

THE AMERICAN WAR CARTOONS



MATT MORGAN

Wm. Morgan







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THE AMERICAN WAR.

CARTOONS

BY

MATT MORGAN

AND OTHER ENGLISH ARTISTS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.



LONDON:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS.

1874.

LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



“BULL RUN” RUSSELL.

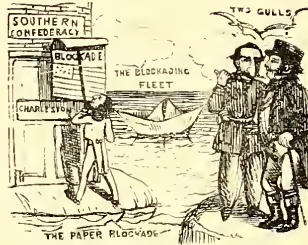
(Dr. Russell, War Correspondent of the London *Times*.)

N O T E.

THE present series of pictures by eminent English artists portray the chief events of the great American Civil War, and indicate the various phases of popular thought in Europe connected with that gigantic struggle.

Those citizens of the Northern or Southern States who are not entertained by the knowledge of, and insight into, Transatlantic events, manners, language, costumes, and habits displayed in them,

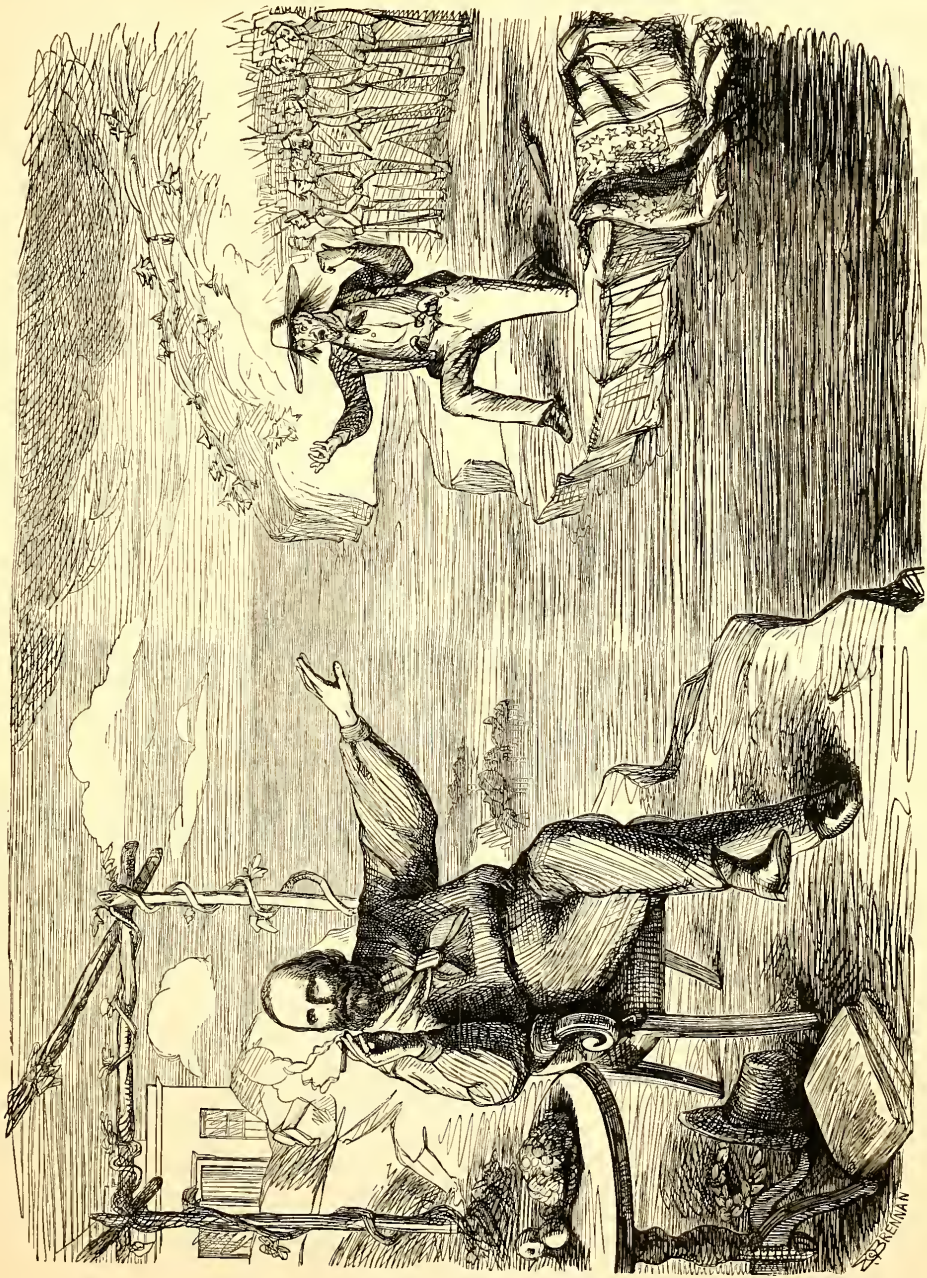
must have been created expressly to cherish Knickerbocker as a Gibbon, "The Moon Hoax" as a genuine report of the Herschels, and "The Gold Bug" as a sacred *scarabæus*.



THE GENERAL IS IN NO HASTE TO REMOVE.

[*OCTOBER*, 1861.]

GENERAL GARIBALDI was importuned, according to newspaper report, to lend his sword to the Northern States in the struggle. The artist has depicted him enjoying his cigar under the shade of his own vine, in his little Monte Christo-like Island of Caprera, whilst the conventional Yankee, on his own shores, off which the stars and stripes trails in the mud, solicits him to assume command of an awkward squad. The Italian, whose mind is bent upon other themes, calmly refuses the post of honour.



THE NORTH AND SOUTH PLAYING WITH
FIRE AND POWDER.

[*OCTOBER*, 1861.]

THE eve of the actual conflict was full of the most reckless trifling with the worst passions of man. Bearing the motto of "Pendente Lite" (During *Darkness* being, perhaps, the sting suggested), the cartoon represents the two antagonists playing with fire and powder. The convivial beverages have hardly yet been laid aside. The flag of the United States has become already a mere carpet for the trampling feet.

OCTOBER, 1861.



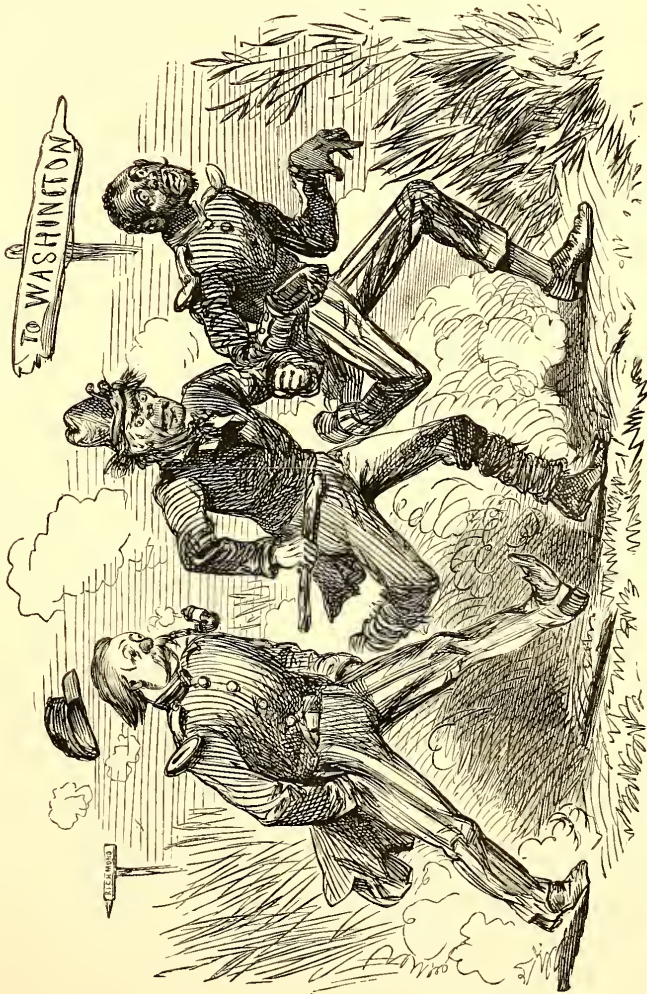
ON TO RICHMOND.

[*JULY*, 1861.]

THE first important action was that where the army advancing from the Capital was disastrously hurled back. It is designated the "Battle of Bull Run," from the creek of that name.

The artist has placed upon the theatre of war the representative components of the Federal legions—the Irishman, the negro, and the German.

The satire is legitimate, since the Americans of the cities were in all cases sharp enough to make themselves officers, while the uneducated foreigners were gladly received as the rank and file.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MEXICO.

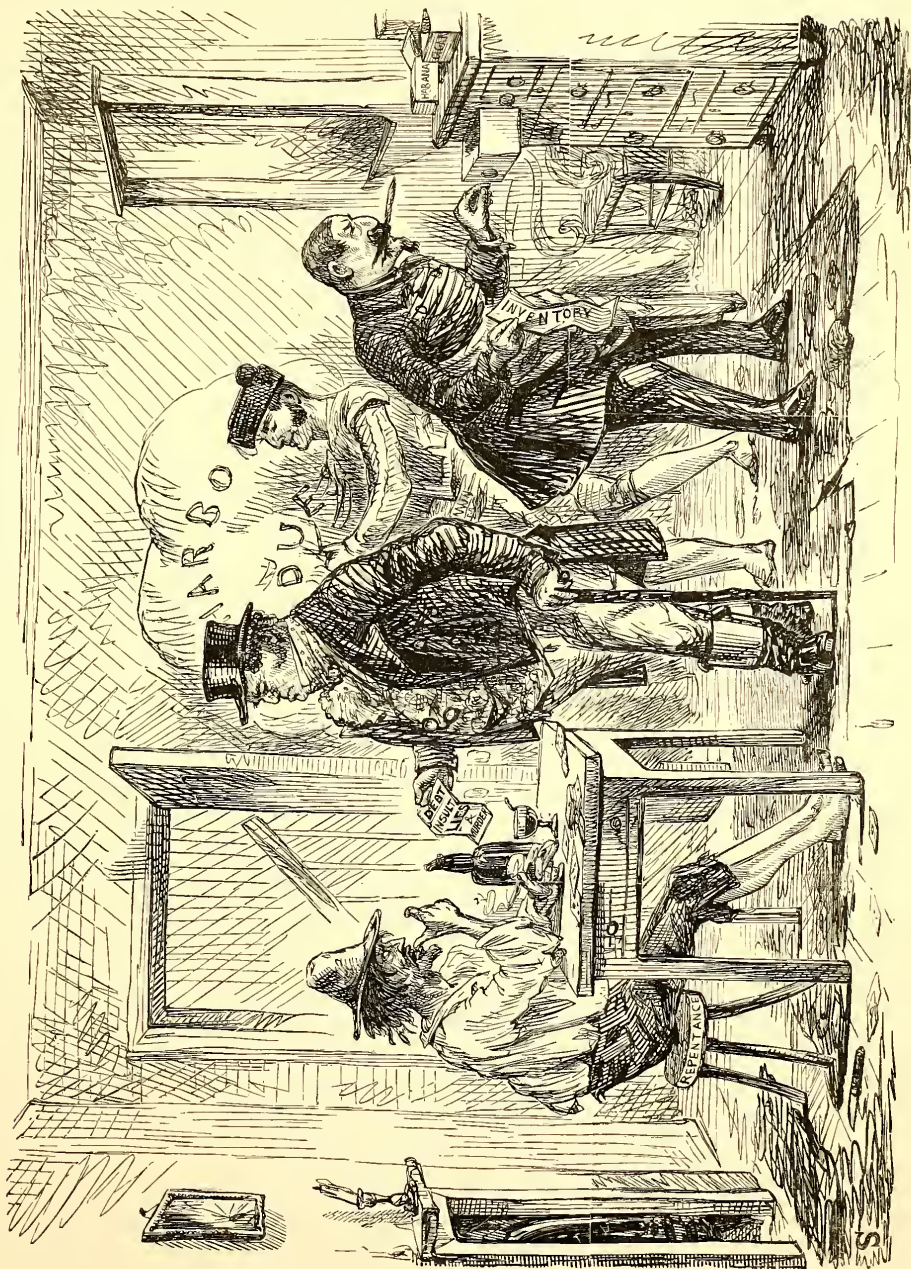
[*NOVEMBER*, 1861.]

