

CARICATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.



THOMAS NAST.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first American caricaturist. That propensity of his to use pictures whenever he desired to affect strongly the public mind was an inheritance from the period when only a very small portion of the people could read any other than pictorial language. Among the relics of his race preserved in Boston there is an illustrated handbill issued by his English uncle Benjamin, after whom he was named, which must have been a familiar object to him from the eighth year of his age. Uncle Benjamin, a London dyer when James II. fled from England, wishing to strengthen the impression made by his printed offer to "dye into colors" cloth, silk, and India calico, placed at the head of his bill a rude wood-cut of an East Indian queen taking a walk, attended by two servants, one bearing her train, and the other holding over her an umbrella. At the door of his shop, too, in Princes Street, near Leicester Fields,

a figure of an Indian queen appealed to the passer-by.

Such was the custom of the time. The diffusion of knowledge lessened the importance of pictorial representation; but the mere date of Franklin's birth, 1706, explains in some degree his habitual resort to it. Nearly all the ancient books were illustrated in some way, and nearly every ancient building appears to have had its "sign." When Franklin was a boy in Boston a gilt Bible would have directed him where to buy his books, if he had had any money to buy them with. A gilt sheaf probably notified him where to get those three historic rolls with which he made his entry into Philadelphia. The figure of a mermaid invited the thirsty wayfarer to beer, and an anchor informed sailors where sea stores were to be had. The royal lion and unicorn, carved in wood or stone, marked public edifices. Over the door of his father's shop, where soap and candles were sold, he saw a blue

ball, which still exists, bearing the legible date 1698. Why a blue ball? He was just the boy to ask the question. A lad who could not accept grace before meat without wishing to know why it were not better to say grace once for all over the barrel of pork, would be likely to inquire what a blue ball had in common with soap and candles. His excellent but not gifted sire probably informed him that the blue ball was a relic of the time when he had carried on the business of a dyer, and that he had continued to use it for his new vocation because he "had it in the house." Benjamin, the gifted, was the boy to be dissatisfied with this explanation, and to suggest devices more in harmony with the industry carried on within, so that the very incongruity of his father's sign may have quickened his sense of pictorial effect.

Franklin lived long, figured in a great variety of scenes, accomplished many notable things, and exhibited versatility of talent: man of business, inventor, statesman, diplomatist, philosopher; and in each of these characters he was a leader among leaders; but the ruling habit of his mind, his *forte*, the talent that he most loved to exercise and most relished in others, was humor. He began as a humorist and he ended as a humorist. The first piece of his ever printed and the last piece he ever wrote were both satirical: the first, the reckless satire of a saucy apprentice against the magnates of his town; the last, the good-tempered satire of a richly gifted, benevolent soul, cognizant of human weakness, but not despising it, and intent only upon opening the public mind to unwelcome truth—as a mother makes a child laugh before inserting the medicine spoon. So dominant was this propensity in his youthful days that if he had lived in a place where it had been possible to subsist by its exercise, there had been danger of his becoming a professional humorist, merging all the powers of his incomparable intellect in that one gift.

Imagine Boston in 1722, when this remarkable apprentice began to laugh, and to make others laugh, at the oppressive solemnities around him and above him. It is not difficult to imagine it, for it has changed in nothing but magnitude. Then, as now, it was a population industrious and moral, extremely addicted to routine, habitually frugal, but capable of magnificent generosity, bold in business enterprises, valiant in battle, but in all the high matters averse to innovation. Then, as now, the clergy, a few important families, and Harvard College composed the ruling influence, against which it were martyrdom to contend. But then, as now, there were a few audacious spirits who rebelled against these united powers, and carried their opposition very far, sometimes to a wild excess, and thus

kept this noblest of towns from sinking into an inane respectability. The good, frugal, steady-going, tax-paying citizen, who lays in his coal in June and buys a whole pig in December, would subdue the world to a vast monotonous prosperity, crushing, intolerable, if there were no one to keep him and the public in mind that, admirable as he is, he does not exhaust the possibilities of human nature. When we examine the portraits of the noted men of New England of the first century and a half after the settlement, we observe in them all a certain expression of *acquiescence*. There is no audacity in them. They look like men who could come home from fighting the French in Canada, or from chasing the whale among the icebergs of Labrador, to be scared by the menaces of a pontiff like Cotton Mather. They look like men who would take it seriously, and not laugh at all, when Cotton Mather denounced the Franklins, for poking fun at him in their newspaper, as guilty of wickedness without a parallel. "Some good men," said he, "are afraid it may provoke Heaven to deal with this place as never any place has yet been dealt withal."

Never was a community in such sore need of caricature and burlesque as when James Franklin set up in Boston in 1721 the first "sensational newspaper" of America, the *Courant*, to which his brother Benjamin and the other rebels and come-outers of Boston contributed. The Mathers, as human beings and citizens of New England, were estimable and even admirable; but the interests of human nature demand the suppression of pontiffs. These Mathers, though naturally benevolent, and not wanting in natural modesty, had attained to such a degree of pontifical arrogance as to think *Boston* in deadly peril because a knot of young fellows in a printing-office aimed satirical paragraphs at them. Increase Mather called upon the government to "suppress such a cursed libel," lest "some awful judgment should come upon the land, and the wrath of God should rise, and there should be no remedy." It is for such men that burlesque was made, and the Franklins supplied it in abundance. The *Courant* ridiculed them even when they were gloriously in the right. They were enlightened enough and brave enough to recommend inoculation, then just brought from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The young doctors who wrote for the paper assailed the new system, apparently for no other reason than because Increase and Cotton Mather were its chief defenders.

When Benjamin, at the age of sixteen, began to contribute to his brother's paper, he aimed at higher game even than the town pontiffs. He dared to lampoon Harvard College itself, the temple of learning

where the clergy were formed, whose precincts he had hoped to tread, his father having dedicated this tenth son to the church. He may have had his own father in mind when he wrote, in one of his early numbers, that every "peasant" who had the means proposed to send one of his children to this famous place, and as most of them consulted their purses rather than their children's capacities, the greater number of those who went thither were little better than blockheads and dunces. When he came to speak of the theological department of the college, he drew a pen caricature, having then no skill with the pencil: "The business of those who were employed in the temple of theology being laborious and painful, I wondered exceedingly to see so many go toward it; but while I was pondering this matter in my mind, I spied *Pecunia* behind a curtain, beckoning to them with her hand." He draws another when he says that the only remarkable thing he saw in this temple was one Plagius hard at work copying an eloquent passage from Tillotson's works to embellish his own.

This saucy boy, who had his *Hudibras* at his tongue's end, carried the satirical spirit with him to church on Sundays, and tried some of the brethren whom he saw there by the Hudibrastic standard. Even after his brother James had been in prison for his editorial conduct, Benjamin, who had been left in charge of the paper, drew with his sub-editorial pen a caricature of a "Religious Knave, of all Knaves the worst." A most strict Sabbatarian, an exact observer not of the day only, but of the evening before and the evening after it; at church conspicuously devout and attentive, even ridiculously so, with his distorted countenance and awkward gesticulation. But try and nail him to a bargain! He will dissemble and lie, snuffle and whiffle, overreach and defraud, cut down a laborer's wages, and keep the bargain in the letter while violating its spirit. "Don't tell me," he cries; "a bargain is a bargain. You should have looked to that before. I can't help it now." Such was the religious knave invented by the author of *Hudibras*, and borrowed by this Boston apprentice, who had, in all probability, never seen a character that could have fairly suggested the burlesque.

