

CARTOONS



BY
HOMER C. DAVENPORT

Davenport's Cartoons



Davenport.

CARTOONS

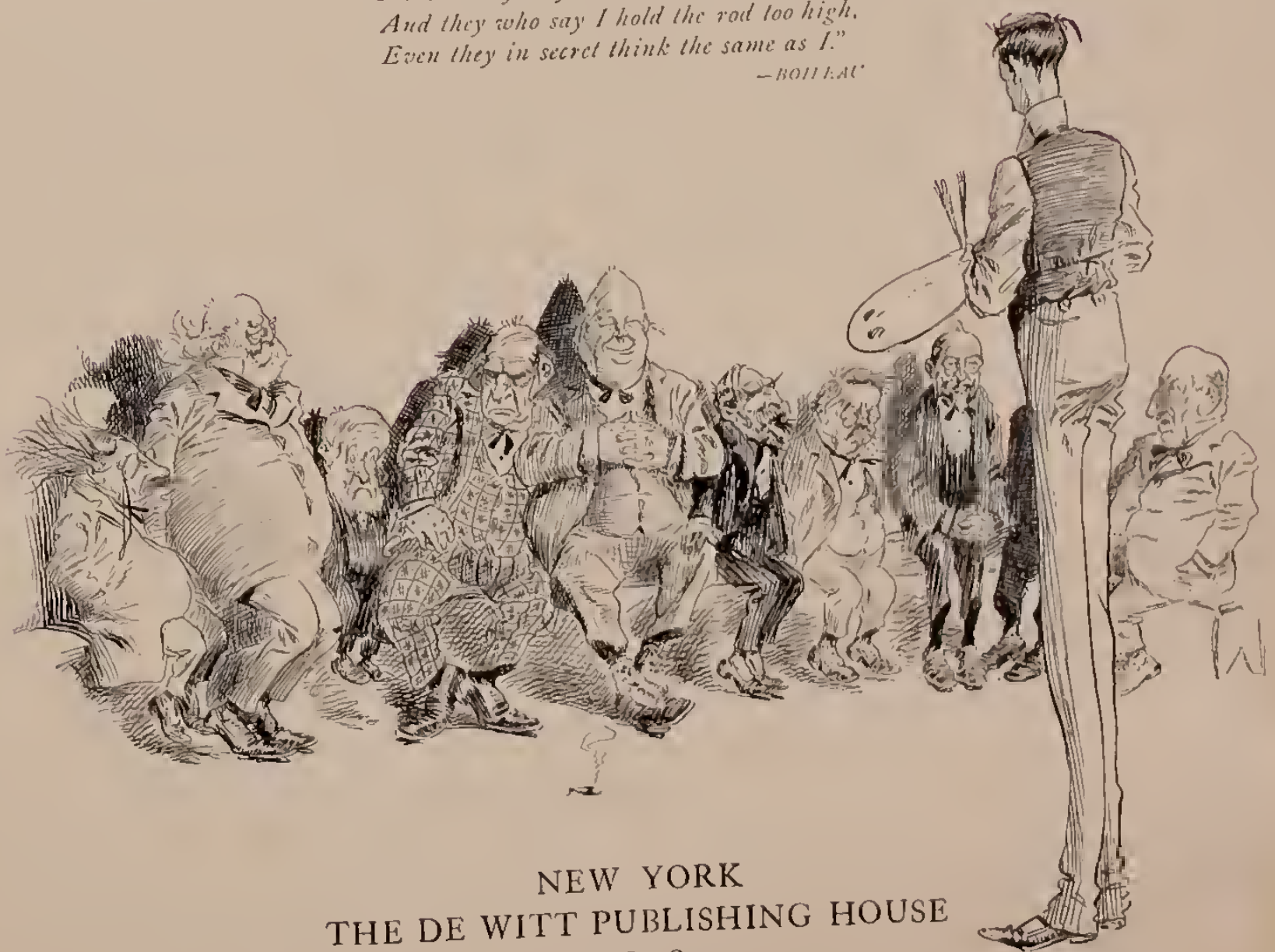
BY

HOMER C. DAVENPORT

With an Introduction by
Hon. JOHN J. INGALLS

*"By satire's dashes fools are glorious made,
As pictures owe their brilliancy to shade.
In all the honest censures I have brought,
I have but freely uttered what I thought;
And they who say I hold the rod too high,
Even they in secret think the same as I."*

—BOILEAU



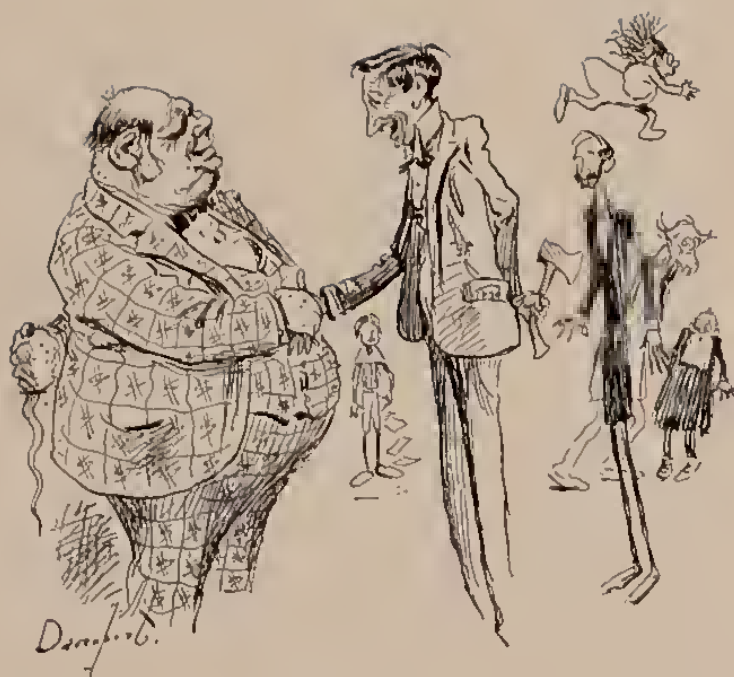
NEW YORK
THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE
1898

A number of the cartoons in this volume have appeared in *The New York Journal*, and are here reproduced through the courtesy of
W. R. HEARST.

Copyright, 1897, by
HOMER C. DAVENPORT



To My Father.



An Interview With Senator Hanna

CARTOONS:

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY DO.



CARICATURE, while preserving a grotesque resemblance, exaggerates the distinguishing traits, features, qualities, attitudes, costumes and personal characteristics of its victims, either to excite mirth, to inflict injury, to gratify hatred, to assail an adversary, to expose foibles, fads and follies to contempt, or to reform men, manners and morals by holding up vice, perfidy and dishonor to scorn and reprobation.

Caricature may be humorous, causing smiles, or witty, making us laugh, or satirical, bringing the sardonic grin, but it is never wholly benign. It is a weapon whose point is barbed, and, may be, envenomed. Often salutary and the auxiliar of virtue, a teacher, a monitor, it deals with the defective, the imperfect, the infirm; disparages excellence, depreciates merit, and seeks by ludicrous distortion to render its subjects ridiculous, contemptible or execrated. It does evil that good may come. It shoots folly as it flies. It impales frivolity with harmless pleasantry, and scourges public and private immorality naked through the world.

The political cartoon is the highest development of pictorial satire, and has reached its climax in England and America.

Other nations have had comic moralities and social parodies, but their masterpieces have been thin, feeble and uninteresting compared with the powerful conceptions of those ironical artists to whose works the historian will be indebted for the most graphic impression of the leaders and issues of the nineteenth century.

As a vehicle of detraction, of censure, of discontent, of hostility, the cartoon is specially adapted to the saturnine quality of our blood, which rejoices with savage pugnacity in rough but good-natured battles, in hard blows, and gives and takes punishment with a Stoic smile.

The caricature of the forum to be effective must in the main be equitable.

Public opinion, to which the cartoon is addressed, will resent abuse, gratuitous brutality and wanton malignity. The object of attack must be culpable, either personally or in the cause he represents. The atrocious libels upon Lincoln during the rebellion, depicting him as a boor and a tyrant, reacted in his favor and aroused compassion instead of abhorrence, because the people, whose burdens the martyr bore, instinctively recognized their injustice.

Something more than the skill of the draughtsman, or the technic of the artist is requisite, therefore, for the production of the cartoon.



The subtle lineaments of character, the features of the soul, should appear in the distorted, but familiar visage, and the relation of conduct to results must be perceived by the intuitions of genius.

