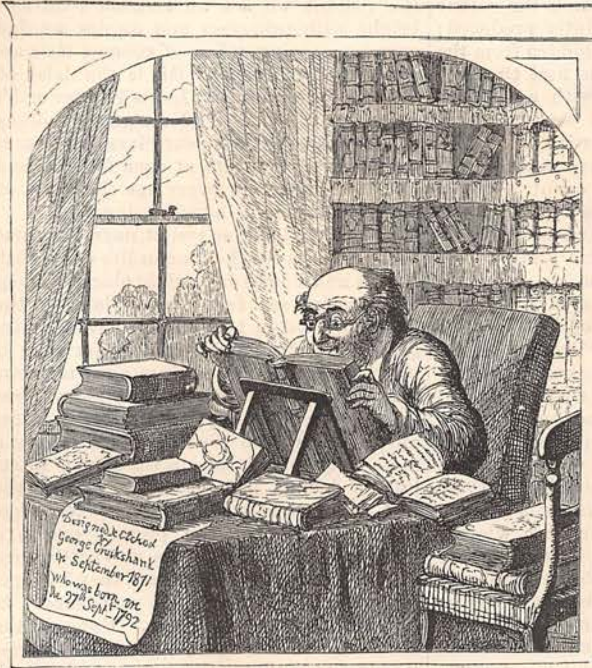
RECENT ENGLISH CARICATURE.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AT 79.—DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1871.

IT is only just to place at the head of this article a portrait of the founder of what I may style, perhaps, the virtuous school of comic art, which accords so agreeably with the humaner civilization that has been stealing over the world since the suppression of Bonaparte in 1815. There he sits in his own library, reveling harmlessly in a folio, a sturdy piece of nature's handiwork, roundly developed, though devoid of the bodily exaggeration common to the men whose beer was made in England—a joyous, vigorous old man after his labor of seventy years. The picture was drawn and engraved by his own hand to please one of his oldest American friends, Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, long concerned in collecting and distributing his works among us. Here, then, is a living artist whose first handling of the etching tool dates back almost three-quarters of a century. Mr. Reid, the keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum, has been at the pains to make a catalogue of the works of George Cruikshank. The number of entries in this catalogue is 5265, many of which comprise extensive series of drawings, so that the total number of his pictures probably exceeds 20,000, about one picture for every working-day during the productive part of his career.

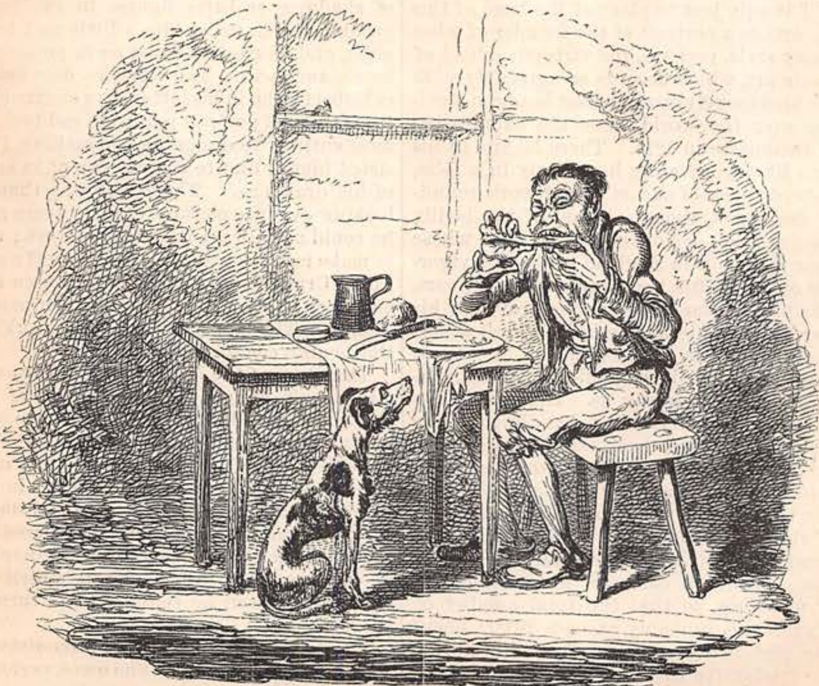
There is perhaps no gift so likely to be transmitted from father to son as a talent for drawing. Certainly it runs in the Cruikshank family, for there are already five of the name known to collectors, much to their confusion. As a guide to Mr. Reid in the preparation of his catalogue, the old gentleman made a brief statement, which is one of the curiosities of art gossip, and it may serve a useful purpose to collectors in the United States. His father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver, as well as a water-color draughtsman. His brother, Isaac Robert, a miniature and portrait painter, was also a designer and etcher, and "your humble servant likewise a designer and etcher." "When I was a mere boy," he adds, "my dear father kindly allowed me to play at etching on some of his copper-plates, little bits of shadows or little figures in the background, and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist *me* in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother Robert (who in his latter days omitted the Isaac) left off portrait painting, and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent in some of his drawings." The result was that, in looking over the pictures of sixty years ago, he could not always tell his own work; and to make matters worse, his brother left a son, Percy Cruikshank, also a draughtsman and engraver, and he too has an artist son, named George. The family has provided work for the coming connoisseur.

The glory of the living veteran, however, will remain unique, because he, first of the comic artists of his country, caught the new spirit, avoided the grossness and thoughtless one-sidedness of his predecessors, and used his art in such a manner that now, in his eighty-fourth year, looking back through the long gallery of his works gathered by the affectionate persistence of his admirers, he can not point to one picture which for any moral reason he could wish to turn to the wall.

England owes much to her humorists of the new humane school. She owes, perhaps, more than she yet perceives, because the changes which they promote in manners

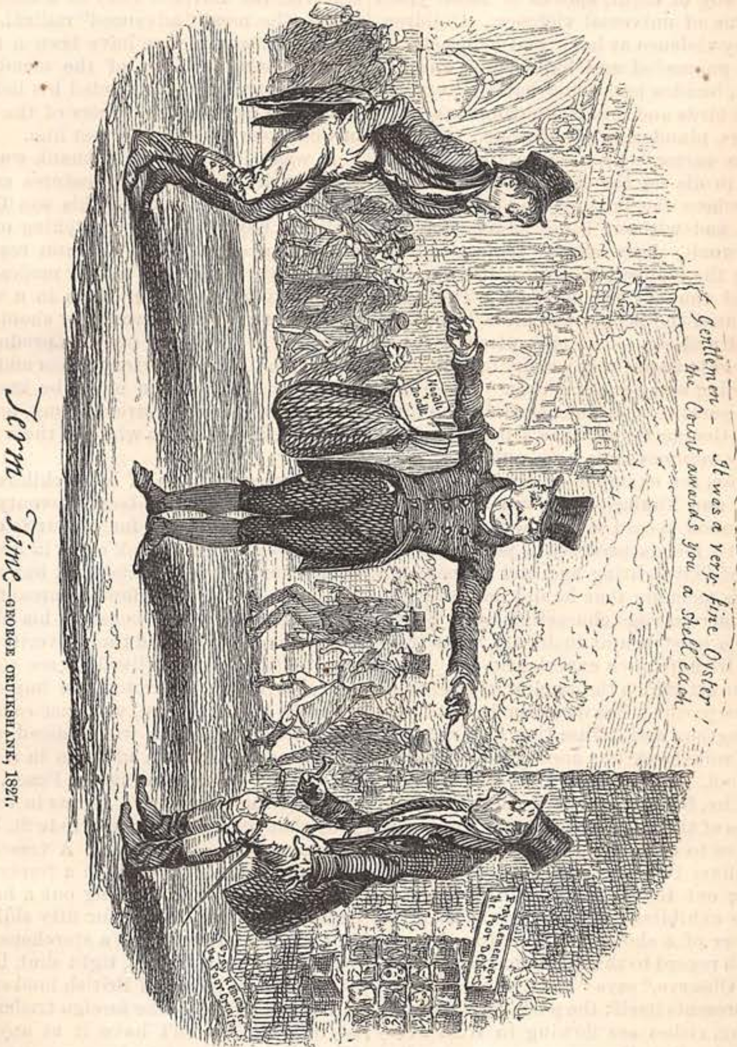
and morals come about slowly and unmarked. It is the American revisiting the country after many years of absence who perceives the ameliorations which the satiric pencil and pen have conjointly produced; nor are those ameliorations hidden from the American who treads for the first time the fast-anchored isle. It is with a peculiar rapturous recognition that we hail every indication of that England with which English art and literature have made us acquainted—a very different country indeed from the England of politics and the newspaper. A student who found himself one fine Sunday morning in June gliding past the lovely Hampshire coast, covered with farms, lawns, and villas, gazed in silence for a long time, and could only relieve his mind at last by gasping, "Thomson's *Seasons!*" His first glance revealed to him, what he had never before suspected, that the rural poetry of England applied in a particular manner to the land that inspired it, could have been written only there, and only there could be quite appreciated. From Chaucer to Tennyson there is not a sterling line in it which could have been what it is if it had been composed in any part of the Western Continent. We have a flower which we call a daisy, a weed coarsened by our fierce sun, betraying barrenness of soil, and suggestive of careless culture. There is also to be seen in our windows and green-houses a flower named the primrose, which, though it has its merit, has not been celebrated by poets, nor is likely to be. But the instant we see an English road-side bright with primroses and daisies we find ourselves saying, "Yes, of course; *these* are what the poets mean: *this* is the daisy of Shakspeare and Burns; *here* is Wordsworth's yellow primrose!" And we go on holding similar discourse with ourselves as often as we descry the objects, at once familiar and unknown, which in every age the poets of Great Britain have loved to sing.

