PART TWO: THE PATRIOT

CHAPTER XI

MEETING ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant," said Abraham Lincoln near the close of the Civil War. "His emblematic cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when these articles were getting scarce."

The emblematic semi-historical drawings referred to by President Lincoln did not begin until near the end of the second year of the struggle, though from the very commencement of his war work there had been strong sentiment and pictorial value in the young artist's drawings, undoubtedly due to his own intense loyalty to the Union; and these did not fail, through the medium of his forceful skill, to awaken a wide and eager response.

Sixty-one was a turbulent time, especially in New York City, where Fernando Wood, then Mayor, not only applauded the seceding South, but advised the secession of the metropolis. There was in New York a large element of foreign immigrants whose natural instinct seemed to be to destroy the nation that had sheltered them. Also, there was a multitude of merchants who had sold goods south of the Mason and Dixon line, and knew that for them war might spell ruin. Even the press was inclined to be lukewarm in its patriotism, and to argue rather liberally on the right of the Southern States to secede. Union talk was

plentiful enough, but it was likely to be "Union without war" and "Peace at any price." Men who were for "Union before all," and especially those who declared for abolition, were apt to be roughly dealt with, and at times found police protection welcome, not only in New York, but on the streets of patriotic Boston.

The policy of the newly elected President, Lincoln, was eagerly awaited. He had declared against slavery, and expressed his belief that a nation half slave and half free could not endure. Yet, during his debate with Douglas, he had protested mainly against extending the evil, offering no definite plans for correcting it. His enthusiastic reception in New York City, on his journey to Washington, showed that the larger element believed that the Man from the West, with his gentle spirit and wide humanity, would avoid a war.

On February 19, 1861, at Thirty-fourth Street and Eleventh Avenue, Thomas Nast, a boy not yet twenty-one, awaited the arrival of Abraham Lincoln, after that long triumphal journey from his home in Springfield. There were poor police regulations in those days. The President-elect and his companions were hustled and almost overwhelmed by the eager crowds. Nast, however, got a glimpse of Lincoln, and observed that the latter wore a beard and did not much resemble the sketches and caricatures which had already appeared. The artist made a sketch on his own account and later attended the reception given at City Hall. Here he made additional sketches, and was almost torn to pieces, trying to get near the guest of honor.

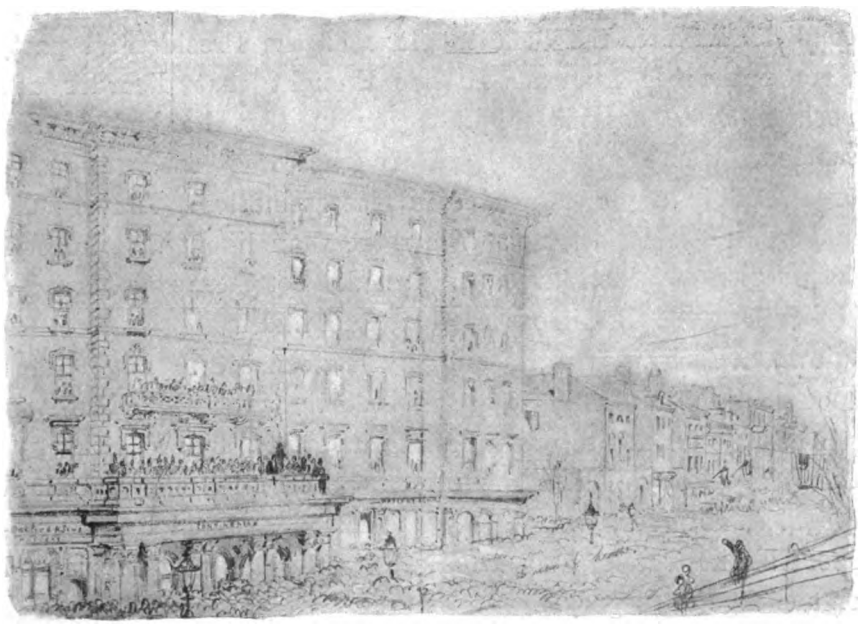
Being young and strong, he pushed his way through. Suddenly he found himself face to face with Lincoln, who likewise had suffered at the hands of the populace. The great man's cloak was torn and his hair dishevelled, but he was trying to look pleased. With an air of mutual commiseration, Nast held out his hand.

"I have the honor, sir."

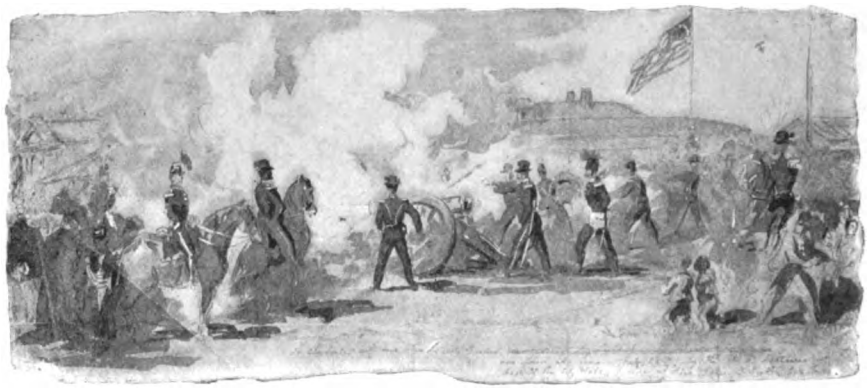
Lincoln's face lighted up as he acknowledged the salute. He smiled, but it was a smile of sadness—a token of the underlying tragedy of it all, concealed for the moment by the humors of circumstance and the fanfare of welcome.

Nast was ordered by his paper, the News, to proceed to Philadelphia and on to Washington for the inaugural ceremonies. He was near Lincoln during the celebrated speech and flag-raising at Independence Hall, where Lincoln laid off his coat that he might with greater ease hoist the Stars and Stripes above the birthplace of Liberty. Later, the artist heard the address made from the balcony of the Continental Hotel, at which Lincoln and his party were staying.

It was nearly night, and the hotel windows were lit. The streets were thronged and jammed. Men were pushed and trampled by the masses of humanity, half crazed in a desire to see



LINCOLN AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA
(From Nast's pencil sketch)



THE "SALUTE OF ONE HUNDRED GUNS"
(From the original drawing)

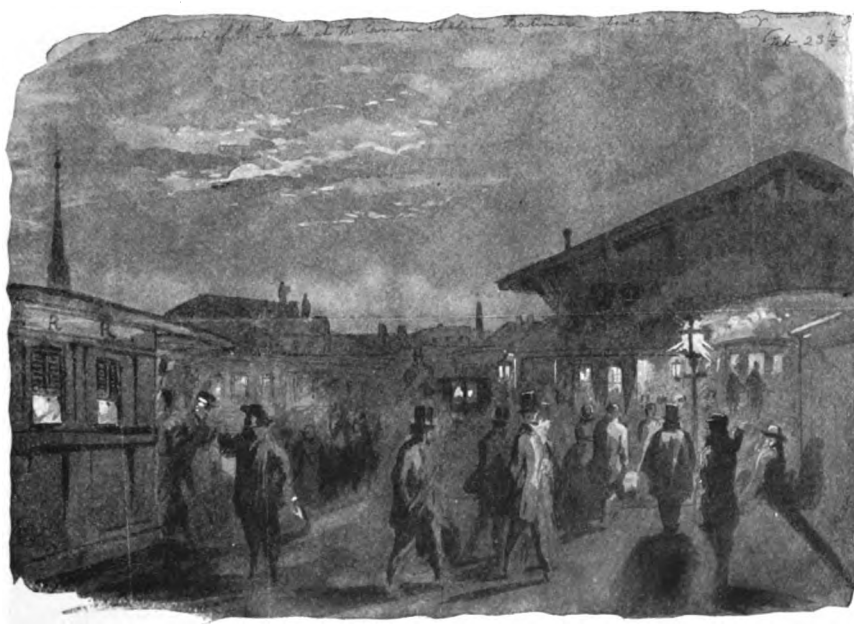
the tall rail-splitter of the West, who was to guide them safely through a labyrinth of political bypaths and turnings. The hosts were eager to follow, but only a few there were who realized that the one way of Union lay straight ahead, even though it led across the sombre fields of war.

