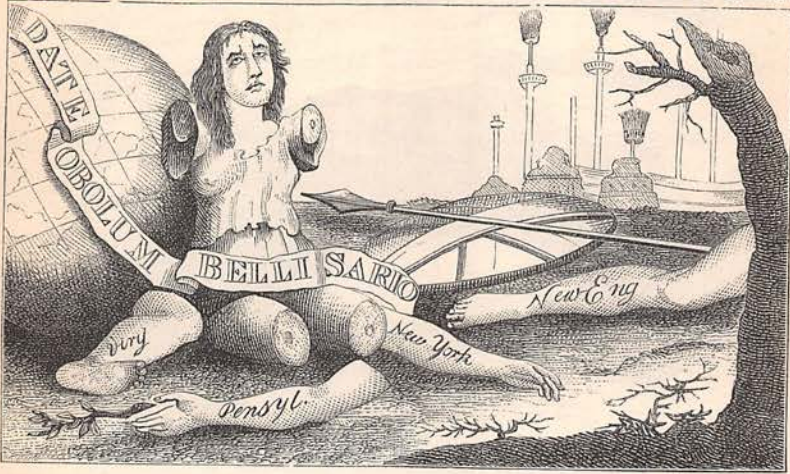


CARICATURE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

MAGNA *Britannia; her Colonies* REDUCED.

A CARICATURE DESIGNED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—LONDON, 1774.

Explanation by Dr. Franklin: "The Colonies (that is, Britannia's limbs) being severed from her, Britannia is seen lifting her eyes and mangled stumps to Heaven; her shield, which she is unable to wield, lies useless by her side; her lance has pierced New England; the laurel branch has fallen from the hand of Pennsylvania; the English oak has lost its head, and stands a bare trunk, with a few withered branches; briars and thorns are on the ground beneath it; the British ships have brooms at their topmast heads, denoting their being on sale; and Britannia herself is seen sliding off the world (no longer able to hold its balance), her fragments overspread with the label, *Date obolum Bellisario*" (Give a farthing to Belisarius).

IT is part of the office of caricature to assist in destroying illusions that have served their turn and become obstructive. As in Luther's time it gave important aid to the reformers in breaking the spell of the papacy, so now, when kingship broke down in Europe, the satiric pencil had much to do with tearing away the veil of fiction which had so long concealed the impotence of kings for every thing but mischief.

The fatal objection to the hereditary principle in the government of nations is the importance which, to use Mr. Jefferson's words, it "heaps upon idiots." Idiot is a harsh word to apply to a person so well disposed as George III., King of England, to whom the violence of the Revolutionary period was chiefly due; but when we think of the evil and suffering from which Europe could have been saved if he had known a little more or been a little less, we can not be surprised that contemporaries should have summed him up with disrespectful brevity. But for him, so far as short-sighted mortals can discern, the period of bloody revolution could have been a period of peaceful reform. After exasperating his subjects nearly to the point of rebellion, he precipitated the independence of the American colonies, which, in turn, brought on the French Revolution, and that issued in Napoleon Bona-

parte, whose sins France only finished expiating at Sedan.

It is true, there must have been in Great Britain myriads upon myriads of such heads as that of King George to make his policy possible. But suppose that instead of placing himself at the head of the dull minds in his empire, he had given the prestige of the crown to the bright and independent souls! Suppose he had taken as kindly to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, Priestley, and Barré as he did to Bute, Dr. Johnson, Addington, and Eldon!

And see how this heir to the first throne in Christendom was educated. That period has been so laid bare by diaries and correspondence that we can visit the orphan boy in his home at Carlton House, and listen to his mother, the widowed Princess of Wales, as she describes his traits and laments the defects of his training. Go back to the year 1752, and imagine a drawing-room in a royal residence. The dinner hour then had only got as far toward "to-morrow" as three in the afternoon, and therefore by early candle-light of an October evening the drawing-room may be supposed to be inhabited. The Princess of Wales, born a princess of a petty German sovereignty, still a young mother, is dressed in mourning, her husband being but a few months dead. Of the du-

ties belonging to royalty she had no ideas except those which had prevailed from time immemorial at the court of absolute German sovereigns. Her chief care was to preserve the morals of her children, and to have her eldest son a king in reality as well as in name. "Be King" (*Sois roi*) were favorite words with her, often repeated in the hearing of the heir to the throne. She thought it infamy in a king to allow himself to be ruled by ministers. There is no reason to doubt that she was an honorable lady and affectionate mother. Horace Walpole's insinuation that she instilled virtuous principles into the mind of her son because she "feared a mistress," and that her intimacy with Lord Bute was a criminal intrigue, dishonors Horace Walpole and human nature, but not the mother of George III.

She has company this evening: Bubb Dodington—a gentleman of great wealth and agreeable manners, who controlled six votes in the House of Commons, and passed his life in scheming to buy a peerage with them, in which, a year before his death, he succeeded, but left no heir to inherit it. He was much in the confidence of the princess, and she had sent for him to "spend the day" with her. Dinner is over, the two ladies-in-waiting are present, and now the "children" enter to play a few games of cards with their mother before going to bed. The children are seven in number, of whom the eldest was George, Prince of Wales—a boy of fourteen, of fresh complexion, sturdy and stout in form, and a countenance open and agreeable, and wearing an expression of honesty. Human nature rarely assumes a more pleasing form than that of a healthy, innocent English boy of fourteen. He was such a boy as you may still see in the playgrounds of Eton, only he was heavier, slower, and ruddier than the average, and much more shy in company. He loved his horse, and was exceedingly fond of rural sports; but when lesson-time came—but let his mother speak on that point.

The old game of "comet" was the one which the lad usually preferred. The company play at comet for small stakes, until the clock strikes nine, when "the royal children" go to bed. Then the mother leaves her ladies, and withdraws with her guest to the other end of the room, where she indulges in a long, gossipy, confidential chat upon the subject nearest her heart—her son, the presumptive heir to the throne. To show the reader how she used to talk to confidants on such occasions, I will glean a few sentences from her conversations:

"I like that the prince should amuse himself now and then at *small* play; but princes should never play deep, both for the example, and because it does not become them to win great sums. George's real disposition, do you ask? You know him almost as well

as I do. He is very honest, but I wish he was a little more forward and less childish at his age. I hope his preceptors will improve him. I really do not well know what they are teaching him, but, to speak freely, I am afraid not much. They are in the country, and follow their diversions, and not much else that I can discover."

Dodington remarked upon this that, for his part, he did not much regard books; what *he* most wished was that the prince should begin to acquire knowledge of the world, and be informed of the general frame and nature of the British government and constitution, and, without going into minutiae, get some insight into the manner of doing public business.