But when, in these recent days, the same traveler observes the human life of English streets and homes and public places, he does not perceive so exact a resemblance to the life portrayed in books and pictures. English life seems gentler and better than it was represented forty years ago: manners are freer and more cordial; people are less intemperate; the physical life is much less obstreperous; the topics discussed have a more frequent relation to the higher interests of human nature. The glory of the last generation was held to be Waterloo, the distinction of the present one is a peaceful arbitration. The six-bottle men of Sheridan's time—where are they? Gone, quite gone. *One* bottle is now almost as unusual as it is excessive. Gone is the coach, with its long train of barbarisms—its bloated Wellers, its coachmen who swal-



HOPE—A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1826.

lowed "an imperial pint of vinegar" with their oysters without winking, its mountainous landlord skillful in charging, its general horsyness and cumbersome inconvenience. The hideous prize-fight seems finally suppressed. If there are still estates upon which there are family cottages of one room, they are held in horror, and it is an axiom accepted that the owner who permits them to remain is a truer savage than the most degraded peasants who inhabit them.



Term Time—George Cruikshank, 1827.

Art, humanizing art, has reached a development which a dreamer of Hogarth's day could not have anticipated for any period much short of the millennium; and not a development only, but a wide diffusion. Chadband—where is he? If he exists, he has assumed a less offensive form than when he ate muffins and sniveled inanity in Mrs. Snagsby's back-room. Where are Thackeray's snobs? They, too, have not ceased to be, for the foible which he satirized is an integral part of human nature, which can be ennobled, not eradicated. Strangers, however, do not often observe those violent and crude manifestations of it which Thackeray describes; and there seems a likelihood of the *Book of Snobs* meeting the fate of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which made itself obsolete by accomplishing its purposes. Beer still flows redundant in every part of the British Empire. Nevertheless, there is here and there a person who has discovered how much more can be got out of life by avoiding stimulation. A decided advance must have been made toward tolerance of opinion when men can be borne to honorable burial in Westminster Abbey whose

opinions were at variance with those which built and sustain the edifice. Chadbandom feebly protests, but no man regards it.

There are men still alive who remember the six-bottle period and all its strenuous vulgarities, the period when the whole strength of the empire was put forth in the Bonaparte wars. William Chambers, who was born when George Cruikshank was a boy of eight, speaks of those years as a time of universal violence. Children, ruled by violence at home and by cruelty at school, pummeled and bullied one another in turn, besides practicing habitual cruelty toward birds and beasts, hunting cats, pelting dogs, plundering birds' nests. He tells us of a carter who used to turn out his horses to die on the common of his native town, where the boys, in the sight of the people, and without being admonished by them, would daily amuse themselves by stoning the helpless creatures till they had battered the life out of them. The news that roused the people was all of bloodshed on land and sea. The only pleasures that were held to be entirely worthy of men were hard riding and deep drinking. Those diaries of persons who flourished in the first half of George Cruikshank's life, of which so many volumes have been published lately—those, for example, of Moore, Greville, Jerdan, and Young—what are they but a monotonous record of dinner anecdotes? Marryat's novels preserve a popular exhibition of that fighting age, and we perceive from his memoirs that he did not exaggerate its more savage characteristics. Several of his most brutal incidents were transcripts from his own experience.

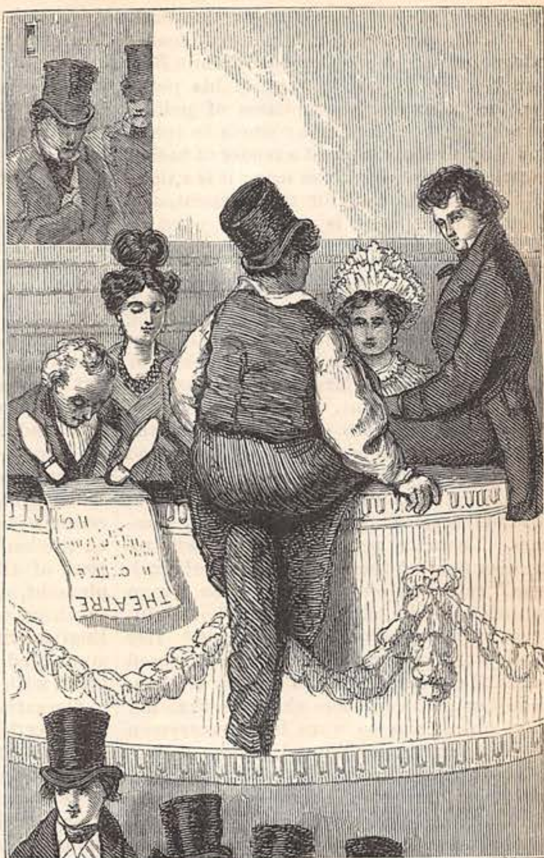
Comic art, which the amelioration of manners has purified, has done much in its turn to strengthen and diffuse that amelioration. Isaac Cruikshank was among the last of the old school. He seems to have kept his pencil on hire, for we have caricatures of his on all sides of the politics of his time, from conservative to radical. In 1795 he represented William Pitt as the royal extinguisher putting out the flame of sedition; but in 1797 he exhibited the same minister in the character of a showman deceiving the people with regard to the condition of the country. "Observe," says "Billy," "what a busy scene presents itself: the ports are filled with shipping, riches are flowing in from every quarter." But the countrymen standing around declare that they can see nothing but "a woide plain with some mountains and mole-hills upon't," and conjecture that the fine things which Billy sees must be behind one of the mole-hills. During the same year we find him caricaturing Fox, the leader of the opposition, as having laid a train for the purpose of blowing up the constitution, and then leaving to others the risk of touching it off. On both sides of the Irish questions of his day he employed his pencil, ridiculing in some pictures the Irish discontents, and in others the measures proposed by ministers for quieting them. When the old king was losing his reason, he drew him as a "farthing rush-light," around which were the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, and their friends, all trying to blow out the flickering flame. At length, in 1810, he caricatured the Burdett riots in a manner to please the most "advanced" radical. This picture, however, may have been a tribute to the mere audacity of the member for Westminster, who barricaded his house for four days against the officers of the House of Commons ordered to arrest him.

It was while Isaac Cruikshank was occasionally drawing such caricatures as these that he "kindly allowed" his son George, "a mere boy," to "play at etching on some of his copper-plates." The first real work done by the lad was of a very modest character, but he speaks of them in a way to make us regret that even they should have been lost. "Many of my first productions, such as half-penny lottery books and books for little children, can never be known or seen, having been destroyed long, long ago by the dear little ones who had them to play with."

Men who write so of little children that tore up their picture-books seventy years before are not formed for the strife of politics. George Cruikshank early in life withdrew from political caricature, but not before he had executed a few pictures of which he might reasonably boast in his old age, after time had justified their severity. This aged artist, who has lived to see the laws repealed which restricted the importation of grain into England, was just coming of age when those laws were passed, and he expressed his opinion of them in a caricature called "The Blessings of Peace, or, the Curse of the Corn Bill." It was in 1815, the year that consigned Bonaparte to St. Helena and gave peace to Europe. A vessel laden with grain has arrived from a foreign port, and the supercargo, holding out a handful, says, "Here is the best for fifty shillings." But on the shore stands a storehouse filled with home-grown grain, tight shut, in front of which is a group of British land-owners, one of whom waves the foreign trader away, saying: "We won't have it at any price. We are determined to keep up our own to eighty shillings, and if the poor can't buy it at that price, why, they must starve." The foreign grain is thrown overboard, while a starving family looks on, and the father says, "No, no, masters, I'll not starve, but quit my native country, where the poor are crushed by those they labor to support, and retire to one more hospitable, and where the arts of the rich do not interpose to defeat the providence of God."

Such is the Protective System: an interested few, having the ear of the government, thriving at the expense of the many who have not the ear of the government! This young man saw the point in 1815 as clearly as Cobden, Peel, or Mill in 1846.