The authorities rose upon these two audacious brothers, and indicated how much need there was of such a sheet in Boston by ordering James Franklin to print it no more. They contrived to carry it on a while in Benjamin's name; but that sagacious youth was not long in discovering that the Mathers and their adherents were too strong for him, and he took an early opportunity of removing to a place established on the principle of doing without pontiffs. But during his long, illustrious career in Philadelphia as editor and

public man he constantly acted in the spirit of one of the last passages he wrote before leaving Boston: "Pieces of pleasantry and mirth have a secret charm in them to allay the heats and tumults of our spirits and to make a man forget his restless resentments. They have a strange power in them to hush disorders of the soul and reduce us to a serene and placid state of mind." He was the father of our humorous literature. If, at the present moment, America is contributing more to the innocent hilarity of mankind than other nations, it is greatly due to the happy influence of this benign and liberal humorist upon the national character. "Poor Richard," be it observed, was the great comic almanac of the country for twenty-five years, and it was Franklin who infused the element of burlesque into American journalism. He could not advertise a stolen prayer-book without inserting a joke to give the advertisement wings: "The person who took it is desired to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterward return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

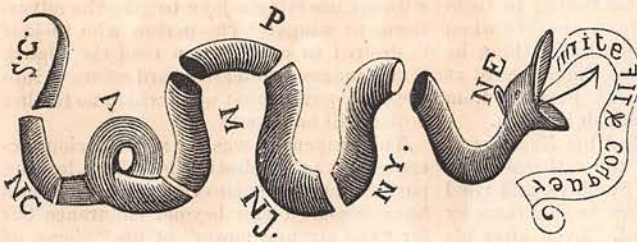
This propensity was the more precious because it was his destiny to take a leading part in many controversies which would have become bitter beyond endurance but for "the strange power" of his "pieces of pleasantry and mirth" to "hush disorders of the soul." He employed both pen and pencil in bringing his excellent sense to bear upon the public mind. What but Franklin's inexhaustible tact and good humor could have kept the peace in Pennsylvania between the non-combatant Quakers and the militant Christians during the long period when the province was threatened from the sea by hostile fleets and on land by savage Indians? Besides rousing the combatant citizens to action, he made them willing to fight for men who would not fight for themselves, and brought over to his side a large number of the younger and more pliant Quakers. Even in that early time (1747), while bears still swam the Delaware, he contrived to get a picture drawn and engraved to enforce the lessons of his first pamphlet, calling on the Pennsylvanians to prepare for defense. He may have engraved it himself, for he had a dextrous hand, and had long before made little pictures out of type-metal to accompany advertisements. Hercules sits upon a cloud, with one hand resting upon his club. Three horses vainly strive to draw a heavy wagon from the mire. The wagoner kneels, lifts his hands, and implores the aid of Hercules's mighty arm. In the background are trees and houses, and under the picture are Latin words signifying, "Not by offerings nor by womanish prayers is the help of gods obtained." In the text, too, when he essays the difficult task of reconciling the combat-

ants to fighting for the non-combatants, he becomes pictorial, though he does not use the graver. "What!" he cries, "not defend your wives, your helpless children, your aged parents, because the Quakers have conscientious scruples about fighting!" Then he adds the burlesque picture: "Till of late I could scarce believe the story of him who refused to pump in a sinking ship because one on board whom he hated would be saved by it as well as himself."

At the beginning of the contest which in Europe was the Seven Years' War, but in America a ten years' war, Franklin's pen and pencil were both employed in urging a cordial union of the colonies against the foe. His device of a snake severed into as many pieces as there were colonies, with the motto, "Join or Die," survived the occasion

are one," and outside of these, "United States." On the other side of the coin there is a noon-day sun blazing down upon a dial, with the motto, "Mind your Business." He made the date say something more to the reader than the number of the year, by appending to it the word "Fugio" (I fly). Another cent has a central sun circled by thirteen stars and the words "Nova Constellatio." He suggested "Pay as you go" for a coin motto. Some of his designs for the Continental paper money were ingenious and effective. Upon one dingy little note issued during the storm and stress of the Revolution we see a roughly executed picture of a shower of rain falling upon a newly settled country, with a word of good cheer under it, "Serenabit" (It will clear). Upon another there is a picture of a beaver gnawing a huge oak, and

the word "Perseverando." On another there is a crown resting upon a pedestal, and the words "Si recte facias" (If you do uprightly). There is one which represents a hawk and stork fighting, with the motto, "Exitus in dubio est" (The event is in doubt); and another which shows a hand plucking branches from a teaplant, with the motto, "Sustain or Abstain."



JOIN or DIE

A COMMON NEWSPAPER HEADING IN 1776; DEvised BY FRANKLIN IN MAY, 1754, AT BEGINNING OF FRENCH WAR.

that called it forth, and became a common newspaper and handbill heading in 1776. It was he, also, as tradition reports, who exhibited to the unbelieving farmers of Pennsylvania the effect of gypsum, by writing with that fertilizer in large letters upon a field the words, "This has been plastered." The brilliant green of the grass which had been stimulated by the plaster soon made the words legible to the passer-by. During his first residence in London as the representative of Pennsylvania he became intimately acquainted with the great artist from whom excellence in the humorous art of England dates—William Hogarth. The last letter that the dying Hogarth received was from Benjamin Franklin. "Receiving an agreeable letter," says Nichols, "from the American, Dr. Franklin, he drew up a rough draught of an answer to it." Three hours after, Hogarth was no more.

A few of Franklin's devices for the coins and paper money of the young republic have been preserved. He wished that every coin and every note should say something wise or cheerful to their endless succession of possessors and scrutinizers. Collectors show the Franklin cent of 1787, with its circle of thirteen links and its central words, "We

The famous scalp hoax devised by Franklin during the Revolutionary war, for the purpose of bringing the execration of civilized mankind upon the employment of Indians by the English generals, was vividly pictorial. Upon his private printing-press in Paris he and his grandson struck off a leaf of an imaginary newspaper, which he called a "Supplement to the Boston Independent Chronicle." For this he wrote a letter purporting to be from "Captain Gerrish, of the New England Militia," accompanying eight packages of "scalps of our unhappy country folks," which he had captured on a raid into the Indian country. The captain sent with the scalps an inventory of them, supposed to be drawn up by one James Cranford, a trader, for the information of the Governor of Canada. Neither Swift nor De Foe ever surpassed the ingenious naturalness of this fictitious inventory. It was indeed too natural, for it was generally accepted as a genuine document, and would even now deceive almost any one who should come upon it unawares. Who could suspect that these "eight packs of scalps, cured, dried, hooped, and painted, with all the Indian triumphal marks" upon them, had never existed except in the imagination of a

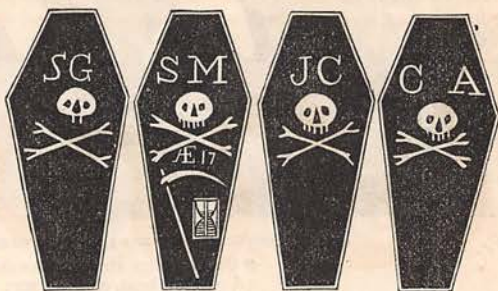
merry old plenipotentiary in Paris? There were "forty-three scalps of Congress soldiers, stretched on black hoops four inches diameter, the inside of the skin painted red, with a small black spot to denote their being killed with bullets;" and there were "sixty-two farmers, killed in their houses, marked with a hoe, a black circle all around to denote their being surprised in the night." Other farmers' scalps were marked with "a little red foot," to show that they stood upon their defense; and others with "a little yellow flame," to show that they had been burned alive. To one scalp a band was fastened, "supposed to be that of a rebel clergyman." Then there were eighty-eight scalps of women, and "some hundreds of boys and girls." The package last described was "a box of birch bark containing twenty-nine little infants' scalps of various sizes, small white hoops, white ground, no tears, and only a little black knife in the middle to show they were ripped out of their mothers' bellies." The trader dwells upon the fact that most of the farmers were young or middle-aged, "there being *but* sixty-seven *very* gray heads among them; which makes the service more essential." Every detail of this supplement was worked out with infinite ingenuity, even to the editor's postscript, which stated that the scalps had just reached Boston, where thousands of people were flocking to see them.

Franklin was more than a humorist; he was an artist in humor. In other words, he not only had a lively sense of the absurd and the ludicrous, but he knew how to exhibit them to others with the utmost power and finish. His grandson, who lived with him in Paris during the Revolutionary period, a very good draughtsman, used to illustrate his humorous papers, and between them they produced highly entertaining things, only a few of which have been gathered. The Abbé Morellet, one of the gay circle who enjoyed them, remarks that in his sportive moods Franklin was "Socrates mounted on a stick, playing with his children." To this day, however, there are millions who regard that vast and somewhat disorderly genius, who was one of the least sordid and most generous of all recorded men, as the mere type of penny prudence. Even so variously informed a person as the author of *A Short History of the English People*, published in this very year, 1875, speaks of the "close-fisted Franklin."