"I am of your opinion," said the princess; "and his tutor, Stone, tells me that when he talks with him on those subjects he seems to give proper attention, and makes pertinent remarks. I stick to the learning as the chief point. You know how backward the children were, and I am sure you do not think them much improved since. It may be that it is not too late to acquire a competence. I am highly sensible how necessary it is that the prince should keep company with men. I know that women can not inform him; but if his education was in my power absolutely, to whom could I address him? What company can I wish him to keep? What friendships can I desire him to contract? Such is the universal profligacy, such is the character and conduct of the young people of distinction, that I am really afraid to have them near my children. I shall even be in more pain for my daughters than I am for my sons, for the behavior of the women is indecent, low, and much against their own interest by making themselves so very cheap."

Three years passed. The prince was seventeen. Still the anxious mother deplored the neglect of his education.

"His book-learning," said she to the same friend, "I am no judge of, though I suppose it is small or useless; but I did hope he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things. I once desired Mr. Stone to inform the prince about the constitution; but he declined it to avoid giving jealousy to the Bishop of Norwich [official educator]. I mentioned it again, but he still declined it as not being his province."

"Pray, madam," asked Dodington, "what is his province?"

"I don't know, unless it is to go before the prince up stairs, to walk with him sometimes, seldomer to ride with him, and now and then to dine with him. But when they do walk together, the prince generally takes that time to think of his own affairs and say nothing."

The youth was, indeed, extremely indo-

lent and stupid. At school he would have been simply called a dunce, for at eleven he could not read English with any fluency, and he could never have been induced to apply his mind to study except by violence. He never had the slightest notion of what Chatham, Burke, or Fox meant when they spoke of the constitution. If Mr. Stone had not been in dread of invading the Bishop of Norwich's province, and if the bishop had not been a verbose and wearisome formalist, their united powers could not have shown this young man the unique and prodigious happiness of a constitutional king in governing through responsible ministers. His "governor" during the last few years of his minority was Lord Waldegrave, whose two brief memoirs confirm the excellent report which contemporaries give of his mind and character. Lord Waldegrave could make nothing of him. Speaking of the prince at nineteen, he says he was "uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery and improved by the society of bed-chamber women and pages of the backstairs." He found the heavy youth an insufferable bore, and he was soon, as his relation, Horace Walpole, relates, "thoroughly fatigued with the insipidity of his pupil." The prince derived from his education only two ideas, one very good and the other very bad. The first was that he must be a Good Boy and not keep a mistress; the second was that he must be a king indeed.

An indolent and ignorant monarch who will not govern by ministers must govern by favorites. He has no other alternative but abdication. A favorite was at hand in the person of a poor Scotch lord who had married one of the richest heiresses in Europe, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her miserly husband. He had also, if we may believe Lord Waldegrave, "a good person, fine legs, and a theatrical air of the greatest importance." He was likewise fond of medals, engravings, and flowers; he pensioned Dr. Johnson and the dramatist Home; he really enjoyed some products of art, and was far from being either the execrable or the ridiculous personage which he was esteemed by men whom he kept from place. "Bute," said Prince Frederick, father of George III., "you would make an excellent ambassador in a small, proud little court where there is nothing to do." He would have arranged the ceremonies, superintended the plays, been gracious to artists and musicians, smiled benignantly upon the court poet, bored the reigning prince, enchanted the reigning princess, amused her children, and ripened into a courtly and garrulous old Polonius, full of wise saws and modern instances. Above all, he would have upheld the prerogative of the prince with stanch sincerity. *Sois roi!*

There is something in the Scotch character that causes it to relish royal prerogative. To this hour there are in Scotland families that cherish a kind of sentimental attachment to the memory of the Stuarts; and we find Scotchmen as eminent as Hume, Carlyle, Lockhart, Scott, Wilson—men of distinguished liberality in some provinces of thought—unable to widen out into liberal politics. Bute was a lord as well as a Scotchman, not as ignorant nor as vulgar as lords in that generation usually were, but still subject to the lowering influences that always beset a privileged order; predisposed, too, by temperament to the worship of the picturesque, and now the cherished sharer of the shy, proud, gloomy seclusion of the family upon which the hopes of an empire were fixed. He showed them medals and pictures, he discoursed of music and architecture—two of his most pronounced tastes—and he nourished every princely prejudice which a wise tutor would have striven to eradicate.

This unfortunate youth, dull offspring of the stimulated lust of ages, was an apt pupil in the Jacobin theory of kingly authority. He was caught one day reading the book written at the instance of the de-throned James II. to justify his arbitrary policy; and there were so many other signs of the heir to a constitutional throne being educated in unconstitutional principles that Horace Walpole drew up a formal remonstrance against it in the name of the Whig families. This document, which was privately circulated, produced no effect. *Sois roi!* That remained the ruling thought in the mind of this ignorant, proud, moral young man, about to fill a place which conferred more obstructive power than any other in the world. If he had only been dissolute in that most dissolute age, he could have been ruled through his vices, but being strictly moral and temperate, he was, alas! always *himself*; and he had at his back the great voiceless multitude, who know by instinct that morality is the first interest of civilized human nature, and who honor it supremely even in this crude, rudimentary form. "Your dad is safe on his throne," said some boon companion of George IV., "as long as he is faithful to that ugly old woman, your mother." And wise old Franklin said, "If George III. had had a bad private character and John Wilkes a good one, he might have turned the king out of his dominions." Such is the mighty power of the mere indispensable rudiments of virtue, its mere preliminary corporeal conditions. A chaste and temperate fool will carry the day nine times in ten over profligate genius.

Riding in the park on an October day in 1760, a messenger delivered to the prince a note from the *valet de chambre* of his grandfather, George II. The prince had coolly

arranged with this valet, while yet the king seemed firm in health, that at the moment of the old man's death he should send him a note bearing a certain mark on the outside. The king, a vigorous old man of seventy-seven, fell dead in his closet at seven in the morning, and this note bore the preconcerted announcement of the fact. The moral and steady young man, quietly remarking to his groom that his horse was lame, turned about and gently rode back to Kew. Upon dismounting he said to the man, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary." At twenty-two years of age he was king. Except that he married, a few months after, a pliant, adoring German princess, his accession did not much change his mode of life. He still lived in strict seclusion, shut in against expanding influences, accessible at all times only to one man—him of the good legs and Jacobin mind, Bute, progenitor of the Pope's recent conquest, and Mr. Disraeli's hero, Lothair.

In the caricatures of the next fifty years we see the ghastly results. His first im-

question of universal interest, lost the most valuable and affectionate colonies a country ever had, kept Europe in a broil for twenty-five years, and developed Napoleon Bonaparte into a destructive lunatic by creating for him a succession of opportunities for the display of his talent for beating armies which had no generals.