The French Finance Minister was drawn in 1787 as the royal cook, with apron and cap, armed with an immense carving knife, addressing a congregation of poultry, representing the Assembly of Notables. The legend ran in this way—Minister: "Dear people whom I govern, I have assembled you to ascertain with what sauce you would like to be eaten?" The poultry, at once, and vociferously: "But we do not wish to be eaten at all." The Minister, severely, whetting his knife: "That is no answer to my question"—a cartoon which makes the banishment of Calonne, the decapitation of Louis sixteenth, and the catastrophe of Waterloo intelligible.



In party struggles, and the contests of popular government, the cartoon is often more efficient than the speech, the editorial or the pamphlet, in the final appeal either to the passions or the reason of the constituency. It reaches all sorts and conditions of men. Its effect is both instantaneous and enduring. It remains in the memory when arguments and statistics are forgotten. It appeals to sentiments that are universal in human nature.

It is certain that no orator or writer contributed more to the overthrow of Tweed, and the horde of thieves that sacked and pillaged New York, than Thomas Nast, and it cannot be doubted that in the campaign of 1872, the same great artist was Grant's ablest champion and Greeley's most unrelenting foe.

Perhaps the most merciless and fatal cartoon in our politics was the representation of Blaine as "The Tattooed Man" in 1884, which reiterated to the eye the terrible aspersions of the enemies of that great leader in a manner that permitted no refutation. No argument can

disprove obloquy. There is no reply to an innuendo, a sneer or an epigram; no shield or armor against caricature.

Upon the whole, the mission of the cartoon must be accounted beneficent. It is one phase of the freedom of speech, thought and the press which is the safeguard of liberty. If it sometimes goes too far and transends propriety, or passes the boundary of decorum, and impartial criticism, the remedy is found in the reformation of conduct and the enlightenment of public opinion. Good behavior and high character are an impregnable fortification and tower of defense against injustice.

The encroachments of wealth and power are perpetual, and when office becomes too insolent, the wrong of the oppressor and the contumely of the proud intolerable, there is no weapon so potential as the pencil of Nast and Davenport. It supplies the place of conscience to many a pachydermatous sinner. He may be indifferent to God and the devil; regardless of heaven and hell; careless of the sanctions of human law so long as he can escape the penitentiary or the gibbet; but he shrinks from the pillory of the cartoon in which he is a fixed figure to be pointed at by the slow unmoving finger of public scorn.



John J. Ingalls.

OAK RIDGE, Aug. 27th, 1897.



Getting The Old Gun Ready.



About Time To Get To Work.



The Two Viceroys.



Marking Up The Prices.



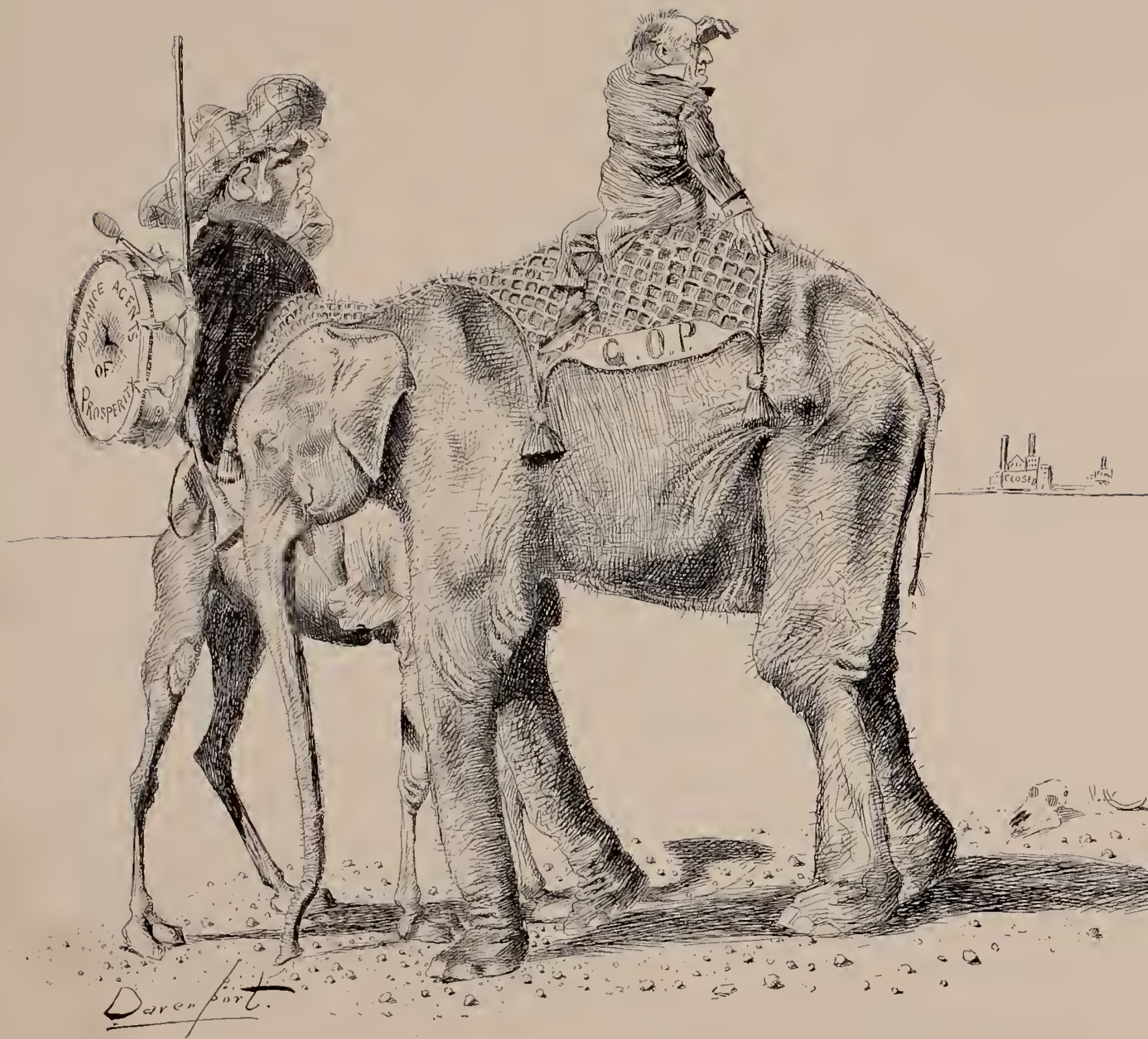
Nelson Dingley, Jr.,
The Gentleman From Maine.



No Wonder They Laugh.



Indecision.



McKINLEY—"Mark, it don't look as if the rest of the procession were coming."



A Mighty Hunter.



What Arbitration Would Mean.



The Queen's Jubilee—"Here's To You, Victoria!"



Sir William Harcourt, M.P.



Davenport

HAWARDEN CASTLE

JAN 14. 97.

The Right Hon William E. Gladstone.



Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.



Lord Salisbury.



Davenport
Monte Carlo
Dec 16. 96.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