It is in vain that we seek for specimens of colonial caricature outside of the Franklin circle. Satirical pictures were doubtless produced in great numbers, and a few may have been published; but caricature is a thing of the moment, and usually perishes

with the moment, unless it is incorporated with a periodical. Almost all the intellectual product of the colonial period that was not theological has some relation to the wise and jovial Franklin, the incomparable American, the father of his country's intellectual life, whether manifested in literature, burlesque, politics, invention, or science.

The Boston massacre, as it was called, which was commemorated by the device of a row of coffins, often employed before and since, might have been more properly styled a street brawl, if the mere presence of British troops in Boston in 1774 had not been an outrage of international dimensions. The four victims, Samuel Gray, Samuel Maver-

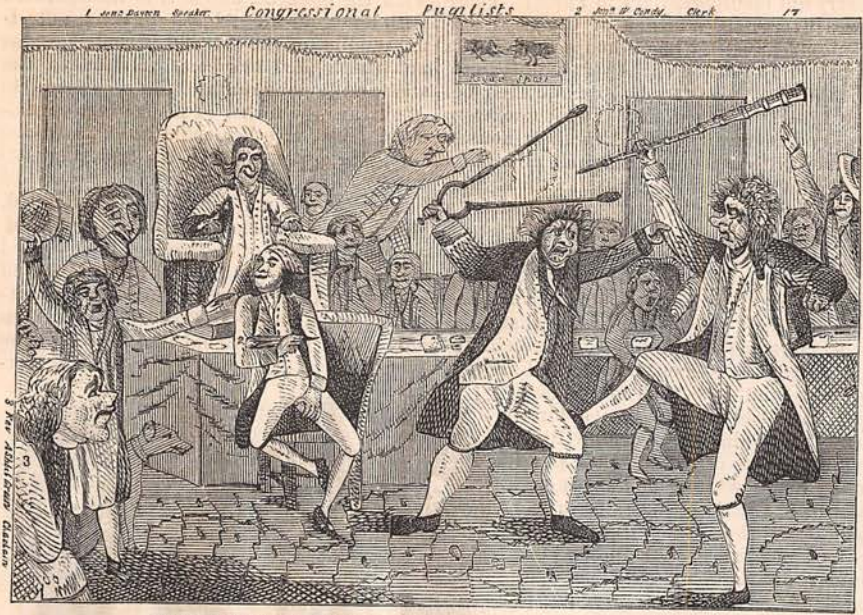


BOSTON MASSACRE COFFINS; BOSTON, MARCH, 1774.—FROM "AMERICAN HISTORICAL RECORD."

ick, James Cauldwell, and Crispus Attucks, were borne to the grave by all that was most distinguished in the province, and the whole people seemed to have either followed or witnessed the procession. Amidst the frenzy of the time these coffin lids served to express and relieve the popular feeling. The subsequent acquittal of the innocent soldiers, who had shown more forbearance than armed men usually do when taunted and assailed by an unarmed crowd, remains one of the most honorable of the early records of Boston.

There were attempts at caricature during the later years of the Revolutionary war. From 1778, when inflated paper, French francs, British gold, and Hessian thalers had given the business centres of the country a short, fallacious prosperity, there was gaiety enough in Philadelphia and Boston. There were balls and parties, and sending to France for articles of luxury, and profusion of all kinds—as there was in the late war, and as there must be in all wars which are not paid for till the war is over. There are indications in the old books that the burlesquing pencil was a familiar instrument then among the merry lads of the cities and towns. But their efforts, after having answered their momentary purpose, perished.

But the habit of burlesque survived the war. There are few persons, even among the zealous fraternity of collectors, who are



FIGHT IN CONGRESS BETWEEN LYÓN AND GRISWOLD, FEBRUARY 15, 1798.

"He in a trice struck Griswold thrice
Upon his head, enraged, Sir;
Who seized the tongs to ease his wrongs,
And Griswold thus engaged, Sir."

aware that a New York dramatist in the year 1788 endeavored to burlesque in a regular five-act comedy the violent debates which distracted all circles while the acceptance of the new constitution was the question of questions. A copy or two of this comedy, called *The Politician Outwitted*, have been preserved. In lieu of the lost pictures take this brief scene, which exhibits a violent squabble between an inveterate opponent of the constitution and a burning patriot who supports it. They enter, in proper comedy fashion, after they are in full quarrel.

Enter old Loveyet and Trueman.

Loveyet. I tell you, it is the most infernal scheme that ever was devised.

Trueman. And I tell you, Sir, that your argument is heterodox, sophistical, and most preposterously illogical.

Loveyet. I insist upon it, Sir, you know nothing at all about the matter! And give me leave to tell you, Sir—

Trueman. What! Give you leave to tell me I know nothing at all about the matter! I shall do no such thing, Sir. I'm not to be governed by your *ipse dixit*.

Loveyet. I desire none of your musty Latin, for I don't understand it, not I.

Trueman. Oh, the ignorance of the age! To oppose a plan of government like the new constitution! Like it, did I say? There never was one like it. Neither Minos, Solon, Lycurgus, nor Romulus ever fabricated so wise a system. Why, it is a political phenomenon, a prodigy of legislative wisdom, the fame of which will soon extend ultramundane, and astonish the nations of the world with its transcendent excellence. To what a sublime height will the superb edifice attain!

Loveyet. Your aspiring edifice shall never be erected in this State, Sir.

Trueman. Mr. Loveyet, you will not listen to reason. Only calmly attend one moment. [*Reads.*] "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide—"

Loveyet. I tell you I won't hear it.

Trueman. Mark all that. [*Reads.*] "Section the First. All legislative power herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." Very judicious and salutary, upon my erudition! 'Section the Second—"

Loveyet. I'll hear no more of your sections.

They continue the debate until both disputants are in the white heat of passion. Old Mr. Loveyet rushes away at last to break off the match between his daughter and Trueman's son, and Trueman retorts by calling his fiery antagonist "a conceited sot." This comedy is poor stuff, but it suffices to reveal the existence of the spirit of caricature among us at that early day, when New York was a clean, cobble-stoned, Dutch-looking town of thirty thousand inhabitants, one of whom, a boy five years of age, was named Washington Irving.

General Washington was inaugurated President at the same city in the following year. How often has the world been assured that no dissentient voice was heard on that occasion! The arrival of the general in New York was a pageant which the entire population is supposed to have most

heartily approved; and a very pleasing spectacle it must have been, as seen from the end of the island—the vessels decked with flags and streamers, and the President's stately barge, rowed by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, advancing toward the city, surrounded and followed by a cloud of small boats, to the thunder of great guns. But even then, it seems, there were a few who looked askance. At least one caricature appeared. "All the world here," wrote John Armstrong to the unreconciled General Gates, "are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President." People were asking one another, heads, by what awe-inspiring title the President should be called, even plain Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, regarding "His Excellency" as beneath the grandeur of the office. "Yet," says Armstrong, "in the midst of this admiration there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared, called 'The En-

SHUN-PLASTER CARICATURE OF GENERAL JACKSON'S WAR ON THE UNITED STATES BANK, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES, 1837.

