just pride, after speaking of the days when he sometimes walked London streets without a shilling in his pocket.

Hogherd was the original name of the family, which was first humanized into Hogert and Hogart, and then softened into its present form. In Westmoreland, where Hogarth's grandfather cultivated a farm—small, but his own—the first syllable of the name was pronounced like that of the domestic animals which his remote ancestors may have herded. There was a vein of talent in the family, an uncle of Hogarth's having been the song-writer and satirist of his village, and his own father emerging from remote and most rustic Westmoreland to settle in London as a poor school-master and laborious, ill-requited compiler of school-books and proof-reader. A Latin dictionary of his making existed in manuscript after the death of the artist, and a Latin letter written by him is one of the curiosities in the British Museum. But he remained al-

* *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Division 1, vol. II., page 566.*



THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.—HOGARTH.

ways a poor man, and could apprentice his boy only to an engraver of the lowest grade known to the art. But this sufficed for a lad who could scarcely touch paper with a pencil without betraying his gift, who drew capital burlesques upon his nail when he was fifteen, and entertained Addison's coffee-house with a caricature of its landlord when he was twenty-two.

The earliest work by this greatest of English artists in his century, which has been preserved in the British Museum (1720), shows the bent of his genius as plainly as the first sketch by Boz betrays the quality of Dickens. It is called "Design for a Shop-Bill," and was probably Hogarth's own shop-bill, his advertisement to the public that he was able and willing to paint signs. In those days, the school-master not having yet gone "abroad," signs were usually pictorial, and sometimes consisted of the popular representation of the saint having special charge of the business to be recommended.

In Hogarth's shop-bill we see a tall man holding up a newly painted sign of St. Luke with his ox and book, at which a group of persons are looking, while Hogarth himself appears to be showing the sign to them as possible customers. Along the bottom of the sign is engraved W. HOGARTH, PAINTER. In the background is seen an artist painting at an easel and a boy grinding colors. He could not even in this first homely essay avoid giving his work something of a narrative character. He must exhibit a story with humorous details. So in his caricature of Daniel Button, drawn to ridicule the Tory frequenters of Button's coffee-house, he relates an incident as well as burlesques individuals. There stands Master Button in his professional apron, with powdered wig and frilled shirt, and opposite to him a tall, seedy, stooping scholar or poet is storming at the landlord with clinched fists because he will not let him have a cup of coffee without the money. There is also the truly Ho-

garthian incident of a dog smelling suspiciously the poet's coat tail. Standing about the room are persons whom tradition reports to have been intended as portraits of Pope, Steele, Addison, Arbuthnot, and others of Button's famous customers. This drawing, executed with a brush, is also preserved in the British Museum. Daniel Button, as Dr. Johnson reports, had once been a servant in the family of the Countess of Warwick, and was placed in the coffee-house by Addison. A writer in the *Spectator* alludes to this haunt of the Tories: "I was a Tory at Button's and a Whig at Child's."

The South Sea delusion drew from Hogarth his first engraved caricature. Among the Dutch engravings of 1720, called forth by the schemes of John Law, there was one in which the victims were represented in a merry-go-round, riding in revolving cars or upon wooden horses, the whole kept in motion by a horse ridden by the devil. The picture presents also the usual multitude of confusing details, such as the Dutch madhouse in the distance, with a long train of vehicles going toward it. In availing himself of this device the young Londoner showed much of that skill in the arrangement of groups and that fertility in the invention of details which marked his later works. His whirligig revolves higher in the air than in the Dutch picture, enabling him to show his figures clear of the crowd below, and instead of the devil on horseback giving the motion, he assigns that work more justly to the directors of the South Sea Company. Thus he has room and opportunity to impart a distinct character to most of his figures. We see perched aloft on the wooden horses about to be whirled around a nobleman with his broad ribbon, a shoe-black, an old woman, a wigged clergyman, and a woman of the town. With his usual uncompromising humor, Hogarth places these last two characters next to one another, and while the clergyman ogles the woman, she chucks him under the chin. There is a world of accessories: a devil exhaling fire, standing behind a counter and cutting pieces of flesh from the body of Fortune and casting them to a hustling crowd of Catholic, Puritan, and Jew; Self-Interest breaking Honesty upon a wheel; a crowd of women rushing pell-mell into an edifice gabled with horns, and bearing the words, "Raffling for Husbands with Lottery Fortunes in here;" Honor in the pillory flogged by Villainy; an ape wearing a sword and cap. The scene chosen by the artist for these remarkable events is the open space in which the monument stands, then fresh and new, which commemorates the Great Fire; but he slyly changes the inscription thus: "This Monument was erected in Memory of the Destruction of this City by the South Sea in 1720."