A large proportion of the very caricatures of the period have something savage in them. A visitor to the library of the British Museum curious in such matters is shown ten huge folio scrap-books full of caricatures relating to this reign, most of them of great size and blazing with color. From a gentleman who recently inspected these volumes we learn some particulars showing the bad temper, bad manners, and bad morals of that time, all three aggravated by a king whose temper and morals were excellent. One of the first to catch the eye of an American is a picture, of date about 1765, called "A new Method of Macarony-making, as practised in Boston, North America," which represents two men tarring and feathering another, who has a halter round his neck. Of the



LORD BUTE.—1768.



PRINCESS OF WALES—BUTE—GEORGE III.

portant act was to repel from his counsels humiliating superiority in the person of William Pitt, the darling of the nation, the first minister of the world, and one of the three great orators of all time. In his stead ruled a long monotony of servile incompetents, beginning with Bute himself, continuing with Grenville, and coming at last to Addington and Eldon, the king keeping far from his confidence every man in England who had a gleam of public sense, or a touch of independent spirit, or even a sound traditional attachment to Whig principles. An immovable obstructive to the true interest of his country at every crisis, honoring the men whom the better sense of the nation did not honor, and repressing the men whom wise contemporaries loved, and whom posterity with unanimous voice pronounces the glory of England in that age, he kept the country in bad humor during most of his reign, put her wrong on every

pictures reflecting upon Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales nothing need be said except that they are such as might be expected from the caricaturists of that age. Many of the works of Gilray in the earlier years of George III. were of such coarseness, extravagance, and brutality that the exhibition of them nowadays would subject the vendor to a prosecution by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Our informant adds: "Their savageness and filth give one a very curious idea of the taste of our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers, only our ancestors male and female could hardly have been as bad as they are represented. Such hideous faces, such deformed figures, such monstrous distortion and debasement, such general ugliness and sensuality, oppress one with a feeling of melancholy rather than exhilaration. You might as well be merry over the doings of Swift's Yahoos, who are certainly not more offensive than some of Gil-



THE WIRE MASTER (BUTE) AND HIS PUPPETS.

"The power behind the throne greater than the throne itself."
London, 1767.

ray's men and women. Whether in home or foreign politics, he is equally unscrupulous."

Charles James Fox was the *bête noire* of Gilray. He reveled in depicting him and his friends in as odious a light as possible, giving him huge beetle-brows, heavy jaws, and a swarthy complexion. The famous Westminster election, at which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire won a vote for Fox by giving a kiss to a butcher, supplied him with a rich source of caricature. Fox is drawn riding on the back of the lady; and again, sitting in a tap-room with the duchess on his knee; and in another picture, hobnobbing with a coster-monger, while the duchess has her shoes mended by a cobbler, and pays the cobbler's wife with a purse of gold. Fox chops off the head of the king; he is a traitor, a republican, a Jacobin, a confederate with the French, a forestaller, a buyer up of corn with which to feed the enemy, a sot, a gambler—every thing that is bad. His very death-bed forms the subject of a brutal caricature. The noblest traits of his political character are the points satirized. His great crimes apparently are that he loved freedom abroad as well as at home, that he strove for peace with France, and endeavored to do justice to Ireland. For this he is depicted as the secret ally of Bonaparte and as the instigator of Irish rebellion. The ghosts of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, the Sheares brothers, Emmett, and other Irish martyrs are made to pass before Fox's bed, and point to *him* as the cause of their rebellion and their fate. When Burke went over to the Tories he then became the favorite of Gilray, who before had generally represented him as a Jesuit, because he demanded justice for the Catholics. Now he is the savior of his country, and the terror of Fox, Sheridan, and Priestley. Sheridan is depicted as a blazing meteor with an extreme-

ly rubicund nose. There is a picture of the Titans attempting to scale heaven, in which George III. figures as a comical Jupiter launching his thunderbolts at the Whig opposition. Queen Charlotte is shown as a miracle of ugliness. The prodigality of the Prince of Wales, who first appears as a handsome young man with long, powdered hair, totally unlike the high-shouldered, curly-wigged, royal Turveydrop of later days, is contrasted in companion pictures with the alleged parsimony of his parents. He is represented reveling with inordinately fat but handsome

women, who get drunk, hang round his neck, and indulge in familiarities. The popular hope that marriage would reform him suggested a large drawing, in which the slumbering angel in the likeness of the unhappy Caroline, at whose approach a crowd of reprobates, male and female, hurry away into darkness. Thomas Paine did not escape. In a picture entitled, "The Rights of Man; or, Tommy Paine, the little American Taylor, taking the Measure of the Crown for a new Pair of Revolution Breeches," he is represented as the traditional starveling tailor, ragged and slippered, and armed with an immense pair of shears. He crouches to take the measure of an enormous crown, while uttering much irrelevant nonsense. This precious work is "humbly dedicated to the Jacobin clubs of France and England."

Bound with such pictures as these are a vast number by inferior hands, most of which are indescribable, the standard subjects being gluttony, drunkenness, incontinence, and fashion, and these in their most outrageous manifestations. They serve to show that a stupid king in that age, besides corrupting Parliament and debauching the press, could demoralize the popular branch of art. The visitor, turning from this collection of atrocities and ferocities, finds himself relenting toward the unfortunate old king, and inclined to say that he was, after all, only the head noodle of his kingdom. Every improvement was mercilessly burlesqued—steam, gas, the purchase of the Elgin marbles; popular prejudices were nearly always flattered, seldom rebuked; so that if the caricatures were of any use at all in the promulgation of truth, they served only as part of the ordeal that tested its vitality.