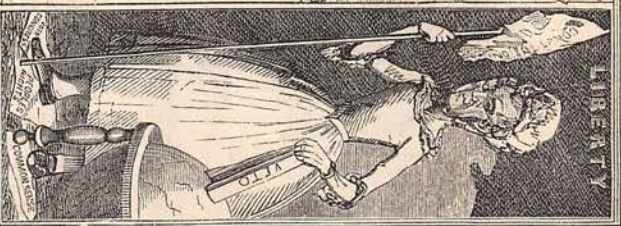


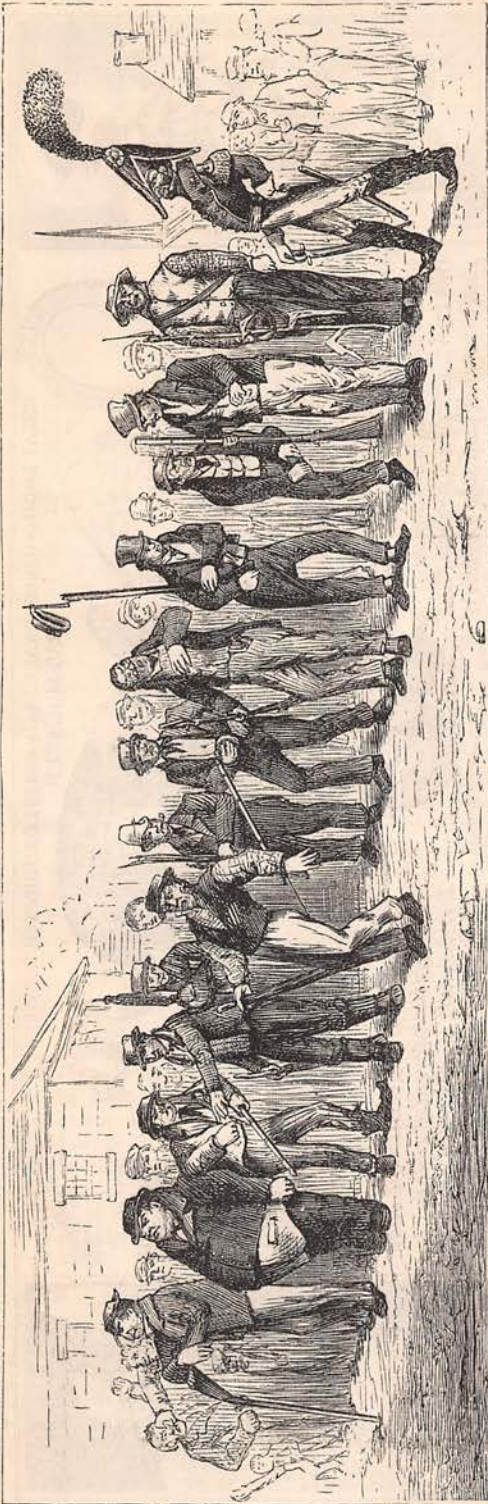
TO THE FATHER OF SHUN-PLASTERS AND BETTER-EMERGENCY CHEER-LEADER,
 Thou monster sayer DENTON gold,
 Who every barn-yard swart:
 Who kenn'd all hopes in the womb of time,
 And wis'd grew that sage Dogberry,
 Ender'd with a knee deep in love,
 Amongst leaved puddles in the VAN
 Thou stand'st a pig and financier,
 And a leech and self without finan:

Printed by the Telegraph, Shun-Plaster & engraving Co.

GOOD FOR A SHAVE
 THE ONLY BANK DERIVED OF RUGS,
 O'erflow with shining yellow gold,
 Then in thy yellow current, see
 Thou pay the bearer TWENTY & THREE CENTS
 At sight and charge the same to me.
 Yours with respect & in the expense.

L. C. H. C. C.



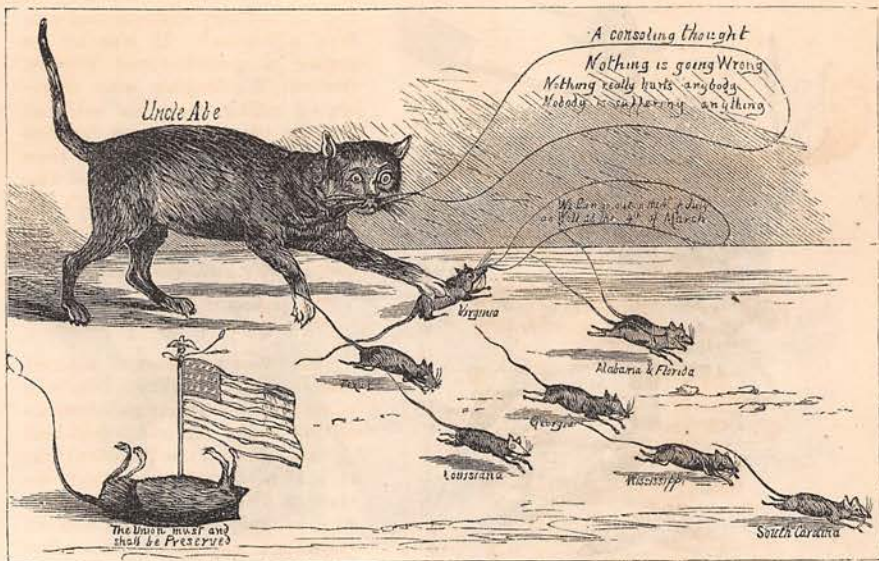


A MILITIA DRILL IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1832.

try, full of very disloyal and profane allusions." It was by no means a good-natured picture. General Washington was represented riding upon an ass, and held in the arms of his favorite man, Billy, once huntsman, then valet and factotum; Colonel David Humphreys, the general's aid and secretary, led the ass, singing hosannas and birthday odes, one couplet of which was legible:

"The glorious time has come to pass
When David shall conduct an ass."

This effort was more ill-natured than brilliant; but the reader who examines the fugitive publications of that period will often feel that the adulation of the President was such as to provoke and justify severe caricature. That adulation was as excessive as it was ill executed; and part of the office of caricature is to remind Philip that he is a man. The numberless "verses," "odes," "tributes," "stanzas," "lines," and "sonnets" addressed to President Washington lie entombed in the dingy leaves of the old newspapers, but a few of the epigrams which they provoked have been disinterred, and even some of the caricatures are described in the letters of the time. Neither the verses nor the pictures are at all remarkable. Probably the best caricature that appeared during the administration of General Washington was suggested by the removal of the national capital from New York to Philadelphia. Senator Robert Morris, being a Philadelphian, and having large possessions in Philadelphia, was popularly supposed to have procured the passage of the measure, and accordingly the portly Senator is seen in the picture carrying off upon his broad shoulders the Federal Hall, the windows of which are crowded with members of both Houses, some commending, others cursing, this novel method of removal. In the distance is seen the old Paulus Hook ferry-house, at what is now Jersey City, on the roof of which is the devil beckoning to the heavy-laden Morris, and crying to him, "This way, Bobby." The removal of the capital was a fruitful theme for the humorists of the day. Even then "New York politicians" had an ill name, and Congress was deemed well out of their reach.



VIRGINIA PAUSING.

A rude but very curious specimen of the caricature of the early time is one, given on page 30, of the collision on the floor of the House of Representatives between Matthew Lyon and Roger Griswold, both Representatives from Connecticut. Lyon, a native of Ireland, was an ardent Republican, who played a conspicuous part in politics during the final struggle between the Republicans and the Federalists. Roger Griswold, on the contrary, a member of an old and distinguished Connecticut family, a graduate of its ancient college, and a member of its really illustrious bar, was a pronounced Federalist. He was also a gentleman who had no natural relish for a strong-minded, unlettered emigrant who founded a town in his new country, built mills and foundries, invented processes, established a newspaper, and was elected to Congress. If Hamilton and Griswold and the other extreme Federalists had had their way in this country, there would have been no Matthew Lyons among us to create a new world for mankind, and begin the development of a better political system. Nor, indeed, was Matthew Lyon sufficiently tolerant of the old and tried methods that had become inadequate. He was not likely, either—at the age of fifty-two, standing upon the summit of a very successful career, which was wholly his own work—to regard as equal to himself a man of thirty-six, who seemed to owe his importance chiefly to his lineage. So here was a broad basis for an antipathy which the strife of politics could easily aggravate into an aversion extreme and fiery—fiery, at least, on the part of the Irishman. Imagine this process complete, and the

House, on the last day of the year 1798, in languid session, balloting. The two members were standing near one another outside the bar, when Griswold made taunting allusion to an old "campaign story" of Matthew Lyon's having been sentenced to wear a wooden sword for cowardice in the field. Lyon, in a fury, spat in Griswold's face. Instantly the House was in an uproar; and although the impetuous Lyon apologized to the House, he only escaped expulsion, after eleven days' debate, through the constitutional requirement of a two-thirds vote. This affair called forth a caricature in which the Irish member was depicted as a lion standing on his hind-legs wearing a wooden sword, while Griswold, handkerchief in hand, exclaims, "What a beastly action!"

The vote for expulsion—52 to 44—did not satisfy Mr. Griswold. Four days after the vote occurred the outrageous scene rudely delineated in the picture already mentioned. Griswold, armed with what the Republican editor called "a stout hickory club," and the Federalist editor a "hickory stick," assaulted Lyon while he was sitting at his desk, striking him on the head and shoulders several times before he could extricate himself. But at last Lyon got upon his feet, and, seizing the tongs, rushed upon the enemy. This is the moment selected by the artist. They soon after closed and fell to the floor, where they enjoyed a good "rough-and-tumble" fight, until members pulled them apart. A few minutes after they chanced to meet again at the "water table," near one of the doors. Lyon was now provided with a stick, but Griswold had



M'Clellan.