THE opportunity of which Europe had dreamt, yet never dared to believe possible, had at length appeared. Embarrassed with the colossal Rebellion, the loyal States could not be expected to offer more than a moral protest against an attempt to give the American Sick Man "his gruel." In other words, France, egging on John Bull, descends upon the squalid *monte*-player and levies even upon his last glass of *aguardiente*, to the strictly legal tune of

"*Re Mexico*—an Execution in, at last."

("The Execution" really in that country, benefited Napoleon greatly !)

NOVEMBER, 1861.



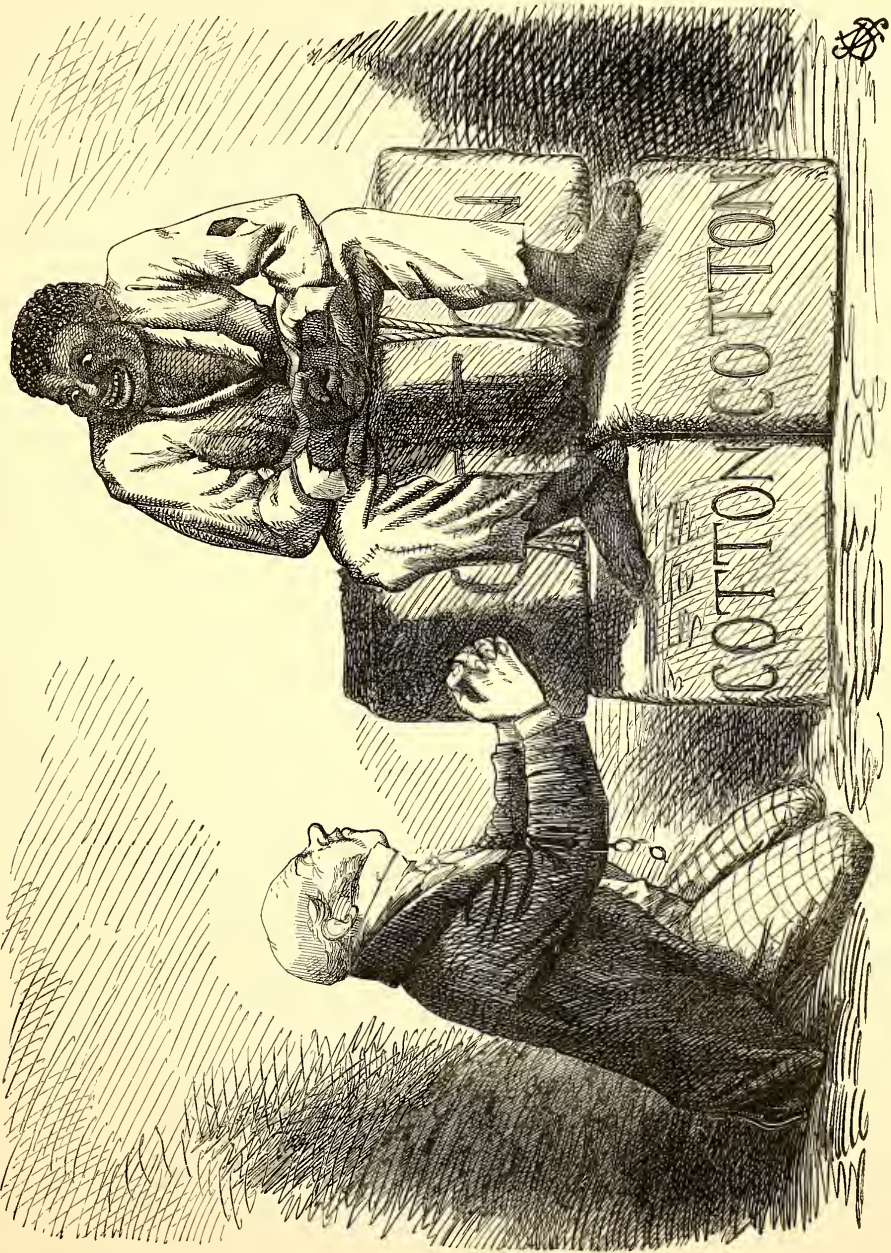
MANCHESTER AND KING COTTON.

[*NOVEMBER*, 1861.]

By this time, the European cotton mills had worked off their entire supply in hand of the staple of the Southern States. The Manchester millionaires were too much appalled by the dread of having to close their factory doors against their thousands of hands to be soothed by delusive promises from Egyptian and East Indian planters. One of them appeals to the complacent darkey grinning upon his throne of "Carolina Sea," with the pathetic words,

"Am not *I* a Man and a Brother?"

NOVEMBER, 1861.



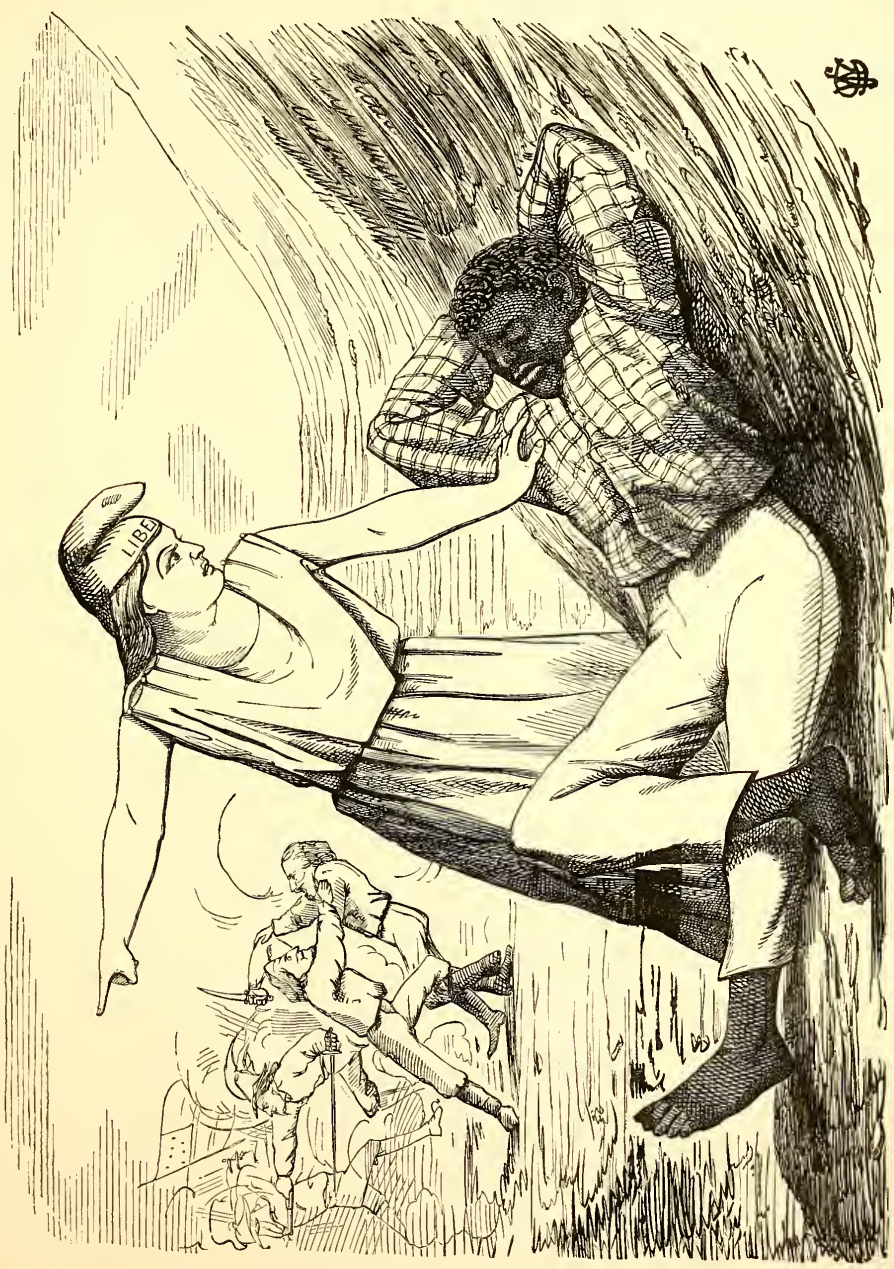
LIBERTY TO THE SLAVE!

[*DECEMBER*, 1861.]

It was plainly suggested by many influential organs throughout England, that the freedom of the slave should be his own act, in the fortunate moment when the North and South were locked in the fratricidal grapple. With some prudence, the prompter is given the form of Liberty and not of John Bull, who cries to the sleeping black,

“Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !”

DECEMBER, 1861.