In the same year he aimed a caricature at the ministry who took off the income tax and lessened the taxes upon property without diminishing those which bore more directly upon the poor. Many pictures in a similar spirit followed; but while he was still a young man he followed the bent of his disposition, and has ever since employed his pencil in what his great master Hogarth once styled "moral comedies," wherein humor appears as the ally and teacher of morals.



BOX IN A NEW YORK THEATRE IN 1830.—MRS. TROLLOPE.

"I observed in the front row of a dress box a lady performing the most maternal office possible, several gentlemen without their coats, and a general air of contempt for the decencies of life, certainly more than usually revolting."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans*, Vol. ii., p. 194.

John Doyle, who reigned next in the shop windows of Great Britain, and continued to bear sway for twenty years—1829 to 1849—was not known by name to the generation which he amused. It chanced one day that two I's, in a printing-office where he was, stood close to two D's, and he observed that the conjunction formed a figure resembling H3. He adopted this as the mark or signature of his caricatures, and consequently he was always spoken of as H. B. down to the time of his death, which occurred about the year 1869. He too shared the spirit of the better time. Collectors number his published caricatures at nine hundred and seventeen, which have been re-issued in eleven volumes; but in none of his works is there any thing of the savage vulgarity of the caricatures produced during the Bonaparte wars. It was a custom with English print-sellers to keep portfolios of his innocent and amusing pictures to let out by the evening to families about to engage in the arduous work of entertaining their friends at dinner. He excelled greatly in his portraits, many of which, it is said by contemporaries, are the best ever taken of the noted men of that day, and may be safely accepted as historical. Brougham, Peel, O'Connell, Hume, Russell, Palmerston, and others appear in his works as they were in their prime, with little distortion or exaggeration, the humor of the pictures being in the situation portrayed. Thus, after a debate in which allusion was made to an ancient egg anecdote, H3 produced a caricature in which the leaders of parties were drawn as hens sitting upon eggs. The whole interest of the picture lies in the speaking likenesses of the men. An air of refinement pervades his designs. His humor is not aggressive. It was remarked at the time in the *Westminster Review* that the great hits of Gilray, on being put up for the first time in Mrs. Humphrey's window, were received by the crowd with shouts of approval, but that the kindlier humor of H3 only elicited silent smiles.

Doubtless the war passion that raged throughout Christendom in Gilray's day had much to do with the warmth of applause which his works called forth. But in truth the vulgar portion of mankind appear to have a certain relish of an effective thrust, no matter who may writhe. H3 was seldom severer than in his picture called "Handwriting on the Wall," in which "Sil-

ly Billy" (as William IV. was familiarly styled) is seen reading a placard headed "Reform Bill," and muttering, "Reform *Bill?* Can that mean me?" Most of his pieces turn upon incidents or phases of politics which would require many words to recall, and then scarcely interest a reader of to-day. A caricature is made to be seen; it is a thing of the moment, and for the moment, and when that moment is passed, it must be of exceptional quality to bear revival in words.

Seeing caricatures from childhood has induced a habit in many persons of surveying life in the spirit of caricature, and has developed some tolerable private wielders of the satiric pencil. Mrs. Trollope was, perhaps, a case in point. Her volumes upon the *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, the literary sensation of 1832, were illustrated by a dozen or more of very amusing caricatures, some of which were fair hits, and were of actual service in improving popular manners. There are persons still alive who remember hearing the cry of "Trollope! Trollope!" raised in our theatres when a man ventured to take off his coat on a hot night, or sat with his feet too high in the air.* Her whole work, pictures and all, was a purposed political caricature, as she frankly confesses in her preface, where she says that her chief object was to warn her countrymen of "the jarring tumult and universal degradation which invariably follow the wild scheme of placing all the power of the state in the hands of the populace." She was, besides, exceedingly uncomfortable during her three years' residence in the United States, except when she was so happy as to be served by slaves. "On entering a Slave State," she remarks, "I was immediately comfortable and at my ease, and felt that the intercourse between me and those who served me was profitable to both parties and painful to neither."

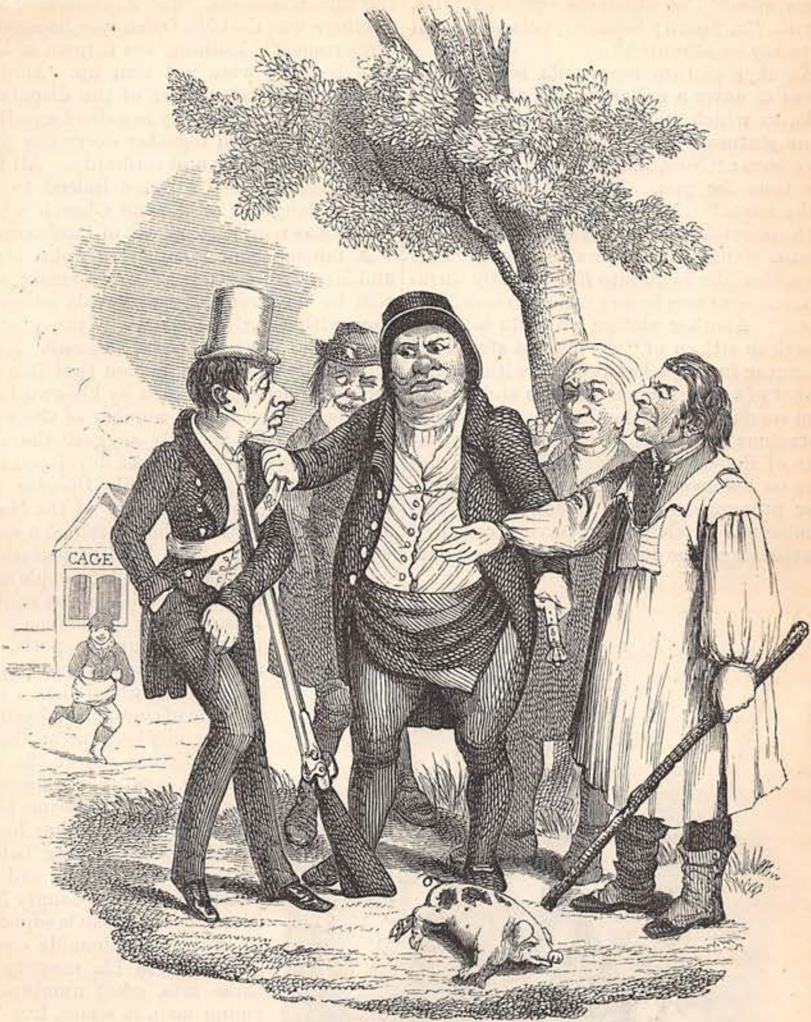
Besides the specimen of her caricaturing powers given in this number, there are several others which have, at least, some interest as curiosities of insular judgment. Mrs. Trollope, the daughter of a clergyman of the English Church, and the wife of an English lawyer of aristocratic family, entered the United States, in 1827, by the Mississippi, and spent a year or two in its newly settled valley. She saw the Western people engaged in a life-and-death struggle with untamed nature—the forest, wild men and beasts, the swamp, the flood, the fever, a trying climate, and interminable distances. A partial conquest had been won. Some fair towns had risen. A few counties were subdued. The log school-house was a familiar object. To a mind of continental compass, although Western life was still rough, rude, and haggard, the prospect was hopeful; it was evident that civilization was winning the day, and was destined, in the course of a century or two, to make the victory complete. The worst that a person of liberal mind could say, or can now say, of such a scene, would be this, "See what it costs to transplant human families from the parish to the wilderness!"

Even cabbage plants wither when only transferred from the hot-bed to the garden; but the transplanting of families from the organized society of an old country to a wild new land is a process under which all sicken, many degenerate, and many die.

Our curate's daughter, on the contrary, after a long and close survey of this interesting scene, could only discover that life on the banks of the Ohio, in the twentieth year of their settlement, was neither as pleasant, nor as graceful, nor as elegant, nor as clean, nor as convenient as it is in an English village; and this discovery she communicated to the world in two volumes, 12mo, with sixteen illustrations, very much to the satisfaction of many English readers. This worthy and gifted lady, mother of worthy and gifted children, was utterly baffled in her attempts to account for the rudeness of Western life. Provisions, she says, were abundant in Cincinnati, as many as four thousand pigs being advertised sometimes by one man. The very gutters of the town ran blood—the blood of cheap innumerable swine. But "the total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it." The people, she thought, had clear and active intellects; their conversation was often weighty and instructive, occasionally dull, but never silly. What an unaccountable thing, then, it was that these dealers in the pig and slayers of the bear, these subduers of the wilderness and conquerors of Tecumseh, should not bow with courtly grace, and converse with the elegance and ease of Holland House! "There is no charm, no grace, in their conversation," she laments. "I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American."