Barlow.

Belmont.

M'Clellan. "You must coax him along; conciliate him. Force won't do. I don't believe in it; but don't let go. Keep his head to the rear. If he should get away he might go to Richmond, and then my plans for conquering the Rebellion will never be developed."

B-l-m-t. "Hold fast, B-r-l-w, or he will get to Richmond in spite of us; and then my capital for the European market is all lost."

B-r-l-w. "I've got him fast; there's no danger. He's only changing his base to the Gun-boats."

B-l-m-t. "Look out for that letter to the President which you wrote for him. Don't lose that."

B-r-l-w. "No; I have it safe here in my pocket. When his change of base is effected I will make him sign the letter, and send it to old Abe."

"ON TO RICHMOND!"—THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, 1862.

none. "Their eyes no sooner met," says the Federalist reporter, "than Mr. Lyon sprang to attack Mr. Griswold." A member handed Griswold a stick, and there was a fair prospect of another fight, when the Speaker interfered with so much energy that the antagonists were again torn apart. The battle was not renewed on the floor of Congress.

But it was continued elsewhere. Under that amazing sedition law of the Federalists, Lyon was tried a few months after for saying in his newspaper that President Adams had an "unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp," had turned men out of office for their opinions, and had written "a bullying message" upon the French imbroglio of 1798. He was found guilty, sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand dollars, besides the heavy costs of the prosecution, to be imprisoned four months, and to continue in confinement until the fine was paid. Of course the people of his district stood by him, and, while he was in prison, re-elected him to Congress by a great majority; and his fine was repaid to his heirs in 1840 by Congress, with forty-two years' interest. These events made a prodigious stir in their time. Matthew Lyon's presence in the House of Representatives, his demeanor

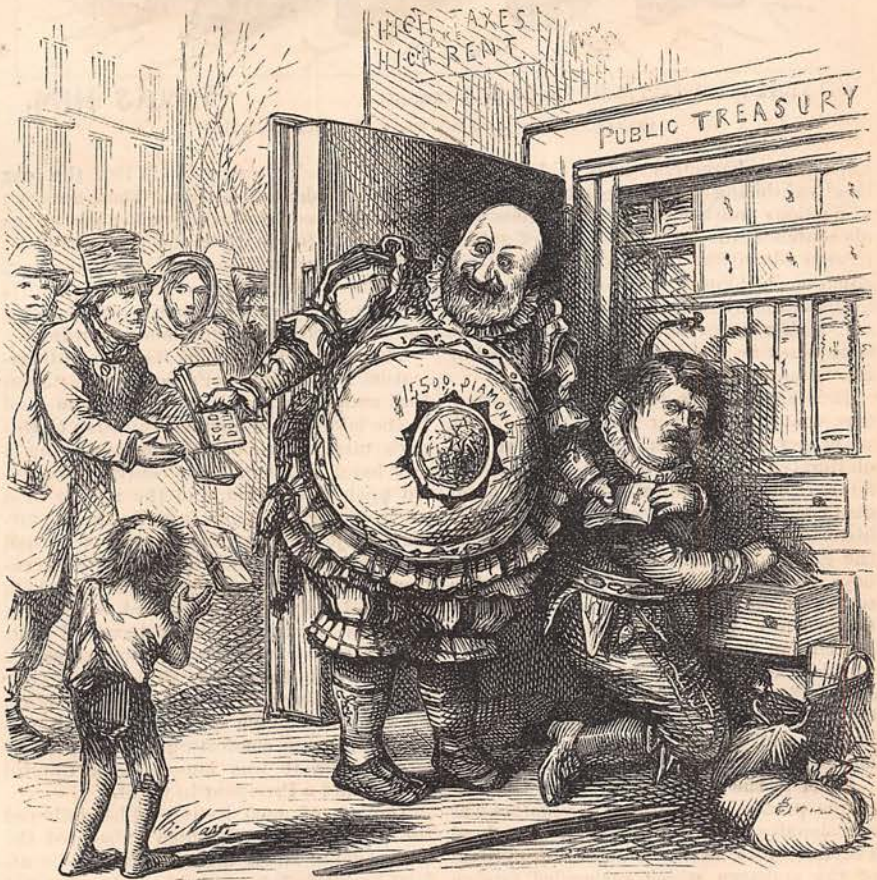
there, and his triumphal return from prison to Congress, were the first distinct notification to parties interested that the sceptre was passing from the Few to the Many.

The satire and burlesque of the Jeffersonian period, from 1798 to 1809, were abundant in quantity, if not of shining excellence. To the reader of the present day all savors of burlesque in the political utterances of that time, so preposterously violent were partisans on both sides. It is impossible to take a serious view of the case of an editor who could make it a matter of boasting that he had opposed the Republican measures for eight years "without a single exception." The press, indeed, had then no independent life; it was the minion and slave of party. It is only in our own day that the press begins to exist for its own sake, and descant with reasonable freedom on topics other than the Importance of Early Rising and the Customs of the Chinese. The reader would neither be edified nor amused by seeing Mr. Jefferson kneeling before a stumpy pillar labeled "Altar of Gallic Despotism," upon which are Paine's *Age of Reason* and the works of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Helvetius, with the demon of the French Revolution crouching behind it, and the American eagle soaring

aloft, bearing in its talons the constitution and the independence of the United States. Pictures of that nature, of great size, crowded with objects and emblems and sentences, an elaborate blending of burlesque and enigma, were much valued by that generation. Some specimens have come down to us engraved upon copper.

The politicians of the Jefferson period, borrowing the idea from Catholic times, employed stuffed figures and burlesque processions in lieu of caricature. While the people were still in warm sympathy with the French Revolution, William Smith, a Representative in Congress from South Carolina, gave deep offense to many of his constituents by opposing certain resolutions offered by "Citizen Madison" expressive of that sympathy. There was no burlesque artist then in South Carolina, but the Democrats of Charleston contrived, notwithstanding,

to caricature the offender and "his infernal junto." A platform was erected in an open place in Charleston, upon which was exhibited to a noisy crowd, from early in the morning until three in the afternoon, a rare assemblage of figures: A woman representing the Genius of Britain inviting the recreant Representatives to share the wages of her iniquity, William Smith advancing toward her with eager steps, his right hand stretched out to receive his portion, in his left holding a paper upon which was written "Six per cents," and wearing upon his breast another with "£40,000 in the Funds;" Benedict Arnold with his hand full of checks and bills; Fisher Ames labeled "£400,000 in the Funds;" the devil and "Young Pitt" goading on the reprobate Americans. In front of the stage was a gallows for the due hanging and burning of these figures when the crowd were tired of gazing upon them.



TWEEDLEDEE AND SWEEDLEDUM.

(A New Christmas Pantomime at the Tammany Hall.)

Clown (to Pantaloon). "Let's Blind them with this, and then take some more."

TWEED'S GIFT OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE POOR OF HIS NATIVE WARD.—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," JANUARY 14, 1871.



WHO STOLE THE PEOPLES MONEY? - DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'T'WAS HIM.

THOMAS NAST, IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AUGUST 19, 1871.

Each of the characters was provided with a label exhibiting an appropriate sentiment. The odious Smith was made to confess that his sentence was just: "The love of gold, a foreign education, and foreign connections damn me." "Young Pitt" owned to having let loose the Algerines upon the Americans, and Fisher Ames confessed that from the time when he began life as a horse-jockey his "Ames had been villainy."

It is an objection to this kind of caricature that the weather may interfere with its proper presentation. A shower of rain obliterated most of those labels, and left the figures themselves in a reduced and dragged condition. But, according to the local historian, the exhibition was continued, "to the great mirth and entertainment of the boys, who would not quit the field until a total demolition of the figures took place," nor "before they had taken down the breeches of the effigy of the Representative of this State and given him repeated castigations." In the evening the colors of Great Britain were dipped in oil and French brandy, and burned at the same fire which had consumed the effigies.