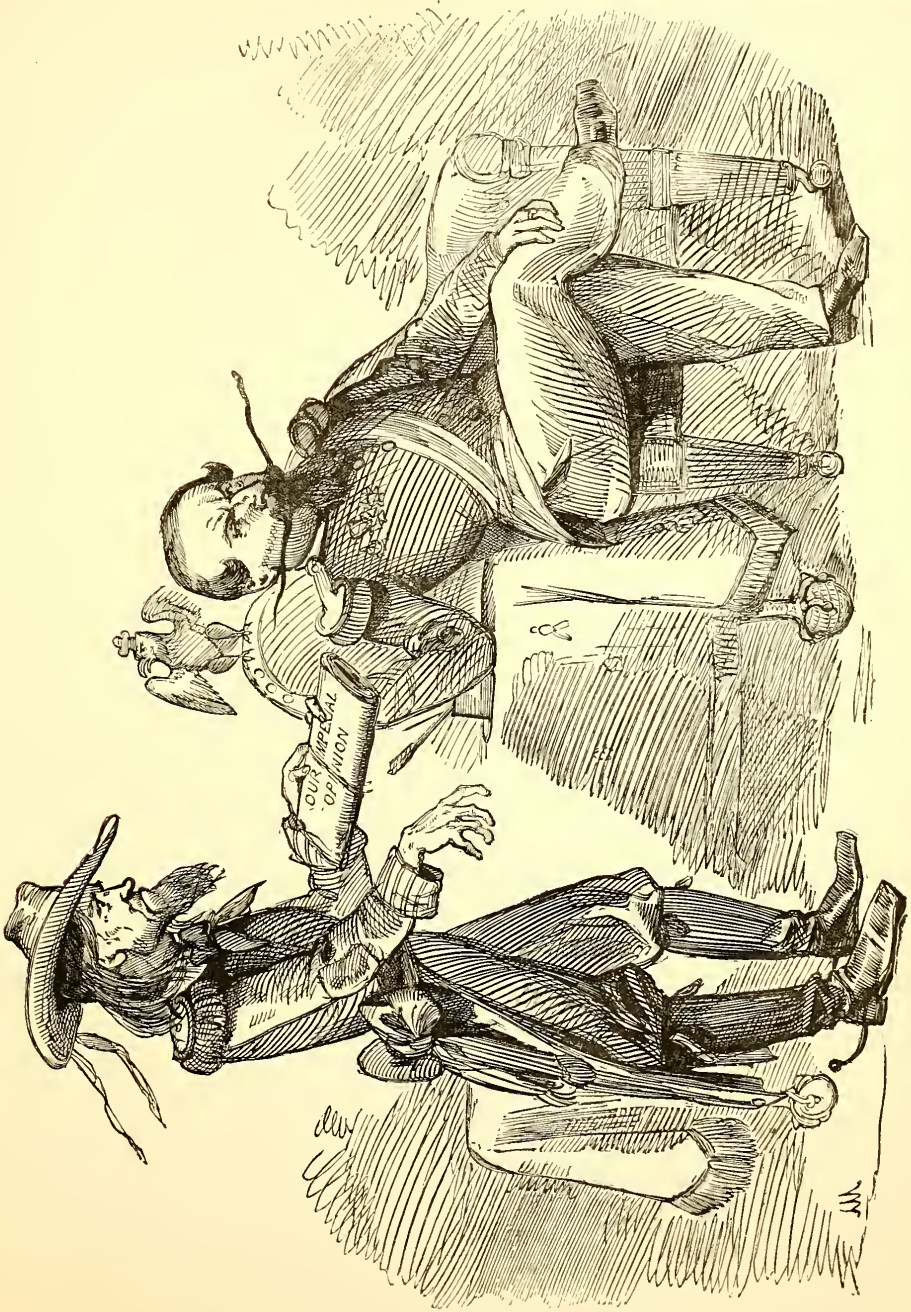


THE EMPIRE AND THE REPUBLIC.

[*JANUARY*, 1862.]

THE ignorance of the Emperor Napoleon and his advisers upon the subject of American resources and the temper of that people, was equalled by his shallowness of penetration into the probable occurrences of the Civil War. These both were sufficiently glaring to have made all observers lose faith in his ability to imitate Cæsars and Alexanders.

From the first serious outbreak, his representative at Washington was suspected of intrigues to further the divisions of the Union, the better for either of the parted bodies to be dealt with in future expansion of the Napoleonic *idées*.



THE ISSUE OF "GREENBACKS."

[*JANUARY*, 1862.]

THE disappearance of coin had been so universal that specie payments were virtually superseded, and recourse was had to the paper money known commonly as "greenbacks," the reverse of the notes being printed in a *non-photographable* emerald, as a precaution against counterfeiters.

An endless cable or string of these bills is being distributed fresh from the Treasury, to the army, navy, and civil service. As fast as the paper money goes out, fresh ink and paper go in to the care of "Mr. A. Lincoln."

JANUARY, 1863.

Lay away Lead's
They are making it at
The other end



W.

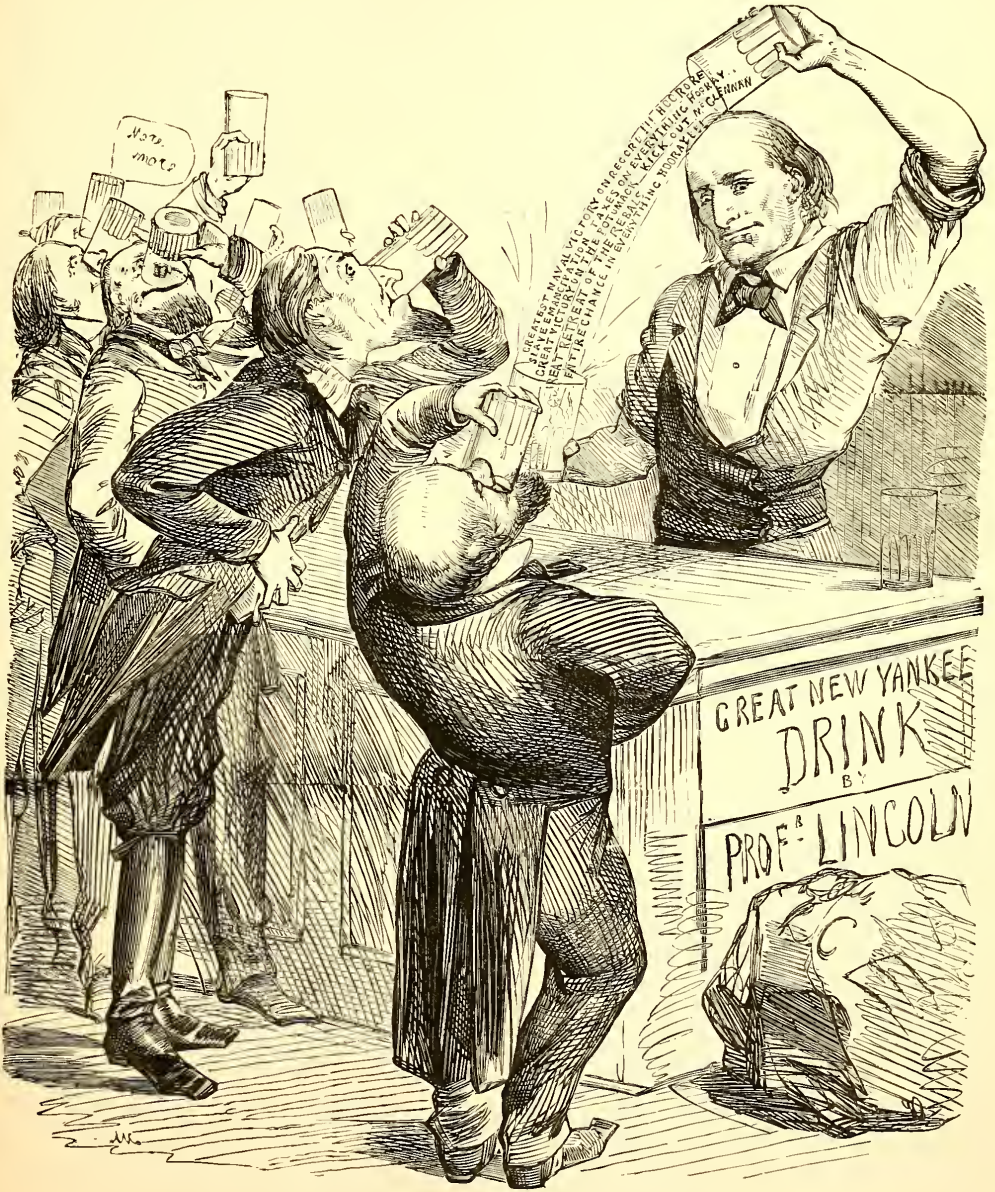


NEWS FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR.

[*APRIL*, 1862.]

THE satirist's pencil has neatly hit off one phase of the effect of the rapid succession of exciting events, all the more astounding to Europe from the rapidity with which the war-correspondents transmitted every scrap of interest to their journals, thence again despatched to the Old World.

“Professor” Lincoln (photographs of the President had not then become common in England) has concocted “a great new Yankee drink,” and his patrons drain the tumblers of the fascinating compound, amidst clamour for more and more.



THE FIRST IRONCLADS.