Hogarth, engraver and sign-painter though he may have been, was all himself in this amusing and effective piece. If the Dutch picture and Hogarth's could be placed here side by side, the reader would have before him an interesting example of the honest plagiarism of genius, which does not borrow gold and merely alter the stamp, but converts a piece of crude ore into a Toledo blade. Unfortunately, both pictures are too large and crowded to admit of effective reduction.

In this, his first published work, the audacious artist availed himself of an expedient which heightened the effect of most of his later pictures. He introduced portraits of living persons. Conspicuous in the foreground of the South Sea caricature, among other personages now unknown, is the diminutive figure of Alexander Pope, who was one of the few lucky speculators of the year 1720. At least he withdrew in time to save half the sum which he once thought he had made. The gloating rake in the first picture of the "Harlot's Progress" is that typical reprobate of eighteenth-century romances, Colonel Francis Charteris, upon whom Arbuthnot wrote the celebrated epitaph, which, it is to be hoped, is itself a caricature:

Here continueth to rot
the body of FRANCIS CHARTERIS,
who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,

in spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
in the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
his matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

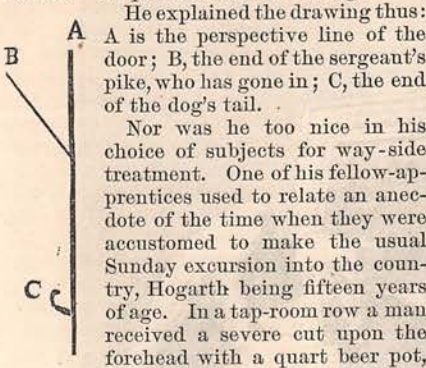
Oh, indignant reader!
think not his life useless to mankind;
Providence connived at his execrable designs
to give to after-ages a conspicuous
proof and example
of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the sight of God, by His bestowing it on
the MOST UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

Hogarth was as much a humorist in his life as he was in his works. The invitation to Mr. King to *eta beta py*, given below, was one of many similar sportive efforts of his pencil. He once boasted that he could draw



HOGARTH'S INVITATION CARD.

a sergeant carrying his pike, entering an ale-house, followed by his dog, all in three strokes. He produced the following :



He explained the drawing thus: A is the perspective line of the door; B, the end of the sergeant's pike, who has gone in; C, the end of the dog's tail.

Nor was he too nice in his choice of subjects for way-side treatment. One of his fellow-apprentices used to relate an anecdote of the time when they were accustomed to make the usual Sunday excursion into the country, Hogarth being fifteen years of age. In a tap-room row a man received a severe cut upon the forehead with a quart beer pot, which brought blood, and caused him to "distort his features into a most hideous grin." Hogarth produced his pencil and instantly drew a caricature of the scene, including a most ludicrous and striking likeness of the wounded man. There was of necessity a good deal of *tap-room* in all humorous art and literature of that century, and he was perfectly at home in scenes of a beery cast.