Nast now hurried to Baltimore. Owing to the disturbed conditions there, the definite plans of the Presidential party were not made known. It was thought that disorder and perhaps open assault might occur in that hot-bed of dissension, where a crowd of roughs was said to have organized in a plot for Lincoln's assassination. Lincoln did not credit the report, and it is more than likely that no concerted plan of action had been formed. Yet there was always a mob about the Baltimore station, and had his presence been known, it is by no means unlikely that an attack might have been made. Certainly it seems best that the President-elect allowed his friends to prevail, and convey him by night through the disloyal city. The story of Lincoln's Scotch cap and plaid disguise, however, was wholly a canard, invented by an irresponsible newspaper man, who later in the war was imprisoned on a charge of forgery.

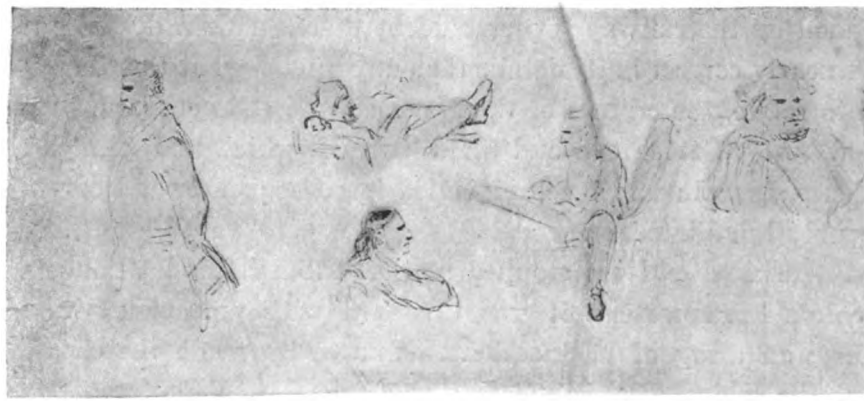
Nast did not see Lincoln in Baltimore, but from a description

supplied by the railway superintendent there, made a drawing more nearly correct in its details than any published at the time. Sad to relate, the editors of the News altered it to conform to the absurd "Scotch cap and plaid" fraud, which had gained credence, Lincoln was much ridiculed in consequence, and considerably humiliated.

At Washington, Nast stopped at the Willard Hotel. Being Lincoln's headquarters, it was thronged with politicians, including an army of office-seekers. The artist made sketches about the lobby, also of the arrival of the Peace Conference, headed by ex-President Tyler, and of the "salute of a hundred guns," fired on the last day of February to ratify the results of this meeting. On the 27th he had attended the farewell ceremonies between President Buchanan and the city's mayor and board of aldermen—a custom of that time—and on the same day, in the House of Representatives, made a sketch in which Roger



LINCOLN AT BALTIMORE
(From Nast's original drawing)



PENCIL SKETCH MADE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

A. Pryor appears prominently in the foreground, though Nast did not then know whose was the striking face of that excitable advocate of the Southern Cause.

In his later life Nast remembered much of this Washington experience with that feeling of shuddering horror with which we recall a disordered dream. The atmosphere was charged with foreboding. Even the busy days about the Willard Hotel were strewn with ominous incidents.

"I am from Maryland, and stand by my colors!" Nast heard a man mutter at his elbow, one evening in the hotel lobby, where Horace Greeley and others of the Abolition faith were gathered.

"I am from Virginia and stand by you!" was the muttered answer of another bystander.

Somewhat later a crowd of Southerners, with John Morrissey, surrounded Horace Greeley and a group of his friends, and expressed their sentiments with an emphasis doubtless augmented by liquor.

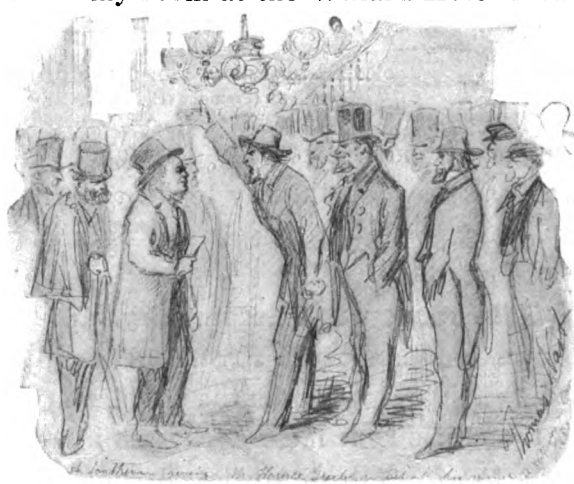
For it was not a time of loud talking. Knots of men on the street corners conversed in whispers. At night the streets were hushed and almost deserted.

The day of inauguration was one of gloom and mutterings. Military was carefully posted to prevent hostile demonstrations,

The weather was bleak. With his cane laid across the manuscript to keep the sheets from flying away,* the President-elect, pale and anxious, read that memorable address in which he said, "We are not enemies, but friends."

There was not much applause. The city drew a great breath of relief when it was over and there had been no outbreak. Yet the tension was not relaxed. The men who had sworn that Abraham Lincoln should never take his seat were not gone. Night came down, brooding danger.

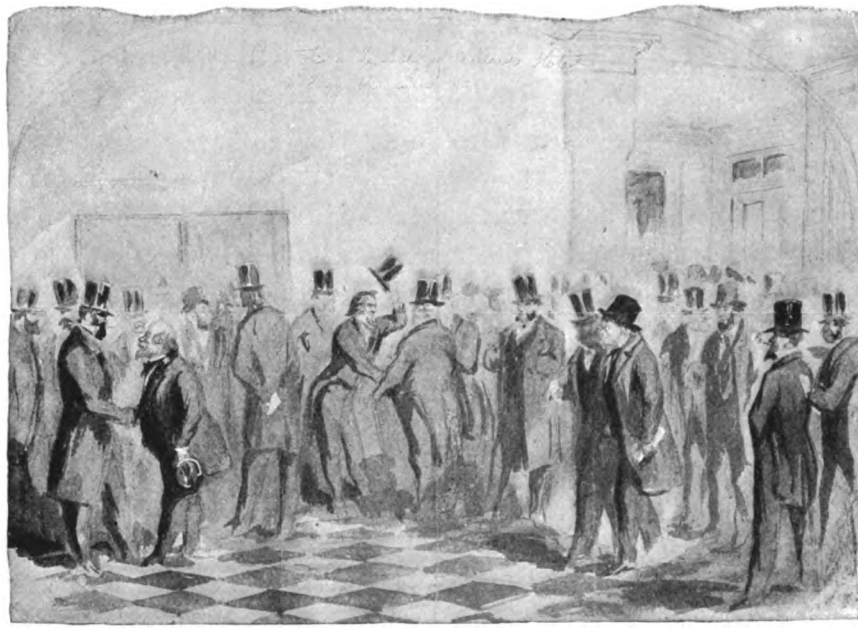
"It seemed to me," said Nast, "that the shadow of death was everywhere. I had endless visions of black funereal parades, accompanied by mournful music. It was as if the whole city were mined, and I know now that this was figuratively true. A single yell of defiance would have inflamed a mob. A shot would have started a conflict. In my room at the Willard Hotel I was trying to work. I picked up my pencils and laid them down as many as a dozen times. I got up at last and walked the floor. Presently in the rooms next mine other men were walking. I could hear them in the silence. My head was beginning to throb, and I sat down and pressed my hands to my temples.



A SOUTHERNER GIVING HORACE GREELEY A PIECE OF HIS MIND

"Then, all at once, in the Ebbett House across the way a window was flung up and a man stepped out on the balcony. The

* "The National Capital," by George C. Hazleton, Jr.



OFFICE SEEKERS IN THE LOBBY OF THE WILLARD
(From the original drawing)

footsteps about me ceased. Everybody had heard the man and was watching breathlessly to see what he would do. Suddenly, in a rich, powerful voice, he began to sing ' The Star Spangled Banner.'

" The result was extraordinary. Windows were thrown up. Crowds gathered on the streets. A multitude of voices joined the song. When it was over the street rang with cheers. The men in the rooms next mine joined me in the corridors. The hotel came to life. Guests wept and flung their arms about one another. Dissension and threat were silenced. It seemed to me, and I believe to all of us, that Washington had been saved by the inspiration of an unknown man with a voice to sing that grand old song of songs."