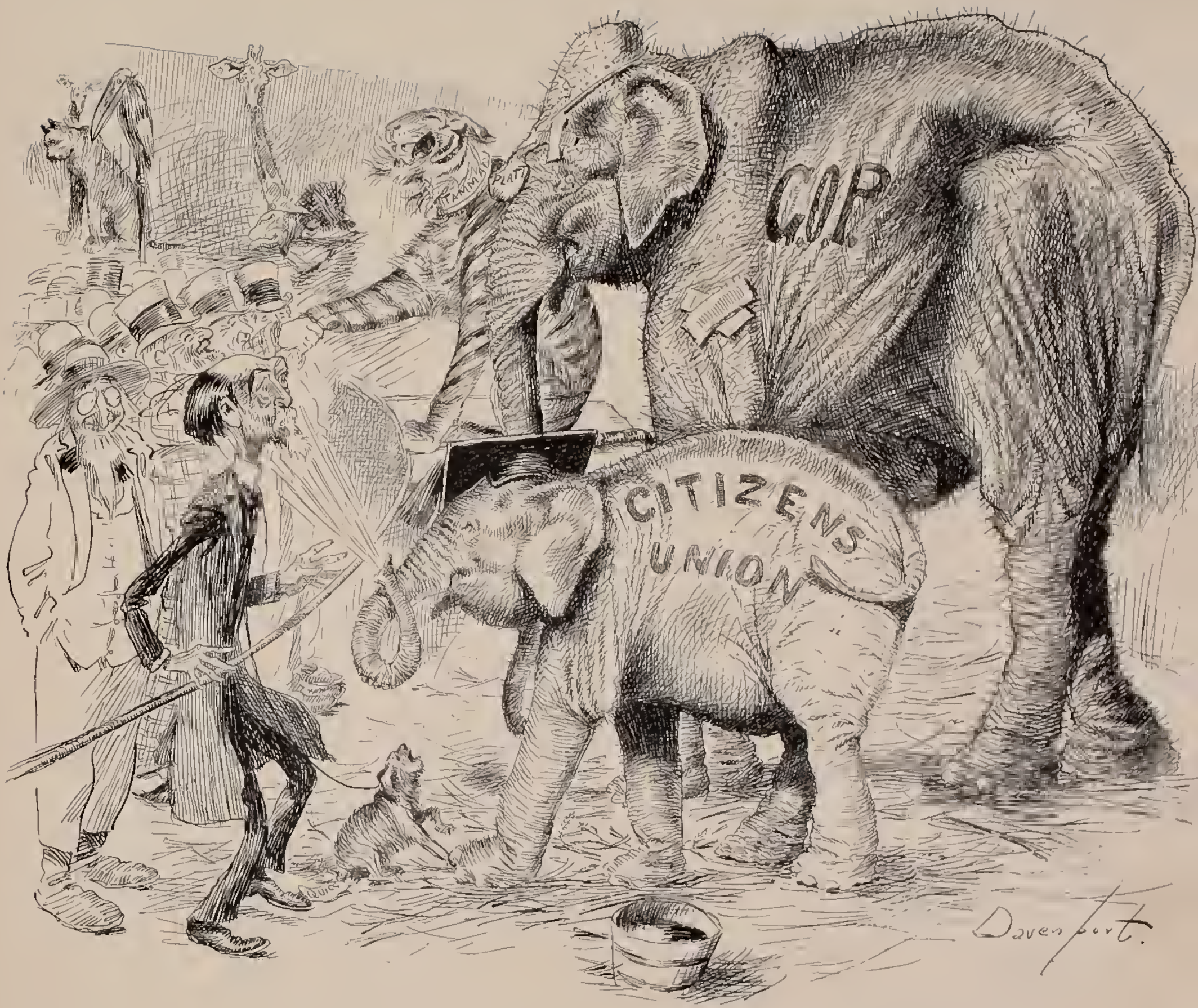


Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.



Savenpont

"Do You See Anything Green In My Eye?"



The New Baby Elephant In The Political Zoo.



Senator Cockrell.
From Missouri.



Three Minutes With The Speaker.



The X Rays.



Now For Prosperity.



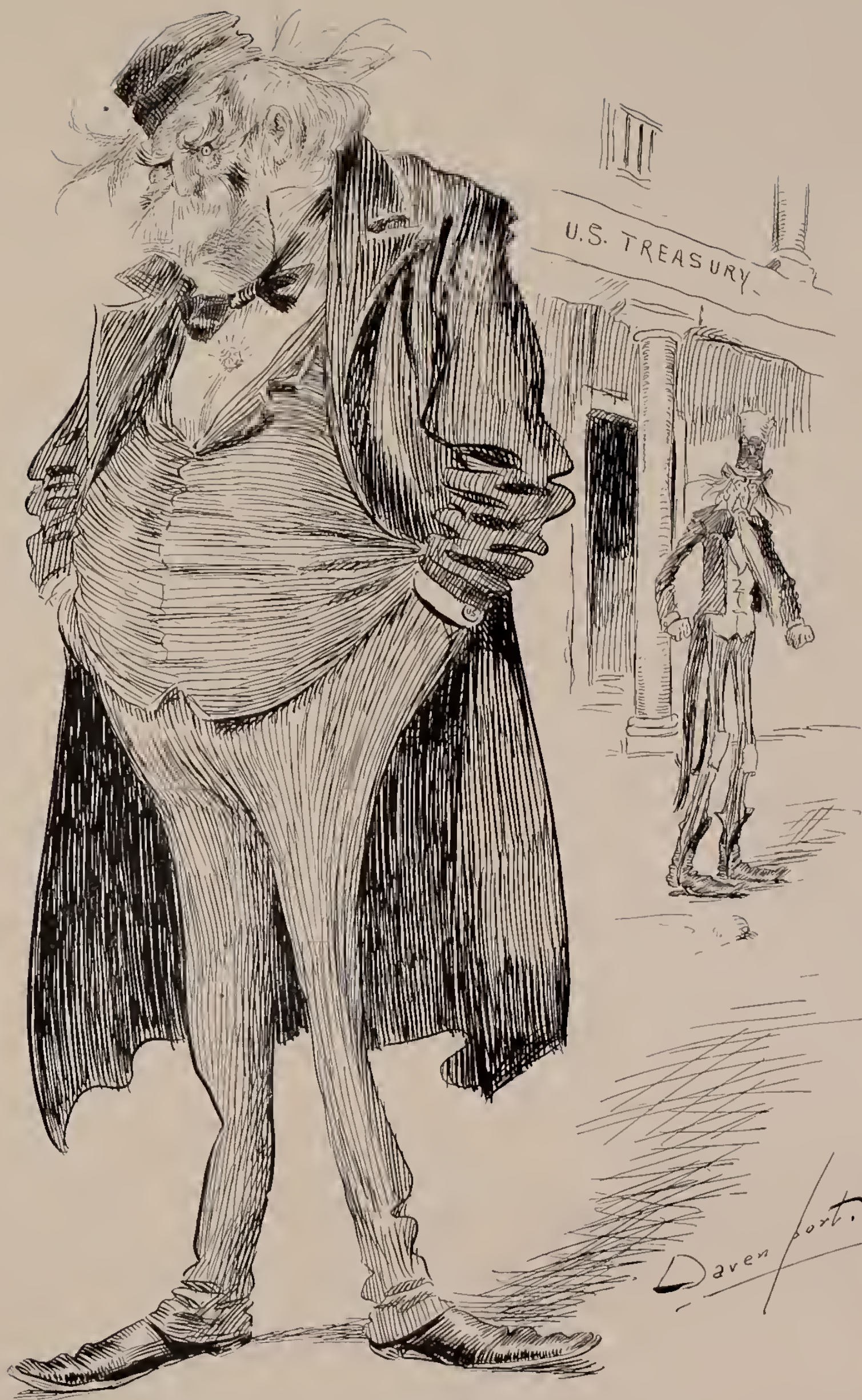
The National Circus.



During The Morton Boom.



A Modern Plague.



UNCLE SAM—"It's a wonder he left me the building!"