The "Five Days' Peregrination" of Hogarth and his friends, of which Thackeray discoursed to us so agreeably in one of his lectures, occurred when the artist was thirty-four years of age. But it shows us the same jovial Londoner, whose manners and pleasures, as Mr. Thackeray remarked, though honest and innocent, were "not very refined." Five friends set out on foot early in the morning from their tavern haunt in Covent Garden, gayly singing the old song, "Why should we quarrel for riches?" Billingsgate was their first halting-place, where, as the appointed historian of the jaunt records, "Hogarth made the caricature of a porter, who called himself the Duke of Puddle Dock," which "drawing was by his grace pasted on the cellar door." At Rochester, "Hogarth and Scott stopped and played at hop-scotch in the colonnade under the Town-hall." The Nag's Head at the village of Stock sheltered them one night, when, after supper, "we adjourned to the door, drank punch, stood and sat for our pictures drawn by Hogarth." In another village the merry blades "got a wooden chair, and placed Hogarth in it in the street, where he made the drawing, and gathered a great many men, women, and children about him to see his performance." The same evening, over their flip, they were entertaining the tap-room with their best songs, when some Harwich lobster-men came in and sang several sea-songs so agreeably that the Londoners were "quite put out of countenance." "Our *St. John*," records the scribe of the adventure, "would not come in competition,

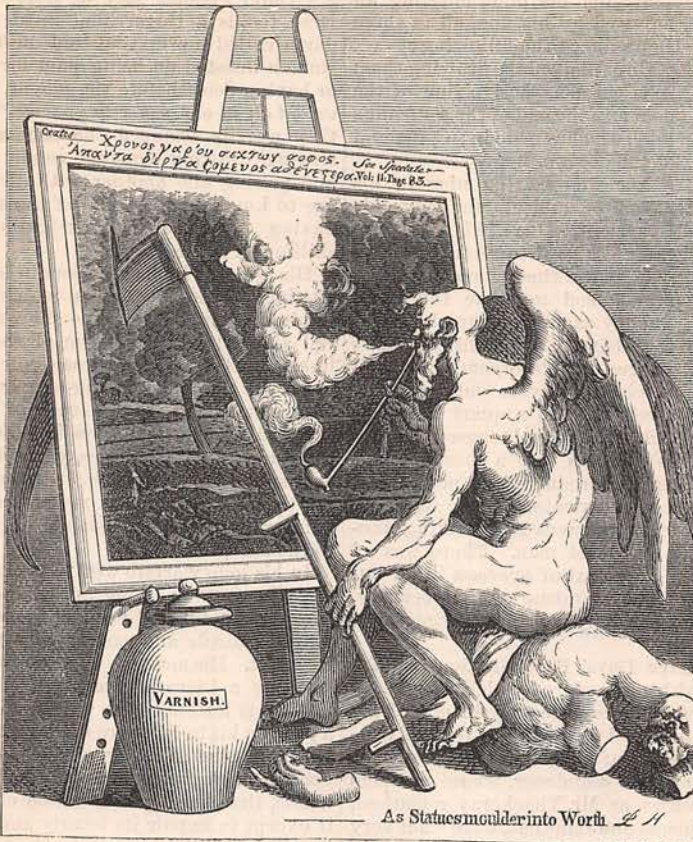
nor could *Pishoken* save us from disgrace." Here, too, is a Hogarthian incident: "Hogarth called me up and told me the good-woman insisted on being paid for her bed, or having Scott before the mayor, *which last we did all in our power to promote.*" And so they merrily tramped the country round, singing, drawing, copying comic epitaphs, and pelting one another with dirt, returning to London at the end of the five days, having expended just six guineas—five shillings a day each man.

His sense of humor appears in his serious writings. One illustration which he gives in his *Analysis of Beauty*, to show the essential and exhaustless charm of the waving line, is in the highest degree comic: "I once heard an eminent dancing-master say that the minuet had been the study of his whole life, and that he had been indefatigable in the pursuit of its beauties, yet at last could only say, with Socrates, *he knew nothing*, adding that I was happy in my profession as a painter, in that some bounds might be set to the study of it."

In his long warfare with the picture dealers, who starved living art in England by the manufacture of "old masters," he employed ridicule and caricature with powerful effect. His masterly caricature of "Time smoking a Picture" was well seconded by humorous letters to the press, and by many a passing hit in his more elaborate writings. He maintained that a painting is never so good as at the moment it leaves the artist's hands, time having no possible effect upon it except to impair its beauty and diminish its truth. There was penned at this period a burlesque "Bill of Monsieur Varnish to Benjamin Bister," which is certainly Hogarthian, if it is not Hogarth's, and might well serve as a companion piece to the engraving. Among the items are these:

	£ s. d.
To painting and canvas for a naked Mary Magdalen, in the undoubted style of Paul Veronese	2 2 0
To brimstone, for smoking ditto	0 2 6
Paid Mrs. W— for a live model to sit for Diana bathing, by Tintoretto	0 16 8
Paid for the hire of a layman, to copy the robes of a Cardinal, for a Vandycck	0 5 0
Paid the female figure for sitting thirty minutes in a wet sheet, that I might give the dry manner of that master	0 10 6
The Tribute-money Rendered, with all the exactness of Quintin Metsius, the famed blacksmith of Antwerp	2 12 6
The Martyrdom of St. Winifred, with a view of Holywell Bath, by old Frank	1 11 6
To a large allegorical altarpiece, consisting of men and angels, horses and river gods; 'tis thought most happily hit off for a Rubens	5 5 0
Paid for admission into the House of Peers, to take a sketch of a great character, for a picture of Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, in the darkest manner of Rembrandt, not yet finished	0 2 6

The idea of a wet sheet imparting the effect of dryness was taken from a treatise on painting, which stated that "some of the



TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

ancient masters acquired a dry manner of painting from studying after wet drapery."

This robust and downright Briton, strong in the consciousness of original and native genius, did not object merely to the manufacture of old masters, but also to the excessive value placed upon the genuine productions of the great men of old. He could not feel it to be just or favorable to the progress of art that works representing a state of feeling long ago outgrown in England should take precedence of paintings instinct with the life of the present hour. In other words, he did not enjoy seeing one of his own paintings sell at auction for fourteen guineas, and an Old Master bring a thousand. He grew warm when he denounced "the picture jobbers from abroad," who imported continually "ship-loads of dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix upon us Englishmen the name of universal dupes." He imagines a scene between one of those old-

master mongers and his customer. The victim says:

"Mr. Bubbleman, that grand Venus, as you are pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character of an English cook-maid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air: 'Sir, I find that you are no *connoisseur*; the picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted, and truly sublime: the contour gracious; the air of the head in high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion by judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb, gives a vast sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds

on a frightful thing, which, without the hard name, is not worth so many farthings."

He gives picture buyers a piece of advice which many of them have since taken, to the sore distress of their guests: Use your own eyes, and buy the pictures which they dwell upon with delight.

In the heat of controversy Hogarth, as usual, went too far; but he stood manfully by his order, and defended resolutely their rights and his own. Artists owe him undying gratitude for two great services: he showed them a way to independence by setting up in business on his own account, becoming his own engraver and publisher, and retaining always the ownership of his own plates, which, indeed, constituted his estate, and supported creditably his family as long as any of them lived. He served all artists, too, by defending himself against the pirates who flooded the market with meanly executed copies of his own engravings. It was William Hogarth who obtained from Parliament the first act which secured to artists the sole right to multiply and sell copies of their works; and this right is the very corner-stone of a great national painter's independence. That act made genuine art a possible profession in England.

Such was Hogarth, the original artist of his country, an honest, valiant citizen, who stood his ground, paid his way, cheered and admonished his generation. He had the faults which belong to a positive character, trod on many toes, was often misunderstood, and had his ample share of trouble and contention. All that is now forgotten; and he was never so much valued, so frequently reproduced, so gen-

erally possessed, or so carefully studied as at the present time.

The generation that forms great satirists shines in the history of literature, but not in that of morals; for to supply with objects of satire such masters of the satiric arts as Hogarth, Swift, Pope, Gay, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Foote there must be deep corruption in the state and radical folly in conspicuous persons. The process which has since been named "secularization" had then fairly set in. The brilliant men of the time had learned to deride the faith which had been a restraining force upon the propensities of man for fifteen centuries, but were very far from having learned to be continent, temperate, and just without its aid. "Four treatises against the miracles" Voltaire boasted of having seen during his residence in England in 1727 and 1728; but these treatises did not moderate the warmth

The no Dedicat'ion
Not Dedicah'd to any Printer in Christ's
dom for a ^{few} might be thought an
ill piece of Arrogance.
Not Dedicah'd to any man of quality
for fear it might be thought too offer-
ing.
Not Dedicah'd to any learned body
of Mon, as either of ^{the} universities, or the
Royal Society, for fear it might be thought
an uncommon piece of Vanity.
Nor Dedicah'd to any ^{one} particular Friend
for fear of offending another.
Therefore Dedicah'd to nobody.
But if ~~nobody~~ for once we may suppose
Nobody to be every body, as Every body
is often said to be nobody, then if this work
Dedicah'd to every body.
By their most humble
and devoted W. Hogarth.