Later in the Jeffersonian period the burlesque procession—*caricature vivante*—was occasionally employed by the New England Federalists to excite popular disapproval of the embargo which suspended foreign commerce. Elderly gentlemen in Newburyport remember hearing their fathers describe the battered old hulk of a vessel, with rotten rigging and tattered sails, manned by ragged and cadaverous sailors, that was

drawn in such a procession in 1808, the year of the Presidential election. There are even a few old people who remember seeing the procession, for in those healthy old coast towns the generations are linked together, and the whole history of New England is sometimes represented in the group round the post-office of a fine summer morning.

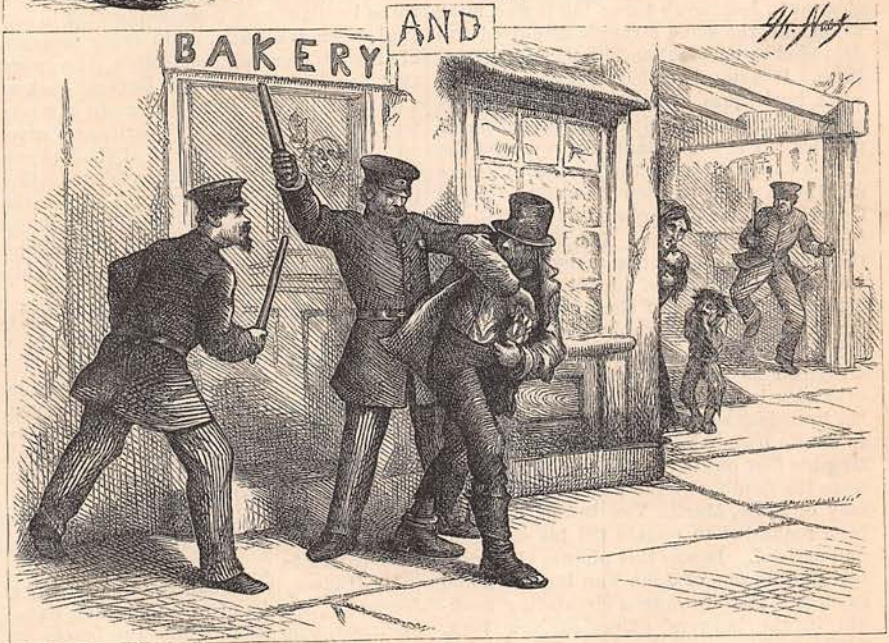
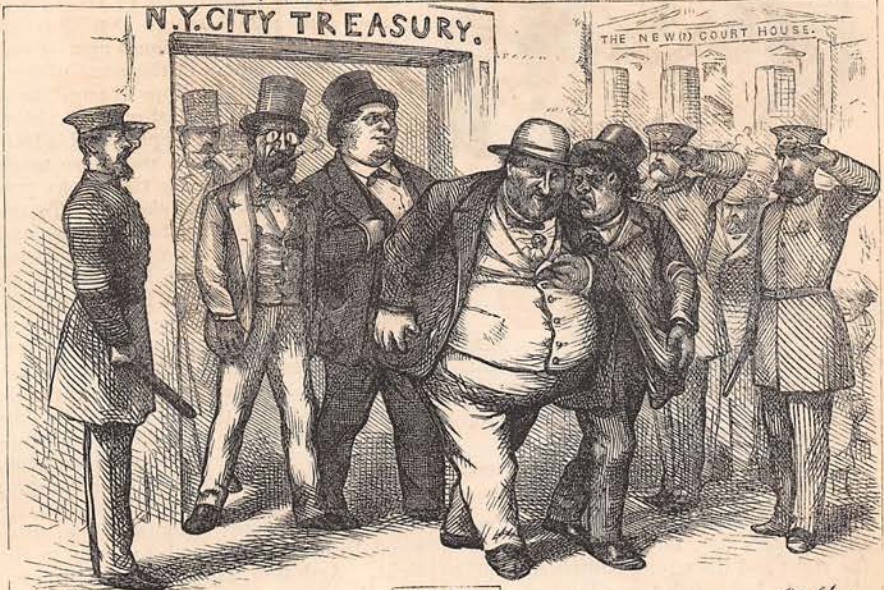
The war of 1812 yields its quota of caricature to the collector's portfolio. "John Bull making a new batch of ships to send to the lakes" is an obvious imitation of Gilray's masterpiece of Bonaparte baking a new batch of kings. The contribution levied upon Alexandria, and the retreat of a party of English troops from Baltimore, furnish subjects to a draughtsman who had more patriotic feeling than artistic invention. His "John Bull" is a stout man, with a bull's head and a long sword, who utters pompous words. "I must have all your flour, all your tobacco, all your ships, all your merchandise—every thing except your Porter and Perry. Keep them out of sight; I have had enough of them already." No doubt this was comforting to the patriotic mind while it was lamenting a Capitol burned and a President in flight.

The era of good feeling which followed the war of 1812, and which exhausted the high, benign spirit infused into public affairs by Mr. Jefferson, could not be expected to call forth satirical pictures of remarkable quality. The irruption of the positive and uncontrollable Jackson into politics made amends. Once more the mind of the country was astir, and again nearly the whole

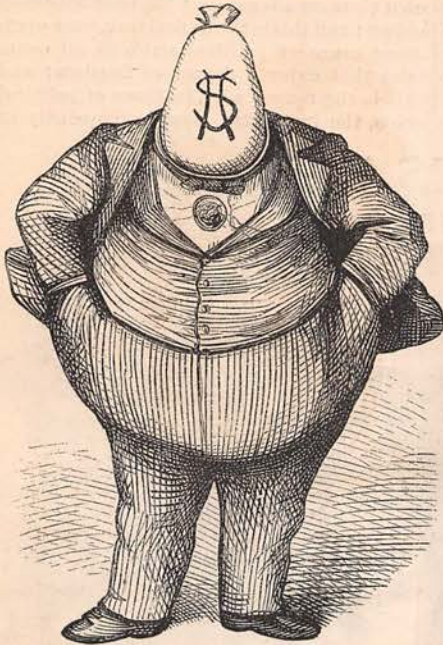
of the educated class was arrayed against the masses of the people. The two political parties in every country, call them by whatever disguising names we may, are the Rich and the Poor. The rich are naturally inclined to use their power to give their

own class an advantage; the poor naturally object; and this is the underlying, ever-operating cause of political strife in all countries that enjoy a degree of freedom; and this is the reason why, in times of political crisis, the instructed class is frequently in

WHOLESALE.



RETAIL.



THE BRAINS OF THE TAMMANY RING.—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," OCTOBER 21, 1871.

the wrong. Interest blinds its judgment. In Jackson's day the distinction between the right and the wrong politics was not so clear as in Jefferson's time; but it was, upon the whole, the same struggle disguised and degraded by personal ambitions and antipathies. It certainly called forth as many parodies, burlesques, caricatures, and lampoons as any similar strife since the invention of politics. The coffin handbills repeated the device employed after the Boston massacre of 1774 in order to keep it in memory that General Jackson had ordered six militia-men to be shot for desertion. The hickory poles that pierced the sky at so many cross-roads were a retort to these, admitting but eulogizing the hardness of the man. The sudden break-up of the cabinet in 1831 called forth a caricature which dear Mrs. Trollope described as "the only tolerable one she ever saw in the country." It represented the President seated in his room trying hard to detain one of four escaping rats by putting his foot on its tail. The rat thus held wore the familiar countenance of the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, who had been requested to remain till his successor had arrived. It was this picture that gave occasion for one of John Van Buren's noted sayings that were once a circulating medium in the lawyers' offices of New York. "When will your father be in New York?" asked some one. The reply was, "When the President takes off his foot."

Then we have Van Buren as a baby in

the arms of General Jackson, receiving pap from a spoon in the general's hand; Jackson and Clay as jockeys riding a race toward the Presidential house, Clay ahead; Jackson receiving a crown from Van Buren and a sceptre from the devil; Jackson, Benton, Blair, Kendall, and others, in the guise of robbers, directing a great battering-ram at the front-door of the United States Bank; Jackson, as Don Quixote, breaking a very slender lance against one of the marble pillars of the same edifice; Jackson and Louis Philippe as pugilists in a ring, the king having just received a blow that makes his crown topple over his face.