CHAPTER XII

THE DAYS OF CONFLICT

A ZOUAVE

And now came the long, fierce struggle. The Nation was in a state of war before it was willing to admit the fact. Union stores and armament had been seized. State after State had seceded. As far back as January 9 (1861) the "Star of the West," a merchant vessel sent with supplies and reinforcements to relieve Fort Sumter, had been fired upon by the guns of Fort Moultrie and compelled to return with her cargo to New York. This had caused great rejoicing in the South, where secession was eager for the trial of arms, but it was not until the bombardment of Sumter on the 13th of April that the North really awoke to the ghastly fact of a civil war, the end of which no man could foresee.

Then, suddenly, the lines became sharply drawn. Men were either for or against the Union. Hundreds of merchants who had favored peace at almost any national sacrifice now came forward with funds and offers of service. Even Fernando Wood became vice-president of the first great war meeting in New York City, and delivered an address full of patriotism, urging his hearers to unite in the common cause of Union. President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, and they came pouring in.

Drilling and arming were everywhere. The clamor of fife and drum was on the wind. The North was aroused at last.

The news of the assault on the Sixth Massachusetts by the roughs of Baltimore came on April 19th, on the day that the

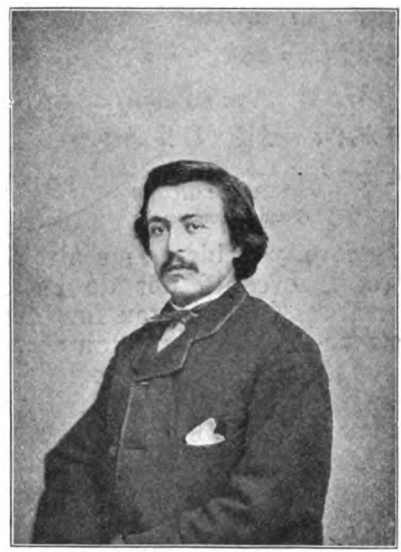
THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY, APRIL 19, 1861

Seventh of New York—the crack regiment of the New York National Guard—marched down Broadway to the ferry for departure. The city went fairly mad that day. Old and young screamed themselves hoarse, and a million banners waved above the line of march. Nast made a drawing and, years later, a large oil painting of the scene. It hangs to-day in the armory of the Seventh, the only pictorial record of an event which New York will never forget.

But marching regiments and a cheering populace are not always the prelude of victory. The months following Abraham Lincoln's accession were full of dark days for the Union. The war was almost a succession of defeats for the National forces,

with the result of fierce exuberance and augmenting courage in the South; while at the North there grew a wide sense of depression that became well-nigh despair. Of course the Administration was attacked. The press and the stay-at-homes began to cry out against Lincoln, against the War Department, against the generals in the field, against everything, in fact, except themselves and their own pet nostrums for the cure of the Nation's sorry case.

Horace Greeley and his Abolition associates attacked Lincoln daily, through the Tribune, demanding emancipation, overlooking the fact that without armed possession he might as easily emancipate the slaves of the Soudan as those of the Secession States. Another and larger faction advocated Union before all, but they wanted it quicker, and these also denounced the Administration and abused the generals and their armies for not ending the conflict without further delay. There was still another class—smaller, it is true, but more dangerous than either of the others—the men who cried out for peace at any cost, who avowed the war to be a failure, who were secessionist at heart—the "Copperheads" of our Civil War.



THOMAS NAST IN 1862
(From a photograph)

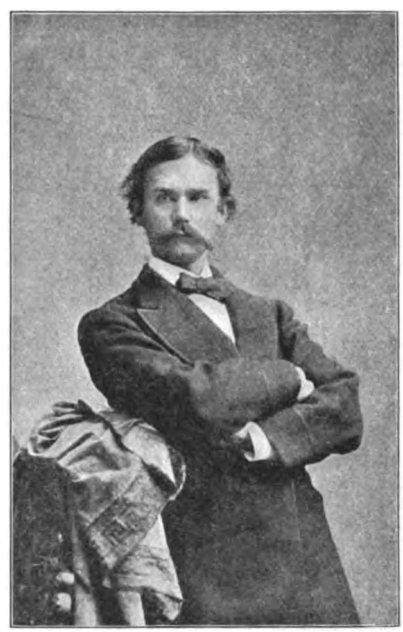
Amid these besetting factions Lincoln's life was a succession of heart-sick days; of joyless nights; of mornings that only too often brought ill tidings of defeat. If the President walked the floor and wept, as he is said to have done when matters were going from bad to worse; when those like Horace Greeley and

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(From a photograph)

Carl Schurz—who should have stood at his right hand instead of blinding themselves to his wider understanding — were assailing his methods and criticising his motives, it is no wonder, and our hearts ache to-day for that sublime, gentle-souled man—the wisest the Nation ever chose to be its guide.

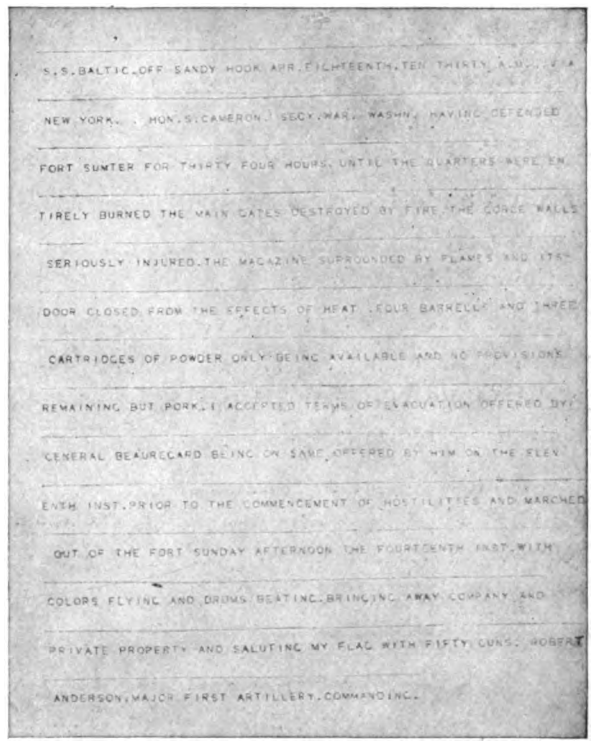
Abraham Lincoln seldom made any reply to his critics, but the following extract from a letter written by him to Carl Schurz, November 24, 1862, may be noted:

"You think I could do better; therefore, you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore, I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have 'heart in it.' Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts or of 'heart in it'? If I must discard my own judgment and take yours I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have 'heart in it' that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine."



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN HAY

It is easy then to understand Lincoln's appreciation of a man like Thomas Nast, who never cavilled at circumstance or ridiculed the country's cause in that dark hour, but in his simple and untrained way struck home every time. Long afterward, when Nast had become a national figure, he was accused by his enemies of having caricatured Lincoln as a drunken sot, but the picture referred to was done by another hand. Nast never caricatured Lincoln in his life—never criticised him in a single word or line.



S.S. BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK, APR. EIGHTEENTH, TEN THIRTY A.M. . . .

NEW YORK. . . HON. S. CAMERON, SECY. WAR, WASHN. HAVING DEFENDED

FORT SUMTER FOR THIRTY FOUR HOURS, UNTIL THE QUARTERS WERE EN-

TIRELY BURNED, THE MAIN GATES DESTROYED BY FIRE, THE GORGE WALLS

SERIOUSLY INJURED, THE MAGAZINE SURROUNDED BY FLAMES AND ITS

DOOR CLOSED FROM THE EFFECTS OF HEAT, FOUR BARRELS AND THREE

CARTRIDGES OF POWDER ONLY BEING AVAILABLE AND NO PROVISIONS

REMAINING, BUT PORK, I ACCEPTED TERMS OF EVACUATION OFFERED BY

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, BEING ON SAME, OFFERED BY HIM ON THE EVE-

ENTH INST. PRIOR TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES AND MARCHED

OUT OF THE FORT SUNDAY AFTERNOON THE FOURTEENTH INST. WITH

COLORS FLYING AND DRUMS BEATING, BRINGING AWAY COMPANY AND

PRIVATE PROPERTY, AND SALUTING MY FLAG WITH FIFTY GUNS. ROBT

ANDERSON, MAJOR FIRST ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.