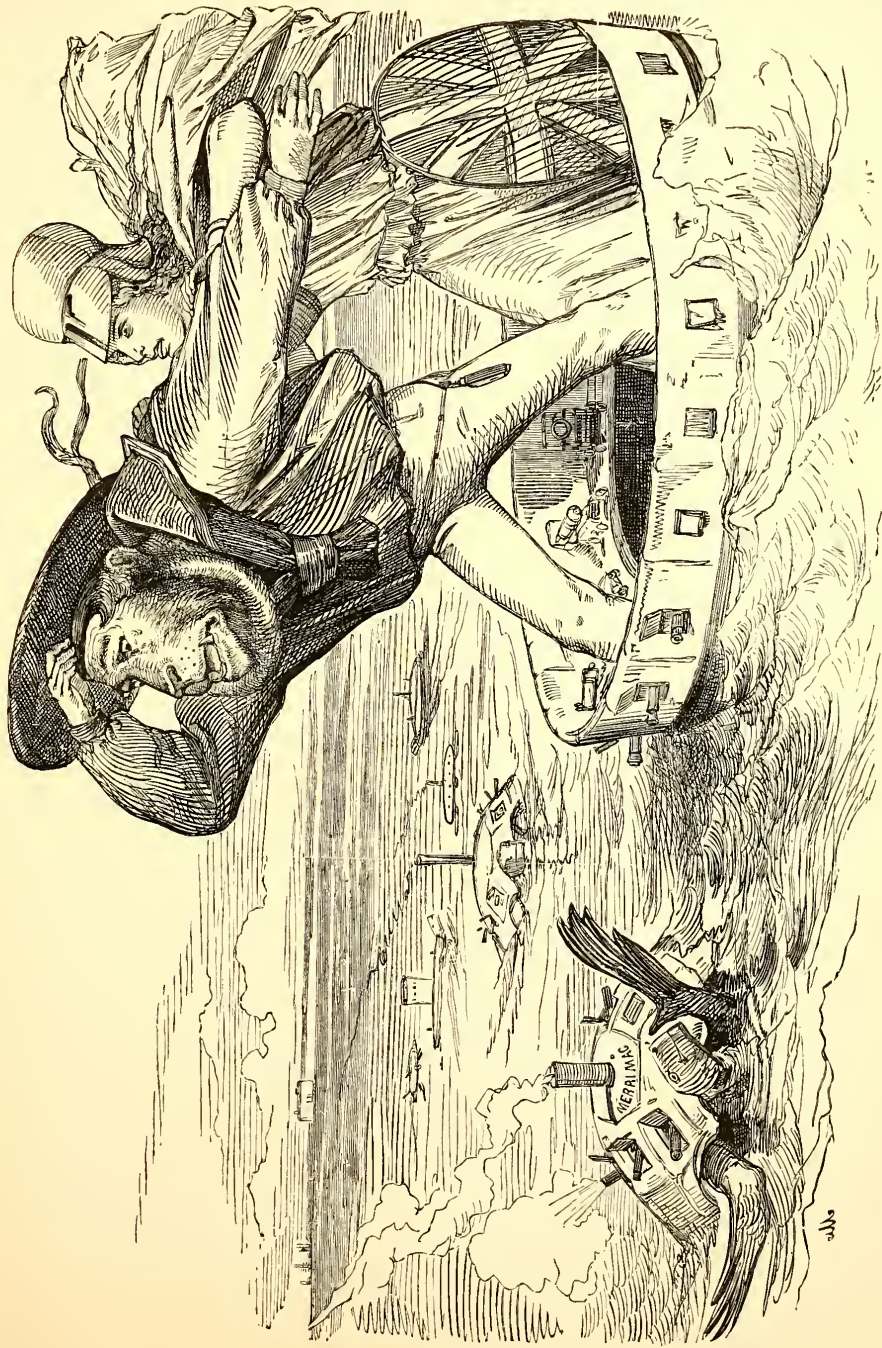
[*APRIL*, 1862.]

THE inventive genius of the Americans and their good sense in hastening to realize all projects of possible utility, had resulted in the actual floating and battling of "ironclads," monsters of the deep, Merrimacs or Monitors, transcending Fulton's wildest dreams.

The news of the unheard-of encounter off Fortress Monroe awakened Europe to the prospect of the Yankee stump orator's boast being acted out, to wit : "Columbia crumpling up the navies of the world."

Mrs. Britannia eagerly condoles with her Sea-Lion and promises him that he also shall have "tortoises" to meet the new and "dangerous fish."

APRIL, 1862.



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THE GLORIES OF PEACE AND THE HORRORS
OF WAR.

[*MAY*, 1862.]

THE opening of the Great Exhibition of 1862, in London, with the concomitant humming of *bees* and blooming of *lilies*, presented a striking contrast to the wild scenes of warfare in the West, where the line of Federal successes had been advanced into Tennessee.

John Bull, his eyes dazed with the splendours of Industry, glances hazily from the cooing doves of Peace to the vultures of War, pruning their wings, perchance, for a swoop on a fresh foe. He earnestly expresses his hope that the arrogant victor "will not annoy him just as his bees are swarming."



THE MENACE OF FORCIBLE MEDIATION.

[*MAY*, 1862.]

THE cotton famine, still racking Lancashire, was no less irksome to the mills of Mulhouse and Lyons.

The French Minister at the Republican Court, M. Mercier, is supposed to be asking the obstinate American (who presumed to do what he pleased with his own) how much longer the captivity of Cotton was to last? with the threat :

“ Or, are you waiting until *we* interfere?”

(Into all the enterprises of the Emperor Napoleon at that period, England was accused of being led by the nose, as further instances confirm.)

MAY, 1862



FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

[*JUNE*, 1862.]

THE new generation of Americans who had not travelled widely enough to even divine the inexhaustible treasures of the Far West, were in some degree daunted by the financial outlook. Appeals to foreign capitalists were loudly set up, when treble the entire cost of the War might have been borrowed of their own people.

Unhappy Miss Columbia has little save the condolence of Lord Derby, whose experience as Premier makes him exclaim with unction—*à la* Dundreary (then in the bloom of its success), to whom a vague aristocratic resemblance is traced—that :

“National Expenditure is one of those sort of things that no fellah can understand.”

(The profound countenance in the alcove is that of Lord Palmerston.)



THE KILKENNY CATS.

[*JULY*, 1862.]

It could no longer be hoped by the most inveterate Mark Tapley that the War was a trivial skirmish, and would be short-lived.

The classes whose weekly wages and yearly fortunes were alike reduced, or even annihilated in cases, by the protracted cutting off of raw material, blockaded in the Southern ports, united in urging their governments to suppress the belligerents.

Nevertheless, thanks to a powerful influence swaying him, John Bull continued to resist the entreaties of Napoleon Crapaud to rush into *separating* (in the most extensive sense of the word) the two combatants.

JULY, 1862.



ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY OF THE FEDERALISTS.

[*JULY*, 1862.]

AT commencement of hostilities, the unprepared state of the Northern Army—men and officers equally undrilled, cooped up all their lives in offices and workshops, while the Southerners led an open-air life in which the use of weapons was naturally acquired—led to frequent overthrows.

The European friends of the Washington Government, themselves lost hope under the constant adversity of fate. At the same time, the reports of the defeated commanders, as is the pleasant characteristic of military veracity, masked the truth of the result of the actions.

The Wild Huntsman is General McClellan (wearing the hat of the first French Emperor, for “the Little Napoleon” was a title given him for his great military promise on his first appearance in the field), chief of the U. S. Army of Virginia, amidst a rout of his panic-stricken followers. In the background the Confederates are seen still pursuing the rear-guard of the fugitives.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

[*AUGUST*, 1862.]

MORE extensive accounts of the late Federal repulses had reached England, and General McClellan is seen with his feet in *hot water*, carefully nursed by Doctor Lincoln. His medicaments, however, seem restricted to a copy or two of the veracious *New York Herald*, obtruding from his coat-tail pocket. The defeated commander, while his pulse is being felt after his last run, is asked in the popular London slang phrase of that day: "How are your poor feet?"

AUGUST, 1862.





ANGLING FOR RECRUITS.

[*AUGUST*, 1862.]

THE Northern soldiers, thanks to their repeated defeats, were compelled to submit to the rigour of routine instruction. Their letters home (for they formed no illiterate army) detailed the miseries of camp life. Thus those young men were deterred from enlisting, who were obtaining much higher salaries and wages by reason of the absence of competitors under arms.

The bounties were abruptly increased, and President Lincoln with his Secretary of War (Mr. Chase) were driven to fish for followers, with bags of dollars. Their ground bait was those postage stamps which had taken the place of coppers and silver in all small monetary transactions.

As neither have a nibble, much less a bite, the President expresses a fear that "they will have to net 'em if they don't look out"—that is, try impressment in lieu of this "*Recruiting à la Mode.*"



ADVICE TO COLUMBIA.

[*OCTOBER*, 1862.]

THE blunders, shortcomings, plundering, and other evils wrought by the pitchforking into unsuitable and novel positions of many an incompetent and easily-tempted man (which the magnitude of the war occasioned), entangled all the affairs of the United States.

The English satirist tenders the advice to Columbia that she should vigorously use the besom and sweep out of the White House every one of the incapables, from President Lincoln (adorned with the emblematic long ears of sagacity) to the least of the civil and military knaves and humbugs.

OCTOBER, 1862.



THE REAL CONQUEROR.

[*OCTOBER*, 1862.]

THE slaughter in the Civil War was so terrible that the real President of the United States might indeed be depicted as Death, with the conventional *goatee*, or *barbe d'Afrique*, of the American.

He gazes delightedly upon two horrible stumps of men, in the Grey and the Blue, and sarcastically begs them to "have another round, just to see who's victor!"

The remnant of the Northerner examines a severed leg and exclaims, with the cockney accent so general in the States:—

"Hi! you, sir! This ain't my leg! mine 'ad a boot on—and, my Starrs! (a fashionable American ejaculation) Black Blood in 't, tew!"

The "chawed up" Confederate writhes his fragmentary trunk and seems past feeling the incentive in the motto of "Go it, ye Cripples."



THE C.S. AJAX DEFYING THE U.S. JUPITER.

[*OCTOBER*, 1862.]

EVENTS had hurried on with such celerity that the ultimate course of declaring the slaves free no longer met with resistance or even angry comment above Mason and Dixon's line.

Constant to the Southern side, the pencil makes President Lincoln a caricatured Penny Jove, riding on his eagle, and preparing to hurl the weapon "Emancipation"—all to the careless defiance of the Southern Ajax, who laughs confidently upon his toiling negroes, and retorts to the warning of Jupiter Abe: "Now then, you, sir, look out! I'm a-gwin to launch my Thunderbolt!"

"Fire away, sirree! It amuses you and wont hurt me."

[Unfortunately for the happiness of this simile it was but too exact, since Ajax *did* perish through the vengeance of the gods whom he set at bay.]

OCTOBER, 1862.



THE VOICES OF THE ENGLISH STATESMEN.

[OCTOBER, 1862.]

THROUGHOUT all the fratricidal strife, the leading men of intelligence in Europe seemed perfectly blind to the overwhelming power of the Northern States as compared to the circumscribed abilities of the South.

The oratorical garb of Mr. Unsworth, of the Christy Minstrel stump-speech celebrity—expansive collar, easy shoes, and deteriorated umbrella, complete—has been borrowed by Mr. Gladstone that he may vociferate :

“ If Jeff. Davis has made a nation, why not recognise him ? ”

To which the muffled voice of Mr. Disraeli, extinguished for the moment, rejoins to the great *Trump* Orator (as the cartoon emblazons him, with its exquisitely clear foresight) :

“ Or any other man ? ”

a facility of welcoming any profitable speculations of which the Conservative leader has furnished many examples.

[*Note.*—It is but right to add that the English Cicero has since made ample amends and apology for his error.]



FUN TO U.S., DEATH TO THEM.

[*NOVEMBER*, 1862.]

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, whose indomitable persistency in always having the last word had led to his hasty return to America from an English trip, resumed his speechmaking in his native country, studded with abuse of the older home.

All the while that his unprofitable volubility was being applauded and laughed at, the grim tragedy was in progress.