Burlesque processions were also much in vogue in 1832 during the weeks preceding the Presidential election. To the oratory of Webster, Preston, Hoffman, and Everett the Democracy replied by massive hickory poles, fifty feet long, drawn by eight, twelve, or sixteen horses, and ridden by as many young Democrats as could get astride of the emblematic log, waving flags and shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" Live eagles were borne aloft upon poles, banners were carried exhibiting Nicholas Biddle as Old Nick, and endless ranks of Democrats marched past, each Democrat wearing in his hat a sprig of the sacred tree. And again the cultured orators were wrong, and the untoured Democrats were substantially in the right. Ambition and interest prevented those brilliant men from seeing that in putting down the bank, as in other measures of his stormy administration, the worst that could be truly said of General Jackson was that he did right things in a wrong way. The "shin-plaster" caricature given on page 31 is itself a record of the bad consequences that followed his violent method in the matter of the bank. The inflation of 1835 produced the wild land speculation of 1836, which ended in the woful collapse of 1837, the year of bankruptcy and "shin-plaster."

To this period belongs the picture which caricatures the old militia system by presenting at one view many of the possible mishaps of training-day. The receipt which John Adams gave for making a free commonwealth enumerated four ingredients—town-meetings, training-days, town schools, and ministers. But in the time of Jackson the old militia system had been outgrown, and it was laughed out of existence. Most of the faces in this picture were intended to be portraits.

Mr. Hudson, in his entertaining *History of Journalism*, speaks of a lithographer named Robinson, who used to line the fences and even the curb-stones of New York with rude caricatures of the persons prominent in public life during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. Several of these have

been preserved, with others of the same period; but few of them are tolerable, now that the feeling which suggested them no longer exists; and as to the greater number, we can only agree with the *New York Mirror*, then in the height of its celebrity and influence, in pronouncing them "so dull and so pointless that it were a waste of powder to blow them up."

The publication of Mrs. Trollope's work upon the *Domestic Manners of the Americans* called forth many inanities, to say nothing of a volume of two hundred and sixteen pages, entitled, "*Travels in America*," by George Tibbleton, Esq., ex-Barber to his Majesty the King of Great Britain." In this work Mrs. Trollope's burlesque was burlesqued sufficiently well, perhaps, to amuse people at the moment, though it reads flatly enough now. The rise and progress of phrenology was caricatured as badly as Spurzheim himself could have desired, and the agitation in behalf of the rights of women evoked all that the pencil can achieve of the crude and the silly. On the other hand, the burning of the Ursuline convent in Boston was effectively rebuked by a pair of sketches, one exhibiting the destruction of the convent by an infuriated mob, and the other a room in which Sisters of Charity are waiting upon the sick. Over the whole was written, "Look on this picture, and on this."

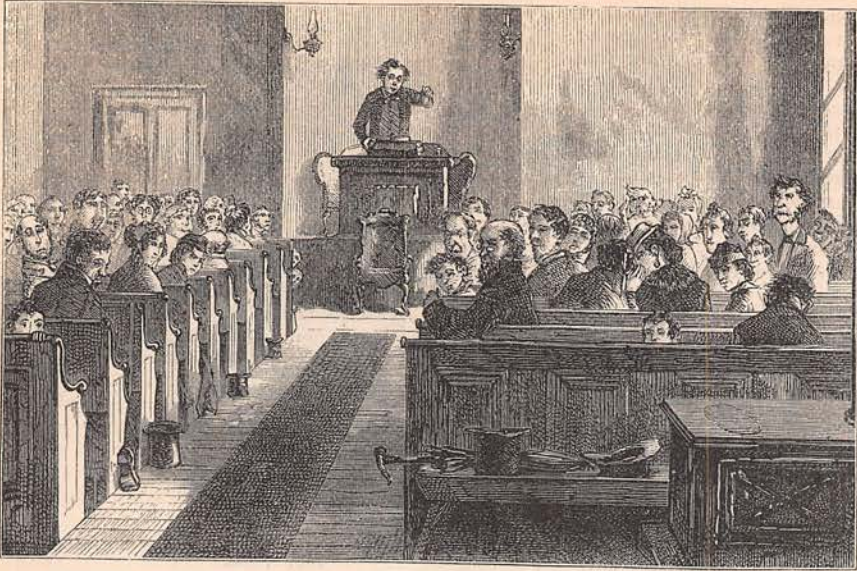
The thirty years' word war that preceded the four years' conflict in arms between North and South produced nothing in the way of burlesque art that is likely to be revived or remembered. If the war itself was not prolific of caricature, it was because drawing as a part of school training was still neglected among us to a degree unknown in any other civilized country. That the propensity to caricature existed is shown by the pictures on envelopes used during the first weeks of the war. The practice of illustrating envelopes in this way began on both sides in April, 1861, at the time when all eyes were directed upon Charleston Harbor. The flag of the Union, printed in colors, and covering the whole envelope, was the first device. This was instantly imitated by the Confederates, who filled their mails with envelope-flags showing seven stars and three broad stripes, the middle (white) one serving as a place for the direction of the letter. Very soon the flags began to exhibit mottoes and patriotic lines, such as, "Liberty and Union," "The Flag



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—"HARPER'S WEEKLY,"
JULY 9, 1870.

of the Free," and "Forever float that Standard Sheet." The national arms speedily appeared, with various mottoes annexed. General Dix's inspiration, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," was the most popular of all for several weeks. Portraits of favorite generals and other public men were soon added—Scott, Fremont, Dix, Lincoln, Seward, and others. Before long the satirical and burlesque spirit began to manifest itself in such devices as a black flag and death's-head, with the words, "Jeff Davis—his mark;" a gallows, with a man hanging; a large pig, with "Whole Hog or None;" a bull-dog with his foot on a great piece of beef, marked Washington, with the words, "Why don't you take it?" The portrait of General Butler figured on thousands of letters during the months of April and May, with his patriotic sentence, "Whatever our politics, the government must be sustained;" and, a little later, his happy application of the words "contraband of war" to the case of the fugitive negroes was repeated upon letters without number. "Come back here, you old black rascal!" cries a master to his escaping slave. "Can't come back nohow," replies the colored brother; "dis chile contraban'." On many envelopes printed as early as May, 1861, we may still read a prophecy under the flag of the Union that has been fulfilled, "I shall wave again over Sumter."

Such things as these usually perish with the feeling that called them forth. Mr. William B. Taylor, then the postmaster of New York, struck with the peculiar appearance of the post-office, all gay and brilliant with heaps of colored pictures, conceived



A COUNTRY CONGREGATION—DISTURBED BY A LATE-COMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY MARY G. M'DONALD.
"HARPER'S WEEKLY," JUNE 13, 1872.

the fancy of saving one or two envelopes of each kind, selected from the letters addressed to himself. These he hastily pasted in a scrap-book, which he afterward gave to swell the invaluable collection of curiosities belonging to the New York Historical Society.

We should not naturally have looked for caricature in Richmond in April, 1861, while the convention was sitting that passed the ordinance of secession. But the reader will perceive on page 33 that the pencil lent its aid to those who were putting the native land of Washington and Jefferson on the wrong side of the great controversy. This specimen appeared on the morning of the decisive day, and was brought away by a lady who then left Richmond for her home in New York. The rats are arranged so as to show the order in which the States seceded: South Carolina first, Mississippi second, Alabama and Florida on the same day, and Virginia still held by the negotiations with Mr. Lincoln. This picture may stand as the contribution of the Confederacy to the satiric art of the world.

Few readers need to be informed that it was the war which developed and brought to light the caricaturist of the United States, Thomas Nast. When the war began he was a boyish-looking youth of eighteen, who had already been employed as a draughtsman upon the illustrated press of New York and London for two years. He had ridden in Garibaldi's train during the campaign of 1860 which freed Sicily and Naples, and sent sketches of the leading events home to New York and to the London *Illustrated*

News. But it was the secession war that changed him from a roving lad with a swift pencil for sale into a patriot artist burning with the enthusiasm of the time. *Harper's Weekly*, circulating in every town, army, camp, fort, and ship, placed the whole country within his reach, and he gave forth from time to time those powerful emblematic pictures that roused the citizen and cheered the soldier. In these early works, produced amidst the harrowing anxieties of the war, the serious element was of necessity dominant, and it was this quality that gave them so much influence. They were as much the expression of heart-felt conviction as Mr. Curtis's most impassioned editorials, or Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. This I know, because I sat by his side many a time while he was drawing them, and was with him often at those electric moments when the idea of a picture was conceived. It was not till the war was over, and President Andrew Johnson began to "swing round the circle," that Mr. Nast's pictures became caricatures. But they were none the less the utterance of conviction. Whether he is wrong or right in the view presented of a subject, his pictures are always as much the product of his mind as they are of his hand.