We do not find in this or in any other col-

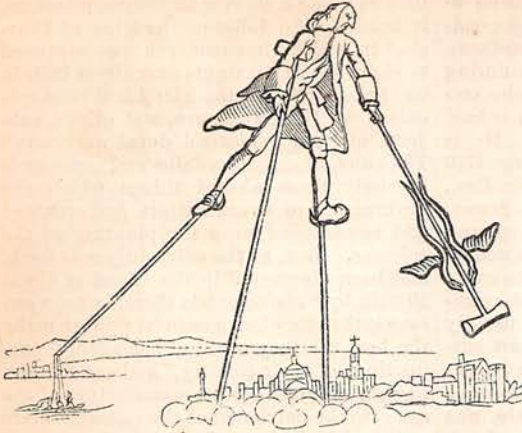
lection many satirical pictures relating to the revolution which ended in the independence of the American colonies. There was, however, one gentleman in London during the earlier phases of the dispute who employed caricature and burlesque on behalf of America with matchless skill. He is described in the London Directory for 1770 in these words, "Franklin, Benjamin, Esq., agent for Philadelphia, Craven Street, Strand." The effective caricature placed at the beginning of this article was one of the best of a long series of efforts to avert the impending conflict. He loved his country with the peculiar warmth that usually animates citizens who live in a distant outlying province. His country, when he designed that caricature and wrote the well-known burlesques in a similar taste, was not Pennsylvania, nor America, nor England, but the great British Empire, to which William Pitt, within Franklin's own lifetime, seemed to have given an ascendancy over the nations of the earth similar to that which Rome had once enjoyed. It was, however, only on the coast of North America that Britain possessed colonies loyal and free, not won by conquest nor by diplomacy, and therefore entitled to every right secured by the British constitution. Franklin loved and gloried in this great country of which he was born a citizen. He deplored the measures that threatened the severance of those colonies from the mother country, and would have prevented the severance if the king's folly had been any thing short of incurable. The most wonderful thing in the whole controversy was that the argument, fact, and fun which Franklin wrote and inspired, from 1765 to 1774, had only momentary influence on the course of events. "Against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain."

His twenty "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," published three years before the caricature, inculcated the same lesson. A great empire, he remarked, was in one particular like a great cake: it could be most easily diminished at the *edges*. The person, therefore, who had undertaken the task of reducing it should take care to begin at the remotest provinces, and not till after they were lopped off cut up the central portion. His twenty "Rules" are merely a humorous history of the British colonial policy since the accession of George III.: Don't incorporate your colonies with the mother country, quarter troops among them, appoint for their governors broken gamblers and exhausted *roués*, despise their voluntary grants, and harass them with novel taxes. By such measures as these "you will act like a wise gingerbread baker, who, to facilitate a division, cuts his dough half through at the places where, when baked, he would have it broken to pieces." Frank-

lin also wrote a shorter burlesque, pompously headed, "An Edict of the King of Prussia," in which that monarch was supposed to claim sovereign rights over Great Britain on the ground that the island had been colonized by Hengist, Horsa, and others, subjects of "our renowned ducal ancestors." The edict, of course, ordains and commands precisely those absurd things which the government of Great Britain had ordained and commanded since the planting of the colonies. Iron, as the edict duly sets forth, had been discovered in the island of Great Britain by "our colonists there," who, "presuming that they had a natural right to make the best use they could of the natural productions of their country," had erected furnaces and forges for the manufacture of the same, to the detriment of the manufacturers of Prussia. This must be instantly stopped, and all the iron sent to Prussia to be manufactured. "And whereas the art and mystery of making hats has arrived at great perfection in Prussia," and "the islanders before mentioned, being in possession of wool, beaver, and other furs, have presumptuously conceived they had a right to take some advantage thereof by manufacturing the same into hats, to the prejudice of our domestic manufacture," therefore we do hereby forbid them to do so any more.

We call this piece a burlesque, but it was burlesque only in form. Precisely such restrictions existed upon the industry of the American colonists. It was part of the protective system of the age, and not much more unjust than the parts of the same system to which the descendants of those colonists have since subjected themselves.

An ignorant man at the head of a government, however honest he may be, is liable to make fatal mistakes in the selection of his ministers. He naturally dreads the close inspection of minds superior to his own. He has always to be on his good behavior before them, which is irksome. He shares the stock prejudices of mankind, one of which is a distrust of practiced politicians. But as the poorest company of actors will get through a comedy with less discredit than the best amateurs, so an administration of "party hacks" will usually carry on a government with less odious failure than an administration composed of better men without experience in public business. George III. had, moreover, a singularly unfortunate trait for a king who had to govern by party leaders—his prejudices against individuals were inveterate. Lord Waldegrave remarked "a kind of unhappiness in his temper" while he was still a youth. "Whenever he is displeased his anger does not break out with heat and violence, but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet, not to compose his mind by study and contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy



THE GOUTY COLOSSUS, WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM), WITH ONE LEG IN LONDON AND THE OTHER IN NEW YORK.—LONDON, 1766.

enjoyment of his own ill humor." And when he re-appeared, it was but too evident that he had not forgotten the offense. He never forgot, he seldom forgave. "The same strength of memory," as Earl Russell once wrote of him, "and the same *brooding sullenness* against those who opposed his will, which had been observed in the boy, were manifest in the man."

This peculiarity of character always prevented the formation of a proper ministry, and shortened the duration of every ministry which was approximately proper. During the first ten years of his reign his dislike of William Pitt, the natural chief of the Whig party, confused every arrangement; and during the next twenty years the most cherished object of his policy seemed to be to keep from power the natural successor of that minister—Charles James Fox. The ascendancy of both those leaders was such that to exclude them from power was to paralyze their own party, and prevent the free play of politics in the House of Commons. It reduced the poor king at last to pit against Napoleon Bonaparte a young rhetorician

of defective health, William Pitt, the son of the great minister.

That renowned "coalition" between Lord North and Mr. Fox in 1783, the theme of countless caricatures and endless invective, illustrates the confusing influence of the king. During the whole period of the American Revolution, Lord North, as the head of the ministry, was obliged to execute and defend the king's policy, much of which we now know he disapproved. Naturally he would have been an ally of Fox years before, and they could either have prevented or shortened the conflict. The spell of the royal closet and the personal entreaties of the king prevailed over his better judgment, and made him the antagonist of Fox. At length, the war being at an end and North in retirement, England saw those two men, whose nightly conflicts had been the morning news for ten years, suddenly forming a "coalition," united in the administration, and pledged to the same policy. As we trace the successive steps which led to the alliance in the memoirs and diaries of the time, we discover that it was not so much the coalition as the previous estrangement that was unnatural. The public, however, could not be expected to see it in that light,



Fox. Lord North.

THE MASK (COALITION).

and an uproar greeted the reconciliation that greatly aided the king in getting rid of the obnoxious Fox. The specimens of the caricatures to which it gave rise, presented on page 196 and on this page, are two out of a great number still procurable.

In France, more conspicuously than in England, kingship broke down in that century. Louis XV., born in a private station, might have risen to the ownership of a small livery-stable, in which position his neighbors, commenting upon his character in the candid manner of French neighbors, would have epitomized him as a cross, proud pig. Those dull kings who finished kingship in Europe possessed but one trait which we usually associate with the kingly character—pride—and this was the single point of resemblance between Louis XV. and George III. Once in his life, it is related, Louis XV. uttered a few words with a vivacity approaching eloquence. "Would you believe," said he to Madame De Pompadour, "that there is a man in my court who dares to lift his eyes to one of my daughters?" He was blazing with passion at the thought of such flagrant impiety.