THE DESPATCH ANNOUNCING THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER

After his marriage in sixty-one, the young artist continued on the News, doing a vast amount of work, mostly of a journalistic sort, yet always filled with a spirit of patriotic fervor. His campaign in Italy had prepared him for his work now. He knew how a battle looked, how soldiers behaved under fire, all the horrors of the red field. Such men were in demand, and one morning early in sixty-two Frank Leslie sent for his old protégé and offered him a weekly salary of fifty dollars. This was more than he was receiving from the News, and, after some hesitation, Nast accepted. The engagement continued but a brief time. Perhaps Leslie had

one of his periods of financial stress. He presently reduced the artist to thirty dollars, and then let him go altogether.

For a moment this seemed a calamity. Nast had a young wife, and a piano not yet paid for. Also a family was not without the range of possibilities. Yet the Leslie incident proved a blessing in disguise. Some drawings sent to Harper's Weekly were promptly accepted and liberally paid for, as prices went in those days. Others followed. In the summer of sixty-two he was assigned to regular staff work. And so, quietly enough, began a pictorial epoch which was to endure almost unbrokenly for a quarter of a century and stand in history without parallel in the combined career of any one man and publication.

Thomas Nast's real service to his country began about at this point. Harper's Weekly had become the greatest picture paper in the field, with an art department of considerable proportions. Nast did not find the art room a satisfactory place to work, and was soon allowed to make his drawings at home, with pay at space rates. This proved a profitable arrangement, as he was a rapid worker, and soon more than doubled his former salary. Fletcher Harper, one of the original "Brothers," who made the publication of the Weekly his especial province, took a deep interest in the industrious and capable young artist. More than once he exhibited the quality and abundance of "Tommy's" work as a means of stimulating other members of the staff. The friendly relations between the future cartoonist and his employer, once begun, grew and augmented as the years passed, and it is due to Fletcher Harper more than to any other one person that the Nast cartoons and Harper's Weekly became identified with the Nation's history.

Almost from the first, Nast was allowed to follow his own ideas —to make pictures, rather than illustrations—and these, purely imaginative and even crude as many of them were, did not fail to arouse the thousands who each week scanned the pages of the

Harper periodical. "From a roving lad with a swift pencil for sale he had become a patriot artist, burning with the enthusiasm of the time."* "John Morgan Sacking a Peaceful Village" would stir to-day those whose relatives and friends might become factors in a similar scene. "A Gallant Color Bearer" was a picture stimulating to patriotism, while a "Guerrilla Raid in the West" was calculated to arouse men to frenzy at the inhuman practices of border warfare.

MRS. NAST AND HER FIRST BABY
(From a pencil sketch)

Pictures like these made recruits, and were soon recognized as a force that would fan many a feeble spark of patriotism into a fierce flame of valor. John Bonner, then art manager of the Weekly, one day said,

"Nast, how does a field look after the battle? Can you draw that? Suppose you make it night."

So another—a double page, this time—was added to the scenes that inspired men to go forth and avenge their country's wrongs. In November he supplied a drawing entitled "Little Mac Making his Rounds," an adaptation of the old picture "Who Goes There?" so familiar to his childhood, and this was followed by a succession of other fierce portrayals of the bloody trade of war.

Matters were going very well indeed with the young artist. He

* James Parton in "Caricature and Other Comic Art."

was earning what seemed a good deal of money, and his domestic venture had proved a happy one. A baby girl had come to the little household on West Forty-fourth Street, Number 282, a part of a house—there were no flats in those days—and with increased prosperity, and the piano—which had been paid for within the year—the little family had entered into the possession of a happiness that was the wonder and perhaps the envy of their friends. "Give my love to Sally," wrote Parton, who, it will be remembered, was Mrs. Nast's cousin; "I think you are a lucky fellow to have so good a wife, and she is a lucky wife to have so good a husband."

Thomas Nast always loved his home, and preferred to work there. In those early days his young wife read to him as he worked, and when social demands were made upon them they would groan and protest, and yield with great unwillingness. They were dubbed "old grannies" at last, and abandoned to their fate. But it was a happy fate, and the close of sixty-two found the household of young "Tommy" Nast as peaceful and restful a spot as there was in all the great strife-riven nation.

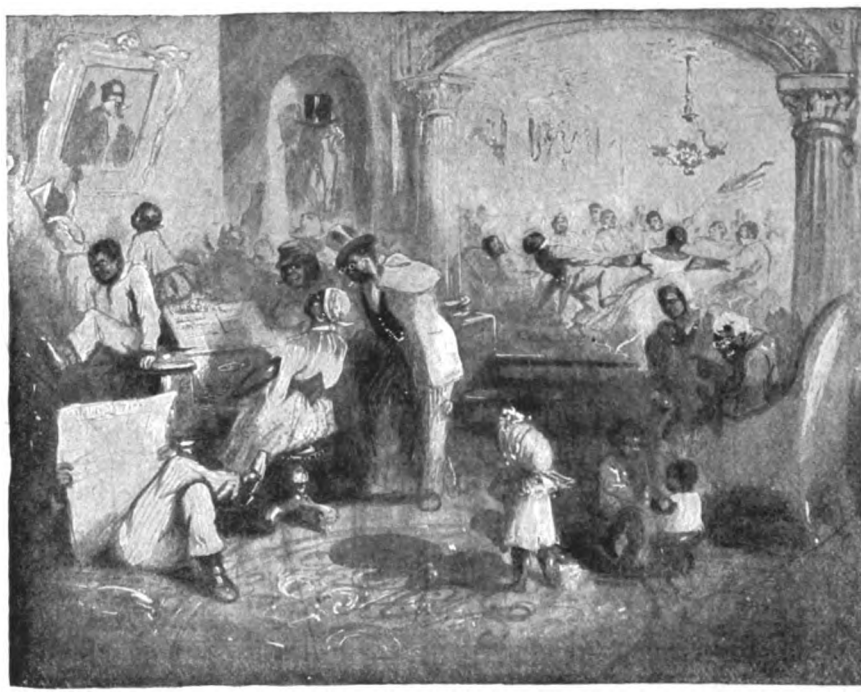
Sixty-three marked the beginning of those semi-allegorical cartoons through which Thomas Nast made his first real fame. The earliest of these was entitled "Santa Claus in Camp," a front page of the Christmas Harper, representing the good saint dressed in the Stars and Stripes, distributing presents in a military camp. But of far greater value was the double centre page of the same issue. This was entitled simply "Christmas Eve," and was one of those curious, decorative combination pictures so popular at that time. In a large Christmas wreath was the soldier's family at home, and in another the absent one by his camp-fire regarding the pictures of his loved ones. Smaller bits surrounded these—well-drawn and full of sentiment.

Wherever Harper's Weekly went, that picture awoke all the tenderness that comes of absence in the dark hour of danger—

THE DOUBLE-PAGE CHRISTMAS PICTURE OF 1862-3

all the love for home and country that is born in every human soul. Letters from every corner of the Union came to the Harper office with messages of thanks for that inspired picture. A colonel wrote to tell how it had reached him on Christmas Eve, and had been unfolded by the light of his own camp-fire, and how his tears had fallen upon the page.