Such a thing it is to be brought up in an island! Her volumes, however, are to this day entertaining, and not devoid of historical value. There is here and there a passage which some of us could still read with profit, and her misinterpretations are not much more insular and perverse than those of Dickens. No one, indeed, yet knows much

* "In the pit [of the Chatham Theatre, New York] persons pulled off their coats in order to be cool.... Gentlemen keep their hats on in the boxes, and in the pit they make themselves in every respect comfortable."—*Travels through North America during the Years 1825 and 1826.* By his Highness BERNHARD, Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Page 145.



"Vot, eighteen shillings for that ere little pig? Vy, I could buy it in town for seven any day!"

SEYMOUR'S CONCEPTION OF MR. WINKLE BEFORE THAT HUNTER APPEARED IN "PICKWICK."—SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES, 1834.

of this mystery of transplanting, in which lies hidden the explanation of America.

Her first caricature, entitled "Ancient and Modern Republics," is in two scenes. An Ancient Republic is represented as a noble Greek, crowned with flowers, reclining upon a lounge, one hand resting upon the strings of a lyre, and the other gracefully holding up a beautiful cup, into which a lovely maiden is squeezing the juice from a luxuriant bunch of grapes. A Modern Republic figures as a Western bar-room politician, with his hat over his eyes, his heels upon the table, a tumbler in his hand, a decanter within reach, and a plug of tobacco at its side. We have next a picture of a "Philosophical Millinery Store" at New Orleans, in which Mrs. Trollope delineated an astounding event—"My being introduced *in form* to a milliner!" She, a curate's daughter, introduced to a maker of bonnets, who actually proved to be a gifted and intelligent lady! A "Cincinnati Ball-Room" reveals to us twenty-two ladies sitting close to the walls, the floor vacant, and all the men gormandizing at a table in the next room, leaving the ladies to a "sad and sulky repast" of trash in plates held on their laps. Then we are favored with a view of a young lady who is making a shirt, but is ashamed to pronounce the name of the garment in the presence of a man, and calls it a pillow-case. Whereupon he says, "Now that passes, Miss Clarissa! 'Tis a pillow-case for a giant, then. Shall I

guess, miss?" To which she sweetly replies, "Quit, Mr. Smith; behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted."

Another picture represents some ladies about to enter a gallery of art at Philadelphia, in which were exhibited several antique statues. The old woman in attendance says: "Now, ma'am, *now!* this is just the time for you. Nobody can see you. Make haste!" Mrs. Trollope stared at her with astonishment, and asked her what she meant. "Only, ma'am," was the reply, "that the ladies like to go into *that* room by themselves, when there be no gentlemen watching them." Another picture presents to us an American citizen of "the highest standing" returning from market at 6 A.M. with a huge basket of vegetables on one arm and a large ham carried in the other hand. A still more marvelous picture is given. Mr. Owen, father of Robert Dale Owen, challenged debate on his assertion that all the religions ever promulgated were equally false and pernicious. A clergyman having accepted the challenge, the debate was continued during fifteen sessions. But what amazed Mrs. Trollope was that Mr. Owen was listened to with respect! Nothing was thrown at him. The benches were not torn up. Another marvel was that neither of the disputants lost his temper, but they remained excellent friends, and dined together every day with the utmost gayety and cordiality. All this must have seemed strange indeed to the doting daughter of a state Church whose belief was regulated by act of Parliament.

A famous contemporary of John Doyle and Mrs. Trollope was Robert Seymour, who will be long remembered for his co-operation with Charles Dickens in the production of the first numbers of *Pickwick.* Nothing can be more certain than that this unfortunate artist, who died by his own hand just before the second number of the work was issued, did actually suggest the idea which the genius of Dickens developed into the *Pickwick Papers.* While Dickens was still in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, Seymour had attained a shop-window celebrity by a kind of picture of which the English people seem never to be able to get enough—caricatures of Londoners attempting country sports. It appears to be accepted as an axiom in England that a man capable of conducting business successfully becomes an absurd and ludicrous object the moment he gets upon a horse or fires at a bird. It seems to be taken for granted that horsemanship and hunting belong to the feudal system, and are strictly entailed in county families. But as a man is supposed to rank in fashionable circles according to his mastery of those arts, great numbers of young men, it seems, live but to attempt feats impossible except to inherited skill. Here is the field for such artists as Robert Seymour, "For whose use," as Mr. Dickens wrote, "I put in Mr. Winkle expressly," and who drew "that happy portrait of the founder of the Pickwick Club by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality." Perhaps as many as a third of the comic pictures published at that period were in the Winkle vein.

"Walked twenty miles overnight; up before peep o' day again; got a capital place: fell fast asleep; tide rose up to my knees; my hat was changed, my pockets pick't, and a fish run away with my hook; dreamt of being on a polar expedition and having my toes frozen."

PROBABLE SUGGESTION OF THE FAT BOY OF THE "PICKWICK PAPERS." SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES, 1834.

Upon looking over the sketches of Robert Seymour, which used to appear from time to time in the windows—price threepence—while Boz was getting *his* "Sketches"

RICHARD DOYLE, 1849.

through the press, we perceive that Dickens really derived fruitful hints from this artist, besides the original suggestion of the work. Mr. Winkle is recognizable in several of them; Mr. Pickwick's figure occurs occasionally; the Fat Boy is distinctly suggested; the famous picnic scene is anticipated; and there is much in the spirit of the pictures to remind us that among the admiring crowd which they attracted, the author of *Pickwick* might often have been found. Seymour, however, gave him only hints. In every instance he has made the suggested character or incident absolutely his own. Seymour only supplies a piece of copper, which the alchemy of genius turned into gold. In Dickens's broadest and most boisterous humor there is ever a certain elegance and refinement of tone that are wanting in Seymour, Seymour's cockney hunters being persons of the Tittlebat Titmouse grade, who long ago ceased to amuse and began to offend.

Seymour's discovery in the first numbers of *Pickwick* that it was the author, not the artist, who was to dominate a work which was his own conception and long-cherished dream, was probably among the causes of his fatal despair. When he first mentioned to Chapman and Hall his scheme of a Cockney Club ranging over England, he was a popular comic artist of several years' standing, and Charles Dickens was a name unknown. Nor was it supposed to be of so very much consequence who should write the descriptive matter. The firm closed the bargain with Mr. Seymour without having bestowed a thought upon the writer; and when they had suggested the unknown "Boz," and procured a copy of his "Sketches" by way of recommendation, Mrs. Seymour's remark was that, though she could not see any humor in his writings herself, yet he might do as well as another, and fifteen pounds a month to a poor and struggling author would be a little fortune. To a sensitive and ambitious man, made morbid by various hard usage such as the men who delight the world often undergo, it must have been a cutting disappointment to be asked, in the infancy of an enterprise which he deemed peculiarly his own, to put aside

an illustration that he had prepared, and make another to suit the fancies of a subordinate. It was like requiring a star actor to omit his favorite and most special "business" in order to afford a member of the company an opportunity to shine.

The biographer of Mr. Dickens is naturally reluctant to admit the social insignificance in London, forty years ago, of a "struggling author," and he is grossly abusive of Mr. N. P. Willis for describing his hero as he appeared at this stage of his career. Mr. Willis visited him at a dismal building in Holborn, in company with one of Mr. Dickens's publishers, and he gave a brief account of what he saw, which doubtless was the exact truth. Willis was a faithful chronicler of the minutiæ of a scene. He was a stickler for having the small facts correct. "We pulled up," he wrote, "at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit." He describes Dickens as dressed rather in the Swiveller style, though without Richard's swell look: hair close cropped, clothes jaunty and scant, "the very personification of a close sailer to the wind." There is nothing in this discreditable to the "poor author," and nothing which a person who knew London then would deem improbable. Is it not a principle imbedded in the constitution of Britons that the person who receives money in small amounts for work and labor done is the party obliged, and must stand hat in hand before him who pays it?