And was there ever, since sacred Childhood first appealed for protection to the human heart, a child so unhappily placed as that baby king, an orphan, with a *roué* for a guardian, a smooth, insinuating priest for preceptor, and a dissolute court conspiring to corrupt him? The priest, who represented what then passed for virtue, taught him virtue out of a dreary catechism, still extant, which never yet elevated or nobly formed a human soul—a dead, false thing, with scarcely an atom in it of sound nutrition for heart or mind. But Cardinal Fleury had some success with his pupil. Thirty years after, when Pompadour was supplying him with fresh young girls of fourteen and fifteen, bought from their mothers by her for this purpose, the king's conscience would not permit him to go to bed until he had knelt down by the side of the timid victim, and required her to join him in saying the prescribed prayers.

The courtiers were not less successful in their endeavors. At the tender age of six years they provided for him an entertainment which gave the old Marquis de Dangeau the idea that they had formed the purpose of "drying up in him the very source of good feeling." They caused thousands of sparrows to be let loose in a vast hall, where they gave the boy the "*divertissement*" of seeing them shoot the birds, and covering all the floor with bloody, fluttering, crying victims. He doubtless enjoyed the spectacle, for at sixteen he shot in cold blood a pointer bred by himself, and accustomed to feed from his hand. So rude was he at seventeen, the chroniclers tell us, that the courtiers used all their arts to give him *du goût*



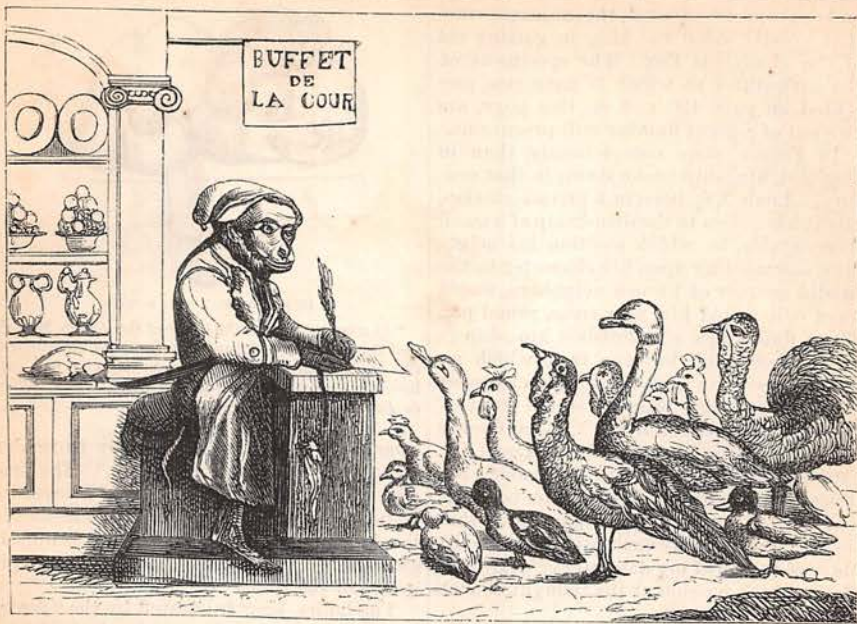
HEADS OF FOX AND NORTH.

"In a committee on the sense of the nation, Moved, that for preventing future disorders and dissensions, the heads of the Mutiny Act be brought in, and suffered to lie on the table to-morrow."—*Fox's motion in Parliament, February, 1784.*

pour les femmes, hoping thereby to render him "more polite and tractable." The precise manner in which a bevy of illustrious princesses and duchesses sought to *débaucher le roi* during one of the royal hunts is detailed in the diaries and satirized in the epigrams of the time.

The ladies, long frustrated by the "ferocity" of the youth, who cared only for hunting, succeeded at last, and succeeded with the applause of all the court. "Every one else has a mistress," remarks Barbier, advocate and magistrate; "why shouldn't the king?" It was a long reign of mistresses. Changes of ministry, questions of peace or war, promotions and appointments of generals and admirals, the arrest of authors and nobles—all were traceable to the will or caprice of a mistress. Frederick of Prussia styled Pompadour, Petticoat the Third, which some one was kind enough to report to her; and when Voltaire, whom she "protected," conveyed to the Prussian monarch a complimentary message, he replied, coldly, "I don't know her." Maria Theresa of Austria, a proud and high-principled lady, stooped to recognize her existence, and wrote her civil notes. If there is any truth in the printed gossip of the innermost court circles of that period, it was this difference in the treatment of the king's mistress which made France the ally of Austria in the Seven Years' War.

Would the reader like to know how affairs go on in a court governed by a mistress? Then let him ponder this one sample anecdote, related by the *femme de chambre* of Madame De Pompadour, showing how she, *femme de chambre* as she was, obtained a lieutenant's commission in the army for one of her relations. She first asked "madame" for the commission, but as madame was in full intrigue to remove the Minister of War, this application did not succeed. "Pressed by my family," the *femme de chambre* relates, "who could not conceive that, in the position in which I was, it could be difficult for me



ASSEMBLY OF THE NOTABLES AT PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1787.*

"Dear objects of my care, I have assembled you to ascertain with what sauce you want to be eaten."
 "But we don't want to be eaten at all."
 "You are departing from the question."

to procure a trifling commission for a good soldier, I asked it directly from the minister himself. He received me coldly, and gave me little hope. On going out, the Marquis de V—— followed me, and said: 'You desire a commission. There is one vacant, which has been promised to a *protégé* of mine, but if you are willing to exchange favors with me, I will yield it to you. What I desire is to play the part of Exempt de Police in *Tartuffe* the next time madame gives it in the palace before the king. It is a rôle of a few lines only. Get madame to assign that part to me, and the lieutenancy is yours.' I told madame of this. The thing was done. I obtained my lieutenancy, and the marquis thanked madame for the rôle as warmly as if she had made him a duke."

Generals were appointed to the command of expeditions for no better reason than this. That Pompadour drew thirty-six millions of francs from the "royal treasury," *i. e.*, from the earnings of the frugal and laborious French people, could easily have been borne. It was government by mistresses and for mistresses, the government of ignorant and idle caprice, that broke down monarchy in France and set the world on fire. Of the evils which corrupt rulers bring upon communities, the waste and spoliation of the people's money (though that is a great evil

in so poor a world as ours, with such crowds of poor relations and so much to be done) is among the least. It is the absence of intelligence and public spirit in the government that brings on ruin.

"As long as I live," said Louis XV. one day to Madame De Pompadour, "I shall be the master, to do as I like. But my grandson will have trouble." Madame was of the same mind, but gave it neater expression: "After us the deluge."