In the picture, the South is seen scorching behind the red-fires of the theatre of war, while the Yankee, at last somewhat comfortably ensconced in his Windsor (Conn.) rocking-chair, applauds his contortions.

A Shakspearian quotation supplies the English opinion upon the admiring auditors of "this American *Train* upon an old line of Rails:"—

"I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fool's zanies." [*Twelfth Night.*]

NOVEMBER, 1862.



THE DARING AMERICAN ACROBAT.

[*NOVEMBER*, 1862.]

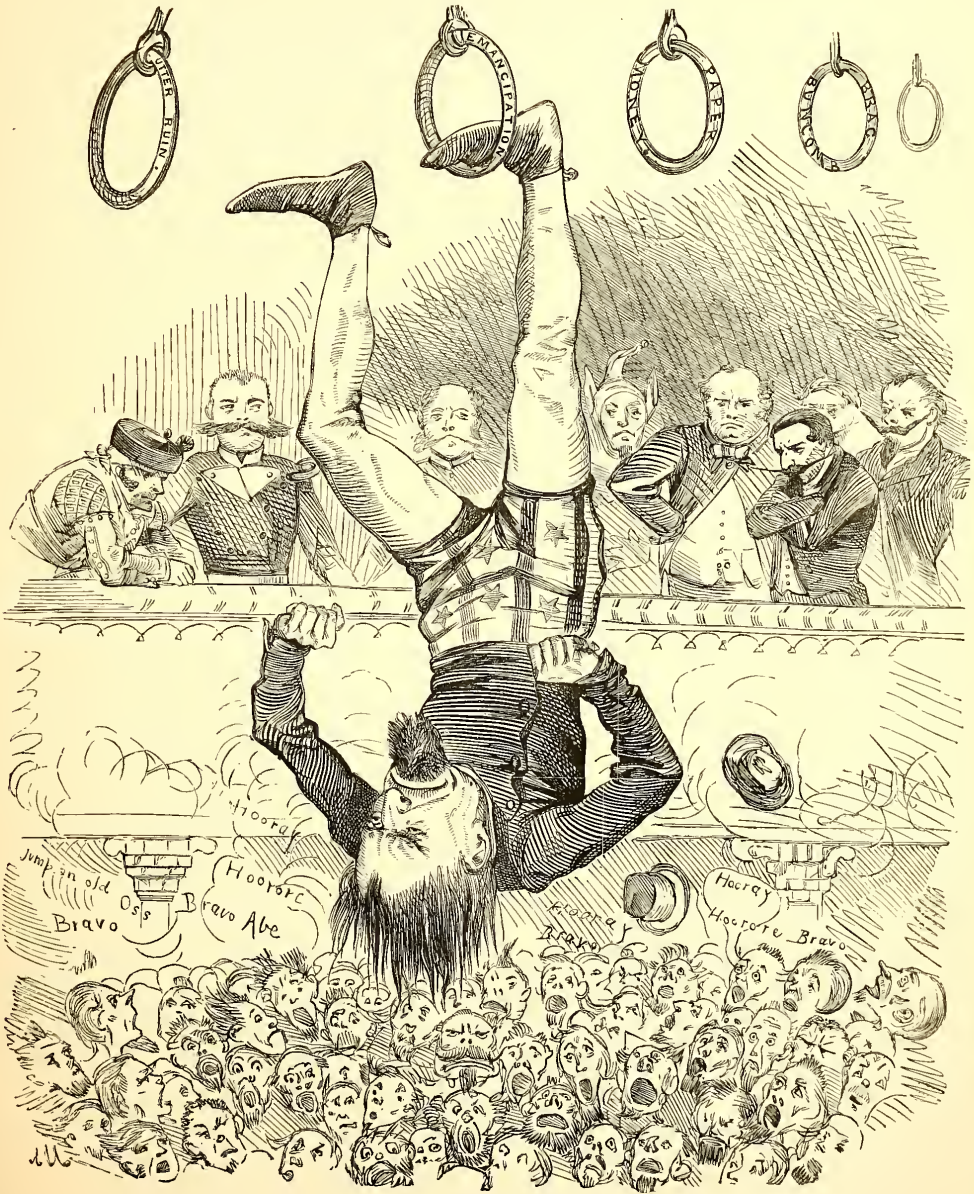
THE prospects of the U.S. Government had never hitherto been so gloomy.

The ill will of every Continental power was at its height, and the successive steps of President Lincoln from the early days of Brag and Buncombe, through those of suspension of specie payments and that magnificent temporary maiming, Emancipation,—brought him—it would seem—on the verge of Utter Ruin.

One Olmar, a gymnast, had caused a “sensation” by substituting for Sand’s “sucker-shoes,” a line of rings, by inserting his feet alternately into which he could cross a hall, head downwards.

This perilous *traverse*, the President is executing to the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen, but amidst the hostile glances of the plotting sovereigns of Europe. They cordially echo the fear of Abe the Acrobat: “Gee-rusalem! guess I’ll smash myself—and them, too!”

[*Note.*—Mr. Matt Morgan was so enamoured with this design that he has repeated it, as the readers of *Frank Leslie’s The Day’s Doings* (Nov. 25th, 1871) will recal, substituting “Boss” Tweed for President Lincoln, and the *Tammany Ring* for the series of circles.]



BROKEN VOWS.

[*DECEMBER*, 1862.]

THE cynosure of the Royal Academy *Salon* of 1862, was Mr. Calderon's picture of "Broken Vows," put upon the stage in Mr. Craven's "Meg's Diversions," and here parodied.

The deceived sweetheart wears the visage of President Lincoln. The sight of a possible truce being made between General M'Clellan and the South, tears from him the dolorous exclamation :

"Oh Snakes ! There's my Young Man playing with a Secesh Gal."

DECEMBER, 1862.



ALL "AT SEA."

[*DECEMBER*, 1862.]

THE Presidential Message was naturally filled with the most glowing account of the past deeds, and with roseate anticipations of victory over the Rebels.

The caricaturist has given his remarks in a concise form as "Abe's Last——" the President's reputation as a story-teller being world-widely diffused.

Columbia and her guardian elect are tossed upon a turbulent sea in the good tub 1862-3, but, despite the consternation manifest on his countenance, the navigator answers cheerily :

"I am quite well, thankee, marm. Nothing *could* be smoother."



all

THE MODERN ANDROMEDA.

[*JANUARY*, 1863.]

THE new year brought no sign of change.

The Europeans maintained that the bulk of the American people detested the War, and asked nothing better than an end to it at any price. Nevertheless, the most acute could not cite a substantial proof of this supposed opposition to the war-spirit.

Though months had passed, Columbia was still chained to the rock of the unalterable War-policy. And now she was all but devoured by the savage passions of both North and South. These the artist has represented in a hideous sea-monster's shape. (Mark the heads of Davis and Lincoln forming its pupils).

The Perseus besought is not shown ; but England and France, as a sort of piebald deliverer, may be fancied on the horizon.

JANUARY, 1863.





THE THREE DIS-GRACES.

[*JANUARY*, 1863.]

THE stern processes of repression of Generals Butler and M'Neil, at Palmyra,* Missouri, and New Orleans respectively, were unctuously related by the English Press with a profuse deepening of the colours, and a group of statuary in honour of the Federal Dis-graces is proposed by the artist. (The *entente cordiale* is the more apropos from President Davis having doomed General Butler to be hanged on capture.)

Amidst the universal applause, General Butler indicates the absence of the figure needed to complete the classical triangular group, and informs his brother officers that there is another place vacant.

“Who's coming up? Don't all speak at once,” he cries, with his peculiarly inviting glance.

* Where he had several Confederate prisoners shot, contrary to the rules of civilized warfare, it was asserted.



COUNSEL FOR THE COUNSELLOR.

[*JANUARY*, 1863.]

THE exactions with which the Federal governor of the Crescent City weighed down its turbulent spirits, continued to be described in the *Index*, the Secessionist organ in London, and its open-mouthed *exchanges*, as far outdoing all that is recorded of atrocious provost-marshalships.

As a lawyer, statesman, soldier, general, *le Louche* was held up to derision and scorn.

The present Counsel to the Counsellor would have been faultless but for the important reason that—as in the noted cookery-book recipe--the hare ought first to be *caught*.

JANUARY, 1863.





“MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE!”

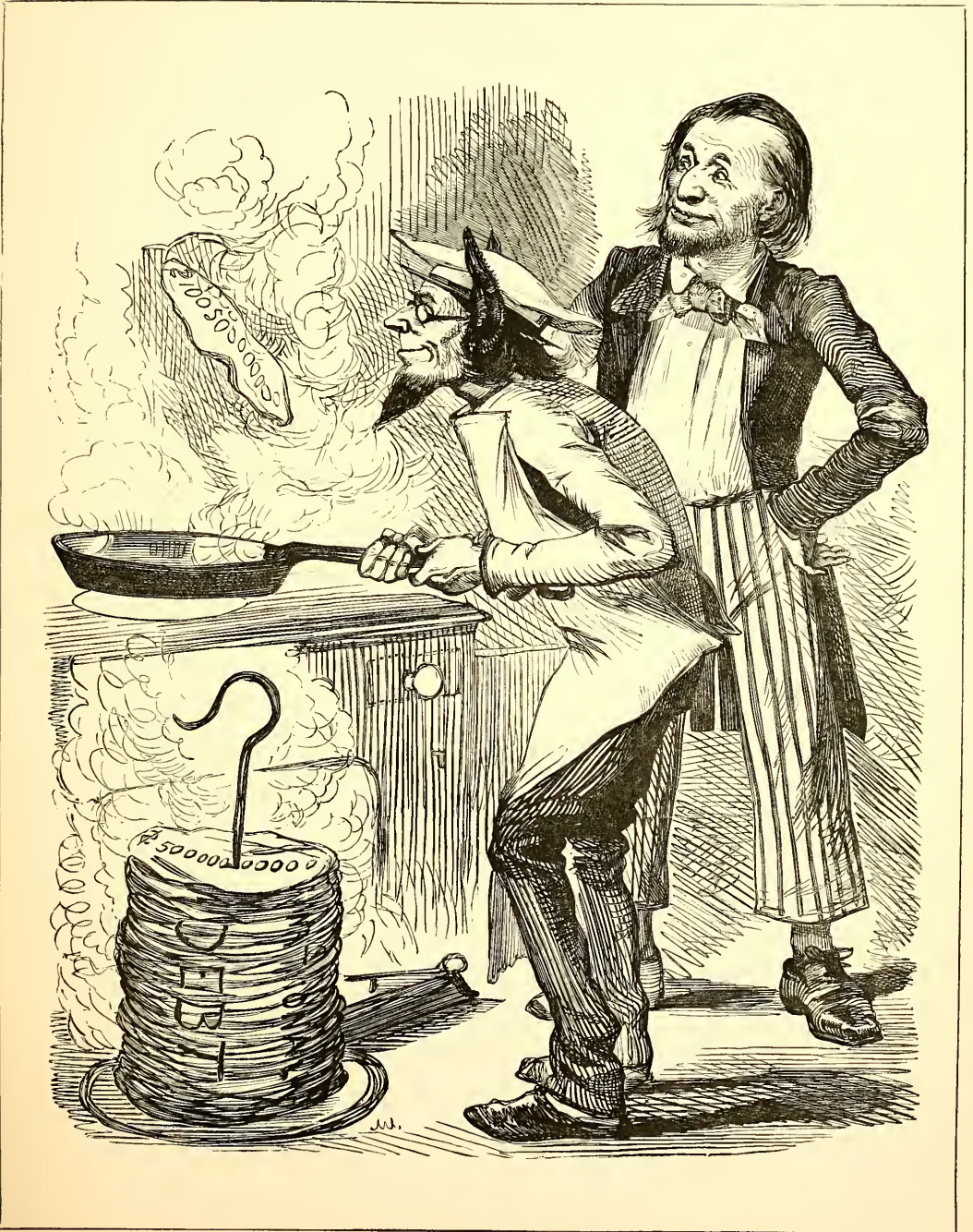
[*FEBRUARY*, 1863.]