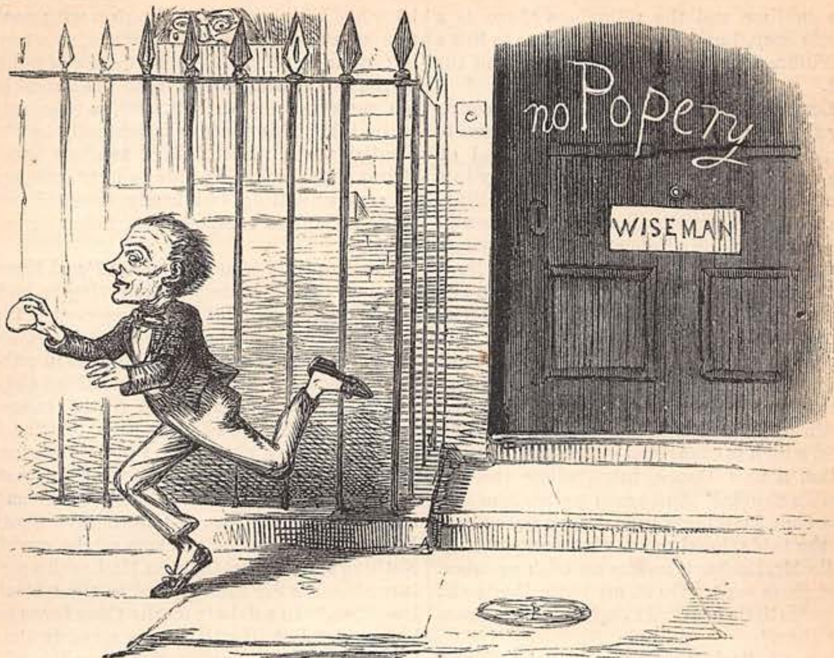
Whoever shall truly relate the history of the people of Great Britain in the nineteenth century will not pass by in silence the publication of *Pickwick*. Cruikshank, Seymour, and Irving, as well as the humorists of other times, had nourished and moulded the genius of Dickens; but, like all the masters in art, he so far transcended his immediate teachers that, even in what he most obviously derived from them, he was original. And it is he, not they, who is justly hailed as the founder of that benign school of comic art which gives us humor without coarseness, and satire without ill nature. It is *Pickwick* that marks the era, and the sole interest which Seymour's sketches now possess is in showing us from what Charles Dickens departed when he founded the Pickwick Club.

THE QUARREL—ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—JOHN LEECH, 1845.

Master Wellington. "You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!"
Master Joinville. "Am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Oh, am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Ha!"
Master Wellington. "Ha!"

[MORAL.—*And they don't fight, after all.*

One happy consequence of the new taste was the publication of *Punch*, which has been ever since the chief vehicle of caricature in England. As long as caricature was a thing of the shop windows only, its power was restricted within narrow limits. Since the founding of *Punch*, in 1841, about two years after the conclusion of the *Pickwick Papers*, caricature has become an element in periodical literature, from which it will perhaps never again be separated. And it is the pictures in this celebrated paper which have prolonged its life to this day. It owes its success chiefly to artists. There was and is an error in the scheme of the work which would have been speedily fatal to it but for the ever-welcome pictures of Rich-



THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!" AND THEN RAN AWAY!—LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE BILL FOR PREVENTING THE ASSUMPTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BY ROMAN CATHOLICS.—JOHN LEECH, IN "PUNCH," 1851.

Explanation by Earl Russell in 1874: "The object of that bill was merely to *assert* the supremacy of the Crown. It was never intended to prosecute....Accordingly a very clever artist represented me in a caricature as a boy who had chalked up 'No Popery' upon a wall, and then run away. This was a very fair joke....When my object had been gained I had no objection to the repeal of the bill."—*Recollections and Suggestions*, p. 210.

ard Doyle, John Leech, John Tenniel, Du Maurier, and their companions.

One of the rarest products of the human mind is a joke so good that it remains good when the occasion that gave rise to it is past. Probably the entire weekly harvest of wit and humor gathered from the whole earth would not fill a number of *Punch* with "good things," and if it did, no one could enjoy so many all at once, and the surfeit would sicken and disgust. The mere sitting down for the purpose of being funny in a certain number of lines or pages is death to the comic powers; and hence it is that a periodical to which nearly the whole humorous talent of England has contributed is sometimes dull in its reading, and we wonder if there can be in any quarter of the globe a person so bereft of the means of entertainment as to get quite through one number. Once or twice a year, however, *Punch* originates a joke which goes round the world, and remains part of the common stock of that countless host who are indebted to their memory for their jests.

But the pictures are almost always amusing, and often delightful. The artists have the whole scene of human life, public and private, to draw from, and they are able by their pencils to vividly reproduce the occasions that gave birth to their jokes.

In looking over the long series of political caricatures by Leech and Tenniel, which now go back thirty-three years, we are struck, first of all, by the simplicity of the means which they usually employ for giving a comic aspect to the political situation. They reduce cabinet ministers and other dignitaries many degrees in the social scale, exhibiting them as footmen, as boys, as policemen, as nurses, as circus performers, so that a certain comic effect is produced, even if the joke should go no further. Of late years Mr. Tenniel has often reversed this device with fine effect by raising mundane personages to celestial rank, and investing them with a something more than a travesty of grandeur. It is remarkable how unfailing these simple devices are to amuse. Whether Mr. Leech presents us with Earl Russell as a small foot-boy covered with buttons, or Mr. Tenniel endows Queen Victoria with the majestic mien of Minerva, the public is well pleased, and desires nothing additional but a few apt words explanatory of the situation. But simple as these devices may be, it is only a rarely gifted artist that can use them with effect. Between

the sublime and the ridiculous there is a whole step, but in comic art there is but a hair's-breadth between the happy and the flat.

Lord Brougham was supposed to be courting the conservatives when Leech began to caricature. The superserviceable zeal of the ex-chancellor was hit very happily in a circus scene, in which the Duke of Wellington figures as the ring-master, Brougham as the clown, and Sir Robert Peel as the rider. The clown says to the ring-master, "Now, Mr. Wellington, is there any thing I can run for to fetch—for to come—for to go—for to carry—for to bring—for to take?" etc. In another picture the same uneasy spirit, restive under his titled and pensioned nothingness, appears as "Henry asking for *more*." Again we have him dancing with the Woolsack, which is explained by the words, "The Polka, a new Dance, introducing the old Double Shuffle." And again we see him in a tap-room, smoking a pipe, with a pot of beer on the table, looking on with complacency while Mr. Roebuck bullies an Irish member. Brougham says, "Go it, my little Roebuck! Bless his little heart! *I* taught him to bounce like that."

Russell, Peel, Wellington, O'Connell, and Louis Philippe were other personages whom Mr. Punch often caricatured at that period of his existence, and he generally presented them in a manner that still coincides with public feeling in England, and was probably not disagreeable to the men themselves at the time. One of Leech's hits was a picture designed to ridicule certain utterances of the Prince de Joinville concerning the possible invasion of England in 1845, when some irritating conduct of the French ministry had been met by Wellington with good temper and firmness. The prince, as a boy, is "squaring off," with a great show of fight, at the duke, who stands with his hands in his pockets, not defiant, but serene and watchful. This picture is perfectly in the English taste. Leech liked to show great Britannia as infinitely able to fight, and not so very unwilling, but firmly resolved not to do so unless compelled by honor or necessity.

In these sixty-nine volumes of *Punch* there is much of the history of our time which words alone could not have preserved. We can trace in them the progress of ideas, of measures, and of men. The changes in public feeling are exhibited which enabled Cobden and Peel to strike from British industry the gilt fetters of protection, for *Punch* is only another name for Public Opinion. These pictures have a particular interest for us, since we are to travel the same road in due time, and thus, at length, give Great Britain a rival in the markets of the world. Nothing could be better than Mr. Leech's picture showing Sir Robert Peel as the "Deaf Postilion." In a debate on the Corn Laws he had said, "I shall still pursue steadily that course which my conscience tells me I should take, let you and those opposite pursue what course you think right." The picture shows us a post-chaise, the body of which has become detached from the fore-wheels—a mishap which the deaf postilion does not discover, but goes trotting along as though his horses were still drawing the load. The chaise, named Protection, is occupied by Tory lords, who shout in vain to the deaf postilion. Again, we have Disraeli as a viper biting the file, Sir Robert. Leech con-

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—JOHN LEECH, "FOLLIES OF THE YEAR," LONDON, 1852.

tinued his effective support of the movement until the victory was won, when he designed a monument to the victor, consisting of a pyramid of large cheap loaves of bread crowned by the name of Peel.

The Puseyite imbecility was as effectively satirized by Leech in 1849 as the ritualistic imitation has recently been by Tenniel. American slavery came in for just rebuke. As a retort to "some bunkum" in the American press in 1848, Mr. Leech drew a picture of Liberty lashing a negro, while Jonathan, with rifle on his arm, cigar in his mouth, and bottle at his side, says, "Oh, ain't we a deal better than other folks! I guess we're a most a splendid example to them thunderin' old monarchies." The language is wrong, of course; no American ever said "a deal better." English attempts at American slang are always incorrect. But the satire was deserved. Leech was far from sparing his own country. Some readers must remember the pair of pictures by Leech in 1849, entitled "Pin-Money" and "Needle-Money," one exhibiting a young lady's boudoir filled with luxurious and costly objects, and the other a poor needle-woman in her garret of desolation, sewing by the light of a solitary candle upon a shirt for which she is to receive three half-pence. In a similar spirit was conceived a picture presenting two objects often seen in agricultural fairs in England—a "Prize Peasant" and a "Prize Pig": the first rewarded for sixty years of virtuous toil by a prize of two guineas, the owner of the fat pig being recompensed by an award of three guineas.