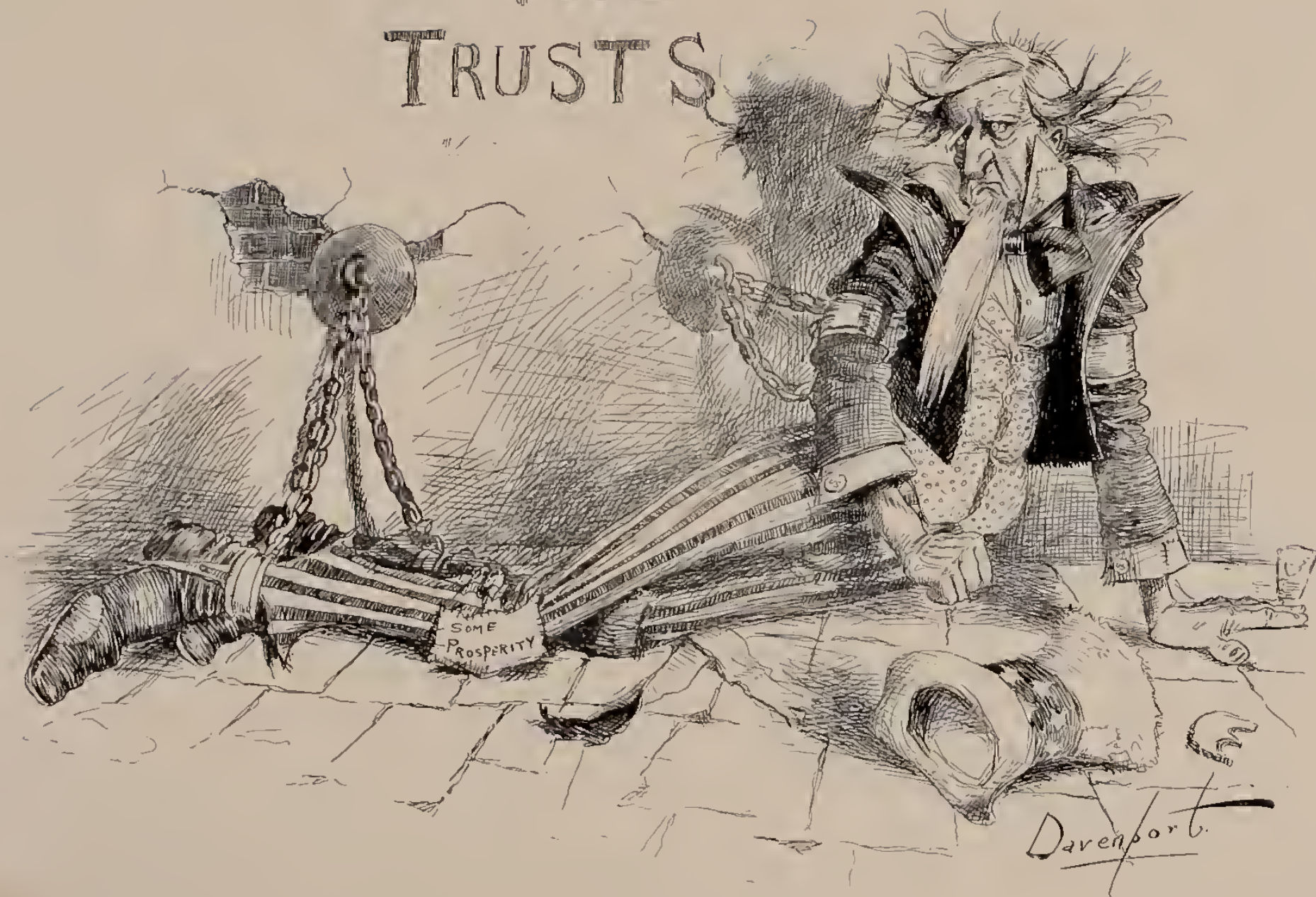


"Pussy Wants A Corner."



The Czar.

THE TRUSTS



How Long Can He Stand It?



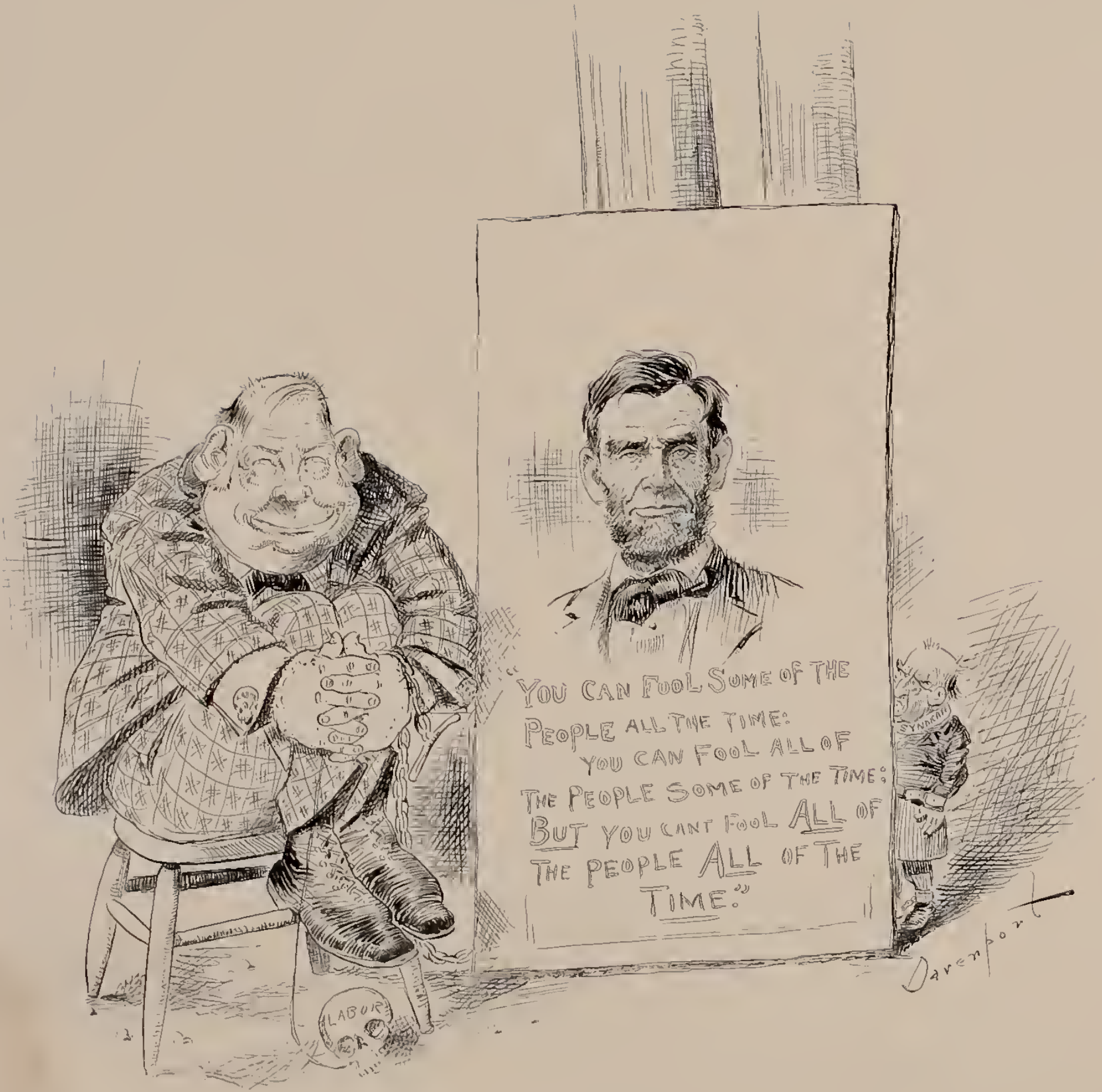
Liberty Makes An Exception.



The Charge Of The Bunco Brigade.



Mr. Hanna's Stand on the Labor Question.



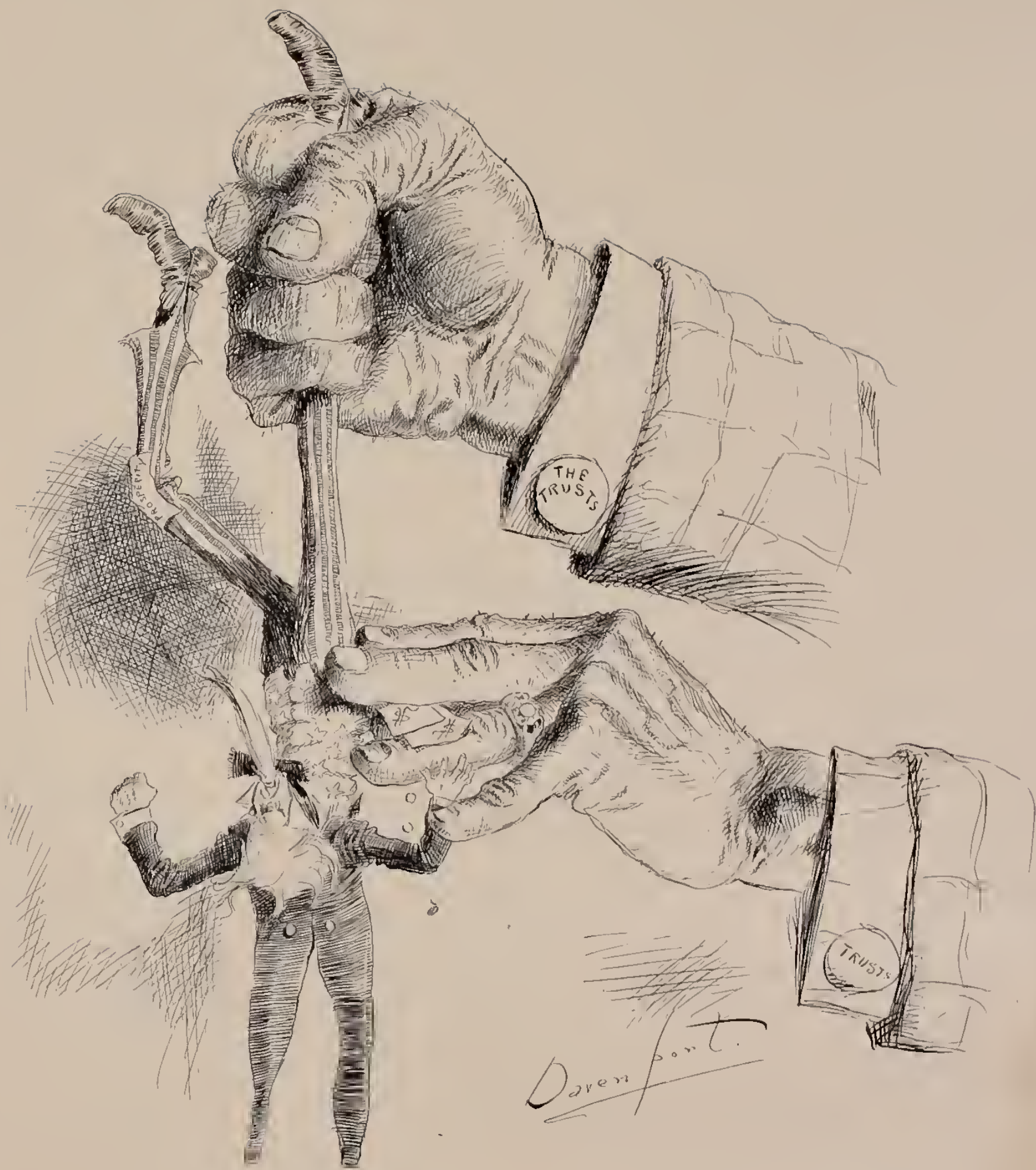
Oh, I Don't Know!