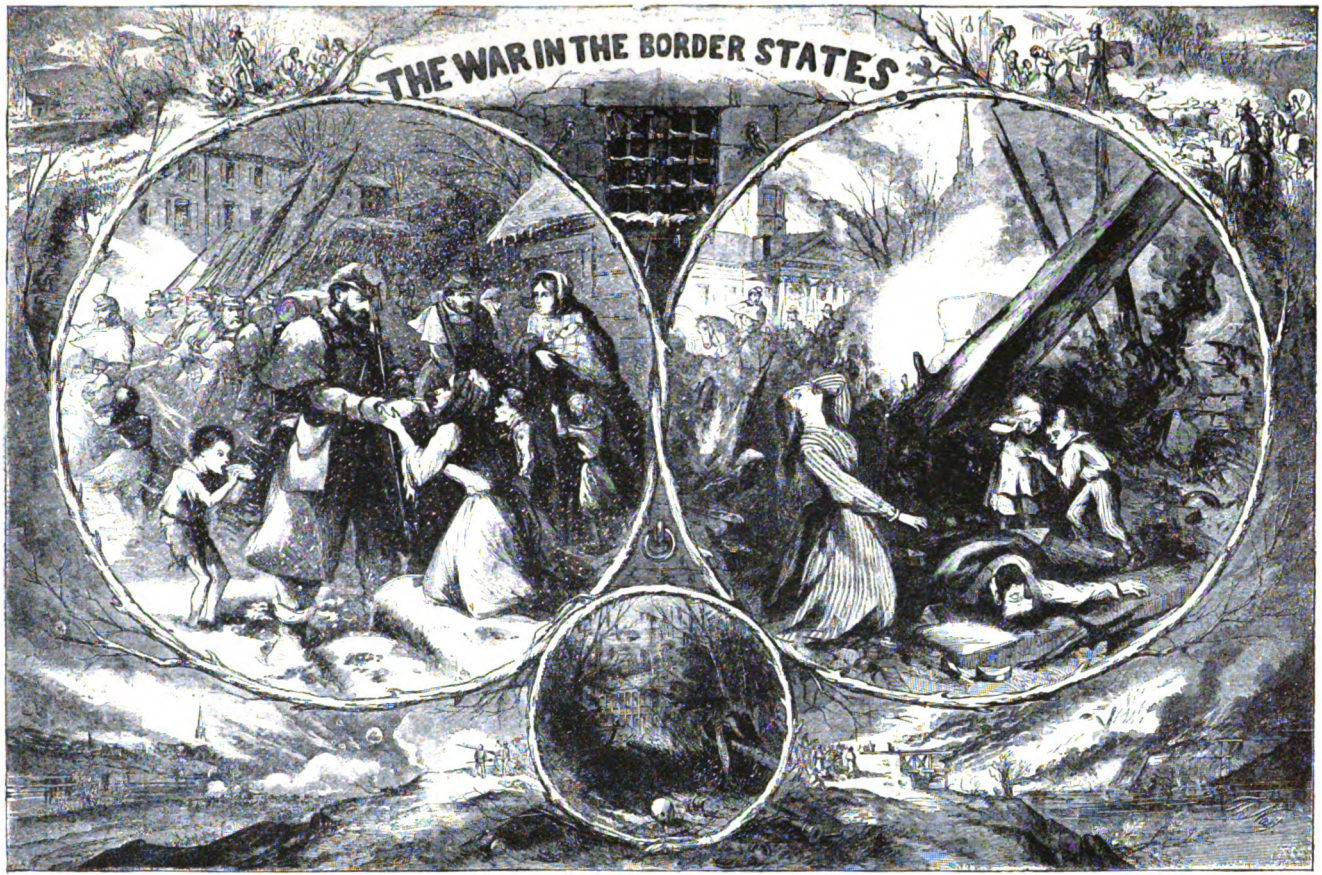
"It was only a picture," he said, "but I couldn't help it."



"KINGDOM COMIN'." "WE MOVED OUR THINGS INTO MASSA'S PARLOR JUST TO KEEP IT WHILE HE'S GONE"
(From the original sketch)

It was only a picture, but thousands besides the colonel had shed tears upon those pages and been ennobled and strengthened in their high resolve.

The success of this picture meant the continuation of Nast's double-page decorative drawings. "War in the Border States" was another grave arraignment of guerrilla warfare, while



ONE OF THE EFFECTIVE DOUBLE-PAGE WAR PICTURES
(From Harper's Weekly)

"Emancipation," on January 24th, depicted negro life as it had been, and as it was to be in the new day soon to come. For Lincoln, with more successful armies at the front, had at last issued the Proclamation that offered freedom to the slaves of every State in active warfare which had not returned to the Union with the beginning of the year. None of these had returned, and their slaves were free, so far as a Northern edict could be sustained in a land still far from conquered.

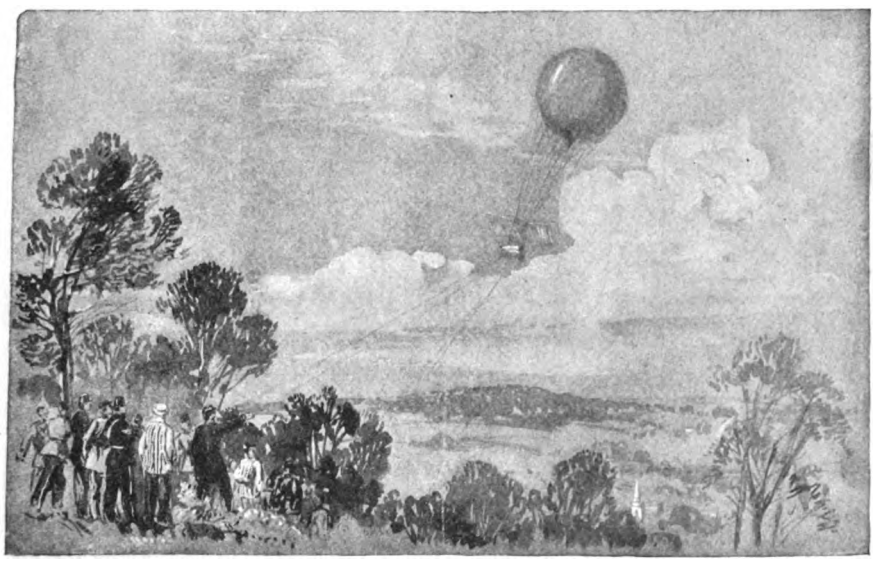
A New Plan to frighten Fine Old English Gentlemen
THE FIRST HARPER CARICATURE

Indeed, the successful outcome of the war was by no means certain at this time. The general who was to lead the armies to victory was still unidentified. Harper's Weekly on January 17, 1863, asks, "Have we a general?" and enumerates those who have already met with a measure of success, with but a slight mention of Ulysses S. Grant, who a year before had taken Fort Donelson and subsequently saved the armies of Shiloh, but who was not yet recognized as the military Moses who was to lead to the Promised Land of Peace.

In January also appeared Nast's first caricature cartoon—a boy frightening John Bull with the cry of "Here Comes General Butler!"—the latter having been denounced as "a brute" by the London Times. The picture was good enough, but it gave no promise of the power and style which would make his individual caricature famous. "Southern Chivalry" was another savage delineation of the supposed methods of Southern warfare.

Perhaps never in the history of the world were two sections of a nation more bitter in their beliefs and more violent in their thirst for revenge than were the North and South at this mo-

ment. Women forgot everything except the fact that husband and brother had been shot down—perhaps with horrible mutilation—to die in lingering agony. Guerrilla atrocities were continually reported and magnified in the North. In sections of the South a Northern soldier was likely to be regarded as a wild beast. Sixty-three was a poor time to investigate. Nast simply used the material that came to his hand, and each resulting picture brought volunteers to the Northern cause. They also brought scores of threatening letters to the Harper office from the infuriated South, and Nast would have been burned at the stake had he been captured during the occasional trips he made to the front. We cannot consider these pictures fairly at this time. Fierce they were, and brutal as were the times and scenes they depicted, appealing in their sentiment to those elemental impulses which always leap uppermost in the hour of impending evil, especially during the ever-present dangers of civil war. Even the more domestic drawings of this period were done in a spirit of homely melodrama little in vogue to-day. They were



"BALLOON OBSERVATIONS"
(From a sketch made at the front, 1863)

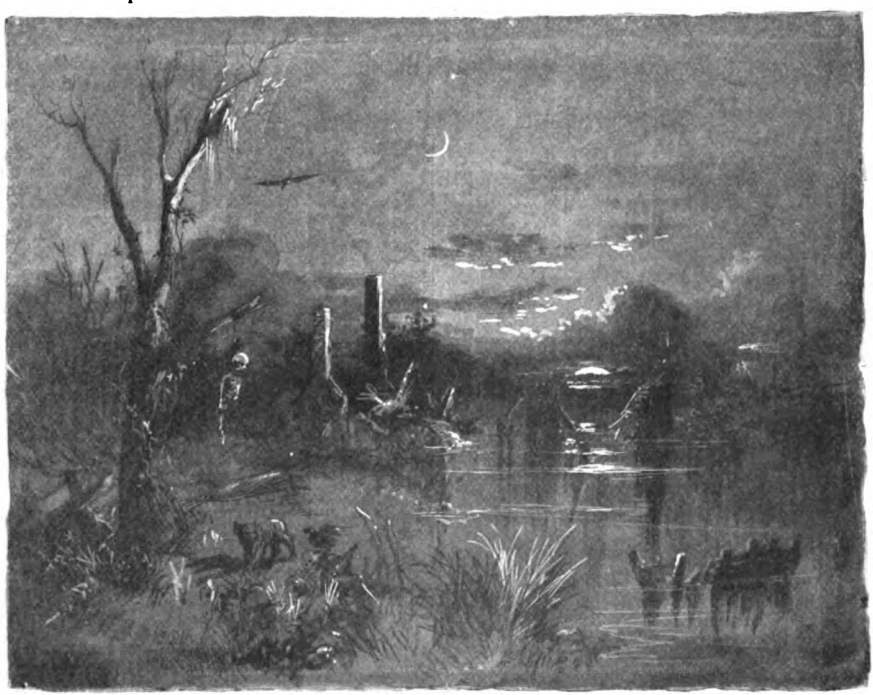
not works of art—Nast did not so consider them. War is not a time of culture and discrimination, but of blows, and those dealt by Thomas Nast were Swift and savage and aimed to kill.