Toward Louis Napoleon *Punch* gradually relented. At first Mr. Leech gave just and strong expression to the world's contempt for that unparalleled charlatan; but as he became powerful, and seemed to be useful to Great Britain, *Punch* treated him with an approach to respect. A similar change toward Mr. Disraeli is observable. Seldom during the first fifteen years of his public life was he presented in a favorable light. Upon his retirement from office in 1853, Leech satirized his malevolent attacks upon the new ministry very happily by a picture in which he appears as a crossing-sweeper spattering mud upon Lord Russell and his colleagues. "Won't give me any thing, won't you?" says the sweeper: "then take *that!*" Nor did the admirable Leech fail to mark the public sense of Disraeli's silence during the long debates upon the bill giving to English Jews some of the rights of citizenship. In his whole public career there is nothing harder to forgive than that ignoble and unnecessary abstinence. During the last few years Mr. Disraeli has won by sheer persistence a certain solidity of position in English politics, and *Punch* pays him the respect due to a person who represents a powerful and patriotic party.

One quality of the *Punch* caricatures is worthy of particular regard: they are rarely severe, and never scurrilous. The men for whom Mr. Leech entertained an antipathy, such as O'Connell, O'Brien, Brougham, and others, were usually treated in a manner that could not have painfully wounded their self-love. We observe even in the more incisive works of Gilray a certain boisterous good humor that often made their satire amusing to the men satirized. Mr. Rush, American minister in London in 1818, describes a dinner party at Mr. Canning's, at which the minister exhibited to his guests albums and scrap-books of caricature in which he was himself very freely handled. Fox and Burke, we are told, visited the shop where Gilray's caricatures were sold, and while buying the last hit at themselves, would bandy jests with Mrs. Humphrey, the publisher. Burke winced a little under the lash, but the robuster and larger Fox was rarely disturbed, and behaved in the shop with such winning courtesy that Mrs. Humphrey pronounced him the peerless model of a gentleman. *Punch*, likewise, does not appear to irritate the men whom he caricatures. Lord Brougham used to laugh at the exceedingly ugly countenance given him by Leech, and to say that the artist, unable to hit his likeness, was obliged to designate him by his checked trowsers. Lord Russell, as we see, does not object to Leech's delineations; and Palmerston, long a favorite with the *Punch* artists, may well have been content with their handsome treatment of him.

During the last fifteen years Mr. Tenniel has oftenest supplied the political cartoon of *Punch*. His range is not so wide as that of Leech, but within his range he is powerful indeed. He has produced some pictures which for breadth, strength, aptness, good feeling, and finish have rarely been equaled in their kind. He gives us sometimes such an impression of his power as we fancy Michael Angelo might have done if he had amused himself by drawings reflecting upon the politics of his time. If, as the *Quarterly Review* lately remarked, Tenniel's pictures are often something less than caricature, being wanting in the exuberant humor of his predecessors, we can also say that they are frequently much more than caricature. Mr. Tenniel was an artist of repute, and had furnished a cartoon for the Westminster Parliament-house, before he became identified with *Punch*.

In common with John Leech and the ruling class of England generally, Mr. Tenniel was so unfortunate as to misinterpret the civil war in America. He was almost as much mistaken as to its nature and significance as some of our own politicians, who had not his excuse of distance from the scene. He began well, however. His "Di-

"OBSTRUCTIVES."—JOHN TENNIEL, 1870.

Mr. Punch (to Bull A 1). "Yes, it's all very well to say 'Go to school!' How are they to go to school with those people quarreling in the doorway? Why don't you make 'em 'move on?'"

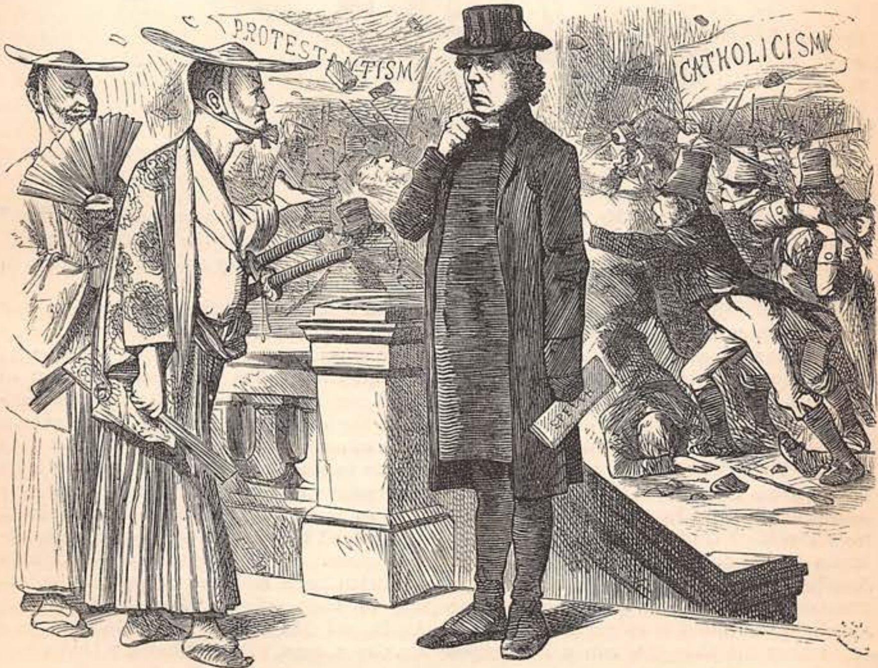
vorce a Vinculo," published in January, 1861, when the news of the secession of South Carolina reached England, was too flattering to the North, though correct as to the attitude of the South. "Mrs. Carolina asserts her Right to 'larrup' her Nigger" was a rough statement of South Carolina's position, but we can not pretend that the Northern States objected from any interest they felt in the colored boy. On the part of the North it was simply a war for self-preservation. It was as truly such as if Scotland or Ireland, or both of them, had seceded from England in 1803, when the Peace of Amiens was broken, and the English people had taken the liberty to object. Again, Mr. Tenniel showed good feeling in admonishing Lord Palmerston, when the war had begun, to keep Great Britain neutral. "Well, Pam," says Mr. Punch to his workman, "of course I shall keep you on, but you must stick to *peace*-work." Nor could we object to the picture in May, 1861, of Mr. Lincoln's poking the fire and filling the room with particles of soot, saying, with downcast look, "What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the Blacks!"

But from that time to the end of the war all was misapprehension and perversity. In July, 1861, "Naughty Jonathan," an ill-favored little boy carrying a toy flag, addresses the majesty of Britain thus: "You *sha'n't* interfere, mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's a great shame—and I don't care—and you *shall* interfere—and I won't have it." During the Mason and Slidell imbroglio the Tenniel cartoons were not "soothing" to the American mind. "Do what's right, my son," says the burly sailor, Jack Bull, to little Admiral Jonathan, "or I'll blow you out of the water." Again, we have a family dinner scene. John Bull at the head of the table, and Lord Russell the boy in waiting. Enter, "Captain Jonathan, F.N.," who says, "Jist looked in to see if thar's any rebels he-arr." Upon which Mr. Bull remarks, "Oh, indeed! John, look after the plate basket, and then fetch a policeman." This was in allusion to a supposed claim on the part of Mr. Seward of a right to search ships for rebel passengers. Then we have Mr. Lincoln as a "coon" in a tree, and Colonel Bull aiming his blunderbuss at him. "Air you in earnest, colonel?" asks the coon. "I am," replies the mighty Bull. "Don't fire," says the coon; "I'll come down." And accordingly Mason and Slidell were speedily released. In a similar spirit most of the events of the war were treated; and when the war had ended, there was still shown in *Punch*, as in the English press generally, the same curious, inexplicable, and total ignorance of the feelings of the American people. What an inconceivable perversity it was to attribute Mr. Sumner's statement of the damage done to the

United States by the alliance which existed for four years between the owners of England and the masters of the South to a Yankee grab for excessive damages! In all the long catalogue of national misunderstandings there is none more remarkable than this. Mr. Tenniel from the first derided the idea that any particular damage had been done by the *Alabama* and her consorts: certainly there was no damage, he thought, upon which a "claim" could be founded. "Claim for damages against *me?*" cries big Britannia, in one of his pictures of October, 1865. "Nonsense, Columbia; don't be mean over money matters."

All this has now become merely interesting as a curiosity of misinterpretation. The American people know something of England through her art, her literature, and press; but England has extremely imperfect means of knowing us. No American periodical, probably, circulates in Great Britain two hundred copies. We have no Dickens, no Thackeray, no George Eliot, no *Punch*, to make our best and our worst familiar in the homes of Christendom; and what little indigenous literature we have is more likely to mislead foreigners than enlighten them. Cooper's men, women, and Indians, if they ever existed, exist no more. Mr. Lowell's Yankee is extinct. Uncle Tom is now a freeman, raising his own bale of cotton. Mark Twain and Bret Harte would hardly recognize their own California. It is the literature, the art, and the science of a country which make it known to other lands; and we shall have neither of these in adequate development until much more of the work is done of smoothing off this rough continent, and educating the people that come to us, at the rate of a cityful a month, from the continent over the sea. At present it is nearly as much as we can do to find spelling-books for so many.