THE costliness of the War was by this time but too apparent.

The older men, who remembered how the *thousands* spent in 1812 had alarmed the purse-bearers of the new country, shuddered at the idea of reckoning up by *millions*, the items of the ever-growing National Debt.

The Government was supposed to see nothing but the humorous side of the matter, and its head gleefully cheers on the chief cook as he tosses the expensive pancakes.

“Go it, Chase!” cries Mr. Lincoln to his Money Minister; “keep the pot a-biling!”



THE REPULSE OFF SUMTER.

[*APRIL*, 1863.]

THE U.S. naval attack upon Charleston had been a failure from the novelty of the ironclads, to which the sailors in a short time could not be accustomed, and their defects, irreparable during an action.

After having been under fire in dangerous positions, due to the unmanageable steering apparatus of the Monitors, the fleet left the port, without having accomplished any creditable act.

The Yankee cur, with his tin and iron kettles attached to his tail, is seen in full flight from Sumter, yelping, in allusion to Admiral Dupont's excuses :

"I'm being licked tarnation well ! Only 'cos my rudder won't act."

APRIL, 1863.





THE GIANTS OF THE WEST AND EAST.

[MAY, 1863.]

By a Convention the Russian tyranny over Poland was fettered, and, indeed, until 1872 the terms of treaty were faithfully carried out.

The League of France and Great Britain, with Austria somewhat lukewarm and Prussia neutral, seemed to be all-powerful, and the prospect of the same alliance enforcing upon the disrupted States their long-hinted mediation, might well appal Brother Jonathan.

However, the picture, entitled "T'other from Which," places the Yankee and the Muscovite face to face, indulging in such mutual taunts, as:—

North America, trampling Mediation under foot: "We've been better licked than you, eh!"

Russia: "Have yer? Then I'll be more obstinate than you, eh!"





THE WORLD'S DOG SHOW.

[*JUNE*, 1863.]

THE hot breath of war appeared to have crossed the ocean and contaminated other countries.

On the visit of John Bull and the Emperor of the French to the Grand International Dog Show, they see the white puppy of Austria worrying the Venetian Howler, the Roman hound teasing the Italian pug, embarrassed with his antiquated tiara, while the Siberian bloodhound tears at the Polish dog. Alone, the French poodle, very peaceful despite his military cap, ruminates upon the slumbering body of the English bulldog.

In the very next compartment, two savage animals lock their jaws in pitiless combat, while a label entitles them "second class, American," and adds the caution: "Don't irritate these Dogs—they are mad!"

The sturdier visitor admires the recumbent couple, and exclaims:

"There, my boy, that's pretty, ain't it?"

To which the meditative Napoleon returns:

"Ah! very good, considering the row that is going on all round."

JUNE, 1863.





THE POLITICAL PROPHET.

[*JULY*, 1863.]

THE British Baxter, Zadkiel, a successor of the Lillys, Partridges, Moores, and other fortune-telling swindlers, is portrayed with the fantastic accessories of Mr. Roebuck, Member of Parliament for Sheffield, the manufacturing town of cutlery, buttons, saws, files, *et cætera*. Two boys, his patrons—namely, *Little John* (Russell) and *Will Scarlet* (Gladstone) are peering into the crystal globe of futurity, while the following conversation goes on :—

ZADKIEL : “ What do my clever little boys see in the crystal ? ”

GLADSTONE : “ We don’t see the Recognition of the Confederates *yet* . ”

RUSSELL : “ *I* see the reflection of a Jolly Old Humbug ! ”

[*Note*.—Mr. Roebuck was an extravagantly firm partisan of the Rebels.]





TRICKS AND HONOURS.

[*JULY*, 1863.]

THE good old rule—with a remarkable exception in the Franco-German War of 1871-2—of “winners first, losers last,” was completely ignored by the champions of the Confederates.

It was easy, therefore, to make a contrast between the South, as a triumphant soldier, all gallantry and martial pride, fiery red with uninterrupted successes, and the continually baffled Northerner. To perfect the foil, the latter is painted as uncouth, sneaking, and hideous as possible. Terror-stricken at his enemy's roll of honour, “Abe” drops his cards, although the champion of the stars and bars urges him not to give up.

“Try *another* trick! *I* don't mind,” he cries, “I hold all the honours.”

JULY, 1863.





CAPTAIN KYD AND HIS TREASURES.

[*JULY*, 1863.]

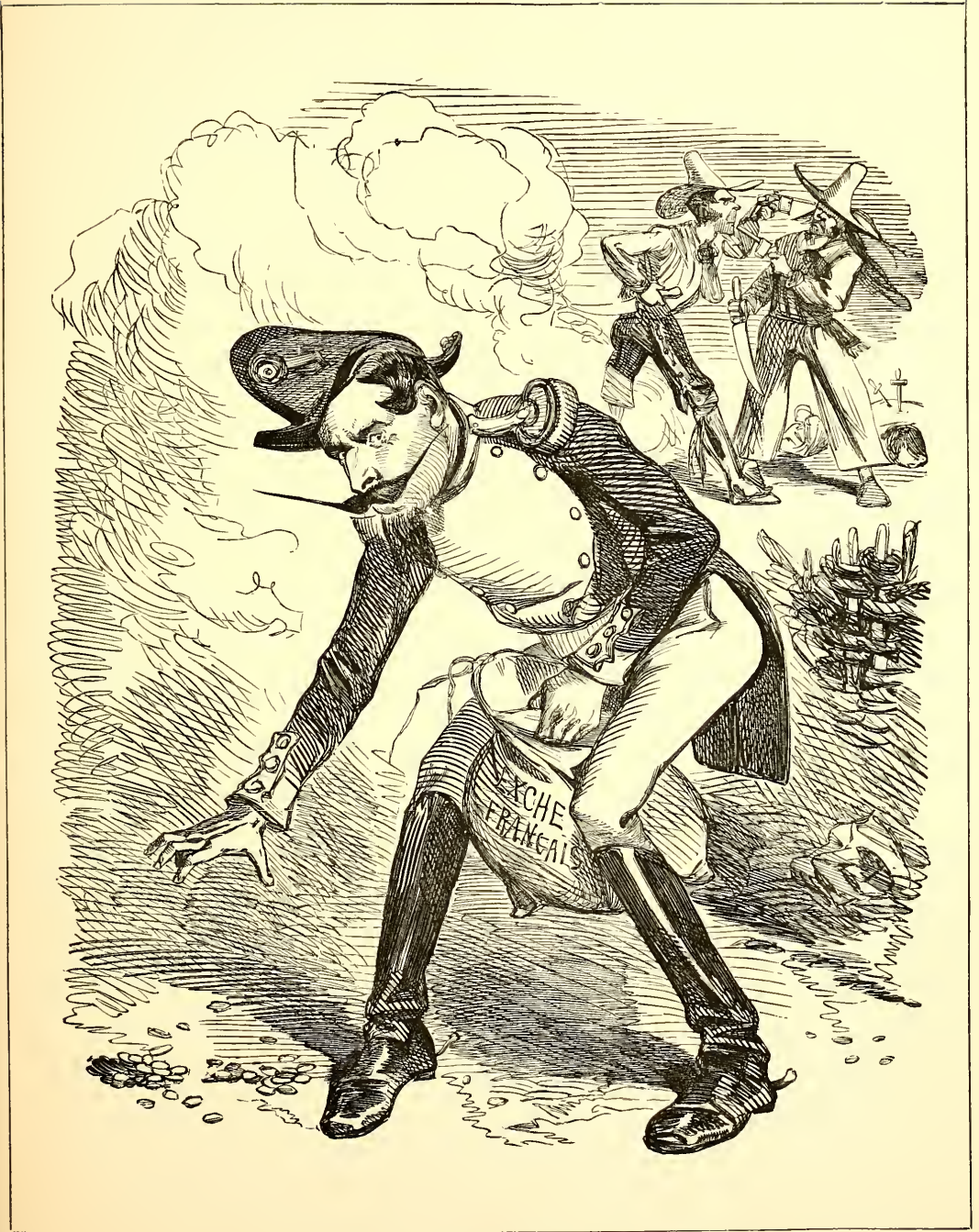
HAD it not been for the Rebellion, in great probability, the superfluity of adventurous spirit in the Americans must have flowed out for the annexation of Mexico or of Cuba, if not of both.

On those tempting prizes other enraptured eyes had long been set. For one pair, the Emperor of the French is answerable. In the complacent belief that interference was impossible and verbal protests contemptible, he despatched his expedition to Mexico, under the guise of guaranteeing the payment of her foreign bondholders.

England acted with great caution in the matter, from having been the catspaw already in the Crimean War, and her ally's true intentions were disclosed as is here shown.

While replenishing the "*Exchequer (sic) Français*" with Montezuma's gold and silver, the Bonaparte proudly trumpets forth :

"My occupation of Mexico is for the Regeneration of the People."





THE FIRE IN THE REAR.

[*JULY*, 1863.]

THE altered state of trade, the embarrassments of a fluctuating currency, the abominable trickery perpetrated in the drafting for soldiers by which the influential classes were shielded by bribed officials, while the procuring of substitutes by the wealthy was but a matter of money—these were prominent causes in making the working population turbulent throughout the Union.