Honest Money.



Hoch! McKinley!



A National Hold Up.



Davenport
aug 96

The Reed Boom—After The Collapse.



Col. James Hamilton Lewis,
The Gentleman From Washington.



A Democratic Rise In The Ohio.



Pulitzer versus The Silver Trust.



Hark From The Tomb A Doleful Sound—Hill Has Spoken!



Now That Congress's Candle Is Out, What Noxious Odors Rise!



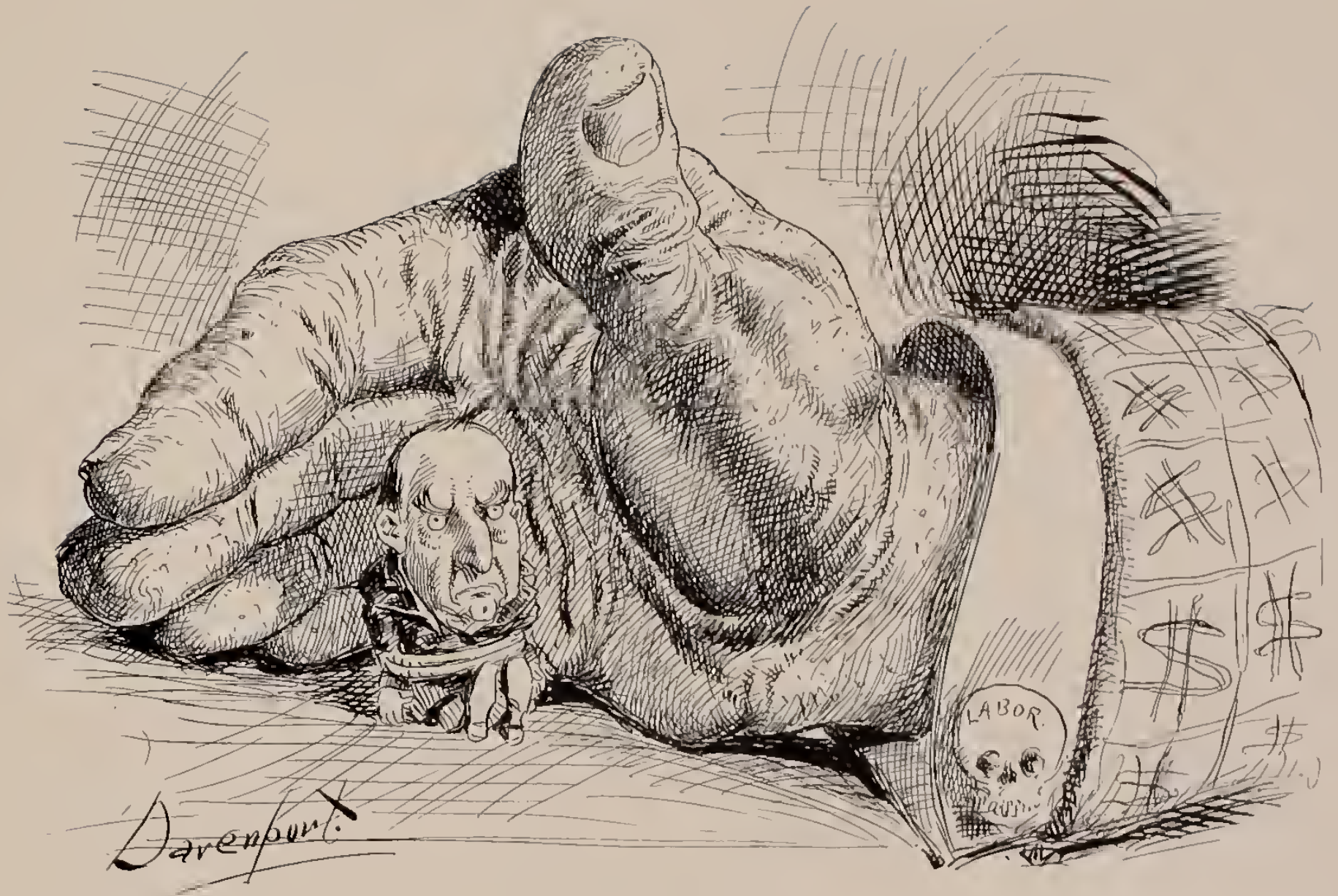
McKinley's Victory At St. Louis.



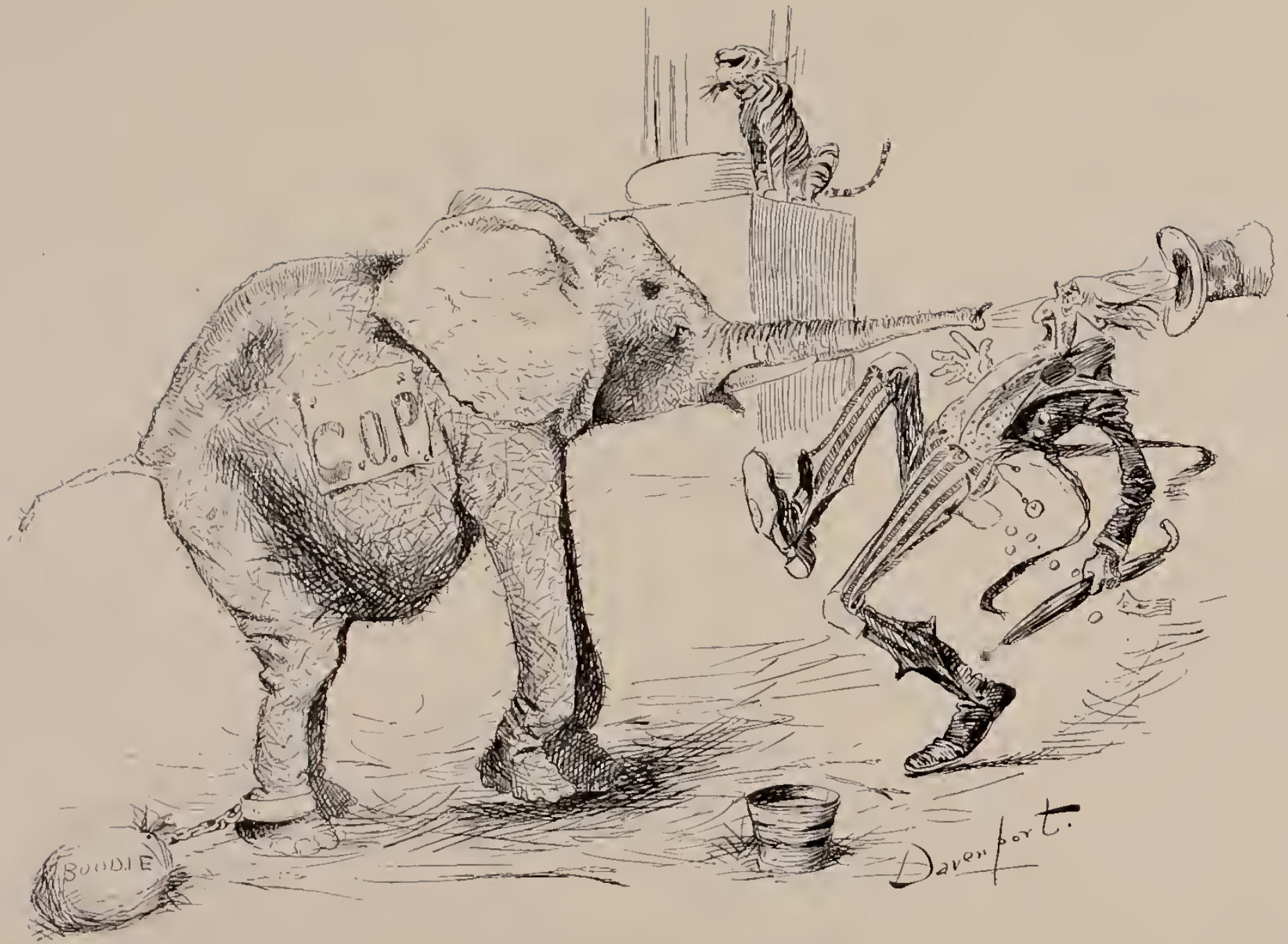
Senator Stewart,
From Nevada.