To most Americans the smaller pictures of Leech and others in *Punch*, which gently satirize the foibles and fashions of the time, are more interesting than the political cartoons. How different the life of the English people, as exhibited in these thousands of amusing scenes, from the life of America! We see, upon turning over a single volume, how much more the English play and laugh than we do. It is not merely that there is a large class in England who have nothing to do except to amuse themselves, but the whole people seem interested in sport, and very frequently to abandon themselves to innocent pleasures. Here is a young lady in the hunting field in full gallop, who cries gayly to her companion, "Come along, Mr. Green; I want a lead at the brook;" which makes "Mr. Green think that women have no business in hunting." England general-



JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.—JOHN TENNIEL, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

Japanese Embassador. "Then these people, your Grace, I suppose, are heathen?"

Archbishop of Canterbury. "On the contrary, your Excellency; those are among our most enthusiastic religionists."

"AT THE CHURCH GATE."—DU MAURIER, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

"So now you've been to church, Ethel! And which part of it all do you like best?"
"*This* part, mamma!"

ly thinks otherwise, and Mr. Punch loves to exhibit his country-women "in mid-air," leaping a ditch, or bounding across a field with huntsmen and hounds about them. He does not object to a hunting parson. A church-warden meets an "old sporting rector" on the road, and says, "Tell ye what 'tis, Sir, the congregation do wish you wouldn't put that 'ere curate up in pulpit; nobody can't hear un." To which the old sporting parson on his pony replies, "Well, Blunt, the fact is, Tweedler's such a good fellow for parish work, I'm obliged to give him *a mount* sometimes." And in the distance we see poor Tweedler trudging briskly along, umbrella in hand, upon some parish errand. Another sporting picture shows us three gentlemen at dinner, one of whom is a clergyman whose mind is so peculiarly constituted that his thoughts run a little upon the duties of his office. Perhaps he is Tweedler himself. One of the laymen, a fox-hunter, says to the other, "That was a fine forty minutes yesterday." The other replies, "Yes; didn't seem so long either." *Punch* remarks that "the curate is puzzled, and wonders, do they refer to his lecture in the school-room?"

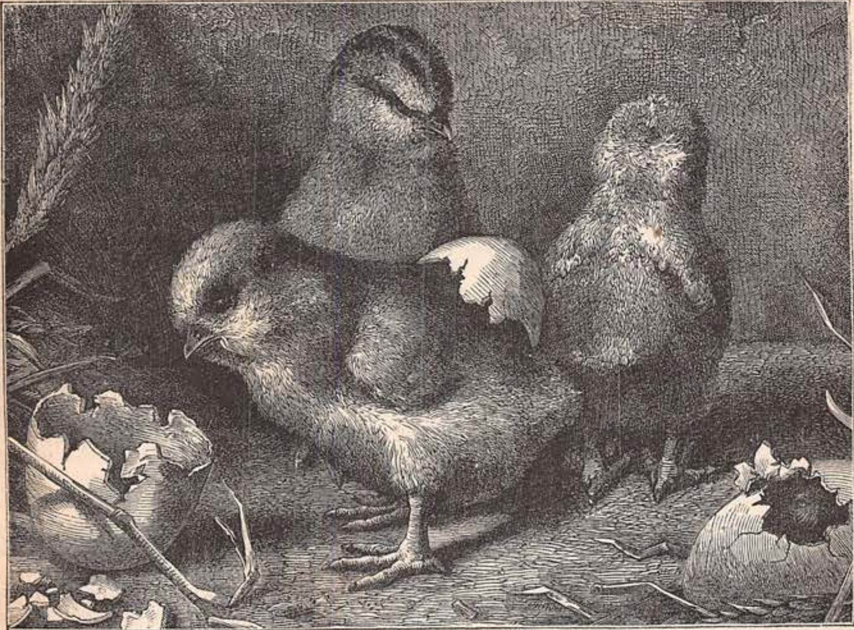
And what a part eating and drinking play in English life and English art! Every body appears to give dinners occasionally, and all the dealers in vegetables seem to stand ready to serve as waiters at five shillings for an evening. Food is a common topic of conversation, and it is a civility for people to show an interest in one another's alimentary pleasures. "Glad to see yer feed so beautiful, Mrs. B——," remarks a portly host to a corpulent lady, his Christmas guest. "Thank yer, Mr. J——," says she, with knife and fork at rest and pointing to the ceiling; "I'm doin' lovely." Again, old Mr. Brown, entertaining young Mr. Green, says, with emphasis, "That wine, Sir, has been in my cellar four-and-twenty years come last Christmas—four-and-twenty years, Sir!" To which innocent Mr. Green, anxious to say something agreeable,

replies, "Has it really, Sir? What must it have been when it was new?" Little Emily asks her mother, "What is capital punishment?" Master Harry replies, "Why, being locked up in the pantry! *I* should consider it so." Even at the theatres, we may infer from some of the pictures, ale and porter are handed round between the acts of the play. In one picture we see two lovers looking upon the sky; poetical Augustus says, "Look, Edith! how lovely are those fleecy cloudlets, dappled over the—" Edith (not in a spirit of burlesque) replies, "Yes, 'xactly like gravy when it's getting cold—isn't it?" Then we have two gentlemen in the enjoyment of a little dinner, one of a long series given in the absence of the family at Boulogne. The master of the house receives a telegram. He reads it, heaves a deep sigh, and says, dolefully, "It's all up!" Bachelor friend asks, "What's the matter?" Paterfamilias replies, "Telegram! She says they've arrived safe at Folkestone, and will be home about 10.30." No more little dinners. Only a wife and children for comfort. And here are two of Mr. Du Maurier's pretty children eating slices of bread too thinly spread with jam, and Ethel says, with thoughtful earnestness, "I dare say the Queen and her courtiers eat a whole pot of jam every day, Harry!" There are many hundreds of pictures in *Punch* which show a kind of solemn interest in the repair of wasted tissue never seen in this country. It is evident that the English have a deep delight in the act of taking sustenance which is to us unknown. Mr. Thackeray himself, in speaking of an Englishman's first glass of beer on returning home from a long journey in other lands, casts his eyes to heaven and gives way to something like enthusiasm.

Many pictures bring into juxtaposition extremes of civilization rarely witnessed in America. So many traps are set for ignorance in this country that a child can scarcely hope to get by them all, and escape into maturity an absolute dolt. Observe this conversation between a squire and a villager: "Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the national school. What's that for?" "'Cause the master ain't fit to teach un. He wanted to teach my boy to spell taters with a P." Here, again, is a scene in a London picture-gallery that presents a curious incongruity. A group is standing before one of the works of Ary Scheffer, and an East Ender, catalogue in hand, makes this comment upon the artist's name: "'Ary Scheffer! Hignorant fellers, these foreigners, Bill! Spells 'Enery without the Haitch!" In New York we have doubtless people that would be as incongruous as this in such a scene, but they do not visit picture-galleries. Nor have we among us a photographer who could essay to bring a smile to a sitter's face by saying, "Just look a little pleasant, miss: think of *'im!*" It is evident from many hundreds of such sketches that there are great numbers of people in England who exercise difficult callings, hold responsible positions, dress in

AN EARLY QUIBBLE.—DU MAURIER, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

George. "*There*, Aunt Mary! what do you think of *that?* *I* drew the horse, and Ethel drew the jockey!"
Aunt Mary. "H'm! But what would mamma say to your drawing jockeys on a Sunday?"
George. "Ah, but look here! We've drawn him *riding to church*, you know!"



How do I know I ever *was* inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could *I* have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
What I can't understand I won't believe.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant *I* say;
So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I *can't* revere.
Hark at her. "You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack!
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
How bigoted! upon my back, indeed!
I don't believe it's there,
For I can't *see* it; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see, I never will believe in!

SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.—S. J. STONE, LONDON, 1873.