CAPTURE OF THE HEIGHTS OF FREDERICKSBURG
(Nast afterwards painted his "Saving the Flag" from this picture)

During the spring of sixty-three, on a trip to Fort Moultrie, Nast first met General Butler, and made a sketch from life of the face he was to caricature so frequently in the days to come. He also made for his paper the "Arrival of a Federal Column," from which, somewhat later, he painted his large picture "'61 to '65." During these trips to the front he met and became the friend of General Sheridan, who invited the artist to establish headquarters in his camp.

In July of sixty-three, Lee was in Pennsylvania, and Nast was anxious to get additional sketches of armies in action. Through a rather humorous complication with one of Mrs. Nast's English relatives, under arrest at Harrisburg for wearing as a sash the

Confederate flag, Nast himself was held for a few days, during which time the battle of Gettysburg was fought. Meantime, he enjoyed the freedom of the camp, and upon being discharged hurried to the scene of action, meeting at every stage of the journey wounded men, painfully making their way northward. At Carlisle he was among those who were shelled by the Confederate forces, and secured some sketches. The portrayal of this scene appeared in Harper's for July 25th. The front page of the same issue bore a fine portrait of Major-General U. S. Grant, now styled the "Hero of Vicksburg," and "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, and recognized as the commander whom the paper had endeavored to point out the year before. Nast greatly admired Grant's picture, and perhaps foresaw in it the nation's hero, but little he guessed how closely they were to be allied in the days to come, or what assistance his pencil was to render that serene and stalwart man.



"THE RESULT OF THE WAR" (From the original drawing)

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE DRAFT RIOTS

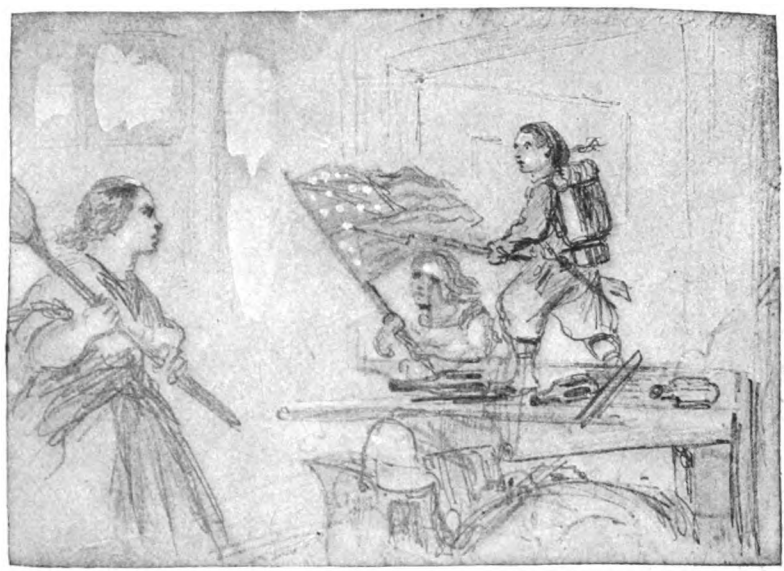
(Specimen carte de visite sold by E. and H. T. Anthony)

Returning to New York, Nast found himself in the midst of the Draft Riots—the streets of the city a bedlam of insurrection. All the "Copperhead" roughs of the metropolis were united—ostensibly to oppose the Draft Act, which had made all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five subject to active service—but mainly for the purpose of arson and plunder, and for the destruction of inoffensive negroes and their friends.

"Down with the negroes!" "Down with the Abolitionists!" "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" were cries heard everywhere. Terrified citizens locked and barred their doors. Those who had negro servants concealed them, often to have them dragged forth and murdered before their eyes.

Nast, mingling with the mob, saw the assault on the Tribune office, also the burning of the colored orphan asylum, where many of the fleeing inmates were overtaken and beaten—some of them slaughtered and left in the streets. At one place he saw

a dead Union soldier—the children of the rioters dancing about him and poking at him with sticks. It would have been madness to attempt any interference with the inflamed and drunken



ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR "THE DOMESTIC BLOCKADE"

mobs, which were not unlike those of the French Revolution. He made sketches as best he could and hurried home to look after the safety of his family.

Horatio Seymour, Democratic Governor of New York, came down from his home in the quiet lake country to quell the mob by calling the rioters his "friends," and by assuring them that he would "have the draft suspended and stopped." This sentiment, though cheered, was not of a nature to check the reign of lawless carnage. The police, aided by the military, at length suppressed the insurrection, but not before a thousand persons had been killed or wounded and more than two million dollars' worth of property destroyed. Houses had been burned and buildings sacked. New York showed in this incident the temper of a foreign element which has not improved with time,

NAST'S FIRST PUBLISHED SANTA CLAUS
(From "Christmas Poems," issued by J. M. Gregory, 1863-4)

except to become more cowardly, and which, should it ever become aroused in force, may lay waste a great city.

Nast's work had now become recognized as a potent factor in the progress of events. A great number of persons subscribed to Harper's Weekly mainly to get the pictures, and among the illustrations his were considered of chief importance. Yet he was not without able associates. A. R. Waud, an artist in the field; Winslow Homer, Theodore R. Davis, Sol Eytinge, Frank Bellew, W. L. Sheppard, one or more of the Beard family, W. S. L. Jewett and C. G. Bush—the veteran cartoonist of to-day—were all associated with the great "Journal of Civilization," and their work was masterly, considering the methods of those days and the time allowed for its preparation. Yet in the drawings of Nast—often less notable for their technique—there was a feeling which appealed more directly to the emotions than could be found in the work of his fellows. It must have been the throb of his own fierce loyalty—his determination to destroy whatever stood in the path of his conviction. It was the same quality that a few years later was to

demolish corrupt politicians and city officials. It was the handling of metal at white heat—a trade at which he was the master craftsman of them all. There was to come a day when the metal would cool and the workman's hands would fail to shape it to the public taste. But that time lay far away and concealed behind the curtain of the years. Now, he was just in the beginning of his triumphs, with the greatest yet to come.

Many publishers began to seek his work. To some of these he sold paintings which were reproduced in color and sold widely. "A Domestic Blockade"—two children fortified in the parlor against the domestic of the household, became familiar to almost every family of that period For E. and H. T. Anthony he made a set of caricatures which were photographed in cartes de visite and sold by the thousand. They are only interesting now as showing a tendency to caricature which eventually was to dominate his work. War histories, "Tribute Books" and

SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION FROM "ROBINSON CRUSOE," ILLUSTRATED BY NAST

juvenile publications were illustrated with his designs. A volume of Christmas poems presented his first published conception of Santa Claus as the Pelze-Nicol of his childhood—the fat, fur-clad type which the world has accepted as the popular portrayal of its favorite saint. In the Weekly he still continued

"A CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH"
(From Harper's Weekly)

his illustrative and half-allegorical cartoon work. "Honor the Brave," "Thanksgiving Day at the Union Altar," "The Story of Our Drummer Boy," and "A Christmas Furlough," which closed sixty-three, added much to the artist's rapidly growing fame. Letters came to him from all directions, fondly praising or bitterly condemning the pictures, according to the sympathies and geographical location of the writers.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WAR'S LAST DAYS

With the beginning of sixty-four, Thomas Nast showed the pity and human sympathy with distress which was always so large a part of his nature. The cartoon was "New Year's Day, North and South," and in contrasting the comparative luxury of the North with the destitution of the overwhelmed but still struggling South, his inner tenderness for those in sorrow is clearly manifest. Later in January, Nast contributed a double-page, "Winter in Central Park." In the centre of this picture is a skating group, wherein a number of portraits of prominent persons appear. To introduce public characters into imaginative drawings seems to have been a custom in those old days. From a title page by Nast of a small and short-lived weekly entitled "Mrs. Grundy," one familiar with the faces of that time may pick out nearly one hundred notables.