Excitement ran high in New York, especially. Always a Democratic City, a strong suspicion was entertained that the Republicans were endeavouring to send away as many as possible of their political opponents to be slain in battle, whilst their politics supplied them with easy offices at home.

The agitation culminated in those dreadful July Riots, when, for several nights, the eye could turn to no quarter of the sky without seeing an incendiary fire raging in the Empire City.

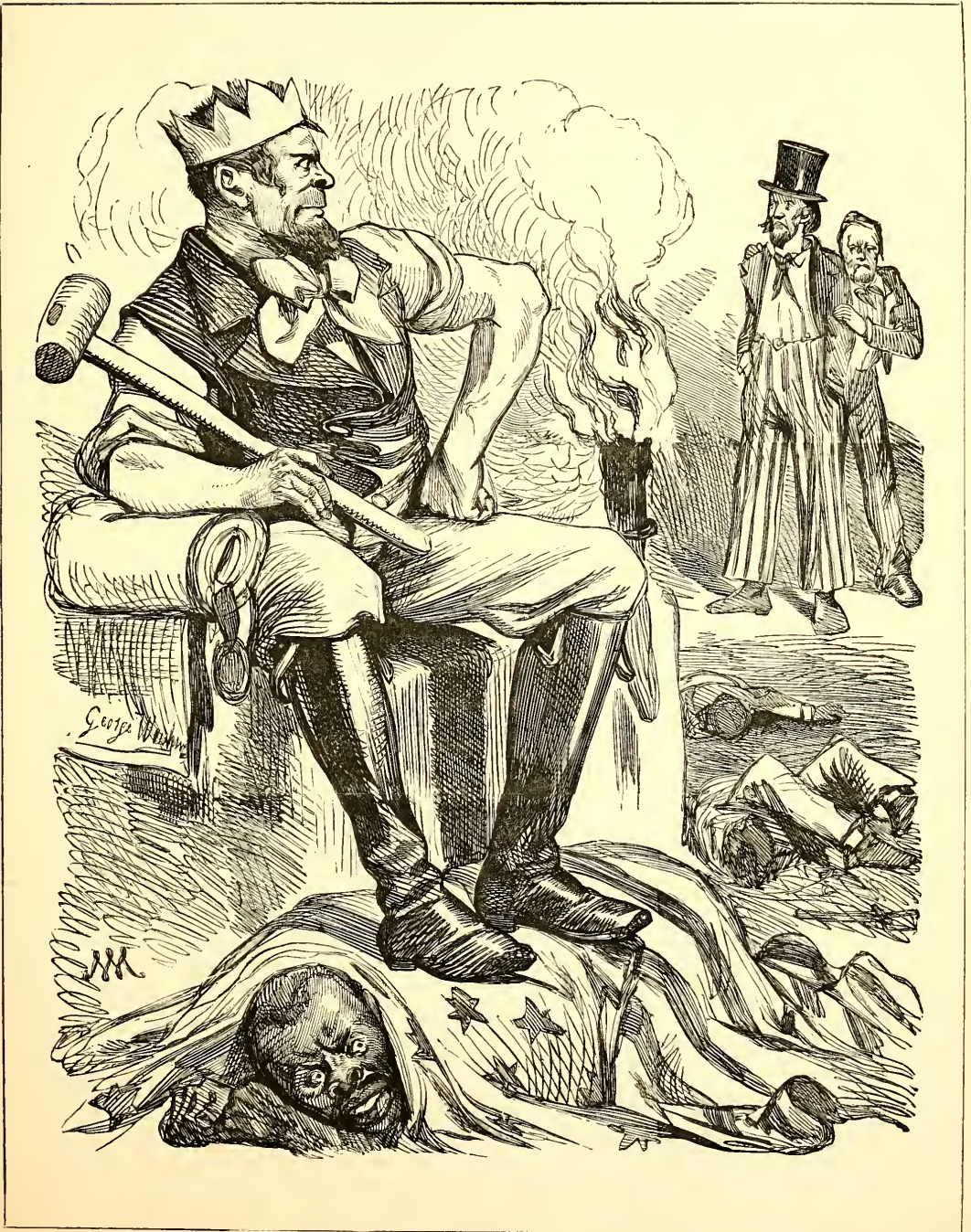
The negroes, looked upon as living banners of the “*Black Republican*” party, were fiendishly hunted down, a Coloured Orphan Asylum was burnt, men beaten or hanged to the lamp-posts, and nothing quelled the serious rising but the pouring into the city of regiments raised in the Eastern States and the rural districts, and therefore personal foes of the townsfolk.

King Mob is seated on his throne, the sable pet of the party in power muffled in the American flag and rolled beneath his feet, while the Constitution signed by Washington is merely a rest for his weaponed arm.

He asks “Abe’s” opinion of *him*.

“Sooner or later, you will have to bow, or you’ll find me an ugly customer,” he thunders.

JULY, 1863.





LET SLEEPING LIONS LIE.

[*SEPTEMBER*, 1863.]

THE subjugation of the South had now become a mere question of time, and some leisure was afforded, between the lulls of battle, to reflect how lonely the United States were in their quarrel.

A cluster of staunch friends in England alone lifted up a sympathetic echo. Elsewhere, in court and cottage, clubhouse and *cabaret*, hostile silence reigned at best, where encouraging cheers for the South were not raised.

The *New York Herald*, that mouthpiece of the popular voice in the States, shaped the outburst of disgust at the Neutral Beast, England, with many a threat at tackling the Lion when the Palmetto should be chopped down.

The Yankee War Party treads on the tail of the British Lion, and by flaunting the *Times* and *Herald*, and brandishing his tomahawk and scalping-knife, seeks to elicit a growl or wag of the tail.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.





ALL PEOPLES HAVE BROAD ENOUGH BACKS
FOR TAXES.

[*SEPTEMBER*, 1863.]

THE happy country, which had never felt its taxes, now vied with the effete Governments of the Old World in offering its shoulders to the war burdens.

The English have always been jealous at, and perplexed by, the tendency of emigrants to avoid Canada in favour of the Great Republic. Numberless attempts will be found in their annals to dissuade the Irish rats that leave the sinking ship from settling in America.

In the present instance the Irish-Yankee citizen is seen weighed down with universal taxation, a perpetual draft, the war policy, the battle cry : "The Union or Death !" while Brother Jonathan, in the Cockney dialect beloved by our satirist, assures him that he will "Find this *'ere* very light."

The Dedication to Ireland ironically quotes Mackay :

"To the West, to the West,
To the Land of the Free !"

SEPTEMBER, 1863.





THE VULTURES COMING HOME TO ROOST.

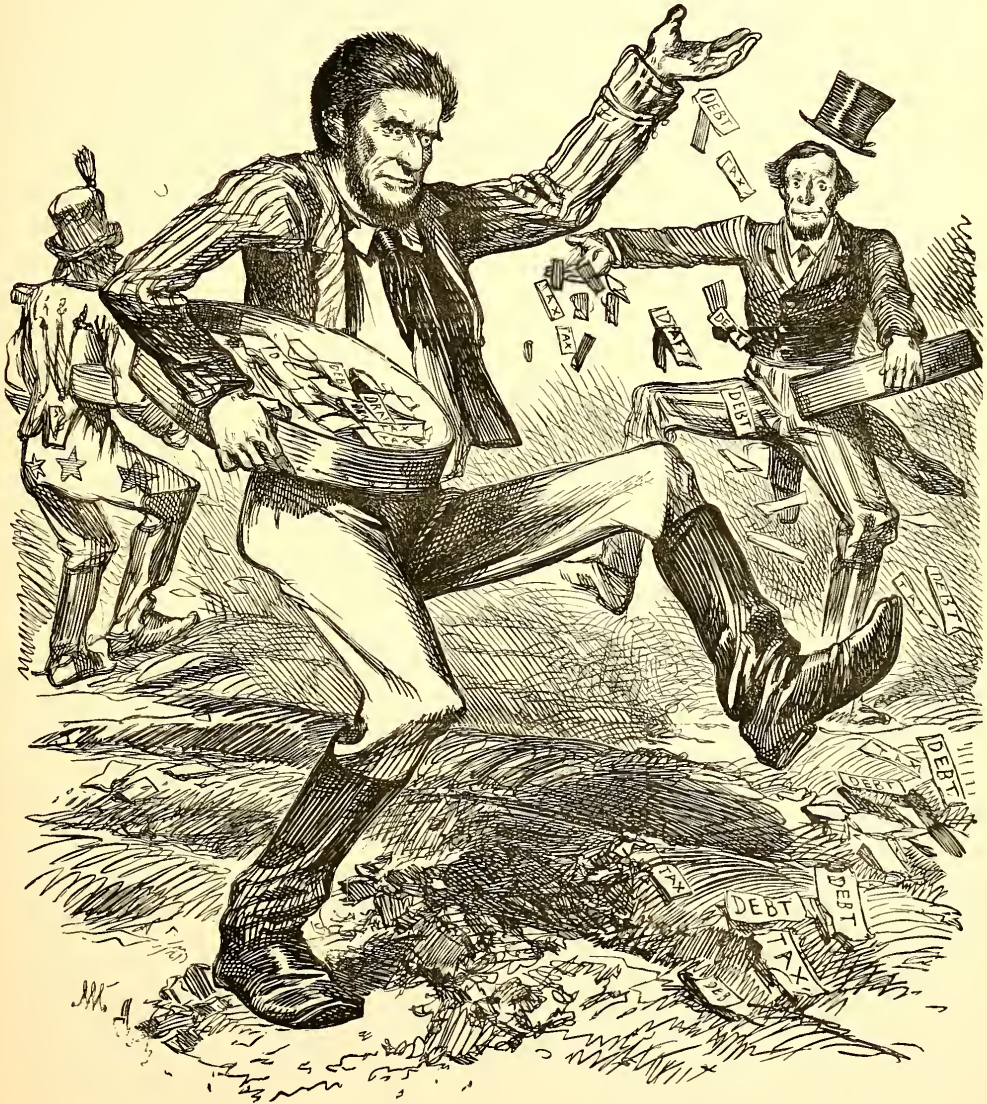
[*OCTOBER*, 1863.]

THE fruits of war time—Conscription, Taxes, National Debt—these were oppressing the body and purse of the present as well as menacing the future.

So set the sun of '63 in an impenetrable bank of clouds.

The sowers are busy in the battle-field—the President and his adjoints, Messrs. Chase and Seward—they freely disseminate the seed of the repulsive crop which posterity must gather, with many a misgiving and much frantic capering, to the tune of:

“Go it, Seward! sow anything. We shall have a turn of luck soon; and the next President will reap, eh, Chase?”