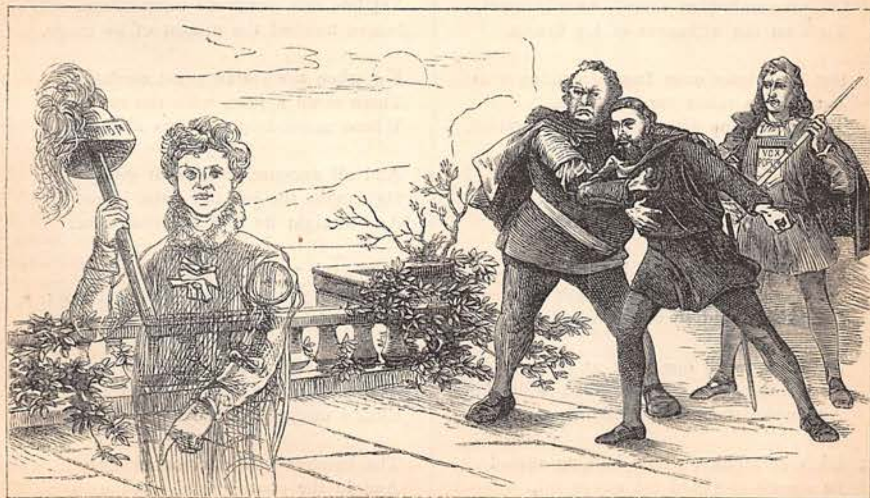
silk and broadcloth, and are in many particulars accomplished and well equipped for the stress of city life, who are destitute of mental culture to a degree which is associated in our minds only with squalor and degradation.

The spirit of caste, which appears to be only less strong in England than in India, affords countless opportunities to English comic art. Imagine a coster-monger profusely and laboriously apologizing to a well-dressed passer-by for presuming to speak to him in order to let him know that his coat tail is burning: "You'll excuse my addressin' of you, Sir—common man in a manner of speakin'—gen'leman like you, Sir—beggin' pardon for takin' the liberty, which I should never 'a thought of doin' under ordinary succumstances, Sir, only you didn't seem to be aware on it, but it struck me as I see you a-goin' along, as you were *afire*, Sir!" During the delivery of this apology combustion had continued, and Brown's coat tail was entirely consumed, his box of fusees having ignited some seconds before the coster-monger began his discourse. A few years ago *Punch* gave a little "Sea-side Drama" that illustrates another phase of the same universal foible. Mrs. De Tomkyns to her husband: "Ludovic dear, there's Algernon playing with a strange child! Do prevent it." "How on earth am I to prevent it?" "Tell its parents Algernon is just recovering from the scarlet fever." Mr. De Tomkyns accordingly makes this fictitious statement to the father of the obnoxious child, who replies, "It's all right, Sir; so's our little girl." *Punch* hits it fairly, too, in a pictured *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Shoddy and Mrs. Sharp. Mr. Shoddy remarks, as he sips his coffee, that he never feels safe from the ubiquitous British snob until he is south of the Danube. To this Mrs. Sharp responds by asking, "And what do the—a—South Danubians say, Mr. Shoddy?"

The moral feeling of the *Punch* artists is so generally sound that it is surprising to find them often taking the easy and popular side of the "conflict of ages" between mistress and maid. But if they usually laugh with the mistress and at the maid, they occasionally laugh with the maid and at the mistress; and truly the wildest absurdity attributed to the British servant seems venial compared with the thoughtless arrogance of the typical British mistress. *Punch* does not wholly neglect her morals. Another hundred volumes or so will doubtless bring her over to Sydney Smith's opinion, that *all* the virtues and graces are not to be had for seven pounds per annum. It was a happy retort upon "No Irish need apply" to present an English servant-girl peremptorily leaving a place because she had discovered that the family was Irish, alleging that her friends would never forgive her if they knew she had lived in an Irish family. The picture, too, is good of a pretty servant walking home in the evening behind an elderly and ill-favored lady to "protect" her from insult. *Punch* wishes to know who is to protect the pretty girl on her return through London streets alone. We see also from numberless pictures that the British mistress deems it her right to control the dress of the British maid. When crinoline came in, she thought it impudent in a servant to wear it; but when crinoline went out, she deemed it no less presuming in her to lay it aside.

For some years past the pictures of children and their ways by Mr. Du Maurier have been among the most pleasing efforts of comic art in England. There is not the faintest intimation in them of the malevolent or sarcastic. All good fathers, all good mothers, and all persons worthy to become such, delight in them. They are such pictures as we should naturally expect from an artist who was himself the happy father of a houseful of happy children, and who consequently looked upon all the children of the world in a fond, parental spirit. Surely no Bohemian, no hapless dweller in a boarding-house, no desolate frequenter of clubs, no one not sharing in the social life of his time, could so delightfully represent and minister to it. Du Maurier vindicates the generation that has produced Gavarni and Woodhull. He reminds us from week to week that children are the sufficient compensation of virtuous existence, worth all the rest of its honors and delights.

The recent agitation in England of questions relating to religion has not escaped the caricaturist. For two centuries or more the caricaturists of Great Britain have been hearty Protestants, though not long Puritan, and we still find them laughing at the fulminations of the testy old clergyman who lives in the Vatican. Nor have they failed to reflect upon the too evident fact that it is the contentions of clergymen in England that have blocked the way into the national school. The old-fashioned penny broadside, all alive with figures and words, has been revived by "Gegeef," to promote the secularization of the schools. In one of them all the parties to the controversy are exhibited—the candidate for the mastership of a government school, who "believes in Colenso and geology, but don't mind teaching Genesis to oblige;" the minister who holds up the text, "One faith, one baptism," but demands that the baptism taught should be *his* baptism; Thomas Paine, too, who points to his *Age of Reason*, and says, "When you finish, *I* shall have something to say;" the com-



*The P****e of W***s to K**g G****e IV.* (loq.). "I'll follow thee!"—Matt Morgan, in the *Tomahawk*, 1867.

promiser, who is willing to have Bible lessons given in the schools, provided they are given "without comment;" and, of course, the radical Bradlaugh, who demands secularization pure and simple. The same draughtsman, whose zeal is more manifest than his skill, has attempted to show, in various penny sheets, that amidst all those sectarian conflicts the one true light for the guidance of bewildered men is Science.

The only hit, however, in caricature, which these controversies have suggested is "The Soliloquy of the Rationalistic Chicken." It has had great currency in England among the clergy, many of whom have assisted in spreading it abroad; and even secularists have found it passable—as a caricature. Another recent "sensation" was the caricature by Mr. Matt Morgan, in the *Tomahawk*, which represented the Prince of Wales "*following*" the ghost of his predecessor, George IV. It had a great currency at the time, and may have served a good purpose in warning an amiable and well-disposed prince to be more careful of appearances.

During the lifetime of the venerable Cruikshank comic art in England has won the consideration due to a liberal profession, and now enjoys a fair share of reward as well as honor. He found the comic artist something of a Bohemian; he leaves him a solvent and respectable householder. He may have visited Gilray at work in the little room behind his publisher's shop; and he doubtless often enjoyed the elegant hospitality of John Leech, one of the first in his branch of art to attain the solid dignity of a front-door of his own. It is mentioned to the credit of Richard Doyle, son of HB, that when he resigned his connection with *Punch* on account of its caricatures of Wiseman and the Pope, he gave up an income of eight hundred pounds a year. There is no worthy circle in great Britain where the presence of a Tenniel, a Leech, a Du Maurier, a Doyle, or a Cruikshank would not be felt as an honor and their society valued as a privilege. England owes them gratitude and homage. They have not been always right, but they have nearly always meant to be. Nothing malign, nothing unpatriotic, nothing impure, nothing mean, has borne their signature; and in a vast majority of instances they have led the laughter of their countrymen so that it harmonized with humanity and truth.

ART'S EXCHANGES.

THERE was a poet once who wrought
In marble all his poet-thought—
All glimpses that his yearnings caught

Of scenes whereof the senses fail,
Of light that strayeth pure and pale
From out the rent, *unlifted* veil,

Till royal head, or shapely gleam
Of some unhidden throat, 'twould seem,
Took on the whiteness of his dream.

But sometimes even from dreaming eyes
Art folds a while her mysteries,
To greet them with more sweet surprise.

And so for many an empty day
Nerveless the master's chisel lay:
The clay unloved was only clay.

Some angel waiting to be free,
Some beauty sleeping there might be—
So sleeping and so bound was he.

And idling still one dusk at ease,
Rare fingers touched the meek white keys,
And woke them into harmonies—

High harmonies, whose longing stirred
In speech too glad for any word,
Or river sweep, or call of bird.

And as he heard, the joy intense,
Born of such gracious influence,
Grew too complete for one mute sense.

The artist-passion claimed its own—
The thought a symphony had shown
Leaped to immortal life in stone.

* * * * * *

Dear heart, you find the story strange,
Yet has this wondrous interchange
Scarce touched the utmost of its range.

For when the statue stood confessed,
There came a poet, with the rest,
Whose music-language was his best;

And all unconscious how it grew,
He caught the joy the artist knew,
And straight its soul to music flew.

A marvel, was it? Nay, a law!
Bach heard the seraphs Raphael saw:
I listen in content and awe.

In that new tower, whose every round,
Shapen in color, song, or sound,
Climbs onward till the heaven is found,

The builders hold a common speech,
And in the courage whispered each
Build on—to heights beyond the reach.