Concerning the justice of many of his political caricatures there must be, of course, two opinions; but happily his greatest achievement is one which the honest portion of the people all approve. Caricature, since the earliest known period of its existence, far back in the dawn of Egyptian history, has accomplished nothing else equal

to the series of about forty-five pictures contributed by Thomas Nast to *Harper's Weekly* for the explosion of the Tammany Ring. These are the utmost that satiric art has done in that kind. The fertility of invention displayed by the artist, week after week, for months at a time, was so extraordinary that people concluded, as a matter of course, the ideas were furnished him by others. On the contrary, he can not draw from the suggestions of other minds. His more celebrated pictures have been drawn in quiet country places, several miles from the city in which they were published.

The presence in New York of seventy or eighty thousand voters, born and reared in Europe, and left by European systems of government and religion totally ignorant of all that the citizens of a free state are most concerned to know, gave a chance here to the political thief such as has seldom existed, except within the circle of a court and aristocracy. The stealing, which was begun forty years before in the old corporation tea-room, had at last become a system, which was worked by a few coarse, cunning men with such effect as to endanger the solvency of the city. They stole more like kings and emperors than like common thieves, and the annual festival given by them at the Academy of Music called to mind the reckless profusion of Louis XIV. when he entertained the French nobles at Versailles at the expense of the laborious and economical people of France. Their chief was almost as ignorant and vulgar,

though not as mean and pig-like, as George IV. of England. In many particulars they resembled the gang of low conspirators who seized the supreme power in France in 1851, and in the course of twenty years brought that powerful and illustrious nation so near ruin that it is even now a matter of doubt whether it exists by strength or by sufferance.

What an escape we had! But, also, what immeasurable harm was done! From being a city where every one wished to live, or, at least, often to remain, they allowed New York to become a place from which all escaped who could. Nothing saved its business predominance but certain facts of geology and geography which Rings can not alter. Two generations of wise and patriotic exertion will not undo the mischief done by that knot of scoundrels in about six years. The press caught them at the full tide of their success, when the Tammany Ring, in fell alliance with a railroad ring, was confident of placing a puppet of its own in the Presidential chair. The history of this melancholy lapse, from the hour when an alderman first pocketed a quire of note-paper, or carried from the tea-room a bundle of cigars, to the moment of Tweed's rescue from a felon's cell through the imperfection of the law, were a subject worthier far of a great American writer in independent circumstances than any he could find in the records of the world beyond the sea. The interests of human nature, not less than the special interests of this country,



CHRISTMAS-TIME—WON AT A TURKEY RAFFLE.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—“HARPER'S WEEKLY,”
JANUARY 3, 1874.

“De Breed am Small, but de Flavor am Delicious.”



"HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID."—M. WOOLF, IN "HARPER'S BAZAR," JULY 31, 1875.

demand that it should be written; for all the nations are now in substantially the same moral and political condition. Old methods have become every where inadequate before new ones are evolved; and meanwhile the Scoundrel has all the new forces and implements at his command. If ever this story should be written for the instruction of mankind, the historian will probably tell us that two young men of the New York press did more than any others to create the feeling that broke the Ring. Both of them naturally loathed a public thief. One of these young men in the columns of an important daily paper, and the other on the broad pages of *Harper's Weekly*, waged brilliant and effective warfare against the combination of spoilers. They made mad the guilty and appalled the free. They gave, also, moral support to the able and patriotic gentlemen who, in more quiet, unobtrusive ways, were accumulating evidence that finally consigned some of the conspirators to felons' cells, and made the rest harmless wanderers over the earth.

Comic art is now well established among us. In the illustrated papers there are continually appearing pictures which are highly amusing, without having the incisive, aggressive force of Mr. Nast's caricatures. The old favorites of the public, Bellew, Eyttinge, Reinhart, Beard, are known and admired by all the readers of this Magazine, and the catalogue continually lengthens by the addition of other names. Interesting sketches, more or less satirical, bear the names of Brackmere, C. G. Parker, M. Woolf, G. Bull,

S. Fox, Paul Frenzeny, Frost, Wust, Hopkins, Thomas Worth, and others. Among such names it is delightful to find those of two ladies, Mary M'Donald and Jennie Browscombe. The old towns of New England abound in undeveloped and half-developed female talent, for which there seems at present no career. There will never be a career for talent undeveloped or half-developed. Give the schools in those fine old towns one lesson a week in object-drawing from a teacher that knows his business, keep it up for one generation, and New England girls will cheer all homes by genial sketches and amusing glimpses of life, to say nothing of more important and serious artistic work. The talent exists; the taste exists. Nothing is wanting but for us all to cast away from us the ridiculous notion that the only thing in human nature that requires educating is the brain. We must awake to the vast absurdity of bringing up girls upon algebra and Latin, and sending them out into a world which they were born to cheer and decorate unable to walk, dance, sing, or draw; their minds overwrought, but not well nourished, and their bodies devoid of the rudiments of education.

There is no country on earth where the humorous aspects of human life are more relished than in the United States, and none where there is less power to exhibit them by the pencil. There are to-day a thousand paragraphs afloat in the press which ought to have been pictures. Here is one from a newspaper in the interior of Georgia: "A sorry sight it is to see a spike team, consist-

ing of a skeleton steer and a skinny blind mule, with rope harness, and a squint-eyed driver, hauling a barrel of new whisky over poor roads, on a hermaphrodite wagon, into a farming district where the people are in debt, and the children are forced to practice

scant attire by day and hungry sleeping by night." The man who penned those graphic lines needed, perhaps, but an educated hand to reproduce the scene, and make it as vivid to all minds as it was to his own. The country contains many such possible artists.

RICHARD BAXTER.

TALKS, WALKS, AND DRIVES IN AND AROUND LEA CASTLE, NEAR
KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1872

BY THE HON. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.



STATUE OF RICHARD BAXTER, THE PURITAN DIVINE, AT
KIDDERMINSTER.

"Castle Lea, my memory carries
All thy scenes of peace around;
Still thy mossy dingle tarries,
Still I see the upland mound.
There the belt of gloomy larches,
Here the valley deep and green,
Leading to the emerald arches
Where the June sun ne'er is seen.
Joyous creatures, furred and feathered,
Feed and play in fearless glee,
And I see them tamely gathered
Round the walls of Castle Lea."

—ELIZA COOK.

AS I stepped from the railroad car at the station of Kidderminster, a young man very civilly addressed me, asking if I was

going to Lea Castle, and adding that the carriage was waiting for me on the other side of the *dépôt*. In a few minutes we were out of the old city, and rolling rapidly along the avenue lined with beeches leading to the castle. It was just a quarter of a century since I was driven up the avenue by my friend, then as now the owner, J. P. Brown Westhead, M.P. Twenty-five years had come and gone—a large portion of a human life, however long that life may be. For many of those years Mr. W. had been a member of Parliament for old York. There was a cordial reception, as anticipated. As my visit was to extend to weeks, it was arranged that a portion of each long summer day when the weather was pleasant was to be spent in walks and drives to places of interest in the vicinity. When Charles II., in 1651, fled from the, to him, fatal field of Worcester, he skirted Kidderminster by Chester Lane to Kinver Edge, and thence to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, and where he was concealed in the famous Royal Oak. The lane ran on the north side of the castle, and is still regarded with interest, and the tale is still repeated of the flight of the young king along the lane and down to the valley below. Early in the morning we walk along a portion of this lane, stopping to look in upon friends in Lion House, where the celebrated printer John Baskerville was born in 1706. We are in the town, and look up at the Church of St. Mary, said to have been founded in 1315, the ancient Chi Dwr minster, the minster or church on the hill overlooking the water giving the name of Chiderminster, changed to Kidderminster. The church would thus seem to have antedated the town or city. The church still looks down on the river Stour, flowing along below the rocky edge to the left of the view. The waters of the river, impregnated with iron and fuller's-earth, are said to be of great value to the extensive carpet manufactories for which Kidderminster is celebrated. To this Chi Dwr minster, this church on the hill overlooking the waters, there came as a preacher of the Gospel in March, 1640, a young man then scarcely twenty-five years of age, who was to labor there for the greater part of twenty years, whose name was to