DEDICATION OF A PROPOSED HISTORY OF THE ARTS.—FROM HOGARTH'S MANUSCRIPT.*

* Hogarth's Works, by Ireland and Nichols. Vol. III. Frontispiece.



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE PARING THE NAILS OF THE BRITISH LION.

of human passions, nor change any other element in the difficult problem of existence. Walpole bribed, Swift maligned, Bolingbroke intrigued, Charteris seduced, and Marlborough peculated just as if the New Light had not dawned and the miracles had remained intact. Do we not even in our own time see inquiring youth, bred in strait-laced homes, assuming that since there are now two opinions as to the origin of things, it is no longer necessary to comply with the moral laws? The splendid personages of that period seem to have been in a moral condition similar to that of such a youth. It was the fashion to be dissolute; it was "provincial" to obey those laws of our being from compliance with which all human welfare and all honest joy have come.

Politics were still most rudimentary. The English people were fully resolved on keeping out the dull and deadly Stuarts; but the price they had to pay for this was to submit to the rule of the dull and difficult Georges, whose bodies were in England and their hearts in Hanover. Between the king and the people stood Sir Robert Walpole—as good a man as could have held the place—who went directly to the point with members and writers, ascertained their price, and paid it. According to one of Pope's bitter notes on the *Dunciad*, where he quotes a Parliamentary report, this minister in ten years paid to writers and publishers of newspapers "fifty thousand pounds eighteen shillings!" How much he paid to members of Parliament was a secret known only to himself and the king. The venality of the press was frequently burlesqued, as well as the fulsome pomp of its purchased eulogies. A very good specimen is that which ap-

peared in 1735, during a ministerial crisis, when the opposition had high hopes of ousting the tenacious Walpoles. An "Advertisement" was published, in which was offered for sale a "neat and curious collection of well-chosen similes, allusions, metaphors, and allegories from the best plays and romances, modern and ancient, proper to adorn a panegyric on the glorious patriots designed to succeed the present ministry." The author gave notice that "all sublunary metaphors of a new minister being a Rock, a Pillar, a Bulwark, a Strong Tower, or a Spire Steeple will be allowed very cheap;" but celestial ones, being brought from the other world at a great expense, must be held at a higher rate. The author announced that he had prepared a collection of state satires,

which would serve, with little variation, to libel a judge, a bishop, or a prime minister. "N.B.—The same satirist has collections of reasons ready by him against the ensuing peace, though he has not yet read the preliminaries or seen one article of the pacification."

There was also a burlesque "Bill of Costs for a late Tory Election in the West," in which we find such items as "bespeaking and collecting a mob," "a set of No-Round-head roarers," "a set of coffee-house praters," "Dissenter damners," "demolishing two houses," "committing two riots," "breaking windows," "roarers of the word CHURCH," "several gallons of Tory punch on church tombstones." It is questionable, however, if in all the burlesques of the period there was one more ridiculous than the narrative of an actual occurrence in April, 1715, when the footmen of members of the House of Commons met outside of the House, according to established custom, to elect a Speaker. The Tory footmen cast their votes for "Sir Thomas Morgan's servant," and the Whigs for "Mr. Strickland's man." A dispute arising, a fight ensued between the two parties, in the midst of which the House broke up, and the footmen were obliged to



DUTCH NEUTRALITY.—1745.



THE MOTION (FOR THE REMOVAL OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE).

attend their masters. The next day, as soon as the House was in session, the fight was renewed, and after a desperate struggle the victorious Whigs carried their man three times in triumph round Westminster Hall, and then adjourned to a Whig ale-house, the landlord of which gave them a dinner, the footmen paying only for their drink.