"I Am Confident The Working Men Are With Us."



A Man Of Mark.



A Breeze Of Prosperity.



Polly Can't Talk.



Teller's Farewell To The G. O. P.



A Discourager Of Hesitancy.



Davenport

Senator Spooner,
From Wincom.

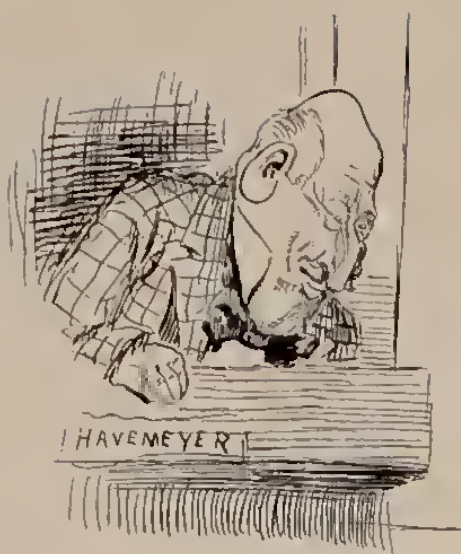


Fleeing From The Storm.



Davenport

Senator Quay,
From Pennsylvania.



"No, Nothing More, Thank You, William."



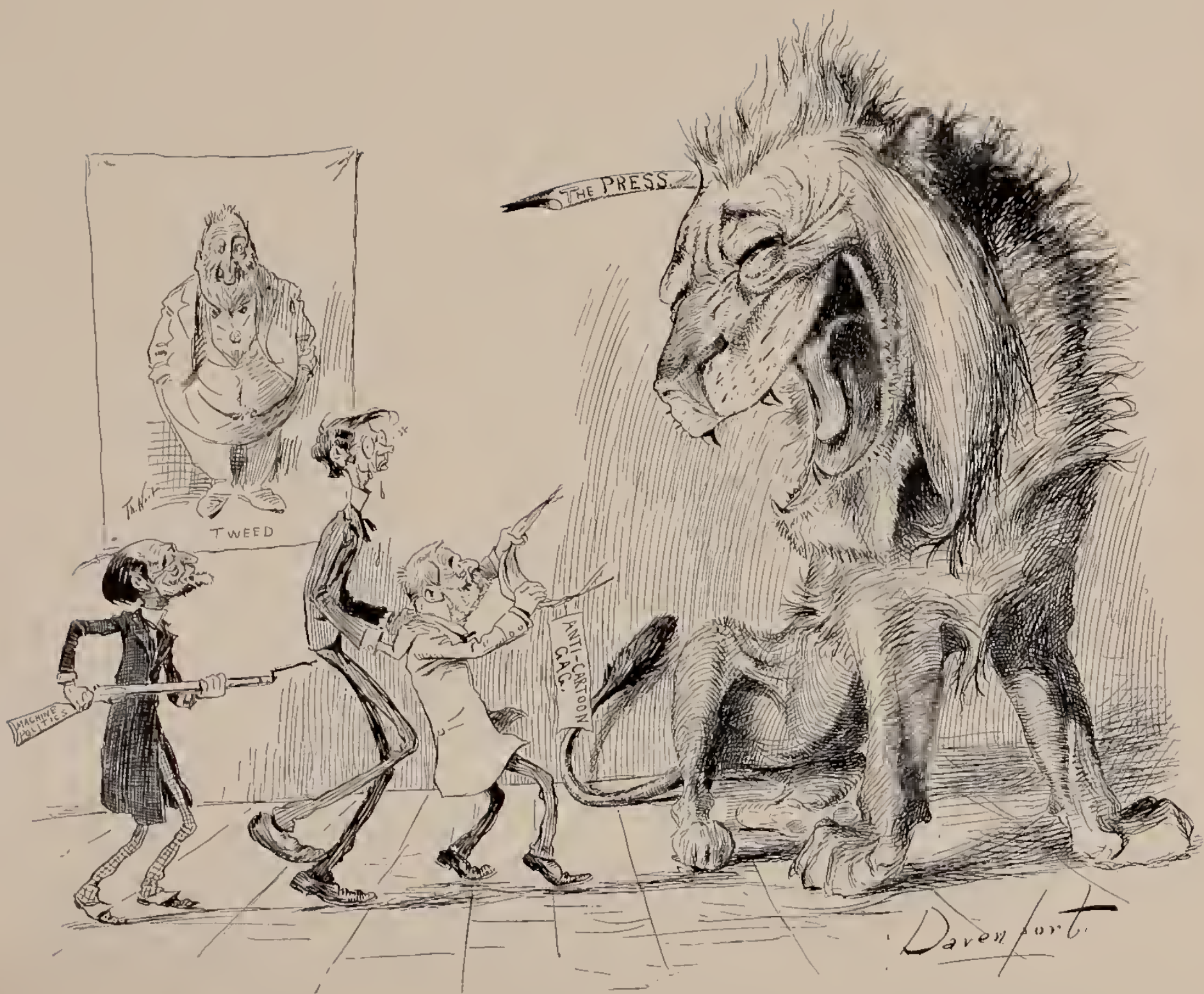
Uncle Collis P. Huntington.



Mr. Edward Lauterbach.



Senator Lindsay.
From Kentucky.



A Misfit.



A Sick Dog.



An Amusing Book.



"And The Blow Almost Killed Uncle."



The New National Gold Party.



Wall Street's New Guardian.



Has It Come To This?



There's A Hot Time In The Old Tent To-Night.



Senator Chandler,
from New Hampshire.



Senator Platt,
from New York.



Joseph H. Choate,
In The Law.



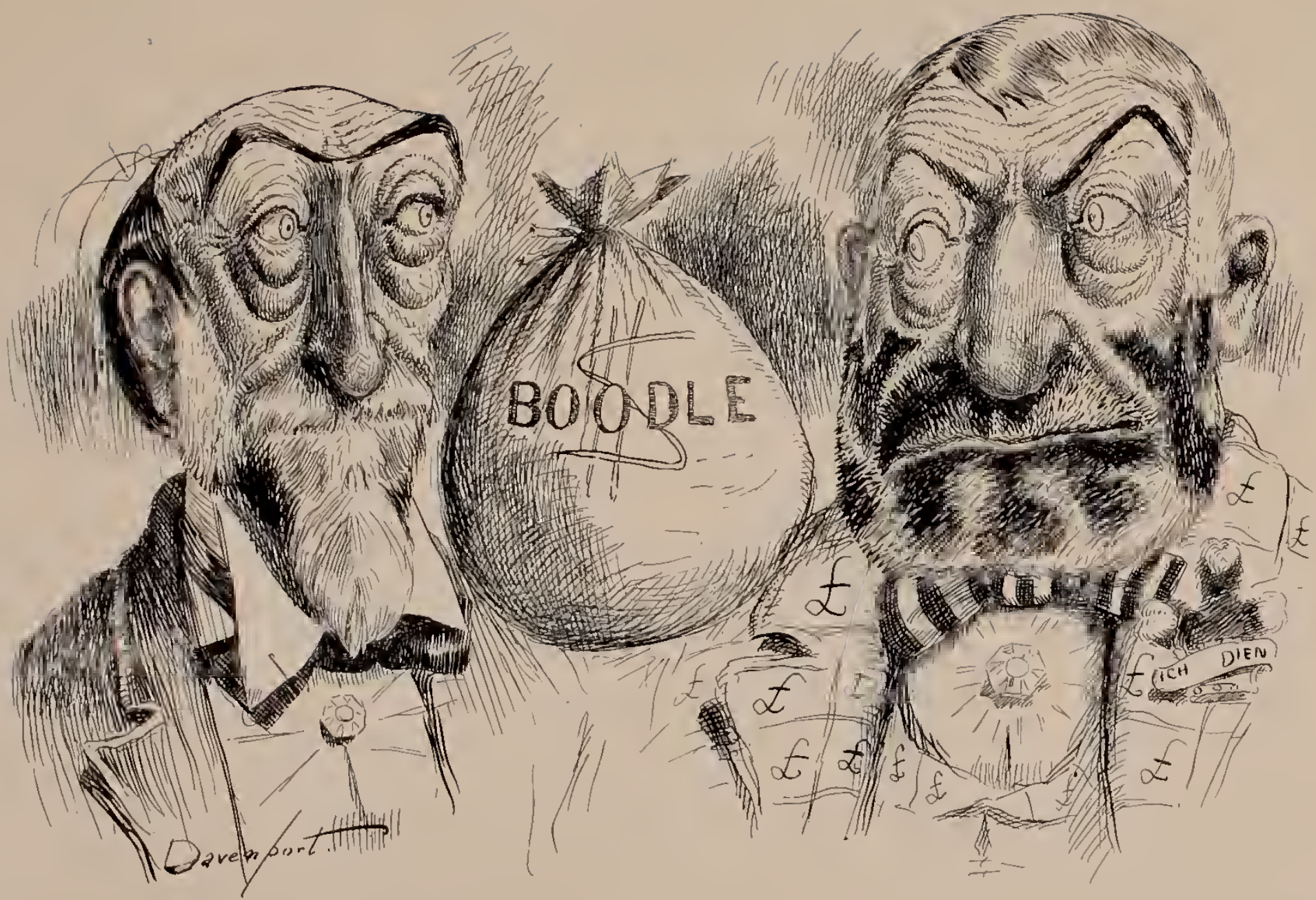
William R. Hearst,
In Journalism.