"Columbia Decorating Grant," to whom Congress had just accorded a vote of thanks and a gold medal in acknowledgment of continued victories, was a Harper page of February 6th, sixty-four, and this was Nast's first published drawing of the man who with Lincoln and Garibaldi should claim to the last his admiration and his honor. Throughout the year the single and double-page cartoons continued, growing more domestic and less savage as the South gradually gave up the struggle and the days

of peace seemed nearer. "On to Richmond," published June 18th, was perhaps the most spirited of the summer's work, but as the weeks passed and the presidential campaign grew fiercer, there appeared two cartoons that stirred the Nation more than any pictures hitherto published.

The first of these, "Compromise with the South," appeared a few days after the Chicago Convention, which had been controlled by Fernando Wood and Clement L. Vallandigham. The latter was an avowed "Copperhead," already once imprisoned for treason, and only through Lincoln's generosity allowed to be at large. The declared principles of this convention were to obtain peace at any price, yielding to the South any point that might bring the seceding States back into the fold. It asserted that the war was a failure, notwithstanding the fact that the situation even then was in the hands of the Union forces, and failure could result only through adopting the Chicago platform. The cartoon of Nast represented the defiant Southerner clasping hands with the crippled Northern soldier over the grave of Union heroes fallen in a useless war. Columbia is bowed in sorrow, and in the background is a negro family, again in chains. In the original design there had been a number of smaller accompanying pictures, but Fletcher Harper considered the central idea sufficient and made of it a full page.

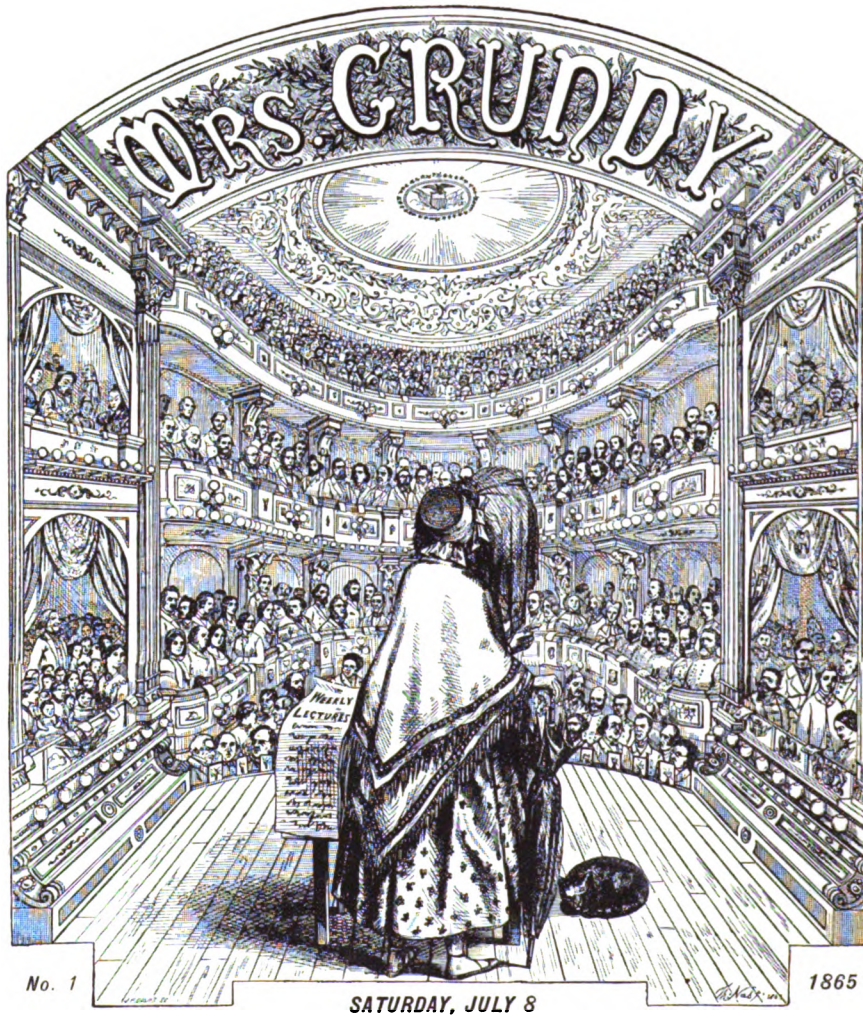
The success of this picture was startling. An increased edition of the Weekly was printed to supply the demand, and the plate was used for a campaign document of which millions of copies were circulated.

As stated, the Chicago Peace Party Convention had been controlled by Wood and Vallandigham and others of their political faith, including Samuel J. Tilden and Horatio Seymour *—both patriots of the Vallandigham school and future candidates for the Presidency. The nominees were George B. McClellan, who

* Mr. Seymour was chosen to preside over the Chicago Convention.

DEDICATED TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE GREAT "COMPROMISE CARTOON." FIRST PUBLISHED IN HARPER'S WEEKLY. AFTERWARDS CIRCULATED AS A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT



TITLE PAGE FOR MRS. GRUNDY, MADE IN COMPETITION

This drawing won a prize of one hundred dollars. About one hundred easily recognized faces may be picked out among those in the galleries and boxes. When it is remembered that these were drawn on wood and are here only slightly reduced, the ingenuity of the draughtsman will be realized)

resigned from the army to accept—the greatest mistake a great man ever made—and George H. Pendleton of Ohio. The platform was "Copperhead" throughout, and on October 15th Harper's Weekly published the second destructive cartoon, depicting in Nast's most ferocious manner just what the platform

NAST'S PICTORAL ELUCIDATION OF THE CHICAGO PLATFORM OF 1864. FIRST PUBLISHED IN HARPER'S WEEKLY. AFTERWARDS CIRCULATED AS A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT

meant. It was an intricate double-page affair—a combination of something like twenty pictures—interwoven and interwound with pertinent extracts from the hated document.

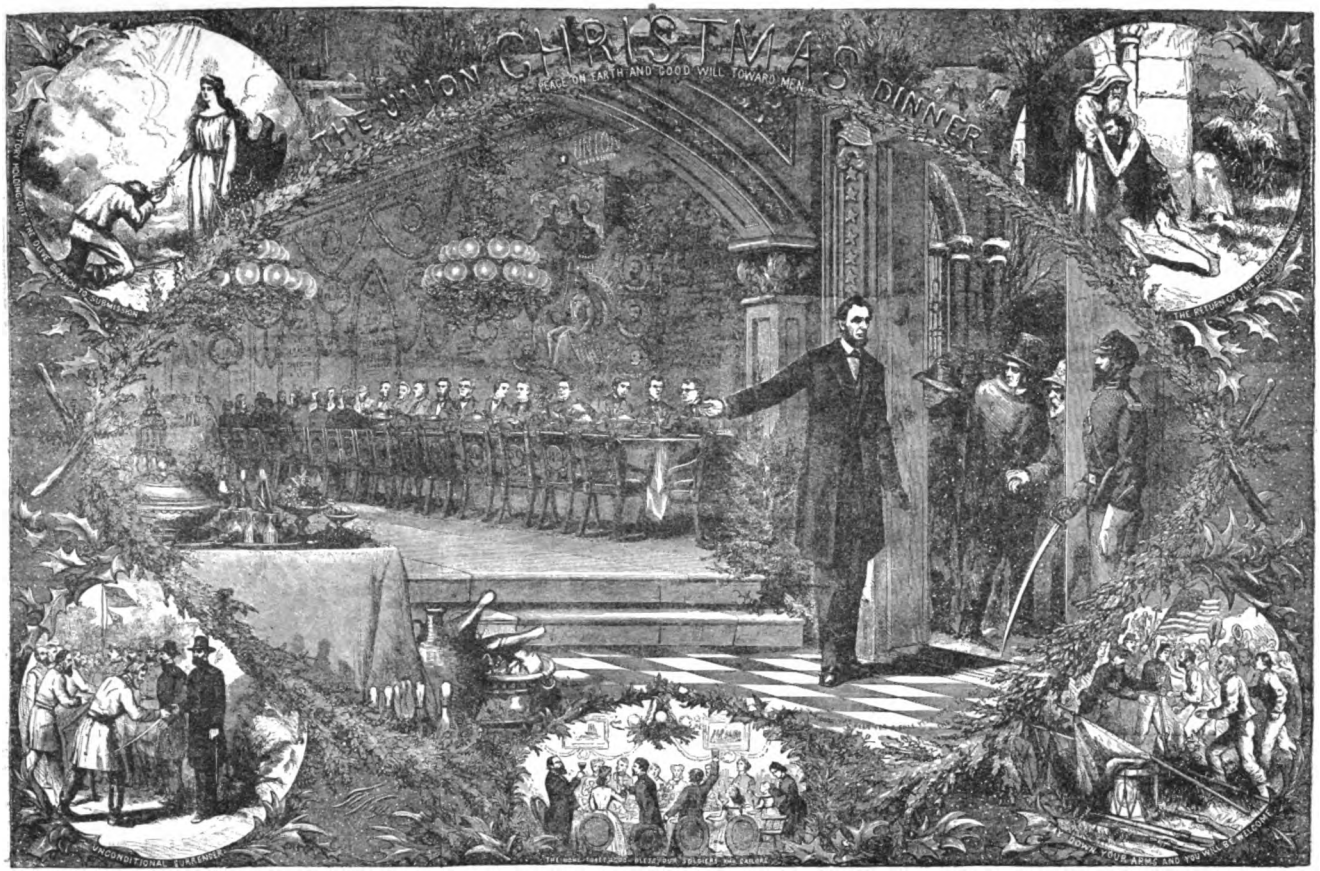
Nobody can ever estimate what these two cartoons added to the majorities of Lincoln and Johnson, but it is believed that they gained many thousands of votes for the Union cause. Harper's Weekly, in an article somewhat later, referred to them as " prodigious batteries whose influence upon the glorious results of the campaign was undeniable."