The caricatures of the Walpole period preserve the record of the first attempt to lessen by law the intemperate drinking of gin—the most pernicious of the spirituous liquors. A law was passed imposing upon this article a very heavy excise, and prohibiting its sale in small quantities. But in 1736 England had not reached, by a century and a half, the development of civilization which admits of the adequate consideration of such a measure: nor can the poor man's gin ever be limited by law while the rich man's wine flows free. This gin law appears to have been killed by ridicule. Ballads lamenting the near decease of "Mother Gin" were sung in the streets; the gin-shop signs were hung with black, and there were mock ceremonies of "Madame Geneva's Lying in State," "Mother Gin's Wake," and "Madame Gin's Funeral." Paragraphs notified the public that the funeral of Madame Gin was celebrated with great merriment, many of both sexes "getting soundly drunk," and a mob following her remains with torches. The night before the measure went into operation was one of universal revel among the gin drinkers, and every one, we are assured, carried off as much of the popular liquor, for future consumption, as he could pay for. The law was evaded by the expedients long afterward

employed in Maine, when first a serious attempt was made to enforce the "Maine Law." Apothecaries and others colored their gin, put it into vials, and labeled it "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," with printed "Directions" to take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, "or as often as the fit takes you." Informers sprang into an importance never before known, and many of them invented snares to decoy men into violations of the law. So odious did they become that if one of them fell into the hands of the mob, he was lucky to escape with only a ducking in the Thames or a horse-trough. In short, the attempt was ill considered and premature, and after an experiment of two or three years it was given up, having contributed something toward the growing unpopularity of the ministry.

The downfall of Sir Robert Walpole, aft-



BRITISH IDOLATRY OF THE OPERA SINGER MINGOTTI.—1756.

"Ra, ra, ra, rot ye,
My name is Mingotti.
If you worship me notti,
You shall all go to potti."



ANTIQUARIES PUZZLED.—LONDON, 1756.

er holding office for twenty years, was preceded by an animated fire of caricature, in which the adherents of Walpole held their own. The specimen given on page 49, entitled "The Motion," was reduced from one of the most famous caricatures of the reign of George II., and one of the most finely wrought of the century.* Horace Walpole, son of the great minister, wrote from Florence that the picture had "diverted him extremely," and that the likenesses were "admirable." To us the picture says nothing until it is explained; but every London apprentice of the period recognized Whitehall and the Treasury, toward which the Opposition was driving with such furious haste, and could distinguish most of the personages exhibited. A few days before this caricature appeared, Sandys, who was styled the motion-maker, from the frequency of his attempts to array the House of Commons against the Walpole ministry, moved once more an address to the king, that he would be pleased to remove Sir Robert Walpole from his presence and councils forever. The debate upon this motion was long and most vehement, and though the ministry triumphed, it was one of those bloody victories which

presage overthrow. On the same day a similar "motion" was made in the House of Lords by Lord Carteret, where an equally violent discussion was followed by a vote sustaining the ministry. The exultation of the Walpole party inspired this famous caricature, in which we see the Opposition peers trying to reach office in a lordly coach and six, and the Commons trudging toward the same goal on foot, their leader, Pulteney, wheeling a load of Opposition newspapers, and leading his followers by the nose. Every politician of note on the side of the Opposition is in the picture: Lord Chesterfield is the postilion; the Duke of Argyle the coachman; Lord Carteret the gentle-

man inside the coach, who, becoming conscious of the breakdown, cries, "Let me get out!" Bubb Dodington is the spaniel between the coachman's legs; the footman behind the coach is Lord Cobham, and the outrider Lord Littelton. On the side of the Commons there is Sandys, dropping in despair his favorite, often-defeated "Place Bill," and exclaiming, "I thought what would come of putting *him* on the box!" Much of the humor and point of the picture is lost to us, because the peculiar relations of the persons portrayed to the public, to their party, and to one another can not now be perfectly recalled.