See That Hump?



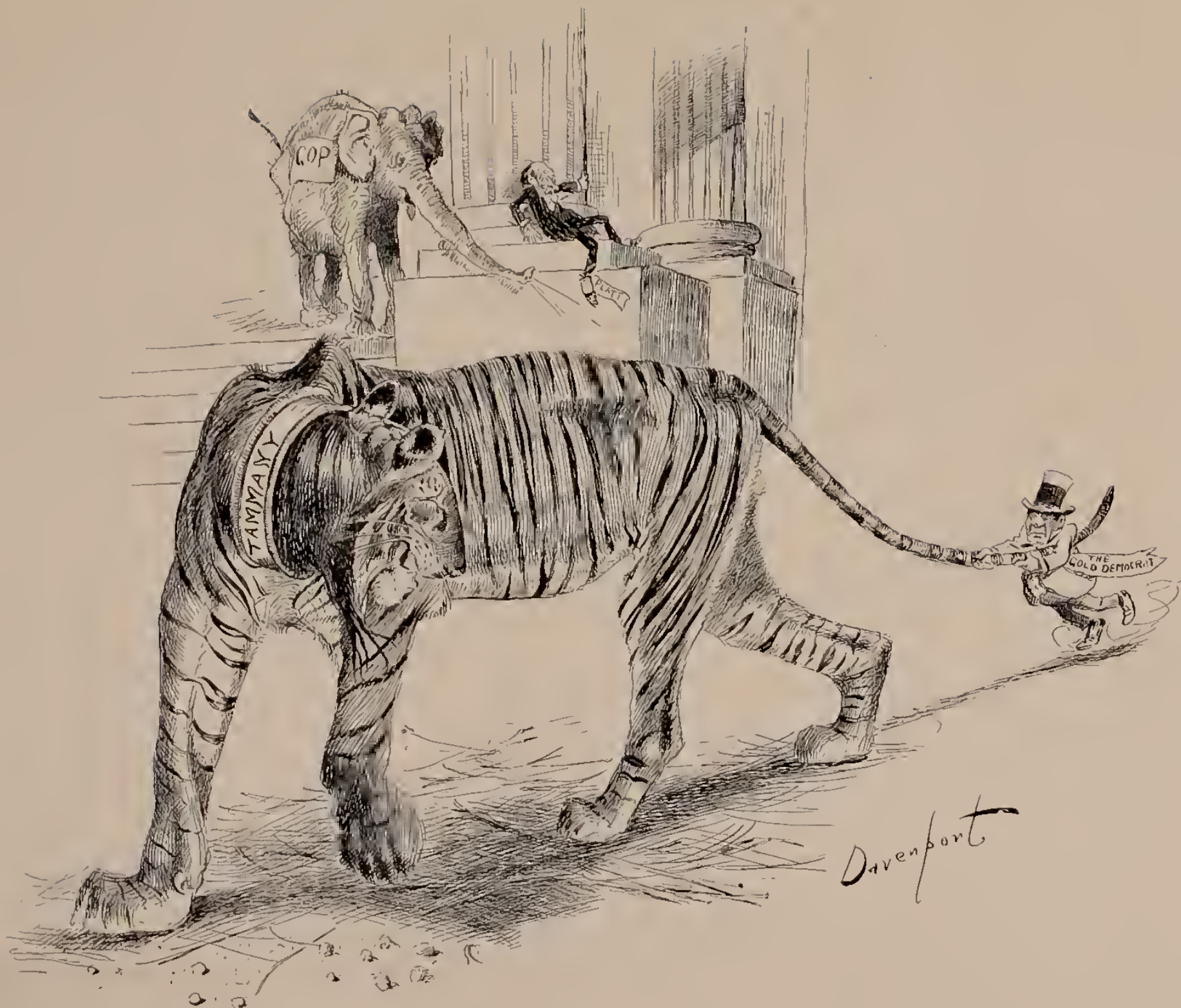
A Bitter Pill.



Two Souls With But A Single Thought.



The Keeper Of The Zoo.



"Gold Democrats Are Returning To Tammany."





Tammany Arrives at Chicago.



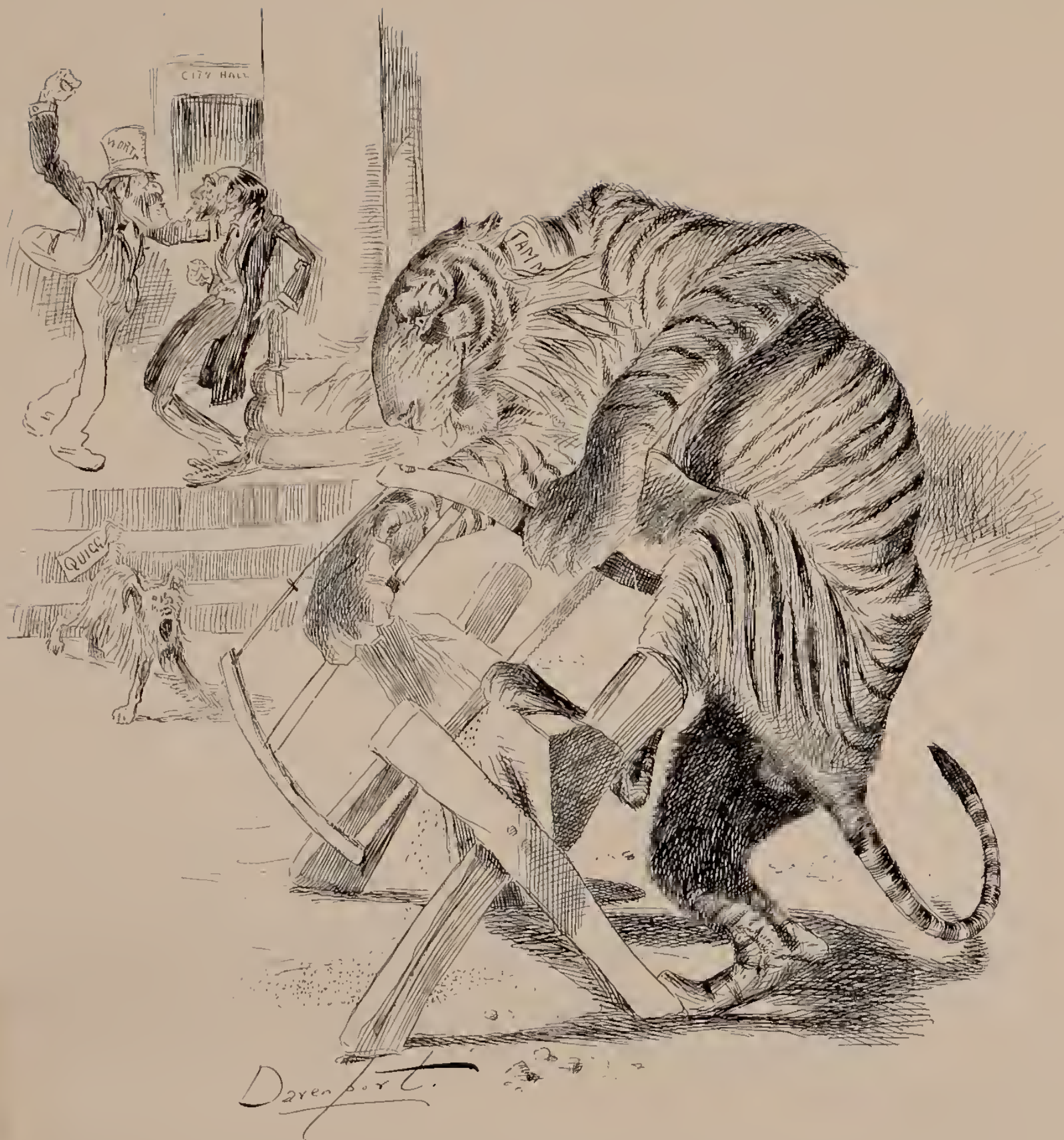
The Revolt Against Bossism.