The world is familiar with the tragic incidents of the sudden collapse of the monarchy. Except during the Reign of Terror, which was short, the caricaturists, whether with the pen or the pencil, played their usual part. It was almost impossible to caricature the abuses of the times, so monstrous was the reality. The "local hits" in Beaumarchais's *Marriage of Figaro*, played with rapturous applause a hundred nights in 1784, were little more than the truth given with epigrammatic brevity. When the saucy page, Cherubin, confessed that he had behaved very badly, but rested his defense upon the fact that he had never been guilty of the slightest indiscretion in *words*, and so obtained both pardon and promotion, the audience must have felt the perfect congruity of the incident with the moral code of the period. In Figaro's famous discourse on the English *God-dam* there is, indeed, a touch of caricature: "A fine language the English; a little of it goes a great way.

* Champfleury. *Hist. de la Caricature sous la République*, etc., p. 5.

The English people, it is true, throw in some other words in the course of conversation, but it is very easy to see that *God-dam* is the basis of their language." When he descants upon politics he rarely goes beyond the truth: "Ability advance a man in the government bureaus! My lord is laughing at me. Be commonplace and obsequious, and you get every thing." Figaro gives the whole art of French politics in a few words: "To pretend you don't know what you do know, and to know what you don't; to hear what you understand, and not to hear what you don't understand; and especially to pretend you can do a great deal more than you can; often to have for a very great secret that there is no secret; to shut yourself up to mend pens and seem profound, when you are only empty and hollow; to play well or ill the part of a personage; to spread abroad spies and pension traitors; to melt seals, intercept letters, and try to ennoble the poverty of the means by the importance of the ends—may I die if that isn't all there is of politics." It is a good hit of Susan's when she says that vapors are "a disease of quality," only to be taken in boudoirs. A poor woman whose cause is coming on at court remarks that selling judgeships is a great abuse. "You are right," says the dolt of



THE ESTATES.—PARIS, 1789.

a magistrate; "we ought to get them for nothing." And how a Paris audience, in the temper of 1789, must have relished the hits at the hereditary principle: "It is no matter whence you came; the important question is, whither are you bound?" "What have you done, my lord, to merit so many advantages—rank, fortune, place? You took the trouble to be born, nothing more." We can fancy, too, how such touches as this might bring down the house: "I was thought of for an office, but unfortunately I was fit for it. An arithmetician was wanted; a dancer got it."

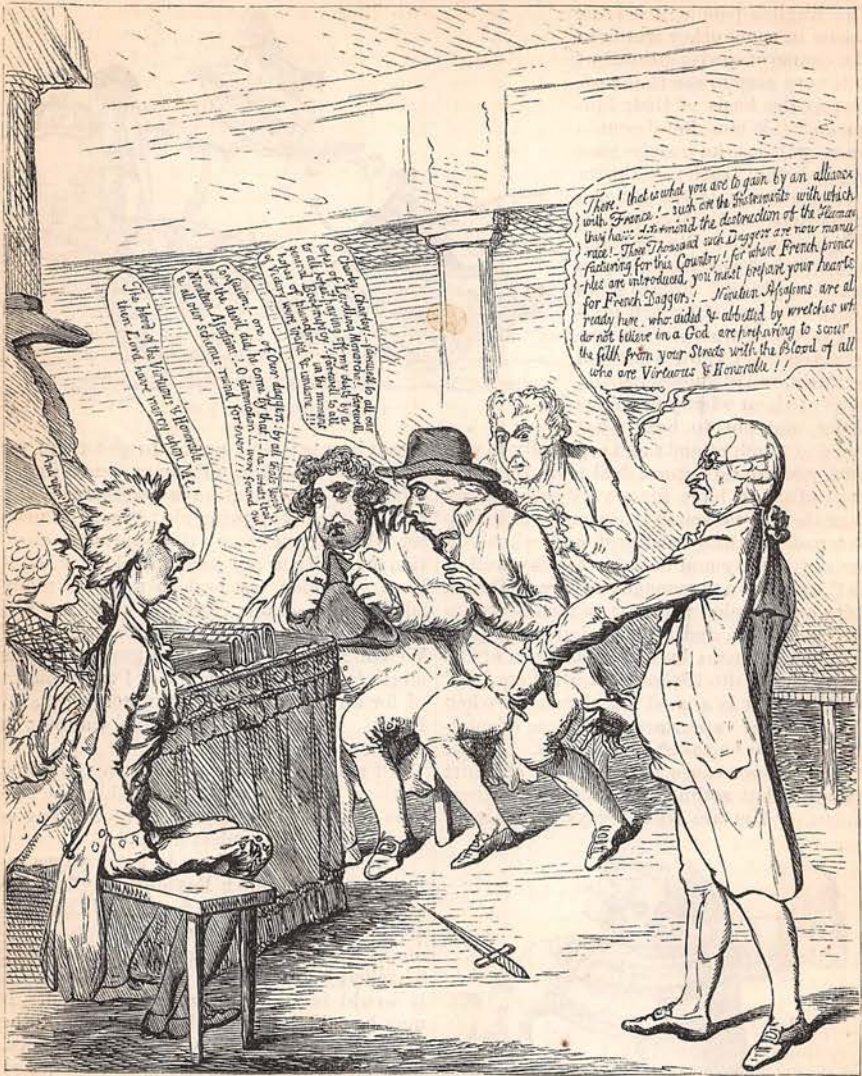
All men, as Mr. Carlyle observes, laughed at these jests, and none louder than the persons satirized—"a gay horse-racing Anglo-maniac noblesse loudest of all."

The first picture given in these pages relating to the French Revolution, "The Assembly of the Notables," is one of the most celebrated caricatures ever produced, and one of the best. Setting aside one or two of Thackeray's and half a dozen of Mr. Nast's, it would be difficult to find its equal. It may be said, however, that the force of the satire is wholly in the words, which, indeed, have since become one of the stock jokes of French Joe Millers. The picture appeared in 1787, when the deficit in the revenue, after having widened for many years, had become most alarming, and it was at length proposed to tax the nobility, clergy, and magistrates, hitherto exempt from vulgar taxation. But the Assembly of the Notables, which was chiefly composed of the exempt, preferred to prolong inquiry into the causes of the deficit, and showed an unconquerable reluctance to impose a tax upon themselves. It was during this delay, so fatal to the monarchy, that the caricature appeared. There must have been more than one version of the work, for the one described by Mr. Carlyle in his *History of the French Revolution* differs in several particulars from that which we take from M. Champfleury. Mr. Carlyle says: "A rustic



MIRABEAU.*—PARIS, 1789.