Edition after edition of "The Motion" appeared, one of which was so arranged that it could be fitted to the frame of a lady's fan, a common device at the time. The Opposition retorted with a parody of the picture, which they styled "The Reason," in which Walpole figures as the coachman, driving the coach of state to destruction. Another parody was called "The Motive," in which the king was the passenger and Walpole the driver. Then followed "A Consequence of the Motion," "Motion upon Motion," "The Grounds," and others. The Walpole party surpassed their opponents in caricature, but caricature is powerless to turn back a genuine tide of public feeling, and a

* *Caricature History of the Georges.* THOMAS WRIGHT. Page 128.

year later Sir Robert was honorably shelved in the House of Lords.

From this time forward the history of Europe is recorded or burlesqued in the comic pictures of the shop window; not merely the conspicuous part played in it by ministers and kings, but the foibles, the fashions, the passions, the vices, the credulities, the whims, of each generation. The British rage for the Italian opera, the enormous sums paid to the singers, the bearish manners of Handel, the mania for gaming, the audacity of highwaymen, and the impositions upon popular credulity no more escape the satirist's pencil than Braddock's defeat, the Queen of Hungary's loss of Silesia, or William Pitt's timely, and also his ill-timed, fits of the gout. Nor were the abuses of the Church overlooked. One picture, entitled "The fat Pluralist and his lean Curates," published in 1733, exhibited a corpulent dignitary of the Church in a chariot drawn by six meagre and wretched curates. The portly priest carries under one arm a large church, and a cathedral under the other, while at his feet are two sucking pigs, a hen, and a goose, which he has taken as tithe from a farm-yard in the distance.

"The Church," says the pluralist, "was made for me, not I for the Church;" and under the wheels of the coach is a book marked "The Thirty-nine Articles." One starving curate cries, piteously, "Lord, be merciful to us poor curates!" to which another responds, "And send us more comfortable livings!" It required a century of satire and remonstrance to get that one monstrous abuse of the Church Ring reduced to proportions approaching decency. Corruption in the city of New York in the darkest days of Tweed was less universal, less systematic, less remote from remedy, than that of the government of Great Britain under the least incapable of its four Georges. It was merely more decorous.

A specimen of the harmless, good-humored satire aimed at the zealous antiquaries of the last century is given on the preceding page. This picture may have suggested to Mr. Dickens the familiar scene in *Pickwick* where the roving members of the Pickwick Club discover the stone commemorative of Bill Stumps. The mysterious inscription in the picture is, "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

(NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS.)

At night-fall, coming through the wood,
We reached a hill-top's gloomy brow,
Where one unpainted cottage stood,
Neglected, dark, and low.

No lamp announced a living soul;
The chimney's blue, reluctant thread
Alone betrayed a burning coal
Of life where all seemed dead.

Until, observing curiously,
And gazing back as on we went,
One little pale face we could see
Close to the window bent.

When late we reached the village street,
Cheerful and twinkling here and there,
The house-dog ran to lick our feet—
Sweet was the household air!

Yet in my mind I saw all night
That child's face watching by the pane,
And passed once more that weary way,
And lingered there again.

At dawn I rose, and walking forth,
Met one who toiled upon the road,
Morning or evening nothing loath
With talk to ease time's load.

He knew the young man once, he said,
Who brought his wife home to that farm;
Now all his decency is dead,
And devils round him swarm.

For he would drink when morning came,
And drink before the noon was past,

And afterwards were all the same,
Long as his means would last.

Master of numerous herds was he;
All gone, his endless thirst to feed.
His wife—ah! weary days had she,
And bitter grew her need.

Now she will have no trouble more;
Her griefs have all been laid to sleep;
But devils round his chamber floor
Their endless dances keep.

He hardly lifts his heavy head;
He lies in wretchedness all day;
And when the night comes, it is said,
Begins the devils' play.

"Were there no children?" I inquired,
And shuddered as I spoke the words,
While two young maidens, health-inspired,
Went singing by like birds.

Ah, yes! Alas! one little girl.
I wonder where the child is now?
He, drowned in such a dreadful whirl,
Can not much further go.

The morning sun was brave and gay,
And birds were filling earth with song.
While still my heart repassed that way,
That rocky hill of wrong.

Still sits the child beside the pane,
And gazes on the clouded sky;
Her solitude is mine again,
And mine her agony.

A. F.