And then, once more, the gentler spirit of Thomas Nast was manifested. In the big Christmas cartoon of sixty-four, Lincoln is represented as pointing to the empty chairs at the National dinner-table, inviting the recreant States to come in from the storm and cold and take their seats. And this proved a real prophecy, for Abraham Lincoln, who was so soon to lay down his life as the price of Union, with that sublime impulse of forgiveness which filled every corner of his great and gentle heart, did almost precisely what the artist had foreseen.

The war was not yet ended, but the people of the North had declared that it should be pushed to its legitimate conclusion. The seceding States would be welcomed back, but the terms must be made by the victors.

" Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray," said Lincoln in his second inaugural address, " that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. But if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

So the sad, useless struggle went on long after the end was in sight. Finally a point was reached when the North itself was



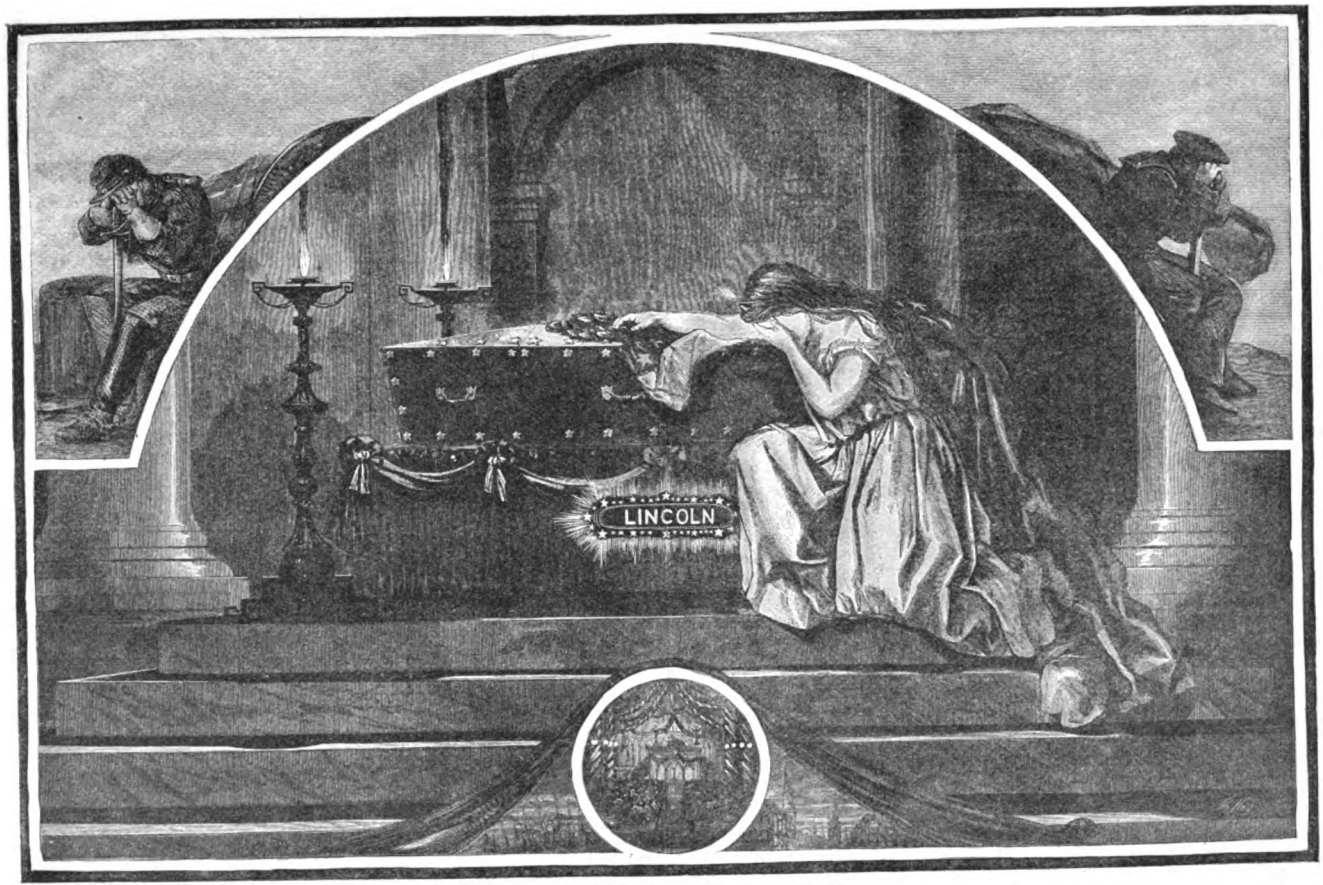
ABRAHAM LINCOLN INVITING THE SOUTHERN LEADERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE AT THE NATIONAL TABLE

shipping supplies to the starving citizens of Savannah, and the papers of the South were assailing Jefferson Davis, by whom, it may be said, they had stood far more loyally than most of the so-called Union papers of the North had ever stood by Lincoln. Finally, late in February of sixty-five, colored troops singing "John Brown's Body" marched through the streets of Charleston, where the first shots of the war had been fired. Then, a few weeks later, came the fall of Richmond, and on April 4th Lincoln entered the Confederate capital and was almost overwhelmed with the demonstrations of a rejoicing multitude. Nast made a large drawing and later a painting of this triumphal hour, and then there appeared from his pencil an emblematic page entitled "The Eve of War and the Dawn of Peace." Facing this page, drawn by another hand, was the scene of one of the saddest and most dastardly tragedies in all history—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, on the night of April 14th, at Ford's Theatre, Washington.

The war had ended, and with it had ended the life of the purest, the gentlest, the wisest man whose name has ever been written on the page of history.

The Nation's grief was depicted by Nast in a representation of Columbia mourning at Lincoln's bier, and later by another, entitled "Victory and Death." On the Fourth of July, there followed a fine double-page entitled "Peace," a scene suggested by Grant's magnanimous order—"Let them keep their mules and horses—they will need them for the spring ploughing." Later the artist reproduced a portion of this picture in a canvas entitled "Peace Again," a pleasing and inspiring scene.

And so the war, with its four years of stress and grief and bitterness and martyrdom, had been added to the past. The surviving soldier had returned to his farm, his workshop, and his office. His sword had been laid down for the pen, his musket for the plough and the tools of trade.



COLUMBIA MOURNS