DOWNFALL OF THE IDOL OF '76.

[*NOVEMBER*, 1863.]

THE important changes and novel additions necessitated for the Constitution of the United States by the vicissitudes of the war, shocked the natives who could not keep pace with the times, and the foreigners inured to slowly-reformed laws.

With the burlesquer's licence, a Yankee Guy Fawkes, with the face of the President, is represented in the act of burning an effigy of George Washington, caparisoned in such obsolete articles as State Rights, American Laws, and Liberty of the Subject, in a fire fed with the decrees of Emancipation, Conscription, Suspension of Civil Magistracy, and kindred fuel.

The American people clamour for a "Few old greenbacks to be chucked out, jist to help burn the Constitution!" while the ruler himself mocks at the Father of his Country in the words:

"I'll warm yer! Your old Constitution won't do for *U.S.*"

NOVEMBER, 1863.





BOWLING THEM OUT.

[*DECEMBER*, 1863.]

“WHILE the rams are detained in the Mersey,
For a smile from a rabid press won ;
While Englishmen flock to hear Beecher,
Let Satire reprove them in FUN.”

So carolled a blithe songster, while his brother with the crayon sketched this picture of the American doings in England concerning the fitting out of privateers for the Confederates.

The sailor, willing to engage with either master, is really delighted to be “treated” in the American bowling alley ; but John Bull instructs his Minister, Lord Russell, as a policeman, to “Keep his eye on ’em !—take care he doesn’t drug his grog.”

The “hocussing” of seamen by crimps was a prevalent crime then as ever, though the crews of the *Florida*, *Shenandoah*, and *Alabama* were not supposed to have required such palliatives.





THANKSGIVING DAY.

[1863.]

LITTLE or no prophetic skill was now required for announcing the collapse of the Confederacy, though to have predicted its actual suddenness and completeness might have been more difficult.

For the first time during hostilities, the Day of Thanksgiving could be celebrated amidst less dry and gayer concomitants than sackcloth and ashes.

But John Bull eyed the rejoicings with disfavour and carped at "President Abe" marching to divine service with his battle-axe in one hand as counterpoise to the Prayer-book, and inquired:—

"Don't you think you had better wash off your war-paint before going to church, friend?"





THE REPUBLIC A FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.

[*DECEMBER*, 1863.]

THAT the commotion in the "Dis-United" States should be the text of many a sermon upon the instability of Republics and the durability of Monarchies, was only a matter of course throughout Europe.

In the South, Napoleon had sought his slice of cake while the "Big Brother" was not looking ; and now a loud voice in England found an echo in British America for Canada to be constituted a vice-royalty under Prince Alfred.

Any number of English and Scotch Canadians were eager to receive titles, honours, and office under the Colonial Confederation, and engaged to frown down all the semi-traitorous escapades of their French countrymen, who enlisted numerously in the Federal armies.

As foreign subjects, moreover, who were unscathed by the Draft, these Canadians were capable of filling the places in business vacated by the American volunteers. They, therefore, were warm friends of the Union.

The scheme, happily for the peace of the future, was not even inaugurated by the passage to Toronto or Montreal of the Prince.





BRITANNIA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[*JANUARY*, 1864.]

IF the recurring interpositions of Great Britain had not been tainted with a suspicion of a deeper cause than Christian love of peace and hatred of fratricidal encounters, her conduct would be more generally praised.

In any event, her self-command in keeping clear of the "family difficulty" was noteworthy.

In the picture, Britannia stands on the sea-girt shore to launch the Doves of Peace to the Western Hemisphere as her most precious New Year's offering.

JANUARY, 1864.





JACK-CADES AMBO.

[*FEBRUARY*, 1864.]

DURING the Crimean War the indefatigable labours of the Peace Party, of which Messrs. Cobden and Bright were leaders, had been carried almost to a traitorous and quite to an unpatriotic point.

Nearly as much angry denunciation was heaped upon them when the Manchester School followed the wake of the Federal leviathan pursuing the Secessionist minnows.

Nothing in the way of hypocrisy was conceived lower than the friendship of the advanced Liberals for the Northern Government, and their steadfast sympathy despite the stories industriously set afloat upon Federal excesses. On the battle-field itself, the *Friend* of the Lincolnites does not shrink from affectionately wringing the blood-stained hand of the Yankee warrior, fully appreciative of the joke.





“ALABAMA AGAIN!”

[*JUNE*, 1864.]

THE wasp-like stings of the Confederate cruisers were all the more irritating to the United States from their inability to deal with those vessels summarily.

The organs of public opinion evaporated the general and painful surprise and discontent at the supposed underhanded help of England, in wild threats of future punishment and revenge.

As this served the purpose of the holders of Confederate Bonds and other abettors of the Rebellion, they acclaimed every red rag flaunted before John Bull, and goaded him on to resent the insults.

Fortunately for civilization, England maintained an attitude of dignity, and bade her sailors (who had various "blue ribbons" of 1812 to win back) to "treat the outrages with *naval reserve*."





THE DOVE WITHOUT THE OLIVE BRANCH.

[*AUGUST*, 1864.]

THE figure represents the President of the United States. In his left hand you will see a dove, with the head of the Hon. *Massa* Horace Greeley. The delicacy of the artist has enabled him to draw the portrait without the faintest trace of a likeness to that remarkable *tribune* of the people. Our explanation is, therefore, not so much of an insult to the intelligent reader as the foregoing ones.

The time of action is supposed to be on the return of Mr. Greeley from an interview in Canada with eminent Confederate agents, hoped to have foreshadowed the termination of the conflict.

But to the anxious inquiry: "Say, Greeley, what *'ave* you brought back?" The envoy answers, in the same purely American jargon:—

"Narey nothink, nunkey."

AUGUST, 1864.





THE IMPENETRABLE WAR-CLOUD.

[*AUGUST*, 1864.]

THE extent to which the American Republic had become linked up with European interests, was made more and more manifest each month that the war continued.

The most sanguine projectors had been forced to acknowledge that the trade of the United States and its superfluous provisions were necessities of the rest of the world.

There was great earnestness, therefore, and no hypocrisy at this period, when Britannia begs of her sister an answer to the inquiry when the horrible Dance of Death was to end.

AUGUST, 1864.





COLUMBIA'S NIGHTMARE.

[*SEPTEMBER*, 1864.]

THE earlier Presidents of the United States had in nowise been distinguished for that magnificence, artistic tastes, devotion to beautiful women, or schemes of aggrandizement, which mark patrician rulers. But their courtliness, simple grandeur, dignity, and reproachless private gifts, had many points of resemblance to those of the English country gentleman, who therefore approved deeply if not loudly of his contemporary type.

When, therefore, a man like Abraham Lincoln stood in the place of Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, a plain rugged man of whom many of his countrymen but ironically approved, he was inevitably fitted to be the butt of the witlings who hang on the skirts of the aristocracy.

Mr. Morgan was consequently in no danger of incurring reproof in England when he caricatured the martyr President as a gross and monstrous incubus oppressing Columbia.





THE PRISONER EATING OFF HIS OWN HEAD.

[*OCTOBER*, 1864.]

IN two previous cartoons, the designs of France and England to profit by American troubles, in Mexico and Canada respectively, have been displayed.

A third Power, the melancholy, proud, wasted hidalgo, Spain, began to fear for its possessions in the West Indies.

As in Cuba, continual disturbances enforced the maintenance of a large military force, and the cost, in a province so remote from the chief authority, was always increasing beyond the exorbitant amount which it had presented at the first.

The jailor might naturally be perplexed as to the future disposal of his insatiable captive, St. Domingo.

OCTOBER, 1864.





THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

[*OCTOBER*, 1864.]

THE little straws which showed how the current set may not have been perceived by every one, but few could fail to understand the full meaning of the important reverses encountered by the Confederates.

Not only on the land—East, West, and South—but on the sea, the chronicle of successes was reversed, and the other side of the tablet was used for Federal triumphs.

The Yankee could peruse his favourite news-sheet at present with satisfaction, and drily observe to Europe :

“See what the *New York Buzzer* says! I guess yew won’t hanker after interfering *naeow* !”





SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

[*NOVEMBER*, 1864.]

ASSUREDLY our satirist is to be acquitted of any painting in the heroic style of war and its incidents. Excepting the gallantry which, perforce, distinguishes his chosen side—the Confederates—he never sees aught but the ghastly concomitants of battle.

The American Fire Fiend is a peculiarly unpleasant monstrosity, plentifully bedecked with skulls and other bones, and proud of his torch, utterly devoid of pity for the weak and womanly, and unctuously quoting Shylock :

“I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool, to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield to Christian intercession.”

NOVEMBER, 1864.





IN THE LAST DITCH.

[*DECEMBER*, 1864.]

THIS year knew, in its close, that lightening of prospective peace which had so long been absent.

The resistance of the South was as ineffectual as desperate.

The slaves who had remained true were in rare cases available as soldiers, and the whole force of the rebellious States had been long previously in the field.

The war-cries of the leaders, nevertheless, were as cheering, as lofty and valiant as ever, and all united in the clarion call of determination to perish to the last man, and he, fighting, to "fill the last ditch."





ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUALS.

[*DECEMBER*, 1864.]

THE dream of Garrison the Liberator had come true at length.

What a knot of men had been advocating for forty years ; what a mass of people had clamoured for as one of the means to suppress the Rebellion and punish the would-be pullers down of the fabric of Freedom ; what statesmen had calmly urged to be imperative if the sympathies of the enlightened classes in Europe were to be enlisted—this, Emancipation of all men held to bondage under the flag of Washington, proclaimed a year before, was now an established fact.

The manumitted negro falls upon his knees in gratitude to the gentle Spirit who had stricken off his chains.

DECEMBER, 1864.





ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER.

[*APRIL*, 1865.]

To be slain in the moment of triumph has always been regarded as the most apt commentary on the antique *memento mori*.

After time had amply proven that Abraham Lincoln might be considered, almost on account of his gifts not being exceptional, the best man who could have held the helm of the ship of State in such tempestuous weather upon a sea of Revolution—he was assassinated by a fanatic.

For once the artist pictures unbiassed truth.

With his hand on the refreshing Cup of Victory, for which the whole nation with him had been athirst, the ruler whose sterling good sense and unfaltering urbanity under the burden of a vast domain to which the realms of Alexander and Napoleon were but as kitchen gardens had become proverbial, was snatched away. The revulsion of feeling abroad at the news of this tragedy was immense. The veil was torn from all eyes, and the Star of Empire shone in the West with an unflecked radiance which has never since worn a cloud.

APRIL, 1865.







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