Tiger Hunting.

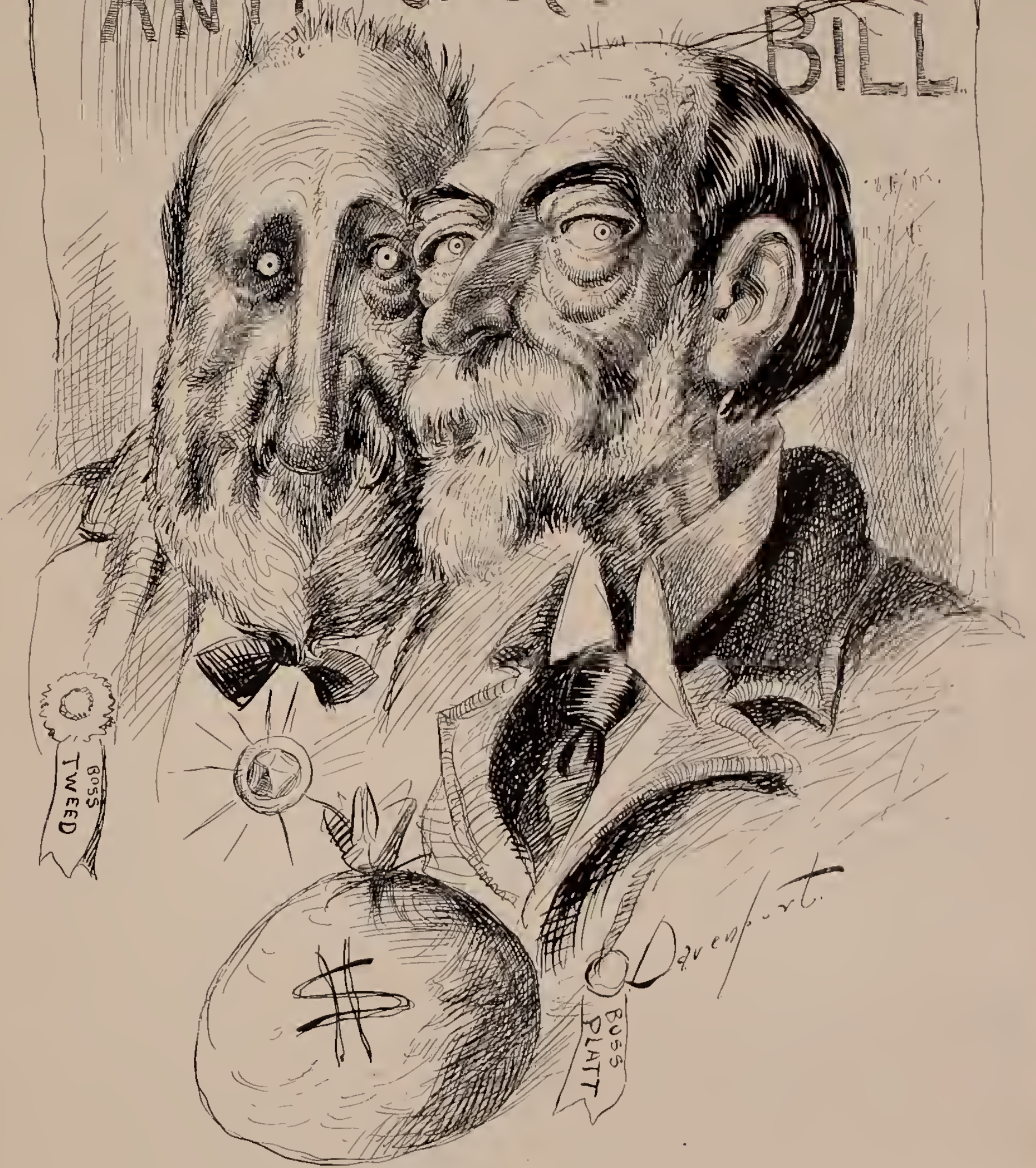


The Reward Of Virtue.



Tammany Says Nothing But Saws Wood.

ANTI-CARTOON BILL



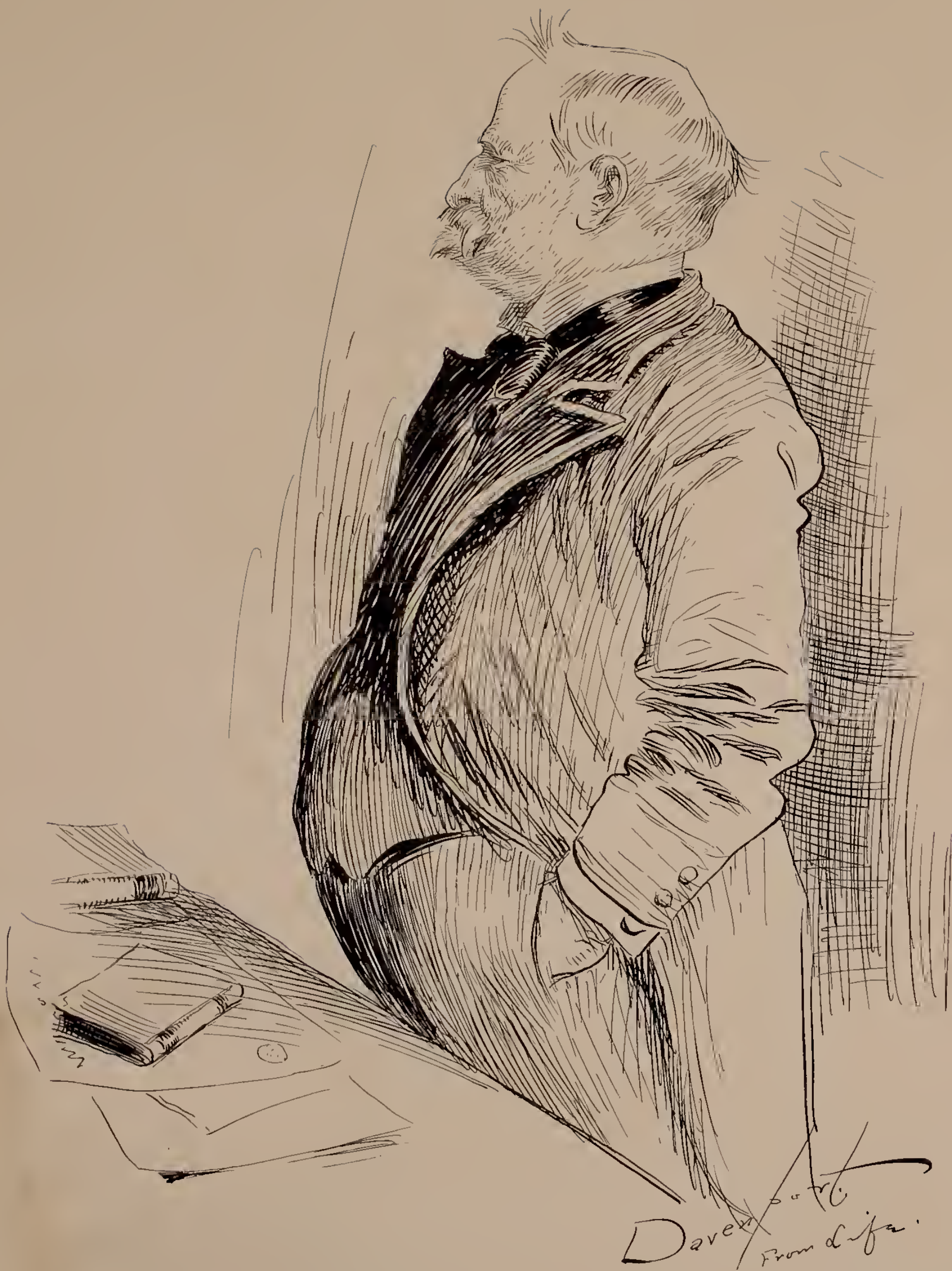
No Honest Man Need Fear Cartoons.



How The Cat Came Back.



Won't *Some One* Please Give Me A Candidate?



General Benjamin F. Tracy.



During the Bomb-Throwing Season.