* Champfleury. *Hist. de la Caricature sous la République*, p. 81.



Dundas. Pitt. Fox. Sheridan. Taylor. Burke.

THE DAGGER SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—1793.

is represented convoing the poultry of his barn-yard with this opening address, 'Dear animals, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with,' to which a cock responding, 'We don't want to be eaten,' is checked by, 'You wander from the point!'

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 menaced Europe with one of the greatest of all evils—the premature adoption of liberal institutions. Forever vain and always fruitful of prodigious evil will be attempts to found a government by the whole people where the mass of the working population are grossly ignorant and superstitious. The reason is known to all who have had an op-

portunity of closely observing the workings of such minds. They can only be swayed by arts which honest intelligence can not use, and therefore they will be usually governed by men who have an interest in misleading them. Great Britain was nearer a republic than any other nation in Europe; but England, too, needed another century to get the tap-room reduced, the people's school developed in every parish, and the educated class intensely alive to the "folly of heaping importance upon idiots."

Edmund Burke was the man who, more than any other, held England back from revolution in 1792. Rational appeals to the rational faculty could not have avail-

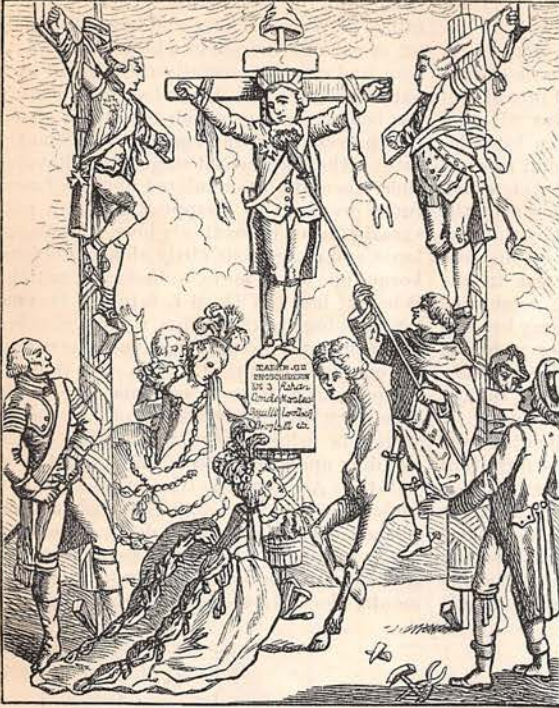
ed. Appalled at what he saw in France, Burke, after thirty years' advocacy of liberal principles, and assisting to create a republic in America, became a fanatic of conservatism, and terrified England into standing by the monarchy. He was alarmed even at the influx of Frenchmen into England, flying from *La Lanterne*, and he gave vehement support to the Alien Act, which authorized the summary expulsion from the kingdom of foreigners suspected by the government. Vehement? Some of his sentences read like lunacy. It was in the course of this debate that the celebrated dagger scene occurred which Gilray has satirized in the picture on another page. A wild tale reached his ears of the manufacture of daggers at Birmingham for the use of French Jacobins in England, and one of them was given him as a specimen. It was an implement of such undecided form that it might have served as a dagger, a pike-head, or a carving-knife. He dashed it upon the floor of the House of Commons, almost hitting the foot of an honorable member, and proceeded to declaim against the unhappy exiles in the highest style of absurdity. "When they smile," said he, "I see blood trickling down their faces; I see their insidious purposes; I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood." A pause ensued after the orator had spoken a while in this strain. "You have thrown down a knife," said Sheridan; "where is the fork?" A shout of laughter followed this sally, which relieved the suppressed feelings of the House, but spoiled the "effect" of Mr. Burke's performance.

In the French caricatures that have come to us from the period of the Revolution (many hundreds in number) every phase of the struggle is exhibited with French *finesse*. There is even an elegance in some of their Revolutionary caricatures. How exquisite, for example, the picture which presents the first protest of the Third Estate, its first attempt to be

Something in the nation which it maintained! We see a lofty and beautiful chariot or car of triumph, in which king, nobleman, and clergy gracefully ride, drawn by a pair of *doves*. The Third Estate is merely the beaten road on which the whole structure moves. Nothing could more elegantly satirize the sentimental stage of the Revolution, when the accumulated abuses of centuries were all to disappear amidst a universal effusion of brotherly love, while king, lords, and clergy rode airily along as before, borne up by a mute, submissive nation! When at last the Third Estate had become "Something" in the nation, a large number of sentimental pictures signalized the event. In one we see priest, noble, and peasant clasped in a fervent embrace, the noble trampling under foot a sheet of paper upon which is printed "Grandeurs," the priest treading upon "Benefices," the peasant upon "Hate." All wear the tricolor cockade, and underneath is written, "The wish accomplished. This is as I ever desired it should be." In another picture priest, noble, and peasant are playing together upon instruments, the priest upon a serpent-shaped



THE ZENITH OF FRENCH GLORY—A VIEW IN PERSPECTIVE.—GILRAY, LONDON, 1793.



THE NEW CALVARY.—PARIS, 1792.

Louis XVI. crucified by the rebels; Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois bound by the decrees of the factions; Robespierre, mounted upon the Constitution, presents the sponge soaked in regicides' gall; the Queen, overwhelmed with grief, demands speedy vengeance; the Duchess de Polignac, etc.

trumpet, the noble upon a pipe, and the peasant upon the violin, the peasant, in the middle, leading the performance, and exchanging looks of complacent affection with the others.

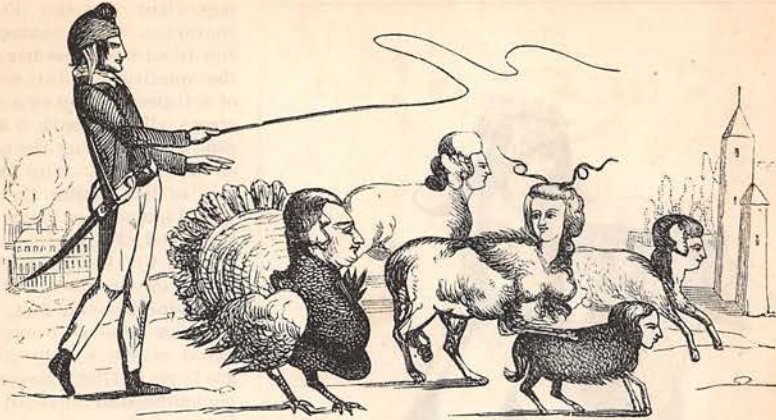
But even in the moment of triumph the effusion was not universal. There are always disagreeable people who doubt the duration of a millennium as soon as it has begun. Caricatures represented the three orders dancing together. "Will it last? won't it last?" sings a by-stander, using the refrain of an old song. "It is I who must pay the fiddler," cries the noble to the priest. From being fraternal the Third Estate became patronizing. The three orders sit together in a café, and the peasant says, familiarly, "All right; every man pays his own shot." A picture entitled "Old Times and the New Time" bore the inscription, "Formerly the most useful class carried the load, and was trodden under foot. To-day all share the burden alike." From patronizing and condescending, the Third Estate, as all the world knows, speedily became aggressive and arbitrary. "Down with taxes!" appeared on some of the caricatures of 1789, when the public treasury was running

dry. An extremely popular picture, often repeated, exhibits a peasant wearing the costume of all the orders, with the well-known inscription, so false and so fatal, "A single One makes the Three." An ignorant family is depicted listening with gaping eagerness to one who reveals to them that they too are of the order of which they have been hearing such fine things. "We belong to the Third Estate!" they exclaim, with the triumphant glee of M. Jourdain when he heard that he had been speaking "prose" all his life without knowing it.

But peace and plenty did not come to the poor man's cottage, and the caricaturists began to mock his dream of a better day. We see in one of the pictures of 1790 a father of a family in chains, with his eyes fixed in ecstasy upon a beam of light, labeled "Hope." In another, poor Louis XVI. is styled "The Restorer of Liberty," but underneath we read the sad question, "Eh bien, but when will that put the chicken in the pot?" A devil entering a hovel is set upon by a peasant, who pummels him with a

stick, while an old man cries out, "Hit him hard, hard, my son; he is an aristocrat;" and under the whole is written, "Is the devil, then, to be always at our door?" Again, we have the three orders forging the constitution with great ardor, the blacksmith holding the book on the anvil, while the priest and noble swing the sledge-hammer. Under the picture is the French smith's refrain, "Tot-tot-tot, Battez chaud, Tot-tot-tot." From an abyss a working-man draws a bundle of papers bearing the words, "The New Constitution, the Desire of the Nation," saying, as he does so, "Ah, I shall be well content when I have all those papers!"

The popular pictures grew ill-tempered as the hopes of the people declined, and the word *aristocrat* became synonymous with all that is most hostile to the happiness of man. A devil attired as a priest, teaching a school of little aristocrats, extols the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Citizens and soldiers are in full cry after a many-headed monster labeled "Aristocracy." An ass presides over a court of justice, and the picture is inscribed, "The Ass on the Bench; or, the End of Old Times." The clergy came in for their ample share of ridicule and vituperation.



RARE ANIMALS; OR, THE TRANSFER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY FROM THE TUILERIES TO THE TEMPLE. CHAMPFLEURY, 1792.

“What do we want with monks?” exclaimed an orator from the tribune of the Assembly in 1790. “If you tell me,” he continued, “that it is just to allow pious men the liberty to lead a sedentary, solitary, or contemplative life, my answer is, that every man can be sedentary, solitary, or contemplative in his own room.” Another speaker said, “If England to-day is flourishing, she owes it in part to the abolition of the religious orders.” The caricaturists did not delay to aim their shafts at this new game. We see nuns trying on fashionable head-dresses, and friars blundering through a military exercise. The spectacle was exhibited to Europe of a people raging with contemptuous hate of every thing which had from time immemorial been held in honor.

As time wore on, after every other order in the state had been in turn the object of special animosity, the royal family, the envied victims of the old state of things, became the unpitied victims of the new. Until their ill-starred attempt to escape from France in June, 1792, there remained some little respect

for the king, and some tenderness for his children. The picture given elsewhere of the crucifixion of the king was published by his adherents some months before the crisis as figurative of his sufferings, not as prophetic of his fate. But there was neither respect nor pity for the unhappy man after his blundering attempt to leave the country. An explosion of caricature fol-



PRESIDENT OF A REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE AMUSING HIMSELF WITH HIS ART BEFORE THE SESSION BEGINS.—PARIS, 1793.



ARISTOCRAT AND DEMOCRAT.—PARIS, 1793.
Aristocrat. "Take care of your cap."
Democrat. "Look out for your queue."

lowed. Before that event satirical pictures had been exposed only in the print-sellers' windows, but now, as M. Bayer records, "caricatures were sold wherever any thing was sold." The Jacobin Club, he adds, as often as they had a point to carry, caused caricatures to be made, which the shop-keepers found it to their interest to keep for sale.

A large number of the pictures which appeared during the last months of the king's life have been preserved. At an earlier stage of the movement both friends and foes of the monarchy used the satiric pencil, but now there was none to take the side of this bewildered family, and the pictures aimed at them were hard and pitiless. The reader has but to turn to the specimen given on another page, which was called forth by the transfer of the royal family from their home in the Tuileries to their prison in the Temple, to comprehend the spirit of those productions. In others we find the king represented as a blind man groping his way, as a baby, as an idiot who breaks his playthings and throws away his crown and sceptre. The queen excited a deeper feeling. The Parisians of 1792 appear to have had for that most unhappy of women only feelings of diabolical hate. She called forth all the tiger which, according to Voltaire, is an

ingredient in the French character. The caricaturists liked to invest her with the qualities and the form of a tigress, living in a monstrous alliance with a king-ram, and becoming the mother of monsters. The foolish tale of her saying that she would quench her thirst with the blood of Frenchmen was treated by the draughtsmen of the day as though it was an unquestionable fact.

Never was a woman so hated as she was by infuriate Paris in 1792. Never was womanhood so outraged as in some of the caricatures of that period. Nothing relating to her had any kind of sacredness. Her ancestors, her country, her mother, her children, her love for her children, her attachment to her husband, were all exhibited in the most odious light as so many additional crimes against liberty. Need it be said that her person was not spared? The single talent in which the French excel all the rest of the human family is that of subtly insinuating indecency by pen and pencil. But they did not employ this talent in the treatment of Marie Antoinette when she was about to redeem a frivolous life by a dignified death. With bald indecency they presented her to the scorn of the public, as African savages might exhibit the favorite wife of a hostile chief when they had brought her to their stinking village a captive, bound, naked, and defiled.

And so passed away forever from the minds of men the sense of the divinity that once had hedged in a king. But so congenial to minds immature or unformed is the idea of hereditary chieftainship that to this day in Europe the semblance of a king seems the easiest resource against anarchy. Yet kings were put upon their good behavior, to hold their places until majorities learn to control their propensities and use their minds.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

AN ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
 Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,
 Sustained his feeble life as best he might
 With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
 "Can any other one," said he one day,
 "So poor, so destitute, as I, be found?"
 And when he turned his head to look around
 He saw the answer: creeping slowly there
 Came an old man who gathered up with care
 The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.